## Salting Mushrooms

by Michael McCusker

The Nuclear Age began 34 years ago.
The mushroom cloud was first seen
in the clear sky over a desert. Quickly
it became the tombstone of two Japanese
cities. Hiroshima was the first, on
August 6, 1945. Nagasaki was next,
three days later. Less than a week
afterward humanity's most terrible war
was over.

If ever there was a pivotal moment in human history, that was it. All the discoveries of science and their application to warfare culminated in the splitting of the atom and its use as a weapon of unprecedented destruction. Warfare might have stopped at that point with the realization that its ultimate progression would conceivably mean the destruction of civilization and probably the extinction of humanity. Instead the war planners devised ways in which wars could be fought without reaching the irreversible point of oblivion.

A new term came into the international vocabulary. Limited war.

Within four years after the end of World War II the United States lost its monopoly of atomic power to the Russians, and in 1950 the theories of limited warfare were put into practice when the communist government of North Korea sent its armies south. Three years and a few million lives later the world uncrossed its fingers with an uneasy sigh of relief. Although the war ended in a stalemate, and eventually involved the armies of several nations, Korea proved that brushfire wars could be fought if the two nuclear powers reached certain understandings of the limits those wars could not go

Now we debate SALT.

SALT is an acronym for Strategic
Armaments Limitation Talks: a longwinded
process to maintain a balance of the
world's ph. SALT I gave us a parity
of destruction; SALT II begins a mutual
de-escalation until each of us--the
U.S. and the U.S.S.R.--are able to destroy
the world only once. SALT III, if we
ever get there, will apparently differ
from SALT II in that it will strictly
limit what can be added to the nuclear

SALT II was signed with great ceremony by Carter and Brehznev, the current figureheads of the two nations. The treaty is snagged in the U.S. Senate over the issue of Russian trustworthiness and America's capability to monitor what we know will be the other side's violation of the treaty.

Moscow probably is having the same problem: what are those Americans building under Thunder Mountain?

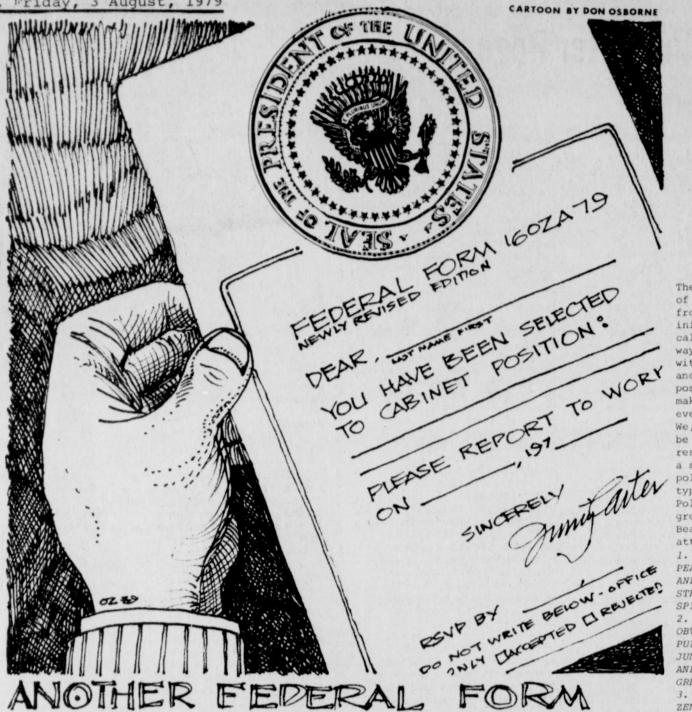
Another problem might be that several nations are members of the nuclear club these days, and at least two others are eager to blow open the doors. Not the least concern is that a terrorist might loot a nuclear power plant and send Manhatten or Moscow up in smoke.

The treaty itself is worthless.
All treaties are. There exists no court of accountability for nations, short of warfare, which is what SALT attempts to avoid. Treaties exist only as long as they remain convenient to their signers, and have been used more often as an excuse for war than for peace.

The importance of SALT is the process not the ratification—except ratification continues the process. There is an old saw that talkers are not doers, so as long as they keep talking we of the world's little people stand a chance of dying the natural deaths of lung cancer, auto collisions and domestic shootouts.

In the meantime it is an act of faith to draw a breath, to pass a second, without wondering if the missiles are not already on their way.







by Sapper Grimshot

If you've been hearing voices lately, it's probably just a politician or bu-reaucrat debating the yin and yang of honorable employment.

Or is it?
Maybe he's only calling in 'sick'
so he can take that four day backpacking
trip he's been dreaming about in the

On the other hand, he may be reheasing his post-levy-defeat threatening speech larded (greased?) with clicheridden dire portents of "drastic cuts in services", "curtailment of muchneeded programs", and gloom-shrouded forecasts of blind, crippled orphans being sent to man the galleys.

But listen carefully, and, over the restling sounds of black crepe being draped over the body politic, you can hear them asking quaint, plaintive questions like, "what do you mean the free lunch is over?" and, privately of course, the outraged "How dare those insolent worker bees say NO to us subsidized drones?!

I knew the answers to the last two questions were, respectively, "Yes" and "Easy!"

To get the answer to the first question, I did what the politician failed to do. I got up off of it and went out and asked the voters, "What are you trying to tell them?"

Some of the answers I received were combustible enough to solve anybody's energy crisis. A few of the gentler responses are quoted below.

One businesswoman said, "It would be nice to get some people who are able as commissioners. People who are capable are not going the political route. I can stand bureaucrats if they are intelligent and have some moral fibre. Do you know any?"

Well, if you sifted through the degenerated ruins of our bureaucratic system, you might find a few.

A working mother with two children said, "They (the public) don't see where the money is going in the existing (county) budget. They don't feel they are getting their money's worth as it is."

Another reply echoed this sentiment with, "We are tired of paying for services that don't seem to be happening."
From a retired CPA came, "I am

rom a retired CPA came, "I am very anti-bureaucrat. I want to reduce the power of the bureaucracy. The only way short of violence is "don't give them any money."

"The taxpayers have had it right up to the neck." and "I've had enough of their damned government crap!" were typical of many responses.

A former public employee, speaking for herself and her husband, said, "For the first time in four years, we voted NO. We just felt it was time to say; "ENOUGH". Every time we go to the polls it means our property taxes will increase. It's got to stop somewhere. It's our way of saying we've got to take another look."

We can all say Amen to that.
And now we come to the sad, sad
bottom line of it all. A local businessman pointed out the tragic extent
to which politicians and bureaucrats
have successfully deafened themselves
to the people they are paid to serve,
when he thundered, "If that isn't
the dumbest question I ever heard!
Anyone who has to ask that must be
pretty stupid!"

Stupid, maybe. Negligent, yes.
Our present source of contention
arises from the inexcuseable and undeniable fact that we have permitted our
servants to become our masters. That
is the problem. Does it have a solution?
If so, whose solution will prevail?
The taxpayer's or that of our new masters.
Our new masters offer us the ex-

Our new masters offer us the extortionist's solution to his victim; pay up or else!

"Or else what?"
"Vee haff vays, you know!"
"And what are those, kind sir?"
"Cut! Slash! Abandon! Forfeit!
Decrease!"

"It pleases me greatly to hear you apply such words to incompetance, inefficiency, tunnel vision, phony sick leave rip offs and a lack of moral dedication to the people you serve."

"Dumkoff! I am talking about vot vee are paid to do! The only reason for our existence! SERVICES!"

"Gosh. You really had me going there For a moment, I thought there was hope."
Summer is passing. Autumn is on it's way. We await chill November, when leaves fall and taxes rise down on the leave.





## A LITTLE OFF THE TOP

The great collective impression held by the people of the United States seems to derive, more than ever, from that purely American enterprise, the public opinion poll. With what much of the rest of the world calls Yankee Impatience, we seek information in the way we do everything else; the quick way. Beginning with the HARRISBURG PENNSYLVANIAN, in 1824, the press and the advertising agencies of this country have been possessed with the notion that none of us can really make up our minds about anything unless we know what everybody else is thinking.

We, speaking in the editorial mode, thought it would be interesting to see how effective this method of research is by conducting a poll of our own based on a set of questions already made popular by the superpolls of the industry. Addressing each issue in the typically bland, unbiased language of the Standard Poll, the TIMES-EAGLE set forth to ask an homogenous group of strictly average people, right here in Cannon Beach, to help us divine the pulse of the national attitude. The three questions were:

1. DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE PRESIDENT IS A BUMBLING PEANUT VENDOR WHO HAS BROUGHT THE NATION TO ITS KNEES AND THROWN US INTO A PARALYZING INFLATION THAT IS DESTROYING OUR HOPES FOR THE FUTURE AND WILL LIKELY INSPIRE MANY SUICIDES FROM THE WINDOWS OF WALL STREET?

2. ARE THE GIANT OIL CARTELS FORCING PRICES UP IN AN OBVIOUSLY CONTRIVED SHORTAGE WITH AN AIM TOWARD MANIPULATING THE NATION INTO SURRENDERING TO A CAPITALIST JUNTA THAT WILL OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT, CRUSH LABOR AND CHANGE THE RED, WHITE & BLUE TO RED, YELLOW & GREEN?

3. DO YOU ADVOCATE THE IMMEDIATE FORMATION OF A CITIZEN VIGILANTE FORCE WITH GUNS AND NERVE GAS TO MARCH ON THE OIL COMPANIES, THE NUCLEAR REACTORS, THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE DOW-JONES AVERAGE?

HOUSE AND THE DOW-JONES AVERAGE?
And of course, the usual three answer boxes were

provided:
A. DAMN RIGHT, BOY!

B. I'M SO MAD I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND!

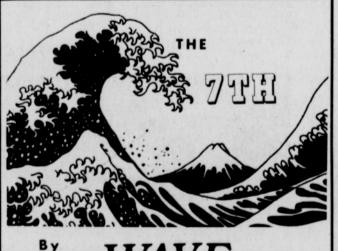
C. Well, gee . . I . . maybe, but . .

The criteria for selecting the sample required that those polled had to be in normal situations that represented the community and the nation as a whole. For instance, we chose the first twenty percent from a line waiting at a gas station that had just closed. Another twenty percent came from those coming out of the bank with their foreclosure notices, while a third twenty percent were approached as they left a super market with a cart full of groceries. The fourth and fifth segments were taken out of the crowd at a protest rally. We felt we had a true cross-section of the country, a microcosm of America that would surely depict

the total opinion of us all.

The results of the poll would be discouraging to a president more sensative to polls than Mr. Carter, nor would the oil companies find understanding and compassion in the answers our completely impartial survey developed. The Armed Forces may be somewhat encouraged, however, the learn that we are not a nation gone soft on the defense of our homes and families. Eighty percent of those polled were in favor of militant preparedness.

Only one person in the survey answered in the negative mode for the entire questionnaire. He was a senior cit zen who said he still had faith in the future and that most of the problems can be resolved by following the president's suggestions on conservation and resolution. When the other four people in the survey heard him say that, they beat him to death with their picket signs. Public Opinion is a powerful and persuassive impliment that demonstrates clearly how even a few can speak for us all when it comes to our constitutional rights, righ



A.R.G.H. WAVE

The height of selfishness was encountered by this writer following the recent fire in the Tolovana Park area which interrupted electrical service from south Cannon Beach to Falcon Cove for some five

A guest in one of the affected motels had the gall to ask the motel management to reimburse him at least in part for the breakfast he had had to go out and buy because he could not fix his own in his motel unit. No thought was given to the fact that the fire victims would not have a place to fix breakfast even when the power was restored, not to mention other loss of property, possible injury or loss of life. This jerk was concerned only with his own inconvenience and his few paltry dollars.

Without realizing it, the local American Legion has the perfect means for helping out this type of "needy" person. With their other services and donations to scholarship funds, the Day Care Center and Christmas baskets, it has probably never occurred to any of the members how this particular unsolicited fund could be distributed. There is a receptacle inside the building which receives small coin donations from time to time. I call it, for want of a better term, "the wishing well". It is located on the wall of the men's room and it isn't the wash

basin.

Had the motel clerk who was accosted by this unfeeling, self-centered person only known, he could have sent the man to "the wishing well" for appropriate reimbursement.