

Fight cold economy like cold war

It's nice to see a community huddle together in cold times. That appears to be the picture in Sandy, as the chamber of commerce and merchant association meet now to see how Sandy can weather the economy.

Inflation and recession have taken their toll everywhere, of course, particularly Oregon where timber and home building have been important. Even a boom area like Eugene now reports double-digit unemployment, and Salem leaders are preparing large tracts of land to lure new industry needed there.

Times are tough all over, and little mom-and-pop businesses like those in Sandy often are ill-equipped financially to weather the winters.

Sandy business persons are holding hands for group strength now and campaigning to convince the rest of the community the economy isn't half as bad as people think. People are over-reacting to a sluggish economy and tight financing, they reason, and it's best to look old man winter in the eye and laugh.

The huddled merchants see this as a good chance to strengthen home shopping and develop new rapport with their neighbors, who can't afford to drive down the highway to a mall where goods are no cheaper anyway. They see this as an opportunity to tell their story in black and white and sell their prices and selection. What's no doubt coming from their brainstorming session last week is a "Sandy-has-it" public relations campaign. It's no phoney line, either. They mean it.

It makes good sense—dollars and cents—to think that way, too, whether you're a struggling merchant or a housewife looking for a way to put real meat on the table. Consider that every dollar that goes through a store cash register in your community changes hands a minimum of six times. That's a multiplying factor of six, which means the town is six times richer as a whole every time a fresh dollar turns over somewhere in town.

Dollars grow like snowballs rolling down a hill. Care to build a snowman with a sneer? (VB)

Want to get your news into paper?

One duty of a community newspaper is to provide access to residents who want to communicate. Toward that end, we'd like to offer some tips on how to get information printed in The Post.

News items or information for articles should be given to the newspaper before events take place. Please save late accounts for personal scrapbooks. We like pictures—especially black and white photos—and will return them when loaned. News deadline is noon on Monday for social items and noon on Tuesday for other news.

Letters, historical recollections

Billboards on mailvans no solution

The debt-ridden Postal Service has concocted a great new scheme to make a buck. Uncle Sam's mail vans will carry advertising on their appointed rounds, if study determines enough cash can be generated from such commercialization.

The prostitution of mailmen isn't limited to billboards on vans in the proposal, however. Mailboxes, backs of stamps and other high-visibility spots would be exploited, too, to help hold down postage rates.

Other ad spaces the government might sell includes postal meter

and guest essays are welcome here. Please type, sign and keep them clean of libel, personal attacks and business plugs. Sure, we'll touch up your spelling and grammar for you.

Club publicists are welcome to stop by our office anytime for extra tips on how to get information of importance to you in the paper. We want to hear from you.

Our intent is to publish as much news as our small staff will stretch. Since our coverage area is large (Boring to Govt. Camp), contributions from readers is welcome. Just give us some facts, and we'll try to write the story for you.

strips, stamp booklets and postmarks, which already carry such non-commercial slogans as "Give Blood."

Public reaction to Marlboro Men on vans and Jack Daniels decals on stamps is sought. If you agree the government shouldn't venture into commercial hustling of products, drop a note to W.L. Davidson Jr., Customer Services Department, U.S. Postal Service, 475 L'Enfant Plaza West S.W., Washington, D.C. 20260. Or drop him a note, even if you think the plan's great. After all, it's still your government and your money. (VB)

Try a limited 'psnxtl' war

Once upon a time in The Beautiful Green Valley where the wildflowers grew, the leader of the Goodguys invented an ingenious new concept—the limited Psnxtl war.

Now, Psnxtls were frumious beasts with poisonous breaths and voracious appetites. A medium-sized Psnxtl could gobble up half a million people before breakfast without so much as a polite belch.

Both the Goodguys and the Badguys had been breeding Psnxtls for years. Each side had thousands and thousands of Psnxtls. The Goodguys said they had to have Psnxtls because the Badguys had Psnxtls. And the Badguys said they had to have Psnxtls because the Goodguys had Psnxtls.

But both sides were very, very careful to keep their Psnxtls locked up. For each side figured that if it released any of its Psnxtls, the other side would release all of its Psnxtls. And everybody would get eaten up.

So for 30 years, the Goodguys and the Badguys lived more or less at peace. And the Psnxtls waited.

Then one day, the leader of the Goodguys said, "What good's a Psnxtl if you can't use it?" And his generals said, "And what good's a war if you can't win it?"

"Wait a minute," said the leader. "What if we trained some of our Psnxtls to eat up just their Psnxtls and their leaders and not all their people? That way, if they get uppity, we can teach them a thing or three."

"And we could win a war again!" said the generals, happily rubbing their hands.

Thus was the concept of the limited Psnxtl war born.

Sure enough, sooner or later, the leader of the Badguys got mad and called the leader of the Goodguys "a puffle-headed numblewit."



by ART HOPPE

"Sic 'em!" the leader of the Goodguys told 47 specially trained Psnxtls. And off they eagerly flew. They ate up 45 enemy Psnxtls, all the Badguys' leaders and, being none to reliable at best, every resident of Pinsk.

"Maybe we should apologize to them for Pinsk," suggested the leader of the Goodguys nervously.

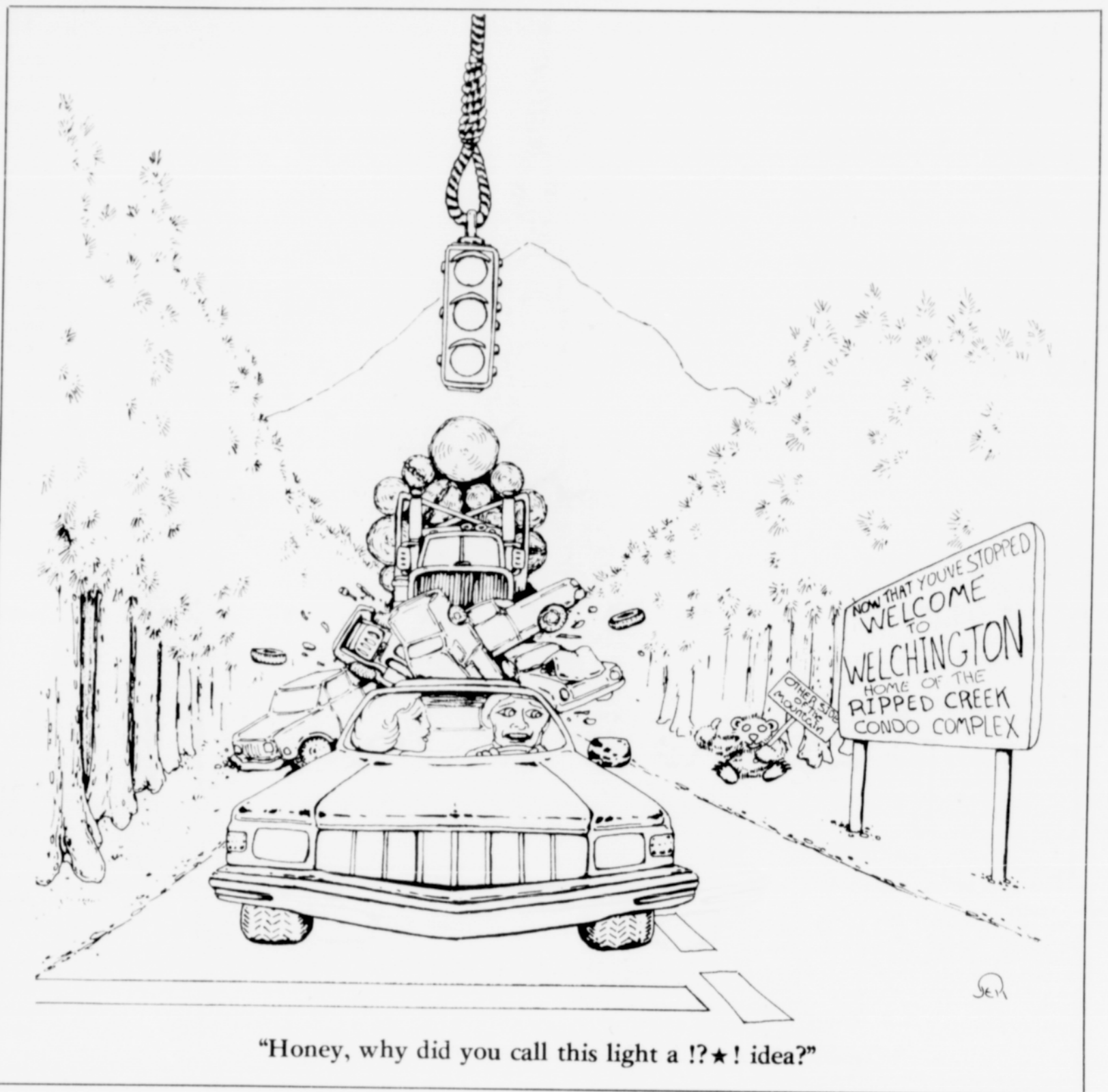
The first thing the generals said was, "Apologize to whom?" The second thing they said was, "INCOMING!"

After the Badguys' Psnxtls had eaten up all the Goodguys' leaders and every resident of Peoria, the remaining Goodguys retaliated by unleashing their Psnxtls on Minsk and East Vladimirovichograd.

The remaining Badguys, who definitely didn't understand the concept of limited Psnxtl war, struck back by unleashing their Psnxtls on Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe. Then the Goodguys.

But the limited Psnxtl war didn't last forever, of course. For in scarcely any time at all, the voracious Psnxtls had eaten up all the Goodguys and all the Badguys. They even ate up all the wildflowers, too.

Moral: Leaders may have their limits. But Psnxtls don't.



Letters to the editor:

'Scam,' nucs, blood draw mail

Buyer, beware

We would like information concerning the unauthorized selling of household property belonging to Katherine Nephew at Hood Chalet Mobile Court, 17655 SE Bluff Road No. 66, Sandy on the evening of 9-23-81.

We will refund purchase price if you call 666-9139 or 667-3252.

We have filed a theft complaint and would like to make recovery as soon possible.

JoAnn Wohlford
Kay Petersen

Give blood

Many people have heard announcements on the local TV stations informing the

public as to the critical shortage of units of blood for operations. It seems that generally when a shortage occurs, units of blood are reserved for emergency operations only. Operations that can be delayed such as those in chronic illness will be rescheduled by the patient's doctor for a later date. Of course delaying such surgery can raise many suppositions usually leading to a lot of extra worrying by the patient.

We are very fortunate to be in a Red Cross Service Area rather than in a Private Blood Bank Area as the latter service costs the patient substantially more.

Becoming a blood donor is a unique human transaction. Only humans can make this

life saving fluid. The only reason for giving blood is to support the survival of someone else. We urge you to take some time out of your schedule on Friday, Oct 2 and meet some new friends at the Sandy High Blood Drive.

Your help is needed!

Stan Bowman
Area Blood Coordinator

'Stop nucs'

I must add my voice to those calling for the termination, not mothballing, of WP-PSS economic disasters No. 4 and No. 5. Economic realities dictate these plants will not be completed unless 'regionalization' by the federal BPA occurs. Study

after study shows we are far better off to stimulate conservation and renewable resources than continuing these nuclear lemons.

Certain public utilities should resist an offer by the aluminum industry of \$25 to \$40 million towards the mothballing costs in return for dropping their suit against BPA's new contracts with this industry. These contracts restrict BPA's ability to interrupt power to the aluminum industry in the event of a regional power shortage. When a shortage occurs BPA will be forced to buy extremely expensive power outside the region to satisfy the constant and huge energy requirement of the aluminum plants. The projected subsidy is upwards of

\$10 billion over a 20 year period.

Let's terminate these lemons now and spread the sunk costs as equitably as possible. At the same time let's address the hidden issue of original federal responsibility for the entire Northwest nuclear power program.

While we're at it, let's take a second look at nuclear projects No. 1, 2 and 3 whose construction costs are being subsidized by all ratepayers in the region (in spite of an Oregon voter-approved prohibition on such costs). The billions left to spend could just as well be spent on cost-effective conservation and renewable resources.

David McTeague
Salem

Personally speaking

Newsman Redford never saw this scene



DAN DILLON

Maybe, it was Robert Redford's smile flashing so much larger than life, right up there on the silver screen.

Maybe, it was the way the girl I'd paid to go to the movies with me lost her haughty composure in the darkened theater and squeezed my knee when he flashed it.

But when I floated out of the theater that night after watching "All the President's Men," I knew I'd made the right decision when I backed into the romantic journalism field.

Geez, what a life. Get up in the middle of the night to go stand in a darkened parking garage to get the goods on Richard Nixon and his gaggle of tricksters. Bring innocent secretaries to the brink of tears and dry them away with a well-timed show of dimple. Hang out with guys like Jason Robards and Dustin Hoffman, plotting to air out the president's dirty laundry.

Nothing could taint my quest for that black-inked byline.

And sure enough, my chance has come.

Now, I get up in the middle of my dreams about knocking out Larry Holmes to chase the scoop.

Like the night the sawmill burned

just the girl for him. We carried on the correspondence for weeks until he insisted on setting up a rendezvous.

We decided we weren't that kind of girl and dropped him from our mailing list.

Redford seemed to spend hours talking in hushed tones on the telephone, badgering uncooperative scoundrels out of ounces of information that could hold his theories together, like so much verbal superglue.

Now I've discovered "Reporter's Phone Ear" is as rampant as double-entendres at an office party. It explains why reporters' hair grows shaggier as they advance in age. They're trying to cover the fact that their left ear is the size of a small pizza from all those tips taken over the phone.

I'm trying to do my part. I take calls. Like from people who call and ask why they haven't received their mail in a week.

It seems that either telephone operators can't distinguish the Sandy Post from the Sandy post office—which is an understandable error, telephone static being what it is—or else I've been showing up for work at the wrong place for the last

two years and no one bothered to tell me, because they need someone to sort their mail anyhow.

And newspapers get mail. Here at the Dandy Post, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Post or U.S. Post Office—take your pick, they've all found their way to my desk—we get lots of mail and I like to open it.

That way, I get first crack at the press passes which mean I can do stuff for free like going to opening night at the dog races without admission and watch a good night of beer money go out the window, riding on the nose of a hound who finishes first in the fourth race when he started in the third.

The press passes come, of course, because their senders know I will carefully take notes throughout the evening and write about what a wonderful time I had and how I think everyone should go out and lose their beer money when they could just as well go out for a beer or twelve instead. Of course.

In the end, even Robert Redford didn't get the girl, despite his flashing teeth and well-timed dimples, but he did get a president.

Me, I think I'll get to that ringing phone. Maybe I can sell someone a stamp.