

Editorial & Opinion

Call the cops for a block party

It's no local secret that home and office burglaries are increasing with the wild abandon of a runaway stagecoach. Nor is the new wave of burglary strictly a local problem.

Sandy Police, however, don't expect to take this sitting down. They're arming local homeowners and shopkeepers to the teeth with information and tricks to combat would-be burglars.

They reason that it's much easier to prevent a crime than to catch a criminal.

Skeptics may recall the police department's earlier efforts this year, when the enforcers turned tutors in sponsoring a crime awareness seminar for the entire community.

Now the police are really getting down to cases in particular. They're sitting down with families

in their homes to discuss strategy. There are tricks to discouraging would-be burglars, of course, and the local police are professionals in knowledge of such matters.

They also can instruct families how to set up neighborhood watch programs, effective in spotting crime before it happens. As with first aid, the person closest to the scene can become the best cop on the block. Good police officers like those in Sandy realize they can't do it all, simply because they can't be everywhere at once.

So invite a Sandy cop to brunch and spread out the cookies and coffee. Make it a neighborhood affair with up to four couples to share the time and the tips.

The professional advice comes free, and it could save you and your neighbors plenty. Call 668-5566 to arrange for your block party. The police will bring the "punch."

Letters to the editor

Athletics needed

At a Sandy Elementary School Board meeting Thursday, Superintendent Clark Lund informed concerned members of the Sandy Youth League that he will be making an "athletic program" proposal for 1982 to the budget committee for study and evaluation. He indicated that it would perhaps be for seventh and eighth graders only and perhaps one or two sports. Also being submitted is a proposal for talented and gifted children.

A two-year athletic program would be like "kissing your sister" and will not prepare our youngsters adequately for athletics at Sandy Union High School. We need a program that starts with the fifth graders. Comprehension, basic motor skills and solid development (physically, mentally, socially and spiritually) are just starting in the average nine year old. We need the total development, not a fragmented effort that eventually we will be sorry for.

How about a mom-dad-parent booster club to help ease the financial burden of the program? Volunteer bus drivers, referees, scorekeepers, etc. The booster club could work with the school district in implementing the program.

Athletics are for those who watch them, as well as those who play them. Don't cut the program short. It never will grow tall again.

Skip Walker
Sandy

Kids, go home

What's wrong with Sandy area youth going home, talking with each other and playing games or cards?

Is their home life so terrible they can't stand it there?

Times are tough. Both parents have to work to pay the bills.

Better idea: You teenagers find a job. You've been babysat too long. You're big girls and boys now.

You weed smokers: You see yourself smoking in your dreams. The cigarette, pipe and cigar smokers, don't they tell you something?

You teenager, flipping your switchblade knife one morning when we stopped for coffee. I stepped out of the car with my paralyzer ready.

I used to have room-check on our girls once a month.

The mountain kids don't have picture shows or bowling alleys either. They're home or at the school.

Yes, we've got a few creepy ones up here. Hope they leave.

The big treat: Go to the drug store to have ice cream. You have to be very, very good.

Flatlanders give their kids too much. Their kids are 90 percent brats.

Shirley Hanson
Welches

Vote forms

A vote will be taken 7:30 p.m. Dec. 3 at Welches Grade School on whether the community wants ECOS to form a community planning organization (CPO). The concept of ECOS evolving into a CPO came from repeated need a large number of people expressed to have more input both into and from county government on land-use planning issues.

Too often the statement was made that only one voice from the mountain was being heard and that people wanted an opportunity for alternative voices to be recognized as well. ECOS was designed as a CPO to help bridge this gap between the local and county level or land-use issues by giving people an opportunity for a variety of opinions to be recognized.

The county must notify a CPO in advance of county hearings on zoning, conditional use and comprehensive plan proposals. To assure two-way communication, CPO's also are advisory to the Board of County Commissioners, Planning Commission and Planning Division on matters affecting their neighborhoods. Each CPO may identify local problems, develop priorities, recommend comprehensive plan amendments on zoning proposals and continue the planning process by re-evaluating the comprehensive plan.

With this county and citizen cooperation, ECOS as a CPO could function as an informational vehicle to keep the community informed on land-use proposals.

Marilyn Leslie
Tom Morrison
Kim Tinker
Bob Pearson
Florence Krebs
Carolyn Smith
Mabel Brown

Agencies helpful

This letter is to give a hardy "Job well done" to the public safety departments of our city, specifically Sandy Fire District 72 and City of Sandy Police Department.

Together, their handling of the storm and power outage was excellent. Sandy Fire District had a volunteer crew standing by at the fire station beginning early Saturday morning, Nov. 14, when the storm was at its worst. They responded to several calls in a matter of hours rapidly and efficiently and did a fine job at each call.

Sandy Police also had their hands full during this time. I specifically was impressed by their neighborhood patrols. Twice that I know of between 4 and 5:30 a.m. a Sandy police car pulled down my driveway with spotlights on, checking my house, yard, trees and neighbor's house.

It's refreshing to know that we are protected by these two agencies. Their

professional attitude quite often goes unnoticed or at least unthanked. I'd like to take this opportunity to show my appreciation to both agencies. Keep up the good work.

David A. Persons
Sandy

Boring FD OK'd

To provide fire and life-saving support for residents and property is the first responsibility of fire district directors. The directors of the Boring Fire District are dedicated to that concept. There are times, however, when due to circumstances beyond the control of the department, losses are incurred in both life and property which are difficult to accept. There are some fires by their very nature that are impossible to control, regardless of the amount of water or number of men available.

Sunday morning, Sept. 13, there was—as everyone will remember—a serious fire at Damascus Home Center, the news media reported comments from witnesses and property owners that cast serious doubts as to the ability and methods used in fighting this fire.

We have just finished a complete evaluation of the events of that day and have found that the career and volunteer personnel did an excellent job in saving life which is their first responsibility and suppressed the fire to keep it from spreading to adjacent buildings.

The district board has reviewed tapes and pictures, as well as building plans that show there were some structural characteristics that made the fire nearly impossible to fight, without exposing firefighters to undue risk of life. This information is on file at the main station in Boring and is open to public inspection.

One area that showed need for more work is the area of education. If this fire had been reported when it was first noticed, the outcome could have been far different. We also need a more thorough inspection and awareness of potential hazards by responsible agencies.

I would like to compliment and thank our volunteer firefighters who serve an area of more than 64 square miles. Their job is not easy. They are a dedicated, efficient and well trained group of neighbors. By their dedication they save taxpayers of this district thousands of dollars annually.

To become a volunteer, you must be accepted by a screening committee, go through a six-month training and probation period and then be accepted for full volunteer status. Volunteers have weekly training classes, as well as special seminars in all types of fire and first aid subject.

Earl S. Meier, chairman
Boring Fire District Board



The Innocent Bystander:

Kindly Caspar trying to kill us?

I have a friend who is one of the most intelligent, quietly witty, honest, unassuming and considerate men I know. I think he's trying to kill me.

I have known Caspar Weinberger for more than 20 years. Admittedly, we were never close friends. But I have dined at his house, chatted with his wife, Jane, breakfasted with him in motels, ridden with him in buses, cars, cabs and planes and drunk with him at parties.

Whenever I wanted to know something about the machinations of Republican leaders on campaigns or at conventions, I would ask Cap. He would respond with knowledge, candor, lucidity and humor.

I have always thought him to be a good, decent, rational human being. I have always liked him very much. Now I think he is trying to kill me.

True, I haven't seen Cap in recent years. Since his relatively humble California beginnings, he has gone on to become Secretary of Defense, to one of the half dozen most powerful men in the



by ART HOPPE

western world. But I don't think he has changed.

Washington newsmen, predominantly liberal, generally seem to like and respect him. "Low-key," "calm," "gregarious," "disarming," "gracious" and "charming" are a few of the adjectives they toss his way.

One story told how he thoughtfully brings coffee up to Jane each morning before he sets off for the Pentagon and another day of planning nuclear war.

Another reported his comment on a Pentagon security agent being arrested for indecent exposure: "I thought they weren't supposed to show their faces," Cap said. And later in the inter-

view: "I can't believe I'm the heavy," he said with what was described as "an airy chuckle."

Yes, it all sounds like Cap. A thoroughly nice guy. It's hard to believe he's trying to kill me.

I see a lot of him of television. Often he's wearing a helmet and looking grim as he test fires a new weapon or drives a new tank. And I want to say, "Come on, Cap, knock it off. You're too sensible a guy to get a bang out of playing soldier."

I read a lot about him — how he's trying to justify cutting \$30 billion from the budget for human services and adding \$30 billion for the Pentagon; how he's trying to increase military spending by \$1.5 trillion over the next five years; and how he's trying to plan for a limited nuclear war

and even a prolonged nuclear war that one side or the other could win.

And I want to say, "Please, Cap, you're too nice a guy to even think of killing millions of human beings. Please think instead of what is real. Think of individual people being born, eating, sleeping and making love. Think of me and mine."

I know Cap thinks he is trying to save my life—or at least the political system of which I am a part. But I'm not afraid the Russians will kill me. I'm afraid of my friend, Cap. I'm afraid he will kill me and my children and my children's children. And yours.

But the strange thing is that I honestly think he's a nice guy.

The Post gratefully acknowledges essays and written opinions from readers to appear on this page—separate from the unbiased news reports on other pages of this newspaper. Your opinions generally will be printed as letters to the editor, while ours generally will appear as editorials. Occasionally, we are able to print guest editorials. We attempt to print all signed letters of good taste, legible form and reasonable length. Our deadline is noon on Tuesdays.

Personally speaking

Fear of phones no funny matter

I've learned to live with "phonephobia," but it's no fun.

Readers who hate machines probably can understand my special fear of telephones. I hate to make calls, but mostly I fear getting them.

One learns to cope with this, living on the mountain where long-distance communication often is needed. Work on a newspaper on Sandy or elsewhere puts special pressure on a person to put up with a phone.

But I'll be honest—and probably for the first time publicly. On many occasions I've tried going without a phone at home. I've used lots of phony excuses.

Like most shy people, I say I don't want to be bothered at home after a full day of work. Or I lie that I'm not able to get a phone installed where I lived. Hardly believable in this modern era.

The unspoken excuse given only to myself, of course, is that most phone messages are bad news one way or the other. Bell Telephone admits this with a survey taken a few years ago. It notes more than 90 percent of all phone calls are demands of one sort or another on the answering party.

Some requests, like phone solicitations, are obvious. Others are more subtle—like requests for your time, energy, confidence, patience, compassion or other help. Or maybe they just want you to go out in the night to help start a car. Or maybe they want you to attend a meeting. (That's just what we need: another committee.) Or maybe



by VON BRASCHLER

it's just some nice person who wants to tie you up for 45 minutes in a conversation that interrupts whatever you had going. If you really wanted to talk to them then, you would have made the call yourself, right? Unless they also suffer from phonephobia—but, then, those who call never do.

Well, sometimes a person gets trapped into calling, of course.

Take this week, for example. I had to call a list of potential bazaar exhibitors for Sandy Area Merchants' big Santa's Bazaar next weekend in Heritage Square. Worse yet, I had to ask all these people on the call list to please do something. But I helped dream up this two-day ex-

travaganza, so I had to bear some responsibility by serving time on a phone committee. Afterward, of course, you always can look back on your accomplishment with hours chained to the phone. In this case, the result should be a very splendid and successful bazaar with about 25 exhibits of all description.

Sometimes the calls you get in the news business are very helpful and totally undemanding, of course.

One kind reader, Margo Dempster, once called me at my Brightwood home at night to tip me off to a story that eventually led to a reporting award. Luckily, I didn't let the phone ring and ring off the hook unanswered on that happy occasion. Often I do, although I'm embarrassed even now to admit it.

Another time at my own little newspaper in Petersburg, Alaska, I answered a night call at the paper whose back room also served as my sleeping quarters. A wooden street—a relic of pioneer days—had collapsed into the bay, taking residents in their bedrooms and bathrooms totally by surprise. It was just light enough for some wild photos.

So please keep those late night calls coming my way, dear readers. How else will I know when there's a fire on your block or a car wreck in front of your house? After all, the reading public somehow expects us in the news business always to know these things, as though we were psychic. We don't know about them, unless we see them happen or are told. And that often means

using the blanked-blank telephone.

I just wonder how many other people out there suffer from phonephobia. There are ways around the awful impact of the affliction. I wouldn't call them cures, but they do help.

It helps to role-play on the phone, psyching yourself up for the part you must play in the phone dialogue. I picture how a certain brave person grabs the receiver and puts it to his ear with anticipation of good news or fun chitter-chatter coming his way.

As soon as I hear who's calling and for what reason, I pause. Sometimes the caller must think I'd stupid or just dropped the receiver, but I use that pause to fabricate a character to play out the scene. When I know who I am for the moment, I start talking with confidence.

It must be the same for the kid who smashes coin-robbing gum-ball machines in frustration or the man who put his fist through our newspaper stand when it jammed with the wrong coins.

Machines don't care about us, of course. They're impersonal and prone to breakdown. But, of course, that only happens when we come into contact with them.

Phones, of course, only ring at you when someone has tampered with them by touching their dial. It's nothing personal on the part of the machine.

So don't blame the blanked-blank phone, when it rings and rings right through your skull one night, when you're comfortably tucked in bed.