

Editorial & Opinion

SANDY, OREGON, THURSDAY DECEMBER 17, 1981

Don't let home get too warm

Sure they're pretty, but are your lights and Christmas tree really safe? Don't let frayed wires or a dangerously dry tree turn holiday cheer into tears.

The sad fact, tucked away in fire department records, is the Sandy area suffers one bad Christmas tree fire during an average yuletide. Chief Bob Rathke therefore recommends regular water for your tree with aspirin in a cup at the base. Also, throw the tree out the minute needles drop with mere touch of a hand.

Safety consciousness also suggests twinkle lights over hotter bulbs, safety inspection of wiring, turning off lights at night and check on outdoor lights for corroded

sockets and cracked, dried-out insulation.

Wrapping paper near radiant heat wood stoves and candles near flammables also pose Christmas fire hazards.

Bob Kallen, PGE district manager, also urges replacement of old strings of lights and checking for loose connections or frayed or exposed wires.

Also, a cord under a carpet causes excessive wear and overheating, Kallen notes.

Midget bulbs and automatic timers will enable home decorators to get through the holiday with minimal waste of precious electricity, he added on a brighter note.

Letters to the editor

Opposes Hoppe

The only helpful information in the Art Hoppe column you printed last week is not to buy Newsweek magazine!

It truly would be refreshing to have some refugees who could pay their own way for a change. Do all refugees have to live off the taxpayers? Why aren't these reporters telling the public about more important matters? Such as H.R. 3599 which would repeal the Monetary Control Act of 1980.

For those who are unaware this allowed the Federal Reserve to (monetize) absorb the worthless debt owed to the big international banks by insolvent nations. It's stupid things like this which assist our inflation and produce more "funny money!"

But influential people like David Rockefeller and his Trilateralist associate Paul Volcker (head of the Federal Reserve) prey on our weak-willed elected officials who pass this kind of threatening legislation.

If the "one world government" minded international megabankers are unable to put a car in the garage or a chicken in the pot of the so-called Third World; then naturally they'll have to take ours away!

Congratulations David and Paul, you're doing just fine.

Ralph A. Sandercock, Jr.
Sandy

Laundry dirty?

Please print this letter.

Salem scene:

State 'outgrows' public?

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Oregon is the home of a significant growth industry.

It doesn't have anything to do with the mysteries of electronics or luring out-of-state tourists to spend their dollars here.

The surprise could turn to downright astonishment, when it's pointed out this so-called growth industry is none other than tax-supported local government.

Nonetheless, figures from the Employment Division of the Department of Human Resources confirm local government's growth compared with other categories of the state's economy.

The fact is pointed out by Terry J. Matlock, executive director of Oregon Tax Research, an independent non-profit organization that has watch-dogged government spending since 1935.

Despite economic hardships which have battered Oregon's economy the last two years, Matlock reports the number of workers employed by various governments remains a significant portion of the total workforce.

The total is only slightly less than the entire workforce of the manufacturing section, amounting to nearly one of every five non-agricultural workers.

Furthermore, among the three public employers, only local government can be considered a major category of employment, according to Matlock.

Employment Division figures show total local government workers rank second only to retail trades in a comparison of job sources. With an average monthly working force of 116,400 between September 1980 and the same month this year, local government employed 11 percent of the total non-agricultural workforce.

as I feel it concerns all the people of Sandy who use the local laundromat.

I have only lived in Sandy about a month, and I have found it necessary to use this laundromat. I am disgusted with its upkeep. It is very apparent that maintenance is to a minimum, because it is filthy and needs attention. Unfortunately it is the only one in town, and for many who don't drive, the only place to wash their clothes. Today was my last trip there, for I will go elsewhere rather than use that facility.

I hope this letter brings about some concern from its owner, for now I am a Sandy resident and local business person and am very concerned as to Sandy having the best of our local businesses can offer.

Nancy Nutter
Sandy

Yea, Reagans!

Your story with photograph (Dec. 3) about little Hannah being born to Nancy and Ronald Reagan of Boring failed to note that the birth took place at Portland Adventist Medical Center.

Thanks for setting the record straight. With a name like that, she might grow up to be president!

Harold M. Wynne
Sandy

Reagan flop?

Now that Reaganomics is producing record federal budget deficits we are told by Murray Weidenbaum,

Chairman of Regan's economic advisors, that big budget deficits aren't so bad after all. Another Reagan economist asserts the connection between federal deficits, interest rates, and inflation is "non-existent." This 180 degree reversal of rhetoric resembles the "Newspeak" of Orwell's 1984.

With programs that benefited senior citizens, handicapped, students, farmers, education, the poor, small business, inner cities, mass transit, the environment, and unemployed sacrificed on the altar of Reaganomics to fight inflation we must wonder what their motives really are?

The sad truth is that electing Ronald Reagan and Denny Smith has not cut federal spending, but instead dramatically shifted priorities to record spending on military hardware and taxcuts for the rich and oil companies.

These latest revelations need an explanation from our local representative of Reaganomics, Denny Smith, as soon as possible.

Dave McTeague
Salem

Credit Weaver

A letter that urged cutting loggers free from old, costly contracts so they could begin cutting more trees was written last week by U.S. Rep. Jim Weaver of Oregon. The Post regrets accidental omission of the writer's name.



Legislative Report from the State Capital
EXCLUSIVE to Oregon's Weekly News-
papers from Associated Oregon Industries

Among all government workers, those in local government account for 58 percent. State workers comprise 27 percent and federal workers 15 percent.

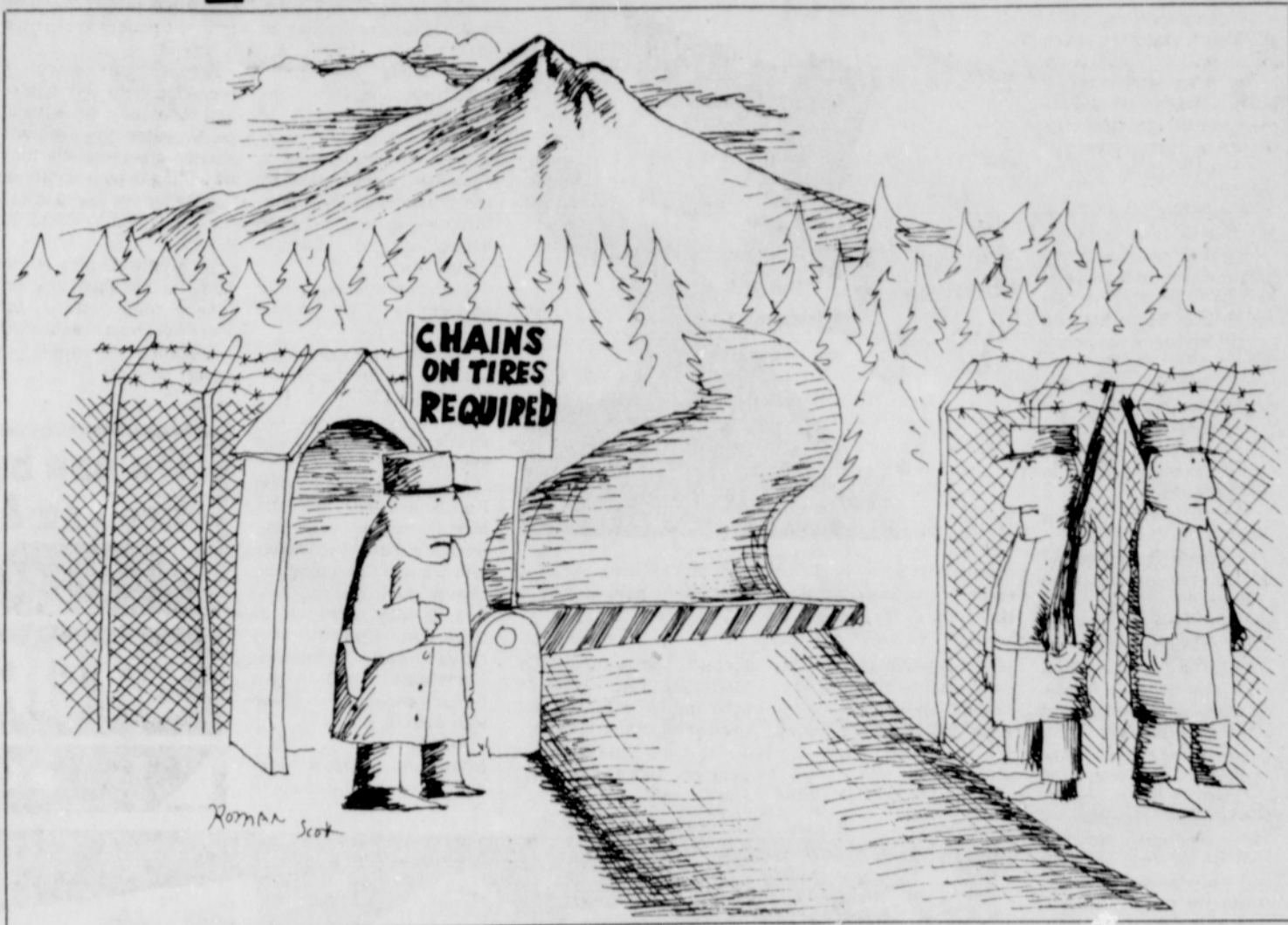
There have to be discernible reasons for this situation. In recent years Oregon's population has been increasing at rates above the national average. Under such circumstances, it would follow that demands for more services would naturally create more local government employment. Earlier this year, however, statisticians announced Oregon's population growth rate fell to zero.

But in 1979—blessed with a whopping surplus of income tax revenue—the Legislature enacted a property tax relief program so immense that nearly one-third of all homeowners had no property tax liability at all.

It appears obvious that voters in local government property tax elections, substantially relieved by the Legislature's largess, approved ever-higher levies in the belief they could well afford it.

Then comes the recession.

Little wonder the property tax revolt has risen anew and is expanding to include rebellion against income taxes, as well.



The Innocent Bystander:

Yank stamps would scare Scrooge



by ART HOPPE

Our upstairs neighbor, Mr. Crannich, was trying out his ski boots the other night by jumping off a chair for several hours. Some might find this odd as he hasn't skied for years.

But when I ran into him on the steps the next morning, I didn't mention it. I just told him cheerily that I was off to buy our Christmas cards.

"Christmas cards!" he cried, falling into my trap. "I haven't sent out one of those syrupy, crassly commercial, meaningless things in years. You have to be a real idiot to spend 20 cents to mail some stranger's printed sentiments to somebody you hardly know who won't read it anyway. Boy, what stupidity!"

"One more insult like that, Crannich," I said, eyeing him coldly. "and I'll invite you to our Christmas Sing-Along, Hot Buttered Rum . . . Chocolate Yule Log Party."

He blanched. "You . . . You know my secret?" he stammered.

"Yes, you are a seasonal alienator," I said grimly. "There's no use denying it. You made one little slip: that cruise you took to the Lesser Antilles last January during which you

danced the nights away and actually appeared at the pool in your bathing suit."

"I thought . . . I hoped no one would notice."

"Not notice! There the rest of us were, scrounging to pay our bills, eating nothing but grapefruit and lying around with cold compresses on our foreheads. How else could you alone have survived the holidays rich, rested and slender?"

Crannich glanced nervously this way and that. "You've got me dead to rights," he admitted. "But don't tell the others. I just couldn't take it any more."

"What got to you most?" I asked.

"Well, I might have survived the usual fighting downtown mobs to buy presents, the fatten-

ing, boring parties, the insufferable good spirits. But what drove me to take desperate measures was a letter from my sister, Maude, saying she, her husband, Meachem, and their three kids would love to spend Christmas with me."

"That's when you turned to seasonal alienation?"

"Yes, I sent her a telegram saying: 'Sorry, can't have Meachem in house. Have developed severe allergy to gin fumes.'"

"Not bad," I conceded. "But what about your other relatives and friends?"

"Didn't you get my annual year-end mimeographed newsletter in which I bragged about being appointed chairman of the Idi Amin Relief Fund?"

"Yes, but when I reached the part about your new hobby of coughing at symphonies, I got mad and tore it up."

"That's too bad. You missed my interesting tips on how to meet people by smoking cigars in elevators, taking up two parking places with one car and always paying by check in the supermarket express lane."

"As I recall, you had a very grouchy December."

"That's right. I alienated people right and left. I guess my greatest triumph came when they gave the office Christmas party while I was out to lunch."

"That's a target for others to shoot for," I agreed.

"Well, thank you," he said. "But I have to be running along. Do you realize there are only a few alienation days until Christmas, you insensitive, bourgeois Babbitt, you?"

I watched him go with something akin to admiration. Crannich seemed to have the makings of a first class seasonal alienator. But like many innovators, he went too far.

He ran into my wife, Glynda, coming out of the beauty parlor, tipped his hat and said, "My, you look just like Margaret Thatcher."

Hell, believe me, hath no fury like a younger woman compared to Margaret Thatcher. Giving vent to a hitherto unknown streak of venom, Glynda is even now fiendishly planning a Surprise Egg Nog, Fruit Cake . . . Bourbon Ball Gala for Crannich.

Poor Crannich. But he'll learn. No man alive has ever successfully escaped from Devil's Island on Christmas.

Personally speaking:

Luckily, dogs don't know karate....

Dogs are confused by crazy people, and that's saved my life countless times now.

I stumbled on this strange self-defense posture while jogging one night. So I can't blame my crazy behavior purely on the dogs if it's meant to impress. A good share fits into my tenny runners. Anyone stupid enough to jog in the dark deserves whatever he gets, I suppose.

I started my workouts for exercise—the lungs as well as the midriff. Side-benefits kept me coming back for more road time, however, and night seemed the perfect time.

Jogging—like other time-consuming exercise, you see, is mentally and emotionally relaxing. It takes the edge off a ragged day. Some doctors now even recommend it for control of mental depression. (Anyone who's read my column surely knows I'm depressed mentally.)

When you run to escape the work-a-day world of frustration, you don't even have to work hard at it. In fact, anarobic exercise buffs say prolonged workouts of 30 minutes or longer at 70 percent effort does the job.

That's just the sort of work I enjoy—playing around at 70 percent effort. Sure beats getting serious and breaking out in a sweat.

The 30-60 minutes I spend on



by VON BRASCHLER

the road even allows time for the emptied mind to refill itself with new ideas, new plans, creative thoughts the harried mind is too plugged to filter.

You can plan out your day, jogging easily in the morning, or plan great new campaigns, brainstorming down the boulevard at night. It's a little like self-hypnosis. The first few hundred yards you work to get in stride with an easy rhythm, then the next few hundred yards to empty your mind with every

pound of your feet on pavement. Soon you hear and feel just the pounding of your feet, and then the rhythm of your stride gets you feeling good inside. In the last mile or two the creative thoughts start to flow into your head like universal music flowing softly through the sky.

Then the dogs attack.

Visciously and without warning they swarm—first one protective pet as you pass his yard and then others angered by his accusation. The sudden pack barks itself into an ugly frenzy.

I'm not afraid of big dogs, really, and don't fret when owners let them roam unchained. On the dark country roads of Brightwood where I jog, it's probably smart all in all to have a watchdog or two. Strange people who roam the streets at night should be challenged.

The really viscous dogs, anyway, remain chained to bark their warnings of intruder alert all day long. Or so I thought.

The trouble with hour-long jogs where you run four-minute miles in eight minutes each is the amount of time it takes from a morning best spent shaving, dressing, making beds, making lunch and making it to work.

On hectic mornings when it's a mad-dash effort to get to work, there's simply no time for 70 percent effort toward reducing

stress. That leaves the night, when busy little journalists drive home in their funny little cars by 11 p.m.

Midnight jogs are a whole different trip. First, you can't see the road and keep running off into ditches and mudpuddles. You worry about running into one of those cars that appear mysteriously the next morning upside down on the next block. You jog quietly, so you won't arouse the owls and things that go bump in the night.

But you can't get past the dogs without a howl.

The biggest mistake of all, however, is thinking the big mean ones are chained up the same way you saw them in the morning. At night, their kind masters let them roam. I run. Maybe they need to jog, too. If so, they sure take poorly to puny humans taking up space on their path.

That's when it's good to remember the yell. The phoney kick works wonders, too. Dogs—even big mean ones—have never seen karate before, and it scares the hell out of them. At least they look puzzled and wander away.

That gives the crazy humanoid time to regain life's rhythm and settle back to serious 70 percent effort to filter the great ideas floating free in the cosmos.