

Editorial & Opinion

Police haunting highway drunks

State police think they've scared most holiday drunks off the once-dangerous highway strip from Boring to Rhododendron. Indeed, recent statistics show fewer accidents and DUI citations.

Only cautious residents who steer drunk friends and relatives clear of the wheel can continue this merry trend toward carefree holiday motoring, however.

There were only two highway fatalities last December in Clackamas County and only 37 DUI citations for drunk driving. That's fewer than county totals for other months in the year, so it's apparent concerned police have cracked down on holiday drunk drivers here.

The state gets even tougher now with a new law on DUI convictions effective Nov. 1. Still, the state police metro area from Multnomah to Clackamas County logged a whopping 1,100 DUI citations during 1980.

"All available people we have

will be out working during the holidays," Sgt. Russ Marsh of the Oregon State Police warned. "Our major concern is over the drunk drivers. We don't show too much mercy, either."

Only two years ago off-duty state policemen concerned about the "deathstrip" between Boring and Rhododendron were volunteering their time to patrol during the holidays.

State cruisers would dog drivers who pulled out of local bars, intimidating those too drunk to drive. State police two years ago here handed out 23 DUI citations the first week of an intensive holiday crackdown, but slowed the drunks down to just one citation per day toward the end of the season.

Most drivers, of course, get a little jumpy when they see one state police car and then see another just a few minutes later. But you can't argue with results.

Give credit where credit's due

Remember when Christmas was a friendly time of year when neighbors would exchange kind words, afternoons and dreams? That was before the plastic version in a shiny tin wrapper hit town, and uptown sophisticats streamlined the neighborly exchange to \$9.99 gift bargains and relabeled the extravaganza simply Xmas.

Even though Webster agrees Xmas is "popularly...same as Christmas," slicksters who denuded Christmas with this misnomer can't take all the credit for almost killing Christmas.

The substitution of X for Christ in Christmas goes back to early days of the Christian faith, when persecuted believers in Christ used the cover-up.

They weren't all tough like martyred Stephen, of course. They

even spelled out Christianity as Xnty and Christian as Xn, abbreviations that continue today. All may be found in modern dictionaries.

Today, of course, many well-meaning folks may substitute the term Xmas for the celebration of Christ's birth without truly realizing their transgression.

But let's give Christ due credit on His special day. Almost all modern cultures, regardless of religious philosophy, recognize Him as a great spiritual leader and prophet whose life shaped the world like none other.

Let's remember the Christ example, not the X-example which stands for nothing and means nothing. Christ spoke of love and brotherhood, forgiveness and humanity. Somehow an X doesn't spell that out.

The Innocent Bystander:

'Man' of year award eyed

That eagerly awaited media event — selection of The Man of the Year — has been completed. Previous Men of the Year include Fanne Foxe, The Andrews Sisters, and a brave chipmunk named Corwin who saved the community of South Pawkett, Maine, from a gas explosion.

The Board of Judges, however, felt that 1981 was The Year of the Economy. After weeks of deliberations, they therefore selected a man who has done as much, if not more, than any other American to turn this country around: Virgil L. Kinsey of Wehawken, N.J.

Interviewed by reporters, Kinsey, a 36-year-old father of five, said he was "flabbergasted" by the honor. "I didn't do more than anyone else in my shoes would've done," he said modestly.

Asked what his initial contribution has been, the unassuming high school graduate scratched his head. "I guess it was back last June when I got laid off from my CETA job as a gurney pusher down at the hospital," he said.

"That not only save the government a tidy sum, but it made a heap of sense. You keep pushing folks around on gurneys and they're never going to learn to stand on their own two feet."

"And when I read in the paper the very next day that we were going to spend \$400 million to put the battleship New Jersey back in action, it made me real proud to know I was going to be a part of the mightiest dreadnaught the world has ever seen."

This was not, however, the full extent of Kinsey's sacrifices for the good of the country. He enrolled in a free job training program, but he gave that up, too, when its funds were eliminated.

"I was right glad," the freckle-faced patriot said. "Like I told my wife, Betsy Jane, 'Why waste the taxpayers' money training me for a job when they're not no jobs to be had?' Mrs. Reagan'll neve get the White House looking like it ought to, if we go frittering away our wherewithall like that."

Unfortunately, Kinsey had to go on welfare and food stamps to feed his family. I was feeling awful depressed and guilty about being a burden on the government," the truly decent citizen confessed. "A real blue funk. So's you can imagine my delight when the lady down at the welfare office told me that henceforth I was going to feel



by ART HOPPE

\$27.34 a week less depressed and guilty than I had been. That sure was an easy sacrifice to make.

"Of course, Betsy Jane didn't see it that way at first. 'We can't afford Postman's Ankle no more and we'll have to make do with a cheaper brand of dogfood extender,' she says.

"But I tell her it's worth it so's I can sleep nights and I can't sleep nights with the window open. 'What window?' says she.

"The window of vulnerability," I explain. "And poor Cap Weinberger's never going to scrape together the \$40,000 billion it'll take to close it with B-1 bombers by 1986 if we don't cut corners someplace."

Most Americans might have been content to rest on their laurels at this point, but not the Kinseys. Even the children insist on doing their fair share.

"Oh, giving up two vegetables in their school lunch wasn't much to ask," admitted the genial dad with a chuckle. "They all liked catsup and pickles much better anyhow. It was the tofu. They kept saying, 'Pop, why can't we have a hot dog now and then instead of this white tasteless junk?'"

"But I gave them an old-fashioned talking to. 'Kids,' I said, 'the president's got to find 2.3 billion somewhere to build the Clinch River Breeder Reactor and he's not ever going to be able to put that much money together unless you'll be good and eat your tofu.'"

"The dedicated spening slasher was to have been honored at a banquet Saturday at the White House. A last-minute budget cut, however, forced cancellation of the affair. This was good news for Kinsey.

"Wow, am I ever happy to help eliminate the windfall profits tax and thereby encourage gas and oil exploration," he said. "By not accepting my Man of the Year Award.



Letter to the editor:

Police offer no hangover remedies

Several articles have been written on the subject of "alcohol hangovers." Usually the author sympathizes with the victim of the hangover and offers cures.

The a law-enforcement viewpoint, one important piece of advice seldom is given. To the hangover victim who doesn't listen to the advice—"If you drink, don't drive."—"I have this advice:

When an officer stops you from driving your automobile, don't say, "I've only had two drinks." He's heard that too many times before.

Don't argue and become

combative, when the officer wants to search you and place you in handcuffs. He only is following good police procedures for your benefit, as well as his own. Too often drunk driving leads to a second charge of resisting arrest.

Most jails require that prisoners be handcuffed before being admitted. When a booking officer takes over from the arresting officer, he becomes another witness to your condition. He will permit you to make a phone call, only when the booking process is completed to his satisfaction.

When you have called an

attorney or close relative to say, "I'm in jail," be prepared to spend the night or longer, probably with other "drunks."

You will not receive any of the hangover remedies you read about. The headache of being treated like the common criminal you are wouldn't respond to the usually prescribed remedies, anyway.

The foregoing scenario fits the 300-400 men, women and young adults who will be arrested during the 1981 Christmas and New Year's Eve holiday season.

There is another scenario that will be the fate of 20-30

other party-goers who don't heed the advice, "If you drink, don't drive." These are persons who aren't fortunate enough to be stopped by a police officer in time to prevent their involvement in a fatal auto accident.

If you are the person killed, conder yourself fortunate. You have left all the heartaches and financial problems to your loved ones. Some inheritance!

It's another story, if you survive the accident and have to face up to the reality of having become a murder—just as though it were a gun or knife instead of a car that caused a

death. Chances are you still will wake up behind bars. The long days ahead, however, will be filled with a nightmare of grieving relatives and a court battle to save your family's lifetime savings and keep you out of a penitentiary.

One last piece of advice on hangover remedies:

Don't imbibe to the degree you need a cure. Above all, don't take a single drink and expect to drive a motor vehicle.

Have a safe and happy holiday.

John C. Williams
Superintendent
Oregon State Police

Personally speaking:

He's wishing for a Christmas angel

C. Prinsley Meyer made his annual Christmas call the other day.

I knew it was coming. Trucks have been pouring down Highway 26 loaded with freshly-cut evergreens for the past two months. Unread catalogs filled with cheese samplers and spice racks have been piling up next to my fireplace since September. And even Bing Crosby came back for a visit to hearth and home the other night on a television special.

The signs were lined up by the season with care, so I was prepared for Prinsley's call this year.

"Well, are you ready to do it again?" he asked wistfully.

Every year, for the past six, we've asked Santa to bring us each an angel.

The list of qualifications has never been demanding.

Just make her nice, I told Santa, and the type of person I could take home to meet the parents or over to meet my friends without anybody feeling nervous about it, breaking out in hives or snickering when we left.

I've always hoped Santa would bring me someone understanding, who can put up with whatever ludicrous lane changes life takes in the rigors of courtship.

"I think if you don't really like a girl, you shouldn't horse around with her at all, and if you do like her, then you're supposed to like her face," Holden Caulfield said 30 years ago, "and if you like her face, you ought to be careful about doing crumbly stuff to it, like squirting water all over it."

I think so, too.

I know neither one of us ever



by DAN DILLON

asked for a raving beauty. As author Dan Jenkins said, "One thing you always got to remember about a pretty girl: Somewhere, somebody's tired of her." We heard that.

Neither Prinsley nor I have ever mentioned a word about pool-playing ability. Myself, I've always taken it for granted that that would be standard equipment on any angel worth her stardust. But I never mentioned a word.

I didn't want to burden Santa with a lot of details.

But, for the last six Christmas mornings no angel has materialized among the bottles of after-shave and boxes of socks.

So, every December when the rains gets colder and Mt. Hood gets a fresh blanket of snow, Prinsley calls. We shake our heads at each other over the phone and decide not to get desperate over the whole thing. Then we go off and write another

letter to Santa.

This year my letter is going to be a little different. It's going to be a thank-you note.

Because this year I got my wish—a special angel who has helped remind me of what Christmas is all about, sharing and love.

So, Santa, thanks for bringing an angel.

It hasn't made Christmas shopping any easier this year with her name now on my list. I can't do my traditional last-minute Christmas Eve dash through the stores. With a new name on the list, I had to pre-plan which sort of robbed an easy out.

I've always waited until the final hours of the Christmas rush before I waded into the madness of glassy-eyed shoppers scrambling for the last set of monogrammed hankies or slippers in the colors of Great Uncle's alma mater.

By waiting, I eliminated the necessity of making a decision. I took what I got and hoped everyone would be happy Christmas morning.

If I did my shopping before I went home, I reasoned, it would give too much time to second-guess myself. Besides, carrying presents home on the airplane would just give me one more piece of luggage to lose.

And I'm tired of losing things. One thing I don't mind losing, however, is the need to write Santa for an angel this year, which is kind of exciting.

But that's nothing compared to the excitement I expect tomorrow in the eyes of my 10-month-old niece when she wakes up for her first Christmas.

I just hope the little angel doesn't uphold a family tradition and fall head first into the tree.

