



**UP THE CREEK**

**August 1, 2012**

A Non-lecture

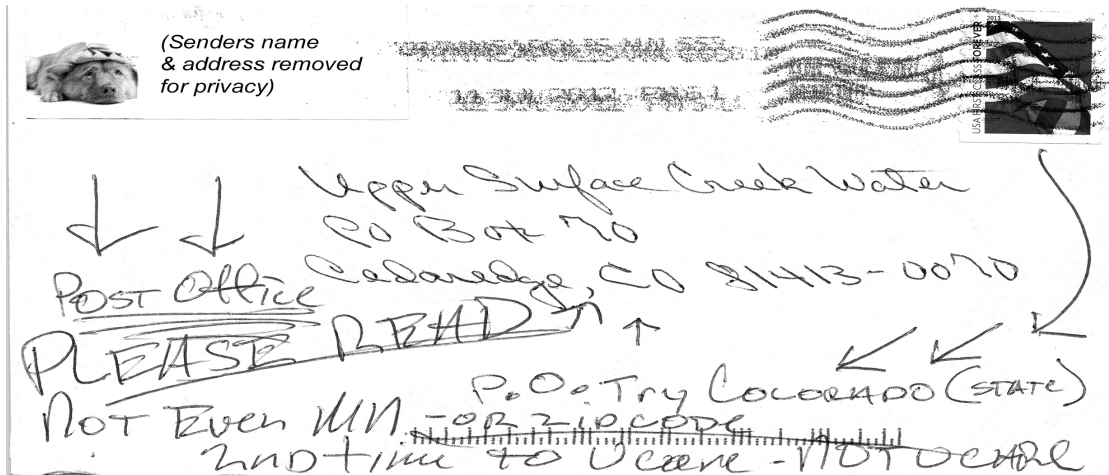
Many of you have inquired this summer, with justified concern, how our water supply is holding up. Some others have opined, with unjustified alarm, that we should be imposing strict water rationing along with lectures about conservation. Rationing, no; lectures, maybe. This letter will have to serve as a lecture, albeit soft rather than strict, until the mood or the need to get nasty strikes us.

There was a Bob Dylan song with the lyric “You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.” That line has been hijacked repeatedly by various people with a point to make, most notoriously by the Weathermen Underground, an enraged political action group whose methods of persuasion in the 1960's and 70's included riots, bombings, and armed robberies. Which has nothing to do with the point of this letter, except that we know our Association membership, and we understand that you don't need a weatherman to know we're in a drought. Monotonously pointing out the obvious, making believe it is “unprecedented” serves no purpose, unless you work for the Weather Channel, where it will earn you a nice paycheck.

The main concern this year at Up The Creek is not our water supply. We know we have enough stored water to get through the year. But we are concerned about our ability to deliver all the water that our customers could possibly want. Our water treatment plant has a finite capacity. Our storage tanks hold a finite number of gallons. Our distribution pipelines most definitely have a limit on how much water they can carry without sucking someone's kitchen sink into the system. However, we believe you have done and will continue to do a responsible job of limiting your consumption. You don't need a weatherman.

Going Postal

Sometimes customers claim that they sent us a payment but it must have got lost in the mail. Well guess what – we believe you! One of the reasons is shown below:



This was an envelope containing a check, mailed from Cedaredge, that was finally received at Up The Creek after two trips to Minneapolis. We surmise that both times it landed in the mailbox for Ucare, a non-profit health insurance provider in that city. The clerk at Ucare first returned it to the PO with a courteous suggestion to try Colorado. After the second arrival, the frustration in Minneapolis began to show. We thank you, Ucare – you showed that you do care.

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