

City's assault on parking timely

The city of Sandy is considering a new get-tough policy on downtown parking that offers many benefits.

To anyone who has found it difficult to locate a parking spot downtown, the proposed two-hour parking limit on Proctor, Pioneer, downtown cross streets and municipal lots offers hope.

A forthcoming report from City Manager Roger Jordan to Sandy City Council is expected to recommend enforcement of this two-hour parking restriction throughout downtown. Exceptions would be streets that connect Pioneer and Pioneer Boulevards at extreme ends of town near Griff's and Dairy Queen.

With concurrence of City Council, the city manager will exercise present powers to implement a new administrative policy for enforcement. A part-time civilian detached to the police department for parking would check all affected streets and ticket violators throughout town.

For anyone who has found it tough to cross Proctor or Pioneer

on a weekend when more than 10,000 cars stream through town, the city manager's plan to restrict parking near intersections must sound good.

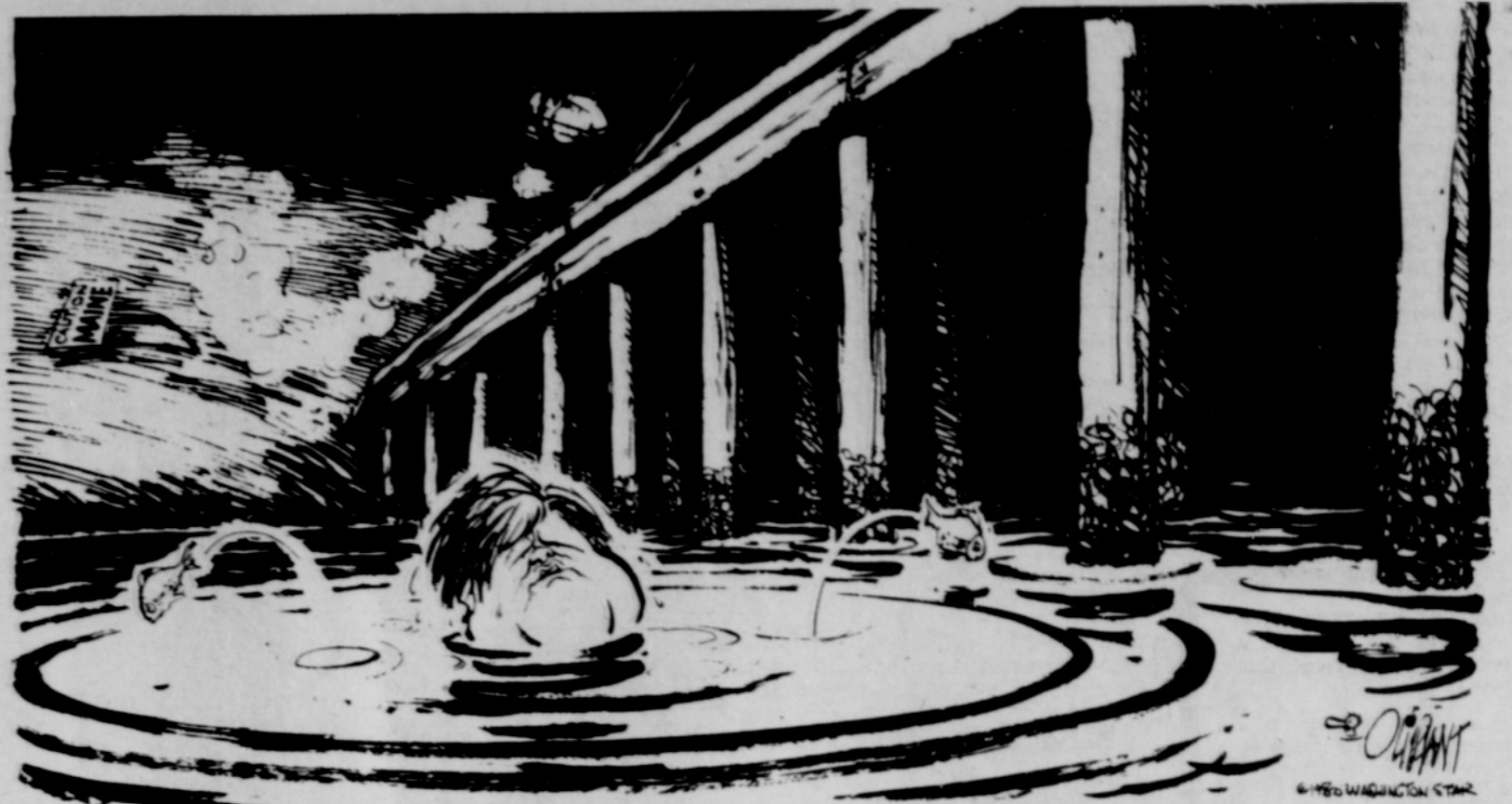
Certainly, many fender-benders and wasted minutes could be eliminated by clearing a path of vision at these busy crossroads on the state highway through town.

To minimize loss of parking spots at these intersections, the city could limit parking at corners to smaller cars.

Like all innovations for the good of the community, however, these parking solutions would require some sacrifice by a few residents.

Downtown workers who now park their cars near their jobs without moving them all day will be asked to rotate parking spots or risk ticketing.

Of course, the exercise and fresh air from walking a couple blocks to work could be considered a side benefit for those asked to give up their day-long parking spots in congested downtown Sandy. (V.B)



"NOW, IF I CAN JUST SWIM ACROSS TO NEW HAMPSHIRE..."

Guest editorial:

It's what's in a name that counts

by R.L. FREEMAN
Brightwood

It's official now. Hoodland roads, lanes, hidden or open now have names to go with their faces. Firemen will be able to find the emergency faster. So will the bill collectors perhaps find their job a little easier. Big Brother, the Bureaucrat, visible in most instances of "public good," for the most part let the naming of the roads stay in the hands of "the people."

Some folks pouring over maps of the area may ponder the name, Rufus Ridge Road. However, the little forest lane that slithers through fir and brush linking three families is more meaningful to me than Portland's throbbing, pulsing paved giant called Broadway.

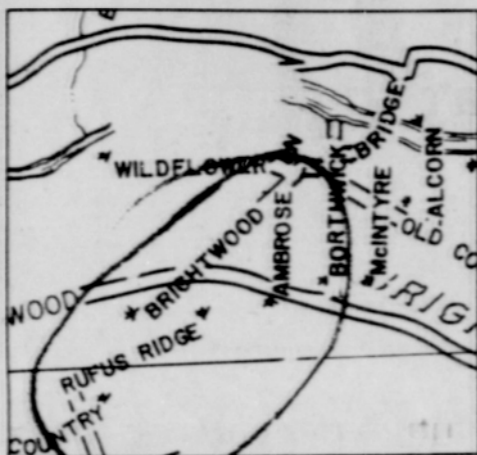
Notices requesting name suggestions were handed out by the firemen to residents living on the unnamed roads. My neighbor, in complying with instructions and without my knowledge submitted the name Rufus Ridge Road. Rufus, my golden lab, beloved by both set of neighbors had recently departed human companionship for a place in dog heaven. Rufus had trod this unnamed road for years, calling his shots as he sniffed along, re-establishing boundaries he expected to be honored by other canines.

Rufus, (his name unknown to me then) a seventy-pound golden lab, came on the Brightwood scene seven years ago. Overpowering as a hot summer sun rising high in the eastern sky, he was ready to melt all in his path by sheer intimidation. A full spirited, unfledged year-old at the time I met him, he approached our yard carrying an Easter basket. Behind him he dragged my leashed neighbor, his soon to be separated from, human foster mother.

"I brought over your Easter basket," my kindly but subtle neighbor lady started in. The big dog by now had spit out the fairly large basket of flowers and eggs, which spilled over onto the ground in front of me.

"Oh, thank you," I replied, bending to retrieve the overflow of Easter goodies. My neighbor also stooped to help. When eggs, flowers and basket were righted and in my possession, I suddenly realized I also held the leash to this four-footed living quadruplex.

"Enjoy the basket," my neighbor commented in a backward glance as she turned and breezily started home.



"But what about the dog," I called frantically.

"He's the main part of your basket. Didn't your wife tell you? Check with her. His name is Rufus." And she was gone.

It was a rather familiar story. The neighbor's daughter and family were moving to California into an apartment. Naturally, no dogs allowed, especially a moose sans horns.

Thus it was that Rufus helped himself to a chunk of Brightwood real estate.

The years slipped by and time took its toll on the big guy. He is buried on a bluff in "The Final Stay". This is a small animal graveyard at the back of the house that looks down and across into the canyon walling in the Sandy river. A large, tough, almost petrified stick that he always carried around is sunk in the ground above his head. R U F U S is carved into the limb.

An epitaph reads:

"A dog's life is made up of 'waits'. Rufus was no different. He waited hundreds of 'waits'. He waited in the car for my return. There was waiting as he lay in the grass while I mowed the yard or hoed garden weeds. Those ever watchful eyes twisting their glances to keep me in sight. Yet still the inevitable waiting until he could join me again for my full attention. Well, he is waiting patiently for me now. Somewhere in the quiet abbey of space, my Rufus, ever at attention for my call, waits. Hang in there fellow, I'll be along."

If chance should take you over Rufus Ridge Road, be on the alert. Look again if you see the golden sun's rays lighting up a certain rock. Peer well at a pile of autumn leaves glowing yellow caught under a nearby bush. It will be difficult to detect movement at night, but under a full moon any golden shadow might be Rufus. He loved the night and I'm sure is again establishing the boundaries on his own Rufus Ridge Road.

The Innocent Bystander:

New fear and loathing meet draft

I have checked the files. Over the years, I have written 32 columns attacking the draft. This will be the No. 33. It will be the hardest.

I hate the draft. I have attacked it as illegal, immoral, irrational and the ultimate abrogation of the social contract between the state and the individual. Sentencing masses of citizens to years of life-threatening labor solely because they are young and healthy seems to me the worst kind of involuntary servitude.

Some causes may be worth risking one's life for. Individual freedom, for example.

Each individual should be free to judge the worthiness of the cause. But surely, when old men decide a cause is worth dying for and then force young men who disagree to go out to die for it, this is the epitome of hypocrisy.

I have said these things over and over again in every manner I could. I have said them from the sanctuary of my typewriter. The draft has never directly affected me or mine. And I suppose I have taken some secret pride in what I considered the nobility of my stance. Now the chickens have come home to roost.

When I read last week that President Carter had asked that all young people

born in 1960, 1961 and 1962 be made to register for the draft, something within me stopped for a moment.

A young girl I love very much was born in 1962. It is not that I fear she will register for the draft. It is that I fear she won't.



by ART HOPPE

IN MY eyes, she is an exceptional child. In my admittedly biased view, she is beautiful, intelligent, cooperative, highly principled, funny and very much alive.

But she is also, like many of her generation, anti-establishment. And I know she shares my loathing for the draft.

If and when the time comes that she must choose between registering for the draft or going to jail, I honestly don't know which she will do. It is a hell of a choice.

Maybe she will see this registration business as I do — a political ploy by the president, a flexing of the muscles to cow the Russians, a step toward what used to be called "mobilization," a macho gesture to impress the voters here at home.

IF SO, perhaps she will feel that merely signing a piece of paper in a post office is not a matter worth going to jail over. God knows I don't want this young girl to go to jail.

Or maybe... But I don't want to think about that. The choice, of course, will be hers. Whatever she decides, I will be proud of her. I will be proud either of her wisdom or her courage. But it is a hell of a choice.

How easy it has been all these years to sit behind this typewriter and make these noble intellectual decisions. And how terribly difficult it becomes when they concern one whom you love.

And how bitterly angry I am at President Carter and those other old men in Washington who would even consider forcing such a choice on this young girl. How callous. How thoughtless. How cruel.

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Washington Report:

National politics help range lands

WASHINGTON - A surprise in President Carter's budget, submitted to Congress last week, is that certain natural resources concerns of the Northwest emerged in much improved condition.

"Range management and reforestation benefited from a political year," commented an administration source.

The president sent Congress funding requests for reforestation and rangeland management considerably above what the Congress appropriated for fiscal year 1980. Carter has asked for \$71.4 million to be spent for reforestation in FY 1981, which is more than \$63.4 million above what Congress appropriated to be spent in FY 1980.

The president also asked for \$17.6 million more in range management money for FY 1981 than was in the FY 1980 budget.

Sources within the Carter administration say that while the range management funding increase reflects a new attitude within the Office of Management and Budget, the decision to increase the reforestation budget was made at a higher level and reflects fatigue with the annual battle with Northwesterers on the appropriations committees.

"The Forest Service wants to minimize conflicts with the appropriations committees over

reforestation funding," says an aide to Sen. Mark Hatfield, R-Ore. Over the past several years, Hatfield, Sen. Warren Magnuson, D-Wash., Rep. Bob Duncan, D-Ore., and Rep. Norm Dicks, D-Wash., have worked to increase reforestation funding above what the president has requested in his budget.



by STEVE FORRESTER

A STUMBLING BLOCK to higher administration funding for reforestation has been the capitalization rate (10 percent) which the Office of Management and Budget applies to that item. In the past, OMB has said that money spent on reforestation must yield a return (in timber harvest sales) that is equal to what the money would return at 10 percent per year over the life of the expenditure. Now, OMB reportedly is reconsidering the 10 percent capitalization rate.

"The 10 percent figure is now more in a state of limbo than it is a firm guideline," says a source in OMB. "It's sort of up in the air — honored more infrequently. We have given some signals to the Forest Service that we would not go bananas if it looked at a rate other than 10 percent."

Meanwhile, the amount Carter requested for timber sales off the national forests does not reflect any urgency within the administration to increase timber harvest beyond the limits of the even-flow, non-declining yield doctrine — a strategy the president has said he would explore.

Carter's timber sales budget request for FY 1981 would allow for sales of 11.9 billion board feet, which would be 2 percent less than the 12.2 billion board feet harvest funded by the FY 1980 budget.

A notable increase in the Forest Service budget — apparently reflecting a new attitude in the White House — was in research, up 12 percent for FY 1981, over what was appropriated for FY 1980. Of the new research funds, there were significant increases in money requested for forest products utilization research and forest engineering research.

"There is a growing realization in OMB and the White House that the payback on research is good," said a Forest Service budget analyst.

Letters to the editor:

Pioneer band, helpful neighbors draw letters

Boost band

It made me very unhappy to read the article "Band needs a bit of pep" in the Feb. 14 Sandy Post. It would be just great if that much space were given to the band to tell the people of Sandy about the good accomplishments they have made in the past, the contests they have played for and all of the hard work they have put in to make a good showing at whatever they are doing.

The so-called "pep" band is more or less a thing of the past, being replaced by the

stage band. It is true that these bands tend to play jazz and modern music more than the typical "pep" songs, but this is what the people like to hear. It only takes a trip to the state basketball tournament to see that all the schools are using this type of band nowadays, playing the same type of music that the Sandy High band plays. Most of the music is "up-beat" and lends itself to hand clapping, but it's been my observation when I have been at the games that the students that are there don't seem to care about clapping and cheering anyway. For a high school

the size of Sandy, there is a very poor turnout for the basketball games. What ever happened to the days when the gym was full for the games with the students standing and cheering for the team?

I'm sure that it was an oversight when the band played after the basketball game had begun. Sometimes student directors are used, and I'm sure they were not trying to distract the players. I have been at most of the games this year and have never seen this happen, so I'm sure this is not a big problem. I'm sure that the

problem of having basketball players dribbling basketballs at a band concert will never happen, because basketball players are not required to attend band concerts as the band is required to attend basketball games.

In the future I would like to see only sports items on the sports page, and if there is a problem such as brought out in this article, let it be brought to the attention of the music department of the high school, not spread all over the Sandy Post. And I also hope that I will be reading about the good ac-

complishments of the band in future issues of the Post.

Gerald Barker
Sandy

'Our thanks'

We would like to express our deep appreciation to Sandy Fire District 72, The Bull Run Community Club, the Airs Community, the SDA Church and our neighbors and friends for their aid and kindness during and following the fire that destroyed our home.

Roger & Joyce Atkins
& Family