

Boys' concern for elderly exemplary

Folks who feel kids today are spoiled and rotten to the core couldn't live around here.

Sure, we have our share of juvenile vandalism and petty crime. But that's just a small number of misguided youth. By and large, our kids are great. They volunteer to pick up trash, win regional tournaments and bring home honor in national skills competition.

That distinction surfaced again recently when local Boy Scouts cleared brush for senior citizens in Boring. The youth assisted area senior citizens by putting numbers on their mailboxes. That task often included clearing a path from the

home to the mailbox and from the mailbox to the road. So the Boring post office profited by the public spirited teens, too.

The goal for the boys was a community service project worthy of points toward an Eagle Scout rating. Toward that aim the boys took extra steps.

Some elderly residents, including one 84-year-old lady in the country, enjoyed thorough yard cleaning at the hands of the eager Scouts. The boys didn't stop at the mailbox, but cleared all brush around the yard.

The community can be proud of such youth and learn from their spirited example of neighborly concern. (VB)

Business persons should speak out

The city manager has encouraged Sandy business persons to share in setting the course and speed for upcoming urban development. That's a good move and timely, too. After all, Sandy faces almost certain ten-fold growth in the next few years—or so the city's Comprehensive Plan suggests.

Recently the city manager and city planner briefed Sandy Chamber of Commerce on the state of the city, its immediate plans, its dreams for the future and unclear horizon. Some blanks need to be filled in by planners who live and work here with a stake in Sandy, and so the city administrators vowed to return periodically to communicate with business leaders on their grounds.

Should the city allow more leniency in conditional use permits in the commercial and industrial zones, if safety is the main restriction and a bolstered economy the town's main concern?

Should the city allow gravel or oiled parking lots, instead of

paved? If so, should they be permitted for public use or only private use?

The sewage treatment system may need expansion in the next few years, but is business willing to spearhead the drive for continued commercialization and residential growth?

More immediately, the present system might be able to carry the growing sewer load only with purchase of a used tanker truck to spread liquid sludge on wet fields and other temporary solutions for \$60,200. Is business willing to support the expense for the sake of continued building and commercial growth here?

These are just a few of the many urban growth problems that fog Sandy's economic future. They are problems awaiting the best solutions this community collectively can raise. Toward that end, the harmonious dialogue of city hall and the business district is helpful. After all, it's a cooperative venture. (VB)

Salem scene:

Tax cut may aid poor state

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

After more than a year of pessimistic revenue forecasts, an element of cautious optimism has been injected. It comes from those responsible for balancing state government's income and outgo.

The problem rises from inflation and high interest rates, which have depressed home-building activity and wreaked havoc on Oregon's wood products industry. The dilemma has been compounded by the state's major reliance on income taxes to produce funds to pay for operation of government.

After years of comfortable surplus funds generated by expanding economy and progressive tax rates, the current recession seriously has impaired the state's ability to pay for existing government with dwindling revenue.

The revenue shortage was detected some 18 months ago and caused budget-cutting special legislative session last August. The situation persisted through last winter into spring and summer, severely complicating the 61st Legislative Assembly's budget deliberations throughout the record-long regular session that ended finally Aug. 2.

As recent as last week, Gov. Vic Atiyeh's economic advisors still were forecasting a continuation of the slump, perhaps through 1982. Their prognostications only reinforced intent of both the governor and legislature to reconvene in special session to consider further budget-cutting or tax increases in a few months.

Meanwhile in the nation's capitol, Congress was mulling Pres. Ronald Reagan's proposal to cut federal income taxes. Although the program was not enacted until Oregon lawmakers adjourned, a few individuals began to ponder effects of those cuts on Oregon's economy.

One of those individuals was Kenneth Self, immediate past chairman of the state's Economic Development Commission. He asked Economic Development Department economists to analyze the situation. That analysis is foundation for cautious optimism.

The Reagan tax-cut proposal, of course, is designed to refuel the economy by creating more discretionary income for savings and capital investment. Utilizing national figures intended to explain this phenomenon, the Economic Development Department study attempted to forecast Oregon's share of the nationwide impact.

Assuming what Oregonians will save in federal income tax will in turn be taxed by the state, the study estimated an increase of some \$70 million for the state's general fund during the next three years.



Legislative Report from the State Capital EXCLUSIVE to Oregon's Weekly Newspapers from Associated Oregon Industries.

The total benefit to Oregon's economy over the three-year period would come to a staggering \$1.4 billion.

One would expect that sort of news to excite those who have been struggling with the state's budgetary problems for the last 18 months. This has not been the case for several reasons.

The Economic Development study—while it does point the way for a more optimistic outlook—by necessity is based on a number of assumptions that are less than strictly reliable.

It assumes, for instance, certain multipliers of financial impact based on what individuals will do with dollars no longer destined for the federal treasury. These and other assumptions are apparent in the study, and its results are dependent upon favorable public response.

The study was completed even before the tax cut was enacted fully, and that makes its accuracy even more questionable.

Nonetheless, Executive Department Director Robert Smith indicates his economists are examining the study and will announce their findings within a couple of weeks. Legislative revenue staff also are aware of the study and have questions about state-federal tax relationship.

While he doesn't deny potential for economic stimulation with Reagan's tax-cut program, Smith believes the Economic Development study involves some technical problems and also questions its assumptions.

He appears more inclined to believe economic effects of the cut in federal taxes may take longer than three years to significantly influence the Oregon economy. Whatever the outcome, Economic Development's former commission chairman is on the right track, when it comes to implementing what President Reagan's plan intends. He is focusing on the positive at a time when negativism seems to have taken over.

If it doesn't do anything else, the plan should help Oregonians understand roles they can play restore economic vitality.



Letters to the editor:

'Progress' stirs mountain folk

Sweitzer 'wrong'

In rebuttal to Mrs. Sweitzer's letter to the editor last week, I would like to clarify some misconceptions. The group is called Mountain Area Corridor Citizens (MACC). It is not a secret organization, nor are we a bunch of radical environmentalists.

We are residents of the mountain, who enjoy living here and are concerned with the future of this area. Good thing, too, because the concern of Mrs. Sweitzer and her friends seems to have, ended years ago. I even question how much of it was concern for the preservation of the area then. If they played such a big part in the development of a cohesive comprehensive land-use plan for the area, it must have been with dollar signs

in their eyes.

I don't call four proposed hydro projects (the proposed Tillicum Spur, Tillicum Woods, Brightwood Glen and Alderwood developments) or the incorporation of Welches into a city slow and intelligent growth. It's called mass-urbanization of one of the most unique and beautiful areas in the northwest.

Now in the area of tax dollars: The money spent for the public hearings is a drop in the bucket compared to the hundreds of thousands Mr. Sweitzer will have to obtain from the Small Energy Loan Committee. It's a federal loan made up of tax dollars.

So we, the public, will be paying for the construction of Mr. Sweitzer's hydro project, so he can profit from the sale of energy.

The citizens of this community can play a big part in what goes on up here, but it takes some involvement. The county has demonstrated in the past that if citizens do not attend public hearings to oppose these projects, they will be approved. It would be sad to see the mountain fall into the hands of a few developers who want to make the mountain one of the largest resort areas in the world.

Development will happen, but let's see it slow and controlled. The mountain should remain an area where our children can grow up to enjoy the quality of life we now enjoy.

Jim & Kim Tinker
Brightwood

Condos 'ugly'

Phooey on you, Mr. Bright.

Your lights may go out.

We mountain people don't want your ugly condos. We don't want your honey-baloney people up here. They think just because they spend a few bucks at your ugly places, they own the roads.

Our next issue: Get the speed down to 20 on Welches Road. Our kids run, walk and bicycle around here. They have to go to the drugstore to get their ice cream. We don't drive them from here to there.

We're against your light you're trying to get at Welches and Highway 26. No, it may go up to convenience your guests. But somehow we mountain people will get it down.

You have plans for a city. Go put it someplace else. We only need police

assistance sometimes. Our mountain boys do one heck of a job. We're running the freaks off. It's going to be safe for our children, dogs and women to walk where they want.

Leave the river bed along—though you could add to your river front. Ha.

I'm anxious to see your units at the first real big flood we get up here. 1968? Took our bridge out.

Your landscaping will be a mess in a very few years. Too closely planted. Should plant ivy. It will cover all in a few years.

Take your city plans and leave us alone.

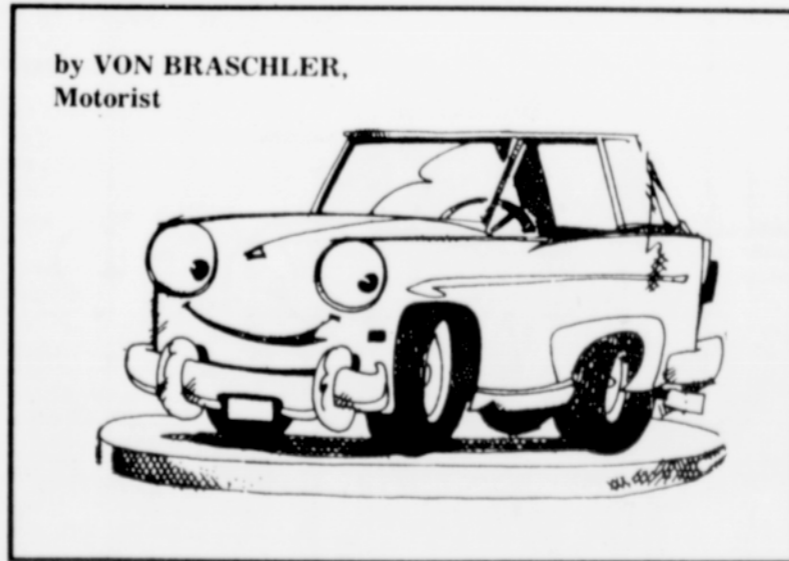
We're watching every move you make on your lands.

Shirley Hanson
Welches

Personal observation:

Family car more 'mule' than machine?

by VON BRASCHLER,
Motorist



The streak of red from the passing car made my mind flash backward.

The car was a red 1970 Ford Maverick on the corner of Bluff Road and Highway 26. The flashback was to 1973 in Ketchikan, Alaska, where I last saw the streaking red roadster some eight years earlier.

The car had survived two wars in its two-year Alaskan outing. Somehow I never expected to see it roll again—especially after I sold it to a little, old man who hadn't shifted a gear since his last Ford built in the '30s.

The little Maverick just didn't like the frigid north. It dragged its heels like a mule, preferring to be kicked or pulled than grudgingly move forward.

One icy January morning it wouldn't start. Refused. I was getting late for work at the daily paper in town at the bottom of the hill.

There perched at the top was the converted barn where I lived. It once housed dairy cattle on a pioneer homestead. I slept cold in the old creamery. My mule-headed Maverick seemed happy up there.

Finally the motor growled and sputtered in guttural baritone. It stopped. I pumped it again. We proceeded down the icy hill. It stopped right in the middle!

Straight ahead at the bend in the hill loomed the community dump site. A sudden drop-off. I shoved my mule into first gear and poked the clutch to restart the motor.

It started, but the steering wheel was locked in one position—pointed down into the abyss of snow-covered trash.

Somehow it stopped just in time. After all, that's what a mule is best at.

The freeze-up, a mechanic told me later, wasn't due just to cold. It was a built-in flaw at conception when

my mule-headed Maverick stumbled out of the stable with other cows and Pintos. Yes, it could be fixed, given time and money. This mechanic said he could jury-rig anything, but said he wouldn't be held responsible for my safety.

He got along fine with my car with that attitude. In fact, every time I'd pass his garage, the car seemed to die. Somehow it looked happier parked restfully in his lot, waiting for his slow attention. It may have mated with a Colt once or twice there. Its funny grill smiled shrewdly.

But all good things must come to an end, and soon it was back at the homestead, balking at the snowy hill. It told me it could make it up without strapping chains to it, if I'd just make it fast and painless. So I backed up to get a good run at it.

It balked at that same bend in the hill. I dug in and spun deeper in the snow, unable to go either up or down. I tried too late to mount chains. With a shovel in hand, I dug my little

Maverick's hooves free.

But a line-up of equally daring hilltop dwellers told me to give up the marathon in sloppy, cold snow. Wet and miserable, I backed the freed car down the hill, zig-zagging out of control around the dump to the highway below. There I parked my car, until the state snowplow discovered it beneath its blanket the next morning.

The crease made by the snowplow in the Maverick's behind was more than a kick in the rear. It allowed water to fill both the trunk and the backseat. Bailing and boots became necessities for backseat passengers.

The trunk, however, became a source of odd amusement. After giving up on control of its water level—particularly in the wheel well—I used it as an aquarium. Most people don't believe this. But consider how hardy goldfish are. And cold water seems to encourage their growth. The black moor was a favorite. It really could shock people, when I'd asked them to look at

something in my trunk. Fun as the Maverick became as a relic of battle, I knew in my heart it couldn't survive relocation "down south in the states."

So when I left Alaska, I left the mule-headed Maverick behind. As a parting joke on it, however, I tried to sell it through a newspaper ad for top Blue Book price.

Believe it or not, a semi-mobile elderly gent called on the phone to verify the year, make, miles and price. He said his banker needed the info to make him a loan. He didn't ask to see the car.

Soon thereafter, the banker called to verify this information. He didn't ask to see the car, either. Without ever looking at the car, the old man plopped down the high price. He asked if it ran alright.

After paying the money, we walked to the car together. He liked it! But then he admitted not driving a stick-shift, since his last Ford. That was a Model A.

When he ground into first gear and took off, I just knew I'd never see that stubborn car again. It bucked like crazy, and he took off down the highway all the way in first gear. He must have hit 40 mph in first gear. In fact, no one I talked to ever saw him make it into second or any higher speeds.

So how could I see that trunk-creased, red 1970 Maverick with stick shift and plaid seats eight years later on a street in Sandy, headed for Gresham?

Should I alert someone there? Course it will take a while to arrive, if it's still stuck stubbornly in first gear and sloshing water in the hold.

(EDIT. NOTE: You probably have a tale to tell about a car in your past. If so, drop us a line. We'd like to hear from readers.)