

Higher utility bill like bitter pill

Sandy residents might suspect city price-gouging with proposed January sewer and water fee assessments. Unfortunately, nobody but a weak economy's to blame for the city's depleted utility funds, and the long-range prognosis calls for resident rate payers to swallow a bitter pill.

Building is down, and the city whose utilities have lived and grown with revenue from relatively high hookup fees finds itself going back to resident users to make the system self-sustaining.

Recent unplanned improvements to the city's sewage treatment plant, although minor, nonetheless have impacted the

budget. Several large cutbacks in both sewer and water funds, in fact, may be necessary for the city to enjoy a cash carryover for next year.

All in all, the city manager's proposed increases—foreseen by the budget committee last year—sound realistic, though painful. He recommends increase in basic water fee from \$7 to \$7.50 per month and increase in sewer fee from \$6.50 to \$7.50 per month.

Without the increases—little more than cost-of-living adjustments—the city would have to completely revise its utility budgets. The revenue just isn't there.

Pioneer team brings pride to town

Congratulations to the Pioneer football team for putting Sandy in the winners' circle with the high school's first state playoff team since 1959.

All season long the local boys showed real class in the way they played. Sure, they rolled up an impressive 6-3 year with pre-season victories over playoff-bound Jefferson and Jackson and good conference games against West Linn and Canby, teams they tied with 4-3 league records but bested in a vote by league principals.

But they showed class in other ways, too. They kept their cool against Molalla hot-heads, when

the Pioneers embarrassed them 43-6. They also kept their heads in adverse conditions at Sweet Home during controversial calls in miserable rain.

A large local support group should be in the stands to cheer Sandy's team 8 p.m. Friday at Mt. Hood Community College, when the Pioneers enter playoff action against Reynolds. Little matter that sixth-rated Reynolds is undefeated and heavily favored. Little matter that Sandy's only other state playoff team in 1959 lost 70-7 to Jefferson.

The Pioneers have arrived, and Sandy is proud.

Economy, standardization hit paper

There's a slightly different look to your Sandy Post this week. The pages are a little narrower.

Many feel the new width makes the whole paper easier to handle, but actually we made the columns six percent narrower for other reasons.

Nationwide newsprint shortage has prompted economic measures, but standardization of paper sizes has led many American papers to smaller column widths, too.

A trend to standardize newspaper sizes could improve communications by providing

common units of measure for newspapers printed coast to coast. Ad size standardization started the move, but spin-off value could be great with units of measure no longer a variable from town to town.

Like you, we at the newspaper also feel the bite of increasing postal rates. Narrower pages—even six percent narrower—cost less to mail. Hopefully this keeps subscription rates down to a price the whole town can handle. This is how general circulation newspapers enjoy near universal communication.

Salem scene:

500 laws quietly take effect

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Ask someone the significance of November first, and you probably won't get much response.

History tells us the public first viewed Michelangelo's paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel on that date in 1509. An earthquake killed 60,000 residents of Lisbon, Portugal that day in 1755. We exploded the first hydrogen bomb Nov. 1, 1952. And the president of South Vietnam was assassinated the first day of this month in 1963.

The date does have special significance for Oregonians this year, however. It was the day some 530 new state laws were added to the books that govern the way we conduct ourselves.

In legislative parlance, it was the effective date for more than half of all bills passed by our lawmakers during the regular session of the 61st Oregon Assembly in Salem earlier this year.

A total of 348 bills enacted this year had already become effective by virtue of the emergency clause. Thirty-five have specific effective dates in 1982 or 1983. Four await approval of voters during next May's primary election. Two will be on next November's general election ballot. And 17 were vetoes by Gov. Vic Atiyeh.

Bills that contain the emergency clause are effective upon achieving the governor's signature. These become law earlier than most because of demands in the public interest.

Those with effective dates beyond the 90-day waiting period often involve creation of a new governmental function that requires time-consuming creation of rules and regulations for operation. Others with delayed effective dates might give likely offenders of a new law time to change procedures in order to avoid running afoul of a new statute.

One reason for the 90-day delay in making new laws effective is to give people time to register official disapproval of legislation and refer it to a statewide vote by petition.

The Constitution clearly prohibits the Legislature from attaching the emergency



Legislative Report from the State Capital
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clause to revenue measures. It gives the people that 90-day period to initiate against any proposal that changes the state's system of taxation.

It is interesting to note that none of the bills enacted by the Legislature this year aroused the public ire to the extent that popular referral was attempted.

And while there are suddenly 530 new laws on the books, you need not worry about breaking one unknowingly and winding up in the pokey. A great many of the new laws involve once-a-year occurrences, such as obtaining a license or paying some kind of fee. You'll learn about those at renewal time.

All this activity follows every session of the Legislature and is little noted on each biennial effective date.

So another first day of November has come and passed. And if someone asks you its significance another year, be armed with something more than the fact it was the Legislature's effective date in 1981.

Tell them it's the birthdate of novelist Stephen Crane, sportswriter Grantland Rice and King Gustavus IV of Sweden. Tell them it's the day the British levied the Stamp Act on the American Colonies, when Texas declared its independence from Mexico and an invisible rabbit named "Harvey" began charming theatergoers on Broadway.

It was the day the same year when eight Portlanders perished, when a streetcar plunged off the Madison street bridge into the Willamette.

Tell them anything. But don't tell them it's a day to expect more than 500 new laws every other year.

SANDY IN THE HOOD



Letters to the editor:

Alder water, Hood flap stir readers

A textbook case of democracy in failure is being enacted in the Alder Creek Water Company massacre. The bloodletting is the result of plotting at all levels of government and in all three branches. The company and its patrons are the sacrificial lambs.

The failure began with an irresponsible Legislature that passed acts to enable such takeover and with a lazy Legislature that doesn't control the vast, arbitrary power it has placed in the conspiring hands of executive bureaucracies.

The failure continues in the arrogant executive departments of the state and county whose employees—motivated by power, greed and vengeance—successfully have built a false indictment of the water company.

The failure is completed by the complicity of a judiciary that has presented and listened to questionable testimony and cast the company into a receivership, resulting in astronomical expense and

reduced service.

It remains now only for those scheming perpetrators under a wolfery of "health hazard" to entomb company subscribers in a preposterously expensive county service district without a vote and without control.

In progress now is a hearing before the Oregon State Health Department to determine the validity of a county resolution proclaiming a health hazard and to judge adequacy of a county plan for said hazard's remedy.

The resolution should be totally rejected. What hazard existed was a minor one, affecting only one of the company's five areas. And the county service district proposal is lacking in sources and finished continuity. It also places a confiscatory obligation on property owners.

Built into the scheme is a method to evade competitive bidding and a way to further burden subscribers with the receiver's current unbearable fees.

All Hoodland landowners should recognize that this intrigue will result in consolidation of all property among the Alder Creek gerrymander, as will all the annexations the county then will be in a position to arrange.

A working democracy demands that all Hoodland residents repudiate these flawed findings, reject this receivership, expose this den of plotting bureaucrats and reaffirm their rightful stance as responsible citizens capable of identifying and solving their own problems.

Milton M. Fox
Brightwood

Dream dampened

How often have people thought they would like to have a cabin at the beach or the mountains to enjoy in their retirement years?

After years of saving, we achieved our goal and built our cabin up in the mountains for \$6,100. The taxes were only \$123.29 per year. Today the taxes are \$288.87, an increase of \$165.58 in five years.

At the time we bought

our cabin, we were on a water district where each property owner paid \$25 per year with added assessments for maintenance, if needed. Somehow over the years the system deteriorated, possibly through poor management and failure to collect the assessments due.

Then an outsider came in and wanted to acquire the water system, for which he agreed to bring the water district up to date. But by some maneuver, legal or not, he took over, with a fee of \$10 per month for water. In the process he never fulfilled his agreement, and the water was condemned as unfit to drink. As a result, the water district was turned over to a receivership appointed by the court.

Now the crux of the story. The receivership somewhere along the line asked for a \$1200 hook-up fee and a \$20 per month for water to connect up to his system, which still delivers contaminated water.

Remember, we are still on the old system, as we

could not afford this exorbitant fee. We use the water approximately eight days a month and bring our own water from Portland for drinking and from a creek that flows through our property for dishwashing, etc.

We told them we could not pay the charges and to cut our water off, but the only response to our letters of protest was a bill for water. The last bill was for \$181.25, and we are now faced with court action.

Frankly, we are quite confused at these high-handed tactics. At our age (I am 67 and my husband is 72) we manage on a small fixed income and cannot afford this added expense in order to enjoy our dream. We are in cognizance of the fact inflation has forced us to alter our lifestyle, but by the same token we protest this unfair added burden to our already small income. So much for our dream which we fear will go down the tube as have many things in this inflationary period. Guess it is better have dreamed than not dreamed at all.

Mary E. Brown
Portland

Personally speaking

Sportsmen limit who press luck's limit

Opening of hunting season always stirs memories of legendary hunts and legendary hunters. None compare, however, with my uncle.

He's been a preacher, a deputy sheriff, a welder, a park ranger, caretaker in a girls' reformatory, cemetery lot salesman and an Army sergeant. He's truly a man for all seasons, but his best season always has been opening season.

Uncle's one of those sportsmen who seem able to catch fish or bag deer when nobody else can. Call it guile or call it luck. I think some outdoorsmen simply have more instinct for the hunt.

Consider, for example, when my uncle camped east of the mountains in snow all weekend without spotting a deer. Now, he's a hardcore sportsman and pitches a tent against the wind, regardless of the odds. Unfortunately, nobody in the area fired a shot or even spotted a bounding deer.

So uncle packed up reluctantly and drove home over the mountain. On the way, a deer bounded unavoidable in the path of his car. One way or another, he always gets his animal.

Another time, uncle braved the rain and cold around his tent and gave up after fruitless days of tramping through leaves without a sighting. As soon as he got home and before cleaning his rifle, he spotted a buck with prize antlers grazing in his backyard. Uncle doesn't miss.



by VON BRASCHLER

His game isn't limited to the deer or elk he bags perennially. The preacher's death on salmon and wily steelhead, too. Sometimes I swear he could catch a 30-pounder in a mudpuddle on the path to the stream bank.

Once in a downpour we arrived to find anglers breaking down their rods in disgust to quit the muddy, high river. Uncle didn't give their pessimism and past experience a second thought.

He reached into his tackle box and pulled out a then-unusual orange and white Spin-N-Glow bobber that looked like something for a Halloween decoration. His thick, stubby pole looked like something

from a salmon charter boat. He weighted it with gobs of lead separated by short leader, and cast the whole mess out just a few feet from the slippery mud bank.

We started a fire. Before the coffee was poured, uncle's pole began pulsating like a willow in a windstorm.

He stood his ground, short and stocky like the pole in his hand. When it appeared the runaway steelhead might strip his reel, he moved casually upstream to recover lost line. The same odd-shaped rocks that luckless anglers had tripped over proved an easy path for my confident uncle.

As the line tightened, the big steelie started jumping to shake the hook. Then it darted toward a brush snag in the river. It was then that uncle decided the play must end, and he muscled the tired steelhead to shore. He gaffed it one-handed, and it topped 30 pounds on his little pocket-size DeLiar scale.

The story is similar whenever uncle takes his leaky-teaky boats into the salt water in search of salmon.

The boats change almost seasonally, but some things like the sure-fail motor and penchant for finding fog and whitecaps never change.

The preacher's now retired with a heart condition, but it's amazing he's alive after the many hours he's had to pull to start his auxiliary outboard motor. It always

fails him in a storm. Once his motor fell apart far from any shore, and he jury-rigged a coddler pin to hold the whole thing together for miles. Another time, he dead-reckoned his way through thick fog across great expanses of water to within 200 yards of his launch.

But the best story about his break-apart boats and lucky salmon nettings has to be the story of uncle versus the ferry boat.

As his luck generally goes, uncle hooked a big Chinook while fishing all alone. As his boat's luck generally holds, the motor failed him in the path of a ferry boat.

Uncle wouldn't give ground, of course. Neither would the big ferry that continued to blow its horn in warning. The horn sounded more desperate, as the ferry drew near uncle's busy boat dead in the water.

Ferries stick to a tight schedule, and don't like to go around little boats—despite boating courtesy rules that favor right of way for smaller vessels. Uncle knew this, but stood firm on the rotting planks of his small scow, rocked by the waves. Patiently and confidently, he played his king salmon with time against him.

At just the last moment, he netted the giant lunger and oared his way from the ferry's path. The small, old boat nearly capsized in the ferry's angry wake.

Some guys always seem to get their limit, as they press their luck to the limit.