

Editorial & Opinion

Free class could save your life

Many people are dying here, and first aid instructors from Sandy Fire District think it's often unnecessary.

Local training in cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) and general first aid, they feel, greatly can reduce the number of persons who die here—if enough residents take classes.

The firefighters make it easy. A person can simply drop in at the firehall or call. There's no registration or fee.

Eight-hour classes for certification in life-saving techniques are taught in two evening sessions or one all-day weekend class. Or the firefighters even will schedule something for the convenience of a group from a business, club, church or school.

They desperately want to get this information out to the public. In fact, they'd like to have 10 percent of the entire local population trained in life-saving. That's the number now trained in Seattle.

Instructors like full-time fireman Ron Smith know the value.

"It's just four to six minutes from the time of a heart attack until the blood flow stops and the brain stops. On many emergency calls, it might take us longer than that just to get there. Someone trained in CPR could save a life or at least buy us some time, until we get there."

Some 110 residents have

undergone the firefighters' free eight-hour classes for certification during the last two years.

Completion of the new enlarged firehall and an \$800 outlay for training equipment puts the firefighters—mostly dedicated volunteers—in a better position to conduct school.

The fire district runs two CPR classes each month, plus an eight-hour monthly multi-media class that covers CPR and a bit more. The district also teaches an eight-hour first aid class every third month on request. The first aid class proves popular with truck drivers, among others.

"We've tried to make it as convenient as possible to eliminate people's excuses," Fire Chief Bob Rathke said of the life-saving courses. "We've trained people on just one day notice. We will teach anywhere and virtually anyone."

Want to save a life? Give your firemen and neighbors a hand by dialing 668-8093. Or simply drop by the firehall.

Next CPR class will be 7-11 p.m. Dec. 15-16, with other CPR classes all day Feb. 20, 7-11 p.m. March 16-18 and all day May 15.

Next multi-media class will be all day Saturday, Jan. 16, with another class April 18.

Our dedicated emergency medical service crew at the fire department deserve a lot of credit and a lot of support.



The Innocent Bystander:

Taxes hated in 'Wonderfuland,' too

Once upon a time, there was a country called Wonderfuland. The people of Wonderfuland loved their country. But, like most people everywhere, they hated their government.

It seems that all the government did was tax them, harass them and bully them about all over the place.

Finally, in their frustration, they elected a leader who promised to "get government off your backs." And he tried mightily. He hacked and whacked and chopped and lopped at the government for a solid year on end. But to most, the government seemed just as taxing, harassing and bullying as ever.

What to do? The leader had a brilliant idea. "The way to get government off people's backs," he said brilliantly, "is to abolish it!"

So when the lawmakers passed a budget that was \$3.98 more than the \$700 billion he had asked for, the leader happily vetoed it.

"Now that there is no money to feed the government," he said triumphantly, "people will quickly learn to live without it. I hereby order the government closed down and all nonessential



by ART HOPPE

government employees to go home immediately." A total of 437 did.

The leader was, of course, essential as someone had to supervise the abolition of the government. His wife said she'd better be essential, too, and so were their government-paid maids and cooks, if he knew what was good for him.

His political advisor, who was essential, advised him not to declare his staff nonessential as what would the taxpayers think of having laid out their hard-earned tax money to hire a bunch of no-good, worthless, nonessential hangers-on?

All department heads were essential to oversee the dismantling of their agencies and they naturally found it essential to retain the services of their assistants, secretaries,

clerk/typists and wives' cousins to assist them in this monumental task. And somebody, for god sakes, had to go down to the Hot Shoppe and get the coffee.

Of the 437 who went home, 436 had colds, sore throats or tennis dates. The exception was Virgil Spurgeon, for 27 years assistant data collator for the Bureau of Interfacial Facilitation.

"The government is being abolished," he explained to his wife, Melba, "and my job is nonessential."

"Nonessential!" exclaimed Melba indignantly. "Just what do you do down at the office every day?"

"I don't rightly know," said Spurgeon, frowning. "In the spring, I make up the baseball pools. Then I collect for wedding and going-away presents. And somebody, for god sakes, has to go down to the Hot Shoppe and get the coffee."

"A-hah!" cried Melba. "You're more essential than ever. With the government being abolished, think of the going-away presents you'll have to collect for."

So, by the next morning, all three million government employees were back at work do-

ing pretty much what they'd been doing before. And, needless to say, they went right on receiving their paychecks. That was because the first thing every department head decided was that nobody, but nobody, was more essential than the payroll clerks.

The leader was understandably perplexed. He called an emergency meeting of his 637 most essential advisors. "I am unable to comprehend," he said somewhat dazedly, "how the government can continue to function without a budget."

The experts ruminated. "We have determined," said their spokesman, that, as no one has ever understood the budget, the government may have no relation to it whatsoever. Or anything else, for that matter."

But at least abolishing the government improved the morale of three million government workers, all of whom discovered they were essential to the well-being of the nation.

Moral: It's certainly possible we could all live happily without the government. But it's certainly certain we'll never live long enough to find out.

Salem scene:

Legislature to mull taxes

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Pressure once more is building to force an extensive reassessment of the system that raises money to pay for government in Oregon.

That pressure emanates principally from two sources. The first is a dismal state of the economy. The second is a resurgence of revolt by property taxpayers.

The Oregon economy, heavily dependent on production of wood products, is reeling from effects of federal monetary policy designed to combat inflation. High interest rates have reduced construction of housing to the point where demand for wood product from this state is severely restricted.

Resulting widespread unemployment is depressing the revenue outlook from the state's major funding source, income taxes. The Legislature already has met twice—once in a 1980 special session and for seven months in regular session earlier this year—to deal with revenue shortages.

The problem persists.

In spite of earlier attempts to ease property tax burden, four proposals meanwhile have been fled to achieve ballot status for measures that would reduce further the government's ability to raise revenue. In essence, they are aimed at limiting revenue from property taxes, restricting the Legislature's ability to change the property tax system and to limit income tax rates.

Such efforts are born largely out of frustration with a system heavily dependent on two major sources of revenue. Historically, property taxes were levied to support local government, and income taxes were collected to finance state government.

Both progressive in nature, the system was the envy of many other states, as long as population grew and the economy prospered. The advent of growing population produced demands for more services from government, particularly local government. That meant more property taxes to pay for schools, roads, sewers and police protection.

Population growth in good times also was accompanied by an expanded work force that produced steadily increasing revenue from income taxes.

Consequently, when lawmakers were pressured to alleviate the burden of property taxes, they simply diverted surplus income tax revenue to local governments.

That scenario continued to work through 1978, when property taxpayers managed to put a limitation measure on the general election ballot that would have had immense impact on the entire system.

With what its leadership described as a gun to its head, the Legislature responded by referring its own property tax relief measure on the same ballot.

Lawmakers won a reprieve when confused voters rejected both.

Tax revolutionaries weren't appeased, however, and the 1979 Legislature found the same gun at its temple and a sizeable income tax revenue surplus at hand. The Legislature responded by enacting a tax-relief package designed to appease



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payers of both income and property taxes.

They even had the foresight to let voters approve continuance of the package. So they successfully blunted another ballot test to limit property taxes.

Then the economy turned sour. Income tax revenue declined to a point where school support diminished and so did the property tax—relief package.

The 1981 Legislature even postponed part of the income tax-relief plan enacted earlier and approved by voters.

Lulled by property tax relief, those same voters meanwhile approved record-high local government tax levies two years in a row. Today those levies have produced rates so high they threaten to erase the advantage gained from the Legislature's diversion of income tax receipts.

That sets the stage for revival of propositions to place new constitutional limits on the ability of government to tax income and property.

Under the circumstances, lawmakers are no less frustrated than the tax revolutionaries. That leads to speculation about the possibility of the system's reformation.

From the standpoint of time, it's doubtful the current Oregon Assembly could undertake such a task in special session. Economic conditions also preclude previous quick-fixes.

This Assembly probably will have to respond for the most part by further reducing government spending. They'll leave the possibility of reform to the next Assembly that will be elected November, 1982.

The likelihood that Legislature will tackle major changes in the tax system largely will be determined by two developments between now and the time when members are elected.

The first depends on whether the current revolt produces enough signatures on petitions to place proposals on the ballot next November. The second depends on whether voters approve some kind of limitation.

Success of both virtually would guarantee the next Assembly's agenda, as far as taxation is concerned.

Letter to the editor

We wish to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness, sympathy and floral offerings following the death of our beloved wife and mother.

The efforts of the personnel from Alpine Ambulance and Sandy Fire District were greatly appreciated.

The Ivan Barker family

Personally speaking

Birds of a feather find Sandy home

I wrote here a few weeks ago about running towards my freedom to watch professional wrestling at my leisure and away from any deterrent to that goal.

Retracing past abodes has helped me reach conclusions that were heretofore obscured by demanding females and flying head-butts.

The way I figure it, everyone needs the freedom to be silly once in awhile without someone else's idea of a good time making things confusing.

The Colonial Street House: It was the house where I thought I'd become a member of the rest-of-my-life working world. The nine-to-five life usurped my collegiate pursuit of a pinball journeyman card, so J.C. and I chased our career opportunities instead.

Once I got career opportunities confused with the landlady, but at least it was a chase.

My first job foundered with an unexpected "Tilt," so I matriculated to delivery boy for a rock-and-roll record company and eventually back to the university for a more peaceful life behind the guises of academic fulfillment.

The Van Fossen Court House: Returning to college, it seems almost natural that my most prominent memory of the suburban tract home I shared would be a party, albeit someone else's.

My 135-pound friend decided he wanted to exhibit his feeble musculature in our picture win-



by DAN DILLON

dow. That seemingly upset the barbecue party across the court, at the home of Eugene's top demolition derby driver, because the up-to-then hearty diners drifted inside, casting furtive glances at the spectacle coming from the house with all the laughing.

Those neighbors, in turn, had earlier promised to shoot my roommate's Weimaraner on sight which affected my perception of neighborhood fun.

The Weimaraner's owner one night kicked a hole in the living room wall affecting my sleep which, in turn, affected my

perception of domestic fun.

So, I moved to the bomb shelter. Alone.

The Bomb Shelter: It wasn't a real bomb shelter, but if everyone abandons Europe and uses this continent for a nuclear playground, it certainly won't be the first apartment building to fall.

Its low rent, however, was compensated for by the view from yet another picture window.

Gone were the demo derby jockeys and their Molls. What remained were four power meters on a green, cement-block wall, read faithfully every 28 days by a person who seldom failed to wave.

I know. I used to count the days between his visits. Everyone likes company.

I remember feeling brave one night and walking the block to our neighborhood theater to watch "Halloween." I also remember spending an hour that night, drinking ice water with my back to the cupboards so nothing could sneak up on me.

Things do that in college.

The Sandy Apartment: Academic days behind me, I re-

entered the real life of the workaday world.

I've been befriended by Clint Eastwood and, for once in my life, I have a friend who doesn't talk back, tell me to dust under my bed or criticize my fondness for frozen pizzas.

I clean up after him once in awhile, but that's to be expected. If you accidentally plucked the tail feathers from your parakeet, you might try to make amends, even 15 months later.

I was also befriended by this girl, who won Clint Eastwood throwing dimes at the county fair and said I'd better keep an eye on him.

That probably turned out for the best. I've seen the anguish she puts through.

And, of course, I watched the sun rise over Mt. Hood one morning and thought about where I've come since Montana, where I've been and where I am and realized some things might never change.

In many ways I may still be like the kid I was when I was growing up at home. Just older.

But, at least I don't fall down the stairs quite so often.

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