

Beware of phoney calls for school

Parents would be wise to screen their daughters' phone calls, if a phoney-sounding man who claims to be with the school board asks to speak with the child.

The phone pervert worms his way on the line to make suggestive remarks and solicit attendance at a girls' club. His bogus calls have been plaguing school districts from Canby to Lake Oswego, Molalla and now Sandy.

At least five such calls have been reported to local school officials. Local grade school administrators have written a letter of warning to parents. The local high school is cautioning its stu-

dent body directly. So far, local residents have been wary enough or informed enough about actual school board membership to call his bluff.

He's called more than one area on the same day. The whole ugly thing's been going on for several months now, but a rash of obscene calls only recently hit this area. At times he's used the name "Mr. Jackson" from the board of education.

"There's no such person here," Sandy Elementary Schools Supt. said of the impostor. "Don't accommodate him. Report the call to the police."

Dangerous bridge needs checkup

That little Salmon River Bridge on Highway 26 near Brightwood is a killer motorists should keep close eye on.

A double fatality where two women lost their lives there over during holidays isn't an isolated case of trouble on the bridge. The Post has learned of at least three other lesser incidents there in the same two-week span.

The scenario sounds much the same in most of the incidents. An eastbound vehicle starts up the bridge, but the vehicle suddenly veers wildly to the left. Hoodland Fire District, whose emergency medical technicians generally arrive first on the scene, note the new concrete bridge sets up quickly with ice to provide perennial danger.

Apparently all this is news to the state Highway Division who admit all bridges become tret-

cherous with ice, but show only one major accident there in 1978 and none in 1980—their most recent compilation at hand.

Residents talk of other near-tragedies at Salmon River Bridge and give the little strip of highway lots of respect. That means driving very slow up the icy incline or even around the bridge north through Brightwood.

Whether this mountain bridge is structurally dangerous with a flaw in drainage or elsewhere only can be answered by a qualified engineer. Persistent trouble in the bridge's short five-year history suggests state highway engineers and the county traffic safety commissioner take a look at it.

Lives that could be saved at a dangerous bridge certainly are worth the short time a structure inspection might take them.



State shortfall a big budget problem

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Oregon's record-setting 61st Legislative Assembly appears likely to establish yet another new mark.

It adjourned its regular biennial session last Aug. 2, after posting new records on length and cost of regular sessions. It met again for roughly eight hours Oct. 24 to conduct the record shortest special session.

Those same lawmakers again come together in Salem Monday, Jan. 18, for what some observers believe may become the longest special session ever recorded.

This second special session of the current Assembly was forecast even before the regular session adjourned. Almost everyone knows the main reasons. The economy stinks, and the budget is out of whack.

The economy is so bad, in fact, estimated tax revenues to pay for



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

expenditures fall short about \$240 million. The state constitution requires that revenue and spending must match, so Gov. Vic Atiyeh has called the Legislature to make necessary adjustments.

By itself, the adjustment process could take longer than the 23 days consumed by the longest special session in 1967. The economy that generates tax revenue has been generating less than anticipated for many months—so long that state spending repeatedly has been curtailed by both the Governor and Legislature. Carving another

\$240 million from sparse expenditures cuts deeply into many services long enjoyed by Oregonians during balmy days.

Gov. Atiyeh last week announced his plan to balance the budget. He is asking lawmakers on one hand to accept reduction in basic school support of \$16.3 million produced by enrollment declines. He also asked cuts of \$28.1 million and \$11 million for higher education and Community Colleges (respectively), \$68 million from Human Resources, \$10 million from the Emergency Fund and \$13.6 million from other state agencies.

On the revenue side he proposes a one-shot speed-up of payment by employers of employee withholding taxes that would generate \$73.3 million this biennium. He would boost beer and wine taxes to bring in \$3.6 million. Atiyeh anticipates another \$17.4 million from more aggressive collections of

delinquent taxes. He plans to pick up the balance of some \$98.5 million through adjustments of liquor inventory, operating expenses and the restoration fund.

He advocates some \$3.7 million in additional spending to collect those delinquent taxes, bolster economic development and restore some positions on the depleted State Police force.

Altogether, the Atiyeh package would produce \$242 million with an ending balance to \$31.4 million.

Reaction to his proposal has been swift. Minority Republicans are only lukewarm. Majority Democrats, most organized labor and Higher Education and Human Resource advocates object loudly.

Opponents appear not unified. Generally, however, they all advocate additional revenue increases in place of Atiyeh's spending cuts.

Letters to the editor:

'Forget Neil Goldschmidt'

Unfortunately I glanced at the front page of that "fish wrap" newspaper called The Oregonian. The poll printed in their Sunday issue is an early move on the part of this liberal publication to gain momentum for their choice for the next governor, Neil Goldschmidt.

For some reason the population of Portland may like this idea, but hopefully the rest of the state will have the wisdom to see the folly of electing this individual. Any politician not on the side of taxpayer is not worthy of office.

Elimination of a budget deficit should be handled by budget cuts, not tax increases. Should Goldschmidt "mistakenly" be elected, we better be ready for the squeeze. Mr. Neil has the typical liberal philosophy of buying votes with promises of government money. Naturally, this money comes from the taxpayer. So consider carefully your choice for governor.

Another priority issue is the money policies of the Federal Reserve for the past 50 years. It has amounted to shifting our real money into "fiat currency," which makes it easier for them to keep printing as much as they need to finance their worldwide schemes. Just think. All these years labor and business considered each other the enemy. Wake up, ladies and gentlemen. Your real enemy is the Federal Reserve Bank.

It's time the House of Representatives asserted their authority and put the clamp on the Federal Reserve, putting their "money policy" back where the Constitution requires it to be. How many citizens have read the Constitution lately?

A little more free enterprise is what we need, plus a sound dollar to invest in those enterprises. All a person has to do is look at Britain or the Soviet Union to see that government control of free market doesn't work.

Our participation in government doesn't stop at the voting booth. Find out what those people in Washington D.C. are doing. If we don't like it, let's run the rascals out.

Ralph A. Sandercock Jr.
Sandy

Banfield tricky

Thanks to the Department of Transportation or whatever other agency deserves the credit. I would like to compliment the people responsible for installation of a new computer that directs stop and cross traffic turning lights at busy intersections. It makes driving much safer and the intersection easier and faster to negotiate.

On the other hand, the public's reluctance to give the Department of Transportation more money for highway maintenance is beginning to show. Highways I-5 and I-84, along with other main highways, are beginning to deteriorate from excessive wear because of lack of maintenance.

Recently an evening trip from Sandy to OMSI in the rain was frightening. From lack of maintenance, two ruts are developing in each of the main driving lanes. In rainy weather these depressions fill with water. On the night in question, we were blinded by large amounts of water splashed from these depressions onto our windshield by passing cars. The wipers couldn't handle such large amounts of water.

This condition is not noticeable in dry weather. Next time you drive in the rain, notice the ruts. The department employees are ready, willing and able to correct this condition, if the public will realize lack of money now means potential accident conditions and greater maintenance costs in the future.

Jack Travis
Sandy

Sympathy helps

We would like to thank everyone for extending their arms and hearts out

to us during our time of sorrow. To think that our boy was here only 12 short years and had touched so many hearts! Words just can't express how we feel.

Our thanks especially go out to our families, friends and Ken Hallgren. Without these people we never would have been able to take the hurt and pain inside us.

We had so many wonderful, kind friends to help. The Hood Chalet Mobile Court, Scout Troop 662, Simtustus neighbors and Pete Carlson all extended their love and help. There are so many that it is hard to name everyone.

Thanks again for the many gifts of love and donations for the Scouts.
Charles & Lynne Fischer
Sandy

Aid saves life

We, the employees of Hood Machine Company, would publicly like to commend and thank the Sandy Fire Department, Rescue Squad and Alpine Ambulance Service.

Our employer, Frank Geierman, suffered a major heart attack Jan. 5 here at our Sandy Plant. In spite of adverse weather conditions, all of the above agencies were here in a very short time.

Thanks to all of their hard work, they were able to save his life.

Employees of Hood Machine Co.

LETTERS POLICY

The Post asks that all letters to the editor be typed, double-spaced and signed. Deadline is noon, Tuesday. Letters should be accurate, free of libelous remarks and in good taste. This newspaper attempts to publish all letters it receives and may edit material lightly to conform to guidelines. Maximum length is 200 words.

Personally speaking

This 'dancer' a hoedown sensation



by MICHAEL P. JONES

about this odd live-in situation and try to solve the "clucky" problems myself.

How did I get mixed up with a chicken, you ask? Well, it happened about a month ago. I was catering a dinner of egg mash, bread crusts, crushed oyster shells and over-ripe tomatoes from the drop-box down the road when I noticed her. I really don't know how it happened, but she caught my eye. She was stumbling around a nesting box.

I knew she wasn't intoxicated, since I don't feed my chickens whiskey mash, as some mountain people do. Since the strongest brew I was serving was fresh rain water, I knew it had to be something else.

She must have stumbled around the chicken coop for five minutes, more resembling a tap-dancer than a wobbly chicken. Then she took to the air and landed on the roost for only a moment. When she came down, she landed smack-dab in the middle of the chicken feed!

That just didn't set right with the other hens. Hansel, the Chief Rooster in Charge of All Coop Activities, had his wings full, keeping the other hens off her. There were wings flapping, hens squawking and feathers flying. All this took place right in the middle of a snowstorm of chicken feed.

Being of sound body but questionable mind (you'd have to be to step in the middle of a chicken fight, which rates second only to a turkey stampede), I rescued her. I knew she was close to the

chicken coop in the sky, as she lay limp in my arms. Warmth would be the only hope of saving her.

Moving the other chickens aside to get the blessing of Hansel, I carried her near-lifeless body into my house. I fired up my old parlor stove with a couple chunks of cedar and waited for its warmth to do the trick.

It took only minutes before she started to come around. I laid her in a box of hay, equipped it with food and water and did the only thing I could—wait.

Two weeks passed before she showed any significant progress. I remember it was close to three in the morning. I had just returned from visiting a bear in a canyon when I discovered she was out of her box and on the floor. And like in the chickenhouse, she was staggering around. By this time, she was not alone. A packrat was staggering with her. I looked more closely and realized they weren't just staggering, but dancing. Or should I say, trying to dance.

Was I being conned? Had this chicken taken advantage of my hospitality?

I looked down at her now standing in the middle of the room. The rat had long vanished with a mouthful of dog food. The lone chicken only looked like a poor, mixed-up hen who wanted to be a dancer so bad she injured herself practicing too hard.

I felt sorry for her. Here she was barely back on her feet, and she was trying to dance again. Not only that, but she was dancing with the thief that has kept me running around, looking for food and valuables hidden in strange places.

Yeah, I felt sorry for her. She didn't want much. Just a few barnyard get-togethers where she could do her stuff. Really, she was asking very little—just a little patience and a place to stay.

Here was my chance to do something for the arts. I could contribute to the dance. I began to feel more like a choreographer than a mere part-time chicken farmer who gave a banty a place to stay.

The chicken danced like she was drunk—not only because her legs were weak, but because she didn't know how to dance.

Suddenly I saw my calling. I fantasized myself as a real

choreographer for a real dancer.

Dancer first would be featured at the local egg-laying contest. Then she'd appear at a barn dance and tear up the floor. Then we'd do a few local schools.

Next we'd be featured at the Clackamas County Fair, and then at the Oregon State Fair.

The media would go crazy. Flash bulbs would pop everywhere we'd go. We'd have a big enough following to form a fan club. Of course, the National Enquirer would feature us in their scandals.

After the dance circuit, dancer would be strong enough once again to sit on a roost. Then we'd retire. She probably would find herself a rooster and settle down. Of course, this all was just a dream. At least for the present. Ahead of us lay hard work, intense dedication and practice, practice, practice.

Dancer and I went to work quickly. She easily mastered tap, jazz and modern dance. Being country by nature, disco didn't come easily. But of all the dance styles and techniques she mastered, ballet became her best. To watch her fly through the air, grin, dip and twirl all in one motion was as captivating as watching an eagle soar through the air.

Dancer, the onetime common banty chicken, looked superb. To watch her dance was like watching perfection at its best.

My qualifications for teaching a chicken to dance, I admit, aren't impressive. Considering what I've had to work with, however, my resume should lie somewhere between impressive and crazy. After all, I taught my dog, Freedom America Jones (his real name) how to count, say his ABCs and pronounce his name in full.

Then there was the housebreaking of two roosters—a task my dancing chicken just can't seem to master. I even taught a wood duck how to understand sign language and demonstrated to an opossum how you play dead.

So with this kind of background, why shouldn't I invest time teaching a chicken how to dance? After all, when was the last time you saw dancing fleas? Probably not for a long time.

But here's a tip you can take to the bank: Fleas are out this year, and chickens are "in."