

# Editorial & Opinion

SANDY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1982

## No time to run out on neighbors

Since Reaganomics hasn't cured economic woes, perhaps we should try Truman wit. Feisty Harry provides perfect example of the little guy who battled big odds with the cry, "The buck stops here."

That's not a bad idea for small towns like Sandy, whose economy is battered by big city distractions. With few local employers to hold them, most residents work out of town and then shop out of town on their way home.

Many city booster groups would like to stop bucks in Sandy, but have trouble launching their crusade.

Earlier this winter Sandy Chamber of Commerce hosted a city brainstorming session to bolster local economy, devastated by the recession. Unfortunately, they haven't met since. The city also has studied Sandy's economic shortcomings and ways to shore things up. The retail mer-

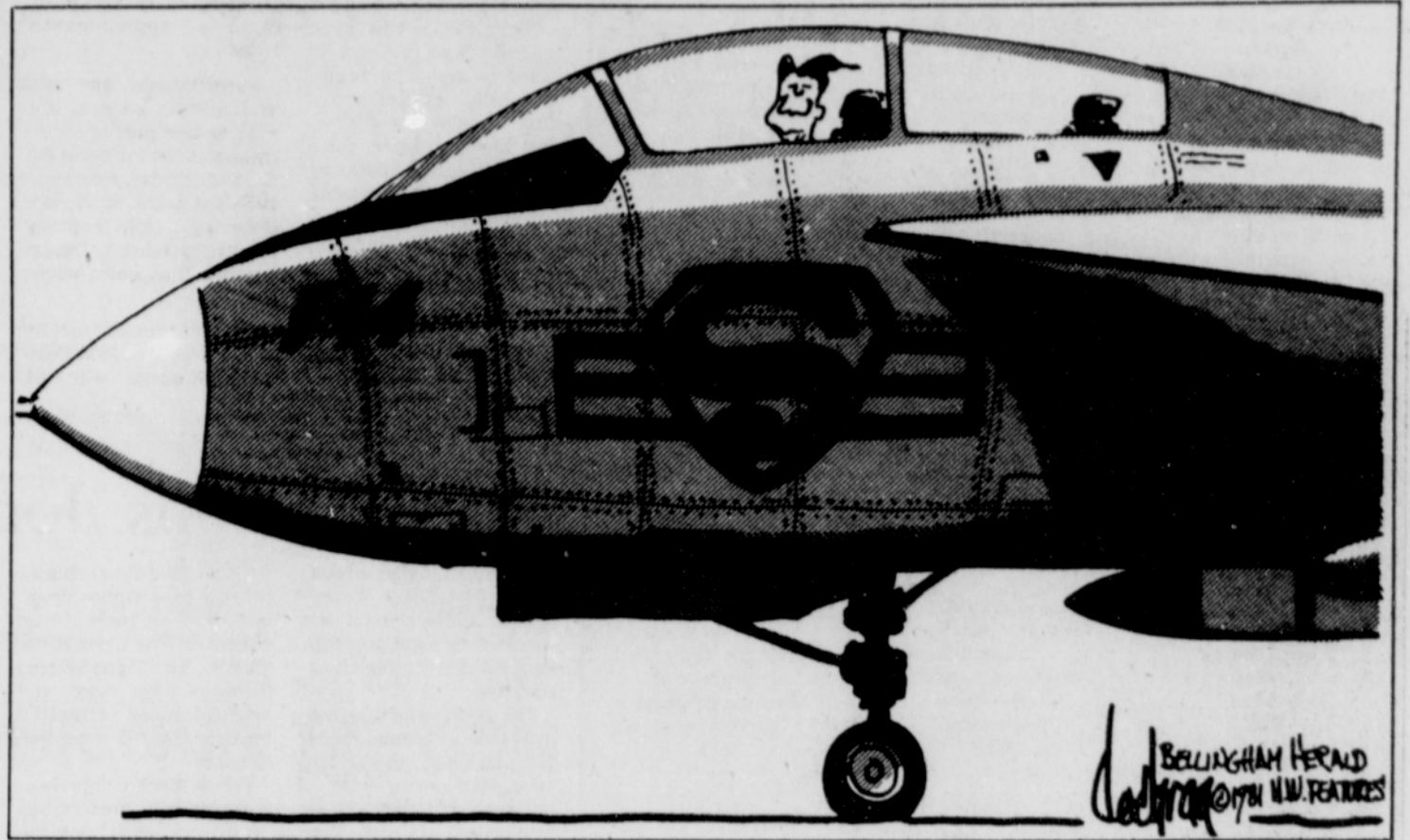
chant association likewise bemoans the amount of out-of-town shopping among Sandy residents and has planned a year of promotions to generate excitement about Sandy stores.

Their motives aren't totally selfish, and residents who desert hometown shops during hard times should realize the double blow they deliver citywide.

Real communities stick together in tough times. That means counting on one another for what we need. It means being honest and telling the storekeeper, our neighbor, what he can do to serve you.

Running out on our neighbors means draining our downtown of circulating money that towns need to remain healthy. Money spent down the road only helps some other town thrive.

Let's trust in each other to get through these poor times.



## All should support seniors' levy

Senior Centers serving residents in the Sandy, Hoodland and Estacada areas will profit big with passage of a countywide senior services serial levy March 30.

In this age of declining federal support and sparse local funds, survival may be more on minds of local senior center supporters. The three-year serial levy asks 22 cents per thousand (\$11 on a \$50,000 home) to stabilize funding of local centers through county taxes.

It sounds only fair, since residents outside municipal boundaries also use local senior centers and also should pay for their basic operation. Local municipalities or community groups as in Hoodland would continue to run their local centers—only with county funding.

That would mean a lot to a community like Sandy, where CETA cuts reduced staff and Older Americans Act federal money

shortfall the last two years has burdened city taxpayers.

Sandy's center would receive \$67,585 to \$82,603 per year from the county. That's more than the city currently is able to budget for a scaled-down senior program.

These centers do a lot for county seniors—60 percent of whom older than 70 subsist below poverty level. Centers here keep seniors active, fed, housed and functioning with legal and financial help, health care and rides. To many seniors it means the difference between staying home with a little help and a one-way trip to a rest home.

We might as well face reality. We're all growing old and soon will need more senior services than ever before. Shouldering cost for such valuable programs should be the responsibility of all, beyond municipal boundaries.

Active support for passage of the March 30 county levy for senior services is encouraged.

## Salem scene:

## State budget woes worsen

by JACK ZIMMERMAN  
Associated Oregon Industries



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

The 61st Oregon Legislative Assembly is back in Salem after a brief respite to address a budget deficit even greater than what prompted the current special session.

In the process, this Legislature continues to amass records for lengthy deliberations.

The same 90 lawmakers first convened Jan. 12, 1961, for a regular session that dragged on for an unprecedented 203 days—adjourning at dawn Sunday, Aug. 2. Major reason for the session's length was difficulty matching spending with dwindling projected revenue. That regular session was preceded by a five-day special session in August, 1960, called to correct the same problem.

Dogged by a still-stumbling economy, problems in the path to a solution seem to multiply with each passing week.

Even before the regular 1961 session adjourned, leadership indicated one or even two special sessions might be necessary to adjust spending, if the economy didn't improve. Improve, it hasn't. The present special meeting was called first for Jan. 11, after Gov. Vic Atiyeh announced a budget deficit in the neighborhood of \$240 million.

Leadership pleaded for more time to prepare for the special session, and Atiyeh gave them another week. The session finally started Jan. 18.

At that time the session was something of an extraordinary event, because special sessions only rarely occur during even-numbered election years. By accident or design, special sessions had been avoided in election years, for fear political ambitions would tangle with statesmanship.

Lawmakers embraced a good part of Gov. Atiyeh's economic recovery plan.

They enacted four measures aimed at easing the pain of unemployment by providing extended jobless pay benefits, authorizing a four-day-week job sharing program and shifting emergency funds to retain the state's job-placement service.

They raised interest rates on delinquent taxes and made it simpler to begin cogeneration of energy by burning refuse. They also revamped provisions of the

veterans' home loan program to postpone foreclosures and facilitate resale of mortgaged homes and farms.

They came close to balancing the budget in those first 23 days. They did that by embracing portions of Gov. Atiyeh's original proposal. Those included a speed-up in collections of employee withholding taxes, from employers, a reduction in basic school support, acceleration of delinquent tax collections and savings through procedural adjustments.

All told, lawmakers were within \$40 million of balancing the budget, when the second shoe dropped. That amount wouldn't do the job.

Meanwhile, Atiyeh and GOP Legislators were steadfastly resisting Democrat attempts to levy an income tax surtax. Attempts to raid the property tax relief fund had been beaten back. Additional taxes on beer and wine were discarded. Corporate tax increases had been abandoned.

The Governor's recommended \$120 million cuts in agency spending had been pared in half.

Some observers believe lawmakers now must begin anew and re-examine all possible avenues to escape from their fiscal dilemma. The ultimate solution maybe a patchwork combination of further spending cuts and some kind of additional tax.

A change in taxes could be referred to voters, and the mood of almost all constituencies is at best somewhat ugly. Failure to win approval of a tax boost during a special election is only one hazard legislative proponents face at the polls. An unfavorable tax ballot would probably mean still another special session later this year.

Two other elections, the May primary and November general, pose even tougher consequences for any current Legislator with aspirations to serve again in '83.

## Letters to the editor:

## Ecology and economy stir readers

### Featherbrains all

When the Sandy Post announced that a rival bird-watching group was going to survey bird life on the Brightwood Elk & Gorilla Pasture, I called together the Hoodland Chapter of International Featherbrain to make our own assessment of the area. In our racket it pays to maintain a fairly prominent profile to insure tax-free status and to qualify for grants, scholarships, endowments and other tax-dodge gravy.

We approached the wilderness from the old highway just east of Brightwood, where we noticed the elk are creating an erosion problem by kicking rocks onto the road. Entering the dense deciduous copse, we were entangled in a morass of elk wallows and gorilla warrens.

There were no signs of Archeopteryx—complete extinction. Battling our way to a little snow-covered opening, we paused to regain our breath. There were no penguins—not a feather, a footprint, a bowtie. Ever alert for the shriek of the elusive Canal Owl, we heard none, saw none. Canal Owls require confiners. None grows here, the delicate environment overbalanced by man. Conifer reforestation requires abundant CO2 for its photosynthesis—an atmospheric ingredient now

becoming scarce, because of man's contempt for inversions and his reluctance to burn old tires and rooting.

Forging on—where are the Passenger Pigeons? Gone—all gone. A pair of these lovely birds requires 560 uninhabited acres for its cots. The Brightwood Elk and Gorilla Pasture supplies only 520 acres since the Bryant Forty has become over-ridden by settlers. Our efforts eventually will oust these interlopers, and the Bryant Forty again will be the domain of the Passenger Pigeon—a rewarding trade-off.

Having spent most of my adult life here, contributing to the ecological survival by creating clear-cuts to rebuild the broadleaf forage, burning slash to rebalance the atmosphere, and leaving skid-roads to facilitate animal migration—I now am devastated—my efforts undone, my life for naught.

Perhaps it's just as well, for when Bonneville gets its Brightwood Dam joining Wildcat Mountain to McIntyre Ridge, a new magnificent wetland will be created between Cook's Motel and Map Curve.

Milton M. Fox  
Brightwood

### Nip inflation

To all of you out there who are concerned about

inflation: You can do something about it. There is a bill by Congressman Henry Gonzalez to repeal the Federal Reserve System and go back to our Constitution for the plan for a Constitutional money system. This approach was set up by our forefathers, who foresaw the problems caused by the international blood suckers like the Federal Reserve System. In case you do not know it, the Federal Reserve System is a privately owned corporation, owned by internationalists. They chose the name Federal to confuse Americans into thinking it was part of our federal government.

Congressman Gonzalez's bill is very simple, short and to the point.

Section 1. This Act shall be known as the Monetary Policy Reorganization Act.

Section 2. The Federal Reserve Act is hereby repealed.

Section 3. Such functions as were carried out under the Federal Reserve Act on the date of enactment of this Act are hereby transferred to the Department of the Treasury.

Section 4 & 6 create a Deputy Secretary for Monetary Affairs and an Advisory Council within the Treasury Department, all appointed by the President.

Section 5. provides for the transfer of the Federal Reserve assets to the United States Government.

This bill is HR-4358.

Here is what we can do. We all should write a card to Oregon congressmen, asking them to co-sponsor this bill. This will get it out of committee and onto the floor of the house, where it should pass quickly.

I am sending post cards to Congressmen AuCoin, Weaver, Wyden and Smith and Senators Hatfield and Packwood. If a million Americans do this, it will send a political earthquake through Washington, D.C.

Ann Lucas  
Estacada

### Protect pensions

With continuing debate about Social Security and "aging of America," there has been increasing concern about the pensions of today's workers. In 1975 Congress enacted the Employee Retirement Income Security Act known as ERISA to correct past pension abuses and to "guarantee" the benefits of plan participants. Despite its complexity, ERISA has—in part—achieved its goal.

Under the 1980 amendments, employers who chose to close down an operation or whose employees voted to decertify a union might be liable to the plan for hundreds of thousands of dollars in "withdrawal liability."

plans dominate the construction industry, with more than 1,000 plans covering in excess of two million workers and retirees. These plans have been the most efficient way to provide retirement benefits to a highly mobile workforce which may be employed by many employers in a single year.

The covered workers enjoy the advantage of pension portability. The employer is given a simplified mechanism for providing his employees a pension by making the agreed-to, per-hour contributions.

The 1980 amendments, however, changed this mutually beneficial relationship into a nightmare. The amendments make a departing contractor responsible for a portion of the plan's unfunded vested liability or UVL representing the difference between actual contributions and vested benefits.

Plan trustees and negotiators are battling it out over what used to be "routine" benefit increases. This is at a time when our industry needs all the labor-management cooperation it can get.

Are pensioners truly "protected" when employers are forced out of business?

John Berard  
Director of Public Affairs  
Associated General Contractors

## Personally speaking:

## It's better to be born with muscle tone

I'm convinced that some people are born to go through life without muscle tone.

Barring that, they're meant to wake up one morning and find that perfect pectorals, bulging biceps and quivering quadriceps have magically crept into their bodies while they slept.

(I know what all those muscles are because I looked them up in a dictionary. I certainly didn't look them up in a mirror.)

Tossing and turning one's way to perfect musculature, however, seems a bit beyond even this dreamer's realm of the possible—particularly when I generally get pinned wrestling the pillow.

One day a few weeks ago while wide awake, but almost certainly deluded, I resolved quietly to do something about my own version of The Situation.

It first reared its ugly waistline several months ago when I noticed I wasn't wearing my green corduroy pants as often as I had been. Then I remembered that they had grown a tad snug.

I resolved to turn down the heat on the clothes dryer to reduce shrinkage. I was trying to be logical against The Situation.

I noticed it again one morning a few weeks ago when I bent over to pick up a shoe and the momentum of my stomach moving ear-



by DAN DILLON

thward nearly pulled me to the floor in an ungainly heap.

That does it, I thought, no more Canadian bacon pizzas topped with sauerkraut. No more spaghetti and ravioli sandwiches. No more four servings of casserole at dinner and no more beer.

Now, I knew I wanted to lose 20 pounds, but I also knew I didn't want to get ridiculous about the whole thing. I mean we're talking pasta and beer here. I had to be rational.

Carbohydrate intake, as they call it in those magazines about running, isn't necessarily con-

ductive to weight gain.

Alberto Salazar ate spaghetti and snuck out for a pizza the night before he won the New York Marathon.

I decided to handle The Situation with exercise, if I could find the right one.

Last summer, coerced by the goading of a friend, I began to run. Not long distances, mind you, but it was farther than the refrigerator.

I felt great. My friends remarked on the healthy coloring in my cheeks. My green corduroys fit.

Then the second week of training came and I hit the wall—hard.

I went into oxygen debt. My Achilles' tendons ached and begged for a reprieve. By the time I was through with warm-ups, I was a wreck.

Running along North Bluff Road was no piece of cake either.

I now figure that the reason all the joggers out in that neck of Sandy are so skinny is because they quake with fear that the next car speeding at them may be their last.

No, I decided, running is no way to battle The Situation.

I've had a set of barbells on my bedroom floor for the past two years, but with the cobwebs that have accumulated on them, they've become too heavy to lift. I've tried sit-ups, jumping

jacks and push-ups before. Boring.

Then a friend called and suggested we go bowling. It didn't sound overly offensive. The fellows on television hardly mess up their hair and they all seem in good shape.

Most of their wives seem in good shape, too.

In the beginning, the laughter of bowlers on adjacent lanes resounded like the pins falling after their well-thrown strikes, but we persevered.

They can laugh at your attempts at spare or they can laugh at your stomach, I reasoned.

So Sunday we repaired to the lanes again. I chose a heavier-than-usual ball inscribed "Nancy" for some reason, wound up and rolled my best-ever series. I was in 10-pin heaven.

By Monday morning, I'd relocated in 10-pin hell.

I felt like I'd had my spinal column realigned with a ball peen hammer. My finger was the size of a bread-and-butter pickle. It took longer to crawl out of bed than it did to build Lincoln's nose on Mount Rushmore.

That did it. Battling that hard against The Situation to get into a pair of fading green corduroys doesn't seem worth it. Besides, maybe there is a solution. I'll see it in my dreams.