

Editorial & Opinion

SANDY, OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1982

State Highway shows local concern

Hats off to the state Highway Division for reaching a solution to engineering problems associated with Brightwood's danger bridge on Highway 26 over Salmon River.

Eastbound cars veer wildly to the left with any ice on that bridge. That's caused two deaths and other single-car non-injury scrapes in just five years.

Regional Traffic Operations Supervisor Ronald Failmesger figures a separator between eastbound and westbound lanes might prevent future head-on collisions there. He's now pursuing National Safety Act funds to make the adjustment.

Failmesger responded immediately to local reports of bridge danger and has stalked the problem since January.

The concrete barricades down the centerline—if funded—could absorb impact of a vehicle.

Some type of cushioning might

be added at ends of the barrier under Failmesger's plan. Such cushions could consist of barrels or other containers filled with water to soften a blow to a vehicle, should it slide out of control on the ice-prone bridge.

Another option eyed by Failmesger calls for concrete barrier grading from the ground, curved into the main span of new protective railing.

The engineer said exact approach to the problem could be determined when the proposal reaches a design stage.

First comes a pitch for approval with a formal report he's submitting to Oregon Department of Transportation to justify the project.

Let's hope they consider the bridge as dangerous as the many mountain residents and travelers who detour through Brightwood, rather than risk 10 seconds on the highway over Salmon River.



Let's blow whistle on animal abuse

Report of two men who allegedly beat a tiger with sticks at a recent Portland Shrine Circus points up a widespread problem in suspected animal abuse. Unlike the circus witness who prompted an Oregon Humane Society investigation, few persons who suspect animal abuse blow the whistle.

The humane society regionally investigates only about 100 cases per month, mostly involving suspected abuse of horses.

Perhaps lack of reporting is due to lack of public awareness about what constitutes abuse. That's understandable, when scholarly scientists still debate whether animals indeed have "feelings," or only sensation to pain. Certainly millions of animals have died painfully in repetitive, questionable laboratory experiments.

Now the federal government is supporting contract rights of a Portland importer to round up endangered gibbon apes and rhesus monkeys in Bangladesh for scientific research. Among supporters of MOL Enterprises is U.S. Sen.

Bob Packwood, presidential hopeful.

Animals now have rights, too—whether they live in a distant jungle, a backyard in Sandy or a field in Hoodland. Society now recognizes that wives and children deserve humane treatment. Maybe it's time to admit responsibility for the innocent, dumb animals over which man was granted dominion by the creator.

Livestock not tended, fed or sheltered from the storm should be reported as quickly as livestock who are physically attacked by masters charged with their care. Kicked, neglected or unfed dogs and cats deserve better, too.

If you see a neighbor who manhandles an animal or neglects it to the point of poor health, report it to Oregon Humane Society at 285-0641 or Clackamas County Animal Control at 655-8628. You can call the county's deputy assigned to regular visits here toll-free at 668-3501, Ext. 628.

Animals do have feelings.

Letters to the editor:

Community support, gun control eyed

Play worthwhile

Some friends, my husband and I attended Sandy Community Players' production of "Tribute" Saturday. The play was well produced and directed, and the actors did an excellent job.

We enjoyed it, but I found myself depressed during the evening. It was obvious that hours and hours had been put into the play, yet the crowd turnout was very small. I thought how lucky we are in Sandy to have this quality of live theater, and yet how sad it is more people don't come to enjoy it.

It has been said that Sandy residents are bad about supporting their town (Local merchants have been bemoaning this for years), and that we're just too close to Gresham and Portland with their availability of things.

There is no justification for going to town in respect to theater, because our local theater group does as good a job as any theater group you will see in Portland.

Maybe the idiot-tube has ruined us. If we don't see three or four car chases, multiple wrecks, stabbings, rapes and murders within a one-hour period, we feel we haven't been entertained. However,

there is a great deal of entertainment to be found in live theater, watching different emotions play across peoples faces, analyzing motivations for actions and interactions in the characters and even seeing if the set design and props conform to your concept of the play. It's especially fun to watch your neighbors' talents develop.

There are many interesting thoughts to entertain, all far more stimulating to the mind than watching "Laverne and Shirley" or "The Dukes."

I would like to encourage everyone to get out to one of our local plays. If you find you don't care for this particular one, try the next one. Sandy Community Players have been providing a good variety of well done comedies, dramas and musicals. Live theater is a little like learning to like certain foods. It sometimes takes a little time, but try it and you might like it. You even could become addicted.

Marilyn Rowell
Sandy

Save guns

If my opinion of editorial columnists was low before,

it's certainly below the curb line now, thanks to Mike Royko (Chicago Sun-Times). In his recent articles he has been wallowing in his "liberal arrogance" toward the Kenesaw gun law recently passed.

For someone who has concern for the welfare of mankind (that being the reason for his favoring gun controls), Royko suddenly shows a very low opinion of this same human race by implying we would have bodies carted off the streets daily, should society start packing guns.

You have a strange mind, Mr. Royko. Even during the more "rustic era" of our country, the violent citizens were the exception to the rule, and disposed accordingly. In this more "enlightened" age, it seems the perpetrator of a violent act is the victim, and the citizen who has the audacity to defend himself is the criminal!

It becomes clear to me that since the country refuses to lie down and conform to your way of thinking, then damn the whole country to perdition! Gentlemen like Stalin, Mao and Rockefeller think that same way, Mr. Royko. Your attitude does nothing

but confirm in my mind that the media is capable of reporting an accident of the freeway, or tell me what the weather will be like for tomorrow. But most certainly the media is not qualified to pass judgement on social issues of our times! Only the people, themselves—God bless 'em—can do that!

The heads of the national media systems do not allow necessarily the whole truth to be reported—only their truth, as they see it. Hopefully, the People, whom the media is trying to brainwash, will be able to apply common sense to any social or economic reporting by this same media.

Ralph A. Sandercock Jr.
Sandy

Support VICA

I am president of the VICA club at Sandy High School, and I am deeply troubled about the school's priorities in relation to club activities.

First, sports teams are provided with uniforms and equipment for their various activities. When VICA competes, we have to have uniforms, otherwise as competitors we lose 15 points a contest. It would be impossible to win first,

second or third place with 15 points docked off, because the club can't afford to buy uniforms.

Second, when some of the other clubs go to the state and local competitions, their food, lodging, gas and entry fees are paid by the school. When VICA goes to state competitions, we have to pay for our own food, lodging, gas and entry fees.

We are not asking the school to pay for everything our club does, but we think we should at least get a little financial help. It would be a big improvement over what we have.

Greg Meier

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.

Wall Street report:

'Bite' taken from tax aid

Don't look now, but Washington is quietly getting ready to take away the best tax benefit you never got.

That benefit is so-called tax indexing, a fancy name for a simple idea—the government should have to ask for a tax increase when it wants one and not be able to let inflation do its dirty work for it.

Written into the 1961 tax bill was a provision that, starting in 1965, three key items—tax brackets, personal exemptions and the standard deduction—would be adjusted each year in the taxpayer's favor to reflect the inflation rate.

While it got considerably less attention than President Reagan's plan for three-year across-the-board tax cuts, the indexing provision was potentially of much greater value to the typical taxpayer—particularly those in lower and middle income groups. The tax "cuts," indeed, could turn out to be very much less than that by the time you've factored in inflation, dramatically rising Social Security taxes and the assorted excise increases to which concern over the federal deficit may lead us. But indexing promised that the income-tax system would, for once in our lives, be on the level—ending the present system whereby the government's own inflation annually pushes its citizens into ever-higher tax brackets, with ever-lower buying power.

Don't count on it. Signs are mounting ominously that, because of lack of public understanding of the importance of this change, it is likely to be an early victim of Washington's preoccupation with budget balancing through tax increases—rather than spending cuts. (Indeed, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan openly conceded the other day that "indexing we'd discuss" adding pointedly that it "wasn't part of the President's original package"—and neglecting to mention that Reagan nonetheless proudly took credit for the indexing provision.)

What's going on?
First, just what would indexing cost? The Treasury last year estimated that in-



by Louis Rukayser

dexing would lower federal tax receipts by \$8.6 billion in fiscal 1985 and \$22.7 billion the following year. If the inflation rate remains below what it was last summer, however, these estimates are far too high. Whom would indexing benefit? Everybody, essentially, because the tax system would be fairer and more honest. Legislators would have to call a tax increase a tax increase and not take it under the table, as an automatic inflation bonus. But, most of all, indexing would help lower-income people. Inflation-induced "bracket creep" is more common with them, because tax brackets are closer together at the bottom end of the scale and personal exemptions are proportionately more important.

With all the talk—largely fraudulent though it may have been—about how most of last year's tax cuts amounted to "welfare for the rich," you might think there would be more media outcry about the threat to welfarism on indexing—which according to a 1980 study by the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations would have twice as much impact on taxpayers making \$10,000 as on those making \$50,000.

But unless the public wakes up soon, an almost-unnoticed throat cutting seems in prospect.

Are you mad enough to let your congressman know that you, at least, are aware of what indexing could mean—and determined to get it, as promised, at last?

Louis Rukayser's financial analysis is distributed by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc. (c) 1982.

Personally speaking:

Clock-watching not worth the time

Modern man seemed ruled by clocks. He presumes to control his destiny by setting alarms to tell him when to start his day, proceed and stop. However, he becomes a slave—obedient to the very ticking mechanism he winds to rule his bedroom and bind his wrist.

Who needs all this self-inflicted stress? The only real ticker worth a tinker's damn is man's own heart. And this man's heart tells him to slow down the whole charade.

Sure, I show up a bit late here and there. But my nerves aren't frayed by needless clock-watching and tedious maneuvering to get everything perfectly synchronized. After all, there are but two basic times under the sun: Daytime and nighttime.

Practically speaking, our modern hustle-bustle world does need some synchronization. I recognize the need for deadlines in such "timely" endeavors as supplying news via newspapers.

But modern man often outfoxes himself in setting times for his convenience. Witness daylight savings time, when the extra slack we grant ourselves expires and the day suddenly seems dark and gloomy at 4 p.m. And anyone who's tried to mail letters, bank or keep kids in school finds the week-long slack surrounding contrived holidays like President's Day too much of a good thing.



by VON BRASCHLER

Controlling time always has fascinated man, of course. Only recently, however, have we been brash enough to think we could control the world with a stopwatch.

Modern man seems fascinated with fixing the exact moment all time on earth will end—by atomic cataclysm or Second Coming. Ancients only awaited a millennium—sometime in the next thousand years or so. Today doomsdayers climb mountains with a two-day supply of last meals and search for "signs" to fix exact date for final goodbyes.

Prophets and psychics, of course, seldom get more ac-

curate than a few years or decades off the mark in their predictions. God's time, they note, is a little different from man's contrived method of measurement. Nature's Now, Then and Tomorrow seem linked inseparably in a dynamic universe of fluid change. Still we strap silly wristwatches on astronauts, who now can escape earth's time restrictions and return from deep space no older than when they left.

While modern man pretends to control time, still it remains a mystery. Witness that seventh wonder of the world, the pyramid where time seemingly stands still for trapped objects that don't tarnish, rust or decay in thousands of years. So is time really a mystery, or is modern man merely muddled about its measurability? Only the mystics claim to know.

We all recognize that at times there seems to be all the time in the world, while other times there seems to be no time at all. Split seconds before an accident seem to last forever, as though we're given extra time to respond. Unpleasant times also seem to pass slowly. Pleasant moments, however, seem to pass much too quickly. It all seems to depend solely on your perspective.

I know one thing for sure about time management, however. Those guys in theatres and

restaurants with belt pagers and wrist alarms have no perspective at all. If they truly wanted to share some time with fellows in a public setting, they should leave their worries of the past or future outside. Maybe they should be required to surrender their rude buzzers and beepers at the door, like earlier gunslingers who turned in their six-shooters before entering public gatherings.

The stress of worry over lost time isn't worth the hassle. We're killing ourselves slowly, as we measure out our lives in seconds and strive to accomplish feats on the stroke of the hour.

Modern man works himself past the point of sleepiness and then worries with insomnia that he isn't getting enough sleep. He stretches his day to get more done in one day, but it's hard to trick nature. There remain just 24 hours in each day and two basic times: Daytime and nighttime.

A recent article in Psychology Today laughed at man's attempt to stretch his day by robbing himself of sleep. A quarter century of research in sleep deprivation noted cave man's greater wisdom in time management:

When cave man was tired, he slept. He arose when he felt rested. Today, man goes to sleep when he HAS TO and gets up when he WANTS TO. Hardly sounds like a clever mystic, does it?