

## Tax revamp could lure new jobs

Insomnia-weary legislators, short-sheeted by revenue shortfall, next session may wrestle with a state sales tax almost no one wants.

Increasingly disappointing state revenue shortfall has caused many skeptical legislators and others to consider the new tax on all items as the easiest way to balance the already battered state budget after two emergency bandage sessions.

So don't be surprised to see some education and business advocates promote the value-added tax as a savior to state woes.

New Senate District 14 candidate Joe Davis of Silverton said he'd support a sales tax only if used to offset property and income tax, noting attractiveness of this tax system to businesses who might loathe here. "It's a fact that it's going to cost them (more) to come to Oregon."

Steve Starkovich, Senate District 14 candidate from Canby, figures from a poll of Democrats that a lot of folks who favor sales tax (high as 43 percent) really are concerned with education funding. Starkovich, however, opposes the new tax as hurting people on fixed and limited incomes who most need help. He said the added tax would look more attractive to him, if it were earmarked specifically and not simply collected like a new state treasure chest.

Solidly behind a state sales tax drive, on the other hand, are 112 business and government leaders who met recently in Corvallis to divine methods to create a better business climate in Oregon for new employers. They recommended a 6.5 percent sales tax charged on everything but food and drugs replace personal income tax and corporate excise

tax. Revenues, they said, could be dedicated to 50 percent property tax relief, as well as state government costs. They back that bite with recommendation for a tax limitation amendment.

State Sen. Ken Jernstedt (R-Hood River) concurs on the need to examine sales tax. "I have figured for some time we would have some sort of value-added tax," he said. "Although I don't like it, I think Oregon is going to have to take a look at something more than band-aids."

Rep. Wayne Fawbush (D-Hood River) opposes a state sales tax as a regressive, consumer tax that "wouldn't even be considered if Oregon weren't in such bad fiscal state." The House Revenue Committee member said he'd find the tax more palatable, if it exempted food and drugs and replaced some of the property tax.

Fawbush, who predicts personal political trouble representing Antelope's "Geru City" if elected in new districting, predicts more trouble for the sales tax measure. Biggest problem, he said, would come from legislators putting the measure before voters November with a more popular 1.5 percent tax limitation referendum.

Perhaps a state sales tax would prove politically as unpopular as a swami in a foreign land. But savior businesses aren't exactly flocking to Oregon's economic aid with needed new jobs, either. So maybe the Corvallis symposium has a point.

After all, Oregonians already pay cigarette, alcohol, gas and hotel sales taxes. The state coffers must be replaced, or a coffin laid for some services like schools as presently funded. (VB)

## Clinic given new 'lease' on life

Sandy Mental Health Clinic, homeless with cut rent funds, has found new life in donated space of a church basement, thanks to Immanuel Lutheran Church.

Faced with state and federal revenue cutbacks, Blake Fischer-Davidson of Clackamas County Mental Health opted to abandon the satellite office to save jobs of staff members who commute here.

"Pastor Frank Koepke and his congregation have been just great to us," he said. "Historically churches have been very supportive in Estacada and Molalla." The Molalla office is housed in a church, while the Estacada office was in a church before relocation in a rented office and now in a preschool. Originally seven years ago the Sandy clinic was housed in the basement of Community Presbyterian Church.

Trained counselors meet at 39901 Pleasant Avenue here 9-5 p.m. Mondays through Thursdays, with evening appointments available. Current clients may call 655-8338 for an appointment, while new clients should call 655-8401.

Counselors here address problems of alcohol, drugs and chronic mental illness, as well as other problems of adults and children.

The health clinic reports only a two-day lapse in local service during the relocation, and that occurred during the Fourth of July weekend.

Roses to the people of Immanuel Lutheran and our gutsy mental health workers for finding a way to continue this valued community service. (VB)

## Salem scene:

### State youth eye business

by JACK ZIMMERMAN  
Associated Oregon Industries

Free enterprise isn't free. People have to work to make it work for them.

That's the gist of the first lesson learned by some 300 high school students and 60 teachers attending the third-annual Oregon Business Week recently on the Monmouth campus of Wester Oregon State College.

The lesson was part of a Sunday evening opening lecture by John Alltucker of Eugene that inaugurated a full week of intensive educational experiences relating to the role of business in society.

Alltucker, owner of Eugene Sand & Gravel, is typical of some 150 volunteers from business and industry who make up the faculty of the program jointly sponsored by Associated Oregon Industries, the State Department of Education, Oregon Council on Economic Education and WOSC. More than 30 additional volunteers live on campus during the week serving as company advisors to students and teachers and members of a management team.

Alltucker set the stage for the week-long



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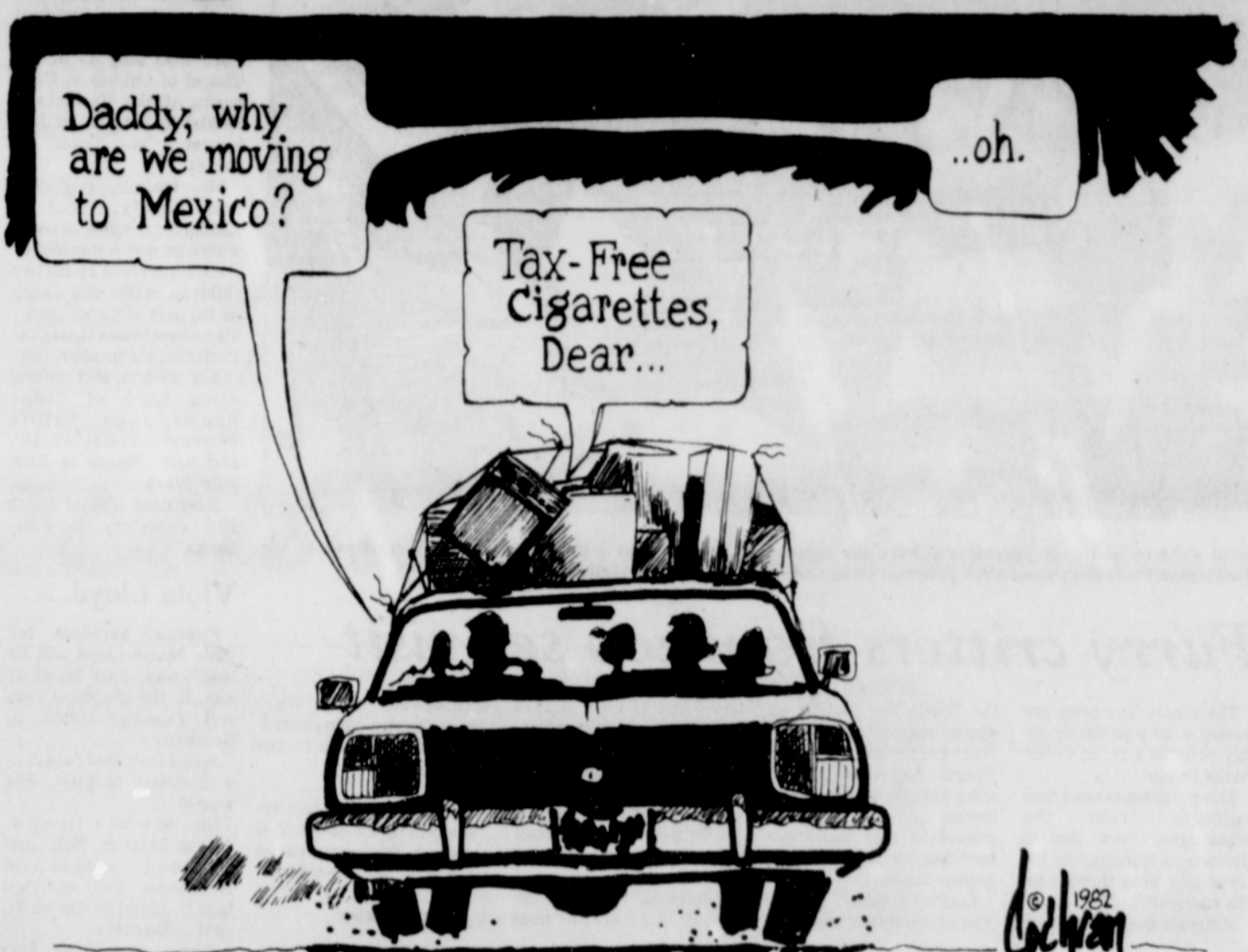
event by detailing specific laws of economic understanding.

"Without a healthy economic system," he said, "society's social and political systems are doomed to disorder and collapse."

He explained that all group activities begin with investments of several kinds. Wealth, he said, is created by converting natural resources into usable products. Governments don't create wealth.

"Government can't give anything away, until it takes something first—taxes for instance," he said. "Instead of creating wealth, government redistributes it."

Oregon Business Week is closely patterned after a similar program launched in the State of Washington in 1976, Reiten said, and versions of the original are now being offered in a total of 15 states.



## Letters to the editor:

### Reader argues against 'paper' money

#### Blame US banks

To quote Baron Rothschild, "I care not what puppet is placed upon the throne of England. The man that controls Britain's money controls the British Empire." And in this nation today we have our own Baron Rothschild, called the Federal Reserve Bank!

We have both an elected government in Washington and an unelected government in the Federal Reserve System run by the money barons of Wall Street. Our economy is not run by the Congress or the President, but instead is run by private banks that create money, control its volume and set the level of interest rates. This situation has led us to have a dual government.

This bad state of affairs will not be eliminated by business and labor negotiations, mainly because they both have to survive in the same economic environment. If the value of our medium of exchange becomes less for labor, it follows that business has the same problem. So it's no wonder that things get hot and heavy at contract time, when the negotiations start.

Consider this: When a savings and loan association, an insurance company or credit union makes a loan, it lends the very dollar that its customers have previously paid in. But when a bank makes a loan, it simply adds to the borrower's deposit account in the bank by the amount of the loan. It is new money, created by the bank for the use of the borrower.

You may ask how can they create money like that legally? They can't. Not according to the Constitution, anyway. The Coinage Act of 1792 states that a dollar is 24.75 grains of gold and 371.25 grains of silver—not Federal Reserve notes we so naively accept as coin of the realm.

Of course, you'll hear arguments against the gold and silver standards for this country. It causes great difficulty in settling international debts. The rigid standard restricts economic growth.

Unfortunately for the international bankers, I as an American taxpayer could care less how more difficult it makes their job. Whatever it takes to get a sound and "legal" dollar back in the hands of the citizenry is most impor-

tant, not how easy can we make it for the banking industry.

So let's inform the elected part of the government that the unelected part of government has got to go. If not for their reelection, then for our economic freedom.

Ralph A. Sandercock Jr.  
Sandy

#### River crossed

The family of Stephen Nicholls wishes to express their most sincere gratitude to all of our friends and neighbors of the Sandy community and many others from near and far who have been helpful with their many expressions of sorrow and sympathy over the loss of our

son and brother. We hope somehow to let everyone know how much their prayers, expressions and many kind acts have helped to sustain us.

To Steve's many personal friends in the Portland area and all over the world, we thank you for your heartwarming expressions and communications.

We are so very proud of him and his commitment to the service of mankind. Stephen was quoted by a news reporter as having said, "When you've had a baby die in your arms because you couldn't get to a rehydration center quickly enough, when you've seen real death and real starvation up close—then it becomes personal. You

cross your own Rubicon." Steve has crossed his Rubicon.

Dale and Doris (Dad and Mom) Nicholls, Marilyn, Janice, Beverly, William, Catherine, James and Donald, and Steve's very dear friend Lucy LeBlanc

Editor's Note: Rubicon, a small river in Northern Italy rising just north of San Marino and flowing 15 miles northeast to the Adriatic Sea. Caesar's crossing it with his army in 49 B.C. constituted an illegal entry into Italy and thereby initiated Civil War. "To cross or pass the Rubicon is to embark on an undertaking from which one cannot turn back."

The Post gratefully acknowledges essays and written opinions from readers to appear on this page—separate from the unbiased news reports on other pages of this newspaper. Your opinions generally will be printed as letters to the editor, while ours generally will appear as editorials. Occasionally, we are able to print guest editorials. We attempt to print all signed letters of good taste, legible form and reasonable length. Our deadline is noon on Tuesdays.

## Personally speaking:

### Poet jousts with mouse in his house

The hasty rustlings in the kitchen were slow to pique my curiosity.

Alone in the evening, reading an old Raymond Chandler favorite, I'd hear a tiny commotion among the sacks of empties. Being a bit fragile in the bravery department, I didn't investigate. I rationalized it away as the shifting of cans.

Later, I noticed tiny calling cards left here and there and decided nature was in the process of attacking my moroseness over the loss of my parakeet by supplying a new diversion.

A mouse moved in with me. It reminded me of something from my days in school, groaning through English literature courses just so I could sit by Kathy Barry.

Robert Burns, feeling a bit of Scottish guilt after turning up a mouse in her nest with his plow, wrote, "Wee, sleekeit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie! O, what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae hasty, / Wi' bickering brattle! / I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee / Wi' murd'ring pattle!"

I remembered those lines with my fingers crossed. Myself, I wad na be laith to rin an' chase thee.



by DAN DILLON

For weeks our only contacts were the furtive rustlings in the kitchen. I'd sneak in, hoping to sight my new roomie, but always the shaking in the sacks would stop. I didn't want to paw through the cans. My goodness, there might have been a mouse in there.

The first time I caught sight of the wily critter I was in a compromising position, so to speak, but I can attest that the surprise provided a laxative that is at least the equivalent of prunes.

That's not to say I was frightened by that little bunch of fur the size of a cotton ball. Au contraire.

In Eugene, I earned quite a reputation as a mouser.

We lived in a wonderful pre-fab tract home adjacent to a wonderful field of weeds. Its colony of "Mus musculi" sought our abode as their harbor in every storm, whether there was a storm or not.

Well, this bwana once captured two in the space of 10 minutes. Even when the trap line paid its dividends while I was out, it was my duty to remove the tiny corpse and reset the trap. My roommates were squeamish about such goings-on.

I'd use Porfo's rubber gloves when I emptied the traps so I wouldn't catch any dreaded mouse diseases. I never stopped to think if our dishes had the same concern.

I accepted it as my duty, being the junior member in the partnership. I also accepted it because it totally negated any possibility of pursuing the alternative. Cats.

Just typing the word plants the seed of a horrendous sneeze in the back of my nose.

Dutifully, then, I purchased new traps without malice to do battle with this latest intruder. I just don't need the excitement

when I'm in the water closet.

I baited them with a nice cheese spread that has been in my refrigerator since who knows when, strategically placed them in locations I won't divulge (who knows if mice can read?) and waited.

Sure enough. The next morning a trap was lying upside down in the middle of the kitchen floor. One night, one mouse. "Don't mess with this bwana," I thought to myself as I picked up the trap.

"But Mouse, thou art no thy lane. / In proving foresight may be vain: / The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men / Gang aft a-gley / An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, / For promised joy."

My best-laid scheme gang'd a-gley an' left me nought but grief an' pain.

The little sucker had sprung the trap, taken the cheese and was probably waiting for me to admit defeat.

But rather than retreat to more nightmares of mice running across my face while I sleep, I'll attack again heading into the battle I wage to live alone.

Only with victory will I have Burns' "promised joy."