

School can survive with marketing

Sandy High boosters who hoped for helpful public input on ways to trim the budget to a passable tax levy figure might start looking for answers internally. A 100-person board meeting turnout Monday proved a democratic approach that drew too little help too late.

Long-range planning ideas surfaced along with notion that some bus routes could be consolidated. Staff announced some good news that a few new easy dollars were found in state basic school support and \$22,500 extra cash carry-over locally. Also, some three and a half teaching positions can be cut quickly with timely decision by some staffers to leave for jobs elsewhere.

The board Monday also separated its budget into A and B selections Sept. 21. Along with an A main levy, a \$404,040 B supplemental levy would enable the school to operate without drastic cuts. Without voter passage of the A levy, however, the school reportedly must close down shortly after Sept. 21.

Boosters disappointed by lack of resolve Monday should realize by now that successful marketing of the school ultimately falls on school officials. In the harsh private sector, no business person faced with economic red tides honestly expects customers to recommend how to cut operating costs. No homemaker honestly expects outside help in deciding how to make do with the shrinking

family dollar when the kids need new shoes and the car screams for repairs.

So many citizens faced with layoffs, wage cuts and higher living costs can't feel terribly upset that school personnel face wage freezes or that classrooms might become more crowded now. That's not to say they aren't sympathetic, just that they're realistic. Even those "nay" voters who rejected Sandy High's last levy try showed interest in the school by their turnout. Their rejection wasn't of the value of the school, but in the school's budget amount.

The majority of the district's patrons, after all, are post-war baby boom kids grown up. They remember classrooms crowded with 30 or more chums. How worked up for battle can they get over school budget cuts today, when even a home mortgage eludes their reach?

Sandy High officials have done their best to establish good community rapport and solicit input through meetings, mailings and even questionnaires. Perhaps now they should pull in their horns and spend some hours alone on their budget. A merchant without public support doesn't keep putting up the same prices with the same number of clerks. By contract, the merchant grabs a chalkboard and does a little subtraction. (VB)

Chamber consolidation promising

Sandy Chamber's recent long-ing look at the state's \$1.4 billion tourist potential has some wags calling for unification of the Chamber with its retail committee, Sandy Area Merchants.

They wisely point out that cooperation, harmony and strength in numbers are valuable attributes for any town that embarks on a marketing crusade to improve its appearance.

Since Sandy as a bedroom derives much of its cash flow worth from downtown shops, it makes sense to want to make those valued shops more popular with visitors here. As Charles Johnson of the Newport Chamber told local merchants Tuesday, those visitors might be out-of-towners from just down the road with money to spend somewhere.

The split in question between the Chamber and its offshoot committees isn't that wide or illogical, however. The retail merchant group meets separately once a month to work actively on sales promotions for stores downtown. It's a working group that pushes one another to weed store lots, work on store friendliness and selection and advertise local prices.

The Sandy Mountain Festival Committee, another Chamber

committee, also meets separately on specialized tasks with a separate budget they raise mostly on their own.

Like SAM retailers, they probably get more accomplished by meeting as a separate work committee apart from the main Chamber body.

Unfortunately, SAM and the festival committee have evolved to large bodies that rival that Chamber's routine summer active attendance of 20-30. Many of these committees' members are not Chamber members, as originally intended when the committees were formed.

Restored under the Chamber's wings, would these committees be able to raise funds, as they do with their individualized identities? If not, the Chamber's present finances would be pressed to support these committees to their present level of activity.

Perhaps the best of both worlds could be found in Sandy by keeping these strong work committees as they presently meet apart for their specific main tasks. Then a unified drive for Chamber-wide goals could be infused into these large committees, once all members are properly informed as Chamber members who also attend Chamber meetings. (VB)

Letters to the editor:

School, parking spur mail

I have a question for the Department of Education, PTA and school boards:

Why don't they use their combined efforts to develop alternative financing to support the property tax, instead of continually year after year asking the property tax payer for an increase in taxes?

The school tax basically is the reason for the tax limitation measures being put on the ballot. Approximately 80 percent of the property tax goes for education. Many property owners never have children in school, yet they are forced to pay increased taxes to pay for the education of children of people who never pay property tax!

I am sure if the Department of Education, PTA and school boards were to spend as much time and effort in this direction as they do getting the increase, they would find alternative financing.

I am not against education, but I do think the way of financing should be change. I have been a property owner in Oregon for almost 30 years.

Gerald N. Roby
Welches

Parking incites

Dear old man,

I'd call you by name, but as is typical of complainers, you have not seen fit to approach us yourself.

You know who you are. The Sandy police say you've complained 10 times about our cars parked in our own driveway, blocking your path on the sidewalk.

As you can see, the driveway is unusually short, and any car would hang over a little.

Might I suggest that you walk up another street and let the police use their time to stop crime in Sandy.

We are not trying to be unreasonable, but I do think you must be a very unhappy person to concentrate all this energy on this.

Please stop by sometime for a cup of coffee and let us introduce ourselves.

Nancy Nutter
Sandy



Wall Street report:

Creative home financing dangerous?

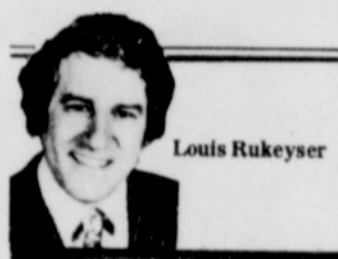
Is "creative" financing really the salvation of the nation's ailing real-estate industry, or is it a dangerous "balloon" that is all too likely to blow up in the faces of unwary home-buyers?

That question is increasingly being argued by housing experts as the availability of conventional fixed-rate mortgages falls to an all-time low and alternative forms of financing attract a growing majority of U.S. buyers.

The controversy swirls around so-called balloon clauses, which are generally part of a three-to-five year payback package that keeps monthly outlays at a level the buyer can handle, but then hits him with a big "balloon" payment at the end.

Some critics, such as William F. McKenna, chairman of the President's Commission on Housing, have maintained that financing a short-term mortgage with a balloon clause can create problems as serious as delinquency and foreclosure for an under-financed—or unemployed—purchaser.

Such concerns seem specially



Louis Rukeysers

worrisome at a time when, William O'Connell, Savings League president, reports, "The rise in the number of delinquent mortgages indicates that the recession is biting deeper into household budgets."

Now, though, the real-estate industry is fighting back with studies purporting to show no discernible distinction in foreclosures between those who bought homes via the conventional or alternative financing routes. (The Mortgage Bankers Association reported 140,000 home foreclosures in the first quarter of 1982.)

There's no question that alternative financing is not only catching on, but threatening to take

over in the current dismal housing market. Only 40 percent of the 2.35 million existing homes that changed hands last year were financed by conventional mortgages (at rates generally from 14-18 percent). Kenneth T. Rosen, chairman of the real estate and urban economics program at the University of California at Berkeley, tells me he thinks that level of sales will be roughly matched in 1982, despite the errors of recession and high interest rates, but that alternative financing may have to rise to 80 percent of the total.

In a study he made for Century 21 Real Estate Corp., which claims to be the world's largest realty organization, Rosen found that delinquency rates were indeed similar for conventional and alternative financing (over five percent) and that foreclosures were holding at a "surprisingly low" one-half of one percent.

Richard J. Loughlin, president of Century 21, acknowledged to me that the research was conducted to counter reports that alternative financing had led to a

rising rate of mortgage delinquencies and foreclosures. He offered the study as evidence that "the vast majority of delinquencies are traceable to the effect of the recession" rather than to the form of financing chosen.

Arguing that "creative" financing provided the only route to home ownership for many Americans today, the realty executive said about 71 percent of Century 21's transactions now involve buyers who pay less than they would on a conventional, fixed-rate mortgage. (That study, taken when a 15-1/2 rate prevailed nationally, showed that because of alternative financing, these buyers were in effect paying 12.1 percent.)

Clearly, alternative financing and hope for the best. Some might, for example, make a 10 to 20 percent down-payment and cover the rest of the purchase with primary and secondary sources of financing (including a second mortgage with a balloon payment) is both enticing and potentially dangerous.

Personally speaking:

Battery of clocks shatter dreamland

I hate alarm clocks, don't you?

Time is such a fleeting thing for most of us, even an intruder for some. Half of us seem intent on capturing it in some glass jar like a butterfly, while the rest drag it to chase it down the road.

Myself, I just hate to get up in the morning to the demanding screams of alarm clocks that rattle my very soul from peaceful repose. Of course, I've surrendered to Man's Minute Measure by surrounding my tranquility with Carefully Calibrated Clocks. Obnoxious, noisy clocks.

My battery of bedroom clocks represent convention's last line of defense against my quick slip into dreamland. In dreamland there are no calendars, appointment books, deadlines, routine chores or clocks.

Leaving the "now" to drift blissfully puts me in dreamland's non-time. There I can live out a Walter Mitty life to completion in a matter of seconds. That leaves time during the night's second act for a potpourri of my favorite moments from memories lived partly in the past and partly in the future.

Non-time is fun. Last year's birthday party melts into last week's picnic, with a hand-picked cast of characters from both earlier scenes. (Notice how the most unlikely bunch of people mingle as friends in your dreams?)

Or I might enter new worlds in my dream and wander almost aimlessly without any worry of wasting time.

That's when those blasted clocks explode. First one rattles its threat at me, then a second backs up the threat. A third clock chimes in, as though too timid on



by VON BRASCHLER

its own to threaten me.

That's bad enough, but then the onslaught repeats itself every 15 minutes until every bone is rattled and every membrane shocked into the reality of the moment: 7 a.m.

An evil genie, disguised as a roommate concerned for my good grooming, showed me how to calibrate these time-saving devices. I think this Proper Planning Procedure jumped right out of pages from Health and Good Grooming, 101.

You'll remember that was the same text for happy living that told us how to lay out our next day's attire before retiring. That was the same text that told us how to gargle and battle the dreaded B.O.—an affliction that advertising gurus sold us as a genuinely American paranoia.

Personally, I think some Nazi wrote this book. Who else would iron every article of clothing and shine footwear daily?

But like the agreeable weak

peasants who followed the crazed Furor, I gave in to my friend's advice from The Book. Really, I have no one to blame but myself for giving in so easily to such nonsense. After all, I was the silly fool who lined up the three undependable old alarm clocks and waited for them to scream at me daily. Some call this personal discipline. I call it stupid.

I take the blame for uncorking the dreaded clocks. They clicked trouble like timebombs from the day I found them. Because I hate all alarm clocks blindly, I invested only in the cheapest plastic clocks I could find. I bought my first \$3 Big Ben at a plaza drug store across from a Powell Road motel on my first day in Oregon. The "Big Ben" name printed on the clock sounded reassuring, and I was duped into this major purchase in time management.

When that cheap plastic device soon became unreliable, I bought a second Big Ben. I mean, the first one at least was priced right. Only now the price for alarm clocks had rocketed to \$3.95. Still a good investment in time management, I reasoned.

That clock gave out after a few falls from a dresser caused by desperate, flailing arms in the A.M. I admit to overwinding it just a little, too. I mean, if it doesn't get you up early enough one morning, give it a few extra cranks for good measure the next try—right?

So I broke down and bought a third Big Ben—slightly more modernistic than its predecessors, but along the same line. The price by now had gone up to \$4.25. This new, improved version, however, carried on the time-honored tradition of

unreliability. Of course, I never throw away alarm clocks, believing they might mend their ways, and atone for the past like naughty children who grow up with patience and love.

I line up my three silly clocks and hope for the best. Since none of these three clocks work accurately, I set them all at different times as checks and balances on each other. One clock seems to run slow, so like a patient father I advance it 45-50 minutes each night.

The twin to my retarded clock likes to run fast, so I set it 10 or 15 minutes behind each night. Sometimes I get them mixed up. On those bizarre nights, it's good to have the third clock. I don't tamper with that clock at all. I mean, it runs fairly accurately, except those off-nights when it stops altogether around 2 a.m.

Sure, I should throw all three clocks out and start over. An electric clock might prove more dependable, but then I worry about those occasional power outages. Brief outages are the worst, too, since the loss of time not measured by an electric clock easily could go unnoticed.

So I continue to set my three wind-up specials and wait for their rude bells that jar the morning air. After each clock rings itself dry, I stumble out of bed to set it to ring again 15 minutes later. That's the procedure taught by my careful roommate. I go along with the plan, because I like to procrastinate departure from dreamland as long as possible. So the bells ring and ring starting at 6 a.m. and don't stop until around 7 a.m.

For a person who hates alarm clocks and getting out of bed, such torture seems the only way.