

Editorial & Opinion

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Bus depot needed locally

It's sad to see Pacific Trailways again pulling back in Sandy, because they've lost their depot site here.

Big Red recently left News Union 76 over a business disagreement, according to Trailways sales director John Maloney.

Now after only two weeks, Trailways is pulling out of a site at Stagner-Tompkins Packing, due to a driveway right-of-way hassle with neighboring businesses next door at Pioneer Plaza, according to Maloney and Treva Tompkins.

Maloney says that hassle's unfortunate, because the city was willing to stripe the site on Proctor for passenger loading on the highway. Also, Tompkins at the packaging firm was willing to put up a covering for a Trailways bench, in addition to selling tickets, handling baggage and serving refreshments.

Trailways recently has gone through a variety of depot sites here, mostly short-lived. For years Big Red was a fixture at the local drug store.

The bus line hasn't completely given up on Sandy now, Maloney insists. Big Red will continue to pick up passengers here at the Tri-Met bench on Proctor in front of the Union 76 station. Westbound buses visit Sandy at 12:10 p.m., 4:10 p.m. and 9:15 p.m. Eastbound buses hit town at 1 p.m. and 7:40 p.m.

Meanwhile Pacific Trailways is searching for a depot agent somewhere in downtown Sandy—preferably a business, that could handle ticket sales and baggage. The request has gone out through the Sandy Chamber of Commerce to members.

Anyone with a plan to save Trailways in Sandy should call Maloney at 222-3676.

Handy daily bus connections to Portland and Bend is a benefit the city of Sandy shouldn't abandon. Tri-Met, subsidized by taxes, provides only limited bus service here on weekdays.

Trailways pays its own way at no cost to anyone but riders and pays its depot agents for their community service. (VB)

Unify crime watch block efforts

This area's exemplary neighborhood crime watch program in Boring continues to bring good news.

Statistics after just seven months show its success in deterring local crime, despite limited participation. County sheriff department records show a decrease in criminal activity, where active citizen patrols are present. Thefts and burglaries especially are reduced. The program's also strengthened community and police relations.

Patrol volunteers act only as observers and follow strict guidelines of non-involvement, with much high assistance from the sheriff department.

Now the successful groups in Boring, Colton and Marquam want to share what they've learned with other closeted groups

loosely organized to slow crime in the Hoodland corridor, Eagle Creek, Damascus, Happy Valley, Beaverton, Redland, Mulino, Ladd Hill and east of Estacada.

County crime prevention officer Neil James would like to see these loosely structured crime watch groups communicate with his office and the more organized county citizens' groups.

Interested persons should contact James at 655-8118 or Boring neighborhood crime watch group through Clair Reynolds at 658-4057 or Mike Lane at 663-6536.

The model Boring group next meets 7 p.m. Aug. 16 at Boring Grade School's Naas Building.

Concerned neighborhoods should organize with pooled information to become more active, effective citizen patrols. (VB)

Salem scene:

Special session now likely

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

The scene in Salem following final adjournment of the 62nd Assembly's regular 1983 legislative session continues to be dominated by speculation about an impending special session.

In that respect, the aftermath of this year's 188-day second-longest regular session is similar to activity immediately following the 203-day longest session on record in 1981.

Two years ago lawmakers fully expected to return to Salem to rebalance a biennial budget under attack by persistent economic recession. There was speculation then that a special session might be necessary in the fall or at least by January, 1982.

However, gubernatorial veto of court reform legislation prompted an unforeseen special session to repair differences between Gov. Vic Atiyeh's opinions on that subject and those of a majority of lawmakers. The repair job was accomplished in eight hours on Oct. 24 and the first of three budget-balancing special meetings was delayed until January.

Most members of the current Assembly fully expected Gov. Atiyeh to summon them back to Salem for a special session when they adjourned this year. The governor repeatedly threatened such action if lawmakers adjourned without achieving what he termed satisfactory property tax relief.

Atiyeh continues his threat in the face of opposition from Senate Pres. Edward Fadelley (D-Eugene), who insists that a special session is unnecessary. Fadelley bases his obstinance on a belief that what was enacted in the form of school support and property tax relief is sufficient to blunt initiative attempts to limit property taxes.

Meanwhile, tax limitation proponent Ray Phillips has filed a new version of the 1½ percent limit proposal that was narrowly defeated in 1982 and is attracting considerable support in his campaign to achieve sufficient signatures to put the question again before voters.

Phillips is not alone. A total of 26 initiative petitions already has been filed with the Secretary of State seeking ballot status for subjects ranging from repeal of land-use laws to limiting cow elk-hunting seasons. Not all will achieve spots on

ballots next year, but a few will and tend to heighten the suspense concerning a special session.

Adding to that suspense for a few more days is the possibility of additional gubernatorial vetoes. Late last week Atiyeh's veto total had risen to 14, and he had permitted three measures to become law without his signature. Altogether he had dealt with 681 measures enacted earlier this year, and a few more vetoes are possible. He nixed a total of 17 following the 1981 session and has until August 9 to complete his review of the 62nd Assembly's measures.

Still another factor contributing to the suspense in Salem is action by state employees regarding their labor contract. Negotiations currently are stalled with workers who seek more pay than the budget allows. A strike or higher settlement might provide additional impetus to call lawmakers back into session.

At the same time some elements of economic recovery tend to allay possible fears the budget won't remain balanced. Rising employment means more income tax revenue for the state. However, no one yet is predicting a turn-around sufficient to produce a surplus with which the Legislature must deal.

Next economic forecast by the Executive Department is expected later this month, however. Almost everyone believes it will be brighter than the flat picture painted last June.

So even though the Legislature has turned off its stove, the pot still boils in the capitol city and likely will continue, as long as present issues remain unsolved and new developments continue to surface.

More than one observer has remarked that even though most lawmakers from this Assembly have returned to their homes, the atmosphere in the capitol building remains remarkably similar.



Letters to the editor:

Merchant cites city hassle

City stifles

In the few months I have been a resident of Sandy I have enjoyed Sandy and its people. The people have received me with warmth better than anybody can deserve, and I have been very happy to be here. Since the people I meet are so nice to me, it is even more surprising that some of the city hall employees after recommendation by the City Council treat me so badly. The City Council with arbitrary and malicious actions made me feel unwelcome to Sandy, as far as the city hall and Council are concerned.

It is not a single incident, but I will limit myself to off-street parking at this time. I was told this winter that I had to have two more off-street parking spaces installed before August 31. A few days before the graving deadline, I had the gravel and railroad ties ready on my lot and sidewalk, and when the deadline was there, I just had to spread out the rest of the gravel.

However, the first morning after the deadline a

police officer cited me in court for 10 days later and informed me that if I did any kind of business before the court date, I would be cited for that. Also the police officer informed me he acted on orders from building inspector Tom Day. The city manager told me later the same Tuesday that he wouldn't shut me down, and that the city would drop the case, if the parking was graveled before the court date. The city's legal counsel informed me he had recommended against prosecution. Contrary to what the city manager and legal counsel said, Tom Day prosecuted. I was fined \$200, with \$150 suspended. Later in a change of heart, the case was dismissed and the fine refunded.

By going this far, Tom Day has treated me differently than others.

If the rules were in force at the time Ned Dyal and Pete Carlson changed use of the property on Proctor Boulevard, the parking should have been installed by mid-winter. As far as I know, they reasonably enough got extension to the

end of June. However this deadline passed, and Ned Dyal and Pete Carlson didn't get any fines. Neither got any threatening letter or was cited in a so-called court, when the deadline came and passed. The parking lot came in the first week of August. I don't mind that others are treated sensibly, but I would prefer that the building inspector didn't have the liberty to harass me.

I might be naive, but I thought that when 152 citizens of the Sandy area took the trouble to sign a petition, I could get the time needed for building a practical, nice drive-through in the least expensive way.

The main reason I hate to finish building the two parking spaces in the present location is that at least two and a half (but more

possibly three) parking spaces will be lost for the public on the street. If the parking spaces are built in the ordered location, it will mean loss of public parking in the neighborhood. A second reason is that these new parking spaces probably will not be used. They are too hard to get in and out of, as is. Paving them would be a waste of money. If paved before the drive-through, the two parking spaces will be in the way for construction of drive-through.

It is right that I was told about the required parking spaces next to the building and that they should be installed at a certain time. I just refused to believe that I should install them during the wettest season we've ever had here and in the spot where they won't be useable. Further, I can't understand why I am sub-

mitted to the craziest possible enforcement of the ordinances, when it is clear to anybody that others don't have to comply within time limits at all.

I don't want to fight city hall, because I can't win and they use their power. I would like to explain to Sandy citizens what has happened. The City Council has only given me a few seconds.

Otto Rode
Sandy

Goods lost

Will the Sandy woman in the black sundress at our Boring herb sale Saturday please call 663-3428.

Your forgotten baked goods are in my freezer.

Mabel Johnson
Boring

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:

Don't scold cats that stray 300 miles

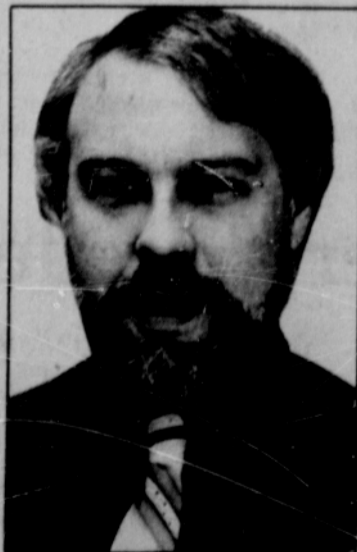
Most calico cats sweetly sit on laps, content to sleep and be fed. Not my Mildred—the meanest, most criminal cat for miles around. In fact, I now call her the "300-mile cat" to describe the range of her switchblade claws.

Her story began in a quiet Norwegian fishing village in Alaska, where the wife of the local game officer patrolled the alleys for stray cats she'd later place in orphan homes like mine.

She was the meanest cat in the litter. I plucked her from the box to save her siblings and mother from her vicious little swipes. She took that as a sign I wanted her, and immediately took to sitting on my head at The Petersburg Pilot newspaper office I ran jointly with the Chamber of Commerce.

Nice little old ladies would come in for Chamber brochures or to place a want-ad. The cat would jump off its magazine rack perch and bite her for no reason. I'd have to play dumb, and say something like "but cats don't bite."

On Norwegian independence day, the town played host to old country visitors who wandered in our office for directions they seldom understood with the



by VON BRASCHLER

language barrier. Drinking didn't help. One old Norwegian angered my nasty calico cat by playing too rough, and the cat ripped his arm up badly, blood dripping from his veins. That was Mildred.

She hated dogs, kids and other cats. She only loved to sit on my head and sneer at the world. Sleeping grew tough, as she grew broader.

She grew fat through a clever life of crime as a bonafide cat

burglar. She'd slip out a back window and up a hot tin roof to the shrimp and fish cannery next door. That week the police would tell me for the police report all about some strange "cat burglar" that would mutilate a fish and box of strimp without trace of breaking and entering. The cannery blamed kids, but I knew it was just a cat on a hot tin roof.

Spoiled Mildred tormented dogs she'd lure into corners of fenced yards nearby and leapfrog over to exasperate the huge killer canine. Her first birthday had to be something special.

We put a little, red, plastic fireman's hat on her head. She considered it a crown and refused to have it removed. There she'd sit atop the magazine rack guarding the front door every day, master of all she surveyed.

Later I took her to Wyoming, where she successfully dodged the low-flying predatory owls. She loved it when I moved her here to Brightwood to roam the woods for squirrels and other critters.

My only mistake was taking her on R and R near Seattle where I visited my parents one summer. She loved it there, but like the typical vacationer refus-

ed to leave her room—like an old maid aunt, my father said.

She liked it so much, however, she refused to leave. Three times I had to load her in the back of Little Red, my rusty Triumph. Then at the first traffic light, the back latch popped open, and Mildred jumped out.

Hiding behind an electric fence in the tall brush, she told me off. Stubbornly, she refused to consider our urgency to get my son to the airport.

Finally, we had to abandon her there in the brush beside the road. Strangely, she never returned to my parent's home nearby.

Then next winter my brother in Eugene visited a friend who claimed to have a strange calico cat who insisted on sitting on his head and bit everyone else she met.

The resemblance was remarkable, my brother noted on inspection. But 300 miles, across the Columbia River? How could a cat make that journey? Impossible.

But just to make sure, my brother called her name.

"Mildred?" he asked in disbelief.

The cat rushed up and bit him.