

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

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City asks for too much

One has to wonder just how many hoops a person has to jump in order to develop a piece of private property.

In an annexation and zone change hearing, the Sandy City Council voted 6-0 to require Brad Picking to leave access for a city street — access that could cut through the middle of his property if the city council so desires. Picking says he will continue to oppose the city's move for easement.

Were the city merely voting for basic concessions for development, that would be one thing. But Picking, at considerable personal expense, has participated in the placement of a stoplight and the development of a sewer. He has offered considerable concessions toward a water line.

The city — by virtue of its vote — wants to leave the door open for a street that in 15 years might serve a then-populated North Bluff Road area.

Planning is essential for the city of Sandy, and city officials and council members had too little

time to prepare for Monday evening's meeting. The options for street development are not yet clear. However, the easement required of Picking seems a little much when one considers the limited potential for developing the North Bluff Road area, and the topographical difficulties in connecting Ruben Lane to Bell Street and, thus, Bluff Road to 362nd.

In addition, Bell Street — which may someday be a main artery — now ends only a few hundred feet west of Bluff Road, stopping short of a backstop on a softball field.

Though residential development was envisioned in that area in the comprehensive plan, the economic realities of the situation are that development will be years away.

There is no question that Brad Picking is developing his property for the good of Brad Picking.

Be that as it may, the market should determine whether or not Picking succeeds. For the city council to offer him hoops to jump is unfair.

Letter to the editor

Wilderness bill is fair

I want to offer my heartfelt thanks for your help and support in the latest round of the fight to preserve Oregon's wilderness. The wilderness bill that will soon be signed by the President contains fewer acres than I had hoped for, but it will protect some of Oregon's finest remaining wild areas. I believe it is the best bill that could be enacted into law at this time, and we can be proud of it.

Passing this bill was extremely difficult, and I could not have done it without your support. The Oregon Wilderness Bill I originally introduced contained 1.2 million acres. This bill, which passed the House by an overwhelming vote of 252-93, would have increased the total wilderness acreage in Oregon to roughly 2.4 million acres, or about 4 percent of Oregon's total area.

I believe that protecting 4 percent of Oregon in wilderness and leaving 96 percent open to multiple uses represents an exceedingly fair balance. Unfortunately, Senator Hatfield felt this ratio was excessive. He instead proposed a bill designated 850,000 acres as wilderness, and placed an additional 87,000 acres in a National Recreation Area. I was pleased that Senator Hatfield's position had improved since 1979 when he introduced a bill that would have protected only 500,000 acres as wilderness. However, like many Oregonians I was disappointed that in the bill he introduced this year, he neglected to protect several especially important

areas. I was reluctant to accept Senator Hatfield's proposal because the 1.2 million acres in my bill already reflected a great deal of compromise among Oregon's House delegation. I was pleased that thousands of Oregonians encouraged my House colleagues to stand firm for a Senate bill which would have protected more of the key areas.

I urged Representatives AuCoin and Wyden to join me in asking Senator Hatfield to increase the acreage in several areas, and add areas that he had omitted. Senator Hatfield agreed to part of what we urged, but he did not include some of the areas that mean the most to Oregonians, such as Grassy Knob, Hardesty Mountain, and Joseph Canyon. I wanted to continue working together to improve the bill, but Representatives AuCoin and Wyden felt it best to agree to the Senator's compromise. I continued negotiating with Senator Hatfield and finally reached agreement with him when he added Grassy Knob and substituted Monument East for the Glacier Wilderness in the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest. Although these changes were far from the increases I wanted, they did increase the total acreage to 945,800 acres.

The Oregon Wilderness Bill, despite the difficulties and disappointments, is a major milestone and it will protect many magnificent areas for future generations.

Jim Weaver
Member of Congress

Commentary

Club preserves history

by JIM JOHNSON

On the morning of July 5, 1852, just north of Kemmerer, Wyo., a wagon train headed for Oregon broke camp and continued northward. One of the members of the party was young lady in her 20s named Nancy Hill.

Nancy was a tall, beautiful girl, well-liked by the other members of the train for her cheerful disposition and her willingness to work and help. Nancy was reported to have been in good health upon leaving camp that morning, but she died before noon and was buried immediately, as the dead were not carried on with the train. Her gravesite can still be seen today.

During their westward trek the pioneers buried an average of 15 people per mile as disease, primarily cholera, took its toll.

The people who walked from Independence, Mo., to California and Oregon left many marks of their passage. Historians have estimated that between 250,000 to 300,000 emigrants used the Oregon Trail and its various cutoffs and alternatives to move from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean between 1840 and 1869. An estimated 30,000 emigrants died along the way. It has been recognized to be one of the greatest migrations in the world, it happened only a little over 100 years ago, and the American people have shown little or no interest in preserving those areas which mark the passage of these sturdy people.

In 1978, I introduced a bill that Congress passed, designating the Oregon Trail as the first national historic trail. As the author of the National Historic Trails bill, I felt elated that a long overdue interest by the federal government in preserving this priceless heritage was now in effect. To my great disappointment, the Carter Administration showed no interest whatsoever in pursuing the legislation. The Reagan Administration has not shown any interest either. The National Park Service conducted a study which identified 125 significant sites which should be considered for

protection. In addition, there are 292 miles of the original 2,000 miles which feature important historical segments that can still be preserved. Much of the land is owned and controlled by the federal government.

Since the government has shown no interest in trying to preserve this dramatic part of our history, a small group of individuals got together in the summer of 1982 and formed the Oregon-California Trails Association. We met in Denver, and I have to admit to a certain amount of skepticism about whether or not the association would ever be much more than a talking society. To my great surprise and elation, the Oregon-California Trails Association has turned out to be an effective means whereby segments of the trail are being preserved, marked and identified. A bill is pending in Congress to do the same for that portion of the trail which went to California. That bill was instigated by our group.

Our president is a man named Gregory M. Franzwa of Gerald, Mo., who has traveled the trail, written about it and thinks about it so much that it is a part of his being. He takes personal offense whenever a few hundred yards of wagon ruts are destroyed for no good reason. We have almost 600 members and are soliciting more. Our address is: The Oregon-California Trails Association, Box 42, Gerald, Mo. 63037. Membership dues are minimal, and increasing the number of members is important for any lobbying activity.

So those of you who are interested in the preservation of the remaining segments of the Oregon Trail in its original condition should consider joining the association. We publish a fine journal four times a year which contains articles about the westward expansion of our country, and we're fighting to preserve a vital part of our national heritage. We would be glad for your help.

Johnson was a Congressman from Colorado from 1973 to 1981.



Yesteryear in Sandy

Zig Zag River bombed after theft

by HANK EMRICH

A picture of the new Portland General Electric North Fork Dam on the Clackamas River graced the front page of The Sandy Post 25 years ago. The dam cost \$25 million and was 207 feet high. "The thinnest project for its height in the world," said The Post.

Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine were featured on the screen of the Sunset Theater. "Some Came Running" was the attraction, along with David Niven in "My Man Godfrey."

Clackamas County Bank offered a remarkable 3 percent interest on savings accounts if anyone wished to save their money instead of

purchasing a brand-new 1959 Chevrolet for \$2,195.

Powered with 135 horses that gave "22-37" miles per gallon in the Mobilgas Economy Run, and seating six "COMFORTABLY," the Chevy was quite a bargain. "This is 'NOT COME ON ADVERTISING' boasted Richardson Chevrolet.

Sgt. Bill Brooks, Clackamas County deputy sheriff, revealed that two minor boys had been apprehended for break-ins involving several Rhododendron cabins. Among missing items were war souvenirs, including grenades. The boys said they threw the grenades in the Zig Zag River. A dynamite charge was set to

be exploded in the river in hopes of destroying the grenades before an unlucky fisherman got a "bang" out of his catch.

At the Broadway Theater in Estacada, two thrillers were featured, "The Trap," and "Attack Of The 50 Foot Woman." The Sunset countered with "The Blob."

City Recorder Ruth Loundree presented the city budget of \$17,680.50 at a formal hearing at the city hall.

The gymnasium floor at Sandy High School was replaced at a cost of \$3,945.

With incredible foresight, the Oregon Farm Bureau met to "discuss ways of alleviating the property tax burden." William

Bade said dedicated funds were "a waste of tax money."

Some things never change. The Post reported that "rain is beginning to get into the pocketbook of county strawberry growers." Bob Smith, county agent, said most berry fields had about all the rain they could stand.

The Sandy Post classified ads offered "a nice house with varnished floors. \$48.00 a month. Five room house." Also a one bedroom home with electric range and oil heat furnished for \$40 a month.

A girls hot rod club, an auxiliary of the Piston Poppers, held its first meeting at the home of Eloyce Gerhts, Sandy.

The club was organized

with six charter members and adopted the name Miss Fits.

Meanwhile, the Piston Poppers "scrambled down to the Aurora dragstrip." Al Schmitz and Ernie Gerhts, two of the hard-driving Piston Poppers, "outdrove" and "outsmarted" their opponents to bring home trophies.

A stern warning was issued to Sandy parents by the police department.

Chief of Police Jack Reeves said that children caught squirreling or hotrodding on Sandy streets during the day — "and especially in the evening and after midnight" — would be arrested and prosecuted.

Personally speaking

Dipping snuff wrong trend to lead

Who could forget junior high, when everyone was learning to smoke?

One of my favorite characters from the past is Ricky "The Bean" Lima. Lima Bean dispelled any myth about smoking stunting one's growth. In junior high, Lima Bean was already 6 ft., 5 in. Of course, being a 16-year-old eighth grader, he had a slight advantage as far as maturity.

We were kind of cruel to Lima Bean, if you want to know the truth. In pickup basketball games, his cigarettes would fly out of his shirt pocket. We'd scramble to get all the cigarettes smashed before he could pick them up. Occasionally we'd step on his fingers in our zealotry.

My first experience with smoking was unpleasant; not because of the toll tobacco takes on a first-time smoker but because I got caught.

After my initial introduction to smoking, I left cigarettes alone for years. However, the summer after my senior year in high school I think I was at the forefront of a trend. My fear is that it will be the only trend I have ever been on the forefront of.

In the Midwest over 10 years ago, dipping snuff was all the



by SCOTT NEWTON

rage. My friends were dipping snuff before it was ever fashionable for football and rodeo stars to do commercials on the smokeless tobacco.

My friends were veterans by the time the media started doing "trend" stories on football and rodeo stars doing commercials promoting the smokeless tobacco. If this is a trend story, I suppose I'm about eight years late.

One friend of mine, "Hooper," was able to sit through hour-long classes without taking a spit — a skill developed through hours spent sitting inside the air conditioned cab of a tractor.

My friends and I were a literate bunch. We used to say, "Have a dip, Dip."

Of course, there was more to having a dip than putting Skoal under one's lip. First, a person needed to thump the lid of the can, and then take the lid off without disturbing the even layer of moist, brown tobacco.

If two people had a can of chew, they would compare the dates on the bottoms of the cans and the person with the freshest chew would offer his snuff.

I always found this to be a strange custom. You want vegetables to be fresh; snuff is rank whether it is a day old or a month old.

Now, most tobacco is a little rank, though it is amazing how we are all able to justify our bad habits. For a person who dips snuff, Skoal is not bad but Copenhagen is rank.

For a cigarette smoker, cigarettes are not bad but cigars are rank.

I am a coffee drinker. I know people who drink coffee morning,

noon and night. I drink coffee mornings and afternoons, which makes it okay.

I guess I quit chewing when I started to develop a callous under my lip.

When I was in junior high, and my parents found out I'd been smoking, they told me it was not a cute habit, nor one I could quit easily once I got good and started.

So why, when I dipped snuff all summer while working on the Harper County bridge crew, did I think that it would be an easy habit to give up?

I had worn out every pair of jeans with a ring on the hip pocket before I finally got over my craving for snuff.

Interestingly enough, girls had no influence over my decision to quit — though Mr. Williams often told the girls in my classes that they could keep the guys from drinking, smoking and driving fast.

Mr. Williams also had a solution for solving the problem of drunken drivers. Hang 'em on telephone poles on the side of the road, he used to say.

Personally, I think that is an apt punishment for any writer who thinks the public might possibly be interested in his past.