

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Chris Hale, general manager
Scott Newton, editorOutdoor activities
require planning

The recent death of a 14-year-old Portland boy from heart failure following a severe case of hypothermia should serve as a reminder to people who travel to the upper climes of Mt. Hood for recreation.

Whether a person participates in downhill or cross country skiing, snowmobiling or snowshoeing, some basic rules ought to be observed.

Downhill skiers would be well advised to stay within an area's boundaries, despite the temptation to ski the powder in the trees and explore uncharted courses beyond the regulated zone.

Read the maps provided by the ski areas and stay within the marked course. It usually takes a conscious effort on the part of the skier to go out-of-bounds.

Even the best outdoorsmen run into trouble at times. The very thing that makes Mt. Hood such a wonderland also makes it dangerous. Cliffs, rivers and dead-end trails that offer no way out are among the perils of the wilderness.

Downhill skiers are further advised to ski in control. Mt. Hood offers enough challenging slopes to help good skiers resist the temptation to ski the lower, intermediate slopes at breakneck speeds.

The ski areas have policies to deal with skiers who endanger others by skiing out of control. They are to be commended for working to solve the problem on their own, as well as for the publicity they get out concerning skier safety.

Among the basic rules for any outdoorsman is to dress properly and not go out alone. The image of the solitary figure traveling through the wilderness is romantic, but it is also dangerous.

Snowmobilers and downhill skiers face a similar threat in that the thrill is part of the fun. As with downhill skiing, the key for snowmobilers is to stay in control.

People who participate in either activity should refrain from overindulging in alcoholic drink.

We are told a hazard for snowmobilers concerns crossing logging roads without looking first. Snowmobilers often travel these back roads. Others on the same trail — assuming no one else is around — will often shoot out of the trees and back onto the road. A rule of thumb on both groomed and ungroomed trails: Observe the rules of the road just as one would in an automobile.

Snowmobile enthusiasts also like to trek across frozen lakes. Be sure they are just that — frozen.

People traveling deep into wilderness areas will want to follow other basic survival rules, such as carrying extra food, water, a space blanket and flares.

A person shouldn't be afraid to go out into the wilderness to enjoy the beauty of Mt. Hood — or any other wilderness area. But the undertaking of such endeavors requires a little planning and some expense. One's safety is worth the trouble.

Bull Run controversy
will be one of many

The controversy over drawing water from the Bull Run to generate hydroelectric power is one of many such debates that will occur repeatedly in the next decade.

The use and protection of water and its accompanying resources will be among the largest and toughest issues to be dealt with by Oregonians and the state's leaders.

Water is many-faceted. To the farmer, it is life-sustaining. To the environmentalist, it is worth protecting. To the sportsman, it is the carrier of vital fishruns. To the recreationalist, it is a playground. To the power companies, it is power. To the transportation industry, a network for shipping. To the municipality, a source of drinking water and a place to dispose of treated sewage. And for the Indian, a heritage, a way of life and a provider of food.

The current controversy is the result of a proposal by the city of Portland to divert water from the Bull Run to eventually generate electricity at power stations along the Columbia River. The power stations are located at four emergency well stations the city recently installed between 162nd Avenue and Portland International Airport.

The proposal was the subject of a hearing last week before a member of the Oregon Water Policy Review Board, which will make a ruling on the plan at a meeting scheduled Feb. 25 or 26 in La Grande.

This controversy may be somewhat unique in that water usage is rarely at issue in urban centers. But the many concerns presented in the Bull Run proposal are similar to those faced every day in Eastern Oregon, where water is a finite resource sought by many. And these issues will only intensify in the future as more demands are placed upon Oregon's water resources.

That places the Water Policy Review Board in a critical position and an extremely hot seat. Should it be any other way? We think not. The focus brought upon the city of Portland's proposal is very appropriate and should be repeated time and again as other proposals to draw upon the state's water resources are made.

Water is power. And that power will be the subject of many people's attention in the future — more than ever before. Oregonians should be prepared to deal with that pressure and that starts with the continued development of comprehensive water resource planning.

Letters to the editor policy

Letters to the editor should be typed, double-spaced and signed. An address and telephone number should also be provided, although only the name of the letter writer and

the city or area he is from will be published.

The news deadline of noon, Tuesday is also the deadline for letters to the editor.



Personally speaking

Fuddy-Duddies and patience

Once upon a time two old Fuddy-Duddies, senior citizens to be exact, started out early one rainy morning, in the area around Portland, to get the man to a job interview.

The woman drove because it was her car. The man didn't have a car. And since the woman is writing this story of their adventure, she knows it is all right to call them a couple of old Fuddy-Duddies.

She mainly calls herself and the man that because they started out on this trip with only a street address, not having the slightest idea where the place was, or how to get there, other than the man had been told by the woman who was going to interview him that the place was right next to the freeway. And in Lake Oswego.

Now if you think this is already, or is going to be, a boring story, you're wrong.

If you bear with it, you'll be surprised and maybe amused. And maybe, just maybe, the next time you see some old Fuddy-Duddy who is either holding up traffic on a two-lane road, or sitting completely crosswise in the turn lane on a busy highway, like the woman was at one point in this story, maybe you'll say to yourself, that some day you may be an old Fuddy-Duddy coping with fast traffic and inadequate road signs and a lack of directions.

Maybe you won't honk your horn so loudly or long. Maybe you'll just be a little bit more tolerant of these confused, and bewildered, old Fuddy-Duddies who are out on these freeways and fast highways. And two-lane roads.

Senior citizens, who need to get jobs to augment their Social Security, or pensions, who have no choice but to travel freeways and highways, can't see the road signs at all, or at best, not in time at the speed you have to travel. Or if they manage to read them as they are racing past, then they have to look for a place to turn around and go back. And then they wonder how to get back without making a U-turn into the turning lane and stopping there till the traffic clears, which is exactly how this woman got exactly crosswise on a busy highway.

Remember, it was pouring down rain, and the windows were fogged up.

I honestly think freeways should have stopping places along the way with signs to show and tell what to do. How to get back to the last exit you just missed. And there should be more turnout places where people could pull over and let the fast traffic go by.

But anyway, these two started out at 7:30 for a 9 a.m. appointment.

They got on the freeway okay. But the woman panicked when they got to the Oregon City exit. She exited. Because she remembered when she used to go to Lake Oswego years ago, you got to it before you got to Oregon City, and she thought they had missed the Oswego exit. So they fumbled

(if that is the proper way to describe trying to find your way through Oregon City), and finally found the barely two-car wide bridge that led to the road back to Lake Oswego, the way she used to go some years ago (I won't say how many).

She decided to stop at a service station for you know what, and it wasn't for gas, and the man got out and asked the station attendant where the street was that they were looking for. The attendant showed them a map and told them to go back to the freeway and to go till they came to the Tigard exit. The street they were looking for ran right alongside the freeway, he said.

So, somehow, the woman got the car turned around and found a hole in the traffic and headed back towards the freeway. Well, the sign, when they got to the ramp, wasn't in the right place. It was in back of the ramp, not in front of it, and all it was was an arrow, curved, and "Salem" on it. So, the woman didn't know whether to take the sharp turn up the hill to the right in front of the sign, or to go on past the sign and hope that there was an exit there. So, what could she do, but put on the brakes, slow down, and consider the situation? There was no place to pull off the road to do her considering. And remember, it was pouring down rain — windows all fogged up — and in fast traffic!

I don't know quite how to write the words for horn honking. You can say "Blast!" but that doesn't quite do it. That doesn't sound like a horn. So, because I don't have the words, you'll just have to imagine a whole chorus of horns!

And so, was it better to be on the freeway ramp, or off it? She didn't know. What she knew was that she was lost, totally confused, and moving with the traffic at 50 mph. She took the sharp turn to the right, and what do you know! It was the right ramp to the freeway in spite of the sign being at the wrong place!

"Okay!" They decided. "Now we are all right!"

Only when they got to the Lake Oswego exit, the man panicked. He made her turn off. I don't know if you have traveled that route or not, but evidently 35 mph is not the speed most people go on that road, of three or four miles or however far it is into the city of Lake Oswego. It turns and twists and goes up and down and around. They made many pullings off to let the traffic go by. It's only a two-lane road, and much horn music accompanied them on each pull over.

At least they came to the town, and another service station attendant got out his map and showed them how to go. Again, remember how hard it was raining, and they were so lost, so confused, and such a surplus of water outside made such stops a real necessity, besides the need for directions.

So, they turned around again, and headed back down and up and around that twisty-turning two-lane road.



by Joy Wood

The attendant had told them to go about two miles and to turn right onto another road that would take them to yet another road, which if they went far enough might possibly get them close to the street they were looking for.

Well, in the holding up of the fast traffic behind them, and the rain and all, they missed the road they were supposed to turn on to. When they realized they had passed it by, the turn-off, they looked for a place to turn around again. They found one not too far away. Amid more horn honking, they successfully got turned around and headed back. They found the road they were looking for, that the attendant had told them about, and managed to get onto it with only a minimum of horn honking. And they said to each other, "Now we are okay. Now we've got it made."

And so they did. For a few miles. Till they came to the intersection where they were supposed to find the other road the attendant had said to watch for. Only he hadn't told them whether to go to the right or to the left. And anyway it didn't matter

because here it was, a nice big intersection, and all the road signs pointed the same way. Evidently someone had rearranged them. So, they didn't know, the Fuddy-Duddies didn't, whether to go to the right or to the left, or straight ahead, because the intersection was at a curve in the road, and they didn't know if the road they had been on was curved there or not.

Well, it really didn't matter anyway. They didn't know where they were, or what to do. So, they looked for another service station. It was 10 minutes to 9 at that time. The woman told the man that he should just go to a phone and call the woman he had the appointment with and tell her they were hopelessly lost and he wouldn't be able to make the appointment.

But the man refused. He asked at a store they found and was told to go thataway and they'd find a ramp and get back down on the freeway.

Well, they did, and they came across a sign that said "Ocean Beaches," and the woman said to the man, "To heck with it! Let's go to the beach!" And the man said, "Good idea!"

But before they had gone very far they came to a ramp that said "Tigard," and so they turned off and sure enough the man got to his appointment, and he was only a few minutes late!

Would you be interested in knowing that on the way home they ended up in downtown Portland because they had found a sign that said "Portland" and an arrow? Via the freeway. Or that in spite of the woman's screeching at the man and his hollering back for most of the expedition, that they are still friends?

I'm sure you'll be glad to know that they made it home before noon. They live east of Sandy. It was a trip that should have taken just short of an hour each way, not figuring the time for the interview. But, guess what? I think the man will get the job!

Letters

Robberies prompt
man to offer rewards

I am offering a reward for information leading to the arrest of the person or persons who stole a 1983 Datsun 280-Z from Carlson Chevrolet the night of Nov. 30. This Datsun is gray with Oregon license number CVZ 828.

I am offering a \$100 reward for information leading to the arrest of the person or persons who burglarized Carlson Chevrolet's used car lot and stole mechanics' tools, tool boxes,

tires, wheels, stereos, radios and other items. This burglary occurred Sunday night, Dec. 2.

It is discouraging to say the least to have these cowardly thefts happen to you, and I would be most grateful for any information that might prevent a recurrence.

Sincerely,
Pete Carlson
Carlson Chevrolet