

## The Sandy Post

## Editorial &amp; Opinion

Scott Newton, editor  
Kimberly Nelson, advertising representativeBluff Road project  
still worth price

May we be permitted to write about the Bluff Road Local Improvement District one more time?

In August, 1984 the Sandy Post endorsed the City Council's plan to form an LID, an action that was contrary to the wishes of a large number of property owners who attended the meeting at Sandy High School.

City Manager Tom Reber did his best to give all property owners on Bluff Road the opportunity to sign waivers of remonstrance against the project. City Councilors had vowed to vote against the project if 50 percent of the property owners were opposed.

The total number of people against the project was just under 50 percent, according to the best estimates available at the time. The point that is being argued now is that a majority of homeowners — versus property owners — disapprove of the project.

We believe the City Council, at the meeting in August, did in good faith try to ascertain whether the majority opposed the improvements, and thus the accompanying assessments.

Now, those property owners are paying an assessment that averages \$344 per dwelling unit, which is to be paid over a 10-year period. Since many other people use Bluff Road, is it fair that property owners should have to pay part of the cost of the new road?

Again, we believe the city of Sandy acted in good faith in coming up with a formula for distributing the burden of the project. Other people, besides property owners, are paying for Bluff Road. The federal grant, worth over \$450,000, is from the Federal Aid Secondary (road) Fund, which is for arterial roads. If we don't live on Bluff Road, it is an arterial road, connecting us to friends or work but not traveled every day.

We understand the concern of the residents. They don't want to see their street turned into a freeway, but the reality of the situation is that it is a major thoroughfare regardless of what we want.

The most recent uproar occurred when the state of Oregon contacted certain Bluff Road property owners about the possibility of securing more right-of-way. Some complained that Bluff Road would come within feet of their homes.

Since that time, Sandy officials have worked with state and federal officials in an effort to keep the design the same as originally intended — a slow, twisting road to serve residential dwellers, many of whom settled years ago in this scenic, beautiful area.

If we could get a message through to the people at the state level it would be this: City Council members and the city's staff have worked hard to be accountable to the public. They only want to repair an extremely bad road. Please don't try to build something nobody in Sandy wants.

What is the current status of the project? It appears the state is going to require certain standards, such as a 17-inch gravel base, which should make for a good road. Even if city of Sandy officials have convinced state and federal officials of the need for a more modest design, right-of-way will still be needed on at least one stretch of road, possibly more.

And so, despite some contingency built into the project, the road may cost more than expected. Critics of the entire Bluff Road project may now say, "We told you so."

Regardless, with a \$450,000-plus federal grant, the city should proceed even if more funds are needed from the city's coffers. Other alternatives may also be considered, such as shortening the length of the new road. It is almost guaranteed Bluff Road property owners will not be asked to pay more than they have already been assessed — it would be nothing less than suicidal for the council to make such a request.

Unless the costs increase substantially — and we reserve the right to define "substantially" at a later date — the city should continue with the project. It was worthy of funding in August, 1984 and it will still be worthy in August, 1985.



## Personally speaking

## House guests bring out housekeeper

Having my daughter and her family temporarily living with me has caused some very definite changes in my house. And in my lifestyle.

Some of the changes may be permanent but I think most of them will be like the visiting, only temporary.

I am not the best housekeeper in the world, you know. Or, if you don't know, I'm telling you now. Living alone is not conducive to the spit and polish way of living. But I am now shining, cleaning, sanitizing, deodorizing, dusting and polishing. You can see your reflection in the glass on the pictures, even.

And the windows, when they are shut and the wind through the house is shut off, well, both inside and outside shine.

Drawers have been straightened out. Decisions have been made quick as a wink about what to keep, what to throw away, and what to take to the Community Center. Dresses I have been saving for years, till they come back into style and/or fit me again, are gone. Decisions I've been putting off for an appropriate time have been



by JOY WOOD

made and are now irrevocable. These are some of the changes in my house that are permanent.

But, probably, it's OK. I'll get comfortable again in time, I suppose. But

there was one dress that had a broken zipper that I was going to fix someday that I will probably miss. And I'm not sure, but I think my fishing coat has been sacrificed. It was an old, once-white raincoat with the best and biggest pockets you ever saw. And it was big enough and long enough to cover my five layers of shirts and sweaters underneath, as well as to cover my ankles so the mosquitos wouldn't bite me when we went up to the lakes camping. I really don't think there was an old fish in one of the pockets.

I suppose that Grandmas are like children in the way you have to deal with them sometimes.

When gentleness and persuasion and even reasoning doesn't work and you feel that a certain thing just simply has to be done, then stronger methods are necessary.

But I feel kind of like the appliances and plumbing. My closets and drawers may be neat and in order, but I've been cleaned of treasures that I had forgotten I had years ago.

Then, too, there's the other side of things. My 2-year-old grandson is just fascinated by the driftwood and sand sculpture that sits on the TV. My eldest daughter made it for me last summer at the beach when we were there for our family reunion. It is arranged so that the pieces of driftwood look like people with those plastic eyes on them like you can buy in craft shops. My grandson has picked some of the eyes off. I was in town last week and went to the store to buy some typing paper and Scotch tape. As I was leaving, I remembered the sand and driftwood sculpture, so I went back and said to the man who had waited on me, "Oh, I forgot to ask. Do you have wiggly eyes?"

He looked at me, comprehension dawning, and then rolled his eyes from side to side and up and down and answered, "No, I don't think so." I think he thought I was strange, but really I'm not. I'm just the Grandma with the cleanest, shiniest house in town. The best scrubbed and organized. Such changes in Grandma's house!

## Commentary

## Timber festivals popular with visitors

by BARRY and HILDA ANDERSON

In Oregon, where tall timber grows as thick as wheat in Kansas, the logger's competition continues to be the entertainment high point of many a small town.

Variouly called timber carnivals, loggerodeos, logger's jubilees or other names, they provide fascinating entertainment for residents and visitors alike.

Back in the days when iron men felled the big timber with axe and handsaw and teams of oxen supplied the horsepower, loggers began competitions to amuse themselves in remote forest camps on quiet off-duty Sundays. Chain saws and mechanical cutters have replaced the handsaw, massive diesel trucks now haul the logs and most loggers commute to the woods from homes in town, but the old skills are kept alive in celebrations throughout the state.

Like rodeos, modern-day logging shows all include a number of standard events as well as events unique to the individual show. In addition to the major public shows, many high schools and community colleges in timber country field teams, which compete in meets that are open to the public.

Brawny loggers still arrive dressed in the traditional woodsman's costume of caulked boots, stagg pants (cuffs removed so they don't catch in the underbrush), broad suspenders and plaid or striped work shirts. These days, more and more women are competing, particularly in the log rolling and sawing events. Log rolling always draws plenty of

laughs from the crowd. The event originated with the early-day log drives on the rivers of the Northeast.

Two opponents face each other atop a log floating in a pond. At the starter's signal, each tries to topple his adversary by spinning the log with his feet, at the same time keeping a sharp eye on the feet of the other, watching for an attempt to stop the log's spinning or reverse its direction. The loser takes a dunking, clothes and all.

You can't help but be a little nervous watching the axemen swing their razor-sharp blades within a few inches of their feet to chop through the logs on which they're standing. The standing log chop is a race against the clock.

In another version of the chopping event, axemen teeter on precarious springboards several feet above the ground to cut through a vertical log.

The muscle men (and women) of the show are the buckers (sawyers). Not without reason are the big single or two-man handsaws known as "misery whips" or "swedish fiddles;" it takes brute strength to push one of them through a solid log two feet or more in diameter in record time.

In the hot saw events, sawyers employ screaming "hot" chain saws, powered by exotic fuels, to slice through the big logs in seconds.

Though their event never had any practical application for the working logger, the axe throwers are real showmen. Most carry their own custom-made axes in wooden cases with the delicate blades protected inside a leather cover. The best are able to split a four-inch bull's-eye (or

a beer can) with a double-bitted axe from 20 feet away.

Like the circus high wire artists, the climbers are the stars of the show and you'll find their performances just as heart stopping. In a race against time, two climbers wearing safety belts and climbing spikes race to the top of 100-foot spar trees, then free fall 15 or 20 feet at a time, touching the tree in only a half-dozen places in their descent.

In another climbing race, the "toppers" race up the spar tree with a chain saw tied to their belts and slice a section from the top of the pole before descending.

Other events typically include horsepulling contests, choker setting races, a skidder race (using tractors to pull logs) and log truck driving skills.

The Albany Timber Carnival, held

in Albany in the center of Oregon's Willamette Valley over the Fourth of July weekend, is typical of the larger shows. Logging events are held over four days in an open grassy arena specifically designated for the show. Accompanying community events include parades, barbecues, logging camp breakfasts, dances and other contests.

Other major Oregon logging shows include the Timber Festival in Estacada July 19-21, the Timber Festival in La Grande June 15, the West Coast Lumberjack Show in Myrtle Creek on June 30 and the Logging Show in Vernonia on July 29.

For additional information on Oregon logging events contact the Economic Development Department, Tourism Division, Salem, Oregon, 97310.

## Letter to the editor

VFW war memorial  
gives sense of pride

The proposed Veteran of Foreign Wars involvement in placing a memorial statue at the entrance to the city of Sandy is just one example of their many years of involvement in the community.

For an organization to step forward and commit itself to a project this size, certainly should encourage

us all to contribute to its effort. Today we are making our contribution and though it may be small in total relation to the project it is accompanied by a great sense of pride for which the memorial represents.

Norm and Bobbi Swan  
Boring

## A tribute

Ellen G. Langston, a resident of Boring, has granted The Post the right to run her copyrighted poem, "A Handful of Poppies." She wrote the poem in May, 1979 when she was having a hard time getting people to make contributions. Money raised from the sale of poppies goes to needy veterans and/or their families.

Langston said some of the experiences related in the poem happened to her brother.

## A Handful of Poppies

Here I stand with Poppies in hand,  
Remembering men in a foreign land.  
The war has been over a couple of years  
But I can't help shedding a river of tears.

When the haunting taps are played, I've cried  
For all of our servicemen who've died.  
The war has injured so very many —  
Oh! Lord, I wish there hadn't been any!

I see a sailor clinging to a piece of debris;  
There he thrashes in the open sea.  
Later, in the hospital, He asks for a friend,  
A buddy who'd been with him to the end.  
Through the mist of pain, a voice says "He died."  
"You were the only one who survived."

His scars are those you cannot see,  
Sometimes in the night he still floats in that sea.  
I see a boy with a shell in his side;  
The pain is so bad he wished he had died.  
There's another whose leg is a horrible sight;  
He'll never dance throughout the night.  
One boy gave his own right hand —  
It still lies in a foreign land.

Still more gave their lives for you and me.  
They lie on an island in the sea.  
Thousands more lie in fields across our land.  
...So here I stand, with Poppies in hand.