

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor
Kimberly Nelson, advertising representativeProvide guidance
on hotel/motel tax

The impetus for educating voters on Ballot Measure 1 — redistribution of the 6 percent hotel-motel room tax in Clackamas County — falls squarely on the shoulders of the Sandy Area Chamber of Commerce and the Hoodland Area Chamber of Commerce.

These two chambers are among the 14 chambers of commerce that comprise the Clackamas County Associated Chambers of Commerce.

Voters in the Sandy-Mt. Hood area need to be aware of the fact that Ballot Measure 1 is not a new tax, but a redistribution of the hotel-motel tax, which was approved by voters in 1980. It is our guess that area residents hardly ever stay at the local resorts.

When the room tax was first approved, the two resorts affected were Timberline Lodge and Rippling River. Hotels and motels within incorporated areas, such as Oregon City, were allowed to exclude themselves from the tax. A lawsuit, which has since been dropped, in essence charged that the tax measure was unconstitutional because cities could vote the tax in but exclude themselves.

The point is moot now, but what is important is that some of the money go back to promoting tourism. Five-sixths of the money now goes to the Clackamas County Fair, and the totals have been far and above what was originally expected. In 1980, the Fair Board received \$113,930. In 1984-1985, the total is expected to be close to \$220,000. With the new Monarch Hotel near Sunnyside, and other projects planned or under construction, the windfall to the County Fair — if the room tax is not redistributed — could almost be an embarrassment for the Fair Board.

A vote for redistribution is not a vote against the county fair or 4-H programs. The Clackamas County Board of Commissioners and the Fair Board have endorsed the redistribution plan.

Other reasons for voting for the redistribution include the value of tourism to our region and the efficiency of the Mt. Hood Recreation Association, which is a committee of the Hoodland Area Chamber of Commerce. Both of these topics will be addressed editorially as the Nov. 5 election draws nearer.

For now, however, educating the public should be a major concern of the two local chambers of commerce. There is no one better able to promote the mountain than the people who live here. If we don't fight — at the polls — for what is rightfully ours, you can bet the people in Oregon City won't do it for us.

As the leaders in the field of business, the chambers are the groups responsible for selling Ballot Measure 1. It looks like a tax, but it isn't. It is the redistribution of an existing tax that most residents don't pay anyway.

But it is a vital issue for the Sandy-Mt. Hood area, and there is a lot of work to be done as far as educating the public.

Personally speaking

The 'look' worse
than root canal

I had a big problem. It wasn't something I could go around discussing with my friends. They would have laughed at me; not at my problem — at my appearance.

It all began on a Friday night at the Barlow-Reynolds football game. The tooth had been giving me some minor problems occasionally. This time it started feeling a little tender (I know that doesn't make sense, but you would need to experience it to really know that a tooth can feel tender). I assumed it was my wisdom teeth acting up again. I was wrong.

On Saturday, it was still feeling a little tender. After playing my clarinet in the church music group that night, the tooth began to hurt — as I'm sure some church-members' teeth did too, after hearing me play.

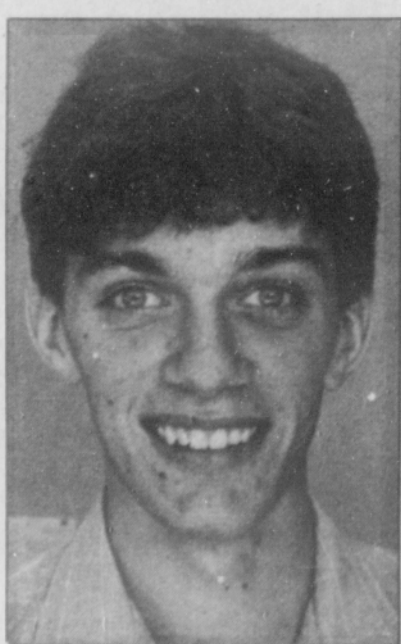
Saturday night, I got to sleep around 3:30 a.m. It was really hurting. I got up early Sunday and that was when my physical appearance started to change.

I decided to call a dentist, or as it turned out, a dentist's answering service. When I called the Multnomah County dentist referral service, I learned one dentist was on duty for the entire county. His office was in downtown Portland. I decided to gut it out.

The cheek just beneath my nose was a little swollen. I figured the pain was swelling the upper jaw. The day drew out long and painful. The only time the tooth didn't hurt was when I laid down. And didn't move. And didn't think about the pain. Which was never.

Sunday night was a mishmash of sleeping a half-hour and waking up, sleeping 10 minutes and waking up, not sleeping and not having to wake up.

At 6:30 the morning after (at least that's what it felt like), I called a dentist's office in Rockwood. His name will not be used to protect the criminal. I left a message with his answering service (I felt like I knew every dentist's service in the area). At 8:30 I called back and talked with a secretary, who had me in there within a half-hour. He looked at my now severely-swollen face, my throbbing



by PAT O'HALLORAN

bing tooth and the X-ray and told me the news I had feared: the tooth would have to come out.

He couldn't do anything because of the infection in the jawbone, so he wrote a prescription for The Two P's: penicillin and painkillers. Now things were looking up.

Then my mom got in contact with the father of a schoolmate, a dentist, who assured her that the tooth didn't need to come out. I went in to see him, looking as my sister described me, straight out of the movie "Mask," and was told the tooth could be saved. Two days later, after the penicillin had taken hold, a small drain was inserted in my gum and the infection was drained.

The root canal came Thursday, Oct. 3, and despite what my supposed friends assured me, there was no pain. Cindy, who casually inquired if someone was driving me home after the root canal, was wrong.

Now the tooth, though dead and hollow, is fine. I am fine, though emotionally scarred from the laughing in my face from family members. I'll get them back though. I've got incriminating evidence from the last family picnic.



Letters to the editor

Moose a 'hero' for tracking burglars

In the early morning hours of Sept. 29, Welches Mountain Center and one of its businesses, Sears Catalog Store, was vandalized and burglarized. The vandals used an elaborate and apparently well thought out approach to gain entry. Fortunately, this story did not end abruptly with the usual report taking and no apprehension.

Because electronics defected the incident in progress and because Clackamas County sheriff's officers La Marche and Kennell were on the mountain, they were able to coordinate immediately with officer Faught and detective Moose, a trained police dog.

Moose is a local hero. Once on the scene and given the command to "go get the bad guys," Moose led officers directly from the scene of the crime to a local residence. Located in the residence were company-owned flags.

As a result of the tracking skills of Moose, Clackamas County sheriff's officers were given confessions from four local juveniles. They will soon appear in juvenile court. It is anticipated that they will be ordered by the court to make restitution for damages to skylights, roof tiles, doors, ceilings and appliances.

Should they not be ordered by the court to do so, civil actions will be brought against the parents by our company.

Additionally, the parents will be informed by our company that we will seek restraining orders against their sons from appearing on the premises

under any circumstances in the future. Should they appear, we will request their immediate arrest.

Area residents should be proud of the fine efforts of the Clackamas County sheriff's department, the Sandy Police Department and our hero, Moose.

Bob Thurman
Thurman-Schloss Company
Welches

This team's
a winner

I feel there is a need for someone to stand and speak for the SUHS football team. Why? I have attended every game this season and at every one of them I have had to listen to some individuals complain about our team being losers and how tired they are of watching a bunch of losers on the field every week.

Well, let me tell you about these losers.

Eight of our defensive and 10 of our offensive linemen are carrying a 3 point (or better) GPA. Of these 18 "losers," two are carrying a 4 point GPA. Some of these "losers" are on or are being considered for the National Honor Society.

These "losers" attend practice Sunday afternoon and every night after school. They don't get home until after 6, at which time they eat, do homework (obviously), and do chores around the house if it's not too

late. Many of these "losers" have part-time jobs. This means work on top of getting good grades, five practices a week, and playing their hearts out every Friday night.

Their team spirit, and team commitment, is excellent. It would have to be or they would not willingly give up three weeks of their summer (to practice), family trips, hunting, fishing, and much of their social life.

These "losers" show loyalty to each other, their school, and the fine coaching staff, which has instilled in them great team spirit and pride.

Even though the scoreboard has not shown it so far, these fine young men are WINNERS. So, if you don't want to cheer for these "winners" and give them your total support, do us all a favor. Stay home! We don't need you or your lack of Pioneer Spirit.

Come Friday night, I will be cheering for the Pioneers. "I want all you 'winners' on the team to know that there are a lot of us behind you, win or lose."

Melody DeLay
Sandy

Police, Moose
are appreciated

We wish to express our appreciation for the efficient and professional police work demonstrated in Welches

last week by Sandy Police Officer Carl Faught and his tracking dog, "Moose." Clackamas County Deputy Jeff La Marche requested Moose's aid in the investigation of a burglary and the dog quickly responded by leading officers to a residence occupied by six youthful suspects.

We are grateful to Moose and to the two law enforcement agencies for a reciprocal agreement making him available to The Mountain. Surely it will not be long before Clackamas County has added several tracking dogs to its staff. The performance of such a well-trained "officer" is something to behold!

Kay L. Lammers
Sears catalog merchant
Welches

Students do
great service

As residents of Firwood Road, we really appreciated the roadside clean-up work done by Mr. Sward's fifth graders from Firwood School last Thursday.

Thanks to you students, and also to Mr. Sward and the many parents who were assisting to assure safety for the students, as they learned about community services on "Bag It Days."

Judd and Dorothy Mills,
Firwood Road

Personally speaking

Area weathermen have earned party

I think it would be a nice thing if the whole Northwest, neighborhood by neighborhood, would get together this fall and throw a big party for our weathermen to thank them for giving us such an extra nice summer this year.

We've had days and days to photograph Mt. Hood, from early mornings when she's been wreathed with filmy clouds to late evenings when she was bathed in summer sunshine.

And days and days for those of us who like to bask in the sun and get tanned as brown as berries (I never seen brown berries, but it's an old saying).

And then there were all those evening sunsets! Day after day, evening after evening, of the most gorgeous sunsets.

And the cloud patterns — on the days we had clouds — were great, cottony, floating sculptures. Never were the clouds more beautiful than this summer.

Never once did I hear my mother complain, or threaten, that if the weather didn't get better, she was going to "take" from a different weatherman, like she has in other years.



by JOY WOOD

Doors and windows in all the houses in our neighborhood were open all summer, and until late at night, and now, all of us pretty much know what everyone else is fighting and arguing about, and over.

There are more skinned elbows and knees as the boys learning to do "wheelies" on their bikes, and there

were more sunburned little children, as well as adults. Our aloe vera plant is practically bald from all the pinches being taken off it to "doctor" those bumps, bruises, scrapes and sunburns.

All in all, it was a wonderful summer. And I'm afraid that if we don't show some appreciation to all of our weathermen, that they may have their feelings hurt, and think that we are just a bunch of unappreciative clods who don't deserve a summer like they've given us.

And then, well, they are liable to get their heads together and decide that since we didn't have the grace to acknowledge their summer's work, that they won't care what kind of weather they give us this winter!

Personally, I remember those ice storms we had a few years back, and I'd just as soon not go through any more of those.

The snow, it's OK, at certain times, and certain amounts, don't you agree? But, you know, if we went about this thing right, and really prepared a bang-up "thank you" celebration for our weathermen, we might just be able to get them to give

us a nice, crisp frost for our pumpkins for Halloween.

A frost that will turn our leaves as gold and orange and red as they were last fall. I remember last fall. It was cool and dry, with crisp mornings and the trees were dressed in their most gorgeous, colorful fall finery.

The weathermen might repeat that kind of fall for us again. At least, we could thank them for last year, and tell them that we'd really enjoy a nice fall, too, as much as the beautiful summer they have just given us.

And, they might give us a white Christmas. And a dry New Year for us to go traveling to visit all our folks. And, I have always thought that if the weathermen were approached just right, that they might arrange it so that the rain comes mostly at night. Nobody minds the soft mists that we sometimes had in the daytime, but grey day after grey day of steady rain does dampen the spirits as well as the outside world.

Sometime during Indian Summer, I think, would be the appropriate time for a "Thank the Weathermen Day."