

The Sandy Post

# Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor  
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## Learning issues duty of the public

We have heard complaints about the "notification process" over and over. Whenever an issue particularly riles, someone is always quick to ask why he or she wasn't notified about an agency's proposed action.

But, although they have the right to be notified of government actions, members of the public also have an obligation to stay informed. The obligation of public agencies to notify the public of possible "issues" has a limit. A financial limit.

Governmental agencies, such as the city of Sandy, certainly have some responsibilities. These agencies should have an apparatus for answering questions from members of the public.

And, certainly, a governmental agency or school district has a responsibility to make available an agenda before a public meeting.

But to suggest, as one person did Monday night at the City Council meeting, that the city notify people by mail about upcoming issues, is not reasonable. And yet, the same requests have been made of school boards and the Forest Service.

The issue at the City Council meeting concerned a sweeping zoning change in downtown Sandy, a change that has since been thwarted or at least put on a back burner for further work.

The issue has been debated for several weeks in the pages of two paid-circulation newspapers in Sandy — The Post and The Oregonian's East Metro section.

On some issues, people get their news from television. Other times, they get it from their neighbors over coffee at local restaurants or by knowing someone who serves on a board, budget committee or council.

When governmental agencies, such as school districts, send out newsletters, some members of the public complain about the expense.

We have never objected, feeling that newsletters are one additional method of communication.

In the end, however, it is the responsibility of the individual to learn about public issues. Sometimes the best way to find out all the information is to attend the meeting where the issue in question will be discussed.

To suggest that the city of Sandy could notify people of all issues that would affect property owners is illogical. The staff time involved in making such notification — not to mention the cost of the mailing — would be prohibitive.

We elect public officials to make what are sometimes far-reaching decisions. Accusing officials of not notifying the public of issues — as if they were hiding something — is often unfair.

## Meinig Park experiment daring

Turning over Meinig Park to young adults as a hangout is a daring move by the Sandy City Council.

"The risks are high — you'll be infiltrated by people who want to blow up this noble experiment," said Councilor Mort Spence, addressing the possibility of failure.

The park is usually closed in the evenings, but the City Council voted Monday to allow young people to use the lower parking lot and the gazebo as a place to socialize.

The city of Sandy's curfew will be enforced, and Chief Fred Punzel assured the youths at the meeting that police would patrol the area.

The council has spent considerable energy addressing the issue of juvenile crime, and it has watched as young adults moved from various "in" locations, which have often been near video game arcades.

One teen-ager, Dawn Canada, recently approached City Manager Tom Reber to discuss the problem of a lack of a place to meet.

Reber and Canada discussed the public's image of the group, talking about such issues as litter, vandalism and drug use.

Reber obviously was pleased to have been approached by a young person seeking a solution to the problem.

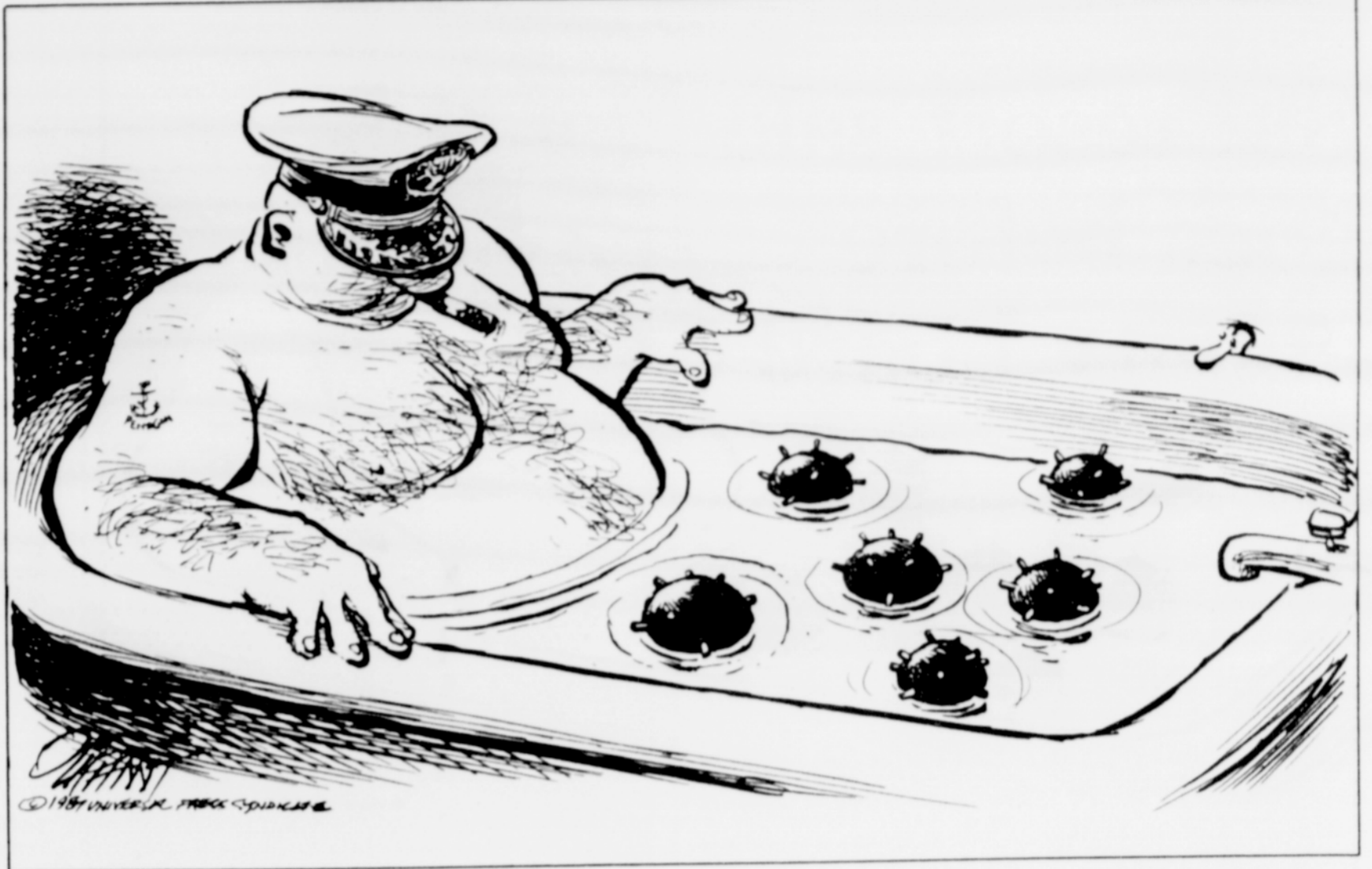
The solution Reber proposed is a contract between the city of Sandy and individuals who would like to use the park.

The contract stipulates that the young adults keep the area of the park they use clean, and that they not commit illegal activities or play loud music.

The city of Sandy is to provide trash receptacles, and will allow use of the park until midnight through the month of August, and until 11 p.m. during the month of September.

At that time, the City Council will review the arrangement. Reber made it clear that people signing the agreement would not be held responsible for the actions of others.

The City Council should be commended for taking a risk in allowing young adults into the park at night. In turn, it took a good deal of courage for the young adults involved to seek a solution to the problem.



## Vienna draws tourist away from home

"Make your words sweet," someone — probably my grandmother — once said, "because you never know when you'll have to eat them."

On May 27, I wrote, "People who leave here in the summer are nuts." I followed with a vow to spend this summer in Oregon and even went so far as to list all the things I was going to do.

I have had to eat those words, but they weren't too bad. I ate them in Vienna — with whipping cream.

It was a brochure that did it. It came in the mail, all blue skies and shining mountains and castles, and it sucked us in as slick as a door-to-door salesman peddling encyclopedias to the parents of 10 kids.

So it will be next summer before I puff to the top of Beacon Rock or splash in the hot tub at the White Salmon Inn.

Instead I have pictures of castles and alps and glockenspiels. And snapshots in my mind.

When I was growing up in Madras the biggest landmark in town was the Jefferson Hotel, as unlovely an edifice as ever graced a bare and



Sharon Nesbit

windswept town. But I could read. And I read about Vienna, its palaces and noble buildings, the glitter of gilded rooms, the sparkle of champagne and chandeliers.

One of the pictures I see is me in Vienna sitting smack-dab in the middle of the concert hall while an orchestra plays waltzes by Johann Strauss.

The picture is captioned, "What's a kid from Madras doing in a place like

this?" I stood one day gawking at glockenspiel in the tower of city hall in Munich. As toy knights and court jesters circled in under the clock, I thought about my own city hall in Troutdale and our water tower with a daffodil on it.

The images that I brought back include picture-pretty shots of Switzerland, which probably has a law requiring flower boxes. Blossoms in lipstick pinks spill from the mouth of every window.

But the best part is seeing in real life the landscapes that were part of my fairy tales. Of seeing a perfect valley and saying to myself, if this were my valley there would be a cluster of red-roofed houses there. A river with a stone bridge here. A church gleaming on a small hill. And a castle with a crumbling tower watching over it all. And then rounding the bend and seeing it for real, just the way you imagined it.

Part of my snapshots are of bumbling fools (us) finding our way around in a land with a strange language and unknown customs. "The Squatleys go to Europe," Hubby calls it.

We laugh over unwittingly ordering a salad that turns out to be a plate of sliced bologna and onions. "Oh for some Wonder Bread to wrap around this," Hubby mourns.

We puzzle out a sign, only to learn it means "Exit." And wonder why most of the world calls it Vienna when the folks who live there know it as "Wien."

We cross rivers we only knew in crossword puzzles and I shop in four languages and six currencies. "Somehow, no matter what language she sees it in, Mom knows when she sees a 'sale' sign," Hubs reports to No. 1 Kid when we get home.

I dragged all the post cards and gimcracks home but the pictures in my head are still the best.

Like the guy in the lavender shirt. We rode a gondola around the bend of a canal in Venice and there he was. He stood up in his boat, spread his arms and sang — I know this is too corny but it's true — "O Sole Mio."

I spread my arms wide and yelled, "I've arrived." It's a long way from Madras to Venice.

## Yesteryear in Sandy

# Berries, timber economic news in 1937

"Sandy is apparently going to figure prominently in the berry business from now on," according to a story in the Aug. 19, 1937 Sandy Index, which ran under the headline, "Demand for Sandy Berries Gains."

"The town can look forward to busy times when next year's crop is harvested."

The B.E. Maling Company and the Hudson-Duncan Company had both announced plans to open receiving stations, and Dale Stewart of Sandy Truck Lines said they would haul the berries for both companies.

"This district is showing a good gain in acreage and production and the establishment of two receiving stations here is expected to stimulate interest in this branch of farming," according to The Index.

Getting back to school was also a topic in the newspaper that week. The Rev. A. W. Schelp, pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church, announced that the Lutheran Parochial School would again open its doors in September.

The school, taught daily by Schelp, was entirely supported by members of the Immanuel Lutheran Church.

Although the school was supported by the church, children of non-members were invited to attend as well.

There was no charge for tuition, but parents were asked to pay for textbooks.

**'Unfortunately the denizens of the wild don't know where the boundaries are.'**

Ivan Barker, described by the Index as the "popular apothecary," has installed one of those "new-fangled electric water heaters, where he turns a switch and gets boiling water quicker than he can wrap up a dime's worth of cough drops."

He also has an "air-conditioning fan" to keep the store cool during the summer. Apothecary, by the way, means

pharmacist. The 1937 newspaper also reported that logging was in full swing in the Marmot area.

"There are three camps operating now. Second growth fir made into piling and boom logs as well as maple and alder, are being hauled out.

"At Fred Bechill's camp in the Evans place, there are eight men employed besides two truck drivers and two teamsters," the newspaper reports.

"The Marmot maple and alder seem to be of unusually high grade and dealers are clamoring for more. Eight dollars a thousand is paid for logs delivered on roll ways."

Next door to Marmot, in the Bull Run Preserve, wildlife is protected.

"Unfortunately the denizens of the wild don't know where the boundaries are," the Index reports.

"Mrs. C.E. Ten Eyck, on her way to town last week, spied a large black bear in the road ahead. (The bear) was strolling along evidently taking

in the sights but took to the woods on the H.A. Ten Eyck property when he saw the car.

"Two of the Ten Eyck boys found bear tracks in an old orchard where Bruin had been feasting on apples.

"Mrs. Wyne Gurley, of the Sandy Ranger Station, was driving up to the main road when suddenly a black bear jumped off the bank just ahead. He was so deliberate in his movements that she nearly had to stop her car to avoid hitting him.

"He finally, grudgingly, allowed her the road."

And finally, good news for Rhododendron. "The Rhododendron stores and eating places are all on the map this season for bigger and better business, which means still more patronage for another season."

Several issues of the 1937 Sandy Index have been loaned to the Sandy Post by Chuck Frasier, who is keeping the newspapers for the Sandy Pioneer and Historical Association.

## Bobcats



by Adam Kraft

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