

Fence around park idea promising

Sandy Kiwanis beautification chairman Ned Dyal has a plan to fence Meinig Park from vandals and litterers that warrants community study.

As he sees it, a 6- or 8-foot cyclone fence on the south, west and east sides of the large city park behind city hall would do the trick. Of course, it might cost \$10,000-\$30,000 to do the job, and the whole scheme is just in the dreaming stage.

Dyal envisions coordination with the city of Sandy who would seek financing, with his Kiwanis Club acting as spearheading force behind the community venture. The club has taken an active role in three earlier park improvement projects and also spearheaded a community drive for the swimming pool at Sandy Elementary School.

Indeed, there is a need for park protection, since vandalism and litter present a large care problem for the city.

There's another possible advantage to fencing Meinig Park. The summer Sandy Mountain Festival in the park could charge a nominal gate admission of the 30,000 or more visitors to offset expenses.

Actually, the festival once again finished in the black with approx-

imately \$3,000 left after bills, but it remains a low-budget, subsidized operation.

Sandy Chamber of Commerce takes it under one arm still, and the hard-working festival volunteers are forced to solicit contributions from area businesses. Compared with the self-sufficient Estacada Timber Festival, Sandy's big little arts fest draws more people, yet generates less money. Sandy's fest in the city park realizes money primarily from booth fees, while Estacada's city fest on donated city land realizes money from daily admission, beer sales and booster shirts.

But with a fenced-in park the Mountain Festival Committee would have the option of charging nominal admission to become self-sufficient and expand, if they chose at some later date. The park's about as crowded as it can get now during Mountain Festival.

If nothing more, the local festival would profit from the security of a cyclone fence around Meinig Park that would minimize vandalism and litter between summers.

The concept is worth community discussion, planning and possible coordination. (VB)

International brotherhoods scary

Americans with a feel for history shouldn't be surprised with intervention of air traffic controllers' international union in this nation's month-long strike.

A Marxist communist principle insists that brotherhood based on craft will cut across national boundaries and nationalism. And a quick reading of Dos Passos' "American Trilogy" traces the link to communism in American unions during formation early in this century.

Indeed, union ink may run thicker than family blood internationally. Foreign air traffic controllers certainly testify to that by defiance of government bans against interference with American planes entering their boundaries.

In some reported instances, International Federal of Air Traffic Controllers refused to handle U.S. flights in sympathy with striking union brothers, 12,000 of whom walked off their jobs in government defiance, risking firing or jail. The

sympathetic union brothers, meeting recently in Amsterdam to capture international attention and President Reagan's ear, cited concern for public safety.

Threatening to refuse American passenger planes routine controller handling at towers around the globe is no way to demonstrate true concern for public safety.

It's just another big union squeeze on the consuming public, with sovereign governments blackmailed into compliance. If actually done, the act would resemble the blackmail of international terrorists. Such disregard for national control smacks of anarchy.

It's frightening to see Marxist prophesy come true with super-unions and the implied threat of brotherhood blackmail of nations. For the sake of plane passengers and the jobs of 10,000 airline workers laid off with reduced air traffic in Portland and elsewhere, let's hope Americans can reach a peaceful settlement soon. (VB)

'Penny stocks' scaring many

NEW YORK—The Denver penny-stock fever is rising once again. What remains to be seen is whether it will end with a healthy financial patient—or just something rash.

There's probably no area of investing more controversial right now than the wild new-issues market centered in the Mile High City. Scorned by much of the Eastern financial establishment—and the national financial media—the Denver market nonetheless has been heating up again this summer.

One enthusiast who insists we ain't seen nothing yet—that there may indeed, be an accelerated increase into autumn—is Jack Stiegelmeier, publisher of the seven-month-old Denver Stock Exchange, a nationally distributed weekly. (Despite its name, there is in fact no Denver Stock Exchange; all the trading is between broker-dealers in the so-called over-the-counter market.)

"That the penny stocks are speculative, no one will argue," Stiegelmeier told me. "But that doesn't mean they are not viable investment vehicles."

Stiegelmeier even challenges his own use of the phrase "penny stocks," noting that the Denver market encompasses trading prices ranging from a few cents per share to as much as \$1,000. "To the contrary," he says, "the remarkable ability of Denver underwriters to consistently raise sizable amounts of capital could emerge as one of the more significant entrepreneurial tools of the decade, given the costs of borrowing."

There's no question the volatile Denver market has produced impressive statistics for at least some participants. Local underwriters managed to raise more than \$287 million for 100 companies last year and some predict the figure will top \$400 million in 1981. Of the 19 issues that opened for trading in the first three months of this year, the average gain by the end of the quarter was a mouth-watering 44 percent. High interest rates and the oil glut caused some cooling thereafter (the vast majority of the Denver stocks are energy-related), but things have been looking up since July.

It's easy to get spoiled with performances



by Louis Rukeysr

like those. This year's excitement still lags behind that of 1980, when local Denver underwritings tallied average increases of 289 percent, and five stocks posted gains in excess of 1,000 percent.

But if Denverites are becoming blasé, Stiegelmeier believes, outsiders are just beginning to discover what he regards as the potential of Denver's venture-capital market. He notes, for example, that it is becoming more common for companies that have utilized Denver underwriters to appear on the daily most-active list of stocks traded over the counter nationwide.

Scouting broader opportunities, Denver brokerage firms—some of which already have experienced explosive growth—have been mapping ambitious marketing strategies. (While entrenched in U.S. financial interests still look down their patrician noses at Denver, Stiegelmeier finds this ironic: "This market was created by the established brokerage community, which arbitrarily decided many years ago to scorn anything that resembles penny stocks.")

He concedes, however, that some criticism is undeniably legitimate—because of the past tendency of some Denver brokers to "churn and burn" their way through the new issues. "A lot of people make a lot of money," he observes, "but it was done at the expense of the market's overall credibility."

Though Stiegelmeier maintains that a more conservative approach now prevails in most Denver brokerage firms, it's important to note that the tendency to concentrate on development companies, with little or no operating history, means that high risk is unavoidable.



Letters to the editor:

Burglary, dog treatment stir readers

Locks don't stop

You ran an article last week, titled "Car break-ins dot police blotter." The first line of the article read, "Sandy police are urging local residents to be sure to lock their automobiles following a series of vehicle break-ins."

Well, we did just that. We went jogging early Saturday morning at the school track, parking our car at the swimming pool and carefully locking it.

The result? We were mentioned in the third paragraph of your article. A rear window was smashed in and my husband's wallet stolen out of the closed glove compartment.

So I disagree with the police. Leave your car unlocked and don't leave anything valuable in it.

Even if we hadn't left anything in it, the thieves would have smashed the window to see if we had. If it had been unlocked, we might still have an intact car.

Arty Trost
Sandy

Mountain picnic

The first annual Harvest Day Festival will be held

Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 7, from 9 a.m. until midnight.

Saturday, Sept. 5, will be the last day we have to clean up Mountain Community Park prior to our first fundraising production.

Our many thanks to Art Bock and Jim Donaldson who worked long hours cutting a jungle of scotchbroom. Thanks to all of you who have helped pile the cut brush. Now we need to gather the piles of brush and dispose of them with the fire department's supervision. Once this area is cleaned up, we can utilize this area for the picnic tables "Harvest Day."

Come to your park for a while Saturday, Sept. 5, and lend a helping hand in the preparation of our park for the "Harvest Day Festival." Penny Wilburn, Chairperson
Mountain Community Park Assn.

Treat dogs better

It has been said that the way you can judge a civilization is the way it treats its animals.

The decompression chamber is being used to kill animals at the Clackamas

County dog pound. This method has been used in Clackamas County for the past 10 years. On the average there are 12 dogs and five cats killed there every working day.

The decompression chamber makes the blood boil, blood vessels hemorrhage, gas in intestines expand rapidly and intestines stretch, putting severe pressure on surrounding nerves.

It takes from three to 20 minutes to kill an animal, depending on what condition the decompression chamber is in.

Anyone who says the dogs are unconscious before they experience pain is trying to fool you. There are many people who have witnessed it who say the eyes are in focus and the animals fully awake, as they scream in agony. It has been described as a macabre method of killing animals, much as Auschwitz was in killing people.

Eighteen states have outlawed the decompression chamber, because it is considered a cruel and inhumane method of killing animals.

Citizen protest forced Multnomah County to stop

using the decompression chamber a year ago. As a result, a euthanasia panel was formed to find the best and most painless method of killing animals. Their unanimous decision was sodium pentobarbital. It is an injection method that puts animals to sleep so soundly that their hearts stop. It is painless and should be the alternative method used in Clackamas County. Do animals in Clackamas County deserve less?

Multnomah County Animal County is happy that they now use sodium pentobarbital. They have offered information and free instructions in the injections method to the Clackamas County dog pound. Doug Fakima, shelter supervisor from Multnomah County told me that money should not be a factor, but went on to say it was impossible to say which method is least or most expensive, because they are about the same. It costs 8 cents per dose to kill an average-size dog with sodium pentobarbital.

The decompression chamber in Clackamas County is 10 years old. Manufacturers of the decom-

pression chamber do not recommend its use after 10 years, because it is considered worn out. If you can imagine even more pain and agony for the animals, that indeed is what happens.

Unfortunately, this decision lies in the hands of Clackamas County Commissioners Robert Schumacher, Stan Skoko and Ralph Groener. Although they all had this information and more presented to them, they are fighting the issue with misinformation and stall tactics.

It is necessary to bring this information to the voting public, so that people are aware that all is not well in Clackamas County. If the people in Clackamas County would protest this barbaric method of destroying animals, we could have the same results that Multnomah County had.

There will be a public meeting 8 p.m., Thursday, Sept. 10, at the new city hall on Warner Milne Road in Oregon City. At this meeting, the Oregon City Council will hear both sides of the decompression issue.

Donna Sebastian
Oregon City

Personal observation:

Rainy Oregon haven for non-mechanic

I'm glad it rained this week.

In fact, I hope it drizzles until Noah's cubits replace meters as the standard measure of length and people think in terms of pairs as a natural matter of course when they plan a trip, particularly a cruise.

I like the first rain (and the rest of them aren't that bad either). It rinses away whatever guilt I've accrued through the summer—sitting in my basement, enamored by the career highlights of some light-hitting second baseman who played before I was born, or hanging on the bar of a neighborhood tavern listening to stories of the Great Depression or the night someone rolled seven—while everyone else cavorts around, doing whatever they do when the sun comes out.

Oh, I've heard stories about proper fair-weather activity.

Some people mow the lawn. I like to stop and smell the dandelions. Or pick them, walk carefully to lawn's edge and blow their seeds across the neighbor's yard, so the drone of his Briggs and Stratton will lull my television-weary eyes to sleep while he makes hay under the sun.

Some people lie in the sun and bathe. I read my magazines just as easily under a 60-watt bulb and my



by DAN DILLON

chances of skin cancer greatly decrease when I accidentally dose off midway through another Lady Diana biography.

Some people go to the beach. I like to think that sand is for properly measuring a soft-boiled egg in a tiny hourglass (three-minute glass?) or introducing a lunchtime crowd to "Days of Our Lives."

Yes, I like the rain. Hardly anyone works on their car

when the rain falls and I like that idea. A lot.

My car is only six years old and mechanics tell me it has the engine of a classic—the classic announcers always rev up on Midasizing commercials or Mr. Goodwrench's or Al's Friendly Auto Salvage.

Heck, it isn't that I don't care about my car. It's just that I like to avoid going outdoors and endangering my well-being, not to mention my social edification, to work on a car that lives up to its Italian temperament when I barely know a carburetor from a lugnut. Especially when the sun's out and, everyone says, only a fool goes out in the rain.

Which brings me to my point. At last.

You can call this "Confessions of a Non-native Duck."

As much as I tried and, whoa, did I try. I'm afraid I've nearly become a Duck.

Now, I don't mean I've become some addlebrained fancier of a state university. I mean, it's more serious than that. I've thought of committing Tom McCall treason and staying.

When I left my native Montana, I heard about mushrooms growing between my toes with the coming of the first rain. I heard the webbed-

foot jokes. "Frankly," I scoffed, "I'll never be a Duck."

I mean, I thought rain was just moisture that wasn't macho enough to be snow, the Three Sisters were a chain of dress shops and the state motto was "Kiss a beaver, eat a tree."

I had no conception of or care about how to pronounce "Willamette." I thought Portland was on the Coast and I came to this state to attend a university in that city.

Sometimes now, I think the only reason I chose the school was because it didn't offer what my older sister wanted to study, so someone in the family had to prove survival is possible in a city that pronounces "Couch" as "cooch."

It appears I was sadly mistaken. It rains in Oregon and, when it does, nobody bothers going outdoors. No one mows their lawn in the rain. No one bathes in the sun in the rain.

Some folks go to the beach in the rain, but, I like that.

But most importantly, no one works on their car in the rain, which is why I want to be a Duck.

Or else learn to be a mechanic and mop up.