

County-funded senior center fair

Clackamas County commissioners have a good plan for spreading the cost of city senior centers regionally, so that all users help shoulder the cost.

The plan calls for a county \$3 million three-year levy to pay 100 percent of operating costs for centers in Sandy, Oregon City, Estacada, Canby and other towns. The city would administer the county funds on a passed-through basis with regular evaluation and audits by the county.

The cost-shared plan would operate much like the successful city-county cooperative library system whereby the county pays 80 percent of city library operations.

After all, community services extend to persons beyond the city limits of a municipality. It's only fair, then, that all county taxpayers shoulder the expenses of these worthwhile services.

Public support is urged when the commissioners' plan comes before county voters March 30. (VB)

Little festival scores big at meet

Sandy scored big at a recent Alaska international convention of festival groups, thanks to presentations by Mountain Festival Committee representatives Mary Rutz, Ann Fenwick and Kathy Simonson.

The local festival group won four first-place plaques for best slide presentation, festival schedule, program cover and program content.

They beat high-budget festival groups like the Portland Rose Festival and the Indianapolis 500, many with promotional funds in the multiple thousands of dollars and

profits in the mere hundreds for their civic efforts.

Little Sandy Mountain Festival with a handful of volunteers and no gate admission netted \$2,900 by festival's end with very little operating funds to launch the fun.

Volunteers launched the fun in Sandy, and hard work makes it pay every summer here. Good going, gang. You make us all proud.

(Congratulations to Rose Festival, too, on your second-place award for that high-budget slide presentation. You're all invited here next summer.) (VB)

Think taxes bad here? Try Alaska

So you think your taxes are high here? Not by comparison.

Consider California where per capita state and local taxes in 1980 ran \$1,227 or Nevada where taxes came to \$1,004. Oregon's 1980 per capita state and local taxes look relatively cheap at \$872.

Then there's New York State with taxes totaling \$1,308 and Alaska with \$1,871.

Washington State's no taxpayer's bargain, either, at \$929 in per

capita state and local taxes.

Actually, Oregon ranked twentieth from the top in taxes. So why move to Hawaii and bask in \$1,059 sunshine or nestle in a Cape Cod cottage in Massachusetts with \$1,098 over your head?

Maybe you'd rather live in Arkansas where per capita taxes in 1980 ran only \$553. But would you really like to live there and have them ship you chickens marked "Grown in Oregon?" (VB)

Assassin's gun outlives all reason

Political violence reared its ugly head again this week in Egypt to remind us international terrorism still outlives reason and an assassin's gun kills all debate.

Americans can sympathize with the Arab republic's loss of a president, since 11 assassination attempts on U.S. presidents have twisted American history. Luckily, not all those attempts were suc-

cessful. But the tragedy of one assassination attempt doesn't halt another.

People who long for peace in the turbulent Middle East realize that senseless tragedy this week, as eight years of careful diplomacy go up in smoke off an assassin's gun.

Who's left to put the pieces back together? And how long will he live? (VB)

Salem scene:

Credit Counseling expands

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Having trouble making ends meet? Have inflation, high interest rates and the depressed economy combined to catch you in that situation where there are more bills due each month than you can pay?

If this is the case in your family or in families you may know, help is available. It's available through a unique non-profit organization known as Consumer Credit Counseling Service. It's likely there's an office of the CCCS nearby, waiting for a telephone call that can help turn around a situation facing many Oregon families today.

Consumer Credit Counseling Service is even more than its name implies. It not only counsels and provides guidance for families in financial straits. It will even step in upon request and manage a family's financial affairs, until that particular crisis is resolved.

The service in this state was founded in 1967 by a pair of Portland business men through the auspices of the Oregon Retail Council division of Associated Oregon Industries. Lawrence W. Winthrop, retired J.C. Penney credit executive and current CCCS executive director, and Douglas DeHaan with Beneficial Management Corp. put together this family financial guidance service. It is expanded regionally to include 14 service offices in Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

The service was conceived by L.J. Ingram, president of Economy Budget Service Co., in Columbus, Ohio. It later was expanded and popularized by his successor, Harry Fuller, CCCS in Oregon. It's financed by businesses and individuals who recognize the need for the service



Legislative Court from the State Capital EXCLUSIVE to Oregon's Weekly Newspapers from Associated Oregon Industries.

If the family wishes, CCCS will actively manage its finances, paying off creditors and providing the family with enough of its own income to meet needs of regular sustenance. For this service, there is a nominal fee involving a \$5 set-up charge and monthly \$9 payments.

At the end of its first year of operation in Portland, that CCCS office was serving 400 client families. That was back in 1968. Today, the Portland office has 1,200 active clients. The office has been recognized as the most active in the nation. It has provided counseling for more than 50,000 families, managed the financial affairs for 16,000 and returned more than \$23 million to creditors that otherwise would have been lost through bankruptcy.

What's more the rate of Oregon's personal bankruptcies had been rising steadily for 17 years. Both the rate and actual numbers of bankruptcies declined following organization of CCCS. The number dipped to a low of 2,591 in 1977, and the rate declined steadily for 10 years.

Meanwhile, there is a CCCS office only a phone call away. In this area, families in trouble can phone 232-8139 in Portland



Letters to the editor

Reader says taxpayer not 'babysitter'

No babysitter

I found your opinion about the loss of after-school activities at the Sandy Elementary Schools rather disturbing (Sept. 24, 1981, issue of the Sandy Post).

You claim that the voters of the school district are responsible for the children who walk the street after school.

I beg to differ. Are not parents held accountable and responsible for their children and their children's actions to the age of 18?

If the children are on the street, who is supervising them? Surely the parents do not expect the City of Sandy to babysit!

It is sad that the children will miss out on the extra-curricular activities this

year. But as a taxpayer, who does not have children in the school system, why should I pay for the extras?

I am willing to help with their basic education, but let the parents pay for the extras. Let them show some responsibility for the raising of their children, rather than forcing the school district, the City of Sandy and the taxpayers to do it for them.

Frances LaMarche
Sandy

Many enjoy play

Money for Sandy businesses is a by-product of the Sandy Community Players live theater. Calamity Jane's restaurant served at least 20 extra customers Saturday night drawn to the play by a golden retriever in the cast.

Buckboard Pizza sold at least 25 extra pizzas plus gallons of beverages during the after show parties of Friday and Saturday nights. Similar financial impact will be felt for the next three weekends and for many more during this SCP theater season. Several thousand guests of SCP will come to our city during the next year and spend money.

Why do people come to Sandy for SCP productions? They're attracted to high-quality, live theater productions by local Sandy talent. They return for other plays to experience more of the warmth and deep friendship they feel in our town. They want to spend an evening with their family and friends in a wholesome and positive environment.

SCP is proud of its reputation and of its financial impact on our city. But what we want most is to become your theater, your friends and your form of entertainment. Come watch us and become part of us as friends and entertainers.

SCP's current production, "A Barrellfull of Pennies," will run Friday and Saturday nights for the next three weekends. It is a delightful comedy featuring dogs, a duck, rabbits, a parakeet and even people.

After the play we gather at Buckboard Pizza for food and live music of the Tom Ten Eyck Trio. Come join us this weekend.

Arnie Poutala
Sandy

Blood crisis down

The Sandy Area Blood Drive would like to thank the 86 potential donors that turned out for the blood drive.

Some 70 units of life-saving units were collected. Another 16 were turned down for a variety of reasons (mostly medical).

Because of these mature adults, the critical shortage of our blood bank is lessening.

Stan Bowman
Sandy coordinator

LETTERS POLICY:
The Post asks that all letters to the editor be typed, double-spaced and signed. Deadline is noon, Tuesday. Letters should be accurate, free of libelous remarks and in good taste. This newspaper attempts to publish all letters it receives

Personally speaking:

Don't give in to soft life, softdrinks

by SCOTT NEWTON

I don't know why she got so mad. All I said was that if she really wanted to lose weight, she might drink a little less Coke.

"You're a hypocrite," she said, taking another drink out of a 32-ounce cup of Coca-Cola. "You drink coffee."

"And how did you get to be such an outcast, anyway?"

"It started when I was a seventh grader," I said. "Our football coach told us we'd never win if we drank soda pop, or ate potato chips and candy bars. So, determined young punk that I was, I cut out the junk food."

Never mind that we went 0-6 that year.

What I learned was that I didn't miss soda pop in the least.

"I love the commercials, though," I added, "but drinking Dr. Pepper never helped me out on the dance floor."

"I guess I'm just not a member of the Pepsi generation."

Well, the young lady threw me out, and it was for the best anyway, because I had work to do. It was Tuesday evening, and deadline time was approaching.

I went down to The Post and got some work done, and about 11 p.m. got started on my personal observations column.

Well, I was slow getting started, and fell asleep in front of the video display terminal.



I dreamed that I was in Joan Hay's office. Hay is the Sandy Union District's business manager.

"We received \$2,964 as part of our 24 percent commission on the two cold drink machines we have that sell pop," she said.

"I'd like to stay and talk about something besides vending machines," I said, "but I've got to go write a column. Hopefully I'll be able to save a few kids from the horrors of diabetes."

But somewhere between the high school and The Post I got detoured, and ended up playing tailback on the Sandy Pioneer football team.

We were playing Oregon City, and were down 10-7 with just seconds left in the fourth quarter.

As I lined up I watched Dan Mar-

tin, right guard, and Dale Rasmussen, right tackle, get into their stances. "You guys will clear the way, I know that," I said quietly to myself as I got into my stance.

The roar of the crowd was so loud I couldn't hear the signals being called, but after firing off the ball, I saw an opening. Dan and Dale had done their work, but a big, mean-looking linebacker stood between the goal-line and myself.

But, number 34, Scott Skipper, was leading the way, and he put that linebacker on his rumble seat.

I was happy, having scored the winning touchdown, and I sat in front of my locker, near the pop machine, for a long time after the game. I was just about to leave when a man approached me.

"How would you like to sign a fat contract to do endorsements for Diet Pepsi," he asked.

"That stuff contains 10.46 milligrams of saccharin per fluid ounce," I said. "I have a conscience, you know. No way. I'd never sell out to you guys."

I got back to The Post and was typing furiously when Michael P. Jones, Post Correspondent, came in.

"You've got to come with me," he said. "I heard a rumor in the Brightwood Tavern about some guy building a private nuclear plant near the Mt. Hood National Forest."

The next thing I knew we were hiking in the forest, looking for the nuke plant. The snow was deep, and more was coming down.

Jones had stopped for a moment to relieve himself, and I waited up the trail a way. I was enjoying the clean air and the silence, when a huge polar bear appeared out of nowhere.

He saw me, and headed my way. I froze, too scared to run, and he grabbed me and started tossing me up in the air, like a father or mother might do with a young child. I sensed that he would maul me at any moment.

"Isn't this place a little far south for you, Mr. Bear," I said, trying to make friends. Just then Michael P. Jones came running up the path. He jumped up, flew through the air, and hit that bear right in the chest with the heavy boots on his feet.

The bear fell back, dropping me in the process. "Now get out of here, right now," Jones said, his foot on the white bear's neck.

The bear took off.

"That would've made a great Pepsi commercial," I said. "After you'd gone flying through the air, you could have opened a Pepsi. The camera would fade to white, losing the image of you on this mountain drinking a Pepsi. It'd be beautiful."

"But, you'd never do a Pepsi commercial, would you?"

"I'd never sell out to those people," he said.

Von Braschler woke me up. It was 6 a.m. Wednesday. "You'd better get that column done or I'll kick your you-know-what," he said.

"All right," I said, rubbing my eyes. "Just let me get some coffee started."