

Threat to paper tough part of job

On rare occasions a newspaper needs to write in big, bold type for all to read a message intended for only a few readers. On those occasions a newspaper needs to remind a few social persuaders that an honest paper can't be bought and throw the brick back out the window.

For about a week now, there's been a threat hanging over a reporter's head and a boycott threat lodged against this newspaper. This all stems from articles written about controversial developments on lovely Mount Hood.

Little matter that the articles were written without bias by a reporter who walked into a hornet's nest. Little concern that the newspaper has no position on Welches incorporation, Hoodland's Women's Club building status, traffic lights, spraying or developments. Nor that it has little to gain by the outcome or the controversy.

Those who would manipulate the press to print only good news and supportive stories care not for truth.

But a newspaper exists primarily to report hard news including controversy as truthfully as possible. The wedding notices, public announcements and other news tidbits are just icing on the cake.

The awesome powers of newspapers—large and small—were granted in trust the press would serve as public watchdog. To misuse that power would be a social crime. To ignore its responsibility would be unforgivable.

So be advised, carriers of threats. This little newspaper will not be intimidated from carrying the news as honestly and incessantly as possible—painful though that may be for some.

And now, will the rest of you please send more pretty pictures of happy couples and notices of newborns? They make us all smile better.



Line for district races is crowding

Early dogfights are shaping up over new local state districts that so far appear untouched by Secretary of State reapportionment, legal challenges or claims by any incumbents.

At least three viable candidates already have announced their running for new Senate District 14, the so-called helicopter district from the slopes of Mount Hood to the outskirts of Springfield. The district approaches the city limits of Canby and Silverton, but the only things close to population centers would be Sandy, Estacada and Molalla.

Fighting over the May primary showdown for the Republican nomination are 52-year-old Joe Davis, publisher of the Silverton Appeal and Mt. Angel News, and 39-year-old John Thompson, Welches businessman who serves as Hoodland Chamber of Commerce executive secretary.

While four earlier lawsuits charged "jerry-mandering" over the balloon-shaped new senate district, Oregon Supreme Court administrator David Gernatt says the only challenges the court will hear now involve new developments by the secretary of state in redesigning districts after the legislature's plan was ruled unconstitutional.

Portland attorney and former New Mexico governor David Cargo represents a group who challenge the so-called helicopter district. But Gernatt said that argument will not be heard by the court, since Secretary of State Norma Paulus touched neither Senate District 14 nor local new House District 23 in her redraft.

The area Republicans who seek that new senate seat are joined in the race by Democrat Steve Starkovich, 27, of Canby.

The United Grocery warehouseman has served as chairman of the Clackamas County Democratic Central Committee and helped write the state party platform.

He's campaigning on a need to bolster employment in the timber and wood products industry that has seen a 20 percent decline here in just two years.

Another lone Democrat who seeks a new state seat is Sandy's Jack Travis, former Bonneville environmentalist and right-of-way coordinator who earlier published a newspaper in Hood River.

Travis has campaigned for public power in Oregon and now claims interest in running for new House District 23 that includes Sandy, Estacada, Mulino and Hoodland. The district follows the forest boundary and extends to Multnomah County and to the Marion County line toward Oregon City.

Democrats who campaign for either new local seat in the state legislature might expect to be outspent two-to-one by Republicans, given the disparity in the two party's war chest regionally.

With all the early interest in these new state legislative seats, however, let's hope area voters are treated to thorough discussion of issues of local concern: jobs, state budgeting, roads, courts, extent of government, economic development and energy.

The Innocent Bystander: Politics the perfect fix for sleep addicts

With worries, aggravations and threats multiplying on every side, it's little wonder that more and more Americans are turning to a popular mind-altering hallucinogen as a temporary deliverance from their daily cares.

Known to the medical profession as "sleep," it has become the favorite escape not only of hard-rock musicians and thrill-crazed teenagers, but housewives, respectable businessmen and even many of our highest national leaders.

"Unlike the milder drugs such as alcohol and marijuana which merely distort reality," reports Dr. Homer T. Pettibone of Ipana University, "sleep produces total oblivion accompanied by wild hallucinations which the addict may or may not recall on regaining consciousness."

Not surprisingly, sleepers have created their own subculture with their own slang, such as "turning



by ART HOPPE

in," "hitting the hay" or "(have a) good night."

On coming down off sleep, they often have a compulsion to talk about their trip in a rambling, incoherent fashion: "I was in this purple canoe with a giant parakeet or something and..." — babblings to which even their fellow addicts resolutely refuse to listen.

Sleep shops are springing up in the major cities where such sleep paraphernalia may be purchased as water beds, satin sheets and The Collected Speeches of Jimmy

Cartier.

While the subject is still controversial, Dr. Pettibone, himself, feels that sleep, if used in moderation, is not harmful in itself. He cautions, however, that it can have serious side effects, particularly if combined with alcohol.

Study after study has shown that a subject can retire under the influence of alcohol feeling absolutely marvelous," he says, "only to awaken hours later suffering the wrath of God. From this, we can deduce that sleep is the sole cause of hangovers."

Sleep, he warns, will also interfere with person's sex life. "When two persons, or even one of the two persons, sleep together," he says, "sex goes out the window."

What concerns Dr. Pettibone most are the social ramifications of sleep addiction. "To support an eight-hour-a-day habit," he says, "most

people have to either take on two jobs or turn to a life of crime or politics."

Without their daily fix, they evidence such withdrawal symptoms as irritability, red eyes and involuntary muscle spasms that force their jaws wide open, especially at Checkhov plays or wine-and-cheese parties.

Not surprisingly, worry-induced sleep addiction has become virulent in our nation's capital. One of the two senators from California (not the tall, bald one) is a known sleep fiend. And the president, himself, is reportedly so heavy into sleep that aides are afraid to revive him in the gravest of crises for fear he will suffer a bad trip.

Dr. Pettibone says there is no known cure for a victim that far gone nor is he searching for one. "All things considered," he says, "in times like these it may be best to let sleeping presidents lie."

Personally speaking:

Night omens on mountain can be scary

One night in the shadow of Mount Hood can make you believe in nature's many omens.

We're not talking science fiction here or religion. We're talking about the strange things that go bump in the night when the moon is high and the night wind suddenly quiet. You can just feel something odd's about to happen, like owls flying out of nowhere to skirt the ground and strafe anyone out and about.

The night air challenges anyone to venture out on those occasions, and anyone who takes the bait or ignores the subtle warnings seems fair game.

Well, it was about three years ago when I had my first rendezvous with nature's nightlife and its many mysteries on Mount Hood. I was hurried to drive over the mountain to attend a newspaper awards banquet in Bend.

The trip seemed more important than anything at the time, because our tiny staff had worked toward the day when our paper would receive its first recognition in the hard world of journalism. Silly though it seems now in total perspective with the tides that rule our planet and the winds that change a life's course, that bit of plastic to mount on a wall seemed very important. (What fools these mortals be!)

So I worked late the night before the trek over the mountain to finish all the work I'd normally do in the two-day absence in Bend. The last step included transporting ready copy to typesetters at the plant in Gresham. (We now do that here in Sandy.)

My car wouldn't start upon leaving the parking lot. But finally I got it going. And it ran fine, too, until a huge dog crossed my path.

The strange collision happened in front of Fred Meyer, as I sought to leave Gresham for the mountain. The night was especially black and confusing. All I could see was the tunnel of light in front of my car's headlights.

Suddenly this huge dog lunged from nowhere and smashed into the



by VON BRASCHLER

right front fender of my little car. The impact nearly spun the little car around. It swayed like a truck car on a rollercoaster.

I searched awhile in the pitch dark, but couldn't find the huge mongrel that moments before appeared in my right headlamp. I hit him hard, so I figured he must be dead. But where?

Sobered by the incident, I slowly drove the distance to my Brightwood home to sleep awhile. I admit to being spooked by the whole night. The sudden chill, super blackness and quietness of the night clouded the whole thing in mystery.

But when I rose early at 4 a.m. to drive across the mountain to Bend, the moon shone brightly. Strangely, I felt cheered by this and took it as a sign to venture out less timidly.

And things went fine, too, until I got up high in the Mount Hood National Forest. There things looked very dark, shrouded in the lace of fir boughs and punctuated with early fall leaves dotting the road ahead. It all looked too dark, too cold, too dead to be summer there. Yet it was only July.

Then out of nowhere two deer bolted in front of my right headlight.

I slammed on the brakes and swerved to the left to miss them. I missed one who froze, but clipped the other who pranced onward unconcerned.

The yearling caught the left front fender of my little compact, sending me into a complete spin. The Triumph bucked like a frightened animal. I tried to correct the spin, but then let go of the wheel. I thought I'd leave things totally in the hands of fate. By now, it occurred to me that fate was in control, anyway.

Finally, the car came out of the spin. I found myself headed straight up the mountain again on the road to Bend. I pulled off the road to look for the deer.

Pitifully, the yearling tried with broken leg to stand upright. Two guys in a camper behind me had other ideas. One had a rifle and a notion to put the thing out of its misery. Sadly, I agreed.

The first shot drew a blank, as the rifleman cocked again. This time the rifle recoiled, but the shot went wide. The big eyes of a yearling ready for life called out for mercy. But there was confusion in those eyes, too. The deer didn't seem to understand how it had been crippled, where it was or what now was happening to it.

Then the third shot cracked the early morning air, and the staggering deer slumped to the highway.

I suggested that we pull the deer off the highway and cover it somewhat with leaves, so looters wouldn't take it. Also, the rifleman suddenly felt nervous about killing the deer.

I suggested that I could find a policeman in the county ahead and have him call down the hill for a deputy here to pick up the deer. After all, the venison would make good eating for an orphanage or wherever county agencies donate illegal game.

I hope the guys in the camper kept to the plan, but I noticed they were still hovering over the gravesite when I drove off.

Finally, I located a county patrol car, and gave the deputy a fix on the deer's hiding spot high on the Mount Hood Loop Road.

I can only hope that the riflemen left the night's victim to charity. My conscience couldn't bear the thought of both needless death and a stolen carcass.

As it was, my car suffered two black eyes from my brush with things that go bump in the night.

Letters to the editor

Firemen helped

I would like to thank the Sandy fire department for all the time and effort they put into trying to save my home.

It's comforting to know we have such a fine group of men in our fire department.

Frank Evanaski
Sandy

Thanks given

The Sandy Parent Teachers Club wishes to thank everyone for all the help and cooperation at our school's

50th birthday celebration.

We would like to recognize a few members of our community for their outstanding work: Morton Spence from the Sandy Profile for his monthly coverage with history; Hyacinth Grassie, who has served the school for more than 30 years and displayed constant devotion in helping to compile necessary material, and Louis Spence for all her help in organizing and serving refreshments.

Finally, a big thanks to our past and present staff for all their help.

Mary Marshall
PTC president

