

Youth need recreation builders

Sandy area youth had little enough organized recreation, before levy failure axed grade school activities and the community school. Now, for many, there's next to nothing to do here.

The movie house closed some time ago for the second and final time. Plans to build a bowling alley here fizzled. There is no dance hall really.

So where do kids go here, if they're not interested in horses, scouting, high school clubs, varsity sports or church groups? Lack of recreation for youth here encourages mischief or trips out of town.

Short of building a city youth center which costs plenty, there's a lot concerned residents could do for bored Sandy youth. They could form a rod and reel club. They could organized an archery club

or junior rodeo. They could set up monthly or weekly dances. Perhaps they could form a regional boxing club and invite the whole town to smokers.

Civic clubs with youth programs like Optimists and Kiwanis could lend their muscle and sponsorship. Buildings and equipment could be loaned for activities—not permanently, but from time to time on key occasions.

The whole town could give a little to keep youth from bending away from our community. We've got to make this city someplace they like to live and someplace they'd like to continue living.

If you agree and would like to serve on an organizational steering committee for youth recreation here, give us a call at 668-5548 and ask for the publisher. Let's get serious about our kids.

Time to show concern for dying

Concern for the sick—those terminally ill patients who grapple with death at home—spurs many to compassion and sympathy.

Here in Sandy the concern is more tangible with formation of a new Mt. Hood Hospice for supportive care for persons with life-threatening illnesses and their families. Because the task is large—Clackamas and east Multnomah County coverage areas—and the workers are basically non-paid volunteers, help is needed.

The public who will benefit from their support services can help get the hospice program rolling. Sandy organizer Macy Brader has arranged fund-raising appearances by television star Ann Sothern, who happens to be her cousin. More people will remember her, though, as comedy star of "Private Secretary" and the "Ann Sothern Show."

Miss Sothern visits Sandy by limousine 8 p.m. Friday for a

benefit performance of Sandy High's "West Side Story" at The Theater on Proctor Boulevard.

She also will host a "Tea with Ann Sothern" with KATU's Jim Bosley 2:30 p.m. Friday at the downtown Meier & Frank store. A \$10 hospice donation will buy you desserts, sandwiches and music by Tom TenEyck Trio in the store's Georgian Room.

Best best, however, may be "An Evening with Ann Sothern" 8 p.m. Saturday in the Benson's Hotel's Mayfair Ballroom. A \$35 donation for two tickets buys you hors d'oeuvres, baron of beef, a film retrospective, music from the 1940s and a chat with actress Ann Sothern. Tickets are available at Meier & Frank, Stevens & Son or Mt. Hood Hospice in Sandy's Heritage Square upstairs (668-9000).

Attendance is an easy way to show your concern for hospice and its clients. Miss Sothern already has shown that she cares.



Buddy, could you spare a mortgage?

I met a man the other day who bought a house. In fact, I saw him do it with my very own eyes.

I was tipped off to the exclusive story by my old friend Milt Haberdash of Haberdash Quality Homes.

Guaranteed Used Cars—the latter being a recent edition to Milt's business enterprise due to his interest in automobiles and eating.

"If this is a hoax, Milt..." I said.

"No, honest, it's true," said Milt. "This guy just walks in and says he wants to buy a house. So I sold him one."

"That's incredible!" I said. "It wasn't easy," admitted Milt. "I couldn't find any of my real estate forms to fill in and I've long since forgotten all that stuff about closing escrow and... Aren't I supposed to mention termites someplace?"

"Who knows?" I said.



by
ART HOPPE

"Well, I'll have it all together by tomorrow. If you want to see a man buy a house, be at my office at high noon."

Needless to say, wild horses could not have kept me away. The "buyer," as I think they used to be called, was Buck Ace, a handsome older man in jodhpurs, a leather flying helmet and a white silk scarf.

"You are of the Arab persuasion, I presume, Mr. Ace?" I inquired.

"No, I'm 100 percent American and proud of it," he said.

"Then why are you buying a house?" I asked.

"Because," he said, his gray eyes looking beyond me to some distant horizon few men are privileged to see, "it is there."

"That's incredible!" I said for the second time.

This seemed to please him.

"Yes," he said, "I've devoted my life to incredible deeds—swimming the Hellespont right after an eight-course lunch; climbing Mt. Everest with only an abominable snowman as my guide; rowing the Atlantic in a bedpan with two tongue blades... Yet, like Alexander, I had come to feel there were no new worlds to conquer."

His eyes blazed excitedly. "Until now."

"But Good Lord, man," I said, "buying a house..."

"It's time to sign," interrupted

Haberdash, nervously tugging at Ace's sleeve. "Would you like a blindfold?"

Ace looked at him with disdain. "Just a last cigarette will do," he said.

We waited in respectful silence while Ace finished his cigarette. Then, his hand steady as a rock, he picked up the pen and signed with a flourish—his eyes on the ceiling. "As I learned when I leapt across the Bottomless Chasm of Chingajanoor," he explained, "never look down."

In the weeks to come, you will undoubtedly be seeing Ace on "That's Incredible!" and the cover of Time. And rightly so. For his feat should be an inspiration to us all, evidence that the spirit of derring-do which made this country great is not yet dead.

May the rest of us Americans find the courage to follow in Buck Ace's footsteps. You first.

A park for everyone, charity for all

Park reshaping

A public meeting Nov. 9 at Hoodland Women's Club in Zigzag was an interesting and informative meeting. The country officials and county park advisory board cleared up several confusing issues.

The ultimate protection of land currently known as Hoodland Park can be accomplished at county public hearings here on the mountain in January. The park land can be designated "open space" at that time. This will in-

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sure the land's use as a public park land, in spite of the mountain's continued development.

The county encouraged a strong community effort in the park's development. The possibility of a "Mountain Community Park" becoming a reality is entirely feasible. With the interest and enthusiasm of all members of the community, we will have a

great park, suited to all ages and interests.

The county suggested formation of a service district in the future as a possible solution to long-term maintenance problems of the park land and buildings. This and other options must be examined in depth by the county, Mountain Community Park Association and the Women's Club. No position has been taken by the Mountain Community Park Association at this point.

Developing the land into

a full-fledged park is a slow process. We hope community members will have the patience and perseverance to see this action through to its successful conclusion.

Penelope Wilburn
Association chairperson

Needy aided

October was an all-time record month for Sandy Community Action Center. Some 997 persons came to seek help of some kind.

Volunteers at the Community Action Center offer

warm thanks to the patrons who brought clothing and all manner of other usable items to the Center. What they give is, in turn, given to low-income clients. This recycling goes on every day.

Volunteers at the Center are planning ahead for the annual Kiwanis Christmas Basket Project in December. The best of children's toys and games that come in are being held for the project.

Pete Sulzbach
Action Center chairman

Salem braces a third time

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

It's unlikely anyone close to the system ever claimed running state government was a piece of cake.

Sometimes however, the job assumed by our elected leaders is tougher than others. Now is one of those really tough times.

It's so tough it's likely Oregon's budget-weary legislature will once again be called into special session January to balance spending with dwindling revenue. Despite the fact lawmakers spent a record 203 days earlier this year attempting to achieve the constitutionally mandated balance, the January meeting will be the third special session in 18 months.

Reasons for the financial crunch are many, but mostly tied to high interest rates that have depressed the market for forest products and created severe unemployment in the industry that has traditionally ranked as the state's principal job producer.

Further complicating Oregon's problem has been rising inflation and the national tight money policy, designed to curb the inflationary trend. Additional thorns in the sides of those entrusted with matching the state's income with outgo include our growing reliance on income taxes for revenue and providing property tax relief from the same source.

Although the long-predicted national recession failed to occur until this fall, Oregon's economic woes have been worsening steadily since the spring of 1980. And the revenue shortage was compounded by a massive 30 percent property tax relief program enacted by lawmakers in 1979 to quell a substantial taxpayer revolt.

Gov. Vell Atiyeh responded to the 1980 revenue shortfall by calling a special session in August that year to trim state spending by some \$200 million. The Governor's budget for the current fiscal biennium, presented to lawmakers prior to their regular session that started last January, continued the belt-tightening in anticipation of an even further decline in revenue. Lawmakers, faced with choices that involved raising taxes and even deeper budget cuts, finally opted for a little more of both.

Although they postponed final decisions until Aug. 2, revenue projections later that month hinted the continuing economic decline might produce a lingering deficit as high as \$45 million.



Legislative Report from the State Capital
EXCLUSIVE TO Oregon's Weekly Newspapers
from Associated Oregon Industries.

Gov. Atiyeh reacted immediately and cautioned state agencies against spending as much as the Legislature had approved. In light of the fact lean budget already had curtailed some programs, resulting in layoffs of some state workers, further spending reductions consisted largely of refusing to fill jobs as they arose through employment attrition.

Earlier this month it appeared the faltering economy would produce a shortfall in revenue even more severe than in August. Raw data released last week heightened concern and it's budgetary interpretation expected early in December could cause Atiyeh to once more call lawmakers to Salem for further action.

The Governor is permitted to react to revenue shortages on his own, if the amount can be dealt with by equal, across-the-board reductions for all agencies. But in light of the already lean budget, it is doubtful balance can be achieved without specific program reductions within existing budgets. Only the Legislature has the power to do so.

Although the actual shortage won't be known until next month, Atiyeh has indicated the January session would be triggered if the figure is in the \$80 million range. Legislative leadership has indicated it might be as much as \$150 million.

Atiyeh has said spending cuts are the only practical solution to the dilemma and that he will not request tax increases. Since the actual deficit remains unknown and operating budgets already have been extensively pared, there is no consensus among lawmakers where further reductions might be achieved.

(EDIT NOTE: Jack Zimmerman writes a regular column for Associated Oregon Industries, a state lobbying group. His opinions do not necessarily reflect those of The Post.)

What the dickens is pot worth?

"Thanks for the weed," Carl said, slamming the door of the Pinto behind him.

He stood in the fog for a moment before going into the house. He checked to make sure the \$5 bag of green-gold Columbian marijuana was stuffed deep in his right jeans' pocket.

He looked at the door-knocker before going into the house. It had been in the family for a long time. The pewter wolf seemed to glare at Carl.

"That pot's better than I thought," he said in a whisper as he walked through the door. He told his parents good-night, and went up to bed.

He was restless, and couldn't seem to get comfortable. He heard a clanking noise, and as it got louder he sat up in bed. "What's going on," he said loudly. He wasn't worried about disturbing his parents. He was scared.

Before him stood a young man in dark, dirty rags, dragging a chain.

Carl could not see under the dark hood. Yet there was something familiar about this figure in the dark.

"Do you doubt that I'm a ghost," he asked.

"What I'm sure of is that I should not eat foods that do not agree with me."

With that the ghost started rattling his chains, and the effect was chilling.

"Stop it," Carl screamed.



by SCOTT NEWTON

"Please stop." His parents did not come to see what was the matter.

"I wear the chain I forged in life," the ghost said. "I made it link by link, yard by yard. Is its pattern strange to you?"

"You must carry this," Carl asked.

"No rest, and no peace. Captive, bound and double-ironed. Oh, to have lived life and to not have known Christian spirit, to regret life's opportunities misused."

He rattled his chains again. "Please go easy on me," Carl begged.

"I cannot. I am here to warn you that you have a chance to avoid my fate. You will be visited

at the stroke of one."

Carl tossed and turned, and when the clock in the hallway struck one a woman in a white robe entered his room. She took his hand and they flew out the window. It was not foggy out, but Carl did not know where he was, until they entered a high school gym.

There were probably 100 parents in the gym, watching a freshman-sophomore wrestling tournament. Carl had just won over an opponent that no one thought he could beat.

Carl, the senior in high school, might have thought it was no big deal. But he was vulnerable now, and he shouted and clapped his hands as he watched teammates congratulate a skinner, smaller and younger Carl.

And then he saw Angie. It was on that very night that he'd first noticed Angie. And, maybe he'd noticed her because he knew she'd noticed him. "I haven't seen Angie for awhile," Carl told the woman in white. "I guess I didn't realize how much I miss her."

Soon he was back in bed, and was startled to hear the clock strike one again.

A man in a shiny black robe appeared, and Carl followed him. This time it was to the cafeteria of the high school he attends.

"So why isn't Carl out," one of his friends asked.

"He said that wrestling cuts in to his party time," said the other.

"Was he serious?"

"Is Carl ever serious," he said, answering the question with a question.

Back in bed again, the clock struck one. A man in a drab, black robe appeared. Carl followed him to yet another gymnasium.

"Is this the way it has to be," Carl asked the man in black. "Is it too late to change?"

He received no answer, and was back in bed shortly. He tossed and turned, and slept a little.

He awoke suddenly, and was startled. He jumped up and stretched. He felt good. He dressed quickly, and ate breakfast.

On his way to school he put his hands in his pockets, and felt the \$5 bag of marijuana. He tossed it over his shoulder, and did not look back.

By 7 a.m. he was in the school library, making up back assignments. On his way to his first class he stopped by his wrestling coach's classroom. "Is it too late for me to come out," he asked.

"No, Carl, it's not. But, I've seen your grades. You won't be eligible if you don't get it together."

"I'll get it together, really Coach," he said. "Hey, it feels good to be calling you coach again." With that he headed to class.

The coach shook his head. He wasn't going to argue with him about it.