

Christmas spirit packed in baskets

Pete Sulzbach and his elves are making a list and checking it twice to be sure all local families have a Christmas dinner on the table and toys under the tree.

The list is longer than ever for Kiwanis Christmas baskets for needy neighbors, too, because the times have not been kind to those who live and work here.

So Santa Sulzbach figures on 150 baskets for needy homes in Sandy and up Mt. Hood where Hoodland firefighters will climb down chimneys. Victor Liepold and the Boring Kiwanis Club figure on baskets of food and toys for 50-75 local homes with delivery help from Boring firemen.

School children in Boring, Damascus, Sandy, Bull Run and Cottrell are donating cans of food to stock the Christmas baskets, and Mt. Hood Mudders four-wheel club will carry many of them in the Sandy area.

Churches and clubs like the firemen auxiliary donate toys and cash, too. The cash buys the bread and fresh meat and vegetables for the baskets. The toys might be the only gifts some neighborhood children will see.

More donations are needed. Each basket will contain an average of 35 cans of food plus a fresh vegetable and probably a whole chicken. That's not exactly the nation's horn of plenty, but the gift does provide a Christmas dinner plus supplies to last a day or two into the season.

Canned foods may be brought to any of the local fire halls, Sandy Community Action Center or local schools. The food drive ends Dec. 18.

Toys also are needed. Please wrap them as though you cared and attach a note for a boy or girl and the age suitable for the gift.

The Sandy and mountain Santas will make their rounds Dec. 23, while elves in Boring will deliver baskets Dec. 24.

Boring Fire Chief Matt Shields asks that applicants fill out forms for a basket at his fire hall. In the Sandy-Hoodland area, Action Center volunteers are processing applications with county screening by the Salvation Army.

Sharing with our neighbors shows the real spirit of Christmas, a celebration of brotherly love personified by the Christ.



Despite all, Sandy looking good

Downtown Sandy could be singing the blues this season with no citywide Christmas lights and fewer numbers of shoppers than desired.

Some individuals have taken the ol' reindeer by the horns, however, and made that patch of highway through town pretty Christmasy.

Bright outside lights on Tollgate Inn welcome visitors to town, as do decorations across the highway at Paola's. Some people really know how to keep the seasons—guys like Len Paola and Mike Lesowski.

Ned Dyal and the Sandy Garden Club once again trimmed a living Christmas tree at city hall. Elsewhere individual stores have

decorated with simple but elegant ropes of garland.

Art students from Sandy High School have done a smashing job on downtown windows, and most local stores have cashed in on the ability of these young citizens to dress up a window with scenes of Christmas.

Without financial assistance from the city, chamber or retail merchant group to deck out the town with strings of lights, many individuals nonetheless are seeing that Sandy looks its finest. Shops singing the blues over the town's lack of wall-to-wall decorations are invited to join these visionaries.

It would be a blue Christmas without them.

The Innocent Bystander:

Tax refugees safe here?

There was a knock on the door the other evening and a slender gentleman stood there, hat in hand.

"allo," he said, "I am a refugee." I had to admit I sighed. "Cuban, Haitian, or are you," I asked, "one of the poor Vietnamese boat people?"

"Zut alors, not!" he said. "I am one of the rich French Concorde people. I am fleeing the Reign of Terror imposed by that Socialist fiend in human form, President Mitterrand."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Were you about to lose your head to the guillotine?" "Worse," he said. "I was about to lose my mistress, my Bugatti and my membership in the Compagnie des Chevaliers du Tastevin."

"As bad as that, eh?"

"Have you not read the current issue of Newsweek? It says Mitterrand has slapped us affluent Frenchmen with 'confiscatory income, wealth and inheritance taxes and doubled levies on yachts, power boats and business cars.'"

"The privation must have been awful."

"Mon Dieu!" I was reduced to eating dinners at two-star restaurants and breakfasts at one-fork lunch counters. At Regine's I was actually served a naive domestic burgundy without any breeding!"

"But you were amused by its presumption, as James Thurber would put it?"

"Not in the slightest. It was the last straw. I joined what Newsweek describes as a veritable 'tide of French tax refugees' seeking shelter in this land of liberty, equality and supply side economics."

"Well," I said, "that's the one thing you can say for President Reagan: He does seem to be attracting a better class of refugees. But what sort of shelter are you seeking?"

"Oh, I suppose one with an inflationary hedge and a positive cash flow. I escaped from Paris with only the Pierre Cardin clothes on my back, two Renors rolled up in my umbrella and a single suitcase filled with tattered old bank notes. Would you care to hear the horrors of my voyage across the tempest-tossed sea?"

"Not particularly."

"Have you ever been aboard the Concorde? Talk about being jammed in like cattle! There I sat for three hours with my



by ART HOPPE

knees under my chin, unable to move. And hunger! They served Nouvelle Cuisine!"

"I guess you were glad to reach our shores."

"Glad? The most inspiring words I ever read were on the base of the Statue of Liberty: 'Give me your taxed, your rich, Your harassed wealthy yearning to be free.'"

"Is that what it says?"

"It does now."

I won't go into the long, woeful tale of his attempts to adjust to a new life in a strange land. Suffice it to say he was detained for several weeks on the Long Island estate of Letitia Buffum, the noted collector of Beautiful People, and was then relocated in a French refugee ghetto on Central Park West. With no knowledge of Manhattan restaurants, he said, he hardly knew where his next adequate meal would be coming from.

He seemed to have come to the end of his heartwrenching story and I asked if I might help him out with a room for the night.

"No," he said, "I was thinking of buying your house, but on second glance, it's much too small and tasteless. So if you will simply second my application for membership in the Croesus Country Club, I'll be on my way."

That did it. I called up Immigration and told them to send him back where he came from. First of all, I don't belong to Croesus. Secondly, if the Haitians are economic refugees and therefore deportable, so are these Frenchmen.

And lastly, the Reagan administration is already providing us with a more than adequate supply of wealthy Americans. We certainly don't need a bunch of rich aliens cluttering up our golf courses.

Letters to the editor:

'Cut loggers free of contract bind'

Cut tree bind

Oregon's timber industry faces an emergency situation. High interest rates and collapse of the housing industry have left companies who purchased high-priced federal timber with lots of timber on the stump, but no place to sell it. That leaves people without jobs, counties without revenue from Forest Service and BLM receipts and communities without a major portion of their economic base.

These are the hardest times we've faced since the Depression. Something must be done, and whatever it is—the goal must be putting people back to work.

That seems obvious, but many suggested approaches to the crisis don't accomplish that. It doesn't help to keep companies afloat if they're going to

continue to be plagued by frequent layoffs. Nor does it help to force companies to keep people working, if doing so will force the company into bankruptcy. There has to be a middle ground where companies can put people to work and stay in business.

That's why I introduced legislation that would allow timber companies to terminate existing timber harvest contracts with the Forest Service, as long as the companies re-bid timber under terms that require a prompt harvest.

To make the harvest of timber worthwhile in this emergency situation, we have to do something that will lower stumpage prices to a competitive level in today's market. Timber companies can't afford to harvest today at prices they bid years ago. Those prices were drive sky-high by speculation and log exports. Re-opening bids on

terminated contracts and requiring prompt harvesting would eliminate speculation and create the competition that will lower prices. This will mean renewed activity in our timber industry—creating jobs for loggers, millworkers and treeplanters.

There are many who believe a contract is a contract, and the timber companies should be held to them. I know that was my first reaction to the idea of changing or terminating the contracts. But consider the consequences. Forcing companies to default on contracts or go bankrupt won't provide jobs, and it will leave only a decimated industry dominated by the largest national and multinational companies.

That hardline policy rapidly is becoming an option of the past, anyway. The Forest Service already is granting extensions, and

many in the industry want their policy liberalized even further. But extensions that allow a company to defer harvest—for as long as three years in some case—won't provide jobs, either.

That's why it seems to me that termination under provisions of my legislation is a better approach. My proposal allows timber companies to re-bid timber at more competitive rates, as long as the timber companies agree to harvest and process timber soon—putting people back to work immediately.

Congressman Les AuCoin has another proposal, and the governor's panel has its own recommendations. We must work together in Oregon to find the emergency solution that is best for the whole industry and the people who depend on it for jobs.

Drive no turkey

The Sandy Parent-Teacher Club wishes to thank everyone for their support during our second annual turkey drawing.

A special thank-you goes to Sandy SENTRY and Williams Thritway for donating the turkeys to our club.

The winners were William Klaus, Adam Dunway, Bobby Perry and Heidi Mortenson who sold the winning ticket to a neighbor.

Mary Marshall
P.T.C. president

LETTERS POLICY

The Post asks that all letters to the editor be typed, double-spaced and signed. Deadline is noon, Tuesday.

Personally speaking

Dreams of skiing have real meaning

Last week, after we got the newspaper out, I headed for the slopes. I was anxious to compare the slopes here with those I learned on in Colorado.

And, I discovered one major difference. In Colorado one may ski through large clumps of snow. Here, a clump of snow is actually a ball of ice, and if one attempts to ski through it he'll end up with a broken leg.

Anyway, the reason I'm boring you with my skiing experiences is that after desperately searching for a topic for a column, I ended up having a dream with a moral.

I arrived home from the slopes last week a little sore and very tired. I was asleep seconds after I got into bed.

The next thing I knew I had met a nice young lady, Kay, and being that we both had vacations coming, we decided to go to Steamboat Springs, Colo., to get some skiing in.

The next thing I knew we were riding the gondola up Mt. Werner, looking down on an advanced intermediate slope called "Heavenly Daze."

"I could never ski that," Kay said on the way up that first day. The thing was, she had skied before and was a pretty good natural athlete. I would ski with her on the beginners' slopes in the mornings, but then in the afternoons I would ski the more advanced trails by myself, including Heavenly Daze.

It was really a nice dream, except for one part. One night at dinner she asked me how much money I make as a newspaper reporter. I told her what my salary was, but then added, "But



by SCOTT NEWTON

I get docked \$1 a minute for each minute I'm late for deadline. So, it ends up costing me about \$50 a week to work there."

Well, to my knowledge nobody in this business gets docked for missing deadline, but for a little while I found myself breaking in to a cold sweat.

But soon enough I was back to dreaming about flying down those slopes, breaking virgin powder, ducking through trees and trying my luck on small jumps.

Kay's progress, however, was slower than I had expected. Although she had mastered the beginners' trails the first day, I wasn't able to convince her to ski the intermediate slopes until the third day of our six-day trip.

I wanted to begin the fifth day with a run down Heavenly Daze. It had snowed the night before, and I wanted to be one of the first ones down.

Heavenly Daze did look awesome from the gondola, but I knew Kay could ski it. But she wouldn't listen, and we had our first fight in that gondola, in front of four Texans.

So, I skied Heavenly Daze by myself, while she skied Buddy's Run.

We made up later, agreed not to fight anymore and skied together the entire last day.

Finally, our vacation was about over. We were getting ready to make our last run down the mountain. We drank a cup of coffee in the lodge to warm up and then put on our skis.

Kay started to head toward Buddy's Run.

"Wait," I said. "Let's go this way."

"I'm not going down Heavenly Daze," she said.

"I know," I answered. "Trust me." With that, I headed down an easy trail that wrapped around the lodge and under the gondola.

It was clear out, and the view from the top of Heavenly Daze is beautiful.

In a minute or two Kay came around the corner. "What slope are we..."

Let me tell you, that young lady was mad when she realized she was on Heavenly Daze.

But Kay wouldn't hear of it.

"You can either ski down or walk back up the 200 yards to the lodge in your ski boots," I said.

Well, she called me a lot of things that I can't put in a family newspaper. Then, she said, "I can't ski down this."

"We'll go slow," I said. She reluctantly agreed.

But by the time we were a quarter of the way down the mountain she was doing great. We took turns chasing each other, and had a really good time. It was like a scene out of a movie.

She was really proud of herself, too. She began telling complete strangers she'd just skied Heavenly Daze.

And then I woke up. There was no Kay, although I know exactly what she looks like. I drank my morning coffee by myself.

But anyway, the dream at least provided some material for my column. And I could expand on this theme for a long time.

You know, the need to push our friends. The people we don't push for exactly that reason, because they are our friends.

So, in three weeks maybe I'll write about jogging. The title could be: "Run a friend into a heart attack."

After that: "Drive a beginning weight lifter to a bad back."

The sky's the limit.

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