

Free job ads just a sinking liferaft?

King Louis, faced with a hungry mob, had Marie Antoinette direct them to free lunch at some unspecified bakery down the road. Oregon, however, has Vic Atiyeh to dodge its hungry mob with free want ads for jobs at some unspecified goldmine down the lane.

The modern approach seems just as deceitful as Marie's flippancy. There was little free cake then, just as there are precious few jobs now for Oregon's jobless.

Sad numbers bear this out.

Despite nagging unemployment—now at 11.7 percent, The Oregonian listed 40.6 percent fewer help-wanted ads in January than the preceding January. That's also 20.5 percent fewer than the previous month. More state unemployed seem to be fighting for fewer and fewer listed jobs. Some may get lucky, but the numbers now seem stacked against them.

Atiyeh's problem is not unique to Oregon. Unemployment across the bridge in Washington mirrors the picture here, and nationwide unemployment at 8.5 percent puts almost every community in the same boat.

The boat isn't sinking, but will require much patchwork on the part of many government and business sectors. So why does Oregon's governor figure free job-wanted ads to be a lifeboat?

Maybe the move is more like

pushing drowning rats off his ship and onto another person's raft. The governor pitched every newspaper in the state on the free jobs-wanted ads months ago. The Oregonian and Journal printed four pages of free ads for jobless persons to kick off their program this week. That's more than 2,000 persons desperate for work. The daily paper in Eugene, hit even harder than the Portland area, also launched free ads this week.

We wish them luck. But don't be surprised to find no easy answers and no free lunch. Lumber and wood products industry in Oregon has lost 11,800 workers since 1980, with 130 of the state's 210 mills closed or curtailed. Construction trades here lost 6,100 jobs in the last year. Another 4,700 persons in finance, insurance and real estate lost their jobs here last year. The only industries not down in staff the past two years were medical services and machinery (including computers).

So why give false hope to Oregon's many unemployed? Well, maybe it's smart politics to put all the problems on another guy's raft. After all, the governor has made the state's budget problem appear something of a legislative problem, with Atiyeh claiming to have done everything he can to bail out the state.

So now the problem of who's to care for all those unemployed people's been shifted, too.

Sharing water a neighborly act

It's refreshing as a drink of brook water to a dry traveler to hear Sandy suggest it might supply water from its Aldercreek facility to troubled water districts nearby.

Even if the distant image is a mirage that fades quickly, it offers hope to mountain area water users whose own small water districts face mounting problems.

Some systems have worried over bad water scares and system breakdowns. Then came receiver-

ship with the state babysitting the troubled little water systems. And now problems include cost and political hoops required to reorganize into strong service districts.

The city of Sandy may not be able to extend water to the troubled communities and, if so, might understandably charge top dollar for precious clear water sold in bulk form for redistribution.

But at least there's new hope and one more alternative.

Salem scene:

Marathon drags to close

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

"Boy, was it ever dull in Salem on the 32nd day of the Oregon Legislature's record-long special session," declared the late-night television host.

"How dull was it?" shouted his studio audience in response.

"It was so dull photographs of a golden retriever trapped on a Washington, D.C. window ledge replaced legislative news on the front pages of three of the state's most prestigious daily newspapers.

"It was so dull television newscasters began airing interviews with legislators—asking that they explain why the session was dragging on so long, rather than repeating the same reasons themselves.

It was so dull political columnists apologized for not being able to write about the excitement generated by a rush to adjournment.

"It was so dull that radio pundits switched from speculating about the special session and concentrated on telling their listeners what was likely to happen a year from now during the next regular session."

The audience wasn't laughing. With apologies to both Johnny Carson and anyone who hasn't seen or heard such an exchange on the tube, it is true. The dog bit, that is.

Front pages of the Portland Oregonian, Eugene Register-Guard and Salem Statesman-Journal all prominently displayed the same pooch-rescue picture—but nary a word about what was happening in Salem.

Inside pages were almost equally devoid of hard news from the Capital City.

The whole week wasn't dull, however. On Monday a coalition of dissident House members managed to push some bills to passage bearing their version of the way the state's ailing budget could be balanced.

But the next day and the next, the Senate did little more than look askance at the package. And House members not part of the coalition, cried foul at the dissidents for being so brash.

The free and open system had been violated by closed-door and behind-the-scenes arm-twisting, claimed those still loyal to principle. Although those statements provided reporters with



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

something to write about, they weren't all that exciting.

While dissidents known as the Mallory Group did come up with a budget-balancing plan of their own, how come they didn't make a try at running the House by committee? Shades of the Six-Pak. Probably because their committee was too large to get a consensus on revolution.

Where is the Ethics Commission? It could be investigating the reasons it's taking so long for the session to end. That Commission could live things up. But instead, it's picking on some Eastern Oregon county commissioner.

The Capitol Pres Corps in past sessions has stirred things up during periods of relative inactivity. How come some of them don't start checking to see if some of their number aren't too chummy with lobbyists, the governor's staff or members of the Assembly?

It's too chilly to play touch football on the Capitol lawn and a little early to start a softball league.

How about some investigative reporting? Several favorite watering holes for lawmakers have closed their doors. Where do those people now go at night?

Things really weren't that dull in Salem all week. A Southern Oregon senator's wife made significant news.

She sent her husband a letter, bringing him up to date on their family of five. Their children were grown, graduating from school, getting married and so on, she wrote. She was suffering a disease of the aged, her sight dimmed by cataracts.

(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.)



Letters to the editor:

Who'll plug 'leaks' in Brightwood?

White House leaks, Pentagon leaks, State Department leaks and now—it appears—we have the Hoodland leaks. A "foxy" neighbor has informed the multitudes of the long-sought-after Brightwood Dam.

While recently reviewing the plans of this largest earth-filled multipurpose creation, I observed there were no provisions for hydroelectric generation, wild life preservation (fish ladders) or waterborne recreation. It seems that the sole purpose is to provide a substantial backwater that will ultimately eliminate map curve. This must be a scheme of the Department of Transportation.

Groups already have been formed to protest this white elephant of dam construction. The groups, the NPGG*, the IGMA** and

the WGHY*** are challenging the project on the grounds that goal No. 1 of Senate Bill 100 (LCDC) has not been met. They are hoping more citizens groups like themselves will be formed to protect us from this severe disfigurement of the virgin landscape.

When the Brightwood Dam is completed, it certainly will resolve many of the questions in the local area, such as:

1. Who will be the first injured at the spotlight at Welches Road?
2. Will Rippling River become Welches City?
3. Why is the school buying Barlow Trail Inn as a recreation lounge for teachers?
4. How many Christmas tree permits will be sold in 1986?

These and any other serious questions of the day

may just be water over the dam. As I am privileged to review more detailed construction drawings of this humongous project, I will keep you advised.

Don Valley
Sic Semper Tyrannos
Rhododendron
* Neighbors to Protect
Gorillas and Goats
** I've Got Mine Association
*** We're Government and Here to Help You

Control guns

One year ago this month, the president of the United States nearly was killed with a "Saturday night special." Thank God, President Reagan survived.

But during this past year more than 20,000 other Americans were shot with handguns. They were not as fortunate as the president.

They died.

It's easy to blame the politicians in Congress, who should be doing something to stop America's handgun violence. But the Congress works for us. What have we done? What have you done?

The gun lobbyists are puny, compared to us. Polls show that nine in 10 Americans want tougher handgun laws. But the politicians hear from the gun zealots every day. It's time they heard from us.

Our goal is to find one million Americans who

care enough about handgun violence to stop it. If becoming one million strong isn't enough, we'll find 10 million more, until handgun laws are strengthened. If Congress won't chance the law, we'll change the Congress.

Every time a John Lennon or a Ronald Reagan is shot, America is called a sick society. A handful of kooks doesn't make us a sick society. What is sick is for the rest of us to let this handgun violence continue.

Pete Shields, chairman
Handgun Control, Inc.

The Post gratefully acknowledges essays and written opinions from readers to appear on this page—separate from the unbiased news reports on other pages of this newspaper. Your opinions generally will be printed as letters to the editor, while ours generally will appear as editorials. Occasionally, we are able to print guest editorials. We attempt to print all signed letters of good taste, legible form and reasonable length. Our deadline is noon on Tuesdays.

Personally speaking

Youths, 19, stalk 'cool' on the street

Things look different when you're 19 years old. Music sounds better, girls smile prettier and beers stolen on a spring day taste snappier—because newness adds its special color.

You needn't live a madcap life in a certain place like Sandy, Portland or New York City to notice this special fragrance in the air. Any 19-year-old can catch it.

I caught a whiff of it chasing pushers, polluters, and jazz sirens in the night as young reporter for a city magazine back in '66. It felt great to have my pulse on the city then.

Actually the magazine was a sort of youthful outburst on the part of three college know-it-alls, who figured there were many social wrongs to right and nobody in the establishment brave enough to look trouble in the face. Our believed bravery gave us a devil-may-care attitude about ourselves, who in this partnership grew immune to social convention.

Pollution hadn't come to Anytown, USA as a recognized problem yet, so we smugly invented the window test. (If you could run your finger across an outside sill and find funny dust, your town faced pollution.) Drugs belonged to bigger towns across our border, until we "crashed" with visiting rock bands to take silhouette photos of the back of locals lighting up. We also figured we coined the phrase "white ghetto" for the social dilemma of poor white trapped in housing projects. At least, we liked to believe so.

I remember this old renovated office building where we traded ad space in our renegade



by VON BRASCHLER

magazine for three rooms, last used for a "boiler room." We figured that, because telephone jacks were installed every three feet as though for high-pressure transactions.

We'd play mystery man all day long.

The girls in the elevator to the upstairs business college, of course, were best marks for the caper. The disguise lasted until one of us had to go upstairs to pick up some typewriters we'd traded more ad space in our brave but poor magazine to get "free."

One day Larry decided he'd had enough pop we'd learned to "buy" from a basement machine for a penny per armload and cigarettes he'd trade to hook us to the office.

"See that big grey coat in the corner?" he asked Terry and me. "It makes you look older."

We looked blank, but optimistic as a recruit waiting for a winning battle plan.

"I wore it Friday night downstairs to the Grey Donkey Tavern next door, and they sold

me beer to go. It's the coat. Makes you look older. Try it on."

It was a heavy grey wool tweed that smelled ratty as a raccoon too long on a hunt.

Terry grimaced, since he always became the designated hither—like the time we were locked out of our office and he crawled in the window over the door.

When he put on the wool coat, he certainly looked 40 pounds bigger—if not older. Soon he was actually inside the Grey Donkey, standing awkwardly at the bar by the door where the smoke was only intimidating.

"Yeah," he puffed out his chest which he talked into with chin downward. "Gimme three Millers in a bag."

"You want three bottles of Millers beer to go—in a sack?" the balding man quized, as he pulled a rag through his hands like a strange weapon.

"Right. Three in a bag. Now."

Later, when Larry and I helped him sip the champagne of beers upstairs at the magazine, he told us how cool he'd been and how easy it was when you stay cool.

Cool was what we wanted most. We stalked it on the streets. Finally we found it across the street from the Union Pacific station by the waterfront.

When the trains quieted down, you could catch some of the sweetest music this side of heaven. The swinging, sweet wailings of jazz filled the upper air above the din of chatter from the lingering train rumbles. It made our necks stiffen, when that New Orleans horn hit notes we'd never heard and the vibes man danced a blaze of glory across the keyboard.

This was living! We felt light-

headed—and not from the tap, the trap or the crap those soulmen were smoking in the booth in the corner in the dark between numbers.

They were military men whose jazz avocation had bought them spotlights in Paris jazz spots and "Downbeat Magazine," and they delighted in our loss of innocence at their hands.

"Come on out and talk to us between sets," the horn man said one night. We assumed in our brassiness they wanted magazine coverage in their new town. Outside things looked clearer, away from the intoxicating Turkish smoke and Creole food aromas.

"You boys wanna hear something special?" the horn man intoned with a rich resonance, not unlike his mellow sweet trumpet.

We looked blank. We liked everything they played—even their jazz arrangement of yuletide jingles. But we didn't know the titles, even though they said the names after each number. Truth is, the leader would explain the number with a couple syllables, as the quartet wound down the last bars. The only jazz fans who understood what he said were the ones who already knew the score.

Still, I wanted to appear cool. "Well, I really like that—uh—Satin number. You know, 'Satin Lady.'"

The jazzmen howled in the mellow spring night air. Their voices ran down the block and filled the now still train station.

"You mean 'Satin Doll'?" the drummer teased. "Sure, we'll give you a 'Satin Doll.'"

Later we nearly fell off our stools. It's hard to be cool when you're only 19—and harder to keep cool, once you find it.