

# Editorial & Opinion

## Chamber support critical

Recent scare over financial solvency of Sandy Chamber of Commerce shouldn't be overplayed, nor should it be ignored.

Fact is, the local Chamber is low on operating funds to limp by month to month. Personal contributions and sacrifice by a few boosters have kept the Chamber solvent.

The underlying fact, however, is that the Chamber lacks a broad base of support in dues-paid members. It needs more paid members in 1983 to continue.

With limited success, a stalwart board of directors this year have tried to keep the Chamber afloat with everything from a festival food booth to current "I Caught It in Sandy...the Pioneer Spirit" booster buttons.

Not everyone can support the Chamber as a member of the business community, yet the entire community benefits from Chamber activities. A \$1 contribution for a nice red button seems a fitting way, therefore, to show support for the Chamber.

The Chamber, after all, is a booster for the town and its betterment. The Chamber speaks for new jobs, a nicer shopping district, political discussion and a better living environment here. In ways no government body nor individual can do, the Chamber speaks for Sandy.

Shortsighted detractors, if any, might rap the Chamber unfairly as a "knife and fork club" that fosters lively forums and programs only. They might claim unjustly that Sandy Area Merchants retailers split from the Chamber, because the Chamber was not active enough. But the truth is that



SAM retailers never really split, and the Chamber never simply sat.

Anyone who thinks the Chamber can do more for Sandy than its present awesome workload should join the work party, not merely sit complaining on the sidelines. The way to start is pay your dues, speak your mind and get involved.

Almost anywhere you'd care to build a model city to stimulate growth or protect your way of life, you'd start by establishing some sort of chamber of commerce. With no track record and no groundwork, community boosters blindly would join and begin work.

Sandy already is blessed with a fine solid chamber that others have worked to build to boost this community. All it needs to complete its many missions are boosters who will support it and fill its ranks.

Business leaders who give a hoot about Sandy and its future know what we mean. Community boosters who see what's at stake make welcome recruits for Chamber involvement. Neighbors who still don't see the light may need a little neighborly guidance, starting with a cordial invitation to attend the next Tuesday noon meeting at Tollgate to consider merits of membership. (VB)

## Key city marketing needed now

Sandy's Economic Development Commission needs somebody to pick up the ball and complete the pass the city's been trying to make at new industry.

The city-appointed volunteer group has worked with Port of Portland and county marketing experts in a three-year study to improve the city's ability to market itself to employers who might locate here.

Now that the groundwork's finally done, it's silly to drop the ball. The next step is the big step everyone who's planned and dreamed about economic development has worked toward with anticipation. The next step is the actual marketing or direct contact sales effort to sell employers attractive to Sandy on Sandy's reciprocal attractiveness.

Worry not that Sandy boosters who developed the city profile brochure and studied the possibilities would bring unwanted smokestakes or sweatshops here. No. They've weighed carefully what the community wants (small, non-pollutant, modern technology plants that

pay good wages) and examined what the city needs (a broader tax base to sustain carefully planned growth without heavy burden to homeowners).

Don't worry, either, that they're unrealistic or unprepared. These team players did their field work in listing what resources Sandy offers and what problems it might pose to new employers. They also joined forces with Estacada and Molalla in a team-sell marketing effort to promote economic development in east Clackamas County with county support.

The city planner soon will call local forces to rally in support of the Sandy marketing plan. Let's hope the players are as eager for the game, now the pads are on and the field lit for kickoff.

With what's at stake, it seems only fair and practical that business leaders here lead the way. Personal presentations in letters, phone calls and face-to-face meetings with potential Sandy employers should be made by business leaders who understand the game plan and can execute the plays. (VB)



## Reader asks:

# Was ballot listing prejudiced?

### Equal billing?

On the front page of The Oregonian there was a column headlined "How Oregon Voted." It showed that Measure 3 had a total vote of 989,276, Measure 4 had a total vote of 1,015,923 and Measure 6 had 999,654 votes. These three measures had the most publicity, so it strikes me as curious that Measure 4 had a total vote of 26,647 more than Measure 3 and 16,269 more than Measure 6. Also why was Measure 3 the only one of the right side of the ballot. Was this by design or by accident? It seems that a lot of people missed Measure 3, thinking they were voting on Measure 2. I almost did this myself and my neighbor did it and had to get a new ballot. This kind of thing just heightens my distrust of politicians.

Leslie L. Powell  
Sandy

### Limit spending

Now that Measure 3 has been turned down by the taxpayers, will the head of the Hoodland Fire Department ask for another "necessary" item to the budget, like a totally unnecessary and expensive sedan for his assistant?

Come now, this is not downtown Portland.  
G. Domke  
Brightwood

### Many helped

My wife and I want to express our sincere thanks to the voters for my election as one of your county commissioners. I assure you I will do my best to prove that the majority made a wise decision in voting for me.

I also want to thank publicly the several hundred volunteers who assisted in my campaign. Many persons I have not previously met called and wanted lawn signs or

### Work ahead

Each person's help was precious to us. Of course, in any successful endeavor there are key people. My wife Estle stands out above all others in this category. Probably more of you became acquainted with me through her than by any other means. She obtained more than 1,000 lawn sign locations, mostly through the use of good old shoe leather. Other key people worked many nights, making and installing signs. We especially thank those who worked on short notice, addressing envelopes, labeling brochures and phoning, and door to door.

Clackamas County has a population of nearly 250,000 and an area larger than some states. So there was no way we could reach everyone personally or by telephone or mail. One personalized letter with addressing and first class postage to each of the ap-

proximate, 140,000 voters, would cost about \$35,000—far more than our total campaign budget.

To my worthy opponent, Bev Henderson, I wish to state publicly that she certainly was a hard working candidate. Maybe she is the real winner in that she now can go into other endeavors including some truly pleasurable time traveling with her husband Jim who recently retired. I wish them well.

Dale Harlan  
Milwaukie

### 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.

## Personally speaking:

# Sandy River's deep hum hypnotic

It started as a song. He remembered dangling one foot in the Sandy River his first summer on the mountain. It was a time of unspoken joy, but he remembered the harmony. He remembered the melody.

Compared to the city noise he'd left below, the music flooding his head almost was deafening. And he'd liked the music well enough to hum along and search for others to join in.

Lee threw another log in the Earthstove and shuddered at his early naivete. Outside the wind blew cold through the fir and pine that leaned intimidatingly over his wood green house, warm on the inside. Still, he knew the river carried the same tune in its hypnotic rhythm, although it gushed greedily now with winter cresting. Lee tossed a single match onto the tangle of log, twigs and papers and blew new life into the stove. Soon the room glowed bright, and his eyes danced in their reflection of trapped light and energy.

Item: "Roommate(s) wanted to share too-large newer rustic contemporary home on river. Share heat." The clipping was burned in his memory like the fiery voice of his basketball coach-turned typing instructor who repeated like a play drill: "Don't look at those keys, don't look! I'll wrap your wrists with a ruler to remind you! Mistakes now double later...."



by VON BRASCHLER

just married, who loaded their van the guy used to wow her in back with quadraphonic sound, but later filled with baby crib things to unload in Lee's living room. Oh joy—a boy! But it wasn't bad, weighed against the guy's morning egg tortillas and weekend football banter before Lee's tube. Also, Lee noticed like a step-brother how the young mother still filled out her designer jeans from high school pretty well and swayed at the top when the dryer was running her things and the baby screamed for her hurried scurry across the room, barefoot.

That was before Lee learned about the Las Vegas connection, or was it from California that all that stuff was brought in? You had to wonder about those reality

parties where they all pared off and the Vegas couple came home to Lee's rustic contemporary with a sack of grass and piece-meal scary stories. They wanted out, wanted to fly as fast as that van would take them to Vegas, if only to escape the seedy crooks they feared wrote their paychecks or didn't. They ran, seeing eyes staring back from every window. Lee thought they took the paranoia with them.

Then She came onboard, hiding in his woods from a forget-proof marriage and looking to find a new self here in the shadow of Mt. Hood, smiling fresh and powerful with eternal snow on its boyish cap. Oh, sweet spring! Or so they both thought, She and Lee who thought he'd help her out.

Suddenly, the drug-peddlers, arson-bombers and thugs were gone. Taking their places were woodland elves, Cherryville satanists who stared down from the sun-roof and a mysterious saintly woman spirit guide by the river's edge. Lee walked the river with her to check this out. Well, it did seem eerie if you thought about it, but She couldn't find the power spot rock so red that beckoned. And he couldn't find the elves that beckoned from hiding spots across the stream, as the neighbor boys lead her to believe. Still, when he sat with them in the woods one dusk, drawn by the spirit, the twigs did seem to snap behind them and a presence was felt in front watching, with the message silently communicated and later con-

firmed by all: "Look to the trees overhead and how it's our way to allow bugs to nibble the leaves for light to filter down for ground-level growth. Our way seems cruel, but it has a circular pattern of life-death-life, frightening until you ask. Ask us anytime. We understand all this stuff, and just do our simple job summer-fall-winter-spring...."

Fulfilled and whole at last, She left him to dwell in the city. Occasionally, She phoned to send her love and bits of confidence about the Plan, the Flow and all that stuff.

And in the quiet of his rustic mountain contemporary Lee saw faces long after the others turned their heads to leave. There was no escaping it all for him. In the stillness of his bed he watched himself slip into sleep and wondered where the dreams took him and wondered as he dozed who watched him paternally and selfishly from the foot of his bed.

He stuffed another presto log from Ted's store that forgave his earlier attempts to dismember trees he hardly knew and rustle driftwood from his beloved river.

As he stoked the Earthstove, the river hummed him a song. He could feel the river's pull and feel how it went, but he could not sing along. Still, he did not know the words.

(EDIT. NOTE: Any real-life similarity to characters or events in the above fictionalized account is purely coincidental.)

