

Man seeks soapbox for kids

Barry Fretz of Sandy has jumped on a soapbox for kids here, and his point is well taken. There are so many more things the Sandy community could do to make youth feel good about living and playing here.

Well, Fretz' soapbox for youth turns out to be soapbox racers. He'd like to put Sandy on the map and put kids to work with the fun of creating motorless wooden cars.

It's a much bigger ambition than you might think at first, and Fretz needs all the help he can get. He'll need an event sponsor, inspectors, committee people, safety directors, judges, race directors and an assistant director. In all, 35 dependable adults who care a lot about kids are needed to pull this off. Fretz wants to draw volunteers from the mountain and Boring, too.

Time is working against him, with local trials tentatively set July 2 for final races here July 4 during Sandy Mountain Festival. See, it takes a boy or girl 10 through 15 years of age about six months to build a soapbox racer. All materials in the junior division, 10-12 years of age, must be purchased from the national derby committee.

The pay-off could be big for the kids and the whole community, however. Winners from a Sandy derby automatically would qualify for an expense-paid trip to

Akron, Ohio, for national competition. Parents would be flown at derby expense, too, for nationals six days the first weekend in August.

A local derby would bring as much recognition to Sandy, as to the lucky two winners who would represent this community in Akron. You see, no community in the greater Portland area now hosts a soapbox derby. In fact, the closest races are held in Medford and Salem. Last year Medford saw a representative place fourth at nationals, while a Salem girl placed sixth in Akron.

So Fretz is optimistic. With 31 local civic groups from which to draw support, his hopes should be fulfilled. Already, Sandy Optimists, youth-oriented booster club, is considering acting as race sponsor. That carries a price tag of \$575 to cover liability insurance, among other things.

Fretz already has sent forms to prospective kids to compete in junior and senior division races here. Next he'll look at race location—probably a side street at the north end of town. Then, too, he wants to organize clinics soon as possible to help kids get started building cars.

So far he claims "overwhelming support" for his concept. Now he needs dedicated volunteers to help make the dream come true for Sandy. (VB)

A SHORT HISTORY OF SOVIET LEADERS...



Letters to the editor:

Candidates offer last words

Community yule spruce-up timely

Really, it isn't too soon for Sandy businesses to start thinking about decorating for Christmas—considering how long it could take this year.

See, Sandy has no community lights, and Sandy Area Merchant's yuletide windchimes last year blew down off their posts. (Apologies to "Sheriff SAM," but those small, clear plastic mobiles hardly were noticed, anyway.)

Consequently, Sandy Chamber of Commerce and their SAM retail committee advocate the use of natural garland, wreaths, pine cones and other rustic greens to dress up storefronts this season.

Besides complementing Sandy's pioneer rustic theme, the Christmas greenery in all businesses would develop a nice uniform look to Christmas here.

Sandy Garden Club and area commercial suppliers are cooperating with interested businesses to supply Christmas greenery at wholesale prices.

It would be nice to see businesses up and down the road take them up on their offer. The whole community spruce-up might catch on faster, if some group were to sponsor trophies or prizes for best-decorated businesses, too. (VB)

Salem scene:

Hate elections? You run!

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

If you are among the sizeable percentage of Oregonians unhappy with results of this month's election, why don't you consider taking matters into your own hands next time around?

Considering the small margins by which some victories were achieved, there are bound to be quite a number of voters who wish some races had turned out differently. It's doubtful a number of disgruntled constituents understand how really easy it is to run for office in our state.

If the idea intrigues you, contact the secretary of state's office in the capitol building in Salem to obtain a copy of the "Candidates and Political Parties Manual." Even if you decide against running the future, this booklet provides interesting insight and some fascinating revelations.

For starters, you only have to 18 years old to occupy a surprising number of public offices—beginning with most county and statewide offices, excluding governor, U.S. senator and county sheriff.

A couple of other exceptions to this minimum age requirement are district court judge and county auditor. There are no age requirements for those offices. Age isn't specified as a qualification for precinct committee person either. However, candidates must be qualified electors, and that mandates the minimum voting age of 18.

This shouldn't be construed as age discrimination in favor of young people. Only a few offices have a lid on age—notably judges of Supreme Court, Court of Appeals and tax and Circuit Courts. Once those folks reach age 75, they must vacate those offices. So in most cases, age requirements treat young and old alike.

Offices with older-than-18 requirements are senator, 30; U.S. representative, 25; governor, 30; state senator, 21; state



representative, 21 and sheriff, 21.

Those ages must be achieved by the time the person elected assumes office, normally and technically on Jan. 1 of odd-numbered years. However, candidates may file for office 250 days prior to primary elections conducted in May of even-numbered years, and that date occurs about mid-September of odd-numbered years.

Consequently a 16-year old could file for any one of many public offices next September, providing he or she attained his or her 18th birthday by Dec. 31, 1984 and assumed office Jan. 1, 1985.

This doesn't necessarily hold true for all offices open to 18-year-olds. For instance, the law requires that most judges be admitted to the practice of law. That requires a certain amount of schooling, normally beyond those required for completing most college degrees.

This appears to make sense, because everyone knows judges spend most of their working hours contending with lawyers and they should have been one themselves just to understand the language.

Again there is a notable exception. That is the office of attorney general of the state of Oregon.

Created by statute before the state regulated eligibility for the practice of law, the office of attorney general still may be occupied by a person who satisfies the other requirements and is elected by a majority—regardless of whether he or she is an attorney.

This is an interesting situation when one considers the attorney general serves as legal counsel for the State of Oregon.

Show game

I would like to thank all who worked so hard on my campaign for U.S. Congress and those who voted for me.

No candidate can run successfully in an area the size of Oregon's Second Congressional District without a tremendous amount of help and encouragement from many people. I want you to know how much I appreciate your support.

With so many important issues at stake, it is particularly disappointing to lose. However, we came a long way in a hurry, going from virtually zero name recognition to 45 percent of the vote in only nine months. Al Ullman was defeated once before he was successful, and Rep. Jim Weaver ran three times before winning. Far from being discouraged, I am encouraged to run again for U.S. Congress in 1984.

As your Democratic national committeewoman, I will continue to represent

you. I'll be fighting against the Inland Waterway User taxes and working toward refinancing WPPSS bonds. I'll also be pushing for legislation designed to stimulate the home housing industry, such as the Home Mortgage Buy-Down bill and relaxed restrictions on the use of private pension funds for home mortgages.

I welcome any thoughts or comments you would like to offer. Please write: Larryann Willis, Rt. 2, Box 2574, Vale, Ore. 97918.
Larryann Willis
Vale

Signs removed?

Thank you for all the help and support given me during the campaign. It was a tremendous effort and a good showing.

I've tried to collect all of the signs around the district, but may have missed some. If you know of any signs needing to be picked up, please call 266-2120.

Mark P. Pihl
Canby

Thank you

Linda and I want to express our appreciation to everyone who supported me in my bid for county surveyor. I look forward to serving the people of Clackamas County.

Tom and Linda Milne
Oregon City

Retest likely

My sincere thanks to the

thousands of you who voted for me in the election and to those who worked on my behalf during the campaign for Clackamas County commissioner.

The telephone has been ringing off the hood with calls from people urging me to continue in public service. I want everyone to be assured that my options are open, and I plan to stay active.

Thank you all for your

hard work and support, and I look forward to working with you again.

Bev Henderson
Lake Grove

Measure 6 eyed

Reflections on Ballot Measure 6:

Liberty they cry, when what they seek is license (paraphrasing Milton).

Don Wilson
Sandy

Editorial page policy:

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:

Shopping not always bundle of fun

There's something about shopping that bothers me.

It's hard to pinpoint, but with the onslaught of daily reminders—"Just 37, 16, 2 shopping days 'til Christmas"—kicking off the day after Thanksgiving, I think more and more about the business of picking and choosing and buying.

And wonder why the simple act of picking and choosing and buying enjoys the mental block it does in my brain.

It's not the expense incurred by going to the store to pick out a cut of fish for dinner or a pair of slacks for work. If you want to eat and not go around naked, it's going to cost you.

It may be that I'm poor at shopping.

Shoes, no matter how much I poke and pull at them and watch them on my feet in the mirror at the store, inevitably pinch my toes when I get home.

If my toes aren't pinched, my feet flop about until the heels of my socks are just a memory and I have to begin the whole shopping scenario again—this time for socks.

Socks, like groceries, are easy to buy. They're either navy blue, brown or white. That's the socks, not the groceries—until they sit



by DAN DILLON

around my kitchen for awhile, that is.

Grocery shopping is easy. Because my culinary capabilities are limited, it's just matter of picking out whichever TV dinner or flavor of pizza I haven't had in awhile.

There isn't the worry about whether I look better in beige or burgundy.

There are little tricks I should have picked up, I guess, learning

to shop.

Sticking my finger behind my heel to make sure the shoe won't do a search-and-destroy on my socks, being able to make a decision, and knowing what's on sale where come to mind.

But applying those tricks subconsciously carts a cargo of responsibility aboard the brain when you prepare to shop. It must be the listing of that load that causes me purchasing problems with clothes.

Maybe it's the responsibility of trying to be frugal while I try to juggle household finances. Do I really need to update my wardrobe or can I get another three years out of those corduroys while I pay off the car?

I don't remember when I began wearing corduroys.

Grade school salt-and-peppers evolved to those I wear today. If my legs weren't longer, I'd probably still be wearing those salt-and-peppers.

There have been sidetrips into the plaids and stripes of the Mods, but always I returned to corduroys. I don't see corduroys around so much now as designer jeans and chinos.

Maybe shopping represents

change and turnover, so I resist it.

I've always been a sucker for the Pack Rat Mentality.

I still read magazines I bought in 1975 when there are perfectly good new ones on the racks today. Oh, I buy the occasional People or Newsweek—we should keep up on Prince Andrew and Koo Stark's carryings-on, shouldn't we—but they end up stoking the fireplace and I return to "The 25 Most Intriguing People of 1977" for light reading.

Maybe the crowds keep me from enjoying shopping.

Despite the fact that tomorrow is Thanksgiving, there will be turkeys that escape and 90 percent of them will spend the next day heading straight for America's shopping malls where they'll all reach for the same item I've been studying for months at the precise instant I decide to buy it. It becomes a bit much.

Shopping, I guess, is an acquired taste. Like soccer, avant garde jazz bebop records and asparagus, you have to learn to like it.

Until I do, I guess I'll make do with my corduroys and my shirts with staples where buttons used to be.