

Editorial & Opinion

SANDY, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1982

New times need new approaches

The threshold of a new year is a good time to pause for a moment, take stock and make palatable resolutions that will improve our performances and reflect the lessons learned during the preceding 12 months.

For those in the business of sharing information it is a time to reflect not only on the news of the day, but on the audience who receives and uses the information, and our approach getting the information out.

Shifts are occurring in media users. A pioneer in the study of reader attitudes, Ruth Clark, cites three. The baby boom has grown up; our population is aging. There is a move away from America's classic optimism about the economic outlook. There is a shifting of the "new values" launched during the 1960s as people decided what they like and don't like.

Those shifts then require a shift in the attitudes of the press.

At The Sandy Post, we want to reflect the lifestyles and the geographic parameters of the area we serve. With a smaller space for news, what we print is

more important with each issue. With a limited news staff where we spend our time getting stories is important because what we present should be a reflection of our readers' desires and needs.

If a community newspaper is to be the eyes and ears of the community it serves, from time to time it needs help shucking the blinders; it needs help seeing the people for the stories.

That's where our readers come in. Throughout the new year, we want to hear from you about special events, people and accomplishments in your neighborhoods, at work and at play. With your help, the Post can reflect the lifestyles enjoyed by our readership.

With limited space, there will be times when some events may not get the coverage they may deserve, but we will strive tenaciously to make them known to our readers — your neighbors and co-workers.

With that as our resolution, let us wish our readers — our neighbors and friends — a happy new year. (DD)

Hi there!
I'm 1983!!



I think we're
in BIG
trouble...



Ask the superintendent:

Fire damages assessed

by JOHN D. PETERS
Sandy High Superintendent

QUESTION: "Will you replace the district office with a new facility as a result of the fire last week?"

ANSWER: The Board of Directors of the Sandy Union High School District will be making that decision shortly. Permanent office space will be found for the superintendent and his immediate staff of four.

Meanwhile, temporary office space is being rented from Pioneer Realty in upstairs quarters at 38720 Proctor Blvd., intersection of Proctor and Scales Avenue. Office hours have been set from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Mail for the District Office will continue to be received at Sandy Union High School, 17100 Bluff Road, Sandy, OR 97055. The district office telephone number is 668-7134.

QUESTION: "Did you lose many records?"

No. Fortunately, most of the necessary records were either in fire-proof storage



cabinets or stored in our Clackamas County ESU computer system. No irretrievable fiscal records and no personnel records were lost to the fire.

Damage to the structure of the building, loss of equipment including a computer and a printer, destruction of storage cabinets, and loss of all office furniture and supplies are completely covered by insurance.

Salem scene:

Chip off the old block

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Folks in Eastern Oregon take their politics seriously.

And the appointment of a Burns dairyman to represent State Senate District 30 was about as serious a development as any leading up to the beginning of the 1983 regular biennial session of the state Legislature.

At least it was for some 87,696 residents of the district's seven counties: Baker, Crook, Grant, Harney, Lake, Malheur and Morrow.

Sworn into office by Gov. Vic Atiyeh Dec. 20, Eugene L. Timms, 50, was appointed to serve the remaining two years of the Senate term vacated by former Sen. Bob Smith, who was elected as Oregon's 2nd District U.S. Congressman in November.

And while most of the Western Oregon news media were absorbed with the state Senate majority's inability to select a presiding officer, choosing Smith's successor has been the big news in most of the area east of the mountains.

Selected first as one of five candidates named by Republican Central Committees from the counties involved, Timms' ultimate appointment was made by 21 members of the seven County Courts. For the benefit of Western Oregonians, those counties are ruled by commissions of three individuals—a county judge and two commissioners. Except for Lake County, which has a chairman and two commissioners.

County judges have probate and juvenile court responsibilities in addition to chairing their three-member commissions.

One of Timms' initial reactions to his appointment was the observation that he won't upset Senate demographics. Indeed, he is a man replacing another male. He's a member of the Republican minority (a requirement, since Smith was also). And he's 50 years old, so that won't upset the overall average age of Senate member-



ship. This is not always the case with legislative appointments. Back in 1978 when Atiyeh was elected to his first term, a considerably younger Mike Ragsdale was elevated to the Senate from the House. And Mary Alice Ford was appointed to Ragsdale's House seat, elevating the number of women in the lower chamber from unlucky 13 to 14.

Coincidentally perhaps, Timms appears cut from the same cloth as his predecessor. Smith is a cattleman, more interested in beef than dairy products. But the similarity is obvious.

Both are natives of Burns and only a year apart in age. Both were educated in Burns schools and graduated from Willamette University—virtually schoolmates during their education process.

Both were also active in Jaycees as young men and both are former Junior First Citizens of their hometown.

They are both married and at that point the parallel begins to deviate. Smith had three offspring; Timms, two.

Nonetheless, the similarities are striking and obviously not lost on those who picked Timms to follow Smith. But what Timms' appointment does do is provide an opportunity to focus on the vastness of the district he will represent.

Help appreciated

Dear Friends of Brightwood and the surrounding Foodland area,

My deepest appreciation to all of you for the support and love you have shown my family following the death of my husband, Steve. Your contributions from the benefit dance and the jars at the stores helped so much and words cannot express my appreciation to everyone involved.

I love you all and may God bless each and everyone of you.

Marilyn, Heather and Allison Giuntini
Brightwood

'Open your eyes'

As a resident of the city of Sandy, I subscribe to The Sandy Post which I read every Thursday evening after work. In the past few weeks I have become very upset with the Post.

For example, in last week's issue (Dec. 23, 1982) I read where 150 families were receiving Christmas baskets from the Sandy Kiwanis. This is a very wonderful gesture on the part of the Kiwanis and all the people who donated

time, money and food. I believe they deserve more recognition for their actions than The Sandy Post gave them (picture and subtitle).

Also there is a lot of other interesting things happening in the Sandy area than is in your paper, but the reporters and staff of The Sandy Post would rather have the public read about Mr. Von Braschler's first Christmas with his new bride.

In my opinion the Sandy area has a lot of fine people and a lot of things that could be brought to the attention of the public that hasn't been.

For your information Sandy has its own "Peacock Lane." Approximately 15 homes on Barker Court, Gary Street and Reed Circle were really decked out with Christmas lights. This is just another thing that could have been brought to your readers.

I feel The Sandy Post had better open its eyes and ears to get better reporting and news of the events and happenings in the Sandy area.

Gene Kelley
18100 Reed Circle
Sandy

Christmas magic

Another Christmas is over. It has been pleasant with its lingering memories of the laughter of grandchildren and those recollections of days long past when our own children awaited the arrival of Santa Claus with shining eyes.

The hour is late, and the packages are being bundled into the car as the sleepy

children are carried out into the dark night. There is the sound of a car disappearing down the dark street.

The cheery fire in the hearth has dwindled away to coals, while I sit wearily by the fireside. The house is empty but it still rings with the imagined laughter of departing guests.

I bank the coals in the hearth for a long night,

while I put away those happy memories until another yuletide season.

I ask only that I will be granted a few more years to grasp the magic moment when loved ones gather about the hearth to celebrate the birth of our Savior.

Edith Brown
521 NE 117
Portland



Personally speaking

Search continues for 'green light'

Tomorrow evening a healthy chunk of the population is going to kiss another eventful affair goodbye, wearing the same silly grin they've used to bid affairs adieu before. As always, they'll drink to forget that wonderful something they're leaving behind or to celebrate its passing.

Saturday morning they'll wake up with the new stranger, mumble a quick 'hello' and head for the medicine cabinet to find the seltzer, ready to start the whole affair business over again.

Like any relationship, the new affair will be fueled between this weekend's hasty 'Hello, who are you?' and the goodbye look a year hence, with the same kinds of moments that wind up better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick, if there's any luck at all.

That's the way it is with affairs. It takes luck.

Before we toss out this year's model with the dried up Christmas tree, I'd like to spend a couple minutes with the old gal reminiscing before I wake up with morning breath, staring in the face of 1983.

During her stay we saw the followers of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh move into central Oregon.



by DAN DILLON

Longtime residents of Antelope just saw red.

Doug Baker asked himself a question of loyalty and answered by not taking his act next door when the Oregon Journal stopped ticking.

Living better through lottery tickets became 20 minutes closer for Oregonians in this neck of the state with the Glenn Jackson

Bridge providing easier access to Washington.

The Falkland Islands clash, the phenomenal success of E.T. and the pro football strike were big happenings in 1982 and all had impacts beyond the actual event.

If it hadn't been for the feisty Argentinians' attempted takeover of a slew of islands full of sheep and the subsequent rebuff by the battling Brits, we'd never heard the good news that Prince Charles' younger brother, randy Andy, found a girlfriend to help him recuperate from his heli-heroics. Koo Stark may have set Anglophiles' tongues wagging in 37 languages but at least it shifted British attention away from other calamities in the rest of the royal family.

Can you imagine a young couple like Chuck and Di actually having squabbles about the in-laws?

E.T. confirmed suspicions. In times of economic duress, light-hearted escapism and fantasy works, unless the fantasy is Reaganomics. Then it just looks for a job.

Husbands everywhere saw the leaves change colors, cleaned out the drains or introduced themselves to their families

while Sunday's gridiron gladiators turned pigskin profiteers and pulled their best blitzes and stunts around a bargaining table. This will be remembered by some as the season the delay of game didn't last long enough.

In Chicago, one nut got sick and poisoned the pain-killers. But in Salt Lake City, man continued forward with new ways to heal himself as Barney Clark fought to get well with a bionic heart. And in Poland, Lech Walesa went home for Christmas.

If it didn't make a perfect partner, 1982 didn't leave too big a ring around the tub. For next year, we know just that it will be here.

Maybe it's just the old Gatsby hope, believing in "the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... And one fine morning—"

One fine morning, this Saturday probably, we'll roll over with the rest of humanity, stare 1983 in the face and mumble, "Hello, who are you? I've been expecting you."