

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor

Lottery losses expose problems

Concern should be focused on sagging Oregon lottery ticket sales and high expenses which have produced \$335,000 in losses for the state-run gambling organization that was intended to instead help finance economic revitalization in Oregon.

The losses — \$270,000 in July and \$55,000 in August — were announced last week by Lottery Director Bob Smith.

While we are bothered by the losses, we are even more concerned by the reasons offered as to why the red ink occurred and how it will be overcome.

Smith said his agency miscalculated consumer interest in lottery tickets for Game Two "The Sky's the Limit." Instead of selling a projected 30 million tickets in 10 weeks, the state sold only 25 million in 11 weeks.

Meanwhile as projected income was down, expenses — most notably advertising and promotion costs — were up. In the case of advertising, expenses were up \$230,000 from an original budget of \$420,000 for July and August.

Another lottery official, Comptroller Steve Caputo, says the lottery agency's run of bad luck should teach the state it has to make better plans for future lottery games. Amen.

Planning and effective expense control, however, is something the state agency should have given due consideration to months ago. And considering that there are numerous other states which have successfully run lottery contests for years, the Oregon Lottery agency should have no lack of examples from which to effectively plan.

Now three months into its fiscal year, the lottery commission, as one official said, "is in a little bit of a hole to dig ourselves out of." We agree. And point that \$335,000 is more than a little bit of a hole. But we don't agree with Lottery Director Smith who calmly says "We're not in any trouble in any way, shape or form." Losses of such order indicate something is wrong and needs to be fixed.

Meanwhile, Smith is pinning his optimism on ticket sales of the third lottery game — "7-11-21."

Such optimism may be unwarranted and not good business. State officials should carefully evaluate whether consumers have realized the lottery is not that good of a personal bet. If that's true, lottery ticket sales may continue to fall below expectations, making July and August's losses only handwriting on the wall that is especially worth noting before casually washing it away as a one-time mistake.

Personally speaking

Grandparents were partly right

by SARA FORK

To be Irish is something special. To be half Irish is only half as special but twice as much fun.

Everything you've ever heard about the Irish is true. They're crazy. They're saints and sinners all in the same breath. They make the best grandparents in the world.

Grandpa was short, red-headed and feisty as the devil himself. Grandma was tall, stern and humorless as the angels. They made a very odd couple indeed.

Grandpa told wonderful stories that were exaggerated with every breath and I believed everything he said. Grandma, on the other hand, thought bluntness was next to godliness. Up until I was 13, I believed every word she said, too.

I spend a lot of summers with my Grandparents, playing havoc with their calm and placid retirement years. On this summer I was 13 and had decided that I was ugly. Grandma agreed, only she thought she had the cure. Grandma definitely was not one to let you sit around feeling sorry for yourself.

If you were ugly, do something about it, for heavens sake!

Grandma said that buttermilk would cure freckles and that vinegar would take that awful red out of my hair, and if I put a clothes pin on my two front teeth I might get rid of that big gap between them. Glory be, I had the cure. I could go back to school looking beautiful, and wouldn't all the girls envy me then?

Grandma said they might even consent to play with me if I left my frogs at home. That seemed a bit much, but I was willing to try.

For 60 days and 60 nights I piled thick clobs of buttermilk on my face. I wore it to help Grandma in the garden, I wore it when we milked the cow (who, by the way, quit giving milk when she saw what I had done with it, poor dear), and I wore it every night with one of Grandma's pillowcases over my face.

Every morning for 60 days I doused my hair with Grandma's pickling vinegar, pinned the clothes pin on my teeth, added more buttermilk and set

off on my appointed rounds. I was going to be beautiful come hell or high water!

It was a long, hot summer that year. What did I care. I was going to end it with smooth, creamy skin, silky blond hair, and beautiful white, even teeth. All the boys were going to adore me, all the girls were going to envy me. I was going to be beautiful.

Grandpa thought this was a lot of female foolishness. He said I was beautiful just the way I was and Grandpa never lied to me.

He said that frogs made great pets and no matter what Grandma said, they do not give you warts. Grandma was right. Frogs do make great pets and I never had a wart in my life.

Grandpa, bless his heart, indulged my strange behavior with much muttering and head shaking and wonderful patience. Tactfully, he found me something else for me to do while he was milking his cow. He took over feeding the geese when they started flapping around in hysteria every time I came near them, and he never once suggested I moved into the barn. If I wanted to wear a clothes pin on my teeth and stink to high heaven, then, by George, I was going to do it.

By George, I did it. I got a callous on my upper lip from the clothes pin. Grandma did insist I take it off at the dinner table. No granddaughter of hers was going to come to dinner with a clothes pin on her teeth. Alas, my hair got dry and my scalp started to flake, and my face was looking like Grandma's pickled cauliflower. Things were getting downright desperate. I certainly wasn't beautiful and now I had a callous. If something didn't happen soon...

Well, the summer ended, as all summers do. I went back to school looking like a female Huck Finn, not Grace Kelly. The girls didn't envy me and the boys didn't adore me, and Grandma wasn't to be trusted quite as much.

Until now. Grandpa and Grandma were Irish and they were crazy and they were right. Frogs don't give you warts and I don't have red hair and freckles anymore.



Commentary

Mom follows in her son's footsteps

Life plays some funny tricks. Most kids grow up following the footsteps of their parents.

But, not me. I have a mom who follows in mine. Let me explain:

When I graduated from high school, I decided to continue my studies in journalism at Mt. Hood Community College. After a couple of years I transferred to Oregon State University.

Well, while I am slaving away on the newspaper at OSU my mother enrolls at MHCC — and you've probably guessed it — in journalism.

I could take some respite in that she studied radio journalism instead of newspapering.

It was pretty weird stuff for this college kid to be advising his mom on the foibles of the instructors and the shortcuts to academic success.

It's funny, I never thought this could happen to me, especially after I took an English composition from a woman who had taught my mother several years before in night school. Mom liked her and I hated her.

But, back to our parallel routes.

Mom also worked as a reporter in Gresham at the same time I did. I was toiling away at the Gresham Outlook and would perk up when I heard "Ruthy Bergstrom for KRDR news," on the Gresham-based radio station. We even covered at least one Gresham Area Chamber of Commerce meeting together, for which we got billing in Lee Irwin's column as East County's only mother-son reporting team.

Letter

Friends make day special

We would like to thank all who sent cards and came by to help us celebrate our 50th anniversary.

Each of you helped make this a very special day. Thank you.

Ray and Bertha Hodge
Sandy

Policy on letters

Letters to the editor should be typed, double-spaced and signed. An address and telephone number should also be provided, although only the name of the letter writer and the city or area he is from will be published.

Letter writers may also wish to include a title or office held if it is appropriate considering the subject matter.

The news deadline of noon, Tuesday is also the deadline for letters to the editor.

Letters should be accurate, free of libelous remarks and in good taste. This newspaper attempts to publish all letters it receives from local residents.



scott maguire

She did a good job as a reporter and we often prodded each other to do better work. She offered me fresh viewpoints on the "same old stuff," and I gave her some tips, too.

I thought it had all ended when mother dear, who lives in Damascus, quit journalism to work first doing public relations for the Salvation Ar-

my, and then to work on a political campaign. Like most campaign jobs, that didn't last long, and mom took a break.

The latest chapter in "Mother Follows Son" unfolded Sunday night. My wife and I were relaxing after fixing a quick dinner for 180 friends and my younger brother called to try to sell skin-flint me a magazine subscription. The call was short and a minute later mom called back,

Pancake Houses — and here, 14 or so years later, mom turns up working for him in a new venture, Miller's Homestead Inn in Tualatin.

I can't believe it.

After a few seconds the shock wore off and I dusted off my restaurant memories to share some advice with mom. I must confess, it still feels a little weird to be giving advice to mom. But it is comforting that she

We got billing in Lee Irwin's column as East County's only mother-son reporting team.

berating little brother for not handing the telephone over to her.

Her news took me by surprise. She had just secured a job as a restaurant hostess, working for the same fellow who hired me when I was a junior in high school. I put myself through college working for Don Miller's Chalet

listened when I suggested comfortable shoes and hand lotion to help get her through the restaurant workday.

In thinking about it Tuesday, I finally figured out one thing that mom can't mimic. She can't grow a beard.



The 1985 Junior Miss Scholarship program court.

Photo by Mike Bailor

Letter to the editor

Jr. Miss group says thanks

The Sandy Junior Miss Scholarship Committee would like to express its sincere thanks to all the people who contributed their time and talents, including the business people who purchased advertising for our program and all who made contributions for the scholarship

awards.

We also appreciate the efforts of Girl Scout Troop 836 for providing a color guard.

We want to thank you all for making our program a success on Sept. 14.

We appreciate the community

involvement and support for our high school senior girls.

The Sandy Jr. Miss Committee

Joyce & George Conibear

Carole Parks

Chris Noga

Bonnie Platt

Joan & Dick Miller