

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor
Kimberly Nelson, advertising representative

Move slow on junk ordinance

The Sandy City Council appears to be taking its time in considering an ordinance concerning inoperable vehicles, logs and junk on private property.

We think this is wise, and in fact we think it would be wise if the wheels of government moved slowly in this case.

The ordinance is based on one that took about a year to put together in West Linn. As City Manager Tom Reber pointed out, what works in West Linn will not necessarily go over in Sandy. We agree.

The provision covering the cutting of logs into firewood especially concerns us. This is fairly common practice in Sandy and, in fact, the logs are not unsightly. Surely people are not letting the logs sit for too long anyway. How much of problem could it be?

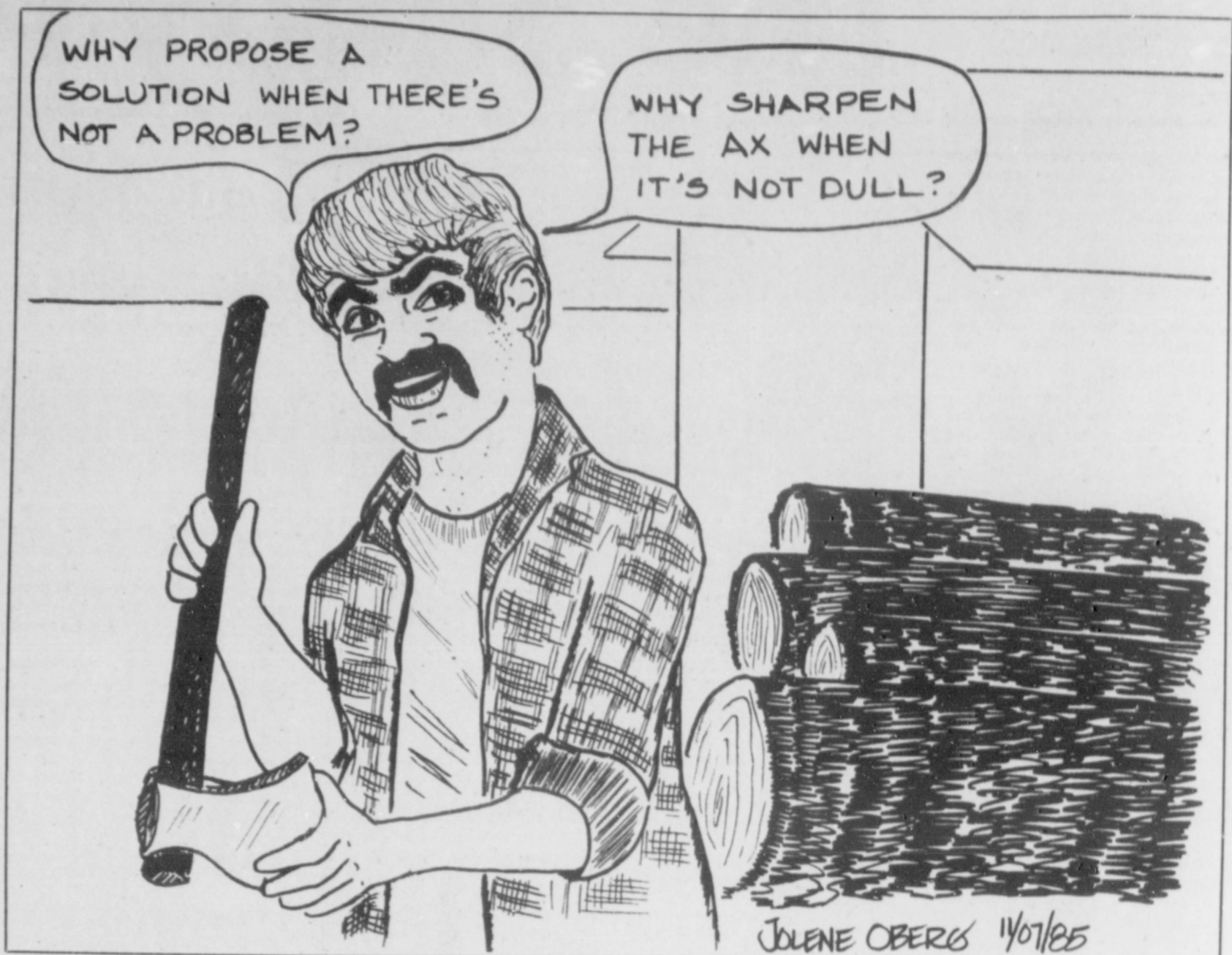
It wouldn't bother us if the provision concerning logs was deleted altogether.

People should also be given plenty of leeway concerning inoperable vehicles. Junked cars are one matter, but the City Council, as Mayor Deane Wesselink pointed out, should be careful about hobbyists who may be restoring cars after hours or on weekends.

In addition, people in a scrap often have to wait a month or so before getting the money together to buy parts to fix their cars. Weather can also be a factor. While the city has been cooperative in its enforcement efforts concerning the weed abatement program, fairness should be written into the city code and not taken for granted.

While there are some people who are clearly degrading neighborhoods by littering their yards with rundown appliances and old cars, Sandy is still semi-rural in nature. Furthermore, there are more important projects for the city's staff, and for the taxpayer's dollar, than the removal of inoperable cars from people's driveways.

We agree the City Council should move forward with an ordinance, but please, let the wheels turn slowly.



JOLENE OBERG 11/07/85

Personally speaking

Rockers reject, consider classical

by DAVID SCOTT

"Do I dare?" It was Wednesday, the day before Halloween. Like any other school day in the Sandy High School commons I sat and ate, contributing to the table conversation but with a slight reserve. You see, rock music is often the focal topic and that represents a problem:

I listen to classical music in my spare time. Hence, my "rock" knowledge is not in tune with the typical teenager.

But for a minute, the day had hope. Out of the "blue," the commons' stereo system, which consistently plays "progressive" rock, began to put forth the sounds of a Johann Strauss Waltz. I shook my head in disbelief. It was not an illusion, though. The "Beautiful Blue Danube" was true.

My peers applauded with hearty sarcasm as Strauss' most famous waltz concluded. Still, an insincere clap was better than a "boo" or no response at all. After all, it had made an impression on them.

I walked the halls pensively the rest of the afternoon with blissful thoughts of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" (symphony No.9) and his renowned No. 5.

The next day was Halloween. Therefore it would be an excellent opportunity to expose the commons to some "sinister" classical masterpieces. So, the next day I cleared my proposal with Curtis Heath, director of activities, and Dennis Crow, vice principal.

I waited in anticipation as the Sandy students flowed in the lunch room. "How will they respond?" I said silently to myself.

Once the majority of the 500 first-lunch students were seated, I inserted Ludwig Van Beethoven's No. 9 in the stereo. That's where I made the mistake. The "glorious ninth" is not exactly frightening music; it is inspirational and, furthermore, contains some opera. Beethoven reasoned in this particular piece that only through the human voice could he evoke the deepest feelings of mankind. However, I gave it no thought that opera might have a negative effect on some of the students.

Quite frankly, the people in the commons were a little stunned as the distinctive melody reverberated off the walls. Some sat with mouths gaping and eyes rolling while others tittered in their tightly-enclosed cliques.

"How do you like it?" I said to friend Stacy Fisher.

She paused, smiling and said, "Dave, you did that?" Her astonished expression toward me continued for quite some time. Then, a rude hum throbbed from the speakers. This signaled the end of the

classical stint of two or three minutes that lunch.

I rushed up onto the stage where the stereo is located. Three to four students of the "rocker" mentality confronted me. I said, "What do you think you're doing?" They paid no heed to me and switched the stereo to the local rock station.

"Hey dude!" said one. "The people out there boogie to a different tune. We don't want this classical..."

I explained to the tiny brigade that the tape would only be played for 10 minutes or less, "at the situation was hopeless. They were victims of the modern age, conditioned to partake in only the current tunes of rock and roll.

First lunch ended. Disappointed, I approached Dennis Crow and informed him of the revolt. He laughed along with me and agreed to "guard" the stereo for 10 minutes second lunch. Beethoven would get another chance; this time symphony No. 5.

The matter went smoother. Beethoven's most popular of all symphonies was not received with the enthusiasm of a "Ratt" concert, but it was tolerated by everyone — except the hardcore "rockers." Unison chants of "we want rock" enforced the idea of their rudimentary principles.

The experiment was over, and I wanted the reaction of a variety of students. Number nine was generally considered as "relaxing." Unfortunately, once the German opera solo came in, it lost its respect. The fifth symphony was regarded as "a nice change," but as many said, "I wouldn't want to listen to it every day."

Friday's lunch also contained another enigma. Just as I was leaving the commons the stereo was switched to Classical 101. For 10 minutes several of the drama students formed a symphony airband, miming the violin's every movement. I was pleasantly surprised. Time will tell if a reconciliation will come between rock and classical music.

Well, now. How would an all-American teenager, like me, come to appreciate this classical stuff. Let's just say we are creatures of habit. When Big Brother listens to "music of the ages," then you do the same.

Perhaps being exposed to classical music at a young age is at the root of it all.

There was a period of several years when I gave the music no thought. In short, I was incompetent, unable to form opinions one way or the other. But, in time, the artistic qualities of classical music became evident. A Tchaikovsky or Beethoven symphony can be much more than "relaxing." It may contain inspiration, sadness, love, happiness, victory or defeat. Like great literature, it tells a story — one with a message.

Commentary

Sandy gave Heidi a chance to live

by DORECIA PRUE

Twice the helicopter circled, searching for the ideal landing spot. Below were hundreds of well-wishers and volunteers, some staring, others waving excitedly.

The giant rotors slowed as the helicopter gracefully met the ground. Through misty eyes we watched as two young figures emerged from the aircraft. Steven Setterlund came bursting forth, shouting greetings, five feet, two inches of 12-year-old energy.

He was leaping up into the air, expressing his pleasure with boyish enthusiasm.

Stepping carefully from the cockpit, Heidi gracefully ran across the grassy field behind her brother, holding one hand to the scarf that camouflaged the effects of a disease which had stolen her flowing brown hair. With the joy of a child, her face expressing the wonder of her first helicopter ride, she came to greet us. Though tall for her barely 14 years, she seemed shy and fragile. We were there to make sure she had a chance to see her 15th summer.

I can see her yet, frozen in time's memory, running across that field. I felt such a mixture of emotions... today was the culmination of weeks of work, and yet I knew the battle had only begun. Countless hours, many days, innumerable tasks had consumed the volunteers who this day waited to meet the young girl they had committed their hearts to serve. At noon on July 28 at Rainbow Trout Farms a helicopter brought reality to those volunteers, a sweet, gentle young woman, Heidi Setterlund.

For many of us, commitment to the benefit came about because of the loss of a loved one to cancer, that impartial thief of lives both young and old. Heidi's situation touched us all. In April what seemed to be a case of the flu was diagnosed as myeloblastic leukemia, terminal within 16 months.

Her only hope of survival was a bone marrow transplant. Heidi's brother, Steven, was a near perfect match for the transplant. Only one obstacle prevented the live saving procedure... one hundred thousand dollars!

Without medical insurance and limited to only one facility for the treatment, the money had to be raised before the end of August and placed in an account to satisfy the hospital's requirements.

Thus began a life-saving journey for Mike and Marti Kaiser, owners and operators of Rainbow Trout Farms, KRDR radio in Gresham, and countless volunteers. Time was against us. Deadline for the transplant was the first week in September. Beyond that date all possibility of recovery would end.

It all began when Mike and Marti Kaiser dedicated their Trout Farm as the site for a KRDR Benefit to raise funds for Heidi. Their concern was infectious. We were all enveloped by a spirit of cooperation and generosity. Mike and Marti opened their hearts and offered their

hands and resources to appeal for Heidi's cause. Their commitment was the beginning of a concentrated effort that ultimately involved an entire community.

Sandy, Oregon, gave total support with contributions from over 60 businesses. Volunteers contributed from such civic-minded groups and organizations as the Sandy Lions Club, Sandy V.F.W., Kiwanis Club of Sandy, Sandy Profile, Sandy Post, Hoodland and Sandy Fire Districts, Alpine Ambulance and the city of Sandy.

When they unselfishly offered goods, services and labor, Sandy, Oregon, became a city of hands and hearts reaching out to form a beautiful chain of human effort, love and support for a 14-year-old girl who had touched their hearts.

Together all of you made it happen; you made a dream become a celebration! From the volunteers who cooked the food, brought the supplies, furnished chairs and tables, provided food and drink, irrigated the fields, donated auction items and entertainment; to the Portland Professional Wrestlers with special thanks to Don Coss and KRDR radio, who contributed publicity that heightened awareness of Heidi's need, the helicopter owner and pilot, the Gresham Jaycees for use of their dunk tank, the sanitation people, those who parked cars, directed traffic, stayed to clean up the grounds... without YOU it could not have happened.

On Sept. 4 Heidi Setterlund underwent a bone marrow transplant at Swedish Hospital in Seattle, Wash. On Oct. 2 her hopes became reality as her own body began producing healthy white cells.

Heidi has the chance to survive because something began in Sandy.

Oregon. Ultimately, due to the efforts of many individuals and several major fund raising events, \$98,000 was raised for Heidi.

Although many people contributed to the campaign, this is a personal recognition and "Thank You" to a

very special community, Sandy, Oregon.

From your commitment came others, and those combined succeeded for Heidi. To each and every one, deepest thanks. Because you cared, a young girl LIVES!



Heidi Setterlund and friend



THANK WHERE COSTA COULD BE NOW...

J. GRAY