

The Sandy Post

# Editorial & Opinion

 Scott Newton, editor  
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## Sandy turns back on its commitment

It is not an easy thing to be a member of any of our local swim teams. Not only do you have to do the work that goes with being an athlete, but you also have to have thick skin.

It is too bad the Sandy Aquatic Center wasn't built in the shape of a football, because that is what it has become — a political football.

A few years ago, during a hotly-debated series of budget cuts made by the Sandy High School board of directors, money that was earmarked for the Aquatic Center was eliminated.

Some of that money was to have paid the rent for the Sandy High swim team, and another chunk of it was to pay for instructional programs. It is to everyone's benefit that other local school districts, by making swimming a part of the physical education curriculum and thus paying rent, help share the cost of operating the Aquatic Center.

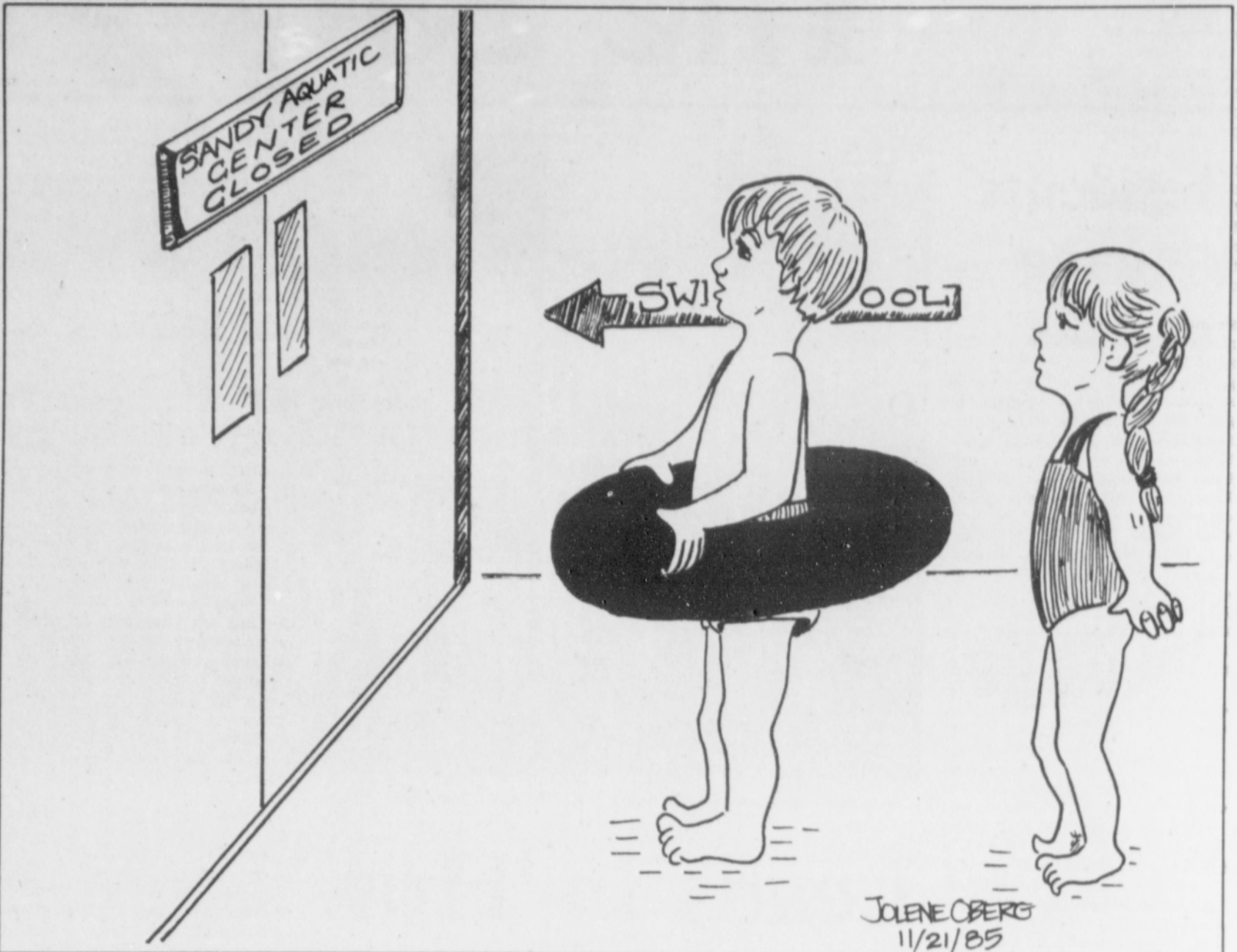
Supporters of the SUHS swim program raised over \$5,000 in the fall of 1982 to fund a competitive swimming program. Now that that crisis is past, we have another one on our hands. The Blue Marlin Aquatic Club has performed a great service for youngsters through the years, but they are now without a home and are currently practicing in Barlow High School's pool. That's gratitude for you.

When members of the community voted to build a pool, it was at least partially through recognition of that fact that, with so many people participating in water sports, teaching children to learn to swim was literally a life-saving act.

Add to this consideration the fact that many parents are concerned about the lack of activities available for local youth. And yet young people are currently locked out of participation in a healthy, social activity.

We understand why the SUHS board eliminated the swimming portion from the budget a few years ago, and we understand why Sandy's grade schools — and the Aquatic Center — are currently closed.

It just seems as though the community isn't living up to its past commitment.



*Personally speaking*

## Raising tomboy not as bad as it seems

by ROSE RINALDI

Was Norman Vincent Peale a parent when he wrote "The Power of Positive Thinking"?

I doubt it. As I carried my second child, I dreamed of the girl she would be. (Of course she would be a girl. I already had my boy.)

I pictured (as positively as I could) a spotless bedroom with lavender walls and pink ruffled curtains. I saw my little girl as she would be in a few years, sweet and fragrant in a frilly dress, a cherished doll clasped tightly in her tiny arms, impressing visitors with dimpled smile and perhaps even an old-fashioned curtsy.

As she grew older, I would enroll her in ballet. I could picture myself pinning her long hair into a chic twist, helping her into her pastel Danskins, and spending my Saturdays watching her develop into a graceful young woman.

When she was old enough for band, I would guide her toward the flute. How proud I would be of her, sitting in the front row during school concerts, blowing demurely across the mouthpiece of a shiny silver flute.

Did my reality match my daydreams? Only in the matter of gender. My daughter came scream-

ing into the world: nine pounds of howling, impatient girlhood.

As a toddler she loved getting grubby, creating any kind of disturbance, and generally making sure her entire world was aware of her existence. I loved her fiercely, but I must confess to occasionally wishing she was just a bit more feminine. I couldn't forget my dream of curtsies.

She wasn't the curtsying kind. Instead, at age two, she entertained visitors by throwing her legs out from under herself and landing ker-plop on her diaper-padded bottom, shaking the walls and rattling the windows.

The dolls we bought were taken from the toy chest only when her more traditional cousins came to visit. The rest of the time they lay neglected in favor of more intriguing activities such as climbing kitchen counters, the fireplace mantel, and (just before her fifth birthday) one-quarter of the way up the 100-foot Douglas fir in our backyard.

Her room is lavender and pink. But spotlessly clean? We compromise. As long as she keeps a path cleared from her bed to the door so she can escape in case of fire, I don't nag her. I haven't opened her bedroom door in months. I don't even like to think about what it must be like: dirty clothes and half-eaten peanut butter

sandwiches lying about... dozens of six-legged creatures on their backs, legs straight up in the air, looks of horror frozen on their tiny faces.

And the dresses... well. Actually, my daughter loves them. In theory, that is. The few we've bought have decorated only her closet. When I suggested she take one off the hanger and actually put it on, she looked at me as if I'd lost all touch with reality. "Do you really want me to hang from monkeybars and do cartwheels with a dress on?" she asked. She had a point.

When she began fifth grade, I hadn't learned yet. I made a convincing (I thought) case for the flute.

She chose the tuba. The only girl in the brass section, she had to sit with her legs spraddled in order to support the instrument that was almost as big as she was. Her brother, however, was impressed. "Congratulations," he said. "You actually found a way to make more noise than usual!"

And ballet. Well, I did enroll her, but I soon learned she was no Pavlova. She never walked when she could run, and she couldn't seem to stay in one spot long enough to complete the positions to her teacher's satisfaction.

She quit ballet and went out for track.

Instead of spending my Saturdays in a warm studio watching my daughter do graceful pirouettes and arabesques, I sit on a hard bleacher (as often as not in the pouring rain) watching her throw metal balls, leap hurdles, and run until she smells like the boys' locker room after a football game.

When the play "Annie" came to Portland a few years ago, the audience was filled with ribbioned darlings in ruffled dresses. I felt chagrined that my daughter was the only girl wearing jeans. Before the evening was over, however, I finally came to terms with her unique personal style.

During intermission, children swarmed across the street to the Ira B. Hayes Fountain. The femininely-dressed girls stood watching as the boys — and one pig-tailed charmer in blue jeans — jumped from slab to slab, climbing to the top of the fountain to catch the cooling spray on their joyful, up-turned faces.

So don't feel sorry for me. In spite of the unworn dresses, the wasted ballet lessons, the unmet dreams, I'm content. In fact, when my daughter (now as tall as I) sits on my lap and says, "I love you Mom," I'm deliciously happy my attempts at positive thinking failed and my daughter is exactly as she is.

*Commentary*

## Little news value found in closure

by SCOTT NEWTON

It was only meant as a passing remark, but I can't let it pass. The other day a person in the news business said something to this effect: "It's too bad they closed school in Sandy, but it makes for good news copy, doesn't it?"

I didn't get a chance to answer. It was said in the same way one asks, "How are you doing?" or "Nice weather, huh?"

But the fact of the matter is, I'm not a big fan of school closures, just as I am not a big fan of automobile accidents or fires. I will admit a perverse fondness for digging out the facts on bank robberies, but that's another story.

Suffice it to say, I enjoy covering the school closure about as much as I would enjoy taking pictures of a three-car pile-up.

I remember when I was covering the story about Sandy High School's budget problems a few years ago. I decided I would really get into the budget, really dig out the information. I spent hours on a 50-inch story. Fifty inches, for those of you fortunate enough to be naive in the language of journalese, is one long story. The next day I bumped into a teacher. Not just any teacher, but an aware, popular, active citizen in the community.

"What I don't understand," the teacher said, "is why you didn't really get inside the budget, explain it in a way people would understand?"

Let me tell you, it is hard. I like a challenge as much as the next guy, but I'm not a masochist.

You can't just say busing will cost "blank." Three districts participate in the busing cooperative that has demonstratively saved the district money and they once all had synchronized calendars but now Sandy High School and Bull Run are picking up the tab for an abbreviated bus run but eventually Sandy Elementary

may make up days and therefore they will have to foot the bill by themselves and so it will cost everybody more but it is still in the district's best interest to participate in the co-op. Whew.

But the worst part about it is, I've been through at least some of it before. Last winter do you think anybody bothered to read a budget story? Don't worry, I know the answer and it doesn't hurt my feelings. I wouldn't have read them either, except that I feel bound by a code of ethics that says I should proffer my stories before they are printed.

One night, out for a glass of refreshment before heading home, a citizen — an honest, hard-working citizen — started complaining about taxes. I know where he's coming from.

"During the budget process," he said, "why don't you write a real firebrand editorial telling people to get off their you-know-whats and go to the meeting and find out what's in the budget."

"You're right," I said, "good idea." I sighed, trying to recall the exact wording of some silly editorial I wrote about getting involved — you know, during the budgeting process.

But I'll be honest with you. I don't blame people for not reading those stories, just like I don't blame them for not getting involved until there's a crisis. It isn't even that it's so complicated; the fact is it's boring.

But now it's crunch time. As everyone realizes, the kids should be back in school where they belong. So we're going to go through this budget dollar by bloody dollar, even if it kills us. I expect we'll soon be reading about somebody being bored to death. "He was determined to understand what was in the budget," some bereaved widow will say.

So don't tell me about good news value. Rob a bank instead.

*Letter to the editor*

## Vote on 1 positive

I want to thank each of you who went to the polls and voted yes on Nov. 5 for passage of Ballot Measure 1, the reallocation of the hotel-motel room tax in Clackamas County.

Your positive attitude towards creating jobs by supporting the tourism industry in our county, and your solid on-going support for the county fair, has been reflected by your vote.

Your passage of Ballot Measure 1 comes at the right time as many

communities begin to think about ways to address tourism opportunities in their area.

Again, my thanks to you for taking the time to go to the polls and then for saying yes overwhelmingly for tourism and jobs in Clackamas County.

Sam Allen, treasurer  
 Citizens for Tourism & Jobs  
 in Clackamas County  
 Clackamas, Ore.

*Personally speaking*

## Career as brat teaches mean lesson

by SARA FORK

When you're a kid, you dream of becoming a great dancer or night club singer, or something. If you're lucky and talented, or both, you work hard, have your teeth capped, have rich parents and you make it.

Not being blessed with any of those gifts, I just sort of slid into things. Which is how I began my career as a brat.

I certainly didn't start off thinking in terms of professionalism, which is good because it was a relatively short career. I simply wanted life to go my way and by acting like a brat, much to my delight and astonishment, it did.

I have to confess, however, that I'd had some earlier training, that I wasn't totally an amateur. I already knew that the squeaky wheel gets the grease and I was pretty well oiled. I squeaked loud and long every time I wanted a new favor. With three older sisters to practice on, I had built up quite a repertoire.

With my older sister, just hanging around when she had boyfriends over, whining and eavesdropping on their conversations, always seemed to work. She would give me anything to make me stop whining and go away. "And for heaven's sake, go blow your nose while you're at it," always meant I got me her piece of

cake for supper that night. My Mother was always praising her as a wonderful example of generosity to her little sister.

I shared a bedroom with sister number two, which made it easier to victimize her. Being somewhat prim and proper, her half of the room was always neat and tidy while mine looked like a disaster area. Unfortunately, she was immune to my whining and runny noses didn't bother her.

She never did anything worth squealing on, so she never got into trouble. However, she did have one vice. She would read under the covers at night after all the lights were out. Now, I understand this vice, sharing it as I did. But being three years older than I was, she got to read all the good books and, darn it, I wanted to read them too! And, I wanted my half of the room cleaned up.

There came a day when my sister read the wrong book, one my mother had attempted to censor. Boy, did I squeal! It got the expected results. I got a nice clean room. Although I didn't get to read the censored book, I did get to read all of my sisters' other books, which for some reason disappointed me.

Sister number three was a little tougher. Being closer in age to me, she was therefore somewhat wiser to my tricks (after all, it hadn't been

that long since she'd been a brat herself). I really needed her because she was a lot more willing to get dirty when we played cops and robbers or Tarzan of the Apes. She made a great Cheeta. So, for this sister I had to be a very cagey brat. No squeaks, no squeals and no whining. On her it had to be blackmail, pure and simple. It worked beautifully for a whole summer. I had a great Cheeta to go with my Tarzan, and she played a darn mean game of cops and robbers.

Of course, a life of crime doesn't pay dividends very long and Cheeta rebelled. She flat refused to play or pay any longer. And when I pulled

out my ace in the hole and threatened to tell Dad that she had smoked one of his cigarettes, she beat the holy tar out of me.

Not to be outdone by this bold act of aggression, the other two added a few licks of their own.

It wasn't the best thing that happened to me that summer, not by a long shot. But, the cut lip, the bloody nose and the bruises healed, and so did my personality. As a lesson in life, this was a big one.

Did I learn anything? I sure did. Never try to blackmail anyone who doesn't want to be a monkey.

## 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. We reserve the right to edit letters to conform to style guidelines or for length. A preferred maximum length is 300 words.