

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor
Kimberly Nelson, advertising representativeLevy approval
is only a start

Instead of breathing a collective sigh of relief following Tuesday's approval of the school levy, Sandy residents should resolve to learn the positions of state legislators and local school board members.

House Speaker Vera Katz may believe leadership should come from the bottom up this time as voters have rejected previous attempts by the legislature to change the tax structure. It is our opinion that we elect legislators to be innovative, to seek solutions.

It is time for great leadership; certainly the going is tough enough, the problems severe enough. Most people agree the solution is to get schools out of the firing line.

Others contend — though we disagree — that the problem was with the Sandy Elementary School District. People who disagree with the way the schools are operated should find a school board candidate they can support.

Of course, budget committee and board meetings are open. Contrary to what some people have said, we consider the process a democratic one.

Staying informed is a time-consuming activity. The importance of doing so, however, has been illustrated all too vividly in Sandy.

Letters to the editor

Closure surprises
man in military

I am a 1985 graduate of Sandy High School, and now in technical training at Sheppard AFB, Texas. I was totally shocked when I received the Nov. 14 issue of the Sandy Post.

What is happening to our town? The first few pages showed many views and aspects on the current situation of our schools. Although all of the thoughts of the citizens were of good value, we cannot forget the students. Although they don't have anything to do with the town's politics, they are the ones getting cheated.

It is my thought that Mr. Lund is doing the best job to create a better learning environment for the students. And we also cannot expect the board to make too many cuts on the budget.

If they were to cut out sports, and other extracurricular activities, students would begin to lose interest in school. There is more to school than just learning reading, writing and arithmetic. It is necessary to know how to work as a team, not only as an individual. I know that it was always the other activities that helped keep me interested in school.

Let us not forget these kids are Sandy's future. By cheating them out of a quality education, the citizens and the town will be the ones who get cheated in the end. Let's try not to get so involved in our own little monetary world, and help them to gain the future our lives depend upon.

AB Robert A. Kitto
Sheppard AFB, Texas

Ridge Riders
appreciate support

The Sandy Ridge Riders would like to take this opportunity to thank the people of Sandy who help make our club a success.

We want to thank the many people who bought candy bars and peppermint during our recent sale. We would also like to thank Bowman's Sandy Thriftway for letting us use their hot dog stand at the ski swap.

But mostly, the thanks go to the people of Sandy who bought all the

hot dogs. We made over \$100 at this sale.

The Sandy Ridge Riders would like to give a special thanks to our leader, Angelika Beissmann. Her valuable time and energy keep making our group and the people in it better and better. She is very special to all of us. We just want to thank her for being her.

Dana Welling,
club reporter

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.



JOLENE OBERO 12/05/85

Personally speaking

Wood-cutter thinks electricity best

by MARK CISSNA

How much wood would a woodsman cut if a woodsman could cut wood? In answer to this question, I must say that I am really not the one to ask since my luck at woodcutting has been far from successful.

On the other hand my neighbor, Martin, is an excellent woodcutter who never comes home from the woods empty-handed. Not a cold day goes by when I can't look out the window and see smoke puffing out of his chimney. His supply of wood has gotten very large as every time he goes woodcutting he comes back with a cord and a half of wood. He has a barn and a shed filled with enough wood to last him several winters. For him, it is not only a cost efficient way to heat his home, but also a cheap form of recreation that he enjoys.

I, on the other hand, have not been so lucky in my woodcutting experiences. At the beginning of the woodcutting season my father-in-law, Chuck, and I decided that we would go woodcutting together. Chuck has a truck and since his saw was being fixed, I was to provide a chain saw. I borrowed one from my dad and we decided on a day to go woodcutting.

We got up early and upon arriving at the spot recommended by a friend, we discovered all the wood in the decks were rotten. The centers were as punk as a New York street kid and not worth cutting. We began searching the already picked clean hills of Lolo Pass for good wood. Late in the afternoon, after driving down every dead-end road on the mountain, we found a good log. Since I had to be at work that night we decided to come back the next week.

On our next attempt, we got to our log late in the morning and discovered that the saw was as sharp as a bowling ball. After a long time we still hadn't cut halfway through the huge log. We decided we would try again the next week after buying a new chain for the saw. We spent the rest of the afternoon fishing. Luckily,

we are better fishermen than we are woodcutters and we both caught our limit of trout.

Our third time up, we finally cut through the log — once. Then the saw nearly blew up because it had sucked the gas line into the carburetor. Into the shop for repairs it went, and off to the river for some fishing we went.

Several weeks later we set another date to go woodcutting. This time it was during a long, dry spell and to our dismay the woods were closed to woodcutters due to fire danger. Once

again the fish were biting and we came back with our limit of trout.

By this time, Chuck was back teaching school and I decided to go woodcutting with my friend, Larry. I bought a permit for the east side of the mountain and we took Chuck's truck, which gets gallons per mile instead of miles per gallon. It was a costly trip and we each got only a half a cord of wood. It was also green wood and will only burn if I already have a fire going. This time it was too dark to go fishing.

The icing on the cake occurred

later. Chuck and I had spent 30 dollars apiece to repair the saw, hadn't gotten a stick of wood with it, and someone stole it out of the back of my car one night when I was at work. I was too depressed to go fishing.

I have decided, after all my woodcutting experiences this summer, that electric heat is probably more cost efficient for my family. However, I wonder if Martin would consider trading some wood for some fish.

Personally speaking

Hubby convinced, it wasn't
snow that fell before Dec. 1

by SHARON NESBIT

You may have thought it snowed the week before last.

But the weather expert at our house says it did not.

"It isn't time yet," he declared, as the snowflakes dropped like feathers outside his window.

You have to understand about Hubby. He lives a very orderly life. He puts his socks on in the same order every morning, right foot first. He squeezes the toothpaste tube from the bottom. (And he puts the cap back on.)

Hubby prepares for winter in the same methodical way. He begins his "snow watch" every year on Dec. 1. That is the day he puts the storm shield over the East-facing garage window, just in case a blizzard should want to bust it out.

The fact that a blizzard may have already struck and blasted the window to smithereens makes no difference to Hubby. The snow shield goes up Dec. 1. Snow watch begins Dec. 1.

Those of us who squeeze our tooth paste from the middle had a lot of fun calling him to the window last week to point out the snow.

"That's not snow," he said, "those are confused rain drops."

Hubby's determination to put firm limits on winter will go into our collection of weather stories. Weather stories are what we entertain each other with in our neighborhood when an ice storm strikes and we turn to each other for companionship.

There is Helen who tells a chilling tale of waking up one morning in an uninsulated duplex near the Sandy

River and discovering that her pet goldfish was frozen solid in the bowl in the living room.

"And that," she says, "was the warmest room in the house."

We toast our chilled souls with laughter while we sit in our ice-bound houses.

We remember the year a neighbor strung several hundred feet of extension cords from his house, where the electricity was on, to our house where it wasn't. We lived a week on the umbilical cord of a single electric outlet. The refrigerator would soak up a little wattage (the house was not quite cold enough to do keep our food from spoiling) and then we would drag the cord upstairs, climb into bed, place our little television between us and watch the prime time shows. When the screen went black we would connect the electric blanket to give us a warm boost toward sleep and then we would plug in the refrigerator again.

Our neighborhood is at the top of the best sledding hill in Troutdale. The desperate efforts to get uphill in a howling blizzard are fuel for many a fireside tale. The greenhorns leave their cars at the bottom of the hill and walk up.

And lots of us cherish the snow-misted view we got one awful stormy night when we looked out and saw our husbands, all top-coated and three-piece-suited, being toted up the hill in the open bed of a trusty old four-wheel-drive pickup.

"Those were real storms," Hubby said with a good-old-days kind of wistfulness. "And they always came after Dec. 1."

That's why Hubby refuses to believe that there was a snow storm. He didn't even believe it when I hit him with a ball of "confused rain-drops."

Publicity
disappoints
resident
of Sandy

This is the second clipping I have received from the St. Joseph, Mo., Gazette, and it doesn't make me very proud. I love this country and I'd like to think we care enough for our children to give them the education they deserve.

Mae Ten Ecyk
Sandy

Schools dark, empty in Sandy, Ore.

Students at home since Nov. 7, after schools were closed for lack of money

Associated Press

SANDY, Ore. — Normally busy classrooms and playgrounds in the Sandy Elementary School District lie locked and empty these days. The silence broken only by Oregon's rain.

and district to close this year; the other one reopened later after voters approved a levy. Two more could close early next month. Officials blame the closings on Oregon's uneven funding of schools, its heavy reliance on local property taxes and a prolonged recession that has decimated its once-mighty industry.

voters have closed the schools, Sandy and its 3,500 residents have suffered through changes wrought by the recession.

The former timber and farm town in recent years has become home for many urban workers who commute to Portland, 25 miles west. Unemployment is slightly above the state average of 7.5 percent.

The town was caught by surprise when the schools closed.

tendent in the Oregon Department of Education, said the state should have sued on constitutional grounds. The Oregon Constitution requires the state to provide a "uniform" system of public schools.

The financing of Oregon school anything but uniform, educators say.

Some districts enjoy an adequate tax "base," a budget figure proved by voters that by law cannot be increased more than 6 percent a year without a referendum. Others

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