

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor
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Will voters support a larger City Hall?

The city of Sandy has fired up its dream machine again. But costs associated with the city's most recent proposals to solve its space problems may be more than taxpayers are willing to bear.

We have been here before. Two years ago, the city of Sandy explored the idea of building a community center. Most people reacted by asking how much it would cost.

A year ago, the city of Sandy considered expanding City Hall. Again, the idea stalled.

Monday night City Manager Tom Reber offered the City Council some alternatives to consider. Mayor Deane Wesselink is seeking comments from members of the community.

A workshop on the subject will be held at 8 p.m. on Monday, Feb. 23 at the Sandy Community/Senior Center, 38348 Pioneer Blvd.

In the interests of being open-minded, we are willing to explore the possibilities.

We agree there are some real concerns about the amount of space available at City Hall. The offices are filled to the brim with file cabinets and people. The library barely seems to be able to hold its books and patrons. And the offices used by the police lack adequate space for temporary detention, or for interviewing victims and criminals, people whom police often wish to keep separated.

In addition, the meeting room at City Hall is sometimes filled beyond capacity, with people standing in the hall trying to listen in.

Other considerations include the need to provide a display area for artifacts saved by members of the Sandy Pioneer and Historical Association. And an expanded facility for the Sandy Senior Center is needed.

Reber has pursued three options. One is to purchase the old Thriftway building across from City Hall and move the Community/Senior Center into it, as well as the City Council chambers, municipal court and the library. The existing City Hall building then would be remodeled for the police and administration.

The second alternative is to expand the existing City Hall, providing an expanded library and Police Department, as well as adding a modest amount of space for administrative offices.

The third alternative would be the construction of a new building on a separate site to house the library.

There is some money available. There is \$71,000 in the library trust fund, and there is a good chance some federal grant money would be available.

Regardless, the proposals range in cost from \$1.7 million to \$445,000. Even the most modest proposal would result in an increase in property taxes of 81 cents per \$1,000 valuation over a three-year period.

Our guess is that it is highly unlikely the City Council would opt for the first proposal — at least with the \$1.7 million price tag.

The city of Sandy does have some needs that an expanded community center would help fulfill. What it comes down to is this: How much will residents of the city of Sandy be willing to pay?



College isn't for everyone, or is it?

by KATHY FURGASON
Special for The Post

"Thanks... but no thanks." That was my response 23 years ago, when told I was eligible for a college scholarship. As my senior year in high school drew to a close, the last thing on my mind was more school. Besides, I reasoned, college isn't for everyone. I had big plans and dreams. I was going to get a job, make lots of money, and travel the world.

Those plans and dreams, eventually gave way to new ones, out of necessity, as I married and raised a family. Several years ago, however, a yearning to return to school and gain more knowledge, began to pervade my peaceful existence. I read that the local community college was offering a course that interested me, and, after screwing up my courage, I decided I'd get my feet wet by enrolling in the class.

Would I like my instructor? Would my classmates like me? Could I learn to study again? How would I cope with homework after so many undisciplined years? What self-confidence I had was quickly diminishing.

The first thing I noticed when I walked into my classroom was, I was the only one with legs (or more ac-



Kathy Furgason

curately, pantyhose). The room was awash in a sea of blue denim. I stood out like a black flea on a white dog. I took a seat in the back of the room, hoping I wasn't as conspicuous as I felt. Several small groups of blue-jeaned babies traded quips, as we awaited our instructor. I watched the door for a John Houseman look-alike to stroll in and introduce himself, but he didn't appear. Shortly, a bearded stranger in Levi's and a red shirt walked in, dropped his backpack on the desk and introduced himself as our instructor. I was really in shock now. The only thing older than me in that room were the chairs. Now I was sure I'd made a mistake. I was just not going to fit in. But, I had challeng-

ed myself to make it through this one class, then I could quit and go back to complete domesticity, knowing I had at least tried.

I made a few changes after that first day. My school clothes changed from skirts to blue jeans and my shoes from heels to Nike's. I stopped carrying my books on my hip, and threw a backpack over my shoulder instead. At that point in time, Huey Lewis hadn't told me it was "hip to be square". Gradually, I began to adapt to my new surroundings. At first I was afraid to speak up during class discussions, fearing I would sound foolish, or old fashioned or uninformed. But as my confidence grew, I learned how exhilarating it was to participate in the exchange of ideas and opinions with other students as well as my instructor. Many of the things I shared were well-accepted, and several students began seeking me out for my opinions. Unlike when I was in high school, I studied because I found it interesting and wanted to learn, not just because I had to.

I completed that first course with a renewed desire to continue my education. I was learning not only about new subjects now, but so much about myself as well, and it was exciting. The past few years, I've come to realize there is no "typical" stu-

dent, especially in the community colleges. Where once I was the oldest in my class, now often times I'm one of the younger ones. I've met career men and women who, at mid-life have decided to change careers. I've met grandparents who have returned to school together to "keep their lives interesting." And I've met many homemakers who have decided, as I did, to return to school after their families are more self-reliant or gone from the nest.

I found that returning to school was the stimulus my life had needed. On the homefront, I could identify more with my child's discussions of homework and tests. Often times we study together now. Because I was learning new things, I had more to discuss with my husband. And my family is proud of me for pursuing my dreams. Finding time to study, while attending to a family and working full time have been a challenge, to say the least, but one that has been worth it.

So, if you've been stagnating in your easy chair, maybe you should consider turning off that television and turning on life. You're neither too young, nor too old, too rich or too poor, too low class or too high class to take a class. Get a new outlook on life and a new insight on yourself. I was wrong 23 years ago. College IS for everyone.

Speaker of House realistic about job

by JACK ZIMMERMAN
Associated Oregon Industries

Vera Katz is on a roll. The Portland Democrat, who two years ago became the first woman elected speaker of the House of Representatives, is once again ensconced in the lower chamber's catbird seat.

Her choice for the state's chief executive occupies the governor's office.

Members of her party still control both House and Senate.

Major elements of an agenda for this session are in place. And buoyed by the successes of last session which were accomplished with efficiency and dispatch, one would expect Speaker Katz to exude an optimistic outlook for even greater achievements in the months ahead.

However, the canny veteran of seven previous regular sessions of the Oregon Legislature is the first to temper self-confidence with the realities of both politics and the legislative process.

For instance, even though she was re-elected Speaker in considerably less time than the 17-hour, 101-vote caucus marathon in 1985, her party's House majority of 31-29 is the smallest since Democrats controlled that chamber by the same margin in 1961-63.

And although her support for Gov. Neil Goldschmidt dates back to the campaign for his first term as mayor of Portland in 1972, she's concerned about the vast differences between governing the state's largest city and running the state's executive branch of government.

Furthermore, despite general agreement existing on both sides of the aisles in House and Senate, the speaker's long previous experience on budget-balancing Ways & Means Committee gives pause to early predictions this assembly's tasks will come easy.

Even accomplishment of what appears everyone's top priority —

adopting a plan to prevent school closures — is a subject Katz approaches with caution. Especially in light of last session's hard-fought sales tax/revenue reform plan which was demolished when referred to voters.

She also expresses a degree of wariness about another apparent consensus item — revenue-neutral reconnect to the new federal tax code. Her concern involves every Oregon Assembly's major task — shaping a balanced biennial budget which adequately provides for all of the proverbial wards of the state.

She points out analysis of the Goldschmidt budget has barely begun and it's much too soon to judge whether it is revenue adequate enough to meet legislative needs.

Meanwhile, items also on the speaker's agenda include solutions for the liability insurance crisis, revamping the Workers' Compensation System, achieving oversight of economic development and fulfilling human resource needs.

Clues to the circumspection with which the second-team Speaker approaches this session were abundantly evident in her address to the Assembly's opening joint session just prior to Gov. Goldschmidt's inauguration.

It was a speech lauding the Governor's understanding "...that it's time for the politics of self-protection to give way to the politics of possibility...that it's time for our anxieties about the future to give way to our hopes for it...that it's time for us to stop being servants of what is and become shapers of what might be.

But it also communicated firmly the imperative for rapport between executive and legislative branches of state government — calling them "co-equal spheres of government" and concluding with the admonition that all Oregonians must play a part in making the Oregon Comeback a reality.

Mothers are not convenient 'heavies'

by JAN COOLEY
Staff writer

I'm an avid reader, the kind of person who reads cereal boxes and junk mail. Sometimes I'm sorry for it.

A couple of weeks ago, when I was home for lunch and not in the middle of a book, I turned to the mail for reading material. An ad for a magazine subscription had arrived that day. Since it was a magazine for working women, it caught my attention.

One side of the slick, four-color brochure told how the magazine could help readers further their careers. The other side told how it could help them manage at home.

Both sides started with a paragraph describing a bad day. Imagine this, the copy read. At work, your assistant has called in sick. The computer is acting up. A deadline has been changed and an important meeting has been postponed. "And your mother is on the phone."

At home, the cleaning person didn't show up. A light bulb burned out. The children and cats are whining for their dinner. "And your mother is on the phone."

The implication is clear. The worst thing that can happen is a call from your mother. Why? The advertisement doesn't say. We can assume it is because your mother will nag, complain and otherwise make your already miserable existence worse.

That offends me. In fact, it infuriates me. One of the nicest things I can get is a call from my mother. When she calls, I can expect sympathy, understanding and encouragement. She shares my trials and my triumphs. She makes a bad day good and a good day better.

My reaction to the magazine ad was akin to the feeling I used to get in my college psychology class. Too often (and I admit, once would be too often for me) mothers were blamed for psychological disorders their children suffered. I thought then how

convenient it is to have such a handy scapegoat. Trouble is, if you start blaming mom for her offspring's problems, then it follows that you have to go back to grandma for mom's problems. And great-grandma for grandma's problems, which made her cause mom's problem. It gets kind of complicated, doesn't it? I mean, you can go all the way back to Eve. And poor Eve already has enough to feel guilty about.

I don't have to probe very deep to understand my compulsion to defend mothers. After all, I am a mother, too. I cringe to think that my two older daughters, now out on their own, would consider a phone call from me the low point of their day. And I confess to feeling outrage when I think of them blaming me for their problems. I'm willing to take responsibility for some of their imperfections, but not all. They have been influenced by many people and circumstances that had little or nothing to do with me.

Likewise, I refuse to blame my mother for my imperfections.

Mothers don't set out to do a bad job. And only a few set out to do no job at all.

Nor does it take much imagination to make mothers — stepmothers, mothers-in-law, mothers in general — the butt of jokes.

I suppose the people who wrote the ad copy thought they were being cute. But I find it incredible that a magazine for women, many of whom are mothers, would appeal to potential subscribers by insulting mothers.

Whatever their reasoning, they blew it as far as I'm concerned. You'll never find that magazine in my home. I wouldn't spend a dime on a periodical that has so little respect for its readers.

Instead I'll spend my money on a phone call to my mother. I could use a little encouragement.

by Adam Kraft

