

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor
Karinda Hedlund, advertising representative

Private solutions often the answer

Craig Petrie's presentation at a recent luncheon meeting of the Sandy Area Chamber of Commerce was impressive.

Following the climbing tragedy that claimed the lives of nine people from Oregon Episcopal School, Petrie and others formed the Mountain Signal Memorial Fund, a non-profit corporation that, beginning this spring, will distribute signal devices to mountain climbers.

The signal devices, or transmitters, will emit a radio signal for over 25 miles. Members of rescue teams will have the receivers for use in emergency situations.

Petrie is sure the signal devices will make a difference in rescue operations.

While we applaud members of the Mountain Signal Memorial Fund for following through on a good idea, there was a particular part of Petrie's speech that interested us.

When the members of the Mountain Signal Memorial Fund were looking for solutions, they looked, for the most part, to private individuals for the solution.

In a day and age when many special interest groups and industries seek government solutions, it is refreshing to hear someone say, "Here is how we hope to solve this problem . . ."



Letters to the editor

Volunteers, kids tired, happy

When most people hear of an all-night teen-age party, the first thing they think of is negative, myself included.

There are so many things written in the papers about the bad things that teen-agers do, I thought it was time to share something good.

It was midnight on Saturday, Oct. 17, at the Sandy Aquatic Center. There were many young, healthy bodies, male and female, standing by the pool's edge stretching and limbering up. Then they began swimming.

Why were these kids out there at midnight swimming? Well, they were trying to raise money for the Blue Marlin Aquatic Club.

The members had been out in previous days signing up sponsors. They said they would swim 200 lengths of the pool in two hours or less.

At the end of the pool were chairs lined up with people with clipboards, pencils and stopwatches. They were keeping track of the time and number of lengths the swimmers swam. This seems rather boring but believe me it isn't.

The time goes by faster than you might think. As the swimmers get closer and closer to the end the excitement rises. Other swimmers are rooting the ones in the water on.

It takes a lot of time and volunteer work from parents and the coaching staff to put on one of these swim-a-thons. There was food for the kids and the parents and then there was a volleyball game and all sorts of playing in the water. A television was set up in one corner with a VCR and movies for people to watch.

There were sleeping bags all around the pool and around 3 a.m. it starts to get quiet and a lot of the kids are asleep. There is breakfast being prepared by some of these dedicated parents and the tables set up and then time to wake the kids up and say it is time to eat.

Lots of tired people left that pool on Sunday morning but a very good feeling also went out.

The kids who participated should be most happy with themselves that they did what they did and all of us that get so upset with teen-agers should sit back and thank parents and the coaching staff from the Sandy pool for doing all that work with nothing more than a few thank yous.

Willene Dunn
Sandy

Chamber says thank you

I'd like to thank the crew at Calamity Jane's for their hospitality towards the chamber for our Western Casino Night fund raiser. The great atmosphere really lent itself to this kind of event.

Also, our gratitude to the volunteers who helped organize and execute it. Without you, the event would not have been the success it was.

Last, but certainly not least, the chamber is indebted to the numerous merchants who not only are dues-paying members, but are consistently giving merchandise, not to just the

chamber, but also to many other organizations.

Be sure to show your appreciation by shopping Sandy first! A special thanks to:

Portland General Electric Co., the Elusive Trout Pub, Andano's Pizza, Suburban Ford, Paul Spence Auctioneer, The Sandy Post, The Flower Garden, Mount Hood Meadows, Portland Winter Hawks, city of Sandy, Rippling River, the Ring Suite, the Sandy Profile, the Inn at Spanish Head, Monarch Motor Hotel, Geren's Feed Store, Drs. Darold Brown and Linda Hertz, Our Gang, Suby's, the Photory, Mr. D's Pizza, the Shirt Shop, Dr. George Hyland, Accent Hair, Sandy Country Florist, Les Schwab, Sandy Decor, Sandy Sentry, T.J.'s Fireside Dining, Paola's at Mountain View, Paola's Pizza, Tolgate Inn, Carlson's Chevrolet, Sandy Office Supply, Mount Hood Dairy Queen, Taco Time, Sandy Auto Body, the Oregon Candy Farm, the Hearthstone, Jim and Pat Wolf, Mountain Video, Dr. Mark Mullins, Charbos Restaurant, Clackamas County Bank, Kentuck Fried Chicken, Perfect Look, Wyeast Optics, Sandy Safeway, The Movie Place, Timberline Lodge, Stone's Key to Fashion and Sprouse Reitz.

For those of you who are unaware of what the chamber does, let me enlighten you. We are in the process of printing a tourism brochure that promotes Sandy as a recreation area; we have joined the Mount Hood Loop consortium to promote various activities on the loop, with brochures, signage and informational kiosks; we work with the city of Sandy in terms of what is important to the business community; we support a full-time office; and additional other projects. As a member, you have the right to review the budget and give your input.

Kimberly Nelson,
treasurer

Sandy Area Chamber of Commerce

Council thanked for opportunity

I would like to thank the City Council for having enough insight to see the problems in the sign ordinance.

The business leaders of this town will work hard in the next 60 days to evaluate the inequities in this ordinance.

People interested in contributing their input regarding the ordinance are encouraged to attend a meeting being held Monday, Nov. 9, at 7:30 p.m. at the Elusive Trout Pub.

Joe Langella
Sandy

Family members say thank you

The family of Richard Shearman wishes to express its gratitude and appreciation to friends and relatives for all their kindness and support shown during our recent loss.

Rose Shearman
Sandy
Mark and Connie Shearman
and family
Michael and Jana Galloway
and family
Bill and Linda Barlow

'Fleas' also part of American economy

When the rains come and the street-corner vendors fold up their gaudy tapestries — the ones of Elvis and John Wayne and unicorns — there is still a place to buy them. Used. At bargain prices.

Try the flea market at Multnomah Kennel Club. Don't need a tapestry? How about some used Nike hightops? Or Boss Hawg's pork rinds? Or a doll with a battery-powered heartbeat? Or hyacinths for your soul? Fifteen bulbs for a dollar.

You can make a lot of corny jokes about how, when the dogs leave Multnomah Kennel Club, the fleas take over. But they don't sell fleas at the flea market. Though they would if there was a buyer.

The way I understand it, the flow of goods through the American economy is sort of like a flour sifter. Most of the flour ends up in the bowl where it belongs. But some of it inevitably spews out over the counter-top. The folks at the flea market are the people who scrape up the leavings off the Formica. They buy odd lots. (Some lots are truly odd.) They buy salvage stuff. (So that's where the cases of pickles went when the



Sharon Nesbit

pickle truck turned over.) They buy things that were lost in shipping. Or stuff that nobody wants anymore. And they cart it off to the flea market where somebody will want it. Where everybody buys a bargain and treasures are in the eye of the beholder.

The manager strung bright plastic pennants over the flea market. It is a redundant effort, like decorating a jewel box with tinsel, because the market is all color and flash and needs no help. Bright orange persim-

mons hauled up from California. Christmas lights blinking hypnotically. Gold plastic clocks shaped like eagles with psychedelic color patterns in their bellies. Glassware, old and new, gleaming in the lights.

There are handcrafts. Dolls made with glossy pipe cleaners. Christmas candles crocheted over toilet paper holders.

And food. Cans of peanuts. A woman selling carrot cake on the side. A Corbett grower giving free samples of Granny Smith apples. And the pork rinds. "Only 150 calories in a sack," the sign declares. "And if you believe that I have swampland in Florida to sell you," grinned my friend.

There are toys. Stuffed animals for a dollar. "But you don't know what they're stuffed with," said one cautious buyer. "Or who," added another.

And there is art. The devil seated on a toilet, painted on black velvet. And humor. "You don't know anything about a woman until you meet her in court," declares a slogan on a baseball cap.

Some people call it kitsch, this flotsam and jetsam that washes up in the

American economy. But the charm of a flea market is that treasures are hidden there. A beaded bag carried by a lady to some grand party 50 years ago. A hand-painted plate. A really good screwdriver. A set of baseball cards.

The dealers know the good stuff and they know who has it. They buy it from each other. They swap tales of great finds with customers fresh from a round of garage sales.

The dealers are the real scrappers in our economy. Some work all week at other jobs. Then spend their weekends selling at the flea market.

Others eke out slim pensions. A woman with a turkey sandwich, a quart of milk and a van-load of odds and ends uses her flea market sales to supplement her income.

"I'd go to garage sales to buy stuff for the house," she said, "and then I'd find something I liked even better. And pretty soon stuff was coming in my front door and going out the back door and I decided I'd better get in the business."

You plunk down 25 cents to get into the Flea-O-Rama each Saturday and Sunday. But it's the best show in town for the price.

Wife transformed into Party Animal

by PHIL CHRISTENSEN
Correspondent

In 10 years, the English language can change a great deal. Take, for example, the word "party."

The old definition of party: "The activity that occurs when one hangs out at a friend's house while his parents are off at a convention for the weekend. 'Partying' usually involved rhythmic music played at high decibel levels and selective socialization with members of the opposite sex. The use of various legal and semilegal mind-altering substances are not unknown at these."

The new definition of party: "The activity that occurs when one invites dozens of friends over in an attempt to sell them things they would never buy in a store. 'Partying' usually includes punch, peanuts and plastic trinkets. Strong peer pressure is often used (along with the

promise of more free plastic junk) to encourage victims to have similar festivities of his or her own."

I no longer "party" in the classic sense. Those mind-altering substances certainly altered mine. Permanently, I might add, and I nurture my remaining brain cells rather than sacrifice them to "partying" these days.

I have no love affair with the new kind of party, either. But my wife is a New Age Partier.

It all started out with a Discovery Toy Party. Mitzi went to one and came home a new woman. It must have been quite a party.

Then she went to a Stanley Party. I don't know what happened there, but she came home with detergent. She said it was very special detergent. It was capable of doing things that bordered on the supernatural.

This was followed by two Christmas Around the World Parties,

and she had to reject an invitation to a third because of a previous commitment to attend another party.

My wife had been identified as a Party Animal by the rest of the party world.

Next she announced she was going to a T-shirt Party. Now this was starting to sound more like the parties I remembered. I asserted my role as Man of the House and vetoed this one, until I was fully persuaded that the T-shirts were all to remain dry. I gave in, but insisted on chaperoning, just in case.

When I was about to emit a mammoth technicolor yawn at the mention of another party, she quietly mentioned she was going to a wholesome, old-fashioned Tupperware party. It's hard to get uptight about Tupperware.

Then came Phase Two. She discovered some mysterious value in having her own parties. Christmas,

Tupperware, cosmetics, toys, T-shirts, Stanley . . .

Our house now looks like Party Central. Mitzi's social calendar looks like Lee Iacocca's.

And we get all this weird, free stuff.

Stuff made in countries I can't even pronounce.

Stuff made by people who work for edible currencies. Is my family supporting oppression?

Mitzi doesn't care. She has attained the level of Chronic Par4ier now.

I know what you are thinking. "Yeah, but look at the neat plastic containers he gets sandwiches in. . ."

It's true. I love those plastic containers.

I don't know what the point is, except that I'm tired of hearing about parties. And I don't think a drawer full of weird plastic barbecue scrapers is going to change my mind about it.

by Adam Kraft

Bobcats

