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Portland**

"Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body."
Sir Richard Steele

Let's Exercise

"Exercise Prescriptions" is the topic to be discussed Monday, January 5 at 12:40 p.m., at the Tualatin/Durham Senior Center.


The program will be presented by physician R. Morton Schloss, M.D., a family practice physician on staff at Meridian Park Hospital.

The community education program is part of Meridian Park's ongoing "Healthwise for Seniors" series coordinated by E. Ricky Appleman, R.N., program development and consulting services department. Appleman also coordinates Meridian Park's efforts to provide ongoing health screenings at Washington County senior centers in Sherwood, Tigard, Durham/Tualatin.

For additional information on the program or health screenings, contact the senior centers or the community education department at the Tualatin hospital.

Guitar Player Wanted
for
Portland's fastest growing rapp group. Requires serious attitude and rehearsal 2 to 3 x per week. Must be able to travel weekends.
Call Larry 282-8247

Act One
By Ken Devington



Being a sneaky and smart-aleck kid, (I prefer sensitive and observant) whenever my parents had parties, it was my designated job to keep my ear to my bedroom door and listen to every word of the sacred "Grown-up talk" (Adult B.S.).

Around my seventh Christmas, my parents had a party and one of the activities was for everyone to tell their favorite Christmas story. I listened to all of the stories, and when it came time for Mom's turn, she told one that is still my favorite 'til this day. This being the appropriate time of year, it's my pleasure to share it with you, and I hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoy telling it.

Christmas Glow

The cold night wind whistled through the trees and, below, stirred up what was left of mother nature's fall carpet of yellow, red and brown.

Dusk was settling on the small town of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and soon the street lamps cast a soft yellow glow on the simple frame houses that were typical on the north side of town.

It was the winter of 1944. Overseas, World War II raged on, but here, in America, it was almost Christmas.

In the Thompson household there was a glow of a different kind. Activity was centered in the living room on this particular evening. The children (all 8 of them) were putting the finishing touches on the Christmas tree. Mama was seated on the couch, watching her brood scurry to and fro, unpacking and hanging ornaments, stopping only to discuss (argue) why this one should or shouldn't hang here or there.

"Edith! You keep on putting too many blue bulbs in the same place. Find some other colors!" "Say, Edward, stop eating all the popcorn, man!" "Mama, tell Melvina to stop pushing me." "Margaret, could you hand me that one with the sparkles on it?"

This continued until the magic moment had finally arrived. The tree was decked in all its glory and splendor, and now it was time to plug in the lights!

This occasion was special for more than one reason. In 1944, times were rough everywhere, and the Thompson household was no exception. Somehow things always seemed to work out even though Mr. Thompson often found himself miles away from his wife and children. On his last visit home, he'd surprised his family with the contents of two packages at dinner one evening. To everyone's delight, they were bright, shiny electric lights for the Christmas tree in all the holiday colors. Now it was time to bring them to life.

Andrew, Jr., the oldest, took the honors. When everyone took their places near Mama on the couch, Junior eased the bright copper plug into the socket. Nine pairs of eyes stared in silent wonder as the tree took on a life of its own, filling the tiny house with Christmas wonder.

The evening was getting late and it was nearing time for Mama to go to work across town. "Melvina and Junior, I want this living room clean just like you found it. Get the kids together and get it done. I've got to go to work. I'm trusting you two to make sure that after you finish, everyone gets a bath and gets to bed. And, yes, before I forget, unplug those lights. I read where those things have caught some houses on fire, and we certainly don't need to be happening here." "Awwwww, Mama!" "You heard me, Jump to it!"

Soon Mama was gone and, though the living room was spotless, no one wanted to leave the room. "Please, Junior, plug them in just for a couple of minutes!" chimed Edward and Elliot, the twins. "Yea, please, Junior!" said Mary Louise and Margaret. Slyly, Junior looked at Melvina (they'd already planned to do it when the rest were in bed). "Y'all promise not to tell?" "No, we won't tell!" yelled everyone. Once again the tree sprang to life. Little Edith Ann was the first to speak. "It's almost as pretty as the one in the Sears window downtown." "What do you mean, almost?" challenged Melvina. "That one blinks off and on," said Edith. Edward (The Adventurous) disappeared into the kitchen and soon returned with a knife in his hand. "Watch this!" he announced, and inserted the tip into the light socket, freeing one of the bulbs. At this, all the lights went out, and when he pushed on the light, all of them would spring back to life. The children shouted their approval. On, off, on, off, on

Adell Thompson had just finished doing a little Christmas shopping and boarded the bus that went from downtown to the south side of town. No sooner had she taken a seat, when her neighbor, Mrs. Smith, spoke up. "Well, Adell, I see you have electric lights on your tree this year." The other ladies gasped their approval and looked at her in admiration. Mrs. Smith continued, "The kind that blink on and off, too!" The ladies turned to hear the reply. "Oh, I'm sorry, you must be talking about someone else's lights. Ours don't blink, but we still feel blessed." "No, Adell," frowned Mrs. Smith, "I'm sure when I walked down to catch the bus not 20 minutes ago, it was your house with those blinking lights. I even saw your pretty little kids dancing around"

The rest fell on deaf ears. Adell Thompson was at the front of the bus ready to get off at the nearest stop, homeward bound.

Eight children sang Christmas carols that evening like they'd never been sung before. They danced. They played. They laughed. It was more fun than a three-ring circus. Halfway through "Do You Hear What I Hear", the door flew open and there stood Mama, tired, angry and breathing fire.

"Melvina and Junior, you're first, and nobody else move! Each and every one of you are going to have your little bottoms peppered this evening! Go get you daddy's razor strap!" "We just wanted to see the lights glow, Mama!" said Melvina. "You're going to learn to obey me, girl. Now git!"

Later on that night as eight children slept on their stomachs, the tree stood dark and silent, but the glow could be felt by all in the tiny house on the little street in the small town of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. A glow of a different kind!

Merry Christmas and may God bless you and yours this holiday season.

P.S. I love you, Mom. Thanks. Ken

KEY LARGO

31 NW FIRST 223-9919

NIGHTLY ENTERTAINMENT

Thursday, Dec. 18
99¢ ROMANCE

Weekend, Dec. 19-20
TOM GRANT BAND

Sunday, Dec. 21
CRAZY 8'S

Monday, Dec. 22
JOHN FAHEY


Tuesday, Dec. 23
CRAZY 8'S

Wednesday, Dec. 24
CLOSED FOR CHRISTMAS



Have Your Child's
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Chocolate Santa

as he visits
December
21, 22, 23, 24
2 p.m. - 8 p.m.




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New York Drama Critics Circle Award - Best Play of 1985
"Extraordinary" MA RAINEY rides on the roughest seas of the blues!
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Featuring
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Tyrone Hall
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your host - Christos Kafanias

come down and party until 4:00 am

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FRI-SAT DEC. 19-20

TICKETS: GI JOE'S, GALLERIA
JEAN MACHINE

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Andrew, Jr., the oldest, took the honors. When everyone took their places near Mama on the couch, Junior eased the bright copper plug into the socket. Nine pairs of eyes stared in silent wonder as the tree took on a life of its own, filling the tiny house with Christmas wonder.

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Merry Christmas and may God bless you and yours this holiday season.

P.S. I love you, Mom. Thanks. Ken

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

DOOR PRIZES

\$15.00 per couple | \$7.50 per person
Includes: Champagne Breakfast
Starting at 2:00 A.M.

DOOR PRIZES

8:00 P.M. until 7

MARY'S PLACE
5700 N.E. Union Ave.
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with special guest
Michael Holiday

STAN'S PARTY

whatcha doin'

New Year's Eve? Nothing In Mind, Well...

come with me where the music is loud and the food is free.

Rock In '87 With Me, At The Chumaree.

THE AND APPROPRIATE ATTIRE REQUIRED. NO HOST BAR
FOOD AND PARTY FAVORS INCLUDED IN PRICE OF ADMISSION
LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS AVAILABLE NO TICKETS AT THE DOOR
DEADLINE FOR PURCHASE OF TICKETS DECEMBER 26, 1986
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SATURDAY 10:00-7:00 PM
SUNDAY 10:00-7:00 PM

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