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SANDY NEWS

The Live Sandy
East Clackamas
Booster

VOLUME 3

SANDY, CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1916

NUMBER 27

Watch for Date of Fair to be held at Sandy

Sandy Items

James Fegles, of Bull Run, has purchased a new Overland of C. T. Shetterly, of Sandy.

Walter Grumert was in Portland last Saturday on business.

Miss Ruth Rink, of Rowley, Oregon, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. E. Grumert.

A large crowd attended the dance the night of the fourth. The music furnished by Mr. Carl Stahl and Mr. Searle, of Portland, was exceptionally good.

Mr. Zimmerman and Paul Elfert brought a couple of car loads from Gresham to attend the dance here the fourth.

Every one is busy cleaning the streets this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Bay, Mr. and Mrs. A. Scales and family, Mrs. Blackhall, Ron Blackhall, Mrs. M. Reed and Mrs. Frances Benedict visited Mrs. J. Scales on the 4th.

Clarence Cassedy went down the Columbia Highway Thursday morning.

Mrs. Wentzel went to Portland Thursday morning.

A large number from here attended the dance at Eagle Creek the fourth.

Al. Emery left this morning for Woodburn.

Lunch was served at Bauer's store all day the fourth.

Mrs. Henry Gullickson and son Clair of Gresham spent a day with Mrs. Beckwith last week.

The celebration here on the 4th was a success in every way. The weather was ideal, the parade could not have been better, the ball game was a good one and other sports were pulled off in fine shape. The program at the grove was good. Miss Beatrice Beers read the Declaration of Independence, after which Judge White, Portland, delivered the speech of the day, which was one of the best we have had the pleasure of hearing on a like occasion for years. The duet by Ruth Revenue and Francis Meinig, was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Aylsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Todd and Mr. and Mrs. Powell of Gresham, attended the dance here the fourth.

Preaching service in the Methodist church next Sunday 11 a. m.

The real estate men of this community have been invited by the officials of the Portland Realty Board to attend a real estate convention to be held in the Oregon Building, Portland, July 17, 18 and 19, when the leading "real estate" men from all parts of Oregon and from Southern Washington and Southwestern Idaho will gather to discuss problems pertinent to the profession.

It is predicted that between three-hundred and five-hundred real estate men will visit Portland for the convention and present indications are that this locality will be represented by a considerable delegation.

KELSO

Miss Ethal Wilkenson, of Gresham, will be principal of the Kelso school next year and Miss Fvangeline Yerke, of Portland, primary teacher. Miss Edna Deyo and Miss Florence Colt, who had earlier been elected to fill these positions, resigned. Miss Deyo was married in June and has gone to Canada to make her home.

Mrs. W. A. Barnum and son Donald have gone to spend a week with Mr. Barnum at Dryad, Washington, where he is employed.

BULL RUN

Lester Townsend and family spent Sunday, June 25th, at Camp Withycomb.

George Townsend and Don Allen went to Estacada Wednesday evening June 23rd.

C. C. Hingston is back at the Headquarters after spending his vacation in and around Portland.

Master Charles Klinger had a serious accident with an ax while splitting wood and had to go to the hospital.

It is reported that Clint Edwards killed a 9 foot congar on Table mountain last week.

Miss Lena Thomas was a visitor at St. Johns last week.

A nice crowd attended the party at Mr. and Mrs. Alton Phelps' Saturday night. The time was spent in playing cards and dancing.

Quite a crowd from Bull Run went to Estacada Saturday night.

Walter Helms from Marmot attended the Phelps party.

Sheriff Wilson was in this vicinity Wednesday-afternoon.

Mrs. Freeman and baby from Aimes and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Greenwood motored to Estacada last week.

B. S. Morrow and a crew of men are going to do some preliminary surveying about the North Fork on Bull Run river after the fourth.

Bert Moulton caught a 17 lb. chinook salmon at Oregon City last week and didn't drop dead either.

GEORGE

The sewing bee met with Miss Irene Paulsen last week and at Mrs. Leo Rath's.

Mrs. Snickow, Mrs. Littlepage and Mary Macho, all of Sandy Ridge, were guests of honor at Mrs. Rath's sewing bee.

Oscar Ruhl had the misfortune to fall from a horse and have his wrist broken, but is doing very nicely under the care of Dr. Adix.

Hulda Paulsen has returned home from a month's stay in Portland.

Frank Howard is working in Portland.

Cris Klinker is working in a logging camp at Gray's Harbor, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rath were Sunday visitors at Ahnert's.

Mrs. Klinker and son, Henry, visited relatives in Portland several days last week.

Miss Flora and Fred Lins visited relatives and friends in Portland last week.

Peter Ruhl was a week end visitor in Portland.

Mrs. Aman is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Sweirman.

A. H. Miller has just finished a new addition to his barn.

GORDON—Wanted to know, the whereabouts of Miss Maggie Gordon, last heard of from Sandy, Oregon, in February, 1915. Any information concerning her will be thankfully received by Sergeant Robert Gordon, R. I. C., Farnes, County Antrim, Ireland. American papers please copy.

HELD BY A MANIAC

Plight of a Steeplejack Atop a Towering Church Spire.

WHEN HIS HELPER WENT MAD.

The Struggle For Life in Midair and the Lucky Incident That Enabled Merrill to Overcome the Cunning Lunatic in His Death Grapple.

In Cleveland Moffett's "Careers of Danger and Darling" is this incident of real life that was told to Mr. Moffett by Merrill, the famous steeplejack, to whom it occurred:

"Did you ever have an impulse to jump off a steeple?" I questioned, recalling the sensations of many people in looking down even from a housetop. "I've kept pretty free from that," said he, "but there's no doubt climbing steeples does tell on a man's nerves. Now, there was Dan O'Brien. He had an impulse to jump off a steeple one day and a strong impulse too. He went mad on one of the tallest spires in Cincinnati, right at the top of it."

"Went mad?" "Yes, sir, raving mad, and I was by him when it happened. I forget whether the church was Baptist or Presbyterian, but I know it stood on Sixth street, near Vine, and there was a big hand on top of the steeple with the forefinger pointing to heaven."

"We were putting fresh gliding on this hand. I was working on the thumb side and O'Brien on the little finger side, both of us standing on tiny stagings about the size of a chair seat and both of us made fast to the steeple by life lines under our arms. That's an absolute rule in climbing steeples—never to do the smallest thing unless you're secured by a life line."

"It was coming on dark, and I was hurrying to get the gold leaf on, because we'd given the hand a fresh coat of sizing that would be dry before morning. We hadn't spoken for some time, when suddenly I heard a laugh from O'Brien's side that sent a shiver down my spine. Did you ever hear a crazy man laugh? Well, if ever you do you'll remember it. I looked at him and saw by his face that something was wrong."

"What are you doing?" said I. "He answered very polite and steady like, but his tone was queer. 'I'm trying to figure out how long it would take a man to get down if he went the fastest way.'"

"I thought I had better keep him in a good humor, so I said, 'I'll tell you what, Dan, you brace up and get this gold on, and then we'll race to the ground in our saddles.'"

"That's a fair idea," said he in a shrill voice, "but I've got a better one. We'll race down without any saddles; yes, sir, without any lines, without a blamed thing."

"Don't be a fool, Dan. What you want to do is to get that gold on—quick." I tried to speak sharp.

"No, sir; I'm going to jump, and so are you."

"I caught his eye just then and saw it wasn't any time to bother about gold leaf. I reached up and eased the hitch of my line around the hand so I could swing toward him. I knew if I once got my grip on him he wouldn't make any more trouble. But I'd never had a crazy man to deal with, and I didn't realize how tricky and quick they are. While I was working around to his side and thinking he didn't notice it he was laying for me out of the corner of his eye, and the first thing I knew he had me by the throat and everything was turning black. I let go of the line and dropped back on my saddle board helpless, and if it hadn't been for blind luck I guess the people down below would have got their money's worth in about a minute. But my hand struck the tool box as he pressed me back, and I had just strength enough left to shut my fingers on the first tool I touched and strike at him with it. The tool happened to be a monkey wrench, and when a man gets a clip on the head with a thing like that he's pretty apt to keep still for awhile. And that's what O'Brien did. He keeled over and lay there, and I did, too, until my head got steady. Even then I guess we'd both have fallen if it hadn't been for the life lines."

"The rest was simple enough after I got my senses back. Dan was unconscious, and all I had to do was fasten a rope to him and lower away. They took care of him down below until the ambulance came, and he spent that night in a hospital. And he's spent most of his years since then in an asylum, his mind all gone except for short periods, when he comes to himself again, and then he always starts out to put an end to me. That last impulse to destroy me has never left him."

PENALTY OF A RIME.

Caustic Collingborne Paid For His Taunt at Richard III.

Did you ever hear of a spring poet who came to his death because of a rime? Doubtless many spring poets have merited the same fate, but in our day justice tarries and the world suffers in silence.

It was not thus when Richard III., last of the Plantagenets, ruled England. In the main the people who did not agree with the Duke of Gloucester were wise enough to keep their opinions to themselves, but William Collingborne thought to stretch poetic license to make it cover an attack on his majesty at a time when the murder of the two princes in the Tower ought to have taught prudence.

The king was under the sway of a beautiful and clever woman, Mrs. Lovell, who was thought to dictate much of his policy, which was hopelessly bad. Now, Collingborne had recourse to the fact that the wolf dog was called a "lovel," and so he penned the famous rime, "The rat, the cat and lovel, our dog, rule all England under the hog." As a result, England was decidedly "on the hog."

Did the rime escape the eagle eye of Gloucester? Well, if it did it was not overlooked by the lady. That was a year before the famous battle of Bosworth, when the Earl of Richmond came to the rescue of his suffering people. Richard had put down Buckingham's rebellion, and all the traitors had paid the price with their heads, so another head more or less did not matter. Collingborne was summoned into court, given a perfunctory trial and sent to the block. However, there is no evidence that he was punished for writing atrocious poetry.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nervous Apprehension.

"They are not going to cut me up if I go to the hospital, are they?" "Of course not when you're going just for a rest. What makes you think they are?"

"Because when I called up the hospital a voice said, 'Operator.'"—Baltimore American.

A Soft Answer.

The wife of a man who came home late insisted upon a reason. "When I go out without you," he said, "I do not enjoy myself half as much, and it takes me twice as long."

NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

Weird Sounds That Startle Travelers In the Desert of Gobi.

In Ceylon the devil bird is a constant source of alarm. No one knows what species of bird it is, but throughout the whole night its cries are horrible and bloodcurdling. The natives regard the cry of this mysterious bird as a sure presage of death.

In the desert of Gobi, which divides the mountainous snow clad plateau of Tibet from the milder regions of Asia, travelers assert that at night they have heard sounds high up in the sky, as of the clashing of arms and sounds of martial music. If travelers fall to the rear or get separated from the caravan they hear themselves called by name. If they go after the voice they get lost in the desert. Sometimes they hear the tramping of horses, and, taking it for their caravans, are drawn away, and, wandering from the right course are hopelessly lost. The people believe that these sounds are produced by the spirits that haunt the desert.

The Irish banshee may be traced to the owls, as the description of the cry is so similar to that of the owl, which completes the identification. Most of the weird sounds that are heard in the air at night seem to have superstitious terrors and are often magnified and altered by those who hear them.—Pearson's Weekly.

WHIMS OF A BOXER.

Corbett's Nerves Jangled When He Was About to Meet Jeffries.

Jim Corbett was all nerves when preparing for a bout, Jimmy Coffroth, who promoted the bout between Corbett and Jeffries at San Francisco, told this one on Jim:

"Corbett was an easy man to get along with save that he was finicky about small matters. For instance, he came to me before the Jeffries fight and wanted to know who would be a likely referee. When I told him the man he sought him out and put him through a third degree on boxing."

"There never was a question of ring form that he didn't bring up. A few days before the fight he came to me and asked to be shown the door in Mechanics' pavilion through which he would enter on his arrival. I showed him the big front door, and he said, 'No, too much jostling there; show me another door.'"

"I took him to every entrance in the building, but none would suit, and I wound up by having a carpenter cut a special door in the side of the building for him. That was the queerest whim I ever ran across dealing with boxers."—New York World.

A Drop of Water.

Figures are sometimes impressive simply by being so stupendous that the human mind grasps them with difficulty. An instance in point is afforded by the illustration once offered to his hearers by an eminent scientist, who, in order to bring to their comprehension the idea of ultimate particles of water, stated that if he were to empty a tumbler containing half a pint of water, letting out each second a number equal to 1,000 times the population of the earth, it would require somewhere between 7,000,000 and 47,000,000 years to empty the tumbler. Lord Kelvin has assured us that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth the particles would be between the size of cricket balls and footballs. If that statement is correct the drops of water in all the oceans are not many times so numerous as the particles, or molecules, in a single drop.

Britain's Oldest Colony.

Bermuda now ranks as the oldest of Britain's colonies, the English flag having been hoisted there in 1612 by a party of colonists from the Virginia company who stopped at the islands on the way to the mainland, went on to Virginia, found Jamestown in a state of starvation and returned. A previous explorer, Juan de Bermudez, gave the group its name.