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SANDY NEWS

The Live Sandy
East Clackamas
Booster

VOLUME 3

SANDY, CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916

NUMBER 29

Mt. Hood Creamery Basket Picnic July 29th.

Sandy Items

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

T. F. Gunn has gone to Condon, Ore. for a short time.

HORSE FOR SALE

Good for saddle, work and driving. Also a thoroughbred Jersey cow. By Mrs L. Hamberg, Bull Run.

The picnic of the Lutharn church has been postponed until next Sunday, the 23rd.

Mrs. B. F. Bauers made a trip to Portland Sunday and returned Monday.

Mrs. F. E. Beckwith spent a few days in Portland this week, visiting her mother-in-law. She returned home Wednesday.

Mr. Beckwith's mother, his sister and her husband, Mrs. Wilton and Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith paid them a visit Sunday on their way to the mountains.

Henry Junker is working in the Scales store.

J. Scales has returned home after spending a week visiting friends in Washington.

Lovell Hodges left Monday p. m., for Crabtree where he will work in a saw mill.

Mrs. H. L. Hall and daughter, Mildred, of Portland, spent a few days visiting Mrs. C. H. Edwards and Mrs. A. Butolph this week.

Don't forget the big dance at Eagle Creek July 22nd.

Mrs. Shetterly and sons, Carl and Chester and Mr. and Mrs. Bonnett have returned from the Summit House where they have been camping the past two weeks.

B. F. Bauer made a business trip to Portland Wednesday.

Earl Bruns, of Jones Mercantile Co., of Portland, is spending his vacation with Ed F. Bruns.

Mrs. Oosterveer and son, Allen, of Spokane, Washington, are visiting Mrs. Joe Loundree.

Mrs. Patterson, of Independence, is visiting relatives and friends in Sandy and vicinity.

FOR SALE—A Jersey cow just fresh, good milker. Apply to W. B. Roberts, Dover.

J. M. Davis attended the funeral of Mrs. R. G. Hamilton, near Albany, Oregon. While away he visited his brother and family at Shedd's, Oregon.

H. S. Eddy was in Portland two days this week attending the real estate convention. He reports a splendid gathering in every way.

Wm. Lamper did some landscape gardening for architect Kleeman last Friday.

Miss Lizzie Sladky spent Saturday and Sunday with Babe Adams.

Walter Grunert left Thursday for Paris, Berlin or London.

Confectionery store for sale. Inquire at news office.

The Northrup and King collector was in town Wednesday, collecting up his seed boxes.

Bruce Schminky was in town Wednesday.

The Health Officer was in town Wednesday.

Miss Alice McGugin and Mr. Shipley attended Chautauqua Sunday.

James Mills left town Wednesday.

Martin Mickleson went to Chautauqua Wednesday.

Mrs. R. F. Dittert was taken to the St. V'son hospital Friday. She is doing fine now.

Bon-Fire Party in Meinig's Grove Friday night. Everyone come and bring lunch, if it doesn't rain. Starts at 7:30.

Boring Lodges Install

Boring Lodge of Oddfellows and Boring Rebekah Lodge held a joint installation Tuesday night and installed officers for the ensuing term. Oddfellows' officers were installed by District Deputy Grand Master Henry A. Beck as follows: Past Grand, W. E. Childs; noble grand, J. E. Seifer; vice-grand, John Meyer; warden, H. Johnson; conductor, August Lekberg; right senior noble grand, James McBain; right senior vice-grand, E. S. Hickey; left senior vice-grand, Arthur Jonsrud; R. S. S. West Brooke; L. S. S. J. B. Jonsrud; I. G., George Tacheron; O. G., H. Fessenden, and chaplain, Claude F. Cross.

Minnie Meyer, district deputy president, installed officers of the Rebekahs as follows: Past grand, Blanch Seifer; noble grand, Selma Bartel; vice-grand, Sarah E. Frank; warden, Sarah Wheeler; conductor, Emma McBain; R. S. N. G., Nora Richey; L. S. N. G., Maggie Beck; R. S. V. G., Margaret Wheeler; L. S. V. G., Lydia Everett; I. G., Carrie Knox; O. G., Reuben S. Frank, and chaplain, Sophia Zogg.

Following installation refreshments were served to all present. The local lodges are quartered in their new hall, which was dedicated June 16 by Henry S. Westbrook, grand master, of Portland assisted by E. E. Sharon, grand secretary, and P. Nolan, grand marshal.

Sandy I.O.O.F. Install

After the regular business meeting of Sandy Rebekah Lodge No. 193, I.O.O.F. held in the I.O.O.F. hall here last Thursday evening a joint installation of the Rebekah's and Oddfellows was held. District Deputy President, Blanche R. Shelley, installed the following officers in the Rebekah's: Past noble grand, Harriet Beckwith; noble grand, Mira Revedue; vice grand, Sadie Bosholm; warden, Alice Scales; conductor, Nealie Loundree; R. S. S., E. F. Bruns; L. S. V. G., Walter Kizer; R. S. V. G., John Keisicker; I. G., Otto Meisig; O. G., R. E. Esson. Many members from Boring Lodge No. 234 were present.

After the work was completed the sixty-one people present were served refreshments.

Good roads are neighbor makers and trade builders.

Don't be a hair-trigger knocker and a low-fuse booster.

Don't kill the birds. The more birds the less bugs.

Old Soldier Found Exhausted in Road.

Andrew J. Wilcox, a 92 year old civil war veteran, was rescued from probable death by a Sandy automobile party Tuesday afternoon, two miles west of Sandy, near the Guldenspoff hill. The party consisting of Fred Glockner, driving, and M. A. Deaton, of Sandy, J. M. Ghrist, of Portland and John Seivers, of Oregon City, discovered the old man struggling by the side of the road, endeavoring to rise by the aid of his cane. They tenderly picked him up and placed him in the machine with the intention of rushing him to Sandy to a doctor when the exhausted man asked for a drink of water, stopping at Gilbert Jonsrud's, one of the men procured a glass of water and a sandwich through the kindness of Mrs. Jonsrud, this seemed to revive the old man and upon being questioned he informed his rescuers that he had given his farm to his boy and that he now had to leave, that he was going to Roseburg to the old soldiers home. He had intended going to Oregon City and there securing transportation from the G. A. R. Post for the rest of the trip, but he took the wrong road at Boring and had come toward Sandy instead of Oregon City. As the party was bound and the old veteran seemed stronger, they continued on their way and arriving at Oregon City the old man was turned over to the Oregon City G. A. R. The following was taken from the Oregon City Enterprise:

Andrew J. Wilcox was born in Virginia, in 1842. As a youth he was possessed of that temperament and moral courage that featured the pioneers. He moved into what was then "the western country," settling in Illinois. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, Mr. Wilcox heeded the call of his country, and enlisted as a private in the 25th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, at Danville, entering the federal service June 7, 1861. About a year later he was wounded in a skirmish at Pea Ridge, and after being discharged from the hospital, returned to civil life.

However, the true pioneer spirit still flowed in his veins, and the west still beckoned to him. Subsequently he acquired nine acres of fertile land ten miles east of The Dalles, Oregon, near the town of Grafton. There, in time, he sent his son, John Wilcox, to cultivate the little ranch and establish a home. And until this work was completed the elder Wilcox gained admission to the soldiers' home at Monte Vista, Colo.

Last winter his son wrote to him, telling him that a home was awaiting him on the Oregon ranch. The old soldier bade farewell to his comrades at the veterans' home and journeyed to Grafton. His son suggested that it would be well to transfer the place to him, saying that in return he would give the old soldier a good home and dutiful care for the balance of his life. And the father fell in with this plan, he says, and had a deed drawn up giving his boy possession of the place, and merely stipulating formally that in return he be given care and good treatment.

According to Mr. Wilcox, however, the son did not live up to the terms of this agreement. Once secure in the possession of the little ranch, he commenced to treat the old man "mean."

They had frequent wrangles, and last week things came to a climax.

"Son," said the elder Wilcox, "you aren't treating me right."

And, according to the old man, the boy replied: "Well, if you don't like the way I treat you, I reckon you're free to leave."

The old man, sore at heart, went to see the local justice of the peace. That worthy, after interviewing the son and investigating the case, told Wilcox that he probably could regain possession of his property, but that there was no legal way to make the younger man "treat him right." So the old veteran, tired of strife, determined to apply for admission to the Oregon Soldiers' Home at Roseburg, where he knew he could gain temporary care until arrangements were made for his return to the home for veterans in Colorado. Monday night, without saying good bye to his boy, the old man packed and shipped his personal belongings to Roseburg, and boarded a train for Portland to make the first stage of his journey.

Arriving in Portland Tuesday morning, Mr. Wilcox found that he had but 85 cents in cash—not near enough to pay the railroad fare to Roseburg from the metropolis. Too proud to beg and sure of his own strength, the elder Wilcox bravely set out to walk to the southern Oregon town, where he knew the asylum would await him. So, trudging along manfully, in spite of his years, he began his march through the Willamette valley.

He reached the outskirts of Portland without having any special adventure. Once in the suburbs, however, his stooping figure attracted attention, and some passing automobilists noticed him.

"Want a ride, old man," they called. And Wilcox, noting only that they were going south, nodded his head and climbed into the car. The automobile whirled on its way, eating up fourteen miles or so of road before it stopped. When it reached Boring, the old soldiers' hosts told him that was as far as they were going, and he thanked them and alighted. Once again he took up his way, hiking sturdily along the road.

A young man, driving along in a light buggy, overtook the veteran silently plodding on his way.

"Where are you going uncle?" he called.

"To Roseburg, son, to enter the old soldiers' home. Is this the road?"

The youth shook his head, and regarded the old man with pitying eyes. Then he told him that he was many, many miles off the main road down the valley. Shocked, but not downhearted the veteran asked where was the nearest town, saying he must find a place to get something to eat, and a house where he could rest. The youth directed him down a road that led to Sandy, two miles away, and sorrowfully shook his head as the aged soldier again took up his line of march.

The strength of 92 years was not sufficient to last for the two miles to Sandy, however, and after going but a short part of the way, the old veteran stumbled and fell. Too weak to rise, he lay moaning by the side of the road; and he was still helpless in the ditch when another automobile party came along. In this car were John N. Seivers, justice of the peace at Oregon City, M. A. Deaton, Fred Glockner and J. M. Ghrist. They went to the old man's assistance at once, lifted him tenderly into their car, and made him comfortable. And then, when they had heard his story, they told him they would take him to friends, and set him upon the right road to Roseburg.

So Andrew Wilcox was brought to Oregon City. Before members of Meade Post, No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic were notified, warm-hearted folk saw to it that the aged veteran got some coffee to warm his blood and some food to revive his failing strength. This was the first nourishment the old man had since Monday morning, he told his temporary hosts. After the inner man had thus been cared for, Mr. Wilcox was turned over to the loving hands of local Grand Army men, who saw to it that he was

provided with a warm room and a comfortable bed for the night. To-day they will make arrangements to send him on to Roseburg and the haven of the old soldiers' home by train, and will be glad indeed that opportunity has come to them to aid a comrad in distress.

J.M. Ghrist Convicted

J. M. Ghrist, of Portland, was convicted of threatening to commit a crime. He was tried before justice of the peace Pomeroy, Tuesday and put under \$1000 bond to keep the peace. Failing to put up the bond, he was taken to the county jail at Oregon City.

BUILT IN BLOOD.

Petrograd, the Artificial Capital of the Czar's Dominions.

Travelers speak of Moscow as the heart of Russia, the real Russian city, and dismiss Petrograd as an imitation of other European capitals. But to me Petrograd seems more characteristically Russian, with its immense facades of government buildings and barracks marching along as far as the eye can reach, broad streets and mighty open spaces.

The great stone quays along the Neva, the palaces, cathedrals and imperial avenues paved with cobbles grew under the hands of innumerable serfs chained in a swamp by the will of a tyrant and were cemented with their blood, for where Petrograd now sprawls for miles and miles, a city built for giants, was nothing but a feverish marsh a hundred and fifty years ago.

And there, where no roads naturally lead, the most desolate spot, the most vulnerable and the most remote from any natural center of the Russian empire, Peter the Great had a whim to found his capital. Twenty thousand slaves a year for ten years were killed by fever, cold and disease in the building of Petrograd.

Nine times the court nobles themselves conspired to wreck the hated city and force the court to return to Moscow; three times they set fire to it, and three times the czar hung them at the doors of the palaces he had forced them to build.

A powerful section of the reactionary party has always agitated for the restoration of Moscow as the capital, and it is only in the last twenty years that the population of Petrograd has not been artificially kept up.—John Reed in Metropolitan.

ABOUT SMALL FRUITS.

Hurry the picked berries into a cool place out of the sun.

Keep your eye on the currant and gooseberry bushes; often there is a second brood of the currant worm pest.

Don't pick wet berries for market. Wait until they dry off. Wet berries are soft and do not ship well.

Light one inch mesh fish netting makes an excellent covering for ripening berries that attract the birds. Scarecrows and strings often fail; netting is sure and not expensive for small areas.

Spray the grapevines with the bordeaux-arsenate of lead mixture, the first application soon after the fruit sets, the second about ten days later and the third about two weeks afterward. This helps to prevent rot, wormy grapes and other troubles. A further help is to put paper bags on the grape clusters when the berries are the size of small shot and leave them there until harvest time.

Stingy.

"They tell me that Blank is awfully stingy."

"He is! Why, if that fellow killed two birds with one stone he would want the stone back!"—Exchange.