

The Sandy Post

Published every Wednesday at Sandy, Clackamas County, Oregon

FERN C. LAMBERT, Editor and Owner

We Want a Sandy Paper, Do You?

We believe the people of Sandy want a newspaper. In fact we believe it so strongly that we are working long hours in an effort to give Sandy a sandy newspaper, but in order for a newspaper to survive it must have new, rising, and subscriptions.

It is our intention to keep the Sandy Post as much a Sandy paper as we possibly can. But if the surrounding community trade area cannot support a paper, then we must look to outside advertisers for necessary income.

We do not expect to tell a man how to run his own business, yet do we ask an exorbitant request.

Back the home town paper and the home town paper will back you.

New Features Added

Two more departments are added to the Post features this week in the form of a society and a church column. We believe that the church services of the community are one of the best advertisements for a community. Many persons, looking for a location for a permanent home, consider of vital importance the churches that are represented. With the completion of the new Adventist church at the edge of town Sandy will have four well patronized and conducted churches, the Immanuel Lutheran; the Community, which combines several religions; the Catholic and the Adventist.

Beautiful homes, well kept yards and streets and well taken care of churches bespeak a happy, contented and prosperous community.

Telephone to be Installed

The Sandy Post is installing a phone in the new office this week to accommodate both patrons and personnel of the Post force. The number will be found in the shop ad. We will be glad to take news items, those classified ads, etc., over the phone and can us news items, those classified ads, etc., over the phone and can us nesday and Thursday and until noon Monday, the dead line on any news or classified ad copy.

The Little Voice

By EDITH LOCKETT HOSMER
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WNU Service.

"YOU did right, you did right," insisted the little voice, but Alice Ripplan was trying hard not to listen to the little voice. Yet, as she sat there in the doorway of her old fashioned country house, she heard again that persistent tongue of the conscience within her.

It was just last night she had told David Farnsworth what the little voice had directed her to say. "I can't marry you now, David," she had stated firmly.

"You mean 'won't,'" he had replied shortly. "You can't sacrifice your life for your sister. Someone else can care for Rita. Why, Alice, we have planned so long that when the time came that I must make this South American trip we would make it our honeymoon trip. I shall be gone so long. I—"

"That's just it, David," she had interrupted him. "Don't you see that something might happen while

I am gone? Why, Rita's my only sister! Why, I couldn't leave her when she needs me the most. Oh, David, don't tempt me. It isn't going to be easy, but it's my duty."

"Don't you owe me—us, anything? You'll ruin both our lives. Would you throw love away? Do you remember that passage we read together: 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune?' Don't decide foolishly," David begged.

"I'll not change my mind," Alice had smiled sadly.

Why hadn't he helped her? She had had to fight him as well as herself to reach this decision to remain, at whatever personal cost, at the side of her sick sister.

"Perhaps Doctor Oliver is wrong," David had seized on the idea eagerly. "The specialist who is coming tomorrow may find that Doctor Oliver is wrong."

"Doctor Oliver told me not to hope too much, and the way he said it I can't hope at all. Dear David, don't question my love," Alice had faltered, tears in her voice. "It's the only thing I can do—to stand by Rita. It may be years before I can leave her, for I'll never leave while she needs me."

"It may be years before I can return, but then I don't count, do I?" Bitterness had crept into David's voice. Then he had pleaded, had argued, had entreated, had threatened, had stormed, and had finally left her in anger.

Alice had stood as unmoved as a rock, for the little voice had spoken for her. "It's the right thing to do. The only thing to do," it had told David. But when he had gone the little voice had forsaken her, too; she had been suddenly dreadfully alone—desolate. She was the girl with a broken heart, a girl whose life seemed like a broken wheel.

Rita had not been able to make the long trip to see the specialist, so the specialist had had to come to her. He was now up in Rita's room with Dr. Oliver, and Alice, seated in the doorway, was waiting for them to come down.

All at once there came from the room above the sound of laughter; Rita's voice filled with a happy lilt. Breathlessly Alice went flying up the stairs.

"Oh, Alice, good news," announced Dr. Oliver as she entered the room. "I was much mistaken about Rita."

"A very natural mistake, under the circumstances," explained the specialist. "But absolutely she has not the disease. I certainly expect the young lady to have 50 or 60 active years before her."

"Dear Rita!" exclaimed Alice. Tears of joy shone in her eyes as she thought only of her sister.

Sometime later Alice slipped downstairs to sit for a moment in the doorway again. Now that her heart was at rest about Rita, the thought of David came back. She was not sorry she had chosen as she had, but now that Rita did not need her, her own life seemed to extend before her a meaningless matter of years.

Suddenly she gave a little gasping cry as unexpectedly David, himself, came into view up the garden path.

"Alice, my dear!" He caught both her hands in his. "Forgive me. How could I hurt you so when I love you so? Remember that other verse: 'Though the walls of my heart crumble and molder in dust away?' It is like that with me and always will be, no matter how long I must wait."

He did not know about Rita! He

had reached this unselfish decision in an agony of forlorn hope, even as she had done. He, also, had been tested and had not been found wanting. Henceforth they could never doubt each other. She was suddenly glad all this had happened, for their love would be richer for it. She was glad, too, that she had heeded the little voice.

For a long passionate moment they clung to each other. The air about them was filled with the sound of Rita's light, happy laughter, of the low, sweet words of David, then, within her, Alice heard the little voice. It seemed to be singing, and it sang so loud that she knew that the echo of its music would sound forever down the beautiful years.

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CHAS. E. LAMBERT

Inquire Sandy Post

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The Sandy Post