

The Sandy Post

Published every Thursday at Sandy, Clackamas County, Oregon.

"With charity and justice to all and malice toward none."

ORVAL G. BUTLER, Editor and Owner

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THE BELIEF OF THE OREGON MENTAL HYGIENE SOCIETY

Today the American people stand before the world as a nation of free men where the processes of individual initiative, freedom of thought, controlled research and independent character have placed us in the very forefront of all the peoples in the world in science, in health, in our scale of living, in recreation and in the ability to enjoy life.

By the same forces which have brought us to this high place we should be able to overcome the deficiencies of those who have not yet realized those great advantages and to give to them much of that which is enjoyed by the majority. To this purpose the American medical profession has repeatedly dedicated itself.

And to this purpose the Oregon Mental Hygiene Society is endeavoring to serve this community. With the growth of lay interest in mental hygiene and the conscious need of a Psychiatric Hospital in this state, by popular demand groups of lay leaders and authorities in the medical profession are supplying the pertinent information and support that is needed to overcome these deficiencies.

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Sandy Ridge Woman's Club will meet with Mrs. Joe De Shatz's, Thursday, September 5th. All day meeting. Pot luck dinner at noon.

Mr. A. W. Cook, 85 years old, of Damascus is very ill at his home. He was father king at the Pioneer Picnic held on July 28.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

Many thoughtful but puzzled Americans are wondering what the exact truth is about the war situation in Europe which has stirred our Government to such feverish activity in the cause of national defense. Does official Washington believe that Hitler is going to conquer England? Does the Administration fear that the next objective of the Nazis will be either North or South America? If such beliefs and fears are held by the men responsible for the operation of our Government, there must be some sound and serious basis for them. What is it?

We cannot believe that anybody is trying to 'throw a scare' into the people of the United States for political or other ignoble reasons. We cannot imagine anyone in position of high authority and power stooping to such baseness as that suggestion would imply.

There is no one in official life with the moral courage to tell us, the people of the United States, the unvarnished truth. All the actions of the Administration in this matter of defense preparations are such as to indicate the belief that we are in imminent danger from a foreign foe. As we read the reports and comments of competent reporters and authorities on such matters, the danger to the United States hinges upon the fate of Great Britain and upon nothing else.

If Britain is defeated and the British Navy falls into Hitler's hands, then, it is obvious, we will have good grounds for alarm. Washington officialdom is acting as if it expected precisely that. If that is the official belief, why not come out with it bluntly? And why not do something about it now, instead of dilly-dallying!

General Pershing put his finger on the spot when he proposed in a radio broadcast that we should make some deal to supply Britain with 50 or more of our antiquated but still useful destroyers, of which we have 250 or more available. All of the reports we have seen indicate that destroyers would be of more service to Britain in this crisis than more planes. The General does not talk through his hat, but he has no official standing to give weight to his words.

If Britain can hold off Germany by the aid of such destroyers as we can sell, lend or give to her, then our peril would be greatly lessened. If Germany wins in spite of such help, we are no worse off. It seems like common sense to take General Pershing's advice. If there is a good reason for not doing so, won't somebody who knows the "inside" facts in Washington

come out boldly and tell us the truth?

TODAY AND TOMORROW—

Life — — Neighbors

I was born seventy years ago in a small town parsonage. Until I was ten we lived we lived in country villages where my father preached and taught. Then we moved to Washington, where I got most of my schooling and my first experience of city life. In fifty years of journalism I have lived and worked in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Jacksonville, smaller cities. I made many acquaintances and a few friends in most of them, but in all the cities I missed something I had known in my childhood.

People lived together in crowds but they were not neighbors. I mean, in the sense of feeling a mutual interest in each other's welfare and a common interest in the affairs of the community.

I have managed, somehow, to keep up a connection with the places where people are really neighbors. For more than twenty years my wife and I, wherever my work might take me, called 'home' the little farm near where she was born and close to the village my own people settled in 250 years ago.

Religion — — Toleration

One of the things I like about our village life is that nobody cares, or even asks, what church anyone else belongs to. We have three churches, Congregational, Episcopalian and Catholic. Last winter, when the Congregational minister's little boy was stricken with meningitis and had to spend weeks in a hospital at the county seat, it was a Catholic lady who suggested that the village people ought to raise a fund to pay the expense, since a country minister's salary doesn't run to big doctors' bills.

Everybody in town contributed because everybody in town likes and respects the minister and his family. Seven hundred dollars or so was raised to pay hospital fees and specialists from Boston. And the boy got well.

When one church puts on an entertainment, a supper or a fair the people of the other churches pitch in and do their part. A week or two ago the first prize of \$100 at the Catholic fair was won by the widow of the Episcopal bishop of this diocese. The Congregationalists and Episcopalians united this Summer to run an outdoor Bible school camp for boys and girls.

Policeman — — Died

As I write this I've just heard of Tom Killgoile's death, and my wife has started up to old Mrs. Killgoile's house to see if there is anything we can do. Tom was one of her thirteen children, and was one of the most popular young men in the village. He was one of the three village policemen and directed traffic at the danger spot where the road crosses a well-traveled village street.

Last night a youth of twenty, driving his father's car with his mother as passenger, came down Prospect Hill at 70 miles an hour, dashed across the through traffic and struck Tom Killgoile, on his post. Tom's body was hurled 62 feet. He died at 4 o'clock this morning. The whole village is grief-stricken, likewise seething with indignation.

The indignation is directed toward the politicians who got the red flash-light at the crossing removed because some nervous woman said it kept her awake. I expect to hear some strong language at the town board meeting next Saturday night. Of the two mothers, Tom's and the boy's who was driving the car, it is hard to say which is the more deserving of sympathy. What a tragedy for both of them!

Americans — — All

Somebody referred to Mary Consolini one day as an Italian girl. I never saw anybody so mad as Mary was. 'I'm American!' she cried. 'Don't let anybody tell you different.' Her parents came from Italy, like many others who were brought over to work in the marble quarries here, but I don't know of any better Americans than there are among my neighbors of Italian ancestry.

I met Sam Baldassare on the street the other day and asked him how his oldest son John was doing. John used to work for me on the farm, and after he graduated from the town high school with honors he wanted to go to college. I helped him get a job in New York so he could work his way through Fordham University, but I hadn't heard from for five years.

Sam beamed as he told me that John had got his university degree a year ago and is now studying for the priesthood in a Jesuit seminary. 'And isn't his mother proud!' he exclaimed. Sam's second son, Francis, is going to the State College. His oldest daughter has just graduated from a famous school for nurses. Sam runs one of the town's three barber shops. Paul Kilen, a Jew, runs another, and Steve Sobieski, a Pole, owns the third. Good citizens and good Americans, all of them.

EDITOR — — FEATURED

You are reading this in a small town newspaper. Maybe you are one of the people who think life in the big cities must be much more interesting than in a small town. 'Life depends on the liver,' an old country doctor once said to me. You can take that both ways. At my age I am convinced that the only real values in life are more surely attained, though not always appreciated, in little towns like mine.

An old friend, Henry Beetle Hough, has just written a book called 'Country Editor.' Ask your town librarian to put in a copy of it. It's not only beautifully written and amusingly entertaining, but it is the best expression of the satisfaction of small-town life in America that I have seen put on paper. Also, it may open your eyes to the amazing number of things your editor knows about you.

COUNTY FAIR QUEEN CHOSEN

Thelma Fisher of Oregon City will reign over the annual Clackamas Fair during its 34th session.

Eunice Steffenson of Canby received second place. Dorothea Zacher, Molalla captured third place and June Wilcox of Sandy was fourth.

The coronation ceremonies will be held Wednesday evening in the fair stadium and Governor Charles A. Sprague will do the crowning.

Formal announcement of the winners was preceded by members of the county fair board, directed by T. D. Moehnke. Also present were County Judge E. T. Pope, and Commissioner L. L.

McFarlane. Miss June Wilcox of Sandy received a surprise check for \$25.

Another War



OTTAWA, Canada . . . A little heavier, grayer at the temples, but still ready for duty is Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., as he joins the Canadian service in an administrative capacity. Marshal Bishop, with 72 German planes to his credit in World War I, was Canada's foremost ace.

Democratic Chief



NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . Edward J. Flynn, newly appointed Democratic National Chairman, has the biggest job of his life on his hands as the presidential campaign gets under way. Filling Jim Farley's shoes is a big order, but the Democrats voice confidence in Flynn's ability to do so.

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