

THE SANDY POST

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BEN FRANKLIN WAS A PRINTER—

Benjamin Franklin, who contributed so much to this great nation of ours during its founding days, was a printer. Most folks know that, but many do not know that because of his success in the field of printing and publishing, as well as in the greater field of public affairs, Ben Franklin is the recognized "patron saint" of the printing industry.

Franklin's birthday anniversary falls on January 17th. That's why this week of January 15 to 21 has been selected each year by the International Association of Printing House Craftsmen, the printers of the world, to celebrate "International Printing Week." They honor on this occasion their patron saint and all of those who have contributed so much to the development of the industry in the past. In turn, the printers themselves are honored by the public who simply could not get along without their products.

Imagine, if you can, schools without books, churches without hymnals, homes and communities without newspapers, businesses without printed record forms, our whole economy without the millions of varieties of printed matter in use every day. Of course you can't imagine it, the effect would be so staggering. Yet printing, like so many of our blessings of today, is one of those essentials of life we simply take for granted.

Few of us realize that printing is one of the chief tools of communication between humans. It plays an indispensable role in our modern civilization; in the dissemination of news, in the expression of political ideals and ideas, in the records of commerce and industry. It broadens the scope of everything it touches; it is vital to the upbuilding and sustaining of business through advertising.

The process of printing requires a remarkable amount of skill, devotion, and planning. Far more complex than the process necessary in many other industries and activities, is printing, yet it is regarded so commonplace because its products are so familiar.

So it is appropriate that we pause a brief moment to salute our printers. Their daily contributions to human welfare and happiness are beyond the power of man to compute.

TELFORD HAS EXPERIENCE—

Wallace R. Telford, widely known retired merchant of Boring, has filed as a candidate for the republican nomination for county judge of Clackamas county. He will be a strong contender for that post, and one who is certain to have exceptionally strong support in the east end of the county.

Mr. Telford has the kind of broad experience so essential to successful conduct of a big and varied business like the operation of Clackamas county. Not only has he gained that experience in successfully operating a general store for many years, but he has also accumulated a vast fund of knowledge, common sense and judgment by participation for many years in just about every type of civic endeavor one could name. He has lived close to the people and consequently knows and shares the views of the great mass of those who must be served by the county government and whose combined payments in taxes supply the big majority of the wherewithal to pay for those services. He would contribute much to the affairs of the county by supplying a broad, county-wide view of all problems—a view that is sorely needed in these trying times of rapid growth in our population.

WE'RE BUILDING OUR OWN—

The boys down Oregon City way apparently have come to the end of their rope in trying to build a large new hospital for that city. Now they propose to encompass all of Clackamas county in a "Lower Willamette Hospital District" to provide for a "1,500,000 hospital of 175 beds in the county seat. In short, areas such as our own which sorely need a small local hospital to handle emergency cases, are going to be asked to forget their own needs and start paying taxes to build a fine hospital in Oregon City.

There's no denying the need of a first class hospital in Oregon City. We don't even doubt that one of 175 beds soon would be used to capacity, and that such use would stem from the area within a few miles of our county seat. It would not be a matter of a few years, on the basis of our present and forecasted population growth, before that hospital would be far from adequate to serve the entire district. But even before

that time, the distance to Oregon City from outlying parts of the county would make it impractical to dump all the tax funds the county could provide for a hospital and its operation into one large basket.

If Clackamas county is to be established as a hospital district, it is essential that some sort of a unit system of hospital building and operation should be definitely included in the program before it is submitted to the people. If it is not, we have grave doubts as to whether or not Clackamas county voters will be willing to load another one-mill levy onto themselves for a service that will not be quickly accessible to them in time of greatest need—the cases of emergency.

A unit system would call for inclusion of the Sandy hospital, now well along in construction, in the county set up. It would also call for other similar units at strategic points in the county—possibly Molalla and some other point in the western end of the county. Such a program would insure a real return in value for the tax money expended to all taxpayers of the county.

Without such a program, The Mountain Area, for example will simply be building a hospital for Oregon City and environs which residents of the Mountain Area will seldom, if ever, use. If you doubt that, it might be interesting for you to know that the industry which is purported to be one of the largest taxpayers in Clackamas county is located right here in Sandy. There are many other similar operations in this and other outlying districts which contribute importantly to county tax coffers.

It is understood that promoters of the hospital district idea plan to hold a meeting in Sandy, and other communities, to sell their program. If they expect to succeed, we strongly advise that they make that program one which gives real consideration and not just lip service to the outlying communities, one which includes something along the lines of the unit plan suggested above.

CAPITAL ZONE OF SALEM—

The City of Salem certainly missed the boat when it failed to set aside as a "capital zone" the area recently purchased in that city for construction of an apartment building. It did even worse when it granted permission for building an apartment when it was commonly known that the area was included in plans of the state for development of the "capital zone" in future years.

There seems to be only one way out of the mess at this point. That is for the state emergency board to get busy and purchase the property. Ralph Coates, Portland, who recently acquired the property and procured the permit to build on it, has indicated his willingness to sell if he can get his current investment out of the transaction. At present, Mr. Coates has stated this investment is \$30,000. The apartment he plans to erect would increase the valuation to approximately \$300,000. That means that if the emergency board does not act, the state will eventually have to spend upwards of \$300,000 to acquire the property. Action now would save some \$270,000 for the taxpayers of Oregon. In our book, that makes the case an emergency, despite the fact that Attorney General George Neuner has indicated that the nature of immediate action might not be considered "emergency" action under certain legal technicalities.

Chances are great that no legal questioning of the action would ever arise because the people of Oregon recognize the situation for what it is and are prudent enough to want to save \$270,000 when there is an opportunity to do so.

The 1950 federal census taking will get under way soon. It won't be long before we will know how close has been the guessing on Oregon's growth in population during recent years.

The Marshall plan up to the end of 1949 had cost this nation less than the cost of one month of World War II. It hasn't required the sacrifice of a single life. Yet it has done more for freedom than any war since the war of independence.

Looks like Clackamas county's Elmer McClure may give Mort Tompkins a run for the money as master of the Oregon Grange. There are a lot of Grangers who think a change in leadership would be healthy for the organization.

Harris Ellsworth, congressman from the fourth district of Oregon and one of the leaders in the house, declared in a recent speech that Americans are becoming "subjects" of the government instead of free citizens who are co-partners in it.

"Smut Chairman Chosen From Oregon," reads a headline in a recent issue of the Sherman County Journal at Moro. Things really must be getting pretty "raw" up in the wheat country this winter. Which reminds us that "smut" is a blight found on wheat and that an organized effort is being made to get rid of it. Should have read that darned article in the first place, then we would have known the "Smut Chairman" was the head man in the campaign to control the pestiferous stuff.

Browsing Around



(By Louise Hodson)

What to do when the snow flies?

In Sandy that's a good question. Socially speaking it's almost a joke, unless you've got a good radio, a checker board, or a deck of cards.

This is one time of the year when the kids can't go galavanting all over the place. High school "squirrels" have to keep their "hot rods" at home, and the restless husband couldn't get to a sick friend's house if he wanted to sit up with one. That is unless it was next door and there's no future in that. The Mrs. could check too easily.

Ma can't get to her favorite social club but she won't miss any gossip—nobody else can get there either.

Lovely, beautiful snow—that's all you can say about it that's nice. Unless you've got a job you don't like or a date you don't want to keep. As a whole—it's the nuts!

Getting to work is a problem. If you live in town you wade through slush or tiptoe over ice. If you live in the country, you've got to have chains for your car and the snow blinds you, but you get there. Most likely no business will be waiting for you but you're on the job.

The non-sufferers are the school kids. No school! Whee! Man your battle stations, here come the snowballs! Pink cheeks and red noses peekin' out of fur-lined caps with no worries. Ain't it fun? Oh well, it'll happen to them someday too—they'll grow up. It's almost sad.

Yep, snow is on the ground and the average family spends more time together than they have since last winter. Come to think of it, a family gathering should be interesting. It's not easy to keep everybody home at the same time. Most likely this could lead to a nice conversational evening.

What to do when it snows is no problem to mom. She keeps busy moppin' up snow water, doctoring the sniffles and wondering how she's going to dry the weekly wash.

Poor old pa who isn't used to being confined to the family quarters gets some practice in fixin' frozen faucets. He digs in the attic for the old oil lantern in case the lights go out and turns on the radio for the latest bulletins. He tries to take a nap just about the time Red Ryder comes on, gives up the idea and decides to visit the next door neighbor.

"Sorry, Joe's in bed with a cold," says the neighbor's wife, so back he trudges, climbs out of his boots and tries to get his teen-age son off the telephone long enough to play a game of pinocle. "Gee pop, I can't right now, Bill just called and wants me to help make chains for his motorcycle. Later maybe." Daughter is knee deep in a True Romance story and mom is still busy. Amazing how women manage to find so many things to do!

After a few weeks of the blank monotony of white, it's hard to remember what the country looked like before the snow came.

Old timers sit around talkin' about the "big snow" in 1937 and how lucky we've been for the last few years to have such light winters. If next year is worse than this we may beat the '37 record of 3 1/4 feet of snow yet. Oh well, it could be worse.

One thing for sure, it keeps the local conversation from lagging. Everybody goes around blaming the other guy for the snow just to make talk. Local merchants are kept busy shoveling snow off the sidewalks to aid customers, or as a protection against accident suits, and the pure white snow continues to settle quietly.

Irony isn't it? So soft, pretty and fluffy—and at the same time a forceful, treacherous menace to society.

Chicken Coop Collapses From Brightwood Snow

BRIGHTWOOD — The only casualty, to date, in The Mountain's snow storm was a chicken belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Rogan. The Rogan's chicken coop, a sturdy two-story affair, a real chicken palace, collapsed under the weight of several feet of snow, and literally blew its feathered residents through the walls.

Forty chickens were dug from the ruins. All but one survived. Psychologically, according to Mrs. Rogan, the 39 remaining chickens were victims of severe trauma. They stood around for several hours looking stunned.

Letter To the Editor

Cherryville, Ore.
Jan. 15, 1950

Sandy Post,
Sandy, Ore.
Dear Editor:

Through the days that have passed since I came home from work and found all our material possessions destroyed by fire, the people in the Sandy area have been so thoughtful and kind, that in spite of inevitable periods of despair I feel my heart singing, "I love those dear hearts and gentle people."

Everything seemed so utterly hopeless until representatives of the Sandy organizations came out the day after the fire and assured me I would have help in providing a home for my family.

We haven't lived here a long time—just going into the fifth year—but we have put our roots down deeply, we love it here and want to stay and be a part of this community.

Hope springs eternal, and my most earnest hope is that we may soon start repaying to this community at least a measure of the good works that have been done for us in our hour of need.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Alice Shockey

Rhododendron People Resort To Snowshoes

RHODODENDRON — People burrowed in and stuck close to the fires this week. Hardy residents trekked to work on snowshoes, those who owned cars left them on the highways, though most of the side roads were kept clear by county road crews.

Mrs. Maude Krebs braved snowy highways and uncertain transportation to vacation in Portland and, she hopes, in Wenatchee, Washington.

Mrs. Harrison Burton, talking to friends in Brooklyn, New York, via long distance, learned that New York is enjoying balmy spring weather.

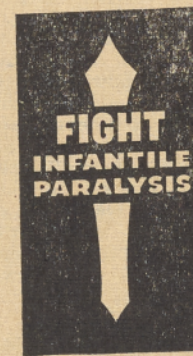
Wood was first kiln-dried at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1879.

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—On the Loop Highway—

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