

THE SANDY POST

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KEEP YOUR GUARD UP—

"Keep Your Guard Up" is a slogan which is being used currently by the National Guard to encourage enlistments in that branch of the citizen-soldier army of the United States. It is a slogan which has particular significance for the anti-aircraft battery stationed at Gresham and composed of men from eastern Multnomah and northeastern Clackamas counties.

The reason is that the local unit is considerably below full strength at this time and has been ordered by the defense department to bring its membership up to full strength within a period of about 60 days. Capt. James Moore, commander of the battery, advises The Outlook that the reduced membership in the unit at present time is due to removal from this area of a number of former members and transfer of others to different units, some of them to active services by their own requests. Another reason is the high percentage who fail to meet the physical requirements when their qualifications are given final review in Washington.

The National Guard offers many advantages to male citizens in the age groups from 17 to 35 years. To the younger ones, most of whom are still in high school, it brings a guarantee that they will not be inducted into active service units until they have been graduated or shall have reached the age 18, if they have been graduated before that date. In the meantime, it offers them an opportunity to learn many of the highly technical requirements of the modern fighting force and thus prepares them for fast advancement in the ranks of whatever unit to which they may eventually be assigned.

For older men, it offers the specialized and highly technical training in mechanics, electronics and other fields which are becoming increasingly valuable in private life, while at the same time affording them an opportunity to increase their earnings for attendance at unit sessions once each week and at camp for two weeks each summer. The pay averages about one-sixth that of a full-time soldier but the time spent at the job is far less than that percentage.

The local battery must be built to full strength by the time of the deadline set by the defense department or it will be lost to this area. That is a matter of more than passing importance. The battery was located here because military leaders considered this a strategic spot for an anti-aircraft unit. The importance of the unit in protecting this section of the Portland metropolitan area in the event of air attack can hardly be over-estimated.

High school boys and young men within the required age limits should make it a point to get in touch with Capt. Moore at the first opportunity and make certain that the local unit is brought up to full strength without delay. It is the responsibility of those eligibles to "Keep Your Guard Up."

COMMIES LOVE STRIKES—

If there was ever any doubt of the fact that the Communists love strikes in the United States, or that they actively promote strikes, particularly those of the wildcat variety, those doubts would surely be removed by recent news dispatches from the meeting of the pro-Soviet World Federation of Trade Unions. The meeting, which was held in East Berlin, Germany, openly advocated a policy of infiltrating non-Communist labor groups in this country in order to sabotage western rearmament.

A French Communist speaker spent 3½ hours telling of the need for a policy of boring from within and how to do it. He declared the way to do it was by encouraging wildcat strikes for higher wages, and by joining organizations with large memberships and poisoning the minds of the members.

He extolled the recent dock workers strike in New York and pointed to it as an excellent example of what could be done. Said the speaker:

"It is very symptomatic that 30,000 dockers carried on a strike in New York against the leadership of their own trades unions as well as against the employers and the state."

Note that reference to the state. It makes it pretty obvious that the Communies consider any important strike as an action against the state as well as one against employers. The line of reasoning presented by the French speaker also makes it clear that many strikes are being fomented on the

grounds of need or desire for higher wages when the facts are that behind the scenes activities of Communist underground workers are actually the real cause of the strikes.

American workers, on the whole, are doing a pretty good job of cleaning these rats out of their organizations, but they will do well to keep forever alert to protect themselves against insidious whispering and griping campaigns that are but disguises of Commie efforts to stir up labor strife and strikes.

CHEAPER OCEAN FLYING—

Pan-American World Airways is attempting to adopt to trans-Atlantic flights the principal of coach fares which has proved so successful in domestic flights of many air carriers. It has proposed to inaugurate round-trip flights from New York to London at a fare of \$405 and now is awaiting approval of this government and that of European governments to put the proposed rates into effect next spring.

The low-cost flights, like their domestic counterparts, would be stripped of the luxuries which characterize first-class flights of today. Gone would be the 7-course dinners with cocktails and other frills, but the speedy transportation would still be there and at a cost sufficiently low to make foreign travel possible for thousands who can not afford either the time or money for such travel by the slower and more costly means of conventional steamship travel.

The proposal should have speedy approval, just as the coach fares on domestic lines should be given a general blessing and expanded to greater areas and more routes. Not only would thousands of citizens benefit from inauguration of low-cost overseas plane flights, but our relations with European nations would be given a terrific boost.

The impact of the tremendous increase in American tourists to Europe is almost beyond imagination. What's more, the vast majority of those tourists would be the good, solid common citizens who would convey to residents of European nations a much more accurate and satisfying picture of America and Americans than do the few dough-heavy members of the so-called "continental set" who travel in small, exclusive and snobbish circles and definitely contribute little to the improvement of the regard of our foreign neighbors for our nation or our people.

OREGON AGAIN A FOCAL POINT—

Time magazine last week pointed out that Oregon again in 1952 will be the focal point of political interest in the primary election campaigns which precede the political party conventions at which presidential candidates are nominated. It is pretty generally conceded that the defeat of Harold Stassen in the Oregon preferential primary in 1948 was the harbinger of Dewey's victory at the Republican convention that summer. Likewise, it is generally conceded that if Stassen had been the victor in Oregon there is little doubt but what he would have been nominated in Philadelphia.

Time magazine bases its statement that "Oregon will be the most important state in the union" during next spring's campaigning on the fact that it appears that Gen. Eisenhower will be entered as a candidate on the ballots of both the Republican and Democratic parties in Oregon. On the Republican ballot, says Time, he will undoubtedly contest with Sen. Taft and possibly with Gen. Douglas McArthur. On the Democratic ballot, Ike will undoubtedly compete with President Truman for the favor of Oregon voters.

There is, of course, the possibility that Ike may declare his intentions and his party affiliation far enough in advance of the Oregon primary to permit the removal of his name from the ballot of whichever party he casts aside. Even if that occurs, the importance of the showing in the event of a contest on either ballot still will make Oregon the focal point of political interest.

Other states may claim the honors as the birthplaces of presidents, but if the 1952 campaign and election pattern follows that of 1948, Oregon may be well on the way to becoming the state known as the maker of presidents — and the state which kills the presidential hopes of many who aspire to that high office.

We are reliably advised that Mae Turvy, who married George Duckwiler over Clatskanie way last week, is not relation to our old friend Topsy Turvy.

That psychology professor down at Santa Barbara who was picked up on a burglary charge certainly is a poor example of what modern psychology training can do for an individual.

Each year, Christmas shoppers are becoming more and more mindful of the fact that they can shop easier, quicker and usually more economically in their home communities than they can in city stores.

Now that the football season is about over, maybe we can get the last fall of leaves raked up and those storm windows put on that we have been neglecting each Saturday to listen to broadcasts of the big games.

SANDY CATCHALL

By Martin Clark

I don't know why it is, but it seems things like this happen to the same people all the time. Take the case of the Ruben Hoffmans. The other night (Saturday night a week ago to be exact) Jack Fahie came home with Ruben about 10:30 or so in the evening. Marge was upstairs with the kids, the radio matching the din made by the kids.

Jack was standing at the foot of the stairs when he heard some heavy breathing—snores to you—coming from the living room. Glancing in he saw a figure lying on the davenport completely oblivious to this plane of life.

Turning to Ruben, Jack casually asked, "Who's your friend sleeping in here, Ruben?"

Ruben assumed he was kidding and answered that it was probably some crony of Marge's sleeping off a snootful.

"No fooling, Ruben," Jack assured him, "there IS a guy sleeping in here on your davenport."

Well, that was too much for ole Ruben's curiosity but, still sure that Jack was just pulling his leg, he stuck his head in the door.

"Well!" he said. "I'll be—!" And then—this is positively authoritative reporting — the first thing he did was to run upstairs and shout at Marge, "Who is this @%£?/*! guy sleeping in the front room?"

Being a wife and naturally accustomed to discounting half of what her husband said anyway, Marge was not the least perturbed, merely remarking that if Ruben insisted on playing his little jokes surely he could do better than that.

"Yeah? Come on down and see for yourself," Ruben insisted, and, still feeling that this was carrying a joke a little too far, Marge allowed herself to be dragged downstairs.

When she saw the figure sprawled on the davenport, "pandemonium reigned" as the writers say.

Nothing they could do would rouse the fellow from his profound slumbers. He was as asleep as a person could be and still be alive. Feeling the effects of several days partying, apparently he had seen the warm lights in the Hoffman home and, finding the front door unlocked, had stumbled in and made a beeline for the davenport. Probably that was the last he remembered if he remembered that.

The first person Ruben phoned was Tom Scales across the street. "After all," said Ruben, "I figured maybe the guy was looking for Tom's house, and I didn't want to call the cops to come and pick him up if he was a friend of the mayor's."

Tom pulled on some slacks over his pajamas and came on over, having to thread his way through the group that had gathered in the front yard of the Hoffman residence by that time. After Tom was unable to identify the sleeper as one of his

acquaintances, the Sandy police were called, who came and managed to get the Uninvited on his feet and out to the squad car.

I mentioned to Marge and Ruben that it was fortunate that Marge hadn't been there alone and discovered the fellow. Ruben's only comment was that "the guy would just have had to've looked out for himself."

SANDY SIGHTS: Percy Shelley, in a town of colorful individuals, one of the most colorful. Saw Percy one day last week out in his front yard by the highway exercising one of his horses. Percy was on one end of the rope and the horse on the other, running in a circle. Took me a moment to decide who was exercising yhum, but Percy came out on top.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: "They" tell me Winter is here when Louie Ferarro puts on his white knit cap . . . Louie was wearing it last week.

I know the merchants, loggers, and many others hated to see those white flakes starting to come down, but in a way I was kinda glad to see it, myself. The suspense was killing me.

Now that Cese Duke has given me one of the super-extra-special-deluxe Duke & Proctor combination windshield scraper and wiper, I can see through my windshield to drive again. That IS kinda hard on your fingernails scraping that ice off your windshield, isn't it?

NEW FACE IN TOWN: Going to have to take up seegar smoking since John Mills gave me a cigar in honor of his new son Geronimo . . . Geronimo? That's what he said, that's what the man said. Say, now that Fred has a new grandson, maybe I could work him for a little free interest on that three dollars I have in the bank.

THE FROZEN LOGGER: In case there're some of you who haven't heard the lyrics to that latest hit tune in Sandy, you might favor your ears by dropping into Dew Drop Inn and hearing the Weavers' jukebox rendition. It's the one that's called "The Frozen Logger" or "You Could Tell He Was A Logger And Not A Common Bum, 'Cause He Always Stirred His Coffee With His Thumb."

I'm just quoting it, I didn't write it.

OLDEST IN SANDY: Congrats to Grandma Wilson on her 93rd birthday a week ago Saturday. That IS the oldest in Sandy isn't it. Is there anybody in the Sandy area older than that? We're not interested in how old you FEEL, Grashorn, we're just interested in the chronological years.

After I've gone up and had my first ski lesson, I'll tell the famous ski story that Ernie Harris told us the other day. Didn't know that Ernie had been down the Big Jump up on Mt. Hood, did you? You aren't nearly as surprised as Ernie was.

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