

Here and There around The Sandy Area

Frank Rehberg has been quite ill at his home for the past week.

Sunday afternoon guests of Mrs. Hazel Beers, Eagle Creek, were Mr. and Mrs. Gus Donley of Gresham and Mrs. Bessie Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schmidt of Sandy are planning on leaving this week for a week's vacation along the California coast and at Live Oaks, Calif.

Mrs. Wallace Aschoff of Rt. 3, box 339, Boring, underwent surgery Tuesday of last week at Emanuel hospital, Portland. She is reported getting along fine.

Improvements which have been made recently to the Sandy Baptist Chapel property is the excavation of the second unit of the basement. This provides more space for badly needed Sunday school rooms and facilities.

The Ladies Aid of Eagle Creek Presbyterian church held their meeting at the home of Mrs. Sybil Bailey, Thurs., Jan. 21 there will be a congregational meeting at the church in conjunction with the regular weekly prayer meeting and bible study.

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R. C. Murray returned home from the hospital last week. He and his wife, whose home is at Cherryville, are now staying in Sandy.

Mrs. Roxie Mills left Monday for San Francisco where she will be at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Farrell Craig, for a couple of weeks.

Jack Glover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Glover, Boring, was reported to have minor surgery recently at Good Samaritan hospital, Portland.

About 60 people attended the Community club pot-luck at the Eagle Creek school on Friday evening. Carrol Lee Sorrels and Roberta Scates sang two duets. Donations were accepted to help towards payment on the patrol raincoats.

Guests at the Vickerman home Sunday were Mrs. McAda and two daughters from Logan and Mr. and Mrs. Therin McAda and small daughter who are visiting from Alaska. Karen Wagner, from Dodge, was also a guest. Mr. McAda showed colored slides of the splendors of Alaska.

The patrol youngsters of the Eagle Creek school were surely glad the Mother's club had bought the raincoats before Christmas. The first day of school after the holidays proved to be a rainy one. No more fear of getting wet—and they'll let the Mother's club worry about paying for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Les Schnepf had as their guests one evening last week, the A. C. Leathers family, Mr. and Mrs. Emery Denbo and the Charles Leathers family. All enjoyed watching the wrestling matches on TV. With about ten minutes of the game to go, the lights went out—They are still wondering who won the match. Candles were lighted and the hostess served refreshments of cake and coffee.

SANDY CATCHALL

By Martin Clark

BACK AGAIN: Ah am hereby going on record in favor of vacations. There's just one big catch in them, tho: how do you settle down and get down to work again?

Just before I left on Christmas Eve for Beaumont, Texas and a family reunion, Helen Suckow left a note in our mail box which said, "Martin, do you know how Sandy got its name?" I didn't know then and I don't know now, but I told Helen I'd ask our readers and I was sure someone could give us the word on it.

I told her I'd always assumed we got it from the Sandy river. Our soil isn't what I'd call "sandy", so didn't much think it could be that. But Helen didn't seem to think it was either one, so if you know how Sandy got its name, how about letting us know?

CROSS COUNTRY: When mah brother Tom and I left Portland on Christmas Eve, a mother with four little girls had the seats opposite us on the train. Their ages were 6, 4½, and a pair of twins 3 years old . . . every one of them cute as a bug, and plenty well trained. They were going to Denver—two nights and a full day . . . and you never saw a better behaved bunch of kids.

My favorite was the little 4½-year-old one. She was a cutie—hazel eyes, hair tied in the back with a red ribbon, and a sort of torchy whiskey voice. Coming out of that little one it was something. Her name was Bonnie Jean, and her mother affectionately called her "Toughie". I called her Bonnie Jean.

When she wasn't bouncing milk cartons off the twin's heads, she could be very gentle. That Friday afternoon she was standing up on the seat beside us, very intent on untangling some ribbon off a package someone had given her, and I heard her say something to herself.

"What was that?" I asked, not having quite gotten it. Well, she turned those big innocent hazel eyes on me and said, "I'm happy."

No elaboration, no chit-chat, just that simple statement, "I'm happy," and she turned back contentedly to her task of straightening and smoothing the ribbon. . . .

GET SET, GO! We got into Denver about 8:30 Saturday morning and had a four-hour layover. It was the first time I'd had the chance to see anything of Denver other than a quick look at its airport a few years ago.

Thought downtown Denver was fascinating. Got such a kick out of their method of handling pedestrian traffic at intersections, that we must have crossed a dozen intersections just to see if everyone would make it across.

The pedestrians don't cross with the autos. There's a signal for the autos going one way, and one for those going the other, and then there's one all-round signal for the pedestrians. When it says "Walk", you can walk across cater-corner or just cross the street any direction you like.

There's just one catch: when it says "Walk" it means "Run!" I never saw a flood of humanity merge and unravel so fast.

Going in a restaurant I held the door open for a little old lady coming out. "Young man", she said after thanking me, "I can see you're not from Denver."

I thanked her on both counts. Actually, I like that city, what little we saw.

SNOW SCENES: Whether you like it or not, you'll have to admit it's beautiful. Jack Mainey probably didn't think so last Sunday evening, tho, when the road grader (then doing duty as a snow plow) failed to make it up Hospital hill. Bob Smith's tow truck came to the rescue with red lights twirling. Very dramatic scene. Don't know what we'd have done without Jack clearing off the streets.

The highway dept. (Sandy's Lennis Edwards and Carl Krieger) always does a smooth job of keeping the highway open, but we have to have some way of getting to it.

NEXT WEEK: How Phil (Rev.) Hampe gets 50 nickels for a dollar bill. Don't miss that issue.

- Stork Club -

A boy, Charles Webster Jr., 6 pounds, 14 ounces, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forman of Antelope, Oregon, Thurs., Jan. 14 at Holladay Park hospital in Portland. Charles is the Forman's first child.

Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Boylan and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Forman of Sandy.

A 7 pound, 13 ounce boy, Francis Leverett, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Englesby, Government Camp, Fri., Jan. 15 at Holladay Park hospital, Portland.

Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Loveland of Government Camp.

A boy, Larry Joseph, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Boitano, Rt. 2, Sandy, at Emanuel hospital, Portland on Sat., Jan. 9. He weighed 8 pounds, 13 ounces. Larry has two brothers, Jimmy and Robert, and a sister Susan. Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. William Dollowitch of Boring

Barker Drug Leads in Intercity League Play

Woman's Intercity League results in last week's bowling with Barker Drug still leading are:

Buster Brown 3, Carroll's 1, Barker Drug 3, Harris Logging 1, Gordon Swan 3, Rodgers' Market 1, Betsy Joy 2, Trail Cafe 2.	W	L
Barker Drug	57	23
Carroll's	45½	35½
Buster Brown	42½	37½
Trail Cafe	41	39
Harris Logging	39½	40½
Betsy Joy	39	41
Gordon Swan	37	42
Rodgers' Market	22½	57½

(High series: Mary Keller — 485).

and Mrs. Eugina Boitano, Rt. 2, Sandy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Barlow (Joan Schnepf) of Gladstone, are the parents of a baby girl, Laurie Jo, born Dec. 19 at Osteopathic hospital, Portland. Laurie Jo has two brothers, Bobby, 2 and Gary 1.

Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Les Schnepf of Sandy and Mr. and Mrs. Ehr of Portland.



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