

The SANDY POST

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All Good Things Start With Ideas

One of the most constantly used—and probably misused—phrases in the American vocabulary these days consists of the words juvenile delinquency.

It's one of those phrases which is bantered around and mean a good many things to different people.

Most often juvenile delinquency means something which a community recreation program stops.

Although that's not our definition, it will serve the purpose. We haven't heard of too many youngsters in Sandy landing in the county clink for breaking the law. We don't think many do.

Most of our youngsters have the good sense and proper upbringing so they don't have any trouble deciding right from wrong. Where they do have trouble, is finding enough to occupy their fertile young minds and healthy bodies.

Boys and girls, like all young things must do things. They must have things about which they can think and they must have something to do with their hands and their growing muscles.

And unfortunately, because we are a wealthy people and a good-hearted people, we have come to the rather unfortunate conclusion that a young man or woman should be given all the advantages his parents didn't receive.

Which usually boils down to just one thing. Our modern boys and girls have all the clothes they can wear, they have spending money, proper medical care, and lots of encouragement. And most important of all, they don't have to work and they have very few responsibilities. Which means almost all boys and girls have more leisure time than they need or want.

Which we presume is proper. Or at any rate, it's common practice and we don't think a hundred editorials will change it. So we turn to the other alternative. We will accept the fact that the average boy and girl doesn't have enough to do.

In fact, let us face it, in the community, there is nothing for them to do. They're bored and they can't hardly wait for the day when they can venture forth into the world where they'll have entertainment, excitement, and responsibilities.

Obviously if we can accept these things candidly, we all must know something should be done.

During the past week we've heard mention a half-dozen times of the desirability of a community recreation program for Sandy.

Although we have never believed in adults setting up a recreation program for the youngsters, we do think lots can be done to help the boys and girls find something to do.

The important point right now is that we're all at last starting to think about it.

We have our summer baseball program. Our swimming program. And the fun with the family.

Expanding these things into a full-fledged community recreation is just a matter of progress.

Everything starts with an idea. And around Sandy, people are starting to get ideas about recreation.

County Budgeting Needs Revising

One of the innovations planned by this year's Clackamas county budget committee is a preliminary budget meeting in which the policy of the committee can be set and the officers can be elected.

Budget members think that will help to speed up the actual hearing. Because part of the program would be to inform department heads in the court-house just what the mood of the budget committee is likely to be in.

Your writer is one of the county budget committee members. We can say without reservation it's one of the most frustrating jobs we've ever had.

Not because the county has any pressing financial problems. It doesn't. It's one of the few governmental departments in the country which meets its budget year after year without special levies.

And in the last few years, merely to maintain the six per cent base the county has spent millions on roads and highways.

What is most frustrating is the knowledge that several of the departments in the county are over-spending, several are using costly and outmoded methods, and several more have justified their very existence by inventing activities for themselves.

So what's the budget committee for? Isn't that the organization which should keep an eye open for just those things?

That's the theory alright. But actually the county budget committee, if the letter of the state law governing the activities of county officers is followed, is almost powerless.

Because state law sets out the duties of every department and the responsibilities of every department head. The county court is given the right under state law to alter the decisions of the budget committee, to shift funds from one department to another and to completely warp the intent of the budget committee.

That fact, along with the state-backed independence of each department head, in the county, makes the budgeting program of the county almost laughable.

For instance, if the budget committee should decide one department is spending too much of the taxpayers money and orders the budget cut, probably it would be cut. But during the year the department head has every right to purchase the supplies and hire the personnel he wishes and if he exceeds the budget, the county is obligated to provide the funds.

Probably the preliminary budget meeting won't eliminate this, but it will tend to get the views of the budget committee out into the open before the department heads start to submit their budget estimates.

That's a start.

However, to really do a job of county budgeting, it's going to take a revision of state codes giving the budget body a little more authority over the expenditures of county funds.

Direct Action And Ike's Portrait

One of the things we like about small towns—and mind you we said one of the things—is how rapidly and easily a person can get an angle on what the people in the town are thinking about.

It's only in small towns where the average citizen if posed with a question has the nerve and independence enough to say what he thinks. Perhaps that's because he knows there are no secrets in a smaller community and he becomes somewhat conditioned to the idea and doesn't try to keep any.

That's one possibility. However, we think a more likely possibility is that to the people in a small town the words independence and democracy mean the same thing.

And there are no people more independent than the people

This Idea Will Grow



The Shanty

by Dick Revenaugh



A Woman's So Practical, Even At Two Years Old

Although usually I don't like the looks of hardly anybody when I first pull myself erect in the morning, I find myself particularly humbled in the presence of women.

Somehow they seem so practical and efficient and if there's anything I am in the morning, it's not being efficient. Usually all I want to do is to get into the bathroom where it's warmer than it should be. There, I find, I can splash water around a little bit without thinking about anything and can concentrate on getting the eyes, ears and brain working in conjunction with each other.

Both of our kids get up long before their parents do. They wander around the house for a few minutes, discuss the problems of the day and then tie themselves in to pull their mother out of the bed.

At any rate, by the time I'm

able to crawl out of the bed, they are half wound up for the days activities and seemingly they can't understand why everybody else is not the same way.

Anyway, as I started to say, my fat little daughter is changing my way of waking. Because, even though she is only two years old, she is developing a maternal inclination. Which I think is all proper and natural.

But I'm not so sure if a two-year-old daughter developing maternal instincts toward her father is either natural, desirable, or proper.

The other morning I got as far as the bathroom before I realized my whole life was about to change. Because there, peering at herself in the mirror was my daughter. She had pulled the clothes hamper over to the sink and had crawled up on top of it.

I stood in the doorway a moment and watched her. She must have sensed she had an audience because she started to fiddle around with her mothers comb and then looked at me. She smiled benevolently, patted her

head a couple of times, and then looked haughty.

I quietly backed out of the bathroom and went back to my bed and sat down. I sat there for about 15 minutes before I realized that little Adrian was carrying her female prerogatives a little too far. Besides that, she was making me late for work.

So I went back to the bathroom. "Look, Adrian," I said apologetically, "why don't you go in and find a pair of socks for your old man while I wash my face and shave."

She grinned, crawled down off the clothes hamper and carefully pushed it across the bathroom to the wall where she had found it.

When she went out the bathroom door, I slammed it shut and locked it, feeling proud of myself as if I had tricked Madame X out of the crown jewels of Napoleon.

I even took a few minutes extra in the washing, shaving and showering. Then I went back to the bedroom to dress.

I wish I hadn't! Because the bedroom was a mess.

Every drawer in my dresser had been pulled out as far as it could be pulled. The contents of the drawers were thrown enthusiastically all over the bedroom. Underwear, shirts, socks, handkerchiefs were scattered about with happy abandon.

And in the middle of it all, thoughtfully examining the knit on a pair of argyles was Adrian.

I didn't do anything but sigh and sit down on the bed again.

"These socks?" Adrian asked me with pride in her voice.

"Yeah, those socks are just fine," I said as I accepted one blue sock and one green one from her chubby little hands.

"These socks?" she said again as she found another pair she liked.

"No these are just fine and you shouldn't have spread things all over the bedroom. Your Ma is just going to raise the roof when she sees this."

Adrian just grinned and dived over a pile of underwear.

"These socks?"

"NO! I like this first pair you got for me. Now put them all back in the drawer."

She looked at me like I was the ungrateful pauper who bit the hand of the queen. "Oh, that's okay, Honey. You did a real good job. I'm proud of you."

She almost curtsied, kicked a few of the clothes under the bed, carefully pushed each drawer of the dresser closed and stomped out of the bedroom.

The next morning any every morning since then I've been awakened by a sweet little child's voice saying as she dangles a pair of socks before my sleepy eyes: "These socks, Daddy?"

SANDY CATCHALL

By Martin Clark

KNEW 'EM WHEN DEPT: Of course George Brun and his lovely wife Jeanne Gayle were well established in their respective fields of music when they spent a week here in Sandy with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brun, the summer of 1952. They were playing some club dates up in the Northwest that summer, including a couple weeks at Amato's supper club in Portland. At the time I was living down at the Brun's, as was ol' Al Morner of the Sandy Lumber Co.

One evening after they'd been able to get in a little rest, George and Jeanne put on a real show for us in the Brun's living room. I always got a kick out of the few times I got to see George at that piano. He's such a big guy, when he huddled over the keyboard you always had the feeling that piano didn't have a chance . . . and it didn't.

Well, in addition to the Brun's and ol' Al and myself, there were the Brun's daughter Ginny Hames and the kids, and I think Ralph came over later.

It was quite a show. Jeanne knows how to put over a song with a sock, and with George at the piano you had the feeling it must be at least a full band backing her up. She would switch from a hot number to a sweet one with equal ease, George creating a completely new atmosphere for each with his ol' black magic on the keyboard.

Later on when we went in to hear them as the headline attraction at Amato's they put on a terrific show, but to me it couldn't top the one they put on in the living room just for the folks at home.

Now George is the composer of the top tune in the country and Jeanne's hit the top in recording and TV, but what the folks around Sandy will remember them for will be as two of the nicest people to ever hit Our Town.

IF IT FITS: You've seen these round cards most of the new car dealers have strung around their show rooms, plastered on the windows and hanging from the ceiling. Each one has printing on both sides describing improvements of that year's model. Down at Bowman-Hoffman Pontiac in Gresham the other day I was wandering around the showroom waiting for Vic The Bowman to show, passing the time by reading those individual placards.

They carried such messages as Fine New Power Plant . . . Stamina and Economy . . . Quick Response . . . Low Hood . . . Panoramic Windshield . . . and a host of others, as they say on the radio.

Eventually I wound up on the other side of the show room and saw one last card suspended over the door leading to the ladies restroom. Having strictly nothing else to do I sauntered over and read the printing on both sides, which was, to wit: Wider Seats . . . and on the other side, Roomier Throughout.

SANDY SIGHTS: Went in the bank the other day to deposit a few more thousands in securities and bonds, and ol' Cecil The Duke took care of me with his usual droll humor.

"Know what they call me now, Martin?"

"Nope," I said. "What do they call you now, Sese?"

"Brown Sugar."

"Why do they call you Brown Sugar, Cese?" I asked . . . I can go along with a gag.

"Because," explained The Duke, "I'm sweet and unrefined."

It was quite a day at the bank. Dropped by the other end to see Fred about his ad and a character came weaving out the gate more than slightly under the influence.

"Who was that?" Ah asked Ouah Bankah.

"Wanted to borrow 25 dollars."

"Did you lend it to 'em?"

"He said it didn't make any difference to him whether we lent it to him or not. I said it didn't make any difference to us either . . . so I didn't."

End of loan story.

CATCHALL NOTEBOOK: As you may or may not have noticed, the Catchall sort of pooped out until it was revived on this page last week. Here's an item been saving since February when Bob Lowe ran this classified ad:

WANTED: Good home for livewire year-old Collie dog. Good with children. Mother is full blooded Collie. Bob Lowe.

The following week we received this note from Bob's wife, Dr. Amanda Lowe: "The ad brought prompt results, but the dog decided differently. Three mornings later he was sitting on our doorstep."

Moral: Sandy Post want ads bring results, even if sometimes they're not lasting results.

ANYONE FOR COFFEE?: Some time ago Lloyd Johnson, journalism and English instructor at Sandy high, was back in our shop one day while the kids were putting out the Pioneer Press. The Post staff, always practicing the spirit of hospitality, asked him if he wanted a cup of coffee.

Lloyd accepted the offer and was told to help himself from our little improvised coffee bar, which consists of one corner of the perforator. "Any sugar?" he asked Bob Marcum, working on the other side of the shop.

"Yes," said Bob, "right over there by the hot plate." Lloyd helped himself and took a sip from his cup.

"This certainly tastes funny," he said, leaving his mouth hanging open.

Bob came over and took a test sip and asked him what on earth he'd put in it.

"Just some of that sugar there," said Lloyd.

That "sugar there" turned out to be a box of paste powder we use for pasting wrappers on out-of-town copies of the paper. The real sugar WAS there right beside the paste, sugar lumps in a box with the cover on. I'll have to agree with Lloyd, tho, that paste powder does have a creamy inviting-looking texture.

D.B. Lauzon was in the office the other day. In the course of his visit he mentioned his recent trip thru Arizona where they stepped off and saw the town of Jerome, considered the most authentic ghost town in existence. Roy Crone was standing at the counter looking for something in the back issues of the Post.

"Still about 250 people there?" said Lauzon.

"What on earth do they do?" asked Millie our bookkeeper. Without looking up Roy muttered, "They're the ghosts."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS . . . THAT WERE CAUGHT: The sentence was supposed to read, "A community song-fest was held last night, etc." What came out of the linotype was, "A community sin-fest was . . ."

And in one of the stories on the spectacular showing of the Sandy Gun Club in the Telegraphic Shoot, the phrase "scratch scores" became "scratch sores" . . . lovely picture, eh what?

PHRASES I COULD LIVE WITHOUT: "Glad to meet you, I'm sure." Now there's one I never could figure. I'm talking about the "I'm sure" part. Every now and then you meet some character, male and/or female, who tacks that "I'm sure" routine on in acknowledging an introduction. Always gives me the feeling they really AREN'T sure but they're trying awfully hard to convince themselves . . . watch it, will yuh?

KEEP MEETING THESE GUYS who've quit smoking and tell you how wonderful they feel. It's almost enough to tempt you to start smoking so you can quit and see how wonderful you'll feel.