

THE SANDY POST

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 Mt. Hood's Gateway

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Glad To Bow Like Any Good Servant

Worried-looking mothers followed by a touse-headed pack of kids are showing up in the clothing stores and grocery stores in the red-soils areas of Clackamas county.

Taverns are doing a little bit better. Last week a policeman received a call from a farm woman. A broken-down old car with a trailerful of odd household goods had flattened thread-bare tires in front of her home. In the car was a pregnant mother and five youngsters. The family had no money and no place to stay.

Could the police help? A call was placed to Oregon City where the Red Cross has its main office and help was dispatched.

Meanwhile berry farmers kept daily checks on the progress of the crop, and hundreds of school youngsters, fresh out of classrooms, heard the call which they have been waiting for.

King Strawberry, the sticky, rose-colored fruit which has made the foothills region of Mt. Hood famous, is making his annual appearance.

And according to the best estimates we can get, he's doing so this year with an abundance.

Earlier in the year berry farmers were worried. The long cold rains of the spring they thought would spell ruin. Not only was it holding back the maturing of the berries and making them vulnerable to fast peaking under blazing suns later on, but the rains were keeping the farmers and cultivators out of the fields and were endangering the fruit with rot and disease.

But nature, as though she were apologizing for not being so kind, slipped into summer easily, sort of coaxing the crop along in gradual steps. The berries are peaking into maturity later this year, but they are going to crop gradually and not in one great hectic week like many feared they would.

Not only that, but the price is good, the market hungry, and the acreage the biggest it has ever been.

In all it's going to be a good season.

And in our area there's nothing that will bolster spirits of people like a good berry season.

Yes, the old strawberry is going to be king around these parts for the next few weeks, and we're glad to bow like any good servant.

A Zither And A Politician

We listened to the Walleys, junior and senior making pretty music on a streamlined zither and a banjo last Thursday night at the Sandy Kiwanis club and we marveled.

We marveled not at the music. It was good, but not marvelous.

Instead we marveled at the hard-bitten persistence of stumpy, stubborn Wallace Telford, the senior.

If the measure of a politician is his ability to win friends and votes faster than he loses them, Telford is a master at it.

Telford is a study of hill country breeding. He has made his living and his fortune, raised his children, and maintained himself in office by living by a code that only hill people can understand or sympathize with.

That code is a peculiar one. It has three big rules. (1) Never back off an inch once you have made up your mind. (2) Your friends are an asset in all living and they should be protected, favored and used. (3) Your enemies should be battled, but the war you wage must be by your own rules.

Telford has been in office almost five years as the county judge. He has been at the office in the courthouse ready to greet all friends and ward off all enemies day after day with much more persistency than any other of the commissioners.

His first four years in office were rough ones. He was constantly in battle with the other two commissioners—sometimes on the heavy side of the majority and sometimes on the minority side.

A few times, we think he has been right in his battles, and several times we know he has been wrong.

We have taken editorial swipes at him when we thought he is wrong and will continue to do so.

Consequently Telford doesn't trust your writer anymore than he would try to boot the Portland Traction company out of Boring.

But frankly and to be brutally honest with ourselves, we have to admire him.

Heres' a demonstration.

One of the most hectic of the county court's functions is acting on the budget committee each June. The committee sets the expenditures for the county for the coming year.

Also on the committee are three lay members. This year they were Ernie Harris of Sandy; Lud Hagen, an Oregon City insurance man and farmer; and your writer.

The chairman of the committee was the veteran commissioner Stan Skoko. He had no vote, except in case of a deadlock.

The committee for the most part was economy minded.

King Of The Season



The Shanty



I suppose somebody some one of these days, will tell us in all seriousness that newspaper people don't have to be characters. After all, we've heard it said, a good reporter is nothing more than a stenographer for his community.

All of which may be true. But last Thursday night when I arrived at the family doorstep, you

couldn't have made me believe it. Because sprawled across our living room floor was six feet and five inches of skinny reporter.

This particular reporter who once worked for me until he got mad enough to quit had just become provoked at some other editor hundreds of miles away, quit and landed in the middle of my floor.

Not that I minded. Because I like reporters, and I particularly like this one.

This tall, skinny reporter is the constant optimist. He can be doiled up in sack cloth and tennis shoes and tomorrow he believes it will be Scotland's best and most expensive tweed. He can currently be making \$45 a week and deep down he knows

through some miracle it will be boosted to \$200.

I've seen him happily in the face of havoc in a newsroom and I've seen him run like scared wild horses with a new idea.

And with all of that, he's no different than other good reporters I've known.

They're a breed of cats all to themselves. Well-informed, nimble-minded and usually very tolerant of the frailties of humans.

We suppose that's because they constantly expect the unexpected. They believe the most hardened criminal, if watched carefully, will show some gem of goodness. And they believe also the strongest pillar of the community has some seediness about him.

We remember well the time when a reporter we knew happened into a bar frequented by loggers.

The bar was situated on the banks of the Willamette river and as loggers will occasionally over a bottle of beer, an argument started.

It started over politics and it ended up with a well-informed discussion of the strength of the current in the Willamette river.

At any rate, the argument ended in a wager over how fast the current would carry a swimmer from Salem to the falls at Oregon City.

From there, it was a newspaper show. The date for the swimming contest was set. When the word spread, helped considerably by newspaper pictures of the loggers in training, strange things started happening.

The governor volunteered to act as official starter of the race. State police sent out an extra squad to patrol the river highway to keep traffic moving.

The coast guard became worried about a possible jump of small craft on the river.

Sports writers from the metropolitan papers began to line up coverage.

The governor pulled the trigger on an old horse pistol one gray morning on a dock at Salem. In the meantime one reporter with a camera fell into the river. After considerable cheering and many sendoffs, our marathon 27-mile downstream race started.

The finish line was set up at the falls in Oregon City. By evening a considerable crowd had gathered around the finish line.

Dark came and the swimmers' air patrol called to volunteer air patrol called and volunteered to start an air search. Several private citizens volunteered to start dragging the river.

Finally about 11 PM a call came from a beer bar in Yamhill county—collect.

The loggers had become lodged on a bar in the Tualatin river—15 miles from their original course. They rested in a wheat field until the sun went down and then figured it was no use finishing the trip so they went to the beer bar and started an argument about the current in the Tualatin river.

And all of this came to mind last Thursday night as I walked

[by Dick Revenaugh]

Tip Of The Hat To Ranger Langdon

We received a mild nudge on our Lolo Pass editorial last week from our good friend Jim Langdon.

As district forest ranger, Langdon knows what he's talking about. And sometimes we wonder if desk-bound reporters and editors do.

At any rate, after looking carefully at the map which shows a wavy line on the West Side of the mountain and after listening to what few authorities on the subject we know, we said to ourselves, "Now there's a good project."

If we could get the city of Portland to see the light, and if we could get the forest service to go along, and if congress would allow us to do so by repealing or modifying an act, that west side road would be a fine way to get from this side of the mountain to Hood River.

Not only is the scenery more beautiful, the authorities tell us, but the road wouldn't be blocked by snow eight months out of the year like the east leg of the Mt. Hood Loop now is.

All of this we said editorially.

Langdon held his fire until last Thursday night at the Hoodland Valleys association meeting. Then he pointed out to the people assembled that it wasn't just as simple as your editor says.

In the first place the Hood River side of the Lolo Pass road is not actually a road at all. It is a single lane which twists, turns and bounces down the mountain.

Futhermore, it couldn't be kept open during the winter without a lot of work on it.

All of which we here and now acknowledge. We made a date with Langdon this week to see the entire Lolo Pass road for the first time. He says the rhododendrons are in bloom and the whole area is beautiful.

We don't know what we will write about Lolo pass next week after seeing it with our own eyes, but we've a hunch it will be pretty much the same as we have been writing.

The pass should be opened to the public and if the road on the Hood River side of the pass is not in top condition, constant use should change that.

The World This Week ...

Jean Monnet, France's doughty champion of European federation, would have reason these days to feel that a prophet is indeed honored save in his own country. The French Government rejected his candidature to return as head of the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community. The other nations of the Schuman Plan organization would gladly have seen M. Monnet come back as chairman. All who have the ideal of European Union at heart would want to see him carry on, for he, more than Robert Schuman or any other individual, was the "father" of the Coal and Steel Community and the one above all who has had a deep faith and conviction about European unity.

No one has worked as hard and as well as he for this ideal. And he is far from giving up. In fact, his resignation as chairman last autumn was precisely to free his hands to fight all the better for a federal Europe. Recently he offered to come back if a Belgian plan to extend and strengthen the Community were accepted. However, in refusing to renounce M. Monnet the French Government made it clear enough that the trend no longer goes toward the principle of integration which was once so warmly embraced in Paris.

One should not, however, start laying funeral wreaths on the tomb of European union. The French have simply decided to

mark time. The choice of Rene Mayer as M. Monnet's successor to the chairmanship of the High Authority is somewhat heartening; he played a leading role in getting the treaty creating the Coal and Steel Community through the French National Assembly in December, 1951. Since then, to be sure, he has shown a tendency to weaken, but by and large M. Mayer has earned the reputation of being an exponent of "Europeanization."

Jean Monnet, however, was and still is the greatest champion of them all, and men of his caliber do not give up when they meet one defeat. His fight as a private citizen to achieve the goal of European integration will be watched with sympathy and admiration.—New York Times.

Rocks And Stones

ED'S NOTE — Since the Pow Wowers and a nature-writer for a Portland newspaper have started to beat on the tom-toms for the opening of the Lolo pass on the west side of Mt. Hood to make the Loop highway into Hood river faster, everybody's gotten into the act. The latest volunteering his help is Clackamas county commissioner Darrell Jones. A copy of Jones' letter to J. E. Stone, regional forester was sent to this newspaper, presumably for comment. We can use the help for opening of the pass. The city of Portland and the acts of congress are a hard combination to beat.

Mr. J. E. Stone
 Regional Forester
 P. O. Box 4137
 Portland 8, Oregon
 Dear Mr. Stone:

For many months I have been studying the possibilities of the opening of the proposed Lolo Pass Road linking our county and Hood River County along the westerly side of Mt. Hood. Last fall I discussed this project with the members of the County Court from Hood River County and we are agreed that the opening of the Lolo Pass Road, and ultimate improvement of the road, would be mutually beneficial to both our counties.

Mt. Hood is one of the great scenic attractions in our country and the opening of this road would be a great asset not only to the two counties involved but also to the State of Oregon as a tourist attraction and as a possible recreational development.

Since it has been determined that the opening of the road would not impair the Bull Run water shed, I strongly recommend that your department take all necessary steps toward the opening of Lolo Pass Road.

As we discussed during our recent conversation, it has not yet been determined who has the final authority in this matter. I hope that you will forward a copy of this letter to your chief and to any other agency which may be affected.

Very sincerely yours,
 DARRELL JONES
 Commissioner

Roads And Trails Being Opened Up

SANDY — A majority of the roads and trails in the Mt. Hood national forest will be opened by the weekend, it was reported this week by the forest service in a bulletin on road conditions throughout the area. The Olallie lake road from Wapinitia highway, the Abbott road and the Linney creek road will remain closed until close to the middle of July, while Timberline trail will remain closed until about the middle of August.

Zimmerman Store Increases Parking

GRESHAM — Zimmerman's store at 12-mile corner on East Stark, has just completed enlargement of parking space for the convenience of its many customers throughout the Eastern Multnomah and Clackamas county areas. The new parking space now has blacktop coating in an area 200 by 300 additional feet, store officials announced Monday.

through the front door and found a skinny reporter sprawled on my living room floor—mostly because reporters can be blamed for adding much of the zest to our living. Like for instance, drumming up enthusiasm about an argument in a bar.