

The SANDY POST

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Editor and Publisher

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This Year, The Fair Better Be Popular

We had a conversation with the county agent, John In-skeep the other day. John has a habit of driving around the country in an old '49 Ford which the county furnishes him.

John talked about a lot of things like county planning, the county budget and the condition of the strawberry crop.

And we talked about the county fair.

Your writer, while was serving as a member of the county budget committee this year introduced a motion which would have cut the county's expenditure from the \$15,000 asked by the fair board to \$5,000. Last year we sponsored a \$15,000 appropriation for the fair. We introduced both.

That's consistency?

Possibly not, but it's high time we take a long look at our county fair and question whether it's all worth while.

We, like every county in the state have a paradox on our hands. The county fair today is neither a county-wide carnival nor an agricultural show. It's kind of a watered-down version of both and not a very strong solution of either.

As a county-wide spectacle, the county fair is sadly lacking. Not because there is any lack of enthusiasm or hard work on the part of the people who put on the fair. We know there is no more devoted group in the country.

But we think, for the first time, the county fair board faces an impossible situation.

During the past three years the county fair board has, in an attempt to attract a bigger gate, been staging top notch rodeos, horse shows, and pageants.

It all started with a determined effort on the part of a new fair board in 1953. During that year the fair realized \$40,468 in revenues from receipts during the fair, from the state of Oregon and from county taxes. It spent \$46,372.46. Of that amount, \$6,989 came in as gate receipts; \$1,935 from concessions; \$1,374 from entry fees and \$880 from rentals.

The rest of the money came from taxation.

Last year the financial picture for the county fair was worse. It received \$48,236 to spend, \$15,000 of it from the county. As a direct return on the investment the fair realized \$6,928 from admissions, \$756 from concessions; \$305 from entry fees; \$2,319 from rentals and \$1,711 from the horse show.

This year the fair wants to operate on a \$49,700 budget. It wants to make \$11,900 in capital repairs and expects to receive \$8,000 from fair admissions.

The point is that as a crowd gatherer, the county fair at Canby, is a flopper.

We think it will continue to be a poor drawing card. Mostly because of the timing. By the time the county gets around to its fair, almost every resident in the county has had an opportunity to go to at least one rodeo, dozens of carnivals, and a few dozen more horse shows.

The only answer to the financial difficulties of the county fair is to keep it as an agricultural exhibit. If it is to be such, then the fall of the year is the proper time.

And if it's to be an agricultural show, there is no need for the vast expenditures to attract the big gate.

And what's more important, there is no need to spend so much money on capital improvements of barns and buildings.

And that's the reason the motion was made during the budget hearings to cut the request of the county fair board from \$15,000 to \$5,000. Later the budget was boosted back up to \$10,000. And probably before the county court is through with it the county's share of the budget will be increased to \$12,500.

At any rate, this year will probably be the last year when large county expenditures are made on the fair. That is, unless we're fooled considerably by the popularity of the event this year.

Our Good Wishes to The Smith Family

We don't know how many other business houses in Sandy pulled the same trick that The Sandy Post pulled last week, but we, at least, goofed.

Because last week there was an anniversary in town worth paying attention to. In The Post last week was a congratulatory ad for Bob Smith.

And that's almost like congratulating the community of Sandy. And that wouldn't be so far-fetched.

Bob Smith celebrated his 30th anniversary as a Ford dealer. As Mrs. Smith quickly pointed out, although Bob had been a Ford dealer in Sandy for 30 years, he has been an important part of the business community for longer than that. He opened the first R. S. Smith garage and blacksmith shop 44 years ago.

Bob, who is one of the happiest and most successful business personalities we know, has often told us about the days when Dobbin hadn't given up his burden. We've heard stories about Smith shoeing horses on the trail for construction firms.

And we've heard some of the stories about the local characters who had as their operational headquarters the biggest garage or livery stable in town.

We've heard the stories and liked them and are only sorry we didn't have sense enough to record them when they were being told.

At any rate, Smith's name in Sandy has almost already become a legend. Belated as they may be, our congratulations and good wishes go to the Smith family

The Shanty



We never noticed it in years passed, but we presume it had to come sooner or later.

For the past few days we have been in the battle of the fire-crackers and cap pistols in the Revenaugh home. It has been a running battle which started some weeks ago as quiet negotiations on the part of my skinny son and his determined mother.

The opening session was about mid-June when the postman brought to our house a gaudy blue, red, and white catalogue which advertised all sorts of contraband—such as zebra crackers sparklers, caps, automatic pistols and rockets, yet.

Mark, my son was so overwhelmed he spent a few hours in a dark corner, quietly gloating over the havoc which was yet to come.

The first battle in the long campaign was his. He opened the catalogue to the proper page—that is the one which touted the items which could be purchased out of his savings.

With the page carefully opened and folded, he laid the catalogue at his mother's place at the breakfast table.

He watched her out of the corner of his eye when she came to the breakfast table. She took one horrified look at the catalogue and tried to hide it with her plate. Then she tried to sneak it out from under the plate and under her dressing gown.

"What's that, Mom?" Mark

asked innocently.

She answered absent-mindedly as if she had hardly heard him. "Oh, nothing. Just an old advertisement. Eat your breakfast!"

The next morning after she had thrown the catalogue into the garbage pail, it was again on the breakfast table.

She gave Mark a long and searching look as he busily chomped on his Wheaties. "Mark you know it's against the law in the state of Oregon to have fire-crackers. You know they're dangerous. You know I don't like them around the house. Now the subject is closed!"

He didn't say anything. But he smiled quietly and finished the breakfast.

By the next morning, Mrs. Revenaugh had consented to a few sparklers which would be held in trust for Mark until the evening of July 4. The next day Mark, with his mother's permission began to stockpile caps.

Finally there was the purchase of a long, silver-handled cap pistol which shot like a machine gun.

That brought us up to the big day. The evening of July 3, Mark got all his ammunition out of his closet and laid it carefully on the bedtable in his room. Then he and his little sister went to bed and to dreams of Chinese wars and cascading fire-lights.

The morning of the Fourth dawned quietly. The birds I heard in half-wakefulness seemed contented and peaceful. I rolled over and went back to sleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I'm quite sure neither Mark's mother or I will ever sleep with confidence in the morning again. Particularly if it's the morning of Independence Day.

The barrage opened with a crash. I sat bolt upright and looked over at Terry, my wife.

by Dick Revenaugh

She was standing in the middle of the floor quivering. Then the small arms started to explode and the room rapidly filled with the sharp acrid smell of gun-smoke.

Terry and I finally found the source. Mark was under my bed and his cap pistol was blazing hot from prolonged action. His fat little sister Adrian, was under her mother's bed, answering shot for shot with Mark's law year's pistol.

My wife and I surrendered the bedroom fort unconditionally in the face of an overwhelming force. And I think the negotiations for outdoors type of fireworks won't be so difficult for my son Mark next year.

Funeral Service Held In Olympia For Jack Mackey

SANDY—Funeral services were held in Olympia, Washington, last Friday for Jack Mackey, 57, Sandy logging contractor, who died earlier in the week in Providence hospital, Portland from injuries suffered in a logging accident near Dee in Hood River county about three weeks ago.

The deceased, who was a native of Oregon, was first hospitalized at Hood River for a compound fracture of the leg. He later was removed to the hospital in Portland when his condition became critical.

The family had lived in Olympia before coming to Sandy a-

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bout five years ago. He operated the M & M Logging company here and was working on a subcontract at the time of the accident.

He was a member of the Masonic lodge in Olympia and was a past patron of the Eastern Star chapter. He also was a member of the Shrine.

In addition to his wife, Elizabeth, he is also survived by a son, David, of Brightwood, and a grandson, Brian David. He also leaves two brothers, Edward and Arthur, both residents of Oregon.

Estacada Couple In Auto Accident

ESTACADA—Mr. and Mrs. Nathan A. Austin of Estacada are recovering from severe cuts

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and abrasions suffered last week when their car collided at the intersection of the Loop highway and Palmquist road with one driven by H. H. Hitchcock of Gresham.

Austin told investigating police that Hitchcock pulled in front of him from Palmquist road to make a left hand turn, and it was impossible to avoid hitting him.

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