

The SANDY POST

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A Bit of Poetry Which Means Something

Every business has its rules which never seem to make much sense to anybody but the people who make them. The newspaper business is no exception.

One of the rules which we claim with little justification has to do with the publication of poetry. We almost never print poetry in the newspaper and we can't exactly tell you why unless the rule originated back in the days when a newspaper was a place where only news and editorial matter ran in a newspaper—and the editor was a very serious and dignified individual who had no time for anything but the affairs of state and politics.

Last week we were a little happy that rules—even the rules of newspapers—were made to be broken.

A mild-mannered little man strolled into the office. He pushed a weather-battered old hat back and a full shock of grey hair pushed itself down over his forehead as he grinned a little sadly.

He shoved a battered clipping out of a yellowed newspaper across the counter.

"Can you make a copy of this?" he asked quietly. "I want to frame it."

"Sure we can print it," we answered confidentially. How many copies do you want?"

"One. I just want the one because I want to frame it."

"But Mister it costs us—and we would have to charge you—just about as much for one as it does for a hundred of them. Now why don't you get at least 25 of them?"

He grinned again at me and said, "Oh it's just a sentimental little thing and it wouldn't make much sense to anybody else. You see my wife died a few weeks ago and I was rummaging around and I happened to look in the Bible she read every night and I found this clipping."

His eyes misted over for just a second and he turned his back to me and pulled out his handkerchief. Then he continued, "just kind of made me think she understood me more than I deserved to be understood by her. See, it's just a sentimental little thing which means something only to me. That's why I only want one copy."

He gave his one copy and he paid for it. But we can't agree that the bit of poetry meant something only to him. What do you think?

TO MY HUSBAND

To know that you are there, that is enough;
Though seldom you may speak; your voice be gruff;
Although you barely answer, "Yes," or "No,"
And stay at home when I would like to go;
I know that you are tired, not in a huff.

I've learned how kind a heart 'neath that rough
Exterior lies, in spite of manners bluff;
So through my aging pulse it sends a glow
To know you are there; and so
I grip your hand beneath its toil-worn cuff.

Your nature heeds not every fitful puff
Of idle breeze, is proof against rebuff;
And steadfast as the granite rock whose foe,
The biting tide, gnaws ever to and fro.
What joy to know you are made of sterner stuff!

—H.A.P., Ohio

Jamie And A Two-Bit Pair Of Shoes

Talking about super salesman, we heard the shoe-shine boy, Jamie Noehren, giving his pitch the other day.

With a big smile he approached one of the customers in the barber shop where he shines shoes.

"How about a shine, Sir?" We'll just make those old shoes of your's look like new. Only cost you two-bits, too, Sir."

"No, Son," the customer said. "These old shoes are just not worth the two-bits for the shine. Then he went back to reading his newspaper."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," Jamie said. "I think those shoes are worth two-bits. Look, I'll buy them from you. Here's a quarter."

The customer lowered his paper, looked startled for a moment and then with a sigh, climbed up onto Jamie's shoe-shine stand.

Soap And The Perfume Tester

Herb Coffin and Edna Peterson think they have the perfect answer to the shoppers who like to prod merchandise.

A bosomy looking matron rolled into Economy Drug last week and pulled up next to the perfume counter.

"Do you have Chanel No. 5?" she said as she picked up one of the sample bottles sitting on the display case. "I wear nothing but the most expensive." She then squirted a waft of the stuff out of the bottle in her hair and on the front of her dress.

"No, I'm sorry, I don't," Edna said.

The matron grabbed another bottle. "Well! Then do you have Black Narcissus. That's second best and I might buy some of it." Again she squirted some out of the sample bottle on the front of her dress.

She reached for another bottle sitting on the display case. It was a bottle of glass cleaner which Edna had been using before the perfume tester came into the store.

"How about Coty's Meteor? I tried some of it and liked it, although it's not like Chanel. She squirted the window cleaner on the front of her dress and behind her ears. "This is common, but it's fragrant. What do you call it and how much is it?"

Edna bristled a little. "I thought," she said, "you might like that! It's soap and it's 19 cents a bottle."

The matron looked startled, thoughtfully turned the bottle over in her hand, set it down and firmly marched out of the store.



SANDY—Among the countless items of historic memorabilia gathered by Adolf Aschoff, early day pioneer of the Mt. Hood area, and acquired by Percy Shelley, Sandy pioneer, when he acquired the Aschoff property at Marmot some years ago, are an old buffalo gun and a silver certificate won by Aschoff with his collection of mounted birds and animals at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland in 1905.

Aschoff, who began work with the forest service 52 years ago, and who was reported to have been the first acting supervisor west of the Cascades, first lived in Kansas for several years before coming to Oregon and the Mt. Hood area. It was in Kansas that he obtained the .50 calibre Spencer buffalo rifle which was manufactured in 1860. To load the rifle it took an ounce of lead and 70 grains of black powder.

Five weather-stained notches are still visible on the rifle stock. Aschoff, with eyes twinkling, one day told Shelley that war-like

Indians accounted for two of the notches. He always said he preferred not to tell under what circumstances the other three notches found their niche in the stock.

During his later years at Marmot, before his death 25 years ago, Aschoff built a log house next to his store and post office at Marmot where his collection of mounted birds and animals was housed. The old building still stands today, but Shelley has loaned the famed collection to an east side restaurant in Portland for decorative purposes.

Aschoff was a personal friend of Gifford Pinchot, noted conservationist of the Teddy Roosevelt era, and on several of his trips through the west Pinchot visited the famed mountaineer at his home in Marmot.

Postmaster John Metsger is inspecting the silver certificate award won by Aschoff at the Lewis and Clark exposition. Holding the scroll are Bill Perkins, left, of the Sandy Post news staff, and Percy Shelley.

The Shanty



Back in the days when bankers weren't supposed to look or act like human beings, it was quite common for the president of the local exchange house to not only drive the biggest car in town, but to also display his wealth in any other way he could.

The theory was, I think, that the town banker was not only supposed to be a pillar of the community, but he was also supposed to be someone whom the townspeople could point to with pride and awe.

Then if a man had a visitor from out of town he could take the visitor in tow, squire him to the town cemetery, drive him up and down the main drag a couple of times just to get him in the mood for greater things and then he could be taken up on the lonely hill where the banker held out on evenings and holidays and say with justifiable pride, "That's the home of So-and-So. He's the president of the Pine Corners Farmers and Miners Bank. And a fine man he is, too. He's RICH!"

Then if a person were real bold you could add matter-of-factly say, "Banker So-and-So's a very good friend of mine."

That was bound to impress any visitor.

J. Thaddeus MacGruber was a banker in the community of Hope, but almost nobody in the town will admit it these days. Not since that fateful day before the depression when J. Thaddeus lost his dignity—and therefore part of his reason for existence in the community of Hope.

As was common among bankers those days, J. Thaddeus was the only man in town who wore a VanDyke beard. Not only that but he constantly dressed in a morning coat and a high stiff collar. He almost never spoke to anybody on the streets—mostly because he was never seen on the streets, unless he was in the rear of his big Essex and on his way to the bank, or on his way home from the bank.

I'm sure, personally that old J. Thaddeus had a good reason for doing what he did, but he was somewhat caught in his own dignity.

In other words, not only was it unbecoming for a banker to act like a human, but if he did happen to do what was perfectly normal for other people to do, it was considerable beneath the dignity of a banker to explain the situation.

At any rate, to shorten up a rather long story, one hot Sunday afternoon most of the good people of Hope were digesting

the noon meal and a stuffy sermon in church on their front porches. Half of the town was strolling up and down the main street and the other half was sitting on their porches watching them go by.

I don't think very many people heard it at first, but away down at the other end of Main street an ominous roar cut the sleepy air. Slowly, as the noise grew louder and closer, more and more people turned and looked.

What they saw caused them to open their mouths in utter astonishment.

For there astride a careening motorcycle was J. Thaddeus. Of course, that wasn't the only thing that bothered the good people of Hope, although goodness knows, that would have been aplenty.

What really bothered them was that their banker didn't even look like a banker.

He was dressed in a pair of full bloomed knickerbockers, a turtle-necked sweater and a golfing cap turned backwards. It was a ride that any daredevil would have been proud of. J. Thaddeus swerved just in time to miss a broadside collision with fat Mrs. Jacob Schmitz, hit the curb on the south side of the street in front of the courthouse, plowed through the softest part of the municipal flower garden and then bumped back over the curb toward the Hope funeral home.

In front of the Hope Funeral home was an awesome display of statues and tombstones.

The banker managed to skirt around a group statue which consisted of a score of angels and a cross or two, but he sent a beautiful, white pillar about twelve feet high tottering into

a whole mess of tombstones and the tinkle of smashed marble didn't stop until he had smashed through two hedges and was back on Main street and headed directly for the glass front of Jones' jewelry store.

That is where the wild and now-famous ride of J. Thaddeus MacGruber ended—among the gold watches and pearl necklaces in the window of the town's leading jewelry emporium.

He sat there in the midst of the wreckage for a moment as the curious gathered on the sidewalk. Then he calmly reached down, brushed the glass and the broken pearls from the front of his knickerbockers, stepped carefully out of the window and strolled leisurely and with considerable dignity down the street and into the bank.

Nobody said anything. In a few minutes, the big, black Essex pulled up in front of the bank and J. Thaddeus marched out of the bank and the Essex drove off.

Monday morning the Hope County Gazette carried several eye-witness accounts of the ride and Monday afternoon, the board of directors of the Hope County Farmers bank held an emergency meeting.

I don't think very many people ever actually knew what went

The World This Week ...

A Higher Cure

"Nature often cures fractures and sets broken bones better than the greatest surgeon," reads a report from the national meeting of 5,000 family doctors in Los Angeles . . .

Dr. Harold E. Crowe, chairman of the surgical committee at Los Angeles Orthopaedic Hospital, pointed out that an injured and shortened leg often grows an inch or so faster and accommodates its length to that of the normal leg in a short time. Noteworthy also is this re-

ported statement of his: "God cures fractures. Orthopaedists who know this often can eliminate surgery and reduce the risk."

Man is a relatively frail creature who would never have survived the long eras of ignorance and primitive living without nature's ability to repair injuries and restore health. The greatest physicians of our day rely on this God-directed spirit within us. —Hollywood (Calif.) Citizen-News

One Man's Passport

By dint of two and a half years of effort and some help from the federal courts, Otto Nathan has now succeeded in getting a passport to go to Europe. The State Department having intimated darkly that he was a dangerous fellow who could not safely be allowed abroad, suddenly changed its mind and decided to let him go. The plain reason was that the Court of Appeals on Thursday told the department to give Dr. Nathan a passport or a quasi-judicial hearing forthwith—and to come before the court with a clear statement of reasons if, after the hearing, it determined to deny the passport. Evidently the State Department came to the conclusion that its reasons would not stand judicial scrutiny.

The Secretary of State and United States Attorney Leo A.

Rover put a wholly unwarranted gloss on the situation when they asserted that the long delay in issuing Dr. Nathan a passport was due to a failure on his part to utilize the State Department's hearing and appeals machinery. Dr. Nathan never received anything resembling a hearing; he was accorded no more than a conference with an official of the passport office. This gave him nothing—no record, no reasons, no report—on which he could have based an appeal. It was an instance of the worst sort of executive arbitrariness. In a way, it is a pity that the department did not appeal from the court's ruling. The need was not so much for the issuance of a passport to Dr. Nathan as for a thorough overhauling of the department's passport practices and procedures. — Washington Post and Times Herald

Welcome To Any Missouri

The Missouri Highway Department is posting big gold, blue and white signs on highways entering the state. With an outline map of the state, these signs say, "Welcome."

This is a fine, hospitable, idea, and we are happy that Missouri's welcome is not exactly like those of some other states. At a few state borders, the greeting is followed by several miles of fine highway, to prove that the welcome is intended and the roads are good. But both pavement and welcome seem to dribble out after a few miles.

Highways aside, the real question is what a state is welcoming travelers to. Missouri can

offer the visitor five or six kinds of Missouri. There is Little Dixie in the center with its soft speech and hickoried hams, the southern Ozark highlands of white oaks and old customs, the prosperous corn-hog prairies of the north, and the little Bootheel jutting in geography and culture toward the Deep South. In Missouri Proteum is not peculiar, and the distinction between brash Kansas City and gracious St. Louis is more than 250 miles.

There is an inviting state behind those Welcome signs. The other side of them might say what so many Missourians say: Come back again, hear?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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