

THE SANDY POST

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Dick Revenaugh
 Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly in Clackamas and Multnomah Counties	\$2.00
In Oregon, outside Clackamas and Multnomah Counties, per year	\$3.50
In Northwest and Pacific Coast States, outside Oregon, per year	\$4.00
Outside Northwest and Pacific Coast States, per year	\$5.00
Service men anywhere	\$3.00

Your Help Needed For The Ambulance

If there's anything in this town worth our editorial efforts it's the current drive on the part of the volunteer firemen and their ladies to raise enough money for a new ambulance.

About six years ago, we plugged for the same thing. The new ambulance the firemen purchased at that time is now worn out. Which is good enough testimony for the use the vehicle has received.

The new ambulance will cost about \$5000, we're told by the fire chief, Lyle Seaman. At the time of this writing, about \$1300 has been accumulated.

Still needed is \$3800. We know that will come.

We know it because we think there is no more obvious civic enterprise which captures the fancies and the thanks of our community like the ambulance crew. They are on call 24 hours each day.

Without pay—and sometimes without thanks—they will travel miles to help the wounded or sick.

Although we know very little about automobiles or ambulances, just from writing news stories about the services they have given, we know the present ambulance has been used constantly during the past six years.

We hope you will help purchase a new ambulance. Below is a coupon which will make it easier for you. Clip the coupon, enclose it with a check for \$6.00 and it will entitle you to free ambulance service for the year. And even more important, it will keep the men and women of mercy on wheels.

Sandy Volunteer Ambulance Application

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____

I think the volunteer firemen in Sandy are doing a wonderful job maintaining a community ambulance service. I want to help them buy a new ambulance. Enclosed please find \$_____ to help. Return to me by mail an ambulance ticket which entitles me to year-round ambulance service.

Ike Should Be Retired

Are the political fortunes of the Republican party of more importance than the life of the man who revitalized its faltering and stumbling body after more than two decades of New Deal and Fair Deal rule?

Are a little group of power-hungry political ghouls going to send Dwight Eisenhower to an early grave in order that they might eat high on the hog at the country's political trough?

Is the Republican party so bankrupt of presidential talent that it must drag out a sick and ailing man and demand, against all the rules of political and personal decency, that he arise from his sick bed and lead his party through the political storms of another presidential campaign?

Frankly, we cannot believe that responsible leaders of the Republican party can be so heartless as to demand that President Eisenhower stand for re-election. But the evidence seems to point the other way. From Washington, from Denver and from other parts of the nation come predictions from so-called Republican leaders that the President will recover fully from the serious heart attack which laid him low some two weeks ago and will be sufficiently recovered to seek—and win—another term.

The entire nation—yes throughout the free world—people are prayerfully hoping that President Eisenhower will recover from the heart ailment which struck him down at the summer White House in Denver. It is a hope that must not be chilled by the selfish wishes of a group of political hangers-on who wish only to perpetuate themselves in office.

This newspaper believes that President Eisenhower has earned a well deserved rest. We believe that his life is of far greater importance than the life of any political party. As a soldier and as president he has done a magnificent job.

It is our firm conviction that President Eisenhower will not seek re-election in spite of the fervid importunities of those about him. But even though he should decide to retire to his Gettysburg farm to live out his years of retirement, he still has 15 months to serve out his present term.

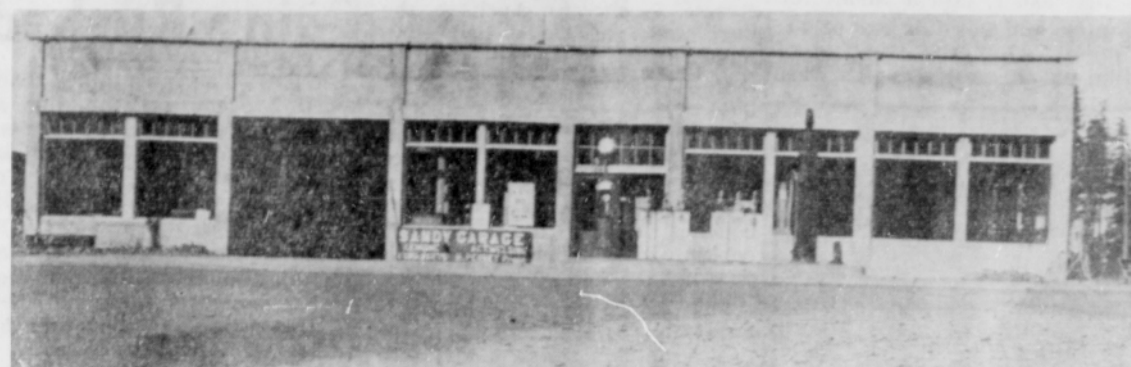
In a campaign year, these will be hectic months. Try as he might, he cannot escape the pressures which will be his. With a weakened heart, we believe it is too much to ask.

We would like to see President Eisenhower tender his resignation and turn the presidency over to Vice-President Nixon. If Nixon does not measure up to the job, the people will make the needed change at the next general election. Eisenhower apparently has every confidence in his youthful vice-president, and we're willing to ride along with his judgement.

There would be plenty of weeping and wailing within the Republican high command if President Eisenhower should decide to step out as his country's leader. There already are indications that persons high in the administration are seeking to shunt Nixon aside. Sherman Adams, the president's chief assistant, arrived in Denver a few days ago with a briefcase bulging with official documents. Apparently, he would prefer to burden the convalescing president with important matters rather than permit the vice-president to assume any responsibility.

We sincerely hope that the Republicans, in their political greed, don't follow the footsteps of the New Dealers back in 1944. President Roosevelt in 1944 was a dying man. But

Photo History



SANDY—For a change we know what these pictures are—or at least two of them. The top picture is of the Koch building in Sandy and the second picture is of the high school. We don't know which mill is shown

in the bottom picture. The editors of The Post will send a new subscription to The Sandy Post to anybody who can tell us when the pictures were taken and which mill is shown.

The Shanty



by Dick Revenaugh

warmth, and the roses and ten thousand other flowers of various colors and textures were blooming forth with fragrance and beauty.

My mother, who had been in Oregon briefly before, told her friend, who had not, "See, I told you there was nothing more beautiful than the weather in Oregon. Why this sun makes those flowers bud the year-round. And look at the beautiful green trees, and the lush richness of the countryside."

Mother's friend, I suppose was properly impressed. At any rate, she said nothing. Seemingly she absorbed the propaganda which Mrs. Revenaugh was giving out like a full-fledged Oregon drummer, with proper respect.

So they all settled down in an air of contentment at my house. A few days later it started to rain.

"This," my mother informed her friend importantly, "is just a gentle rain which makes the trees grow and helps bring the bloom to the flowers. See how warm it feels."

It rained some more the next day. And the chimney got full and dirty water oozed out of the place where a stove-pipe once went in. It streaked down the wall and trickled across the floor.

My wife, who is an unregenerated Michigander and longs for the feel of snow, patiently cleaned

the wall and extracted a promise from me to do something about the chimney.

And my mother explained confidently to her friend, "It really didn't rain that much. Probably the chimney was almost full anyway and that wonderful rain sort of cleaned it out."

The next day it rained some more.

The basement began to feel a little damp and the furnace ran out of oil. My wife ordered some more and the man came and filled the big green tank outside.

After he had left, the oil started to seep out the bottom of the tank and slip down the sidewalk and into the driveway. My mother's friend saw it and dutifully reported it to my wife.

My wife called the oil man and he came and drained the oil out of the tank and left with the cherry word that he would return the following Monday with a new tank.

My mother explained to her friend that the tank wouldn't have rusted because the atmosphere wasn't actually damp. Probably, she said, nobody had ever painted the bottom of the tank.

Her friend said nothing.

The next day it rained. And there was no heat. And the kids got their shoes wet and everybody who stayed in the house caught colds. The following day the television set didn't work so good and my wife, Terry, had rummaged around and found all the old sweaters she had brought with her from Michigan several years ago and wrapped them around the shoulders of the children and her guests.

My mother went to the doctor for some medicine for a cold and her friend was very quiet and made no comment at all about the weather.

Finally somebody—I think it was one of the kids, who have not yet acquired timidity enough to say nothing—said, "Gee ain't it ever going to stop raining?"

My mother's friend said politely and I think sort of sarcastically, "Well, it keeps the trees green."

And my mother, emboldened by the frankness of everybody else asked me, "Son, isn't this unusual—that you should have so much rain. It's been raining constantly."

"Mom," I answered, "you should see how bright the sun shines in February here."

So there's new hope. And if we aren't all mildewed all over, and if we can steer clear of fatal flu, and if they don't give up in disgust and if the weatherman cooperates better than he did this year in February, Oregon might gain at least two new friends.

BITS AND PIECES

BY DICK REVENAUGH

OF THE WEEK

This might be a case in which we live so close to the woods, we can't see the fires. We got one of those informative little bulletins from Oregon State college this week which pointed out that 53 people lost their lives in fires in the state during the last year and property damage of fires outside the woods totaled \$10 million, which included only those properties protected by insurance. Fire hit more than 12,000 homes in 1954. This reminder because it's Oregon Fire Prevention week.

Because we make our living out of words and phrases, I suppose I've sort of fallen in love with them. Risking the chance that we might appear a little foolish in the eyes of veteran westerners and Oregonians, we're going to pass on a few phrases which have a ring to them. We captured them over the coffee table during the past few weeks:

"Thirty and found"—That means, one old cowhand told us indignantly as I expressed interest and ignorance, thirty dollars a month and board and room.

"Graveyard stew"—Is an expression of disgust on the part of a beef-eating citizen for milk toast.

"No violets"—Means, of all things, a hamburger without onions.

Anybody have any more of these expressions? We love 'em.

Here's a statistic which gives us a chill. The latest figures on alcoholism, as I gleaned them from On Center, a publication from the Oregon State hospital, claims there is 4,588,000 alcoholics in the United States—which includes 3,844,000 men and 704,000 females. In the state of Oregon there are 31,064 alcoholics. By the by, in Great Britain there are only 300,000 alcoholics. Which means there are 15 drunks in the U. S. for every one in Great Britain. Wonder what the sociologists have to say about that?

One of the favorite complaints by people who take it upon themselves to enter boy or girl scout work—or in fact, any youth activity—is that everybody's interested except the parents of the kids who will be benefitted. I don't know if that's true. I just know that I'm as guilty as the next person of neglecting my kids from the standpoint of companionship and then work for hours on a community project to help other people's kids. Doesn't make too much sense, but there it is. At any rate, one of the adult leaders of the Sandy cub scout pack, dropped off a weekly news story about the activities of the cub pack and a poem. As such it's not prize-winning stuff, but it makes a pretty good point anyway.

TAKE CARE OF MY CHILD, BUT DON'T BOTHER ME WITH THE DETAILS!

Our committeemen planned a pack meeting. The turnout was shamefully small—With so little parent interest, Why do they bother at all?

If those few that attend all the meetings, (and does that include you and me?) Are the only ones willing to help them, Then you know they must feel all at sea.

Three or four cannot make the pack go; So it's really a mystery to me . . . If you can't be bothered with your son, THEN WHY IN THE DICKENS SHOULD HE?

—A parent

SHANTY DICK:

Tell that press operator he shore loused up Bits and Pieces in My Sandy Post. "Gorsh" that could happen to anyone, including me.

What gets in the hair on my bald head so it won't lay smooth is when I read about people in this day and age. With all the chance to go prospecting with all the modern equipment they don't have enough sense to take some matches and food along.

Couple of silly women get lost in sight of the Columbia highway. Didn't have no matches nor food.

Then in bold print I read in Enterprise-Courier where a veteran hunter 21 years old, 200 pounds by the name of John Edwards, Woodburn save himself, had no matches nor food.

True or false, that's what I read in the papers. Bunker Hill Mac would like to say to those experts of all ages and those that go into the mountains, where there is a chance to get lost, when you leave your car or camp, note the direction you are going away from it so you may return in a snow storm or a fog or in the dark.

I'm just an ameteur. I have never been lost, but I remember when my pals were lost. I knew where I was, but they didn't. Caused them much worry.

When ever I go into the mountains with a gun or fish police, no matter how nice the day, I have a piece of chandle and some parlor matches wrapped in a water proof pack also a chocolate bar with a hunk of baloney.

The length of time I plan to be lost will depend on how much baloney I take with me, or bring back. Always carry a sturdy knife and a pockey axe to dress your kill or make your shelter.

If you are really lost, find an open place, build three fires. Keep them smooking. Eat a little of your chocolate bar. Stay where you are so the boys in blue can resqu you without bloodhounds. Then give them a hunk of your baloney.

Bunker Hill Mac, West Linn, U.S.A.

Some of us, Mac, have been lost since the first time we started wondering around this friendly old earth. Seriously though, the best thing I can think to do is to keep your patience, avoid panic or fear (because actually in Oregon woods there isn't anything or anybody who will hurt you except yourself) and wait.

Ernie Harris claims the distinction of having the only foolproof recipe in the world for frying cabbage. Ernie said fried cabbage is unbeatable if it's done right. He says only sissies boiled the stuff beforehand. The secret is to get the skillet scorching hot, pour some oil in it, a little bit of vinegar and then drop the cabbage in. The vinegar, Ernie tells us, was originally used in cabbage-frying to heighten the effect of cooking cabbage on household flies. He says no fly, unless he has a completely insensitive nose, can stand cabbage. When it's in the frying pan it will discourage even the biggest one. And when vinegar is added to the mess, it almost precludes the existence of any breathing animal.

County Appointments From The Area

The mountain area is peculiarly blessed with county appointments this year. Several of our citizens are active in the affairs of the county.

The senior member of the Sandy city council, Ernie Harris, is a member of the county budget committee, the county equalization board, and the newly formed land board.

Irene Petrie, Brightwood, is one of the most active members of the county parks committee—an organization which met for the first time last month and is just now starting on a survey of the county parks.

Ivan Barker, Sandy druggist, is an appointed member of the county planning commission—another new branch of the county government—and probably one of the most important.

It wasn't too many years ago when the boys in Oregon City didn't even know the mountain area of Clackamas county existed. They thought it was on the outskirts of Portland and Gresham, and therefore not in the running.

Naturally, we're tickled to death to see the new emphasis on our area in the county seat. There's a lot of talent in these hills and we're willing to lend some of that talent to the county.

his followers insisted he run for a fourth term. They didn't want to get booted off the gravy train.

Three months after his inauguration for his fourth term in 1945, President Roosevelt succumbed to a heart attack at Warm Springs, Georgia.

To make sure that history does not repeat itself, we believe that Dwight Eisenhower should step out now and enjoy the remaining days of his life rather than be the pawn of a Republican party fearful of next year's election results.

—Bill Perkins