

## Civic Interest At Low Ebb

It seems quite apparent to us that there is a woeful lack of civic interest being displayed in Sandy this year as the time nears for filing petitions for nominations for mayor and city councilman.

It is true, of course, that service on the city council entails many hours of public service without recompense of any kind. The mayor and members of the council are called upon at any hours of the day or night to take care of municipal problems, most of which are inconsequential in nature.

But if Sandy is to grow and prosper it must have a sound municipal government. It must have a mayor and council who are able and willing to give freely of their

time and talents on behalf of the city.

We have been singularly fortunate during recent years to have such men operating our city government. In our judgment, Mayor Ruben Hoffman and members of the present city council have done a good job, as have their predecessors during the past several years.

But it appears to be somewhat of a thankless job, and it has become increasingly difficult to get good city officials to stand for re-election.

For our part, we would like to see a number of candidates file for places on the city council. Friendly competition will arouse more interest among the citizens generally in their city government.

By Ross Andersen

## GLIMPSES BY ROSS

During the past few weeks your reporter has been regaled with some of the weirdest fishing tales ever heard by man. The reports covered the 'landings' of everything from sardines, salmon and one or two whales, which the narrator reluctantly admitted got away. It would appear that some of our local fishermen must have the denisons of the Sandy and the Columbia rivers pretty well terrorized.

I never could quite figure it out, but there seems to be something about a fish that makes even a cold-water deacon see double.

I reckon it must be that while Eve was learning the first principles of dressmaking from the snake, Adam was off bass-fishing, and keeping

his end up by learning how to lie.

Don't overstock yourself with those four pound fish yarns, though, because the boys have been bringing them back from their vacations till I have enough to last me for a year of Fridays.

Your reporter claiming to be put in history and religion finds no listing of fish on manifest of Noah's Ark, but the lard-producing hog was duly listed.

Perhaps that was where the "Ham and" theory originated, proving that Moses' injunction against pork must have been dissolved by the circuit court because Noah included a couple of shoats in his cargo and called one of his sons Ham, out of gratitude

probably after tasting a slice broiled for the first time; argued that all great nations lived on fried food, and that America was the greatest of them all, owing to the energy-producing qualities of pie, liberally shortened with lard.

During several years experience as a farmer your scribe has heard a great deal about the foolishness of hens, but when it comes to right down plum foolishness give me a rooster every time. He is always strutting, stretching and crowing and bragging about things with which he has nothing to do. When the sun rises, you'd think that he was making all the light, instead of all the noise. When the farmer's wife throws the scraps in the barnyard, he crows as if he was the provider for the whole farmyard and was asking a blessing on the food. When he meets another roos-

## "THE GROUCH"

By Bill Perkins

One of these days I'm going to surprise myself and the few people who may possibly give this column a speedy once-over and write something nice about something or somebody.

But this isn't one of those weeks. I'm more than slightly disgusted with the 1957 legislature and the Bob Holmes administration for attempting to promote a world's fair in Oregon with a measly little appropriation of \$830,000. If they couldn't arouse enough enthusiasm among the legislators to get an appropriation of at least two or three million dollars, they should never have started the thing in the first place.

But having started the Centennial Exposition with a corps of high-priced press agents and managers and assistant managers, there's nothing left to do but go through with it.

We now learn that the Exposition Board plans to go before the 1959 legislature and seek additional appropriations in an effort to finish what they have started. An international exposition and trade fair takes money. If they don't get it, Oregon is going to fall flat on its face and become the laughing stock of the free world.

ter, he crows, and when the other rooster licks him, he crows; and so he keeps it up straight through the day. He even wakes up during the night and crows a little on general principles.

But when you hear from a hen, she's laid an egg, and she doesn't make a great deal of noise about it either.

Just how much additional funds the exposition board plans to demand of the coming legislature we have no present knowledge. But you can rest assured, it will be a sizeable sum. And it should be. Oregon can reap real and lasting benefits from an international trade fair. But you can't do it with peanuts. Old Father Oregon is going to have to dig down in his jeans and come up with some of that surplus left over by the 1957 legislature.

But I'm sort of a suspicious old codger. I'm not sure that Bob Holmes and his cohorts ever thought for one minute that the paltry \$830,000 appropriated nearly two years ago would even begin to do the job. I've got a hunch they decided to take the paltry sum and get things under way, knowing that they could come back in 1959 and get a real appropriation to finish up the job.

The state has gone too far to back up now. It's got to see the thing through. Two years ago they got their foot in the door with the \$830,000. At the next session they can expect to get enough additional funds to get the job done.

Don't get me wrong. I believe the Centennial and trade fair commemorating Oregon's 100 years as a state will be a fine thing, if it is properly promoted and publicized. But I think they should have demanded and received a far greater appropriation from the 1957 legislature instead of starting with a niggardly allowance, knowing they could apply sufficient pressure to get more money from the next legislature.

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