

Republicans Seek Cash . . . and More

A story in this week's Sandy Post offers a plea for additional money for the Republican party. Just last week the state Republican chairman resigned his position because not enough money has been raised.

In the first place we would like to ask the state chairman why he hasn't provided the leadership that would have produced these funds.

In the second place we challenge the implication that grass roots Republicans are in charge of the Clackamas county GOP.

If it is a grass roots organization,

how come it hasn't had fund-raising functions, or collection drives? How come we hear lots about the Democrats and practically nothing about the Republicans in our area.

Perhaps the Republicans have had such poor luck at the polls that they are discouraged. But a strong two-party system is still the basis of our political system, and the responsibility of the Republicans is to fight hard even if it's a losing battle.

We think there are better ways to enlist support — financial and moral — than a request for donations in a news paper story.

Scholarship Rising in Prestige

A high school basketball coach in Washington state has been fired because he kicked six boys off his squad for drinking. Newspapers in our neighbor to the north have been full of the squabble.

But we think much more significant was the action taken by another school board. This particular board raised the academic standards necessary for student participation in any activity to a "C" average.

In other words, this particular board felt that if a student couldn't maintain a "C" average, he should be at home doing his assignments instead of playing basketball or singing for the glee club.

We applaud this school board and think their action, in a small way, represents a growing appreciation of scholarship.

Another small break-through came from in our country.

Shower Honors Local Bride-Elect; Youth Spends Day at Mountain

By MRS. FRANK DEMPSEY
MO 5-7146

PLEASANT HOME — Mrs. Robert Pemberton and Joan Hascall were co-hostess last Friday evening at a pre-nuptial shower, honoring Miss Sharon Bennett. The shower was held in the annex of the Gresham Free Methodist church.

Decorations were pink and white. A bouquet of pink carnations, white mums and pink heather was presented to the bride-to-be.

Guests were Mesdames: George Bennett, Robert Kerslake, Robert Wholley, Elmer Wagner, Virgil Hascall and Patti, Glen Noel, Blanche Barndon, Robert Townsend, Owen Oliver, William Gertz, Arthur Sullivan, Joanne Harris, Herman Bonde, Stanley Berlick, Joe Windingler, William Blake, Robert Townsend Jr., Beana White and John Fox.

Also, Mesdames: Ted Lind, Ned Blake, Carl Kyle, Art Hauglum, Harold Gustafson, Robert Gustafson and Cheryl, and the Misses Sharon Ray, Dianne Pemberton, Judy and Sharon Wetzel, Marge Lind, Georgia Bennett, Martha Atwell, Beverly Hauglum and Betty Townsend.

Youth Take Outing
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Heiman and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Grindstaff accompanied 26 junior high group of the Pleasant Home Baptist to Snow Bunny lodge last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Miller of Boardman were guests over the weekend of Carl Gaede and Millard Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Chase and Mrs. Chase's mother, Mrs. W. T. Hendren, visited Mrs. Hendren's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Welck in Cottage Grove recently.

Rev. and Mrs. Roy Campbell and sons were dinner guests last Friday evening at the Norman Beatty home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Jacobson of Monmouth were guests

GOVERNMENT CAMP NEWS

Tom West is engaged to be married sometime this Spring. His fiancée, a Canadian living in California, believe it or not, is named Bobby West. Brother Bob thinks this is real funny. Tom and his fiancée were visiting here this past weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Wingle, new assistant ranger, and their three children are now living in Government Camp in the house previously occupied by the Lausches.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Keil are parents of a baby boy, Richard. The Keils are well known on the mountain. Bill is a special writer for the Oregonian, covering skiing events.

At Marmot

Thanks to the nice weather over the weekend and 10 boys from the Sandy High agriculture class and others, our 13,400 little evergreens (Douglas fir, Lodge Pole pine, Noble fir, Grand fir, White fir, incense cedar, Sierra redwood and Monterey pine) are in their permanent home.

The boys who did a fine job were John Phillips, Don Boyles, John Nelson, Jim Knoll, Brian Nelson, Kenneth Smith, Butch Kautz, Dan Lindsay, Jay McLain and Norman Sandblast.

This country is a tree country and it is sensible to plant a native crop. So much land in the foothills is really suitable for nothing but trees. With such a demand for Christmas trees it is a wise idea to cater to that demand.

Congregation Meets, Elects Officer Slate

The annual meeting of the congregation of the Community Presbyterian church was Sunday, Jan. 21. Elected elders are Mrs. Virginia Seal, Lyle Jarvis, and Ralph Hames. The new deacons are Sara Berger and Wilbur Sulzbach.

Also elected to serve a one year term are slated clerk, Mrs. Helena Wesselink; treasurer, Mrs. Maybelle Wesselink; recording secretary, Mrs. Helen Sulzbach; and benevolence treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Kotzman. Last Sunday, Jan. 28, was "Youth Sunday." Young people participating in the morning church service were: Helen Decker, Cheryl Hames, Becky Fraiser, Rodger Goetschius, and Robert Johnson. Music was provided by the junior choir under the direction of Miss Mary Hetzel.

Letters to Editor

To The Sandy Post:

The phone rang and rang, everyone wanted to know what happened to the column.

Up and Down the Mountain after a long search it was found at the bottom of our Elizabeth's Sandy Party Line.

Now Elizabeth has a lot of chatter of her own and doesn't need any help from me.

Maybe some one at the plant is full of yee olde prune juice.

I'm not a wee bit mad Mr. Editor, but people did miss my column.

Yours for more news,
Joe Kiefer

4H CLUB NEWS

Twelve 4H Club Leaders left Wednesday 12 noon, bound for the annual 4H Leaders Conference at Corvallis. Cold weather and forecasts of snow reduced the delegation size, but did not dampen the spirits of those starting out. We will be reporting details of the annual event to you next week.

At a recent meeting Karen Anliker brought the refreshments. Joanne Steinberger and Julia Paugh are starting on the aprons. Sheila Mathews led the group in group singing. A few girls brought things for the community.

Farm Calendar

Feb. 8, Home Economics Extension Unit meeting — Wildcat, Dover, Union Hill, Brightwood, Sandy Ridge, Barton.

Feb. 9, Tri-county meeting to discuss market orders for commercial egg producers. Maplewood Grange, Highway 99E, 8 p.m. — for Clackamas, Marion and Multnomah counties.

Feb. 14, 4-H Forestry Leaders training meeting — details later.

Feb. 22, Annual meeting of Clackamas County Grass Seed Growers — Springwater Grange, 10 a.m. to 3-30 p.m.

Feb. 22-23, North Willamette Hort. Society meeting — armory, Gresham.

CLACKAMAS SOCIETY MEET

Clackamas County Historical Society will meet Monday, Feb. 12 at 8 p.m. at the Mertie Stevens Guest House, Washington St., Oregon City. Those attending are asked to bring old pictures and any mementos they may have of pioneer days. Miss Maude Cooke is the new program chairman. New board directors are: Elsie Beaumont, J. Blinkhorn, G. Brumbaugh, D. Forsberg, D. W. Henderson, Miss Murry Miller, Mertie Stevens, and B. Borden. All interested in pioneer history are invited.

Wednesday, Jan. 24 the Sandy Ridge 4-H livestock club met with six members present and one visitor. The next meeting will be Feb. 21 after school at the Amsted home. New record books were handed out. The next meeting is to be devoted to getting record books up to date. Harlan Richards is to serve refreshments at the next meeting.



Yes, we're still excited about our new press (Goss Suburban web offset) that is in its second week of operation, and which is giving you a handsomer-looking Sandy Post. Here Pressman Ed White operates the press. (Sandy Post photo)

News From Sandy High School---

By Norman Fox

Varsity rally squad has done it again! The novelty pep assembly presented recently was enjoyed so much that they touched on the light side again before the Reynolds game Friday.

This time, one member of each class participated in a game of "Truth or Consequences." Consequences won out over truth in all cases.

Freshman Ronnie Dowell was asked to lead the student body in singing the school song. As a penalty for her failure, she was required to walk the length of gym balancing a broom on her head. She fared better than was expected and received rounds of applause for her efforts.

The sophomore victim was Bill Lake, who was asked to tell the audience who the team was playing that night. "Reynolds," he answered, quite truthfully. To his dismay, he was told that he had given the answer incompletely. The correct answer was Reynolds Lancers. His penalty was to don a chic sweater and skirt and lead the audience in a yell.

After waddling out to the middle of the floor (the skirt wouldn't come more than three inches above his knees putting it on from the feet up) he tried to get the crowd going on the yell. Finally, his fellow sophomores came to his rescue and did the yell out of pity for their classmate.

Junior Karen Cutsforth was called upon to imitate perfectly the motions that the rally girls use on a certain yell. In the eyes of the rally squad her performance was imperfect. She was told that since she had mastered the "twist" so well she was to demonstrate it to the students.

Her performance here was enviable and she was given a hand for her show.

The senior whose number was up turned out to be Vern Mann. He was requested to reveal everything that took place on a date with his girl. Obviously, he turned down the offer and took a chance on the consequence.

When the audience was told what he must do, they had fits of laughter that shook the building. Vern had to put a diaper on Little Buck! Little Buck is a little doll representing a pioneer which serves as the mascot for the school.

The rest of the students were gasping for air to soothe their aching sides, but Vern calmly and expertly folded the cloth and pinned it on. The crowd witnessed a diapering job any baby sitter would envy.

The varsity and JV rally then led some cheers, and the school song was sung to end the assembly.

Survival from semester tests was 100 per cent. There were no casualties of any sort reported. Report cards also failed to take an awesome toll. Only minor cases of shock and an occasional shattered morale were suffered by the students. Here's hoping for more such reports at future times of distress!

VETS, WIDOWS MUST FILE

Disabled war veterans and widows of veterans must apply for their annual state property tax exemptions by March 30 this year, the Department of Veterans' Affairs warns. Veterans whose disabilities are certified by a private physician and the county health officer, rather than by the VA or the Armed Forces, are also entitled, but in these cases they must not have received more than \$2500 total gross income in the past year.

FREE!

NEW BEGINNERS CLASSES

AT

Eastmont Bowl

(With Ladies as our

Special "Guests")

START

Thursday, Feb. 15 10 A.M.

HOBO NIGHT SAT., FEB. 10

STARTING AT 10:30, JOIN THE FUN—PRIZE FOR THE BEST COSTUME!

EASTMONT LANES

Burnside at Powell Gresham MO 5-9000

SANDY PARTY-LINE

By Elizabeth Hartman MU 7-3597

Everyone knows that Abraham Lincoln was born on Feb. 12, but I'll bet that you didn't know that George Washington was born on Feb. 11. This is true, and the reason we celebrate his birthday on Feb. 22 is because of that habit I was speaking of last week of people fooling around with the calendar.

In 1752 the British, having decided that the Gregorian calendar was a bit of all right, imposed its use on all their possessions, including the American colonies. They decreed that the day following Sept. 2, 1752 should be called Sept. 14. . . . thus losing 11 days.

All dates preceding were marked O. S. for Old Style so George Washington was born Feb. 11, 1732 O.S., but after 1752 his birthday fell on Feb. 22.

Valentine's Day Close
Valentine's Day may be just around the corner, but its approach arouses in me no tremendous and tender memories of sentimental missives from childhood beaus, but recalls instead the lonely embarrassment that it brought to me as a child.

Perhaps because our possible diversions were fewer, much more was made of Valentine's Day in our schools than is now the custom. Preparations began for it almost as soon as the new year started.

A large carton, covered with ruffled, red and white crepe paper, would appear beside the teacher's desk. In this we would drop the lopsided hearts, misshapen cupid and distorted arrows of affection which we spent every spare minute carefully constructing with scissors, crayons, paste pot and paper.

There was quite a ceremony connected with their distribution. The teacher's pet (or so we thought) would be called upon to read out the scrawled names and special child from each aisle would pass out the Valentines to the favored recipients. Everyone would count theirs and the one who got the most was envied and admired by all (and loathed by me). I looked forward to Valentine's Day like Doomsday and spent it in an agony of forlorn and despairing hope.

Eventually I came to know that I would be lucky to get more than the one valentine. The teacher always democratically put in the box for each student. But there was always the hope that this year would be different and as I always faithfully made at least one valentine for each of my classmates I could reasonably expect a few in return.

That it didn't work this way was attributable, in part, to the fact that because my father was a Naval officer we moved often and I found myself in a new school every year or two. This gave me little opportunity to impress my more stable and classmate contemporaries with the hidden beauties of my personality and I also possessed an unlovable and unfeminine ability to out-run, out-pitch and generally outfight most of the boys and all of the girls in my class.

My knees and what was usually smudged face in what was supposed to be a "dutch bob" and my healthily sturdy frame was clothed in sensible blue serge jumpers, complete with bloomers that reached to my knees.

My knees and what was visible of my legs above the high laced shoes (supposed to keep one's ankles slender) were scabbed and scarred from skating and scrapping mishaps.

I was definitely not of an appearance to awaken sweet yearnings in the sub-masculine breast.

Still, beneath this unprepossessing exterior, my heart was as sensitive and tender as any Shirley Temple's. I would act as if I couldn't care less when I got but one valentine but, on my way home from school, would hide my disappointment by bloodying a boyish nose or two.

One year, in a new school once again, I couldn't bear the thought of being discovered as the most un-valentined girl in the class and resolved to do something about it. I made the usual scores of valentines in school and made still more at home.

I even spent a few cents on "store-boughten" ones—rarities

in those days of less opulent childhood! All these I addressed and signed variously from Guess Who, An Admirer, Your Friend, etc. and placed them in the box a few at a time.

For the first time in my young life, I faced Valentine's Day unafraid and managed to look properly (but not overly) surprised when I received the three dozen valentines I had sent to myself.

This great show of popularity so impressed my classmates that they began vying for my attention and the next year I bagged at least two dozen bona fide valentines. The moral of this story might be "It pays to Lad-vertise!"

I hope you are now all in the proper frame of mind for the following valentines:

TO JOE KIEFER
Last week your column, Rhododendron Report(s), Was appended to mine by an error of sorts.
My thanks for your news. I need it, alas!
Though you lost your head, I gained lots of class!

TO MY BUTCHER
Of beef and ham and pork and lamb
You are my favorite vendor,
And though I dine on chop or chine
My thoughts, like your meats,
are tender.

TO KHRUSHCHEV
Roses are red,
But violets are not.
If you should drop dead
I'd care not a jot.

TO CASTRO
Some faces are red,
The Caribbean is blue,
Your shadow on Cuba
Is spoiling the view.

TO THE EDITOR
Although you pay me but pennies for inches,
And writing this column never a cinch is,
Still, I have to admit it's nice of you, Lee,
To print what I write without charging ME!

TO MY READER(S)
You're highly intelligent,
Outstandingly smart.
By reading my column
You've captured my heart.

FOR ELIZABETH—
(just in case)
Somebody loves you, I want you to know,

From the crown on your tooth,
to the corn on your toe.
From the knock in your knees,
to the kink in your spine,
Somebody loves you, despite your decline.

Guess Who???

DRUG FACTS

I SEE BATH TIME IS MORE FUN FOR BABY AND LESS WORK FOR MOTHER, THESE DAYS!

THAT'S BECAUSE OF ALL THE BABY THINGS I GET AT

SANDY Rexall DRUG



Rexall Family Budget SALE



LADIES' SANDALS

Vinyl, with criss-crossed straps. Sizes 5-9, in attractive colors. Save \$1.50.

\$2.49 Value **99¢**



LUTHER'S SANDY ONLY

New **HIGH-SPEED FORMULA**

Wildroot Hair Dressing



ADVERTISED IN LIFE

FAMILY **83¢** ECONOMY **69¢** LARGE **53¢** MEDIUM **31¢**

HEADACHE? Take BUFFERIN for FAST PAIN RELIEF



► Bufferin fights headache pain fast
► Bufferin calms jittery stomach
► Bufferin helps relax nerves

Breck Special Hairbrush Offer!! Save up to \$3.75 on a Breck Brush. Buy Breck Shampoo, Get Box Top or Label from Breck Shampoo and save on quality durable Nylon or Natural Bristle Brushes!!

Help Prevent Colds!
Special Buy on Vitamin C, 200 Tasty Tablets
Only **89¢**

Royal Drene Shampoo
21¢ Off!!
Lg. Size Drene
Reg. \$1, **79¢**
Only



Flowers
Telegraphed Anywhere . . . Gresham and Portland Deliveries

flowers by Malcoms

221 E. Powell
MO 5-5212 Day or Night