

The SANDY POST

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UP and DOWN the MOUNTAIN

By JOE KIEFER

After an average of six months and 2000 miles, most of it parched, the Westward-bound wagons reached the land the pioneers had dreamed of but never had seen, the Willamette valley.

The settlers wanted a rich green land with plenty of water, but after they had been in the valley for a year they must have done a bit of wondering. When the fall floods gave way to the winter floods, followed by the spring floods, perhaps they murmured apologetically, "Thank Thee for thy bounty, O Lord, but when does it stop being so bountiful?"

After a year or two they

knew the answer and with resigned humor they started calling themselves "Webfoots."

So the old time nickname for the valley was Webfoot valley. There are a number of old historical towns in the valley. Albany, named for the one in New York, was founded in 1848. Albany has become a logging sports what Pendleton is to rodeo. In the first week of July loggers gather for "world's championship" matches in climbing, bucking and other wood jobs.

Salem, the capital and second largest city of the state, had a Methodist Mission as early as 1840.

Oregon City Historic

Oregon City has the most history. It began as a Hudson Bay development late in 1829, largely to head off American immigrants and established British claims.

As it turned out the Indians didn't think much of the British claims either. They promptly burned down the trespassing cabins and kicked the potato patches to pieces.

Undiscouraged, Dr. John McLaughlin, the Hudson's Bay factor at Vancouver, Wash., had a flour mill and a sawmill built to make use of the falls' waterpower. But that just seemed to encourage American settlers. By 1843 they were running a mill, a temperance league, a debating society and a library.

The next thing the good doctor knew, a provisional legislature chose the town as Oregon's first capital.

As soon as politics were organized, the first newspaper, the Oregon Spectator, sprang up to tell the legislature how to run things.

Champoeg, the cradle of our state, was an Indian village, then a fur trading post built in 1811.

A Methodist mission was founded in 1834.

Showdown Vote

The showdown vote between Americans and British took place here in 1843.

The provisional government that later met at Oregon City asked for statehood, which was granted in 1859.

The town of Champoeg, with others in the valley, was wiped out by a Willamette river flood back in 1861.

Today this site is covered by the Champoeg Memorial State park, a tribute to our early Oregon settlers who looked into the future and made our state part of our great nation.

Driving a round trip distance of 75 miles per day to my work in Milwaukie I have seen a lot of different birds and animals on our highway.

The other morning, west of Brightwood, there was a peacock. Holy smokes! I'm changing my brand of liquor. That Old Rocking Chair has got me.

Looking over my teenage granddaughter's room I can't decide whether to make her clean it up or have it declared a national wilderness area.



Some men work all day and become famous. Other men stay up all night and become notorious.

Kitchen Swabber

As I was swabbing up the kitchen the other evening after dinner I caught what my biscuit burner said to a friend of hers over the phone.

"I encourage Joe to go out and do a little fishing now and then. Almost nobody has full-time help these days." Ah, Phooey!

Don't be a litterbug. From the thoughtful anglers' angle—from any good sportsman's point of view littering is ugly, unsanitary and costly to clean up.

Take trash out with you. Leave lakes, streams, camp sites the way you would like to find them.

Another saying goes: Litter bugs are folks who think only of themselves and leave camps and roadsides looking like you-know-what.

Outing Enjoyed

Mrs. Elaine Anderson, her daughter Melissa, Mrs. Gertrude Kiefer and Catherine Jensen, our granddaughter, had a real outing while driving over to Lost Lake for a picnic.

Thanks, Elaine, for showing my girls that beautiful country. But the green-eyed monster has got me.

To my friend Dorothy Devecko up on the hill—happy to know you are getting well.

What would I do without my favorite cheeseburger slinger at Summit?

By the way, boys and girls, how did you like my yarn about the buried gold on Laurel Hill? Wait till I spin the one about Horse Thief meadow—your fever will really be up.

I most sincerely apologize to Mrs. Marie Mounts and Mrs. Selma Wilson for not attending the Brightwood Mountain Grange dinner and entertainment. I do hope they shall invite me and my biscuit burner to their next one.

Jerry Hagan, as he toils over a hot range in the Alpine Hut, has a far away look in his eyes. He is dreaming of the ski bunnies going up the T-Bar at Summit. He mumbles to himself, "I wish it would snow and snow soon."

Don't worry, Jerry, it will. I too miss my kids on the hill.

Real Westerner

Larry Bartley is very proud of his step-father, James Stoner, age 84, living at Mossy Rock, Wash.

A man of the old western frontier, he has lived a very colorful life.

He was a friend of Chief Joseph when Joseph and his people were held on a reservation in Oklahoma. He knew the famous Dalton gang and was at the opening of the Cherokee Strip for settlers. He remembers Teddy Roosevelt and his rough riders.

I, too, am proud to know you, Jim, a man of the old west.

A lot of my readers asked me what happened to my column Thursday, Sept. 27. All I can say is some one goofed—or maybe I had the can tied to me.

Tummy - Work Tires

They days I work on my tummy, crawling around, digging like a gopher—while putting a new foundation under my home I abandon my English and start talking Army lingo.

Going to close by saying—When a fellow is cranky he is so out of sorts. He may trip on his lip if he can't be a sport, for there is nothing so bad that you can't work it out. You make others unhappy when you just sit and pout.

So try and be happy, for life is so short. You'll have more friends, too, by being a sport.

Welcome to the clan, Nettie, but keep those Nettles down around Sandy way.



Here's the old hotel at Welch's (now the Bill Drips home) in its heyday about 1902, according to Jenny Welch who furnished this old picture to the Sandy Post. Second car from the left is the famous "Old Scout" of Henry Wemme, the first car in Oregon. Wemme pioneered improvement of the road to Mt. Hood from Portland, but when this picture was

taken, the highway still was on the north side of the Sandy river at Cherryville where there was the meanest hill on the route. A farmer charged \$5 for pulling cars up the hill, and Mrs. Welch says that when it looked like rain on the mountain, the cars scattered and made a run for Portland before the roads turned into mud barriers.

Candy Cookery Demonstration Due at Kelso

Every candy maker hopes for satin smooth fudge and creamy divinity. But, perfect candy every time is not a matter of luck, says Margaret Heyden, Clackamas County Extension Agent.

Vivian Freeman, educational director for White Satin Sugar, has expert knowledge of the rules of candy making, and is going to demonstrate them for makers.

Mrs. Freeman works with utensils that would be found in any kitchen, not special candy making equipment. She will teach sugar cookery principles that can be applied to making all kinds of candy.

The Clackamas county home economics council will sponsor a candy making demonstration which is free and open to the public at Sandy Grange hall at Kelso, at 1 p.m. Mrs. A. E. Mitchell is in charge of arrangements.

4-H Club News

By DIANE S. MCKNIGHT and HAROLD M. BLACK

Attention 4-H Leaders! Remember that your blue completion sheet for your club members completion is due in the County 4-H club office by Sept. 15. These completion sheets are necessary for club members to receive credit for completion of each of their projects.

Clackamas County 4-H Horse club members did very well in the 4-H Horse show at the Oregon State Fair. A total of 176 club members from throughout the state competed in the show which was held before the State Fair opened because of a lack of space. Clackamas county had the largest number of county entries with 16 members competing.

CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

SANDY SAW SHOP
Quality Reasonable Work
Repair and Sharpen Saws,
Lawn Mowers, Knives,
Scissors and Keys Made
202 2nd Ave. & Loop Highway

McCulloch Chain Saws
With All Attachments
New and Used
Sales ★ Service
MILLS BROS. RIGGING SHOP
Loop Highway Sandy MU 7-3636
HIGHEST TRADE-INS
Absolutely the LOWEST Power Mower
Prices Anywhere In Oregon

NETTIE'S NETTLES!
by NETTIE CONNETT

A stranger was in Sandy the other day talking to me about all the churches here.

"There sure are a lot of them for such a small town," he said. "Which one do you belong to?"

"Why, I belong to the Round church," I sez. "My daddy was a Baptist and my mama a Methodist—that was back in the old days. My granddaddy and three of my mother's sisters were ordained ministers. I used to teach Sunday school myself," I sez, "though I am not sure I knew enough about what I was teachin'."

"But wouldn't it be better to have just one big church in a town like Sandy?" he went on.

"I don't know about that," I sez. "People is mighty independent hereabouts, and fer myself, I think that's the way the Good Lord meant them to be. They can go to any church they want to, or even start a new one. Isn't that why lots of folks came to America in the first place, for freedom?"

"But wouldn't it be better if they could all get together?" he asked again.

"I don't know why they should be that is each man's own business and he can do as he's a mind to. The more churches the better," I sez.

"That church you said you belong to," he asked, "what did you call it?"

"The Round church," I sez. "The Round church? What's that?"

"Why," I sez, "that's the one where the devil can't get you in a corner."

He didn't say no more, and a few minutes later I saw him hurrying out of town. Come to think of it, I didn't ask him where he was from.



THIS IS A BIG FISH I CAUGHT WITH A PEECE OF BREAD AND MY DADDY AND BROTHER DID NOT CATCH ANY WITH ALL THERE FLIES AND THINGS AND THEY WERE MAD AND MY DADDY SAID IT IS TOO BAD THEY DON'T SELL INSURANCE THAT COVERS THESE THINGS AT

MARIE SEEMATTER INSURANCE
Sandy MU 7-3102

MRS. MORRISON RETURNS

Mrs. Lyman Morrison recently returned from a two-week trip to Casper, Wyo., where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Bill Brown and their daughter, Charlene Morrison. She is at present taking nurse's training.

ST. MICHAEL'S HAM DINNER
again?
Sandy High School
Sandy, Ore.
"COME! BRING YOUR FRIENDS!"
Sept. 15
5:30 - 8:00 PM
Adults - - - \$1.25
Children under 12 - 75c

DRUG FACTS
...NEXT STOP IS
SANDY Rexall DRUG
THEY'LL FILL MY PRESCRIPTION CAREFULLY - AND HAVE IT READY ON TIME!
STATIONERY
100 Sheets
50 Envelopes
Several Styles
Sandy Rexall DRUG
MUTUAL 7-2331
Sandy, Oregon

Immanuel Lutheran Church
Morning Services 10:30 a.m.
Sunday School 9:15 a.m.
A Cordial Welcome is Extended to All
Pastor Walter Luedtke
MU 7-6323
Loop Highway, Sandy

Episcopal
St. Mary Magdalene Chapel
409 Main St. Sandy
Morning Prayer and Communion
Sundays 8:30 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Coffee Hour at 9:45 each
Sunday morning
Father Rene Bozarth, Rector
MU 7-6202
"An Ancient Faith for a Modern, Friendly People"

Church of God
Kelso
Pastor Fred Keane
ALL WELCOME
Morning Service . . . 11 A.M.
Evening Service . . . 7:45 P.M.
Sunday School . . . 9:45 A.M.
Youth Eve. Service 6:45 P.M.
MU 7-3889
Bobby Bruce Lane near Holt Shopping Center Kelso

Seventh Day Adventist
Elder W. D. Broese
Sabbath School . . . 10:00 A.M.
Church Service . . . 11:30 A.M.
Young People's Meeting,
Friday . . . 7:30 P.M.
Sandy MU 7-4932

Community Presbyterian Church
Sunday School . . . 9:45 A.M.
Morning Services . . . 11 A.M.
Westminster Fellowship
High School Group . . . 7 P.M.
Nursery care during worship
Parsonage MU 7-3644
Rev. E. L. Neuenfeldt

Everyday Savings

FRYER PARTS
BREAST - LEGS
THIGHS
FRYERS ROASTING HENS . . . **39¢ lb.**

PICNIC HAMS
ROAST STEAKS
Blade Cut
Texas T-Bone
39¢ lb.

GOOD THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY
BRIDGMON'S FARM MARKET
LOCATION OF GOOD BUYS GRESHAM
Turn North from Division on to Eastman Ave.
Follow the Arrow!
2029 N.W. EASTMAN MO 5-8163