



Nell's Notes

By NELL HOWE
Hood-Land Reporter

This is the time for pick-ups to have their problems. First my brother had his sorta mashed; then last week, Milt Fox, in his pickup, had an argument with a log-truck, and lost. Milt had a cut head and banged his knee, but the next day saw him out and around as usual.

This last week-end, Bob Mansfield, in his pick-up, met up with a spot of ice on the highway on the way to Government Camp and was flipped over before he even knew what was going on. The guard rail sorta sliced off his camper, but neither Bob or his dog were injured. All of them very fortunate.

Went to the now famous phone meeting, and not only am I still very satisfied with my phone service, but I don't want it changed, or made more modern or do I want off my ten party line. Maybe that sounds a little far fetched to you readers, but it is very true.

4-Party Busy

At one time I lived in the big city and had a four party line. It seemed like it was always busy so I had it changed to a two party line, and believe me, it was just as busy. Actually, it seems, the more people on the line the more consideration they seem to have for the other users. At any time I have had an emergency and had to have the phone when it was busy, the other people have been very prompt about releasing the phone for my use. Besides I get some interesting calls from all over the United States. How, I don't know, but it is fun and how else could I hear from complete strangers. Course they seem to be annoyed when they have Mt.

Hood instead of Nevada, or Bonneville Dam, or elsewhere, and want to know why I answered the phone. Naturally the answer is quite simple, my phone rang. However I think it was a well run meeting, and I am sure it answered a lot of questions for people.

Irene and Adolph Schulthess would like to go on record as thanking all the wonderful people that came forth to help them when their house burned to the ground. Also both the Brightwood Fire Dept., and Sandy Fire Dept. and all the men who assisted. It was a horrible shock to them to come home and find their house burning down, and they don't think they thanked everyone that night.

Book Sells

Boo Garkner received a call from daughter Gloria, who is in New York, with the most wonderful news ever. Gloria has sold one of her illustrated books to the Field and Stream Publishing House, and it is to be used as a Beginning Reader, which will be used all over the United States. She has further appointments with art directors to show her other portfolios and having seen her work, I know she will have no trouble in selling any of her work. It is wonderful. Our congratulations to the proud parents, and of course to Gloria.

I do wonder what happened to all that snow that I have been throwing at you good people through this column. Seems there are other forces working against me. I would still rather have snow than this cold. Besides our water supply for the next year is in serious jeopardy if we don't get more in the mountain areas. And I do not like to be without water.

Rivera Murals Caricature Capitalism, Laud Stalin

This is the second of three articles by Leonie N. Brooke, retired Sandy elementary school teacher, who recently toured Mexico and has written an account of the highlights of her trip.

MEMORIES OF MEXICO

By Leonie N. Brooke

The name Diego Rivera meant little or nothing in my life until I went to Mexico. Maybe that aspect of my cultural existence has been neglected. However, I found myself running into Mr. Rivera so frequently in connection with the art life of Mexico that I asked one of our guides, "Who is this man?"

The great mural art of Mexico was obviously born of the Revolution. It's explosive. His murals reflect the tortured struggle of the Mexican masses for a better way of life.

Here, Rivera has painted the silent tragedy of the humble and the sordid ambition of the wicked. We see powerful political caricatures and grotesque skeletons.

There is propaganda in all his paintings, and his pictures are pro - Indian, pro - masses, and strongly anti-capitalist.

We gazed on the picture of a withered John D. Rockefeller eating a meal of gold coins and Joe Stalin has a place of honor in one of his murals.

The history of this artist, whose mural paintings decorate so many of the walls of Mexico City's public buildings, intrigued me so much that I decided to buy a book on the life of this amazing man.

Lady of Guadalupe

You must see it, you must feel it, you must smell it. . . we were told in Mexico City. A tourist never leaves Mexico City without visiting the Church of the Lady of Guadalupe.

It was Sunday afternoon; two of our party of four had gone to the bull fight, and my more pious nature was ready for a visit to this shrine. I went prepared with some of the history of the miraculous image, but ill prepared for the great hordes of people I saw there. Cluttered commercial activity mars the scene.

As doubtless many of my

readers know, Our Lady of Guadalupe is the national patroness of Mexico and the shrine of the Indians is the most important pilgrimage shrine in the Western Hemisphere.

It was quite overpowering to see so many pilgrims kneeling their way up the many steps to the basilica, and then look down into the great square to see the cluttered commercialism going on full blast.

While I was witnessing this sight on the City of Mexico's outer rim, my husband and niece indulged their sporting spirit by attending the bull fight, called *corrida de toros*.

It takes place at 4:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoons. It seems to be one of the phenomena of Mexican life, to say nothing of it being a major tourist attraction.

Bull Fight Expert

The man-of-the-family is our bull-fight expert. I asked him to give me a run - down of what he saw at the Plaza Mexico and just paid 15 pesos to see it that Sunday afternoon. He expanded his explanation into literally a thesis, and there isn't enough room for that in this article.

He tells me there is skill, bravery and even genius in the performance of a top fighter. It may be thrilling to watch the fighter weave his supple body right and left while a ton of a wild animal thunders past him a dozen times. But I must confess my heart aches for the poor animals that become dead meat on Sunday afternoons.

Under the heading of sports events, our group attended the ancient game from Spain - Jai-Alai - at the El Palacio de la Pelota. It takes place in a huge playing court.

The evening's game consists of individual contests among players in rotation. They are team games, - like doubles in tennis. They are played furiously fast with a ball slightly harder but smaller than a base ball, and it is thrown by a boat-like contraption called a cesta, strapped to the right hand and wrist.

These team games are furiously fast, as the blue pair or team is pitted against the red. It is played by profes-

sionals, as you may guess, when told that the ball travels at a speed of between 100 and 125 miles an hour. This is a real betting game, and bets are placed in win, place or show, as well as odds.

Pesos Understandable

We had little or no difficulty getting acquainted with Mexican money, for after you are told the Mexican peso is worth eight cents in U.S. money, and ten centavos about one cent, the handling of bills and purchases is quite simplified.

However, we can't say as much for our driving. We are yet to discover why cows, burros, bulls and horses have a preference for grazing on Mexican roads, especially at night, when we often traveled.

They proved at times quite a problem when we were trying to gain time. Occasionally it almost seemed impossible to miss one of these fat - bellied fellows, but luck was with us.

We were told in going to Mexico we'd not meet the masses. We'd buy their products, we'd admire their beautiful buildings and art and their religious - feeling, but we'd have no opportunity to know them personally.

That doubtless is true. As someone expressed it, the Mexican lets the heart rule the mind, while we in the States let the mind rule the heart.

However, traveling by bus from San Blas to Mexico City and back, you'll never complain you are not meeting the people of the country.

You find the children a model of good behavior and their parents always courteous. And if our two guides are any example of the individual Mexican of today, the future for our neighbor to the south looks most promising.

We found our guides well informed on both Mexico of today, as well as the fascinating history of the past. They seemed free to express their personal beliefs and hopes and their great love of country.

Cecelia Eggers Wed in Florida

Major John F. Eggers announces the marriage of his mother, Mrs. Cecelia Eggers, of Route 1, Sandy, to Eric V. Larsen of Minneapolis, Minn., on January 10. The couple was married in Holy Cross Lutheran Church, Sarasota, Florida.

After the ceremony the couple flew to Newport News, Va., to visit Major and Mrs. John F. Eggers and children, Kitten and Wes. They will visit Williamsburg, Yorktown and various points of interest in the area before returning to Largo, Florida for the rest of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Larsen will make their home at Route 1, Sandy, after April 1. Mr. and Mrs. Larsen have known each other since their childhood in Ashland, Wisc.

FISH HEARING

A public hearing will be held by the Fish Commission of Oregon and the Washington State Department of Fisheries in the Monticello Hotel at Longview, Wash. at 10 a.m., Friday, Jan. 25. Subjects for discussion and consideration at that time will be: Commercial fishing regulations for the Columbia river for 1963. Interested parties will have the privilege of presenting their views regarding this matter. Further information may be obtained by telephoning CA 6-2161, Ext. 441.

SNOW CHATTER

By GRACIE SHAVER

Hood-Land 547

This old mountain hasn't thawed out one iota since last week. Still as cold as last week. Only difference the pipes have thawed around here.

Yours truly was one of the 125 subscribers who sat through the phone meeting Tuesday evening. After sitting three hours or more on those hard benches I'd had it.

Charley Augustine's championship for talking took a back seat to his durable stature. You who attended will have to admire Charley. How many of us could have stood there answering questions without blowing up?

Twenty seven questions - some were legitimate but how about the one about obsolete phones, or incompetent help? So we don't have princess dial phones. As long as the phone serves its purpose who cares how it looks. After all we don't have mansions up here, just homey type homes. I've had about every type phone Charley has and as long as my calls went through I can't complain.

Retraction Asked

The word incompetent is defined as wanting ability - inadequate and wanting qualification. Now come on, we kids. They may not be all gifted but far from incompetent. Hope someday my own son or maybe yours will have the same opportunity as the

boys who work for Charley.

If incompetent help abounds on this here mountain we're loaded. Louie Phelps is from our mountain. Louie is far from incompetent; as a fireplace builder he is one of the finest. Joanne Wohford teaching at Sandy High. Can't call her incompetent. I could name many many more. Retraction of said statement - is in order I'd say.

Fran and Dee Doudna, Mtn. Air, had a surprise visit from their daughter Francis and husband Dennis from California. First time the Doudnas had the opportunity to meet their new son-in-law. Dennis passed approval even down to wee little Maureen.

Get well wishes to Harry Mosher way down in California. Harry is another out of town subscriber to our Sandy Post.

Welches school lost their games Friday to Cottrell. Our teams played well and lost by a small margin, so defeat is not always so bad. Our kid's are doing fine. Next game will be January 25 at Redland.

Birthday Greetings

Birthday greetings to young Ralph Doudna on his big day January 24. Mustn't forget Art Blaisdell and Buddy Simpson on their big days too, Jan. 28-30.

Thanks to the Mt. Hood Lions club for our second flu shot. Second shot didn't hurt my poor old arm at all. So thanks again, the flu I can do without.

Now I know why slap stick comedy always got such laughs. Spent Sunday at my Ma's enjoying my own birthday dinner. Started home with all my loot which included a delicious pumpkin pie - whip cream and all. True to form I goofed and dropped the pie. My Uncle Vic Kindt got the most of the pie and we all laughed hard. Not my Ma though as she had to clean up the mess. Darn I could eat a piece of pie right now if I hadn't goofed.

So with another goof to my ever adding list I'll sign off. Oh yes, if last week's copy is printed I'll apologize for it being old hat. That's the way the old paper rolls.

4-H PROJECT STARTED

The Mixin' and Stitchin' second year 4-H sewing club of Welches met on Jan. 15 to get started on gathered skirts. The leader, Mrs. Naomi Blaisdell, explained the first steps in preparing the material for gathering. Two of the five members already have their seams in.

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By Mrs. Lillian Ten Eyck

This is the season of the year after the daily chores are done to curl up with a good book of one's choosing and there are many to choose from in the Sandy Library.

I have a particularly good selection this month, I think. First one written by John Ringling North, nephew of the famous circus brothers, in which he relates the starting and history of this famous old time circus. How it brought back memories of early morning risings when he went down to the depot to see the circus train unload its fascinating cargo and then the parade down Main Street, all such an exciting and thrilling time.

"Goodbye to Uncle Tom", by J. C. Furnas, presents the negro problem without prejudice in a clearly written account.

"New Country" by Allan Bosworth, the son of a wandering, "fiddle-footed" father who dragged his family of a wife and ten children back and forth over Texas always seeking the perfect place to settle down.

"Strange Customs, Manners and Beliefs" by A. Hyatt Verrill, a fascinating account of peoples all over the world and their way of life. In the chapter on "Strange Marriage Customs" the author writes "In fact almost every phase of the ceremonials attendant upon the modern girl's marriage can be traced to ancient, hallowed customs whose origins lie far back in the dim early periods of mankind's existence."

But the book I have enjoyed most is "Autumn Across America" by Edwin Way Teale. Starting from Cape Cod, Mass., the author and his wife followed autumn leisurely across our land to California. As Mr. Teale is a naturalist as well as a gifted author his observations on the migration of birds and the changing colors of nature makes one realize how much is missed by the average traveler. His chapter "Lost in the Mountains" tells the story of Mr. Wear and his lost dog, Poncho. Hearing of this incident he stopped in Sandy where a waitress told him "If you blink when you go thru, you'll miss Alder Creek entirely".

But evidently he didn't blink because he found Alder Creek. Mr. Wear and the dog, Poncho, who had fully recovered from his ordeal. Another chapter on the fern gatherer of

Olympic Peninsula and the beautiful forests of our north-west makes one more conscious of our beautiful surroundings.

Teenagers Dance Many New Steps

Teenagers are learning there is more to dancing than the twist - ask any teenager graduating from the 12 week series just finishing at the Sandy grade school.

Disk and Dorothy Walker, teaching the easy Ed Cheney Way, have extended an invitation to all parents, Friday, Jan. 25, to a party following a short review of dances learned in the series. These include the basic waltz, fox trot, sambo calypso and swing with many variations.

The Walkers have stressed social etiquette and party manners during the series. The class has been sponsored by Mrs. George Burg, Mrs. Ward Godleske and Mrs. Ray Lindsey.

ROWLEY IN HAWAII

Gary L. Rowley, fireman apprentice, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd H. Rowley of Rt. 2, Sandy, is serving at the Naval Air Station, Barber's Point, Hawaii.

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