

The Sandy Post

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Sandy Post, Sandy, Oregon

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Fred Morse is very close to the white cross "bull's eye", but not close enough. The winning diver came to within 4 ft. 9 inches. Such accuracy in parachuting seems un-

believable from an altitude of 3000 feet above the terrain. More sky-divers are scheduled for this weekend—at the Kiwanis Fly-In Breakfast. (Post photo)



Shown above are the go-kart race winners with their trophies. Standing, left to right, are Ken Wright, Ore. City Sprocket Benders; Norma Moore, Damascus Rev 'n' Riders; Boy Maynard, independent; Marie Ford, independent; Dale Henker, Vancouver Bee-Liners; John Hedderly and Don Croskey, both of the Rev 'n' Riders. Kneeling are Loyal LeFore, Rev 'n' Riders; George Burgen, Sprocket Benders; Gale Simpson, Portland Hi-Torquers; Bill Burke, Sprocket Benders, and Bob Van Beek of the Hi-Torquers. (Post photo)

Go-Kart Race Results

B LIMITED

1st Bob Maynard
2nd Neil Wilkinson
3rd Al Lunde
4th Joe Swing

A STOCK LT. WT. JUNIORS

1st George Burgen
2nd Wayne Hair
3rd Roger Moore
4th Larry Utz
5th Patty Wright

A STOCK HVY. WT. JUNIORS

1st Ken Wright
2nd Chuck Elkins
3rd John Tice
4th Dan Lunde
5th Steve Whitlock

SPORTSMEN

1st Loyal LeFore
2nd Glen Hoard
3rd Mike Martin
4th Sam Hair

POWDER PUFF

1st Marie Ford
2nd Cranda Comstock
3rd Helen Hack
4th Lorraine Hair
5th Yvonne Schaber

SPECIAL AWARDS

Best Kart—John Hedderly
Came the farthest—Dave Walling
Eugene
Hard Luck—Norma Moore

SENIOR CLASS STOCK I

1st Gale Simpson
2nd Steve Matteson
3rd Earl Ford
4th Hap Bartlett
5th Jim Brewer

SENIOR CLASS STOCK II

1st Bill Burke
2nd Dwight Martindale
3rd Bob Reed
4th Chuck Burton
5th Mel Reueink

SENIOR CLASS STOCK III

1st Dale Henker
2nd Sam Hair
3rd Art Enderlin
4th Jim Gerard
5th Jim Tice

SUPER

1st Bob Van Beek
2nd Russ Comstock
3rd Jack Hirsch

SUPER II

1st Don Croskey
2nd Ken Higginbotham
3rd Loyal LeFore
4th R.D. Hoppel
5th Lauren Haeger

DUALS

1st John Hedderly
2nd Blackie Blacketer
3rd Dave Galloway
4th Bill Webster
5th D. Westcott

Go-Karts Are Family Sport, Stress Training and Safety

A Go-Kart banging up the straightaway at 60 m.p.h. and slashing around a curve looks like the wildest thing on four wheels. But it isn't so, says John Hedderly of the Damascus Rev 'n' Riders, as he started to give me an education about the sport.

Many families, he continued, take up Go-Karting, with father, mother, and the children all driving the same Kart. And although some parents try to push their youngsters into high-speed races before they are ready, karting organizations such as the International Karting Federation (IUF) and the Willamette Valley Karting Association discourage such practices.

Not only is each kart subjected to a rigid pre-race inspection and close race-time surveillance, but also every driver who wants to race must undergo a lengthy training curriculum in which he advances into higher racing echelons only when he has demonstrated he has the skill and judgment to do so safely. If one simply

lacks coordination or tends to lose his temper in a close race he just won't be allowed to race.

Drivers are closely watched during the race as well. Each must be thoroughly aware of IKF track rules and abide by them. If he doesn't do so, a judge, flagman, or spectator may report him and he will be promptly disqualified. As an example, during Sunday's race, a yellow flag was waved at all the drivers during a temporary emergency. The flag meant that they were to slow down and not pass another kart. Two drivers, apparently unfamiliar with the "no passing" rule, were disqualified from the race right on the spot because they had passed other karts.

Part of the duties of each official at the race is to keep a close eye on the karts to see that none has a malfunction that would endanger the other karters. Oil leaks, worn tires, poorly functioning engines, faulty brakes—any of these will put the kart out of the race,

Hedderly went on to explain to me that karting isn't as dangerous as it looks. When a kart is going 60, he said, one has the impression of its going twice that speed, and the karts that seemed to be bounding corners at breakneck speeds were actually going about 20 m.p.h.

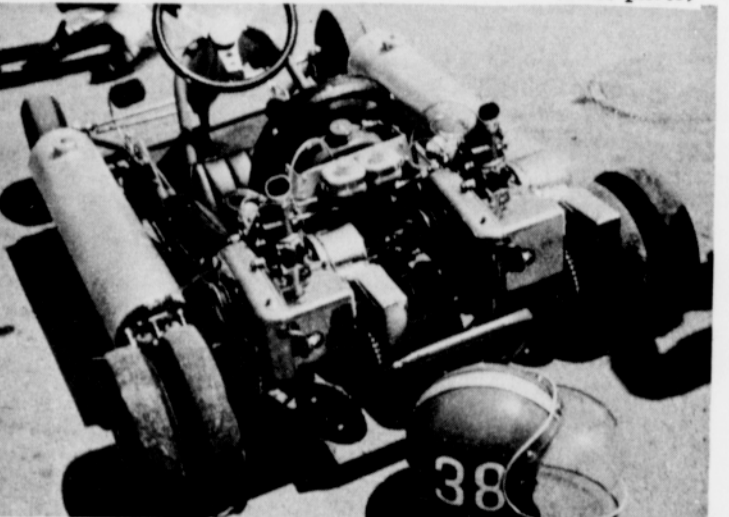
The karts are quick, stable craft, and they are expensive to the point that few owners relish the idea of piling them up. Although a used racer may be bought for \$125, new ones run from \$300 to \$600—and beyond. Depending upon engine modifications, the low-slung (clearance: 2-3/4 inches) racers may boast 9-13 horsepower per engine and may reach speeds of up to 80 m.p.h.

As my education came to an end, Hedderly emphasized again and again the family nature and safety of the sport.

And after watching the races for several hours Saturday and Sunday and seeing only two somewhat minor accidents, I'm inclined to agree with him. Anybody got a kart for sale?



George Burgen, 15, looks tired after winning the lightweight junior race. Though young, George is a "hot" driver who has 25 trophies, mostly for 1st or 2nd places. A member of Oregon City's Sprocket Benders, George has raced nationally, and was the nation's fastest karter in his class. His successes have guaranteed him a position at the national championship "endure" races to be held at Riverside, Calif., Aug. 19. (Post photo)



The last word in go-karts is this dual owned by John Hedderly. Each of the engines turns out about 13 horsepower and is modified to the "nth" degree for maximum performance. (Post photo)



These youngsters are about to embark upon a tour of the streets of Sandy. Pulled by six Percheron horses, the wagon was arranged for by Mike's Drive-In. (Post photo)



The dancers above are swinging to one of the tunes of the shadows. Perhaps because the street dance was held in a covered pavilion, turnout appeared to be less than expected. As always, however, it was a favorite spot for the young folks. (Post photo)

Barkers Entertain

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Barker entertained relatives from the southern part of the state last week. Those present were Mrs. Barker's sister, Mary Henderer, her aunt, Maggie Wertz, her cousin, and Louise McDole, all of Cottage Grove, and another sister, Mrs. Jess Bullard of Drain.

During their visit the guests were taken to Timberline Lodge and were driven by the Barker's around the Mt. Hood loop highway. They also saw the Grotto in Portland and visited relatives in Oswego.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

"I am a spoil sport!"

This is the admonition I received when I objected to a prominent business and council man to the highly illegal use of the Sandy streets for the Roman spectacle of Kart Racing.

"Don't be a spoil sport," was his only answer to my objection. "You are the only citizen of Sandy to object." "We are incorporated," "You can't stop us" was the answer from a member of the Jaycees.

"You might own a home on this street but you cannot use the street," "We have the exclusive use by law of the city council" was the response of one of the ones apparently in control on the day of the racing when I asked to be allowed to drive to and from my home.

If objecting to being denied the use of the public streets for driving to and from my home makes me a spoil sport, I am one.

If objecting to two days' constant flow of illegal cars racing around your home makes one a spoil sport, I am one.

If objecting to a crowd of beer drinking people standing in front of your home makes one a spoil sport, I am one.

If objecting to having your streets blocked to legal traffic makes one a spoil sport, I am one.

If objecting to having to pick up arm loads of candy wrappers, beer cans and broken pop bottles makes one a spoil sport, I am one.

If objecting to seeing men using a patch adjacent to your property as a urinal is being a spoil sport, I am one.

If having to go to the extreme of petitioning the city council or the other courts that the laws be enforced (because those whose responsibility it is to enforce the

laws stand by or, rather, give permission) makes one a spoil sport, I can assure you I am one.

I would also ask that if I am not alone, those who might wish to join me in objecting to this misuse of public streets and property now raise their voices in objection.

Yours truly,
Walt Duncan

ALUMINUM BOATS ARE NOTHING NEW

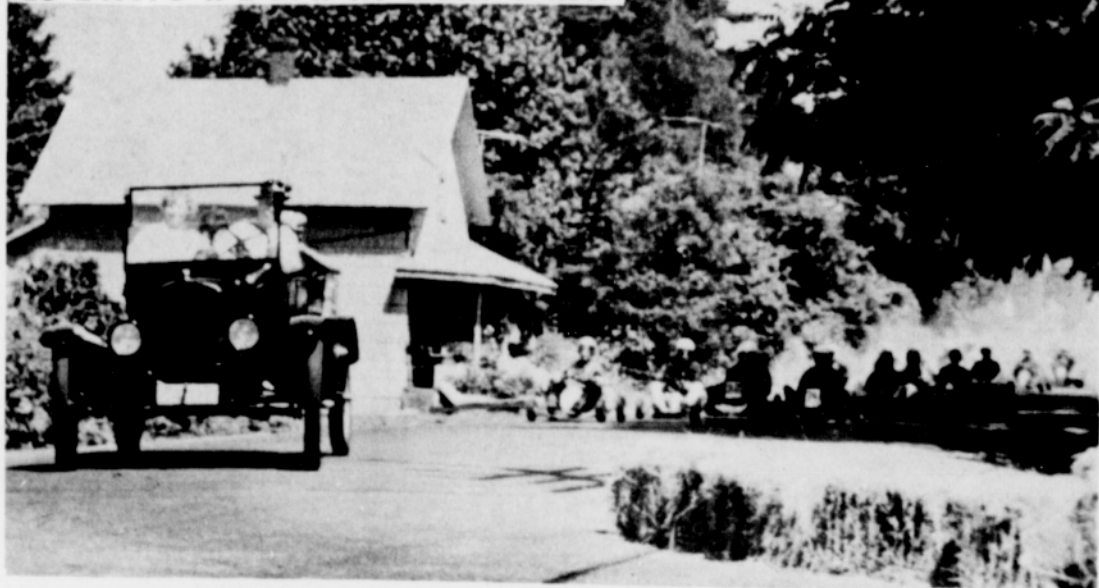
This is an election year, and like most election years it's full of information about Presidents and Presidential candidates. Some of the facts about Presidents are humdrum and others are fascinating. For instance: Do you know which American President was the first to own an aluminum boat?

Producers found that Grover Cleveland, who was the 22nd and 24th President of the United States, purchased an aluminum boat in 1896!



Ellen Steffl, of Ellen's Klozet, tries to repair an arm of "living doll" mannequin Marge Carothers. Marge posed a safety problem to drivers-by as she suddenly "came to life" and waved at them. (Post photo)

Is There a Ford in Your Past?



Steaming around the bend ahead of the pack is this 1922 Model T, rebuilt and owned by Alvy Lamb of Sandy. The car, which was

completed only last week and which is completely stock, paced one of Sunday afternoon races. (Post photo)



The Jaycee's chuckwagon breakfast at Glos Ford filled lots of stomachs. Taken at 11 a.m. last Sunday, the picture above doesn't show much of a crowd. But there were plenty of people earlier; a barrelful of eggshells in

back of the wagon gave mute testimony of earlier throngs. There will be another breakfast next Sunday morning—put on by the Kiwanians. Don't forget it. (Post photo)

Bill Richardson Wins Trip To World's Fair and Nassau

Bill and Betty Richardson were among 80 couples enjoying a week's trip to the New York World's Fair and Nassau as guests of General Motors. Bill won the trip for himself and his wife by coming in among the top two in an area sales contest put on by GM during April and May.

They left Portland the evening of July 8 on a chartered jet bound for Salt Lake City, where they spent the night. On the 9th they

flew on to Des Moines and New York, where they had reservations at the Statler Hilton Hotel.

They spent the next day at the world's fair seeing those exhibits which didn't have block-long lines in front—and, of course, the GM exhibit. When asked how he found the New York City traffic, Bill's answer was tart: "It's a mess."

On the morning of the 11th they flew on to Nassau, staying there

until the evening of the 13th. They arrived back in Portland the morning of the 14th.

Bill says they were most impressed with Nassau, a British crown-colony. There's a bit of Britain there, claims Bill, with clipped accents, polished courtesy on every hand, posh hotels in the grand tradition, and the smell of lots of money permeating the calm and sedate atmosphere.