

The Sandy Post

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Sandy Post, Sandy, Oregon

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It Isn't Your Town . . . It's You

Towns are funny places. And every town is made up of funny people, too! See if this article we clipped from the pages of the Fernie Free Press doesn't ring a familiar bell to you. It says:

The man down the street growled, "No, I didn't go to the meeting. There are too many darn meetings and I'm fed up."

The man in the blue car complained, "Why doesn't the council do something about those potholes?" The streets in this town are a disgrace."

The woman in green had another angle, "I'm tired of being asked to join things to this and that or to go and help with projects. I can't call my soul my own anymore."

The chairman of too many committees gripes: "Why can't they get someone else to do this job? I've been doing it for years."

Of course there are too many meetings but how else can the wheels of community activity turn?

Certainly the potholes are bad, but the season is not right for fixing them. The council has many problems and that man wouldn't serve on the council unless he gets paid. He's the first to complain about taxes, though.

Sure, there are a lot of organizations and fund-raising campaigns. But they are all worthwhile causes.

And the chairman of too many committees would wonder if he was being left on the shelf if he wasn't asked to serve with his wide knowledge of the matter concerned.

Of course we all get fed up sometimes—another tax notice, another meeting, another donation . . .

Brother—there's no end to it! But it's your town isn't it? It doesn't matter whether it is Canal Flat, Edgewater, Invermere or Althamer, Brisco, Radium or Windermere. You live there. It's your town and your town is the way you like it.

Darn this town, you say. They don't do this and won't do that. It's a heck of a place to live!

But, brother, let the other fellow say that! Let the other end of the valley say your town is a hole in the wall, that the people are unfriendly or uncooperative or just plain onery and brother they've had it.

Remember this—your town is a shell; just a framework for the spirit within. Your town is its people—you and your neighbors.

It isn't your town . . . it's you. —J.C.

Delinquents? Who Are They?

Pick up a newspaper. Listen to the radio. Or, watch the television.

It makes little difference which media you follow. Regularly you will come upon an item about vandalism somewhere by juveniles. Or, articles and news bits concerning juvenile delinquency. Any way you look at it, juvenile delinquency is a subject topic discussed often. Numerous explanations are given for the cause of it . . . but, the part about it that is most often soft pedaled is the root of it.

And just where does the blame for juvenile delinquency lie? In most cases, it would seem to us, a majority of it can well be charged to parents. Why? Because parents have failed to teach their children the importance of courtesy. Why? Because next, parents have failed to emphasize to their offspring the importance and observance of the rights of others.

Another share of the guilt, in many instances, can be attributed to our schools. Not that our schools and the teachers are so inadequate, but rather, that they have many times failed

to emphasize enough courtesy and rights of others.

A simple rule like "Keep your hands off other people and other people's property" impressed strong enough by parents and teachers—from the youngest tot to the oldest teenager—would undoubtedly do much to help. In addition, it could be the type of action which would alleviate untold heartache and misery for both the juvenile and parent alike.

Just the teaching of this simple rule of conduct is nothing more than the fulfillment of an obligation we owe to our young. It would relieve some would-be delinquency in the future.

It does not take a new law from our legislative courts to alleviate delinquency. More taxes are not needed to correct the delinquency problem of our land. Only a simple rule instilled in the mind of a small child and continual impression of this code of conduct throughout the formative years will do more than laws or taxes will ever do to accomplish positive results. —J.C.

Kiwanis Meets Tonight

Kiwanis Clubbers of Sandy will meet tonight at 6:15 p.m. in the Social hall of Community Presbyterian church. In charge of the evening's program will be Harold Edes.

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The MOUSETRAP

Controversy over the switch of the prep basketball tournament to Portland's Memorial Coliseum is not likely to die down very soon. In fact, some of the talk sounds more like civil war in the State of Oregon. . . . succession of the south from the north . . . or whatever you might want to term it.

For 19 years now the annual high school affair has been held in the courtyard of MacArthur Court on the Oregon campus with much satisfaction by all concerned. There have been problems arise now and then as in any similar program but always taken care of with patience and understanding. However, patience in this case is showing a thin edge.

I spent an enjoyable day (Friday) in Eugene away from the headaches of accumulating more data for another week's issue. Guess who the first two fellows I ran into as I entered the tournament site. Misty Barker and Kenneth Fredrickson. By the way Ivan, I do believe that I forgot to thank you for that cup of coffee. Thanks!

The manager of a large business house bought a number of those "Do It Now" signs and hung them up all over the place. They came down again abruptly after the cashier skipped out with \$20,000, the accountant eloped with the only efficient secretary, three clerks asked for a raise and the office boy joined the Navy. —J.C.

While at the state basketball tournament I was in the company of an old high school and college chum named Abby Ross that lives on the peaceful(?) banks of the Sandy River. For some time Abby refereed prep basketball games around the Portland area. I noticed that he limited his comments on the performance of tournament referees.

As I understand it he gave up that profession not long ago for the abuse, cussing, etc. from nitwit coaches, ballplayers, parents and fans dished out during and after many of the contests were certainly not worth the few extra bucks a fellow makes. Now those weren't his exact words but I was sorta relating between the lines and do tend to lend agreement.

In fact, I remember attending one game with my trusty camera when the referee came over during a time-out and said those kids would be able to play basketball if the two coaches would sit down and be quiet. I agreed! Need for a lesson in sportsmanship was evident. —J.C.

Some pretty smart fellow—he must have been pretty wise, too—said: "there is nothing nearly so clever as HONESTY and SINCERITY." With a statement like that I had better fess up what happened to me Friday when I thought a wrong call was made.

When I commented to Abby and Norm Pryor (another ex-ref) that I thought Referee Frank Buckiewicz (he was a football and basketball stand-out at Pacific University when I went there and now Granthigh football coach) had goofed on a call or two -- and being specific on the ones I meant -- Abby and Norm were quick to cue me in on the correct interpretation of the applying rule -- I was dead wrong. Guess

that will teach me to dispute a referee!

--0--

It's not what men eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong; not what we gain, but what we save, that makes us rich; not what we read, but what we absorb, that makes us learn; not what we preach, but what we practice, that makes us lovable--per Francis Bacon. --0--

Today is April Fool's day . . . it is Thursday isn't it? Any fool ought to know! Be sure you are on the watch for some practical joker in our midst.

The playing of practical jokes on the first day of April is thought to date back to Roman legend. According to legend, Proserpina had filled her lap with daffodils in the Elysian meadows when Pluto, god of the underworld, found her and carried her screaming to the lower world. Ceres, her mother, heard the echo of the screams and went in search of the voice, but her search was like a fool's errand because it was futile for her to think she could even find an echo.

The April Fool custom is celebrated in a number of countries (besides the United States). In India where it has been observed for centuries it is connected with the celebration of the rites of spring on March 31. On that day the people of India are sent on foolish errands. (Sort of sounds like a scavenger hunt, doesn't it?)

In England, April Fool pranks began in the 18th century. American colonists from England brought the practice with them when they settled here. In France, the person fooled is called poisson d'avril, or "April Fish," presumably because a young fish is easily caught. --0--

A vacationing family had loaded the youngster's pet squirrel, revolving cage and all, into the front luggage compartment of their rear-engine foreign car.

They stopped at a remote gas station in the mountains and the driver told the attendant, "Fill 'er up and check the oil while we walk a bit to stretch our legs."

When they returned to the car, the driver reached for his wallet and asked, "How much do I owe you?" "Can't rightly say," drawled the native, "I gave your engine two bags of peanuts for fuel, but I'll be danged if I know how to check its oil." --0--

People who bowl are apt to give me a split personality . . . Last week I suggested you enter the SANDY POST-MORTEM Bowling Tournament and set your sights on the headpin. One of those technical bowlers informs me that I'd end up with "splits". Okay, so it is correct terminology to say the "1-3 pocket" . . . or now was it the "1-5" . . . anyway, I wasn't aiming for a dead-center position on that headpin--just a little to the right, please.

Lou says the entrees are coming in real fine and today's the first day to compete. If bowling down your alley be seeing you at Mt. Hood . . . Lanes, that is. --0--

Items for the Snooper: Lee is still waiting for those beads! Thought you'd like to know. --0--

Just remembered, I used to read a column that ran in a daily newspaper entitled "Trashcan Topics." Perhaps, by the time you get this far--that is, taking it for granted you did -- you might feel that is where this week's copy ought to be.

This is The Principal of my school and my Daddy said I saw your school principal this morning and I was scared but Daddy laughed and said he only met him where they both buy there insurance at

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Cars and trucks are parked along Sandy River by workmen in location where the river channel has been restored. Area looks inviting once again to the sightseers eye. (Post Photo)

Nell Kirby, of Alder Creek, was in an automobile accident, and is now in the Gresham hospital, with a broken nose, and a broken wrist. Also bruises, cuts and a general banging up. Our very best to her for a speedy recovery. Not a very pleasant way to get out of work, especially when we needed her.

Richard Heffner fell in Boulder Creek, and pulled the ligaments in his shoulder. He is going around with his arm strapped to his body. His is a sneaky way to get out of work. Get well soon Rick, we sure miss our dishwasher.

Alan Jensen has sold the Ambulance to the Gene Carpenters. Although a change of hand, the business will continue as usual. Good luck to the Carpenters in their new business venture.

Mary Ellen and Bill Stauffer are a bit unhappy. Their very good friends, Doris and Bill Herbine, of Lakewood, Wash. are moving to Pennsylvania. Bill was discharged from the service, in February, and feels the job hunting will be more successful on the home front. Bill and Mary Ellen are going to miss their trips to Washington, and miss having the Herbines visit them here.

The Army Engineers wouldn't believe when we told them that we would have more snow, now they know. Best we don't disillusion them anymore. Just let them be surprised at what the weather man may have in store for them, before Spring really gets here. I know I have the most frustrated Forsythia bush. It tried mighty hard to bloom, but kept getting poured on, frozen and snowed on, and I think it has given up the whole thing, and is just going to stand there and do nothing from now on.

Had a card from Madeline and Lu Norene, who the old timers will remember. They are traveling in Europe, and were in Nice when I heard from them. Betty Ferraris had a later card from Rome. We kinda figured they have sold

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:
This "Urban" Living article was such a shocking thing I couldn't resist the idea of calling it to your attention. City living gets a man back to nature? You DO need a proof reader.

Yours in amazement and despair,
M. E. Livengood
Brightwood, Oregon

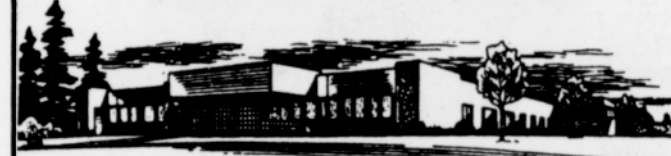
(Editor's Note: "Your point is well-taken," to coin a phrase. However, here again, "there's three sides to every story -- yours . . . mine . . . and the right one." Thanks for your comments--JC)

The late New York Sunday World is credited with publishing the first crossword puzzle on December 21, 1913.

See Vic's for Service on Auto Parts Complete Motor Rebuilding Crankshaft Grinding Crankshaft and Engine Balancing

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HOSPITAL HAPPENINGS



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Your hospital is an investment in lives . . .

How many of your relatives, friends or neighbors owe their lives to a machine? By now, it's almost impossible to count them. More than 80 years have passed since the first premature baby was given a lease on life by an incubator . . . more than 50 since the first practical cardiograph was used to diagnose the precise nature of a heart attack . . . and more than 25 since the first suffocating polio victim was rushed into the life-giving cylinder of an iron lung. How many otherwise hidden symptoms have been revealed by the penetrating eye of the x-ray machine? How many victims of deadly poison have been spared by the prompt application of a stomach pump?

These, and many other machines, regularly save lives in your hospital. Some are used daily; others must be kept in constant readiness . . . even though they may be required only a few times each year. They're an investment a little costlier in dollars, but far cheaper when measured in terms of more cures, more care, and more healthy years of life for you and those you love.

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