

THE Sandy Post

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The Little Man Who Isn't There

Me? Yes you! You did it when you stayed away . . .

Away from this or that organization, committee, et cetera, of which you are a member. Away from the organization in which you have one vote or one seat. For when you absented yourself from that organization of which you are a member and in which you have assumed the responsibilities of membership, one of which is attendance at its meetings, you abdicated (only temporarily, of course, it is to be hoped) your vote, or your seat.

And after a while this becomes a habit, without even the slightest encouragement. When it becomes a hab-

it, you and the others like you—feigners, the giveovers, the little people who are not there—turn that group over to the minority who are present.

By so doing you not only have awakened your group by your absenteeism—it is worse than that: You also have abdicated your vote or seat in favor of the minority.

For an uncast vote or an unfilled seat is a negative vote. And more . . . it is a vote against your group, its objectives, and its hopes. That seemingly unimportant uncast vote declares with thumping emphasis that your organization would be better off without you. —J.C.

Cartoonist Calls Shot

This past week America's space exploration project received a terrific shot in the arm. With the successful flight of the Gemini 4 space capsule completed and the astronauts James McDevitt and Edward White back to earth we are definitely back into the race again as a space competitor with Russia.

For the moment a claim to fame for our astronauts is in the realm of space balleting. White's twenty minute waltz in space was truly a significant part of the experiments performed in this four-day flight. Although the Russians were the first to

attempt the feat of stepping outside their spacecraft our astronaut's performance and ability to maneuver himself while outside the craft has overshadowed theirs.

What comes to our mind, with the use of a space gun to maneuver while outside the capsule, is the fact that cartoonists have been portraying such feats in our comic strips for many years. You might say, what most have considered fantastic by comic cartoonists are nearing practicability in this fast-moving space age. Buck Rogers used a space gun years ago, remember. —J.C.



This addition being built just east of the Sandy city limits on the Loop highway will include one additional room and a double garage. The home belongs to Woodrow W. Carter of Sandy. From the backside of the building a beautiful view of the valley below, Mt. Hood, Roslyn Lake, and Rich's Airport are available to the viewer. (Post Photo)



Harvesting a little alfalfa and hay for his cattle is Verl Fleischman of Rt. 2, Box 845 of Sandy. His wagon was nearing the full mark when cameraman snapped the picture. (Post Photo)

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MERRY MOUNTAINEER



"Have patience man, things could get worse!"

The MOUSETRAP

There's an old song that used to be popular -- can't say that I'm dating myself by using it -- and entitled, "Rumors Are Flying." And how they have been flying around this town of late. Especially so, since the meeting that took place at city hall on Wednesday evening. A shopping center coming to Sandy, that's great as far as I'm concerned!

What is going to be included in the center seems to be the \$64 question. The deal is quite secretive for some unknown reason. Bet your bottom dollar there are some pretty good reasons for this. Still, there are rumors flying in all directions as to what it will include.

Naturally, I'm just as inquisitive as the next fellow and have done my share of guessing. Unless I miss my guess it won't be a large chain operation but rather more along the smaller independent line. One rumor has it that John Parker, a construction firm man out of Portland will be the builder. I understand he had a hand in the building of the center now located in Oregon City.

While we keep our fingers crossed as to the type of business that will locate here we're hoping, too, that they are certainly community conscious. After all, the local businessman does have a great deal to do with the building of a community.

I certainly admired the words spoken at the meeting by Marshall Glos, who echo my sentiments sir.

Success in life and work is a matter not so much of talent as of concentration and perseverance. I am thankful that to be successful one can be somewhat short on the talent end. If talent were the only requisite I would have to look for a different profession I am sure.

Here's another of those items about the hometown. It was written by a lady in Lebanon, and expresses a sentimental feeling about "What my hometown means to me."

What hometown means to me-- I can only say in a verse Just as the age old marriage vows

"For better or for worse," It means the smile on another's face When you meet upon the street You may not really know them by name But it's a feeling you just can't beat.

A "Hi there Jake! How are you Joe?" It will never get you down And you'll never find it in another place Just in your own hometown. The nice fine schools where our kids can learn

To become anything they choose The memories they'll store, as did we Is something they'll never lose. The old fellows who sit on the corner

And talk about days gone by. Could tell you things about "Our Home town"

To put a twinkle in your eye. How our streets were horse belly deep with mud The tricks played on Halloween How their mothers would shake their heads and sigh "Worst generation I've seen." In time, backs will stoop and hair will gray But we'll never wear a frown How could be in such a friendly place

As Sandy "My Home Town." It's amusing how little children hear something and pop up with it in a twisted context. For example: While driving down the road one day, a lady told, we turned on the car radio to our favorite music program. Upon hearing a selection from a well-known composition of Tschalkovsky, five-year-old Jill remarked, "Oh my, there goes the crackler jacker suite again."

When living in San Diego some friends had a small daughter that kept going around the house and singing "Jesus, save some pie for me." At first the original words didn't register but after while it was realized that she had heard the song entitled "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me" while at Sunday school or church and was re-

peating the words as she had understood them to be.

Father: Now, son, aren't you glad you prayed for a baby sister?

Young son, looking at twin girls: Yes, and aren't you glad I quit praying when I did?

Today's youngsters don't leave footprints on the sands of time, just tire tracks.

Plenty of controversy has been steamed up on the mountain suddenly, too. Here the beef resolves around a bridge at Vine Maple vicinity and the discrepancies charged to the Hood-Land Telephone Co.

And on the heels of the charges being thrown at Charles Augustine is the announcement of a large-scale expansion and improvement program. The public hearing on June 15 should be a crowd gatherer.

Glad to see some more action under way on the Mountaineer Festival by the Jaycees and the Kiwanis going on the July Fly-In Breakfast.

The all-night grad party was certainly a successful one. The graduates were most appreciative of the whole affair, I thought. I must be getting old for those late night hours are becoming tougher all the time for me. Watch for a list of all those helping on the feat in next week's issue. They are owed a big "thank you."

For a parting question today I'd like to leave you with this thought: Why is it that everyone wants to be at the front of the bus, the back of the church or the middle of the road?

SHORT LOCAL . . .

Jon Sandstrom left Monday of this week to spend part of the summer in Pasadena, Calif. While there he will work in a plastics plant. Jon is staying with B. F. Duke Jr., a roommate of his father while attending the University of Oregon years ago.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

11 Santo Domingo
Urdaneta Village
Makati, Rizal
Suburb of Manila
Philippines
May 31, 1965

Dear Mr. Crouse:

I want to tell you and Mr. Lee Irwin how much we enjoy the Sandy Post. I think our subscription must be a gift from Dr. and Mrs. Roy Carothers. The Sandy Post is the only newspaper we receive from Oregon and we really have a race to see which one of us can be the first one to tear off the wrapper and find out what is happening on our beloved mountain.

Even though our cabin on Zig Zag has been just a retreat for week-ends or summer vacations, and not a permanent home, we feel very much apart of the community. We bought our cabin in 1935.

Some of the people will remember when Portland General Electric offered to buy the Mt. Hood Power Co. This was way back in 1937 or 1938. Bob, my husband, worked on that deal. It resulted in reducing the rates to about one fourth of what they had been previously. Do any of your readers remember when electricity cost 14 cents a kilowatt hour?

Yesterday was Memorial Day. Bob and I and four other American friends attended the services at the beautiful American Memorial Cemetery. There are 17,182 soldiers buried there--American and Filipino.

Yesterday, there was a little American flag by each headstone. Remember? The Philippines were still under American jurisdiction during our second World War. The names of all the men buried in the cemetery are engraved in the marble walls -- also the State of their birth. They have also engraved the names of the soldiers who lie in unknown graves, but who lost their lives here in the Philippines. The State Seal of every state in the Union is engraved on the floor of the passageway in this beautiful memorial.

All in all, there are more than 30,000 names on those marble walls. We have been here in the Philippines for 11 months. Yesterday was the first time that I have seen our Stars and Stripes being unfurled and heard a band playing the Star Spangled Banner.

Needless to say, the tears ran freely and I wasn't the least bit ashamed of being so sentimental. Every American at the ceremony had damp eyes. The beautiful green lawn with all those Crosses and Stars of David can make me cry at any time.

We had very fine speeches from our American Ambassador, William McCormick Blair, Jr. and from the Honorable Macario Peralta, Jr., Sec. of National Defense. But, to me the best of all came from Lee A. Telesco, President of American Assoc. of the Philippines. He said:

"Within this beautiful memorial to the brotherhood of the brave, lie our honored dead -- Americans and Filipinos.

"They sleep here through sun and rain in mounds where tender grass creeps. Though gone, they are not forgotten. And the secret of their rest can be read among the headstones and on the walls around us. For they did not die in vain.
"So tell them, bugles, as you blow sweet and softly, that their valour walks with us today. The

torch their hands once held aloft still flames, the flag they honored still floats unfurled.

"And tell them too that though the goal of peace still seems dim, and the field unwon, if we break faith with them, we shall fall and in unremembered graves, sleep."

To many people in the United States, this doesn't mean a thing. We are only a little over a thousand miles from the terrible fighting in Viet Nam. Our newspapers are full of war news every day. We have thoroughly enjoyed the Philippines, but we both get very lonesome for the good old USA.

By the way, I had a little ditty all composed. Then, we received our Sandy Post, dated April 15. That is how long it takes to get here. April 15 to May 31. I told Bob that I was going to write to Snooper and say,

Dear Snooper, please don't take the rap

Just build a better "Mouse!"

I am so happy that you decided the Snooper is a real and true asset to your paper.

By the way, I think Mouse is terrific.

Yours,
Marian Hall
Mrs. Robert M. Hall

Local 4-H Club Members Plan Summer School

A week on the Oregon State university campus awaits 105 4-H Club members from Clackamas county during the annual 4-H Club Summer school to be held June 14-19.

All the members have received scholarships from various organizations and businesses throughout Clackamas county. Scholarships are awarded on the basis of outstanding 4-H records.

Special activities are planned this year since this is the 50th 4-H Summer school to be held in Oregon.

Summer school activities will include classes in agriculture home economics and related sessions during the mornings, assembly programs and athletics in the afternoons and special activities during the evenings.

Clackamas county's delegation will be accompanied by Miss Cheryl Miller, acting county extension agent and Mrs. Larry Guthrie, Barton; Mrs. Robert Alford, Logan; and Mrs. Cleo Lapham, Barton, all 4-H Club leaders.

Club members who will be attending from the county and the donors of their scholarships are as follows: Rhododendron: Karen Anliker, Mt. Hood Chamber of Commerce and Mountain Grange; Sandy: Pamela Parker, Clackamas County Bank, Sandy. EAGLE CREEK: Cindy Medearis, Eagle Creek 4-H Clubs; Katherine Sue Klinker, Eagle Creek 4-H Clubs and Carla Rae Dudley, Eagle Creek 4-H Clubs. COTTRELL: Priscilla M. Jester, Cottrell Community Club; Glenda Goger, Cottrell Community Club; Gretchen Booth, Cottrell Community Club; Linda Brook, Oregon Bulb Farms; Pam Burlingame, Cottrell Community Club; and Calvin Lee Walker, Cottrell Community Club. BORING: Rosemarie Meier, Boring 4-H Clubs; Theresa Diane Haefner, Boring 4-H Clubs; Bob Richey, Boring 4-H Clubs; and John Arquhart, Boring 4-H Clubs.

Not a Worry in the World!

THIS VACATION

. . . We Locked Our GARAGE

. . . We Locked Our HOUSE

. . . We Locked Our VALUABLES

in a LOW COST SAFE DEPOSIT BOX

AND . . . We Bought Traveler's Checks, TOO!

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