

THE Sandy Post

GREAT WAY TO THE MT. HOOD PLAYGROUND

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Entered at the Post Office at Sandy, Clackamas County, Oregon as second class matter under the Act of Congress of March, 1879.
Member of Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association and National Editorial Association
Published every Thursday by Outlook Publishing Co. \$2 Annual Subscription

Page 2 Sandy Post, Sandy, Oregon March 31, 1966

A Challenge for the Graduate

We read a most compelling sentence the other day. It was discussing college education and went like this: "If this generation can rise above privilege, it will be all right."

The key word, of course, is privilege. So much is being showered on today's students in terms of facilities, scholarships, parents able to pay their way etc., that little of challenge remains.

Parents of today's teen-agers themselves graduated from high school in the midst of the depression. Not many of us went to college, perhaps 20 per cent compared to 50 per cent today.

Most of those who did accumulated money little by little, or else worked their way through. Today, there is less working-your-way-through than ever before.

If parents can't pay the way, there still are insurance policies or student loans or defense contracts or scholarships on end.

Things Are Different Now

We'd never agree with any general who followed an absolutely inflexible strategy, one who refused to alter tactics as battlefield conditions changed.

But on the other hand, we think our Great Leader has been a bit too flexible in Viet-Nam.

Who was it, for instance, who said in 1964: "American boys should not be sent to fight in Viet-Nam because it is an Asian war?"

Who said, "U.S. planes should not bomb supply lines in North Viet-Nam?"

Who said, "Bombing in the North should be avoided at all costs since it might involve us in a major war with Red China?"

Who said, "The U.S. should confine

Our high school graduating class had about 625 members. Outside of athletic grants, we can remember one boy who received a scholarship from Dartmouth. That was it.

When finally we got to college (after working for a year to save some money), we recall just one scholarship for the entire University of Washington School of Journalism. Today, there are 17.

Admittedly, today's students are better prepared than their parents. They've studied harder, learned more. They have a much more complex, a much more difficult world to face.

But somehow, we suspect that those who have had to struggle a little will ultimately get the most. An axiom as old as the hills says that you get out of something exactly what you put into it.

Those youngsters who've worked and struggled to get to college are really the most fortunate. The others, if they can rise above privilege, may make it, too.

itself to an advisory role and provide only equipment in South Viet-Nam?"

If you answered Barry Goldwater, you flunked. Lyndon B. Johnson tossed off every one of these aphorisms during the 1964 presidential campaign.

Sure, conditions have changed. But so, apparently, has LBJ. Just think where we'll be in 1968 if he escalates as much in the next two years as in the last two.

What we really need is a return to government wherein the Legislative branch doesn't surrender every time the Executive flicks a switch. In other words, elect a few Republicans and Independent Democrats to Congress.

Don't Believe Everything You Read

Several weeks ago, Centennial high school was singled out by a couple of Portland doctors as having an extremely high percentage of unwed mothers amongst its students.

The statements were utterly untrue, it was an extremely sloppy bit of research, and whatever was said about the Portland paper which ran the story wasn't strong enough.

But by the same token, Centennial doesn't now have the prerogative to fire off statements like this from the principal's office:

"Every year numerous schools will receive damaging publicity in the news media as a result of inaccurate reporting or non-factual material being presented as factual."

We would like to know how the

Centennial administration would define 'numerous'? What is 'damaging publicity'? Damaging by whose standards? Who determines whether something is 'inaccurate' or 'non-factual'?

In other words, we think the Centennial administration is guilty of the same shotgun research that led the Portland doctors into their web of errors.

Off hand, we don't know of any other instances where Centennial high school has been so grossly victimized by the news media.

And while we can certainly agree with the general revulsion over the recent instance, we don't feel a blanket condemnation of all news media by the school administration accomplishes a single thing.

off the record

by J.C.C.

Notes off my shirt cuff: "Move the Sandy swimming pool back into town." That word comes from some bewildered residents who discovered that I had inadvertently lifted that olympic size pool, covered patio, dressing rooms and all, and bodily deposited the whole shebang at Firwood school, some three miles east of its intended location. This gargantuan feat was accomplished by a few strokes on the typewriter, which proves again that the "pen is mightier than the bulldozer," to paraphrase an old cliché. (Luckily the pool was not filled with water, or I'd have drowned the whole population of Firwood.) Okay, Olin, now you can expell your breath; that purplish tinge does not become you.

Mrs. Andrew Naylor, who was involved in an auto accident recently, is in Providence hospital, where she is still on the critical list at this writing. I make note of this because we have no details on the accident, nor where it happened.

Bob Smith, the ageless Sandy automobile dealer, is a little sad these days. Sad because the Studebaker corporation, manufacturers of the original wagon that bears the name, later the automobile of that name, and last the Lark, will be no more. Young Bill Richardson is now sure that he will be able to convince Mr. Smith that the Chevrolet is a fine car, and Mr. Smith should be proud to own one.

Richard, "Call me Dick" Groener and I renewed old acquaintanceship Tuesday night at the Mt. Hood Area Chamber of Commerce meeting. Dick was substituting as a speaker at the annual dinner for County Commissioner Darrell Jones, who was to have pinch hit for Glenn Jackson, head of the state highway department, who had a previous speaking engagement. Confused? Well Darrell Jones is having a bout with the flu, so he asked Dick to make a few remarks in his stead.

Dick was in the Oregon senate some years back, then lost his seat by 38 votes in an election. He then ran for the house of representatives, was elected, and now would like to rejoin his former comrades in the upper house. The seat is now held by Tom Monaghan, a Milwaukee school teacher. They are battling it out in the primary.

It looks like Mrs. Beulah Hand has bitten off too big a chunk in her battle for the senate seat now held by veteran John Inskeep. I've always said the best place for a woman is in the home, and that goes double for Mrs. Hand.

After listening to Dick Groener's talk at the Mt. Hood Chamber of Commerce dinner, I got the feeling that here is a conservative Democrat who out-does some of my conservative Republican friends when it comes to taxes, and where money should come from.

I'm a strong advocate of a sales tax, for the simple reason that everyone pays, even the tourists who pass through Oregon in great droves. The idea that a tax on cigarettes is just, is ridiculous. Why not a tax on chewing gum, or candy, or soda pop?

Congratulations to Dr. Roy Carothers, newly elected president of the Mt. Hood Area C of C. I can see the wheels begin to turn now, for here is a man with very definite ideas, and a mind and personality that spell action. (Okay, Doc, it's that back tooth there that's been bothering me.)

The Sandy Chamber of Commerce is launched on a membership drive, with Ralph Richardson and George Morgan pitted against each other in a team struggle. George came in for a few pointers on the ethics of persuasion, and I offered the loan of my 16 gauge Browning automatic. Ralph has been totting a ball bat; he calls it his gentle persuader.

The C of C brochure, long in the planning stages should be ready for the printers 'ere many more weeks go by. It should be a dandy, considering the men who are working on it: Olin Bignall, Spike Emerson, George Morgan, Marshall Gloss and JCC.

I had a nightmare of a dream one day last week. In this dream I was sitting on a school bench in a one-room, eight grades, 30 kids and one teacher-type of setup, when in walks this huge man carrying a pitchfork. He started running that gorgeous little teacher, (I was 18 and in the second grade), around the room shouting at her that his kid had had breakfast cereal for his hot lunch the day before. Well all us kids crawled under our benches shouting encouragement to the gorgeous little teacher who was out maneuvering that big farmer and his pitchfork, like a scooter and a truck.

After about a 15-minute chase, the big farmer squeezed himself into our bench, jabbed his pitchfork into the floor, glared at the gorgeous teacher, and said, "Okay, then, teach!" Miss Gorgeous mopped her brow with a dainty piece of lace, took up her geography book and started teaching modern mathematics.

After about a five minute explanation of the symbols, (she refused to use numbers, you see, this is Modern math), the big farmer began to pound his desk with his shoe, a la Mr. K. (He'd been watching TV see, because he couldn't read.) "That's enough of that jibberish!" he roared.

Let's get on to the spelling lesson."

Well, Miss Gorgeous picked up this book called "A School Board Member's Handbook", and started down the row next to me. She asked one kid to spell "the". The kid looked perplexed, and said, "Teacher, does the 'h' come before the 't' or after?" See, this kid had been taught sight reading, and he was cross-eyed, which is a terrible handicap if you're going to sight read.

At this the Big Farmer blew his stack. He grabbed his pitchfork, started for the door, and turned to roar at the teacher: "I'm the chairman of this here school board, and you, young lady are fired!"

As the BF left the door quivering on its hinges, Miss G. came over to hold my hand for comfort. She sobbed and sobbed. All us second graders tried to cheer her up, and she did when I told her my daddy was going let me have his new T-Bird convertible that night for our date. (Don't forget, dear reader, I'm still dreaming. . .)

Well, the next night my daddy let me have the T-Bird again, and me and Miss Gorgeous are parked up by Welches. She told me that she couldn't see me anymore, because number one, she had been fired forthwith and pronto; second, the school board found out she had been dating her second grade pupil, (the one with the Bird), and third, she was leaving to go up to Mt. Hood and ski the rest of the year because the school board had had to pay off the balance of her contract.

Naturally I tried to tell her that I would miss her, that I needed her because I couldn't make it to the third grade with my background in modern math, unless she was there to pass me in spite of my grades, (she loved that T-Bird), and that I was going to get my daddy to go down to that school and really give them a chewing. Well after several hours of this kind of arguing, Miss G remained firm, so I began to sob and cry like a second grader. . . and I awoke sobbing and clutching my pillow.

I have been trying to figure out a moral to this dream, and it seems to me this is it: Don't mess around with Gorgeous teachers; forget about daddy and his Bird; and don't get involved with school boards, or teachers, or any trouble they may have.

Talking about school boards, I have two friends who are going to make a run for a school board because they are concerned with the education of their children. One of them is Pete Wingle, Head Forest Ranger at Zig Zag, and the other is Roy Carothers, a dentist. They are going to make good school board members because they can see some of the problems involved, know some of the answers, and are open-minded enough to listen to someone else with constructive ideas.

Camp Sites Under New Permit Plan

Some 211 sites with 6,155 family camping units have been designated in the National Forests of Oregon and Washington for coverage under the Land and Water Conservation Act.

Use of the sites during the summer will require payment of a daily fee or the purchase of a \$7 annual permit. The permit is a gold-colored, wallet-sized card. It replaced the bumper sticker used last year.

The \$7 card went on sale March 25 at offices of the Forest Service and other Federal agencies administering sites covered by the program. The card may be used at 7,000 Federal sites throughout the nation.

Not all National Forest recreation sites are covered by the Land and Water Conservation Fund program established by Congress, and activities such as hunting or fishing are not affected by the program.

Golf Tourney Planned by Pow-Wowers

Mt. Hood Pow-Wowers have something "heap big" planned for their semi-annual social event, the spring frolic.

Slated for Saturday, April 16 is a nine-hole golf tournament at Bowman's golf club, Welches. Tee off time is 3 o'clock.

The tournament is not for the exceptional golfer, but for anyone who can swing a club. It is open to men and women.

Dinner at 7:30 follows. Doug Baker, newspaper columnist, is guest speaker. Dancing is planned after the dinner.

The Mt. Hood Pow Wowers, now in their 20th year of existence were organized for the purpose of promoting business enterprise in the Mt. Hood area, Highway 26, Gresham to Madras.

Ken Bateman, Gresham, is "Big Chief" for the Pow-Wowers. Nell Howe is secretary-treasurer of the organization.

A total of 118 countries have received financial aid from the U.S. since 1948, and 77 of them are still on the list.

Speaking of pillows: My Drinking Uncle came home crooked the other night, fell into bed, and dreamed he ate a 30-lb. marshmallow. Next morning when he awoke, his pillow was missing. . . J.C.C.

CITIZENS COLLEGE FORUM

News and Views About Mt. Hood Community College

Planning for classes is progressing rapidly; applications for employment by instructors are being processed; educational specifications are being drawn; a catalog is being assembled and will soon be published and available to the public. In general, college plans are keeping up with the time schedule.

HISTORICAL OCCASION

Last Thursday evening Dr. Earl Klapstein, college president, was the guest of Dr. Amo De Bernardis, president of Portland Community college, and of John Rue, federal programs supervisor in charge of manpower development training act projects in the Northwest. Dr. Klapstein has worked with Rue in the past during the former's professional service in California and Washington. This meeting was especially significant in that Dr. De Bernardis and Dr. Klapstein were again making efforts to meet the total needs of the Portland area without unnecessary duplication.

Highlight of the program was an address by Father Wahlschmidt, president of The University of Portland. Father Wahlschmidt has made an intensive study of community colleges over the past two years. He is a member of a governor's committee responsible for analyzing post-high school education in Oregon.

This address was an historic one. In his dynamic manner, Father Wahlschmidt emphasized the economic and educational importance of the community college. This is somewhat phenomenal, because several years ago it was unheard of for a president of a private institution to speak in behalf of the community colleges. Father Wahlschmidt also said that the community colleges have the most vital role in education for the future; they are not second-rate institutions, but first-rate colleges which offer to society one of the very few means by which mankind can cope with change and provide the necessary vocational and technical education. Father Wahlschmidt assured Dr. Klapstein that he would be pleased to speak at Mt. Hood Community College at a lecture series in the future.

INDIAN AFFAIRS SPECIALIST

Some of the college staff recently met Reuben Furber, industrial development specialist of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Furber is a strong advocate of the community college.

lege, both professionally and personally. He told of many fine programs community colleges have conducted for Indian students and of various scholarship programs made available to them. He has four youngsters of his own who will attend Mt. Hood Community college.

INSTRUCTION IN THE COLLEGES

In case there are still people who think that the quality of instruction at a community college is inferior to that of a major university, look at the following information from the University of California at Berkeley. This report has come to light and is especially important since the "student revolts" have plagued the Berkeley campus.

A committee was formed to evaluate instruction in the lower division of the university. It was revealed that "about one-third of the instruction load at Berkeley is carried by teaching assistants--graduate students who are insufficiently prepared, inadequately supervised, and lacking in both respect and compensation that they should have if they are to function effectively."

Considering the less than perfect kind of teaching one sometimes finds at the major universities, and Berkeley is not the exception to the rule, it is little wonder that students revolt. The community college instructor is usually specifically trained in a specific subject matter area; he is an expert in his own field. At the same time, he is broadly enough educated that he is knowledgeable in many fields. He has not been trained as a research specialist; he has not been trained to write scholarly reports for scholarly journals. He has been trained to teach.

This is one of the areas in which the community college excels. Our purpose is not research or other "academic pursuits." Our purpose is instruction and only instruction. The people who are hired to teach in the community college are hired to teach. We do not hire sophomores, juniors, seniors, or graduate students to teach courses that the instructors do not like or feel are beneath their dignity. There is no pressure on the community college instructor to "publish or perish." His sole function is instruction. . . .

There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love.--Thornton Wilder.

People At Work . . .



DEWEY BARBER, now a salesman at Richardson Chevrolet in Sandy, has been a businessman here for many years. He is the former operator of the Western Auto store here and has resided in the area for some time. Here Dewey explains the procedure of buying a new Chevrolet to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, A hunting and fishing enthusiast, he will no doubt take some time off when trout season opens later this month.

(Post Photo)

MONEY EARNS SAVINGS SURE BUILD UP MORE, TOO!



Make the Future Yours to Enjoy

Look forward to a full, active retirement . . . you can make the kind of future you want by acting now. A Savings Account fitted to your income is the surest way to reach that goal and the time to begin is right now. So many others saved for a bright future . . . and you can, too. We'll be glad to help you. Come in and let us tell you how we can.

OTHER SERVICES

- Bank Money Orders
- Safety Deposit Box
- Personal Loans
- Checking Accounts
- Bank by Mail
- Mortgage Loans

Clackamas COUNTY BANK
Sandy's INDEPENDENT Bank
SANDY ORE. MUTUAL 7-2271

MEMBER Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
OPEN FRIDAYS TILL 6 P.M.