

THE Sandy Post



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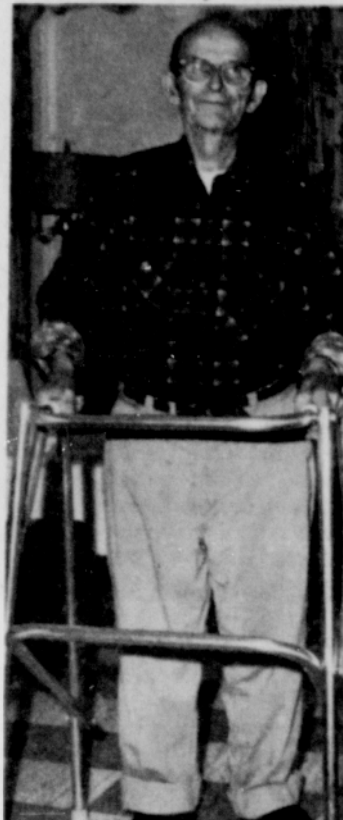
June 1, 1967



SPECIALLY EQUIPPED BUS at nursing home transports wheel chair patients to doctor's office. Ramp and wide doors make it easy to wheel patient in and out of vehicle. Mr. Waldron helps prepare to take Mrs. Nettie Stavely to see physician while Mrs. Waldron stands by. (Post photo)



NURSING HOME LIVING no longer offers the cold, impersonal and frequently inadequate care of the past. Today's homes are modern and well equipped, with a warm and friendly, home like atmosphere and staffed by highly trained, dedicated personnel. Orchard Crest Home, picture here from side garden, is typical of the several excellent nursing homes in the Sandy area. (Post photo)



GEORGE FLOURA, former Brightwood resident, has lived at Orchard Crest for several years. (Post photo)



LONGTIME RESIDENTS of Orchard Crest are Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Gillis. Mrs. Gillis is a spastic and her husband suffers from crippling arthritis. In spite of her affliction, Mrs. Gillis is able to turn out beautiful embroidery work and keeps the staff laughing with her sense of humor. (Post photo)



FROM THE RIVER'S EDGE

BY GEORGE MAC ALEVY

For over a week now, warm sunny weather has been softening the mountain snow pack and sending the water forth, drop by drop, tiny rivulet by tiny rivulet to join the mountain brooks. First to break, entirely free of their wintry blanket are the marshy places. Like marshes, any place, these Alpine marshes also teem with more life than you will find anywhere else on the mountains. First of the high untrammelled places to come alive, these charming little oases in the spring snow develop and grow rapidly.

Almost before you know it Marsh Marigolds have put their fresh green leaves out above the shallow water and buds begin to show. Leathery leaves of Shooting Stars also emerge here and there to start a new cycle. Before much time elapses the creamy white flowers of the Marsh Marigold and the tightly reflexed deep rose of the Shooting Star, sporting its black bill, will light up the area. As the snow recedes still more, Trilliums and Cornel, that dainty dwarf dogwood ground cover and add their glittering white bloom.

Now the trickles and rivulets have grown stronger and more numerous and many run into the small creek that empties the marsh. Compressed into a tiny ravine, it plunges down between narrow walls into a hollow below. Then still more snow melt comes in on all sides to swell our brook. The noise and sounds of the falling, swirling water become louder with every drop in tiny cascades from one level to the next. Finally on a wide bench the stream, now a creek, is joined by two more as it meanders through the meadow on the bench.

Here on the meadow, most of the snow is gone; the grass is growing and the scrub around the edges in lush with unfolding tender shoots and new leaves. This is a way station for deer on their way up to the higher Alpine pantry of the summer. A wary Stellers Jay perched on a snag at the meadow edge, calls out a warning of mans' approach and the deer blend into the scrub.

As though tired of peace and tranquility, the creek hurls itself over the edge of the bench down a sheer cliff in a roaring waterfall to shatter its gleaming vertical sheet into a turbulent mass of spray, mist and droplets on the boulder strewn scree. Slowly it collects its various pieces together and tumbles on into a little lake nestled in an old glacier cirque.

Down beside the lake the trees are a little larger and more plentiful. Except on the north-facing slope of the cirque, the snow is all gone. Out in the once barren lake, trout are rising, daintily dimpling the water. No natives, these Eastern Brook Trout were introduced into these once barren small lakes where no native species were present. This is a jewel of a fish, rivaling the Golden trout of the areas in beauty. The vermiculated olive green back, shading to paler sides with the brightly colored orange spots is accented with orange fins, stiped black and white at the forward edge, and a reddish blinding on the pale underside.

From the lake the stream flows down a rapidly descending dell. As the creek descends, the height of the forest giants in the realm of the forest giants when it finally merges with these streams to form a small river. A mother Harlequin duck and her brood make this river their summer home. A strange duck this, in winter a duck of the seas, yet with the mating urge, each spring they hunt out the mountain fortress of these small rivers on which to hatch and rear their young.

In the stream itself more signs of new life show. Small fish of two distinct sizes. Two inch silvers of blotched silver are the early hatched young of last October's Silver Salmon. Those still smaller ones only an inch long are the newly hatched fry from the past winters steelhead. Already nature is taking her toll of these young. Rainbow and Cutthroat trout, resident in the river, are wont to dive on these small fish. Farther down stream, Kingfisher and an occasional

Merganser await their coming. Now in a deep run a large fish is seen aimlessly circling, never feeding. A spring salmon, still light tan and in good shape in whirling away the summer awaiting September and spawning season. As the season and the snow melt run-off progress, he will be joined by a few more. Once a mighty horde on their yearly invasion of the river, now this great run is reduced to a trickle, a mere remnant of what it once was.

In summer, these spring salmon will be joined in their waiting game by an even smaller remnant of a summer steelhead run. So insignificant these runs have become, their very existence is not well known any more. Depleted as badly as they are, only rebuilding the stocks with hatchery aid can even begin to restore these fish to the point they become meaningful again.

The river flows through the foothill country, less swiftly, but still picturesque in a different way. A fall of little height is now significant because of the greater volume of water pouring over it. Great, long, still-surfaced pools mirror the surrounding forest. Rock tortured rapids roar and thunder, as the river ever seeks a lower level.

Cottonwoods appear along the edge frequently now, scenting the evening air. High in the sky, a night hawk climbs ever higher in intermittent flight, finally to dive at frightening speed, and pull out into a climbing spiral only feet from the ground. The air through the pines as the dive is ended gives forth a sound like a distant frog.

In the water, heading seaward are last year's hatch of salmon and steelhead. Already are touched somewhat with Silver, as their smolting colors are more a lack or disappearance of color than a change. Soon these fish will be roaming the pastures of the sea, where for two years they will grow and fatten to be ready when the spawning urge strikes. Ready to sally forth and come back up this same river, overcoming the rapids, the falls, the mad

rushes of current in the narrows, to once again start the eternal cycle of life and death. And so it is with our stream. It too will disappear into the sea, only to be wafted skyward by the sun's power, carried inland on the winds to fall once again on the mountain top as snow or rain, and if as snow, once more to lie, white and quiet, awaiting the spring to unlock the life of the reborn marsh.

CITIZENS COLLEGE FORUM

News and Views About Mt. Hood Community College

VISIT
Credits earned in college transfer courses at Mt. Hood Community College are transferable to other institutions of higher education throughout the nation. The college courses and instructors are approved by the State System of Higher Education.

Dr. James Bemis and Dr. Edward Smith, representing the regional accrediting agency Northwest Association of Secondary and Higher Schools, visited the college last week to evaluate the development of MHCC's educational programs.

Dr. Smith said at the conclusion of his visit that he was "extremely pleased with the progress made by Dr. Klapstein and the board of education at Mt. Hood Community College. They started from scratch and have contributed many unique innovations that have given this college vitality and significant progress." Dr. Bemis, indicated that MHCC had progressed as far in one year as many new colleges have in two and three years.

SUMMER SESSION
MHCC Summer Session '67 will start on July 5. The majority of classes will be held in Gresham High School, Chuck Reinmuth, director of the summer session, urged persons to complete their applications now. For further information, call 665-1131.

Short Local

Five Sandy students are among 132 returning college students who have been awarded state scholarships to attend Oregon College of Education during the 1967-68 academic year.

The awards include both part tuition and full-tuition scholarships.

The students are Carolyn L. Cooke, junior; Halmand B. Dyal, junior; Cheryl D. Hames, sophomore; Robert B. Opperman, junior; and Michael R. Persons, sophomore.

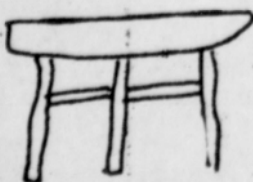
SANDY LUTHERAN CHURCH

The Sandy Lutheran Church Bible School will begin this Monday, June 5. Children of kindergarten age and older will be enrolled. Classes will be held daily from 9 in the morning to 2 in the afternoon. Children are asked to bring a sack lunch.

DRAMA

The MHCC Players, under the direction of Dave Spooner, produced another successful play last week, "Our Town," by Thornton Wilder, was seen in the MHCC Creative Arts Center last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

New Haven, Conn., seventh oldest city in the United States, was settled in 1636.



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★ Letters to the Editor ★

To The Editor:

I have always been sympathetic to the problems of the teaching profession. I worked for better salaries this year, but when one group of irresponsible people hire a strike organizer, from Chicago, to come into Portland and take over our problems then it is time to put our foot down. As long as Mr. Cascella is in Portland, I would not talk over any conditions with the teachers. If we want

to keep outside influence from ruining our State we had better make a stand on this point because if one community is coerced the rest will fall.
Richard G. Weiden, D.M.D.

MOST GAS DIRECT

Two-thirds of the natural gas produced in the United States comes from gas wells; the rest comes from oil wells where the gas is dissolved in the oil under high pressure.



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