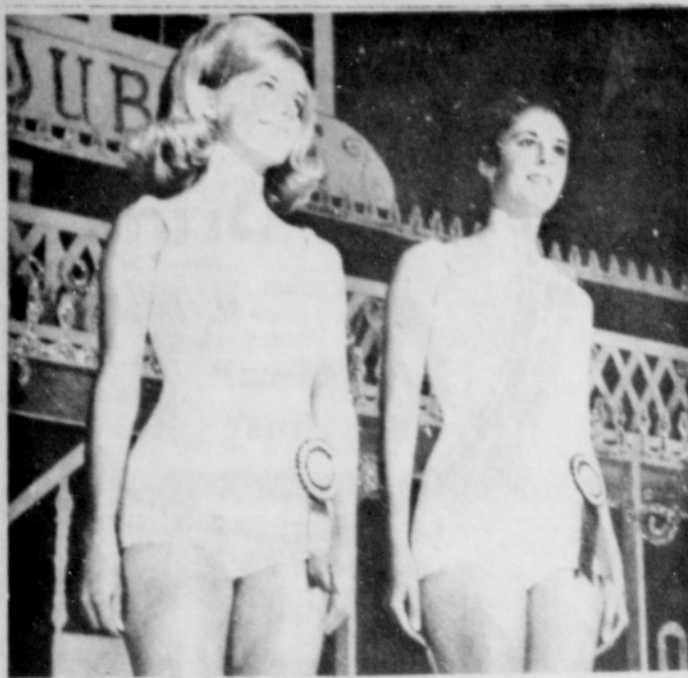




APPEARING SLIGHTLY TENSE in swimsuit competition are Miss Clackamas County, Linda Rudolph and Miss Gresham, Leslie Morgan. The two competed with 25 other girls for the Miss Oregon title in Seaside July 5-9 and the crown was won by Miss Umatilla, Christine Beach. Miss Morgan is the granddaughter of Bud Bell of Sandy. (Post Photo)

Church of God Selects Pastor

The Kelso Church of God on Bobby Bruce Lane has announced the selection of the Rev. Ronald Baker of Indiana to be their pastor following the resignation of the Rev. Fred Kennedy.

Rev. Baker and his wife Carol are sophomores at Warner Pacific College in Anderson, Ind., which is affiliated with Church of God. The couple formerly resided in western Pennsylvania.

Rev. Baker completed his military service with the U.S. Air Force in Great Falls, Mont. where he served as interim pastor at the Boston Heights Church of God.

The Kelso Church of God and Rev. Baker extend an invitation to the community to attend their services. Sunday services are held at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., and Sunday school is at 9:45 a.m.

Pioneer Days

By LILLIAN TEN EYCK

We left Lucerne reluctantly as it is a fascinating city: the weather was as near perfect as possible, the lake sparkled and the whole population seemed just a big happy family even though we couldn't understand them or they us. Some of the cities we visited gave the impression of being more friendly than others.

On the way south we stopped briefly at a tiny, perfect roadside chapel erected in memory of King Leopold's wife who was killed in an auto accident there in 1933.

Brown Swiss cows in the green meadows and on all sides snow capped mountains. We passed a school, not modern like our schools but an old style building with groups of boys and girls soberly, it seemed to me, playing. The little girls had little aprons tied around their waists like mother's. It didn't take us long to whiz through the sixty nine miles of Liechtenstein and I don't suppose we went through the widest part. I believe our tour manager said it was the only country in Europe where the women couldn't vote. Shame on the men.

Austria was next where we had to dig out our passports to be stamped. In our flight bags issued by American Express there was a little of everything and what a job it was to find anything. Then we crossed the Inn River which made me a wee, bit homesick for our Sandy as it was clouded with melting snow water. I almost could have thought we were at Timberline as we climbed higher except for the many roadside shrines of the crucifixion. The road was so winding that our driver blew his horn on all the curves. The few houses all looked the same; two rows of six windows across the front and several in the third story and in the basement. All these folks cater to the tourists when they come up to ski as the Austrian Alps are famous for that winter sport. There was more and more dirty snow by the sides of the road and tops of dwarf firs struggling to be free. I wonder if they will make it before the fall snows arrive. It seemed higher but the elevation was only around four thousand feet. At one wide spot in the road we were allowed to get out and

throw snowballs. Lots of road work going on and as late as six o'clock and after we met huge trucks lumbering along, and games of workers digging away at the roads. They all waved and smiled. We smiled and waved back as many tourists will benefit by the work on the roads.

Rather later thirty nine tired tourists were happy to unload at the Clima Hotel in Innsbruck. We were greeted with surprise as the word had come through that an avalanche had blocked the road so naturally the hotel people didn't know whether we had been buried, held up or what. It seems that we had just got by in time.

Before leaving Innsbruck we visited an old, old church where even the pews were hand carved. What wonderful craftsmen in those by gone days. The towers rather resembled those on the Mission Churches in California.

Entered Italy at 9:30 and our tour manager warned us not to drink too much water as the minerals often have a bad effect on the tourists causing malady which in Mexico is known as the Axtex Two Step. I was spared this distressing incident of travel but not everyone was so fortunate. Again we had to dig out our passports. I was always afraid that I would lose mine. The inspector, a handsome youth with an eye for the ladies, that is the young ones, smacked his lips over our shoe eyed damsel from Georgia and as he checked her passports he remarked "Dulce". Later she found out that Dulce meant "Sweet". Quite the lovers these Italians. The young lady in question was not at all dismayed as she took it as her due. She flirted or tried to with every male, young or old. She was just through college and had a job as a teacher in the fall but my guess is that school bells won't ring for her long.

As we drove further into Italy saw many peasant women, drably garbed working stolidly in the fields and at one place a woman was washing clothes in a watering trough even though it was raining and all the protection she had from the weather was an old sack over her head. Our stop that night was at the Alaska Palace House and there were even maps of Alaska on the menus.

Several years ago there was an account of the little village in a valley in Italy that was completely buried by an avalanche with great loss of life. Just a pile of white rocks now marks the spot, with a back drop of steep cliffs. One can easily imagine a wall of snow racing down that steepness.

As we drew nearer Venice, our next stop, more and more signs of modern living. Our last part of journey was on the Grand Canal in (Odear) modern motor boats when we looked for gondolas but they came later. Our hotel was modern with very fine bathrooms and towels huge, as large as sheets. After supper we walked a few blocks to the town square where a band concert was in full swing. Many little tables for the benefit of thirsty souls who wanted to feed the physical as well as their souls. It seemed every place there were the outside cafes where always taking their ease were folks drinking and visiting.

The weather turned fine and warm so the next morning got out some summer clothes and went sigh seeing with a woman guide who spoke very good English. In St. Mark's Cathedral could hardly hear what she said as repairs were being made with terrific din. These old buildings are constantly being propped up to save them from complete ruin. The palaces of the old noble men look rather run down at the heel but still remnants of their former glory can be detected. We were taken to a glass factory next where the ancient art of glass blowing was demonstrated. Some lovely glassware was for sale. I really would have loved to have had some but didn't know how my travel checks would hold out.

For a while after sight seeing we rested on the steps of a huge statue and watched millions of pigeons, maybe more, being fed by the children while fond parents took pictures of their offspring. Facing us on a tall building was a huge clock where two figures on the hour struck the time with a hammer and gong. The strokes were so measured and stately. After supper we went for a ride in a gondola and it was just as romantic as one reads about. Along with many other gondolas we glided along the Grand Canal and at one side on a lighted boat, first a woman, then a man sang so beautifully. We fairly ached with the beauty of it. Through lesser canals we sailed later and under "The Bridge of Sighs" then back to the hotel for a dream of the days of bygone splendor.

Next day on to Florence and more signs of civilization with huge billboards. Rather a disgusting sight. We hadn't seen many before. Such a contrast to the many old statues. Ever since entering Italy, there were statues; in gardens, on gate posts in niches. A fitting inheritance of the old Roman Empire.

After crossing the Po River we entered Florence and after lunch at the Landra Hotel, we were guided to some of the many wonderful attractions of this renowned city. Our guide, an earnest, handsome young man fairly oozed pride in his native city and reeled off the names of the Florentine artists so rapidly that all the ones I recognized were Michaelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Signs of recent floods were everywhere, especially in water lines on old buildings.

Next day leaving Florence we passed through really scenic country. So many little villages with old houses standing shoulder to shoulder, no yards in front and the streets wandering off until they seemed to decide to go no further but just stop with an air of "What's the use?"

Our morning break was on a beautiful lake, the largest in Italy, quite a resort there. I talked with a German lady who was vacationing there. She kept saying, "Very Nice" so peacefully and I said my stock phrase, "Sehr Schoen". Then she said, "Old houses nice to see, not nice to live in." I am sure she was right but the old quaint villages do tug at one's heart strings. One can imagine all the generations of plain people who have lived and died in them. We have seen pictures of these dwellings, have read about them in famous novels. Anyway their appeal can't be denied.

KOREANS IN VIETNAM

More than 45,000 troops and 10,000 technicians from the Republic of Korea are aiding the U. S. resistance to Communist aggression in Vietnam.

★ Service Lines

Marine Cpl. CALVIN R. SPERB, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle L. Sperb of Rt. 2, Gresham, is at the Marble Mountain Marine Corps air facility near Da Nang, Vietnam serving with Marine Air Base Squadron-Sixteen, a unit of the First Marine Aircraft Wing.

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OBITUARIES

MARY M. CLINEFELTER

Mary M. Clinefelter, 68, Rt. 2, Box 785, Sandy, died in a Portland hospital July 9 after a short illness. She was born Aug. 30, 1898 in Oregon. She married C. Lester Clinefelter in 1921 and had lived in Oswego until 4 years ago when they moved to Sandy.

Her husband died in 1962. She is survived by her sister, Mrs. Frank Schmitz of Sandy. Requiem mass was offered Wednesday at St. Michael's church, Sandy with vault interment at Willamette National cemetery. Recitation of the Rosary was held Tuesday evening at Bateman Funeral chapel.

JAMES MARTIN ASHWOOD

James Martin Ashwood, 87, of Rt. 1, Box 288, Boring, died July 10 at a local hospital after a brief illness.

Mr. Ashwood was born Sept. 6, 1879 in Nebraska.

At the age of 2, he and his family moved to Oregon, settling in Hains. On March 12, 1905 at Hains, he married Elsie Elva Emery. In 1948 they moved to Boring and have lived in that community until their death.

His wife Elsie died in October of 1960. He was a farmer and attended the Sandy Baptist church. For over 50 years he had been a member of the L.O.O.F.

Survivors include one daughter, Mrs. Ed (Betty) Wolf of Boring; six grandchildren; eight great grandchildren; and a sister, Mrs. Minnie Favorite of Haines.

Services will be Thursday, July 13 at 11 a.m. in the chapel of Carroll Funeral Home with interment in Sandy cemetery. Rev. Ray Stonehocker will offer the services and William Elliott will sing.

ROYDEN R. BROCKWAY

Royden R. Brockway, 86, of Rt. 2, Box 537, Sandy, died July 4. Services were held at the Bateman Funeral Chapel July 7. Services and interment were held at Wadena, Minn.

Mr. Brockway was born Sept. 17, 1880 in Luverne, Minn. He was a graduate of Luverne high school and the University of Minnesota. He was a retired railroad civil engineer. He was



PICKINGS

News from SANDY OPPORTUNITY CENTER

About 350 men, women and children are now living in local migrant camps during the berry season.

Neighborhood Youth Corps workers assigned to the Sandy

Opportunity Center go out each week to some of these camps, visiting families and conducting recreation periods with the children using simple games and arts and crafts projects.

In addition to this program, the East Multnomah, North Clackamas Migrant Council has for a number of years conducted a camp "adoption" program including visitation, bible stories, health films and recreation programs in various camps. This latter program conducted by Churches has shown a consistent concern of church people in a regard for migrant welfare. Part of this program is a clothing sale and distribution program two evenings a week in Sandy. All of these programs will continue for the summer months.

Friday evening July 7th Mr. Allen St. John from the Portland Children's Zoo was present at the Sandy Opportunity Center to show slides of animals at the zoo. He had a live snake that the children enjoyed handling.

Other live science and action programs will be presented later in the summer.

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A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

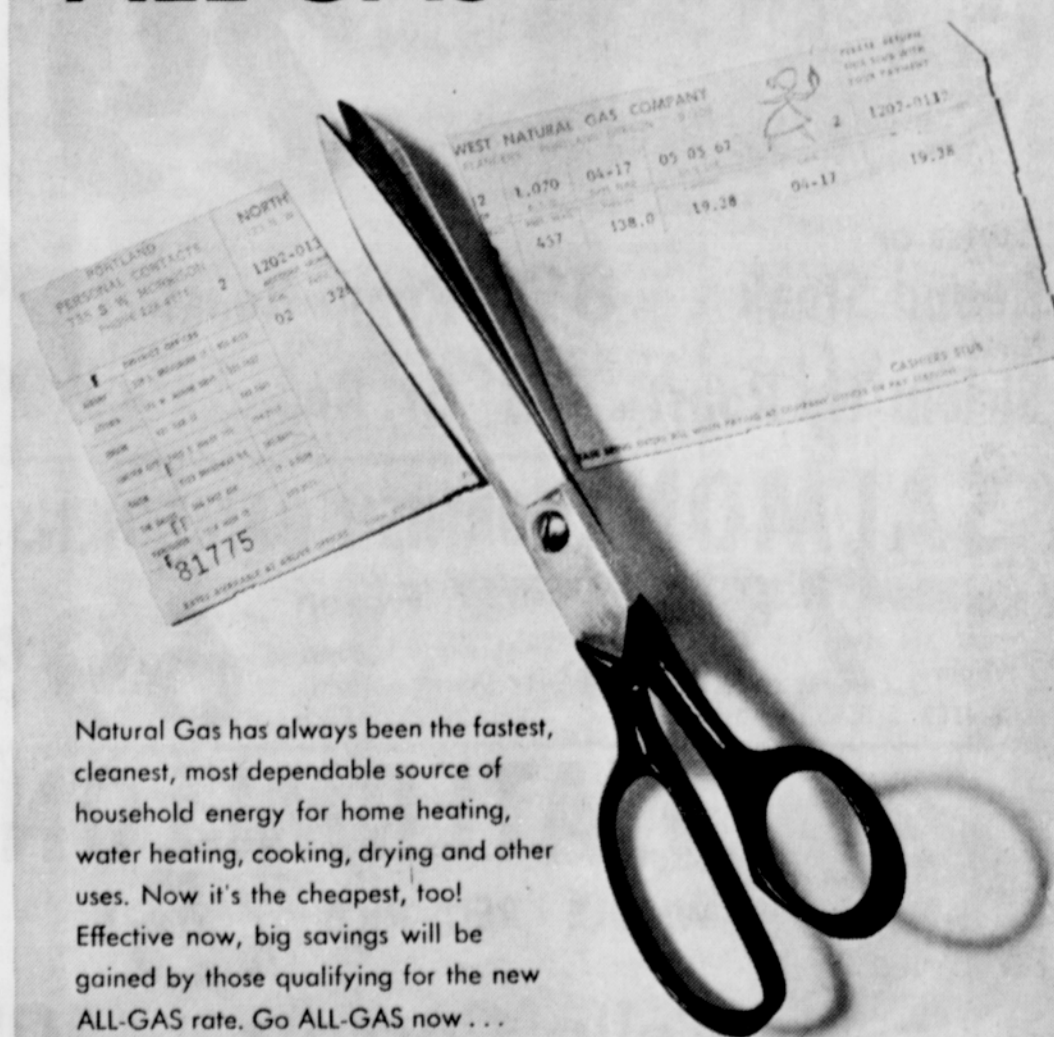
by KEN BATEMAN

An atheist says there is no God because he has no God in his heart. He does not recognize God's presence because he has no sense of His presence. He responds to anti-God propaganda but refuses to listen to those who try to change his opinion.

Simply put, there are believers and non-believers. Only one can be right. The other must be mistaken. Both face an unpredictable future but both know there will be a natural course in life's termination. When this happens—for the sake of illustration—let's suppose the atheist is right. Let's suppose there is no God let's suppose there will be no eventual confrontation with God. In that case, what has either the believer or the non-believer lost? The answer is obvious. Nothing. On the other hand, let's suppose there is a God. Let's suppose the believer and the non-believer both face an eventual confrontation with Him. In that case, what does the believer stand to gain, the non-believer stand to lose? Without presupposing the magnitude of God's mercy, or how He will exercise it, doesn't it seem logical the believer will lose less and gain more than the non-believer? Does this make sense? We think it does.

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