

THE Sandy Post

GREAT WAY
TO THE MT. HOOD PLAYGROUND

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Getting Close to Home

Most of us, when we read editorial disquisitions about the latest Supreme Court rulings, rationalize "That's much too far away to have any effect on me." How wrong we are!

A case in point is a mailing apparently received by most Gresham and Sandy businesses early this week. The mailing, advertising 8 and 16 mm. movies was, simply, pornographic.

The Post Office department says it has absolutely no control over such mailings and all the addressee can do is refuse it.

Inside the mailing piece, the copy explains "Photos are offered only in the interest of medical and cultural education and are designed for the intellectual and artistically minded and are legally not obscene."

Some of the other copy, to put it mildly, is not quite so high-minded.

The point is that Supreme Court rulings have emboldened such merchants of filth that there is little they cannot do within the bounds of the law. Such trash as that distributed here early this week is utterly indefensible. It is designed only for the prurient.

We would hope that somehow the laws can be refined to eliminate future such mailings. The Post Office does a great job in protecting the public from news of church bingo games (bingo, you see, is a lottery and news of a lottery cannot be disseminated by the U.S. mails) and we would hope it might act with equal enthusiasm against the blatantly pornographic.

Letter From Claude . . .

March 24
The Hermitage

Sandy Post.

Jack and I left Timara Monday at 10:00, drove south to Waimate, then turned westward and drove up the Waitaki River. This riverbed shows a tremendous wide wash area, as it is the main drainage flow of the southern alps. Near Otemata and Omarama there are several power dams originating electricity for southern area. Past Lake Pukaki, which has a very unusual pale green opaque color, and about 30 miles of "metal shingle" road, we came to the vast flow plain of the Tasman glacier outlet.

This gives an impressive view of Mt. Cook and the southern alps. A much more elegant approach than the west side. From the Hermitage, the east side of the range is a forbidding wall of ice and rock, with Mt. Cook towering over the head of the valley.

We so enjoyed the quiet primitiveness of the west side, so recently made accessible that we are a little disappointed at the commercial and formal atmosphere here. But the beauty is impressive. All the three motels are new and rather posh, but bed and breakfast are included in the room and tariff.

Tuesday morning we drove up Hooker river to Kea point near the foot of Mt. Cook then

a longer drive up to the Tasman glacier, largest in the southern hemisphere, excepting Antarctica. Here the ball climbing hut sits at the foot of the east face and the view is tremendous.

So, suitably inspired, we turned our little Vauxhall down the Tasman river valley and drove again to the east coast, through Christchurch and again spent the night in Cheviot.

Wednesday we drove up the coast through Blenheim and back to Picton. We made arrangements with Bill Kenny to go on the 1:30 fishing trip, had lunch, and checked into the Acacia Motel.

At 1:30 we left in the Cleomona for an hour boat trip to the fishing banks. As with Milford sound these waters are so deep ships cannot even anchor, so only bottom fishing is near the shores. Again we had great luck, mostly bluecod and Terahiki. The sound area is so beautiful, and fishing is always good we caught about 100 fish, so again we had a nice afternoon, good company and a real fresh fish dinner.

Thursday, we took a trip on the mail boat. This is the only access and communication to many of the sound area inlets, and supplies of all kinds, as well as mail, is carried to the isolated inhabitants.

At 2:30 we met the

Cleomona, and transferred over to spend the afternoon fishing, again, a good catch and a good time. Jack caught an octopus and also the largest blue cod of the day, about 24".

We spent the evening showing movies of the Orient to the Kenny families.

Friday we went to get out tickets to Wellington, and found due to weekend schedules, we can't leave until Monday. So -- back to the fishing.

Inasmuch as we had to be held up in our travels, no place could be more desirable. Many places in New Zealand are impressive and beautiful, but Picton is my favorite, and the Kenny family is so enjoyable.

We relaxed in the sun, and fished Saturday, Sunday and Monday on the Cleomona. Bill had to hurry back to port Monday from fishing grounds, as we had to catch the 6:40 P.M. ferry.

I am writing this in the lounge of the Aranui in the middle of Cook Straits. It is a beautiful, calm, moonlight night, and the stars are brilliant, with the Southern Cross dominating the sky.

So I'll finish and post this on arrival in Wellington.

Aroha nui,
Claude

It's Your Law

"WHERE ARE YOUR LICENSE PLATES?"

Jerry built a midjet racer. He had a special little track on his property and he liked to zip around the loop whenever he had a chance.

After a while, Jerry got tired of going around in circles. Late one night he took the little racer out to the highway and zipped away. He got the little car up to 75 m.p.h. when he heard the siren. It was the highway patrol -- right behind him.

Jerry pulled off the road and stopped.

"Well, I guess you've got me for speeding," Jerry admitted as the patrolman approached. "I've got you for more than that," the patrolman answered. "Where are your license plates? Let me see this car's registration."

"This car is a racer designed for my own track. I never registered it," Jerry replied. "Well, you should have thought of that before you took it onto the highway. Any powered vehicle that is driven on the highway must be registered, have license plates and be driven by a properly licensed driver," the patrolman said.



KEN NAAS, an 8th grade math teacher at Dexter McCarty, surprised students by bringing an Easter bunny and baby chicks to school April 4. A display case in one wing of the school was transformed into a hutch-chicken pen. Ernest Irish makes the acquaintance of the rabbit (loaned by Tammie Portis of Boring) while Anna Townsend feeds the chicks.

Notes by the Wayside

By
JOHN J. INSKEEP
State Senator

Recent inspection of the first completed section of the new fishway and certain anti-pollution facilities at Willamette Falls by Fish Commission and Game Commission officials and your writer, representing the Senate Committee on Fish and Game, revealed a serious downstream migration problem, and river cleanup of interest to all Oregonians concerned with anti-pollution and conservation measures.

In short, we are hatching and releasing enormous numbers of salmon and steelhead trout smolts on the upper Willamette -- young fish migrating to the sea -- only to have them destroyed by mill turbines and possibly by predation loss at the foot of the falls. This is not to point the finger at any person or corporation. The electric power plants were installed here years ago, before anyone thought of protecting the anadromous fish run. The remaining fact indicates little thought to this possible downstream loss when the new fish ladder was projected. The exact percentage of loss will likely never be determined and may vary with water volume and seasonal conditions.

Fish biologists told us certain generator facilities kill 10 percent of the smolts passing through them. The percentage of kill is likely greater when flashboards are

erected at the tip of the falls forcing more water through the turbines.

The number of undamaged smolts which pass over the falls safely, only to become temporarily disoriented and gobbled up by squaw fish and other trash fish, is a matter which has received little attention at this time.

So, we have a problem. Where do we go from here?

The group in question was cheered by river cleanup, credited to new anti-pollution facilities installed by Crown Zellerbach Corporation and Publishers Paper Company which have spent over \$10 million on these important facilities.

Heard in the Capitol Halls -- Ways and Means is concerned with apparent take-over of administrative matters, including appointment of the new presidents, by faculty and student body representatives in certain of our Institutions of Higher Learning. Several Ways and Means members say "It amounts to this -- They want the state to provide funds to be used at faculty and student direction. Where does the State Board of Higher Education enter the picture?"

Letter to Editor

Dear Editor;

We women of the Sandy Volunteer Fire Department Auxiliary wish to express our thanks to all those who so generously gave support to our recent project.

The proceeds from our Country Store went towards the purchase of a resuscitator head, which has been purchased and installed in the ambulance.

All who wish to examine it are cordially invited to view it at their convenience.

Since we still have remaining merchandise from our sale and our treasury is at an all time low, we will continue the sale.

Thanks again for your generous support.

The Sandy Volunteer Fire Department Auxiliary

***** CORRECTION *****

A letter in last week's Post erroneously gave the name of the chairman of the Cottrell Community Club dinner as Betty Brooks. Correct name of the chairman is Betty Stone.

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Obituaries

Francis Mainey

Francis A. Mainey, 73, of 60 Depot St., Fairview, died in a Portland Hospital April 3 after a short illness.

He was born in Belvue, Kan. and lived in Nebraska until 1942 where he farmed.

In 1942 he moved to Sandy where he worked for the City of Sandy as a maintenance man. In 1959 he moved to Fairview where he has lived since and has worked for the City of Fairview. He was a Veteran of WWI.

He is survived by his wife, Helen; his brothers, John of Kansas City, Mo.; James of Oklahoma City; William, Topeka, Kan.; Sisters, Alice Allan, St. Mary's Ka.; Marie Hodson, Arlington, Tex.; Margaret Gray, Kansas City, Mo.; Cordelia Martino, Long Island, N.Y.; Dorothy Seiben, Topeka, Kan.; and Josephine Speer of Denver, Colo.

Funeral services were held Tuesday at Bateman Funeral Chapel with vault interment at Willamette National Cemetery.

Mike Petricevic

Mike Petricevic, 83, of Rt. 1, Box 55, Boring, died Monday at Gresham General Hospital after a long illness.

He was born in Yugoslavia and came to Portland in 1907 where he operated a grocery. He moved to the Boring area in 1928 where he had since operated a farm.

Surviving are his wife, Helen, three daughters, Josephine Abernathy, Gresham; Helen Rubish, Boring; and Catherine Petricevic, Boring. A nephew, Tony Petricevic and a niece, Mary Masic live in Portland. There are six grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Rosary will be recited Friday at 7:30 p.m. at Hennessey, Goetsch and McGee Chapel in Portland. Funeral services will be Saturday noon at St. Mary's Cathedral in Portland. Vault interment will be at Mt. Calvary cemetery.

The family requests that remembrances be made by donation to Devers Memorial Eye Clinic, Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland.