

# THE Sandy Post



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Sandy Post, Sandy, Oregon

August 28, 1969

## Three-Day Holidays

Three-day holidays, such as that now coming up, will become a reality in a couple of years. Oregon is among those states which have ratified the plan.

To a lot of people, a three-day holiday sounds great. Service stations, motels, restaurants etc. can hardly contain their enthusiasm.

For others, though, it's going to be a mixed blessing, if that.

In the weekly newspaper business, for instance, we'll have 20 per cent of our available time for that particular week's paper lopped off, never to be regained.

A lot of people can just delay Monday's work until Tuesday; others

can't. Unfortunately, our business in one of those which can't.

Other businesses which must keep operating—not everyone can head for the hills when they like—will suffer in terms of overtime for Monday work.

Finally, we still dislike the idea of shuffling holidays around to create more time for week-end wanderers. We think the 4th of July, for instance belongs on that date, not on July 7 or 2 or whatever.

Obviously, though, we're in the minority. We just hope that the significance of these holidays isn't being forgotten in the drive for more and more fun.

## Realistic Tax Bases Make Sense

Depending upon the fine print, we think current efforts to get new tax bases for Oregon's school districts make good sense.

A number of districts currently are operating with tax bases which are badly outdated. Others, including several school districts right in our own area, don't have a tax base at all.

The idea behind present efforts is to adopt a new, up-to-date base for all districts. It would for instance, be predicated on the 1969-70 or 1970-71 budgets. If sufficient signatures can be obtained on an initiative, the voters would vote next fall to establish the new tax bases.

Along with the new bases, however, we think there should be some reasonable limitation on the number of budget votes allowed each year. Further, perhaps there should be a new look at the annual increase...i.e., should it be 5 per cent per annum instead of the present 6 per cent?

Both these features, of course, were included in the sales-tax package rejected by the voters last spring. It was unfortunate that they were appended to the unpalatable sales tax.

Nevertheless, we think that every encouragement should be given these efforts to amend tax bases.

## Hooray for the Quinault Tribe

We couldn't agree more with the Quinault Indian tribe for its action in shutting off public access to 25 miles of Pacific Ocean beaches.

The tribe took the action because of years and years of abuse of the beaches by non-Indians.

We hope the Quinaults make it stick. Perhaps some senseless people might thus be shocked into behaving like adults, instead of idiots.

We have driven along freeways and watched people throw everything from beer bottles to baby diapers out of their cars. Not too long ago, we ran out

of gas along a freeway and had to walk about a half-mile. We were flabbergasted at the debris along the roadside.

Go out into the woods anywhere and you'll find litterbugs have been there before you. Not long ago we ate lunch alongside an isolated mountain stream. Only someone had been there before and left a batch of Coca-Cola cans.

Anti-litter laws are hard to enforce; it's difficult to catch the culprits in the act. That is why some forthright action, like that taken by the Quinaults, just might do a lot of good.

## The Governor and the Fair

Gov. McCall may have his problems with reluctant legislators but he most assuredly doesn't when he's out among the folks.

Case in point was opening of the Oregon State Fair last weekend when the governor and Mrs. McCall went up in a balloon to cut a ribbon opening the new Agriculture building.

They didn't go very high, maybe 15 feet, and were securely held to the

ground with ropes, but nevertheless, it was an excellent stunt. And the governor and his very attractive wife did the job superbly.

McCall has a way with the people that wins votes. He got a rousing hand for the balloon bit and continued to make points the rest of the day at the Fair. It was a fine display of good, old-time political showmanship.

## Munching From the Federal Pie

Several political campaigns of late—notably that of Bob Packwood against Wayne Morse last fall—made much of the supposed blackout of federal funds in Oregon.

Now, the Vancouver Columbian has come up with some figures from the Congressional Quarterly which paint a vastly different picture.

Excluding defense contracts, Oregon ranked 20th among the 50 states in 1967 in federal aid received per capita, considerably ahead of such states as Washington and California.

We got \$144 per capita, Washington \$129 and California \$131.

Aha, you say, that excludes federal spending and that's where all the loot comes.

Not so. Listen to what the Columbian had to say:

"Grants in aid may be a more reliable indication of federal largess than defense spending. Defense dollars are paid (in theory) for services rendered—a dollar's pay for a dollar's work. Grants in aid are the real federal gravy. They are the true gifts—handouts—from the federal government to the states and their citizens."

The Columbian goes on to say it has no idea how much Wayne Morse had to do with these federal grants. But it infers that Morse took a bum rap when blamed for how "poorly" Oregon was doing at the federal larder.

We couldn't agree more.

## AS I SEE IT

BY BOB KAYE



On the morning of May 17, 1915, we were all sitting down to breakfast when my Dad announced that he had had a dream last night that he wanted to tell us about. Our home was on a ranch in the mountains of southern Colorado. My parents were English and I had an older brother and three sisters. I was twelve years old and since this was long before the days of radio or television the dramatic impact of Dad's story on my mind was greater than it probably would be on a child of today.

I can still remember the astonishment I felt that my father would mention a dream of his. My mother often talked about her dreams which often had a wonderful happy quality and which she could remember unusually well. My Dad claimed that he never dreamed and, in any case, he was not one who would be apt to consider a dream as worth mentioning. Thus we were agog to hear his story.

In his dream he found himself floating over a large ship in the open ocean. He was high enough to have a good birdseye view of both ship and the surrounding water yet low enough to see details clearly. He had the impression that the ship was sailing from England to America. For some time he observed the various activities taking place on the decks, the officers on the bridge, the passengers lounging or strolling around and so forth.

Dad had always loved ships and had traveled over the ocean several times so that he was familiar with and intensely interested in the scene below him. He said that this was a larger ship than any he had been on and, although he was never able to make out her name, he knew that it was a Cunard Line steamer. He clearly saw the insignia on her funnels.

Suddenly he was impelled to look out over the sea and saw what looked to be a vertical rod protruding out of the water and moving abreast of the ship some distance away. Although he had never seen a submarine he knew instantly that this was the periscope of one and that the ship was in deadly danger. A moment later he saw streaks of foam moving rapidly toward the unsuspecting vessel from the direction of the periscope. The people on board had observed nothing. In the dream, Dad tried desperately to shout a warning to the ship but was powerless to do anything.

This feeling of helplessness was the worst part of what turned into a nightmare. There followed a tremendous explosion on the side of the ship and an awful time of confusion and panic. Ship's officers tried hard to gain some sort of order, but people kept pouring up on deck from below, milling around and screaming. Dad could clearly hear the shouts and tumult, even the orders being issued to abandon ship. A number of boats were finally lowered but many got fouled up in the davits and others were swamped.

Meanwhile Dad noticed that the submarine had surfaced and was cruising leisurely around the stricken vessel but keeping at a good distance away. The ship had been listing more and more. Finally it plunged down bow first. This was followed by a huge underwater explosion which left the surface covered by floating debris and many people struggling in the water. At this moment, Dad awoke in a state of dazed shock. He got up and happened to look at the clock. It was about 2:30 a.m.

We did not make the trip into town from the ranch more often than once every week or ten days. That trip took all of a day. Thus it was several days before we first learned of the sinking of the Lusitania by a

German submarine. The accounts given by the survivors of this disaster were exactly consistent with what Dad had seen in his dream. After allowing for the time zone difference between the location of the sinking and our ranch in Colorado, we found that the dream occurred simultaneously with the event.

I cite this story as a good example of a clairvoyant dream occurring concurrently with the event. Later, I will describe this type of dream that will deal with a future events that have not yet occurred and past events that were unknown to the dreamer. Clairvoyant dreams are not too uncommon although seldom as spectacular as the one described here. They may be recognized as having a very different quality from ordinary dreams, being more vivid and consistent for one thing. They tend to lead the dreamer to a conviction that they have some sort of reality and significance. They are usually remembered for a considerable time afterward.

It is seldom that the reality of a dream is so dramatically confirmed as in this case. Often the dreamer never learns about the event of which he dreamed so that although he recognizes that the dream was unusual, he is left in doubt as to what it may have meant. So far as I know, this was the only instance of this kind of dream that could be clearly identified in my immediate family.

New Jersey, Michigan and Maine are the principal producers of blueberries. More than 75 million pounds are sold each year.



MAMMOTH DAHLIA, displayed by Harvey Kubitz, was grown by his mother Mrs. Barbara Kubitz, Sandy. Bloom measuring over a foot across is supported by trunk-like stem nearly three-fourths of an inch in diameter.

(post photo)

## Electronic Specialty Gets Contract

International Controls Corp., (recently consolidated with Electronic Specialty) has been awarded a contract in excess of \$2 million.

It is to produce pivot fitting assemblies for jet airliners made by Lockheed-Georgia Company of Marietta, Ga.

The local division is one of the largest metal machining facilities of its kind for the production of wing flap tracks, cargo handling systems, pilot control systems and land gear parts and assemblies for commercial and military aircraft.

CHECK THE CLASSIFIEDS

## Short Local

Mr. and Mrs. George Holman of Bloomington, Calif., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Errett Moore of Sandy.

Mr. Holman is Mrs. Moore's uncle.

## SANDY BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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