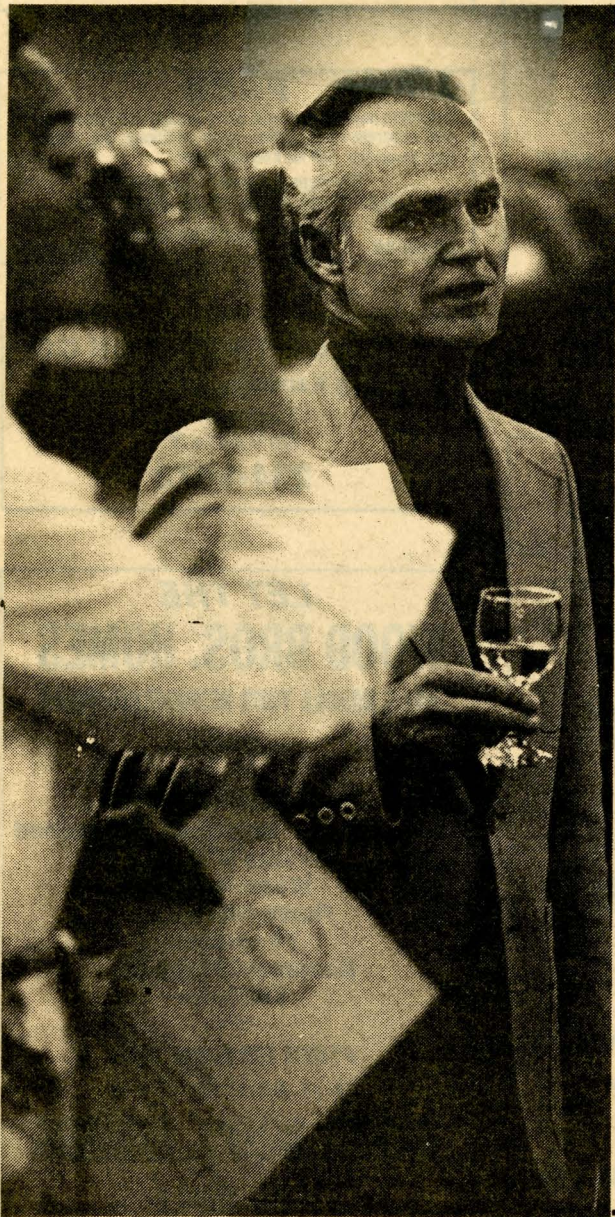


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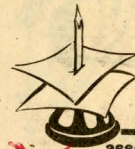


Parade is over but not the party

Civic leader Duane Pearsall is among those honored at a wine reception Sunday for helping stage Lakewood on Parade, the community celebration. The party took place at the Jefferson Bank and Trust Co., W. Colfax Ave. and Wadsworth Blvd.

Sentinel

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editor's spindle

assorted intelligence from sentinel staffers

The good guys hat

Like a wedding, there was something old, something new, something borrowed but nothing blue about John Van Gorden's triumphal reign as grand marshal of the parade during the Lakewood on Parade event Saturday morning.

The 87-year-old Jefferson County dairy farmer was new to his duties as the leading dignitary in the parade. But he took well to a white felt Stetson loaned to him by last year's marshal in the Centennial-Bicentennial parade, Duane Pearsall.

As the parade caravan was loading up, Pearsall approached Van Gorden to offer the cowboy hat that he had worn in Lakewood's last parade.

It was a size 7½, which turned out to be the same size Van Gorden wears.

As Van Gorden happily settled the snappy hat on his head in preparation for his ride in the convertible down W. Alameda Ave., Pearsall noted that the Stetson could become a tradition to be passed on each year to the parade marshal.

Jean Saum



publisher's position by Dick Hilker

Clem's contributions can't be measured

In writing about Clem I'm compelled to start by briefly recounting his record in the Army Air Force.

War stories usually are overdone. But in Clem's case, his experience in World War II greatly shaped his life.

The fatal number for Lloyd G. Clements almost came up several times. Somehow, he made sure the deck was reshuffled.

As a B-29 turret gunner in the 8th Air Force in Europe, Clem had his plane shot out from under him three times. Once, he crashed behind enemy lines and suffered a broken back. Another time, he parachuted into the English Channel and virtually was given up for dead.

He escaped from the war with his life, an Air Medal, three Oak Leaf Clusters, a Purple Heart — and a great philosophy for life.

"I guess I came about as close to death as anyone could," he said. "Laying there in a hospital bed I vowed that if I pulled through I'd live each day to the fullest and that I'd accomplish the very most I could each day. That's the reason I am the way I am."

In 1946, Clem and his wife, Hazel set up housekeeping on W. Kentucky Ave. in Lakewood and he joined Public Service Co. At that time, Lakewood was little more than some farm houses and small subdivisions scattered among the fruit orchards and farmland.

With Clem around, Public Service never had an energy shortage. He quickly moved up the management ladder and since his job required only 10-12 hours of the 24 in each day, he filled in the rest of the time with a few dozen various community and civic projects.

The system was very simple: Clem never said "no" to a worthy cause and no one ever said "no" to Clem.

"Let's get with the program," he commanded. And we did.

In the 31 years since 1946, Clem's total impact on his community and his co-workers is impossible to measure. I suppose you can total up the number of dollars raised, new members signed and projects completed.

But in the human sense, what yardstick can we place on Clem's leadership, friendship and counsel?

Last September, the Sentinel decided to foster the development of an annual celebration for Lakewood. Clem, fresh from serving as president of the Chamber, had only a couple of dozen other projects on his calendar at the time. Thus, he was the only person to be considered as the first president of Lakewood On Parade.

Unfortunately, Clem won't be around to see his pageant become reality this September. He suffered a massive heart attack Saturday afternoon at his home. This time death wouldn't be cheated.

Some 600 of the people whose lives Clem has touched were at the funeral Tuesday morning at the Lakewood Methodist Church.

The members of the immediate family lost a husband, father, grandfather and brother.

The rest of us lost our best friend.