

No Spirit Left

Many, many years ago a child was born in the town of Bethlehem who was to one day minister unto the needs of his fellow man. This Christ Child carried with him throughout his life the motto, "Do Unto Others What You Would Have Them Do Unto You."

This spirit is seemingly running throughout our community during this festive season of Christmas, commemorating the birth of that child. There is, however, a set of individuals or one individual in our tranquil city who has forgotten the basis of Christmas.

These persons, or person, have forgotten the spirit of "Do Good To All" and in a foul mismanagement of their mind, slinked through the night, stealthily felched two sets of outdoor Christmas lights from one of the local displays, and crawled through the darkness into oblivion.

The display was set up to add to the beauty of our town and as a memorial to one who devoted His life to what our country was founded on, freedom for all. It was an attractive display with lights adorning two beautiful pine trees, planted for the purpose of decorating our town.

Would it be too unreasonable for those persons, or that person, to steal through the night once again and replace those ornaments through the goodness of their hearts, with no questions asked?

Your editor wishes especially these thoughtless individuals a very Merry Christmas.

Cheer In Safety

A professor of history at the state college of Washington recently made it quite plain to his students to be more than careful and obey all traffic signs while driving during the Christmas vacation period.

He wrote in large letters on the blackboard, "Please drive carefully—I will need a job after Christmas."

Statistics of the national death rate issued after each holiday weekend leads one to believe there is no place like home. All of us wish we could beat the Jones on living standards, but do we have to follow them on the highway? A little more caution and less speed will get you there safer and in one piece.

Give the kids and relatives a break this year and give them the best Christmas present yet, by driving safely and avoiding liquor and gasoline mixture. Save the speeding for the daredevils.

Don't forget, more people were killed on the highways last year than died on the fields of battle during the two World Wars. Use discretion, follow the law, and make this the best Christmas you ever had.

We, the entire staff of The Enterprise, wish all of you a very Merry Christmas!

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Ibsen, Shmibsen, She Said; Confide With Me Everything

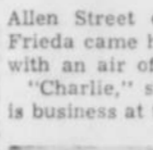
By BILLY ROSE

I recently read a magazine piece entitled, "What's Wrong with Modern Marriage," in which the author opined that the divorce rate would drop like an over-ripe apple if the average wife showed more interest in her husband's business and hobbies.

Well, maybe so, but you can't prove it by my Uncle Charlie and my Aunt Frieda. . . .

Charlie and Frieda are a couple of oldsters who have been living in a four-room flat on the East Side almost as long as magazines have been printing articles entitled, "What's Wrong with Modern Marriage." Ever since their nuptials, they've had at least one argument a day, and when they stop scrapping that's when I'll start worrying about them.

I remember an evening back in the days when I was knee-high to the



Billy Rose

Allen Street curbstone when Aunt Frieda came home from the movies with an air of unwavering nobility.

"Charlie," she said tensely, "how is business at the shop, good, bad or fair to the middle?"

"Eh - peh," answered my uncle.

"Eh - peh," I hasten to translate, means that things being what they are, if a man breaks even he can consider himself a runaway success.)

"Eh-peh" is no answer," said Frieda. "I am sick of living in a doll's house."

"I see," said Charlie. "Tonight in the nickelodeon was showing Nazimova in 'A Doll's House' by Hymie Ibsen."

"Ibsen, Shmibsen," said Frieda. "You can't push me out of your life. Confide in me everything, come thick or thin."

"This I'll confide," said Charlie. "When I come home from the shop I'm tired out like a dog. Bad enough I live through the day without it should repeat on me like radishes."

However, with my Aunt Frieda, like Columbus, there was no turning back. She kept picking away until Charlie itemized the day's doings—everything from punch-in to punch-out.

BUT THAT WAS only the beginning. The payoff came a few weeks later when Charlie was fixing to attend his weekly pinochle session.

"I want you should teach me how to play," said Frieda.

"Pinochle!" said Charlie. "Always you are saying pinochle is for loafers and no-goods."

"I ain't saying different," said Frieda, but pinochle is your passion and I don't want it should take my place in your life."

Now, my uncle was a broad-minded man. When women began to bob their hair, his comment was, "They want to ventilate their necks, so let them." But pinochle—well, that was another matter. Nevertheless, he knew better than to talk his wife outright and, as he explained the game to Frieda, all the while thinking bitterly of the

coffeeshop session he was missing, a plot began to hatch in his head.

Next evening he was home early with a bag of wool and knitting needles. "Frieda," he said, "how you make a cable stitch?"

Half an hour later he was in the kitchen tasting the soup. "It needs a pinch paprika," he said.

"You're giving me point-outs how to make soup?"

"Who's teaching? A woman cooks and shops, a husband should similar cook and shop. How much you pay for cabbage?"

"Five cents a head."

"At Fuzarri's on Avenue A, is four cents."

FRIEDA DROPPED a handful of cutlery in the sink. "Fuzarri's is six blocks away."

"So what? The exercise will do you good."

That Saturday night, Charlie persuaded a couple of his cronies to come over for a pinochle session and put up with his wife's playing. At 12 o'clock Frieda said, "I can't keep my eyes apart. Maybe you could play three-handed."

"What kind pinochle player stops so early?" said Charlie.

"Deal!" And at 3 a.m., Frieda was dealing them as if they were bricks.

Sunday, Charlie put on his best tie. "Today I go with you to see Theda Bara," he said.

"Is not necessary to go with," said Frieda. "I got a date with the ladies."

"Where you go, I go," said Charlie.

Frieda, afraid Charlie would laugh at Theda's amatory exercises and humiliate her in front of her friends, pulled down the flag.

"Marriage is not simple a ball and chain," she said. "You go your way and I'll go to Loew's."

Charlie moved in for the kill.

"No more schmoose about the shop?"

"If no more cable stitches."

"No more pinochle?"

"If no more tasting the soup."

"You got an agreement," said my uncle.

And they've been fighting happily ever since.

One of the largest 4-H groups in the county met at the Fox Valley school house with some 80 children enrolled. Mrs. Leora Stevens, principal of the local grade school was General Assembly leader; Mrs. Bea Hiatt, general chairman, Laura Karr, president; Cecil Bassett, secretary; Donna Peabody, song leader; and Carroll Kulkun, news reporter.

Eight divisions were organized with following leaders and officers elected: Cooking 1: Mrs. Elsie Lanle, leader; Joyce Jones, president; Norma Bentley, vice president; Sandra Knox, secretary; Lavern Wright, song leader; and Carolyn Helemin, news reporter. Cooking 2: Mrs. Eleanor Smith, leader; Donna Peabody, president; Shirley Mohler, vice president; Joan Turnidge, secretary; Pauline Bridges, song leader; Shirley Wagner, news reporter. Woodworking: Paul Johnston, leader; Deo Bridges, president; Dracy Dark, vice president; Martin Stewart, secretary; James Courtney, song leader; Jack Jones, news reporter. Forestry: Cora Pritchard, leader; Dean Mans-

veld, president; Richard Baltzer, vice president; Cecil Bassett, secretary; Durwood Dark, song leader; Dennis Wagner, news reporter.

In the Sewing 1 division with Moore, president; Patricia Riley, vice president; Doris Courtney, secretary; Joan Trahan, song leader; Sharon Hickman, news reporter. Sewing 2: Mrs. Alice Huber, leader; Darlene Billington, president; Marjorie Pritchard, vice president; Gloria Carr, song leader; Deloris Boatman, news reporter. Sewing 3 and 4: Mrs. Betty Johnston, leader; Carroll Kulkun, president; Lois Roberts, vice president; Pauline Scieweck, secretary; Lucille Williams, song leader; and Shirley Johnston, news reporter.

Out of the Woods

By JIM STEVENS

(This article is taken from a publicity release from the Washington state forest service.)

As one of a Washington-Oregon division (the 41st) that was on duty in various parts of forested France for 14 months I did a heap of wondering on the laws that regulated the French forest land owner's use of his trees. The wonder grew acute around December 1, 1918, when the Christmas tree question came up.

By that time we all knew better than to make forays to the woods to pick, cut and fetch any Christmas trees of our own without troubling the owner for permission. Our officers had drilled into us the grim fact that the like of that was a crime in France, and therefore a court-martial offense for an soldier in Uncle Sam's A. E. F.

No great issue was raised about the Christmas tree question in the 162nd Infantry area. I don't recall much about it, except that there were Christmas trees in billets here and there. They were bootlegged behind the backs of the gendarmes and the military authorities, or purloined off the land by honest Christian American soldiers. All hands considered it a right and proper thing.

At home we'd been used to going out after our own trees at Christmas time, taking them at will, asking no questions, paying no price. It was an ancient American custom. We had a special set of morals for the woods. We were amazed that these morals horrified the French.

Most Americans still stand on the right to drive out and cut and take young trees off anybody's land without seeking the owners permission—just so long as it is for one's own Christmas tree use and not to sell trees for profit.

The right is recognized by law officers and the courts. Forestry officials—federal, state and private—bow to it. Thus the state forester of Washington is quoted by the press:

"We're not so worried about the individual who goes out and cuts down a tree in state-owned land and then puts it up in his home. We're trying to catch the fellow who goes out and cuts down hundreds of Christmas trees to sell at profitable prices."

In Oregon two logging companies are pleading with the public through display advertising to observe good forest practices, at least, in—uh—detaching Christmas trees from private lands.

"This year, if you cut your own Christmas trees," says one ad, "your cooperation with the tree farmer and the land owner will mean trees for trees haphazardly (hooking 'em on

the sly, that is) on tree farms can do irreparable damage to your children's future. Every Christmas tree cut without plan from a tree farm must be replaced, for tree farming means keeping private forest lands in full growth. Be sure you have the land owner's permission before you cut a Christmas tree." Pretty please.

Time To Go French
Apologetic pleading for forest fire prevention is also the only means we have to use with the public on the problem of widespread violations of the laws on disposal of "lighted materials" in the woods.

The French—and the Swedes, the Finns and other Europeans—grew out of that primitive disregard of the laws long ago. To a citizen of any of those countries the man who carelessly tosses a lighted cigarette out of a car window into a tinder-dry forest is no better than the man who walks down a street and throws a lighted cigarette into the open window of a home.

And there's the person who goes out and whacks down his own Christmas tree on another's land is looked on as one no different from the miscreant who steals from his neighbor's home a potted lily at Easter time.

In the way of forest law observance we might well begin to follow the French.

RAIN AID POWER OUTPUT

Heavy rains over northwest Oregon, western Washington and western British Columbia filled power reservoirs on many major hydro streams in the Pacific Northwest, reports Bonneville Power Administration in summarizing power conditions for the week ending December 2. Greatest precipitation east of the Cascades was reported in the Upper Columbia and Kootenai drainages with snow above 5000 feet elevation.

Flow of the Columbia at Bonneville dam reached a new high for the present winter season with 117,000 cubic feet per second compared to 89,300 second feet last week and an average flow of 76,000 for this time of the year. Grand Coulee dam reported only a small increase in river flow to 43,000 second feet compared to an average flow of 44,200.

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