

To Those Who Receive Mail

The residents of the canyon with post office boxes or on R.F.D. routes received in the mails this week one of the most important messages of Canyon history.

"INFANTILE PARALYSIS THREATENS OUR CHILDREN IN EVERY PLAYGROUND—IN EVERY SCHOOLROOM—IN EVERY HOME."

"IT STRIKES QUICKLY, WITHOUT WARNING, AND WITH OUT MERCY, LEAVING CHILDREN UNABLE TO WALK . . . UNABLE TO HOPE UNLESS YOU HELP."

This message in many cases got no farther than the post office waste basket. This writer would be the first to promote bigger and better waste baskets for much of the "Boxholder" material.

However every so often something of real importance comes through. It has arrived. The appeal to JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES. Most of the readers are aware of the very urgent need of the polio drive at this time. Every dime will help.

Suppose we stop and consider for a moment. If your youngster were stricken tomorrow would you be able to afford the care that would cost so many hundreds of dollars? Would you want your child to be crippled for the rest of his life?

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis stands ready to care and help in every emergency. No longer is it a matter of affording the cost. With the emergency fund at an all time low the call to give that they may live must not pass us by.

Out of the Woods

By JIM STEVENS

Sentimental Journey

In a pack of old letters I've been backtracking on a trip taken in the fall of 1926 to the east coast. It was my first journey out of the woods after the little war. My main hope was to get away from it all. New York, Philadelphia, old country, scenes and things new to me, fresh interests to look into and write about—I looked forward to the like of this.

Well, the first writing chore I tried in New York was about longshoring nigh the Battery, along Pearl Street, and from there to Brooklyn. Out to gather material, in no time at all I smelled Douglas fir lumber. And my story turned out to be an account of the handling of lumber cargoes in the shadows of the skyscrapers. The editor of the New York Times Sunday magazine was pleased to buy the piece, even though by my looks and gab I was plainly fresh and raw from the sticks farthest west.

Then on Seventh avenue I ran into an amazing sight of a great city's traffic rolling and walking on wood from our trees. A subway was building, and Douglas fir timbers supported the street while the digging and concrete pouring went on. I was mighty homesick by this time. I climbed on a pile of fir and just sat there for an hour, feeling it and smelling it. I was at home in Manhattan.

Lumber Promotion Man

Later I found my way into the offices of the New York Lumber Trade Association, seeking information on how Douglas fir timbers got themselves mixed up with the subways of the big town. Here is a quote from a letter I wrote after a two-hour talk with Bert Coho, then secretary of the New York association—a letter dated October 5, 1926.

"I've got a bear of a yarn—Subway Extra! All about longleaf pine being booted out of New York subway construction by Douglas fir! Bert Coho has given me all the details on the work done by Chester J. Hogue in

this triumph. If Hogue could have all the words of admiration for him spoken by Coho, he would have blushed until his hair caught on fire. Summing up, 'Hogue saved the Douglas fir market in New York,' said Coho."

This part of it was no story for a magazine or newspaper, of course—on this the thing was to bring in the Douglas fir loggers and contrast them with the New York sandhogs. Chester Hogue's work had been steady, persistent plugging with engineers, architects and other important lumber users and specifiers, until he had convinced them on the case he had to present for Douglas fir in competition with other woods.

Chester Hogue was a peerless timber engineer, and he was an able lumber promotion man because he inspired trust in his knowledge and his integrity. What he said about lumber was believed. He represented a lumber trade association, he was simply a salaried man, like many another who has done vital work of this kind for the lumber industry.

The Biggest Job . . .

Other lumber promotion men have succeeded Chester Hogue, and the big job goes on. One needs to visit the Brooklyn, Boston and Baltimore lumber terminals to visualize the industry's mighty markets, or to attend a few of the 20 regional retail lumber trade association conventions that will be held in January and February.

At the conventions not only the extent and importance of West Coast lumber's markets are made apparent, but the competition that is faced by our region's No. 1 source of income and payrolls is seen. The competition is truly terrific, and it grows by leaps and bounds.

And, right in there with it are the promotion men of West Coast lumber, leaping and bounding too, and keeping up with the competition's best. It is tough going. Nobody is around to applaud. Lumber promotion remains the industry's biggest and hardest job.

Don't Borrow — Subscribe!

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Hope Diamond—Not a Jinx Gem But a Marble Carrying a Hex

By BILLY ROSE

The members of the gang squatted in a small circle on a patch of green a block away from the subway station at 242nd street. Their eyes were in fixed focus on a shiny object at their feet—the Hope Diamond . . .

Let me end the suspense here and now by announcing that the gang was made up of boys who had gotten together to decide the marble championship of the Upper Bronx, and that the shiny object at their feet was not the unlucky stone of great price you've been reading about for years, but a legendary agate known to small fry from the Triborough Bridge to Spuyten Duyvil as the Hope Diamond shooter.

Now, a shooter, or "real," as the aficionados call it, looks a lot like an ordinary marble, but any kid who knows a heist-shot from a knuckle-down can tell you the difference. The shooter is heavier, truer, more cunningly fashioned than the ordinary immie, and, even more important, there exists between it and the thumb and forefinger of its owner a spiritual affinity which makes it more precious to him than all the other marbles he owns. When a player loses in a "for-keeps" game, he pays off with common, earth-bound miggles—he would no more think of parting with his shooter than a good family man would with his life insurance.



Billy Rose

Eleven of the players regarded it with awe and distrust, but the twelfth—a dark horse from the swanky Riverdale section—was not impressed. He picked it up, tried a test shot, and said, "If nobody wants the Diamond, I'll use it."

Now, it figures that by this time you're bustin' to know something about the owner of the Hope Diamond shooter, and how the fabled marble happened to wind up at the feet of a bunch of kids on the day of the big tournament. Well, for you to get the complete picture, it is necessary for me to sketch in some of the background of the shooter—a story which, I might add, in many respects, parallels the history of its super-jinxed namesake.

As the fen-everything set recalls it, the Hope Diamond was first brought to the Bronx by a player who originally hailed from Chepachet, Rhode Island. After a series of backyard triumphs, he won the right to participate in a semi-final, but the morning of the contest one of the ball-bearings in his skates got stuck and, in the header which followed, his shooting finger was so badly bruised that he had to withdraw.

Then, for a while, the malevolent marble was owned by Irv Sondergaard, but shortly after he acquired it, the boy developed a game leg and was forever barred by his doctor from kneeling on the damp earth.

Finally, Whitey Wiczoczki, reputed to have the most skillful thumb north of the Harlem river, latched on to the shooter, but two days before the big tournament, the jinx caught up with him and he broke a couple of ribs falling off the back of an ice truck.

The easiest thing, of course, would have been to throw away the hex-heavy shooter but, as you know, the ways of men and urchins under the spell of superstition are hard to explain. Harry Winston's Hope Diamond, too, is supposed to carry

a curse with it, but as you may have noticed, Harry hasn't thrown it away either.

AND SO, five minutes before the contest, Charlie Hersch, Whitey's closest friend, dropped the Hope Diamond shooter in front of the contestants with the dire words, "Wiczoczki says anybody wants it kin have it, only he oughta make sure his family kin afford the doctor bills."

Well, for most of the contest it looked as if the rich kid was a cinch to win. Not only did the Diamond connect with everything it went after, but it seemed to hex the other shooters that attempted to hit it. Inspired and made confident by its performance, the kid from Riverdale sighted long and carefully, considered the topography of the ground and, when the situation called for extreme measures, even shot from the stomach position.

However, as the match entered the tenth and final round, a station wagon pulled up and a hefty Swede of a nursemaid got out.

"Ja-ackie," she shouted. "Dinner's almost ready and look at your clothes. You're a sight!"

"Wait a minute," said the kid, squinting at a marble four feet away.

"Albert!" yelled the nursemaid. A chauffeur with big shoulders got out and walked toward the circle. Jackie dropped the Hope Diamond in disgust, said "Aw, nuts!" and climbed into the station wagon. And, as it drove away, the blood-shot eye of the blue shooter seemed to wink at the other players.

Hymie Michernick picked it up. "This is the last time it's going to put the squitch on anybody," he said, and threw it as far as he could.

Now, if the Hope Diamond had been an ordinary shooter, the story would end here. But, as I have gone to some pains to make clear, it was not. Propelled by the Michernick muscles, the little ball of fire sailed through the air for 50 feet, bounced off a tin can onto the sidewalk, and was picked up an hour later by an intern on his way to the hospital.

"I know someone who'll get a real kick out of this," he said, handing the Hope Diamond shooter to one of the nurses. "Will you give this marble to the patient in room 218. Whitey Wiczoczki—the little boy who broke his ribs."



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Why Scoop No Longer Works Here

Scoop Blake paid us a friendly call at the Clarion's office last week and we were talking about when he was a reporter here.

"Remember how mad I got when I found out you were writing that election story right from your desk?" I asked him. "And how I made you get out and learn what a sheriff's job was all about?"

"I sure do, Joe," said Scoop. "I want to thank you for teaching me the 'hat-trick'—putting on my hat and finding out the facts, that is." Then we both had a good laugh because he found out so much that

darn if he didn't run and get elected sheriff himself!

From where I sit, we should find out the facts before we try to talk about anything. When we do, we're inclined to be more tolerant... we're apt to understand a little more about the other fellow's preference for, say, his political candidate or for a temperate glass of beer now and then. I say, if you don't want to get tripped up, don't leap to conclusions!

Joe Marsh

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MILL CITY

At the regular Monday meeting of the Santiam Lions Club, the members of the auxiliary prepared and served a potluck dinner. Mrs. Jack Colburn was general chairman. Over thirty attended.

Ray Yankus celebrated her fifth birthday with a party at her home Saturday afternoon. Games were played before the opening of many gifts. Ice cream, cake and cocoa were served. Children attending were, Kathleen Odermann, Larry and Sharyn Cribbs, Carol and Shirley Veness, Mickey and Stevie McClintock, and Norma and Elena Nelson.

Rev. and Mrs. T. Courtney, Jr. with Mr. and Mrs. J. Vaughan and Mr. Tom Shelton were in attendance at the county convention of the Church of Christ at Albany, where Rev. Courtney gave the afternoon address.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Basset were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Basset Sunday the 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Shields Remine left Wednesday on vacation for Chicago and Detroit, Michigan. They will return by way of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Goschie have been in San Francisco this past week. The Mill City Garden club will meet at the home of Mrs. Curt Cline January 26th at 8:00 pm.

Mr. Ketchum, Mill City resident, fell Monday as he was walking past

the Hill Top store. His fall resulted in a sprained wrist. He is caring for the injury at home.

The Womens Council of the First Christian church met at the home of Mrs. Joe Vaughan Wednesday for their monthly business meeting.

Mrs. Lewis Verbeck and daughter Marleen, drove to Eugene Tuesday evening to attend the concert of the Northwest Christian College choir.

MRS. VENESS TO SPEAK

Mrs. Robert Veness has been called to speak in behalf of the National Conference of Christians and Jews at Albany in the month of February.

Mrs. Veness, wife of Robert Veness, Mill City Theatre owner, will speak during National Brotherhood Week and will address the Albany P.T.A. February 13th and the Albany Senior high school assembly February 24th.

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Look, We Can Walk Again!



Not minding dancing steps, these, but joyful strides across a hospital ward. Young as they are, brothers Ignacia Jr., 5, and Norman Fuentes, 3, must learn to walk for the second time, after both were stricken by polio. Thousands of children were aided toward recovery by National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Contributions to the 1950 March of Dimes campaign, January 15-31, are necessary to keep on helping polio victims.

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