



Do Standards Change?

We have in our State and Federal government a department called the Bureau of Weights and Standards. It is this bureau that keeps a constant check to be sure that a pound or a gallon is actually what it is represented to be. That is, they have a standard established to be correct and all other weights and measures must meet their value or be declared wrong.

There are also certain moral standards, established in the thinking of the average American. While these moral standards are not under the surveillance of the government there are few people indeed who do not know right from wrong. However, individuals who are most insistent upon receiving an exact measure in the commercial world are sometimes lax with their moral standards.

It is not unusual to hear suggestions today that the people of this canyon should forget established standards until the "boom" is over. They continue to suggest that the canyon area should be thrown wide open to all forms of vice.

Because most people realize the inconsistency of such logic it presents no great problem. However it is the co-worker of such thinkers who, though dressed in different costume to be sure, do present a hazard to the canyon. These are the people who in normal times would not think of profiteering, who would not think of driving industry out of the canyon, who would not wish to make the practice of fighting against better educational facilities. These are the people who have lost conscience, who have refused to examine the future, who wish temporarily to remove the standards. They have done so when property prices have been pushed out of reason in hopes of making a quick fortune.

This is not the first time that this editorial column has been dedicated to this subject nor shall it be the last. It seems that it should be obvious that if it is ever wrong to take unfair advantage of our fellow men it is always wrong. There is no substitute or postponement of righteousness. Right is right and it has always been so. Should the efforts of this paper leave these "standard changers" cold, and should the persuasion of their fellow citizens be of no affect, may destiny deal with these unscrupulous who refuse to make contribution to their fellow men.

Not Guilty

The news wires bring the story today that the federal court has found the United Mine Workers, not guilty, in the charge of contempt. That was not surprising, since there was little question as to their guilt in the first place in as much as Lewis had ordered the men back to work.

However, with the nation's coal bins dwindling into a critical stage speculators today wondered if the "not guilty" verdict would encourage the miners to return to the pits.

Marquis Childs, liberal columnist and recent speaker at Oregon's press conference, stated:

"The demands that Lewis has been able to enforce because of his monopolistic hold have created a distortion with serious implications for the whole economy. It has contributed to price rises that have steadily pushed up the whole price level. As a result many Americans—in agriculture and outside the unionized industries are—being priced out of the market . . ."

Should enough people be pushed out of the market by price limitations it would of course have an immediate effect on consumer demand. Already many large industrialists have ordered conversion to other types of power. Should this happen on a wide enough scale, the pensions, wage increases, and improved working conditions would after all be of little advantage to the needy miners.

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It must be remembered that the mine owners are organized in as strong a body as the miners and they must be ready to accept responsibility along with the miners at any hardship that is being enforced on the nation and its economy. It is a question whether or not that the time has arrived when it behooves the nation to take over complete and permanent ownership of the mines, perhaps neither side can be expected to give in to the other. Coal is a natural resource that belongs to the entire nation and as such we have a right to show our interest when suffering cannot be avoided.

Any group in any field which makes demands without respect to the nation is undermining their own future.

MEHAMA

BY JEAN ROBERTS

Despite the rain and rising water a number of ladies attended Ladies Aid Friday in the church basement and watched a demonstration given by Mrs. Kau of Salem, of embroidery on a sewing machine. Without the aid of any attachment she embroidered, made lace, and nembstiched on an ordinary sewing machine. Every one at the meeting was thoroughly impressed by the beauty and simplicity of her work. Following the meeting dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. Luther Stout and Mrs. Reed White.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Johnson who have lived in Mehama for many years have sold their property to Mr. and

Mrs. Art Andersen of Lyons, and plan to move soon. They spent several days last week visiting Merle and Vivian Johnson at Glendale.

A stork shower given by Mrs. Lawrence Teagan and Mrs. Ethel Moses was held at the club house last week honoring Mrs. Gilbert Wagner. Forty-six guests attended and entered into the spirit of the occasion by drawing baby pictures and describing cute tricks of childhood. Refreshments of cake, ice cream and coffee were served by the hostesses.

Farmers Union met Friday for their monthly social night. A moving picture was presented.

Mehama was well represented at the state debating tournament held at Linfield college in McMinnville last week. Entered from the Junior debating class were Leonard Smith,

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET 'Dear Old Golden Rule Days,' Help Resolve Labor Difficulty

By BILLY ROSE

The following story was passed on to me by one of the field men of the national labor relations board. I'm running it, not because I'm jumble-brained enough to think it proves anything, but because it's an interesting yarn. If you find any moral or message in it—well, remember you're strictly on your own. . . .

In December of 1947, a strike was called in a textile plant in New England, and when the picket lines first appeared everybody thought they were only part of the usual bluff and bluster that went with contract-renewal time. But as the days added up to weeks and the weeks to months, the townspeople began to worry.

The strike, as far as anyone could make out, had nothing to do with wages and working conditions, but seemed to be based on the inability of labor and management to sit at the same table without throwing four-letter words at each other. Albert Hanson, president of the textile company, had one meeting with Burt Murphy, recently elected head of the union, but after a few minutes of invective and table-thumping, both men had stomped out and from then on had refused to talk to each other except through local headlines. And when a national labor relations man had offered his services as mediator, he had been told to peddle his papers elsewhere.



Billy Rose

TO A FEW insiders, however, the animosity between Hanson and Murphy was nothing new; in fact, it had been going on since they were kids in a village 60 miles north of the mill town. They had competed for the same position on the school baseball team (Albert had gotten it), and pulled the pigtail of the same junior miss (Burt had married her). And they had continued to cat-and-dog it during the years when Hanson was fighting his way up from salesman to plant president and Murphy was organizing the workers.

One day, as the strike was going into its fourth month, the textile man got a note from old schoolteacher. "Dear Albert," it read, "I haven't seen you in almost 40 years, and I'd appreciate it if you would come by the schoolhouse at 10. Sincerely, Anne Peck."

Hanson chuckled at the precise, schoolmarmish handwriting, but he remembered the old lady kindly, and so on Saturday he got up early and drove the 60 miles to his home town.

The schoolhouse looked much as he remembered it, and so did the room inside with its neat rows of desks. But the thing that hit him right in the nostalgia was the sight of Miss Peck herself, still sitting behind her desk on the raised platform in front of the blackboard.

"It's been a long time, Albert," she said.

"Not so long as I thought," said her old pupil. "Let's see. Seems I used to sit right over there."

He walked to a desk near the window and wedged his bulk into the seat.

"That's right," said Miss Peck. "Helen Brennan used to sit in front of you and Burt Murphy had the desk on your right. Now, just excuse me until I finish correcting this paper."

FIVE MINUTES later, Burt Murphy walked in. There was a grin on his face, but when he saw the textile man he stopped smiling.

"I'm glad you got my note and could come," said Miss Peck. "Do you remember where you used to sit?"

"What's this all about?" asked the union boss. "The old lady looked at him over her glasses. 'If you'll take your seat,' she said, 'the class will begin.'"

Murphy, to humor her, sat down next to Hanson.

"Things haven't changed much, have they?" said Miss Peck pleasantly. "You're still throwing spitballs at each other, only now they hurt a lot more than they used to. Do you remember how it was with you two in the old days? Most of the time you were pretty good friends, but every now and then you'd get into an argument and make so much noise that none of the other pupils could do any work."

"And when you did, I'd just stop the class, make you stand up, and tell you to go outside and not come back until you had straightened things out. Sometimes you'd go out in the woods and settle it with your fists, and other times you'd go down to the brook, sit on the bank and talk it out, but you'd always come back smiling. Stand up, you two."

The two men got to their feet and walked out of the room.

"You heard what the teacher said," said the labor leader. "Do we go into the woods and slug it out?"

"You always had a pretty good left," said the textile boss. "How about letting a conciliation board settle our argument?"

"Fair enough," said Murphy, "but I still want to play first base."

"All right, if you'll keep away from Helen Brennan."

"Seeing as how she's my wife," said Murphy, "that's going to be tough. But if you're still stuck on the girl, drop around tonight and I'll get her to fry up an extra chop."

Then the two men walked back into the schoolhouse to report.

Susie Teeters, and Clifford Creek. They all attend Stayton high school.

Mehama's shuffle board team which was organized two weeks ago by Lawrence Teagan will compete Wednesday night with Stayton to play off a tie. Contenders are Bob Bowling, Art and Helen Andersen, Bob Sischo, Bob Sylvester, Lawrence and Evelyn Teagan and Chet Smith.

Roy and Hazels fountain lunch is being remodeled and plans to be open for business this weekend. A variety store has been added with fountain and lunch operating as before. An added feature is commercial hemstitching which will be done.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Davis of Vancouver Wash. visited Mrs. Davis' parents Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Guilliams over the weekend. Tommy Lee Hutchison a grandson of Guilliams accompanied them and will visit his grandparents for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Melnar have purchased a large trailer house and plan to move into it soon. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buckler who have been living up the North Fork on the old Mitchell place will occupy the Melnar house.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Phillips visited a brother Dick Phillips at Estacada Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ryland made a business trip to Gaston on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Monroe accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Monroe on a weekend trip to Grants Pass, where they visited a cousin Mrs. Clara Phillips and daughter Beverly. They reported many trees broken by the heavy snow during the past winter in the Roseburg area, and daffodils in bloom at Canyonville.

Coincidences are funny things says Mrs. Monroe. Stopping in Eugene for dinner they were surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Horace McCarley and Chet Smith also of Mehama. Further in down the road they were halted by a construction company at work and were surprised to see Clair Humphreys of Lyons who recently moved to Roseburg.

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License to Shoot Crows?

Permits for shooting crows on the Sauvie Island Game management area are now being issued at the Portland office of the Game Commission it was announced today by Charles Lockwood, State Game Director.

The crow hunter must have a hunting license and a special free permit to shoot on the area. The permits will expire at the end of each month and a new permit will be issued upon request at the Portland office.

The areas where crow shooting will be allowed will be changed monthly to allow for crow migrations and to provide for the least possible interference with wintering waterfowl and upland game birds, said Lockwood. Lockwood stressed that the permits only allow hunting on the designated areas on state-owned land and are not a license or authority to trespass on private property.

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The illustration shows a family of four in a cozy living room. A man sits in a chair reading a newspaper, a woman sits on a sofa, and two children are on the floor. A large window in the background shows a snowy winter scene with trees and a house.
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The illustration shows a can of Mayflower Milk with a woman's face on the label. The woman has a joyful expression and is holding a glass of milk. The can is tilted, and a splash of milk is shown at the bottom.