

The MILL CITY ENTERPRISE

MILL CITY, OREGON

DON PETERSON, Publisher

Entered as second-class matter November 19, 1944 at the post office at Mill City, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"THE PAPER THAT HAS NO ENEMIES HAS NO FRIENDS."
—George Putnam.

The Town's Meanest Man

The meanest person in town sprung into full bloom this week. Little Elton Gregory, a grade school youngster who is ill with rheumatic fever, had bought himself half a dozen hens and a few ducks with the money he had earned delivering papers before his illness.

Now Elton had his chickens and ducks in a small pen of his own and caring for them was one of his only joys. Apparently someone hated to see this youngster have any happiness and stealing his chickens seemed to be the best way to take it away. In consequence the theft. Elton's parents had chickens in a nearby building but they were untouched. This "noble character" broke into the boy's pen and stole all the chickens and one of his ducks.

It seems a shame to waste space denouncing such a character. A better idea is apparent, however. Why not let your heart be your guide and mail a few dimes, or dollars to Elton Gregory in care of the Mill City postmaster. The boy is not able to work now because of his sickness. Let's give him a hand.

Experience Is Deadly

It may surprise you to learn that experience can be dangerous—even deadly. Statistics show that 97 percent of last year's traffic accidents were caused by drivers with at least one year's experience.

Learning how to drive is relatively easy. The mechanics of driving become second nature soon after a student "sols". At this critical point, attitudes begin to take over. The super caution of the beginner is diluted by an ever-increasing confidence based on experience. And, with too many drivers, caution is ultimately replaced by indifference, carelessness.

The skill of experience can sometimes get you out of trouble on the highway. But the chances are your over-confidence, your indifference get you into the trouble in the first place.

The moral is clear and urgent. Those of us who are experienced drivers must also be HUMBLE drivers.

Skits and Scratches of Detroit Civics Club

Last year the Detroit Women's club made their first year book.

On June 13th the Mobile Chest X-ray was in Idanha, and took 410 chest x-rays. The soliciting and help of the unit was done by club members.

The organization sponsored the Brownies again this year, and sent one girl to Girl's State.

In July our committee took an active part in the dedication of our new highway. In connection with the dedication the club sponsored "Amateur Night" for the purpose of selecting a queen, made formal for the queen and each of her four princesses, took care of the tables and served the lunch immediately following the dedication, and were in charge of the reception prior to the dedication.

In September we held a cooked food sale at which we made \$55.65. An offer of prizes to our members for

the most interesting way of raising money for the club added \$53.25 to our treasury.

Canyon-aid was the outgrowth of an idea presented in the civic club. The response was so gratifying that such an organization was formed and incorporated in the state of Oregon.

This spring a benefit tea for the Detroit Library was given by the civic club at which time a number of books were donated, and several dollars added. The civic club now has \$375 in their library building fund.

There are approximately 900 books in the library. Expenses such as librarians wages, library supplies, and fuel are paid for by the Civic club.

On June 3 the year will be concluded by a carnival dance at the school auditorium.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat Nature, to make water run uphill, to twist a rope of sand.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Nazis' 'Process of Selectivity' Outsmarted by Polish Scientist

By BILLY ROSE

Whenever I'm in the mood for gargantuan gab, I hie myself over to a Russian tea room near Carnegie hall where refugees of a dozen nations sit around and give out with tall talk about the old days behind them and the new days coming up.

To give you a fitting for-instance, the other midnight I heard a macabre yarn from a gent who used to teach science in Warsaw, and while I don't know whether it's history or hokum, it strikes me as being worth my allotment of white space today.

During the last year of the war, there was a small concentration camp in east Germany which had been set up for two purposes: (a) to build an underground machine shop, and (b) to make available the required number of human guinea pigs for certain experiments being conducted by distinguished Nazi scientists.

By SS STANDARDS, the method of selecting these guinea pigs was scrupulously fair. Each morning before breakfast, the 50 men in each of the wooden barracks would stand at attention until the commandant appeared with a list of their names. He would read off the top name on the list and the prisoner whose name was called would step forward.

The commandant would then hand two small leather disks, one marked with a white circle and the other with a black, to the "trustee" of the barracks for examination. Then the commandant would drop the disks into his hat, and the prisoner would draw one of them.

If he picked the one with the white circle he was safe until his name came up again 50 days later; if he drew the black one, he would be shipped out that Saturday night.

In December of 1944, my tea-room friend—the scientist from Warsaw—was cattle-carred to this concentration camp and assigned to a barrack occupied almost exclusively by captured Russian soldiers. He was asked the usual questions, and when the Russians found the newcomer was a Pole, they quickly let him know that the fraternity of races as preached by Moscow was confined to Kremlin publicity handouts.

And when he further admitted he had never joined the Party—not for any big ideological reason, but simply because he was a scientist and had no interest in politics—the Red army men decided he was an enemy of the state and began to plot against him.

THE POLE, however, was more worried about the disks in the hat than the whisperings going on about him. Under the lottery system, it would be almost two months before his name was called, and since news had filtered into camp that the Russian forces were only a few weeks away, he kept telling himself that liberation might come before the date for the drawing. But as the days turned into weeks, and still no sound of far-away cannon, he resigned himself to taking his 50-50 chances with the hat.

The night before the fateful morning, the scientist was lying awake in his bunk when he felt a tug at his blanket. It was a young Czech who had been badly mistreated by the "trustee," and who had often mumbled about getting even.

According to the kid, the comrades had figured out a plot to make certain the Pole would be shipped off to the Nazi experimenters. The "trustee" had cut a leather disk from his shoe and made a black circle on it, and when the commandant asked him to examine the disk, his plan was to palm the one with the white circle and substitute his own, so that either would mean death to the non-Party man.

For a long moment, the scientist looked up at the slat ceiling of the bunk above him. "Thank you," he finally said to his friend. "I think I'll be able to manage."

Next morning when his name was called, he saw the "trustee" palm the white-circled disk and substitute another. But he pretended not to notice, and when the commandant held out his hat he smiled and selected a disk. "White or black," he said, "I'm going to have one good meal in this miserable camp." And before the officer could stop him, he popped the bit of leather into his mouth and swallowed.

The SS man frowned. "Crazy Pole," he said, "what good will that do? There is still a disk left in the hat. If it is black, you picked the white; if it is white, you picked the black."

"That is quite correct, Sir," said the scientist.



Billy Rose

Editor's Letter Box:

Dear Sir:

Who is this Dave Hoover whose fanatical ravings in paid ads, have appeared in your paper and others?

I am no particular champion of Senator Wayne Morse and have never voted for him, but I would be inclined to do so merely as a counter-action to this Hoover person's mud-slinging.

That good old "red herring" always comes in handy, particularly these days, when anyone who opposes the status quo can be called all sorts of names with impunity.

Mr. Hoover would do well to utilize his advertising space with specific information on his position on vital issues instead of smearing his opposition.

It would be most interesting to see a list of names of persons who are sponsoring Mr. Hoover in his very expensive advertising campaign. Sincerely, RUTH F. STOVALL

POLICE COURT

Appearing before Police Judge Donald Sheythe: Violation of basic rule: Clarence Estenson \$14.50, Otis Garner \$5, and Wilbur Cash \$10.

Truck failure to stop at grade crossing: Edward L. Everitt \$5, and Curtis Deetz \$5.

No operators license: Edward Brand \$5, and Elmer Lee McDonald \$5.00.

Reckless driving with liquor involved: Donald Versteeg \$100, and Edward Brand \$50.

Drunk on public street: Jeremiah Kennedy \$19.50.

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Mud Lake Gets "Cleared Up"

County officers got a notice from the government not long ago, asking them to change the name of Mud Lake. Seems it's a pond, not a lake, by government standards.

Because it lies entirely inside our town limits, we asked to do the name-changing ourselves. Figured we'd think up a brand-new name. Mud Lake's really not very muddy—sort of pretty, in fact.

County people said go ahead, so we held a Town Meeting. Everyone suggested something. Windy Taylor thought "Taylor Pond" would be nice, because his place borders

it—for about 30 feet! But we finally decided to call it "Turtle Pond" in honor of the real owners.

From where I sit, naming that pond wasn't the most important thing in the world—but the way we did it was. Everyone offered his opinion and then the majority vote decided it. That's the way it should be—whether it concerns naming a pond, or having the right to enjoy a friendly glass of beer or ale—if and when we choose.

Joe Marsh

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NOTICE!

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And many other items too numerous to mention.

Stiffler's Radio & Appliance Co.

"35 miles from nearest parking meter"

Sales and Service MILL CITY Phone 902

Joe Dunn Says Pearson To Get Support

Joe E. Dunne, father of the so-called Joe Dunne old age pension bill, has told his oldesters to vote for Walter Pearson for the democratic nomination for governor.

He said in a radio address that Pearson has a 100 percent record with the old people and always kept his word.

Of the other candidates for governor, Dunne said Lew Wallace is his second choice but that Wallace's vote for the lien law in 1947 "leaves a bad taste in the mouth of many of our elders."

Dunne said that the third Democratic candidate, Austin Flegel, is "utterly and positively impossible."

"The lien law was one of Senator Flegel's pet bills," said Dunne. "He thinks if any old person has anything it becomes subject to lien. The old people hate the lien law worse than any other law."

The former Republican candidate for governor told republican old people to leave their ballots blank on governor. He said: "Remember, Republicans, no vote for governor." He blamed the republican majority in the legislature for shelving the



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