

DON PETERSON, Publisher
Entered as second-class matter November 16, 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.

Town's Going to the Dogs

Maybe the blame should fall upon the Egyptians or some other early civilization for domesticating man's best friend, the dog.

At any rate citizen's complaints to the city fathers over the canine population continue to grow. Seems as how the season of the year calls for re-union of all the old dog-gone friends. No one has yet complained over Fido's gregarious instincts but are hotly contesting the right for the canines to parley on their lawn or in their freshly sprouting garden spot.

A private census of the dogs in the United States indicated the canine population at about 22 million divided among 17 million families. The census shows that dog-owning families have 1.4 dogs.

Perhaps it is because of the owners laxity toward that 4 dog that the city is faced with the task of catching and impounding the pets.

No suggestion has been offered as yet as to how the dogs will be caught but plans are going ahead to impound the strays at the city dump. If the dogs are not called for within a designated period of time they will be disposed of.

Of course the entire action might not be necessary if dog owners were to suddenly assume their family responsibilities and keep the delinquent pets from "running the streets". Or perhaps a plan to impound the owner at the dump until called for by the pet would be more effective. At any rate some action is required and our sympathies are extended to the city officials on whose shoulders the responsibilities has seemed to have fallen.

Tourist Gold for the Canyon

If Oregon's share of tourist trade runs in the neighborhood of \$125 million a year one would wonder what portion of that amount will be spent in the Santiam canyon.

Of the gross amount a sizable sum will go to Oregon's coast towns who have the natural advantage of the Pacific ocean. Oddly enough, however, the greatest proportion will be spent in Portland, Salem, and other larger Oregon cities. Puzzled as to why such cities with no natural drawing card should gain so much of the tourist gold trade the inevitable facts must be faced.

Perhaps the gist of the story lies in the old adage that it takes money to make money. Oregon's leading tourist attractions have followed just such a policy. Their chambers of commerce have worked with all fidelity to place their respective towns "on the map". They have seen the feasibility of spending enough money in order to make money.

The Santiam canyon has more potential tourist attractions to offer in one day than Oregon's leading cities can offer in a month. And yet they get the trade. If the answer lies in advertising, friendliness, and expressed good will then the cue should be obvious. It might be worth a try here.

FOOD and DRINK

Is the simple phrase
But the facts are these
Each bites a treat you'll praise
Off the ever-bloomin'



Down the Famous Nohlgren's Alley, off State Street

in Salem

from 11 thru noon til 2 daily except Sunday

Friday & Saturday Specials

FREE

With \$10.00 or More Order
ONE 5 Lb. IGA FLOUR

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| PARKAY, 1 lb. | .32 |
| TOMATOES, TASTY PAK, No. 2 tin | 2 for .31 |
| HUNT'S TOMATO JUICE, 46 oz. tin | 2 for .55 |
| HUNT'S SWEET PICKLES, 24 oz. | .43 |
| IGA MUSTARD, each | .13 |
| SEA PRIDE TUNA, Light Meat | .35 |
| IGA SALAD DRESSING, pint | .27 |
| SWIFT'S CORNED BEEF | .45 |
| COMFORT TISSUE | 4 for .29 |
| CANDY, Hard Mix, lb. | .25 |

HILL TOP GENERAL STORE

MILL CITY ALBERT TOMAN, Prop. WE DELIVER

Open Week Days from 8 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.
Sundays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

It Takes All Kinds—Chiselers And Those Generous of Heart

By BILLY ROSE

Here are two stories, both true. The first is as mean as a thumb in the eye; the second, as heartening as a sunrise. . . . The mean one is about a Philadelphia industrialist who, on one of his frequent business trips to New York, made the acquaintance of a young lady whose good looks were only surpassed by her amiability. Despite the fact that he was married, the tycoon began to see a lot of the girl, and it wasn't long before he had set her up in a Madison avenue apartment and was forking over \$300 a week to cover expenses.

After a couple of cozy and clandestine years, the girl said to him one night, "if something ever happens to you, Daddy, I'll be left without a penny. Don't you think you ought to do something about securing my future?"



Billy Rose

"You're absolutely right," said the industrialist. "Give me a few days to work it out."

The next time he called on the girl, he handed her half a million dollars worth of 3 per cent railroad bonds.

"These will yield you an income of 15 thousand a year," he said. "Every three months as the coupons come due, clip them and I'll cash them in for you, and you can use the money for expenses."

"You'll notice I haven't put your name on the bonds. Well, that's because the transfer of so large a sum would come to the attention of the board of directors and cause a lot of talk. However, if anything happens to me, you can write your name in and sell the whole lot at any brokerage house."

The girl thanked him, and the pair continued seeing each other until the tycoon keeled over in his Philadelphia office a couple of years later with an attack of coronary thrombosis. When his lady friend read the obituary in the papers, she wrote her name on the bonds and took them to the brokerage house.

The broker examined the certificates. "You're a little late, Miss," he said. "This railroad went out of existence almost 30 years ago."

The girl picked up the worthless paper and walked out. "The dirty double-crosser," she muttered. "All he gave me was the same three hundred a week."

AND NOW let me take the thumb out of your eye and show you the sunrise.

Some years ago, an Iowa garage-man went bankrupt and decided to make a fresh start in another state. He scraped together a little cash, loaded his wife and kids into a beat-up Chevrolet and headed for California. Unfortunately, the jalopy broke down outside of Tucson and the cost of getting it fixed cleaned him out.

To get a little eating money, he set out to canvass the garages in town for a job but quickly found the supply of local labor was greater than the demand—Tucson, because of its climate, was filled with tuberculosis victims, a good many of whom were mechanics.

At the last garage on his list, he repeated his hard-luck story and got the standard turnaround, but as he started to walk out he was stopped by one of the mechanics.

"If you need a job as bad as you say," he said, "you can have mine. I'm pretty sure I can fix it with the boss."

"Don't you need the job yourself?" said the man from Iowa.

"I've saved enough to last me for six months," said the mechanic, "and the doctor who's treating me for TB says that's all I figure to live."

Editor's Letter Box:

A few of the "fan mail" letters received to date. They bear no signatures and so do not rate publicity except to show how childlike some of them are:

"Don Pedersen:
"Five months ago Mill City was a clean place." . . .

"Dear Sirs:
Kindly print only one edition of the Enterprise (The Smog) this week—that will be enough to SMELL and LOUSE up the whole town.
A former Reader."

"SINCERE SYMPATHY
"May the TENDER THOUGHTS and LOVING SYMPATHY that SURROUND you BRING COMFORT and PEACE to YOUR HEART.
Signed:
Try Carter's Little Liver Pills."

"Mill City Loco Newspaper,
Dear Old Lace—
Just read your weekly arsenic and am in last throes of rigor mortis. Buchenwald would have been kinder death.

"Nazi victims were given chances to defend themselves sometimes.
—B. V."

"Mr. T. Cortnie,
"STINKY!" . . .

"The Enterprise:
"The parson-p-yew!
D. Petrovich, ignoramus!" . . .

The following letter was signed and since receiving permission was granted to publish by the writer:

"To the Editor:
Dear Sir—The chairman of the school board is not related in any way to the Superintendent of Schools. I don't think owing money to the

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Marion Forks

Mr. and Mrs. Hemmi of Bellingham, Washington, are now making their home here at Marion Forks while working on electric work at the hatchery.

Mrs. Eli Bangs visited with the Youngs Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Sullivan, while traveling the main highway near Marion Forks, were unfortunate enough to have a deer leap in front of the car smashing the front end of the car in and causing them to be towed back to Salem for repairs. They are residents of Madras, Oregon.

The snow is fast disappearing on the road to Marion Lake but it is highly probable that there will be plenty of snow left for the weary fisherman to fight to get to his happy fishing grounds to get "his limit". Think it over; do you like to plow snow?

The upper lake regions will be still under snow for a long time yet but the fish will still be there when they do open and you will enjoy them far more when the other lakes have become tiresome fishing.

you publish such unpleasanties? The least you could do is suppress that type of thing.

While I have never met you I have heard you were an older man. You should know by now that exposing rotten schemes will only make you eligible for the year's most unpopular man. Get wise mister. Clam up. It's said the bank is in favor of such a policy.

Go ahead print my name. I don't owe a soul a cent.—Sincerely,
LEO FOSTER, Mill City.

North Santiam TAVERN

One Mill East of Detroit
JEWEL MYERS, Mgr.

Mom & Pop's CAFE

Private Dining
Room

SEE JOHN ADAMS

For your excavating
and dump truck work
3-8 yd. 10-B Shovel
Basements, Trench and
General Excavating
Silver Saddle Trailer Camp
Mill City, Ore. Phone 903

I wish to thank my friends
who faithfully supported
me in the May 19 Primary
Election.

Wayne E. Downing
COUNTY COMMISSIONER



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Why "Moose" Changed His Mind

Last week, parents were calling Moose Jackson on the phone—and kids were hooting at him in the streets. All because Moose fenced in his field near the depot, where the kids like to play ball.

Moose got sore the way folks acted—refused to budge. Then Doc Sherman, who likes to play center-field himself sometimes, decided to "use a little psychology."

Over a friendly glass of beer at Andy's Garden Tavern, Doc says, "Sorry this came up, Moose. We were thinking of asking you to umpire—what with your professional

experience and all." (Moose used to play a little semi-pro ball.)

That did it! Next day Moose put up a stile over his fence. In return, the kids promised not to cause any damage. From where I sit, when you try to understand the other fellow's point of view—like his personal preference for beer or coffee—and then take into consideration the will of the majority, why, things seem to go better all around.

Joe Marsh

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HOME AND STORE OWNERS—

WHAT Improvements DO YOU NEED?

- EXTRA ROOM OR DEN
- EXTRA BATH
- GARAGE APT.
- RUMPUS RM.
- PATIO OR BARBECUE
- NEW FRONT PAINT WORK
- NEW INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT

CALL US FOR CONSULTATION NO OBLIGATION

Complete Supply of All Your Building Needs . . .

SHEET ROCK
DOORS and WINDOWS
BOYSEN PAINT

FEATURING NEW LOW PRICES ON MONTEX—
THE PAINT WITH THE SAND FINISH

KELLY LUMBER SALES

OPEN SATURDAYS

PHONE 1815

RUSSELL KELLY, Manager

Capital Drug Co.

Salem

