



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

What Would You Suggest?

For many years Mill City has run up against a hard proposition. The hard substance of the hill rising abruptly out of the business section on the Marion county side has caused consternation to more than one city administration.

In recent days that problem has loomed again. The state government has offered to improve the highway, make it safer, but at the price of revising city ordinances and reducing the usefulness of the Marion county side as a business area by prohibiting angular parking.

Often times in many cities the problem of satisfying both through and local traffic places city and state officials in a controversial situation.

Both sides are interested in safety. Both have different ideas of how that safety can be attained. The state believes that safety would be served by parallel parking; the city believes that angular parking is the solution.

It is contended that parallel parking would reduce the number of spaces for parking and thus would result in double parking problems, and hence creating a dangerous situation, besides the difficulty of parking on the hill, and the resulting difficulties of getting out of parking in this particular block.

Both governments are essentially arms of the people. What do you as a citizen think is the proper solution to this old problem?

We of The Enterprise have this one to offer. Would it not be wise to widen the highway by the state purchasing a triangular section of the Dave Epps store. If this section were 25 feet each way, then the hill could be blasted to a lower level, and the curve reduced so that greater visibility would be obtained.

One of these days someone is going to be killed negotiating that dangerous curve. Already numerous accidents have been caused by the dangerous conditions prevailing, causing property damage and traffic tie-ups.

Right now we should be considering suggestions for the correction of this problem. If you have driven down or up the hill, you probably have an idea of what you would do. Write to your city council and the highway engineer, telling them what you think should be done.

History Repeats

Historians like to look wise and say, "The pattern of history often repeats itself."

This past week, scanners of the grim record of past human experience could point with fear and trepidation at a past event that is strikingly similar to the big news event of the year so far, the sudden invasion of Southern Korea by the Northern Koreans.

We are thinking now that the second world war really began with civil war on a peninsular country, that was Spain in the summer of 1936. Korea is also a peninsular land.

In Spain, two violent forces rehearsed tactics which turned into a full-scale show three years later. The Spanish forces were mere pawns moving at the will of forces beyond the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean. The unfortunate Spanish people suffered and bled in a preview of world-wide suffering and bleeding.

Today finds the United States and Russia the real battlers in the Korean affair. Like the Spanish, the Koreans are victims of geography. On their peninsula, the forces of Russian Communism have finally exhausted the patience of a very patient Uncle Sam. At this writing we are at last standing firmly, making a big stand for the forces that resist Russian Communism.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Saw Some Saucers, Says Rose; He Wasn't in His Cups, Either

By BILLY ROSE

At the risk of being laughed out of court and countenance, I'd like to report that I've seen flying saucers.

It happened on a clear and moon-minus night two summers ago in Newton, Conn., on the lawn of the home belonging to Paul Osborne, the playwright. Among my fellow oglers were Paul and his wife, Director Josh Logan and his missus, and Author John Hersey and his. What's more, none of us was in his cups the night we watched the flying saucery.

The show began about 10 p.m. while we were sitting outdoors, enjoying and shooting the breeze, and the first thing we noticed were several searchlights some miles away poking their yellow fingers into the sky. A few minutes later, three bits of celestial chinaware skittered into view, and from then until midnight they skipped and scampered above our bewildered heads. As nearly as I could judge, these whatzies were at least 200 feet in diameter and were flying at an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Their edges gave off a ghostly glow, very much like blue neon tubing seen through a heavy fog.



Billy Rose

WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHTS finally cut off and the discs got lost in the stars, we put what was left of our heads together and decided that what we had witnessed must have been some kind of hush-hush military exercise. We also decided that, if we didn't want a butterfly net slipped over our heads, it would be smart to keep our lips zipped about the whole thing.

How come, then, that with my bare face hanging out in print, I'm spilling the story now? Well, until recently the talk about the pernicety pancakes had been more loose than lucid—according to some writers, they were manned by Martins two inches tall; according to others, by Russians two droschkies wide. Recently, however, documentation has begun to replace delirium, and it's becoming evident that the overgrown manhole covers are not only real, but, despite all denials, one of the top-secret weapons of our own navy and air force.

The most convincing testimony was offered April 3rd by Henry J. Taylor on a General Motors broadcast over the ABC network. Taylor, after trekking all around the country and talking to people who had seen, touched and even flown these credibility-cracking craft, made the following flat and unfrivolous statements about them:

One type of saucer is the "true" disc, which ranges anywhere from 20 inches to 200 feet in diameter, is unmanned and generally guided by some form of remote control. The other is a jet-driven platter which carries a crew and is capable of such supersonic speeds that in flight it looks like a hundred-foot flaming cigar.

FURTHERMORE, according to Henry J., a "true" disc was actually photographed near Wildwood, N. J.; another was found in the vicinity of Galveston, Texas, and stenciled on its surface was the following:

MILITARY CRAFT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ANYONE DAMAGING OR REVEALING DESCRIPTION OR WHEREABOUTS OF THIS MISSILE IS SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. CALL COLLECT AT ONCE. (Then a long distance telephone number, and the address of a U.S. Air Base, and finally the words on the "saucer" in big, black letters: NON-EXPLOSIVE.)

"I know what these so-called flying saucers are used for," Taylor concluded. "When the military authorities are ready to release the information it will be a joy to tell you the whole story, for it is good news—wonderful news."

Well, I don't know what the saucers are for, but on the basis of this and other reports—plus the evidence of my own bug-eyes—I'm convinced they exist and, praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, are ours. Noisecow papers please copy.

I wrote a column recently about the bureaucratic blabbermouths in our nation's capital who, at the drop of a daiquiri, blurt out top military secrets to anyone who will listen. Well, I'm plenty happy to learn that—at least as regards one vital weapon—there are some folks in Washington who not only know their beans but can keep from spilling them.

LYONS

By EVA BRESSLER

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Veek of Olympia, Wash., were weekend guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Heinicke, Mrs. Messinger, who spent the week with her daughter and son-in-law, returned with them to her home in Oswego.

Mr. and Mrs. George Allen of Corvallis were over night guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Allen Monday.

Recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Nydigger were Mrs. Dick Maxfield and children of Grand Ronde, and Mrs. Lillie Lake of Gates. The recently organized Teen-age club meets Thursday evenings at the community club house. Games and refreshments furnish lots of fun. The club is supervised by Mrs. Willard Hartnell. All teen-agers are invited to come and have a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Corbett of Salem were weekend guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bressler, Mrs. Corbett is a sister of Mr. Bressler.

Mrs. Arnold Burgess and son Donald returned to their home in Klamath Falls Saturday Mrs. Burgess had been here helping with the care of her father, Walter Bevier, who has been seriously ill at his home.

Rev. and Mrs. Jones moved to the Methodist parsonage Friday. They came here from West Salem. Rev. Jones replaces Rev. Jewell who retired because of ill health.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hargreaves, Loren and Joyce left Sunday morning for Hubbard, Nebr., where they will

attend the wedding of their son, Bruce. They expect to be gone about three weeks. Mr. Rogers is caring for the chores while the Hargreaves are away.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Carleton spent the week end at East Lake. They returned with a report of a good time catching the limit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Putman have moved from the Paul Johnston house to Mehama, near the Wilson hatchery. Mr. and Mrs. Dybvick moved into the house vacated by the Putmans.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hampton and little Douglas, who have been at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bodeker for the last three weeks, recently purchased a home in Salem moving there Sunday. Hampton will be assistant principal at the Leslie high school this coming year. He is now attending summer school at the University of Oregon in Eugene.

Mrs. Francis Mullins was hostess for the afternoon card club with the

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From where I sit ... by Joe Marsh

Maybe This'll Wake Us Up!

Because a couple of thoughtless drivers threw a newspaper out of their car yesterday, Miss Gilbert, our school principal, nearly had a bad accident.

She was following them on the highway and the paper flattened over her windshield, so she couldn't see. In a minute her little coupe was across the line—right in the path of an oncoming trailer-truck. It missed... but only just!

The parties were recognized and soon as I heard about it I ran over to Sheriff Harper—demanded they be brought up on charges. But

Harper says: "Hold on, Joe. Let's talk this out, over supper and a glass of beer at Andy's."

He pointed out that those men aren't criminals. Just careless, like a lot of us seem to be getting these days, judging from the trash you see along roadsides. From where I sit, this near accident may be the lesson we need to make us stop littering our roads—and start showing a little tolerant consideration for our neighbors!

Joe Marsh

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