



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

Independence Day

Twice four score and seven years ago on the Fourth of July, our national destiny was secured by the Declaration of Independence.

The Fourth of July has had unusual historic significance. On July 4, 1826, two American presidents, who signed the historic document exactly fifty years before, died within hours of each other. One other American president died on the Fourth of July. Another president, Calvin Coolidge was born on Independence Day.

On this our 174th anniversary of independence, how independent are we? Old ideas of independence have long been discarded. Today, we need a Declaration of Co-operation to supplement a Declaration of Independence.

Co-operation is the crying need for any society as complicated and delicate as ours. Unwillingness of individuals to co-operate in the interests of all individuals has made independence for some, but dependence for too many others.

Old ideas die hard. The independence of our nation is essential, but the freedom of the individual must be modified by the public good. It's best that the individual recognize his place in society, that he willingly subordinate his own wishes and desires in the interests of others.

Independence is wonderful, but if each of us went our merry way it wouldn't be long before we wouldn't be free to do anything.

A Declaration of Co-operation in the common interest is the crying need of the hour.

The Pioneer

We like to honor the pioneer who braved the forests and carved an empire out of a wilderness. Yet, we often forget to recognize that most pioneers had a great fear.

That fear was the fear of civilization.

You've heard stories of pioneers who had lived alone in the wilderness for years suddenly deciding to move because someone else had settled in a clearing twenty miles away down the creek.

The terrors of civilized men in the small nineteenth century centers of population helped drive the pioneer westward. If that comparatively rural situation terrified him so, with what horror would the pioneer regard the modern cities where men swarm by the thousands?

To the pioneer it is easier to face nature on a rampage than the multiple forces of man. Judging by how poorly men get along with other men, we can't say that he acted unwisely.

Modern man has been forced to live among thousands of his fellows, continually adjusting his own wants to the commands of society. It is a nerve-wracking, turbulent world that modern man must face.

He who thinks the pioneer faced the only challenge is mistaken. The challenge of men adjusting themselves to an unnatural civilized state of affairs and learning to live together more harmoniously, yet retaining the dignity of personal independence, is the challenge that even the pioneer was afraid to face.

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THE AMERICAN WAY



Should Be an X-Ray Camera

Fight Against Polio Spurred by Grant

Oregon's first research project to be financed by a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis got under way last Saturday.

The grant, amounting to \$5,275 was part of \$1,441,721, in awards which National Foundation President Basil O'Connor designated last week for scientific research and professional education in the unceasing battle against polio.

Officials of the University of Oregon medical school where Oregon's grant will be used, were enthusiastic over O'Connor's announcement. They pointed out that it represented national recognition of the school's virus research project and that continued progress would entitle the school to a renewal of the grant each year.

Research made possible by the Oregon grant will be under the direction of Dr. Arthur W. Frisch, associate professor of bacteriology who has been engaged in virus research at Portland for three years. Dr. Frisch and his immediate superior, Dr. H. J.

Sears, said that \$3200 of the sum would be expended for the salary of a technician and the balance for equipment, white mice and monkeys.

They explained that the award would be used to study the growth of polio virus in tissue cultures in an attempt to adapt certain strains of human virus to mice. Because mice are plentiful and relatively inexpensive, they said, this would permit expansion and intensification of their studies. They also plan to increase the concentration of virus in tissues to allow for performance of serological tests to determine past infections.

O'Connor said in New York, that the \$1,441,721 in March of Dimes contributions would go to 19 universities, institutions and professional organizations. The new awards, effective July 1, will support 34 individual projects for research aimed at preventing the disease and improving treatment methods, as well as for training essential professional persons. In the 12 years of its existence, the National Foundation has spent more than \$26,000,000 in this manner.

O'Connor, emphasizing the urgency of scientific efforts to curb polio, said that this year's incidence of the disease is almost keeping pace with 1949's record-breaking epidemic.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Husbands and Leopards Return, But Is It for Lunch or Love?

By BILLY ROSE

Some weeks ago when the newspapers front-paged the story of the leopard which strolled back into its cage after being AWOL for three days, a lot of people wondered whether it returned because it was hungry or because it was lonely for a certain lady leopard in the next enclosure.

It so happened that around the same time, by a strange double-take of destiny, my Uncle Charlie also went on the prowl, and his return a few days later raised the identical question on the lower East Side—was it lunch or was it love?

It all began when my Aunt Frieda got the social bee in her babushka, joined the Delancey street chapter of the Daughters of Deborah, and went off to Atlantic City for its annual convention. Knowing Charlie for what he was—a man with his feet in the clouds and his head on the ground—Frieda began to worry that he'd get ptomaine from eating a tainted blintz in a restaurant, and so one afternoon she boarded a bus and made a quick trip to New York to see if everything was all right.



Billy Rose

"YOU MISS ME, Charlie?"
"Why should I miss you—you're here. What gives in Atlantic City?"
"In Atlantic City is giving speeches," said my aunt. "Tomorrow we are deciding about the hydrogen bomb, yes or no."
"In such a case, you better go right back," said my uncle. "Bye-bye, and don't take no wooden knishes."

On the street, Frieda met a gossip neighbor who said, "When it was away the cat, is playing the mice—and they ain't playing klubbish."

"You are implicating my Charlie is a rat?"
"Rat, schmrat! Ask the widow Greenhouse."

A bit shaken, Frieda posted herself inside the candy store across the street, and when Charlie, wearing a carnation, came out she followed him—and sure enough, he high-stepped down the block to the home of Mrs. Greenhouse.

Now, if this were a movie, our heroine would hold her tongue for six reels of misunderstanding and suspense—but Frieda was never one for slow motion. She waited a jittery five minutes, rang the widow's

bell and barged right in when she saw Charlie sitting in front of a mound of chopped liver big enough to feed the four Marx Brothers.

"Pull up a chair," said the widow. "I got a pot roast you could cut with a fingernail."
Frieda sniffed. "To me, it smells like a boiled beef what boiled too long."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Greenhouse. "All week your husband is enjoying."

"I'm not doubting," said my aunt. "From the medicine chest is missing a full box of bicarbonate."

ON THE WAY BACK to their flat, Frieda got right down to cases. "What is between you and Mrs. Greenhouse?" she asked.

"Strictly a cash arrangement," said Charlie. "Seven suppers for 10 dollars."

"You can't pull the wool behind my back," said my aunt. "Just to eat, a man does not take a bath and wear a whole flower shop in the buttonhole."

"I am also enjoying her company," my uncle admitted. "On many things we are seeing eye to tooth."

"If for widows you got such a liking," said Frieda, "I could maybe become one myself."

When they reached home, Frieda pulled the pin out of her hat. "Tomorrow," she announced, "is roast duck on the menu. Monday it gives sauerbraten; Tuesday, chicken with mandlen soup."

"The widow makes a grade-A goulash," needed my uncle.

"Let her make," said my aunt, "and let her eat."

And that ended Charlie's life on the loose and Frieda's career as a clubwoman.

As for the question: "Is love or lunch more important to the male animal?"—well, the leopard is dead and my uncle isn't talking.

Marion Forks

By MRS. SCOTT YOUNG

Thirty guests attended a farewell party presented by the Forest Service for the John Weisgerber family. They are leaving soon for Juneau, Alaska, where he will resume duties with the service. A turkey dinner, a farewell talk by Spencer T. Moore and presentation of a going away gift featured the program. The gift was an 18-cup coffee maker.

Attending the party were Mr. and Mrs. Bud Cline and son David, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean and Penny Lou and Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Gale Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Chick Mason and daughter Martha, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Moore and Pat, Mike, Bobby and Peggy, Al Pierce, J. Rorer, Slim McCann, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Skidmore, the Youngs, the Morgans, Dorothy, Jeanette, and Vern, and the honored guests, Mr. and Mrs. Weisgerber and sons, Jack and Don.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson spent the weekend in their summer home on Marion Creek. They live at Lebanon, Oregon.

Lt. Col. J. W. Miles, formerly resident engineer on the Detroit dam project, is recovering from illness on Okinawa, where he is now stationed. "Snuffy" the little tame pine squirrel has moved to Marion Forks. He likes folks and also enjoys eating nuts for your pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott spent a day recently in the Redmond country on business.

At their summer cabin at Marion Lake recently were four Scio men: Henry Shimonek, R. M. Shelton, Larry Badger and David Esgate. Along 600 feet of the trail the snow was about three feet deep but fast

disappearing, they reported. The fishing was fair.

Twenty-five Boy Scouts from Portland's Troop 39 camped on Marion Creek recently. Under the supervision of Scoutmaster Frank Fullmer, and assistants Otto Lubeck and Walter Elmer, the boys ranged in age from 11 to 19. The camp was set up near Puzzle creek. The boys hiked to Marion, made other short hikes and went fishing.

Jeanette Morgan, sister of Vern Morgan of Marion Forks, is spending part of her vacation with Dorothy and Vern here.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Klug of Portland spent the week end at their summer cabin.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Simpson of San Francisco are on a summer outing at their home here. Mr. Simpson was a highway bridge engineer here. JoAnn is with them part time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hemmi have returned to Bellingham where he works with an electric company.

The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization.—R.W.E.

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