



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

The Air Age

In spite of developments in the atomic field, we think that man's real triumph so far during the twentieth century is his conquest of the air.

Too often, we take for granted the daily flights from continent to continent or coast to coast. No longer does an ordinary airplane soaring overhead create much excitement.

As a progressive community, Mill City must join in the spirit of the air age. Somewhat off the direct runs of major airlines, we seldom have the opportunity to view the majesty of man-made birds in flight. No nearby military airfield provides us with the spectacle of hundreds of planes in simultaneous flight.

Sunday's air show gives us a chance to have our peaceful canyon air filled with the hum and din of hundreds of planes.

Some of us may be startled by such a din. Our canyon is so peaceful on most Sunday mornings. But for a day perhaps we can glimpse at a future that could be ours. The air age has been too long in reaching Mill City.

If our community and our canyon is to grow and prosper, we must grow and prosper in the air age. The sooner we all support the development of the Davis airfield and encourage private flying, the sooner the day will come when aviation will be an everyday part of the life of the community.

Minority Government

Statistics show that not one of the presidents of the United States elected in the twentieth century was supported by a majority of eligible voters.

The indifference which exists on the national level is duplicated on the local level.

Splendid as was the turnout here in the recent school election, for example, many citizens failed to vote. Some of these may have wanted to vote but couldn't due to several reasons.

The fact remains that 187 votes does not represent a majority of eligible voters living in Mill City. Some couldn't vote because they were working swing shifts that made voting highly inconvenient if not impossible.

Whatever way these people may have voted, we don't know. But the fact they didn't vote weakens the power of the present board. There is a solution for this state of affairs under the state legal code for school elections. Districts of class 2 status can vote to hold their school elections from two to seven instead of just one hour.

Under section 111-907 of the Oregon code, "Districts of the second class may hold election for a director in the manner provided in this act for holding elections in districts of the first class, when authorized so to do by a majority vote of the legal voters present at any legally called school meeting."

Districts of the first class under the act "shall elect directors for each district on the day of the annual school meeting to serve as provided by law, and such election shall be from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m."

Enough voters fail to vote in this country without any extra barriers being placed between the citizen and his duty of approving or disapproving of the government under which he lives.

Thomas Housing Project

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IF YOU'RE A G.I., SEE

G. E. THOMAS, Mill City

"There'll be oceans of fun at the ...

DEVIL'S LAKE Regatta

JULY 15 & 16 — DELAKE, ORE.

Thrill to exciting inboard and outboard boat races, water skiing, sailboat races and a lovely aqua-ballet. There'll be a parade of beautiful floats on the water as well as a big street parade, and coronation. For the time of your life, make this a must.



Reddy Kilowatt

This advertisement is appearing in 33 newspapers within company service areas of Linn, Benton, Polk, Lincoln, Marion and Lane counties.

Mountain States Power Company

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WISHFUL THINKING



—It pointed from the Louisville "Courier-Journal"

GATES

By MRS. ALBERT MILLSAP
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch, after an absence of a number of years while they resided in Lyons, have purchased the former Henry Kaplinger property between Gates and Mill City, in Linn county where they will make their home.

Guests over the holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnson were Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wise (Florence Carroyot) of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Taylor, of Brownsville, Reynold Hesseman of Brownsville, Mable Hesseman of Salem and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes of Portland. A picnic dinner was held the fourth complimenting the guests. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Levon, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Henness, Royal Johnson and Mrs. Gwen Schaer and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Layton Gosnell and small son, Larry Lee, of Roseburg were guests at the home of Mrs. Gosnell's mother, Mrs. Laura Joaquin for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards of Salem, accompanied by Mrs. Edward's sister, Mrs. Lenora Follet of Aisea, were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Garrison Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Montag of Portland were Saturday visitors here. The C. J. Montag and Sons Construction Co. was once active in construction work here.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Champ have returned home from an extended trip to Southern California.

Miss Jean Oliver of Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Oliver and daughter and

Bud Oliver, all of Corvallis spent the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Oliver.

Mr. and Mrs. William Athey and four daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Haun and three children spent the fourth at Breitenbush hot springs.

Mrs. George Mielke and daughter were at the home of her sister, Mrs. Keith Taylor, in Walport over the fourth.

Miss June Mitchell accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Norman Garrison on a camping trip to the Metolius, Bend and Suttle lakes.

Among those attending the rodeo at St. Paul were Mr. and Mrs. Jess Moses and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Harden and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Park and three children left early Saturday morning for Rockaway Beach where they spent the night. Sunday they attended the rodeo at St. Paul.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hearing, Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Hirte and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Park and the children of the three families spent the Fourth picnicking at Moore's Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Barnhardt and two children motored to Newport over the holidays. They enjoyed a deep sea fishing trip. It is reported they had very good luck.

Mr. and Mrs. George McBride Jr., Mr. and Mrs. N. Masoner and family and Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Hutchison were seen at the rodeo in St. Paul.

Holiday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lord were Mr. and Mrs. S. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Kohler and son Garry all from Salem. Garry remained at the home of his grandparents for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Millsap and

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

The Other Side of the Curtain At Last Disclosed This Secret

By BILLY ROSE

On an October morning in 1903, in a village not far from La Rochelle in eastern France, a young priest paled as he listened to his first confession.

"Yesterday afternoon," he heard the penitent on the other side of the curtain say, "I met a stange girl on the dirt road that runs by the pond. When I tried to make friends with her, she laughed at me, and I got so mad I picked up a stone and hit her to make her stop laughing. She fell down, and when I yelled and she didn't move I got scared and buried her beside some bushes."

Father Antoine recognized the voice as that of a 15-year-old who was known in the village as "the story teller"—a boy who was always talking about his daydreams as if they had actually happened.



Billy Rose

Even though he didn't know whether the confession was fact or fiction, the priest imposed the most severe penance, and in addition ordered the boy to visit him every day after school for a friendly talk.

A few weeks later, Father Antoine was almost certain the "crime" was an hallucination. For one thing, there had been no report of a missing person in the district and, for another, the boy's descriptions of the murder grew more and more confused.

ONE AFTERNOON he finally admitted to the priest that his story was a fabrication. "I did meet a girl," he said, "and she got me so angry that I wanted to kill her. But I never touched her, and afterwards I got all mixed up about what I wanted to do and what I really did."

"I suspected as much all along," said Father Antoine, "but I must admit I was shocked at first. You see, you were the first person who had ever confessed to me."

Two years later, the boy's family moved to Paris and the priest all but forgot the incident—until a new paved road was laid alongside the old dirt one. Under a bush near the pond was found the decomposed body of a girl, and the coroner testified it had been there about two

years and the skull had been crushed by some heavy object.

Bound by his vows, Father Antoine could say nothing, and for the next 40 years the secret remained with him.

THE YEARS of the German occupation were difficult ones for those who lived in the La Rochelle district, but many of the villagers did what they could for the resistance movement—and not the least among them was the priest, now in his late 60's. And when liberation finally came, a great celebration was arranged with Father Antoine as the guest of honor.

After the dinner there was a good deal of reminiscing among the veterans of the underground, but when someone asked the priest to tell of his own adventures, he smiled and declined. "The occupation was eventful for all of us," he explained, "but in my calling the eventful is almost an everyday occurrence. As a matter of fact, the first confession I ever heard was that of a murderer."

Then, remembering his vows, Father Antoine apologized for his off-guard remark, and despite the urging of the guests would say no more.

Later that evening a delegation of underground workers from other districts joined the celebration and one of them, a colonel in the Maquis, was asked to say a few words.

"Meeting Father Antoine tonight is a great pleasure," he said to the gathering, "and not only because of his war record. Although he doesn't remember my name or face, I knew him when I was a boy—as a matter of fact, I was the first person who ever confessed to him."

their guests from San Francisco and Woodland, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hansen and two daughters and Melvin Millsap were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Klecker in Stayton the fourth.

A card received by your correspondent from Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Turnidge and daughter Carolyn, who are motoring south to Mexico, indicates they are experiencing some warm weather. They reported 112 degrees in Prescott, Arizona "and no shade." Later in the day the temperature registered 135. "Even Hollis is hitting the cold pop stands."

The secret of success in conversation is to be able to disagree without being disagreeable.

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you now,
I'd rather see than be one!—G.B.

Open Friday Afternoons

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Will be at his Mill City office in the Jenkins Building Thursday afternoons 1 to 6 p.m. Also Thursday evenings by Appointment.

HOME OFFICE: 313 W. FIRST, ALBANY



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

There it Was— Right in The Middle!

Easy Roberts mowed his lawn early last Saturday. Then he sat on the porch, and watched Handy Peterson cutting his grass.

The Roberts' property and the Peterson's border each other—with no hedge or fence between them. So, when Easy notices Handy had left about a four-foot strip unmowed along the boundary, he walks over and asks why.

"That's your land," says Handy. "Mine ends here. See, it lines up with that oak tree across the road!" Easy didn't think so, so they went up and down looking for

the surveyor's marker. Where did they find it? Right in the middle of their "no man's land!"

Well, they both grin and take turns finishing the job and then retreat to Easy's for a friendly glass of beer together. From where I sit, a little searching around for the truth of the matter often shows that the other fellow is as much right as you are—at which point the whole thing doesn't seem as important anyway.

Joe Marsh

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