



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

Our Death Trap

Thus far, there has been no response to our appeal for ideas on the subject of eliminating the death-trap that has been set for some motorists on the Marion county side of Mill City.

On a recent Sunday night, one car locked gears while trying to climb the hill. Traffic was heavy. Until the police arrived, a dangerous situation existed as approaching motorists gunned their motors for the climb.

How long are we going to permit such a death trap? Someday, someone reading this very editorial may be involved in a tragedy because public sentiment failed to force responsible authorities to eliminate such death traps.

Men are dying in Korea, but more men are dying every day on our highways. Death traps on our highways are as dangerous as machine gun nests on the battlefronts.

The War of Ideas

The war in Korea should convince us that we will need more than superior gunpower in our worldwide encounter with Russia and communism. We will need superior "idea power."

Defeat on the "idea front" preceded our defeats on the field of battle. The savage kill or be killed saga of the Korean battlefront is the result of our failure to wage successful "idea warfare."

We permitted the Communists to spread their propaganda in South Korea, but we made no effective penetration into North Korea with our ideas. Perhaps the frontier was sealed by censorship, but ideas, if powerful enough, can survive any dictator-imposed restriction.

The fact is our history in the Far East is loaded with ammunition for Stalinist underlings who stir up antagonism against us.

We may not be responsible for the poverty that is widespread in that part of the world, but we do ourselves little good when we brag of our abundance while multitudes are starving. Our short-sighted unwillingness to share our blessings with the less fortunate during the years we have been in the Far East provides propaganda that becomes sinister in the hands of Communists. Our association with reactionary, rather than progressive movements, has not helped either.

By pouring true and exaggerated tales of our many misdeeds of exploitation into their propaganda mixture, the Communists have raised further havoc with our reputation.

The people of the Far East are restless. After centuries of poverty and subjugation, the promise of a new order is an attractive lure.

They can see little to lose and much to gain from a communistic upheaval. We must be alert when we read the reports of dissatisfaction behind the Iron Curtain. Much of the information we get comes from wealthy and upper middle-class refugees. The poor seldom are heard from. Rightly or wrongly, they may like the new order.

While we are worrying about "losing face" on the battlefront, we should quit admiring ourselves in our own mirror long enough to see the masses of the orient whose faces are pecked with the marks of two decades of war and generations of hardship.

The world is rapidly changing. Downtrodden multitudes of the East are on the rise. We must get them on our side. It will require sacrifice of money, energy and "know-how". We have to move into the unconquered areas with a vast and constructive program that could wipe out old ideas about us. If we fail to do this, our nation, our civilization and our Christian culture could be as dead as the Roman Empire within a century.

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GATES

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POLIO PRECAUTIONS

RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



WHEN POLIO IS AROUND, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis recommends these simple precautions: Keep children with their own friends and away from people they have not been with right along. Don't become exhausted through work or hard play. Don't stay too long in cold water or sit around in wet clothes. And always wash hands before eating. Watch for feverishness, sore throat, headache, upset stomach or sore muscles. They may—or may not—mean polio. Call your doctor and then, if help is needed contact the National Foundation Chapter in your area.

Falling Limbs Kill Oregon Woodsmen

Winter damage in logging areas has resulted in four deaths among Oregon loggers in the last two months, claims filed with the state industrial accident commission revealed last week.

A warning against this condition was published by many newspapers in March. It named the extent and nature of the damage wrought by ice, frost, and snow to forest trees. It stated that limbs had been broken from both evergreen and broad-leaf trees, and said some had fallen to the ground but many still lay in living foliage, and others still cling by living fibers. Caution on the part of workmen was asked as essential to the preservation of life.

But the warning went unheeded in the following instances:

1. In mid-May a buckler struck and

knocked a limb from a nearby standing sugar pine as he bent forward to pick up his axe to mark the buckling length.

2. Later in May a whistle punk on his way to the crew truck was struck down by part of the top of a madrone tree which fell as he passed into a non-logged area.

3. In early June one of a two-man crew of fallers died instantly from concussion brought about by a blow from a six foot limb which fell 36 feet.

4. The next day one of a falling crew of two died instantly from an 8 foot limb weighing 50 pounds which fell 130 feet directly on the victim's head. It lay in the branches of an adjacent tree.

The commission warned all woodsmen, no matter what they do, to be sure of overhead safety first of all before they figure up ground hazards.

If we could only distill lovely days and keep the essence in bottles.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Undaunted, Unhaunted Gotham Finds a Ghost Story of Its Own

By BILLY ROSE

We men of Manhattan are an undaunted and unhaunted lot—or at least think we are—and so ghost stories seldom stand a ghost of a chance in this town.

The other night, however, a real estate man buttoholed me coming out of "21" and told me a chiller about a deserted house in the Flushing section of Queens, and on the off-chance that your scalp can use a tingle or two, I'd like to pass it along

On the night of the big snow three winters ago, a doctor in Queens answered his doorbell and found a smallish man in a faded mackinaw standing on the stoop.

"My wife is very sick," he said. "I hate to ask you to come out on a night like this, but it's only a few blocks."

The doctor followed him to a large wooden house near the intersection of Vine street and Broadway, and when the man unlocked the door the physician could see by the glare of an unshaded droplight that the lower floor was empty except for a few kitchen chairs and a length of carpet.

"THIS IS NO PLACE for a sick woman," he said. "You ought to have some heat in the house."

The man led him up a creaky set of stairs to the second floor, and in the front room an emaciated woman was lying in an old four-poster bed. She kept coughing into a blood-flecked handkerchief, and though the doctor went through the motions of an examination he knew at once it was an advanced case of tuberculosis.

"I can give her something to relieve the congestion," he told her husband, "but she'll have to be moved to a hospital first thing in the morning."

He then wrote out a prescription. "It'll get it filled right away," said the man, and showed the doctor to the door.

Next morning, wondering how the woman was getting along, the physician stopped by the wooden house, but there was no answer when he rang the bell. Moreover, there were no tracks in the snow to indicate that an ambulance or any other vehicle had called on in

front of the place. Puzzled, he went to the office of a real estate agent on the next street and asked if he could get some information about the residents of the house.

"THAT'S A FUNNY sort of question," said the agent. "There aren't any residents and there aren't likely to be any. The house hasn't been occupied in 15 years, and though it's always been on my list, nobody's ever wanted it."

"Do you think squatters might be living in it on account of the housing shortage?" asked the doctor.

"Could be, but I doubt it," said the agent. "There's been a lot of queer talk about that house, and the last family that moved in during the depression could only stand it for a few weeks. The husband and wife slept in the front room on the second floor, and to hear them tell it they were kept awake night after night by the sound of a woman coughing. It finally got so bad they packed and left."

"I know it sounds absurd," said the doctor, "but I examined a sick woman there last night, and if you've got a key I'll walk over with you and prove it."

When they got to the house, it took the agent quite a while to get the rusty lock open, and when they entered there wasn't a stick of furniture in sight. "I could have sworn I saw some chairs and a carpet down here last night," said the doctor.

"Maybe you've got this house mixed up with another one," the agent suggested.

"I still think it's the same place. Let's look upstairs."

On the second floor they went into the front room. It was also empty. Empty, that is, except for a piece of paper on the window sill—the prescription the doctor had written the night before.

ELKHORN

By ELSIE MYERS

Recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Dark were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kells from Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Coleman from Milwaukee and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Shaw from Portland.

Callers at the Dark home Thursday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Matt Bilver and children and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Longnecker.

Mehama local of the Farmers Union held their regular meeting Friday evening with President Chet Blum in charge. A discussion was held in regard to fertilizers and also on weed control. The next meeting will be in the form of a picnic on July 30 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blum. All Farmers Union members are invited.

Recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Longnecker were Mrs. Longnecker's parents Mr. and Mrs. Paul Payton of Stayton and her aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Burdett who are visiting here from Falfurrias, Texas.

Bill Bickett has been confined to his home the past week with a severe attack of flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Dark, Duray and Durwood, were recent callers on Mr. and Mrs. Bert Peyree at their home in Pratum.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Carl Longnecker entertained with a picnic supper their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Payton and Mrs. Beulah Clise.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bickett and girls attended a family reunion picnic Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Billington in Scio. It was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Billington who left for their home in Texas the first of the week.

Mrs. George Pettingil of Portland has been spending the late couple of

weeks at their summer home near the guest ranch. Last week the Pettin-gils had as their guest their brother, Fill Pettingil, from Berkeley and Mrs. Barney Brunk and children of Portland. Mrs. Brunk is the daughter of the Pope's who homesteaded on what is now the guest ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ike Myers attended the picnic of the Legion and Auxiliary Post No. 58 of Stayton at Taylor's Grove Sunday.

This week vacationing with Mr. Pettingil is her son and daughter-in-law of Portland.

It has been reported a couple of prospectors have been looking over and assaying the ore of the old Silver King mine. The crew at the Hewitt mine has also been increased.

The train came to a sudden stop, jerking the passengers around.

"What happened, conductor," cried one nervous old lady.

"Nothing much," said the conductor, "We hit a cow."

"Oh," said the relieved old lady, "Was it on the tracks?"

"No," replied the disgusted conductor. "We chased her into the barn."

Youth is a wonderful thing. What a crime to waste it on children.—G.B.S.

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