



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

Thoughts by a Damsite

Another chapter in the history of the North Santiam Canyon began about 3:20 p.m. last Saturday afternoon at Detroit dam with the pouring of the first concrete.

This week the huge bucketfuls of concrete began to travel in earnest from the steep southern bank of the canyon to a point which once was midstream of the raging North Santiam. Where once the water rushed and may never rush again the concrete is taking shape. Slowly it will rise to trap a lake of waters. The face of nature's earth is being transformed by the wit of nature's man.

Nothing is so impressive as nature. Nothing is more dramatic than man's encounter with forces that are seemingly insurmountable alongside of his feeble strength.

But with brain, heart and courage man has dented the canyon. He has carved a quarry, he has diverted the flow of a mighty stream through a tunnel. He has given the future shoreline a "haircut".

A hundred years ago, the whole west was a vast uncharted realm. Men said it would take six centuries to open it up, and thought they knew what they were talking about.

So today as we watch a man-made giant rise out of the depths of the canyon in our valley, we should think of the future. We see the vision of a great dam to be admired and thought well of. But even as our ancestors, we could be wrong. We could be wrong in either direction.

In a hundred years men may have tapped so much of nature that our dam will seem no more wonderful than a beautiful cottage at the side of the road.

Or, in a hundred years man may be back in an atomic-born stone age, with the work of the dam at Detroit like that at the ill-fated dam at Niagara being slowly erased from the surface of the earth.

At any rate, our greatest acts sometimes promote our humblest thoughts.

Concrete Facts

It seems a concrete fact escaped us last week in the hurly-burly of mixing up the ingredients that became another Enterprise.

We hope the fellows at the dam who mixed that batch of "mud" (and not cement as we reported in headline and story) which became part of Detroit dam's bottommost bottom didn't omit as much as we did. Cement is we admit a fundamental feature of the mixture, but only sand and gravel can add substance and strength.

Pardon us boys for slipping up on that one. The next time we get mixed up by failing to mix up the proper mixture for a damsite, we hope we won't be up against such concrete facts that are poised against us in this case.

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THE AMERICAN WAY



"Where Ignorance Is Bliss . . ."

Editor's Letter Box:

Mill City, August 8, 1950
The Mill City Enterprise

To the Editor—I wish to criticize the headline on the Mill City Enterprise, August 3, issue.

"First Cement Pour Saturday at Dam". This is enough to cause the average construction stiff to curl up his toes, drag up his time and head for the hills where there are no newspapers.

Cement: A kind of mortar or calcined mixture of lime and clay, which hardens under water; hence, called hydraulic cement.

Concrete: A mass of sand, pebbles, stone bound together with hydraulic cement.

These two definitions should clarify my criticism. As long as the dam

is being built in this vicinity let the Enterprise be the criterion. Let's pour or place CONCRETE or even in the vernacular of the construction stiff—pour MUD—never again, Pour Cement. Yours truly, Clyde Wells.

Editor's note: We recognized our error when it was too late to correct.

Lyons Teen-Agers Meet At Community Club House

Lyons—The Teen-Agers held their meeting at the community club house Thursday evening with Mrs. Willard Hartnell in charge. The business meeting was conducted by Lloyd Gerath with Shirley Johnston, secretary. Games furnished entertainment for the evening. Regil Lande was presented with a large birthday cake baked by his mother.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Life in the Old Liberties Yet; Lets Prove That to the World

By BILLY ROSE

Hon. Harry S. Truman
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

I see by the papers that the Freedom Fair which was scheduled to open in Washington in 1951 has been called off. I respectfully suggest that you press a few buttons and call it back on again, and with your patience and permission I'd like to tell you why.

As this lopsided eight-ball of a planet currently shapes up, about the only thing worth talking about is freedom, or the lack of it, and as you yourself have repeatedly pointed out in your speeches, our people ought to know what they're talking about when the subject comes up.

Well, what's the best way to demonstrate that there's still plenty of life in the old liberties? Fastidious facts and figures? Cliche' - stuffed press releases? Rah-rah-rah editorials? No, Mr. President, not in this day and age.

As I see it, the best way to stand off the sugar-coated strychnine being handed out by the kids in the Kremlin is to hand out a few lollypops of our own, and I can't think of a better place to do it than a 200-acre fairground within eyeshot of the Lincoln Memorial.

Impact-wise, what would such a shindig actually accomplish? Not much, Sir, if it were just a run-of-the-flushing-meadows type of fair. But it would do a potent plenty if it were a mammoth, hit-'em-in-all-five-senses whoopydo in which everything from spectacle to sideshow were built around one simple theme: The Freer the Enterprise, the More Enterprising the Freeman.

ONCE AND FOR ALL, let's concretize in terms of daily living and loving how well our Joe Doakes are doing compared with the Josef Dokczes in the Iran Curtain countries.

For example, in the exhibit area let our big auto outfits trot out their cars alongside a few Russian cars, and then let them dramatize how many man-hours of work it takes to make one—and, even more important, own one. And alongside the big General Motors building, let's have an even bigger U. A. W. building in which Walter Reuther can dramatically document how much better off his men are in terms of union contracts, working conditions and pension plans than the auto workers in the various Commie lands.

Once and for all, let's pull out all the stops and compare the homes, schools and churches with theirs. Let's exhibit an Ameri-

can voting booth with a curtain on the door, and next to it a Russian voting booth with an N.K.V.D. man where the curtain ought to be.

In short, let's give the Pinkos the lumps they've been asking for and make it clear as the nose on Jimmy Durante's face that there's no freedom unless everybody can exercise his taste and tonsils as he sees fit.

Let's even show them up on the midway. Instead of the usual Chamber of Horrors, let's restage the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty, and instead of the old-hat Ubangi sideshow, let the populace take a peek at a Siberian slave labor camp.

WITH NO POMP but plenty of documented circumstance, one big lesson is a cinch to emerge from the fair I envision: That "degenerate democracy" still provides the bestest for the mostest; that our way of life has got what it takes, and it would be downright silly to let the Commies take what we've got.

Of course, Mr. President, there isn't a chance of getting such a fair on by next year, but if the right words were dropped into the right ears pronto, there's no reason why the grand opening couldn't be set for '52. And, according to my astrologist, that would be an auspicious year for a fair, seeing as how around that time a certain party will be doing its darnedest to convince the voters that it has a special talent for making democracy work.

If you think well enough of this notion to get behind it, Sir, I'll be glad to pitch in and help—whether it's making policy or pink lemonade. Of course, I wouldn't do it for free. My fee would have to be the same as I'm getting as advisory director to the California World Progress Exposition which will be held in San Diego in '53—a one-pound can of good smoking tobacco.

Respectfully,
Billy Rose

IDANHA

By REBA SNYDER

Lester Honey was called to Salem Friday night because of the extreme illness of his mother. He returned Sunday night reporting her condition some improved.

Russell Hoyt underwent surgery Friday morning at the Salem general hospital.

Raymond Gulliford had his tonsils removed Saturday at Redmond. He returned home Sunday noon doing nicely.

Richard Cannon injured his foot Thursday while working on the T and H logging operations near Breitenbush. His condition is not serious.

Frankie and Jimmie Marshall of Portland are here to visit two weeks with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Howard.

The two small grand-daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Johnson spent the past week with them.

Mr. and Mrs. William Eckles and daughter Maxine of Nelson, Nebr., and Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Eckles of Hastings, Nebr., came Tuesday to spend a week with their daughter and sister, Mrs. Jerry Pittam and family. Sunday the three families drove to the coast on a sight-seeing tour.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon and family spent the weekend in Portland. Gordon's mother, who has spent the past week with them, returned to her home there.

Weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Robertson the past week were his brother, Lee, and his wife of Vernonia.

Mrs. Walter Reynolds and Mrs. Carl Schaffer drove to Salem Saturday on business. Mrs. Reynolds went on to Portland that night to spend Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Johnson. She returned Sunday night with Paul Hopson who was there to visit his family.

Thursday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hallford and daughter were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson Jr. and daughter of Astoria.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brown were Mr. and Mrs. Rex Lambert of Salem.

MILL CITY

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Yarnell and son Phillip, left last Saturday for their vacation. They will visit Mrs. Yarnell's sister in Michigan.

Mrs. Hazel Austin of N. Mankato, Minn., arrived Monday for a visit with her brothers and sister and their families. Her sister is Mrs. Ed Cooke and her brothers are Don and Walter Peterson.

Miss Gladys Willis of Washington, D.C., visited recently with Miss Daisy Geddes. Miss Willis and Miss Geddes were co-workers in Washington, D.C. and had not been together for 25 years.

Callers at the home of Mrs. J. R. Geddes, recently were Mr. and Mrs. Byron Galonkey, of Portland, Ore.

Mrs. E. Brandeberry of Palo Alto, Calif., and Mrs. Bob Spence and son Roger of Salem visited with Miss Hendricson Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Duggan and daughter Ruth of Willamina, formerly of Mill City were visitors in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Dick Churchill and children of Washington, D.C., were Mill City callers Thursday. Mrs. Churchill was formerly Miss Lulabel Dunivan of Mill City.

ELKHORN

By ELSIE MYERS

Guests at the Elkhorn guest ranch Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Don Sheythe and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Veness and family and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stover all of Mill City; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shafer of Puyallup, Wash., and Mr. and Mrs. John Penn of Spokane. Mr. Penn had been attending the mechanics convention in Salem and spent the night at the guest ranch before returning home.

The Ike Myers ranch has been receiving quite a face lifting due to the aid of the Freres and Frank's D-7 caterpillar ably handled by Ronald Berry of Gates. Besides much clearing, a drainage ditch has been laid out and completed under the supervision of the Santiam soil conservation engineer. Another 2,000 foot ditch will be completed later.

Mr. and Mrs. Merwyn Knox and family were recent callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bickett.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Longnecker, Billie and Mrs. Louie Ray were Salem visitors Friday.

Spending the day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ike Myers Sunday were Miss Hester Thorpe and Mrs. Lucy Davidson of Gresham and Mrs. Lettie Crabtree of Portland. Other callers were Mr. and Mrs. George Pettingil.

Mrs. George Pettingil who with her grandson had been spending several days at their summer home returned to Portland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Ray and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Longnecker took a trip Sunday up the North Santiam highway to the junction of the North and South Santiam rivers. They returned by way of the South Santiam highway. A picnic dinner was enjoyed on the way.

GATES

By MRS. ALBERT MILLSAP

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Volkel and son Jerry drove to Salem Saturday evening to attend the Horace Heidt concert.

Edward Bronkey of Woodburn arrived at the home of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George Ditto, Saturday. He will also vacation at Breitenbush Hot Springs. Word has been received here of the serious illness of Mrs. Walter Bevier following a stroke last Friday. She is hospitalized in Salem.

Russ Stafford is at home following a month's confinement in the Salem Memorial hospital as the result of a stroke. He is reported to be recovering from the effects of his illness.



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