



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

Big Date

Mark September the twelfth on your calendar as an important day in your life and in the future of the North Santiam canyon.

That dinner-meeting is attracting interest from all over the canyon country already. It isn't just another get-together. It's a vital, throbbing affair that's either going to enable the canyon to enter the future with its eyes open, or its going to prove that we believe in blind progress.

Men will be at that meeting to tell us how we can find out how much we are worth and how much we could be worth in the North Santiam country. Experts on civic development will be on hand to discuss the problem of getting a survey of our region taken. They will explain what is and what isn't important in measuring a region's resources.

When we discover what our resources are and where they are and what we can do with them, we will be able to look ourselves over and see what we have to offer to industry and our nation.

Unless we step out and support this meeting in the Mill City high school, the canyon will be like a broken down 1920 automobile two or three years after Detroit Dam is finished.

Our lives, our prosperity, our very future may very well be closely linked to the success or failure of this meeting.

The Storm

Every time the heavy clouds of an impending storm flirt with our North Santiam mountains, we seem nearer to Korea. As the threatening storm darkens the skies, so our thoughts are made blacker by the man-made force gathering over the Orient.

Man's war on man and man's view of nature on rampage seem one and the same thing—the same strange feeling of helpless restlessness strikes us. What does the future hold? Will the storm drench us?

So with storms and so with wars, the statesmen may shout, the newspapers may cry but what hurts are our own feelings. Some people like storms, cleans the air they say. Some even like wars. They make jobs, end unemployment. In the end there's a payment—but who sees the end?

Storms and wars reap a harvest of men's lives, fortunes and happiness. Man can't stop storms, but he can build Detroit Dams to keep the storms from causing too much mischief in the valleys. Man won't stop wars either until he finds a way to dam up his bitter emotions and to permit them to flow out gradually along non-destructive channels.

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GATES

By MRS. ALBERT MILLSAP

An all day family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Garrison Sunday. A picnic dinner was served on the lawn in the afternoon. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Garrison, Carol and Gary, Levi Garrison, Mrs. Paul Pennington and daughter Paula, all from Lyons; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Zuncck and son Freddie of Salem; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Berry of Eugene; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones, Linda and Dickie of Seattle, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cogburn of Plush, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Britton and daughter of Salem were over the weekend guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ace Johnson. The Johnsons moved to Newport this week where he has secured employment. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Oliver and daughter, formerly of Corvallis where he was a student at Oregon state

college, are now living in Gates. Oliver is employed here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fox and three children, Arlene, Carolyn and Richie, spent several days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lord. They returned to their Seattle home Monday.

Mrs. Albert Millsap left Friday for a two week vacation in Portland at the home of her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Millsap. Mrs. Henrietta Quinn of Seaside, formerly of Mill City, is also at the Millsap home in Portland.

Recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stewart were Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Holst and family of Caldwell, Idaho.

Visiting at the G. E. McCarty home over the weekend were Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Olsen of Vancouver, Wash.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Saunders in Salem, were Mrs. Glen Hearing and two children, Ann Marie Hirte was a guest there for a week.

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BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

How to Meet Problems of Met Has Bing Bewitched, Bothered

By BILLY ROSE

A New York paper recently carried the following dispatch from Paris:

Rudolf Bing, new general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, said today that he had come to Europe on the biggest talent search in operatic history.

Asked about the offer last year of Billy Rose, Broadway producer and columnist, to take over the Met and make it pay, Mr. Bing asked:

"Who's he?"
When reminded of Rose's identity, the impresario laughed and added:

"The problems of the Met will never be solved by Broadway methods."

Judging from the above, it's evident that Mr. Bing has a sense of humor and, as Groucho Marx once said, if there's anything I like in a man or an opera director it's a sense of humor. But on the off-chance that some folks may have missed the hilarious overtones of Rudy's remarks, perhaps I ought to translate them and let everybody in on the joke.

FIRST OFF, our Viennese friend wants us to know that he's in Europe on what he modestly calls "the biggest talent search in operatic history." An admirable undertaking, but seeing as how the Herr Direktor recently put Kirsten Flagstad on the Met payroll, the natural question is whether the talent he's looking for is in the tonsil or treason department.

A second question equally natural, is why Mr. Bing doesn't cast his country for talent before taking his eyes and ear-drums to the Continent. After all, when a gent with threadbare spats is imported to boss over No. 1 opera house and hand out plenty of steak and salary for so doing, it would seem the part of good public relations for him to first give the home talent a careful look-listen.

It may very well be that the larynxes in Philadelphia, Germany, are superior to those in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but you can't prove it by Marian Anderson.

Next we come to Rudy's side-splitting "Who dat?" when asked about me. When you come right down to it, there's no reason why Mr. B. should ever have heard his or hosannah of an American producer who has spent the last quar-

ter of a century in the entertainment business.

After all, it wasn't until recently that this Dapper Danubian had either time or incentive to keep up with theatrical news. According to the record, he has spent a good deal of his adult life as amanuensis and assistant to various assistants, but nowhere do I find any mention of his having produced so much as a necktie—although, come to think of it, he did sell a few of them when he clerked in a London haberdashery during the war.

ACTUALLY, UNLESS he suffers from a slapsy-lapsey memory Brother Bing was only kidding when he said, "Who dat? The fact is that he's made two tries in recent years to strike up a nodding acquaintance with me—both of which left me nodding. Once in London and once in New York, he did his darndest to fast-talk me into backing some party venture he was fronting for, and each time I shooed him off with the polite explanation that my policy was, "Neither a borrower nor a sucker be."

There is, of course, an outside chance that this joker no longer remembers trying to put the bite on me—in which event we're even because I didn't know who he was when the Met announced his appointment.

For a long time, I thought the Bing in question was Herman Bing, the baggy-panted Dutch comedian—who else would hire Flagstad and fire Melchior? Who else would substitute the grunt-and-groan German operas for the melodic Italian ones?

The final jest is rollicking Rudy's statement that "the problems of the Met will never be solved by Broadway methods." Mebbe so but it seems to me that this carpy contention doesn't quite jibe with his much publicized efforts to sign Garson Kanin, Margaret Webster, Danny Kaye and Oscar Hammerstein II. If any of these Times Square tots ever set foot or adenoids in La Scala, then I'm a monkey's uncle and Mr. Bing is an opera impresario.

FOX VALLEY

By MRS. J. H. JOHNSTON
Mr. and Mrs. Clark Ainsworth and son Boyd of Forest Grove were Friday callers here.

Mrs. William Knight and two children Bobby and Cheta of Everett, Wash., have been visiting at the Julian homes. Mrs. Knight is a grand daughter of Albert Julians, Mrs. Cathryn Julian. Mrs. Knight's grandmother went home with Mrs. Knight and will spend some time visiting with two of her sons and families in Washington, one at Auburn and the other at Shelton.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Courtney and baby of Mill City were callers in Fox Valley Monday evening. The Courtneys are leaving Mill City soon and will go to Indiana where he will attend Butler university. He has been the pastor the Mill City Christian church the past two years. They want to sell their home and acreage near the river west of Mill City on Route 1, Lyons in Marion county.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Julian returned home the past week from the east where they went to see Mrs. Julian's mother who was ill. She was some better when they came home.

The Clifford Wests and Robert Morgan went to Diamond lake Saturday on a fishing trip. They returned Monday night and reported having a nice visit with several relatives who were camped at the lake.

Don't Borrow—Subscribe Today!

Mill City Lodge No. 144, I.O.O.F. meets every Friday night. Visiting brothers welcome.

MILL CITY

Mr. and Mrs. Jim King of Mill City motored to Longview, Wash., Sunday to bring their three children home who have spent the last week visiting with their grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Lanphear of route 1, Lyons, left Friday on a trip to eastern Oregon. They plan to be gone until about the first of September.

Mrs. Gertrude Mason moved from Mill City to Harrisburg Tuesday. Mrs. Mason had lived in Mill City for more than thirty years. She will live with her son, Arthur Mason, who is Harrisburg's superintendent of schools.

On display at Hendricson's store this week is a gladiolus that evidently outdid itself. The bloom grown by Mrs. J. Personett of Mill City repudiated the usual course of developing from a single flower into three petals. This gladiolus sprang from a multiple flower into a beautiful efflorescence of many petals.

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