



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

Sweating It Out

After five days of sweltering heat, residents of the Canyon were treated to another shock. The too-familiar cry, "The woods are shut down" echoed up and down the Santiam Monday.

The logging season is all too short, but the forests and men's lives are more important.

Soon the wet days of winter will shut down the woods again and the men who carve their living out of the forests will again be back at rest, living on hard-earned savings. Will they be denied unemployment benefits during their idleness this year? As of now that is a question, an important question.

We take good care of our forests, or try to. It's time we take good care of the logger and his family who is the backbone of Oregon industry. Our whole economy hinges on his welfare. Until the time that industry can find him full-year employment, the pittance of an unemployment check should not be denied him.

Santiam Summer

Even as the parched woods pant for moisture, the Santiam summer is about to end for the children of the canyon.

There's a certain tenderness in the air as the first day of school approaches. To the eager or fearful six-year-old the first day looms on the horizon as an event more important than any event he will ever learn to read about in history books.

To mothers and fathers there is a sadness in seeing their tiny tots toddle no longer. Off they go to school and the state takes over its role in growing another generation. Another firm hand guides them—the little rascals, the wide-eyed girls, the tearful and the carefree. They enter a new world where they get their first taste of humanity in the plural. They must adjust to their fellow pupils, to their teachers and to a strange world that can be grasped from curious characters etched in black and white.

And time moves on. God willing in another thirty years, the same children will be parents watching another generation break into the harness. The endless pattern of the old teaching the young. But it isn't always one-sided. Who can't learn a lot about the human race by watching the youngsters at their summer games?

All summer long we've heard them. Shouts of glee, of pain, of bossy youngsters, of galloping cowboys or of ground-flying pilots. It's going to be quiet around home. Mothers will get more rest after an early rising to get the children off to school that is. But as the silence hangs over the house and she basks in the joy of solitude unknown for three months past, there will be a part of her that's marching off to school. That's sitting at a confining desk. She knows. She was there once—and now . . .

So the Santiam summer simmers no more and the days are shorter. The aged adjust to the young, and the young seek a new life.

Minority

How much is a man's vote worth?

To residents of the Marion Forks area in northeastern Linn county, voting is worth the cost of 50-mile round trip.

In order to vote these people must come in as far as Gates. Dave Epps points out elsewhere in this issue in a letter to the editor, that some twenty-five or more adults are denied easy access to the polls in this area.

The half-county long precincts of Rock Creek, Cascadia and Holly should be split in half to provide the Linn county residents along the highway 222 a convenient balloting place.

The cost to the county in maintaining a polling place in that area would be more than offset in the realization that every person in that vast comparatively untamed area would have a chance to vote.

Voting is the breath of democracy. Stifle a man's ability to vote by any means and democracy is dead for that man.

Pegge's Beauty Salon

EVENING APPOINTMENTS

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GATES

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Hardware, Coleman Heaters,
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HILL TOP GENERAL STORE

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MILL CITY

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Open Week Days from 8 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.
Sundays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IDANHA

By REBA SNYDER

Doyle Leming moved to Salem last week where he has employment. Mrs. Leming, who is unable to leave at this time and their daughter are staying with Mrs. Leming's mother, Mrs. Sievers, at the CCC camp.

A 7,500 gallon water tank is being installed at the Idanha Lumber Co. mill to be used for the mill boilers and for a supplement to city water if needed.

Mrs. Evan Howard, who has spent the past two months here with her husband, returned to their home in Portland the past weekend. The granddaughter, Joyce Marshall, who been here for a week, also returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perton and baby are visiting her sister in O'Brien until the work opens up here again.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Willis and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hallford will spend at least part of this week on the coast where the Willis' are building a garage.

John Delaire, who has been in a Salem hospital for quite some time, returned to his home here Sunday. Delaire is improving nicely.

Miss Mildred Gooch, of Bellingham, Wash., was in town Sunday visiting friends. Miss Gooch has taught for the past two years in the Detroit grade schools.

Frank Ray is now able to return to work at the Idanha mill, after four months of forced vacation due to a hand injury.

The P. H. Willems family, of McPherson, Kansas, cousins of Frieda

Heibert came Sunday to spend a week in the Heibert home.

Vacation Bible school started Monday at the Idanha community church with Miss Anna Hamm and Miss Mary Quiring in charge. Miss Hamm and Miss Quiring are staying in the Jerry Pittam home this week. Bible school will last two weeks.

American Legion Auxiliary food sale, held in Van's clothing store last Saturday netted them \$22.70, which is a little better than any organization has done thus far.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Roberts, Pullman, Washington, spent the weekend in the A. R. Snyder home. Sunday the Roberts and Snyders were guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Pittam.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Roberts left Monday for Cottage Grove where they will be guests of his sister for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stoll and children started their two week's vacation Saturday. They will visit with relatives in Long Beach, Calif.

The Hugh Denton family will soon move to Tillamook where Denton has employment.

Mrs. Ben Cherrier gave a party Tuesday for eight of her girl friends in her home at the CCC camp. The Cherriers plan to move to Sweet Home soon.

Doris Bjork of Sherwood, Ore., came Monday to visit with Eva New and her family for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Orval Lady, Earl, Robert and Caroline went Monday to Willamina to visit relatives while work here is at a standstill.

Both Salem, Ore. and Minneapolis are, roughly, halfway between the equator and the north pole.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Izaak Walton of the East Side Did an Arresting Angling Job

By BILLY ROSE

When I was a kid on the East Side a couple of hundred years ago, a sidewalk was a lot more than a strip to walk on; it was something to dream on, tap-dance on, pitch pennies on and scribble philosophical sayings on, of the sort not found in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." However, to Gimpy Myers, the leader of our gang, a sidewalk was none of these things—it was primarily something to fish through.

To put a fine point on it, what Gimpy fished through was not the sidewalk itself but the iron gratings over cellar windows and ventilation shafts. And what he fished for, with the aid of a blob of tar dangling at the end of a string, was everything but fish—coins, picture buttons and other bits of treasure which had fallen through.

There were two occupational hazards, however, which used to annoy this Izaak Walton of the asphalt — cops and dogs. Cops, because a subway fisherman attracts

crowds, as a rule, attract pickpockets; dogs, because Gimpy's exposed rear was an invitation for a quick snack, and on several occasions neighborhood mongrels had given it the full and painful treatment.

As he grew older and more ambitious, Gimpy did less and less angling on the lower East Side where the droppin's, and therefore the pickin's, were slim. Instead, he invaded the lush territories to the north, and finally settled on the gratings near the Union Square subway where, if the streets were not paved with gold, at least the ventilation shafts yielded a reasonable amount of silver.

THE COP on 14th street in those days was one Ike Fogarty, a cynical gent who always suspected that while Gimpy was fishing in the subway, an accomplice was fishing in the spectators' pockets. But he was never able to pin anything on the kid, and this irked him so much that he finally threatened to pull him in for obstructing traffic the next time he caught him.

Gimpy took the hint and went back to Delancey Street — that is, until one May morning when the sun was doing its stuff and going to school was out of the question. At his suggestion, our gang headed north on the proud for cigar bands, and on 14th Street we saw a woman get out of a taxi, suddenly clutch at her throat, and then stoop over

and peer through a grating near the curb.

"Lost som'n, lady?" Gimpy asked her.

"A locket," said the woman. "It isn't worth much, but it has a picture of baby."

There were neither cops nor canines in sight. "I'll git it fer ya," said Gimpy.

From a Prince Albert tin he took a chunk of tar and held a match under it until it was sticky. Then he lowered it on a string and began to maneuver it over the locket.

At THAT MOMENT, Officer Fogarty rounded the corner. "This time I'm runnin' ya in," he said. "Playin' hooky and obstructin' traffic at one and the same time." "I'm only tryin' ta git this lady the pitcher of her baby," said Gimpy.

In exactly one minute and 45 seconds, our leader delicately eased the locket through the grating, pulled it free from the tar and handed it to its owner.

"Thanks," said the woman. "It's the only picture I base of baby."

"Let's get goin'," said Fogarty. Stalling for time, Gimpy said to the woman, "Woudja min' if'n I took a look?"

"Not at all," she said, and snapped open the locket. Inside was a picture of a mean-looking pookinese pup.

"That ain't no baby," snarled Gimpy. "It's a lousy dawg." "Watch your language, young man," said the woman. "Baby's won more blue ribbons than you have fingers and toes."

Gimpy slowly stuffed string and tar back into the empty tin and dropped it down the grating. Then he turned to Fogarty.

"Okay, copper," he said. "Do ya duty."

Editor's Letter Box:

To the Editor,

It has been brought to my attention that 25 or more adults in the Marion Forks, Detroit and Idanha area are now required to travel 30 miles to exercise their right to vote. It does not seem fair or democratic that these people be discriminated against. I hope that our county clerk will take care of this problem.

DAVE EPPS.

Wayne Bass Wounded in Leg During Fight for Korea

Lyons—Pfc. Wayne Bass, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bass, received a shrapnel wound in the leg eight inches above the knee early this month.

Bass was wounded August 10 and has been removed to a hospital in Japan.

The soldier's parents learned the extent of his injuries Monday after an anxious period of waiting following receipt of a War Department telegram informing them that he had been injured in action.

Postmaster's Family Tours Most of Western America

Postmaster and Mrs. Charles Kelly and children, Johnny and Lela, toured most of the western states during his two week's vacation this month.

Among the points of interest visited were Yellowstone national park, the beautiful Grand Teton mountains, Salt Lake City, the Bingham canyon copper mine, the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles and Yosemite national park

DEATH NEVER TAKES HOLIDAY
Adding to the "death never takes a holiday" theme is the fact that this year's three holiday weekends have accounted for 19 fatalities. Nine occurred during the Independence weekend, seven over Memorial weekend, and three on the New Year's weekend.

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STARTS LABOR DAY

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- * 4-H AND FFA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS
- * RODEO AND HORSE SHOW EVERY NIGHT
- * HORSE RACING DAILY
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