



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

Opportunity

This week residents of the canyon are meeting to survey the opportunities and take inventory of their resources. We believe that we shall find that the resources are many, the possibilities are many, and that all we need is the courage to go ahead and make plans and then push them forward to realization.

Timber is our principal resource. Water power is here at hand. Railroad and highways to serve in distribution.

The demand for lumber products is great and especially plywood, and composition hardboards used for inside finishing. These composition hardboards would use much of the waste timber, such as slabs and rotten timber not suitable for graded lumber or plywood. We are informed that there is available many millions of feet of such waste timber located on every tract of timber holdings and millyards.

Then there is the potential furniture manufacturing business with many species of timber grown here in this canyon. We believe it would be practical and feasible to manufacture such articles as furniture and wood toys right here at home.

Wouldn't it be better to make more year-around jobs available by inviting industry into our canyon and encouraging steady payrolls than to have only part-time employment and huge piles of waste materials to be burned and forever lost to humanity?

The Bridge and the River

By JAMES SMITH

Did you cross the Mill City bridge Sunday night?

If you did perhaps you heard the conversation we did. The river was murmuring along, and the bridge was feeling the throb of hurrying humans humans afoot and a-car.

The bridge was griping as all things human gripe sooner or later. "All day long the cars have been rushing by. Where did all the people come from? Where are they going? Can't they let me get a moment's peace. My beams are weary and I have such a tough week ahead of me. Those logging trucks will wear me out again tomorrow. Why, oh why, was I ever built? Will I ever rest again?"

The river which had known no rest for many ages past just murmured along keeping its turbulent thoughts to itself fighting its never ending battle with the channels.

Finally it could stand the whining of the bridge no longer.

"You've got complaints, you say," it shrieked above the din of a car-load of young people. "Let me tell you something. I've been rolling down this way for thousands of years and you haven't seen 50. I'm always moving and I'm never quiet. My insides rumble and I crash against the rocks. Millions of fish have lived and died along my watery course. I've been a home and a highway, you are a mere link. Be thankful you're alive. You won't last more than a couple hundred years. But I'll be here still carrying my burden to the sea. So keep quiet will you, fellow?"

The startled bridge who believed the river couldn't speak, just stood there silent like from that moment. The crescent moon crawled over the hills and mused at both of them.

"Earthbound creatures," it said. "Look at me. All these millions of years I've moved in silence across the sky. But I am not indestructible. I'm old enough to know that everything changes in time. Change is the order of the universe, only truth never changes."

So the river, the bridge and the moon with their philosophies argued the night away as human thinkers slept.

It Pays to Advertise in the Enterprise



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Squint's Drumming For Fair Play!

Squint Miller's mighty proud of the lot he owns that fronts on River Road—one of the prettiest spots around here.

He's been in a stew about it lately, though. Seems that trash-dumpers take one look at his property, stop their car or truck, and out goes a load of rubbish, spilling all over his place and the roadside, too. Wouldn't that make you mad?

Last night Squint dropped by the house. Over a friendly glass of beer, he tells me what he's done. "I put a couple of empty oil drums

out there," he says, "with a big sign reading: 'If you must dump trash—use these—I like to keep my property clean!'"

From where I sit, Squint's sign should make any would-be roadside trash-dumpers pretty darned ashamed of themselves. Now and then some folks just have to be reminded that they ought to have as much regard for their neighbors' rights as they do for their own.

Joe Marsh

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NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT IT!

LYONS

By EVA BRESSLER

The first fall meeting of the Marl-Linn PTA will be held at the new school house Friday evening, Sept. 8. Installation of officers will be the main business of the evening, with other plans discussed. It is hoped that a large crowd will be present.

Mrs. Robert Fetherston and daughters Ann and Leone returned home last week after spending the summer at Yachats with Mr. Fetherston who is employed there. Sharron Toland who had spent the week with the Fetherstons returned home with them.

Sam Bridges spent several days at Bay City on the coast, looking after business interests.

Miss Juanita Downing and Duane Downing of Portland spent the Labor day holiday at the home of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Orville Downing, calling at the Downing home Monday

afternoon was Miss Betty Woody of Portland, a friend of Juanita.

Rev. and Mrs. Leander Jones spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Caddie Hutchins at Oretown, Ore.

A no host picnic supper was enjoyed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bridges Saturday evening. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Helemn and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Free, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Free and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Free and children, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Nydigger and daughter Barbara. The occasion honored Mrs. Nydigger on her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Olmstead and son Walter spent the week end at Clatskanie returning home Monday evening. Her mother Mrs. Binford returned home with them for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Downing, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Carleton went to Portland one evening last week to see a soft ball game in which their

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Delancey Street Machiavelli, Uncle Charlie Sets Sly Traps

By BILLY ROSE

My Uncle Charlie is a man like this: Do him a favor and you've got—or are stuck with—a friend for life.

For instance . . . Forty years ago when Charlie married my Aunt Frieda and moved into a flat on Allen street, things were so tough that they seldom knew where their next boiled potato was coming from, and the couple would have gone hungry many a night had it not been for a kindly baker on Delancey street named Schultz who occasionally slipped them a bag of stale bread.

Later, when my uncle got a job and began bringing home a fairish buck, he kept up his friendship with Schultz, and to this day if my aunt so much as buys an onion roll from another baker he'll shout, "Ingratenik! You're nipping the hand that once was feeding us!"

A couple of months ago, Charlie finally got a chance to square up his long-standing debt when a Viennese gentleman named Dunkelmeier opened a bakeshop a few doors away from Schultz's rundown establishment. It was quite a layout—newly-furnished, complete with chromium counters and, as if that weren't enough, an hermetically-sealed display window outlined with neon tubing.

SHORTLY AFTER he opened, the Viennese began to spread it around that his competitor used unsanitary methods and that the raisins in his cupcakes sometimes had wings. This, of course, was hitting below the breadbasket, but it brought results and, as of a few weeks ago, the old baker's shop was as deserted as a nightclub at noon.

"What you're needing to stop this Jackie-Come-Lately," my Uncle Charlie told his friend one day, "is public relations."

"Won't do no good," said Schultz, "Even my private relations are buying from Dunkelmeier."

"Then advertise," said Charlie. "I am recommending Battstein, Bartstein, Durstein and — pardon the expression—Osborn."

"Four fellas for one job?" said the old baker. "Who could afford it?"

"Besides, you should fix up your window. For instance, lay out the bagels like an American flag."

"Waste of time," said Schultz "but I got another idea. This Dunkelmeier is using machines to mix his dough and maybe your wife, Frieda, could talk it around

that on his rolls he is sprinkling metal filings instead of poppy seeds."

"Too big a risk," said my uncle. "Dunkelmeyer could answer back that there is fingernails in your pumpernickel."

"So what?" said Schultz. "Better a fingernail than nuts and bolts."

THE NEXT EVENING as the old man was closing the store, Charlie asked to borrow his keys. "Maybe with the cellar key," he said, "I could get into Dunkelmeier's basement!"

"On this block," said Schultz, "the locks are mostly the same. But what business you got in his basement?"

"It came to me a thought," said my uncle, "but don't worry, I'll be delicate like a ladyfinger."

That night happened to be Saturday and Delancey street—the Champs Elysees of the East side—was a-bop with window-shoppers, and around 10 a crowd began to mob Dunkelmeier's window. And small wonder—two mice were nibbling at the groom on top of a seven-layer wedding cake, while a third peeped in shy ecstasy from behind the bride's wedding dress.

When the gogglers were 10 deep Charlie elbowed his way to the window. "Is on account Dunkelmeier has his mixing machines in the cellar," he explained to the crowd. "In them the mice are building nests."

Well, that did it, and a few days later when my uncle breezed into his friend's shop, the Dutchman kissed him on both cheeks.

"Dunkelmeyer is kaput," he said. "It wasn't ethics, but it brought back the customers."

"Up-to-date public relations," said Charley modestly.

"How you drilled a hole from the cellar up to Dunkelmeier's window I can understand," said Schultz, "but where did you get the mice in such a hurry?"

"Simple," said my uncle. "I set a cage-trap in your pantry next to the cheese strudel."

son Duane played, with his team winning the championship in the Industrial league.

Mrs. Jack Goodell has indicated word that her brother Ben Wheeler has re-enlisted in the air forces and is stationed at Scott air base in Illinois.

Mrs. Alex Bodeker entertained her Sunday school class from the Lyons Methodist church with a party held at the community club house Wednesday evening. Outdoor games were played followed by ice cream and cake, present were Judy Kunkle, Shirley Mohler, Jerry Mohler, Carol Kruse, Ruth Baker, Deloris Boatman, Judy Baker, Larry Hubbard, Cleo Dydinger, Gloria Carr, Jerry Hubbard, Jeanette Huffman, and Kathryn Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kimery and daughters of Portland spent the Labor day holiday with relatives in Lyons. They visited at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Jim Kimery, at the Bill Kimery and Art Ayers homes.

Mrs. Willard Hartnell returned home Thursday from Seattle after visiting at the home of her son and daughter-in-law. Her two little grandsons who had spent the past six weeks at the home of their grandparents returned to their home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Carr, Eddie, Beverly and Shirley, Mr. Louis Carr and Mrs. Enola Carr of Boise, Idaho visited several days at the home of

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carr. Albert is a brother of Walter and Loris Carr and son of Mrs. Enola Carr. Sunday the group went to Salem for a reunion with relatives there.

Miss Esther Peterson of Portland is visiting at the home of her sister and family Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mohler.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bassett and son Cecil left Saturday morning for Midvale, Idaho, where they will spend several days at the home of Mr. Bassett's sister and family Mr. and Mrs. Jess Fox.

Mrs. Charles Power and sons Stanley and Steven have gone to Glendale, Calif., where they will visit at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Searle.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Casebeer have returned from a vacation trip into Canada, they visited with two of his sisters at Bella Culla, Canada.

Sunday evening dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Bodeker were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hampton and son Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Johnson of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Gavette and children visited over the weekend at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Toland. They were enroute to their home at Goshen from eastern Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Berry made a trip to Coos Bay and North Bend and along down the coast over the Labor day holiday returning home Monday evening.

DR. MARK

HAMMERICKSEN

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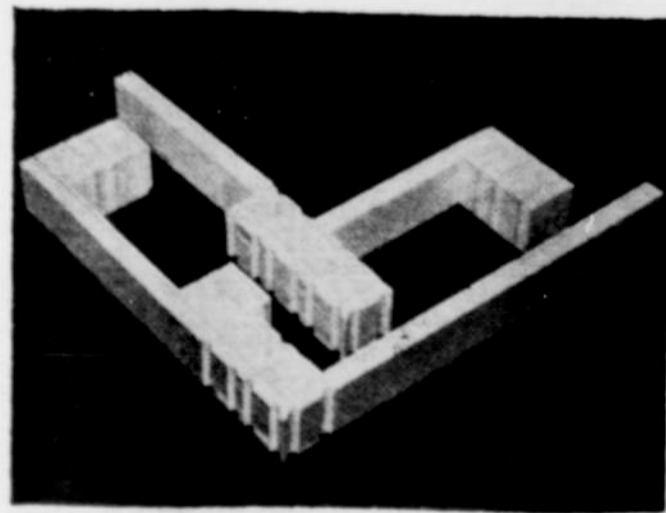
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