



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

Let's Un-nerve 222's Curves

Point Eight in "COMMUNITY AIMS THRU CO-OPERATION" is improvement of highway 222 between Mill City and Lyons.

It goes without saying this particular stretch of highway is a driving hazard and quite below modern-day driving standards.

Recital of the deaths, injuries, large property losses directly traceable to the Mill City-Lyons deer trail is here unnecessary—Canyon citizens are all too aware of these things.

The words on this editorial page are not needed when one finds his person in an automobile as it mimes its way on a mysterious and snakey path called highway 222.

Striking out in seldom traveled thought channels, one easily hits upon the thought—just because the North Santiam river twists, turns, and winds—that is no reason for highway 222 to overdo the thing in an imitation!

Some would argue that the unbanked "S" curves and sharp right and left turns with an occasional swoop thrown in for good measure here and there, are a challenge to Mr. Average Driver, that mythical soul!

It is submitted—the Mill City-Lyons stretch is not a case of the mystical, rather its darn well down to earth! It's high time some earth was moved to straighten the python Mill City-Lyons trail.

One can get angry, make fun, or just plain take it out on the little woman after a tour of the forest between Mill City and Lyons.

All kidding aside—that Number Eight problem is a harmful thing to our Canyon. Who, but an occasional dew-eyed tourist, gets a bang out of our tunnel of love connecting Mill City and Lyons?

Soon Lyons will be linked to Scio and Albany by a highway that is a beauty. The urge of Lyons and its family of communities soon will be to say phooey to Mill City. After all—one can generally join or be called into some branch of the military service for enough hazards and challenges in the path of life.

When Mighty Log Truck and Slick Car play post-office on the way to Lyons, or vice versa, dismayed occupants of Slick Car suffer a skip in the heart beat for fear of an affectionate smack in the kisser by the butt of Long Log.

When the big Mehama-Mill City free-way highway sprawls out on the Marion county side of the North Santiam river, we do not want the State Highway department to erect a sign on the Lyons-Mill City route saying "Proceed at your own risk".

There is no good reason why Canyon citizens need be put through an obstacle course each time they drive through Mill City and Lyons.

If Man put the turns and curves in highway 222, then Man can take 'em out! Let's start taking!

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BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Uncle Charlie's Luck Is Still Bad—Bandit Crosses Him Up

By BILLY ROSE

Last Friday night on the way home from his weekly pinochle session, my Uncle Charlie was held up a few blocks from his home on Allen Street and a wallet containing \$13 was taken from him. This misadventure, strangely enough, has made my Aunt Frieda very happy, and with your leave and license, I'd like to tell you why.

To begin with, to hear my uncle tell it, Frieda is crazy like a fox about most things, but when it comes to fortune telling and allied superstitions she's crazy like a crazy. This, of course, in Charlie's own words, "drives him to destruction," particularly when my aunt shells out good money for such charms and amulets as lucky horse-tail hairs and pieces of string with seven magic knots.

"I can't understand," I once heard him tell her, "how a distinct twenty-century type like you could potsky around with such superstitions."

"Century, schmentury," Frieda answered. "What was good enough by my grandmother is good enough by me."

"So why didn't you marry your grandfather?"

"So when I look at you, that's who I'm thinking I married."



Billy Rose

THE MATTER CAME to a crisis last Friday when Charlie arrived home from the shop and Frieda asked him for 10 dollars.

"Only last week I am giving you 10 dollars," he exploded. "What you making, a down payment on a Cadillac?"

"A catalogue I am not needing," Frieda sassed back. "Today I am purchasing from a certain Gypsy a brass fish with the sign from Zoroaster which is absolute guaranteed to make a party healthy, wealthy and wise, and also rich."

Charlie examined the brass object. "To me it looks like a tin herring," he said. "Where is living this Gypsy?"

"In the back of a store on Suffolk street, and her I am trusting complete," said Frieda. "For instance, when Mrs. Feitelson was expecting, the Gypsy told her to sew up the stuffed derma with black thread for a boy and white thread for a girl, and when she used the black, you saw what happened—a boy."

"It occasional takes place," said my uncle patiently, "that a boy comes in the world without black thread in the stuffed derma."

The upshot of the argument was

a decision to put the magical fish to a practical test, and when Charlie went out that night for his weekly pinochle session, the good-luck charm was in his wallet. If he lost, it was agreed Frieda would stop patronizing Gypsy establishments; if he made a killing, however, he was to have more faith in her theories.

WELL, AS IT turned out, my uncle won ten dollars which, added to the three he started out with, gave him a take-home total of thirteen. Reluctant to face gloating Frieda, he took a roundabout way home.

A few doors from a drugstore on Rivington Street, a hoodlum stepped out of an alley and stuck him up.

"Could you return, please, the pocketbook?" said Charlie "Is genuine alligator leather."

"Scram," said the hold-up man, "or I'll bust in your head."

"A pleasure," said my uncle politely. "Cherry-ho."

When Charlie got home, Frieda was considerably shaken by the story of the stick-up, and was forced to admit that the brass geegaw was a flop. But the next morning she gave my uncle the horse laugh when the mailman dropped off a small parcel with the wallet in it, its contents intact. There was also an unsigned note.

"Dear Mister—When I see you got the Fish of Zoroaster, I decide to send everything back because I have dealings with such fishes before and don't want no part of them. Besides, when I count up the money I find 13 dollars exactly. I know when I'm licked."

"See?" said my aunt. "On account of the brass fish, everything is turning out hunky-toisy."

"Maybe," said my uncle, "but to me it still smells from herring."

Editor's Letter Box:

Dec. 2, 1950

Dear Mr. Editor: The grave crisis which our country faces now, forces me to speak my mind, even though some may not agree with me.

Some of our most conservative newspapers and political leaders are now forced to admit that President Truman's Korean adventure is winding up in fearful debacle. They are forced to admit that the U. S. is in a jam the likes of which has never been known in our history.

What was to be a cheap and easy "police action" against a small colonial nation has turned out to be a long and bloody war which the U. S. can never win.

What is the answer? What should the U. S. do in a crisis which may at any moment explode into World War III?

General MacArthur has an answer, yes, his answer is to drop bombs on Manchuria—to spread the war to include China—to expand the Korean war into a global conflict.

This is now President Truman's answer, too. He rejects negotiations with the Chinese representatives at the United Nations. He turns down mediation of the Korean war, Mr. Truman not only intends to continue fighting the Korean people, but to

take on the 450 million people of China too. And he serves notice on the peoples of the world that he intends to give the green light to General MacArthur to use the atomic bomb or any other weapon of mass destruction he sees fit on the civilian population of China.

But what kind of a solution is that? It means war not only against China, but against China's ally, the Soviet Union. It means global war.

If war with Korea has been a debacle, the war that President Truman and General MacArthur and others contemplate will be a catastrophe for the American people. It will be a war which will end in mass destruction of our cities and our population. It will end in inevitable defeat for the U. S. because it will be an unjust war of conquest in which our country will be ranged against all the peoples of the world.

We have now reached the ultimate end of the get-tough-with-Russia policy, of the help Chiang Kai-shek policy, of the contain-communism policy, of the bi-partisan policy.

In this moment of national crisis, when our country hovers between war and peace, there is a solution—an alternative to the demands of Truman and MacArthur for war with China.

Instead of trying to intimidate and conquer other peoples, why not try friendship and co-operation with China, all the other countries in the world. Do I hear someone say it won't work? We haven't tried it, so how do we know it won't?

It is still possible to negotiate a peaceful settlement of the war in Korea with China and the Korean People's Republic; to make peace with China by recognizing its lawful government; to negotiate a settlement of the cold war and all outstanding disputes with the Soviet Union. It is still possible to achieve a ban on the atomic bomb.

It is but for all of us to think this thing over; to try to realize what a war would mean, and then for everyone of us to let President Truman and our congressmen know that we want peace. Are we going to awaken to the horrors of atomic war too late? Sincerely, RUTH STOVALL, Box 443, Mill City, Ore.



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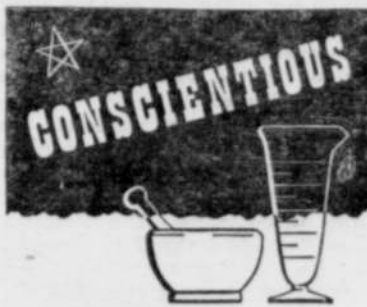
Annual Christmas Program Presented

"A Savior Is Born", a movie in color and full length with sound, is scheduled as a part of the annual Christmas program of the Mill City Free Methodist church in the local church on Sunday, December 17, at 7:30 p.m., G. E. Davidson, superintendent of the church Sunday school disclosed today.

The theme of the Christmas program centers around the birth of Christ and the true Christmas spirit. Included in the Christmas presentation will be recitations, dialogues, solos and candle lighting by the various Sunday school department members.

Parents and their children are especially welcome, Mr. Davidson indicated.

The Free Methodist church is located in north Mill City. Mr. Davidson will operate the movie projector for the movie, "A Savior Is Born" shown Sunday, December 17, in the church.



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