



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

Printing--Companion of Achievement

"Not until Printing came could learning knock at every man's door." This quotation, from the Latin of Cardanus, written in 1546, sums up the importance and significance of printing, down through the centuries of man's development. Printing has moved hand in hand with progress and enlightenment—it has contributed to advancement in all things cultural, social, economic and political. Printing immortalizes in immutable black and white, the finest thoughts, the clearest prose and poetry, the most impassioned feelings of every age, every time.

Since Johann Gutenberg first conceived the movable separate type on a momentous day in 1440, printing has set the tempo for the achievements of every era. And if Gutenberg is the father of the printing industry, certainly the patron saint of our own American printers is Benjamin Franklin, printer, statesman, philosopher-scientist. His devotion to duty, varied genius, sturdy common-sense wisdom and infallible honesty have set a shining example for latter-day comers to the industry, to follow and revere. Therefore, it is fitting that Printing Week, designated as January 15-21, should incorporate the birthday of Ben Franklin, on January 17, and pay tribute to him, as well as commemorate the art of printing throughout the United States and Canada.

It is important that we, as Americans, dependent in every phase of our everyday thinking, planning and living upon printing, pause to pay tribute to those honored by Printing Week. Let us remember that through their efforts the words of freedom, truth, inspiration and wisdom are poured out in an unending stream, so that in truth, "learning can knock on every man's door!"

Protect Your Country

The security of the United States rests in the hands of the individual citizen. He is the one who has to produce, pay the taxes, and when all else fails, man the guns on the firing line.

On July 24, this year, the President of the United States requested all law enforcement agencies, patriotic organizations and individuals to report all information relating to espionage, sabotage and subversive activities to the FBI.

On a recently issued poster, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI says:

1. Be alert. A watchful citizen can save many American lives.
2. Report only facts. Avoid reporting malicious gossip or idle rumors.
3. The nearest FBI office is listed on page 1 of your telephone directory.

Yes, the safety of the United States is in the hands of each man and woman.

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9. OBTAIN CANYON YEAR 'ROUND PAYROLL INDUSTRIES.
10. DETROIT, GATES, AND MILL CITY UNION HIGH SCHOOL.

Veteran Tells Of Rough Time in Korea

Gates—Lieut. Norman Carey, who is with the U. S. forces in Korea, in recent letters to his wife, gives a graphic description of what life is really like in Korea. In one letter he expresses his gratitude that he and his company had cleared Pongyang just as the Chinese reds took possession of the city. His group was the last to withdraw before the bridge across the river was blown up behind them.

Transportation was one of the chief problems, he states. As many as nineteen men were carried, at one time on each of their two jeeps.

The cold he describes is beyond one's imagination. The C rations they eat, he says, resemble a package of frozen food. Though he had a touch of frostbite in his hands, he assured his wife it was nothing serious. His machinegun platoon had been attached to a rifle company, because their big machine guns were frozen.

The last night in North Korea, he describes as a nightmare. The Chinese attacked them during the night and were on all sides of them. It was too dark for them to see anyone or anything, but "We just kept shooting, we were cut off again, but we repulsed the attack". Carey states besides the Chinese they battle "cold, frostbite, trenchfoot and body lice". His fondest dream, he says, is of a bath, heat, clean clothes, warm food and of course HOME. He has not had all of his clothing off since his arrival in Korea.

The food most looked forward to by him and his buddies seems to be hot cakes. He tells of their finding a batch of hot-cake batter which had been left behind by someone fleeing from the Reds. The temptation was too great, they cooked and ate it.

Lt. Carey is a veteran of World War II. He went over seas with the 89th division and served with Patton's Third army in his drive through

MEHAMA

By JEAN ROBERTS

A wind storm struck here Monday disrupting electric and telephone service. Most every family was without lights or water, and many without heat. School was dismissed, but businesses proceeded as usual with candles for light.

Power failure did not daunt Mae Patton, a 76 year old pioneer lady, who turned to a trusty gasoline lamp. In fact she was so disgusted with electric service that she refused to turn on the lights when power was restored.

Ladies Aid was held Thursday at the home of Mrs. Chet Blum. Seventeen ladies were present to elect officers for the coming year. Violet Wallen was named as chairman, Margaret Phillips secretary, Mrs. Chet Blum as treasurer.

Plans were discussed for church improvements. A lavatory is being installed at present and connecting water pipes in the church kitchen is another Ladies Aid project.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Giles Wagner returned home last week from a trip to California where they visited Duane Wagner, who is stationed at San Diego. They were surprised to be announced as visitors from Oregon over a loud-speaker at a public gathering.

Mr. Wagner, who has been favoring a crippled foot by using a cane, discarded his cane after the trip to California.

The G. E. Valentine family have returned to their home at Mehama after spending most of the summer at Tillamook.

France and Germany. Lt. Carey was awarded a certificate of merit and citation in 1945, for meritorious and outstanding performance of military duty. He is the son of Mrs. Velma Carey, of Gates. His wife, Mrs. Betty Carey is with her parents in Albany during her husband's absence.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Know-It-All Louie Scores Hit With Suggestion That Worked

By BILLY ROSE

Did anyone ever tell you the story of Know-It-All-Louie, the East Side tough guy who thought he knew everything about everything? Well, it's been told, retold and mistold in the coffeehouses of Allen Street for as long as I can remember, and today, in the interests of folklore and folderol, I'd like to pass it along.

As old-timers tell it, Louie had achieved quite a reputation as a know-it-all by the time he was kicked out of P.S. 20 after spending three years in the seventh grade. And before he had worn out his first pair of bellbottoms, this reputation had carried over into the poolrooms of the

section where he seldom played but never missed a chance to criticize those who did. On the rare occasions when he did play, he always had a handy excuse for his ineptness—the cushions were too fast, the balls weren't true, etc., and so on.



Billy Rose

LOUIE'S OMNISCIENCE was, if anything, even greater when it came to matters mechanical. Any time he saw a fellow tinkering with his car, it was only a matter of seconds before the know-it-all's head was right under the hood with the owner's, and if the guy took his advice he usually wound up with a face full of soot and a triple repair bill.

Understandably, the loud-mouth got to be known around the East Side as Know-It-All Louie, and just as understandably his brassiness finally attracted the attention of a local hoodlum known as Nick the Carp who, at the time, was planning to burgle a wholesale furrier and needed a nifty kid to drive the getaway car.

When he outlined the job to Louie he said, "Remember, no guns. Da watchman izza ol' guy and I can handle him easy. I ain't lookin' fer no more trouble than I hafta."

Louie, of course, had his own ideas on proper stick-up procedure and lost no time in passing on his expert opinion to one of Nick's henchmen. "Beta pack a rod jus' in case," he advised. "Suppose a ol' guy spots ya an' starts blatin'?"

The night of the job Louie parked the car down the block a bit and began thinking about how he'd spend his share of the loot, but within a matter of minutes there were shots and Nick and the boys came running back. "Ya dummo," said Nick to the henchmen who had taken Louie's

advice. "Ya put three slugs in da ol' man an' now we're in plenny trouble. Drive slow, Louie, in case any cops is aroun'."

"Dere ain't no cops aroun' here dis time a night," said the know-it-all, passing through a red light.

Suddenly a prowl car scooted around a corner and forced them to the curb, and the cops had the bracelets on the thieves before Louie even had a chance to criticize their driving.

NICK THE CARP turned State's evidence and settled for 20-to-life, and Louie might have done the same but he insisted he could win an acquittal. "I know da law," he said. "I wuzzen atta scene a da crime, I wuzza block away. And when I get inna witness chair, I'll tell 'em a 'ting or two."

Well, as it turned out, the know-it-all told 'em so many things that the judge sentenced him to the electric chair.

"I shoulda been my own mou't piece," said Louie. "Dat stupe offa lawyer couldn' hardly talk no English."

It would be nice to chronicle that Know-It-All-Louie reformed during the last mournful mile, but I wouldn't be sticking to the coffeehouse facts. Actually he lectured the warden on how to run a prison, complained because the cook hadn't rubbed his last steak with garlic, and when his head and calves were being shaved he even advised the barber on how to angle the razor.

Finally Louie was led into the little room with the big chair and strapped in—but he wasn't through yet. When the executioner threw the switch all that happened was a crackling flash from the fuse box.

"Da fuse ain't big enough to carry da load," advised Louie from under his helmet. "Ya need a bigger one."

A few minutes later he was very dead. Know-It-All Louie had finally come up with a suggestion that worked.

The Case of Mr. Acheson

by Max Ascoli, Editor & Publisher
THE REPORTER

The extraordinary thing about the campaign against Secretary Acheson is that nearly everybody who has been attacking him has hidden behind somebody else. He seems to have lost the confidence of the people because somebody has heard somebody say that he has lost the confidence of the people. . . . There has been something horribly unfair about the whole man-hunt, unfair to Acheson and unfair to the American people. A few weeks before the Chinese Communists struck in Korea, Acheson had with extreme boldness established a new line of offense and of defense at the United Nations. At long last, the Russian veto in the Security Council could not paralyze any measure the non-Communist nations would take to reduce the dangers of war. The long political battle of attrition had turned into a battle of movement.

Then, when the still (at best) unexplained military offensive "to end the war" was launched, the political line that Acheson had established was completely outflanked by the enemy—in Asia, in Germany, in the councils of the United Nations, in the minds and in the fears of men. . . . The fruits of Acheson's political victory were squandered. The Republican leaders in Congress had been crying, "Let MacArthur have his way," but when it became clear that we had suffered a military and political defeat, they had only this to say: "Acheson must go."

Our Fettered Diplomacy

The Korean disaster epitomizes the plight Acheson has been in since the day he took office. All the time he has had to cope with that Messianic universalism that makes us sponsor principles to be applied "everywhere in the world" and pledge ourselves to resist aggression "wherever it may occur." All the time he has had to conduct a foreign policy that he knew was backed up by inadequate military strength. And all the time he has had to defend himself against an unmerciful internal opposition. . . .

Diplomacy can utilize strength, capitalize on achievement, or hide weaknesses. At times Acheson produced magnificent results. His diplomacy capitalized on the achievement of the Marshall Plan by establishing the Atlantic alliance. Even the doctrine of resistance to aggression "wherever it may occur" became nearly workable in his reform of the U.N.—that could have made the General Assembly the active instrument of the non-Communist nations all united against Communist subversion. . . . Yet all this time the major effort of Secretary Acheson was to gain enough elbow room for the development of a global anti-Communist policy of his own—total diplomacy, as he called it.

He has been like a man engaged in high logarithmic computations who is forced constantly to take time off and explain to his critics what is the sum total of two and two. This peculiar situation has cramped the eloquence of one of the most quick-minded, articulate Americans. . . . Constantly accused of being alien to his people, of not speaking their language, he has made it a point to express himself in the plainest possible terms. Once, when a friend of his was judged guilty of a terrible crime, he found that the most appropriate way to say what he felt was to repeat the simple words of Christ. That was the high mark of his persecution. Even now, whenever the episode is recalled, many people who profess to worship God throw their Bibles at Acheson.

The Beginning of Foreign Policy

Acheson's superior qualifications have been put to test under entirely unprecedented circumstances—the circumstances of a nation that for the first time in its history has to play a major role in the internal affairs of many countries and for the first time has its destiny decided less by the way its people vote at home than by the success or failure of its policies abroad.

Acheson has been the first Secretary of State to realize that even the most generous measures of postwar economic assistance are of limited use, for we are engaged for keeps in a struggle of unlimited scope. This struggle may become one of arms, but cannot be, by any stretch of imagination, of arms alone. We need political skill as much as weapons to keep on our side the men in other countries who may bear weapons with us. Acheson has organized the kind of State Department that is fit to tackle these jobs.

Perhaps there has been, if not hostility, a certain apprehension in the country toward this man Acheson who has been out in front, facing the fantastic unrolling world events, and not always at ease in telling the people what he has seen or the experiences he has gone through. The people are still unprepared for this entirely new situation of threatening world chaos, as Acheson himself probably was at first. . . .

By founding the Atlantic alliance, by reforming the United Nations, he established the pattern of an American foreign policy that other people's recklessness has now seriously damaged. . . . [Whether or not the Secretary remains in office] his enemies will not have the satisfaction of demolishing. . . his character or achievement. . . for the man who could go through such an ordeal and grow with his job has acquired a stature quite independent of any job he may hold.

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