



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

War with China?

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the potential seriousness of our military involvement with the Chinese Communists. The fact that we are involved, even though on a very limited scale as yet, is one more example of mistaken guessing by top military men. Then, it is said, the leaders, including General MacArthur, told Washington that in their estimation Red China would not act. But the experts, were wrong, and the Red forces thronged about the United Nations Troops.

We are not formally at war with China—or with anyone else. But in these days it is certainly difficult to decide what is war and what is not war. The day of declarations of war before the shooting started seems to have ended. And the fact remains that Americans and Chinese are killing and wounding each other.

The hope exists that the troops of Mao are in Korea only because of limited objectives—to secure their frontier, and to protect the Yalu River electric power plants, built by the Japanese, which serve important Manchurian centers as well as North Korea. Before too long we will know whether this is true or not. In the meantime, we must, even though reluctantly, consider what war with China would mean.

William Henry Chamberlain, commentator on foreign affairs, has written on this subject. In the event of such a war, he points out, we would have three courses of action. First, we could attempt an all-out offensive against China. But, he writes, "Even with a staggering expenditure of manpower and material this would probably fall short of its objective. The occupation of Korea was a manageable military problem. The occupation of all China is not." China, like Russia, has been the graveyard of invaders for centuries.

Second, we could hold a defense line in Korea, attempt to disrupt Chinese production and communications with air and naval attack, and induce Chiang's Nationalist forces, now on Formosa, to invade the mainland and organize guerilla actions. "This would be something of a shot in the dark," writes Mr. Chamberlain, "and the Chinese Communists could probably sustain this kind of endurance contest as well as we could."

Third, and last, we could withdraw altogether from the Far East. Of this course Mr. Chamberlain says, "This would raise the bleak prospect of a Communist-dominated Japan some day being used as the spearhead of the Asiatic part of a gigantic Soviet encircling pincers movement against us."

It would be hard to think of courses of action more dispiriting than these. That is the reason why so much effort is being given to seeking a diplomatic solution to the presence of Red China troops in Korea, and why we have not bombed, as we so easily could, the electric power plants in Korea and the Chinese industrial and supply points across the border. The biggest question that yet remains to be answered is whether or not Mao is controlled lock-stock-and-barrel by the Kremlin—and whether or not he and the Chinese people are willing to do Russia's fighting for her, in a war to which no none could see the end.

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With her mother's devoted help and encouragement, Catherine Donnelly of Seattle, born with cerebral palsy, hasn't let her handicap prevent her from earning a bachelor of arts degree, a master's degree, and a Phi Beta Kappa key. Today, she is on her way to become a successful writer.

Because of her mother's guiding hand and Catherine's own courage and determination to overcome her handicap, the Washington Society for Crippled Children and Adults presented both Mrs. Donnelly and her daughter with the "Who's Crippled?" citation at a recent Easter Seal luncheon meeting in Seattle. This monthly award is conferred by the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, the Easter Seal Agency, through its state affiliates to deserving persons like the Donnellys who, in a determination to live a happy, useful life, outwitted a severe physical handicap.

Catherine, partially paralyzed in both arms and legs and having a speech impediment, attended grammar and high school in her own home. Teachers visited her two hours a week and outlined her studies, but she was on her own in preparing her lessons. Catherine has a portable typewriter on which she manages to write by punching one key at a time with a pencil. She graduated from high school as a member of the National Honor Society.

When Catherine's father died after she enrolled at the University of Washington, friends discouraged Mrs. Donnelly from carrying out her plans to see Catherine through university. "Idiotic!" they said. "That girl will never be able to go to college." Those were familiar words to Mrs. Donnelly, but somehow, she didn't seem to hear them.

One October day in 1942, Catherine, accompanied by her mother, attended her first university class. Throughout the four-year course Mrs. Donnelly, a registered nurse, took down her daughter's lecture notes and helped her go from class to class in a wheelchair.

During those four years there had been nights of staying up until 5 a. m., studying for exams, writing, and tearing up stories. Catherine's major was creative writing and during one semester she sold a one-act play for \$25.

After receiving her diploma Magna Cum Laude and elected to Phi Beta Kappa, Catherine went on to earn her master's degree with Mrs. Donnelly by her side.

Catherine earned most of her tuition for her bachelor's degree and all of her tuition for her master's degree by reading and correcting short stories for a creative writing professor at the University of Washington. She also did some ghost writing for radio, and several of her radio plays have been presented over local stations. The American Weekly published her short autobiography, "Thanks, Mother," and Catherine also wrote the first and last chapters of a four-part radio play, "The Legend of the Seafair," broadcast last August over Seattle's four major stations in connection with the city's Seafair celebration.

Catherine likes three square meals a day, and says, "It's hard work sometimes to keep things in running order, but hard work is the best tonic I know to keep me in trim. I am fortunate to have such a wonderful mother."

"THIS STRIKES me as kind of a peculiar remark for a ghost, but I do like I'm told, and when we get to St. Patrick's the ghost gets out and I'm surprised I can't see through him like you're supposed to with ghosts."

"I'll never forget you for what you did," he says, "and especially the way you did it—pretending not to hear what I told you and driving me through the park on this beautiful night so I could see there was something in the world besides my own miserable problems."

"For the first time I begin to suspicion that maybe this ghost isn't no ghost after all, so I says to him, 'When'd you get in my cab?'"

"You know darned well I was waiting in the back when you came out of the bar," he says.

"That explains it," I says, "I didn't see you because it was dark and I didn't hear you because the window between us was closed."

IDANHA

By REBA SNYDER

Election of officers for the year 1951 were held in the first meeting of the year Wednesday afternoon of the Santiam Willing Workers club. Mrs. Vern Morgan received the most votes for president, Mrs. Lon Everly, vice president, and Mrs. Greer for secretary treasurer.

The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Jack Gulliford with 12 members present. It was voted to give the toys which were repaired a year ago and not needed locally, to the "Tide of Toys" sponsored by the American Legion and Auxilliary. It was also decided to have a Valentine party for members and their family at Marion Forks lodge the night of February 16 with a no-host dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rone and daughter, Lynda are suffering from virus pneumonia. Rone, who had worked several days, not feeling well, is the worst affected. All are improving. Rone returned to work Monday.

The Idanha Service station is again in operation. Roy Clark, proprietor, formerly of Bend, says the garage will be opened in the near future.

Mrs. Frank New has been ill with a kidney infection the past week. Although much improved she is still confined to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brown returned to their home Sunday after a ten day visit in the O. G. Nickols home in Bend.

Mrs. A. R. Snyder and sons, Donald and Leonard, drove Arnolds car to the Salem air-port, Monday night, where

they met Arnold Snyder and William Bodie, who had flew from Seattle. Bodie and Snyder left Wednesday afternoon by car for San Francisco.

Robert Steele has been transferred to Eugene. Mrs. Steele who teaches first grade in Detroit will finish the term. C. S. McKelvey of Redmond will replace Patrolman Steel here. Steel has been stationed here since 1944. The Steele's gave a going-away party last week for friends at Marion Forks lodge. Refreshments and dancing was enjoyed during the evening.

Two feet of snow fell here last week to be greatly melted by the rain Saturday night. Plows and graders were kept busy clearing the streets.

Due to weather conditions and illness, the N. S. W. W. club will not meet this week as planned. The Valentine party will be the next meeting at Marion Fork lodge, February sixteenth.

Calvin Cannon, who has spent the past few months in Arkansas with his mother, returned to Idanha with Bill Hamilton when he and family returned from his vacation.

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BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Riding the Ghost Turns Cabbie Into a Gentleman and a Scholar

By BILLY ROSE

The other midnight, after 15 hours of making like Joe Executive, I felt I could use a little fresh air, and so I stepped into a cab and asked the hackie to drive me around Central Park.

"How's business?" I small-talked.

"Pretty fair," said the cabbie, "but people are funny—soon as us hackies start making an extra buck they act like we was profiteering or something. They forget all those years when we had to ride the ghost in order to keep our jobs."

"Ride the what?"

"The ghost," said the hackie. "That's what we used to call it when we threw the flag down and let the clock run without a customer inside. During the tough times there were fleet owners who would fire a guy if he didn't bring in a certain amount of business, so we used to run it up on the meter and pay it out of our own pockets. And we had to watch ourselves when riding the ghost or an inspector might nab us. The way I used to do it was to cruise around Central Park until I clocked enough to satisfy the boss—and do you know something? The biggest tip I ever got was on one of those nights when the ride was on me."

"Unconfuse me," I said.

"WELL IT WAS like this," said the hackie, "About a month after the stock market crash in '29, I'm cruising around Wall Street one afternoon, figuring that if a broker threw himself out the window I might get a chance to rush him to the hospital. But Wall Street's like a graveyard that day, and so finally I get disgusted and go into a speakeasy for a couple of shots."

"When I climb back in my cab a few hours later, I'm feeling no pain, and so I decide I might as well take the ghost for his usual joyride. And that night, Central Park is really something to see—you know, full of snow and icicles like a picture in a kid's fairy book."

"After making the circuit a couple of times, I'm about ready to call it a night when suddenly I get a feeling I'm being watched. And so I turn around, and sitting in the back is a little old geezer wearing one of those high collars and what they call a bomber jacket. Naturally, this gives me quite



From where I sit ... by Joe Marsh

Right Under Our Nose!

Sometime back, we got word from the Governor, asking if we wanted to use the State Fire Inspection Team—a group of experts they send around to communities to inspect public buildings.

We sent a letter saying: "Okay! Give us the once-over!" They came down, all right—last week.

After the inspection, we got their report. Came out pretty well, all told. Town Hall and the School were O.K. Post Office just needed more sandbuckets. In fact, everything got a clean bill of health, except—the Fire Station!

From where I sit, we volunteer firemen had just been too blamed busy keeping everyone else on the ball—and not realizing our own firehouse was not up to snuff. Like the man who worries so much about his neighbors—about whether they work hard enough, about whether they can really afford their new car, about their enjoying a temperate glass of beer—that he forgets to take a good critical look at himself now and then.

Joe Marsh

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