



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

As Others See Us

As a matter of policy, the Soviet government does everything possible to create fear, distrust and hatred of America among its people. Those who would like an insight into some of the techniques pursued would do well to read an article by Louis J. Herman, a specialist in Russian propaganda, called "America Through the Kremlin's Eyes."

In the field of sweeping generalities, Mr. Herman quotes this picture of America from a piece of the New Times, a Soviet weekly: "A handful of plutocrats wallow in wealth and enjoy unlimited power, while tens of millions of ordinary people suffer privation and oppression . . . In their crusade against all progressive-minded Americans, the monopolists are out to turn the United States into a land of police bludgeons and torture chambers."

The American press—which, according to the official Soviet view, is almost 100 per cent pro-fascist and anti-democratic—naturally comes in for its full share of attention. The heaviest bombardment falls on publications of wide circulation, such as Time and Newsweek, and the New York Times and Herald Tribune. The following view of goings on at the National Press Club in Washington is offered: "Here, over a glass of whiskey, around the card or billiard tables, rumors and insinuations are born, domestic and world news is manufactured, vicious, lying stories are penned at the war-mongers' orders."

How many Russians believe it no one knows. But the fact is that very few of them have access to any other information.

The Meaning of Korea

Recently the President discussed Korea in these words: "Korea has tremendous significance for the world. It means that free nations, acting through the United Nations, are fighting together against aggression."

"We understand the importance of this best if we look back into history. If the democracies had stood up against the invasion of Manchuria in 1931, or the attack on Ethiopia in 1935, or the seizure of Austria in 1938, if they had stood together against aggression on those occasions as the United Nations has done, the whole history of our time would have been different."

"The principles for which we are fighting in Korea are right and just. They are the foundations of collective security and of the future of free nations. Korea is not only a country undergoing the torment of aggression; it is also a symbol. It stands for right and justice in the world against oppression and slavery. The free world must always stand for these principles—and we will stand with the free world."

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Thomas (Tad) Dillon, seven-and-a-half-year-old youngster of Los Angeles, hopes contributions to the March of Dimes flow as wide and deep as the water he's swimming through. Tad, an ex-respirator patient, was treated in five West Coast hospitals, at a cost of \$4,477.32 to the Los Angeles County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The National Foundation spent \$20,000,000 in March of Dimes funds last year and wound up operating its patient care program at a deficit. Help assure continued treatment for kids like Tad—by giving generously to the 1951 March of Dimes this month.

MEHAMA

By JEAN ROBERTS

An especially interesting home extension meeting was held Friday afternoon in the Woman's club house with county extension agent Marjorie White demonstrating "accessories for clothes."

Also discussed at the meeting was the Homemakers festival which will be held April 21 with all units invited to attend and display a centerpiece on the theme "My Community."

Chairman of the festival committee of this unit is Mrs. Eula Monroe. Chairman of the centerpiece committee is Mrs. Gladys Cowdrey.

Winning prizes in the gift wrapping contest, a side line of the extension work were Mrs. Florine Roten, Mrs. Ann Blum, and Mrs. Winnie Branch. Hostess for the day were Mrs. Cowdrey and Mrs. Dorothy Draper.

A large group of young folks attended the teen-age party last week which is sponsored by the Mehama woman's club. Bill Bickett, of Elkhorn, expert caller and instructor of folk dances, was present to teach the young people new routines. A number of adults, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Golliet, Mrs. Frances McCarley, and Mrs. Hazel Shields were onlookers. Refreshments were served by the boys.

Andy Spriggs is reported ill and confined to the Salem Memorial hospital. Mrs. Spriggs, who has been in Washington for some time, has been a recent Mehama visitor.

Mrs. Elmer Taylor is home and recovering from a trip to the hospital. The Jack Castle family has moved to Portland. This decreases the school population by three children. Their tent, located near the school yard has been sold to a neighbor.

GATES

By MRS. ALBERT MILLSAP

Called here by the sudden death of their father, Adam A. Shepherd, Thursday last week were Mrs. Mable Hampton of Grangeville, Idaho; Paul Shepherd of Tensed, Idaho; Harold Shepherd of Tillamook and William Shepherd of Mill City, and their families.

Mrs. Minnie Brotherton of Medford, sister of Mr. Shepherd, is at the home of her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eccleston.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Wagner and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes, all of Portland were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Brown and son of Mehama were Saturday visitors at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Richards.

From Portland, at the home of Mrs. Anna Nystrom, over the weekend were her daughter, Mrs. Julia Stoffel, her granddaughter and son, Mrs. Verma Hunziker and Miss Betty Ziller and Miss Madaleon Dixon. The younger members of the party planned to form a skiing party Sunday.

A guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burrell Cole last week was Mrs. R. E. Stephenson of Grants Pass. Mr. and Mrs. Cole accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Minnie Everton spent Sunday in Molalla at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Powers and Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Robertson. Mr. Cole is the brother of both Mrs. Powers and Mrs. Robertson.

E. V. Collins of Estacada was a Gates visitor one day last week, at the home of his mother, Mrs. Lula Collins.

Don Miley, superintendent of the local high school was called to California, the last of the week by the

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Moe's Biggest East River Catch Found Rose Hanging on Line

By BILLY ROSE

Among the doodads on my desk is an old piece of string wrapped around a wooden spool, and people who come to my office often quiz me about it. My rough, ready and routine answer is: I'm fond of that bit of string because, thanks to it, my business address is Sixth Avenue instead of Davy Jones's Locker.

But let me crank the reel back 44 years and give it to you—as my Aunt Frieda would put it—"in sequins." . . .

The scene I remember most vividly on the East Side is the dock near the Fulton Fish Market where we used to go swimming on summer days when school was out and the tide was in. And the water-front character who usually takes stage center in my memory is a little ragbag of a man we called Crazy Moe who spent most of his days spool-fishing over the edge of the pier.



Billy Rose

We often pointed out to this incomplete angler that he was wasting his time that no self-respecting flounder would be caught sauteed in the polluted waters of the East River—but Crazy Moe paid no attention to us. His answer, when he bothered to answer at all, was that he didn't much care about catching anything—he just liked to fish. And as nearly as we could tell, he never even took the trouble to bait his hook.

ONE DAY A BOY named Terry, the most promising juvenile delinquent on Avenue A, swiped a mackerel from a fish stand, dove off the dock when Moe wasn't looking and hooked the fish onto his line. And when the tetcher one began to pull in his "catch," his hands shook so violently that the fish looked alive.

Before he could get wise to the deception, however, one of the kids grabbed the mackerel out of his hand and backed its head off with a jackknife. Crazy Moe cursed at us for five minutes—and it wasn't because he wanted to stuff and mount the fish, he just wanted to throw the poor thing back. There was another day when this

same Terry decided it was time I learned how to swim, and when I tried to ward him off with the wily dialectics of a seven-year-old he began calling me "sissy" and "yella belly." Finally, realizing there was no way to dodge the dunking, I stripped down to my shorts. Terry and another kid grabbed hold of me, gave me a couple of hammock swings and pitched me into the river. I landed ker-splash between a grapefruit rind and a floating bottle, and water began rushing into me from every opening.

AS I WAS GOING down for the second time I somehow got tangled up in a bit of string, and when my head broke water I saw Crazy Moe standing on the dock hauling in his second fish—me, and I was darned near as dead as the first one. The line, of course, wasn't strong enough to do more than keep me afloat, but it gave Terry a chance to dive in and pull me over to the ladder.

After I had recovered breath and bravado, I asked Crazy Moe to let me have his fishing line for a keepsake, and when he demurred I bribed it away from him with what was an important piece of money in those days—a new Liberty Head nickel.

Today, many decades and chins later, the piece of string occupies a prominent place among the mementos on my desk—sort of a mute reminder of the time when my life hung by a hair. And my favorite mermaid who, of course, knows this story says it explains why I married her.

"You wanted a swimmer in the family," says Eleanor, "because the next time they throw you in, there may not be a Crazy Moe hanging around."

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10. DETROIT, GATES, AND MILL CITY UNION HIGH SCHOOL.

news of the death of his sister's four-year-old son, who was struck by a car and killed. During Mileys' absence Mrs. Mileys' parents of Silverton are in Gates at the Miley home.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Garrison are enlarging their cafe and variety store. An addition is being added on the east end of the building, with a floor space of 16x35. It is planned to move the cafe and fountain in the new addition, which will provide more room for a stock of hardware and other articles in the store.

Gates friends of Mrs. C. Rosheim, of Lyons will be glad to learn that she has returned to her home from a Salem hospital, where she was confined for several days last week following a fall at her home. Mrs. Rosheim sustained a badly fractured elbow from the fall and it was necessary to operate to remove pieces of the shattered bone. Mrs. Rosheim is the daughter of Mrs. Lula Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Fount Paul and Mr. and Mrs. Tex Allen drove to Salem one night last week where they enjoyed an evening of ice skating.

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From where I sit ... by Joe Marsh

Blue Wins This "Hunt"

Cappy Miller's coon dogs—except for one of them, Old Blue—are about the finest hounds in the county. Blue's too friendly and easy-going to care much about hunting. He doesn't act the way we think a good dog should, so we figured he'd never amount to much.

But a fellow comes around Saturday looking for a good dog to photograph for some advertising. And the dog he picks is Blue! Says Blue's happy, friendly face is just the one to attract people's attention. So Cappy gets more money for that picture than his other

dogs will ever take in hunt prizes. From where I sit, that should teach us not to look down on humans, when they act differently than we think they should. For instance, maybe you think tea goes best with food. O.K.—but don't size up wrong the man who enjoys a bottle of beer at mealtime.

Like Blue, I guess we're all "different" in one way or another—but that doesn't mean we don't have our good points, too!

Joe Marsh

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