

Timber Cruisers Tap Trees for Pitch

By JEAN ROBERTS

An item of merchantable value abounding in a timbered country but seldom considered, is pitch. Pitch is found in quantity in many old growth trees and is used commercially for varnishes and medicine.

In the last decade log and lumber markets have skyrocketed but previous to this, timber cruisers and loggers in many areas tapped trees for their pitch content. Present day fallers occasionally encounter trees that were tapped years ago with a scar plainly visible. Several trees bearing the tapping marks have been felled recently above Mill City, a few on Fern Ridge and some on McCully Mountain.

In the days of hand-falling an expert woodsman could tell exactly by

the sound of a tree whether it was pitchy or rotten. To an inexperienced ear, the hollow sound might seem identical but to a worker who received no pay for felling a rotten tree, the sound was quickly learned and differentiated.

Pitch seams were located and bored. A spout affixed and pitch allowed to ooze out; sometimes as much as 50 gallons per tree. A limb was then pushed into the hole and would grow into the tree, sealing the opening and preventing rot.

Elton Ingram and Ray Roberts timber fallers at the old C. and H. logging camp above Elkhorn, first heard of salvaging pitch from a timber cruiser who quoted it as saleable at \$7.00 a gallon. Working in old growth timber, they considered it worth while to carry 5 gallon cans to work and collect pitch. Confident of rich returns they slowed down busheling.

It was not until they reached Portland with a car loaded with containers of pitch that doubt assailed them. No one there had even heard of pitch.

After an extensive search the Blue Mountain Hide and Fur Co. was located who offered not \$7.00 a gallon but .75c. Of course this was for pitch that was clear. If stored in metal containers for more than a day or so it will color and thus less the value.

At present pitch is purchased by a Mill City business at the same rate .75c a gallon. Not comparable perhaps to busheling wages but less strenuous.

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Out of the Woods

By JIM STEVENS

War Story...

Scrub Samson was an old head with the Lemolo Logging company. In his prime he could never quite inch up to five feet, even in his calked boots. Scrub lacked the cockiness that is common with many good little loggers. At fifty he seemed a gray, wizened rabbit of a man. After a long record of such jobs as flunkey, whistlepunk, bullock, woodbuck, snipe he seemed settled as a camp night watchman. Then came December 7, 1941.

A few other Lemolo old-timers knew that Scrub had dreamed for some years of a tractor-driver's job. He had spent many of his spare day-time hours tinkering and helping around the machine shop. Ever so often he was allowed to try his hand at breaking in a reconditioned tractor. At last, with the war taking so many men out of the woods, Scrub got his chance with a bulldozer, grading a new logging truck road.

The Snake Ranch...

The new trail forked into the Lemolo River road where stood "The Snake Ranch," a joint conducted by a Bulgarian called "Herman the Hog." He and his gang were rotgut bootleggers, gambling sharks, and, some said, enemy aliens at heart as well as by war rating.

On a certain week-end Scrub parked his dozer in a clump of river-bank alders alongside the Snake Ranch. It was with grim purpose. This Saturday night, he vowed, he'd live up to his family name of Samson or bust something a-trying.

Scrub had a particular bill of complaint against Herman the Hog. Back in the depression years the two had been in camp together. During a summer shutdown in forest fire weather, Herman had somehow snagged a bottle of lemon extract from the kitchen and gone to the woods to drink it. Drunk, he started a fire near the donkey where Scrub was on watch. Scrub got water on the blaze and licked it, but in the fight a shower of coals hit him from behind and set his shirt on fire. The looks of him when he came in to camp was a big laugh to the whole outfit, and most of all to Herman.

Scrub Samson remembered all that on this Saturday midnight, as he packed the line from the dozer's drum in among the posts that supported the rear of the Snake Ranch joint on the river bank slope.

But Scrub remembered most of all how many good men of the woods had been duped and robbed by Herman the Hog these past weeks; how many had been snared in the Snake Ranch by man catchers for big-town jobs; how many loggers had been gypped with dice and stacked cards.

Pillar Puller...

Back in the tractor seat Scrub eased the power into the drum. Cold beads of sweat popped out on him and chills ran up and down his spine as timbers groaned and cracked through the midnight shadows ahead. Scrub could imagine stone walls and steel bars around him the rest of his days for this, but he grimly poured in the power. Then suddenly—

The line slackened and raced in, things crashed, the boozey uproar inside the joint lifted in whoops and yells of panic, and the bulk of the old Snake Ranch shack in the darkness leaned and slid for the shadowy water. The crash of splintering wood and the yells were muffled by a giant splash. The lights of the Snake Ranch were out, but Scrub could see that the shack was in water up to its windows.

He skipped off the tractor and unhooked the line from foundation posts, which had been pulled to the alders. Three minutes later Scrub was rolling back to the woods. He felt safe now. No one could ever dream that such a rabbit of a man had pulled the pillars out from under the Snake Ranch. He was happy. At last he'd lived up to the family name.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends for their kind deeds and remembrances in the recent passing of our husband and father.
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OREGON JUNIOR GROWERS CAPTURE FOUR NATIONAL CONTEST AWARDS

OREGON junior vegetable growers were named winners of four state awards in the 1950 production-marketing contest of the National Junior Vegetable Growers Association as the NJVGA concluded its sixteenth annual four-day convention at New Orleans, La., today.

State-wide honors went to Merrill Kommer, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kommer, Eugene; Eugene Hackett, 17, son of Mr. Lewis E. Hackett, Eugene; Richard Hull, 17, son of Mr. Walter E. Hull, Eugene, and Violet Kay Klobas, 15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Klobas, Bend. Each received a cash prize from the \$6,000 scholarship fund provided each year by A & P Food Stores to encourage better production and marketing of vegetables by farm youth.

Also announced by L. J. Allen, State 4-H Club Leader and State NJVGA chairman was the awarding of the national championship and the top \$500 scholarship to James L. McBee, 19-year-old grower of Philippi, West Virginia.

The Kommer boy's plot was three-fourths of an acre in extent, planted to the usual kinds of table produce. The crop was valued at \$145, with a net profit of \$109 on an original investment of \$16.25.

The entire produce of lima, kidney, and string beans, beets, cabbage, carrots, celery, corn, cucumbers, lettuce, peas, potatoes, tomatoes, pumpkins, squash, onions, and rhubarb was used at home, if not immediately as they ripened, then later as canned or frozen and stored in the deep-freeze.

Young Hackett's garden plot was also three-fourths of an acre, planted to mixed vegetables that produced a \$133 harvest. The only vegetable that was sold for cash was the cucumber crop. Everything else was used at home, much of it canned. Mrs. Hackett instructed her son on the size, color, and ripeness of each vegetable desired for canning, and he picked them in conformance with her standards.



Merrill Kommer



Richard Hull

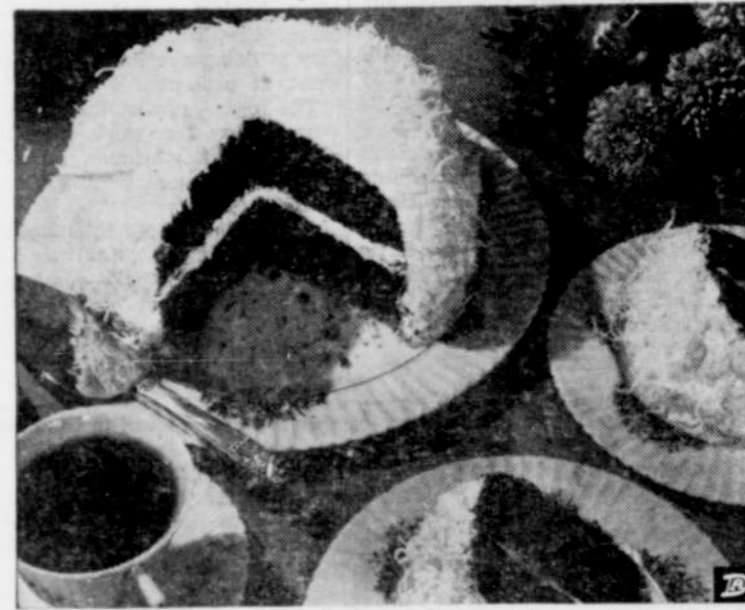
Richard Hull cultivated a quarter-acre tract near his home, and grew a \$109 crop of 16 vegetables. Because he doesn't live on a farm, his costs were inordinately high, but nevertheless, after paying himself \$25 for labor from gross returns, he still realized a net profit of \$47, stating, "Even if I broke even financially, in the best sense I got a profit from the quality and freshness (of the produce), and from the experience and being able to exhibit at the fairs."

Violet Klobas lives on an 80-acre farm with her parents, and took over 4000 square feet for her own project. She grew nearly \$80 worth of vegetables on this small plot, of which more than half was clear profit. She spent only 30 hours on the project. Enclosing glowing character testimonials from her school officials and others, Violet's report is a documentary proof of achievement. She has held the posts of secretary for the garden and dairy branches of FFA, and has won numerous FHA awards for canning, gardening, dairy work, sewing—and perhaps most surprising of all—woodworking!



Violet K. Klobas

Hooray For Your Side!



When the signals have all been called and the game won, invite your crowd home for cups of hot, hot coffee—and this mouth-watering Coconut Devil's Food Cake. Whatever the scoreboard shows, there will be cheers for your side when you serve this perfect combination of food after the game, as a climax to the excitement and fun.

COCONUT DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups Beet or Cane Sugar
- 1 egg and 2 egg yolks
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- *Milk (see below for amount)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each; add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add

vanilla. Turn into two deep 9-inch layer pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper then greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake, sprinkling generously with shredded coconut while frosting is still soft.



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Church Activities

FREE METHODIST CHURCH
North Mill City
Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.
Morning worship 11 a.m.
Junior church 11:00 a.m.
Evening service 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday prayer meeting 7:30 p.m.
Phone 1906 Rev. L. C. Gould, Pastor

COMMUNITY CHURCH
Full Gospel Preaching
Sunday school 10 a.m.
Morning worship 11 a.m.
Evangelistic service 8 p.m.
Prayer meeting Tues. at 1:30 p.m.
Preaching services Wednesday and Friday 8 p.m.
Rev. Wayne W. Watkins, Pastor

GATES COMMUNITY CHURCH OF CHRIST
Sunday school at 10 a.m.
Morning worship 11 a.m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 p.m.
Evening worship 7:30 p.m.
Walter Smith, Pastor

IDANHA COMMUNITY CHURCH
Sunday school 10 a.m.
Morning service 11 a.m.
Evening service 7:30 p.m.
Thursday prayer meeting 7:30 p.m.
Student Pastor, Rodney Toews

ASSEMBLY OF GOD CHURCH
Sunday School 10 a.m.
Morning Worship 11 a.m.
Young people's service at 6:30 p.m.
Evening Service 7:30 p.m.
Prayer meeting and Bible study, Thursday at 7:30 p.m.
Rev. W. D. Turnbull, Pastor.

L.D.S. OF JESUS CHRIST CHURCH
Detroit
Sunday school each Sunday 10 a.m. in high school building, Detroit.
Priesthood meeting 11 a.m.
Zealand Fryer, Presiding

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Morning worship 11 a.m.
Music by choir.
Dr. David J. Ferguson, Preaching
Young People at 6:30 p.m., Mrs. Arthur Kreiver, leader.

ST. CATHERINE CATHOLIC CHURCH, MILL CITY
Mass at 9 a.m. every Sunday.
Confessions heard before Mass.
Services every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. during Lent.
Altar Society 3d Wednesday 8 p.m.
Father Carl Mai, Pastor

DETROIT CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.
Preaching at 11 a.m. by Leland Keithly, minister.
Youth meeting 6:30 each Sunday evening.

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Services every Lord's day
Sunday school 9:45 p.m.
Morning worship 11 a.m.
Young People's meeting 6:30 p.m.
Evening worship 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, 7 p.m. Jr. Teen Fellowship
Wed., 7:30 p.m. Bible study hour.
Thursday, 7 p.m. Young People.
Mr. Hugh Jull, Pastor

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
IOOF Hall
Sunday 11 a.m.
Wednesday meeting 4th Wed. 8 p.m.

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