



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

Plans, Sweat, and Co-operation

Said of us at the Canyon-wide dinner on September 12, 1950, was this, "You have a perfect climate, rich soil, power, timber and possibly minerals. You can do anything you wish if you are willing to pay the price. When I say 'price', I do not have in mind 'money'. I am thinking of plans, sweat, and co-operation."

Those "plans, sweat, and co-operation" are here. Committeemen from chamber of commerce groups and active representatives of civic bodies all up and down the Canyon are moving towards and meeting together in regard to a Santiam Canyon association. These men are promoting the general welfare of the North Santiam Canyon when they form a central organization with an eye towards developing and working out a successful sales campaign for our entire area.

It is rather generally recognized that this canyon's citizens have been doing a bit of crying about this, that, and another thing.

Citizens cried about having no hospital in the Canyon. Some men came along selling a hospital. The Canyon citizens bought it—Santiam Memorial Hospital.

Events have an irritating and disheartening way of occurring in a manner at odds with each of our desires. When some event goes amiss (compared to individual plan for its happening), the urge is quite strong that a cry burst from the lips.

Never one so lonely is he or she who sees another or others doing well that which was once his or her own happy dream.

Who is the peculiar character who does not want new year-round payrolls in the Canyon? Look to the left and right for such a person—he or she can not be found! Each citizen cries alone—Boo! Hoo! We have no big payrolls! No community spirit! Boo! Hoo!

With the same token Santiam Memorial Hospital was bought—purchase of fat year-round payrolls for this Canyon is possible. Industry awaits good Canyon salesmen—those who know and have confidence in their product.

Most of those same men who made possible a Canyon hospital now have taken on the selling job of getting purchasers for the many worthwhile products of the North Santiam Canyon—timber, minerals, farm products, grass seeds, power, and fantastic recreational opportunities.

As these men formed themselves into a hospital association, so do they now go about forming a Santiam Canyon association. Again these men go through the labor pains of giving birth to a new era for the North Santiam Canyon, because they have caught the powerful vision of the world of tomorrow.

Soon one can watch baby robins in their nests. When mamma robin comes with a beak full of food, her babies crane their pipette necks upwards and stretch wide open their mouths. Each baby robin vents its hunger cry. Which baby gets the most worms? Of course, it is the one which holds open its mouth the longest and cries the loudest.

The Canyon is but one hungry baby robin in the state of Oregon. A Santiam Canyon association can raise a pretty loud noise for the Canyon's citizens.

Dedicate Unusual Research Tower



RACINE, WIS.—One of the world's most extraordinary research laboratories was dedicated in Racine, Wis., by S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., makers of wax products for home, industry and agriculture. Designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, the 153-foot high building has no first floor, no supports directly under the side wall. A central core anchored 54 feet in the ground carries the weight. Twenty-one miles of glass tubing circle the building between bands of brick. The company president, H. F. Johnson, right, is here pointing out the features of the building to Dr. Roger Adams, head of the University of Illinois Chemistry Department, who was principal dedication speaker.

Editor's Letter Box

Traffic accidents are a daily occurrence with deaths and injuries headlining every newspaper. Death, broken limbs, dismembered bodies, brain concussions, severe hemorrhages, unconsciousness happen to someone every day. Many persons read the headlines and cluck their tongues sympathetically, but very few realize the seriousness of the printed terms and no one ever thinks that such a thing will happen to him.

Reckless driving usually heads the list of potential killers with teen-age youngsters, often the instrument of death. The idea that the law deals severely with reckless drivers is a farce. For example, three accidents in this immediate vicinity:

No. 1 occurring April 6, 1950, Ralph Tate Jr. of Stayton, a 16-year-old

school boy was arrested for reckless driving after striking the automobile of Ray Roberts of Mehama. Witnesses of just before the accident alleged he was traveling approximately 80 miles per hour. Three persons in the Robert's car were injured, Mrs. Roberts sustaining a broken back and brain concussion. The boy posted a \$100 bail bond and the hearing was postponed for five months and then dismissed.

Case No. 2: Carl W. Jarnigan, an 18-year-old youth of Silverton was charged with passing with insufficient clearance Dec. 15, 1950 when the automobile of Fred Davies of Stayton, was struck. Mrs. Davies, a mother of two children was instantly killed. This 18-year-old youngster was acquitted Jan. 17, 1951 with a verdict of innocent from a Marion county district court jury.

No. 3: A hit-run accident that

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Lena Finds Otto's Bar Friends Not Bums If He's in Trouble

By BILLY ROSE

A beery little letter showed up in the mail today from a man in Milwaukee, and if you'll pull up a chair and help yourself to the pretzels I'll be glad to let you take a look at it. . . . Dear Mr. Rose: There's an old German couple in our neighborhood named Otto and Lena Brenner, and something happened to them not long ago which you might want to mention in your column.

Otto has been a gateman at one of the local breweries for longer than most of us can remember, and ever since he got married in 1910 he's been turning his pay check over to his wife who cashes it at the grocer's and gives him a couple of dollars off the top for spending money. About 30 cents of this goes for smoking tobacco and the rest for beer at Stegmeyer's Social Club, a saloon where Otto drops in regularly for a little talk with the boys. Lena, of course, has never approved of the club, and has always said Otto's friends were a bunch of bums.

LAST MONTH Lena got word that her sister in Racine was sick and needed her, and so, not knowing when she'd be back, she gave Otto permission to cash his pay check himself, warning him, however, to stay away from Stegmeyer's where the boozers could only lead him into evil ways.

The following Friday night when Otto cashed his check he took the \$37 in bills, rolled them into a wad, put a rubber band on it and shoved it into a pants pocket, along with an odd quarter left over from his previous week's spending money. Then he went home, ate a little dinner and stretched out on the couch for a nap.

For the best part of an hour he turned and tossed, but finally he gave up, put on his hat and headed for Stegmeyer's. A few doors from the bar, a panhandler gave him a hard-luck story, and it was so convincing that Otto dug down and gave him the quarter. Then he went into the beer parlor where, of course, he got his usual warm reception and had himself his usual fine time. That is, until it was his turn to buy a round—when he reached for his money it wasn't there. "What's the trouble?" said the bartender. "You look like you lost something." "My pay," said Otto. "Don't worry," said the bartender. "Your credit's good."

"It ain't that," said Otto. "This is the first time my old lady has let me cash my pay check and I'll never hear the end of it if I don't have the money when she gets back. I gave a panhandler a quarter before I came in and that's when the bills must have fallen out of my pocket."

WELL, PRACTICALLY everybody in Stegmeyer's went out to look for Otto's money, but there was no sign of it so he finally went home, plenty worried about how Lena was going to take it.

An hour later there was a knock on the gateman's door and it was Little Stevie, the kid who works for Stegmeyer. "The panhandler came in right after you left and gave us this," he said, handing Otto a roll of bills with a rubber band on it. "He says he picked it up right after you gave him the quarter, but his conscience started to bother him on account you was so good to him."

Otto counted the money—it was \$37.

When Lena got back from Racine, the old boy handed her the dough and that might have been that, except the following night, while tidying up, she found a roll of bills wedged behind a cushion on the couch.

"Look," she said to Otto, "money! Thirty-seven dollars!" "It must be my last week's pay," said Otto. "You mean you got paid twice last week?"

Otto knew he wasn't worth a darn as a liar and so he told Lena everything. "It means only one thing," said his wife. "Them bums at Stegmeyer's saw you was in bad trouble and took up a collection." A few minutes later, Lena went to the closet and got her coat. "Put on your hat and let's go," she said. "Go where?" said Otto. "To Stegmeyer's, of course. First I'm gonna apologize to those bums for saying they're bums. After that the drinks are on me!" Sincerely, Louis Stegmeyer

COMMUNITY AIMS THRU CO-OPERATION:

1. SANTIAM MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.
2. MILL CITY STREET IMPROVEMENT.
3. LOCAL YOUTH RECREATION CENTER.
4. MILL CITY DIAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM.
5. MILL CITY PARK PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL.
6. ELIMINATION OF BANFIELD'S NIGHTMARE.
7. MILL CITY AREA SEWAGE DISPOSAL SYSTEM.
8. IMPROVE HIWAY 222 BETWEEN MILL CITY AND LYONS.
9. OBTAIN CANYON YEAR 'ROUND PAYROLL INDUSTRIES.
10. DETROIT, GATES, AND MILL CITY UNION HIGH SCHOOL.

killed an elderly Sublimity man on January 17, 1951, was also charged to teen-agers. John G. Halfman, 81, was struck as he crossed the highway in Sublimity. Three boys ages 15, 15, and 17 were apprehended in 10 days and Duane Joseph Duchateau, 15, admitted he was at the wheel of the auto that struck Halfman. Just a month later on Feb. 19 the boys were released, under custody of the court. The punishment for killing a man, was the privilege of driving suspended, except by court permission.

The law forbids the sale of cigarettes or liquor to minors yet still makes a more lethal weapon available to them—the automobile. A teen-ager who loves to feel the response of the horses under the hood, is usually competent to meet most any situation quickly and efficiently but lacks the caution and judgment of an adult mind.

It is an oft expressed opinion that operators' licenses should not be issued to anyone under 21. Traffic accidents are a national threat and a serious hazard to health and happiness.—JEAN ROBERTS, Mehama.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the Fire Department and to all those who so generously donated useful articles to us following the disastrous fire in our home recently.

Victor Herron and family.

Sam Bridges, Lyons dealer in Crosley electric refrigerators and Propane gas, disclosed this week that George Steffy is now associated with him in a salesman capacity.

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