



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

About a Road

It does not take much driving in rainy weather on the North Santiam highway between Mill City and Gates before one discovers that that highway is dangerously slick. We are not the first who have entered such a complaint. After coaxing motorists into driving the North Santiam route, we want safe passage for them. Even though the route from Mill City to Gates is relatively straight, the highway's surface is plenty greasy. We hope the state highway commission can remedy this trouble. We think it can. If it doesn't then the least it can do is put up adequate warning signs. We realize Rome wasn't built in a day, but serious automobile accidents aren't funny either. That portion of the canyon route from Detroit dam to Mill City has been a constant maintenance headache. Much trouble stems from the fact that the wrong materials were used in building the foundation for the black-top surfacing. The state highway department is insisting that drivers do things in a safe and sane manner. We think it is time the state practised what it preaches.

Mr. Churchill

Mr. W. Churchill has got himself a job. He and his friends have been insisting that the Labor government in England were "doing it all wrong". Churchill did not win the so-called "popular vote". He got a bare majority in the Parliament. Now Churchill is in Clement Attlee's shoes. Labor had only a bare majority of the legislators and Churchill was all of the time nipping and back-biting. Now Churchill will get a taste of his own bitter medicine. Churchill is getting tough with Egypt about the Suez Canal. On the surface Egypt is now flirting with the Soviet big-shots.

Churchill had the "stuff" when the British Isles were under deadly attack. It is doubtful that he is the architect of victory in the great struggle of the free world. Only the United Nations can pierce the darkness that has descended. The U.S.A. must help carry high and proudly the flag of the United Nations. Churchill's nationalist thinking does not fit well today. Just as communism jumps national boundaries so must the cause of freedom. Communism will victimize England because of Churchill's way of thinking and acting. Churchill really will have "done something" for England if Soviet military forces roll through Iran and then down into Egypt. Should this happen the world will have more than another "Korea" on its hands. Eisenhower recently came home because of this grave world danger. Nationalist thinking of Churchill's stamp is short-sighted, ignorant and extremely dangerous.

Churchill got elected because he held a pretty, but poisonous nationalist apple before the eyes of the British people. So long as the free world bands together in the United Nations it will survive. Let one free nation, even so great a one as Britain, get smart with the hungry Red Bear and the whole structure of the free world will start crumbling. How tragic if Churchill now tosses away the great sacrifices of the United Nations in Korea. Churchill must heed well advice from the leaders of the free world.

Stalin follows a pattern in seeking world domination . . . get each objective by fair means or foul short of total war. The United Nations broke up this pattern in Korea. England under Churchill is—on its own—attempting a similar stunt in the Suez Canal problem. This conduct of England is a terrible mistake. Action in Egypt must be again United Nations' action.

The fact that Tito in Yugoslavia gives Stalin pause for concern inspires the belief the Soviets would welcome the opportunity for changing that situation. All these situations show that the "Red world" and the free one are baring fangs at each other's throats. One false move and it is chaos. That is why Mr. Churchill will do well if he curbs his ambitions for punching out another "victory". The United Nations' way is the only way.

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Editorial Comments:

PULL UP YOUR SOCKS, GENERAL

The power and the glory were gone, evaporated into a thin haze of memory, when Gen. Melville A. Goodwin returned to the United States from occupied Germany. He sized up the situation like this:

"Where's the old Silver Leaf division now? It's all in pieces . . . What's going to happen to people like me? Sometimes I think of all the casualties and dollars it cost to turn me into what I am. Maybe I was useful once, but what's the point of it now, when I'm not really wanted anymore? Oh yes, I'll get something. Maybe I'll even be a permanent colonel, pushing or hauling on something. But maybe—I don't mean to bellyache—but maybe I ought to be pushing daisies along the Rhine along with a lot of the old Silver Leaf crowd."

Old soldiers never die, never die; they only fade away.

Pushing pencils was what the Pentagon had in mind for Mel Goodwin, a top-notch combat officer with a brilliant record in Africa and Europe, the hero of John P. Marquand's new and much-discussed novel. But he

didn't want a desk job in Plans: "It seemed down in Washington that everyone was forgetting there had been a war . . . the truth was, combat officers were selling for about a dime a dozen, and you could not see the desks for battle ribbons."

Definitely a fish out of water in peacetime, postwar America, Goodwin was soon hooked by glamour, predatory Dottie Peale. Plans wouldn't stand for it. Neither would his wife, who held the service more important than Mel or she. But Goodwin couldn't stand Plans, either. Either he would resign, get into mufti, marry Dottie and take a train for Carmel. But Sidney Skelton, the general's civilian friend and Marquand's protagonist, pointed out, "How would you look carrying the bags?" That hit home. Army officers must never: carry umbrellas, push baby carriages, or carry bundles. Besides, Dottie had already decided the general was too "damned honest," and anyway she didn't want a general in tweeds; it was OD and power and glory or nothing with her.

So, between his wife and his service friends, it was arranged ("War all ways gave those people too much power. The best of them developed a Messiah complex once they had the rank . . .") to give the general a corps command in the Far East. Then he was, as he put it, ". . . happy as a kid. The only thing we need now is a war out there, and things don't look so good in China, do they? I've a hunch it might happen in Korea." And Sid Skelton saw that the general was:

"Lost in the glow of that unknown new assignment, and he had the shining morning face of Shakespeare's schoolboy . . . It was a strange world, and it was moving so fast that it was impossible to keep up with any longer—for me, but not for Melville Goodwin, who had the service right behind him and his own simple lexicon of belief ("There's the flag, for instance, and there's the taking care of the men and never telling them to do anything that you won't do yourself.") He was safe again, safer than I would ever be in this changing world. There had been a stormy moment of maladjustment but it was gone. He was off again, behaving exactly as he should . . ."

When there was nothing for Old Soldiers to do but fade away, the general lost his grip, but now with war brewing again, Mel Goodwin could (as he himself would put it) pull up his socks, cut out the horsefeathers, and behave exactly as West Point had trained him.

This makes Goodwin a plausible general and a likable chap. In fact, Marquand's general is one of the few in postwar literature who is an individual and not primarily a symbol, as was Norman Mailer's general in "The Naked and the Dead." Maybe he's a symptom, though, of this changing America in which old soldiers with a Messiah complex who didn't die and can't fade away are the only ones who seem to feel safe and competent, and are being depended on, more and more, to pull up their socks and save us again. The real-life Goodwins, it seems, have more alternatives than the one in the book: they try to make national policy or get run for president or are appointed to jobs civilians used to get. Marquand's book does the nation a service if it can help civilians understand the Old Glory Boys better—M. W.

WHAT THEY FIGHT FOR

A United Nations sociologist, after three months' research in Korea, concludes that the United States still has a tremendous job to do in explaining to the fighting men in Korea what



Canyon Avenue Parade

By DON PETERSON  
(Continued from Page 1)

and the fact that they "get their man" has given the "bobby" a great deal of respect from the citizenry. There is always the danger of an innocent bystander stopping a bullet in any exchange of gun-fire.

The council set December 18th as election day for filling two vacancies that will occur this year at the expiration of the terms of Carl Kelly and Arey Podrabsky. That means that petitions containing the names of at least ten registered voters endorsing a candidate for the post of councilman will have to be filed with the city recorder not later than Nov. 17th, 30 days prior to the election day.

Paul Ressler, prominent grocer on the Marion county side is being urged to become a candidate by his many friends, and John Muir's hat is being tossed into the ring by his "friends". Both would be excellent material for posts on the council. "Sparkie" Ditter's name has been mentioned by his friends as a possible candidate.

In a democracy such as ours it is our duty as well as our privilege to take part in our government. Decisions will have to be made in the future that may have serious effects for many years, whether they are good or bad is for us to decide. Let all take part in the voting and selection of men or women to represent us in these very important matters. Don't forget to express your thanks to those who have served you in the past, if and when they leave office, for the time and sacrifice they made in your behalf.

Our council is made up of five men elected to serve three years each. One of the five is chosen mayor. The council appoints a recorder to serve at their pleasure and whose duty it is to record the actions of this elected group of representatives, and to keep the books of the city. He may be called upon to answer questions put to him by the members of that august body, but he has no "voice" in its deliberations.



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

"Talks Turkey"  
—Long Distance

Some people chuckled when Sonny Fisher rented a home recording machine to record the noise his flock of turkeys make.

"I sent the recording to a buyer for a super-market chain," Sonny said. "I told them 'My turkeys speak for themselves—listen to this record!' They not only took my birds, but bought the record!"

"Why did they want the record?" I asked him. "Very simple," he says. "They're going to play it over the loud speakers in their stores—and then an announcer on another record reminds the cus-

tomers that turkeys are plentiful and a good buy."

From where I sit, it's not always smart to make fun of someone just because he does things a little differently. I think a glass of beer is the most refreshing beverage there is. You — or Sonny — may prefer something else. But who's to decide one's right and the other's wrong? Let's stay "on record" that everyone's entitled to his own tastes and opinion.

Joe Marsh

Our Great America ☆ by Woody



they are fighting for. This is hardly surprising in view of the statements by some political leaders at home that the war is useless, meaningless, phony, and hopeless. It is none of these things, and every American soldier as well as every American civilian should know it. The aim of this war is not to gain territory; it is not to destroy Communist China (a task which could swallow up endless American power); it is to stop a specific aggression, set up reasonable guarantees against the repetition of that aggression, and thus establish the principle of cooperative free-world action to prevent aggression anywhere. Both military and truce efforts drive toward this end. Here is the boundary of UN aims in Korea, more important than any Yalu River. Here is the victory for which there is no substitute—not the goal of unconditional surrender that spells global war, but the goal of collective security that spells global law.—From The Christian Science Monitor



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