



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

Grocery Survey Interest

We are heartened by the public's interest in the grocery survey carried in the last issue of The Enterprise. Just as The Enterprise stands ready when legal advertising is necessary for public projects, and civic announcements so does it permit the public a view of the business world in this community. This newspaper can best serve the public's interest by bringing to light facts that reflect the problems facing the citizens of this community. Leadership is a duty of a newspaper. We attempt such leadership.

President Truman Bows Out

President Truman bows out—the flood gates are down. The thoughts of voters on this matter are charged with guessing. The United States of America political scene gathers more appeal hourly. The opposition party wonders why Truman did it. Supporters of the Truman administration wonder who will inherit their loyalty. We applaud President Truman for his stand in not becoming a "king maker". Truman isn't naming his successor.

The Democrats have long heard the accusation that their great national leaders "kill off" all prospective presidents. How silly this accusation seems now. Kefauver, Kerr, Stevenson, Douglas, Barkley, Acheson—who will be the Democratic candidate?—these are men of highest stature.

Official Insolence

It has come to our attention that certain gross discourtesies have been inflicted upon citizens of this community by a certain member of the Mill City city council. We will not here name this councilman. We do this in the hope that a hint to the wise will be sufficient. Be it always remembered that the position of a councilman is an elective position. It is the duty of a public servant that he or she extend every reasonable courtesy to the members of the public. Personal feelings have no place in the arena of public business.

The position as councilman of Mill City is one that should be regarded with a sense of deepest responsibility and humility when dealing with the problems of citizens, respect for the wishes and voice of those citizens should at all times be practiced. The fact of an elected official getting genuinely nasty when approached on a controversial matter is something not morally ethical in our society. Any future outbursts of the nature coming to our attention will be noted in greater detail.

Editorial Comments

Senator McCarthy has filed a \$2 million suit against Senator Benton accusing him of "libel, slander and conspiracy." My, my—and Alice in Wonderland thought she was in a strange world!—From Oregon Journal.

FREEDOM TO QUIT

A good worker seldom wants the luxury of quitting his job. But when there is a real reason for doing so, the freedom to say, "I quit!" can be an important one. Maybe the man has found a better paying job, or one nearer home, or an opportunity to buy a farm or start a small business for himself.

If so, in the most progressive countries the option is his. But not in Romania or Soviet Russia. Under Communist rule in Romania a decree last November forbade workers in government-controlled industries (about 90 percent of employment) to leave their jobs without the employer's permission. True, the permission was required to be given on certain grounds, such as health or age, but not in all cases. A similar edict has been in effect in Communist Russia since 1940. So reports the United States Department of Labor.

Moreover, if a typical worker in the Soviet Union is more than 20 minutes late to work without an ironclad excuse he is likely to be sentenced to three months forced labor on his job at reduced pay. For three such offenses he may be sent to prison or a forced labor camp. This according to information reaching the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in New York.

Bolshevism once appealed to the downtrodden in such phrases as—"Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!" But now that some millions are working on the meager payroll of a state monopoly of employment, what happens to the man who tries to say, "I quit!"?—From the Christian Science Monitor.

A "GREEN POOL"

If European nations under the Schuman Plan can pool their production of coal and steel for more efficient use, can they also pool their production of foodstuffs for the better nourishment of their people? Governments of 16 countries think the question worth exploring and have representatives in Paris now to consider it, with the encouragement of the Mutual Security Agency.

Basically, what a crop pool of this sort means, as in the case of the steel pool, is that the nations entering it will eventually undertake to reduce their tariff and other trade barriers against each other's produce so that farm commodities from any part of the customs-union area will have a free market in all the rest of the area. That is, the nations will undertake to do this if the conference in Paris and other future conferences on the subject are successful.

Actually, the arrangements to be sought at the outset are less ambitious than this. The French delegation, which initiated the project and dubbed it the "green pool," has proposed first that the participating nations try to harmonize their methods, balance the exchanges among them, and organize distribution to encourage a higher rate of agricultural production in Western Europe.

This could be an important beginning. If carried along to a more complete pooling of agricultural resources and opening of agricultural markets, it could mark one more step, along with the Schuman Plan and the European Army, toward a working Federation of Europe, that could make the European Defense Community stronger and more compact. It could mean genuine improvement of the material standard of living in Western Europe generally.

The conference of the agricultural specialists deserves every good wish in its efforts to inaugurate a "green pool."—From Christian Science Monitor.

HOW FAR CAN ABSENTEEISM GO?

This is a presidential year. As the late Senator McNary of Oregon once

observed, the presidential bee is a deadly bug. Its bite is universal. It infects all in politics.

Yet one can wonder just how contagious we can let the virus be. Today, for example, Senator Taft of Ohio and Senator Kefauver of Tennessee are stumping through Wisconsin. A few weeks ago it was New Hampshire. Then Taft was in Texas and Kefauver was in Florida. Senator Kerr of Oklahoma is on the hustings in Nebraska.

By contrast, Governor Stevenson of Illinois has said he cannot leave the capitol at Springfield to speak in all the other 47 states.

What of the official duties of these senators? Have they no responsibilities in Washington, D.C.?

One may readily admit that it is important for candidates for the highest office in the land to meet the voters and make their positions on great issues known. But one wonders if it is not equally important for these senators to be in Washington when measures of nation-wide and world-wide importance are at issue—the foreign aid bill, for example, or the bill to take revenue collectors out of politics.

If U. S. senators are free to leave their posts and to stomp the land, what will the general public think of the degree of official responsibility prevailing in "the greatest parliamentary body on earth"?—From The Oregon Journal.

Editor's Letter Box

Dear Mr. Peterson, I was much interested in your grocery price comparison column in today's paper.

I wonder why it is that in small towns, food prices are so high. Even Portland, which has one of the highest food cost indexes in the U. S., has generally lower prices than we have here. I might add that at the coast, where we formerly lived, the same situation of higher prices prevailed.

Out of curiosity, I checked with grocery ads in Portland stores as of Thursday, March 27. These are weekend specials and none are taken from Safeway or Fred Meyer ads.

You list a 5 lb. tin of honey in Mill City at from 97c to as high as \$1.09. In Portland, it can be bought for 95c a 5 lb. tin. Snowflake crackers listed here from 49c to 52c, for a 2-lb. package are 12c for a 1-lb. package in Portland; Kraft mayonnaise here, 79c a qt., in Portland, Best Foods which is also 79c a qt. here, is being sold for 59c a qt. A 10-lb. sack of sugar in Portland is 89c as compared to from \$1.03 to \$1.10 here. 100% pure ground beef in Portland can be bought for 57c a lb. as compared to 79c here.

Although we buy all our groceries in Mill City, I can certainly understand why many people feel it necessary to shop in larger towns where cheaper prices prevail. Fortunately, we have meat in a locker—meat we bought on the hoof, or else we would seldom even have hamburger at our table. Sincerely, RUTH STOVALL. March 18, 1952

Your price comparison chart published in last week's paper has caused quite a stir among the local housewives. Where and how to spend the family food dollar is always a lively topic of conversation in any female gathering.

I would like to tell you here of my own experiences in the local stores, and I might add that among my friends I have found many whose experiences and reactions were much the same as mine.

When I first came to your fair city I decided to trade with the large centrally located store. I entered and was greeted in a warm friendly way. I was given the utmost in courtesy, service and pleasant smiles, was soon being called by my first name. I immediately liked all those with whom I did business there. True there were a few faults in the store but, I reasoned, those things would straighten out so I continued to spend all my grocery money there.

However I began to notice that my grocery bill seemed climbing too high

and too fast. I blamed my own careless buying for this and decided to watch every cent carefully. I watched and what I saw was this: Everytime I filled the basket I would have several articles that were not marked for price. Since I received only a ticket rather than an itemized bill for my purchases I found I had no idea what these articles were costing me and therefore no opportunity to save by changing brands or sizes or taking advantage of the "two fors". I could not get a clear enough price picture to compare with other stores.

Also I found I was buying water soaked vegetables and when I bought a fryer it was laid in a water soaked carton and there was a puddle of water under it in the carton when I lifted it out. I began feeling like one of those things that circus man said was born every minute, so I quit the brothers of the smiles and decided to take my business elsewhere.

I decided to try one of the other large local stores. I walked in and found myself the only customer in the place. In spite of feeling like a mouse in a cave I proceeded bravely to buy what I wanted, break up the coffee party that the clerks were holding and marched out with groceries. I never went back.

I tried his competitor on the opposite side of town. I have for several months and still do some buying in this well-managed store. However I have yet to receive a greeting upon entering, an offer of assistance in locating an article, a thank you for my patronage or an offer of assistance in carrying my groceries out. My family has a standing joke about it. They call this place the pickle store, not because of the pickles in the jars but because of the pickle pussies on the people. I've never been able to bring myself to do all my buying there because I guess I'm just female enough to want my heart opened with a little friendliness before I open my purse.

Next I decided to try the little neighborhood stores. One I found so consistently full of customers it was

difficult to get waited on. There just didn't seem room for one more.

In the other little store I found a kindly courteous gentleman and his wife. Both were eager to be of service. All their merchandise was plainly marked and with every purchase I received an itemized bill. I could not do ALL my trading here because this store is not equipped to carry sufficient meats and vegetables to lend variety to my menus. However by buying most of my groceries here over a period of several months and also keeping a close watch on the meats and vegetables I bought elsewhere I have found that I spent about \$18 a month less than when I traded in the centrally located store. In spite of this saving I still was not getting full value for my food dollar. Since the store is small a smaller variety of brands and sizes is carried. I frequently have to buy expensive small sizes or large sizes that are partially wasted.

I have finally decided that since I make a weekly trip outside the canyon anyway that I would try buying our groceries on these trips and see if by taking advantage of weekend specials I couldn't save the cost of the gasoline it took to make the trip.

Where to go to try to make this saving was settled for me by the weekly grocery ad published in your paper by the big Stayton market. I take full advantage of this service by making up my grocery list and some menus before I leave home. I am saving more than I expected.

I expect to spend one thousand dollars this year in this market. It is true I would rather spend my food dollar in the canyon. It is not good for any community to lose so much of its payroll.

If any local grocer cares to tempt me into his store by running weekend specials and seeing to it that word of these specials comes into my home for me to examine; if he will treat me fairly when I enter his store and give me the satisfaction of good old pre-war service and courtesy, I will consistently full of customers it was

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Might As Well "Get In Key"

Last Tuesday Judge Cunningham wanted to go fishing. "Why aren't you working?" I asked. Judge explained how his wife had gone on a trip, taken his keys by mistake—and now he couldn't get in the office. So we went fishing. Next day, he wanted me to go again. I was surprised those keys hadn't shown up yet. "The little woman phoned to say she mailed them," the Judge explained. "They're now in the office, under the mail slot. I'd get 'em if I could just open that door." He grinned and picked up his fishing rod.

"Great little woman, the wife. You can always count on her. Let's go!"

From where I sit, we can use tolerance like the Judge shows for his wife's absent-mindedness... and she shows for his habit of lighting out for the fishing hole at every opportunity. He can't see why she likes tea, and she doesn't share his taste for a glass of beer. But they get along fine! Learning to respect other people's ways will "open the door" to happier living.

Joe Marsh

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