

# The MILL CITY ENTERPRISE

MILL CITY, OREGON  
DON PETERSON, Publisher

Entered as second-class matter November 19, 1944 at the post office at Mill City, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

## Editorial Comments

ABRAHAM LINCOLN MUST BE CHUCKLING

It's sorta sad that the Republican leaders of 1952 feel that they have to repudiate Abraham Lincoln.

Now they declare that there is no proper place in a political campaign for humor.

All of which must cause the twinkling-eye Rail Splitter, up in Valhalla, to smile a dry smile and remember one of those anecdotes with which he used to lighten the gloom in those dark days when he was leading the young Republican party through the most dreadful crisis that these United States ever faced.

Can't you hear Thomas Jefferson and Old Hickory and Ben Franklin and those other moulders of the American republic, joining in the chuckle of Honest Abe as he looks down on the little men of today who are afraid to laugh?

It would appeal to the humor of all of them—the chief saint of the GOP read out of the party that he brought first to power.—From Oregon Journal, Portland.

### IKE'S FATEFUL DECISION

In the personal emotionalism and dramatics of the Nixon affair, we should not forget that it is General Eisenhower, more than the junior senator from California, who is on trial before the American voters.

Eisenhower, not Nixon, had to make the fateful decision, whether or not to forgive and forget. It is Eisenhower, not Nixon, who has the more to lose.

If he has guessed wrong, Eisenhower will be the one whose judgment will be proved faulty. He will have to live with his decision. And his decision will have great, if not determinative, impact upon the presidential election and the future of the Republican party.

Our sympathy, therefore, goes to

Eisenhower, not Nixon.

Senator Nixon has weathered the storm.

His breast-baring defense of his whole financial career had great emotional appeal, even though one realized that it was carefully staged and employed all the props of a stage and production — struggling young man fighting for the right, a spotted puppy for his children and a \$10 check from an oversea GI's wife and baby.

Eisenhower, sympathetic as he is, responded emotionally as did millions of Americans who are quick to come to the aid of a man in trouble. His comparison of Senator Nixon with General Patton, one of the great field commanders of American history, illustrates how far overboard he went.

We believe that General Eisenhower once more has made an ill-advised decision. The formal decision last night to keep Nixon was pure anticlimax.

We believe that he now has had three fateful opportunities to rise to greatness, to display the bold, courageous, progressive leadership the people sought in him. And we believe that he has missed all three chances.

His failure to repudiate McCarthyism and Jennerism and his abject surrender to Taft Old Guardism, for the sake of a congressional majority, now entreats in his complete acceptance of the Nixon story, fraught as it still is with unknowns and imponderables.

Perhaps Eisenhower felt that he must save face by standing by his first hasty evaluation of Senator Nixon—without knowledge of his voting record and the \$18,000 gift fund.

In any event his decision (following the other) has taken much of the shine of this campaign and has dulled the fine edge of his crusade against corruption and bungling in Washington.

We give Senator Nixon credit. He

## GASOLINE ALLEY By Bill Perry



made the most of a bad situation.

He also made one excellent suggestion:

He has told all. Now let Governor Stevenson and Senator Sparkman tell all. If there was anything reprehensible about Stevenson's fund for appointive officials in Illinois or placing Sparkman's wife on his senatorial payroll, let it be brought out.

But Nixon made an obvious omission. He did not suggest that General Eisenhower—to whom his dramatic appeal was primarily directed—do likewise. If Nixon and Stevenson and Sparkman owe the American people an explanation of their financial affairs, so does the general. The special arrangement (disclosed by Drew Pearson) Eisenhower made for saving taxes on the proceeds of his great book, "Crusade in Europe," should be spelled out in detail.

Finally, we hope that the mass hysteria generated by the Nixon affair and the charges and counter-charges

now being made against all principal candidates will die down before election day.

Then, and only then, can we make a calm and wise decision. That—who matter who wins—is fundamental.—Oregon Journal, Portland.

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## Truth's Travail

The hot political campaign predicted is upon us. Pardon us if at times we fall short of an objective outlook once in a while. Political discussions are almost impossible now. Conversations lightly begun soon turn into heated arguments. Our beliefs take on the aspect of a creed for a crusade. Many persons wear their political beliefs as chips on their shoulders. Old fears leap into being like a horde of mosquitoes rising from swamp land. Friends and chance acquaintances jab and wound each other with pointed and barbed comments. Frustrations turn into violent and emotional conduct.

Fortunate it is that least touched by all this is Mr. and Mrs. U.S.A. They listen, read and think. Their ballots will bring their decision. Of one thing we are confident—as things presently stand—there will be no clear-cut victory for either the Republicans or the Democrats. A blending of the views of the major political parties will be reflected in the November vote.

We are now in one of the most desperate times in our history. If Joe Stalin pulls a sinister move this month or during October, it may well have a terrible effect upon the history of the world. What is being said in the current political campaign by candidates and their supporters is of such bitter nature and so vile an origin that those of little emotional control may well be confused.

Seeds of doubt are being planted. Emotion rather than reason is being played upon by those emotionally unstable. How much this emotional heat will inflame the minds of the voter we can not know. We do have faith that the people of the United States will not let such an abnormal thing twist their great reason away from truth.

The uncontrolled bare instincts of our dim past can not swarm the bastions of enlightened reason. This is true in spite of "newscaster" Fulton Lewis Jr., Senators Nixon, Taft and McCarthy's bootlegging of fortified wine pressed from grapes of fear and lovingly aged in vats of human sacrifice by tyrants and would-be tyrants.



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

### No Longer Two Sides to This Question!

Ever seen those two-family houses they have in some places—with separate front doors and porches—side by side? My sister owns half of one and lives in it, near Philadelphia.

Nice little frame home. Only Sis painted her half brown and the other family always painted theirs green. Ruined the effect—but for years neither family ever thought of suggesting that they both decide on a common shade.

Now Sis writes that their two-toned home is no longer. "I mentioned we were going to repaint,"

she says. "And they said let's get a color we all like. So we did. A nice shade of gray for both sides."

From where I sit, so often when there's a difference of opinion it's best to sit right down and work things out (like when our volunteer firemen decided to serve both lemonade and beer at their annual picnic last month). Don't let prejudices "color" your opinion of your neighbor. He'll probably be quite as open-minded as you are.

Joe Marsh

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## Community Effort Praised By Baker Softball Umpire

By PETE CORNACCHIA  
From the Baker Democrat-Herald

Each man has his own idea of heaven but the valhalla for two persons—at least in softball terms—is a spot in Oregon where fingers of the mighty Cascade range reach down to meet the North Santiam canyon.

Here at Mill City, about 36 miles east of Salem, is where the Corvallis Elks won the 1952 state softball championship last month in a double-elimination tournament. Here is where efforts of the town's 1800 persons resulted in new all-time attendance records for the state tourney.

Here is where Bob Armstrong, Baker, one of three umpires who worked the five-day session, says he witnessed the greatest Oregon softball tournament he has seen. Bob doesn't claim to be a veteran of state playoffs but he has been around for four in the past six years.

### Player and Umpire

He played for the Baker firemen in 1946 at Oregon City and umpired here when Baker lost to Eugene in the finals of 1948, at Pendleton in 1950, and at Mill City after two years in the service.

Bob is certain Baker or any other Oregon city wishing to host the tourney can learn something from the folks—from mayor to tots—at Mill City. These people decided to bid for the event, knowing that no city smaller than Oregon City (7,682 in 1950 census)—in 1940 and 1946—had been host in at least 20 years.

"But they got together," says Bob, "and built a ball plant that would cost about \$30,000. The cash outlay was only about \$3,500. The remainder was covered in labor and material donated by the many ambitious folks in that community."

"They claim it's the best-lighted softball field in the Willamette Valley," Bob continues. "I don't doubt it's the best-lighted softball field in the state. The diamond was in great shape and the groundskeeper combed it for each game. They gave him a watch afterward for his fine job."

"Mill City really showed why it likes to be called the 'Hospitality City.' Private parking spaces were assigned for teams, officials, and umpires."

### Central Setup

"Dressing rooms and other conveniences were top-flight. The field is used in co-operation with School District 129-J and all athletic events of the schools and Santiam Softball association competition are staged there. There's no bickering about who should use the field."

Workers at Detroit dam, 12 miles east on highway 222, have filled hotels and motels in the area. So again, notes Bob, Mill City's citizens proved their right to be tournament hosts. They opened their homes to outsiders in town for the diamond action. And a guide was assigned to each team, official and umpire.

Bob and his wife, Lillian, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kelly, Mill City postmaster. Their very efficient guide, Lillian adds, was five-year-old Johnny Kelly.

An umpire's lot isn't always a happy one but Bob says he has seen no better behaved crowds and teams.

"Nearly every beef was reasonable," he recalls. "And no more would be said, whatever the final verdict. We umpires never hesitated on conferences. Softball's a mighty fast game and it's hard to be in-position on every play."

The Baker umpire worked with Ron Derr, umpire-in-chief from Portland, and Dr. Rodney Smith, Corvallis.

"When eliminated," Bob adds, "each team used the public address system to thank Mill City for its hospitality. We'd never seen that happen before."

### Orchids and Elk Feed

Lillian remembers the orchids sent from Hawaii and doled out to the ladies. And there was the community elk feed. Russell Kelly, Mill City, told her he had killed the elk near La Grande.

"Every person connected with the tournament registered," she adds, "and there were free movies, dam tours, and merchandise coupons. And we won't forget the barbeque in the city's natural park."

Bob believes Nyssa, eastern Oregon entrant, was a victim of tournament jitters in losing two straight shutouts.

He is certain Mill City will bid for the tournament again. Local ball fans consider Bob a fine arbitrator but we suspect he's willing to call things Mill City way on this particular play.

## Special Announcement

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