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POLICY REVERSED

Charles V. Stanton

President Eisenhower's budget message contained one paragraph that seems to us to be particularly significant. Introducing his tax program, he said:

I am anxious to have taxes reduced as fast as that can be done without building up inflationary deficits . . . The objective will be to return to the people, to spend for themselves and in their own way, the largest possible share of the money that the government has been spending for them.

Although the President's proposed budget lacks sensational departure from that of the past year, proposing only minor reductions from the previous budget and but slight easing of the tax load, the policy he announced is a complete reversal of the trend for the past 20 years.

Previous administrations, under Socialist-Democrat control, have been taking more and more of the people's earnings, diverting the money to government projects chiefly designed to pour oil on the political machine.

Under the guise of controlling inflation, kept ever on an upward spiral by deficit spending, administrations for the past 20 years operated on the theory that the people were incapable of spending their earnings properly and should have their money invested for them by Uncle Sam.

Money Used To Buy Votes

Consequently the government levied extremely high taxes. It spent many billions of dollars on public power development, flood control, public housing and other such projects, each of which was made a political issue. Through propaganda education, many people have been led to believe that only the federal government is able to develop housing and power resources. Instead of leaving investment in such projects to private risk capital by people who have money to invest, the federal government has taken money from the people and poured it into extravagant and wasteful construction.

Proponents of public power contend that private industry can't finance development of the magnitude undertaken by the federal government. Then, when private industry begins to merge resources to create organizations big enough to take over larger development projects, the same public power advocates start screaming "monopoly." Consistency is something seldom found in politics.

But by using money drained away from the people on so-called social benefits, particularly for the benefit of the large mass of "underprivileged" it was possible to buy votes from those who "never had it so good."

Ike Shows Confidence

The economic advisers of the Truman administration became so frightened by the amount of money left in the hands of American people to be spent in trade channels—that they organized a handout program for nations of Europe and Asia—a foreign aid program the new administration is finding difficult to adjust on a solid foundation of self-help.

This process of taking money from the people to lubricate the political machine, build up power, and to spend outside national boundaries to keep inflation within limits, was a guiding policy for many years.

Ike's statement is one of complete reversal. He does not believe it to be a proper function of government to spend the people's money for them. Throughout his entire budget message he reveals a confidence in the ability of Americans to handle their own affairs, if given opportunity. His theme is "Partnership, not Paternalism."

"This budget," he said, "marks the beginning of a movement to shift to state and local governments and to private enterprise federal activities which can be more appropriately and more efficiently carried on in that way."

We can expect this policy to be roundly assailed by those who have lost confidence in the American people and those who have been educated to believe that only by becoming wards of a benign federal government can security be attained.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK — Manhattan has its own morning sounds that set it apart, just as a small town does. . . .or a farm in the country, where alarm clocks wear feathers and boss a barnyard.

But the dawn sounds here are more mixed in mood. . . the wail of a fire or police siren, stirring a fear-thrill in the city heart. . . the clank of a garbage can against a sanitation truck. . .the wall-vibrating snore of the man next door. . . and a cheery sound we miss the most, now that it is gone, the "cloppity-clop-clop" of the 6 o'clock horse.

Let me tell you about that horse, and what he came to mean in a big tenement city, and I'm sorry I can't give you his real name, because I don't know it.

One summer morning several years ago, shortly after we had moved into an apartment in a big 15-story brick hut by the East River, I woke to see my wife standing by the window with an alarm clock in her hand.

"Who are you going to drop that clock on?" I asked. "Don't you know it's against the law to bean anybody from a high window in New York?"

"Don't always talk so silly, Rover," said Frances. "I'm waiting to set this clock. It stopped during the night."

"What are you going to set it by—the morning star?"

"No," she said. "I'm going to set it by the 6 o'clock horse."

"What in the world is that?"

"Come and see."

I yawned my way to the window. A few moments later there sounded, a distant "cloppity-clop-clop." It grew louder. Then around the corner came a small elderly horse, driven by a small elderly man sitting atop a small elderly ice wagon shaded by a faded small elderly beach umbrella.

As the little dark sorrel animal and the creaking vehicle passed beneath our window, Frances set the clock and said:

"That's the 6 o'clock horse. Haven't you heard him before? He's never more than a minute or two off any morning.

"He makes such a cute sound. And he looks so patient and nice. Sometimes that old man leans over and hits him with a little stick but the 6 o'clock horse doesn't pay any attention to him. He always goes at just that same pace . . . listen to him."

"Clippity-clop-clop, clippity-clop-clop," rang the hoofs of the 6 o'clock horse.

After that I heard him many a morning. In New York you aren't allowed to keep even a Shetland pony in an apartment; you have to fall in love with other people's horses. And the 6 o'clock horse became a pleasant part of our lives.

In summer he hauled ice, in winter wood. But every day he was punctual.

"He is just as punctual going back in the evenings," said Frances. "He comes by at exactly 5:30 I wish I had married a man as punctual as that little horse."

"Cloppity - clop - clop"—through the years, through shower and sunshine, through fog and mist and snow. Wagon and man grew older, and so did the 6 o'clock horse. But he trotted at the same steady pace—"Cloppity-clop-clop."

In the neighboring big brick hut our friends, Harriet and Ken Porter, had a small daughter, Patty. The little girl fell in love with the horse, and waited for it each evening.

"She can hear it before any of us," said her mother, "and cries to be lifted to the window to see it."

Someone else along the route must have loved the small horse, too, because it sometimes would be wearing a gay ribbon in its bridle when it went "cloppity-clop-clop" by on its way home. Patty called the ribbon "the horsie's hay."

One night I made plans to get up early the next morning and take down some carrots and sugar lumps for the 6 o'clock horse. But I overslept, and awoke to hear his hoofbeats already fading away, and somehow after that I never managed to translate my good intention into a deed.

The other morning I awakened early and lazily watched the clock's hand crawl past 6 o'clock. No "clopcity-clop-clop." At 6:15 I got up and went to the window and looked down. The street was bare in the cold dawn. No horse. I turned and saw Frances looking at me.

"I wondered when you's miss him," she said. "He hasn't been by for weeks."

"What happened?"

"Nobody in the neighborhood knows," said Frances. "They all three were so old and looked so worn. Maybe the wagon just fell to pieces . . . or the old man died. . . . or the little horse fell down and couldn't get up. Patty still goes to the window to look for him."

A brightness left the morning and every morning since then. There was such a braveness about that steady "cloppity-clop-clop" . . . it was like losing something you never owned but felt in your heart belonged to you, a feeling you often have about small things that give a stability to your life in a big city.

This is my carrot . . . these my lumps of sugar . . . to the 6 o'clock horse. . . .Even as many things in this world are, too late. . . and I think of this as I lie in my bed in the morning, listening for a "cloppity-clop-clop". . . and hearing only the wail of a siren, the clank of a garbage can, the snore of the man next door.

Red China's New Idol

Peery Pedicals

BY W.K. PEERY

Whether the guests of Dr. John McLoughlin, at Fort Vancouver, were American missionaries, traders or men of science, they were keen observers, making careful mental notes of all they saw and heard. This information found its way back to the states in the form of letters, newspaper articles, every day conversation, from the lecture platform, or church pulpit. Like the men from the army of Gideon, each felt he had a secret mission to spy out the land for the hosts of Americans they were determined should follow.

McLoughlin was fully aware of the ambition of his guests that the Oregon country should be American. Although he knew they were forwarding intelligence to the states, he did not consider this sufficient reason why he should deny them the hospitality of the fort. It developed that his superiors in London saw differently, and this difference was to cost McLoughlin dearly in later years. Yet had his intentions been other than that of generosity, he would have been justified in having these Yankee guests close at hand where he could keep them under surveillance. The Americans could not be expelled from the country, inasmuch as they had equal rights with the British under the joint occupancy treaty. McLoughlin adopted a "keep them in sight" policy.

In the main, these Americans McLoughlin accepted at the fort were a different breed from the trappers and mountain men of the American companies who were gradually encroaching onto the land west of the Rocky Mountains. These new Americans represented a background of education and to a certain extent, culture, if the latter word is applicable to the crude frontiers of that time. Most of these Americans were simulating conversationalists, and in those days before the radio made conversation obsolete, it was an art. For these reasons they were twice welcome. McLoughlin loved a good conversationalist.

We must bear in mind that throughout this fur-trade era, the title to Oregon was in dispute. As we have mentioned before, Spain, France and Russia had been eliminated by treaty or outright purchase. The contending nations had been reduced to the United States and Great Britain. Jefferson, who represented the American viewpoint at the time of the Louisiana purchase, visioned the Oregon country as populated by Americans, even though they were an independent republic, who would be friendly to their brethren on the Eastern sea-board. This would give the United States a friendly neighbor at its back door, plus an open route to trade with the Asiatic countries. The Americans envisaged an agricultural Oregon country, with manufacturing plants to change its natural resources into serviceable goods that could be shipped abroad.

The American idea for the development of Oregon was at direct odds with that of the British. The latter had ambitions for an exhaustlers fur farm that would reach from the Rockies to the Pacific and from the Columbia River to the Arctic Sea. This area would be broken down into zones, to be harvested of furs by rotation. When a zone was trapped down to the point where it was dangerous to deplete the breeding stock further, trapping would cease and move on to the next zone. In the meantime the first trapped territory would have an opportunity to replenish itself through the natural breeding of the fur bearing animals.

Congress Toys With Idea Of Girls For Pages

WASHINGTON (AP) — The idea that some girls might be appointed pages for Congress produced this kind of reaction today:

From members: "Well . . ."

From the present pages — all boys: "Wow!"

Margaret S. Alden, a 16-year-old high school sophomore of Rochester, N. Y., put lawmakers on the spot by asking for a page job, "although I know no girl has ever been appointed to such position."

Pages are the youngsters who scurry about on the floor of the House and Senate running errands. There are about 50 of them in the House.

At the page desk, Barrie Williams of Buffalo hazarded the opinion that "it sure would raise the morale of the page school" to have a girl around.

Miss Alden applied for a job in a letter to her congressman, Rep. Keating (R-NY). She said she had attended the 1952 Republican convention in Chicago, and that "politics and government have been a major interest for several years."

Keating said he doesn't know why girls wouldn't make just as good pages as boys — maybe even better.

American Soldier Said Missing Off Inchon

INCHON, Korea (AP) — An American soldier is missing and presumed in the bone-chilling waters of Inchon harbor—where 28 Marines lost their lives Thursday.

The soldier was aboard a small landing craft carrying fuel oil from a ship in the outer harbor. The craft was later found on the mud flats, but helicopters that flew overhead found no sign of the soldier.

ADEQUATE DONORS

PORTLAND (AP) —The Red Cross, overwhelmed with calls from people wanting to offer blood to 4-year old Susan O'Lander, said Friday it now has a "more than adequate" list of donors.

In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

was far from perfect, but from our standpoint it was vastly better than old Mao's. The pinko propagandists who sold us the bill of goods that the Chinese communists were simple agrarian reformers and really OUR KIND OF PEOPLE made an awful mess of things and set up Asia for communist domination.

What of the 349 pro-commie POW's—including the 21 Americans and one Briton?

Well, their communist buddies say they want no part of them, and refuse to accept them. The commander of the Indian neutral guard, this put on the hot spot, says he'll simply throw open the gates of their compound and let 'em go where they please.

I reckon they're full-blown communists. At least, they're acting the part to the pink of perfection.

About the only bright spot I can see in the whole situation is that as of now no shooting has been reported. If we can postpone the shooting long enough, maybe the world can get back to an approximation of common sense.

Wouldn't that be splendid?

It might be worth while to explain here this word "compound" that has been so prevalent in the news ever since we got mixed up in the Orient.

It is a corruption of the Malay word "kampun." In the East Indies, India, China and Southeast Asia generally, a "kampun" is an enclosure containing a house, outbuildings, etc.—especially an enclosure of that sort occupied by foreigners.

As the word has been used in Korea, we could call a compound a "hoosegow" and not be too far off.

I suppose you've followed the accounts of the launching of the Nautilus at Groton, Connecticut, the other day. The Nautilus is our first atomic-powered submarine. Quite fittingly, it is named for the under-water craft built in 1800 by Robert Fulton, who later developed the first financially successful steamboat.

Fulton tried to interest Napoleon in his contraption, which was 21 feet long, covered with copper and operated by man power. He took it to France and blew up a bridge over the Seine river with it. But the Little Corporal wasn't impressed. He was a land fighter, and never had much faith in naval weapons.

Fulton gave up on the submarine and came back home and went to work on his steamboat, the Clermont, which on August 11, 1807 made its trial trip up the Hudson river from New York to Albany. The distance is 150 miles, and the Clermont made it in 32 hours — an average of a little less than five miles per hour.

People laughed uproariously and called his steamship Fulton's Folly. But it went on to revolutionize navigation. Even wisecracks can't kill a sound idea.

The Nautilus was launched by Mrs. Eisenhower, the nation's First Lady. As she gripped the traditional champagne bottle by the neck, a male voice called: "Hit it hard!" She took a few practice swings and then, like the competent person she is, she smacked the submarine's hull smartly.

The bottle crashed. The champagne splashed. The crowd roared and the whistles blew.

What really impressed me in the news account was this paragraph:

"The nation's First Lady stood watching silently and bit her lower lip as the Nautilus slid into the river."

She was thinking, I imagine, of the grim possibilities of this new terror of the sea that had just been launched into the water. The Nautilus can travel almost as fast UNDER water as an average destroyer can travel on the surface. She can STAY under water — almost indefinitely. (It's when a submarine has to come to the surface that it gets into bad trouble.) She can go around the world without refueling.

SHE CAN APPROACH AN ENEMY HARBOR UNSEEN AND LAUNCH INTO THE AIR A GUIDED MISSILE CARRYING AN ATOMIC HEAD TO SEEK OUT WITH ITS ELECTRONIC BRAIN AN ENEMY TARGET.

It is little wonder that our First Lady bit her lip as the Nautilus slid into the water.

Bruce Biossat

Not since December, 1947, in London, have the Big Four powers met in solemn conclave to consider the peace of Europe. So the Jan. 25 meeting in Berlin, if it ever does come off, is certain to be a milestone of a sort.

The 1947 conference broke up without result because the Soviet Union declined to take any of the vital steps toward the unification of Austria and Germany under peace treaties. The new meeting will, after some six years, have the same subjects on the agenda.

But no sober Western states man really expects that the Russians have changed their plans and aspirations regarding Germany. Consequently, none expects to make serious strides toward a final peace treaty in this explosive land that has been well described as the centerpiece of Europan politics.

The dismemberment of Germany into zones was intended, of course, to be only temporary. The Russians are wholly responsible for the country's continued division into two parts. They shut the West out of the Soviet Zone, and thereby forced the West to crystallize its own control of Western Germany.

Now this rigid arrangement has been formalized with separate governments, largely separate economies, and political orientation toward different orbits.

Clearly, the Western powers will not undo any of the work they have done to weave Germany into their orbit, simply to chase some Soviet will-o'-the-wisp promising unity and freedom for the Germans—according to Russian definition.

In the beginning, the West saw Germany mainly as a burden to them. But as time went on they realized it could become a valued member of the Western defense and political community. Obviously, having tasted this prospect, they will not settle for anything less than a truly free and independent Germany which could act as a stabilizing force for peace in Europe.

Russia, for its part, was surprised and shocked when the West excluded the Soviet Union from Western Germany in the same way the Kremlin had frozen the West out of Eastern Germany. Ever since that time, Moscow has been single-mindedly devoted to preventing the final absorption of the Bonn government into the Western alliance.

That will be its purpose in the conference. It may no longer offer the old, transparently thin proposals for peace and unity—Kremlin style. Instead, according to some experts, the Russians may try some new scheme, like a marriage-of-convenience pact (Nazi-Soviet pattern) with the United States, or a European "alliance" including Russia, but excluding the U.S.

Whatever the proposal, the goal will be the same: to block the arming of Germany, smash Western defense plans, undermine NATO, and split the Western powers.

But by now the West should have seen enough of the Soviet bag of tricks not to fall for any of the standard gimmicks simply because they are offered in a new wrapper.

Mountain States, Pacific Power Merger May Touch Off Power Industry Probe

A. ROBERT SMITH
News-Review Correspondent

Washington — The proposed merger of Mountain States Power Co. with Pacific Power and Light Co. has stimulated prospects of a congressional probe of the entire electric power industry and supply in the Pacific Northwest.

Sen. Wayne Morse (Ind.-Ore.) and nearly a dozen Democratic senators have held a strategy session preliminary to trying to persuade Chairman William Lang (R-ND) that the trend in the utility industry is not only a retreat from public power expansion but an advance toward private power monopoly. This would be the key to an investigation by Langer's subcommittee on monopoly.

This tack was developed weeks ago before the Pacific Power-Mountain States merger was known to be in the works. At that time senators were planning to cite as their prime example of trend toward monopoly the long-stalemated merger proposal of Washington Water Power Co. and Puget Sound Power and Light Co., the two largest utilities in Washington state. Pacific Power would take the lead by virtue of its merger.

The picture that can be painted by such an investigation would be one of private utilities of the region consolidating into a giant that would sooner or later take over even the sprawling Bonneville grid and stymie or stamp out further development of rural electric co-ops and public utility districts. The political trick would be to hang this around the neck of the administration and lay it to the new power policy which holds that local interests are primarily responsible for supplying the areas needs for added power.

The principal step taken in the Northwest by the new administration under its power policy was to execute 20-year contracts for power deliveries to private utilities from Bonneville Power Administration. But as has been explained privately by former BPA administrator Paul Raver, the main purpose of the contracts was to bolster the position of Portland General Electric Co. to deter possibilities it would have to merge with Pacific Power and Light Co. or sell out.

PGE's special problem was that it lacked adequate power supplies, was dependent on BPA for nearly three-fourths its requirements, was therefore the hardest hit when the preference clause went into operation during periods of power shortage due to low water.

And one reason the long-term contracts were approved with a minimum of criticism from public power groups is that they were let in on this reasoning regarding PGE. As one of them told this reporter:

"We feel public power would probably be better off if PGE is prevented from having to merge with Pacific Power and Light, so how can we be very much against the 20-year contracts."

Whether Langer will be persuaded to tackle the "trend toward monopoly" in the electric utility industry this year has yet to be determined.

Stock Speculator Fails; Success Literature Burns

TOKYO (AP) — A public book-burning destroyed 13,000 books in downtown Tokyo Friday.

The publisher himself did the job while newsmen watched and photographers clicked away.

The edition wasn't a Communist book—they sell like Japanese hot chestnuts on a winter night.

It was "I Think Like This," the autobiography of Masutomi Ito, a fantastically successful stock speculator who finally crashed last year.

His downfall left publisher Minoru Yamazaki with a fine collection of nicely printed waste paper.

Normally, a publisher would call in the second-hand paper man and ask for a bid. But Yamazaki invited the press, struck a match, and got himself stories and pictures in almost every Tokyo newspaper.

Tokyo Shimbun reported Yamazaki expects to recoup on a foreign sex book he is printing.

They sell like hot chestnuts too.

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