



Chinese Tea . . .

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EDITORIAL PAGE

LA GRANDE OBSERVER

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"Without or with friend or foe, we print your daily world as it goes"—Byron.

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Hard Work Brings Fair Honors

Wallowa and Union County residents took a good share of the honors at the Oregon State Fair in Salem this year with two groups winning first prizes in tough competition.

The Imbler Future Farmers of America livestock judging team walked off with the championship in their division and earned the right to represent the state in national competition next month in Kansas City.

The booth entered by the Blue Mountain Grange was selected as the best county fair booth in the state and won special praise from state fair judges.

The La Grande FFA chapter placed in every event entered at the state fair after garnering honors at the Union County Fair last month.

Wallowa area groups also represented the area well and individual honors went to many in the region. We'd like to mention everyone who participated, but all of the results aren't in yet.

We are all proud of the accomplishments of our young people in competition in both the county fairs and the state event. They reserved the honors they won for all their hard work.

The Tragedy Of A Self-Made Dud

As a legislator, Wayne Morse is a dud, a self-made dud, which makes his case all the more tragic. The reason he is a dud is that he has ceased to be a good politician. A legislator must be a politician, to the degree that we define a politician as a man skilled in political processes. Without that skill, which Senator Morse once possessed, all the brains and even all the right-mindedness in the world will avail him little.

The legislator has two chores. Half leading, half following, he represents his constituents in legislative halls. He must be able to get elected. This Morse has been able to do so far. Once elected, he must meet with fellow legislators and hammer out legislation that is beneficial to his constituents and agreeable to his colleagues. This Morse has not been able to do. Nor is he likely to become more able to do it—not after last weekend's display of childish pique.

Why is it that Wayne Morse so often stands alone—or, at best, alone with Langer? Are we really to believe that 90-some senators can be so often wrong and that only one, or two, can be so often right?

The senator has boasted that he will not compromise. That means, put another way, that he will not engage in the legislative process. Legislation is the fruit of compromise. It is born of differing opinions which are compromised, or resolved, into a synthesis which is called a law. Legislation is a horse-trading process. If senators know that one of their number will not give an inch, they need not bother trying to please him. They leave him alone with his pique, his filibuster and his long lectures to which nobody listens.

Such was the case last weekend. Morse felt, and he may be right, that Congress should not go home until its work was done. He opposed the rush of last-minute bills that so often produces bad legislation. And he chided his colleagues for fearing to be in Washington for the Khrushchev visit. By parliamentary skill he gummed up the works. He treated the Senate to a lost weekend. But did

he accomplish anything else? Have we any reason to believe that the last-minute legislation will be any better because of Morse's delaying tactics?

One thing we do know. He further irritated other senators. He further reduced his own effectiveness, which already seemed irreducible. He was crying "Wolf!" again. Why should his colleagues listen?

The tragedy of Wayne Morse is that he started out so well. And he was so well equipped. Nationally, few senators were so admired as the young junior senator from Oregon. When he sought re-election in 1950, he won by 260,000 votes, a smashing victory. His party changes, his personal vendettas and his bizarre behavior took their toll. In 1956, against an opponent who was admittedly stronger than his 1950 opponent, his margin was 60,000. That was a creditable enough margin, but nothing like the one he earned earlier. Now his political fortunes are even lower. The number of good Democrats who regard themselves as "Morse men" grows smaller and smaller. Privately, many of Oregon's leading Democrats are speaking of the senator as a party liability. Look at his own staff. How many employees and devoted campaign workers have been with him even five years? Why have so many fallen away?

Brains the senator has. Courage, of a sort, he has, too. But these things are not enough. The people of Oregon are entitled to representation by a man whose political skill, as opposed to parliamentary skill, is great enough to command the sincere respect of other senators. We see no indication that Senator Morse any longer has this skill.

(Eugene Register-Guard)

Barbs

According to a writer, one of the greatest noise makers is the lion. We'd like him to meet our 3-year-old grandson.

Crossword puzzles are what hubby gets after all but the hard words are filled in.

DREW PEARSON SAYS:

Ike Jittery Eve Of Visit By Soviet Union's Leader

WASHINGTON—Ike was reported jittery on eve of Khrushchev's visit; his right-wing critics don't realize changes that have taken place in Russia; Khrushchev would have been shot by Stalin if Stalin were alive today.

Now that President Eisenhower is free of the paternalistic hands of John Foster Dulles on foreign affairs, and Sherman Adams on domestic affairs, some of his right-wing advisers want him to quit being a leader. They caution that he's gone too far in inviting Khrushchev to the United States and want him to maneuver a retreat.

They urge that Ike give Khrushchev a courteous brush-off and send him home with nothing more accomplished than face-saving formalities.

Partly as a result of this needling Ike had a slight touch of the jitters on the eve of Khrushchev's arrival. But to meet this criticism, the State Department has brought Henry Cabot Lodge, U. S. ambassador to the United Nations, to Washington to prepare for a secret mission.

Lodge will chaperone Khrushchev on his cross-country tour, which is not secret. What is secret is the fact Lodge will serve as a sort of verbal sparring partner for the Soviet leader. Lodge has spent days reading everything Khrushchev has ever said or done with a view to refuting any of the Soviet leader's wisecracks or propaganda statements. The result may be a 13-day running debate between the two.

Meanwhile, what some of Ike's reactionary needlers don't seem to realize is that extremely important developments have taken place inside Russia since Stalin died, plus one or two in the United States.

Development No. 1 is that Khrushchev has exactly the same troubles with his own right-wing advisers as Ike. They claim he is going too far in currying favor with the United States.

The followers of the old Stalin line that war is inevitable between the Communist and capitalist worlds still have a voice in Russia. The hard-boiled Molotov who conducted Stalin's foreign affairs is now ambassador to distant Mongolia, but still has some followers. So have Malenkov, Zhukov and Kaganovich. They were not shot, as they would have been in Stalin's day if they disagreed. They still disagree, and this group serves as a sort of brake to keep Khrushchev from getting too friendly with the West.

Development No. 2 is the fact that Khrushchev also has troubles with Red China. The Red Chinese consider themselves the original Communists; the superior people of the world. While the Russian people have gone in for more capitalism and a higher standard of living, the Chinese have gone in for just the opposite. They have accepted more austerity.

The Red Chinese are reported worried that Khrushchev will patch up relations with the West; are suspected of deliberately staging the border raids on India and the trouble in Laos in order to embarrass Khrushchev as he arrives in Washington.

This friction is why Khrushchev is making a special trip to Peiping almost immediately after leaving Washington.

Development No. 3 is the manner in which the Russian people have drifted away from the pure Communism of the Stalin era. The average American may not realize it, but Khrushchev's domestic policies are a wild departure from the orthodoxy of Marx and Stalin. If Stalin were alive today he'd call Khrushchev a "Trotskyite" and have him shot.

Khrushchev has gone in for nationalism far more than Communism; has built up an industrial and professional bureaucracy, a privileged class of professors, scientists, factory managers, and authors, whose power is growing every month. They have summer homes of their own, convertible cars, special parking places, and bonuses if they produce. These are the incentives and privileges of the capitalist world, not of Communism when all was for the state.

Bad News Coverage

J. Edward Murray, managing editor of the Los Angeles Mirror-News, complained to the recent Associated Press managing editors' association meeting: "Something has been wrong about the American press coverage of Russia. The Americans who read our papers go to Russia and are extremely surprised at what they find—how good things are for the ordinary Russians.

"The American press was so busy presenting every detail of the cold war that we had little time, or enthusiasm, or space left for presenting the good things to keep the picture balanced."

And the biggest story in Russia today, largely unreported, is the manner in which Communism in factories has given way to capitalist incentive payments for extra production. It's also evident in scientific labs, in merchandising and advertising, and in almost every walk of Soviet life.

REMEMBER WHEN

25 years ago big textile strike in South Carolina forced calling out of the National Guard as result of violence. Much dynamiting and several deaths resulted from the internal strike.

Locally, the Eagles cleared up debt on their meeting hall; and Carl H. Coad of Cove was admitted to the state bar.

15 years ago tropical hurricane hit the Atlantic Coast and resulted in \$30,000,000 in damages; Americans invaded Japanese held islands in Pacific; and Yank troops had Achen, Germany, surrounded.

A La Grande serviceman, Pfc. Cullen Grieves, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Grieves, was wounded in the Pacific; tribute was paid to Pvt. John W. Ziegler, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ziegler, 1612 Jefferson St.

Three new ladies were welcomed into the Presbyterian Aid. They were Mrs. Wesley McDonald, Mrs. W. A. Foster and Mrs. Ernest Walden.

OBITS

United Press International RIVERHEAD, N.Y.—Oliver C. Carpenter, 79, a New York City lawyer who was an aide to President Theodore Roosevelt during the 1912 presidential campaign, died Monday.

NEW YORK—F. Sims McGrath, 82, specialist in corporation and anti-trust law, died Sunday night.

NEW YORK—Maurice Matthews, about 40, former actress and fashion model, died Monday of cancer.

QUOTES FROM THE NEWS

NEW YORK—Former President Truman, on whether he planned to meet with Nikita Khrushchev: "I don't think that he wants to see me, and I don't want to see him, that's a dead cinch."

LOS ANGELES—A hospital attendant, on Bing Crosby's reaction when told his wife, actress Kathy Grant, had given birth to a girl: "He let out a wahoo that you could hear the length of the corridor, and the corridor is about two blocks long."

NEW YORK—Vice President Richard Nixon, on the American Dental Assn.'s refusal to give up the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for a lunch for Nikita Khrushchev: "The Russians might have got to the moon first but the dentists got the ballroom first."

NEW DELHI—Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, on the Soviet moon shot: "In old astrology the moon used to affect human destiny. It is now being obviously reversed. Now the poor moon is pursued."

'MISH MASH'

Field Pack Fascinated Old Faces At The Aid Station

(Editor's note—A diary taken from the body of a dead German soldier led to this bit of prose by the author in a service publication. No names are offered as identification. Only the copy has been closely edited and censored.)

Index Blue Aid Station was greatly undermanned 15 years ago. (Army code name used up front to identify American combat medic unit.)

The boys had been worn down to squad strength after six harrowing weeks that began with the battle for Brest, France, had endured through a holding action of some weeks in the Ardennes Forest, and ended with the ill-fated Battle of the Bulge.

The entire unit was ready for rest camp after those past months that took them almost within a rifle's shot of the Roer River Dams.

A certain sergeant among the dogfaces was busy throwing together a full field pack, and he was having trouble getting things inside since he hadn't made up one of these packs since Normandy.

Offers to Help

A replacement, who arrived in time to almost become a frontline veteran some 48 hours before, offered to help. The grimy sergeant sat back and watched, and so did the eight or 10 other men because this offered a sort of fascination to see a new man throw a pack together.

"Sarge, how come you want the Kraut helmet in this pack?" The new man asked.

"Because I gotta have some sort of souvenir to take home with me or else the 'drugstore cowboys' may think I'm feeding 'em a line," the older veteran said.

Aw, to — with those guys back home," another onlooker yelled. "They dont give a — for you or me or anyone else up here," he added.

The dirty faced and bearded sergeant who hadn't had a bath or change of clothes in many weeks and a good night of sleep since he could remember smiled, but inwardly he was fit to be tied. Two years away from his folks and friends back in the States.

Sneak Ride Back

"Ya know, Sarge, you're never going to get away from up here if that jeep carrying your replacement doesn't show up. How come you don't sneak back to Regiment or hitch a ride with the mail truck after dark?" the helpful elder replacement asked.

"Well, orders is orders and red tape is red tape . . . even in combat," mused the sergeant. Anyway, it's worth another couple hours of waiting, he thought.

"Better watch out for those buzz bombs back at Liege (Belgium). I hear they're killing lotsa' good men," cautioned another helpful soul.

"It ain't the buzz bombs that worry me, it's that 'one road planted with mines' that the Engineers probably forgot to check out," replied the sergeant. The jeep will hit one and blow us all to heck before I even get close to that ship at the Channel, he thought.

Subs And Cabbies

"I hear the Germans still got subs all over the Atlantic," offered another helpful friend in the aid station.

"Now me, I'd watch out for those fast cabbies in New York City," warned the 48-hour replacement. "Why, they killed a buddy of mine who was back on leave a couple months ago," he said.

"New York, some city," said the veteran. "It's been a couple of years since some of us shipped out from Shanks." (Camp Shanks, a port of embarkation during World War II.)

"Of course a building could fall over on you or you might get ground under the subway," another friend chimed in.

The impatient sergeant said to the helper, "Mack, hurry up with that pack or the war will be over and I'll get new orders for occupation duty."

"Keep your dirty shirt on, Sarge, you're only going home. What's the rush? I bet you get homesick for us boys in a couple of weeks and hitch back up this way. Why, look at all the fun you'll be missing when we march into Berlin. There'll be more frass than a guy can shake a stick at," the pack roller said.

Ed note—This will be continued in later issue.

... Grady Pannell

NOT OUR TYPE

EXETER, England (UPI)—A frightened but lucky squirrel escaped traffic here Sunday by running into a store. It was a pet shop, filled with the pelts of other squirrels. But after the squirrel was caught, the shop manager had it freed in a field. "He wasn't our type," the manager explained. "We don't use English squirrels."

have the 1836 problem of getting back into one.

—And one wonders if we've learned much about money in 123 years.

Once Upon A Time U.S. Owed No One

By ELMER C. WALZER
UPI Staff Writer

NEW YORK (UPI)—Once upon a time—and only once—the United States of America owed no man. And it had money in the bank.

That was 123 years ago under President Andrew Jackson. It wasn't that "Old Hickory" as Jackson was called, was such a good husbander of cash that brought about the end of the national debt in 1836.

Times were good then. Customs duties ran high. Sales of government lands even ran higher than customs and wiped out the debt.

Wall Street discovered this bit of economic history when it looked into the history books after former President Harry S. Truman said Jackson was the one who in his day took the government bond market away from Wall Street and put it in Washington.

Jackson was the one who killed the Second Bank of the United States run by Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia.

No Financial Wizard

Market men found Jackson no great shakes in finance. But the General was fairly astute as a politician. He capitalized on the then hatred of a near central bank, let its charter lapse, and withdrew federal funds. That little act got him elected for a second term because the voting people in many sections hated "the monster" as Jackson nicknamed the bank.

The treasury surplus of 1836 didn't look as good to the politicians as one would expect. "It's unthinkable for the U.S. to have a surplus," they said in effect. And then they set about trying to change the situation.

As usual Congress brought up all sorts of expedients to do the trick. Sen. Henry Clay of Virginia suggested whittling down the tariffs. Sen. John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, proposed distributing the surplus to the states.

Jackson Hated Paper Money

While these and other proposals flowed forth from Congress, General Jackson fired the shot that wrecked the whole thing. Jackson hated paper money. So by executive decree he issued a "specie circular" requiring payment for public lands in gold or silver.

There wasn't enough specie and hence money tightened. Loans were called. Business shrank. Early in 1837, New York banks suspended specie payments. Other banks followed. And the "bust" was on.

By 1837, the national debt had been built up again. It amounted to a mere \$328,000, but it was a debt. In 1833, it was up to \$1,308,000, and by 1839 it got to \$1,434,000.

A dip in 1840 was followed by steadily increasing debt figures. The Civil War sent it to two and three-quarter billion dollars.

\$12 Billion By WW I

The debt was whittled down to \$961 million by 1893 and crossed a billion again in 1894. In 1918 it crossed \$12 billion in World

War I.

By 1919 the debt got to \$25 billion. From there it was cut to \$16 billion in 1930. Then the great depression and the schemes for spending us into prosperity sent the debt soaring to \$42 billion in 1940.

The spending after World War II carried it well above \$200 billion in 1944. Today it is around \$290 billion.

It isn't as easy to whittle down the debt even a trifle today as it was to get back into debt in 1837.

What Would Treasury Do

Wall Street wonders today what the Treasury would do without a debt.

There wouldn't be any government bonds for the Federal Reserve to buy and sell to expand and contract credit.

What would the government agencies like the Social Security invest in? And there are the banks and corporations and individuals who own vast amounts of government stocks which are said to be in small supply? And those foreigners who buy our short terms. What would they do? One could think of many other problems. Perhaps we are lucky to be in debt. At least we don't



RAILROAD LAUNCHER—A highly mobile system for launching of intermediate range and intercontinental ballistic missiles is illustrated in this launching car model shown at the Air Force Assn.'s "Aerospace Panorama" at Miami Beach, Fla. The system would be capable of launching retaliatory missiles from railroad sidings or spurs or be able to "stop-and-launch" from any point on a railroad line.



LAOTIANS PREPARE—As a part of the U. S. Military Assistance Program, Americans and French train Laotians in the use of American-made weapons. Here an unidentified instructor shows a Laotian how to disassemble the carbine rifle in Pakse, Laos. Recent reports state that the Communists are withdrawing from the Laotian borders.