

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

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DP Hypochondria

Xenophobia—fear of strangers or hatred of foreigners—is the nation's most prevalent disease, a publicist for the Citizens Committee on Displaced Persons warns, and remarks by Representative Klein of New York in the Congressional Record would support that diagnosis.

According to the New York congressman, "The only remaining segments of public opinion rejecting the necessity of immediate action along the lines of the Stratton bill are the irreconcilables who refuse to accept facts."

These irreconcilables, blocking passage of the bill, are the xenophobes who suffer from the same germs which cause racial and religious prejudice—ignorance and distrust with the resultant fear for their own well-being. For their information, the CCDP has some pertinent facts:

Leaders of both major parties, the CIO and AFL, 115 national groups, even the traditionally conservative American Legion want action on the Stratton bill to authorize the entrance of 100,000 DPs annually for four years. Five midwestern states, traditionally isolationist, have state commissions for the resettlement of DPs in rural areas.

Some 850,000 former slave laborers and concentration camp inmates are utterly homeless, the so-called "hard core" living in German Bizonia, and are costing the American army \$130 million a year to feed and house. About half of those who want resettlement are farmers; 12,000 are trained or semi-trained medical technicians, many are skilled professional workers, artists and teachers. The majority are Christians, only one in five is Jewish.

So far, this country has allowed 22,000 to immigrate under established quotas. At this trickling rate "it would take 116 years for all the Estonians who want to come in," the CCDP publicist said.

The Russians have made political hay out of American reluctance to solve the war's gravest human problem—they tell the world that Americans have deserted their allies "by leaving them to rot in DP camps." Of course, the USSR reportedly has solved her DP problem—by killing those who can't work and retaining the others as slave laborers.

Other nations, some less able to handle increased populations than this country, have indicated willingness to open their doors once the United States has made the first move.

As the nation which history has arbitrarily made responsible for leadership toward a peaceful world, in which human worth and individual rights are esteemed and protected, the United States has no alternative but to solve the DP problem. There are two possibilities: let them rot or provide for their resettlement.

Since most of these refugees are self-respecting individuals, loyal to democratic principles and potentially good citizens—the kind of people America needs—the more fanatical xenophobes are hypochondriacs.

"You Can Have Her . . ."

No wonder the Western world and communist-dominated countries don't get along—they don't see eye to eye on the distaff side!

Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito recently uttered some throbbing words to his Women's Anti-Fascist League, giving his definition of the "progressive" Yugoslav pigeons:

"Those women who fought with a gun in their hands, women who took the place of men, women who are working on reconstruction of the country . . ."

His ideal babydoll is probably Ana Pauker, boss of Rumania, who looks like a lady wrestler and talks like a fishwife. Her thinking apparatus certainly operates on the same frequency as the red network and, no doubt, the only "line" she ever got is the party line. Nevertheless, she must be intelligent, hard-working, domineering and ruthless.

Now that wouldn't click with America's chicks—or men—at all.

American women "fought" with rivet guns, took the place of men in some service jobs, and contributed some time and effort to postwar reconversion tasks, but most were glad, afterwards, to wash their hands and apply skin lotion and soft soap as liberally as in prewar days.

No, the "reactionary" New Look demands that American women drop all pretense at masculinity. They are to become "utterly appealing and feminine"—with handspan waists, bouffant ballerina skirts, fragile hands, delicate and ladylike manners, a dash of escort-flattering helplessness and a pinch of salt. They might be useful around the house, of course, and as bridge partners or just good listeners. But none of this "old hat" up-and-at-em spirit the war brought out.

Whatever the virtues of the two ideals, most American men would give Ana and her tribe of Amazons a hurried go-by.

Meager Munificence

Americans are renowned for their generous support of charitable enterprises but figures released by the Golden Rule Foundation show that this celebrated largess is, in reality, rather gaunt. Charities got about \$2.5 billion last year, less than 2 per cent of the national income. In the economic slough of the last depression charities garnered about 5 per cent.

Americans drink (beer and liquor), smoke and bet on horses an annual \$15.6 billions more than they give to their fellow men. And yet, 80 per cent of all lower bracket income taxpayers claim 10 per cent deductions for charity. If that money actually was given to charity it would amount to an annual \$9 billion boost. Life magazine estimated that "if everybody gave the full 13 per cent contemplated by law, contributions would be 10 times what they are."

With the wide variety of worthy causes undertaking the alleviation of some of the want and disease and desperation surrounding us, there is ample opportunity for Americans to practice their reputation for generosity. Many are to be commended for what they have given, but as the world's best-off people we can well afford to live up to the statements on our income tax forms, at least.

Casual Wife-Murder

This spouse-killing business is getting to be altogether too casual. Over in Clark county, Washington a man comes in from milking, asks his wife about supper. She says, "Get it yourself," whereupon he gets his hunting knife, stabs her to death, wraps the body in a bedquilt, throws it in his truck and drives over to Hillsboro for his mother's funeral.

In Seattle a man and his wife got to arguing about her spending. She slapped him, and he just choked her till she was limp, then put her body in a dunnage bag, hauled it away and left it by the roadside.

A man at Klamath Falls killed his wife and buried the body, but his conscience finally impelled him to confess to his brother, a policeman.

Matrimony thus becomes, especially for women, an extraordinarily hazardous employment. Is our secularized civilization producing people without moral standards and lacking even the most ancient of restraints, regard for human life?

The Safety Valve

RECREATION IN GREAT OUTDOORS

To the Editor:

I read with interest your item several days ago relative to the lack of recreational facilities for active, employed people in Salem. For those who feel the community does not offer adequate recreation, may I put in my word?

It is assumed that the majority of those fun-hungry people are of moderate income and resources and reasonably able-bodied and resourceful, and that on an average, one-fourth of them have transportation available to share with others.

How many have driven even 60 miles from Salem, parked the car, put their lunch in their pockets, and within five minutes' walk, been in one of the most breathtaking forests, which lies adjacent to the canyon floor east of Battle Axe Mountain above Elk Lake, and follows over toward Twin Lakes and Silver King Mountain? Or, from the North Santiam highway at a point near Marion Forks, hiked through another grand section of massive evergreens on the access trail to Scar Mountain Lookout, from which, in all directions the traveler can view hill and canyon covered with a vast wealth of beautiful, unharvested trees. How many have eaten smoked hickory ribs and eye with fried chicken legs and a thermos of coffee, beside a high mountain cascade under huge hemlocks and Douglas firs, resting comfortably on a carpet of deep, spongy moss bordering the stream?

Or how many have known, from personal acquaintance, can tell a pipisawwa from a pumpkin, can identify the trees he stands under by studying the fallen cones? Do they know a whistling marmot from a pine squirrel? They may say, what difference does it make, anyway, but once they acquire mountain lore at first hand, they become addicts of nature.

We have a most beautiful state and, close to Salem, the most primitive untouched loveliness of the Mt. Jefferson wilderness area, and countless others like it, all free to public enjoyment. Would you hazard a guess as to the number of Salem's thousands of physically able citizens who have never stepped out of a car in the mountains, and walked even a mile through the trees?

We don't really need a new avenue for recreation, new and costly facilities provided by our civic government. If we encouraged a use and love of the wild portions of our own and nearby counties, we would make sportsmen of the young men, good healthy boys and girls, who would eat and sleep better during the week for the outdoor recreation found on week-ends.

Naming no names, there is at least one outdoor club in Salem, as there is in any city, which welcomes as members and friends those who show at least an average enthusiasm for hiking, skiing, camping, mountaineering and outdoor enjoyment, as easy or as difficult as the individual wishes.

Very truly yours,

Dorothy G. Middleton

Publish Other Facts

To the Editor:

The publication at last of the non-aggression pact signed by the prime ministers of Russia and Germany at the beginning of the war is an indication that the people of the world may finally get some official information as to what was going on in those days.

It should be only the first of such disclosures of secret intrigue, and should be followed by many others. One which is of still more importance, and antedates the one mentioned, is the pact made with Hitler by England and France after they refused to join Russia in stopping Hitler in his tracts in Czechoslovakia at the very beginning, and the signing of which compelled Russia to sign a very temporary pact with Germany in order to gain time to prepare for defense. A copy of this English-French-German pact must also have been found in the German archives. Why it is not published by our state department as well as the other one? If it was not found in Germany, a copy of it is certainly in the British archives in London, bearing the signature of the British prime minister. Our state department should demand

it and publish it. We are entitled to information on all of these sub rosa agreements — not just a few selected on one side. It might be interesting, also, to read the U. S.-British pact which takes U. S. military forces to Greece, Italy, and other countries, and our navy to the Mediterranean, to uphold lousy old monarchies and shoot the native patriots who are trying to replace them with democratic governments. Incidentally, those patriots are now called rebels and guerrillas — the same names that were applied to our colonial patriots by England during our revolutionary war.

A. M. Church

1400 N. Summer St.

Agriculture Department Meet to Start

The first of three meetings scheduled this week for field personnel of the state agricultural department will get under way here today when all field operatives of the division of foods and dairies gather for their annual conference directed by Division Chief O. K. Besa. General divisional programs, policies and problems will be considered.

The mid-winter conference of shipping point supervisors will open Thursday morning with Frank McKennon, chief of the division of plant industry, in charge. Also convening Thursday will be the annual meeting of livestock theft investigators and veterinarians of the division of animal industry, under direction of M. E. Knickerbocker.

All groups will merge for a general meeting at the chamber of commerce Friday afternoon when speakers will include E. L. Peterson, agricultural department director; Glenn L. Hoar, chief accountant; Jerry Saylor, Portland, executive secretary of the state retirement system; Robert R. Johnson, civil service commission director, and Forrest V. Stewart, Oregon State Employees association secretary.

War Memorial Progress Told To 20-30 Club

Progress toward a war memorial civic auditorium in Salem was outlined to the local 20-30 club Tuesday night at the Gold Arrow by Coburn Grabenhorst, chairman of the memorial association's men's promotion committee.

The club announced that its "wishing well," from which all proceeds will go to the March of Dimes, has been installed near the bus stop at State and Commercial streets. It was constructed by William Sullivan, Dall Sullivan, Earl Taylor, Harold White, Leonard Lawless and Lowell Joseph.

The club has been invited to a dance Saturday night sponsored by the fledgling McMinnville chapter. The McMinnville group, was aided in organizing by the Salem 20-30s, plans its charter night for late February.

The club board of directors will meet Monday at 7:30 p.m. at the home of Dall Sullivan, president.

Edmondson to Head Class

Willamette university's sophomore class completed elections for the spring semester yesterday when it chose Rex Edmondson, Portland, class vice-president in a re-vote.

It was formerly announced that there would be three sophomore reelections. However it was decided that the class will have two sergeant-at-arms, thus eliminating a runoff vote, and a recount showed that Betty Dahlberg, Portland, had received a majority vote for class treasurer.

Chuck Patterson, Burlingame, Calif., is sophomore president; Betty Ferguson, Richland, Wash., secretary; Larry Stocks, Portland, publicity chairman; and Bob Burleigh, Placerville, Calif., and Don Barclay, Salem, sergeants-at-arms.

GRIN AND BEAR IT By Lichty



"Other bosses marry their secretaries—but I had to go and marry my filing clerk!"



'Highest Office in the Land'

Chemeketans Plan Banquet

Salem Chemeketans will gather in Mayflower hall February 7 for their annual banquet meeting. Featured speaker will be Mrs. Helen Hamilton of Oregon City who recently returned after

spending a year in China.

Dancing will follow the dinner. Reservations for members and guests are to be made with Bessie Smith or George LaBorde at telephone 4509.

Oregon Mounted Posse Affiliated with C. of C.

Oregon Mounted posse has affiliated with the Salem Chamber

of Commerce for the purpose of officially representing the chamber when it makes out-of-town appearances. It was announced Tuesday by James Walton, chamber president.

As one of its promotional plans for this year, the chamber board voted to ask the posse to become its official representative. A letter signed by First Lt. Walter H. Ziesel of the posse accepted the chamber's bid.

By John Steinbeck
Photographs by
Robert Capa

A Russian Journal Kremlin Visit a Depressing Experience

(Editor's Note—John Steinbeck and Robert Capa, special correspondents for the New York Herald Tribune, saw some of the inside of the Kremlin last summer, and were then entertained by Soviet writers at a formal dinner. How the Russian writers reacted to an official challenge to tell Steinbeck what kind of truth to write about Russia is reported by him today).

CHAPTER XIII

We had wanted to see the inside of the Kremlin, every one does, and we had even wanted to photograph it, and finally our permission came through, but the permission to photograph could not be arranged. No pictures could be taken, no cameras could be carried inside. We did not get the special tour, but only the usual tourists' route. However, that was what we wanted. Mr. Chmarzky was our guide again, and oddity enough Mr. Chmarzky had never been inside the Kremlin either. It is no permission readily granted apparently.

We approached the long, heavily guarded causeway. There were soldiers at the entrance. Our names were taken, and our permissions scrutinized, and then a bell rang and a military escort went with us through the gate. We didn't go to the side where the government offices are, indeed we didn't want to. We walked inside the huge place, to the old cathedrals which have been there for so long, and we went through the museum, the giant palace which has been used by so many Czars, from Ivan the Terrible on.

We went into the tiny bedroom that Ivan used, and into the little withdrawing rooms, and the private chapels. And they are very beautiful, and strange, and ancient, and they are kept just as they were.

Visit Great Museum

And we saw the great museum where the armor, the plate, the weapons, the china services, the costumes, and the royal gifts for 500 years are stored. There were huge crowns covered with diamonds and emeralds, there was the big sledge of Catherine the Great. We saw the fur garments and the fantastic armor of the old boyars.

There were the gifts of other royal houses to the Czars over hundreds of years—a great silver dog sent by Queen Elizabeth, presents of German silver and china by Frederick the Great to Catherine, the swords of honor, the incredible clasp of monarchy. It becomes apparent after looking at a royal museum that bad taste, far from being undesirable in royalty is an absolute necessity. We saw the painted hall of the warriors of Ivan where no woman was permitted to enter. We climbed miles of royal staircases and looked into the great halls of mirrors. And we saw the suite where the last Czar and his family



Changing the guard at Lenin's tomb outside the Kremlin wall in Red Square.

lived, uncomfortably amidst too much furniture, too much decoration, and too much dark polished wood.

Reasons Understood

For a child to have to grow up and to live with all of this monstrous collection of nonsense must have made a certain kind of adult out of him, and one can understand more readily the character of princes, after seeing the kind of life they must have lived in the midst of all this mess. When the little Czarovitch wanted a gun, could he have a twenty-two rifle? No, he had a little blunderbuss, hand made of silver, with pieces of ivory driven into it, with jewels for sights—a little anachronism in the twentieth century. And he couldn't go out and hunt rabbits, he sat on the lawn and swans were driven by for him to shoot at.

Just two hours in this royal place so depressed us that we couldn't shake it off all day. What must a lifetime in it have done. Anyway we saw it, and I suppose we are glad, but horses couldn't drag either of us back to it. It is the most gloomy place in the world. And it was easy to imagine while walking through these halls and these staircases how murder could rise so easily, how father could kill son and son father and how any real external life could become so remote as to be nonexistent.

Feeling Hard to Shake

From the windows of the palace

we could look over the walls of the Kremlin out to the city. Directly below us in the Red Square was the great marble stand where they had to cut off the heads of their subjects, probably out of their own terror. We walked down a long ramp and out of the heavily guarded gate, with a sense of relief.

We ran away from that place and back to the Hotel Metropole, to the Herald Tribune offices, and we grabbed Joe Newman and went down to the cabaret and ordered 400 grams of vodka and a huge lunch. But it took a long time to get over the feeling the Kremlin had put upon us. We never did see the government offices which are on the other side. That is a place where tourists are never taken and we don't even know what it looked like, except for the tops of the buildings which could be seen over the wall. But we are told that a whole community lives in there. Some of the high government officials have apartments there, and their servants and the caretakers, the maintenance crews and the guards, all live inside the walls. Stalin, however, we are told, does not live in the Kremlin but has an apartment somewhere and no one seems to know where it is, and no one seems to pay much attention to where it is. Mostly now, though, it is said, he lives on the Black Sea, in a climate of perpetual summer.

'Terrifying Prospect'

One of the American correspondents told us that he had seen

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

clearly they do not like it. The officers of the international monetary fund refused to approve the devaluation, but France acted independently. Thus one of the tools hammered out at Bretton Woods has failed to hold.

The replacement of Eccles by Thomas B. McCabe, paper mill executive and chairman of the board of the Philadelphia federal reserve bank, will not fail to draw attention to our domestic inflation and to government efforts, so far very weak, to handle the situation.

The plain truth is that we do not know enough of economic forces to be able—by pulling a few levers and turning a few valves—to control evenly prices and production. Eccles had some good ideas—he did not spare government agencies criticism for credit inflation—but his special deposit sides for banks didn't click. And one cannot be certain that the French devaluation of the franc will do the trick that France wants. It may start reactions or loose other forces which would defeat the purpose of the move.

It is because of our uncertainties and because of the dangers of bad judgment in making decisions of such moment that governments have to be cautious when they deal with such subjects as the unit of money and control of credit and regulation of exchange. You see, we keep on paying for wars in a variety of ways.

Salem Girls Sign At Midland College

June Parke and Norma Schwichtenberg, both graduates of Salem high school, arrived at Fremont, Neb., early this week and enrolled at Midland college, the college news service said Tuesday.

Miss Parke is the daughter of Mrs. Anna P. Clark, 1410 Ferry st., and is studying to be a librarian. Miss Schwichtenberg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Schwichtenberg, 408 N. 14th st., and is contemplating a writing career.

Stalin driven through the street one day and he said he was sitting in the jump seat, and he was leaning back in a curious angle, and he looked very stiff. "I wondered at the time," he said, "whether it was Stalin or whether it was a figure. He did not look natural."

And now the Moscow writers union asked us to a dinner, and this frightened us, for here would be all of the intellectuals, all of the writers whom Stalin has called "the engineers of the Russian soul." It was a kind of a terrifying prospect.

The speeches at this dinner were long and complicated. Most of the people at the table had some language besides Russian, either English, or French, or German. They hoped we had enjoyed our stay in their country. They hoped we had got the information we came to get. They drank our health again and again. We answered that we had not come to inspect political systems but to see ordinary Russian people; that we had seen many of them, and we hoped we could tell the exact objective truth about what we had seen. Ehrenburg got up, and said that if we could do that they would be more than happy. A man at the end of the table then got up and said there were several kinds of truth, and that we must tell a truth which would further good relations between the Russian and the American people. And that started the fight.

Arguments Drowned

Ehrenburg leaped up and made a savage speech. He said that to tell a writer what to write was an insult. He said that if a writer had a reputation for being truthful, then no suggestion should be offered. He shook his finger in his colleague's face, and told him in effect that his manners were bad. Simonov instantly backed Ehrenburg, and denounced the first speaker, who defended himself feebly. Mr. Chmarzky tried to make a speech, but the argument went on and drowned him out. We had always heard that the party line was so strict among writers that no argument was permitted. The spirit at this dinner did not make this seem at all true. Mr. Karaganov made a conciliatory speech, and the dinner settled down. My abandoning of vodka in the toasts and the substitution of wine made me much happier in the stomach, although I probably was regarded as a weakling, but I was a healthier weakling. Vodka just didn't agree with me. The dinner concluded about eleven o'clock in good feeling. No one else ventured to tell us what to write.

John Steinbeck will describe here tomorrow how Moscow was dressed up last autumn for the 800th anniversary of its founding.

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