

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Ruhr Settlement to Speed Recovery

Best news out of Europe this week is the announcement of an accord among the western powers for control of the industrial output of the Ruhr. An international board will direct the production and the allocation of output. Participating in the conference and in the agreement were Great Britain, France, the United States and the Low Countries.

For some time failure threatened because of the objections of France which feared the revival of Ruhr heavy industry would restore Germany's war potential. France wanted assurance also of obtaining coal and steel from the Ruhr for her own industries.

Britain and the United States urged the speedy rehabilitation of Ruhr industry both to provide employment for Germans and to supply materials and goods for international trade. Both declared their desire to prevent any resurgence of German military power based on Ruhr industry and agreed to help prevent it. The terms of the understanding have not been divulged, but probably concessions were made to satisfy France and at the same time permit a substantial restoration of industry in the Ruhr.

Experience has proven the fallacy of the Morgenthau theory of a pastoral Germany. That was an idea born out of wartime hatred of Nazi tyranny, but in reducing Germany to permanent poverty it pulled down surrounding peoples. Steadily the allies have been getting away from the conception of German punishment. Even Russia has shipped back into its zone of Germany, plants previously uprooted.

Progress is being made in Europe's restoration. The spectre of famine has been pretty well laid, and good harvests this year will provide larger food rations. Western Europe is working toward closer political and economic unity. Currencies have remained quite stable for months. These things give sound basis for the hope that is stirring again in the minds and hearts of Europeans. If now this absurd agitation about a third world war would die down we could look for rapid acceleration of European recovery.

The settlement of the Ruhr question is a good augury. It shows how where nations have the will to agree they can by patience and concession arrive at an agreement. In time Russia and the west will have to abate their frictions and evolve some means of living together in decent relationship.

Rebuttal from Portland

Ever since Leoncrist Philip Wylie declared open season on organized femininity with his startling book "Generation of Vipers," the harassed clubwomen of America have hardly had a chance to get a word in edgewise.

Wylie started the free-for-all when he tweaked the revered gray hairs of The Great American Mom with: "In a thousand of her there is not enough sex appeal to budge a hermit 10 paces off a rock ledge." Since then, dozens of books, magazine articles and lectures have harped on that or closely related themes. For years American "career" women or "Moms" whose children are grown have been told (sometimes with malice aforethought) that they have brought upon themselves psychic catastrophe manifested in their neurotic, maladjusted, dissatisfied and miserable lives.

Among the most popularly-read prophets of doom and debauch are Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia F. Farnham, who've published thousands of words explaining that "society today makes it difficult for a woman to avoid the path leading to discontent and frustration and resultant hostility and destruction."

Millions of American working women and busy wives and mothers have had little opportunity to answer the charges. They've just gone on doing their jobs, caring for their homes and children, contributing what left-over time they have to worthwhile clubs, community projects or churchwork and continuing to be, generally, pretty happy. They've been too busy to go to psychiatrists to find out whether or not they are neurotic.

But, finally, the "girls" have come to their own defense. When Actress Cornelia Otis Skinner told the Portland convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs (representing 10 million members) that these all-female affairs are "appalling stultifying and the last word in boredom" and that women throw their energies into club work because their love lives are unsatisfactory, the delegates just booed.

As one woman, with collective stomp of sharp heels and flicker of raised eyebrows and withering glance, they said, with magnificent feminine logic and aplomb, "We are not."

So there, Miss Skinner and Mrs. Farnham and Mr. Wylie.

Directed by the Shooting

The war in Palestine is not the primitive kind of struggle going on in Greece guerrilla fighting, nor yet that more modern development of genocide the Germans dubbed "blitzkrieg." It is an old-fashioned formally-declared battle wherein the new state of Israel is being attacked by the regular armies of five member states of the Arab League. Except for Egypt's pint-sized navy and a few Egyptian and Syrian planes, the fighting is mostly between the 30,000-man Arab land forces and Hagana's 35,000 regulars.

The reports from the scattered fronts are quite similar to those we printed in 1939 to 1945: news of men and weapons, wounded and dead, strongholds and operations and strategies. Even when we hear accusations that this country is indirectly, through Britain, supplying arms to both Jews and Arabs—even then, the war seems far away. The discussions in Washington and Lake Success come to us more clearly than the sound and the fury of attack and bombing and casualties.

But there's a letter in the New York Times magazine from a farm woman near Affula that brings the picture of this war into sharper focus:

"Our little farm lies just on the foot of the hill and on top of us sit the Arabs. They shoot into our farmyard; they know the exact meal times and see our trucks come and go—pomp, there it comes! . . . To sit at the breakfast table during a halt between two shooting bouts and hear a clear voice from the hill sing out: 'First aid!'—and then my son sets out, a stretcher on his shoulder and a medicine bag strapped to his hip . . . alone, climbing up the hill to do his work, while those horrid little lead beetles whistle all around. And then, they bring them in, those poor lads, like stuffed dolls."

"To see our soldiers is to see our sons. They are all boys from the farms around . . . in their faded blue working overalls. . . . And we mothers sit in the shelter and knit (or) make sandwiches and coffee, coffee, coffee. . . . Our days are really directed by the shooting. (The daily chores) have to be squeezed in somewhere. The pots and pans must be washed and the laundry mended. . . . I have not slept without being completely dressed for five weeks."

Whatever the issues, whoever is right, wherever the locals, whatever the instruments of destruction—for the ordinary people directly involved, war must always be the same. And the woman's definition is about as comprehensive as any lengthy document on the subject: War is "our days directed by the shooting."

Henry Wallace put in only two days campaigning in Oregon. That seems a more sensible apportionment of time than that of our late republican aspirants for the presidency.

Jesse James rivals John Wilkes Booth in power of survival. Now he is located in Oklahoma. Few will credit him with being the authentic bank-robbler though.

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

the aspersions cast on New England and Texas. Writers for the domestic trade have labored long over pious New Englanders who kept the Sabbath holy, but didn't let Calvinism interfere with thrift the rest of the week. As for Texas, if it wasn't founded by sin, it soon was found by sin, which still flourishes in the Lone Star state. Alabama, Utah, Nevada (Oregon seems to have been omitted from the round-up)—they are not without blemishes.

The mistake of course was in exposing our unwashed linen to foreign gaze. It is absurd for our government to be paying money to shovel out on the Atlantic waves for hemispheric coverage material such as this. The purpose of the Voice of America is to extol the superior qualities of our democratic society and the famed American way of life. Plainly our propaganda in this instance backfires.

But the embarrassment of the state department and the NBC and the wrath of the senators give evidence of the difficulty of governmental propaganda. The author of the offending script may bring up historical proof of his assertions, but his choice of facts gives a distorted picture of the USA. On the other hand scripts that peddle only roses and honey get the gaff from critics. Truth to tell, we are poor hands at this Goebbels business. And Hollywood doesn't do much better with its slick glamour films and its wild western and gangster movies shipped in export.

The Voice of America will surely get its throat thoroughly antiseptized (if not cut from ear to ear). Running the script through the state department fumigator may destroy all the germs, both good and bad. We still haven't worked out just how to operate our own bureau of propaganda and enlightenment.

'Jesse James' Fails to Pass Hyden's Test

EL PASO, Tex., May 27—(AP)—Jesse James can rest in his grave, 92-year-old Dave M. Hyden, veteran peace officer of El Paso, said last night. A 100-year-old man at Lawton, Okla., who claims he is the famed outlaw, flunked a test of three questions, Hyden said.

Hyden put the questions. The El Paso man says he was a neighbor of the James family when Jesse and his brother Frank joined the confederate army.

He said the Lawton man got part of one question right but that wasn't good enough.

That question was, Did James have a half brother and what was his name?

The Lawton man said there were two half brothers, Archie and John Samuels. Hyden says he recalls only one, hanged at the age of 17 with his father, Dr. Samuels, by raiding Yankees during the Civil war.

Hyden asked, "Who was Whit Hyden and how well did James know him?" The 100-year-old man said he did not remember Hyden.

The El Paso veteran says that when the James boys went to war they were accompanied by their cousins, the Younger boys, and by Whit Hyden, the El Paso man's older brother.

Dave Hyden says the boys grew up together and were buddies for some time afterward. "He couldn't have forgotten Whit Hyden," said Dave.

The third question was: "Who was your commanding officer during the war?" The Lawton man answered, "Bill Anderson." Incorrect, said Hyden.

State Police Total Arrests

State police participated in 73 arrests for driving while intoxicated during April, with fines aggregating \$2,492. H. C. Maisson, superintendent of state police, reported to Gov. John H. Hall Thursday. There were 276 arrests for violation of the basic rule.

Total arrests in the state police motor vehicle division numbered 3,615 with fines of \$30,354. Arrests also totaled 38 in the general law enforcement division and 95 in the game code division and 26 in the commercial fisheries division.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Rex Putnam and Mrs. Putnam will leave here Saturday for San Bruno, Calif., where they will attend funeral services for their son, Rex Paul Putnam, who was killed in an airplane crash in India April 15, 1942.

Services are tentatively scheduled for June 2 in the national cemetery at San Bruno. Putnam was in the air transport service during the war. He was 21 at the time of his death.

There are five great ocean currents flowing from warm to cold latitudes and affecting the climate of adjacent lands: the Gulf stream, starting in the Gulf of Mexico, the Japan Current starting in the Western Pacific, the Agulhas Current flowing south along the east coast of Africa, the East Australia Current near Australia and the Brazil current

GRIN AND BEAR IT By Lichty



"You'd never guess that come election day, this never bothers to vote"

MATTER OF FACT

'Polite Terror' Present Weapon of Communists in Czechoslovakia

By Stewart Alsop

PRAGUE, May 27—In this newest of the police states, there is no visible terror. Instead, Prague has an air of drab respectability. Dumpy women wheel their baby carriages in the lovely spring sunshine. The crowded trolley cars are painted a cheerful red.

The restaurant food is worse than England's and the store windows are sparsely filled. Yet the air of determined, un-Marxist respectability persists. The Western visitor even notes with some surprise an occasional peculiar Czech version of that intensely bourgeois importation, "The New Look." Except for the ubiquity of the tough, red-capped police, Prague might almost be any western European city. Yet there is a difference. The terror is invisible. Yet it is there, below the surface.

Today, hardly three months since the Czechs meekly surrendered their liberties, the terror is still of a special and peculiar kind. There are stories, to be sure, which seep through to the isolated Westerners, and which have a familiar ring—stories of a wife beaten in her husband's presence to force him to confess his part in the underground railway to the West; stories of a soldier whose arm was calmly broken by the secret police because he grumbled during the parade for Bulgaria's Dimitrov; stories of men kept standing with their arms above their heads till the pain became excruciating and they confessed to political crimes which they did not commit. But although such things do happen, the chances are that they do not happen very often.

For the terror in Czechoslovakia is for the most part an oddball terror—for the time being. To be sure, the jails are so overflowing with political prisoners that excess has had to be accommodated in "work camps"—the polite term for concentration camps. And the rubber hose and the rifle butt to the jaw are certainly occasionally found necessary. Yet for the most part, the terror is of the kind which is known only to the Ministry of the Interior's tough second-in-command, Jindrich Vassil, or to Colonel Rietzin, little-known chief of the O.B.Z. (the N.K.V.D. of this particular progressive democracy).

Yet for the most part, the rubber hose or the rifle butt of the fashion in which Czechoslovakia's new ruling class maintains its absolute authority is the case of a Czech whom we shall call Jan Konac. Mr. Konac might be a lawyer, or a small business man, or a doctor, or an anti-Communist trade union leader. He might even be the secretary of a rowing club or of the Pingpong association, since these two have been purified, like every aspect of Czech life. In this case, however, Mr. Konac is a doctor, a Communist, and a member of the action committee of his Ministry. (Action committees were the chief instruments of purification—there was one for the Pingpong association too). The action committee was founded by Mr. Konac, who had been adjudged unsuitable for further employment in his current capacity.

Mr. Average Losses Job

So Mr. Konac lost his job. He also lost his beloved pension, for which he had worked long years at less than the going salary, in the expectation of a secure old age. A few days after the note arrived on his desk, Mr. Konac was informed by the action committee of his Ministry. (Action committees were the chief instruments of purification—there was one for the Pingpong association too). The action committee was founded by Mr. Konac, who had been adjudged unsuitable for further employment in his current capacity.

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Editorial Comment

Urges Sale of Used Form Lumber To the Editor:

A little investigation will dissipate most of the specious reasons for our present price inflation and disclose the real reasons as plain American hoghishness. For instance: In building the many concrete structures now being erected most contractors simply burn the sheathing that was used in building the molds for the concrete. It is a perfectly good for use on new frame buildings, and at a reasonable reduction from the price of new lumber would enable many people to build who are now unable to do so. Burning it is a flagrant waste, and I couldn't understand it until I was informed that conditionally that any contractor who sold second hand lumber would immediately find himself on the black list at the lumber yards and have great difficulty in getting more materials. A little less than 10,000 feet of such lumber was destroyed recently in the erection of one large building in Salem. A dozen people tried to buy some of it but were refused. What's your guess as to the amount that has been destroyed so far this year in Salem? 1,000,000 feet? A million feet of lumber would do a lot of building, and its destruction represents wanton sabotage of at least \$50,000 worth of material (at second hand prices) which could have been used in building badly needed homes. Make your own comment—without profanity if possible.

A. M. Church.

Permit Given For Insurance Firm Building

A city building permit went to Robert B. Sears, Salem route 3, Thursday, for building a \$20,000 office building for the Braun Insurance agency and the William E. C. C. Co. at 180-82 S. Church St. E. Batterman is the contractor for the building, and an old residence now on the property is being razed.

The structure will be 85 by 43 feet, of concrete, one story, and is scheduled to be completed by August 15.

James McGilchrist was authorized by the city building inspection department to erect a \$9,500 super service station at 1120 S. Commercial st., with T. L. Kuhns in charge of construction.

McGilchrist said the station will be leased to the Union Oil company after its completion in early July. The first super Union station north of Albany, it will include the very latest lighting, greasing machinery and pumps.

The building will be all steel and three 2,000-gallon tanks will store the gasoline supply. The tanks are already sunk and the surfacing completed, McGilchrist said.

Paul Harcourt received permission to build a house and garage at 1165 N. 25th st. at a cost of \$6,500.

Alteration permits went to the State theatre to install a new glass front, marquee and a reading board at 255 N. Church st., at a cost of \$1,000; Price's store, 135 N. Liberty st., to repair a marquee, \$500; J. W. Lang to alter a house at 1945 Lewis st., \$825, and to Fred Reeb to alter a house at 145 Highway ave., \$150.

600 Pre-Register At Willamette for Next Fall Term

Harold B. Jory, Willamette university registrar, announced this week that 600 students on the campus have pre-registered for the coming fall semester beginning Sept. 20. Of the total, 310 have registered for upper division liberal arts courses and 243 for lower division credit.

The music school has registered 28 students in the upper division and 19 in the lower division, Jory said.

He said he expects a fall registration of approximately 1,100, a drop of approximately 100 students as compared to last fall's registration.

Registration figures from the law school indicate that 27 students have been registered unconditionally and 28 conditionally, depending on final grade averages.

School Superintendent Conclave to Start June 7

The annual county school superintendent convention will open here Monday, June 7, and continue for four days, state educational department officials announced Thursday. They said many outstanding speakers will appear on the program and several proposed legislative matters will be discussed.

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From Our Contemporaries

Thinks Wallace No Communist Captive To the Editor:

From what I thought your graceful gesture Monday, in greeting Mr. Wallace at the luncheon; and from your column today, I gather you are trying hard to be fair to the third party candidate. But the effect of what you write is first to damn with faint praise, and then condemn—on quite inadequate evidence.

You say, e.g. that it is unfortunate Wallace is so completely enveloped by, and a prisoner of, communists, pro-communists and Soviet-sympathizers—all of which Wallace denies at every opportunity. If it is true nevertheless, the man is either a fool or a knave. To me, this seems unlikely, in view of his long political experience, his success in scientific research and in business; and his obvious sincerity. I suggest it is not proved by the unsupported assertions of his enemies.

You, sir, freely admit that Wallace has reason in criticizing the administration's latest bundle in the Smith-Molotov exchange, in supporting the Greek reaction. Mr. Truman's political somersaults over Palestine should certainly be added to a list of egregious errors, which I would exclude. Arguably, the Turkish dictatorship, for a billion dollars, fails to please me; though a mere million is small change in the ever-mounting cost of the interminable cold war.

You, naturally, hope the republicans will do it better. Certainly, in the recent past, they have cried to heaven for economy, which is still Mr. Dewey's only remedy for the inflation. But can one really expect a new approach to Russia from a Dewey-Dulles combination; or from Vandenberg, Taft or Stassen?

I can not, and I regret that you, along with less enlightened critics, discount the only articulate opposition to our bipartisan foreign policy by calling it Wallace's pro-Russian policy of appeasement.

During the last two days, I have heard, by radio and directly, four separate speeches by Mr. Wallace. I listened carefully; but in none of them, nor in the Open Letter to Stalin, do I find anything of the sort. The letter, to paraphrase briefly, suggests that we not do other things that neither we nor the Soviets . . . interfere in the internal affairs of other nations; maintain military bases therein; terrorize the citizens thereof; or use financial or economic pressure or that of secret agents for political purposes. Further, at Corvallis, Wallace stated that he did not want Russia to control the oil of Arabia, or the Dardanelles. Raw materials (as provided by the Atlantic Charter), strategic bottle-necks, and international relief—all should be placed under U. N. control.

In this, may I suggest, withdrawing from Europe or Asia, is it exciting Stalin and his type of rule; is it exposing unprotected people to communist pressure and totalitarian government? I think not; and I think Wallace has nowhere advocated anything of the kind. If he has, I submit that you should cite the chapter and verse to prove it. And why not, at the same time, publish the Open Letter to Stalin, so that your readers can hear both sides and judge for themselves?

R. I. Lovell
Route 3.

Kennedy to Head Goodrich Store

Jack Kennedy has arrived from Portland to take over management of the B. F. Goodrich Co. store at 198 S. Commercial st. He had been with the Goodrich Portland store.

With a nod to advent of the vacation season, Kennedy said he was advising motorists planning to tour congested highways this summer to pay special attention to air pressure in their tires.

Kennedy replaced as manager H. A. Shoberg who left the Goodrich service to start his own business. Kennedy, with his wife and two daughters, lives at 764 S. Commercial st.

McKay to Talk at Salem Picnic in Portland

State Senator Douglas McKay, republican nominee for governor, will be the principal speaker at the annual Salem picnic in Laurelhurst park Sunday afternoon, June 21. The event is sponsored by former Salem residents who now live in Portland. Dr. Floyd Dayton of Salem is president of the group and Fred Drager, now of Portland, secretary.

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Employment Office to Open At Silverton

Opening of a temporary Silverton branch employment office, for the convenience of farmers and agricultural workers in that area, is set for next Tuesday at 8 a.m., the Salem office of the state employment service announced Thursday.

Rolland Reed, Silverton, now an employment security deputy in the Salem office, will direct the branch, at 404 S. Water st. Its hours will vary according to the needs centering especially in strawberries and cane berries. If asked, the office also will attempt to fill needs of other employers.

Strawberries in the Silverton area are looking "exceptionally good," according to Claude Litchfield, farm labor specialist in Salem. It is hoped that full-scale picking will start there about June 10-15 and in the valley about June 7-8.

Out of the Salem office, about 125-150 men are being dispatched daily for farm jobs, principally hoeing of berries, hoeing, tinning and suckering of hops. Robert Sandstrom, assistant manager, advised persons interested in such work to be at the office 710 Ferry st. between 6 and 7:30 a.m., when farmers pick up truckloads of workers.