

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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New Game Commission

Now a new set of villains will step onto the stage to get the jibes and the overripe tomatoes and the aged eggs from those who don't like the act. Governor McKay has appointed an entire new game commission, something that had not been done previously since Governor Martin swept the deck in 1935. One of those now displaced was Ed E. Wilson appointed by Martin at that time, who has been commission chairman for many years.

The governor figures that the legislature called for a new deal. Perhaps it did. Disgruntled sportsmen and others have griped over the game commission for years. They have blamed the commission because there were no fish in the streams and no deer in the mountains. They have groused over dates of hunting and fishing seasons and complained about doe seasons. This is one commission where it is impossible to make everybody happy. The members now dropped into the chute should feel a sense of relief that they will no longer be flayed whenever three sportsmen meet at a coffee counter.

Actually however the game commissions starting with the one Governor Martin established have been performing well in trying to set up a long-range program of game protection and conservation based on scientific knowledge. They have employed scientists and observers for field work, have done an excellent job in building and rebuilding fish hatcheries, have established public shooting grounds for water fowl. The new board will have a difficult time to match the accomplishment of recent boards—and first it must learn to dodge the slingshots from coffee-bar hunters and fishermen.

Postwar Headaches

Strapped for dollar exchange Britain has started cutting imports from the dollar zone (US and Canada). Commonwealth nations in the sterling bloc have also expected to curtail their imports from this zone. So it seems that if we are to get rid of our surplus cotton and tobacco and wheat we shall have to give it away. That is what we have been doing in part under the Marshall plan.

Canada will feel the bite. While in the dollar orbit because of its close economic connections with the United States Canada has always done a huge volume of business with Britain. It will suffer as Britain looks to Argentina for wheat and meat and Russia for wheat under barter deals.

The result may be a slow freeze (or fast). By far the largest volume of trading is domestic. But world trade is important in taking off the excess; and we know we have excesses in agriculture and machinery. As surpluses back up on home markets prices break, and that hurts the producers.

European aid, domestic price propping are expedients; they are not solutions of fundamental maladjustments. These are not to be cured by financial legerdemain although wise handling of credit may break road blocks in trade. They are the penalties of war's distortion of world economies. We simply cannot go on world war binges without incurring postwar headaches. It will take the best specialists to avert migraine as the world tries to get back to normal business, especially when its effort in that direction is impeded by bitter political controversy.

Too Much Welfare State in USA

About the strangest comment we have read respecting Britain's precarious financial situation was that of Foreign Minister Bevin in the course of a debate in the house of commons. He put the blame for Britain's plight to the adoption of the "welfare state" for social security

in the United States. He mentioned in particular our payment of high support prices for farm products, our "high" (American labor will enjoy this) unemployment insurance allowances and high sick payments. He was concerned also over the possibility of our going in for an expensive health insurance program.

Coming from a minister in a government which has gone whole hog for cradle-to-grave security this indeed is something. Bevin insists that the Marshall plan aid must not be curtailed but must be carried on to the "final fruition of European cooperation." America in other words should continue to pick up the check, even at the expense of clipping the benefits for its farmers, the unemployed and the sick. That runs into immediate conflict with the home folk who complain that we have billions for Europe but do not take proper care of our own aged and infirm. Something's wrong somewhere.

The Wall Street Journal sums it up: "We can luxuriate in but one welfare state at a time. Somebody—in this case the United States—must keep solvent so as to be able to foot the bills." Wait till the congressmen hear from home about this.

Justice Frank Murphy offered a rare combination of qualities. He was a sensitive soul. Though the sitdown strikes in 1937 in Detroit motorcar factories clearly violated the laws he refused to apply force to clear out the factories, because he dreaded possible bloodshed. In effect he abdicated his office in the interval. As supreme court justice he was always found on the side of the underdog, an extreme liberalist in interpreting the bill of rights. A deeply religious man Murphy was also a bachelor butterfly in the social world of Washington. He was an indifferent worker, failing to carry his load on the bench; in fact once it was rumored he would resign because he wasn't happy in his work. Death removed him from the earthly scene at the age of 59. A unique personality, whose rise to fame and position was aided in the upheavals of the times, is taken from a seat of power.

Mayor Dorothy McCullough Lee of Portland has plenty of municipal problems to study besides that of keeping the city morally respectable. City finances made necessary some unwanted business taxes, and now she is taking steps toward reorganization of the city government. She favors a city manager and is going to set up a commission to study the revamping of Portland's form of government. When Portland adopted the commission form of government back in 1933 that was considered a progressive step over the old council system. Now it is outdated by the manager form. But good government depends on more than just the machinery. It calls for good officials too—and Mrs. Lee is proving her own capacity as mayor.

The California legislature has ordered a special election for next November. Besides an initiative repealing the 1948 old age pension act measures to be voted on include \$250,000,000 for schoolhouse construction and raising salaries of legislators from \$100 to \$300 a month. Voters will wonder over the latter question: whether the salary lift will free the members from the domination of the lobby, or whether it will merely draw candidates who are interested in the wages.

In these times workers ought to be more concerned about having and holding jobs than striking for higher pay.

Liquor is back in Kansas, back that is, in legal sale. In many quarters it never went away despite the long drought.

Siam Happy But Red Menace Looms

By Stewart Alsop
BANGKOK, Siam, July 20—The first thing that strikes a visitor here is a simple but significant difference between Siam and the rest of South-east Asia. Here, if you get in a car and wander about the countryside, the people are apt to wave at you. In the other countries, if you get in a car and wander about the countryside, the people are apt to shoot at you. This is the only country between the Philippines and India which is at peace.



Stewart Alsop

The second thing that strikes the visitor is the charming but faintly insane cheerfulness of the Siamese people. The dragons, lions, pigs, deer, and other unidentifiable animal figures which decorate Bangkok's innumerable temples, wear, almost without exception, a rather crack-brained grin. So do the people. Neuroses and peptic ulcers are unknown in the country, which may be one reason why Siam is fairly swarming with Americans who came for a visit and have settled down for life.

Siam is both peaceful and cheerful simply because Siam is free, independent and prosperous. The small wars being fought elsewhere in Southeast Asia are wars between Occidentals and Orientals. Because Siam has never been a colonial country there is virtually no racial tension here at all, which is in itself like coming into the fresh air out of a dank cellar. The Siamese may be a trifle condescending to Occidentals (as to a people with a peculiar odor and a senseless tendency to

melancholia). But they are always genuinely and unself-consciously friendly.

Nor does this end the list of Siam's blessings. Fantastically in Asia, Siam is actually underpopulated. Here there is no land hunger, no desperate scrambling to stay alive. Premier Phibul Songram (who is known as "the strong man of Siam" and who looks like a cheerful middle-aged cherub) told this reporter that the great problem was not land reform — there is enough and to spare — but getting the people to work the land. The Siamese peasant rather sensibly believes in working only enough to satisfy his immediate needs. Even so, Siam has a large rice export, which is vital to the rest of Asia, and which keeps Siam's books neatly in the black.

Politics in Siam have, at least on the surface, an agreeable, opera quality. There are really two Siamese political parties, the Phibul party and the Pridi party. Premier Phibul collaborated with the Japanese, and after the Japanese defeat he suffered a temporary eclipse, which included a brief term in jail. His power was inherited by his ancient rival, Pridi Phanyong, who had secretly bet on the Allies during the war, and had supplied valuable intelligence to the United States. Phibul (supported by the army) rose phoenix-like from his incarceration late in 1947, and deposed Pridi, who, to complicate matters, was suspected of complicity in the assassination of the king, Pridi (supported by the navy) has twice tried to bring off a counter-coup, has been trounced each time, and is now in hiding.

These alarms and excursions have had a certain entertainment value, but they have led to little bloodshed, and they have no real importance (al-

though Americans who have lived here a long time tend to take them very seriously). For the vast majority of Siamese, life goes on, and very pleasantly too, no matter who happens to occupy the ornate palace of the premier. Yet there is, inevitably, a snake in this Asiatic garden of Eden. The snake is, of course, communism. To the Siamese themselves, communism has no meaning at all. There are, to be sure, a few Siamese who are beginning to sniff which way the winds seem to be blowing in Asia, and who are acting accordingly. But there is not even a serious pretense of a Siamese communist party.

The Kremlin has nevertheless certain real assets here. As everywhere in Southeast Asia, there is a huge Chinese minority, which includes a hard communist core variously estimated between four and ten thousand. These Chinese communists are well financed. They sell pictures of Mao Tse Tung at handsome prices to rich Chinese merchants who want to reinstate themselves. The communists have thus had the wherewithal to bribe most of the Siamese police. This communist hard core can be expected to play an important role in the future.

But the Kremlin's greatest asset is simply the conviction that communism represents the wave of the future — that it is some vast, mysterious, all-powerful force destined to sweep all before it. This conviction is common to all Asia, but it is particularly striking here. If nothing is done to alter this conviction and to stop the communist wave, it is wholly predictable, for reasons which will be examined in a forthcoming report in this space, that this small gay country will soon be gay no longer.

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BABE IN THE WOODS



If Hank Isn't Thrown Out, It's a Wonder

By Henry McLemore
NEW YORK, July 20—When you dear, gracious, lovely people read this, I will be high over the Atlantic and you can take that any way you choose.



McLemore

First stop the Azores. Next stop Lisbon. I have never been to Lisbon, but from reading about it I gather that Portugal's capital city is one of the most sophisticated towns in all the world.

That's for me. Ever since I was a wee tot, chopping cotton under a hot Georgia sun, I have dreamed of becoming a boulevardier. I intend to become one in Lisbon. Afternoons will find me strolling the road boulevards, swinging my gold-headed cane, curling the ends of my moustache, giving merry glances to the girls, and stopping now and then to put the bite on generous friends. The evenings will find me on all fours, under the gaming tables in the Estoril, looking for money.

Mornings will find me asleep in the park, or jesting and joking with the policemen as they rap the soles of my feet with their stout clubs. As soon as I have conquered Lisbon and worn out my welcome there, I will continue on to Africa.

When I was an even weener tot than when I was dreaming of becoming a Lisbon boulevardier, I dreamed of being an African explorer. The same Christmas that I found a subscription to the Racing Form in my stocking, I also found a book telling of Livingstone and Stanley. I had read no more than half of the book about Livingstone and Stanley before I told all my classmates in the South Georgia Reform school that some time I would go to Africa and explore it. They all laughed, and I only wish I knew their addresses today so that I could cable them collect from Dakar, Accra, Leopoldville and Johannesburg and let them know that at least one little thug made his dreams come true.

GRIN AND BEAR IT



"Isn't that just a man? ... my husband is never around when I need him! ..."

I understand it's cool in Africa at this time of the year, but that's not keeping me from carrying the sort of clothes I think one should wear in Africa.

With me I have six pith helmets and sufficient leaves to stuff them with to combat the tropic sun. The leaves I stole from Central Park in New York, and I plan to leave the leaves in Africa as a goodwill gesture. Who knows but what the leaves will grow into mighty trees, and that centuries from now Africans will point to the trees and say that they were given to their continent by an intrepid explorer named McLemore.

Pith helmets are not all I am carrying, either. I am carrying a blowgun and 200 poison-dipped arrows so that if anybody shoots at me I can shoot back just as deadly. I am also carrying with me a working knowledge of mumbo-jumbo. People have told me that mumbo-jumbo is not spoken in Africa any more, but I don't believe it. When I plunge into the bush on one of the four or five hundred safaris I intend to make, I want to be prepared to pass the time of day with any member of any obscure tribe I might run across.

I am taking three elephant guns—one for real big elephants, one for medium-sized elephants, and one for elephants which are either on a diet or are just naturally small. I am also carrying an unfurnished game room with me so that as soon as I bag a wild beast I can put its head on the wall. I'm carrying, too, a deck of cards in case I find a pigmy who has some money but doesn't know how to play poker. I hope I don't bore you with

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "She only saw him for a minute."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "daughter"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Acidity, acreage, academy.
4. What does the word "indisputable" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with em that means "one who strives to equal or excel"?

- ANSWERS
1. Say, "She saw him only for a minute."
 2. "Daughter."
 3. "Acidity," "acreage," "academy."
 4. "Emulator."
 5. "Emulator."

my plans. I also hope that I won't bore you with the columns I will be sending back from the far shores. The chances are, however, that I am. So I'd better stop now. You can bore readers just so far, and no farther. After that you're liable to find yourself with no readers. Bon voyage. Have a good time while I'm gone. If anything comes up for which you need me, please don't let me hear from you. I have enough troubles of my own.

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

The Safety Valve

Reason Favors Merger

To the Editor:

The aggressive, practical, and intelligent leadership of youthful Mayor Musgrave and his Council already has brought improvement and advantages to the city of West Salem — and the selflessness of this group in advocating merger with Salem indicates foresight, a keen evaluation of community economics, and a commendable sense of the public good.

It is probable that not since the berating in the 1930's of Herbert Hoover as the sole cause of the Great Depression; has a man been so maligned, libeled, and misquoted as Mayor Musgrave in the Safety Valve letter by Pearl McVey. Most of the "quotations" she made of Musgrave simply were not accurate — he just didn't say the things she attributed to him. He did not say — nor did he imply — that he is "ashamed" of West Salem. He did not call the people of West Salem "mossbacks" (he was trying to explain to this writer, admittedly not without a certain naivete, that there were conservatives and progressives in the world — and that the conservatives or "mossbacks" were opposing the merger).

Mayor Musgrave did not monopolize the meeting — rather he was anxious and effective in having everyone in the audience participate, and to give to it the democratic atmosphere of a New England town meeting. He was extremely patient and kind with Mrs. McVey who spoke more than any other member of the audience. This was particularly praiseworthy, because it was obvious she didn't know what she was talking about; for example, her scheme to have a separate pipe line running to Valselt for the use of West Salem alone!

The slander published in letters to the editor to the contrary, the meeting was informative and instructive. It was clearly evidenced that if the merger takes place:

West Salem can by amendment of the Salem Charter gain a seat on the Salem city council, which will result in a greater than proportionate representation of citizens on this side of the river.

All franchises now existing in West Salem will be honored.

West Salem city employees will be "blanketed in" to the service of the City of Salem.

The West Salem City Hall will continue to be used as a branch water office, and as a place for public gatherings.

The sewage disposal problem — compulsory under State law — will be solved mutually and at far less individual cost to those of us in West Salem. Under merger, each citizen is assessed 65 cents per month; if West Salem handles it alone it will be at least \$1.25 per month.

According to a firm of certified tax accountants, the assessors of both Marion and Polk counties, and the State Tax Commission, the total tax millage of West Salem for 1945-49 is 87.1%. If the merger is effective, the heavy reduction in city taxes will reduce the total to 71.9%.

It would appear that the only objection to merger would be one of sentiment — surely it could not be based on genes.

Gene Huntley
1055 Terrace Drive
West Salem

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

posal could be attacked in a more practical manner. Now a belt around West Salem embracing the heights is part of Salem. The practical plan would be to tie in sewer lines from the hills and those from the flat to a common disposal unit. That would be most economical to both. West Salem now contracts for fire protection from Salem, but maintains its own police force. Unification would mean a single organization under an experienced chief working the whole area.

Consolidation of administrations should bring some economies; it is sure to bring lower insurance rates to the west side. It would also do this: it would do away with the "psychological hazard" of living in a small city under the eaves of a larger. Instead of losing its identity West Salem would become part of a large city known across the land. Its residents would feel the pride of possession as being a real part of the capital city of the state — no explanations or apologies needed.

I do not see that citizens in West Salem would lose anything in local pride or business values, rather they should gain; but I repeat, the decision is up to the voters there, and later if the proposition carries in that city, to the voters of Salem.

Fund Balance Shown In County Statement

Fund balances totaling \$3,642,586 as of June 30 in the Marion county treasury are shown in the annual financial statement of S. J. Butler, county treasurer, released Wednesday.

The statement covers the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1944. It shows total disbursements of \$7,189,260 and receipts from all sources of \$9,743,837.

The general fund at the end of last month totaled \$485,613. The courthouse construction fund amounted to \$753,280 and the general road fund, \$633,426.

Detroit Area Land Owned By Government

The federal government has been given possession of 370 acres of land in and around Detroit, according to an order filed with the Marion county court Wednesday.

When the dam there is completed the property will be flooded as water from the dam backs up. This will probably come about in the fall of 1951.

Wednesday's order came from the U. S. district court. It is the outgrowth of condemnation proceedings instituted by the United States against John W. Oterson of Detroit and a long list of other property owners in that area.

The government has deposited \$500,000 with the court as probable just compensation for the land appropriated. According to the order present owners may not "improve existing buildings and structures which they may not place new construction on the land."

Land owners may still live on their properties until such time as the government acquires "actual title."

Legion Picnic At Silverton Set Monday

SILVERTON—The annual picnic for Delbert Reeves post and unit, American Legion, is announced by Wesley Grogan, commander of the post, and Mrs. C. E. Higginbotham, president of the auxiliary, to be held at the city park, Monday evening, July 23, with a non-host supper at 6:30 o'clock.

If the weather is unfavorable, the affair will be at the Legion hall with a social hour following the 6:30 supper.

Members of the families and guests are asked to furnish table service at the park.

MISSOURI PICNIC SUNDAY

Residents and former residents of Missouri will attend the annual Missouri State society picnic at Jantzen beach in Portland Sunday. Registration will be at 10 a.m.; picnic dinner at 12:15; program at 1:30. Entrance is to be the park's rear gate. Attendees are asked to bring their own dinner and coffee.

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