

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sweeps Us, No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman, March 22, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as second class matter under act of congress March 3, 1879.
Published every morning. Business office 215 S. Commercial, Salem, Oregon. Telephone 3-2441.

The China Situation

The state department has its own team of experts working on a new policy toward China, and has invited in outsiders who are informed on oriental affairs. It is hard to see where the United States can write any policy respecting China because the controlling factors are still pretty much unknown quantities.

About as good a statement of the situation as we have read is that by Nathaniel Peffer, professor in Columbia university and a frequent writer on international questions. His statement is not new, having appeared in an article he wrote for the Delphian Quarterly last February. It is still pertinent however.

In any event, there is nothing that can any longer be done by America or the Western world. Fortunate or unfortunate, the experiment has to work itself out. If China remains independent, though communist, and order and stability can be brought about under the social philosophy of a communism applied by the Chinese in accordance with the Chinese genius, so much the better. If China becomes, as Rumania and Bulgaria, the echo of the voice of the Kremlin, the difficulties of America will be enhanced. In that event we shall have to take counter-measures of equal weight. We shall have to build the European bulwarks against Russia even stouter. But in any event the test will not come immediately. Whatever course the Chinese communists choose to follow, there will be a long period that will have to be devoted just to internal recovery and reconstruction, to repair of the ravages of war and the reforms without which they, too, will lose the loyalty of the Chinese people. In that period they cannot add much to Russia's strength even if they should desire to do so. In that period, therefore, their accession to Russia, if they do accede, will not actually add materially to Russia's strength or, put the other way, add to America's dangers. The sensible course for America, therefore, is to wait and see, hoping meanwhile and simultaneously striving for a settlement with Russia which will leave unimpaired those guarantees and assurances developed over the centuries without which the peoples of Western Europe and North America find life intolerable.

Instead of racing to define a new policy it still seems wise to let the dust settle in Asia, as Secretary Acheson advised some months ago.

Tenant-Owned Housing

In a small city like Salem where the homeowner is revered and public (government-subsidized and tax-paid) housing is frowned upon as something faintly socialistic, the housing problem is best solved by the efforts of private builders. But private builders are seldom so self-sacrificing that they will construct dwellings for low-income families when they can sell \$8,000 to \$10,000 homes.

That leaves the poor people to make the best of what they can get: jerry-built shacks, trailer camps, old mansions converted into rickety apartment houses and projects like our veterans' housing group. They are condemned to eternal tenancy, forever paying out the monthly rent and getting nothing permanent, nothing of their own, in return. How much better it would be if the low-income families could devote that rent money into home ownership.

The answer might be in a plan similar to the government's new program for low-rent public housing which makes money available to communities for their own housing programs. But this would be a plan by which the tenants might eventually own and operate the living units themselves.

The first steps, as in the federal program, would be up to the local housing authority. It would draw up plans and specifications for the proposed apartment-house units; let contracts and finance land-buying and building with long-

term bonds. To expedite payment of the project the government, as in its PHA program, might guarantee the loans, but the actual cost of building and operating the apartment houses would be paid eventually by the tenants themselves. Each monthly payment would be a share in the ownership of the building; tenants moving out could keep or sell their shares with the housing authority arranging such details. In the end, the tenants themselves would be homeowners.

Weekly with Editorials

The Canby Herald is one of the weeklies of the state that carries an editorial column, and what is more it is filled with good material very well written, the work we suspect of the feminine half of the team of William G. and Myra Weston, publishers. Here is just a sample extracted from an editorial on the banal bill-of-fare of restaurant juke-boxes:

We have been sentenced by the juke-box kings to a 100 per cent diet of loveless swain songs, feminine lover-come-back-to-me beggars, dying cowboys remembering the sweetheart they'd loved and left, hard-boiled bragging pseudo-Texans walling about the women they want and can't find, bum orchestras flubbing their own interpretations of somebody's else interpretation of some score that might have been good before some ham re-wrote it — that kind of stuff.

Other editors of weeklies over the state should take their editorial duties more seriously. Too many either have no editorials or if they do devote the space to local puffery.

Deep Freeze

A perfume company presented General Harry Vaughan with a deep freeze . . . but it still smells.

And when a witness testified that several other Washingtonians got similar units, "deep freeze" settled over the senate committee. Perhaps members feared the names of some of the "club" might come out. The next day though names of Mrs. Truman, Chief Justice Vinson and others were added to the list. The bad aroma spreads.

"Point of No Return"

General MacArthur has declined to return to the United States, as was proposed in a resolution by Senator Knowland of California. The general said he believed the interests of the American people could be better served if he stayed at his post "during this moment of critical events in the Far East."

Bosh, he's not that indispensable. The reason he hasn't come home before is because presidents didn't want him back, or were afraid to recall him; and he likes it out there where he takes the place formerly held by the Mikado. He seems to have reached the "point of no return."

"Expediter" was a term that came into common use during the war. Evidently Harry Vaughan took it on himself to become expediter to the expediter on housing, in behalf of his racetrack cronies. Did Harry have anything to do with expediting construction of Portland Meadows?

Via Mike DeCicco's "Star" we learn that a Nash car will be raffled off at the democratic picnic next Sunday. Will not that stern law enforcement officer, Sheriff Mike Elliott, stop this lottery?

Sir Stafford Cripps is coming to Washington to discuss the "dollar crisis." Britain is no different from many Americans who suffer from the same ailment: "dollar crisis."

British Economic Wounds Unhealed

By Stewart Alsop

LONDON, Aug. 12 — It is now startlingly clear that a bold attack on the economic crisis which is bedeviling the free world is essential if that world is to survive. Otherwise one of two things is almost certain to happen.

Either the free world will split apart economically, into two great, mutually antagonistic blocs — which means in the end that it will split apart politically. Or the vast sterling area will simply disintegrate, and British power, the essential ingredient of a successful attempt to contain Soviet expansion, will disintegrate also.

These, in capsule form, are the views of most informed men, both British and American, in London today. Yet in this lovely summer weather, in this wonderfully bright and gay and prosperous-looking London, it is remarkably difficult to believe that anything is seriously wrong.

The heart of London is so bright that it has an almost Mediterranean look. A water-blasting process has stripped the grime of centuries off the sooty buildings, and turned them white. Here and there is a craggy, blackened reminder of the recent past, but there is new paint everywhere, and there are luxury goods in the shops, and a general air of all being well with the world. Here, the visitor or might suppose, is the London of the great days of power and prosperity — "happy and glorious, ever victorious."

Every evidence of the senses — the warmth of the sun, the smell of summer in the parks, the red brightness of the new uniforms of the palace guard —

seems to belie the existence of a crisis. This fact itself deepens the crisis. To most Englishmen, the crisis is not real, because it is invisible. It is figures on a piece of paper. It is not an empty belly and the old helpless search for work. Yet it may soon become just that.

A few figures, which are really as simple as schoolboy arithmetic, tell why. The whole sterling area, which comprises a third of the world's trade, has a gold and dollar reserve now little more than a billion and a half dollars. This shivering kitty is what keeps the economy of the sterling area ticking over. It is like the liquid reserve of a great bank. As with any bank, as the reserve shrinks frighteningly, the depositors begin to panic, trying every device to get their money out before it is too late.

Yet until very recently it seemed (as it must have seemed to many about-to-be-ruined bankers) that the reserves would just hold out, that the nervous depositors would calm down, that the bank would square through. The year 1948 was much better than disastrous 1947. And the first quarter of this year was better still. With about a billion dollars expected from ECA and other sources, it seemed pretty certain that the dollar deficit would be covered, and the vital reserve would hold steady.

Then, with dramatic suddenness, in the second quarter of this year, everything went terribly wrong. The annual dollar deficit rate (that is the yearly amount the British are spending in dollar countries more than they are selling in dollars) suddenly doubled, shooting up to two and a half billion dollars. It is only necessary to work a very simple sum to grasp the meaning of this. Take two and a half billion — the rate of deficit. Subtract a billion — what the British expected from ECA and other sources. You have a

billion and a half. This is just about what is left in the kitty. Thus, at the present rate, by next June, there will be nothing left in the kitty at all. The bank will be bust. The whole great sterling area will tend to come apart at the seams. And the British Isles will be faced with something pretty close to total ruin.

This is the crisis. These are the figures which have sent Sir Stafford Cripps to a Swiss sanitarium, and which mean so little to the gay crowds in Hyde Park. The figures are probably not quite so terrible as they seem. Eventually, the British may get some of the extra share of Marshall aid they have asked for. They hope to get more gold from South Africa. Cripps will trim dollar imports into the sterling area by some hundreds of millions. Devaluation may slow the terrified flight from the pound. The impact of the economic dip in the United States may ease off. And so on.

This sort of thing may slow the drain on the last reserves, but it will not stop it. Meanwhile, the drain continues, dollar by dollar, like blood dripping from an unhealed wound. What is needed is a bold and drastic operation to heal the wound. One sort of operation is obvious. It is to try to erect a separate and artificial economy, insulated against the magnetism of the American economy. This is, in fact, the direction in which Cripps' dollar cuts, stiffening controls, and bilateral deals are pointing.

There may be no alternative. But it is certainly worth looking for one. For historically this sort of economic separation inevitably leads to political separation. And there is nothing, nothing at all, which would more clearly assure the realization of Soviet ambitions than a sharp, angry split between the United States and Great Britain.

Henry's suspicions have been awakened and he nurses them diligently on the news of a con-

MODERN VERSION



Traveler Finds France Shaking off Post-War Woes Faster than Britain

By Wallace A. Sprague

(Editor's note: The author of this article in two parts, a former member of the editorial staff of The Statesman, is now managing editor of Parade Magazine, a nationally syndicated newspaper supplement edited in New York City. He spent four weeks in England, France and Switzerland during June and July.)

No traveler making as brief a journey as I did this summer can hope to make a very complete or authoritative report on "conditions" abroad. He can tell a few of the things that impressed him, both about people and things, and leave the rest to the experts.

That is what I propose to do, so I've listed a few items under appropriate headings simply as notes. All I can say about them is that they are the impressions of a tourist who saw Europe briefly before the war, rather extensively during it, and now again quickly four years after V-E Day.

England: My dominant impression is that Britain is better off than in 1945 — but not too much better.

There's no doubt that the basic economic problems of the British empire touch the man in the street — and the American tourist in his hotel.

The food is only a little better than in 1945, but there isn't a great deal more of it, either in quantity or variety. True, the restaurants usually have everything they show on their menus (not true four years ago), and they sometimes will give you an extra portion of dessert or even of the main course.

The five-shilling maximum (\$1.00) still holds for meals, but house charges have increased. As matters stand, one pays \$2.00 or \$2.50 for a slim meal of soup, rather scraggly fried chicken and ice cream, in a west end hotel. The service is excellent, but the rations are short. France, 20 miles away, is such a contrast!

France is Contrast

The shops in Britain are full, and English friends told us that they could buy about what they wanted in the way of clothing, household articles, furnishings, etc. The prices are high for them, however, in view of very high income tax rates (45 per cent minimum).

London has brightened considerably since the war, but mainly because of the efforts

of painters and not of builders. In the whole enormous area between St. Paul's cathedral and the City, wiped clean by a German air raid in a single Sunday afternoon in 1941, we could not discern a single new business or office building going up.

Signs promising immediate rebuilding of such-and-such a business premises were in place in several instances. The only thing was, the same signs had been there in 1944, and nothing has been done since. Only the signs are more weathered.

Britons Pleased at Progress

British people, however, are rather pleased at the progress that has been made, and feel that their capital is looking rather well in comparison with its dilapidated state right after the war. This is probably true, but to an outsider, it seems rather sad that more couldn't have been done.

The people seem optimistic, but in a sort of determined, purposeful way, as though it were just as necessary as it was during the war to keep a stiff upper lip, and for that matter.

We met dissatisfaction with the Labour government. People whom I had known in the British services four and five years ago were pretty outspoken in hoping for an end of socialist government — and some of them had voted for it, or at least watched its advent without alarm.

No Good Words for Attlee

Even more striking was the number of taxi drivers, bus collectors, clerks, etc., who seemed to have no good words to say for Attlee & Co. But, frankly, it seemed to me that the U. K. was in the same position as the U. S. last year: much oral dissatisfaction with the way things were going politically, but broad, quiet support for Labour which would show at the polls. After all, the Tories haven't given the people free glasses and dry-cleaned their new wigs free of charge.

(Perhaps I should emphasize here that no 10-day visitor can expect to form very worthwhile views on any such intricate subject as this. But, as I remarked earlier, these are notes, not a consensus of authoritative opinion.)

France: So near and yet so far! Britons flying, as we did,

Literary Guidepost

THE BODY, by William Sansom (Harcourt, Brace; \$2.75).

By W. G. Rogers

Henry Bishop, a placid, contented little man in his comfortable forties, is pottering in his garden one afternoon when he, unseen, catches sight of a stranger gawking insolently up at the window of Madge's bathroom. The window slams shut, the stranger blows a kiss and walks away.

What's this, says Henry to himself, what's this? He and Madge married happily, or at least congenially, some 20 years, and this should happen to him! Madge calls him to tea; puzzled and disturbed, he starts in; the bell rings; there's the stranger, a Micawberish creature and a new next-door neighbor who has come to borrow a screwdriver. This back-slapping, hail-fellow-well-met neighbor, named Diver, cracks wise with Madge, who finds his stale jokes funny, and finally invites them to dinner.

Henry's suspicions have been awakened and he nurses them diligently on the news of a con-

versation between Madge and Diver. Diver's touch on her arm at the dinner party, Diver's momentary disappearance with her, and other signs of a growing, or indeed achieved, intimacy. What signs he does not see he imagines; and when circumstances might be interpreted either as exonerating Madge or convicting her, he chooses the unfavorable meaning. He makes friends with Diver's friends so that he can spy on his wife, and he lays traps for her. His case against her proves to be good enough for a gullible man like himself.

The reader may not be so gullible. This seems to me an affair of jealousy thought out rather than felt. Sansom's unusually comprehensive command of English proves what he has to prove, without however persuading me. It's a sort of synthetic, manufactured jealousy, not the kind that eats out a loving husband's heart. Henry argues his way into misery, he doesn't sink into it. It's a remarkably neat and irrefutable argument, but jealousy isn't arguable.

APPLES READY TO SHIP

HOOD RIVER, Aug. 12-(P)—Twelve cars of gravenstein apples were about ready for shipment from here today as the harvest got into full swing. The Bartlett pear harvest will be near its peak in the valley next week.

TO RESUME SHIPMENTS

ASTORIA, Aug. 12-(P)—Two ships will load wheat every month here in the next few months in the resumption of major peacetime grain shipments from the port.

Hollywood On Parade

HOLLYWOOD — Nostalgic, simple tunes are the things today if you yearn to write music. This I get from Ray Evans, who composes songs, and Curt Massey, who sings 'em. "Nowadays," says Ray, "people want to clap hands and sing 'Take Me Back to the Lone Prairie.'" He thinks it's partly due to the new popularity of square dancing, partly to the general feeling of nostalgia. "People seem to want to live

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page one)

Hayden to desert the republican party which had denied him renomination in Marion county. The Hayden family, Oregon pioneers, were democrats, his grandfather, Judge Ben Hayden, being a staunch democrat.

The state retirement act requires that state employees be retired at age 65, unless the appointing authority certifies to the retirement board a request for their retention. This was done by the tax commission in Kelly's case. When the highway department employed Ralph Watson, retired Oregon Journal writer, as informational representative, it entered into a contract with him, which didn't go through civil service commission. (This contract wasn't preceded by any "call for bids").

Vic McKenzie, Salem's gift to national Legion politics and to the national distillers' institute, threw a party during the Legion convention last week. For "live bait" he honored Gov. Douglas McKay and Department Commander Kelley Owens. That really wasn't necessary though. Like a good drummer Vic brought along his samples.

Announcement is made that E. L. Peterson, state director of agriculture, will not serve as secretary of the board when it sits to consider milk problems. There's a story behind that. Peterson had felt that the law required him to serve in that capacity. Those acts in farm and post-war affairs called for a clean break. After some inside maneuvering Peterson agreed to bow out. The board still has to face the problem of selecting a permanent milk administrator.

Your Health

Written by Dr. Herman N. Sundensen, M.D.

In elderly people, what are known as cerebral vascular accidents are by no means infrequent. Changes in the blood vessels and circulation which come with old age are fundamentally responsible for all such incidents, including bleeding into the brain, the occurrence of an embolism, or the formation of a clot in one of the blood vessels of the brain.

Doctors speak of embolism when a bit of material, such as a blood clot fragment, breaks away from its original location and travels through the blood stream to lodge in some other part of the body.

Anything which affects the brain is serious and when any of the conditions mentioned above occur, the first concern is to save the patient's life. Once this danger has been overcome, it is necessary to employ treatment for the after-effects.

During this first stage, skillful nursing is important. The patient should be in a quiet room, should be given fluids and nourishment by mouth, if possible; otherwise fluids must be given by injection into a vein or under the skin. The patient's position in bed must be changed frequently. Sedative or quieting drugs are used carefully and opiates avoided altogether. Injections of solutions into a vein or into the rectum may be of value if there is increased pressure in the brain. These solutions contain a greater amount

in the past. Today is too turbulent.

Long and lanky Ray, with his longer and lankier pay Jay Livingston, wrote "Buttons and Bows." The prolific pair have nine melodies forthcoming in new movies not yet released. "If one song's a hit, we'll be happy," Ray says. He thinks his and Jay's "To Each His Own," a big hit a few years back, "would be a dud on today's market."

Massey, who's dark and curly-haired, is heard on seven coast-to-coast broadcasts a week. Relaxing over a post-broadcast cup of coffee, he drew his two little fingers across the table in the path of a V. "Folk and popular song types are converging," he said. "There's been a lot of sophistication. Now the public wants a more simple type of music. Burl Ives is an indication of the likes of people generally. Nowadays you hear Jo Stafford singing a folk song like 'Barbara Allen.' Or take the song 'Careless Hands,' which has a folk-song type pattern. Both the western and popular artists perform it."

"What am I asked most often to sing? Oh, songs like 'Powder Your Face with Sunshine'—a set of chords you can sit down and play with a ukelele. And 'Need You'—very simple melodic lines. 'Cruising Down the River'—you don't have to hear it seven times before you can sing it. A lot of waltzes are coming back in, like 'Forever and Ever' and 'While We're Young'."

Among bands most in demand, Curt says, are the sweet and smooth aggregations of Russ Morgan, Art Mooney, and Guy Lombardo. Massey thinks bebop is on the way out. "I'm like Tommy Dorsey—I think it has set music back 50 years. I defy you to tell who's playing what. It's too fast, too progressive. It's an advanced treatment, instrumentally, of what we used to call 'scat singing.' It's based on the flatted fifth."

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "She is a grass widow."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "irrefutable"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Mamoth, manacle, malady.

4. What does the word "gulleless" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with ina that means "exhaustion from lack of food"?

ANSWERS

1. This is slang. It is better to say "She is a divorced woman." 2. Pronounce ir-er-fu-ta-bil, as in it, e as in me, u as in use, a unstressed, and accent third syllable. 3. Mammoth. 4. Free from deceit or treachery. "The boy was young and guileless." 5. Inanition.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"New then . . . what sort of business analysis would you like? . . . our cheerful finding, our cautious optimism or our dark outlook . . . ?"