

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Stays Us, No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## A Patriotic Thanksgiving

Our unique American Thanksgiving day is a patriotic holiday second only to the Fourth of July. But it is not an occasion for spread-eagle oratory and flag-waving; rather it is a day set aside for humble stock-taking of our blessings with due consideration from whence cometh our good fortune. The originators—and there were several—of this tradition sought to arouse gratitude, not just for material abundance, but for America and what it stands for, for the hope of liberty it held out to all the world.

John Adams in 1785 expressed this thought when he said, "I always consider the settlement of America with reverence and wonder, as the opening of the grand scheme and design in Providence for the illumination and emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the earth."

President Washington proclaimed Thursday, Nov. 20, 1789, as a special day for Americans to give thanks for having at last achieved a new and firmer union. Sarah Hale, editor of Godey's Lady's Book who merits credit for Lincoln's proclamation of the first national Thanksgiving day during the civil war, wrote in 1859, "Would it not be a renewed pledge of love and loyalty to the Constitution of the United States if every state would join in Union Thanksgiving on the 24th of November?"

Thanksgiving day is thus closely associated with the growth of patriotism in America—a phenomenon Merle Eugene Curti examines in his excellent, objective study, "The Roots of American Loyalty" (Columbia Press, 1946). Pulitzer prize-winner Curti, whose mother was a daughter of the American revolution and whose paternal ancestry is Swiss, is an eminent historian who believed a knowledge of the sources and nature of American patriotism may be an aid to more enlightened citizenship.

And on this Thanksgiving day—when Americans have more to be thankful for than any other nation while still such modern expressions of insecurity as the loyalty oath plague us—it may be appropriate to consider what patriotism means.

The seeds of American patriotism, generated in the old countries of Europe, were the colonists' faith and hopes of a new country where life promised some day to be better, Curti says. The Puritans were firmly convinced that the hand of God had guided this country from the start. A fundamental dogma in early America—and today—was that this country was destined to be a great, wealthy, powerful nation, light of liberty and Elysium of the common man.

But patriotism was first provincial and loyalty to the embryo nation grew slowly. General Washington wrote in 1778, "I know the Idea of Patriotism exists, and I know it has done much in the present Contest . . ." but he often deplored the weakness of national sentiment. Jefferson and Paine campaigned vehemently for loyalty to the collective whole.

The Constitution, Curti points out, was a necessary instrument in the process by which Americans did become a nation which they could love and to which they could be loyal. In due time it became an emotionally charged symbol of national unity.

There were other symbols and other factors. Devotion to native soil, the vastness and beauty of our geography, were powerful forces. Heroes, from the spiritual titans of early New England to later generals and presidents, were an essential element. The melting-pot idea—a concept of a new and superior race of people made up

of the best elements of the Old World— took hold.

The eagle, borrowed from the Romans, became a symbol, although Ben Franklin (with a wink, no doubt) argued that "in truth, the Turkey is, in comparison, a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America." Old Glory, The Star-Spangled Banner, the Liberty Bell and Uncle Sam won the affections and loyalty of the people gradually.

Noah Webster promoted American English; Theodore Roosevelt fostered the idea of organic nationalism; later years brought conflicting loyalties: anarchists like Emma Goldman, humanitarians like John Dewey, individualists like Thorstein Veblen, America Firsters, the Ku Klux Klan, the Know-Nothings and the One Worlders.

That, through the years and through the testings, American patriotism could survive despite and be enriched by such apparently incompatible concepts of loyalty is perhaps one of the characteristics of our democracy we can be most thankful for. On this Day of Thanksgiving, it is well to remember that, as Curti concludes his book:

"Conflicting conceptions of patriotism will continue to flourish. The older, humanitarian, individualistic and liberty-loving patriotism is tenacious and it seems unlikely that it will in the near future be supplanted by the more integral, exclusive and chauvinistic type." But he asks—and it is a question to consider thoughtfully—"What comfort and assurance will there be for those who hold that the nation can survive in an interdependent world only through the development of a wider patriotism, a loyalty to many kind in any and every nation?"

## Firemen's Ball

Salem firemen are staging a ball tonight at the recently renovated Crystal Gardens. They have been working hard to make this event a success and the advance ticket sale insures a good crowd. Proceeds go to help finance the state convention of fire chiefs' and firemen's association which is scheduled for Salem next June.

South Dakota's legislature has tried to put a crimp in carpetbag farming. An out-of-state person who leases land in the state for farming must get a license and pay the county 2 per cent of his gross income. It is aimed at the get-rich-quick operators who see a chance for a cleanup on a rising grain market. They take everything out and put nothing back in the land and previously could escape local taxes by selling their grain and moving equipment out right after harvest—and maybe they didn't own any equipment.

Fraternity alumni sounded off at the U. of O. homecoming last week end over the university's program which will require freshmen to live in dormitories—no moving out to frat houses when pledged. Some temperate voices were heard however and no adverse action was taken. The "Greeks" will have to go along with the university regulation. They'll survive even if they have no freshmen to do the house chores.

It's about time for reporters to write the closing sentence: "And so we leave Vice President and Mrs. Barkley honeymooning at Sea Island, Ga."

The Russians claim to have invented the parachute, back in 1911. They should guess again. Jacques Garnerin made a successful drop from a balloon by parachute in 1797.

## U.S. Seeks 1910 Europe Trade Status

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop  
WASHINGTON, Nov. 23 — Since Secretary of State Dean Acheson and ECA Chief Paul Hoffman returned from their respective trips to Europe, it has become increasingly clear that American policy in Europe revolves about one major word. This word is "integration."

A groper through the fog which more and more obscure "American" foreign policy soon discovers—that "integration" is the wrong word. To integrate, according to the dictionary, means "to unite or become united so as to form a more complete or perfect whole" which would suggest that this country is trying to create a United States of Europe overnight.

In fact, what Acheson and Hoffman are trying to promote is nothing of the sort. The real objective, as one of the authors of the integration project put it, is "to get back to 1910 by 1952." What the United States wants is a Europe whose internal trading relationships are as close as possible to those which existed before the first World War.

In brief, it is now the major aim of American policy in Europe to eliminate currency controls and export and import restrictions. Ultimately what is wanted is a real economic union, with tariffs eliminated and a

central banking system and a common currency created. But all concerned agree that for the foreseeable future this real "integration" is no more than a distant dream.

This apparently rather modest but in fact enormously difficult project for turning the clock back to happier days is envisaged as taking place in a series of stages. In the first stage, there would be three separate groups of "integrated" states—France and Italy, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg, and the three Scandinavian countries. The first five countries would then be joined, to form "Fritalux." The Scandinavians would then probably be brought into Fritalux. And finally, Western Germany would be added, to make one big, relatively free trading area in Western Europe.

Britain (to the great relief of the British leaders) is not being pressed to become an active participant in this Acheson-Hoffman project. But while they were in Europe Acheson and Hoffman politely but firmly urged British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin and Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Cripps to give the scheme "encouragement and support." Bevin and Cripps rather reluctantly agreed. The chief British contribution is expected to be firm military and political commitments to France, to balance French fears of a revived Germany.

firmly into that of the continent, and thus prevent Germany from turning again against the west.

These are highly commendable aims. But it is necessary to examine the other side of the coin. In Europe, two facts stand out like large, sore, sinister thumbs. The first is the imminent threat of British financial collapse, which has by no means been removed by devaluation of the pound, and which would surely be followed by a general economic collapse all over the continent.

The authors of the integration project agree that even if the scheme were wholeheartedly accepted and put into operation immediately, no appreciable economic benefits would accrue for a number of years. Thus the project will NOT deal with a situation which threatens to knock the underpinnings right out from under American foreign policy.

The second fact which stands out in Europe is that Western Europe is still virtually defenseless in the face of the Soviet Union's massive rearmament effort. Again, the integration project will NOT affect the real balance of military power, which is rapidly swinging in favor of the Soviet Union.

## "AND THAT'S FOR SURE!"



## IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1.)

socialized medicine so we can get free toupes and false teeth.

We have more leisure time than any other industrial nation which we use in driving like mad to get some place where we have no real business.

We are the richest nation on earth, yet we are worried stiff lest we have a depression.

We are the most powerful nation on earth, but frightened over the Russian bogey without and the communist infiltration within.

Yes, Americans are dissatisfied, nervous, interperable. Burning up their energies often in useless projects.

So-o-o, the first they ought to do when they go to church today or next Sunday is to crave forgiveness of the Almighty, forgiveness for their selfishness, their avarice, their self-pride and arrogance, their Phariseism. And then, with proper humility thank the Lord for all the blessings they as Americans enjoy.

## Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence: "It is very handy to live near the city."

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

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Peninsula, pinnacle, parashute, prairie.

4. What does the word "buoyant" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with exc that means "abnormal growth or increase"?

ANSWERS  
1. It is better to say, "It is very convenient to live near the city."  
2. Pronounce a-bis, a unstressed, i as in it, accent second syllable.  
3. Parashute. 4. Light-hearted. "His cheeks are rosy, his steps buoyant." 5. Excrecence.

## GRIN AND BEAR IT



"One thing to be thankful for . . . you never have to stand in line to get OUT of a movie . . ."

## The Safety Valve

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND  
To the editor:

So now the various states are considering enacting laws making it a most serious offense to commit "in the news" crimes against children, crimes against savages which need no legislation. The old adage of "reaping the whirlwind" is being realized by our "sexy" sowing of the wind. Look on most any newspaper, or pick up one of the numerous cheap editions of books with sensational titles and open it at random, and ten chances to one you will find racy enough material to satisfy the most lustful mind. We throw every possible inducement for wrong conduct into the paths of our youths (and older "youths") and then wonder what is happening. The overplaying of sex on the screen certainly is not without effect, either. But, cheer up: When our gun-toting kids exchange the toy pistol for real ones, there should be even more excitement than now.

S. J. Harms  
379 N. Cottage  
Salem, Ore.

## COL. CHURCH SCOLDS PLAN FOR CAPITOL GROUP

To the Editor:

The starry-eyed planners seem to have forgotten that they are supposed to be planning a state capitol; not a park. The capitol should be the state's business headquarters—not merely something to be gazed at from afar. It should be accessible and compact for the benefit of those who have business there and have to pay for it in taxes, but there is no chance for this now as the self-declared experts have already scattered it all over 40 acres so that anyone having business in more than one state department will have to take a day off and walk a mile or two hither and yon, hunting for the place he wants.

There is already a closed area six blocks long running east and west, and the present plan is to make another of the same size running north and south. With these and the proposed one-way street system it will be a tortuous feat to get from one side

of town to the other in any direction. Of course the new plan to split Summer street into two narrow streets with a mall between them is hopefully designed to prevent people west of Summer street from getting to the big new retail center on Capitol between Center and Union. I don't believe it will work.

Unaesthetic people have suggested consideration of parking needs, but this seems to crassly business-like for the planners, who envision only far-flung vistas with marble sepulchers a furlong apart on each side. The practical thing is to pave those "malls" and use them for parking, which would make it unnecessary for the state board of control to buy several high-priced blocks somewhere over yonder for that purpose, as is now proposed.

A. M. CHURCH

## Hollywood on Parade

By Gene Handsaker

HOLLYWOOD—Bing Crosby's next "Top of the Morning" is a lightly tripping fantasy until it stumbles over its whimsy and gets serious. Crosby fans who've been waiting for a really corking Crosby movie will have to wait a while longer.

Bing plays an American insurance-company investigator who goes to Ireland to recover the stolen Blarney Stone. Posing as an oil painter near Blarney Castle, he's presently locked up as a suspect himself. The incompetent local cop, Barry Fitzgerald, and his assistant, Hume Cronyn, release Bing because he sings prettily and is Irish, too.

Still sleuthing about, Bing falls in love with Barry's beautiful daughter, Anna Blyth. She falls for Bing because he fulfills a local soothsayer's predictions regarding Ann's lover: The lining of his coat is green. His voice comes from strange places (a dictating machine), etc.

But the Blarney Stone's absence from the ledge where tourists kiss it is visiting strang misfortunes upon the countryside. Finally, in some hard-to-follow runnings about a dark forest, the thief is exposed. He seems more pitiable than despicable.

The Groaner's singing is, as usual, the best thing about his picture though his material is routine. Next is the sensitive beauty of Miss Blyth, whose toothy smile is one of the prettiest on the screen. Fitzgerald nabs some scenes and sympathetic laughs as the bungling cop. A village dance is lively. Unfortunately, that's more than you can say for the last part of the sops. And some of the brogue is unintelligible.

"Slattery's Hurricane" is a pretty exciting movie about navy

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Lou & Shorty

## Proof of Bird Is in Eating, Not Carving

By Henry McLemore

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., Nov. 23 — This is written for men who don't know how to carve a turkey but who will have to make a stab at it on this Thanksgiving day.

The message comes from the heart because it is written by a man whose carving ability is limited to carving initials on public monuments.

A man who can't stand at the end of a table and slice a turkey after the approved fashion is considered a pariah by society. He is ranked right along with railroad station "mashers" and blackguards who cheat at parochesi.

Why society takes this attitude has long baffled me, and many is the hour I have spent locked in my study trying to figure out the reason for it. It can't be because turkey carving is a sign of success for you can search "Who's Who" or "Burke's Peerage" without finding the name of a man who is known simply as a great carver. Carvers in stone and wood, yes, but that's a different thing. The world would never have heard of Michelangelo if the Italian had confined his carving to turkeys or ducks and never dabbled in marble.

Neither can it be because carving a turkey is a sign of a complete gentleman. I doubt if there is anyone reading this who couldn't name a fine carver who couldn't be trusted with a counterfeit bill. Some of the most thorough-going rascals of my acquaintance can separate the wings from the withers of a turkey with consummate ease, and slice off portions so thin they could be stand-ins for tissue paper.

But there is no denying that the world in general feels non-carvers are failures in life. Every time I am forced to try to carve a fowl of any kind in the presence of my mother she looks as grief-stricken as if she had just received word that the governor had refused a reprieve and that I was off for the gallows.

I wish I had a penny for every time she has told me that I was the only male member of the family on either side who wasn't a beautiful carver. She simply will not appreciate the fact that I have saved upwards of 543 precious hours by not knowing the proper stance and swing when confronted by roasted birds from which the feathers have been removed.

I urge all men who can't carve not to be ashamed of it. So many are, you know. They have let the world get them down. What they should do is look down on men who have wasted so much time and energy perfecting a fairly useless art.

A great carver is no more necessary to the world than a great unicyclist, say, or a man who can blow 103 smoke rings with one puff of a cigar. All right to have around, to be sure, but not really vital.

The proof of the turkey is in the eating, not the carving.  
(Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

fliers who hunt down hurricanes at sea so Florida coastal residents can be forewarned. Richard Widmark, a nice guy in "Down to the Sea in Ships," is a heel again. He has his own private hurricane of emotion with Linda Darnell as the storm center. Unfortunately, she is married to a navy hurricane hunter, John Russell.

Patently standing by is Veronica Lake, who loves Widmark though he treats her meanly. I'd like to pick a quarrel with the scripters in Miss Lake's case. The story, at one point, lands her in the hospital. You wonder why. Turns out she's a dope addict, though the studio didn't want to say so because "the navy lent a lot of support in making the picture." So you're given a flash of an unintelligible medical-diagnosis card and left guessing.

There's a lot of hair-raising flying through storms, though and enough emotional conflict to keep you interested.

## Literary Guidepost

JOHN RUSKIN: THE PORTRAIT OF A PROPHET by Peter Quennell (Viking; \$3.75)

Ruskin was a genius. We realize it when we read some of his books about art, and it has been proclaimed eagerly by many competent critics. Anyway, he said so himself. And the question about geniuses which art-purists universal interest is, what have they got that we haven't?

From the outside looking in, from the seat in the audience looking up, from the sidewalk watching the parade, we regard the genius, crowned, benedicted and cheered by the world. But the price he pays, whether he is Van Gogh, Gauguin, Strindberg, Poe, Whitman, Proust or Ruskin, is often infinitely great, and what he's got that we haven't is something we wouldn't for the world have.

In Ruskin's case, that was never made so clear as in this biography which probes to uncomfortable depths the writer's complex, baffled and thwarted character. Aside from his overestimation of Pre-Raphaelites and under-estimation of Whistler and, in general, his partial misconception of the artist's role, he was a man who, figuratively, never left his parents' home, and, literally, never established a home of his own.

His father and mother taught him the facts of life but not the meaning. His mother accompanied him to Oxford; father and mother accompanied him on trips abroad; and when Effie Gray married him, she found she had married all three, and indeed all three went along on the honeymoon. John Ruskin wanted it that way. Effie did not, and years ago she had left him for Millais, who went to Russia. Ruskin's mother with a warning which opened that good woman's eyes, and most open our wisest eyes still wider.

The repeated, and shocking, failures in his personal life were the reverse of the character which could write so evocatively of some of this world's dearest treasures. Quoting Jowett as charging that Ruskin "never rubbed his mind against others," Quennell finds in "the absence of this salutary friction" the explanation for "the majority of Ruskin's intellectual shortcomings, and not a few of his misfortunes in the sphere of love and friendship."

## Salvation Army Lieutenant to Move to Seattle

Lt. Barbara Somervell, stationed with the Salem Salvation Army for the past year, has received orders to report to Seattle as an assistant in SA headquarters there, it was announced Wednesday. Capt. R. B. Lisher, Salem adjutant, said no replacement has been assigned. Miss Somervell will deliver farewell message Sunday to the junior group at 6 p.m. and to the adults at 7:30 p.m.

## Young GOP Club Meeting Friday

A special meeting of Marion County Young Republican club to select delegates and consider policies for the coming state convention will be at 7:30 p.m. Friday in the courthouse. President Sam Hall announced Wednesday. The state conclave will be December 9 to 11 at West Linn.

## Christian Scientist Service Today

A special Thanksgiving service will be held by the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in the church at Liberty and Chemeketa streets at 11 a.m. today. A nursery for children is provided during service. The service is public.

## Estate Sale

Bids are now being received for real property at 1347 Fir st. Phone 3-3136 for details.

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