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"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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An Easter Prayer

Almighty God, our Father, we praise Thy name that Thou didst raise our Lord Jesus Christ from the grave. We thank Thee for His resurrection and ask that with open minds we may experience its meaning in our lives today. Through the Holy Spirit, teach us that in the power of the risen Christ men may master life, even as for us Christ masters death.

As we are still in prayer, reveal unto us the Easter truth, that in the crowded ways of life we may have fellowship with the Risen Christ, and that we walk ever in Thy presence. Thou hast not left us alone in life's struggle; strengthened by Thy Holy Spirit may we be used in the battle between darkness and light.

Grant that every day we may walk in fellowship with the Risen Christ. Give us His eyes, that we may see how wondrous small is Thy one world, that each man is his brother's keeper.

Purify our hands that ours may be the hands of Christ. May we appreciate the dignity of all honest toil as the risen Christ directs us in the service of men.

Give unto us the mind of Christ, that the gos-

pel's cutting edge may empower us with a sense of what is vital. Growing in maturity that cometh from Christ, may we labor for Christian brotherhood, seeking the peace that gains understandings of the perplexing issues of our time.

Through Thy everlasting mercy, may we know the heart of Christ so that we shall love all people. Make us sure that saint and sinner, black and white, communist and capitalist, we are all sinners. Forgive us and heal us through the redemptive power of the risen Christ.

O holy Father, grant that every day we may live in the light of Easter, having fellowship with our risen Lord, knowing the power of Thy living presence. May our finest prayers be what we are, that through our eyes thou mightest smile upon the earth, and through our hands Thy work of love be done unto the children of men. Direct our steps in life as thou dost deliver us from death, that Thy kingdom may come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. In the name of our risen Christ we pray. Amen.

C.W.H.

Easter Parade

The lilting strains of "Easter Parade" coming from juke boxes, radios and record-players at home, have heralded this glad season for the past 17 years. Irving Berlin's simple and catchy little spring song may not be the best ever written but it is typical of what New York Times Music Critic Sigmund Spaeth terms "America's most characteristic and universally successful art-form"—the popular song.

And even if "Easter Parade" did not qualify for Spaeth's Easter parade of the ten top tunes of the 20th century, (Spaeth considers "Lazy" Berlin's best), hearing it again this spring evokes our memories of some of the fine melodies which have become part of American culture.

There is, for instance, W. C. Handy's perennial "St. Louis Blues," not only one of Spaeth's ten best but also one of the ten most popular all-timers. Most unique of this Negro composer's many blues, the "St. Louis," has passed into the folk music of the nation. So, too, has Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," the only other piece to make both of Spaeth's lists. Has there ever been a high school prom without "Stardust"?

If you were around in 1912 you'll remember "Whiting for the Robert E. Lee," one of the finest early ragtime classics. Spaeth considers it popular song-writing at its best because it expresses the spirit of the old Mississippi river life with complete conviction.

The musicianship in Gershwin's "The Man I Love" fascinates Spaeth. It has the blues cadence and a descending chromatic scale that makes it tops, says the critic. "Chloe" by Neil Moret has a poignant sincerity that sets it apart, and which the modern parodies can't touch. Spaeth chooses "All the Things You Are" as Jerome Kern's best, but "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Old Man River" were close. Richard Rodgers' "If I Loved You" has the tune quality of Brahms and the flawless poetry of Hammerstein.

Most recent number to be included is Cole Porter's "Were Thine That Special Face." You might say Shakespeare collaborated; it's from "Kiss Me, Kate." Spaeth considers it Porter's best score thus far and laments public slowness in discovering it. Only piece written by a non-

American is Noel Coward's "I'll See You Again." It's included because it has definitely become a part of U.S. popular music and compares favorably with the finest European waltzes of all time.

There they are—the "big ten." They are representative of America's authentically native art. Each contains "originality, intelligence and often considerable beauty, plus a fundamental sincerity that is conspicuously lacking in the routine song hits of our time." And they "avoid the platitudes of text and tune characteristic of most of Tin Pan Alley's machine-made output."

That is the critic speaking. As for us, we only know that we regard them all with affection. For the layman, the criterion is sentiment, not craftsmanship. Most people like a song because it appeals to them, because it recalls some pleasant memory; somebody might actually get misty-eyed over "Maizy-Doats," a number of dubious musical value.

It's nice to know that the ten listed here qualify on both counts—technical perfection and sentimental appeal. And even if they didn't we probably go on humming them just because we like them. Maybe that's what makes "America's most characteristic" art-form also the most popular art-form.

Welcoming the voices of the frogs, shrilling their spring song every evening now, The New York Times tries to interpret their tune and finally ends up saying, "Without words, they are saying things which we, who deal in words, cannot even quite express." Which seems like an eloquent way to pass the buck back to the croakers.

Easter must be a painful season for one Mr. Brannan, he of the agriculture department, what with all this emphasis on hen fruit, colored or otherwise. He's sort of in the position of a colossal bunny, sitting on 73,000,000 pounds of eggs, while everyone stands around asking, "What's up, doc?"

"A Classic in New Dress" is the label on a newspaper essay on re-issues of Thoreau's "The Maine Woods" . . . Same would apply to some women in Easter parade.

Eisenhower Believed Receptive to Republican Presidential Bid If No Compromise Involved

By Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON, April 8.—Rightly or wrongly, those who have talked to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower in recent weeks are convinced that he has now pretty well made up his mind that he wants to be president. He is reported to have told at least one close friend that, provided there were no deals or compromises involved, and provided he did not have to campaign for it actively, he would accept the republican nomination if offered to him.

Others close to him are convinced that he will co-operate with any organization set up to promote an Eisenhower boom at least to the extent of not actively opposing his own nomination, as he did in 1948. All this may be wishful thinking on the part of those who are searching desperately for a way to beat Senator Robert A. Taft for the nomination. But it is at least true that the Eisenhower backers are already planning the broad strategy of an Eisenhower campaign.

The first move, according to the strategists, must be for Eisenhower firmly to announce his republican affiliation sometime shortly before the November elections. This would be designed to mollify the regulars, who point out that Eisenhower has never even said he is republican, and most of whom would prefer Taft anyway. It would also be designed to give influential republicans second thoughts about jumping on the Taft bandwagon which is sure to get rolling if Taft is decisively re-elected in Ohio.

set up an effective, well heeled Eisenhower organization, staffed with professional politicians, working for Eisenhower delegates in all key states. As far as money is concerned, there would be no difficulty—for example, one of the fabulously rich Southern oilmen has already let it be known that he would be willing to contribute personally a quarter of a million dollars to get Eisenhower nominated and elected.

The general's only part in such an organization would be the entirely negative one of simply not repudiating the efforts above in his behalf. Finally, at some strategic moment shortly before the convention, Eisenhower would formally acknowledge his availability.

All this may be a pipe dream, since everything depends on Eisenhower, and it is always easy to mistake general expressions of interest in politics for a personal willingness to run. But the purpose of the strategy outlined above is of course clear. It is, in the words of an Eisenhower backer, "To get life off the ground before Bob Taft can get the nomination in the bag."

Already the Eisenhower supporters concede that if Taft is triumphantly re-elected in November he will be virtually unbeatable in such states as Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Colorado and, of course, Ohio; that he will be exceedingly strong throughout the Middle West, even in Eisenhower's native Kansas; and that his hold on the Southern delegates will be extremely difficult to break. In short, with no counter-bandwagon for the anti-Taft forces to rally round, and given time to consolidate and extend his strength, Taft might go to the convention with a pledged majority of the delegates.

The core of the anti-Taft strength is on the East Coast, and much depends on what hap-

pens in the greatest eastern states, New York and Pennsylvania. The Eisenhower men are not pleased by the signs that Thomas E. Dewey will run again for New York governor. With Dewey out of the way, the big New York delegation would be wide open for Eisenhower pledges. But if Dewey runs and is elected, he will have great bargaining power, and the two men are not close.

In Pennsylvania, Governor James Duff is in the fight of his life with the ancient, reactionary Grundy-Owlett machine. If Duff wins, is elected himself to the senate, and if his candidate Judge John Fine is elected governor, Pennsylvania will be a strong Eisenhower state, since Duff is a warm supporter of Eisenhower's. On the other hand, if Jay Cooke, backed by an untold alliance between Harold Stassen and the Grundy-Owlett machine wins, Stassen may be in a sufficiently strong bargaining position to ask for second place on either a Taft or Eisenhower ticket. And Stassen's new Grundy-Owlett allies are believed to favor Taft.

All this is, of course, purely speculative at this early stage. All sorts of things may happen—Taft may even be beaten by his unimpressive opponent, Joe Ferguson, although this is considered highly unlikely. Yet two conclusions seem reasonable. One is that on this go-round the nomination is not likely to be handed to Eisenhower on a platter—to be nominated, he will have to take a reasonably active part in republican politics. The other is that for a man of Eisenhower's stature and integrity to take an active part in republican politics would be good for the republican party, good for the creaking two-party system, and good for the country.

New York Herald Tribune Inc. Copyright, 1950



Comes the Dawn

By Conrad Franke

(Note—Following is a verbatim report of an interview with Oswald J. Hare, head rabbit in charge of Easter USA home and production center of Easter Bunnies.)

Pull up a carrot, Doc, and I'll tell you what's wrong with this whole Easter business. We bunnies have been in the Easter egg set-up for a long time, but we're slowly being squeezed out by a lot of new-fangled ideas.

Take eggs. Used to be kids were satisfied with good old colored hard-boiled eggs. They could hardly wait to jump outa bed Easter morning to hunt for eggs me and the other boys here would leave for them. Easter oil people favored them, too.

Now we got candy eggs, plastic eggs, clay eggs, glass eggs, hollow eggs and rubber eggs. These candy deals melt. We come back from our trips now looking like we come through a paint store explosion. Kids don't want plain colored eggs anymore either. They gotta have inscriptions like "Easter Greetings from Cowboy Joe."

Then there's these so-called Easter songs. For a long time there was only one kind of Easter music. Then a man named Berlin came along with something we didn't mind too much. We

used to dance the bunny-hug to it here. But lately things have sort of gotten out of hand in the Easter area field.

Now the market is flooded with songs like "I'd Dye For You," "I Found Her At An Easter Egg Hunt," "You Egged Me On," "I'm As Crazy As An Easter Bonnet Over You," "Don't Be A Bad Egg On Easter," "She's Hare-Brained Over Me," and "Will You Love Me On Memorial Day As You Did On Easter?"

Another recent ear-ache has been the promotion of baby chick sales on Easter-dyed yet. We rabbits used to have the day to ourselves. How can a Jack like me with 128 dependents (as of last night) make an honest living? We're thinking of establishing a tariff on incubators and conducting a loyalty check in the hen-house.

On top of it all we got internal troubles here with the workers. The young jacks and bunnies at the egg factory want higher wages. This year a rabid minority group started a movement to dye all eggs red. He nearly split hares over that one. We kept peace though, by showing Mickey Mouse movies during the lunch hour.

We bunnies ain't so dumb. We know our place in the Easter Story. We're supposed to be only trimming for the kids. But we're taking a rabbit punch from cards, bonnets, flowers and other Easter innovations. Understand someone already is working on an egg to eliminate all eggs—called H-egg. Hare-raising thought isn't it?

Ways in Washington

WASHINGTON (AP)—Pretty Lydia Newbeck, 25, isn't exactly a cave woman, but she spends most of her time in caves. Lydia, who wears her dark brown hair tied with ribbons in two swatches down her back, is a "spelunker." That means she is a member of the National Speleological Society, which makes a scientific study of caves and caverns.

The society is affiliated with the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Here recently for the "spelunkers" seventh annual convention, the vivacious little brunette told me she began guiding people through the Natural Stone Bridge and Caves near her home at Pottersville, N. Y., when she was 4 1/2 years old. Six years ago her aging great-uncle Jim Van Benthuyssen, who owned the caves, turned them over to her. About three years ago, while she was a student at the New York State School of Home Economics and Agriculture, she visited the nearby commercially-operated Howe Caverns. She decided to make a paying career of taking tourists through her caves.

She studied business through correspondence courses; visited commercial caves all over the country, one year took a night

course in geology. During the winter months she saves money to carry out her venture by variously working as a governess for a wealthy New York family, working in the New York Public library, selling magazines from door-to-door. In 1945 she worked for the late Hollywood character actress Mme. Marie Ouspenskaya as a receptionist. She's gotten around quite a bit since the days she used to walk five miles to school and back, and baked doughnuts to sell the neighbors to help her through high school. She has just gotten back from a trip to Florida which she financed by lecturing on caves and showing color slides.

She looks more like a glamorous cover girl who might be at home in night clubs than the barefoot miss who lives most of the time in a cabin without electric lights, running water, or telephone.

Lydia intends to keep her caves natural, disdains cement walks and elevators such as many commercial caves boast. She charges her visitors 75 cents for an hour's trip. She put picnic tables and outdoor fireplaces on her 300-acre place and made a swimming hole, 60 feet long, 12 feet deep. She has no professional guides. Her 13-year-old sister, Jenny, also a "spelunker," her cousins and a nephew all help.

When her brothers, David and Donald, whom she's helping through college, are home, they pitch in with building projects. They built her a souvenir shop.

Literary Guidepost

THE SPECTER OF ALEXANDER WOLF, by Galio Gazdanov, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden (Dutton: \$2.75)

The first bullet killed my horse under me, but the second one missed me, its target. I scrambled to my feet, pulled out my service revolver and fired at my assailant, who gave a jerk, slid from his saddle and sprawled on the ground. With one close look at his face, I realized he was dying. Hearing cavalry approaching, I fled.

It is this incident which the narrator cannot block out of his memory, though it is some years later and he has left Russia to do newspaper work in Paris. There he comes across a new volume of short stories, one of which, "The Adventure in the Steppes," could only have been known to one other person, the mounted man whom he had seen dying during the civil war, when he was a youngster of 16 or 17.

The fictitious author is Alexander Wolf, and the harried narrator writes to and finally visits the London publisher, from whom he hears only an expression of regret that the shot had not proved fatal. Later in a Paris restaurant, he meets Vozzenki, who turns out to be a member of the party of cavalry from which he had escaped. And finally, after his encounter with the passionate Helen Armstrong, he has three links with the man he is seeking; he has the specter triangulated.

who suddenly begs of the shah his fastest horse so that he, who met Death in the garden, can fly to Isfahan. The shah complains to Death at his treatment of his servant; and Death answers that he was surprised at the meeting, for according to the book he was supposed to find the gardener at Isfahan.

So this is the story of Fate with her scissors cutting the vital thread, and cutting it no man can tell when. Despite unlikely coincidences, and the intrusion of an incident about a trapped criminal, the adventure of life and the mystery of death provide both drama and significance. And it's a very readable translation.

The Safety Valve

To the Editor: Willamette university was happy to participate in an Easter greeting to the entire nation Saturday afternoon. It has brought favorable notice not only to our institution but to Salem and the Northwest as well. We have certainly appreciated the work of the Mutual radio stations, newspapers and businesses which cooperated to make it possible.

Hollywood On Parade

HOLLYWOOD — After something like 18 westerns in a row, Rod Cameron says he could play a marshal while standing on his head. Now he



wants a crack at more refined and challenging drama. "I want to find out if I can act. I can't do a 5-foot 5-inch ex-sandhog grin 'If I can't? Well, I'll go back to westerns.'"

Cameron, 39, has wavy black hair and sunken blue eyes with a slyly humorous twinkle. His "beat-up" face (his adjective) includes a jutting jaw, protruding lower lip, and a dented nose that zigs slightly to the right. It was broken once in semi-pro football and four times in hockey. Opponents' skates left scars alongside his mouth and on his forehead. That such a craggy puss can belong to a leading man shows what strides the movies have taken toward realism since Valentino's perfect-profile days.

Rod figured up the other day that before entering pictures he had 33 different jobs. The first was when he was 13 and polished brass in a New York children's museum. He was born Roderick Nathan Cox in Calgary — took Cameron, a family name, for his movie monicker. The family lived a while in Toronto and then moved to Brooklyn.

After the death of his father, a mechanical engineer, Rod lived a while with an uncle in Miami. Tourists in glass-bottomed boats would pay him for bits of coal he'd bring up from below. He decorated ballrooms for a florist and made change as a diningroom cashier. He drove a truck.

For six years he was a sandhog in New York subway and aqueduct tunnels. (Last year, when three movie contracts overlapped briefly, he received more money in one day than in a whole year slogging around those New York tunnels.) With the semipro Westchester All Stars football team, he played tackle. In an exhibition game at Sing Sing prison, he recognized a former Brooklyn playmate across the scrimmage line.

Rod came west and dug ditches at 40 cents an hour in East Los Angeles. He was a concrete boss on part of the Metropolitan Water District aqueduct near Palm Springs. A venture into the tree-spraying business kept him busy only three days a week. He spent the other three days calling on casting directors in an effort to crash the movies. A letter from a writer acquaintance did the trick.

In 10 years he has been in

about 50 pictures. He's under contract to three studios for four films yearly. His next, "Lost Stage Valley," will be another western. But Rod thinks it should be much better than average. He adds hopefully, "I'm expecting something from this one."

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Glorious Easter Music by Robed Choir
7:30—"King of Kings"—A great Motion Picture

In 10 years he has been in

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