

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 25, 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 2-2441.

Displaced Persons

No other single issue has caused more bitter dispute in congress than the liberalization of displaced persons legislation, finally passed by the senate late last week.

The DP debates had all the elements. There were charges of racial and religious prejudice, of communist subversives entering the country, of bureaucratic bungling, of congressmen using the DP bill to cage themselves votes back home.

President Truman asked that 400,000 displaced persons be admitted to the United States. The DP act of 1948 provided for admission of only 205,000 DPs by June, 1950. Its definition of a DP made ineligible all those who fled communist persecution after 1945 and all those (mainly Jews) who fled Nazi persecution and did not return to Germany until 1946. It required that 30 percent of the DPs admitted must be farmers and that 40 per cent of them must be from the Baltic countries, thus discriminating against the majority who were neither.

Critics said the act was unfair, unworkable, and seemed to aim chiefly at keeping displaced persons from entering the country rather than speeding their resettlement and rehabilitation here. The Citizens Committee on Displaced Persons, church groups, many women's organizations, the AFL and CIO, and the administration supported liberalization of the law and removal of provisions that discriminated against Catholics and Jews.

But Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada, chairman of the senate judiciary committee, was fanatically opposed. He managed to keep the bill bottled up in committee until January this year. Final action was postponed until this month.

McCarran lost his fight last week. The bill finally passed extends the DP program another year, allows admission of 359,000 persons, moves the date of eligibility from December, 1945, to January, 1949, and it erases the Baltic-farmer requirement. It makes eligible many Jews and Catholics who formerly had no chance.

But passage of the bill alone does not mean that America has discharged its humanitarian obligation to help the homeless, hopeless and helpless victims of war in Europe. So far, the church groups have borne the brunt of getting DPs to America. Now that the unworkable provisions of the act have been removed, the government's DP commission which administers the program has no excuse for delaying admission of desirable immigrants any longer.

Bring on the Figures

It will be interesting to learn just how big Salem and its neighbor communities will loom in the 1950 federal census. That practically all have gained markedly in population in the last decade is assured. And in the main it has appeared to be a healthy growth, albeit the valley generally is going to need more industry if such growth is to be assimilated without disorder.

That's the point that the new census figures will help us analyze. Are we correct in our estimates of the city's needs, the schools' needs, as well as the state's and counties? Admittedly our planning, so far as Salem is concerned, is based on the assumption the city's population now is somewhere around 50,000—an increase of nearly 70 per cent since 1940. And the fringe area is estimated to have grown proportionately even more.

We'll know in a week or so whether we're

on the right track—whether we have our sights too high or whether we'll have to base our planning on an even greater growth.

The population figures themselves are not too important except as we apply them to a program of betterment. Salem at 50,000 or even 100,000 certainly would not necessarily be a better town than at 30,000. Size does not make a "good" town. It is our job to see that it is just as good no matter what size it is.

Bring on those figures, Mr. Bateson. We'll all be interested, including the hundreds who have joined in The Statesman's fun contest to guess the total.

Late—or Early—Again

Well, we get daylight time again this summer. The Statesman has consistently opposed the change, but it is recognized that with so many neighbor communities adopting DST it might be just as confusing to stay on standard time as it will be to change. So we will not quarrel with the decision.

But conversely, we are more than hopeful that never again will the same predicament arise. The state, or probably the entire coast, should change—or no one should change. Actually, we'll be operating on two times this summer, and undoubtedly we'll always be late to an appointment in some places, early in others. We'll miss trains and planes or else wait an hour for them. The radio programs will be a confused mess in many instances.

That everything would probably be just as confused had we stayed on standard time is not much solace. Time wasn't set by nature nor by the Almighty. It was set by man as a universal and convenient way of coordinating hours and effort, and man defeats his own ends by messing up the clock.

There's a lot to be said for daylight time—and lot's against it. We're not saying anything except let's not have another year of utter confusion about it.

The nation-wide recognition of Willamette's choir came as a just and deserved tribute to a fine organization. Mutual is to be congratulated on its choice. The choir is both a credit and an inspiration to the community.

Mrs. Ella Wilson has been named manager of the Multnomah county fair at Gresham. We don't know all the managers of all county fairs but we'd wager there won't be any fair better managed than Multnomah county's.

Editorial Comment

LET'S CALL FOR LIGHT

Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, at the University of California the other day, deplored "the growing hysteria" of Americans over the hydrogen bomb and other forebodings which David Lilienthal a little earlier had characterized as a "cult of gloom."

"Worrying over the end of the world," said the admiral, "deprives us of the creative drives we need to help save the world."

A story from provincial times in Connecticut carries some of the attitude to be commended in this as in other eras. On May 19, 1780, there was a storm which so darkened the sky at Hartford that some members of the legislature feared the world was about to be destroyed and moved that the council adjourn.

Said Col. Abraham Davenport, "I am against the adjournment. Either the Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought." — (Christian Science Monitor)

Clash of U. S., Russian Airplanes May Serve As Test of How Tough Soviet Wants to Get Now

By J. M. Roberts, Jr.
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

First reports regarding an incident between an American bomber and Russian fighter planes are so incomplete as to give no hints as to the merits of Andrei Vishinsky's charge of a gross violation.

There are usually two sides to such a case—if the clash actually is proven to have occurred. American pilots in Europe are under strict orders to keep themselves well within their rights, and it is hard to believe that any deliberate violation has occurred.

The Russians, however, are particularly sensitive about the Baltic area. Sweden has been having trouble with them for months because the Russians entertain what seems to be a very elastic view of just how far their territorial waters extend.

Several Swedish vessels have been seized in what used to be free waters, and the Stockholm government has been unable to obtain from Russia a clear delineation of just what she considers the boundaries to be. And the U.S. has never formally recognized Russian sovereignty over Latvia at all. In such a situation, it wouldn't be hard for an American plane, such as the missing navy Privateer lost or forced off course by weather which had been bad in the area for several days, to run into trouble with Russian patrols.

Observers have expected that there might be trouble of this sort sooner or later in the Alaskan area, where high-flying bombers, stripped of all weapons, have been busy ever since the war in intensive reconnaissance extending right up to Russian territory.

But considerable effort has been devoted to avoiding such incidents in Europe, and even the unarmed bombers have been kept out of Berlin, which must be entered

through a narrow air corridor across the Russian occupation zone.

The incident, whatever its details turn out to be, will serve one useful purpose at any rate. It will give us an opportunity to see just how tough the Russians want to be right now.

It is the sort of thing that can be blown up into a major dispute if anyone wishes to do so, or can be settled amicably. The Yugoslavs created a serious international incident by shooting down two American planes which were off course over their

territory, killing five people. But the matter was negotiated and gradually forgotten, and now Yugoslavia is more or less a partner against Russia in the cold war.

Washington was giving no sign of its attitude in the first few hours after the report arrived, waiting for details without adopting any preconceived conceptions. Observers believed there would be every tendency on the part of the U.S. government to treat such a clash as an untoward accident, if that proved possible without at the same time involving appeasement.

Literary Guidepost

RED BONE WOMAN, by Carlisle Tillery (John Day; \$3)

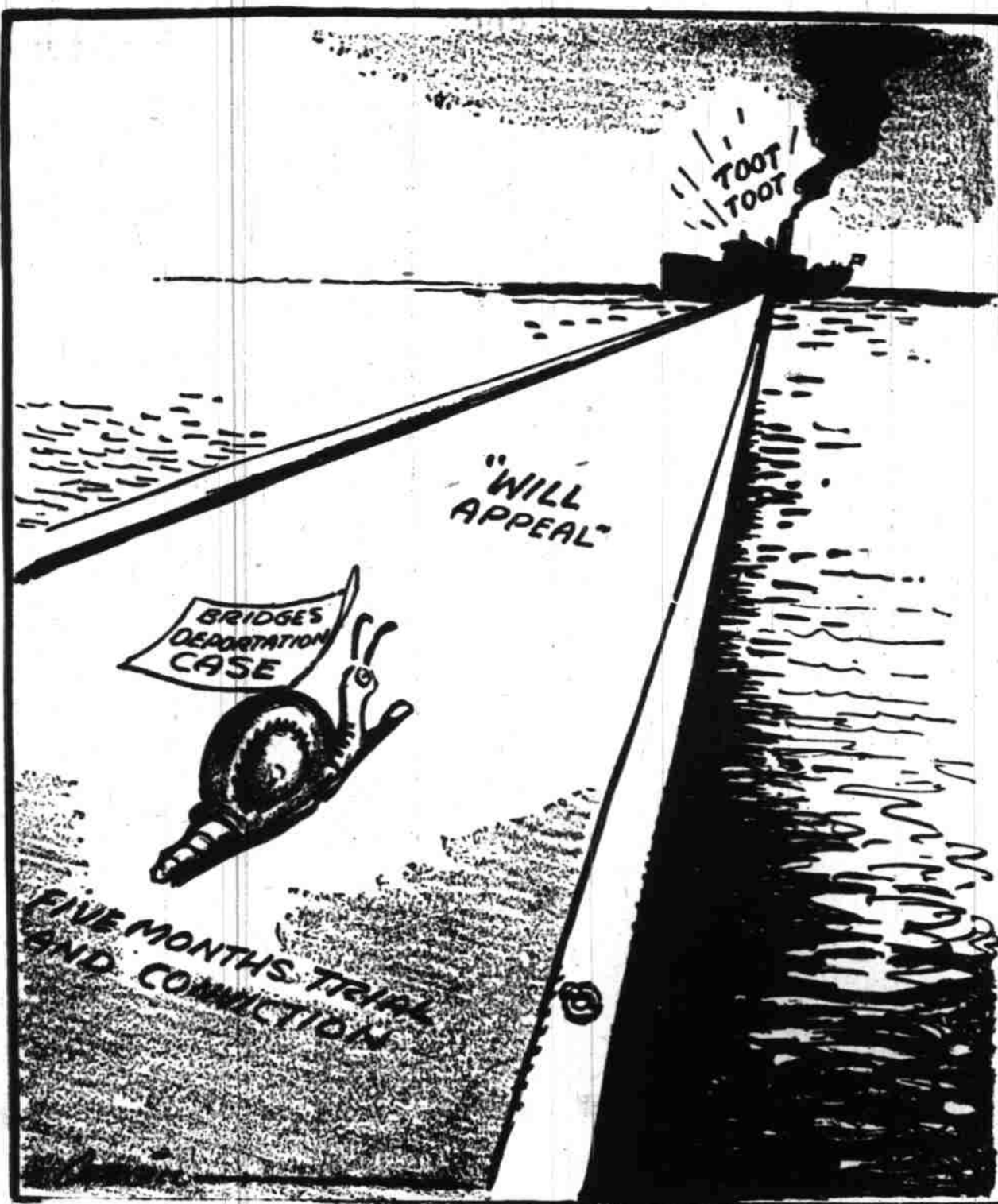
Son George packs up and goes off to a city job; daughter Molly is already married to Bill; wife Rose has died. That leaves Mr. Randall all by himself on the big Randall place in Louisiana, with a lot of his land exhausted, too much stock for one fellow to tend to and too many acres to plant. A man can go from lonesome to shittier to worse, or he can figure, as Mr. Randall does, that he isn't finished just because he's abandoned, and that if the first family he raised has left him, there's time to raise a second.

For he isn't so old, and he gets to thinking about the barefoot Red Bone girl down the road a piece. She is Temple Hamper, who stands day after day fishing in the creek near where he hoed. White women would rather live in the city, he has discovered; anyway, he isn't young enough nor well enough off for a white woman. So though he knows how some folks in his neighborhood feel about the Red Bones, or Spanish white as they call themselves, he ups and asks Temple

how she'd like to live in the big house with him.

She would, she says. After they settle down to the daily chores in the fields together, after he becomes used to her ways about his home, he decides, though it seems unnecessary to her, to marry her. That's pretty hard for George to take, and Molly won't take it at all. These Red Bones, with skin darker than whites' and lighter than Negroes', are almost illiterate. Temple, and Randall too, are not educated enough to philosophize about race relations; they just solve them, for after all they are intelligent. A determined couple, they make a happy life for themselves, a life so happy it is worth fighting for when a white-sheeted gang threatens it.

They are a rare couple, too, simple and honest, trying doggedly to master their personal and social problems. Sharing in their delights and appalled at their tragedies, the reader will remember them with a lasting affection. Tillery is a name to add to the large list of distinguished southern writers.



Daylight saving bill passed by city council says to move ahead one hour "clocks and other timepieces." This no doubt means that local sundials will have to be tilted 60 minutes to the west, hour glasses must be speeded up, radio announcers will give time signals BEFORE hour-long commercials, and song "An Hour With You" will come out "Sixty Seconds of Fast Smooching."



Walter Ball, cagey cougar-bagger at Detroit, shot three more big cats last week, bringing season total to 12. Willy Walt nails the fearless felines with a single-shot .22 pistol. (The big coward takes aim first, though) Walt is still searching for his three dogs, missing since the battle. After they treed the last cougar, says Walt, the hounds took off in howling confusion—probably rounding up a few grizzlies for practice.

Out-of-town madam didn't get far with a high Salem city official last week . . . she inquired about opening shady establishment here . . . was informed her whole she-bang might get tossed into the local clink . . . result—she left town.

Department of total confusion: Responses to The Statesman population guessing contest have come from as far away as Sharonville, Ohio . . . one guess was slightly over 10,000,000 (yes, 10 million—must have been guessing on number of nuts in Willson park) . . . one from Jefferson decided that Salem was threatening to crowd that city and might nuzzle up to Los Angeles in a short time . . . What's going to happen in event of a tie . . . or multitudinous ties? . . . We'll use our best two-sided coin (the one showing Spring on one side, pair of red tiansneis on the other and yours truly in the middle.)

Census culls: . . . Lady census taker, out reckoning noses one day, made first call at a farm house . . . just in time to find out Daddy of house had been kicked by a horse and seriously injured . . . enumerator laid aside pencil and compass and made frantic call for ambulance . . . no ambulance . . . finally got local fire department and injured man hauled off to hospital on fire truck . . . lady counter so excited had to go home for rest of day.

Another female population computer reported she did not know how much money she made but that she lost seven pounds the first week . . . at Woodburn, census jotter posted sign in postoffice informing public she would be counting on a certain street tomorrow and to "please be home!"

GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



"We oughta start production without delay before the H-Bomb loses its topical value . . ."

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

(presently about half that) and a state of ten million.

We on the Pacific Coast have had very rapid growth. I think we Oregonians are quite surprised over our gain in population and wonder if it will stick. Texas, like California, takes its gains in stride and looks for them to continue. People here really believe in an "expanding economy."

The flow of wealth finds display in streets lined with lovely homes, in many specialty shops and services, and in a higher level of housing, in the negro quarters. (My observation is that the negro's living conditions reflect the general economy of the region—with the negro always at the bottom of the scale). The wealth also helps to support great institutions: Splendid churches, Southern Methodist University which is building complete new quadrangles for law and theology and has just completed a \$2,000,000 science building.

One development deserves note, and that is the plant of the state fair here. This isn't used only ten days a year—it's a year round plant. On its grounds are the Cotton Bowl, a real auditorium, a little theatre, and aquarium and a museum of natural history. Its midway of entertainment concessions opened today.

I have felt for a long time we should make greater use of the Oregon State Fair plant. There, for instance, is the place for the proposed auditorium instead of Bush's Pasture. There should be more initiative used on the part of the fair management and of the community to develop this plant into fuller use.

We had the privilege of seeing through a church plant in one of the fine suburbs of the city. It has just completed an annex for church school and related activities, at a cost of \$500,000. Its whole investment is valued at about \$2,000,000. Year before last it raised \$265,000, of which \$110,000 went for general benevolences. It has a membership of 3400. All this in what was a decade and a little more ago mostly a cotton field!

After visiting southern cities which prop up their crumbling buildings to offer them as tourist

her—that they were for my sisters.

"You told me not to bring you anything," I yelled. "You made me swear my life away that I wouldn't. So I didn't."

"Quit teasing me, silly," she said as she tied one of the scarves around her head and the other around her neck, and changed the subject.

I keep wondering what would have happened to me if I hadn't brought something home for my sisters.

Sorry, sisters, I did the best I could. (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Wife's Advice Almost Opens Rift With Wife

By Henry McLemore

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., April 11—How long does a man have to live, and how long does a man have to be married, before he understands that he doesn't understand women?

That's my question for today, men, and if any of you in the audience can answer it, please raise your hands and speak right out.

I have been associating with the softer sex for quite a spell, now, and I can read 'em like an open book—of Sanskrit.

You women go on about your knitting and canasta playing and let me give the men a recent example of what I am talking about.

A few weeks ago, when I was getting ready to make a quick trip to England and Scotland, I asked my wife what she wanted me to bring back to her in the way of gifts.

She assured me with all the vigor at her command that she didn't want me to bring her a single, blessed thing. She even reminded me of gifts I had brought to her in the past, such as a pair of long white gloves which she had no use for, an ostrich feather fan when no one in the United States was carrying one, shoes two sizes too large, a pair of castanets, and a bolt of suit cloth which she said a hermit wouldn't be caught hermitting in.

In spite of all this talk of hers, I said, "Are you real sure? You cross your heart and hope to die what when I get back you won't be disappointed if I don't bring you a thing?" "Remember," I emphasized, "I am going to take you at your word and not shop a second for you in London, Edinburgh, or anywhere else."

She said that was just dandy. Just what she wanted me to do. So fool that I am when it comes to knowing a woman's mind and heart, I didn't buy her so much as a straight pin. I was tempted to when I saw some of the bargains to be had, but I remembered that I was under strict orders from my commander-in-chief, and resisted the temptation.

Well, it's hardly necessary to tell you what happened when I got back, but I will anyway, in the hope that some of you men may profit by it.

When I started unpacking my bags almost the first thing I pulled out was a cashmere sweater I had bought for myself in Scotland.

Jean allowed the sweater was right pretty, and started hovering nearer.

A Dunhill pipe didn't cause much comment, and when I showed her a topcoat I had bought she began to get a little annoyed, and called my attention to the fact that I had a perfectly good topcoat similar to it at home.

Then I drew out two lovely silk scarves from Jacquar, one showing a Grand National scene in vivid colors, and the other a ballet scene in pastel shades. Jean pounced on them with a cry of, "Pleee your heart, darling! I knew you'd bring me something. Aren't they lovely, and just what I wanted!" All the time I was being kissed and hugged I was trying to tell her that the scarves weren't for

attractions, it is a tonic to visit Dallas, so new it shines, offering neither climate nor history (though Texas has history under six flags) as lure for settlers or visitors.

But we are off tomorrow for Amarillo and the cow country—points northwest.

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Sit the ornament on the table and leave it lay there."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "defalcate"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Instpid, decrepid, intrepid, interpretation.
4. What does the word "prodigal" (adjective) mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ef that means "radiant"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Place the ornament on the table and let it lie there."
2. Pronounce de-fal-kat, e as in me unstressed, first a as in second a as in ate, accent second syllable. 3. Decrepid. 4. Given to reckless extravagance. "Good harvests make men prodigal, bad ones provident."—Proverb. 6. Effulgent.

Now you Know!

The answers to everyday insurance problems *

By Sid Boise



QUESTION: We live out of town and often use a small utility trailer to haul groceries and sacks of chicken feed behind our car. Is any special form of automobile insurance needed to cover the trailer? Any extra premium?

ANSWER: No, if it is a regular utility trailer, attached to a private passenger car, it is covered without extra charge. The exceptions are, display, production, home, office, demonstration or passenger trailers which must be covered separately.

* If you'll address your own insurance questions to this office, we'll try to give you the correct answers and there will be no charge or obligation of any kind.



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