

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother!

"For May will have no slogardye"
—Chaucer (The Knights Tale)
Indeed, Maytime is not for thumb-twiddling. The universal pulse-quickening seems to affect more than adolescents reconnoitering the opposite sex. There's much asid besides moon-gazing expeditions.
You'll notice, for instance, that politicians get nimble-footed about this time. President Truman is coming to Oregon this month. So is Senator Morse. The May primaries are not far off.
Likewise, May Day is the cue for labor to set more industriously in pursuit of less-work-more-pay. Pickets are to line up before the nation's telephone exchanges this morning. And in Europe, there will be workmen's demonstrations celebrating Labor Day (May 1).
There will be capers of another color, too. Egged on by communist agitators, the Labor Day marchers in past years have sometimes turned their parades into riots. May Day became a Red Letter Day in more than one sense. This year, attention centers on Berlin where today will be marked by "alert" orders to 8,000 allied troops in readiness for any kind of trouble.
That's how May Day looks on page one. No slogardye there.

For a merrier month of May we'll have to turn to the society pages where, we're happy to note, May will have no slogardye, either. The Statesman's Maxine Buren and Jeremy English haven't forgotten the traditional aspects of this moribund holiday. Mayhap their cheerful pre-occupation with things feminine will yet rescue it from doleful stories on page one and restore it to its ancient place among—as they say in Sunday's women's section—"flowers and queens."
For May, fragrant heir of April's showers and busy anticipant of June's brides, was, in olden times, welcomed with much merrymaking on its first day. It was one of the year's gayest holidays, unburdened with religious significance or patriotic speechmaking or memorials to this or that worthy individual or memorable event. Its sole purpose was to pay homage to youth and beauty, floral and human. It was a day set aside for people to go a-maying—to gather hawthorne (may) blossoms and woodbine, smell the cowslips, and keep a sharp eye out for the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, the sooner to crown her queen o' the May, my dear!

Perhaps this innocence, this lack of emphasis on weighty matters is what caused the greybeards, unable to chase after either the may or the May queens, to spoil it with their speeches. And the Reds, who have no use for contentment at all, ruined it with their riots.
But there's hope as long as newspapers still feature pictures of little girls tip-toeing through the tulips and of big girls doing the same—and then presiding at engagement teas and walking down church aisles. As long as there's no slogardye in the society pages, maybe there'll be a May when the important announcements have nothing to do with news so trivial and temporary as strikes or strife, but will deal only with such glad and urgent and perennial themes as "I'm to be queen o' the May, mother!"

Boom in Housing

Oregon quickly felt the sap of revived business after a hard winter with the increased demand for lumber. That drew men back from the ranks of the unemployed and put them to work in the woods, at the mills, in trucking and railroad. Cash money began to jingle in pockets of workers and then to fill the cash registers of stores, filling stations, taverns. As of the present 1950 is moving along at a prosperous stride.
This stimulus came from the resumption of the building boom. Thanks to mild weather over much of the country house-building got off to a good start with 270,000 dwelling units started in the first quarter of the year which is 60 per cent more than for the same time in 1949. Last year's total was 1,025,000 and 1950 gives every promise of beating that record.
Reflecting increased demand lumber prices have moved up sharply this spring, though they have not regained wartime peaks. Other prices and wages remain fairly steady so the lumber price increase may not serve to dry up business.
The new federal housing act is credited as the stimulator of construction. According to United States News:
"One in each five buyers under Federal Housing Administration is paying less than 10 per cent down. Many get by with 5 per cent. And nearly half of the GI first-mortgage loans are being made now with no down payment at all."
Small wonder the house mortgage debt is the highest in history—now about \$40 billion more than double what it was 10 years ago. Of course incomes are double too; but there is always the danger that incomes may shrink while the debt remains fixed. One protecting factor now is the lower interest rate charged on home mortgages. That helps to reduce the burden.
Anyway, the country is getting more and better housing. That will be here to stay, even if some equities and debts are washed out.

Phi Betes and Gimbels' Girdles

The sort of job-hunt this year's college graduates are up against is graphically illustrated in a want-ad in the New York Times. A mammoth department store advertises for two cub copywriters and specifies "Phi Beta Kappas only."
This three-by-five display ad is more than an indication of the buyer's market in labor. It's more than just good for a laugh. It's canary-food for any educator's worrybird.
Harken to Gimbels' attempt at wit and wile:
"There's nothing wrong with a gentlemanly C—except that it won't buy you a niche here. Only nice genius—y—A's make us do nip-ups. Gimbels' advertising director may be odd, unenlightened, a lone still voice in the wilderness—but she thinks brains signify. If you're the bright type, it's silly to dull your wits doing research on the rainfall in Evening Shade, Arkansas, in 1902. Even a genius can cap a glamorous job."
Let's analyze that a little. Let's put-it in proper perspective first. Fact: Of the thousands of graduates who will be looking for jobs this summer only a minority have the combination of intelligence, diligence, aptitude, responsibility and personality that netted them top grades and a Phi Beta Kappa (scholastic honorary) key. Fact: These bright young people probably could do well in almost any kind of a job (Phi Betes could rake leaves as well as anybody, during the depression). Fact: Right now, America has a surplus of leaf-rakers and a shortage of top-quality doctors, physicists, research specialists in certain fields, scientists, teachers. Fact: Some of the most essential jobs are not commonly thought of as "glamorous."
Obviously, Gimbels' ad manager is shrewd. She makes copywriting look glamorous—fit only for the best brains this nation's universities have trained. She disparages scientific research as a waste of time, no less. Well, that's all right. That's her business.
And if she gets two Phi Beta Kappas, who are capable perhaps of finding a cure for cancer or designing a defense against the atomic bomb, to sit down and write ecstatic descriptions of ladies' figure-forming girdles in flesh pink, maize, azure and black on sale for \$5.98—maybe that's not our business, either. If the cream of this year's college graduates are going to devote their brains and education to "glamorous" jobs and let the jobs that call for advanced study and specialized training go begging—maybe we shouldn't care.
But we do.
Judging from the success of department store advertising, the copywriters do not need the help of Phi Beta Kappas nearly as much as do the people who are writing the political, economic and social future of our nation.

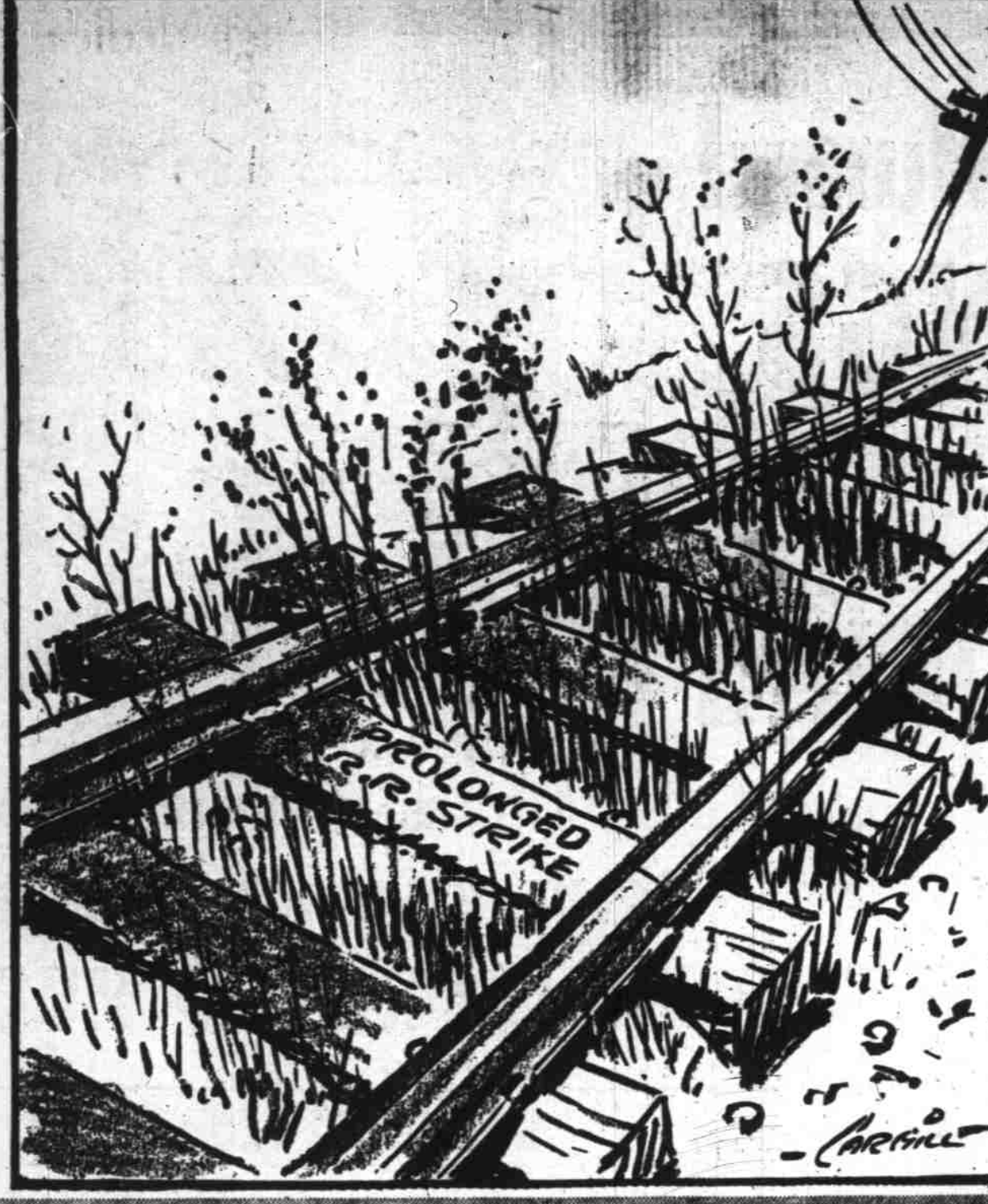
Jim Marr, executive secretary of the AFL for the state, administers a lusty pummeling to Sen. Austin Flegel and ex-Rep. Howard Morgan for their criticism of a seasonality clause adopted in amendments to the unemployment compensation law at the last legislature. Marr ought to remember that this is the "political season" when candidates are out to garner votes—and Flegel and Morgan both will need them.

According to the bulletin of Columbia Empire Industries Oregon has the highest standards of wages, hours and working conditions for women and minors in the United States. Quite a distinction. Add to that a good climate and fairly decent men to marry—girls in Oregon should all be happy.

There's always room at the top for people who don't get dizzy at high attitudes.

Remember old Casey Jones, the railroading gent who copokes like to tuang their gitters about, the locomotive hot-rod who died with his hand on the throttle and his whistle blowing? ... 50th anniversary of his death observed Sunday ... only mention this to remark that Henry A. Cross, father of Travis Cross, both Salem, once fired engine 618 on the Illinois Central from Memphis, Tenn., to Grand, Mass. ... seems that Casey was on the same train but not at the same time ... or something like that ... anyway Cross remembers Jones as a good man when he got his steam up.

Local sand and gravelmen slated to appear at coming city council meeting to enter rock-bottom protest against city's proposal to build its own rock crusher ... S&G boys willing to bet City Manager Franzen a sack of sand against a bucket of pea gravel that city cannot produce crushed gravel cheaper than commercial companies—not, the ysay, if Franzen goes by same rigid specifications he laid down when he sought gravel company bids recently.



Comes the Dawn

Added angles of daylight saving time overlooked by average householder: (1) wives may now mow the lawn AFTER doing the supper dishes instead of before, (2) farmers fumbling with cold hands in early morning darkness may curdle the cream of more sensitive cows, (3) the office worker, who used to use approaching darkness as an excuse for not spading the garden, is sunk, (4) be sure to specify daylight saving or standard time when giving the kids an order or you'll wind up doing time if they ever take it to court, (5) radio program schedules will become even more confusing than heretofore.

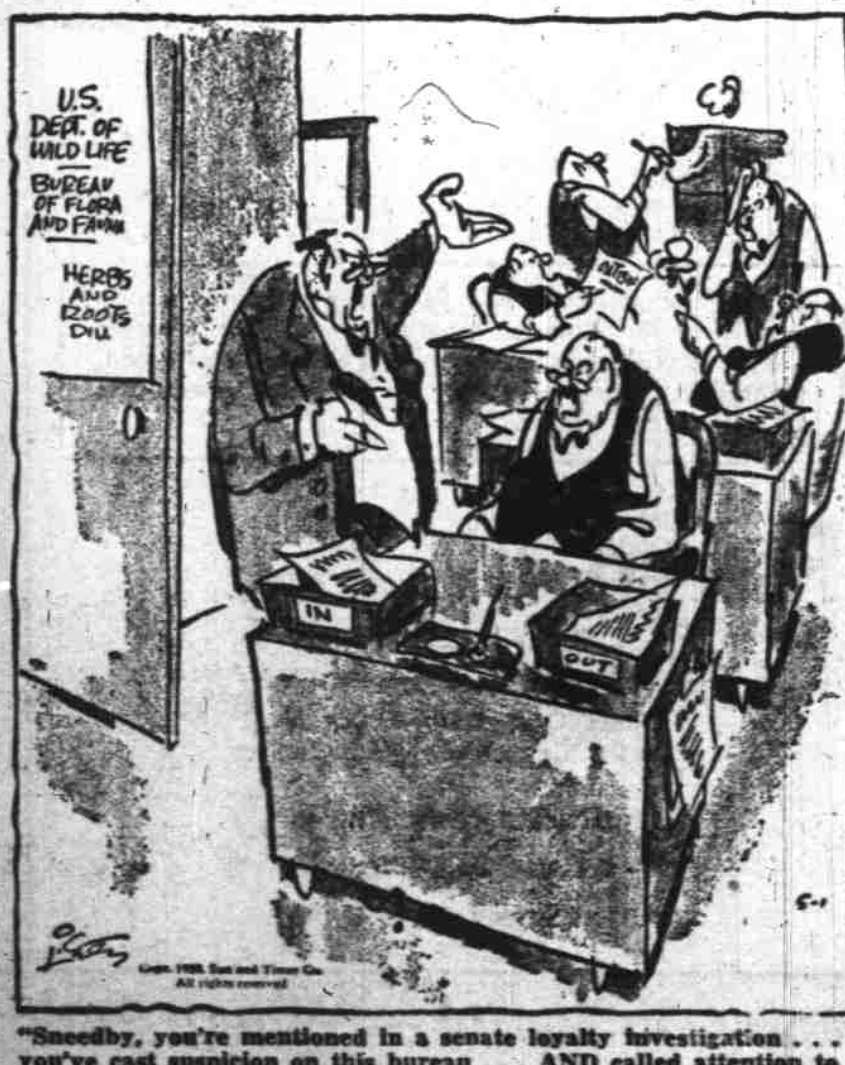
Departure of useless information - how far will gas balloons travel when released ... well, out of 100 turned loose at Capitol shopping center last week about 30 landed in Chemawa district ... where Phyllis Van Antwerp found one with a gift certificate from Hughes women's apparel store ... others no doubt still floating around being photographed as flying saucers.

While the rest of us earn our money the hard way Bob Brandt, store-keeper at Foster, sluices his out of the ground in form of raw gold ... did lot of placer mining on Quartzville branch of South Santiam river last year and came out with quite a poke ... now he's up near Quartzville near Manzanita Bar panning the yellow stuff ... takes along enough of his grocery store to keep him in vital vittles.

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GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



Henry Wants Job of Naming Maneuvers

By Henry McLemore
DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., April 30—I never thought I would voluntarily offer my 6-foot-3, tanned, stalwart body to the United States again.

But here I go. Here I go asking Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, and all the other people who are fighting with and for him, for a job for Henry T. McLemore.

In the last war, I was a foot soldier. Never again. I must have walked 62,327 miles, and what did I get for it? A note from the treasury department saying that I had to pay income tax for every foot I walked, for every cocoon that hit me on top of the head, and for every enemy soldier I tried to kill.

Just between us boys and girls, there is going to be a war between America and Russia. Therefore, I am asking Mr. Johnson now for the job I want. I want to be in sole charge of naming operations.

Too many of our fine military minds are being devoted to thinking up cute, coy and appropriate names for operations. For example, before you can drop seven paratroopers over Winston-Salem, nine generals have to gather together to work out a name for seven paratroopers dropping over Winston-Salem. They are like the old lady who used to name all the Pullman cars. She was paid for her job because she was the sister of someone in the Pullman company, 'way up. When a Pullman car went west, she named it Miss Grand Canyon. When it went north, she named it Belle of Vermont. When it went east, she named it Calvin Coolidge. And when it went south, she named it Magnolia Blossom Smith.

I want the job when trouble comes of naming operations. The job must carry two stars, because two-star generals usually make up the names of operations.

Russia attacks Alaska. Men are sent to repel the invasion. What must that operation be known as? Operation Teddy Bear? Throw it out. Too common. Operation Igloo? It doesn't have enough appeal for the public.

It must be Operation Rub Noses. That will no doubt get me another star. The enemy strikes from the south. I'm alone in my office when they strike. The joint chiefs of defense call me in quickly and say to me: "We must defend this attack, but we cannot defend it until we have a name for our defense. General McLemore, give us a name." Crossing my fat and saucy

who are concerned, and rightly, with spending and huge deficits.

legs. I don't say a thing for five or ten minutes which shows ignorance and wisdom at the same time. Then, uncrossing my fat and saucy legs, and asking my bat boy to shine my stars to their best brilliance, I speak in this vein:

"The enemy is coming from the south, huh? Well, we could call it Operation High Charge if they are hitting Miami. If they are going to strike us around Palm Beach, I suggest that we name our defense Operation Mrs. Harrison Williams. Yes, I suggest we name it in honor of the woman who has been one of the best-dressed women for what seems like ninety-seven consecutive years, much to the regret of Mr. Williams' pocketbook.

"If the enemy changes course and hits us over Dallas, there's only one possible name we can have for the operation—Operation Neiman-Marcus. If I may tell you gentlemen one thing, I would like to tell it to you now—if they ever fly over Neiman-Marcus, and the Russian boys don't bail out to see the girls who work in Neiman-Marcus, then we have only idiots to deal with."

I think that I have summed up my mental approach toward my coming warfare. I have offered to take the trouble of being cute and coy and quite unfunny for the men who are paid and respected to direct us in conflict.

The name of this column is Operation Swarmer.

Operation Swarmer is the one that they just held with the airborne boys, and wouldn't it have been simpler just to call it Operation Boy-Who-Can-and-Don't-Get-Paid-For-It-While-Being-Watched-By-Men-Who-Couldn't-and-Get-Credit-If-the-Boys-Who-Can-Accomplish-It? (Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Better English

- By D. C. Williams
1. What is wrong with this sentence? "When I met him a week back, he told me his work was completely finished."
 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "malpractice"?
 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Sacramento, predicament, impedament, firmament.
 4. What does the word "gentility" mean?
 5. What is a word beginning with ve that means "acting with great force"?

- ANSWERS
1. Say, "When I met him a week ago, he told me his work was (omit completely) finished."
 2. Pronounce both a's as in at, principal accent on second syllable. 3. Impediment. 4. Dignity of birth. "Gentility without ability is worse than plain beggary."
 5. Vehelement.
- Proverb. 5. Vehement.

The Safety Valve

To the Editor:
Do the people of Salem and Marion County know there are 3,069 counties in the United States and that our Marion county courthouse was selected as one of the four most magnificent structures in the United States? Do they know that the Marion county courthouse is a magnificent structure for the placing of the Flemish type of electric, carillon bells for amplification

of sound through the four windows above the clock tower, so they can be heard a distance of 14 miles in the country? Do you not think this would be something worthwhile for the citizens of Salem, Marion county and for visitors to the State of Oregon?

A movement has been started to obtain those bells. Why not preserve the Marion county courthouse for the good of the people, for a museum and for bells to play sweet music to the visitors to our state?

Renska L. Swart
738 N. Front St.
Salem

Literary Guidepost

MOON GAP, by Ann Chidester (Doubleday; \$2.75)
Cassie King, her father Miles and her brother and sister Eddie and Rose are lost, groping people in the once bustling and now dead mining town which gives this novel its title.

FOR INSURED SAVINGS
SEE First Federal Savings First
Current Dividend 2 1/2 %
1st Federal Savings and Loan Ass'n.
143 So. Liberty

New Shirt, You Hurt

Why is it true that new shirts are always so stiff that it hurts? They're always too dirty to wear. And when they get soft, I do swear,
—J.W.S.

NOW!
FOR 1
SHOE SALE
At LEON'S
Buy the first pair of the regular price ... get the second pair FREE!
It's for 10 days only ... the biggest shoe sale in Salem ... Famous brands ... all at exactly 2 for the price of 1!

British Concerned Over Continual Failure of Army to Wipe Out Malaya Guerrilla Forces

By James D. White
AP Foreign News Analyst
WASHINGTON, April 30 (AP)—The British and the communists in Malaya are fighting each other in a race against time.
The British are trying to knock out Red terrorist bands in the jungles before communists help can reach them from China, possibly via the communist part of Vietnam.
The communists, for their part, appear to be trying to attract attention (and possible help) by a recent spurt of the damaging raids which have become their specialty.
To the British this is a hot war, one where they spent \$100,000 a day throwing plans and a total of around 15,000 troops into the tedious hunt for the jungle terrorists. Doubtless the struggle seems equally warm to the Reds, who are credited with about 4,000 full-time operators and perhaps 10,000 part-time