

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Zither Dither

Salem moviegoers who saw "The Third Man" will understand why the Zeitgeist is harkening back to antiquity when the zither was cometh and nothing could be finer than Dinah and her dulcimer.

There is something haunting about the strange sounds produced on medieval instruments. Listening to these forerunners of our modern music equipment is sort of like meeting your own ancestors, alive. You feel you ought to recognize them. It is as though you can't help feeling that you've heard that song before—somewhere in some happier youth.

And that feeling is just what people are looking for nowadays. Witness the revival of appreciation for the Twenties' foot-tappin' lowdown-and-dirty Dixieland jazz; or the renewed interest in oldtime barn-raising-variety, punkin-pie-and-cider fiddle-playin' and square-dancin'. The popular fancy may yet retrogress as far into the past as the 14th century and the zither may yet become a part of our great looking-backward (to avoid facing the future) movement.

That's why we'll predict that you'll be hearing a lot more of the zither and its centuries-old contemporaries. Played chiefly in the mountains of Bavaria and Switzerland where other ancient instruments like the wooden alphorn have had no competition from the saxophone, the zither was practically unheard-of in this country until Hollywood discovered an unknown plucking away at a zither in a Vienna bistro. Now millions of people have been introduced to this melancholy sounding-board-with-strings via the film. Add they like it.

And if the public likes it, it won't be long before you'll get it from every jukebox in the country. The name bands will start including a zither player, just like, while-bebop was with us, they added Afro-Cuban drummers. Instead of a Firehouse Five Plus Two and their New Orleans beat, we'll have Zee Zeeback and her Ethy Zombies, zealously twanging the zither, tooting the zinke (13th century wood-and-leather cornetto, forerunner of our cornet), the zwerchfloete (flute), the zuffalo (primitive pipe), the zourna (ancient shawn or oboe), the zimalon (with strings struck by hammers in the player's hands), the zilafone (xylophone) and the zel, a percussion gadget like cymbals.

Zounds, man! What a real combo that will be! It will take you right back to the good old days when the minstrels, troubadours and minnesingers made one-night stands. And THEY juggled, too!

Navy Gets Extra Appropriation

To the thirteen billion odd dollars in the regular budget for military purposes, the house has added \$350,000,000 for modernization of the navy and development of its weapons. The addition gives rather belated recognition to the continued importance of this arm of the service, and particularly the country's dependence on the navy for protection against submarines.

The new German-type subs which Russia is building in numbers are much more formidable than the old subs. They can travel long distances without surfacing, and they are equipped to repel radar detection. The great menace they present is not just in demoralizing shipping as German subs did in two wars but in serving as platforms for guided missiles, for planes bearing atomic or hydrogen bombs.

The navy has been working hard to prepare adequate defense against submarine warfare. The extra appropriation will give it "sinews of war" to finance its projects.

"You can't take it with you"—or can you? According to this AP story maybe you can:

LOS ANGELES, May 6—(AP)—Louise Overell Cannon, acquitted two years ago of a parent-murder charge, will receive \$300 a month from their insurance policies for the rest of her life and later will receive nearly \$150,000 from their estates.

The Downticker Hunt

Ever go snipe-hunting? Usually, one doesn't go; one is taken. And for him who gets took it is usually not as much fun as for them who take.

Confused?—Well, that's what always happens when you go snipe-hunting.

The snipe, also known as the long-billed

downticker, is an elusive—and in this case, an illusive—bird, whose swift, irregular flight is hard to follow, to say the least. It's a game bird and gunning for it is considered great sport. Bagging it is greater sport, however, and it is to the latter that we refer.

The game requires no snipe at all, only a schnook, a fall guy, or, in the vernacular, a sucker, and a group of jolly characters who are in the know. The knowing ones invite the gullible geezer to go snipe-hunting, preferably some dark moonless night. The equipment for this safari consists of one burlap sack, large and one flashlight, ordinary. The hero is led out to some forsaken spot in the bushes, directed to hold up the lighted flashlight and to hold open the burlap sack. His companions then depart in all directions to beat the underbrush and flush out the snipe, which birds are then supposed to head straight-away into the schnook's trap.

But what, ha ha happens? The conspirators make for the bushes and keep right on going to yuk themselves silly over a bottle of pop—while our hero stands patiently out in the woods, holding aloft the torch and holding the bag.

Moral: Certain senators in Washington should note the similarity of snipe-hunting to fishing for red herrings.

One Weak Link Eliminated

A man who bears one of the most honored names in science, Frederic Joliot-Curie, has been dismissed as head of the French atomic energy commission because he is a communist.

Thus one of the weakest links in the West's defense set-up is removed and, presumably, a stronger one will be put in its place.

Joliot-Curie, taking advantage of the traditional French tolerance for any and all political beliefs, has openly declared his devotion to Moscow and has maintained, indeed, that French atomic research is only for peaceful ends since no "progressive" scientist would ever permit his work to be used for war, i.e. against Russia. But any atomic research is related to atomic research as a whole—and most of that, at this time, is related to atomic weapons. As a partner in the Atlantic treaty with Britain and the U.S., France's atomic program has been of considerable concern to the West.

Ideally, the U. S.-Anglo-French partnership would mean free interchange of secret information of mutual interest, information on the progress of atomic research in all three nations. But Americans rightly have refused to give any critical information to France because of Joliot-Curie's disloyalty.

We say disloyalty because a true communist recognizes no national loyalty; he is loyal only to the communist cause. As a scientist, Joliot-Curie, of course, could claim that he must be allowed to do his work in an atmosphere of freedom in which no one questioned his politics. The Reds are always quick to stand for individual liberties in the democracies as long as they can use freedom for their own purposes. Joliot-Curie was in a perfect position to use his freedom to betray France and the cause of freedom, just as another communist atomic scientist, Dr. Klaus Fuchs, used his job and his freedom in Britain to pass American and British atomic secrets to Russia.

The Union Pacific has bought the General Motors "train of tomorrow" and rumor has it will operate the train on the Portland-Seattle run. That run cries aloud for streamliner service. The line is double-tracked, connects two large cities with important minor cities between. The vista dome of this train would give passengers good views of Mt. Hood, the Columbia river, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Rainier, Puget Sound, the Olympics. We have wondered many times why this "natural" run for a streamliner wasn't used. Maybe the progressive UP will break the ice and use "tomorrow's" train today.

Friday's Statesman contained an illustration of one of the great sculptures to flank the approach to the new Arlington bridge in Washington, D.C. Of local interest was the name of the sculptor, Leo Friedlander, who did the sculptures for the Oregon state capitol. The Arlington group of figures—horse, man and woman—are in classic style and remind one of the massive sculptures Friedlander made to flank the approach to our capitol.

Chinese Reds Say They'll Meet Famine Crisis; Scoff at American Aid as Means of 'Enslaving'

By James D. White
AP Foreign News Analyst

After six weeks of silence about a famine they still call a calamity affecting 40 million people, the Chinese government has decided to take care of it themselves.

This decision has been announced in a series of bitter, prideful statements broadcast by the Peiping radio. They display far more anti-American propaganda than actual famine figures or concrete ways to cope with famine.

The big theme is that the Chinese are not "such a bunch of idiots" as to accept American famine relief which would mean Americans getting back into China to "enslave the Chinese people."

picture and how the CPRA will deal with it: About 40 million people are affected. Of these, "60 per cent will soon overcome the deficiency period by means of organization of production and with a little additional help; another 20 per cent have no need of relief, while those who need immediate relief, because they were seriously affected and have either no labor power or too little, make up only about 20 per cent."

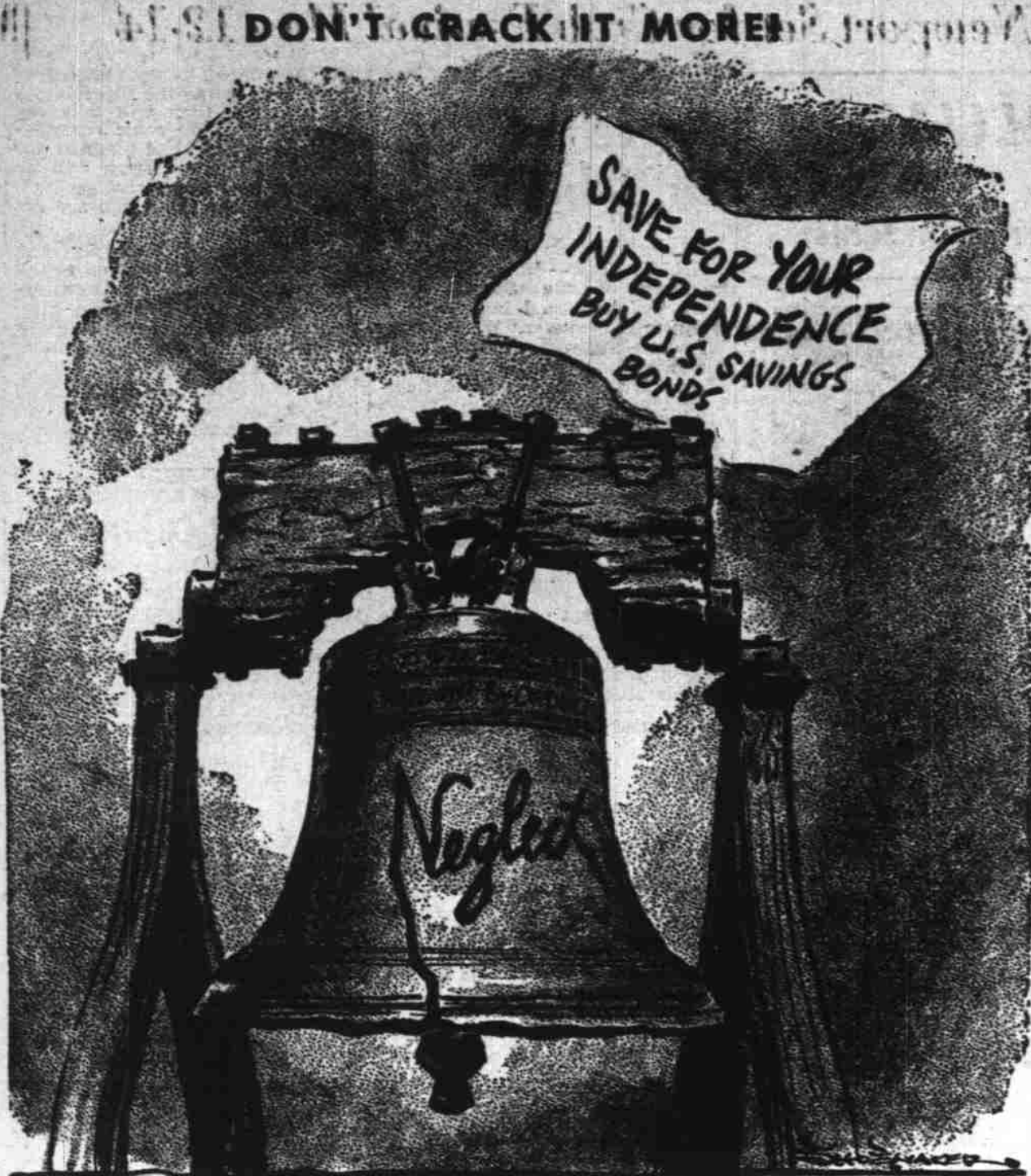
Balanced against the frequent reports of people eating bark and grass, Tung's reference to the 20 per cent who "have no need of relief" raises this question—didn't they ever need it, or are they just past needing it? However, that may be. Tung says this is what will be done: More than a million tons of grain will be shipped from Manchuria this year. Another half million tons will be moved to surplus areas in central and south China. To do this, a "mass transportation network" is being organized to carry grain, supplementing the normal rail, highway, and canal routes.

It seems probable, in view of their efforts to rebuild transport and their success in supplying their armies during the civil war with very primitive means, that the Reds have more transport facilities at their disposal for this purpose than any previous Chinese government.

However they are up against the ancient law that limits the moving of food in China by primitive means. This is simply the fact that a ricksha coolie or donkey eats up all he can carry in 100 or 150 miles.

The broadcasts made not the slightest suggestion that Soviet Russia may be offering any food to relieve the crisis. Instead, the Chinese will make do with what they have. Above all, they will not fall for American offers of relief that might be designed to "drive a wedge between the Chinese people and communists."

This decision is ascribed entirely to the new relief association, which argues that the famine wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for "imperialism."



Cartoon by Vaughn Shoemaker of the Chicago Daily News. U. S. Treasury Department



Local radio station had copy of stirring speech prepared for long-time devout republican candidate . . . just before talk was aired (over the network, that is) a busy-body discovered that GOP politico ended composition with: "And my motto is a fair deal for all" . . . after everyone recovered the motto was changed to "a square deal for all" . . . after all, there are more points and sides to a square.



If you're looking for something to celebrate, this week is the time to do it . . . whoever it is who dreams up these observances really hit the jack pot . . . try these on for size—Be Kind to Animals Week (stop treating your dog like a husband); National Hearing Week (. . . and if, dear voters, I am elected . . .); National and Inter-American Music Week (Down By the Old Mill Stream—Where the Government is Building a Dam); National Family Week (comes just before Mother's Day); National Bow Tie Week (get the large size and on a hot day you can fan yourself); and National Cutlery Week (sharpen up those dull knives the kids are playing with.)

And today is the fifth anniversary of V-E Day . . . war ended in Europe on a Tuesday—five years and eight months after it started . . . cost six million lives (750,000 Americans) and one trillion dollars . . . GIs made ready to take down their pin-ups at a moment's notice to come home . . . slogan was "rap the Japs" . . . at UN conference Molotov, described as mild-mannered, effective statesman, said the great powers must "now work for peace."

Signs of spring (or something) . . . Mrs. Margaret Nelson, lives three miles west of Keizer school, said Sunday she saw a juvenile deer (fawn) run past her house . . . good thing it is courthouse which is one hour behind daylight saving time, instead of city hall . . . startling enough when courthouse clock strikes 12 times at 1 o'clock but it would be disastrous if that city hall siren was off schedule.

Willamette university's weekly calendar notes that on Thursday "Portland university will vs. Willamette in baseball" . . . not with the public watching, we hope.

Official of U.S. Fish and Wildlife service says he is going to try to transplant foreign game birds to America . . . explains that "servicemen who saw or hunted exotic game birds overseas during war may have some species to hunt here" . . . should prove interesting because only things most servicemen hunted overseas were krauts and japs, quail, loose fraulens, clean clothing, excuse to sleep late, passes, a sure-fire cure for athletes' foot, sneaky-pete, and a way home.

GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



"Yesterday I discovered a new miracle drug . . . today HE discovered a miracle drug which made mine obsolete . . . then everything went black . . ."

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "It is imperative that we cooperate together."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "plural"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Coincidence, misalliance, reminiscence, continuance.
4. What does the word "hiatus" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with an "a" that means "uneasiness of mind"?

ANSWERS

1. Omit together. 2. Pronounce ploor-al, oo as in book, not as in too. 3. Misalliance. 4. A gap or opening; interruption. (Pronoun-

ce hi-a-tus, I as in high, a as in ate, accent second syllable.) "There came a hiatus in their talk." 5. Anxiety.

Ways in Washington

By Jane Eads
WASHINGTON —(AP)— When the Library of Congress invited some 5,000 big-shot to view its special 150th birthday exhibits, staff members from scrub-woman on up pitched in to provide refreshments. Members of the Welfare and Recreation association—and especially its offspring, the Cooking club—collected small contributions to buy food and drink and pastel paper plates and cops. From their own homes they brought flowers, candles and other items such as punch bowls, real lace table cloths and vases.

It wasn't right to invite official Washington, library heads from all over this country and Europe, college presidents and such, just to look and not eat, they felt. People get hungry when they look. They knew the guests were coming so they "baked a cake." The result was something which would have made the richest embassy, on the most lavish of expense accounts sit up and envy. It was all done voluntarily by staff members who cooked for days in advance, after hours, at home. No hired catering job, this.

"We had no appropriations for

Literary Guidepost

THE TWIN ADVENTURES: THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM SAROYAN, a diary, and THE ADVENTURES OF WESLEY JACKSON, a novel, by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace; \$3)

How a man, empty-handed and with nothing up his sleeves, pulls the rabbit out of the hat is described in this volume. The first part is the hat: The diary kept by Saroyan for 34 days in August and September, 1944, while he was living in London. The second part is the rabbit: The Wesley Jackson novel planned, written and edited in that short period. The novel was published in 1946, but the diary is new, and the juxtaposition of the two is new and revelatory.

The novel was written in the midst of innumerable distractions such as buzz bombs, food and tobacco problems, the lack of exercise, illness. While at work, says Saroyan, he likes other things to do. He had them.

His over-all model was "Huckleberry Finn"; his themes are song, aspiration, error, vanity, hate. In general he remarks that "the thing I want in a piece of writing is smiling" . . . and how characteristic that is, we reflect, of all he has written. In particular, since he loves the number three, he plans for 33 chapters, and maybe 69,000 words (a number divisible by three); on the



(Continued from page 1)

expense) ostensibly to dedicate Grand Coulee dam (which has been pouring out electric energy for years).

At Pendleton the president will make one of his major speeches, with a national radio hookup to carry it across the country. Other rear platform appearances will be at Ontario, Huntington, Baker, LaGrande and Umatilla. Another major address will be given at Grand Coulee.

Anything the president says on this trip is bound to be political. So we may expect an endorsement of CVA in his Grand Coulee speech. And his other speeches will be in measure repeats of the 1948 line when he jabbed the eightieth congress as the "second worst" in history. (What will he say of the 81st which to date has enacted very, very little of the program he laid out for it?)

The president definitely seeks to increase the strength of pro-administration forces in congress; but the result in the Florida primary when Senator Pepper was defeated and a conservative democrat nominated was not a propitious forecast for Truman's success.

Mr. Truman is our president and as loyal Americans we should give him a cordial welcome when he visits Oregon. But that is only a diverting interlude for us. The major business in the next eleven days is to make up our minds on whom to nominate for public offices at stake in this year's election in city, county, and state. In this period The Statesman will make its comments on men and measures, in the full realization that the decisions rest with the people.

Lincoln and Lew

Lew Wallace comes up with an apt recollection. "It took Lincoln nine tries before his election." Abe's life sets the finest example we know. That leaves Mr. Wallace Six elections to go. —J.W.S.

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Ways in Washington

entertainment." Mrs Mildred Porter, secretary of the library told me. "We figured only about 3,500 of those invited would come, but everybody seemed to be accepting. We worked even harder as time went on." Mrs. Porter was chairman of the refreshment committee. Miss Elsie Fetter, secretary to Dr. Ernest Griffith, director of the legislative branch, was put in charge of meat balls; chairman of cheese was Marlene Wright, special assistant to the librarian, Dr. Luther Evans.

Mrs. Porter says she was able to buy most of the stuff at whole sale prices. She ordered 500,000 little cocktail rolls, two hams and two turkeys. Miss Helen Bullock of the library research staff prepared the turkeys for baking. Staffers made 8,000 cookies at home. One male member made a thousand little buns. The Sunday before the event a group got together for a "meat ball-rolling party."

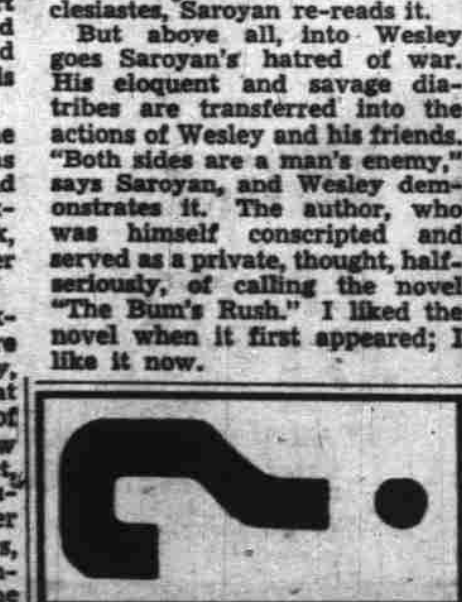
Sixty-five pounds of ham, veal and beef went into meat loaves and 40 pounds of different kinds of cheeses perked up with many spices were spread out to tempt the guests on buffet tables in the Whitall Pavilion at the library. Loaves of bread, stuffed with panama cheese, dill pickle and ham were cut into little rounds. Carlos Garcia, husband of a staff member, made tidbits of Puerto Rican bananas, sliced and fried, like potato chips.

Tenant Finally Ousted After Gas Barrage

PORTLAND, Ore., May 7—(AP)— Gas masked police crawled into an apartment room to overpower and haul out a tenant who had withstood a tear gas seige for two hours today.

Sgt. Dean Blockwood said Earl R. Miller, age 46, had threatened his landlady and then kept a police squad at bay with a shotgun later found to be empty of shells. Miller had recently been ordered to leave the apartment building, the sergeant reported. He was removed to a veterans' hospital for observation.

LENOX CHINA



Now Henry, Who's Talking Politics Now!

By Henry McLemore

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., May 7—A fellow wearing a Dewey button walked up to me on the street today and asked me an outright question. He wanted to know if I really believed President Truman was sincere when he said that the transatlantic trip he is now on was non-political.

I said yes, I did. Before I could do anything about it the man with the Dewey button snapped a lie detector on my arm, exclaiming as he adjusted the apparatus, "We'll see about that!"

Folks, never in your life did you hear such a racket, or witness such goings-on, as when that lie detector went to work. It buzzed like fifty rattlesnakes in an oil drum. Wheels and cogs flew into the air. The needle on the graph performed gyrations never seen under a circus tent. People 15 paces away were scorched by the sparks, and they hopped around screaming, "I take it back. I take it back."

President Truman's trip could no more be non-political than paying alimony could be fun. To ask him to go ten days without talking politics would be like asking General MacArthur not to salute the colors.

Mr. Harry got to his high office—reliably said to be one of the best offices in the whole country—because he was and is a politician. It is as natural for him to play that role at all times as it is for DiMaggio to play his as a centerfielder.

I couldn't swear to it, but I'd bet that when he greets Miss Bess good morning that he turns on just the same sort of smile that he has turned on for millions of voters throughout the years. Margaret, I'll bet, isn't forgotten either. When he congratulates her after a concert he isn't just a proud father, but a politician as well, turning on the charm automatically to keep her vote.

No doubt but that being a politician is so much in Mr. Truman's blood that when he can't fall asleep at night he counts votes jumping into a ballot box, not sheep clearing a fence.

It wouldn't surprise me either that when he does fall asleep he often dreams of growing up to be president of the United States.

Mr. Truman's trip calls for very few speeches, but it is amazing how often a train can stop when the engineer has been tipped off that no one will mind if he drives the train in fits and jerks. And what is more natural, when the train is halted between these fits and jerks, than Mr. Truman getting a little fresh air on the platform of the observation car?

Continuing, what is more natural than his saying a few words to the crowd accidentally gathered under the accidental guidance of the Democratic chieftain in that area? If he stood there without saying a word he not only would be considered ungracious, but might be mistaken for the late Calvin Coolidge.

I trust this satisfies the man with the Dewey button. (Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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