

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Legislative Candidates

With twelve republican candidates for the four nominations for state representative one is inclined to throw up his hands in trying to thread his way down the list and make recommendations. Picking the four who will win and the order in which they will place would be really a "double quinnella" that would pay off well on a gamble. Three of the candidates have had legislative experience, two have previously been candidates for the office, one ran in 1948 for a county office, others are untested as vote-getters.

The only incumbent seeking reelection is John F. Steelhammer, a five-term member of the house. Steelhammer has matured, shows better self-control; is alert to politics like a sensitive plant. He is under handicap because of some of his associations (John Hall for example) but gives evidence of trying to act independently as a member of the legislature. His ability on the floor is also a factor in his favor; and we feel he should be renominated.

Two years ago we endorsed Roy L. Houck, local contractor, and would repeat the recommendation this year. He is a practical man whose sound judgment should be helpful in the field of legislation.

We believe the republican party should give its younger members a chance, especially when one as promising for development as Mark Hatfield comes along. If Houck and others can supply the practical experience Hatfield, who is a young professor at Willamette can provide knowledge gained from the study of history and political theory. His interest in political affairs began years ago when he was in high school.

We'll leave the way clear for the number four man as we find it hard to single out one of the nine remaining. They are:

E. E. "Doc" Boring, Salem optometrist, civic-minded, who has worked faithfully on campaigns for sale of war bonds, Red Cross drives, and been active in Republican club affairs.

George E. Emigh, jr., manager of Salem Senators, former high school coach, interested in boys' work and prison and reformatory betterment.

Lloyd Girod, former principal of Richmond school, now merchant at Idanha. Clean-cut, vigorous; the only candidate from outside the Salem area which ought to give him strength.

H. R. "Farmer" Jones served in three legislative sessions but lost the nomination in 1948, one vote behind Steelhammer on the final count. Is buyer of dried fruits and nuts and resident on a farm near Salem. His previous experience in the legislature and as candidate gives him an "assist" this time.

Gene Malecki, genial professional master of ceremonies and promoter of community festivals, wants to serve the people in the legislature. He's another candidate on the younger side.

Ivan G. Martin, Salem attorney, represented the county in the house from 1917 to 1922, three regular and five special sessions. Interested in the musicians' union, fraternal organizations. Long-time (since 1898) resident of Marion county.

Lee V. Ohmart, native of Marion county, whose family goes back to pioneer days, was employed at courthouse for eight years, two years as clerk pro tem.; now realtor, which gives him knowledge of property and taxation problems. New in politics but a sound citizen.

B. E. "Kelly" Owens, automobile dealer, prominent in veterans' affairs, former commander of the American Legion, former chairman republican county committee. Everybody knows Kelly Owens.

Richard G. "Dick" Severin, insurance and real

estate business in Salem, now making a break in politics. Veteran first world war.

There's the list. Republican voters will have to sort out four as party nominees next Friday.

One of Three

Maybe it is improper for The Statesman as a republican newspaper to inspect the democratic paddock and check on the entries. But the governorship of the state is so important that we feel warranted in making observations on the current contest for the democratic nomination among three: Austin Flegel, Walter J. Pearson and Lew Wallace.

For what it is worth we recommend Flegel as the one to nominate. He seems far more dependable than either of his opponents. Pearson we put at the bottom of the list, both in capacity and character. Lew Wallace is apt to be erratic though if left alone, free from pressures and brainstorms he is fundamentally sound. Flegel has made some concessions to political favor, but has stopped short of wild promises to catch votes.

We observe that democratic leaders of repute are backing Flegel, and that is a good guide for members of the party.

Editorial Comment

Why Throw Away Your Vote?

The Republicans have not controlled the government for close to 18 years. Naturally they would like to get into power again. But if the Republican slogan for Oregon's May 19th primary—"nominate a regular Republican" prevails throughout the country as a whole, they might as well give up. Under such a slogan the GOP won't control the country for another 18 years.

For the American people are fed up on "REGULAR Republicans." "Regular Republicans," to them, mean the old fashioned Republicans, the low-wage and high-tariff group that haven't learned anything since the good old days of William McKinley, Mark Hanna; and the "full dinner pail."

The people are not looking for "regular" Republicans. Republicans that put regularity above everything. They are looking for PROGRESSIVE Republicans—Republicans who don't want radicalism on one hand or reaction on the other, but do want as leaders, men who are enlightened, up-to-date, competent and intelligent, who realize they are living in a "New World," and if democracy is to survive it must adjust itself to entirely new social and economic demands and concepts.

So the real issue in this coming Republican primary is between this old and new school of Republicanism—the regulars and the progressives, the "Old Guard" and the New. It is also between demonstrated competence, national recognition as represented by Wayne Morse—and no competence—none demonstrated at least—at all, by his opponent.

We can't believe the Republicans of this district—or of the state—will be so short-sighted, so blind to their own self interest, as to fall for the antiquated plea of party regularity. We can't believe they will choose as their nominee, an unknown candidate representing a form of Republicanism as dead as Ramses II, and if upheld as certain to be defeated by the Democratic nominee in November as the sun is to rise tomorrow.

Why throw votes away? Why vote party chances away?

The Mail-Tribune supports Senator Wayne Morse on the ground of principle, sincere conviction and not political expediency. But at this time we are frankly stressing the latter rather than the former.

We are not so much trying to tell the Republicans HOW to vote in the Senatorial Primary, as telling them WHAT their votes will mean.

A vote to replace Wayne Morse on the Republican ticket with Hoover of Eugene on May 19th, if adopted as a national principle will probably mean THIS—Keeping the Republicans protesting impotently on the sidelines for ANOTHER 18 or 20 years—R. W. R.

—Medford Mail-Tribune.

France Takes Initiative in Offering Plan for Unification of European Steel, Coal Complexes

By Joseph Alsop
LONDON, May 15—The temptation is almost irresistible to stress the comic aspects of French Foreign Minister Robert Schuman's proposal for the economic union of the Franco-German coal and steel complexes. Surprise plays precisely the part in international relationships, as the deception of husbands in French farces.

Schuman's vitally important move has surprised and upset enough people to provide laughs for a month.

In brief, the idea of a French initiative at this time was Foreign Minister Schuman's. The idea of taking the initiative by offering economic union of the French coal and steel complexes, with the British and other continental producers coming in if they choose, was the idea of the great war-time administrator, Jean Monnet. In the preparatory phase, absolute secrecy was the rule, for the very good reason that the "Comite des Forges," the vastly powerful association of French steel masters, would have stopped the project if they had heard of it in time. Until the American delegation reached Paris, no one knew what was afoot except Monnet, Schuman, French Premier Georges Bidault, of course, and two or three members of Schuman's personal staff.

Even the French High Commissioner to Germany, Andre Fran-

cois Poncet, was left unconsulted, probably because of his longstanding connections with the Comite des Forges.

At their first meeting, Schuman mentioned the project to Secretary of State Acheson, but with so little emphasis or drama that Acheson did not grasp its significance. The cat only really came out of the bag the next day. A member of the American delegation urged members of Schuman's staff to be more constructive, remarking that France had almost abandoned the role of a great power by taking so negative an attitude about Germany. The Schuman-Monnet plan was then fully explained to the excited Americans, just as it was about to be presented to the French cabinet.

Both the Comite des Forges and the communists were purple with fury for obvious reasons. German Socialist leader Kurt Schumacher was anything but pleased, since the French proposal three-quarters ruined his role as the defender of a persecuted Germany in the forthcoming debate on Germany's entry into the Strasbourg Council of Europe. Also very far from delighted were the British.

Irritation at being surprised had its part in the British reaction. Basically, however, the Foreign Office has always distrusted European combinations as being unpredictable and perhaps phony. At the same time, Sir Stafford Cripps's planners have always wished to avoid involvement with the unplanned and self-indulgent economies of the continent.

These British attitudes, in turn, were never really challenged during the whole period when the French insisted they would have no dealings with the Germans without the British joining them. While the French rejected the initiative, the British only had to hold back too, and nothing happened. But the moment the French began talking directly to the Germans, as they now have done in effect, the whole British position was found to be flanked.

Thus all was on dead center when Foreign Minister Schuman brought his cat out of the bag. The pooling of control of French and German heavy industry, plus early revision of the German occupation statute to let Germany sit as an equal in the Council of Europe, will fully meet the requirements of High Commissioner McCloy. With varying degrees of reluctance, the British and other continental powers will probably enter the new heavy industry pool.

A beginning will also be made to substitute really practical safeguards against renewed German aggression for the existing Milt Gross-like mechanisms, so reminiscent of those which failed utterly after the first world war. Finally, when the time comes, the Schuman proposal will also make it possible for Germany's industrial potential to contribute, without due risk, to Western Europe's total strength. In short, unless all sorts of hooks and gimmicks are revealed by the detailed study now in progress, the Schuman proposal is an absolutely major and vital step along the very hard, difficult road toward a German solution.

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Rendering assistance the hard way . . . on busy week end night Salem city first aid men called to scene of bad accident in north Salem . . . on way, aid wagon held up by slow-moving train on 12th street . . . took so long to get to accident site that parties involved finally called a local ambulance . . . on way back to station, first aiders got radio call to hurry to another auto wreck at 13th and Center streets . . . as they came to 12th street, again held up by another train crawling along in opposite direction of first one . . . at last reached wreck where a man lay unconscious—waiting . . . whisked him off to hospital . . . probably only reason they not held up by train this time because they didn't cross any more RR tracks.

Mark Hatfield, campaigning political science professor trying to pinch seat in legislative house, getting unique vocal and musical support from his brother Willamette Beta fraternity members . . . who won northwest song title recently . . . Beta boys got publishers permission to use their lyrics with music of "Dear Hearts and Gentle People," for use on local radio . . . understand Mark himself will personally render, "Leave Us Gather 'Round the May Polls."

Just in nick of time comes National Foot Health week (May 20 to 27) . . . timed nicely for candidates who have busted toe or two kicking rivals in seat of pants . . . next week also National Pickle week—takes the place of Sour Grapes week . . . this week is National First Aid week (everybody take an aspirin) and Monday was Straw Hat day—although most local males failed to step out in their straws, evidently fearing their grass spinners would sprout.

A conceited blue jay has been causing no end of trouble to residents in the 400 block of East Browning avenue and Gardner road for past 10 days . . . seems that terrific racket and clatter has been coming mysteriously from a vacant house there . . . creepy noise can be heard all over the neighborhood out there . . . but when anyone went to investigate noises they would suddenly stop . . . finally neighbors George Beane and George Neuman discovered racket was caused by a flighty blue jay . . . the bird sits on limb near window of old house and pecks at his reflection in glass . . .

Perhaps one reason for postal deficit is that postoffice (Salem) evidently believes its cheaper to return to Massachusetts a letter (to a Salem resident) rather than look up house number in directory . . . envelope had stamp, name, street and city and lacked only number . . . citizen so chagrined he threatens to notify Senator McCarthy.

GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



Of course, you realize what we're letting ourselves in for, visiting the Sneedbys . . . they'll visit us!

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

who are sure of coming home with full creels. Deer are in good numbers, as many as the country will support along with livestock; and elk are sufficiently restored in numbers that limited open seasons are permitted. The great problem for our game conservators is to maintain a balance between animal population and food supplies, and in the case of game fish to restock streams and lakes to provide better fishing. It will take more than five new supervisors to solve the latter problem. Our larger population, improved roads giving access to once remote streams, pollution of waters, etc. have contributed to the decline in game fish. So far larger hatcheries and study of fish biology haven't reversed the trend. The administrative reorganization marks an attempt at improving our game management: acquiring more knowledge of wildlife, more experience in protecting and conserving wildlife resources and greater efficiency in using manpower and scientific knowledge. The public, especially sportsmen, will watch with keen interest what this fresh deal in game administration produces.

Safety Valve

Willamette Student Boosts for Anderson
To the Editor:
It has often been stated that we need more younger persons in our state government and in Steve Anderson Marion County has a Young Republican attorney whom I believe is extremely well qualified for our state Senate. Steve has been nationally prominent in republican activities and now is serving as a national vice president of the Young Republican organization. He is a loyal party worker and yet he studies every issue on its own merits. Both Steve and his wife have been leaders in the Methodist church and in Willamette university affairs. Steve's record of forthright action is one which I think would be an excellent asset to our state senate. RUSSELL TRIPP Willamette Univ.

County Offered Easement for Rail Crossing

Promise that Marion county can have easement for a 60-foot wide crossing, if the county extends its right-of-way across the railroad tracks on Kappaha avenue, was received Monday from Southern Pacific.

The railroad has asked the county to make the extension since the crossing is now private, without any agency responsible for signals. The portion of the railroad west of the tracks is a dedicated road. County Judge Grant Murphy said the county court has not decided yet whether it will accept the crossing. Its portion of the road, running west from highway 88-E north of Salem, became a part of the county road system several years ago and has only a 30-foot right-of-way, compared with the present minimum standard of 60 feet.

Travel Book to Roll Off Statesman Presses Today

"Friendly Faces in Far-away Places," a 320-page book by N. H. Crowell of Hillsboro, is to be off the presses at The Statesman Publishing company today, with first distribution set for schools at several Oregon points.

The book recounts a 600-mile trip on foot into rugged Tibet and jaunts in French Indo-China, Chinese bandit country, Guatemala, the Rhine area, the French cantons of Switzerland, North Africa, Samoa, Bahamas, Jamaica, Ceylon, Java, Arabia and Alaska.

Included are original travel stories by outstanding native writers in 30 distant countries.

Better English

By D. C. Williams
1. What is wrong with this sentence? "In spite of their records, neither Frank nor John were chosen."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "new"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Belligerent, omnipotent, flamboyant, hesitant.
4. What does the word "humiliate" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with es that means "to take away or keep at a distance"?
ANSWERS
1. Say, "Neither Frank nor John was chosen." 2. Pronounce the ew as in few, not noo. 3. Flamboyant. 4. To offend the pride or self-respect of. "The conduct of his wife humiliated him." 5. Estrate.

Henry Takes Part in Longest Fight on Record

By Henry McLemore
DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., May 15 — Before the next Information Please Almanac goes to press I wish someone would remind me to write Johnny Kieran, Editor, and tell him of an error in the book. On page 856, under the heading, "Longest Fight on Record," there is this grave mistake: "Between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke at New Orleans, La., April 6, 1893. The 110-round fight took seven hours, 19 minutes. Battle ended in a draw, the referee calling it no contest when the men couldn't continue."

That doesn't even come close to being the longest fight. I know, because I happen to be a contestant in the longest fight of them all, the other contestant being my wife, Jean. Our fight started early in March of this year and still is going on unabated. It will not end until several weeks from now when we are settled down in a Clipper and leave Idlewild Airport for Egypt.

The fight started over a discussion of what clothes each of us would take for the three-month jaunt in Asia and Europe. I came out of my corner warily with the suggestion that each of us take the full 66 pounds allowed us. I was ready to let it go at that.

"What in the world," Jean what-in-the-world, "do you want 66-pounds of clothes for?" "To wear," said I. "What with my typewriter, I'll only have about 45 pounds of clothes."

"You'll carry no such amount," she said, and the battle was on. Since then it has been a rock-and-sock battle, involving right crosses, slips, uppercuts, afternoon dresses, left hooks, shorts, shirts and panties.

She insists that I take bow ties, not four-in-hands, being as they weigh less. She disregards altogether the fact that a bow tie under my chins makes me look like a melancholy Easter bunny.

She insists I limit myself to two shirts—both nylon. "I have read that a man can take a shower in a nylon shirt, walk briskly around the room two or three times, and be as clean, fresh and dry as a daisy. Besides, if you take all you are talking about taking, where on earth will I put my clothes?"

This question heightened the fighting. "Why not put your clothes in your own bag and let me have mine for mine?" I asked. "That seems fair enough."

It didn't seem fair to her. "You know I always count on lots of room in your bag for my shoes," she said, crossing a right to my heart. "How many pairs are you carrying?" I asked. "After all, we are not going to cross the Sahara on foot, or climb more than ten or twelve Alps."

With the fighting going on just as briskly as it was two months ago, it looks as if I am going to carry what little clothes I can get in my wallet and topcoat pockets, and she is going to take enough to have a complete change for every fifty miles. I only hope that when I am dragged off to jail as a vagrant Jean will be nice enough to let me have one of her voile or dotted Swiss numbers in which to appear in court. (Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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