

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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It's Not Cold Peace, Either

The Russians made a propaganda grand slam when they copped the word "peace" for their very own and over and over again told the world that peace was a communist goal and a communist promise whereas war was a capitalist inevitability promoted by the warmongers in the U. S. They made it quite clear that to them "cold war" was an alien expression and an undesirable condition invented and fostered by the West.

The Statesman has long urged less use of warlike language by our own officials and more emphasis on peace. In the propaganda field, at least, we must take the peace offensive away from the Russians.

President Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson evidently have come to think the same way. In recent speeches, Truman has stressed that "the objective of our efforts is peace, not conflict." Acheson, meanwhile, informed congress that "we are not engaged in war, but in peace. (Cold war) is not a good phrase, and might well be dropped." The New York Times takes these statements to mean that "the administration . . . prefers to speak of 'cold peace' rather than of 'cold war.'"

"Cold peace" does not seem to be a very accurate or sympathetic term, either. Peace—unqualified by temperature—is our goal, is what we are seeking, what we are working for. War—of any kind—is what we want to avoid, even as a mistaken means to peace. The state we are in today may most accurately be called an all-out conflict short of war, chiefly in the field of diplomacy. The effort has been described as "total diplomacy," a catch-phrase coined by Mr. Acheson. It hasn't caught on, however, because people don't seem to understand what it means, exactly. It seems to us that "cold peace" is a phrase even more difficult to comprehend.

"Cold war," unpleasant as it is, is a descriptive and understandable term for things as they are. What we need is as apt a phrase for America's goal in this all-out effort. Is there any better word than just plain "peace"? "Peace," it's wonderful! The Kremlin propagandists evidently realized that long before we did. It's time we caught up and caught on.

Hostilities Brewing

For a while it seemed as though the Middle East cauldron of trouble was simmering down to a dull stewing. Now it appears that what was brewing during the lull was more warfare between the Arab nations and the state of Israel.

British and American agreements not long ago to arm both the Jews and the Arabs—on condition that neither would attempt aggression against the other—evidently just added explosives to a fire that never had died out at all. The Anglo-American-French idea was to provide defensive arms for the Middle East in case of aggression by Russia; the Middle Easterners were supposed to understand that guns so provided were not to be turned on each other.

But a dispatch from Egypt (all news from Egypt is censored, by the way) reports that five of the seven Arab League nations have signed a mutual defense pact for the Middle East. That, in itself, would be in line with what London and Washington have been hoping for. The gimmick, however, is a joint statement by the five pact-members that they do not accept the present armistice lines with Israel as permanent boundaries and that they reject any big power interference in Arab internal affairs. They also expressed the hope that the big powers, i. e. Britain and the U. S., do not intend to "equalize" total Arab country arms with those of Israel.

This augurs trouble. It would be only too easy to fan Arab-Jewish hostility into some kind of border incident which would be interpreted as Israelite aggression against the Arabs. The five Arab nations would then jump into the fray in order to "defend" themselves and each other, and the war would be on.

It's going to take more than pious hopes by British and Americans accompanied by a brisk munitions trade with both potential belligerents in the Middle East to bring peace to that

important area. Big power (and little power) interference, through the United Nations and someone like Dr. Ralph Bunche, is called for—before the cauldron boils over into armed conflict.

Pluvius and the Pageant

So Jupe Pluvius, he of the watery eye, is a contrary old cuss.

We've said that all along. And the funny thing is we kind of admire his independence and love the old eccentric despite his pranks. After all, he's been around here longer than most of us and the Willamette valley has been the beneficiary of his magnificent blessings.

Knowing that the weather in this region is consistent only in that it is capricious and that the only sure thing you can say about Jupe is that he is fickle as a honeybee in a rose garden, the old timers here maintain a fairly serene attitude about the rain. It's something akin to the maxim that timid money always loses: Timid picnicers who keep a wary eye on the clouds in the blue sky can count on a shower to spoil their fun. The carefree, trusting souls, on the other hand, may often wander out into the woods on a grey and drizzly day to wind up with brilliant sunshine! You might say that was Jupiters' aqueous humor.

Thus it was that we who've watched Sir Pluvius' antics these many years regarded with some misgivings the importing of Hollywood talent to aid and abet our Cherryland festivities. What did these California furriners know of our weather, of our crotchery Jupe?

Our apprehensions were confirmed last Thursday when, for fear of rain, the elaborate pageant was postponed. At such evidence of little faith, Jupe naturally witheld the expected showers and the evening was warm and clear. The pageant started as scheduled on Friday night and, of course, it rained. In fact, it poured. It drenched everything and everyone quite thoroughly. Mr. Pluvius let us know without a doubt that he was piqued.

This lesson was not well received. There might even have been—although we did not personally witness such profanity—some shaking of fists at the sky. That never works. As Saturday's events proved. The morning parade was held on schedule despite overcast skies—and it didn't rain. But pageant that night was called off again, again because it looked like rain. And it didn't rain. The stars came out and winked.

And we have no doubt that old Jupe Pluvius winked right back.

The game commission bulletin reports a study of sport fishing for salmon on the Umpqua river. It gives an estimate of the cost of the salmon caught at \$8 a pound, but Charlie Stanton in the Roseburg News-Review says, "It is safe to say, however, that his figures are just about half the actual sum." One can do much better financially at Pitts market.

Shasta dam on the Sacramento drew only Assistant Secretary of the Interior William E. Warne for the dedication to represent Washington officialdom. That will still leave it open for President Truman to come and rededicate it in the spring of 1952. Lots of whistlestops between Washington and Redding.

Gen Chen Yi, first postwar governor of Formosa, was executed on charges of collaborating with the communists. He deserved to die first for his maladministration of Formosa which was literally looted by the Chinese who took over from the Japs.

A U.P. dispatch says that Ava Gardner squeezed out Jane Russell as the best tailored screen actress of the year. Where Ava and Jane are concerned a lot of mere males would like to do the squeezing.

The Oregon State Grange went on record against the Brannan farm plan by a two to one vote. Then the plan must be worse than most folk thought it was.

Depression, Political Chaos Growing in Iran; Russ Pressure Feeds Seeds of Communism

By James D. White
AP Foreign News Analyst

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18 (AP)—Economic depression, political chaos, and communism are growing in Iran.

This Moslem nation of 15 million people buys abroad four times as much as it sells. It is the world's largest producer of opium. Its breadbasket province of Azerbaijan last year bought Soviet wheat to eat. Iranian peasants, unable to wring out a living from the land, crowd cities like Tehran and Isfahan with beggars and displaced persons.

Iran produces half as much oil as Russia and all her satellites put together. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. is the largest employer in the country. Its payments into the state coffers naturally are the backbone of government finances. Yet Iranian politicians have fiddled around for more than a year without signing a new payments schedule which would greatly increase Iran's cash income from oil.

The shah is young and modern-minded. But he appears to be the political captive of a class of feudal characters comparable to those who surrounded Chiang Kai-shek in the days when nationalist China went to pieces.

Until the communists came along there was no political party in Iran worthy of the name. There still isn't.

"Anything would be better than the present government," is what discouraged young Iranians tell Americans when they think it's safe. That, you may remember, is what the Chinese said about Chiang Kai-shek's government.

During the war, the communists organized the Tudeh party in Iran. It was supposed to be non-communist, but was set up on a basis of cells and has been financed and supported from Russia. It also is supported from the Soviet embassy in Tehran, to which recently were traced the strings of a large spy network.

people were arrested and jailed. Since then the Tudeh activity has increased in volume and effectiveness, particularly since more and more Iranians have lost confidence in their government. At the same time Russia stopped being polite to the shah and has put more pressure generally on his oil-rich domain.

Last month the United States did two things which might help keep the lid on Iran until something else can be figured out. It promised \$10 million in small arms, which will go to an army where the common soldier draws 34 cents a month. America then named Dr. Henry F. Grady as the new ambassador to Tehran.

Grady has been the ambassador at Athens under whose supervision the Greek monarchy was able with American military and economic aid to wipe out its communist guerrillas. It is probably equally important that Grady was able, through various means, to persuade the Athens government to reform itself enough to merit some support from the Greek people.

It is clear that Dr. Grady, who gained some reputation as a cold-war trouble-shooter while in Greece, has his work cut out for him when he gets to Iran.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS



IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

the best defense is attack of the Standard Oil company of California. One of seven western oil companies being sued by the justice department SO comes back to denounce the suit as the "gravest injustice ever lodged against the oil industry." A general letter from the president of the company, T. S. Peterson, and chairman of the board, R. G. Folliis, calls it "a phase of the developing political war of extinction against the successful American institution of large business." They say:

"It is part of a comprehensive campaign to try to force acceptance of the doctrine that large enterprises can be operated legally only under government control. And the end of that road is government domination of every aspect of American life—the forfeit of freedom."

Those are strong words. They evidence a determination to fight out the issue of whether size implies guilt. Standard's attitude is also tinged with resentment because its previous overtures to the government to know where-in its practices were considered illegal met with cool rejection. After a grand jury investigation in Los Angeles which resulted in no indictment, Standard heard the justice department was planning a civil suit.

Whereupon, to quote from the letter: "Recently, we wrote to President Truman, with a copy to the Attorney General, saying we earnestly desired to abide by the law. We asked what the company was doing that was objectionable, so we could undertake any necessary remedy. The response was a curt note from the anti-trust division indicating it would proceed with the suit. The government lawyers are clearly not interested in a simple cure of alleged ills."

The justice department would probably say that it never undertakes to advise corporations in advance of how to manage their affairs. It merely cracks

Henry Lost On Sands of Syria Desert

By Henry McLemore

SOMEWHERE IN THE SYRIAN DESERT, June 18 — For the life of me, I couldn't tell you where I am.

If my guide ever takes a notion to leave us, Jean, Captain Guy McCafferty of Pan-Am and I will be out here by an oasis the rest of our lives.

We are about fifty miles from Damascus, visiting an Emir reputed to be the wealthiest man in Syria. His desert domain consists of hundreds of square miles, over which thousands of sheep, goats and camels graze.

At this time of year the desert doesn't look the way deserts are supposed to look. Thanks to the spring rains the sand is covered with grass and flowers, and, believe it or not, our car got stuck in mud shortly after we turned off the highway and started across the desert. It took the combined effort of two camels and half a dozen Bedouins to get us out.

I am writing this under the main tent of the desert encampment. It consists of a giant tent

down and lets the courts decide. The result is, of course, great confusion in business. Corporation managers feel they are damned if they do by one law and damned if they do not by another.

On the legal issues of these cases newspapers and others will just have to let the courts decide. But it does not seem that the people of the country want to put arbitrary limits on business. They do want business to remain competitive and free from nefarious practices; but let companies grow as enterprising managers develop products which the public wants to buy. Business, big business, considers this a showdown fight. Probably the justice department does too.

of cloth woven from goat hair, and in black as ebony. The tent is broken into many sections by screens, and a while ago I made the mistake of walking toward the far end of the tent. I hadn't gone very far before one of the men grabbed me and, through our guide, told me that I was not to wander about—that many dangerous dogs were loose and would do me harm.

There weren't any dangerous dogs at all. What I had done was to head toward the section of the tent where the ladies of the harem live, and they are not supposed to be seen except by their husbands. Jean visited the harem and reported that, judging by the number of them, each man must have at least four wives.

The tent where I am writing this offers a fine study in contrast. The floor is of dirt but scattered about are a dozen or more oriental rugs which would cost thousands of dollars at home. And the coffee and tea pots are of hammered silver with golden handles.

The men are dressed in little more than rags, yet each carries a dagger of the finest Damascus steel, with silver handles inlaid with jewels.

The Emir wasn't in the camp when we arrived, but his brother was hospitality itself. Neither he nor his workmen knew us from Adam, but they greeted us with open arms. First they served us a drink which none of us could figure out. It seemed to be a combination of coffee and tea, highly laced with cinnamon, and laden with sugar.

We had planned to spend only an hour or so in the camp but the guide told us that we would offend our host unless we stayed for lunch.

What a lunch! A lamb was brought in and, before our eyes, neatly slaughtered. A big fire was lighted and the lamb barbecued and served on a huge platter, surrounded with rice. All of us fell to. No forks, no knives, no plates, no nothing. Just our hands. I am not a very graceful eater with my hands to judge by the condition of my suit. It'll take three dry cleaners three days to clean the lapels alone.

The Emir's brother was only a little better dressed than his employees, and I asked the guide why it was that the brother of one of the wealthiest men in this part of the world didn't have finer clothes.

His explanation was simplicity itself. He said that if the Emir's brother wore the rich clothes he could well afford, one of the nomads would be sure to kill him for them.

"You mean," I asked, "that they would knock him off for a bunch of fancy clothes?"

"Of course," the guide replied.

And the way he said "of course" provided a strong clue to how little a man's life is regarded out this way.

And it made me glad that I didn't have on my best, or Sunday-go-to-meeting, suit.

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I discovered that the data was insufficient."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "frequent" (verb and adjective)?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Remittance, exorbitance, recognisance, malfeasance.
4. What does the word "transcendent" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with in that means "without limits of any kind"? ANSWERS
1. Say, "data were insufficient." Data is the plural form of datum. 2. Accent the verb on the second syllable, the adjective on the first syllable. 3. Recognizance. 4. Surpassing others.

Comes the Dawn

Cherryland festival officials are worrywondering if on-again-off-again pageant will ever get presented . . . or if rains will delay it to point where it will finally go on stage with a burst of firecrackers . . . those who have seen portions of pageant claims it's the finest spectacle seen in Salem in last 10 years . . . at this date, though, festival officials still undecided just how many nights to the stage the pageant or what to do in case Oregon mist drifts down again on night-time performance.



Best shots of the parade Saturday . . . trick-stepping band from The Dalles . . . precision marching of the Salem Cherrians . . . appearance of the Portland Rose festival court and Rosarians . . . 1903 Queen Mrs. Agnes Cushing tossing out roses labeled "With Love From Queen Agnes" . . . boat-shaped flower float from Devil's Lake . . . Newberg band playing their brains out . . . Four Corners mountain dew float . . . Don Madison, parade division manager, busier (as usual) than any other 10 persons . . . the "parade in a parade" when the caravan of cars and marchers advertising the Oregon Trail Pageant in Eugene next month came by.

Before the parade started an announcer was lining up the entries on N. 14th street . . . "First of all," he boomed over the loudspeaker, "will be the car carrying the distinguished guests—" . . . and then in a whisper which carried several miles: "By the way, who the heck ARE the distinguished guests—" . . . the parade managed to get away before the judges could decide the float winners . . . Miller's store entry got into the act late, joining the march at North Capital and Center streets . . . many entrants were late because of the uncertain weather situation . . . the parade was neatly cut in half by a moving train at S. 12th street . . . one onlooker took a gander at the bare-shouldered, bathing suited girls on the floats and advised: "If it rains they can all take a shower" . . . at children's parade Friday a man and little girl had come all the way from Molalla expecting main parade . . . they got their wrong info. from Portland papers.

With an able assist from parade officials newsmen got story and picture of wrecked float all balled up . . . seems that the smashed float parked near the Salem Ice Arena was to have been the entry of Roberts Brothers store in Salem . . . it was not (as reported) Albany Timber Carnival float—although Albany float was wrecked too . . . Roberts Brothers float built by West Coast Productions of Salem, who also constructed Stevens and Son float, which nabbed a first place award . . . float was involved in auto accident when driven from storage garage to parade Saturday morning.

Speaking of floats . . . coast of construction on them these days run from \$100 to \$500 . . . with average around \$200 . . . sweepstakes winning float of Capitol Shopping Center built by volunteer labor . . . Sydney Stevens, festival chairman, said best work done during entire festival was job performed by Salem Sea Scouts of untangling traffic snarl in rainy deluge other night at fairgrounds.

Jack Holt, arrested at least five times on drunk and disorderly charges here and who now lies critically wounded with a policeman's bullet in his stomach, hired out as a Santa Claus last Christmas-time.

Couldn't help but notice that noble gesture of Washington (state) to share its water with California comes at flood time . . . even most of us here would be glad to divert rainwater to California or anyplace else.

About Your Newspaper

Chapter 18
THE PRESS ROOM
By Wendell Webb

One of the most interesting parts of a newspaper plant, from a layman's standpoint, is the press room.

On flat-bed presses, the newspaper is printed directly on the flat page forms of type as they come from the composing room.

On newspapers with larger circulations, flat-bed presses are replaced by presses on which curved replicas of the flat page forms are placed. These curved lead forms, one for each page, revolve rapidly on cylinders and the whirr-r-r-r of the pressroom drowns out conversation.

There are many types and sizes of presses. They can turn out all the way from four pages to more than 100 at one time. They can produce all the way from 1000 newspapers an hour to hundreds of thousands.

The men operating the press must keep a close eye on its working. They must see that the ink is not too heavy or too thin, too light or too black; and on the cylindrical-type presses they must see that the tension on the great rolls of paper is not too loose or not too tight—it is easy to have one tear in two. And they must watch the rolls as they dwindle in size, and be ready with another roll at the instant it is needed.

The newspapers come from the press half-folded. They pile up rapidly and men must keep moving them from the press to the mail tables or chutes. Some newspapers have endless bells

in excellence. "The hill and winding river presented a view of transcendent beauty." S. Infinite.

INSURED SAVINGS

SEE First Federal Savings First

Current Dividend 2 1/2%
1st Federal Savings and Loan Ass'n.
148 So. Liberty

which route the newspapers to whatever room they are needed without anyone handling them directly off the press.

As the first newspapers come off the press, staff members scan them hurriedly to see there is no transcendent error which would warrant the cry "stop the press." Minor errors found at that late stage must be let go—subscribers don't like to have their paper delayed.

County Bond Sales Totalled

Marion county's sales of treasury savings bonds for the week ending June 10 were \$33,645, making the total \$88,165 to date in the Independence campaign, according to Sidney L. Stevens, county chairman.

The county's sales total 29 per cent of the quota of \$302,000, putting it in 19th place in the state. Oregon has sold 38 per cent of its \$5,882,000 quota.

With this PIN you can HEAR a pin drop!

... It's the new movable microphone of the new SONOTONE, and looks like a lovely jeweled brooch. No dangling outside cords! No muffling clothes-rub noise.

see it TODAY! Or WRITE NOW

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Certified Sonotone Consultant
will be at
SONOTONE HEARING CENTER
SENATOR HOTEL
Salem, Oregon
Thursday, June 22
9 a.m. to 7 p.m.
SONOTONE OF PORTLAND
Investigate the "Movable Ear"
Sonotone's Newest
Hearing Improvement