

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Stays Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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We Draw a Line

Once the full impact of the war in Korea was understood here, the United States had no alternative but to put up or shut up.

We put up. President Truman's decision Tuesday to send American-maned planes and ships into the fight on South Korea's side shows all the world—and Russia, particularly—that the United States has drawn a line. We said, in effect, to the communists: When you use armed aggression, you go too far. And we have shown that we intend to stop communist expansion in Asia right here and now.

Thus the U.S. is calling Russia's bluff. We are taking the risk that Russia is not ready for World War III.

Dispatching American bombers to blast communist-held installations in South Korea, sending the Seventh Fleet to guard Formosa against the expected communist attack there, strengthening defenses in the Philippines and shipping increased supplies and a military mission to aid the anti-Red drive in that key area—these actions represent a calculated gamble that, once faced with force, the communists will back down, as they did in Berlin.

Justification for our action is ample. Our leaders declared from the first that the U.S. would support any United Nations decision regarding the Korean crisis. The recent UN security council resolution called for a cease-fire all along the line and the withdrawal of North-ern forces. The resolution further requested all member nations to refrain from helping North Korea and to assist the UN in carrying out terms of the resolution.

North Korea, as expected, ignored the UN order. This, to the U.S., meant that it was up to us to enforce withdrawal of the communist forces—to beat them back with our own guns and planes and tanks, if necessary. Secretary Johnson says "not now," but forcing the withdrawal of communist troops from South Korea may eventually require the use of American ground forces. It is a possibility we have to face.

Meanwhile, we can be sure that the very fact that America is backing up our foreign policy declarations with action, with concrete military power, is a moral and diplomatic victory for us. That the United States is willing to send American pilots and navy men into the fray in Korea proves to our friends and foes alike that we mean what we say. This is tremendously important. It will hearten our allies in Europe. It will strengthen our hold on Berlin and West Germany. It will encourage the anti-communist forces in Asia and help bring the fence-sitters over to our side.

To have permitted U.S.-sponsored South Korea to fall to the communists—just as the British allowed Czechoslovakia to fall to the nazis—would have been appeasement of Russia's important ambitions. To have drawn a line later, at Indo-China or Japan or the Philippines or maybe Pearl Harbor—just as the British finally drew a line at Poland—would have been postponing the inevitable showdown.

This is the showdown, now. It had to come, sooner or later. Our actions so far have been honorable. We must pray that they are also successful.

Senate GOP Takes a Powder

It's hard to figure out the senate republicans. At a caucus Monday they agreed "unanimously" that the United States should not go to war over the Korean situation. Yet the republicans have made up the wolf pack attacking the administration on the failure of American policy in the far east. They have condemned the state department for yielding to the Chinese reds and for failure to back up Chiang Kai-shek, though apparently the only way we could have stopped the red push was by taking active part in the fighting.

The situation is different with respect to Korea. It was set up by the United States and has had assurances of our support. It is, moreover,

U. S. Lives Up to Three-Year-Old Promises By Sending Arms Aid to Fighting Koreans

By J. M. Roberts, Jr., Foreign Affairs Analyst
WASHINGTON, June 27—The United States, throwing her armed might into the defense of South Korea, is living up to the promise she made three years ago to help those who would help themselves against the incursions of communism.

Working under a certificate of legality from the United Nations, America takes the role of policeman in the Pacific.

These are not measures short of war. American fighting men and ships are being moved into action last night, throwing themselves into the front of the line which the peace-loving nations of the world have drawn against communist aggression.

Meanwhile, the South Koreans showed some signs of regaining the balance which they lost in the first hours of the surprise invasion. Within 24 hours the Chinese had changed from what looked like the beginning of a southern march to give some hope that they would build a self-American help would make itself felt.

As American forces moved to the defense, the world waited to see what the Russian attitude

not just a civil war, a rebellion against existing government, but aggression from an outside government set up and guided by communist Russia. But facing this issue the senate republicans ran for cover.

Then when Truman announced his decision to participate in the Korean war, some of the severest GOP critics of the administration—the same ones who earlier advocated keeping out of Korea—popped up to agree with the president's announcement.

Maybe it has just dawned on them that it is not always up to congress to decide when and where and how the U.S. is to enter hostilities; sometimes war is thrust upon us. Or don't they remember Pearl Harbor?

Modern Madame Butterflies

A story in the Pacific Citizen, Nisei publication, that many Japanese war brides are unhappy with their lot in the United States recalls an earlier tragedy, the familiar opera "Madame Butterfly" by Puccini.

In Nagasaki, Cho-Cho-San, or Madame Butterfly, a beautiful Japanese girl married Lieutenant Pinkerton of the U.S. navy. In love with the American, Madame Butterfly believes the marriage to be binding, but for the lieutenant it is merely a convenient arrangement whereby he legally gets Butterfly's love and devotion for as long as he wants her.

Pinkerton returns to the States, promising Butterfly that he will return "when the robins nest again" and she believes him. Meanwhile, she has a baby. Years later, Pinkerton returns to Japan with his American wife to claim Madame Butterfly's baby as his own. With pathetic calmness, Cho-Cho-San congratulates the new wife and agrees to give up Pinkerton's child. When Pinkerton arrives to take the baby he finds the disillusioned Madame Butterfly dead, a suicide.

Modern Japanese brides who married Nisei and other U.S. servicemen whom they met in Japan during the occupation have discovered that life in the United States is not all they had imagined it to be. Some of the transplanted Japanese wives are unhappy because of language differences and unfamiliar customs, the news story says. Others shared "the popular mistaken impression in Japan that all people in the United States live as sumptuously as American military officers in Japan." And now they are disillusioned. So there are divorces and sometimes the wives return to Japan, if they can.

It should be some consolation to these disappointed brides to know that they are not alone. Some English, French, German, Italian girls and war brides from other nations in which American servicemen were stationed have found that life in the U.S. is not always the bed of roses they dreamed about. Moreover, there are many American brides who learn that marriage isn't always the blissful state they had hoped for.

Madame Butterfly's story is still being enacted, with this variation: Jilted women today don't regard suicide as the only way out. Some head for the divorce courts and try again to hit the jackpot.

You might say we're getting the news from Korea before it happens. Dispatches arriving here today (Wednesday) are dated Thursday in the Far East. The international date line, west of the Aleutians and the Hawaiian Islands, makes the difference.

The communist-inspired Stockholm petition for peace which thousands have been signing through the red dominion should be presented to the government of North Korea. That is the immediate offender to the peace of the world.

A scientist says that the earth is built like an onion, with layers of hard and soft material. Sometimes it seems to smell like one too.

Safety Valve

PROTESTS GOVERNMENT RUNNING OUR AFFAIRS

As a farmer I think the Brannan plan is one of the worst deals we could ever let ourselves be talked into. If we farmers can't make a living now how could we under such a scheme? Our trouble now, as is most peoples trouble, too high a rate of taxes from which we don't get a proper return of value—Too many government bureaus and commissions getting a slice out of our dollar before we get a cent's worth or less back in roads or schools aid.

Under Brannan's plan we would just be cinched under the government's hand even tighter, and if they once get the farmer bound, they can control the nation's supply of food in a way designed to strip us of our last freedoms. We have a little taste of such doings in the wheat control set up. There is a proclaimed surplus of wheat, still the price is maintained at an unusual height by the price support program which does not include the possibility of income taxes which were at the time of their being passed onto the people, said to reduce property taxes.

The simplest plan of all as I see it is just let the people take care of things themselves and everything will be worked out sensibly between them, without the never filled drain of government plans sapping their means of paying each other a reasonable price for services and goods, which would give them satisfaction and confidence in them-

selves. We don't need any Federal Housing acts either. Let people hire local carpenters to do their building on their own expense by allowing them to keep the money they earn by their labor and save up a large enough fund to build their own home. Now the government takes their money, hires a group of clerks to handle it, then sets up an organization to help those from whom they took it in the first place.

The government's job is to keep peace and maintain order, not try to take over everything and run our lives—that's the people's job. When a government starts trying to carry its people around on a silk pillow it's time for them to take another look and see who is carrying whom.

Cairo Leg of Flight Proves Pleasant Trip

By Henry McLemore

CAIRO, EGYPT—A few notes jotted down while flying Middle East Airlines from Beirut to Cairo: The captain of this plane, which now is a mile or so above the blue, blue waters of the Mediterranean, is the man who caught King Michael of Rumania how to fly, and who was His Majesty's pilot until the Russians took over the country and Michael literally had to fly. Nothing looks as much like a desert as a desert. Once the Mediterranean is left behind, and you start crossing the Libyan desert on the last leg to Cairo, there is literally nothing to be seen. Trackless wastes of sand, without so much as a blade of grass, or a gnarled tree, or a camel train. Just nothing, and a lot of it.

From a mile or so up the Suez

Incidentally, my readers need not expect a description by me of how it feels to climb the Great Pyramid. A guidebook to Cairo which I purchased in Beirut describes the ascent as a cross between being bit over the head with an axe and being baked in a slow oven. The guidebook advises that if one does want to make the climb, and get the sweeping view of the summit, that one employ three dragomen. Two to go ahead tugging one by the hands and the third to bring up the rear and do some concerned pushing. I am wild about views, and will go to almost any extreme to please my public, but that sounds a bit too rough.

The remainder of this is being written after clearing customs in Cairo. From what I had read, I dreaded the ordeal. But I have never been treated more kindly or with more efficiency than by the Cairo customs officers. With Jim McGinnis of Pan-Am leading the way, we were in and out of customs in little more than fifteen minutes. No fuss, no bother. Cairo weather, too, has been erroneously maligned. The thermometer reads hot, but the heat is so dry that one doesn't suffer half as much as one does in, say, Washington, D.C. And the nights—I haven't spent one here yet—are said to be so cool, even during the hottest months, that a light cover is needed.

(Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Better English
By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I wish to pay up my bill before returning back home."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "reconciliatory"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Beautiful, sagacious, surreptitious, plentious.
4. What does the word "ostentatious" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with "ost" that means "to feed"?

ANSWERS
1. Omit up and back. 2. Pronounce rek-o-noi-tar, first e as in wreck, not as in rock, principal accent on third syllable. 3. Beautiful, sagacious, surreptitious, plentious.
4. Characterized by, or fond of, unnecessary show. "His manner of giving a party was ostentatious."
5. Nourish.

GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



We're not asking you to write often, Junior... it's enough if you just enclose a note whenever you send clothes home to be washed.

Valley Forge, Today



Safety Valve

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We're not asking you to write often, Junior... it's enough if you just enclose a note whenever you send clothes home to be washed.

Comes the Dawn

by Conrad Frange

Notes of a national guardsman recently returned from summer camp... Biggest discovery at camp was that C rations aren't what they used to be. The old dog biscuits have given way to soda crackers and cream-filled cookies. War-time tasteless meat-and-vegetable hash has undergone a change until now it's palatable chicken-and-vegetable hash. Canned hamburger in gravy went over pretty good too. The rations contain everything from can opener and disposable spoons to cigarets and a can of real jam.



G Co. man, Sgt. Robert Graham, WU student, copped top honor in pistol shoot in 162nd regiment... he nailed 312 out of a possible 350... not bad—especially when most of the other men found it easier to throw rocks... PFC Weldon Ward knocked communications school for a row of dashes when he knocked off a cool 25 words per minute (a school graduate is supposed to hit only 8 words per minutes)... Ward's secret is that he was a communications man with the signal corps prior to enlisting in national guard... two other communications students, PFC Daye Cobb and PFC Willard Eggers, both products of Pacific Tel and Tel, showed instructors how to climb poles in a hurry.

Among the lighter (headed) tricks was this dandy: Couple of Sgts. came in late one night (about second night of camp) and woke up G Co. weapons platoon... told dog-tired platoon to get ready to move out because Columbia river had flooded Vancouver... platoon scrambled for clothes, packs, etc. and was ready to move out in seconds flat... then found out they were hoaxed in the early hours... Sgts. who pulled trick didn't have one single night's rest for entire remaining two weeks of camp.

Entire last war (and several before that) was fought, refought and fought again, when older vets got together... some even shyly admitted having nearly won the last conflict by themselves... Sgts. Leo Stringer and Vernon Heinrichs, Lts. Paul Benage and Jerry Anderson and Capt. Bill Dwyer, all contributed to the salty tales of what things were "really like in the old army"... 1st Sgt. Art Meiser, being a marine veteran, had to hold up his end of the bull session by himself.

Sgt. Don Ryan (19 and a veteran of Boy Scout Camp Merl-weather) sat in on so many balcony binges with the older men and heard so many conflicting reports of individual prowess he had to take notes to keep the yarns straight. Every morning his buddy SFC Bob Swanson gave him an oral quiz on the stories.

If you think the boys had nothing but play check this schedule (preferably while lying in bed some morning)—First call at 5:30 when CQ and 1st Sgt. went through and gently woke camp... back two minutes later and tipped sleepers out... reveille formation at 6:15 and breakfast at 6:30 and back to tents for housekeeping chores... drill call at 7:30 which meant that most men were out on the field creeping, crawling, firing, gripping, and learning rudiments of attack and defense... chow at noon and more work in afternoon... at night they managed to stay awake long enough to reach their sacks... and so to sleep just about time when guys coming in off Pass would wake everybody up again.

Literary Guidepost

By W. G. Rogers
JOURNEY INTO SELF: Being the Letters, Papers and Journals of Leo Stein, edited by Edmund Fuller, foreword by Mabel Weeks, introduction by Van Wyck Brooks (Crown; \$4)

Leo Stein, whose death in 1947 followed by about a year the death of his sister Gertrude, was a man in his own right.

Partisans of his sister, like myself, tend to forget his distinction. They were reminded of it in his two earlier books, "The ABC of Esthetics" and "Appreciation: Painting, Poetry and Prose." Confronted by this rewarding volume, they can no longer blink the fact that he was more than just Gertrude's brother.

Miss Weeks thinks he was more than Gertrude; and Brooks finds him "one of the most interesting men of the passing generation." This miscellaneous collection of often fragmentary material does not corroborate Miss Weeks, but it does confirm Brooks' estimate. Leo Stein "suffered from a frightfully severe neurosis." He experimented with experience, and however pretentious it sounds, his life was a journey into self. He played billiards, cooked, fletch-

erized, fasted; he took long walks, as for instance from his home in Settignano into Florence when he was in his 70s; he could tell how his brain was working by the cool or warm feeling of his forehead, or so he claimed; he painted; he thought; he married Nina Auzias, who as he knew had had many affairs, and the courtship was touching and the marriage happy.

He criticized some of Edith Sitwell, couldn't go Mallarme, complained about Hutchins Hapgood's autobiography that "nothing that he says about me is accurate." As for his sister's "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," he exclaimed, "What a liar she is!" He did not like the mention of her in reviews of his other books, but he couldn't leave her out while writing about himself. "She's basically stupid and I'm basically intelligent," he says. Yet he reveals perhaps more than he meant in the comment, about his own letters, that "I shall be content to offer my wares in bits like this." He too frequently left them as bits, fascinating though they are.

"Man plays his role and ends," he said bravely. He "hated tosh." There isn't a line of tosh here; that was his particular and rare virtue.

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