

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

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North of the 38th Parallel

With Seoul in the hands of American and South Korean troops and a U.N. line thrown from Taegu north to Seoul the doom of North Korea is sealed. The MacArthur strategy has worked, the old lasso trick has caught in its loop thousands of the enemy, with their supply lines severed.

The question now before the house (meaning the United States and United Nations) is whether to stop at the 38th parallel or push on into North Korea to unify the country, with the attendant risk of drawing a communist army support from China or Russia. Spokesmen for U.S. policy have made it clear that the decision is up to United Nations. Also word has been given out that if penetration is made north of the 38th parallel it would be by other nationals than those of the United States. The purpose of holding U.S. troops south of the border is to emphasize to China and to Russia that this country has no territorial or military ambitions in North Korea. If this proves convincing then it is anticipated that Russia and China would not intervene and precipitate a general war.

But out of United Nations headquarters Wednesday came a report from "highly reliable sources" according to United Press, that North Korea is angling for a truce. The approach is said to have been made through the Chinese communist regime in Peiping and the Indian ambassador there. The North Korean proposal is said to provide for: First, an armistice; second withdrawal of North Korean forces into North Korea and of U.S. troops to the Pusan beachhead; third, elections throughout Korea under U.N. supervision.

Certainly there will be no withdrawal of U.S. troops to Pusan; and no permission for North Korean troops to return north of the 38th parallel—they should surrender and lay down their arms.

Great Britain's Ernest Bevin has been busy at United Nations with a plan for settling the Korean troubles. A resolution embracing his ideas on the subject will be presented to the U.N. assembly Friday and is expected to reaffirm the U.N. decree for a united Korea and to call for free elections under supervision of a U.N. commission, to constitute a new democratic government. A U.N. commission also would work on the problem of Korean reconstruction. U.N. forces would remain in Korea only long enough to stabilize the domestic situation.

This looks like a very reasonable plan, and we are pleased to see some other country than the United States take a lead in tackling this problem. Representatives of the United States are wise in not trying to run the show—after all we've been taking the verbal rap from Russia for a long time.

Quick decisions must be taken at Lake Success for the allies will be standing along the 38th parallel very soon. The U.N. police action has proven a military success. If the invasion of South Korea was a "trial run" for Russia and communism, it was also a "trial run" for United Nations. If through smart statesmanship the U. N. can achieve a diplomatic victory and establish a free, independent and democratic Korea then the test will have been met successfully and United Nations prestige will rise over the world.

Fighting Alongside U. S. Marines Brings into Focus the Pettiness of the Pentagon Snake Pit

By Joseph Alsop

WITH THE MARINES ON THE SOUL FRONT, Sept. 27 — As these words are written, the city of Seoul lies spread out beneath the marine positions on the heights. The battle for the Korean capital has begun with hard fighting against violent resistance.

From Inchon to Seoul's outskirts, this reporter has marched with the marine company that most often headed the attacking column. The experience, although depleting to anyone in soft condition, has been stirring, almost exhilarating. Now that Easy Company is being sent for a short time into reserve, it may be worth while to try to explain why this experience has had so much of meaning and so much of goodness.

The basic reasons, of course, were the company itself and the men who compose it. This little band of Americans, whose average age is not much above 20, was plunged into the Korean fighting in early August. Few had seen combat before. Hardly one possessed the kind of "understanding of what they were fighting for" that academically-minded people at home are always saying soldiers ought to have. As far as one can make out the company's view of the matter, then at the cruel beginning and now when victory is in sight, they have been fighting for their country. And this simple sentiment, reinforced by stern training and the company's powerful sense of being a team, has been quite good enough.

In their first combat on the Chinju approaches, this reporter saw the company almost light-heartedly set out on a ten-mile night march after holding a naked mountain peak for forty-eight hours under continuous shell fire. At No Name Ridge,

the company led the assault, and of the forty-two men of the forward platoon, only a few reached the crest. And at Yongsan, it was again the company that stormed its way into the little village. In these and many other fights, in hardly more than six weeks time, this company has lost by wounds or death almost two-thirds of those who were its original members. Yet with these heavy losses, the company has never failed, either to hold a position it was asked to hold, or to take a position it was asked to take. And with all this behind them, the men of the company rushed Inchon's Red Beach and drove their way to Seoul with no seeming thought of what had passed or what might come.

What is so stirring about the company, however, is not that it is a great fighting outfit. Fighting is the company job, and the company does it superbly well, being as careful to take cover, to dispose itself for mutual support, to dig its foxholes deep after every march, as it is careless of danger and death when carelessness is needful. What is stirring, rather, is to see how the men of the company, as individuals, have withstood the harsh tests of this fighting. It is only after you have marched with the company a while that the individuals begin to stand out from the team—the humorist, a soldier of the second platoon with a sharp, hard bitten wit; the hunter, a young, red bearded corporal who is always pleading for permission to take his fire party out to stalk the enemy alone; the scrounger, whose pride it is to "steal the infantry blind"; the Don Juan, who ran away from home when he was twelve and besides fighting, thinks only of new conquests; the family man, whose whole life is a little California cottage where a young wife and two children await him.

And after you have parched with them while you also learn how cheerfully these men depend upon their chiefs—the Polish-descended lieutenant, tall and lanky, who is such a fighter he needs

holding back a little the big, bearded gunnery sergeant, whose rasping chant is heard all day, "keep down, take cover, get off the skyline," yet who always volunteers for the night patrols; the captain with a name from the Ukraine, whose brothers still work in the mill in Connecticut, who got his education and made his way in the marines by sheer intelligence and guts, who likes to talk about his little boy and the new baby on the way when he is going into battle. Far from transforming the men of the company into the sarcastic or self pitying cardboard cutouts of the war novelists, their harsh experience seems almost to have enlarged and amplified them.

They must, surely, have their share of selfishness, meanness, greediness and calculation. But on the march and in a fight, you do not see these qualities. What little there is of food or shelter is generously shared. Whatever the discomfort or the danger, it is met with salty humor or calm determination. Whatever the problem it is tackled shrewdly and coolly. This is a human atmosphere, indeed, that makes you believe in the essential value, the often hidden, yet always present virtue, of your own people.

And here, perhaps, is the moral of this experience, which must forcibly strike anyone who knows the very different atmosphere of the snake pit that is Washington. These men of the company, after all, are quite ordinary Americans, who have had a rather less than average share of the conventional good things of our luxurious society. If they are brave and generous hearted, curiously and genially inordinately so, it is because quite ordinary Americans respond in these ways to the right sort of challenge. And when you observe this, and in the same breath remember the pettiness, cowardice, cheapness and self-seeking of so many of those to whom the destinies of these men are confided, you grow impatiently angry at the unworthiness of the leaders of the country that they lead.

Courtesy, 1950. New York Herald Tribune Inc.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

by Lichty



"It's certainly an up-to-the-minute product! . . . I had no idea war-time stuff could be put on the market so quickly . . ."

Little Known, Sought after, Anecdotes

By Henry McLemore

NEW YORK, Sept. 27 — If you are as constant a reader of magazines as I am, then you surely must have noticed that most editors have developed a mania.

The mania is a mania for publishing long and short true life anecdotes in which the name of the person — invariably a prominent person — is not mentioned until the final sentence.

The reader is supposed to all but fall dead with shock when the name of the person is revealed. But, unless the reader has spent most of his life in a thermos bottle, he has guessed the identity of the man or woman about whom the anecdote is spun in the first paragraph, and can't help but wonder why the author is spending so much time warming up in the bull pen and doesn't get in there and start pitching.

Being as I want some extra money to buy a swarm of bees I have had my eye on for a long time, I am going to write a few of these surprising anecdotes that don't surprise in the hope that editors will buy them from me.

Here goes: Some eighty years ago I, a drummer in snuff, stepped off the train in a snow-bound New England village. A little girl in pinafore was the only person on the platform, but with the poise of a Grandma she offered to show me the way to the only hotel. Picking up the tiny canvas on which she had been painting the winter scene, the little girl led me to the hotel, stopping only now and then to ask me if I knew anything about pigments.

When we reached the snug hostel I could see the child was very cold, and I bought her a

few rounds of hot buttered pabulum. Grateful, the little girl I had now started calling "Grandma," gave me half a dozen or so of the pictures she had painted while knocking off the hot buttered pabulum. I stuck the pictures in my brief case and forgot all about them. . . .

Forgot about them, that is, until yesterday, when an art dealer bought them for \$100,000. They were signed — Grandma Moses!!!

Two years ago I was an immigrant. Two years later I still am.

But something that happened a year ago made me want to be an American citizen so much that I'll forgo my papers if necessary. I was walking in the neighborhood of Morningside Heights, where Columbia university is situated, wondering where my next club sandwich would come from, when a handsome, balding man with a mid-western smile, stopped me.

"I'm Ike," he said. "Is there anything I can do for you?" We went to the home of the president of Columbia university and the gentleman who had introduced himself simply as "Ike" told me all about the Normandy invasion and showed me his soldier's suit. It had five stars on the shoulders. A month later I was looking at a newspaper in the Stork club and a man's face leapt out at me. It was my kindly benefactor. The man was General Ike Eisenhower!!!

This is a confession. I am a burglar. Two weeks ago I attempted to rob a great big White House on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, D. C.

Just as I was about to cut an authentic "old cmony" out of its frame, I heard a voice boom from upstairs: "If you're just a burglar, a registered Democratic burglar, okay. But if you're a marine—get out!" I jumped through the window and got away.

It was not until I listened to a radio speech from Washington that I heard that selfsame voice. It was the voice of — Harry S. Truman!!!

Any buyers among you editors? (Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)



New teletype sending machine in the state capitol pressroom has the newsmen up in arms. The machine has no colon, semicolon, apostrophe, question mark, parenthesis or dash-mark. It has, however, a dandy (and almost useless) set of fraction keys—like 1/2, 1/4, 3/4, etc. To a veteran newsmen who can make a colon take the place of an entire sentence and a question mark stand for nearly anything, this is almost disastrous.

The newspapermen are wondering if the new keyboard was installed so that the coming political wars may be reported in fractions or so that no parenthetical remarks may be reported during the next legislature.

A giant black walnut tree, 90 years old, was cut down this week on the Will Mumper farm near Lake Labish. The trees, almost as old as Salem, was planted by Mumper's father, the late Michael Mumper . . . Willamette university students, who park on S. 12th st., just off State st., are returning to their cars after a hard day at the books to be greeted by overtime parking tags . . . Parking situation is getting worse each year for WU students with the annual fall parking battle of students vs state employes shaping up nicely again.

State employes in the new service building complain they haven't had a minute free from noise since they moved into their new quarters five months ago. All the racket is caused by construction of the state highway dept. building next door. When the service building was constructed a wide cement driveway was put in on the north side. Now after only a few months of use the drive is being torn up to permit building of a tunnel connecting the highway building with the state service building, which is in turn connected underground with the capitol building. Everyone is wondering how the highway department is going to regulate two-way traffic in its tunnel.

Marion county clerk's office shows that recent registration of voters still leans to the republican ranks—although not quite as lopsidedly as before. In May primaries the republicans led in this county about 2 to 1. Question is how many of current registrations are new and how many retrained.

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

president he flew down to Quantico and boarded the yacht. Then he writes:

"After I had reported to the president on what had happened at the conference, he expressed wholehearted approval of my action. He asked me to remain for dinner . . . While we were at dinner the president asked me to repeat what I had said to him about the conference, and I did so. From time to time the president interrupted to express his approval. There was no expression of disapproval or approval by any other except Admiral Leahy, who said my report made him feel much better about the situation but that he did not approve of the agreement on Rumania and Bulgaria. . . . Immediately after dinner I asked to be excused. . . . The president invited me to come back New Year's eve and spend the night on the ship and I promised to return."

Byrnes then quotes a congratulatory telegram he found awaiting him on his arrival home, from Cordell Hull, his predecessor in office. He made his radio report to the people the following night, and when he returned to the yacht Mr. Truman "congratulated me on the report."

Byrnes goes on to say that "one or two newspaper correspondents" reported that the president had "expressed strong disapproval of my agreements" and that there was ill feeling be-

tween the president and the secretary of state, and goes on to say:

"The fact is the president did not on that occasion nor at any other express to me disapproval of any position I took at the meeting of the council of foreign ministers or any other meetings. Nor did he ever express to me disapproval of any statement I made on our foreign policy."

Now whom are we to believe: Byrnes and his book or Daniels quoting Truman? I wonder if the president's own memory may not be at fault. He is bitter against Jimmy Byrnes, ever since the latter made a speech down south in June, 1949, expressing his fear that the nation was being led down the road to socialism; and the president is not one to bury a grudge quickly.

As for appeasement of Russia Mr. Truman himself had expressed his approval, one year later, of Henry Wallace's famous speech in Madison Square Garden, calling for conciliation with Russia and calling the Byrnes policy toward Russia "too harsh." Mr. Truman composed that crisis by firing Wallace and retaining Byrnes. Could it be that Mr. Truman has let his bitterness toward Byrnes, whom he summoned soon after taking office to become his secretary of state, warp his memory?

In looking up this material in the Byrnes book I found also references to our policy in Korea. For instance he reports (p. 221) "At the time of the Japanese surrender the military leaders agreed that all Japanese troops north of the 38th parallel would surrender to the Red (Russian) army and all troops south of that line would surrender to our army." Apparently it wasn't a plot of the state department to

divide Korea after all. Byrnes reports the agreement on mechanics for the establishment of a free and independent Korea which never was fulfilled, and thought it might be possible to eliminate the contemplated period of trusteeship.

"But the Soviet Union may have another purpose in mind. In the Soviet Zone the Red army, has trained an army of Koreans estimated to number from 100,000 to 400,000 men. The withdrawal of the Joint Commission and Soviet-American occupation forces would leave the Soviet-trained army the only effective military force in Korea. Undoubtedly, this army would attempt to take charge of whatever government then existed. Therefore as a condition to the withdrawal of the commission we must require that this army be disbanded.

Byrnes showed good foresight there, though of course the allied commission never functioned, and the 38th parallel became the boundary between two artificial countries.

Regardless of what the Daniels book says, Jimmy Byrnes wasn't a "miserable failure" as secretary of state.

Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Mrs. Brown called upon me yesterday."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "trough"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Articulate, Artic, artificer, arrogance.

ANSWERS

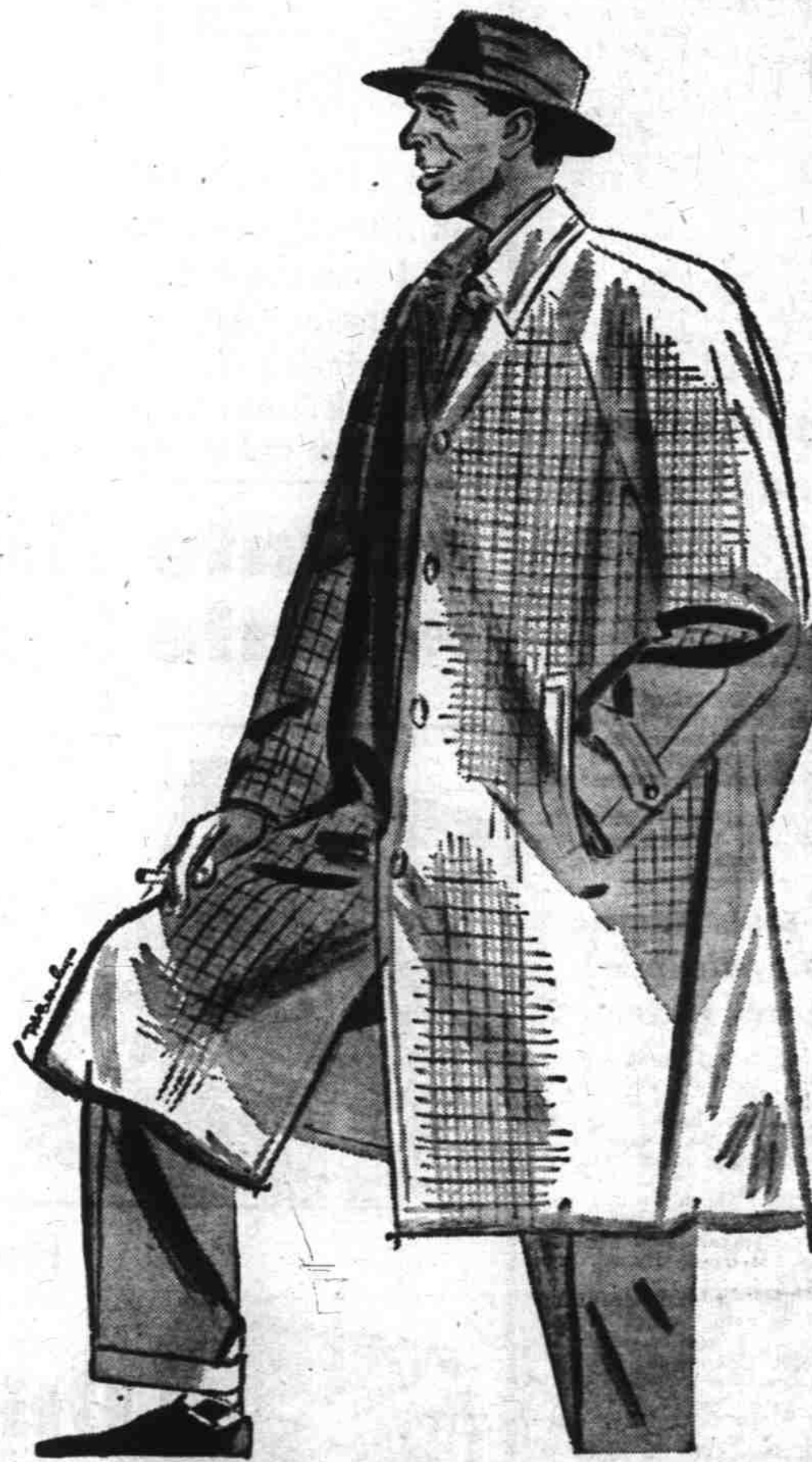
1. Say, "Mrs. Brown called on me," or, "called to see me."
2. Pronounce trof, o as in soft.
3. Arctic.

a "sweeping" style triumph!

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