

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

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## "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River"

Stephen C. Foster never visited it, but he made the Suwannee river famous through his song "Old Folks at Home" which he composed in 1851. Now they have gotten round to erecting a memorial to Foster on the banks of the Suwannee down in Florida.

(Foster himself is pretty well memorialized in Pittsburgh where he was born and spent much of his life. There is a Stephen C. Foster Memorial building on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh and one wing of it houses the collection of Foster material—manuscripts, royalty contracts, relics—that had been collected by Josiah Lilly, an Indianapolis manufacturer who made that his hobby.)

For that matter, Foster never did visit the deep south until after his best negro songs were written. He lived for a time in Cincinnati and may have caught the feeling and the dialect of the negroes who worked on the wharves of the Ohio river. Colored minstrel shows were popular then, too, and he may have absorbed something of the southern and negro mood from them.

Anyway, he is recognized as a great original in American music. One biographer notes that his songs "are probably the most typically American expression that any composer has yet achieved." They surely have had vitality, and the mere mention of them will start one to humming their melodies: My Old Kentucky Home; Old Uncle Ned; Oh, Susanna; Old Black Joe; Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground. Not all of his songs were cast in the negro dialect; others were: Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming and Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair.

It was Foster's good luck to compose before the days of radio and jukeboxes which now popularize so swiftly—and kill so promptly—the song hits of today. His songs really sang themselves into public acceptance. The Foster memorial at Suwannee river is superfluous; it chiefly identifies the river with Foster rather than Foster with the river. And "Old Folks at Home" promises to live as long as the Suwannee keeps flowing.

## Slaughter in Korea

We may anticipate that American military authorities will move promptly to apprehend the officers of the North Korean army who ordered American prisoners to be bound and then shot. This gross violation of the laws of warfare must not go unpunished, and will not.

What also calls for punishment is the ruthless shooting of South Korean civilians (estimated at 25,000) by their temporary red masters. Evidently confident of complete victory, the North Koreans started their purges when they occupied the cities of South Korea, notably Seoul, the capital. Persons of means, those reported as anti-communists, members of families of South Korean soldiers were summarily executed. We may expect the South Korean government to proceed against the North Korean assassins if they can find them, and certainly they will unless the murderers escape to Manchuria and Russia's friendly embrace.

This callous disregard of human life is sickening. The revulsion against the Nazi system of wholesale slaughter seems not to have dulled the blood lust of the North Koreans. In this case they condemned to death men of their own kin, separated from them only by an imaginary line and an idea. Traditionally, orientals have been

callous toward life and cruel in their administration of justice; but in this case the North Koreans seem to have learned from their totalitarian mentors. Russia under the bolsheviks became a slaughterpen, and the purge is still the means employed to maintain unity and control thought.

The mere punishment of those guilty of North Korean atrocities will not be enough. Some way must be found to straighten the kinks in the warped minds and end the impulse to kill for conformity. This means rulers and ruled must be instructed in the dignity and worth of the individual man.

## Newspaper Boy Day

This is Newspaper Boy Day of Newspaper Week; and surely the paper boy deserves recognition and credit for his part in making daily deliveries of your newspaper.

No matter how hard reporters work to gather news, or advertising solicitors to get in advertising, or printers to set the type, stereotypers to cast plates and pressmen to print the paper—unless the carrier boys get the paper to customers the whole effort is a failure, as far as the carrier-delivered portion of circulation is concerned, which is by far the larger on most dailies.

The carrier's service for a morning paper involves rolling out of bed at an early hour, getting his paper bundle at the appointed place, folding his papers, placing them in his canvas bag, then bicycling about his route for deliveries. And delivery consists of more than just tossing off a paper—he should get the paper on the porch, out of the shrubbery and out of the rain; and he shouldn't smash the front window in doing so. Then at the end of the month he makes his collections and pays his bill at the newspaper office.

The carrier is a little merchant. He buys his papers at the wholesale rate and then collects at the stated price. Since he is charged with the papers he takes out, every customer should pay the carrier boy when he calls so he will have no losses. Carriers thus are getting practical business experience as well as earning money.

The Statesman has 134 carriers in Salem, in suburban districts and nearby towns—one of them is a girl. They are faithful and punctual. We are proud of them and we believe the customers they serve are appreciative of their service.

## Dewey Campaigns, Oregon Style

An Albany dispatch to the New York Times says:

Governor Dewey, by political tradition a chilly, aloof and unbending campaigner, has unveiled a new, affable "street-corner" personality and a folksy diction on his two vote-seeking swings upstate. Oregonians will recognize the "new" Tom Dewey as the one they saw in the spring of 1948 when he toured Oregon by bus and did everything but kiss the babies in his canvass for votes in the republican primaries. He resumed the New York style in the general election and lost. Now he is back in his Oregon form, and if the precedent holds it will bring him another victory.

Some one is always taking the joy out of life. Now that victory in South Korea is complete against organized armies, the prophets are warning of prolonged guerrilla warfare such as beset Greece.

## Comes the Dawn

A batch of clippings from Miami, Fla., shows how Miami papers covered (or uncovered) the town's famous "Case of the Clanking Brassieres." Concerns the 13 persons, telephone girls, their boy - friends and family members, who got away with an estimated \$100,000 in Southern Bell Telephone company money. Needless to say if the girls had carried the cash out in burlap bags the case wouldn't have been given all this attention.



Strangely enough at first the telephone company said it wouldn't sue because it could not prove the girls took the money, and it could not identify the quarters as coming from the company. The girls, on the other hand, said they wanted back their jobs and the \$10,000 the police found in their homes. Even a Miami detective, supposedly in on the deal, was arrested.

But Miami, where big winds are almost always blowing, literally took the case to its bosom. A local manufacturer came out with a piggy-bank bra; someone wrote the county solicitor asking if girls would be put "behind the bras," coincidentally police picked up a shoplifter who hid her loot in her underwear; a member of the Florida state PUC said he was going to investigate the telephone company's negligence; business men, on whose property the telephone pay stations were located, set up a howl against the company about being short-changed.

A lot was said on the "poor working girl vs. big corporation" theme. At least one columnist wrote an acrid story about how the phone company was unpopular with the public anyway and how he was treated once when he owed a small phone bill. Miffed because the phone company didn't sign a complaint early, one paper printed a cartoon showing justice blindfolded with—yes you guessed it—a brassiere. At last reading over half the persons involved, six women and two husbands, were rearrested, the phone company said it would fight and fired the girls from their jobs. So far nobody has said anything about movie rights to the story.

It's a man's world? . . . Vernice Schaber, senior at North Marion high school and Patsy Haberly, sophomore at Amity high, both were elected sergeants-at-arms of their classes . . . Young male voice asked over the newsroom fone the other night: "What IQ must I have to become a junior?" Proofreader who was stuck with the call said that when he went to school it was rumored that juniors didn't have IQs . . . Jerome and Lawrence Epping and John Meier went deer hunting in the Abiqua basin area this week and came home with a cougar. The \$60 state and county bounty, they figured, isn't hay—although it isn't venison either.

## Quizzed Hank Laughs First, Fumes Later

By Henry McLemore  
NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 5 — My country 'tis of thee!

This may not be the silliest thing in the world, but it comes close. It lands fruit salad with ammunition in a war. It throws in jail three-dollar burglars and ignores fifteen-and-twenty-million dollar thieves by people who are rightly connected.

I never knew how silly this country could be until this afternoon. I was sitting in my office, trying to write a column, when a man with a badge as big as the front of a country depot stove said he had to see me.

I had to see him because the badge was federal badge, and when they shine that on you, boys, you'd better behave. You can kid the city, the county, and the state, but when they show you the badge of the feds, please don't argue. (If I can make a slow aside here, I would like to say that J. Edgar Hoover is the man most responsible for the respect paid to federal agents. Once Edgar's boys get on your trail, you'll just save yourself time, money and worry by quitting quick.)

I asked the agent what crime I was hooked up with. Had I been found rolling hand grenades on the White House lawn? Had I been found hiding an H-bomb in a pumpkin? Had I been found voting republican?

"No," the man said. "But do you remember a column you wrote before you came back from Europe a few weeks ago about how your passport picture was fourteen years old?"

I told him, "Sure, I remember the column. What was wrong with it?" He said, "That's why I'm here." He went on to tell me that I had probably given the idea to lots of people that they could evade the passport rules and use an old picture on passports. He continued saying that I had violated national security, that I was liable to be placed under arrest.

The next two paragraphs were taken up by my laughs.

Then I got mad when I got finished laughing, and I told him, the state department agent, something like this:

That column was written to be funny, and whether it was funny or not it must have been obvious to everyone except state department agents that it wasn't written seriously. It's a sweet and silly government that spends the money to send a man from Washington to talk to me about this when in Washington, rather send some wrong-doings go on every day.

I told the agent, who was a very nice man and who agreed with me, that I had never given this country any trouble. When I was old enough to fight for it, I fought for it. As soon as I started making money, I paid every cent of tax I could pay. I wasn't bragging when I told him this, because most American citizens are willing to do just what I've done. But with the state department as mixed up as it is, and their policy involves the entire nation, to be only efficient in

teeny, teeny things makes me wonder about the outcome of it all.

To send a man to inquire about a passport picture, with all the expenses involved, into a town with the dirtiest gaming police scandal in history frightens me. O'Dwyer goes home - free to Mexico as ambassador and they probe me. Senators say he's the best man for the job and I can't do my little job of work because of a state department agent wanting to talk to me. There's something wrong in that. There's something real, real wrong. No one will ever tell me that the democratic party, from the very top, had no idea of conditions in New York. And nothing was done about it for years and years and years. And the man who handled New York, the man who ran it, goes off as clean as a dew-fresh rose as our representative to a foreign power. Let us get on watch in this country. Let us stand on watch. Not with a gun as the Minute Men did, but with something much more powerful — the ballot. If America falls, no blame can be placed except upon us. Our forefathers gave us the right to elect our leaders. If we elect the wrong ones, then we have no one but ourselves to turn to in our grief. (Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)



(Continued from page 1)

election pamphlet itself. It is a compendium of information about measures and candidates and would be of great value if really studied by the voters. But how many are undelivered or are tossed aside without ever being opened? This is a subject which would well be explored. A survey could be made on a strict fact-finding basis to learn what proportion of voters do read the voters' pamphlets. The report would be a guide to the legislature on whether to continue the publication or not. Oregon is one of the very few states to issue such a publication. The cost to the state this year for the primary and general election pamphlets will probably run around \$60,000. That would be money well spent if the books are studied. If not, it is just so much money thrown away. Making such a survey would be a good project for the school of journalism and the department of social studies at the University of Oregon—but the state or someone would have to put up the money for a thorough job.

## Nine of Family Work for Railroad

POPULAR BLUFF, Mo. (AP)—There is plenty of railroading in the W. H. Peters family. Pappa and mamma are both station agents on the Missouri Pacific. Six of their eight children are railroad telegraphers and one son-in-law is a dispatcher. The other two children are telegraphers too, but they just aren't old enough to do it officially. The nine railroading members of the family work for four railroads in various parts of the United States. They are the Missouri Pacific, the Washakie, the Nickel Plate and the Santa Fe railroads.

## Ways In . . . . . Washington . . . . .



WASHINGTON (AP)—Martin C. Bolle, international trade union leader from Great Britain, is a bit bewildered. The big, genial secretary of the International Federation of Employees in Civil Service was invited to the U.S. to address the American Federation of Labor by its president, William Green. "The American Embassy in London issued a gratis visa," he told me, "but when I stepped from the plane airport officials socked what I learned was a head tax on me. Eight dollars it was."

That incident didn't confuse him as much however as what greeted him on his arrival at his New York hotel. "There were red flags hanging everywhere saying 'Cincinnati Reds,'" he explained. "I grabbed a bell hop. 'What's this red convention?' I asked. 'Don't you know, sir?' he replied, and laughs till he's about to bust. 'A ball team's staying here,' he finally managed to say. 'I still don't quite catch on.'"

Mr. Bolle's federation is affiliated with similar organizations in all parts of the world boasting a total membership of about 2,250,000. He says labor unions in the rest of the world can benefit from the contributions the American trade union movement can make to the international movement. But, on the other hand, while they are virile and have new ideas, he believes American trade unions can still learn something in the field of industrial relations and productivity.

This is Mr. Bolle's second visit to the United States. His first was in 1948. On that occasion he collected autographs for his son Donald, now 17, a grammar school student at Leighton Buzard, a small town just outside London. Donald, an avid auto-

## GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



"It was unavoidable, Pop! . . . I even had my hands on the steering wheel when it happened . . ."

## 120-Year-Old Pear Tree Yields Fruit

JERSEYVILLE, Ill. (AP)—A fruit tree which has stood here for 120 years is still producing pears. This season's yield was not as heavy as usual, however, because of cold spring weather. Ray Nevius, the owner, has nursed the tree through several bad spells. A few years ago he thought it was finished by a tornado which broke off its larger branches. He gave it a good pruning, and the tree perked up.

## Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The police thought I to be he."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "applicable"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Opulent, optomistic, opinionated, oppressive.
4. What does the word "antecedent" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with la that means "praiseworthy"?

## ANSWERS

1. Say, "The police thought me to be him."
2. Pronounce with accent on first syllable, at the second. 3. Optimistic. 4. Going before in time; preceding. "A definite goal should be antecedent to every organization."
5. Laudable.

## Stassen's Proposed Visit to Stalin Seen as Possible Political Scheme of 'Peace Party'

By J. M. Roberts, Jr.  
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

Harold Stassen says, in effect, that Joseph Stalin tied to him about Russia's peaceful intentions in 1947, but that he is willing to give the premier another chance. Recalling Stalin's peace statement, the republican presidential nomination said: "I find it impossible to reconcile that statement with the North Korean aggression, with the Soviet Union's refusal to cooperate in stopping that aggression, with the Soviet Union's rearmament of eastern Germany and with other recent actions of the Soviet Union."

Russia must change, Stassen tells Stalin in a letter suggesting another conference between them, if the drift toward war is to be stopped. He thinks the greatest danger of war lies in Russian miscalculation of America's strength and firmness of intention. He wants to try to convince Stalin that Russia cannot cause a collapse of the western economy and that Americans will fight if necessary for their ideals.

Well, there's an old saying that there is no harm in trying, but it isn't always true. Russia at the moment is conducting a propaganda campaign designed to weaken the will of the west to resist. American leaders are worried lest an end of the fighting in Korea produce a public revulsion against the burdens of preparedness. Stalin will probably jump at a chance to tell people that it is all unnecessary, and many people are prone to believe what they want to believe.

For is the message which Stassen will carry something new. . . .

livered at the Kremlin by the United States ambassador, Bedford Smith, in 1948. Russia's reply has been plain.

The timing and content of the Stassen letter very strongly suggest a domestic political motive. Stassen is not a candidate for anything at the moment, but since becoming president of the University of Pennsylvania he has become active in the Grundy political organization in that state. The republicans all over the country, pointing to the incumbency of democrats during all of America's wars in this century, are trying to label their paign as members of a "war party" and themselves as members of a "peace party."

Stassen says his move was made in consultation with government officials in Washington, but with "other university presidents, republican leaders of the senate and house, leaders of republican state organizations" and others.

If Mr. Stassen is right it is not a matter for condemnation if his act has political effects. But any approach which might give Stalin a dangerous opening is something for very careful consideration. Stalin's words of peace would fill a book almost as large as the record of his aggressive actions.

heard about the scorpion: Mama eats loving Papa, and the young gnaw into the living of mother's back: "There is family life for you!" He observes Solly who, rejected by his parents, has become rich; yet his sister Priscilla has preserved her independence. I disliked Kersh's last novel immensely, though I liked an earlier one. If I don't like this one, I respect it. It's the novel about the kitchen, bedroom and bath, and no one steps into the parlor except to find more room to fight in. Here are all the things we do behind closed doors and with the lights out. For Kersh, whatever the validity of his ideas, has mastered the words that go with physiological processes, the stinks, smells and slime, ingestion and egestion, sweat, greasy hair, snot, wax in the ears, blackheads, stomach noises, eating noises, flatulence, belches, burps, vomit, nose-picking, spit and drool . . . all his vocabulary, please note, not mine. Over all this long book hangs the shiny green miasma of corruption and rot, and it deserves credit for being sickeningly consistent.

THE THOUSAND DEATHS OF MR. SMALL, by Gerald Kersh (Doubleday; \$3.50). Charles Small, the harassed hero of this latest Kersh novel, is a man (unless he's a mouse) badgered by family, by wife, children, mother and father. Father and mother are I. Small and Millie; and son takes after father. Sister is Priscilla; wife, Hettie; and even old hump-backed, limping Solly Schwartz, friend to I. Small, is no friend to Charles. Father was a cobbler whose wife's family tried to lift him by his bootstraps to shoe-store proprietor. But the quarreling began further back than that, with I. Small's parents, and within each family unit there is bickering, squabbling, ranting, ya-ya-ya; it's a wonder they ever relax from blows, recriminations, backbiting and tirades of envy, jealousy and spite long enough to keep on having children. "The child is the victim of its begetters," says Charles, "trained with blows, bamboozled with threats, cajoled with promises." It reminds him of what he's

## Literary Guidepost

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