

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Aw"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor and Publisher

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"Voter's Information"

A four-page tabloid full of information invaluable to every voter regardless of party has been published by the League of Women Voters of Oregon. It fills a definite need, and it is an important step toward fulfilling the League's aim to "let the people know, make the people care, help the people act."

To vote intelligently next month, the people are going to have to study carefully nine initiative and referendum measures on the ballot. These measures have been and will be discussed in the press, on the radio and on the lecture platform, but it's handy to have the main pro and con arguments condensed to a few paragraphs in a brochure that can be folded to pocket or purse size.

Part of the publication is devoted to answers to questions, posed by the League, from candidates for governor and U. S. senator. Gubernatorial aspirants were asked to give their opinions on revision of Oregon's basic tax structure and to list the legislation they considered most important. Douglas McKay pledged to support "the type of and the level of taxation that will not only cope with the exigencies of these troubled times, but will meet insofar as possible the regular requirements of Oregon's people." Austin Flegel came out against the 6% limitation, against a sales tax, and for a number of government reorganization and reform proposals.

Candidates for U.S. senator were asked about foreign policy, federal fiscal policies, and "what piece of legislation are you especially interested in?" Wayne Morse's to-the-point answer fills a whole column. Howard Latourette didn't return the questionnaire. And Harlin Talbert followed the Progressive-party-Townsend-club line from "Stop threatening the world with atomic and H bombs" to "Get the military burden off our backs and use the money for the welfare of our people."

Since the League is non-partisan it does not support or oppose any of the material in the brochure; all it proposes is that voters "preserve democracy by taking an active part in it," i.e. by voting intelligently. And the League isn't content with just issuing its "Voter's Information" pamphlet. In cities, towns and neighborhoods throughout the state League women are getting together their neighbors to discuss the November ballot. This week, in Salem, LWV groups are inviting men and women to meetings in members' homes, there to exchange opinions and arouse interest.

This program, it seems to us, should prove an effective means to the League's end: "to promote attention to the responsibilities of citizenship and to develop a more enlightened public opinion."

Run-out on Brannan Plan

At Milwaukee last week Vice President Barkley told newsmen:

"The Brannan plan is controversial. It is entitled to be studied but I am not committed to it and the administration is not committed to it."

Hear, Hear! President Truman has gone overboard for the Brannan plan and has made no retraction of his support. But the president has obtained little support for this plan of farm-consumer aid at treasury expense. In Illinois Senator Lucas, the majority leader in the senate, has repudiated the Brannan plan in his campaign for votes; and very few candidates in farm states are advocating the plan. When politicians run out on a policy, as Barkley and

Lucas have on the Brannan plan, it is an index of its failure to gain popular approval.

Neither party however has come forward with a farm program which represents really an honest approach to the problem of agriculture in an industrial economy. The present support plan is a makeshift which has become frozen in government practice. None of the big farm organizations defends the present plan; but congress is unwilling to drop it or substitute another program.

Local Endorses Kimsey

The state federation of labor's executive board "passed" when it came to making a recommendation for the office of labor commissioner although the office is held by a long-time union member, Bill Kimsey. Observing that Bill's own union, Multnomah Typographical Union No. 58, has come out with a strong endorsement of its fellow-member, it points out that Kimsey has been an active member of that local for forty years and its president from 1917 to 1923. He also served as secretary of the central labor council in Portland and secretary of the state federation of labor. The local also commends Kimsey's administration of the office of labor commissioner, declaring:

Mr. Kimsey has administered these laws to their full extent for the benefit of working people and the duties outlined above have been performed in a sensible, practical manner during his administrations.

We have heard of no complaints either from employers or workers on the way Kimsey has administered the affairs of his office. He has not used his office for any grandstanding but has been personally on the job. He deserves reelection.

If would-be senator Howard LaTourette turned up his nose at a \$2,000 campaign contribution from the democratic national committee as though it were tainted money, what will Senator Robert Taft do about the unexpected aid he is getting from Jake Malik, Soviet delegate to U.N.? In a speech to the U.N. political committee Malik denounced the Taft-Hartley law as "anti-democratic"—a phrase which translated from party-line jargon, means anti-communist. This should cause voters to flock to Taft's standard! After all, nothing's so damning as praise from the devil. And vice versa.

Columnist Dorothy Thompson used to write more sensibly than she does now, it seems. She is becoming almost rabidly anti-United Nations and has gone over all the way in support of Chiang Kia-shek's lost cause. In a recent column she went so far as to say, "The greatest danger to this country is the United States government itself." Oh come now, Dottie, things are tough all over—especially just before an election—but they ain't that bad!

Revolt of some chapters of college fraternities is reported because their national organizations still draw the color line. The rebels say this course is indefensible in a democratic society. Of course the fraternity system is based on selection of members, and it is hard for the old-time heads of the frats to concede that a negro should be admitted to their social group, even if he is otherwise qualified.

For months now the headlines have been "Flegel Flays McKay," now it's "McKay Flays Flegel." Discard alliteration, that.

Lookback at Early Phases of Korean War Reveals Desperate Gamble by MacArthur

By Joseph Alsop
TOKYO, Oct. 9—These war reports, which are now coming to an end, have been mainly concerned with the Korean fighting as it has appeared from the company or battalion level. In this moment of a triumphant triumph, however, the remarkable contribution of the American command in a series of operations ought also to be recognized.

It is hard to imagine two more different men than Douglas MacArthur and Walter H. Walker—the one so grandiloquent, so given to rather old-fashioned drama in his public ways and manners, and the other so short, bustling and in all ways unpretentious. But these two generals, with their oddly contrasting hints of Edwin Booth and a businesslike grocer, have been the joint architects of victory.

The first phase was MacArthur's. No one at home and very few people here can realize how near the North Koreans were to victory, or what daring it required for MacArthur to recommend committing American infantry in a seemingly hopeless cause. On the day when the North Koreans breached the Han River line, the South Korean forces were utterly disorganized.

There was nothing, literally nothing, to prevent the enemy from sending a mechanized column of armor and infantry straight southwards to Pusan. By gambling fifty tanks, two hundred trucks and five thousand men, he might have taken the all-important South Korean port in 48 hours.

In Japan, meanwhile, all was

uneasy, and by a tragic accident the division nearest to the ports was the one with the least combat training, the 24th. Yet without hesitation, MacArthur began flying the 24th Division into Korea. Only two companies had reached their position when the first shock of contact occurred. When they found even this handful of American troops in the line, the North Korean commanders wasted ten days bringing up 100,000 men.

By then, General MacArthur had in the line the splendid total of two American battalions, and the remaining South Korean forces had been rallied. Again, after this next shock, the enemy delayed for five days more, to bring up his heavy artillery. But by then, no less than two half-strength American divisions—all of the 24th and the Cavalry—had reached the front. And the burden now passed, for a while to General Walker.

The story of the southern beachhead has been often told. In basic outline, it was all too simple. Our lines, from first to last, were always terrifyingly thin. About once every two weeks, the enemy would mass for a new push, and tear a huge hole in the line somewhere. Walker would then scrape up just enough to prevent exploitation of the break-through, sometimes by taking outfits out of the line and leaving huge gaps in areas where there was momentarily no pressure.

Very few operations by American forces can have called for such sanguine energy, such coolness in husbanding infinitesimal reserves, such perfect immunity to fluster. In a situation that was always coming apart at the seams, there were times when very nearly everybody panicked. But Walker never did, even in the last great crisis, when a whole South Korean Corps gave way al-

most at the instant when the Marine Brigade was being taken from his for the Inchon landing.

With the passing of that crisis, at the beginning of September, the lead was again MacArthur's. He had started planning the Inchon landing in July. The Marine commanders, looking over the appalling beach conditions there, had proposed Wonsan, on the other coast. But aside from being north of the controversial parallel, Wonsan was too far from the southern front and offered no promise of cutting the enemy's communications of the enemy armies. Disturbed by reports of the fearful risk, General Lawton J. Collins and Admiral Forrest Sherman came to Tokyo to dissuade MacArthur from the Inchon project. But MacArthur's arguments convinced the Joint Chiefs that this was the only decisive blow that could be struck.

After that nothing remained to be done but secure the needed forces in the short time available—because of tides and weather, September 15 was the only possible date to land at Inchon. The Marine division was assembled by detachments from all over the world. The cannibalized 7th in Japan was brought up to strength with 8,000 South Koreans. MacArthur, knowing the risks to be run, sailed with the fleet with the express purpose of countermanding the whole landing operation if its first part, the capture of Wolmi Island, should fail. Instead, Wolmi fell, and then Inchon, and then after bitter fighting, Seoul itself. And so we were brought to the present situation in which final victory can only be dashed from our grasp if the masters of the Kremlin choose to start a third world war.

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"ONE FOR THE MONEY—!"



Comes the Dawn

Good night, Irene—it happened at a local rummage sale. A little old lady wearing an unnew hat tripped in and began going over a big stack of hats. Finally found one which pleased her. She took her own hat off and put recently-found one on. Laying her former headgear down, she smiled sweetly and said: "Well, I guess this is an even enough trade"—and walked out! Rummage operators said it was the most pleasant transaction they'd made all day.

Samuel Howard Freeman, navy seaman, of Salem route 5, has had quite a time in Korean action. He was aboard a light anti-aircraft carrier when the shooting started. His ship was one of the first to blast shore installations on the North Korean coast and once a demolition team from his ship was sent ashore to blow up a tunnel, which it did. Freeman's ship is now known as "The Galloping Ghost of the Korean Coast."

This week is loaded with observances—It's National Cranberry week (for those in a bog); National Wine week (fall is the time for squeezing); Better Parenthood week (kids, here's your chance to reform your parents); Fire Prevention week (slanted to politicians who are now beginning to build fires under the opposition). Last Sunday was Grandmothers day and next Sunday will be National Children's day (must be some connection there). There is probably a hidden moral (which escapes us) in the string of grandma, cranberry, wine, parents, fire and children.

Wonder how many republicans noticed two cars plastered with democratic candidate signs parked squarely in front of GOP headquarters here Monday? Cars carried big campaign signs of P. W. Hale and Alvin Whitlaw, both demo candidates for state representative. This bit of trickery pulled while Guy Gabrielson, GOP national chairman, was in town pointing with pride and viewing with alarm.

Deane Seeger, consultant of the League of Oregon cities, told this ditty at Salem Chamber of Commerce luncheon Monday. Seeger said that his office is located on University of Oregon campus at Eugene. Said he had to hunt for a long time to find someone without a degree there. "Now the janitor and I are the best of friends," he finished. "Then there is the strange case of Leo Elser who lives a few miles east of Salem near Fairview home. Leo went clear over to eastern Oregon and spent a week hunting deer, but came home with nothing but callouses on his trigger finger. The day he left, though, his sons chased a big buck and doe out of their field."

GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



"... And in France I found our recovery program had worked wonders... they were back to their pre-war delightful 3-hour lunch periods..."

Apartment Hunting Tops Africa Safari

By Henry McLemore
NEW YORK, Oct. 9—Hunting for an apartment in New York City is to my mind one of the most exciting, dangerous sports in the world.

It has never been celebrated in song and story, as has hunting the rhino, the elephant, the tiger or the lion. Men who chase that sort of game get write-ups in the papers, pictures in the papers, and they are offered contracts by publishers to tell of their hair-raising experiences with dangerous animals.

The wild-game hunter also has a tremendous amount of glamour about him. He shops for months for the right high-powered rifle, the hard-bitten guides, the dirty but knowing bearers and beaters. He wears glamorous boots, brush jackets, and his adventures are followed with bated breath by thousands. And when he returns, he can put an elephant's head on his living room wall, use the leopard he bagged as a bedspread, and the giraffe's ears as a tablecloth.

But the New York apartment hunter gets nothing of this. No one knows about the perils which he encounters, one of which is the advertisements telling of apartments for lease. This is a typical one:

"Seven-room apartment available by owner who hates to give it up, but must leave for California due to doctor's orders. Spacious living room, complete kitchen, two master bedrooms, amazing closet space, and unsurpassed view!"

The apartment hunter, wearing no glamorous bush jacket but only a sort of shiny blue serge suit, stalks this apartment. He goes downwind in order to surprise it before it gets away. Then he takes a look at it, as it unspectacularly grazes among the thousands of other apartments in the herd.

The two master bedrooms were amply described. They are master bedrooms in the sense that we use "master" for little boys who have not become old enough to become "mister." In short, they are children's bedrooms.

The unsurpassed view is unsurpassed, if you are interested in unsurpassed views of a brick wall two feet away. No lie there, because there may be people in this world who think that nothing can surpass the view of a brick wall that will rub your nose if you are ever careless enough to raise a window and stick your head out far enough to see whether it's raining or not.

Apartment advertisements have created an entirely new meaning of the word "spacious." They figure that to an ant a sugar bowl is fourteen times as big as the Grand Canyon, which it is. They ignore the dictionary as completely as if Mr. Webster and Mr. Oxford had never done a lick of work in their lives. "Spacious" to me means a lot of room to roam about in, but when you read a New York apartment advertisement and see the word "spacious," the best thing to do is go on a straight diet of very thin water and bread crusts if you ever figure to walk around in a "spacious" room. Most of the "spacious" rooms in New York apartments would give a Sing Sing chap claustrophobia.

The Safety Valve

Crime and Society
To the Editor:
"Not Much Left to Smirk About!"

I'm wondering if that caption has been misplaced? Society has been avenged. Harvey O'Day, 14, has now been installed in society's cash register to toll out the years remaining to him in repayment for the life he so ruthlessly snuffed out.

Did the state send a criminal to the pen, or have they sent a warped, diseased mind encased in a human body.

Did the judge, who by the easiest, convenient method to clear his docket, investigate the cause of this Smirk on Society?

Has society, through its mediators of the law, investigated why O'Day has taken so bitter an attitude against its fundamentals of life?

Plenty has been said before but little done. We all can turn the knob on our radios and bring into our homes any sordid, debasing, demoralizing, bloodthirsty debauchery we are inclined to listen to!

Let's take the family to the theater! We all know the scenes, plots, etc., that may be seen. Of course our lighter veins of life, called comics, are pure. Yes, pure food for Woodburn Boys' Training School inmates, then to "college"—Oregon State Prison. Millions of dollars are coined through this vicious trend mill, sponsored, condoned and encouraged by society, while the ashes are piled higher and higher behind steel and concrete.

Officials cry for larger cell blocks, higher walls to hold this mounting pile of human debris, while the widows cry for their lost husbands that fall in the line of duty upholding society's inconsistent money-mad scheme!

I feel safe in saying that there are many who read and have seen this morning's Statesman wonder where and who has the "Smirk."

C. L. Warner,
4315 Macleay Rd.

Former Commander Praises

Allan Carson
To the Editor:
I note that Allan Carson is a write-in candidate to fill the vacancy in position number six of Supreme Court of Oregon. The vacancy occurred too late to have Allan's name printed on the ballot, I understand. This write-in feature I do not consider a handicap, if enough people in Oregon can be made to know of his outstanding qualifications.

Allan has a legion of friends and acquaintances all over Oregon. But there are thousands who do not know him as personally as I have for so many years. If they knew him as well and favorably as I do, his election would be a landslide.

When Allan was in the 2nd grade in a Salem grade school, I was a clerk in the law office of his father, Senator John A. Carson. To me then he was just one of the "Carson boys." But just a few years later our lives ran along together, and from then on, I became personally interested in his progress and a well-wisher for his success as an esteemed citizen of the Salem community.

When President Wilson issued the call to check Pancho Villa in Mexico, Allan Carson was the first to enlist in Salem's old M Company, of the 3rd Oregon—the first company to be mustered into the federal service. I remember the day near Tia Juana, when after a competitive examination, I appointed him corporal of Squad No. 1. It may seem a little thing that far back, but the day it seemed very important to me, as it no doubt did to him. His record showed that his heart was in his work—and so has it always been since then.

have a Chinaman's chance to hang it up in the closet. In one apartment I visited the closets wouldn't house the stamp collection of a man who didn't collect stamps. Let him buy two airmails and he'd have to put them in the "complete kitchen."

The "complete kitchen" again means just that. It is complete with a little ice box in which, if the tenant were strong, willing and had nothing else to do, he could store one Bird's Eye butterfly, one robin's egg, and an ounce of condensed milk. As for the stove, turned on full blast, it wouldn't warm a midget's feet on the Fourth of July. The broom closet wouldn't hold a whisk broom and the pantry shelves don't have the cubic area of an egg cup.

Yes, apartment hunting in New York is the sport of all. It combines more walking than three safaris, more hazards than shooting a charging lion, and more disappointments than looking for El Dorado. And when you do find one you want, all the agent wants you to do is sign a thousand-year lease, give him a down payment of a hundred years' rental, and promise to repair any damage caused by such unnatural actions as walking across the floor twisting a door knob, or turning on the tap in the sink.

Talk about man's inhumanity to man! Just shop for an apartment in New York and you'll get a full load of it.

(Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

I then had the responsibility of 150 of Salem's finest young men, but never had to worry about Squad No. 1—and Allan was just approaching 19 then. That makes him 53 now—just at the time when he can give his best to our supreme bench—as he did in his Squad at 18.

Several months of service on the Border and distinguished combat service in both World War I and World War II interrupted first his studies and then his law practice. But he still had time, talent and the confidence of his clients to develop an outstanding law practice in Salem, and serve Marion county as state representative for one term and then as state senator for two terms.

I know that as a justice of our supreme court, Allan Carson's career will be as honorable and as close to the common folks of Oregon, of whom he is one, as he has been in all the years we have been personal friends.

Success be to him as usual—and I believe he will be successful.

Max Gehlar,
Formerly Capt., Co. M,
3rd Oregon Infantry.

Enticements to Crime

To the Editor:
What is the matter with the American people?

It is an awful thing for our boys to be sent to Korea and everyone seems to realize it, but we slide along and let boys and girls by the thousands be ruined by the crime stories they see in the theatres, hear on the radio, and read in the trashy stories on the news stands.

The mothers are a lot to blame, for as soon as the "Johnny" can walk he must have a cowboy suit and toy gun. Then he is a little man and can strut around and snap his gun at people, and soon will be big enough to shoot a policeman or someone else with a real gun.

Why not start a crusade to boycott any food that is advertised by crime stories on the radio or in pictures, and also to boycott any theatre showing crime pictures or news stands and book stores selling crime stories. That would stop it.

If we don't wake up and do something we are as much to blame as the ones who feed the boys and girls poison.

Maudie Porter Boous
2049 State St.
Salem, Ore.

Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "My friend and myself were interested in what he had to say."

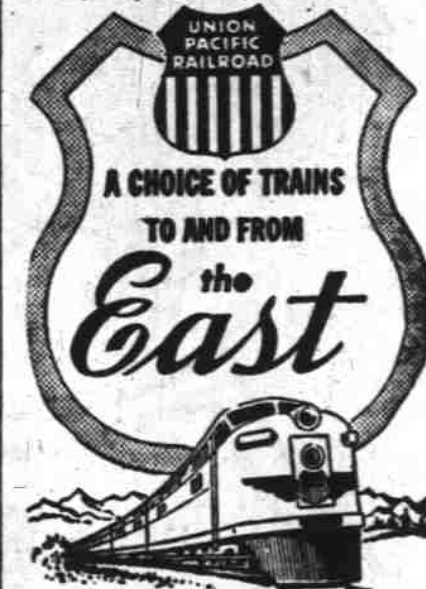
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "absorb?"

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Sanctimonious, sanitorium, sanguinary, sarcophagus.

ANSWERS
1. Say, "My friend and I were interested." 2. Pronounce second syllable serb, not sorb. 3. Sanatorium.

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