

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

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Proposal for Legislative Reapportionment - II

Yesterday The Statesman discussed the amendment for setting up a new method of apportioning the legislative assembly, and pointed out defects of the plan as it affects representation in the house of representatives. Today we shall consider the plan for apportioning the senate.

First, the number of members is increased from 30 to 36. The formula for apportioning senators is as follows:

And the ratio for a senator shall be determined by dividing the whole number of the population of the state by the number of senators. Each county with a population exceeding three-fourths of such ratio shall constitute a senatorial district, entitled to at least one senator. A county with population in excess of one such ratio shall be entitled to an additional senator for each additional ratio or major fraction thereof, to a maximum of one-fourth of the total number of senators. In case any county shall not have the requisite population to entitle such county to a senator, then such county may be constituted a senatorial district in itself, or may be included in a senatorial district consisting of not more than three adjoining counties each lacking the requisite population, for the purpose of electing additional senators to the maximum authorized by this constitution; provided, that all senate districts shall be as nearly equal in population as possible. Each senatorial district so constituted shall be entitled to one senator. If there is no adjoining county lacking the requisite population, a county with less than three-fourths ratio may be joined with a county entitled to one or more senators.

The apportionment is not based on equal ratios of population. Again, as with the composition of the house, counties as such are given particular recognition. Any county with only three-fourths of an aliquot part (1/36th of the total population) is entitled to one senator. And counties with one full aliquot part will get an additional senator for each additional aliquot part or major fraction thereof. Thus the representation is weighted in favor of counties as such. No recognition is given to area as such. Although sponsors say that this is a "balanced" plan giving recognition to population and area.

The disparity that may result is observed in a suggested grouping which would create one senatorial district of Gilliam, Morrow and Grant counties with a population of 15,821 while Washington county with a population of 61,221 is entitled to only one senator. It is true we have wide disparities now due to default of the legislature in reapportioning its membership. If a change in the system is to be made such disparities should be greatly reduced.

The formula is by no means automatic. Room is left for juggling counties which of course has to be permitted under any method which uses counties as units of computation. The limit of three counties to a district may however prove embarrassing. A shift in population might occur which would not leave enough seats to go around among the counties with less than the required population for one senator. Then it would be necessary to attach a stray county to a neighbor already populous enough for one senator—which has the effect of diluting its representation.

The senate formula does not seem so bad as that employed for the house, but its complications make it a bit difficult for the public to understand it and certainly would give the political mapmakers exercise in geography and

arithmetic.

One other objection is raised which certainly provides room for disagreement. The amendment sets up no schedule as to when the new method would be applied. It would become part of the constitution, if passed, 30 days after the election. But the legislature which is chosen at the same election would be under the present constitution and the senate would have only 30 members. Its constitutionality might be challenged, but we are of the opinion that the supreme court would rule that it was a lawful body.

More dubious is the status of the term of senators, for the amendment requires a reclassification, and according to one student of the plan the result would be that in 1952 and at subsequent quadrennial elections the state would elect 33 or 34 senators and only two or three in 1954 and succeeding quadrenniums. This was not the intent of the authors of the amendment which specifies biennial elections of one-half the senate, but the drafting is at fault in failing to provide a proper time schedule for application of the amendment.

The Statesman is convinced that this amendment is not the answer to our apportionment problem. It is not proposing any alternate. It prefers the present provision of the constitution over this proposal. It recommends Vote 315 X No.

Ice Harbor Not "Emergency"

A dispatch to the Oregonian from Washington reports the boosting of the allotment of funds for building Chief Joseph dam by \$6,529,000. The purpose is to speed up construction of this important hydroelectric generating plant. Of the sum \$4,000,000 came from what the army engineers had wanted to get for the Ice Harbor dam on the Snake river. The dispatch concludes thus: "The Ice Harbor dam was not regarded as an emergency at this time."

But the engineers, President Truman himself all insisted to congress that Ice Harbor was a "must." They even had representatives of the Atomic Energy commission plead for the project as one needed for supplying the Hanford works with electric energy. Now we learn that Ice Harbor dam is not so urgently needed after all.

That was precisely what this paper and others in Oregon have contended. By concentrating on the big dams we'll get more power and by omitting the dams on the lower Snake river the salmon will have a chance to survive.

The federal communications commission has warned operators of small fishing boats on the Atlantic coast to refrain from using profane language on their ship-to-shore and ship-to-ship radios. Aha—will government plus science succeed where parents, teachers and preachers for untold generations have failed? Think of it—taking the "salt" out of a mariner's language! What will the school of realists in fiction do now, or the fishermen caught in a nasty squall? The FCC has made its ruling; how successful will its enforcement be?

Governor Folsom of Alabama says he will issue no writ of extradition for return of Sen. Glen Taylor on charges of violating Alabama segregation laws. Wise decision. Idaho voters have taken care of Taylor by voting to keep him at home.

GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



"After intensive study, I am convinced that life on Mars is practically impossible... just as it is on Earth..."



Comotion in the Cascades... Other night while state police were investigating a fatal auto accident along North Santiam river above Marion Forks several motorists stopped. As usual an especially curious one got out and came bounding down the side of the hill. Just as a patrolman shouted at him to watch out for slippery rocks, our hero hit one. His feet went up and he plunked right into the middle of the river.

Water up to his waist and he came up spluttering and swearing. Efficient policeman tells him now that he's all wet he might as well go on across the stream and help carry over the accident victim—which he did. Moral: Never stop at an accident unless you've got your bathing suit on.

We've been waiting... Next Sunday is National Children's day, and already a New York Jewelry council is sending out blurbs suggesting that the quickest way to a kid's heart is with a watch, a ring, sterling silverware or some other gold-plated trinket. This is right in line, though, with the growing American tradition that says Mother's day is a flop unless you give Mom a Cadillac, or that Father's day is a bust unless you present Daddy with a \$500 over-and-under shotgun with a built-in radar.

As it stands now many professions are not getting a fair shake. Wonder why we couldn't have a National Keep Regular day, to give the medical profession and the druggists a chance or a National Injunction day, time for everyone to see his attorney; or a National Fission Friday, so that the government could peddle any surplus atomic material, or National Paddle day so the makers of canoes and gondolas could stick their oars in, or a National Great-Great-Grandparents day so genealogists could stir something up.

Whatever the local democrats are, they aren't choosy. The first congressional district will get a nice hunk of campaign cash—part of the bundle which Howard Latourette, democrat senatorial candidate, pushed away with both hands... Main purpose of Mr. and Mrs. Luis Martine-Lally's recent trek to Washington, D.C., (he's Marion county democrat chairman) was to get Vice President Albin Barkley (he's a personal friend of Mrs. M-L) to come to Salem. But the Veep was too busy correcting erroneous newspaper quotations. So choice of coming to Salem fell on ex-Gov. Maw of Utah or James Davidson, assistant secretary of agriculture. The M-L's gave Maw the thrilling opportunity and he'll be here tonight. Not so thrilling was a rally at Mill City the other night when about 15 democratic candidates were there and the audience you could count on your fingers—with both hands full of oranges.

Hank Recalls Childhood on Moving Day

By Henry McLemore

NEW YORK, Oct. 12 (AP)—Since I wrote of my intentions to move to New York this fall no fewer than 17 transfer companies have kindly written offering to pack and wrap my furniture.

I appreciate their consideration but I cannot help but laugh at the idea of me paying good money for such a service.

Most of the men now working for moving companies were not born when I was recognized throughout Georgia as a child prodigy at wrapping and packing furniture.

My father was a Baptist minister and during my childhood we made more moves than you'll find in five checker games. Fly over Georgia and South Carolina and drop a sack of rice and you're sure to hit a town in which I once lived and from which I once moved.

There were packers and movers in those days, too, but the McLemores didn't use them. Papa, Mama, and the five children, through years of practice, became welded into a swift, sure, hard-hitting packing unit that clicked with military precision.

The furniture and the books worked with us, too. So accustomed they were to travelling from town to town that old rocking chairs would back up to get wrapped in newspaper, and the books, once a box was placed under the shelves, would tumble off and arrange themselves.

You won't believe me, I am sure, but two living room lamps used to save burlap and twine

themselves so as to be ready for a quick departure to another town.

I couldn't have been more than two when I was drafted into the family moving unit.

My first assignment was wrapping cups and saucers. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I would be given a bowl of hot cereal for nourishment and would then be placed on the floor and surrounded by cups and saucers and old newspapers.

From cups and saucers I worked up to plates, and from plates to advanced to glassware, until I had reached an age and proficiency where I could be trusted with a chair or a table.

Those packing days are as fresh in my memory as if they were yesterday. Kind neighbors would always come in to help, and how would we be to have them. Not only because they helped to get the job done, but because when things were unwrapped at the end of the journey any damage could be blamed on them. I suppose I have blamed Mrs. Hightower and Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Thompson and Brother Jones for a hundred scratches and breaks which were the cause of my own haste when itching to get finished and get out to play baseball.

Just to see if my hand had lost its skill, I tried wrapping a chair an hour or so ago. I was pleased to find that the newspaper and twine fairly flew beneath my fingers, and in no time at all I had it ready for shipment. I would be willing to bet, so sure am I that I have not forgotten the old know-how, that when that chair reaches New York it can be repaired by any competent cabinet maker in three days.

Modern packing is a marvel, they tell me. Men with degrees bring in sterile pads and wrap everything without human hands touching a thing. I salute such progress, but I want no part of it. I want to recapture my childhood, with excelsior, newspaper, twine, and worn-out quilts and blankets.

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IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page one.)

fighting the last war; but not MacArthur. There was a suspicion that the White House wasn't very anxious for him to return to a general's triumph, especially in election years. And MacArthur himself has said he felt he should remain while there is a job to do—though he has promised to return to Milwaukee to live when does retire! Certainly the "communications" between Washington and MacArthur have never been closely maintained. He has run the show pretty much to suit himself without much interference from Washington. It may be that one purpose of the Truman trip is to establish closer connections between Washington and Tokyo. Surely this is not a conference for determination of major policies in the orient. The time would be too short to explore, discuss and decide on the momentous issues relating to Japan, Korea, Russia, China, Formosa, Indochina and the Philippines. Yalta

has made us suspicious of off-the-cuff decisions. And there is one thing which should be kept clearly in mind that the United States is not acting unilaterally. It is now part of the United Nations and its national policies must be determined in light of that relationship.

The effect of the Truman trip on domestic politics, which is what concerns many at this stage of the election campaign, is hard to figure out. I doubt if, on balance, it has any effect. Press reports will probably reveal little more than the formalities of the meeting. The democrats who think the gesture of Mahomet journeying to the hill may win votes for their congressional candidates are doing daydreaming. The Wake Islanders have no vote. Americans who do vote will not be much influenced by any publicity coming out of Wake.

Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "There are less people here today than there was yesterday?"
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "morale"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Malignant, malevolent, malleable, malnourished.
4. What does the word "insipid" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with res that means "showing deference"?

Safety Valve

LAMPPOST SUPPORTS REPUBLICAN TICKET To the Editor:

In reading the press reports one might infer that I am in a coalition with the democratic nominee Cornelius Bateson to bring about his election.

Such is not the case, as I am one of the Republican nominees for State Senator and will work for and support the Republican ticket in its entirety.

The chairman of the farmers cooperative group approached and offered their support which I accepted, but I am in no way whatsoever associated with Mr. Bateson, as he is one of my Democratic opponents.

Fred Lampost

ANSWERS

1. Say, "There are fewer people here today than there were yesterday."
2. Pronounce morale with accent on second syllable.
3. Malleable.
4. Uninteresting; dull.
5. Respect.

ALLEN'S

Timely Suggestions

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Rehabilitation or Preparation for War? Chinese Reds Report Railroad Repairs

By John Roderick

(For J. M. Roberts, Jr.)

AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

LONDON, Oct. 12 — A routine news broadcast from Peiping recently told the world that the Chinese end of the Kunning to Hanoi railroad now is being repaired.

Just another step in the communist program to rehabilitate China, Peiping explained. But for the west, this is one of the most important bits of information to come out of Red China this year.

It means that the reds in south China are being linked more closely to the communist-sponsored revolutionary forces of Ho Chi Minh in Indochina.

How important this is was made plain by a story from Saigon the other day. It told how well-equipped, well-trained Ho Chi Minh soldiers had annihilated several battalions of hardened French troops — foreign legionnaires and crack Moroccan units.

Where did the arms come from? It's anybody's guess, but logic points to the iron rails of the railway, heading straight to Kunning.

The Kunning to Hanoi railway was an engineering achievement of its day. It wound south from Kunning, capital of Yunnan province, down steep river valleys, through a hundred tunnels and across spidery bridges to Hanoi, thence on to Haiphong, its outlet to the sea.

During the Sino-Jap war it was blasted by Japanese bombers because the French were pouring supplies into China over it. Then, after France capitulated in World War II, and later, when the Japanese took over Indochina outright, the Chinese destroyed sections of their handiwork to prevent its use as an invasion road. About 100 miles of the old roadbed now are used for trucking, according to the

best available information.

The Kunning terminus is as vital to the communists, both of China and Indochina, as it was in wartime to the allies. As the terminus of the Burma road and the Himalayan "hump" airlift, the picturesque city became a huge dumping ground for millions of dollars worth of war material.

At the Kunning airfield and in bulging warehouses in the city, tons of guns, plane parts, bullets, uniforms and vehicles piled up. When the war ended, the United States contributed these mountains of military supplies to Chiang Kai-shek's nationalists.

But the gift was a white elephant. Chiang's forces were able

to use only a fraction of the masses of equipment, part of the multi-million dollar China aid program. The reason? Kunning, in China's far southwest, is almost cut off from the rest of China except by air.

So the material, except for sizable inroads made by profiteers and pilferers, remained in the warehouses. When Yunnan fell to the communists, the prize included millions of dollars of American war supplies.

Renewed activity along the rail route means that the fortunes of a wily mustache in Indochina named Ho Chi Minh are rising.

And because of this, Indochina may one day present the west with a crisis as grave as Korea's.

Literary Guidepost

THE LIFE OF MAHATMA GANDHI, by Louis Fischer (Harper; \$5)

A pair of glasses, a watch, spoon, knife, bowls, shoes, slippers... a few things of this sort so few they'd all go in a briefcase, are shown in one of the photographs in this book. It bears the caption: "Gandhi's worldly possessions, photographed after his death."

It is not a reflection on the author who, though not eloquent, is a diligent, painstaking biographer, to say that this one picture is the most persuasive single page out of the 550 in this "Life." These sparse objects point up with dramatic effect the nature of the man who, wrapped only in a loincloth, took on the British Empire and made it cry uncle. The world which places such a high premium on tangible rewards listened with awe and respect to the man who, for himself, asked and received nothing.

He was born, and well born, in 1869, studied law in London, practiced it in South Africa where he lived for 20 years and developed the idea of civilian

non-resistance which helped to secure the independence of hundreds of millions of Indians. He bought a pair of shears and cut the Gandhi hair, when a white barber refused to serve him; he washed his clothes, and did the menial jobs reserved traditionally for untouchables. Married at 13, the father of several children, he regarded all India as his family, and set for himself the goal of being "ever active, ever useful, ever needless." His aid to indigo sharecroppers, his battle against the salt tax, his struggle to break down the caste system, his fasts and imprisonments, his sufferings and frustrations at the hands of fellow nationalists, and in 1948 his assassination, or as some would say his Calvary, are matters of record.

Fischer saw in him "a very sweet, gentle, informed, relaxed, happy, wise, highly civilized man," witty, companionable, human. It is the personal and intimate view which gives this new biography its value; Fischer brings him nearer to us, and for seeing more clearly, we admire more profoundly.