

# The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Edna St. Vincent Millay

"O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!"  
The barefoot, green-eyed, red-haired tomboy from a Maine farm who grew up to become the best-selling, Pulitzer prize-winning "unofficial feminine laureate" of America is dead. But the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay is part of living literature.

Miss Millay was fairly worshipped in the '30s as "the feminine Byron." She fitted the popular stereotype of what a poetess ought to be: She lived in Greenwich Village, turned out highly personal, flippant and cleverly sophisticated verse as "the voice of rebellious flaming youth," acted with the Provincetown Players, and titillated women's club audiences not only with her dramatic readings but also with her flair for clothes. Moreover, she was one poet who didn't starve in a garret; her sales provided a comfortable living for herself and husband, Dutch importer Eugen Boissevain, on their farm in the Berkshires.

Today her 1922 Pulitzer-prize winner, "The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver" sounds a little out-of-date and sentimental. She is best remembered for her first 1917 triumph, a poem Critic Louis Untermeyer calls "one of the most remarkable poems of this generation, 'Renaissance,'" and for her poetic protest against the Nazi massacre of the population of the little Polish village of Lidice.

"Renaissance" begins with:  
"All I could see from where I stood  
Was three long mountains and a wood;  
I turned and looked another way,  
And saw three islands in a bay."  
And ends with:  
"The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky—  
No higher than the soul is high.  
The heart can push the sea and land  
Farther away on either hand;  
The soul can split the sky in two,  
And let the face of God shine through.  
But East and West will pinch the heart  
That cannot keep them pushed apart;  
And he whose soul is flat—the sky  
Will cave in on him by and by."

The critics, like Untermeyer, who could perceive the power and awe and awareness of this poem, were not so impressed when Miss Millay expressed that consciousness of the human spirit in other forms. They, like her public, were content to have her write of love:

"What lips my lips have kissed, and where,  
and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning."  
or of Beethoven:  
"Sweet sounds, on, beautiful music, do not  
cease!  
Reject me not into the world again."  
They were not enthusiastic when she began to comment on current events. She was intuitive, not intellectual, they said, and so they thought she had no business speaking her outrage against dictators and oppressors, as in "Make Bright the Arrows" (1940).

But Miss Millay, like her "flaming youth" contemporaries, could no longer be preoccupied with roses and springtime. It was perhaps inevitable that the girl who could write her "Justice Denied in Massachusetts" after the final decision in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, must see, in 1940, that "There Are No Islands Any More," must realize (echoing John Donne) that after Hitler marched no man was an island, and needed to ask no one for whom the bell tolls that tolled for the corpses in Lidice.

In those dark days, while the intellectuals were still discussing Hitlerism with a semblance of neutrality, the world needed a voice like Miss Millay's to express without any doubts, and

intuitively, the horror and premonitions of evil most of us felt after Munich. Maybe, as the critics seemed to think, it wasn't the best poetry ever written, but Life magazine saw fit to publish the Lidice poem and for millions of readers it graphically brought home the truth of war. We saw, then, as did Edna St. Vincent Millay, that our generation had to grow up some time, lest the sky would cave in on us all by and by.

## Some Good (Usable) Advice from Toynbee

Professor Arnold J. Toynbee, whose book "A Study of History" was a controversial and thought-provoking best-seller a short time ago, has something to say about today's world problems in a series of lectures at Stanford university. His outlook on history is from a far perspective; his view of current events is equally detached.

Toynbee isn't worried about Korea, for instance; he doesn't think the Korean episode will lead to another world war. Instead, he believes that war between Russia and the west is moving farther away instead of closer, and that conflicts such as that in Korea can be localized.

But Toynbee is worried about some larger problems; said he:

"I am more afraid of our future relationship with the Oriental and African peoples. I think they are going to have the last word in the issue between the West and the Russians. These are the people we must win over to our way."

Bringing this into closer focus, he suggested that "the kind of government we set up in Korea—or in Indo-China—that will be the touchstone"—that will be an indication to the Orientals of our intentions in this and future issues. He warned against supporting imperialism (such as French control over Indo-China) in Asia, and warned, "don't push the Chinese into the arms of (Russian imperialism)."

Other notable opinions from Toynbee:  
"I should say that China is anti-Chiang Kai-shek rather than pro-Russia. The Chinese had a very bad government and the Chinese have had enough of it. The Kuomintang made a present of the country to the Chinese Communists. Now that is over."  
"But if we contemplate supporting the remnants of the Kuomintang in China—remember all the Vichy governments, and the Quislings of the Hitler regime? Let us not have Quislings of our own in Asia. Chiang Kai-shek in China and Syngman Rhee in Korea are very much like Quisling in Europe."

## Baiting the Trap

George Flagg must be thin-skinned to wince under a threatened finger-pointing from Austin Fliegel, and call out his attorney with threats of a libel suit against a radio station. George has been in politics and journalism long enough that he should be able to take a few bricksbats in stride. And if he feels he has been libeled he can take action when the heat of battle is over. Now he has just advertised Fliegel's radio speech.

According to the press release Fliegel was accusing Flagg of violating the law in helping with the campaign of Governor McKay for reelection. He cited the section which forbids the commissioner of public utilities, Flagg's present office, from serving on or under any committee of a political party and requires him to devote his whole time to the duties of his office. Flagg isn't connected with any party committee and to the best of our knowledge is not neglecting the duties of his office for any work in behalf of McKay. A simple statement in rebuttal would have seemed sufficient.

It looks as though Fliegel baited the trap—and Flagg bit; and Newby didn't.

## Henry Pays High Tribute To O. B. Keeler

By Henry McLemore  
NEW YORK, Oct. 22—The fairways of the world never will be as green again. The flags marking the pins

never will whip as gaily in the breeze. There'll be a laughter and a sweetness lacking in the locker rooms wherever golf is played. O. B. Keeler is gone. The world can ill afford to lose the likes of O. B.

He came as close to being the best rounded man I have ever known.

He will be remembered chiefly as the greatest of all golf writers—as the Boswell of Bobby Jones.

He was that all right, but he was much more than that. He was a gentleman in the finest sense of that word. He was gentle, he was understanding, he was kind and considerate, and if he ever did a mean or thoughtless thing then none of his friends and acquaintances ever heard of it.

He was a master of his craft. I doubt if there was a newspaperman in the United States who was as brilliantly versatile as O. B. before illness slowed him down.

There was no story he couldn't write, and write superbly. One day he could do the Metropolitan Opera for the Atlanta Journal, and the next write an analytical piece on the weaknesses of a shortstop, or a first baseman.

In his early days he was a brilliant crime and court reporter, and was one of the few men ever to be granted an honorary life membership as an A. P. reporter. He knew painting, sculpture, music, and could recite as much poetry as any man I ever knew, with the possible exception of Grantland Rice and the late Teddy Roosevelt, jr.

O. B. was born in Illinois, but for many, many years he lived in the South, and was one of the deepest-dyed rebels who ever re-fought Gettysburg and regretted that Lee didn't have one tank battalion and a B-29.

I was with O. B., or Poppo, as his younger friends called him, in many places, from Chicago to wind-swept St. Andrews. But I'll always remember him best sitting at a table in the dining room of the East Lake Country club in Atlanta. That was in 1927 and I had been working for the rivet company in Georgia, a little more than a week. I was assigned to attend a golfing luncheon and report it. I was scared to death. Atlanta was a big as the world to me, the East Lake club was as formidable as a fortress, and I didn't have a coat to wear, just a high school sweater.

O. B., already famous, was at the center table. I walked in and pinned all my faith on him. I didn't know it at the time, but I couldn't have hit on a better faith-pinner-on. I introduced myself and he greeted me as if I were the golf correspondent of the London Times. He introduced me with flattered words and gave me a chair beside him.

Unless you have ever been scared, timid, embarrassed and afraid of what kind of job you'll do, you'll never know what that sort of kindness and graciousness means.

I loved him right then and there, and through the years that love developed. He paid Jean and me the great honor of stopping at our home many times, when he was on his way to Miami for tournaments.

I could write about O. B. all day and far into the night. The most immaculate man I ever knew. Always a blue suit with a half Herbert Hoover collar, or dark flannels and a sports coat of a soft, quiet color. There were few better spoken speakers than he. He could recall the past, with written or spoken word, better than any man I knew. He was a stickler for facts. How many times has he read my golf leads and chided me for saying such things as, "Benny Hogan surmised up the course," or "Gene Zarzen scorched the greens and fairways."

"Henry," he would say, "take a look out of the window. I don't see any burned up or scorched course. When a golfer burns up a course write about the fire, not the golf. It's a better story." Oh, he was a wonderful man. A sweet, sweet, knowing man. But he isn't really gone. As long as there is such a thing as a newspaperman, O. B. will live. He was part and parcel of the best.

He was a newspaperman at the very best.

I only hope he knew how much I loved him, and how much he meant to me.

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## Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Much work still remains to be done."  
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "almanac"?  
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Awkward, awesomeness, awareness, avalanche.  
4. What does the word "terminate" mean?  
5. What is a word beginning with gr that means "attractive; full of charm"?

ANSWERS  
1. Still is redundant, and should be omitted. 2. Pronounce first a as in all, not as in at. 3. Awa-

## GRIN AND BEAR IT by Lichty



"Fortunately, I had the vision to see through all this pension stuff... that I'd have to waste the best years of my life working for one..."

## Comes the Dawn by Conrad Franke

This week is National Smoke Abatement week—if you haven't smoked Abatements (endorsed by leading veterinarians everywhere) you're missing a hot number. It is also United Nations week—in the U.N. nearly everyone has been smoking everyone else lately. Tuesday is United Nations day when U.N. flags will fly from some local buildings, but not, we bet, from the VFW hall. This week is National Honey week—time for you to remind the United Nations that if it would take a tip from the bees, sweeten its talk, wax its enemies and make the drones produce, we would all have less lives.

Rider in slow-moving court house elevator was overheard to wonder the other day if "they will install this elevator in the new courthouse for people who can't stand this fast age of progress..." Unofficial state officials who several weeks ago hysterically thought the democratic voter registration in Oregon would top the republican tally by about 40,000 are now revising their guesses downward to, say, about 18,000... no wonder so many pheasant hunters got the bird at home instead of in the field last week—seems that every able-winged ring-neck in this area is parked in the protective confines of the Salem Municipal airport... where they are as safe as though they were in front of Don Harger's gun.

Speaking of Fencerow Harger (who writes a weekly fish and hunt column for this paper) one of his feminine readers gave him the bird but good after reading Don's woeful tale of an unsuccessful pheasant hunt last week. This Dead-eye Christina pulled a shotgun out of her purse, tattooed DNS initials on a rising bird with number six shot at 40 yards and deposited the fowl on Mr. Harger's doorstep. She did this, said Mrs. Val Sloper, to let the world of men know what most women have known for a long time—namely if you use the right kind of powder, aim high and give the poor bird plenty of lead he's in the bag.

Looks like the red tape system in the army hasn't changed much in recent years... Received an army press release October 21 which said "immediate release on October 14"... easy to see, though, what snafued the detail... at the bottom of the page were places for initials of the serviceman involved, the company public relations officer and the battalion public relations officer.

Weekly report from night proofreaders' (and phone answerers') desk includes these items: "Woman called one night for a 'prescription' to the Statesman—so we sent her her morning tonic... Man called to ask how far north the moon rose that night—referred him to lunar reporter... Will person who called last week to ask 'How deep is Grant's tomb?' please call back—we have dug up the info... Though we cannot provide taxicabs for all calls every night demanding one immediately, we will be glad to give anyone a lift home after 1:30 o'clock each morning."

## Hollywood on Parade

By Gene Handsaker  
HOLLYWOOD — Big, blonde Forrest Tucker calls himself an actor without a home. "I'm happiest," he says, "with a suitcase in my hand, a train ticket in my pocket and an audience waiting at the end of the line." As for that last: "Let's face it, I'm a ham."

On a recent personal appearance tour with "Rock Island Trail," he felt at home in five cities. One was McAlester, Okla., where the picture had been shot and Forrest had got acquainted. Twenty-one relatives turned out for the Rock Island, Ill., premiere. In Des Moines, Ia., he'd lived as a kid. He has an aunt in Tulsa. He'd done military-hospital shows last fall in Memphis, as well as six other southern cities. Jokes, magic tricks, and a song or two.

Tucker — 195 pounds, 6 feet 4 inches, earnest and energetic — says: "I love new places and people." He grew up in six different towns. His father died when he was five. Twice Forrest attended private schools. When fortunes ebbed, he and his mother hitch-hiked from Pennsylvania to Des Moines, to stay with her family, and later to Washington, D.C., where she

taught music. His taste for travel whetted, Forrest saw the country by freight train during three summers in his teens.

Lying about his age, he joined the U.S. Cavalry at Fort Myer, Va., when he was 16. The experience was to prove helpful on his present assignment as a ruthless cavalry colonel in "The Black Hills."

Tucker and his mother, who is making her picture debut as a pianist in the film, have an apartment a half block from his studio. But Forrest, who "can pack in 20 minutes," is on the road much of the time. In the last two years he has located at Cedar City, Utah, and Kernville, and Camp Pendleton, California. He has attended premieres in San Francisco, San Diego, Washington, and New York. The last two winters he has appeared on radio and television in New York.

The much-traveled actor reports: "You'll find wonderful people everywhere if you don't try to be somebody. A smile is the deadliest weapon in the world." His ambition now is to make pictures in Africa, Sweden and China and "see the whole world." Between pictures he wants to make personal appearances. "An actor who doesn't act, Forrest reasons, "is as bad as a carpenter who doesn't build or a doctor who doesn't cure."

Hens that die of disease should be burned or buried, not left where dogs or wild animals may get at them and spread the disease.

## IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page one.)

on the McCarran bill for instance (all for it, Morse included, had as it is). And few know how they voted on the housing bill. They do know though if their congressmen got a dam for Beaver creek or a reclamation project for Elk flat or a new postoffice for Apex.

Party regularity goes a long way, habit of voting for a familiar name is also potent, in determining the way a voter marks his ballot. Mood is also a factor. If times are hard or some sacrifice has been required by government the voter may be in an ungully mood; and then the incumbent suffers. Otherwise he is at great advantage. The proportion of so-called "intelligent voters" is small; and it is my observation that "intelligence" divides rather faithfully along the lines of party affiliation.

The Voting Record is "evidence in the case," to be sure. It should be studied as a whole and not just on a few selected items. And it must be weighed against the probable voting record of the opponent.

This last observation is pertinent particularly in the Oregon congressional campaign where the Voting Records of incumbent republicans are being exposed to light and air. (They all voted against aid to Korea for instance.) But what would their opponents do if they were elected? What are their political views and affiliations?

After all a candidate's Voting Record is only half the story.

Give every Oregon child an EVEN chance  
VOTE  
306 X YES  
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Field Adv. The Children's Bill Committee, Mrs. Josephine Moorhead, Chairman, 1006 Broadway Bldg., Portland

## Abundant Oil Supply on Hand

PORTLAND — Abundant supplies of fuel oil, to cope with any extremes of weather this winter, are on hand to take care of householders' needs, it is declared by Bill Alexander, manager of Oregon Heating Industries, Inc., Portland.

The statement was made following an industry survey to indicate scope of the expanding fuel oil market in this area.

"In face of a 75% preference for oil as a fuel, as indicated by the survey, we are glad to announce that the Willamette valley fuel oil industry has made parallel progress in providing for increased supplies, both in the matter of storage and rolling equipment," he emphasized.

Alexander pointed out that oil is as vital to industrial users as to householders.

## EXPAND COAL

PITTSBURGH (INS) — The U. S. Steel Corporation has launched a multi-million dollar program to expand its coal production in the Pittsburgh district. "Big Steel" announced it is opening a new 4000-ton a day mine in Washington county, and another 4000-ton a day mine, which has been closed for 22 years, will be reopened in Fayette county.

ed? What are their political views and affiliations?

After all a candidate's Voting Record is only half the story.

A-1  
FOLLOW THE A-1 ARROW FOR A-1 USED CARS  
See page 3 of today's paper See your friendly Ford dealer

## Chinese Communists Step Up Propaganda Blasts at Formosa, Invasion Plans Wane

By Fred Hampson  
HONG KONG, Oct. 22 (AP)—Chinese communist propaganda about Formosa is louder than ever, but the red menace to the island seems to be strictly verbal. The reds are charging that the United States violates Chinese sovereignty by outfitting part of its fleet around Formosa, and are protesting vigorously over coming United Nations discussions on the island's fate.

While these red shouts echo, reports reaching Hong Kong from the central and south china coast look as tough as any immediate invasion is off.

Large segments of Red General Chin Yi's third field army, which moved into position along the coasts of Kwangtung and Fukien provinces opposite Formosa early last month, have been jelled out, according to independent Chinese newspapers in Hong Kong. While not the last word on accuracy on all topics behind the bamboo curtain, these papers still are seldom wrong on major red movements in such critical areas.

One report to the independent Wah Kiu Yat Po said the bulk of these armies were concentrated near Swatow October 15 and taken northward en masse. It is not clear where they went, but they were not among troops that were shifted north to Manchuria. The army that went to Manchuria was General Lin Piao's famous fourth army. Chin's third field army had replaced Lin's fourth army along the coast, and now the third itself has departed.

The dispatch said only security guards were left, and that not a communist soldier could be seen in any cities along this stretch of the coast, which is nearest Formosa and the logical jumpoff place for an invasion. As Chen Yi had been designated to command the "liberation" of Formosa, the abrupt withdrawal of his forces looks even more like

a long postponement. Some observers in these parts think the Chinese reds may never get Formosa; that they've waited too long; that free world opinion has firmed up in the heat of the Korean emergency against abandoning the strategic island to the communists, and that once this opinion finds expression in U. N. councils the island's fate will have to await a Japanese peace settlement.

There are other straws in the winds indicating the reds themselves have deferred or bypassed

## Literary Guidepost

By W. G. Rogers  
Shady Cloister, by Winifred Lear (Macmillan; \$2).  
Linnet Reilly, who teaches English at Eastlands, a girls' boarding school, is efficient, intelligent, attractive, and yet unloved, and it is her natural yearning for affection and her hope that if she looks for it she can find it, that we read about in this pleasant novel.

Miss Lear sets a leisurely pace. She introduces us to the staff at the school, Miles, Stalker, Bancroft, Sinclair and Ethel Bonner, whose sister Mary is one of the pupils. We hear them at tea discussing their problems, bantering, planning for the term, and each one, as if casually, or accidentally, grows into an easily distinguishable individual whose reactions can be depended on. Ethel Bonner in particular is a real person, eager to be helpful to her little sister and eager for thanks for her helpfulness, in love with Dr. Forbes and adept at convincing herself that he is in love with her.

Mary Bonner, on the other hand, a plain and unprepossess-

ing child, would gladly do without Ethel's help. Mary has a schoolgirl's crush on Linnet. But Linnet tries hard to believe she is in love with Arnold Cannon, a poet who in turn is in love with Arnold Cannon and no one else, not with Linnet and not with his wife Kate, either. And then there is Brett Bidlake, who is really in love with Carolyn but is glad of a chance to take Linnet out on the theory that all women have round heels... it's Brett who "adored animals and loved shooting them."

Though the chance meeting of Linnet and Dr. Forbes is somewhat unlikely, all the other steps by which this novel advances are easy to take, and lead to a grand climax of a fire, and a surfeit of love, and the triumph of sober sensibility. It is in effect a story about love going where it listeth, not where we list. A tale that runs along so quietly may appeal more to English than American taste, but there is a deft light touch, and Miss Lear, without forcing her argument on the reader, nevertheless supports it persuasively.