

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Ave"
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor and Publisher
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The Republican Ticket

The Statesman, as a republican newspaper, wishes to give its endorsement to the republican ticket for the election November 7th. Here is the list for Marion county voters:

United States Senator, Wayne L. Morse
Representative in congress, first district, Walter Norblad
Governor, Douglas McKay
Commissioner of Labor, William E. Kinsey
State Senator, two to be elected, Fred Lampert, Douglas Yeater
State Representative, four to be elected, Mark G. Hatfield, Roy L. Hosack, Lee V. Ohmart, John F. Steelhammer
County Commissioner, E. L. Rogers
County Recorder, Herman Wm. Lanks

With the republican party now standing second in registration in Oregon there is occasion for greater effort on the part of its members to elect its candidates. The ticket is on the whole one superior to that presented by the democratic party in Oregon so it is worthy of support on its merits as well as on the basis of party loyalty.

We recognize a breakdown in party discipline in these days, and wide divergence of opinion within both the old parties. This paper for instance has often been sharply critical of the national leadership of the republican party. But the GOP does remain the only organization in opposition to the democratic party which left its ancient moorings to espouse new, and in many respects, false doctrines.

The Truman administration is but an extension of the Roosevelt administration with its costly paternalism, its magnification of the state, its sapping of the springs of self-reliance. Its domestic program calls for even further ventures into paternalism. The Truman administration has been equally brazen with its predecessor in using the public treasury for extending its lease on power. Sound principles of public finance are ignored and the wolves of inflation turned loose to devour those groups and classes unable to protect themselves. Wavering and uncertain though the policy of the republican party has been, the party is still the only vehicle which opposes the headlong rush into the welfare state. In our judgment that opposition should gather strength, not wither away until we have just a one-party country, and that a party dominated, democratic party is coming to be, by organized labor unions.

The Statesman has been critical of republican leadership in the senate for its expressions on international affairs; but in the clinches the bipartisan policy has prevailed—in the case of the Marshall plan and support of U.N. and U.S. action in Korea. The Roosevelt-Truman administration cannot escape responsibility for failures in its world diplomacy even though it had to deal with a most recalcitrant and difficult nation, Russia. We certainly hope that in a second term Senator Morse, whose views on foreign affairs are both informed and enlightened will become a member of the foreign affairs committee and be able to speak with more authority in determining republican policy in this field.

As far as state affairs go the republican party submits to the voters a good, clean record. The state government is competently administered. The state administration has indulged in no grandstanding, but it has given prudent management for Oregon's business. Oregon has done well for its schools, its elderly citizens, its wards and for injured or unemployed workers. Oregon is not a wealthy state but it ranks near the top in these categories.

Ohio Union Men Playing Auditor Ferguson As 'Little Guy' Battling Sen. Taft's 'Interests'

By Stewart Alsop
MIDDLETON, Ohio, Oct. 25— "Don't write little Joe off. The traveler in Ohio hears this refrain everywhere, from republican even more than democrats. It is universally conceded to be at least possible that an obscure politician called Joseph T. Ferguson, Ohio's state auditor, will eliminate Robert A. Taft, one of this country's leading political figures, from the senate. When first Ferguson in action, you find this difficult to believe.

This reporter first saw Ferguson on display at a democratic rally in this bustling manufacturing town. For the first time in many weeks the popular democratic governor, Frank Lausche, who has very conspicuously refused to endorse Ferguson, had consented to share a platform with his running mate. Both men spoke. The contrast was downright cruel.

Lausche is the greatest living exponent of the William Jennings Bryan school of American oratory. Although his speech was confined to wrathful denunciation of the "racketeers" and "special interests," and to throbbing approval of the American flag and American home, Lausche soon had the audience of democratic jobholders literally gripping the edges of their chairs.

Ferguson, on the other hand, rose nervously, tightly holding a sheaf of typewritten pages; no one present believed that he had any hand in their preparation. His rimless glasses glinted with a kind of mock ferocity, his only gesture a tentative stab with a stubby forefinger, he repeated the words written for him—a furious attack on Sen. Taft—as mechanically as a reluctant child reciting "The Wreck of the Hesperus" for bored guests.

Ferguson's second asset is simply the nature of the man himself. A likeable, bouncy man, at once affable and as combative as a gamecock, he has the instinctive politician's friendly gregariousness. This is precisely what Taft, who is not an instinctive politician at all, lacks. Moreover, Ferguson, a small man with an imperfect acquaintance with his mother tongue, is the perfect symbol of that mythical American figure, "the little guy," battling fearlessly against "the interests." The labor leaders who are masterminding Ferguson's campaign, mindful of how well it worked in 1948 for Harry Tru-

man (of whom Ferguson is in strawman for the august Taft) to demolish. Yet the fact is that Ferguson has certain very real assets. One of these is a simple but effective political formula, which has seen Ferguson hand-somely re-elected to his state auditor's post, even in republican years. Ferguson himself neatly summed up the nature of this formula, in two disarmingly frank remarks to this reporter after the rally.

Asked why he was so obviously confident of beating Taft, he replied, "Well, I sign all the checks the State of Ohio sends out, and that don't hurt me none." The state auditor's job has given him an opportunity, which he has used perfectly honestly but very shrewdly, to build a vast personal following in Ohio. Ferguson revealed the second part of his magic formula when he was asked his views of the Brannan plan. He replied frankly that he really didn't know what it was all about, but he continued after a moment's reflection, "If the farmers want it, I'm for it. If the farmers don't want it, I'm against it." Ferguson has been vociferously in favor of everything any large voting group, whether farmers or workers or veterans or old people, wants. This is not exactly a brand new rule in politics. But Ferguson has followed this rule with exceptionally single-minded devotion.

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Mac Reads by Book Matches During Storm

By Henry McLemore
DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., Oct. 25— A hurricane is an unpleasant thing to go through, to say the least, but one every once in a while is good for the soul.

Honestly, I have a feeling that the one we had recently in Florida was sent by the Lord to let Floridians know that life can't all be sunshine, lolling on the beach, picking oranges in your own back yard—and watching sheriffs connive with gamblers.

When a wind hits gale force, and then keeps on picking up speed until it becomes a hurricane, it gives men and women a new sense of values. Right quick, too.

When a man's house starts tilting so that the piano plays tag with him in the living room, he is very likely to worry about his own skin, and the skins of those he cares about, and not about his shares in Consolidated Solids, or his alma mater's ranking in the national football standings.

When winds reach a spirited gallop of 100 m.p.h., or better, and start doing the things they do at such a speed, a man realizes how dependent he is on a lot of people he ordinarily does not think much about.

Last night I dreamed about linesmen, electricians, plumbers, roofers, sheet metal workers, paint and glass company workers, and rubbish removers. I wished them all well in my dreams because I had need of every one of them.

How long since you've stayed in a house without electricity? Oh, it's terrible. For modern man the hardship is comparable to anything suffered by the pioneers of covered wagon days.

In fact, I believe I'd rather be shot at by red Indians than grope around a house with a candle that was constantly being blown out, or when it wasn't out tripped hot tallow all over me.

With the power off the stove wouldn't work, the refrigerator stopped refrigerating, the telephone was dead, and I couldn't turn on the radio to try to get the cheerful news that somebody was worse off than I was.

There was no such thing as running over to a neighbor's and stealing a flashlight or a lantern, for to poke your head out of doors was to risk being blown to the outskirts of Keokuk.

I have barked two or three times since I got up this morning, and I'll tell you why. When we had burned up every leftover Christmas candle in the place we decided to eat. It was as dark as a chimney sweep's ears but I managed to open a can of corned beef hash, which we ate cold, covered with ketchup.

This morning the can of corned beef hash was still on the pantry shelf, but an empty can of dog food was on the sink.

With the storm still going on it was impossible to go to bed because any second it might have been necessary to put on our water wings and head for dry land. So I decided to read by the light of book matches.

This calls for a lot of doing. Reading by match goes something like this:

"Gertrude entered the hall— strike— and was confronted by a strike—a corpse— strike— strike— hanging from the— strike— chan— strike— delier."

Soon as normal service was restored today I hopped to the telephone and started calling. I wanted to know how others fared during the hurricane.

I could have slapped the faces of those who told me they got by with very little trouble. It is that human nature, or is that just me?

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Red Tibet Would Peril Free India

By J. M. Roberts, Jr.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 25 (AP)— To the western mind, what happens in Tibet would seem at first to be of little more importance than what might happen on the moon.

It's a little place in the far-off Himalayas, visited only rarely by westerners, ruled by a strange theistic government. It never has much contact with the outside and in winter ground travel through the mountain passes is next to impossible. To most people its existence is almost as imaginary as the Shangri-La which the story said was located there.

But when the Chinese communists move in, as they will even if the new announcement of an invasion has not already been implemented, Tibet will take on a new aspect.

For it is there that a nervous India will be brought into direct contact with the powers of communism which so far have failed to make much impression on her. Prime Minister Nehru doesn't believe, yet, that the Peiping regime of Mao Tse-tung is a puppet of the Kremlin.

But Chinese communist armies, willing to drive through the already-falling snows of the "top of the world" to carry out a gesture involving little but face, will present the Indians with something with which they can not take chances on the mere basis of opinion. They will have to be prepared for the possibility that they are wrong.

Britain, India's ruler for so many years, always acted to keep China and Tibet separated, as the Tibetans have always wanted. But it was to keep China away from India's border rather than any overwhelming



IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page one.)

threat in its location or its population to American interests. The only nations which might be disturbed are India and the USSR. The latter doubtless approves the mission, and India may feel secure with the great wall of the Himalayas to guard its Tibetan border. As for the popular attitude, what do we care who rules Tibet, even a communist government could be no worse than the despotism of the greedy Tibetan priests.

What becomes of the Truman doctrine of resisting communist aggression round the world? Why, it is modified, that's all. We do not even send a note of protest to Peiping or mention Tibet in United Nations. We are not so chivalric (and so foolish) as to try to maintain the autonomy of Tibet.

An extreme case, to be sure; but it proves the point that I have tried to make, that there is a limit to the policing the United States can do.

sentiment for the Tibetans.

The motive is as natural as Britain's long-standing determination to keep Russia out of the Dardanelles. It is as natural to a free India as to a British colony. Nehru will not be able to overlook it.

This should have a tendency to push him a little more toward the western camp in the cold war, where his heart and India's interests truly lie, but which his nationalism and the scars of his long fight against colonialism have prevented him from entering.

The actual situation regarding Tibet is still shrouded in doubt. Peiping says the march has been ordered, but there are no indications that an invasion actually has taken place. A Tibetan delegation, after being held up in India by both Indian and Chinese reluctance, is just leaving for Peiping to negotiate with the reids.

The greatest number of home accidents—25 per cent—occur in the bedroom, according to a recent National Safety Council study.

"New weapons! ... new methods! ... new strategy! ... but never a word about new styling for these old rags us WACS have to wear."

'BOOTS AND SADDLES'



Pay 'Kickback' Claim Hurlled at Congressman

LANCASTER, O., Oct. 25—(AP)— A widow formerly employed in the office of Rep. Walter E. Brehm (R-Ohio) charged Tuesday that he took \$7,340 of her salary over a three-year period. Brehm promptly branded the charge as "fantastic."

Mrs. Clara Soliday, 75, of Logan, O., sued for recovery of the \$7,340 plus an additional \$10,000 as "punitive damages."

The suit was filed in Fairfield county common pleas court by Attorney Hubert D. Lapper.

Brehm, 58, has represented Ohio's 11th congressional district for eight years. He is a candidate for re-election Nov. 7.

Reached at his Millersport home, Brehm branded the suit as "absurd and the most cockeyed thing I ever heard of."

"Why it's too fantastic to reply to," he told newsmen.

"There is not a damned word of truth in it. She never gave me back one cent of her salary."

Mrs. Soliday alleged that while she was on the congressional payroll Brehm "wrongfully and fraudulently demanded, collected, and received from her out of her salary a total sum of \$7,340."

CIO LOGGERS STRIKE
SILTCOOS, Ore., Oct. 25 (AP)— A strike of 100 CIO loggers at the Crown Zellerbach woods operation near here was reported Tuesday. Leo Kotin, federal mediation commissioner who tried to avert the strike, said workers wanted a 5-cent hourly wage increase and some other contract adjustments.

Better English

Better English — 11½ ed page

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "When the race was over with, he sank down to the ground exhausted."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "quixotic"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Hyperbole, hygiene, hypercritical, hypodermic.
4. What does the word "lacerate" (verb) mean?
5. What is a word beginning with av that means "greedy of gain"?

ANSWERS

1. Omit with and down. 2. Pronounce kwiks-ot-ik, both P's in kick, o as in oak, accent second syllable. 3. Hygiene. 4. To rend; tear; mangle. (Pronounce first syllable laas). "The flesh was lacerated." 5. Avaricious.



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