

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor and Publisher

Published every morning. Business office 215 S Commercial, Salem, Oregon. Telephone 2-2441.  
Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as second class matter under act of congress March 3, 1879.

## Tolerance Between Faiths In Germany

The Peace of Augsburg in 1648 ended the Thirty Years' war which had scourged Germany. The war was the outgrowth of the religious controversies that followed the Reformation initiated by Martin Luther. The principle accepted at Augsburg to end the religious dispute was: "Whose state, whose religion." In other words, the religion of the prince determined the religion of the people. While greater toleration in recent centuries permitted a shifting of religions, it remained true that the several areas remained predominantly of whatever faith had been chosen for them after the Peace of Augsburg.

An article by Charles R. Joy in St. Joseph's magazine, published at Mt. Angel abbey, shows how the dispersion of peoples in Germany after the late war has changed the pattern of religions. He cites the Bavarian Wood on the Czechoslovak border which formerly was chiefly Catholic; but the recent influx of Protestants has reversed the proportions in some places. "Emsland before the war was almost entirely Catholic with only 10,000 Protestants. Now there are 80,000 Protestants in this region."

While this might seem to set the stage for a revival of old antagonisms, the opposite seems to have occurred. Mr. Joy writes:

"Since the days of the Reformation there has never been such close cooperation between Catholic and Protestant as there is today in Germany."

In Syke where the small Catholic church, accommodating only 40, faced a big influx of Catholics, the Protestant pastor offered the use of his church and now both faiths use the same building, at different hours. Pastor and priest hold each other in mutual esteem.

Ignorance is often the father of prejudice. As folk become acquainted, as in Germany under the stress of necessity, they develop understanding and forbearance. This experience in Germany might well set an example for other lands where bigotry and intolerance still persist.

## "Yes Virginia, There Is . . ."

The New York Sun has set, but the editorial by Frederick M. Church, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," survives, to be reprinted annually by papers across the land. The Virginia, whose letter in 1897 inspired the editorial, is now Mrs. Edward Douglas, principal of a public school in New York, who thinks that children have a lot of faith in Santa Claus.

Here is the classic, which promises like Tenyson's brook to go on forever:

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old.  
"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.  
"Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.'  
"Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?  
"Virginia O'Hanlon,  
"115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

Virginia, your friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical

## Crumbling British Power Gives Rise to All Kinds of Conjecture on Churchill's U. S. Visit

By Stewart Alsop  
(The following report was written after Stewart Alsop's return from London.)

"Winston is going to have to pull some sort of rabbit out of his hat when he goes to Washington." This remark, or something like it, is often heard in the inner Tory circle in London. To understand why Prime Minister Churchill so badly needs a rabbit in his oddly shaped hat, it is only necessary to consider the circumstances in which he is making this latest in a series of historic journeys to the United States. His country is, of course, again in a desperate economic plight. In cold statistical terms, this is the most serious British economic crisis yet. The loss of gold and dollar reserves in the last four months of this year is likely to top the billion dollar mark. This amounts to a sort of economic hemorrhage. Somehow this outflow of the British economic lifeblood—the margin of safety on which the whole vast sterling area operates—must be stopped.

Yet Churchill will arrive in Washington well knowing that by now the recurrent British economic crises are very old news in the United States. The wolf which has been gnawing at the British door, and which has seemed about to gnaw through the door in 1947, 1949, and again now, has been a very real wolf indeed. But even when the wolf is perfectly real, the cry "wolf, wolf," too often repeated, tends to lose its meaning.

It has lost its meaning even in Britain, through too frequent repetition. The British, moreover, are a proud people, and when, in December, 1950, it was announced that Britain could dispense with further American economic aid, this had a profound and emotional impact on the British. "We felt," as one of them said

recently, "as though we could hold up our heads again." For Churchill, newly installed as British premier, to ask for another large infusion of American aid would be a tremendously unpopular act in Britain, however clear the need.

Yet somehow Churchill and Truman must find means to glue the situation together again. The main outlines of a temporary gluing operation are already fairly visible. On the American side, what is required is that Britain be given priority on dollar purchase of about 1 per cent of the total American steel production. Also required is that somehow something like \$500,000,000 should be found for the British out of already appropriated foreign aid funds.

On the British side, what is required is the old, tired, familiar program of Crippsian austerity—this has, indeed, already started, with Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler's billion dollar cut in imports. In such ways, with a little luck in the terms of trade, the hemorrhage may be reduced to a less-than-fatal trickle, and the British sterling bloc should be able to bump along somehow for a time.

Yet the fact is that this sort of gluing operation, which has been repeated in one form or another for a long time now, is a way of preventing the patient from dying, without really dealing with the disease. The symptoms of the disease are world-wide, and every year they become more visible. Among the visible symptoms today, for example, are the erosion of British power in the United States has been unable to brought on a crisis with which the United States has been unable to deal effectively; the increasing split between American and British policy on a whole series of issues; and the sharp setback in the British rearmament effort recently announced by Churchill.

Unless the disease is somehow dealt with at the source, the symptoms are sure to get progressively worse. For we might as well face it. The available evidence suggests that the poli-

tical bet made by Left-wing British leaderneurin Bevan is winning bet. Bevan is betting that simple economic pressures will sooner or later destroy the Conservative interest in Britain by forcing a sharp fall in living standards; and that Britain will then go very far to the Left under a "Third Force" anti-American government. If this does happen, the whole structure of resistance to Soviet expansion, built with such infinite expenditure of treasure and even blood, will begin to crumble.

For the first time in his yearly trips to Britain, this reporter this year heard a number of responsible British and American officials talking thoughtfully, tentatively, but seriously about some entirely new approach to the whole Anglo-American relationship. There was even talk about some sort of real political and economic union between Britain—the Commonwealth countries, and the United States.

This is an interesting vision—the vast sterling market opened to the United States, the vast American market opened to the sterling countries, in a union of English-speaking people, more appropriate in many ways than a union of diverse European countries, comprising an immense center of power and stability. No doubt this vision is wholly impractical, for all sorts of economic, political and emotional reasons.

Yet surely it is time to think very seriously about ways in which the British economic distress itself can be dealt with, if only in order that British power, the indispensable asset of the United States in the world struggle, should cease to be a wasting asset.

It is certainly true that Winston S. Churchill himself has thought long and hard about inner nature of the relationship between the United States and the British Empire and Commonwealth. And it is therefore just possible that when Churchill comes to Washington the rabbit in his hat may have a rather startling shape.

# IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from Page 1)

here. And then in the name of that RIGHT shall I not slay them for murdering their Queen, and be slain in my turn by their countrymen as the invader of their fatherland? Can Rome do less than slay these slayers too, to show the world how Rome avenges her sons and honor? And so, to the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand."

These lines inspire a far more friendly response than they did when Shaw wrote them in 1900.

Shakespeare was no moralist. He was the playwright who "held as 't were the mirror up to nature" to show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." His Cleopatra is the "serpent of the Nile," the charmer of men, seducer and sorcerer: beautiful, voluptuous, artful.

One of the characters in the play describes thus the scene when first she met Mark Antony upon the river Cydnus: "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold; Purple the sails, and so perfumed that the winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver, which to the tune of pipes kept stroke and made the water which they beat to follow faster. As amorous of their strokes. It beggar'd all description: she did lie In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue, O'er picturing that Venus where we see The fancy outwork nature: on each side her Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem to glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool. Caught in the embrace of Cleopatra, Antony was pursued by the vengeful Octavius. His forces are defeated on land sea. Then he falls on his sword, and speaks to Cleopatra: "I am dying, Egypt, dying." The grief-stricken queen puts the poisonous asp to her breast, "that sucks the nurse to sleep."

From time to time fears are expressed over the future of the

## U. S. Medical Missionary Kills Himself after Chinese Torture.

By Fred Hampson  
HONG KONG, Sunday, Dec. 23—(P)—Dr. William Wallace, American medical missionary in China for 17 years, cracked under communist torture and committed suicide in a Wuchow jail last February, a Catholic priest expelled from the Red mainland said today.

Father Mark Tennen of Pittsford, Vt., told the story of Dr. Wallace's death, and described his own life in the same Red prison. Wallace was a Southern Baptist missionary.

Father Tennen said Dr. Wallace stood up to the endless questioning and lack of food and sleep for several weeks. But in February he seemed to crack.

He screamed for hours every night, while Red guards prodded him with bamboo poles to silence him. He became irritable at the questioning sessions. He was obviously ill and seriously exhausted, Father Tennen said, but the Reds never let him rest.

One night, no one is quite sure of the date, he screamed for about an hour then became suddenly quiet.

A few hours later the communist jailers saw him hanging by the neck from a strip of blanket tied to the top of his cell door.

The jailers were frightened and made Father Kennedy, justice of New York, enter the cell and cut him down. Dr. Wallace was dead.

Father Tennen said he personally underwent the "mind washing" process of the Reds, but said his mind didn't wash.

"Their stuff sounded like rubbish when it started and it still sounded like rubbish at the end," he said. But he admitted the communist indoctrination did affect many of the prisoners.

Father Tennen said he got so angry at repeated attacks on America that one day he gave an impromptu lecture on how well the American working man was paid.

For a few minutes even the communists listened, and one asked, "Do they really get so much? As much in one day as we get in whole year? Is that really true?"

## Quote for the Day

Meekness is an essential virtue in the life of all great men. — Anonymous

theatre. But with such actors as the Oliviers and such plays as these and others of more recent vintage such concern seems to be borrowing worry. The great regret is that the professionals are limited so utterly to New York and a few other large cities with only an occasional touring company of quality to make the "provinces."

## Comes the Dawn

Santa Claus, believe him or not, is up to his ear-whiskers these days in hard work. We dropped in to see the old boy at his cozy headquarters in the Shopping Center. There he was giving out with hearty "ho-ho's," hoisting the little ones up on his knee (the big ones stand), listening to their childish prattle and yelling "ouch!" when they yanked his beard. One little girl was giving him detailed instruction on how to get into her home (no chimney). And a little boy promised to set out some food for the reindeer on Christmas eve.

Later, when Santa knocked off for a few minutes to feed the reindeer and massage his right knee, we asked him about this Santa Claus business. Well, with a twinkle in his merry old eyes and jiggle of his round little belly, he said that adults could learn a lot about the true spirit of Christmas from the kids. Examples: One poorly-dressed little girl told Santa she wanted a doll for Christmas then added that he wouldn't have to bring her anything if he'd only bring her Mommy some nice dresses. Several youngsters asked Santa to bring their GI Dads home for Christmas. Lots of kids ask for Bibles and one girl said she wanted her Mother home from the hospital.

In general, though, said Santa, boys ask for trains, log trucks and mechanical equipment. Girls go for dolls, nurse sets and dishes. And one grown woman sat on Santa's lap and asked for a new car and a fur coat. Santa tells them, including the woman, that he'll see what he can do. "I ask 'em all if they've been good," he said. "And you'd be surprised how many admit they have not. I tell them, anyway, it's good to be truthful." One little girl almost stumped Santa when she asked him to name all his reindeer. On an average day Santa interviews about 200 children and on peak days as high as 600. He estimates he's seen close to 15,000 youngsters at his temporary quarters here this season.

Mr. Claus notes only a few of the kids are afraid of him. "It's a tremendous thrill in their lives to see Santa. Naturally they are a little awed and some parents crowd them too much." The average age of a good believer is about 6 years. Boys catch on quicker and girls keep the faith longer. One mother brought her little girl in to prove to her that there WAS a Santa Claus, because the girl's teacher at school had told her differently. "I'd like to tell that teacher a thing or two," said Santa, so mad his jingle bells began jangling.

Santa says his biggest thrill came the other day when a small lad, his eyes alight with the true faith, came in accompanied by a boy a little older—who had just joined the ranks of the non-believers. The non-believer scoffed at the idea of Santa Claus and tried to talk the little one into his way of thinking. But the small lad suddenly began to reel off a long, encyclopedic history of the legend of St. Nick and brought out all the evidence for a belief in Santa Claus. "By the time he got through," said Santa, "he not only had his companion convinced but he even had me and several innocent bystanders on the hook." . . . And with that old Santa asked what we wanted for Christmas, handed over a bag of candy and we hurried home in get off a letter to the North Pole.

## Only 30 Problem Names Remain On Prisoner List

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22—(P)—The casualty unit at the defense department called in extra personnel today to try to clean up about 30 troublesome cases remaining on the Communist-supplied list of prisoners of war in Korea. Three officers and 25 civilians—

## A Tip of the Hat!

Only hours now remain before that great day When Donner & Blitzen start hauling their sleigh. The rush, crush, push, shove and scramble is o'er And shopping will soon be as 'twas before. So that those who've made it easier for us To buy those gifts with the least amount of fuss, Might get some recognition for their jobs well-done W. W. ROSEBRAUGH COMPANY this salute does run. To all the friendly sales-folks in Salem's stores Whose patience and smiles aided shoppers' chores We hope Monday's patrons treat you right! Making your tasks easy and light, Mindful that you, too, enjoy a holiday. To you W. W. ROSEBRAUGH COMPANY does say: "The merriest of Christmases, with all the cheer, That comes in being with your own near and dear.

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