

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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

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## Red Cross Drive Fails?

It begins to look as though the 1953 Red Cross fund drive is failing—not just in Marion and Polk Counties where receipts are way below the goal established, but throughout the country.

We have no figures as yet on the national "take" in the annual solicitation for support for this world-famous and eminently worthy service organization, but the fact that the Red Cross felt it necessary to ask Mamie Eisenhower to make a special national appeal to mothers for contributions is an indication that all is not going well. The special effort is now being organized in this area.

Locally, after nearly a month of campaigning the Marion County Red Cross has raised only \$25,000 of the \$51,000 goal. That is less than half. Last year at this time the county chapter had collected just over half its quota. In 1951, at the end of March, Marion County Red Cross solicitors had turned in 61 per cent of the goal.

There must be a good reason why, in times of prosperity, the Red Cross is not getting the public support it needs and deserves. Perhaps the quotas established are too high but if the public wants the services which are provided by that kind of budget the public ought to be willing to pay for them. If not, the Red Cross simply has to cut down on its services.

Maybe the Red Cross is not using the most effective methods to get money out of people. Certainly the organization gets plenty of publicity space in the newspapers and on the radio, and its endorsers are always the best from the President on down. But such appeals for funds as the March of Dimes, with their "gimmicks," seems to be able to put on more successful campaigns. The sidewalk hawkers begging for dimes to tape to the concrete may have been annoying, but they got the dimes. The Red Cross door-to-door solicitors are annoying, too, and they don't seem to get the dollars.

The money is here; \$51,000 is only half a dollar per person in this county. Somehow the Red Cross is going to have to think up ways and means of prying it loose. It is not just a local problem; it is a national problem. We do not mean to criticize the local volunteers who have worked hard to reach the goal set. The fault lies with the people who have failed to respond to the appeals for aid to this worthy organization. They still have time to give.

## Another Spelling Contest

Late in 1950 The Oregon Statesman—on the basis of Dr. T. C. Holy's report that Oregon's teen-age spellers were not quite up to par—started a spelling contest for every 7th and 8th grade in Marion and Polk Counties.

Of the 115 schools then involved, 85 elected to take part. They chose school champions, sent

them to semi-finals; and from the semi-finals there came a score of top spellers to the Grand Finals in Salem. Winners received \$100, \$50 and \$25 defense bonds.

But that wasn't the end of it. There were demands for a repeat performance and The Statesman, along with co-sponsoring KSLM, acquiesced. Ditto this year, and the third spelling contest has just ended. Today, in this issue of The Statesman, it is announced that a fourth affair will be held in 1954.

It is true that only slightly more than 50 per cent of the principals involved have taken the trouble to indicate whether or not they desired the program next year. But of those who did respond to the question, 95 per cent were enthusiastic in their endorsement—not half-hearted. The other 5 per cent indicated the contest had failed to be a sufficient stimulus to warrant its continuance—or that their schools did not have a potential winner. The latter comment, of course, is of consequence only to show its weakness—it fails to recognize that honors accruing to a school are of far less importance than learning accruing to the pupils.

Anyway, there'll be another contest, again strictly non-commercial. And every school with 7th or 8th grades in Marion, Polk, Southern Yamhill and Northern Linn (districts which overlap into Marion County) will be invited to participate.

Some mighty fine spellers, as well as mighty fine children, participated in the championship brackets of the contest these last three years. It's been a real pleasure for representatives of the sponsors to work with them. And principals and teachers in the main have been cooperative, helpful and deeply interested in the contest as a stimulant to their programs. To all of them go sincere appreciation, as well as to the many school officials who have permitted use of their school systems' physical facilities or helped in other ways.

It will be pretty hard to discard the Spelling Contest—now widely copied in many other areas of the northwest—so long as questionnaires bring back such comments as: "By all means let's have another. My 5th and 6th graders can hardly wait until they can take part."

"Only God can make a tree" says the verse; but hundreds of school children and boy scouts get busy each year to help divinity by setting out seedlings in logged-over or burned-over forest lands. Recently such a planting was made near Mehama, and a few days ago schoolchildren of Reedsport and vicinity planted 16,000 Douglas fir plants, and 3,000 each of Ponderosa pine and Port Orford cedar in the Smith River burn. Not many of the youngsters will live long enough (about 80 years) for the harvest of their crop, but through the years they will get the "harvest" of the beauty of a growing forest.

## Alsop Brothers Recount Experiences to Show U.S. Security System Not Foolproof

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON—The strange case of Charles E. Bohlen has highlighted several ugly things about the American government. One of these is the kind of stuff that gets into government security files.

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy has recently lied his way out of this side of the case at the last moment, declaring that he had never opposed Bohlen's confirmation as Ambassador to Moscow on security grounds. Only a few days earlier, when asked if he regarded Bohlen as a security risk, McCarthy characteristically declared "That's putting it too weak."

McCarthy further hinted that he had heard all about the Bohlen security file from his friend, the new State Department Security Officer, R. W. Scott McLeod. What the Senator says must always be doubted. Yet it seems to be established that McLeod was genuinely guilty, in this instance, of leaking some sort of poisonous story to McCarthy.

Senator Taft has now supplied the appropriate commentary on the Bohlen security file. One of the very few items verifiable to Bohlen was a letter from a State Department stenographer who claimed that she had felt her "sixth sense" sending out alarm signals on the one brief occasion when she had taken dictation from Bohlen.

letter ought to have caused a security investigation of the writer. But as these reporters happen to be able to testify, the method of compiling security files can be a bit odd, at times.

These reporters have a brother, John de Koven Alsop by name, who seems to them as good a security risk as you could wish. In wartime he was an O.S.S. parachutist, jumping behind the enemy lines in both France and China. In China, he led an anti-Communist, anti-Japanese guerrilla group, and had a price put on the head of "the huge American with the mustache" by both sets of enemies.

In peacetime, he is a Connecticut Republican—he served as vice-chairman of the Connecticut Eisenhower movement before the last Republican convention. He was already a Republican member of the Connecticut Legislature when he agreed to apply for a temporary reserve civilian status in intelligence work, some years ago.

The application was refused, on security grounds. With great difficulty, the reasons were ascertained. They consisted of reports by two government security agents. The first agent had not got the name quite right. He had first invented a new personality, "John de Koven." He had then included, under "derogatory information," the claim that this non-existent citizen was "probably the brother or close relative" of another Mr. de Koven who had, it seems, been a member of Henry A. Wallace's Progressive Party.

The second agent had at least got the name right. As HBS derogatory information, he noted accurately that John de Koven Alsop was "probably the brother or close relative" of Joseph and Stewart Alsop. He added darkly that Joseph and Stewart Alsop were listed in the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee, as the authors of a Saturday Evening Post article, "Will the G.I.O. Kick the Communists Out?" All the second agent

omitted was the not altogether meaningless fact that this was a profoundly anti-Communist article. The House committee was using it as helpful source material on the Communist danger in the labor movement.

By shameless influence, brother John was cleared. By the same method, one of these reporters narrowly escaped detention on the Gripsholm, when checked for security on his return from a Japanese prison camp. He was sternly accused of having joined the British army. Sharp suspicions were aroused by his bewildered insistence that he had been a member of General C. L. Chenault's "Flying Tigers," which were markedly non-British. Actually, his brother and present partner had indeed joined a British infantry regiment, having been repeatedly rejected by all the American services on medical grounds, but this fact had not filtered through to the Japanese prison camp.

The day was barely saved, and the suspected one permitted to set foot on his native shores, by the intervention of a highly placed friend. Apparently a special government agent had found it impossible to distinguish between two citizens of the same surname, in the extremely small town of Avon, Conn.

Two such incidents in a single family at least suggest that the existing security system is not foolproof. The letter from the stenographer with the "sixth sense" further suggests that in some respects the system is plain foolish. The F.B.I. cannot properly be blamed. It does not do the whole job—it had no part in brother John's case—and it is ridiculously overburdened as a result of security mania. Yet it is in order to consider some sensible reform of the security system. And it is certainly not in order to hand over raw security files to people like Senator McCarthy, or to anyone who will link to him either. (Copyright, 1953, New York Herald Tribune, Inc.) (Copyright 1953 New York Herald Tribune Inc.)

## IT'S A RACKET SHIP IF YOU ASK US!



## U.S. Likes Coffee Despite Price Hike

NEW YORK (AP)—Although the nickel cup of coffee has virtually disappeared, the nation imported the equivalent of 900 million cups more of java last year than

in 1951, according to the National Coffee Association.

The 1952 total was 2.7 billion pounds—a gain of more than 22 million over the year before. This was the highest total in three years, approaching the record import of 2.9 billion pounds in 1949.

SPRING—Come on, Coldnose. Pack up your storms and make muddy tracks out here. You were supposed to have vacated these premises as of March 21. So take your sloppy solstices and . . .

WINTER—Don't shove, Sister. I'm going. I gotta couple of unused storms and a few cold spells scattered around here someplace. Soon as they show, I'll pick 'em up and take off. I'm tired, anyway . . . Frankly, I've had a rough winter.

SPRING—Your reign is ended and my rain is just beginning. Get it? That's a joke, Thunderhead. Your reign and my . . .

WINTER—You know what you can do with your corny jokes, Girl. Wait'll people get a load of the hayfever, pollen oak and yard work you bring them. They'll soon get fed up with your propaganda, Breezy. And when Summer comes they'll give you the boot, just like they gave it to me . . .

SPRING—Summer shummer! You really freeze me, Fog-bound. You are the character people get fed up with quickest. All you stand for, Icyfingers, is cold motors and cold noses, wet feet and muddy carpets, icycles, anti-freeze, sneezes, nose-drops, coughing and high fuel bills. And now people want the sun. They want flowers and warm, wafy breezes . . .

WINTER—Wafy breezes? Oh, for . . .

SPRING—Listen, Snowball. Everybody, but everybody, wants what I got. Green grass, flowers and showers (both meteorological and matrimonial), apple and cherry blossoms, wild flowers, garden seeds and crocuses, daffodils and Love.

WINTER—Wait a minute, Vernal Vera. I don't give folks a bad shuffle, either. With me they get fireside enjoyments, family gatherings, popcorn and cards, snow and ice skating. AND love. As Bill Shakespeare once said, "Winter tames man, woman and beast."

SPRING—Well, as I once said, people are just itching to shed the longies of winter and don the BVD's of spring. I made that up, son . . .

WINTER—It sounded like it came up suddenly, alright. What's so hot about you, Springy? As someone once said, and I quote, in spring the trees are leaving—and so are cashiers and Hollywood couples . . .

SPRING—Now you're getting chilly, Mudhead. You're afraid to face the frigid fact that people are tired of you. Even the mailmen are getting tired of a steady diet of snow, sleet, rain hail and gloom of night, even though those swift couriers . . .

WINTER—Stop it, Breezy, you'll have me hawling. Every year about this time you come along with a little thaw and people stand ankle deep in mud screaming about spring, wonderful spring. Phooie . . .

SPRING—That isn't fair, Mudball, and you know it. When I come along the trees leaf out and blossom, birds build nests in their hair. And—

WINTER—Whose hair? SPRING— . . . something stirs in the minds and bodies of men when they see the flowers bloom.

WINTER—A generation ago they called in worms, Bloomer Girl. . . . SPRING—Oh, you're impossible. WINTER—No, I'm not. But I'm fading. One of these days I'll be gone for good. Until next fall, that is . . .

## British Write New Crime Bill

LONDON (AP)—Worried by a wave of "cash kid" crimes, the British government is pushing a controversial new law which would change the whole legal tradition that a man is innocent until proved guilty.

The "crime prevention" bill would make it an offense to carry any weapon without legal permission. The bill defines a potential weapon as practically anything from a milk bottle to a cricket bat. It gives police the power to arrest suspects without a warrant.

The bill also makes the defendant responsible for proving he had a lawful reason to carry a weapon. Otherwise he faces a fine of up to \$280 or two years in jail—or both.

## IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from Page One.)

advertising pays the businessman isn't apt to continue it. If it brings ill will instead of good will he is going to cancel it at the first opportunity.

But what about newspapers and magazines which are supported by advertising? There is this difference: the advertising is not tied in with a particular news story or editorial. Persons objecting to what they may read in the news columns do not take it out on the individual advertisers. Unless radio can find some way to separate sponsor and commentator about the only line of radio comment which will survive is that which conforms to business orthodoxy.

Radio is not the only medium where intellectual conformity is required. Not long ago the magazine New Yorker had an article dealing with this spread of fear which began in this wise:

"There was an announcement in the Times the other day of a playwriting contest sponsored by the office of Samuel French. One of the conditions was that the sponsor reserves the right at any time to declare ineligible any author who is, or becomes publicly involved, in a scholastic, literary, political or moral controversy." On first reading this, we thought it was a typographical error such as one finds once in a great while in the Times, but we searched and could discover no sign of error, and so became aware that the sponsor's insistence on the contestants' intellectual inertness was indeed a condition of the contest. Controversy is now a naughty thing, a disqualifying thing. The act of disputing or contending is an unwholesome act. To disagree with anyone or anything is to run the risk of taking oneself out of the money. All this in a country that was born of controversy—a country that wrote

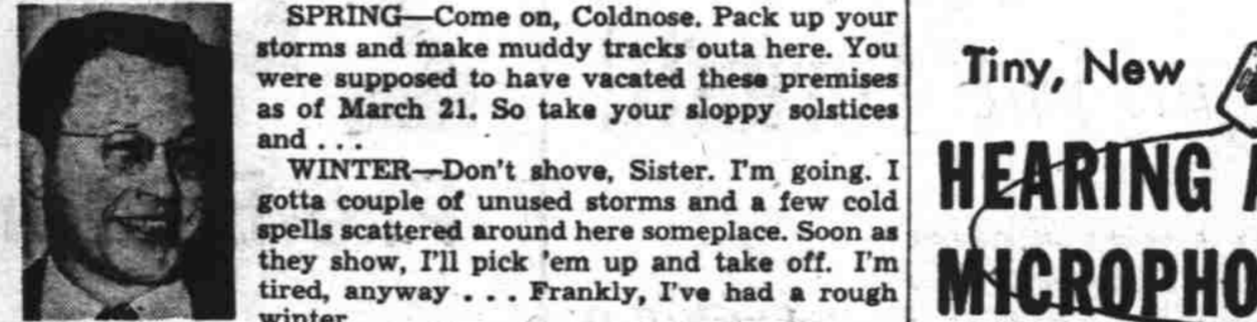
controversy into its constitution, that set up its legislative bodies on the theory of controversy, that established its free press in the belief that controversy is vital to information, and that created a system of justice of which controversy is the heart and soul."

One bright star on a television show was kicked off because its sponsor had a case of nerves when she had been examined by some anti-subversive committee. The movies have done a purge to free themselves of suspicion, of harboring pinkos. Because Legion groups dislike Charlie Chaplin's political views some theatres have banned his "Limelight." Right now the radio commentators who seem to be thriving are such reactionaries as Fulton Lewis, Jr. and Gabriel Heatter.

True, Communism is a grave threat to human freedom; but we need not succumb to fears and impose the thought-control which comes from tolerating only the orthodox opinion. We grow economically, morally, intellectually only by being free to grow. We risk sterility by restraints on free expression. Radio ought not to be confined to presentation of opinions screened by individual commercial enterprises.

I haven't cared much for Drew Pearson—often he seemed careless of facts, though in recent years his facts have been accurate enough to send some men to jail. But I do not like to see journalists of capacity and independence like Pearson and Swing dropped from broadcasting for lack of a commercial sponsor.

Twenty years ago the popular demand was for New Deal liberals as speakers, writers, broadcasters. Conservatives were queer birds who were not wanted. See how the climate has changed. Now the liberals are out-hunting jobs. We need to maintain a better balance lest our thinking get to be lopsided. With radio expression so limited by the practice of commercial sponsorship of individual programs the burden for keeping open the channels of free opinion falls on the press. Some day a business concern may want to put Pearson on the air again.



We heard Spring and Winter over by the hill the other day, carrying on their annual argument. This is the way it seemed to go . . .

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