

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us No Fear Shall Awe"
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Voice of Conscience

General James A. Van Fleet, lately retired after a long and highly successful political career, expresses himself freely in Life Magazine regarding his latest assignment as field commander in Korea. He blames administration policy with preventing the crushing of the Communist forces in the summer of 1951 when the U. N. armies had the Reds on the run. Halting along the 38th parallel and then engaging in prolonged and thus far bootless negotiations for an armistice ran counter to crisp military mind of this able general who had guided the Greeks to win their long battle against the Communist guerillas. Like the true soldier he thinks in terms of military victory, as did General MacArthur, and for the frustrated over the restraints of Washington.

His idea counters that of General Bradley, chief of staff, for Van Fleet says that "if we have to have a war with the Reds anywhere—a choice they themselves have made in this instance—Korea is for us the right war in the right place at the right time." (Which is obviously a direct rejoinder to Bradley's countering testimony in the MacArthur hearings.)

Van Fleet writes that our greatest mistake in Korea was to underestimate the Koreans and overestimate the Chinese Reds. But he says the war is costing the Chinese much more than it is costing us. He thinks they have to get out of it, that going in was the worst mistake they could possibly have made. His policy is "no compromise."

"All we have to do is start an all-out effort in Korea, and the Reds will soon come begging to us."

Would they; or would they merely yield ground, only to send in fresh regiments hastily recruited, to waste them against UN positions, but still prolong the fighting?

This is a different kind of war. Primarily it is a UN fight to resist aggression by means of collective security. While the U. S. is the authorized commander, the fighting is done on the name of United Nations; and Washington has to pay some attention to the representations of our UN allies.

It is different in this way, too, that the purpose is not to overwhelm China but first to repel the invader and next to unify Korea. Stopping at the 38th parallel at least did this; it restored the status quo, leaving unification to be achieved if possible by peaceful means.

Washington may have made a big mistake in preventing Van Fleet from administering a knockout blow to the Chinese Reds. But having once suffered a bloody nose from MacArthur's ill-advised drive toward the Yalu, the U. S. command may have been reluctant to make a second venture. However, the success of Van Fleet should have

given Washington great confidence in his military judgment.

Whether Korea is the right war, or the wrong war, and war at the right or wrong place is a subject for debate. But this is true: it is a war that nobody wants, but one which nations are having a difficult time to break off.

We can admire General Van Fleet for his great military ability and respect his contribution as a response to the voice of his own conscience. He deserves the further commendation that in spite of frustration he obeyed orders, and waited on his retirement before criticizing decisions of his superiors.

It is still too early, however, to render any final appraisal of the decisions made either in Washington or in Korea. It was fortunate, however, that the country had a man as able as General Van Fleet to take over the command in Korea when General Ridgway was assigned to Tokyo to succeed General Douglas MacArthur. Whether one agrees with Van Fleet's views or not, U. S. and UN are greatly in his debt for his great military leadership in rolling back the Red tide in Korea.

Editorial Comment

U. N. IS WHAT ITS MEMBERS MAKE IT

In declaring his willingness to give the United Nations a further chance to "prove itself," Senator Knowland possibly gives the U. N. more than its due—and thereby does it a disservice. As we see it, the United Nations can no more "prove itself" than the Civic Auditorium can "prove itself."

The United Nations is a forum—a place in which representatives of member nations can come together and talk over mutual problems and conflicting points of view. If it has acquired a personality of its own, that is no more than the composite personality of its members. It has no meaning, apart from its members, just as the United States has no meaning apart from its people.

So it is the members, not the U. N., that must "prove themselves," and this is a complicated matter and not something that can be pinned down to a given day.

The old League of Nations, we think, has taken an unjust kicking around for failing to "prove itself" when, as a matter of fact, its own members destroyed it by failing to rally the nerve to do anything effective to check the aggressive maraudings of Mussolini in Africa. Nothing was proved against the League, as such; all that was "proved" was some old truths about human nature.

The U. N., in spite of some formidable monkey wrenches thrown by certain members, has fared better, solely because certain other members have mustered the courage and strength to stand up to aggression. This proves nothing as to the intrinsic worth of "character" of the U. N. It proves only that the Western nations assayed a higher content of common sense than before.

If the United Nations collapses it will not be because of structural weaknesses but because men have not yet grown mature enough to make it work.

One would be foolish in that case either to try to saddle the blame upon the composite ideas and bylaws and buildings called the United Nations, or to leap to the conclusion that some "better" organization could be built to do the same work. It would be a "better" organization only if "better" people comprised it. It is possible that the U. N. will collapse, and the nations will face the need of backing off for a new try at collective security with membership limited to those whose ideological dispositions run otherwise than to sabotage and subversion.

But let us not deceive ourselves that this will be the same thing we are undertaking with the present organization. We shall then, as the result of civilization's immaturity, have failed the United Nations concept of the world-wide rule of law, and shall have settled for the next best thing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH—!



Real Estate Said 'Gal's Best Friend' By Lovely Gabors

By CYNTHIA LOWRY
AP Newfeatures Writer

NEW YORK (AP)—Diamonds, mink and well-heeled romance may be delightful and desirable counterpoints to the full feminine life, but real estate is the best asset a girl can have. Real estate pays dividends. This realistic tip comes from some ladies who know. Their name is Gabors. The Gabors are four in number: Mama Jolie and daughters Magda, Zsa Zsa and Eva. Their birth years are the most closely held secrets this side of the Danube. All the Gabors are beautiful and Hungarian. They first began reaching the United States in 1939 and in the last four years have begun to reap a profitable harvest from very large doses of sex appeal, fed lavishly by shrewd use of publicity and tended by a thoughtful attitude toward the dollar. This is topped off by a modest amount of acting ability.

Glamor's Their Business

Glamor is the business of the Gabor family and there's no doubt that they all are good businesswomen. It is increasingly difficult to tune in on television or radio without seeing or hearing blonde, brown-eyed Eva. It is hard to miss gorgeous blue-eyed Zsa Zsa in a hit movie. Magda, the red-haired one, is being launched on the stage and on TV. Mama, blonde and vivacious, is an indefatigable member of New York's Cafe Society by night and a tireless shopkeeper by day.

The family's specialty in public utterances has been advice on handling men, particularly rich men. It would be hard to find a better team of experts: The four Gabors have had a total of ten husbands, at least eight of whom would qualify as lavish providers.

Wed to Sanders

At the moment, Zsa Zsa is still wed to Actor George Sanders. (Mama Gabor considers this alliance sheer heady romance since Zsa Zsa gave up at least \$26,000 a year alimony from Hotelman Conrad Hilton to follow her heart. Mother Jolie recently announced her intention of taking the plunge for the third time with an unidentified Hungarian. Zsa Zsa first hit the front pages in 1947 as the estranged wife of rich, well-publicized Hilton, whose hotel interests reach from the Caribbean to the Pacific. In those days she was known as Sari. (Zsa Zsa is a family nickname.) One fine day police were told she had been robbed of \$700,000 worth of jewels by a kid-gloved handi who invaded her east 83rd Street penthouse (she owned the building, of course). This created a great furor, but a year later, the papers had a little story Sari had filed suit against an insurance company to collect only \$10,000.

\$26,000 Loss

A couple of years ago Sister Magda was robbed too. Her estimate of loss was \$26,000, but she didn't fare much better; the insurance company refused to pay on the ground she was a "natural target" for robbers. No matter what the insurance companies did, there was plenty of payoff in publicity. There is considerable drama in the way a large segment of the population, entirely masculine, react to a Gabor.

"They are," reported one male fan, "everything that a wife is not. They make you think, by everything they do, that you might just catch their fancy, and that it wouldn't create any problems later. It would all be wonderful per-

U.N. Support Talks Planned

Plans for increasing civic interest in United Nations and for a community observance of U.N. Week next October will be considered at a luncheon meeting Tuesday noon.

The program, called by Salem Council of Church Women's department of Christian world relations, will be at the Senator Hotel. Reservations should be made with Mrs. Dennis Patch, who is co-chairman with Mrs. Henry Otto.

Speaker will be Miss Eloise Ebert of the State Library staff, new president of Salem League of Women Voters. Mrs. Harold Rosenbraugh will preside.

Expected at the meeting are international relations chairmen of civic organizations and any other civic and church leaders interested.

Credit Groups Plan Meeting

More than a dozen Salem credit officials will travel to Victoria, B.C., next week end for the 32nd annual Pacific Northwest credit conference.

The sessions will include on May 15-16 the Pacific Northwest Council of Credit Women's Breakfast Clubs and on May 17-19 District 10 of National Retail Credit Association and Associated Credit Bureaus of the Pacific Northwest. Leading the delegations will be Charles Steinke, president of Salem Retail Credit Association; Mrs. Joy Welch, president of Salem Credit Women's Breakfast Club, and Francis W. Smith, president of Salem Credit Bureau, Inc.

Others will include Miss Lena Blum, Charles Schmitz, Dan Ross, James Cade, Mrs. Myrtle Robb, Mrs. Aita Meyers, Miss Beverly Hartzell, Mrs. Dorothy Hill, Miss Charlene Churchill, Mrs. Beatie Kayser and Adlai Robins.

carbon copies of their dynamic mother and she is fiercely proud of them and highly critical. She thinks that Zsa Zsa is the beauty of the family.

"I told my girls when they were young," says Jolie, "you may be lucky and marry a man who can support you. But be independent so that when you are unhappy, you don't have to depend on somebody."

But how do Gabors reconcile their position as authorities on men and marriage when they have so many failures?

"Darling," explained Jolie patiently, "it is so simple. Everything you do is for love—dressing, dancing, everything. Who can tell what comes later? A woman is really only sappy when she has a nice good love. So you must be independent and able to do for yourself. Then you do not have to marry a rich man, you can marry a poor one. And if it is wrong, you can go."

"So you see, darling, we are in a lot of love. With a little rest, a little something coming in, we don't need a rich man, a good little love will do..."

ESTATE SALE

For sale to the highest bidder, dwellings located at 1016 North Cottage St. and 2487 Maple St., Salem, Oregon.
Terms and conditions of sale may be obtained from Pioneer Trust Company, Pioneer Trust Bldg., Salem, Oregon.

French Put Too Much Faith in Mountains To Protect Them From Reds in Indochina

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON—The French High Command in Indochina might have avoided their present trouble if they had only had the advice of Mr. Ferguson.

The French generals relied on mountains to keep the Indo-Chinese Communist out of the mountain kingdom of Laos, so now the Communists are all over Laos and on the Stamese border as well. The great point of Mr. Ferguson was that he knew all about mountains, and understood how unreliable they are.

But perhaps it will be better to begin the story of Mr. Ferguson at the beginning, which was on a railroad platform in Toun-goo, Burma, in the early hours of an autumn morning of 1941.

In those months before Pearl Harbor, Toun-goo was the training base of Gen. C. L. Chennault's Flying Tigers. The General had been summoned to hold military conversations with the British War Cabinet's special representative in the Far East, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Duff Cooper. And on that particular morning, Gen. Chennault and one of these reporters boarded the Burmese government's imperial state train—narrow gauge but painted cream color and crimson—on this grave purpose.

There was something a bit nightmarish about the events of the first hours of the day—"chota hazri," which is a dank proto-breakfast consisting of tea and a banana; the military conversations, which were a bit longer, discouraging and almost totally inaudible, since the state train happened to be rattling over a narrow-gauge bit of road-bed; and the main

or second breakfast, heavily featuring fried fish in a temperature climbing towards 102 inside the train. The nightmare might have gone on forever, if it had not been for Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson was the High Commissioner of the Shan States, and as such the virtual dictator of an enormous corner of mountainous northwest Burma, full of cock-fighting, wife-murdering, favorite torturing, tax gouging Sawbwas, which is what the Burmese call their hill-rajahs. He looked more like a hangover from a primitive comic strip than a dictator, for he was a little, silver-haired, pink-faced, not-bellied, skinnily-shanked foxy grandpa of a man, fantastically got up in tunic and stockings, a white shirt with a semi-stiff collar and a flowing pink Buster Brown tie.

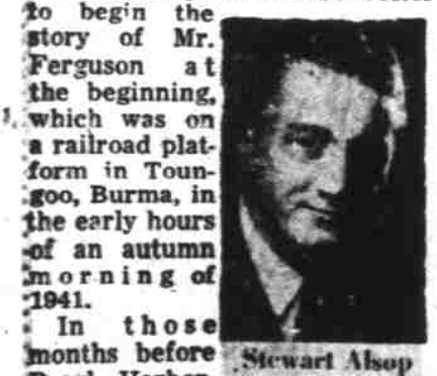
Yet Mr. Ferguson was reputed to manage his Sawbwas with great ruthlessness and sagacity; and he was certainly a sensible fellow. We remained steadfastly silent throughout the military conversation. But after the breakfast, when the journey to Rangoon began to seem absolutely interminable, he made his first remark in a high, didactic falsetto.

"Alcohol before sundown," he squeaked with great earnestness, "has always been the curse of the Caucasian races in the Orient. For my part, however, I have scientifically ascertained that a gimlet does not come under the heading of alcohol."

Everyone present responded with relief to this bit of Ferguson lore. Gimlets (which consist of straight gin with a lump of ice and an emollient drop of lime syrup) were brought by the state train's turbaned servants; and the servants and the gimlets continued to reappear at fairly regular intervals thereafter. The party grew progressively chummier, until the train was nearing Rangoon. At length Mr. Ferguson picked a cheery lounge, disengaging and almost totally inaudible, since the state train happened to be rattling over a narrow-gauge bit of road-bed; and the main



Joseph Alsop



Stewart Alsop

Salty Robber Fails in Try to Bluff Money

SALT LAKE CITY (AP)—Hand thrust in coat pocket, the man ordered George Hughes, bartender, to give him all the money in the till. Hughes refused and he also refused to hand over \$10 or \$20. The man then pulled his hand out of his pocket, laid a salt shaker on the bar and fled.

Realty Views

"You want us to sell your home on an exclusive listing," I said to Mrs. Law, "but frankly, we wouldn't deserve your confidence if I didn't tell you that your home will not sell for the price it should in its present condition." The home had been rented when the Laws left town a year ago, and it needed repairs, a thorough cleanup, and a complete redecoration inside.

"Won't it sell this way?" asked Mrs. Law.

"Yes," I said, "but at a substantial discount—much more than you'd expect. Also, it won't appeal to nearly as many people." "For example," I said, "suppose you had your choice of two dresses—one with grease stains, unpressed and 2 or 3 minor 'rips' or, one that was spotless, freshly pressed and with no defects. Assuming the style, color, and PRICE were about the same—which home would you choose?" She grinned. "That's obvious. And I see what you mean. A small outlay—perhaps \$300—will preserve the value we have in our home and make it more appealing. Isn't that the idea?" "Exactly," I replied. "Let's get it in shape so that it will sell quicker, and with a greater net return to you."

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IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page one)

more severe. Ice, floods which grind up the stream bottom are rough on fish.

The scientists were able to explode certain myths, such as: that streams have little fish food in winter (they found more); that fish do not feed in icy water (they do); that intensive angling strips a stream of its breeding population (it doesn't, trout find plenty of hideouts for survival).

The studies were made by blocking off sample sections of a trout stream, drying up the bed, and taking out the fish for measuring and weighing. For winter study a cage with plate glass windows was lowered into the stream. Graduate students sat in the cage and observed activities of the fish.

In that "golden age" of retirement I hope to do some fishing; and after reading the opening paragraph of Paul Needham's article I am tempted not to wait. As he says:

"Trout are the aristocrats of our inland waters. They require the purest waters in which to dwell—the cold, unpolluted 'little waters' of upland streams and lakes in forested regions. Even there life is rigorous for these sensitive fish, and he who catches a fish should, like the compassionate crocodile that found a man sleeping by the waterside weep over it before he swallows it."

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