

Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us. No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1881

Statesman Publishing Company
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor & Publisher

Published every morning. Business office 288
North Church St., Salem, Ore. Telephone 4-4811

Entered at the postoffice at Salem, Ore., as second
class matter under act of Congress March 3, 1910.

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Age of the Universe

The latest estimate of the age of the universe is 5,400,000,000 years. Presumably one may give or take a few hundred million on this figure, but this is what the astronomers now have to offer as their best guess. The earth isn't that old, say about a billion years.

How can they tell how old either one is? For the earth's timetable scientists base their reckoning on radiation: by computing the rate of radiation and the amount left in earth-matter they can figure out the age of the earth. For the universe the factors are similar. There is what is called the "red shift"—the spectroscopic color which reveals that the universe is expanding. By computing distance traveled and speed astronomers can retrace the path back to the starting point in time.

In that long span of centuries the galaxies which compose the universe have traveled a long ways. Scientists who study the heavens have located star clusters which can't be seen even with the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar. They are found by photography. The farthest-distant star cluster as reported to the Carnegie Institute by Dr. Ira S. Bowen, director of the Palomar observatory, is distant "approximately" the figure six-followed-by-21-ciphers miles away, —a billion light years.

Scientists still can't tell us where the universe came from or where it is going. As for man his big job to hang onto the earth for his allotted three score years and ten, though he is getting restless and talking about rocket trips to the moon. It may be in time that this will be a common jaunt like the one from L. A. to Catalina Island. Some fear man's tinkering with the atom may result in a big blowup of the earth, but in our opinion the earth is made of more durable stuff. It will outlive man. But both man, the earth, the universe, their origin and destiny, remain Great Mysteries.

"Equal Billing"

To get one's name on the theater marquee is one of the ambitions of actors and musical artists; and "top billing" is the ultimate goal. When Richard Tucker, tenor of the Metropolitan opera and concert stage, found his name printed in smaller type than that of Renata Tebaldi, soprano, for a benefit concert he rebelled. He declared he wasn't taking "second money to anybody" and expected "equal billing" with Tebaldi and Jerome Hines, bass, who was also in the list for the concert.

This may look like a case of pique or petty jealousy; but after all an artist has to protect his standing. The musical world is highly competitive, and giving a name lower grading with smaller type suggests an artist is slipping.

As for Tebaldi, she comes in for sharp criticism for her recent role in the Met's production of "Aida." B. H. Haggin, The Nation's music critic, scolds her for dictating the tempo instead of leaving that to the conductor, which threw the orchestra off its stride. He found the singing of the part by Callas, another Italian soprano, in a recent recording, superior to that of Tebaldi. Of

the same recording, he wrote: "Tucker's voice, cold but agreeable, clear, steady and powerful—is like balm to the ear after Orlica and Del Monaco."

We may attribute the slight which Tucker suffered to the national origin of Miss Tebaldi: Italy. The concert was sponsored by a New York Italian newspaper, La Folgia, and the promoters doubtless played up Tebaldi's name to attract more Italian-Americans to the benefit. This will not spark an international controversy, but its spice does reveal the devotion of an artist to his career and to his rating in his profession.

Poujade Puzzles the French

Frenchmen themselves are puzzled over Pierre Poujade, the rebel taxpayer whose followers elected 51 members of the new National Assembly. He is, or was, a small businessman, owner of a bookshop in St. Cere. Vexed over taxes, he and a few of his fellow townsmen ran a government tax collector out of town two and a half years ago. Then he launched his campaign of tax revolt. This attracted a big following in the towns of France as the disgruntled flocked to his banner—he claims now his organization has a million dues-paying members. He was finally arrested on charges of inciting people not to pay taxes, but has not been brought to trial—perhaps the government fears a popular reaction if he should be convicted and jailed.

In the recent political campaign the Poujadists made themselves conspicuous and obnoxious by their hoodlum tactics; hooting down speakers, throwing vegetables and eggs. Poujade does a sort of Billy Sunday strip-tease when he speaks, peeling off his muffer, necktie, coat, vest and unbuttoning his shirt as he denounces the Paris government and politicians.

All this may be strange in France, but other democratic countries have seen unknowns emerge into prominence and power when they struck a popular chord of rebellion, particularly over taxes. This country had its Shay's rebellion, an uprising of malcontents in Massachusetts after the Revolutionary War, and the Whiskey rebellion in Western Pennsylvania in Washington's administration, against the federal excise tax on whiskey. A more recent "rebel" was Huey Long who became dictator of Louisiana and gathered a following under the banner of "Every man a king." In our experience these fires soon burn out.

The French wonder what Poujade, who professes not to be concerned with forming a political party, is going to do with that important bloc of 51 votes in the Assembly, also what he is going to do over the country. A million Frenchmen can be wrong, but they can raise a lot of trouble before becoming convinced of their error, or failure.

When the telephone company started pushing colored receivers, we concluded they must have caught up with their postwar backlog of construction. We note, however, that Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. plans to spend a record amount—over \$400 million—in 1956 to expand and improve its service in the five states in which it operates. Maybe this investment will enable them to get a little ahead of demands for service.

Prime Minister Eden who bided his time with patience until the venerable Sir Winston Churchill yielded place to him is now undergoing his baptism of fire from the Labor opposition and from the British press. The Daily Mirror called him a "flop" and the Herald, also pro-Labor, called him a "ditherer." If the attacks keep up they will put him in a dither for sure.

A London fashion expert criticizes Lady Eden for her indecision as to what hat styles to wear. This would make her a "ditherer" along with her Prime Minister husband.

U. S. Failing to Utilize Its Own Estimates of Soviet Strength in Planning Foreign Policy

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

WASHINGTON—Every so often nowadays, anyone who still bothers to report the life-and-death facts of the American national situation gets a very peculiar feeling. It is the feeling of being suddenly transformed into one of those super-bores who insist on reciting last night's bad dream at next morning's sunny breakfast table. These reporters must confess to having this feeling at the moment. The last three reports in this space have been filled with an admittedly ugly and repellent mass of facts. Those facts were printed because they unfortunately but all too conclusively prove a point of vital national importance.

The point is simple. The American air-atomic superiority that has served so long as the free world's sole defense, is now rapidly melting away. The Soviet Union, by making vastly greater efforts than this country is now making, is beginning to surpass us in the one area of strength that used to be exclusively our own.

It might be supposed that the merest suggestion that this could happen would stir things up a bit. The knowledge that it is happening, and the virtual certainty that nothing is going to be done about it, sometimes fills these reporters with an almost irresistible impulse to run around in circles barking like dogs. But in our present national condition of prosperous euphoria, most people are inclined to think that facts which prove anything unpleasant are really not facts after all.

So there is one further thing

that needs to be said before this painful subject can be finally dropped. The facts are facts (one is almost inclined to shout it), or at least they are as near to facts as any information about the Soviet Union can ever be.

What then is the origin of these facts concerning Soviet output of advanced aircraft types, Soviet missile development and the like which we have been publishing? The answer is simple. They are squarely based on undoubted information concerning the "national estimates," which are, or at least ought to be, the basic building blocks of American policy-making.

A complex machinery to produce these national estimates has been set up under our highest policy-making body, the National Security Council. There is first of all an Estimates Board, composed of brilliant specialists from the Central Intelligence Agency, the Armed Services and the State Department, and headed by the author of the most important postwar books on strategic intelligence, Sherman Kent. The board has the task of making what may be called staff studies of special problems, such as the rate of Soviet aircraft output, for example.

But the process by no means ends there. The output of the Estimates Board, or any intelligence from other sources for that matter, cannot be accepted as official and therefore "national" until the problem has been examined by the National Intelligence Advisory Committee.

The committee is called advisory because the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Allen W. Dulles, has the exclusive statutory duty of providing intelligence to the National Security Council. Dulles serves as chairman of the committee, which in theory advises him. But the committee exists so that the final opinion offered to the Security Council by Allen Dulles may be fully agreed and

approved by all interested parties.

High level representatives of the three armed services, the office of the Secretary of Defense, the State Department and the FBI sit on this committee. Unanimity of opinion is required. Any national estimate that emerges from the committee is a synthesis of the best opinion from all the different sources listed.

Experience has proved, moreover, that the national estimates can be safely relied on, except in one important way. Perhaps because the unanimity requirement works in favor of the lowest common denominator, all national estimates of future Soviet military-industrial achievements have always turned out to be far too conservative when finally tested by events. It was true with the Soviet A-bomb and the Soviet H-bomb. It was true with the MIG-15 and the TU-4. It was true again with the "Badger" and "Bison" bombers and the "Farmer" and "Flashlight" fighters.

In every case where there has been a test to date, the official American intelligence forecast indicated that the Soviets could not do the job so soon, or that they could not do it on such a large scale, or that they could not do it really well. And in every case where there has been a test to date, the result has shown, alas, that Soviet capabilities had been sadly under-estimated.

No allowance has been made for this built-in error, in the facts and figures that have been printed in this space to show the massively growing air-atomic power of the Soviets. Most probably the true situation is measurably worse than we have represented it. In any case—to revert to our original image—it is the bad dream that is likely to turn out to be reality, and the sunny breakfast table that will prove to be a dream.

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POLITICAL INTERCONTINENTAL MISSILE THREAT



Comes the Dawn

Those small groups of persons gathered in dark hallways and on street corners these days are not income tax dodgers. They are native-born Oregonians admitting to one another in hushed whispers that even THEY are getting awfully tired of this rain. Which brings us to our lecture today. Many waterlogged readers have written in, asking advice about coping with all this Oregon mist. We print below a few of the more draught-provoking questions and our answers...

Q—Last fall our family came to Oregon from Los Angeles to get away from the smog. But since we got here all it has done is rain. Don't you have any other kind of weather here?
A—Yes. Occasionally it snows.

Q—My uncle and his family want to come to Oregon. He has asked me to advise him on the most important thing he should do in preparing to come to this state. What shall I tell him?
A—Learn to swim.

Q—Several weeks ago my wife and I stepped outside to see if the creek was rising. It was and my wife was carried away on the flood... The other day I got a card from her from Australia. Is that possible?
A—Absolutely. The mail service between Australia and the United States is very good.

Q—My wife loves to drive in the rain. But in the past three years she has stalled eight times on flooded roads and has lost two cars. What can I do to make her driving a safer thing?
A—Buy a rubber life raft.

Q—The other day during that heavy rain a section of the Willamette River was diverted through our living room. As I did not request this action I was wondering if I could sue the state or the county or somebody. P.S. I am a registered Socialist, but after this unlawful act by a government-owned stream I am thinking of changing to Democrat and voting for Hell's Canyon.

A—Just remember what they say about changing horses in mid-stream...

Q—My roof leaks, there's water in the basement, the driveway's flooded, the garage is under water, the furnace is cut off, the power is out and the water tastes muddy. What else can go wrong?
A—Is your water bill overdue?

Q—I noticed in the court news the other day where a Salem man was charged with "trying to visit violence on the person of another in an attempt to halt the natural processes of atmospheric and climatic conditions." What was he really arrested for?
A—Trying to shoot the weatherman. This charge was later changed to "mayhem by bailee," because the defendant said he was tired of bailing out his basement and blamed it all on the weatherman.

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page 1)

of "Shakespeare's" plays in the handwriting of Chris Marlowe. That flesh is heir to... and "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

One of the best authorities on Shakespeare, Dr. Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger Shakespeare library in Washington, doesn't think they will find anything pertinent in the Walsingham tomb. He cites a previous tomb-opening that proved fruitless, that of Edmund Spenser, an English poet who died in 1599. He also traced for reporters some of the efforts to disprove Shakespeare's authorship starting with a book published in 1760 boosting Sir Francis Bacon. She was a Delia S. Bacon who claimed descent from Sir Francis. She "was obsessed by the notion that Bacon was buried in the grave of Shakespeare in Stratford church and, with difficulty, she was kept from digging into it." Perhaps she and the authorities were restrained by the inscription on Will's tomb:

"Blest be ye man yt spares these stones and cursd be he yt moves my bones."
—an inscription which sounds more like the composition of the village stone mason than of the author of

"To die: to sleep;
No more; to sleep;
No more; to sleep;
The heart-sache and the

This may be said in favor of Marlowe that, judged by his work which does survive such as "The Jew of Malta" and "The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus" only he and Ben Jonson among Shakespeare's contemporaries appear to qualify as possible authors of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Dr. Wright, however, sums up the case thus:

"Nobody has yet produced a shred of real evidence that would stand up in a court of law proving that anyone else authored the plays attributed to Shakespeare."

The world will await with a degree of interest the opening of the tomb of Sir Thomas Walsingham but with scant expectation that the explorers will find aught but the dust of the decedent. Failure, however, will not daunt those who refuse to believe in William Shakespeare. His title of authorship will still be subject to attack. But if it draws fresh attention to his plays then the ghost of whoever was their author should be happy.

Time Flies

FROM STATESMAN FILES

10 Years Ago

Jan. 8, 1946

Henry Ford II, 28 year old president of the Ford Motor company, was named the "nation's outstanding young man of the year" in the annual competition held by the U. S. junior chamber of commerce and its publication "Future" magazine.

A group of three students, Bob Klosterman, Martha Steusloff and Mary Elizabeth Reinhardt, make up a newly organized coordination committee which is in charge of working out details for the school calendar of Salem High.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Shay were hosts for an informal at home. The affair was arranged as a "welcome home" party in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Wolf and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bergman.

25 Years Ago

Jan. 8, 1921

Easter lilies are blooming in Oregon. Mrs. H. M. Rice, Portland, found two perfect blooms on the stalk of a plant that has been out of doors ever since it was planted last summer.

Walter M. Pennington was elected president of the Salem Realy Board. Other officers chosen were: James Sears, vice-president; E. B. Grabenhorst, secretary; W. G. Krueger, treasurer.

One of the first resolutions submitted to the house during the current legislature was one by Representatives Mott, Gouley and McAllister in memory of the late Dr. W. Carlton Smith, who died a few days before the opening of the session.

40 Years Ago

Jan. 8, 1916

Chief Justice Frank A. Moore of the Supreme Court filed declaration of his candidacy for reelection to the supreme court bench of Oregon. Justice Moore has been on the bench since 1892.

Snow has fallen intermittently in Salem and the central Willamette valley for the last twenty-four hours. The thermometer of the Western Union office registered twenty-eight degrees at noon.

B. J. Miles, president of the Salem school board, was elected president of the conference of school officers of Oregon, Washington and California which held its annual meeting in Portland.

Safety Valve

Garbage "Monopoly"

To the Editor:
Have just been reading in this morning's paper that the Suburban Garbage Company faces fourth city count in year. Since we are new here and have been receiving service from this company, I've made inquiries to find out what this is all about.

The Suburban Garbage Company, I understand, has an application in for a license so that they may continue to serve customers they had before this portion of the city was annexed to Salem, but are unable to get a license because the city has given one company the franchise to collect garbage in the city of Salem.

This denies all citizens in the City of Salem the right to choose the garbage company of their choice to serve them, and all garbage companies an equal opportunity and equal protection of the law, in my opinion.

Supposing that the city were to give one furniture store the franchise to sell furniture in Salem or one service station the right to sell gas in Salem or one dime store — wouldn't that be a monopoly?

We had our choice of eight different companies in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. If we didn't like one we could call another. In Salem, the capital city of Oregon, one couldn't do that because it is lawful for only one to collect garbage? Is this right?

MRS. JOE STUCKY,
3275 Lancaster Dr.

The United States was the first nation to plan a capital exclusively for its seat of government (Washington, D.C.).

Oregon Statesman

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Awards Given To Cub Pack

Presentation of awards highlighted a meeting of Cub Scout Pack 12 Thursday night at the VFW Hall. Cubmaster Ray Vick presented the awards.

Awardees included: Bobcat pins—Tom Hansen, Jack Mark, Greg Baldorf and Larry Pederson. Wolf badge—Jim Kinney. Bear badge—Jim Robinson, Dave Thomas and Dick Downen. Silver Arrows—Robert Meeks, Mike Shipley and Dave Thomas. Gold Arrows—James Johnston and Roger Toombs. 2 Gold Arrows—Mike Shipley and Dave Thomas. A special attendance award went to Den 6.

Discussed was a dinner slated for Feb. 9, to which all parents and friends of Pack 12 have been invited.



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Howell-Edwards Funeral Home advertisement featuring a large photograph of the funeral home building and the names of the staff: Leston W. Howell, Donald Waggoner, and Charles Edwards. The text includes the address 545 N. Capitol Street, across from Sears, and the phone number 3-3472. A quote reads: "The same loving care afterwards - as you gave before". It also mentions convenient off-street parking for funerals, three entrances, and a 65 car capacity.