

Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us. No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Flagmakers Can Still Be Wary

At the moment, it appears the flagmakers are in for a great year, recession notwithstanding. It's just about out of the question to make a flag look right by sewing on a 49th star willy-nilly. So there'll have to be a new version of the Stars and Stripes when the Senate accedes to the House bill specifying Alaska as the 49th state. There's still an "if," but the chances are that every flag now in use will be outmoded by the Fourth of July. Alaska has been close to statehood before, and failed, but not quite as close as it appears now.

There are many arguments against making Alaska a state—remoteness; disproportionate representation in Congress (two senators for 200,000 persons); military needs (the clashing with state rights in a sudden emergency); etc.

But there are better arguments for it—close racial ties with three-fourths of its residents; increasing trade with and support of "mainland" America; the demonstrated capabilities of its people for self-government; expansion of transportation links tying it together as a workable entity; its right of representation in the legislative halls from which it is governed, and its emergence as one of the most vitally strategic arenas of the American commonwealth.

The resultant development and progress should be tremendous in the Far North. The vote in the U. S. Senate next week will be a fateful step. Not in 46 years has a new state been added.

But flagmakers can still be wary. About the time they get a 49th star added they may have Hawaii for a 50th. It's certain the halls of Congress will have Hawaiian statehood proponents working them over in ever increasing numbers until the mid-Pacific paradise wins similar recognition. And more votes from Alaska will help.

Death is no respecter of persons, but when it strikes members of one's own profession in wholesale manner it gives one pause. The crash and explosion of a huge jet tanker plane in Massachusetts Friday brought death to all aboard—15 in number—and among them were six top-flight reporters. AP and UPI lost one man each; U. S. News & World Report lost two. Time magazine lost its chief of bureau at Washington and the Boston Traveler lost its aviation editor. It is the worst disaster of the kind for news workers since the crashing of a Dutch plane on a mountain in Ceylon a number of years ago. These men died in the course of their duty, which is to acquaint the world with facts. This time they became, unfortunately, part of the story—but none survived to report it. That was left to others of their profession, a sad task, indeed.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates Americans spent \$6 billion on tobacco last year, and smoked 446 billion cigarettes—2,600 for every man, woman and child in the nation. 'Twould hardly seem there was enough time left to eat and sleep, let alone work.

Ike Said Unable to Rally His Troops to Meet His Enemies

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON—In close to a quarter-century of government watching, this reporter has never seen the government of the United States in such disarray as it is today. There is the thought that crowds out every other, after the first alarming look at what may be called post-Goldfine Washington.

The worst moments of Franklin Roosevelt's and Harry Truman's administrations were not like this, possibly because neither Roosevelt nor Truman ever enjoyed the prolonged, almost universal adulation that President Eisenhower enjoyed in his first term. Very soon after the famous hundred days, the opposition to Roosevelt became vocal and sometimes even vicious. Truman too had only a short honeymoon period, after which he had to fight strong and determined enemies on every side. Maybe a determined opposition is a good thing for an administration, as exercise is good for the body.

In any case, the Roosevelt and Truman administration got over their rough patches without any of the symptoms of near-demoralization that meet the eye in Washington today. There was never any sense of the whole show being out of control. There was never any feeling that the man in the White House would not or could not rally his troops and fight back, giving his enemies as good as he got.

In Washington today, however,

We Try to Stay Ahead of Trends

The publication of a daily newspaper demands a constant study of trends and some of such current trends give a somewhat curious insight on Americana.

Recent data provided by news analysts seem to show a demand for Sunday supplements (The Statesman added Family Weekly last year) and somewhat less interest in comics except those of scientific bent (The Statesman recently added Buck Rogers daily and Sunday).

Then, we're told, readers are more and more inclined to "advice" columns of all kinds (The Statesman has had Ann Landers, the most widely syndicated "love-lorner," for some time, and recently added Sylvia Porter, nationally-recognized expert on home budgeting and finance).

One notable trend, the analysts tell us, is public interest in local business news (The Statesman started a "Business Beat" column several months ago).

All of which is fine, but we wonder what the "experts" are going to advise us to do for our readers next. Whatever it is, we hope to meet the need.

Birth Rate Low

Oregon shows up with the lowest rate of births of any state, according to statisticians with the State Board of Health. The rate for 1957 was 21.8 births per thousand population, the lowest rate since 1945. The rate for the nation is estimated at 25. Nor is the prospect for the future bright. The marriage rate last year in Oregon was 5.7 per thousand, lowest since 1940. Divorces fell off, too, the rate being three per thousand population, but that figure shows that over half the marriages go on the rocks.

Reasons attributed to the decline in marriage and birth rates are the poorer business conditions in the state and the fact that our population is somewhat older than the national average. Many couples past the child-bearing years come to Oregon to retire, and our health record is good so people live longer here. Deaths in the state in 1957 were 15,633 as compared with births of 37,828. Immigration also is heavier than out-migration. So the total population showed a good increase. School boards and administrators probably have a sense of relief to note that the birthrate is down a little.

Soap Box Derby

The Soap Box Derby sponsored in Salem by the Capital Journal and Capital Chevrolet reaches its climax this afternoon at Bush's Pasture when some 170 youth will compete for the prizes offered, chief of which for winner of first place is the trip to Akron to compete in the national finals.

Scores of boys have worked long and faithfully to get their "bugs" in veritable fighting trim for the downhill course. They deserve and are sure to have, weather permitting, a big gallery to witness their efforts. We wish all good luck, and for the winner triumph at Akron.

Noting the rise in building costs in recent years, the Oregonian comments on the "falsity in the economy of postponement" of state buildings, pointing particularly to the Dammasch hospital, which had initial authorization as a geriatric hospital in 1952 but only now has the state let the contract for building construction. True enough; but in this particular case the state probably has saved money by not having the institution in operation. Costs of operation of an institution of this kind are very heavy. In the interim patients have been cared for at existing institutions at less expense. This is not to defend the delay but to point out the savings which, from a money standpoint, offset the increase in construction costs.



Joseph Alsop

you get just that sense and just that feeling. They have grown up by stages, and now they have begun to be pretty over-powering. First there were the Sputniks, which destroyed confidence in the President's defense program. Then there was the recession, and the long uncertainty of the Administration's post-recession economic policy.

Now there is the curious case of Sherman Adams, which has somehow been much the worst of all. This case is the sort of thing that a bound to happen from time to time in modern government, which has such enormous favors to dispense to private interests. The mistake that was made is a mistake that officials can easily and often innocently wander into, if they are excessively easy-going, like Harry Truman's Harry Vaughan, or passionately parsimonious like Dwight Eisenhower's Sherman Adams.

Yet Adams' vicuna coat has been a much more deadly blow than Harry Vaughan's deep freezes. The reason was summed up in this poignant sentence of the President's, "I need him." No President has ever depended upon a subordinate as the President depends on Adams. Some of those who should know even argue that the President's health will not stand the added strain, if the still-developing story of Bernard Goldfine and his friends finally forces Adams out of the White House.

Right there, of course, is the central human tragedy of this whole sorry business. President Eisenhower did not wish to seek a second term after the sharp warning of his heart attack. He was persuaded to seek a second

term, by those around him with Sherman Adams in the lead, by those in his party who had not rallied to his side, and by his adulators in the press who are now bitterly attacking him.

If the President had followed his own inclinations, laying down his heavy burden in 1956 he might have gone off to his farm in Gettysburg in a golden blaze of glory. But he yielded to the persuasions that came from so many sides. He carried the burden into another term. His luck ran out. And for reasons that can be easily deduced from those three poignant words—"I need him"—the President seems to be unable to respond to the harsh challenge of his new situation.

The old, Hagerty-planned gestures are made. Some of them are pretty appalling gestures, like the contrived visit to George Washington's sword of honor, which was also a "gift." In any case, whether good or bad, the Hagerty-gestures no longer have the old effect. And yet there is no substitute for them.

Nor is this, alas, the end of the story. Anyone who has seen the Lebanese crisis at first hand can predict with certainty that the challenges that confront the President today are far milder than the challenges that will confront him tomorrow or the day after. With our defense exposed as terrifically inadequate, with our economy still in mid-slump, with Sherman Adams still in the White House, the whole long-established system of American foreign relations also looks like coming apart at the seams. So still worse disarray must be expected in the future.

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Comes the Dawn

Well, here we are in that time of year hailed by home and garden magazines and the real estate people as the season of "Outdoor Living." You can tell a man who has been through a siege of outdoor living. His fingers are gnarled and played. From unscrewing tight-on-pickle, olive and mustard jars. "Show me an outdoor living man," a famous anthropologist once said, "and I'll show you a man with red face and bulging eyes. It takes strength to open those relish jars." . . .

For years we had figured that lids on picnic pickle jars were fastened on with a special iron-grip glue. But a pickle man set us straight on that the other day. "Only a slipshod pickle packer will glue his lids on," he said. "Old timers in the trade place a secret ingredient right in the pickle juice that seeps up around the lids and sticks better than any glue made. Then you get a lid that's practically impossible to get off . . ."

We told him that for sheer stickability a relish jar, which has been opened once before, is a real wrist-snapper. "Relish makes a good bind," he conceded. "But you can't beat the old-fashioned screw cap jars of sweet pickles. Housewives used to call them 'lasters.' Because you took a jar of those pickles on a picnic, nobody could open them, and you brought them back home. I've seen a jar of lasters make the rounds of an entire picnic grove with everybody twisting at it and throwing it at trees and banging it on rocks and still not getting it open." . . .

"We used to be accused," he went on with a touch of pride in his voice, "of welding shut our mustard jar lids. And we put out a brand of olives once that you couldn't open unless you broke the jar. And husbands used to take a certain pride in opening a jar of horseradish after a furious half-hour struggle. But something has happened to our way of life. A lot of companies are coming out with pry-off caps. And a lot of jar stuffers don't even know the secret of vulcanizing their caps on so tight you can't get them off with a blow-torch." . . .

But there is still enough of the arm-busters around, we said. Seems like at every backyard barbecue or picnic someone (usually a woman) is forever handing a jar or something or other to someone else (usually a man) with the suggestion: "Here take the hammer to this. I can't budge it." . . . Yes, said the pickle packer happily, a lot of people are still flipping their lids over cemented jar lids. In fact, he said he heard that one canner of a messy product was putting it up under a new lid. At first this lid didn't budge, so, then when you give it the full nelson it comes off unexpectedly and the goop splatters all over your new barbecue apron. And there's the lid that comes off in three impossible stages—and . . .

Safety Valve

(Editor's Note: Letters for The Statesman's Safety Valve column are given prior consideration if they are informative and are not more than 250 words long. Letters must be signed with full names and addresses.)

Protests Fine

To the Editor: Please not the word "Safety." The word "Valve" is that thing on top of my head which flopped when I read about the "Slow Poke Driver" appearing in your paper of June 25th.

I am in sympathy with Mr. Johnson. Since when have there been signs posted that say a driver must go 55 miles per hour? If there is a law to that effect there should be signs posted for same.

Please let me call your attention to another article in the same paper: "Two vehicles flop in rain." May I ask was it the slick pavement or was it excessive speed? Am inclined to think the latter. Which of these two incidents would you say was the most dangerous to other drivers on the road?

I protest this arrest and fine of Mr. Kenneth Earl Johnston, and suggest that his ten bucks be returned to him.

Bert L. Hamilton
1125 7th St.

Our Beautiful Trees

To the Editor: What a relief! Ever since reading about those big trees on Summer and Center Street about to

receive "the ax" in the name of progress these writers have been constantly hitting the ceiling, but Maxine Buren in her "Don't Look Now . . ." column has given us hope with her comments.

Why is it necessary to cut such beautiful trees down, especially when it takes "Mother Nature" something like ninety years to give us so much beauty. Where are all our nature lovers, where are all the naturalists in our community who sit by and watch these trees go in the name of Progress.

After all, the parking lot will not be "jam-packed" to such an extent that there will not be space for them.

In the Interest of our Community
Frederick N. Phillips
Harvey Helman
G. Fuhrmann
C. J. Carlson
H. J. Owen
Edna Ingerson
M. P. Ingerson

Guardsmen Return Home

Tanned, hardened and soldier-sharp, several hundred Mid-Valley National Guardsmen returned home Saturday from annual two-weeks summer training.

Truck convoys carrying members of Salem's three Guard outfits pulled into the city Saturday morning. Companies B and D of

IT SEEMS TO ME

(Continued from page one.)

weekly regularity the sign on the elevator "Defrost tonight." Yes, apartment house living has its good points.

But what I started to write about was this moving chore. There are several ways it can be done. Doc Woodmansee, over at the lunch table at the Spa advises that the best way is to call up the transfer company—and go off to Devils Lake. The way I feel today, that is the best. Another way is to leave it all to the little woman. That seems hard on her, but in the end that is what happens, mostly. The third way is to lend a hand. That I did, two hands and two feet, though I left the heavy stuff to the transfer men who really know their job. The mystery to me, though, was how much stuff there was to come out of that apartment. When we moved from the big house on 14th street into the apartment I thought we stripped our possessions down to needs of simple apartment house living. How it happened in the interval of less than two years that we accumulated so much I do not know. What I do know is that these companies that advertise about making better things for better living have no friend in me. They are making too many things—little things, things you have to pick up and put in boxes and then take out of boxes and stash away some place. Take the contents of a medicine cabinet. Of old, just a few simple home remedies sufficed. Now the chest is filled with a wide variety of medicines, toilet lotions, first-aid items, disinfectants, etc. Same with the kitchen. Instead of just a few utensils, you have whole batteries of them, hand and power, and enough chemicals to start a shop. And all of them have to be handled, guarded, fewer things for simpler living—though now, with a little more space I presume our accumulations will resume. But Mr. DuPont, please take a rest from manufacturing more things for easier living!

Then there are the ornaments, the bric a brac, the prizes Mehtabel won at bridge, if any—same care. And don't forget hat boxes; Mehtabel's hats had to make the move, too. And hat boxes are awkward both for travel and for moving. I'll say nothing about books which seem to follow the rule of arithmetical progression.

The cave dwellers had it easier. When they wanted to move they merely picked up the baby and the war club and found another cave. The Romans were a step ahead of the cave dwellers, having a religion, so they picked up their Lares and Penates (household gods) along with their goods and moved out. Thanks to the inventive genius of the present age we have a multiplicity of goods to transport whenever we change residence. There is always this consolation: Each time you move you swear it is your last, your final move. It's the third "final" for us since we came to Salem—but we spoke kindly to the owner and the manager of the Royal Court in event we change our minds. Then with each move you do discard some of the household impedimenta—and what a boon that is for one's heirs and executors. In fact, for that reason alone persons should move more frequently.

Cowboy Snaps Leg At Rodeo

Statesman News Service

LEBANON—Jim Hicks, 22, of Chilquin, suffered a broken leg minutes after the opening gun Saturday of Lebanon's annual Rodeo. He broke his left leg in the first event, the bare back riding.

Sammy Flynn of John Day won the event. A Salem man, Lawrence DeWitt placed second in the calf roping event with a time of 15.7 seconds. Jasbo Gibbs, Pendleton, was first with 13.8.

Louie Toretzlow, Springfield, was first in bull dogging with 5.3. Les Johnson, Alberta, Canada, won the saddle bronc riding event. Bull riding was won by Rodney Britt, John Day, and team roping by Bob Gatzman and Sully Turman. Salem Saddle Club put on a drill exhibition.

The final rodeo will be held Sunday at 1:30 p.m.

Time Flies

FROM STATESMAN FILES

10 Years Ago

June 29, 1948

The granddaughter of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt announced her engagement to Van H. Seagraves, son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Seagraves, Oregon City.

Friends of Rep. Frank Van Dyke, Ashland attorney and veteran of three sessions of the House, were claiming that he had 40 pledged votes and was assured of the speakership in the 1949 legislature.

25 Years Ago

June 29, 1933

Twenty-five powerful seaplanes roared away from Orbetello, Italy, carrying air minister Italo Balbo and 100 of his crack fliers on the first leg of a 6,100 miles cruise to Chicago.

The district two American Legion caucus recommended Paul Patterson of Hillsboro for membership on the state convention committee. From Salem attending the caucus were, Irl S. McSherry, J. T. Delany, R. H. Bassett and Claud McKenney.

40 Years Ago

June 29, 1918

Pierson E. Conradt of this city, now in the marine service, is the first man of the Marine Corps to be appointed by Secretary of the Navy Daniels as a midshipman at the United States Naval academy at Annapolis.

G. E. Ross, secretary of the State Highway Commission, left for Washington, D.C., to investigate a position tendered him by the construction division of the war department. F. I. Klein will become secretary of the commission.

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Statesman Sunday Quiz
Dumb-bunnies (like us), who can't answer all five of this week's abbreviated Statesman Sunday Quiz questions without stumbling, will just have to wash the family car today—and do a better job of reading their daily newspaper this coming week.

1. What noted U. S. naval carrier was sold at auction?
2. In what country did fireworks blast kill 100?
3. What U. S. territory is nearing statehood?
4. Who heads current rebellion in Cuba?
5. What labor leader was acquitted of wire-tapping?

(Answers on Page 5).

Police Vehicle In Accident

One of Salem's recently purchased police cars was damaged Saturday in a collision with another motorist at Broadway and Hood streets NE, but no injuries resulted.

Officer Glenn Yates said he was in pursuit of a car driven by Cornelius David Chaney, 30, of 463 Edgewater St. NW, when the pursued car skidded into the middle of the intersection.

Yates added that Chaney then put his car in reverse and collided with the stopped police car. The police car received moderate front end damage and Chaney's car had minor bumper damage.

Chaney was booked into city jail on a charge of driving while intoxicated with bail set at \$250, officers said. A companion with Chaney, Jeral Dee Palmer, 24, of 827 Liberty St. NE, was charged with drunk on a public street following the 7:45 p.m. accident, officers added.

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