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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher
ROBERT LETTS JONES, Assistant Publisher

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— Salem, Oregon, Wednesday, January 21, 1948

Governor Stands the Heat

Only the intervention of divine providence or the unlikely but possible presentation of new evidence which might cast doubt upon the guilt of the accused can prevent Wardell Henderson, 27-year-old Portland negro, from paying with his life for the cold blooded murder of Walter Poole of Vanport on Christmas eve, 1945, in the state penitentiary gas chamber Friday morning at 8:30 o'clock. That is the decision of Governor John H. Hall, announced yesterday after the chief executive had heard all of the petitions, read the letters urging clemency for the negro slayer and had studied thoroughly the 105-page record of testimony in the trial.

In refusing to intervene as requested by a large number of church groups and organizations interested in racial relations, the governor said "the law must take its course." He further said that no cause recognized by the law as justifying his intervention existed in the showing made in Henderson's behalf by anyone. All of the appeals were based upon sentiment or emotions, he declared, denying the truth of any allegations to the effect that Henderson would not have been sentenced to death but would have been sent to prison for life had he been a white man. In a lengthy statement showing careful preparation the governor said:

"There is no evidence or claim that the defendant did not receive a fair trial. There is no indication that racial prejudice had any part in the case," adding that it was his belief that the governor's power to commute should "be exercised only for the purpose of preventing a miscarriage of justice, such as a showing that the accused did not have a fair trial or every opportunity to present a defense, the presentation of newly discovered evidence since completion of the trial, or other extenuating circumstances.

The determination of such appeals as this have been the bane of the official lives of every Oregon governor since Julius Meier, who on July 3, 1934, commuted the death sentences of two convicted slayers, one of them also a negro. Every governor since then has faced the ordeal of passing final judgment upon one or more condemned men. All have stood the test and have stood firm in the performance of a judicial duty arbitrarily imposed upon the executive department where, by no stretch of the imagination, can it be reconciled to the proper order of things.

Amplifying his statement that all the appeals in Henderson's behalf were voiced by individuals or groups opposed to capital punishment, the governor charged them with neglecting to take recourse to the initiative and thereby lay the entire question of capital punishment or its repeal squarely in the laps of the voters for their decision. But even though retained as part of the penal code the final decision in death penalty cases should rest in the courts except, possibly, in the case of last minute development of evidence conclusively establishing the innocence of the condemned man.

Labor Leaders Deserting Wallace

Henry Wallace's declaration of his candidacy for president on a third party ticket, with a platform of peace by appeasement of Russia, together with President Truman's left of center messages on state of the nation and budget, in which he bid for New Deal support in the FDR manner, seems to have brought the labor leaders back into the democratic fold. Even those who have hitherto been staunch supporters of Wallace are joining the parade to the White House and pledging democratic support in the coming election.

As a matter of fact these labor czars are realistic enough to know that a third party is a futility in our political system and like all bloc leaders with their pressure politics are interested mainly in immediate special privilege for the groups they represent, rather than in the long range welfare of the nation. Hence though they know Truman will not go all the way with them, Wallace can only get them in bad with the public.

The latest labor boss to make the pilgrimage to the White House is A. F. Whitney, president of the Independent Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, who in May, 1946, when the president forced an end to a strike which would have tied up the nation's transportation system, denounced Mr. Truman as a "political accident" and promised vengeance. He said his union would spend "millions to defeat" him in 1948.

Whitney announced after his White House conference that he had had a "wonderful talk" with the president, that he was all for Mr. Truman's re-election and predicted any of the republican hopefuls could be defeated this year, and added that "Taft would be the softest bet."

Whitney's visit followed his resignation from the Progressive Citizens of America, which he helped organize. It is the left wing outfit, which with the Communist party is most active in Wallace's presidential effort, and endorsed his candidacy at the Chicago convention this week. Wallace cannot count on the support of many of his former adherents because they are political opportunists after the spoils, but he can always count on the crackpots and the lunatic fringe along with Stalin's cohorts.

Not-So-Eager Beaver Dams Downtown Traffic in Denver

Denver (AP)—A beaver built a traffic jam in Denver. Traffic blocked up and a crowd gathered as the not-so-eager beaver waddled down a main downtown street.

It was undetermined how the animal got into town, but patrolmen wanted it out. One, unrecalling anything about beavers in his training, called headquarters for help when the animal actively resisted the hand of the law on its piddle trail.

Then the beaver scooted under a car. Advice from a lot of bystanding would-be beaver experts was unavailing.

Finally, a visitor here for the National Western Livestock show, Elmer Randall of Buffalo, Okla., and a police reinforcement, Patrolman Ed Draper, got a loop over one foot of the animal and quickly bundled it up for delivery to some nearby stream.

Hey! 'Dream House' Is Stolen!

Detroit (AP)—Police today joined James C. Peterson in a search for the partly-built seven-room ranch type home he reported was stolen from its foundations.

The 38-year-old war veteran and father, employed as a factory crane operator, told officers he had been building his "dream home" himself and had completed the entire framework, three walls and half the rough flooring before beginning a brief vacation three weeks ago.

Not a splinter was left when he returned to his construction work yesterday, Peterson reported, and a pile of lumber beside the frame was gone too.

"I'm going to pitch right in and start all over again," said Peterson. He estimated he had spent about \$3000 on the house so far.

BY BECK

Actions for Regret



SIPS FOR SUPPER

What Goes on Here?

BY DON UPJOHN

The world seems to get topsier and turvier with each passing day. This country is turning itself inside out to rush food over to Europe because, so it is averred, empty stomachs over there will start another global war. The inference is that there will be no war when there are full tummies. Yet, over on the other side of the world a frail, wistful looking little creature called Mohandas Ghandi went on a hunger strike for a few days and just by the simple process of gaining an empty stomach stopped what threatened to be the bloodiest war in the history of his benighted nation. One place they eat to keep war away from the door, another place they don't eat for the same purpose. Anyway, Mr. Ghandi has the advantage of having proved his point very quickly and efficaciously. The other idea is still in the theorizing stage. But we hope it works as well.



Don Upjohn

Free Ride for Van

Foster Van Osdol, sales manager for Hogg Brothers, copped a free if involuntary ride on the Espee the other evening. He and Mrs. Van Osdol went to the train to say au revoir to Mrs. Mabel Olson of San Francisco. Mrs. Van Osdol's sister who has been visiting here, Mr. Van Osdol carried Mrs. Olson's suitcase aboard the Pullman but had no sooner got aboard than the porter pulled up the footstool, slammed the vestibule doors, the train got under way and there was Van. Mrs. Van Osdol told the ticket agent here what happened, he wired to Albany to put Van aboard the next train north as a guest of the railroad company and Van was back at 8 p.m., chipper and happy and no poorer than when he started out.

Word comes up from California that the feud between that state and Florida has become so intense the Californians have been refusing to use the Florida stamp recently issued on their mail. This was a pretty green stamp with a picture of a flamingo on it. But little good that'll do 'em, as the post office department has just issued the new California stamp commemorating the gold rush days there, and we bet they won't sell enough of them in Florida to pay for shipping 'em there. And then there'll be Don Wiggins and Ben Max-

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STORIES IN LIFE

Cartoonist Al Capp Won Fame With 'Li'l Abner' Despite Handicap

Many people—both men and women—have achieved fame and fortune despite heart-breaking physical handicaps. Al Capp, creator of Li'l Abner, the comic strip which is appearing in the Capital Journal, might be put in this same category.

As a boy of twelve, Capp lost a leg in an accident and he has been walking on a wooden leg ever since.

Sure, in the beginning, he was afraid to dance or drive a car, or go out with girls, or even to meet his own friends in his home town in Connecticut. He hated his wooden leg.

But he got a job in a gas station because he had to work. He studied art, too. A certain girl encouraged him. When he left to challenge the big city, the girl called him a dope for waiting so long to pop the question. "Just ask me," she demanded. "I've been married in Boston."

But they went broke, so Capp hitchhiked back to New York where, earlier, he had tried his hand unsuccessfully in cartooning. He found temporary haven in Greenwich Village.

He started peddling his cartoons, but without success. Then one day he was stopped on the street by a stranger who said, "I'll bet what you've got under your arm is rejected cartoons."

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Boss of Farmers' Union Wants Truman Dramatics

BY DREW PEARSON

Washington—James Patton, rugged boss of the National Farmers' Union, urged President Truman to walk up to congress some day just like any other American citizen and lay his views before a congressional committee.

"What you ought to do sometime," snorted the Colorado farm leader, "is take your hat in hand, walk up Pennsylvania avenue, go before a congressional committee and say, 'Gentlemen, I am here to testify in the people's interest.'"

The president smiled and shook his head. "My most effective weapon," he disagreed, "is to stand before a mike and talk to the people." "If you want to win the next election," persisted Patton, "you have to do more than talk. You have to dramatize your views. Instead of strolling on the White House lawn, stroll up Pennsylvania avenue with a purpose. It would be the first time since Jefferson that a president appeared personally before a congressional committee."

"Well," admitted Truman, "that would be rather dramatic." Note—Patton also invited the president to address the National Farmers' convention in Denver March 8, where the chief subject discussed will be reclamation. "I hope," said Patton, "that you don't turn all the Colorado valley development projects over to the army engineers."

More Rent Control Washington's best friend of the real-estate interests, gruff talking Sen. Harry Cain, has been given the paradoxical chore of drafting a new rent-control law. An outspoken foe of rent control, a senate subcommittee gave him the assignment of drafting the new bill. Immediately he hustled over to see Senate Boss Robert Taft.

"Let me get this clear," rasped Cain, "do you want legislation continuing rent controls?" "Yes," said Taft.

"What kind of a bill do you want?" Cain asked, bewildered. "I can't say, Harry," replied Taft. "That is up to you." So the senator who doesn't believe in rent control has been given the job — without guidance from the party bosses—to draft a bill continuing rent control. He will have to work fast. The present weakened rent-control bill expires February 29.

Meanwhile, Senators Sparkman of Alabama and Myers of Pennsylvania, democrats, have introduced rent-control bills with teeth.

Where Money Went For years Jesse Jones' Reconstruction Finance Corporation was the one and only government agency not subject to scrutiny by the government accounting office. Lindsay Warren, eagle-eyed comptroller general and boss of the general accounting office did his best to have his auditors examine Jesse's books, but Jesse's pull on Capitol hill was so strong that he remained exempt.

Now, however, Comptroller General Warren finally has been able to probe certain operations by RFC subsidiaries. Simultaneously, indefatigable Congressman George Bender of Cleveland, Ohio, is planning to air certain deals that the general accounting office has unearthed.

Here is the first: The Andrews Steel plant of Newport, Ky., is located along the Ohio river where it needs costly repairs every time the river is flooded. In 1942 it was owned by Lehman Brothers, the New York banking firm, which sold it in June 1943 to Paul Angell and Charles Stamm of Chicago, who had scarcely moved in before they threatened to close down unless the government took the plant over.

The Defense Plant corporation, a subsidiary of Jesse Jones' RFC, sent its assistant vice president, T. W. Atkins, to inspect the plant. He reported that it was run down, needed repairs and that no more than \$472,890.68 of the total inventory was worth purchasing. (Concluded on Page 9, Column 3)

PRIZE OF WAR

Barque, All Sails Set, Rounds Cape in Near-Record Voyage

BY DAN L. THRAPP

London (AP)—A tall ship, her 45,000 square feet of canvas furling to the spars of her four masts, was towed proudly up the Thames. She went past the gallant old clipper, Cutty Sark, past the hulk of HMS Worcester, now used as a schoolship, to a berth at Victoria Docks.

She was the barque Pamir, 3,200 tons, 81 days out of Wellington, N. Z., with a cargo of wool, tallow and, in odd spaces, Red Cross gift parcels.

She was the first barque to make London after rounding Cape Horn in 40 years. She also was the first square-rigged sailing vessel to come up the Thames since the Cutty Sark herself arrived from Falmouth 11 years ago.

The Pamir was nine days ahead of schedule after a near-record passage when she rounded the Horn with all sails set.

That was in seas where more great ships have been dismasted by hurricane gales than off any other cape in the world. She averaged nearly 200 miles daily for the 15,000-mile voyage.

"We had a very fine trip indeed," said Capt. H. S. Collier. "If anything, we had not enough wind before we reached Cape Horn, but she responded lightly to what little there was. She is a fine ship, easy to handle and light as a feather in any breeze."

"We had ideal wind once we entered the Atlantic and often logged 12 to 14 knots—better than most steam freighters."

Many notables, government dignitaries and common citizens watched the ship glide up the muddy Thames to her berth. Hundreds of old sailing ship men, veteran sea dogs of the age of sail, crowded every vantage

THIS FUNNY WORLD



OPEN FORUM

Hot Rods and Delinquent Parents

(Editor's Note: Contributions to this column must be confined to 300 words and signed by writer.)

To the Editor: After reading the enclosed article (ouster of hot rod boys from airfield) in your issue of January 19, it makes me wonder why such a condition should exist.

I would suggest that the parents of the boys who were operating the 75 to 100 cars be contacted by the officials instead of the boys.

It is my honest belief that they will find that the said hot rod cars and also the fuel for same are being paid for by the parents.

After reading this article from Aurora, and an article from Monmouth, Ore., stating that the Faculty club at OCE had met to

FILM CAPITAL

Beauty, 21, Refuses Movie Bid; Fighting Wolves 'Not Worth It'

BY VIRGINIA MacPHERSON

Hollywood (AP)—Juanita Cole, a 21-year-old beauty who won the "Arthur Murray Girl of 1948" contest against her will, doesn't care what the judges think. She refuses to sign a movie contract

has to appear on radio shows; and she has to listen to job offers from movie studios and modeling agencies.

Juanita, who comes from Council Bluffs, Ia., said "no" to everything. The boys who dreamed up the contest twisted her arm on the publicity angles. But, she mutters darkly, they can't make her take a job she doesn't want.

And she doesn't want to be a movie queen.

"I've been a dancer since I was 3," she explained. "I'm happy doing the job I have now. It's a job I know I can get ahead on. Some day I'll have my own dance studio, I hope. But I'd make a lousy actress."

Juanita is unmarried, wears a size 36 sweater, and weighs a curvaceous 19 pounds. She also photographs like a million in those poses they put her in.

She just wonders what her mother back in Council Bluffs will think when she sees 'em, that's all.

She might have played the game so many other ambitious girls do, Juanita said, if she'd been hepped on being a movie star. But all she wants to do is dance. She said she wasn't even happy about winning the contest. And she looked like she might even mean it.

"It's just one big, black headache, as far as I'm concerned," the be-dimpled beauty complained. "I didn't want to enter my picture in the first place. But I'm a supervisor and I couldn't very well make the teachers under me enter theirs unless I did. So I sent one in—just to be a good sport."

Next think she knows she's "It." That means she has to have her picture taken in seductive poses with as little clothing on as her conscience will allow; she has to give out her life story to the press; she

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