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4— Salem, Oregon, Friday, February 13, 1948

Lord Macaulay's Prediction

R. W. Hogg, veteran livestock and fruit grower of the
Eola district sends a copy of the oft-quoted letter of Lord
Macaulay, famous British historian, written to an American
friend in May, 1857, 90 years ago, regarding the durability
of American institutions. As lack of space and paper pre-
vent republication of the oft-quoted missive only pertinent
extracts can be quoted.

Macaulay starts out by saying:
"I have long been convinced that institutions purely democ-
ratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization,
or both. In Europe, where population is dense, the effect of
such institutions would be almost instantaneous."

The historian cites France after the revolution of 1848
as a horrible example:
In 1849 a pure democracy was established there. During a
short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation, a
national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of
prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose
of supporting the poor in idleness. Such a system would, in 20
years, have made France as poor and barbarous as the France of
the Carolingians. Happily, the danger was averted; and now there
is a despotism, a silent tribute, an enslaved press. Liberty is
gone, but civilization has been saved. I have not the smallest
doubt that, if we had a purely democratic government here, the
effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the
rich and civilization would perish, or order and prosperity would
be saved by a strong military government, and liberty would
perish."

Concerning the United States, Macaulay says this country
does not enjoy an exception from these evils though de-
ferred by a physical cause. He continues:

"As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoc-
cupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than
the laboring population of the old world, and, while that is the
case, the Jeffersonian policy may continue to exist without causing
any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New Eng-
land will be as thickly populated as Old England. The day will
come when a multitude of people will be out of work and facing
starvation and choose a legislature. It is possible to doubt what
sort of legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman
teaching patience, respect of vested rights, strict observance
of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the
tyranny of capitalists. I seriously apprehend that you will, in
some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which
will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like
people who should, in a year of scarcity, devour all the seed corn,
and thus make the next years not of scarcity but of famine. There
will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress.
The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to
do to stop you. Your constitution is all sail and no anchor."

Well, the United States weathered several such periods of
adversity, the severest of which was the recent depression,
and neither civilization nor liberty perished, and no Caesar
or Napoleon materialized "to seize the reins of government
with a strong hand." The republic was not plundered or laid
waste by the "Huns and Vandals" engendered within our own
country by our own institutions, as Macaulay predicted, al-
though we have had our "share the wealth" demagogues.

Mr. Hogg asks, what if he were alive now, would Macaulay
think of his beloved England and politics? and adds "some-
times I think his predictions of 90 years ago would cover the
whole world now."

Germany listened to the strong man and paid the penalty
after wrecking Europe as the barbarians did Rome. Russia
is still listening to the strong man also, who has banished
liberty in half of Europe and Asia and the hopes of Western
European civilization, including Britain now rest on the great
democracy of the west.

What would Macaulay think of Britain under its socialist
labor regime, which has shattered the British Empire which
was the source of its wealth and power, and at the same time
destroyed the liberties and freedom of its people in the strait
jacket of the police state, and calls it democracy? But then
so do the Soviets.

Price Slump Reaction

Another reminder of the United States' new position as
world leader came in the events which followed the recent
spectacular break in commodity prices.

The downward plunge of both the commodity and security
markets was not limited to this country. The market slump
was reflected immediately around the world. Reaction
marked the tumbling of stocks in Manila, Sidney, Singapore,
Copenhagen, Buenos Aires and Toronto. Grains slumped in
all North American markets.

And, as might be expected, there was some gleeful rub-
bing of hands in Moscow. "One of the symptoms of growing
economic crisis" was the editorial description used by a Soviet
paper. The Kremlin, which had been predicting the depression
in the United States ever since the end of the war, didn't
bother to consider if the sudden adjustment in prices was
really healthy for American economics or not.

It is too early yet to determine the full meaning of the
market downswing. The immediate effects of it, however,
are so pronounced throughout all parts of the world there can
be no doubt that economic life in this country sets the pace
for the world—now—not London, anymore.

What we work out in the period ahead will be felt, too, in
every section of the globe.

FILM CAPITAL

Eva Is Bit Player Who Lives Like a Movie Queen off a Set

BY VIRGINIA MACPHERSON

Hollywood—Most movie bit players double up in boarding
houses to stretch their paychecks. But not Eva Gabor. She's al-
most rich enough to buy any studio she fancies—yet she'll scram-
ble with the rest of 'em for a five-minute
role in a Holly-
wood epic.

Miss Gabor is
one of the
town's most
fabulous gals.
Beautiful
blonde, and
quick as a fire-
cracker on a
comeback, she
plays a dual role: Society leader
by night and movie unknown
by day.

"Eat see een my blood," she
says in her native Hungarian
accent. "I long to be an actress
weeth my whole soul. When I
was six, I ran away from home

to do a dance with banana skins
skinned tight around my heeps.
But I like nice things, too."

She has 'em, all right. One
is a 15-carat diamond ring
that makes the Kleig lights
in the studio look like fire-
flies running low on juice.
Her jewelry collection is
worth more than \$200,000.
And she's always dripping
diamonds or emeralds or
rubies.

"From my admirers and both
my husbands — past and pre-
sent," she says airily. "And my
father. He was a top jeweler in
Budapest until he fled from the
nazis."

But we're only getting start-

BY BECK

Life's Big Moments



SOME OF THE BIGGEST THRILLS
OF A TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAIN
TRIP ARE THE STOP-OVERS AT
SMALL STATIONS.

SIPS FOR SUPPER

When Gandhi Was a Dandy

BY DON UPJOHN

In the current issue of Life Magazine, page 28, second picture
from the left in the top row, is a portrait of the late Mohandas
Gandhi taken in Durban, South Africa. He is sitting in front of
his offices and behind him on the office window
is painted a sign reading
"M. K. Gandhi, Attorney." It's
the sign in which we are
interested. Who painted it? Yes,
maybe you guessed it, no-
body but our old friend Henry
Lee who has been a sign painter
around here nearly 40 years and
painted the famous Bull Durham
sign, some of which are still
visible. But the Gandhi sign is
in the pre-Bull Durham stages of
Lee's development as a sign
painter. He'd recently finished
his stint as a soldier during the
Boer war, had received his dis-
charge and for the time was lo-
cated at Durban.

He remembers he was stand-
ing on a street corner near the
docks where a liner had berthed
and the then foppish Mr. Gan-
dhi, attired in pin stripe pants,
a colored vest, cutaway coat and
sporting a top hat, walked down
the gang plank. The superin-
tendent of police enlisted the
help of Lee and others to guard
Mr. Gandhi to his home as the
crowd threatened to mob him
for running coolie laborers into
the country. And a little later
Henry got the job of painting
the sign on Mr. Gandhi's office
window. Doggone, we never
thought of it before, but it's a
small world. We surmise Henry
will preserve this current issue
of the magazine.

Notice in the radio log of our
favorite paper that KSLM puts
on a program early in the eve-
ning labeled T. B. A. Wonder
why they left off the F? Guess
we'll have to take a listen.

Domine Strums His Lyre
A recent suggestion in our
column that the Salem Chess
club get itself a band with drum
majorettes and all brought re-

sponse from Domine Swift,
main sponsor of the organiza-
tion, who writes, "Your sugges-
tion that Salem Chess club
might get up a band with drum
majorettes 'inspires' me to re-
flect:

"In chess, no flirting major-
ettes
Detract the minds of players,
But captivating queens sup-
ply.
Real need for player pray-
ers!"

Gosh, we never knew that the
stolid game of chess could stir
up such romantic notions.
Thanks, Rev.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER
Bald-Headed 'Curly' Tinkles Keys
And Gets Homesick for Yesteryears

BY HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—A bald-headed
man called "Curly", who thirty
years ago wrote hit dance tunes
is tinkling a wistful past for people
who are homesick for yesterday.

He is Arthur
N. Green, now
billed at "The
man of a mil-
lion melodies"
but once known
as America's
dance king.

In his six-
tieth year
Curly pulses a
battered piano
in the Knicker-
bocker music
hall, a Manhattan theater cafe.
It features old-time songs, var-
iety acts and "The Wayward
Maiden," a satire on the old-
fashioned melodramas.

Green has found pleasant an-
chorage in this last refuge of
vaudeville, which is popular
both with college kids and old-
timers who come to shed an al-
coholic tear over the songs of
their youth.

"It's funny about the old
tunes—they're like life it-
self," said Curly, whose fin-
gers are a rippling anthology
of the last half century of
music. "They're popular for a
while and then lose out. But
every so often they come back
again—as a new generation
comes along to enjoy them."

Each night he lives over his
life again as he tinkles out 200
to 300 tunes.
Few people now request any
of the thirty numbers he wrote
himself, except lonely belong-
ers Elks who call for "Hel-
lo Bill," the official lodge song.
But more than three decades
ago people in the streets hum-
ped his now half-forgotten no-
velty, "If I Catch the Guy who
Wrote Poor Butterfly."

And an American weary of
the waits turned eagerly to the
new dance rhythms Green com-
posed for the famous Castle
team—"Tango Argentino," the
first tango written in this coun-
try, "Innovation Tango," "Sams
Souci," the "Half and Half" and
"Raggin' the Old Virginia
Reel."

The death of Vernon Castle
in an air crash in 1918 broke
up his hit parade. Castle had
been his close friend.
"For 20 years I couldn't write
a note," Curly said.
He went into vaudeville with
his wife. They were a fea-
tured act on the "four-a-day"
circuits for years until some-
thing happened to vaudeville
that shouldn't happen—even to
vaudeville.

Green retired but he's back
again now. He's turned out a
new catchy dance tempo—"Kind
of a boogie-woogie with a rum-
ba rhythm"—which he says is
catching on in Harlem.
"Writing a melody is easy,"
he said. "I can do it in 15 min-
utes and base it on anything—
a phone number, a car license,
the figures on a dollar bill."
"But turning out a hit tune?
There's no rhyme or reason to
that. Writing a hit song is like
throwing dice—you can't come
up with a natural any time."

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Some Democrats Talk About Dumping Truman

BY DREW PEARSON

Washington—Anti-Truman resentment among the Democrats
is now so deep that some are actually talking about trying to
dump him.

What Truman has succeeded in doing is alienating both wings
of the party—the Southern Democrats and the Northern Liberals.

This was some-
thing that
Roosevelt, de-
spite the kick-
ing around he
gave to some
leaders, was
careful never
to do.

But now
Truman has
rubbed Nor-
thern Liberals
the wrong way
by ousting such Roosevelt ap-
pointees as Marriner Eccles,
James Landis and John Fahey.
Simultaneously he has made
Southern leaders boil over with
indignation at his Civil-Rights
Message.

In fact, the only people
Truman has pleased are the
Republicans.

Result of all this is that
some Democratic leaders are
even talking among them-
selves about finding a new
candidate. Admittedly they
don't think the chance is
great, for it's almost impos-
sible to block the renoma-
ination of a sitting President.

However, some of them
have been quietly discussing
a boom for Justice William O.
Douglas, while others talk
about a draft-Eisenhower
move for the Democratic tick-
et. After all, the first and
only political speech Ike ever
made was at a Jackson Day
dinner at the age of 18.

Meanwhile, Henry Wallace
has told friends that he would
yank his 3rd party out of the
running if the Democrats no-
minate Eisenhower, Douglas,
Judge Thurman Arnold or any
other Roosevelt Democrats.

NOTE: What Democratic
leaders fear most is that Wal-
lace's Third Party will carry
so much of the labor vote that it
will be impossible for Tru-
man to carry New York and
Illinois.

WHISKEY CHAMPION
House Banking Chairman
Jesse Wolcott, who let the whis-
key makers back in the nation's
grain bin, stood up for his dis-
tiller friends to the very end
the other day, even against Sen-
ate strong-arm man Bob Taft,
himself.

But the rotund, little Michi-
gan Republican stood alone.
Meeting behind closed doors,
other members of the Joint Ec-
onomic Committee voted unan-
imously with Taft to restore
grain controls on the liquor in-
dustry. It was the second at-
tempt to extend the allocation
powers since Wolcott let them
die in his House Committee last
month.

Wolcott, who once was de-
scribed by a Hiram Walker rep-
resentative as a man they could
control, argued stubbornly that
the liquor industry is just as
essential as any other.

"These controls," he barked,
"would simply pave the way for
other controls."

"That is not at all true," shot
back Taft. "These controls
would just slow down opera-
tions for the time being, so we
can give more bread to hun-
gry people."

He pointed out that the in-
dustry has enough liquor stored
in its warehouses to last
six years.

They can easily replenish
their stocks months before
they need it," he argued. "It
is not a wet-and-dry issue
at all, but just a temporary
detention of operations."

"I would welcome this as a
wet-and-dry fight," sputtered
Wolcott. "The Republican Party
for a good many years has been
considered as the dry party,
and I would like to see it as
the wet party."

If we continue to knuckle
down to the Administration by
keeping controls on distilling
and other things, the first thing
you know they'll be calling us
the Republican 'New Deal,'" he
continued. "We were elected to
get rid of controls, not main-
tain them." But when the Re-
publicans voted against him,
Wolcott backed down.

"Since I am chairman of one
of the committees that will stu-
dy this bill," he hedged, "I
had better remain neutral."

"You must be one of these
'neutral spirits' we've been
hearing about," cracked Ala-
bama's Senator John Spark-
man.

REPUBLICAN REVOLT
Tax Chairman Harold Knut-
son would not be vacationing so
serenely in Florida if he knew
about the revolt brewing among
his own Republican colleagues
on the tax-writing Ways and
Means Committee.

For many months junior Re-
publicans on the committee
have been grumbling at high-
handed Harold's way of run-
ning it. Particularly, they have
resented Knutson decisions to
investigate farm cooperatives,
which even the committee's sec-
ond ranking Republican, Dan
(Concluded on Page 11, Column 1)

THE WAY WE LIVE
'Home of Tomorrow' Will Have
Radiant Heat—No Coal, Gas, Oil

Raritan, N.J. (AP)—A "home of tomorrow" with electrical radi-
ant heating—that is, no coal, oil or gas furnace—was exhibited
today.

This new system is practical
now where electricity can be ob-
tained cheaply, and in the years
to come may provide an answer
to the country's dwindling oil
and coal resources.

The new heating unit is in-
stalled in the ceilings of the
rooms, and can not be seen.
It sends out heat waves that
do not warm the air, but do
warm objects—and people—
in the room.

Officials of the U.S. Rubber
company, which developed the
system, pointed out that the sun
is the best example of radiant
heat in that it heats the earth
without heating the atmosphere
between the earth and the sun.

The dwelling with the new
system, which was exhibited, is
a laboratory house. It was put
up by the John B. Pierce foun-
dation and scientists of that or-
ganization have been making
tests. As part of the experiment,
Mr. and Mrs. Burt Johns have
agreed to live in the four-room
house.

The heating panels, called Us-
kon, are heated by a conductive
rubber resistant element. Scien-
tists explained that rubber nor-
mally is an excellent insulator
against electricity, but in these
panels the chemical nature of
the rubber has been reversed,
thereby making it conduct elec-
trical current.

The panels are made in sizes
of four feet by four, but can be
manufactured in other sizes. In-
stallation is simple and far less
expensive than installing pipes,
radiators or hot air systems.

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supply is very limited, so we advise you to do
your ordering this week-end. We are offering large
size 2" up in diameter. Types are Camella, Picotet,
Fimbriata and Lloydii. Write for our free folder.

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The 400 Babies Got Their Diapers

Philadelphia (AP)—A baby diaper crisis was averted through
the efforts of Philadelphia police and the toll collectors of the
Delaware river bridge.

H. S. Diamond, operator of the Humpty-Dumpty diaper ser-
vice discovered yesterday that one of his trucks had left for At-
lantic City, N. J., without his route book containing the
addresses of 400 customers in that seashore resort.

Diamond telephoned police who in turn notified the bridge
toll men. The truck driver was stopped as he reached the
bridge and 400 Atlantic City babies received their diapers as
scheduled.

OPEN FORUM

Taxpayers Are Cautioned

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

To the Editor: At the present time with local taxpayers being
asked to authorize bond issues running into the millions and
further bond issues looming up on the horizon, it would be well
for the taxpayers to Stop, Look,
and Listen.

The present tax rates for the
current 1947-48 tax year are as
follows:
City of Salem 22.4 mills
School District
No. 24 29.7 mills
Marion Co. 17.1 mills

Total 69.2 mills
With the sponsors of the pro-
posed \$3,500,000 bond issue for
School District No. 24, stating
that it will add an additional 15
mills to the tax rates, we will
have, based on present rates, a
tax rate of 84 and 2/10 mills.

City Manager Franzen has
stated that the taxpayers will in
the near future be asked to au-
thorize a sewer bond issue of
\$815,000, which, if approved,
will cause the city tax rate to
be raised, and in all probability
there will be an increase in the
rate for Marion county, so that
if all these proposals are fa-
vored by the taxpayers they
should not be surprised at a
tax rate of 90 mills.

It does look like it is time
for taxpayers to STOP, LOOK
and LISTEN.
H. G. DAMON,
891 N. Commercial,
Salem.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

World Could Do With a Bit More Tolerance

BY DeWITT MacKENZIE

(AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

Surely newspaper columnists must have been in mind when it
was pointed out in the Book of Proverbs that "the way of trans-
gressors is hard."

Your columnist has had his
knuckles soundly rapped by a
reader for views expressed at
the time of Ma-
hama Gandhi's
assassination.

At that tragic
occasion I
wrote:
"Gandhi-Ji
was my friend
—the friend of
all humanity,
for that matter.
He was indeed a
holy man whose
outlook was not
restricted by race or dogma. His
whole code was summed up in
goodness, and he took it where
he found it."

"His own life encompassed
not only Hinduism, in which he
was born, but Christianity, Mo-
hammedanism, and other reli-
gions. And he once told me that
the greatest influence in his life
had been Christ's sermon on the
mount."

My reader critic (and even
bless 'em all, just so long
as they are readers) demands
how I explain that statement
about Gandhi's life encom-
passing Christianity, "In the
light of Exodus 20:3—"Thou
shalt have no other gods be-
fore me?"

Well, I'm too old a hand to
get involved in technical reli-
gious arguments, being the son
of a Methodist minister and thus
knowing something of the pit-
falls for amateurs—especially
on Friday the thirteenth. So I
am going to stand pat and tell
a story about some little incidents
which long have seemed to me
to be an invitation to tolerance,
in a world which needs it.

On my first visit to India a
generation ago I was the guest
of the late Maharajah of Bika-
nir, an Arabian Nights prince
who was among the greatest of
the sub-continent's potentates.
He was in every respect a grand
gentleman who followed the
highest moral code himself and
insisted on the same from his
officials and court.

But his highness was a Hindu,
and through his own friendly
convivance I saw him in a cere-
mony which probably no other
non-Hindu ever had witnessed.

I saw him and his two little
princes prostrate on the
floor of the great temple be-
fore a stone idol. I was shock-
ed and troubled as I tried to
weigh that sight against his
grand morals. Then came that
little incident inviting toler-
ance.

THE GREAT NEWS
OF THOUSANDS WHO SUFFER
HEARING LOSS
THIS TINY
HIDDEN
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ALISM to hearing, more satisfaction, enjoy-
ment, comfort. Come, forever, are the discom-
forts of old-fashioned hearing aids. No more
clumsy battery packs, no dangling, unsightly
battery wires. No harsh, painful, "tinny"
voices. No "static." No hollow undertones.
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