



SIPS FOR SUPPER

True Love

By DON UPJOHN

During the night last night some discouraged soul dropped a phonograph record and busted it almost to smithereens right at the building entrance of our favorite paper.



Don Upjohn

With the county court's decision to buck the daylight savings time fad and keep the county on standard time next week comes another possible complication—

Salem Continues Business Growth

The monthly report of the Federal Reserve bank, shows that in a period when most cities have been experiencing declines in statistics related to business volume, Salem registered a gain of 10 percent in the value of bank debits in April and an increase of 6 percent during the first four months of the year as compared with like periods of 1948.

Salem's bank debits were \$68,464,000 for April as against \$61,954,000 for April, 1948, and \$239,572,000 for the four months compared with \$226,345,000 in the same period last year.

Portland had debits of \$539,503,000 for the month compared with \$575,943,000 for the same month last year. For the first four months of the year Portland's debits were \$2,094,829,000 as against \$2,217,592,000 last year.

Eugene bank debits totaled \$49,628,000 for the month compared with \$50,243,000 and \$175,347,000 for the four months as against \$200,676,000.

Only two other Pacific Northwest cities covered in the report showed gains in debits, according to the reserve bank. Walla Walla's debits were up 16 percent for the month and 5 percent for the four months. Boise had a 6 percent gain for the month and a 3 percent increase for the four months.

A Masterpiece of Modern Art

The best commentary on modern art in a long time is reported in an Associated Press dispatch from Loughboro, England, where a daub by a six-year-old artist was accepted as a masterpiece for hanging by sponsors at the local art show.

"Artist Thomas Warbis doesn't take a lot of trouble over his painting."

"He makes dozens of them—with a bold brush—or his bare fingers... or an old stick with a chewed end.

"He lets his cat, Jill, pad over the fresh paint, sit on it and swish her tail over it.

"And while turning out his masterpiece 'Figure 8; Skegness,' he spilled a saucer of paint on it by accident, smudged it, tried erasing, muttered, 'Oh shucks' and let it ride."

Tommy's father Alfred, a commercial artist, said he found Tommy's venture in modern art while looking for packing paper to send his own pictures to the exhibit.

But the organizer of the art show was not feazed. He said: "It's no worse than a lot of stuff which poses as modern art." And probably told the truth. Tommy himself celebrated the event by trying to stand on his head in a corner at the exhibit hall.

'Amos and Andy' Reunited

Newport, Ore., May 13 (AP)—Amos and Andy, cub bear brothers, have been reunited and most of Newport's citizens are feeling better.

Andy almost died of loneliness during the three days he was separated from his four-month-old twin brother.

Three months ago an Indian found the cubs alone, motherless and miserable, in the woods near Siletz. The Indian gave them to Walt Johnston, Newport, who put them on display in a cage at his service station.

Someone cut the wire of their cage and stole Amos. After three days, Amos was returned by an Albany, Ore., boy.

When Amos was returned to the cage, the cubs greeted each other with hugs.

Salesmen Have Odd Meeting

Brail, Ind. (AP)—Two traveling salesmen, who live only three blocks apart in St. Louis, met for the first time here in a head-on collision. Neither James C. Mack, who was driving east, or George Black, who drove the westbound car, was injured seriously.

Sec. Brannan Most Unusual Man on Truman's Cabinet

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Bald, bespectacled Charlie Brannan, author of the much-debated farm program, is the most unusual member of the cabinet. He is the only cabinet member who has offered to drop out of official family it would help Oscar Chapman's chances of becoming secretary of the interior.



Charlie Brannan

This gesture was not grandstanding by Brannan. He really works at doing unto others as he would have them do unto him. Meeting Brannan, you would never know that he is secretary of agriculture and head of one of the most far-flung agencies of government. He keeps his nose on a level with other men and lives down to earth.

Riding to and from his office, he stops his government limousine to give a lift to friends, and, unlike other Washington officials, he seldom keeps his chauffeur waiting outside a party, but gives him the night off and catches a cab home.

Courted by Washington society, Brannan is much more familiar to the night watchmen at the agriculture department. Almost any evening, you can catch the secretary of agriculture side-stepping water pails and scrub-women on his way out of the office. As part of this ritual, he stops at a scale near the entrance, drops a penny in the slot, and checks on how much weight he's gained. Then he drops in a penny for his secretary, Miss Louise Nylander. (Brannan's weight is 195 pounds. Miss Nylander's is confidential.)

The secretary and his wife share a modest, one-bedroom suite at Washington's fashionable Westchester Apartments. But it took him a long time to get it. Even though secretary of agriculture, he waited like anyone else, and his application wasn't acted upon until a few weeks after the election—though he had been waiting seven months.

Shortly after they moved into the Westchester, Mrs. Brannan startled the maids in the laundry room by going down to wash the secretary of agriculture's shirts. This she does herself. A maid tidies up the apartment twice a month, but otherwise, the Brannans have no servant other than the chauffeur supplied by the government.

The secretary of agriculture also refuses to take his name out of the phone book. "If people want to call me up," he told a friend, "I guess I can answer the telephone."

To make matters worse, Brannan's number is similar to that of a busy apartment house, and he is always getting wrong numbers.

OPEN FORUM

Favors Daylight Saving Time

To the Editor: Your comment on DST is probably the most careless dismissal of a controversial issue I have ever seen on your editorial page. It is of a piece with the usual arguments on daylight saving—all prejudice, no factual statements.

My young son, who is ardently awaiting daylight saving so he can play ball after dinner, will be glad to hear he can go to school an hour early if he wishes thereby getting out an hour early. Likewise my boss will be glad to know his employees can come to work early if they wish, and get out early the same way. The fact that office and school hours are set and rigid has nothing to do with it.

Why not recognize that daylight saving is a way for people whose working hours are set by law or custom to enjoy the advantages which farmers and those whose hours are irregular have always enjoyed? The opposition to daylight saving (and I sympathize with it) comes from those who naturally move their activities up to keep pace with the sun. The principal difference is they do it by changing the time, not the clock. If you ever lived on a farm, you know the farmer who arises at six in the winter will arise at five or earlier in the summer. Isn't this daylight saving? The trouble comes when we force him to change the clock, because that throws him off balance. However, it does me no good to get up earlier since I cannot get through work until 5 o'clock regardless.

It is possible to present good and reasonable cases for both sides of this problem. You are entitled to take your stand either way. But with your stand, you are obligated to stay within the bounds of reason. Sincerely, BILL GRANT.

'Pop' Deflates Hollywood Ego

By VIRGINIA MacPHERSON

Hollywood (AP)—Inflated egos hereabouts take a terrific wallop every time "Pop" Backus drops in from Cleveland. Movie queens can't impress him. He doesn't believe in 'em.

What's more, he doesn't believe in Hollywood. Says so, too. And all this is a cause of much frustration to his comedian son, Jim Backus, who makes a right nice living in the movies and radio.

"Pop" (his friends know him better as R. G. Backus) has a business back home selling 10-story sewage-disposal units to city governments for \$850,000 each. But he comes out periodically to check up on Jim.

And, dutiful son that he is, Jim tries to show him a good time. He introduces him to all the movie stars. All "Pop" says is: "Greer Garson? Who's she?" "We took him to one of the swankiest restaurants in town," Jim sighed. "It was loaded with celebrities. Mom was really livin' but Pop just squinted at Clark Gable—Jimmy Stewart—Spencer Tracy—Joan Crawford... and says: 'Never heard of 'em.'"

Jim pulled a few strings and wangled the old gent a deluxe tour of the biggest studio in the world.

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Public's Music Taste Alters

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Write a hit song—and there's \$30,000 to \$35,000 in it for you.

"And everybody in America today seems to be trying to write a hit song except me," says Manie Sacks, the man behind many a disc jockey.

Manie knows better than to try. The odds are too high. As head of artists and repertoire for Columbia records, Sacks selects the songs for a firm which mints some 53,000,000 phonograph records a year.

After a quarter century in the music industry, Manie, a small, sensitive-looking man of 43, is convinced there is no formula for turning out a hit tune.

"Anybody who tells you he can write a sure hit is as crazy as a guy who says he knows how a horse race is going to turn out."

Besides reviewing the grist submitted by professional song publishers, Manie and his assistants look over 100 to 150 songs by amateurs each week.

"Only one or two a year by unknown writers turn out to be worth recording," he said.

A current example is "Riders in the Sky," written by a western forest ranger and popularized by Burl Ives, the folk singer.

"The ranger ought to make \$30,000 from it," said Manie. "Anyway, he can quit looking for fires."

Sacks has noted a distinct change in the public's music tastes since the war.

Time to Call Skunk a Skunk Washington (AP)—It's high time fur coat makers be required to call a rabbit a rabbit and a skunk a skunk, the federal trade commission said today.

The commission's views on the fur labeling situation were presented to a house interstate commerce subcommittee by Henry Miller, director of the bureau of trade practice conferences.

Rabbit fur is sold under more than 50 names, none of which call it rabbit, Miller said. Among the names are Arctic Seal, Beaverette, Marmetine, Hudseal, Chapchillas, Visonette and Muskratine.

Skunk, he said, is called just about everything but skunk. It's referred to as dipped Martin, black Marten, Alaska Sable, and sometimes even Civet cat.

Plain old muskrat is sold as Hudson Seal, Brook Mink, Water Mink, River Sable, Hudsonia, and so forth.

The use of such names, he said, makes it easy to deceive the consumer and places the reputable manufacturer and merchant at a disadvantage in meeting competition of less scrupulous business rivals.

The committee has before it bills introduced by Reps. Joseph P. O'Hara, (D., Minn.), and George G. Sadowski, (D., Mich.), which would require fur processors to label and advertise their products so that buyers will know what they are.

Advertisement for Greyhound buses with text: 'IT'S A BARGAIN!' and 'and so are GREYHOUND fares'. Includes a table of fares to various cities like Roseburg, Klamath Falls, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Coos Bay, and Seattle.