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4— Salem, Oregon, Monday, May 16, 1949

BY BECK Such Is Life



You Just Can't Lick the Odds

By HARMON W. NICHOLS

Washington—Dr. Ernest Blanche, a bespectacled little gent used to give lectures to GI's in Italy on how you can't lick the odds in gambling.

"It was very discouraging," said Ernie, who knows all about the cube root of an equation and presently is the army's chief statistician. "Right after I got through talking, the boys would dive for the nearest cellar, get out the dice and try to prove I was wrong."

These experiences worried Ernie into some research that now has resulted in two books on gambling and threatens to run into a third.

His present effort, quite logically, is called "You Can't Win."

Ernie figures there are about 50,000,000 people in the country who play poker, bet on the horses, play the numbers, yank the handles of slot machines, spin a wheel and buy Irish sweepstakes tickets without ever knowing or caring about the odds.

Ernie's work is not guess work. He spends hours, days and weeks in his little study at his Chevy Chase, Md., home testing each of his theories.

"That doesn't cost anything but time. But he learned the other, harder way, too. He hung around the carnivals and con-

cluded after playing some skin games that most of them are out to gyp the home folks out of their milk and egg money. He went to the race track (and still does, foolish fellow) and risked a two-spot on this and that nag.

He shot craps, in the interest of science. There, said Ernie, the odds against the guy who throws out the cubes are 251 to 244. He counted 'em. The chance on a man making an "eight point" are 5 out of 36. A fellow pitches a 7 only 6 out of 36 times.

Dr. Ernie tried bingo. There, he said, a man has a fair chance—and even if he doesn't the house take generally goes to charity.

The scientist also played the numbers for a time. It took many a day and many a dollar, but he discovered that the "house" nets up to 50 per cent of the intake and the bookies get another 10 per cent.

"There is no use talking about the slot machines—or one-armed bandits," he said. "You're beat there before you put a nickel or a half dollar in the slot."

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Solons Enjoy Socialized Medicine But Against It

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—They don't want it advertised, but the same senators and congressmen who balk at voting a health program for others are accepting "socialized medicine" for themselves.

Their aches and pains are treated by a government doctor whose fees are paid by the taxpayers. He is Dr. George W. Calver of the Navy, who guards over the health of the nation's lawmakers.



Drew Pearson

Ever since two congressmen died of heart attack in 1928, Dr. Calver not only has kept an office on Capitol Hill, but serves as "family doctor" to members of congress.

Twice a year, he also sends congressmen out to Bethesda Naval hospital for complete laboratory tests. All the bills, except prescriptions for medicine, are charged to the taxpayers—though the laboratory fees alone would cost \$150 at a private hospital.

In case of serious illness, members of congress are admitted to army and navy hospitals. They pay \$9.75 per day—slightly more than it would cost them to stay home, and about one-third what it would cost at a private hospital. Yet this small fee covers doctor bills, nurse service and even surgery.

Dr. Calver also keeps a special watch for heart trouble which used to kill 28 victims on congress in a single year. By running his celebrated patients through his own heart clinic, he has cut down on congressional deaths by seven per cent.

Meanwhile the senators and congressmen who receive all this medical pampering have bottled up the president's health program which would offer similar benefits to the American people.

For anyone except congressmen, the doctor's lobby would call this "socialized medicine."

Not only the lawmakers but their staffs can go to Dr. Calver for treatment. His office handles approximately 60,000 patient-visits each year—a full-

time job not only for Dr. Calver but also an assistant doctor, nine nurses and three navy enlisted men.

Note—though no longer with the navy, Dr. Calver still draws a rear admiral's pay.

PRESSMEN'S CLEAN-UP

As the A.F. of L. executive committee meets in Cleveland today, a total of five locals of the Pressmen's Union have demanded a thorough investigation of the manner in which the late George Berry gutted the treasury of the union he was supposed to protect.

Many rank and file members of the union have petitioned AFL officials to protect their interests. Unless they get AFL aid they fear their hard-earned pension benefits will be lost, for it is extremely difficult to hold an election and throw out present union officials.

The last time such an election was held, according to Lewis W. Thomas, Sr., chairman of the 1926 recall committee, it got nowhere. The ballots against President Berry were taken by car to Rogersville, Tenn., the union's headquarters, by a union member named Dooley.

"However," recalls Thomas, "the road to Rogersville is through the Tennessee mountains and on the way, Berry's men waylaid the car and shot the tires off it. Dooley arrived at Rogersville on foot the next day."

"When he got there, Berry welcomed him in a very sorrowful voice. 'Why, Brother Dooley,' he said, 'you are late. We counted the ballots yesterday. I am terribly sorry but we can't count yours—under the by-laws.'"

Members of the union claim they probably wouldn't have much more luck today holding a recall action against the present leaders of the union.

(Copyright 1948)

Their Own Medicine

Chicago (AP)—Cigar-smoking aldermen found themselves on the receiving end of one of their own laws. The city council passed an ordinance prohibiting smoking in public elevators. Now the city fathers must snuff out their smokes or walk upstairs in City hall.

Method of Transforming Gams Is Kept Very Hush, Hush

By VIRGINIA MacPHERSON

Hollywood—Willys of Hollywood, a hosiery expert who claims he can make almost any girl's gams look like Betty Brable's, said today he does it with a little hocus-pocus—and a way of oiling his nylons that's even more hush-hush.



Virginia MacPherson

He dreamed it up with a chemist at Cal-Tech, Willys says, and he doesn't like to talk much about it because he doesn't have it patented.

But, he guarantees, no movie queen who sheaths her legs in his greased gossamer will ever be embarrassed by those mysterious fumes that are ripping stockings to shreds.

"I give all mine a sort of lube job," explained the man who makes a fortune weaving camouflaged nylons for the Hollywood glamour gals. "Just like you would an old jalopy."

"It makes legs look smooth and sexy. It also makes the stockings last longer. Most nylons go to pieces after 15 wearings. Mine are good for 50."

What he does, Willys says cautiously, is "serize" his cobweb creations. That's a little trick he swiped from silk worms, who give out a natural oil called sericin, while they spin their cocoons.

And just what it is, exactly, you, you're a glamour queen in a secret between him, the spite of yourself.

silkworms, and the Cal-Tech chemist.

He has to guard it carefully, he says, because the whole stocking business is going to the dogs. And when he says that he is not trying to be funny.

"Too many factories are making stockings too fast," Willys explains. "Women aren't buying as many because they last longer than they used to. So the manufacturers are starting a price war by cutting costs—and reducing the quality of their stockings."

Which is one thing Willys doesn't dare to do. That hocus-pocus he mentioned is a tricky process. Also an expensive one. "Many movie stars have thick legs," Willys whispered. "For them I weave light-colored threads in the front and darker ones in the back. The effect is very stunning."

For glamour girls whose underpinnings are too skinny he adds a curve here and there with a little discreet padding. If you want longer legs, Willys can supply those, too. He does it by jiggling color schemes to get a horizontal effect.

And by the time Willys and his worm-oil get through with it, you, you're a glamour queen in a secret between him, the spite of yourself.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Tunnel Explosion Is Warning

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—The explosion of a chemical-laden truck in the Holland Tunnel gave America a needed peacetime lesson of what could happen in war.

It was a small-scale example of how vulnerable a great city is today.

The Holland vehicular tunnel runs beneath the Hudson River and joins Manhattan and Jersey City. It has twin tubes, each more than 9,000 feet long.

The accidental blast tied up traffic in the west-bound tube a few hours, halted traffic in the east-bound tube more than a day. It temporarily interrupted news, television, telephone and wirephoto circuits.

But what would happen if a band of desperate, highly trained men made a determined attempt to knock out New York City? This thought keeps police officials nervous about the activities of political groups who believe in changing government by force.

It has been estimated that as few as five atom bombs, properly placed, would render the metropolis nearly helpless.

But it wouldn't require atom bombs to plunge the city into a period of chaos. An internal fifth column of revolutionary technicians could conceivably accomplish this objective.

This small island is the most intricate thing ever devised by the mind and labor of man. It is a few square miles of beauty, ugliness, life and death, poverty, and wealth. But it is very im-

portant to all America. It is more than just an artificial orchid on the land, more than a parasite on the rest of the nation.

With its vast port and its many talents, it gives as well as takes, creates as well as absorbs. Like other cities it is no longer just a blight on the countryside. It clothes the farmers who feed it, and it sends them cash and radio programs in exchange for their corn. They depend on it as it depends on them.

But like all complicated things, it is easily disturbed and can't reproduce itself well. Cut an arm off a starfish and the starfish will grow another arm. And the severed arm will grow another starfish.

Manhattan—or any other big city—isn't so facile at repairing itself.

It is as dependent on supplies as the human brain is on blood.

The arteries that feed Manhattan are a system of some 30 channels that include the Holland Tunnel, public utility tubes, vehicular and railway tunnels and bridges. They join it west, north and east to New Jersey, The Bronx, and Long Island.

Choke those channels or destroy them and Manhattan would black out like the brain deprived of blood. It might not die—but it would certainly faint.

The lesson of the Holland Tunnel blast is the same as that of the Texas city explosion. Now is the time for all wise cities—and nations—to set up systems to protect themselves against disasters, designed or accidental.

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Ditching the Multiplication Table

The approach of graduation time inspires The Oregonian to discourse on the "state of things in the schools" and its thesis is that the "trouble with education is the multiplication table." It asserts:

"What—folks demand—can be wrong with the multiplication table? Doesn't three times three make nine? Indeed, they do. And it would be no exaggeration to look upon modern mechanized society as being erected upon the multiplication table as a very firm foundation. The multiplication table is exact and dependable. As a great mathematician has observed, 'No one doubts the multiplication table.'"

"But that very exactness has an insidious and dangerous effect upon education generally, since it encourages teachers to pretend to those in their care that all the subjects in the schools are either equally exact or comparatively so. The kindergarten pupil hears his teacher sternly state that two and two make four, and as he grows up the finality of the proposition is insisted upon time and again. He cannot escape it. Nor can he escape the perfectly natural deduction that similar final knowledge must exist in all other fields."

This, says the Oregonian, is encouragement to memory work rather than creative thinking and a memorized state of knowledge rather than knowledge itself and the "true test of most so-called knowledge is not its finality but its tentativeness." So The Oregonian suggests that each of the large universities and colleges, and possibly each department "employ a faculty member whose duty it is to take the opposite approach from that of his colleagues" and so "undo the pervasive influence of the multiplication table."

The proposal of The Oregonian to supply our colleges with instructors to combat accepted theories of all kinds that have stood the test of time and facts, has long been anticipated by the communists and by our own New Dealers, who are intent on creating a brand new world and remaking America along decadent European ideologies.

Communists and fellow travelers sneaking into faculties and clandestinely implanting Moscow ideology and theories in student minds under the guise of academic freedom are the bane of college faculties, as both the presidents of the University of Washington and the Oregon State college can testify. But The Oregonian would apparently make such instruction compulsory.

However, the New Dealers in the United States have long since ditched the multiplication table and two and two no longer make four, particularly in government finance and economy and perhaps in science also. Let us recall the record.

In 1938 when the second New Deal had cracked a group of young instructors from Harvard and Tufts, headed by Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, professor of economics at Harvard, published a book, "An Economic Program for American Democracy," which advocated the theory, at once adopted by FDR, that public spending must be used not as a pump primer, but as a permanent additional auxiliary pump holding that private industry could no longer produce the national income regarded for a full life.

They held that although deficit spending had increased the public debt \$40 billion without restoring prosperity expansion of public debt was advocated because government debt is not like private debt. It does not have to be paid, and Roosevelt's mistake was that he did not spend enough.

The government, they stated, can keep the debt afloat indefinitely by redeeming all bonds with new bonds. The interest will not be a burden because the debt is due by the people to themselves. The people owe the debt, own the bonds which represent the debt. The government taxes the people to pay the interest on the bonds. It takes the taxes out of the pockets of the people and then pays it back to them in the form of interest, just like taking it out of one pocket and putting it in another. So the government can go on borrowing indefinitely, even to a \$1,000 billion.

So said the Harvard economists. And the debt theory was put in practice by the planners and spenders, and its authors became economic advisers to the government. Spending was to be continuous and everlasting—and still seems to be, for the debt peaks are growing higher.

So the multiplication table has already been ditched by our government and some of our universities, and we are no longer lacking in "uplift, vision and breadth of mind."

STORIES IN LIFE

Tragedy Turns to Joy

Seattle—Mr. and Mrs. Raymond G. Keehr were awakened early Sunday morning by a crash in front of their house. They rushed outside. They found a taxi cab had smashed into a utility pole. A critically injured man was lying on the lawn.

Horror seized the couple when they bent over the man and identified him as their son, Raymond Keehr, Jr., a bartender. Grief-stricken, Mrs. Keehr accompanied the injured man in an ambulance to the hospital where he died shortly after being admitted.

Other members of the family arrived and positively identified the dead man.

The sorrowing family returned home to make funeral arrangements.

The father was standing at the window looking out sadly at the scene of the tragedy. Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in disbelief. There, walking across the lawn was the son he believed had been killed.

The dead man turned out to be Walter R. McCandish, 35, cab driver, who bore a remarkable resemblance to young Keehr.

Maybe It Served Her Right

Chicago (AP)—Fred Triebolin, 46, told the court his wife, Rose, 58, wrote him nasty notes, hit him with a blackjack, kicked him and chased him around their house with a pair of scissors. His request for a divorce was granted.

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



OPEN FORUM

Being Nice to Unfortunates Brings Back Many Blessings

To the Editor—Being nice to other people on my 79th birthday, May 13, 1949, is a recognized virtue. It does not mean being nice to people to whom one would be nice anyway, but to those who you consider need it.

It means being nice to people, for example, who play a poor game of contract bridge. It would include being nice to people who come from a distance and have queer accents or hold on popular political opinions.

People who care nothing what-ever about the fashions and wear strange clothes are among those who usually need someone to be nice to them. So are people who have bad health and want to tell you about it, or who have children and grandchildren who are their chief topics of conversation.

You can be nice to people about whom there is some scandal or who have lost their money and live in a less desirable part of the town. It is important also to be nice to those who think they no longer have any friends.

Under these circumstances, being nice to people is not a great deal of fun. It is in the nature of a duty that you put off from day to day and week to week. When at last you do get around to being nice to someone, you feel very virtuous about it. It is no little satisfaction to consider that you have given a helping hand to some poor unfortunate person.

Then one day you note that you are being singled out for special attention by a person from whom you hardly expected it. You are called on and listened to attentively. You are asked if there is any way you can be helped.

What reason is there to suppose they might reject it? The answer is that present day communism isn't the text-book brand of the ism which many folk had thought it to be. As Mr. Hoffman says, "basically, communism is a rather idealistic concept, carrying with it connotations of sharing and universal brotherhood. In its pure form, the best thing that can be said about communism is that it won't work."

However, times have changed. Today's communism isn't the old brand. It is totalitarian Bolshevism. This fact gradually has become clear since the World War, as communism has taken over country after country in Eastern Europe. There are plenty of indications that there is dissatisfaction among the peoples of the satellites.

Whether that dissatisfaction could develop to a point where those countries might reject communism remains to be seen. If and when that happens, the democratic way of life may be secure. Pending that contingency, the security would seem to be doubtful.

Well, for one thing, while the

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