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4— Salem, Oregon, Wednesday, August 3, 1949

Buffaloed by a Vocal Opposition

It was almost three months ago that the Salem city
council adopted the Baldeck plan to improve traffic flow
here. In early May the council went on record as favoring
the general outlines of the plan designed by State Highway
Engineer Baldeck.

The purpose of the tentative approval policy was to
qualify in time for highway commission funds for the
traffic improvement program here. The commission acted
in May on allocation of funds for the next two fiscal years.
But the commission wanted more than verbal approval
of the program which, over the years, will amount to
expenditure of \$7,600,000 in state highway funds. A writ-
ten agreement with the city was asked. This was certainly
not out of line.

But, so far, no written agreement has been drawn up—
because Salem's city council has not acted to make a bind-
ing agreement with the highway commission.

Why the delay by the council? Because vocal opposition
to the Baldeck plan has had the council hesitant to give
approval.

Salem can't afford to wait any longer for final approval
by the council.

The Baldeck plan can be put in ordinance form. Then,
if opposition is as strong as its vocal leaders would indi-
cate, the ordinance can be put to a vote of the people of
the community. In fact, a referendum would be welcome
—just to show the opposition that the people want traffic
unsnarled.

At the regular August meeting earlier this week, the
highway commission carefully refrained from trying to
pressure the city council into acting. The commission's
"leave-it-to-the-city" policy removed another crutch from
under the opponents of the plan who tried to picture the
commission as trying to bamboozle the city into action.

The only people to suffer from this inexcusable delay
on the council's part is the city itself, the people who will
be helped by improving local traffic conditions.

If definite approval is not forthcoming immediately
from the city council, the highway commission will be
further prevented from taking action itself in getting the
bridge under way across the Willamette between Salem
and West Salem. It will take an estimated six months
to design the bridge. Then contracts will have to be let.
Foundations must be poured during the season when the
water in the river is low. That means next summer. But
if the council doesn't act now, it will be too late to pour
next summer, so another year will have to pass before
even the pouring can be done.

A delay now by the council would mean that founda-
tions could not be poured until two years from now. And
construction would have to follow on top of that.

Secondly, a delay in action now will also mean that
a referendum could not be fitted into the fall election.
That is assuming, of course, that opposition to the Bal-
deck plan is actually as large as leaders claim. The high-
way commission can't be expected to act until Salem itself
settles its own squabble.

Under the circumstances, how can the city council not
act at its next meeting?

A Merited Primary Victory

For some time it has been heralded by press dispatches
and newspaper columnists that Senator Harry Byrd's
leadership of the democratic party in Virginia was threat-
ened in the forthcoming primary election. Three "strong"
candidates opposed the senator's organization's candidate
for governor backed by a coalition of administration politi-
cians, New Dealers, organized labor and party malcon-
tents. The defeat after 25 years of dominance was to de-
stroy the prestige of Byrd in congress, who as the most
consistent advocate of economy has been persona-non-
grata to the deficiency spenders in power.

It was another case of wishful thinking. The Virginians
nominated as democratic nominee, equivalent to election,
the Byrd candidate for governor with approximately
25,000 votes to spare, carrying seven of the state's con-
gressional districts, in a total vote of 300,000.

Byrd organization-backed candidates also swept to vic-
tory in the two other offices on the short ballot. Attorney
General J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., ran away at better than
two to one from Moss Plunkett, Roanoke lawyer. Lieuten-
ant Governor L. Preston Collins had similar success against
Martinsville's Mayor Nick Prillaman.

John Stewart Battle, 59, of Charlottesville, a state sena-
tor with 20 years of legislative experience, captured the
four-way democratic primary election for governor. His
nearest competitor was Francis P. Miller, anti-Byrd can-
didate and former army colonel. Horace H. Edwards, for-
mer Richmond mayor and ex-chairman of the state demo-
cratic party, ran far behind in third place. Renimore L.
Arnold, Petersburg manufacturer, was a poor fourth.

Senator Byrd is one of the most valuable men in either
party in congress and has had the courage, on every
issue, to vote his convictions. Almost single-handed he
has opposed waste and extravagance in federal expendi-
tures and largely through his reiterated exposures, the
creation of the Hoover commission was forced, and it
confirmed the scandalous situation he publicized. If the
people of the nation do not appreciate Byrd's services—
it is well that the people of Virginia do—for he was the
chief issue in their campaign.

'Hi, Legionnaire'

The headline in last night's Capital Journal summed
it up right: "Welcome Mat Out for Legion."

Chosen again to play host to Legionnaires and the Aux-
iliary of Oregon, Salem has decorated the city with bun-
ting and flags for the thousands of visitors to the capital.

The people of the city can make the visitors feel at
home by helping out in little ways, like offering to give
rides to those with legion-caps to various scattered meet-
ing places in town.

The significant point of this 31st convention for Salem
is that it is the first one for the capital at which veterans
of World War II are present.

Salem salutes its visitors.

BY BECK

Times Have Changed



SIPS FOR SUPPER

Backfire

By DON UPJOHN

Onas D. Olson, registrar and general secretary of the American
Legion state convention which is on here mighty nigh in full blast
had a very busy afternoon yesterday at the legion tent on the
courthouse grounds. The veterans were
registered rapidly and he had his
hands full.



Don Upjohn

One of the things he had
his hands full of was the little
greeting cards the
visitors were being
given for their cars so
they'd escape getting parking
tags. As Onas registered the
visitors and passed out these
cards right and left he was care-
ful to assure everyone that its
use would preclude the chance
of their getting a yellow tag
during the convention and to
be sure and use the same. This
of course made everybody
happy. That is, everybody but Onas.
For when he had a minute's
surcease from the job he hap-
pened to glance at his own car
parked on Court street about 20
feet away and sure enough—
there was a yellow parking
ticket on same.

One of the Legionnaires this
a.m., made us a little ireful for
a minute when we saw him
drive up to the curb, park and
then very carefully lock his car.
Just as though there was any-
body in Salem who would trifle
with its contents!

Note there's quite a row on
between state, federal and other
road officials as to whether ded-
ication day for the North San-

fram highway can be had August
14 as so elaborately planned.
Maybe this is something that
will take the top brass to
decide and might be settled only
by a conference between Harry
Truman and Ed Vickers.

Harry Briens, second oldest
pharmacist in point of service
around Salem, claims to be the
state's first drug store soda jerk.
Harry was working for the late
Dr. Brewer way back in 1904
at his drug store at Court and
Liberty streets. Along in 1906,
says Harry, the doctor installed
the first drug store soda foun-
tain in the state. And Harry
was initiated into the mystery
of dispensing fizz water. He
says everybody hooted at the
doctor for putting in a soda
fountain but it was only a few
years before they most all had
'em. Harry says he had to man-
ufacture the syrups used in the
construction and in those days
what is now known as a "sun-
dae" went under the harsher
name of "dope." Also ice cream
cones which came into the state
along with the Lewis & Clark
exposition were known by the
flowery designation of cornu-
copia. So an order went in
in those days for a "chocolate
dope" and a "cornucopia" which
wouldn't get one much of any-
thing in these days. Yea, Harry
was the first in the state of
those select beings who could eat
as many sodas as he pleased and
it didn't cost him a red. He's
gotten all over that now—since
he runs his own soda fountain.

'Cut Off Nose to Spite Face'

Cawnpore, India (U.P.)—Mohammed Badruddin was arrested
after he ended a family argument by slicing off the noses of his
wife, his mother-in-law and a female cousin.

ADOPT DAUGHTER AS 'NATURAL CHILD'

Congress Acts Like Stork
To Bring Baby to U. S.

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS

Washington, Aug. 3 (U.P.)—Your congress is wagging its flaps
and acting like a stork.

As a result, a California soldier and his wife soon will be
on the way home from Italy with their 18-months-old adopted
daughter who will be listed officially as their "natural" child.

It took a lot of fancy doing,
by a lot of people.
Among others, the couple can
thank two sentimental lawgivers
— with youngsters of their
own—who helped to unravel the
miles of red tape here and
abroad.

The history of the case is this:
After the war, Chief Army
Warrant Officer William E.
Kretzinger of Beverly Hills,
Cal., found himself in Leghorn,
Italy. Naturally, he became
lonesome for his pretty, blue-
eyed wife, Mildred. He saved
up his money and sent for her.

The two were happy, but they
longed for the pit-pat of tiny
feet around the place. Finally,
they decided that the thing to
do was to adopt an Italian war
orphan.

After "shopping" around they
decided on Francesca Lucareni
— blonde, pretty as a picture and
with flashing big blue eyes like
her foster mama's.

At length, they obtained legal
custody of the baby, and that's
where they struck the snarl of
red tape.
The Italian law reads that no
child may be adopted legally un-
less the parents are 50 years old.
That let the Kretzingers out.
Bill and Mildred talked it over.
It would mean waiting over 20
years. Little Francesca would be
2 1/2 by that time. Who wants
to adopt an already - wained
baby?

Bill sat down and wrote a
long letter to his brother-in-law
in Burbank, Cal., Sydney Cole.
He enclosed pictures of the little
cuddler, enough to show around
where they would do the most
good.

Cole, a man of action, went
to Burbank city Councilman

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Truman Had Fine Time on
Trip to Oregon Hero's Grave

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Newspapers carried a little note about President
Truman driving his own car to Leesburg, Va., the other day,
but there was no other explanation of why he went there, except
in the Pacific northwest.

Here is the reason why:

Some weeks
ago, Sen. Cabot
Lodge, Massa-
chusetts repub-
lican, was visit-
ing Gen. Geo.
Marshall at
Leesburg, when
the ex-secre-
tary of state
showed him the
grave of Col.
Edward D.
Baker, former
U. S. senator from Oregon, killed
in action during the Civil
War.



Drew Pearson

The stone marker was cover-
ed with moss. Vines and vegeta-
tion had grown up over the
spot, and General Marshall re-
marked to the senator from
Massachusetts that it was a
shame a senator from Oregon
who had fought so gallantly
should be so ungalantly re-
membered.

Later, General Marshall re-
ported this to President Truman,
and some days later, Senator
Wayne Morse of Oregon got a
message from the president tell-
ing him that a former Oregon
senator lay unremembered at
Leesburg, and suggesting that
they both visit the grave.

Morse accepted.
But before leaving, he sent
over to the library of congress
to find out more about Colonel
Baker. The library reported
that he was killed at Ball's
Cluff, Va., but buried at Lone
Mountain cemetery, San Fran-
cisco.

Furthermore, the late Justice
Oliver Wendell Holmes who
was wounded in the same bat-
tle, described in one of his
books how Senator Baker's body
was carried back to the west
coast—at that time an unheard
of trip for a war casualty.

Senator Morse, however, had
no opportunity to break this
news to President Truman until
the two got in the White House
car—Lincoln—for their drive
to Leesburg.

Their first conversation was
about the fact that the president
was driving himself, the senator
discreetly inquiring when the
president had last driven. Mr.
Truman admitted he hadn't
driven for a couple of years, but
said he still remembered how.

As the trip continued, it was
evident that whatever the pres-
ident lacked in skill as a chauff-
eur, he made up for in zestful
driving. With the secret service
men sitting nervously in the
rear, the president enjoyed
every minute of it.

Finally, Senator Morse broke
the news.
"I looked up Senator Baker of
Oregon," he said, "and the lib-
rary of congress informs me
that while he was shot at Ball's
Bluff, he was buried at San
Francisco."

The presidential car nearly
swerved off the road.
Recovering, Mr. Truman said
that General Marshall would
feel bad about bringing them all
the way to Leesburg for noth-
ing. "We mustn't hurt his feel-
ings," he added. "You leave
this to me."

So, after lunch, as General
Marshall escorted the party
three miles away to the suppo-
sited grave of Senator Baker, Mr.
Truman broke the news that he
wasn't buried there after all.
General Marshall wasn't entire-
ly convinced, however, and led
them to the grave.

They found that the lib-
rary of congress was right. The
tombstone was merely a marker
stating that "Col. Baker was
killed here, October 21, 1861."
There was no indication that he
was buried there. In fact, the
bodies of 54 other federal sol-
diers had been removed to a
near-by grave.

General Marshall felt bad
about bringing the president
and Senator Morse down to
Leesburg on a wild-goose chase,
but they didn't feel that way at
all.

They were delighted to have
the excuse to get away from
Washington, and they arranged
to have a gardener tidy up the
spot where Colonel Baker fell.
No new monument, they agreed,
was necessary.

NOTE—Senator Baker, born
in England, served in the house
of representatives from Illinois,
then moved to Oregon about the
time of the gold rush and was
elected to the U. S. senate from
Oregon in 1859. He enlisted in
the 71st Pennsylvania volun-
teers, and was temporarily com-
missioned a major general.

SECRET COCKTAIL LOUNGE
The story has never been told
how the democrats discovered a
secret cocktail lounge in the
capitol building after they took
over from the republicans.
The lounge was fixed up by
Ex-Senator Curly Brooks of Illi-
nois and his political protegee,
Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Edward
McGinnis, in one of the historic
rooms of the capitol where the
supreme court first met. They
cleared out the stately, historic
furnishings and turned it into a
gay-colored cocktail lounge, in-

congruous and out of place in
the capitol.

How much it cost the taxpay-
ers to paint, decorate, and furni-
sh Brooks' private lounge will
probably never be known.

It was simple for the ex-sena-
tor from Illinois to keep this
secret since he was chairman of
the senate rules committee and
in charge of the senate wing of
the capitol.

But when Brooks was defeat-
ed last November, Senator Carl
Hayden of Arizona, the new
rules chairman, inherited all his
keys. That's how the democrats
discovered the secret lounge.

Telephoning Senator Scott
Lucas, majority leader of the
senate, Hayden said: "I have a
surprise for you."

Later he took Lucas to the
hideaway, unlocked the door,
and announced:
"Look what I have discover-
ed! I don't want to get caught
with a room like this on my
hands, so I'm turning it over to
you. It's only poetic justice
that you should get it."

TRUMAN'S LONG MEMORY

White-haired, 75-year-old
Mamie Karst, mother of Mis-
souri's Congressman Ray Karst,
was one of the first political
leaders in St. Louis to come out
for Truman in 1934, when he
was elected to the senate. Call-
ing at the White House with her
congressman son and family, she
asked the president.

"Do you remember me?"
"Do I remember you!" ex-
claimed Truman, who hadn't
seen her since 1934. "How could
I ever forget you?"

"If it hadn't been for you and
a few other loyal supporters in
St. Louis, I might not even have
won the primary nomination.
All the experts said that my pri-
mary opponent, Jack Cochran
(late Representative John Coch-
ran) had St. Louis all sewed
up."

After a friendly visit, the
president gave Karst's children,
Mary Jane, 9, and Ronnie, 7,
each a shiny, new ball-point
pencil. But he admonished
them: "Don't let any FBI men
see you with these pencils, they
might put you in jail."

Believing him, the saucer-
eyed youngsters quickly hid the
pencils. They were inscribed:
"I swiped this from Harry S.
Truman."

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MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Escape of British Sloop
Remarkable Naval Exploit

By JAMES D. WHITE

(Substituting for DeWitt MacKenzie, AP Foreign News Analyst)
The escape of the British sloop Amethyst from the Yangtze
river is more than a remarkable naval exploit and feat of river
navigation.

It could, but may not, end a period of the Chinese civil war
in which the communists have borne down on foreign influences
to show who is master of the
new China. In this light, the
escape is likely to evoke impor-
tant policy signals from the Reds.

Meantime, the escape has re-
moved the Amethyst herself
from a situation which had be-
come hopelessly fouled up in
diplomatic frustration and pol-
itical considerations involving
"face."

The British government and
navy were out on a limb with
the Amethyst because of the
way she got into trouble in the
first place.

Many Britons still are dissat-
isfied with the explanations that
have been given for what hap-
pened. They still won't see why
she had to try to take supplies
to the embassy in Nanking —
right through the middle of one
of the largest military opera-
tions in Chinese history.

From the king down, British
officials have indicated their joy
that the Amethyst's ordeal is
over. The labor government,
and the navy, may be pardoned
if they heave a sigh of relief.

However, the British were not
alone in being out on a limb. The
Chinese Reds, always glad to
pose as the liberators of China
from "foreign imperialism,"
made the usual propaganda hay
out of the Amethyst.

It would have been better if
she had been an American ship,
as Uncle Sam's "imperialism" is
their big hate now, not Eng-
land's.

But they had the Amethyst
where she was powerless, so
they shot the works and charg-
ed she had "joined the battle"
on the nationalist side and
opened fire herself. The British
denied this — plausibly so, as
their chief and obvious interest
these days is to trade with Chi-
nese, not fight them.

The Reds couldn't climb down
from this charge because they
had made so much of it, and also
had demanded indemnity for
more than 250 Red soldiers they
said had died under the Ameth-
yst's guns.

To make the case completely
hopeless, the Reds have no cen-
tral government as such, and
their local regimes are not recog-
nized by any foreign power.
The Amethyst was pinned down

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



THE NEXT BOTTLE OF WHISKY BOUGHT WILL BE BLEND AND NOT STRAIGHT, SHOW 6 TO 1 ODDS.

IN ROULETTE, YOU'RE PAID 35 TO 1 ON A NUMBER BUT THE HOUSE IN AMERICA SHOULD PAY 37 TO 1 ODDS. ("A READER," RIVERA, CALIF.)

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Chance of a Lifetime:
Hal's Invited to Mars!

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Every year or so a man opens his morn-
ing mail and finds a pleasant surprise—or a real opportunity.

That's how lucky I am today.
I've got a chance to take a free ride to Mars!

Each day I get all sorts of odd invitations. One day somebody
wants men to go over to the Waldorf Astoria to attend a cocktail party for a new tractor. Another day an opportunity comes to be a judge in a contest to "pick the most beautiful pigeon in America." It turned out to be a complete waste of time—all the pigeons had feathers.

But this is the first time any-
body ever offered me a hitch-
hike ride to Mars. I would be
suspecting that somebody was
just pulling my leg except for
one thing—the man who made
the offer said he had already
been there himself. So it must
be the 24-karat McCoy.

The invitation came in a letter
from a gentleman in Missouri,
and his first name isn't Harry.
"I have just come back from
Mars, and I had a wonderful
trip," he wrote. He explained
he wanted me to accompany him
on his second trip because he

wished the people of earth to
have a word picture of life on
Mars. He said that as a profes-
sional writer I would be able to
do this better than he.

"The voyage certainly sound-
ed attractive as he outlined it.
We will be gone only a few
days," he wrote. "for the simple
reason that our rocket ship be-
gins to gain speed as soon as it
leaves the atmosphere, and we
travel about as fast as light.

"The only hazardous part of
this trip would be in landing
when we get there. However,
our pilot is so efficient that,
when we strike the atmosphere
of Mars, he can fall around the
planet three or four times until
our speed is slow enough to
make a smooth landing."

What is Mars like? Here's
what the man says:
"I'll not go much into detail
of the conditions that I found
there, because it was more won-
derful than my vocabulary is
capable of telling you.

"The planet revolves as ours
does, but in place of having a
magnetic pole, it revolves north
to south, which makes the tem-
perature uniform the year
around.

"There are no seasons. It is
all just one glorious tempera-
ture. They have no pests, such
as flies and fleas.

"The food grows on trees.
They have inner-spring mat-
tresses growing on bushes. There
is no rain except just as the
sun comes up in the morning.

"There is no work to be done.
Everything that man desires is
right there at his hand. The
springs that come out of the
hills, which they call mountains,
have a flavor with an intoxicat-
ing effect."

"Well, at first I felt tempted
to go. But I decided it would
put too great a strain on my
honesty.

"If I got to Mars and found
food growing on the trees and
joy juice bubbling out of the
rocks, I wouldn't want to come
back and advertise the place.
That'd empty California over-
night, depopulate Texas—and
crowd Mars.

No, if Mars was like that I'd
stake me out a claim—and
throw rocks at anybody else
that tried to land.

Flowers Do Better on Water

Wenatchee, Wash. (U.P.)—Alcohol and the 104 degree tem-
perature didn't mix.
The sheriff's office reported a "slightly inebriated man"
had bedded down in his neighbors' flower bed with the
explanation:
"I'm a petunia."

TIMMIE OUTLIVED MISTRESS

Woman's Love for Dog
Delays Settling Estate

Philadelphia, Pa. (U.P.)—A dead woman's love for her dog is hold-
ing up the distribution of an estate valued at more than \$100,000.
When Miss Arabella J. Adams, a collateral descendant of George
Washington, died in 1935 she
left a will specifying that certain
portions of her estate could not
be divided until after the death
of Timmie, her pet English bull
dog.

Timmie outlived his mistress
by 10 years. But the estate has
since been a subject of controversy
since the death of the dog in
1945.

Miss Adams willed that a per-
sonal friend be permitted to live
in her spacious Germantown
home on condition that she care
for Timmie.
She said two other persons
should have the option of living
in the home for life and taking
care of the dog if the original
legatee did not abide by the pro-
visions of the will.
To take care of Timmie's
needs, Miss Adams set up a \$6-
000 trust fund. The dispute receive the fund.