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4— Salem, Oregon, Tuesday, September 13, 1949

BY BECK

A Dog's Life



SIPS FOR SUPPER

A Good Citizen

By DON UPJOHN

Salem has lost one of its most substantial citizens in the passing of Harry Olinger, "Casey" to his friends from his childhood days. Especially does the Salem school system owe him a debt of remembrance. For many years he held a guiding hand in the affairs of the school board and many of them were extremely trying years where it took a cool and exacting head and Harry had it. In many other ways he played important roles in civic affairs, one of the kind of men a city can always use to its great advantage but too rarely gets.



Don Upjohn

Unconfusing Confusion

Detroit (AP)—From now on there's going to be less confusion over spelling the Fantaro family name. The five sons and two daughters of an Italian-born immigrant discovered their father had given each one of them a differently spelled last name in registering their births. Juan's was Fantaro, Donald's Fantore, Angelo's Fornaro, Anthony's Fanilator, Joseph's Fantora, Elizabeth's Ferneti, and Nellie's Fernetto. All agreed on Juan's last name and Probate Judge William I. Cotter made it official.

Note that the county court has granted a permit to a Lyons firm to move a "cyclone" along the Silverton road. So maybe the folks out there should get

A Nice Job of Fishing

Newport, Ore. (AP)—Amid fishing excitement, Robert Montgomery, 10, Santa Barbara, Calif., lost his glasses overboard from the fishing boat Cygnit. Aa half-hour later his father, Wesley Montgomery, reeled in his tackle. On the hook were Robert's glasses.

CLOAK AND DAGGER STUFF

Spies in Germany Give Peephole in Iron Curtain

By JACK MEEHAN

Frankfurt (AP)—Spies and counter-spies swarm over Germany today and a large part of what America knows about what happens behind the Iron Curtain was learned right here. The information is gathered by the U. S. Army's Intelligence division, headquartered in Heidelberg.

It is the organization that came to Germany largely to chase Nazis but now is saddled with the additional task of running down Russian agents instead.

Information trickles into the U. S. zone of occupation from across the borders right up against the Iron Curtain—the Russian occupation zone of Germany and the latest convert to democracy Russian style, Czechoslovakia.

There is also Berlin, main American peephole in what is now Red-dominated Europe. Secrets for sale along the rubble-strewn boulevards of Berlin range from a new Soviet tank commander to purported information on Russian atom bomb experiments beyond the forbidden Ural mountains.

All this information, the false as well as the true, is gathered by trained American agents and evaluated, then filed away for future use.

A recent Russian deserter, for instance, was able to tell American authorities all about what the Russians are turning out in a former I. G. Farben chemical plant in the Soviet zone city of Halle.

The plant has been taken over by the Russians, who operate it as a Soviet corporation and the deserter worked there.

An extremely valuable source of information on what the Russians are doing with their armies in Germany are the thousands of trained German officers and soldiers, many of whom travel back and forth, in and out of the Russian zone.

But the hottest spot for spies

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Bernard Baruch Listed As Truman 'Pet Peeve'

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—President Truman doesn't nurse grudges against most of his political enemies, but he has a few pet peeves that apparently he will never forget.

One of them is gaunt, gray Bernard Baruch, the friend of presidents, and one of the nation's few elder statesmen.



One year ago Baruch declined Truman's invitation to serve on a special committee to support his re-election, and Truman, in turn, wrote Baruch one of the most caustic letters of the campaign. He reminded Baruch of him, among other things, how he had appointed his brother Herman as ambassador to Holland.

Sequel came the other day when the president tried to persuade his old friend, Adm. William D. Leahy, to become ambassador to Holland.

"You know how I feel about that old so-and-so, Baruch," said Truman. "He still has his brother over there in Holland as ambassador and I want you to take his place. You're just the man to do it."

Admiral Leahy declined. Selden Chapin, who was kicked out by the Soviets as ambassador to Hungary, will now take over the embassy in Holland.

Ironically, President Truman rubbed salt in Bernie Baruch's wounds by announcing the forced resignation of his brother on Bernie's birthday, and significantly, the resignation was announced by the White House, not the state department which usually announces diplomatic changes.

TORTOISE AND HARE The house of representatives and the senate are now in a tortoise-and-hare race, and it looks as if the ponderous, slow-moving senate might win after all.

Though the house gets credit for being the streamlined, efficient branch of congress, actually the senate, still sticking to its knitting, is handicapped by the house's absence. Four important bills, passed by the senate, are now waiting until the house comes back from its vacation to iron out differences. They are: 1) Appropriations for the Marshall Plan; 2) 75-Cent minimum wage; 3) Federal aid to prevent forest fires; 4) The basing-point system — of great interest to every small business man because the new law may drive a hole in the anti-trust laws big enough for a cartel to walk through.

The senate has also edged ahead of the house with four important Truman measures, and is now waiting for the house to get back from holidaying and pass them. They are: (1) Federal aid to education; (2) Health services for school children; (3) Expansion of hospital construction; (4) National science foundation to encourage science. Of course a lot of bills passed by the house still await senate action but if the house doesn't get back to work fairly soon, the senatorial tortoise may beat the hare yet.

AIR JUNKETS

Here are some of the congressional junkets planned or already under way and which caused Secretary of Defense Johnson's aides to get worried about the use of air force planes:

1. The "Sacred Cow" has left for the Interparliamentary Union in Norway with Congressmen Cooley (N.C.), Potts (Tex.), Gore (Tenn.), Hope (Kans.), Gogg (La.), and Talle (La.).

2. Three congressmen from the house agriculture committee will also fly, courtesy of the air force, to study hoof-and-mouth disease in Mexico. They are: Lind (Pa.), Davies (N.Y.), and Bramblett (Calif.). Congressman Eugene Worley of Texas and John McMillan of South Carolina went on ahead of them — by boat.

3. Cook's tour—Several members of the house expenditures committee have left by air force plane for Alaska, the Far East and the Pacific islands to investigate military installations, though this is supposed to be the job of the armed services committee. The group includes: Burnside (W. Va.), Riehlman (N.Y.), Lovre (S. Dak.) and Deane (N.C.).

DOG DAYS AT CAPITOL

There is no longer any doubt that these have been the "dog days" at Capitol Hill. For two senators literally barked at each other recently in the middle of senate debate.

August, silver-crested Senator Tom Connally, Texas Democrat, held the floor. But he couldn't complete a sentence without Senator Ken Wherry, Nebraska Republican, butting in. After one booming interruption, Wherry ended up by whamming his fist on the desk.

"I did not yield for that slam on the desk," granted Connally. "That is one way to drive a point home," roared back Wherry.

"I feel very much like an old lawyer in my section of the country once did," observed the sen-

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Hal's Assignment: Picking Another Man's Wife

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Thirty lovely women looked at me over the week-end with provocative eyes. And they all wanted me to say—"Yes, you're the one." Yep, one after the other they came up, all thirty of them—all with that same look in their eyes. And I had to say, "No, not you" to 29 of these beautiful dames.



Hal Boyle

It should have been easy to do this. After all, every one was married—and their husbands were looking on. But that only made it harder. What a spot to be in!

No, this isn't a nightmare. I didn't dream it. I merely acted as a judge in the Mrs. America contest at Asbury Park, the Jersey shore resort.

It is supposed to be every man's ambition to be a judge in a beauty contest. This could be true only because every man hasn't tried it. Once is plenty. The 30 wives were the final-

ists in a contest to pick, from all the hausfraus in the United States, the one who was both the most beautiful and the best homemaker. On the face of it this task was worse than looking for a needle in a haystack (who ever lost a needle in a haystack, anyway?). It was like searching for a walnut tree that also sprouted roses. As the 30 lovelies paraded past, first in evening gowns, then in bathing suits, the task of the judges was to weed the contestants down to 12, next to six and finally to three.

Back and forth they swished. A judge next to me was working furiously at his chart. "How are you judging them?" I asked. He looked at a girl in an evening dress silhouetted against a spotlight. "I'm voting for the ones that didn't wear slips," he said. "And you?" I asked another judge. "Strictly legs," he said. "I've been a leg man for years."

Another judge seemed to be concentrating on bosoms, and crossly suggested I find a specialty of my own. I began scoring on teeth, eyes, hair and nostrils. There didn't seem to be much else in sight. An official rushed over and said: "Here, you're not judging beauty. You're a homemaking judge."

My own wife, Frances, gave a fiendish chortle in her favorite ear-mine. "That dated you, Rover boy," she said. I felt the weight of years. My job wasn't to pick the pretties. It was to help judge the pretties the pretties had made with their own pretty hands—crocheted dollies, home-sewn baby dresses, and preserved fruits and vegetables. Four jars of pickles, carrots and peaches later our verdict was in.

My choice, Mrs. Cincinnati, a winsome brownette, was the audience favorite. The other entrants also voted her the most congenial girl in the contest. But she didn't win. The crown went to Mrs. California, who got about \$6,000 in prizes—if you include a year's supply of pretzels and diapers and a \$500 scholarship to the Empire State School of Optics in Brooklyn.

Later the husband of one of the losing candidates was asked why he had encouraged his wife to try to become Mrs. America. "If she won," he said sadly, "I figured I could quit work."

DETECT DISEASE AT CURABLE STAGE

Chest X-Rays Can Save Lives From Lung Cancer

By ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 13 (AP)—Chest X-rays to find tuberculosis can save many lives from lung cancer, a Boston surgeon said today.

The chest pictures for TB can turn up lung cancers at an early curable stage, he explained.

Lung cancer is the second most deadly form of cancer. It is outranked as a killer only by cancer of the stomach and intestines. Surgery is the only treatment for lung cancer.

Lung cancer is so lethal mainly because it's caught too late. Dr. Richard H. Overhold of Tufts College Medical school had told the American cancer society's conference on cancer detection. It is often far along before there are any signs that it is there.

But now hundreds of thousands of people each year are getting chest X-rays in mass surveys to find TB early. This work is being done by tuberculosis associations, unions, industries, and public health agencies. The pictures show healthy chests and chests that might be affected by tuberculosis. But some show silent shadows that might be lung cancer. One study found that 40 percent of these silent shadows not due to TB or other troubles were cancers of the lung. Dr. Overhold reported. He urged that the cancer society consider methods of co-operating with tuberculosis associations and other agencies so that all such cases could be checked up soon and followed closely.