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Salem, Oregon, Thursday, September 15, 1949

BY BECK

Parental Problems



SIPS FOR SUPPER

Last Time

By DON UPJOHN

Some guys are old enough so, as the boy said, they should oughta know better. But by gum, it's the last time as far as we're concerned. As we sit here this a. m., attempting to start pecking at the old typewriter our muscles so stiff and lame we can hardly make it, we vow here and now it's the finish. Never again will we crawl out early in the morning to haul water to the elephants. If we can't sneak in under the tent somewhere we don't go.

Getting Prepared

The Fourth Ark, Inc., religious organization, filed supplementary articles of incorporation here today in furtherance of a campaign to raise "five billion and one million dollars to form a fourth ark for the salvation of the righteous for the coming destruction of the world." The organization states it also intends to re-erect Solomon's temple in Portland. Founder, director, secretary and treasurer is Rev. Theodore H. Irving, colored minister, Portland.

Foregoing is what might be termed an ambitious project.

Note on our desk from Ewing McCroskey who retired from Willamette Grocery company July 1, last year, after the bet-

ter part of a long life spent here keeping track of the grocery figures. Ewing's been mostly at Olympia and Spokane since leaving here perfecting himself as a landscape gardener and was seen in Frosty Olson's today pricing carnations, no doubt for some of his old girls down thisaway. He'll be here a few days and then intends to head for Hollywood. Maybe he plans on getting out the old musical saw and make the movies.

Also on our desk a couple onions from the garden of that old expert Otto Bush, 2295 D street. Each of same weighed over 2 lbs., was about 5 1/2 inches across and was all onion. Otto still remains champ.

Manila, P. I. — A local auctioneer failed to record a single sale today. His wares were 11 caskets.

Portland and Multnomah county are getting to be the recalling places in the country. Whatever else may be said of Sheriff Mike Elliott he's the No. 1 free publicity grabber.

What-Next Department—

Chicago — It took the Poultry and Egg National Board to come up with the ultimate in the "ten best" list.

The board plans to name the "ten best dressed fowl in the nation."

It's all slightly confusing and the board hasn't explained the purpose but district, state and regional fowl fashion shows will be held. It all will be climaxed with the national fowl fashion show at Kansas City in February.

At that time, the barnyard biddies will strut down a runway in French bathing suits and formal gowns and such stuff.

The board actually wants to see the chickens and turkeys cavorting around in such outfits—wants to see it so badly that it is going to give an automobile to the designer of the outstanding outfit for a fowl.

Anyone can enter the contest. The board suggests that costumes be made from colorful poultry seed bags.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Money Talks Amount to First Aid Not Cure

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

That seems to be a business-like and practical job the American-British-Canadian conference at Washington has done by way of giving emergency aid in John Bull's economic crisis.

It's more than just an economic remedy. It gives a real lift to the morale of a very hard-pressed England and to the numerous countries whose welfare are interlocked with hers.



The agreements were worked out with due regard to the dignity of Britain, and to the bonds of friendship.

The conference tackled the problem in the same spirit of unity and co-operation shown during the dark days of the world war.

Undoubtedly the aid would have been arranged had no other nation than Britain been concerned. But quite apart from the proposition of helping a staunch war-time ally it was very clear that an international catastrophe would be precipitated if she were allowed to collapse.

As Canadian Finance Minister Douglas Abbott put it: "We go up or down together."

The ask of the conferees in this initial meeting was related to Britain's shortage of dollars. She is earning far less dollars than she has to spend for essential imports. This shortage had to be made up, and the conference devised a 10 point program to meet requirements.

The agreements include these: The United States and Canada are expected to buy more tin and rubber from Britain for stock piling. Britain will be per-

mitted to spend Marshall plan dollars in countries other than the United States, such as the purchase of wheat in Canada although America has an exportable surplus. Britain will be free to discriminate against U.S. and Canadian goods to build up her non-dollar imports, and so conserve dollars.

On the face of it, of course, England will be benefiting in some cases at the expense of America. The answer to this is that Uncle Sam's contribution is an investment for insurance against a greater calamity.

Sir Stafford Cripps, British chancellor of the exchequer, says he is convinced the agreement will block any further dangerous drains on Britain's gold reserve.

However, I don't believe we should take this as indicating that Britain's economic problem has been solved. It is first aid. Her trouble is far more deep-seated, as this column recently pointed out.

The vast industrial development of other countries during the past generation—greatly speeded by two world wars—has upset Britain's economic apple-cart. She must devise new ways and means to meet this situation. She may achieve this by carrying out her plan of developing her potentially rich colonies.

However, such development isn't an overnight job.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

'Nine Old Men' Will Rule Against FDR's Philosophy

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—For the first time since Franklin Roosevelt appointed the majority on the supreme court, you can write it down that the "nine old men" will now rule against FDR's general political philosophy.

This turn to the right will be apparent shortly after court convenes in October, and would have taken place even had not Justice Wiley Rutledge passed away last week. It will be emphasized all the more, however, with his death.

There will now be three different and distinct groups on the Supreme Court, with generally divergent points of view on most subjects.

Group No. 1—The militant liberals have now been reduced to only two men—Justices Hugo Black and William O. Douglas. Up until Frank Murphy's death, they controlled the court; because they could usually persuade Stanley Reed or one other justice to go along with them. Now a definite minority, Black and Douglas, will still have a powerful impact on the nation, will probably become like Holmes and Brandeis in their ringing, historic dissents. But their influence over the court majority will be no more.

Group No. 2—The conservatives are represented by Felix Frankfurter and Bob Jackson. Jackson, more astute than Frankfurter and a more skilled politician, is the dominant of the two. Both men were appointed by Roosevelt as liberals; both have drifted well over to the right, and both are in opposition to most of FDR's social and economic views.

Group No. 3—The middle-of-the-roads are led by Chief Justice Fred Vinson, who for the time, since the death of Murphy and Rutledge, will now control the majority of the court.

With the Chief Justice will line up popular Stanley Reed, also from Kentucky. A trifle lazy, easy to sway, and worried about increased government controls and so-called "statism," Reed has been gradually veering away from the liberals.

Also voting with the Chief Justice most of the time will be hard-working ex-Attorney General Tom Clark, who partly owes his Supreme Court appointment to his old friend Vinson. For it was Vinson who tipped the balance in favor of Clark when the President's mind was undecided. Clark will be more liberal than Vinson in many cases, but most of the time he will stay with his old friend.

Though a Republican, Justice Harold Burton also lines up rather consistently with the Chief Justice. Burton feels a great loyalty to President Truman, who appointed him, and with whom he once served in the senate. Furthermore, Burton, a plodding lawyer who has to struggle to turn out even three or four opinions a year, is forced by necessity to hang on somebody's coat-tails. And the Chief Justice's tails are both the most respectable and the most convenient.

Douglas vs. Frankfurter

There was a time when Bill Douglas seriously considered resigning from the Supreme Court. Still a young man, the confining drudgery of the court bored him.

With the death of Rutledge and Murphy, however, he will probably not resign—first because he will not desert his old friend Hugo Black, and second because he will not desert the liberal cause.

Also Douglas gets a kick out of baiting his opposite number, Felix Frankfurter. The only member of the Supreme Court who successfully and consistently gets under Frankfurter's skin, Douglas almost makes him frantic.

A Scotsman of few words, Douglas will sit listening attentively to a long and involved lecture by the ex-Harvard professor. Then suddenly, just as Frankfurter reaches his climax, Douglas will intervene with: "Now you don't really mean so-and-so, do you, Felix?"

Those who sit in on the Supreme Court conferences—Frankfurter is much more likely to resign than any other member of the court, the chief reasons being the needling of Bill Douglas and the lack of young people's company in Washington. At Harvard, Frankfurter was constantly surrounded by adoring youngsters, but in Washington they don't come round to see him anymore.

Frankfurter fancies himself quite a political trader, and used to concentrate on winning Stanley Reed, sometimes called "the swing man" of the court. One morning, as law clerks and justices went to work, Frankfurter, his office door wide open, could be heard pleading on the phone.

"Now, Stanley," he said, obviously talking to Justice Reed, "you know I don't want to influence you, but don't you let those 'So-and-So's' take you in! The So-called 'So-and-So's' were, of course, the court liberals, who several times did bend over backward to win the vote of Justice Reed. In the Associated Press case, for instance, the liberals needed one more vote and instructed their law clerks to study all of Reed's past opinions in order to insert some of his pet phraseology in their final opinion. After an exhaustive search, one of Reed's pet legal theories was dug up and woven into the AP opinion. Reading it, Justice Reed beamed: "If this stays in," he said, "I'll go along with you."

Chief Justice's New Role

Fred Vinson, a great human being, hasn't surprised those who know him well by his drift to the right. The Chief Justice's background and social surroundings always have been a little right-of-center. Under Roosevelt he was a faithful follower of the New Deal left-of-center philosophy, but now he is traveling on his own.

What has surprised some of his Supreme Court colleagues, however, has been Vinson's formality. Chief Justice Stone ruled the court with an easy-going informality under which the most insignificant law clerk could drop in to see him at any time.

But under Fred Vinson, associate justices have found not only that they have to make appointments in advance, but are asked to tell Vinson's secretary what they want to see the Chief Justice about. As a result, certain justices do not call on Vinson any more.

Oscar the Turtle Appears Doomed to Capture in Lake

Churubusco, Ind., Sept. 15 (U.P.)—Oscar, the gigantic turtle who has outwitted every attempt by farmer Gale Harris to capture him, may lose his freedom to a gasoline driven pump.

Harris set the pump to draining the seven-acre fuislake where Oscar lives. Harris figures that once the lake is dry it will be no trick at all to cage the turtle and haul him away.

No one has ever gotten a really good look at Oscar. But Harris claims that he weighs about 500 pounds and is at least a half century old.

Harris came closest to capturing the turtle when he and some neighbors put two electrodes into the lake and sent 2,500 volts through them.

Stunned fish, frogs and Oscar floated to the surface but before the capture could be completed the wily turtle came to and paddled back to the muddy lake. In another attempt, Harris

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Manhattan Lunches to Destroy New Yorkers

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—What will finally destroy New York City? Time has washed down the drain the great metropolises of many previous civilizations. And in time this hubbub-on-the-Hudson probably will also be reduced to the whisper that now echoes from Sodom, Gomorrah, Ninevah and Tyre.

But how? It is unlikely that atom bombs will make it a wilderness again. The pigeons may slowly cover it up as the starlings are fast obligating Washington, D.C., or, as some believe, the city may be wiped out in a sudden

mass outbreak of violence by maddered riders of the Long Island railroad.

My own theory, however, is that Shangri-York will be done to death by the three-hour Manhattan lunch. This is a spreading epidemic that attacks our social, economic and cultural structure at the top.

The modern three-hour Manhattan luncheon is the old simple businessman's blue-plate special raised to the stature of a Hollywood production.

Its temples are the popular restaurants of the midtown and financial districts, places where the waiters purr and the menu prices look like a listing of the war debt.

Gathered around the table are two to four people who ostensibly have met to undertake important business, but whose real objective is to gossip, see, and be seen.

The ritual begins promptly at 12:30 o'clock.

"Anybody going to have a drink?" says the first man tentatively. "Think I'll pass myself."

"Pass," says the second, after a pause.

"Well—" hedges the third. "Let's have one anyway," says the fourth, mad because they have all palmed the real decision off on him.

So they all lap a double round of martinis—extra dry. And the first man orders a third martini, wondering if the others think he is drinking too much. He wonders himself, too.

By then the havoc of the night before and the cares of the morning are gone. In a mellow glow they go in to a half dozen oysters or clams—for energy. Next comes a huge plate of chicken au gratin with asparagus tips and a side order of salad. Like women they hesitate over whether to try a dessert. The answer is always "yes"—a chunk of pastry big enough to throttle a hippopotamus.

Then comes coffee and "brandy."

"Oh, why not?" And a double round seems only sensible. Why let a good fire die once it's burning well?

The four gents by now are cooking on sixteen burners. If they are radio writers they are playing Shakespeare. If they are business executives, they are agreeing that J. P. Morgan would have died a really wealthy man if he hadn't made so many boners.

A rosy glow wraps them in goodwill, and they are all geniuses together. Then someone says:

"Good Lord, it's 3:30!"

They waddle out and grab a cab back to the office. There the double martinis, chicken, oysters, salad, coffee, and French pastry churn them into a torpor. The afternoon is lost. Until quitting time they sag like sugar sacks over their desks. They have to stop off for a couple of quick highballs on the way home to keep alive.

"Tomorrow I'm going to just have a snack lunch," they promise themselves. But they don't. It's back to the same old trough for another wallow.

Three-hour luncheons may take a long time to destroy New York. But they do a quicker job on the men who eat them.

GARDNER KNAPP

P.S.—Another thought on this plan—inasmuch as the state is taking a lot of property off the city tax rolls through expansion of the capital grounds, they should do a little toward equalizing this decrease in property tax by being willing to sell the land occupied by the State Fair grounds.

Tarzan Weismuller Works Out

Hollywood, Sept. (AP)—Johnny Weismuller who ate himself out of his Tarzan role has dieted himself back into jungle movies.

He weighed in yesterday at Columbia studio at 199½ and will begin work as "Jungle Jim," a sort of Tarzan-with-clothes-on role. A clause in his contract stipulates that he must pay Producer Sam Katzman \$1,000 for each pound of weight over 200.

The swimming star lost his Tarzan role when he zoomed up to a paunchy 238.

Truman Reveals the Politics of His CVA

A couple of days ago Senator Morse made a cautious "non-political" appraisal of the controversial Columbia Valley administration. He described the issue as too important to be dumped into partisan politics. He said the development projects should be built first "so we have something to administer."

But President Truman doesn't see it that way. In a typical squeeze-play move, the president has bluntly told congress that if he doesn't get his CVA, then no funds for development of the Columbia river basin. Truman's stand came out in a communication to the chairman of the senate public works committee. The president asked congress to defer approval of a billion dollar development program of the region by the army engineers and the reclamation bureau, the existing federal agencies in the field.

This is playing politics with the future of the Columbia river area. If Truman doesn't get his pet project out here, he doesn't want the region to get any further development.

By taking such a stand, the president will force a showdown on the controversial issue. With the veto power in his hands, he could kill off any appropriation measure that congress might pass despite his threats.

This is just what the Capital Journal has feared and fought against. This newspaper has contended all along that development of the Columbia river basin was the most important thing. That was what the people of the region were interested in. Too many backers of a CVA appeared more interested in setting up their pet scheme than in seeing that the region got developed. Truman has now shown such to be the case.

By trying to sidetrack development for the sake of establishing a bureaucracy, the president has made the politics of a CVA clear. Truman and his crowd, and that includes many "fair dealers" in Oregon, want a bureaucratic administration for the region. They are more interested in that than they are in developing the Pacific Northwest—or else they wouldn't take the stand they do.

The CVA now stands unmasked—unmasked by its creator, President Truman. The politics of a CVA are as bad and dangerous as suspected.

Minton for Supreme Court Justice

President Truman has named Sherman Minton, 58, of Indiana, judge of the Seventh U. S. circuit court of appeals which embraces the states of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin, to be associate justice of the U.S. supreme court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Wiley Rutledge. The appointment breaks the New Deal precedents by selecting a supreme court justice that has had previous judicial experience, and is over 50 years of age, but it fulfills the requirement of being an aggressive New Dealer.

Minton is a native of Indiana, a graduate of Indiana university with master degree from Yale, long practiced law, served as captain of infantry in the first World War, was public counsellor of the Indiana public service commission, 1933-34, and served in the U.S. senate, 1935-41. On his defeat for re-election he was appointed administrative assistant to the president and a few months later to the U.S. circuit court.

Minton is best known for his vigorous fight for the Roosevelt administration measures, especially his championship of Roosevelt's plan to stack the supreme court by adding new justices to the ranks of those over 70 who did not retire, which would at the time have enlarged the court from 9 to 15 members, because the court had declared unconstitutional some New Deal measures.

In 1938 Minton introduced a bill providing stiff penalties for newspaper publishers who published anything they knew to be untrue. The bill, which embroiled Minton in heated oratorical exchanges with Colonel Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago Tribune and other publishers, was finally withdrawn.

Minton's rise in Indiana politics was coincident with the governorship of Paul V. McNutt, who later became federal security commissioner, war manpower commissioner, high commissioner and then ambassador to the Philippines and a candidate for the presidency. Minton is also a close friend of President Truman and while in the senate, had the desk next to him.

Republican—Democrat

Washington, on being inaugurated as president, hoped in the performance of his official duties, to stand politically neutral; he was opposed to partisan politics. Hamilton, his close friend and political adviser, however, was all out for party politics. It was he who founded the old Federalist party, and with which Washington became rather unwillingly identified.

Those who opposed Hamilton and his Federalist associates were republicans. The words republican and democrat were synonymous, and in time were used indiscriminately.

However, the name republican seems to have been in use as late as the beginning of Van Buren's administration, for we find at that time a new paper, "The Madisonian," appearing in Washington, and very much to the political concern of the retiring president, Andrew Jackson, who referred to it as "a viper in the hypocritical guise of a friend to the administration, it intends to sting by dividing the republicans."

On September 14, 1837, Jackson wrote to Van Buren from the Hermitage: "I fear only one thing, that the paper lately set up in Washington, 'The Madisonian,' will do mischief by dividing the republican ranks."

It is quite evident, therefore, that the words "democratic party," did not come into general and exclusive use until after the above date.

Does Own Operation - With .22

ML. Clemens, Mich. (AP)—Wayne Bacon, 38, Utica, won't have to worry about having his appendix out, doctors at General hospital said today.

He did the job himself by accident with a .22 caliber revolver.

Physicians said the healthy appendix was snipped off "almost as well as if it were a professional job."

Bacon, shot Tuesday while cleaning the gun at his home, suffered other internal injuries.