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Hot Enough to Handle

The "hot" pineapple fracas at The Dalles cooled off quickly. While it was "hot," men got hurt, several badly. Now that the situation has cooled, what was the damage?

It was not by mere accident that the barge, loaded with "hot" pineapple from the strike-harassed Hawaiian islands, put in at The Dalles. The barge had to have permission to dock at that port on the Columbia river. When the port commission of The Dalles found what happened when "hot" pineapple met hot longshoremen, the commission ordered the pineapple barge removed. That was after heads were cracked and the state police were rushed to the port city to restore order.

Then a meeting in the governor's office between the parties involved, including The Dalles, failed to improve the situation. Things remained the way they were at the end of the violence at The Dalles: The longshoremen held their own, the pineapple people got no advantage, and The Dalles wanted to wash its hands of the whole mess.

Harry Bridges, the labor tyrant who rules his longshore and warehousemen and has his eye on more than the mere organizing of workers to improve conditions, flew to Hawaii over the week-end to take up further negotiation talks. He was even optimistic about the outcome. Perhaps that was why both sides let the matter drop at The Dalles the way it ended, with nothing accomplished.

Governor McKay warned both parties involved in the dispute he would not take sides in the argument. However, he would use all of the power of his office to see that there was no repetition of the shameful happenings at The Dalles. His position, based on the strict enforcement of law and order, was all about all he could do under the circumstances.

The way the "hot" pineapple dispute hit Oregon and ended without any accomplishment, is the way the dispute has been all the way along these many, many months. The situation has been too long considered too hot to handle.

The federal government needed no further evidence of the inability to reach an agreement in this particular dispute on "neutral" ground, after The Dalles affair. The mess at The Dalles pointed too clearly to the rule of jungle law as being the deciding factor.

Any strike that lasts 157 days and so vitally affects the welfare of the people of the Hawaiian islands needs federal attention. The facts of the strike look too suspicious. How can the federal government avoid the responsibility of checking up on this strike which involves but 2000 men and at the same time the health and welfare of the people of the Hawaiian islands, plus America's vital outpost in the Pacific?

"The jungle law of economic force" has been permitted to run too long in the "hot" pineapple dispute. As Senator Morse has said, the time is past for the president to invoke emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley act. This labor dispute is certainly a threat to the national safety and health. Government has been trying too long to avoid stepping in. Meanwhile, Bridges strengthens his "governing" rule of the Pacific.

Does Washington or Bridges govern the Pacific?

Thomas Mann on Today's Germany

Thomas Mann, the distinguished German author, winner of a Nobel prize for literature, whose books were burned by Hitler and he himself exiled for his liberalism, has an article in the New York Times Sunday Magazine describing his impressions of the Germans of today during his first visit to the Fatherland since his exile.

Mann has returned from participating as an honored guest at the Goethe bi-centenary celebrations held throughout Europe. He became an American citizen and a resident of California. He found Germany a ruined, vanquished land, but the German masses an unchanging people, despite the efforts to democratize them.

For many years, to the exile, Germany has seemed like a nightmare, for to be carried back "would have meant certain death—a wretched, miserable death." But the visit was the culmination of his stay in Europe and "rich in colorful experience, broken by sudden painful shocks."

Mann remarks of the people:

"The broad unregenerate masses have long since reverted to a brazen nationalism. They live by the slogan: 'Everything was better under Hitler!' By virtue of the experiences they claim to have had they declare triumphantly that democracy has been tried and found wanting. Democracy to them means the occupation powers and all who 'collaborate' with them. It is at the door of these that they lay their own wretched condition and that of their country."

"Our 're-education' has failed in its most immediate and fundamental tasks to make enduringly clear to these people that their ill-being is but the consequence of a war forced upon the world by criminals—a war that was lost, a war which, long since lost, was continued to the extremes of ruin; a war that amounted to national bankruptcy without precedent. "Against this fact they close their minds. They desire neither to hear nor to know anything about the atrocities of the Nazi regime, which they declare to be propaganda lies and exaggerations. They exhibit an ostentatious indifference toward court cases dealing with such atrocities. They are equally indifferent to the havoc which Hitler's war wrought in other countries. Evidently the victors should have been far worse off. The German claim to preferential sympathy, special consideration and care is unshakable in its arrogance, and the perplexities of the world situation invest it with considerable success."

Mann admits that the tension between the two great powers of occupation favors the evil elements in Germany, while harming the good, putting them on the defensive and at a disadvantage. He found economic conditions in Western Germany far better than in the East and that marked progress has been made since currency reform. But he was received with marked courtesy despite "crude prior threats, there was not the slightest jarring note."

There is nothing surprising in all this, it was to be expected after the Nazification of the youth of Germany for a couple of decades. It will take another generation of democracy to democratize Germany and it is questionable if it ever can be done. For so many centuries Germans have been trained for war, nationalism and serfdom, under absolutism, monarchy or totalitarianism that they have become inherent in the German masses.

BY BECK

A Dog's Life



SIPS FOR SUPPER

Pool Galore

By DON UPJOHN

Baseball pools on the first game of the world's series tomorrow sprang up around town this morning like mushrooms and it may be a close bet whether there are more of those pools than there are pools of water around the streets from the current rain. We suggest maybe a good pool would be to guess on how many dry days there'll be from now until the first of next May. The number might be insignificant. Some of the boys were wondering if today's rain would have any effect on the ball game tomorrow but we doubt if it will stop over that far.

The parade of bucks hanging over the hoods of cars seems to be at a new low this year and this quaint old custom which used to be so prevalent around here has practically passed into history as far as we can see. To us a buck jerking motion picture as we could never figure how anything could look more pathetic than a deer draped over an automobile. The least they could do would have been to borrow a horse and drape it over the rump of the equine. That would have had a touch of nature to it.

We hear that Chief of Police and Mrs. Clyde W. Warren returned from a deer hunting trip to Eastern Oregon, both being successful. The missus returned with a three-point buck and the chief with a cold.

Speaking of pathetic sites we saw Frosty Olson the well known florist, draped over a parking meter yesterday in an attitude of waiting. "There's still two minutes to go on it," said Frosty, "and I'm waiting for it to run out before putting my nickel in." That is more honesty than honesty itself.

'T.R.' Gave His Name To Kid's Teddy Bear

Chicago (AP)—The teddy bear, the favorite stuffed animal toy of American children for 47 years, owes its names to President Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt found a tiny bear cub during a Mississippi hunting trip in 1902. He was delighted by the animal's cute appearance and refused to let it be shot.

"T. R." adopted the little bear and it became famous. Pictures and stories of Roosevelt and his pet appeared in newspapers across the country.

Morris Michtom, an immigrant toy maker in Brooklyn, was inspired by the picture of the cuddly little animal. He cut a tiny bear skin from a soft material, stuffed it and put it on display.

Then he made another, sent it to the president, and asked permission to call it the "Teddy Bear."

"I don't think my name's likely to be worth much in the bear business," Roosevelt wrote back, "but you're welcome to use it."

The Teddy Bear won immediate popularity and Michtom's tiny toy shop mushroomed into a toy and novelty company that produces 10 per cent of the nation's toys.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Baseball Offers Chance To Ease Cold War Tension

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

Small straws show which way the wind blows. One of the encouraging signs of our harassed times is the great number of people of both sexes and all ages whom one sees grouped about the news printers on a pleasant afternoon. Maybe my imagination is working overtime, but that's the way it strikes me.

"And what," demands the lady from Texas, "do you find encouraging in that?" They're reading about Russia having the atomic bomb. I suppose—or about Marshal Tito and his troubles with the Kremlin or about the cold war."

Well, madam, I reckon they're reading about those things. You have to dig through such news in order to get anything else these days.

But their big interest of the moment probably is centered in the baseball championship battles. And that's the way it should be.

Interest in the lighter things of life doesn't mean there is no interest in the serious problems. Even the hangman plays checkers when he's off duty.

There are no people on earth more deeply interested in world affairs than Americans, or who

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Death of Ray Wakefield Tragic End to Public Career

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Ray Wakefield, who had served his country long and faithfully, was found in the bathtub the other day with his wrists slashed. His death, shortly thereafter, did not provoke the same storm that followed the suicide of another high public official last spring, but it should not.

Ray Wakefield was a republican who had made a career of government. Beginning as a California district attorney, then as a California railroad commissioner, he worked to be a federal communications commissioner. Most of his adult life he spent serving his government, and both democrats and republicans testified that he served it well.

When his term expired on the federal communications commission in 1947, both republican and democratic senators, together with the democratic FCC chairman, recommended him for reappointment. And he was reappointed. This particular post of the FCC had to be filled by a republican, and Truman sent Wakefield's name up to the senate.

Then, one day after President Truman made a speech at Princeton, June, 1947, urging young men to make a career of government service, he suddenly withdrew Wakefield's name from the senate.

"There is a critical shortage of such men," the president had told the Princeton graduates referring to government servants. Then he went back to Washington and killed the appointment of a man who had spent 25 faithful years in government service. Wakefield, just before his appointment was withdrawn, had issued a report which saved the American public \$2,500,000 a year in radio and telegraph rates.

Because of this and his consistent championship of lower rates for the public, the big radio and communications companies didn't like him. On top of this he had ruled against giving a radio station to Speaker Sam Rayburn's nephew at Houston, Texas. Finally, Senator Bricker of Ohio, who sought a radio station at Columbus, O., wanted his friend, Congressman Robert Jones of Ohio, appointed in Wakefield's place.

Jones had been elected with the support of Gerald L. K. Smith and other isolationist groups, once had belonged to the Black Legion. But Wakefield's name was withdrawn, and Jones was appointed in his place.

To one who had dedicated his life to government service, who had raised a family on a skimpy government salary, and who had tried to defend the public's interest, naturally this was pretty hard for Ray Wakefield to take.

At first he figured he might practice law, then went abroad on a makeshift radio assignment. But he couldn't sleep at night and he kept looking back at all those 25 years spent trying to work his way up from a young deputy district attorney in Fresno, Calif., then as a tax appraiser, then on to Washington—always working for the public.

And so, with no one particularly left to work for, Ray passed away last week. He was taken to no government hospital. His funeral will not be held in state. But his death will be mourned by many little people who knew Ray Wakefield as a friend of man.

ANOTHER PUBLIC SERVANT

Petite Ann Alpern, noted city solicitor of Pittsburgh, Pa., gave senators on the interstate commerce committee a piece of her nimble mind the other day.

Testifying on the stymied re-appointment of Leland Olds, liberal federal power commissioner, the lady lawyer from Pittsburgh asked, in effect, whether the committee was taking orders from the American people or from the private gas-and-oil lobby which is so vehemently fighting Olds' confirmation.

The big gas companies, Miss Alpern asserted, were against Olds because he opposed legislation exempting them from federal rate regulation.

"I'm not concerned about the fate of one man," testified Miss Alpern, "but I am concerned about the fate of American consumers. We cannot afford to jettison men like Leland Olds who have devoted their careers to protecting consumers. The one thing his enemies don't like about him is that they can't swerve him from his public duty."

In the very middle of a sentence, Sen. Lyndon "Lying-Down" Johnson of Texas, elected by those who opposed Pappy O'Daniel but who has been veer-

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Sun in the City Comes Up But Only Once a Day

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—The nice thing about the sun is that it only comes up once a day.

Here along Broadway, where people grind their drama under foot on the street of failure, few folk are interested in the color of the sun unless it has been tentatively approved by the federal communications commission.

The dawn may come up out of Jamaica like China across the bay—but it has to have a commercial appeal, a sort of sponsored madness.

Actually, the day erupts in a blue and gold surprise. It is like a reluctant flower with a burst of kindness in its petals. It comes so soon it bowls you off your feet, because you aren't prepared.

I am talking about the morning in a place called Manhattan, where the wise and the weak folk of a confused world mingle—and are mangled.

The famous folk by this hour have amused the mass, had their herring or bacon and eggs, traded the rich gossip of the inner fraternity of entertainment, and gulped sleep—or the sleeping pill that leads to sleep.

Broadway and its side streets belong to the stranger and the garbage man, banging into ringing cans the unclean steak fragments that fatten New Jersey hogs.

The sound is a chime of prosperity. It rings the hidden pigeons awake. Where they hide at night, it is hard to know. But somehow they always awake to a feast of plenty, these feathered, impudent pilgrims of Manhattan.

Someone on the way home spills a sack of popcorn—deliberately—and hours after he has gone the sleepy birds flutter down to collect his contribution. If the pigeons picked a mayor, it would be someone unknown to anybody but them. It would be the man with the popcorn.

The people themselves—all workmen and jaded playboys who keep a city alive between dawn and dusk—wonder sometimes what they have done to justify belonging to the human race.

The pigeons have a simpler ethic. Their loyalty is to the nest and the eggs, not the largesse of that strange two-legged opportunist—man.

So every blue-gold dawn is a trumpet to a fresh adventure. Whether that adventure lies in old Manhattan or the widening world we work in is another matter.

You can take it any way you want to, but you can't pass on the chaos of civilization either to the pigeons or the sun.

The sun has its own daily responsibility, but the pigeons have no sense of guilt. They wing where they wish to the goal set for them before they were eggs.

OPEN FORUM

More Opinions on Court House

(Editor's Note—Letters to the Editor, limited to 50 words, are solicited expressing an opinion on the proposed plans for the exterior of the Marion county courthouse.)

To the Editor—I fail to see the slightest co-ordination in architecture of the proposed courthouse and state buildings. If we must resort to building a Buck Rogers conception of a glorified factory, we ought, by all means, to secure another location.

JOE E. DEWITT
145 Candalaria Blvd., Salem

To the Editor—Our federal government in Washington, D. C., has a capital building of Greek architecture, which I think makes a beautiful capital building. We have a state capital building of Greek architecture to conform with the capitol building in Washington, D. C. Now the courthouse of Marion county... should have Greek architecture to conform with the state capitol and... buildings.

BERYL E. BIRCH
3265 Triangle Drive, Salem

Red Feathers



News Travels Slowly in Washington

Washington (AP)—Fred Bailey, an official of the National Grange, went to see an agriculture department official. While waiting he casually asked a stenographer what she thought of the Brannan plan of farm price supports.

"Who's Brannan?" asked the stenographer.

"Why," replied Bailey, "he's secretary of agriculture."

"He is? Then what became of Clinton Anderson?"