

Published every afternoon except Sunday at 444 Che-
meketo St., Salem. Phones: Business, Newsroom, Want-
Ads, 2-2406; Society Editor, 2-2409.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By Carrier: Weekly, 25c; Monthly, \$1.00; One Year, \$12.00. By
Mail in Oregon: Monthly, 75c; 6 Mos., \$4.00; One Year, \$8.00.
U. S. Outside Oregon: Monthly, \$1.00; 6 Mos., \$6.00; Year, \$12.

—Capital Journal, Salem, Ore., Saturday, October 8, 1949

Battle Over Airline Service for Salem

The first round in the battle to save United Air Lines service to Salem is over.

There was no decision, since it was merely a gathering of attorneys to decide what did or did not pertain to the Civil Aeronautics Board's review of the air routes in Oregon and Washington. One of the points involved formed the basis for the battle for Salem. The CAB has put the question: Why shouldn't West Coast Airlines take over United's service for Salem?

Two interesting developments came out of this conference which sets the rules, so to speak, for the main hearing which will be held later on the question itself before the board.

One was the intervention of the Post Office department on behalf of keeping United Air Lines service for Salem. This welcome support of the city's fight should certainly be heartening, since mail subsidies are always a determining factor when it comes to routes, whether they be for air, rail, or water.

The second development was a position West Coast took in regard to its application to extend service to The Dalles, along with other points in Oregon. West Coast took the position that its planes would have to fly over The Dalles if other points were added to its flight schedules. Therefore, logic dictated that The Dalles should be a part of West Coast's schedule. At present, United serves The Dalles, but is willing to give up service to that city on the Columbia river.

If West Coast takes that position in regard to The Dalles, how can it take the opposite position in regard to Salem? Whether or not United Air Lines is permitted to continue to serve Salem, Mainliner planes must fly over Salem on all regular Portland-San Francisco flights. Why isn't it logical, therefore, to have United keep serving Oregon's capital?

If West Coast doesn't think the CAB should put a "no-stop" sign for West Coast planes possibly to fly over The Dalles, how can it argue the other way in regard to Salem?

So, considering the opening of the battle to keep United in Salem, the city can figure its position is still as sound as it has appeared all the way along.

An Autumn Anthology

Poets have sung of autumn probably since the invention of language or at least since recording it began. And in two moods, one exemplified by Ovid as "the fairest season of the year," and the contrasting view by Horace, "Dread autumn, harvest season of the Goddess of Death," But all must admit that it provides a flamboyant funeral setting.

Echoing the optimistic view of Ovid, James Stephens wrote:

"What once was gold will be gold again,
What once was leaf will be leaf again;
All will return, all will be gold."
Whittier paid this tribute, among others to autumn:
"We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush."
Sir Lawrence Weaver wrote:
"October is a lover's month because it includes all the seasons, revealing what the years must hold for man and woman—long days of sunshine, obscuring mists, high encounters of winds, cleansing rains, and whitening frosts."
James Douglas did away with seasonal melancholy in the following:
"Let us be done with the stale convention of autumnal sorrow. Life among the leaves goes down with all its flags flying, all its stifles playing, all its drums beating."
On the gloomy order, Thomas Hardy wrote:
"Give me the roughest of spring days rather than the lovelest of autumn days, for there is death in the air."
Bryant wrote pessimistically:
"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and dead."
This page could be filled with similar quotations on what is, at least in the Willamette Valley, ordinarily the most delightful season of the year, with the hills ablaze with hectic glow of the sunset of the year. Usually we have a long stretch of the calm beauty and restful peace of "Indian summer" that ushers in winter. Frost will paint the landscape with its vivid colors all through fall as nature prepares for the miracle of spring.

Bridges a Russian Catspaw

Who won Harry Bridges longshoremen's strike in Hawaii that started on May 1 and was settled Oct. 6 after 159 days on practically the same terms proposed by Governor Stainback's fact finding board on June 28, and accepted by the employers?

The strikers lost millions in wages, the three great industries, sugar, pineapple and coffee, with \$200 million a year production, lost tens of millions of dollars, while the entire population of the islands, including 20,000 workers outside the union, were penalized heavily. The mainland was also a heavy loser in loss of ocean trade.

The real winner in the strike was the Cominform which during the strike made Harry Bridges president of the Russian dominated World Federation of Trade. The strike was utilized as a sort of atomic bomb to cripple America's production and commerce and to demonstrate what would happen in case of war with our ships tied up by Bridges' unions.

President Truman could have intervened and settled the strike, but he preferred to let the islands suffer rather than to utilize the Taft-Hartley labor law. As the Oregonian says, "the federal government's role in this devastating strike was pusillanimous."

So was the conduct of the city officials at The Dalles, where an attempt to unload a pineapple barge was stopped by a gang of goons, although the governor furnished state police protection. The Dalles officials lacked guts and shamelessly surrendered to the demands of a lawless mob.

For many years, Bridges, who always follows the Communist party line, has been engineering disastrous strikes to paralyze Pacific coast shipping and partially succeeded. In this he has had administration protection or he would long ago have been deported. While he was being prosecuted by one branch of the government to satisfy public opinion, he was being protected by a higher branch, probably to win labor votes.

BY BECK

It Never Fails



THE FIRESIDE PULPIT

Is a Clergyman a Salesman for Durable Goods or Repeated Sales?

BY REV. GEORGE H. SWIFT

(Society Editor, Episcopal Church)

San Francisco—One might get the impression that all the people at a large church convention were clergymen. This is not the case.

Hundreds of laymen from many walks of life are delegates to a great church convention apart from the business and devotional sessions. One of the great privileges and pleasures of such a gathering is the fellowship among men representing their church in various parts of the country.

Yesterday I was with a small group of men who were getting acquainted. They were all executives in one corporation or another. The conversation drifted into the relating of reasons why they finally took up the line which brought ultimate success.

All started out as salesmen for one product or another. One said he started out with a durable goods concern. He worked hard and for a long time to create his first customer. But when he finally sold him the goods, he discovered that inasmuch as the product, a bath tub, was good for 30 years, he had lost the one customer he had. After all the big build-up, the customer as such had met sudden death!

This man then switched to selling things that people needed again and again, so that when he worked hard to get a new customer, the work he did on him to make the first sale was still a potent factor in selling him again and again.

After all these men had had their say pro and con, the men asked me whether I, as a clergyman, was a salesman for durable goods, or was the product of a kind that kept the customers coming back again and again!

I never thought of my profession in this way before. However, some reply seemed in order. The question they wanted answered was, can religion be looked upon (from a salesman's point of view) as durable goods lasting a lifetime or is religion something, like food, which one needs day by day?

When one is converted to some form of religion, does he keep on feeding on the spiritual food of religion, or as a convert does he suffer sudden death as far as needing any more help from his church?

Religion is like a breath of life coming into a new-born babe. It is the beginning of life. To be converted to religion is to become alive spiritually. But like the new-born babe, the new convert must keep on breathing or it will die.

Therefore, as far as religion is concerned, it remains the possession only of those who sustain it with spiritual food. While religion itself is durable, individuals who embrace it must do something to keep it within their own souls.

The clergyman who under God leads people to religion should have them continually coming back for the sustaining of their faith!

Police Were Disappointed

New Orleans, (AP)—Obviously disappointed policemen reported today that they have been unable to locate the shapely young woman who strolled nude along Bourbon street Wednesday. Her head and shoulders covered with soap and carrying a towel.

She walked a block and a half, witness said, before disappearing in a taxi.

Police could find no trace of her. "I sure hate that," one said. "Them's the kind of cases we like to investigate."

SIPS FOR SUPPER

May Be Answer

By DON UPJOHN

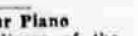
Our old friend Doc Woodmansee, who probably has done more for our FT & BA than any other local individual, thinks he has the problem solved in the controversy over the architectural fitness of the proposed new courthouse as to the civic scene. "You can tell 'em for me," said Doc in an early morning street encounter, "that the beauty of the courthouse is going to depend on the circumstances. Those that win their law suits in the building are going to think it's a mighty pretty structure and those that lose are going to figure it's ugly."

Try This on Your Plano (Guy S. Williams of the Omaha World Herald)

Oh give me a home,
Near the Capitol Dome,
Where the screwballs and bureaucrats play;
Where seldom is heard,
An economical word,
And the spendthrifts are busy all day.

Chorus
Home, home near the Dome,
Where the planners and crackpots are gay;
Where they cook up the schemes,
That haunt a taxpayer's dream,
And the sky is the limit all day.

It's a fitting idea to dedicate a day as a tribute to the newspaper carrier boy and it's one of the few proclamations emanating from the executive offices that can be wholeheartedly applauded. Folk who are served virtually every day in the year by these hard working and con-



Don Upjohn

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

U. S. Bows to the British In Making Commercial Planes

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—The aviation industry isn't advertising it, but the United States is about to lose its superiority in the manufacture of commercial airplanes.

For years, American-built planes have been used by the French, the Dutch, even the British. The familiar DC types "Made in America" have been used by every commercial airline in the world, from Burma to Patagonia.

But that day is about to pass. The British are now ahead of us in commercial airplane design, while the Swedes are about even and will surpass us soon.

Alert Undersecretary of Commerce C. V. Whitney has been visiting England to investigate British commercial air superiority and is reporting that the British already have a jet-propelled transport plane far ahead of anything even started in the U. S. A.



Drew Pearson

Reason for the slump in commercial airplane design is that the republican 80th congress objected to army funds used for development of commercial planes.

Hitherto, U. S. transport planes have been designed by air force funds used in cooperation with commercial companies. Now that money is cut off, and the big airplane manufacturers aren't designing new types.

NOTE—Both private industry and such GOP leaders as John Foster Dulles and Guy Gabrielson have been yelling about "statism." But when government money is cut off from the aviation industry, it falls behind the rest of the world, and airplane manufacturers, most of them republicans, want back the "statism" money cut off by the 80th congress.

In contrast, Maragon paid only \$1500 — which Senator Hoey calls a "usual" settlement — while the gentleman who saved him from further punishment, General Vaughan, has not resigned but is still sitting pretty at the White House.

DETECTIVES IN B-36 BATTLE
If the battle over the B-36 gets any hotter in actual aerial combat than it is on the ground in these piping times of peace, then we will see the hottest war in history.

For one airplane manufacturer—Glenn Martin—has even resorted to putting private detectives on the trail of blond, handsome Stuart Symington, the secretary for air, Symington, devoted to his wife and leading an exemplary life, nevertheless has had the gumshoe men checking on him, especially in St. Louis where he used to live.

Unfortunately for the society column and the navy, they haven't come up with anything.

NOTE — Glenn Martin, who has specialized on navy planes in the past, has been irked because of lack of orders from the air forces.

HE DOESN'T WAIT FOR MAIL
A farmer poked his head in the door of a shiny, blue auto trailer in a South Carolina town and inquired: "Sellin' refrigerators or fixin' to put on a show?"

"Neither," grinned a wiry young man with a crew haircut standing inside. "But how about a Coca-Cola or some orange pop?" as he reached into the trailer's refrigerator.

"Now, have you any problems you'd like me to tackle in Washington?" he added. "My name is Hugo Sims. I'm your congressman."

This happens every week-end in the South Carolina district of freshman Representative Hugo Sims. The young liberal doesn't wait for constituents to come to see him when congress isn't meeting. He's the only member of congress with an office on wheels.

Sims plans to visit every town in his congressional district between now and Christmas. His "mobile office" is complete with files, a typewriter, sleeping accommodations, the refrigerator and an efficient secretary, Bob Kirksey, who spells his boss driving while tapping sentiment in South Carolina.

"Most folks don't like to sit down and write a letter to their congressman when they're griped about things in Washington," says Sims. "They want to talk to him personally. So, I've decided to bring Washington to my constituents."

(Copyright 1948.)

"USUAL" SENATOR HOEY

When the mysterious John Maragon tried to smuggle French perfume into the U. S. labeled as champagne for the White House and later got the case squelched by the justice department, amiable Clyde Hoey, the swallow-tailed senator from North Carolina, described it all as "just the usual settlement."

Since then, this column has inquired of the customs bureau regarding other smuggling cases to see exactly what the "usual settlement" is. The customs bureau has been extremely loath to talk. One week of queries has disclosed no information whatsoever.

However, the New York Times contains the record of the case of one Jack Benny where the value of the goods involved was

OPEN FORUM

What About Court House Plans?

(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 court house.)

To the Editor: As a tax-payer of Marion county, I thank you for the privilege of answering the question: "If the court house ties into the capitol group?" In no manner, shape or form!

The picture looks like a good warehouse. There isn't one window in the picture that ties into the state group.

MRS. P. W. BYRD
Salem

To the Editor: I'm all for the new court house. I've traveled through practically every state west of the Mississippi and thus seen many a beautiful state capitol and court house of the modern design.

I believe Salem could improve itself 90 per cent by getting rid of the frills and fancies of the gay nineties and come up-to-date with a modern-designed court house.

MRS. L. J. STEWART
Salem

To the Editor: In the . . . issue of September 30 you asked the question: Do the proposed architectural plans of our new county court house fit in with the new capitol group?

Definitely they do not. In no respect does it command the respect and display the dignity that the capitol group does.

A public building designed to house the courts and public offices of our county should be such that would identify its purpose and draw the admiration and respect of all people.

FRANK E. WAY
MRS. FRANK E. WAY
Route 6, Box 391, Salem.

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



Send your "Odds" questions on any subject to "The Wizard of Odds," care of the Capital Journal, Salem, Oregon.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

French Government Crisis Grew Out of Devaluation

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

(AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

The fall of the French government under Premier Queuille is not in itself a matter of extreme gravity. It's what must be expected frequently in a country which has such a multiplicity of political parties that maintenance of a government majority in parliament is difficult.

However, the present crisis reflects far more than domestic politics. It grew out of devaluation of the franc and so is part of the western European economic dislocation which also is so strongly in evidence in Great Britain.

That dislocation is causing increasingly deep anxiety in the chancelleries of the democracies, for it renders peace more vulnerable.

It scarcely can be by mere chance that this economic stress sees an intensification of the bitterness in the quarrel between Moscow and the fiery Balkan state of Yugoslavia. Russia is cracking down harder on the rebellious Marshal Tito as western Europe discloses weaknesses.

It is well for us to recognize that the situation revolving about Yugoslavia is serious.

Strength is needed to maintain the balance and prevent any reckless adventures in the Balkans.

This Is Quite an Eye-tem

Santa Monica, Calif. (AP)—Scene: A courtroom. On the stand: Officer A. H. Hannum, who arrested Richard F. Mossman, 24, on a drunken-driving charge. The questioner: Defense Attorney William Brown.

"You say you flashed a light into his eyes?"
"And that you examined them from a distance of six inches?"
The officer agreed.
"And you found that his eyes were bloodshot?"
"Both of them," said the officer.
"That's all," said the attorney.
Next witness was the defendant who plucked his left eye from the socket. It was glass.
Final scene 20 minutes later; the superior court jury returns its verdict.
"Not guilty," said the foreman.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Fireman Gets Fossils Named For Him For Spare-time Work

By HAL BOYLE

Lancaster, Pa. (AP)—John W. Price is the only fireman in America who has had a crab, a snail, and a flatworm named in his honor. "I found them, they were new to science, so they just named them after me," he said.

For 72 hours a week, Price operates a switchboard at the Lancaster fire department. But that is only his living.

His real life is in the world of nature. In his spare time he has become a self-taught authority on invertebrate paleontology — the study of fossil creatures without backbones.

It took a lot of backbone on Price's part, however, to aspire to be an expert in such a field. "It isn't exactly overcrowded," he smiled, "but it does require a cademic background. And I didn't have that. I never went beyond grammar school."

Often people discover their life's goal in odd ways. Price was stirred to an interest in the earth's past by seeing a movie, "The Lost World," back in 1929. The animals of this prehistoric period fascinated him.

He wanted to learn more about them. He struck up a friendship with a professor who also served as curator of the Franklin and Marshall college museum. Price volunteered to act as the professor's unpaid assistant at the museum.

"There is a lot of letter writing to do in science," he recalled, "and I did it. Most of those



Hal Boyle