

Husbands



SIPS FOR SUPPER

Surprise

BY DON UPJOHN

The Multnomah county court sure handed a surprise in naming a captain in the Portland fire department as sheriff. Now, we wonder what would happen if some time a fireman was named chief of police, or vice versa, a policeman named chief of a fire department. Wow! That is what would be known as an upset, speaking in football terms. But we understand that the new sheriff from the fire department hasn't Schrunck from taking the job.



Don Upjohn

It might be that the admirals and generals and others who back in Washington, D. C., have been calling each other names in an attempt to gain some sort of a unification in the armed forces, may take a lesson from what has happened in Portland. Maybe they should appoint an admiral as a general in the army, a four-star general as an admiral, an air force man to head the marines, et cetera, and the whole thing might iron itself out.

Encountered big handsome Rudy Calaba, the well known realtor and walked up the street with him a minute yesterday. He had quite a smirk of satisfaction on his face and confided he'd just been to the dentist's office for a thorough going over and the dentist couldn't find a solitary criticism as to the state of his natural clackers. "There'll be no FT & BA for me while you're running the thing," said Rudy. Which, we might consider our biggest disappointment of the week.

Flying Saucer?

Ottawa, Canada (AP)—Mrs. Fred Browne said she stopped and got out when she heard a clanging noise under her brand new car. The car seemed to be running all right without the big steel disk lying on the road but she decided to take it home for her husband to look at. "I just tugged and pulled," she said, explaining how she loaded it into

While on the FT & BA question we're again reminded of Wes Ritchey, chief clerk at L&B branch of the USNB, who is hauling them out a section a week until they are all gone. Maybe Wes should have his boys in the overdrift department set up a tooth account for him and render a statement every week until he gets overdrawn, just like they treat the customers.

What's in a Name?

Granby, Conn., Oct. 25 (AP)—The sale of Christmas decorations at the South Congregational church's annual fair will be handled by Miss Ever Green.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Princess Elizabeth Stirs Britain With a Rebuke

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

(AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

Public pronouncements by the king and other immediate members of the British Royal family ordinarily are non-controversial and are sanctioned in advance by the prime minister's office, since the monarchy is constitutional.

For this reason England sat up and took notice when 22-year-old Princess Elizabeth, heiress to the throne, made a public address in which she gave the country a good trouncing for lax morals.



DeWitt MacKenzie

She was speaking at a mother's union meeting and her remarks were aimed primarily at divorce, which has increased heavily since the outbreak of the late war.

So a good-sized tempest has been brewed in the British teapot. One of the highly interesting aspects of this development, as I see it, rests in the fact that Mrs. Geoffrey Fisher, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, presided over the meeting at which the Princess spoke. Therefore, it strikes me that Elizabeth must have had not only the approval of Prime Minister Attlee's office but that of the head of the Church of England.

"When we see around us the havoc which has been wrought, above all, among the children, by the breakup of homes," said the Princess, "we can have no doubt that divorce and separation are responsible for some of the darkest evils in our society today."

If that is so, what is the significance? Well, there are those in informed places who believe that England is ready for a moral and religious revival. They feel that the country won't overcome its economic troubles or regain its old status until there has been a tightening up of morality.

"I do not think you can perform any finer service than to help maintain the Christian doctrine that the relationship of the husband and wife is a permanent one, not to be lightly broken because of difficulties or quarrels."

In order to understand this new point, one must know that the country is possessed of a very strong national conscience. It's the sort of thing which swept Edward off his throne when he insisted on marrying Mrs. Simpson.

This speech by the niece of King Edward VII, who abandoned the throne to marry an American divorcee, was the sharpest delivered by royalty in recent years.

I myself have encountered striking examples of powerful moral and spiritual convictions in various parts of the British Isles.

It had the surprising effect of bringing a rebuke from the Marriage Law Reform Committee which broke the traditional attitude toward royal utterances by challenging her statement that divorcees lead to many of Britain's social evils.

In many places you find an austerity which sustains such beliefs as the one that the epic withdrawal of the British forces from the sands of Dunkerque at the outset of the great war was the result of a miracle.

Veep Plans Visit to St. Louis But Not as Vice President

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Still coy about his St. Louis romance, Vice President Barkley blushing admitted to the senate before adjourning that he "may" spend some time in Missouri instead of heading right back to Kentucky.



Drew Pearson

The question was brought up by Missouri's usually humorless Senator Forrest Donnell after a fellow republican, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, assured that the vice president would be welcome in his state any time—even if he is a democrat.

With a twinkle in his eye, Donnell broke in: "I should like to invite the vice president most graciously to visit Missouri occasionally." "The present occupant of the chair appreciates that invitation, and in view of its sincerity, the chair may accept it," smiled Barkley.

"I will say to the vice president that I was quite confident that he would, when I extended the invitation," replied Donnell. "The chair would like to state," replied the vice president, "that if he does accept the invitation, it will not be in his capacity as vice president of the United States." Then he blushed—just a bit.

JOHN L. LEWIS' CHICKENS

The public has forgotten it and the J. P. Morgan-Andrew Mellon interests would like to forget it, but they have themselves largely to blame for the nation's now serious coal and steel strikes.

The incident they would like to forget goes back to the summer of 1947 when John L. Lewis sat down with the biggest coal operators in the country and was both surprised and pleased when they gave him a 45-cent-an-hour wage increase, plus welfare fund, plus almost everything else he asked for even including some nullifications of the Taft-Hartley act.

The companies which led in handing Lewis this bonanza were J. P. Morgan's U.S. Steel corporation which owns the biggest captive coal mines in the U.S.A. and the Mellon-controlled Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal company.

Following their lead, smaller coal operators had to follow suit. This gift to Lewis came as a shock to the rest of the industry because only six months before, Harry Truman had thrown everything he had into a court battle against Lewis and won. Most of the nation had applauded. Furthermore, only one year earlier, the coal operators had bitterly criticized Secretary of the Interior Krug because he gave Lewis an increase of 18 1/2 cents—exactly the same given in other industries.

Yet, on top of this, Ben Fairless of U.S. Steel and George Humphrey of Pittsburgh Consolidation coal handed Lewis 45 cents an hour extra plus welfare fund, etc. Furthermore, the workers didn't have to contribute to the welfare fund. It all came from the employer.

MIXING POLITICS, WAGES

The hidden motives for this sudden surrender, it was reported at the time, were (1) that Lewis in return would line up labor for Tom Dewey and against Truman; and (2) the steel industry was able to pass the increased cost on to the consumer. In brief, Truman had kicked Lewis in the teeth; now powerful republicans wanted to show how they could stroke his mane.

But the effect of this bonanza to Lewis still is reverberating through the auto industry, the aluminum industry, and the banked furnaces of the steel industry. The Mellon's Aluminum corporation would not be shut by a strike today, had not their Pittsburgh consolidation played politics with Lewis two years ago. Nor would General Motors and Chrysler be up against tough pension demands today.

For their gift to Lewis set a pattern which every other labor leader had to duplicate, and now this makes it impossible for Murray to take anything less from U.S. Steel than Lewis got from U.S. Steel.

Obviously, if Lewis' miners don't have to contribute to a welfare fund, Phil Murray's steel workers aren't going to contribute. But the boys in Wall Street didn't look ahead far enough when they rushed through their mine agreement two years ago.

GEN. BRADLEY FLARES

It's nothing new for a congressional committee to call the

brass hats on the carpet, but it is new for a brass hat to call senators on the carpet. The man who reversed this rule is General Omar Bradley, the nation's top military commander, who scorched the senate appropriations committee for leaking secret information to the press.

The senators had given out figures from a secret intelligence report which Bradley had quoted to the senate committee behind closed doors—namely, that Russia has 175 divisions under arms and can boost this to 300 divisions within 90 days and to an eventual strength of 502 divisions. This compares with a peak allied strength of 91 divisions during the war. Bradley had also disclosed Soviet air strength at 15,000 planes.

But Bradley had hardly left Capitol Hill before these figures showed up in front-page headlines. Next day, Bradley returned for a second appearance behind closed doors, snorted fire.

"I made certain statements yesterday that were highly confidential and highly secret," he scolded. "If I can't testify before a committee of congress and tell them confidential information without being betrayed, I will have to use a different approach."

GOP Floor Leader Ken Wherry of Nebraska winced. "I had read a lot of that information in other places," the Nebraska senator protested. "If it was highly confidential, it certainly had been given out before in other places."

But the general went on with his lecture. "A lot of people felt the information was highly sensational and accused me of war mongering," blazed Bradley. "I bitterly resented being put in that position."

There wasn't another peep out of the senators.

(Copyright 1949)

Ex-Governor West Recalls Prank in Salem Feed Barn

By OSWALD WEST

In "the days that are gone" there stood, where the Elsinore theater now stands, an old farmer's feed barn or shed—completely roofed over. Its single entrance, on High street, led past a small office, with bunk and stove, on the right, into a large open area where horses might be unhitched and vehicles parked. The animals were stabled in the rear, being fed by the proprietors or with feed brought by the patron. Charges would vary accordingly.

On a cold, wet winter's morning, Ed Baker and I (aged ten or eleven) were nosing around in the wagon shed. As I recall, Ed's father, Jos. Baker, was, at that time, Sheriff of Marion County. Ed was warmly clothed, being the happy owner of an overcoat. I had never felt the glorious touch and warmth of one.

As it was a little too early for the arrival of farmer patrons, the wagon shed was practically empty. So, as we surveyed the premises, our eyes caught sight of a small blue-gray overcoat hanging on a nail, driven high on a side-wall—very likely by one standing on a wagon bed or seat.

We argued (the wish being father of the thought) that it had been left by some transient outfit, and would never be called for. So, finding a pole, we succeeded in lifting the coat from its resting place. It was, of course, a little dusty, but in good repair, and a perfect fit. God, how good it felt!

Proud and warm I headed for home. The story, as told, shocked my mother. She sent me back to the feed shed, with coat on arm, to inquire as to its owner, or probably owner. Neither the proprietor nor his stable hands could afford enlightenment. They said it had been hanging there quite a while and would likely not be called for; that I had better take it along. This, however, did not satisfy Mother. She made me travel from house to house (there were not so many then), with coat over my arm, thus showing the garment, and seeking information as to its ownership. Every time I opened a front gate (installed to keep out town cows) I would offer up a prayer—asking that the resident might be without knowledge as to its ownership and the Lord never failed to answer my prayer!

The winter, however, was half

Wizard of Odds



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

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Moral Outrage Over Football Subsidizing Seldom Heard

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—One of the things missing from football this season is the old atmosphere of moral outrage.

The two big controversies of my reportorial youth were: 1.—Are wrestling matches fixed in advance? 2.—Are college football players subsidized?

Today these two questions seem about as important as the debates among medieval philosopher over how many angels could sit on the point of a pin.

Right or wrong, the sports-loving public years ago decided that, yes, most rascal exhibitions are pre-arranged entertainment, with the winner picked ahead



Hal Boyle

of time. And it also has pretty well made up its mind that college football players are subsidized. The only question remaining is whether the right man gets enough.

In the old days groups of annoyed professors, indignant at the realization the football coach made more than they did, led the attack on the game. They fomented against the payment of college athletes in the form of scholarships, salaries, job sinecures, or gift automobiles from alumni.

It was a losing battle. A losing team can't draw the crowds to pay off the bonds on a stadium, and a winning team can. And in many, many cases college presidents found they had to wink at the subsidization of athletes by coaches and wealthy alumni in order to keep their education factories solvent.

The days when a moleskin hero would break a collar bone for nothing were over. Football became a big business, and it had to function like big business. It had to fork over the going price for the raw material—muscle and speed.

Now the issue appears settled. The institutions that didn't want to go into football on an industrial basis simply had to drop out of competition. At the University of Chicago they study great books. Other ivory towers still keep the turnstiles clicking at the gridiron gate.

The professor labor alone in his laboratory to develop the next wonder drug. But it's the young man who can throw a forward pass who is paying off the debt on the field house.

This hero in pigskin not only packs the stadium—he fills the barrooms which tune in on the game by television. A multitude of workers in other fields—from sports manufacturers to the fellow who paints the goal posts—depend upon him. In big cities he even supports scores of bookies who take bets on the score.

Football used to be a seasonal industry, like the Santa Claus industry. It has become an all-year round thing. Spring training is of rising importance, and the byways looking for autumn material. The search for talent, too, has become a competitive science.

Naturally the players themselves put a price on their services. And, by and large, the public now appears to see that as okay. It is part of the American theory that a guy with something to peddle is a dope to give it away.

The whole outlandish enterprise may be slightly immoral in pretending to adhere to its amateur standing, while operating on a principle of professional efficiency, but the people like it—all but the professors.

You couldn't break up college football today with an anti-trust suit. The fans wouldn't stand for it.

Judge Interested in Peddler's Wares

Milwaukee, Wis. (AP)—A street peddler, charged with operating minus a license, appeared before Judge Robert Cannon. Cannon was delighted as Alvin Wolff, 24, Dorchester, Mass., demonstrated a mechanical penguin in tuxedo and two red-and-white clowns.

"Say, my children would like those," the judge said. "How much are they?"

Wolff said they were 35 cents each. "This will give you a start to get out of town," said the judge, handing over the money.

Who Happen to the Insides?

Inglewood, Calif. (AP)—Police Capt. Robert Collins returned home from work, tried to flick on his television set but it didn't work.

The insides of the set were missing. He called police headquarters and immediately lieutenants, sergeants and just plain cops began an all-night citywide search for a TV burglar. Not a clue was found.

The captain himself called off the search Sunday. Embarrassed, he told fellow officers that he had sent the set's chassis out to the repair shop. And then forgot about it.