

A Foremost Statesman Passes

The untimely death from heart attack of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., 49, removes one of the most brilliant, far visioned and public spirited men of the present generation. He was born to wealth, became a foremost industrialist, chairman of the board of the United States Steel corporation at 37, but it was in diplomacy that he made his most lasting mark.

Stettinius started his industrial career with General Motors, becoming a vice president in 1931. He went to U. S. Steel three years later and succeeded Myron C. Taylor as board chairman in 1938.

The handsome, white haired Stettinius at the request of President Roosevelt in 1940, severed his corporation connections, giving up \$100,000 a year salary, to become chairman of the war resources board. He was kept in similar high posts in the face of charges by some New Dealers that Stettinius was too "big business minded."

Stettinius was loan-lease administrator and special assistant to the president, 1941-43, handling over \$60 billion; undersecretary of state, 1943-44, and secretary of state, 1944-45, succeeding Cordell Hull who resigned because of ill health.

Stettinius helped lay the ground work and for the Yalta conference, served as permanent chairman of the Dumbarton Oaks security conference and headed the United States delegation to the 1945 security conference at San Francisco which drafted the charter of the United Nations.

Stettinius was a confirmed internationalist and turned his energies to bring about an enduring peace and appealed for the support of all people in this effort, saying:

"To build from the havoc of this war a peace that will endure is a task far beyond the strength and wisdom of any one man or group of men. It will require the active participation and support of all the American people—and of all the other peace-loving peoples of the world. In this task we must not fail. To this task I dedicate myself in the sure knowledge that together we will not fail."

After leaving the UN post in 1946 he was appointed rector of the University of Virginia.

There Is No Point in Trying to Hide

When General Marshall was in Portland last week, he had time only for a quick visit with Red Cross officials of the area. However, he left behind a remark which will add to the confusion over the Pacific Northwest's position in the atom age. Although he would not discuss military or political questions, he did admit that the region has been particularly vulnerable to attack in case of war "ever since the bomber was invented" because of the coastal position and nearness to foreign land masses.

Although Marshall did not intend for his remark to cause any undue concern, there are some who would find it the basis for a case of jitters. The remark could be turned, for instance, against the move to keep Boeing aircraft in Seattle.

But one can be certain that the man who ran the army in the last war was not trying to put the people of the Pacific Northwest on the spot. He was merely giving a military appraisal of the region's position especially since Russia has the A-bomb and long range bombers capable of doing to the United States what our air force bombers could do to Russia.

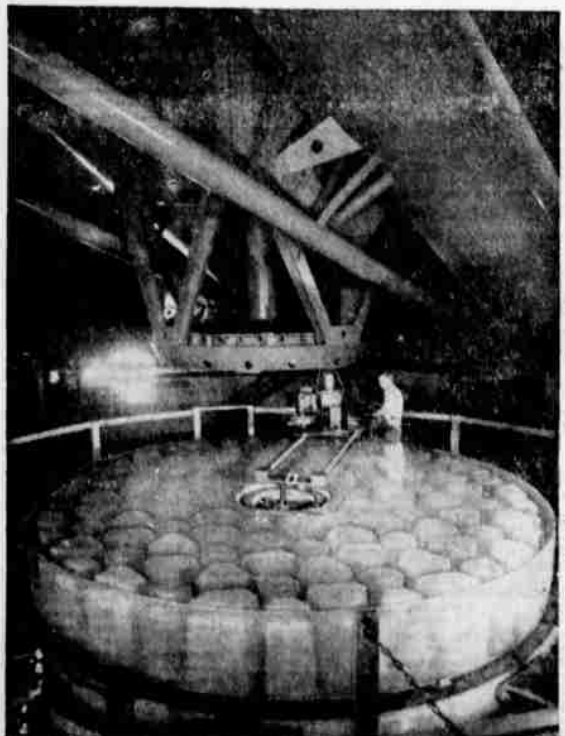
In this new atom age, no section of the country is "safe," if the military is correct in its overall analysis. Of course, the straight-line bombing range from a Russian base in Siberia would admittedly put this area in a handy position as a target.

Considering the circumstances, however, of the growing vulnerability of most of the United States, the Pacific Northwest has no reason to try to hide in a hole and let the atom-age go by. The great hydroelectric potential of the region still has a long way to go before it is reached. And the nation needs that power.

In other words the region is still in its early growth stage, and atom-bomb age or not, the area will continue to develop. Instead of trying to hide when there is no place to hide, the Pacific Northwest should push development with an ear open to any sound advice that might be given to decentralization.

Not Just Another Excuse

Moultrie, Ga. (AP)—The policeman thought for a minute that the Negro was just giving him another excuse when he said he was speeding "to get away from that bad smell." It didn't take long for the cop to see what the Negro meant. Investigation revealed a dead skunk wedged between one fender and a head-light.



Polishing Job—Don Hendrix, Mt. Wilson observatory optician, operates a special machine to remove 20 millionths of an inch from part of the surface of the 200-inch mirror for the Hale telescope on California's Palomar mountain.

BY BECK

Husbands



SIPS FOR SUPPER

School Problem

BY DON UPJOHN

He was just an inquisitive taxpayer at the taxpaying counter, his check made out and ready to contribute to the welfare of the county. What he murmured to another taxpayer on the same mission was, "I can't quite figure it out. We spend \$10,000 for a school bus so the kids won't have to walk to school. And then



Don Upjohn

Tonight's the night when property holders are hoping that the situation will dissolve itself into a simple situation of all treat and no trick. And they further hope that the children, if they must use soap, will be more assiduous in washing it in the bathtubs than on the windows. Incidentally we can guess it's no fun for any cop to have to chase a bunch of kids away from some possible depredations on Halloween night. As we doubt that there's a cop on the force who at some time or another in his earlier years hasn't been up to something or other on such a night. So if there isn't any other way to reach a kid's heart we might appeal to him to think of the poor cop and not do anything that will compel him to set up such a chase, for he'll do it only with a heart bleeding with sympathy for his quarry. We bet that argument will keep 'em from doing anything naughty, by gum.

At least we're sure all the little boys and girls will be inside and in bed by time the curfew rings.

Halloween Costume, Gag Version

South Portland, Me. (AP)—A grown man in diapers—and nothing else—walked calmly along Main street early today. It was just a gag, he told police. The towel, neatly pinned where his pants should have been, was a Halloween costume and he was wearing it home from a party. Police speeded him home by patrol car.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Attlee's Vote of Confidence Doesn't Ignore Grave Crisis

By DeWitt MacKENZIE

Britain's socialist government, having received a vote of confidence from its big majority in the house of commons, is free to continue its struggle with the economic crisis which is tearing at the vitals of the nation.

That affords some moral encouragement to the harassed cabinet, but it cannot provide the material aid or even the advice so grievously needed. It is merely a friendly gesture at the zero hour as the badly armed government goes into fresh action against strange hazards.

One of the hopeful aspects of this grim situation is that the government has no delusions about the gravity of the situation. It is well aware that the country is in the midst of an economic life-and-death struggle.

All of which, is by the way of saying that no man can foresee the extent of crisis, or the remedies necessary to its cure. It's likely to be a protracted operation.

Recognition of these facts constituted the main value of the two-day debate in commons, or so it seems to me.

Sir Stafford Cripps, chancellor of the exchequer, was near to tears as he hammered home to a tense commons that "our civilization itself must fade and wither away" unless the nation produces more goods immediately and sells them to America.

Cripps isn't given to exaggeration and he is not of the emotional type. He meant what he said.

Britain is scraping the bottom of the economic barrel. Her immediate resources have been largely depleted. She hasn't the wherewithal for a quick recovery. That is why Sir Stafford warned the country that it couldn't exist on the charity of the United States. Said he:

"At the root of our success or failure lies our own capacity to produce. The only real solution for our difficulties is more and more economical and efficient before asking the country to vote.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Worker Gets Mistaken Tax Lien; Blackmer Returns to US

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Last week this column told how various big-shot tax-evaders managed to delay or squirm out of criminal tax-fraud prosecution, sometimes because of leniency on the part of politically minded or easygoing U. S. attorneys.

It was pointed out that U. S. attorneys are appointed on the

recommendation of senators or congressmen, and sometimes appear to work more for the senators than for the justice department.

In contrast to the smooth sailing enjoyed by some big-shot tax-evaders, here is what happened recently to a little fellow who got into a misunderstanding over his taxes.

This taxpayer, Francis J. Massey of 220 2nd street, Washington, a displaced government worker, found a job after the war as a warehouse worker for Lansburgh and Brothers, a Washington department store.

In 1948 treasury agents checked Mr. Massey's tax returns for the war years and found proper returns had been filed and taxes paid. Then suddenly it was discovered that a Frank J. Massey had received \$150 in dividends from stock owned in the Washington Gas Light Co., and the treasury promptly assessed Francis Massey additional taxes.

Actually, Francis J. Massey never owned the stock and never received any dividends. It belonged to his father, now deceased, Edward T. Stafford, secretary of the Washington Gas Light company, certified that Francis J. Massey never owned the stock and never received the dividends owed to his father, but this made no difference to the U. S. treasury.

It demanded that he pay just the same. Mr. Massey's salary was only \$28 a week, and he had a wife and two small children to support. But, under protest, he paid in small dribbles of \$2 a week up to a total of \$18.92. This, however, wasn't fast enough for the treasury and it slapped a tax lien on his salary for the remaining \$15.59.

This got him into trouble with his employer who did not want to be suspected of harboring a tax dodger and he was fired.

Thus, unable to get a recommendation from his last employer—except with a tax-dodging record—Massey was unable to find full-time employment. His youngest child became ill, the family doctor had not been paid for past services and would not come when urgently needed. The child died and was buried in potter's field at government expense.

This burial expense probably about equaled the improper tax assessment of \$34.51 wrong from Mr. Massey. So, in the end, the treasury department gained nothing.

Finally the office of Deputy Collector J. Ellis Bowen apologized for the mistake, which they said was made in Baltimore. "We promise it won't happen again," Massey was told. "If you are assessed again, just ignore it."

That's the experience of one little taxpayer who had no money to hire lawyers.

On the other hand, here is the experience of a man who had the money to hire lawyers and to live in luxury abroad—One Henry K. Blackmer, multimillionaire oilman who fled to France to escape being questioned in the teapot dome scandal.

Some of the others who remained in the United States went to jail for their connection with teapot dome and the continental trading company. Albert Fall, secretary of the interior in the Harding cabinet, served his sentence. Harry Sinclair served time for refusing to answer the questions of the senate committee. But Blackmer ducked for France, later was indicted on six counts for perjury and tax evasion to the tune of about \$2,000,000.

Blackmer, then president of the Mid-West Refining company, together with Sinclair and Robert Stewart of Standard Oil, formed the Continental Trading company which purchased about 7,000,000 barrels of oil for \$1.50 a barrel and then sold it to their own companies for \$1.75.

Sinclair used \$230,000 of the profits from this deal to bribe Secretary Fall. Another \$180,000 of profits went to the Republican National committee in the form of liberty bonds, and the committee tried to get high-ranking republicans to exchange the bonds for cash. Andrew Mellon was sent \$30,000 of the bonds, but sent them back, accompanied by a gift of \$50,000 in cash.

Blackmer's share of the boodle was found in the form of \$750,000 in liberty bonds in a New York strongbox after he had fled to France.

The government made various efforts to bring Blackmer home, but the French government refused to extradite him and he remained there, living in the lap of luxury for 25 years, thumbing his nose at the nation which had made him rich and which he had cheated.

Last summer, Danny Sullivan,

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Adults Confuse Halloween With Christmas; Just too Bad

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Whatever happened to the oldtime Halloween?

They've taken away her broomstick—the fastest thing known in the pre-jet age—and sent her to the dentist to have her snaggle teeth replaced

by a set of plastic upper and lower plates.

Why, today you can hardly tell her from Grandma. And I think that is a sad thing—they are confusing Halloween with Christmas.

And it isn't fair to the kids the way grownups are taking this wonderful evening away from them, and taming it.

The real Halloween came from the forest. In olden druidic days it was the night when Saman, lord of death, held carnival. Good people built huge bonfires on the highest hills to ward off the legions of evil that winged through the darkness on black wings.

Civilization gradually married Halloween to the Christian



Hal Boyle

festival of All Saints' day and the Roman festival honoring Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees. When the children duck for apples now, it's in memory of forgotten Pomona.

But as the ancient terror fell away from Halloween and people began to lose their belief in witches, the kids joyously took the festival over from the adults. And they kept some of the old woodland awe.

They identified themselves with the naughty spirits. It was the one evening out of 365 when they could make a rebellion against the commonplace—and try to scare the grownups, or at least annoy them.

It was a fine thing a generation ago, and I suppose it still is in many places. We had our apple bobbing parties, then as now. But the real delicious pleasure was to be allowed to stay up a few hours late playing harmless pranks. We soaped a few storefronts. We made horrendous noises against neighbor windows with a notched spool—and ran in panic.

There was a legend that "the old grouch" in the neighborhood was waiting for us with a shotgun stuffed with bacon rind, and that it stung something awful if he hit you. But somehow, if he did have the pork-filled gun, he never fired it. The last thing we did before going home was a brave gesture—throwing stones at the local abandoned "haunted house."

There was no real vandalism. The soaped windows could be cleaned with a razor blade and a little elbow grease.

But apparently even that small price became too much for some adults to pay for the thrill the youngsters got on their one night out. For now in many communities they have formal parades and parties to keep the kids in check. Store owners get the children to draw pictures on their windows with washable paint, and award prizes.

This may be an art—but it isn't Halloween. It puts childish fun in an adult harness for a night when the kids should be free.

I'd feel worse about it except I know that tonight there will come a knock on my door. When I open it I will see a group of little ragamuffins—girls in gypsy dress, boys in pirate regalia. Some will be masked, some will have cork-blackened faces.

"Trick or treat!" one will yell sternly.

That means I must give them a quarter for a treat or they will play a trick on me—like banging me in the face with a sock full of flour. I'll pay.

After collecting their loot, the "evil spirits" will divide it, build a bonfire of orange crates in a side street and wonder if the bad old witch is circling overhead—just as their ancestors wondered.

It's a long way from the woods, but Halloween is still alive in the brick tenement forests of Manhattan. The kids won't give it up to the grownups here.

Post Football-Game Gripe

Detroit (AP)—An Ann Arbor resident was in print today complaining about "people who drop in after a football game and stay so long they have to be invited to dinner."

Detroit Free Press columnist Mark Beltaire called the complaint a "pathetic gripe that will be echoed in every football town."

His correspondent said the guests "eat, burp and go home, leaving a stack of dirty dishes."

"And it was our Sunday dinner, too," he wrote plaintively. "Please print this before the next game."

Ann Arbor is the home of the University of Michigan.