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4—Salem, Oregon, Saturday, November 5, 1949

BY BECK

Actions You Regret

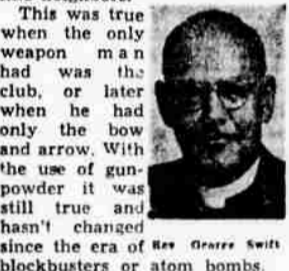


THE FIRESIDE PULPIT

Two Ways Open to Survival; Reminder for Armistice Day

BY REV. GEORGE H. SWIFT

Armistice day brings to our minds the age-old longing for universal and permanent peace. Since the beginning of history the most effective method of securing peace has been to reduce possible enemies to impotence, or at least to keep stronger than any known combination of warlike neighbors.



This was true when the only weapon man had was the club, or later when he had only the bow and arrow. With the use of gunpowder it was still true and hasn't changed since the era of blockbusters or atom bombs.

The world is at peace today largely because a combination of nations has, at the present moment, more war potential than those outside the combination. This may sometime be reversed.

Christ, nearly two thousand years ago, pointed out that the way to peace was through brotherly love.

While there are over one-half billion people in the world nominally Christian, the most bitter wars the world has ever known have been started by Christians and have engaged almost every Christian nation. The love which was so pronounced in primitive Christian countries doesn't seem to be so prevalent among people in Christian countries today.

It is true, Christian love as preached by Christ and Saint Paul and Saint John is still proclaimed from pulpits everywhere, but nothing much is done about it. As long as our love for others, and others love for us as pitifully weak as it obviously is, we must, for survival, temporarily resort to other means.

We have two ways to do this. The old way, which has prevailed from the day of the club to the present, and the way of conference, compromise, and confidence through a United Nations or world federation of some sort.

Until the world has found common ground and common understanding, the old pressure method will have to be kept intact. It's still too soon to sink our navy, disband our army, and scuttle the air force.

In the meantime, the teaching of Jesus Christ and the Apostles Paul and John must not only not be forgotten, but be proclaimed with greater emphasis than ever before.

Saint Paul said, "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." We cannot be strong in the Lord, or in the power of his might and continue to so lack love for others as to be willing to kill them to obtain some selfish advantage.

Richard, the Strong, Silent Type
Glen Cove, N. Y. (AP)—Richard Opalasti smokes cigars. He tried a pipe once, but he didn't like it.

He also likes half-a-glass of wine or beer now and then. Nothing stronger. Richard, now three years old, is a man of moderation.

It doesn't bother Mrs. Opalasti very much. The family runs a neighborhood bar and grille, and she says Richard got his taste for cigars when he was two.

He has from one to four a day, she says—the Italian kind, good and stout.

"We tried to break him of the habit," Mrs. Opalasti said. "But he started smoking cigar butts. We'd rather give them to him than have him smoke butts."

"We hope the habit wears off, don't we, Sonny?" Richard sat at the bar, puffed away and said nothing.

SIPS FOR SUPPER
They Still Eat
BY DON UPJOHN

Some outstanding addresses were made to the Oregon Republican clubs in session here for their annual state convention and the visitors all seem to be up and coming and a fine looking body of men. That they have a lot of stamina and are able to deliver the goods seems to be amply testified to by the fact that they were able to have on their program arrangements for eating twice during the day, a noon luncheon and an evening banquet. When they can do that after the long death from the public crib it shows the old party isn't dead yet.

Yea, optimism seems to have been the keynote among the boys and it may be that some day it will be repaid.

The Perfect Alibi
Boston (AP)—Boston university bandmaster Edgar Gangware admitted some of his musicians carry a bottle of alcohol in their pockets because of occasional need for anti-freeze on cold football afternoons. But—Gangware specifies that the alcohol be of the denatured variety, that it be used with an eye dropper and only on instrument valves "frozen" by the cold.

Change of Locale, Change of Character
London (AP)—The George S. Kaufman comedy, "George Washington Slept Here," opens in London's Strand theater tomorrow.

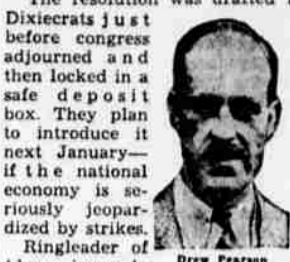
The British title: "Queen Elizabeth Slept Here."

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Secret Plan Is Hatched To Impeach Truman

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Mum is supposed to be the word, but a secret resolution has been drawn up authorizing impeachment proceedings against President Truman—in case he lets the coal strike continue to a national danger point.



The resolution was drafted by a handful of republicans and Dixiecrats just before congress adjourned and then locked in a safe deposit box. They plan to introduce it next January—if the national economy is seriously jeopardized by strikes.

Ringleader of the impeachment move is Congressman Ralph Gwinn, New York republican, with an assist from Gene Cox, the Georgia Dixiecrat.

Specifically, the secret resolution charges President Truman with "nonfeasance" of office. It is alleged that he neglected the economic welfare of all the people in order to help a tightly organized minority—the labor unions.

The resolution further points out that the president could have prevented "economic disaster" by invoking the Taft-Hartley act. This constitutes neglect of duty, the resolution charges.

Now that the steel strike is being settled, the wind has been taken out of the impeachment plan, but it may still be revived in case John L. Lewis's coal strike gets worse.

NOTE 1—Should the resolution ever reach the floor of the house of representatives, it would stand almost no chance of approval.

NOTE 2—Gwinn is the congressman who mailed out 900,000 franked letters last year containing 2,250,000 copies of speeches against public housing, federal aid to education and rent control. He has been the chief congressional megaphone for the foundation for economic education, financed by some of the nation's largest corporations.

FEUDIN' SUPREME COURT
In Washington, where hostesses keep a careful tab on who's feuding with whom, it would be an unforgivable boner to confuse the identity of the supreme court's two feuding justices, the Honorable Hugo Black and Robert Jackson.

Yet that's exactly what happened the other day at no less an occasion than an official swearing-in. Justice Black got the assignment of administering the oath to Federal Trade Commissioner John Carson.

As the ceremony reached its climax, FTC Chairman Lowell Mason announced solemnly: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Carson will now take the oath, administered by Mr. Justice Jackson."

The assembled dignitaries howled at the mistake. Chairman Mason turned a sunset crimson.

Later, ex-Senator Jim Mead was appointed to another vacancy in the federal trade commission. Mason got on the phone to arrange the ceremony, invited Justice Jackson to give the oath.

Jackson agreed, then added: "By the way, this will give you a chance to call me Mr. Justice Black."

AIR-COLLISION LAWSUITS
A \$250,000 suit has been filed by the widow of an air-crash victim that may pave the way for suits against the Bolivian government for the mid-air collision of a Bolivian P-38 and an eastern airliner. This is the tragedy that killed 55 victims when the head of Bolivia's civil aviation rammied an eastern airliner over Washington's National airport.

The test case will be a \$250,000 suit under the Tort claims act against the United States for the death of Howard S. LeRoy, killed in the crash of an eastern airliner with a navy Helicat fighter over Chesterton, N.J., last July 30. The action has been brought by the widow, Mrs. Emily Le Roy, and will set a precedent for air-traffic accidents.

KEEPING THE RECORD
Here are some interesting quotes from the life and works of John Foster Dulles, famed internationalist.

Speech before Detroit Economic Club, March, 1939—"Only hysteria entertains the idea that Germany, Italy or Japan contemplates war on us." War started five months later.

Statement, Oct. 21, 1930—"Germany has made great progress under the Dawes plan. Her national income and government income have grown to a point where the reparations charge constitutes a readily bearable percentage." One year later Dulles was retained by Brown Brothers-Harriman to salvage something out of the German bond wreckage. He could salvage nothing.

Statement A bout Gerhard Westrick, the Hitler agent who came to New York in 1940 after the war started: "I don't believe he has done anything wrong. I knew him in the old days and I had a high regard for his integrity."

Page 690 of Who's Who in America states in Dulles' self-

BY GUILD

Wizard of Odds



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Rover and the Cover Girls Fight for Front Position

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Everybody loves dogs—except cover girls. Too many dogs are getting their faces on the front pages of magazines, thus cutting cover girls out of money.



In the foyer of a modeling school here is a billboard plastered with canine photos. It's a stern warning to the girls that if they don't keep their rates low and get to appointments on time—well, what should happen to a cover girl will happen to a dog. Rover will get their jobs.

The school, the pioneer in the field, is run by Grace Downs who has trained or found positions for some

25,000 models. It is a pleasant industry to be in. For the demand has always exceeded the supply.

"We still have more jobs than girls to fill them," said Miss Downs.

Grace, a smiling, cheerful woman in the blonde forties was among the first professional cover girls.

"Some people are nice enough to say I was the very first," she said. "I started back in 1921, when most of the magazine covers were painted by famous artists."

"I don't believe there were more than 50 professional models then. Now there are thousands."

The growth of the modeling field paralleled the growth of the ready-to-wear industry, the greatest single employer of models.

"When I began," Grace recalled, "there were only a few ready-to-wear firms. Most women made their own clothes or bought them from dressmakers. When I was a young girl only people with a lot of money had coatmakers. The rest used hoots."

"At first they used us only to model hats. Then they got more daring and put us in clothes."

She got \$10 for one of her first cover jobs—for a millinery magazine. Today clothing models make from \$40 to \$75 a week, and they can stay years longer in this specialty than the glamor lasses who pose only for magazine covers.

"But most of them go on to better jobs—as buyers, designers or even sales executives," said Grace.

The latest development is one to give the traveling salesman gray hair—the models are becoming traveling saleswomen.

"I'm nothing but a clothes-horse," one girl complained to a manufacturer. "While I'm wearing your line, I might as well sell it."

He gave her the chance, and she proved she could do it. Now instead of accompanying traveling salesmen and merely serving as wooden mannequins, many girls go out alone. They both model and sell the garments.

Grace started her model agency in 1927, her school for models in 1931.

"Now I'm training the daughters of girls I started as models," she said, and added a bit grimly: "That's hard to take."

PROHIBITIONIST BUYS THE DRINKS

Light Moment in Campaign Of Os West for Governor

By OSWALD WEST

(Governor of Oregon from 1911 to 1915)

I was not just a poor speaker, but a lousy one. No condemned man ever climbed the "last thirteen steps" with greater dread than I when approaching a speaker's platform. But speechmaking was woven into the campaign and had to be worn.

So, I headed for Central Oregon, where the voters were few and charitable.

At Burns, I was met by my friend, Jim Mahan, who had ridden in from Anderson Valley on his white mule to give me a hand in meeting the Harney County voters.

It was in the pre-Volsted days and the main street of the town could boast a saloon on most every corner. Jim and I had been covering both sides of the street meeting the voters, when he called my attention to a smallish old gentleman just emerging from a corner saloon and heading for a hitching bar where a dozen head of saddle horses were tied.

Said Jim: "That's Uncle Billy So and So. Runs horses out of the desert. He is a fine old character. I want you to meet him."

When we reached the hitching post, Uncle Billy had just thrown the reins over his horse's neck and was about to put his foot in the stirrup to mount.

"Uncle Billy," said Jim, "I want you to meet my friend West. He is the democratic candidate for governor."

"Uncle Billy, whose hearing was for some reason on this occasion a little faulty, mounted his horse, but with something on his mind. Looking us over, he asked of Jim: "What did you say he was a candidate for?"

"Candidate for governor," said Jim.

"Oh!" said Uncle Billy, with rather a wry smile, which amused me and prompted the inquiry: "Well, Uncle Billy, tell me, on the square, what do you really think of me?"

"Well, young feller, to be honest with you, I never thought I would make a governor until I saw you."

"But," I asked, "you're going to vote for me, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I have never seen the other man and I don't take chances."

Leaving Burns, I headed for Harney, where Fred Haines, a hard-boiled republican, ran a general merchandise store.

Calling on him, I disclosed that I wished to make a speech, and asked about the town hall. He said they used the church. When I inquired as to the custodian, he said that the city marshal kept the key. When I asked where I could find him, was informed that he ran the saloon just across the street.

So, I crossed over and entered the saloon. The marshal was behind the bar, while sitting or standing around the card tables were about 40 herdors and packers from sheep camps.

I informed the marshal-saloon keeper as to my wishes and he said he would be glad to open the church for me.

Even though I was a pronounced prohibitionist, my con-

'Guests of the Kremlin'

One of the most interesting and best written of the post-war books, and the best description of the people and what goes on behind the iron curtain is "Guests of the Kremlin" (MacMillan) by Lt. Col. Robert G. Emmons, who was copilot of one of the planes in the famous Doolittle bombing of Tokyo in 1942.

Shortage of gas compelled the fliers to land in Siberia, taking a chance that because Russia was an ally of the U.S. in World War II, they would be welcomed and supplied with gas to reach Chungking, their destination. Instead, they were interned, virtually prisoners, because Russia had not declared war on Japan. They were shipped 8000 miles to various parts and climates of Russia—and refused explanations.

One year and a month later, they made an exciting and dramatic escape from Ashkab into Iran. What they saw and experienced makes a revealing story of Russia and the Russians.

Emmons saw a slave-nation "ruled by abject fear and terror," a nation kept in complete ignorance of world affairs, whose "borders are closed to outsiders and outside things." He saw abysmal poverty among civilians, and luxury among the favored few and warns of the growing menace of communism. He describes the ride across Russia on the Trans-Siberian railroad as follows:

"The trip took 21 days... everyone we saw, on and off the train, was in rags. In stations, we were never allowed off through our windows. Everyone, literally everyone, in every station we passed, seemed to be a pauper. Old and young women alike, old men, children, and even the stray dogs seemed to hump along in a peculiar shuffle, ever mindful of the possibilities of getting a piece of bread. The children were the most impressive. Bands of them dressed in absolute tatters, no shoes, and covered with filth roved the railroad station area and begged for food. Many times we saw station guards always armed with gun and stick, swing ruthlessly on people obstructing or gathered around a car window. (The Americans were disciplined for trying to share their bread with any of the children.)"

This "land of milk and honey," this Utopia of the worker wasn't what Emmons had read about in America, "a great land where all have a chance to live in equality, free from oppression, fear and intimidation," but the contrary, "a fanatical unbelievable condition of life that so many million people could exist and still not be the subject of publicized revulsion by the rest of the world." He concludes:

"In actual practice as we observed in the heart of communism itself, there was none of the working together for the common good of all. There was only filth and dirt and misery and poverty. There wasn't any common good. Everybody lived in fear and terror. Everybody, no one was unaffected. Life in all its aspects was ugly. Certainly the Soviet Union has trees, grass, the moon and sunshine there and stars come out, but everything connected with humanity is ugly, sordid and a perversion of human nature. ... Yet communism, like a malignant scab on the skin of the world, is spreading north, south, east and west. FIGHT IT!"

This graphic book is unusually interesting to Oregonians because Col. Emmons was born in Medford, attended Medford high school and the University of Oregon, trained as a flier at Randolph field and joined the air force in 1938. After his interment he returned to the United States via India, Africa and South America, completing a circle of the globe. In 1944 he saw service in Rumania and other sections of Europe with the allied combat commission, returning to the United States in 1948 and is on active duty in the Pentagon.

Franzen's 'Package' Development Program

What is the best way to develop Salem so as to meet the needs of a growing city?

City Manager Franzen has come up with his answer to this question. He has put his answer in the form of a 10-year development program. His program would lay out the needs of the city for the period from 1950 to 1960 according to projects of the departments. Then every two years at the primary elections, the people would decide whether or not to approve the over-all development for the next two fiscal years.

The basic value of this idea lies in the "pay-as-you-go" feature. Instead of a separate bond issue spread over a long period of time for each project, the manager would lump all city needs into one program for the next two-year period. It would be "a package program."

Before it got to the voters, the city council would have argued the points and the projects offered. The resulting decision of the council then would be presented to the voters for approval or disapproval. The cost to the individual taxpayer would be clearly stated, so he would know what the estimates for civic development would amount to.

For instance, the park program would be considered for all parts of the city. A reasonable development of those parks would be estimated as to cost. Then that cost would be checked with funds available for the department. If estimates were greater than funds available, then the difference would be added to the development program to be submitted for the voters' consideration.

Airport development and sewage disposal and all the other development problems would be incorporated into that one "package program." Each department's projects would be taken up separately and then put into the two-year program.

The responsibility for judging what would be feasible and reasonable for any two-year period would start with the city manager. In J. L. Franzen, that responsibility should be able to be placed with confidence, judging his record here in Salem. Between Franzen and the city council, the "frills" of the projects could be eliminated.

Then the voters would know before the May primary in the even numbered years what the cost would be for a growing Salem.

All Was Quiet on the East River

New York (AP)—They had a fire at New York's huge Bellevue hospital early in the morning.

It being a hospital, the fire department came without sound of siren or bell, and it came in strength.

There were five engine companies, two hook and ladder companies, a fire boat on the East river, a water tower, a fire patrol wagon, one deputy fire chief, two battalion chiefs, and several police cars.

Oh, yes, the fire. A mattress burned in the nurses' quarters.