

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.

4 Salem, Ore., Friday, December 23, 1949

A Cold War Maneuver

President Truman has warned Russia to keep hands off Yugoslavia, a major target of Soviet threats, and instructed George V. Allen, ambassador to Yugoslavia, to so inform the Tito government. He leaves December 28 for that country.

When asked after a farewell call on Mr. Truman, whether he had received any special instructions, Allen replied: "Yes, the president confirmed that the United States is unalterably opposed to aggression wherever it occurs or threatens to occur, and furthermore that the United States supports the principle of the sovereign independence of nations."

"As regards Yugoslavia we are just as opposed to aggression against that country as to any other country and just as favorable to the retention of Yugoslavia's sovereignty."

At a press conference later the president confirmed the policy statement made to Allen. He declared that this does not mean any change in American foreign policy for the United States has always been opposed to aggression against any nation, no matter where situated.

Tito has been under heavy pressure from the Kremlin since his break with the Soviet over a year ago and a purge of his alleged followers is under way in satellite states. He is now locked in a death struggle with Moscow, which is apparently stirring up guerrilla warfare to break the Tito regime.

The United States and other nations have given Tito economic and political assistance since, but heretofore there has never been any official statement of what America's policy would be in the event of a Soviet communist attack on Yugoslavia.

Allen, who has been American ambassador to Iran, sees a similarity in the Kremlin policy of aggression of Yugoslavia with that attempted against Iran and probably thinks a firm attitude in Yugoslavia will bring the same results as it did in Iran and at least delay if not halt aggression.

Allen sees in the more than 600 border incidents fomented by Russia against Yugoslavia, as "attempts to feel out Tito's defenses." He also recalls the Cominform's recent order to Iron Curtain countries to wage all-out war against Yugoslavia.

Evidently this is another attempt to call Russia's cold war bluff, for when called Moscow backs down with a policy change as it did in Berlin, for the Kremlin is not yet ready for another world war though its aggression stops just short of war.

A Merited Christmas Pardon

Governor Dewey has released from Sing Sing prison Italian-born Louis Boy who has served 18 years of a life sentence for murder because he risked his life for a little girl doomed by leukemia. In a traditional Christmas-time gesture the governor commuted Boy's sentence to time already served and he will be on parole for the rest of his life.

Boy was the first person who ever knowingly took into his veins the taint of leukemia, a cancerous blood disease. It did not save the girl's life but it won him freedom.

The transfusion experiment to help an eight year old girl, was not Boy's first participation in life endangering medical tests at Sing Sing, but only one of several "exceptional contributions," Dewey states. These included wartime experiments involving atabrine, used later by the army for treating malaria, and also influenza vaccine.

Boy volunteered as a human guinea pig "with knowledge of the dangers involved and with no promise of reward," the governor's statement in Albany said. Referring to the leukemia experiment, Dewey said:

"Again he was aware of the danger that he might contract a fatal disease. Although the child's life was not saved by the experiment, Boy's service is considered an important contribution to the field of medicine."

Boy was one of 10 convicts who volunteered for the leukemia experiment. He was chosen because his blood type was the same of the girl's. Leukemia is an excess of white blood cells. The doctors hoped to kill the excess in the child's blood. A total of 36 quarts of blood were traded between the child and the convict in four-hour sessions on each of four days. The girl died two weeks later.

Johnson's Worst Blow

The Oregonian in Portland is disturbed about the news that Russia is hoping to have from 750 to 1000 submarines by 1951. The United States has about 300 subs.

The paper admits that Moscow's threat on the seas is reason enough for the battered top command of the navy to resist "efforts by the air force or anyone else to demphasize the naval air arm." Resistance was granted, too, to "too much dependence on land-based aircraft and the atomic bomb."

At this rate, Admiral Denfeld and Captain Crommelin will end up as martyrs to the cause of their nation's defense as did General Billy Mitchell on another aspect of defense in the 'twenties.

Release of the news about the size of the Russian submarine fleet is the worst blow Secretary of Defense Johnson has had in his battle to unbalance the defense forces of the country.

Smudge Takes Skippy's Place

Philadelphia, Dec. 23 (AP)—June and Virginia Graham, six and 12, were heartbroken.

Their dog, Skippy, had skipped—just when they had finished stuffing his Christmas stocking with rubber bones, dumbbells and other dog delicacies.

Margaret West also was heartbroken.

She's leaving the city and wanted to find a good home for Smudge, the dog she adopted after finding the pooch wandering homeless in the rain.

The father of June and Virginia came into the Evening Bulletin office to tell columnist Earl Seiby about the stockings ready for the missing Skippy. Miss West telephoned her problem at the same time.

The result—Smudge now belongs to June and Virginia and the stockings will be his first present in his new home.

BY BECK
Recollections

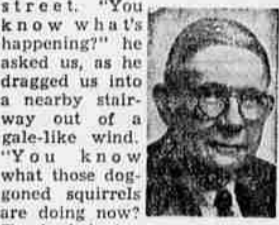


SIPS FOR SUPPER

Now in Reverse

By DON UPJOHN

"Dan" Danielson, the well known real estate, who the other day told us about the squirrels digging up the burned nuts and carrying them into the trees which he hailed as a sure sign of a white Christmas, was looking a little chagrined, disgruntled and put out this a.m., when we happened to encounter him on the street.



Don Upjohn

"You know what's happening?" he asked us, as he dragged us into a nearby stairway out of a gale-like wind. "You know what those dog-gone squirrels are doing now? They're bringing the nuts down out of the trees and burying them again. Now tell me how's a chap going to trust anybody or anything again after getting that treatment from a bunch of squirrels. If you can't find honesty among a lot of innocent looking little squirrels, where can you find it? When I saw those squirrels retrieving the nuts the other day I was as sure as anything it meant snow by Christmas, or why did they go to all that trouble? And now to have 'em bring 'em back, what can anybody believe in any more?" Dan seemed to feel so badly about this denouncement of his weather prophecy we didn't have the heart to ask him what the hyacinths are doing about it. The customers will remember he also gave as another sure sign of a white Christmas the fact of the hyacinths are up out of the ground a few inches and they wouldn't do that unless they figured there'd be snow to protect them from freezing. Maybe

they just came up to get washed off by the flood. The Timely Hymn Over at Ladd & Bush branch of United States National bank the holiday customers have been regaled by organ music from the interior of the bank, a constant concert as it were of Christmas carols, hymns and other music appropriate to the season. The other morning there was an unusually large rush of folk into the lobby as the doors opened up, probably many of them after funds needed for this particular time of year. As they entered the lobby they were greeted with the strains of that grand old hymn, "Come All Ye Faithful."

This should be one of the busiest nights of the year down town as folks surge around that last minute shopping spree, as well as going round and round tapping folks on the arm. Between the two there's promise of quite an active evening.

The Reluctant Robber

Liverpool, England (AP)—George Clitherow, a Liverpool jeweler, is 70 years old. Last night a man walked into his shop, pointed a gun at him and said: "Give me the money in the safe." "I'm an old man, anyway," Clitherow said thoughtfully. "Go ahead and shoot." The robber's jaw dropped. So did his gun. And he ran outside and rode away on a bicycle.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Stalin's Amazing Birthday Points to Worship of System

By DeWITT MacKENZIE (AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

A new and startling viewpoint of Marshal Stalin's amazing birthday is being discussed editorially by newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic—an angle which is summed up by the New York Herald Tribune under the heading of "The Soviet Deification."



DeWitt MacKenzie

This theme is developed in general along the line that mankind needs a spiritual anchor, and that atheistic communism therefore is deifying Stalin. That theory has a special interest for this column, which many times has pointed out that virtually all peoples, including primitive savages, believe in some kind of God.

We also are reminded that one frequently hears communism referred to as "a religion," meaning that it is a way of life which is calculated to take the place of religion.

But let the editorials tell their story. The Herald Tribune says in part:

"Karl Marx would be more than astonished, he would be stupefied if he could witness the scenes today being enacted around one-half the globe in idolatrous adulation of a creed supposed to be his and of its principal present representative on earth.

"... The iconoclast scholar who gruffly announced that 'religion is the opium of the people' could not have conceived that the unpredictable and unfathomable human spirit would have constructed out of his own writings, a bare hundred years later, an amazing parody of all the great religious ideas, appointing Marx himself as a kind of remote God, with the child of a humble cobbler as his son on earth and even with a Lenin to complete the materialistic trinity.

"The celebration of Djugashvili-Stalin's seventieth birthday is surely one of the most amazing phenomena of our times. 'Glory to Stalin' arises in a hosannah from the brazen throats of the loudspeakers and the propaganda machines such

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Mystery Behind Gen. Groves' Change on A-Material Loads

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—Friends of Gen. Leslie Groves planted a story in Newsweek that Groves was all set "to give credence by innuendo to Fulton Lewis's charges" that Henry Wallace urged shipments of atom materials to Russia.

Groves was planning, according to Newsweek, to say that he was barred from discussing the matter by a presidential directive, and he had "actually brought the text of an FDR wartime order into the committee hearing room."

"But," continued Newsweek, "what made him change his mind and completely absolve not only Wallace but Hopkins is a mystery."

Newsweek's mystery, however, is not really a mystery at all. Astute Congressman Francis Walter of Pennsylvania heard what was afoot and called the general's bluff. Learning that Groves was planning to wave an FDR directive as a blind for his innuendo attack, Walter put in a phone call to the department of defense with highly interesting results.

When Groves took the stand, his first words were about the "directive," which, he said, enjoined him from discussing personnel before a congressional committee.

"Oh, that's been rescinded," interrupted Walter. "I just talked with one of the assistant secretaries in the defense department and was assured that you could speak out freely about these alleged shipments. You're at liberty to tell us all you know, to help us clear up this matter."

Groves looked like he had been hit with a belying pin. "The directive is no longer applicable?" he asked, incredulously.

"No, you can testify fully regarding this case," advised Walter.

Faced with the obligation of testifying on the record regarding cold facts, the general gave Hopkins and Wallace a clean bill of health.

WINCHELL GETS SHAVED

Down at Miami the other day honeymooning Vice President Barkley remarked to vacationing Senate Secretary Biffle that he needed a haircut. Biffle replied that it was mutual; so next day both men dropped in at the Roney-Plaza hotel barber-shop.

Two chairs were occupied, but a third chair was vacant, and the vice president of the United States started to throne himself.

"Oh, no, you can't use that," protested the barber. "That chair's reserved."

Barkley said nothing, picked up a paper and waited until another chair was vacant, then proceeded to get his haircut. Biffle also waited until the next barber was free. Meanwhile, the third chair still remained vacant. The man for whom it was reserved did not show up.

Finally Biffle remarked in an undertone to his barber: "Do you know who that is in the next chair? That's the vice president of the United States."

Biffle's barber went over and whispered to the other barber who stood, still idle, beside the empty chair. There was a buzz of consternation. Then suddenly the customer who outranked the vice president bounced into the barber-shop.

It was Walter Winchell.

COFFEE PRICE FINAGLING

Sen. Guy Gillette of Iowa, who has been doing a good job of probing the zoom in coffee prices, is also checking on some shenanigans of the New York coffee exchange, apparently aimed at keeping prices pegged high.

Normally, Brazilian producers and exporters, which supply about half our coffee needs, are sellers on the exchange. However, Gillette has information that certain Brazilians also have been buying up all the coffee futures they can get their hands on so they can be in a controlling position to maintain inflated prices.

Some American brokers don't like the smell of the foreign intrusion in the coffee exchange and have refused to handle the accounts of Brazilian traders, numbering 40 or 50 in all. However, others, including Ruffner, Burch and company, Leon Israel and Brothers and Schwabach and company—all of New York—haven't balked at accepting the foreign accounts.

This partly explains why trading on the coffee exchange has doubled since speculators started rumors about the "coffee shortage" scare—rumors that have been proved groundless. It is one reason, also, why coffee continues to sell from 25 to 30 cents a pound more than it should. For the more coffee futures are bought in by the speculators, the more they are able to control prices.

Another factor in the price rise, of course, has been hoarding by jittery housewives, which has reduced stocks in retail

BY CLARE BARNES, JR.

White Collar Zoo



"I really shouldn't wear it to work, but I'm going on a party tonight"

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

3 Christmases When Yanks Were Strangers in the Land

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—The heart turns back at Christmastide. It turns to other Christmases, spent in other places among faces no longer with us.

The Christmas that most grownups remember best is some Christmas as a child at home, when our faith was as bright as Santa's beard, and a bright new sled under a popcorn-decked tree filled life with a joy almost too tremendous to bear.

For Christmas wasn't just fun when you were young and got what you asked for—it was ecstasy. Remember?

But many a land-locked heart this season isn't merely voyaging back to childhood Christmases at home. It's ranging in memory overseas to wartime Christmases abroad. There were millions of American men and women overseas during those years, so there must be millions

of Christmas-in-exile to remember—or forget.

There are three I like to remember—in Algiers, in Belgium, in Manila.

It was in Algiers in 1942 that I learned how the war had divided the loyalties of countries as well as countries. A fellow correspondent and I were invited to have Christmas dinner with a young Frenchman, Paul Millon, his wife and their two children. It was a wonderful family meal and the kids forgave us our bad French. They thought it came from chewing too much gum.

Looking down at us from the wall was a portrait of Marshal Petain. This seemed odd as the old hero of Verdun, now a prisoner of his people, was even then widely regarded as a German puppet. But Paul wouldn't take the picture down.

"We simply cannot believe all they say about the old marshal," he said. And you couldn't help but admire him for his faith, however misplaced.

The spookiest Christmas I ever spent was in Spa, Belgium, in 1944.

The little town had been evacuated by the American first army headquarters in the first days of the Battle of the Bulge. It looked like a drab Christmas for a few correspondents who had elected to remain in the Hotel Portugal.

Then a strange Santa Claus indeed—a begrimed, stubble-bearded supply sergeant for an anti-tank company—came to our rescue. He dug up three turkeys, cranberries, potatoes—and the hotel provided wine, cognac and the other trimmings. While German guns boomed across the hills we sat down to a merry banquet presided over by Madame Beaucoup, the hotel proprietor. We called her "Madame Beaucoup" because her bills for cognac were always "beaucoup big."

I remember a 1945 Christmas Eve dinner in Manila because it was the first Christmas season of peace.

We were guests of Mrs. Staron, a Filipino woman, and her family. The place was overrun with jitterbugging children and yelping dogs, and we ate plate after plateful of soup, chicken and rice, and lush fruit salad.

One daughter wanted us to settle a big argument in the family. Holding up two mail-order catalogs, she asked: "Which American company has the best women's styles?"

We said that, as far as we knew, Montgomery Ward and Sears, Roebuck both claimed that honor and we weren't the one to decide.

Outside firecrackers popped and the Gecko lizards sang a serenade. A famous lithograph of Jesus hung in the living room, and a flickering light beneath it lit these words:

"I will bless the homes in which the image of my sacred heart shall be honored and exposed."

Somehow it seemed like a message of a peace that would be lasting.

Dear Mrs. Staron, Dear Madame Beaucoup, good Paul Millon—to you and the millions like you in many lands who took American strangers into your homes and made them happy—a merry, merry Christmas, in remembrance of things past!

Johnny, There Is a Santa Claus!

Medford, Mass., Dec. 23 (AP)—The voice of Santa Claus boomed from a rooftop.

"What do you mean I'm not real?" A little tyke in the crowd gazing up at the spotlighted Santa winced.

He had been telling his little friends "He ain't real—all he does is stand there."

The voice called out again: "Johnny Williams, why do you tell your little friends such things. Of course Santa is real and he'll come to visit good boys."

That was the clincher. Johnny Williams now is a firm believer.

The voice was that of Alderman George F. Callahan thrown from his living room through a loud speaker rigged to Santa.

"My biggest problem now," says Santa, "is getting the kids to go home to bed."

Christmas Remembered Best Recalled by Hollywood Stars

By BOB THOMAS

Hollywood, Dec. 23 (AP)—What Christmas do you remember most?

This is a sentimental question. Being sentimentalists, movie stars were quick to respond to it.

Here are their answers to the AP Hollywood Forum question of the day:

Glenn Ford—"It was in 1938, and I had just opened and closed on Broadway in a flop called 'Soliloquy.' I was broke, but too proud to write home for money. I walked down Fifth avenue on Christmas eve, listened to the chimes and looked at the windows. I walked into an automat and treated myself to coffee and pie a la mode with the last 15 cents to my name. That was my Christmas feast."

Broderick Crawford—"I'll never forget Christmas in Germany in 1944. We had nothing but K rations to eat and no Christmas cards to cheer us up. Fortunately, we found three quarts of brandy, so we got happy before we started crying."

Ginger Rogers—"I was six years old. My grandmother tagged me and put me on the train for New York where I spent my first Christmas with my mother in several years. I remember I got a tea set and made everybody have tea with me."

Montgomery Cliff—"I remember the year the tree burned down. My mother wanted white candles on the tree and my father wanted electric lights. Mother cited an instance when a tree had burned because of a short circuit, so she won out. The tree burned down, and all our presents with it."

Jack Carson—"I was eight years old and wanted an electric train. Four days before Christmas, I found it. So on my Christmas Day I gave perhaps

the greatest performance of my career—trying to act surprised."

Janet Leigh—"The first Christmas I saw snow was in 1945. My parents invited me to a winter lodge. I had my picture taken there, and Norma Shearer saw it and sent it to Hollywood. That was the start of my career."

John Wayne—"The Christmas I got my bicycle. That was the year I found out about Santa Claus—but my folks didn't know about it. I wrote a letter to Santa Claus that if I didn't get a bicycle, I didn't want anything. My folks had to take back all the things they bought and get me the bike."

Dana Andrews—"I was on location in Connecticut two years ago at Christmas. I took the family up to Vermont for a real northern holiday. I rented a house, got a horse and sleigh and stayed two and a half months. It was the first time I had seen it snow."

Linda Darnell—"My favorite was last year, the first Christmas with my daughter, Lola."

Irene Dunne—"I remember when I was nine and had the mumps. The whole Christmas was held around my bed and I got a doll and doll buggy. Believe it or not, I still believe in Santa Claus."

Joseph Cotton—"I guess my favorite was the year I got my wagon. My cousin had a goat, and I let it be known that I wouldn't be happy unless I got a wagon."