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Salem, Oregon, Tuesday, December 27, 1949

With Six Weeks to Go

It was back early last summer that Salem first heard that the Civil Aeronautics Board wanted to know why West Coast Airlines shouldn't be substituted here for United Air Lines. Immediately a few in the city acted to throw the question back in the face of the CAB: Why shouldn't United continue to serve Oregon's capital and second city as the Mainliner service had since 1942?

In the intervening months, the city's position has been proved sound.

United Airlines first had to be shown the real value of serving Salem. The facts and figures left no doubts in the mind of anyone as to the growing importance, aviation-wise, of this city.

In air-freight alone, Salem does more than some much larger cities. Typical was the air-freight category in which the city found it needed continued large-scale air freight transportation so that certain local industries could continue to operate. West Coast Airlines, until the middle of this year, did not handle air freight. Then apparently sensing the demand here for such service, West Coast re-modeled its planes to handle air-freight shipments. The resulting changes in the lines' planes provided a certain freight capacity but still not enough for shipments out of Salem itself, let alone other cities besides, served by the feeder-line.

The formal CAB hearing in February in Washington, D.C., will give both the city administration and the Chamber of Commerce a chance to make a presentation of the impressive case for Salem. Indicative of the feeling of the strength of that case has been the progress made at the airport since the CAB first threatened to remove United.

Steps have been made to start the first unit of the new administration building on the west side of the field. Also, development of the west side for commercial and private flying has gone ahead. The east side has been left for military operations. The control tower has been put into full operation. And landing devices to aid incoming pilots have been established, with more to come.

In other words, Salem has established the faith in its position that a transcontinental airline service is essential to the city's well-being. Salem has done everything possible to improve the airport to handle the air traffic.

The six-months' developments in the city's position haven't changed Salem's position at all: Salem needs United Air Lines. United needs Salem. As for West Coast Airlines, Salem has never fought to keep that airline out. The city's position has been based on the importance of maintaining United service. If West Coast wants to serve the city also, that is another matter.

That's the way the case looks with the hearing but a month and a half away.

Draining the Reservoirs

New York City is up against a water shortage due to lack of normal rainfall, the various reservoirs are already below the safety mark and it will require several years of average precipitation to fill them up again. In the meantime rationing of water users and police regimentation of water consumption must be resorted to while the city develops an auxiliary supply, presumably from the upper Hudson river.

Increased population is as much to blame for the shortage as lack of rainfall, also the failure of the city to develop additional supply, the necessity of which was foreseen and stressed by engineers and city officials 10 years ago.

There is a certain similarity between New York's deficit spending of water and the national administration's deficit spending of the national income. The national treasury, filled only by taxpayers, is the nation's financial reservoir for national expenditures and while deficit spending is justifiable in war emergency, it has long since drained the treasury below the safety mark. And of course, it has a disastrous reaction on the nation's business and industry already paying the highest peacetime taxes in history, endangering our economic progress.

All this is blithely passed over by the administration by its government planning for security from cradle to the grave with \$100 monthly pensions for every one, higher wages, higher prices, a \$4,000 minimum income for every family, an increase of \$12 billion in social welfare care, subsidized housing, free medical service, more TVA's, etc., etc., etc., all paid by the taxpayers.

By 1955 social security costs will be over \$12 billion a year, taxes at 11 percent of the payroll, in addition to other taxes. And whatever the government takes from the individual, lessens the ability of the individual to take care of himself, his family, or his investments in business.

And yet at a time when business is booming we have a deficit of from \$5 billion to \$10 billion on a budget of \$40 to \$50 billion, all of which comes from the taxpayers. In less than five years of the Truman administration, from the fiscal year of 1946 to September 30, 1949, the expenditures, in peace time have totaled \$191,086,394,194, whereas under the 32 preceding presidents, over a total of 156 years, only a total of \$179,620,118,645 was spent.

Small wonder our financial reservoir is being drained below the safety mark just as New York City's water reservoirs are, and all for the benefit of a minority of the people in the country, regardless of the fact that people can't have more without producing more and that every dollar by taxation decreases the purchasing power of the person from whom it was taken, and eventually results in an empty treasury which threatens bankruptcy.

Who Watches the Watch-Dogs?

Hammond, Ind. (AP)—John Hill bought two bloodhounds to serve as watchdogs in his motor sales company. He thought they were doing a good job until one night burglars broke in and stole them.

His Seeing-Eye Dog Goes Blind

Los Angeles, Dec. 27 (AP)—It was a real tragedy for John T. Donahue, 78, when his eight-year-old dog, King went blind. Donahue, who lives alone with the pet, also is blind and King is a seeing-eye dog. Now they both help each other in their land of darkness. And the philosophic old man is cheerful about his new loss. "Could be a lot worse," he says. "Suppose I had lost my legs or my hands."

BY BECK

A Dog's Life



SIPS FOR SUPPER

Old Stuff

By DON UPJOHN

Albert Einstein, who evolved the theory of relativity, has now come up with an explanation of what gravity is. It seems he's been working on this matter for 30 years and his answer is supposed to maybe be the key which unlocks the mysteries of the universe. As far as the average layman is concerned it is likely Mr. Einstein's explanation of gravity will be as mysterious as the law of gravity itself or his theory of relativity. We can remember way back in school days the boy running a round the grounds heaving a rock high in the air and as he did so yelled "What goes up, must come down." It seems to us that the boy may have beat Mr. Einstein to it by nearly half a century.



Don Upjohn

Somebody also used the law of gravity last night when they dumped a dead polecat in front of the police station. But the aroma floated out and round about.

Suggestion to Motorists (Exchange)

Not the "right of way" when driving, but the simple way of right, and never once forgetting to be courteous and polite. A little bit of patience

as behind the wheel you sit, And you'll never lose a fender, and a child you'll never hit.

Oh, the worst of phrases ringing all through motordom today Is that selfish bit of wording that is known as "right of way."

It has filled the graves of many who have sped some road along— Since Death never asks the question, is the driver right or wrong.

For some reason or other most of the folks we met in their office and places of business this a.m. didn't seem any too enthusiastic about being at work. We don't quite understand this but it seemed very apparent.

In fact, it may be that double holiday in mid-winter has almost as deleterious effect on the working morale of the average citizen as a two weeks' vacation has in the summer time.

At any rate, they didn't have to get back to work today under daylight savings time.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

The Singing Christmas Tree That a Poor Couple Had

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Once upon a Christmas eve there was a young couple so poor they couldn't even afford a chimney for Santa Claus to come down.

But they were so in love they didn't really mind—too much. "Let's see what's left in the piggy bank," said the husband. He shook it, and out dropped a quarter.

"I'll buy you a handkerchief with it," he said. "No, I'll buy you some pipe tobacco," she said.



Hal Boyle

So they had a fun quarrel for a few moments on how they should spend their last two bits. Finally they agreed it should go for a Christmas tree.

They went to a grocery store, and the owner said, "Oh, I sold all my Christmas trees hours ago—all except that ratty one on the floor there. You can have it for nothing—if you'll just take it away."

It was a thin, scrawny tree with knobby branches, but the young couple took it eagerly. They spent the quarter on some cranberries and popcorn.

When they got home, they strung the cranberries and popcorn on some thread and hung them in garlands on the little tree. And to the top branch they pinned a star made from tinfoil. "Our first Christmas tree together—isn't it beautiful?" they said—and kissed.

The heart of the little Christmas tree almost burst with pride.

"Oh, if I could do something to repay them," it thought. And then it remembered the carols it had heard over the radio in the grocery store. "Oh, if I only had a voice—I could sing to them."

It decided to try. Its little needles stirred mightily, and then—just at the stroke of midnight—a merry tinkle came from its branches:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells . . . The startled couple ran to it. "Why our tree is singing to us!" said the husband. "Jingle bells, jingle bells . . ." sang the proud tree. The young wife knelt and kissed the tinfoil star . . . and the tree sang on and on.

The next day the couple went to a rich relative's home for Christmas dinner. Against the wife's wishes, the husband took along their magic tree.

After dinner he put it on the table and said, "Listen!" There was a pause, and then the tree began to sing:

"Jingle bells, jingle bells . . . Well, at first everybody thought it was a trick—there must be a music box hidden somewhere. But at last they were convinced the tree could really sing.

And the rich relative pulled the young man aside and said, "Bring that tree around to my office tomorrow. I'll sign you up together on a 10-year contract, give you a \$10,000 bonus—and we'll split the income."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man. "Why, we can make millions out of a singing Christmas tree. I'll admit it's no Lily Pons, but with some voice training—think what Hollywood or a television sponsor would pay for it."

The young couple went home very cheerful, but the little tree was sad. It knew it was no Bing Crosby. Long after the two it had made happy were wrapped in sleep, it sang to itself . . . in a voice . . . that grew lower . . . and lower . . . and more mournful . . . as if in goodbye . . .

"Jingle bells . . . jingle bells . . . jingle . . . bells . . ."

When morning came, the young couple found the little tree had withered overnight. It's star had fallen to the floor among all its needles. The branches were bare. "Sing!" said the young man, angrily shaking it. "Sing!" but the little tree was silent. It had sung out its song.

And the young wife, wise for her years, put the tinfoil star away in a drawer, and slipped her arm around her husband. "Never mind, dear," she said. "We have had our miracle." Moral: You can't expect Santa Claus to earn you a living—especially on Dec. 26th.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Navy Kept Busy Matching Russian Submarine Strength

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—To make it tougher for senators to conceal kickbacks, Secretary of the Senate Les Biffle has ordered to be published the names and salaries of everyone on senator's pay-rolls.

This information had always been available to the public until the republicans took charge of congress in 1946. Then GOP Secretary of the senate Carl Loeffler issued a blackout order, suppressing information about senators' employes.



Drew Pearson

This was about the same time this column was investigating Congressman J. Parnell Thomas for accepting kickbacks from his employes. Loeffler admitted to this column that he had acted upon the orders of a mysterious senator whom he refused to identify. Later, when this column exposed what Loeffler was up to, Sen. Burnet Maybank, South Carolina democrat, introduced a bill to force Loeffler to publish the names and salaries of all senate employes. But Maybank's bill was suppressed by republicans, didn't even get a hearing.

Now, conscientious Les Biffle has countermanded Loeffler's order and directed that all names and salaries must be published.

RUSSIAN SUBMARINES It hasn't been getting the headlines of the unification row, but the navy has been quietly speeding up preparations for submarine warfare. Russia is now reported to be building 1,000 submarines—all of them the latest nazi design schnorkel U-boat, capable of staying under the water for several days without coming up to breathe. This is the type which began to wreck American shipping again during the last few months of World War II.

The navy's present problem is to outguess the Russians, since a sub's characteristics must be known before a sub killer can be designed to combat it. However, the undersea admirals believe they can keep abreast of Russian submarine design, and are even working on a submarine to intercept other submarines under the sea.

At the start of the late war, the navy was caught completely unprepared for submarine warfare and the losses were staggering. This time, elaborate preparations are being made, even in peacetime, for submarine attacks. Some of the navy's plans remain secret, but it is permissible to outline the following plan for sub defense:

The seacoast will be sown with mines, harbor entrances screened with submarine nets, and harbor bottoms driven with spikes. Patrol planes and blimps will prowls along the coast. Spearheading the air patrol will be the navy's twin-engine P2V, which can fire machine guns, rockets, depth charges and bombs all at once. For long-range scouting trips, the navy will start production soon on a four-engine, armed-to-the-teeth seaplane—the PB2Y. Blimps, which can now be refueled at sea from tankers, will also play an important part in antisubmarine warfare.

Most potent weapon against the submarine may be the submarine itself. The navy is building small interceptor subs to lurk along the submarine lanes and engage the enemy in undersea battle. An advantage is that these subs make no noise as they lie in wait. The navy also plans to carry the attack against submarines straight to their base, is training special raider amphibious units to demolish submarine bases. Rocket-firing submarines that can surface, fire a broadside of guided missiles and quickly submerge, will also be used. However, the admirals are worried that the same strategy may be turned against us and used by an enemy to attack American coastal cities.

Because Russia is concentrating on a submarine fleet which already numbers 300, Chief of Naval Operations Forrest Sherman has assigned the navy's No. 1 submarine expert, Vice Adm. Francis S. Low, to make a special survey of our undersea defenses. This project has been given top priority.

Atomic Secrets The security-conscious atomic energy commission is quietly wrestling with one of the most difficult secrecy problems in its brief and turbulent history. It's the problem of what action, if any, should be taken against high officials who casually pass out, for all the world to read, our most jealously guarded atomic secrets.

Two recent examples of irresponsible talking on the part of "responsible officials" have brought the whole problem to a head.

First, Sen. Edwin Johnson, (D., Colo.) a member of the congressional atomic energy committee, who depicted the growing undercurrent toward sophistication. These included Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Greta Gar-

bo, Norma Shearer. They brought a sleek new style to the screen. The bitter disappointment of the depression years spawned the popularity of Mae West and Jean Harlow. They played hard, unsentimental women who loved men and dollars with equal fervor.

The war years favored the glamor girls whose faces and figures could gracefully adorn the walls of barracks and the bulkheads of ships. Among the stars who could evoke a quick whistle were Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Dorothy DeCarlo.

We are now in the postwar years. What will the glamour girl of the future be like? I predict she'll be the kind of a girl who can make a man a good wife—the simple but brainy type who could look at home in a kitchen.

June Allyson is the epitome of the postwar glamor girl. Among others who may share her popularity are Ruth Roman, Sally Forrest, Colleen Townsend, Sally Olson, Terry Moore, Betsy Drake, Coleen Gray and Joanne Dru.

Beyond that, I cannot predict. In fact, the thought of the atomic glamor girl of the jet-propelled future makes me shudder.

The era after World War I brought a whole new bunch of stars. There were two distinct types: 1. The flapper, symbol of roaring '20s. Most famous was the "It girl," Clara Bow. Others were Joan Crawford, Sue Carol, Colleen Moore, Madge Bellamy. 2. The woman of the world, who depicted the growing undercurrent toward sophistication. These included Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Greta Gar-

BY CLARE BARNES, JR.

White Collar Zoo



... in charge of sales

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Who Will Succeed Stalin Is \$64 Question Around World

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

They tell us that Methuselah lived 969 years, during which he appears to have been exceedingly active. Then he passed to his reward.

Those were the good old days. Since then, with the speeding up of life, a new limit has been set on mankind's activities. Now when folks reach three score and ten they begin to think about easing up on work and doing a spot of fishin', or whatever pleases their fancy.

Thus it isn't strange that Soviet Russia and the outside world should be speculating on what Marshal Stalin, having celebrated his 70th birthday amidst the adulation of his followers, has in mind for the future. Will he keep on as the generalissimo of communism, or will he ease off a bit?

That's a mighty vital question, for Stalin is the mind of Red Russia. His nod is law. If he withdraws, who takes his place? Western observers note that Stalin appears in good health and may be able to continue as head for some years. However, looking a bit further they figure that the ways things stand the succession likely will lie among three men—all members of the powerful politburo, or policy making committee, and all as tough as tripe.

This trio comprises Vice Premier V. M. Molotov, aged 59; Lavrenti P. Baria, 50, head of the dread secret police; Georgi M. Malenkov, 47, who is virtual ruler of the communist party's political machine in Russia. The three are named in the present order of their political strength. Molotov is, perhaps, best known to the outside world in his previous role of foreign minister. In recent months he has had a mysterious assignment which is supposed to be supervision of the Red offensive to communize the Orient. Naturally that links him in speculation with the Chinese communist successes.

Molotov is an "old bolshevist" who was a boy-rebel against the czars with Stalin. His outstanding characteristics are unwavering devotion to the party and to Stalin, and self effacement. He is a colorless personality, but he commands respect in all ranks—and thus far he has had the confidence of the generalissimo.

Next in line is Russia's super-policeman, Baria. His rise to power was based on his work as head of the secret police. He directed several hundred thousand secret agents, and administered concentration camps and prisons reportedly containing several million prisoners. His office in the old Lubianka prison has been the most feared place in Russia.

Baria is ruthless in carrying out duties. Like Stalin he is a Georgian peasant, and he wrote the Soviet's most widely known biography of Stalin. He travels about in an American-made bullet proof car, heavily guarded by plain clothes men.

Last and theoretically least—although powerful—comes Malenkov, also a ruthless realist. He early became a member of Stalin's personal secretariat and modeled himself after Stalin, even to clothing and mannerisms. He rose rapidly, and he profited much by the great purge of old bolshevists in the thirties.

Love Finally Wins Out Hull, England, Dec. 27 (AP)—Love laughs at Locksmith's eh? Robert Williams, 29, and Joan Hancock, 17, went to the Boulevard Methodist church to be married.

The Rev. E. B. Greetham started to open the church safe, where he keeps his marriage register. The lock jammed. For an hour the minister wrestled with it, assisted by the bridegroom, the best man and the drivers of the wedding party's fleet of taxis. They called a locksmith. He couldn't open it either.

Finally it occurred to somebody that they could use the Hull municipal register. City officials hustled it over by car.