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4—Salem, Oregon, Monday, February 13, 1950

Worse Than A and H Bombs

Dr. Albert Einstein, who ranks as the world's foremost
scientist and whose theoretical knowledge was needed to
make the atomic bomb, in the first of a series of tele-
vision shows conducted by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, stated
that development and use of the hydrogen bomb possibly
could cause "annihilation of any life on earth" through
radioactive poisoning of the atmosphere.

Einstein called the present armaments race between the
United States and Russia "a disastrous illusion" and called
for peace moves to "do away with mutual fear and dis-
trust."

He said a "supra-national" body would be necessary
to carry out non-violent aims and that international control
of weapons would be only "of secondary use as a
police measure."

Einstein presented a general two-point formula for sav-
ing the peoples of the world: a ban on violence among na-
tions, "not only with respect to means of mass destruc-
tion"; the creation of a "supra-national judicial and execu-
tive body (superior to any country) to decide questions
of immediate concern to the security of the nations."

Calling for peace moves to "do away with mutual fear
and distrust," Einstein said the present arms race be-
tween the United States and Russia has developed a "hy-
sterical character." "Every step," he said, "appears as
the unavoidable consequence of the preceding one. In
the end, there beckons more and more clearly general
annihilation." "A supra-national" body is necessary
to carry out non-violent aims, he declared, and interna-
tional control of weapons would be only "of secondary use
as a police measure."

The scientist said that the fact that the United States
first produced the atomic bomb created the illusion that
this country achieve security through military superi-
ority, but that it is impossible to achieve peace as long
as every single action is taken with a view of a possible
future conflict and urged "solemn renunciation of violence."
"Even a declaration of the nations to collaborate
loyally in the realization of such a restricted world cove-
nant" would considerably reduce the imminent danger of
war.

It would of course if aggressor nations lived up to their
solemn covenants, but they don't and an agreement has
become merely a scrap of paper to be torn up at will as
experience dictates. We have had many such agreements
for peace, but until reason and justice govern people and
their power-mad leaders, such consummation is an irides-
cent dream. Such efforts as the Kellogg-Briand peace pact,
the League of Nations and the United Nations confirm their
failure.

Realism compels the admission that we are not yet
civilized enough to live in peace in a world still ruled by
hate, malice, prejudice and predatory instincts. And the
Russians, whose economy is based upon regimented slav-
ery and slaughter of the innocents are frank enough in
their expressed beliefs and confirmatory actions, that the
entire world must conform by imperialist aggression to their
dictatorship or eventually face destruction.

Any nation that fails to safeguard its defense in the
existing chaos, is doomed for its pacifist appeasement
and unpreparedness to a living hell worse than annihila-
tion.

Let the Pacific Coast In on It

Oregon is put among those states which are still "global-
minded." Holmes Alexander, the newspaper columnist,
figures that the Pacific Coast and New England states
are still interested in what he describes as "overseas
adventuring." The midwest, he notes, is developing "a
growing revulsion" against the administration's inter-
nationalism.

Oregon will freely admit it is fully aware that what
goes on in the rest of the world affects the United States.
And what the United States does now will, in turn, affect
the rest of the world.

That perhaps why people from this part of the country
are baffled by the continued lack of a positive foreign
policy by the Truman administration toward the Orient.

Roving U. S. Ambassador Phillip Jessup, for instance,
puts out a warning that we would regard armed aggres-
sion by Red China against Indo-China "as a grave matter."
But what can or will the United States do about it if Red
China's forces move down into Indo-China to get rice to
feed starving millions—and add another satellite for the
Kremlin?

The Truman administration was full of ideas of what
to do in Europe when Moscow's influence was growing so
rapidly after hostilities stopped in World War II. But
the administration seems without ideas now on what to
do in the Orient or how to do it, despite Secretary of State
Acheson's recent admission that a calm, steady, persistent
American foreign policy is needed. The only thing steady
and persistent about U. S. foreign policy in the Orient
is that it is constantly non-existent.

Some Pacific Coast republican senators, including Ore-
gon's Morse, have cautioned the Truman administration
about trying to form a bi-partisan foreign policy without
consulting the republicans until the policy is already
formed. In reference to affairs in the Orient, the G.O.P.
complaint doesn't hold up since there isn't really any
policy there. The blame for lack of a policy, nevertheless,
falls on Truman.

If top U. S. diplomats in the Far East are this week
drawing up an outline for some policy in those parts, the
president should confer with republican senators and
representatives before announcing a bi-partisan policy on
the Orient. And since the Pacific Coast is so interested
in the Orient, some western senators or house members
ought to be in on the decision.

Mongrel Comes Back Home

Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 13 (AP)—Bruno, a three-year-old
mongrel, surprised his master, Tommy Moon, 10, by walking
up and licking his hand over the week-end.
Bruno's feet were bleeding and his eyes were swollen. He
had been lost since last summer, when Tommy's father took
the dog to Rock Island, Tenn.—100 miles from here.

BY H. T. WEBSTER

The Timid Soul



KRISS-KROSS

Everybody Benefited Except the Middle Man

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

Wand-ads can work wonders in an astonishingly short time.
An instance in Dallas last week bears that out.

Frank Hobson lost two \$10 bills in the Dallas post office.
Immediately upon discovering the loss, he went to the office of
the Itemizer-Observer, Dallas weekly newspaper, to place a

classified ad in the "lost and
found" section.

Hobson got more than a mild surprise when the attendant behind the counter, instead of taking the ad, told Hobson to contact Jim Hassenger of 1002 Main street in Dallas, and the \$20 could be recovered.

Hobson looked up Hassenger, and Hassenger promptly handed over the pair of ten-spots. He refused to accept any reward.

Explanation: Hassenger had found the bills and reported the finding to the Itemizer-Observer just a few minutes before Hobson came in to report the loss.

Result: (1) Hobson has renewed confidence in honesty of mankind; (2) Hassenger feels joy of doing good deed; (3) Itemizer-Observer loses chance to sell wand-ads.

Kross-Kut Section—At least one Salem man has already started growing a beard for next spring's cherry festival. He's Pete Valdez, the renowned bowler.

Now that a rumor has risen to the effect that Omar Pinson is in Salem, there will probably be dozens of people who'll begin seeing him again. It's odd how so many people in so many places can see the same fugitive from justice at the same time.

It's the Husband Who Pays

Vale, Ore., Feb. 13 (AP)—Sheriff John Elfering will be mailing the letters his wife hands him for dropping in the corner postal box more promptly hereafter.

If he doesn't, he may pay another fine. There is no law regarding mailing the letters, but the sheriff paid a \$750 fine when his wife was brought into justice court on a charge of driving without a license.

In Elfering's pocket was an unmailed letter—soiled by several weeks carrying—which contained his wife's application for license renewal.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

'Gaffers' Are Aristocrats of an Ancient Art—Glassblowers

By HAL BOYLE

Corning, N. Y. (AP)—America is full of all kinds of gaffers, but it has only a dozen or so like James E. Janson.

A "gaffer" is a master glass blower, and he is a vanishing type. For glassmaking, like most industries, has become heavily mechanized. In the sprawling Corning Glass Works here machines

have been developed that stamp out 37,000 different glass products for home, factory and laboratory use. But in one corner a half-dozen old-time gaffers still turn out exquisite pieces of hand-made Steuben glassware, that sell anywhere from \$20 to \$1,000.

They are the aristocrats of an ancient art, and Janson—the workers call him "Johnny"—is one of the best. "I have been working with glass for 55 years now," said Johnny, who is 89. Like most glassblowers he is Swedish. He came to this country in 1901.

The gaffer bosses a shop of five or six men. Two or three bit gatherers collect molten glass on long iron blow pipes. The servitor fashions the base and stem from the red hot glass, and the gaffer then takes over. Seated on a bench, he shapes and finishes the glass, adding handles or decorative features with a pair of long applewood pincers.

This requires artistry as well as top craftsmanship—the gaffer must have an absolute sense of form. And he has to work speedily.

"It is like playing the violin," said Johnny. "Some can get farther along with it than others. But I am entitled to green pastures soon—like an old horse. I hope to retire next summer. I have a lot of fishing to do." Johnny's interest in glass working doesn't stop when his day at the factory is done. He built himself a small experimental furnace in a basement workshop. There he works out new patterns in glass for his own pleasure. He has them all over the house.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Top Republicans Get in Row In Drafting Policy Statement

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—The basic differences inside the republican party were not apparent in the new GOP magna carta issued last week. But during a closed-door caucus of GOP senators, there developed a significant cleavage which will have to be reconciled before the party can win any resounding victories.

When the proposed policy statement was first presented to the private meeting, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine complained that part of the statement had already been broadcast by Drew Pearson, so it was urged that the senators keep further details from "leaking to Pearson." However, here is a brief summary of what happened.



Drew Pearson

Although nearly every senator had his own ideas on what the policy statement should say, it was Brewster of Maine and Taft of Ohio who engineered the final compromise.

"If you agree with 80 per cent of the statement, that is as much as anyone can expect," argued Brewster. "We can't draft a statement that will suit everyone perfectly."

The "young Turks," however, demurred. Their sharpest spokesman was Vermont's stocky George Aiken who objected to the slogan, "liberty against socialism" and urged instead, "liberty against totalitarianism."

"These are costly statements you are making," he warned.

Aiken also condemned the "weak and vacillating" stand on civil rights, and criticized the implied endorsement of high tariffs. But his loudest protest was over the statement on farm policy.

"Drew Pearson says the republicans are coming around to the Brannan plan," tauted Aiken, then proceeded to criticize the GOP's equivocal stand on co-operatives and failure to endorse the rural electrification administration.

Aiken's support of REA was so vigorously backed up by Senators McCarthy of Wisconsin, Watkins of Utah and Young of North Dakota that the GOP policy drafters agreed to insert REA in the magna charta.

Joining Aiken was Massachusetts' cultured Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who objected vigorously to digging up the old skeletons of Yalta and Potsdam in order to criticize democratic foreign policy.

"This looks backward when we ought to be looking ahead," objected Lodge.

Lodge also charged that the labor statement placed the greatest emphasis on retaining the name of Taft-Hartley, instead of correcting the injustices of Taft-Hartley.

Senators Ives of New York and Smith of Maine also lined up with the "young Turks," but when the question of adopting the policy statement was finally put to a voice vote, only seven or eight shouted "No."

Remarkable Senator Aiken afterwards: "This is a great day for the democrats."

AIR VS. ORATORY

Imate Secretary of Air Stuart Symington spotted Undersecretary of Defense Steve Early at a Washington cocktail party.

Just a few days before, their boss, Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson had made a blood and thunder "we-can-lick-the-Russians-at-5-a.m." speech, while almost simultaneously Symington was telling another audience about our inadequate air defenses.

So, at the cocktail party, Symington demanded bluntly of Steve Early, who is the great pacifier of the Pentagon: "What in hell is this all about? I thought we were all together on policy. Then Louis gives this speech that makes me look like a fool."

'TEACHER' SAM RAYBURN

Speaker Sam Rayburn, who taught a one-room school in the rough and rugged days of Texas, is hot against federal aid to education and makes no bones about it.

The speaker even delivered a lecture on the subject to a group of club women, who were both astounded by his candor and charmed by his courtly manner.

In his slight Texas drawl, Rayburn said: "I am not for federal aid to education. But I will do all I can to see that it gets a hearing in the house."

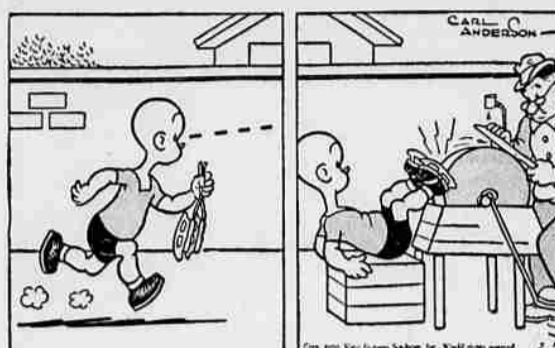
Reminiscing of his days teaching country school at Dial, Texas, the speaker mused: "I didn't get much money teaching, but I didn't organize and lobby to pressure congressmen into getting more pay."

He made it plain he thought the clamor for federal aid came principally from the National Education association and the teachers' union.

The ladies suggested that perhaps times had changed and teachers needed higher salaries.

BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

A Little Learning Often Can Turn Into 'a Dangerous Thing'

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

(AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

The U. S. office of education says fully 45 per cent of America's small and rural high schools still are of the one-teacher variety—a statement which stirs burning memories for your columnist who long ago had to fight with his bare fists before he could teach in one of these institutions of learning.

I was just out of university and decided to try my hand as "principal" (and staff) of a village high school in my native New England. My salary was twelve dollars a week. I had a score of pupils and taught a dozen subjects. School was in the community hall, a huge room which in winter theoretically was heated by a pot-bellied wood stove but practically was a polar waste.

It was with some trepidation that I opened the first session—my initial experience as a teacher. Some of the boys were tough, and the school long had borne the reputation of being

hard to handle. It was no place for a novice. However, things started off well (too well for peace of mind). The mid-forenoon recess arrived without untoward incident. I stepped down from my platform and walked into the middle of the room where the boys were gathered.

As I reached them they suddenly performed a neat maneuver and I found myself encircled. With that a strapping young farmer, about my own age and weighing 185 pounds to my 145, stepped into the ring and looked me over with a saucy eye. Then he walked up to me and deliberately gave one of my biceps a fierce squeeze with iron fingers.

It was a challenge to combat. My athletic training had been for the half and quarter mile runs, but this didn't seem to be the time for running. There was only one thing to do, with that gang standing around me. So I mustered a grin and told my farmer to come on. He hid—like a whirlwind.

He was so much heavier and stronger that he broke through my defense and hammered my body, while that ring of boys looked on silently. He sure did hurt, and for a time I took the worst beating of my life. However, he was slower than I and this finally gave me an opening for his jaw. I mustered all the strength I had and let him have it right on the point of the chin.

That was it! He was out! Then I did a little grandstanding. I turned to the gang and asked:

"Any of you gentlemen like to try your luck?"

Nobody did, and I was glad, because I had enough myself. But that wasn't the end of this strange incident.

As soon as my farmer was feeling better he came to me and stuck out his hand. We shook, and from that moment he not only was my friend but was an ideal student. The rest of the boys fell in line and we became real pals. I joined in their sports, and even used to go to the village poolroom occasionally to shoot a game with some of them. Thus we made enduring friendships.

I moved on to other activities at the end of the school year, and a new principal took over. He was a skinny cadaverous individual with a chip on his shoulder. He had heard of the school's one-time bad reputation and so on the opening day he took time by the forelock. He addressed the school:

"I understand that some of you boys are tough. Let it be understood that I am boss here. I'll take no nonsense."

With that, he slammed his fist on his desk. Well, he lasted three weeks. The boys forthwith started to take pot-shots at him with apple cores and what-not when his back was turned. Finally they organized a grand finale.

They broke up all the furniture and threw it out the windows. When the riot was over the teacher had folded his tent and slipped away.

Not long ago I visited that village again, just for old time's sake, and learned that some of those tough lads became fine men and have gone far in success.

Thus endeth on a happy note another reminiscence.

How Big Must a Cubicle Be to Be Considered as a Bedroom?

By ARTHUR EDSON

Washington, Feb. 13 (AP)—The senate, where the talk often tends to be high and flighty, has come down to a subject dear to the heart of everyone who ever went house hunting.

For recently it debated this stirring question: How big does a cubicle have to be before it properly can be considered a bedroom?

Alas, how often I have gone to what the ad called a three-bedroom house—and found one so small it didn't have bed room for a stoop-shouldered canary!

Senator Tydings (D., Md.), chairman of the senate armed services committee, was arguing for a bill which would provide military housing—at \$16,500 for a three-bedroom house.

Senator Douglas (D., Ill.) was arguing that this was too high. He figured that around \$9,500 would be a more appropriate figure.

(Editor's Note: The senate eventually voted that the houses should not cost more than an average of \$13,000.)

Douglas quoted figures to prove his point until Tydings broke in with—

"I must say I take these figures with a grain of salt."

Whereupon Douglas dumped a huge book on Tydings' desk.

"Here are the figures from private industry," Douglas said. "This book weighs three pounds. I am not sure how much salt

OPEN FORUM

Rest Rooms Downtown

To the Editor: I am wondering why the city of Salem with a population of fifty thousand people does not do something about a rest room downtown for the people.

I was standing on North Commercial street the other day waiting for a city bus. A woman with two small children was waiting for the bus. The children were crying. The mother asked me where there was a rest room close by, and the only place anywhere would be at a beer parlor.

I would like to see the city buy the building that is vacant on North Commercial street where the city buses all stop to leave and take on passengers and put toilet rooms in rear and

have the rest for people to get out of the weather and wait for their buses.

It could rent the front for a coffee shop and the city could raise the money to pay for the building by putting a 25 cent tax on the water bill each month until the building was paid for. JAS. VOEGLIN
248 S. 25th street, Salem

Colonel Miles Writes Thanks

To the Editor: I desire to express my appreciation to the staff of the Capital Journal and especially to James Olson and Ben Maxwell, for their fine presentation, both factually and pictorially, of the Detroit Dam project.

Upon return from my assignment to the Southwest Pacific, I hope to again renew acquaintances.

J. W. MILES,
Lt. Col., Corps of Engineers,
Resident Engineer
Detroit Dam Project.