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Salem, Oregon, Saturday, February 18, 1950

A Don Quixote to the Rescue

Despite sobful and soulful pleadings, no Sir Galahad searching for the holy grail has appeared to save Oregon's Dame Democracy. Neither has any gallant young Loch-nar-volunteered to carry her off in triumph. So William M. Josslin has consented to be drafted to play her knight in the roll of a Don Quixote to rescue the old gal as his fair Dulcinea del Toboso and chivalrously tilt the wind-mills of horrendous republican chicanery.

Josslin is the chairman of the democratic state central committee and will be remembered as a secretary of the late Governor Charles M. Martin, who gained state renown as "Pinky" because of his "crowning glory." His name then was Gosslin. Why he changed a surname that to many seemed appropriate is a mystery—it's the same man but a different name.

Gosslin never liked his nickname and once asked the capitol newsmen, "Why do you call me Pinky? My hair is not red, it's golden." Then one of them replied, "All right, we'll call you Goidly if that is what you want." But they never did.

Josslin has sent out a long form letter to "fellow democrats" and the newspapers citing his long and loyal service to the democratic party for 23 years, as "a Roosevelt supporter before Chicago, 1932, one of the original Harry Truman men in Oregon—who never faltered. I helped draft and now support the democratic state platform adopted by our state committee." To many democrats however, the platform is not democratic at all but socialistic stateism. And it was FDR's influence that defeated Martin for democratic renomination because he jailed the labor goons in Oregon and ended their reign of terror.

Josslin says in his letter that he not only served as private secretary to Martin, but "as legal adviser—in effect as assistant governor—from 1935 to 1939—including service as the governor's contact man with the state legislature." Which is enough to make the old general rise in his grave with a familiar "damn you Pinky" for the enemies he tactlessly made for the governor.

Josslin concludes "as a 'good soldier' I am willing to meet the challenge" and be a candidate if the democrats want him. "What would be my prospects in your county? Do you order me into battle?" He requires little urging—for the political bee has already stung him, and the GOP wind-mills better look out for Don Quixote, astride Sancho Panza's donkey, his party emblem.

Truman Budget's Cost to Oregon

Oregon Business and Tax Research has figured out the cost of the Truman federal budget for the next fiscal year. The budget totals \$42.4 billion and if adopted by congress, the 1,700,000 Oregon residents would have to pungle up about \$432,480,000 or approximately \$254 per person, in addition to state and local taxation. This cost is over twice the \$198,436,710 collected in Oregon, 1948-49, for all state miscellaneous and local property taxes.

Oregon's computed share of the proposed 1951 federal budget is based on the state's contribution, on an allocated basis, to total fiscal 1949 federal tax collections, which contribution was 1.02 percent of \$40,847,609,000. Oregon's allocated share of total 1949 federal collections was \$414,826,268.

The taxpayer organization explained that "allocation" of total 1949 fiscal year federal taxes included crediting each state with all employment and individual income taxes collected therein, federal corporation taxes on basis of 1948 calendar year collections, and customs and excise and other miscellaneous federal levies on a July 1, 1948, population basis, a formula used by national tax research agencies.

The Truman fiscal 1951 \$42.4 billion budget did not include additional social security payroll "deductions" that would be required to finance the broad extension of social welfare, including socialized medicine, which would extract more millions from Oregon workers and their employers.

Senator Byrd's (D., Va.), proposed \$36 billion federal budget would have balanced the 1951 federal budget, stopped the deficit financing and saved Oregon taxpayers about \$56,280,000, an amount sufficient to give, for example, each of Oregon's 23,332 old age assistance recipients, as of December, 1949, \$193 a month in addition to what they then received.

Economy, however, seems to have been forgotten by the administration and President Truman in his Jefferson-Jackson day speech went out of his way to attack its advocates and champion deficit spending.

Council Pays Storage Bill

Redmond, Feb. 18 (AP)—Ted Bliss parked his automobile here Jan. 25. When he came back later that day, it was gone. Police finally found it for him. It was in storage, and had been since last month. What's more he owed the storage bill, for they had towed the car away after finding it in a no-parking zone, they said.

Bliss objected he hadn't left it in a no-parking zone, and didn't intend to pay the bill.

The street-cleaning department then entered the confusion, admitting it had moved the car while cleaning streets and had forgotten to move it back.

The city council paid the bill.

Truman Whizzes Through Red Lights

Washington, Feb. 18 (AP)—President Truman whizzed through 20 red lights on a four-mile drive to the big democratic dinner the other night.

It was all perfectly legal, because his car had a police and secret service escort. Traffic regulations are waived under such circumstances on the theory that a police officer carries more authority than a traffic signal.

But only 24 hours earlier, Mr. Truman told a national crime conference:

"I never go through red lights, despite the prerogatives attaching to the presidency."

Well, They Do

Waltham, Mass., Feb. 18 (AP)—A woman seeking U. S. citizenship papers did all right with the examination until she came to a question about the flag.

To the query, "What flies over the state house in Boston?" she replied: "Pigeons."

BY H. T. WEBSTER

Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime



THE FIRESIDE PULPIT

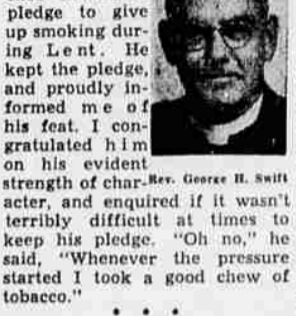
Observance of Lent Should Be For Upbuilding of Our Souls

BY REV. GEORGE H. SWIFT

Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church

The season of Lent will commence next Wednesday. Lent should not be approached with reluctance, but welcomed. Lent, with its emphasis on temperance, meditation, and relief from the pressure of social activities should bring that "peace of mind" which is so much sought after but seldom found today. However we keep Lent, there should be a spiritual objective in mind.

Giving up something more or less as a stunt is not keeping Lent. A man once made a pledge to give up smoking during Lent. He kept the pledge, and proudly informed me of his feat. I congratulated him on his evident strength of character, and enquired if it wasn't terribly difficult at times to keep his pledge. "Oh no," he said, "Whenever the pressure started I took a good chew of tobacco."



Whatever we do or do not do in our observance of Lent, whether it be abstinence or fasting, or doing definite things over and above what we normally would do, it should be for the upbuilding of our souls. When we give up something

which takes up time, we should spend every minute of that time with spiritual exercise. Such as attendance at services of worship and instruction, or going about doing good for others.

Lent is not the time to be lazy, even though it is a time to be quiet, a time to give the nerves a rest, a time to think about our responsibilities as Christians, and to be more diligent in carrying them out. We should make of this Lent not a negative thing, and not an empty thing. We should resolve, among other things, to exercise temperance in those things which heretofore have had too great a power over us. We should seek God's help in prayer, in regular attendance at services of worship and meditation. We should work out a definite plan for Lent, and stay with it. It is important to work at one's religion. Inasmuch as we ourselves shall be the beneficiaries, we should welcome Lent, and give it a chance to bring blessings to our souls.

Stranded—Not Strangled

Canton, Miss., Feb. 18 (AP)—An ambulance sped to flooded Bear Creek, near here, to pick up a man reported "strangled." After arriving, the ambulance crew surveyed the situation and then returned to town to call a wrecker. The man was in trouble alright, but he hadn't been strangled. He was stranded.

Girl's Wrestling Tactics Pay Off

Cleveland, Feb. 18 (AP)—A girl teenager who learned wrestling tactics by watching television routed a street thug early today.

Marion VIII, 17, told police that when the man grappled with her, "I grabbed his index finger and bent it back hard. He let go and I punched him twice. He ran one way and I ran the other."

She also credited her brother, Don, a football player for Bowling Green university, with teaching her some of the tricks.

KRISS-KROSS

Salem's Wanderingest Mutt? Why, Schneebles, of Course

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

"Bet that's our Schneebles," said a couple of members of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at Willamette university after reading about a mystery collie dog wandering about Salem's streets making friends by the dozen.

No, Schneebles isn't a collie. In fact, he isn't much of any one breed.

Just plain dog. But Schneebles has passed for everything from Hungarian wolfhound to Doberman Pinscher. Schneebles is a mascot of the Phi Deltas at WU... and no other dog in Salem gets around more than he.

Keeping up with Schneebles is about as hard as keeping up with the latest trends in women's necklines. Schneebles spent the other night at the Senator hotel... a few days prior to that, he showed up at the only non-compulsory chapel held at Willamette.

He has followed many a Bearcat halfback down the center of the football field, and is liable to come bounding into a classroom or library at any time. When Schneebles gets bored with school activities, he simply goes for a walk... and how he can show up at Vista and Lana avenues at the same time we'll never know.

The wandering collie we reported the other day, however, is not Schneebles. Schneebles is a he. Collie is a she. Maybe the two are meeting at some secret rendezvous.

One of our noble readers writes in to say that our favorite newspaper carried an ad saying that Fulton Lewis, Jr., would be heard at 9:15 p.m. on a certain evening. Actually David Rose came on at 9:15... Maybe whoever wrote the advertising copy was just trying to prove that a Rose by any other name sounds just as sweet.

Man at policemen's ball Thursday attempts to peddle tickets to another dance. Cops irritated, but can't say much because they had pestered everybody they met for days attempting to sell tickets to their ball. Nevertheless, cops got last laugh. While en route home later that evening, man who was trying to sell tickets at dance is pinched for drunk-driving.

Display in Hogg Brothers window at 115 South Commercial street exhibits refrigerator and cook stove with doors opening and closing. Window attracts much attention from passers-by. Interest centers on one item—the refrigerator light. By careful observation from certain angle, light can be seen to shut off as door closes. At least 50 percent of those viewing display comment, "Well, the little light does turn off after all, doesn't it?"

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Baptist Truman Preaches to Methodists; Wins Approval

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—You have to have a card-index system these days to keep up with the accusations of certain congressmen regarding communists in the federal government.

Unfortunately the average citizen doesn't have time to keep a card index, so gets confused over harum-scarum Senator Joe McCarthy's recent accusation that there were 57 card-carrying communists in the state department.

When the senator from Wisconsin finally was pinned down, he could produce not 57, but only four names of state department officials whom he claimed were communists.

A careful scrutiny of these names is important. Of the four accused by McCarthy, one, Dr. Harlow Shapley, at no time worked for the state department. Two, Gustavo Duran and Mrs. Mary Jane Keeney, resigned four years ago; the fourth, John Service, was reinstated after a prolonged and careful investigation and after virtual apologies to him for ever questioning his loyalty. He is now serving with the most anti-Russian of all American diplomats, Loy Henderson, U.S. ambassador to India.

But there is even more interesting background behind Senator McCarthy's charges. Some of the same charges were made three years ago by another republican, this one, Congressman Bartel Jonkman of Michigan, just across the lake from McCarthy in Wisconsin.

On Feb. 26, 1947, Jonkman named two of the same alleged state department officials—Keeney and Duran—even though they were not then with the state department. Jonkman also hurled some accusations at Joseph Panuch, then deputy assistant secretary of state. Actually Panuch was the man who eased out Keeney and Duran, but Jonkman attacked him anyway.

As a result, Panuch sued Congressman Jonkman and the publisher of the Washington Times-Herald for libel. The suit against the Times-Herald publisher had to be dropped because of her death, but the congressman from Michigan compromised the suit with an official abject apology which stated: "It was not my intention to accuse you of lying or of any other improper conduct in connection with your duties as deputy assistant secretary of state during your tenure of office." The congressman also paid Panuch's court costs and, incidentally, was defeated for re-election.

But no, after both the voters and Mr. Panuch took care of the republican congressman from Michigan.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Columnist Finds Customers Are Always Finding Fault

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Writing a column for the newspapers is getting to be downright perilous.

Our windy Mount Olympus is under siege. The readers are fighting back.

It used to be a columnist didn't know where his next chunk of caviar was coming from. Now he doesn't know whence the next brick is going to be flung at him. But he feels sure there won't be a hamburger tied to it.

Latest case in point is actress Joan Bennett's valentine gift of a deodorized skunk to columnist Hedda Hopper, who heralds the happenings in Hollywood. Taking this gesture as a criticism of her literary efforts, the lady columnist gave the woods pussy to a cat-fancier, murmuring on the "great affinity between cats and skunks."

Personally, if anyone shipped me a sanitary skunk I'd have kept him and put him to work. I'd tie him to my desk to scare away press agents. Often these disparaging presents sent to a columnist by his riled readers can be used to further his career.

Once a stranger sent me a reddish blue glass eye, and I have found it highly useful. When the receptionist phones in to say, "There's a man out here mad at something you wrote," I tell her, "Show him in." Then I quickly tape the glass eye on to the middle of my forehead.

When I look up and say, "Yes, what is it, fellows?" the man takes one gander, wipes his face with his handkerchief and walks away. He feels, I hope, that anyone with three eyes can't be blamed too much for anything he does.

What worries me about the Hollywood skunk valentine episode is that it sets a bad precedent. What if I unknowingly wrote something that peeved John D. Rockefeller, Jr.? I might open my door some morning and find a whole herd of white elephants tied to it. This would be hard to explain to my apartment house manager, as he doesn't even allow eagles or small dogs in the place.

From now on no columnist can feel safe from the "indignant subscriber." The world is full of animals from turtles to buffaloes, and the columnist who wittingly or unwittingly offends his readers may shortly find his home has become an annex to the zoo.

It is easy to say, "Well, don't write things that annoy people." But just try writing a column yourself and see how many days you can go without making someone angry. Anything you write can stir up reader wrath, even if you just say, "etaoin shrdlu, etaoin shrdlu." They get the idea you don't like foreigners.

My lifelong policy has been to attack nothing but poison snakes and sin. But when I did criticize poison snakes in a friendly way recently, a naturalist wrote back: "Who are you to pick on poison snakes? The average poison snake destroys more vermin than you do, ape-face!" There you are. Still intend to attack sin one of these days. But sure as sin itself somebody'll write back and demand, "What are you trying to do—ruin my business?"

BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Suggested Big Three Meeting Brings Varied Views and Ideas

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

(AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

That hardy perennial—the call for a meeting of Russia, Britain and America in the interests of peace—is again in bloom and is being viewed with mixed emotions.

None other than Britain's Winston Churchill raised this question during a speech in his general election campaign. He suggested a big three meeting on the "highest level" to try for agreement on atomic control and a truce in the east-west cold war.

Hard hitting British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin promptly dubbed Churchill's proposal a political "stunt", and said agreement should be pursued through the atomic committee of the United Nations. A proponent of Bevin's charge, observers noted that if Churchill's conservative party should be returned to power he would in natural course be prime minister again. As head of government he would be in position to initiate such a parley, and this thought might attract votes now.

However, others besides Churchill are advocating action. Newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic are editorializing vigorously pro and con. There is of course no disagreement over the desirability of reaching East-West agreement. However, there's a vast divergence of views as to whether a meeting of the big three would be useful or, indeed, whether it even would be wise to try to arrange one.

President Truman at his news conference yesterday threw cold water on the idea of a Big Three meeting abroad. He reiterated that he doesn't intend to go outside the United States to meet with Stalin or any other chief of state.

Replying to a question whether he thought the time had come to see Stalin, the president said he did not. However, the president said he would be glad to see anyone who wants to come to Washington to consult him. He declared the American door is always open to achieve peace.

Any move which might be interpreted as appeasement at this juncture might easily be disastrous. However, this fact shouldn't prevent our taking advantage of every legitimate opening to achieve peace.

Presumably Marshal Stalin would receive a peace mission courteously in Moscow and would enter discussion with it. But there is no reason to believe that such a conference would achieve peace.

On the contrary, many close observers believe that Russia would interpret such a move by the western powers as an act of appeasement.

Of All Times!

Baltimore, Feb. 18 (AP)—Ralph Fleming who was anxiously waiting for his wife to have a baby at the hospital, stepped outside for a breath of fresh air and was promptly robbed of \$45.



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