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

The Rejuvenated Democrats

Rejuvenation of the democratic party proceeds apace,
under the guidance and coaching of its valiant "Three
Musketeers," Monroe Sweetland, William L. Josslin, and
Richard Neuberger, with Austin Flegel in the supporting
role of D'Artagnan.

Sweetland, former secretary of the defunct Oregon
Commonwealth Federation, is democratic national com-
mitteeman. Josslin, the former "Pinky" of General Mar-
tin's administration and the Don Quixote of the primary
campaign. Neuberger is the highly vocal state senator
from Multnomah. Flegel also is a Multnomah state senator.

For a while it looked as if there would not be enough
ambitious democrats to fill the state ticket and there was
serious talk of the draft for the three party leaders, but
like Caesar on the Lupercal, they thrice refused the pro-
ffered crown—showing like Caesar they are not ambitious—
with the exception of Flegel.

Anyway the state ticket has been filled and then some,
all candidates loyally clinging to the coattails of Truman's
Fair Deal deficit financing, the CVA, socialistic stateism
and the old Hopkins slogan of "tax and tax, spend and
spend, and vote and vote." But there is a strange famili-
arity with the candidates' names. Most of these "young
democrats" have been on democratic tickets since before
the new generation was born, and have held office appoint-
ive or elective off and on.

For United States senator, Howard Latourette has
graced many ballots, been a legislator, speaker of the
house and national committeeman. For governor, Lew
Wallace has been on the ballot many times, and served
as legislator, on the game commission, as national com-
mitteeman and this is his third try for the governorship.
State Treasurer Walter J. Pearson has also served in
the senate and his slogan is "vote for a winner." He can
also proudly point to his introduction of peanut politics
into the board of control. Flegel's only appearance on
the ballot has been as a Multnomah legislator. His name is
new on the state ticket.

Roy R. Hewitt for congressman, first district, is another
perennial candidate for jobs ranging from supreme court
bench to delegate to the national democratic convention to
which latter he was elected.

But three of the old guard of stalwart democrats whose
names have been on the ballot since the Hec was a pup,
are missing and their absence will weaken the ticket de-
spite its new recruits—namely Walter Pierce, state legis-
lator, governor and congressman; Elton Watkins, con-
gressman and frequently a candidate for other high of-
fices, and Harvey Starkweather, often a candidate, but
all always came up smiling if defeated. They didn't take
themselves as seriously as the new bosses do.

What Will the City Council Do?

Indications at present are that the city council will
approve a change in the zoning law to permit a gas sta-
tion to be located on the southeast corner of Center and
Capitol streets. That location is opposite the growing capi-
tol group of buildings.

If the council does vote favorably on the gas station
later after tonight's public hearing, the council will be
setting its own version of what kind of buildings should
front the state buildings. The council will be disagreeing
with a majority of the board of control, with the capital
planning commission and with the Salem long-range plan-
ning commission.

At stake in the controversy is what type of building
should be in the "fringe" area across the street from the
blocks of state buildings. The planners and the board of
control want buildings that are not commercial or indus-
trial in nature fronting on the state group. Such struc-
tures as the planners have in mind would be private office
buildings, churches, apartment houses, residences, and
certain types of public institutions.

The city planning and zoning commission agrees that
such buildings would be "fine," but the commission feels
that the corner lot in question for the proposed gas station
is not large enough for such buildings. The size of the lot
should not be the deciding factor for the long-time view
of the situation. To put a gas station there is to take the
simple way out of a problem of what to do with a lot full
of weeds. But the long-term view is one that would be
discouraging if the gas station were permitted.

In the first place, the Oregon senate in 1939 declared
it to be a matter of public policy of the state that the
"fringe" area around the capitol group be protected. The
"aesthetic values" of the state buildings should not be
jeopardized by commercial structures across the street.
That state policy has not been changed.

In the second place, approval of a gas station would
mean not only disregarding state policy but weakening
the city's control over the "fringe" area to the point where
almost any kind of a structure could be permitted in the
future. The zoning restrictions would be so weakened by
this "waiver" for the station that it would be difficult
to discriminate at a later time.

In the third place, Salem has the role of guardian of
the "fringe" area. The state has entrusted that responsi-
bility to the city, as the capital of Oregon.

Can the city, through its council, ignore that responsi-
bility?

Morse and Sweetland Brothers?

McMinnville, Ore., March 13 (AP)—Brothers?
When Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity installed a new chapter at
Linfield college here Saturday night, the two honor guests
and members were Wayne L. Morse, Oregon's freshman rep-
ublican senator, and Monroe Sweetland, democratic national
committeeman.

The White Stuff Was Not Cotton

Lewiston, Ida., March 13 (AP)—Red-faced Chamber of Com-
merce officials called off the annual spring parade today
which would have unveiled seasonal fashions and window
displays by local merchants.

This reason: Too much snow.

BY H. T. WEBSTER

The Timid Soul



KRISS-KROSS

Anything Can Happen When Capital Journal Phone Rings

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

"You never know who's calling," reads an advertisement by
the Bell Telephone company.

That statement really hits the nail on the head as far as the
Capital Journal's phone is concerned. People phone a news-
paper for the damndest things.

Calls asking about the day of the week, the time of tomor-
row's sunrise, etc., are not un-
common. In fact, when 2-
2406 rings, the person calling
the Capital Journal is liable
to ask almost anything.

Here are a few gems of in-
terrogation, as they have come,
from time to time, over the
phone wires leading to this of-
fice:

"What is the first name of
the Veep's wife? We're hav-
ing an argument here in the
office, and we gotta know
right now."

"Who was the first mayor
of Salem?"

"What year did Jesse James
die? We're trying to settle
a bet."

"Who were the seven
mules?"

"What day did we have the
earthquake in Oregon?"

One gent called in and asked
the price of a two-line classified

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Belgium's Royal Referendum Revives Memories of 1918

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

(AP Foreign Affairs Analyst)

The Belgians decided by referendum yesterday on King Leopold
III's bid to return from exile to his throne.

In the minds of the voters was the tragic argument which
has divided Leopold's subjects since he surrendered the Belgian
army to the invading Germans in 1940. Was he right or was he
wrong in that costly capitulation?

The king was made prisoner by the Germans and was liberated by the
Americans in 1945. Since then he has lived abroad, forbid-
den by parliament to return without its consent. His younger
brother Charles has been regent.

Leopold—now 48—had in-
dicated that he would abdicate
unless 55 per cent of the votes
were in his favor. As it turned
out, 57 per cent of the votes were
in his favor.

This being reminiscence day
for our column, I want to take
you back some 32 years to an-
other memorable day in Bel-
gian history.

That was a time of national
rejoicing in which Leopold also
figured—the return of the royal
family to their capital at the end
of World War I after four long
years of absence during German
occupation.

That day must be burned into
Leopold's memory, as it was in-
to the memories of all of us
who witnessed his historic event.
Surely as he awaited the verdict
of the referendum he heard the
mighty voices of the worship-
ful multitude cheering the home-
coming of beloved King Albert
and Queen Elizabeth with their
three children, of whom Leopold
was one.

When the Germans swept into
Belgium in 1914, the royal fam-
ily retreated with the army to a
tiny corner of their kingdom
on the coast near the French
border. There the king and
queen and their youngsters took
up residence in a farm house at
La Panne, not far from the front-
line trenches.

I often visited that sector,
and one always could see Albert
working with his soldiers, and
Elizabeth busy with her mis-
sions of mercy among the many
wounded. The troops adored
this wonderful couple.

There was a moment when the
nearby Germans couldn't have
tossed a shell onto the humble
abode of the royal family. But
only once were shells dropped
near the farm house. That was
on April 8, 1918—his majesty's
birthday. At high noon the en-
emy fired a salute of three shells.

Finally came the Armistice,
and eleven days later—Novem-
ber 22—the royal family re-
turned to their capital. It was
a triumphal procession, for the
whole country was in a frenzy
of rejoicing.

Brussels was jammed. Hun-
dreds of thousands flocked into
the capital from outside points.
Not only was the available stand-
ing room in the streets taken
but windows were full, and even
the trees held their share.

The royal family made their
entrance on horseback.

First came King Albert and
Queen Elizabeth, side by side.
Behind them riding abreast,
were the three children on pon-
ies—Crown Prince Leopold, 17;
Prince Charles, 15, and Princess
Marie, 12. The crowd went
wild.

Came the night, and Brussels
was the scene of unprecedented
celebrations. Countless throngs,
young and old, grandchildren
and grandparents, joined hands
and danced abreast through the
boulevards in endless lines. They
kept time to drums, or to mus-
ic made on paper-covered
combs. On and on and on, till
dawn.

That was the heritage of love
and loyalty which came to Leo-
pold when his father was killed
in a fall from a precipice in 1934.
Yes, Sunday was a day of mem-
ories for king and subjects alike.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Russian Folk Not Unfriendly To U.S. Despite Kremlin Ideas

By DREW PEARSON

(Editor's Note—Drew Pearson today continues his diagnosis
of the cold war and a program for winning the peace.)
Washington—During the war, Stalin often held up the United
States to the Russian people as an example of the goals which
might be attained by Russia. As a result of this and other fac-



Drew Pearson

example of anyone who dares
be sympathetic with Americans.
Today the state department's
voice of America is doing a com-
petent job of beaming Ameri-
can ideas into Europe. And the
fact that the Russians have taken
such pains to jam "the voice"
indicates that it is having some
impact.

However, our propaganda or-
ganization has been handicapped
by lack of funds plus the fact that
the state department is inhibited
in certain operations merely be-
cause it is the state department.
The oldest agency in govern-
ment, and one which is entrusted
with keeping our foreign rela-
tions on an even keel, naturally
shrinks from some of the im-
aginative, forthright operations
put across by Gen. "Wild Bill"
Donovan's OSS during the war
when he had American agents
working behind the German
lines before U.S. troops landed at
Salerno.

Nor does the state department
have the money and imagination
to carry on some of the spec-
tacular but effective moves con-
ceived by Ed Stanley of the of-
fice of war information when
thousands of matchbooks bear-
ing MacArthur's picture were
dropped over the Philippines;
or when Bob Parker, also of
OWI, placed thousands of Cath-
olic Bibles bearing greetings
from Americans inside the
churches of Hungary.

These illustrate the type of
moves which could be made to
win over the Russian people.

There is no one formula for
winning the peace. But if we
are not to let the battle for
peace go by default, if we are
not to fall back on the horrible
expedient of dropping the
atomic bomb, then both indi-
vidual Americans and the Amer-
ican government must map out
the most consistently waged
peace and propaganda campaign
ever seen in the history of the
world.

This may take 25 years. It
may take 50. Or, as Frederick
Osborn predicts, it might con-
ceivably take 100 years. But if
peace is worth attaining, then
something like this is worth
working at. At any rate, it is
the only alternative to an early
war.

(Copyright 1950)

Stalin Relents
Later, however, this hostility
changed—as a result of two fac-
tors. First, Russia began to win.
But more immediate and perhaps
more important, Stalin made
some shrewd moves to appease
Russian opinion. A sort of "nep-
man"—or private trader—peri-
od was inaugurated during which
the Russian people were given
freedoms they never enjoyed be-
fore.

Leaders were selected for abil-
ity rather than party affiliation.
A modified form of capitalism
was permitted in stores and on
farms. Collective farmers were
permitted to sell part of their
crops on the market instead of
turning over everything to the
state. And the government even
winked at farmers who enlarged
their own personal garden plots.

This resulted in much better
feeling toward the communist
regime and, coupled with vic-
tories, it brought the government
and the people closer together.

Soviet Isolation Returns
A few months after the war,
however, this was rudely shat-
tered. The old system of tight
communist controls was rein-
stated with a vengeance. The
change took place shortly after
the decision not to let American
troops and soldiers from the Red
army intermingle and about the
time Stalin and Molotov had be-
gun cold-shouldering allied lead-
ers at the Potsdam and San Fran-
cisco conferences. Apparently,
the Kremlin has made up its
mind that Russia not only must
remain isolated but that she must
begin an aggressive campaign to
spread communism in the rest of
the world.

At any rate, there followed a
series of repressive measures, a
purge of intellectuals and a gi-
gantic propaganda campaign to
isolate Russia from the West. In-
tellectuals were even purged not
for what they said and wrote
against communism but for what
they failed to say and write for
communism.

Coupled with these repressive
measures, the Kremlin has given
the Russian people more con-
sumer goods and tried to im-
prove their economic status. This
has helped, but not enough.

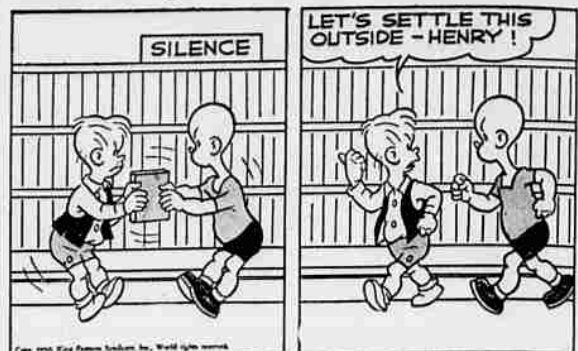
There still remains wide-
spread resentment against the
regime, which has come near
breaking into open revolt in
such places as the Ukraine. In
addition, the transportation and
distribution systems are so poor
that temporary deprivation and
even starvation have resulted in
big cities because shipment of
foods did not arrive on time.
Furthermore, some of the ablest
Russian executives have been
purged because they were not
orthodox communists, and this
has slowed up governmental ef-
ficiency.

Seething Satellite States
The above situation inside
Russia, however, is reported to
be mild compared with the pol-
itical seething which exists inside
Hungary, Bulgaria and Cechos-
lovakia.

Morris Ernest, the New York
attorney who flew to Vienna to
try to defend Robert Vogelger,
reports that this area is burning
with unrest and ripe for a skill-
ful American propaganda drive.
It was this unrest, of course,
which finally divorced Yugosla-
via from the Russian fold, and
it is this unrest which is prob-
ably the root cause of the Vogel-
ger-Shipkov trials in Hungary and
Bulgaria in order to make an

BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Pigeons Wonder Why Fat Man Skips Along; Well, It's Spring

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—The fat man clumped heavily along the silent
street, feeling sorry for all people who have to go to work by
the dawn's early light.

The traffic lights turned red. Though no car was in sight, the
fat man paused cautiously on the curb from force of habit.

Before him in the street he saw a flock of pigeons, holding
morning carnival. They seemed to be playing ring-around-
rosy. The larger pigeons strutted importantly, ruffling their
neck feathers and making big
pigeon talk—"Coo, coo, coo."

The smaller pigeons flitted just
ahead of them, coy as debutantes,
in narrowing circles.

"Romance before breakfast—
ugh!" grunted the fat man. Then
the traffic light changed to green.
He stepped into the street and
waved both hands.

"Shoo! Off with you, you
pavement casanovas," he said.

He reached the next street and
turned. And there—just around
the corner—he saw the girl. She
was young and pretty. She was
leaning on a bus stop sign, . . .
she was doing something with
her long blonde hair . . . and
she didn't have anything on
but a trailing white filmy
nightgown.

"What next?" muttered the
fat man, and lowering his eyes
he started to walk hurriedly on.
"Hi, Big Boy!" the girl called.
"Come here and help me."

The fat man looked up and
down the street. No one else in
sight. He walked over to her
hesitantly.

"What do you want, Miss? he
asked.
"Help me tie this daffodil in
my hair, silly," she said. He
helped her fix the flower in her
hair with trembling fingers. And
then she lifted her head and
looked into her blue, blue eyes—
and he felt like he was floating
in the Mediterranean sea off
Tripoli.

"Don't you recognize me, Big
Boy?" she asked. And then he
knew her, and his heart felt an
old knock.

"Sure. Sure, I know you,"
he said shakily.

"Aren't you glad to see me?"
"Not particularly," he lied.
"Why?" she said coquettishly.
"Because you're too much
trouble," he said soberly.

"You've hurt me too often. Every
time I fall in love with you, you
pack up and leave."
"Well, Big Boy, that's the
truth," she smiled. "Love 'em
and leave 'em—that's my motto.
It keeps me young."

"Yes, but it makes me old,"
said the fat man. "Where've
you been this time?"
"Down south as usual, you
all," she mocked. She shivered
a little in her thin garb.

"Cold—eh?" he said, mali-
ciously.
"Not very," she laughed. I
bring my own weather with me.
Can't you feel it?"

The fat man lifted his hand.
And, sure enough, a warming
wind was blowing in, fresh from
distant meadows. And the flock
of pigeons flew down at their
feet and started cooing.

"I'll bet you don't even remem-
ber my name," the girl said
softly.

"Oh, I'll never forget that—
you're Spring," said the fat man.
"And you'll never forget me
will you Big Boy?" she asked.

"No. I'll never forget you—
but sometimes I almost wish I
could."
Spring slipped an arm in his
and said:

"I'll walk you to work, Big
Boy, just for old time's sake.
But let's don't walk—let's skip."
"I'm too fat," said the fat man,
but he put a finger to his lips and
whispered, "you are only as fat
as you feel." And so, arm in
arm, off they went—hoppity . . .
hoppity . . . hoppity.

And, looking after, the pigeons
gravely wondered why the big
fat man was skipping all alone
down an empty street, laughing
aloud to himself. But pigeon
just don't understand people.

Guessing Game at Art Gallery: Which Has 'Mentally-Ill' Look?

Boston, March 13 (AP)—Art lovers can play a guessing game
this week at a Newbury street gallery.
The gallery is exhibiting 35 paintings and 10 sculptures by
mentally ill patients at Metropolitan State hospital, Waltham.
Among them the gallery has hung a painting "by a brilliant
and sane mathematician at Massachusetts Institute of Tech-
nology." The gallery suggests that visitors try to pick it out.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE!

Henpecking 'Round the Clock Promised by Gadget

By ARTHUR EDSON

Washington, March 13 (AP)—The men of this country, many of
whom already are harassed and henpecked by their wives, now
face a new and terrible marital threat.

Soon we may not be able even to sleep in peace.

This horrendous fact came out yesterday at a sleep-learning
demonstration.

You've probably heard
about sleep-learning by now.
Some psychologists think you
can learn while you're asleep.
With a tiny speaker on your
pillow, the phonograph or tape
recording machine can grind
out lessons while you're snooz-
ing.

It works, too, the experts say.
We'll get around to the sleep-
learning demonstration in a mo-
ment, after a word with Richard
C. Darnell, who sells tape re-
corders which he hopes people
will buy to use in their night
homework.

"It's amazing what you can
do with suggestions to a sleep-
learning person," Darnell told re-
porters.

"A wife was eager to get her
husband so he'd eat salads. So
every night while he was asleep,
she kept telling him how good
salads were.

"Well, about three weeks later,
her husband said he thought
he'd try a salad. He's been eat-
ing them ever since."

Now a wife that would do
this for a salad obviously will
soon have other pet projects to
work on. And what one wife
will do, others will do.

The idea will be commercial-
ized, and wives will be buying
phonograph records which will
coo at their husbands at night,
urging (A) Better attendance at

From Bricks to Baritones

Memphis, Tenn., March 13 (AP)—Striking pickets at the
American Snuff Co. have stopped pitching bricks and started
slinging baritones.
Earlier last week the pickets fought and threw bricks.
Friday non-striking employees were met by the hymn, "We
Shall Not Be Moved."