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Salem, Oregon, Thursday, March 16, 1950

First Denfeld, Now Crommelin

Disciplining of Captain Crommelin is going to be no easy job. The navy captain, who is the most severe critic within the services of the top command, has a large, sympathetic following on the outside. Navy Secretary Matthews will find that out.

Crommelin has resigned himself to the role of a martyr. Matthews has tried to do everything possible to prevent the Pacific war hero from becoming a martyr, but the Navy secretary has a fighter in Crommelin. Crommelin believes that "Prussian Pentagon policies" are cutting the fleet down to a secondary part of the defense forces and he would rather lose his service career than see that happen.

Matthews and Secretary of Defense Johnson have no other people but themselves to blame for the Crommelin affair. The disgraceful firing last fall of Admiral Denfeld, the number one naval officer, busted wide open the efforts of the general staff in the Pentagon to relegate the navy to a secondary position. Last week Denfeld spoke out for the first time on the matter and accused Matthews and Johnson of firing him because his testimony, requested by congress, offended the Pentagon command. Denfeld sized up the battle as one of rigid control of national defense "by political appointees as distinguished from the congress."

In the Crommelin case, Matthews refused to give the naval captain a court martial, at which Crommelin could be heard. Instead, Matthews pulled out an almost forgotten military law that permits the secretary of navy to furlough any officer on half-pay, without explaining his reasons. It was the stiffest kind of punishment imposed on a navy officer, short of a court martial, in 24 years.

Instead of quieting Crommelin down, Matthews will continue to build Crommelin up. The resulting fight will be one in which the armed forces political command will be staked against an officer and his followers who believe in the navy as an equal partner among the defense forces.

As Crommelin well knows, insubordination in the service is not tolerated. And so his disregard of implied orders to keep quiet about the top brass brought the present disciplining. However, far more is at stake than merely the disciplining of an officer. There was no reason for disciplining Denfeld, but, nevertheless, he was fired. Crommelin's exiling to an indefinite furlough is basically prompted by the same reason Matthews and Johnson used to get rid of Denfeld.

Truman's civilian heads of the services are going to try to force through, in Missouri political style, their version of unification of the armed forces—regardless of congress, Denfeld, Crommelin and the public.

Knowing More About Oregon

Walter Meacham of Portland has gotten around the state a lot. He is executive secretary of the Old Oregon Trail, Inc., which is dedicated to saving Old America for Young Americans. He has noted in his role as a booster for the state that visitors don't know enough about the scenic beauty, natural resources or historical background of the country-side about.

So he has a suggestion to make. He would tell travelers more about the state. He would have busses and trains install loud speakers to give passengers interesting information on the country-side. He would have informational leaflets for travelers. In other words, he would elaborate on the campaign that Old Oregon Trail, Inc., has been conducting for a number of years in homes, schools, clubs and churches. His suggestions don't infer that existing organizations are not doing a job. His suggestions are meant to implement existing mediums of informing the public about Oregon.

The technicalities of a loud-speaker system for busses or trains are a matter really not important to the basic idea of giving a "feeling" of the background and resources of Oregon to visitors. Walter Meacham has been doing that for a long time so he should know from experience.

It can be taken for granted that not enough people know about Oregon. That can be said to be true even of the people of Oregon themselves. The more interesting the country-side is made for travelers, the more travelers are likely to come. And, with more travel, the more everyone benefits.

No Bluffing Bluff, No Delaying Delay

San Pedro, Calif., March 16 (AP)—Bluff wasn't bluffing and Delay wasn't delaying but Delay is out \$50 today because of an auto accident.

Norman G. Bluff accused Virgil C. Delay of causing damages to his car, due to carelessness. He said he would sue. He did. Trial was set for Feb. 14. Delay obtained a delay, saying he wanted to obtain more evidence.

Next time Delay failed to appear so the judge awarded Bluff \$50 and costs. The following day Delay showed up. Informed the court he was confused on the date, and filed a motion to vacate the judgment and for a new trial.

He got the new trial. The court gave Bluff judgment of \$50 and Delay was told to pay without delay.

'A Man Gets Mad Sometimes'

Martinez, Calif., March 16 (AP)—Manuel Silva's cement truck, which he wrecked last Sunday, was being yanked up an embankment yesterday when it suddenly burst into flames.

Silva, apparently vexed by the misfortune, dashed to his 1938 sedan and deliberately drove it over the edge, piling into the flaming wreckage of his truck. Silva escaped without a scratch and was hustled off by authorities for observation.

"A man gets mad sometimes," was the only explanation the sheriff's office could give.

Highway Cops to Tag Planes

Anchorage, Alaska, March 16 (AP)—Highway patrolmen today were on the lookout for any stray airplanes landing on the roads.

The highway commissioner warned bush pilots they could land on the highways only in case of an emergency. Otherwise they would face charge of "operating a vehicle on the highways without headlights or license plates."

BY H. T. WEBSTER

How to Torture Your Husband



KRISS-KROSS

Happy Day! Income Tax Troubles Over for a Year

By CHRIS KOWITZ, Jr.

Today is the day many folks around the valley begin convalescing from the brain-racking brought upon by that pesky little item of wholesale confusion more commonly referred to as Form 1040.

All was quiet at the Salem post office just prior to midnight Wednesday night . . . only a handful of stragglers rushing up to get their income tax forms in the mail before the 12 o'clock post-mark deadline.

A certain merchant in Albany is still in a state of utter bewilderment. The merchant's lone employee is his own adolescent daughter. Last year, daughter earned just a wee bit more than the crucial \$500 mark, which meant the young lady had to pay income tax.

The catch is this: Papa couldn't include daughter as a dependent, on account of she made enough moola in 1949 to support herself . . . legally, anyhow.

Papa finally has figured out he's being hit from three sides. (1) He's paying his own daughter a salary; (2) He's feeding and sheltering same daughter in his home; (3) And he still can't list her as a dependent.

Had he been able to list her as a dependent, his taxes would have been several hundred dollars less. Daughter has already been advised to expect an annual salary of \$499 in 1950.

Two Salem residents were mildly surprised Tuesday when they found Christmas cards among the morning mail . . . cards were from a woman living in Kingswood Heights . . . woman had mailed them in West Salem last December . . . same woman mailed Valentine's day cards last month, and one still hasn't been delivered yet. . . Moral: Mail your greeting cards early if they're destined for a cross-town journey.

Ethan Grant and Don Madison challenged their wives to a men vs. women cribbage game a few weeks ago. Stipulation was that losers were to provide dinner for winners . . . women won . . . women went hungry . . . women finally decided to take it upon themselves to get the meal due them . . . last night they cleverly lured their respective husbands into local restaurant . . . there, they had table all set up in banquet style, ate a royal feed, and made sure that the hubbies paid the bill . . . the banquet table, incidentally, was decorated around a center-piece . . . said center-piece was a model skunk.

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MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

King Leopold Faces Bitter Choice with Slim Vote Edge

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

One of the toughest decisions a man could face was that called for from exiled King Leopold III of the Belgians in Switzerland yesterday by Belgium Prime Minister Gaston Eyskens.

Sunday's plebiscite in Belgium showed 57.68 per cent of those voting desired Leopold to return to his capital and resume his throne. Now Eyskens wanted to know his majesty's desire. There were two alternatives:

1. The king could signify a wish to accept this vote as a mandate from the people for him to return.

2. He could turn the tiny majority down as too small, and abdicate in favor of Crown Prince Baudouin.

Many observers held that the second alternative was, from almost any angle one viewed it, the logical one to choose. Indeed, the Prime Minister was reported so to have advised the king at the outset of their fateful meeting.

Why this harsh second alternative, which meant that Leopold must sacrifice his birthright? A majority had voted for him.

Well, the true answer lies in that tiny majority.

In these days of democracy there is only one reason for the existence of a king. He is the emblem of unity—high above politics—binding together all classes and parties and creeds.

A king must have the love and support of all his people—not half, or three-quarters but all of them. Approval of 57.68 per cent of the voters isn't good enough by a long shot, or of 75 percent or of any number much less than the absolute maximum.

There are strong divisions in the Belgian population—political, racial, religious. If the country's constitutional monarchy is to be a success the king must be above these differences, in truth an emblem of unity. Unhappily for all concerned, destiny has pushed Leopold into some situa-

tions which have made him also the subject of controversy.

The first of these events was his surrender of the Belgian army to the invading Germans at the outbreak of the World War, he himself becoming a prisoner. That was a terrific blow to the allied cause, and brought about the British disaster at Dunkerque.

Leopold was assailed not only by the allies but by his own people. Later the world took a more kindly view, it being widely accepted that his motive was to save little Belgium from annihilation by the Germans.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Congress Votes 29 Billion Without a Rollcall Ballot

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—With economy the watchword on Capitol Hill, senators and congressmen might be better off criticizing the bureaucrats less and paying more attention to how congress itself handles the tax-payers' money.

The power to tax and spend rests squarely on congressional shoulders, and by juggling the purse strings, congress can control the federal government.

Yet, believe it or not, congress appropriated twenty-nine billions last year without so much as a record vote. In other words, the tax-payers had no way of determining how their representatives voted.

In many cases, the majority of congressmen didn't even show up to vote when expenditures running into millions of dollars were approved. This is clear from the congressional record which shows that a quorum wasn't always present to vote on appropriations—though the constitution clearly provides that "a majority (of each house) shall constitute a quorum to do business."

Because this is a careless way to handle the taxpayers' money, conscientious congressmen Dwight Rogers of Florida is urging a resolution to require a rollcall vote on all appropriations. This would help remedy the slipshod method in which some appropriations are handled.

NOTE—Here are some of the appropriations approved last year without a rollcall vote: \$7,617,739,361 for independent agencies; \$12,949,562,498 for the military establishment; \$3,090,528,903 for the treasury and post office departments; \$2,387,779,885 for the labor department and federal security agency; \$715,601,607 for the agriculture department; \$584,098,797 for the interior department; \$100,000,000 for Palestine refugees.

SOVIET VS. PEARSON The Soviet-controlled press recently launched a diatribe against yours truly, calling him among other things, "the chained dog of the monopolists of Wall Street." The attack was published in Ogonek, the Life magazine of Russia, and, in order to give everyone a break in the popular pastime of throwing bricks at this writer, here are the highlights of what they say in Moscow:

"In his newspaper column," says Ogonek, "Pearson resorts to complicated sleight-of-hand. He is an acknowledged master of the art of lying and slandering, and other columnists and commentators envy him . . ."

"Pearson's connections are widespread. He doesn't have to hunt for sensations. Ministers, generals, admirals, high-placed government officials and gangsters supply him with sensational rumors, gossip, and, in particular, slanderous fabrications about the Soviet Union. With Pearson's help, dark intrigues are frequently consummated . . ."

"On one occasion Pearson concocted a radio discussion on the question of 'democracy.' As 'experts,' he invited such arch-reactionaries as the then attorney-general Tom Clark; Clare Booth Luce (wife of the owner of the reactionary magazines 'Life' and 'Time') and the notorious warmonger James Byrnes (former secretary of state)."

"As American newspapers have frequently disclosed, Pearson has powerful friends in the U. S. Senate, including Senators O'Mahoney, Bridges and other arch-reactionaries. In the house of representatives, he enjoys the favor of the speaker, Sam Rayburn, and the republican leader, Joe Martin. Pearson also has ties with the FBI (the American Gestapo) . . ."

"Pearson frequently comes out with provocative announcements. In the general howl of the warmongers his voice also is heard, the husky voice of the mongrel true to his master. Pearson is an unwavering adherent of the manical plans for the establishment of world domination by American monopoly. He has cynically declared that the U. S. has enough atom bombs to throw a few on every one of the countries that are members of the U. N."

"Some time ago the international organization of journalists, at the proposal of the Polish delegate, adopted a resolution condemning malicious instigators and propagandists for war. It called upon the national association of journalists to expel from their ranks persons blackening themselves with war propaganda, race and national hatreds, misinformation and slander. In the disgraceful list of these journalists appears the name of Pearson, a gangster of the press, the chained dog of the monopolists from Wall Street."

JAPS WATCH DEMOCRACY Another step in the political re-education of Japan took place without fanfare the other day—9,000 miles from Japan in a Washington committee room.

Though no reporters were on hand to witness it, members of the United States senate and Japanese Diet sat across the table from each other and exchanged political ideas.

If the same scene had taken place 10 years sooner, Pearl Harbor might never have happened.

It was a curious sight, these American and Japanese legislators taking a belated look at each other. The Japanese had come to watch democracy at work and were keen-eyed with interest. They rattled off questions, and scribbled the answers in notebooks.

One senator on the American side of the table was a former missionary to Japan—high-minded Elbert Thomas of Utah. Another had been a marine wounded in battle against the Japanese—scholarly Paul Douglas of Illinois.

This battle scene was solemnly recalled by Senator Douglas. He told how the Japanese fought a last-ditch stand though outnumbered two to one by the Americans.

"The Japanese fought bravely and valiantly," declared Douglas. Then, looking squarely at the Japanese legislators across the table, he added: "I am now looking forward to the Japanese fighting just as hard for democracy as they fought against it."

Throughout the visit, the Japanese asked most of the questions, chiefly on the technical processes of democracy. But the Americans wanted to know, in return, how the Japanese public feels about America.

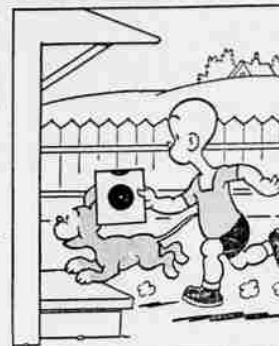
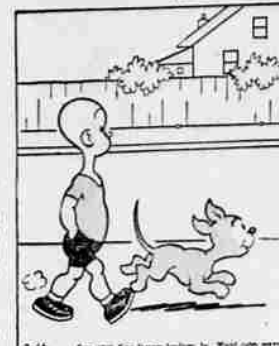
"Perhaps I am in the best position to answer that," replied Takizo Matsumoto slowly. "You see I represent Hiroshima."

"I was educated in the United States. I have many American friends and American ties," he continued. "This is well known by the people of Hiroshima. Yet they have always elected me by overwhelming majorities."

"I think that is your answer." (Copyright 1950)

BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Building Apartment Leads Boy Wonder to Odd Hobby

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—There are two unusual things about Herbert Fischbach.

He is one of the few men in America who collects silver cornerstone-laying awls. And he is the only man in America who is building what he calls "the largest single unit apartment house in the world."

At 31 Fischbach is the current boy wonder of Manhattan real estate.

He is supervising the erection of a \$12,000,000 massive, luxury-type apartment building for 651 families on a Riverside drive site where only one family used to live. But the family was that of the late Charles Schwab, the steel titan.

The new building will replace the elegant 75-room stone chateau built by Schwab at the peak of his wealth and once known as "the finest home in the United States." Schwab poured from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in it, and died insolvent. An odd fact about the chateau: Its refrigerators could hold 25 tons of meat, but Schwab in his last years ate only a boiled egg for dinner.

"Steel started going up for the building last week, and it'll be finished by Nov. 1," said Fischbach. "But already it is 70 per cent rented."

The apartments have about everything the wife of a city slicker might ask: Automatic waste-disposal units, electric dishwashers, fireproof paint, big closets with built-in drawer space, and maid, valet, catering and shopping services.

"A woman could live here forever and never even have to leave the building," said Fischbach, who has learned considerable about feminine psychology. Most apartments have either two or three television outlets.

"Many families today find one television set isn't enough for their needs," he explained. "There is a growing trend toward more gracious living."

There must be, as the apartments rent from \$1,200 a year for a two-room unit to \$3,800 for a super-duper penthouse.

But Fischbach feels the market for suites in this price range is far from glutted. He hopes to build more. How he got the assignment to build the new "Schwab house" project is quite a business success story in itself.

Fischbach quit college at 20 to learn the building business from his father, an electrical contractor. He and a partner started their own real estate firm ten years ago on a \$500 investment. The partner dropped out in 1941, but Fischbach, gambling on a growing America kept expanding his firm rapidly.

When the Prudential Life Insurance company bought the Schwab home site for a mammoth apartment house, Fischbach did some preliminary surveys for it.

"For reasons of their own, however, the Prudential people decided to abandon the project—and to sell," he said. "Every big builder and investor in town then tried to acquire the site."

Young Fischbach and the syndicate he operates with won by a simple gesture.

"We put up \$1,650,000 cash—and nobody could top it," he recalled. "That convinced the life insurance company we were investors—not speculators—and they financed the mortgage for us."

During the planning of the project Fischbach learned that the corner-stone for the old Schwab chateau had been laid with a silver trowel. He located and bought it. Then he found out that in the old days special silver trowels were fashioned for the cornerstone layings of famous buildings, a custom that now has pretty much died out.

He has about 20 of these fancy old trowels—they cost from \$25 to \$100—but he has to keep them in his office.

"I do that to keep them away from my wife," he grinned. "She wants to use them for cake knives."

Which Mary Was His Bride?

Williamson, W. Va., March 16 (AP)—Please send me a copy of my marriage certificate. I have been separated for so long that I can't remember my wife's name. But her first name was Mary and we were married in Williamson."

When Mingo County Clerk Elmer Ferrell received that letter from a man in Roanoke, Va., yesterday, he leafed through the records.

He found that two men with the same name as the letter writer had been married here. Both brides were named Mary. Ferrell said he would send the information along to the Virginian and let him figure it out.

Spunky Little Locomotive Leads Fight With Town

Sevierville, Tenn., March 16 (AP)—The locomotive grunted, the crew perspired and the little Smoky Mountain R. R. had a new obstacle to delivering its cargo.

Tired of half the main drag—the middle half—being taken up by tracks of a little-used railroad, the townspeople had Bruce street resurfaced for three blocks—railroad tracks and all.

But the Smoky Mountain railroad thrives on trouble. Bankrupt, 42 years old, and forbidden by the interstate commerce commission to quit operating, it finds a way.

The spunky little mountain locomotive just batted into its newest problem. Three hours later, two carloads of potash and cement were delivered, about 1,800 feet across this town of some 2,000 population in the foothills of the great Smoky mountains.

As the train crew dug away the tar pavement from the tracks, citizens chewed and whittled, and watched city employees pour oil on the tracks in an impeding effort that backfired.

"Actually, it helped out," chuckled J. E. Temple, the court-appointed operator for the line which is in receivership. "The oil softened the tar, and we used plenty of sand and got through."

Normally the three-car train finishes its 30-mile run from Knoxville, at the other end of the line, without crossing Sevierville. But the potash and cement were consigned across town.

Understand, nobody is really angry about all this. Temple added. It's almost a family affair. Mayor Robert Howard is his brother-in-law.

An 80-Year Wait Ends

Los Angeles, March 16 (AP)—Eighty years ago Irwin S. Pierce's mother gave him a jar of blackberry jam.

He opened the jam yesterday and said it tasted fine. "I couldn't resist the temptation any longer," said the 90-year-old Vineland, N. J., man.

'Free' Meals for Red Cross Donations Turn Up Phonies

Portland, Ore., March 16 (AP)—A Portland restaurant proprietor with a novel plan for aiding the Red Cross drive today surveyed the result with skepticism toward certain members of the human race.

Eric Ellis, manager of the Mister Jones restaurant at N. E. 54th and Sandy boulevard, advertised that he would feed all comers free of charge. But instead of a cash register, Ellis placed a barrel marked with a red cross at the door. A sign said that contributions would be welcome—all proceeds going to the Red Cross.

At the end of the day, Ellis emptied the barrel and took the contents to the Red Cross headquarters. What he found convinced him there were still plenty of good people in Portland, but there also were more than a few fourflushers.

A total of \$571 was taken from the barrel. Also found were: An assorted collection of but-