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4—Salem, Oregon, Tuesday, August 21, 1951

MUTINY AT THE PENITENTIARY

The Capital Journal has received the following letter from Oswald West, former democratic governor of Oregon 1911-1915, who during his regime inaugurated many constructive reforms in state government. He won national reputation for his practical amelioration of the lot of convicts in the state penitentiary for which he received unstinted partisan abuse and legislative obstruction. Like most governors he became fed up with the senseless interference of sentimental do-gooders. He is probably as well informed and most experienced in handling convicts of any governor we ever had.

To the Editor:

I am glad to note that my friend and fellow democrat Les ("Pinky") Josslyn, chairman of our democratic state central committee, has published his views as to Oregon state prison management. I was fearful that he would let Senator Doug Yeater, and his fellow prison committee Republicans, beat him to the punch.

However, I would go a step farther than that proposed by "Pinky." I would have our state central committee take over the control and management of the institution. This could be justified by reason of the fact that a large majority of the past voting inmates were registered as democrats, and might feel that they were right in revolting against republican rule.

As a last resort I would suggest that those sweet faced Wilson boys (kidnappers, rapists and murderers), now in jail at Vancouver, Wash., be borrowed by our "do-gooders" and made penitentiaries to induce George Alexander's boys to eat their spinach and go back to work—otherwise they will be entitled to unemployment insurance pay—thus increasing the state's deficit.

Portland, August 20. OSWALD WEST.

The only issue at stake in the present prison mutiny is whether the state through its board of control and warden is to manage the penitentiary or to turn control over to the convicts as a country club, abolish discipline among lawbreakers and invite another series of bloody escape attempts and armed rioting chaos.

All the present troubles date from interference by a legislative committee, ignorant on the subject, and its coddling of prisoners, fanning the latent resentment of the ruthless lawbreakers. Though these legislators' authority expired with adjournment and they are not an interim group, they have butted in again to fan the flames of discord.

Warden Alexander is right—let the convicts work or starve.

FINDING OUT FOR HIMSELF

Governor Dewey had a good idea in going over to the Orient to see for himself what is happening over there. He landed in Portland yesterday after more than a month and one-half visiting key points in the Far East. His survey trip covered about 32,000 miles.

The real reason for his making such a trip is still uncertain. It really matters little whether he was trying to get background for some hoped-for future political job has little bearing on the matter.

The importance of the trip was this: Dewey, two-time nominee of the republican party for president, decided not to take someone else's word for what was happening in the Orient where two wars affecting the United States have started in the past 10 years. He went to check on conditions himself.

Although he doesn't claim to be an expert because of his swing of the Far East, he is certain to have a better grasp of affairs in the other half of the world. And that personal knowledge will help him and that section of his party he still leads off the isolationist wing headed by Senator Taft. Dewey has come out strongly for Eisenhower in '52.

Dewey has been one of those republicans who feels that the United States must have a foreign policy backed by both major political parties. That was the idea, too, of the late Senator Vandenberg. Vandenberg believed that differences over foreign policy should be settled within the country. Then the resulting policy would be backed unitesly overseas. The Truman administration of recent years has ignored the republican party in congress most of the time in drafting new moves in foreign policy. Lack of real support has too often resulted.

Dewey, however, will now be in a position to back his views with facts. For instance, he found through personal experience that the policy toward Chiang Kai-Shek will prove disastrous to the United States if it continues to be followed. He doesn't have to take the word of some administration man or one of the rabid republican supporters of Chiang.

And so Dewey will be able to offer constructive leadership toward returning to a bi-partisan foreign policy which is essential to the nation's number-one position in the world. This alone will make his trip worthwhile.

One Driving Tag in 40 Years

Van Nuys, Calif., Aug. 21 (AP)—"One violation in 40 years of driving is something of a record."

That's what the judge told Hans Brekke, 85, yesterday upon handing him a one-day suspended sentence for turning against a red light.

Brekke was found driving with a 17-year-old license, entitling him to operate only a Model-T Ford, when he committed the lone error on June 24.

"Got the license fixed for my new (1929) Model-T," remarked Brekke. "Now I'm set for another 40 years."

Alert - But Frank - Sentry

At the Front, Korea, Aug. 21 (AP)—The sentry was guarding the quarters of Maj. Gen. Robert H. Soule, commander of the U. S. 3rd division.

When United Press War Correspondent Frank H. Bartholomew approached, the sentry demanded the password. Bartholomew said he was a correspondent and didn't know the password.

"Neither do I," retorted the sentry. "Pass on."

BY BECK

Husbands



POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

It Takes a Real Texas Gal To Grapple with a Stinker

New York, (AP)—A brunette girl smells better and worse than a blonde. And a red-haired girl, well-1-1-1-1—she smells better and worse than either a blonde or a brunette.

Naturally you fellows already know this. I didn't until I met Miss Barbara Allen, the first real professional odor consultant who ever came into my life.

Her name may sound like a sad and famous old British ballad, but this Barbara Allen is a strapping five-foot-eight-inch blonde Texas girl who nose her business.

"The nose is a built-in radar," she said in a tall accent, redolent of Palestine, Tex. "Our sense of smell is 10,000 times more sensitive than our sense of taste. But few people today know how important odors are—and how they change our lives."

Miss Allen, now 23, got interested at the age of 14 in the theory of smells while working at a cosmetics counter.

"I like to know what I am doing," she said. "I asked about odors, and the people who ought to know didn't know about them."

So she studied odors for years—on her own. The books didn't give her all the answers she wanted, however, so she came here to enter the odor field.

"But I found there wasn't any odor field," she said. "So I became, so far as I know, the first person to make a career as an odor consultant."

Miss Allen sighed, and a gentle lilac fragrance from her own fair form besmote the air. A nearby copy boy immediately began to quiver at the nostrils.

"Different odors have different effects," Miss Allen said, dreamy as the annual report of the U. S. Steel Corporation. "Most people are unaware of them. I prefer lilac because it is soothing to the nerves. Lavender is used to attract and trap lions and tigers. Magnolia has been found successful in stimulating the appetites of children."

This I gotta see. From a distance she said that women have a

Police Chief Was Too Absorbed

Rome, Aug. 21 (AP)—Visiting French police chief Georges Mongredian said he became so interested in the pictures of bathing beauties in a magazine belonging to a man beside him on a street car that his pocket was picked of \$80 while he stared.

LOWERED SIGHTS?

Modern Toddlers Want None Of This Kiddy Stuff Now

New York, Aug. 21 (AP)—Two-year-olds are regarded with the greatest respect in the kiddy record business. So are fictional characters like Frosty, the Snowman.

"Kids are getting smarter every generation," explained Henry Lapidus, president of Peter Pan Records. "Now by the time they're past five they won't hold still for kiddy records. They'd rather be watching television. We lower our age sights all the time. Now 80 per cent of our records are for kids two to five."

And even the toddlers are no pushovers for a simple fairy tale coming from a plastic disc. They like a good brisk musical background and a top artist doing the singing.

"You want me to prove it?" Lapidus said somewhat belligerently, shuffling a stack of new kiddy records which littered his desk. "Just take a kid in a record shop and turn him loose. He'll buy a Spike Jones record that's jazzed up with plenty of banging."

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

A 28-Hour Work-Day Doesn't Leave Time to Write Mother

(Editor's note: Drew Pearson is again on a tour of Europe, studying conditions there. His column today takes the form of a letter written from Germany to his wife about her son.)

By DREW PEARSON

Dear L. W.: Driving up toward the Czech border the other night, about dusk, I noticed a big van lumbering along with a little car behind it. The van looked like it was lost from our convoy and we stopped it to inquire.

In the little car behind was your son. He was pushing the driver of that big van like a terrier biting the heels of a recalcitrant bull because that van contained the most important part of our "Winds of Freedom" operation—namely, the messages we were sending that night to the people of Czechoslovakia.

I left the car full of Vip's where I was riding and joined your son, not only because I enjoy his company but to see what it was all about. What happened was that the friendship messages to the Czech people had been late in arriving in Munich from Cincinnati and we had to get the messages printed in Germany. The latter also were too late to join the main truck convoy which had left Munich at noon so Tyler was commissioned to remain behind to see that the most important part of our operation got to the border on time.

I am writing you because I know he hasn't fulfilled his promise to write you every day but I think, when you read this, you'll understand why.

The winds of freedom, incidentally, shift back and forth along the border and neither he nor I knew exactly where to join the other trucks. But he had instructions to meet a lookout in front of the post office in Weiden, a little town 10 miles from the border. The lookout directed us 10 miles in another direction, where we sighted our convoy and where your son finally delivered the 2,000,000 messages to the Czech people on time.

The trucks were parked on a narrow road on the Bavarian hillside almost on a straight line toward Pilsen and Prague, the two largest cities of Czechoslovakia.

Arranging a convoy is a complicated operation, somewhat like loading a circus train and it reminded me of my old tent-wrecking days. Electric generators are at one end of the convoy, though far enough away so that no sparks can reach the hydrogen tanks used to fill the balloons, these are filled inside the truck and launched from its rear end. Next come four side-gate trucks for rubber balloons. The latter are so big they can't be filled inside the trucks, so the hydrogen tanks are laid sideways with a hose extending to the balloon-launching tables on the side of the road.

Tyler operated the valve on the hydrogen tank, supervising a crew of three Germans. The balloon is inflated with hydrogen until it touches two inverted table legs about four feet apart. When it reaches this diameter, it is tied at the bottom and sent on its way across the Iron Curtain. I photographed one of these balloons for Gottwald and Stalin.

The long line of trucks parked alongside a Bavarian wheat stubblefield made a fascinating, eerie spectacle in the night—the guttural German voices, the swish-swish of the flowing hydrogen, and the steady silent launching of the big bags as they slipped off into the darkness.

The boys were getting off their mitts to Prague pretty regularly—about 1,300, all told—when it started to drizzle. We kept going for a while, since rain doesn't impede the balloons. They rise above the clouds in no time, but it does get the men wet. So, at 2 a.m. we finally laid off: everyone was pretty well soaked.

I sat in the car for a while, waiting for the rain to stop but when it didn't I used the excuse that I had to get to the cable office, and at 3 a.m. I was getting old, I guess, and can't take it.

Before I left, however, I went down the line of murky trucks, trying to find your son. I finally located him sitting inside a truck, listening to German veterans and ex-prisoners swapping war experiences with American G.I. students—men who had once been fighting each other but who now worked together launching friendship messages to another people whom they hoped they wouldn't have to fight.

Germans, incidentally, supposed to be the military master race, seem to me completely pacifist. German youngsters are just as unenthusiastic about raising an army as your son and other American youngsters are about the draft. Sometimes I think it's chiefly the old doodies who are complacent about the prospect of war. However, I'm convinced that Moscow wants to wait a considerable time before it plunges the world into war. Its satellite peoples are too restless and would turn against the Kremlin in case of war. That's why I think this balloon deal, coming at this particular time, may help. It's only a drop in the bucket, of course, and lots of people will pooh-poo it but you have to make a start some way or other in attempts at penetrating the Iron Curtain, so we've taken the first step.

Anyway, I drove back to Munich at 3 a.m., leaving your son up on the border. They resumed launching the balloons at 4 a.m. and continued until 6 but didn't get back to Munich with the trucks until noon, making a 28-hour day—from 8 a.m. till 12 noon the next day.

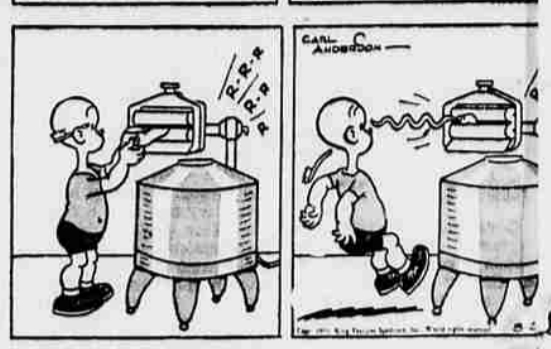
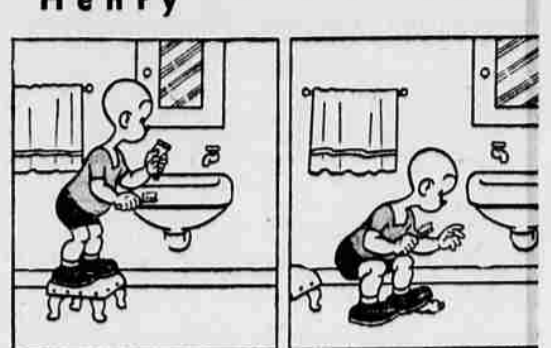
The winds weren't quite right the day following, however, and he got 12 hours sleep through last night. When I arrived at the border at 2 a.m. they were at it again, continuing until 6 a.m. They planned to lay over until noon, let the men sleep on the roadside, and then unloose another barrage which would hit Prague about 4 p.m., just as the people were starting home from work.

Well, that's why your son hasn't written and why I am trying to report for him. I am very lonesome and anxious to get home. It's rained a lot here and I hope you've had some of it at home. When I left the pastures were just about burned up. See you soon.

DREW  
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BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



SANCTITY OF TREATIES

Next Crisis in Middle-East May Erupt Any Time in Egypt

By HOMER JENKS (United Press Staff Correspondent)

The next crisis in the Middle-East may erupt in Egypt at day now. Like Iran, Egypt is unhappy over an agreement she signs with the British and has announced she intends to declare null and void.

But unlike Iran, Egypt made her agreement with the British government—not with a private oil company, albeit largely owned by the British government.

The Anglo-Egyptian dispute deals with the sanctity of a treaty entered into by two sovereign governments.

At stake is the security of the Suez Canal as a British commonwealth lifeline, the future of the biggest allied military base in the middle-east, and the political future of the Sudan—a country more than four times the size of France.

Britain and Egypt signed the treaty in London Aug. 26, 1936. It was to remain in effect for at least 20 years, although it could be reopened for revision after 10 years.

Its principal provisions are: 1. Britain shall station military forces on Egyptian territory in the vicinity of the Suez Canal to insure its defense until both countries agree that the Egyptian army alone is capable of insuring "the liberty and entire security of navigation of the canal."

2. Britain and Egypt shall continue to share in the administration of the Sudan. In 1946, Egypt took advantage of the clause permitting her to ask for revision of the treaty. She demanded the withdrawal of British forces from Egypt and the annexation of the Sudan.

"The presence of foreign forces on our soil in peacetime is still wounding to national dignity..." the Egyptian note said. Negotiations opened in London soon afterward and dragged on for months. The British refused to withdraw altogether from the Suez Canal zone or grounds that Egypt was no strong enough to defend the canal zone in these uncertain times.

As for the Sudan, they said, it was up to the Sudanese themselves to decide whether the country should continue under joint Anglo-Egyptian control should become part of Egypt or should be granted independence. No agreement could be reached, and London and Cairo announced a breakdown in the talks in January, 1947. There have been spasmodic attempts since to find a basis for a new agreement, but all failed.

Egypt took things into its own hands last November. Premier Mustafa Nahas Pasha, who had signed the treaty 14 years earlier, demanded in the Egyptian parliament that Britain get out of both the canal zone and the Sudan immediately.

He threatened to cancel immediately and unilaterally the 1936 treaty.

Foreign Minister Mohammed Salah Ed-Din followed this up only two weeks ago by telling the Egyptian parliament that Egypt will abrogate the treaty before the end of the year.

Britain will not take Egyptian denunciation of the treaty with out a fight. Its first recourse a world court and possibly the United Nations security council. Meantime, British troops in the canal zone probably will fight. And Egypt is believed to have neither the strength nor the will to challenge them to battle.

Little Mike May Get Home

Washington, Aug. 21—Little Mike, a Japanese-American occupation orphan, may soon have a family and a home in the United States—thanks to congress.

The house of representatives has passed a bill which would let three-year-old Mike become the foster son of U. S. army Sgt. Jack R. Terry and his wife, Carolyn, of Roanoke, Va.

Now it's up to the senate and the president. Mike was born in Japan, the son of an American occupation soldier and a Japanese girl and was placed in an orphanage in Japan.

The Terrys found Mike at the orphanage in 1949. They wrote Rep. Burton (D., Va.), who sponsored a bill for Mike's adoption.

Honeymoon Rather Costly

Danville, Va., Aug. 21 (AP)—Any extension of his honeymoon is apt to prove costly to Louis Leonard Pruitt, of Danville.

Serving a 30-day sentence on a larceny charge, Pruitt was let out of Danville jail Thursday after 13 days of his term to get married.

But corporation court Judge A. M. Aiken took no chances. He placed Pruitt under \$3,000 bond to return to jail at 10 a. m. Monday to finish out his sentence.

Gunman with Flare for Color

Baltimore, Aug. 21 (AP)—A red-haired gunman with a flare for color held up a haberdashery and escaped with nine pastel shirts and about \$60 in cash.

The shopkeeper, Harry Farberman, told police the man entered the store to look at the shirts and some slacks. He wore a pink shirt, yellow belt and gray pants.

After behaving very politely, the gunman suddenly drew a gun, locked Farberman in a back room and made off with the contents of the cash register and the brightly-colored shirts.

Midstream Fisherman

Veredale, Wash., Aug. 21 (AP)—M. L. Willey, found shore fishing along the Spokane river poor, so he waded out in the shallow stream to a concrete bridge pier.

Then engineers opened the power company locks 15 miles upstream. Firemen rescued the stranded angler with a rope.

OPEN FORUM

State Young GOP Disowns McCarthy

To the Editor—The republican party can offer to the people of the United States the same sort of forward-looking, liberal, intelligent, efficient administration it has given Oregon for so many years.

The nation desperately needs an honest, courageous, statesman-like leadership to replace the... careless, and conscienceless crew that is letting our Ship of State drift idly with no direction save that of the prevailing wind.

The GOP is well-endowed with men eminently qualified to serve the people. I am certain that the people will recognize that it is long past "time for a change" when they go to the polls next year.

It seems important, though, that many republican voices be raised just now to remind Oregonians that the junior senator from Wisconsin, who will be in Portland this week-end, does not represent the GOP. He represents neither the charitable humanity of Abraham Lincoln, nor the integrity of Herbert Hoover. He does not represent the high principles that have so long guided the party. He speaks only for himself.

Safely sheltered from lawsuit by the walls of the Senate chamber, he has slandered some of America's finest public servants. Over and over he has been challenged to repeat his accusations where he would have to accept responsibility for their utterance. So far he has shamelessly failed to meet the challenge.

He has succeeded in achieving notoriety for himself and has irreparably damaged the reputations of blameless American citizens. He has, single-handed, lowered (still further) the caliber of personnel who can be recruited for government service. Able, intellectually-honest citizens do not willingly get within range of the slander-shotgun wielded by the trigger-happy