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ERRORS IN OUR DIPLOMACY

Our diplomatic master minding has left much to be desired in two widely publicized incidents of the past few days. In fact the United States has been exposed to international ridicule, and without any apparent justification.

First, there was the arbitrary U.S. stand against any Asian power being named custodian of those Korean and Chinese prisoners held by the U.N. who refuse to go back to their homelands. We favored Switzerland, which obviously is not well located for such a chore, and turned thumbs down on the countries of Asia, giving the Reds an opportunity for a type of propaganda they delight to exploit. Particularly we objected to India, which has certainly not seen eye to eye with us in the past, but which is certainly not a communist country.

Now we suddenly reverse ourselves and "demand" that Pakistan, India's rival, be named. We see no objection to either India or Pakistan, but why is one so objectionable and the other so necessary? The "man on the street" throughout the world, including the United States, is likely to get the impression that our diplomats don't quite know what they are doing.

Then there was this incident of the 25 liberated prisoners of war who were flown incognito from the Far East to the Valley Forge hospital in Pennsylvania in the evident belief that some or all had been converted to communism during their enforced stay behind the Red lines.

It develops now that they hadn't but they were boiling mad over being publicized as Red dupes, for which attitude we don't think many will blame them.

In fact the whole story about "brain washing" our boys in the prison camps seems to have been mostly eyewash. They were starved, beaten, abused, etc., but not converted to communism. In fact the more they saw of it from close up the less they thought of it, as might have been guessed from the start.

We're a great nation all right, but we repeatedly downgrade ourselves in the eyes of the world by official stupidities.

COMMUNIST TRICKERY

It is about time that the world's optimists, including those of the governments of the United States and the rest of the United Nations write off Russia's "peace offensive" as just another piece of communist trickery. They ought to have learned by this time that the Russian communists are committed to world conquest. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

The only peace the Kremlin figures on is the peace of the grave for opponents, maintained by tyranny, terrorism, bloody purges and deportation to starvation slave camps in Arctic wilds. While stalling for peace in hopeless Korean armistice parleys, the deadlock has been utilized by the Reds to strengthen defenses and launch fresh aggression in peaceful Laos to grab southeast Asia.

The hopefulness that prevailed a few weeks ago among the allies has all but vanished through the Indochina invasion and the lack of Soviet response to President Eisenhower's challenge of April 16 to prove a will for peace with "deeds."

The new Kremlin leadership, like that of the old seems inspired to delude the west into prolonged "peace" negotiations to slow down the NATO's defense rearmament, and alienate West Germany under hopes of a United Germany—and refuse any important communist concessions in the "cold war."

Poor timing was shown by the communists in overplaying their hand. The swift Laos assault has shocked and alarmed the allies at the initial effort to bring all of Southeast Asia under Red control.

Secretary of State Dulles Saturday denounced the "ruthless and unprovoked" assault in strong statement and revealed that new "critically needed" aid is being rushed to the French and native defense forces, probably transport and war planes from Japan and the Philippines. Let us hope the aid is not "too little and too late."

TALK LESS, WORK HARDER

Albany Democrat-Herald
The New York Times' James Reston, in the course of an article praising the work of Harold Stassen as head of the mutual security agency, remarks that "Stassen's career has been on the decline ever since the Ohio and Oregon primaries in the 1948 presidential campaign, but he is reviving it merely by talking less and working harder."

Reston, of course, is referring to Stassen's political career, and is not regarding Stassen's recent position as head of the University of Pennsylvania as such an insignificant post. However that may be, the policy he attributes to the former governor of Minnesota, "talking less and working harder" ought to work pretty well for anybody in a position of great responsibility.

HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TOUR OF D. C. MONUMENTS



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Stock of Eisenhower's Brother-in-Law Booms

BY DREW PEARSON

Washington—Most meteoric career in Washington continues to be that of Lieut. Col. Gordon Moore, brother-in-law of the President.

Lady luck was not too kind to him a year ago. Then almost broke, he considered selling his house. During that hard-luck period, Moore was hired three times and fired twice within six months—as the political prospects of his famous brother-in-law ebbed and flowed.

But today lady luck smiles graciously. Today that retired colonel has been able to invest \$25,000 in a once-bankrupt airline of which he has become vice-president. On top of this, he set up a company of his own which lends money to small airlines.

The latter concern, Air Transit Service, Inc., located at 1122 16th st. here, acts as a sort of money-changer for nonscheduled airlines. Most of them fly military passengers and freight for the government. And what Moore does is borrow money from American Security and Trust, then turn around and lend money to the nonscheduled until they can collect from the slow-paying government.

Strictly speaking this makes him a one-percenter, since that's the percentage he keeps for himself.

Zooming Air Stock

Colonel Moore's most interesting business venture, however, was his investment of \$25,000 in U. S. Air Lines. Last fall this line had four DC-3's, only one of which could get off the ground. Its insurance had been canceled, its bank account overdrawn, the sheriff was about to hammer on the door, and the Civil Aeronautics Board, having canceled permission to fly military passengers, was threatening to revoke its certificate of operation altogether.

Stock in the company was then selling for 12½ cents. Thereupon entered Ike's brother-in-law. Immediately the stock began to zoom, sold for 36 cents a share one week after Colonel Moore became an executive, today is selling for 70 cents.

Other important factors also contributed. One of these was the dynamic reorganization ability of Moore's live-wire partner, Fred Miller. Another was the financial backing of Gearhart and Otis, New York investment firm which bought in U. S. Air Lines' liabilities of \$1,400,000 for \$750,000. Another was the ability of Colonel Moore to help persuade Civil Aeronautics to reinstate U. S. Air Lines' certificate and allow it back in the business of transporting Army personnel.

In fairness, it should be noted that Colonel Moore didn't do the talking before CAB. But he tagged along and stood conspicuously in the background. Ordinarily the CAB drags out these appeals and jumps at any chance to squeeze a small airline out of business. In the case of U. S. Air Lines, however, the CAB couldn't move fast enough to help put it back on its feet.

It should also be noted that U. S. Air Lines, after re-

financing and reorganizing, was entitled to a break with the CAB. This agency has been tough on some of the nonscheduled lines. Therefore, if the President's brother-in-law was able to cut CAB red-tape for this small line, it may set a helpful precedent for others.

Note—Moore's office wall is covered with galaxy of photos, showing various stages of Ike's career, the Eisenhowers and the Moores together, plus a huge oil painting of the President in army uniform. Like the autographed photos of fame five-percenter Col. Jim Hunt, who was investigated by Republicans, Moore's collection doesn't hurt him with prospective customers.

Gambling in New Jersey

For some weeks John J. Dickerson, Republican State chairman for New Jersey, has been threatening to sue me for libel because I reported on the radio Nov. 2:

"John Dickerson, Republican boss of New Jersey, has hushed up his connections with three notorious racketeers, at least until after elections. Dickerson was supposed to appear before the grand jury to explain his tie-up with Joe Adonis, Willie Moretti and Sal Moretti."

Last week, a New Jersey legislative committee elicited testimony from the same John Dickerson that Joe Adonis, now in a New Jersey prison; Willie Moretti, since then murdered; and Sal Moretti, since died in a New Jersey jail, did visit him in the basement of his home in November, 1950.

They were uninvited guests, Dickerson said and came to protest that they had failed to get police protection for their gambling operations, for which they said had paid

\$228,000 of protection money to New Jersey officials over the past 19 months.

Dickerson also admitted under oath that he received a \$25,000 political loan from Joseph Bozzo of Passaic, N. J., friend of racketeers; and that he also had cooperated in the New Jersey elections with Cardinale, described by the Kefauver committee as a major Hoboken gambler.

This is the man who had the gall to threaten a libel suit.

Correction—In fairness to another man who has not threatened a libel suit, I would like to make a correction. He is Congressman William Bray of Indiana, who with other Congressmen flew home in an Air Force plane at Easter time. I now find that, although the Congressman did request a free flight from the Air Force, he did so shortly after the town of Lewis in his district had suffered an explosion due to the wreck of an ammunition train. So it seems to me his request of the Air Force was justified, and I am happy to make this point entirely clear.

Longshoreman Pay-off

It will come as a surprise, but the Senate Waterfront Investigating Committee will ask the Justice Department to bring criminal charges against Grace Steamship Line officials who paid off waterfront racketeers.

Senate sleuths found that mobster Timmy O'Mara had drawn \$25,604 from the Grace Lines under the fictitious name of Edward Joseph Ross. Though the racketeer did no work for the company, he drew the money as a "pay-off" to guarantee labor peace.

The same company forked over another \$13,248 to Jay O'Connor, business agent for the longshoremen's union,

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Traffic Lights Always Red On Some Days, Hal Notes

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Some days, no matter what street corner you come to, the traffic light is always red.

And so it was this day. It was dusk. I was walking home along Second avenue, and had the dream like feeling of seeing the death of the human race . . . everything was noisy or shabby or ugly, except for a light or two high in a skyscraper.

"This is New York City," I thought. "A few tall spires in a mire, and millions of faces made out of fog."

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned red. A cab whizzed around the corner. The driver leaned out and cursed a pedestrian.

The sidewalk was lined with second-rate antique shops, full of sad merchandise . . . things people now dead once thought beautiful, things the people they left them to sold as junk. A sign in a window said: "Old comic books—5 cents." The last refuge of the nickel.

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned red. The stinking trucks rumbled by . . . all going one way toward the night . . . like dying elephants groaning through a cobblestone jungle to a hidden graveyard.

A small boy sat alone on a curbstone. He watched the parade of truck-elephants with the blank stare of one bored young with the circus of life . . . dead eyes in a face of paste.

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned red. Over to the left loomed the luminous United Nations building . . . a word of woe in a world of windows . . . 30 stories in towering glass, still looking for a happy ending . . . and the sun going down.

Up a side street stood a big tin garbage can. A man in blue overalls lay with one arm around it, his face turned down, his sprawling legs stretched out motionless on the sidewalk . . . was he dead, or sick, or only drunk? . . . in

now under indictment for extortion. The phony pay checks were slipped to O'Mara and O'Connor by Thomas Maher, pier superintendent for the Grace Lines.

Senate lawyers claim this was a criminal violation of the Taft-Hartley Act. (Copyright, 1952)

this honeycomb of hurry zew pause for a fallen bee.

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned red. Two men, both deaf mutes, stood arguing angrily, calling each other names in sign language . . . making figures of hate with flying fingers . . . and what could they find to fight about in their soundless words? . . . love or pride or money?

A girl hung on her father's hand, and whimpered, "but why can't I have it, daddy? Why?" . . . all things alive crying for something they can't have . . . which hurts the most, a tadpole or a whale? . . . a nurse in a white uniform hurried by, late to duty in a hospital where every day dawned on 500 people so sick the doctors can only say, "It's fifty-fifty" . . . a lost dog belly-groveled nervously on the pavement as three ragged urchins taunted it.

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned red. The dirty windows in vacant tenements had the film of dying eyes . . . a frowny middle-aged wife bawled out her husband in a high, whining voice that neither of them listened to . . . when she finished, he went into the saloon anyway. The wind raised dervishes of dust . . . a speck spun into my eye and stung me into sleep . . . nothing for block after block but the tired testimony of misery and assuol and weariness that man inflicts upon man . . . I wondered how it would feel to be a cliff or a brook or a tree instead of a man.

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned red.

And then I saw them . . . two dumpy old ladies with happy faces. One held a bunch of fresh lilacs, the other a bundle of groceries, and the one with the lilacs was teaching her friend the English language.

"Cottage cheese?" she said, and then pointed to a display carton in the store window. "H-m-m. Well, you see, a cottage is like a little house. So they put the cheese in a little house, too, so they just call it cottage cheese. That is why!"

She watched anxiously while her friend knotted her brows, thinking hard, and

OPEN FORUM

Local Agriculture in Need of Protection

To the Editor: With reference to your editorial published in the April 30th issue of the Capital Journal under the heading of "Ike and the Tariff Plotters."

We view the sentiment expressed in this editorial with consternation and alarm. The economy of the Willamette valley and the Salem area in particular will be very largely affected by the future policy of our national government with respect to adequate tariff protection on many agricultural crops.

The cherry industry is entirely dependent upon the tariff protection which is now in effect on brined cherries. Prior to the 1930 tariff rates which were put into effect on brined Maraschino and Glace manufacture in the United States. Since the cherry industry was granted tariff protection, the brined cherries market has become the chief outlet for Willamette valley cherries.

The filbert industry is also faced with ruinous competition from Mediterranean countries.

Willamette valley field seed crops are sorely in need of tariff protection if that industry is to survive.

Wool growers, bulb growers, and the dairy industry all are in trouble due to a rapidly increasing volume of low priced competing foreign products.

All of these industries mentioned contribute millions of dollars income to the farmers who produce these crops in the Salem area. Labor payrolls which are dependent on these crops are a very important item in the Salem economy.

We believe the Salem press should support a program of adequate tariff protection for home industries which support the economy of our own community.

ROBERT E. SHINN, Manager, Willamette Cherry Growers, Inc.

then said nodding, "yes, cottage cheese, now I know."

The two dumpy old ladies smiled happily at each other . . . and it was as if a fog had lifted and a rainbow shone over Second avenue . . . Oh, it is a wonderful thing to be a human being.

I came to a street corner . . . and the light turned green . . . and it shone green at all the other corners on the way home, and the air had a lilac smell.

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Planning a trip to California this year? Now is a fine time to go. Train and hotel reservations are not the problem they will be later when the summer tourist season is in full sway.

SPRING IS A DELIGHTFUL time of the year to travel. The countryside is wearing its new suit of green and the balmy air is clean and invigorating.

YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR TRIP more when you go by train. The engineer does the driving. You relax and arrive rested . . . and ready for work or play. It's the carefree, dependable way to go.

RAIL FARES ARE VERY LOW and you have your choice of two of America's finest streamliners from the Pacific Northwest to California—

The Shasta Daylight by Day, The Cascade Overnight.

For information and reservations call

