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RUSSIA, INDIA AND THE U.N.

As this is written the vote on what if any role Russia and India are to play in the forthcoming peace conference for Korea has not come to a vote in the U.N. but enough has already happened to make the success of that conference about as nearly impossible as failure can be before the conference is held.

Bitter debate was touched off over who should sit in at this meeting to end the Korean war and if possible to relieve other tensions in Asia. The United States insists that only those who took an active part in the fighting should make the peace.

This would eliminate India, which didn't fight and whose sympathies were certainly not with our side, which should have been India's side because India is a U.N. member. India is always anxious to talk if not to fight or to help, and is eager to be in this troublesome peace conference.

The U.S. formula does not eliminate Russia, for it is recognized that Russia was in the war up to its ears, in fact it was the real party in interest on the enemy side. But the U.S. insists that if Russia attend it be at the request of North Korea and China, her satellites and that she sit with them, representing that side, also that she sign whatever settlement is reached.

In view of India's past attitude her insistence upon getting into this conference occasions no surprise. Russia's attitude is peculiar—which of course is not a new development. Russia evidently wants to pursue the fiction that fools nobody that she is not a party to a war she started and provided the munitions for from start to finish. She wants to sit with the U.N., with which she has actually been at war for three years. She could better disrupt the proceedings that way, and in addition she seems reluctant to be seen in company with her satellites. This is understandable. They might feel the same way.

America's position does not meet with favor with some of her allies, such as Britain. The British have been appeasers from the start, due to their anxiety about Hong Kong and the China trade. They want to give the opposition virtually anything it wants and will probably vote against us in the roll calls. However, a two-thirds vote is required and the U.S. is therefore expected to win.

But the sharp, bitter split over who should compose the delegation and where they should sit virtually dooms the conference to failure. Vishinsky as good as said there would be no peace unless the Russia formula were accepted, which it won't be, and can't be now that the U.S. has "stuck its neck out" on the issue.

Perhaps we'd have been better off to have swallowed our pride and let both Russia and India in on their own terms, as disrupters, but we've swallowed our pride time after time without accomplishing anything and probably would have made no contribution to peace had we backed down again.

The trouble is that the other side wants peace only on its own terms, which includes the complete mastery of Asia now and the rest of the world later, when they get to it. With this aim there may be temporary truce, there may be little wars or there may be one big war. But there can be no real peace till the objective is attained or abandoned.

Many will conclude that we should have fought the war to a military decision, but this is by no means certain. Such a course would probably have brought Russia into active fighting and started World War III. If this did not happen we could hardly have overrun all China and we could not have made an enduring peace from a front located at the Yalu any easier than from one on the 38th parallel.

What all this adds up to is that we've got the biggest bear in the world by the tail and nobody has as yet figured out a way to let go without being devoured by him. We are only buying temporary, uncertain reprieve from the all-out war we all dread and will do anything short of outright surrender to avoid.

THE MENACE OF SECURITY

In an address to the American Bar association's annual convention at Boston, Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson stressed a fact that is becoming increasingly apparent that the nation's traditional freedoms are in danger of being lost through "being gradually bartered or traded" for "security." This security is anything but enduring, as history proves—a false will-o'-the-wisp that leads to a dismal swamp.

Jackson said that individual freedom is threatened by the philosophy "that all else must give way to the interest of the state." He continued:

"In this anxiety-ridden time, many are ready to exchange some of their liberties for a real or fancied increase in security against external foes, internal traitors or criminals. Others are eager to bargain away local controls for a federal subsidy. Many will give up individual rights for promise of collective advantages."

The recent action of the farmers in voting by an overwhelming majority to let the federal government regulate their crop planting quotas in exchange for minimum price subsidies to maintain war prices, was an instance of surrendering individual rights for collective advantage, that increases living costs for all the people and reacts on the farmers themselves in increased costs of production for all they buy, and the merry-go-round of inflation gets another whirl.

Security is the golden lure of both fascism and communism, and the results have been only slavery and sadism for the masses, denied initiative and opportunity as barbarism replaces civilization—a high price for loss of freedom.

Jackson further declared:

"The real question posed by the Fascist and Communist movements . . . is whether, today, liberty is regarded by the masses of men as their most precious possession. Certainly in the minds of many foreign peoples our type of individual liberty has been outvalued by promises of social welfare and economic security, which they want too passionately to be critical of the price. If this indifference to traditional values should spread to us, it would be the greatest threat to our liberties."—G. P.

RED FACES TURN RED

Panmunjom, Korea (AP)—Red prisoners had red faces today when they stripped off their uniforms in protest against the United Nations.

Two young women from Communist Poland turned up to welcome the Communist troops to freedom. The repatriates had nothing but caps

BACK SEATER DE LUXE

Battle Creek, Mich. (AP)—Benny Mark, 41, said today his wife, as a back seat driver, did more than talk. She grabbed his arm as he drove along a street here, causing him to crash into a tree. Mark suffered a broken leg.

to cover themselves.

WHO COULD BLAME HIM



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REG-MANNING

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Taking Care of Baby Education to Adult Too

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—When you try to educate a child it is hard to say who learns most—you or the child.

"Little Jughead," a tiny miss who came to our house recently for what we hope is a permanent visit, is right at the formative stage—too old to be kept in ignorance, but too young for college.

As a matter of fact she is only two months old. But, operating

on the theory that a girl can't start learning too soon, I have begun her formal education already.

The first things I am teaching her are music and international affairs. I do this by playing the phonograph for her and reading her the newspaper.

"You are positively crazy, Rover," said my wife, Frances. She has the feminine idea that just because a baby can't walk or talk it can't appreciate the finer things of life—like culture, and all that stuff.

But I know better. Take music for example. Little Jughead and I are having a wonderful time exploring the world of music. She likes Beethoven, but she puts me to sleep. When I play a record by Hayden, we both fall asleep. But Mozart we both love. The other day Jughead started a strange crooning, and I yelled for my wife.

"Now what's wrong," she said. "Can't you hear what the baby is doing?" I asked excitedly.

"Certainly," said Frances. "She is making happy noises." "Happy noises nothing. Listen again. She is humming Mozart."

"You are positively nuts," said Frances, going back to the kitchen. Well, that just goes to show you how much more fathers appreciate daughters than mothers do. A musical genius in the family—and her own mother won't even admit it.

Reading the newspaper to Little Jughead is something of a problem.

We both like the sports page, but she gets restless when I try to read the comics. I like them, but they bore her to angry squalls—so I read them real fast.

On the other hand nothing contents her more than the editorial page, which I sometimes find heavy going. The longer and duller the editorial the better she likes it. She lies there smiling, gnawing her hand with her gums, and nodding thoughtfully.

She is also keenly interested in foreign affairs, and really knows more about them than I do. For example, some time ago I read her a piece about the Shah of Iran flying to Rome.

"How do you like that, kid?" I said. "I guess the shah's had it. Old Mossadegh kicked him out to stay, eh?"

I looked over at Little Jughead, and she shook her head violently in the negative. She didn't agree.

Sure enough, a few days later old Mossadegh got bounced—and the Shah started back home. When I read that to Little Jughead, she leered up triumphantly, smug as any woman whom time has proved right.

One thing worries me about our mutual cultural and enlightenment program. The last couple of days she hasn't been listening to the phonograph or my newspaper reading. Just lies there on the floor flexing her leg muscles and doing pushups.

Oh, well, maybe it's time for me to buy her a glove and a bat. What if Little Jughead doesn't want to become an intellectual. We could use a good lady softball pitcher in the family.

End of an Era

By RAYMOND MOLEY

Santa Barbara—The death in Dublin last week of Edward J. Flynn, for 31 years the undisputed boss of the immense Borough of the Bronx, was probably where he would have ordered it to take place. His orders were usually law.

He had an attachment for Dublin which surpassed most of the other sentiments which marked his life. His father, who came from there and was educated at Trinity college, was a dignified, cultured man who made the pursuit of leisure a sophisticated art. Ed Flynn resembled his father in both respects. He loved books and he hated hard work. His great personal charm and quick mind seemed to make serious exertion unnecessary.

In these respects he defied the traditions of political bossism. In fact, he differed in so many respects from the American stereotype of a city politician that it is difficult to conceive of him as a boss. A boss is supposed to mingle freely with all sorts and conditions of people. Accessibility is supposed to be essential to his power. But Flynn was difficult to approach. He lived in regal detachment. Most of his time between elections was spent far from the Bronx—either in a Westchester estate, in traveling in the United States or in Europe.

Flynn held his political subordinates at arm's length. He said with complete candor: "I intended to keep my personal life entirely separate from my political life. . . I have not visited the homes of (his district leaders) nor have they been inside mine. I met them only when occasion requires."

But since 1922 this man ruled the political affairs of the Bronx with complete authority. In part, this mastery was due to a matchless sense of timing and of judgment of men. He never deceived himself by wishful thinking. If an election was in the offing in which his side was in trouble, he would frankly admit that fact to himself. In 1946, when many Democratic congressional seats were swept by Republicans, he told me in confidence not only which seats would change sides, but the approximate majorities in each. I knew in October, 1952, that Stevenson was lost in New York because a friend of Flynn told me so. His political predictions were the most accurate that I have ever known.

Beyond his capacity to win loyalty by the quality of his judgment Flynn's power rested in two other facts. For two decades he had complete access to Federal patronage. And he prevented any popular uprising by his efforts to keep his government scandal-free.

For instance, he held that law enforcement should be entrusted to district attorneys of unquestioned honesty and ability. When William O'Dwyer forced himself into the mayoralty over Flynn's doubts, the Bronx boss demanded and secured from the new mayor assurance that officers of the city who had large sums to handle should be kept over from the La Guardia reform administration. The event proved his wisdom, because the scandal that later pursued O'Dwyer broke out in other quarters. Dishonesty, Flynn knew, was not only morally wrong but politically inexpedient.

Flynn was made leader of the Bronx when he was 30 years old by the fabulous Charles F. Murphy, then the master of the Party in New York State. Flynn had entered politics with reluctance and never seemed to enjoy his profession. When Roosevelt was elected governor, Flynn, again reluctantly, accepted the post of secretary of state, which meant that he was to mastermind the pre-convention campaign of the New York governor. Flynn claims that he and he alone brought Farley into that campaign. For years—until Yalta, in fact, where he was an unannounced guest—he was closest to FDR in all political matters, more so at all times than Farley.

In later years his detachment became more and more pronounced. Ill health was partly responsible for that, but a disposition to regard politics as a bore and a rather incidental concern had its part.

His death removes the last of the great Democratic barons in New York. Tammany, which is New York county as distinguished from the Bronx, has never been the same since Murphy. The Bronx will probably fall into destructive rivalries and weak hands now.

For there can be no real successor to Flynn.

OLD HAND AT IT

Raleigh, N. C. (AP)—Officer C. J. Atkins testified in city court yesterday that when he halted a weaving automobile driven by Newton A. Walters, 38, the driver told him: "I've been driving drunk for 20 years. I drive better that way." Walters was fined \$300.

Salem 41 Years Ago

By BEN MAXWELL
August 27, 1912

T. G. Bligh had contracted for a large, \$450 electric sign to hang across the street in front of his theater.

Notice had been served on the section foreman in the Turner district by Dr. J. O. Van Winkle directing him to bury part of a human foot and leg of a man killed on the railroad right-of-way a few days ago.

John Carmichael, Independence hop grower, had advertised for 1000 hop pickers to pick 400 acres of hops on the Wigrich ranch.

Health of Isaac Durbin, 81, pioneer of 1845 had failed rapidly and he had been brought from Newport to Salem on a cot.

Arrangements had been made for the O. A. C. basketball team to tour the east this winter.

C. L. Rose, 246 S. Commercial street, was local distributor for the E-M-F "30" automobile.

New fall dress goods were offered to the Chicago store, "Saves You Money," included Russian colt skin cloth, a latest novelty, astrachan, heavy whale sponge cloth and chinchilla.

A bank had come to Donald with \$15,000 paid up capital.

Dr. O. B. Miles had lately rigidly enforced the sanitary ordinance against the meat men with the result that most of them had been arrested.

Treason Trials

Pendleton East Oregonian

Few if any U.S. prisoners of war in Korea who sided with their Chinese captors against their fellow GIs are likely to be tried for treason, according to Attorney General Brownell. Most of them gave way only under torture or other extreme duress. And a handful who may have gone renegade voluntarily will probably not have been repatriated.

The attorney general explains that the armed forces will turn over to the department of justice for action any evidence indicating actual treason. He says that no such evidence has yet been turned over.

Under the Constitution, a U.S. citizen commits treason only by "levying war" against the U.S. or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." And conviction may come only by testimony of two witnesses to the same "overt" act or by confession in open court.

Very few of the World War II treason cases involved men from the U.S. armed forces. Life imprisonment sentences were imposed on Seaman Becker, who sold military information; on Sergeant Provo, who cooperated with the Japanese in the Philippines; and Lt. Monti, who surrendered a plane to the Nazis and then joined the German army.

In a Coronation year, even roses pay homage to the Queen. One of the prize-winning All-American roses for 1954 is named Lilibet in her honor.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Strikes Will Return to France Without Reforms

By DREW PEARSON

Washington — Unfortunate aspect about the strikes in France is that they are almost certain to happen again. France is likely to have a wave of paralyzing strikes—unless certain drastic reforms are made in the French tax system and the French system of food distribution.

Unpleasant but inescapable fact about the French economic situation is that the French government has been living on subsidies from the U.S. instead of collecting taxes. About the only people who pay real taxes in France are industrial workers, white collar workers and government employees—thanks to payroll deductions. But in the higher brackets taxes are just not collected.

During the tax year 1951-1952 for instance, only 7,300 Frenchmen declared income taxes on a salary of more than \$6,000 a year. Of these 2,000 were government officials whose salaries are a matter of public record and who therefore could not fudge. Another 1,000 were officials of semi-government institutions—railroads, banks, gas and utility companies—whose salaries also are known.

This left 4,500 Frenchmen who claimed they were paid \$6,000 or more. Since the number should have been nearer 100,000, this meant that about 85,000 Frenchmen in the upper brackets simply cheated on their income taxes.

And the French government did absolutely nothing about it. There is no Commissioner T. Coleman Andrews in France.

French taxes are plenty high—higher than ours. If a Frenchman makes \$10,000, he pays around 65 per cent. If he goes much higher than this the taxes are almost confiscatory. But the upper bracket French simply do not pay, and the government makes little effort to collect.

Meanwhile, workers—with taxes deducted from the payrolls—do pay, and this was one of the biggest basic reasons behind the crippling strikes.

NO HOUSING

Reason No. 2—Was the zooming price of food. Food prices in France are actually higher than in the United States, though wages are much lower.

Reason No. 3—Was almost complete failure by the French government to do anything about housing.

After the war, the French government instituted a low-cost housing program under which apartments were to be built by the government and rented primarily to war veterans. However, they are being

built so slowly that one veteran friend of mine with a long and heroic record will have to wait 87 years before he can get an apartment. France needs 200,000 apartments and the government is building them at the rate of 1,300 a year.

The government is also subsidizing a housing program for private industry. About 4,000 are now built and are selling like hot cakes for around \$20,000.

The sight of wealthy citizens gobbling up these apartments built through the aid of French government funds also helped induce the strikes.

Premier Laniel, himself one of the wealthier men of France, made the mistake of tightening the French economic belt at the expense of the working classes, not the upper brackets. Result: Blazing indignation from the Catholic trade unions and the moderate non-communist unions. The strikes they started are bound to flare again, unless French economic inequalities get back into balance.

Note—French workers also watched the way French wine-growers blocked roads, held up all traffic in wine areas until the government agreed to buy their surplus wine. The government surrendered. French workers figured that buck the government and win, they could also.

"HEART" TROUBLE

The mysterious near-aphasia of mystery man Henry Grunewald and lady friend in a Jersey City apartment was not the first time he has been found in a somewhat similar predicament.

Early in July the famed tax-fixer was found in apartment 208-A of the Wardman Park Hotel, lying in a heap of broken glass. His lady friend was also lying on the floor, she comatose, he in a beligerently drunk condition.

Judging by the appearance of the room, they had been throwing table lamps and tumblers at each other. Grunewald had occupied the room for a week, and his lady friend, described by the hotel detective as middle-aged, had occupied the room next door also for a week.

Grunewald received a suspended jail sentence from the U.S. District Court on the ground that he was suffering from a "heart" condition. He also ducked testimony before a senate investigating committee, when this column first exposed his part in tapping the telephone wires of Howard Hughes on behalf of Pan American Airways—likewise on the excuse of "heart" trouble.

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