

Capital Journal

An Independent Newspaper—Established 1888
BERNARD MAINWARING, Editor and Publisher
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor Emeritus

Published every afternoon except Sunday at 444 Che-
meketa St., Salem. Phones: Business, Newsroom, Want-
Ads, 2-2406; Society Editor, 2-2409

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By Carrier: Monthly, \$1.25; Six Months, \$7.50; One Year, \$15.00. By Mail in Marion,
Polk, Linn, Benton, Clatsop Counties: Monthly, \$1.00; Six Months, \$6.00; One
Year, \$12.00. By Mail Elsewhere in Oregon: Monthly, \$1.00; Six Months, \$6.00; One
Year, \$12.00. By Mail Outside Oregon: Monthly, \$1.25; Six Months, \$7.50; One
Year, \$15.00.

'BATTLE OF FREE FOOD' DRAMATIC

American press correspondents in Berlin agree that the free food parcels distributed by the United States to the half-starved people of East Germany, well over 3 million to date, constitute one of the most effective means in the long "cold war" waged by Russia.

The crowds flocking to the western centers constitute the largest sample of the Eastern zone the West has seen. They are described as a shabby lot, emaciated, ill clad, shod and fed, a poverty stricken and destitute people.

Anne O'Hare McCormick, a foreign correspondent and columnist of New York Times, writing from Berlin in her column "Abroad," remarks:

"The spectacle of thousands of people trekking long distances and running great risks to get a 10-pound package of food is a sad one; nevertheless, a thrill of cheerful excitement runs through the busy distribution centers. The recipients are eager as children to receive their gifts and equally eager to talk, and everyone questioned expressed his opinion of the Communist regime."

The American gesture of giving food to anybody in East Germany who comes and gets it has received considerable criticism, especially from the British. But it has made a most favorable impression on the Germans in both East and West Germany, and behind the Iron Curtain. Mrs. O'Hare says that it has two valuable by-products.

"First, it induces many Germans to come to Berlin who have never before seen the difference between the East and West Zones. It establishes the wider communication envisioned in last week's request by the Western powers to the Soviet high commission to abolish interzonal passes and restore free travel throughout Germany. Meantime the 16 food distribution centers in West Berlin have become a place of reunion and comparison for separated Germans."

"Secondly, the East Germans get a taste of freedom. They all speak of what it means to be able to breathe again. Moreover, the influx of workers confirmed vague reports of the extent of the June riots. Now dubious West Germans are convinced that their brothers in the East share their sentiments. The food distribution, looked on as a postscript to the revolt, not only supplies fresh evidence to the pro-Westerners that the East is with them but diminishes suspicion among Easterners that the West has abandoned them."

But Soviet opposition and British criticism have had little effect although some of the people caught carrying food have been arrested and fined, lost their ration cards and otherwise penalized by the loss of their jobs, but the people have remained defiant and the opposition half-hearted. The distribution is being carried on with speed and smoothness. The Berliners regard themselves as front line soldiers in the cold war and regard "the battle of food parcels" as a dramatic episode.

As expected, the entire Soviet state, party and propaganda, is being utilized along with a forced invasion of Communist goons to interfere in the German election to defeat Adenauer and support East German Reds. And as Pravda says, make it "the bulwark of the peace-loving forces in Germany."

It looks as though Malenkov's policy may have a boom-erang result and merely unite Communist opposition eventually in behalf of a free and united Germany.—G. P.

IS THIS MY ROOM?



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Secret Army Order Permits Liquor Sales on Post Limits

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—A red border around a military document means the document is "classified," or secret—therefore off-limits to the eyes of Washington newsmen. The forbidden red border, however, doesn't always mean that the military document deals with national security.

Sometimes it involves operations which Pentagon brass hats don't want the taxpayers to know about, as, for instance, the army's recent secret order dealing with the nonsecurity matter of imbibing liquor on military posts.

A perusal of this interesting secret document leaves no doubt about why military chiefs wanted it kept secret—especially from church and temperance groups. For the order is interpreted by some as putting the army almost on the verge of the night-club business.

Ever since a law passed in 1901, the sale of liquor has been forbidden on military posts. Though this law is still on the books, the secretary of the army has set it aside to permit on-the-spot sale of liquor. The secret order, signed by adjutant general of the army Major General William E. Bergin, and effective Sept. 1, 1953, states:

"It will be noted that provisions of the inclosed regulations represent a major change in the existing policies and procedures applying to alcoholic beverages. It is believed that the privileges extended under these new regulations will, if used with moderation and restraint, serve to enhance the morale of all concerned."

"It is important to note that the sale of alcoholic beverages, as authorized in the inclosed regulations, is a proper open mess activity. However this activity must not become the major open mess activity."

MODEST DECORS

"Bars or lounges must be constructed and located so that there is no suggestion of a saloon or gaudy night club. Furthermore, the location of the bar or lounge must be, insofar as possible, located so that persons not desiring to partake of alcoholic beverages are not forced to use or pass through the room where the bar is located."

"Since the manner in which the army governs the possession, use, and sale of alcoholic beverages is subject to critical public scrutiny, it is imperative that all commanders exercise constant supervision to insure that no unfavorable publicity or criticism is generated through the exercise of the privileges extended."

Temperance groups, learning of the army's order, are planning to challenge the statement that the new system contributes to "morale" and that the sale of alcoholic beverages is "proper open mess activity." They claim that the universal military training act of 1951, which authorizes the secretary of the army to draft new, on-the-spot drinking regulations, does not supersede the act of 1901, which has never been repealed.

Some of the legal experts point out that in the Rosenberg spy case, where the 1946

OPEN FORUM

No Courtesy Shown In Burbank, Calif.

To the Editor: I was not surprised at Mr. Freeman's amazement at the courtesy he received from our police department.

At Burbank, Calif., I received a very different welcome. I was not familiar with curb markings and I parked improperly. When my family and I returned after eating lunch I found a ticket on my car. The officer on duty told me the fine was \$3.75. I paid it. Then told him of our courtesy plan in Oregon. His answer was and I quote: "That is a damn good place to go and stay."

J. R. Workman,
1908 N. Summer.

Our Unreformed Bureaucracy

By RAYMOND MOLEY

Los Angeles—The new estimates of spending and receipts just issued by President Eisenhower's Budget Bureau are no doubt designed to cheer us. At any rate, they have been accompanied by loud huzzas by such loyal Republicans as Speaker Martin and Leader Halleck. But the words of praise must have seared the well-worn throats of those statesmen. For they must know that, despite these figures, the progress toward relieving the aching backs of taxpayers has been meager. In fact, I have found in my travels over the country this summer a dawning conviction that much of the talk last year about economy was mere campaign oratory. I am convinced that unless something drastic is done, neither this Administration nor any other that we may elect will ever reform itself.

A careful examination of the earlier budget figures submitted by the President and his Budget Director shows that most of the cuts below the earlier Truman estimates were in defense requests. This was easy to do for two reasons. First, Truman inserted into the budget certain requests that he knew would perish in January. He put in everything he could think of to show his good will to grasping communities and politicians. If there were to be aching hearts, he was determined that somebody else would get the blame. Second, eighty billions had already been appropriated and not spent. For in previous years the capacity of Congress to appropriate had far outrun the capacity of our economic system to produce.

And so an Administration would have to be blind and deaf not to be able to cut billions from the Truman estimates. It was the House of Representatives that did the really serious cutting. For the boys there have to face angry taxpayers at home.

The real determination of an Administration to cut spending is reflected in the number of civil employees it is willing to fire. That is not the full measure of the cost of government, but it reflects the extent to which spenders are going to be allowed to hold their jobs.

The record in reducing such employees is not so good. The able and indefatigable Senator Byrd released figures at the end of July which show that in five months the Administration has reduced the burden of 2,550,000 civil employees by only three per cent and most of those were in the Defense Department.

Salem 11 Years Ago

By BEN MAXWELL
September 4, 1942

Allied forces had wrested the initiative from Field Marshal Erwin Rommel thereby relieving axis pressure on the southern El Alamein line.

Hop grower around Independence, largest producing area in the world, had advanced the picking price to 3c a pound, highest price ever paid.

Tax experts had told the senate finance committee that a five per cent retail sales tax would be feasible and would produce approximately \$2,500,000,000 annual revenue.

USO canteen at Salem had been opened for use by servicemen.

A Tacoma woman had been arrested for hoarding a half ton of sugar in her home.

Organization of the top control board under the new federal marketing agreement had been completed.

Women making their own clothes had discovered that new patterns also restricted their silhouette since they, too, had been brought under the same restrictions that the government applies to clothes bought in stores.

Military experts had expressed fear of another Japanese attack on Dutch Harbor, Alaska, as a prelude to an attack on Siberia.

Oregon Shipbuilding corporation had launched its 68th liberty ship, the Andrew Carnegie.

Hitler was reported scouring Europe for manpower with no source too small to tap.

Chapels at Camp Adair were to be dedicated Sunday, September 6, 1942.

Consumers of Brown Derby beer (a Salem product distributed by a chain store) were urged to buy quarts instead of stubbies and save two bottle caps for other needs.

Tune Changes

(Yakima Herald)

Travel is broadening. Take the case of James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. Recently he returned from a trip to Europe. Previously he had opposed the importation of foreign records. He'd held them to be a threat to the livelihood of American musicians. While abroad he was impressed with the sales of American records. Now he says, "If we stop foreign records coming here, we stop our records going there."

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Live in Tenement, But They Had Their Party Too

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Helen sat on the tenement stoop at twilight waiting for Joe.

The heat from the great summer stove of Manhattan hammered at her, and she tried to fan it away with a folded newspaper.

When she saw Joe coming down the sidewalk, his collar open, his coat dangling limply over one arm, she put the paper on her knees and bent her head over it, as though absorbed.

Joe slumped down silently at the other end of the stoop and watched her. After a moment Helen lifted her eyes, faked a squeal and said, "Oh, Joe, you startled me."

"Don't give me that stuff," said Joe, crossly. "Why do you girls sit around thinking up phoney things to say? You saw me coming."

They looked at each other warily, trying to decide whether it was too early in the evening to quarrel. Then both decided it was too hot.

"What're you reading?" asked Joe.

"Oh, about the big party that rich old bird, the Marquis"—she glanced down at the newspaper and spelled the name—Marquis de C-u-e-v-a-s in Biarritz. That's a place on the Riviera."

"Yeah," said Joe, "but which place—the one on the East River or the Hudson River?"

Helen laughed. Joe always said such crazy things.

"Oh, it must have been wonderful," said Helen dreamily. "Hundreds of famous people were there, and they wore costumes. They had lacquered benches to sit on, and they even had pedigreed cattle and sheep wandering around among the guests on the lawn. Wasn't that a cute idea?"

"Sure," said Joe. "People get tired of seeing nothing but pedigreed pink elephants at parties."

"It must have been exciting," Helen went on. "Elsa Maxwell rode in on a donkey, and a French dancer arrived on a camel. But if I could have gone to the party, I'd have come on a big pale white horse, the kind you see at the circus and arch their necks and look so proud."

"Not me," said Joe. "I'd have galloped up on a boa constrictor."

"I thought boa constrictors are something like snakes," replied Helen. "Do they have legs?"

"Well," said Joe grimly. "They will have by the time I get invited to a party like that one."

"They had more than 2,000 bottles of champagne—real champagne. And simply tons of caviar. Do you like caviar, Joe?"

"No. The kind of money they charge for that stuff, they ought to be able to get rid of the fishy flavor."

"Well, I think I'd give a year of my life to go to a party like that," sighed Helen. "The memories would be worth it. It said in the paper that old Mr. . . uh . . . old Mr. de C-u-e-v-a-s must have spent about \$100,000 on the party. Can you imagine spending \$100,000 in a single night?"

Joe couldn't. At the moment he was fingering the two subway tokens in his pocket.

"Honey, I got bad news for you," he said. "We can't go to the movies tonight. I lost my last \$5 on a bet in the office."

"The dreams of Biarritz receded. Helen began fumbling in her small purse and said, "Let me treat you, Joe."

"No," he said stubbornly. "You've done that too many times already."

"Please," she whispered. "You can pay me back when we're married. It's such a good picture tonight. All about adventure in Africa. And on the way home we can stop for a beer and a sandwich."

"Corned beef or cheese?" "Cheese," said Helen practically. "That's all we can afford tonight."

"It's a deal," said Joe. "If you let me drink the beer from your slipper. I hear they always do that in the big leagues."

"If you do, all you'll get is foam, goofy. I'm wearing toeless sandals."

As they stepped from the stoop, Helen put her hand in Joe's arm, and he squeezed it. Joe looked up at the same stars that shine on tenements and Biarritz.

"I wish he was here," he said.

"Who?"

"Old Mr. de C-u-e-v-a-s," spelled Joe.

"What for?"

"Because," said Joe, "He sounds like a guy who enjoys parties—and he's sure missing a wonderful one tonight."

Helen reached up and took his face in her hands and pulled him down and kissed him—and he didn't care what the neighbors thought.

Pay Up or Shut Up

Yakima Herald

Before the United Nations General Assembly proceeds with further business, the nations behind with their dues should be directed to pay up or leave the hall.

The latest report shows that only 15 of the 60 members have paid their 1953 dues in full, that a dozen of them owe for membership last year and that four are still behind on their 1951 assessments. Soviet Russia, the most voracious and troublesome nation of the bunch, is nearly \$3 million in arrears and Nationalist China, which assertedly has a big hoard of gold, owes \$2.4 million for this year and is also behind on its 1951 and 1952 payments.

The United States, which has nursed the UN along from the start and which pays 35 per cent of the UN budget of \$48 million, has met its share of the obligation as usual. The members that can not or will not bear their parts of the operating expenses should have neither voice nor votes at the assembly sessions.

Human Rival

Twin Falls Times-News

Some scientists up at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have succeeded in producing an electrical robot which virtually duplicates the sounds of the human vocal tract.

The idea is to give science a chance to study how man's vocal cords developed and how they operate. This new apparatus, six feet tall, has parts which correspond to all the elements in man's speech-making system: lips, vocal cords, windpipe, etc.

These ingenious fellows really ought to be complimented for their work. But they could have solved their problem much more simply. All they had to do was hire out Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon, who has the most tireless set of vocal cords in America. Certainly no machine could surpass him in the regular and automatic production of speech.

SUBURBAN STORE FOR PORTLAND

Meier and Frank, Oregon's largest retailer, is decentralizing on a large scale. The announcement of a big new department store for Salem a few months ago is now followed by revelation of plans for a shopping center to be built on a 50-acre site in the northeast section of Portland adjacent to Sandy boulevard.

It is announced that a complete department store will go in, together with other stores and of course a big parking area, somewhat similar to Northgate, a big shopping center north of Seattle. Whether others are to follow is not revealed, but it will occasion no surprise, now that the course has been set.

We doubt this means that the Portland west side business district is to become the proverbial "deserted village" or even to become noticeably less congested. We shall be surprised if the main Meier and Frank store suffers much loss of volume. But it does suggest that Meier and Frank thinks the parent site has about reached the saturation point where little if any more business can be handled, and that it is time to take the stores closer to the customers.

The trend is general in the great cities of the country, where the need is greater than in a city like Portland. However Portland is handicapped by her narrow, pre-Civil war model streets, which can be only partially relieved by one way traffic. Salem, fortunately, has wide streets, designed a century ago with a prophetic eye to conditions a century hence. (Or was it just plain luck?)

Anyway, a new, faster, more competitive merchandising era is on in the Willamette valley, in which Salem will play a larger role, assisted in stopping mid-Willamette shoppers here where we have wide streets and fairly good parking by the coming construction of two big department stores. So we may do our bit to relieve congestion in the over-burdened state metropolis.

TROUBLE AT TRIESTE

The world has always had its hot sparks, its points of tension. The Rhine was such while Hitler was rearming Germany. Since World War II there have been several, and Trieste has been one of these.

Warfare almost flared up at this city at the head of the Adriatic several times immediately after the end of the war in Europe, and only the presence of U.S. and British troops prevented it. Since Tito broke with Moscow and began edging over toward the western camp Trieste has been quiet, but the dispute was never settled and perhaps never will be. It has just flared up again.

The international boundary runs through the town, part of it Yugoslav and part Italian. The population is mainly but not entirely Italian. Both countries passionately want it all, to satisfy long held nationalistic ambitions and for reasons of international prestige.

Whatever importance Trieste has for foreign trade could be adjusted by making the port free to both countries, but only complete possession will ever satisfy either country's feelings, which are distinct and apart from its national interests.

The flareup is embarrassing because both countries are presently rated as members of the western group. Presumably the dogs will be called off before they start biting, but the issue will remain like a festering sore, one of many that work against Europe ever having an enduring peace. Politicians of course play on these old ambitions and animosities for their own selfish ends.