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BERNARD MAINWARING, Editor and Publisher
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PSYCHE AND VENUS

London dispatches state that a conscience-stricken art student who fell in love with a nude statue, a 13-inch figurine of Psyche, the goddess of love, by Auguste Rodin, has returned it to a London art gallery from which he stole it four months ago. With it was a 10 shilling (\$1.40) note, which read:

"There was no mercenary intent behind my abduction of this exquisite creature. I merely wished to live with her for a while. Auguste Rodin would have understood. The enclosed, towards 'Le Baiser,' is all I can afford." Signed: 'An impecunious art student.'

"Le Baiser," The Kiss, is a privately-owned Rodin marble which has been on loan to London's Tate Gallery for several years. A campaign is under way to raise funds for its purchase so that it will not fall into the hands of any foreign art collectors.

The Manchester Guardian commented slyly: "There will be some doubts, in both artistic and classical circles, as to the appropriateness of the student's donation. Ten shillings, after all, must seem a modest payment for the privilege of spending a whole summer in the company of Psyche."

Auguste Rodin, also a Frenchman, was a much greater sculptor than Auguste Renoir, but the latter's "Venus", also made in bronze, rejected by the people of Salem as a Carrol L. Moore memorial to early Oregon pioneers seems to have inspired the same fervid affection among some "art lovers" in Salem that Rodin's Psyche inspired in London's "impecunious art student," judging by their protest letters to the Capital Journal.

It is perhaps fortunate that Salem rejected the Venus, for some of our art lovers, who are by no means impecunious, might have similarly swiped the object of their affections to adore it in private. That is a risk the Portland Art Gallery takes when it places the fat lady in the all-together on display as a loan from its Los Angeles purchaser. The fact that Venus may weigh half a ton is no deterrent, in these days of trucks, to true love which traditionally always finds a way.—G. P.

MAKE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

If misery loves company as they say, Oregon may derive some chill comfort from realizing that prison troubles are by no means confined to our own institution. Both of the Washington prisons have been the scenes of violent rioting since our last one here.

At the main Washington penitentiary in Walla Walla convicts set an old building on fire and burned \$160,000 worth of 1954 license plates. Herded into their cells later the dispatches said they yanked out toilet fixtures, tore up furniture and broke windows with vicious abandon throughout the night.

It occurs to us that the prison management has an opportunity here to make the punishment for this uprising "fit the crime." If the convicts do not like their modern plumbing they should be given the facilities prisons used to have. If the furniture is not to their liking they can sleep on the floor. And with winter approaching there need be no special hurry about replacing the windows of the cell block building.

After all, these facilities are for the comfort of the prisoners. If they don't want them there is no reason for the taxpayers to be in a rush about making replacements. Then when they eventually are replaced there may be less disposition to tear them out the next time the boys feel the urge to be boys.

MAN OF CONFIDENCE AND VISION

The death at Beverly Hills of Ralph B. Lloyd, who was something of a fabulous character, is of special interest in Oregon because the Lloyd corporation was one of the largest property holders on Portland's east side.

Lloyd came into Oregon in the beginning of the depression when most Oregonians, and indeed most people in all states, were becoming decidedly bearish on the future, extremely willing to "sell America short," but unable to find anyone to buy. He acquired a large holding in the Holladay Park district, comprising some 100 blocks today.

At one time Lloyd planned a 24-story hotel, but this never came into being. A large shopping center was said to be taking shape at the time of his death.

The moral Lloyd leaves in Oregon is that there was opportunity for the man of vision and confidence when others were discouraged, and we feel sure there still is and will be again when things turn sour, as they will some of these days.

CALIFORNIA'S BEST NEIGHBOR

This may be one of Oregon's minor honors, but it is well worth noting with at least a slight heave of pride in the Beaver state.

It seems that people do sometimes leave California, contrary to a well fostered tradition that the traffic of permanent settlers moves only into the southern state. And of those who leave, where do you suppose they go? To many states of course, but more go to Oregon than anywhere else. Some 60,000 former Californians are now living in Oregon, congratulating themselves every day on their wisdom. A survey just made in Los Angeles develops this interesting fact.

Equally interesting is that more former Texans are now living in California than are natives of any other state except California itself. Will this make the proud Texans burn? Imagine a cool half a million exchanging the Texas sunshine for the California sunshine. Not that they were or are physically cool, of course.

And as we observed above, this is far from the greatest honor that has come to Oregon, but it is occasion for satisfaction that folk who tire of California's eternal bedlam seem to know which way to go.

NO SOAP
Mombasa, Kenya, C.S.—
Three German seamen tried to swim ashore here with a sack of contraband liquor and tobacco.
Halfway across the harbor they climbed aboard a launch to rest. Their journey was over. It was an official launch of the Customs Service.

TURN ABOUT
Corpus Christi, Tex., C.S.—
Henson Motor Co., officials reported last week someone had stolen the ignition keys from a new car parked on their sales lot. Yesterday the thief returned and stole the car.



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

This Phase of Air Force Cutbacks Shortsighted

By DREW PEARSON

Washington — Top air force engineers aren't saying anything about it publicly, but privately they believe the recent cutback in their heavy press program is the most shortsighted "economy" move so far adopted by Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson.

Cutbacks in fighting planes always make headlines. But when the air force was ordered to cancel contracts for seven out of 17 superpowerful hydraulic airplane-making presses, there was hardly a ripple of protest.

These are the crucial, hard-to-build, 50,000-ton presses, first developed in Germany during the last war, which revolutionize aircraft construction. Foolishly we let the Russians get these presses when they entered Germany after the war, and it was Russian possession of these presses which put its MIG production ahead of our Sabrejet production during the first part of the Korean war.

As a result of U.S. procrastination, we are still waiting to put to rest our first superpress to work. Meanwhile, the Russians are known to have several already on the job—and many more in production. They stamp out airplanes wholesale in an assembly-line process.

Under the new Wilson "economy" directives, however, the United States is not only cutting its military-aircraft program—it's also cutting its ability to produce aircraft in quantity.

RUSSIA FORGES AHEAD
Ironically, these twin cuts coincide with two interesting announcements: one by Secretary of States Dulles to the American Legion that future communist aggression might provoke war by the West; second by Defense Secretary Wilson, also to the Legion, that he wasn't cutting back the air force program.

Total cost of the original 17-press program was \$389,000,000. By reducing the goal to only 10 heavy presses, Secretary Wilson is saving at most \$100,000,000. But it takes at least two or three years to complete a single heavy press, and in the present atomic age it's doubtful the United States will have much time to prepare.

Largest hydraulic presses now used in the U.S.A. exert only a puny 18,000 tons of pressure, are totally unfit to supply the tremendous force necessary to shape major aircraft frames. As a result most American airplanes are laboriously pieced together by hand. Result: low production and high price.

In contrast with U.S. cutbacks, the Russians are moving ahead at top speed. The hydraulic-press program has a priority in the Soviet economy almost equal to their H-bomb program. Every day the Russians are moving ahead.

Note—"This whole thing is getting ridiculous," said a key Pentagon official. "Every day the state department gets together with the Russians, and every day the Pentagon re-

duces our military power."

WASHINGTON WHIPLASH
Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona spends so much time at La Jolla beach near San Diego that Arizonans are wondering whether he's going to vote for water for Arizona or water for California. (Water is a fighting issue between these two states.) . . . Speaking at the San Diego republican \$100-a-plate dinner the other day, Senator Goldwater's praise of Senator McCarthy brought louder applause than his references to President Eisenhower. . . . Don Johnson, the Michigan publisher and devoted crusader for a cancer cure, has just been appointed by Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby to the National Advisory Cancer Council—a good choice. . . . Secretary of Labor Durkin is fighting against some of the reactionaries the White House plans to appoint to the National Labor Relations Board. . . . A great friend of labor, Bishop Francis J. Haas, was lost to mankind the other day. Bishop Haas, famed labor mediator of the New Deal, was a tireless crusader against intolerance, particularly racial discrimination against Negro workers. FDR used him to settle various labor disputes. . . . Maryland's Sen. Glenn Beall apparently doesn't agree with his GOP colleague, Sen. John Butler over McCarthyism. Butler's election campaign was run by Senator McCarthy, despite which his colleague, Beall, inserted in the Congressional Record a sermon by Dr. C. Edward Berger tongue-lashing McCarthy. . . . Incidentally, Senator McCarthy showed up at the American Legion convention in St. Louis dressed up in full Legion regalia. But when a reporter asked what Post he belonged to, McCarthy had to take off his hat to see what post number was written on it. . . . McCarthy also complained about the Kleig lights shining in his eyes when he got up to speak. Then, as an afterthought, he added: "Of course, if this is on television, never mind turning off the light."

The navy has chartered a fleet of 119 privately owned American ships to haul military cargo overseas, though the government already has a huge cargo fleet of its own lying idle in moth balls.

Sign of Times
Chicago Daily News
Something of the history of our times can be read from the dry statistics on the non-cancellable type of disability insurance.

In 1932 companies offering such policies received \$21 million in premium income and paid \$21 million in benefits. In 1952 benefits paid were \$31 million, while premium income was more than double these payments.

The Commerce Clearing House Law Journal recalls what was happening in 1932. The market crash left some policyholders with neurosis that entitled them to claim benefits, and left many others willing to pretend to illness

Salem 19 Years Ago

By BEN MAXWELL
September 10, 1934

Destruction of the liner Moroc Castle with upwards of 200 lives lost had been attributed to a communist who had boarded the ship with fire making chemicals in his baggage.

More than 180,000 had paid admission to the Oregon State fair and profits were estimated at \$25,000.

Sale of liquor in state stores had averaged \$10,000 a week for the past six weeks.

Five CCC camps to employ 1150 men had been allowed to Oregon for development of state parks between October 1, and April 1.

New Bottling equipment for Salem Brewery association has been installed at a cost of \$25,000.

Methodist churches of Salem had joined at services both at Jason Lee's grave and at the site of his first mission at Wheatland to honor the centennial of the first Methodist's Mission in the Willamette valley.

Carter Motor Co., 354 N. Commercial street, has been appointed distributor for Nash and LaFayette motor cars in Marion and Polk counties.

Evangelist Billy Sunday had declared at a revival in Portland that the new deal "has turned American girls into barmaids."

Alaska Question

Boise Statesman

Should Alaska become a state. The question has been passed around in congressional committees for seven years, and seems no nearer to a settlement. Six members of the senate insular affairs committee have now completed the annual summer trip to Alaska to investigate the issue, and the comment of Sen. Hugh Butler, chairman, was in favor of delay on the ground that statehood now would hurt Alaska because of the "tremendous" tax load its citizens would have to assume.

The senator may be right, and at first thought it seems ridiculous for anyone in this day to want to incur added tax liabilities. Yet the people of Alaska are on record in favor of statehood by a vote of 3 to 2. In view of this point, Senator Butler's statement smacks of a paternal federal government telling the territory what is good for it. The Alaskan people ought to be able to make their own decision as to what is good for them.

Inasmuch as they have expressed their decision on statehood, the question properly before Congress is whether it would be good for the nation to admit Alaska as a state. On the basis of that question Congress should reach a decision, one way or another, and should do it in its next session.

The burden on the insurance companies was so great that many retired from this field. Nowadays, longer experience and better selection of risks reduces the fraud, and general prosperity makes it unprofitable to be ill.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Boyle Recalls How His Column Began, in Sicily

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Ten years ago it began.

There I was in Sicily, waiting to get on a boat for the Salerno landing in Italy. And not a care in the world except who to leave my wrist watch to in case I got hit coming ashore.

Then a press officer handed me the shattering cable from my boss: "Start writing daily human interest column immediately."

The press officer saw my face turn blue, and asked sympathetically, "What's wrong? A death in the family?"

"Yes," I told him, "a long slow one—mine."

For I remember how Don Marquis had once described writing a newspaper column as "digging a daily grave." And later, when I showed Ernie Pyle the cable, he gave an elfin grin and said, "Cheer up. In between the moments of suffering there are long periods of unconsciousness."

Now, after ten long years in a brown study, I am convinced both Marquis and Pyle were right.

It has been a tremendous and terrifying decade. In that time I have turned out about 2,800 columns from some 55 countries around the world—and written them in such diverse places as the top of the Eiffel Tower, beneath a Sherman tank, and in a roadside ditch in Korea.

You would think a fellow would learn a lot in all those years. But all I have found out is that people are as good and bad in Casablanca and Calcutta as they are in Keokuk, a discovery you can really make without leaving your own neighborhood. The human heart has the same width everywhere.

But it has been a wonderful privilege to find it out the hard way, and to know you have many friends and memories in many places.

People often ask a columnist, "How do you get your ideas? Do they just come to you?" Well, yes and no. Sometimes they are suggested to you. Sometimes they come in the mail. But generally you just take a cold chisel, put it to your head, and start quarrying. The thing a columnist sees most often is the ceiling. You get to lean back in your chair and stare at lot of interesting ceilings in this trade.

The hardest thing to realize is the impossibility of writing a column that will please everyone including, perhaps, yourself. It can't be done in a world of differing values. People don't all laugh or weep or applaud at the same things. And funnybones seem to get more sensitive every troubled year.

The greatest peril to a columnist, it seems to me, is to become a stuffed shirt pundit, to appeal to people's prejudices instead of their minds and hearts. It is easy to pick up a rock and throw it at something you haven't taken the trouble to understand—far too easy.

If I had my 2,800 columns to do over again, I'd probably do them all differently. Five minutes after any piece of writing leaves your typewriter you can see it is freckled with flaws. But only about half a dozen of the 2,800 were written in hate, and these alone I really regret. There is no greater waste in living than hate.

So it is that today I really feel free to attack only two things—small-mindedness and poison ivy. I used to be against snapping turtles and poison

snakes, but you know, they have their place and purpose in the world. However, nobody will admit he is small-minded—and even vegetarians don't have a kind word for poison ivy.

The best friends of any columnist are his critics, as they help keep his hat size normal. My favorite critic has always been Elmer Fish of Alliance, O., who used to scribble on penny postcards such remarks as "God must have been asleep when you were born." Lately I haven't heard from Elmer. I don't know whether he simply got disgusted with me or decided, when the post office raised its prices, that I wasn't worth a two-cent postcard.

What are the secret sorrows of a columnist? They are two—meeting the daily deadline, and people who ask: "Is that all you really do? How do you spend all your spare time?"

Well, columnists do just what housewives do when they are asked the same question. They brood.

New U. O. Prexy

Albany Democrat-Herald

Appointment of Dr. Victor P. Morris, dean of the school of business administration, as acting president of the University of Oregon, is a fine choice by the state board of higher education. The Dean has had a wealth of teaching and administrative experience.

A native of Iowa, Dean Morris has spent the greater part of his life in Oregon and is a product of the Eugene public schools and the University of Oregon, from which he was graduated in 1915. To look at him you'd never guess that he'd been for 27 years a member of the university teaching staff, following high school teaching in this state and college instruction at Grinnell college, Iowa, and at Oregon State college. His specialty is economics.

Dean Morris is a many-sided man. Besides being a teacher, he's an ordained minister. He's a ready, fluent and pleasing speaker with a considerable range of subject matter. During his long residence in Oregon he has made commencement addresses and appearances at all sorts of public and semi-public functions in every corner of the state, giving him a remarkably wide circle of friends. He works hard but smoothly, getting through an enormous body of detail with a smile. He is a friendly soul, and an expres-

sion that comes to mind regarding him will no doubt be frequently used—"It couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

Dean Morris is recalled as a leader in the movement to persuade Dean Harry K. Newburn of the State University of Iowa to reconsider his first decision in 1944 not to accept a tender of the Oregon presidency.

The new acting head is the second Oregon dean to fill in as president. Dean Orlando John Hollis, able head of the university's law school, is remembered for a fine executive job done as interim president after the sudden death of Dr. Donald M. Erb in 1943.

In a characteristically modest statement following his election Dean Morris announced that he is not a candidate for the permanent appointment as president. Dean Hollis is numbered among 20 outstanding administrators who are said to be among the receptive candidates for the permanent post.

WARNING THE VICTIMS

Davenport, Ia., (AP)—Police were puzzled yesterday when hours passed without a violation being recorded on the electronic speed analyzer they had set up in a Davenport residential area.

They discovered that two blocks ahead of the detecting device a cardboard sign had been propped up on broomsticks. It read: "Caution. Speed trap ahead."

snakes, but you know, they have their place and purpose in the world. However, nobody will admit he is small-minded—and even vegetarians don't have a kind word for poison ivy.



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