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ONE OF THE 22 SAYS GOODBYE

Pfc. Richard R. Tenneson, the Minnesota prisoner of war who is one of 22 Americans to refuse repatriation, has been rivaling President Eisenhower or Secretary of State Dulles as an attention getter in the newspapers these past few days.

Tenneson's mother, Mrs. Portia Howe, has gone to the Far East in an effort to persuade her son to come home, but she will apparently not be able to see him. Nor does it appear that anything would be accomplished if she were to go on to Korea and interview the youth, whose attitude is well expressed in the following words from a letter he sent to her.

"I know that you want to take me home with you but I have made up my mind and I am not going.

"During my life I have witnessed both peace and war in the United States. I love peace, I love mankind, I love them enough to fight for them—that is what I am doing right now—that is why I am not going home. Don't misunderstand me, I still love my family, my people and my country, and whether you are able to understand it now or not, believe me when I say that it is for them that I am fighting and it is impossible for me to live in the United States because I want to live as I wish.

"Actually though I don't believe the United States authorities will allow you to speak to me, they are afraid. They have probably told you that I was forced, doped, brain washed or some other horse manure that they use to slander and defile people like myself who will stand up for his own rights and the rights of man.

"What would they have to say if they did allow you to talk to me and you were to see me that I was still your son if ever I left you with the exception perhaps that now I have a goal and a reason in life.

"Also as soon as you read this you had better go over to GHQ and take a loyalty oath or you are liable to be arraigned before the House Un-American Activities Committee."

The public does not know whether Tenneson has been "brain washed," or what that operation consists of. But it is clear that he has been thoroughly indoctrinated and has as warped a concept of the world and of the United States as any communist who has sounded off anywhere. He does not speak from terror, for he could surrender himself to the Indian guards and be whisked off to the U.N. zone in Korea at any time. He is doing what he does voluntarily from all indications.

The normal person does not know what has happened to make young Tenneson act the way he does, particularly toward his mother. But there he is, take him or leave him. Our notion is to leave him to the Reds, who are welcome to him and the other 21 who think as he does.

Fortunately there are only 22 out of all the thousands who have fallen into Communist hands, in contrast with thousands of Chinese and North Koreans who express preference for death rather than to return to Communist slavery. The U.S. makes a pretty good showing after all. Ninety-nine plus per cent of our citizens like us all right. And we can spare the others.

But the sympathy of all will go out to Mrs. Howe, who is going to have a pretty rotten sort of Christmas, which so far as the record shows she has done nothing to deserve.

NEXT A MCKENZIE VALLEY AUTHORITY?

The Eugene Water and Electric board has announced plans to expand into an area already served by the Mountain States Power company and to build new power generating facilities.

The municipal board, which now serves Eugene has decided to take over the Willakenzie and Glenwood areas adjacent to Eugene. The approximate 2,200 customers in that area now are served by Mountain States Power company.

It is proposed to secure the Mountain States electric system by filing condemnation suits in the circuit court soon. This consists of 50 miles of primary distribution lines plus secondary and service lines. The annual gross revenues collected in the areas the board estimates about \$270,000.

The EWEB plans for new generating facilities call for a new dam on the Upper McKenzie river and installation of generators in the Cougar dam, proposed by the federal government on the south fork of the McKenzie. This is a long-range plan with costs estimated now at \$18 million. Financing plans have not yet been made public.

The Cougar project if authorized by congress would cost the local utility about \$11 million. The powerhouse at the dam plus another at a re-regulating structure a short distance downstream would give the EWEB an additional 28,000 kilowatts power capacity. Beaver Marsh would produce another 30,000 kilowatts of power and cost \$6.5 million.

The Eugene Water and Electric board was organized about 1915 to supply both water and electricity to the city of Eugene which was shy on both. It has expanded plant and operation immensely since then with the growth of the city. It was not contemplated at that time that it enter the power business outside the city. What business has a city in the power business outside its city limits?

There is something about so-called public power, that breeds typical bureaucratic fever of expansion, especially when either Uncle Sam or the taxpayers foot the bills and pay the salaries. The PUDs are an example, and under Wall Street inspiration have attempted many gradiose schemes.

It need surprise no one if the Eugene scheme for a monopoly of power in the McKenzie river area expands into another Tennessee Valley Authority—especially if the taxpayers pungle up.—G. P.

ANOTHER STRIKE THAT FAILED

How long will the rash of strikes continue? Millions are wondering. Perhaps the answer is: For not too long after they cease to pay off. Most of them did, you know, for a period of years.

But two recent big ones didn't. The New York newspaper strike didn't. It was settled after many millions of loss on the same terms it could have been settled on without a strike. \$3.75 a week and a "fact finding board" to report if hours should be shortened, but not on a further wage increase.

Since then a much bigger strike has ended on a note of futility. Thirty-three thousand workers at North American Aviation's California plants have been on strike nearly two months for a 26-cent an hour wage increase. Now they have gone back to work on the four per cent increase the company originally offered.

The loss is tremendous, to the company, to the workers, to the government in planes for national defense and in lost revenues. But it will not all be in vain if the lesson it can convey sinks in.



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Lodge's Talent for French Songs Improves Relations

By DREW PEARSON

Washington — Those who have watched Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge sitting stern and dignified at the United Nations could never picture him sitting cross-legged on the floor singing French boulevard songs.

That was what happened at the apartment of French Ambassador Henri Hoppenot the other day, however, and the result was a new camaraderie between Lodge and other U.N. delegates. The U.S. envoy knew more songs and sang them in better French than the French envoy himself.

It began at a dinner given once a month by the president of the security council who holds office for one month only, and gives a party at the end of the month for his colleagues.

Andre Vishinsky was at this particular party, given in the Hoppenot apartment, and he didn't look anywhere near as glum as usual. Lodge was also present, together with Sir Gladwyn Jebb of England, Charles Malik of Lebanon and Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary General of the United Nations.

The informality began when Dag Hammarskjold walked into the living room, found every chair occupied and sat down on the floor. His hostess, Madame Hoppenot joined him. "Let's sing something," said the secretary general of the United Nations. "I feel like singing."

"Good," encouraged Mme. Hoppenot. "You sing."

"But I can only sing off key."

"That would be charming," said the lady. "Then the nearest of us can try to drown you out."

Ambassador Lodge, also sitting cross-legged on the floor, came to the rescue. He broke forth with "Quatre Vingt Chasseurs." Mrs. Lodge joined him. The wife of the Colombian ambassador sang in Spanish. A Yugoslav lady sang "Tam O' Deleak." American songs followed.

In brief, the staid old security council, rent with wrangling over world problems, relaxed into a good old songfest. Delegates agreed they hadn't had such a good time since the U.N. was formed in San Francisco.

BEHIND IKE'S A-POOL
Inside story of how President Eisenhower developed his dramatic appeal for an atomic energy pool is gradually leaking out.

One phase of the story goes back some weeks to the administration's decision to build an atomic reactor for civilian uses. Behind this announcement was the fact that our chief sources of uranium, the Belgian Congo and South Africa, have long been irked that they are not in on atomic secrets. And the possibility has always been latent that if not let in on atomic secrets they might cut off our uranium.

The Belgians and South Africans are not particularly interested in secret atomic weapons, but are tremendously interested in peacetime atomic energy. Both are deficit countries when it comes to coal and

Disloyalty Firing

Los Angeles Times

The decision of the Supreme court that disparagement of an employer by an employee, even a striking employee, justifies discharge indicates a swing of the pendulum.

The Supreme court, in an opinion by Justice Minton, with Justices Frankfurter, Black and Douglas dissenting, declares that there is "no more elemental cause for discharge" than disloyalty to an employer. This makes sense.

The case arose out of a dispute by television technicians with a station at Charlotte, N.C. The pickets distributed circulars criticizing the programs offered by the station; they were fired and the NLRB upheld the firing. The District of Columbia court of appeals reversed the NLRB and the Supreme court has now reversed the court of appeals.

The dissenters held that disloyalty is not mentioned as a cause for discharge by the Taft-Hartley act; but the majority said the act permitted discharges "for cause."

HE WENT SLUMMING

San Francisco (AP) — Eddie Teo, 35, was jailed and fined \$100 for dumping refuse into the street in the exclusive Twin Peaks area from his new Cadillac.

issued orders to shoot down any marauding Russian planes that stick their noses into our territory. . . . Russian now has in production a giant airplane, the size of the American B-52, capable of a round trip to Detroit, Chicago, New York, and back to Moscow. . . . Pilferage has increased so alarmingly in Korea since the armistice that the army has posted vicious dogs to help guard supply depots against prowlers.

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POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER Office Christmas Parties Have Tamed Down a Lot, Says Boyle

By HAL BOYLE
New York (AP) — A cry is sweeping the land for the abolition of wild office Christmas parties.

This is indeed a worthy campaign, and I am glad to enlist in the cause. It will be remembered I was among the first to point out last year it was high time we got rid of the growing menace of the bustle and also contributed heavily to a fund to wipe out the dinosaur and the sabre-tooth tiger.

And what about the woolly rhinoceros in America? Is nobody going to attack him? The trouble with our current crusade against the wild office Christmas party is one that afflict many drives against other forms of sin. By the time we get our dander up about it, we find it already quietly has expired, and the only way we can show our virtue is to go out and kick the tombstone.

It seems to me it's about that way with the annual Christmas office orgy. A recent Sunday magazine article claimed they are getting rowdier each year. But, frankly, I no longer would know where to look to find one in order to denounce it. And nothing takes the fun out of any campaign against sin like the inability to find it.

Wives and other bosses began toning down office parties some years back. The first thing they did was throw them out of the office and start holding them in restaurants and rented halls.

The year the first wife showed up at an office Christmas party spelled the downfall of its mad revelry. Who wants to play that merry old game, "Let's chase the stenographer around the water cooler," with a wife looking on? That cooled down the office bargain basement satyr—but quick. Sure ruined Christmas for many a homely stenographer, too.

The average office party today is about as sinful as an Easter egg rolling or an old-fashioned lawn social. It has no more of an antic note than a high school spring prom.

Mama leads papa to the frolic like a tame bear on a leash, and his ears echo with her stern ultimatum, "Take one trip too many to that punch bowl, Buster, and home you go."

They search you at the door to be sure you haven't hidden any mistletoe in your pocket. There is a dance band to play civilized music, and the office quartet sings a sedate number from the floor instead of leading college cheers from the top of a desk. As a matter of fact, they don't even have a desk in the joint a fellow can fall from and break a leg, and get a well-deserved rest on full pay.

The other evening I looked in a restaurant room and saw a group of bank employees wearing paper hats and looking glumly at one another. An oldtimer was crying softly.

I asked him respectfully: "Is this a memorial service for one of the bank officials?"

"No," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "This is our annual office Christmas party."

"Don't you hold it in the bank?" I inquired.

"We used to," he said, "until the year one of the fellows began making paper airplanes out of \$100 bills and sailing them out a window."

That was what was wrong with the old office Christmas parties—some guy always went just a bit too far, and ruined it for all time. A friend, who formerly enjoyed joining in the annual chase to catch the boss's

(Continued on Page 5, Column 1)

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