

Capital Journal

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LOTS OF DAM SITES, NOT ENOUGH FUNDS

Public power advocates have sought to make it appear that we must build the controversial half a billion dollar Hells Canyon project on the Snake river or there will be no more development of the upper reaches of the Columbia basin. It is becoming increasingly clear that such is not the case.

Confronted with the likelihood that Hells Canyon won't be built for a good many years, even if the Idaho Power Co. is prevented from developing its three sites by legal obstructions, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation is taking another look at alternative sites on the Snake river and liking what it sees better than it did earlier.

Harold T. Nelson, Boise, regional director of the bureau in the Pacific Northwest, says this agency has "about decided" that it will be more economical to build two dams instead of the one initially proposed at Mountain Sheep down the river from the Hells Canyon site, but above the junction with the Salmon river, hence not an obstruction to salmon spawning.

The bureau has found that the site contains structural flaws that will make the high dam more costly than originally estimated, but satisfactory for a lower one. The bureau is now thinking of one dam 480 feet high and another 160 feet high as costing less than one 665 feet high. It seems to be a guiding principle that beyond a certain point the higher the dam the more costly the unit of power generated.

In the meantime the Army Engineers have withdrawn their objections to construction of the \$364,000,000 Priest Rapids dam and power plant on the Columbia by state of Washington public utility districts, and two new government dams on the heretofore undeveloped Clearwater are now being proposed. This in addition to The Dalles, already under construction and the proposed John Day dam upstream from The Dalles.

Isn't it pretty clear by now that the problem will not be finding available sites, but persuading an economy-minded congress to make appropriations for Northwest power projects? If this is true, why are those who profess to be concerned about a power shortage and eager to see the Northwest developed fighting to prevent the Idaho Power company proceeding with its project whose financing is already assured?

A CAD AND A BOUNDER

James Roosevelt, eldest son of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, denying his wife's charges that he committed adultery with 12 women, says he was being blackmailed when he signed a letter admitting nine infidelities and listed the names of the women involved.

Jimmy says he knew the letter to be false but signed it to keep his wife from suing for divorce in 1945, thereby adding to his sick father's burden as president. And he also said that he will decide before April 2 whether he will run for congress in the 26th district in California for which he had announced his candidacy.

Roosevelt said in his prepared statement:

"My wife has chosen to make the most ugly accusation which it is possible to make against any man. Each and every allegation of misconduct by the 12 persons mentioned with me is completely false and without foundation."

Roosevelt offered "an especial apology to the nine women named in the letter signed by him. Each and every one of them is completely innocent of any misconduct with me," he said. "The harm which has been done them I can never repair, but I can and do emphasize their innocence, ask their forgiveness and understanding of this unfortunate incident."

That's a pretty lame excuse. He confesses that he actually blackmailed nine women he now declares innocent, and thereby admits that he either lied then or now. He proved himself a cad and a bounder as well as a libertine.

There is nothing in Jimmy Roosevelt's career to justify his holding of public office. His sole asset is his family name—and the magic name is in his case a myth, for he has none of his father's or mother's characteristics. He has never achieved anything creditable in the way of public record and has proved he is not the type of man, morally or mentally needed in public life to guide the destiny of the nation in these times of crises.—G. P.

RAISING THE COLOR BAN

It is just a little item that reflected a fundamental change in attitude. It stated that the city commission of Birmingham, Alabama, unanimously repealed its legal ban against Negroes playing football and baseball with white persons.

The story further said Birmingham was one of the few southern cities with such legislation in force. Repeal will make possible an exhibition game there this spring between the Milwaukee Braves and the Brooklyn Dodgers, both of which include negroes. A further factor was that the Atlanta club in the Southern Association baseball league of which Birmingham is a member, is using negro players this year.

Step by step the south is repealing or nullifying by nonenforcement its segregation laws, and much of this comes about voluntarily, without external compulsion. In another decade segregation will be a thing of the past throughout the south and everybody will be wondering what all the shooting was about anyway.

RUSSIAN PLAN FOR GERMANY

It is said that "you can't turn the clock back" but Comrade Molotov is still anxious to try. For his plan for Germany would amount to just that, leaving Germany helpless, divided and unarmed at the doorstep of an aggressive, expansionist Russia. It is just what Russia proposed several years ago.

Of course neither West Germany nor the western powers will accept a Soviet dominated program for Germany, whose people clearly have a right to choose their own government and chart their own future, which the 1953 German election showed they feel belongs with the free nations of the west.

And to add insult to injury, Molotov made a crude gesture toward an alliance with France directed against western unity, although France is standing with her allies in the Berlin conference.

It will be a mistake to continue the conference much longer unless Molotov can be more realistic about Germany than he has evidenced to date.

THE LIVING DEAD



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Senator Wiley Has Report For Lady Bricker Amender

By DREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON — The "vigilant women for the Bricker amendment" have been swarming over Capitol Hill corridors, buttonholing congressmen beleaguering senators and planting "news" bulletins in automobiles.

One of them accosted Wisconsin's Senator Alexander Wiley, chairman of the foreign relations committee, who—though she did not seem to know it—has been leading the fight against the Bricker amendment.

"I'm sorry, madam," interrupted the kindly senator after the "vigilant" had extolled the virtues of Brickerism. "But I can't change my mind on this subject."

"I've made my position clear and I'm going to stick to it," she said. "I just wish you were my husband for a few days," scolded the lady, shaking her finger. "I'd soon change your mind!"

"Madam," replied the senator, diplomat, "if that situation should ever develop, I'd show you that I'm a real caveman at heart."

Vanishing Billion? Treasury department chiefs are hopping mad at the man who is piloting the Eisenhower program through the house of representatives.

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Jefferson's Home

Eugene Register-Guard

Thomas Jefferson was a man of many talents, philosopher, statesman, extremely practical politician when he needed to be, exponent of education and founder of the University of Virginia—and in his spare time an architect who could hold his own with the best of any period. Thousands of people have visited and admired his home, Monticello, which he started building in 1769 on a mountain top near Charlottesville, Virginia. It's a national shrine.

On March 15, Monticello will be reopened to the public after a restoration which has become necessary from the wear and tear of more than 150 years. It is NOT a remodeling. That would be unthinkable. It's an effort to keep Monticello as nearly as possible what it was when Jefferson died in 1826 and to save it from the further ravages of time.

The workmen have discovered some amazing things which are described by the Washington Post in a feature article:

The double glass doors between the reception hall and the drawing room, for instance, both open when one is pushed. No one has ever known how they operated—or even where the mechanism was hidden. The experts believe they were concealed in the overhead paneling. They learned the truth this way:

When Jefferson built the house, he filled the space between floors with a mixture of brick fragments and earth. This nogging served to sound-proof floors, helped to control temperature and resisted fire.

But it also was a haven, loaded with moisture, and a haven for termites. In removing nogging beneath the first floor, workmen uncovered the secret of the double doors. Jefferson had swung each door on a drum beneath it. The drums were connected with two hand-wrought sprocket chains similar to a bicycle chain. The chains crossed each other, turning the drums in opposite directions with the movement of either door.

Simple. So simple it amazed the architect and the engineer for the Jefferson Memorial Foundation. They were amazed also to find the mechanism in perfect condition, although it had been in constant use since Jefferson's time. They can't explain it.

They found much else to amaze the modern builders—on the door to Jefferson's bedroom are hinges which are held in place without any trace of screws or any other visible fastening. This mystery will remain unexplained because Milton L. Grigg, architect for the Jefferson Foundation, says it would be a sacrilege to tear into the perfectly good original woodwork to find how these hinges were secured.

Jefferson had imagination far ahead of his times. Modern plumbing had not been devised but he built bathrooms and indoor toilets which are still ventilated perfectly by perpendicular airshafts running from basements to skylights.

Air conditioning, as we know it, had not been thought of but the modern equipment which is now being installed will utilize chimneys and air ducts which Jefferson himself devised. It's not true that Jefferson had pulleys to lift his bed to the ceiling when not in use or that he had a room directly above his own for a bodyguard. These are myths, also unexplainable.

Monticello is one of the most beautiful structures ever built in this country. Time has mellowed the red brick of its walls to a deep rose tint, against which the white trim stands out in purity. Jefferson built and rebuilt his home over 40 years (little changes) but he never altered the basic design which has been used as an example of the best of the Georgian (or what we call Colonial) style in architecture. He could give it the setting which such a concept deserves.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

'Littered Desk Men' Tolerant Of Those With Clean Ones

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (U)—A wife at housecleaning time knows no such agony as an untidy man forced to clean off his office desk.

To him throwing away the paper mountain he has come to love, layer by layer, is pure torture. It is like peeling away his heart.

I am in the process of cleaning off my desk right now. And if cleanliness is next to godliness, I'll soon be a neighbor to heaven.

Already I can see patches of the top of my desk a horrible dull green, after tossing away 75 pounds of unanswerable letters, unread books and pamphlets, soiled socks, used coffee cartons, small pieces of string and lumps of sugar.

But who wants to see the top of his desk anyway? You can't play billiards on it. If you lie down on it the conclusion you are loafing on the job.

All you can do with a clean desk top is put a small sign saying "THINK" on it . . . and look at it and brood. If the desk is littered, you can paw into one of the paper gullies and find plenty to think about. But a bare desk offers no help to a bare brain.

A wife who shines up her house is at least rewarded by the comment of guests, "My, how lovely everything looks." But nobody walks into a business office and says, "I just adore the way you keep the top of your desk. It has such a mellow old gangrene patina. What kind of polish do you use on it?"

There is a legend that a clean desk reflects a clear mind. This is merely a fable to console the unimaginative. It is like saying a gentleman with neatly creased trousers can outpunch a guy in baggy pants.

It would be more nearly truthful to say the man with a littered desk recognizes and enjoys the normal confusion of daily living whereas the man who can't work except at a clean desk is more likely to be a victim of strait-jacket thinking and tries to put life's chaotic problems into pigeonholes. But pigeonholes are neither for people nor their problems—they are for pigeons.

Men with littered desks are quite tolerant of men with clean desks and merely feel sorry for their inefficiency. Your clean-desk man is always looking for an important paper list in the files or carelessly tossed away in last month's wastepaper basket.

But your littered-deskman merely closes his eyes, inserts a hand within the debris before him—and pulls out exactly what he wants. He never is at a loss because he saves everything, operating on the sound belief that you never know what is really important in this life until you need it. That is why he never throws anything away.

"But psychiatrists say this shows a terrible sense of insecurity," a friend of mine objected. "Well, if your clean desk is a sign you feel secure," I told him, "perhaps you ought to see a psychiatrist. Don't you really think anybody who feels secure in a mad world ought to have his head examined now and then?"

Perhaps you are wondering why, since I love to keep my desk like a magpie's nest, I am bothering to clean it up at all. Frankly, I was forced into it—by a threat of legal action.

On the wall two feet above my desk I keep a sign that says, "Order is Heaven's first law." Generally, when my desk rubble gets level with the sign I weed it down a bit. This is to keep the telephone from rising out of my reach.

I hadn't done much weeding lately, and the other day the whole mass toppled over and caught our drama critic like a sitting duck. He was pulled out safely, shaken but unhurt except for a slight bruise where he had been hit by a book called, "Will Coolidge Run Again?" I've been intending to read that book for some time.

The drama critic took the accident in good grace. But all the dean-desk fiends in the office seized it as a golden opportunity.

"If you don't clean off that desk," they said grimly, "we'll haul you into court for maintaining a fire hazard and a menace to public safety."

They weren't kidding. So what can you do? But if I had my way, I'd let that clutter on my desk grow higher and higher, and be buried in it after my death under a headstone saying: "Entombed beneath his own debris, here lies a happy knave. 'Who enjoyed a heap o' living, as he made his desk a grave.'"

"SO SORRY" FOR US TOKYO (UP)—The Japanese people feel "so sorry" about Americans having to pay up to \$1.25 per pound for coffee.

The regular price in Japan has been \$2 per pound for nearly two years.

OKLAHOMA CITY (UP)—G. V. Fried, a public utility worker and political unknown was entered today in the race for the Democratic nomination for the U. S. Senate. His platform? "If it's right, I'm for it."

Salem 29 Years Ago

By BEN MAXWELL

February 2, 1925

Homer Collins, grief stricken brother of Floyd Collins, pinned by a huge boulder that gripped his leg in a Kentucky cave, had offered \$500 to the surgeon who would amputate Floyd's leg and release him from misery and probable death.

Plaintiff in a Marion county divorce suit alleged that her husband displayed his false teeth in such a manner as to render life burdensome to her.

Walter Pemberton, local prune grower and buyer, had an educated cow. During a very stormy night a neighbor had informed Walter that his cow was loose. Pemberton doubted it. But, sure enough, bossy, he found, had escaped from her shed by lifting the latch on the door with her horn. He sought the cow for an hour through dreaching rain, wind and over steep, muddy ground. When he returned to the shed in despair and disgust he found his bossy there and comfortable. She had re-entered by the same method she had used in escaping.

Ground breaking ceremonies for the new Salem YMCA were held at 1:30 this afternoon, 29 years ago.

Salem Cherry Growers association had filed formal articles of incorporation, the incorporators being O. E. Brooks, George F. Vick, and Max Gehlar.

Installation of 235 members and 13 officers of the new Salem Aerie of Eagles had been observed at the Oddfellow's hall.

Some 35 members of the "reformed" Adventist church had disposed of all their worldly possessions to gather at the home of their Oakland leader to await the end of the world as prophesied by their "supreme prophetess" Mrs. Margaret Rowen of Los Angeles.

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No. 6 of a series to introduce on Association Member

SALEM INSURANCE AGENTS ASSOCIATION

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136 S. Commercial St. Salem, Oregon

The Roy H. Simmons Agency was founded in 1924 by Mr. Simmons and has been in business continuously for the past thirty years. This agency handles Life Insurance, Auto and Fire Insurance, Public Liability Insurance and Bonds of all types. Since the death of Mr. Simmons in August of 1953, the agency has been operated under the guidance of Mrs. Betty Haley, who is a daughter of Mr. Simmons. Another member of this firm is Dick Gahlsdorf, who joined the Organization in January of 1950. Dick is a native of Salem and a graduate of Oregon State College. Dick also served overseas with the Infantry during World War II. The third member of the firm is Mrs. Inez Graffius, who is also a life-long resident of Salem. Mrs. Graffius has been with the Simmons agency for two years.

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Commercial Insurance Agency	Mangis-Hershe	Roy H. Simmons
	W. E. Moses	Homer H. Smith

Albany Tops List

Albany Democrat-Herald

Did you know what city led all the rest in Oregon for percentage of building construction gain in the year 1953? That's right. It was Albany. The totals themselves for both years were quite respectable—\$1,062,000 for 1952 and \$2,270,250 for last year. Outside of Portland, only Eugene, Salem and Springfield exceeded Albany in 1953 in volume of building. And for the two-year stretch, those three with The Dalles exceeded our figure. The Dalles, behind in 1953, led Albany by less than \$20,000 for the 1952-53 period.

This really gives us something to shoot at for next year. The Chamber of Commerce, realtors and men of capital no doubt are huddling to see what can be done about this. With building costs slipping a little, as seen by unexpectedly low bids on some of the recent big jobs, maybe the prospect of making a little money will result in another good showing in building for 1954.