

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Nylon Starts a Train of Thought

Marvel as one may at the wonders of modern transportation, there is one type of travel as old as humanity itself which outdistances and outspeeds them all. Whether it has been improved greatly down through the centuries is another matter. We are referring, of course, to mental travel; to the facility with which the mind leaps continents and centuries and planes; and we suspect that the vehicle itself has not been greatly improved, but only the roadbeds. With the increase of knowledge there are so many more places the mind may go. But before that, being limited in its factual travels, it used to slip more readily into the plane of fancy and fantasy, or that of pure speculation. Travel it must, roadbeds or no. It's always on a train of thought, going somewhere.

Thinking of the name DuPont, for instance, used always to start a train of thought in the direction of war; war munitions; war profits. If the train heads in that direction now it's off the track, for Du Pont devotes only a small portion of its vast activities to the manufacture of gunpowder and such things, and there are reports it would get out altogether except that the government wants it to maintain that industry. Nor is its reluctance to build engines of destruction necessarily all humanitarian. That is a decidedly fluctuating and uncertain business, its profits divided with the government when other nations are at war, most likely confiscated by the government if the United States went to war, wiped out by plant idleness in time of peace. Normal industrial production has its points.

No; think of Du Pont today and chances are you think of nylon except that more likely you think of nylon first and Du Pont just in passing as its creator. Here is a product of research into "fundamental science" that is going to revolutionize the hosiery industry. Fundamentally it is a chemically-produced substitute for silk, but rayon has already replaced silk except in the realm of hosiery. Nylon is said to have many points of superiority over rayon, and its creators seem disposed to avoid the errors of rayon promotion, so that nylon will be thought of, not as a cheap substitute for silk but as a superior material.

Right here our train of thought skirts a dangerous precipice, for in thinking of hosiery one inevitably thinks of legs. Turning our back resolutely upon that engaging subject, let us pass on to consider the silkworm. It takes the silkworm only 72 hours to spin a thread half a mile long, and that thread for industrial purposes has to be doubled and shortened say to 125 feet; and that's a life's work for a silkworm. But then what's time, or life itself for that matter, to a silkworm?

Forgetting the worm, who is likely to find herself unemployed due to the introduction of nylon, let our train of thought lead us to the 70 million Japanese. Though the worm does the work, tending her and knitting her product into a stocking provides work for a good many of those millions and they too may soon be unemployed while Japan loses one of the principal incomes which keeps that distressed nation alive in terms of world trade. Thus Du Pont while deprecating and cutting down its gunpowder trade is firing an economic Big Bertha which may have more devastating effects.

This nylon revolution will of course have its more favorable results here in the United States, possibly cutting a considerable dent in unemployment when its product presently begins to encase American legs in great numbers. But our train of thought rumbles on to the more general subjects of science in industry and science in general. The forum speakers have been telling us that science has boomed ahead while our mastery of social relations lags behind. The technocrats argue that we ought, therefore, to turn social relations, including politics, over to the scientists. The average man looks upon science and its masters with awe and blind admiration, and might be disposed to follow that suggestion. But those who have delved into both subjects know that scientists are not really so superior; they are just specialists whose trains of thought have traveled constantly in scientific realms. Henry Ford combined considerable scientific skill with financial aptitude but proved rather a dud in his attempts to solve social problems.

Yet science is in general a more complicated subject than politics, and it is worth arguing that it has more to do with the general welfare; and even if the scientists might not solve our social problems they deserve more of fame than they achieve. Name six politicians. That's easy. Name the man who invented nylon. No answer. Well, it wasn't any one man, though some credit goes to the chemist who pulled an accidental thread of fiber out of a mess of chemicals and noticed that it had some of the properties of silk. It may have been George Rigby, who grew up in Salem; at any rate he was one of the chemists who helped perfect the process. And now that our train of thought has stopped in Salem, let us disembark so we will not be caught too far from home.

When States Won't Bend the Knee

Oregon's resentment at the federal government's interference in state affairs such as relief administration and social security, together with the threat that such interference would spread to other activities in which the nation as a whole has a greater or smaller stake, was discussed here a few days ago. Now we are provided with the other side of the picture—what happens when a state refuses to knuckle under.

Ohio refused. It would not comply with federal regulations concerning social security. Of course there was much more to the episode than this quarrel over the federal grants; there was a real relief crisis in Cleveland and other Ohio cities. Federal officials blamed state officials and vice versa. What we are concerned with here is that the federal government did withhold from Ohio the social security funds to which it was ratably entitled.

Congress sought to rectify the matter by passing an Ohio social security reimbursement bill, but the president has vetoed it. In so doing he observed that the "sovereign" state of Ohio had been guilty of "a lack of efficiency of administration, wholesale violation of the state civil service laws and rules... discrimination in the handling of complaints, a faulty accounting system and non-compliance with reporting provisions and with the requirement of fair hearings to aggrieved applicants."

Now that is a grievous bill of particulars. If Ohio is guilty, perhaps it ought to have its face slapped and its candy taken away. But who is the federal government to say such things of a "sovereign" state? Glancing over the list again, one is struck with the nature of the charges; such as could readily be made without adequate basis if one were inclined for political reasons to do so.

The president asserts that if federal funds are to be allocated, the federal government must have some supervision over their use. There is some logic in that. But unless that supervision is limited and unless it is fair, states are going to get into the fix that Ohio is in. And there are two alternatives, not merely one. Ohio might bend the knee and lose her sovereignty which once was unquestioned. But for the other alternative, the federal government might cease to make such grants. For observe. The funds that have to be raised for relief in Ohio are raised in Ohio; they don't come from Santa Claus. Ohio must continue to pay taxes, and to be charged with its share of the national deficits, proportionately as though it were receiving back these social security funds—even if it doesn't receive them. The states could just as well handle the matter themselves—and preserve their sovereignty.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Old days in Oregon 1-31-40
when all the people
were kind and neighborly,
as remembered by C. B. Moores:

On the desk of the writer is a little book, "Pioneer Pot Pourri," by Hon. C. B. Moores, who as a very small boy came over the Old Oregon Trail, and whose gentle spirit, far from the years ago, over the long trail that leads to the bright realms beyond the stars.

An introductory article to the booklet reads:

"Of my first Christmas in Oregon (it was 1887 when Mr. Moores was writing), 75 years ago, I can't tell much. I kept no diary."

"I was three and a half years old—a harum-scarum boy, described in a letter of my mother, exhumed only a few days ago, as 'a regular slouch.' Little she supposed he would be perusing her lines 70 years later."

"I arrived from Danville, 'Uncle Joe Cannon's town,' a few days before December 25, 1882, accompanied by John R. Curry, father of Bruce C. Curry, Portland attorney, by Joe Buchtel, and by Charles Holman, three of my grandfather's or team chauffeurs. Holman was father of Charles, Herbert and Rufus Holman."

"He (Holman) was picked up, a 17-year-old boy, sick and deserted, on the plains of the 'Great American Desert.'"

"Christmas of 1882 did not specially impress me. I opine that we had no turkey, or cranberries, or Christmas tree, although there was a big fir tree for every inhabitant within the boundary lines of what is now the city of Portland. Little do I know of what happened on that day."

"Let me retire into the background and give way to my better half."

"Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlin, reached Oregon in the '50's by way of the Isthmus of Panama, animated by the missionary impulse and spirit to teach at Port Yamhill, in a small frontier community, bringing with them a son and four daughters, to which were added three children who were native Oregonians."

"They were all lovers of music and had excellent voices, and with them it was a sort of religious duty to open the Christmas festivities by singing an anthem whose opening lines are—"

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,"

"They found here (Fort Yamhill) a congenial community where every one was 'kind and neighborly.' Gen. Philip H. Sheridan was there until he went East to win a colonel's shoulder straps or die on the field of battle. Gen. Joel Palmer was there, and Gen. F. Miller, who opposed A. C. Gibbs for the governorship in 1882."

"Benjamin Simpson, and Rocky P. Earhart, (last named) later for eight years secretary of state, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Morse. Mrs. Morse was a sister of Chief Justice Thomas A. McBride, and the mother of Willis B. Morse, Salem's veteran physician."

"Playmates of the Chamberlin girls were 'Cully' Miller Cook, mother of Mrs. Maurice E. Crumpacker, as were the sisters of Sam L. Simpson, the Oregon poet, and others who have left their impress on the history of the state."

"It is an interesting fact that all these people, except Sheridan and General Palmer, were in later years residents and neighbors in the town of Salem."

"What is the climax of all this gossip?"

"On their first Christmas morning in Oregon the better half herein above referred to, and her twin sister, found in their stockings a doughnut, a thimble and a red apple, over which they not only expressed satisfaction but unexpressed delight. Who, in the pioneering '50's, could spend in Oregon a happier Christmas day?"

So ends the matter from the Charles B. Moores booklet. He became one of the most active members of the board of trustees of Willamette University, Governor W. L. Waller living in the home of the latter in Salem, as mentioned in the article of B. F. Irvine, copied in this column in the issue of Tuesday, January 23.

W. B. Morse, who was at Fort Yamhill in the period named, at one time, under Second Lieutenant P. H. Sheridan, had charge of all the building operations at old Fort Yamhill. W. B. Morse, in 1883, by appointment of Governor Woods, became the first warder of the Oregon penitentiary, holding the place three years. It was long before Sheridan became a captain, colonel, brigadier general, major general, general. He did not get above second lieutenant in Oregon, though he did work becoming all the other grades, up to the last.

John F. Miller was Indian agent at Fort Yamhill, or rather for the part of the Coast reservation at Grand Rapids. Poet Sam L. Simpson's father had the sutler's store at old Fort Yamhill, under Sheridan, and his son Sam clerked in the store.

At a later time, Sam and his brother Sylvester conducted The Daily and Weekly Oregon Statesman.

Olivers Divorced

LONDON, Jan. 30.—(P)—Actress Jill Esmond won a divorce here from her actor-husband, Laurence Olivier, naming Vivian Leigh, the Scarlet O'Hara of the film version of "Gone With the Wind," as corespondent.

Slight Detour on the Road to Washington



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

Chapter 29

"Minutes passed—minutes that might have been hours. He could not tell. It was marvellously quiet within that shaded place, and from outside came only the drowsy humming of bees. Then—"

He must have dozed—a shadow fell across the doorway, and Allison Niele entered.

Instantly alert, he looked up, and nodding quick reassurance, she knelt at his side.

"How are you?"

He tried to smile. "Anyone can have this shoulder who wants it," she said with a start of alarm that the man was still bleeding.

"Did you throw them off?" he asked. "They passed here—close."

"I left a plain trail into the mesquite, then I back-tracked and cried. Beyond the grove there was a band of horses grazing, so I threw our saddles in the bushes and turned Coronado loose with the pinto. They were grazing with the others when I left. The raiders won't be looking for saddleless animals."

Seeing the pallor of his face, Allison returned with hands full of white linen. "This will serve. And here, a blanket, senorita. I will cook the broth of chicken for him that he may gain strength."

At the door Allison turned again. "Remember, no word. Not even to the padre."

"As God lives," the other answered, "not a word!"

Hastening along the path, Allison made her way back to the clearing toward the wall. The bullet had passed through the thick muscles of his shoulder and out again, showing no signs of having struck the bone. With hands that trembled in spite of her, she bound strips of linen about his shoulder, then gently laid him back against the wall.

Hardly had she finished when the sound of voices aroused her, causing Douglas's eyes to open and his hand to reach out for the rifle, but making a gesture of caution, Allison crept to the further room.

On the far edge of the clearing two men stood gazing intently at the ground, and with a tremor of fear she recognized the larger as Ed Paxton. Shrinking back from the door, she watched them. Like hunting dogs at fault, they appeared to be following the tracks of the two horses, and once Paxton looked across the clearing toward the cell, Frozon stark still, she could almost feel the man's cold eyes on her, but in another moment she heard his grating voice.

"Looks like they stopped here and went back. Mebbe." The voice ceased. His eyes caught a gleam of sunlight on the branch of a cactus that Douglas had broken. Thoughtfully his stubby fingers felt its fresh yellow surface, and with new interest he faced again toward the cell.

"I'm just thinkin'," Paxton drew his revolver. "I'm thinkin' it might be a bright idea to look inside that place." Gun in hand, the man stepped forward.

Darting to Douglas's side, Allison laid a warning finger against her lips, then seizing the blanket, ran to the outer room. A glance assured her that Douglas was invisible to anyone beyond the entrance, and pulling off her flannel shirt, she crumpled it into a pillow then rolled up in the blanket close to the wall just as heavy footsteps crunched outside the door.

Through half shut eyes she saw Paxton peer into the cell's dim obscurity, but at his first step across the threshold she sat bolt upright.

"Who's that?" Her voice rang sharp with alarm.

Startled the man whirled, his weapon leveled at the girl's breast, then slowly the grimace of amazement died away and only a bewildered look remained in his close-set eyes.

"It's me—Ed Paxton."

The blanket slipped from her shoulders, and reaching back, the girl drew the flannel shirt about her. "What do you want here?"

"We're looking for Jack Douglas and Sam Record."

"You don't expect to find them here?"

Honeymooning



The David Goreys

One of the "Loughest" (on the screen) of the Dead End Kids of movie fame, David Gorey is pictured in New York with his wife enjoying a belated honeymoon. The Goreys were married twice, in Yuma, Ariz., in November, 1938, and again in May, 1939, to overcome what Gorey describes as "parental difficulties."

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—The biggest issue of the war is sneaking up behind Mr. Roosevelt's apparently minor and routine designation of an inter-departmental committee to coordinate allied purchases here.

The presidential secretary, Steve Early, let one whicker of the cat out of the bag when he announced Treasury Secretary Morgenthau was FDR's liaison man to the committee and added "every phase of the purchases will come under the jurisdiction of the committee."

Mr. Early meant money, money, money.

The French and British have thrown a scare right up to the top here by passing official word that French exchange will be exhausted in three months, and that the British contemplate buying the astounding total of 8000 to 10,000 more airplanes in the next 18 months if their dwindling exchange resources can be replenished—through credit, of course, although they do not mention this most important inference.

The inter-departmental committee was set up under the Roosevelt-Morgenthau aegis to handle this nervous problem rather than the routine coordination of production and shipping as the announcement implied.

Mr. Morgenthau will find figures right here in Washington in two other departments of the government showing the plight of the British and French is not only better than they claim but better than has been generally supposed. It is only natural that they try to make American officials believe (and they have succeeded to some extent) that they would buy the entire United States if they were not faced with such deplorable credit circumstances.

But the most recent authentic inside data discloses that their joint holdings, plus gold, now have reached—not seven billions, which is the accepted and generally published figure—but nine billions. This is the known size of their purchasing kitty.

British holdings today of American securities total \$2,500,000,000; French \$500,000,000; a total of \$3,000,000,000. The British have on deposit in American banks approximately \$60,000,000 in cash and the French \$300,000,000. The British cash balance is only about \$50,000,000 less than at the beginning of the war, although their purchases to date have run about \$80,000,000 or \$90,000,000. They have made some additional deposits. The point is, however, that if they bought 8000 to 10,000 more planes, as they say, the cost would run no more than \$500,000,000, which is less than their actual cash balance.

Beyond these purchasing resources in this country, the British have about \$2,000,000,000 in gold, the French \$3,000,000,000. Not much of their gold is now in this country, probably no more than \$400,000,000.

But if you will add these items you will find that allied purchasing ability cannot possibly be insufficient for their purposes within a year or two, even if they should buy double the suggested amounts.

British letter services have circulated among American bankers and business men, as well as government officials, the plea that most of the British holdings of American securities cannot be sold; that is, some are reserves of British insurance companies, and some are held by the British government.

But the British government has not even considered it necessary to sell.

essary so far to take over the American securities of any of their citizens. During the first two months of the war the British liquidated about \$1,000,000 a day in American markets, then stopped. This selling has now been resumed to some extent, but whatever selling there is comes from British citizens, not from the government.

When the British really feel the need for exchange they will require their citizens to hand over their American investments for that purpose.

Another dire, unmentioned issue has arisen in the private conferences lately held among treasury, state and commerce department officials on this subject. The United States now has \$17,800,000,000 in gold stacked away in vaults—44 per cent of the entire gold supply. With the world at war and buying here, the treasury stands in a fair way to accumulate shortly much more of the gold in the world. World production is about \$100,000,000,000 worth a year, of which the British produce about 60 per cent. Incidentally, second largest producer is Russia from whom we are buying against them, a situation which would be a premium price while lending money to the Finns to which likewise prevails in the Far East where we are buying Japanese gold after lending money to China.

The question is what happens when we get all the gold in the world, whether our arbitrary premium price will then be meaningless, whether the gold will then become useless. No answer to this question is available here, but some of FDR's economists are saying privately they would rather extend credits to Britain and France for the valid economic reason of keeping gold out, than the spurious ones which are being offered for propaganda purposes.

The Safety Valve

COURTESY TO THE LAME
To the Editor: This is a request for all crippled people; a courtesy to them, allow a longer time parking limit.

So many crippled people cannot go shopping or to a dentist, etc., because of the fact that they cannot park long enough to allow them to go or transact any business in so short a time.

Please request the city to allow this courtesy to all crippled people as the president's birthday honor. There is a bill, March of Dimes, for the infantile paralysis, a good cause, so let's remember the rest of the afflicted.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Wendell Willkie Hits at Control

WOOSTER, O., Jan. 30.—(P)—Wendell L. Willkie declared tonight "whenever the government assumes autocratic control over industry, it must, in order to maintain this control, gradually suppress freedom of assembly, freedom of the church, freedom of speech."

Willkie, who as president of Commonwealth Edison Co., Southern Corp. has tangled frequently with government agencies, spoke at a banquet commemorating the 70th anniversary of Wooster college.

"Those who are not in business should not conclude that they will not be affected by those restrictions," he said. "I have known people who have been free economic enterprise," Willkie said in an address drafted for the dinner.

Radio Programs

KSLM—WEDNESDAY—1340 Kc.

6:30—Milkman Melodies.
6:45—News.
7:00—My Kathleen Norris.
7:15—Hilltop House.
7:30—It Happened in Hollywood.
7:45—Scattered Baines.
8:00—News.
8:15—Joyce Jordan.
8:30—Today in Europe.
8:45—Roadmaster.
9:00—Halo Again.
9:15—Dealer in Dreams.
9:30—Bob Garrod Reporting.
9:45—Star Theatre.
10:00—Glenn Miller Orchestra.
10:15—Public Affairs.
10:30—Victory of the Sea.
10:45—Amos 'n' Andy.
11:00—Luna and Abner.
11:15—The Christian.
11:30—Al Pearce and His Gang.
11:45—Baker Theatre.
12:00—Five Star Final.
12:15—Garwood Van Orchestra.
12:30—Nightcap Yarns.
12:45—Erwin Yo, Organ.
1:00—Victory of the Sea.
1:15—Manny Strand Orchestra.
1:30—News.

KOAC—WEDNESDAY—850 Kc.

9:00—Today's Programs.
9:05—The Homemakers' Hour.
9:15—Neighborly Reminders.
9:30—Weather Forecast.
10:15—Story Hour for Adults.
10:30—Schmidt's Quartet.
11:30—School of Music.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
1:15—Variety.
2:00—Mu Phi Epsilon, Music.
2:15—Star Club.
2:45—Neighborhood News.
3:15—US Army Program.
3:30—Victory of the Sea.
4:00—Symphony Half Hour.
4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls.
5:00—On the Campus.
5:45—Lester.
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:45—The Consumers' Forum.
8:00—Songs of Army.
8:30—Linfield College.
9:00—OSC Round Table.
9:15—Plant Study.

KOW—WEDNESDAY—820 Kc.

6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Trail Blazers.
7:30—Musical Clock.
7:45—Star Hour.
8:00—Vivienne Eschmole.
8:15—Stars of Today.
8:30—Against the Storm.
8:45—Grading Light.
8:50—Arlington Time Signal.
9:00—Stars of Today.
9:15—Tells, Dr. W. H. Foulkes.
9:30—Me and My Shadow.
9:45—Ellen Randolph.
10:00—Meet Miss Julia.
10:15—Betty and Bob.
10:30—Arnold Grinnell's Daughter.
10:45—Valiant Lady.
11:00—Betty Crocker.
11:15—Story of Mary Martin.
11:30—Ma Fong.
11:45—Pepper Perry's Family.
12:00—The Morning World.
12:15—Stella Dallas.

KOIN—WEDNESDAY—940 Kc.

6:00—Market Reports.
6:05—Star Garrod Reporting.
6:30—This and That.
6:45—News.
6:55—Consumer News.
7:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
7:15—When a Girl Marries.
7:30—Singing Family.
7:45—Our Gal Sunday.
8:00—Golden Hour.
8:15—Life Begins Beautiful.
8:30—Right to Happiness.
8:45—Singing Family.
8:55—Big Sister.
9:00—Ann Jenny.
9:15—Life Begins Beautiful.
9:30—My Son and I.
9:45—Society Girl.
10:00—Society Girl.
10:15—Society Girl.
10:30—Society Girl.
10:45—Society Girl.
11:00—Society Girl.

KKK—WEDNESDAY—1160 Kc.

6:30—Musical Clock.
7:00—Family Hour.
7:15—Trail Blazers.
7:30—Business Reminders.
7:45—Financial Service.
8:00—Young Dr. Malone.
8:15—Dr.
8:30—Arlington Time Signal.
8:45—Eugene Conley, Tenor.
9:00—Betty Jean South Club.
9:15—National Farm and Home.
9:30—Home Institute.
10:00—News.
10:15—Turn Back the Clock.
10:30—Nature's Beauty.
10:45—Musical Chat.
11:00—Favorite Waltzes.
11:15—Betty Jean South Club.
11:30—Orphans of Divorce.
11:45—News.
12:00—Market Reports.
12:15—Home Folk Frolics.
12:30—The Quiet Hour.
12:45—Club Music.
1:00—Curbside Quiz.
1:15—Financial and Grain Reports.
1:30—Old Refresher.
1:45—Frank Watanabe.
2:00—Affairs of Anthony.
2:15—Hotel Edison Orchestra.
2:30—News.
2:45—Song Busters.
3:00—Star Hour.
3:15—The Bookends.
3:30—Hotel Edison Orchestra.
3:45—President's Birthday Committee.
4:00—Bud Barton.
4:15—Star Hour.
4:30—Problem Corner.
4:45—Reading in Fun.
5:00—Mollie String.
5:15—Sports Fun.
5:30—Horse and Buggy Days.
5:45—Betty Jean South Club.
6:00—Alec Berovitch, Violinist.
6:15—News.
6:30—Evening Along.
6:45—Quickfire.
7:00—Bygone Reasonable Doubt.
7:15—News.
7:30—Hotel Ambassador Orchestra.
7:45—The Morning World.
8:00—Betty Jean South Club.
8:15—Paul Carson, Organist.