

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Men Wanted

Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party. Now is the time for all...

No, it isn't our typing that needs brushing up. It's this campaign. It started out so auspiciously, away back in 1939 when, entirely out of the season, politically-minded citizens began buzzing about a wide-open race for practically every office in Marion county and in the city of Salem. It was taken for granted that there would be a flock of candidates from both parties in the county contests and another flock of non-partisan candidates for city offices.

Well, here it is less than a week before the deadline. It is true that so far as quantity is concerned, the republicans have an adequate slate in the primary for most county offices. The candidates represent varying degrees of capacity for the jobs they hope to fill and, assuming that the republican voters exercise wisdom of choice, they will have a strong slate in most positions for the November final. Yet with the republican field we are not altogether satisfied; there are some available citizens whose failure to "come to the aid of the party" disappoints us.

As for the democrats, the figures speak for themselves. The party that carried the county—for president, sheriff and a few other offices—in 1932 and 1936 has scarcely mustered a corporal's guard of aspirants for county offices and seems unlikely to do much better in the few remaining days. And while the bourbons' sorry showing might cause a republican's heart to rejoice, it is not a pleasant spectacle for the citizen interested primarily in good government. Granting to the Grand Old Party all of the virtues it has claimed down through the years, it needs to be kept on its toes and there is nothing capable of doing that excepting a dangerous minority party.

There is disappointment too in the dearth of candidates for the city council, where there is still danger that some aldermanic seats will go begging or at best, will be knocked down to the first bidder. The situation with respect to that highly important agency, the water commission, is not much better although it has improved in recent days and there are hopes of an adequate slate from which to choose before next Monday's deadline.

In general, it seems that there is more interest in part-time jobs than in full-time jobs—and there the answer with respect to the county offices is the county's inadequate salary scale. Marion county citizens should resolve to go before the legislature next January with general demand that these salaries be raised, so that there will be some incentive for seeking them. The men entrusted with deciding the weighty matters of county government should receive at least the same pay as a rural mail carrier.

Custom Murdering

To start to talk about the Murder, Inc., organization now being smashed (one hopes) by District Attorney O'Dwyer of Brooklyn in the same breath as human progress may seem to be laboring a fairly obvious negative unduly hard. Yet the existence of the Brooklyn gang, the business of which was custom liquidation of people for whom they had no personal feeling one way or another whatsoever, is only another illustration of the patent generalization that as rapidly as technical progress may scamper ahead, social progress is in many respects, still rooting around in the European swamps along with the Germans about whom Tacitus wrote so nimbly some two millenniums ago.

Murder, Inc., in fact, is perhaps most amazing because it is by no means new. Ample precedents exist for its organization and its activities. Hired assassins were a recognized political convention of the late Roman empire, as Gibbon and later writers testify at length; and they were only less evident in the inchoate period before the crusades because few people had the money to pay them and could do the job so easily themselves anyway. Tyrannicide, demanding the services of a "punk" of some sort, was defended in highly respectable political writing of the 12th and 13th centuries, and was indulged in more than once. The Renaissance of the 16th century, however, particularly in Italy, saw the heyday of an organized assassination, when Caesar Borgia, his serpentine sister, Lucretia, and his disgusting father, Alexander, were acknowledged masters of the art of not-to-gentle erasure of political enemies. From the Italian precedents later grew the Mafia societies of bloody memory, and in turn upon their model the "Molly Maguires" of the Pennsylvania coal fields of the '70s. Even the England of a century ago (when Salem was founded), had old ladies whose profession it was to drop unwanted babies under the wheels of approaching carriages...

Progress, apparently, is mostly on paper. The Brooklyn affair, of course, is shocking in the extreme, especially in an America which has complacently come to believe that the FBI and the "feds" in general have done a pretty good job in washing out the New York and Chicago mobs on grounds of income tax evasion and other such over-sights. In common with the world, we believe perhaps too easily that the time-worn if not-honored customs of our ancestors are totally dead and gone; yet the Brooklyn Murder, Inc., revelations, no less than the stories of Jewish persecution and Polish holocaust in present-day Germany reminds us with sickening force that we live too often in a realm of wishful thinking with respect to social conventions. Wooden stick gives way to gang-plow; smoke signals and crest-lit fires bow to radio and telegraph; walking, even the aristocratic carriage and utilitarian buggy, retreat in favor of Sylph Sixes, and only the hopelessly archaic prefer railroad to airplane, once the choice is theirs. Yet our political life is perhaps no more turbulent than that at the court of Henry II of Anjou, King of England, Duke of Brittany, etc.; our ideas of punishment have not advanced too markedly from the writings of Beccaria in the 18th century; and the Brooklyn "young punks" willing to assassinate for five dollars or even a dollar are not much removed from the men who served Nero and Caligula. Just where are we, anyway?

Albany Gets Plywood Plant

Albany is to be congratulated upon its success in attracting a major new industry, the plywood plant to be erected by Portland interests whose affiliation with existing manufacturing of similar type assure the new company's stability. It is indicated that the plant will have a capacity of 80 carloads of finished products per month and a payroll at the start of \$400,000 a year with good prospects for early expansion.

Albany is in favorable position with respect to peeler log supply—as is Lebanon which is expecting a similar company to locate in its midst—but Albany is not to be congratulated solely upon "good fortune" for its chamber of commerce and its citizenry in general have played a part in bringing about this development. The chamber's industrial committee has been active and citizens have raised about \$30,000 for purchase of a site which will be sold to the plywood company at a nominal price. Albany's almost total lack of labor trouble in recent years was undoubtedly another favorable factor and one which can hardly be labeled merely "fortuitous."

To sum it all up, Albany has earned this item of industrial progress. Salem is not envious—but despite its population growth, Salem is lagging in the matter of new industries while its neighbors go ahead. Unless something "turns up" soon Salem will be left in the lurch and, as Albany's experience indicates, these things do not just "turn up." It's necessary to go out after them.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The names of the 30 postoffices in Marion county, what do they mean? beginning with that of Pratum:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Now we come to number 19, Pratum, the source of the inquiry which started this series. Here is what the McArthur book says: "The name Pratum is a Latin word meaning meadow. The name is said to have been applied to the place by a group of the Mennonite church established in the community. The railroad was built through Pratum about 1830, and it is said a Mr. Larson opened the first store and called the place Enger, for his brother. The name was confused with Eugene, hence the change to Pratum. Postal authorities inform the compiler that Pratum postoffice was established with the name Switzerland on Feb. 28, 1887, and with John Green first postmaster. The name of the office was changed to Enger on August 21, 1887, and to Pratum October 1, 1898. There is a community named Switzerland near by, and the office may have been moved in addition to having its name changed."

Pratum is a little meadow. Pratum is a good name for the postoffice of that community, one of the best and thriftiest farming sections in Oregon, or elsewhere. In the Pratum section, people own their own farms and work on them, live on them, and have good houses and barns. There is no unemployment problem in the Pratum section, and neither the government, nor state, nor the county, has to take care of any resident of the community.

Next, 20, is Saint Benedict. Says McArthur of this: "In the year 1883, a Benedictine... came to Oregon and established a Benedictine community, which is now known as St. Benedict's Abbey. When the community was first established it was less than a mile from the present site of Mount Angel, and the authorities would not establish a new postoffice for the abbey in the year 1904 a new abbey was built on the butte southeast of Mount Angel and in 1914 the postoffice of Saint Benedict was established at the abbey. The first postmaster was Wendel Niederprum... Saint Benedict was named after the founder of the Benedictine Order, who was born in Nursia, Italy, in the year 480, and died at Monte Casino, Italy, in the year 543." (The Benedictine Order is known as a cloistered order; going largely into and developing new countries.)

Next, 21, St. Paul. Here is what McArthur says: "Saint Paul was named by Archbishop Patrick Neibert Blanchet, who came to Oregon in 1838, and established Saint Paul Mission in 1839 at the Catholic church on French Prairie. The mission was named for the Apostle Paul. The writer of the present St. Paul church and city. It was in a log church building erected in 1836, 'four miles above the hamper,' according to the 'History of Oregon.' That is rather indefinite as to location, especially as 'above' might mean above by road or by river; also, Champey might have meant then a place near the present main building and monument of Champey State Park, or any one of a half dozen other spots near there, or near the very crooked Willamette river.

It was probably some distance south and west of the present St. Paul Catholic church, which is near the center of the town. It was a building made of two log houses, connected by a walk between them, with a roof over the walk joining the two log buildings; a kind of architecture common in pioneer Oregon. There is a hope that the exact location may be found, and marked, though the hope, with the passing of the years, grows dimmer. Number 22 is Salem. Here is McArthur's book on the subject: "Salem was named by W. H. Wilson of the Methodist mission about 1846. Up to that time the place was known as Chemeketa, apparently the name of a sub-tribe of the Calapooia Indians. Wilson thought Chemeketa meant 'place of rest,' and chose the Biblical name Shalem or Salem, meaning place of peace, as being a better name than the Indian form.

In December, 1853, efforts were made in the territorial legislature to change the name to Thurston or Valena. Chester N. Terry petitioned to have the name changed to Corvallis, but after spirited debate the name Corvallis was given to the Benton county community then known as Marysville. The names Chemewa, Willamette and Bronson were also suggested. Pike and Victoria were mentioned, but by this time the members concluded that they had wasted enough time over the matter and the various bills were postponed. The final vote was in January, 1854. The name Valena is said to have been suggested because it was the name of Valena Paulina Nesmith, later Mrs. Wm Markland Nelson, but she was not born until 1855. (She was an aunt of McArthur; a sister of his mother, who was Harriet K. Nesmith.) Chemeketa is also said to have meant 'our old home' and 'meeting place,' but there is no accurate information about such translations. Salem postoffice was established on November 8, 1849, with J. B. McLane, (Shoulton) John B. McLane. This columnist has a notation that the date was Nov. 28, 1849. It is a difference of only 20 days, and it did not last long. James Turner Crump became U. S. postmaster for Salem Feb. 26, 1851, only about 13 months later. But mail had been carried and delivered through postoffices under the provision of the act of March 3, 1849, and the act of that government in August of that year made W. G. T. Vault postmaster general, and James Turner Crump acted as



"Self Made Girl"

By Hazel Livingston

Chapter 19
Linda never knew how close she came to losing her job. Mr. Bottinger was frantic. What ailed the girl? He spoke to her sarcastically more than once, and was doubly irritated to see that it was lost on her. She didn't know he'd said anything at all. She'd been so sensible, so sane! Such a model of a secretary. Well, if she was going to act like this, he'd have to get rid of her.

But by the time he had hardened his heart enough to speak of it, she was herself again. Quiet, efficient. Only her pale, new, dark circles under her blue eyes, to show that she hadn't imagined the days of semi-madness.

For Linda it was over too soon. Three perfect days. But in the end nothing to warm her heart except the promise that he'd be back in town at the close of the college year.

To the last moment she waited, she dreamed, she hoped and she prayed for a sign—a word—even the definite assurance that he'd miss her.

"Well, it was a lot of fun, Linda. We'll be doing it again soon."

That was all he said in the end. No promise. No whispered word. Not even the assurance that he'd write oftener now. Time limped by. If he could be casual, so could she. She'd show him.

Feverishly she threw herself into her work. Mr. Bottinger beamed. Perhaps he'd wronged her. Perhaps she was ill a while back, when he thought she was just flighty. Anyway, she was surpassing herself now.

hers, and if it meant a little unpleasantness she could take it. It was herself, her looks, her prospects, her future that she cared about. And the extra ten dollars helped!

The girls she met at the club weren't very cordial to her at this time, either. She had no time for bridge, she wouldn't oblige by making a fourth just because someone asked her to, and she refused Hester curtly. It would be June very soon. She must be ready... ready for anything.

She never missed a French class, read all the papers, even the politics that she hated. Went to every literary event possible, even went over to Tanya's, to talk to King and Paul and Gladys and Nola, and find out what was going on. When Glenn came back she'd have some things to talk about, or know the reason why.

It was gratifying that King and Paul were thrilled to see her, and impressed with her new clothes.

Gladys was a little edgy at first. "Well, what brings you back? You look prosperous enough!"

"We've been sitting around for a long, long while, waiting to see you."

"I know. I've been a pig. Gladys, I could have come, but I was afraid that if I got back here I'd stay, and wouldn't go on with my plans for myself. You never had much sympathy with my ideas, you know."

"And you never cared much what I thought." That was the trouble. I've been so lonely for you all that I could have cried lots of times—and more than once I did.

"Then why didn't you come back?"

"I've told you. Because I was afraid."

Gladys shook her head. "You're a funny child, Linda, and God only knows why you've elected to be the world's most successful business woman. What does it get you? Now look at me. I used to be a secretary—and a darn good one. You may not think I run this tea room very well, and maybe I don't. But I know that this is the way to have fun while living. If I could have a chain of tea-rooms and make a lot of money I wouldn't want to. This is fun—the other way would be just work... Are you having fun, Linda?"

King put down his everlasting book to listen. Paul pulled up his chair.

"Well, I'm getting where I want to get."

"You're getting to look like a young executive," or a serious minded young society gal or something. But what's that going to do for you? You're just gathering a lot of bills, and wasting a lot of time sitting under hair-driers."

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, March 26—Wage government are always wondrous to behold, but more wondrous than anything lately is the determination of the agriculture department to give away butter rather than sell it.

Rationed Britain, both her surplus in butter, tried to buy about four million pounds without success.

Facts of the negotiation have not been made public. In competent quarters, however, it is known the British made official inquiry about the price of such a tremendous bulk purchase some weeks ago. The Dairy Products Marketing association, whose policies are guided by the agriculture department (because government furnishes money for its operations) quoted the price of British 51c on the first two million pounds and 31 1/2c on the second two million (market price then was 30.76c), figuring apparently that the disposition of the surplus would make the price rise.

That might be all right except that of the twelve million pounds held by the Dairy Products Marketing association since last fall about three million had to be bought by the government's federal surplus commodities corporation at 27c or lower per pound, in order to remove it from the market, and this butter was given away to reliefers.

Just while Mr. Roosevelt is sending every effort to sell planes needed here in order to help the allied cause, the British are unable to buy a product of which we have a surplus.

ARRANGING: If Mr. Roosevelt is not running, certainly most of those around him are.

Linda laughed. "It's what I want!"

Gladys and King laughed, too. "You're crazy, but I forgive you," Gladys said.

Nola said, "Are you going to wear your dinner tonight? Or must I put on the uniform and get to work?"

"I'll put it on," Linda said. "I'd like to."

They ate together, after the pay customers had gone. There was a new maid in the kitchen, and she made French pancakes for them. Gladys made an orange sauce and King got out the brandy to burn. It was a very special, very gay occasion. Linda had a grand time. They sat around the fire for it was a rainy, cold April, and talked until long after midnight.

(To be continued.)

—but too overwhelmingly. Not much attention was paid to the question written on the Chattanooga ballots, by which the voters could express themselves on the tertiary try, but politicians here are handing around newspaper clippings from the local Chattanooga press announcing a recount was demanded when too many precincts failed to register a dissenting vote.

Rehabilitation in Brainerd and Eastdale "zero" precincts indicated that instead of being unanimous for the TTY, after the fashion of the old Vaux precincts in Philadelphia where unanimity was the required rule, a large negative vote had not been counted. Recapitulation score in Brainerd was 319 for, 138 against; in Eastdale 252 for, and 67 against.

CAMPAIGN FLASHES: Senator young Bob La Follette's associates consider his reelection prospects dismal, but he will try anyway. Whenever Candidate Paul McNutt is asked about the \$100 a plate Jackson day dinners, his reply usually is: "I don't think my 2 per cent club was so bad after all..." Appointment of new deal Senator Schwelb to a northwest federal judgeship may yet be coming. Mr. Roosevelt has not turned him down, and he is reported undecided whether to try to run again, but inclined to take the judgeship... Dispute with the new deal again. He feels that certain government offices from which he has sought cooperation, have shied away from his every request. A new public break is brewing.

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Bob Burns Sued Over 'Kidnaping'

LOS ANGELES, March 26—(AP)—Comedian Bob Burns was sued for \$70,000 damages by Daniel W. Hoge, who charged he was kidnaped from his Wilmington home December 29, 1935, and forced to sign a denial that Burns had alienated the affections of his wife, Millie Bernice Hogs.

Hoge charged that the defendants, who include Jacob H. Karp, ten John Does, two Jane Does and Paramount Pictures, Inc., forced him to sign a denial that Burns had alienated the affections of his wife, Millie Bernice Hogs.

There, he said, under threats of continued imprisonment and violence, he signed a paper releasing Burns from all charges and a similar paper releasing Paramount from responsibility.

Death Car Driver Given Year, Jail

EUGENE, March 26—(AP)—Oren I. Tracey, Junction City, whose truck overturned killing a passenger, Hurl Compton, was fined \$100 and sentenced to a year in the county jail Monday.

A circuit court jury convicted him of a drunken driving charge last Thursday.

Radio Programs

- 4:20—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
 - 4:30—Paul Barron Orchestra.
 - 4:45—Bob Hays.
 - 5:15—Tom Mix.
 - 5:30—Problem Corner.
 - 5:45—Paul Barron's Organist.
 - 6:00—The Green Hornet.
 - 6:30—Sports Final.
 - 6:45—Lorne and Buggy Days.
 - 7:00—Improve Your Lawn.
 - 7:15—Musical Interlude.
 - 7:30—Against the Air.
 - 7:45—Aloha Land.
 - 7:55—The Bluebird.
 - 8:00—Breeding Along.
 - 8:30—Quicksilver.
 - 8:45—Beyond the Reasonable Doubt.
 - 9:00—The Whistling Bird.
 - 9:30—Read College Radio Workshop.
 - 10:00—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.
 - 10:30—Hotel Ambassador Orchestra.
 - 11:00—This Hit Sing World.
 - 11:15—Portland Police Reports.
 - 11:18—Paul Carson, Organist.
- KOW—WEDNESDAY—620 Kc.
- 6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
 - 7:00—Newspaper of the Air.
 - 7:15—Trail Blazers.
 - 7:30—Musical Clock.
 - 7:45—Sam Hayes.
 - 8:00—Domino Trading Post.
 - 8:15—Stars of Today.
 - 8:30—Against the Storm.
 - 8:45—Guiding Light.
 - 9:00—Stars of Today.
 - 9:15—The Bluebird.
 - 9:30—Talk Dr. W. H. Foules.
 - 9:45—Me and My Shadow.
 - 10:00—Modern Music.
 - 10:15—Ellen Randolph.
 - 10:30—Meet Stella Julia.
 - 10:45—Dr. Kates.
 - 11:00—Light of the World.
 - 11:15—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
 - 11:30—The Bluebird.
 - 11:45—Betty Crocker.
 - 12:00—Story of Mary Marla.
 - 12:15—Ma Perkins.
 - 12:30—Pepper Young's Family.
 - 12:45—Yip and Yip.
 - 1:00—Bill Sabranaky, Organist.
 - 1:15—Stella Dallas.
 - 1:30—Stars of Today.
 - 1:45—Blue Plus Special.
 - 2:00—Girl Alone.
 - 2:15—Midstream.
 - 2:30—Hollywood News Flashes.
 - 2:45—The O'Neil's.
 - 3:00—Stars of Today.
 - 3:15—Program Without a Name.
 - 3:30—Woman's Magazine.
 - 3:45—Easy Act.
 - 4:00—Mr. Kern, Tracer.
 - 4:15—Sun of Today.
 - 4:30—William Frawley Orchestra.
 - 4:45—Fred Waring Victory Time.
 - 5:00—Billie Holiday.
 - 5:15—Reading in Fun.
 - 5:30—Cocktail Hour.
 - 5:45—Musical Solitaire.
 - 6:00—Hollywood Playhouse.
 - 6:15—Kay Kyser's Kollege.
 - 6:30—Championing the Cause.
 - 6:45—I Love a Mystery.
 - 7:00—Fred Allen Show.
 - 7:15—Newspaper of the Air.
 - 7:30—Glenn Shelley, Organist.
 - 7:45—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
 - 8:00—The Bluebird.
 - 8:15—Bal Tabarin Orchestra.
 - 8:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
- KOIN—WEDNESDAY—940 Kc.
- 6:00—Market Report.
 - 6:15—KOIN Showers.
 - 6:30—Bob Garrod Reporting.
 - 6:45—His and Phat.
 - 7:00—The Bluebird.
 - 7:15—Consumer News.
 - 7:30—The Bluebird.
 - 7:45—Kate Smith Speaks.
 - 8:00—When a Girl Marries.
 - 8:15—The Bluebird.
 - 8:30—Our Gal Sunday.
 - 8:45—The Goldbugs.
 - 9:00—The Bluebird.
 - 9:15—Right to Happiness.
 - 9:30—Fletcher Wiley.
 - 9:45—Big Sister.

As Senate Passes Hatch Bill



This scene took place in a senate anti-chamber in Washington following the passage of the Hatch "pure politics" bill in the upper House. Left to right, the senators are John Bankhead of Alabama, Carl Hatch of New Mexico, Alben Barkley of Kentucky and Sherman Minton of Indiana. Senators Bankhead and Minton led the fight against the bill, which is authored by Senator Hatch.

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