

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## War in the North

The life of a reporter in Norway at the moment must be strikingly similar to the famous episode in Peer Gynt, when the hero runs madly across the pine-clad hills of his native land, and along its deep-cleft fjords searching for a mystic voice calling him onward, but never stooping long enough to be found. In the play the protean quality of the tantalizing voice had a mystic significance, but in real life in Norway today the ever-changing appearance of truth concerning the progress of war has a deeply practical significance.

Exactly what is occurring there is extremely hard to discern. The English government has announced the landing of troops in Norway—where, at what time, in what number not having been stated. The Germans, as is their wont, report undisturbed transport of troops from the Danish coast to the Norwegian mainland, though again the numbers are referred to as "enormous," which to all practical purposes is worse than useless. The English report air raids at Stavanger, Trondheim and Oslo; the Germans say nothing, and assert their ever-tightening control over the southern reaches of the country. British claims—or has claimed for her—the capture of Narvik, important ore port in the north, but on the next day the city is returned to the Germans and the British are pictured as afraid to land because of shore batteries in the hands of Hitler's helots. One's impression of the conflict is of confusion, noisy, chaotic, indecisive, shrouded in a thick fog of unbelief and misstatement.

What is clear, however, is that the allies must here face and master the Germans. They cannot afford to lose the western Norwegian ports; they cannot afford to have German protection on the west for ore shipments from Sweden; they cannot be vulnerable to a German attack by air or water launched from Norway; and above all they cannot lose the prestige involved in having the nazis snatch Scandinavia from under their very thumbs. They may pay a dear price for victory, and may have little when they win it; but should they lose their loss is multiplied by their previous diplomatic defeats.

Three months ago, even 10 days ago, no one would have dared guess that the first true land conflicts between the English and the Germans would occur in Norway; all indications pointed to a great forward movement along the Rhine fortifications, or through the Low Countries; Scandinavia, as in 1914, was pictured as a precariously neutral region. The incredible has happened, however, and the time for dreams has passed; the allies must strike now, or call off their war.

## Integrated Higher Education

Some weeks ago we were pleased to comment upon the progress Oregon's system of higher education was making as reflected in the report of Chancellor Frederick M. Hunter, including an excellent showing in the direction of increased educational service without increased cost. It was our impression from the report that there had been improvement also in the quality of the service.

It is distressing as well as surprising, then to learn that in the mind of President Donald M. Erb of the university, that institution has been struck by "academic disaster" because it cannot grant science degrees. Upper division science courses are grouped at the state college, just as upper division literature, history and some other branches are grouped at the university.

This is in fact the basic reform upon which the economic benefits of integration were expected to rest. There was to be less duplication of courses; yet the needs of liberal education were recognized to the extent that lower division work in most departments was offered at both institutions. Students intending to major in science were expected to attend the state college, history majors the university.

From the news dispatch reporting Dr. Erb's address before an alumni group, it is to be presumed that this system has in practice developed flaws which may be cured only by abandoning it. The dispatch does not go into detail; having been told so much we need to be told more. Oregon is willing to do what is necessary in providing for efficient higher education; but it will not abandon this system without learning beyond question that it has failed—and why.

## Publicizing Public Business

Every state, county and city official or board that handles public money should publish at regular intervals an accounting of it, showing where and how each dollar is spent. This is a fundamental principle of democratic government.

Because of conditions which prevailed in Louisiana until recently and which were described in this column in connection with the explanation of such terms as "double dipper" and "the ducks are flying" in the recent campaign in that state, most of the Louisiana newspapers are carrying the above statement daily or weekly as the case may be, on their editorial pages.

County and city government in Oregon have not been fly-white—the latest development is the resignation of Bend's long-time and highly-respected city recorder while an investigation of his records continues—and the daily newspaper publishers of Oregon agreed at a recent meeting that they would give the same statement of belief extensive publicity. Such detailed publication is already required of county courts and most of them appreciate it as a double-check and safeguard. It should be extended to city governments, the larger school districts and such other municipalities as PUDs.

An additional improvement suggested by the Eugene Register-Guard would be a simplification of budget publication forms, to the end that taxpayers might readily understand the need for expenditures; for instance, the percentage of their tax dollar that goes for debt service, a point to be kept in mind when new bond issues are proposed.

## Horatio Alger, Wholesaler

More than one-half of the United States' births are now occurring in families with incomes of less than \$1000 a year, Miss Katharine Lenroot, chief of the labor department's children's bureau, told the Oregon conference of social workers in Portland the other day. A considerable proportion of this majority of births occurs in families on relief.

Miss Lenroot was just making a factual statement, not viewing with alarm so far as we are advised. Some persons may consider this a serious situation. It is—in so far as it reveals (1) that a great many families are in that income class and (2) that more prosperous families aren't doing their share in perpetuation of the race.

Otherwise we feel no particular concern. Supposing a majority of children are born poor; that just means so many more who are in position to triumph over poverty. Real life material for tales of the Horatio Alger type will be just that much more plentiful in future.

We're wondering what has upset Art Perry. His name has been running upside-down at the head of his column for some days but if there's a special reason for it we missed it. Surely he's recovered from the state basketball tournament's blow to his prognosticatorial prestige.

If the fellows who figure out baseball percentages were better judges of the fitness of things they would have placed the Yankees at the bottom of the American league list Wednesday morning—seeing that it probably was their only opportunity to do so this year.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Trip of the E. T. Estes 2-20-40 family across the plains in 1850, written by one of them, then a girl about eight:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Still quoting the Lucinda Estes record of the old Oregon Trail journey:

"There was an aristocracy on the plains just as there is in every village, hamlet or town in the United States. The California trains with their teams of horses and mules and their camp followers, held themselves above the Oregon trains with their slow going ox teams, and without so much as a bow or 'thank you' would whirl by, leaving us far in their rear and covered with clouds of dust. Life on the plains was in many respects just like life in many other places. Men and women laughed and joked, quarreled and became reconciled. There were births, weddings and deaths. At one camp a devout minister of the gospel would be preaching to a very respectable audience. At another camp but a few yards away a merry group would be dancing to the music of some fiddler whose favorite tunes would be 'Arkansas Traveler' and 'Old Virginia.' The trains would generally rest one day out of the week to give the women a chance to do their washing. They did not starch and iron and their white clothes, instead of having a bluish tinge were of a beautiful yellow color. There were no overland stages nor pony express in those days, and it was a long time before the mail carriers came to the west. Instead of having a regular mail service, as we have now, it was a matter of days before a letter would be received from home. There were no newspapers or magazines, and the only news was that which was brought by the mail carriers from the east. There were no schools, and the only education was that which was given by the parents. There were no doctors, and the only medicine was that which was made from herbs and roots. There were no lawyers, and the only justice was that which was meted out by the community. There were no churches, and the only religion was that which was taught by the parents. There were no cities, and the only settlements were small, isolated farms and ranches. There were no roads, and the only mode of travel was on foot or by pack animal. There were no telegraphs, and the only communication was by mail. There were no railroads, and the only mode of long-distance travel was by stagecoach or wagon train. There were no automobiles, and the only mode of personal transport was by horse or mule. There were no airplanes, and the only mode of air travel was by hot air balloon. There were no space ships, and the only mode of space travel was by rocket. There were no computers, and the only mode of calculation was by abacus. There were no calculators, and the only mode of arithmetic was by counting on fingers. There were no calculators, and the only mode of arithmetic was by counting on fingers. There were no calculators, and the only mode of arithmetic was by counting on fingers." (Continued tomorrow.)

"We traveled in sight of Chimney Rock for several days until at length we camped directly opposite it, being on the south side of the Platte while we were on the north side. Some of our men concluded to wade the river, which was shallow there, and visit this wonderful freak of nature, but they found that instead of its being near the bank it was five miles away. Chimney Rock rises perpendicular to the height of 60 or 80 feet. It has a base of about an eighth of an acre. It is a black rock, but seems to have been formed by volcanic eruption. Traveling on, we came to the Black Hills, so called because they were covered with low cone shaped pines so dark in color that they looked like black ink in the distance. Those hills were covered with grass and herbage and their altitude as compared to the Rockies were as mountains in miniature. Rocky Mountain sheep were found in hills. One of our men killed one which proved to be of delicious flavor. After getting through the hills we crossed the Platte. We traveled up it until it lost its original name and had taken the name of Sweetwater, on account of its being above the alkali country and its waters having a sweet cool taste.

"On the fourth of July we arrived at Independence Rock. This rock is a hundred feet long, thirty feet wide and fifteen through the center to the base. It is of a dark appearance, something like iron ore. Many names of those who had gone before were inscribed upon this wonderful production of nature. I suppose they will remain there through coming ages. Five miles farther we came to the 'Devil's Gate.' This was a rock rent in twain about 30 feet wide at its top, but it narrowed to a narrow crevice at the bottom. A stream of water flowed through it and it was a strange looking gateway to the footsteeps of his satanic majesty. The next point of interest was the Steamboat Springs. This spring on the banks of the Sweetwater. It is a round hole in the rock about ten inches in diameter through which the water at intervals would leap up to the height of eight or nine feet and then recede out of sight for a few minutes accompanied by a strange hissing noise. A few feet away was a spring of boiling water. The Soda Springs were not far distant, and the water was mixed with a little sulfuric acid made a cool and refreshing drink. At this point on the Sweetwater there was a junction—the left hand leading to Salt Lake, distant 100 miles." (Continued tomorrow.)

"On the 17th of August we arrived at Fort Hall near Snake River. Two or three houses built of adobe bricks stood on a spot of land about 50 feet square. This was enclosed by a wall ten feet high built of the same material to insure safety against Indians. It was constructed by the Hudson's Bay company for the purpose of trading with the Indians, and was provided with Captain Grant, who was an Englishman, dressed in a suit of buckskin, as befitted a man living on the frontier. He seemed to enjoy his position immensely." (Continued tomorrow.)

"He had a pair of chickens which delighted our childish eyes. They were the first we had seen since we left the east bank of the Missouri. Our father proposed to give the captain a dollar for one egg for Edwin, his only son and youngest child. But the captain refused the offer, saying he was going to raise chickens. Five miles further we came to a stream of water called the Fort. After crossing this stream, which was quite deep, a difficulty arose between our train doctor and the man who was hauling his medicines. Owing to the consciousness of the latter in not propping his wagon box up higher the water came in and spoiled the doctor's medicines. They had a fierce dispute and finally came to blows. It was settled by arbitration. We went on for two or three weeks crossing until at length we arrived at the Pacific Spring at the foot of the western slope of those mountains. The next stream of any importance was called Little Sandy. Fifteen miles farther we came to Big Sandy on whose banks we rested one day preparatory to starting into the desert 40 miles across. I were two days and one night crossing the waste of nature. On the evening of the

## The Unwilling Hitch-Hikers



## "Self Made Girl"

By Hazel Livingston

(Chapter 20 Continued) The senator was kind. Mrs. Burns the housekeeper, was almost motherly and kind, the secretary was friendly and helpful, and Spencer the butler went out of his way to be nice to her. But not for one moment of the two months that she spent in the senator's house, did Linda feel at home. Even after she lost her awe of Spencer, and had grown really fond of the senator and the others, she was never quite at ease. There were too many people, too much talk.

Spencer warned her against Mrs. Burns, whom he confided in. Mrs. Burns wouldn't want it repeated, but thought Linda ought to know that Spencer had a sinister influence on the poor old man, "otherwise he'd have been fired for insouciance long ago." Linda took a what-can-you-expect-in-this-madhouse attitude. Miss Trixie Buck, the lady with thick glasses and disheveled hair, was reported to have been writing the memoirs for the last three years, and had nothing to show for it yet. She, in turn, warned Linda to stay away from Stella, a young man who had brought the best liquors and cigars the senator owned and saw to it that luncheon was exceptionally good on the days that he and Hilliard were there.

The art-cataloging days were something to look forward to, and think about, long after they were over. Delaney, the fat man, and Hilliard, made a holiday and a picnic of them, and good-naturedly included Linda in the celebration. Delaney didn't think much of the senator's collection, and hundreds in packing boxes in the basement and attic, it began to look like his life job. Just about the time she'd be well started on a certain section, Miss Buck or someone else would walk away with 12 or 20 volumes, scattering cards right and left. Nor was Linda allowed to work constantly with the card-making. Clair Sterling could, and did, call her whenever he needed help. And once started upon cataloging of all his art treasures. A very fat man with a small waxed mustache and fawn-colored spats came to do the appraising, and with him, for no good reason except that apparently he had nothing else to do, came a very good looking young man who turned out to be Ned Hilliard, one of the town's most eligible and elusive machelors. The fat man, who impressed even the butler, and was supposed to have a national reputation as an art critic, was really a kindly soul, with a weakness for pretty girls, and an irreplaceable sense of humor. He used the most shocking language in the most genteel and mild manner. He gave outrageous orders to Spencer, who brought the best liquors and cigars the senator owned and saw to it that luncheon was exceptionally good on the days that he and Hilliard were there.

## Recaptured

Above, Joseph Paul Cretzer, 28, ranked by the FBI as "public enemy No. 57" and his brother-in-law Thomas Kyle, 28, bank robber, convicts recaptured on McClellan Island Sunday after their escape last week from the federal prison there. Indictments were returned against them Thursday by a federal grand jury in connection with the escape.

## AGREEMENT—Japan's warm and friendly—but slightly oriental—approval of Mr. Hill's warning against any future Japanese move to occupy the Netherlands Indies is based on sound military judgment.

How far American public opinion would want to go to stop the Japanese is an unanswerable question, but otherwise there is no doubt about naval capacity to enforce the Hull Japanese military occupation of the potential empire could not be maintained as long as the British naval base at Singapore intervenes geographically, or the American fleet could operate from there or Hawaii across the long Japanese line of communication. Japan would need to land somewhere near 200,000 troops for the enterprise and would have to sustain them from the homeland. American strategy would be to permit the occupation and then seek out and defeat the Japanese fleet. No naval authority here thinks this would be hard to do, and it would leave the occupation force stranded. But the situation is not likely to get to this. The British do not want trouble with Japan, neither do we. An official boycott on Japan's vital silk trade or a ban on our oil shipments to her would be powerful persuaders short of naval action.

FLICKER—Mr. Roosevelt's newly shed light on the budget was true, but it did not go far enough to penetrate the predicament. Revenue will undoubtedly drop a couple of hundred million dollars more than he anticipated in January. Parity payments now being appropriated will not go out of the treasury for more than a year yet. But the president envisions overcoming the collapsing stilt upon which his budget mainly rests—recovery of \$700,000,000 in cash from government agencies, a feat which his fiscal authorities concede is improbable if not impossible. Slightly dazed fiscal leaders in congress almost simultaneously took steps to meet the perplexing situation immediately after the coming November elections. Senators Harrison and George and Representative Doughton are

and so, Hillard, who would have been an artist himself if he wasn't so lazy, and didn't have enough money to live on comfortably, didn't think much of anybody's old art treasures. He was all for the new and free in art. Linda defended the senator's Whistlers and Rembrandts furiously, Matisse and Picasso were all right, but Hillard could have his Braque and his Klee and his Gauguin. She thought they were HORRIBLE! And as for his surrealists—he could have them, too! She hadn't had such a good argument since she left New York, and Tanya's—and if she hadn't spent those years with Paul and Kin she wouldn't be arguing with Ned Hillard now! "A lot of brains for so much looks," Hillard complained, but he kept coming back, to argue with her. (To Be Continued.)

## News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, April 19—This is going to be a trying year for presidential candidates. The electorate is getting too smart.

When Candidate Vandenberg was on his way to a speech he was approached by a farm group bent on smoking out his agricultural views. The spokesman asked in effect: "What do you propose to do about our flaxseed surplus problem?" The Michigan farmer smiled: "What do you mean flaxseed surplus problem? We grow only a very small fraction of what we need."

The group laughed and replied: "We know that but we just wanted to find out if you did." The wise farm leaders are understood to have tried the same strategic question on another candidate with different results. The second victim is supposed to have replied that he considered the problem serious, but "frankly" did not know very much about it and some of his advisers were working on it.

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ELASTICITY—Administration's elastic policy opening up new planes to the allies is being stretched more rapidly than expected. When war department officials were before congress—committee they said the new flying fortresses would not be involved as the British were not interested. These planes have longer range than the allies need. The allies think they will get the planes for around \$100,000 each, whereas the cost may turn out to be nearer \$250,000 when they get down to specific terms.

LOADING—A great bulk of campaign ammunition for an attack on business big game is being quietly manufactured downtown in the administration. It will be shoved up to congress before quiting.

One box is coming from federal trade commission which will have an extensive report by its economist, Willis Hallinger, measuring the relative efficiency of big and little business with results that will satisfy campaign needs. A tax report is coming from the commerce department showing how existing rates hit business and industries respectively. The national economic committee will top the list with a report on the size of insurance companies and their massive investment reservoirs. (Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

ELLensburg Gets Bonneville Offer PORTLAND, Ore., April 19—(AP)—The Bonneville power administration stated Thursday it had submitted to the Ellensburg, Wash., city council a contract for sale of 2200 kilowatts to the city's municipal electric system. The administration said Ellensburg had its own generating plant but recent surveys indicated a power load increase in the near future, making it necessary to purchase additional power.

LONDONERS Like "Gone" But Critic Uncertain LONDON, April 19—(AP)—Upwards of 4500 Londoners of high and low degree packed three of the city's theatres last night to cheer the British premiere of "Gone With the Wind." "Magnificent, but is it art?" was the query of critics who got to see a preview.

RECAPTURED Convicts Joseph Paul Cretzer, 28, ranked by the FBI as "public enemy No. 57" and his brother-in-law Thomas Kyle, 28, bank robber, convicts recaptured on McClellan Island Sunday after their escape last week from the federal prison there. Indictments were returned against them Thursday by a federal grand jury in connection with the escape.

## Radio Programs

Table with multiple columns listing radio programs for various days (KELM-SATURDAY, KOBI-SATURDAY, KEW-SUNDAY, KOCG-SATURDAY, KOKB-SUNDAY). Columns include station call letters, time slot, and program name.