

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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War Technique

It has been increasingly evident in the last few months that 1940 is not 1914, any more than 1914 was 1901 or 1870 or 1861. Where the allied generals prepared at the outset for a primarily defensive war, which would be dominated by great, permanent concrete emplacements, impregnable to land attacks of the sort used in the last war, the Germans concentrated on the development of great motorized armored forces, each self-sufficient in point of command and supply, and each individually capable of tremendous striking force. The result, though the conflict is not yet wholly decided, is apparent in the sudden thrusts across Holland and Belgium and onto the Flanders plain of northern France.

The technique of the German attack is well explained by Louis Lochner, Associated Press correspondent with the German armies. He writes:

An air squadron first determines where enemy troops are moving. It learns exactly the strength of the enemy's forces, their equipment, types of weapons and other details.

With these tips, reinforced by photographs, the Stukas (dive bombers), followed by heavy bombers, dash upon the enemy. They smash towns, if necessary, through which troops are pushing, demolish railroad lines and industrial plants, demolish railroads, telephone lines and industrial plants and destroy marching columns.

The air information service tells the mechanized units where the bombing has been successful and, with terrific speed, these forces dash into the face of the confused enemy. Mobile land units follow through. Then the main army is ready to occupy the positions.

So thoroughly did the Germans prepare for the campaign that they have exactly-fitting substitute bridges ready for every strategic river or canal crossing in Belgium or France likely to be dynamited or damaged. This ready-made equipment is brought up in reinforced cars.

Such methods are so revolutionary, in their way, as the clothed shafts of the English at Crecy and Poitiers; as breath-taking as the pummeling of the round-shot across the field at Pavia; as devastating as Gustavus Adolphus' musketeers who decimated Tilly's Spanish squares of pikemen at Breitenfeld in 1631. They imply a reversal of the military tactics of trench warfare first elaborated by Grant and his men before Richmond, and brought to the highest pitch in the long, weary months of stalemate in the first World War. In their place they establish, as Winston Churchill remarked Sunday, a war of movement and of smashing blows across great distances, so that the blitzkrieg strategy revives Napoleon's dashes from Strasbourg to Vienna, from Saxony to Moscow, and rejuvenates the fighting methods of the American generals who tracked across this and other western states after marauding Indian bands.

The German war method is one of rapid movement and smashing blows, in which the offensive force relies on its speed and protection behind armored plates for personal immunity, and air power to assist in its preparatory blows. This much has become clear in the first eight months of battle. Yet there is no proof that the mechanized attack of the Germans may not be met with new air and ground techniques which in large part nullify its present advantages; one can only remark that if such techniques are to be elaborated, it had better be soon.

Mother's Boys Home

It is not necessary to question the motives nor the honesty of the persons who are operating that peculiar institution known as "Mother's Boys Home" in our midst, in order to question the merit of its appeal for public support as a charity.

It must be apparent to anyone that there is an unwarranted discrepancy between the size of the overhead organization, with its solicitors, trucks and exchange depots, and the number of juvenile beneficiaries, reported by a Statesman reporter to be three as of last week.

This discrepancy may be explained away by the fact that the institution is "just getting started," and one is not disposed to quarrel with any reasonable explanation. One is reminded that Father Flanagan had his difficulties in getting Boys Town under way—and the role of obstructionist is not a pleasant one.

The meat of the issue is this: That the sponsors and managers of Mother's Boys Home are strangers in our midst, men who admittedly have no past record of experience and success elsewhere in the type of welfare work to which they now aspire.

If their motives are sincere they should by all means obtain the support and supervision of a local board of trustees made up of known, trusted citizens who will advise the operators of the charity and see to it that its accounts are audited.

Until some such arrangement is completed The Statesman feels it a duty to advise those citizens who like to know for certain that their charitable donations are administered constructively and in the manner intended, that there is no such assurance in the case of Mother's Boys Home.

There is a real need for every charitable dollar—or dime—that the public can spare. It is our conviction that the dimes and dollars may with better wisdom be turned over to well-established, recognized and properly supervised institutions, of which there is an adequate number and variety to perform the needed charitable work of the community.

Complaints in Justice Courts

It is news to this column that any private citizen may not go before a justice of the peace in Marion county and swear out a criminal complaint and thus start the wheels of justice moving.

That justices of the peace will refuse to accept such complaints unless they have the approval of the district attorney came to light when the libel complaint which Robin Day sought to file on Monday was rejected by the Salem justice and at latest account, held up by the Silvertown justice pending an approval from District Attorney Page which apparently was not forthcoming.

As for the libel action, we must confess the utmost disinterest—and if we were interested it would not be appropriate to discuss it.

That we have heard of no similar instance in the past and that in this instance the district attorney's failure to approve is based upon his own indirect connection with the case—an entirely praiseworthy attitude, so far as that is concerned—tends to indicate that in practice this policy has not in the past prevented any warranted prosecution.

It is however in the abstract a poor rule if the district attorney is privileged arbitrarily to bar a complaint without indicating that it is in some manner faulty. Admitting that our inadequate knowledge of the law has been acquired, such as it is, entirely by ear—it still seems to us simple justice that every citizen be privileged to complain formally of his neighbor's acts if he thinks they are unlawful.

Police Warnings

Every newspaperman whose duties include the "police beat" occasionally receives a request to publish a warning that hereafter such-and-such ordinance will be strictly enforced. The newspaperman always complies, quoting the officer so as to keep his own conscience clear—and always with tongue in cheek. For the warning is an admission that such-and-such ordinance has not heretofore been enforced, and experience impels him to doubt that it will ever be enforced.

Salem has had an ordinance on the books for a long time, forbidding the nuisance known as double parking. Occasionally there has been a sporadic attempt to enforce it, usually accompanied by an excess of officiousness while it lasts, to the extent that a driver stopping to unload or pick up

Bits for Breakfast

By R J HENDRICKS

More about early Oregon postoffices

and locations of Salem postoffices in the old days:

(Continuing from yesterday.) To indicate what an exciting time was that May 17, 1865, day, when Beale and Baker were hanged in Salem it is sufficient to say that while the sheriff of Marion county, James Hendrick, had general charge of the hanging, the full membership of the crack local militia company, then called Marion Rifles, was present, and busy in handling the great crowd—keeping order. J. S. Dyer, father of Connell Dyer of Salem, was captain, but was not able to be present, so Samuel May, next in command, officiated. He was the grandfather of Karl Stetler, choice Republican candidate for sheriff of Marion county at the November election. Mr. May was at the time secretary of state for Oregon; had the office in the 1862-76 period.

The moment preceding the swinging into eternity of the two men were so tense that strong men fainted; and probably strong women, too. Frederick G. Schwatka, then a printer on The Statesman at that time in the Griswold building. That enterprising printer published a book containing the confessions of the condemned men, and sold many copies to the crowd; part of the profits going to the families of the condemned men.

Most readers know that Schwatka became the great Arctic explorer; wrote and published important books concerning the Far North, therefore more of a terra incognita (unknown land) than at present. The Sewatka family was prominent in central Oregon.

But about the mother who took her children to her father's home, so that they might not see or hear anything of the hanging. Toward evening, she went back home with her brood, and making ready the start toward preparing the evening meal, she threw out the coffee grounds and the cold coffee of the previous day to her horror, found she had poured the contents of the coffee pot into the coffin of Baker and over his newly made widow, who was part Indian!!!

The long time readers of this column know that relatives of the Baker family claimed his body, and took it home and buried it near the Marion and Clackamas county line in the Molalla section. And that down that way has promised to show this columnist the exact spot, some day when, if ever, he has the time.

No one claiming the body of Beale, the pioneer, Daniel Waldo, after whom the Waldor Hills were named, took it in his wagon and hauled it out for burial to his donation land claim. Up to lately, the little rail fence enclosing the spot was plainly visible from the public road passing Macleay eastward toward Shaw and Silver Creek Falls.

Sarah Strang was the maiden name of the mother of Mrs. Pearce Strang, a sister of the pioneer, Ben Strang, and daughter of Daniel Strang, of the great 1852 covered wagon immigration. Members of the Strang family were prominent and influential in the old days.

Sarah Strang was married to A. J. Riely, an old time printer, who was employed on the early newspapers, and in doing the work of the territorial and state printers in the old days. Riely's death, his widow was very prominent in Salem, as she kept one of the first class boarding houses of the capital city, at that time thoroughly appreciated. The Salem Directory for 1871 and 1874 locate her place at the corner of Court and High streets.

The maiden name of Mrs. George J. Pearce was Mary Ellen Riely. She was one of the first girls in Salem to learn the trade of printer. She came by the trade naturally; it came down from her father.

She worked on some of the pioneer newspapers, the first one being the Salem Mercury, of which one of the earliest editors and proprietors was the famous Wm. Governor Grover sent as his personal representative to the Modoc war, to help round up the Modoc Jack and his band. Col. Thompson died not long since at Alturas, Cal., aged well on toward the 100 year mark.

But the old time printers of Salem did not call their sister craftswoman Mary Ellen. She was to them Nell Riely, and she here was one of the best in the trade here; for she was saying a good deal for she worked for E. M. Walte when he did the state printing for several state printers in succession. Walte was a stickler for good workmanship. He gave the Walte electric fountain to Salem.

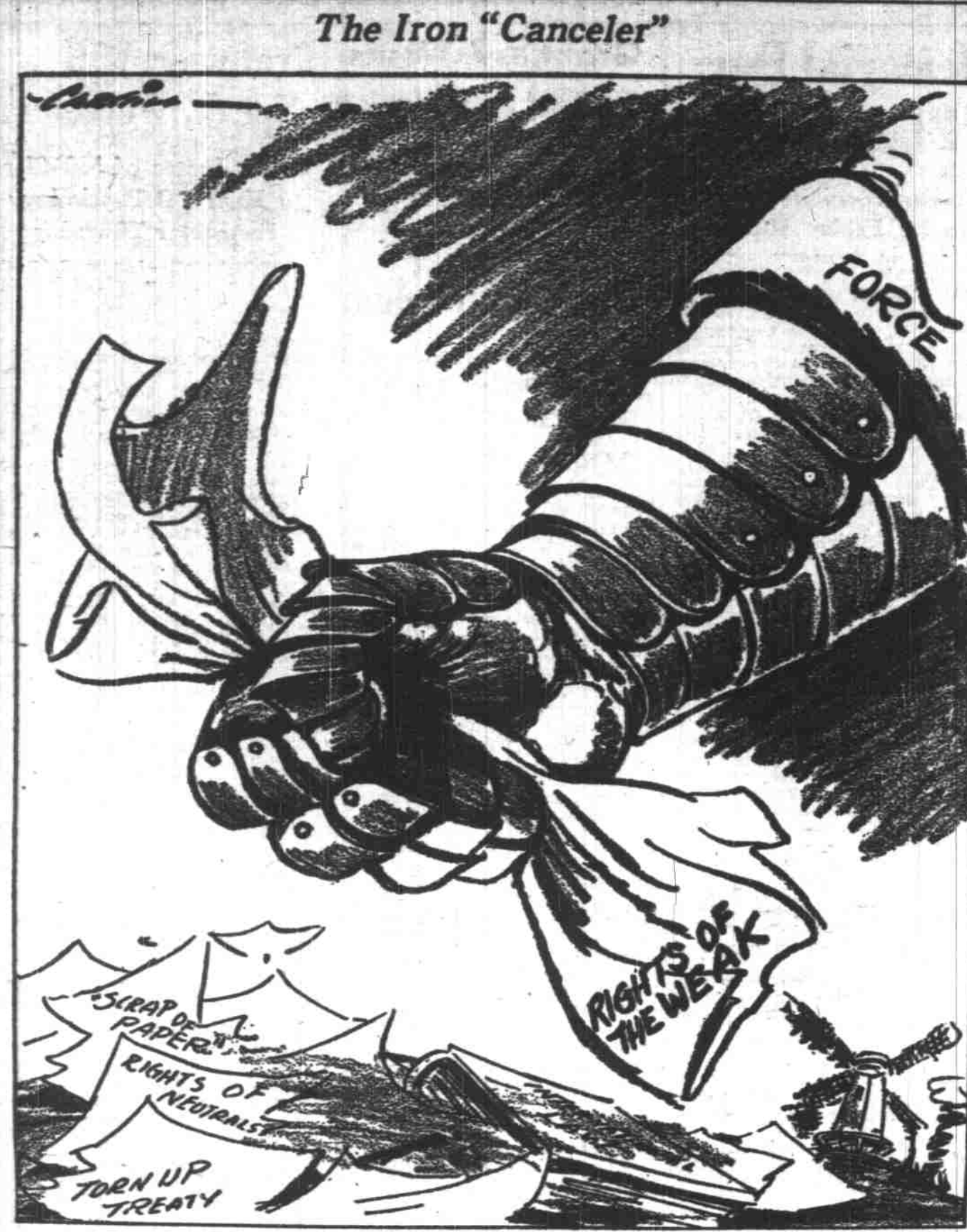
Nell Riely was working in the state printing office, in the 1850s, when Frank C. Baker, state printer, moved his plant into the old state house, the one that burned down the night of April 25, 1935. Mr. Baker claimed he held a state office, and so was entitled to room in which to do the work, rent free—and got away with it.

Nell Riely set the first line of type in the state printing office in the old capitol; hand type. She did not learn the Hoty type machine method of type setting, which was coming in about that time; in the early nineties. Other girls printers did, on the first two machines west of the Rockies; and that of those girls are yet in good health—and look young; two of them in Salem.

Nell Riely was one of the most popular young women in Salem; and she was especially in favor with all the old timers engaged here in the "art preservative of all arts." Every one of them still living would be glad to put a star at the side of the foregoing statement, indicating its utter correctness, as is familiar in the trade.

But let's get back to the old postoffice locations, which this series started out to do. And, while we are in the field, after finishing that particular subject, let's have something about the people who occupied the Griswold block in the old days.

(Continued tomorrow.)



Radio Programs

- KSLM—WEDNESDAY—1360 Ks.**
6:30—Milkman Melodies.
7:00—Farm Talk—Harry Riches.
7:15—Bits and Baccors.
7:30—News.
7:45—Sing Song Time.
8:00—Dorothy Humphrey, Soprano.
8:15—Dick O'Hern, Tenor.
8:30—News.
8:45—Pastor's Call.
9:00—Townsend Club.
9:15—Popular Varieties.
9:30—Melodic Moon.
9:45—Salon Edison.
10:00—News.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—Gita of Seasons Past.
10:45—Bachelors' Children.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors.
11:15—Women in the News.
11:30—Musical Interlude.
11:45—Willamette University Chapel.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Parade.
12:45—Willamette Valley Opinions.
1:00—Melody Mart.
1:40—Popular Salute.
- KSLM—WEDNESDAY—1360 Ks.**
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Bill McCune Orchestra.
1:45—Chenawah Indian School.
2:00—Legion of Safety.
2:15—Vocal Varieties.
2:30—Parent-Teachers.
2:45—Streamline Swing.
3:00—Maddox Family and Rose.
3:20—Your Neighbor.
3:45—Carroll Leighton, Ballade.
4:00—News.
4:15—Popular Varieties.
4:30—Melodic Moon.
4:45—Salon Edison.
5:00—Townsend Club.
5:15—This War.
5:30—Salon Edison.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:30—News and Views—John R. Hughes.
6:45—Musical Memories.
7:00—We Want You.
7:15—This Is Magic.
7:30—Lone Ranger.
8:00—News.
8:15—Berenada for Strings.
8:30—John Farnham Orchestra.
8:45—Newspaper of the Air.
9:00—Phyllis Harris Orchestra.
9:15—Old Time Melodies.
9:30—Opera—"Student Prince."
11:00—News.
11:15—Slimmy Joy's Orchestra.
11:30—The Playboys.
11:45—Midnight Melodies.
- KOIN—WEDNESDAY—940 Ks.**
6:00—Market Reports.
6:05—KOIN Clock.
7:15—Headlines.
7:30—Bob Garrod Reporting.
7:45—Consumer News.
8:00—The Smiling Bunch.
8:15—White Girl Marries.
8:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
8:45—School Sunday.
9:00—The Goldbergs.
9:15—Life Can Be Beautiful.
9:30—It Happened in Hollywood.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—Aunt Jenny.
10:30—My Son and I.
10:45—Society Girl.
11:15—It Happened in Hollywood.
11:30—Life Begins.
11:45—Dealer in Dreams.
12:00—Treaty Kitty Kelly.
12:15—Myrt and Margie.
12:30—Vesper.
12:45—Stepmother.
1:00—By Kathleen Norris.
1:15—The Children.
1:30—Singin' Sam.
1:45—Scattergood Balms.
2:00—Young Doctor Malone.
2:15—Hedda Hopper's Hollywood.
2:30—Joyce Jordan.
2:45—Neighborly Neighbor.
3:00—Hello Again.
3:15—Hilltop House.
3:30—Sturdy Miller.
4:15—KOIN Roadmaster.
4:45—Bob Garrod Reporting.
5:00—Star Theatre Orchestra.
5:15—Mystery Melodies.
5:30—Burns and Allen.
7:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
7:30—Dr. Christian.
7:45—News, Bob Trout.
8:00—Evelyn's Orchestra.
8:30—Sullivan Reviews the News.
9:00—Five Star Final.
10:00—Tony Pastor Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strang Orchestra.
- KOAS—WEDNESDAY—650 Ks.**
6:00—Today's Programs.
6:05—The Home-Makers Hour.
6:08—Neighborly Neighbor.
6:15—The Children.
6:18—Story Hour for Adults.
6:25—Little Red School House.
6:30—School of Music.
6:35—News.
6:40—Farm Hour.
6:45—The Home-Makers Forum.
6:50—Songs of Arab.
6:55—Pacific College.
7:00—OSU Seal of Honor.
7:05—Department of Music.
7:10—Cameo of Ancient Oregon.
- KGW—WEDNESDAY—820 Ks.**
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Sam Blaser.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Trading Post.
8:15—Meadow Lark.
8:30—Stars of Today.
8:45—Hotel Talk Orchestra.
9:00—The Children.
9:15—Dr. Kato.
10:00—Light of the World.
10:15—Arnold Strim's Daughter.
10:30—Vallant Lady.
11:00—Sturdy Crocker.
11:15—Pepper Young's Family.
11:30—Vic and Sada.
12:00—Portia Blake Faces Life.
12:15—Meadow Lark.
12:30—Stars of Today.
12:45—Blue Plate Special.
1:00—Midstern.
1:15—The O'Neill.
1:30—Relay News Flash.
2:15—Mine to Cherish.
2:30—Against the Storm.
2:45—The Children.
3:00—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time.
3:30—William Penn Orchestra.
4:00—Speaking of Glamour.
4:15—Meadow Lark.
5:00—Stars of Today.
5:15—Ockalt Hour.
5:30—The Children.
6:00—Key Keyser's Kollege.
7:00—Champion.
7:15—The Children.
7:30—Plantation Party.
8:00—Fred Allen Show.
8:15—The Children.
8:30—Beverly Wilshire Orchestra.
8:45—The Children.
9:00—Glen Shelby.
10:30—Ambassador Hotel Orchestra.
11:15—The Taborin Orchestra.
11:30—Florescence Gardens Orchestra.
- KEE—WEDNESDAY—1100 Ks.**
6:30—Musical Clock.
6:45—Family Hour.
7:00—Financial Service.
7:15—Charley Bradley Varieties.
7:30—National News and Home.
7:45—Between the Bookends.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, May 21—The cork on the tip of Colonel Lindbergh's rapier did not cause the Roosevelt administration to miss the point. The air ace's thrusts were accepted as criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt's goal of 50,000 planes, against the president's failure to adopt a clear defense policy, and against the measuring of air-line distances in the president's speech which seemed to imply the United States is wide open to imminent invasion. Lindbergh, therefore, drew the issue of what this proposed \$1,182,000,000 is all about. A search inside here for the basic reasoning behind Mr. Roosevelt's proposal contributes these following facts to the debate:

The Roosevelt program is designed mainly to insure that thousands more planes and army equipment of all types to prevent the possibility of anyone establishing a base in the western hemisphere, particularly on our weak Atlantic side. The fleet is taking care of the Pacific, but with the Panama canal vulnerable even to sabotage, the fleet cannot be relied upon in the Atlantic. The president's military advisers think our primary need, therefore, is more bombers, planes to patrol the Atlantic upon any naval force moving to establish such a base.

No misunderstanding exists within officialdom concerning the realm to be defended. It runs from Newfoundland down the Atlantic beyond the West Indies around the southern tip to South America to Hawaii, Midway and Wake island to the Aleutians.

This territory is so vast it will be impossible for many years to fortify it with battleships or other equipment sufficient to guarantee security.

So the administration has worked up the theory that the immediate need is a fast, mobile, mobile force of all types of aircraft and of land forces. This mobile force would not be pinned to any one defensive point but could be shot around from this country within the arcs of our radius to any point at which attack is aimed.

That's the theory.

Mr. Roosevelt's associates say he may have let himself go a little too much in his 50,000 plane figure. They concede Lindbergh is right on that. If that many planes were built in a hurry, the first would be obsolete before the last were launched. What the president really needs is an expansion of airplane manufacturing capacity to fit most in all lines.

The initial stages of the program which Mr. Roosevelt has disclosed vaguely in his message will not come anywhere near accomplishing either of the outlined objectives. Only 200 long-range bombers of the flying-fortress type, particularly adapted for hemisphere defense, are to be built under it. Ten times that many would probably be required to guarantee the result.

Nor has anyone here apparently done much thinking along Lindbergh's line of agreements with the Latins to use their air fields. They have merely assumed, it could be done if the need arose, and it may be done now that the suggestion has been made.

The suggestion of air fields along the Canadian and Mexican borders is not considered feasible by the authorities here because they intend to defend the country beyond those limitations.

As to the immediate nature of any challenge of our sphere, no one here can see it right ahead, but they see questions of defense for the future cast right at their feet by the crumbling of old European defenses.

There will be no agitation from American internationalists trying to involve us in Europe's political quarrels, just as there will always be pacifist agitators who believe peace lies in lack of defense. But between them is the

"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

(Chapter 8 continued)

Quite deliberately Natika Black took a sip of champagne. "I am told there are ways."

"I suppose there would be a lot of money in such a traffic!" Lolita Ladd suggested.

"A terrific lot," Follonsbee seemed at last to rouse himself. "Levasseur was saying at dinner that the profit on a cargo of arms can run high as six hundred per cent."

"—And the possible loss can be twenty years in jail," M. Philipides reminded. "If one is not familiar with Egyptian jails one fails to realize the significance of such a sentence."

Ben Yamen Hauid Pasha added grimly, "Yes, and there is always the chance of a knife in some dark sort. Or of being taken on a little trip into the desert!" he smiled faintly—"after gaselles."

"You are not leaving us, madame?" He jumped up, very excitedly.

"Yes, Zara Ladd smiled an apology. "I am tired and, well—I would like to read."

"Don't go, my dear," Dr. Ladd pleaded. "We have been joking on too serious a subject. Suppose we have some bridge?"

But Mrs. Ladd made her excuses and disappeared. Apparently the continued roll of the vessel had tired the ship's company and gradually the Bacchante Room's patrons drifted away. The first to depart was M. Philipides, then Natika Black and Follonsbee. For a while Dr. Ladd and North chatted after Lolita had vanished with a youthful acquaintance. As for Hauid Pasha, he went out to the bar and stood there absorbing an incredible number of pousee-cafes.

Not far away Dr. Ladd's secretary sat flipping beer and solemnly turning the pages of a copy of the Rubaiyat. Mildly amused was North to see that

average Washington opinion, in congress and in the administration, which was no part of European politics but the best national defense it can provide for itself by efficient and calm management.

What that is, may and should be a continuously debatable question. Britain and France not only have new conceptions now of these defense values, but have now changed horses in the middle of a torrential stream to get the best they could.

On the whole, noticeable evidences here indicate the always excited internationalists have been somewhat by the latest trend of European events. The shock seems to have sobered them into attending closer to their own knitting.

While some of them have been viewed from here, they seem to represent their own personal wishes of administration policy rather than objective analysis of it.

Nor are there many government officials openly trying to use the fact that France and Britain promote the third term and their own personal political ambitions. Only one public pronouncement has been made along that line since the bad turn of affairs for the allies, the speech of Interior Secretary Clegg in New York.

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Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

V. M.—Cistus are not a new shrub. You will find them in a number of gardens in the Willamette valley. They grow rather low; I have big single flowers in white or purple. They are not difficult to grow but like best a limestone soil. They like sunshine and light, well drained soil. English need is a fast grower, but the cistus are better known in England than here. I have had one growing in my garden for the past three or four years. It blooms right along and doesn't seem to crave any particular attention.

B. D.—Anemone Japonica are easily grown. They thrive best in a fresh, rather rich, sandy loam which is well drained. These bloom in late summer and autumn and should be planted out at once if you are to bloom this year.

The columbines or aquilegia, prefer a light sandy soil, moist, with good drainage, sheltered, but exposed to sun. However, they will also grow in partial shade. If the plants are not the real young plants, they may even be sown in a rather heavy clay successfully.

V. T.—Astilbe is a perennial and will grow very well out-of-doors. I would set out the plant that you were given. Choose a place where the sun does not beat down too hard. The plants like good rich soil and plenty of water during the growing season. Those growing out of doors right now are quite advanced and will come into bloom before so very long.

B. W.—What is a "botanic garden"? Well, L. H. Bailey, garden authority, says it is "a collection of growing plants, the primary purpose of which is the advancement of the study of botanical knowledge."

Yes, I suppose anyone might start a botanic garden who has the knowledge, the patience and the space. I would judge these three very hard to come by.

I know of no public botanic garden that is called such in the vicinity. Many gardens in Oregon have served as such in many ways.

To your last question: "Which are the best known botanic gardens?" I suppose that would depend upon what kind I have heard most about the Ken garden in England, the Shaw botanic garden in St. Louis, the New England Botanic Garden, the Arnold Arboretum at Harvard university in Cambridge, Mass., the National botanic garden at Washington, D.C.

ing, and made his way down to C. Heck. Aware once more of the Fort valknew's soft creaking and groaning, he fell to wondering about "Mr. Armstrong." Had the crimes really been committed by a single hand? What sort of a person would be capable of such fiendish efficiency. Was the arch criminal Egyptian, European, English or Near Eastern?

He knocked on door No. 218, waited. No reply. Because a light was visible through the keyhole he reached for the handle, then, thinking Follonsbee might not yet have come below, he opened the door, calling, "Anybody home?"

He put his head inside and instantly perceived things were not as they should be. The drawer of a writing desk had fallen over the sofa alongside and a suitcase had spewed its contents across the floor. North caught his breath, felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise and stiffen; then fingertips flexing slowly, he advanced, and a musty-sweet odor grew stronger.

"For a hardware salesman Mr. Follonsbee surely believes in being comfortable," murmured North.

The bedroom, too, he found in violent disorder.

In two strides Hugh North crossed the cabin and fixed his eyes on the portholer's bright brass rim. Finding no bloodstains nor even a scratch on its lip, the man from G-3 resumed his search. When he stood before a bathroom door that sickly-green color grew stronger so bracing himself he turned the knob and looked inside.

Many ghastly sights had Hugh North beheld yet never had he felt so deeply sickened, so utterly outraged. Round band and neck were gagged, young Follonsbee lay on the bottom of the bathtub.

(To be continued)