

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Polls and the War

This era, in addition to being known in the future as the heyday of dive-bombers, the cigarette lighter that works, and the double-ladle ice cream cone, will probably also be known as the age of Public Opinion polls. So thick have they become, since their original popularization by Literary Digest magazine of tender memory, that one's thinking involuntarily turns in the conventional channels of the ubiquitous probers, and one's opinion on public matters is never wholly one way or the other, but generally 52 per cent for, 24 per cent against, 13 per cent undecided, and 11 per cent speculation on the menu for supper.

That is, indeed, the trouble with public opinion polls in general: they can tell, in a quantitative way, how many people are thinking about something in one way, how many others are thinking about the same thing in other ways, and how many are not thinking about it at all, but they can never say with precision or accuracy just how hard, how tenaciously and irrevocably any one person is doing that thinking. That is why public opinion polls, which appear to be pleasingly definite and certain on one day, can look like a poor imitation of last year's shoe polish bottle on another. A mere quantitative approximation of what is going is not enough; it has to be qualitative, too.

All of this is merely preface to another suggestion: public opinion in the United States on the subject of the European war is not divided so much by mere percentages for and percentages against, as it is by relative rate and intensity of the opinions which people hold, and also by very deep geographical lines. The situation, as it appears now, seems to be that the urban centers of the east, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, perhaps as far west as Cleveland and doubtfully Chicago, are practically in the trenches south of the Somme at the moment, while the remainder of the nation is trailing behind—enthusiastically or grudgingly as the case may be.

This conclusion seems to be upheld not only by the reports of travelers recently in Manhattan—who report the denizens of Wall Street and the upper fifties already to be oiling their muskets—but also by the character of opinion circulated through those centers. The June edition of the Boston-edited *Atlantic Monthly*, for instance, seemed unusually well supplied with commentary on the war which goes much further, even now, than opinion in the western regions toward involvement in the struggle. The New York Times takes before yesterday openly proposed conscription; *Herald-Tribune* favors an end of neutrality and a dropping of the veil from our non-belligerency. Dorothy Thompson has openly advocated a declaration of war; General Johnson denounces with what to a westerner seems unnecessary vigor the growth of war hysteria. Almost all war opinion which originates in the east contains an undercurrent which seems to maintain that war is inevitable and also a proper policy. Such traces are indefinable, mercurial, but undeniably present to a greater extent than is true on this coast.

Guessing on the future of America's relation to the belligerents is about as fruitful as tossing a sardine to a hungry whale, but it is clear that whatever happens public opinion will not remain static and dormant, but will take a new shape as events succeed one another. Whether in the end it will be eastern zeal or western lag which will determine the issue is not certain, but one is willing to wager that it will be the group which thinks hardest rather than in greatest number at a particular time which will decide. That's why polls don't help a lot in the present situation, and why nobody can accurately forecast what will really happen.

The Wendell Willkie Boom

To Oregonians who have lived through a decade of intensive "free power for nothing" propaganda, it must come as a distinct shock that the head of a large private power utility is being seriously considered for the presidency. True, a majority of these same Oregonians have resisted the primary implications of the public power ideology, but not without absorbing a profound respect for its political potentialities. It must seem to many of them that if Wendell L. Willkie were the republican party's nominee for president, this dialogue would be repeated endlessly throughout the land:

"Who's this fellow Willkie?"
"He's the president of a big power company."
"Humph!"
Willkie is at this time merely a dark horse; four years ago or even two years ago if there had been a presidential campaign, his connection with the power industry would effectively have barred him even from dark horse status. But private industry, so long in the doghouse, is regaining social standing as Americans come to realize its importance to the national defense—and of course it's a pity that its even greater importance in the solution of unemployment and depression has not been generally realized all this time.

Furthermore, people are beginning to realize—perhaps only subconsciously to date for the most part—that in a time of real peril they instinctively place reliance not upon dreamers and theorists but upon hard-headed men who are able to face facts, even though they are bound to be a bit shy on imagination.

As for Wendell Willkie, aside from his private utility activities which have been greatly curtailed by the expansion of TVA, he appears to be decidedly "available" for the presidency. It seems he started out to be something of a radical in his youth and still may be classed as a liberal—a "practical liberal" who resents the existence of powerful monopolies, yet recognizes an equal danger in excess governmental power; who believes in a program of public works to offset depression but insists that this program be such that the public gets value received; who realizes that governmental costs must be met but insists that "venture" capital be not penalized by a taxation system which coddles "cautious" capital; who believes sincerely that American's high standard of living should be maintained and shared by all the people, yet realizes that this cannot be accomplished primarily through relief and social security, but depends upon industrial production.

Now, all that describes the point of view we hope will be entertained by the next president of the United States. But there are a good many men who share essentially that point of view—Dewey, Taft, McNary and in fact nearly everyone mentioned prominently or obscurely for the republican nomination. All of these men differ in capacity and in leadership ability. Willkie seems, at the moment, to be climbing the ladder of public enthusiasm from which Tom Dewey appears to be slipping. Reassured as to his philosophy and viewpoint upon public questions, we need only watch to see if, having rather miraculously won the opportunity, he will demonstrate capacity to win and hold popular support. In other words, the remaining questions as to his fitness will practically answer themselves in the next few weeks.

Arithmetic With a Silver Lining

Characteristic of the argument employed by the silver bloc which has kept "the bee" on the United States congress these many years is that of Charles W. Beale of Wallace, Idaho; an attorney described as a "nationally known authority on silver legislation." Attacking the Townsend bill which proposes to repeal the authority for purchase of foreign silver, Beale wrote to northwest congressmen insisting that this program had resulted in a profit of approximately \$1,725,000,000 to the treasury.

Beale relates that under the silver acquisition act up to April 1 the treasury had bought 2,309,400,000 ounces of silver for \$1,253,300,000, adding that it has a "monthly value" of \$2,975,125,000. By a simple process of subtraction he arrives at the "profit."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Narcissa Whitman 5-9-40
visited the Methodist mission people of the Willamette valley in 1843:
(Continuing from yesterday.)
Concluding the letter of Narcissa Whitman to her father: "It may appear singular to friends at home to hear of the return of so many missionaries from Oregon. So it seems to us; but we have not the discouragements which our friends of that Mission have. The Indians of the Willamette and the coast are diminishing rapidly; but they have another way put into their hands. Settlers are coming into the country like a flood, and every one of these needs the gospel preached to him as much as the heathen. That society has been and is doing a great deal of good in the latter country."

That settles the matter of Mrs. Whitman's visit to the Methodist missionaries in and around what became Salem: at the old mission 10 miles below; at the Oregon Institute on Wallace Prairie (present Bush farms headquarters), at the Indian manual labor school on the present Willamette university campus, and at The Mills and the Jason Lee house, so called; now 960 Broadway Hill standing on its original site.

Every writer of Oregon history, even the reliable ones, make this visit of Narcissa Whitman in the Willamette valley, Mrs. Morrow in her "We Must March" had Narcissa Whitman at Wallatut when Dr. Whitman returned with the Applegate train in 1843. President "Pete" in 1843 the house standing now at 1325 Ferry street, and was then where the Kay Wason mill water tower is now. Jason Lee went to The Dalles to look into reports of Indian threats in the upper country to come down and wipe out all the white settlements.

He started back from The Dalles February 14, 1843. He gave a rather full account of the trip after he left what became Salem, January 23, 1843; but he wrote nothing of his return voyage, when Mrs. Whitman may have been with him.

He started from his home, from the house that is now standing at 1325 Ferry street, with camping outfit and blankets, tent and provisions for the journey. He was expected to reach "Butte" (Butteville) that evening and start from there in a canoe with four Indians. But it was the afternoon of the third day before everything was ready. It was snowing and raining, and the river was high.

He left Fort Vancouver for The Dalles at noon on Friday, the 27th. They took on four men and one canoe. The man in the flouring mill of the Hudson's Bay company five miles up the river on the north side, and camped for the night on the bank of the Columbia, having made only about 18 miles in the raging storm on the roaring river. On Saturday had high winds, snow and a flooded river, and could not move camp. They remained in camp over Sunday.

Monday, the 30th, got as far as the Cascades, and made an uncomfortable camp in the deep snow, with difficulty finding wood to make a fire. Tuesday they made the portage through the deep snow, and that night the Indian crew slept in an Indian house, and Mr. Lee had his tent and campfire to himself.

Wednesday, through the flooded Columbia, filled with ice and snow, the whole crew had several narrow escapes. Jason Lee wrote of one of them: "The man at the stern of the canoe (when a big wave went over him) said I had not met looked well in the canoe. It would have been upset and all plunged into the river. Perhaps the Indians would have gained the shore, but that I was too heavily clothed and would have gone down. This was a very reasonable conclusion." But I see He (God) has more work, or more sufferings, for me. Well, all I ask is to be able to fulfill my duty." (Jason Lee was then far from being a well man, and he had only two years and 11 more days for life in the flesh.)

On Thursday, Feb. 1, the party reached Wascopon (The Dalles) before night. Jason Lee wrote: "Found the members of the mission all well. Mrs. Dr. Whitman was with them. I was very glad to meet her again, as I had not seen her since I called upon them on my journey to the States, in 1832, and was sorry to find her in poor health."

Jason Lee was at The Dalles about two weeks. He had sent a message to Peopemoxon or Yellow Serpent, the chief of the Walla Walla band of the Cayuse Indians asking that wily old savage to meet him and talk over the matters that were agitating the whole country—rather, the whole of the Oregon Country, Indian and white alike.

Jason Lee had met and ridden with Peopemoxon on his way west nine years before, in 1834, as he passed with his little party later, the chief had brought his son to be taught at the mission school below what became Salem; to be taught Christianity and the English language.

The son had there been given the name of Elijah, after Elijah Hedding, a leading Methodist bishop of that day, and the young chief had been a favorite with the missionaries.
(Continued on Tuesday.)

ver for \$1,253,300,000, adding that it has a "monthly value" of \$2,975,125,000. By a simple process of subtraction he arrives at the "profit."

There's nothing wrong with the arithmetic. What's wrong with the argument may be discovered by assuming that the government, instead of buying silver which it might coin into money, simply printed the same amount of paper money. Would it then be proper to subtract the cost of the paper from the face value of the money and call the difference "profit"?

Congratulations to the Gervais Star upon its half century of service to its community. The Star observed its 50th anniversary with last Friday's issue. For 12 of those years it has been efficiently operated by the present proprietor, I. V. McAdoo.

"Heritage of the Desert"



"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

Chapter IV
"Come in, old lad, come in. Good lord, I'm glad to see you. You're such an adventurous blighter, was getting a bit worried when the Nil people said you'd gone out," Kilgour greeted North.

"How'd you learn where I was?"
"Doorman at the Nil is paid to notice such things. I say, what's happened to your shoulder?"

North, disinclined to delay matters with an account of the near accident, made an excuse. Kilgour turned and someone's chair grated.

"Want Kit Clive to meet you. Clive's one of the best; a friend of my kid brother's at Sandhurst."

"How do you do, Captain?"
From behind adeck rose a solid, athletic figure wearing the silver crowns of a chief inspector on the shoulder straps of a neat dark blue uniform.

"The chief inspector," Kilgour further explained, "is known hereabouts as Clive Bimbashi. He is in command of all white detectives in Lower Egypt."

"Perfectly," Clive's head, very military with its close-cropped brown hair, inclined. "Major Kilgour tells me you have heard very little of this affair to date. An hour ago the commissioner, Sir George Ruthven, authorized me to answer any questions you want. He's keen to meet you."

Clive laughed. "Even so, your reputation makes us delighted to see you here."
A few more preliminaries and to find her in poor health."

Jason Lee was at The Dalles about two weeks. He had sent a message to Peopemoxon or Yellow Serpent, the chief of the Walla Walla band of the Cayuse Indians asking that wily old savage to meet him and talk over the matters that were agitating the whole country—rather, the whole of the Oregon Country, Indian and white alike.

Jason Lee had met and ridden with Peopemoxon on his way west nine years before, in 1834, as he passed with his little party later, the chief had brought his son to be taught at the mission school below what became Salem; to be taught Christianity and the English language.

the three gathered about a table surrounded by many notices, maps and schedules.
"I asked Kilgour here to ring you up," the chief inspector went on to explain, "because we're uncommon anxious to get after this Followsbee matter in a hurry. It's important to get after it while it's hot, don't you know? We'd like to hear what deductions you may have made concerning the evidence."

"If you don't mind, shall we let the Followsbee evidence wait?" North began with studied tact, his supple fingers engaged in loading a short-stemmed pipe. "I don't like to go into details of a case until the background, the generalities are clear and a perspective is established in my mind."

"Perfectly," Clive's head, very military with its close-cropped brown hair, inclined. "Major Kilgour tells me you have heard very little of this affair to date. An hour ago the commissioner, Sir George Ruthven, authorized me to answer any questions you want. He's keen to meet you."

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

IT'S AN ILL WIND

Your editorial in the Oregon Statesman of June 4th issue under the heading "Prospects for the Class of '46" supplies plenty food for thought. In this editorial you depicted the surveys of the employment field indicate that the college graduate of 1946 has a 50 per cent better prospect of employment than did the graduate of a year ago, and 25 per cent better than the graduate of 1945.

Due to the principal factor of the uptrend in general business activity created by the present defense program, which was created by the great war in Europe, and you disclose that its an ill wind that falls to blow some good.

A wind that blows prosperity to you underhand from the blood of citizens of another hemisphere is an ill wind of the very worst type. When we have to reap our livelihood through a general demand for commodities and armaments, and when the wholesale slaughter of people, it's a livelihood to be ashamed of and unworthy of mention.

If, while the USA and other countries were furnishing employment for their unemployed, Germany like has been supplied by our WPA agencies, Germany had utilized their unemployed likewise, instead of furnishing their unemployed workmen jobs manufacturing armaments, and then when their big war machine was completed, furnish them with jobs of fighting, peace would be the order of the day instead of war.

Both of the foregoing programs create heavy taxation on the industries of every country that promotes them, and of taxes are not levied and collected as they go, huge deficits are created to be collected in the future, creating a tough prospect for future generations.

If, when technological advancement commenced to disorganize the economy in every country on the globe, all nations had commenced to meet it rightly instead of wrongly by leaving an adequate general tax on their populations, creating a fund sufficient to pay their elders sufficient to suffice them to retire and quit the labor market, and then all work to the younger populations, the order of today, and without the firing of a gun or any bloodshed, recovery and prosperity would reign in every country on the globe.

E. D. Turpin

Radio Program

- 8:00—Pico Man's Glee Club.
- 8:05—Crescent Country Opera.
- 8:10—Streams of Grace.
- 8:15—Sunday Morning Meditation.
- 8:20—Lucky Rhythmic Orchestra.
- 8:25—Yocal Varieties.
- 8:30—Address: Walter Head, Rotary.
- 8:35—Maddox Family and Rose.
- 8:40—Four Neighbors.
- 8:45—Carol Leighton, Ballads.
- 8:50—News.
- 8:55—Loyal Diamond Orchestra.
- 9:00—Melodic Moods.
- 9:05—Leighton Koble Orchestra.
- 9:10—Salon Scherzer Orchestra.
- 9:15—Little Orphan Annie.
- 9:20—Raymond Gram Swing.
- 9:25—Local News, Rhumba Band.
- 9:30—Diaper Hour Melodies.
- 9:35—News and Views.
- 9:40—Melody Lane.
- 9:45—Paging the Post.
- 9:50—Wonder of Vision.
- 9:55—Lone Ranger.
- 10:00—News.
- 10:05—Joyous Varieties.
- 10:10—American Legion Contest.
- 10:15—Newspaper of the Air.
- 10:20—Jack Wynn Orchestra.
- 10:25—American Legion Auxiliary.
- 10:30—Zuke Manners' Gang.
- 10:35—Lucky Rhythmic Club.
- 10:40—Jimmy Joy Orchestra.
- 10:45—News.
- 10:50—Salon Scherzer Orchestra.
- 10:55—Bob Nichols' Hawaiians.
- 11:00—Midnight Melodies.

- 7:15—Musical Interlude.
- 7:20—Beach Weather and News.
- 7:25—Dr. Bruce's Twisted Orchestra.
- 7:30—Radio City Music Hall.
- 7:35—The Quiet Hour.
- 7:40—Al and the Rhythmic Orchestra.
- 7:45—Treasure Tails of Song.
- 7:50—Home of Your Dreams.
- 7:55—The Bluebirds.
- 8:00—Foreign Policy Association.
- 8:05—Tapestry Musical.
- 8:10—Sunday Vespers.
- 8:15—Basin Street Chamber Music.
- 8:20—Family Hour.
- 8:25—Voice of Hawaii.
- 8:30—Hotel Edison Orchestra.
- 8:35—Cavaliers of the Air.
- 8:40—News From Europe.
- 8:45—Magnolia Blossoms.
- 8:50—Life-long Planning.
- 8:55—Paul Carson, Organist.
- 9:00—Good Will Hour.
- 9:05—Everybody Sing.
- 9:10—Montgomery Book Chat.
- 9:15—News.
- 9:20—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.
- 9:25—Bill Brown Sports Newsreel.
- 9:30—The Bluebirds.
- 9:35—Let's Go to Work.
- 9:40—The Bluebirds.
- 9:45—Florantine Gardens Orchestra.
- 9:50—Family Altar Hour.
- 9:55—Portland Police Reports.
- 10:00—Organist.
- 10:05—War News Roundup.

- 8:00—Sunday Sunrise Program.
- 8:05—On Your Job.
- 8:10—Black 'n' Blue.
- 8:15—Silver Strings.
- 8:20—Salute to America.
- 8:25—Chicago Round Table.
- 8:30—Monday.
- 8:35—News From Europe.
- 8:40—V. M. M. M. M.
- 8:45—Gateway to Musical Highway.
- 8:50—News.
- 8:55—Campy Alumni Reporter.
- 9:00—Three Cheers.
- 9:05—Stars of Tomorrow.
- 9:10—Lionel.
- 9:15—Beat the Band.
- 9:20—Professor Passelwit.
- 9:25—The Bluebirds.
- 9:30—Charlie McGarity.
- 9:35—The Bluebirds.
- 9:40—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 9:45—American Album.
- 9:50—The Bluebirds.
- 9:55—Carroll.
- 10:00—Associated Press News.
- 10:05—Irene Rich and Family.
- 10:10—Jack Benny.
- 10:15—Walter Winchell.
- 10:20—The Bluebirds.
- 10:25—Walter A. Dill.
- 10:30—Night Edition.
- 10:35—Columbia Orchestra.
- 10:40—Florantine Gardens Orchestra.
- 10:45—News Flashes.
- 10:50—Let's Go to Work.
- 10:55—Bal Fabari Jazz Orchestra.
- 11:00—Beverly Wilshire Orchestra.

- 8:00—West Coast Church.
- 8:05—Salt Lake Tabernacle.
- 8:10—The Bluebirds.
- 8:15—Democracy in Action.
- 8:20—The Homemaker.
- 8:25—Salute to America.
- 8:30—News.
- 8:35—Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
- 8:40—President Roosevelt.
- 8:45—Spelling Bee.
- 8:50—The Bluebirds.
- 8:55—Melody Ranch.
- 9:00—News of the World.
- 9:05—Arthur Godfrey in Reclia.
- 9:10—Columbia Workshop.
- 9:15—News.
- 9:20—Numbia Concert.
- 9:25—Sunday Evening Hour.
- 9:30—Vocal Help Wanted.
- 9:35—Governor Leavett Saltonstall.
- 9:40—Byrne O.
- 9:45—Hopkins Jenkins Tribute.
- 9:50—CMTO Camp.
- 9:55—Take It or Leave It.
- 10:00—Del Courtenay Orchestra.
- 10:05—I Was There.
- 10:10—Easiest of the Game.
- 10:15—Five Star Final.
- 10:20—Kay Kyser Orchestra.
- 10:25—Johnny Richards Orchestra.
- 10:30—Janet Orchestra.
- 10:35—Presents to Midnight.

- 7:45-10:30—Sixty-third annual Commencement, University of Oregon.
- 8:00—Milkman Melodies.
- 8:05—News.
- 8:10—Sing Song Time.
- 8:15—The Bluebirds.
- 8:20—Berlin News and Music.
- 8:25—News.
- 8:30—Pastor's Call.
- 8:35—Westerlands.
- 8:40—Dramatic Interlude.
- 8:45—Dick Barrie Orchestra.
- 8:50—Keg Fit to Music.
- 8:55—Ma Perkins.
- 9:00—Hills of Seasons Past.
- 9:05—Recher's Children.
- 9:10—Friendly Neighbors.
- 9:15—Women in the News.
- 9:20—Musical Interlude.
- 9:25—Albert Latschella, Organ.
- 9:30—Valley Parade.
- 9:35—News.

- 8:00—Market Reports.
- 8:05—GOLF KID.
- 8:10—Headliners.
- 8:15—Bob Garrod Reporting.
- 8:20—Consumer News.
- 8:25—Kate Smith Speaks.
- 8:30—Romance in Hollywood.
- 8:35—Our Gal Sunday.
- 8:40—The Goldenberg.
- 8:45—Right to Happiness.
- 8:50—The Streamliner.
- 8:55—Big Sister.
- 9:00—Aunt Jenny.
- 9:05—Gleaser Whaley.
- 9:10—My Son and I.
- 9:15—Society Girl.
- 9:20—Happines in Hollywood.
- 9:25—Life Begins.
- 9:30—Dealer in Dreams.
- 9:35—Festy Kitty Kelly.
- 9:40—Myrt and Marge.
- 9:45—News.
- 9:50—Amn.
- 9:55—By Kathleen Morris.
- 10:00—My Children.
- 10:05—Singing Sam.
- 10:10—Scattergood Baines.
- 10:15—Young Dr. Malone.
- 10:20—Happines in Hollywood.
- 10:25—Joyce Jordan.
- 10:30—The World Today.
- 10:35—Hilltop House.
- 10:40—Newspaper of the Air.
- 10:45—Shadows.
- 10:50—Bob Garrod Reporting.
- 10:55—Radio Theatre.
- 11:00—The Bluebirds Orchestra.
- 11:05—Blondie.
- 11:10—Amos 'n' Andy.
- 11:15—Keweenaw Rosa.
- 11:20—Tune Up Time.
- 11:25—Goodman Orchestra.
- 11:30—News.
- 11:35—Jack Coffey Orchestra.
- 11:40—Northwest Neighbors.
- 11:45—Five Star Final.
- 11:50—Interview—Marie.
- 11:55—Demers.
- 12:00—Larry Kent Orchestra.
- 12:05—Ray, Bob's Orchestra.
- 12:10—Honey Strand Orchestra.

Philip S. Gibson Heads California High Court
Petaluma, Calif., June 8—(AP)—Gov. Culbert L. Olson said last night he would name Philip S. Gibson, present associate justice of the California supreme court, to succeed the late William H. Waste as chief justice.

Chief Justice Waste died Friday.

What! Me Appear in Court?



Eiderman, in the Washington Post.