

# Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 22, 1851

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## Glib Answers to Epochal Issues

Humble confession appears to have become the fashion among luncheon club speakers in Salem. Last week notice was taken in this column of Dean Dubach's admission as he discussed world events as a chamber of commerce speaker, that "this is only what I am thinking today." His successor at the head table this week, Marshall Dana of the Oregon Journal editorial staff, expressing appreciation that he was asked to discuss the more concrete and stable subject of city planning, remarked: "I am called upon daily to interpret current events. And I feel ignorant of current events."

Humble confession is forgivable in a luncheon club speaker even if he happens to be an editor, but it will not do by any means on the editorial page. From the New York Times down to the Podunk Gazette, every editor has a glib answer for all the ills that beset the human race and particularly, at this moment, for the world-shaking events in Europe. Every editor—with one exception—knows who is going to win this war and exactly what is going to happen thereafter. Nor is this confined to those entrusted with the conduct of the editorial page. Albion Ross, foreign editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, for example, electrified a luncheon group the other day by declaring "Hitler will conquer the United States." He was not so positive in some other statements, but ventured that Hitler would probably get the French fleet, put such pressure on England that he would get the British fleet, attack the United States within two years and, assuaging the American army at its present strength, blitzkrieg it in three days.

Chester Rowell, editor emeritus of the same newspaper, the next day told a similar group in Portland he thought Great Britain would keep control of the French fleet and if so, would still put up a formidable fight.

That's the trouble. Everybody has an answer but few answers are alike. That in itself is no tragedy. Editors feel called upon, as Marshall Dana suggested, to pontificate, and they speak positively in the hope of carrying conviction.

But now events have reached the point that some of them are advocating immediate United States intervention in Europe. They paint a picture similar to that of Albion Ross and insist that the only way to "stop Hitler" is to "pitch in now, rather than later when there is no one to help us."

Their forebodings may be well-founded and their solution may be wise. The point is, who knows? These are their glib answers—but if their advice were followed, it would not be a matter of facile theory, but of thousands of human lives, untold national sacrifice, the creation of an actual rather than a potential enemy and an uncertain outcome.

Now if you will excuse us, we must refuse to affect such glibness, such omniscience. We, like Marshall Dana, "feel ignorant of current events." And to tell the truth, so is everyone. This is world revolution, impelled by a myriad of contrary forces which no one person can comprehend, much less evaluate. The direction it will take from day to day, no one can predict.

We are not sure what will be the outcome in Europe. We are not sure that Hitler would attack the United States if he won in Europe. We know he might. We are positive—despite our disclaimer—that the threat is sufficiently real that the defense program must proceed with all possible speed. And we are almost equally positive that intervention is out of the question. We have no military force capable of decisive action in Europe. We are not sure—but we suspect—that war will come our way soon enough. And we suspect even more strongly that the Western Hemisphere is a big enough slice of the world for the United States to police and regulate.

## Honeymoon's End?

It was inevitable when the Russians last fall obtained military and naval bases in the Baltic republics that they should sometime ask and receive the remaining shreds of political integrity still clinging to the three tiny states. That they should take advantage of their option on the political life of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania at this particular time, however, and in the particular way which they adopted is worthy of notice.

One would like to say that it betokens the end of the Nazi-Communist honeymoon, the appearance of strains and frictions in the hitherto smooth-meshing gears of the eastern European axis. The evidence is there: the Russians protest against "German plots" engineered in the Baltic states, and immediately reopen trade talks with the Turks, friends of the allies; the Germans complete their conquest of France and so become possible objects of fear on the part of the Russians. All that lacks is a conviction that Russia can and will alter the line of policy which she adopted last August in signing the non-aggression pact with Germany.

There is, in short, nothing in Russo-German relations which gives clear grounds for a belief that the honeymoon is over. It is true that Germany has conquered in the west; but it is also true that Russia has licked her Finnish wounds with assiduity since they were inflicted last January and February. It is equally true that relations between the two states have never been particularly warm, despite the announced permanence of the Berlin-Moscow axis; but it is certain that Germany has successfully interceded in the Balkans between Italy and Russia, with the result that neither state has felt herself mistreated by the Germans.

This is not to say, however, that Stalin and the comrades of the Kremlin are above reminding Herr Hitler of their existence at the time of his greatest triumph. Taking of the Baltic states was inevitable; but to do it at this hour, when all eyes are on the bloody cockpit in western Europe, is a bit of showmanship which appeals to the soviet sense of the dramatic. The final conclusion, indeed, may well be that Russian and German relations are still solidly founded, but that Moscow has been too long out of the headlines. As for anything farther reaching, the future can be allowed to take care of itself.

## A Familiar Story

Warden George Alexander of the Oregon penitentiary is not, we feel safe in saying, contemplating the introduction of any system of self-government for the men and women confined in his institution. But if he were, he would not lack for competent administrators of such a system. Within recent months a number of former city and county officers from various sections of Oregon have been dressed in at the prison.

Scheduled to arrive today is a man who for some 12 years was Bend's city recorder. The necessity for his incarceration brings no gladness to any heart in the Deschutes county seat. For many years prior to his municipal service he was a responsible officer of a bank, personally popular without being prominent. One might have said that he was one of Bend's most dependable citizens.

The story of his defalcations will have a familiar ring in Salem. Though he pleaded guilty to a charge of embezzling but a small sum, state auditors who have not completed their investigation of his records indicate the shortage is at least \$9000, gradually built up over a period of years. Annual audits by reputable firms failed to disclose it. A statement by the city administration does not reveal in full the method used in concealing the shortage; it does say that the "manipulations" were "very cleverly made but were of such nature that in time there must be a slip. This occurred when the city manager opened mail in the absence of the recorder-treasurer and discovered from the complaint that a certain item had been paid and was billed for a second time. Credit had not

## Bits for Breakfast

By B. J. HENDRICKS

White matter on 9-22-43 the old mission and the La Follette and their peach enterprise!

Come to this desk a letter from James J. Humbird, 1805 E. W. Twelfth avenue, Portland, Oregon, dated June 13, reading: "One of the readers of your column, 'Bits for Breakfast,' told me that you had presented recently some very interesting material about Mission Bottoms across the river from Wheatland Ferry."

"If you have a clipping or other material easily available, I should like to have a copy. I am particularly interested in any material you may have about the La Follette and their peach enterprise at Wheatland Ferry, but historical matter dealing with the old Mission also would be useful."

The writer hereof does not get, from the above, the issue of interest to which the reader of this column referred, in talking with Mr. Humbird.

During the past dozen and more years, a great many references have been made to the site of the mother mission, selected Oct. 6, 1834, by Jason Lee, superintendent. Naturally, why naturally?

Because that is the highest spot in American history and Protestant Christian civilization on this coast. Just that, for Jason Lee represented those two interests of free government and the ideals of the lowly Nazarene, and he was the forerunner; the man who brought to the Rockies and held high the torch.

Then, after the arrival of the Lausanne party, June 1, 1840, was begun the removal of that mother mission, headquarters to the site of Salem.

The regular reader of this column will recall that, in yesterday's issue, the concluding one telling of the visit of Narcissa Whitman to her Christian brothers and sisters located west of the Cascades, during the spring and summer and fall seasons of 1843, a promise was given to make a little more plain, if possible, what happened with respect to the founding of the Oregon institution, the change of name became Willamette university.

This is done because of the fact that every historian who has covered this period has made one or more mistakes. And this has been because the first ones, like Bancroft's very reliable Oregon writer, Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, made mistakes. The later ones followed.

Now we try to get that matter straight. In the first place, deer and elk being scarce in that district, the Astorians at Fort Astoria, having many mouths to feed, in the fall of 1812 sent 14 men in charge of Clerks William Wallace and C. Halsey to build a fort and hunt and trap and trade with the Indians. That fort, erected in 1812-13, was the first building of whites in all the Oregon country, excepting in the vicinity of Astoria.

The first, unless Francis Rivet or Baptiste Delcor, who came with Lewis and Clark, with his Indian wife, erected his cabin on the upper Willamette before that. Delcor and his wife made themselves a cabin about a half mile below the site of that upper Willamette Astor fort. This writer believes it came later; probably 20 or more years later.

Delcor, later in 1813 or early 1813 (like the latter) sent to the other party and erected their lower Willamette fort, for the same reason. It was located not much over a mile directly south of the present main building of Oregon State Park. May 25, 1813, Fort Astoria was built on the upper Willamette Astor fort, 33 barrels of dried venison and 17 packs of beaver—1360 beaver skins. Clerks Wallace and Halsey were good overseers and traders. Those at the lower Astor Willamette fort proved efficient, too. (This writer believes the famous Dorion Woman was with them.)

So Wallace Prairie? Where? Its 640 acre donation land claim that came about later corners (its southwest corner) directly opposite the grounds of the present Oregon school for the deaf—where the Oregon Electric power road enters those grounds from the north. It is the Bush land.

There is a lot of history behind it, including a collection of \$550 subscribed on the Lausanne as that went south around the world in 1839-40, but briefly, on Tuesday, February 1, 1842, the original ("the old") mission, 19 miles by water below the site of Salem, the Oregon Institute was founded; that is, it was named, its first trustees, Jason Lee being their president, and committees appointed on location, on raising funds, etc.

By that time, the old Astor fort on Wallace Prairie was long since out of commission, and there was no claimant of the land. The proper committee chose the building site for Oregon Institute on the exact spot where the fort had stood. Hence, the location on Wallace Prairie.

(Continued on Page Five)

## Reminder for Future Generations



## "The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

Chapter 21—(Continued)  
It being the hot hour of half-past two, Sheppard's Bar was nearly deserted, a fact for which Captain Hugh North was grateful.

Odd how his defensive reactions were tightening up; mechanically now he followed every motion which came within the range of his vision. What about this Natika Black business?

"Who was back of her game? Was this a super-skilfully baited deadfall or a bona-fide bid for business?"

Could he, by driving east into the desert, gain the key to that long series of killings which had driven Sir George Ruthven into despair? Or would his sun-withered body be discovered some day among the heat-blasted rocks and clay of the desert wearing a sily black-and-red garter twisted about his arm?

Good thing Moira hadn't seen him in Clive's office. And, thinking of Moira, what was her part in all that? Strange if they both were working at the same problem through divergent channels. He was now forced to admit to himself that she might have been telling the truth about that pistol, that she had drawn it as a precautionary measure. Had it been Haidi Paasha she was spying upon, or her devoted suitor? Or again, had there been a third person beyond the Hittite library?

"Four days," he wrote large across his mental slate then underlined it. It was only logical then to assume that on the 22d of November something momentous—an outbreak of some sort—was impending.

Feeling a bit fed up, he drove to the Gresham Country Club where, as he had hoped, he found several shipboard acquaintances playing tennis.

Almost the first person he saw

was the hard brown face of Chief Inspector Christopher Clive. How characteristic of Clive's caste that even during such critical hours he would take time for his usual exercises. He gave not the least sign of recognition to North while the American indulged in three hard sets of tennis which left his younger opponents breathless and amazed.

"Ripping good game you play, sir," declared a sun-browned young subaltern of the garrison.

In the showers when clouds of steam and cascading water made observation difficult, Clive, under pretext of passing the soap, muttered, "If you have had any word from Bruce Kilgour?"

"No, haven't you?" That gnawing presentiment returned to eat at North's peace of mind.

"No," Clive's dripping features look on a look of sharp anxiety. "The motor went out last night to Bab El-Kabassch, was supposed to have checked with the C.I.D. this morning. Haven't heard a word. Expect he's all right though."

"Bruce is a pretty tough customer. I'm not worrying too much." But he was; punctually being one of his gaunt friend's prime snobboles. "What about your Miss McLeod? She looked me up this morning, seemed to know an uncomfortable lot about what I've been doing."

Through the whirling steam Captain Clive's brown features tightened. "She didn't say anything about my working with you?"

"Of course not," Clive snapped, and looked blank. Then he added, "For your private ear, I'll tell you working on the garter murders—has been for some time."

North tilted his head back, luxuriating in the hot water's needling of his face. "You trust her completely?"

"Yes, indeed, I told you so last night. Clive had turned a deep red. "She's a splendid girl—brave, one of the best workers we have in the Central Division. If she asks for help, you'll be wise to give it to her. She can be of great service to you if she choose."

"Thanks," North's friendly manner had made the moment easier. "I'm glad to hear this. And indeed he was."

Clive Bimshah in his turn became politely inquisitive. "How are you coming?"

"I'm making headway, I think," came the cautious reply.

Even graver all the muscular Englishman became. "That's the only good news we've had all day. Situation in Palestine is getting more dangerous every minute. Arab-Zionist riots almost daily! Regular band mines, in fact, with its fuse ready for a spark. If only those idiots in the Foreign Office hadn't pulled our troops out so soon, if you get in a spot, call me at this number."

On the shower's steamy wall of slate Clive scratched three serena, erased them with a sweep of his hand, and then promptly turned a back wondrously tattooed with

KEAM—Thursday—1940 Ea.  
9:30—Milkman Melodica.  
9:40—News.  
9:45—Sing Song Time.  
9:50—Neighbors of Woodcraft.  
9:55—News.  
10:00—Carton of Elm Street.  
10:05—Pastor's Call.  
10:10—News.  
10:15—Keep It to Music.  
10:20—News.  
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## News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MAILLON

WASHINGTON, June 22—This means that no efficient way has yet been discovered to stop the method of warfare, although our officials are working on the problem, are beginning to see the answer. An article by Major James Randolph, ordnance reserve, in the Cavalry Journal for March, details many new tricks devised for the wind shield and periscope vision of tank operators, the digging of pits to trap them alive like elephants, etc. The general military view, however, is that the best defense would be superiority in the air and the creation of higher-calibered anti-tank guns on anti-aircraft principles in such quantities that several could be assigned to each vulnerable communitary.

The war department and defense commission came swiftly to their first major unannounced conclusion, namely, that quality would have to be sacrificed for quantity in defense production.

Striving for the best in every line, the army has hitherto thought it necessary to use trucks wherever possible, for they are two speeds backward in order to move troops swiftly. Also they have been buying yearly new model tanks and autos to the point where the problem of surplus to obsolescence has impeded efficiency.

Hitler took the opposite line. His 105-mm. howitzers have no complicated recoil mechanism and are inferior to the French weapon, but he stamped them out in such great quantities as to literally overwhelm the better French guns.

Many a prominent democratic senator whose name would be familiar to you expressed gratification in the cloakroom when the French premier, Reynaud, concurred with Roosevelt into a declaration that war commitments would have to be made by congress. Several loyal supporters of the White House have long had a hunch Mr. Reynaud might be leading up, without our knowledge, to a premature step in that direction.

Official phones from abroad have reported Hitler's plan was to finish the French by the end of this month, then to start after the British the latter part of the first week in July. His preparations were made with that schedule in view. There is no authoritative information on the possibility that the schedule may now be moved up.

Hitler's plans, all of which have been successful so far, contemplate occupation of Britain six weeks after the inauguration of the attack, although the British may have something to say about that.

Petain and the French leaders have publicly ascribed their defeat to "overwhelming numerical superiority," but this reason has gained no wide appeal with officialdom here.

A certain senate leader says privately he saw the defeat coming two years ago when, on a trip abroad, he observed the French working six hours a day on a five-day week, while the Germans were struggling 13 hours at their various enterprises.

All military explanations boil down into a single one—they could not stop the tanks.

A Chinese cock fight. An instant later, Clive stalked out. (To be continued)

## Erb Is Presented Social Science Key

BOEATLE, June 19—(AP)—Dr. Donald Milton Erb, president of the University of Oregon, was awarded the honor key today of the national social science society, Phi Gamma Mu, for distinguished service in the advancement of social science.

The presentation was made at a luncheon sponsored by the society in connection with the meeting here of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

## Radio Programs

- 8:30—National Farm and Home.
- 9:15—Beverly's Bookends.
- 9:45—Masters of Melody.
- 10:15—News.
- 10:25—It's a Woman's World.
- 10:45—US Marine Band.
- 11:00—Orphan of Divora.
- 11:15—The Mystery of the Moon.
- 11:30—John's Other Wife.
- 11:45—The Mystery of the Moon.
- 12:00—US Department of Agriculture.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:30—Market Reports.
- 1:00—The Quiet Hour.
- 1:30—Life Saver.
- 1:45—The Mystery of the Moon.
- 2:00—Orchestra.
- 2:30—Associated Press News.
- 2:45—The Mystery of the Moon.
- 3:00—Tropical Moods.
- 3:15—European News.
- 3:30—Market Reports.
- 4:00—Frank Watsaba and Arbis.
- 4:15—Portland in Review.
- 4:30—The Mystery of the Moon.
- 4:45—Bob Barton.
- 5:00—The Mystery of the Moon.
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Paul Sathe's home-made "ark" is shown (left) as it was welcomed by a crowd at Ketchikan, Alaska, after its trip from Tacoma, Wash. It took Sathe 22 days to make the trip from Tacoma to Ketchikan in the cumbersome ark, powered with a 1930 automobile engine. Sathe is headed for Good News bay to find a new home for his wife and seven children, who are accompanying him.