The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Calling the Naval Reserves

Do you remember the good old days when there were no wars except a couple of minor ones in China and Spain? It was only a little over a year ago, but it seems longer. Measuring time by the march of events it was, indeed, a long time ago; a period in history which this generation barely remembers and cannot understand.

In those days, if you remember, the world was periodically disturbed by the menace of war—and oh, how horrible the thought of war seemed. That is one of the things that have changed. But, if you remember further, the menace of war was, in those days, suggested as often as not by the military activity here and there on the continent of Europe, as by the quarrels of the nations' spokesmen.

One could not tell what Hitler was thinking, or Mussolini, or Stalin, or Daladier, or Chamberlain. But if German or French reservists were called to the colors, or if the Italian navy or the Russian army held "practice maneuvers," there was something concrete that one could seize and attempt to analyze.

Recollection of those days may not be as faint as we have just suggested, because last Saturday night when word got about that Secretary Knox had ordered mobilization of the naval and marine reserves there was, here in Salem and no doubt throughout the nation, a great stirring of apprehension. Was war a matter of days or hours?

No one paid much credit to the secretary's laconic explanation that he simply had some warships to be manned and no trained personnel to man them. Either it was a preparation for war or it was a bluff. Or it could, of course, have some of the elements of both. If it was a bluff, there was evidence on Monday that it might be on the road to success. We trust our national leaders are aware that in bluffing a sensitive people such as the Japanese, it is wise not to overdo it. It must not look too much like a challenge, when addressed to a people who would rather commit harikari than "lose face."

If this gesture is just a bluff, well and good, especially if it works. But if it is more than a bluff, then the conclusion is inescapable that certain policy-makers in Washington are not taking the public into their confidence.

There are hints, credited by so discerning an authority as our own Paul Mallon, that the president is being pressed with the argument that now is the time to strike. Supposing that is true, for what objective are we planning to strike? If it is to protect our commercial stake in China, or our rubber and quinine supplies in the East Indies, the American public is not ready to go along—of that we are certain. The United States has been accused of "dollar diplomacy" in the past; the majority of the people were not aware that it was being practiced, would not have supported it if they had been aware—and that goes double today.

On the other hand there is a case to be made, in the light of the new axis-Tokyo commitments, that the United States is being encircled. It may be argued that the moment the axis powers are freed of their present preoccupations they will advance en masse upon the United States. If that is the problem, it might conceivably be the best policy to "beat them to the draw."

But that means war, the thing we have been vowing we wanted no part of. And it comes as a startling and mind-beclouding concept. For three years we have been deploring Japanese aggression and Japanese brutality, with never a thought of mixing in to stop it. It has not been our affair; that conclusion has solidified. Our eyes have been on Europe, our fears centered there—erroneously, as some of us have realized for some time past.

But what about this business of war in the Pacific? If it is an immediate threat, the nation ought to be discussing it. Congress ought to be discussing it and hearing from the people back home. Congress ought to stay in session. Whatever the facts, the public ought to be informed of them; it ought to make the final decision. It is a matter of life and death to thousands of Americans. It must not be left to the navy department and the "informal cabinet" to decide.

Audit of the Surveyor's Office

Marion county's audit report for 1939, recently returned to the county court by the state department's division of audits, was for the most part creditable to the county and its officers. A list of 22 "comments," to be sure, was included, in which the auditors discussed specific changes which would result in more effective county bookkeeping and in closer compliance with law; but in only one case was the comment of the auditors clearly critical of past administrative policy.

That single exception was the office of the county surveyor. The auditor pointed out that fees of the county surveyor, received for surveying services and for use of blueprinting equipment in the courthouse, were not verified because of lack of records made available for audit.

The auditor continued with the statement that:

> It is understood that the surveyor has retained all fees received pending the settlement of a controversy concerning the rate of mileage to be allowed him by the county. It is understood, also, that some of the fees received for the use of the blueprinting equipment have been expended.
>
> Obviously, all fees received should be recorded and turned over to the county treasurer, and any and all expenditures should be made by warrant and approved by the county court.

This should have a familiar ring to the citizens of the county, since it will be recalled that the audit report which the county received last year also contained strong criticism of the exceedingly inadequate accounts kept by the county surveyor, and implied that in a number of ways his office appeared to function as a separate entity from other county agencies.

Clearly, there may be legitimate reasons for a controversy between the county court and the surveyor over mileage allowances. But that this should serve as a sufficient pretext for the surveyor to fail to turn fees collected over to the county treasurer is ridiculous, and for him to pay county bills, which are not approved by the county court, from money so received or from any other money, is a mysterious type of finance.

The county, briefly, is finding the auditor's continuing reports on the surveyor's office more than a little tedious; and it would warmly appreciate an effort on the part of the county court, or the district attorney, if not of the surveyor himself, to straighten out fiscal matters in the surveyor's office in accordance with more satisfactory accounting practices. The county surveyor should be required to join the county.

Tough Blow for Dallas

Dallas suffers a severe blow in the half-million dollar fire which swept its principal industry Thursday night. But Dallas has taken tougher ones in the past and has come up smiling. Its sawmill will resume operation and rebuild the damaged units.

Regular and impromptu volunteer firemen of Dallas and nearby communities, the professional firemen from Salem and employes of the lumber company performed a near-miracle in saving the portions of the plant that were saved, and in keeping fire away from the nearby iron works. There were deeds of heroism which must, we fear, remain unsung. The fire was a community catastrophe but its handling reflects credit upon all concerned.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"A Day with the Cow Column," Jesse Applegate's classic of the trek across the plains:

Jesse Applegate, one of the outstanding men of the covered wagon immigration of 1843, first to bring wagons clear across the plains and into the Willamette valley, and one of the pioneer statesmen of the Oregon Country, in an address at the annual meeting in 1876 of the Oregon Pioneer Association, took for his subject the above quoted words, and rendered a classic in that field.

Young and new readers appreciative of the days and deeds of our pioneer ancesters will be interested in that address, and many will file it, as appearing in the paragraphs that follow:

"The migration of a large body of men, women and children across the continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment; not only in respect to the numbers, but to the outfit of the migrating party.

"Before that date, two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them. Three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake river, but it was the honest opinion of most of those who had traveled the route down Snake river, that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage, or wagons taken over a country so rugged and mountainous.

"The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably resist it on account of the emigrants' destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which were then diminishing in numbers.

"The migrating body numbered over 1000 souls, with about 120 wagons, drawn by six-ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

"The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as yet so averse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the 'Big Blue' it divided into two columns, which traveled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock on the Sweetwater.

"From this point, all danger from Indians being over the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front.

"Before the division on the Blue river there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition, which must share the pasture and be guarded and driven by the whole body. This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue. Those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column; those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and much encumbered with its large herds, had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort. It is with the cow column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.

"It is 4 o'clock a.m.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over—and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away in the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that make a semicircle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

"The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails led beyond the outside animals in sight, and by 5 o'clock the herders begin to contract the great, moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly towards camp, clipping here and there a thistle or a tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour 5000 animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the corral to be yoked. The corral is a circle 100 yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other; the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox cannot break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux could be no contemptible intrenchment.

"From 6 to 7 o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their respective wagons. All know when, at 7 o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.

"There are 60 wagons. They have been divided into 15 divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon today will be the rear one tomorrow, and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post.

"It is within 10 minutes of 7; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Harvest Hands of 1940

"Flying Blind" by VERA BROWN

Chapter 32 Continued

As she talked, Tex watched her with seeming amusement. When she finished, he was laughing. "You've improved since you left me. You're better at excuses."

Her face was white with anger. "I regret the necessity!"

Tex sat down with elaborate carelessness as Judith said, "I'm very tired, Tex. I just finished work. You wanted to see me. Please make it short, for I must get to bed."

"Very business-like, aren't you?"

"I'm a business woman now."

"And doing very well for yourself." He glanced around the apartment. "Not that this is much, but I suppose you'll be moving into cafe society shortly."

Judith was not to be put off. "Why did you want to see me?" Her eyes met his squarely. She was in no mood for appeasement. So he said abruptly: "I've got to have $5000 nad you're going to get it for me."

Judith stared at him in surprise. "Where in the world do you think I'm going to get $5000?" she demanded heatedly.

"From Dudley, of course" came the prompt, explicit answer.

Judith was suddenly afraid of Tex. His eyes blazed. He was like a man possessed. He'd gone quite mad! But no, it was the whisky. It was difficult to handle Tex at best. She was uncertain just what tack to take.

"You are being ridiculous," she managed.

Tex stood there looking at her as though she were a stranger. "Young woman, I have to have a racing ship. I can get one for $4000. Another thousand will fix it up."

She shook her head. "The only way I can excuse your coming here tonight is that you're drunk." The scorn in her voice seemed to cut through the alcohol.

"Be careful. I might lose my temper." His hands were clenched at his sides. Judith despised that thin smile on his lips. But she had to get him out of her apartment without waking everybody on her floor. The walls were none too thick. She must appease him.

Her voice was more conciliatory when she spoke next. "It might be a good idea for you to go home and sleep. We can talk about it some time when you're more yourself."

"Home?" Tex laughed loud and Judith tried to make him be quiet.

"I won't shush. Home! I haven't any. I haven't even a place to sleep tonight. She took everything. Kicked me out like a dog!"

He dropped into a chair and began to weep helplessly. Judith watched him, horror-stricken. It seemed incredible that he could have changed so much. But there was nothing she could do. Her one desire was to get him to leave.

"I'm sorry, Tex. Go along now, like a good boy. I'll give you money for a hotel room. Tomorrow—"

"No, tonight! I want that money and I'm going to get it."

He changed swiftly from a broken man to a desperate one. His words came in rushes: "I've got to have it, I tell you. I'm going to show her. I've got plans. I'll paint my name higher than it's ever been before! I'll make her sorry! I'll have her come back to me on her knees!"

"Tex, your voice! Please keep it down!"

"Cut that talk! You're going to listen to what I have to say."

"If you don't leave at once, I'll call the police."

Tex laughed. "Oh, no, you won't! Wouldn't that be nice to see in the morning papers that the important Michael Dudley's coming bride had to have her ex-husband put out of her apartment at midnight. Nice! You'd look pretty in a police court!"

He laughed again at the fear in her eyes. "You don't like that, do you? You want your cake! Well, you can have it, but you're going to cut me in!"

Judith hated him then, utterly and completely. "Just a minute, Tex. Will you get this straight? I love Michael. That is why I am marrying him."

Tex laughed uproariously. "Love him? Of course, you don't. You love me. You always will. I know that. Why do you suppose I am here?"

Judith was desperate. "We can't go on like this all night. I've got to be at work early. Tomorrow—"

"Tonight! I'm going to have your pledge. You're going to make Dudley come through."

(To be continued)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

GREETINGS

To the Editor:

After a long period of time—possibly a decade of years, it came to my mind to write you—for publication—or for the waste-basket—as your pleasure decrees.

At the present time we are sojourning far up in the mountains of Colorado—9980 feet above sea level, in close proximity to the old Mammoth Gold mine where the family of Chief Justice Hughes, of the US supreme court, held sway over the golden output of mineral from far beneath the surface of the ground—now safely locked from intruders the tunnel awaits a new owner, perhaps to take up the cudgel and start another mammoth flow of the golden ore from within.

Meanwhile, just a few hundred feet from the old Mammoth shaft, and directly along a portion of that famous mine, in a northwesterly direction is the Platora mines, with 13 distinct lodes, including a section of the old Mammoth vein which has made this section famous for its output of gold for many years in the past. The location is one of great scenic beauty, and we are enjoying a wonderful vacation with our granddaughter, Dorothy Hersey Wiley (the daughter of a former Salem girl, Merle Williams Hersey) way up above the cares of the whole world, and above the winding Conejos river, while in front and all around this valley on every side are towering mountains that gleam with a mass of quaking aspens, touched into golden streams by the early frosts; forests of spruce and pines interspersed along the mountain sides, forming a scene of unexcelled beauty, except perhaps, in Dear Old Oregon.

Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Ray Deal of Oklahoma and to our surprise this lady was talking "of a place in Oregon, called Salem"—and it transpires that she has a sister now residing in Salem, somewhere on South High street, by the name of Swinler—and also her brother who once visited in Salem, now here.

All the residenters here are looking forward to the coming spring time when real activities are to begin in the mines of Platora.

Queer, is it not, for only two years ago, in my home at Lily Dale, NY, an Indian princess called Neioma, a French-Sioux, came to see me, and in the conversation that followed, said she had been at Platora many years ago—and said it was beautiful, and that my granddaughter lived amidst beauty. This Indian princess is an accomplished vocalist, and with her we, ourself, wearing her costume, assisted in several entertainments—and the audience seemed to wonder at times "just who all those Indians" really were—white or red?

There are many things that interest "We, The People" these days. Wearing my "Willkie & McNary" button into the crowning stand pat territory of the "Oppositionists," I pledged my family that all political views, and affiliations, should be kept strictly under meek submission—out of consideration for the intermarried relationship represented—and we did—until, and when "The Other Party" opened the door—and then we told them of the wonderful Oregon men that we were proud to know—and to know that they were safe and sane, for America. If a former Salemite should under any circumstances be able to keep still and not tell "what kind of men Oregon can truly boast of" we would surely have been forgetful of our native state—unworthy of our heritage. Anyway "the other party" was willing to call a truce—and let it go as was. Colorado is a beautiful state but quite unlike to our own Oregon in this—as all admit. My state stands foremost, always, and I hope that we shall come into the heritage that we believe is due us, in November next and enjoy the celebration in our national capitol as the crowning event for Salem and Oregon.

This is just a rambling of thoughts, and we shall soon be returning to our adopted "Chautaqua county, NY, home" carrying with us the knowledge that all the wide United States is the most beloved place in the whole world—and glad to know those who have seen our own little blessed spot of this great country, where ever we are.

With kindest remembrances of our many friends in Salem, we must not tire you all to death, or you might retaliate.

ELLA ROYAL WILLIAMS.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

A. J.—Botrytis rot is one of the worst enemies of the lily, particularly the Madonna which you write about. In your case, I suggest lifting the bulbs and dusting them thoroughly with super-fine sulphur, or soaking them in a solution of one tablespoonful of semsen to one gallon of water for several hours before planting and then plant them in a new location. Next spring start spraying with Bordeaux as soon as growth begins and continue to do so each ten days during the growing season. As soon as you detect any of the disease returning, pick off and burn the affected leaves.

Clean cultivation in lily culture is very essential if you wish to retain your lilies.

P. A.—Your roses are affected by mildew. Mildew is even more prevalent now than it was during summer. You will have to dust or spray until the foliage is gone. Be sure to rake up and burn all foliage that falls from the bushes. Clean cultivation now means an easier job of it in summer.

M. D.—Yes, aphids are at work now. I noticed a lot this week on my rose buds. Use a nicotine spray and be sure that it reaches the aphids. Only contact will kill them.

There is likely a groub working on the roots of your hyacinths. There is a rather large grub, grayish-white in color and very unattractive, which will eat the roots off from hyacinths, causing them to become stunted in growth. A suggested control is pouring one half cupful of carbon bisulphite emulsion about the base of each plant.

Charter Member Dies

PORTLAND, Oct. 7—(AP)—Mrs. Elizabeth McLynn, 77, oldest surviving charter member of Hinson Memorial Baptist church, died Monday. She was the widow of George McLynn, early Portland foundryman.

Radio Program

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

KSLM—TUESDAY—1260 Kc.

6:30—Milkman Melodies.
7:30—News.
7:45—Melody Lane.
8:00—Popular Variety.
8:30—News.
8:45—US Navy Band.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Popular Music.
9:30—Musical Memories.
9:45—Vocal Varieties.
10:00—News.
10:15—Waltztime.
10:30—Hits of Seasons Past.
10:45—Tudor Williams Quartet.
11:00—Salon Echoes.
11:30—Willamette University Chapel.
11:45—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:50—Salem Kiwanis Club.
1:15—Popular Music.
1:30—Melodic Moods.
2:00—Salem Art Center.
2:15—Tango Time.
2:45—Grandma Travels.
3:00—Maddox Family and Rose.
3:30—Your Neighbor.
3:45—Carol Leighton, Ballads.
4:00—Crossroads Troubador.
4:15—News.
4:30—Teatime Melodies.
5:00—Phil Neeley and Orchestra.
5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:30—Tonight's Headlines.
6:45—Serenade of the Strings.
7:15—Interesting Facts.
7:30—City Management—Ralph C. Curtis.
7:45—American Family Robinson.
8:00—News.
8:15—Al Golden Orchestra.
8:30—Hits of the Day.
9:00—News.
9:15—Concert Hall.
10:00—Popularity Row.
11:00—News.
11:15—Melody Lane.

KGW—TUESDAY—620 Kc.

6:30—Trail Blasers.
7:00—News.
7:30—Sam Moore.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Stars of Today.
8:15—Against the Storm.
8:45—Victor Lindlar.
9:00—Stars of Today.
9:15—The O'Neills.
9:30—Strings That Sing.
10:15—Ross Sisters.
10:30—By Kathleen Norris.
10:45—Dr Kate.
11:00—Light of the World.
11:15—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
11:30—Valiant Lady.
11:45—Hymns of All Churches.
12:00—Story of Mary Marlin.
12:15—Ma Perkins.
12:30—Pepper Young's Family.
12:45—Vic and Sade.
1:00—Backstage Wife.
1:15—Stella Dallas.
1:30—Lorenzo Jones.
1:45—Young Widder Brown.
2:00—Girl Alone.
2:15—Lone Journey.
2:30—The Guiding Light.
2:45—The O'Neills.
3:00—Shall We Waltz.
3:15—News.
3:30—Streamline Journal.
4:00—Three Romeos.
4:15—Stars of Today.
4:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
5:15—Stars of Today.
5:30—Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest.
6:00—Tuesday at Six.
6:30—Fibber McGee and Molly.
7:00—Bob Hope.
7:30—Uncle Walter's Doghouse.
8:00—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
8:15—Armchair Cruises.
8:30—Johnny Presents.
9:00—Musical Americana.
9:30—Battle of the Sexes.
10:00—News Flashes.
10:15—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
10:30—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.

KEX—TUESDAY—1160 Kc.

6:30—Musical Clock.
7:00—Western Agriculture.
7:15—Financial Service.
7:30—Breakfast Club.
8:30—Just Between Friends.
8:45—Dr. Brock.
9:00—Deep River Boys.
9:30—National Farm and Home.
10:00—News.
10:15—Between the Bookends.
10:30—Charmingly We Live.
10:45—Associated Press News.
10:50—Ladies in the Headlines.
11:00—Our Half Hour.
11:30—US Army Band.
12:00—Orphans of Divorce.
12:15—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill.
12:30—John's Other Wife.
12:45—Just Plain Bill.
1:00—Faithful Stradivari.
1:15—News.
1:30—Market Report.
1:35—Club Matinee.
2:00—The Quiet Hour.
2:15—Paul Martin's Music.
2:45—Betty Barrett, Singer
3:00—Carbstone Quiz.
3:15—Irene Wicker.
3:25—Associated Press News.
3:45—Paul Douglas Sports Column.
4:00—Speaking of Glamour.
4:15—European News.
4:30—Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra.
5:00—Wife Saver.
5:15—Musical Workshop.
5:30—Bud Barton.
5:45—Tom Mix.
6:00—Black Velvet.
6:30—John B. Kennedy.
6:35—Your Neighbors.
7:00—NBC Concert Orchestra.
7:30—Recital.
7:45—News.
8:00—Information Please.
8:30—Ben Bernie Musical Quiz.
9:00—Easy Aces.
9:15—Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons.
9:30—Roseland Ballroom Orchestra.
9:57—Associated Press News.
10:00—Bar of Music.
10:30—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Paul Carson, Organist.
11:45—Portland Police Reports.
12:00—War News Roundup.

KOIN—TUESDAY—940 Kc.

6:00—Market Reports.
6:05—KOIN Klock.
7:15—Headliners.
7:30—Bob Garred Reporting.
8:15—Consumer News.
8:30—The Goldbergs.
8:45—By Kathleen Norris.
9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
9:15—When a Girl Marries.
9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
10:15—Women in White.
10:30—Right to Happiness.
10:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
11:00—Big Sister.
11:15—Aunt Jenny.
11:30—Fletcher Wiley.
11:45—My Son and I.
12:00—Martha Webster.
12:15—News.
12:30—Kate Hopkins.
12:45—Singin' Sam.
1:00—Portia Blake.
1:15—Myrt and Marge.
1:30—Hilltop House.
1:45—Stepmother.
2:00—American School.
2:30—Hello Again.
2:45—Scattergood Baines.
3:00—Young Dr. Malone.
3:30—Joyce Jordan.
3:45—Newspaper of the Air.
4:15—We the Abbotts.
4:30—Second Husband.
5:00—Newspaper of the Air.
5:15—The World Today.
5:30—First Nighter.
6:00—Lud Gluskin Orchestra.
5:55—Elmer Davis, News.
6:30—Professor Quiz.
7:00—Glen Miller Orchestra.
7:15—Defend America.
7:45—News of the War.
8:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
8:15—Lanny Ross.
8:30—Court of Missing Heirs.
9:00—We, the People.
9:30—Baker Theatre Players.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—Sammy Watkins Orchestra.
10:30—Claude Thornhill Orchestra.
11:00—Artie Shaw Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

KOAC—TUESDAY—550 Kc.

9:00—News.
9:15—The Homemakers' Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:15—Story Hour for Adults.
11:00—School of the Air.
11:20—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
2:00—Study Club.
3:15—Little Red Schoolhouse.
3:45—News.
4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls.
5:00—On the Campuses.
5:45—Vespers.
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—Music of Czechoslovakia.
7:45—Consumer's Forum.
9:00—OSC Round Table.
9:30—OSC Cadet Band.
9:45—Flora of Willamette Valley.

W. F. Woodward Is Called at Age 77

PORTLAND, Oct. 7.—(AP)—William F. Woodward, 77, long prominent in Portland business, civic, philanthropic and political affairs, died today after a two weeks illness.

For many years, after a humble start here in 1881 as a woodcutter, he was a leading drug merchant in partnership with Louis G. Clarke. Both retired in 1924.

Woodward was chairman of selective service board No. 7 and the state council of defense and Oregon director of the national council of defense in the World war. He was a member of the state house of representatives from 1923 to 1925 and of the senate in the 1931 and 1933 sessions.

His other activities included nine years on the Portland school board, 10 years on the Portland public library board and two years as vice-president of the chamber of commerce. He was director and former state chairman of the American Red Cross, a trustee of the boys' and girls' aid and prison aid societies and a past president of the uptown and metropolitan associations.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—A march of grave events may have been started by the recent step of Navy Secretary Knox in calling out the naval reserve.

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A change of sentiment has developed inside within the past few days. A counsel for immediate action has arisen among the president's topmost advisers (including the cabinet), and he is reported lending it a sympathetic ear.

Whereas the first top reaction to Japanese joining of the axis was overwhelmingly in favor of caution "until we are ready," further consideration has developed a school of thought contending we are better ready than we have thought for the particular limited task involved.

Frankly, this school holds Japan can be defeated swiftly by a blockade. It holds further that the economically weak military regime in Japan can be collapsed by a strong economic blockade, without military action. Bluntly it counsels stronger diplomacy to the verge of war, and war itself, without delay, if necessary.

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While no reporter is competent to pass upon the validity or wisdom of the military basis for the theory, the argument which goes with the theory can be reported as follows:

Our deficiency in defense is primarily in the Atlantic. As long as the British fleet remains free there, that barricade is manned. As the European military situation seems to afford that prospect we might safely risk committing ourselves deeply elsewhere.

In the Pacific, the fleets of the United States and Japan are assumed to be matched on paper. There is little prospect that either fleet could seek out the other and defeat it in view of the distances incolved in attack. The US, however, would be superior in equipment for blockade if it used Dutch East Indian and British far eastern bases, notably that at Singapore. Opening of the Burma road would permit supplies to be furnished the Chinese army, still existent after three years of attack by Japan.

Our most serious military weakness is the army. It cannot be cured for some eight months or more. But it is not involved in the above hypothesis.

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A glaring political fault of the theory lies in the suggestion of throwing it into the midst of a presidential campaign. From that standpoint alone, it would be unthinkable, except that the administration is confident of overwhelming victory, so confident it might reasonably be expected to refuse to let the development of foreign policy be delayed by political considerations.

At any rate, Mr. Willkie seems to have heard of the break in the unanimous official desire for caution. He has been stressing his promises of peace lately.

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From all considerations, it is hardly to be expected that the arising of this new school of thought will lead to the ultimate action immediately, but the vulnerability of Japan has become an open topic among American military men. Despite her remoteness, she is in poorer strategic position at home for protection from bombing than nearly any major nation. Over 70 per cent of her power driven industry is concentrated in three key cities. She has many modern factories but most of her houses are closely stacked wooden shells and concentrated firetraps.

The nearest American base at Unalaska is 2556 miles away from Tokyo, too far for the American flying fortresses with a full load. But the navy has aircraft carriers with bombers that can fly a radius of about 2000 miles with a full load.

There may be some valid question of how long Unalaska and even the Philippines can be held by the United States, but the loss of those two points would be far from decisive.

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