

# Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Molotov Goes Visiting

Like Alice wearing a van dyke beard, Premier Molotov has gone visiting in the Never-Never land of the German reichschancellery. He has gone to the place where so many leaders of states, diplomats, and "persons of international importance" have gone before. He has gone to the halls of the Berlin chancellery, there to interview the man whom his country for long openly despised, and which it now secretly fears, Adolf Hitler.

Molotov, though a diplomat or a premier must never show surprise, even while on a visit, may have mingled emotions when he looks about him in Berlin. Instead of the drab untidiness of Moscow in the fall of the year, he will be in another capital which, though not the first in beauty, has never been outdone for loud brassiness of a certain sort. He will see there a complete display of German prosperity, military strength, comfort and supreme sense of confidence; and he will see no bomb craters. He will be forced, perhaps against his will, to contrast the dazzling show put on for him by the Germans with the dullness and relative squalor of the apartment slums and unhappy villages of his homeland.

What he will conclude is of course his own business. What he will agree to in company with his officious hosts is another question, and one on which light may be thrown.

He will probably, if the correspondents are correct, make some sort of deal with Germany for the Balkans. Particular attention will probably be focused on Turkey, since neither Rumania nor Greece, despite Italian reversals there, is necessarily an insoluble problem. And, if predictions at this point are worth anything at all, he will probably sell out Turkey for a mess of German promises about preservation of Russian "interests" there, provided the axis is allowed to reach Suez.

Molotov will not be entirely without bargaining power. The Red army, though no paragon of military establishments, would nevertheless be expensive to root out of the Balkans if force by the Germans were a necessary thing; and the two million Turkish bayonets about which that government has been talking will probably stand up or lie down in accordance with the Moscow oracle's utterances. The Russians' assistance thus means to the Germans the difference between getting into the Near East by the easy way rather than by the hard way. Molotov will doubtless be shown that while the easy way, with Russian assistance, is preferable, Berlin is prepared to take the high road if necessary. On how much Molotov will believe will depend the outcome of the conference.

As to a four-power totalitarian pact against the world in general, and the Anglo-Saxon powers in particular, there is much doubt. Nothing except a stimulus to American war preparations could be gained, and currently this is no advantage. Alice Molotov may come out of Wonderland having changed the Balkans and Turkey, but he will not—yet—have changed the world.

## The Boys' Training School

When this column some weeks ago made facetious reference to the idea of self-government for the inmates of the state penitentiary it might readily have been convicted of colossal ignorance; that none of its readers preferred charges convicts them of equal ignorance. For it seems that self-government behind prison walls was the central theme of Thomas Mott Osborne's theories of penology. Osborne was once warden at Sing Sing and later commandant of a naval prison. He died in 1926.

The Osborne foundation which on Monday released a report criticizing all but two of the juvenile delinquency institutions in the Pacific states is a private agency which attempts to carry on Osborne's work, which primarily was prison reform. And that is approximately all that we know about the foundation—except that "foundation" appears to be a misnomer if the name suggests to everyone, as it does to us, a fund. As we understand it Mr Osborne left his ideas to the "foundation" but nobody left it any funds.

Now, judging from the press dispatches alone, the Osborne foundation took exception to practically everything that is done at the Oregon state training school for boys. If the training school is not being conducted properly the people of Oregon are entitled to know about it. The state board of control has announced that it will study the report and make proper investigation. There already had been intimation that the school's parole system might need overhauling.

On the other hand the foundation's report is open to challenge, as Supt. Sam Laughlin has challenged it. He insists that the foundation is not competent to survey such an institution, and has referred to the stand of the national organization of training school superintendents to support that statement.

Our own reaction, in glancing down through the "bill of particulars" took a similar direction upon noting that "fingerprinting of young boys" was one of the items. What is wrong with fingerprinting? There is a nationwide movement to record the fingerprints of every law-abiding citizen. That the investigators object to such a practice in any state institution is indicative of some flaw in their viewpoint.

Nevertheless now the question has been raised, in justice to all concerned the investigation should proceed—without prejudice in any quarter.

## We Aren't Kicking

"We never should kick about the weather here in the Willamette valley," quoth a curbstone philosopher Sunday night. At the moment a cold rain was falling briskly and it was a trifle disagreeable outdoors.

But on Tuesday morning Statesman subscribers went forth into bright sunshine, albeit its warming powers were at somewhat low ebb, to pick up the paper and read that 80-mile winds had buffeted Wisconsin, winds of but slightly less velocity had played hob with shipping on the Great Lakes, snow drifts were halting traffic elsewhere in the midwest and temperatures had dropped below zero in half a dozen states.

Because it abhors the obvious and the trite, this column seldom mentions the weather and somewhat slight, we fear, exposition of Oregon's glorious climate. Here however is a contrast so striking that it cannot be overlooked. Nor is it mere transitory chance which favors the Willamette valley with a beautiful, serene autumn day while other regions are devastated and suffering.

Sometimes it is cold in the Willamette valley, but never unreasonably cold; sometimes it is hot, but never unreasonably hot; sometimes there is drought and sometimes there is flood, but seldom do we experience the extremes of any of these conditions. When "weather fatalities" are counted, the Willamette valley is left out unless the list includes drowning victims during a heat wave or traffic accident victims in a storm or flood. The weather itself almost never takes life here. Even lightning that does real harm is an extreme rarity.

Tell your folks in the east and middle west that the Willamette valley is a grand place to live.

Some weeks ago when Henry Wallace started campaigning against Hitler, this column opined that it was the same thing, only more effective, as campaigning against the devil. At this distance we could be wrong, but the evidence is that Circuit Judge Ashurst of Klamath county did just that—and lost. But the official returns say the winner was David R. Vandenberg, whose pictures show no sign of either horns or tail.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How may one get 11-13-49 early Oregon history straight? The meaning of Chemeketa once more:

(Concluding from yesterday's) Still quoting from the article printed in this column on October 3: "It is in this way that the writer knows it: During the late 1890's a fierce controversy arose among the oldest of the old timers in this section about the word Chemeketa. Some contestants contended that the name of Salem ought by all means to be changed back to the original Chemeketa. Another crowd demanded that the spelling must be changed to Chemekete. These were louder and more earnest than the ones wanting Salem discarded and Chemeketa adopted, or rather resumed.

At that time Rev. ("Father") J. L. Parrish was living and active in the affairs of the city and the state and nation. He talked to this writer, several times, about the battle of words regarding the name. He was very positive on the meaning of the word; and he had no understood Indians or the Indian languages and habits better than he did. He had been Indian agent for all the Oregon coast Indians, from Astoria to the Galloway line, and he was the only white man who dared and was safe in going among them, any of them. He had been in charge of the Lee mission branch on Clatsop plains, where were some of the loudest and most dangerous red rascals still wearing their scalps. And he had no trouble with them.

"Father" Parrish said, and repeated to this writer, that Ch or Che, which was a deep throated grunt or guttural gurgle with all the Indians he had known, always meant place, and Chemeketa meant place of meeting. He was not particular about the spelling, with a final e or final s, but he was positive on the meaning. In fact, both a and e were right, one as good as the other, he thought, as long as you understood the final lip, not capable of being shown with letters of the English alphabet.

Yes, Chemeketa has a deep significance around Salem. It was the Salem of the Indians. Then it was The Mills, for the mission mills, which started Salem. That was from 1840 to 1844. Then it was The Institute, for the Oregon Institute for the Deaf and Blind, which became Willamette university. That was from 1844 to 1850, when the town was platted first North Salem, then Salem, then, again, Salem. The third Salem platted did not get under the wire in 1850, but was filed Jan. 3, 1851. It was the part of "Boon's Island," meaning between the mission mill race and North Mill creek, by J. B. McCane, who claimed it was the original Salem, which, by the way, it was.

The explanation is: The first building of whites on the site of Salem was for the Lee mission mills, saw mill and grist mill under one roof. The power for the mills was from a water wheel. The water brought to the wheel in a race leading from North Mill creek just above where Broadway now becomes North High street (which was not opened for 40 to 50 years), returned to North Mill creek a few rods below the water wheel. This race below was formed, named after Rev. J. D. Boon, one of the earliest residents and property owners there; the last Oregon territorial and first Oregon state treasurer, etc., etc. Boon's island then had two bridges, one across the main creek on Liberty street, the other across the mill race, where North Liberty becomes Broadway.

Besides being a Methodist minister, J. L. Parrish was a blacksmith and carriage and wagon and harness maker, having learned these trades from his father in New York, beginning when he was so small he had to stand on a stool to blow and strike. Besides, all this Mr. Parrish was a good business man. He acquired large holdings in and around Salem, and in the city of Portland. He loaned Henry L. Pitcock, then he loaned the Portland Oregonian, owner of the Portland Oregonian, money to help him in his struggle against the fierce opposition of Ben Holladay, railroad builder. And, without any pay, he was for 17 years chaplain of the Oregon penitentiary, a d d sympathizer with and helper of the unfortunate inmates there. A great deal more might be said of "Father" Parrish, showing his honesty and capacity; the words just written indicating that he was such a man as would not tell an untruth about a name, or be deceived concerning the meaning of it.



## "Trial Without Jury"

By JAMES RONALD

Chapter 14  
Ann took a book from the shelf at her elbow without glancing at the title and opened it at random. The printed lines were a meaningless blur before her eyes, but she stared at them and tried to concentrate.

"You would probably manage better," murmured her aunt, "if you turned it up the right way. Or is it your custom to read a book upside down?"

Without raising her eyes, Ann adjusted the book. But it might have been written in Chinese for all she understood of the lines her eyes raced along. Hancer, like a ghostly shroud, pressed menacingly upon her mind.

"Sword is an oath and oaths must have their course . . . Ann read the line four times before she made sense of it. Her eyes were at last breaking up the lines into words—and Ann loved words—but her brain was not yet taking the words and understanding them . . . "Sword is an oath" . . . oaths must have their course . . . What on earth had she got hold of? King Henry the Fifth. That was Shakespeare. Well, any part in a storm. Let's see if Shakespeare can make me forget that awful Gorgon who's sitting there goggling at me.

She read on. Reading was second nature to her and books move important than food. Under the spell of Shakespeare's glowing words she fell into a trance in which Bardolph, Nym and Pistol, King Henry, Lord Scroop, and Isabel, queen of France, were real and very much alive . . . and the world about her was as far forgotten as though it had no existence. "When Ann has a book," her father sometimes said, "you could shoot off a cannon at her ear and she'd never hear it." That was almost true.

Time ticked away unheeded. Her eyes devouring the pages ravenously, she saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing except the pagantry of Shakespeare's characters and the drawing-out of their destinies. She was not even conscious of the fribble tap-tap-tap of her aunt's foot; nor was she aware when the tapping ceased . . .

A sudden piercing scream brought Ann back to earth with a jerk. It tore the air, like a cloth ripped up the middle.

Ann dropped the book and started up. In the doorway stood Miss Mimms, her meagre, black-limbed frame wavering as though she were drunk. Her eyes were staring out of her wrinkled yellow face; her mouth hung foolishly open, making a round O. One bony finger, paled, trem-

bling, was pointing—pointing— Pointing at the chair opposite that from which Ann had risen. Aunt Octavia still sat in it. She had collapsed . . . completely, silently. . . Her eyes were staring, her cheeks were livid. About her neck was tightly knotted a gaudy silk scarf.

"She's dead!" screamed Miss Mimms. "Dead!"

"Yes, she's dead," said Ann mechanically. "For heaven's sake, shut up!"

At six o'clock that evening, at the close of a long day's fishing, Sheriff Black drove home in the mood for a highball, a hot bath, a good supper, and an early adjournment to bed. The sheriff was tall, spare, broad-shouldered, a year or two over fifty. He had a lean, intelligent face, deeply lined and tanned from his lifetime spent in the open with blunt features, a firm mouth and a squarish jaw. A closely-clipped mustache bristled above his upper lip.

Entering his house, Black found a comely sitting in the hall, who had been waiting there for considerably more than an hour. He sighed. The greatest drawback of being county sheriff was that he was never able to take a day off with any certainty that he would be allowed to enjoy it in peace.

"What is it, O'Rourke? Nothing urgent, I hope!"

"Murder," replied the constable stolidly.

"When and where?"

"The village police at Lakelawa 'phoned headquarters two hours ago, sheriff. An old lady was strangled this afternoon at a house in the village."

"Have they made an arrest?"

"No, sir."

"Come into the living room." Black strode in ahead of his subordinate and poured himself a stiff whisky. That at least he would have, murder or no murder. There was a hopeful look on O'Rourke's face. Black jerked his head toward the bottle and the constable made haste to help himself.

"Who's on the job?" asked the sheriff, glancing over the rim of his glass.

"Inspector Burrows and Sergeant Feathers. They tried to get you on the 'phone and when they failed, the inspector asked me to get in touch with you as soon as I could."

"I see. You drive, don't you, O'Rourke?"

"Sure."

"Know the way to Lakelawa?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd better run me over there. My car's outside. Wait a minute while I change."

## News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—No matter what else happens, business is going to expand. Everyone should soon be making money, more money than in many a year. Expansion should continue gradually until it reaches a pitch 15 or 18 months hence which will represent the highest productivity attained in the history of man.

The defense program has hardly started. Only \$500,000,000 has been spent in the first quarter of the government fiscal year covering July, August and September. That amount will be doubled for the second quarter, October, November, December. In the coming third quarter, I think it will be around \$1,500,000,000 and in the fourth nearly \$2,000,000,000. But this is still only the beginning—about \$5,000,000,000 for this fiscal year.

The next fiscal year, starting in July will be the big one, doubling the outlay again, to \$10,000,000,000. By July, expenditures for defense alone should be running about \$400,000,000 to \$700,000,000 a month and continue increasing until reaching nearly a billion a month.

How much acceleration this means is apparent in the fact expenditures for this current November will be only \$800,000,000, which is less than a third of the peak planned.

While these expenditures will go mostly into defense they will seep down into every crevice of trade in the country and bring an era of free-flowing money beyond all previous economic dreams. The only thing that can stop it is a British victory. Any other kind of a peace in Europe would not diminish the necessity of re-arming.

What happens when the spending is over is not clear. I have never found a spending theorist who could tell me what the end of the theory is.

Accompanying the movement, I believe there will be a gradual but equally extreme expansion of centralized government controls and a corresponding trend away from ordinary democratic methods. Business is destined to be regulated more and more as to prices, profits, production, labor, finance. The nucleus of some control is already apparent in the regulations and powers of the national defense commission. But there are many more plans formulated by individual officials and economists within the government for controlling everything from excess bank reserves to employer-labor conversations.

The working theory of the government, I think, is that the modern warfare is largely economic, that the factories are the front lines now, that the government is putting up the money and must go into production itself where private business does not handle the job satisfactorily.

As one nationally known economist (Habeon) told his business readers in a post-election letter: "You're in the army now. You may not wear a uniform or work in a chain gun. But you're in the army now."

Discussions about amending the Johnson act for Britain alone and thus opening up credits to her are starting privately among responsible officials.

British now have unfilled orders for more than \$1,250,000,000 in this country. They are planning another large aircraft purchasing program and developing a scheme to build shipyards in our ports. These two items may bring her commitments up to about \$3,000,000,000 (shipyards cost money).

That would take her pretty close to the limit of her resources on this side. She has a little more than \$3,000,000,000 in available dollar balances, securities, etc., which will be enough to straddle her many months more.

But there is no disposition among interested officials to seek legislation. The matter will, I think, be held before congress officially in January, while post-election fervor is still hot.

Repeal of the "carry" restriction in the neutrality act is, however, a different proposition. It is true the Germans have eased the British much worry over a probable shortage of bottoms, and some pressure has consequently arisen to send our ships to Britain with supplies. But the navy objects strenuously to this. The ships would have to be converted. It would mean janking some of the fleet from the Pacific. It would put us more inextricably into the war.

The British may ask for our "carry" ships, but probably only as a lever to pry credits loose.

## Job Placement up Over 9 per Cent

4542 Obtain Private Work in Oregon; Is Above National Average

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—(AP)—Job placements by the public employment services in Oregon increased 9.1 per cent in September, the social security board announced today.

The services placed 4542 men in private employment during the month, which was above the national average of an 8.9 per cent increase over the previous month. In the nation 305,000 workers found jobs through the employment agencies, and 275,000 more received aid from the services in locating jobs. Supplemental placements in Oregon totaled 17,884.

The board estimated job-hunters declined 5.7 per cent in number to 4,900,000. In Oregon the decline amounted to 117,569, a decline of 2.9 per cent under the previous month.

Unemployment insurance payments dropped 29 per cent, the lowest since December, 1935. Total payments in the nation were \$26,400,000. In Oregon the payments amounted to \$173,569, a decline of 20 per cent under the previous month.

## School Burglars Take \$18 From Englewood

Probers who broke into Englewood school sometime between Saturday noon and yesterday morning lifted the fee of Principal Dorothy Daugherty of \$18.85 and an envelope containing five quarters.

Deaks of other teachers were also gone through and small sums of money taken.

## Radio Programs

- 7:15—Bob Gilman.
- 7:30—Hodgson Reports.
- 8:00—Raymond Bouding.
- 8:15—Consumer News.
- 8:30—The News.
- 8:45—By Kathleen Harris.
- 9:00—Kate Smith Sings.
- 9:15—The Girlie Show.
- 9:30—Romance of Helen Hunt.
- 9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
- 10:00—The News.
- 10:15—News in White.
- 10:30—Night to Happiness.
- 10:45—The News.
- 11:00—Ann Jany.
- 11:15—Fletcher Wiley.
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- 1:15—The News.
- 1:30—The News.
- 1:45—The News.
- 2:00—The News.
- 2:15—The News.
- 2:30—The News.
- 2:45—The News.
- 3:00—