

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Unity

"It was impossible to find one Czar, or Poobah, or Ahkoond of Swat to take over the task. That, he explained, resulted from the fact that in every process of production three elements were involved—labor, management and the buyer-user."

Thus did the Associated Press indirectly quote President Roosevelt's explanation for not making the new "defense high command" a singly-headed agency as many persons, including Wendell Willkie, had suggested.

Previously we have ascribed the delay in consolidating direction of defense largely to that same circumstance—Willkie mentioned it first. And now it may be that the shakeup was ordered in slightly different form just so that it would bring no satisfied grins to the republican leadership.

Likewise it may be that the new setup will work; will get the defense machine to clicking, blast open the bottlenecks and speed up production of the million and one things the nation needs. The nation, at least, is disposed for the time being to give the president and his new "high command" the benefit of the doubt. There is general agreement that the president is fortunate to have so capable an industrialist as William Knudsen to head the production division, and that he probably will succeed if he is able to marshal capable assistants and is given the support from the White House and elsewhere that is necessary.

The things that remains to be observed is that crossing up Willkie was not necessarily the president's motive in organizing the program in a way slightly different from that suggested. The characteristic Roosevelt thinking is sufficient explanation.

"In every process of production three elements were involved," the president was quoted. "Labor, management and the buyer-user."

A single-headed war production system worked efficiently in 1917-18. Woodrow Wilson could conceive of a single, national interest. Today likewise there is a single, national interest—but Roosevelt cannot see it. There has to be a division between labor and management, and each has to be represented on the president's board—each to look out for his group's separate interests.

If there is need for a defense program at all—and almost everybody agrees that there is—the purpose is to prepare against the day when the dictators' armies and navies will mass against the United States. And if that day comes, where will be the group interests? What difference will there be between the peril to labor and the peril to industry, to management, capital or whatever you want to call it. If the dictators overrun the United States, labor will be regimented; capital will be regimented.

If that ever happens there will not appear to be unity between them; they will be set at each others' throats. Actually, there will be a hidden unity. They will both be terribly sorry. Why can't the president see that there ought to be unity now?

The Barometer

A barometer, so far as most people are concerned, is something that used to be talked about a good deal in the dark ages of high school physics classes, but which for all the explaining and all the talk never made very much sense. It had something to do with air pressure; the numbers 29, 30 and sometimes 31 seemed to have quite a lot to do with it; sailors use them, and when the teacher demonstrated the great phenomenon she used a puddle of tarnished quicksilver, a soiled glass tube, and rather an excess of energy. One never felt that the barometer was a matter which was either definitely here or definitely there, and so one was never exactly breathless in its presence.

That is, in general, about all the background information which one can summon to one's aid when the barometer is mentioned, either as a matter of polite tea-time conversation or as a subject of street corner and press discussion as during the past few days. One thinks, "Oh, yes, the barometer. The papers say it is very low. Let me see... yes, very low. Now what does that mean?" There the subject perishes for lack of nutritive material, and one desires that the conversation shift at once to other channels.

Usually it does. Not, however, during the past three days, when those Cassandras of the federal government, the weather men, have been making dire-sounding utterances about the barometer's being the lowest in 30 years, man and boy. The immediate implication is that we're in for the worst combination nor' and sou'wester we've had since Hector was too small for dog-biscuit. Maybe we are, and maybe we aren't; seeing is believing, and we'll wait until then, barometer or no barometer.

So much for the poverty of popular philosophy as it relates to the subject of barometers. Most of us will probably never know exactly how peculiar the atmospheric conditions in our particular part of the country have been in the last three days, and it would doubtless make next to no difference if we did know. Yet ignorance can hardly ever be a matter of pride, and one may say of barometers as Doctor Johnson once said of Greek: it is like old lace, of which a gentleman should have as much as he can get.

ASCAP and the Radio Chains

How do you like BMI music? You inveterate radio listeners ought to have your tentative verdict ready by now, for since Monday you have heard only BMI music—plus some Christmas carols—on the sustaining programs of the three major chains. The "battle of the airways" is on full blast.

The networks' contracts with ASCAP run for another week but ASCAP music was discontinued on Columbia and Mutual some days ago and on Monday they were joined by NBC. The dispute involves a little item of \$4,450,000, the difference between what the chains were willing to pay the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers for the use of its music in 1940, and what the society asked for 1941. The ante was more than doubled, but the society reduced its charges to individual stations.

When the chains decided to buck the "justice for genius" organization they took steps to avoid a musical vacuum by creating their own copyright agency, Broadcast Music, Inc. Already this agency has obtained rights to some recent hits, including "There I Go" and "Practice Makes Perfect." It hasn't the volume and variety of music that ASCAP controls. Give BMI time and the chances are it will collect a fairly adequate portfolio.

The fabled Irishman would probably be told that this is a private fight and not the kind that "anyone can get in." When The Statesman discussed it on a previous occasion its views were given nationwide circulation by ASCAP and brought a sorrowful rejoinder from spokesmen for the broadcasters, both to our surprise because we had not intended to take sides. Despite the omniscience affected by most editors, we feel totally incompetent to adjudicate the matter of the \$4,450,000 difference of opinion.

All we sought to point out was that this was a matter in which the listening public also had a stake—and in the last analysis, a voice. If BMI can satisfy the public's taste for popular music, the broadcasters will win; if there is a great clicking of switches that means radios are being turned off, ASCAP will win. All we are attempting is to state the issues.

Incidentally, ASCAP has suffered another blow in the decision of a federal district court that it is functioning as a combination in restraint of trade, in deciding against the society on an issue involving the Washington state law affecting copyrights. In view of its importance, the case is almost certain to reach the United States supreme court.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sequoyah has the 12-26-40 attention of this column again, prominent Oklahoma county has name:

Dated Salem, Oregon, December 12, 1940, 1364 Mission street, this letter is addressed to the writer by Mrs. D. A. Patterson: "Dear Mr. Hendricks, I read in The Statesman about the Indian Sequoyah. I lived in Oklahoma until about four years ago.

"One county, the one in which I lived, was named Sequoyah after this man."

"He lived near Sallisaw, the county seat of Sequoyah county, and in recent years they erected a shrine around the log cabin in which he lived; and also made a park of the grounds around this place."

Thanks to Mrs. Patterson for the additional information. Regular readers know that the "small public park in the world," in Salem, is occupied by a California big tree of the variety known as sequoyah, coming from the Indian name of the half breed Indian (named George Guess) who invented the Cherokee alphabet.

The writer looked up Sallisaw city, Sequoyah county, Oklahoma state a little after receiving the letter, using the American Newspaper Directory (1937 edition) of N. W. Ayer & Son, a standard authority.

He found that Sallisaw was credited with a 1765 population, and that it is 30 miles northwest of Fort Smith, Arkansas; that it manufactures lumber, cottonseed oil, creamery and grist-mill products, fishing tackle.

That the country surrounding has diversified farming: cotton, corn, potatoes, etc.

That it has two newspapers, the Sequoyah County Democrat, established in 1879; D. A. Green, editor; and the Sequoyah County Times, Democratic, established in 1933; Florence B. Mayo, editor and publisher.

Sequoyah county is bounded on the north by Arkansas. The state of Oklahoma is "bounded on the north by Kansas, on the east by Arkansas and Missouri, and on the north and west by Texas." It has 69,448 square miles of territory, being 17th in size for the whole United States.

In 1930 Oklahoma had 1,123,424 population; 92,725 being Indian, 10,000 being 7.2 per cent negro. As the census for 1930 was that any one called an Indian in his neighborhood was to be classified as an Indian, it is to be presumed that a good many of the 92,725 are (were) mixed bloods.

Oklahoma stands well up front in the production of oil, so a large part of its wealth and prosperity are based on what it gets from its oil wells.

In its Indian population, many tribes are represented, from Cherokee to Choctaw, and all the way between, excepting Pacific coast tribes.

Such an example of the great American respect for men of ambition and culture ought to be a good one for reference at the Salem United States Indian training school.

The boy and girl students there should understand that, in the United States of America, they will be generally respected and given chances for advancement, if they show interest and ambition.

The Sequoyahs among them will be honored and acclaimed if they will fully follow their natural talents.

Their number ought to be trebled. That institution has 1000 students, provided for by the United States government.

The number attending is about a third of the capacity of the institution.

Some years ago Alaska Indians were allowed to come to Chemawa for training. They are among the brightest Indians among all the American tribes. It seems a shame that they are not still welcome at Chemawa.

Some months ago, this matter was discussed by one of the workers among Indians of the whole country, and they have since gone to her long rest.

She said it was indeed too bad the Alaskan Indians are no longer trained at Chemawa.

As she contended it was worse that only about a third are taken from the Pacific Northwest states who are anxious to come, and need the training, for their future lives; for the future good of their communities.

United States Senator McNary from Oregon has all along worked for a full attendance at Chemawa.

Something more ought to be done than has so far been done in helping the cause of this school, now both the oldest and the leading one of its kind under the United States government.

British Pilots 'Bombard' Corfu With Yule Gifts

ATHENS, Dec. 25—(AP)—British pilots in Santa Claus roles, bombarded Corfu today with Christmas gifts for children of the defenseless island which has been a frequent target of Italian planes.

People of the island had been informed in advance of the appearance of the planes, and large crowds gathered about the "target area."

Vice Air Marshal J. H. Dalbec, of the RAF, in a message to the Corfu prefect said the gifts were "tokens of our admiration for your courage in the face of heavy and constant attack and as appreciation of the kindness shown our airmen who have had to land at Corfu."



"Trial Without Jury"

By JAMES RONALD

CHAPTER 23 Continued
Edith Osborne was humming to herself as she came downstairs early one morning in November. She felt more cheerful than she had done since the fateful day in August when Octavia was murdered. Life was becoming bearable again now that they were no longer living in the full glare of publicity. Now that they were no longer stared at and pointed out wherever they went, the children were beginning to forget, to laugh and be happy, to take up the normal pursuits of healthy young people.

Michael, Peter and Marjory were at new schools and finding that they were no longer regarded as freaks for having had an aunt who was murdered. Ann was trying to write a novel, appearing at meals with her spectacles askew and ink all over her fingers. Dorothy and Ted Fleming were friends again.

Oh, life was good! Not as sweet as before, Edith knew that the old feeling of peace and security in the bosom of her family was gone, never to return—but good, nevertheless. The only fly in the ointment was Stephen. Poor Stephen! He hardly ever went out. Edith could not remember when she had last seen him smile. His hair was whitening, he was growing old before her eyes. Something must be done about it.

Edith went out on the front steps and brought in the morning newspaper. She glanced at the front page. Suddenly she put a hand to her head and uttered a bitter cry. "Not again! Oh, they can't start it all over again—"

Edith was staring at an advertisement which occupied almost half the page:
THE FAMILY THAT CANNOT FORGET!
Once Happy, Now Plunged in Gloom by Haunting Memory of Murdered Aunt
Oh, life was good! Not as sweet as before, Edith knew that the old feeling of peace and security in the bosom of her family was gone, never to return—but good, nevertheless. The only fly in the ointment was Stephen. Poor Stephen! He hardly ever went out. Edith could not remember when she had last seen him smile. His hair was whitening, he was growing old before her eyes. Something must be done about it.

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"Good day, Mrs. Osborne. Won't you sit down? Now, what can I do for you?"

Edith took the advertisement from her handbag and passed it across the desk to him. "I came about this."

Mr. Snaith raised his eyebrows. "You should not print that story."

"No? But I'm afraid we must. We've advertised it all over. Our readers will be looking for it."

"If you print it," said Edith unsteadily, "I shall sue for libel."

"I don't think you will, Mrs. Osborne. We are very careful, you know. Our attorneys have been over every word, and they assure us that the story is free from libel. Would you care to see it? I have a proof here."

From a drawer he took a sheet of paper the size of a newspaper page and placed it before Edith, who looked at it with eyes that grew more and more haggard. It was worse, far worse, than she had feared. It was actually illustrated by pictures of her children from babyhood to their present ages; pictures she had loved and cherished, which no one but close family friends had ever possessed. They must have been obtained from someone to whom she had personally given them in the glowing pride of motherhood.

The text was an intimate study of her family life and touched on things no one but a close friend—or one who had been a close friend—could have known. Suddenly she knew who must have written it. Simon Osborne! The Uncle Simon her children adored. . . .

(To be continued)

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted should be reported to the station without notice to this newspaper.

KMLN—THURSDAY—1360 Kc.
6:30—Milkman Melodies.
7:00—Poplar Variety.
7:30—Musical Service.
8:00—Pastor's Call.
8:15—Melodic Medley.
8:45—Vocal Varieties.
9:00—News.
9:30—Your Neighbor.
10:00—Hits of Seasons Past.
10:15—Hawaii Paradise.
10:30—Musical Service.
10:45—Vocal Parade.
11:15—News.
11:30—Musical Service.
11:45—Williamette Valley Opinions.
12:00—Organalities.
12:15—Musical Service.
12:30—Ella's Orchestra.
1:00—US Army.
1:15—Ella's Encores.
1:30—Grandma Travel.
1:45—Maddox Family and Rose.
2:00—Ella's Encores.
2:15—Carl Leighton, Ballads.
2:30—Crossroads Troubadour.
2:45—Teatime Melodies.
3:00—Popularity Hour.
3:15—Musical Service.
3:30—Tonight's Headlines.
3:45—Serenade of the Strings.
4:00—Interesting Facts.
4:15—Surprise Program.
4:30—Dick Roselle Music.
4:45—Concert Gems.
5:00—News.
5:15—Waltztime.
5:30—Victor Vincent Orchestra.
5:45—Poplar Music.
6:00—News.
6:15—Melody Lane.

KW—THURSDAY—620 Kc.
6:00—Suzette Serenade.
6:30—Trail Blazers.
7:00—Sam Hayes.
7:15—Star of Today.
7:30—Agony of Storm.
7:45—The O'Neill.
8:00—Me and My Shadow.
8:15—Teatime Melodies.
8:30—Between the Bookends.
8:45—Dr. Katz.
9:00—News of All Churches.
9:15—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
9:30—Valiant Lady.
9:45—The World.
10:00—Story of Mary Martin.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—The Younger's Family.
10:45—Vocal Parade.
11:00—Musical Service.
11:15—Stella Dallas.
11:30—Lovers' Songs.
11:45—Young Wilder Brown.
12:00—Old Time.
12:15—Love Journey.
12:30—Musical Service.
12:45—Life On Be Beautiful.
1:00—News.
1:15—Star of Today.
1:30—H. V. Kaiterberg.
1:45—Jack Armstrong.
2:00—Musical Service.
2:15—Caravan.
2:30—Musical Service.
2:45—Fred Waring Pressure Time.
3:00—Coffee Time.

KEX—THURSDAY—1160 Kc.
6:00—Musical Clock.
7:00—Western Agriculture.
7:15—Musical Service.
7:30—Breakfast Club.
8:00—Just Between Friends.
8:15—Musical Service.
8:30—Christian Science Program.
8:45—National Farm and Home.
9:00—Current Events.
9:15—Charmingly We Live.
9:30—Associated Press News.
9:45—Our Half Hour.
10:00—Orphan of Divorce.
10:15—Amanda of Honeyman Hill.
10:30—John's Other Wife.
10:45—Just Plain Bill.
11:00—Musical Service.
11:15—News.
11:30—Market Reports.
11:45—The Quiet Hour.
12:00—Portland on Review.
12:15—Norvatic.
12:30—Irene's Wicker.
12:45—Current Press News.
1:00—Sport Page.
1:15—European News.
1:30—Pat of Gold.
1:45—Tom Mix.
2:00—Bochaster Philharmonic.
2:15—John B. Kennedy.
2:30—Town Meeting.
2:45—News.
3:00—American Challenge.
3:15—Fame and Fortune.
3:30—Ray Adams.
3:45—Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons.
4:00—Ice Hockey Game.
4:15—Ball Game.
4:30—This Moving World.
4:45—Portland Police Reports.
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5:45—Tom Mix.
6:00—Bochaster Philharmonic.
6:15—John B. Kennedy.
6:30—Town Meeting.
6:45—News.
7:00—American Challenge.
7:15—Fame and Fortune.
7:30—Ray Adams.
7:45—Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons.
8:00—Ice Hockey Game.
8:15—Ball Game.
8:30—This Moving World.
8:45—Portland Police Reports.
9:00—Portland on Review.
9:15—Norvatic.
9:30—Irene's Wicker.
9:45—Current Press News.
10:00—Sport Page.
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