

The Oregon Statesman

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

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1940

What happened in 1860? In 1898? In 1914? In 1917? In 1918? In 1929? In 1933? Each of those years is easy to remember.

What happened in 1872? In 1895? In 1905? In 1911? In 1924? In 1935? Unless you are a close student of history, or unless Aunt Minnie broke her arm or you were born or the children had whooping cough in one of those years, they are blanks.

Nineteen forty will never be a blank.

Nineteen forty will stand out as one of the momentous years in all history.

It was an eventful year, one in which red headlines or big black headlines followed one another in close succession. And yet one might even call it, in a sense, a monotonous year. The events were epochal but there was a sameness, or at the very least a unity, about them.

The press associations each December list the "ten biggest stories" of the dying year. The United Press list included: (1) President Roosevelt's reelection, (2) Battle of Britain, (3) Fall of France, (4) Selective service in the United States, (5) German occupation of Norway and the Low Countries, (6) Inclusion of Japan in the axis and Japan's thrust at Indo-China, (7) Italy's fiasco in Greece, (8) Germany's diplomatic offensive in the Balkans, (9) Italy's entrance into the war and (10) the unwritten story, the enigma of Russia.

Looking back over that list, you will agree that the year was in a sense monotonous. Every story—even No. 1, the Roosevelt third term election, was tied up with the war. No. 4, peacetime selective service in the United States, was likewise related to Europe's struggle and it, in turn, drastically affected the lives of millions of Americans.

The war dominated world events. And Adolf Hitler dominated the war. The little dog's tail wagged the little dog and, since the little dog had a firm grip on the big dog's tail, the little dog's tail wagged the big dog. Nineteen forty was the year in which the life of every civilized human being was modified, if not controlled, by Adolf Hitler.

Hitler put a lot of America's unemployed to work and sent a devout minister of the gospel to a federal prison camp. Hitler broke an American tradition of 150 years' standing, made political bed-fellows of Senators Wheeler and Vandenberg, caused an attempt to scuttle the Battleship Oregon and gave a lot of young Americans the opportunity to fly, of which they had hopelessly dreamed. But his impact upon men's minds was even more universal and devastating. In nineteen forty the world danced vigorously but monotonously to Hitler's tune.

What of Nineteen Forty one?

Will this year be a "blank" year comparable to 1915, remembered merely as a year in which the World War droned on indecisively though bloodily; a year in which troops lived and died in trenches, from which Henry Ford failed to extricate them by Christmas?

Or will it be a year in which the fate of the world is settled for decades, if not centuries to come? Will it be a year in which Americans are busy, prosperous and peaceful, serving as the "arsenal of the democracies" or will it be a year in which Americans learn again at first hand the bloody realities of war?

These are not questions glibly to be answered, nor yet are they questions which are solely in the hands of fate.

Nineteen forty one is a new year, a new page in the book of history. The pen that is to write this year's history of Europe is gripped, more or less firmly, by blind destiny and the wills of a handful of men. The pen that will write American history is still controlled to a greater degree, at least, by the combined will of all the people. Keeping that grip on the moving pen will be this people's greatest task.

But what of Nineteen forty one?

"Happy New Year" is our expressed hope and wish for everyone—well, for everyone except those who wilfully refrain from wishing us the same.

We suspect that 1941 will be an eventful year. We know that it will be a precarious year for all mankind and for civilization itself. Beyond that, none may see. The future is not illuminated in the crystal ball nor depicted in the stars. There is only the blackness of the impenetrable veil of time.

Finland Carries On

Finland, in its peace treaty with Russia signed last March, ceded about 14,000 square miles of territory, with the result that its total area was reduced approximately from 148,000 square miles to 134,000. About 450,000 people, formerly resident in the ceded area, moved to other places within the Finnish borders. Altogether the cession cost Finland three cities, Viipuri, Käkisalme and Sortavala, land moderately important for agriculture and stock raising, waters in which a third of the nation's fishing population had earned its livelihood, and about 10 per cent of the Finnish timber resources.

Industrially, the ceded areas contained a large number of exceedingly important mills and factories, most of them devoted to the processing of timber products in the manufacture of lumber, cellulose and paper. The Finnish iron smelting and metal working centers were in the ceded areas, as well as most of the other manufacturing plants of the country. The final blow was loss of important harbors, and the disruption of land and water communications across the lower part of the nation. The total cost to Finland was over 600 million dollars, apart from the expense of the war in money and suffering.

According to an appendix of the Finnish yearbook for 1940-1, the country now faces a four-fold task in economic reconstruction. It must provide for the care of the wounded and sick and orphans in over a half million homes, and at the same time provide for the maintenance of those physically uninjured by the war. It must repair direct damage caused by the war, mend industrial and agricultural equipment destroyed during the brief conflict and lost as a consequence of the peace. Finally it must resettle nearly a half million refugees from the areas occupied by the Russians.

For a nation with a population of less than four million and an area about that of the state of Montana, Finland faces an apparently insuperable task in winning back the balanced and ordered society and economic life to which her citizens were used before the Russian bombers came winging over a year ago. Having once displayed a spirit in battle which ranks with the great tales of Norse heroes in times of legend, however, Finland can hardly fail in the task of reconstruction in which for nine months she has been engaged and which will occupy her for years to come.

A Massachusetts woman lost her upper plate in a patrol wagon back in 1927; the other day she called at police headquarters and reclaimed the teeth. The only puzzle involves the first two years of delay in calling for them. Since 1929, it is easy to understand that her diet included nothing sufficient to require the services of an upper plate.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Two questions: how 1-1-41 is Chemeketa pronounced; and where does the name Oregon come from, and how?

(Continuing from yesterday.)

Two requests have come to this desk, as noted in the heading above. Also the following letter from Paul E. Case, Ridgefield, 261, Connecticut, has been relayed to this desk:

"Chamber of Commerce, Salem, Oregon: Dear Sir: In writing a piece on your state I find that I need an authentic account of the story surrounding the choice of the nickname of the state. I have reference to the name similar to that of our state which is known as the 'Netmeg State.' Can you tell me when the name was first used? Why it was used? By whom first used? Meaning of the name if obscure? Any other interesting anecdotes or facts pertaining to the story, also sources of further material? Whatever you can send will be helpful, I assure you."

Next, let's have the answer to the question about the origin of the name Oregon. It cannot be given, with certainty. There has been great deal of dispute about it. Turning to this column for the issues of Jan. 2-3, 4-5, 1931, one may find an article largely quoted from Bancroft's History of Oregon, beginning with volume 1, page 17, under the heading, "The Name of Oregon," which is pretty good authority, for it is known to have been written by Frances Fuller Victor, who wrote a large part of the Oregon matter for Bancroft, besides a great deal more, including her "Indian Wars of Oregon." Quoting from the Bancroft account:

"In regard to the word Oregon, its significance and origin, will be given what is known. Its first appearance in print was in the book of Jonathan Carver, who therein represents that he heard from the natives in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Mississippi, to which region he penetrated in 1780, of a great river flowing into the great western ocean, and called by them the Oregon, Oregon, or Origan. Nothing is said by Carver of the meaning of the origin of the word. It is doubtful whether Carver understood the natives, or whether they made such a statement, though there may have been some sound or symbol by which or from which to coin the word."

"There could have been no object, apparent to us, for him to misrepresent; he could never have dreamed that this probably meaningless sound, caught up from the wind by his too attentive ear, should ever be applied to the designation of a great, progressive state. From his standpoint, it was as much to his credit to report a great river to which there was no name, as one to which there was a name; or he may have preferred to manufacture a name. We cannot tell. But if it is not necessary that they should have; they can live by that one river one time, and that to them is the river. Or they may apply to it, as to other natural objects, general, local, or descriptive terms; it is common for the town, country, river and tribe to be designated by the name of the chief, which name changing, changes all the rest."

"According to Blanchet in Historical Magazine, II, 335, the lower Chinooks called the Columbia 'yakul-wimaki,' great river, valued for a general and descriptive term, or no name at all. Chief Factor Tolmie, of the Hudson's Bay company, writes: 'Indians have names only for particular localities, and not for rivers. The white people gave the name Wallamet to the whole Wallamet valley and river.'

"When Clark, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, visited the coast about Tillamook Head, he understood the Indians to say that they procured wapato roots by trading their furs over on the Shoaticum of Columbia river. There can be no doubt of Clark's misapprehension of the meaning of the informant, for the word was never heard afterward and it certainly bears no resemblance to the one whose origin we are seeking. With reference to this case, I made special inquiry of an intelligent chief of one of the most intelligent tribes of the region of the upper Columbia, the Nez Perces, living on one of its tributaries, whether it was possible for that stream ever to have had a distinctive appellation by which it was known to any peoples upon it, or about it, or about the headwaters of the Mississippi or Missouri, or any other stream; and he assured me, what I knew before, that it was not possible."

"It is very certain that the word does not belong to any of the several dialects of the territory drained by the Columbia river. In looking for traces of it among those of the country traveled over by Carver, in which the sound is wanting, words must be looked for with the cognate i or other consonant. In the Iroquois language the word wagon, meaning 'all,' is closely related to 'great,' as in kwan and kowanes of the Oneida and Cayuga dialects. It is to be noted here that the Iroquois traveled far and wide with the fur traders."

"In the Algonquin tongue ouagan, according to Mackenzie, signifies 'portage,' while again in Iroquois, according to Schoolcraft, to-o-ga means 'a place of water rocks,' 'a being,' 'water,' 'large' a place, and an abbreviation of 'tar,' 'rock.' 'Gan,' in the Algonquin tongue, is a common ending. In Algonquin, 'gan' signifies 'lake,' being usually, however, combined with other words, as in Sagayigan, the Kikapew, as well as the Algonquin 'gan.'"

(Continued tomorrow)



"Trial Without Jury"

By JAMES RONALD

Chapter 35

There was a knock at the door and Sergeant Feathers put his head into the room.

"Miss Ann Osborne would like to see you, Sheriff."

"Ann Osborne? Hang it all! I can't see her now. Tell her to go home."

"I don't think she'll go, Sheriff. She's very determined."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Black. He looked helplessly at the physician. "Doctor, you've got to help me with this. Telling the child about her father is going to be an awkward job. All right, Feathers. Show her in."

Ann entered like a whirlwind. "I hoped I'd find you here, Doctor," she said in a dry, agonized voice. "I want to know about Mother. Hannah told me you had her removed to the county hospital. I went there but they wouldn't let me see her, wouldn't even tell me anything, except that she's still unconscious. Doctor, will she live?"

"I don't know, my dear. I'm afraid there isn't much hope."

Ann uttered a stricken cry and her face went a sickly white. For a moment the doctor thought that she was going to faint. She turned to Sheriff Black.

"What are you doing with my father?"

Dr. Denham stood up, moistening his lips nervously. He put a hand on the girl's arm.

"Ann, my dear, please be brave. Ann, you've got to be brave. What

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Happy Garden Year to you all! I hope you start it out with plans of improvement. If you make no plans or resolutions, you will have none to break. Likely without any broken plans or resolutions, there are apt to be no accomplishments. People who make no mistakes are usually the people who also make nothing else. I hope we all resolve to be a little more systematic in our garden; plan to make at least some part of it complete. We should each plan at least one permanent (until we change our minds again) improvement for the year.

What most of us need to do is to plan to make a definite garden plan upon which to build not only for 1941 but for the years to follow on.

I know I have a stack of questions piled high upon my desk, but I tried to follow the old Roman custom and this year I decided to be influenced by the Romans were doing. I will try to answer the most urgent ones first and hope you have patience until I get around to all.

Five letters before me are asking for poinsettia care. Please refer back to the Statesman of December 22. My article that Sunday gave quite full particulars but you were likely too busy wrapping packages to read garden articles. Also likely you did not receive your poinsettia until Christmas and therefore were not interested in its care.

E.P.—Got out your blueberries as soon as you can manage the soil in which they are to grow. Until such a time, hill the plants in, covering all roots with damp soil. (If you plant them outside now, there isn't much danger of the soil not being damp.)

T.M.—No, I don't believe your camellia can be much harmed from the recent frost. I had a couple of very lovely blossoms on mine for Christmas day. A few of the flowers, very advanced at the time of the frost, did turn brown and drop off. But remember, we may have some rather severe cold in January. In fact, January, as a rule, is our worst month for cold weather.

and other Indian tongues, is a common ending. In Algonquin, 'gan' signifies 'lake,' being usually, however, combined with other words, as in Sagayigan, the Kikapew, as well as the Algonquin 'gan.'"

I am going to tell you will come as a great shock. You've got to meet it with courage. Ann, your—your—

He could not go on. Ann looked at him with anguished but tearful eyes.

"You are trying to tell me that my father has been arrested for murder. But it's all a mistake, a terrible mistake."

"He has made a statement, Ann," said Sheriff Black quietly. "In which he admits having killed your aunt and—"

"He made it up from beginning to end. Don't you see, he's doing this to protect me?"

"To protect you?" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Ann! You don't know what you're saying!" cried the doctor. Ann laughed harshly.

"Oh, yes, I do. I killed Aunt Octavia. Why did I do that? I see through me from the start, heaven only knows! My story was thin enough. I was so engrossed in my book that murder was done right under my nose and I didn't know it! How could a veteran policeman believe a tale like that for an instant? Why, it's too absurd for words! And yet, you swallowed it, hook, line and sinker!"

"Do you really believe I could have settled down calmly to read in the same room with that awful old woman? After the scene she'd made a few minutes before? Oh, you can't believe that, it's too impossible."

"I did try to read. I wanted to show her how little I cared. But I could not concentrate on the book. I was too cold with hatred. One thought kept recurring in my brain: Aunt Octavia must not be allowed to make the new will. She must never leave the house alive. After a time I put down the book and said, very politely: 'Will you excuse me for a moment?'"

"I meant to go out to the kitchen and find a knife, but I saw Dorothy's scarf lying in the hall and I decided it would do quite as well. I stole back to the living room, on tiptoe, scarcely daring to breathe, I approached from the rear of the chair in which Aunt Octavia was sitting."

Now Ann was sobbing wildly, hysterically. Appalled, Sheriff Black started at her in silence for a time, and then he said: "But this afternoon you were not in the house when your mother—"

"That was not an attempt at murder. I think I can see what happened. Mother knew I killed Aunt Octavia—I told her a few days ago—and the knowledge must have been too much for her. She must have tried to kill herself."

Wheatland Ferry Tied up

WHEATLAND—The Wheatland ferry was tied up Saturday because recent rains had raised the river so that it covered the road leading to the approach, Roy La Follette, ferry tender, reports.

Turner Telephone Company Has Meet

TURNER—The Turner Telephone company held a board meeting Saturday night at the drug store, and made plans for the annual meeting to be held on January 7 at 10:30 a.m. in the high school auditorium. New officers will be elected for the board and other business matters transacted.

The company members contracted to buy telephone wire, knobs and wire stretching equipment at the meeting Saturday night. They recently ordered 50 ft. and 40 ft. cedar telephone poles for use in the repair of the lines.

Present board members are C. A. Bear, president; F. J. Parker, vice president; E. S. Prather, secretary-treasurer; and A. E. Kunke, and R. R. Peets, directors.

Film Romance

Margaret Beach

Daughter of Hal Beach, film producer, actress Margaret Beach, above, has announced her engagement in Hollywood to Geoffrey Steele, vice president of an airplane company and a lieutenant in the British army reserve. They will marry next June.

because she could not bear to live."

"But your father was seen buying the poison bottle! His fingerprints are all over it! He confessed—"

"Do you think father would acknowledge to the world that a mother committed suicide? He would rather a thousand times rather—be hanged!"

(To be continued)

Radio Programs

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

11:15—Paul Carson, Organist.
11:45—Portland Police Reports.
12:00—War News Roundup.

KGW—WEDNESDAY—530 Ks.
6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
6:30—Trail Blazers.
7:00—News.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Stars of Today.
8:15—Tribute to the Storm.
8:30—The O'Neill.
8:45—The Experience.
9:00—Modern Music.
9:15—The Bookends.
9:30—Dr. Katz.
9:45—The Light of the World.
10:00—Story of Mary Martin.
10:15—The Bookends.
10:30—The Light of the World.
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11:00—The Light of the World.
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News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30—Leon Henderson, the price holder-downer of the defense commission, has shipped about 20 per cent off strategic zinc, with nothing in it or no side cooperation. You might say it was done with a telephone call.

Zinc futures had been trending upward for several weeks, finally had reached ten cents a pound where as spot prices were still down around seven or eight cents. Rumors were coming in here that the Japanese were buying for future delivery. Henderson called the board of governors of the New York commodity exchange and asked them to cooperate in investigating. They took the ball and ran down each large purchase of zinc in recent weeks.

What the commodities exchange unearthed in its confidential search, was not the Japanese, but some very bad bookkeeping. The buying on open contracts of futures had apparently been all home side hedging. Metals manufacturers generally buy to protect their purchases of zinc against a price decline while they are manufacturing it with an alloy. Otherwise, they might find their zinc alloy product selling for less than the price of the raw material.

Even so, you might ask how come the futures were so high. So did the board of governors. Their investigators found many cases in which the hedger had sold his futures zinc, but at the warehouse where the zinc was supposed to be stored, the release had not been registered on the books, or the zinc had been bought long since by someone else, or the buyer had died or what not. The blame for the high price of zinc futures seemed to the board to lie with the manner in which books were kept.

Presto, price of futures dropped back to the level spot prices at seven or eight cents. It has remained there the past few days since the report was completed.

Henderson, the price controller, did not have to use publicity, power or pressure. He and his assistants profess to have their fingers still crossed, because it seemed almost too easy. Fact is, it established what can be done with real cooperation in this defense emergency.

At least three officials in three different government departments (who do not want either their names or their departments used) have been heard to say lately that the British should furnish us some accounting of their shipping and they did their finances. In all politeness, if not common fairness, these three American officials experts in the shipping line have been expecting the British to insist on making some showing of need for ships as they did to Mr. Morgenthau for money.

Their expectation is based on the knowledge that the British are still running ships around the world outside the lifeline traffic to Britain. Some go from New York to China, Japan, Manila, Dutch East Indies and the Malay straits and return to New York with tin and rubber. It would be feasible for US ships to replace these and thus release British vessels for the lifeline traffic in the opinion of these officials.

The number of such ships flying the British flag is comparatively small (although significant), but the number operated by the British under charter from the Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, Latvian, Estonian and other governments is larger. Some of these are running between New York

and the east coast of South America. Four Canadian ships are still trading with Hongkong and Australia.

Exact information on the situation has not been available in this government. Until it can be fully produced the feeling will not be expressed in several official quarters that the British are not making the utmost use of the ships available for their war effort.

That well-known new "no foreign war committee," started in New York, is almost entirely the product of the exceptional energy and unselfish interest of one man. While others were talking about the way the William Allen White committee was running off with the show, the nationally known, dynamic Charles R. Lumsden, publisher, Varnes Marshall, decided to do something about it. At the sacrifice of his personal business, he packed his bag, lured his wife away from their home and large family to act as his secretary, and went around the country trying to interest people in his proposal. If you can think of a more difficult self-assignment, you must name it. The World War veteran met many turn-downs from those who shared his views but were less courageous in facing an active public movement for what they believed was right. But Marshall found support.

After some weeks of this purely personal effort, he was able to announce the formation of his group with the unusual declaration that not a cent had been put into its initial organization by anyone excepting himself.

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The Safety Valve

From Statesman Readers

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

To the Editor: In the Saturday issue of your paper appears a cartoon under the caption, "Little Man, What Now?"

I wish to congratulate the artist, whoever he or she may be for depicting what we consider the clearest picture of the present events which are taking place in our own country.

The candle of 1940 has withered and gone, only a vaporous haze remains; the artist with the perspicacity of a seer depicts the first offender as "Bigotry." Now, bigotry is defined as "A Blind Zealot."

Due to the blindness of our "bigotists" in high places, we have had the added accumulations of "hatred" as depicted in this sketch.

Now we come to "Famine" and we note the one who holds the scythe. A skeleton, devoid of all flesh, and holding across his shoulder the scythe of old Father Time. This must mean that the length of time the world must put up with the things is unlimited. Even the very expression of the face of the skeleton (if a skeleton can be credited with expression) is one of carelessness and defiance. Many of us are very much aware that the products of bigotry, hatred, etc. lead direct to the carelessness, indifference, oppression and prevaricate attitude on the part of those we trust and depend upon to run our welfare. But, due to the truth which is so plain on every side, even under their very noses. Why? Ask Al Capone; he could tell you in fewer words than I can.

The fourth and last figure represented in this very truthful if hazy and vaporous design is the one "War." That hellion from Mars. Fat with all the accumulations.

(Continued on page 5)