

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Aw"

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Senator Wheeler's Eight Points

Maybe in Montana you can solve serious problems by just forgetting they ever existed. Maybe when somebody rustles your cattle there, or jumps your claim, you just go back to the time when you didn't have any cattle and he was living in Tennessee, or when ore was too cheap to mine and he was fighting in the Civil war, and just forget that anything subsequent ever happened. Maybe there you can make being an ostrich a way of life, and like it. Maybe you can.

Most probably you can't, even in Montana, much less the world. Sometime, even if you are a senator from a mining state as Senator Wheeler is, you have to face certain realities and agree that they're not as simple as they look. And when you do that, whether you're Senator Wheeler or not, you have to begin solving them as they stand, without trying to go back to a fanciful beginning that never was, and which would have led irrevocably to the same problem even if it had existed.

Take Senator Wheeler's Eight Points on the basis of which he proposes to settle, in a month or two of arbitration at a diplomatic council table most of the problems which have bedeviled western political civilization since the day when Louis XI of France helped stick a pignard in the ribs of the Duke of Burgundy and thus helped found the system of independent, sovereign, national states which we have known in our time and our grandfathers' grandfathers in theirs.

It sounds simple. You reconstitute Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark. You restore Alsace-Lorraine to France; you give back colonies to Germany; you internationalize the Suez; you "protect" racial minorities—(what, for the love of heaven, has Hitler been doing since 1933 in central Europe?); you forget about indemnities or reparations, whatever, in this day of 1940, they are; and you all subscribe to some mystic doctrine of "arms limitation" about which diplomats become plati-tudinous and generals frankly scornful. You might as well say "abacadabra, hey nonny nonny" and expect the good fairy to take you into never-never land on a sightseeing tour. You might, but if you think that way, you're already there.

Need we be so obvious as to say that Senator Wheeler blandly ignores virtually every single political reality which has emerged since 1919? The fact that the mere creation of autonomous, national states in Europe doesn't solve any problems, and makes a number already existing more insoluble than ever? That the German people have given up butter for eight long years to make the revisions in the map of Europe which Senator Wheeler asks them graciously to give up in an hour or two of tea-table chatting? That the mere redistribution of chips on the international playing board will make a gnat's-weight of difference so long as Hitler is Hitler, Stalin Stalin, and the democracies the democracies? That Hitler or anybody else actually believes any label so ingenious as "arms limitation" can succeed when the Zeitgeist of the century is very patently dog eat dog?

To say that Senator Wheeler's program for peace is, at this juncture, both impractical and useless is to belabor the obvious. To say that it is stupid is somewhat nearer the point.

Longest Congressional Session

There was a big fire just down the street and the fire engines kept clanging past with bells and sirens going, so that the pupils couldn't concentrate on their work. In desperation, the teacher dismissed the social science class and announced that arithmetic would come next. By devising a problem dealing with the probable loss in the nearby fire, she managed to build up enough interest so that the arithmetic class went fairly well.

Then there was a blaring of trumpets and a circus parade came past, with its ponderous elephants and its cute little donkeys, and though it was time for the grammar lesson, the teacher couldn't figure out a way to translate interest in the clowns into an exercise in the use of the subjunctive. And besides, the teacher seemed more interested in the parade than in the work at hand.

When it was time to dismiss school for the day a howling blizzard had developed and they decided to remain in the schoolhouse until it was all over. The blizzard raged until almost time for school to take up next morning; but during the night the pupils slept and failed to make up for the time lost in regular school hours.

That is about the way things have gone in the "longest congressional session on record." First the war, then the political campaign, then more war. Congress didn't dare go home; it marked time after the normal date for adjournment. Previously it had been able to concentrate only upon its arithmetic lesson; appropriations for defense and a partial solution of the taxation problem thus created.

There was neither leadership nor the heart for facing the domestic issues that were unsolved when congress convened; they remained unsolved through the "post session" and will be handed over in the same condition to the new congress. The members are not, however, to be censured. They functioned under difficult conditions in a changing world, with their eyes, like those of most private citizens, on Europe—with the difference that as the people's representatives, it really was their business to keep watch.

Fables

Once upon a time there was a farmer whose dog, which for years had faithfully tended the sheep, had died. The farmer advertised for a new dog, offering in compensation for the dog's services a warm kennel rent-free and plenty of meat and dog-biscuits.

But the first applicant was a strange dog, not of that neighborhood; seemingly a very intelligent animal. He said he had tended sheep before. And he offered to do the work without cost to the farmer, saying that he was "interested in sheep." He said he was able to house and feed himself, and promised that if he got the job, the farmer would not have to worry about his sheep.

The farmer hired the dog and presently the dog's promise was fulfilled. The farmer no longer had any sheep to worry about.

Once upon a time there was a theatre proprietor who advertised for a cashier. The first applicant was a young woman who had just come to town. She offered to work without salary, explaining that she was "interested in handling money" and was able to pay her own living expenses.

She got the job and proved to be very efficient. But the theatre proprietor sometimes wondered how she could afford to live in an expensive apartment and drive to work in a Cadillac.

Gus Anderson

There can be little doubt that hardship and exposure suffered as a survivor of the Athens disaster shortened the life of Gus Anderson, one of the most unusual personalities to which Salem could lay claim.

Gus Anderson always managed to be unique. He got into college without the proper high school credentials and for reasons sufficient unto himself, remained an "under-graduate" for considerably longer than the normal period. As a world traveler, he likewise managed to get into places and situations that no one else could match. His genius in that respect endured through the Athens episode; though part of it is shrouded in official secrecy, his testimony on

Bits for Breakfast

By E. J. HENDRICKS

Two questions: how is Chemetka pronounced? and where does the name Oregon come from, and how?

(Continuing from yesterday.) Quoting Mr. Victor still: "There is a heavy industry in Carver's statements whether or not he intended to deceive, common to discoverers and geographers of that day. On his map he has the 'Heads of the Origin' put down in latitude 47 degrees, longitude 97, and in the immediate vicinity of the headwaters of the upper Mississippi. Meantime, and doubtless while his map was being engraved, he received reports of the discoveries and movements of the Russians in the Pacific, who had been active during the years intervening between 1766 and 1773, the latter being the date of publication of Carver's book in London. On a map of 1768 by Jefferson the name River of the West 'according to the Russian maps' is shown. In the very year of the publication of Carver's narrative Cook was making his famous voyage along the north-west coast, and a general interest was felt among the maritime powers as to the results of any expedition of discovery. Enough had come to Carver's ears to make him place in the text of his book, though it was too much trouble to do so on the map, the sources of the Origin, rather than to add to his imaginary stream the secondary name of River of the West.

"The assertion that four of the great rivers of the continent rise within 30 miles of each other, though pointing toward truth, was merely speculative. It was the fashion in those days to array speculation in positive forms. Also, when he said, 'This shows that these parts are the highest land in North America,' he meant those lands where he was, about the head of the Mississippi; therefore, any such river as the Oregon, rather than the one in that neighborhood. The partial discovery of the Russians and other rumors, led him to identify it with the River of the West; and discovery made subsequently that there is a point on the continent where three great rivers flow together gave a weight to the former supposition that it did not merit.

"The first American writer, after Carver, to make use of the word Oregon seems to have been the poet Bryant, in 1817. Struck by the name of the river as suggested to his youthful mind by reading Carver's narrative, and knowing just enough of the country, from reports of ship masters and rumors of the hasty government expedition of 1804-5, to fire his imagination, he seized upon the word 'Oregon' as his mate, and in his Thanatopsis made that word immortal. The popularity of Bryant's verse at home and abroad fixed it in the public mind. 'Its adoption as the name of the territory drained by the River Oregon'—I am inclined to ascribe to the man who said it, Hall J. Kelley, the evidence being in his favor, and no adverse claimant appearing. As stated in his History of the Settlement of Oregon, he was the first to make that application familiar to the public mind in his previous writings, and corrected to the country was known as the 'North-West Territory,' 'Columbia River,' or 'River Oregon.'

"About the time that Kelley was writing to establish a company for Oregon and importuning congress and the cabinet members for aid, there are frequent allusions to the subject in Niles' Register, xl, 497, xl, 235, and xl, 82 and 388. He, too, was looking for its origin, and says: 'Oregon, the Indian name of the river, was traced by me to a large river called Orjion in Chinese Tartary, whose latitude corresponds with that of Oregon in America. The word Kiliamucks, the name of the tribe a little south of the outlet of the Oregon, was also traced to a people called Kilmucks, who lived near the mouth of the Orjan in Asia.'

"This coincidence, however, does not account for the manner in which Carver obtained it; for he did not obtain it upon the shores of the Pacific, but about the headwaters of the Mississippi. Kelley in his anxiety to prove his assertions, states, without other evidence than a reference to the 'Marine Archives of Madrid,' that Cuadra, a Spanish captain in the service of the viceroy of Mexico in 1792, and who in that year was at Nookia with Captain Vancouver of the British exploring squadron, and Captains Gray and Ingraham of the American trading fleet in the Pacific, called this river Oregon. This reference to a manuscript in the archives of the British government is a mere play, as neither Kelley or his readers could have had access to it without journeying across the Atlantic, and it is extremely doubtful if he had ever seen anything like it; though he may have believed, in the confused state of his intellect, that such had been communicated to him.

"In another place he remarks: 'After surveying the mouth of the Columbia I supposed the word Oregon to be of Portuguese derivation—Oregon, a fort. It seemed an appropriate name, the entrance covered a river, the Fraser, which he hoped and believed was the Columbia, and which in his narrative he called by that name, alternately using 'Tachoutche-Tesse' and 'Great River' in his book; and having 'Tachoutche-Tesse' or 'Columbia River,' engraved on his map. But that Mackenzie calls any river the Origan, or Oregon, is not true.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Women Aid Defense; Help Build Plane Wings



These feminine workers (left) are sewing fabric on trailing edge of plane wings, one of the few jobs done by women at the Boeing Aircraft plant in Seattle. The wing is for Clipper planes of the type sold to Great Britain by Pan American Airways.

"Trial Without Jury"

By JAMES RONALD

CHAPTER 26

The deaf telephone rang sharply. Sheriff Black lifted the receiver.

"Yes? Who? What does he want? Oh, all right, send him in."

Black replaced the receiver and frowned at the inspector. "Simon Osborne," he said. "Now what can he want?"

In a few moments Simon entered the room, lay once in his life, his bearing was far from jaunty. All the bounce, the brag-docio, the unabashed swag that usually distinguished him were missing. His unhappy face lengthened when he saw that Stephen and Ann were present.

"I—I am ashamed to face you, Stephen," he stammered. "This—this ghastly affair is all my fault. I could have prevented it. Until the end of my life I shall blame myself for not preventing it. Oh, I'm a worthless old scamp, Stephen, but, believe me, if I'd only foreseen what would happen, I should have spoken out long ago. Tell me, will Edith live?"

Stephen nodded dully. "Thank God, if she'd died, it would have been my fault."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Sheriff Black demanded.

"The editor of the Evening World told me of Edith's visit to him. He told me what he said to her. When I read in last night's paper that she had been found dying from poison, I realized instantly what had happened. She left a note, I suppose, confessing to Octavia's murder?"

"I have it here," said the sheriff, "but—"

"Yes, that is what she would do. That was Edith. The editor told her that there would never be any peace for her family as long as the murder remained unexplained. Edith loved her children. For them, no sacrifice was too great. So she wrote her supposition and tried to end her life. If I had only foreseen that this would happen—"

"Yes!" said the sheriff, his voice growing suddenly cold. "You had foreseen it, what would you have done?"

"I should have revealed the identity of the person who really murdered Octavia."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Almost as soon as I heard the details of the case, I knew who did it. It was so obvious. There was only one person who could have done it. Edith? Stephen? Never! Neither of those two loving parents would have murdered Octavia and left their daughter in the room with the body. They neither have admitted her to the ordeal of looking up and seeing a murdered corpse a few feet from where she sat. Nor would Hannah Gale, oh, Hannah could kill, but not like that. She loves the children almost as dearly as Edith does."

"Ann? No, not Ann. She would not have committed the murder with Dorothy's scarf. Ann's too loyal for that. And her whole temperament would be opposed to murder by stratagems. Dorothy? She's too gentle for murder; in her, the capacity to hurt is wholly lacking. Young Mike could have done it, but not with a scarf—not with Dorothy's scarf. Peter? Marjory? Not they! Why should they kill Octavia? For her money? Rubbish! They don't know what money is. To them five dollars is as much as five hundred."

"In another place he remarks: 'After surveying the mouth of the Columbia I supposed the word Oregon to be of Portuguese derivation—Oregon, a fort. It seemed an appropriate name, the entrance covered a river, the Fraser, which he hoped and believed was the Columbia, and which in his narrative he called by that name, alternately using 'Tachoutche-Tesse' and 'Great River' in his book; and having 'Tachoutche-Tesse' or 'Columbia River,' engraved on his map. But that Mackenzie calls any river the Origan, or Oregon, is not true."

"That matter is believed to have been even more sensational than news dispatches disclosed it to be. He could sing a clear 'High C' and his Willamette University associates called him 'Gloomy Gus' because he was cheerful in the face of every sort of adversity. His death was untimely but his life had been packed full of enjoyment and adventure.

as a million. Oh, the identity of the murderer was obvious."

"Why didn't you reveal it immediately?"

"I thought I was being clever," said Simon pathetically. "You see, I'm writing a book about the case, and will call it 'Murder in The Family.' I wanted to keep the identity of the murderer to myself until the book was finished. I thought that to publicly announce my solution—simultaneously with the publication of the book—would be a magnificent publicity stunt."

Simon paused, crossed the room, and opened the door.

"Come in," he said.

Miss Mimms came in. During the past months she had aged almost out of recognition. The thin, sallow face was now pitifully emaciated and yellow. She was still dressed in her usual drab clothing. Timidly she blinked about her. When she saw Stephen and Ann her eyes filled with tears. She made an uncertain move toward them, but changed her mind and wearily seated herself on the edge of a chair which Simon brought forward for her.

"You!" cried Sheriff Black, aghast. "You killed Octavia Osborne?"

"I did," she said firmly; although it was only by a supreme effort that she kept her voice from trembling.

"But why? What possible motive had you?"

"I killed her because in this new will she was going to leave me one thousand dollars a year for life."

"But the will had not been made. By killing her when you did, you prevented her from making it. You robbed yourself of the legacy."

"The legacy..." Miss Mimms smiled, ever so faintly. "That was only a joke on Miss Osborne's part. A very cruel joke. You see, I have a growth. It cannot be cured. In July my doctor warned me that I had not longer than six months to live. Miss Osborne knew that. It must have amused her to tease me with a legacy I could not possibly live to enjoy."

"Good grief!" breathed the sheriff.

"It was cruel of her, wasn't it? But she was like that, you know. I lied to you when you questioned me immediately after the murder. I said she was kind to me. She never was. She was cruel, terribly cruel. But I didn't dare let you see how much I hated her. Making other people suffer was the only real enjoyment she got out of life. She used to treat me like a slave. I never had a minute I could call my own."

"You'd have thought, wouldn't you, that she'd be a little easier on me after she knew that I was dying? But no. When I was worn with fatigue I would have to sit up half the night bathing her forehead, or reading to her. It was a pain when she was cruel. I was not looking at her without a squint sideways at me with a malevolent smirk on her face, positively gloating over my suffering."

"She was a terrible woman. Hard. Bitter. Wicked. I might have forgiven all that. But this final ghastly joke at my expense I could not forgive."

"Five thousand a year for life—and she knew that I was dying on my feet! When I was told, her appalling brutality made me faint and Hannah took me upstairs and made me lie down. I lay there for a long time, thinking... thinking. At half past three Hannah called me and I went down stairs."

"I noticed a beautiful silk scarf lying on a chair in the hall. I love beautiful things, although I have possessed very few. I took it down and fondled it. There were oily smears on the delicate fabric. That was a wicked shame. I wondered whether I could get the stains out with a little bottle of stuff I always carried. I was still holding the scarf in my hand when I looked through the open living room door and saw my employer sitting there."

"There she sat. Full of her own importance. Puffed up with pride. Cruel. Her head fiercely erect, her back as stiff as a poker. I did not notice Miss Ann. Had a hundred people been in the room, I should have had eyes only for Miss Octavia."

"Then and there I decided. I crept to the back of her chair and looped the scarf about her neck. I crossed the ends and pulled them tight with a strength I never knew I had. I expected her to struggle; I was bracing myself to hang on, but she did not struggle. She gave one little jump, that was all. Before I knew it, she was dead."

"You wouldn't have thought she'd die as easily as that, would you? So strong, so fierce, yet she died without a struggle."

"Then in a flash I realized what I had done. I screamed! I could not let Miss Ann start up and I noticed her for the first time. I thought she must know I had done it. But she didn't. The others came running in, but no one seemed to think for a moment that it might have been me."

"At first I thought I'd give myself up, but I could not bring myself to do it. I had only a few months at most to live. No, I decided to do that only if one of the Osbornes was arrested for the murder. Then it would be my duty to confess. I see now," she sighed—"that it was my duty to confess at the beginning. I am sorry, bitterly sorry."

After Miss Mimms had finished speaking there was a long silence. The others stared in stunned bewilderment at this meek little woman in drab grey, who sat submissively with her gloved hands folded on her lap. Miss Mimms smiled faintly.

"Please do not look so concerned, all of you," she said apologetically. "I am not going to hang."

THE END.

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British Aircraft Strike at Bremen

LONDON, Jan. 2.—(P)—The British air force last night "heavily attacked targets at Bremen, Germany, and invasion ports in Germany-occupied territory," an official announcement said today.

The government acknowledged at the same time that German night raiders, attacking "widely separated districts in England and Wales," killed a small number of persons in London and elsewhere.

Some houses were damaged, it added.

KZM-1940 Ea.

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- 6:45—Saxophone Serenade.
- 7:00—News.
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- 3:00—Poplite Music.
- 3:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 3:30—Poplite Music.
- 3:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 4:00—Poplite Music.
- 4:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 4:30—Poplite Music.
- 4:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 5:00—Poplite Music.
- 5:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 5:30—Poplite Music.
- 5:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 6:00—Poplite Music.
- 6:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 6:30—Poplite Music.
- 6:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 7:00—Poplite Music.
- 7:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 7:30—Poplite Music.
- 7:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 8:00—Poplite Music.
- 8:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 8:30—Poplite Music.
- 8:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 9:00—Poplite Music.
- 9:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 9:30—Poplite Music.
- 9:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 10:00—Poplite Music.
- 10:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 10:30—Poplite Music.
- 10:45—Hills and Escarpments.
- 11:00—Poplite Music.
- 11:15—Hills and Escarpments.
- 11:3