

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1891

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Ship of State on New Voyage

The holidays, the honeymoon, the lame duck days are ended; on Monday the whistles will blow and the various ships of state, national and local, will set out on new voyages. Sailing of the Oregon ship of state will be delayed a week but preparations for its departure will be under way. Likewise the president will not sail officially on his unprecedented "third voyage" for several weeks, but on Monday he will lift the anchor of the national ship of state by reporting to congress on the "state of the union." And if, as was the case a year ago, he devotes all his attention to the ship's course—foreign relations—and none to internal, domestic affairs, it will be more appropriate than it was then.

With the route, the rocks and the winds to be encountered all unpredictable, governments and lawmaking bodies will have their hands full with the primary task of avoiding shipwreck and will have little attention to spare for the comfort and entertainment of the passengers. Saving their lives will be the main consideration, and the passengers should be duly grateful for that, not complain of the bumpiness of their berths.

It goes without saying that such a time as this is not the time for needless experimentation. Ingenuity will have its tinning often enough, in emergencies which cannot be solved by pre-tested methods. Nor will there be opportunity for social experimentation, for conditions will be rapidly changing and unpredictable. Federal lawmaking and to a degree state lawmaking in the last decade has been based upon a stagnant economy in which the somewhat uniform plights of individuals—unemployed and unemployable—were society's chief concern. The nation has built statutory furniture to fit such a condition. The real need today, if lawmakers would but see clearly, may be the hacking away of much of that furniture in order that the crew may operate efficiently at the task of national self-preservation. But there is little hope that the upholstery will be removed, even though the varnish may be scratched.

At any rate there is no time for building new furniture, and no way of telling what furniture would be appropriate if there were time to build it. Some faction may think the ship of state ought to have a new ventilating system, when the chances are that the windows will all be blown out and there will be too much fresh air.

That applies specifically here in Oregon to the proposed liberalizing of unemployment compensation at a time when unemployment seems about to be extinguished; it may apply to other social legislation likely to appear. Even more probably, it will apply to any proposals for taxation reform. Oregon's tax system may be in need of remodeling, but how can that be done with assurance when federal taxation formulae are likewise in a volatile state and no one may predict their eventual shape?

In governmental voyaging this is not a time for shuffleboard, rolling in deck chairs or even holystoning. Even a little untidiness will have to be borne with while the crew mends the rigging and the helm.

Another Special Representative

The British journalists, one imagines, will raise their eyebrows a fraction of an inch when they come to writing brief political biographies of Mr. Harry Hopkins, the president's personal representative in their country for the next two weeks.

They will find that he is, in the first place, a professional social worker. They will learn that he first sold the president on the idea of vast work projects, and was afterwards administrator of the WPA during the depression years. They will write that he was temporarily secretary of commerce, and that after resigning that post he was installed as librarian of the president's personal records at Hyde Park. They will discover that he is a reformer of the most unyielding sort, and that he has not had any diplomatic experience. They will find in him, for better or worse, the perfect prototype of the genus New Dealer.

One need not say that Mr. Hopkins' previous experience and training in social and political affairs is necessarily a handicap to him in serving his friend and patron, Franklin Roosevelt, as special envoy in London during the greatest crisis in that city's age-long history. One can merely say that it is an unconventional background, to say the least, and that the British are not used to having social workers sent to them as ambassadors, however unofficial. The press abroad will probably refer to him, quite rightly, as "one of the intimate group close to the president who ardently supported the program of vast governmental expenditures during the depression years," and then prepare to await results with politeness and with crossed fingers.

Indeed, they are likely to wonder along with most Americans, why President Roosevelt, at a time which he before all men recognizes as the most fateful period in the history of democratic civilization, should not send a fully accredited ambassadorial envoy to Great Britain, but instead should rely on a series of special representatives whose duties and privileges are equally vague. The British have already shown Sumner Welles and Colonel William Donovan around their defense establishment without particular consequences, and they, together with Americans, must wonder how long this sort of thing must continue, with a new man every few months. After paying the United States the implied compliment of sending their minister of foreign affairs here as ambassador, they have a right to expect in return something more than the personal offices of Mr. Harry Hopkins, spender extraordinary, and the sinister utterances of Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, still nominally ambassador to the court of St. James. So, to tell the truth, do Americans.

Count Luckner Sails Again

Almost everyone with a taste for suspense has read, at one time or another, Lowell Thomas' retelling of the exploits of Count Felix von Luckner, master of the decoy ship "Seeadler" sent out in the last war to prey on British commerce by the high command of the imperial German navy.

The readers of "Count Luckner, The Sea Devil" remember with enthusiasm the grey Christmas day when Luckner and his ship were hailed by a British man-o-war far off the Scottish coast, and ordered to heave to for inspection. They remember the suspense of waiting for a message, and the relief of Luckner and his crew when word was unaccountably flashed from the Britisher permitting them to proceed.

They remember the victories of the "Seeadler": how Luckner and his men could change the appearance of their ship overnight by repainting her plates and adding or subtracting false deck houses and funnels. They remember the splendid surprise, reminiscent of the British themselves on the Spanish Main, when Luckner's ship, at close quarters with some British craft, would suddenly run up the ensign of the high seas fleet, pull down its bulkheads and reveal its heavy armament before a non-plussed enemy.

They remember the camaraderie of Luckner with his prisoners; the capture of extensive stores of liquors and other luxuries on which the crew of the German vessel, long at sea, regaled themselves; they remember the moment off the Falklands when Luckner stopped his ship to pay tribute to the fleet of Admiral Graf Spee which had fallen victim to the British in those South Atlantic waters a year before. They recall the final crackup of the "Seeadler" when she was caught in a Fiji hurricane and wrecked.

All these tales of high adventure well told come back in an exciting flood with the news that Luckner has again gone to sea to prey on British commerce from Trondheim to the Straits of Malacca and back again. But this time, in the year

Bits for Breakfast

By E. J. HENDRICKS

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

(Continuing from yesterday:) Still quoting Elliott: "Carver was an engineer and draughtsman and, as such, was one of four men selected by Rogers to undertake a journey of exploration in search of a northwest passage to the Pacific ocean. In his book Carver says the name Oregon was communicated to him by the Indians during his travels, but it has been found that in slightly different form it was contained in the instructions given to these men by Rogers."

(Elliott shows, in another article (Oregon Historical Quarterly of 1923, page 66, that Rogers called it the "great river Oregon" that falls into the Pacific ocean about latitude 50°.) (The writer will note that Rogers was far off in his idea of the latitude.)

"The plan," continued Elliott, "for this organized adventure into the west originated with Rogers himself. At London, in 1855, he had petitioned the King's Privy Council for permission to support for such an expedition under his own leadership."

"The petition was refused, but, as a political alternative, he was appointed to the command of Mackinac, subject to the supervision of General Thomas Gage and Sir William Johnson, his superior officers in America. Unable to engage personally in the enterprise, he employed others in his stead. The period immediately following the acquisition of Canada by the English was one of great interest in their new territory. The fur trade carried on from Albany, Montreal, Detroit and Mackinac was lucrative and naturally attracted the attention of the British government. The petition already mentioned read in part as follows:

"Major Rogers thinks it his duty to represent that he has been very attentive to, and prosecuted with the utmost assiduity every inquiry in his power in reference to the real existence of the northwest passage in consequence of which he has attained a moral certainty that such a passage there really is. For this purpose he employed at his own expense certain Indians to explore the Great Lakes towards the heads of the Mississippi, and the northern ocean; and in regard to the latter he has received such lights as he thinks cannot possibly deceive him. The route Major Rogers proposes to take is from the Great Lakes towards the heads of the Mississippi, and thence to the river called by the Indians Ouragon, which flows into a bay that projects northwardly in the (?) from the Pacific ocean, and there to explore said bay and its outlets, and also the western margin of the continent, as such a northern latitude as shall be thought necessary."

"The career of Rogers offers interesting details, but these remarks are concerned only with his opportunities to obtain information about a river flowing into the Pacific and called, he said, by the Indians the Ouragon. "This was the mysterious 'River of the West' of that period, usually associated with the Columbia but possibly with the Fraser. The statements in his petition are highly colored in favor of the enterprise, and the petitioner. Conditions then rendered impossible his employment of any Indians to travel to the mouth of the source of either of the above rivers, even had his private affairs permitted such employment. Rogers, before 1765, had been as far west only as Detroit (in 1760 and 1763), when on strenuous military service and under strict orders which forbade personal trading with the Indians.

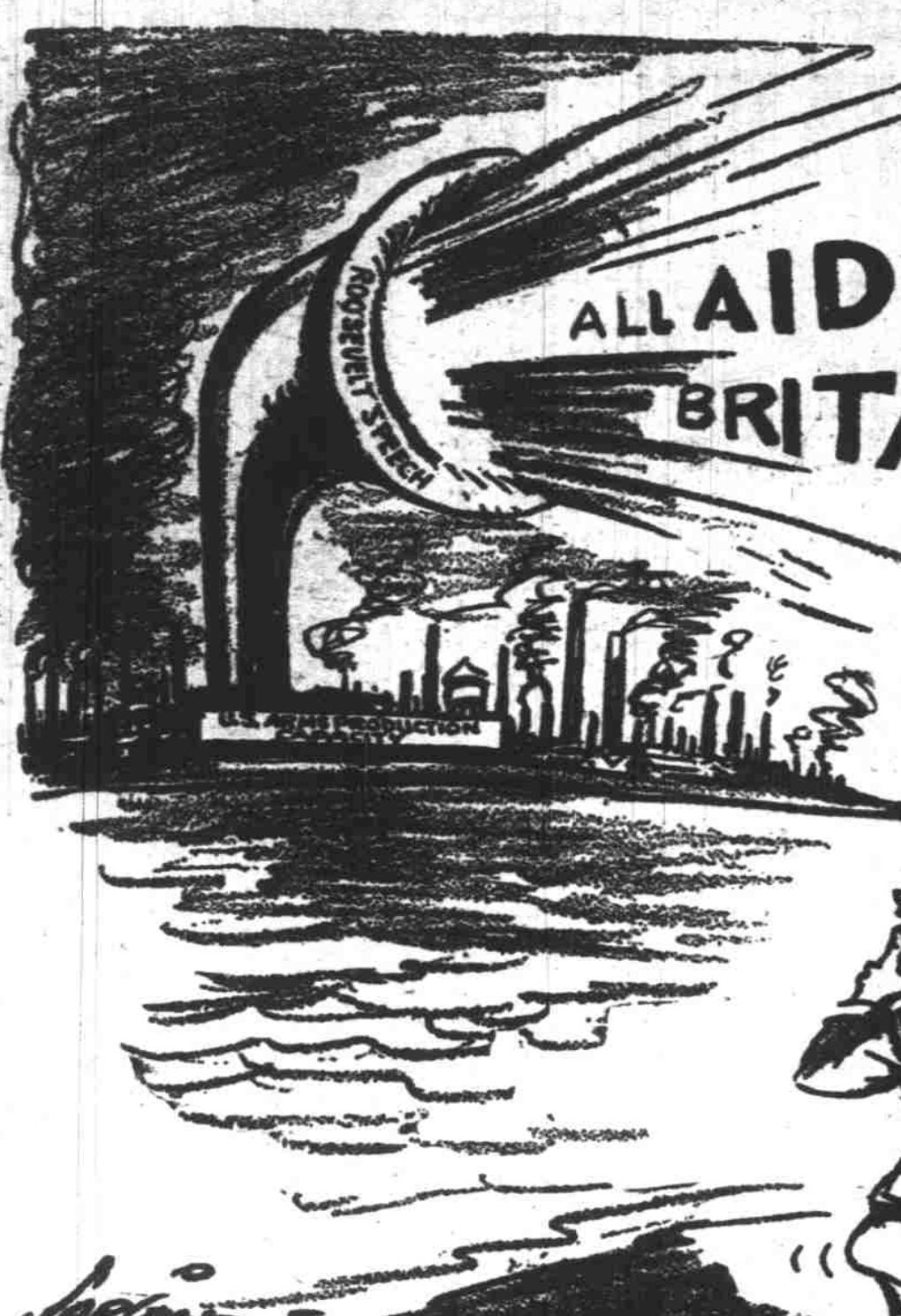
"Under English control, the fur trade west of Mackinac had only to be organized. The French were the explorers and traders in the west and had already pushed their rather limited business as far as a certain Port d'la Prairie, located somewhere on the waters of the Saskatchewan above the fork of that river. The French traders employed Indians, full-blood and half-blood, as voyageurs and hunters, of the Iroquois and Algonquin families. French was the language of the fur trade, then and for long years afterward. Adventure and news of the frontier were common topics of conversation at the mess-tables of the British officers, and individual contacts with traders and returning servants were possible.

"The name Ouragon as a geographic designation is distinctly obscure. It does not appear on any map, as far as yet known. Opinions as to how Major Robert Rogers obtained or came to use it lie entirely in the field of conjecture. Four theories are advanced, from which the student can choose, or to which he can add.

"The first is that Rogers invented it. This theory may be dismissed as unlikely because unnecessary.

"A second is that it is an Indian word used by a tribe residing north of Lake Superior to designate a bark plate or platter. It is said that a French priest who labored in the tribe mentioned the name in a letter or journal. The tribe was of the Algonquin family in whose language the letter R is usual. The word does not appear in the vocabularies of

Speaking of "Mike Fright"



Wotan's Wedge

By Francis Gerard
A Prelude to Blitzkrieg

SYNOPSIS

Years before the Hindenburg Line collapsed in '18 and Hitler toured over Europe at Munich in '38 the White Hussars—favorite regiment of Frederick the Great—were holding their annual "Kings' banquet in their 'kosmopolite headquarters at Koenigsberg, East Prussia. This glass-smashing soldier-celebration was to lead to a tragic aftermath immediately and to many memorable dramas in the years to come. . . . right up unto the days when bombers and U-boats flare Scapa Flow and other war zones into current headlines. But the time now is December 28, 1900.

Chapter 2

When the officers reached their places at the table they stood each behind his chair staring rigidly at his front until their colonel should have entered alone, and taken his place at the head of the table. "Gentlemen, you may be seated," said their commanding officer when he had sat down beside the empty place on his right which was invariably laid in memory of Frederick the Great.

At the foot of the long table sat Prince Max von Wallenfels, at that time barely 21. Though of towering height, his magnificent figure was in proportion; his blue and young beauty was reminiscent of one of the early German gods. His fair hair was cropped short. Beneath one well marked eyebrow, a rimless monocle was embedded so as to seem almost a part of him. His eyes were a frozen blue. Heidelberg had left its mark upon him in the little sign scar upon his right cheek.

Though the youngest officer present, Prince Max could trace his ancestry further than any of them. . . . so far back in fact, that the family historian had evolved a complicated, god-like pedigree wherein Wallenfels could claim descent from Wotan himself. . . . When Under-Officer Schweiber, himself, had lovingly charged the colonel's own glass from a bottle of the White Hussars' famous vintage of Steinberg Kabinett, the colonel glanced down the table and caught Prince Max's eye.

Immediately the young man rose to his tremendous height, took up his own glass by its long stem, stood rigidly at attention, waited a moment for complete silence, and gave the toast: "Der Konig!"

The other officers rose to their feet as one man. Mess-servants stood rigidly at attention. Then, with one voice, the officers roared: "Der Konig!" and drank to the memory of Frederick the Great.

With one gesture, they tossed the glasses over their shoulders to crash in smithereens upon the parquet floor.

Once more glasses were charged with liquid gold and once more the Christeneaux (Greeks) or of the Sioux or of the other tribes of the plains. How or why this symbol of the famous Wallenfels family in this novel; the wedge was tattooed on the forehead of all its males.

young Max of Wallenfels gave his fellow officers the toast of Der Kaiser! It is to be noted that there was no breaking of glasses in honor of their actual emperor.

When the debris of the broken glass had been removed by Schweiber's underlings, the officers relaxed. Some of the juniors even ventured to bang on the table with their fists and call loudly for Bucephalus. Bucephalus was the colonel's charger. Bucephalus was always the colonel's charger. There had been many of them since 1741, but the successive thoroughbreds which carried the White Hussars' commanding officer invariably bore the same name. Bucephalus had been the name of the Great Frederick's favorite horse upon which, upon a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, the famous warrior had actually ridden into the Hussar mess.

The colonel nodded, smiling, and the great doors were jerked open. An orderly, in magnificent regimentals entered, leading the colonel's horse in all its trappings, including the great bold-hilted silver-sheathed cavalry sabre which hung in the frog upon the near side of the saddle.

Bucephalus stamped in, rolling a knowing eye towards the table, for he had taken part in this unofficial ritual before and knew that he would be allowed to gorge himself with hothouse grapes pressed upon him by delighted members of the mess.

When the charger had once more been led out blowing demurely through distended nostrils and the heavier for the better part of three pounds of grapes, cigars were lit and the mess prepared to listen to a concert by the regimental band.

It was at this moment that Under-Officer Schweiber approached the senior major and stood at attention at his side. All present realized that there was a message for their colonel, but the adjutant knew that no mess-servant address him directly. All messages had to be relayed through the second in command.

"What is it, Under-Officer?" asked the major, looking up.

"If it please the Herr Major," barked Schweiber standing like a ramrod and staring over the other's head, "There is a messenger outside. He is from His Excellency from Wallenfels."

Max, at the other end of the table, jerked his head up and fixed the under-officer with an unwinking stare.

"What is it, Herr Major?" Schweiber went on, "would he ask the Herr Kommandant for leave for a message to be given to His Highness, Prinz Max von Wallenfels?"

The major glanced enquiringly at his commanding officer, but the latter was looking down the long table to where his most junior subaltern was sitting. The colonel frowned suddenly, then nodded approval to the man on his right.

"Under-Officer," said the major, "the gracious Kommandant gives leave."

Schweiber clicked his heels, turned smartly to his right, and marched down the long room to the door. He returned a moment later bearing a huge silver salver on one hand, halted by Prince Max's chair and the latter took from it a visiting card. The card was engraved with a crown and the one word, Wallenfels. Across it was written, in pencil, "I know his name."

For a long moment, the blond

his fellow officers watching him covertly.

Most of the men in that room knew, or guessed, what was in the wind; but, under the unwritten code, none gave the slightest indication of that knowledge, nor would they have betrayed what they knew under torture.

(To be continued.)

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News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5 — The British guard their shipping losses as ardently as they guard their constitution, but the truth is they passed the crisis about six weeks ago.

Some exceptionally trustworthy data available confidentially here shows that since the occasion in which a whole unescorted convoy was trapped by German submarines, British commercial ship fatalities have been cut from 15,000 tons a day to around 6000 or 7000 tons a day.

This is not bad when you consider that their losses for the war have averaged around 10,000 tons a day.

It does not mean a permanent solution has been found, only that added precautions have been effective, so far. The wintry weather also has helped.

But there is no evidence here to bolster the superficial contentions being freely bandied about, suggesting that British officials really worry about their shipping problem. In fact a leading British shipping journal, "Fair Play," issued November 28 at a time when the losses were in largest type on every front page, is currently informing officials here that conditions were no worse than when they were represented. The editor, Gordon H. Robinson, wrote:

"Judging from what our ministers say, it would seem that, while the losses have been more than in pleasant, there is nothing to worry about. As in the past all our difficulties will be surmounted and we shall be able to sleep comfortably in our beds at night sooner than some of us think."

"We have plenty to eat and drink and, except that bombing is a nuisance and often delays trains, we go on our way in much the same manner as before."

It may be that Mr. Robinson is sending his closest friend, Harry Hopkins, to London to clear up the differences between what the British really want in the shipping line and what the American enthusiasts are saying they should have.

This shipping question is likely to be the biggest immediate question in the assembling new congress. The incoming legislators are registering a heavy majority in private conversation for any reasonable aid to Britain. Even such hard and fast nationalists as Representative Ham Fish are indulging in advance of pro-British sympathy. You can bet they will endorse anything Mr. Roosevelt proposes—unless it involves a belligerent act.

That means a proposal to have American battleships act in convoys would run into stiff opposition. So would the companion plan to confiscate German foreign shipping and turn it over to Britain.

A shrewd new working formula

Radio Program

These schedules are supplied by the representative stations. Any variations from the schedule are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

KEM-SUNDAY-1900 Kc.
8:00—Melodic Mood.
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Bremen Attacked For Third Night

LONDON, Jan. 4.—(P)—For the third successive night, four force bombers last night battered the leading German port and industrial city of Bremen. It was authoritatively reported today. Many large fires were reported burning in Bremen after the attack, which was described as concentrated.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—(P)—Invading air raiders made a prolonged attack last night on a town in the west of England, damaging buildings and causing fires and casualties, the ministries of air and home security announced today.