

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The State Hospital Budget

On the eve of the 1935 regular session of the legislature the budget department announced with pride that the state hospital's per-patient cost per month had been reduced from \$19.52 to \$13.91 and predicted that further economies could be effected. The Statesman, protesting an excessive ambition to whittle hospital costs to the detriment of the patients' welfare, recited the story of the poultryman who put sawdust in the bran and kept increasing the proportion until it was all sawdust, which seemed satisfactory until a hen hatched and her brood consisted of ten wooden nutmegs and three woodpeckers.

Thus it is not true that the existence of unsatisfactory conditions at the state hospital is anyone's brand new discovery. Neither is it true that the state hospital is a discredited, deplorable institution which needs to be revolutionized.

What is true is that the state hospital is an efficient, humanitarian institution operated in accordance with the most modern principles of medicine and psychiatry—within the limits imposed by its facilities and its budget.

The budget is the key to whatever improvement in treatment and care of the patients may be effected. There are three sets of influences which determine what the budget shall be. The hospital administration, out of its intimate association with the needs and the possibility of increased service, is an "inflationary" influence. The budget department and the legislature are or have been, because of their cognizance of the state's financial problem and because they must always be on the defensive against departmental pressure for increases, "deflationary" influences.

Since the legislature last met there has been a tragedy in the state hospital, one in which insufficiency of personnel appeared to be a contributing factor. That tragedy set in motion a crusade for better conditions at the hospital. The key to improvements of conditions is the institution's budget, now before the ways and means committee.

Through the past biennium the patient population of the state hospital has averaged a fraction over 2678. The per-patient cost per month has been \$15.27. Thus the downward trend in this item observed in 1935 has been halted and to some degree reversed. This item includes only operating costs and not capital outlay. The state's actual out-of-pocket cost per month has been slightly over \$18.

The total of this per-patient cost as a single item is not however a significant factor. Within this sum—modest considering the fact that these state wards are sick people needing both sustenance and medical care—the state has been able to meet the sustenance problem adequately, largely through efficient management and utilization of the labor of patients, who benefit physically and mentally from this employment.

Personnel, particularly medical and attendant service, and improved housing are the sub-items in which increases seem highly desirable if not wholly mandatory. Nine physicians now attend to the medical needs of the 2678 or more patients—every one of whom is sick—and those nine include the superintendent and his assistant who are somewhat occupied with other duties. Three hundred patients, approximately, per physician. The superintendent requests one fully qualified physician and two internes in addition to the present staff, another dentist—there is only one now—four nurses and six attendants. There is not the slightest doubt that there would be adequate duties for all of them.

The budget as it stands calls for \$456,854 in capital improvements including \$325,000 for a new treatment hospital building, with other major plant improvements deferred as part of a long-term program. The hospital management asked a total budget of \$2,039,815.56 as compared to \$1,211,142.55 budgeted and \$1,165,142.55 spent in the last biennium. The budget department reduced the request to \$1,516,484, an amount which fits into the state's balanced budget. This item includes the major part of the requested personnel increases and more than half of the amount recommended for improving general employees' standard of living—shorter hours and maintenance allowance for those living outside the institution.

That summarizes the situation which confronts the ways and means committee. Public opinion has made it, this session, a situation calling for greater consideration of the patients' needs. It likewise is a situation calling for intelligent analysis, not emotionalism.

Reuther's Plan

It has been nearly a month since Walter Reuther of the CIO United Auto Workers submitted his plan for combining facilities of the automotive industry for the production of up to 500 airplanes a day for the nation's defense. Since that time it has gone to the national defense advisory commission, and to the recently created office of production management. In that period it has netted one statement from an anonymous official to the effect that it is "unworkable," a further rejection from the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, which wants to keep airplane building among the airplane builders and not among the automobile builders; and a number of more or less partial and inadequate rejections from the automobile people themselves. But so far as the public knows, the plan is still with the defense commission with final action on it still in abeyance.

The plan itself, as explained in The Nation on December 21, involves reducing a fighter aircraft of approved model to its mechanical components, and assigning the parts to a number of builders for mass production.

Under such a system, the task of retooling would be immensely simplified. Bulky might not be so many cylinders, Hudson might be held responsible for so many cylinders, Hudson might make the valves. Each shop would have a final-inspection department to see that every part was up to specifications before it went to the assembly plant. . . . Similar methods would be applied to fuselage and wings. . . . Engines, wings and fuselage would be put together in huge hangars to be erected at the Wayne County airport in Detroit, and the complete planes could be flown out from there. Sponsors of the plan believe it would take six months . . . to begin production at 20 planes a day, that they could hit 500 in a few weeks. Five hundred planes a day would be 3000 planes a week, 150,000 a year. If only a third of that number could be achieved it would win the war.

Whether the plan is workable or not is a purely technical question, which can be answered only by engineers and persons familiar with the problems of combining the manufacture of individual parts into mass production of machines and airplanes themselves.

The point which is applicable at the present time, however, is that the plan is lying in a dormant condition, with no authoritative attempt either to approve it entirely or in part, or to reject it for cause. The defense commission, now the office for production management, under Mr. Knudsen, is reported to have a similar proposal under consideration. No general resemblance to the Reuther plan—nor of plans for its application. Meanwhile, the secretary of war speaks before a house committee on the eminent possibility of air attack across the Atlantic.

In the last war, the United States, confident of the superior quality of American ingenuity, insisted in designing and building its own planes in its own way. The result was that American fliers flew in British and French airplanes. That won't happen again; but it does seem unnecessary to delay judgment on a proposal which might, to give it its due, contain the seeds for a sudden triumph over the German Luftwaffe and all that stands behind it.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The interesting and 1-18-41
and story of David
McLoughlin and the captain's
daughter, laughing Trottie Dring:

(Concluding from yesterday:)
"A few empty canoes rocked idly on the sea-green water. He stepped into one; two fishing Indians took the paddles. Without rest, without food, he gave the word, 'Vancouver.' (Meaning Fort Vancouver.)
"But the wharf at Vancouver was vacant and deserted."

"Send out the 'Cadboro'!"
chase her. I must catch the 'Janet,' he cried to Douglas. (James Douglas, next in authority to Dr. John McLoughlin, Chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.)
"But the 'Cadboro' had gone the day before. He called to the voyagers, 'Fifty beaver skins to the crew that makes the 'Janet' today."

"David's barque flew down the Columbia. He leaned forward, glass in hand, to catch the gleam of a sail. Oak Point, Coffin Rock, Pillar Rock, Astoria, a day, a night, it has there, beyond the bar, with sail set, the 'Janet' stood leagues away at sea. And the crew sang on—
"Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears today;
Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away.
I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye!"
"Couched in a berth, her long, overhanging curls swaying with that sea-rocked ship, lay Trottie Dring, her eyes hot and tearless, and her heart numb."

"Away into the great Pacific she went, never again to catch a glimpse of the Oregon coast. The surf-beaten rocks on the shore seemed not harder than the flinty heart that divided herself and far love at sea."
"From that day the veneering of civilization fell off from David like an egg-shell."

"He lost all interest in the store. Indian impatience of restraint, Indian instincts and inherited tendencies triumphed over the Scotch in his veins."
"He roved continually. He gave himself up to dissipation, and was happy only with his red friends of the forest. He wedded the daughter of a chief."

That is more than a story; it is a truthful relation of actual events. David McLoughlin, son of Dr. John McLoughlin and his wife, who had been the widow of Alexander McKay, had been sent to Fort Vancouver to learn the manners of a gentleman under the direction of his uncle and namesake, Dr. David McLoughlin, brother of Dr. John McLoughlin, and under the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company's home office officials in London, to receive the training of a soldier.

Wrote Mrs. Dye in the same book quoted above, telling of a visit to England of Dr. John McLoughlin: "a business visit in which he consulted with the head officials of his great company; one of the oldest business concerns on earth, and one of the greatest, even now, in the year 1941. She wrote:

"At Addiscombe, the East India training school, a happy surprise awaited Dr. McLoughlin. His son David, the lean, sickly lad of five years before, appeared in the regiments of a British officer commissioned to the East Indies. The scarlet coat, bright buttons and epaulets set off a form as commanding as his own. "The Indian tint in his (David's) cheek gave more color to his beauty, but more (David's) mother, Dr. John McLoughlin's wife, was Indian, or part Indian; likely the latter. Historians differ. Also they differ as to her tribal ancestry. But they are all agreed that she was a good wife and a worthy woman."

"With pride the Doctor looked upon his son. From the cradle he had set his heart upon David, his heir. For him he had planned education, promotion; for him he had built an estate to hand down the name of McLoughlin."

"I cannot spare you, David," said the father. "I need you on the Columbia. I am growing old. It may be, I would pass the reins of power to you." Purchasing his son's retirement from the army, the two bade goodbye to Dr. David McLoughlin, who had come over from Paris to see them off."

The reader has noted what Mrs. Dye wrote: "From that day (when he saw Trottie Dring's father's vessel out of sight) the veneering of civilization fell off from David. . . . He wedded the daughter of a chief."

That's a sequel to the pretty love story.

This columnist has heard that David McLoughlin conducted a ferry across the upper Snake river, above the Walla Walla country.

Some years ago a daughter of David McLoughlin and the daughter of the chief lived and labored in the Walla Walla valley. It was said she was a talented, fine appearing, well-mannered and industrious woman. Perhaps some member of the faculty or the student body at Chemawa know more about the daughter of the daughter of a chief.

The not so Wonderful "Land of Oz"



Wotan's Wedge

By Francis Gerard

A Prelude to Blitzkrieg

SHOPPER
Stalwart young Prince Max von Wallenfels had just slain his former friend, Count Ulrich von Tarnheim, in a duel with swords fought for "family honor" on the Prince's part because Ulrich's love for Princess Elisabeth, Wallenfels' sister, outraged her House. This episode was to have dramatic after-effects for years later when Tarnheim and his wife fled to America and became known as the "Wallenfels" family.

Chapter 8
The old woman by the fire looked up as a faint tinkle of metal came to her ears. She hurried into the shadows by the bed and looked down at the girl and the thing which the Princess Elisabeth held firmly in her right hand. It was a small steel dagger used as a paper-knife to cut the pages of innumerable novels which the girl devoured.

"What would you do, mein liebeschen?" asked Anna, her old eyes wide. "You would not—
"No! No! Anna," interjected Lisa. "Am I a monster? I would give my son his right—his Wedge of Wotan."

"You mean Princess?"
"That is a Tarnheim and a Wallenfels whatever many may say to the contrary."
"Yes, yes, liebling," nodded the old woman. "And he shall grow into a man of whom Your Highness will be proud. He is of the Six Families; nothing may alter that. How goes the old saying? 'Wotan's child, Wotan's weal.'"

"Fetch me water and clean linen," ordered her young mistress. Presently there came a sharp cry from the child. "There, there, my heart's darling," she whispered as Anna gently bathed the baby's fat little arm and bound it carefully.

Soon afterwards, the Princess raised herself in the bed and gasped. "Anna! Anna, they are coming!"
The faltering footsteps halted outside the door. They waited breathlessly for the knock.

When the rap came it was gentle, almost timid. "Who is it?" asked Anna, and a tired quivering voice replied, "Stengel."
"Admit him, Anna," said Elisabeth.

The major-domo came into the room and bowed towards the bed. "Your Highness," he began, "His Excellency desires to know—"
Stengel broke off, as the tears modulate, and for which his field has a need; and more than 1100.

spilled down his cheeks. Stumbling forward, he knelt upon one knee and kissed her hand. "Oh, Princess Elisabeth," he said hoarsely, "what are they doing to you?"
The girl closed her eyes and gave the old man's fingers a little squeeze. "There, Stengel," she said gently, "Do not distress yourself for me, for there is little enough happiness in this house your tearing your heart out. Tell me, Stengel, what is it His Excellency wishes?"

The old man rose to his feet and replied, "His excellency and your brother desire to know if the Princess can receive them now."
The girl's soft lips twisted into a bitter smile as she said, "Please convey my thanks to His Excellency and Prince Max for their consideration; you may tell them that I will receive them if they wish."

Stengel left and they waited in silence. When the knock at the door came, Anna opened it and gave the ghost of a curtsy as father and son walked into the room. Both bowed distantly. Then Max said, "I hope I find you well, Elisabeth?"

This greeting from her brother whom she had not seen for several months, and whom she now met in such terrible circumstances, was almost too much for the girl! The blood drained from her face as it might have he slapped her with his open hand. Tears fell on the sleeping babe.

Max stood rigid as though at attention before his commanding officer. He watched those tears fall and knew a pain in his heart, for he had a very deep love for his sister. What he had done already that morning had been an agony but still he had done it. And he would do even more than that to live up to that code of behavior which had been instilled into him from his early boyhood.

"Father," said the girl rousing herself from what had seemed like a faint, "will you not tell me what I would know?"
"Elisabeth," replied the old

"WOTAN'S WEDGE"
WOTAN—a pagan god of war and victory from Nordic mythology, prominent since the rise of Hitler as an inspiration of the new German army. WEDGE—a flight of geese in V-shaped formation. "WOTAN'S WEDGE"—The heavenly insignia of Wotan, and the symbol of the famous Wallenfels family in this novel; the wedge was tattooed on the forearms of all its males.

KGW—SATURDAY—530 Kc.
6:30—Musical Clock.
6:35—Trail Blazers.
7:00—News.
7:05—Sam Hayes.
7:10—Song Folks.
7:15—Wynne's Club.
7:20—Lincoln Highway.
7:25—Call to Youth.
7:30—Stamp Collectors.
7:35—Stars of Tomorrow.
7:40—News.
7:45—Market Reports.
7:50—Campus Capers.
7:55—Boy, Girl and Band.
8:00—The World Is Yours.
8:05—Spanish Revue.
8:10—Religion in the News.
8:15—News.
8:20—H. V. Kallenberg.
8:25—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.
8:30—National Barn Dance.
8:35—Duo Duo.
8:40—Grand Ol' Opry.
8:45—Truth or Consequences.
8:50—Edinburgh Playhouse.
8:55—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
9:00—News.
9:05—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
9:10—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
9:15—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
9:20—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
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11:45—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
11:50—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
11:55—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
12:00—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.

Big Clipper Sees Daylight
Hall of the new 42-ton Boeing clipper—one of six built for Pan-American Airways which in turn plans to sell three to Britain—is rolled from the plant at Seattle to its 150-foot wing and tail assembly could be attached. Twenty-seven foot seven inches high, the clipper will have a cruising range of 4000 miles.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Verbal reports from London reveal that damage done to British docks by major ports has been devastating. The big landing piers in Southampton and Plymouth have been completely destroyed by constant German hammering. London's dock region, a sea of course, been unusable for many months. Recent German assaults on Merseyside and Liverpool have wrought similar havoc around Liverpool.

The British censors have prevented any conception of this serious setback from getting out to the world, but it amounts to a very important factor in the battle. Not enough docks are available to land foodstuffs and other materials swiftly and substitutes cannot be constructed. Makeshift docking facilities are being provided as rapidly as possible, but the Germans are always coming back.

This may have been one of the situations which War Secretary Simson had in mind when he kept repeating before the house foreign affairs committee that one of the big points of the lend-lease bill was its power authorizing control of the distribution of the planes prepared for Britain. He said pointedly: "Conditions change from time to time."
Obviously he had in mind the possibility of the collapse of England which would require other distribution of the materials they are ordering.

John G. Winant, the international labor commissioner, was boosted high in Mr. Roosevelt's favor for the ambassadorship to England, a week or so ago, but some of the diplomats in the state department heard about it and became somewhat active against him. They wanted a schooled diplomat, preferably one of their own group, in the job which Joe Kennedy has left.

Winant served in Geneva for some years as assistant and then as director of the international labor office under League of Nations auspices. Headquarters recently was removed to Montreal. This connection has given him contacts of value abroad.

A flurry of internecine democratic politics within the Texas delegation in the house has been covered with smiles, some of them strained. It seems someone, presuming to speak for Mr. Roosevelt, had told the Texas delegation, Representative Lyndon Johnson, should have the support of the Texas delegation for the exalted vacancy on the powerful house appropriations committee. Heavy work was done to that end.

But the delegation in executive session decided to back Representative Albert Thomas, of Houston, Texas, who rated the support by the venerable law of seniority. Several of Mr. Johnson's supporters had their fingers caught in the door when it slammed, but outside of these few aches and pains no permanent damage was done.

There is a reason Mr. Roosevelt has not been rushing planes to the Greeks.
The many requests which have been received from Greece for some of our flying ships caused one of our government departments to consult the British. The reply from London was that the particular type of ships which we had available would not be of value to the Greeks.
Any plane we give the British is actually a contribution to Greece. The British air force is doing most of the flying on the Albanian front.

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Atkinson Funeral
Held at Aurora
AURORA—Funeral services for Mrs. Clara Atkinson, who died at the home of her son, Mr. Atkinson, Wednesday morning will be conducted from the Miller mortuary at 2:30 Saturday afternoon, with interment in the family cemetery on her father's home place where she spent most of her life.

The Safety Valve

From Statesman Readers

BOYS HOME ENDORSED
To the Editor:
As a Statesman reader I wish to commend you for your excellent paper and especially for the fairness and impartiality of your editorials. It is my opinion that you live up to your worthy motto, "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe," very well. No editor can please everybody; and fortunately you are not committed to such a policy. Most things have two sides and there are always champions for both sides.

Your articles on the Mother's Boys Home have interested me and as a result I have visited the Home in company with a number of other people. Just what the Home had to offer the boys and had to say in its own defense, I am pleased to state that my opinion, and the opinion of those in every way to be commended. After a brief visit to the institution, I had the honor to see just what the Home had to offer the boys and had to say in its own defense, I am pleased to state that my opinion, and the opinion of those in every way to be commended.

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