

The Oregon Statesman

No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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The Shapelessness of Things

When Roosevelt I started trust-busting back in 1903, his attorney general, Philander C. Knox, picked a keen-minded southern democrat lawyer named James C. McReynolds to lead the shock troops.

Merle Chessman, editor of the Astorian-Budget came up to Salem to look over the legislature. Returning to Astoria, he wrote that "in Oregon, in the house of representatives, a cluster of little men is riding the president's coat tails"

Yes, the president's coat is off and hanging in the closet. Even if the would-be coat tail riders in Oregon don't know it, the erstwhile coat tail riders in Washington, DC, do.

They are pulling for Robert H. Jackson, the attorney general, for the appointment as McReynolds' successor. Then to succeed Jackson in the department of justice, they will back Tommy Corcoran.

Lindbergh sees no essential difference between the believers. And in eastern business and industrial circles and in some few government agencies there is a cooling of all-aid-to-Britain fervor.

What is it all about? Who is a liberal—the champion of more and better social security, or the stickler for freedom of the individual? He who believes in Spartan sacrifice that the nation may be strong for defense of itself and its people and democracy, or he who cherishes above all else the right to strike?

Or is the world so shapeless that there is neither right nor left? And if so, may we retreat to simpler concepts and say that there yet are right and wrong, and that there is One who can teach us to identify them?

Mr. Henderson and the "Decent Price"

Mr. Leon Henderson's talk about "decent prices" in the market trade is reminiscent of the "fair price" or the "just price" around which most medieval economies revolved.

At least, one is inclined to think, there is no lumber price based on the less natural. Nor is this a particularly revealing analysis, for it happens to be Mr. Henderson's business, as defense commissioner in charge of prices, to keep prices in all branches of defense industry, both for wholesale goods and consumer items, somewhere in line with the price level of the recent past.

The doctrine is excellent, like most doctrines. In practice, of course, when it strikes home at an industry already hard pressed on one side for production, and on the other for price stabilization at levels identical with those of pre-defense building years, it wears horns and has a tail.

The lumber people have also pointed out that lumber price indexes have come down from \$41.10 per thousand board feet in September to \$39.06 in October, \$37.24 in November and \$35.81 in December.

The equities of the problem are difficult for a layman to determine. It is clear that the only guarantee, slight though it is, of averting a part of the morning-after which ordinarily would follow the defense spending orgy rests with Mr. Henderson and his watch-dogs of inflation.

The Truth in Italy

Need it be said that the following joyful bleat from an Italian newspaper is exactly correct? Italy and Germany presently will be fused into a single body, a single military instrument, with a single flag.

And need it be added that the single body is nothing more nor less than the German reich; that the single flag can be nothing more than the blood-hued swastika banner of Germany; and that the general staff of the revolution is simply the general staff of the reichswehr, under which the Italians and their rulers will be driven and not be led?

Italy, defeated in Africa, hard-pressed in Albania, shorn of her fleet, the flower of her army captured or dead, her people restless and her ruler reduced to pleading with a foreign potentate for military support at the cost of national integrity, may well expect a "very stormy spring."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Robert C. Paulus, who 1-26-41 is the key man of the American canning industry, refutes rumor upon Salem:

(Concluding from yesterday:) What went before in this column, yesterday's issue, brought the story up to the meeting in annual convention of the National Canners' association, opening in Chicago on Monday last.

It was felt by members of the association's administrative committee that the coming year may be one of the most difficult, from the standpoint of work involved, since the previous World war.

Thus, the choice of Robert C. Paulus of Salem, Oregon, for president of the National Canners' association is an especially high compliment, showing a faith in his ability and his industry that, in connection with his (Robert's) own confidence, the unfolding days of the future will fully justify.

Added Mr. Paulus: "Not least, however, has been the help I have received since after time in solving difficult legal situations from United States Senator Charles L. McNary from Oregon.

"His work has been marvelous—and I feel that not only I but the entire Northwest is indebted to him for the work he has done from time to time for the fruit and vegetable industries."

Robert C. Paulus at the same time said to this writer that his brother George, of the Paulus Brothers Packing company, has been of immense support and assistance in meeting many problems that have had to be solved, in connection with his (Robert's) work in the service of the National Canners' association.

Chapter 13 A half hour later, Sir John was washing the taste of "Teeny Weeny Teddy" out of his mouth with a large gin mixture when ex-Sergeant Beef made his appearance.

Five days later, February 3, 1890, the Salem Canning company was incorporated, the moving office being at E. Wallace, and the subscribers to stock most of the business men and concerns here, including the two newspapers.

That first cannery of 1890 had a pack of some 30,000 cases of fruits and vegetables the first year, including a corn pack. Several canneries in Salem now, each, in the busy season, put up that many cases, or their equivalent every 24 hour day.

The direct outgrowth of that cannery is the one of the California Packing company on 13th street, and the one on 13th street, which are links in the Del Monte chain, belting the earth.

It is no small advantage to Salem and this district and the state of Oregon to have one of our citizens at the head of the canning industry of the nation.

And one with such a background and such abilities, with dreams of greater things for the future, not only for Salem and Oregon but for the whole country.

Likely it will be news to many readers that at the 13th street cannery in Salem of the Del Monte chain is an upper room devoted to experiments in canning.

This room contains samples that were put up 18, 20, 30, 40 or more years ago, and from time to time are inspected by chemists to test their keeping qualities.

All such matters, and others of like importance to this and every line which have the care of the skipper of the American canning industry's flag ship.

"Bob" knows or will find out what it is all about.

Noted Scientist Dies BALTIMORE, Jan. 25—(AP)—Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, discoverer of the parasite, hookworm, in human soil, a recognized authority on medical sociology, died Friday at Marine hospital.

"Around Her Neck She Wore a Laval-iere"



Wotan's Wedge

By Francis Gerard A Prelude to Blitzkrieg

John? said the stout, red-faced ex-detective, staring fixedly at the tray which held those magnetic decanters and glasses. "Of course not, Beef," said Meredith. "Help yourself and sit down."

"Thank you, Sir John," said Beef. "Very kind of you, I don't mind if I do." A moment later, "Well, sir, my best respects."

"Well, it's like this," began Beef when Juanita came into the room looking amazingly young in a very much off-the-shoulder, gown and Beef, for one terrifying moment, got ready to bolt.

"You intrude me, Beef," he said. "You intrude me strongly. What else do you know about this?" Meredith paused, seemed to ponder, then said, "What you say, Beef, impresses me . . . your nephew was evidently not the type to kill himself . . . that's important to me, for a start, I'm anxious now to see your—near niece," he ended.

"Not surprising, is it, Beef?" asked John, busy with the decanter. "Well, it is and it isn't," replied Beef. "You see, sir, she wants to come and talk to you."

"Beef nodded. "Yes, You see, Sir John, she says 'Erbert did kill himself. Oh, I know the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of 'death by misadventure', assumed he had shot himself by accident, but Connie won't 'ave no such thing.'"

"Beef, old man," said John Meredith walking back to the fireplace with his glass in his hand, "she surely doesn't think I can do anything about it!"

"She's coming down 'ere tomorrow to see you, sir," said Beef unsmilingly. "Well, don't look so depressed about it," urged Meredith. "I've nothing on tomorrow and the least we can do is to receive her."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," replied Beef, then broke off and stared into the fire.

"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 Germany. WEDGE—A right of passage in V-ch-a-p-a formation. "WOTAN'S WEDGE"—The heavenly insignia of Wotan, and the symbol of the famous Wollfens family in this novel; the wedge was tattooed on the forearms of all its males.

Radio Program

- KBAL—SUNDAY—1260 Kc. 8:00—Melodie Vocal Music. 9:00—Waltzmania. 9:30—Poplar Music. 10:00—Mormon Savaria. 11:00—American Lutheran Church. 12:00—Hawaiian Paradise. 12:30—Western Serenade. 1:00—Young People's Church. 1:30—Singing. 2:00—Popularity Row. 3:00—Salon Echoes. 3:30—Boys Tunes. 4:00—Song of the Week. 4:15—Rhythmic Romance. 4:30—Symphony Grand. 5:00—Popularity Music. 5:45—News. 6:00—Gospel Songs. 6:30—Concert Music. 7:00—His and Hers. 8:00—Popularity Music. 9:00—Saw. 9:15—Amazulias. 9:30—Back Home Hour. 10:00—Popularity Music.