

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 20, 1851

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Oregon Trail and Champoe; Each or Both

The year 1943 was one of the most momentous in Oregon's history. That was the year in which the first wagon trains arrived. And that was the year of the memorable Champoe meeting and the creation of the provisional government. That was the year, no matter what you think of the Champoe controversy, in which Oregon came, by recognition on the part of its settlers, a part of the United States. It is scarcely profitable to debate whether the wagon trains or the beginnings of government were more significant. The argument would lead through labyrinths of philosophical speculation. The point that needs to be recognized is that 1943 is the centennial of each, or if you prefer it that way, of both.

In the interests of harmony it had better be both. Oregon ought to be united in celebrating the 1943 centennial; it would be unfortunate for all concerned if there were two rival celebrations and certainly there is no reason why both events cannot receive adequate recognition in one extensive program.

Oregon-history-minded citizens of Salem and Marion county—and they are numerous and disposed to be cooperative in all such endeavors—must have viewed with some foreboding the disclosure that on Thursday there was incorporated an "Oregon Trail Centennial association" for the purpose of staging a celebration in 1943. The name of the association itself does not suggest that this particular organization is planning to accord to Champoe and the provisional government due recognition.

More than that, considering that Champoe is situated in Marion county, it must have been disturbing to note that no citizen of this county or of Oregon's capital and second largest city, was listed as an officer or trustee of the association. The omission was rather noticeable since the trustees appeared otherwise to have been selected on a geographical basis except that Portland, which was uninhabited wilderness in 1843, seemed somewhat over-represented.

The time for deciding just what Oregon is going to do about celebrating in 1943 is short. Therefore it is pertinent to inquire whether the Oregon Trail Centennial association plans to "include out" Marion county and Salem and Champoe. If they are to be left to their own devices it will be well to know it in advance, so that proper steps for observance of the Champoe day anniversary may be launched, even though the diffusion of effort and interest will be "too bad."

Hitler's Latest Effort

Adolf Hitler, the thinking paper-hanger, had the same record on when he talked Thursday to the multitudes in the Berlin Sportpalast. Except for a few minor changes in key, and rather more bombast than in his last speech at the munitions factory, it was the same oratorical chef d'oeuvre Hitler has served up on every occasion since the war began.

It included the standard "they started it" assertion, the claim that all Englishmen hate all Germans and desire their destruction, and that Britain seeks to rule the European continent through a diabolical invention of its own entitled "balance of power." The speaker gloated over Germany's self-sufficiency, laughed with elephantine humor at his own and his enemies' "mistakes," and tossed in the prophecy of victory within a year without which no Hitler speech is complete. He spoke of sacrifices, past, present and future, and ended with a reference to deity and Germany victorious.

As in most Hitler speeches, the overtones and the undertones were of more importance than the content of the paragraphs themselves; Hitler's mood is always more important than his words. This time he seemed somewhat less serious than when he gave his munitions plant speech some weeks ago, in which he outlined the new social order of the bountiful reich of the future. He was speaking more about military power and political plans, and less about the pie in the sky of the sweet German by and by, and he may have been doing it for Italian as well as German consumption.

It should be noted that he devoted more than usual attention to America; he pleaded that Germany had no quarrel with the new world, never had had, and never would have. By way of threat, there was the promise that American supplies bound for Britain would be torpedoed without mercy, as though this was not already the case. This, in addition to the dilations on Germany's impregnability, was for axis consumption to ally the tremors which may have arisen on the continent from the reports on the lend-lease bill. Hitler, indeed, may have thought he was talking to the House foreign relations committee as well as to his own people.

There is not much more to be said. Hitler's people, including the little brothers on the dragging end of the axis, needed a pep talk and a promise that American intervention would be of no importance, and so he gave it to them. He has given better and more important speeches in the past, and he will again, unless someone does happen to tip the arsenic bottle into his soup. For the time being, however, one can paste his latest effort into the scrapbook and consider the matter closed.

The Triumph of Reason

The Council for Democracy, 225 Madison avenue, will send out today and tomorrow letters to mayors, newspaper editors and minor officials in Germany, Russia and Italy presenting frankly a description of democracy in the United States, it was announced yesterday.

At least 1500 letters will be mailed in the language of the countries of destination in an effort to ascertain if it is possible to bring before the residents of dictatorships the picture of life in a democracy as readily as the facts about dictatorships are presented through the media to the citizens of the United States. —New York Herald Tribune.

Here, indeed, is democracy in action. We believe in the fundamental inviolability of the individual; in consequence we believe in the triumph of reason over emotion. The best way to allow the triumph of reason is to appeal to it through well-considered discourse, either written or oral. We can't talk to these people abroad, and so we shall write them a letter, a very nice letter telling them how happy we are here with all our freedoms. It will appeal to their reason at once, it will rouse their latent opposition to their dictatorial and tyrannical rulers, and will swell the ranks of the European discontented.

Perhaps they will write for more, and we can send them a complete discussion of the division of powers as incorporated in the American constitution in 1789, or a copy of Webster's Orations. Eventually they will be converted, and will plead for more of that rapturous democratic grace. It is another triumph of reason over ignorance, stupidity, fear and dictators.

Well, there's no law against it, and it might as well be tried. It may even work, even in an era when the collective eardrums and optic nerves of all humanity have been assailed with different packaged brands of "reason" for so long as to be practically numb to any more such appeals, for no matter what source, Daniel entered the lion's den once, and he might do it again for all anyone knows.

Yet there is this to be said: if men ever find themselves separated from each other by a deep moral gulf across which there is not even the incentive to appeal for a community of spirit, then men can turn in their books and manuals, give up the pursuit of art and loveliness and happiness, take their rain checks and go off to live in caves along the valleys of ancient rivers. This particular appeal, by first-class mail, will hardly succeed in breaking open the flood-gates of outraged mankind against the totalitarian nations of the world; but so long as the hope and the desire are there, the cause is not lost.

Bits for Breakfast

By E. J. HENDRICKS

Inquiry from California 2-1-41 about the name of a Salem cemetery in use in 1860-70, and if it is still in use:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Still quoting from the 1872 Salem Directory:

"He (Captain Charles Bennett) was the first discoverer of gold in California, in 1848, an honor since claimed by a man named Marshall.

"We are pleased to note that the inscription on his monument accords this honor to Capt. Bennett, to whom it rightfully belongs.

"Governor John F. Gaines, who was the second Governor of Oregon after its organization into a territory by Congress, is also buried near by.

"Governor Gaines was a member of Congress from the state of Kentucky one term, and a major in a cavalry regiment from that state during the Mexican war. He died December 9th, 1857. His first wife is buried by his side, whose death was caused by the running away of a team attached to a carriage in which she was riding.

"Further up the hill lies Dr. Wm. H. Wilson, the original proprietor of the city of Salem. He came to this country in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn. Dr. Wilson was first buried near the family residence, but a few years afterwards his remains were removed to the cemetery, where they now rest, and a beautiful marble monument, appropriately inscribed, marks the place.

"General Thompson Ward, who was a man of considerable ability, and highly respected by all who knew him, also lies in these grounds.

"The cemetery is being beautifully improved by the order who have it in charge. In after times we hope it will be to Salem as Greenwood cemetery is to New York, a sweet resting place for her citizens after the toils and cares of life are over."

So ends the matter under the heading, "Odd Fellows' Rural Cemetery" in the Salem Directory for 1871. Something more about General Ward will be added at some date in the future.

Odd Fellows' Rural Cemetery, started on land "a mile and a quarter south of town," is now surrounded by the city of Salem and by other cemeteries that have since been platted.

The gift of Senator J. T. Apperson starting a fund to keep the Thurston grave and monument in order, already noted in this series, was \$200 in bonds. The Apperson will provided that the interest on the bonds be devoted to the purpose named. The \$200 bonds were sold for \$150, the highest market price, and the money invested in U. S. government bonds. The 1939-40 report showed \$163.72 as the total on hand.

It is plain to be seen that this fund (or rather the interest from it) will not be enough to keep the grave and the monument in order.

Delegate Thurston had a large part in the preliminary work that led to the establishment of the Oregon Country. He was partly responsible for the establishing of The Oregon Statesman, the second oldest living newspaper west of the Missouri river—would be the oldest, excepting that a mistake was made in the billing of the printing outfit from New York, which allowed the townsmen proprietors of Portland to send to San Francisco and secure a much inferior outfit, but to get it to the then village of Portland and start The Oregonian newspaper. So The Oregonian is 15 weeks older than The Statesman; its first number dated December 4, 1850, and the initial one of The Statesman March 23, 1851.

So it is likely that some way will be found to keep in order the Thurston grave, and to restore the Thurston monument when it shall have become too badly disintegrated by the ravages of the weather in winter storms and summer sunshine.

It was noted in yesterday's article this series, that the incorporators of the Lee Mission cemetery were Charles Croft, Rev. I. O. Driver, and Rev. J. L. Parrish. All three had interesting careers, especially the two last named.

Not many living Salemites remember Charles Croft. Hamilton F. Smith, 749 North Liberty street, Salem, remembers him. Hamilton's father was Fabritius Smith, of the immigration of 1846, one of the very first residents of the town that became Salem who was not a member of the Jason Lee mission.

Hamilton, as a small boy, remembers that Charles Croft was a tanner; one of the very first residents of the place to follow that trade. The 1871 Salem Directory listed two tanners, F. M. Morgan and E. Strong, the last named father of Amor Strong, many years later the proprietor of the principal Salem restaurant.

So, Mr. Croft had then perhaps not become a tanner.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Annual Songfest Committees Named

Bob Root of Portland, manager of the 1941 Froshman Glee at Willamette university, announced Friday his committees for the annual songfest.

Byron Spurns and Dick Kerns will assist on the general committee. Chairman, to select members of their groups, are Eleanor Parcell, decorations: Shirley Laws, tickets: Leonard Steinbock, platform: Vinal Randall, electricity: Jim Lane, program: Barbara Pitts, piano: George Pitts, banner and presentation: Ted Orndahl, honor guard, and Don Burton, formation.

More 'n More 'n More 'n More 'n More



Wotan's Wedge

By Francis Gerard

A Prelude to Blitzkrieg

Chapter 14 Continued

Ten minutes later, Da Silva, who seemed very drunk, was being helped to his feet and escorted from the Singing Swan by Igor Levinski and one of his companions. Outside on the pavement, Da Silva made a gallant effort to stand upright by himself but swayed suddenly and only saved himself from falling by clutching Levinski about the neck.

"Thank you, comrade," he roared. "You have saved me from falling upon my face and you shall know the gratitude of a Da Silva."

He drew himself up with obvious pride and he did so suddenly that he began to fall backwards and would have measured his length on the pavement if he had not received support from someone else.

"Come along, Comrade Da Silva," said Levinski, taking him by the arm.

"We are about to take a little constitutional," suggested the Eurasian evidently in high delight. "Just as far as the hall," nodded Levinski.

"We attend a ball?" cried the Eurasian obviously fogged. "But I am not attired in suitable clothing. I must go and dress myself in evening attire."

The division is made up of former national guard units from Washington, Oregon and Idaho. Some of the boys from east of the mountains are not used to the wet climate of the Puget sound area.

Take, for instance, the three men found talking together at the 161st Infantry headquarters, where Col. G. A. Oradoff, from Spokane has his desk. Although they belong to the same regiment they come from three widely separated districts.

Corp. M. W. Winkler of Company B, comes from Selah; Pvt. L. E. Walters of Company F, comes from Walla Walla, and Corp. E. C. Countryman of Company L, sends his mail home to Monroe, near Everett.

"It's too warm and too wet," said Pvt. Walters from Walla Walla. "Down where I live it would be cold and dry now and we would actually know it was winter. Around here it feels like spring. The flu hit our company pretty hard, sometimes 20 or 30 men were down with it, but nobody was very sick."

Corp. Winkler from Selah, near Yakima, admitted the "boys in the army are always kicking anyway, otherwise they wouldn't have anything to talk about. The food agrees with us—I've gained ten pounds and every man in the outfit has put on weight. Even though the tents are perfectly dry and warm, the damp weather bothers us. Of course we have a chance to get home every two weeks or so, but Saturday noon to Sunday night at 12. Twelve of the boys in the company have cars."

Corp. Countryman from Monroe doesn't see anything wrong with army life. "I volunteered before the draft and I haven't any kids coming. The weather here is just like it was at home. I put on 13 pounds and I get home every other week. The camp site is swell and I will hate to move to the new cantonment. Living in tents is fun."

The 161st Infantry tents are located about 100 yards together from the shore of American lake. A bubbling brook, named Murray "creek," runs through the center of camp. The boys were looking forward to swimming in the lake before the announcement came they were moving to the new cantonment about February 15, where the new barracks are more weather-proof, but a lot less romantic.

CAMP MURRAY—Twenty young skiers of the 41st division have been selected from 12,000 men to form a crack ski patrol which goes through training twice a week on the snowy slopes of Mount Rainier.

They come from Washington, Oregon and Montana and every one is an accomplished skier in his own right. They were selected from a volunteer group of over 100. Right now they are polishing up their skiing technique, but next month they will start learning the military warfare technique. They will learn how to spend the night out in the freezing cold and how to travel long distances as self sustaining units.

The 161st has recently finished its battalion training and is now entering the regimental phase of its program. The 1st Battalion of the 160th Field Artillery, including 800 men from Idaho, has been assigned to command of Col. Oradoff, temporarily, to help in carrying out the regimental program.

Later, the 110th Engineers from southern Idaho, and the 110th Medical, from Seattle, will join the regiment.

In the late spring, the 161st will be ready to join in the divisional training program, which will probably include mock warfare between the 41st and the 2nd divisions.

cruel clarity, the details of each other's faces.

"Of what shall I speak to you, comrade in the cause?" asked Da Silva grandiloquently.

"Slatter," replied the other shortly.

At the mention of his sometime friend, Da Silva placed a hand over his eyes and appeared to snivel a bit. After a moment or so he looked up, flung out his hand in dramatic gesture and said, "A young man cut off in the bloom of youth — it is a sad and awful thought."

"Who sent you here?" asked Levinski.

"The Angel of the Revolution," replied Da Silva unexpectedly.

A huge, shabby looking individual shuffled forward to the side of the desk and said hoarsely, "Shall I knock the boards down, Comrade?"

"Sit down, Huggins!" snapped Levinski.

The huge shambling man touched his forehead with a clenched fist and with "Very good, sir," he meant, Comrade.

"How long have you been in England?" Levinski asked the Eurasian.

"For six whole months," replied Da Silva.

"Why did you leave Bombay?" Da Silva's eyes flashed as he replied, "Because of the persecution of the hirelings of capitalism."

"What were you sent to prison for?"

"I went to their prison as a martyr for the cause together with other poor oppressed subjects and all because I had dared to preach the liberties of the down-trodden masses."

"What do you do for a living?" "I am an electrical engineer, a graduate of Menares University."

"Where were you working in Bombay?"

"I was in honorable employment of the Bombay power station where I was in charge of no less than two dynamos. I have tried to obtain similar employment in this country, but so far without success, though my lamented friend, Bertie, was hopeful of obtaining work for me."

"And Slatter told you he was a member of the Fellowship of the New Day?"

Da Silva nodded. "That he did in a general way. And I have been desirous of making a contact with your organization."

He broke off, then continued confidentially, "Comrade Levinski, I have information for you. Yes, it is of primary importance. Listen . . . I know that my friend, Bertie, did not commit suicide, nor was his death an accident."

There was a pregnant silence which was broken by Levinski who asked softly, "How do you know that, or rather," he corrected himself hastily, "why should you think that?"

Da Silva pointed to his own forehead. "I am not a graduate of the University of Benares for nothing, Comrade. I am not any man's fool. My intelligence alone suggests that Bertie's end was contrived by enemies of the people."

"Do you know the details of his death?"

"Well, I was at the inquest and from its details I drew my own conclusions."

"The authorities were satisfied that it was accidental," observed Levinski; "nothing came out in the evidence to maintain your suspicion."

Da Silva made a gesture of impatience. "Forgive me, Comrade, if I am in disagreement with you, but I am convinced within my own heart, and he tapped his chest lest there should be any mistake, "that my friend, Slatter, was the victim of bourgeois persecution and I will not rest until I know how he was done to death."

At that moment the door of the office opened and a man came in . . . a cadaverous twitch at the left corner of his mouth. (To be continued)

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. HADSEN

T. D.—Wants to know what perennials will bloom in August "when there is scarcely any bloom."

It seems to me that August is about the best time in the perennial garden if there is plenty of moisture to be had. The delphinium, gladioli, hardy asters, all bloom in August. Then one might add such annuals as alyssum, sweet alyssum, candytuft, stock (both the light-colored and the ten weeks) nicotiana, evening primrose, petunia, mignonette, verbena.

O. L. P.—Writes that a friend sent her some seed of eschscholzia californica, and wants to know how to "treat this rare seed."

This seed isn't nearly as rare as that name might sound. This is common California poppy. Your seed may be one of the newer brands of the poppy, but the name you give to that California poppy is a botanical language. You plant it where you want it to grow. It doesn't take well to transplanting. If you sow the seed outdoors in March you should have plenty of bloom. Frequently the seed is scattered in September for earlier spring bloom.

Radio Program

KRM—SATURDAY—1200 Kc.

9:00—Radiolette.
9:15—News.
9:30—Popular Music.
9:45—Tune Tabloid.
9:55—Foster's Call.
10:05—Foster's Call.
10:15—The World This Morning.
10:30—Popular Music.
10:45—Musical Horoscope.
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