

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

Member of The Associated Press

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The Isolated

Tamb... From thence to Nubia near Borno-lake, And so along the Ethiopian sea, Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn, I conquered all as far as Zanibar, Then, by the northern part of Africa, I came at last to Graecia.

There was a time, not many months ago, when the great one of the Venice palace in Rome spoke in the great, flaunting periods of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, who once proclaimed, Come, let us march against the powers of heaven, And set black streamers in the firmament,

To signify the slaughter of the gods. It was he who declared war to be the natural state of mankind, and who professed to find all great and true spiritual values alone in men who had launched themselves at each others' throats, and who had found themselves only in withal cold and mechanical conflict with one another.

Now, of course, the wheel of life has gone full cycle, and he who was raised above other men, and who assumed more the prerogatives of a demi-god than a man, has found himself in the very most inferno reserved for those who have sinned more greatly than their fellows. The one who, with royal ceremony, surrounded by retainers more gaudy than any since the time of the Corsican emperor, made his progresses up and down his native peninsula a thing of terror and wonderment, has now found himself tormented and castigated as few men, in life, have been. Nor, being himself materialist, and professing no values above the rankiest sort of pragmatism, can he comfort himself in the manner of the poor creatures of the medieval pictures, who at the least can look upward in search of redemption.

Mussolini has found now, indeed, more than mere torture and self-commiseration; more than what mere wine, even from the slopes of his native land, can wash away. He has found himself alone, totally alone. Throughout his political life he has apostrophized those on the cold peaks of power; but never until now has he realized how bitterly frigid can be the night on a mountaintop, when that mountaintop is one of power.

The basest Roman of them all only five years ago, fancying himself the inheritor of the bloody tradition of Tamburlaine and Alexander and the Sultan Suleiman, descended on the poverty-stricken, heat and insect-beset peoples of Ethiopia, murdered their chieftains, drove their king-emperor into exile, and with boasting proclaimed his own nation's rule. He maintained a harsh dominion in Libya in northern Africa, and called out for more to hold in Libya.

Then, like Tamburlaine, he came at last to Graecia. . . and there he met his host. In the mountains of Albania his men have met their equal; on the waves of the Ionian sea his vessels have met their master; in the homeland the poor, spent people have had no means for protest. Meantime, the one himself is lonely in his pomp, and can only say with Dr. Faustus, another of Marlowe's characters:

O soul, be changed into little water-drops, And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

standards in which he at least played a major role, was an inevitable product of the times.

There is just one other point. There are straws in the wind pointing to a possibility that Ford may soon cease to be a lone wolf in his extreme antipathy to labor leadership. Unless there is a change of viewpoint and policy on the part of that leadership, Ford may soon have a lot of company.

Scorn goeth before a tumble. The Astorian-Budget went into conniptions because The Statesman's police reporter misplaced Fort Stevens, confusing it with one of the forts in Washington. The A-B seemed more incensed over that slip than over the alleged mistreatment of Astoria's basketball team. And now the AB in a big black eight-column banner has located Kentucky's coal mines and coal mine riots in "Harlem county."

Mayor Riley of Portland is a brave man, but successful. He made Louise Palmer Weber sit down and keep still.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 4.—The Stettinius priorities division is ranking over the Henderson proposal to establish a civilian economics control division in the defense regime.

Certain priorities people insist such a move would absorb their entire work, and also that of Miss Harriet Elliott's consumers division. They could not regulate the industrial end of aluminum, for instance, and let Henderson independently manage priorities, rationing and prices of the consumers end. The line between them is too indistinct. Other complaints are heard that such a control might break the efficiency of all that has been done to date.

Henderson's personal assistant, John E. Hamm, is the man who is writing the proposed draft of legislation carrying out the idea, but no one yet knows where it is going.

You can usually find out what John L. Lewis and the coal operators are going to do in their biennial chats by looking up the amount of surplus coal on hand. The duration of negotiations and strikes in the past has depended on how the pinch comes both sides get agreeable.

Mr. Roosevelt's estimators may have told him, although it has not been officially announced, that today the unprecedented supply on hand would serve the nation 43 to 45 days. (Conflicting figures currently being published refer to March 1.) Last year at this time stocks would supply only 27 days. Even two years ago when a strike was imminent, the built-up supply was only enough for 37 days.

Mr. Roosevelt apparently decided 43 to 45 days is too long to wait for the boys to start talking seriously and applied the pinch arbitrarily from the top. But in view of the supply officialdom generally has not been inclined to regard the situation with the seriousness you might expect.

It was Mr. Roosevelt himself who prompted the senate democratic leadership (Barkley, Byrnes, George) to float the idea of amending section 9 of the draft act to draft factories in cases of strikes. Certain senators whose word is not to be doubted say they received the original notion from the White House.

Usually the president has kept quiet during strikes and congress has agitated action, but in this case it seems the senate leadership was also responsible for postponing action. They were in a tight technical situation. If they merely opened the question, they opened the whole labor issue, not only for this amendment but others which congressmen want. They thought of pasting this one point hurriedly on another bill from the floor, but decided not to run that danger unless absolutely necessary.

As the sponsors tell it, the amendment would be purely technical. All Roosevelt would do in taking over a plant would be to send a sergeant or a colonel around to sit in the office—so they say. But the unexplored legal possibilities were so expansive, both from the interests of management and labor, that all congress was uncomfortable at the suggestion.

Mayor La Guardia, who is working nights digging a third term, he may fall into it in a way that has been done before, has offered associates the following thrilling account of why he is not in the Roosevelt defense program:

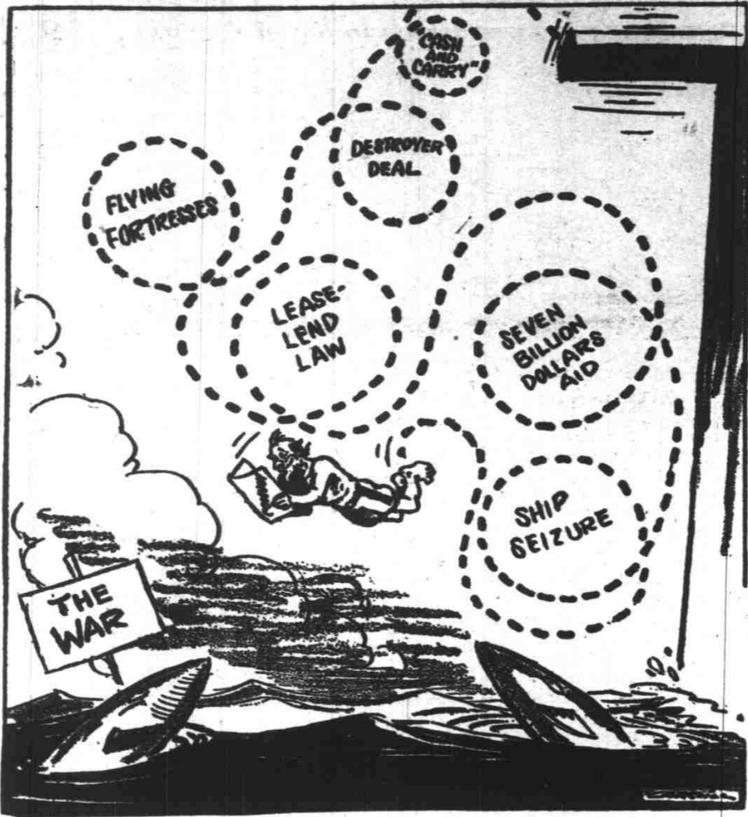
The president called his New York friend in some time ago, drew out a pencil and pad and started drawing boxes. His conversation ran along the line that he had long wanted to get LaGuardia into some sort of federal position, and he thought he had one.

The pad showed 3 boxes in a slanting line from the top to the bottom of the page, connected by single lines. "Now," said the president, pointing to the lowest box, "that's the defense commission." Raising his pencil to the middle box, he said: "That's you." Pointing to the top box, he added: "That's papa."

Further explanation confirmed the fact that the president wanted LaGuardia as liaison man between himself and the defense setup. LaGuardia made a speech in reply the gist of it being the job was that of an "errand boy," and he thought his standing and career would be injured by accepting.

The president leaned back, laughed and conceded: "I don't blame you."

It may sound impossible that difficulty could be encountered promoting talk in the senate, but the administration leaders were at their wits' ends devising stunts to save the Argentine beef amendment. Numerous democratic senators were out of town for Jackson day speeches. During their absence the senate put a full ban on Argentine beef. To kill time until their votes returned, the leaders even induced Senator Reynolds to make another one of his speeches on the beauties of the world as he saw them in his recent travels. Reynolds is good for anywhere from 2 to 24 hours anytime on scenery. Fortunately the administration this time needed only about 2 hours.



How Much Longer Can We Stay out?—or Are We?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Once more, inquiry 4-5-41 answered concerning original location of the school that is W. U.:

Comes to this desk a letter from Herman Wm. Lanke, recorder of Marion county, by his deputy, H. C. Schofield, reading: "This office received the above letter, . . . and we believe you might be interested in same. Hoping it is satisfactory to you for us to pass it on," etc.

The letter to the county recorder reads: "I am anxious to find something with regard to the site of the original Methodist mission of about 1843-4. The building was started and was at least partially completed, when the Indian school building was purchased by the trustees of the Institute. The record I have was that it was intended to sell the original Institute building. I lack anything subsequent, and presume that it was sold. I am anxious to find where it was, so am writing to ask if there be

any record in your office. If not, will you be so kind as to hand this to anyone who may know anything with regard to the site."

This writer has answered the above question, in this column, at least 20 times in the past 20 years. But it is not an inexcusable question, for every historian who has written a book and has referred to the facts involved in the question, has made at least one wrong statement in regard to the matter.

And, quite naturally, and so not without pardonable excuse. Again, this columnist attempts to make the matter plain, in the paragraphs that follow:

Let the reader understand that if the county recorder had attempted to satisfy the inquirer solely from a search of the Marion county records he would have found only that on October 29, 1862, a patent was issued to John Force for claim

number 68, containing 640 acres, amounting to a mile square, under the donation land law of the United States, and that of course President Abraham Lincoln signed the patent, or deed.

In addition, he would have found record of a deed from John Force, by "Sh," (meaning sheriff) to Asabel Bush for the land, or substantially all of it, that was covered by the patent.

That is all, excepting a deed or two from Mr. Bush for a road right of way, or road rights of way, and showing a contract as of date December 11, 1907, to the Oregon Electric Railway for a right of way for its line, and for the privilege of taking gravel from a small corner of the 640 acres; a small corner, but containing many thousands of tons of gravel, as the passer by on the road often called "lover's lane" may see.

That's all. The rest of the 640 acres of land has never been transferred. It is yet in the Bush family, and makes up a very fine farm, devoted to prune and walnut and filbert and other tree crops, and to other well tended acres, but principally to dairying. That's all.

The family in charge there is that of David Saucy, very competent in all matters of agriculture and business and honesty and decency; and that is headquarters for Bush farms; that is, for all land in possession of the Bush family.

That house is only about a mile from the north city limits of Salem, where the land of the Oregon school for the deaf has its north line; a mile nearly due north of that north line, with a good road all the way; paved about half way. But, now, let's have the history of that spot: the spot where stands the Bush farms headquarters house; as briefly as possible. Thus:

In the winter of 1812-13, the Astorians found elk and deer scarce on the present Oregon side at the mouth of the Columbia river, and they had a large force of men to feed, needing especially meat.

So, they sent William Wallace and J. C. Halsey, clerks (they generally pronounced the word clerk, clerk), to the Willamette, with 14 men, and they erected a fort on the spot where is now the Bush farms headquarters house, and trapped and hunted during the winter; and some of the members of the company of 16 white men were back at Astoria May 25, 1813, with 17 packs of beaver and 32 bales of dried venison. With the usual 80 to the pack, that meant 1360 beaver skins, worth to the Astors perhaps \$5 each, or \$6800; to say nothing of the value to that concern of the 32 bales of dried venison; deer and elk meat.

That (the upper Astor fort site) has since been known as Wallace prairie. The same winter, 1812-13, the Astors sent to the Willamette another party, under Clerks John Reed and Alfred Seton, who erected the lower Astor fort, on a spot a little over a mile above (straight south of) the present headquarters house of the Champeers state park.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Wotan's Wedge

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 25. Continued
The Nazi agent permitted himself a grin as he nodded in agreement, "Very," he said. He rested his forearms on the map spread before him, and regarded Meredith directly. "Tell me, Sir John, what do you know?"
Meredith looked innocent. "What do I know?" he queried.
Von Wallenfels nodded. "Of this affair?"
"It is difficult to know where to begin."

At that moment the door opened and a newcomer appeared. At first Meredith failed to recognize him. He was a stockily built fellow with practically no hair on his head, and a clean-shaven, square-jawed face. But soon the duelling scar betrayed his identity to Meredith Igor Levinsky, supposed communist!

The man drew himself smartly to attention just inside the door and announced: "Eitel Weimar, Colonel Commandant of the Third Regiment of Light Cavalry, reporting, Herr General. Heil Hitler!"

Beef's round, battered face looked childishly surprised. "That's the first serious 'cl' tiler' I ever heard!" he exclaimed. "You may wait outside, Colonel." Von Wallenfels nodded his dismissal but Weimar never moved. "You have something you wish to say?"
"Something of great importance, Excellenz."

They were speaking in German which might just as well have been Gaelic to Beef. Even Meredith could only understand a few words.

Von Wallenfels glanced at the looking away from them but in reality keeping a watchful eye on Meredith's face. . . he said quietly in German, "You will take these English swine into the cellar and shoot them at once."

Rotz started forward to do what his superior had ordered but von Wallenfels waved him back, saying, "No, no, it was but a test." Meredith's face had not registered one atom of understanding, betraying not the slightest interest in that order commanding his execution.
"Now," resumed von Wallenfels, "we may speak before them in safety. They don't understand German."

Nor could Meredith nor Beef understand what followed, though they watched proceedings with keen interest.

Colonel Weimar went out of the room and returned soon with a man who was so grossly repulsive in looks that he seemed hardly human.

"Good lord!" murmured Beef to Meredith. "I seen humaner apes than that!"
The newcomer stood stiffly to attention as von Wallenfels barked a few words. Then a lengthy conversation took place during which Beef was able to tell Meredith something which made his superior glance anxiously at the clock on the man-

tepiece.
"You remember, Sir John," Beef whispered, "I done time in Explosives at the Yard? Well, I've set a time fuse to a collection of little jiggers, set it for two o'clock. Unless we get out before then, we're for the high jump, sir, and when I says high it will be high all right. Once my little bundle stars poppin', the whole works'll go up. There's enough puff-stuff in there to blow us all into the middle of France."

Meredith said nothing. He looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. The hands stood at five to twelve. Well, they had two hours.
The awful looking brute who had been replying to von Wallenfels, became suddenly silent. Meredith saw that the General's brow was like a thunder cloud. He barked an order, the naval men who had been standing behind Meredith's chair marched from the room. Well, two less in the room shortened the odds, but Meredith was not a shilling-shocker hero. Bullets did not bounce off him like they do off so many pulp prodigies. He knew perfectly well that his reactions after stopping a .45 bullet would be precisely the same as the next man's.

There was an automatic lying on the map just by von Wallenfels' hand. Rotz had a revolver he could draw in a moment. He had seen Weimar, alias Levin-sky, pat his hip pocket as if to assure himself he was armed. And there was that other fellow lounging in the corner who did not look like a German but who was probably as well heeled. The odds must shorten still further before Sir John Meredith would take a chance.

At that moment there was a knock at the door. Weimar opened it and announced, "Herr Klotzer is here."

Von Wallenfels jerked his head at the sinister individual with whom he had been conversing and the latter went behind the door just before Siegfried Klotzer walked into the room. The latter exchanged Hitler greetings with Prince Max, then, standing stiffly, said, "Your pardon, Excellenz, I would have been here sooner, but I fell asleep."

"Asleep?" repeated von Wallenfels—astonished.

Siegfried nodded. "It is the truth, Herr General."
"The truth?" bellowed von Wallenfels springing to his feet and banging the table. "That's not the truth! Search him," he ordered. Rotz stepped forward with drawn revolver while Weimar, alias Levin-sky, went through the pockets of his former chief, throwing their contents on the table before von Wallenfels.
"Herr General," cried Klotzer, his face blazing, "I demand an explanation of this outrage! The Fuehrer himself shall know. . ."
(To be continued)

Ford

For the first time in its 38-year history the main plant of the Ford Motor company is shut down by a strike. Though Ford is primarily a producer of automobiles, it is to a considerable extent a defense industry strike, for it will delay commencement of aircraft engine production in June, and immediately it halts production of those bouncy command-reconnaissance cars for the army, which have been coming off the assembly line at the rate of 600 a week.

A Safety Valve contributor the other day proposed a solution for defense strikes: "Pay the men what they ask." Obviously that wouldn't work in the Ford plant case, for no question of wages is involved. "Give the men what they ask" might be a practical solution, though it might be contrary to the Wagner act. The United Auto Workers union, CIO, asks that it be designated as bargaining agency, though there is dispute as to whether it has a majority of the plant workers enrolled.

In passing, it should be pointed out that "Pay the men what they ask" would be no more than a temporary solution, even where wages are at issue, for its open adoption would presently insure that the men would ask more than the employers could possibly give. No one is asking the workers to withdraw their demands; the real issue is keeping production going while they are negotiated or arbitrated.

Henry Ford is the lone holdout against recognition of unions in the auto industry. All other producers have heretofore bowed to unionization after long and costly struggles. Thus the union position is strong and determined in this final battle. Ford, for his part, is independently wealthy and no longer cares a rap for profits. Thus aside from the defense angle, he also is in strong position.

Whatever the merits of the case, Ford is sincere in his position. He believes the labor movement, and particularly its leadership, is the essence of evil. He believes he is a truer friend of the working man than are the union leaders. He insists that he has done more, voluntarily, to raise the standards of his own employees, than any union ever will be able to do.

That is a question that defies a simple, categorical, incontrovertible answer. It is in a sense the issue "at bar" in the present controversy, and it is futile to adjudicate here the right or wrong of it or to hazard a guess as to the outcome of the struggle.

Yet one might take a broader glance at Henry Ford and his works and conclude that he possibly has done more than any other man to raise the living standards, not only of his own workers but of the entire nation's workers. How? Figure it out for yourself. Of course, it is undeniable that if Ford has done that, he has been well repaid for the effort and trouble; and it is possible to argue that the elevation of

SALEM POINTS THE WAY
Salem's city council last night voted an appropriation of \$11,597.10 for the purchase of 89 acres of land adjoining the Salem municipal airport, to be included in that flying field. Additional funds will be required for removal of buildings and supplying of materials.

It was necessary for Salem to take this step to qualify the capital city for reception of federally financed improvements which will give Salem a first class airport.

Salem's example is typical of that which has been or is being followed by all of the Oregon municipalities receiving benefit of the CAA airport development program. Eugene is providing itself with an entirely new field. Albany is one of the few Oregon cities not now sharing in this program.

The immediate need for airport developments is, of course, national defense. Day by day the air is becoming more and more populous with planes. Seldom does a day pass now that falls to bring one or more large planes, either transport or military, across Albany's skies. Few of these now dare risk the abbreviated runways of the Albany landing field.

One medium-sized US marine corps cargo plane last fall had only 20 feet to spare when it made a forced landing here. Had it not been equipped with "bi-cycle" landing gear it would have crashed into the Pacific highway ditch at the edge of the airport. This plane, bearing members of the San Diego Marines' football team, could not be risked in a take-off with a load so the football team was transported by bus to Eugene while the plane took off empty. The Albany runway was just long enough to accommodate the take-off of the empty plane.

The Civil Aeronautics administration pilot training program is doing something more than to turn out a few airplane pilots. It is turning out thousands of prospective plane customers and is influencing many thousands more toward use of air lines in traveling. It is apparent that travel by air will not halt with the end of this war.

Albany was foresighted in providing itself in advance of sister communities with airport facilities, such as they are. At the time they were adequate for immediate and prospective needs. Now the community is reaping the benefit of its foresight. Yet the advantages it has gained and the investment it has made are threatened with nullification by stagnation of development. Just as the field has reached the point where possibilities of direct benefit from revenues and indirect benefit of airplane transportation are beginning to open up there is danger that all local activities may be diverted elsewhere because Albany has failed to meet growing requirements of aviation. As planes become larger and loads heavier fields must also be augmented.

Editorial Comments

From Other Papers

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As airplane transportation advances facilities must keep pace. We are now at the point where another step forward must be made on the ground if we are to keep abreast of advancement in the air.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETO

Governor Sprague has vetoed the bill which would have retired on pay of \$200 a month Oregon judges who have served seventeen years consecutively and who have reached the age of 60 and which also provided for the retirement of incapacitated judges who have served six years. While there is undoubtedly merit in the provisions of the bill, we believe the governor was on firm ground in nullifying it at this time.

Those who occupy the bench are among the best paid of state public officials and it is a little difficult to select this group over all other public employes as the beneficiaries of a retirement plan. The time must come when some such provision is made for all public officials who have become super-annuated. Social security for them is as justified for any other group.

The vetoed bill resulted largely from a situation which has developed in the state judiciary. One member of the supreme court is now nearing ninety and has been incapacitated for many months. A Portland circuit judge has been ill for the past year, making for congestion on the dockets. They still retain their positions and draw their full salary.—Astorian-Budget.

Radio Programs

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

- 6:30—Sunrise Salute.
- 7:30—News.
- 7:45—Jerry Sears Orchestra.
- 8:30—News.
- 8:45—Tune Tabloid.
- 9:00—Pastor's Call.
- 9:15—Henry King's Orchestra.
- 9:45—Melody Orchestra.
- 10:00—The World This Morning.
- 10:15—Town and Country Orchestra.
- 10:30—Lady Eve.
- 10:45—Waits Time.
- 11:00—Musical Horoscope.
- 11:20—Value Parade.
- 12:15—Noontime News.
- 12:30—Hilbilly Serenade.
- 12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 12:50—Singing Strings.
- 1:00—Hollywood Broadcasters.
- 1:30—Two Kings and a Queen.
- 2:00—News.
- 2:10—Saturday Afternoon Varieties.
- 3:00—Western Serenade.
- 3:30—Concert Gems.
- 4:15—News.
- 4:30—Teatime Tunes.
- 4:45—Milady's Melody.
- 5:00—Popularity Row.
- 5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
- 5:45—Lady Eve.
- 6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
- 6:15—War Commentary.
- 6:30—Freddie Nagle's Orchestra.
- 6:45—Weekend for America.
- 7:15—Interesting Facts.
- 7:30—Al Perry's Surf Riders.
- 7:45—Words and Tunes.
- 8:15—Harry Horlick's Orchestra.
- 8:30—Johnny Messner's Orchestra.
- 9:00—News.
- 9:15—Don Allen's Orchestra.
- 9:30—Oldsters Orchestra.
- 10:00—Hits of the Day.
- 10:30—News.
- 11:15—Dream Time.

Special Radio Programs On Page 8