

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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War Anniversary

Whereas, the imperial German government has committed acts of war against the government and the people of the United States of America, therefore be it

Resolved, By the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, that the state of war between the United States and the imperial German government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the president be and he is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the government to carry on war against the imperial German government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination, all resources of the country are hereby pledged by the congress of the United States.

It was at 3 o'clock in the morning of April 6, 1917, just 24 years ago, that the house of representatives passed the above simple resolution. The senate having previously approved it on the night of April 4, the nation was at war.

President Wilson had on March 22 summoned congress into special session on April 2, at which time he delivered his famous "war speech." Senator LaFollette the elder blocked consideration of the resolution the following day. Prior to the vote, the senate debated for 13 hours; house members orated for 17 hours, though pacifist opposition was a mere gesture. Vote in the senate was 82 to 6; in the house 373 to 50.

Physically the nation was ill prepared for war. In the regular army there were about 110,000 trained men; in the national guard possibly 140,000. Company M of Salem had been in active service on the Mexican border the previous summer, but early in 1917 its personnel had dwindled to less than 40 and there was a threat that it might be taken from Salem and given to Pendleton. The nation could not, at the moment, muster more than a quarter million men; and the navy was not much better.

But if the nation was poorly prepared physically, even in comparison to the present situation, it had been thoroughly prepared psychologically. On top of the indignation which flared in 1915 over the Lusitania disaster which cost 124 American lives and six other sinkings which brought the total American victims of the U-boats to 158—indignation which simmered but never died out—a series of events early in 1917 served to heighten the war fever. Except for the conciliatory attitude of William Jennings Bryan while secretary of state, it might have reached the bursting point earlier.

Desperate Germany's announcement of "unrestricted submarine warfare" on January 31 started the ball rolling. Diplomatic relations were broken off February 3 but the nation waited for an "overt act" which did not come until February 26 when the British liner Laconia was torpedoed. Three of about 20 Americans aboard lost their lives. One American had died when the French steamer Athos went down on the 24th, but the Athos was carrying French Senegalese troops. Seven American seamen went down with the Standard Oil tanker Healdton on March 22, the day that Wilson summoned congress. Three other American ships were reported torpedoed though sailing homeward in ballast, without loss of life.

But the lid had really blown off February 28 when the kaiser's alleged "plot" for Mexican cooperation, which was said to involve restoration of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to Mexico, was disclosed. That Mexico had accepted the proffer was only faintly hinted. The fantastic story included intimations that Japan, then an ally of Britain and France, might be induced to switch sides and invade the United States through Mexico. That Germans were plotting in Mexico is doubtless true; that it really was a serious threat to American security, few will now believe. But the carefully-timed disclosure ended all doubt of this nation's course.

The drums of patriotism resounded. "Patriotic week" was observed in Oregon at the proclamation of Governor Withycombe, starting March 25. On Wednesday night close to 3000 persons crowded into the Salem armory for a series of addresses, the highlight being that of Justice Wallace McCamant, who pleaded that "the safety of the world depends on vesting in the people of Germany the power that is now vested in the German autocracy." Bands played and resolutions were adopted and Company M, now recruited to a strength of more than 100, paraded before the assemblage. Ten thousand turned out when the guard unit entrained Friday morning for Vancouver Barracks, not to return as a unit until the war was over. There were patriotic sermons in the churches and patriotic addresses in all the schools.

Similar scenes were being enacted throughout the country; Madison Square Garden was jammed for a rally at which President Wilson was urged to "strike hard and effectively" and resolutions bluntly demanding a war declaration were passed.

Sentiment was not unanimous; a Salem woman submitted a letter for publication in The Statesman which was headed "Proud to be a Mollycoddle." Thousands of pacifists swarmed into Washington, DC, and one engaged in fisticuffs with Senator Lodge. A lot of people were looking out for number one; a nationwide railway strike had just narrowly been averted.

But our point is that war fever was rampant; those who opposed it were shouted down, branded disloyal, sometimes thrown in jail. Oregon's Senator Lane was almost an outcast for voting against the war resolution. The war cry drowned out all other sounds throughout the land.

People are saying that all of America's wars start in April. The nation may be, physically, more deeply involved now in the present war than it was on April 4, 1917, in World War I. The war fever has been rising and we suspect that here in Oregon we have no conception of the length to which it has gone in the east. But

—the nation is not psychologically ready. Barring developments, this April will pass without a commitment to fight. By the same token, barring tremendous developments of another sort, the nation will be up to its neck in a "shooting war" before another April rolls around. Against the irresistible onward sweep of war fever, precedent hasn't a chance.

Diverted Cargo

A certain amount of interest attaches to the foundering of a Russian vessel on the treacherous sands of Peacock Spit at the mouth of the Columbia which transcends the customary attention paid to ships which go down at that dangerous spot.

The ship, the Vazlav Vorovsky, went down with a cargo of lathes, oil rags, oil drilling machinery and lard; when she foundered she was about to bid the coast of North America adieu—or its Russian counterpart—and sail across the Pacific to Vladivostok. Then, into Russian hands, she was to deliver her lard and her lathes, her oil rags and her oil well machinery.

But where the cargo was to go then is not for the eyes of men uninitiated into the mysteries of the peoples' state. One may believe that the lathes and the oil rags were for the great socialized factories of Moscow and Petersburg, where the toiling proletarians give themselves up to an inhuman speed-up system. One may believe that the oil drilling machinery was to go to Baku and the Caucasian oil fields.

But with equal pertinency, one may believe that the lathes and the rags and the lard, which may be most important of all, were to be placed on a Trans-Siberian express train at Vladivostok, were to be drawn across the Soviet Union, and were to emerge in East Prussia, thence to be distributed to German factories and Rumanian oil wells.

There is no telling. But one may be quite certain that the reports that the Kremlin is willing to give all possible material aid to the small Balkan states, fighting with Britain is no guarantee that he will not, with his left hand, slide similar material aid along the board to Germany.

The problem, indeed, is not one merely of trade with Russia. Two weeks ago the last Japanese ship left San Francisco harbor with a cargo of lead—enough to make 50,000,000 rounds of machine gun bullets for the wounds of China, or of . . . ? More recently even than that it has been disclosed that 15,000,000 gallons of oil have been shipped from San Francisco alone aboard tankers of the Japanese imperial navy, and as much as eight times that amount from other California oil ports. That such oil will be used in the attack on the same China which the RFC has recently refinanced to the extent of \$100,000,000 is of course too obvious to mention. Nor does the point need laboring that 150,000,000 gallons of fuel oil would be a splendid little treasure-trove in case the long-fabled Japanese drive to the south got underway, or in case the Japanese and American fleets were to meet some fine day. It would be more than merely ironic to see one's enemy battleships maneuvering on one's own oil: it would be tragic.

James Young, Tokyo correspondent for 13 years for an American news service, said in Oregon last week that continued sale of oil to Japan was mere pussyfooting, that Japan is much more afraid of America than certain state department Americans are inclined to think. The comment has the mark of veracity.

But even if it were not so, arming one's potential enemies in Asia or in Germany, on the eve of possible battle, is hardly an action marked by intelligence or penetration. It should have been stopped months ago; it certainly should be stopped now.

Economics

Suspicion we have been harboring since 1933, that the economics textbooks were completely rewritten shortly after 1929, was confirmed by Prof. William C. Jones in a talk at the Realty board luncheon on Friday. Or more precisely, the combination of conditions which made the old-style "classical" economics applicable, has ceased to exist.

The question persists however, as to who rewrote the textbooks; economists retaining to a great extent the objective, scientific viewpoint, or the new dealers?

Granting that the economists, professional and practical, have learned much in little more than a decade, it is not yet clear that the devices whereby the economics system was counted upon to cure itself would have worked if the patient hadn't been dosed with half a dozen types of medicine; or that, if his suffering was unbearable, a mere "pain-killer" would not have sufficed.

It is too late to find out now; the medicines didn't work anyway, but a different set of doctors is curing him temporarily with a leech.

On one point however we are fairly positive. Though economic theory may have been revised, and perhaps necessarily, there has been no radical change in the broad principles of bookkeeping.

A former communist official testifies that party members commit perjury as a matter of policy. Presumably this ex-communist has reformed, but it does sort of bring up that old schoolroom question about reliability of the statement that "all men are liars."

Corvallis and The Dalles are the only Oregon cities with more than 5000 population which went through 1940 without a traffic fatality. And that makes it two years; both also were on the National Safety council's honor roll also in 1939.

Even the Salvation Army is being mechanized. Hereafter its doughnuts will be turned out by a machine.



Adding More Fuel to Flame of Public Indignation

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Once more, inquiry 4-6-41 answered concerning original location of the school that is W. U.:

(Continuing from yesterday.) This writer believes that among the Astor employees who accompanied Clerks Reed and Seton were Baptiste Dorion and his wife, the famous Dorion Woman, the Sacagawea of the Astor overlanders, who suffered 20 times the hardships of the Indian woman (Sacagawea) who accompanied the Lewis and Clark party.

The lower Astor fort, that winter and spring of 1812-13, also sent large supplies of meat, and perhaps also beaver skins, to the Astoria headquarters; also some salmon. The two Willamette Astor forts, maintaining their clerks and men, also relieved in that much the burden of feeding them at Fort Astoria. An increasingly serious crime against the whole population of what was the Old Oregon Country adds up every passing year for neglect in failing to properly mark the sites of both the upper and lower Astor forts. Especially the last named one, while its location is definitely known to an ever diminishing number of living persons.

So much for the setting of what became Willamette University. The passengers on the Lausanne, as that Mayflower of the Pacific sailed the seas the distance of half around the world, in 1939-40, passed a sub-

scription list to start a fund to make the beginnings of the foundation for a school for white children in the far away Oregon Country. The amount was \$650, including \$20 pledged by Sheldon Dibble, the only outside passenger, who was on his way to join the American Board (Congregational, Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian) forces in their mission on those islands of the Pacific, started during 1820. Dibble was a member of the Congregational church.

Most of the pledged money was to come from the slender salaries of members of the devoted company engaged to found a Christian civilization, and, incidentally, an American government.

Nothing definite was done toward carrying out the project that was started at sea on the Lausanne until January 17, 1842, when a meeting was held at the Mission House on the site of Salem which was also the residence of Jason Lee and wife and of three other missionary families. At that gathering a committee was appointed to arrange for an adjourned meeting at the "old" mission 10 miles by water below, on February 1, 1842, where, after discussion, the proposed school was named the Oregon Institute, and a board of directors of nine members was chosen, with Jason Lee as its chairman; empowered to choose a committee on location, one to raise the necessary funds, another to prepare bylaws, etc.

The committee on location chose for the site of the school building of the Oregon Institute the exact spot where had stood the Astor fort, on what had come to be and is still known as Wallace Prairie, after William Wallace, one of the Astor clerks who located the upper Willamette fort there.

W. H. Gray, who had left the Whitman mission east of the Cascades and come to the Willamette valley, was employed to superintend the erection of the building which was intended to be used by the Oregon Institute, beginning in 1842. The Gray family lived there while the work of construction proceeded. There was drilled the first militia company in Oregon. There was written the first book composed in Oregon, by S. W. Moss, "The Prairie Flower." There Narcissa Whitman visited with the Gray family for weeks, in

the winter of 1842-43, while Dr. Whitman made his famous winter trip in the East. There was held the first of the "wolf" meetings. Just north of that spot a half mile or so lived Baptiste DeLoar and family, the first white settlers on the land in the Oregon Country. He was French, his wife Indian, their children half caste; but the sons fought in all the Oregon Indian wars, on the side of the whites.

But Jason Lee left the Oregon Country at the end of 1843, never to return alive, and died March 12, 1845, and the Methodist mission was dissolved, and its property offered for sale. This enabled the Oregon Institute's trustees to buy the abandoned mission manual labor school building, that had cost \$10,000, for \$4000.

(Continued on Tuesday.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

AS AMENDED

To the Editor:

Your editorial with reference to HB 336 is apparently based on the presumption that the bill was enacted as introduced (by request) through the joint committee on ways and means. That is not the case. When this bill was reported in for passage it was reported with amendments that substituted \$40 for \$30 as it is in the present law.

The printed bill as amended also deleted all of section 124-618 except the following: "All moneys received as reimbursement for old age assistance grants made under the provisions of this act shall be paid to the United States, the state of Oregon, and the counties of the state of Oregon as their interests may appear." The portion deleted is that part of the law which has heretofore given the state a right to reimburse itself, so to speak, out of the estate of recipients of old age assistance in that it gives the state a preferred claim over all other claims against the estate of the recipient upon his death. By this amendment to the printed bill the objective of SB 209, which was introduced upon the request of the Oregon Pension Federation, was attained.

Among other measures passed by the legislature which have a bearing on "pensions" was senate joint Memorial No. 1 by which the legislature asked the president of the United States and specifically congressmen Mott, Angell and Pierce and senators McNary and Holman to cooperate in an effort to get Title I of the federal social security act, under which old age assistance federal match money is now provided, amended so as to eliminate the pauperization requirement in order to get federal old age assistance.

One hundred twenty congressmen have already signed a mutual agreement to try to get congress to amend the social security act as this memorial requests which includes a provision that \$30 be substituted for the \$20 which the federal government is now offering on the basis of need and state matching. This memorial is in substance Oregon's reaction to the federal contention that HB 288 proposing to liberalize Oregon's definition of need was in conflict with the federal social security act.

THEO. G. NELSON.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, April 5—The first authoritative demand for an American declaration of war has come generally unnoticed, from the officially flavored Army and Navy Register. This privately owned trade publication of the fighting services always reflects some part of the official military mind—and this time is no exception.

Specifically it urges that green American troops "can be trained as well in Singapore, Palestine, Egypt and Ireland as in Georgia" and other southern states, thus relieving British troops from these empire areas for the fighting front. The American determination not to fight in Europe it regards as a foolish "product of the pacifist ridden 1920's," and claims the idea no longer holds a majority. The front it sees and wants to develop eventually is an Anglo-Greco-American line in the Balkans, a protective line to cover the southeastern granaries and oil sources from Hitler and a short route to Berlin.

A number of American military minds have seen for months the prospect that the final allied offensive (with probably United States participation) would have to be organized from the south, possibly in Africa. Only such open territory offers an opportunity for organizing powerful bases. Frontal attacks upon the German held northern European coast are regarded as just as difficult from a military standpoint as invasion of England has proved to be to Hitler.

This does not mean that either Mr. Roosevelt or the general staff (they will decide what is to be done) shares this viewpoint yet. It does mean a large number of leading army officers have privately believed it practical and now the officially flavored semi-official publication is openly advocating the course.

Some news of outstanding importance may develop in the north Atlantic any time after Sunday.

Most military authorities doubt the ability of the British to put a strong foot forward in the Balkans. General Wavell had only 250,000 men at the peak of his Libyan campaign.

Possibly 100,000 British troops now are in Crete and Greece (50,000 of these came from Wavell's army), around 100,000 are still in North Africa strung out between Cairo and Libya, and about 200,000 troops including natives are rounding up the Italians in Eritrea. The roundup, if direct advances are fulfilled, will require no more than two weeks at the most. These, excepting natives, will then be available for Balkan work.

But Wavell will have to maintain a line behind Bengasi in North Africa against the German panzer force there, now reported to contain five to eight armored divisions minus their heavy equipment (60,000 to 90,000 men).

The holding of the Balkans, therefore, rests heavily upon Yugoslavia. The question there is whether the Germans will be met by an armed mob or a really cool efficient army.

There are supposed to be three old Roman roads from the Bulgarian border across Yugoslavia to Albania. These have been maintained by the Yugoslavs but the rescue of Mussolini could theoretically be effected most quickly by panzer invasion down these three direct routes.

Many a British military leader has seen, since the fall of France, that the road up through the Balkans is the shortest way to Germany. But they, like the American devotees of that course, have seen it as something to be done a year or two from now. At present they are not well prepared for it.

In great secrecy, some surprising official estimates of pilot losses by both British and Germans have reached congressional authorities. While the precise information is of a military nature, it shows fatalities are far more than outsiders have suspected. Not only the combat casualties but the accident toll of the best flyers is reaching the critical point.

This may open up a new line of pressure for American aid.

US army is the best fed in the world, says a congressman to his colleagues on his return from a private inspection trip. He claimed further most of the boys were getting three blankets and impossible as it should be—sheets. Army has dropped the old hard-boiled methods, but is working the men just as hard. Plenty of old equipment for training is available but there is little new modernized equipment.

Wotan's Wedge

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 39, Continued

"Explanation!" snarled Prince Max. "There is your explanation, you traitorous swine!"

Kloffer's gaze followed to where the other was pointing. His eyes fell upon that utterly, dreadful face of the man standing behind the door.

"Erich Stutz," he breathed. "Jawohl, Stutz," snarled the General. "A rogue but less so than you . . . a Jew!"

Meredith watched this scene in amazement. He had no means of gauging its true import, but he made a guess at it when he caught that word Jude.

Kloffer, though obviously shaken, stood his ground. "Are you going to take the word of a snake like this Stutz? Let me tell you what he is."

"We know already," replied Weimar. "Save your breath."

"But he is a renegade . . . a political exile from Germany," insisted Kloffer. "A traitor who escaped from the Fatherland before the long arm of the party could reach him. He lined his pockets at the expense of the new currency laws . . ."

"We know already," interrupted von Wallenfels.

The accused spy stood silent while the General went through the papers that had been taken from Kloffer. There was nothing there (of that Kloffer was convinced) that would support the charge against him, and he might yet bluff his way out of this totally unlooked-for situation. Yet what was the object? He had nothing to live for now, save the glutting of his vengeance and that would be taken care of even were they to shoot him out of hand. He was glad he had taken that last precaution.

Finally Kloffer looked at General von Wallenfels and said slowly, "Very well, I acknowledge it. I am a Jew."

Weimar drew in his breath with a sharp hiss at this awful admission. Rotz muttered oaths under his breath.

"So!" said the General. "How you attained the position in the Nazi party which brought you to the command of the Wotan Brigade I do not know. But I can guess. International bank money! Swine! And I can guess, too, what you proposed to do. Well, we have caught you in time . . . you Jew Judas!"

To his surprise the man who called himself Siegfried Kloffer smiled. "No, Herr General," he said quietly, "you have not caught me . . . in time. Let me tell you something. You will not shoot me because you dare not. "Dare not?" choked the other in a towering rage. "You will not live to see the dawn, Jew!"

"I shall live to see the dawn," corrected Kloffer. "And you will do all you can to keep life in me. Do you think, Herr General, that I would undertake an enterprise so perilous without taking precautions?"

"I can believe that," sneered von Wallenfels, "I know your kind!"

A big vein stood out on Siegfried's forehead, throbbing with the intensity of his feelings, and Meredith noticed that on von Wallenfels' forehead, too, a vein throbbed almost as though in sympathy.

"Pig of a Jew!" shrieked Rotz, slapping Kloffer across the mouth.

"Listen!" cried Siegfried, ignoring Rotz and addressing von Wallenfels. "Listen to this: The moment I die, the Wotan Brigade and all of you die with me!"

Chapter 40

"Liar!" raged Rotz, but this time the General waved him aside. His eyes narrowed as he said, "Why will the Wotan Brigade die with you?"

"Somewhere in England," said Kloffer slowly "there is a firm of lawyers who hold a sealed package. That package contains maps, schedules, names, addresses and all details of the operations to be performed by the 'W' Brigade. With that in their hands, the British Intelligence can destroy, at one stroke, the whole conspiracy before it is launched."

"I have an arrangement with the senior partner of this firm to telephone him every two days at a certain time. Should they fail to receive that telephone message at the agreed time, they will wait three hours, then deliver that sealed package to Sir Hector McAllister, chief of the British Intelligence department. Only the chief solicitor of that firm and myself know the correct formula for our 'phone conversations and the agreed times at which my calls are made." He paused a moment and looked at von Wallenfels critically. "I do not think you will have me shot, Herr General, for I hold the whip hand."

There was complete silence when he finished speaking. Rotz and Weimar stared at him. Erich Stutz watched from the background, his pig-like eyes anxious, for he had risked all to curry favour sufficient to get him reinstated in the Party in Germany. Now it looked as if, after all, Stutz had backed the wrong horse. Max von Wallenfels was glaring at him as well as the dejected Jewish undercover man.

(To be continued.)

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