

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Where Go the Gas Buggies?

Equipped with a battery of pre-sharpened pencils, he sits just off the roadway at an intersection where he can watch vehicles going in three or four directions. A car goes by and he makes a mark on paper. Perhaps there's another right behind it, two going in the opposite direction, a couple more pausing to cross at right angles, and he is busy making marks and wishing he had four hands. Perhaps on the contrary, he sits there for minutes or hours between cars. That all depends on the location of the traffic count station.

If he's on the Burnside bridge in Portland he will make marks at the rate of 1400 an hour; if he's halfway between Fossil and Condon he will record passing cars at the rate of 17 an hour. It's nice work if you can get it, if you like to work sitting down and don't mind a little nerve strain. It looks monotonous but you may overcome that by speculating—when not too busy marking—on where the gas buggies go, and why. Your report after it reaches Sam Baldock's office and is coordinated with all the other reports and analyzed by Don Manning and his superiors, John Beakley, will provide a lot of the answers.

What they found out in the 1940 traffic count fills a book of almost 200 pages, and you have to study it a bit before you begin to get the picture. Suppose you want to find out what completion of the Willamette highway has done to alternate routes. Visit the station at its junction with The Dalles-California; you find 489 cars heading toward Bend, only 296 heading toward Eugene and 634 heading toward Klamath Falls. Visit the station at Goshen, junction of the Willamette and Pacific highways. There are 1241 cars heading toward Oakridge, 2812 heading toward Roseburg and 3780 heading toward Eugene.

Consulting the 1938 figures, you find that the Willamette highway has made a huge gain; that The Dalles-California north of the junction has lost a trifle; that the Pacific is still holding its own. But traffic in general, in Oregon, has gained 16 per cent, and both old routes have failed to participate. They have suffered—but they are still far ahead of the new route.

How many vehicles enter and leave Salem on main roads in a day? We can't tell exactly, because the only check on entry from the south via the Pacific highway is at Jefferson, and unfortunately there is no counting station on the Silverton road. But on the average, 4176 pass Gervais headed for Salem, 3214 pass Jefferson, 2424 come in from the direction of Turner, Stayton and the North Santiam highway; 1756 from the direction of Dayton; 3086 from the direction of Rickreall. Assuming conservatively that 2000 enter on the Silverton road we have, believe it or not, a total of 16,656 motor vehicles into Salem every 24 hours, on the average, and the same number leaving.

But just stop for a moment to consider: If those vehicles carry on the average anywhere near two persons, then more people enter and leave Salem every day than live here!

Truly, we are a nation on wheels. Those are just a few samples of the information that may be gleaned from the highway department's book "Traffic Density Tables for 1940" just off the press. But let's visit just one more counting station, up beyond Detroit where North Santiam and South Santiam highways meet to form highway US 20, which continues on to Bend, Burns, Vale, Ontario, Nyssa and into Idaho's most populous region. Though it may surprise some valley residents, this route, est of Bend, has almost doubled in through traffic since 1939—although that means only about ten cars an hour. But here near the summit of the Cascades at station B22F we find 106 cars daily heading toward Salem and only 88 toward Lebanon. The ratio of passenger cars, light trucks and heavy trucks is about the same, so there seems to be only one explanation. Though its improvement is not so far advanced, the North Santiam is so situated as to serve a substantially greater volume of traffic.

Spotlight Northwest

North American Aviation plant at Ingewood is fully manned following the workers' vote to end their strike; trouble at aluminum plants in the middle west is being mediated and elsewhere the defense labor picture is much brighter. But there is no break in the strike of Puget Sound area timber workers and that turns the spotlight of unfavorable labor conditions upon the Pacific Northwest.

From the National Defense Mediation board this newspaper is in receipt of summaries describing the dispute in the Columbia Basin area, which has not halted production and probably will not, and the dispute in Puget Sound, dispute which defies settlement despite the pressure of the board, high CIO officials and the public.

Matters at issue were not greatly different in the two areas, but on the Columbia, at the urging of the board, employers and the union ironed out all questions except the formula of "union protection"; that is, the decree to which a closed or union shop would be established. Union members are now voting on a compromise solution, and there are indications they will approve it.

On Puget Sound disagreement persists on four points: union protection, wages, vacations and piece work. On the first point, the employers agreed to accept a formula substantially the same as that accepted by union officials in the Columbia Basin area. The employers were also willing to raise wages, though not to the extent the union proposed, but were reluctant to grant vacations with pay. The board recommended the granting of such vacations in 1942. The complicated piecework issue was to be ironed out later. The records of the case plainly refute the claims of union leaders that the mediation board asked them to accept the employers' original terms.

One is forced to the conclusion that the principal difference between Columbia Basin and Puget Sound woodworkers is in the leadership.

Good Will

Mission street, favored route to George E. Waters park, was blocked for a few moments early Tuesday night by a passenger train; long enough for the autos bearing a considerable number of baseball fans, already late for the first game, to line up awaiting a passage.

As the passenger train cleared the crossing a brakeman from a freight train, the last car of which was a few feet to the north, dashed out and spread his arms to hold back the line of cars. Presently the freight train moved; that last car was rolled barely to the point at which it blocked the street and there the train stood for a full ten minutes.

The baseball fans fumed, and they missed the fireworks of the sixth inning.

Similar occurrences have been described here in the past. The railroad company has been invited to explain their necessity but has not taken advantage of the opportunity.

Even a railroad, one is inclined to think, could profit by the promotion of good will.

Realism vs. Sentiment

It becomes a sort of "debate within a debate," yet as a subject for almost unlimited argument pro and con we recommend the question as to whether the isolationists or the interventionists are most realistic and least sentimental in their approach to the problem.

Of the interventionists, it might be charged that a desire to correct injustices in far-away corners of the earth is a factor in their thinking, and that their fears of axis domination in the New World are visionary and actually based upon their sympathy for the democracies of Europe.

On behalf of the isolationists, it might be argued that they exercise less imagination, refusing to recognize a danger that is not demonstrable; that they are therefore more realistic.

But after you have argued thus, and after it is conceded that the arguments are tenable—you are forced to observe that the interventionists are chiefly men with past records of realistic thinking, and the isolationists leaders are chiefly men suspected in the past of excessive idealism. And if you want a tenable explanation of that, it may be that isolationism boils down to that extremely non-realistic viewpoint, pacifism.

"What is so rare," inquires the Klamath Falls Herald, "as a decently warm day in June?" We have no complaint.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 11—Leon Henderson, the price restrictor, called in his government men and the price policy committee a week ago and informed them something should be done to keep automobile prices from going up. A flood of objections descended upon him from his advisers. The technical work involved would require weeks or months to ascertain costs. It would be the old story of coal price controls all over again.

After a long hard meeting the decision was relayed until a session scheduled for today. But while this thrashing of the government mind was in progress, automobile price increases came. The second meeting of the price policy makers found they had the horse behind the cart, about a mile behind.

Note: A sharp price control bill—as keenly edged as Mr. Roosevelt's all-power property seizure measure—has been resting back in a corner of the presidential desk. The president and Henderson are supposed to have decided to delay its presentation to congress until the current trends of prices become sufficiently clear to demand such strong action, which may not be long.

Interest in Charles Lindbergh's personal political intentions has been running high among politicians of all varieties, not excluding those around the White House.

A good Minnesota authority expects the flying ex-colonel to establish a residence in his native state and run for the senate for next year.

The authority claims no fresh information direct from Lindbergh, but points out that Senator Joseph H. Ball's term expires next year, and Lindbergh could establish residence in the fall, six months before the spring primaries.

The main serious grumbling in congress against Mr. Roosevelt's seizure of the North American plant is based on the obvious legal unfairness of taking the property of the stockholders because of the sins of employees. He did not seize the union; he seized the plant. This is just as if the government seized your home because your cook would not work, furthermore it clears CIO of responsibility.

All the objections have been able to get out of administration officials is a shrug that this is the only legal way to accomplish their purpose. The objections might be pressed strongly if the plant were not now in the personal hands of War Secretary Stimson and his Assistant Secretary Patterson, neither of whom is a social reformer.

A new move to reorganize the government setup is definitely still in the making. Interior Secretary Ickes' nominated assistant, John Dempsey, has been devoting his time to developing a plan and a bill.

Central point of it apparently would be a consolidation of all transportation and communication bureaus (radio, railways, aviation, waterways) into one department.

But the main effect so far has been to keep the old number-one brain trust, Rexford Tugwell, from coming back as chief forester. The Ickes-Dempsey plan would presumably recapture for Ickes the forestry service of the agriculture department, which he has avidly sought without success for years. Tugwell's acceptance of the forestry vacancy will be delayed until his fears in this respect have been allayed.



All the World's a Stooze—Should Hitler Direct the Play

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An inquiry concerning 6-12-41 Jesse Quinn Thornton and Mrs. Eliza Thornton Ware, who were Salemites

(Continuing from yesterday:) Explaining the historicity of 923 High street, Salem:

When this columnist, with George H. Saubert, now of Cushman, Lane county, Oregon, bought and took charge of The Statesman, August 18, 1884, the man in charge of the delivery routes was Bartholomew ("Bart") Coffey, the deliveries being made by two boys, both on horseback. (No paved streets or cement walks in those halcyon days; except a few square feet of the latter at southwest Chemeketa and Commercial.) "Bart" was also Salem agent for the Portland Oregonian.

His system of bookkeeping was simple; without the cost or trouble of books, thus; he kept the Statesman money in one pocket and the Oregonian money in the other pocket. He declared that he never got it mixed.

"Bart" Coffey's home was at 923 South High street, the same house in which the J. F. Huston family now lives; only there was no number on the house. Streets were not numbered in Salem, until years afterward.

The Coffey family with its connections was a prominent one in those days, in Salem, afterward in Portland.

The Carsons came afterward in the ownership and occupancy of that house, John A. Carson and wife, deceased; parents of John, Allan and Wallace Carson, leading attorneys, prominent in many ways and works. Now, as will appear later, that residence houses a member of the Huston family, prominent in European and American history for over 600 years; one branch of the family spelling the name Houston, the outstanding member being Sam Houston, general, president of the Texas Republic, United States senator and congressman of the state of Texas; avenger of the crime of the Alamo at San Jacinto; from the center of which battlefield rises the national flower.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

M. M. asks if the lotus is the national flower for Japan. She wants to know "what flowers have been chosen for England, Denmark, Greece and Mexico, if any."

Answer: Lotus is the national flower for India and chrysanthemum is listed for Japan. England has chosen the Rose; Denmark, clover; Greece, violet; and Mexico, prickly pear. When one thinks it over, there is really something quite symbolical about each choice.

Oddly enough, it seems that the United States has no national flower. In some places the golden rod is accepted. Among the flowers that have been suggested by different organizations are the red rose, mountain laurel, columbine, dogwood, and trailing arbutus.

F. R. writes that he has a Cornus paniculata, but that it is not growing well. He wants to know the soil requirements. This so-called gray dogwood likes best a rather moist soil and partial shade.

tion's tallest monument; 12 feet higher than the Washington monument.

There are branches of the Houston-Huston clan in which part of the members use the Houston spelling and others (of the same branch) use the Huston.

A member of the clan, E. Rankin Huston, Mechanicsburg, Pa., has published a history and genealogical record of the family—or families, and it makes a good sized book, with about 300 pages.

J. F. Huston, 923 South High street, Salem, who wrote the letter to this columnist, is given in a recent Polk Directory as a teacher. He has served in the United States armed forces, in a clerical position.

Strangely, his wife, Alberta, is a descendant of Wm. Marquis, a colonel in the Revolution, who came over from France with LaFayette, and received a land grant by right of his service for a free and independent America, and settled at Lynchburg, Virginia.

Where did the Thorntons live, when they were in Oregon, and in Salem? Mrs. Jessie M. Crossan, widow of Leon Crossan, her home at 877 Oak street, Salem, who at 4 years of age was adopted by the Thorntons, remembers very well.

They first lived at Oregon City, of course, for that was the capital of the Oregon provision-

al government, of which J. Quinn Thornton, as heretofore related, was appointed supreme judge a few weeks after their arrival in the Oregon Country.

Then they lived in Benton county, across the Willamette river from where Albany stands. That is where Mrs. Crossan was born, and where the Thorntons adopted her when she was 4. Thornton lake, there, was named for Judge Thornton.

Then the Thorntons came to Salem and made the capital city their home until their deaths, his Feb. 6, 1888, according to Mrs. Crossan, hers, January 4, 1889. The father of the deceased husband of Mrs. Crossan was "Bob" Crossan, a well known Oregon pioneer, who was for many years, beginning in 1891, street commissioner of the city of Salem, having in charge all streets, sewers, bridges, etc., and their construction and repairs. "Bob" had been in the Civil war a member of the 4th Iowa Battery, under Capt. P. H. Goode's command, which was stationed at Thibodaux, Louisiana, 80 miles from New Orleans, where they guarded the supplies of that department; standing there during the whole of the great conflict; and, in 1865, upon discharge from the army, Crossan came across the plains to Oregon, going first to Silverton, teaching school; then owning and operating saw mills on the Pudding river; finally moving to Salem.

But where, in Salem, did the Thorntons live?

(Continued tomorrow.)

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Chapter 24 Continued
The whole set went haywire last night when I was about four miles out. Joe, the engineer, is down at the machine shop getting the tips reamed out. We lay to our hook in Coogan bay last night and—

"So ye were anchored less than four miles away, the night?" There was a cutting edge to the quietly spoken words. "Belike, ye wouldn't know that the Glory went adrift and was near lost on the spearheads, last tide?"

"Yes, I heard. But, awb—look here, Cap'n!" Chris' eyes popped with sudden comprehension. "I never had nothing to do with that. Believe me, sir, I—after what you told me—I—"

His stammering was cut short by the entry of Alexander, who bore a long pasteboard box. "A present for Miss Sondra!" He put it down on the table with a flourish. "Looks like flowers. That big, redheaded engineer from the Glory brought it, with Captain Reynall's compliments." Sondra, feeling a glow of pleasurable surprise, stood looking at the box.

"Well, well," prompted the Captain impatiently. "Open it. 'Tis not likely he'd be sendin' a bomb."

She lifted the lid and turned back the tissue paper, and in a sudden revulsion of feeling went hot all over. "It's some kind of a joke, Dynamite." She shoved the box across to her grandfather.

The Captain lifted out a spliced loop of heavy rope. "Joke, he hanged!" he roared indignantly. "Tis a slap in the face, no less! A backhanded—"

"But what is the thing, Dynamite? I don't—"

"Tis the eye of a ship's hawser, Sondra, made to drop over a bollard when mooring at a wharf. And see—it's been cut through with an axe, or a knife. 'Tis his insultin' manner of tellin' us we cut the Glory adrift last night. By the hornblasted jezuz, if I could lay hands on that impudent whelp I'd jam this down his throat and—"

"Wait, Dynamite. I think the important thing is that the Glory's lines were cut, apparently, by—someone."

The two men looked at each other, but their expressions were lost to Sondra who had just noticed a long envelope in the bot-

tom of the box.
The envelope contained two documents. One was a copy of the injunction: "O'More Seiners, Inc., Defendant; Baranov Packers, Plaintiff." Across it, dated that morning and signed by the U. S. commissioner, was an inscription: "Injunction dissolved and action terminated on request of Plaintiff."

The other document was the trouble-making Bates contract, crinkled and waterstained. Clipped to it was a note in clear, bold handwriting:

My dear Sondra O'More:

I've just learned that you, and not your grandfather, are head of the O'More Seiners. But were it the other way around, there are still some methods no Reynall would resort to, even in a fish fight.

Respectfully yours,
Jean Reynall.

Sondra pushed the note and the two documents over to her grandfather. "What does he mean by that?"

The Captain scowled at the assembled exhibits, and shook his white head. "I don't get it. They're a tricky breed, these Reynalls. But this one's too deep for me, I—"

He suddenly whisked the papers out of sight and made a warning gesture as the voices of Kemp and Polena sounded from the hall outside. "Cover that hawser, Sondra. We'll say nothing of this to Starbuck just yet."

Kemp came in smiling, but his face had the drawn look of lost sleep. He dropped into a chair and accepted gratefully the cup of coffee Sondra handed him.

"Up all night, Kemp?"

"Might as well have been. I hope that waterfront bedlam was less disturbing up here than at my quarters on the wharf."

"First we heard was the rum-pers when the Glory lost her moorin'," said the Captain. "After seein' that through, we felt little call to sleep again, as ye might guess."

"Yes, quite." By the quirk of an eyebrow Kemp signified his discreet perception. "Unfortunate for us the affair hadn't a different ending, but certainly no fault of yours, sir. That infernal luck of Reynall's would upset the best calculations."
(To be continued)

Radio Programs

KSJM—THURSDAY—1390 Kc.
6:30 Sunrise Salute.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:30—Oldtime Music.
7:30—News.
7:45—Hollo Hudson's Orchestra.
8:30—News.
8:45—Tune Tabloid.
9:30—Pastor's Call.
9:45—The Bartons.
9:45—Four Notes.
10:30—The World This Morning.
10:30—Prescription for Happiness.
10:30—Women in the News.
10:30—Johnny Messner's Orchestra.
10:30—Jazz Aces.
11:30—Value Parade.
12:00—Ivan Dittmars at the Organ.
12:15—Nontune News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:30—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:30—The Sound Step.
1:00—Chuck Foster's Orchestra.
1:15—Isle of Paradise.
1:30—Western Serenade.
2:00—News.
2:15—US Army.
2:30—Herb Hirsch's Orchestra.
2:45—Johnny Marvin's Orchestra.
3:00—Crossroads Troubadour.
3:00—Concert Gems.
4:15—News.
4:30—Teatime Tunes.
4:45—The Four Belles.
5:00—It's the Day of the Day.
5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:00—The Mystery Headlines.
6:15—War Commentary.
6:30—String Serenade.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:15—Interesting Facts.
7:30—Joe Reichman's Orchestra.
7:30—The Mystery Town.
8:00—The Rhythm Five.
8:00—The World Tonight.
8:15—Herb Hirsch's Orchestra.
9:00—News Tabloid.
9:15—Fate Walker.
9:30—Western Mel.
10:00—Popularity Row.
10:30—News.
10:45—Let's Dance.
11:15—Dream Time.

KOIN—CBS—THURSDAY—970 Kc.
6:30—NW Farm Reporter.
6:30—KLOK.
7:15—News.
7:45—Consumer News.
8:00—Kate Smith.
8:15—When A Girl Marries.
8:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
8:45—Our Gal Sunday.
9:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
9:15—Woman in White.
9:30—Right to Happiness.
9:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—Big Sister.
10:30—Fletcher Wiley.
10:45—Kate Hopkins.
11:00—Marilyn Farrow.
11:30—Hello Again.
11:45—Woman of Courage.
12:00—News.
12:15—Myrt and Marge.
12:30—Ben Johnson.
12:45—Supper.
1:00—Hymns of All Churches.
1:15—Singin' Sam.
1:30—The O'Keefe Family.
1:45—Scattergood Balms.
2:00—Rose Show.
2:15—Sundown Almanac.
2:30—Joyce Jordan.
2:45—The World Today.
3:00—The Second Mrs. Burton.
3:15—Young Dr. Malone.
3:30—Newspaper of the Air.
3:45—Major Bowser.
4:00—Glen Miller Orchestra.
4:15—Professor Quiz.
4:30—Leon F. Drews.
4:45—Amos 'N' Andy.
5:15—Lanny Ross.
5:30—Spotlight.
5:45—City Desk.
6:00—News.
6:15—Cassidy Petrillo Orchestra.
6:30—Five Star Final.
6:45—Rose Festival Show.
7:00—State Traffic.
7:15—Reid Tanner Orchestra.
7:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:30—News.

KGW—NBC—THURSDAY—430 Kc.
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—The Early Bird.
7:30—News.
7:45—On the Mail.
8:00—Sam Hayes.
8:30—Stars of Today.
9:00—Jean Abbey.
9:15—Bess Johnson.
9:30—Ellen Randolph.
9:45—Dr. Kate.
10:00—Light of the World.
10:15—The Mystery Man.
10:30—Valiant Lady.
10:45—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
11:00—Against the Storm.
11:15—Ma Perkins.
11:30—The Guiding Light.
11:45—Vie and Sade.
12:00—Backstage Wife.
12:15—Stella Dallas.
12:30—Lorenzo Jones.
12:45—Young Wilder Brown.
1:00—Home of the Brave.
1:15—Fortie Faces Life.
1:30—We the Abbots.
1:45—Mary Martin.
2:00—Pepper Young's Family.
2:15—Lone Journey.
2:30—Speaking of Liberty.
2:45—News.
3:00—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
3:15—News.
3:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
4:00—Stars of Today.
4:30—Sunset Symphony.
4:45—Music Hall.
5:00—Xavier Cugat.
5:15—Suite of Two Cities.
5:30—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
5:45—Lum and Abner.
6:00—Edith.
6:30—Aldrich Family.
6:45—Tommy Rigg and Betty Lou.
7:00—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
7:30—Good Neighbors.
7:45—Music by Woodbury.
8:00—News.
8:15—Wilshire Bowl Orchestra.
8:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
11:30—News.

KEX—NBC—THURSDAY—1190 Kc.
6:30—Ed's Up.
7:00—Western Agriculture.
7:15—Breakfast Club.
8:00—Ames Corner.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
8:45—Between the Bookends.
9:00—Christian Science Program.
9:30—News.
9:45—Charmingly We Live.
10:00—Orphans of Divorce.
10:15—Annals of Honeymoon Hill.
10:30—John's Other Wife.
10:45—Just Plain Bill.
11:00—Mother of Mine.
11:15—Lucky Reporter.
11:30—News.
11:45—Lucky Reporter.
12:00—The Quiet Hour.
12:15—Clayton Quiz.
12:30—The Quiet Hour.
12:45—Clayton Quiz.
1:00—The Quiet Hour.
1:15—Clayton Quiz.
1:30—The Quiet Hour.
1:45—Clayton Quiz.
2:00—The Quiet Hour.
2:15—Clayton Quiz.
2:30—The Quiet Hour.
2:45—Clayton Quiz.
3:00—The Quiet Hour.

KOAC—THURSDAY—430 Kc.
6:30—News.
7:00—The Homestead Hour.
7:30—Weather Forecast.
8:00—Music of the Masters.
8:30—News.
9:00—Farm Hour.
9:15—Club Assembly.
9:30—Youth Speaks.
9:45—News.
10:00—Symphony Hall Hour.
10:30—Stories for Boys and Girls.
10:45—Dinner Concert.
11:00—News.
11:15—Farm Hour.
11:30—44 Summer School.
11:45—Forest in Action.
12:00—Oregon on Parade.

Vanderbilt Diamonds on Display



Mrs. Vanderbilt and son

Wearing a fortune in diamonds as she stands on the receiving line to greet arrivals at a public ball held at her Fifth Avenue, New York, mansion, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., is shown chatting with her son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., an army officer. The ball was held for the benefit of the United Service Organizations. Anyone could rub elbows with the 400 if they had the price of 500-per-son couple admission. It marked the first time the Vanderbilt landmark was opened to the public since it was built in 1851.