

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 26, 1851

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School Election

Neither extended residence in Salem nor a particularly keen memory are needed to recall a school district election in which interest was at fever heat; an election involving issues which seemed at the time momentous. For such an election in the Salem district more than 3000 voters would visit the polls. In other years when nothing more was at stake than the personalities of the rival candidates the voters numbered less than half that; a year ago when there were not even rival candidates the ballots numbered less than 100.

It is well for citizens to take an interest in the conduct of their schools, but the price of general interest, bitter controversy, is high.

In the election which occurs on Monday the situation is rather unique. With only one place on the board to be filled, thanks to a new law which staggers the tenure of directors more evenly than in the past, there is an almost unprecedented field of four active candidates. There has been a brief but rather spirited campaign.

The candidates are Percy A. Cupper, incumbent; Ralph Campbell and Herman Lafky, attorneys, and Francis E. Manley, auto mechanic. All four are fairly well known to a considerable number of voters.

Careful inquiry fails to disclose in this election any valid issues other than the candidates' personalities. There could scarcely be any burning issues in the election of one director, for there has been complete harmony on the board during the past year. Furthermore if any of the candidates are advocates of a decisive change in the conduct of the schools, they have not so announced publicly.

This being the situation, the voters have only to select the candidate whom they deem best qualified to participate in the management of the school system for the next five years.

Albany Gets Industry

Recent industrial progress in Salem's neighborhood city, Albany, was highlighted on Saturday by dedication of the big new Albany Plylock Division plant, erected under the direction of Ames A. Malarkey and associates of the M & M Woodworking company of Portland.

Those in attendance at the dedication program learned that this plant is the very latest thing in the plywood industry, that it will employ 350 persons in the plant alone and that counting logging and transportation, it will increase Albany's industrial payroll by half a million dollars a year.

Albany is to be congratulated upon its industrial progress, and Salem joins in the felicitations without reservation. It remains to be pointed out that this plywood plant is not a windfall as far as Albany is concerned. Citizens of that city have realized for years that its situation and the availability of suitable timber in Linn county and contiguous territory, were favorable to the development there of such a project. As long ago as 1938 Albany citizens were actively seeking to attract plywood manufacturers already engaged in the business elsewhere.

There were disappointments and there was continued effort which did not stop with "jaw-bone." Albany citizens raised a considerable fund for a stock subscription when that was the requirement in a pending deal; and to comply with the site requirements outlined by the Malarkey interests, they raised \$30,000 although as it turned out only a little more than half of this sum was needed.

So Albany's progress is a matter not only for felicitations; it stands as a reminder that like individuals, communities as a rule work for what they get, and that other communities have equal opportunity for cooperative planning and endeavor with the prospect of commensurate reward.

Re-examination

Advisability of "adjustments of curriculum" between the state college and the state university is to be studied by Chancellor F. M. Hunter within the next few months and his report will be made to the board of higher education in October. The Corvallis Gazette-Times sees in this instruction a threat to the entire structure of curricular division developed with such great pains and so much pain a decade ago.

It is known that some portions of the university—there still are, in spite of "co-ordination"—have been thumping for restoration of science as a degree-granting school to that institution. The board made one ruling which might be viewed as a concession; it authorized the granting of science degrees at the university only to graduate students taking such courses in pursuit of professional degrees.

In discussing this question previously this column has called attention to the apparently generous variety of "service courses" enabling students at the university, for example, majority in the arts, to obtain a reasonable amount of education in the sciences.

The Gazette-Times may or may not be unduly excited about the treat to the "system." It is reassuring that the study is to be made by the chancellor and not by avowed partisans of either institution. It is proper that scientifically and not politically—the matter should be re-examined. But before any fundamental changes are made, the public will have to be shown their necessity. The general impression is that the system is working well and should not be radically revised.

Mystery's Last Chapter?

Biggest news story of 1940 according to one of the several agencies which make such selections, was the unwritten story of soviet Russia's relation to Nazi Germany, to the world in general and to the war. It was a mystery story

and succeeding chapters of it have continued to appear in 1941.

The mechanics of the mystery serial are quite thoroughly standardized. Each chapter contains a clue but more often than not it is a false clue. At the end of the chapter the reader's tentative conclusions are jolted by some new sensations, and when the next chapter opens some of them are deliberately swept away. But in the last chapter—not quite at the end because that is reserved for the climax—all is made clear.

The last chapter of the mystery may now be unfolding, and then again it may not. Until the mystery is solved, we won't know whether there is to be hitting or kissing in the climax.

It seems to be conceded on all sides that extensive nazi forces are massed along the Russian border. The hints that Hitler is demanding full control of the Ukraine, if not its actual possession, are emanating from sources closer to headquarters. The politics and economic of the present situation point to the same conclusion.

On its face that adds up to a showdown for Joe Stalin, but we can't yet reduce the alternatives to two. At a minimum there are three:

- (1) Adolf gets the Ukraine without a fight; (2) Adolf doesn't get the Ukraine and doesn't fight; (3) They fight.

Only in case the third alternative pans out will we be sure that this is the last chapter. If it's the second one everybody can issue denials; if it's the first there will be face-saving concessions to keep Joe in business.

Best guess—but only a guess—is that it's the first. Adolf gets the Ukraine and there's no fighting. Then all we'll have is a big, bright, brand new clue. If it's the right one the solution will be one we've suspected before. Joe is just plain scared, and not plotting anything but to save his own hide.

That earth barricade that has been thrown up in front of the Statesman office is for our protection against subversive ideas.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 15—The stories sifting through nazi and Russian censorship about a Hitler drive into the Ukraine drew a serious second thought from officials here. These sounded offhand

like the same old game with which Hitler fooled Chamberlain. Every rumor of Moscow-Berlin dissension since this war began has been discredited by subsequent events. It could have been just some more good propaganda to embarrass Mr. Roosevelt's cooperative campaign with labor leaders to purge their communist ranks, or otherwise soothe the ire of anti-communist laments.

But the plain military fact is Hitler's best possible next military move would be just exactly this one.

To strike down through Syria directly at the Suez would bring the nazi line of supplies directly across the path of British battleships. A Syrian campaign would be extremely difficult for the nazis to sustain.

The other prong of the nazi pincers clasp at the Suez from Libya is melting in heat over 100 degrees. Hitler always likes to do the improbable, but a tank drive in heat up to 120 degrees or over is a little too improbable to warrant his interest. Furthermore the British general, Wavell has Ethiopia cleaned up, and is well fixed.

This leaves the only invading road for nazi action directly down into the rich wheat fields of the Ukraine directly toward the equally rich oil-fields of Baku—a goal worth accomplishing, by peaceful agreement or otherwise.

Note—This much has been certain for several days: Large German troop concentrations have been evident in both Finland and Norway and the nazi forces in Rumania have been greatly strengthened.

Wait until you see the casualty lists from Syria before deciding how great is the battle there. The British schedule of attack called for occupation of Damascus and Lebanon as far back as last Wednesday, but the delay may have been caused by peace negotiations rather than resistance.

It would surprise few authorities here if the French were just putting up enough of a struggle to prevent reprisals from Berlin. The opportunity has been allowed defending generals in wars before to know what spots were to be hit, so they could get their men out of the way. Useless killing would be caused otherwise.

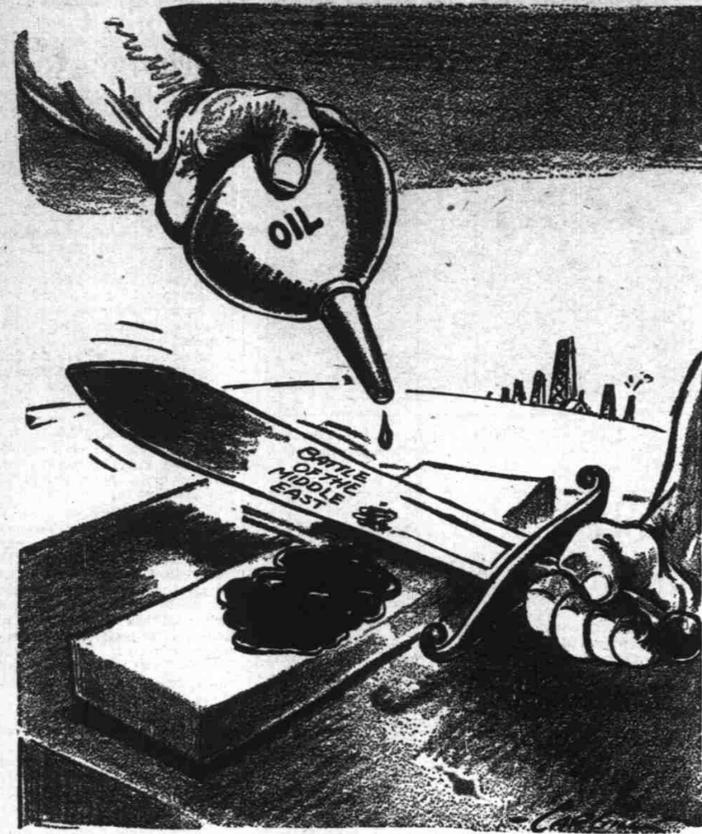
If the German plan of attack is looking toward the Ukraine, they don't care anyway.

Wendell Willkie will not be head of the school which is to be a West Point of government service. Negotiations were conducted with him by those who have the idea of turning the Tome school of Maryland into such an institution next fall, as reported in this column June 6. The negotiations have fallen through. Mr. Willkie was not interested.

The OPM is tackling things now so fast and furiously that occasionally it even surprises itself. Shortly after an official announcement was made that magnesium production would be expanded from around 40,000,000 pounds a year to the unbelievable total of 400,000,000 pounds, inquirers approached raw materials experts of OPM to ask how it was going to be done.

"Why that's silly," they were informed. "No such expansion is contemplated and could not be accomplished."

The inquirers had to produce the official announcement from headquarters to prove it was going to be.



"Super-Lubricant" for the Chariots of War

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An inquiry concerning 6-15-41 Jesse Quinn Thornton and Mrs. Eliza Thornton Ware, who were Sealemites:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Beginning at page 109 of the Salem Directory for 1874, under the heading, "Salem Titles; History of the Title to Real Estate in Salem," J. Quinn Thornton, counselor at law, over the date of Salem, February 1st, 1874, furnished a very long article, taking up 40 pages. It is proposed to print only extracts from this, leaving out a great deal that would be embarrassing to living persons not responsible for acts of persons living 77 years ago.

Beginning at the beginning, quoting:

"The words history and story are the same differently written. Whether the one or the other be employed, the idea of which they are the sign is an account or narrative of facts or events in the order in which they happened, with their causes and effects; and yet without strict regard, as in the writing of annals to the arrangement of events under each year. While the writer is at liberty to make his observations, if he would be useful he must be strictly truthful, setting down nothing in malice, and suppressing nothing through a false delicacy which would suggest that if all the truth be told of the dead the sensibilities of some who survive may be wounded. While it may be admitted that we ought to be charitable and reasonably forbearing; and that when God puts forth his hand to smite a wicked doer, to curse him in his ill gotten gain, or to extinguish his wicked life, we ought reverently to take our hands off, yet it may not be thence inferred that when justice over-

takes a bad man or meets him in some bypath of inquiry laden with his guilt and fraudulently acquired property, and finally lays him away under ground, we may speak of his virtues, if he had any to be imitated, but we must remain silent upon the subject of his vices as things to be avoided. Indeed some men complete the journey of life without somewhere on the road having been positively useful. And respecting all persons thus either useless or vicious, it may, with peculiar appropriateness, be said that the only way in which to utilize their lives is to make negative examples of them.

"The history of the title to real estate in Salem is closely associated in time and place with that of the early history of the Oregon Institute which was finally enlarged into the Wallamet University—the orthography I here employ being used in the act of incorporation drawn up under the supervision of the early missionaries.

"One of the main instrumentalities employed in the mission enterprise of the M. E. Church for doing good among the Indians of Oregon was the maintenance of a Manual Labor School for the benefit of the children of these people, there being at the time of the opening of this school no settled American population in the country outside of the mission. The school had been originally established in 1834, by Rev. Jason Lee, ten miles below the present site of Salem, then known among the Indians by the name of Chemeketa. In 1841, this school numbered about 40 children, and they were crowded into a small and uncomfortable log house. In addition to the necessity thus made manifest for a larger building the first location proved to be unhealthy. In consequence of this last named fact, the missionary board in New York caused to be erected at Chemeketa a large building costing \$10,000—the same since known as the 'old' Institute building, and which was consumed by fire in December, 1872. (It was December 27.)

"In the autumn of 1842, the Indian mission school (manual labor school) was moved into it, and with it the name of Oregon Institute to the new locality. In a comparatively short time a fatal disease carried away many of the native children, while others were stolen by their savage parents until only a few were left to die at last with scrofulous affections.

"Such was the condition of affairs when, on the 26th of June, 1844, the late Rev. George Gary, then recently arrived to supersede Mr. Lee in the superintendency of the mission, closed the Indian manual labor school as such, thus ceasing to operate it as a part of the machinery for work among the aborigines.

"This change immediately presented to his mind, for grave consideration, the important question as to what disposition should be made of the land and of the buildings erected upon it. Finally Mr. Gary, after consulting with the missionaries then in the field and with other members of the M. E. Church, who no longer before that time had commenced settling in the country as permanent citizens, sold the building in question together with the possessory right to the surrounding 640 acres of land, to the trustees of the Ore-

gon Institute for the sum of \$4000, to be thereafter paid.

"At the annual meeting of the board on the 25th of May, 1845, the late Rev. David Leslie was reelected president; W. H. Willson was chosen secretary, Alanson Beers treasurer. The house not yet being completed, measures were adopted having this for their object, and to make provisions for continuing the school, also for surveying and laying out a city.

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(Continued on Tuesday.)

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(Continued on Tuesday.)

Editorial Comments

From Other Papers

BURTON TO SILVERTON
For nearly a quarter of a century E. K. Burton has served Marshfield faithfully as city engineer, a complex job. At the end of this month he goes to Silverton as city manager.

It is unfortunate that Marshfield should lose a qualified employe, a skilled public servant, such as Mr. Burton. It is a compliment to Mr. Burton and to Marshfield, however, that Silverton, in seeking for a city manager, should call him to that position.

The step shows progress on the part of Silverton, a shift to a modern form of city government, where a skilled and capable executive is put in charge of purchasing and management, leaving only questions of policy to the municipal council.

Marshfield should take a cue from Silverton and other progressive cities, however, and provide a city manager for itself. Astoria, Oregon City, LaGrande—all have proved the wisdom of having one paid administrator heading up the city's business. Existing city governments are top-heavy with policy forming personnel and deficient in the executive department.

—Coos Bay Times.



Connie Mack

Among those honored with a degree at the commencement exercises at Pennsylvania Military college at Chester, Pa., Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, is pictured in cap and gown after receiving an honorary degree of Doctor of Physical Education.

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Chapter 25 (Continued)
She made sure of her boat by slipping a coil of small rope over her arm and tying one end of it to the Spindrift. Then, with trail ax thrust through her belt and the Indian paddle as a staff, she set forth.

Half an hour later she had a campfire going under the wide-spreading cedar and enough driftwood piled near it to last for hours. Her slacks, tennis shoes and anklets hung drying on a branch above the fire. There was no wind and not a drop of rain penetrated the heavy green boughs that reached out as far as the creamy blossoms on the elderberry bushes along the creek.

"Cozy!" pronounced Sondra sitting down on her coat and stretching her slender bare legs to the warmth of the fire. "But gosh! I wish I had something to eat!"

She turned a considering eye on the Forest Man's cache. Food was there, if she could climb the little door, ten feet above the ground. There was no ladder of course. But nearby lay two slender poles, rough with bark and stubs of branches. Why not drag the poles over to the cache and slant them up to the little door?

It was an unstable device at best, when she got it in place, but with unabated enthusiasm she began creeping up on it on hands and knees. Two feet . . . three . . . five feet she "cooned," wincing as the bark bit into her soft skin. Then quick as a flash one of the poles turned, throwing her off balance. The back of her pullover snagged on one of the stiff, spiky stubs as she fell, and she found herself hanging there as if on a hook, her toes barely touching the ground.

Her predicament was ludicrous but, she realized, it might also prove serious. She dropped her full weight against the pole, hoping either to tear the pullover or break the stub, but neither gave way, and she speedily resumed her position on tip-toe to relieve the pressure against her throat. With forced calmness she was considering what to do next when her ears caught the welcome rut-tut-tut of a boat's engine at the mouth of the cove. The Forest Man coming back, thank heaven!

Sondra could turn her head enough to see across the narrow meadow to the edge of the forest where he must appear. Almost at once she heard him approaching, whistling something surprisingly modern and gay. She was about to call his name, when her startled eyes told her the man emerging from the trees was not the blond, bearded logger.

He wore a short yellow slicker, white rubber hip boots, a yellow sou'wester pushed back from his dark, beardless face. And the swashbuckling way he wore them made Sondra dimly certain of the man's identity even before she saw the yellow marsh daisy, big as a sunflower, thrust through the buttonhole of his slicker. Jean Reynald — of all people on the North American continent!

She kept silent, trying to make herself smaller behind the fringe of alders. She wished she could sink into the ground, melt in the rain — anything rather than have him find her, in pullover

and satin panties, ridiculously dangling from a pole. The creature had a positive genius for catching her at a disadvantage. What was he doing here anyway?

Her question was answered when he swung down through the meadow to the boom of logs now stranded on the bared beach near the little landing. He went about in a stooped position, closely examining each one. It was not until his inspection was finished that his gaze was caught and held by the Spindrift, careened high and dry on the bar. He took a step forward, then his eyes followed the rope from the cruiser up to the dying campfire, with her slacks dangling from the limb above. With an air of puzzlement he peered anxiously about and at last caught a glimpse of her through the alders. His face lighted, and he came toward her on the run.

"Sondra! Gosh, infant, you gave me a scare!" There was no hint that he had noticed her plight or her costume, and the way his eyes swept so softly brilliant when he looked down at her almost made her forget all her grievances against him. "Are you alone here, darling?"

She ignored the endearment and remembered the cut hawser. "No, indeed!" she retorted flippantly. "As you see, I'm completely in the bosom of my family."

He shook his head slowly and grinned. "What a gal!" Then, matter-of-factly, he placed a hand under each of her arms, lifted her up until her sweater pulled clear of the impaling stub and dropped her gently back to earth.

She managed a very casual "thank you," and walked to her campfire with all the dignity possible to a bare-legged young woman who has just been plucked off a hook by the most exasperating man of her acquaintance.

She was giving rapt attention to rebuilding the fire when he came rustling up in his oisikins, slapping the sou'wester against his knee to dislodge the rain.

"The Forest Man won't be back for several days, Sondra — he told me so himself, this morning. It's lucky I popped over for a look at the spruce he's getting out for me. The Baltic is waiting for me in deep water on the other side of the peninsula."

"Indeed? Then don't let me detain you, Captain," she said politely.

He laughed. "I should have said 'waiting for us.' You'll let me take you back to Sitka, of course, and send someone out after the Spindrift!"

"On the contrary, I shall wait right here until the Spindrift floats. And I prefer waiting alone—it that can be arranged."

Jean jammed the sou'wester on his head and without another word strode back the way he had come.

Her heart sank as she watched the forest shadows close behind him. She hadn't expected him to leave her. She sat looking at the place where he had vanished almost certain he must reappear there, coming back to her. But minutes passed, then the Baltic's exhaust echoed suddenly against the hills . . . receded . . . gradually faded into silence. He was gone.

(To be continued)

Radio Programs

- These schedules are for the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.
- KSJM—SUNDAY—1390 Kc. 8:30—Melodic Moods. 9:30—Fountain of Youth. 9:30—Waltz Time. 9:30—Popular Concert. 11:30—Dance Serenade. 11:30—American Lutheran Church. 12:30—Singing Strings. 12:15—New Hights of the Week. 12:45—United Press on the Air. 12:45—The Song Shop. 1:00—Young People's Church. 1:30—Hawaiian Paradise. 2:00—Military Band. 2:30—Tony Pastor's Orchestra. 3:30—Western Serenade. 3:30—Boys Town. 4:00—Cappy Orchestra. 4:30—Symphonic Swing. 5:00—Variety Hall. 5:00—Dance Serenade. 6:15—Sacred Music. 6:30—Operatic Arias. 7:00—Johnston Negro Choir. 7:30—String Serenade. 7:30—The World Tonight. 8:15—The Quintette. 9:00—Tango Time. 9:30—News Tabloid. 9:15—Fountain of Youth. 9:30—Back Home Hour. 10:30—Dream Time.
 - KGW—SUNDAY—630 Kc. 8:30—Sunday Sunrise Program. 9:00—Down South. 9:30—Sammy Kaye Orchestra. 9:30—On Your Job. 10:00—Stars of Today. 10:30—Chicago Round Table. 11:15—H. V. Kallenborn. 11:30—Lee Gordon Orchestra. 12:15—Uptown Club. 12:30—Charles Dan's Orchestra. 1:00—Home Fun. 1:15—News. 1:30—Stars of Today. 2:30—Catholic Puzzlewit. 2:30—Dr. I. Q. Junior. 2:30—Professor Puzzlewit. 2:30—Bandwagon. 4:30—Charlie McCarthy. 4:30—One Man's Family. 5:30—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. 6:30—Album of Familiar Music. 6:30—Hour of Charm. 6:30—Deadline Dramas. 7:30—Hotel McAlpin Orchestra. 7:30—Dear John. 7:30—Rear Her Fellers. 8:30—Walter Winchell. 8:30—Arker Family. 8:30—Carnival. 9:30—Night Editor. 1:00—Archer's Cruise. 8:30—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra. 10:30—News. 11:30—Bridges to Dreamland. 11:30—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
 - KEK—SUNDAY—1190 Kc. 8:30—News. 9:30—Radio City Music Hall. 10:30—Hidden History. 10:30—Fountain of Youth Association. 10:30—The Quiet Hour. 11:30—African Trek. 11:30—Sunset Serenade. 12:30—National Vespers. 12:30—Behind the Silk. 1:30—Agavefruit Orchestra. 1:30—Christian Science Program. 1:30—Portland Baseball. 2:30—News.
 - 8:45—Bill Stern Sports Newsreel. 9:00—Good Will Hour. 9:30—Inner Sanctum Mysteries. 10:30—Hotel Lexington Orchestra. 11:30—Popular Concert. 8:30—Hawthorne Temple Service. 8:30—Everybody Sing. 9:30—Book Reviews. 10:30—Palace Hotel Orchestra. 11:30—Portland Police Orchestra. 11:30—Wildside Big Band Orchestra. 11:30—War News Roundup. 9:30—News. 10:30—The Peace That Refreshes. 1:15—News. 2:30—Old Songs of the Church. 2:30—Melody Beach. 2:30—Dear Mom. 3:15—News. 4:30—Columbia Workshop. 4:30—Dr. Knowledge. 4:30—News. 5:30—Summer Hour. 6:30—Take It or Leave It. 6:30—Heien Hayes Theatre. 7:30—Crime Doctor. 7:30—News. 7:30—Smarty Party. 8:30—News. 8:30—Don't Be Personal. 9:30—Was There. 9:30—Newsweek Round Table. 10:30—Five Star Final. 11:30—American Strand Orchestra. 11:30—News.
 - KALE—NEWS—SUNDAY—1330 Kc. 8:30—Mel Marvin Orchestra. 8:30—Central Church of Christ. 9:30—The Is In For Dixie. 9:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir. 10:30—News. 11:30—Bussanance of the Highways. 10:30—Canary Choir. 11:45—News. 12:30—Swedish Baptist Temple. 1:00—Musical Steelmakers. 2:30—Bulldog Drummond. 3:30—News. 4:30—News. 4:30—Wright-Williams, Commentator. 5:30—American Forum. 6:30—Old Fashioned Revival. 6:30—Nobody's Children. 6:30—For Your Information. 7:30—Gabriel Heister. 7:30—Cincinnati Concert. 8:30—Hinson Memorial Church. 9:30—News. 9:30—Trust For Sunday. 9:45—Fredy Martin Orchestra. 10:30—News. 10:45—Morton Gould Orchestra.

Monday Radio Programs On Page 8, Section 2