

The Oregon Statesman

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

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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Talking to Hitler

Everything that President Roosevelt said about the sinking of the Robin Moor was true, pertinent and appropriate. It was an act of piracy and now we know that it was deliberate. There is little doubt that it was ordered either with the aim of intimidating peace-loving Americans, or to test their present degree of resentment, or both. For the sinking of one American freighter our government has now frozen axis funds in the United States, closed all German consulates, perhaps secretly extended the Atlantic patrols; and now the president has sharply and publicly spanked Herr Hitler.

The spanking's effect, seeing that it was merely verbal, upon the nazi fuhrer each of us may accurately measure. It's no trouble at all to measure absolute zero. Hitler has been roasted, flayed, excoriated and castigated by other experts and it is not recorded that he has ever winced.

Yet most of the newspapers headlined the president's remarks above a purely domestic submarine disaster and above the progress of war in the Near East, and most of the radio commentators devoted two-thirds of their allotted time to his message to congress. Something of a sensation was made of it.

Actually if it had any effect it was upon the American people and if one purpose was to move them toward a viewpoint more closely coinciding with that of the president, it was done with astounding ineptness. The people may get mad enough to fight but Mr. Roosevelt may as well make up his mind that they are going to get mad in their own good time and in their own way. Neither he nor anyone else is going to tell them when to get mad, or why.

Mind you, we are not criticizing the president. He was in somewhat the same position that our portside pitching friend, Roy Helser, found himself the other night. The opposing pitcher called Roy a naughty name. Baseball ethics required him to march out there and start swinging, no matter how big the other fellow was. Diamond fisticuffs don't mean much and neither does this type of international sparring. Probably we shall not even get a bloody nose out of it.

But when our formal claim is presented for indemnity and assurances that the "piracy" will not be repeated—that is when the serious business will start.

Bill Jones

We'll have to extend the right hand of fellowship to Professor Jones of Willamette university... he made a stirring speech that roused the whole student body and created so much enthusiasm that the football team went out and licked the College of Idaho... Jones himself is an up and coming young chap; and the more like him we can rescue like brands from the burning from California, why the better off Oregon is. He is no cadaverous ph. d., but a healthy American who is here to develop a school of business administration.

True, the above-quoted remarks are selected from the second of two editorials in which The Statesman took notice of Prof. (now Dr.) William C. Jones' presence in Salem. True, in the first editorial there occurred the sentiment that "We get mighty tired of this Californianness." As for that, it is not every new citizen of Salem who merits two editorials on successive days. We quote from the second editorial, not in the hope that the first will have been forgotten but because the second one reflects more accurately Salem's reaction to Prof. Jones after it got acquainted with him.

Looking back, it strikes us that Willamette university and Salem perhaps needed some stirring up in 1929. Looking around, it strikes us that both are livelier now. Not all the credit belongs by any means to Dr. Jones but by the same token, some of it does. It may even be said that Willamette's enlivening started almost coincidentally with his arrival. In the fields of business administration and public administration, he made a distinct contribution to Willamette's progress in the direction of practical education for public service without stepping over the boundary into the field, foreign to the true purpose of a liberal arts college, of strictly vocational education. In line with his academic interests, he also contributed substantially to leadership in civic and governmental affairs of the community.

Now Dr. Jones is moving on to a larger sphere of influence at the state university and it is appropriate to voice recognition of what he has accomplished here. But it is not appropriate to say farewell, for we will see him again and, as an Oregon community, Salem will continue to reap a share of the benefit from his labors.

Unemployment

As we shall presently see, it is a bit dangerous to count workers and potential workers by the millions when actually, each is an individual. Yet to get any sort of over-all picture of the employment situation it is necessary.

The 1940 census of unemployment showed approximately 7½ million persons able to work, unemployed and looking for work or on work relief. Three million, it is now estimated, have gone to work since that time and a million and one-fourth have gone into the armed services. So unemployment is reduced by more than half. Within the next year, need for four million more workers is seen. Even counting the normal increase in employables, there won't be that many. The nation will have to enroll some persons who don't need jobs but are willing to help.

Relief officials object to these figures as wrong at both ends, and you can see why. The lower house of congress has cut the proposed appropriation for work relief an additional 95 million to 482 million dollars and its appropriations committee has rejected a clause which would have recognized such expenditures as regular and not "emergency" governmental costs. Relief enthusiasts are in a dither.

Matching up three million workers against three million jobs, however, is not as simple

as it sounds. Right now an employer asking for 16 tool designers will find only one registered at an employment agency; for die designers the ratio is 15 to 1, shipyard loftsman 35 to 1, boat builders 40 to 1, aircraft workers the same, detail assemblers in aircraft 50 to 1. Even in more generalized skills required in foundries and in steel construction the jobs available are from 1½ to 3 times the number of workers available. This despite the fact that workers specifically trained for defense work since the program began, will presently pass the million mark.

Heretofore this column has made mention of the unwholesome character of a new type of "horror comics" published principally in booklet form. Our judgment is now confirmed on the highest authority. All "comic books" portraying unlawful violence have been barred from distribution among the impressionable inmates of Westchester county, New York, prison. If the warden thinks these books will contaminate the minds of convicts...

They've moved the state softball tournament away from Salem. In view of our new affinity for the hard variety of baseball, that was perhaps advisable. But, unless someone gets busy pretty soon on steps to prevent it, the basketball tournament will follow. Though it has had many of the symptoms of a headache, we'll have cause to regret its loss.

Olympia folk complain that the grounds of their impressive capital group are grown up to weeds. Probably it's because all state employees are hired—and hold their jobs—under the "merit system."

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 21—The boom that is to sweep this army clean of political hangers-on is working inside.

The social and political lions who have slipped into fighting army spots as reserve officers and national guard leaders are being weeded out quietly, by simply allowing their commissions to expire shortly at the end of their year's service.

Then the board of selection of general officers which has been meeting here in such secrecy that the identity of the board members has not been divulged even within the war department, has now completed its initial report. This report selects 300 full colonels who are needed immediately as active leaders in the field. How deep it swept is evident. The board went down nearly 1500 names in the eligible list of 3000 lieutenant colonels before choosing the 300 men temperamentally suited to lead the soldiers. It passed over 4 out of every 5 senior officers.

The action represents a nation-shaking departure from army tradition. There will be groaning aplenty. Yelps are already beginning to be heard in congressional ears. Always before custom required the chief of staff to choose the names placed at the top of eligible lists by seniority.

No greater step to encourage civilian confidence in the future of the army has been taken since this defense program started.

The Germans slipped practically all their air force out of Libya several days back, thereby giving conclusive evidence that major operations elsewhere were nigh. Hitler might shift his forces around on the Russian frontier for political effect, but he would never withdraw his air force from a fighting front without military objectives in mind.

A young French tank officer, Lt. Robert Gerard, met with the topflight colonels in the war department for what was advertised as a social dinner a few days back, but it turned out to be a frank analysis of what is wrong with American fighting equipment and what should be done about it. Lt. Gerard thought no army could match the nazis until it had superior tanks, planes and guns in larger quantities. Conclusion of the dinner:

United States and Germany are now engaged in a race for superiority in military equipment. Improvements we make now may be obsolete in a few months. If we get 47 MM anti-tank guns, the nazis may retaliate with 5-inch armor plate, requiring us to make a higher calibre.

Therefore, our program cannot be static, must be continually altered as it progresses.

Mr. Roosevelt's sharp words to congress on the Robin Moor sinking were naturally accepted there as a firming of the ground for further action. Some called it a buildup. The action generally expected was eventual severance of diplomatic relations with Germany and further expansion of sea patrol activity.

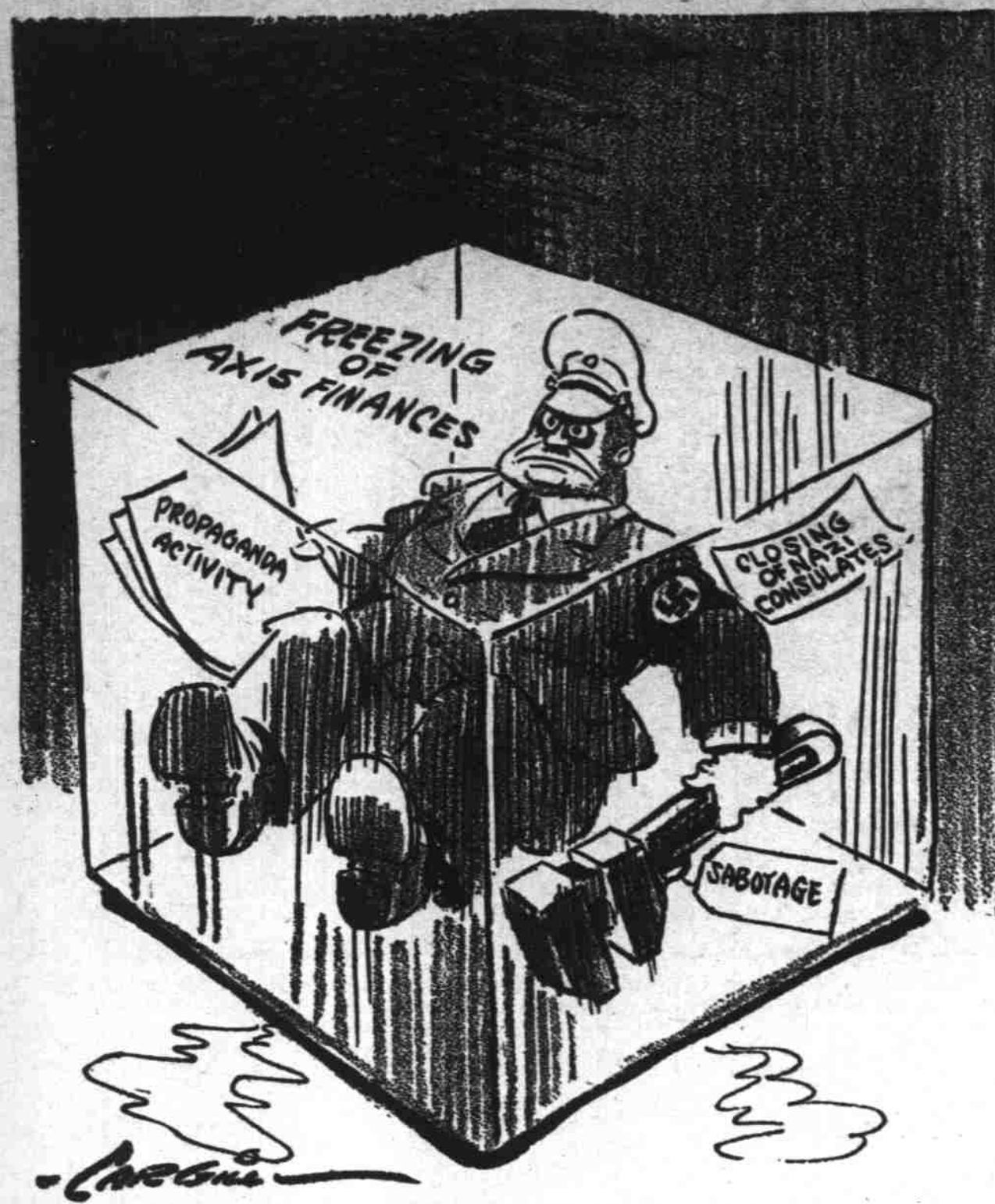
But the first firm irrefragable step in this course was the expulsion of German consuls from the United States. The state department well knew Hitler would retaliate by closing our 80 or more valuable listening posts in his area. In fact our diplomats had delayed this very action many months with the private explanation that they were tolerating the obvious propaganda activity of German sub-diplomats in order to keep our military and naval attaches in Europe.

It may, therefore, be logically assumed the war and navy departments would not have consented to the White House opening this trend of events were not some very important actions to follow.

Warlike tightening all along the government lines extended even to the president's press conferences. The past week an order went into effect requiring each attending correspondent to show his identification card with picture.

Hitler's official news agency reporter, Kurt Sell, got in all right. His papers were in order. Only one barred was the British correspondent, Denys Smith (London Telegraph). He had left his card at home.

Note: None of the legitimate German news correspondents have been disturbed by the Roosevelt house-cleaning. Only such flagrant propaganda devices as represented by Mannfred Zapp and his Trans-Ocean service (exposed in this column last October) have been affected.



Giving the Axis the Cold Storage Treatment

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An inquiry concerning 6-22-41
Jesse Quinn Thornton
and Mrs. Eliza Thornton
Ware, who were Salemites:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
As promised yesterday, let's have, briefly, some of the reasons advanced by J. Quinn Thornton in his article in the 1874 Salem Directory why Salem titles are good; or rather the titles to the down town property in Salem. Quoting from the article:

"THE FIRST PROPOSITION which may be laid down in commenting on the Law of Titles to the Real Estate in Salem is, that even had the Act of September 27th, 1850, usually known as the Donation Law, not been enacted; and had the bond of July 11th, 1847, (the \$100,000 bond) not been entered into by Willson, yet all sales of lots and contracts before the 4th of March, 1849, (when the Oregon provisional government became the Oregon territorial government), to sell, made by Willson, or by Willson and wife, with a covenant to procure, for the benefit of the grantees, the ultimate title from the Government of the United States, would have been valid, and might have been enforced under the 17th section of the Act of August 14th, 1848, (making Oregon a territory, which enacted that:

"All bonds, recognizances, and OBLIGATIONS OF EVERY KIND WHATSOEVER, valid under the existing laws (of the provisional government) within the limits of said territory shall be valid under this act... and all penalties, forfeitures, actions and causes of action, may be recovered under this act, in like manner as they would have been under the laws in force (the provisional government laws) within the limits composing said territory at the time this act shall go into operation."

"The sale of a lot thus made by a deed in which the grantor covenanted in consideration of the sum of money named as being paid would have been valid

under the provisional government; and had the grantor, after the provisional government was, on the 4th of March, 1849, superseded by the territorial government, refused to fulfill his covenant to perfect the title of the grantee by procuring a patent from the United States, the grantee might have recovered damages in the courts of the territorial government...

"Judge Sawyer, ... United States Court, ... District of Oregon, held, in the case of Lamb et al. vs. Davenport et al., afterwards appealed to the United States Supreme Court, that contracts for the sale of lots, made by land claimants BEFORE the passage of the act of September 27, 1850, are not declared void by such act, but on the contrary they are by implication recognized as valid... The great importance of this decision, not only to the holders of property in Salem, but considered as sustaining title to a vast amount of property all over the state, is so evident as to justify a somewhat extended quotation... The leading feature of the land law of the provisional government was that which provided that every male inhabitant of the country over a certain age should hold and possess 640 acres of land. The uses that the land might be put to were immaterial. The occupant might cultivate or pasture it, or... he might build a town upon it."

Before closing this part of the present long series in this column, it is but just to the memory of J. Quinn Thornton to mention the fact that he was in Washington, on his own time, and largely at his own expense, when the bill to make Oregon a territory was pending in Congress and that he covered that proud part of his career in the course of the matter of his which was printed in the 1874 Salem Directory. Quoting from that article:

"Soon after my arrival (in

Washington), President Polk and Senators Benton and Douglas suggested to me the expediency of my preparing a memorial to Congress setting forth the condition and wants of the people I was representing. In pursuance of THEIR ADVICE, I at once prepared a memorial; and among the most prominent subjects to which I solicited attention and for which I asked Congressional legislation, was the necessity for a territorial government, and for GRANTS OF LAND TO ENCOURAGE SETTLEMENT."

"This memorial was presented by Mr. Benton in the senate, and being, on his motion, printed for the use of both houses of Congress, it materially helped me forward on my way to the general object of my mission."

"Immediately afterwards I prepared a bill for organizing a territorial government, and I so framed it that it amounted to a practical recognition of the provisional government, and of the land law under it. This I did in the frame of the 17th section of the Act of Congress, (making Oregon a territory) of August 14th, 1848."

"Among other things important to be noticed in the said section, having this generally in view, but more especially designed to afford the means of enforcing Willson's bond of July 11th, 1847, is the following: 'ALL BONDS, RECOGNIZANCES, AND OBLIGATIONS OF EVERY KIND WHATSOEVER, valid under the existing laws within said Territory, shall be valid under this act.'"

"This provision... was especially designed to recognize and confirm Willson's bond of July 11th, 1847..."

"Especially to so enforce the bond as to secure an ample endowment for the Oregon Institute."

(Continued on Tuesday.)

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

(Chapter 27 Continued)

Before Sondra could say anything, a long-drawn whistle ripped the morning silence, and the Tanya came tearing up the channel around Spearhead Rocks. As it passed the anchored trawlers, Chris thrust his blond head from a porthouse window and bellowed joyously, "Rise and shine, you Rip Van Winkles! Herring in Shelikoff! I'll see the boss and be right on your tails before you get your mudhooks up!"

On the instant the sleepy air of the waterfront changed to one of high excitement. The O-Moore fleet came to life with tousled heads popping up at windows and portholes, standing by bells jangling in engine rooms, half-clad figures scuttling about the decks.

"Let's wait here for Chris," Sondra stepped down to the O-Moore float, where the Tanya was now making fast. Chris had already leaped from the porthouse and was racing up the cleated gangway his square, white teeth bared in a grin.

"Fish?" Kemp queried eagerly. "And how! You'll be buried in 'em before night, mister. All we've got to do is—"

"Aho, there—Cap'n Sandvik! Wait a minute!"

Chris whirled toward the jerkily bawling voice. Shady Lane, in his cranky dugout, was making a wobbly approach to the O-Moore float.

Shady waved his paddle at Chris, lost balance, caught himself, then as his craft veered within arm's reach of the Tanya, he dropped the paddle and frantically clutched the vessel's stern rail. His big paws held, but the canoe, darting ahead, caromed off the side of the Tanya and barely escaped swamp- ing.

Cautiously the big engineer hauled himself up to a position of comparative equilibrium at the Tanya's stern. With the dug-out under him darting off at sudden tangents, like the uncoordinated feet of a tyro roller skater he turned a flustered face toward Chris and brayed "Did you say there's herring in Shelikoff, skipper?"

Chris swallowed his grin struck a truculent stance. "There is!" he roared back. "So what?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" Shady bellowed placatingly. "We got some Indian boats waiting around out there, and I just thought—"

"Yeah! I saw 'em, big boy! And they'll have a good long wait before they get any fish out of this school. So don't—Wow!" He broke off, slapping his thighs and roaring with laughter. For the dugout, taking a sudden shoot under the Tanya's overhanging stern, had knocked its occupant flat. All that could be seen was an enormous pair of waving feet near

one end of the canoe, and farther along, an upthrust arm and hand that frantically pawed the air in search of something stable to cling to.

So comic was the effect that Sondra and Kemp were doubled-up with laughter; and even the men on the O-Moore trawlers stopped their work to guffaw at the cheechako's ludicrous predicament.

CHAPTER 28

Shady's pawing hand raked across the Tanya's transom without finding a grip, and the canoe, impelled by the thrust, shot out into clear view, its gunwales almost dripping water with the big fellow's struggles to right himself.

"Ride him, cowboy!" Chris jeered through cupped hands. Then as Shady by some miracle managed to drag himself upright without capsizing, Chris bellowed the supreme insult of the sea, "Get a horse, you farmer!"

Shady flashed a sickly grin toward the laughing faces on the wharf, and set a wobbling return course to the Baltic.

Sondra wiped her eyes, and turned to the still chuckling Chris. "Tell us about the herring, Skipper. Will they be—"

"Chris Sandvik! Ye hidebound son of a limpet! Are ye stranded there? Lay aft!" That sententious voice turned every eye upward toward Echo House where Captain O'Moore, bareheaded but full dressed, leaned from an upstairs window.

Sondra felt a twinge of conscience. He had not gone to bed in her absence, though he himself would never admit feeling any anxiety about her.

Chris grinned. "Guess I'd better beat it up there or the Old Man'll be pinning my ears to the mainmast."

The three sprinted across the causeway, hearing the engines of the O-Moore trawlers exploding into life, and the winches clanking up their heavy anchor chains.

They found Captain O'Moore in his big chair in upstairs sitting room, a blue fire of eagerness in his eyes. As Sondra ran to him he flashed her a smile, and drew her down to the chair-arm beside him. But his first words were for Chris: "Ye found the fish, lad. Where?"

"Shelikoff Bay, Cap'n. Slathers of 'em—milling up toward the mouth of Shaman's Lagoon!"

"They'll not have worked inside before the fleet gets out?"

"Nah! Not for another twelve hours, anyhow. There were no whales or anything around to disturb 'em. Kathleen and old Ish were scouting around the edges with the Scundoo, but it's too rough in Shelikoff for the rest of that cracker-box fleet." (To be continued)

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.

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| <p>KSLN—SUNDAY—1390 Kc.
8:30—Melodic Mood.
9:30—Flowing Rhythm.
9:30—Waltz Time.
10:30—Variety Concert.
10:30—Sunday Reveries.
11:00—American Lutheran Church.
12:00—Singing Stars.
12:15—News Highlights.
12:30—News.
1:00—The Song Shop.
1:30—Young People's Church.
1:30—Hawaiian Paradise.
2:00—Military Band.
2:30—Tony Pastor's Orchestra.
3:00—Western Serenade.
3:30—Story Telling.
4:00—Gypsy Orchestra.
4:00—Gypsy Orchestra.
4:30—Sacred Music.
5:00—Variety Hall.
5:30—Tonight's Headlines.
6:00—Operatic Arias.
6:30—Jamaican Cathedral Choir.
7:00—String Serenade.
8:00—The World Tonight.
8:30—The V. K. K. Quartet.
9:00—Tango Time.
9:30—News Table.
9:30—Spang's of the Beeds.
10:00—Back Home Hour.
10:00—Dream Time.</p> | <p>KALE—SUNDAY—1390 Kc.
8:00—TBA.
8:30—Central Church of Christ.
9:30—This Is Fort Dix.
9:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir.
9:45—Dick Stable Orchestra.
10:00—News.
10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways.
10:30—Canary Chorus.
10:45—Passe Troubadours.
11:00—TBA.
11:30—USO Program.
11:45—News.
12:00—Vaughn Monroe Orchestra.
12:30—Swedish Baptist Temple.
1:00—Musical Steelmakers.
1:30—TBA.
2:00—Buildup Drummond.
2:30—Jerry Seart Present.
2:45—Cedric Foster, Commentator.
3:00—Portland Bible Classes.
3:30—News.
3:45—Wythe Williams, Commentator.
4:00—American Forum.
4:45—Around the Clock.
5:00—Old Fashioned Revival Hour.
6:00—Nobody's Children.
6:30—For Your Information.
6:45—Symphonic Strings.
7:00—Gabriel Heatter.
7:15—British Speaks.
7:30—Chicagoand Concert.
8:00—Hinson Memorial Church.
8:30—News.
9:15—Music for Sunday.
9:30—Virgin Islands.
9:45—Jan Savitt Orchestra.
10:00—Duke Ellington Orchestra.
10:30—News.
10:45—Little Concert.
11:00—Sunday Night at Coconut Grove.</p> | <p>KOK—SUNDAY—1180 Kc.
8:00—Amen Corner.
8:30—Radio City Music Hall.
9:30—Matinee With Lyell.
10:00—Hidden History.
10:15—Foreign Policy Association.
10:30—The Quilt Hour.
11:30—Charles African Trek.
11:30—Summer Serenade.
11:45—Shall We Waltz.
12:00—Sunday.
12:30—Behind the Mike.
1:30—Lost and Found Items.
1:30—Edgewood Beach Hotel Orch.
1:30—Christian Science.
1:45—Rhythm by Ricardo.
2:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra.
2:30—Frank Black Presents.
3:00—European News.
3:30—Pearson & Allen.
3:45—NBC.
4:00—Star Spangled Theatre.
4:30—Song of the Strings.
4:30—American Red Cross Program.
4:45—Charles Dant Orchestra.
5:00—Shap Pictorial.
5:45—Bill Stern Sports Newscast.
6:00—Good Will Hour.
7:00—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.
7:30—Treasure Trove of Song.
8:00—Musical Interlude.
8:05—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
8:15—News.
8:30—Hawthorne Temple Services.
8:30—Network.
9:00—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.
9:00—Southernaires.
9:30—Richings in Paris.
11:00—Portland Police Reports.
11:30—Floyd Wright, Organist.
11:30—War News Round-Up.</p> |
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Monday Radio Programs
On Page 6, Section 2

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

SALEM: THE FAIRYLAND...
I came just to look; but alas, I found I couldn't leave, for my heart was bound; Bound by the beauty of the valley fair What's o'er the hill, I do not care.

The Gods that be were extra kind; They smiled on Salem, and set out to find Jewels to grace the valley wide, Its rolling hills and country side.

It's spreading trees make a shady nook; If you walk a bit there's a dancing brook Rushing by with only a glance at me Thru meadow and valley, on its way to the sea.

Tonight, as I watched the sunset, over the western sky I walked down a path of roses, I knew there was no goodbye, I came to look, but lingered to tie my ship ashore And I too, will plant some roses around my cottage door. Marianne Read Edwards, Salem, Ore.



Newly-appointed associate justice of the U. S. supreme court, Robert Jackson is pictured with his son, William E. Jackson, after the latter graduated from Yale university at New Haven, Conn. The senior Jackson at present is U. S. attorney general.