

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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September Rain and the Fair

Roadside and pasture land had turned brown, the pale brown of the stubble field. Such grass as had grown tall and matured, completing its cycle by producing seed, was dead. But the younger shoots at its base, though pale for lack of moisture, were not dead. They drank, and over night the landscape, where the mature grass was not so thick as to hide it, regained the Willamette valley's typical greenness.

It rained. No one tried to put over the idea that it was just an Oregon mist. Big wet raindrops fell copiously. They soaked the earth, not just the surface dust but down to the tapered root-ends, and after that they collected in puddles. They fell upon the just and the unjust, upon the people who had thought to bring raincoats and those who had not.

They fell upon the people who had planned to attend the state fair on opening day, but they didn't change those plans. They fell upon the people who had planned to pick beans, hops and prunes, and sent those people also to the fair. For they fell, you see, upon the people of western Oregon, who know rain. It isn't true that they "don't know enough to come in out of the rain," and it isn't true that they grow webs between their toes. But it is true that they recognize rain for a friend, and know that there is no use in frowning if this good and true friend arrives at a moment that is inopportune.

It isn't true, as one might have imagined when viewing for his first time a state fair crowd on Monday, that western Oregon people normally ignore the rain and go about business or pleasure in blissful disregard of it. They treat rain with due respect and plan their lives to conform to its certain recurrence. Other things being equal, they prefer to be under shelter when it comes. On some state fair days in the past they have stayed away in great numbers because of rain.

But this day was different. It was a holiday. And whether they had planned in advance to spend it at the fair or to join in the harvesting, there was a feeling that this year time was precious and ought to be put to the best possible use, rain or shine. There were some who in recent state fair weeks had time, but not much money. This year there was a little money to spare, and they were going to make sure of one day to spend and enjoy it.

So they went to the fair and sloshed around in the rain and had a good time. And each fair-goer consciously or unconsciously paid tribute to the rain, identifying it as a natural blessing without which the fair would be a sorry spectacle, without which there could in truth be no fair at all.

Untangling Priorities

Dilemma of the small manufacturer who requires even a small quantity of a "vital defense material" in order to carry on his industry was outlined here the other day. It should have been made clear, if it was not, that the confusion described represented perhaps the high point of the industrial shock incident to the defense program's "shift into high gear." There is evidence now that confusion will presently be mitigated—though the handicaps to industry due to these materials' shortage are not.

Director-General Knudsen of OPM has announced that his agency will soon be in position to tell manufacturers what materials they may or may not have, for a month in advance, but he does not promise that the news will be pleasing. Yet in his announcement, and in the White House statement issued in connection with the reorganization of defense administrative agencies, there are hints that defense industry too will be put on rations to some degree in the light of urgent civilian need.

But the brighter prospect for civilian suppliers lies in the hope that as order is brought out of chaos, OPM will be able to say whether a shortage actually exists, or merely appears to exist, because of "forward buying" on the part of army, navy and defense contractors. Inclusion of both Knudsen and OPM's Administrator or Leon Henderson on the new board headed by Vice-President Wallace is encouraging, since some of the confusion has resulted from their lack of official contact; sometimes they have worked at cross-purposes.

This promised improvement will come none too soon, for already civilian production is falling off due to lack of essential materials and even total national production is beginning to suffer.

Ashland Rejects Bonds

One of the expensive things that people do with the least squawking is vote bonds for school buildings. This ought to be especially true in Ashland, an education-minded and culture-minded city. But the voters of Ashland have just turned down, by a 4 to 1 margin, a \$90,000 bond issue for replacement of a grade school building. A remarkable thing about it is the actual affirmative vote; only 112. You would think the school board members and the teachers in that school who happen to be Ashland citizens, could have persuaded more voters than that to turn out and favor the project.

The turn-down was not the result of a tax-conscious economy trend. The Ashland daily Tidings opposed the bond issue, insisting that more land be purchased to provide a full block site, before anything was done about construction. The newspaper presented a well-prepared case and apparently the great majority of citizens were attracted to its view. The outcome as we see it is an evidence of intelligent discrimination on the part of the voters, made effective by dependable leadership which had a voice and which enjoyed the public's confidence.

Marshall Petain heard news of the Laval assassination attempt "while attending a special rendition in his honor of the first act of the opera Faust, in which the aging Faust makes a compact with the devil," a news dispatch disclosed. Fitting.

Boll Weevil Year

In Coffee county, Alabama, there is a monument erected in 1919 by grateful citizens "in profound appreciation of the boll weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity" in reducing the cotton crop and this increasing cotton prices. Cotton producers—the ones not visited by the quarter-inch Mexican bug with the long nose and voracious appetite—are expected to lay a new wreath at the foot of the monument this year.

The boll weevil's contribution in 1919 and prior years was, in truth, a mere drop in the bucket to what it accomplished subsequently. Cotton acreage was not greatly reduced in 1921 but the crop dwindled from over 13 million bales to less than eight, of which 77 per cent, as compared to around 45 per cent of the larger previous crops, was exported; and prices rose accordingly. The little fellow went to bat again from 1927 to 1932 but about that time growers learned how to stop with calcium arsenate.

In those years his destruction varied, depending upon winter weather's severity, from 20 to 31 per cent of the total crop; later it dwindled to 9 per cent. But this year the arsenate hasn't seemed to work and in some sections the destruction, not observable until the last few weeks, threatens to approach 50 per cent. Cotton prices have advanced \$3 a bale.

In view of the cotton growers' plight in recent years, it's almost certain that there will be enough for those silk-substitute hose.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Mr. Roosevelt exhibited some dissatisfaction with the way defense production is going, when he shifted the directing heads of OPM around. But there is greater dissatisfaction over defense production inside OPM than has yet reached Mr. Roosevelt, more than his shift will cure.

A very loyal Roosevelt clan, knowing the facts as well as anyone, is just simply convinced the production schedule itself does not measure up to the size of the task of arming this army efficiently, and supplying the British. New vigorous concepts are needed. There must be more sub-contracting, reorganization of procurement in the war department, perhaps many other changes. This is not an isolated viewpoint, but a whole broad inner conviction of a great number of defense sub-officials.

The main fault seems to be that our needs were fixed by the war department, and the war department is interested mainly in equipping the army, not in British aid. The two goals have not been fitted together. A long term production schedule has been projected into the future, but on a warped basis, which is either going to leave our army or the British short of what is required at once.

It would not be surprising if Mr. Roosevelt does some more readjusting of the defense layout along these lines shortly.

Take tanks. Every time anyone says publicly anything about the slowness with which our army and the British are getting American tanks, the war department comes up with some elegant figures. They always say umpty-umpty number of tanks have been turned out and jumpy-umpty-umpty will be turned out next month.

But these are always light tanks. They are not the new heavy fighting models. They have long been in production. The French campaign showed the light tank is not an efficient fighting weapon with which to face the nazis. The armor is too thin. The Balkan campaign absolutely proved it. They are still good for reconnaissance and meeting tanks of their own weight but they cannot even stand against a 37 millimeter gun. Mass production of these tanks is not going to get anybody anywhere against nazi opposition.

The publicized production figure on this type of tank—the only one we are getting in quantities—sounds good, but does not mean anything.

The medium size tank is what is needed, the 26 tonner, which will eventually weigh about 30 tons.

British military officials have said, as a result of the lessons of the Russian campaign, that any invasion of the continent will require 50,000 tanks—mostly mediums, some large.

Well, we produced about 50 of these mediums last month, the first month of mass production. It will be the end of 1942 before we produce 1,000 tanks a month. How long will it take us to produce, say, 40,000 mediums needed? Four years at least on the present schedule.

First, and right now, the British need heavy bombers. Mr. Roosevelt has tried to throw all the pressure possible into bomber production, but it will be June, 1943, before we are producing 500 heavy bombers a month under the existing OPM schedule. We will only average 30 to 40 a month for the remainder of the year under the existing OPM schedule. The nazis are now producing 200 a month according to figures current in this government.

The British have the men ready to fly these ships. Their aviation school in Canada is the talk of all who have seen it. They have doubled their fier-production schedule twice since the training fields started.

But with 30 to 40 big bombers a month (not all of which they will get) they will only be able to annoy the nazis, not to pay back the attacks on London.

From what little of this I have been able to gather here, the officials who made this program, are spending most of their time trying to convince Mr. Roosevelt they were right in all they have done. They are always trying to justify themselves and their actions, rather than devoting their thought and energy to keeping up with an ever changing war situation. They have limited their goal to their former decisions.

It looks as if they will have to lift their frozen vision, or officials with a wider vision will have to be brought in.



Spluttering in the Face of Der Fuehrer Plans

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Wanted, De Loars, or 9-3-41 some one who can help in giving facts concerning "Oregon's oldest inhabitant."

(Continuing from yesterday.) Bashford, in his book, "The Oregon Missions," gave Francis Rivet and DeLoar as the men who remained behind from the Lewis and Clark exploring party. Bashford also mentioned Philip Degie, but this columnist believes he fumbled on that one—Degie—though he was generally correct in his conclusions. But Philip H. Rees included Philip Degie (and left out DeLoar), saying he got his list from "Rev. B. Delorme, pastor at St. Paul's church," and that he (Degie) was born at Sorel, Canada, in 1739; died at St. Paul Feb. 27, 1847, aged 108. The Rees "Philip Degie" was perhaps the genuine Baptiste DeLoar.

Any way, Baptiste DeLoar was the first of all settlers near the site of Salem; his pioneer log house was about a mile and a half north of the north line of the land of the Oregon state school for the deaf. It was about a half mile below (north of) the upper Willamette Astor fort, erected in 1812-13; the site of which (fort) became the site of the first Oregon Institute building that was used in the trade for the building that became Oregon Institute's home on the site of Salem, that by change of name became Willamette University. That (fort and first institute) site became (is now) occupied by the headquarters house of the Bush farms, in charge of David Saucy, who lives there with his family.

Col. J. W. Nesmith, in his famous 1875 speech to the Oregon Historical Society, said that "for Two were enlisted in Col. J. W. Nesmith's regiment on October 13, 1855, as Joshua and William Deloy. One was signed up in Capt. Benjamin Hayden's company Jan. 1, 1856, as John S. Dole. These were recorded for October 13, 1855, in the company of Narcisse A. Cormoyer, as Augustine DeLoar and Basile and Antoine Delard. One, as E. F. DeLore, was signed up Feb. 20, 1856, in the company of Captain Joseph Bruce, as shown on the muster rolls. Shown in the same way as the name A. Delor, for Aug. 4, 1853, in the company of J. W. Nesmith. That was without doubt for the campaign that ended by the agreement in the famous meeting on Table Rock September 18, 1853, recording peace terms, recorded in U.S. Statutes at Large, volume 10, page 1020; the story making up one of the high incidents of American history, when General Joseph Lane saved the lives of 11 of the very prominent Oregon pioneers, by out talking 700 blood thirsty red men anxious for their butchery.

In the story of the deaths and sufferings of the part of the 1846 covered wagon immigration that

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

GOING TO THE FAIR

To the Editor: Are you going to the Fair? I am, and thousands of other people are, too. What fun it is to wander, carefree, through the grounds, to loiter here and there, to smell hamburgers frying in those brightly lit booths decorated with red and green peppers, and overseen by white-gowned, white-capped cooks. You just have to climb upon a stool and eat 'em with a cup of steaming coffee!

Manufacturers have contributed their finest products. The dairy and livestock industries are represented in blue-ribboned perfection, and from the various counties growing apples, fat pumpkins, big potatoes and sheaves of wheat, and all the other wealth of their rich farmlands are displayed in artistic patterns.

What gay entertainment the grandstand offers! The spirited band playing rhythmic tunes! Muscular acrobats buoyantly doing daring feats! Thoroughbred steeds tensely ridden by lithe jockeys! And those teams of powerful, wonderfully groomed draft horses which have become a tradition with their expert drivers sitting pompously atop wagon seats and putting them through their paces!

At night comes the blaze of floodlights on the buildings, on the beds of brilliant flowers and on the white fenced track. The amusement zone becomes a kaleidoscope of color and twinkling lights to attract not only the ambient eyes of children but the fancy of older folk as well. So once again we'll be going to the fair. It's a great institution and you don't want to miss it! Howard Carl Erickson.

many years he (DeLoar) enjoyed the appellation of first settler."

Whether DeLoar erected his house before or after the Astors built their upper Willamette fort (1812-13) a half mile above, this writer has never found out. It may have been before, and one of the reasons for the location near by of the fort. They were both near Lake Labish, where deer and elk and beavers were then plentiful. Lake Labish was then a real lake, with water in it the year through.

Baptiste DeLoar took an Indian wife. It was 36 years before a white woman was available. There grew up many DeLoar children. They were all, evidently, friendly to the whites; to the Americans. DeLoars fought in all the Indian wars. Three of them fought with the Oregon citizen soldiers in the Cayuse war, after the Whitman massacre. On the muster rolls they were listed as Augustine DeLard, J. Despore and Jos. Desport.

It is evident that DeLoar's gun was given for the use of a boat to cross the North Umpqua five miles north of the site of present Roseburg, and at the site of what became Gardiner, first county seat of Douglas county; and that they crossed the Calapooia mountains from present Shoestring valley, thence going past the site of present Cottage and Antoine Delard. One, as E. F. DeLore, was signed up Feb. 20, 1856, in the company of Captain Joseph Bruce, as shown on the muster rolls. Shown in the same way as the name A. Delor, for Aug. 4, 1853, in the company of J. W. Nesmith. That was without doubt for the campaign that ended by the agreement in the famous meeting on Table Rock September 18, 1853, recording peace terms, recorded in U.S. Statutes at Large, volume 10, page 1020; the story making up one of the high incidents of American history, when General Joseph Lane saved the lives of 11 of the very prominent Oregon pioneers, by out talking 700 blood thirsty red men anxious for their butchery.

Now the writer is sure that the inquiry for which this series is published can be answered: as to Bazill, Rosa and Mary DeLoar, spelled in the instance cited Delore. (The reader has noted several other spellings.) There must be people in the St. Paul, St. Louis and other sections of Marion county, and of Polk county, who can give the information. Please inform this writer, or the Salem Abstract Co. if you can help.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Mrs. S. L. L. writes a note calling attention to a number of lovely plantings about commercial buildings. Thanks. I think we should all note these plantings and mention them to the managers. The plantings give travelers a pleasant memory of our state.

Mrs. M. R. writes that a spot formerly used as a dumping ground on her lot has now been cleaned. The place has sun all day long, and while she eventually wants to put a greenhouse there, she wants to plant something in the meanwhile.

She doesn't say whether she plans to put the greenhouse in next year or at some distant date. She might sow seeds of sun loving annuals such as cosmos, nasturtium, petunia, or nigella. Any of these may be sown now. They will fill the spot with a bright dash of color next spring. If she wants to leave it bare during the winter, bright colored geraniums set out next spring after the frost-season is over, would also grow well there.

L.M.O. says "I have a spot of soil facing the west which I want to put into annuals next spring. I want real bright oranges and reds. What shall I plan to put in? We are just laying out a new lawn around a new house, and I am drawing a map of it."

Answer: You are lucky! I hope you enjoy your new home and garden a great deal—which I am sure you will. Calliopsis and nasturtium; African marigold with red sage; similes, or gallardias bordered with French marigolds all make nice bright gardens.

BARRED SEVENS

By MARYSE RUTLEDGE

CHAPTER 14

Mat Breanu gazed across at David, and smiled, his dark eyes mocking as his ebony stick was returned to him. He slowly returned to his lawyer and Fan Rubley. Attorney Garrison's hand went to his grey hair, his face youthful, impassive. He seemed rather bored. But Fan's big blue eyes stared at David Farland with startled interest. Only she and Mat knew that another deadlier stick lay hidden elsewhere. Mat never took any unnecessary risks.

Breanu had been smooth, caressing since yesterday morning when he had started to choke her. Knowing too much, Fan felt helpless between this "big shot" she loved with despair, and the fine chiseled features of Garrison, who still bore the marks of the attack from his mysterious assailant in Breanu's library. Fan was sure the latter was the same blond man who had followed her through the park. Neither Breanu nor Garrison had made any attempt to trace him. Why—why?—ran through her confused mind.

Other witnesses were called. They all seemed to "have it in" for young Farland. He was a busy-body, they declared, whose "gab" involved decent folks. If they hadn't respected Jane and Mrs. Rider, they might have said more.

Old Macklin, his eyes watering behind his spectacles, said he didn't know a darn thing, until Jane's city feller started a fight in the store with a man and woman Macklin had never seen before. What with his sight failing, and his hearing not so good, he wouldn't know what happened.

He pointed an arthritic finger at David, "He run after 'em like mad, and Jane she run, too. The strangers didn't even take the cheese they ordered," he mumbled. "But if anyone thinks I've to do with knives and such, I'll sue 'em."

"I never sail—" David half rose to his feet. Jane pulled him down. The sentiment of the country people was against her boy friend.

Jo, the garage owner, was

mad clean through. What was the idea of dragging him and his mechanic into this business? Mr. Breanu and the lady with him in court today had squeezed a car off the road last Saturday. But Mr. Breanu had acted like a prince, giving Dan White, driver of the car, a hundred bucks, way over the cost of damages. Then Jane's young man had butted in.

Color flooded Jane's cheeks. She kept her eyes lowered.

"No harm meant to you, Miss." The garage man gave her one of his rubbery grins.

"Can't you leave her out of this?" David burst out, and earned another whack of the gavel.

Jo went on. Yes, he'd noticed something fall to the garage floor. It might have been a compact. Yes, there had been a few words, he hadn't heard, between Mr. Breanu and Farland. Yes, he'd say it was about 7:30 when Jane Rider and her boy friend hurried away. Mr. Breanu and the lady left a few moments before, he thought.

The mechanic who had carried two tons of gasoline down the road, to fill up Jane's car, swore he had done his job quickly.

"It was pretty lonely there," he admitted, scratching his sandy hair. "But I seen no one except Miss Rider and Mr. Farland as I was running back, thinking I might be needed. I didn't stop when they called." He hesitated, adding cautiously, "Of course I couldn't swear someone else might've monkeyed with the rumble seat. I didn't notice it."

They kept David until the last. He sprang to his feet, his eyes their fighting blue. What had he done, except to lend his services to troopers, detectives, reporters? Why pick on him? Jane thought with inner dismay, "If he only doesn't make it worse!" He was just an impetuous boy caught up, as she was, in a world to which they didn't belong. The excitement had gone to his head. (To be continued)

Radio Programs

KSLM—WEDNESDAY, 1230 Kc.

- 6:30—Sunrise Salute.
- 7:00—The World's Marimba.
- 7:30—News.
- 7:45—The Birch Orchestra.
- 8:00—Farm Talk.
- 8:15—Johnny Messner's Orchestra.
- 8:30—Mountain Echoes.
- 8:45—Pastor's Hall.
- 9:00—Popular Music.
- 9:15—Four Notes.
- 9:30—The World This Morning.
- 9:45—Prescription for Happiness.
- 10:00—News Flash.
- 10:30—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
- 11:00—News.
- 11:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
- 11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
- 11:55—News.

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.

- 7:00—Tony Martin.
- 7:15—How Did You Meet.
- 7:30—Plantation Party.
- 7:45—Johnnie Carson.
- 8:30—Mr. District Attorney.
- 9:00—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
- 9:30—The Five Castles.
- 10:00—News Flash.
- 10:30—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
- 11:00—News.
- 11:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
- 11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
- 11:55—News.

KOIN—CBS—WEDNESDAY—970 Kc.

- 6:00—NW Farm Reporter.
- 6:15—Koin Kloc.
- 7:00—Treat Time.
- 7:15—News.
- 7:30—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—The Five Castles.
- 9:30—Night to Happiness.
- 9:45—Big Sister.
- 10:00—Aunt Jenny.
- 10:30—Fletcher Wiley.
- 10:45—Kath Hopkins.
- 11:00—Merrill Weaver.
- 11:30—Hello Again.
- 11:45—Woman of Courage.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:15—Myrt and Marge.
- 12:30—Johnnie Carson.
- 12:45—Stepmother.
- 1:00—Betty Crocker.
- 1:15—The Sun Shines.
- 1:30—The O'Neills.
- 1:45—Scattergood Baines.
- 2:00—Meet the Stars.
- 2:15—Hedda Hopper's Hollywood.
- 2:30—Joyce Jordan.
- 2:45—The World Today.
- 3:00—The Second Mrs. Burton.
- 3:15—Young Dr. Malone.
- 3:30—News.
- 4:00—Elmer Davis.
- 4:15—Red Tapper Orchestra.
- 4:30—Townsend.
- 4:45—Glen Miller Orchestra.
- 5:00—Public Affairs.
- 5:15—News.
- 5:30—Amos 'n' Andy.
- 5:45—Lanny Ross.
- 6:00—Dr. Christian.
- 6:15—News.
- 6:30—Fred Allen.
- 6:45—News.
- 7:00—Leon F. Drews.
- 7:15—Baker Theatre.
- 7:30—The Star Pines.
- 7:45—Ray Noble Orchestra.
- 8:00—Manny Strand Orchestra.
- 8:15—News.
- 8:30—News.

KALE—MBS—WEDNESDAY—1230 Kc.

- 6:30—Memory Timekeeper.
- 7:00—News.
- 7:30—Haven of Rest.
- 8:00—News.
- 8:30—This and That.
- 9:00—Helen Holden.
- 9:45—I'll Find My Way.
- 10:00—News.
- 10:30—Woman's side of the News.
- 10:45—Buyer's Parade.
- 11:00—Concert Gems.
- 11:30—Johnson Family.
- 12:00—News.
- 1:00—John B. Hughes.
- 1:30—We Are Always Young.
- 1:45—Captain Sully.
- 2:00—News.
- 2:30—Voice of American Women.
- 3:00—Mrs. Morgan.
- 3:30—PTA.
- 4:00—Sunshine Express.
- 4:30—News.
- 5:15—Passing Parade.
- 5:30—Shaffer Parker's Circus.
- 6:00—Weather Forecast.
- 6:30—Ray Gram Swing.
- 7:00—John B. Hughes.
- 7:15—Gabele Heister.
- 7:30—Jimmy Allen.
- 7:45—The Heartbeats.
- 8:00—Lone Ranger.
- 8:30—Music for Moderns.
- 8:45—Bach Festival Coronation.
- 9:00—News.
- 9:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
- 9:30—The Rio Rico Orchestra.
- 10:00—News.
- 10:30—Leighton Noble Orchestra.
- 11:30—Henry Ford Orchestra.

KOAC—WEDNESDAY—830 Kc.

- 6:30—News.
- 7:00—Weather.
- 7:15—Excursions in Science.
- 7:30—Wings of the Masters.
- 7:45—News.
- 8:00—Farm Hour.
- 8:15—US Navy.
- 8:30—Book of the Week.
- 8:45—News.
- 9:00—Stories for Boys and Girls.
- 9:15—Dinner Concert.
- 9:30—Farm Hour.
- 9:45—48 Summer choet.
- 10:00—Music of the Masters.
- 10:30—Oregon Day.
- 11:00—Department of White

Problem Hit



Ambassador Nomura

The problem of smoothing strained United States-Japanese relations is in the hands of Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, Japan's ambassador to the United States, who is pictured above in the state department at Washington as he awaited a conference with Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Hull was believed to have told Nomura that the United States insists upon its right to freedom of the seas in dispatching Russian-aid materials to Vladivostok despite Japanese protests.