

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

Member of The Associated Press

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Wages and Hours in Wartime

Every weapon we make today is worth ten that we might produce next year.
—Donald M. Nelson.
We shall not stop work for a single day. If any dispute arises we shall keep on working while the dispute is solved by mediation, conciliation or arbitration—until the war is won. We shall not demand special gains or special privileges or advantages for any group or occupation. We shall give up conveniences and modify the routine of our lives if our country asks us to do so. We will do it cheerfully, remembering that the common enemy seeks to destroy every home and every freedom in every part of our land.
—President Roosevelt.
The United States is at war. It is a tough war. To date it has been a losing war. It could be lost. If we lose the war we lose everything.
Primarily it is a war of production. Well, we are the greatest producers this world has ever seen. How are we producing right now?
Organized labor is in the doghouse. Some 17,000 workers were idle on Washington's birthday because their leaders demanded for them double pay. About half of Oregon's newspapers devoted their leading editorials, that day or the next, to condemnation of those who were idle, somehow giving the impression that all organized labor was guilty of sabotage.
In the condemnation of those groups of workers who did lay off Monday, we join wholeheartedly. It was decidedly an unpatriotic way of observing a patriotic holiday.
Even so, we need to get all this into proper perspective. There is a defense labor problem, but it is not strikes or layoffs.

"Victory," official publication of OEM and affiliated agencies, reports that for the week ending February 14 eight "significant" strikes involving 2800 workers were in progress but that seven strikes involving 2000 workers were settled. In January men on strike were numbered in hundreds rather than thousands. But note that qualifying word "significant." United States News reports that "last week," presumably the same week, there were in the nation 18 strikes involving 19,100 employees. These included the stoppage at the Ford-Motor company plant where 7000 CIO workers were out due to a dispute involving a single employee.
At least five million workers are engaged in war production. By the end of this year there will be ten million. But let's take the minimum figure. What percentage of those five million are plugging away at the job every working day? If the "Victory" figures are correct, the percentage is a little over 99994. If United States News is correct as seems more probable, the percentage is still 9996.
In this war of production the men in the factories—the great majority of them—are doing a marvelous job and should be receiving not brickbats but bouquets.
It's true that all is not beauty in the labor picture. Strikes are almost negligible but some of this labor peace has been purchased at unreasonable cost in high wages for semi-skilled work. Worse, some men are denied the right to work for defense, or permitted to work only after unreasonable examinations for "permits." Some unions are being unduly enriched. The workers had a just grievance even though they were wrong in striking instead of trying to adjust it by the means suggested by the president.
Most of labor's sins can be traced to labor leaders rather than the workers. Labor leaders are in about the same position as the managers of a big corporation; more zealous in behalf of their "stockholders" than those employers, inarticulate as a group, would be in their own behalf.

But the major flaw in the labor picture is survival of the wage and hour law, designed to spread work in a period of unemployment, into this period of labor shortage. True, four million workers are still listed as unemployed; nevertheless there already is a shortage. When the labor force goes up ten million more, there will still be over a million unemployed.
For the wage "floor" of the wage and hour act there is now slight need. Supply and demand, and the cost of living, have made that "floor" meaningless.
Likewise we have no particular quarrel with an eight-hour day in defense industry. Much of the work is nerve-wearing and maximum production doubtless can be attained with three eight-hour shifts.
But there is no excuse for continuing the 40-hour week with its five-day schedule in defense plants, nor in a great many other occupations which, by increasing hours reasonably, might release men for defense tasks or military service.
There are 168 hours in a week. It is a national scandal that in this emergency when workers are needed, the great majority are idle 128 of those hours. The wage-hour law should be suspended, or greatly modified, "for the duration."

Most listeners probably noticed that the Pearl Harbor casualty figures quoted by President Roosevelt were lower by several hundred than those officially announced a few days after the disaster. The subtractions doubtless included the considerable number of men erroneously reported dead but later found, either in hospitals or separated from their units. Though the errors are not yet fully explained, from the circumstances that the initial figures were too high we draw additional confirmation, if any is needed, that the nation was told all of the bad news except that which would have helped the enemy.

There aren't any new jokes; the most that any comedian or public speaker can do is resurrect an old one in new dress or in a particularly appropriate spot. The president did a workmanlike job with "Tell it to the marines." We wonder, who is his gag man?

Ham and Egger

"The Japanese in attacking Pearl Harbor did what was the proper thing under the exigencies of the occasion. . . . I say that I am for Germany and for Hitler. . . . You know as I told you, Germany has won this war and we might as well recognize the new order and the United States of Europe."
It is Robert Noble speaking, and we are indebted to him for the first attempt to justify Pearl Harbor, however feeble, that has come to our attention.
But who is Robert Noble? Why, just now he is a leader in the Friends of Progress movement, frankly anti-war and pro-axis which is flourishing in California, and a member of the equally blatant National Copperheads. Back in 1917, Noble was dishonorably discharged from the navy for deserting his ship.
But three or four years ago, Robert Noble was one of that great handful of humanitarians who started the "Thirty Every Thursday" ham and egg pension movement which some of his ex-associates are still carrying on.
It's too early to say for sure, but there are signs that the Petain regime, rather than Blum, Daladier et al, is on trial in the "war guilt" court.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON
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WASHINGTON, Feb. 25—Follow action by Mr. Roosevelt will hit harder than his carefully balanced chat.
His promise that interference with production by small outlying labor groups will no longer be tolerated may be implemented by an executive order or by instructions to the grouping war labor board.
His proposal to seize the offensive "soon" may bring visible developments "sooner" than you think. Churchill has been talking about next year (a line which could have been designed to deceive the enemy even if earlier action were planned). But the old theory that we could not move until we had overall superiority over the enemy in total numbers of planes and tanks has rapidly shriveled in the fact of later war developments.
All the superiority you seem to need is at the point of contact. General mass superiority of air or land forces is no guarantee of anything, especially if spread all the way around the world. The problem is to pick out the weakest spot of the enemy and hit it with more planes and tanks than he can get to that spot.
The new Roosevelt pronouncement on its face espoused this basic offensive principle. The hint gains further weight when you consider that the president's character is anything but defensive in nature.

The fireside message will be further implemented by an earthshaking shake-down in the war department, and a slighted tremor in the navy. Coming also is a congressional movement to eliminate waste in expenditures, supplemented by White House aid at least to the announced extent of consolidating the many housing units. Transfer of unneeded federal employes to defense efforts, and such.
The war department reorganization is being conducted as quietly as if this heartening news was a military secret. Excuse is that details were not completed. You may be sure, however, that it is not a minor matter or a fake-shift for publicity purposes. It is real and deep.
The waste-elimination drive is being organized by a southern senator. So far tongue-wagging has been the only action noticeable on the subject. True, Senator Tydings has received senate authority to investigate transfer of non-defense workers to defense and has sent out a questionnaire to all government units.
But the chance for real action will come when the billion dollar independent offices appropriation bill comes before the senate. It carries funds for a swarm of miscellaneous non-defense agencies next year.

Public officials here are strangely timid in talking about offensive military action, probably because some people of this country are, to some extent, still defense-minded. That is natural. Our whole diplomatic and political policy, built up since the last war, has been solely defensive in character.
The average American wants only to defend his own home and shore. We covet nothing beyond. Even now our diplomatic policy is top-heavily weighted with the notion of hemisphere defense—the idea of drawing a line in the ocean and saying: "So far will we defend."
We called our rearmament program a "defense" program and even today the war bonds with which the treasury is financing the war effort are called "defense bonds."
Britain's defense complex, which has been much stronger than ours, has practically immobilized her large army at home for the 20 months since Dunkirk.
Evidence is accumulating that this is Hitler's chief reliance. From his initial venture into the Rhineland, he has depended upon the instinct of each democratic nation for defense only. His shrewdest propaganda has been directed toward fostering this inherent weakness among his enemies. With this implement, more than armed might, he has made them wait until he was ready to bowl them over, one by one.
But the lessons of the Russian, Malayan and Libyan campaigns are now piling up on the experience of France to suggest the only way to beat the blitz locally or internationally is to counter-attack.
The best way Russia could be helped and Britain saved from invasion, for example, might well be for Britain to invade the continent with our assistance. The best way to relieve MacArthur might be to slap Tokyo, or the Mikado's weakest spot.
If you allow the axis the advantage of initiative, recent history certainly suggests you will find yourself eventually facing superior forces at your own weakest point, not theirs.

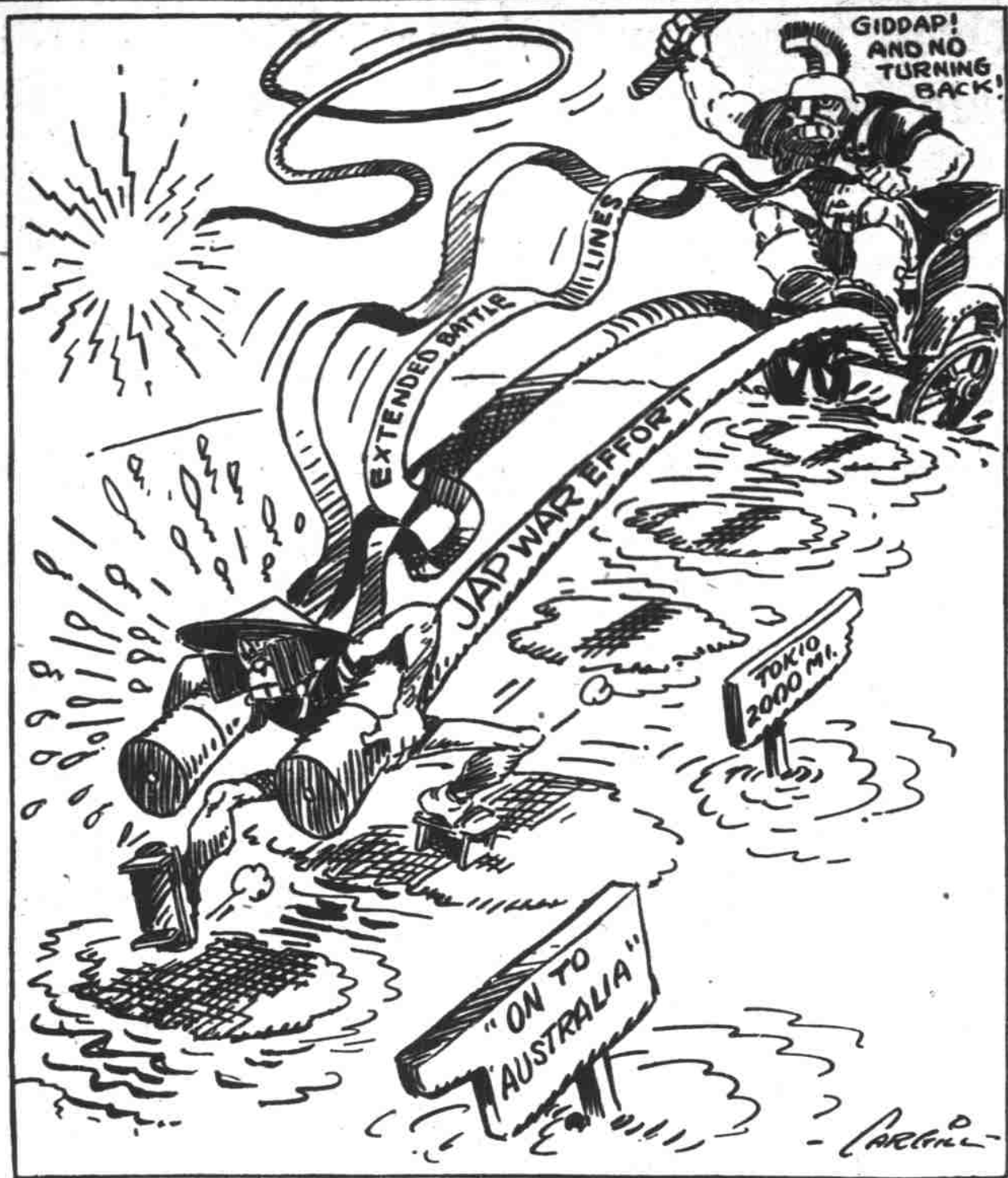
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Wonder When the Strain Will Begin to Tell?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"What the h--- are YOU doing?" was a poser that halted a beeper on the conduct of World War Two:

The loud mouthed fellow you have heard so often in your favorite barber shop was, as usual, sounding off in a high pitched voice his complaints at the conduct of World War Two.

His father did the same thing as to World War One. His grandfather yelled his head off, almost, at the way the Civil war was going in the summer of 1864. His great grandfather beefed bitterly at the way George Washington was running the Revolution the winter of Valley Forge and at other times.

"What the h--- are they doing?" beefed the current member of the breed. He repeated this in a loud voice several times. He wanted everybody to hear what he thought of the way things are going in England and the United States, and on the continents of "Europe, Irop, Orup and Sttrrup?" "What the h--- are they doing?" he kept on repeating.

A quiet man in one of the waiting chairs finally became tired of the verbose tirade. In a loud voice, directed straight at the beeper, he inquired, "Well, what the h--- are YOU doing?" There was no answer. That took the wind out of the beeper's sails. He quietly slipped out, closed the door from the outside, and was seen no more that day.

Going back only to the Civil war, let us have the testimony of General Philip H. Sheridan, who, in the late 1850s and up to the summer of 1861, while at old Fort Yamhill, as a 2nd and 1st lieutenant, used to ride south past Dallas, then through Cooper Hollow, and over the site of Moonmouth, and down the Rick-reall to the old ferry where West Salem is now, and on across the Willamette to the town of Salem, where he mingled with our pioneer men and women and danced with their daughters.

In the summer of 1861 he looked hopefully for the slow mail, expecting and wishing for a call to join the forces of the Union. Finally, when the letter came, he told Hon. Asahel Bush, editor and publisher of The Statesman, that he was very glad to go, because if the war lasted long enough, he might get to be a captain!

He had little more than arrived at the front, by way of San Francisco and New York, and back to St. Louis, until he was on his way up; was almost at once made a captain; then his fellow officers joined in a dispatch saying he was worth his weight in gold, and asking that he be made a colonel. That wired petition got this result: "Military Department of Michigan, Adjutant General's office, Detroit, May 25, 1862. General Orders No. 148. Captain Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. Army, is hereby appointed Colonel of the Second Regiment Michigan Cavalry, to rank from this date. Captain Sheridan will immediately assume command of the regiment. By order of the Commander-in-Chief, Jno. Robertson, Adjutant General."

So Sheridan was well on his way up. General H. W. Halleck, with whom Sheridan had become acquainted in the Oregon and Washington Indian wars, permitted the order to go through, without referring it to Washington, and Sheridan was on his way to the hottest place in the war, near Farmington, Mississippi, before he had time to get and don the regular colonel's uniform.
But he had the will to win, and he never knew defeat. He was from then on, or soon, the greatest cavalry leader in history, to his time, if not to the present day. He became the fourth man to be a general of the United States Army, without brigadier or major or any other qualifying term. The other three were George Washington, U. S. Grant and W. T. Sherman.

Grant, promoted to lieutenant general, gave Sheridan all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. Now believed by his men unbeatable, he easily, quickly reorganized that great fighting force—won battle after battle, from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor.

Came the summer of 1864. During three years, from the rich Shenandoah valley, the Confederates had threatened the nation's capital, inflicting one defeat after another upon such able leaders as Generals Franz Sigel and David Hunter, and even General Lew Wallace. July 12, 1864, from Charles A. Dana, noted scholar, publisher, editor, author, then assistant secretary of war, flashed from Washington to Grant this dispatch: "Nothing can possibly be done here toward pursuing or cutting off the enemy for want of a commander. . . . There is no head . . . and it seems indispensable that you should at once appoint one. . . . Until you direct what is to be done everything will go in the deplorable and fatal way it has gone for the past week." (Continued tomorrow.)

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'Hutch' of the R.A.F.

By PETER MUIR

Chapter 15 Continued
"He dived on five Me. 110's the other day. Got one and was turning to attack the others single-handed when Stafford came along and ordered him in. They didn't have a Chinaman's chance, and I've told the men not to throw the planes away. Good pilots aren't too plentiful, either," the C.O. added. "If you're attacked and can't get out of an odds-on fight, that's one thing, or if you're defending a bombing expedition it's all right to take chances. But I do not want the men to go out in search of sure death."
"I understand, sir."
"Bye-the-bye, I haven't let anyone take your plane out. If you care to, you can have a look at it. I've some reports to finish before dinner."
Hutch accepted the hint and wandered over to the hangar. He found Tom Tweedy polishing the wings of the Spitfire with a piece of chamois skin.
The little Cockney was so excited at seeing his favorite pilot again that his red face grew redder, and he forgot his higher education in the proper placing of H's. "Hoh, h'if h'it haint Leftenant 'utchinson H'im blowed. Ow's yer wound, sir?"
"Quite well, Tom, thank you. And how's our Spitfire?"
"H'll tell y' honest, Leftenant, H've been over 'er till there haint so much as a scratch left. Han' the motor—just try 'er, sir."

Hutch climbed into the cockpit. It felt good to be back in this cramped and familiar spot, with its complicated instruments that he knew so well. He examined each one in turn to see if all was right, then started the motor. It had never sounded sweeter, and he nodded his approval to Tom. He warmed up the motor slowly, giving it more and more gas until it was roaring in a song of mechanical perfection. Lord Hutch thought. How he would like to let her out right now, to climb and execute a few barrel rolls just for the sheer joy of feeling this beautiful bird obey his every command! How he would like to climb and dive, roll and twist, and climb again higher and higher! But not tonight. Tomorrow would be time enough. He slowed down the motor and let it idle, listening with his experienced ears for any sign of imperfection and finding none.

Tomorrow he would put the old tin can through its paces. Best. Undoubtedly the mission was a dangerous one. That they would be attacked by vastly superior numbers of fighters was certain. However, that was something to think of when the time came. . . . He knew the country well over which they would fly. In fact he had spent weeks before the declaration of war last summer around there, particularly at the lovely little port of Concarneau. From there he had gone on long fishing trips in the tunny boats so picturesque with their sails tinted blue, red, or brown. The one old Yves captained, and on which he took his trips, had a white mainsail, a blue jib, and a red topsail, making a patriotic combination of red, white and blue. He wondered what had become of old Yves, hating as he did the Germans who now occupied his country.
A Spitfire landed on the field, then another and another. Hutch cut the switch and climbed out to welcome the squadron. All eleven planes were there. The Hornets would be at full fighting strength for the morrow's work.
(To be continued)

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Aren't you all glad we got the Japanese cherry trees while getting was good? I heard someone say last week she thought she would dig out her trees. They made her think of the war and the present feeling against the alien Japanese, but she has always liked the cherry trees.
Just remember there is good American money in those trees and that perhaps with existing conditions it may be some time before we can or will wish to get other trees from the Orient.
She might make her Japanese cherry a "remember Pearl Harbor" symbol of patriotism. Digging out the plants we have already purchased from the orient won't do one thing toward winning the war.
T. V. asks if there is a named variety of good red camellia.
Answer: She would probably like Emperor of Russia or Professor C. S. Sargent. The latter is one of my favorite red ones.

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.
All radio stations may be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.
- 11:00—This Moving World.
 - 11:15—Organ.
 - 11:30—War News Roundup.
 - 11:30—KOB—THURSDAY—890 Kc.
 - 6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
 - 6:15—Broadcast Bulletin.
 - 6:20—Koin Clock.
 - 7:15—Headlines.
 - 7:30—Bob Garrard Reporting.
 - 7:45—Nelson Pringle.
 - 8:00—Jane Kendrick.
 - 8:15—Consumer News.
 - 8:20—Hymns of All Churches.
 - 8:45—Stories America Loves.
 - 9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
 - 9:15—Bill Sister.
 - 9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
 - 9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
 - 10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
 - 10:15—Woman in White.
 - 10:30—Vic and Sade.
 - 10:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
 - 11:00—Bright Horizon.
 - 11:15—Aunt Jenny.
 - 11:30—Fletcher Wiley.
 - 11:45—Kate Hopkins.
 - 12:00—Man I Married.
 - 12:15—Knox Manning News.
 - 12:30—William Winter News.
 - 12:45—Woman of Courage.
 - 1:00—Stymolzer.
 - 1:15—Mert and Marge.
 - 1:30—American School of the Air.
 - 2:00—News.
 - 2:15—William Winter.
 - 2:30—The O'Connells.
 - 2:45—Walter Gooch Orchestra.
 - 3:00—News.
 - 3:15—Second Mrs. Burton.
 - 3:30—Young Dr. Malone.
 - 3:45—Newspaper of the Air.
 - 4:00—Eyes of the World.
 - 4:15—Leon F. Drews.
 - 4:30—Bill Henry.
 - 4:45—Death Valley Days.
 - 5:00—Garry's Tavern.
 - 5:15—Maudie's Diary.
 - 5:30—Five Star Fuzal.
 - 5:45—World Today.
 - 6:00—War Time Women.
 - 6:15—Fit-Fit.
 - 6:30—Defense Today.
 - 6:45—Willow Hatch.
 - 7:00—Manny Strand Orch.
 - 7:15—News.
 - 7:30—News.
 - 7:45—News.
 - 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
 - 8:15—Lanny Ross.
 - 8:30—Death Valley Days.
 - 8:45—Garry's Tavern.
 - 9:00—Maudie's Diary.
 - 9:15—Five Star Fuzal.
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 - 10:00—Fit-Fit.
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