

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Cruiser Houston

Impatience such as now prevails, occasioned by delay in the launching of offensive warfare, is not exactly a new state of mind for Americans. Similar discontent prevailed late in 1776, to be relieved by Washington's sudden foray against Trenton. Doubtless there were comparable times in 1812. At the moment however we have especially in mind the spring of 1836 when Texans and other Americans just learning to chant "Remember the Alamo," chafed at the bit because Sam Houston kept retreating and retreating before the hordes of Santa Anna, the Mexican dictator.

All that was changed in 15 minutes on April 21 when Houston, having deceived the despot into the desired position, fell upon him and captured his entire force, including Santa Anna himself, with the loss of only 36 Texans.

Indubitably there were red faces among Houston's earlier detractors; and Houston himself was abruptly elevated to a position of acclaim such as General Douglas MacArthur now holds. He was made first president of the Republic of Texas, later served as United States senator. In the Civil War period he braved the displeasure of his neighbors by opposing secession. But they named Texas' largest city in his honor . . . and later a cruiser. He was one of America's great fighters; but his primary military lesson to Americans was on the virtue of patience.

It is no surprise to those Americans who watched closely the accounts of the battle of Java, that there were serious naval losses to the United Nations. There were savage sea battles; the combined fleets stood in the way of enemy landings. Then presently there were landings in force—and we knew they must have been made over the sunken hulls of brave fighting ships.

Among these, we now learn officially, were the cruiser Houston which lived up fully to the illustrious name by which it had been christened, and the American destroyer Pope. How many members of their crews survived, if any, we have not yet been told; and for the detailed story of their achievements while still afloat, we likewise must be patient. But there can be no doubt that it is an honorable account which should serve as a reproach to those impatient American non-combatants who were, perhaps even as the Houston closed in deadly combat with the enemy, loudly and bravely shouting "Where's the navy?" The Houston like its namesake has, in a way, taught us a lesson in patience.

First intimation that the cruiser Houston had been sunk came from the enemy's radio and was published here with the appropriate reservations. Recognizing that the claim was no proof, most Americans on reading it made a mental notation that it quite probably was true.

Delay in the official navy department announcement we can understand. Until battle lines had reformed in new waters and until new dispositions of naval strength could be made, news of the cruiser's loss might have been valuable to the enemy if he did not already possess it or was not certain of it.

Explanation of this principle which chiefly guides censorship of news from ocean battle fronts has been repeated frequently. We are disposed to accept it and in any case we are bound to accept it. But accompanying one such explanation, in a note written by an official of the Office of Censorship, there appeared also this paragraph:

There is a further consideration of the effect of announcing a sinking of an American ship some days after it happens. The public—which means all over the United States—does not, it can be observed, react quite as violently to the piece of bad news as it had been immediately announced. This is an important consideration in these days of many submarine attacks.

Now that is just the point of view which, we were assured by no less an authority than the president himself, would not control the release of war news. We were to have, he promised, all the news except that which, momentarily, would be of value to the enemy. As we have agreed, news of the Houston and the Pope probably was released as soon as it was practicable. If on the contrary it was withheld in order to "soften the blow" exactly the contrary purpose was served. For, knowing there must have been losses, we feared, just as we did after Pearl Harbor, that they were greater—while strangely, at the same time, some among us wondered if after all our naval forces had played such role as they might in the battle of Java.

Sailors of the Houston and the Pope are added to the lengthening scroll of honor inscribed by the events of this war; another group of heroes whose loss is to be avenged, whose deeds will inspire others to equal heroism.

We must attack. We must bomb Tokyo. True enough—and yet the tone in which these demands are being voiced by some is becoming wearisome. They take so little account of the difficulties and the probabilities. We can afford to take a leaf from Sam Houston's book and withhold our heaviest blows until the time is ripe, the conditions right. If due diligence is practiced by the armed forces, the army of production and the people at home, there may come a time when, like Houston, we will need to strike but once.

French heavy industry, that portion of it which the Germans didn't destroy in their 1940 invasion, is bound 100 per cent to the German war machine. The outcry from Vichy and elsewhere over the British bombing raids on Paris industrial plants should be judged in the light of that fact. It highlights one aspect, no more idiotic than the rest, of France's anomalous position.

Permanency

If, having in your possession a "time machine" such as fiction writers and comic strip creators employ, you should turn time backward a quarter century, you would discover a somewhat different Salem.

If for example you started walking—and in those days a great many people walked—northward on Capitol street from the statehouse grounds, within four or five blocks you would have passed beyond the thickly-built portion of the city.

And if on the contrary you walked downtown you would find the business district somewhat less impressive than it is today. Along certain streets where fireproof buildings now stand you would find flimsy frame structures. But—even though you are a 1942 resident of Salem and perhaps a comparative newcomer—across the fronts of a considerable number of business houses you would note names currently familiar. Of this fact, several pages of special advertising in this issue of The Statesman attest.

It is no disparagement of business concerns more recently instituted, to observe that when one serves the public in accordance with our American system of free enterprise, permanency is an evidence of proven stability and integrity. Newcomers may be and probably are fine people; the "permanent residents" are fine people and this has been proven.

Referring to Seattle voters' repudiation of the teamster union's candidate for mayor, the Daily Olympian observes that the people of Seattle believe in going forward, not backward.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON
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WASHINGTON, March 14—The key to the whole world war situation is on the Russian front. It will be turned one way or the other within 60 to 90 days.

If Hitler's last desperate effort this spring fails to destroy the red army and reach oil, reasonably prompt counter action by the United Nations could force him to his knees. Japan could not long continue the war without the distracting assistance of her Berlin ally.

But if the reds are eliminated from this war as a formidable force this spring, Japan and Germany will rule the rich resources of two continents. It will be the world against the US and Britain. A devastating conflict of many years duration would be the least of the live possibilities.

This realistic interpretation is apparently moving current policy of our government. Aid to Russia has recently been rushed through both oceans. A sign that the nazis know the importance of this aid was given when Hitler moved the Tirpitz up the Norwegian coast.

The reds are supposed to be mustering a secret army of a million and a half men (91 divisions) to throw in upon the nazis massing for a spring drive on the south Ukrainian front. The idea is to get the jump on the Germans, throw them off balance, before they can get their own offensive going.

The tale, however, seems to be just a little too well known. It has been seeping out of Stockholm, Bern, Vichy and even London. No doubt the reds have organized something along this line. Question is whether it is as strong as these sources have represented.

An ideal spot for such an attack exists south of Kharkov. The reds have outflanked the Germans north of the city and if they can drive a salient in south of it, they can squeeze the nazis out.

The nazis have been concentrating their own forces in the Ukraine for some weeks, and placing Italian, Hungarian and Rumanian troops in the Balkans (for police duty to relieve their own men for the front?)

Their natural first objective is the Caspian sea, to cut the mouth of the Volga, to seize Baku, and then throttle the Russian source of oil. Encouraging claims of great Russian victories you have been reading through the winter, relate to the northern front. The reds have driven the Germans back an average of only 40 miles in the south. Apparently they used their available reinforcements wholly in the north. Consequently what they had in the south was insufficient to follow through their initial successes at Rostov and in the Crimea.

The weather should allow the nazis to start their southern offensive in about a month, if the reds do not disrupt their organization first. The mushy period of thaw ordinarily does not last there beyond April 15.

No one here or elsewhere knows what the reds have on their front. They do not allow outside military observers to accompany their troops. Consequently any effort to gauge their chances in this fateful spring is largely guesswork.

They are certainly better off in many respects than when facing the initial onslaught last fall. They have destroyed one factor conclusively—the idea that the nazis' army is "invincible." They have lost a lot of men, probably several times what the Germans have lost.

But still they have greater manpower today than the Germans. Their factories in the Urals are increasing production. They are getting equipment. Consequently, the prevailing authoritative impression is their army is at least likely to survive destruction. It may have to give ground, but it should not be annihilated.

Of course, if the rumored attack south of Kharkov is successful, if they can edge up to the Crimean peninsula and cut it off, if Dnepropetrovsk is recaptured and a blow straight south to the Black sea develops, their viable chances will improve immeasurably. Their morale-building victories in the north have relieved Leningrad and Moscow, but the supposition here is that Hitler will not strike again along that line to capture two empty cities.

All eyes here are on the south of Russia and will remain fixed there.



The Valor of Ignorance

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Tribute to a good woman possessed of great love and regard for her kith and kind:

The passing after a long illness of Estelle Bush Thayer on Wednesday last took from the capital city one of her oldest native residents, and one whose good deeds will be missed more than the average of our generally local population.

Estelle Bush was born in Salem and was destined to live most of her life here, extending over a period of 86 years and five days.

She was married to Claudius Thayer when she was 27, and they spent a considerable period of their wedded life at Tillamook, Oregon, where they owned and operated the leading bank, and were helpful in many ways to that young city when such services were needed and highly appreciated there.

Mr. Thayer was the son of W. W. Thayer, governor of Oregon, 1878-82, and member of the supreme court of this state, and chief justice, in the late 1880s. Claudius was an only son, the only child. After the death of Mr. Thayer, the widow came back to Salem to reside, and erected for herself a nice home at 255 North Capitol street, which the reader will recognize in the poem following these lines as "Willamette Lodge," because she was wont to give the use of its facilities largely to students of that historic school.

Hon. A. Bush, father of Estelle, was the founder of The Statesman, and in his day the ablest editor on this coast. He was the co-founder of the pioneer bank in the capital city, that of Ladd & Bush, lately merged with the United States National; a branch of that long established bank, the parent

concern in Portland. Every old time reader of these lines, acquainted with the brother and sister of Estelle Bush-Thayer, Mr. A. N. and Miss Sallie Bush, and her nephews and other relatives, would wish to be included in words of sympathy, and to join in the complimentary lines above written of the good woman, a good neighbor, and good citizen gone before. By request, the following lines are gladly given room here:

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. ESTELLE THAYER from WILLAMETTE WOMEN. By Viola Price Franklin

WILLAMETTE WOMEN, how shall we praise? Tell her that through all our days Where'er we roam, this blessed shrine, Willamette Lodge, will brightly shine, Our Taj Mahal will ever enthrall With visions rare on memory's wall.

WILLAMETTE WRITERS, how shall we praise? Tell her that she inspired our lays, Cheering with visions of glad fate, Inspiring these by genius rare, With harp of love held us enchanted there.

WILLAMETTE ALUMNAE, how shall we praise? Tell her that her generous ways Thrilled our hearts with joyous dreams, As on life's highway starlight gleams, Inspired our yearnings for success, And crowned our lives with happiness.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

AXISOLOGY They call themselves the axis, The dirty so and so, Hitler, Mussolini and Them rats in Tokyo.

He pulled old Tojo over And whispered in his ear, "We'll handle 'em on this side, You take 'em in the rear."

He pulled old Tojo over And whispered in his ear, "We'll handle 'em on this side, You take 'em in the rear."

Old Hitler puffed his chest out then And strutted 'round the room And said "Hal Vit you boys I could even take the moon."

Old Tojo gave the order For his Jappies to attack So they slipped up to Pearl Harbor And stabbed us in the back.

But there's one thing they'll all forget In their great jubilation; That was the spirit the Yankee showed When at his battle station.

They shot 'em high, they shot 'em low And broke up their formation, They scattered Jappies all about The whole darnub creation.

And over in the Philippines A little band of Yanks Shot down a hundred thousand Japs

Oh, you'll find out like Hitler did Out there on the Russian plains With men and guns and planes

You also must have brains So you'd better take this warning now, You three great Musketeers, To lick the good old USA You'll need a thousand years.

H. C. Hastings, Astoria, Ore.

WE'RE ALL SET. We're from the old North Santiam, I and my good gal Drew.

We're the chaps, Who'll take the Japs For the old Red, White and Blue.

We'll land with guns ablazin' And they'll know before we're thru; They'll sure need a hearse For we're goin' to be worse Than Dangerous Dan McGrew.

We'll take 'em by land, or sea, or air; We know they started it too. We'll make 'em wish twice They'd got spice for their rice From Hitler:—Not I and you.

Oh yes! We have our mop-up gang, And the Red Cross will be there too, We made her a sarge, And put her in charge The nurse that is known as Lou.

We'll knock the "tok" out of Tokyo, And they should have known it too That rice and sauerkraut will not mix With a good old American stew.

(What am I saying?—I must be getting hungry— Well, we're in the Salem Deaconess hospital) —Now flat on our backs— And you'd better believe it too, All I get is soup to sup As does my old pal, Drew.

—But that is the doctor's orders And I guess it will have to do. The nurses are very good to us, They're "Number One," says Drew.

We have hit the rough trails together, And we'll hit 'em again 'fore we're thru If they'll give us our pants We'll sure take a chance And sail out across the blue.

We'll hit right straight for Tokyo And the world will know when we're thru— That we're the chaps That helped take the Japs For the old Red, White and Blue.

GEORGE E. THOMAS (Written at Salem Deaconess Hospital, Sunday January 25, 1942).

First Army casualty in the war with Japan, according to U. S. military authorities, was Pfc. Archie S. Gurkin of Finstown, N. C., a private in the quartermaster corps. Private Gurkin was wounded during the Japanese attack on Hawaii and was admitted to a hospital at Fort Shafter 30 minutes after the attack began. The soldier now is back on duty and possesses the "Distinguished Service Cross" as his most treasured souvenir.

'Hutch' of the R.A.F.

By PETER MUIR

Chapter II continued

Would the thing never end? Surely he could hold out no longer. He clapped his right hand over his nose and mouth to keep from taking a deep breath by mistake. His lungs burned and his temples throbbed, until he could stand it no longer. This was the end.

Darling Wendy! What would she think? He must hold on. The thought of her gave him strength. He must, but he could not. "Oh God, give me strength!" He felt as though his eyes must be bulging like those of the dead German. If only he had waited a few minutes more after the struggles, his breath would have been better. Why, he asked himself, hadn't he waited? Unable to hold it longer, he let the breath slowly out of his lungs.

A confused murmur of voices came to his ears as if from a distance, and then it got closer and was directly over him. Who were these people? Where was he? Lying on the ground with people standing over him, and it was very dark. He moved slightly.

"Ah, that's better," a familiar voice said. Whose voice was it? An English voice that he knew so well. Rusty, that's who was speaking. Now another voice, with a slight accent. "Rub his hands. I'm sure we've got all the water out of his stomach." That was Pierre. He remembered everything now and tried to speak. At first this was difficult, but finally he managed to say "Hello." They raised him to a sitting position, then to his feet. "Be O.K. in a minute," he said.

"Nom de Dieu!" Pierre exclaimed, when he was sure that Hutch was all right. "I have seen queer things in distant lands, but what I have just seen proves that truth is stranger than fiction. We leave an English aviator by the name of David Hutchinson. After five minutes a body floats by. We haul it out thinking it our friend, and what do we find? A dead German wearing his uniform. Then we haul out a German and it is none other than our friend Hutchinson. Mother of saints! If that makes sense I'll buy you all dinner tonight at Maxime's."

"Where is the German?" Hutch asked. He had made a quick recovery and was quite well again. "There on the bank," Rusty said. "Dead, completely and absolutely." "Push him into the water. No use leaving him here. They will be after us soon, and the more puzzled they are the better. Hurry and let's get moving. I'll tell you the story later."

Pierre reminded Hutch that

from now on he was in command.

"Right!" the American answered. "Push the Jerry overboard and let's look for a row boat. Pierre and Henry, walk down this side of the river. We will cross at the first bridge, or swim if necessary. The first one to find a boat will whistle."

Already they had started moving downstream, leaving the chateau silhouetted against a moonlit star-spangled sky. "The river's just right for a speedy descent. The tide hasn't turned more than half an hour ago. That's why that passage was so full of water. We can drift for a while and then get out and walk. There is time before the new guard comes on duty and discovers our escape, and this move will throw them off our trail, even if they have dogs."

They had not walked far before Henri uttered one of his guttural, animal-like sounds. "There!" he said, pointing to a shadow on the far bank. "Row boat." He threw off his tunic, dived into the river, and with a few powerful strokes was across. The boat was chained, but one yank pulled the ring from the wall to which it was attached. The fact that there were no oars did not disturb Henri. He paddled the boat back to the other side with his hands.

As they drifted rapidly down the lovely stream, surrounded by silence, and only the moon and stars looking on, Hutch related his story. He told it in the same way, simply and without thrills, that he would have made a report of the day's patrol to his C.O. Ahs and Ohs, and a few oaths came from his companions as he passed over the different phases of the struggle, and Rusty, when he had finished, said, "Well done." Each Frenchman grabbed a hand and wrung it, but did not speak.

"And tomorrow," Hutch said, "I shall go into Concarneau as a German soldier, look for my friend, Old Yves, and if possible secure four outfits of fishermen's garb."

For over an hour after Hutch had finished his story the fugitive war prisoners drifted in absolute silence, each thinking his different thoughts, planning, wondering. Henri was in the stern, keeping the boat to the channel with dexterous movements of his huge and capable hands.

It was Pierre who spoke first. "I've an uncanny sense of time," he said. "I should say that it is not far from two o'clock, the hour, as you know, that the guard changes. It is my guess that the swine have found out we are on leave without permission. (To be continued)

Radio Programs

- KLM-SUNDAY-1200 Kc. 8:30—Just Gossip. 8:30—Isle of Paradise. 8:35—Herc Jeffrey's Songs. 9:00—Sunday Serenade. 9:30—Rhythmic Romance. 9:35—Diminutive Classic. 10:00—The World's This Morning. 10:15—Four Notes. 10:30—Pied Piper. 11:00—American Lutheran Church. 11:00—Tommy's Hits. 11:30—Jean Seville's Commentary. 12:45—Palace Hotel Orchestra. 1:00—Invitation to Learning. 1:30—This Moving World. 11:30—Organ. 11:50—War News Round Up.
- KOIN-CBS-SUNDAY-870 Kc. 6:30—World Today. 6:45—Organ. 6:55—Oppy Caravan. 7:00—Chorus of the Air. 7:15—Flags Over Jordan. 7:30—West Coast Church. 8:30—Invitation to Learning. 9:30—News. 9:30—World News. 9:30—Sail Lark Tabernacle. 10:00—Church of the Air. 10:30—What's New at the Zoo. 11:30—News. 11:30—Helen Ames Organ. 11:30—Columbia Workshop. 11:30—News. 11:30—New York Philharmonic. 1:30—Pause That Refreshes. 2:30—Family Hour. 2:45—William Shiras, News. 3:00—Singer Theatre. 3:30—Melody Ranch. 4:15—Public O'Connell, Australia. 4:30—News. 4:45—William Wallace. 5:00—World News. 5:30—Opera Echoes. 5:30—Edward Morrow, News. 5:45—Fred Allen. 5:50—Take It or Leave It. 7:30—They Live Forever. 8:00—Crime Doctor. 8:25—News. 8:30—Baker Theatre Players. 8:30—Leon P. Dreves. 9:30—What's It All About? 10:00—Five Star Final. 10:30—Comedy Parade. 10:30—Wartime Women. 10:30—Air-Flie. 10:45—Singing Corps. 11:00—Manny Strand Orchestra. 11:30—Organ. 11:30—News.
- KALE-NBC-SUNDAY-1230 Kc. 8:30—Revering Stans. 8:30—Central Church of Christ. 8:45—Voice of the Field. 9:30—W. O'Connell, Australia. 9:45—Sam Brewer from Egypt. 9:50—John B. Hughes. 10:00—News. 10:15—Romance at the Hi-Ways. 10:30—The Hymn Singer. 10:45—Candy Chorus. 11:00—Safety Songs. 11:15—Melody. 11:30—Street in Springtime. 11:45—Hollywood Whispers. 12:00—The American Speak. 12:30—News. 12:45—Repair for Defense. 1:00—Lutheran Hour. 1:30—Youth Pastor's Church of Air. 2:30—Swedish Temple. 2:30—Bible Classes. 2:35—Theatre of the Air. 4:30—News. 4:45—Rabbi Hagana. 4:50—Nobley's Children. 5:30—American Forum. 5:45—Around the Clock. 6:00—Old Fashioned Revival Hour. 7:30—San Quentin Prison. 7:30—Keep 'em Rolling. 8:00—Hinson Memorial Church. 8:15—Voice of Prophecy. 8:15—Melody Serenade. 8:30—Al Douglas Orchestra. 10:30—News. 10:30—Orin Tucker. 11:30—Johny Richards Orchestra. 11:30—Johnny Richards Orchestra.
- KEX-NBC-SUNDAY-1190 Kc. 8:30—News. 9:30—Granalla Paraga. 9:35—Al and Les Reiser. 10:00—Surf in Minutes. 10:00—Let's Hear. 10:30—Radio City Music Hall. 10:30—Breaking at Glasses. 10:45—New Show a Day. 11:30—Great Plays. 12:00—Ways Up America. 1:30—Song of Your Heart. 1:30—Christian Science Program. 1:30—Sillywood Theatre. 2:30—Music Steamers. 2:30—Catholic Hour. 2:30—Newspaper. 4:30—European News. 4:30—Grow a Garden. 4:30—Tommy Dorsey. 4:30—Music by White. 4:30—Theater of the Air. 4:30—Granddaddy and His Pal. 4:30—A Bookman's Notebook. 4:45—Back Back. 7:30—Good Will Hour. 8:30—Inner Sanctum Mysteries. 8:30—Sunday at Nine. 8:30—Banner Bonanza.

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