ope Oregon Statesman

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

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Camp Henry R. Adair

Every war has its unsung heroes. And even though an act of exceptional gallantry receives due notice and acclaim at the time, the public is forgetful. But the war department doesn't forget its own. Provided an act of real heroism is officially recorded, the record is indelible. And in a way, its thoroughness in this respect makes the war department fairer and more democratic than public opinion.

"Who," asks public opinion, "was Henry R. Adair?" Public opinion would have honored, in the choice of a name for the Polk-Benton cantonment, some high ranking officer who had served outstandingly in past wars and who was identified somehow with Oregon. The war department had other ideas.

Henry R. Adair was an Oregon boy, member of a pioneer family. He attended West Point and gained some fame as a horseman. He served, and made the supreme sacrifice, in hostilities on the Mexican border which do not loom large in the nation's history; which were in fact dwarfed to less than their actual significance by the titanic struggle soon to follow.

He was only a lieutenant and he fought in a minor engagement which the world has forgotten. But he volunteered for extremely hazardous duty whose purpose was replenishing the ammunition of trapped negro troops; he kept on fighting after being wounded; and his last words were:

"Go on, sergeant."

There was something humble, as well as something heroic, about the career of Henry R. Adair. The deed for which he is honored might easily be matched, granted the opportunity for front-line service and the courage, by any one of the soldiers-in-the-making who will be trained at Camp Henry R. Adair. And though it requires an effort to adjust our conception of a suitable name for the cantonment to the divergent decision of the war department, it must be conceded that its choice is peculiarly appropriate. It represents Oregon. And in the story behind the name there is an inspiration calculated to appeal particularly to wartime army recruits.

No Lure to Windbags

Urgent pleas in the press throughout Oregon for a greater turnout of candidates to contest in rimary election seem to have fallen deaf ears, for the most part. Unless there is a stampede early this week, voters' choice in many cases will be limited almost beyond

This is in a number of respects unfortunate. To a degree it evidences prevalence of that disinterest in public affairs which invites abuses. It suggests the danger of apathy at election time; a light and poorly-informed vote. There is yet time within which the development of lively contests may overcome this dangerbut incidentally, there is not much time remaining in which to make sure that all voters otherwise eligible are properly registered. And there is the further danger that on election day, voters may be limited in their choice, for certain offices, to candidates who have entered the lists for reasons strictly personal and selfish.

Along with all this there is however at least one compensating factor. Citizens in general are not this season attracted by the lure of public office. With private employment plentiful and more dependable, few are candidates mere-If in the quest of a job. And especially upstate, few are persuaded to enter the legislative contests merely for the sake of the supposed honor or notoriety to be gained. Persons who might be so attracted, know that the legislature will not have so big a share of the spotlight as usual next January. And to a greater extent than usual, service in the legislature will involve personal sacrifice. In these times business men cannot so blithely let business run itself for 60 days while they wrestle with the state's problems.

A result, quite noticeable in some upstate districts, is that while the candidates are few. they are for the most part men who really have the public's interests at heart; who are willing to make the sacrifice. There is reason to expect that the 1943 legislature will be composed to an unusual degree of men who fully sense the responsibilities of their office. And to hope, further, that it will be a businesslike body, minded to complete its task with thoroughness and dispatch. Windbags, it may reasonably be hoped, are "out for the duration."

Cabinet Shifts

The tone of infinite disgust in which outspoken General Charles H. Martin referred to "that miserable woman" still echoes in our ears as though it had been yesterday, but reflection affirms that sharp and widespread demand for the removal of Frances Perkins as secretary of labor commenced at least four years ago. More recently similar shafts have been hurled at other members of President Roosevelt's cabinet.

In general, the complaint is that they don't eem to know there is a war. Cordell Hull has his points as a peacetime secretary of state—he had his shortcomings too-but his methods and style do not fit in with the harsh realities of war. His department's absurd attitude with respect to Vichy, France, and the Free French occupation of islands in the north Atlantic was only an excruciating example. Anyway, Hull is a sick man and unable to perform his duties. Navy Secretary Knox has made some public relations boners but demand for his resignation, we divine, is largely political and personal. On the other hand one wonders whether Secretary of War Stimson is doing anything, and recalls that he was holding this same job fully 30 years ago and is, as a matter of fact, 75 years old-scarcely the man to be wrestling are at hand.

Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones has been under persistent fire, chiefly from the left, where it is conceived that he is an illiterate country banker of such narrow vision that nothing gets past him which doesn't promise 6 per

cent and afford ample security-regardless of wartime necessity.

Presence of John G. Winant, ambassador to Great Britain, in Washington is regarded as a sign that some cabinet changes may be made now that the agitation for them has died down. For Winant not only is "available" for a cabinet post but change would make possible a graceful shifting of some politically cherished cabinet misfit to the attractive spot at the Court of St. James.

So changes may be coming. Not that it really matters much. The cabinet has not cut much figure these nine years-and FDR is more exclusively the boss today than he ever has been before. Donald Nelson and Harry Hopkins loom much larger than any of the cabineteers.

An experiment in the growing of guavale. the rubber-producing plant which grows wild in Mexico but has been improved by domestication, is being started in Josephine county, Oregon. It will be nice if we can grow rubber right here at home-not in Marion county, you understand, because it won't stand our rainfall, but anyway in Oregon. However, it takes four years to produce a crop suitable for harvest, and that's a long time to wait when you have

An evangelist appearing in Sheridan offers to "locate hell geographically." According to our belief, one portion of hell is that territory in which people frequently say "Heil!"

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON -

(Distribution by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Repre-ction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.) WASHINGTON, March 28-If General Wainwright can hang on for six weeks more, his boys in the Bataan fox holes can then expect a five months easing down of pressure from the rainy season From late May until the end of October, cy-

clonic storms generally beat the Philippines, lowering visibility, ruining all save the best airfields and impeding military operations. Official start of the rainy

eason is June 1, but it sometimes develops as early as May 1 and prayers are being said authoritatively here that it come as early as possible this

So also with the British in Burma. A northeast monsoon blows there from June to October, inclusive, making it the

rainiest spot on earth. This explains the current acceleration of the Jap attack in both places.

The odds unfortunately are not on our side either in the Philippines or Burma. Loss of Java has made it much more difficult for us to get anything into Bataan, and the Japs are going about the attack this time with experienced appreciation that the fortress of Corregidor is the backbone of the MacArthur defense plan.

All the food and ammunition are stored there. Guns from the fort can throw shells halfway up Bataan peninsula to protect the rear flank along the shore. If it can be crippled, Bataan will be

The Jap plan of attack in Burma, plus the impending monsoon season, however, carries convincing assurance that India is not within their immediate ambition. The attack is going north toward China, not toward India. It will have all it can do to clear the Burma road before the

Jap seizure of the Andaman islands in the Bay of Bengal is being over-interpreted as a preliminary to a naval thrust at India. Those islands were, in fact, practically unde-

fended and without fixed fortifications because they were not of prime military significance. The Japs will use them only as anchorages for the fleet and as submarine bases to harass Indian

No one here ever claimed the Australians could hold New Guinea. Its protective forces were meager. What delayed the Jap conquest there were two good American flying fortress attacks on their bases of supplies at Lae and Salamaua (made about a week ago, but just now being announced.)

Also the Japs may have paused to establish air bases. That is what they want of New Guinea anyway. While they may capture substantial Australian sources of copper, rubber and cotton there. the big island is strategically desirable as an air base to protect other Jap ill-gotten gains.

The expected Jap attack upon north Australia is still confidently expected to be limited to the objective of preventing MacArthur from establishing air fields from which he could ravage Java and the other Jap conquered islands immediately to the north.

Our spectacular naval attack upon Marcus and Wake islands was part of our hit-and-run plan of temporary naval strategy, which, no doubt, will be continued. These two spots are too far north of our convoy line to Australia to be worth a raid for that widely advertised reason. Nor are they near enough to Hawaii to constitute real menaces for a Jap return to Pearl Harbor.

The sound military strategy behind the raids is simply this:

The Japs now are getting themselves extended beyond their ability to protect themselves adequately in all areas. Their forces are stretched thin across the whole west Pacific. By their conquests they have worked themselves into the difficult military position, from which they have just driven the United Nations.

These raids require them to watch out for every dot on the map reachable by our fleet, to replenish their defenses at these and all similarly vulnerable spots with planes and troops from their already

In effect, we are just stretching them farther David Bowes Lyon (above), 31and farther with these tactics

It is true some Dutch are still fighting Japs in the hills of Java, but do not expect them to re-enact the success of Bataan. Only a few thousand are loose, here and there. Their operations are heroic hout much military traper



"So's Your Old Man!"

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer life in the Oregon Country as seen on Fourth Plain near Vancouver, Washington: 4 4 4

(Continuing from yesterday:) "Most of the women got their good luck in the common ways known since childhood. If they dreamed a good dream on a Friday night, they told it on Saturday to insure its coming true. Conversely, if the dream were as best they could, believing many places she would set at her bad, they told it before breakfast to nullify its spell. If there were bubbles on the top of a cup of coffee, they drank them quickly from a teaspoon to get them before they broke. The bubbles on coffee signified money rather than luck, but in the minds of money-poor settlers the two were not far apart.

"To a woman it could be bad luck either in cutting her fingernails on Sunday or in not placing her shoes side by side when she took them off. The sight of a neighbor committing either of these errors might horrify any good pioneer housewife. She would expostulate vigorously and amusedly at such tempting of fate. * * *

"To have a wish come true. two youngsters might break the wishbone after a chicken dinner. He who got the larger piece would get his wish. Or if an eyelash fell on one's cheek, he might place it on his forefinger. have someone else press his forehead against it, and, when they drew their fingers apart, he to whose finger the eyelash stuck would get his wish. But whoever got the smaller piece of wishbone, or missed the eyelash, could always take refuge in the remark, 'If wishes were horses beggars would ride,' and the whole' procedure was at once forgotten.

"Where disposition was concerned there was an unfailing sign. No one who habitually ate a good breakfast could ever be cross, possibly a natural brother to the 'laugh and grow fat' saying. Where one was unwontedly testy in the morning, it was said to be because he 'got out of bed on the wrong side.' 3 5 5

"A few body signs had significance, on the Plain as the country over. Ears burning meant that someone was talk-

Queen's Brother



year-old brother of Queen Eliza-beth of England, is shown after his arrival in New York aboard a Pan American Airways Clipper enroute to Washington as a representative of the British nistry of economic welfare.

ing-'right for spite, left for love.' An itching palm meant that money would come; an itching nose that one would kiss a fool. Moles on the face, arms, and body, not beautiful, had their recompense for the possessor, since they meant that he would one day be rich.

"But in spite of signs, in spite of moles or the lack of them, the early settlers did their work more in their own hard work than in any supernatural fortune, but willing to take from its manifestations whatever was reason for pride, Fourth pleasure and amusement they might hold. "4. Housewifery-Housewifery

on the Fourth Plain, while no joke as judged by 'town' standards, had little of the difficulties experienced by pioneer women in more isolated settlements. \$ \$ \$

"The only necessities of diet which neither grew wild nor could be raised were flour, sugar, and molasses. For the first there was a grist mill over on Mill Plain, and for sugar and molasses Vancouver stores were not far distant. Money for purchase was scarce, it was true, but it was a shiftless housewife who could not send to town eggs and butter for exchange. Vancouver had grown to be a city, with city regulations forbidding cows in the streets, thereby becoming more dependent on her outlying neighbors so that their produce found fair return in the stores.

"Without money but with a fair shooting aim, one could live rayally on the Plain. There were game birds, grouse, native pheasant and wood duck, cooked with a cut onion in the pan to take up the 'wild' flavor of which one might tire. Bear meat was good, if the animal was young and not too tough. The rendered fat, as many a housewife found out after overcoming her first repugnance, was fine for frying and even for baking. Deer, of course, were available and excellent.

5 5 5 "In the streams there were trout, although catching them might be left to the children while their fathers went after bigger game. In early spring, smelt, the gustatory delight of many winter-weary adventurers before Fourth Plain had been thought of, were to be had in such abundance as to be a nuisance to the fastidious, who insisted that the fish be cleaned. Smoked and put away for winter they would be a delight all over again with fresh-baked bread and cold milk.

"During the season that Chinook salmon was not to be had, the dog salmon from the Columbia made a fair second. True, one might not call it 'dog' salmon, for with an instinct for elegance fighting against pioneer reality, womenfolk adopted the Indian name of 'calico salmon.' The dog salmon made a remarkably tasty dish when prepared with cracklings, A lot of salt pork would be cut small and fried out, with possibly a little more fat added so there would be plenty. Then the fish and the potatoes would be boiled in the same pot and served on the same platter. Mixed firmly together on the plate, and with a good lot of the cracklings poured over mon makes as full-flavored dish as one could ask.

"Any salmon left beyond the omentary needs of the family as either salted down or smoked, together with a hog or two.

Curing meat was the job of every mon on the Plain, and continued to be so until prepared 'smoke salts' became so common that well-cured meat was no longer a matter for personal pride "A housewife needed to have

at hand plenty of food, for feeding the Sunday visitors was often no small matter. She rarely knew on Sunday morning how table Sunday noon, and she would have thought it 'small' to wonder. While a loaded table Plain etiquette laid little stress on variety. A favorite dish for Sunday might be a pot of baked beans. The beans were soaked over Friday night and boiled on Saturday morning until when one took some in a spoon and blew on them the shells would split. Then they were put into the big, black-encrusted beanpot-covered layer for layer with salt pork and then inundated with molasses-and baked the rest of Saturday and until noon Sunday. No one knew better than a Fourth Plain housewife that it took a whole lot more than just being cooked through to make a baked bean!

5 5 5 "An enormous pot pie might be the piece de resistance for the Sunday dinner, baked with either a mashed potato crust or one of sour-milk-and-soda biscuit batter. Chunks of salt pork added to the pork or beef in the pie, contributed to its excellence. Similarly, in stewing a hen for the family dinner, chunks of salt pork not only seemed to take on the flavor of the chicken to 'stretch' it farther, but contributed a flavor of their own which

KSLM-SUNDAY-1390 Ke.

9:20—Gypsy Trio. 9:30—A Song Is Born,

- Deaconess
- Some Like
- Hollywood
- Church of
- Shining Ho

News.
—Eton Boys.
—Castles in the Air.
—Dinner Hour Melodi

Singing Saxophone
First Presbyterian
Travelogue-Magic

10:15—Dream Time.

30-War News.

Hospital, it Sweet.

Quartette. Christ.

with dogs. Really there were only three, a pair of soft-eyed spaniels and a huge, spotted Dalmatian, but the way they all came toward me at once made me jump back.

blue eyes sizing me up.

secretary."

ing inventory from my rusty curls down over by brown tweed suit (thank fortune, it had worn exfords.

al effect, for his languid, sardonic manner grew more friendly and he held out a welcoming hand with, "Howdedo, Miss Lane. I'm Sidney Loftus," and opened another door into a room bright with light from the sunset flooding the west windows. A woman sat at the window playing solitaire.

mother, Mrs. Gregg."

Mrs. Gregg laid a black jack on a red queen and glanced, very casually, in my direction. the other secretaries did. It's frightfully hard on my husband, having new girls all the time.'

the beauty of the ranch and Mrs.

bled all around.

delicious. 'Where 'luxury' items of diet were scarce, a housewife's ingenuity could do a lot with the vegetables grown in her own garden. Carrots, for instance, when boiled in a sugar syrup to which ginger had been added as flavoring, formed the base of an acceptable marmalade. When prepared in a syrup of molasses, spices, and lemons, and then laid on a platter to dry, they took the place of citron in fruit cakes and Christmas cookies."

'Crime at Castaway'

By EDITH BRISTOL

Chapter 2 Continued

That's all I had time to write before my watch told me to get ready for dinner—the strong, cool breeze from the ocean does things to curly hair-and to cross the garden slope down to-ward the ranch house. It is built on three sides of an open square in Spanish style, and the inside of the patio blazed with beds of zinnias, crimson and orange and

The wide parch seemed filled

"Den't be afraid of the beasts," said a slim youth with wavy yellow hair and classic profile and a bright blue scarf wound around his throat above his white silk shirt as he stepped out on the porch and quieted the dogs. "Down, Domino, You are Miss? Miss?" I felt his wide

"Miss Lane, Mr. Gregg's new

He held open the door and I had the feeling that he was takwell) clear down to my brown He must have liked the gener-

"Mother, this very charming young lady is Miss Lane. My

"Hope you'll stay longer than I murmured something about

Gregg-her name was Estelle, I soon learned-shuffled her cards and the young man disappeared, so I had time to study the big room and the wife of my new

The room was huge, running all along the ocean side of the ranch house, with an immense west windows, and fur rugs spilled over the tiles of the floor, and books and ship models and Indian baskets carelessly tum-

While Mrs. Gregg considered what to do with a four of spades I took a good look at her. At her nails, long and sharp and vivid carmine, the same shade as her lips. At her hair, darker at the roots, synthetic blonde at the ends, piled on top of her head in a mass of juvenile curls. At her costume. Chinese pajamas of peacock blue with gold feathers embroidered on the brocade. Not

made the unappetizing-sounding 'boiled chicken' unexpectedly

(Continued on Tuesday.)

These schedules are supplied by

so young on closer inspection as at first glance, I decided.

"You might as well sit down." The mistress of the house tossed the words at me. "Dinner'll be late. My sister-in-law, Martha Gregg, is up at the stables with a sick colt. When she's gone everything's late."

I dropped to a low rattan chair and picked up, a magazine at random from the confusion of papers scattered over the big redwood table. But the scene outside was more alluring than any book.

The sun was slipping into the gray water at the horizon, turning the sky to flame and orange Long purple shadows were the headlands that ran far out into the ocean and a spray of foaming waves margined the coastline as far as I could see.

Sound of voices in the hall brought my attention back from the western sky as Martha Gregg came in. She was square and middle-aged, brown as a painting by Diego Rivera, with tanned skin and heavy features, iron-gray hair brushed away from a strong face. Her manner was direct and incisive and the hand she held out to me was heavy with bracelets and rings set with turquoise.

"I should have been here to see that you were taken care of," Miss Gregg explained. "But one of my babies is sick and I went up with the vet to see him. Have they made you comfortable?"

Everything was perfect, I assured her, and with a brisk, "Let Isau know if you need anything," Martha Gregg strode through the glass doors and I heard her voice in the dining

Sydney Loftus came back, this time with another young man, shorter, slighter, dapper and trim in a dark business suit. His eyes were black and piercing, his moustache clipped like a dark pencil mark along his lip.

Again Loftus spoke with his cynical half-smile, "Don't be surprised. Miss Lane, that our Aunt Martia takes the vet to call on one of her babies. She breeds race horses, you know. Probably it's Seabiscuit's successor that's got the pip - or whatever makes horses sick. What does, Craven? You know all about the bang-tails.

The man he called Craven flashed a quick, veiled look at Loftus' bantering smile. Many times I was to watch that disciplined look on Craven's face. He ignored the jibe and turned to

"I'm sorry that the discussion of horses prevented me from being formally presented. May I introduce myself? I'm Harry Craven, assistant to Mr. Gregg." Miss Baldwin's words on the telephone flashed to my mind-"and one is sharp." This was the sharp one. I acknowledged the

introduction and said: "I haven't met Mr. Gregg yet." It was more to break the tension which I felt between the two men that I mentioned my unseen employer than that I had anything to say. For in that moment I felt the strain, the distrust, the thinly veiled antagonism that I was to know as a part of Casta-

"You'll meet him in the morning," Craven answered as we moved into the dining room. "Since he came home from the hospital his man puts him to bed after lunch and after that nobody sees him except Mrs. Gregg and his sister."

(To be continued)

2:45-William Shirer, News.

Radio Programs

the air at any time in the interests 00—News. 15—Broadway Bandwagon 30—Melodic Moods. out notice to this newspaper. All radio stations may be cut from Melodic Moods.

American Lutheran Chur-Music From Many Lands. of national defense. 10:00—News Flashes.
10:15—Bridge to Dreamland
11:00—Song of the Strings.
11:30—War News Roundup.
12:200-2 a m. Music. EEX-NBC-SUNDAY-1196 Ec. 8:00-News. 8:05-Graziella Parrega Bible Institute. Boy's Town.

Hit Tunes of Tomorrov

Freddy Nagle
Old Fashioned Revival. 1:15—Al and Lee Reizer, 1:30—Revue in Ministure. 1:30—Quiet Hour, 1:30—Radio City Music Hai 1:30—Speaking of Glamour. Catholic dour

Stars of Today

World Wide News,
Grow a Garden EGW-NBC-SUNDAY-829 Bc. CRE-SUNDAY-970 Ec.

the respective stations. Any varia-3:30—Silver Theatre. 3:30—Melody Ranch. 4:15—Public Affairs. 4:30—News. 4:45—William Wallace. :00—World News. :30—Opera Echoes :55—Elmer Davis, 5:30—Opera Echoes. 5:55—Elmer Davis, News. 6:00—Fred Allen. 7:00—Take It or Leave It. 7:30—They Live Forever. 8:00—Crime Doctor 8:00—Crime Doctor 8:25—Dick Joy, News. 8:25—Baker Theatre Players. 9:00—Leon F. Drews. What's it all About? 10:35—Air-Flo, 10:45—Marine Corps 11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra. 11:35—News. 12:00 to 6:00 a. m.—Music & News. KALE-MBS-SUNDAY-1330 Ke 8:00—Reviewing State
6:30—Central Church of Christ.
8:45—Voice of the Field.
9:15—Gems of Melody.
9:30—Owen Cunningham, Hawaii.
9:40—Sam Brewer From Egypt.
9:50—John B. Hughes.

10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways 10:30—The Hymn Singer. News.

Repair for Defense
Hour Bible Classes
Theatre of the Air.

Monday Radio On Page 17