

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Money to Burn

There is no precedent for today's economic outlook; therefore any predictions which may be made, or any which may have been made, are subject to discount. A year ago, for example, most Americans took it for granted that there would be another depression immediately after the war ended. Today logic suggests—though this too is uncertain—that because so many consumer needs are being denied, dammed up against the day when production of civilian goods may be resumed, there will be instead feverish activity with demand absorbing all the productive energy now going into war. Everybody will be in need of a new automobile along with innumerable lesser gadgets; and there will be urgent need for home construction.

Yet some observations based upon established economic principles and upon knowledge of human nature retain their validity even when projected into an unprecedented situation. It was foreseen accurately that when the national income rose on the basis of war production and when the increase, moreover, was more generally divided among the people—more workers employed and higher wages—while at the same time production for civilians was drastically curtailed, a great many of these workers would find money burning holes in their pockets.

Here were all the elements of price inflation. Every householder knows there has been some price inflation and that no adequate curbs have yet been put into effect though the Office of Price Administration has the power to install much more effective brakes than are now in operation. And householders in Salem and vicinity, the great majority of them still pursuing their peacetime occupations, know that one of the worst things about inflation is that it places an unequal burden upon those whose incomes have not kept pace. By the same token, any rigid method of pay-as-you-go taxation merely makes the unequal burden more painful. It should be said however that many incomes have risen, even here in Salem, largely by the two-breadwinners-in-the-family route.

The prospect just now is that rationing and price control will be extended to a considerable number of additional consumer items, forced in part by hoarding based upon shortage rumors which were false until the hoarding made them true. The word at Washington, DC, is however that the War Production Board is prodding OPA to ration items which the latter agency does not consider sufficiently critical.

Meanwhile the unprecedented angle of the "money to burn" situation among war production workers is an epidemic of individual layoffs. Men with unaccustomed weight in their purse pockets and no way to spend it rapidly, just simply fail to show up on the job, thus reducing their earnings while spending what they do earn in more leisurely fashion. In some instances this has been a racket in that they would work for double pay on Sunday, then lay off a day when they might have gotten only "straight time." The new agreement doing away with double pay except for an actual seventh day, will remedy this situation. Meanwhile these individual layoffs delay war production in some plants to a serious degree.

Some remedies are being tried. Persuasion is one; another is scheduling pay day on Friday or Saturday, inasmuch as the temptation to lay off is strongest right after pay day. A third method is to pack 56 hours of work into six days including two 12-hour shifts. When the same problem arises in England, penalties are invoked. It may come to that here.

While there is no use in bucking human nature in the mass, neither is it necessary for each individual to be a slave to its lower level manifestations. Monday doesn't really burn holes in pockets; that's just a hallucination based as a rule upon habit. There are safe places to put excess earnings. If they are put into war bonds they do double duty; help finance the war effort and reduce the inflationary trend.

Steinbeck and Reality

Even they who know of John Steinbeck only that he wrote "The Grapes of Wrath" are aware that he has been at some pains to qualify as a stark realist; to get right down to earth and dirty earth at that, more often than not.

Well, here comes Mr. Steinbeck with a new play, "The Moon Is Down," based upon his novel which already has attained some circulation. It is a war story with locale in Norway after the conquest. Now of both the book and the play, it is complained by critics that Steinbeck has fallen off his high plane of realism, to such depths that he actually offers this thesis: The nazis will lose because their purpose is evil, the democracies will win because they are noble and good. Critics, you know, are death on sweetness and light.

Recent news from Norway suggests however that Steinbeck is still the realist and not to be condemned because prophetic realism in this case brings his heroes and heroines out into the sunlight for the happy ending. For his real message is that democracy will win, not because it is right but because nazi brutality is writing its own doom. Resistance in Norway, Holland, France, Yugoslavia, in fact in all the captive countries, is a weighty item in Hitler's growing burden of woe.

There are reports that authorities in Washington, DC, are leaning toward a policy of easing up on tire restrictions; not because the rubber shortage is any less acute than was anticipated, but because the restrictions threaten to impede transportation which is actually necessary to the war production program. So—if the restrictions are loosened, that should not be viewed as an invitation to resumption of unnecessary travel. Let the people who need them for their part of the war effort, have the tires; the situation as it stands today emphasizes more than ever the need for rubber conservation and for general cooperation to bring it about.

State Guard's Rifles

With the general proposition that "defense" of the United States may best be safeguarded by attacking the enemy where he is, or stopping him where he is advancing on the other side of the Pacific, this newspaper has enthusiastically agreed. We have not joined that jittery minority which howls for the concentration of combat forces and equipment here, to the hindrance of the overseas effort.

It appears however that federal authorities in issuing an order which will withdraw equipment from state guard units, has overlooked the variance in defense needs as between different localities in the United States. State guards in Nebraska and the Dakotas certainly may get along with shotguns and similar weapons, useful in quelling any internal disturbance. It may be, on the contrary, that state guard and guerrilla units in Oregon may at some unpredictable date and without much warning, find themselves battling a well-equipped invading force.

Protest of state officials against uniform application of the order is well taken. It is to be hoped that the federal authorities will be able to see the realities of the situation on this coast.

You haven't gone all the way when you say that priorities affect every living person in the United States. A recent WBP order affects also those who die. No metals other than gold, silver, iron and steel may be used in the manufacture of caskets, and reduces the permitted amounts of iron and steel by 25 per cent. After July 1, iron and steel will be ruled out entirely except for fastenings and for the metal liners which are required by state laws.

WPB is planning a nationwide inventory of rough diamonds, and requires that any sales or transfers must be reported. Human "diamonds in the rough" will be routed by shortcuts to the combat areas.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 15—You can hear more softly-told reasons why the Cripps Mission failed than there are Moslems and Hindus. But the all-impelling one which even sticks out of the official statements, is that neither side wanted success sufficiently to get it.

There are supplemental tales like the one that Winston Churchill felt Cripps' hot breath on the back of his neck in Whitehall politics and sent him into the Indian political maze to cool him off, expecting full well he would never come out running—at least not running against Churchill for the prime ministry.

That one was in circulation soon after Cripps left London. It is no doubt based only upon conjecture, and the conjecture will be strengthened in the minds of some people now by the way the trip turned out. Mr. Cripps certainly slowed down.

Officials here just throw up their hands, say something about the inexplicable intricacies of Indian politics, and let explanations go.

Why any nation, no matter how deep it has suffered from past grievances, or how thoroughly it is criss-crossed with conflicting political interests, would permit itself to be left standing weakly disunited, with the Japs already at their front door, is more than most officials here want to try to explain.

The outlook for India is bad, but not as bad as it might be. The stubbornness of the British and Indian statesmen, of course, almost constitutes an invitation to Japan to move in, whether or not the Jap military leaders had planned it at this time. A defense which elects to be weak by choice invites attack.

The heart of India is geographically on her sleeve—the one nearest the Japs. Ninety per cent of her steel and engineering industry is around Calcutta in the eastern arm of the country, within easy reach of the Jap bombing fields of Burma.

If the Japs could roll through Calcutta to a line 200 miles west of the city, they would have all the main Indian industries and particularly all the armament production within their grasp.

The workers in Indian factories cannot be expected to act like those in England during bombing raids. Their morale has not been solidified by settlement of internal political differences. Ninety per cent of the population in 1931 was illiterate (unable to write a letter or read an answer).

The government has issued an ordinance that the workers must remain at their posts during air raids, but there is no reason to expect them to act differently from those in Rangoon. The Burmese workers cracked in panic at the first bombs, and production ceased from that point.

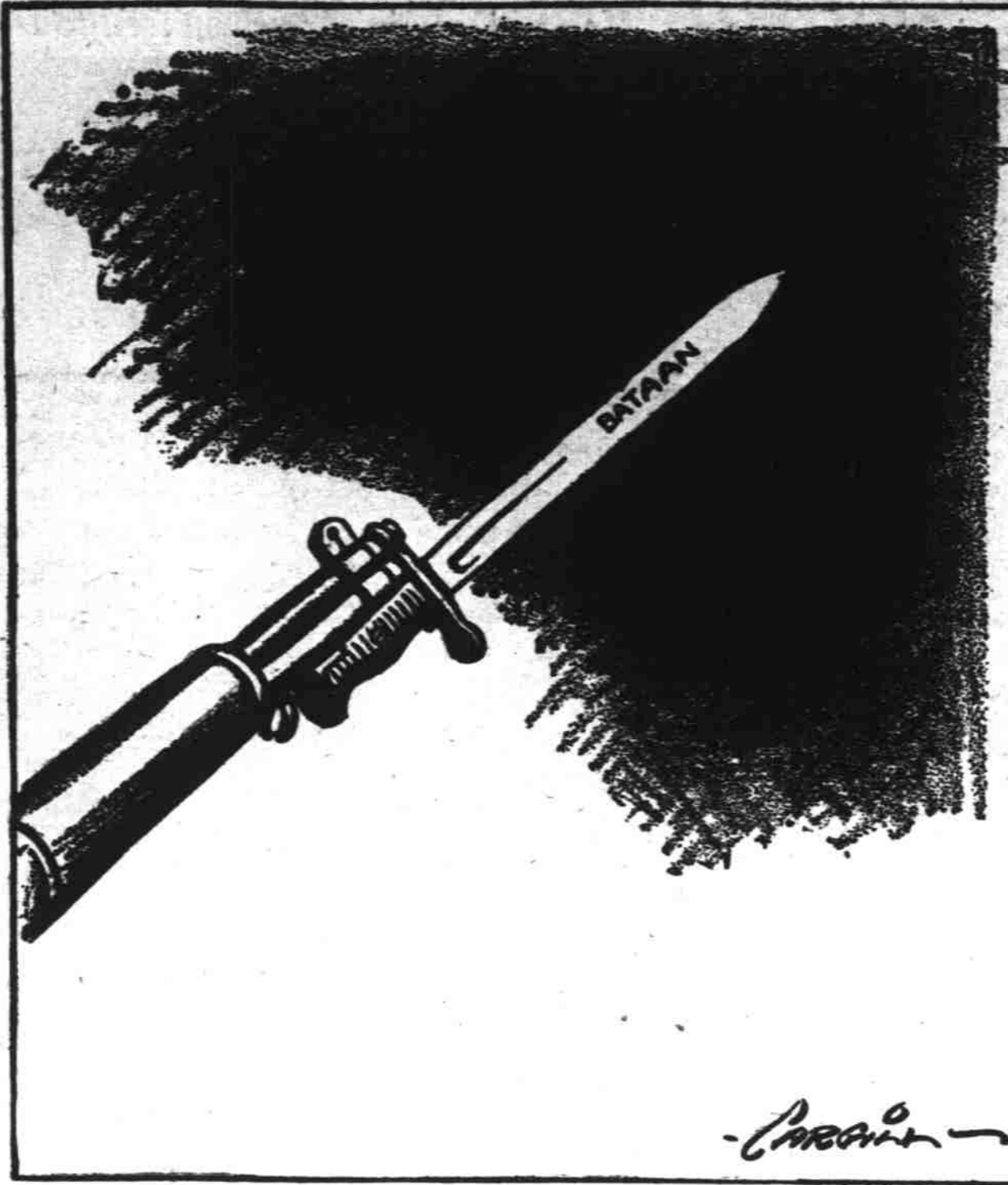
The food situation is not good. The eastern section relied much on Burmese rice production, now cut off. A shortage of wheat may aggravate conditions in the north and west, especially in a nation whose disability already has been publicly expressed in the stubbornness of its political leaders. Food relief may soon be necessary to avoid riots and maintain production.

Fifth columnists abound there. A fairly good secret service, the CID, organized by the British but including Indians, is not good enough.

But, as the politicians on both sides must have known, these defects could have been remedied by an agreement in only one really important respect—morale.

No doubt Nehru and his followers will resist the Jap aggressors, and the plan of defense made by the British controlled army will be carried out. Followers of Gandhi cannot be expected to alter their Pacifist policies even when the Japs come in the door with bayonets. They apparently prefer death to war in any form.

Thus while the future of the Cripps' mission is much against our best interests, it need not be fatal, and anyway there is nothing we can do about it. Mr. Roosevelt's emissary Louis Johnson did as much as he could—and more, according to some British commies.



Inspiration Point

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When The Statesman 4-16-42 was \$10 a year and advertising was more than \$2 a column inch:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Last ad in the second column of the last page of The Daily Statesman of 1864 being reviewed was nearly an inch for Painter & Co., San Francisco, printers and dealers in type, presses, printing materials, ink, paper, cards, etc.

The first half of the third column was taken up with an ad of The Daily Statesman's own book and job printing department. It said there had just been received from New York a "Gordon Power Press, latest and most improved pattern, for cards, bill and letter heads, checks, etc., also an "Adams Improved Power Press, most perfect ever invented for book printing," and that their plant had received first premiums at the state fairs of 1862 and 1863, on good printing." The ad was signed by the Oregon Printing & Publishing Co.

The Gordon job presses are

still made. The "Adams improved power press" is out now, this writer believes. It was in The Statesman plant in 1864, when this columnist and his partner bought the plant. And the "power" was HI Gorman, a strong armed colored man. He had learned to count up to 10, and knew that 10 tens made 100.

So he could count out to the two news boys on ponies their proper number of papers for city delivery. HI slept on the feed board of the "power" press. The "power" of the Gordon press was likely of the same type, in 1864; likely white man or woman power.

HI was reliable when sober, fairly so when under the influence of forty-rod firewater. He was very proud of "Sis" Gorman, flower of his family, who, he said, was half white. The Gorman family, according to the 1872 directory, had their home at the northeast corner of High and Court streets; rather high-toned section. Once Bud, HI's boy, committed some penal offence, and skipped over the line into Washington. One of

Marion county's deputy sheriffs went and got him, and did not ask for a requisition. Bud did not complain; he was glad to be back home. According to the 1874 Salem Directory, the Gormans had removed to the north side of State street, between Water and Front. They remained there a long time.

The second ad in the third column of the last page of The Daily Statesman being reviewed was of the "Howe Doublethread Lockstitch Sewing Machine, established in 1845, improved from time to time and fully perfected in 1862." Prices of different styles of that make of sewing machine ran from \$60 to \$140.

Deming & Co., San Francisco, sole agents for the Pacific Coast. Freeland Bros., Albany, local agents.

Next and last in that column was a two inch ad of the "New Road to Dalles City," with a small picture of the old fashioned stage coach. It read: "The Columbia River Road, leading from Portland, is available for the travel of stock through to Dalles City. Laborers are constantly engaged in improving the worst parts of the road. A GOOD FERRY ON DOG RIVER and one on Sandy River. Rates of toll: Each horse, mule or jack, 50 cents; each man, 50 cents; each head of cattle over one year old, 50 cents; each sheep, 10 cents. Tickets sold at the ferries. NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR FERRYING. A ticket at the above prices is the only charge on the road made by the Company. Joel Palmer, president Columbia River Road Company; J. J. Hoffman, Secretary; John F. Miller, Joel Palmer, Directors."

Dalles City is now officially The Dalles. But how about Dog River? This is from McArthur's Oregon Geographic Names: "Hood river, Hood River county. This stream was discovered by Lewis and Clark on Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1805, and called Labeasco river, an improved method of spelling La Bische, French for female deer. In pioneer days some travelers, being in a starving condition, ate dog meat near Hood river, and the unpopular name Dog river was the result, but not because of any suggestiveness of the French name. Later on, Mrs. Nathaniel Coe, a well known pioneer resident of the valley, objected to the name Dog river and succeeded in changing local usage to Hood river on account of Mount Hood, its source. . . . The name Dog river is now attached only to a small stream that heads in Brooks Meadows about eight miles southeast of Parkdale and flows into East Fork Hood river. . . . The name Hood river appears on a map as early as 1836. . . . The city of Hood River was named for the stream nearby. . . . The county (of Hood River) was created June 23, 1908."

Joel Palmer of the Dalles City road was General Joel Palmer, one of the most outstanding of early Oregon pioneers, Indian Commissioner, founder of the town of Dayton, Yamhill county, etc. John F. Miller was Gen. John F. Miller, also outstanding early Oregon pioneer. He was a joint builder and afterward sole owner of the present Statesman building, in which for about 20 years was the governor's office, the state library, the supreme court rooms, etc.

Estelle Gregg was talking and, from her tones, on the ragged edge of hysterics. "You've always hated me . . . you hated to have your brother bring me here . . . you've hated me because I was younger and better looking than you . . . and now you have your friend the sheriff ask me where I was last night."

Her voice broke and I heard low tones from Martha. Estelle's high pitched, angry voice went on. "Why should I be questioned? Like a criminal? This is my house now. I won't be treated like this in my own house. Why doesn't he ask that wild woman in Hidden Cove where she was last night? Why doesn't he ask you where you were?"

I retreated to the living room. There seemed to be nothing to do except wait until the storm had blown over — or until the sheriff passed through and could admit me to the study. I must have waited there for ten minutes — the closed door to the hallway cut off the torrent of angry words and the silence of the big room was restful.

(To be continued)

'Crime at Castaway'

By EDITH BRISTOL

Chapter 10 Continued

I tried to think things out clearly. The anger and hot words of the previous afternoon heard from Mr. Gregg's bedroom. What part did they play in the puzzle now spread before us? And Lance — so gentle with Miss Gregg, so considerate as to notice my own weariness — what was the meaning of his ugly warning as I had heard it yesterday, ringing through the silent passage — "It will mean death if you don't"? I was frankly baffled, confused and very unhappy.

It was restful sitting there in the golden October morning. I saw an official car from the sheriff's office speed up the driveway and several men got out — that would be the fingerprint men and photographers. I knew they were expected. Sheriff Allen met them at the car.

Dr. Henry, his official duties finished for the nonce, got into his own small car and sped away.

From the back road — the little-used one that came into Castaway from the edge of the cliffs above Hidden Cove — I watched a yellow sports roadster slip quietly and quickly into the grounds of the ranch house and drive into the garage. Sydney got out and helped his mother step out from the machine. Her face was almost hidden by the brim of her hat and her dark glasses.

Already — I thought — she's evading the publicity that is bound to follow news of this tragedy and a lump came into my throat to think how many people were grief-stricken by this dreadful thing. I couldn't say I liked Estelle Gregg as I liked her husband or Martha — she was too selfish for that — but I did feel sorry for her.

Sydney and his mother went in through the kitchen door and things were quiet again for as much as fifteen minutes while the peace of the hillside helped me pull myself together and make ready to go back to work.

I saw Lance come out of the house with Kobe looking so diminutive beside him and the two of them drove off down the driveway. . . . Again silence spread over the slope of the garden and only the beat of the

surf came to my ears. I had promised myself a half hour's rest and I took nearly all of that before starting down the hill, ready to transcribe the notes I had taken. I entered the front door and walked down the hall to the door of the study. The door was locked. Beyond, in the bedroom, I knew the men from the office were conducting their search.

I knew I must start on the work, for Allen would want his record completed, the statements signed, as soon as possible, so I retraced my steps through the hall, crossed the width of the big house and entered the west wing, heading for Miss Gregg's sitting room again. The key to the study would be in her hands, surely.

A shrill, loud voice was speaking and the door was ajar. This seemed to be a house where I was doomed to hear other people's conversation without wanting to.

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(To be continued)

Radio Programs On Page 10

THE MAN'S SHOP

Want a New Experience in Shoe Comfort?

The "wallow" moccasin type shoe, as developed by Nunn-Bush, quickly becomes a cherished possession in the wardrobe of almost every man who wears it. And Ankle-Fashioning keeps him a life long Nunn-Bush fan! Most Regular Styles \$10

Nunn-Bush Ankle fashioned Oxford.



Illustrated: The CORONADO

\$11.



They're SIZE-FIT



They're COLLAR-PERFECT



They're MAN-FORMED

Come in and see the new Manhattans—America's finest shirts! SIZE-FIT—average fabric shrinkage 1% or less. COLLAR-PERFECT—every collar mellowed in moisture and measured by hand for permanent fit. MAN-FORMED—designed on living models for tri-fitting body proportions. Manhattans are years ahead—confirm this fact today at our store. Prices from \$2.50 up

Manhattan SHIRTS



Interwoven "Pursuit Stripes"



You'll go "All Out" for "Pursuit Stripes" . . . a new high in Sock style for Spring . . . maneuver in and see these "modern designs"

The Man's Shop

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(Continued tomorrow.)