

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Stays Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## 'Unauthorized' Strikes

National leaders of both AFL and CIO shortly after Pearl Harbor went on record as opposed to any strikes which would impede the war effort. Officials of greater and lesser rank in all unions affiliated with either major group and in the independent unions, all concurred.

In justice it should be observed that the overwhelming majority of these unions and their affiliated members are making good on that pledge. Out of 41 million non-agricultural workers in the United States, working approximately two billion hours per week, only about 11,000 were on strike in a recent week in occupations affecting war production and the time lost was about 212,000 man hours—so that the loss in hours was only a little more than one in ten thousand. Counting non-war-connected occupations, the time lost by strikes in May was at the rate of 576,000 man hours per week, or a little less than one in four thousand. Time lost to industry through strikes has dropped 80 per cent below peacetime averages.

Surely no one will argue that in war industry at least, labor has lost any of its "gains." Not only are the national administration and its war labor board sympathetic to the cause of labor; there is at least an equal advantage to the workers in the fact that labor is scarce. It is a "seller's market." Wholly aside from the potency of collective bargaining, employers must bid for men's services—and bid high. Viewed purely on the basis of hourly or weekly "money" wages in comparison to 1939 wage scales, war industry pay seems to many persons scandalously high. These wages shrink somewhat when converted into "real" wages. But while cost of living is up 16 per cent from the 1935-'39 level, average weekly earnings in industry are up 45 per cent from the level of June, 1940.

How much unnecessary dislocation all this entails is not our immediate topic, nor is its effect upon the inflation danger, nor the long-view wisdom of prevailing wage policies. The two points we have attempted to make are (1) that labor is cooperating in the war effort and (2) that in the aggregate, labor has lost nothing through this cooperation.

That the overwhelming majority of workers are cooperating in the war effort, is no defense for the tiny majority of exceptions; quite the contrary. The nearly unanimous record makes the exceptions appear all the blacker. There is no intention here to suggest that particularly in occupations only indirectly affecting the war effort, there may not be just grievances. Of the merits of any particular dispute, we do not presume to judge.

But when employees ostensibly acting without the sanction of their unions go on "unauthorized" strike they merely shift the onus from the unions to their individual selves. They explain—naively, to our view—that the union is bound by its national leadership's pledge; but that nevertheless the grievance exists and their only recourse is to strike in order to gain the prompt attention of the labor board conciliators. Their action is automatically condemned by their own unions' position.

At the same time they are not actually shielding the unions—for the public is certain to suspect in case of a 100 per cent walkout, that union officials have a sub rosa hand in it. This suspicion must be especially strong on the part of Salem citizens who waited in vain for street busses on Saturday; for it was stated that the Salem bus drivers had no stake in the controversy as between the mileage and the hourly basis of remuneration.

To the extent that this strike affects inter-city transportation, obviously it impedes the war effort since many commuting war workers were marooned either at home or at the scene of their jobs. Just as obviously, whether it is the union or the individual bus company employees, labor's wartime policy is being violated.

## Language

If you read that the "Sammies" went "over the top" into "no man's land" while the enemy's "fourth arm" dominated the air with no opposition except from the "Archies" and that judging from the wounds suffered by some of the men who went to "Blighty" the "Boche" was using "dum-dum" bullets—if you read all that, even if you were not "Hooverizing" by observing a "meatless Tuesday" or a "wheatless Wednesday" you would know for certain that reference was not to this current war but to one which occurred a quarter of a century ago.

Now the talk is of "Ack-Acks" and "Spit-fires" and "dive bombers" and "foxholes"—you can string it out endlessly; a brand new language of war except that there still is reference to air "aces" and "Jerry" as well as some resurrected phrases from still older wars, useful again because this is on land a war of movement, and much more an active naval war—in a way—that that last one. And imagine calling aviation the "fourth arm." Now it's the first.

Language is constantly changing, but new words are added much faster than old ones sink into disuse. But a war creates new words much faster than the normal evolution of habit, custom and thought. And for technical reasons, the words a war produces are as obsolescent as that war's weapons, when the next war breaks out.

## In This Our Life

Stow Manufacturing company ofinghamton, N.Y., has the largest volume of business in its 6-year history. It is turning out flexible shafting for war purposes. The company was doing all right in 1939, making "orderly recovery" from the depression.

Now the Stow company has unfilled orders equivalent to 15 years' production in normal times. But in order to expand it had to borrow from RFC—an amount three times its invested capital.

C. F. Hotchkiss, president of the company, testified before the senate finance committee

the other day that when he starts repaying RFC this month it will be at the rate of 20 per cent on sales. The company's profit before taxes is 20 per cent. So it will at best break even—before taxes.

The new tax law as it stands will take 87 per cent of net income. Hotchkiss estimates that he can just make the payments to RFC, or he can just pay the taxes—but he can't do both. He'll have to borrow the full amount to pay the taxes. Says Hotchkiss:

"The darned business doubles every three days. We can't keep track of it. All we're trying to do is survive."

One Oregon newspaper describes a mail order catalogue as "a veritable encyclopedia of the things we are going to have to do without if this war continues as long as those who hob-nob with the president predict."

## News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Aug. 1 — The campaign of the New Republic, the Luce publications and some others to clean out this congress seems to have fallen flat as far as the primaries are concerned. No more than normal casualties among sitting congressmen are reported from the electoral front.

A tabulation made by the democratic congressional campaign committee, for its own information only, shows that out of the first 115 congressmen to face the voters in primaries thus far, no more than 10 have failed of renomination. Most of these were involved in personal situations having nothing to do with the isolationist-interventionist dispute.

The temper of the electorate thus obviously is shown to be extraordinarily complacent. The antagonism to congress which has gained so much popular publicity has nowhere been reflected in the results.

Furthermore, voting everywhere has been extremely light, and less than the usual number of congressmen are even faced with serious opposition.

This seems to be a war without song. A war of grim public quietude. Public opinion on the surface seems confused, and at times embittered by such regulations as gas rationing and other displays of Washington inefficiency, but so far it is wholly lacking in the enthusiasm required to go to the polls and vote "no."

The politicians explain this phenomenon with the assumption that everyone is busy in war work, in the army, or out of it. Farmers are bearing down harder than usual. No tax sales are reported in their communities. Other citizens, they say, are laboring so long and hard they take little time out for politics except to drop an idle cuss word now and then at Washington.

Four states in the south have now held primaries, Florida, Alabama, Oklahoma and North Carolina, and only two congressmen failed. Pro-Roosevelt Luther Patriek from Alabama lost because he made some facetious speeches which were not interpreted in the humorous way they were intended (say his friends) and Wilburn Cartwright lost in Oklahoma because he got into a personal row with the governor.

Out in the middle west: — All were renominated in Iowa. In Illinois, a democrat, Leo Kociakowski, lost out because the Cook county machine had another job in mind for him, and he foolishly thought he could win anyway. One republican, George A. Paddock, lost because popular former Representative Ralph Church wanted his old job back. In Indiana only one lost, a democrat, William T. Schultz, whose job was desired by the mayor of the largest town in his district and a superior political power.

In Pennsylvania two democrats were beaten, one (Charles I. Faddis) because his district had been rearranged to take in some labor communities where his policies were not popular, and the other, Representative Guy L. Moser, had barely skinned through in previous primaries. A couple of republicans suffered from re-districting but none from the war issue.

Robert F. Rich did not stand for renomination, because his district was split in twain and attached to two adjoining districts, and Benjamin Jarrett was defeated due to four new counties being attached to his district.

All were renominated in Oregon, but in Maine one fell (James C. Oliver). Some down-easters attributed Mr. Oliver's defeat to his isolationist stand.

Wiser politicians who go below the surface for their answers think the republicans there were foxy. They did not want Oliver running against the strong Brann in November, but picked a candidate with less of an anti-Roosevelt foreign policy. A local political situation likewise defeated one republican in North Dakota (Charles R. Robertson).

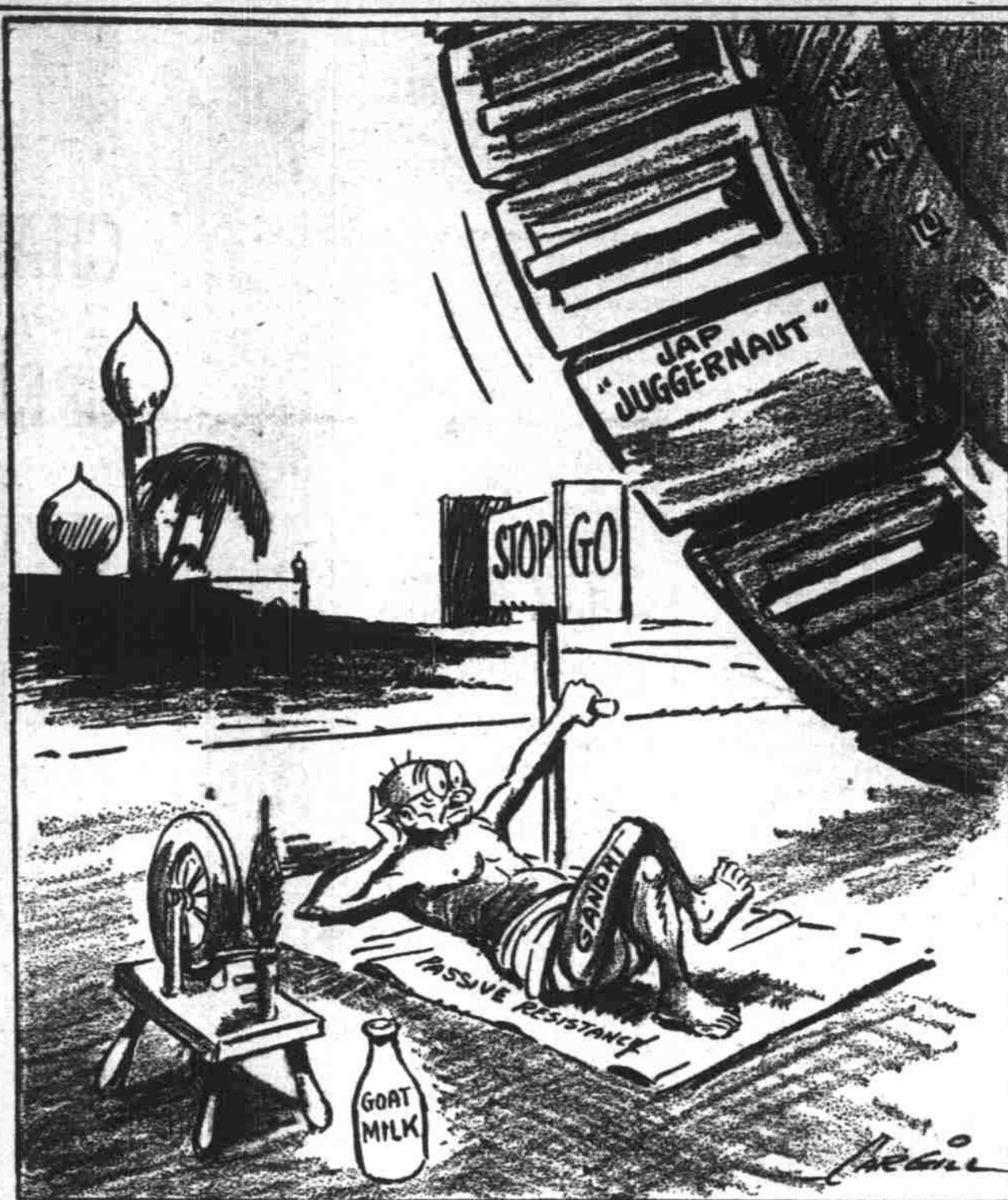
Of the above-mentioned, Faddis was a strong pro-war man; Moser and Schulte were classed as isolationists.

Certainly it is clear the democratic voters were not mad at the democratic congressmen, and the republican voters seemed generally satisfied with their republican representatives. It may be different in November when the democrats come up against the republicans, but for the present all is extremely quiet on the political front.

Half-hearted gestures have been made by the administration, suggesting Mr. Roosevelt might go after the old opponents of his foreign policy.

A New York leader who came out of the White House recently said the president wanted the test of a man for the New York gubernatorial race to be made on the basis of support of the Roosevelt foreign policy before Pearl Harbor. But the democratic machine there went ahead planning to nominate one who did not fill that particular requirement. So it goes everywhere.

The administration well knows if it opens a campaign of bitter partisanship to punish its old political opponents, they will fight back with the evidence of inadequate administration preparations for war before Pearl Harbor, and a political melee disastrous to unity will ensue.



Traffic Situation in Far-Off India

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An Oregon pioneer 8-2-42 boy, a truly terrible day and night endured near the site of Eugene:

(Continued from yesterday.) "Under adverse and discouraging circumstances he (James L. Collins) has worked his way up in life; unaided, has risen to his present position. Following is a brief resume of his life:

"Judge Collins is a descendant of English ancestors who emigrated to Virginia during the reign of George II, and were actively identified with the history of the Old Dominion (Virginia), and took part in the Revolutionary war.

"His mother's people traced their ancestors back to the Wyatts of England and the Campbells of Scotland, prominent and influential families. His grandfather, William Collins, and his grandfather, George Collins, were natives of Virginia and soldiers in the war of 1812.

"His father, Smith Collins, was born in Orange county, Virginia, December 25, 1804, and emigrated to Warren county, Missouri, in 1827, where he married Eliza Wyatt, a native of Montgomery county, Kentucky, in 1829. They resided in Missouri until 1846.

"That year they came to Oregon. After a long and tedious journey, fraught with many dangers incident to travel across the plains at that time, they reached their destination and settled in the beautiful Willamette valley. Mr. Collins took a claim of 640 acres located on the south line of Polk county, and there he lived and prospered, acquiring other lands and valuable property.

"He also retained his property

in Missouri. He was generous and public spirited and did his part toward developing the vicinity in which he resided. Religiously, he was a Methodist. His death occurred in 1862, and his wife's two years later. Mrs. Collins, like her husband, was a typical pioneer. A kind hearted, Christian woman, she was ever ready to relieve the sick and needy.

"Their eldest son, J. L. Collins, the subject of this sketch, was born in Warren county, Missouri, May 9, 1833, and was 13 years of age when he arrived in Oregon, late in the fall of 1846. Their company was the first to cross the plains with ox teams by way of Klamath lakes and across the Siskiyou, Umpqua and Calapooia mountains into the Willamette valley; and young Collins often drove the foremost team that broke down the thick sage brush upon the trackless waste.

"He left the place of his birth April 20, 1846, and after suffering many hardships and deprivations arrived in Polk county, Oregon, March 5, 1847, having spent the winter in a cabin they found unoccupied, near where Eugene City has since sprung up. The winter was a severe one. Harrison Turnedge remained with him, and out of compassion they took into camp an old sailor, Samuel Ruth, who was badly crippled. Mr. Turnedge was sick a greater portion of the time, and it devolved upon Mr. Collins, then a mere boy, to shoulder his gun and wade through the ice and water in the sloughs and streams, often waist deep, in order to reach good hunting ground on the shore and secure game in sufficient quantities to meet the necessities of himself and his

unfortunate companions. "In the spring of 1847 his father settled in the northern part of Polk county. He worked hard every day, helping to build their rude but comfortable home. Being too poor to procure lamp oil or candles, he pursued his studies at night by the pitch wood fire in the fireplace.

"After a few years, when the family could get along without his assistance he was permitted to attend the Institute (now Willamette University), where, by working hard at whatever his hands could find to do mornings, evenings and Saturdays, he made his way through a few terms of that school, then under the management of Prof. F. S. Hoyt and his excellent wife.

"While at Salem he read law for a time under the instructions of a Hon. B. F. Harding and Hon. L. F. Grover. (Harding became secretary of state and Grover governor and United States senator.)

"In 1853 Mr. Collins went to California, where he made and lost a considerable fortune in mining."

(Continuing on Tuesday.)

## ADD BITS

Oregonian editorial of yesterday on the Nips, or Jips, or Japs, is severe, very severe, though wonderfully well written as usual. Perhaps the writer would like to know that Harry Miller, builder of bridges, president of Oregon State College, outstanding American, after he had served as U. S. Ambassador to Japan, told this columnist that the business classes of Japan are ALL dishonest; that they think it is silly to not be slick in tricks. And that the business class of China is honest, as a rule.

## 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 in this newspaper. All radio stations may be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.

9:45—Music for Moderns.  
10:00—Henry King Orchestra.  
10:30—The Quiet Hour.  
10:30—Cath Calloway Orchestra.  
11:00—Bob Crosby Orchestra.  
11:15—Henry Busch Orchestra.  
11:30—Jan Savitt Orchestra.

KEK—NBC—SUNDAY—1190 Kc.  
8:00—News Summary.  
8:30—Horace Heidt Review.  
9:00—The Quiet Hour.  
9:30—Radio City Music Hall.  
10:30—Floyd Wright Organ.  
10:45—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.  
11:00—Blue Theatre Players.  
11:30—Show of Yesterday and Today.  
12:30—Roy Porter, News.  
12:15—Chautauque Concerts.  
1:00—National Vespers.  
1:30—Army-Navy Games.  
2:00—Hollywood Theatre.  
2:30—Alas John Freedom.  
3:00—Sweet and Low.  
3:30—Stars of Today.  
4:00—Sunday at Tommy Dorsey's.  
4:30—Inevitable Mr. Sand.  
5:00—Elizabeth Russell, Singer.  
5:30—Song Shop Romance.  
6:00—Remember.  
6:30—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.  
7:00—Good Will Hour.  
8:00—Earl Godwin, News.  
8:15—Jimmie Fidler.  
8:30—Quilt Kicker.  
9:00—Grandpappy and His Pal.  
9:30—News Headlines and Highlights.  
9:45—Palace Hotel Orchestra.  
9:45—News.  
10:30—Valley of the Shadow.  
10:30—The Quiet Hour.  
11:30—Melodius for Uncle Sam.  
11:30—War News Roundup.

KOIN—CBS—SUNDAY—970 Kc.  
8:15—Southern Serenade.  
8:45—Gypsy Caravan.  
9:00—Church of the Air.  
9:30—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.  
9:30—West Coast Church.  
9:30—Invitation to Learning.  
9:30—News.  
9:15—Woman Power.  
9:30—Salt Lake Tabernacle.  
10:00—Church of the Air.  
10:30—Melody Time.  
10:30—CBS.  
11:30—Spirit of '42.  
11:30—St. Louis Municipal Opera.  
11:30—Melody Time.

12:00—Columbia Symphony.  
1:30—The Peace That Refreshes.  
2:30—The Family Hour.  
3:30—William Shiner, News.  
4:30—News E. Sturzew.  
5:15—Bobby Tucker and Voices.  
5:30—Melody Round.  
6:00—News.  
6:30—Time Out for Laughs.  
6:30—News.  
7:00—William Wallace.  
7:30—World News Tonight.  
8:30—Silvana Swire Recital.  
9:00—News.  
9:30—Eric Starbird.  
9:45—Hutchins the Magnificent.  
10:00—The Theatre.  
10:30—The Live Forenoon.  
10:30—Crime Doctor.  
10:30—The Case in Your Home.  
10:30—Other Theatre Players.  
10:30—William Winter, News.  
10:30—Sun Zenith.  
10:30—Leon F. Drews.  
10:30—Five Star Final.  
10:30—Sunday Down South.  
10:30—Air-File of the Air.  
10:30—Wilma Bailey.  
10:30—U.S. Navy.  
10:30—Money Street Orchestra.  
11:30—Melodius to Midnight.  
11:30—News.  
Midnight to 9:00 a. m.—Music & News.

2200—NBC—SUNDAY—620 Kc.  
4:30—Down Patrol.  
5:30—War News Roundup.  
6:00—Sunrise Serenade.  
6:30—The Case in Your Home.  
6:30—News.  
6:45—Commando Mary.  
6:45—Sunday Down South, NBC.  
6:45—Emma Otero, Singer, NBC.  
6:45—People, Robert St. John, NBC.  
6:45—Silver Strings.  
6:45—Modern Music, NBC.  
11:30—Stars of Today.  
11:30—Chicago Round, NBC.  
12:30—Music for Neighbors.  
12:30—Upton Close, Commentator.  
12:30—Army Hour, NBC.  
1:15—We Believe.  
1:30—Dear Adolf.  
1:30—Music of the Americas.  
2:30—Home Fires.  
2:45—Symphony of Melody.  
3:00—Victory Parade.  
3:30—How Do You Do?  
4:15—News.  
4:30—Band Wagon, NBC.  
5:30—Star Spangled Vanitiesville.  
5:30—One Man's Family, NBC.  
6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.  
6:30—American Album Festival.  
7:00—Hour of Charm, NBC.

Radio Programs Continued On Page 9

## Random Harvest

By JAMES HILTON

Chapter 17 Continued

And so on. What had happened, clearly, was that Truslove, having lost his battle with the doctors, had talked the family into an equity settlement—each of them agreeing to sacrifice a seventh part of his or her bequest in order that Charles should acquire an equal share. Dressed up in legal jargon, and with a good deal of smooth talk about "justice" and "common fairness," the matter took ten minutes to enunciate, during which time Charles sat back in his chair, glancing first at one face and then at another, feeling that nothing could have been less enthusiastic than (except for Chet's and Bridget's) their occasional smiles of approval.

Chet was expansive, like Santa Claus basking in an expected popularity; Bridget was a sweet and ready with a smile, as always. But the others were grimly resigned to doing their duty in the most trying possible circumstances—each of them saying goodbye to forty thousand pounds with a glassy determination and a stiff upper lip. They were like boys at a good English school curbing their natural inclinations in favor of what had been successfully represented to them as "the thing to do." Truslove must have given them a headmasterly pshaw, explaining just where their duty lay and how inevitably they must make up their minds to perform it; Chet had probably backed him up out of sheer grandiloquence— "Drat it all, we must give the fellow a square deal," begun under such auspices the campaign could not have failed. But when Charles looked at George, and Julia, and Jill, and Zillah, and Lydia, he knew they were all desperately compelling themselves to swallow something unpleasant and get it over; which gave him a key to the mood in which he felt most of them regarded him; he was just a piece of bad luck, like the income tax or a horse that comes in last.

Suddenly he found himself on his feet and addressing them; it was almost as if he heard his own voice, spoken by another person. "I'm sure I thank you all very much, and you too, Truslove. The proposal you've outlined is extremely generous—too generous, in fact. I'm a person of simple tastes—I need very little to live comfortably on—in fact the small income I already have is ample. So I'm afraid I can't accept your offer, though I do once again thank you for making it."

He looked round their faces again, noting the sudden amazement and relief in the eyes of some of them—especially Chet's wife, Lydia. Clearly they had never contemplated the possibility of his refusing. That began to amuse him, and then he wondered whether his refusal had not been partly motivated by a curiosity to see how they would take it. He really hadn't any definite inclination, either to have the money or not; but his lack of desire for it himself was certainly not balanced by any particular wish that they should be enriched.

Truslove and Chetwynn were on their feet with an instant chorus of objections. Truslove's were doubtless sincere—after all, he had nothing to lose. But Chet—was it possible that his protests were waging sham war against an imperceptible hope that had dawned on him, a hope quite shamelessly reflected in the eyes of his wife? Was he seeking to employ just a featherweight too little persuasion to succeed? Charles did not believe that Chet would have attempted this balancing act if left to himself, but there was Lydia by his side, and he was undoubtedly afraid of her. Nevertheless he kept up the protesting, and Charles kept up the refusal; the whole family then began to argue about it, with more vehement generosity now that they felt the issue was already decided; but they made the mistake of keeping it up too long, for Charles suddenly grew tired and exclaimed: "All right,

then, if you all insist, I'll agree to take it."

Truslove beamed on what he imagined his own victory; Chet, after a second's hesitation, came across the room and shook Charles by the hand. "Fine, old chap. . . . Now we're all set and Truslove can do the rest." But the others could only stare in renewed astonishment as they forced deadly smiles into the supervening silence.

There were papers they all had to sign; then Charles escaped upstairs. His room was the one he had slept in as a boy, though it had since been refurbished more opulently; it expanded at one corner into a sort of turret, windowed for three-fourths of the circle, and from this viewpoint the vista of gardens and skyline was beautiful even towards dusk on a gray day. He was staring at it when Kitty entered. "Oh, Uncle Charles, I must show you this—it's in today's Times. . . ." She held out the paper, folded at the column of obituary appreciations.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The item which Kitty pointed to ended as follows:—

"A lifelong individualist, there was never any wavering in his political and economic outlook, while his contributions to the cause of Free Trade, both financially and by utterance, were continual and ungrudging. A man whose character more easily won him the respect of his foes than the applause of the multitude, he rightly concentrated on an industrial rather than a political career, and though his representation of West Lythamshire in the Conservative interest had been in the strictest sense uneventful, his influence behind the political scene was never entirely withdrawn, nor did his advice go long unheeded."

"Uncle Charles, what does it mean?" "Is just something—that somebody's written."

"But I can't understand it—at least, I can understand some of the words, but they don't seem to mean anything. It's about him, isn't it?" He answered then, forgetting whom he was addressing: "It's a charming letter about my father from a man who probably knew him slightly and disliked him intensely."

"Why did he dislike him?" He tried to undo the remark. "Stupid of me to say that—maybe he didn't dislike at all. . . . Run along haven't you had tea?"

When he had been her age there had been a schoolroom high tea, with Miss Posenby dispensing bread and jam cakes. "They're serving it now on the terrace. Aren't you coming down?"

Self-possessed little thing; not quite spoilt yet.

"I'll probably miss tea today." "Don't you feel well?" "Oh, I'm alright."

"Did it upset you going to the funeral?" "Funerals are always rather upsetting."

She still stood by, as if she wanted to be friendly. Suddenly she said: "Julian's very funny, isn't he?"

"Yes he's quite the humorist of the family."

"He's going back to Cannes tonight."

"Oh, is he?" "Do you mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

"A cigarette? Well—"

"I do smoke you know—most of the girls at Kirby do as soon as they get into the sixth." She had taken a cigarette out of her bag and was already lighting it. "You don't mind do you?"

"Not particularly."

"I knew you wouldn't. You don't give a hoot about anything."

Do they also say 'hoot' in the sixth?" "No—Chet's what mother said to Uncle Charles about you."

"I see. . . . Well. . . . But I've got to stay here now till I finish it. . . . Don't you think Sheldon's rather marvelous?"

"Not only rather, but quite." "I think he's the one who really ought to write a book about Grandfather."

"Not a bad idea—why don't you tell him?" "I did, but he only smiled. He's so nice to everybody, isn't he. We had a wonderful Christmas party here last year, before Grandfather was ill—we had charades and one of them was (Continued on Page 9)

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