

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

Member of The Associated Press

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Appraisal

Strong German fortifications have browned into the fortifications of Leningrad.—German radio, Sept. 14, 1941.

If history could be counted upon to repeat itself verbatim, we should be in better position to view complacently the Russian scene which essentially is the key just now to world events for decades if not centuries to come.

A year ago it was the battle of Leningrad. The nazis claimed they were actually "in" Leningrad. They're not in yet. Today it is the battle of Stalingrad, described—no doubt accurately—as the greatest battle in world history. The nazis are almost "in"—and yes, it most certainly would be nice to assure ourselves that history will repeat.

Already there is talk of the Russian winter. It most certainly is coming—but on this point a warning is in order. Even weather history declines to repeat itself exactly. Some snow has fallen in the upper levels of the Caucasus. At lower altitudes there has been some rain. But if last year's weather is to be taken as a guide, it must be recalled that winter did not set in soon enough to save Leningrad; the Reds had to fend for themselves for at least six weeks more. First snow fell at Moscow on the last day of September, but it was even later that the heaviest thrust against that city was launched by the Hitlerites—to their ill fortune, even early in December, so certain that in Tokyo certain war-mad schemers proceeded with a plot further to engulf the world in blood.

Yet though the Russians must for as long as two months longer depend upon themselves rather than their dependable but deliberate ally, winter, and though Stalingrad may fall and the Volga cut, an event we have heretofore appraised as more harmful to the cause which is mutually Russia's and ours, certain conclusions do now seem appropriate, taking into account the calendar and the disposition of forces and their demonstrated ability to persevere.

It seems proper to conclude that the nazis will not win in Russia this year. A year ago there was talk of an imminent German victory; now the talk is of a "stabilized winter line." That is a vastly different matter.

Now it is almost a certainty that no matter to what line they may advance, Hitler's armies again will have to endure the rigors of a Russian winter; it is almost equally certain that even if the Croznoy oil fields are taken in addition to those at Maikop, the invaders will gain no immediate benefit from them. In the main, it seems proper to appraise the situation somewhat favorably than a year ago. Of course, one factor is that we now have more confidence in the Reds.

Time to Promote Scrap

Schappo, giant robot symbolic of the salvage campaign in Marion county, has been standing on the courthouse lawn for some weeks now. Obviously he is a soldier, a volunteer in this war upon the axis. No one has taken the trouble to determine his rank. In view of the prosaic work in which he is engaged, he must be considered a soldier in the ranks.

But it is no secret that though Scrap has served usefully and with utmost willingness, he has lacked the authority to command other soldiers enlisted in the cause he represents. Perhaps he ought to be promoted. Whether or not he is promoted in rank, say to corporal or sergeant, it is even more obvious that he ought to be promoted in the non-military sense of the word.

Despite the efforts of salvage committee workers and some others, there has not been the universal scrap-consciousness necessary to success in this campaign. And this is by no means a condition peculiar to Salem or to Marion county, but is nationwide. The drive for scrap metal for all, its overwhelming importance, has not met with response equal even to that accorded the recent rubber drive—and the reasons are not difficult to discern.

The oil companies and all their ubiquitous employes and representatives made it their business to promote the rubber campaign. No such strategically-deployed group has taken upon itself the task of promoting the scrap metal and general salvage campaign.

Now a concentrated effort to enliven this campaign is in the making. In Salem a "scrap rally" is to commence September 23. Overcoming the difficulty that everyone is "too busy" is one objective; arrangements for facilitating the collection of scrap are in the making. Meantime, some of us are going to do our best to "promote Scrap" in order that there may be sufficient public awareness of the effort and of its significance when the rally starts. The issue is simple enough. It may mean the difference between defeat and victory in this war.

Matter of Leadership

The organized workers over here voluntarily surrendered many of their hard won rights to defend freedom. They did not need to be pressed. They knew that if Hitler had his way, the oldest and most deeply rooted working class movement in the world would suffer the fate that has overtaken working class organizations wherever Hitler has planted his feet.—From Labor day greeting to American labor by Arthur Greenwood, labor member of English parliament.

Working people in the United States most certainly are as patriotic as those of England. If they have been less willing to surrender temporarily their "hard won rights," one might discern three principal reasons:

First, they have not been "sold" on the gravity of the national crisis and the necessity for whole-hearted cooperation; second, there is not the same degree of mutual confidence between workers, employers and government; third, and perhaps explanatory in part of the first and second points of difference, there has been a dearth of leadership—both on government's part and on the part of those who are theoretically labor's leaders.

Not that we care much one way or the other now; but what's become, once more, of the Harry Bridges case?

One of Oregon's most energetic and keen-minded public servants was Frank M. Franciscovitch, state senator since 1931 and president of the senate in the 1939 session. Oregon citizens who are familiar with his work in the legislature will be shocked at his untimely death and will regret that his useful career in the public service is ended.

As for General Rommel's reported illness, "We trust it's nothing trivial." But we are reminded by the "yesterdays" columns in some of the exchanges that von Hindenburg was reported seriously ill just 25 years ago—but his armies weren't licked until about 14 months later.

Charged with illegal possession of 1100 pound of sugar, a Tacoma woman expalined she planned to use it in making "home brew." It's interesting to speculate on what numerous things might have come to pass, if prohibition had extended into this era of sugar rationing.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—What's the matter with Washington? Is the first question asked by everyone who gets off the train here, and no doubt by citizens out in the country. Is Nelson really capable of doing the job?



Paul Mallon

The answers have been so obvious in the news dispatches lately, the country should understand the situation fully by now.

The WPB reorganization is being complicated by too many groups and too many people here who are trying to carry on a revolution at the same time as the war.

It cannot be done. These groups will have to give up their revolutionary ambitions or the nation may have to give up the war.

Look at the headlines of recent days: "Labor demands Nelson give it control of WPB."

There is the whole story, told in one of its simplest phases.

Mind you, this "labor" of the headlines is not the 5,000,000 workers of the country, but the less than 10,000,000 represented in AFL and CIO. They want control of war production.

So do the new dealers, the radicals, the business men, the politicians, the army, although there are few headlines about their activity, as they are not as brazen in their desires.

No one seems to be shouting for the only thing the country needs—the most efficient possible control, the cessation of all this revolutionary activity by special groups trying to get the upper hand over business.

Mr. Nelson is a strong man, possibly no Hercules, but Hercules himself would have trouble in this situation. Nelson told congressmen he would not accede to the request of the unions to have business delivered into their hands, but he indicated he would give the unions added authority.

Obviously this is not to be done because anyone thinks union leaders can run business any better than business men, but because their power is feared.

How strong Mr. Nelson is, will only become known as he works out his reorganization.

A complete explanation of the kind of administration this picayune chicanery leads to, is shown in a letter I received from an editor friend in a small town down south. He wrote me about an experience he had there with the government in what he considered to be a small way, but which actually holds a mirror up to Washington.

This editor's small newspaper plant is in a one-story building, with a section adjoining which was formerly used as a doctor's office. He did not want to ask the doctor to leave, but wanted the space, and planned to take it when the doctor was called to war. But when the doctor left, members of the local rationing board came in, saying it was the only spot in town meeting their needs. They asked the rent.

My friend said the rent was \$35 a month, but they could have it for whatever they could afford to pay and he would put the money into war bonds—if they could pay anything. They moved in, borrowing some desks and chairs from him.

Three months later a letter came from the OPA in Atlanta asking the editor was it true he was willing to rent an office to the local rationing board. He wrote back it was quite true. Two weeks later came another letter from Atlanta asking the exact floor space, how many rooms, whether separate toilet facilities were provided men and women.

The staff consisted of three unpaid board members and two girls, so my friend replied with some dignity, that while there was only one washroom, the men were very highly regarded in the community, but if Atlanta considered it essential he would let them use his.

A couple more weeks passed before another letter came from Atlanta explaining the correspondence had referred to 900 square feet of floor space in a one-story brick building at a certain address (they had the address right at least). It went on to say a lease could not be prepared until they had the name or a description of the building, and asked specifically what floor (in the one-story building) the offices were on.

Well the building never had a name, but my friend thought this was a good time to christen it so he named it after his newspaper and so informed Atlanta, he says "not too politely."

The climax came just before he wrote me. The Atlanta OPA wrote him a stern, stiff legal letter asking him to send in monthly invoices for \$35 signed in triplicate, containing the following signed statement:

"I certify that the above bill is correct and just; that payment therefor has not been received; that all statutory requirements as to American production and labor standards, and all conditions of purchase applicable to the transaction have been complied with; and that state or local sales taxes are not included in the amounts billed."

That, in short, is also what is the matter with Washington.



The Bogey Man

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Inquiry about Molly 9-13-42 Pitcher; who she was and what deeds she did to render her name famous:

(Concluding from yesterday:) The house in which she (Molly Pitcher) spent her later years, and in which she died, on the corner of Bedford and North streets, was demolished in 1899, according to the National Encyclopedia of American Biography, which is responsible for a large part of the information in this account of her strange career.

"She left a son, John Hays, who was born in Trenton," according to that authority.

"She was buried with military honors," according to the Encyclopedia, "but her grave remained unmarked until 1874, when Peter Spahr, of Carlisle, conceived the idea of erecting a monument, and collected the money for the same," and adds: "It bears the following inscription:

MOLLIE McCAULEY
Renowned in history as
"Mollie Pitcher,"
the heroine of Monmouth.
Died January 22, 1823
Aged 79 years.
Erected by the citizens of Cumberland County, July the fourth, 1878.

"A monument on the battlefield further commemorates Mollie Pitcher; a bas-relief representing her in the act of ramming a cannon."

She also figures in George Washington Parke Custis' painting, "The Field of Monmouth." Some authorities credit Molly Pitcher with a similar exploit in November, 1777, during the

Honored



President Roosevelt, in his radio address to the nation, described the accomplishments of Lieut. John James Powers (above), of New York city, a navy dive bomber pilot in the Coral Sea battle. Powers dove his plane almost to the deck of a Japanese aircraft carrier to score a direct hit. He is listed as "missing in action." The president awarded Powers the medal of honor for his exploit.—Associated Press Telegram.

capture by the British of Fort Clinton, on the Hudson.

At that time, it is said, the garrison fled in such haste that Molly's husband dropped a lighted match with which he was about to touch off a cannon, whereupon she picked it up—and sent into the enemy's ranks THE LAST BALL FIRED.

Some Salemites will recall that the same act of Congress which authorized the establishing of the Salem Indian training school at Chemawa also provided for the one at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to be conducted at what had been Fort Carlisle.

The arrangements so continued until World War One, when the Carlisle Indian school was discontinued, because it had been occupying the Carlisle site of the United States government. That arrangement continues to this day—that is the Salem Indian school on its right tracks, in many ways. Dr. Minthorn was his uncle. The Minthorn house in Salem still stands—near the Highland Church.

But the Carlisle, Pa., Indian training school had been for a long time (since the Revolution as shown in this article), exclusively a fort, and only since the start of World War One been anything but a regular United States fort, goes on as such now, exclusively.

And the Salem United States Indian training school at Chemawa (near Salem) is exclusively an Indian training school—with only an exception made for Jews, and other kicked-out refugees who are victims of the hatreds of the Grubelstinkers and their ilk.

That is too bad, too. The United States ought to have at least two Indian schools like the ones that were at Carlisle, Pa., and Salem, and still is at Salem; or rather near Salem.

The Salem school gives Indian youths of the United States who wish to gain educational advantages, and chances to learn trades, opportunities above those afforded by reservation schools, and, too, to improve their chances in the outside world, in cases where no reservation schools are provided.

Perhaps some reader does not know that Herbert Hoover was at Chemawa when the Salem United States Indian training school was being opened and put into shape there, in what was the original forest primeval, a short distance north from the northern suburbs of Oregon's capital city.

Herbert Hoover became the world's greatest almoner, during

and after the closing of World War One.

He was in the days during the opening of the Salem Indian United States Indian training school a member of the household of Dr. Minthorn, first superintendent of the Salem United States Indian training school, to whose labors the Indians of the United States owe the bringing of the institution to Salem, and the establishing of it on a substantial basis. Mr. Hoover helped put the Salem Indian school on its right tracks, in many ways. Dr. Minthorn was his uncle. The Minthorn house in Salem still stands—near the Highland Church.

Radio Programs

- These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations made by stations are the changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper. All radio stations may be cut from the air at any time to the interests of national defense.
- 8:30—Dick Joy, News.
 - 8:30—Baker Thrups Players.
 - 8:30—Overworked Psychologists.
 - 8:30—Gene Krupa Orchestra.
 - 8:30—Lion F. Drows.
 - 8:30—Charles Bailey, Songs.
 - 10:15—Civilian Defense.
 - 10:30—Air-Flo of the Air.
 - 10:30—Overworked Psychologists.
 - 10:45—US Marine Corps.
 - 11:00—Jimmy Strand Concert.
 - 11:30—Prelude to Midnight.
 - 11:30—News.
 - Midnight to 5:00 a. m.—Music & News.

- KSLM—SUNDAY—1390 Kc.
- 8:30—Langworth Fourpiece Quartet.
 - 9:00—Lionel Broadwin, News.
 - 9:00—Ebas Brecken's Orchestra.
 - 9:15—News Briefs.
 - 9:30—Popular Songs.
 - 10:00—World in Review.
 - 10:15—Moonbeam Trio.
 - 10:30—Tunes of Tomorrow.
 - 11:00—American Lutheran Church.
 - 12:00—Langworth Choristers.
 - 12:30—War Commentaries.
 - 12:45—The Argentinians.
 - 1:30—Young People's Church.
 - 2:00—Somerset's String Ensemble.
 - 2:30—Isle of Paradise.
 - 2:45—Church of Christ.
 - 3:00—Songs Herb Jeffries.
 - 3:45—Miracles and Melodies.
 - 3:00—KBS Sunday Symphony.
 - 4:00—Boys Town.
 - 4:30—HIT Tunes.
 - 4:30—Sharon Merrick Ensemble.
 - 5:00—Merrick Revival.
 - 6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
 - 6:15—Anita Boyer & Tomboyers.
 - 6:30—Young People's Church.
 - 7:00—HIT Tunes.
 - 7:30—Langworth Novelty Group.
 - 8:00—Merrick Hour.
 - 8:30—First Presbyterian Church.
 - 8:30—Lionel Broadwin, News.
 - 8:45—The Quintones.
 - 9:00—News.
 - 9:15—Organizations.
 - 9:30—Back Home Hour.
 - 10:00—News.
 - 10:15—Dress Time.

- KALE—NBC—SUNDAY—1330 Kc.
- 8:30—Reviewing Stand.
 - 8:30—Central Church of Christ.
 - 9:45—Voice of the Field.
 - 9:30—Detroit Bible Class.
 - 9:30—Music for Sunday.
 - 10:00—News.
 - 10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways.
 - 11:30—Voice of the Field.
 - 11:30—Pitkin Hour.
 - 12:00—All Stars vs. Green Bay Packers.
 - 2:30—Portland Bible Classes.
 - 3:00—First Nighter.
 - 3:15—Overcast News Report.
 - 3:30—Young People's Church.
 - 4:30—News.
 - 4:15—Jimmy Grier Orchestra.
 - 4:30—Stars and Stripes in Britain.
 - 5:00—American Forum of the Air.
 - 5:15—Around the Clock.
 - 5:30—Old Fashioned Revival Hour.
 - 7:00—John B. Hughes.
 - 7:15—Wings Over the West Coast.
 - 7:30—Back to the Enemy.
 - 8:30—Hinson Memorial Church.
 - 9:00—News.
 - 9:15—Voice of Prophecy.
 - 9:45—Sunday Serenade.
 - 10:00—Art Rowley Orchestra.
 - 10:30—News.
 - 10:45—Lionel Hampton Orchestra.
 - 11:00—Count Basie Orchestra.
 - 11:30—Johnny Richards Orchestra.

- KEB—NBC—SUNDAY—1190 Kc.
- 8:30—News Summary.
 - 9:30—Horse Head Review.
 - 9:30—The Quiet Hour.
 - 9:30—Radio City Music Hall.
 - 10:30—Spooking of Lamont.
 - 10:45—Coast to Coast on a Bus.
 - 11:30—Show of Yesterday and Today.
 - 12:00—News.
 - 12:15—Wake Up America.
 - 1:00—National Yesters.
 - 1:30—Lafayette.
 - 2:30—Hollywood Theatre.
 - 3:00—Army and Navy Games.
 - 3:30—Sweet and Low.
 - 3:30—Stars of Today.
 - 4:30—Young Blood Club.
 - 4:30—Inevitable Mr. Sand.
 - 5:00—Song Shop Romance.

Random Harvest

By JAMES HILTON

Chapter 22, Continued

Charles and I then passed an old-fashioned church with a new-fashioned sign outside it, proclaiming the subject of next Sunday's sermon—"Why Does God Permit War?"—and that set Rainier improvising on the kind of sermon it would be—"very cheerful and chummy, proving that God isn't such a bad sort when you get to know Him," and then abruptly, in the tangential way so characteristic when he was inwardly excited, he talked again of his favorite uncle the archdeacon. "He never preached a sermon on 'Why Does God Permit War?' To begin with, I don't suppose he ever thought about it, and if he had, he'd probably have answered 'Why shouldn't He?' He took it for granted that the deity minded his own business, and that 'God's in His Heaven' was just Browning's way of putting it. All this craze for bringing Him down to earth and appealing to Him at every turn would have struck my uncle as weak-kneed as well as in appallingly bad taste. And yet, in his way, and on the outskirts of Cheltenham, he lived an almost saintly life. He would never kill insects that strayed into the house, but would trap them in match boxes and set them free in the garden. He approved of hunting, though, and thought the smearing of a girl's face with fox blood after her first ride to hounds was a rather charming custom. All in all, I don't suppose he was any more inconsistent than the modern saint who tries to combine St. Francis, Lenin and Freud into one all-embracing muddle."

We drove on through Leytonstone; there the tramlines ended and we could put on a little speed. It was just after one o'clock when we reached the market square in the center of Melbury; I pulled up and looked to him for further instructions. He was peering through the windows and after a moment I wound the window down on my side. The rain had increased to the dimensions of a storm, and a solitary policeman sheltering under a shop awning called out to us: "Looking for somewhere?"

Rainier turned at the sound of the stranger's voice.

"Yes, the hospital," he answered. "Where's the hospital?"

"You mean the new one or the old one, sir?"

"The old one, I think." Then in a sudden rush: "It's on a hill—has big gates and a high wall all around it."

The policeman looked puzzled. "That don't sound much like either of 'em." Then, as I was about to thank him and drive off, he came towards the car, leaned in, and said, with a glance across me to Rainier: "You wouldn't be meanin' the asylum, would you, sir?"

Chapter 23

ED. NOTE: As the policeman's mention of "asylum," Rainier's memory began to go back to the dim days when he was in that hospital (now "asylum") at Melbury.

This "unknown soldier"—alive though he happened to be—was so tired of stammering out to a succession of doctors all he knew about himself that eventually he jotted it down on a single sheet of notepaper for them to refer to at will. He had recently been transferred to Melbury from another military hospital, and the change had somewhat upset him, because it meant beginning everything all over again—contacts with new doctors, nurses, and patients, the effort to find another corner of existence where people would presently leave him alone.

Besides, he didn't like the place—it was too big, too crowded, and altogether too permanent looking. Overworked psychiatrists gave him treatments that were supposed to have done well in similar cases, but perhaps it was part of his own case that he didn't feel any similar cases existed, though he admitted there were many worse ones; he also felt that the doctors—grand fellows all of them, he had no specific complaints—aimed at raising a statistical average of success rather than his own individual cure.

That particular morning in November he began the regulation mile along the cinder paths, glad that the fog had kept most of his fellow victims indoors. Only alone did his various symptoms ever approach vanishing point, and amidst the fog this sense of aloneness was intensified so reassuringly that as he continued to walk he began to feel a curious vacuum of sensation that might almost be called contentment. Walking was part of the encouraged regimen at Melbury; extensive grounds surrounded by a fifteen-foot spiked wall permitted it, while an army greatcoat kept the cold air from penetrating his thinish hospital uniform. (To be continued)

- KGM—NBC—SUNDAY—620 Kc.
- 4:30—Dawn Patrol.
 - 6:00—Sturges and Stripes.
 - 6:00—The Church in Your Home.
 - 6:30—News.
 - 6:45—Commande Mary.
 - 6:50—Sunday Down South, NBC.
 - 7:00—Emma Otter, Singer, NBC.
 - 10:30—People, Robert St. John, NBC.
 - 10:15—Ted Steele's Norwich.
 - 10:30—Silver Strips.
 - 11:30—Stars of Today.
 - 12:00—Chicago Round Table, NBC.
 - 12:30—Music for Neighbors.
 - 12:30—United Class Commentator.
 - 12:30—The Army Hour, NBC.
 - 1:00—We Believe.
 - 2:00—Music from America.
 - 2:30—Britain to America.
 - 3:00—Music for You.
 - 3:30—Orchestra Solo.
 - 4:00—How Do You Do It?
 - 4:15—News.
 - 4:30—Bandwagon, NBC.
 - 5:30—Charlie McCarthy.
 - 5:30—One Man's Family, NBC.
 - 6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
 - 6:00—American Album Favorites.
 - 7:00—Music, NBC.
 - 7:30—Hour of Charm, NBC.
 - 7:30—Waltz Winchell, NBC.
 - 7:45—The Parker Family, NBC.
 - 8:00—The Great Gildersleeve.
 - 8:30—Remarkable Miss Tuttle.
 - 9:00—Musical Interlude.
 - 9:30—Log Cabin Farms Orchestra.
 - 9:30—Musical Interlude.
 - 10:30—News Flash.
 - 10:45—Betty Martin Singer.
 - 10:45—The Great Gildersleeve.
 - 10:45—When Evening Comes.
 - 11:00—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra.
 - 11:30—War News Roundup.
 - 12:30 a. m.—Swing Shift.

- KEM—NBC—SUNDAY—1190 Kc.
- 8:30—News Summary.
 - 9:30—Horse Head Review.
 - 9:30—The Quiet Hour.
 - 9:30—Radio City Music Hall.
 - 10:30—Spooking of Lamont.
 - 10:45—Coast to Coast on a Bus.
 - 11:30—Show of Yesterday and Today.
 - 12:00—News.
 - 12:15—Wake Up America.
 - 1:00—National Yesters.
 - 1:30—Lafayette.
 - 2:30—Hollywood Theatre.
 - 3:00—Army and Navy Games.
 - 3:30—Sweet and Low.
 - 3:30—Stars of Today.
 - 4:30—Young Blood Club.
 - 4:30—Inevitable Mr. Sand.
 - 5:00—Song Shop Romance.

Be Fair to Your Child

When children are backward in school the trouble is frequently the result of imperfect vision. Lack of progress is humiliating to parent and child. In fairness to both, the child's eyesight should be tested.

If glasses are needed it is inexcusable to withhold them simply because of youth.

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