

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Ship Launchings

Ship launchings occur so frequently at yards in the Willamette and Columbia rivers nowadays that it takes something like the visit of the nation's first lady to make it an event calling for full news and photographic treatment. Yet every ship is an individual, and every ship launching is a thrill. There is something enspiriting to see what appears to be a lifeless though well-shaped hull of steel come to life, slide swiftly down the ways and then float gracefully on the water, with flags and pennants flying, the pride of workmen and the hope of the whole nation.

Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship" is as vital today as when it was written. These boats that are framed in the ways still "seem to feel the thrill of life" along their keels as the bonds are loosened and the ships slide into the water. But it is not enough to read this poem, and not enough to read newspaper descriptions of launchings, or to hear the step-by-step radio report. The real thrill comes in seeing one. While the shipbuilding concerns now restrict the attendance, it is still possible for those really interested, to get to see a launching, if they are properly endorsed.

The ceremonial attending the launching of ships is of ancient origin, going back some 4,000 years in recorded history. Probably there was a religious significance to the first rites, with the spilling of blood, offering of sacrifice and the incantation of priests. As in the blessing of the seedtime, it was deemed necessary to placate the gods so the vessel would have good fortune on the deep.

According to the booklet "Ships" issued by the shipbuilding industry Romans and Greeks used water as the symbol of purification in the priestly ritual of christening. During the middle ages shrines were placed aboard ship and effigies were carved on ship's figureheads. In the days of Tudor kings of England the ceremonies took place on the ship after it was launched, the king taking a seat on the deck, where he was given a goblet of red wine. He sipped the wine, spoke the name of the ship, and wished it bon voyage. Then he spilled the wine on the deck of the ship, pointing out the four points of the compass and tossed the goblet overboard.

The present practice, as is well known, is to dress a bottle of champagne in a mesh holding jacket, so the splintered glass will not fly, wrap it in ribbons which hang up at the vessel's prow. After the sponsor "bops" the bottle on the bow, the remains of the bottle are drawn up by the ribbons and presented to the sponsor as a souvenir.

Seamen retain their superstitions, and one is that only a woman should christen a new ship—ill luck attends the vessel christened by a male. On the other hand, no woman is allowed on the vessel's "maiden" voyage—that would mean bad luck too. All the superstitions must be at work now, though, because in spite of correct launchings many of the vessels run into bad luck, principally submarines.

Oregon folk, long farm-minded, are learning more about ships and the sea. This educational process should continue. The ocean is the great commercial highway of the world. Located right on the Pacific, with several good ports on its bays or tributary rivers, Oregon should look to the sea for a large part of its future wealth and power. Beyond the watery horizons are lands with vast potential markets, with valuable goods to offer in exchange. Our people must become world-minded in commerce, and they must be world-minded politically to succeed in world commerce.

## Leave Them Laughing

George Turnbull, who has been modelling journalists at the state university for a good many years, offered a suggestion to a rally committee the other day, which merits being passed on. According to the Emerald, George suggested the appropriateness of a line from a George Cohan play on the occasion of a student rally honoring the boys of the university called from reserve status into active service. This was the line: "Always leave them laughing when you say goodbye."

That line fits for other leave-takings these days. It's enough of a strain at best, especially on mothers, as prized sons shove off into war's uncertainties. It's best done with a smile and a cordial hand wave. The memory to cherish is of the face lit up with a warm glow of affection, braced by the firm hope of the eventual homecoming. "Always leave them laughing when you say goodbye."

## Or Will They?

Comments the Pendleton East Oregonian: "Since there is a labor shortage in the Pacific northwest at this time it will be natural if there is a considerable migration on the part of people living in regions where there is less activity. The more energetic will remain and they will become more ambitious as they look at our mountains, rivers, forests and the ocean."

Is the last sentence true or false? Will the "more energetic" remain, or will they move on, say to California? And will the scenery and climate make them "more ambitious;" or will they relax in the comfort of the "life of Riley" in beautiful Oregon?

Customers may write their own answers.

The idea of a bounty on coyotes seems like a good scheme for the state will match money put up by the counties; with meat rationing underway there is no sense in allowing coyotes to kill our sheep.—Pendleton East Oregonian. To say nothing of a few coyote steaks as ration-point-savers.

The planned meeting of Generals De Gaulle and Giraud is off again. The difference of opinion between the two resembles the fatal divergence within France before and during the war. Hitler manages things differently. He always agrees with himself.

## Y Gleemen Sing

The Y Gleemen are a group of men who like to sing. They have been singing together for four years, and their concert Tuesday night was greatly enjoyed by a good-sized crowd at the high school auditorium. These men sing together for their own enjoyment, but point their weekly practices to this annual concert. In spite of war and loss of some members the organization carries on and is a worth-while segment of Salem's musical life.

Worthy of special mention are the director, Edouard Hurlimann, and the accompanist, Miss Alice Cray Brown. Mr. Hurlimann has established himself in Salem as a very capable director of the symphony orchestra and the Gleemen. Miss Brown is most generous of her talents in local musical endeavors. Mrs. Josephine Albert Spaulding, the evening soloist, came over from Dallas as she does so often in response to appeals from her old home town, and as usual won a hearty reception. These musicians, and we have many others here in Salem, contribute much to the cultural life of the Willamette Valley.

The Coos Bay Times tells about shifting around for safekeeping in Italy a piece of cloth claimed to be part of the grave-clothes of Jesus, and adds that, after some questioning of the authenticity of the relic, science had been called in which declared the garment "sacred." How could science decide whether a piece of linen was sacred or secular?

Gandhi is said now to be planning a fast to death. If the skinny geezer wants to commit suicide, jumping off the roof of the fine palace where he lives would be quicker.

## News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 7—Petroleum Poobah Ickes is being pressed, not only by motorist representatives, but by other government departments, to liberalize the gas rationing program.

Even the office of price administration has made some representations within the government suggesting greater allowances. Now an A-card driver can get only 90 miles a month at a maximum, or 45 to 50 miles if he has a heavy fuel consuming car. This is hardly enough to keep a machine in good condition.

The question of whether there is enough gasoline at hand along the eastern seaboard to warrant a greater value for the A-cards, or other relaxation of the restrictions, is not part of the current argument. The highest of authorities in OPA has taken the position that more gasoline should be furnished, indeed, should now be available.

The tank cars which were hauling fuel oil during the winter months should now be available for gasoline. Also, one of the new pipe lines from Texas to New Jersey is so near completion that the promise is made that it will be finished by July. Its capacity is 300,000 barrels a day.

A second pipe line through Seymour, Ind., to the eastern field is promised by next January to alleviate the fuel oil demand next winter by adding 235,000 more barrels a day. The position of the oil industry also seems to be undergoing a change trending more toward the OPA position than that of the petroleum administrator.

Thus, Mr. Ickes is gradually being surrounded with opposition pressure. A show down is in prospect. Relaxation is at least possible for the first time.

This administration has always stoutly maintained—and with some display of righteous indignation—that the public works programs were non-political in character. . . . No one but a republican would say otherwise. . . . and, furthermore, you people who did not believe it, have never been able to prove otherwise.

Well, a legal authority, prowling back into a specific case, came upon the following peculiar set of circumstances:

The federal works administration issued orders, approved by the administrator May 1, 1942, requiring that a specific paragraph be inserted in the general conditions governing costs-plus-a-fixed-fee contracts. The paragraph reads:

(A) Preference in the employment of laborers and mechanics at the site shall be given to qualified local residents.

(B) There shall be no discrimination by reason of race, creed, color, national origin, OR POLITICAL AFFILIATIONS in the employment of persons qualified by training and experience for work in the development of defense housing or defense public works at the site of the project.

This certainly established the political purty motif. Anyone had the right to work regardless of his voting peculiarities. Unfortunately, it did not last long.

Just about a month before the last election, certain revisions in the general conditions were issued (October 5, 1942). The revised order read:

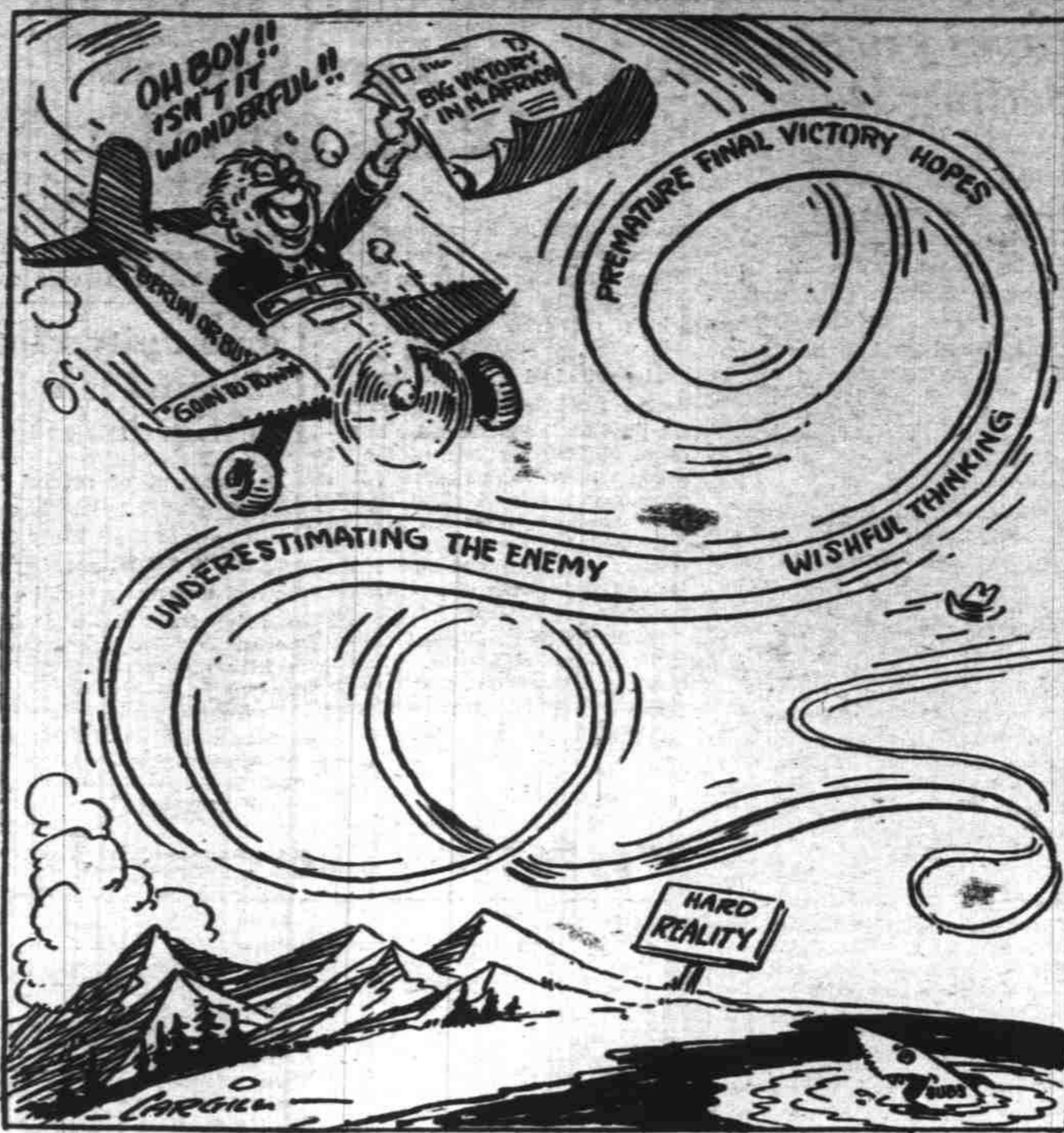
"The contractor shall not discriminate against any worker because of race, creed, color, or national origin."

This change negatively re-established the only discrimination to be used on federal works projects. On its face, it seemed to say that relief is available for all—except republicans.

There was an insurmountable defect in the way the promise of a commission for Mayor LaGuardia as a brigadier-general was presented to the public. No one, not even the mayor, made clear what particular kind of a job he was to do for which he was exceptionally suited. No convincing justification for the appointment was offered.

The war department has a rule that no older man can be appointed to commissions unless they possess "extreme qualification" which enables them to do a specific needed task.

The promise of LaGuardia's appointment was accompanied only by a suggestion that he was to undertake certain unidentified administrative work in North Africa, and later to do some more unidentified administrative work in Italy when we conquer it.



'Everything That Goes Up . . .'

## Today's Radio Programs

Next day's programs appear on column page.	8:30-News
8:30-News	8:35-Old Songs
7:30-Rise 'n' Shine	9:00-Rosko Carter
7:30-News	9:15-Woman's Side of the News
7:45-Morning Moods	9:30-Buyer's Guide
8:00-Sextel from Langer	9:45-US Navy Band
8:00-News Brevities	10:00-News
8:00-News	10:15-Starts of Today
8:30-Pastor's Calls	10:30-This and That
8:45-Union County Farm Home Program	11:00-Cedric Foster
9:00-News	11:15-Bill Hay Reads the Bible
9:05-Discord's Melody Mustangs	11:30-Concert News
10:00-World in Review	11:45-Luncheon Concert
10:05-A Song and Dance	12:25-On the Farm Front
10:10-"Musiquito"	12:30-News
11:00-Some Like It Sweet	12:45-Shady Valley Folks
11:05-Five Minutes with the Bible	1:00-News
11:10-Organalities	1:15-Music
11:15-United Serenade	2:00-Sheela Carter
12:00-Organalities	2:15-Texas Rangers
12:05-Willamette Valley Opinions	2:30-Phillip Keyne-Gordon
12:10-Lum and Abner	3:15-Wartime Women
12:15-News Bulletin	3:20-Hello Again
12:20-Mildly's Melodies	3:25-Remember When
12:25-Melody Mart	4:00-Fulton Lewis, Jr.
12:30-Is It Paradise	4:15-Johnson Family
12:35-US Army	5:00-Let's Learn to Dance
12:40-Broadway Bandwagon	5:15-Superman
12:45-KSLM Concert Hour	5:30-Neatbit Commentary
12:50-Langworth String Orchestra	5:45-Moving Parade
12:55-Teatime Tunes	6:00-Gabriel Heatter
1:00-Gall Rini, Accordion	6:15-Homer Rodeheaver
1:05-Tonight's Headlines	7:00-Raymond Clapper
1:10-War Commentary	7:30-Music Depreciation
1:15-Backstage Wife	8:00-Chicago Theatre
1:20-Stella Dallas	8:15-News
1:25-News of the World	9:15-Gift of the Orient
1:30-Young Widder Brown	9:30-Grand Barrows
1:35-When A Girl Marries	9:45-Fulton Lewis, Jr.
1:40-Portia Faye Life	10:00-Henry King Orchestra
1:45-Just Plain Bill	10:15-Treasury Star Parade
1:50-News Roundup	10:30-News
1:55-Road of Life	10:45-Let's Learn to Dance
2:00-Vic and Sade	11:00-Louis Armstrong Orchestra
2:05-Snowy White Town News	11:30-Sid Hoff Orchestra
2:10-Judy and Jane	
2:15-News	
2:20-News of the World	
2:25-Personality Hour	
2:30-Schools at War	
2:35-By the Way	
2:40-Music Hall	
2:45-Moore and Durante	
2:50-March of Time	
2:55-Fred Waring in Pleasure Time	
3:00-15 Minute Editor	
3:05-Coffee Time	
3:10-Aldrich Family	
3:15-Elly Queen	
3:20-New Flash	
3:25-Young Town News	
3:30-Labor News	
3:35-News Bulletin	
3:40-Organ Concert	
3:45-Hotel Billmore Orchestra	
3:50-News	
3:55-2 a. m.—Swing Shift	
4:00-News	
4:05-News of the World	
4:10-Remedy the Clock	
4:15-Texas Rangers	
4:20-Memory Timekeeper	
4:25-Haven of Rest	
4:30-News	
4:35-News of the World	
4:40-Remedy the Clock	
4:45-Texas Rangers	
4:50-Memory Timekeeper	
4:55-Haven of Rest	
5:00-News	
5:05-News of the World	
5:10-Remedy the Clock	
5:15-Texas Rangers	
5:20-Memory Timekeeper	
5:25-Haven of Rest	
5:30-News	
5:35-News of the World	
5:40-Remedy the Clock	
5:45-Texas Rangers	
5:50-Memory Timekeeper	
5:55-Haven of Rest	
6:00-News	

## Interpreting The War News

By GLENN BABB  
Wide World War Analyst for The Statesman

Montgomery's new victory over Rommel, setting him in flight once more with the Americans hammering at his flanks, brings close the question of how the German chieftain will make his exit from the African drama.

There has been much discussion of an axis Dunkerque from some blasted strip of Tunisian coast, some of it suggesting that this would cap the allied triumph. But Dunkerque was perhaps the history's most successful evacuation by sea from a lost battlefield, as well as an heroic adventure. A major objective of the allied command surely is to prevent Rommel or Von Arnim from achieving anything approaching the measure of the British success.

Doubtless it hopes to present to the world the spectacle of a great axis army brought to the same desperate straits as confronted the British when they reached the English channel at Dunkerque, the climax of the great allied disaster in western Europe, but with no such "miracle of deliverance."

There is good basis for this hope, Dunkerque is 90 miles from the nearest English coast. The possible Tunisian escape beaches are about twice as far from the nearest friendly shores. If the axis forces should fight their way to Cape Bon, the last extremity of Tunisia, they still would be 90 miles across the strait from Sicily. Either of their main ports, Tunis and Bizerte, are 150 miles from the Sicilian coast. Should they attempt to

reach Sardinia from Bizerte they would have 120 miles of water to cross.

Dunkerque was made possible by the British command of the sea and local superiority in the air. There is no reason to expect that the axis can scrape together anything like the evacuation flotilla, small ships gathered from all the nearby British coasts, that carried the BEF home. Evidently an effort to match this is in train, for there are reports of shipping concentrations in Sicilian, Sardinian and other ports. There is the possibility that the Italian navy may be called on for a finish fight, but that probably is exactly what Admiral Cunningham and his men hope for.

Thus far the German and Italian air forces in the Mediterranean have given no proof of their ability to provide an umbrella such as the RAF raised over Dunkerque, although it is likely they are conserving much of their strength for just this climactic test.

GRANTS PASS—(P)—Mrs. Charles Peeler of Jerome Prairie is one of Oregon's busiest women. Besides looking after her husband and a young daughter, she manages a hop yard, guides 36 boys and girls in a 4H cooking club, and serves as chairman of a canteen corps, the community club and Red Cross and as president of a parent-teacher association.

## They Sell Sailors Elephants

New Novel by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Chapter 10—Continued

"Take it, Bert!"  
"Oh . . . sorry."  
"How could you have missed such an easy ball?"  
"I am sorry, Elmore. I'll get the next one."  
"It's your serve, darling!"  
"Oh . . . right!"

. . . That telephone call from those Virginians, Linn and Dunnevan . . . what did it mean? That chap, Linn, had said they had bought Erin Go Bragh at the auction, and would sell him back for fifteen hundred dollars. But only because they were southerners with a high sense of honor—

"Faul!"  
"Sorry."  
"Oh Bert . . . for Pete's sake wake up!"  
"Right, dear!"

. . . Of course, it was just a slick sales talk. All that rot about Pop lying to him. Pop said Erin Go Bragh had bad feet and he did have bad feet. But what if the horse had got well since Santa Anita? What if those Virginians were telling the truth? Gad, he'd feel swell if Erin Go Bragh went out and won a race—

"No, Bert, don't hit it again!"  
"Eh?"  
"Game's over. Love 'set. Theirs!"  
"Oh, I am sorry. Played wretchedly."

. . . Ha ha ha! How silly to keep thinking about that dog, Erin Go Bragh. Nothing to it, absolutely nothing. Those fellows had made a bad buy and merely wanted to trick him. Southern sense of honor . . . ha! Not when it came to racehorses. Still, that Linn sounded awkward and sincere—

"Bert! What's got into you? Why didn't you congratulate Commander Bingham? Just walked off—"

Sedgwick could stand the torment no longer. The fear that he might be like the editor who turned down Kipling, or the man who sold his interest in the Ford Motor Company for a song, or the poor boob who unloaded Gallant Fox for six hundred dollars was insupportable.

"Angel," said Bert to Elmore, "I've got a few business matters to straighten out. I'll skip luncheon with you and be back in plenty of time for a swim—"

"Business? Oh . . . yes."  
"Won't be long, dear."  
"Bert! You look guilty! It isn't horses?"  
"Horses? Nonsense! Ha ha ha! See you soon!"

Miss Templeton looked after him worriedly. But she did not arouse to absolute suspicion until, passing the hotel desk, the clerk handed her a telephone message.

"For Mr. Sedgwick."  
"Oh, yes . . . thank you."  
The slip of paper was not folded and the words of the message seemed to wriggle like a snake. She read them: "Mr. Linn called. Says Mr. Sedgwick can see them at the Del Mar hotel any time this afternoon."

Elmore's lips compressed and her eyes smoldered dangerously. Thus, it should be noted that the enemy was not acting in good judgment, that his morale was not of the best and that this, as it were, was apt to start off on a dangerous tangent. But let any student get the idea that Linn & Dunnevan were going to win easily, the historian would be bound to refer to what is known, in naval parlance, as The Imponderables.

These imponderables were named Millicent and Georgine. And, at the very moment Bert Sedgwick was setting out for his interview with the Virginians, the two young ladies, M. & G., were in conference with one Yeoman Webster of the USS Trimble. Not Virginians, but San Diegans, Millicent and Georgine had a definite and sometimes almost sentimental interest in Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

They sat upon stools at the Padre Drive-in on "B" street receiving startling intelligence from Yeoman Webster. A superior, blond and mossy young man, Yeoman Webster loved to tell the tale, nor was he above adorning it and pointing a moral.

"I guess you girls heard about Tim and Benny?"  
"Yeah, Benny's in the brig."  
"Tim's flat busted."  
Yeoman Webster shook his head pityingly.

"I thought they'd have the sheer decency to tell you," he said. "Tim's uncle died and left him \$50,000."  
"Aw—"

"Hurley Webster, what a lie!"  
"I saw the check myself. The Cap'n wanted me to take it to the bank for them, but I was too busy. And guess what—for a sheer surprise? Tim bought a race-horse. Paid \$10,000 for it. The both of them got a five-day liberty and they've gone to Del Mar!"

Millicent slid off her perch. "Thanks, Hurley," she said, "you're awful sweet to tell us." Georgine, a more complex character, muttered things into her beer.

"Sailors!" she said, "Always hanging around when they're broke. Talkin' lovey-dovey to a girl when they ain't got a dime. I knew Benny couldn't be trusted but I did think Tim was true blue."

She looked hurt and, also, embittered.  
"Come on, Georgine," said Millicent, "we jest got time to catch the bus."  
Georgine paused for a further grim reflection on life.

"Ten thousand bucks for a horse!" she said. "Why wasn't I born a horse?"  
And Yeoman Webster, who specialized in anti-climaxes, said, "I just thought you ought to know."

This, then, was the general strategic situation as The Enemy, in the person of Mr. Bert Sedgwick, arrived at the Del Mar hotel for his first contact with Force & Brains, Inc.

He was met in the lobby by that splendid son of the Old South, Mr. George Garvey.

"Mahjuh Garvey, sah, at yo' service! I am trainin' an' general factotum to Mistuh Dunnevan and Mistuh Linn."  
"How nice," Bert said.

He allowed himself to be steered toward a guest cottage on the sea side of the hotel. There was no scent of magnolia blossoms, but the odor of mint juleps emanating from Major Garvey was entirely authentic. As an added touch, just at the threshold of the Virginians' cottage, a small darky bowed and scraped.

"Deys' waitin', Mistuh Voice—Mistuh Mahjuh, sah!" announced The Pearl.

Chapter Eleven  
Entering the living room of the cottage, Bert saw a small, alert young man with a large Adam's apple and bright blue eyes; also a great, hulking individual with the uneasy, brooding expression of a St. Bernard dog which has just eaten a leg off an unfortunate Alpine wayfarer instead of giving him brandy and hard biscuits. Both gleamed in brand-new civvies.

"The name is Linn, Benjamin Linn, sah! An' this is mah frined an' collegue Mistuh Dunnevan." "Yerse, sah!"

Bert Sedgwick shook hands gravely. Years on the turf had taught him never to be surprised. "Still want to sell Erin Go Bragh, eh?"

"Yes, sah, Mistuh Sedgwick. But only on account we hate to see y'all beat out'n a good horse through false pretensions, so on an' so forth."  
"Especially so forth."

This had all the earmarks of a dirty crack and Mistuh Linn's manner was pleasantly brisk. "We-all is men of few words, Mistuh Sedgwick," he said. "You're the best judge as to whether I an' Tim—Mistuh Dunnevan—is actin' for the best interests of all concerned. I presume that if Erin Go Bragh is in sound condition like we say you might be in-ter-ested in buyin' him back?"

"Okay, Hey, rummy—uh, Mahjuh!"  
"Yes, sah?"  
"Excort, Mistuh Sedgwick around back an' let him make a thorough examination of Erin Go Bragh."

"Willingly, sah!"  
Bert grinned.  
"How did you leave things in Richmond? Or was anything left?"

"Things was very slow in Richmond, sah."  
"Yerse, sah. They was slow."  
"You gentlemen don't by any chance know my old friend Tattvity Martingale?"

"Whut's his ship?"  
"Tim means we don't, Mistuh Sedgwick. Ain't nevah had y'esah, sah. Now, if y'all jest go along with Mahjuh Garvey—"

Bert Sedgwick halted again. "Would I have to take The Pearl along with Erin Go Bragh? Would there be an extra charge, I mean, or would you gentlemen just throw him in?"

"Supposin' we discuss that phase of the matter upon your return after lookin' at Erin Go Bragh?"  
"Yerse, sah!"  
"Well put, Mistuh Dunnevan, sah!" said Mr. Sedgwick. "Is there any Brooklyn blood in your family?"

"Right this way, Mistuh Sedgwick, sah!"  
Consin Voice hastily steered Mr. Sedgwick out a side door and down a walk toward the ocean front.

Back in the living room, Seaman Linn kicked Fireman Dunnevan's shin.

"I told you it was yes, sah—no yerse, sah, you dumbhead," he said. "An' that crack you made about what ship was the guy on, Ju-das Priest!"  
Fireman Dunnevan glowered. "Agh . . . he's a wise-cracker. You can't fool a guy like him, Benny."  
"Pipe down!"  
"The caution came too late. 'Yoo-hoo, Tim!' called a familiar girlish voice outside the door. 'Don't you guys need a couple of maids or soapin'?'  
And in walked Millicent and Georgine. There was an awkward pause. This Georgine filled by wandering all around the room, her face grim.  
"Twenty-four bucks a day, American plan, Millie. And jest to think—we knew Tim and Benny when they pretended they ate on the ship to keep from buying us steaks. How time flies. (To be continued)