

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Where News is Suppressed

IN the dictator-controlled country newspapers are conspicuous for their dearth of news. They may print cyclopedic material, or literary articles, but they make no attempt at unbiased reporting of news events. For current happenings of a political nature papers in these countries must take handout of government press bureaus. They dare not send out reporters to do factual reporting; they may print only what the government as then in power wants printed.

This condition is described quite graphically by John Gunther, head of the Vienna bureau of the Chicago Daily News, in an article in the July Harpers. Naturally in his business he would at the beginning of each day go to the Austrian newspapers for reports of what has happened the preceding day, selecting the important news for material for his cablegrams to his own paper. He describes what he found in one day's "Neue Freie Press": the leading story on the first page a calm and meditative essay on the nitrate industry in Chile. Underneath it was a literary filler telling of the colonization of Manhattan island by the Dutch. Minor foreign news items appear on page one; and page two has chiefly German news. Not until page four is reached does he find any local news, and that a routine speech of the chancellor probably as handed out at his offices. As Gunther states "But no real news about politics." The other papers are similar, except the boulevard sheets do print political news, violently partisan.

The consequence of the dearth of news is the loss of circulation. To quote Gunther: "The majority of German papers died, not because they were murdered by the government, but for the simple fact that no one would any longer read them. They collapsed of news starvation." How long would Americans be content with official proclamations, "bottled news and comment" and stale stories culled from cyclopedias?

Such a condition makes the foreign correspondent's task unusually difficult. He has to sift the mass of street rumor and cafe gossip, to check and double-check word-of-mouth reports which come to him each day, before he finds sufficient foundation for a story to put it on the cables. He is in danger also of government displeasure, as befell the Chicago Tribune correspondent recently and brought his summary expulsion from Italy.

Eventually the news gets out, in spite of government control. As Gunther concludes:

"Undoubtedly governments can delay and hamper news transmission, but they will suffer for it. Instead of news, they will get rumors and half-tempered rumor, from unfriendly capitals outside. It is literally and physically impossible to suppress important news for very long. Sooner or later it will come out."

The worst situation is in the dictator-controlled countries where government suppression of news and of newspapers is most effective. The poor citizens there must live in a haze.

Who Won in 1932?

ANTI-administration newspapers and journalists have frequently and freely referred to the democratic platform of 1932, and pointed how remote the platform is from presidential performance. Could it be that they got hold of the wrong platform? David Lawrence in this week's Saturday Evening Post outlines a 1932 platform, essential planks of which were as follows:

- Relief: Appropriation of five billion dollars for relief and five billion dollars for public works
- Legislation for acquisition of land, buildings, equipment to put unemployed to work with
- Social Security: Old age pensions for all over 60; Compulsory unemployment insurance; Free employment agencies
- Labor Policies: Enforce collective bargaining; Minimum wage legislation; Abolition of child labor; Demand six-hour day, five-day week
- Social Ownership: Public ownership and democratic control of public utilities, transportation, mines, oil, power, etc.
- Banking: Government acquisition of federal reserve banks; Socialization of credit and currency
- Taxation: Increased inheritance and income taxes
- Agriculture: Shift taxes from farm realty to incomes, excess profits, etc.; Increased subsidies to rural communities; Creation of federal marketing agency; Socialization of federal landbanks
- Constitution: Abolition of power of supreme court to pass on constitutionality
- Foreign relations: Recognition of Russia; Independence of Philippines; Entrance into world court

It may be edifying to compare the Rooseveltian performance with this platform. Mr. Lawrence does so in his article; and the reader unconsciously does so as he goes down the list.

This platform it may be added, is the Socialist party platform of 1932. The party candidate, Norman Thomas, polled 884,781 votes; while Franklin Roosevelt, running on the democratic platform, polled 22,821,857 votes.

Who won the 1932 election?

Hot Days

THERE are hot days and hot days, but did you ever, at age fifteen or sixteen, shock out on a hot day? The briny sweat gets into your eyes, and makes them smart. Your hands burn as you grasp the rough twine which binds the bundles. You almost suffocate as you struggle with two bundles, their heads swathing your face. It isn't so bad if there's a breeze going; but when the field dips into the draw and the breeze is cut off by a screen of alder trees so not a breath of air is stirring—then is when the heat seems stifling, and you glance aloft to see how long it will be before sunset. The sun may still be high, and the binder ahead moves relentlessly, dropping its load of bundles at regular intervals. You draw your sleeve across your face and resume the task of setting up the bundles into shock, with a cap sheaf set heads into the prevailing wind. A kindly boss may suggest a rest in mid-afternoon, and you flop on the ground under the friendly shade of a wagon bed after drawing deep from the water jug parked in the weeds of the fence row.

Those are hot days, indeed; and they stay hot in memory for long years.

P. H. Gadsden who was head of the utility organization which fought the holding company bill in congress has announced that the Associated Gas & Electric company which forged names to wires of protest, is not a member of his organization. He pointedly adds, what the country knows, that it is such improper acts of a few concerns which have fouled the nest of the whole industry. The A. G. & E. has shown more audacity when its offenses were made public than any other company. It has been operated as a great financial promotion of Hopson and Mange, and the cost to investors has run to millions of dollars. The crackdown on such financial pirates cannot be too swift or severe.

A donkey baseball team is coming to Salem. They are in Eugene this week and will be in Corvallis next. The sports writer in the Corvallis G-T writes: "No practice is necessary but the boys want to get over to their team-mates so they can tell them when they mount their fiery steeds." This is important. Each player might wear a sign: "I am not the ass."

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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Jefferson Island

Washington, July 19
TO a good many, Jefferson Island seems an ironic name for a place to hold a social or political gathering of the Progressive Republicans and Collectivists who so largely dominate the so-called New Deal, and who were so adequately represented by Mr. Harold Ickes and Dr. Rexford Tugwell in the entourage which accompanied Mr. Roosevelt on his Eastern Shore of Maryland weekend trip.

The name once more makes it timely to recall that outburst of Senator Carter Glass a year or so ago when someone in his presence inadvertently referred to the present Administration as Democratic. "Democrats," he cried, "are the indignant Virginians," "why Thomas Jefferson would not speak to these people except to denounce them." It is extremely unlikely that either the Jeffersonian doctrines or Jefferson, the man, were touched upon as conversational topics during the days of island occupation by the New Deal leaders. On the contrary, it was repeatedly stated that the affair was social, not political, and there was nothing significant about it, which is probably true.

NEVERTHELESS, the presence of the unctuous and beaming Mr. Farley made inevitable a certain political tinge to the talk. With Mr. Farley, social and political are synonymous terms. So far as he is aware, there is no way to be one without being the other—shouldn't be. On this occasion two facts about Mr. Farley seemed to make him more of both than normal. One was that he is soon—so we have been told—to resign from the Cabinet to devote his transcendent abilities exclusively to the task of re-electing Mr. Roosevelt. The other was that he is on the threshold of a trip which will take him clear across the country, out to Hawaii, and back.

WHILE ostensibly this is a "vacation" for Mr. Farley, it is well understood that he will make numerous stops for the purpose of investigating the disturbing idea that Mr. Roosevelt has lost in prestige, that the public tide is turning against his policies, and the people generally prone to consider the New Deal a bust. This notion is quite prevalent in Washington at the moment. It is expected that Mr. Farley, with the "personal charm" which is part of the equipment of all New Deal leaders, plus the additional patronage with which he is now provided and certain hopes held out concerning relief fund appropriations, will tighten up the loose cogs in the machine, stiffen the spines of wobbly State leaders, and be able to report upon his return that "All is well."

THAT such properly dressed up by the jolly Michelson, will be the tenor of the Farley report, is beyond doubt. To make that kind of report publicly is the principal part of Mr. Farley's job. As soon as he is back he will call a press conference and inform reporters eager for news that "1935 is in the bag," that Mr. Roosevelt will carry forty-seven states surely and he is not prepared to concede the forty-eight to the opposition; that the people are still crazy about his policies and wild about them. One does not have to wait for Mr. Farley's return to know about his report. It can be written in advance with complete accuracy. In view of this, it is interesting to note the real feelings of the administration political strategists as privately—and sincerely—expressed before Mr. Farley's departure—feelings, there is reason to believe, Mr. Farley himself privately shares. At least, such is the conviction of intimate friends who are upon confidential terms with him.

SUMMED UP, what they say amounts to this: It is true that five out of ten business and professional men—merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors, engineers—are against the New Deal and against Mr. Roosevelt. But nine out of ten laborers and farmers are for him. Hence, everything is all right and the goose hangs high. That, it can be authoritatively said, is the belief of the White House at this time. The idea is that the voters are divided into classes, with the professional people and employers on one side, mostly hostile to the Administration, and the laborers, employes, bonus-receiving farmers, the unemployed, the millions on relief and the army of Federal jobholders on the other. The latter class, it is held, outnumbering the former, the assumption is, despite disturbing reports, that Mr. Roosevelt is safe.

IT IS plausible political reasoning, but there are two basic flaws therein. One is that in no election has there ever been a clear-cut division with the business and professional class supporting one candidate and the farmers and laborers supporting the other. The voters do not divide that way in this country. They think and feel too much alike to do that in any such wholesale classification. On the contrary, all past political history proves that whenever a strong proportion of the voters of the first class incline one way, an almost similar proportion of the second class incline the same way. There is not and never has been a line between them, and the presidential candidates who have tried to draw such a line and array one class against the other have been singularly unsuccessful. The late William Jennings Bryan was the striking example.

The other flaw is that such a candidacy involves an appeal to the radical and discontented elements, which, in a country con-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Diary 79 years old yields strange history: Journey to Oregon in 1854!

(Continuing from yesterday.) And who was Col. Buchanan, the commander who announced the war was over? And who was Capt. Ord, who brought old John... And who was Capt. Smith and Capt. Anwar, who aided in bringing old John and his band down the Rogue river to its mouth before even excuses for roads existed?

First, Buchanan. He was Brevet Colonel Robert C. Buchanan. His mother was a sister of the wife of President John Quincy Adams and his wife a granddaughter of Governor Lloyd of Maryland. In the Civil war he became a brigadier general, leading his troops in many bloody battles, including Antietam, where he was in front of the famous "stone wall" of "Stonewall" Jackson. His men called him "Old Buck," a term of affection.

While finishing up the last major Indian war of southwest Oregon and northern California, he dreamed of the great days ahead when he was to lead divisions in the bloodiest war in history up to its time. And Capt. Ord? He was Edward Otho Ord, born in Maryland in 1818; graduated from West Point with the "29 class," a second lieutenant, to Florida to fight in the Seminole war of '39-40. In the Mexican war did garrison duty at Monterey, Cal. Was made a captain in 1850. He saw much service on frontier duty, including the aid he gave in finishing up the Rogue River war and in taking old John and his band to the mouth of the Rogue.

At the opening of the Civil war, Ord was made brigadier general of volunteers. He defeated the great rebel cavalry leader J. E. B. ("Jeb") Stuart at Dranesville, Virginia, December 21, '61, was promoted to major general of volunteers May 2, 1862, and sent west, to command the left wing of Grant's army. Of course, Grant had known him on the Pacific coast, as he had known Sheridan and numerous other Indian fighters of the titles who were to be the mainstay of the army in the West.

July 21, '64, Ord was made commander of the 18th army corps, and took part in the Richmond campaign. He was wounded at the capture of Fort Harrison Sept. 29, 1864, and was on sick leave until December. March 9, 1865, he was brevetted major general of the regular army, and after recovery received command of the Department of Virginia.

It was largely owing to his skill and energy that Lee's troops were finally headed off and compelled to surrender. He was commissioned brigadier general of the regular army in 1886. Thus Ord was in at the finish of the Rogue River war and of the Civil war.

He was Andrew Jackson Smith; had one of the most colorful careers of all the men who fought Indians in the west in the '50s and led armies in the Civil war.

Born in Bucks county, Pa., April 28, 1815, was graduated from West Point with the class of 1838. Became first lieutenant in 1845, captain in 1847, and was on the frontier in the Indian wars until the Civil war took him east.

In May, 1861, he became major, and on October 2 of that colonel of the 2nd California cavalry. Feb. 11, to March 11, '62, he was chief of cavalry of the department of Missouri; in March to July of the department of Mississippi.

He was raised to a brigadier general of volunteers in 1862, and was engaged in the advance upon Corinth and the siege of that place. Then he was transferred to the department of Ohio, and subsequently to the Army of Tennessee, which he accompanied on the Yazoo river expedition, and participated in the battles on Chickasaw Bluffs Oct. 27-9, 1862, and Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863.

During the Vicksburg campaign he led a division of the 11th army corps; then he was assigned to command a division of the

Twenty Years Ago

July 20, 1915
A broken 6-inch water main caused the pavement near Center and Summer streets to bulge as high as the curbing yesterday.

Dr. Carl Gregg Doney made his first public appearance in Salem Sunday night at the Methodist church. He is the new president of Willamette university.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Robertson and young son returned to the city yesterday from Seattle where they attended the national convention of the Shriner's.

Ten Years Ago

July 20, 1925
All available police and detectives were rushed to the Y. M. C. A. building in Wilkes Barre, Pa., to quell a riot which arose at the biennial convention of the United Mine Workers today.

South Dakota is opening state owned filling stations in a price war with gasoline companies.

A heavy tax reduction was proposed to President Coolidge by Senator Curtis of Kansas today.

servative at heart, does not pay—or at least, never has paid po-

16th army corps, which captured Fort de Russy; engaged in the battle of Pleasant Hill, and in almost constant skirmishing during the Red River campaign. In April, '44, he received the brevet of colonel, U. S. army for "gallant and meritorious service at Pleasant Hill." He became lieutenant colonel of the U. S. army in May, 1864, and major general of volunteers the 12th of that month.

He was ordered to Missouri; aided in DRIVING GENERAL STERLING PRICE FROM THAT STATE, and was then called to reinforce Gen. Geo. H. Thomas at Nashville, and to aid in the pursuit of Gen. John B. Hood's army, being engaged at Nashville.

He received the brevets of brigadier and major general, U. S. A., March 13, 1865, for gallant service at the battles of Tupelo, Miss., and Nashville, Tenn.

From February till June of that year he commanded the 16th army corps in the reduction and capture of Mobile. He was mustered out of the service in January, 1866, and on July 23 became colonel of the 7th U. S. cavalry. He then commanded the department of Missouri Sept. 14, 1867, to March 2, 1868, when on leave of absence until May 6, 1869, when he resigned. On April 3, 1869, he was appointed postmaster of St. Louis, Mo.

The reader has noted in the foregoing that A. J. Smith received three citations and three promotions for gallant and meritorious service three for specific acts (and one was unusual in the Civil war.) It is noteworthy that C. C. Anwar received two citations. The reason why these citations of the two men are mentioned together will appear tomorrow.

(Continued tomorrow.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

LETTER TO MORSE
Central Point, Ore.
Editor Statesman:
Will you kindly publish the enclosed letter of mine to Wayne L. Morse, Chairman of the university of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon. Sincerely,
Ariel B. Pomeroy.
My dear Mr. Morse:

When I presented in person the three petitions for which I had assumed responsibility, to His Excellency, Charles H. Martin, he asked me several questions, having previously summoned before him five or six persons of the press. In the course of the conversation, I mentioned accurately the statement which you made to me about Thanksgiving time of 1934 that the effect that you considered it advisable to have an investigation into the conditions surrounding the Banks' trial. I did not state nor imply that you were sponsoring this special investigation.

I repeated this simple, clear, general statement and told them that you had been among the first of several other prominent citizens to so express yourself. The press reports of even the petition itself, are not really correct. It states that most of the signers were from the northern counties, namely Multnomah, Yamhill and Marion. The petitions are before their eyes—the appeal is first of all for an honest and thorough investigation. The Jackson county petition of 90 names had over three times as many names as the other two petitions of fifteen signers each and one of these smaller petitions had a good majority of Jackson county signers thereon.

The press seems to be making an effort to create the impression that Jackson county is pretty solidly opposed to an investigation and opposed generally to Mr. Banks, which is not a correct picture of true conditions. Also the press stresses the point of pardon, stress and emphasize the appeal for investigation.

Mr. Banks' friends feel sure that an honest investigation will inevitably result in vindication and ultimate pardon, if not in this administration, in a subsequent one. The surer Mr. Banks' enemies are of the soundness of their position, the more they are, should be in constant charge of an investigation. Those who are sure of the integrity of their position welcome investigation—so if integrity is shared by all—then the investigation should be requested unanimously.

I pray that this may be the case and that it may prove as honest as it is thorough. Should you so desire, you may publish this letter with any comment thereon, as I am giving it to the press.

I extend to you my high esteem and appreciation of your position. Sincerely yours,
Ariel B. Pomeroy
Central Point, Ore.

Kellaher Brings Petitions Asking L. A. Banks Probe

Dan Kellaher, ex-state parole officer, filed two petitions with Governor Martin Friday asking for an investigation of the trial of L. A. Banks. Kellaher, publisher, now serving a life-term in the state penitentiary for murder. Petitions previously were filed signed by Peter Zimmerman, Dr. A. Slaughter and others. Governor Martin has set the hearing for August 2. Banks shot and killed George Prescott, Jackson county constable.

Home, Sweet Home



"THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

SYNOPSIS
Karen Sire, lovely daughter of the wealthy Maurice Sire, is suspected of murder when her new Filipino servant is stabbed in the back and thrown out of the window of Sire's exclusive Park Avenue apartment. Dick Bannister, young geologist, witnesses the man's plunge from the street. He is greatly attracted to Karen and cannot conceive of her committing the crime. A valuable clasp and girdle are missing from a rare leopard skin robe belonging to Sire. The robe had followed the Filipino in his descent and was badly torn by Dick's sardonic, "Bully," when Karen chow "Napoleon" tried to take it from him. At the Sire apartment where the inquiry is being held, Captain Boyle leaves Detective "One-Armed" Toole in temporary charge and goes out. Dick finds a stiletto in the aquarium and slips it into his pocket, unnoticed by Toole. Karen is unmoved by the incident. Boyle returns and orders Karen searched. The latter slips her hand into Dick's pocket and relieves him of the dagger, dropping it into Toole's pocket instead. Finding nothing on the girl, Boyle again leaves. Toole then reveals that he knew all about the finding of the stiletto and Karen's planting it on him. He refrained from reporting it because he believes her innocent and, besides, he has an old score to settle with Boyle. "One-Armed" explains that, a year ago, he was on the trail of a pair of crooks, Big Jeff Whipple and his sweetheart, Brenda, vowing to lose an arm before he'd let them escape him. They did, and thereafter Boyle called him "One-Armed" Toole, also insinuating that the detective accepted a bribe from Whipple. The detective connects the so-called "Whipple Syndicate" with the present killing, claiming they were after the clasp and girdle. Toole drops the stiletto back into the aquarium. He believes Karen is destined to haunt Bannister's dreams for many a night; to pursue him with the ever-recurring riddle of his meaning.

CHAPTER IX
Karen ripped open the envelope. Dismissing the servant, she read aloud to Bannister:
Miss Karen Sire—
What a silly little mouse you are! Tried to lead me into a trap, didn't you? Really, you were splendid, but the work of that ignoramus, One-Armed Toole, and the yob, Bannister, was terribly crude.
Oh, no, I don't mean the celebrated Toole derby on the window sill—that was a pardonable error of haste in getting under cover when you phoned me that I was coming. But the poor idiot showed frightfully bad judgment in the selection of his hide-away.
Imagine! The sun was streaming through the curtain window and diffusing itself over the stained glass window inside. What lovely splashes of color it made on the floor! Only the Toole silhouette, right in the middle of it, spoiled the pattern. Dear me—it was all too funny for anything; what with Bannister joining him on another chair and you peeping out through a crack in the door!

Karen paused in the reading. Bannister, who had started a laugh checked it when he noticed the sober look on her face. "The note is unsigned," she said, "but the writer says she will call me on the phone within fifteen minutes." She thrust the note in the bosom of her dress.
"Not so smart of Brenda," Bannister commented. "That bit of writing can be used as evidence against her." Yet the scrawled words on the paper revealed nothing; the mocking references to Toole and himself meant little to him except what he already knew—that both had acted like full-jewelled, ball-bearing, mechanical jackasses.
"I have a curious feeling," Karen said thoughtfully, "that Brenda Whipple did not write this note merely to exult in her own cleverness."
"Balling for time, maybe," Bannister suggested. "I doubt that she'll call up."
The telephone rang. Karen lifted the receiver and said: "Yes, this is

Miss Sire." A half minute elapsed before she spoke again, only to murmur "yes." Again a silence, longer drawn this time. Suddenly she hung up the receiver. "Oh, that creature!" she moaned.
Bannister was at her side in a moment. She seemed to twinkle to grow small and gray, as one from whom the joyous current of life had suddenly withdrawn. A piteous laugh that she had stretched to him fell to her side.
"What did she say, Karen?" Bannister demanded.
The girl rose, a helpless, stricken look in her eyes, a limp relaxation in the supple frame that told of a terror which her brave spirit could not meet and which she dared not

It was over. She would not tell. The mystery of Brenda Whipple's phone call, of the trinkets for which murder had been done, was not for him to know. Was it a shameful secret—her father's, perhaps? The man was a Titan who strode the earth with a knotted club and called what he liked his own. Such men make enemies and the gods who anoint them inevitably leave some weak spot open to attack. Yes, that must be it. Someone was striking at Maurice Sire through the most beloved part of his life—his daughter.
"You must go." There was finality in her words; they included no hope of another meeting. All that his rhetoric had brought to her face

"She left a note for Miss Sire and then dusted away just behind Toole." share. "You will never know from me," she said.
Bannister said that she had been stung by a serpent and was hiding away in a trap, didn't you? He took a step toward her, glowing with compassion, love, and indignation. "Miss Sire—Karen—we have condensed a year in the few hours of our acquaintance, and in that time I hope I have given some proof of my willingness to serve you—a poor and bungling service, I know, yet one that asks no requital except in your confidence."
She smiled a little, perhaps at his stilted speech. It had the curious ring of an old-fashioned prelude to a declaration of love. But whatever emotion lay behind that smile, it was one destined to haunt Bannister's dreams for many a night; to pursue him with the ever-recurring riddle of its meaning.
Bannister tried to take her in his arms but she eluded him. "You had planned to go away tonight," she said. "I was glad when you decided to remain, but now—"
"That trip to Nova Scotia is off!" Bannister shouted. "I am a hunter of wild beasts by choice—why shouldn't I stalk the one that gives you all this pain?"
Karen smiled again. He was continuing in the language of romance. She closed her eyes for a moment—just long enough to divert him from those rough tweeds and deck him with sword and plume, boots, belt and spurs.
Bannister became torrential. "Think of it, Karen—Fate has thrown us together! Was it mere chance that I came blundering along with Bully? Fate arranged and referred that dog fight—it made Captain Boyle almost tie us together—it invented 'One-Armed' Toole at exactly the right moment!—It shook the leopard robe in my face as a challenge. And you pulled that dix out of my pocket and put it in Toole's to save me. Even that hard-headed detective fell under its spell and played the game with us."
Karen laid her hand on the note inside her dress, but withdrew it quickly, as though the touch had caused her fingers to tremble.
"You have been splendid," she said, "but you must go. I dare not tell you why."

(To Be Continued)