

The Oregon Statesman

No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Governor Landon

Washington, Nov. 27.

IT is possible the whole Republican scenery will shift in the next six months and Governor Landon

of Kansas may not figure in the national convention other than as the favorite of the S unflower State. But as things stand today most political observers believe he will be his party's nominee for President. And the betting odds indicate it.

THE REASONS are clear. First, "geographically" he is ideal. The main reliance for the Roosevelt reelection is upon the agricultural States of the West. Kansas is one of the most important of these and State pride, if nothing else, would insure it for the Republican with Mr. Landon as the candidate. Second, more than any other public figure in the country, his record is in contrast to the wild waste and reckless pouring out of funds which characterize the New Deal, and which undoubtedly will be one of the real issues; third, he is identified with no faction or element of the party, and fairly acceptable to all.

A FOURTH reason is that the new deal leaders are more afraid of the Landon nomination than any other. One evidence of this was the cheap attack made on him by Mr. Harry Hopkins, which was promptly shown to be baseless and reacted upon Mr. Hopkins. It was deeply resented in Kansas, where the facts were known—and considerably added to the Landon strength in the country. Some of the practical politicians of the new deal were furious about the Hopkins "break." They privately but forcefully expressed the wish that he could learn to "keep his damned mouth shut." The impulsive Hopkins, always somewhat "quick on the trigger," had prematurely disclosed the fact that the administration thinks Landon the likely nominee and that ammunition to assail him is being gathered.

ALL this has rather concentrated political attention upon Governor Landon in recent weeks. It has sent a number of interested people out to see him in Topeka. It is notable that none of them come back regarding him a great man. Certainly—and that is one of the encouraging things about him—Governor Landon does not regard himself as a great man. He is a man who is significant thing is that practically everybody who goes out to see him is impressed. The consensus of opinion among men who have known him longest and most intimately is that without greatness or genius, he has character, courage, common sense, administrative ability and political skill. If he has all that, it would seem the country could dispense with genius in its President.

THE CLAIM, of course, is that Governor Landon has exactly what the nation now needs. The further claim is that while it may be politically all right to call him the "Kansas Coolidge," that really is unfair to Governor Landon—he is lots better than Coolidge. The clearest analysts say he is not a good speech maker, but is one of the best of listeners; that he has an alert, absorbent and inquiring mind, that he is receptive to new ideas and adaptable to new conditions, that he "grows" all the time and is neither a trimmer, a breast beater nor a professional country savior. One of the best examples of the Landon character is to be found in his attitude toward the Townsend Plan. Instead of kissing the Townsend leaders and taking refuge behind the constitution as did Senator Borah, Governor Landon flatly told Dr. Townsend when he called on him that his plan would not work and he was against it.

THE real criticism of Governor Landon at the moment is that he is trying—or rather his friends are trying—to pressfoot him into the nomination. If it is declared, the New Deal is to be beaten, it has to be beaten in the next eight months. If by that time public sentiment has not been solidified against it, it won't be. Those who aspire to be nominated, in consequence, should be out now making the fight rather than holding back with the hope of landing the prize because they have no enemies and have expressed no views, while other and bolder men have been waging a battle.

Twenty Years Ago
November 28, 1915
The automobile has superseded the horse as the farmers' best friend.

Eighteen men were drowned when their boat was dashed to pieces off Vancouver Island yesterday.

The Army overcame the Navy 14 to 0 in New York yesterday.

Ten Years Ago
November 28, 1925
Aristide Briand is head of the new French cabinet.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More about Hal Patton's 50th birthday:

(Concluding from yesterday.) C. E. Moores continued: "I can go all over this room and pick out old time friends and the memories of those friends are sacred to me."

"The average man is a mighty good man and the average woman is a splendid woman. What we need above all things is to get better acquainted with humanity."

Charles Riely brought Moores a list of old time names, asking him to find how many present remembered them all.

They included Billy Stanton, J. M. Curley, One Arm Brown, Limp Chapman, Post Hole Brown, One Eyed Glover, Chief Quinby, Patch Eye Smith, Jim Chung, Charley Bismarck, Commodore Sloat, Christopher Swainsberger, French Louie, etc. Moores knew them all—so did most of his hearers, though a number were dead or gone.

Moores mentioned the characteristic of each one that made him famous. For instance Charley Bismarck was a confirmed democrat, and when he was told, on election night, that Florida had gone republican, his heart was broken.

The toastmaster interrupted Moores when he came to French Louie: "Charley McNary and I used to steal his grapes."

Thereupon Moores countered: "Now, look here, Mr. Toastmaster, if you are going to start to tell us of all your misdeeds, you will keep us here all night!"

The fact is, Charley McNary and Leonard McMahon, now U. S. senator and circuit judge, did steal French Louie's grapes.

But the writer who came a few years too late to participate, has not heard of an old timer of Louie's day who did not steal his grapes. Louie must have had more grapes than he could otherwise dispose of, and encouraged the theft. His vineyard was along North Mill creek between Commercial and Liberty, south side of the stream.

Moores and others added to the Riely list, until it included Headache Meyers, Hook Pole Johnson, Barney Pomplly, Poozie Jones, Patch Eye Byrnes, Wrestling Joe, Shorty Dismore, the Flying Dutchman, Professor Norris, "singer," Emperor Norton, Jack Lemmon, Sam Price, brother-in-law of U. S. Senator Mitchell, French Joe (But he didn't more than half get through the list. There was too much to say or too many questions came up to answer about them.) (Charley Riely has come back to and lives in Salem.)

Moores said: "We had strong

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

SILICOSIS is a condition which sometimes involves the lungs. It is caused by an accumulation in the air cells of fine particles of silica that have been

drilling, manufacture of pottery and other occupations are exposed to sand laden with silica. Its constant inhalation leads to irritation of the lungs.

At the onset the disturbance is mild in its nature. Sometimes it is confused with bronchitis. The silica dust plugs the lymph spaces in the lungs and what the scientists call "fibrosis" is produced, a condition which may be described as hardening of the parts.

Advise Examinations
The victim of silicosis does not complain of any pain at the beginning of the disease. Just as it happens, to be taken, the disorder can readily be detected before any symptoms appear. For this reason, periodic x-ray examination of the lungs is advised for persons engaged in those industries which demand exposure to any irritating dusts.

I am happy to say that adequate measures are now taken for the prevention of silicosis, as well as other industrial diseases. Men and women engaged in this type of work are given complete physical examinations. If defects are present that would make the work hazardous, they are not permitted to engage in it.

As a further precaution they are only permitted to work in short shifts, and not to continue the occupation for more than a few years. These are wise precautions, because if they are permitted to engage in such work for many years silicosis is sure to develop.

characters then—strong characters with a great many weaknesses. "In regard to the old pioneers, I don't think there are any finer people that have ever lived than the old pioneers of Oregon."

"It was a common saying, in speaking of those who made the trip over the plains in those days: 'None but the brave ever started and none but the strong got through.'"

Dan Bass, whose mother was a Waldo of the Waldo hills clan, was present from Seattle, where he is still prominent. He told of some old Salemites in the section of which Oregon was the territorial mother and Salem the first capital. He said: "Sam Thornton, who used to drive a cab around here, lived in Tacoma. His daughter was the wife of Governor Lester of Washington." He spoke of the fact that a majority of the members of the Washington supreme court was made up for some years of men from Oregon; of Salem or not far from this city.

Associate Justice Thomas A. McBride was called, and made a witty address. Some of it will appear later, in this column.

Frank Hodgkin was called. He said he came to Salem to be city editor of "The Statesman" under Capt. C. F. Crandall. He told Crandall he had had no experience, but was taken on anyway, and sent out to get the news.

He remembered that his first news article was on the penitentiary brick yard, where they were making bricks for the state penitentiary that burned. "A very brilliant and interesting article," remembered Mr. Hodgkin.

He said Billy Boon was later city editor. (He was a son of H. D. Boon, third and last territorial treasurer and first state treasurer.)

The fact came out at Hal Patton's 50th birthday party that the first school he and his brother Cooke attended was one taught by Clara B. Meacham.

She was a daughter of Col. A. B. Meacham, who was left for dead at but survived the Modoc massacre. The Meacham home was then at what is now 768 State street, and is occupied by Associate Justice Percy R. Kelly of the supreme court. The school of Miss Meacham was conducted in the Meacham home.

The Meachams also kept a boarding house there, patronized by some of the leading people of the Salem of that day; the late '70s.

As before intimated, this subject will be resumed at a later time. The Bits man never had a vacation, excepting once, during a short sickness. He is not going to have one now; but during December the Bits for Breakfast matter will be suspended, in order to catch up on a long neglected task.

Supper, Bazaar Bring in \$114.65

MACLEAY, Nov. 27.—The jitty supper, bazaar and auction put on by the Macleay school and community, at the grange hall Saturday night brought in \$114.65, to be used to install electric lights in the recently completed school house basement. The hand-made tablecloth napkins were awarded Tommy Arnold.

The committees in charge were Mrs. V. L. Masten, general chairman; program, Miss Grace Richardson; soliciting, Ed Tooker; Mrs. V. L. Masten, cashier; Ed Tooker, H. H. Benz, auctioneer; Dave Wackett, tickets; A. A. Spelbrink, H. Benz, William McGee, Robert Neeland; kitchen, Mrs. Louise McGee, Mrs. Ed Tooker, Mrs. T. Arnold, Mrs. H. Benz, Mrs. Wilbur Miller, Mrs. F. Ling; dining room, Sarah Ling, Viola Tooker, Dorothy Andrews; ice cream and coffee, Mrs. A. A. Spelbrink, Mrs. C. Straw; candy booth, Mrs. W. Welch, Mrs. H. Phillips; f a n c y work, Mrs. M. F. Nielsen; fish pond, Mrs. M. Cady, Mrs. M. F. Kephart.

The program included music by the orchestra, orchestra, solo dance, Robert McGilchrist's song, America the Beautiful, by the school; reading, Mrs. Stella Culver; violin-uke and guitar selection, Sarah Ling and Geraldine Killinger; play, "The First Thanksgiving"; school; vocal solo, Richard Johnson; piano solo, Edith Tamm; song, with whistle chorus, lower grades; song, upper grades; piano duet, Viola and George Tooker; yodeling solo, Geraldine Killinger; cornet solo, Richard Johnson; readings, Donald Spelbrink; Thanksgiving boys, Jenny Straw; "Why," Warner Gault; pantomime, "And the Light Went Out," William McGee, H. Phillips, Mrs. M. Cady, Mrs. W. Welch with Mrs. S. Neeland as reader; play, "Little Indians Looking On," school.

Melvin Johnson Said On Road to Recovery After Auto Accident

BETHANY, Nov. 27.—Melvin Johnson, who was critically injured in an automobile accident at Portland Armistice night, is reported as improving according to word reaching here. He is recuperating at the home of his sister, Mrs. George Brown, at Portland.

Coast Folks Visit

SUBMITTID, Nov. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Claus of Florence and their daughter, Mrs. Ella Crowder, of Silverton, were recent visitors at the Peter Welter home.

Happy Thanksgiving to You!



"WIFE IN CUSTODY" by BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XIII
Spring was late that year, but when it finally came it brought in its wake sunny days whose delicate and lilting breeze brought loveliness even to mid-Manhattan afternoons. The park, from the first faint green, slowly, richly budded and blossomed into fulfillment; the tulips in the flower beds in front of the Plaza were a riot of color. The air was clean as if magically washed of soot and smoke by the winter's rain and snow and the tall towers on West Fifty-ninth Street gleamed against a cobalt-blue sky. Fifth Avenue was gay with color, the sunshine warm and balmy and the breeze tipped with minty freshness.

But as the days grew warmer exhilaration turned to languor in Helen's veins. A lassitude crept over her that carried with it the poison of renewed doubts and uncertainty.

Outwardly she was calm enough over her work, but inside her heart was a cauldron of conflicting emotions and thoughts. She was alternately gay, despondent and exasperated but never hopeful, never peaceful. Love that was reputed to fill the heart with joy and ecstasy had turned sour in her breast. She couldn't stand the pain, the misery, the uncertainty any longer. Finally she came to a decision and with it acquired, if not peace, a sort of calm.

She was going to have it out with Walter that night. She wanted to look very beautiful. She dived until the others left and then dashed into the cheerless lavatory. A touch of Anastasia's An Natural Rouge, applied surreptitiously although no one was looking—and hastily removed with Anastasia Rose Petal Cleansing Cream.

"No," she decided. "I don't want to look different. I'll be just as usual."

They met at the library now crowded with frankly meeting lovers. The dear familiar gray car and the car sped away. Walter... He parked on a dark side street to kiss her long and hungrily. He was in a jigsaw mood tonight. "I know a swell little restaurant," he announced.

The swift ride down Fifth Avenue now deserted. He told her bits of gossip, that bobbed hair was in to stay, she was certain. He was getting three Frenchmen into the shops to cut hair exclusively—an innovation, face lifting... The possibilities of face lifting in the salons. They debated the advisability of it. She told him about what she had eaten at lunch and which, she felt, had made her ill.

She loved the restaurant he took her to. It was a neat brownstone house on a side street, and the diners sat in a semi-open-air garden. Garlands of artificial flowers decked the walls and in the center a fountain splashed over plump and languid goldfish.

The dinner was excellent and Walter was in high spirits. Slowly Helen's depression melted into thin air. Her resolve to have it out with him waned. She couldn't give him up. She drank the sour wine that came with the dinner, and felt very cosmopolitan. No, she couldn't give him up. After all, even this much of Walter was so much better than nothing. What if he didn't marry her?—he loved her. She loved him. They had so much more than most people. Was marriage really everything? The future? Why worry about the future? "In the future," Helen decided absently, as she tried to imitate Walter's dexterous handling of the spaghetti, "we may all be dead!"

Walter faced the door. Suddenly Helen saw him choke over his wine and grow deathly pale. She instinctively turned around to see what had happened. A tall, beautifully groomed woman came down the steps into the garden. It was, however, not Irene. She turned to see Walter breathe a sigh of relief for the best to start before they began; the small of untidy lunches turned her stomach.

Helen conscientiously set about to enjoy the wooded hills, the wide stony brook with its natural swimming hole. But she kept seeing Walter and in comparison with Walter the young art students, whose Summer school was nearby, seemed a callow, unsalted lot.

"This is different Walter, we've got to stop." "Stop?" "We've got to stop seeing each other. It's no use. I've never had such happy times, it's true. But I'm not happy. Not any more. Neither are you. We're getting in deeper and deeper and we're going round and round in circles." "I could marry you," Walter suggested hollowly. "No, you won't, Walter. It's no use kidding ourselves any longer. You'll make the gesture but you can't go through with it. Something's holding you back. Oh, I don't know, I'm so miserable, I don't know what to do."

She could barely wait for the two weeks to pass. She got back to New York on a Saturday and on Sunday evening Walter met her at the entrance to Prospect Park in his car. "It's no use, Walter." She melted into his arms. "I'm yours. We'll have to wait, Walter." "No, damn it, we won't wait. I love you and want you for my wife! By the way, did I ever ask you to marry me?" "As a matter of fact, you didn't." She laughed ruefully. "All right. I'm asking you now. Will you marry me?" he demanded eternally.



There were thrilling moments when she was like wax in his hands...

want you to do something that will make you miserable. Listen," she raced on swiftly, as he was about to interrupt her, "I've been thinking it all over. You'll say you'll marry me. I'll not even going to tell you, I'm not blaming you. But I can't stand it any longer."

Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Friday I start my vacation. I'm going away with one of my friends. I'm not even going to tell you where. I'm going away for two weeks and try to forget you. You try to forget me. Let's see if we really are in love. See if you can get over me. I'll do my very best to get over you. Then, if we can't her face twitched, "that suits me. And if not..." "I'll marry you, damn it," he said between set teeth.

She laughed mirthlessly. "We'll wait..." "Helen, don't," he begged. "Don't be bitter." "I'll marry you tomorrow..." She put her hand over her mouth. She did her best to keep the tears from rising to her eyes. "No, I'm going away. It'll be best. It's the only thing we can do."

Sunday morning Helen and Mary Krebs, whom Helen knew from high school days, took the Hudson River Dayboat to Kingston Point. Helen hadn't said good-bye to Walter. The boat was packed with a rowdy crowd of picnickers. Helen tried to be gay, tried to fall into Mary's holiday mood, but the sight of the promiscuous lovelorn about her—some of the couples barely waited for the boat to start before they began; the small of untidy lunches turned her stomach.

Helen conscientiously set about to enjoy the wooded hills, the wide stony brook with its natural swimming hole. But she kept seeing Walter and in comparison with Walter the young art students, whose Summer school was nearby, seemed a callow, unsalted lot.

New-Fashioned Thanksgiving

Will all those who think of Thanksgiving in terms of the following poem, please raise their hands? "Over the river and through the wood To grandfather's house we go; The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh Through the white and drifted snow."

"Over the river and through the wood! Oh, how the wind does blow. It atings the toes and bites the nose As over the ground we go."

"Over the river and through the wood, And straight through the barnyard gate, We spend so go extremely slow; It is so hard to wait!"

"Over the river and through the wood! Now grandmother's cap I spy! Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!"

Such a thanksgiving exists only in memory. In a few more years it will not exist there save in remote places. This gas-minded generation of children is ignorant of driving to grandfather's house in a sleigh.

Today folk will travel twenty, fifty, a hundred miles for Thanksgiving dinner. Turkey, pumpkin pie, cranberry sauce, these have not changed as the prominent dishes on the dinner menu. But in the language of Daniel Webster, "All else, how changed!" Grandfather's house has changed from the vast white farmhouse with attached woodshed and smoke-house. Grandmother has changed too; and is no longer a wrinkled old lady who wears a white cap. She doesn't dodge a facial the day before Thanksgiving and perhaps orders her turkey readeoored.

Children enter a different world than the one of the old poem. No need for frosty feet and toes as they travel in closed cars, engine-warmed, to their day of feasting. The wind they do not see or feel. While childish impudence may still fret at the time consumed in travel, it is as nothing though the distance be a hundred miles, in these days of high-powered motor cars and paved highways. The hazard is not a snowbank but a collision.

But it is still Thanksgiving day, a day for family reunion and for feasting (if not for fasting as in Pilgrim times); a day for rejoicing over blessings and a day of reminiscence over the past. And with no disrespect to the pies that mother made, the present generation of cooks is quite as competent at preparing the fowl or baking the pies as their mothers. Why shouldn't they be, with recipe sections in the daily papers, cooking schools and radio directions coming right into their kitchens?

Anyway, it's Thanksgiving again, folks. . . . We'll take the second joint.

Labor Union Division

THE power of John L. Lewis as labor leader is on the increase. He feels it himself to such a point that he has resigned as vice president of the A. F. of L. because he is in opposition to the policies of the executive committee and of President Green. A few years ago Lewis seemed almost on the road out. His soft coal unions were weak because mines in the union field were down. Business had shifted to the non-union mines of the south Allegheny region. Anthracite miners were poorly employed and a division in the organization there had taken place. In Illinois there was open revolt under the Progressive miners' organization.

Along came the soft coal code under NRA and the government virtually forced recognition of the coal miners' unions. The United Mine Workers organization expanded quickly, employment was spread and dues once more started rolling in to headquarters. This greatly strengthened the position of Lewis. Add to this his increasing influence with the new dealers in Washington. His ideas of vertical unionism coincided better with the theorists in the labor movement "ideology."

Lately the dissension in the anthracite fields has been healed, and the Progressive secession appears to be licked in Illinois. Lewis lost in the A. F. of L. convention in Atlantic City, the old heads of the organization who represent the craft unions succeeded in retaining control. He did smoke Matthew Woll out of a berth with the National Civic Federation; that was about all.

The fact that Lewis has resigned signifies that he plans to battle more vigorously for industrial unionism, such as prevails among mine workers, rather than craft unionism, long established in union history. The struggle is a bitter one, because it involves not only strife between the conservative and the radical factions, but because it is a battle for power. If the labor movement expands into a solidified organization the power of the officials would rival that of elected officials.

Rear-End Evolution

BIOLOGY books shows sketches of the evolution of a horse from the eohippus stage to the Arabian charger; or sketches of the evolution of bird from fish. Some one might well make similar sketches of the metamorphosis of the rear end of an automobile. First there was the kind with a door in the back by which a person entered the tonneau. One had to be something of an acrobat to enter, especially the female with flowing skirts and a stiff corset.

The next stage was the square rear with a spare tire flopping in the wind. The Model T set the standard for a long number of years. An evolutionary advance was fixing the spare on the rim for quick change, and later the whole wheel carried as a spare, giving a more solid appearance to the rear end of the automobile. Rear bumpers came along for protection and for finish; crude rods at first, later polished nickel, later wing bumpers.

By some law of the variation of species trunks came to be part of the rear end. First they were detachable trunks carried on a frame. As time progressed they were snuggled up closer to the body, until the last year or two the trunk had disappeared, within the body. Now the rear tire has disappeared, swallowed up in the belly of the whale, as it were.

So the sketches of rear ends of autos show more decisive changes than do the front ends. Now they are more beautiful as well as more practical; and the wonder is that designers earlier didn't learn to utilize the waste space under the rear seat.

School Contracts At Albany Handed

building the proposed Madison grade school also won a contract. The Portland firm's bid of \$44,085 for the proposed Mable grade school, was the lowest in that bracket.

Rents Stimson Place

AMITY, Nov. 27.—Mrs. Rose Wood of Fairview has rented the Stimson property on Getchell street and will move to Amity in December.

School Contracts

ALBANY, Ore., Nov. 27.—(P)—The Albany school board awarded the contract for work on two school buildings to Stein brothers of Eugene and one to the Parellus Construction company of Portland.

Rents Stimson Place

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