

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1881

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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## Salem Postoffice

THE Statesman has received the following letter from Hugh V. Harris, route 4, Salem:

"What a shame it seems to take the taxpayers money to tear down a beautiful building like the Salem postoffice and build an entire new one when all that is necessary is an addition. And what a pity that those in power can't figure out something like tearing down the courthouse, if they must tear something down, and exchanging that block for the postoffice block and present building. Then the government could build a new postoffice closer in to town, and the county would have a fine substantial building to use as a courthouse after adding as much extra to it as was deemed necessary."

The view expressed in the first paragraph in one which doubtless is felt by many citizens served by the Salem postoffice. The fact of the matter is, that the treasury department, which has charge of public buildings, made a very careful survey of the present postoffice and a study of probable needs for the next quarter century. The inspectors came to the conclusion, based on a study of the costs of remodeling, that it would cost the government less money to tear this structure down and build a new than it would to remodel and enlarge the old building. This is a fact rather familiar to those who have attempted to remodel old houses: the cost runs into more money than anticipated, and in the end it is still an "old house."

In the case of the postoffice, it appears to be a massive building, built of hewn stone which would last for ages. So it would so far as the walls are concerned. But the interior is of frame construction, which would burn like a torch if ignited. The first thing the government architects thought would be necessary in remodeling was to tear out the interior and make it fireproof; otherwise it seemed foolish to put more money in the structure by building an addition. This fireproofing the present structure was what ran the cost away up.

As to trading lots with the county, that was considered by the government; but the county has made no moves toward a new courthouse; and the government officials felt the delay would be too great if they waited on the county for action. Then the county might not want to step back a block.

All of this is offered in explanation of the points raised by Mr. Harris.

One more point is worthy of notice. The plans for the new postoffice call for moving the building farther front toward Church street than the present building. A driveway to service the rear of the building will run through the block from State to Court streets. There will be no entryway from Cottage street. Instead the area between the postoffice driveway and Cottage street, nearly half the block, will be leveled and parked, serving almost as a western extension of Willson park. This will help to compensate the loss of the east end of the park through moving the capitol a half block west.

## Power Distribution

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT issued an important declaration of policy respecting distribution of power from government dams. He said Saturday:

"The public interest demands that the power that is being or soon will be generated by the Tennessee Valley Authority and at the Bonneville dam and other public works projects should be made to serve the greatest number of our people at the lowest cost and, as far as possible, without injury to existing actual investment."

With this policy there should be little quarrel. Not only fairness to existing investment but practical economics dictate the use of existing facilities for distributing the newly generated power from Bonneville and other plants, rather than the duplication of such facilities at public expense.

The government agencies can control the resale price through the federal power commission and through state regulatory commissions. In this territory the prospect of savings through the Bonneville power to the individual consumer is not very great no matter what system of distribution is used because electric power rates already are very low, on a comparative basis.

Every effort should be made to set up the governing authority for Bonneville so it will have power to negotiate; and then efforts should be made to deal with utilities already established, private or public, to make them the carriers for Bonneville power, with savings in generating costs to be passed on to consumers.

It does seem practical however to offer power in large blocks at low costs to industries in the Bonneville area in order to attract them. That was the program of the late George W. Joseph who stirred up the power issue in Oregon. His argument was that new industries would provide employment and markets for the whole area.

The dam will be completed before many months. Congress should legislate on the subject early in the coming session.

## Stings of Ingratitude

IT is amusing to note the hymn of hate now being sung by the democratic press against the du Ponts and against William Randolph Hearst. The Portland Journal and the East Oregonian of Pendleton have wept copious draughts of tears over the contributions, \$5,000 apiece, of several of the du Ponts to the republican campaign in Maine. Yet four years ago they had no complaint whatever when the duPonts were pouring money heavily into the democratic campaign fund. In fact it was the money put up by them and by their chief assistant Raskob which kept the democratic party afloat in the critical days from 1928 on.

Nor did these newspapers lament four years ago when William Randolph Hearst was blasting at Hoover through his newspapers and urging the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Hearst's switch of the California delegation at Chicago from Garner to Roosevelt, made on the solicitation of Governor Curley of Massachusetts, one of the leading pre-Chicago Roosevelt boosters, was what put Roosevelt across for the nomination. Now Hearst is anathema to the new deal; he is even "a certain notorious newspaper owner" (instead of Bertie McCormick of the Chicago Tribune.)

Politics does make strange bedfellows. In the present case the trouble seems merely to be that duPonts and Hearst fell out of bed with Roosevelt. The brothers once beloved now feel the stings of ingratitude.

Mister Bridges of San Francisco has gone to Washington to threaten a general maritime strike unless enforcement of the Cope land safety-at-sea law is suspended. The law it seems, was not first written or okayed by Mister Bridges. He even threatens to "test the measure in the courts." If it is held "unconstitutional," as he desires, will the judges come in for some more abuse for thwarting the will of congress? But just where does the congress come in if it must take its orders from Mister Bridges?

The Capital Journal wants to know what ones of the new deal laws the republicans would repeal. It isn't necessary to answer the question. To date a large share of the new deal laws have been killed by the supreme court as fast as the legislation came before it. The pertinent question of the campaign is: What are the democrats going to do about that?

Mayor Carson of Portland paid his respects to crackpots and flapmouthed politicians "who don't know a kilowatt from a mixed drink." Also he denounced going deeper into bonded debt. His speech was almost an echo of that of his fellow-democrat, Governor Martin. It sort of makes one rub his eyes and ask, What is the new deal party in Oregon, anyway?

One banker told the others at San Francisco to be "more liberal." That is always good advice,—for the other banker.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Battle of the Opequon, 9-22-36 that led to Appomattox, 72nd anniversary: Russell fell, fighting under Sheridan:

On Saturday, the 19th, this column contained a few lines, saying that was the 72nd anniversary of the battle of the Opequon, and announcing further comments on the important historical event in a future issue.

This promise is hereby redeemed:

Important in the history of the nation and of the world were the issues of that battle, and of especial interest was that struggle to the people of Oregon and more particularly of Salem, for the two principal figures in the conduct of it were once familiar ones on the streets of this capital city—Generals Sheridan and Russell, the first named then a second lieutenant and the other his captain.

Russell was ten years the elder, the two born in near places, Sheridan at Albany, Russell at Salem, New York; the Empire state's Salem being only 17 miles further from its capital than the Beaver state's Albany—43 and 26 miles respectively.

Second Lieutenant Sheridan had arrived at and taken charge of "Hazen's Camp," to be later known as Fort Yamhill, on April 25, 1856, immediately assuming the duties of engineer of construction, commandant, quartermaster, fosterfather of thousands of recently arrived and arriving restless Indians, fresh, most of them, from war trails.

When Sheridan thus assumed charge of the guardianship of the Coast reservation of Oregon, he was aged 25 years, one month, 19 days.

Captain Russell arrived to have general direction on July 1 following.

From that day until the death of Russell fighting under a pivotal order of Sheridan, the two men enjoyed relationships like those of father and son, or of David and Jonathan, or Damon and Pythias.

They attended the historic ball at Salem, Nov. 17, 1857, dedicating in its huge basement room the first wooden mill west of the Missouri river; present all prominent officials and the Northwest's best society.

A. H. Reynolds, after war had forced the sale of Walla's first bank, loaned Russell and Sheridan money—needed for acquiring land equities. Mutual interest, perfect cooperation, marked the lives of these men from their first meeting.

Long years after, when he himself had acquired vast experience in that field, Sheridan was to say of Russell: "He was the ablest manager of Indian affairs I ever saw."

Firing on Fort Sumter brought tense feelings at Fort Yamhill. Russell and his company marched away, leaving Sheridan in command. Captain Archer was ordered to relieve Sheridan. Learning Archer intended going South, Sheridan refused the transfer. Archer resigned, left July 17. Sheridan remained until Sept. 1, when Capt. Owen arrived.

In the waiting period Sheridan met A. Bush, founder and publisher of The Statesman; told his story and he yearned to go, as duty called; he thought, if the war lasted long, he perhaps would gain promotion; might become even a captain!

Two days' horseback ride took him to Portland; boarding a steamer there, another at San Francisco via Panama, he was soon in New York and presently at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, where he found resignations and rapid changes had advanced him to a captaincy, 19th Infantry, of which W. T. Sherman had just been made colonel!

Sheridan for several months had multifarious duties, mostly grilling work unraveling tangles in commissary matters—needed, efficiently done, but not to his taste.

From a clear sky, never learned by him how, he was offered the colonelcy of the 2nd Michigan cavalry, by Governor Blair, seeking a regular army officer, because of organization bickerings, jealousy and politics.

Sheridan handed General Halleck the telegram containing the offer; said he wished to accept; wanted active field work.

Halleck replied that the war department's approval was required, because some dignitary was advising against regular officers to volunteer regiments.

Consulting Captain Russell A. Alger, (afterward general governor, secretary of war, etc.) and Lieutenant Wallbridge of the Michigan regiment, Sheridan pleaded his cause that Halleck took a chance—let him go without consulting the war department.

Thus Sheridan was "on his way." The child of fortune who never tasted defeat was in the line of duty (or was it fore-ordained?) destiny. (In 1862, years, Alger, grown wealthy, made Sheridan a present of \$10,000.)

Within a few brief weeks after becoming colonel, Sheridan wore the silver embroidered star of a brigadier, the right won at Boonville, Miss. Five brigadier generals wired headquarters: "He is worth his weight in gold," asking Sheridan's promotion.

Came some promotion others failed at Stoneville. At Stone River he saved the army of Rosecrans (who had headed the dispatch petitioning his advancement.)

Sheridan became a major general the last day of 1865; he was

## Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—The Maine election, and primaries in three other states, show how great is the momentary tide on the surface of the two-year period. The tide in this case runs in favor of the republicans.

The speed and force possible in the two-year tide has been shown before. It was shown between 1928 and 1930, when the sweep was in favor of the democrats. In 1928 the democrats were at an all-time low in the presidential election, which was between Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith, the democrats won only 87 electoral votes to the republicans' 444. In the elections to the house of representatives that year the democrats won only 165 seats to the republicans' 268.

That was in November, 1928. Two years later, in 1930, there was no presidential election by which to make comparison. But in the house of representatives the democrats won a majority, 219 to the republicans' 214. In short, an immense republican victory in 1928 became, two years later, a narrow democratic victory. The question this year is whether the same thing can happen in the opposite direction.

In the present two-year tide in favor of the republicans, that party has farther to go than the democrats had in the earlier period. For the republicans, 1934 was an all-time low—an all-time low indeed for either party. The republicans in 1934 won only 102 seats in the house of representatives to the democrats' 322. But it is apparent that in recent times a political tide can run with a swiftness that was not possible a few years ago. The causes for the faster tempo include the loosening of party ties, which leads masses of voters to swing from one side to the other, and an acceleration wrought perhaps by the radio.

How swift the present tide is can be realized by a look beneath the surface of the present tide in Maine, in 1924, the democrats won two of the state's three seats in the lower house of congress. This year the republicans won those two seats back and won them by large majorities. That performance leaves no possible doubt that throughout the country the republicans are certain to make extraordinary gains in the lower house.

The tide against the democrats is strong. Against the new deal it is yet stronger. This latter tide expresses itself, in some cases, in support for candidates who are democrats but not new dealers. This, also, was illustrated in Maine. In that state the democratic candidate for senator, Mr. Brann, was universally recognized to be not a new dealer. His dissent from the party deal brought him many supporters that new deal democratic candidate could not have got, and he came close to winning. Had he won, he would have become, in the senate, a follower of the anti-new deal republican leadership provided by such democrats as Senator Glass of Virginia.

Something like this is going on everywhere. Democrats are being elected to the senate and house in strong democratic states and districts hardly possible to be won by an anti-republican man, or the democrats who are winning are as opposed to the new deal as any republican. The same change is taking place among democratic senators whose seats hold over for two or four years and who are not up for reelection this year. The present man, or senators who up to now have "gone along" with the new deal and Mr. Roosevelt but who, from now on, will in the senate follow leadership like that of Senator Glass.

Another factor that emerged in last Tuesday's primaries is the strength of Father Coughlin's following. In Michigan, a particularly faithful Coughlinite—he is Father Coughlin's Washington representative—entered the primary as a candidate for the democratic nomination for United States senator. He came within a few thousand votes of winning over the regular democratic contender. The vote was about 125,000 to about 120,000. This strength of a Coughlinite in a Michigan democratic primary may be accounted for in part by the fact that it occurred in Father Coughlin's home state.

Observers agree, however, that Father Coughlin's following is everywhere in considerable strength. They agree also that it is, like the priest himself, strongly anti-Roosevelt. Even that large part of it which is normally democratic is in this campaign anti-Roosevelt and anti-new deal. With respect to the coming presidential election, most of Father Coughlin's following will vote for the candidate whom the priest has endorsed, Mr. Lemke of the union party. The current straw votes seem to indicate that Mr. Lemke will get be-

lieved unbeatable, he easily, quickly reorganized that fighting force—and won battle after battle from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor.

(Continued tomorrow.)

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

COMES TO STATESMAN

To the Editor: Although I do not agree with you on all your editorials, I believe in the old adage, "give the devil his dues," so I am defending your attitude in regard to a certain editorial in which Lester Lamb takes issue with you, and asks, "does it warrant federal expenditure in the critical situation, when millions were without food and clothing?" I will answer, most emphatically, No. It did not warrant spending billions in the way it has been spent, for much could have been accomplished with a small fraction of the amount, turned over and over, through forced circulation.

This borrowed money must be paid back, and under the present orgy of borrowing and spending without the method of forcing this money to revolve, will eventually force the nation into bankruptcy. And more than that millions of this money has been spent as Mr. Lamb truly says, "on power and irrigation dams," to operate more manufacturing plants, when we have more goods produced now than we can use, and so much grain and stock that we have to plow under and burn the grain, and kill and bury the hogs. So why more irrigation dams? "Oh, consistency thou art a jewel." Where is the logic of this?

Yes, the millions needed for food and clothing, and twelve million out of the 13 millions still need something to keep them from starving and freezing, for they have not gotten anything yet, and never will under this administration. About 500,000 boys were sent to the CCC camps, when they should have been at home with their young families, or attending school, or learning a trade, and they have simply gotten an existence out of this shambolic arrangement. I have visited their camps, and have had friends in them, and I know what it is like! Then about one half million men put to work part time on starvation wages, and the rest of them there is a way proposed, (which is due to Mr. Roosevelt's DISCRETION, for he would not give Dr. Townsend a five minute interview to investigate his plan, which to say the least was very unfair!)

The present administration has only kept about one million at work, when the whole 13 million could have had work, and all through the TOWNSEND PLAN!

And along this line I wish to say that in the Sunday edition of The Statesman I noticed an article that it seems by a statement purported to have come from a former Townsend speaker, Mr. S. C. Williams, that since having been barred from speaking in the Townsend club because he says, according to the article, "Dr. Shaddock, state area manager, is encouraging public ownership." Well that may be true, but this business has not been carried on in Townsend club meetings and I do not think it a crime to talk public ownership as a citizen, not yet in Oregon.

And I would like to know if you

## There She Goes!



## "It Can't Happen Here" By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Doremus Jessup, despite his local reputation as an eccentric, knew he was a small-town bourgeois in his mind, an indolent and somewhat sentimental liberal. Wait Trowbridge had been nominated for president by the Republicans. The Democratic convention was on, Colonel Dewey Haik had offered the name of Senator Windrip. As he finishes, down the center aisle of the convention hall comes a private procession of 21 persons. The applause is tremendous.

Twenty feet behind came one lone, tall man. The delegates had been craning around to see what would follow the relief victims. When they did see, they rose, they belatedly, they clapped. For the lone man—few of the crowd had seen him in the flesh; all of them had seen him a hundred times in press pictures photographed among litters of books in his study—photographed in conference with President Roosevelt and Secretary Ickes—photographed shaking hands with Senator Windrip, who had been nominated for president by the Republicans, his shrieking mouth a dark, open trap and his lean right arm thrown up in hysterical emphasis, all of them had heard his voice on the radio till they knew, as they knew the voices of their own brothers; all of them recognized, coming through the wide main entrance, at the end of the Windrip parade, the apostle of the Forgotten Men, Bishop Paul Peter Frang.

Then the convention cheered Buzz Windrip for four unbroken hours.

Lee Sarason never told any one save Buzz Windrip that both flags had been manufactured on Hester Street, New York, in 1929, for the patriotic drama, Morgan's Riding, that both came from a theatrical warehouse.

Before the cheering, as the Windrip parade neared the platform, they were greeted by Mrs. Adelaide Tarr Gimmitch, the celebrated author, lecturer, and composer, who—suddenly conjured onto the platform as if wished

out of the air—sang to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" words which she herself had written:

Berzelius Windrip went to Wash.,  
A riding on a hobby—  
To throw Big Business out, by Gosh,  
And be the People's Lobby!

Chorus:  
Buzz and buzz and keep it up,  
Our cares and needs he's totting,  
You are a most ungrateful pup,  
Unless for Buzz you're voting.

The League of the Forgotten Men Don't like to be forgotten,  
They went to Washington and then  
They sang, "There's something rotten!"

That joyous battle song was sung on the radio by 19 different prima donnas before midnight, by some 16 million less vocal Americans within 48 hours, and by at least ninety million friends and scorners in the struggle that was to come. All through the campaign, Buzz Windrip was able to get lots of jolly humor out of puns on going to Wash., and to wash. Wait Trowbridge, he jeered, was not going to either of them!

Yet Lee Sarason knew that in addition to this comic masterpiece, the cause of Windrip required an anthem more elevated in thought and spirit, befitting the seriousness of crusading Americans.

Long after the convention's cheering for Windrip had been ended and the delegates were again at their proper business of saving the nation and cutting one another's throats, Sarason had Mrs. Gimmitch sing a more inspirational hymn, with words by Sarason himself, in collaboration with a quiet remarkable surgeon, one Dr. Rector Macgoblin.

This Dr. Macgoblin, soon to become a national monument, was as accomplished in syndicated medical journalism, in the reviewing of books about education and psychoanalysis, in preparing glosses upon the philosophies of Hegel, Professor Guenther, Houston Stewart Chamberlain and Lothrop Stoddard, in the rendition of Mozart on the violin, in semi-professional boxing, and in the composition of epic poetry, as he was in the practice of medicine.

Dr. Macgoblin! What a man!  
Another Horst Wessel Song  
The Sarason-Macgoblin ode, entitled "Bring Out the Old-Time Musket," became to Buzz Windrip's band of liberators what "Gl-

ovanezza" was to the Italians, "The Horst Wessel Song" to the Nazis, "The International" to all Marxists. Along with the convention, the radio millions heard Mrs. Adelaide Tarr Gimmitch's contralto, rich as peat, chanting:

Bring Out The Old-Time Musket  
Dear Lord, we have sinned, we have slumbered,  
And our flag lies stained in the dust,  
And the souls of the Past are calling, calling,  
"Arise from your slath—you must!"  
Lead us, O soul of Lincoln,  
Inspire us, spirit of Lee,  
To rule all the world for righteousness,  
To fight for the right,  
To awe with our might,  
As we did in 'sixty-three.

Chorus  
See, youth with desire hot glowing,  
See, maiden, with fearless eye,  
Leading our ranks  
Thunder the tanks,  
Aeroplanes cloud the sky,  
Bring out the old-time musket,  
Rouse up the old-time fire!  
See, all the world is crumbling,  
Dreadful and dark and dire,  
America! Rise and conquer  
The world to our heart's desire!

"Great showmanship, P. T. Barnum or Flo Ziegfeld never put on a better," mused Doremus, as he studied the radio films, as he listened to the radio he had had temporarily installed in his office. And, much later: "When Buzz goes in, he won't be having any parade of wounded soldiers. That will be bad Fascist psychology. All those poor devils he'll hide away in institutions, and just bring out the lively young human slaughter cattle in uniforms. Hm."

The thunderstorm, which had mercifully lulled, burst again in wrathful menace.  
All afternoon the convention balloted, over and over, with no change in the order of votes for the presidential candidate. Toward six, Miss Perkins's manager threw her votes to Roosevelt, who gained then on Senator Windrip. They seemed to have settled down to an all-night struggle, and at ten in the evening Doremus, wearily left the office. He did not, to-night, want the sympathetic atmosphere of his home, and he dropped in at the rectory of his friend Father Perefile. There he found a satisfying unfeminized, unaltered group. The Reverend Mr. Falk was there. Swart, sturdy young (Continued on Page 7)



## Ten Years Ago

September 22, 1916  
Motor show at the fair was the largest in history; electric lights, starters and cloverleaf seating being among the luxuriant appointments.

Plans for a new depot are now in the hands of San Francisco officials and action is confidently expected in a short time.

A small board is held responsible for the collapse of the new concrete Independence bridge.

## Twenty Years Ago

September 22, 1926  
Mt. Angel residents are already planning to rebuild the college buildings destroyed by fire last year during a storm.

Federal Judge Charles E. Wolvorton of Portland dropped dead in the Gearhart hotel lobby today.

First annual fall window show week opened tonight with gala crowds in attendance.