

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Ave"  
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## Rights of Nationals

THE historic position of governments is that they have a right to protect the legitimate interests of their nationals who may be domiciled in a foreign country. Great Britain developed the policy to a high point, and put the fear of British power in the minds of backward peoples in all quarters of the globe.

In recent years the policy has been hooted at by the internationalists who assert that it is just another means of precipitating war. Especially has dollar diplomacy been condemned—the use of diplomatic offices of the government to protect the property rights of American citizens in foreign lands. This has been roundly denounced. The radicals declare that the government should let the interests of American citizens go in case of troubles in a foreign country.

Now a fellow named Lawrence Simpson has been imprisoned in Germany for fifteen months awaiting trial on charges of propagating communism. A group of radicals waited on the secretary of state and became insulting in claiming nothing had been done to "protect" Simpson's rights as an American citizen. They wanted to turn on the heat to get the government to exert "strong diplomatic pressure" in Simpson's behalf. Before the assembled newsmen Secretary Hull brought out a thick file of papers covering the case, showing the state department had taken an interest in it.

Simpson is entitled to full enjoyment of his rights as an American citizen, and if accused of offense against the law of another power is entitled to a speedy and just trial, which he has not had. Likewise other American citizens, rich or poor, are entitled to the honorable protection of this government against injustice from some other country. The trouble with the radicals is that they are quick to denounce the constitution or international laws and customs if they feel they stand in the way of their own pet notions; but are quick to invoke all the rights in the books when their own ox is gored. Give them their rights, but don't deny them to the other fellow, either.

## Give the People a Chance

WHY not give the people a chance to view from a safe distance the operations of building the new state capitol? Why build a high board fence about the premises to shut off the scene? The people are intensely interested in the capitol development. After all it is their capitol, erected by their money. It would not be very expensive to substitute woven wire for the wooden fence for reasonable stretches on the State and Court street sides, and across part of the ends too, for good measure. It would cost almost nothing to cut down the size of the fence so folk could look over into the building site.

Give the people the opportunity to watch the building go up, though of course with proper precaution against personal injury.

The most severe indictment of "Christian" Spain was written by Westbrook Pegler, Scripps-Howard syndicate writer. Spain is a country where Christian teachings have been spread for centuries; so that if ever there was a country which should be won to the philosophy of brotherly love it ought to be Spain. Yet what a gory record there is in the present civil war. Women in hard-pressed Bilbao helped slaughter the captive fascists. In Toledo before it fell to the rebels many priests are reported slain. The fascists "cleansed" Toledo of the "red influence" when they captured it. The armies of the fascists are the Mohammedan Moors from Africa, ancient enemies of the Christians, who were driven from Spain centuries ago. They now become the agents of "Christian" fascists to restore to power the church and the political reactionaries. Depressing indeed is the story of how the Spanish people violate the principles of the Christian religion in fighting their blood brothers.

Germany is making a move to improve its credit position in this country. A registration certificate has been filed with the SEC with a prospectus outlining the plan to issue \$65,000,000 in three per cent bonds to be exchanged for past due coupons on bonds issued by German states, cities and private companies, but not including the government issues known as the Dawes bonds and the Young bonds, which have been partially paid during the last two years. The amount of German municipal and corporate dollar bonds outstanding is nearly \$900,000,000. Most of it has been in default since July, 1934. The foreign countries have been very faithless in meeting their obligations, although in some cases the countries were so greatly impoverished that they couldn't pay up. It is hard to see how Germany can resume its debt payments now, so lacking is the country in foreign exchange, and in foreign trade by which foreign exchange is acquired.

The chances are good for a real tug of war between Governor Martin and Judge John C. Slegman. The governor has committed sentences of prisoners from Marion county to the penitentiary and made them jail sentences and sent the men back to the county jail for keep. The county court says they are state prisoners and the state must pay for the food even if they are domiciled in the county jail. Now with a man as stubborn in his convictions as the governor pulling against a man as "soft" in his views about spending the taxpayers' money as Marion county's judge, the public will see a real show with a good prospect for the rope breakers before either gives in. In fact, the only solution in sight is for Sheriff Burk to leave the keys lying round and then some likkered trusty will let the men all out.

The police chief at Terre Haute threw Earl Browder in the town jail to prevent his speaking in the city. Browder is communist candidate for president. So long as the United States government doesn't regard him as a dangerous character to be at large it would hardly seem necessary for the Terre Haute police chief to get panicky and try to suppress his speaking. Such moves are just the incidents which the radicals want to claim the role of martyrs. Let him get a soapbox and blow off his steam.

The American-born Simpsons seem to be getting into the news. There's Lawrence Simpson, detained in Germany and accused of peddling communist literature, whose case has caused considerable stir in this country. Then there's Mrs. Simpson of England, travel companion of King Edward, who has been getting a deal of publicity lately. Needless to say, there is no relation between these Simpsons.

While Oregon suffered from a disastrous fire which caused damage running into many hundreds of thousands of dollars and cost many lives, Colorado was suffering from an unseasonable snow storm. The blizzard contributed directly or indirectly to 11 deaths and the damage is reported at "millions of dollars." There is competition even in adversity.

The comptroller of New York state has issued a statement of New York finances, which shows that Governor Lehman has cut the expenses of that state by \$100,000,000 during his two terms as governor. We do not know the facts, but considering who Governor Lehman's predecessor was, we should think it was easily possible.

If there is no such thing as mental telepathy, how does the evening telephone operator figure out to call you just when you climb into the bathtub?—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Make another test: try a cold shower, mornings.

The bureau of education reports that one out of every four persons in the United States is in school. Other reports have had it that one out of 13 or so is on relief or unemployed. Most of those left have government jobs. So whonell is there left to do the work?

There are so many "planners" rushing to Bandon to "plan" the new city that one can't help but feel concerned over the outcome. Expert advice needs to be heavily diluted with practical experience.

**Sam Brown, Zimmerman And Laffy Speakers at North Howell Meeting**  
NORTH HOWELL, Sept. 30.—With an explanation of the public utilities measure to be offered on the ballot in November, ex-Senator Sam Brown opened the meeting at the North Howell grange hall Monday night, called for benefit of local voters. Herman Laffy of Salem also gave introductory remarks, concrete information about the Bonneville dam project, which he compared to the T.V.A. The principal address was made by ex-Senator Peter Zimmerman of Yamhill county. His talk was strongly in favor of the formation of public utilities districts and he clearly explained the situation and answered the question of an attentive crowd of voters.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Beginnings of the Oregon state training school for boys matter was opened by Statesman:

(Concluding from yesterday.) Then Mr. Henry proceeded to prove (to his satisfaction) that the place to begin was not with the boys but with their parents.

"In order to correct successfully any growing evil you must begin at the beginning of the evil, I care not of what nature or character the evil sought to be corrected," he said.

"To my mind," he added, "the parents of these or any other disobedient children need reforming first. I do not know that I am personally acquainted with one of these 10 children, or their parents—but I am a pretty good guesser, and the following are my conclusion and remedies in the premises:

"First, if you will carefully enquire into the lives and individualities of the parents of such children, you will doubtless observe that they are loud talkers, fault finders, suspicious, jealous, egotistical, rather shiftless. . . I lay the faults of such children to the feet of the parents, and would kindly suggest to the legislature that, before it establishes a reformatory school for hardened boys, it first set aside 100,000 acres of land in the Umpqua valley for the purpose of colonizing the parents of the ungovernable children of all this great state of Oregon; . . . and all such parents be placed therein; and that all children at weaning time be taken away. . . and placed in the reformatory school for a term of 10 years, where they may be properly reared. This course is the only safe and reliable remedy."

Mr. Henry's plan would have involved a prohibitive expense, for he presented a high wall around the 100,000 acres, with only one entering gateway. But he seems to have been in earnest.

The fight for a reform school was a vigorous one, and action was not taken by the legislature at its 1887 session, but the 1891 legislature passed an act establishing that institution.

For it 504 acres of land were purchased, the first buildings erected, and the institution opened in 1892.

That land was released to the Oregon penitentiary in March 1929, for its "annex," and the school was removed to its present site near Woodburn, on a 273 acre tract that had been purchased and buildings erected; the name in the legislature passed an act changing the name of the institution to Oregon state training school.

The law establishing the Oregon state reform school provided and made rules for a department for girls, and it was planned that buildings for that department be erected on the campus of the school (which the penitentiary poultry department now occupies) when an appropriation should be made therefor.

But this never came to fruition, and in 1918, under a new law, the school was moved to the site of the Fairview home (original called institution for the feeble minded).

A great many good things have in the 44 years of its life accrued to the credit of the reform school, the name of which was changed to training school.

The writer had intimate acquaintance with the first 409 boys who received training at that institution, and knows that only six of them went definitely wrong in after years—that is, served time in other penal institutions.

The reader may be interested in the career of number one in that list—who shall, for obvious reasons, be nameless.

He had stolen about everything loose on the Portland waterfront. He was that city's number one bad boy; was kept in the Multnomah county jail for six months, awaiting the opening of the state reform school—his proper designation, No. 1.

He was not a "born" bad boy. No boy was ever born bad. Oh yes, the writer knows this will be disputed; that most people think children are born bad or good.

Or a black child born into slavery may become a Booker Washington.

Well, Portland's prize bad boy of 1891-2, who was the first boy to be received at the Oregon reform school, grew up to be an ambitious, honest, aspiring, trustworthy young man.

He attained the position of chief engineer of a great manufacturing plant, an inventor, a respectable husband and father, a good high class American citizen.

And, to the certain knowledge of the writer, who had the direction of parts of his careers, 394 out of the first 409 boys in the Oregon reform school came out average citizens, and a considerable number of them outstanding in ways of honorable endeavor and usefulness to their day and generation. Can the reader think of many things that could give him or her more pride?

# Sage of Saem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

The Editor's Letter  
A New York editor once wrote to me,

Longer years ago:  
He'd received my verses, he says to me,  
And why I'd sent 'em he couldn't see,

They pained him so.  
The verses were terrible, plus, says he,  
No sense, no rhyme,  
And he'd not dreamed such verse could be.

Until that time.  
Then the editor, having had his fill,  
Enclosed a check!

And such a letter—how account for it?  
Maybe some writer can account for it;  
I can't, by heck!

That is to say, I could not account for it long years ago. But now I understand—almost. Many writers, more particularly young writers, fall, I think, to consider the fact that editors are of as varied types of personality as men and women of any other profession. But an editor, despite his personal tastes and inclinations, must make a publication attractive to a sufficiently large number of the buying public to make the publication profitable. I have an idea that the editor who wrote me the letter above mentioned meant, more than half what he said, away. . . and placed in the reformatory school for a term of 10 years, where they may be properly reared. This course is the only safe and reliable remedy."

I think I shall never forget that check. I was pretty young at the time, and was, I fear, somewhat notorious locally as a waster of golden moments. Furthermore, I was a victim of the whistling habit, and was otherwise handicapped.

Perhaps more, such editors are difficult to flatter exactly. Anyway, I paraded the check about that community for more than a week, giving particular attention to folks who had made me a letter before, and to the likelihood that I would ever amount to a hill of beans, even if I didn't come to some sort of disgraceful end. I know this was an evidence that I had a small vengeful nature. As a matter of fact, my father and mother one day at dinner that he could not imagine where I had got such a mean and spiteful streak. But mother told him I had got it from him. So father shut up.

In the course of my review of a motion picture called "The Turn of Mind," which, by the way, it rates at three stars—almost two and a half to be exact, Liberty gives the following information: "Gun moll Maxine Jensen, of Salem, Oregon, gal who checked over the life intellectual as expressed by a college education for the life emotional as Hollywood knows it. This took some globe-trotting. Atlantic City it as Miss Oregon; got hippped out in the finals, but made a B-way body and music display, from whence back to Hollywood, where she has been lotus-eating ever since."

Time gallops on! Eastern newspapers are already referring to the quintuplets as the Dionne girls.

Most of us who have lived in western Oregon or in northeastern Washington or in northern Idaho have known forest fires, and the ordeal is not unknown to people who have lived in certain other sections, inclusive of Canada. There are few ordeals more trying. It is considerably worse than many ordeals which are characterized as bad. It is filled with menace. It causes the throat to yawn, the nose to sting and eyes to water. It is certain to be smart. It is not unlike a volcanic eruption in the lurid air, waving fire, and, exposed and bare, or a gathering of fiends, who, near, allied, or nature's wounds and wrecks preside. Imagine that, if you can!

The report is again going around that fire is a good servant, but a bad master. I know the saying is a trite one, but I reckon I may as well repeat it and have it over with. It is certain to pop out sooner or later, anyway. And it is true. But the knowledge of it never extinguished a forest fire, although, if given serious thought before a fire begun, it might have exerted a preventive influence.

A young man in a midwest town had a ticket which entitled him to a chance at winning a \$700 automobile offered by a fair association. He was a poor young man, who worked in an uptown restaurant, a mile distant from the fair ground, and he had never won a prize in a raffle, so he forgot about his ticket. He did not attend the fair the afternoon of the drawing. His wife was there however, and when the announcement was made that her husband held the lucky number, she was a great help. She drove to the platform and fainted. The rule was that the holder of the lucky number must claim the prize within ten minutes. Somebody phoned the young man, and he forthwith covered the mile through heavy traffic, and reached the judge's

stand with exactly 45 seconds to spare, to register pretty close to a world's record.

A fellow, it seems, can do mighty near anything under the right sort of inspiration.

One and another may disagree on matters such as arts. But it really doesn't matter if they have congenial hearts.

I have been making a practice of late of asking different individuals to explain the Spanish situation to me. The explanations given are quite interesting, but they are similar to the chrome cards we used to order from Connecticut—100 no two alike, with your name neatly printed thereon, for 10 cents. I reckon it must have been a profitable business. Connecticut folks are not in the habit of advertising their products in publications of general circulation for just the fun of it. The card people doubtless knew what they were doing. It is difficult to feel as certain about the Spaniards.

We have seen in local theatres during the past several weeks news reels showing scenes of action in the Spanish war, but none of us, so far as has been investigated, can get a line on whom the little men and women are acting at. They do things much better in a California lettuce war.

**Mrs. Murray at Home**  
SILVERTON HILLS, Sept. 30.—Mrs. C. V. Murray, who has been ill for several weeks was able to be moved to her home here Saturday. She is now steadily gaining and it was thought that in two weeks' time she will be able to be up and about again.

# "It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

The Story So Far:

It is a serious time, after seven years of depression. Every one feels it, even the night birds of the Fort Benial (V.L.) Military Club. The birds born in the year the great war ended are old enough to join in a greater war—anywhere. The address is delivered by Brigadier General Herbert V. Edgewood, U.S.A., at the home of Mrs. Edgewood, 1234 N. W. 10th St., on the night of Sept. 29. The speaker is a well-known and well-liked man, a former member of the U.S. Army, and a former member of the U.S. Senate. He is a man of letters, a man of letters, a man of letters. He is a man of letters, a man of letters, a man of letters.

On the way they stopped for gasoline at the garage of John Pollikop, the seething Social Democrat, and were waited upon by Karl Pascal—somehow donkey engineer at Tasbrough's quarry. Some strike leader, sometime political prisoner in the county jail on a thin charge of inciting a riot, and ever since then, a model of Communicative piety.

Pascal was a thin man, but sinewy; his gaunt and humorous face of a good mechanic was so grave-darkened that the talk in above and below his eyes seemed white as a fish-belly, and in turn, that pallid rim made his eyes, alert dark gipsy eyes, seem the larger. . . A paean chanted to a coal cart.

"Well, what you going to do after this election?" said Doremus. "Oh! That's a fool question! I guess none of us chronic kickers want to say much about what we plan to do after January. Lie low, eh?"

"I'm going to lie the lowest lie that I ever did. You bet! But maybe there'll be a few Communist cells around here now, when Fascism begins to get into people's heads. Never did have much success with my propagandas before, but now, you watch!"

"You don't seem so depressed by the election," marveled Doremus, while Julian offered, "No, you seem quite cheerful about it." "Depressed? Why good Lord! Mr. Jessup, I thought you knew your revolutionary tactics better than that, way you supported us in the quarry strike—even if you are the perfect type of small capitalist bourgeois! Depressed? Why can't you see, if the Communists had paid for it they couldn't have

## How It Now Looks to the Geography Class!



# "It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

had nothing more elegant for our purposes than the election of a pro-pluocrat, itching, militarist dictator like Buzz Windrip! Look! He'll get everybody plenty dissatisfied. But they can't do anything, banded against the armed troops. Then he'll swoop it up for a war, and millions of people will have arms and food rations in their hands—all ready for the revolution! Hurray for Buzz and John Prang the Baptist!

"Karl, it's funny about you. I honestly believe you believe in Communism!" marveled young Julian. "Don't you?"

"Why don't you go and ask your friend Father Peretz if he believes in the Virgin?"

"100 Per Cent American" "But you've seen like America, and you don't seem to like it. Karl, I remember when I was a kid, of about ten and you—I suppose you were about twenty-five or six then—you used to slide with us and whoop like hell, and you made me a stick."

"Sure I like America! Came here when I was two years old—I was born in Germany, my folks weren't Heines, though—my dad was French and my mother a Hunkie from Serbia. (Guess that makes me a hundred per cent American, all right?) I think we've got the Old Country beat by a long way. Why say Julian, over there I'd have to call you 'Meln Herr' or 'Your Excellency,' or some fool thing, and you'd call me, 'I say-uh Lord, he's a Communist!'"

"Herr Doktor! No, I like it here. There's symptoms of possible future democracy. But—but—what burns me up—it isn't that old soap-boxer's chestnut about how one tenth of 1 per cent of the population at the top have an aggregate income equal to 82 per cent at the bottom. Figures like that are too astronomical. Don't mean a thing in the world to a fellow with his eyes—and nose—down in a transmission box—fellows don't see the stars except after a P.M. on odd Wednesday. But what burns me up is the fact that even before this Depression, in what you folks called prosperous times, 7 per cent of all the families in the country earned \$500 a year or less—remember those weren't the unemployed, on that point, those were the guys that had the honor of still doing honest labor."

"Five hundred dollars a year is ten dollars a week—and that means one dirty little room for a family of forty people! It means \$5.00 a week for all their food—eighteen cents per day per person for food—and even the loudest prisons allow more than that. And the magnificent remainder of \$2.50 cents per day per person for clothes, insurance, carfare, doctors' bills, dentists' bills, and for God's sake, amusements—amusements!—and all the rest of the one cents a day they can fritter away on their Ford's and automobiles, and when they feel legged, skipping across the pond of the Normandy! Seven per cent of all the fortunate American families where the old man has got a job!"

Julian was silent; then whispered, "You know—follow gets discussing economics in your theoretically sympathetic—but to see your own kids living on eighteen cents a day for grub—I guess that would make a man pretty extremist!"

Doremus fretted. "But what percentage of forced labor in your Russian lumber camps and Siberian prison mines are getting more than that?"

# "It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

divided up, inside five years the hustlers would have all of it again. Probably there's some standard coup de grace like that in Russia, to crush anybody that defends America. Besides!" Karl Pascal glowed with nationalistic fervor. "We Americans aren't like those dumb Russki peasants! We'll do a whole lot better when we get Communism!"

And on that, his employer, the expansive John Pollikop, a woolly Scotch terrier of a man, returned to the garage. John was an excellent friend of Doremus; had, indeed, been his bootlegger all through Prohibition, personally "pulling" the booze from Canada. He had been known, even in that singularly scrupulous profession, as one of its most trustworthy practitioners. Now he flourished into mid-European dialects:

"Grenn! Mist! Jessup, evenin'! Julian! Karl fill 'u y tank for you? You want 't watch that ruy—he's likely to hold out a gallon on you. He's one of these crazy dogs of Communists—they all believe in Violence instead of Evolution and Legality. Them—why say, if they hadn't been so crooked, if they'd joined me and Norman Thomas and the other intelligent Socialists in a United Front with Roosevelt and the Jeffersonians, why say, we'd of licked the pants off Buzzard Windrip! Windrip ain't no Communist!"

"Buzard!" Windrip. That was good, Doremus reflected. He'd be able to use it in the Informer!"

Pascal protested. "Not that Buzard's personal plans and ambitions have got much to do with it. Altogether too easy to explain everything just blaming it on Monday fire. Why don't you read your Marx, John, instead of always gassing about him? Why, Windrip's just something nasty that's been vomited up. Plenty others still left fermenting in the stomach—quack economists with every sort of economic piousness! No, Buzard isn't important—it's the sickness that made us throw him up that we've got to attend to—the sickness of more than 30 per cent of the population unemployed, and growing larger. Got to cure it!"

"Can you crazy Tovarishes cure it?" snapped Pollikop, and, "Do you think Communism will cure it?" skeptically wondered Doremus, and, more politely, "Do you really think 'Karl' Marx had the dope?" worried Julian, all three at once.

"You bet your life we can!" said Pascal vaingloriously. As Doremus, driving away, looked back at them, Pascal and Pollikop were removing a flat tire together and quarreling bitterly, quite happily.

(To Be Continued.)

# Pall of Smoke Is Reported, Valsetz

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

VALSETZ, Sept. 30.—With a shift in wind to come coming from the west, Valsetz was enveloped in a pall of smoke at noon Monday. It was thought the smoke, which nearly obliterated the sun, was coming from the Depoe bay fire.

Several Valsetz residents are vitally interested in the Bandon fire. H. E. Starr has a nephew, Henry Hartley, who is superintendent of Bandon schools. Mrs. Walter Johnson and Mrs. Bert Babb left Sunday for the fire area. Mrs. Babb's home before her marriage was in Bandon. Several members of her family were heavy losers in the fire. They owned a number of business buildings there.

Glen Shockley has renovated the theatre in the Bandon and has started a regular twice-a-week schedule of shows.

The WPA crew which has been working in Valsetz this summer has completed its task of building 120 sanitary toilets and moved out. This project has improved materially sanitary conditions here.

# Ten Years Ago

October 1, 1926  
Twelve drum corps from 12 legion cities will take part in the drum corps competition this afternoon at American Legion day at the state fair.

Gas price war reaches Salem: local stations to retail petrol for 20 1/2 cents today, effects three states.

New building asked at state fair for livestock display, increased showing makes it necessary.

# Twenty Years Ago

October 1, 1916  
War is certain if republicans win, says Wilson as he addresses young democrats.

Johnny Stump of Dallas received a \$50 pig and two weeks at summer school in industrial content.

Good weather, record crowd make 1916 state fair success, attendance twice that of any previous year.