

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Business Responsibility

IN the stress of the depression period folk were so busy lamenting with each other over their misfortunes that they failed to appreciate any of their blessings.

As general business has improved, not only here but all over the world, the peddlers of panaceas are a bit less vocal than they formerly were.

Responsibilities rest with business leaders to continue to make available to more people the gadgets which contribute to modern comforts.

My experience with other philanthropic endeavors leads me to believe that the only time great numbers of the underprivileged ever acquire higher standards of living is when the brains and ingenuity of business and financial leadership make it their job to raise these living standards.

I give you tonight a very easy and practical way to analyze this statement. Tell me, if you can, what social worker or political demagogue is responsible for the higher standard of living in America that is expressed by the following comparison of conditions, which I read the other day?

Of course, all of this is fine, but it is just a beginning of what is really possible. The only way that we can protect such growth of living standards is by spreading the opportunity for more and more people to use less of their family budgets for better shelter, food and clothing.

Such a program means reward in the way of profits to the men of business who use their opportunities for bringing their goods to more people; and it means more enjoyment of the material things that make for more comfortable living by the masses of the people.

Tensions in Europe

A very interesting summary of conditions in Europe is made by Thomas F. Woodlock, writing in the Wall Street Journal. Woodlock was once a member of the interstate commerce commission.

The economic condition in France is "most unsatisfactory" and growing worse rather than better,—this was written before devaluation, and explains why that step was taken. A direct clash between the right and left political groups is likely unless economic conditions improve.

For Germany few signs of social tension appear, due probably to the people's acceptance of a hierarchical system. The bold moves of der Fuhrer this year have stirred public morale.

Italy is suffering from a letdown after the Ethiopian victory. Need for foreign money is urgent. "Economically, life in Italy already very hard, grows harder steadily."

Other reports from Great Britain give information that the "tight little isle" is rather more prosperous than usual. A general building revival continues, and there is liberal spending for rearmament.

Sport Statistics

IF sports writing once was banal because of its abuses of the adjectives it is becoming more banal by becoming a statistical digest. Instead of sport for sports' sake an athletic contest appears to be a battle against records.

The amazing defeat of the Giants by the Yankees Friday gave the arithmetical bloodhounds a great opportunity to follow trails. The game itself was a record-breaker in the score; but the items are seized on not so much as spectacular and thrilling performances but set down in terms of comparison with previous performances.

Statistics have their place among devotees of sport as with accountants and government clerks. But it would appear that the thrill of the ball game was in what was happening at the moment, and not the excitement caused by thumbing back in the files to find some one else who did the same thing not quite so well.

Gen. Hugh Johnson takes a blast at George Peck for deserting Pres. Roosevelt. They were buddies in the Moline farm implement concern which cracked up so bad in 1931 they couldn't find the pieces.

Ma Kennedy puts in her two-bits worth in the Angelus Temple fiasco. Says Ma (what-a-man's grass widow), "my whole resources and very retentive memory" will be at the disposal of her granddaughter, whose love affair distresses Almee. Of the two Almee probably fears her mother's memory and tongue more than her other resources.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sheridan house still stands in its original location, at what was Fort Yamhill, and well preserved:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Still quoting from Sheridan's book, volume 1, page 110: "There were 16 men in pursuit of the doctor, and 16 gunshot wounds were found in her body when examined by the surgeon of the post."

"The killing of the woman was a flagrant and defiant outrage committed in the teeth of the military authority, yet done so quickly that we could not prevent it."

"This necessitated severe measures, both to allay the prevailing excitement and to preclude the recurrence of such acts."

"The body was cared for, and delivered to the relatives the next day for burial, after which Captain Russell directed me to take such steps as would put a stop to the fanatical usage that had brought about this murderous occurrence, for it was now seen that if timely measures were not taken to repress them, similar tragedies would surely follow."

"Knowing all the men of the Rogue River tribe, and speaking fluently the Chinook tongue, which they all understood, I went DOWN to their village the following day, after having sent word to the tribe that I wished to have a council with them."

"The Indians all met me in council, as I had desired, and I then told them that the men who had taken part in shooting the woman would have to be delivered up for punishment."

"They were very stiff with me at the interview, and with all that talent for circumlocution and diplomacy with which the Indian is gifted, endeavored to evade my demands and delay any conclusion."

"But I was very positive, would hear of no compromise whatever, and demanded that my terms be at once complied with."

"No one was with me but a sergeant of my company, named Miller, who held my horse, and as the chances of the day were beginning to grow remote, I became anxious for our safety."

"The conversation waxing hot and the Indians gathering close in around me, I buttoned the flap of my revolver, to be ready for any emergency."

"When the altercation became most bitter I put my hand to my hip to draw my pistol, but discovered it was gone,—stolen by one of the rascals surrounding me."

"Finding myself unarmed, I modified my tone and manner to correspond with my helpless condition, thus myself assuming the diplomatic side in the parley, in order to gain time."

"As soon as an opportunity offered, and I could, without too much loss of self respect, and without damaging my reputation among the Indians, I moved out to where the nearest held some horse, mounted, AND CROSSING THE YAMHILL RIVER CLOSE BY, called back in Chinook from the farther bank that the 16 men who killed the woman must be delivered up, or my six-shooter also."

"I heartily seconded this proposition and, gladly embracing the opportunity it offered, suggested that if he would give me another chance, and let me have the EFFECTIVE FORCE of the garrison, consisting of ABOUT 50 MEN, I would chase the Rogue River, without fail, and that the next day was all the time I required to complete arrangements."

"He gave me the necessary authority, and at once set to work to bring about a better state of discipline on the reservation, and to put an end to the practices of the medicine men (having also in view the recovery of my six-shooter and self respect), by marching to the village and taking the rebellious Indians by force."

"In that tribe was an excellent woman called Tighee Mary (Tighee in Chinook means chief), who by right of inheritance was a kind of queen of the Rogue River."

"Fearing that the insubordinate conduct of the Indians would precipitate further trouble, she came early the following morning to see me and tell me of the situation."

"Mary informed me that she had done all in her power to bring the Indians to reason, but without avail, and that they were determined to fight rather than deliver up the 16 men, who had engaged in the shooting."

"She also apprised me of the fact that they had taken up a position on the Yamhill river, ON THE DIRECT ROAD BETWEEN THE POST AND VILLAGE, where, painted and armed for war, they were awaiting attack."

(Continued on Tuesday.)

To Conduct Cevival

MARQUAM, Oct. 3.—Rev. and Mrs. Blackie has gone to Gladstone where they will conduct a series of revival meetings for the next two weeks.

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Governor Landon and Social Security. Governor Landon's criticism of the social security bill passed by the Administration is sound, and agrees with much expert thought on the subject.

The Governor's statement that the bill is really a measure for compelling thrift is true. And that is one very serious fault with the bill, as the Governor asserts. As long as 21 per cent of American families have incomes of under \$1,000 a year, even in extremely good times (the figures of 1929), and more than 42 per cent have incomes of over \$2,500, it is certain that they cannot save 6 per cent of their incomes annually for their old age—or save 3 per cent tax—without sacrificing things which they and their children desperately and immediately need.

The Governor's objections to a tax on pay rolls are well grounded, and could be even further argued. A great deal of our social legislation leaves completely out of consideration the fact that men today are competing with machines for jobs. It is quite possible that in our zeal to better the condition of men we are increasing in this country a disadvantage in this competition with the world.

The pyramiding of a huge reserve of eventually \$47,000,000,000 has been objected to by experts on just the grounds named by the Governor. The sum would be accumulated by the contributions of the working population, but would never be paid out to them in pensions. Only a small part of it would return to them, actually. It would certainly be used for financing things for which it was neither contributed nor intended, and it would not, in its investment would present a grave problem.

Therefore, this column is in agreement with Governor Landon that the present bill provides for a very questionable method of financing, and is likely to have unfavorable social results. It is a social security—old-age pension—ought to be financed primarily out of taxation, although a combination of a contributory and taxation system is not impossible. Also we agree that it ought to be financed currently without building up huge reserves. It ought to balance as the budget balances; probably not annually but over the business cycle.

But when it comes to the counter-program offered by the Governor, this column is not in agreement with him. Because, if we have understood him properly, what he proposes are not real old-age pensions at all, but only aid to the aged destitute. He proposes to introduce the means test, under which the column becomes merely a public dole. This is begging the whole question. For the idea of old-age pensions is not just to take care of the destitute aged, but to recognize that modern, industrial life has created conditions peculiarly unfavorable to the old, and that state pensions are a means of adjusting to that reality.

The facts about our society are, among others, these: that it is increasingly an industrial society, in which men and women depend for their livelihoods on wages or salaries;

that the risks that they therefore encounter are proportionately greater than an agricultural or artisan society, where they own to a large extent their own means of production; and that this society has resulted in much smaller families than previously, with much less chance of elderly parents being taken care of by a number of children; and that this society throws men and women out of employment at an earlier age. It is necessary and desirable in this society that they should be retired earlier and it is therefore necessary that the whole society should collaborate to make an adjustment to these facts and to make it, not as a dole, but as an act of recognition, and as a contribution to economic stability.

October 4, 1928. The Campbells will hold their grand opening tonight with valley invited to reception.

Libel threats face Almee Simple McPherson, evangelist.

Miners in Rockwood, Tenn., are caught by gas blast, 6 known dead.

October 4, 1916. Third Oregon regiment will return to border within six months opinion of officer.

Eugene has first snowfall of the season.

Charles Hughes, Teddy Roosevelt and William Taft were feted by Union League club at reception given for Mr. Hughes in New York.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Fence an Insult. Editor of the Statesman: Your editorial in the Statesman "Give the People a Chance" hits the nail on the head. Why that seven foot board fence around the state house is more than I can see. I think the citizens have a right to look on at the construction; we are all interested to see the work progress from time to time. If you must have a fence make it four to five feet then we can look over. If any one wanted to do any harm a seven foot fence would not stop him any way.

I well remember when the other state house was under construction there was no fence around it of any kind, and the citizens could look as long as they pleased and no trouble ever happened. I consider this fence an insult to the citizens of this city and state.

B. P. TAYLOR.

"It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

And he was proud, yet all the while he was remembering the warning in red chalk that he had found on his front porch after the election. Before he had time to become very complicated about it, the door vociferously banged open, and his daughter, Sissy, sailed in.

"What's that, Sissy, what's that?" "Oh, can't it Oh, sorry, Dad. I just mean—About Mother Emma. Course I wouldn't have anybody hurt her, not even Sissy and you. But, why, bless you, Venerable, she'd never even dream of such a thing. You could have your nice pie and she'd never miss one single slice. Mother's mental grooves aren't, uh, well, they aren't so very set-conditioned, if that's how you say it—more sort of along the new-vacuum cleaner line."

"Race you home, Dad," said Sissy, when they were ready to go. "Yes—no—wait a second! Lorraine! lend me a flashlight!"

As he marched out of the door, he looked less contemptuously at the Fifth Avenue traffic policeman, as Doremus snapped, "What you doing there?" and he stumbled in answering: "Oh I just—something happened to my motorcycle."

"So! You ought to be home tending the furnace, Shad." "Well, I guess I got my machine fixed now. I'll hike along."

"No, my daughter is to drive me home, so you can put your motorcycle in the back of my car and drive it back." (Somehow, he had to talk privately to Sissy, though he was not in the least certain what it was he had to say.)

"Her? Rate! Sissy can't drive for four apples. The car's not 'Lede! Miss Sissy is a highly competent driver. At least she satisfies me, and if you really feel she doesn't quite satisfy your standard—"

"Why? Driving don't make a damn bit of difference to me one way or the other! G-night!" Recrossing the road, Doremus rebuked himself. "That was childish of me. Trying to talk to him like a gent! But how I would enjoy murdering him!"

He informed Sissy at the door, "Shad happened to come along—motorcycle in bad shape—let him take my Chrysler—I'll drive with you."

"Beautiful! I know it's swell to drive carefully, but do you have to emulate the prudent snail?" said Sissy.

"Snails don't skid." "Listen, Dad, do you go to Lindy's often?" "Why—why, not especially."

"Why not you—What are you two so scared of? You two wild-haired reformers—you and Lindy belong together. Why don't you—you know—kind of be lovers?"

"Good God Almighty! Cecilia! I've never heard a decent girl talk that way in all my life!" "That! That! Haven't you? Dear, dear! So sorry!"

"Well, my Lord—At least you've got to admit that it's slightly unusual for an apparently loyal daughter to suggest her father's deceiving her mother! Especially a fine lovely mother like yours!"

"Is it? Well, maybe. Unusual to suggest it—aloud, but I wonder if lots of young females don't sometimes kind of think it, just the same when they see the Venerable Parent going stale!" "Sissy."

"Hang it, I didn't go anywhere near it! Now you look here, Sissy, you simply must not be so forward—or forward whichever it is; I always get those two words balled up. This is serious business. I've never heard of such a preposterous suggestion as Linda—Lorraine and I being lovers. My dear child, you simply can't be silly about such final things as that!"

Cut It Down—The Drought Is Over



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Secretary of the Treasury: one Webster R. Skittle, president of the prosperous Fur & Hide National Bank of St. Louis—Mr. Skittle had once been indicted on a charge of defrauding the government on his income tax, but he had been acquitted, more or less, and during the campaign he was said to have taken a convincing way of showing his faith in Buzz Windrip as the Savior of the Forgotten Men.

Secretary of War: Colonel Ocoleco Luthorne, formerly editor of the Topeka (Kans.) Argus, and the Fancy Goods and Novelties Gazette; more recently high in real estate. His title came from his position on the honorary staff of Governor of Tennessee. He had long been a friend and fellow campaigner of Windrip.

It was a universal regret that Bishop Fred Peter Franz should have refused the appointment as Secretary of War, with a letter in which he called Windrip "My dear Friend and Collaborator" and asserted that he had actually meant it when he had said he desired no office. Later, it was a similar regret when Father Coughlin refused the Ambassadorship to Mexico, with no letter at all but only a telegram cryptically stating "Just six months too late."

They were coming into the Jessup driveway. Shad Leduc was just leaving the garage. "Skip in the house, quick, will you?" said Doremus to his girl. "Sure. But do be careful, hon!" She no longer sounded like his little daughter, to be protected, adorned with pale blue ribbons, shyly laughing at when she tried to show off in grown-up ways. She was suddenly a dependable comrade, like Lorraine.

Doremus slipped resolutely out of his car and said calmly: "Shad!" "Yuh?" "Yuh? You take the car keys into the kitchen?" "Yuh? No. I guess I left 'em in the car."

"I've told you a hundred times they belong inside." "Yuh? Well, how'd you like Miss Cecilia's driving? Have a good night with old Mrs. Pike?" He was derisive now, beyond concealment. "Leduc, I rather think you're fixed—right now!"

"Well! Just feature that! O. K. Chit! It was just going to tell you that we're forming a second chapter of the League of Forgotten Men in the Fort, and I'm to be the secretary. They don't pay much—only about twice what you pay me—pretty tight-fisted—but it'll mean something in politics. Good-night!"

When, as League secretary, a fortnight later, Shad wrote to him demanding a donation of two hundred dollars to the League, and Doremus refused, the informer began to circulate within twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XV. Usually I'm pretty mild, in fact many of my friends are kind enough to call it "Polkay." When I'm tired or speechnifying, my ambition is to "hit the man." But I hope that none of the gentlemen who have honored me with their family think for one single moment that when I run into a gross enough public evil or a persistent enough defector, I can't get up on my hind legs and make a sound like a two-tailed grizzly in April, so right at the start of this account of my ten-year fight with them, as private citizen, State Senator, and U. S. Senator, let me say that the Sangrey River Light, Power, and Fuel Corporation are—and I include a suit for libel—and I include the lowest, cowardliest gang of yellow-livered, back-slopping, hypocritical gun-toters, bomb-throwers, ballot-stealers, ledger-fakers, perjurers, scab-birers, sub-owners of general low-down crooks, liars, and swindlers that ever tried to do an honest servant of the People out of an election—not but what I have always succeeded in licking them, so that my indignation at these honest defectors is not personal but entirely on behalf of the general public.

Zero Hour, Berzelius Windrip. On Wednesday, January 6, 1937, just a fortnight before his inauguration, President—Elected Windrip announced his appointments of cabinet members and of diplomats.

Secretary of State: his former secretary, and press-agent, Lee Johnson, who also took the position of High Marshal, or Commander-in-Chief, of the Minute Men, which organization was to be established permanently, as an innocent marching club.

Secretary of the Treasury: one Webster R. Skittle, president of the prosperous Fur & Hide National Bank of St. Louis—Mr. Skittle had once been indicted on a charge of defrauding the government on his income tax, but he had been acquitted, more or less, and during the campaign he was said to have taken a convincing way of showing his faith in Buzz Windrip as the Savior of the Forgotten Men.

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Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

TRYING TO COME

In his reply to those people who have sought to link his administration with communism, fascism and other un-Americanisms, President Roosevelt was at his best Tuesday night. The Liberty League, the Henrichs, the McCormicks and others who have sought to build up issues of prejudice had it coming. The high command of the republican party which has condoned and even welcomed this type of campaigning had its self wide open for Mr. Roosevelt's rebuke.

There are a great many people who do not like Mr. Roosevelt or his new deal who are unwilling to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is un-American or that the American form of government is endangered seriously by anything he has done as yet. The existence of serious constitutional issues may be admitted without involving the constitution itself. The Roosevelt administration is open to challenge for inefficiency and waste and stupidity and lack of consistent policy but not as to motives, and it is to be hoped that these real issues will be debated from now on and the false ones dropped. The weakest part of Mr. Landon's approach to the American public has been his willingness to accept this keynote of prejudice.

Mr. Roosevelt was entitled to his "comeback." On this one point of patriotism, his speech was forceful and direct. But it needs to be pointed that beyond that point it does not answer any of the valid criticisms which have been raised against his government. It does not explain the failure to develop any constructive remedy for unemployment. The growing alarm over taxation is not because Mr. Roosevelt adheres boldly to the doctrine of "sock the rich" but because he is seeking everybody and getting no place fast. It is, as he says, no time for reaction, but neither is it a time for aimless experiment.

With a majority of citizens, the relative patriotism of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon is not in question. Their relative ability is. The issue is not Americanism of any other kind of "ism" but: "What next?"

EUGENE REGISTER-GUARD