

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851
'No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe'
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
Member of the Associated Press
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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

10-10-36

Jefferson Davis, secretary of war, told Governor Curry about the Coast reservation; the officers' guard against it.

Released recently from the Historical Records Survey, Myler building, Portland, Oregon, comes to this desk what follows under quotation marks:

"Salem, August 22.—An autobiographical sketch written by Jefferson Davis, one time United States secretary of war and afterward president of the Southern Confederacy, to Governor George L. Curry of Oregon relative to the Indian 'Coast reservation' and necessary military protection, has been discovered here in the office of the adjutant general by Robert L. Dunlap, field worker for the historical records survey, WPA writers' project. The letter, together with a report of Colonel R. C. Buchanan to the adjutant general, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., is included in the records of the Yakima and Rogue River Indian wars, 1855-56. The letter from Davis states that he is transmitting a copy of a report from Colonel Buchanan, . . . showing the disposition made of the troops for the protection of the reservation referred to by you, and that you state that the troops, thus posted, are considered sufficient for the object contemplated."

"Colonel Buchanan, in the report, dated September 1, 1856, described the Coast reservation as follows:

"In compliance with your request I submit the following memorandum of the measures taken to secure the safe keeping of the Indians recently removed by me from southern Oregon to the 'Coast Reservation.' The reservation is 125 miles long and about 25 wide—bounded on the west by the Pacific ocean, and on the east and north by the Coast Range of mountains which are said to touch the coast at its northern extremity. From the existing settlements to the reservation there are as yet known but THREE passes over the mountains—one at the north, the northern extremity, near the town of Dayton—another towards the middle, near the town of Corvallis, called Marysville on the maps; and the third at the southern extremity, immediately along the coast. . . . I have ordered new posts to be established and garrisoned as follows: At the first, 2 companies, Capt. A. J. Smith's 1st dragoons and Capt. D. Floyd Jones' 4th infantry. This post will be supplied from Fort Vancouver, by means of steamboats to Dayton, from whence it is distant 25 miles. At the second, 1 company, Captain C. C. Augur, 4th infantry. This will also be supplied from Vancouver, by way of Corvallis, distant about 20 miles, to which point steamboats are running regularly. At the third, 1 company, Capt. & Bvt. Major J. F. Reynolds, 3rd artillery, which will be supplied from San Francisco, by way of the mouth of Umpqua, from which it is distant 20 miles. Since the close of my campaign there has been reported to the reservation about 2200 Indians, of which number 1225 were those who had been in arms and fighting against us. The commanding officers of posts have positive orders not to allow any whites to visit the reservation unless they are actually the employees of the superintendent of Indian affairs, and this officer is required to furnish them with a list of his employees. These arrangements, if not interfered with, will, in my opinion, ensure the tranquility of that section of the territory. The reservation abounds in game of various kinds, is well watered by several streams emptying into the ocean, which afford a bountiful supply of salmon and other fish—contains also the most fertile soil raising all their necessary grain and vegetables—is heavily timbered and rich in such nuts, roots and other articles of food as these Indians have always been accustomed to—and has not yet been considered as a reservation by the whites. It is to be hoped that no efforts to break up this reservation and remove the Indians will be sanctioned by the department, for it will be impossible to find a more eligible situation for it."

So ends the press release. Jefferson Davis was secretary of war under President Franklin Pierce, and his term expired less than six months after the date of his letter quoted above; that is, March 4, 1857.

He took much interest in the Oregon country, in fact had been a pioneer; an evidence of this was his survey for a Pacific railroad, that brought Philip Sheridan to Oregon.

Brevet Lieut. Col. R. C. Buchanan, who in 1856 made the report that was received in Washington by Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, had upon his first entry into Oregon come at an unfortunate time, because he was sent, or rather brought, by Major General John E. Wool, then in charge of the army of forces on the Pacific coast, with headquarters at San Francisco.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Boy Scouts at Woodburn Start Season Gatherings

WOODBURN, Oct. 9.—The first meeting of the local Boy Scouts was held at the Washington school Monday night with Ralph Nelson, scoutmaster presiding. A meeting is called for next Monday at the Washington Junior high school at 7:30 p.m. Any boy interested in taking up scout work is asked to attend this meeting, the only requirement being that he be 12 years of age or older.

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Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—In Minnesota the democratic party makes a deal with the Farmer-Labor party. It is described by Mr. G. Gould Lincoln, careful political writer for the Washington Post, D. C. Star, who is in Minnesota.

The democratic party withdraws its candidates for governor and senator—there will be no democratic candidates for those offices in Minnesota. This is done, Mr. Lincoln says, "in return for Farmer-Labor votes for Mr. Roosevelt."

The national purpose is to try to help elect Mr. Roosevelt president. The local Minnesota purpose is to try to elect a Farmer-Labor senator and governor. The deal is approved by National Democratic Chairman Farley. "This, says Mr. Farley, 'will bring victory for both the President and the Farmer-Laborites.' The deal is blessed by Mr. Roosevelt—he telegraphs the retiring democratic candidate for senator, 'I am deeply grateful that you were willing to sacrifice your personal ambitions for the benefit and for the good of the party.'"

"For the good of the party." But just what party? Just how shall we define the democratic party that is served by absorbing, or being locally absorbed by, the Farmer-Labor party? What precisely are the principles of a democratic party that is served by absorbing, or being locally absorbed by, the Farmer-Labor party?

This Minnesota maneuver is discussed almost wholly in terms of effect on the election returns in November. Most of us think as if politics were a game, and we look no further than the box score. Practically all the candidates are merely whether Mr. Roosevelt is more likely to win Minnesota's 11 electoral votes; whether some Minnesota Democrats who feel outraged by the deal will now vote for Governor Landon. In the short-time view, looking merely toward November 3, these questions are to the front.

But from the point of view of the deep tides now running in American politics, there is a long-time question: Just what is the nature, the principles and objectives, of the Farmer-Labor party which the Democratic party now absorbs, or is locally absorbed by? What is the Farmer-Labor platform? What have been the principles and objectives of the party since it has been in existence? It is in that that the deeper significance of this Minnesota episode lies. I ask the question for information. I do not happen to know where the Farmer-Labor party stands on the various social and political theories which are now fomenting in America and in the world. It may be a normal American party with ordinary American principles.

All over the country, the true spirit of Windrip's plank nine, regarding the Jews, was faithfully carried out. It was understood that the Jews were no longer to be barred from fashionable hotels, as in the hideous earlier days of race prejudice, but merely to be charged double rates. It was understood that Jews were never to be discouraged from trading but were merely to pay higher graft to commissioners and inspectors and to accept without debate all regulations, wage rates, and price lists decided upon by the stainless Anglo-Saxons of the various merchants' associations. And that all Jews of all conditions were frequently to sound their ecstasy in having found in America a sanctuary, after their deplorable experience among the prejudices of Europe.

The Minute Men controlling the labor camps were generous; they offered the charitarians the same dollar a day that the proletarians received, with special low rates for boys and lodging. But the clever social workers received a much better offer: to help list every family and every unmarried person in the country, with his or her finances, professional ability, military training, and most important and most carefully to be ascertained, his or her secret opinion of the M.M.'s and of the Corps in general.

Landon... The Man

Compiled by Ralph E. Morrison who has made his home in Oregon for 15 years. Mr. Morrison was born in Kansas City, Mo., and spent his early years in that city. He was connected with the editorial department of the Kansas City Star for ten years before he came to Portland, Oregon.

Money and the making of money for the sake of making money have never been a major aim in Landon's life. He has succeeded as an oil producer. In his business he has been a pioneer, and he has been successful in the oil business. He has been successful in the oil business. He has been successful in the oil business.

These things are seen by all Democrats. Southern Democrats see yet more. They see the principle of states' rights traditionally dear to southern Democrats, openly attacked by Mr. Roosevelt. They see the Constitution and the Supreme Court, bulwark of states' rights and of individual liberties, decried by the "Big Game" Roosevelt. They saw the "Two-Thirds" rule, which long protected the South by giving it a veto power over Democratic presidential nominations, repealed by the recent Democratic national convention. They see the Democratic party as an aggressive negro suffrage party in the South. They see the ablest and most respected southern exponents of Democratic thought, such as Senators Glass and Byrd of Virginia, outraged by the New Deal. And they see these leaders intimidated into giving at least tacit support to Mr. Roosevelt, intimidated by the very fact that other southern Democratic leaders and Democratic voters are blind to what Messrs. Glass and Byrd see plainly.

A considerable number of Dem-

Ten Years Ago

October 10, 1926

The Maharajah of Rajpalia, Indian prince will visit the U. S.

New coiffure of Queen Marie upsets entire retinue as she gets first permanent wave.

Salem to pay honor to Y. M. C. A. today with all day anniversary celebration.

Grave possibilities caused by submarine raid, causes Wilson to call Lansing into conference.

Twenty Years Ago

October 10, 1916

Senator Theodore Burton of Ohio gives great ovation in Polk county.

Grave possibilities caused by submarine raid, causes Wilson to call Lansing into conference.

"It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Francis Tasbrough and R. C. Crowley, and since he had often good-naturedly pressed the unexpected Shad Ledue's Sunday pants without charge, was permitted to retain his tailor shop, though it was understood that he was to charge members of the M.M. prices that were only nominal, or quarry nominal.

But one Harry Kindermann, a Jew who had profited enough as agent for maple-sugar and dairy machinery so that in 1936 he had been paying the last installment on his new bungalow and on his Buick, had always been what Shad Ledue called "a fresh Kike." He had laughed at the flag, the Church, and even Rotary. Now he found the manufacturers cataloging his agencies, without explanation.

By the middle of 1937 he was selling frankfurters by the road, and his wife, who had been so proud of the piano and the old American pine cupboard in their bungalow, was dead, from pneumonia caught in the one-room tarpaper shack into which they had moved.

At the time of Windrip's election, there had been more than 80,000 relief administrators employed by the federal and local governments in America. With the labor camps absorbing most people on relief, this army of social workers, both amateurs and long-trained professional uplifters, was stranded.

The Minute Men controlling the labor camps were generous; they offered the charitarians the same dollar a day that the proletarians received, with special low rates for boys and lodging. But the clever social workers received a much better offer: to help list every family and every unmarried person in the country, with his or her finances, professional ability, military training, and most important and most carefully to be ascertained, his or her secret opinion of the M.M.'s and of the Corps in general.

A good many of the social workers indignantly said that this was asking them to be spies, stool pigeons for the American Oh Gay Pay Co. These were, on various unimportant charges, sent to jail or, later, to concentration camps—which were also jails, but the private jails of the M.M.'s, unshackled by any old-fashioned nonsensical prison regulations. In the confusion of the summer and early autumn of 1937, local M.M. officers had a splendid time making their own laws, and such congenial traitors and bellyachers as Jewish doctors, Jewish musicians, Negro journalists, socialistic college professors, young men who preferred reading or chemical research to manual service with the M.M.'s women who complained when their men had been taken away by the M.M.'s and had disappeared, were increasingly beaten in the streets, or arrested on charges that would not have been very familiar to pre-Corpo jurists.

And, increasing, the bourgeois counter-revolutionists began to escape to Canada; just as once, by the "underground railroad" the Negro slaves had escaped into the free Northern air.

Shooting the Chutes!



Fort Garry Hotel with the Mayor of Winnipeg.

A fortnight later, in Toronto, he began the republication of his weekly, A Lance for Democracy, and on the cover of the first number were reproductions of four letters indicating that before he became President, Berzelius Windrip had profited through personal gifts from 11 bankers to an amount of over \$1,000,000. To Doremus Jessup, to some thousands of Doremus Jessups, were smuggled copies of the Lance, though possession of it was punishable (perhaps not legally, but certainly effectively) by death.

But it was not till the winter so carefully did his secret agents have to work in America, that Trowbridge had in full operation the organization called by its operatives the "New Underground," the "N.U.," which added thousands of counter revolutionists to escape into Canada.

CHAPTER XVIII

In the little town, ah, there is the abiding peace that I love, and that can never be disturbed by even the noisiest Smart Alecks from these haughty megacities like Washington, New York, & etc.

Zero Hour, Berzelius Windrip. Doremus's policy of "wait and see," like most Fabian policies, had grown shaky. It seemed particularly shaky in June, 1937, for the fortieth graduation anniversary of his class in Isiah College.

As the custom was, the returned alumni wore comic costumes. His class had sailor suits, but they walked about bald-headed and lugubrious, in these well-meant garments of joy, and there was a look of instability even in the eyes of the three members who were ardent Corps (being local Corps commissioners).

At its best, Loveland's jerry-built imitation of an Anne Hathaway cottage had been no palace. Isiah assistant professors did not even rent palaces. Now with the pretentious smart living room heaped with burlesque covered chairs and rolled rugs and boxes of books, it looked like a junkshop. Amid the wreckage sat Loveland, his wife, his three children, and one Dr. Arnold King, experimental chemistry.

"Wat's all this?" said Doremus. "I've been fired. As too 'radical,'" growled Loveland. "Yes! And this most vicious attack has been on Glicknow's treatment of the use of the aorist in Hesiod!" wailed his wife.

"Well, I deserve it—for not having been vicious about anything since A. D. 300! Only thing I'm ashamed of is that they're not firing me for having taught my students that the Corps have taken most of their ideas from Tiberius, or maybe for having decently tried to assassinate District Commissioner Reek!" Loveland.

But where you going?" inquired Doremus. "That's just it! We don't know! Oh, first to my dad's house—which is a six-room packing-box in Burlington—Dad's got diabetes. But to eaching—President Peaseley kept putting off signing my new contract and just informed me ten days ago that I'm through—much too late to get a job for next year. Myself, I don't care a damn! Really I don't! I'm glad to have been prof. I admit that as a college prof. I haven't been, as I so liked to convince myself, any Erasmus Junior, inspiring noble young souls to dream of chaste classic beauty—save the mark—but just a plain hired man, another counter-jumper in the Marked-down Classics Goods Department, with students for bored counter-ers, and as subject to being hired and fired as any janitor." (To Be Continued)

As chief of the most poisonous counter-revolutionists in the country, Ex-Senator Walt Trowbridge, Windrip's rival in the election of 1936, was watched night and day by a rotation of twelve M.M. guards. But there seemed to be small danger that this opponent, who, after all, was a crank but not an intransigent fanatic, would make himself ridiculous by fighting against the great Power which (per Bishop Frank) Heaven had been pleased to send for the healing of distressed America.

Trowbridge remained precisely on a ranch he owned in South Dakota, and the government agent commanding the M.M.'s (a skilled man, trained in breaking strikes) reported that in his tapped telephone wire and in his screamed-open letters, Trowbridge communicated nothing more seditious than reports on growing shafts. He had with him no one but ranch hands and, in the house, and innocent a good couple.

Washington hoped that Trowbridge was beginning to see the light. Maybe they would make him Ambassador to Britain, vice Sinclair.

On the Fourth of July, when the M.M.'s gave their glorious but unfortunate tribute to the Chief and the Five-pointed Star, Trowbridge gratified his cow-punching habit by an unusually pyrotechnic celebration. All evening, skyrocket flared up, and round the home-pasture glowed pots of Roman fire. Far from cold-shouldering the M.M. guards, Trowbridge warmly invited them to get out of the beer and join the gang in beer and sausages. The lonely soldier boys off there on the prairie—they were so sappy shooting rockets!

An aeroplane with a Canadian license, a large plane, flying without lights, sped toward the rocket-lit area, and with engine shut off, so that guards could not tell whether it had flown on, circled the pasture outlined by the Roman fire and swiftly landed.

The guards had felt sleepy after the last bottle of beer. Three of them were snapping on the short, rough grass.

They were rather disconcertingly surrounded by men in masking flying-helmets, men carrying automatic pistols, who handcuffed the pilots' wrists, still awake, picked up the others and stored all twelve of them in the barred baggage compartment of the plane.

The raiders' leader, a military-looking man, said to Walt Trowbridge, "Ready, sir?" "Yep. Just take those four boxes, will you, please, Colonel!" The boxes contained photostats of letters and documents.

Unregally glad in overalls and a huge straw hat, Senator Trowbridge entered the pilots' compartment, high and swift and alone, the plane flew toward the premature Northern Lights.

Next morning, still in overalls, Trowbridge breakfasted at the