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

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"Endless Drain"

THE Capital Journal ribbed it into the Oregonian last week, by quoting from editorials in the latter paper of some two or three years ago. The Ogn is competent to take care of itself. The C-J however lives in a glass house in that regard. For over three years it has swallowed with a gulp of its adam's apple, the Roosevelt program of relief, doles, gratuities and boondoggles. Four years ago, on Feb. 17, 1932 it was stern against such forms of relief, calling a speech of Borah's against an appropriation of $375,000,000 for direct aid to the unemployed one "that sounded more like a soap-box orator's harangue that that reasoned logic of a United States senator." With evident approval it said that the opponents of the bill "hold that relief is a matter for the states and communities and until they have exhausted their resources the federal government should not be called on, and to call on it sets an evil precedent as it will mean an endless drain on the treasury."

The Journal had it figured out the bill would give only $48 apiece to each of the unemployed, and in a couple of months he would be back demanding more relief. "Under such a policy the limits of credit would soon be exhausted and the nation on the way to bankruptcy."

The editorial concluded:

"England has given the world a lesson in what federal aid means with its dole system. It has nearly wrecked the country financially and created a nation of paupers. Yesterday another example was staged in St. Johns, N. F., where government aid created a riot for bigger and better doles and the premier and other officials were attacked by the mob.

"We would have similar scenes in our own country once the precedent is established of the government taking care of the people instead of the people the government."

The "endless drain" is here; and at the present rate the nation is well "on the way to bankruptcy"; and the precedent is getting firmly established for the government "taking care of the people". But of course the Journal says the Great Humanitarian should be reelected.

Ethiopia After Conquest

DR. TOM LAMBIE, secretary general of the Ethiopian Red Cross during the late war, and long active as a medical missionary in Ethiopia, has returned to this country. In an interview which he gave in New York he revealed some interesting facts about conditions since the collapse of the government of Emperor Hailie Selassie. Addis Ababa is orderly under Italian control: "I never saw better behaved soldiers in my life." South and west of the capital there is great internal disorder; but he predicted with the rainy season ending now the Italians will send expeditions to bring the country under control. Lambie expressed the opinion that although the country was broken guerilla warfare would not harass the Italians. The natives seem disposed to accept Italian rule: "Every time I go to town I see some Ras or other that I know turning in his submission."

Between the departure of the emperor on May 2 and the arrival of the Italian column May 5 it was "hell" in the capital. "We saw looters running through the streets with armfuls of booze and fancy provisions and all sorts of things from the stores." Looters would loot looters. "Why they would shoot you for a shirt."

Lambie, who heads the leper hospital in that country, said that on the arrival of the Italian generals he assured them his organization was not political and would engage in no subversive propaganda; and said they had been well treated by the Italians.

The attack of Italy on Ethiopia was not justified in international law, and it virtually shattered the peace hopes of Europe under an orderly system. But in the end Italy will probably bring a better government and a better civilization to Ethiopia.

The New Bootlegging

THE price of milk has been raised a cent by the milk board. Cream prices will be readjusted upwards to follow. Which brings to mind the reports of a growing business in "bootleg" cream. Cream prices are already high, and some producers think they can profit by undercutting the scale price or it may be they are not permitted to sell to regular dealers. So the word gets out, and a trade is built up. The business has to be handled rather secretly, just like the bootleg in moonshine. Some of the "best people" are reported to be patrons of the cream bootleggers. Maybe with the price going up some more the "illicit" trade will grow in volume.

What will the future be? Will the state employ 'snoopers' and "agents provacateur" and "milk-stool pigeons" to get evidence against the poor farmer's wife who wants to earn a few pennies for a dress or the babies' shoes? We have felt that the real test of the milk price law would be in its observance. The possibilities for violation are widespread, and the experience of prohibition revealed a tendency for "personal liberty" even to the point of breaking the law. How extensive cream bootlegging is, or how much secret rebating there may be on the milk price we do not know. It is an interesting development however, for flasks not of moonshine but of pure Oregon cream to be traded in furtively, behind the stump of an old tree, by Oregon women.

"And Sudden Death"

A strange succession of fatal accidents were reported in the press for last week.

A boy in Canton, Ohio was killed by lightning while practicing on a football field.

A woman near Hillsboro was struck and killed by a runaway engine on a railroad that was being abandoned.

Two logging workers were killed when a cable broke as they were loading a log.

Two men on a rescue mission were swept to death on rocks.

Ten miners were killed in Idaho when a cable of the hoist broke and let them fall 1,400 feet to the bottom of the shaft.

There were of course other fatalities,—two drownings at West Salem, one CCC boy killed in a truck upset. But the record for unusual accidents set last week will stand for some time.

Recommends Landon

THE Eugene Register-Guard, independent newspaper, has made its choice for Landon for president, concluding its editorial endorsement thus:

We recommend Landon calmly as the better man for president because we see in him some hope of intelligent management and we see none in the madcap Roosevelt paces.

We cannot view 35 billion public debt and 11,000,000 unemployed and say that the New Deal has been wise or efficient, whatever incidental good may have been accomplished.

Landon has serious limitations, but we believe he will meet responsibilities with courage and good sense.

Roger W. Babson, business prognosticator, says it might be better to train daughters to take over the business instead of sons, who often make a fizzle. Sons may be bad, but with daughters there's always the danger of son-in-laws.

A suggestion is made that Oregon should provide an airplane for its chief executive. One thing always leads to another. Wouldn't that make it wise to have a lieutenant governor, just in case . . .?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

10-13-36

Jefferson Davis, secretary of war, told Governor Curry about the Coast reservation; the officers then guarding it:

(Continuing from Sunday:) Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Robert Christie Buchanan, who had charge of the closing acts of the regular army forces in the so-called Rogue River Indian war of 1855-6, fought for his country in its wars from the Black Hawk to the Civil war.

His grandfather, Andrew Buchanan, was a brigadier general on the American side in the Revolution.

Robert C. Buchanan was born at Baltimore, Maryland, March 1, 1811. His mother was a sister of the wife of President John Quincy Adams. Robert C. graduated from West Point with the class of 1830 and he was in the Black Hawk war of 1832; he also served in the Seminole war.

In the Mexican war he was captain of a company of the 4th infantry, in which U. S. Grant was a lieutenant; served with Generals Taylor and Scott, and was brevetted major for distinguished services at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He became lieutenant colonel Sept. 8, 1847, at the taking of Molino del Rey, where he led his troops — and forced the doors with his own hands.

Shortly after the close of the Mexican war, he married Miss Winder, a granddaughter of Governor Lloyd of Maryland.

He was made a major in the regular army Feb. 3, 1855, and for the next 10 years, with the old 4th infantry, served in our Indian wars of the Pacific northwest, along with Grant, Sheridan, Judah, Crook, Alvord, D. A. Russell and others.

At the beginning of the Civil war, Buchanan's regiment formed part of the defense of Washington. From November 7, 1861, to March, 1862, he commanded a brigade of McClellan's Peninsular campaign with General Sykes's famous "regular division."

June 2 1862, he was brevetted colonel for distinguished services at Gaines's Mill—and he received the brevet of brigadier general, March 13, 1865, for gallant conduct at Malvern's Hill, where he drove part of the Confederate forces from the field and captured a flag.

He was in the second battle of Bull Run, where he earned the rank of brigadier general of volunteers for distinguished and meritorious services, conferred Nov. 29, 1862; and he commanded his brigade at the bloody battle of Antietam, and was in front of the famous "stone wall" at Fredericksburg, when his command suffered serious casualties. March 4, 1863, he commanded the defenses of Fort Delaware. March 13, 1865, he was brevetted major general for distinguished services in the second battle of Bull Run and at Fredericksburg.

In 1868, Buchanan was put in charge of the department of Louisiana. Troublous times were experienced ther. It was th period of the hated "carpet bag" rule. General Buchanan installed the newly elected Governor H. C. Warmouth and Lieutenant Governor Oscar J. Dunn, the latter a Negro. He commanded Fort Porter, N. Y., in 1869-70, and died at Washington Nov. 29, 1878.

He was familiarly called "Old Buck" by his soldier followers, and was respected for his firmness and faithfulness to discipline and his bravery in every danger and steadfastness in all emergencies.

The pages of history have much about the man "Capt. A. J. Smith and his first dragoons" mentioned in the Jefferson Davis letter to Governor Curry, who was said to have charge of the first of the new posts. That was Fort Yamhill. More about him (Smith) later in this series.

But the writer cannot find anything about "Capt. D. Floyd Jones" of the 4th infantry in after years. Mrs. Victor in her Indian Wars of Oregon mentions him only once, on page 386, as at Fort Humboldt early in 1856, and says he "was ordered to Crescent City to protect friendly Indians, and to guard army supply trains." (That meant pack trains.)

But in after years much was heard throughout the nation of Capt. C. C. Augur, at the second fort. (That was Fort Hoskins.)

Also of "Capt. & Bvt. Major J. F. Reynolds, 3rd artillery," at the third fort. That was the one on the Umpqua, maintained principally to keep the southwest coast Indians on the reservation from running away and going back to their original homes.

However, at the time when Jeff, Davis wrote to Curry, Capt. A. J. Smith had gone from Fort Yamhill to southern Oregon, and the next year (1857) was with his dragoons helping finish the so-called Yakima war in eastern Oregon and Washington; and until 1858; for that war lasted two years after the Rogue River war was finished.

At the date of the letter Capt. David A. Russell was in charge at Fort Yamhill, with 2nd Lieut. P. H. Sheridan assisting.

Sheridan arrived there April 25, 1856, and relieved Lieut. W. B. Hazen, and had charge until July 1, '56, when Capt. Russell took charge—and they two had charge until the Civil war began.

The time Capt. A. J. Smith spent there must have been very short, for Fort Yamhill was known as "Hazen's camp" when Sheridan arrived and relieved him, and very little had yet been done toward providing adequate buildings.

(Continued tomorrow.)

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Grouse for Breakfast

"Good morning. Have you got the papers? What's in them? How is the campaign going?"

Dorothy Thompson

"The Giants are three up."

"Don't be silly I mean the political campaign, of course."

"The political campaign? I am decreasingly aware of a political campaign. Do you call it a campaign when two large hostile forces are retreating in the same direction?"

"The same direction?"

"Yes. Toward a liberal-conservative position. In other words, toward United States. I am not, young woman, interested in this campaign. Furthermore, I do not wish to discuss situations or conditions. I hope you have noticed that it is an exceptionally beautiful day. Your dahlias froze last nighte, but the asters did not. Can you explain that? Why do dahlias blossom last and freeze first?"

"I want to talk about the campaign. You act as though there were no issue."

"There are many issues. But th chief one is whether there are more nuts in this country or standpatters, whether there are more lookers-back upon lovely yesterday, or more gazers forward into a be-tinseled future. If the nuts have the more influence the the present incumbent will remain. If nostalgia is tops the contestant will succeed."

"So you think the present government is nutty?"

"As nutty as this glorious autumn. It is thoroughly nutty. The D.A.R. ladies, I observe, are perturbed about its radicalism. They seem to fear that we are headed for Communism, Fascism, and atheism. I understand that the financiers are certain, or some of them are, that we are bound for bankrutcy. You will permit me to reserve the opinion that we are headed for ebullient prosperity, I fear, with its usual unpleasant accompaniments. Already I am being informed by those who call themselves my brokers that the moment has come when fortune awaits me in the stock market, with no contributing effort of mine. But the government is nutty."

"Now, look here, you can't just throw off snap judgments like that. How is it nutty?"

"Lord, it's full of the kind of soft-headed benevolence that doesn't become any person over the age of ten. Uplift. Knows nothing of the nature of man. The human race, my child, has one chronic disease. That disease is the glimmies. It is endemic, epidemic, and chronic, and woe betide the government that cries aloud in the market places 'Come ye, come ye, eat, drink, without money and without price, eat and be satisfied.' Because they come ye. It is a trait of the human race that it is never satisfied, never has been, and never will be. . ."

"There are many unemployed and many destitute. Even now."

"Naturally and of course. Let them be fed and housed. But what an idea that the government create work for every seamstress, paleontoligist and hod carrier! Work is work. Succor to the poor is something else again. Aid to the unemployed is still something else. All mixed up, because of nuttiness. Having rendezvouses with destiny. Reconstruction of society by dancing on the green. It's arty."

* * *

"I did not know you felt so strongly."

"I do not feel strongly. But since you have directed my attention to this theme, which does not particularly interest me, I am polite. I suggest that you consider he fact that next to 'The Shootin of Dan McGrew' and 'Off Agin, On Agin, Gone Agin, Finnigan' the favorite poem of the American people, and almost the only one that the average American can quote is 'The Psalm of Life.' Now, the point of that poem is that if we strive with appropriate earnestness we can leave large footprints in sand. My knowledge of sand is that no footsteps imprinted in it survive the first tide. And the tide in inevitable. Note also the line 'Let us then be up and doing with a heart for ANY fate.' That's us¼ Old America rushing gallantly forward with an eye to any fate, no matter what that fate is. Making, in fact, a rendezvous with it."

* * *

"Since you feel so deeply, I presume you will vote for the Republicans."

"My enthusiasm is insufficient to propel me to the polls. There are fewer bees in the Republican bonnet, but there are more moths. I do suffer accutely from nostalgia. I do not long for the good old times and the eternal simplicities, particularly when they are preached by as astute and self-protective a crowd of citizens as we possess. Besides, the challenger is a mystery. Apart from two old ladies who have been dug up to testify that they taught him school, and my old friend, Bill White, he seems to have passed unnoticed for forty-seven years. And for some peculiar reason that seems to be an asset. It does not move me. Not to action."

"Nonsense. He is Governor of a great state."

"Nonsense nothing. Tell me the name of the Governor of Nebraska."

* * *

"Then I can only conclude that you are one of those revolutionists who will fearlessly risk ten minutes of his cross-word puzzle time to cast a 'protest vote' for Browder, Lemke, or Norman Thomas."

"Your instinct for error is something for Freud and Walter Pitkin to investigate. Again, no. Thomas represents Social Democracy, which flowered perfectly and got frost bitten in Germany and Austria. Lemke is not a candidate. He is an actor in a play written by Huey Long, financed by Townsend, directed by Coughlin and still ably press agented, although it expired a month ago, by Gerald Smith. And Browder, the Communist, announces that Moscow no longer intends to absorb us, but is zealous to support us as part of a popular front, along with the Siamese Nudist Junta, the Finnish Bath Cult, the interesting movement for the independence of Hollywood under Upton Sinclair and Will Hays and all other forward-looking efforts. In fact, the Communists have become altogether too loving—as Zinoviev recently discovered."

* * *

"Just another totally destructive thinker. I suppose you think you could have picked some better candidates."

"I do indeed."

"So. And whom would you pick?

"I would pick a man of learning; a man of authentic learning. Some one who has some time or other gone through serious mental discipline and has got out of it the kind of freedom, courage, and wisdom that such mental discipline gives a man. Some one, also, who is a doer. An executive. But not a business man. Nobody with the buying-and-selling mentality. Some one who knows the world, the big world, and has had to compete in it. Some one who has had wide experience in getting on with many sorts of people, in conciliating and adjusting."

"I suppose you think the country is teeming with such people?"

"Not teeming. But they exist. There is, for instance, Mr. Robert Hutchins. A scholar. An historian. A lawyer. A gallant soldier. Dean of the Yale Law School at twenty-nine. President of the University of Chicago at thirty. Modern but not cracked. Turned a great institution upside down to adapt it to modern needs, and didn't break any eggs in the process. Has to be a financier. But not as an end in itself. Understands the thought and the movements of the world. Has to get on with all sorts of people. Genuinely superior man. Now, imagine picking a President because he's just a home-body; just a practical, common-sense fellow like you and me. I no more want an average man like me governing this country than I want my cook to make coffee just like mother used to make. If she can't do better than that I'd fire her."

* * *

"You seem to me utterly frivolous. Do you think there is nothing wrong with this country? Don't you think we need a program?"

"There is nothing wrong with this country. It is western man's best break in history. But there is lots wrong with us. We Americans have delusions of grandeur. And the program is to get us over it. All this talk about waste and extravagance. . . ."

"You kick about it yourself."

"Sure I do. But how can business in this country kick about waste and extravagance and keep its face straight? Hasn't business earnestly carried on a conspiracy—an open conspiracy in the advertising columns — to persuade every American family that a $1,500 income will support a $700 motor car and a $100 radio? All this talk about borrowing! Hasn't every American individual been financing himself on the installment plan? Get what you want and pay for it tomorrow? Boondoggling! Is that thing up in Maine . . ."

"Passamaquoddy?"

"Passamawhat? Is that crazy idea? Well, and was the Ford peace ship a crazy idea? The Florida ship canal? Yes, and how about the Florida hoom? Did Roosevelt make that? Ukuleles for hill billies, though maybe that's Republican propaganda, but, anyhow, how about the hill-billy dames who buy artificial eyelashes and spend money for that awful stuff women put on their fingernails to make 'em look like Lady Macbeth directly after the killing? Conspicuous waste. That's us. And who invented Hollywood? Who pays Walter Winchell? Who press agented Anna Hauptman? Who supports Aimee Semple MacPherson?"

* * *

"You are pessimistic this morning."

"I am not. I am optimistic. This country is apparently foolproof. It must be."

New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate

Landon.. The Man

Compiled by Ralph E. Morrison who has made his home in Oregon for 15 years. Mr. Morrison was born in Kansas and attended the University of Kansas. He was connected with the editorial department of the Kansas City Star for ten years previous to his moving to Portland, Oregon.

Can Governor Landon, if elected President, change the current drift toward government spending and wasteful government aid? This question was asked by a young man.

In Landon's campaign for governor of Kansas, he told every audience "I am in dead earnest" in referring to the savings he expected and the lowering of taxes program.

When elected he had to deal both with democrats and republicans in the legislature to obtain laws to make his promises good. He took off his coat and waded in with determination—not, it is true, in the same manner as President Franklin Roosevelt did or President Theodore Roosevelt or as President Wilson did. In many ways he is much more effective in getting results than any of these.

He works with, rather than against men. He worked with his legislature in a harmonizing capacity. He reasoned with them in a quiet way and obtained cooperation. He said, "We must do this because the intelligent people demand it." He didn't use the personal pronoun.

He worked in "dead earnest" as he promised to do in his campaign speeches; he accomplished those promises, not by dramatizing himself to the people, not as an alibi to them in case he failed, but with quiet, peaceful penetration into the good will and confidence of those fellow elected office holders.

Governor Landon has his own peculiar ability of leadership and, if elected president, he will in "dead earnest" carry out the people's mandate because as governor he has proved his ability to obtain results from members of the legislature over original opposition.

Same Old Silhouette?

"It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

The rabbi was unable even to answer, but little Dr. Schmidt (he had a doughnut moustache, a beer belly, and black button boots with soles half-an-inch thick) said, "Macgolin, I support I may talk frank with an old student, there not being any reporters or loutspeakers arount. Do you know why you are drinking like a pig? Because you are ashamt! Ashamt that you, once a promising researcher, should have solt out to freebooters with brains like decayed liver and—"

"That'll do from you, Prof!"

"Say, we oughtta tie those seditious sons of hounds up and beat the day light out of 'em!" whimpered one of the watchdogs.

Macgoblin shrieked, "You highbrows—you stinking intellectuals! You, you Kike, with your lush-luzurious library, while common people been starving—would be now if the chief hadn't saved 'em! Your c'lection books—stolen from the pennies of your poor, dumb, foot-kissing congregation of pushcart peddlers!"

"Get Out!"

The rabbi sat bespelled, fingering his beard, but Dr. Schmidt leaped up, crying, "You three scoundrels were not invited here! You pushed your way in! Get out! Go! Get out!"

One of the accompanying dogs demanded of Macgoblin, "Going to stand for these two Yiddles insulting us—insulting the whole by God Corpo state and the M. M. uniform? Kill 'em!"

Now, to his already abundant priming, Macgoblin had added two huge whiskies since he had come. He yanked out his automatic pistol, fired twice. Dr. Schmidt toppled, Rabbi De Verez slid down in his chair, his temple throbbing out blood. The houseman trembled at the door, and one of the guards shot at him, then chased him down the street, firing and whooping with the humor of the joke. This learned guard was killed instantly, at a street crossing, by a traffic policeman.

Macgoblin and the other guard were arrested and brought before the commissioner of the metropolitan district, the great corpo viceroy, whose power was that of three or four state governors put together.

Dr. de Verez, though he was not yet dead, was too sunken to testify. But the commissioner thought that in a case so closely touching the federal government, it would not be seemly to postpone the trial.

Against the terrified evidence of the rabbi's Russian-Polish houseman were the earnest (and by now sober) accounts of the federal secretary of education, and of his surviving aide, formerly assistant professor of philosophy in Pelouse university. It was proven that not only De Verez but also Dr. Schmidt was a Jew—which, incidentally, he 100 per cent was not. It was almost proven that this sinister pair had been coaxing innocent Corpos into De Verez's house and performing upon them what a scared little Jewish stool pigeon called "ritual murders."

Macgoblin and friend were acquitted on grounds of self-defense and handsomely complimented by the commissioner—and later in telegrams from President Windrip and Secretary of State Sarason—for having defended the commonwealth against human vampires and one of the most horrifying plots known in history.

The policeman who had shot the other guard wasn't, so scrupulous was Corpo justice, heavily punished—merely sent out to a dreary beat in the Bronx. So everybody was happy.

But Doremus Jessup, on receiving a letter from a New York reporter who had talked privately with the surviving guard, was not so happy. He was not in a very gracious temper, anyway. County Commissioner Shad Ledue, on grounds of humanitarianism, had made him discharge his delivery boys and employ M. M.'s to distribute (or cheerfully chuck into the river) the Informer.

He had read about Rabbi de Verez, and seen pictures of him. He had once heard Dr. Willy Schmidt speak, when the state medical association had met at Fort Beulah, and afterward had sat near him at dinner. If they were murderous Jews, then he was a murderous Jew too, he swore, and it was time to do something for his own people.

That evening—it was late in September, 1937—he did not go home to dinner at all but, with a paper container of coffee and a slab of pie untouched before him, he stooped at his desk in the Informer office, writing an editorial which, when he had finished it, he marked: "Must. 12-pt bold face—box top front p."

The beginning of the editorial, to appear the following morning, was:

Believing that the inefficiency and crimes of the Corpo administration were due to the difficulties attending a new form of government, we have waited patiently for their end. We apologize to our readers for that patience.

It is easy to see now, in the revolting crime of a drunken cabinet member against two innocent and valuable old men like Dr. Schmidt and the Rev. Dr. de Verez, that we may expect nothing but murderous extirpation of all honest opponents of the tyranny of Windrip and his Corpo gang.

Not all of them are as vicious as Macgoblin. Some are merely incompetent—like our friends Ledue, Reek and Haik. But their ludicrous incapability of their chieftains to go on without check.

Buzzard Windrip, the "chief," and his pirate gang—

A smallish, neat, gray-bearded man, furiously rattling an aged typewriter, typing with his two forefingers.

Revolt in the Office

Dan Wilgus, head of the composing room, looked and barked like an old sergeant and, like an old sergeant, was only theoretically meek to his superior officer. He was shaking when he brought in this copy and, almost rubbing Doremus's nose in it, protested, "Say, boss, you don't honest t' God think we're going to set this up do you?"

"I certainly do!"

"Well, I don't! Rattlesnake poison! It's all right your getting thrown in the hoosegow and probably shot at dawn, if you like that kind of sport, but we've held a meeting of the chapel, and we all say damned if we'll risk our necks too!"

"All right, you yellow pup! All right, Dan, I'll set it myself!"

"Aw, don't! Gosh, I don't want to have to go to your funeral after the M. M.'s get through with you, and say, 'Don't he look unnatural!'"

"After working for me for 20 years, Dan! Traitor!"

"Look here! I'm no Enoch Arden or—or, what the hell was his name?—Ethan Frome or Benedict Arnold or whatever it was!—and more 'n once I've licked some galoot that was standing around a saloon telling the world you were the lousiest highbrow editor in Vermont, and at that, I guess maybe he was telling the truth, but same time—". Dan's effort to be humorous and coaxing broke, and he wailed, "God, boss, please don't!"

"I know, Dan. Prob'ly our friend Shad Ledue will be annoyed. But I can't go on standing things like slaughtering old De Verez any more and—Here! Gimme that copy!"

While compositors, pressmen, and the young devil stood alternately fretting and snickering at his clumsiness, Doremus ranged up before a type case, in his left hand the first composing stick he had held in ten years, and looked doubtfully at the case. It was like a labyrinth to him. "Forgot how it's arranged. Can't find anything except the e-box!" he complained.

"Hell! I'll do it! All you pussyfooters get the hell out of this! You don't know one doggone thing about who set this up!" Dan Wilgus roared, and as the other printers vanished!—as far as the toilet door.

In the editorial office, Doremus showed proofs of his indiscretion to Doc Itchitt, that enterprising though awkward reporter, and to Julian Falck, who was off now to Amherst but who had been working for the Informer all summer, combining cnprintable articles on Adam Smith with extremely printable accounts of golf and dances at the country club.

"Gee, I hope you will have the nerve to go and print it—and same time, I hope you don't! They'll get you!" worried Julian.

"Naw! Gwan and print it! They won't dare to do a thing! They may get funny in New York and Washington, but you're too strong in Beulah Valley for Ledue and Staubmeyer to dare lift a hand!" brayed Doc Itchitt, while Doremus considered, "I wonder if this smart young journalistic Judas wouldn't like to see me in trouble and get hold of the Informer and turn it Corpo?"

Emma and Sissy

He did not stay at the office till the paper with his editorial had gone to press. He went home

(Continued on page 7)

Ten Years Ago

October 13, 1926

King George and Queen Mary accompanied by Duke and Duchess of York tonight witnessed "Rose Marie."

Santiam mine value certain, actual operations begun, machinery ordered, shaft will be sunk.

Harry Stone and Col. Abrams will speak at the "Y" dinner tonight in connection with 35th anniversary.

Twenty Years Ago

October 13, 1916

One of the most important days in Willamette history is the inauguration of President Carl Gregg Doney as 17th president of the University which will take place Friday.

Construction of forty-five miles of railroad between Wilderville Waldo, Oregon, will begin shortly.

One killed, more will die as result of battle waged by policemen and strikers in Standard Oil episode.