

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Women Lead Revolt

Signs of revolt are appearing in Seattle and the state of Washington against the intolerable conditions which have developed in Seattle in the form of labor racketeering. One by one industries have been brought under the control of the labor dictator, Dave Beck, who has extended his power to include control at the city hall through domination of Mayor Dore and political influence with Governor Clarence Martin. Martin is now a candidate for reelection; and the problem is one he has hesitantly dodged ever since the P-I strike.

Tuesday night women of Washington presented a petition to the governor challenging him to action. The group was non-partisan. It was merely demanding establishment of lawful processes in Seattle, where constitutional guarantees have been suspended through the power of the racketeer element. It was by no means an attack on organized labor, but on the abuse of power by the labor lords in Seattle.

Under that power farmers cannot drive their own trucks with produce to market within the city limits. It is reported that business concerns pay tribute for "protection" to the labor dictators, much after the fashion of business firms in Chicago during gangster days when tribute was levied and collected for "protection" against hired thugs. Seattle industries where privileges are abused were said by the women to include cleaning and dyeing, laundry, milk, produce and beer businesses.

Organized labor should spurn leadership which degenerates into a racket. If it does not eventually the people will turn and crush the unions. There is no substitute for fair dealing, and when any group has power the temptation for its abuse must always be guarded against. The march of Washington women on the state capitol in Olympia was a sign of revolt which should serve as a warning to those occupying seats of power, whether political or labor.

Waterfront Truce Extended

The new maritime commission spoke with authority in the waterfront crisis on this coast when it called for an extension of the truce. The commission said it not only requested, but expected compliance with its insistent demand for continuance of work. The employers complied with alacrity, the employees also complied attaching a condition that the truce be expected to be fruitful of results. So the truce remains.

The key to the authority of the commission lies in the fact that it is the boss of the new ship subsidy program. The government has put \$100,000,000 in its hands to spend in bolstering the American merchant marine. Naturally the shipowners whose home ports are on this coast are not anxious to get in bad with the commission which has the lading out of this vast fund.

Also the commission has great authority in the matter of the working personnel. While its powers have not been tested there are claims that it would have the power to penalize employees who arbitrarily tied up shipping. And the employees naturally do not want to antagonize the commission.

Not only is the commission active in preventing a tie-up of operations. It is aggressive in working out a solution of the dispute. In the end it will probably cut the Gordian knot by telling each side what it must do, and forcing recalcitrants to yield.

In all probability there will be no shipping strike. But will the parties really get down to the cooperation which is necessary for successful operation? That means fair dealing on the part of employers and honest service on the part of the workers. If the new agreement is to be scrapped before the ink is dry by irritating "quickie" walkouts, embarrassing to the operators and costly to them and to the men then the issues will not be permanently settled. A will to peace and to work must accompany the new settlement.

Dr. Lee of Albany College

DR. WALLACE HOWE LEE who died in Albany a few days ago at the age of 75, gave all but nine years of his life after graduating from Williams college in the service of one institution, Albany college. He came to Albany in 1886, and there he continued to labor save for a period in the state of Washington. He himself served as president or acting president of the institution for 15 years. The remainder of the time he was professor of classic languages or of Bible or registrar or dean, usually filling several of these offices at once. The college was his great love, and through prosperity and adversity he remained faithful to it.

Dr. Lee was a man of distinguished talents. He was a musician, serving regularly as pianist for the Albany Rotary club. He was a minister of the gospel and a great Bible student. He was active in community life, with connections in fraternal and service groups.

Many generations of college youth came under his tutelage. Many of his former students were in the congregation which filled the First Presbyterian church Monday for his funeral. They could not help but feel the truth of what the pastor, Dr. Stocker, said of Dr. Lee's passing, "It is the end of an epoch for the college." Assuredly for them the college would not be the same with Dr. Lee gone.

A long life crowded with useful service came to an end. The feeling of grief at his passing, was mitigated by another emotion, that of victory. For Dr. Lee had really lived a triumphant life; and his influence spreads out among those who came into close contact with him.

Progress on Water Program

MONDAY night the city council will probably award the last big contract for the new Salem water system, that for the pipeline to connect the intake above Stayton with the new reservoir on Fairmont hill. Bids come well within the estimates of cost, as have previous bids on important units; so the city will get its completed plant at less than original estimates. Decision has not been made as to the material to be used; but the council will scrutinize closely the various combinations offered.

At the reservoir site one unit is nearing completion with its concrete over all poured. Scaffolding for support for the roof of the west unit is in place and that job will be done before a great while. Located at the west end of Rural avenue the work is interesting, showing how concrete construction is carried on in large scale jobs, though this is large only in comparison with ordinary work.

Steadily the task of providing Salem with a fine water system is going ahead. Objectors are now silent. When the work is done we are confident the approval will be unanimous. The city will be receiving water from a fresh mountain stream, naturally filtered at the intake, requiring only mild chlorination, in abundant supply for present and future needs. The end is in sight of a long, hard fight.

The Capital Journal complains because of picture propaganda at the movie houses which seeks to gain votes against the present administration. We do not like propaganda mixed with our entertainment either; and think all such shorts should be plainly labeled "paid advertising, paid for by..." before it starts to run. But the republican propaganda can't possibly keep up with the constant stream of propaganda which has oared out of government agencies for over three years, paid for at the public expense. At least democratic are taxed to pay for the movie shorts which pain them so, while republicans are forced to pay for a lot of the administration's whitepoo.

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Republican Vice Presidential Candidate Frank Knox is giving two days of campaigning to the upper south, Virginia and North Carolina. One wonders if the republicans have information regarding them to think they have a chance there.

In the 1920 campaign, Mr. Harding surprised observers by making a trip into Tennessee, which, up to that time had been a solid unit in the democratic solid south. Democrats jeered at Harding's foray. Even republicans and neutral observers in the republicans' camp were merely going at amiable courtesy to some old Tennessee friend or other. Yet when the results were counted, Harding and the republicans had Tennessee in the bag, a mysterious stranger in the republican camp.

What had happened was that Harding had reported quietly that a condition existed in Tennessee which gave the republicans a chance, and Harding's visit was enough to win it over.

If, this year, the republicans have any chance in Virginia or North Carolina, it must rest on conditions known to the republican inner circle but not known to observers. The Literary Digest poll, up to the most recent compilation, has not shown any figures for either of the two states. But the practically universal assumption has been that the solid south is in this election as solid as in any preceding one. So far as I know, none of the Washington political writers has surveyed the country has thought it worth while to include any southern state in his travels. If anything unusual is under way in that territory, it has not come to the attention of the public mind.

Possibly Candidate Knox's present trip may have no purpose beyond encouraging the permanent republican organization in the state he visits, and perhaps stimulating the chances of electing one or two congressmen. To accomplish that in Virginia would not be extraordinary.

Yet the fact is there is something exceptional in the south. It is a sense of deep disquiet about the republican drive to cause a change in the republican leadership. This disquiet is going for Mr. Roosevelt. It is doing so with deep misgiving. Because Virginia has an electorate which is relatively small and relatively high in quality, it may be the ferment expresses itself there earlier and with greater seriousness than it has yet attained in other southern states. Every voter in Virginia knows that the two democratic senators from that state, Messrs. Glass and Byrd are two of the ablest men in America.

Virginia knows that both these senators are deeply disturbed about the absorption of the democratic party by the new deal. Possibly it would take only a little organization and drive to cause a vote against Mr. Roosevelt while remaining democratic with respect to the rest of the ticket.

Whether or not Virginia or any other southern state secedes from the democratic column in this election, it is certain that immediately after the election the south will give expression to the feeling which prevails there about the new deal. If Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected, the south is going to have a rendezvous with the south, and the south is going to speak sternly to him. Not only southern democratic senators like Mr. Glass and Mr. Byrd, who have already opposed the new deal in congress, but other southern democratic senators who have so far supported Mr. Roosevelt's program, are determined that beginning with the first session of congress after the election the democratic party must be democratic. In this attitude rights which are inherent in the democratic party are being sacrificed to the overwhelming sentiment of the democratic south.

To a degree rather greater than in the rest of the country, public opinion in the south flows from persons having intellectual leadership, county judges and newspaper editors and other professional and business leaders. Most of these have an especial reverence for the constitution as such, and an additional reverence arising from particular safeguards which the south feels the constitution rights which are inherent in the democratic party. They have come to suspect that the democratic party is being deliberately changed in character by those who now control it. They think the party is in a process, partly through deliberate manipulation and partly through evolution, which by 1940 will make the party something utterly new, something which would be a time go by the name "farmer-labor party" but which later would become very far removed indeed from the democratic party of tradition.

If southern leaders of thought believed the best way to prevent this would be to vote for Governor Landon, they would not hesitate to do so. Many think the best way for them to hold the democratic party to its traditions is to remain in the party, vote regular in this election, keep their party status and therefore their rights in the party—and then, right after the election proceed to elect the new deal from the place it has usurped.

Their concern increases as time goes on. More and more of the southern democratic press draws a distinction between the democratic party and the new deal. If the campaign were a few weeks longer, outright rebellion might appear in the south.

Landon.. The Man

Compiled by Ralph E. Morrison who has made a study of the life of Landon. Morrison was born in Kansas and attended the University of Kansas. He is now in the United States Department of the Interior, in charge of the Kansas City Star for ten years previous to his moving to Portland, Oregon.

Governor Landon said recently: "We must remember that every time the government spends a dollar that dollar will have to be paid by us or we must pass the debt on to be paid by our children."

"No parents like to leave their children a heritage of debts and mortgages. The present administration's daily mounting deficits are closing the door of opportunity to your children and my children. We must not lose sight of the fact that a public debt is just as much a liability to each and every individual as a private debt."

"It has always been my belief that the government should raise the portion of its revenue from direct taxes levied on the net incomes of individuals and corporations. When this is done, everyone pays his fair share and knows just how much the government is costing him."

"On the other hand, if the major portion of the government's net income is obtained from indirect and hidden taxes—taxes upon such things as food, clothing, gasoline and cigarettes—then the main burden falls upon those of small income and the cost of government is hidden. In this case, it is the wage earner, the salaried worker, the farmer, and the small business man, who have to pay most of the bill."

July 24 of last year a series was run in this column giving the heretofore unpublished diary of Arthur Fenner for a part of the year 1855; Mr. Fenner having been a promoter in Salem and Roseburg in after years.

The Fenner diary for Monday, July 14, 1855, read: "John, the celebrated fighter, with about 150 of his warriors, were crossing the bay at the time on their way to the reservation, under the guidance of Uncle Sam's boys."

That meant Coos bay, and the vessel on which the Fenner passenger was bound for the mouth of the Umpqua, which it reached the next day, bringing Fenner on his way to Winchester, which town was afterward nearly all moved to Roseburg.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

The Kibitzer

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"It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Mme. Defarge II
A wild woman from the mountains—in another existence she had knitted at the guillotine—had thrust through to the counter and was howling up at Shad, "They're traitors! Hang 'em! We'll hang you, if you stop us! I want my five thousand dollars!"

Shad casually stooped down from the counter and slapped her. Doremus felt his muscles tense with the effort to get at Shad, to revenge the good lady, who, after all, had as much right as Shad to slaughter him, but he relaxed, impatiently gave up all desire for mock heroism. The bayonets of the M. M.'s who were clearing out the crowd were really, not to be attacked by hysteria.

Shad, from the counter, was blating in a voice like a sawmill, "Snap into it, Jesup! Take him along, men."

And Doremus, with no volition whatever, was marching the rough President Street, up Elm Street, and toward the courthouse and county jail, surrounded by four armed Minute Men. The strangest thing about it, he reflected, was that a man could go off thus, on an uncharted journey which might take years, without fussing over plans and tickets, without baggage, without even an extra clean handkerchief, without letting Emma know where he was going, without letting Lorinda—oh, Lorinda could take care of herself. But Emma would worry.

He realized that the guard beside him, with the chevrons of a squad leader, or corporal, was Aras Dilley, the slatternly farmer from up on Mount Terror whom he had often helped. . . or thought he had helped.

"Ah, Aras!" said he.
"Huh!" said Aras.
"Come on! Shut up and keep moving!" said the M. M. behind Doremus, and prodded him with the bayonet.

It did not, actually, hurt much, but Doremus spat with fury. So long now he had unconsciously assumed that his dignity, his body, were sacred. Ribald Death might touch him, but no mere vulgar stranger.

Not till they had almost reached the courthouse could he realize that people were looking at him—at Doremus Jesup, the slatternly farmer being taken to jail. He tried to be proud of being a political prisoner. He couldn't. Jail was jail.

The county lockup was at the back of the courthouse, now the center of Leduc's headquarters. Doremus had never been in there, or any other jail except as a reporter, pityingly interviewing the curious, inferior sort of people who did mysteriously get themselves arrested.

To go into that shameful back door—who had always stalked into the front entrance of the courthouse, the editor, saluted by clerk and sheriff and judge! Shad was not in sight. Silently Doremus's four guards conducted him through a steel door, down a corridor, to a small cell reeking of chloroform and still unappealing, they left him there. The cell had a cot with a damp straw mattress and damper straw pillow, a stool, a wash basin with one tap for cold water, a pot, two hooks for clothes, a small barred window, and before him and to his right, except a jaunty sign ornamented with embossed forget-me-nots and a text from Deuteronomy, "He shall be free at home one year."

"I hope so!" said Doremus, not very cordially.
Philosophy in a Cell
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think I'd be a squad leader, did yuh, Mist' Jesup!"
Doremus was escorted through angling corridors to the familiar side entrance of the courtroom—the entrance where once he had seen Thad Dilley, Aras's degenerate cousin, shamble in to receive sentence for clubbing his wife to death. . . He could not keep from feeling that Thad and he were kin, now.
A Prisoner Waits
He was kept waiting, waiting!—for a quarter hour, outside the closed courtroom door. He had time to consider the three guards commanded by Squad Leader Aras. He happened to know that one of them had served a sentence at Windsor for robbery and assault; and one, a surly young farmer, had been rather doubtfully acquitted on a charge of harru-burning in revenge against a neighbor.
He leaned against the slightly dirty gray plaster wall of the corridor.
"Stand straight, you! What the hell do you think this is? And keeping us up late like this!" said the rejuvenated, the redeemed Aras, wagging his bayonet and shining with desire to use it on the bourful.
Doremus stood straight.
He stood very straight, he stood rigid, beneath a portrait of Horace Greeley.
Till now, Doremus had liked to think of that most famous of radical editors, who had been a printer in Vermont from 1825 to 1828, as his colleague and comrade. Now he felt colleague only to the revolutionary Karl Pascalis.
His legs, not too young, were trembling; his calves ached. Was he going to faint? What was happening in there, in the courtroom?
To save himself from the disgrace of collapsing, he studied Aras Dilley. Though his uniform was fairly new, Aras had managed to deal with his house on Mount Terror—once a sturdy Vermont cottage with a shining white clapboards, now mud-smashed and rotting. His cap was crushed in, his breeches spotted, his leggings sagging, and one tunic button hung by thread.
"I wouldn't particularly want to be dictator over an Aras, but I most particularly do not want him, and his like to be dictators over me, whether they call them Fascists or Corporps or Communists or Monarchists or anything elsek, all right! I don't believe I ever really liked the shiftless brethren, for all my lying handshaking. Do you think the Lord calls us to love the cowbirds as much as the swallows? I don't! Oh, I know; Aras has had a hard time; mortgage and seven kids. But Cousin Henry Veeder and Dan Wilgus—yes, and Pete Vutong, the Canuck, that lives across the road from Aras and has just exactly the same kind of land—they were all born poor, and they've lived decently enough. They can wash their cars and their door sills, at least. I'm cursed if I'm going to give up the American- Wesleyan doctrine of Free Will and of Will to Accomplishment entirely, even if it does get me read out of the Liberal Communion!"
Aras had peeped into the courtroom, and he stood giggling.
Then Lorinda came out—after midnight.
Her partner, the wart Nipper, was following her, looking sheepishly triumphant.
"Linda! Linda!" called Doremus, his hands out, ignoring the snickers of the curious guards, trying to move toward her. Aras pushed him back and at Lorinda sneered. "Go on, move on, there!" and she moved. She seemed tired and rusty as Doremus would (Continued on page 11)