

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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Tax Limitation Amendment

REAL ESTATE OWNERS are applying for relief through a constitutional amendment limiting the millage levy for taxation. The method is to allow the state six mills for 1937, then the rate must step down until for 1942 and subsequent years the maximum would be 4.8 mills.

The contention of the promoters of the amendment may be stated simply. Tangible property is now forced to pay more than 80 per cent of the taxes which are levied and collected, while it represents only 50 per cent of the wealth of the state.

In 1934 a tax limitation amendment was voted down 161,644 to 100,565. The present measure is not so drastic as the one two years ago.

The trouble with this amendment is it is only half completed. Where will the remainder of the money come from to run the government with? The reality owners say, "That's not our worry".

On another way property is in line for some relief, except for local burdens, and that is by increases in tax receipts from corporation, income and intangibles taxes and other indirect sources.

On the whole that adjustment has already been made. The school districts, etc., we recommend.

Prosperity Notes

FROM the Oregon Journal for Oct. 16, 1936: "United States Steel common advanced 2 points to a new five-year high at 77 1/2 to lead an active rise on the stock exchange today."

"The rails were carried higher" by widening demand inspired by higher earnings and a new six-year high in car loadings. Chrysler joined the new highs by crossing 129 to the best level since 1929 bull market days.

From the Oregon Journal for Oct. 11, 1929: "New high found on the recovery was entered by the stock market today. Continuation of easy money, favorable trade reports and the action of stocks on the tape all inspired confidence."

The band should start up "Happy Days are Here Again". But will the present stock market prosperity last any longer than the one in 1928 and 1929?

Judge John H. McNary

ALL OREGON WILL MOURN the passing of Judge John H. McNary, a distinguished native son. Salem was his home through practically all of his life, though in his years on the federal bench he spent the working days of the week in Portland.

Judge McNary began his career as reporter and city editor on The Oregon Statesman, and remained through life a warm friend of this paper. He became county recorder, then studied law, served as district attorney, and practiced his profession here with his brother, now Senator Charles H. McNary, for many years, until his appointment as federal judge in 1927.

His life was rich in accomplishment, most of which he wrought with his own efforts; and his memory will long be prized in Oregon.

Election Facts

THIS IS THE SEASON when politicians try to become mathematicians, or astronomers who can determine accurately the poll of the ballots next Tuesday. Brief items of interest, in case you have not already learned them, are:

- Total number of electoral votes, 531; Oregon casts 5. Highest number for any state, 47 in New York. Pennsylvania has 36; Illinois 29; Ohio 26; Texas 23; California 22. Results of elections since 1896 have been: 1896: McKinley, R. 271; Bryan, D. 176. 1900: McKinley, R. 292; Bryan, D. 15. 1904: T. Roosevelt, R. 336; Parker, D. 140. 1908: Taft, R. 321; Bryan, D. 162. 1912: Wilson, D. 435; T. Roosevelt, P. 88; Taft, R. 8. 1916: Wilson, D. 277; Hughes, R. 254. 1920: Harding, R. 404; Cox, D. 127. 1928: Hoover, R. 444; Smith, D. 87. 1932: F. Roosevelt, D. 472; Hoover, R. 59.

Hayden for Justice

MILLER B. HAYDEN is running for reelection as justice of the peace. His opponent is one William McKinney. This is NOT William W. McKinney, competent young Salem attorney, but another William McKinney, who is not an attorney at all.

Voters should not be confused. Vote for Miller B. Hayden.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sheridan's famous ride; 10-27-36 how it was actually made, as told by Sheridan himself in his book, "Personal Memoirs:"

(Continuing from Sunday:) "Meanwhile Lowell's brigade of cavalry, which, it will be remembered, had been holding on dismounted, just north of Middletown ever since the time I arrived from Winchester, fell to the rear for the purpose of getting their led horses."

"A momentary panic was created in the nearest brigade of infantry by this withdrawal of Lowell, but as soon as his men were mounted they charged the enemy clear up to the stone walls in the edge of Middletown; at sight of this the infantry brigade renewed its attack, and the enemy's right gave way."

"The accomplished Lowell received his death-wound in this courageous charge."

"ALL OUR TROOPS WERE NOW MOVING ON THE RETREATING CONFEDERATES, and as I rode to the front Colonel Gibbs, who succeeded Lowell, made ready for another mounted charge, but I checked him from pressing the enemy's right, in the hope that the swinging attack from my right would throw most of the Confederates to the east of the Valley pike, and hence off their line of retreat through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill."

"The eagerness of the men soon frustrated this anticipation, however, the left insisting upon keeping pace with the center and right, and all pushing ahead till we RE-GAINED OUR OLD CAMPS AT CEDAR CREEK."

"Beyond Cedar creek, at Strasburg, the pike makes a sharp turn to the left toward Fisher's Hill, and there Merritt united with Custer, they together fell on the flank of the retreating columns, taking many prisoners, wagons and guns, among the prisoners being Major General Rameau, who, mortally wounded, died the next day."

"When the news of the victory was received, General Grant directed a salute of 100 shotted guns to be fired in Petersburg, and the president (Lincoln) at once thanked the army in an autograph letter."

(President Lincoln's letter, dated Oct. 22, 1864, at Washington, and directed to Major General Sheridan, read: "With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude, for the month's operations in the Shenandoah valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864.")

"The direct result of the battle was the recapture of all the artillery, transportation and camp equipment we had lost, and in addition 24 pieces of the enemy's artillery, 1200 prisoners, and a number of battle flags."

"But more still flowed from this victory, succeeding as it did the disaster of the morning, for the recapture of our old camps at once reestablished a morale which for some hours had been greatly endangered by ill fortune."

So ends Sheridan's description of events leading up to the battle of Cedar Creek, and of the battle itself.

It was not till after the battle that Sheridan learned fully what had taken place before his arrival. General Jubal A. Early, leading Confederate general, had conceived a brilliant plan to re-take what had been lost at the battle of the Opequan a month to a day before.

But the timely arrival of Sheridan, after Early's surprise night attack, brought disastrous defeat, and the complete cleaning up of the rich Shenandoah valley—and this was the last action of consequence by General Early, the willow hope of the Confederacy in that field.

Within a short period, General Early, with three of his companion generals and 15 to 20 men, escaped across the Blue Ridge.

General Early made a last stand later, after the surrender of Lee, of which he had not yet heard. He was discovered with a few companions crossing the Mississippi river below Vicksburg in a row boat, leading two horses.

Troopers under Sheridan there gave chase, capturing the horses, but not the men. They were on their way to join Confederate troops in Texas—who had surrendered, but of whose surrender Early was not yet informed.

That was the last appearance of General Early's name in the history of the Civil war—and General Davies in his book on General Sheridan wrote: "There is no record that the claim be so modestly urged has ever been acknowledged and paid by the United States treasury."

That was written in irony. Nearly every reader of this column has read the great poem, "Sheridan's Ride," by Thomas Buchanan Read, leading poet and artist of the Civil war period—and many of them have recited it or heard it recited. Some of them will recall with high feelings how the words rolled on the last day of school.

That poem was predicated upon the notion that General Sheridan rode 20 miles from Winchester to Cedar Creek on that memorable morning of October 19, 1864, mounted on his famous steed, jet black excepting for three white feet.

The readers of this series, now drawing to a close, know that the distance of the ride was only about 13 miles, and that it was not made at all in the manner described by the poet. But it was a great ride and a great poem, too, and a great picture illustrating the poem.

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Nationalism and the Class Struggle

There was never a better moment in history for an intelligent and liberal conservatism with principles and a policy to assume leadership in almost any western country. The breakdown of Marxism, which has been the rallying idea for most of the forces which are working to bring about a mental change in social structures, is, I think, irrefragable. And this in spite of the fact that much of the Marxian critique of the capitalist system is water-weatherable. The potential productive capacities; its failure to keep the economic apparatus continually functioning; its failure to prevent the growth of a large population living at sub-marginal standards—these are all factors which, now, they have overshadowed the other unquestionable advantages of capitalism; the fact that it has been accompanied by a greater amount of political liberty, civil rights, opportunities for the individual, and the production of more wealth than the world could once have dreamed of.

But the Marxian answer to the problem is based upon premises which have been demonstrated to have little political reality. The Marxians propose the expropriation of Capital, either by force or by law, and hope to achieve this by the organization of the non-owning classes, into a class-conscious party. They have argued that the non-owning classes are the overwhelming majority in any country; that they will naturally attract to themselves the classes whose ownership is inalienable, and arrest the debtor-class in any economy, notably the poorer farmers—plus the salaried intellectuals whose discontent is supported by intellectual awareness. A struggle will be organized by this numerically superior class, and with the instruments of democratic government, will capture political power.

The principle appears to be perfectly logical, but the fact is that it simply has not worked, even given the most favorable possible circumstances. Those who have had a direct experience with consequent widespread social misery, and civil liberties which guarantee a forum for the expression of social discontent, and afford an opportunity to educate and to organize, in a large part of the world, where economic depression has been almost continuous since the war; in some sections it has been acutely aggravated by a lost war. England had ten solid years of depression before she began to emerge from it; Germany and most of central Europe have had far more down than up. Most western countries were, from 1919 to 1933, political democracies, in which Socialist and Communist class parties were legal. In Europe Marxian agitation was prodigious; its literature immense; its methods legal. In large parts of the world, however, class parties have legally held the power. But, unless democracy itself has been definitely threatened by an anti-democratic dictatorship at a time when it is in Spain, it has been impossible to organize the class struggle to the point where the workers will stand together and fight, either with force or with ballots. They have been sufficiently strong and united to bring about immense social disorder, to hamper and even cripple the working of capitalism, but they have not yet appropriated it. And, eventually, they have been countered by Fascism, which, in the showdown has invariably proved itself more powerful.

The argument of the Marxists that their collapse is due to the superior financial power of capitalism and its ability to use that power to purchase the instruments of force, simply will not hold water. There have been repeated times when capitalism was on the flat on its back and when the instruments of force were not definitely already in the hands of the representatives of the working classes. That was true at one time in Germany; it is true at this moment in France. Why do they not use that power to carry their philosophy to its logical conclusion?

The reason is that the Class Struggle is not a reality. The class idea is not the strongest force dominating the minds and emotions of even the most exploited. When Mr. Harold Lasker in a recent issue of "The Nation" apropos the meeting of the Trade Union Congress in England, that the workers did not seem to realize the truth of the class struggle, he pointed out that the workers do not realize it, and cannot be mobilized for decisive action around it, then the class struggle simply does not exist. No revolution was ever yet made by a syllogism. There are psychological forces stronger than class interests. And of all these, the strongest, it would appear, is Nationalism. For is not the whole history of the last twenty-five years one universal assertion of the FACT of nationalism? Internationalism, as a political slogan, could not prevent the war; it could not prevent the peace that was made;

it could not hold together great economic complexes like the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, which from a Marxian point of view was an infinitely preferable field for operation than half a dozen small states. And since the war, in the revival of the class struggle, which we have been living, is it not an outstanding fact, that whenever the class idea has confronted a clear National idea, whenever class interests have confronted national interests, the class idea and the class interests, have capitulated? The case with which Mussolini, well-trained Socialist that he was, swung the emotions of his nation away from the class struggle toward the idea of the revival of the Roman Heritage; the ease with which Hitler swung the aggressive instincts of the German masses away from hostility toward the bourgeoisie and against what he deviously created as an "alien element"—these are startling phenomena from which one is forced to learn.

Perhaps the most amazing demonstration of the virility of the national idea is Russia. Today the idea of Russian nationalism is far stronger than the idea of international working-class solidarity. This fact is daily demonstrated. As a result the country is in a serious diplomatic dilemma, and is totally incapable of a clearly integrated policy. Her national pride rests in her prestige as the world's finest workers' Soviet. Her children are brought up to believe in the moral and technical superiority of the working-class state. They are trained in the idea of the world class struggle which will finally consolidate the earth according to the Soviet pattern. But Russia's national interests are all against the weakening of the democracies at this moment by internal social strife. Therefore every gesture she makes is inhibited. At one moment she blusters about Spain, and in the next she withdraws. Mr. Stalin cannot possibly be the leader of the Russian nation and the leader of the Communist International. The two things cannot be integrated, either in political reality, or even in a syllogism. Leon Trotsky, who remains logical and intellectually honest, foresaw and foretold the doom of the Popular Fronts months ago. And I am quite sure that Mr. Trotsky's prophecies will be fulfilled. Already, in France, he is speaking of a "French Front"—to include Socialists, Communists, and Fascists!

This history has, I think, a direct bearing on events at home, and what that bearing seems to me to be will be the subject of another column.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: During the debate on the non-compulsory military training bill, one of the arguments of the military group which opposes the measure has been that it will reduce the number of officers produced at Oregon State college and the University of Oregon.

The war department statistics however, refute this contention, and support the practicability of the non-compulsory set-up. In 11 leading schools of military training, R.O.T.C. units, including O.S.C. 10,350 students were compelled to take the course their first two years. Out of this number only 1,467, 14%, took the advanced work which made them reserve officers. These officers cost \$739 each.

But, eleven other leading universities with non-compulsory drills, including the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, 2,883 elected the first two years, but if, this number, 1,425, or 43% were a military training course. So just as many officers were produced under the optional system, at a cost of only \$305 each, a saving of 59% over the compulsory schools. This is just another reason why many veterans are voting "Yes" on the non-compulsory military training bill.

LETHA STRIPPLING. Salem citizens David Eyre, W. H. Dancy, William Gahlsdorf, F. N. Derby, and U. G. Shipley were present last night at school board meeting to adopt budget.

Ten Years Ago

October 27, 1926 A son was born October 17 to Mr. and Mrs. Ronald E. Jones of Brooks. This is their first child.

Brown Shoe company of St. Louis, Mo., has ordered thread from Miles Linen Mill. Salem citizens David Eyre, W. H. Dancy, William Gahlsdorf, F. N. Derby, and U. G. Shipley were present last night at school board meeting to adopt budget.

Twenty Years Ago

October 27, 1916 Willamette Bearcats are trying to get into condition to play Columbia next Saturday.

Russell Brooks has established a Russia news bureau at W. U. from which republican literature is distributed. Marion hotel, including new annex, is to be thrown open to public for reception of record for 1936 received a setback to day when the state motor association announced the period ending Sept. 30 showed a 40 per cent increase in mishaps.

Traffic Deaths Gain PORTLAND, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Oregon's hopes of an improvement in its traffic accident record for 1936 received a setback to day when the state motor association announced the period ending Sept. 30 showed a 40 per cent increase in mishaps.

Anxious Observer!



"It Can't Happen Here" By SINCLAIR LEWIS

The superior Doremus Jesus, the bookman, was a most dreary in retirement as Banker Crowley would have been.

He stayed in his third-story study and read as long as his eyes could endure it. But he irritably felt Emma's irritation and Mrs. Candy's ire at having a man around the house all day. Yes! He'd get what he could for the house and for what small share in Informer stock the government would endure it.

But he realized that Emma did not at all wish to go new places; and realized that the Emma to whose billowy warmth it had been comforting to come home after the office, bored him and was bored by him when he was always there. The only difference was that she did not seem capable of admitting that one might, without actual feigning, or any signs of hot-footing it for Reno, be bored by one's faithful spouse.

Only once did he go back to the Informer office. Staubmeyer was not in sight, and it was evident that the real editor was that sly bumpkin, Doc Itchitt, who didn't even rise to Doremus's entrance nor listen when Doremus gave his opinion of the new makeup of the rural correspondence page.

That was an apostasy harder to endure than Shad Ledue's, for Shad had always been rustically certain that Doremus was a fool, almost as bad as real "city folks," while Doc Itchitt had once proclaimed the tight joints and smooth surfaces and sturdy bases of Doremus's craftsmanship.

Day on day he waited. So much of a revolution for so many people is nothing but waiting. That is one reason why tourists rarely see anything but contentment in a crushed population. Waiting, and its brother death, seem so contented.

For several days now, in late February, Doremus had noticed the insurance man. He said he was Mr. Dimick; a Mr. Dimick of Albany. He was gray and tasteless man in gray and dusty and wrinkled clothes, and his pop-eyes stared with meaningless fervor. All over town you met him, at the four drugstores, at the shoe-shining parlor, and he was always smiling. "My name is Dimick—Mr. Dimick of Albany—Albany, New York. I wonder if I can interest you in a wonderful new form of insurance policy. Wonderful!" But he didn't sound as though he himself thought it was very wonderful.

He was a pest. He was always dragging himself into some unwelcome shop, and yet he seemed to sell few policies, if any. Not for two days did Doremus perceive that Mr. Dimick of Albany managed to meet him in an astonishingly large number of times. As he came out of the Westex, he saw Mr. Dimick leaning against a lamppost, ostentatiously not looking his way, yet three minutes later and two blocks away, Mr. Dimick trailed after that evening and saw Mr. Dimick talking to the driver of a Beulah-Montpellier bus with an intensity that wasn't in the least gray. Doremus glared. Mr. Dimick looked at him with watery eyes, croaked, "Devent!" Mr. Doremus; like "I'vek!" you about insurance some time when you get the time," and shuffled away.

Later, Doremus took out and cleaned his revolver, said, "Heard rats!" and put it away. He heard a ring as he did so, and went downstairs to find Mr. Dimick sitting on the oak hat rack in the hall, rubbing his hat.

"I'd like to talk to you, if y'all't too busy," whined Mr. Dimick. "All right. Go in there. Sit down." "Anybody hear us?" "No! What of it?" Mr. Dimick's grayness and lastitude fell away. His voice was sharp: "I think your local Corpus are on to me. Got to hustle. I'm from Walt Trowbridge. You probably guessed—I've been watching you all week, asking about you, you've got to be Trowbridge's and our representative here. Secret war against the Corpus. The 'N. U.' the New Underground," we call it—like secret Underground that got the slaves into Canada before the Civil War. Four divisions: printing propaganda, distributing it, collecting and exchanging information about Corpus outrages, smuggling suspects into Canada or Mexico. Of course, you don't know one thing about me. I may be a Corpus spy. But look over these credentials and telephone your friend Mr. Samson of the Burlington Paper company. God's sake be careful! Wire may be tapped. Ask him about me on the grounds you're interested in insurance. You're going to be one of us! Now phone!"

Doremus telephoned to Samson: "Say, Ed, is a fellow named Dimick, kind of weedy-looking, pop-eyed fellow, all right? Shall I take his advice on insurance?" "Yes. Works for Walbridge. Sure. You can ride along with him." "I'm riding!"

CHAPTER XXVI The Informer composing room closed down at 11 in the evening, for the paper had to be distributed to villages 40 miles away and did not issue a later city edition. Dan Wilgus, the foreman, remained after the others had gone setting a Minute Men poster which announced that there would be a grand parade on March 16th, and he was setting up in fancy patterns the type that President Windrip was defying the world. Dan stopped, looked sharply about, and tramped into the storeroom. In the light from a dusty electric bulb, the place was like a tomb of dead news, with ancient red-and-black posters of Scotland county fairs and proofs of indecent liberties pasted on the walls. From a case of eight-point, once used for the setting of pamphlets but superseded by a monotype machine, Dan picked out bits of type from each of several compartments, as he had done in scraps of print paper, and stored them in the pocket of his jacket. The raped type boxes looked only half filled, and to make up for it he did something that should have shocked any decent printer even if he were on strike. He filled the eight-point case not from another eight-point case, but with old ten-point.

Darned old fool! Even if he don't like all the brave boys in uniform, he ought to see the Chief is here for keeps, by golly!" "Certainly ought to! And it's a swell regime. Fellow can get ahead in newspaper work now, and not be held back by a bunch of snobs that think they're so doggone educated just because they went to college!" "That's right. Well, hell with Jessup and all the old stiffs. G'night, Doc!"

Dan and Brother Itchitt amusingly gave the M. M. salute, arms held out. Dan thumped down to the street and homeward. He stopped in front of Billy's Bar, in the middle of a block, and put his foot up on the hub of a dirty old Ford, to tie his shoelace. As he tied it—after having untied it—he looked up and down the street, emptied the bundles in his pockets into a battered sap bucket on the front seat of the car, and majestically moved on.

Out of the bar came Pete Vutong, a French-Canadian farmer who lived up on Mount Terror. Pete was obviously drunk. He was singing the pre-historic ditty "Hil lee, hi low" in what he conceived to be German, viz: "By uns gays immer, yuh longer yuh slimmer. He was staggering so that he had to pull himself into the car, and he steered in fancy patterns till he had turned the corner. Then he was amazingly and suddenly sober; and amazing was the speed with which the Ford clattered out of town.

Pete Vutong wasn't a very good secret agent. He was a little obvious. But then, Pete had been a spy for only one week. In that week Dan Wilgus had four times dropped heavy packages into a sap bucket in the Ford. Pete passed the gate to Buck Titus's domain, slowed down, dropped the sap bucket into a ditch, and sped home.

Just at dawn, Buck Titus, out for a walk with his three Irish wolfhounds, kicked up the sap bucket and transferred the bundles to his own pocket.

And next afternoon Dan Wilgus, in the basement of Buck's house, was setting up in eight-point a pamphlet entitled "How Many People Have the Corpus Murdered?" It was signed "Spartan," and Spartan was one of several pen names of Mr. Doremus Jessup.

They were all—all the ring-leaders of the local chapter of the New Underground—rather glad when once, on his way to Buck's, Dan was searched by M. M.'s unfamiliar to him, and on him was found no printing-material, nor any documents more incriminating than cigarette papers.

The Corpus had made a regulation licensing all dealers in printing machinery and paper and compelling them to keep lists of purchasers, so that except for bootlegging it was impossible to get supplies for the issuance of treasonable literature. Dan Wilgus and Julian and Buck together had stolen an entire old-hand printing press from the Informer basement, and the paper was smuggled from Canada by that veteran bootlegger, John Pollikov, who rejoiced at being back in the good old occupation of which repeal had robbed him.

It is doubtful whether Dan Wilgus would ever have joined anything so divorced as this from the time clock and the office cuspidors on of abstract indignation at the Windrip or County Commissioner Ledue. He was moved to sedition partly by fondness for Doremus and partly by indignation at Doc Itchitt, who publicly rejoiced because all the printers' unions had been sunk in the governmental confederations.

Dan grunted to Doremus, "All right, boss, I guess may I'll be back." "Oh, he didn't say anything."

(Continued on page 11)