

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

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

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County Measures

ON a separate ballot is a proposal to form a county public utility district for the purpose of going into the light and power business. It would create a new board with taxing powers, who could, after approval of the people, issue bonds up to ten per cent of the assessed valuation of the county.

The question, together with the companion measure for the state power act, really gets down to this: are you in favor of state socialism, either in full or in part; or do you favor private ownership under regulation? If the former, then you will vote for these measures; if the latter, then you will vote against them.

In the matter of rates and service The Statesman believes that Salem and the most of Marion county has been very well served by the Portland General Electric company. Certainly there can be no complaint on the quality of the service; and comparative figures show that rates are on a very favorable basis, particularly so when it is realized the company pays back about 15c out of every dollar it takes in, in taxes.

There has been complaint in some sections served by other companies that the cost of rural line extensions was too high. Some of this has been justified; and the companies are belatedly becoming more generous. But these complaints, affecting the smaller part of the county, are not weighty enough to justify the setting up of public ownership for the whole county.

Just come to hand is a fact-finding study of power development in Oregon by the state planning board. It shows that Oregon as a whole is very well off as to its rural service. To quote:

"The TVA recommends a minimum of four customers per mile of line with a guaranteed consumption of 662 kilowatt-hours per month per mile.

"The REA specifies an average annual use of about 3,600 kilowatt hours per mile of line as a prerequisite for financial aid in construction of new lines where the construction cost is approximately \$1,000 per mile. There are many miles of rural line in Oregon where the customer use is less than 3,600 kilowatt hours per mile per year, and where electricity is delivered to the customers at rates equal to or below those being charged for similar service on REA projects.

"Oregon with 5,200 miles of rural distribution lines serving 19,234 rural customers in December, 1935, had an average density of 3.7 customers per mile of line using an average of 442 kilowatt hours per mile per month. This is one-third less than the 662 kilowatt-hour minimum recommended by the TVA.

"Line construction costs in Oregon are comparable with those allowed by the REA. . . . It should be emphasized that Oregon farmers, in general, now served by privately owned utilities, have not had to meet requirements so high as those established by the TVA and REA."

Because the state and particularly Marion county are being well served now, at very favorable rates, under private companies, this paper opposes the formation of the utility district. If it bought out existing utilities and obtained a monopoly it probably would succeed, but the county would lose in taxes all that it would save in rates for a great many years. We are getting a taste of tax-loss in the purchase of the Salem water system, but there is was necessary in order to guarantee the best water. So we recommend
Vote 601X No.

Previously The Statesman has discussed the local option question. The issue is one of how best to control the liquor traffic. Because we fear that setting up a legal dry zone in Marion county would create an illegal wet zone we do not favor local option at the present time, so we recommend
Vote 319X No.

Apple Week Again

WE see by the papers that it's Apple week again. Twenty-five years ago when apple growing was in its period of expansion in the northwest Apple week was widely advertised. There was a big apple show in Spokane; and Morris, cartoonist on the Spokesman-Review would get out some clever cartoons on the apple family—the McIntosh Red; the Yellow Newton, the Jonathan, the Rome Beauty, all bound for the apple show. The catch-phrase, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" was on the tongue of apple promoters, men like J. L. Dumas of Dayton, Wash., who had one of the earliest of the modern commercial apple orchards in the northwest.

Apple growing has been in retreat in Oregon for awhile, as Hood River, the chief growing district, shifted over more to pears. The industry now is on a stable-basis in this state; and here in the Willamette valley very fine apples are grown. Just to prove there was something in the slogan of the apple as good medicine, Dr. Manville of the University of Oregon medical school has found the orange has only half as much vitamin A as some varieties of apples, and says that the apple has therapeutic value.

But who wants to eat an apple as medicine? Tonight is Hallowe'en, and the children will bob for apples, not because they are a good substitute for castor oil, but because they like apples. And tomorrow mother will bake a big apple pie; and 1936 Apple week will be well started on its way.

Portland Schools Amendment

A few days ago this paper gave rather grudging endorsement of the amendment which affects the Portland school district. Further study convinces us that the state should pass this amendment to correct an injustice previously imposed by the state. After the six per cent limitation amendment was passed about 20 years ago, the legislature put an arbitrary limit on the Portland school district levy. So the district was unable from 1917 to 1925 to increase its income under the six per cent limitation. So after 1925 it had to ask for special levies in order to carry on its school work properly. In 1927 the district asked to have the previously voted special levy made a permanent part of the base; but the voters turned it down. Then in 1932 the Portland taxpayers refused the extra special levy. The school district is therefore greatly handicapped in financing its school system. Compare its per capita cost of \$72.94 with Los Angeles, \$112.72 for example.

The state should rectify its own injustice to the Portland schools and adopt the amendment by voting 304X yes.

City Ticket

THERE are two contests on the city ticket for Tuesday's election. In the second ward Frank P. Marshall and Fred E. Wells are candidates for the city council. We recommend the election of Mr. Wells, who has been engaged in the fuel business here for a good many years.

The present city treasurer C. O. Rice, has as his opponent Paul H. Hauser. Mr. Rice is a man of high personal integrity, who has served in the office a great many years. Auditors have been critical of the operations of his office, complaining of overpayments of warrant interest, failure to collect licenses and property liens, etc. Mr. Rice says he was given insufficient help, which has now been remedied; and that cash accounts are in balance.

His opponent, Paul Hauser, was formerly in business here, later deputy revenue collector for the federal government. This paper regards him as honest and competent; and thinks he would be more active in pushing city collections. For this reason it is inclined to favor Hauser.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Above all things, 10-31-36 this country needs an overwhelming victory in the election of Tuesday.

Above all things, this country needs an overwhelming victory in the election of Tuesday next—And so does the entire world.

And, as the matter stands now, it should be a republican victory. An overwhelming democratic victory might serve, if the platform of that party of four years ago were the platform of 1936, and if it had a certain chance of being observed.

But it is not, and it would not. That water has gone under the bridge.

An overwhelming republican victory, as matters stand now, would be a mandate for a thorough house cleaning—For stopping the political debauch this country has had—

For facing to the right instead of the left—

For restoring the principles of our American government.

What would follow would follow quickly.

It would be like the McKinley victory of 1896, when the wires announcing the favorable returns were not cold before a tremendous business revival started.

The very next day, hope returned to the American people, and they were ready to march on in the ways of progress and expansion, with the full dinner pail and all willing workers who had been idle speedily finding employment.

That vote put a definite end to the "Cleveland hard times" of the four years beginning with 1893.

Such a vote on Tuesday next would at once be followed with confidence and hope everywhere in this country.

It would be hailed in all the other countries of the world as a vote of confidence in a government of, by and for the people.

There is no other country in which such a vote would mark such a conspicuous halt in the trend toward the left that is seen in many other lands.

In Oregon, this writer believes, and in her counties, including Marion, this same sort of a victory would be a salutary thing.

For Marion county, this is sound advice, generally.

For instance, there is no good excuse for any member of the republican party to vote against Roy S. Melson for county commissioner.

Indeed, he deserves the votes of the members of other parties, for he is honest and faithful and has served Marion county well in that office. That one good term deserves another is obvious in the county, and, generally just.

The writer intends to vote no on most of the measures, like that for a state bank, etc., etc.

Yes; that is, for the Portland district school measure.

In the ordinary course of events, that would not be the business of any one in the state outside of the Portland school district.

And it is not the fault of Oregonians outside of Portland that it is in this case a part of their business.

The provision that needs repealing was adopted up by the people outside of Portland by sinister interests there.

So it transpires that relief cannot be had excepting by this appeal to the voters of the whole state.

The title was written by the attorney general of the state. If a majority of the people of Oregon will mark their ballots 304 X Yes, the school matters of the Portland district will again be the business of the people of that city.

That's all. It means nothing else.

Then how can there be any valid reason for not voting that way?

We never had any right with our noses in Portland's school affairs. This predicament was wished upon us unwittingly. Then let's get our noses out.

If nothing were at stake in the national election, but the haywire public security act, every man and woman who works for wages, and every one who pays wages, would be justified in voting for Landon—whether he or she is a republican, a democrat, socialist, communist, Townsendite, or what not.

That law must be rewritten. Landon has promised when he is president that it shall be rewritten, along lines that will make it workable and sound. The way it stands now, it is a monstrous, and a possible danger to the very stability of our government.

Newton Thompson Killed In Accident at Redding

STAYTON, Oct. 30.—Newton Thompson was killed and his wife seriously injured in an automobile accident at Redding, Calif., Tuesday, according to word received here today. Mrs. Thompson, a cousin of Miss S. B. Kearns, was returning with her husband, to their home at Long Beach after a visit here in the past several months. No information was received as to the nature of the accident.

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

BY MARK SULLIVAN
WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—President Roosevelt on Monday spoke at the dedication of a new building at a leading institute for colored students, Howard University.

His speech was a not political—"non-political" occasions when Mr. Roosevelt is just the president—and is not running for reelection at all. To that serviceable assumption Mr. Roosevelt adhered. He pointedly said he was not political—Mr. Roosevelt would hardly commit any such violation of subtlety. It was the sort of speech, in complete propriety, which any president might make at any Negro institution.

Mr. Roosevelt did not ask the colored folks to vote for him—details of the campaign are in the hands of Mr. Farley. The one personal allusion he made was to the effect that his administration had followed in the footsteps of those who should be no forgotten men, and no forgotten races.

But the president had with him, as an additional speaker, his secretary of the interior, Mr. Harold I. Ickes. It was from Mr. Ickes' PWA that the funds for the building came. And PWA had functioned (in this case) with such happily precise timing that the progress of the building to the point of dedication coincided with the eighth day preceding the election.

With equal felicity and facility, Mr. Ickes in his address was able to call off a long list of other Negro educational institutions and hospitals which have received a total of \$6,250,000 from PWA.

It was all good, clean politics. Yet one felt that Mr. Roosevelt's laudable sentiment about "no forgotten races" might have been more convincing. It would have helped if his runningmate had been on the stage with him and had joined in this assurance to the colored audience. And on a day when the election is so close, it is conceivable that Mr. Garner might possibly become president some time during the next four years—it is for this contingency that vice-presidents are elected.

The possibility seems to have been foreseen by some colored leaders. The National Council for Negro Constitutional Defense has been looking up Mr. Garner's record in congress. It has and a pamphlet to the effect that Mr. Garner which suggests that he, contrary to Mr. Roosevelt, prefers that the Negro should be a "forgotten race"—or should be remembered only to be discriminated against.

There are other democratic leaders whose presence on the platform with Mr. Roosevelt in the Howard university dedication might have given a much needed seconding to the President's resolution that the Negro shall not be a "forgotten race."

For example, the democratic congressman from whose state an ingenious constitutional provision is so operated that only about one Negro in a thousand is permitted to vote.

And Senator James F. Byrnes, in whose state of South Carolina, only about 100 Negroes vote in a total Negro population of about 900,000.

Mr. Roosevelt in one of his campaign speeches, spoke of the republican leadership in this campaign as being "Janus-faced," presenting one face to the east, another to the west. To any charge of "Janus-faced" coming from Mr. Roosevelt, the republicans might make a piquant retort by comparing Mr. Roosevelt as promoter in 1932 with Mr. Roosevelt as performer during his presidency. But let that pass.

The Mr. Roosevelt of today, the Mr. Roosevelt who is now running for reelection, is saved from any necessity of being Janus-faced by the fact that he is running in two separate roles—as nominee of the democratic party, and as head of the New Deal. It is the Mr. Roosevelt that is head of the New Deal who tells the colored folks that in his administration there is "no forgotten race."

It is the other Mr. Roosevelt, the nominee of the democratic party, who says nothing about Negro voting in the south. It is the New Deal that solicits colored votes in the north. It is the democratic party that prevents Negro voting in the south. But the northern Negroes who are being solicited to vote the democratic ticket might appropriately send a pointed telegram to Uvalde, Texas, telling Mr. Garner that "We will vote for you in New York as soon as we are allowed to vote for you in Texas."

Up to this time, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Farley, Mr. Ickes and the other New Deal leaders clearly have made a progress toward getting much of the Negro vote, especially in the great cities. They get it mainly by appeal to a quality that is strong in the colored race, the admirable trait of gratitude.

A very large number of Negroes in the large cities are on relief. An appeal put out by the democratic national committee says "We have almost nine and a half million colored people either on relief or direct relief. That number seems excessive, all right, but the democratic national committee ought to know—presumably it can get freely from WPA figures which the republicans are unable to pry out even by court proceedings. The colored persons

on relief are grateful. Another group is the friends and relatives of those on relief. The colored people are a generous folk. It was their custom to give from their own earnings to those who had none. From this they are now relieved.

To the appeal for gratitude democratic organization workers add intimidation and fright. The colored folks are led to think that unless Mr. Roosevelt is reelected, relief for the colored folks will be cut off. The democratic national committee tells them that unless they vote for Mr. Roosevelt "You will bring upon yourself four long years of deprivation, starvation, and want—no food, clothing, and shelter. So vote for your friend, your leader and your president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

The colored folks abide by an old southern saying: "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing." Mr. Roosevelt and the PWA and WPA officials, in their outgivings about relief, say "We have given," the "We" is assumed to be the imperial use of the word, as a substitute for "I" that manner of speaking has irked Father Conger, who pointedly said "Where does Mr. Roosevelt get that 'We' stuff?" It does not occur to beneficiaries of relief that "We" really means all the taxpayers, and that Governor Landon, if elected, would continue relief as long as it is needed.

New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate

Ten Years Ago

October 31, 1926
Dr. Fred Taylor of the First Methodist church was elected president of the Methodist Ministers' association of Salem and vicinity.

Marion county team in boys' and girls' club work won first prize at Pacific International contest.

Dr. Estill Brunk, director of the county dental service, spoke at the meeting of the Dallas chamber of commerce yesterday on work of the Marion county dental unit.

Twenty Years Ago

October 31, 1916
James P. Veatch, 76, original republican and cast his first presidential ballot for Abraham Lincoln.

Republican campaign in Marion county will close with an old fashioned political rally in the armory Monday.

Hartman Bros. will award a trophy for the best window display in connection with "Salem Week."

Gopher Meeting Is Well Attended

LYONS, Oct. 30.—About 40 men and women attended the male and gopher catching demonstration, held at the G. A. Berry farm Wednesday. The demonstration was sponsored by County Agent Floyd Mullen and the state college rodent control man, Mr. Briggs. An instructive and interesting explanation of how to set and bait traps for the different rodents was given. Also the effects of the poisons used for bait and how to prepare them were explained.

The two Bone families who were living on the Hobson place and just recently moved to Mill City, have moved back to the Hobson property this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kinsman are living in the Harry Hobson house at present. Mr. Kinsman expects to move to Lyons as soon as the Donison house is vacated by Mr. and Mrs. George Huffman and family. The Huffmans are to occupy the new cottage belonging to F. J. Darnell as soon as it is completed.

Only Fruit, Spuds Saved From Fire

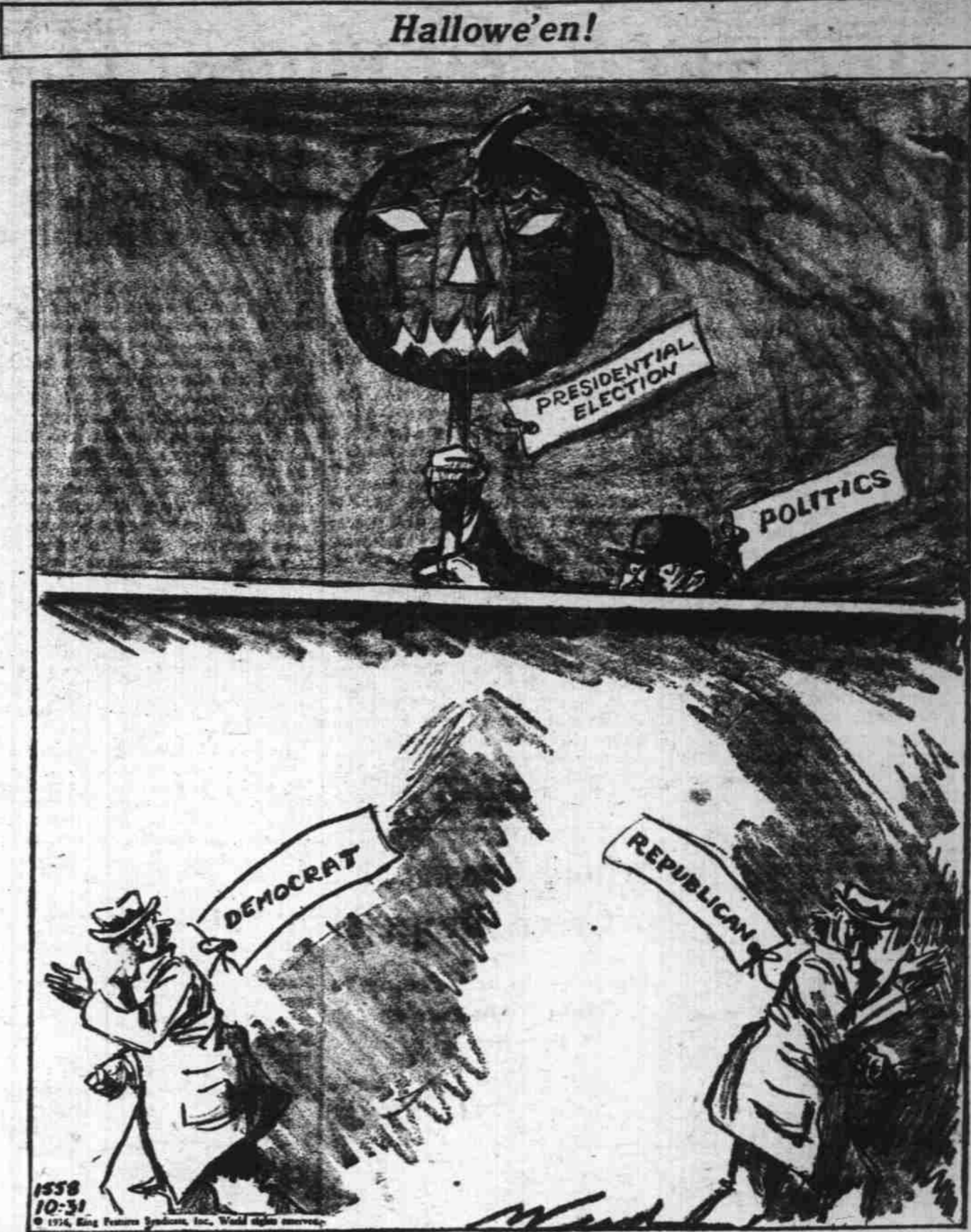
MONMOUTH, Oct. 30.—Fire of unknown origin entirely destroyed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Norton near Hoskins Monday. The house, a two-story structure, was burned to the ground, leaving only the remains of the furniture, canned fruit and potatoes were the only items saved.

Mrs. Norton had gone to Harrisburg on a short visit, and Norton and their son, Marshall, were at work on a distant part of the farm. They had no insurance, it is said.

The house, built nearly 30 years ago on part of the old Spieg holdings (grandparents of Mrs. Norton), had been occupied continuously by the Norton family. Among burned items of special value were a new piano and new radio, also much beautiful hand work and several quilts made by Mrs. Norton. Relatives here said the Nortons may be able to rent a large chicken house and make it available for occupancy this winter.

Children's Meetings Are Held as Revival Sidelight

MARION, Oct. 30.—Good attendance and interest has marked the first few services of the revival meeting in progress at the Marion Friends church. Rev. Denver H. Hoedrick of Springfield, Mo., is the evangelist. The meetings opened Sunday and will continue over a period of two weeks with services each night at 8 o'clock. Of special interest are the children's meetings conducted each school day afternoon at 4 o'clock.



"It Can't Happen Here" By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Almost daily, Windrip, Sarason, Dr. Macgoblin, Secretary of War Luthorne, or Vice-President Perley Beecroft humbly addressed their Masters, the great General Public, on the radio, and congratulated them on having in the world their example of American solidarity—marching shoulder to shoulder under the Grand Old Flag, comrades in the blessings of peace and comrades in the joys of war to come.

Much-heralded movies, subsidized by the government (and could there be any better proof of the attention paid by Dr. Macgoblin and the other Nazi leaders to the world than the fact that movie actors who before the days of the Chief were receiving only fifteen hundred gold dollars a week were now getting five thousand?).

Everyone, including Doremus Jessup, had said in 1935, "If there ever is a Fascist dictatorship here, American humor and pioneer independence are so marked that it will be absolutely different from anything in Europe."

For almost a year after Windrip came in, this seemed true. The Chief was photographed playing poker, in short-sleeves and with a derby on the back of his head, with a newspaperman, a chauffeur, and a pair of rugged steel-forkers. Dr. Macgoblin in person led an Elks' brass band, and lived in competition with the Atlantic City bathing-beauties. It was reputedly reported that M. M.'s apologetic to political prisoners for his having to arrest them, and that the prisoners looked amiably with the guards. . . . at first.

All that was gone, within a year after the inauguration, and surprised scientists discovered that whips and handcuffs hurt just as surely in the clear American air as in the miasmic fogs of Prussia.

Doremus, reading the authors he had concealed in the horsehair sofa—the gallant Communist, Kar Billinger, the gallant anti-Roosevelt, Tchernavin, and the gallant neutral, Lorant—began to see something like a biology of dictatorships, a II dictatorships.

The universal apprehension, the timorous denials of faith, the same methods of arrest—sudden pounding on the door late at night, the squad of police pushing in the blows, the search, the obscene oaths at the frightened women, the third degree of young snipes of all ages, the accompanying blows and then the formal beatings, when the prisoner is forced to count the strokes until he faints, the leprous beds and the sour stew, guards jokingly shooting round and round a prisoner who believes he is being executed, the waiting in solitude to know what will happen, till men go mad and hang themselves—

Thus had things gone in Germany, exactly thus in Soviet Russia, in Italy and Hungary and Poland, Spain and Cuba and Japan and China. Not very different had it been under the blessings of liberty and fraternity in the French Revolution. All dictators followed the same routine of torture, as if they had all read the same manual of sadistic etiquette. And now, in the humorous, friendly, happy-go-lucky land of Mark Twain, must come the homicidal maniacs having just as good a time as they had in central Europe.

America followed, too, the same ingenious finances as Europe. Windrip had promised to make everybody richer, and had contrived to make everybody, except for a few hundred bankers and industrialists and soldiers, much poorer. He needed no higher mathematics to produce his financial statements, a 2 1/2 ordinary press agent could do them. To show a 100 per cent economy in military expenditures, while increasing the establishment 700 per cent, it had been necessary

only to charge up all expenditures for the Minute Men to non-military departments, so that their training in the art of bayonet-sticking was debited to the Department of Education. To show an increase in average wages one did tricks with "categories of labor," and "required minimum wages," and forgot to state how many workers ever did become entitled to the "minimum," and how much was charged as wages, on the books, for food and shelter for the millions in the labor camps.

It all made dazzling reading. There had never been more elegant and romantic fiction. Even Corpus Worry. Even loyal Corpus began to worry who the armed forces, army and M. M.'s together, were being so increased. Was a frightened Windrip getting ready to defend himself against a rising of the whole nation? Did he plan to attack all of North and South America and make himself an emperor? Or both? In any case, the forces were swollen that even with its despotic power of taxation, the Corpo government never had enough. They began to force exports, to practice the "dumping" of wheat, corn, timber, copper, oil, machinery. They increased production, forced it by fines and threats, then stripped the farmer of all he had, for export at depressed prices. But at home the prices were not depreciated but increased, so that the more we expected, the less the industrial worker in America had to eat. And really zealous County Commissioners took from the farmer the patriotic man who had done many Mid-Western counties in 1918) even his seed grain, so that he could grow no more, and on the very acres where once he had raised superfluous wheat he now raised for bread and while he was starving the Commissioners continued to try to make him pay for the Corpo bonds which he had been made to buy on the installment plan.

But still, when he did finally starve to death none of these things worried him. There were bread lines now in Fort Beulah, once or twice a week. The hardest phenomenon of dictatorship for a Doremus to understand, even when he saw it daily in his own street, was the steady diminution of gayety among the people. America, like England and Scotland, had never really been a gay nation. Rather it had been heavily and noisily jocular, with a substratum of worry and insecurity, the image of a patron saint, Lincoln of the rollicking stories and the tragic heart. But at least there had been hearty greetings, man to man; there had been clamorous jazz for dancing, and the slangy catcalls of young people, and the nervous blating of tremendous traffic.

(All that false cheerfulness lessened now, day-by-day. Taxes and Taxes. The Corpo found nothing more convenient to milk than public pleasures. After the bread had molded, the circuses were closed. There were taxes or increased taxes on motorcars, movies, theatres, dances, and ice-cream. So that there was a tax on playing a phonograph or radio in any restaurant. Lee Sarason, himself a bachelor, conceived of super-taxing bachelors and spinsters, and contrived of taxing all weddings at which more than five persons were present. Even the most reckless youngsters went less and less to public entertainment, because no one not ostentatiously in uniform cared to be noticed, these days. It was impossible to sit in a public place without wondering which spies were watching you. So all the world stayed home—and jumped anxiously at every passing footstep, every telephone ring, every tap of any ivy sprig on the window.

The score of people definitely pledged to the New Underground were the only persons to whom Doremus dared talk about anything more incriminating than whether it was likely to rain, though he had been the friendliest gossip in town. As he read of rebels against the regime who worked in Rome, in Berlin, he envied them. They had thousands of government agents, unknown by sight, and thus the more dangerous, to watch them; but also they had thousands of comrades from whom to seek encouragement, exciting personal talk, shop talk, and the assurance that they were not altogether idiotic to risk their lives for a mistress so ungrateful as Revolution. Those secret flats in great cities—perhaps some of them really were filled with the rosy glow they had in fiction. But the Fort Beulahs, anywhere in the world, were so isolated, the conspirators so unimpressingly familiar to one another, that only by ineffectual faith could one go on. Buck and he and the rest—they were such amateurs. They needed the guidance of veteran agitators like Mr. Ailey and Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Calfley. Their feeble pamphlets, their smugly printed newspapers, seemed futile against the enormous glare of Corpo propaganda. It seemed worse than futile, it seemed insane, to risk martyrdom in a world where Fascists persecuted Communists, Communists persecuted Social Democrats, Social Democrats persecuted everybody who would stand for it; where Aryans who looked like Jews persecuted Jews who looked like Aryans and Jews persecuted their debtors; where every statesman and clergyman praised Peace and brightly asserted that the only way to get Peace was to get ready for War. What conceivable reason could one have for seeking after righteousness in a world which so hated righteousness? Why do anything except eat and read and make love and provide for sleep that should be secure against disturbance by armed policemen? He never did find any particularly good reason. He simply went on. In June, when the Fort Beulah cell of the New Underground had been carrying on for some three months, Mr. Francis Taborsough, the golden quarryman, called on his neighbor, Doremus. "How are you, Frank?" "Fine, Remus. How's the old carping critic?" "Fine, Frank. Still carping. Fine carping weather, at that. Have a cigar?" "Thanks. Got a match? Thanks. Saw Sissy yesterday. She looks fine." "Yes, she's fine. I saw Malcolm driving by yesterday. How did he like it in the Provincial University, at New York?" "Oh, fine—fine. He says the athletics are grand. They're getting Primo Carnera over to coach in tennis next year—I think it's Carnera—I think it's tennis—but anyway, the athletics are fine there, Malcolm says. Say, uh, Remus, there's something I been meaning to ask you. I, uh—the fact is I want you to be sure and not repeat this to anybody. I know you can be trusted with a secret, even if you are a newspaperman—er used to be, I mean, but—the fact is (and this is inside stuff; official), there's going to be some governmental promotions all along the line—this is confidential, and it comes to me straight from the Provincial Commission, Colonel Haik, Luthorne is finished as Secretary of War—he's a nice fellow, but he hasn't got as much publicity for the Corpo as I think it is—but the Chief expected him to. Haik is to have his job, and also take over the position of High Marshal of the Minute Men from Lee Sarason—I suppose Sarason has

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