

The Oregon Statesman

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

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More Labor Legislation

THE papers say that the president interprets the election result as a mandate for advanced labor legislation.

But the papers which tell of the additional advanced labor legislation give also the announcement of the liquidation of a sound Oregon industry, the Oregon Worsteds mills.

It would be easy to point to these as examples of losses instead of gains, due to "advanced labor legislation."

The net result of the advanced labor legislation will be for a time reduced profits. Later it may be lowered production, increased selling prices, lower standard of living for the masses.

Eighteen Years After

EIGHTEEN years ago today the guns stopped spitting projectiles on the western front, and over the world folk wept for joy, in violent release from the long strain of war-making.

It does no good to date next wars. Folk danced at the eve of Waterloo; and the routine business of life may as well go forward without speculation as to outbreaks of armed conflicts.

This counsel of greater composure is not one of ignorance or indifference. Public pressures should be for peace and for order; and against the callous plunging of world into warfare.

Instead of moping over the next war and looking for its outbreak within the year, people today should revive the spirit of the first armistice day, hailing it as a sign of peace.

Communist Threat?

THE red party polled in New York state fewer than 50,000 votes, the number required to retain recognition as a legal political party.

The claim may be made that some of the reds voted for Roosevelt. Probably they did, also pinks and some whites and blues, also some blacks from the negro wards.

Over in Washington state where the radicals have been campaigning for production-for-use, the initiative to put it into effect was overwhelmingly defeated.

Those who see reds behind every bush should compose their fears. Browder who is a red in conventional dress got only a handful of votes the country over.

Metals Production

OREGON'S production of gold, silver, copper and lead was valued at \$2,010,343 in 1935, about two-thirds greater than the value of the 1934 production.

Gold ranks highest of the metals for value, being \$1,895,064. Silver was valued at \$79,399; copper at \$3,017 and lead at \$2,383.

Nature was not in generous mood when she cast Oregon's mountains; and no amount of money spent on geology bureaus will create values that aren't there.

Another turn-down has come for the Grants Pass-Crescent City railroad. That project has more lives than a cat, so it is premature to announce its death.

The American who thinks this country is doomed as a result of the election should have a heart. Think of the British aristocracy, and what large tears they must be shedding over the prospect of an American commoner for queen.

Press politicians are busy reconstructing the president's cabinet. Perhaps if present members remain another four years the public will learn their names.

Senator McKellar of Tennessee wants the Lit Dig poll probed. He calls it a "wicked, nasty and apparently dishonest performance."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Ewing Young's Shakespeare wanted, to bring data up to date; other things, too:

In the Portland Oregonian news columns of Monday appeared these paragraphs:

"TILLAMOOK, Nov. 8.—(Special)—Information is desired on a two-volume de luxe edition of Shakespeare owned by Ewing Young, pioneer Oregon trader and fur trader."

"Ewing Young was one of the early immigrants to Oregon from California during the period immediately following the gold rush in that state."

Page the shade of Harvey Scott, that such a statement might appear in a column of the Oregonian, even in a special from Tillamook!

The person searching the historical records at Tillamook ought to be given the lessons containing the information that Ewing Young came to Oregon overland in 1834, and that the incidents of his journey and arrival made high history nearly 14 years before gold was discovered in California.

Oregon is the mother of California; instead of Californians becoming early Oregon pioneers.

The matter was already on its way, the preliminary meeting having been held at the Lee mission Feb. 7, eight days before Ewing Young's death.

So, at the grave side, a meeting was held, adjoining to the next morning at the Lee mission, where, Feb. 18, 1841, the provision was made for the election of its first officials.

"The first auction of Young's effects" was by Rev. David Leslie, chosen administrator of the estate, and the newly launched provisional county court were the second and third auctions.

Also, it is not true that Courtney M. Walker "taught school at the mission."

He came in the capacity of a clerk with the Jason Lee party in 1834, under engagement for a year, at the end of which time he quit and got employment in the same line with Nathaniel Wyeth, at Port William, and later at Fort Hall.

It is likely that the person searching for records in Tillamook county is the name of Courtney M. Walker with that of P. L. Edwards.

Edwards engaged as a teacher for the Lee mission, at the same time and place Walker was employed as clerk. But Edwards did no teaching for the mission.

However, Edwards did teach the second school in present Oregon, not counting the mission school. Edwards' school commenced Oct. 19, 1835, with 13 pupils, mostly halfbreeds, at Campment de Sable (old Champco)."

Evidently the matter being secured for the Historic Record survey will require a good deal of editing. It may, however, unearth many facts that deserve to be preserved in perpetuity.

WALDO HILLS, Nov. 10.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Max Griffith Scriber at the Silvertown hospital, Sunday afternoon, a 10-pound son, named Warren Max. He is the first grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Morrison.

J. C. Currie is improving rapidly. The day nurse was dismissed Saturday. Currie was critically ill for eight days.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Wind blows chill, feels like snow, Mebby not, mebby so; Wind goes round, feels like rain. His before, may again; Sun pops out like a grin; Just a joke, pops back in; Weather to one sort can't hold; Favors both, warm and cold; Signals ever in the sky; Dryish wet, wet, dryish dry; Coolish, heat, warmish cold; Winter's tale is thusly told.

I am the possessor of an old pocket-book, a Russian leather affair of a high order of workmanship. The manifest intent of the makers of the pocket-book was, among other things, to provide a suitable enclosure for a considerable quantity of United States currency. I am quite convinced that the pocket-book under a heavy strain would have stood up well, although my experiments, being limited to a sum varying from one to eleven dollars, are not of course entirely conclusive. I recall a day long ago, when the future appeared to me as a hen which was pretty certain to give birth to quintuplets, but which I never did. I carried the pocket-book in a spirit of confidence that in the retrospect appears beautiful but dumb. Ultimately, I found the pocket-book to be somewhat of a burden to my person, at which time I put it away in a drawer, having in mind its use as a repository for clippings and notes for posterity to read. I should not thus impose upon posterity were I not fully aware that posterity will not read these clippings and notes if it is not disposed to do so. I know perfectly well that I will understand that I shall never know whether it reads them or not, so there is little possibility that the matter will entail sadness or annoyance.

The foregoing explanation, which I fear is overly long, is preliminary to announcing that the most recent note to be added to the collection in the pocket-book is as follows: "November 4, 1836—President Roosevelt was a yesterday neighbor 12-13, under special plurality in American history. Never before has the I-told-you-so element in the population been subjected to such a strain. Many are completely exhausted."

Perhaps the public mind is somewhat cooler than it was a few days ago, but it is still a long way from being coldly indifferent. And this fact may have a bearing upon the patronage given the English picture, "Nine Days a Queen," which is announced for the State theatre on Friday and Saturday, November 20. No adverse criticism on the "Old Hutch" (Wallace Beery) picture, shown at the Elms on last week. The run of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" in Portland has at last reached an end. 26 weeks. Adele Rogers St. John pronounces "Nine Days a Queen" the best picture of any year. Don't be too sure you won't agree with her.

I have yet to see a motion play with which some individual was not dissatisfied. I suspect the reason for this lies sometimes in the nature of the individual rather than in the play. One morning late in the fall of 1882 I stood on the deck of a Fall River steamer going up the East river at New York. It was my first visit to New York, and I had risen early to see the Brooklyn bridge, which most folks thought at that time to be a wonderful piece of engineering. However, as I stood in awe before the spectacle, two men joined the group on deck, and one of them, evidently a New Yorker, proudly called the attention of the other to the bridge. "Hmph," granted the other, sour as vinegar, "nothin' but a bridge, is it?" I noted the tag on this man's valise when we went ashore. It showed him to be from Vermont. But this has no special significance. Every state has its anti-enthusiasts.

A former resident of the mid-west, now living on a ranch near Sheridan, dropped in at these diggings Saturday. He came to ask a question and obtain a morsel of

November 11, 1920 Big parade starting at Marion Square starts big Armistice Day festivity.

Marion county court in favor of county agent after conferring with Lloyd T. Reynolds, president of Marion county community federation.

C. E. Albin, chairman of the Willamette chapter, announces that annual Red Cross roll begins today.

November 11, 1910 J. L. Bush and Son's new stores on North and South Commercial street will be open to the public today.

Willamette university's new extension secretary, Ernest C. Richards, takes up new duties and is formally introduced in chapel today.

Marion county parent-teachers association convenes today at high school.

information. He did not obtain the information, but he did find an appreciative listener, who learned much of people and places formerly known. Also the listener learned that many more of the farmers, who are leaving the drought districts of the middle west are locating in Idaho than are locating in Oregon. Doubtless there is a reason for this, but the nature of it was not brought out during the visit. No mention was made of figures substantiating the statement.

Salem lovers of football have had a big kick from the "Football Parade" picture which opened at the Grand Saturday. To a greater extent than most football pictures he sees, it imparts the real thrill of the game.

The papers of the week have carried news of the death at Hollywood of "Chick" Sale, aged 51. Memories of a quaint and lovable old farmer, whose voice shook and whose eyes trembled, and who extracted strange but not unpleasant music from a fiddle on the Pantages time at the Salem Grand 20 years ago or more. During the past several years he has been working in the motion picture business. No longer than 12 or 15 week audiences at the State theatre here saw him in a sketch based on Gene Field's poem, "Little Boy Blue." Laughter and pathos blended. He was an artist.

"When adversity flows, then love ebbs; but friendship stands stiffly in storms."

To A Fly Ah, little fly, if you could talk, With your other talents, I reckon half the world You'd throw off its balance.

Theatre buzzings: Zoille Volchock has closed a contract with the Rex theatre at Eugene to conduct a feature for that house along the same lines as that of "Zoille's Gang" feature, now in such successful operation at the Grand theatre in this city. Hal Jepson will assist him in the venture. Hal's place at the Elsinore will be taken by Wilfred Hagedorn. Eugene theatre cashier at the Grand theatre Saturday night wore a bouquet of beautiful flowers as a final touch to the new uniforms. Manager Lewis at the State theatre announces four acts of vaudeville to be given each Friday and Saturday at that house, beginning November 20. No adverse criticism on the "Old Hutch" (Wallace Beery) picture, shown at the Elms on last week. The run of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" in Portland has at last reached an end. 26 weeks. Adele Rogers St. John pronounces "Nine Days a Queen" the best picture of any year. Don't be too sure you won't agree with her.

The Safety Valve Letters from Statesman Readers

Molten Lead—Pencil To the Editor: I notice in the Statesman of Nov. 1, an article headed "Asks Sapporo for powder." From the amount of eggs and ripe tomatoes that have been donated to Browder it looks to me he ought to be able to support himself. As a last resort at the last minute, I have seen timid rabbits jump into a bush to escape the Brooklyn bridge. Think of it. A communist resident of this grand old U. S. A. The fairest country that a flag ever fluttered over. It's the berries! Had I wanted to write in the communist ticket on the ballot I would have been afraid to fear the least in the pencil would have melted, and I could not have voted the rest of the ballot. Had I have written the article I would have delayed as long as possible for fear of losing some of my friends.

All right! You're the boss. G'nigh!" said Lee, and returned from this plumb, a dream of paradise to his own gold-and-black and apricot-silk bower in Georgetown, which he shared with several handsome young M. M. officers. They were savage soldiers, yet apt at music and at poetry. With them, he was not in the least passionate, as he seemed now to Buss Windrip. He was either angry with his young friends, and then he whipped them, or he was in a paroxysm of apology to them, and caressed their wounds. Newspapers who had once seemed to be his friends said he had traded the green eyeshade for a wreath of violets. At cabinet meeting, late in 1838, Secretary of State Sarason revealed to the heads of the government, disturbing news. Vice-President Beecroft had had not told them the man should have been shot? — had fled to Canada, renounced Corporism, and joined Walt Trowbridge in plotting. There were bubbles from an almost boiling rebellion in the middle West and Northwest, especially in Minnesota and the Dakotas, where agitators, some of them formerly of political influence, were demanding that their States secede from the Corpo Union and form a co-operative (indeed almost Socialist) commonwealth of their own.

"Rats! Just a lot of irresponsible wind bags!" seared President Windrip. "Why! I thought you were supposed to be the camera-eyed gink that kept up on everything that goes on, Lee! You forget that I myself, personally, made a special radio address to that particular section of the

MONMOUTH, Nov. 10.—Sunbeam Circle, Neighbors of Woodcraft, elected these officers here Thursday night: G. N. Minnie White, adviser; Mable Pollman; magician; Opal Derby; L. S. Ethel Moreland; O. S. Ida Scott; attendant, Minnie Price; clerk, Bernice Cody; banker, Iva Hamar; musician, Susan Stanton; correspondent, Agnes Hoag; flag bearer, Nellie Deming; captain of guards, Thelma Pollman; managers, Ruth Ebbert, Sadie Waller, Nora Mason. A. J. Whiteaker, operator of a city delivery, here for the past nine years, has sold the service to Morris Powell. Powell took charge November 1.

MONMOUTH, Nov. 10.—Mrs. Laird Lindemann, general chairman of the Elkins' Women's club social, arranged as a benefit Friday night for the school's lunch fund, reports that approximately \$35 was a clearing from the auction of pies, candy sales and contributions. Local service clubs participated in sponsoring the affair, an annual entertainment, and it is believed that \$100 may be realized when all contributions are totaled.

Benefit Pie Social Will Return \$100 For Lunches

Armistice Day—Groping Through the Smoke



"It Can't Happen Here" By SINCLAIR LEWIS

So I just never know anything about what's going on? Why, even the newspaper clippings are predigested, by God, before I see 'em!"

"It's thought better not to bother you with minor details, boss. You know that! Of course, if you feel I haven't organized your staff correctly—"

"Aw now, don't fly off the handle, Lee! I just meant—Of course I know how hard you've tried to protect me so I could give all my brains to the higher problems of State. But Luthorne—I kind of liked him. He always had quite a funny line when we played poker."

"But golly, just think of what might happen in the future, Lee! Think of it! Why, we may be able to pull off a North American kingdom!" Buss half meant it seriously—or perhaps quarter meant it. "How'd you like to be Duke of Georgia—or Grand Duke, or whatever they call a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks in this peacetime business? And then how about an Empire of North and South America after that? I might make you a king under me, then—say something like King... of Mexico. Howjwh like that?"

"Be very amusing," said Lee mechanically—as Lee always did say the same thing mechanically when he ever Buss repeated this same nonsense.

"But you got to stick by me and not forget all I've done for you, Lee, don't forget that. 'I never forget anything!'... By the way we ought to liquidate, or at least imprison, Peley Beecroft, too. He's still technically Vice-President of the United States, and if the lousy traitor managed some skulduggery so as to get you killed or deposed, he might be regarded by some narrow-minded literalists as President!"

"No, no, no!" He's my friend, no matter what he says about me... the dirty dog!" wailed Buss.

"All right! You're the boss. G'nigh!" said Lee, and returned from this plumb, a dream of paradise to his own gold-and-black and apricot-silk bower in Georgetown, which he shared with several handsome young M. M. officers. They were savage soldiers, yet apt at music and at poetry. With them, he was not in the least passionate, as he seemed now to Buss Windrip. He was either angry with his young friends, and then he whipped them, or he was in a paroxysm of apology to them, and caressed their wounds. Newspapers who had once seemed to be his friends said he had traded the green eyeshade for a wreath of violets. At cabinet meeting, late in 1838, Secretary of State Sarason revealed to the heads of the government, disturbing news. Vice-President Beecroft had had not told them the man should have been shot? — had fled to Canada, renounced Corporism, and joined Walt Trowbridge in plotting. There were bubbles from an almost boiling rebellion in the middle West and Northwest, especially in Minnesota and the Dakotas, where agitators, some of them formerly of political influence, were demanding that their States secede from the Corpo Union and form a co-operative (indeed almost Socialist) commonwealth of their own.

"Rats! Just a lot of irresponsible wind bags!" seared President Windrip. "Why! I thought you were supposed to be the camera-eyed gink that kept up on everything that goes on, Lee! You forget that I myself, personally, made a special radio address to that particular section of the

country last week! And I got a wonderful reaction. The Middle Westeners are absolutely loyal to me. They appreciate what I've been trying to do!"

Not answering him at all, Sarason demanded that, in order to bring and hold all elements in the country together by that useful Patriotism which always appears upon threat of an outside attack, the government immediately arrange to be insulted and menaced in a well-planned series of deplorable "incidents" on the Mexican border, and declare war on Mexico as soon as America showed that it was getting hot and patriotic enough.

Disagreement in Cabinet—Secretary of the Treasury Skittle and Attorney General Foxwood shook their heads. But Secretary of War Haik and Secretary of Education Macgoblin agreed with Sarason high-minded. Macgoblin even went so far as to let themselves slide into a war, thanking Providence for having provided a conflict as a febrile agent against internal discontent, but of course, in this age of deliberate, chained propaganda a really modern figure out what brand of their must had to sell and plan the selling campaign consciously. Now, as for him, he would be willing to leave the whole set-up to the advertising genius of Brother Sarason.

"No, no, no," cried Windrip. "We're ready for a war! Of course, we'll take Mexico some day. It's our destiny to control it and Christianize it. But I'm scared that your darn scheme might work just opposite to what you say. You put arms into the hands of too many irresponsible folks, and they might use 'em and turn against you and start a revolution and throw the whole darn gang of us out! No, no! I've often wondered if the whole Minute Men business, with their arms and muskets, may not be a mistake. That was your idea, Lee, not mine!"

Sarason spoke evenly: "My dear Buss one day you thank me for originating that 'great crusade of citizen soldiers defending their homes'—as you love to call it on the radio—and the next day, you almost rain your clothes, you're scared of them. Make up your mind one way or the other!" Sarason walked out of the room not bowing.

Windrip complained: "I'm not going to stand for Lee's talking to me like that! Why, the dirty double-crosser, I made him! One of these days he'll find a new secretary of state around this joint, that grow up every tree! Maybe he'd like to be a bank president or something—I mean, maybe he'd like to be Emperor of England!"

President Windrip, in his hotel bedroom, was awakened late at night by the voice of a guard in the outer room: "Yuh, sure, let him pass—he's the Secretary of State." Nervously the President clicked on his bedside lamp... He had needed it lately to read himself to sleep. In that limited glow he saw Lee Sarason, Dewey Haik, and Dr. Rector Macgoblin march to the side of his bed. Lee's thin sharp face was like flour. His deep-buried eyes were those of a sleepwalker. His skinny right hand held a Bowie knife which, as his hand deliberately rose, was lost in the dimness. Windrip swiftly thought: Sure would be hard to know where to buy a dagger, in Washington, and Windrip thought: All this is the dogwooded foolishness—just like a movie or one of those old history books when you were a kid; and a flash thought, all in that same flash: Good God, I'm going to be killed! He cried out, "Lee! you couldn't do that to me!"

Lee grunted, like one who has detected a bad smell.

Then the Berzelius Windrip who could, incredibly, become President really woke: "Lee! Do you remember the time when your old mother was so sick, and I gave you my last cent and loaned you my flivver so you could go see her, and I hitch-hiked to my next meeting? Lee!"

"Hell, I suppose so, General."

"Yes! answered Dewey Haik, not very pleasantly. "I think we'll stick him on a destroyer or something and let him sneak off to France or England... The lousy coward seems afraid to die... Of course, we'll kill him if he ever does dare to come back to the States. Take him out and phone the Secretary of the Navy for a boat and get him on it!"

"Very well, sir," said Haik, even less pleasantly.

Buss Goes to Paris It had been easy. The troops, who obeyed Haik, as Secretary of War, had occupied all of Washington. Ten days later Buss Windrip was landed in Havre and went singly to Paris. It was his first view of Europe except for one twenty-one-day Cook's Tour. He was profoundly homesick for Chesterfield cigarettes, Flapjacks, Moon Mullins, and the sound of some real human being saying "Yuh, what's 'bitin' you?" instead of this perpetual sappy "oui!"

In Paris he remained, though he became the sort of minor help of tragedy, like the ex-King of Greece, Kerensky, the Russian Grand Duke, Jimmy Walker, and a few ex-presidents from South America and Cuba, who is delighted to accept invitations to draw in rooms where the champagne is good enough and one may have a chance of finding people, now and then, who will listen to one's story and say "sir."

At that, though, Buss chuckled, he had kinda put it over on those crooks, for during his two sweet years of Jeppism he had sent four million dollars abroad to secret, safe accounts. And so Buss Windrip passed into wabbly paragraphs in recollections by expatriate gentlemen with monacles. In what remained of Ekker's life, every-thing was good enough, and he forgot that only four or five American students tried to shoot him.

The more dulcely they had once advised and flattered Buss, the more ardently did most of his former followers, Macgoblin and Senator Porkwood and Dr. Almerice Trout and the rest, turn in loud allegiance to the new President, the Hon. Lee Sarason. He issued a proclamation that he had discovered that Windrip had been embezzling the people's money and plotting with Mexico to avoid war with that guilty country; and that he Sarason, in quite alarming grief and reluctance since he more than any one else had been deceived by his supposed friend Windrip, had yielded to the urging of the Cabinet and taken over the Presidency instead of Vice-President Beecroft the exiled traitor.

President Sarason immediately began appointing the fancier of his young officer friends to the most responsible offices in State and army. It amused him, seemingly to shock people by making a pink-cheeked, moist-eyed boy of twenty-five Commissioner of the Federal District, which included Washington and Maryland. Was he not supreme, was he not semi-divine, like a Roman emperor? Could he not defy all the muddymob that he (once a Socialist) could, for its weak afflictions, come to despise? "Would that the American people had just one neck!" he plagiarized among his laughing boys. In the decorous White House (Continued on page 3)