

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1881

"No Favor Steady Us; No Fear Shall Ave"
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War Comes to Madrid

A correspondent likens Madrid as the bull, and the fascist forces as the picadors. The defenders of the city stung by the barbs, have made sorties like the angry charges of a maddened bull. Steadily though the rebels press closer on the beleaguered city, rake it with machine gun fire, rain bombs upon it, set fire to its crowded areas.

Aside from interest in the tide of victory, and regret over the sanguinary character of the civil war, foreigners grieve over the inevitable ravages to Madrid, famous among old-world capitals for history and beauty. Spain has been an impoverished land; but it was not always so. Once Spain's empire circled the globe; and treasure-laden galleys bore wealth to the homeland. In such prosperity Madrid was constructed and embellished. Long a center of Catholic faith its religious monuments are numerous and distinctive. In its galleries have hung many great works of art, and lovers of art suffer anxious moments now wondering if the great paintings will be preserved, as were, it is reported, some of the paintings in the Alcazar at Toledo.

Madrid lies on a high plateau, some 2300 feet above sea level. To the north and west rise the Guadarrama mountains; on the south and east is the tableland of New Castile, drained by rivers. The center of Madrid's life and commerce is the Puerta del Sol, gate of the sun. Radiating from it are the avenues liberally sprinkled with splendid plazas. The Royal Palace lies across the Manzanares river, on the north, while the other government buildings line the Paseos del Prado and de Recoletos, streets which resemble Pennsylvania and Constitution avenues in Washington.

Much of history is linked with the Spanish capital. Held by the Moors it was redeemed from them by Alfonso VI. It was not the capital of Ferdinand and Isabella however, but Charles V made it his occasional residence. His son Philip II, one of the most industrious of monarchs, but one of the most colossal failures in history made it his capital in 1560. El Escorial, a few miles to the northwest was his favorite residence.

Had the plans of General Francisco Franco, head of the rebel army, not miscarried, Madrid would have been seized without much bloodshed. But the persons in the plot in the capital were taken captive, the people were sympathetic to the republican cause and rallied to the support of the Azana government. Azana, the president, has gone to Barcelona, Premier Caballero to Valencia, hoping to preserve the republic in at least a portion of the country.

Spain has been the scene of many revolutions in modern times; but none has been so bitter and so bloody as the one now in progress. The heritage of civilization, its art and culture, are brushed aside while rival factions and rival theories of government struggle for the mastery.

World Court Again

WASHINGTON reports that the question of adherence to the world court may be revived. It was defeated in January, 1935, by seven votes. Many of those who voted against it were retired at the last election. Its defeat was largely brought about by last minute radio plugs by Father Coughlin. The switch of votes caused by the Coughlin-prompted deluge of telegrams gave Roosevelt a rebuff and Coughlin prestige. Whether Coughlin now will have influence enough to sway many votes is doubtful.

The United States should affiliate with the world court, which is launched as a judicial body for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. The analogy between civil court and the settlement of private disputes and the world court for international judgments is sound. Just as the rule of club might have been superseded by the rule of law in private affairs so ultimately nations must agree to submit their contentions to an impartial court for judgment.

At present, with the nationalistic exhibitionism of European dictators chilling the faith of those who believe in peace through judicial process, it is hard to work up enthusiasm for the world court. Yet at this moment of greatest discouragement the need for some form of collective security and for peaceful settlement of disputes is recognized by world leaders. It is reported that Roosevelt is going to take more interest in foreign affairs, in an effort to rebuild the structure of peace. The purpose is worthy; and a good place to begin, offering proof of the cooperative attitude of the United States, will be to revive the world court proposal and convince congress of the wisdom of our becoming a member of that court which envisions peace on the basis of justice.

Extending the Merit System

JIM FARLEY has sailed to Ireland for a bit of rest. He is postmaster general again, his holiday for the campaign being over. The report is that he will soon resign, enter private business and in 1938 seek the governorship of New York. He has had a yearning for that office; and winning it will give him distinction of better flavor than being the country's prize politician.

With Farley out of the way perhaps President Roosevelt may be disposed to make an honest extension of the merit system for public offices. Gov. Landon had a good formula: all offices up to the grade of under-secretary to be put under the civil service. Such a step would be a real reform, and one the country is ready to welcome.

In wartime the civil establishment was greatly expanded, but employees were enrolled through the civil service. There is no reason now why the employees of new bureaus and agencies should not be put under civil service, insuring their tenure, and making merit the basis of selection and promotion.

This picket business strikes us as being more of a racket than one of sincerity, like numerous others in the past where ambitious trouble-makers tried to stir up a ruckus so as to get themselves put in the limelight. Genuine cases of need should be taken care of among those who have moved to Oregon from drought stricken areas. Private charity or the county poor fund should tide them over. The number of cases of real need will be found to be very few. Most of the newcomers found jobs which the relievers refused; and soon these newcomers will be fully self-sustaining while the moonshiners will continue to mooch.

A few weeks ago Secretary Morgenthau made a great deal about the tri-partite agreement to stabilize currencies. He administered a verbal spanking to Russia for selling a trifle of British exchange at a price of over \$5 for the pound. Now the pound has slumped to around its old parity of \$3.45; but nothing is heard of Washington belittling the market. Gold keeps coming to this country because the dollar is undervalued in terms of world currencies. Foreigners are using the money to purchase American securities. Devaluation put this country on the bargain counter; and foreign investors are investing their money here.

Rockefeller, junior, wrote a nice letter to Jim Farley after the election was over and Jim replied that none gave him greater pleasure, and asked permission to make the letter public. Now what will the Portland Journal which speculated Rockefeller during the campaign for contributing money to the wicked republicans say about it? He is one of the Journal's big boys who deserve to be drawn and quartered. Journalistically speaking, provided the process brings votes to your favorite.

An ink bottle was used to make the design for the seal of Washington state. If they would redraw the national seal they could appropriately use an ink bottle.—one of red ink.

Today is Friday the 13th; but nothing any worse can happen than what has happened.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A good deal of history in a small space, and names of a lot of our pioneers:

Fred Lockley's column in the Portland Journal of Nov. 2 contained a lot of Oregon pioneer names and told much history in small space. It follows, with only original quotation marks:

"My maiden-name was Barbara Ellen Hartman," said Mrs. Joseph G. Moore, whose home is at 2818 N. E. 15th avenue. "My father, John Hartman, was born at Salem, N. C. My mother, Mary Moser Hartman, was born at Quincy, Ill. I am one of a family of 11 children and was born on my father's donation land claim near Silverton on September 20, 1858. My parents crossed the plains in 1853. My mother's father, Joseph Moser, was captain of the wagon train. My mother was one of 10 children. Her father, Joseph Moser, was born in North Carolina in 1803, and in 1824 married Isabella. This was of Kentucky. My father's father's mother's relatives who came with them across the plains in 1853 took up claims in the Waldo hills.

"My brother 'Bud' who is 38 years old, has lived at Wagnita 36 years. My sister Mary Jane is still living on father's old claim between Silverton and Scott's Mills. Harvey lives at Canby, Idaho. Now Mrs. John Scott, lives at Oregon City. Charley lives near Silverton. When I was a girl I went to school at a schoolhouse near Marquam and later attended school at Silverton.

"My husband, Joseph G. Moore, and I were married on February 3, 1878, by Jacob Baughman. He came to Oregon late in 1850 and took a donation land claim in the Waldo hills the following year. He was 22 years old when he crossed the plains. My husband and I have had six children. Willard C. works in the paper mill at Salem. Cora married Dr. E. R. Todd of Molalla. Mabel married Homer Marsh. Mary Delpha married Donald M. Campbell, who is an auditor. They live at Oakland, Cal. Alma is a registered nurse. She graduated at St. Vincent's in 1917. And my youngest child Donald, lives at Los Angeles. Most of our children were born on our place on the Abiqua."

"My father's name was Charles Moore, and my mother's maiden name was Susanna Mills," said Joseph G. Moore. "No, I wasn't born in Oregon; I was born at Mount Vernon, Ind., on October 24, 1852. We came to Oregon by way of the isthmus in 1855. At San Francisco we took a passage on the Brother Jonathan for Portland. Captain Samuel J. E. Wolf was captain. On the very next trip to the one we made, the Brother Jonathan was overloaded and wrecked. The Brother Jonathan left San Francisco on June 24. Two days later, while off Crescent City, it struck a rock and they couldn't work off the rock and head for shore. One boat with 19 people on board got ashore at Crescent City and they were the only ones out of the more than 200 aboard who were saved. When it took 1000 people aboard the Brother Jonathan they wouldn't let the passengers go ashore. A good many of the children aboard had measles, so we were all taken to Lafayette and quartered in a large schoolhouse there. There were about 25 cases of measles. One boy about 8 or 9 years old, died. When the doctors thought it was safe they let us go, and we went to McMinnville. My father got a job working in a sawmill owned by Oliver Harmon Adams, on Panther creek. Adams was a brother of Dr. William Adams, who for 20 or 25 years was editor and publisher of the Oregon Argus, at Oregon City. Another brother, Sebastian C. Adams, built the first house at McMinnville, and the school he started there became McMinnville Baptist college. E. C. Adams, during the civil war was county clerk of Yamhill county. He also represented Yamhill county in the state senate. For many years he was a minister of the Christian church at Salem. School for a year at McMinnville. When I was about 15 years old, we moved to Howell prairie. When I was a young man I worked on Mr. Sappingfield's farm on Howell prairie. Later, I bought 132 acres on the Abiqua about six miles from Silverton. I got a job as a ranch hand at the Marion county home, so we moved to Salem. I was janitor two years and was then elected county treasurer and served six years. John H. Scott was county judge when I was county treasurer. We moved to Portland in 1918. For some time I did work, but for the last few years I have taken it easy."

(When the Moores lived in Salem, beginning in the 1907-8 period, their home was at 430 North Liberty street.)

Preston Gambler and Gladys Storlie Wedded
SILVERTON, Nov. 12.—Silverton friends are celebrating word of the marriage of Miss Gladys Storlie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Storlie of Silverton, to Preston Gambler of Salem at Vancouver, Wash., Sunday. The young couple will make their home at Salem where Mr. Gambler is employed by the highway commission.

Cherrians Meet Tuesday, Initiate Three Members
Bryman Boise, King king of the Salem Cherrians, has called the November meeting of that organization for next Tuesday night at 6:30 o'clock at the Quella.

New members to be initiated at this time include Arthur E. Geringer, "Bill" Dunsmuir and J. E. Pholman.

Great Future for Lumber is Seen in Northwest, Prediction that in ten years coast manufacturers must furnish one-half of nation's lumber output.
The net shortage of logs on American railroads on November 1 was the largest in nearly ten years.

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Machine gun bullet accidentally fired as it was being taken from window of C. F. Breithaupt's florist shop misses 2 women, places a hole in coat, 3 walls and finally landed in loaf of bread.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Something else looked forward to. This was not a case to pass; something worthy needed to do. Not often does, alas!

Mornings come and nights close in. The weeks begin and end; To-be becomes the has-been; And 'tis too late to mend; Years pass at surprising pace; The years we once thought short!

Hard to believe it is the case. Though not much doubt it's so: Yet the future still is bright. No sense in feeling tough; We'd have put things through all right.

If we'd had time enough.

Item censored by the democratic press during the life of Benjamin Franklin. The life of Benjamin Franklin was censored by the democratic press during the life of Benjamin Franklin. The life of Benjamin Franklin was censored by the democratic press during the life of Benjamin Franklin.

It is noted in the late press and cinema portraits of President Roosevelt that the famous smile is lacking. Several possible reasons for this are suggested by men in the street. One of these reasons—that the president has decided to cultivate a Hitler-Mussolini face—is not entitled to serious consideration. Another reason—that the president has finally reached the conclusion that there is nothing to be gained from the mass—Life will be a much more reasonable. Life will be a much more reasonable. Life will be a much more reasonable.

Long ago I learned that the thermometer is not an infallible indicator of heat and cold from a human viewpoint. This fallibility of the thermometer is more marked in this region than in some other regions where I have lived. One goes shivering out of a morning, confident that the mercury will be well down to zero, only to find it considerably above the freezing point. It is somewhat aggravating to a sensitive person who links his life to the thermometer. It is less dependable, as a matter of fact, than an ordinary housefly when one wishes to know whether or not the weather is cold and how much.

I can tell a heap more about heat and cold by glancing at the fly that spends its winters in these diggings than I can tell from glancing at the thermometer. A fly as an indicator of temperature is infallible, while a thermometer is not, which is the sum and substance of the matter. I rise from my downy couch (posed figure) of a morning and find that the thermometer shows the temperature to be uncomfortably low. Yet, strangely, I am not uncomfortable, and the fly is not snuggled up on its nail above the portrait of Will Rogers, but is flying blithely about in search of an especially cold spot. On the other hand, I rise of a morning and note that the thermometer shows a warmish temperature. Yet I am shivering, and the fly on its nail is seemingly dead. Of course, it is not dead. It is only—well, disinterested. I poke it gently with the point of a pencil, and it stirs slightly. But, all in all, it is hopelessly inert and might be slaughtered without the customary preliminary chase. Thus am I reassured that my chilliness is due entirely to the weather and not to causes within myself. You see, even a fly may be of service to a human being. But one fly at a time is enough.

A fellow I used to know over in the Growlers' Butte region was in Salem Monday. Came over, he said, to buy him a pair of socks. His wife's brother, he said, had given him a pair of Oxford shoes for his birthday, which he had to wear to keep peace in the family, and so he was compelled to get him a pair of socks with heels in 'em, yeah.

The same fellow, when he got his change at the sock store, discovered something, which was that the two-bit piece he got didn't have a date on it. It was, he said, a brand new two-bit piece. He'd spent the two-bit piece for tobacco, he said, or else he'd show me. I find he was not about to show me. I find he was not about to show me. I find he was not about to show me.

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Harold Hall, Son-in-law of Governor Pierce, appointed district attorney of Crook county until next general election.

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at the mint, you reckon, or done purposely?

Benjamin Franklin said if we learn something every day pretty soon we'll know a heap. He meant, of course, if we remember what we learn. Also he meant that if what we learn is correct. The individual who learns today that the word "damage" was derived from something a man said after he was kicked by a cow was all wrong. Folks shouldn't take too much for granted about words, with dictionaries plentiful as they are.

I have said a tremendous number of things during my life. I am rather proud of a few of them. But the things of which I am mostly proud are those I thought of saying and didn't.

The washing-machine advertisements in the magazines that carry a picture of a woman doing her weekly washing dressed as if she were going to church or a bridge party or something may be good. I am not saying they aren't. But I heard a woman say the other day she didn't think she would buy one of the machines until she felt she could afford to dress properly for the part.

Cold mornings. It is on such mornings as these that the old-time resident of the Willamette valley, bless his heart! goes shivering to a bureau drawer and takes therefrom a pair of light leather gloves, which he wears on securely. Then he turns up his coat collar, settles his hat a trifle and saunters down town to talk the weather over leisurely on his favorite street-corner.

Cold weather, like scores of other things, is only relative.

"It Can't Happen Here"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

The Holy City of Moscow! Karl looked upon it with exactly such uncritical and slightly hysterical adoration as other sectarians find in their day devoted to Jerusalem, Rome, Canterbury, and Benares. Fine, all right, thought Doremus. Let 'em worship their sacred founts—it was as good a game as any for the mentally retarded. Only, why then should they object on his considering as sacred Port Beulah, or New York, or Oklahoma City?

He did not mind Karl's worshiping Holy Russia. But Karl did, using the word "naive," which is the favorite word and just possibly the only word known to Communist journalists, derisive of mind when Doremus had a mild notion of worshiping Holy America. Karl spoke often of photographs in the Moscow News of one of the allers leading from the workers and Capitalism, and Benares. Fine, all right, thought Doremus. Let 'em worship their sacred founts—it was as good a game as any for the mentally retarded. Only, why then should they object on his considering as sacred Port Beulah, or New York, or Oklahoma City?

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No Wonder It's Hard to Know What's Going On!



1560 11-12

"NOW IT CAN GO THROUGH!"

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

him, but laughter became sharp whimpers of horror when they saw the gridiron meat on his back. But nothing more demanding than "Oh, my dear!" did Lorinda say, even then.

Though Sissy had once been glad that Lorinda spared her any mothering, Doremus rejoiced in it. Snake Tiza and the Trianon concentration camp had been similarly devoid of any mothering. Lorinda saved his back and powdered it. She cut his hair, not too unkindly. She cooked for him all the heavy, earthy dishes of which he had dreamed, hungry in a cell: hamburger steak with onions, corn pudding, buckwheat cakes with sausage, apple dumplings with hard and soft sauce, and cream of mushroom soup!

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Though Sissy had once been glad that Lorinda spared her any mothering, Doremus rejoiced in it. Snake Tiza and the Trianon concentration camp had been similarly devoid of any mothering. Lorinda saved his back and powdered it. She cut his hair, not too unkindly. She cooked for him all the heavy, earthy dishes of which he had dreamed, hungry in a cell: hamburger steak with onions, corn pudding, buckwheat cakes with sausage, apple dumplings with hard and soft sauce, and cream of mushroom soup!

(To Be Continued)

him, but laughter became sharp whimpers of horror when they saw the gridiron meat on his back. But nothing more demanding than "Oh, my dear!" did Lorinda say, even then.