

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

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

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. Member of the Associated Press

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Progress on the Capitol

CAPITOL construction began on Friday, a year to the day since the reconstruction commission met to organize. Actually construction work began nearly two months before, when work on the excavation was started.

In the period of a year the commission of nine had to get acquainted with each other and with their task; had to decide on methods of procedure; select a technical adviser; carry on an architectural competition in order to get the best design possible for the state; and then wait for the architects to complete their finished plans.

The only other building of nearly equal cost was the Public Service building in Portland. That was built by a private corporation, without any necessity of satisfying legislators, a dozen bureaus, and the public at large, plus the artists.

PWA has of course been a prod, because the government wanted jobs to be provided. Their requirements could not have been met had not the architects, Tröwbridge & Livingston and Francis Keally had a large and experienced organization equipped to turn out the finished plans in the space of about four months.

Considering the impediments to speed in public work, and the handicaps of so many advisers and so great divergence of opinion, the capitol commission is performing well; and it is a safe prediction that the finished work will be one in which the whole state will take pride.

Boss Pendergast Retires

IT is rare that a political boss voluntarily retires at the peak of his success. That is what Tom Pendergast, political dictator of Kansas City, and Missouri too, for the time being, announces. His dynasty continues however, since he says he is turning the job over to his nephew, James. Old Tom promises, however to be on hand as "adviser," which means that the final decisions will continue to be made by him.

The Pendergast machine is one of the tightest now in operation. Even the Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago wasn't able to defeat the incumbent district attorney, or to oust Horner as governor. Tammany is out of power in New York, and glad now to get the distribution of extra postoffice clerks for the Christmas rush, from Jim Farley, as a patronage dividend for support in the last election. Pendergast is the actual political boss of his city and county, with all opposition flattened out.

Pendergast has followed the conventional pattern of bosses. He makes "his" out of construction contracts, being owner of a read-mixed concrete company and part owner of a construction company. These concerns not only get public contracts, but are no doubt favored in sub-contracts from other contractors. Politics is potent in the construction business, especially if there is a good working alliance with the labor boss.

It is easy enough to raise one's eyebrows over a boss, and to spurn him as a thing of evil. But the boss must be able to give people something they want if he is to survive; and Pendergast seems to have been competent as a political manipulator and fixer to have built up the machine he has in Jackson county. Eventually the people may wake up to the fact that they pay too heavy a price for what the boss gives them; but it takes a vast amount of effort to convince the masses of the need of reform, if they have been given free barbecues or other signs of favor.

Life's Variables

THOSE who think it possible to establish a "planned economy" do well to study the factor of human variables. And for example there is the case of King Edward. His love for Mrs. Simpson threatens the stability of the British empire. Who would have thought that a bright girl from Baltimore would make the commonwealth quiver to its foundation stones? Yet that has happened. Not in centuries has there been such a "constitutional crisis" in Great Britain. All because of the unpredictable straying of human affections. Helen of Troy upset the Greek world for a decade. Beautiful Mrs. Simpson has upset the British world, though she nobly expresses willingness to efface herself to help Edward save the throne and empire.

Charting the future of the human race is quite impossible. One cannot tell when a powerful mind, like Lenin or Mussolini will flash across the sky and change political and social orientation. One cannot tell when a lone woman (Kipling's "A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair") may through the kindling of the love passion, release kinetic energies of unforeseeable strength. Recall Carlyle's remark on the dying Louis XV: "Do the five hundred thousand ghosts of Frenchmen who perished on the battlefields from Rossbach to Quebec, that thy harlot might take revenge for an epigram, crowd round thee in this hour?"

The point we are developing is simply this, that there is no master-mind able to channel the flow for the future of free people. There are too many variables. Besides the natural ones of wind and weather, there are the other equally natural ones of variations in the human animals, their changing choices, their whims, their passions, their perverseness. This doesn't mean that no attempt should be made to plan ahead, or to direct social development. But whatever plans are adopted must include many "expansion joints", allow for corrections or alterations.

Railroad Renewal

REVIVING railroad business is being reflected in orders for new equipment. There was one year, 1932, when not a single new locomotive was ordered of the engine-builders by an American railroad. This year the orders for locomotives and freight cars and new passenger trains run into the tens of millions of dollars. Even the roads in receivership are getting court approval for purchase of new rolling stock.

Experimentation with the new lightweight trains is justifying orders for additional ones, and there are many changes in design as a result of the lessons of experience. New streamline trains are being built to replace the "City of San Francisco" and "City of Los Angeles" on the run between Chicago and the coast. They will be diesel powered; of 17-car length, including the three power cars.

Diesel faces competition from steam. Babcock & Wilcox, famed boiler-builders, are developing, in cooperation with other firms, a "steamotive", an engine with a powerful steam boiler, more powerful for its size than diesel units. The Union Pacific is reported as interested in the steam development, as

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Refined and cultured neighborhood" of Oregon state penitentiary: this is cynical, but is no joke.

"Shadows" is the name of the monthly paper published at, by and for the inmates of the Oregon state penitentiary, past, present and future, and for such others as are interested.

Mechanically, it is very good. Editorially, it is high class. Its editor is Hugh D'Autremont, in years gone by a Salem boy. He has been in his present status a long time, and his work in "Shadows" shows he is out of step with the "new freedom of expression," that is the one made up largely with cuss words and names of things and actions that were not mentioned in decent society a generation or so ago.

"Short Sentences" is the suggestive heading of a department in the December number of "Shadows." In that department this paragraph appears:

"We were mildly ebuked in a letter from A. B. G. Portland, for failing to blue pencil a considerable amount of profanity. Shadows, unlike many magazines, is not edited with any particular class of people in mind. We beg your pardon and tolerance if we offend occasionally. Anyway, A. B. G., your letter set us to thinking, no mean accomplishment in itself, and we decided to investigate some of the popular magazines, to see just how much latitude their editors allowed contributors in the way of the new freedom of expression which we've heard existed.

"We critically examined that most popular nickle weekly, the one which has the publisher's picture on both the editorial page and the full-page advertisement of his radio broadcast. We found that this wonderman had developed a 'unique editorial technique.'"

"Seems he edits to the people. We doubt it, at least, we hope not, for his publications are full of 'bigods.' Then we challenge his right to call his subscribers THE PEOPLE."

"But, not wishing to be hasty, we carried our research further, and looked into the big magazines."

"We wouldn't want our Uncle Slug, who's lived a comparatively sheltered life in the navy, to read the 'quality' pages, from cover to cover. He'd be shocked."

"We would not want that man who thrice has walked back from the electric chair to read them. He'd really get shocked!"

"Quality" magazines cost considerable money, and, having lived in prison so long, where money is almost non-existent, we had rather lost contact with life as it lives nowadays—at least as it is reflected through the pages of many magazines.

"We are glad A. B. G. fished us out of our stupor, and inspired our research. We don't mind the money it cost."

"We had no idea we had been living in such a REFINED AND CULTURED NEIGHBORHOOD. We were so proud."

If the editor of Shadows would consult the readers "on the outside" who have had the abdominal fortitude to finish some of the "quality" pages, from cover to cover, the one getting high marks, for instance, he would be further shocked—and willing to endure longer the sheltered life in his present "refined and cultured neighborhood."

Like "Honey in the Horn," for instance, in which the sky is the limit, also the deepest sinks of perdition are not too low for the editor to roil, befouling slush with the pages, from cover to cover. And in every particular libelously misrepresenting the neighborhood in which its events are represented to have taken place.

Or like "Gone With the Wind," the woman author of which knew all the guss words and suggestive language possessed by the old South—and used them freely—together, evidently, with many from other sections not familiar in the old South.

So it is not surprising that a man who has spent a few years in the Oregon penitentiary has lost out on modern use in the public prints of smut, mud, filth, and billingsgate that the ancient scribes never as much as dreamed of.

Four-H Cooks Produce Candy For Student Body Sale at Hazel Green

HAZEL GREEN, Dec. 7.—The 4-H cooking club, "Five Kitchen Maids," met at the home of the leader, Mrs. W. H. Williamson Friday to make candy for the student body sale at community club meeting. The camp cookery club also met.

The officers of camp cookery club are: Leader, Mrs. LaRoy; club president, Jean Rutherford; secretary, Andrew Zahara.

The single diesel on the City of Portland is reported to have given considerable trouble.

When railroads are in prosperous condition their purchases amount to enormous sums. They are great consumers of lumber, steel and coal; and the manufacture of their equipment and supplies provides employment for thousands. So it is good news, all the way round, when the railroads really begin, as they have this year, to renew their plant and equipment.

And just to think, on Nov. 4 people were asking us, "What will you have to print in your paper, now that election is over?" Mrs. Simpson has at least done this: gotten the Roosevelt off the front pages.

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Every body else is writing about it, so why not me? For that matter, no excuse is needed. The fact is, on this sunny December day every person I meet is talking about Hitler. Because no body talks about anything else, I can not celebrate about anything. Not in a long memory, not even during the great war, nor in other periods that we thought portentous, can I recall a time when one subject so exclusively absorbed public attention, so universally provided the materials for polite conversation, so feverish of the public and semi-public functionaries concerned. For the last half hour I have been trying to get the Washington correspondent of the London Times, Sir Willmott Lewis, on the telephone. The line is busy.

Not that there is anything new to say about it. But I recall a phrase I once read in an essay that seems pertinent—I think it was coined by Lord Chief Justice Hewart—"Obnoxious to the Use of Force." It has application to King Edward and his problem. I say "His" problem. But that is one of the difficulties, if he had managed to keep it his own problem, he would have had less trouble—and the world less to talk about. The time for him to face it and settle it was in the beginning. Had he done so he would be happier than the man in every decision man keeps well. But in every decision there are two requirements: To do the right thing—and to do it at the right time. At the right time, which was long ago, the problem, while difficult, was still simple. There was love, and there was the crown. The king could take the lady and let the sceptre go, counting the crown well lost, or he could keep both, he is in the dilemma that mortal man has butted his head against since he first invested adage. He is trying to have his cake and eat it too. He can not do both.

American novelist Sinclair Lewis, among some hundred million other volunteer advisers, writes the king an open letter, inviting him: "David, come over here." And assuring him that in America "we have a feeling that you have a right to his own private life." Sure! But a king is something more than a man. Being a king is a special job—commonly considered, even in these days, a good job. Taking it involves certain duties. A British king must live up to certain duties, affirmative and negative, certain performances and abstentions. Some of these obligations are in the area of the more obligatory, upon every person and much more upon a king. It is obedience to the unenforceable that makes the world go round, keeps society a going concern, and makes the standard of living in the world a rule unconsciously and instinctively. Men "do the decent thing."

They practice courtesy, consideration, self-restraint, respect for the feelings of others, regard for the standards of the community, and for the needs of others, and many additional virtues for the branch of which there is no prison term on any statute book. Even in the area of the so-called unenforceable, of formal law, as subject, not because of the threatened force but because of sense of right.

For one man who refrains from stealing because of fear of jail, ten thousand refrain because of inner standards of decency. I think the essayist who cannot now fully remember made the point that that civilization is the highest in which the largest area of rule is unenforceable, the smallest area is written into statute. One of the considerable number of things that are amiss in the world is the increasing disposition to rely upon force, to try to enforce the unenforceable, to pass a law.

True, David Edward can report that he didn't "take" the job, but he did take it, in the sense that if he didn't want it he would have declined it, let it pass to his young brother, and in fact, he did "take" the job, and is about to make his taking formal, through the ceremony of coronation. Conspicuously, rather flagrantly, as if trying to take the crown and have the last word.

However, perhaps we can bring this excursion into royal romance back into the more austere field of government which is the usual province of this column. Consider the effect of the alternative outcome.

Suppose the king abdicates. That would be a triumph for tradition, a yielding to convention. As such it would be a step in the direction opposite to that in which the world is moving. It might make for stability, for conservatism.

Suppose the king follows the other course, takes the crown and the lady both, that would involve apparently, resignation of the cabinet and a general election in England. Suppose he "gets away with it," suppose the people support him. That would mean a very bizarre thing. It would mean increase in the prestige of the crown, decrease in the authority of cabinet and parliament. It would be a step toward that personal government which is now spreading everywhere. Measurably, the king would make an advance toward the absolutist course.

ception of government. Well, if the world is determined to have dictators, maybe the hereditary ones are as satisfactory as the opportunists ones. Kaiser Wilhelm could have been no worse than Hitler—and some of Wilhelm's predecessors were indefinitely better than Hitler. Dictatorship modified by the amenities of royalty, modified by popular regard for hereditary monarchy, might be better than the raw criticism of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. Dictatorship modified by birth, might be better than dictatorship achieved by demagoguery and maintained by force.

However, all this is pretty speculative, I warn the reader to regard all this as more worthy and an attempt to write something on the only topic that, apparently, people want to read about. New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate.

Ten Years Ago

December 8, 1926 John Porter and Jim Smith, county commissioner, will inspect the Buena Vista ferry today.

Joseph Kellar, one-time state parole officer, conferring with governor today, rumor he was being considered for office of warden of state penitentiary.

Dr. G. E. Prime re-elected president of Salem Rod and Gun club.

Twenty Years Ago

December 8, 1916 Mrs. W. Carlton Smith, Salem singer, plays important comedy role of Juanita in "The Dictator."

Salem lodges to stage the big holiday fun feast, at the Armory soon, unique and free.

Mrs. Franklin A. Con, cultured N. Y. woman, in more worthy and clothes to hunt for missing husband, spends week in Salem, police keep wires hot.

Santiam Rebekahs Stage Elections

Mill City Residents Donate \$15 Above Quota to Red Cross

MILL CITY, Dec. 7.—Santiam Rebekah lodge has elected the following officers: Mrs. Frank Taylor, noble grand; Mrs. Susie Haynes, vice-grand; Mrs. Otto Geertsen, secretary, and Mrs. Andy Holthouso, treasurer. Other officers will be appointed before installation.

It was decided to hold a dinner at the next meeting, also a social evening of cards. All members are asked to bring donations to this meeting to be sent to the J. O. O. F. home in Portland. The Three Link club will give a "500" party in the hall the night of December 19.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual bazaar in the Dawes hall Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sause are the parents of a 7 1/2 pound baby son, born in the Stayton hospital Sunday.

Honor Birthdays

The Happy Hour club held a dinner at the home of Mrs. Clara Ellsworth in honor of the birthdays of Mrs. J. Plymouth and Mrs. Otto Geertsen. The afternoon was spent with sewing. Those present were Mrs. Henry Baltimore, Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Mrs. Ed Haynes, Mrs. Otto Geertsen, Mrs. S. J. Jesson, Mrs. Mary Hendrickson, Mrs. Clara Ellsworth, Mrs. H. Norman, Mrs. J. Plymouth, Mr. Ed Bertman and the hostess, Mrs. E. Ellsworth and guest, Mrs. Alfred Ward.

Mill City raised \$65 for the Red Cross drive, the quota being \$50. Mrs. Herbert Schroeder was chairman of the drive. Other contributors, Mrs. Lee Morris, Mrs. Leroy Dike, Mrs. C. C. Porter and Mrs. John Swan as collectors.

Children's Home To Get Donation

WOODBURN, Dec. 7.—The Woodburn W. C. T. U. met at the home of Mrs. Emma Bidwell on Corby street Friday afternoon. Mrs. J. G. Gillanders presiding.

Speaker for the afternoon was Mrs. Ruth Toose, state vice-president, who gave an interesting talk on the national convention held at Tulsa, Okla., and an outline of the work of the national president and vice-president. Mrs. Toose also sang a vocal solo.

Mrs. Lydia Lehman, former county president, and Mrs. Webb of Salem accompanied Mrs. Toose to Woodburn and the former gave a talk on the work of the organization. Devotions were led by Mrs. C. W. Hatch, evangelistic director who read the Christmas lesson, a poem. Mrs. Ida Brennan led in prayer.

It was voted to send a Christmas box to the Children's farm home near Corvallis. Donations for this box may be left at the home of Mrs. Carrie Young, 356 Young street. Mrs. Oscar Allen, director of the farm home work will be in charge of the packing and shipping of the box. At the tea hour Mrs. Alice Gayer assisted the hostess.

Wacanda Community Club Will Gather Wednesday

WACONDA, Dec. 7.—Mrs. A. N. Parsons will entertain members of the Wacanda community club at home Wednesday, December 9. This will be an all-day meeting with club luncheon at noon. The date has been advanced because of previous club dates.

Early Christmas Present



"Sweepstakes on Love" by May Christie

CHAPTER XVIII "Just because he's handsome and popular and people like him even if he's lost his money, you have to hold it against him!" Genevieve had smiled unpleasantly—a smile which spoke volumes.

"Instead of hanging about his apartment and wasting time, you should have had your hair shampooed after the four days on the train."

Diana could have retorted that it was her mother's fault they had waited—that she herself had suggested leaving—but what good would it do?

"I can shampoo my hair right here." She had retired into the bathroom and locked the door. But she had kissed her mother goodnight. Tired as she was, she could not have slept otherwise.

Now, at half past six in the morning, she tiptoed out of the bedroom, for fear of waking Genevieve, and set the coffee pot on the electric stove in the kitchenette, and had her bath.

Genevieve was up and in her dressing-gown when Diana emerged. Genevieve fried bacon and eggs, and made the toast in the electric toaster.

"Ought I to wear slacks to the studio, mother? Or would that seem too casual?"

"Certainly it would. The pink sports suit, darling. It had been bought, extravagantly, for Genevieve. It was a very pretty suit and had been made down for Diana by the nimble fingers of Bella, the Italian maid."

"I see you set your hair nicely last night. Diana's hair was naturally curly, which was a blessing."

Diana chatted with her mother as she dressed. Awake, Genevieve looked much less fatigued. She had put a touch of rouge on her cheeks.

At 20 minutes after seven, Roger arrived with his car. Genevieve had evidently repented her tirade last night concerning him. She spoke pleasantly to Roger, offering him a cup of coffee, which he accepted, although he said he had already breakfasted.

Cahuenga Pass, with its saffron hills and bright foliage and brighter signboards, was radiant as they drove by.

"Excited, Diana?" He slipped an arm about her for a moment. "I'm divinely happy, Roger. It was sweet of you to get up an hour earlier and come for me."

She thrilled to his touch. She snuggled closer. "The old times, isn't it, Diana? Old times in the new life out here. That's what I want."

She could have shouted: "And you shall have them, darling. I want nothing better in the world than to be with you. You all the time!"

One of the strangest experiences of Diana's life was to take place on her arrival at the studio.

Other people had usually considered her a very pretty girl, although vanity was not her weakness.

But now, amazingly, any favorable opinion she might have cherished as to her appearance was to be removed!

Mr. Kayser's clucking changed into words. "Those eyebrows will all have to be pulled out," he snapped.

"All of them?" gasped Diana, amazed.

"Yes. The line's incorrect. We'll get a much better effect for the cameras by painting them at an angle running towards the temples."

He came close up to her and stared into her eyes. "You'll have to have new eyelashes." He took a step backward, screwing up his face as his gaze went lower.

"Brown, her chin's too short. It's entirely out of proportion to the rest of her face. See that?"

"Um," said Brown. He nodded. "Mouth's too wide, and it droops to the left."

Brown said laconically. "Lipstick'll lift it."

The third man stepped suddenly forward, staring solemnly at Diana. He looked at Mr. Kayser, raising his eyebrows, and putting his hand to the left side of his face.

"You're right, Steinman. Her face is lopsided." Then to Diana: "We can lift the left side by raising the eyebrow higher than the right one, and fixing the left corner of your mouth with a lift of the lipstick."

Thought Diana: "I must be hideous, and never knew it! Isn't this dreadful?"

How on the earth had the studio scout ever engaged her? She grinned unhappily, feeling like a monster. Was this an age-guessing contest?

"Not so bad, not so bad," murmured Mr. Kayser, rubbing his tiny hands together. "Fairly nice teeth, in fact. But remember not to smile so broadly when you're in front of the camera."

There was a silence. Then he added, brusquely: "Your hair's too dark. We better make you a blonde."

"Please—no. I mean, if it's possible not to change it," stammered Diana, but they paid no attention.

"Her skin's good. Call Miss Golden."

Bearing a tray with a dozen different shades of powder on it, and a variety of pots and little boxes, Miss Golden came in.

"All the eyebrows out, Miss Golden. And she needs artificial eyelashes. Get going, will you?"

Diana went into an inner room with Miss Golden.

In three-quarters of an hour she was transformed.

Then came the camera test in another part of the studio. Lights blazed full on her. Half-a-dozen men were holding lights about her. They kept shouting strange expressions to each other as they moved the lights so that they fell on her face at varying angles.

"Hi there, break her neck!" "Zit her on the nose with the spot!" "Her mouth's crooked," et cetera.

"If I ever had any natural conceit, I assure you it's been entirely knocked out of me in the past four hours, Roger," she laughed.

"But it's amazingly interesting. I can't wait to see the tests."

"Don't be disappointed if the first ones don't turn out so well. They have to do a good deal of experimenting, you know," he explained to her.

"Just so long as they do give me a job. I feel as if I got my contract on false pretense."

"Nonsense! That chap back in New York spotted you at once. You'll knock 'em all dead, Diana, once you get started."

She enjoyed her lunch with him immensely. There were several famous stars in the restaurant. Despite the costumed players who lent a fancy-dress ball atmosphere, there was an air of informality about the place. One went up to the counter and got one's food and carried it to one's table. Even the stars did that.

"Hello there, Roger," said a male voice directly behind Diana. She had heard it before somewhere. She looked up.

"Hello, Jerry. Diana, this is Jerry Nolan, the prize wit of the studio. Jerry, this is Dian Darlington. She's just arrived from New York on a contract. Sit down, Jerry, and have a little bite with us."

... as Jerry took Diana's hand in his and shook it heartily, remarking that he had had the pleasure of a bite with her in New York, and would enjoy nothing but her if he were sworn by all the gods to deliver a song to Falconer before five today, and it was a fig-saw puzzle to fit the lyric to the music—in fact, it was driving him crazy—he was heading for the deep silence and the nut factory.

"That's what I call my office," he grinned, rumpling his mop of hair.

"We met on the train," smiled Diana. She liked Jerry's frank face.

"Say, when she's through today, bring her to my place for a cocktail, Roger," said Jerry cheerily. He nodded to them, and departed, whistling.

"He's a darn nice fellow," remarked Roger, looking after him. "One of the best. If ever anyone's in trouble, there's a real pal."

"He looks nice, but he does dress strangely," said Diana. If anything, Jerry today looked even untidier than he had on the train.

"Oh, that's his little eccentricity. He makes loads of money. I first met him on Tin Pan Alley where he'd clicked with his first number. He's brilliantly clever, but never swell-headed. In fact, it's rather unique that anyone so successful in his line as Jerry is, should be so modest. And he's swell to his mother! She's a funny old girl. She keeps house for him out here—he's got a grand place with all the trimmings, though you'd never suspect it from his appearance—in fact, he's quite a connoisseur of books and pictures as well as being a crackerjack composer of music, and he writes most of his own lyrics as well."

Diana had never heard Roger enthuse about any member of his own sex to this extent. She was impressed. It took one man to judge another.

"He must get a huge salary, I suppose?"

"Twenty-five hundred a week." "Goodness! Is that possible?" "Certainly," said Roger. "His pictures are 'sure-fires,' as they say here, at the box-office. There's a rumor that he may produce his own. But he's too modest to talk about it."

It was quarter of one now. She was due back at Miss Golden's.

Roger and she went across the lawn and he left her at the door of Mr. Kayser's suite.

"I'll try to get off at five or thereabouts. I'll phone you Diana." (To Be Continued)