

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Vigilant Pinball Boys

GIVE it to the pinball boys for not sleeping. This racket is too juicy with profits to be surrendered without a fight; and once lost is to be recovered at the earliest opportunity. When the city council meets Monday night it will be electing a new city attorney. Actually the pinball boys are making the attorney election a lever by which to gain control of the council. They want, if Councilman Goodenough gets the attorneyship, and so has to resign his councilman office, to elect a new councilman as his successor who will be favorable to licensing pinball machines. For several weeks the outriders of the pinball brigade have been putting prospective candidates through the sounding rooms to find out how they stand on the pinball larceny. If they do not react favorably they are dropped for more "promising" material. No attention is paid to a man's general qualifications, or how he stands on other questions of public concern. The sole test is whether he will fall in with the pinball racket.

The sentiment on the council divides into three groups: those opposed to licensing the machines; those who regard them as an evil but are willing to license any and all applicants; and those who want to frame licensing so the local syndicate will get the top deck rakeoff and shut off the Portland or Seattle merchants in gaming try to extract. In the rumblings behind the scenes one hears of deals and then of renegeing; but one thing is sure the pinball brigade is never sleeping.

The council will fly in the face of public sentiment if it restores these machines to use. There is a rising tide of hostility to them, for one reason because the public recognizes the sucker doesn't get a fair break, the odds against him are so heavy. The question as to whether these machines are prohibited under the state constitution barring lotteries is now in the courts. The council should at the very least await this decision. Meantime the legislature, which convenes next month, will render a good service to the public if it repeals the 1935 law purporting to give municipalities power to license the devices.

Mussolini Moves

WHETHER one likes him or not one must rate Mussolini among the great figures of current history. His theory of the corporate state, offensive though it be to friends of democracy, is an original contribution to political and economic theory. His vigorous administration has welded Italy into a unity it has not experienced since the downfall of the Roman empire. He has been an astute manager of foreign affairs. He out-bluffed Great Britain in the Ethiopian crisis. Now he has proven his astuteness by cutting loose from General Franco, Spanish rebel, at a timely moment.

For the advice given by Il Duce to Hitler that the latter pull out of the Spanish situation proves that the Italian dictator does not want to precipitate a European war, which he thinks would be the price of supplying Franco with the men and materials he needs. The war might crush Italy, poverty-stricken as it is, even if its armies met with success. Prompt to recognize the rebel government when it was on the point of entering the capital of Spain, Mussolini is equally prompt to retire from the list of Franco's supporters when he sees the rebel army thwarted short of its goal. Without Italian and German aid the rebels will certainly fail; and when the crack-up comes, it will come fast. The leaders will hasten to flee the country to escape the fury of the socialists.

The time appears ripe for the powers to insulate the strife, and to exert the pressures which may be fruitful in restoring peace and order in Spain. This should be on a basis of amnesty as far as possible, and the establishment of an orderly democratic form of government. Whether this can be done in the face of the anarcho-syndicalists, the communists and the radical socialists is hard to tell. While some of the powers in Europe prefer a fascist Spain, none of them, save Russia, wants a red Spain; and for some time to come Spain will need the support of republican France.

Perhaps Mussolini, in his characteristic manner of swift action, has made a decisive move for the end of the Spanish war of internal destruction.

New Year's Eve

TONIGHT the new year will be greeted in diverse ways. Riotous celebration will give 1937 a bath in champagne in many city night clubs. Prayer and praise will christen it in many churches over the land. Between these extremes will be more moderate means of welcoming the new year.

The feverish prosperity of 1936 lends the atmosphere for a noisy new year's eve. New Yorkers are promised one of the "most joyous, hilarious and expensive" celebrations in history. The leading hotels have set the cover charge at \$15, and others scale down from \$12 to \$10.50 to \$8.00. At the Rainbow room in Rockefeller center the fee is \$15, exclusive of beverages, and the manager says there will be "no corkage fee" for the simple reason that persons bringing their own will be asked to check the same in the cloak room. Other cities will be likewise indulgent, in their own degree, as those with bibulous desire toast the coming of 1937.

Those who sit comfortably in their own homes may vicariously riot from Atlantic to Pacific as they follow the chain of the hours across the continent. It is always something of wonder thus to follow the advent of the new year as the hour of twelve midnight strikes in city after city, each in a new time zone. Finally the minute hand creeps toward the moment in one's own city. Usually one must step outside at 12 to hear much noise, for electric power has gone away with most of the steam whistles which used to screech a new year's greeting. The distant clamor of bells and auto horns and whistles soon dies away; and folk go in and go to bed,—conscious that the work will go on in January quite the same as in December; or that surprising changes may come at any day of the year.

Changing Commissioners

FRANK C. McCULLOUGH has made an excellent public utility commissioner. The Statesman's regret at his retiring from office is mitigated only by the high character and intellectual attainments of the man designated as his successor, Senator N. G. Wallace of Bend. McCullough took a department in which there had been four years of demagogic leadership and has made it operate with greater efficiency, has organized the work, obtained valuable rate reductions, and introduced definite discipline in public utility administration. He has done this without making stump speeches, without ballyhoo. Business has gone through his office with dispatch and certainty. Utilities knew they would get fair treatment if they complied with the law; the public had the assurance that the department was vigilant in protecting their interests. McCulloch's work attracted much attention to him as a future candidate for governor, although he showed no interest at all in fence-building.

Senator Wallace has a fine, clear mind; is well-poised; resolute in his convictions. He became a leader in the senate because of his intellectual strength. Governor Martin has summoned into state service a man of ability when he appointed Mr. Wallace to the important position of public utility commissioner.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

How Hated Thou?
To the Editor:
"Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up." Mark 9-27. We call this a Christian nation. Our civilization is called a Christian civilization. Society is, or should be, based on Christian principles. It is possible that we are a Christian nation, but not in fact. It is also possible that our business is not conducted on Christian principles. Christ says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Business says, "Thou shalt compete with thy neighbor." The competitive system is not the system that Christ taught. It is possible that we are a Christian nation in our creeds and not in our deeds. Christ intended that His religion should be carried out in practice. To call Him Lord, and do not the things that He says is to disown Him. "Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up." This adimonial is the basis for some remarks I wish to make on social problems, on man's relations to his fellow man. Social problems are sacred problems. Every political question, and every social question is a religious question. If Christian Socialism is the application of Christ's teachings to the life of today, then we are all Socialists, or should be. When our savior came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, He saw this poor devil possessed by the foot of the mount, and taking him by the hand He lifted him up so that he stood a man among men. Jesus made him free from the devil that degraded him. He made a man of him. The whole gospel and mission of Christ is in that act. Jesus was always taking men by the hand and lifting them up. He did not stand aloof from men. He came close to them; He took them by the hand as brother should grasp the hand of brother. He showed personal sympathy with others. He had a personal interest in individuals. It was the mission of Christ and it is the mission of the Church of Christ to uplift men. The cry that comes from thousands all around us is "Lift me up." The ignorant cry to be lifted up to knowledge, the oppressed to be lifted up to liberty, the sinful to be lifted up to holiness and Heaven.

It is the mission of Christianity to lift men up, to elevate them, to give them true and correct knowledge, to give them a new life. "Lift me up," said William McKinley said, "I don't know what you think about it, but I think I would like to be lifted up." "Lift me up," said the man in the mill instead of the mints of the United States. "In this year of 1936 I don't know what you think about it, but I think I would like to be lifted up." The Townsend plan is the most humanitarian and Christ-like plan, having true and undefiled religion, that has ever been offered to bring us out of this, the worst financial and moral depression ever known. It is a plan that would bring a bloody revolution that we hear so much about on every hand, and I cannot understand how any minister of Christ's Gospel or any Christian man or woman that would do unto others as they would have others do unto them, and love their neighbors as themselves, could oppose the plan.

W. P. A. Rolfs Should Not be Reduced
To the Editor:
The present system of handling the relief problem must be continued until the able-bodied people on relief get their jobs in some private industry or until some better system is devised. Any drastic cut in relief rolls that will throw able-bodied men on the street to starve is unchristian and is bound to lead to serious repercussions. The unemployment problem is permanent under the present economic system. In fact it offers a challenge to the owners of private industry, namely: can you and will you absorb the able-bodied men in private industry?
If you are not able to do so, then a system of relief and made work must be set up and the bill sent to the owners of private industry until the people and the government are ready to change this system from private to public ownership of these industries so that all may be given employment. At best, relief and made-work is a makeshift which tends to destroy the morale of our unemployed citizenry; is an indictment against the present system of private ownership and a disgrace to the nation.

C. Chaplin,
Salem, Ore.

Ten Years Ago
December 31, 1926
Inauguration of John Martin Cause as president of Kimball School of Theology will be held January 18.

Twenty Years Ago
December 31, 1916
Secretary of State Ben Olcott, proposes combining all public elections as a money saving measure for tax payers.

Statesman has arranged to megaphone University of Oregon and University of Pennsylvania game at Pasadena, New Year's day.
Justice Robert Eakin who was to have succeeded Chief Justice Frank A. Moore has resigned due to poor health.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Markers along the 12-31-36
old Oregon Trail in the state of Kansas:
How the costs are paid:
(Continuing from yesterday):
Quoting further the second Ellenbecker letter: "We pursue various plans in raising the funds."
"In two instances our county commissioners have defrayed the expenses."
"In one instance we sold sufficient Oregon Trail half dollars to raise the money."
"In the instance of the Bremen marker, four school districts and the town of Bremen (208 population) contributed the funds."
"We, in another case, raised the money by subscription."
"Just now we are selling Pony Express medals for another."
"The Oregon Trail Memorial association of 4223 217th street, BaySide, Long Island, N. Y., has these coins and medals which can be bought at a nominal price and then sold at a profit. Howard R. Driggs is president of O. T. M. A. (Oregon Trail Memorial association)."
"You perhaps have a regional director of O. T. M. A. for Oregon, but I do not know his name. (Have we? If so, who is he? If not, we should have.)"
"In this locality we have granite boulders scattered around, and some of these we selected for the stones; then we inscribed them and gave a mount plaques on them. We find some very fine stones, from small sizes up to many tons in weight. So all the expense we have is the placing and the inscribing, which seldom exceeds \$75."
"We have quite a marking program, for this county (Marshall) has over a dozen historical spots that should be marked. We have five markers up."
"The original Oregon Trail from Westport, Missouri, via the Kaw river and the Platte traversed this county."
"Then the St. Joseph feeder came in from the east and joined the old trail in this county."
"Then from the St. Joseph trail at Guttard station the Oketo cut-off (of Ben Holladay) ran northwest across the county."
"At Marysville is the crossing of the old Fort Leavenworth-Fort Kearney military road."
"Then there are several famous camp grounds, as at Alcove Springs where the Donner party camped four days and buried Grandma Keyes."
"There is a crossing of the old Fort Leavenworth-Fort Kearney military road."

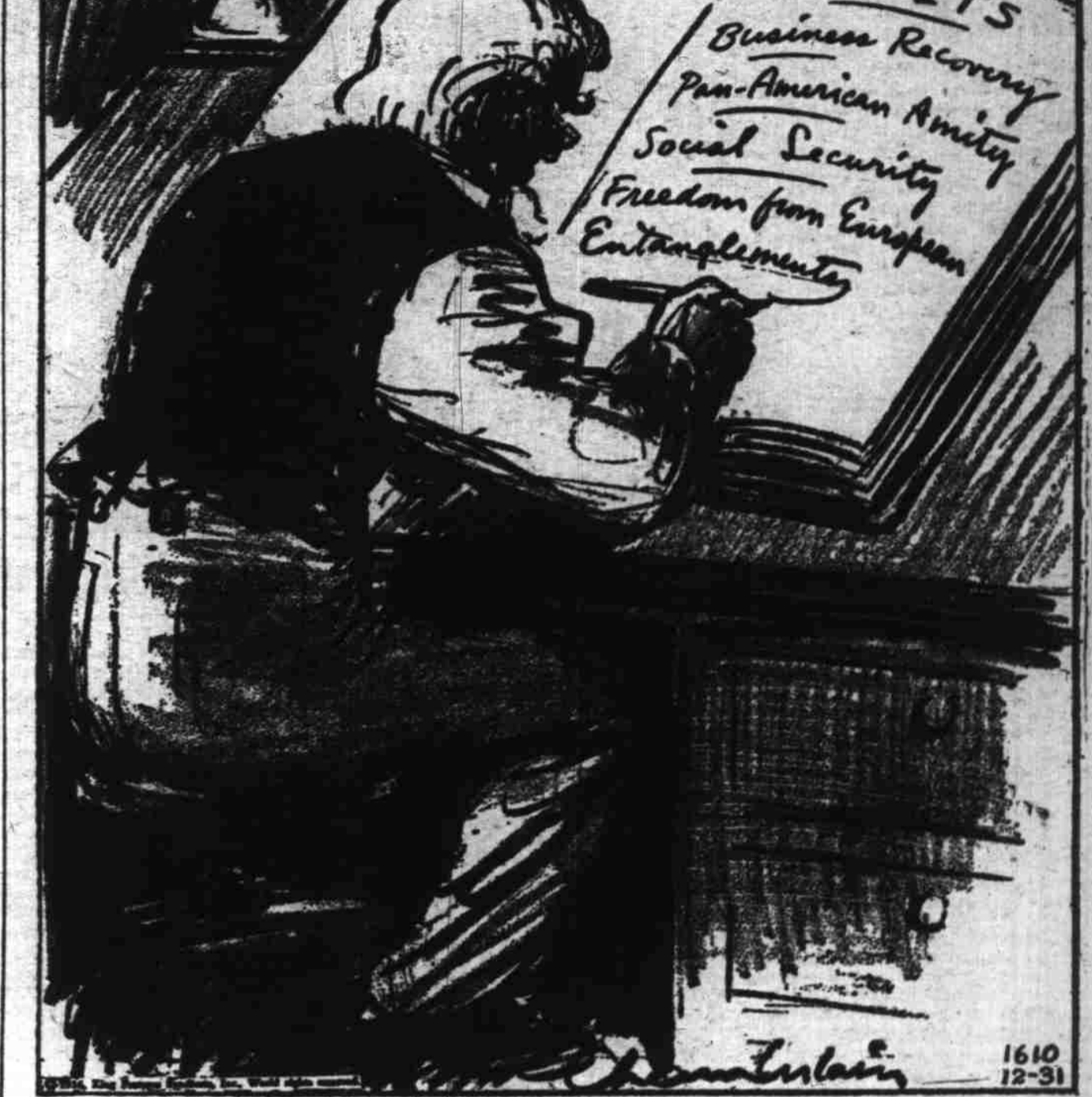
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Lack of Material Holds Up Subway
HUBBARD, Dec. 30 — Work on the Wilson river cut-off highway subway under the Southern Pacific tracks near White school has been retarded due to the impossibility of securing construction materials. This is due to the Maritime strike which is now on.
The Congregational church parsonage, known as the Polatske house, was sold to Frank Feth of Hubbard. The Feth house was purchased by Roy Duncan of Hubbard.
Guests in Hubbard over the holidays are Mrs. U. E. Denyer of Turner and Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Hawk and sons, Nola and Eidon of Clatskanie at the Rev. N. S. Hawk home. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin de Loepinasse of Halfway, where they teach in the high school and Mr. and Mrs. Don Covey of Union, eastern Oregon at the A. F. de Loepinasse home.
A group of girls of the Federated church Sunday school held a party in the church social room Monday night. The room was decorated appropriately for the season. After playing games, lunch was served to Faye Larkins, Elisea Bontrager, Mildred Schoor, Hazel Boyd, Phyllis Vreutenberg, Doris and Eunice Lové and Miss Kate Hawk, teacher.

Star Official to Visit February 22
WOODBURN, Dec. 30 — The regular meeting of Evergreen chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, was held in the Masonic temple Monday night with the newly elected officers in the chairs. Mrs. Beulah Lessard, worthy matron, presided.
Announcement was made that Mrs. Hazel Ingraham of The Dalles, associate grand matron, would make her official visit of inspection February 22. A school for officers will be held in the afternoon of that day at 7 o'clock.
Standing committees are appointed by the worthy matron: Finance, E. W. Dand, Edna Lyle and Pearl Lamsden; examining committee, Mabel Slettemier, Lillian Bittany and J. Melvin Ringo; relief, Della Overton, Minnie Richards, E. W. Dunn; chairman of the refreshment committee, Beulah Lessard; decorations, E. A. Beers; program, Gertrude Tweddie.
The Rainbow advisory board appointed includes Maude Mochel, mother adviser; Mabel Slettemier, Dr. Sims, E. A. Beers, Nina Ringo, Prudence Ackerson, May Strike, E. W. Dunn, Elva Lyle and Beulah Lessard. The 41st anniversary of the chapter will be celebrated at the next meeting, January 11.

Leaves for Home
SEVER, Dec. 3 — Miss Irma Weber has gone for her home at Wheeler after having spent the past six months with her uncle, C. D. Richter and family.

Much on the Good Side of the Ledger



"Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XIV
Things like that didn't happen. Why, it was like something out of a book. Nobody else grew up like that—wild, and undisciplined and innocent as a fawn in the woods.
Nobody... except old Adolph Cooper.
Donald saw the huge, leathery-faced old man, passive, curiously detached from his eager, bustling wife and the fashionably gowned girls. He saw him in his baggy black suit and the stiff white shirt, with the limp, straggling black bow tie and the slow old feet in highly polished congress slippers, soft as a woman's glove.
He saw him again in a flower-banked hospital room, the white head propped on pillows. An old man, grown garrulous on his deathbed.
He remembered the stories he told. Improbable stories about the billiards and gambling and dance hall girls. And one girl with corn-color hair, who sang ballads and was, most improbable of all, the present Mrs. Cooper's sister.
He remembered Mrs. Cooper's embarrassment, her ineffectual attempts to stop the old man's stark, sometimes bawdy and always fascinating reminiscences.
He was still sitting there, his brow wrinkled, trying to reconcile the whole highly colored, impossible situation with the young, sleeping girl and the white, modern Chinese room, when Nettie came in.
She wore expensive mourning and the narrow black pumps over which her slken instep bulged, must have been tight, for she limped, looked warm and tired.
Beside her, Adele, tall and willowy in her soft gray and large flaring hat, was a picture.
Both hastened to the bed, with soft cries. Both had eyes only for the man beside the bed.
On Nettie's face was the quick, calculating suspicion of the lady shopper who's afraid the stock has been picked over before she arrived.
"And think of you waiting here, and your office full of people! Now what is the matter with our Christine? I couldn't believe it when the maid told me 'we came in the door!'"
"Christie's never been sick a day in her life," Adele said. She went close to Donald, and put her hand on his sleeve, smiling up at him, brightly, provocatively.
He smiled back at her, put his hand on hers absently.
"Oh, she's all right again, a... a mild case of hysterics. Trying to be a LITTLE too brave. She—she had a real shock. Mr. Cooper's death. He was so well when she left, you remember. Touching—the way they cared for each other. I've been rather upset myself."
"You're just too chicken-hearted to be a doctor!" Adele smiled.
"Oh, no! You don't know my worst side!"
"I always bring out the best in you! I love it! Mother, she said the crisis is past, and Donald says the patient will recover, aren't you going to see that we get a cocktail?"
"Of course, darling. I'll just—"
Nettie dropped the coverlet she had been carefully straightening, moved obediently toward the door.
"Sorry. Not during working hours, Mrs. Cooper. No, I really must go. Adele, people to see—"
She followed him down to the door, delaying his progress.
"He really had stayed too long. 'Really, I'm a hurry!'"
That sounded unnecessarily brusque, and he was about to say something to soften it, but to his surprise and embarrassment she smiled up at him mildly, said:
"I know. I'm thoughtless, sometimes. But I really care too much to try to keep you from your work."
"Goodbye!" he said, gruffly.
There was lump in his throat. He ran down the stairs, started his car noisily, rounded the curve at unnecessary speed.
Adele stood in the open doorway, looking after him, the ghost of a smile on her delicate, too thin face. She whispered to herself—"I love him. I love him. And he isn't because he's a good catch. I'd love him just as much, if he were a nobody. Nobody at all!"
In the house Christine slept on, dead to the world. Nettie struggled out of her tight black clothes, eased the new pumps from her swollen feet. The maid giggled and gossiped over their afternoon coffee and cake in the large, airy kitchen. Isabelle, who had been locked in her room with a "Don't disturb" sign on the door all afternoon, moved restlessly from the table where she was copying a German flower print in water color, to the desk where she was pecking at her typewriter, trying to think of an opening for chapter five of the novel she hoped would astonish the world.
But it was such hard work. And everything was again here. With a sigh she gave it up, turned to her real comfort, her diary, penned swiftly:
"How can I hope to write? I am only a prisoner, and mother is the jailer who won't let me get away to learn anything about life. Here I sit, day after day, trying to write 'Stinking Road,' without inspiration. Oh, the deadly monotony, the emptiness of our pampered, sheltered lives. The four of us, mother who is too old to care about anything but comforts and food, and Christine and Adele and I who have been so sheltered we don't know what real life might give us, if we only had the freedom to get it before it's too late!"
Donald Latham turned the key in the lock of his apartment, and paused, a faint frown forming between his eyes.
"Hello, darling!" a voice called from within. "You're surprised, aren't you?"
"Very! How are you, Eve? How did you get here?" He smiled, went to the little table where his maid lay, was lost in it, almost at once.
His mother, who had taught him, and not without a struggle, to call her by her given name, watched with an indulgent smile.
"Really, I could shake you at times, Donald! Did you ask me a question, and do you want to hear the answer, or don't you?"
"Yes, surely. I'm listening."
"With one ear. Really, I don't know why the girls all want to cast themselves at your feet. Certainly you're the most indifferent, bad-mannered creature. You haven't even said that you were glad to see me!"
He laid down a letter, tore open another envelope with his strong, delicate fingers. "You know I'm always glad to see you, Eve. How long are you going to stay?"
She glanced at her pretty, still youthful reflection in the mirror behind him, patted her bright brown hair, smiled more warmly.
"As long as you'll squeeze me around, and be sweet to me! Will you put down that stupid magazine and listen to me?"
"It's a very interesting medical journal. Didn't you tell me that my work must always come first? It seems to me that I remember—"
"Of course, darling. But after your other—that's understood al-