

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - Editor and Publisher

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Reaction to the Roosevelt Proposal

ONE might expect a chorus of dissent from republicans to the dramatic proposal of Pres. Roosevelt to appoint additional judges of the supreme court unless those aged 70 retire. What is observed however is a "chorus of silence" from the democratic press and the independent press which supported the president in his campaign for reelection. That silence is eloquent; it speaks louder than the declamation of the republicans.

A similar silence or left-handed assent is reported in Washington among the democratic senators. A few of the marionettes like Sen. Robinson of Arkansas have expressed their approval; others have expressed opposition; the great majority have said nothing. That silence is indicative of a mental winking. They do not agree with the Roosevelt program but lack the political courage to fight it. The revolutionary bill may pass the congress, if the president cracks the party whip and applies the pressures of the executive. If it does, this makes the courts as well as the congress the minions of the executive; and the plan of a division of powers according to functions of government is for the time being at least, utterly destroyed.

In this state that fearless and staunch supporter of the Roosevelt administration, the Portland Journal, maintains as magnificent silence over the proposal to dilute the supreme court's age with new dealish youth.

The Medford Mail-Tribune whose burst of speed in acclaiming the new deal put it ahead even of the democratic party press, opposes the program "because we do not regard it as necessary or desirable at the present time." It fails to see any reason for changing the number of justices "except to give the executive department a temporary advantage."

The Eugene News, independent, offsets arguments it makes note of for the plan by saying "a person may reasonably question the advisability of making so tremendous an increase in court personnel at one time."

The independent Eugene Register-Guard directly challenges the attempt of the president to reach his "obvious goal—a controlled court, pre-picked to do his bidding." It says:

"This scheme to seize control of the nation's courts is one of the most dangerous measures ever put forward by any president—and one of the most dishonest."

Other independent or democratic newspapers in the state have withheld comment or been non-committal. This fact speaks volumes. It reveals that the newspapers which supported Roosevelt for reelection are reserving judgment on this specific proposal. Eventually they may come out and endorse it. It is plain now that the plan lacks immediate appeal, and rather indicates they will have to gag considerably before they swallow the Rooseveltian dosage.

Labor Relations Code

JUST a little over a century ago, in 1834, that six agricultural laborers were condemned to deportation for seven years for organizing a union at Tolpuddle, a small village in the county of Dorset, England. In the succeeding century unions became recognized and grew tremendously in power and influence. Yet in this country there is a surprising paucity of legislation dealing directly with labor unions.

There are reasons for that. The unions have functioned as voluntary societies which gave them greater independence of action and of organization and saved them as organizations from legal attack. The strategy of the union was to acquire by negotiation or by strike the demands which it felt warranted in making. Lately however there has come a marked change in strategy. Under the NRA a direct attempt was made to unionize by law the industries of the country. This was repeated in the Wagner labor relations act passed by congress.

It ought to be plain however that the unions cannot run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. When they invoke the power of the state virtually to compel unionization of industry they must expect to become subject to government regulation themselves. Otherwise the union would be all-powerful and would become in fact if not in law the state.

This paper would like to see the subject of labor relations studied and a comprehensive code prepared defining the powers and the responsibilities of unions and employers and imposing such restraints as the interests of society dictate. Certainly one requirement in such a code would be the registration of unions and making their accounts subject to report, for the protection of the interest of the members as well as to safeguard the social interest, though not with any purpose of restricting unions in their lawful activities. There ought to be a better definition of a labor dispute so that employers would not be harassed by strikes where the dispute was not genuine, or made the subject of extortion to prevent strikes at the demand of some racketeer who might have gained power in a union. Unfair labor practices both by employers and unions should be defined, and union members protected in the right to become members of unions if they so choose, free from intimidation from any outside influence. With legal recognition of its right to bargain collectively the union should relinquish the method of the general and sympathetic strike.

These are materials which would go to make up a labor code. In passing on pending bills the purpose ought to be to build up a code which will give labor adequate protection and at the same time hold labor organizations subordinate to the general welfare.

Hiram Johnson, senator from California, smelling battle, has returned to Washington from Florida with the announcement he will fight the plan to change the judiciary. With him and Borah taking the lead the battle promises to be memorable in the nation's annals. Both were leaders in the battle against ratification of the league of nations covenant at the treaty of Versailles. The present contest is reminiscent of the other, and will probably be as bitter. This time as before, the issue may be determined by the swing of public sentiment in the interval before the final vote.

Stanley High who herded the religious people of the country into support of the new deal last year, has since the election capitalized his fame by writing for the magazines. His recent article in the Saturday evening post read the democrats out of the party and left it peopled by ex-republicans of the progressive persuasion must not have set statements consigning to the political barrel plot his "confidential advisers." In other words Mr. High struck a new low.

The Japan current must have shifted again. Salem's rainfall in 1936 was only 30.24 inches, which isn't enough to flush the Willamette which is the cloaca maxima of this valley. Maybe the Ad club boys can do something about it with the rain festival which they are considering.

A Nebraska farmer had good luck with a hog which he bought for \$35 and sold for \$55.10. That profit wasn't very great considering the feed used; but while he owned the hog she bore 11 pigs which he sold for \$352. The sow was a regular holding company for profits.

Meeting Postponed

SENA, Feb. 6 — The Spring Valley Home missionary society has postponed its meeting until this Wednesday, when Mrs. William J. Pratt, Mrs. S. D. Crawford and Mrs. I. R. Utterback will be hostesses at the Pratt home for dessert lunch.

Willamette Lodge Meets

WALLACE ROAD, Feb. 6 — Willamette Lodge country club will hold the February meeting at the club house on the Wallace Road, Saturday night, Mrs. W. C. Franklin and Mrs. Ralph Allen at the hostesses for the no host at 6:30 o'clock

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Walnut kingdom should be built in Willamette valley; would pay state to foster walnut industry:

Under the heading, "Thousands for an Oregon Tree," the Portland Journal of last Tuesday carried the editorial that follows:

"Oregon's black walnut is becoming a famous wood. In the printed publicity of the largest veneer mill in the country, at Kansas City, is this statement: 'Truly, Oregon walnut is destined to become the aristocrat of all wood—the peer of all veneers—for its texture and innate quality of cellular structure offer unequalled possibilities for use in fine furniture, interior trim, radio cabinets and other purposes. WORDS CANNOT CONVEY THE TRUE BEAUTY AND DESIRABILITY OF OREGON WALNUT. ITS WONDERFUL TEXTURE IS SUCH THAT IT READILY TAKES ON A HIGH AND BEAUTIFUL FINISH.'"

"These statements are by experts in veneer, by people in the Oregon veneer mill in America. The Kansas City plant sells Oregon walnut all over the United States. Another mill that is an extensive consumer of Oregon walnut is the West-Made Desk Corporation of Portland. Desks and furniture made by their plant are shipped as far away as South America. Its product goes as far away as Lima, Peru, and other points as well as to all the western United States. Desks made of Oregon walnut, and containing Oregon alder fashioned into the core of the veneered desk, are among the company's output. The alder, when bought for the plant, is worth \$35 per 1000 feet. Sent out in the fashioned form, it brings about \$350 per 1000 feet."

"The story goes, and seemingly on good authority, that an Oregon walnut tree, when finally marketed as veneer, brought \$30,000 to \$35,000. It grew near Oakland, Oregon, and was cut in 1923. As rough logs, it was shipped to an eastern mill and was cut into veneer for the manufacture of furniture."

"In Oregon there is a considerable supply of the finest known walnut. It stands in the Willamette valley and southern Oregon. The supply seems to have followed the trail of the early Oregon pioneers—wherever they settled, the walnut trees grow."

That sounds good—\$30,000 to \$35,000 from the products of an Oregon walnut tree. Better than a gold mine, for all mines "pinch out," while walnut trees may be grown almost without limit in extent of space in Oregon, and in duration of time.

As long as our perfect combination of soil and climate and shows for the production of the best walnut trees and the best walnuts stand endure, there will be no pinching out, provided man does his share.

This writer in Statesman Slogan pages for years past advocated the increasing of our walnut industry—pleaded for more English walnut trees to the extent of the available acreage of the Willamette valley, and more black walnut trees, in reforesting our mountains, up to their very summits.

That was good advice, then. It appears better now, in the light of the revelation told by the Portland Journal.

It would be the people of Oregon to exempt from taxation all land put to both English and black walnut trees until their maturity in bearing crops and furnishing saw timber.

The same as to trees bearing cascara bark which must be cultivated to the end of the industry here will soon come.

This writer called repeated attention to the last named condition in his Slogan pages.

The advice is good now; the matter has grown more urgent.

Kagawa, the great Japanese statesman, Christian, humanitarian and social leader, advocated in one of his numerous books, recently published, that Japan nourish the planting of more edible nut trees, especially in waste places, to insure the food supply for his people.

Kagawa thinks the following of that advice might cool the war spirit of his people, by aiding in providing plenty, and thus leaving less reason for expansion—for conquering more territory by force of arms. Thus nuts may help to bring permanent world peace.

Sicily almost lives on nuts, mostly chestnuts, with nut flour and their use in hundreds of ways. The largest tree in the world is a chestnut tree, in Sicily.

In there a member of the present legislature with a vision strong enough to have the matter of such trees as mentioned here exempted from taxation during first years of growth—or rather the land on which they may be grown?

Nuts make the best meat substitute. A billion dollars might be added to Oregon's tax rolls eventually, by exempting a comparatively few acres of land from taxation for 10 to 30 or more years.



"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS
Enroute to her home in Los Angeles from college, beautiful Elizabeth Harman meets Gerald Brown, a student. Her stepfather, Colonel James McCarty, disapproves of Gerald but after a whirlwind courtship the young couple elope to the lobby of a San Diego hotel, a woman approaches Gerald and exclaims, 'Why Gerald, I'd no idea you were in California. Have you brought your wife along?' On Mrs. Erskine's return to New York she changes her name to Luana Waters and registers at a cheap hotel in search of employment, she reads an announcement of beauty contest to be held at a Fashion Show and Tea Dance, the winners of which will be given positions as mannequins for the famous House of Quackenbush. Perhaps, she has a chance. Luana's beauty attracts the attention of the wealthy Mrs. Joel Vandavey, who personally enters Luana in the contest. The following Monday, arriving at the Quackenbush establishment, Luana is comely received by the other mannequins, she is introduced to the young man, Chou-Chou. At her home, Luana meets Mrs. Vandavey, French model, who tells her to ignore the jealousy of the others. Luana accepts Mrs. Vandavey's offer to live in the Village apartment. One day, Chou-Chou steals a young architect's plans and comes flying through the window followed by the man. The irate newcomer retrieves his papers and tells Luana for her to leave. As the man is about to leave, he comes back.

CHAPTER XII
"Drink this," she urged again. "You'll be all right in a minute."

He looked wonderingly up at her, then took the glass from her hand, as if still in a daze, and drank a little.

"Some more now. It will do you good." She stood over him as though he were a child.

He drank again. Slowly. As though savoring its bouquet this time. It was lush, strong Burgundy. He began to feel a faint warmth in his veins.

He made as though to give the glass back to her, but she refused to take it. She said, compassionately: "You have to drink every drop of it. You need it."

How much he needed it she was never to know, for he was a proud and sensitive young man, and not for worlds would have divulged the fact to her that he had eaten practically nothing for the past few days, funds being lacking.

"Now you come over to this arm-chair and rest a little before I let you go," she announced firmly.

He started to protest, to apologize for his indisposition, but she put a hand under his arm and piloted him to an over-stuffed, comfortable low chair by the fireplace.

His unfinished glass in his hand, she would not embarrass him by watching him. She started making preparations for her evening meal, after she had cleared away the smashed crockery.

She pulled out a gate-legged table from its corner, put a yellow linen cloth on it, two blue glasses and two blue plates (the chances were he might be hungry) and fetched a long loaf of crusty French bread from its tin box in the kitchenette.

She brought a big slab of butter from the ice-box, and a fresh, crisp salad she had prepared in a wooden bowl half an hour ago.

Coffee she had set on the stove directly after making her salad. It had been perking busily for some time.

She opened a can of condensed milk that was creamy in its thickness and appearance. Scouting on the shelves for further food for him (Yvonne kept provisions on the short side) she discovered a can of peaches, and opened that too.

He had finished his glass of Burgundy when she spoke to him. "Please come and have some food I have cooking alone. And that wine has made you a bit of an appetite," she said authoritatively.

"Thank you. I've imposed on you far too much already." He had been sitting with his back to her and the room, but now rose and turned as he spoke. There was a faint color in his face. He looked better. Much younger, somehow, too, and really quite handsome when he smiled.

Blue eyes looked at brown. Admiration had died between them. Blue eyes were friendly and compassionate. Brown eyes were looking at Luana with a kind of wonder in them.

The tall young man who they were seated at the supper-table burst so strangely into the apartment via the window, and the girl who had come from California to battle her way in the big city.

She had felt lonely tonight, despite her real thankfulness for the new job.

She had told herself she must go on being lonely, with her secret of ill omen shut up inside her. No one must know it.

But Luana was young and it was Spring time. Chou-Chou and fate had together flung this young man in her path. They had spoken harshly to each other at their meeting, but that was changed now. They talked, stiffly, at first, and self consciously, but gradually gaining more confidence.

He was a shy young man, but the Burgundy helped loosen his tongue. His name was James B. Randolph. He was from the South. Kentucky. She had noticed, now and again, the soft slur in his voice. He was a bachelor in the middle twenties. He was a college graduate, and had taken some sort of a diploma in architecture, winning a scholarship to New York.

Now he was hoping to compete for a much larger prize to be given in connection with designs for buildings in the forthcoming New York Exposition.

"And it was some of these that Chou-Chou stole? I expect Chou-Chou is cleverer than we think, and knows good work when he sees it," said Luana, smiling.

The young man flushed. It struck Luana then that he was really very good-looking, in a manly sort of way. He looked as if he belonged in the out-of-doors. As if he had been born to be busy. It was only the long hours of confinement in his studio, and probably lack of proper feeding and the right amount of sleep, that made him look rather pale and thin.

He had bronze hair with a wave in it, cut rather short, as though he were ashamed of its tendency to curl. His brown eyes that were attractively deep-set could sparkle into gaiety or look somber, according to his mood, or serious and thoughtful. His lashes and brows were dark and thick. He had a fine, open forehead.

Rather a square face, and a decidedly square chin. A good, manly sort of nose, straight in profile. Full face, there was a small hint of flattery on the bridge that did not detract from his appearance.

"A fighter?" thought Luana. She smiled approvingly to herself. He must have read her thought, or seen her look, for he remarked, grinning, "I've done a bit of boxing in my day. Got my nose battered about a bit."

"Well, why shouldn't an artist be a real he-man?" she countered.

"An architect," he corrected her.

"Same thing, only more practical," she averred. "I think it's marvellous to dream and plan buildings that will put fresh beauty into a city."

"That's my ambition," he said quickly, his eyes lighting up. Luana had put candles on the table

—yellow candles that matched the tablecloth. His eyes glowed in their light.

He has a charming voice—she thought—and even if he does come from the South, there isn't any flattery on his tongue for women.

That was to the good. Never again, she told herself, would she trust idle compliments from a man—particularly at a first meeting, as with Gerald on the train.

The thought of him was like a damper on a mood that had grown lighter than it had been for many, many days.

—If this boy with all his candor knew!

But he was nothing but a ship passing in the night. She would probably never see him again.

He was lonely, too. He told her so, naively, but apparently with no ulterior motive.

"I've really had no time or opportunity to make friends," he confessed, adding honestly, "not funds sufficient to entertain in the way people entertain in this town. You know it's different and easier in the South."

"More friendly? At least one meets people more readily?"

"That's so. Not that I mind I'm awfully bored."

"You work long hours?" she asked.

"All day. And often half the night. I've an awful lot to learn," he said humbly.

"But you must be good when you won a scholarship? You must know a great deal about drawing?"

"Only enough to know how little I do know. To be a really good architect takes a lifetime."

She said, impulsively: "I'm crazy about drawing. Practical stuff, if you design buildings, you get a temple of beauty, my pet ambition is to be a crackerjack clothes designer."

She had half expected him to pooh-pooh this, but he seemed interested immediately.

"That's another way of putting beauty into the world. If one has a free hand, one can do beautiful work."

"One has to have a clothes sense," said Luana.

His brown eyes unconsciously went to the simple, dark blue dress she was wearing.

She laughed. She had read his thought. "You're wrong," she said. "This isn't my handiwork."

"But you're a dress designer, are you not?"

"Nothing so important."

He looked questioningly at her. He was shy. He thought it might sound rude to ask her profession. Probably she was on the stage? She was lovely enough, certainly. "You belong in New York?"

"No. (Forget California, New York or speak of where she had come from. Cover her traces.)

She pushed the salad bowl towards him, insisted that he have a second helping.

"You made this yourself? It's awfully good. My mother is a splendid cook and a great hand at this sort of thing, but I don't think I ever tasted such fine dressing."

She poured him more coffee.

She was glad to see him eat. Extraordinary about that fainting spell she would bring it up later.

He returned to her as usual at that. "Are you attending classes at that well-known woman's school of design?"

"You mean over on Lexington Avenue? Not yet. I hadn't had time yet. She checked herself. Best not let him know that she had been barely more than a week in New York City. He might ask awkward questions.

"I'm a model on the House of Quackenbush on Fifth Avenue," she told him.

"Is that a clothes house?"

"Yes. One of the tiptop ones. I was lucky to get in."

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6 — Mr. Roosevelt's action about the supreme court will be discussed on many a page of newspaper, book and Congressional Record; and for many a year, orations will be delivered over it, fierce arguments made about it. All this will provide much illumination and some interesting material. Yet the millions who will get their information from second-hand recitals and debates or from the printed word—all these will have missed something that was pristine in Mr. Roosevelt's own reading about a hundred men newspaper writers and each of them, to the degree he has imagination and sense of drama, should go to his grave knowing he saw and heard something unique that other men had not the privilege of experiencing.

We converged at the White house for the usual Friday forenoon press conference. In the center office, where the newspaper men wait, there was an air of subdued stir. First comes told late comers that something exciting was afoot. The President had in his inner office members of his cabinet, and the vice president, and the two democratic leaders of the senate and house, and the two chairmen of the senate and house judiciary committees. Presence of the judiciary chairman suggested that legislation was being brewed, and that it would be the particular type of legislation that the judiciary committee has charge of—legislation having to do with the courts. Yet no newspaper man, so far as I gossiped with them, guessed what it turned out to be. Mr. Roosevelt had kept his secret, had managed to achieve dramatic surprise, and this undoubtedly pleased him.

Greatly enjoying compliments from a man—particularly at a first meeting, as with Gerald on the train. The thought of him was like a damper on a mood that had grown lighter than it had been for many, many days.

In a minute or two the newspaper men were summoned into the President's office. He had a slight, but only a very slight, manner of strain; and this disappeared entirely when he got into the stride of doing what he evidently enjoyed doing. He said he had had important news. My notes do not show, and I cannot recall whether he told us in the beginning just what the news was going to be about. I do not know which would have been the best dramatic technique, whether to drop a preliminary clue, or to let the audience enjoy the suspense. The latter is in these circumstances, the better technique. Which ever is the better is undoubtedly what Mr. Roosevelt did—he has as sure an instinct for dramatic construction as any playwright.

Modern politicians and modern statesmen know that much of their art is exercised through waves of public emotion—starting them, stopping them, diverting them, substituting waves they desire in place of waves they do not desire. Mr. Roosevelt knows this condition better, than most men; and he is master of the art to a degree not equalled by any living public man. In his talk to the newspaper men he was about

"How did you manage that?" he inquired. He added hastily: "Not that I mean to be inquisitive."

"Okay." She smiled at him. She liked his boyish shyness, his sensitiveness. It was such a contrast to Gerald Bruton!

"I won a competition."

He looked puzzled.

"In amateur dress designing?"

"No. In walking across a stage and out on a runway, wearing all kinds of gowns. Does that sound silly?"

"Not at all." He wasn't surprised that she had won a competition, because of her beauty which was obvious. But she was so used to compliments that any tribute from him must sound banal, he thought.

"It was at the Hotel Sansouci. A fashion show for charity." She smiled. "But you won't let it rest at that? I mean, in your spare time why not go to that school of design? I do think it's a shame not to develop a talent or ambition," he eagerly ventured.

She smiled. "Maybe I shall."

"I'm fairly good on line. Perhaps in my own way I could help you a bit, if you'd allow me," he suggested. It struck Luana how entirely changed he was from the angry young man who had bounded through the window on the track of Chou-Chou.

"To begin an attempt to line up public emotion behind a starting proposal, and he was willing to take painstaking care that the launching of the proposal should be just as he wanted it to be. He read us the message. He read, as the terminology of music puts it, "Con amore," with emphasis where he wished emphasis to be put. Possibly I over emphasize when I say that Mr. Roosevelt's motive for reading his message to the newspaper men was to get it out, just as he wished it to go out. In addition, there was the sheer pleasure he took in the reading, an almost voluptuous pleasure in being dramatic. He read it with gusto and zest, with the enjoyment of an artist in his creation. As he read, and as he sensed the sensuousness of the reading upon the newspaper men, he became humorous at points. Where he read, in his text, that in 1913 and nearby years, attorney generals then in office had made a recommendation about lower court judges who reach the age of 70, he told us in and aside what was not in the text, namely, that one of the attorney generals who thus recommended was Mr. McReynolds—who is now himself over 70 and a justice of the supreme court. That got a laugh.

From his text he read a quotation about elderly judges: "They seem to be, tanacious of the appearance of age." In the text the sentence merely stands within quotation marks, without saying from whom it was taken. Mr. Roosevelt, as he read it to us, said that he would not tell us who said it, he would leave it to us to find out. That was the best possible way to achieve emphasis: to would set just newspaper men to finding out who said it. I imagine they will probably find it was said by someone who himself later became a judge over 70—and that discovery, printed in the newspapers, will make another point for Mr. Roosevelt.

Only once did there seem anything about raising a question of taste, and that was not so much in the text as in Mr. Roosevelt's manner of reading. When he brought forward the question of aged or infirm judges, and said this was a subject for delicacy, Mr. Roosevelt's voice had a tone of irony, which was not delicacy at all, but a slight sarcasm. It may be subject to the charge of cruelty.

About one point there will be a world of surmise. Why this particular timing of the message? On this, surmise might readily go wrong. Obviously the move was not improvised. Obviously the preparation of the message must have taken weeks of time. Mr. Roosevelt and some of his young satellites. Yet all the newspaper men know that Mr. Roosevelt in many of his actions takes account of the element of timeliness. He has often said so.

Ten Years Ago

February 9, 1927
Representative Briggs of Ashland was presented with the pen used by Gov. Patterson in signing bill providing for removal of county seat of Jackson county from Jacksonville to Medford.

Y.W.C.A. drive opened with \$7,000 goal. Mrs. William Kirk president of board and Mrs. Walter L. Spaulding chairman of team captains.

Two new members of the Salem Kiwanis club were introduced at Tuesday's luncheon. J. N. Chambers of J. C. Penney Co., and Frank Doerflinger, field man for First National bank.

Twenty Years Ago

February 9, 1917
D. A. R. group in Salem has received orders to organize for possible service if U. S. should go to war. Mrs. William Cumming Storey of Washington.

Warden Charles A. Murphy says morale of prisoners at state penitentiary is 100 per cent better since fall.

Torpedoing of liner California may be construed as overt act that will plunge nation into war.

Another Call Is Made For Red Cross Relief Fund to Aid Sufferers

STAYTON, Feb. 5—Residents here were advised again today of the urgent need for funds by the Red Cross to provide relief to flood sufferers in the Midwest. Mrs. Wendell Weddle reported that several additional donations have been received this week.

As no house-to-house canvass has been planned contributions may be left at the Harvey Walker home, the postoffice or the Wendell Weddle home.

Henry Barn Damaged
SENA, Feb. 6 — The roof on one of the barns on the Wayne D. Henry farm went down because of its load of snow. Mr. Henry had some ewes and lambs in one end of the barn but they were not killed.