

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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International Police Force

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood was in New York the day it was announced in Stockholm that the 1937 Nobel peace prize had been awarded him. That same day an honorary degree was bestowed upon him by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, himself a winner of the Nobel peace prize. At a luncheon later Lord Cecil, who was the author of the covenant of the league of nations, declared that the secret of all civilization is the supremacy of law; and as a means to maintain peace he said:

"We must create some power to prevent the triumph of violence. This can only be done by collaboration of the community of nations. Unless we can establish some system to extricate war, war will extirpate us."

It is a brave heart who can talk world peace at this time when undeclared wars prevail on two continents and one has recently been concluded on a third. But these late experiences go to prove the virtue of Lord Cecil's declaration. The world has just witnessed the unwillingness of individual nations to police the world against aggressors and treaty violators. This leaves the gate open for the imperialist powers to rape the weaker nations.

That people will fight under a banner other than their own is shown in Spain where the international brigade composed of volunteers from many nations fight for the loyalists. For the nationalists Italian "volunteers" and Moors also fight. There undoubtedly would be recruits for an international army to implement the sanctions imposed by a parliament of nations.

The chance of establishing an international police force is remote. Preceding it there must be some melioration of the nationalist spirit, the erection of a competent world parliament or the acceptance of the authority of a world court; and there must be a very general disarmament. Otherwise any powerful nation could disregard at will the opinion of other nations, and rely on its own military force to gain its ends.

The human race has demonstrated vast capacity for control of nature. It has yet to learn how to control itself and fend off the chaos which impends.

Protagonists of Revolution

Closest to the inside of any working Washington reporters is Arthur Krock, correspondent for the New York Times. He is a careful writer, not given to sensation-mongering. Events usually prove the accuracy of the information he puts down in his news reports. The following from one of his late articles is of far more than passing interest:

"It is heartening to report that a recent White House council adherence was duly sworn to the capitalist system when its future usefulness was called into question. This correspondent has reliably heard that when two conferees expressed doubt capitalism was worth giving another chance, or could be saved thereby, Harry L. Hopkins warmly denounced the viewpoint and the President showed the firmest sort of agreement with his Works Progress Administrator."

It means simply this that at least two of the president's advisers were for scrapping the system of individualistic competitive economy in favor of something else. This confirms reports that have been heard in many quarters. Dr. Wirt, who was roundly denounced for the charge, complained that some of the apostles of the new dispensation were talking revolution, regarding Roosevelt as the Kerensky of the period of drastic change.

There are plenty of such folk in the world. The Marxians have a fatalistic attitude, regarding the downfall of capitalism as inevitable and the emergence of socialism as likewise inevitable. They call fascism the last phase of expiring capitalism. The fact is, however, that fascism is a new ideology quite as virile as communism. Both philosophies mean the submergence of the individual to the state.

Mr. Krock reports that the protagonists of revolution were warmly denounced by Harry L. Hopkins, and that the president concurred in that opinion. That is heartening, as Krock says, to all who sincerely believe that the fascist and communist systems threaten the destruction of individual liberty, and a long, dark night of groping for the human race.

New Housing Stimulus

A fresh stimulus to the housing industry is contemplated, with a special message from the president to congress promised for Friday. Rumors have been that he will recommend a government guarantee up to 90 per cent of the cost of housing, or ten per cent more than the present guarantee.

The trouble with housing is not the guarantee but other conditions. The guarantee of the lender against loss is not a guarantee of the individual builder against loss. The main trouble now is high costs of building plus uncertainty as to employment. The cost element would not be so much of a barrier if the latter factor were cleared up. Of course the president hopes by stimulating housing construction to revive business so that the present uncertainty will be ended.

Depressions are represented largely the ebb and flow of construction activity. Housing is not the only form of construction. The utilities have plenty of building to do to keep pace with demand. The railroads could place enormous orders for new equipment if their financial health were restored.

The outlook is hopeful for all of these things to get going very soon. The president seems disposed to retreat from dangerous positions in order to succor the prosperity he sacrificed so much to get started.

Those who are enjoying the "Roosevelt panic" may not be relishing the administration's misery for long.

Clear Field for Carson

The papers are full of Mayor Carson's "I told 'em" as related by his return from Washington, D. C. He told the national labor relations board to settle Portland's sawmill tieup or admit their impotence and get out.

The mayor has had all the time the labor board has had to settle the trouble. Since the AFL is turning down the board's plan he will have a clear field to settle the trouble. Let's see what Mayor Carson can do now.

The federal attorney, a special assistant to the attorney general, came in for a severe lacing by Federal Judge Hincks in New Haven, in the trial of James H. Rank, Jr., president of Remington-Rand, on a charge of transporting strike-breakers across state lines. The judge accused him of an "attempt to pollute the streams of justice." When the attorney told the jury it could ignore the remarks of the judge, the latter told him: "A judge of the United States court is never to be ignored. He may fall into error, but ignored—never." Then the president wonders why business men are afraid to engage in new business undertakings.

Alfred Solman, composer of "The Bird on Nellie's Hat" and "When the Harbor King are Burning" is dead at 69; also Tell Taylor, 61, composer of "Down by the Old Mill Stream" is dead. These titles sound like an echo from the tomb. Popular music has gone a long way since people warbled "After the Ball is Over."

A Minnesota merchant is testing out that state's new "fair-trade" law. Oregon is doing better; the bill has been referred to the people, where the consumers will probably give it what the turkey got yesterday.

All talk of reprisals against rebellious democratic senators has died down. So has all talk of reviving the court-packing bill. The supreme court still sounds sort of scared.

The SEC has taken another crack at Wall Street. The main trouble is that just now not enough people are "taking a fling" in Wall Street.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"A Pioneer Boy, 1848," 11-25-37
is another true story of the part of that company which took southern route:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Still copying from the Collins article: "I told my comrades it was useless for me to hunt anywhere in the neighborhood of the Indian camp, and that I must try to find new hunting ground. Mr. Turnedge had been to Spencer's butte, a high peak a few miles south of us. He thought if I could take one of the horses and go over to the foot of the butte early in the morning, I could kill a deer. But it would probably take a whole day to get the horses over from the island; besides it was quite dangerous for me to go over there alone, by the rude means we had of crossing, without a horse.

"So I finally resolved to set out on foot before daylight, and, keeping the summit of the butte, as it stood, relieved against the sky, constantly before me as a guide, endeavored to reach its base while the deer were feeding, and before they withdrew to the thicket.

"Sam selected the best piece of muscle he could find in the kettle and laid it aside for me to take with me. We ate the remainder for our supper, except a small piece we saved for the sick man to eat the next day, during my absence, and then we sadly retired to rest.

"Some time before daylight, Sam woke me up; and, armed with my trusty rifle and provided with the little bit of boiled venison which the considerate Sam had saved for me, I set out for the butte.

"Between Spencer's butte and the cabin, Coyote creek widened out into a shallow lake, more than half a mile across; but it was frozen over, I thought, solid enough for me to cross it. Even if I should break through, I knew it was not over my head, as Mr. Turnedge, who had ridden across it, had told me so. I resolved to go the nearest way, and cross it on the ice. Although the snow had gone off in large spots on the steep southern exposure, it still covered the whole valley; and the frosty ground crunched and crackled under my feet, as I went hopefully on.

"When I came to the lake, I went cautiously on the ice, thinking that, if it were not strong enough to bear my weight, I would turn to the left and go around it. It appeared to be solid enough, so I moved carefully on for something over 200 yards, when suddenly the ice gave way, and let me into the water up to my armpits.

"I succeeded in keeping my gun and ammunition from getting wet; and for a moment I held them above my head and looked around me in dismay. It was but a moment, and my resolution was taken. I moved forward and tried to climb upon the ice again; but it broke and this time I came near getting my gun wet. Again I paused a moment to consider; then I advanced, breaking the ice before me with the butt of my gun, until I came out where the water was no more than up to my knees, when I got upon the ice again, and soon reached the solid land. But my clothes were freezing upon me, and my boots were filled with water. I drew them off and wrung out my socks, then drawing them on again, I resolved to hold on my way to the butte.

"Just as the sun was rising, a large blacktail doe ran up on the hillside above me, and stopped with a snort, in fair-range of me. But I was so benumbed and shivering that I could not shoot her, and I had the mortification to see her run off with a triumphant bound, while, with tear dimmed eyes, I thought of my hungry companions in the cabin.

"When the sun rose my clothing began to dry a little, and by keeping in constant rapid motion my teeth finally ceased to chatter, and I began to feel more comfortably warm, and disagreeably hungry. I was sorely disappointed to find that I had reached the butte too late for the morning hunt; that the deer had all gone to their hiding places, and it would be a mere accident if I should get a shot before they came out on the hillside to feed again in the evening.

"I sat down on the trunk of a fallen laurel, turning my coldest and wettest side to the sun, to eat my scanty luncheon and consider what I should do. By the time I had dispatched the lunch I found that it would be better for my comfort and the safety of my toes to keep moving.

"I resolved to die in these hills rather than return empty handed to my hungry and helpless comrades. Just then I seemed to hear someone say to me: 'Thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee.'

"A strange, warm thrill shot through my heart and ran all over me. I paused and looked around me. I could see nothing but scattering trees and snow and solitude. I moved on with a half-frightened feeling. Again I seemed to hear the same words distinctly spoken to me. But there could be no mistake—I was surely alone. It must be all a delusion. But no! Again, the third time, those words seemed to ring down in my very soul! They seemed to be familiar. I certainly had heard them before. But when, or where, I could not tell. The voice sounded exactly like the tone of my father as he was wont to read the Bible at family prayers. So, trying to remember where I had heard these words before, and to solve their import, I rambled on, in the direction they fell upon a large buck and old doe, feeding quietly on the hillside, about 40 yards from me."

"And so I wandered about the foot of the butte all day, until late in the evening, after crossing

Something For Us to Be Thankful For!



The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

WHEN LEAVES GROW GOLD

When leaves grow gold and north winds blow,
October's brush makes landscapes glow;
Decks monarch oak in cloak blood-red,
Her graceful elms chrome yellow spread,
Through ivies green makes ruby flow,
And gentian blue, so loth to go,
Greets golden-rod, while, to and fro,
Soft fringes wave. Bowed sun-flower's head
When leaves grow gold.
In wealth of nuts glad squirrel chirps low,
Midst sigh of leaves caws luckless crow,
And sad our hearts when come the dread
Cold snow as swift departs the sod.
Of Autumn fair—all loved her so,
When leaves grow gold.

Entertain Junior Mission Society

DALLAS — The Junior Missionary group of the Methodist church was entertained at the church parlors Saturday afternoon with Mrs. J. P. Voht in charge.

Election of officers was held. The new officers are: Lois De Haven, president; Phyllis Bennett, vice president; Marilyn Parrish, recording secretary; Mary Jane Lynn, treasurer.

St. Ann's Altar Unit Holds Party

MT. ANGEL — The St. Ann's Altar society card party given at St. Mary's auditorium Tuesday night was well attended. Twenty tables, 15 of 500 and seven of bridge were played.

Prizes for high scores went to Mrs. Jos. Sprauer and Mrs. John Diehl for "500" and to Mrs. Forrest Sauvain and Mrs. G. D. Eberner for bridge. Mrs. R. J. Berning received the special prize.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Believing Give up and you shall be given up, 'Tis so the law has been writ; The world cares not for your empty cup, Or of what chance emptied it. The world sees you as you see the world, We all have our ups and downs; The flags that inspire are those unfurled, The effortless swimmer drowns. 'Tis rather a comfort to pretend That the hoped for shall be done; That fate will send, ere our efforts end, Anyway, believing's fun.

But, mind you—keep on the sunny side of the street of thought. That side of the street offers as free a thoroughfare as the gloomy side, and so long as most of us are more or less certain to believe something it may as well be something of a cheerful nature. Still, if you prefer three sneers to three cheers as a relief to the exuberance of your spirits it is, of course, strictly your own affair. We glance at the signs along the streets and highways of life, and form beliefs according to our natures.

It seems to me that a spirit of optimism is stronger in the world than it has been in the past, although I admit that those who see little but calamity in the signs pointing to the future have what seems a fair reason for their pessimism. Wherefore, if they enjoy pessimizing more than they enjoy optimizing, they may as well pessimize and be happy, I suppose, although why they should do so is somewhat difficult to understand.

The Optimism That Backfired I met up with Cornwallis Burby in 1904 or 1905 in a small lumber town in northern Idaho, where he was engaged in exercising his optimistic spirit on a five-column newspaper of four pages, published weekly, which was not in the best of health. The difficulty was, I suppose, malnutrition.

Mr. Burby bumped and thumped up the trail one hot afternoon in a covered wagon, drawn by two horses. I was taking a nap in the editorial chair when the outfit arrived. I recall that I was dreaming of a little river in the middle west, and of a great oak tree on the bank and of foolish little fish that leaped and made a small splashing noise. The noises of the Burby outfit, serpentine from stump to stump up Main street aroused me, and I went forth to greet it.

"Howdy, stranger," I saluted. "Where from and where going?" Mr. Burby grins and says they're from nowhere in particular and so far as he knows are headed for the same place.

Housewarming Is Held at Woodburn

WOODBURN — Mr. and Mrs. Burton Whiteford, who recently moved into their new home on Settlement avenue celebrated the event Saturday night by inviting about 40 guests in for a housewarming.

Games, contests and dancing were enjoyed in the game room in the basement with prizes going to Mrs. C. R. Johnson of Palm Springs, Calif. Refreshments were served to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Glatf, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Evenden, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine McCord, Mr. and Mrs. Keith O'Hair, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller, r. and Mrs. T. C. Poorman, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Elburn T. Sims, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lacey, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Shorey, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, all of Woodburn.

Mothers' Circle Club Has Session GRAND ISLAND — Members of the Mothers' Circle club held a special business meeting in a dining room of the schoolhouse Friday. A covered dish dinner was enjoyed during the noon hour at which time the birthday anniversary of Mrs. E. A. Lefley was observed.

Skating Parties Vogue For School Students of Lebanon High and Grade LEBANON — The members of the junior high class enjoyed a skating party in the basement of the Presbyterian church Saturday night. The adults in charge were Ernest Caldwell, Mrs. Ed Pohle and Mrs. Dan Ashton.

Radio Programs KEM-THURSDAY-1370 Kc. 7:15—News. 7:30—Sunrise sermons. 8:00—Andy and Virginia, MBS. 8:15—The Star Line, TWENTY, MBS. 8:30—Today's tunes. 8:45—News. 9:00—The Friendly Call. 9:15—The Praying Circle. 9:45—Coral Strada. 10:00—Music from the news. 10:15—Vocal varieties. 10:30—Information service, MBS. 10:45—American Lutheran Thanksgiving services. 11:00—Salon melodies. 11:30—Musical variety, MBS. 12:00—The value parade. 12:15—News. 12:30—Musical memories. 1:00—Kansas vs. Missouri, football, MBS. 2:30—Winnette vs. Nevada, football, MBS. 3:00—Spice of Life. 3:15—Joseph Chamberlain's orch. MBS. 3:30—The Freshest Thing in Town. 3:45—Wayne King's orch. MBS. 4:00—Spotlighting. 6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS. 6:30—Frank Bull's sports talk, MBS. 6:45—News. 7:00—Waltztime. 7:15—Console and keyboard, MBS. 7:30—The Star Line. 7:45—STATESMAN OF THE AIR—"Round the Valley," Genevieve Morgan, story editor. 8:00—Harmony ball. 8:15—News. 8:30—The Four Keyboards, MBS. 8:45—Popular variety. 9:00—Newspaper of the air, MBS. 9:15—Wayne King's orch, MBS. 9:30—Everett Hoagland's orch, MBS. 11:00—Frank Whiteman's orch, MBS. 11:30—Paul Whiteman's orch, MBS.

Brazil Dictator



At the moment this picture was taken Brazil became a Fascist state under the control of a dictator. The historic broadcast was made when President Getulio Vargas declared Brazil a corporate state, which virtually places the South American country on the same plane as Germany and Italy.

Mail Delivery On Star Route Open for Bids

SILVERTON — Bids are to be advertised for mail delivery on the star route out of Silverton. The bid will be closed at 4:30 p.m. next January, July 1, 1938 and June 30, 1942. George Kirk is at present delivering on this route. The bids will also be opened on the Woodburn-Silverton-Salem mail route at the same time to cover the same period. William Pollis is the present carrier.

Odd Fellows Lodge to Entertain Rebekahs at Dinner on Thanksgiving

STAYTON — The Odd Fellows lodge will entertain the Rebekah lodge and families and friends who are not going elsewhere, with a Thanksgiving turkey dinner November 25. Eva Rebekah lodge will hold its regular meeting Tuesday night preceded by a covered dish dinner at 6:30 o'clock. There will be program numbers and a degree practice.

Radio Programs

- 7:15—News.
- 7:30—Sunrise sermons.
- 8:00—Andy and Virginia, MBS.
- 8:15—The Star Line, TWENTY, MBS.
- 8:30—Today's tunes.
- 8:45—News.
- 9:00—The Friendly Call.
- 9:15—The Praying Circle.
- 9:45—Coral Strada.
- 10:00—Music from the news.
- 10:15—Vocal varieties.
- 10:30—Information service, MBS.
- 10:45—American Lutheran Thanksgiving services.
- 11:00—Salon melodies.
- 11:30—Musical variety, MBS.
- 12:00—The value parade.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:30—Musical memories.
- 1:00—Kansas vs. Missouri, football, MBS.
- 2:30—Winnette vs. Nevada, football, MBS.
- 3:00—Spice of Life.
- 3:15—Joseph Chamberlain's orch. MBS.
- 3:30—The Freshest Thing in Town.
- 3:45—Wayne King's orch. MBS.
- 4:00—Spotlighting.
- 6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
- 6:30—Frank Bull's sports talk, MBS.
- 6:45—News.
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The freshest thing in town!
HEY, WILL YA LISTEN TO ME?
KSLM
5:30 p.m.
JOHNNY Monday Thru
LAWRENCE Friday