

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor and Publisher THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

Bird Cage on Streamliner

In The Statesman several days ago appeared the story of an American flag of considerable historical significance which was offered to the state...

Oregon's old, homelike statehouse was a veritable museum, with glass cases along its corridors containing old guns used in wars of the United States...

Now let us not be accused of comparing honored relics of the past to bird cages. All of us have proper respect for antiquity and for the reminders of notable achievements in the past...

The same principle may be applied to the new capitol. Outside and inside, it was designed as an artistic unit. And it is, just as it stands, a thing of beauty.

Although it might not be a serious matter for one bronze plaque, or a small glass case containing an American flag, to be placed in some inconspicuous spot in the new statehouse...

It is a pity that Salem has no public museum where these undoubtedly valuable articles may be placed and displayed. There has been a movement aimed at establishment of a museum in Salem under state auspices.

Hitler vs. German People

Father Alcuin, OSB, of Mt. Angel, recently returned from a trip to Europe, has been writing an exceedingly interesting series of articles which are appearing in the Mt. Angel News...

Yet in his latest article Father Alcuin, tracing carefully the events that led up to Adolf Hitler's acquisition of power in Germany, declares that out of the degradation and the hopelessness into which Germany was thrust by the harsh terms of the Versailles treaty...

There are 6,300,000 people in the United States who may be considered our "German minority." Either they came from Germany or one or both parents came from Germany.

Hitler and his ideas and methods are under a constant barrage of criticism in the United States and elsewhere. This criticism has risen to new heights during the crisis over Czechoslovakia.

The public's business is the newspapers' business, of course; but in digging into it, the newspapers and their personnel sometimes become engulfed. Thus Paul C. Smith, diminutive redhead business manager of the San Francisco Chronicle...

The distinctive feature in the service of J. M. Rickman as a member of the Salem water commission has been his unswerving adherence to policies which he deemed wise, and his invulnerability to political pressure.

Adolf Hitler, guarded against bombs, pistols and all manner of lethal weapons by his efficient storm troopers, was injured when struck in the face by a bouquet and has issued orders that flowers be taken away from all persons along his route.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Covered wagon journey 10-9-33 of 1852 told by Salem doctor who made it in that year; would not do it again:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Nearing the end of the photostat letter: We remained three days. My wife was sick. The next morning after we had this camp...

Next the Umatilla. It is about 45 miles across the Blue mountains and through very heavy timber. While I was at the Grande Ronde I lost my pony. He strayed up in the mountains and I had to leave him. However, I swapped a cow for another pony and brought him about 175 miles and he ran off or was stolen.

From the Umatilla we came to the agency, which is an old missionary station 90 miles on the other side of The Dalles. (Probably the Whitman station?). We had a pretty hard time till we got to the Cascades. The Dalles is so named from there being natural troughs or dalles in the Columbia.

It is now the rainy season and it rains nearly every day. Everything has a rather gloomy appearance. The earth is almost covered with water. The green grass is starting, and all the vegetation, as if it were spring.

I think the soil produces a little larger crops than the soil of northern Indiana. Crops are more certain. Wheat and oat straw look almost white here. Potatoes are larger, in fact all cultivated vegetables are larger in this country than that.

After 4 months abroad during which I studied conditions in Ireland, both north and south, England, Scotland and Wales, Belgium, Germany and from the Baltic sea to its southern borders, Switzerland, Italy with its hundreds of wonderful medieval towns and thousands of marvels both past and present; Sicily, Gibraltar, French Morocco in Africa, Portugal, the Azores...

First of all I wish to make it plain that though an imperial policy seems best suited to nations such as Italy, Germany and others, nonetheless it is my private conviction that the democratic form of government continues to be the ideal form for the United States, notwithstanding the labor wars, strikes of a description, radical elements controlling elections, labor gangsterism, etc. I found yesterday, today and no doubt tomorrow in every large industrial center north, south, east and west.

You say what do England and France and Czechoslovakia get out of Hitler's victory for his people? Why should the Czech creation founded on intolerance get anything? It has already lasted too long. Either it or some other land must have in justice been ceded Germany, and the Sudetenland with its many Germans should become part and parcel of that land.

England lately is trying to be just under its very great Chamberlain, trying to be democratic. It realizes its own past came about in much the same way as Germany's present - only with more aggression, less cause for usurpation, this of course contrary to the history book propaganda. I admire England's stand now as does the thinking world at large. It is proving itself a Christian land. Hitler's word may be relied upon as well but they are rather slothful. Chamberlain, try to realize his word and Germany's war, post-war position; try to remember that a nation of intense industry is not a monstrosity but utterly amazing in its orderly progress along every line, its beauty, its strength and handsome people, its culture. And this in spite of all effort made to suppress it under the dirt of time. Germany's annexation of Austria was natural because it was wanted by Austrians as a whole; Sudetenland must follow to make for unity of this great people under one banner - it is their right.

Columbia a spring branch. They assist the whites to work some, but they are rather slothful. Some of the Oregonians say as soon as they can get means enough to do them they are going back to the states, but 19 out of 20 say they will make this their home. Well, when I get \$7000 I will go back, not before. But if I strike the right way it will not take me long to make that. As for the mines, I will not go there, for I do not see any chance for me to do anything there.

There is no business here when well followed that will not yield a good profit. Every man has \$300 to \$400 in his pocket who has been here a year or two. I am sure that there is no better country under the sun for making money than Oregon; but, God knows, those who cross the plains know all they ever get here.

Boyd can never get here with all his family to cross the plains, neither can Hugh. As for the other boys, they can do as well there as they can here. Money is very plentiful here, and no credit. The old Oregonians are pretty wealthy. Some Indians are so old they can recollect when Mt. Hood was a hole in the ground and the

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The Safety Valve

FIRST HAND OBSERVATION

Your recent editorials on Hitler's aggression, Roosevelt's intervention, the Czech plight, democracy's proud position, etc., were interesting, and now I'd like to add a few remarks to make clearer some European positions.

After 4 months abroad during which I studied conditions in Ireland, both north and south, England, Scotland and Wales, Belgium, Germany and from the Baltic sea to its southern borders, Switzerland, Italy with its hundreds of wonderful medieval towns and thousands of marvels both past and present; Sicily, Gibraltar, French Morocco in Africa, Portugal, the Azores...

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NOT TO FIGHT

except in the name of ONE NATION'S DOMINATION OF ALL EUROPE. Curiously enough, all things being equal, this would be the quickest and surest way to lasting peace and progress for all of Europe.

Hitler has never pressed upon his people the conviction that England is a cowardly democracy. As a fact worth remembering—both English and Germans from every walk of life feel kindred to each other, with exceptions of course. This is seen and heard in both Germany and England, especially in London where are quite a number of Germans. The Fuehrer is above all for his people; for them he'd be scared, not for himself; and above all, too, is he sincere. Notwithstanding the fun which has been made of his little mustache, a man with such an appendage could certainly be nothing but simple. And I've seen him several times in the past. He is a simple man, austere but kindly though preoccupied with his many duties, his responsibility, and quiet.

Another thought: I do wish you stay-at-homes who've continued out of Oregon (or Washington, Maine, Missouri or Rhode Island), therefore I shall undoubtedly make you the bestest little old congressman, senator, undertaker, sheriff, etc. I wish you'd break all precedent and go to Europe. Don't swallow the hokey you hear or read in the states about Germany, Italy, Spain, France, England, etc. You'll be so astonished at seeing progress and culture and peace and harmony where you least wanted to see it...

Roosevelt may or may not have felt himself a hero of the first water in his sending of messages to the four and a few extra yowers. He may or may not have been the cause of NO WAR IN EUROPE. Both Chamberlain and Hitler as well as France and Mussolini realized the absolute justice of the Fuehrer's claims—that was the deciding factor. But Roosevelt showed he and America wished to cooperate for world peace in a try at arbitration which, had Wilson used some of it, might have resulted in a different and more prosperous, more content Europe.

Democracy! In every large city or district all over the nation there is at least one major strike going on with its accompanying unemployment, radicalism and labor terror. Workmen are becoming more adverse to working, more inclined to riot. Italy and Germany, to mention a few very good examples, have no such problems. Strikes are few, and the industry and ruled out they are. Considering the price of commodities, rates of exchange and other factors, workmen get a reasonable wage which undoubtedly would be increased with expansion of territory. As it is, there is everywhere evidence that industry is worked to capacity. Certainly no idle in evidence. Not so many motercars but these countries are very small in comparison to America and more cars would be a horrible nuisance. Transportation is ample in the shape of many trains, trucks, buses, street car trams, bicycles. Everywhere thousands of folk, well dressed, fed, manurable and contented appearing, travel by train and tram. No beggars—outside of only one old

THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE ROAD

It spread out its arms, that stately old tree. Its bow-laden leaves made a deep shade for me. And water near by sang a song of delight. The sun tried to smile its warm, cheery light. But dreams were of you — my soul overflowed with you. I saw you again on that old country road. Wild flowers you'd clutched as you gleefully ran. From the spot where I'd kiss you and hold to your hand, I'd follow you on to the end of the lane. Saw you take refuge, out of that rain. From the window, you dear little country-bred miss [saw you] throw me a sweet goodbye kiss. And dreaming today, as I've dreamed thru the years, I see you again thru fast falling tears. For just over there is a beautiful mound. Where fragrant wild flowers smile up from the ground. I'll go there again when I've dreamed here awhile. And kiss them, for they are reflecting your smile. Then I'll wander on back to my lonely abode. In the house at the end of the old country road. I purchased that cottage when your folks went away. I felt that no price was too heavy to pay. Now I'll place here some flowers; I'm sure you know why—They're a symbol of love—a love that won't die. And tho' my heart's heavy I carry the load. Thru the years in the house at the end of the road. P. R. CAMPBELL, Jefferson, Ore.

man in the vestibule of a 1200-year-old church in Rome. She held out a copper plate with a 10-centime bit in it and I matched it with a laugh to my companion, a tall, black-cassocked and hatted Benedictine who, after six years of the Eternal City, was leaving for Pittsburgh, Pa. to teach, but who now was kindly showing me the sights—the forum, Thermae of Diocletian, St. John Lateran's marvelous cloisters and mosaics, some of the finest and most interesting of the city's glorious churches, each of which would attract thousands from all over if situated in some corner of these states; the pre-Christian catacombs hundreds of feet beneath the present pavements and buildings of Rome. "Gracie signore," she muttered, "buona salute." This was the only beggar I saw in all Germany and Italy and Switzerland. JOSEPH M. PORTAL.

AMERICAN LIBERTIES

Some 45 years ago a flock of us Missourians listened to our teacher extol the wonders of our government. He explained that we could say what we liked so long as we did not make its overthrow by force. He told us foreign nations had learned to have the utmost respect for our flag. One incident, I remember quite clearly, where somewhere at some time an American had wrapped the Stars and Stripes around himself and walked through an angry crowd. We could vote for those who wanted to represent us. For those who believed in the things we believed and voted for who ever and however we choose. Last week I listened to a man in Portland who at one time held one of Multnomah county's most important offices. He said to me: "I am afraid if Oregon does not go democratic this fall we will get very little help from our national government."

THE MARCH OF SOCIAL PROGRESS

The march of social progress, which began when the colonists left the monarchies of Europe, can be speeded very greatly if the republican candidates in Oregon, who are committed to this program of social improvement, are elected by substantial majorities. That will push the march of social

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Understanding Sometimes I think we ponder evermuch O'er whence we came and later where we go. When fate has given us its mystic touch, And we have joined the constant outward flow.

Time thus spent in fidgets of the mind Is somewhat more than vainly spent, It does not help our best welfare. Far better way for effort to be spent.

Something of good to do for good to be. Good for each, as each may merit good. Nature's promise is clear for all who'll see, And only understanding's understood.

A large chibblian was reported to be in town Wednesday. The first of the season, I believe.

There is nothing like discipline. My office clock has been losing time for quite a while. At last it stopped. I know, stopped ticking away the golden minutes. Went into a sort of coma. I gave it a severe shaking, and now it is gaining 10 minutes every three or four hours. Making up for lost time. Everybody who yearns for something of which he can find and can find nothing in the events of the day, should have a clock like mine.

Not all the folks who formerly lived in Iowa are in California. There are many of them here, and it gives me joy whenever another one turns up. I was introduced at one of the hotels Sunday to an old gentleman, who many years ago had lived at Keokuk, where

progress into the national arena again. The republican party will have to take up its torch for the march of social progress where the president and his supporters dropped it when they refused to give any consideration to the general welfare act embracing the general philosophy of the so-called Townsend plan.

Rufus Holman, republican candidate for United States senator, who has been a Townsend club member since the time that R. E. Clements was national secretary, (1934), is definitely committed to the philosophy of liberal universal retirement pensions broadly outlined by Mr. Skulason. Congressman Mott and Candidates Angell and Ballentyne have all been in the front trenches for old age pensions for some time. Mr. Charles A. Sprague, as candidate for governor of the state, will of course not be directly concerned with the national application of this philosophy, has, according to Mr. Skulason, declared himself in favor of working out immediately a fiscal program that will make it possible to provide the full \$30 for all of our oldsters above 65, which is anticipated by title I of the social security act. Since most of the work in behalf of better pensions is carried on by the people this immediate increase in state old age assistance will give them more to live on, and more to work for better pensions with, while the national pension program is being developed.

Some of our democratic candidates for state and national office, are no doubt sincere in their advocacy of the so-called Townsend plan, but they are seriously handicapped by the opposition of the president. I, therefore, sincerely believe that more rapid progress can be made toward realization of the ideal pension program by voting for these republican candidates.

In the matter of electing members of the state legislature, both house and senate who will work for liberalization of state old age assistance, it will no doubt be necessary for the pension friendly voters to disregard party labels. There are many anti-pension candidates in both party camps. Democratic affiliation need not be a handicap in the legislature because that is outside of the president's sphere. THEO. G. NELSON.

THE STURDY HUNTER

The sturdy hunter now goes forth to shoot. The timid deer across the landscape scoot. The Chinese pheasant — canny bird is he — Flutters low in grasses on the lea. The same as it has been since days of old, Soon comes the winter, and the tales retold. Gloria Stuart, seen here the past week in a picture called "The Lady Objects," has long struggled, we venture to say against a handicap due to the apparent blindness of Hollywood producers. She is now being given roles more in keeping with her ability, and apparently is working hard for the higher "spots." Her opposite in "The Lady Objects" is Lanny, which, of course, makes of the film a semi-musical one. Lanny has a more pleasing voice than certain other male singers of whom one hears praises more frequently.

Pictures shown in the news weeklies and the news reels of the damage done by the recent storm of wind which raged through Oregon and Connecticut show a prostrated church steeple, a small white steeple such as one sees in many villages of the land. I have heard it said—at any rate, I have heard it said by one person, and I could hardly believe my ears when I heard it, that the people that church had given offense to the Lord, and that He destroyed it in a vengeful spirit. I suppose no one can be blamed if he has been brought up to believe in the sort of religion which exalts of such views. All of us are subject to queer notions.

Sam Clark used to run the Daily Gate City newspaper. The old gentleman is now living with a daughter and her family at some point in Washington. They were out for a short motor trip, and had come to Salem primarily to see the new statehouse. We had a pleasant visit of a reminiscent sort. He had made up an excuse to go to the motor, he said, because he wanted to take a chew of tobacco and his daughter would not permit him to chew in the car. He was quite hard of hearing, and the years have done neither of us any good. We got things somewhat mixed. "Remember that night in Keokuk when we pushed Tim Twitchell's buggy into the river?" he asked. I replied yes, ha, ha. "And how we skunk out for home and found Twitchell settin' on the front porch with a cigar waitin' for us?" Yes, said I, ha, ha. And, as I say, we had a pleasant visit. I wasn't the fellow he had somehow got a notion I was. I was moved to tell him so, but changed my mind. After all, why cast gloom upon an occasion of what sort? I had not been in Keokuk when this old gentleman and I were boys. I had never pushed anybody's buggy into any river anywhere, and the only times I had "skunk out for home" any where was when I was good and scared. Naturally, I am a slow mover. The introduction is still a mystery. I presume it may be accounted for if one cares to make the effort.

I do not know how many students of ancient Chinese literature there are in Salem, but I know of several and it is not unlikely there are more, possibly a considerable number. These, at least, will be interested in a poem by Joseph M. Portal of Kingwood. The poem is printed here, with the following note by Mr. Portal:

(In the manner of Sung Yu, poet to the King Hsiang Wang, three centuries B. C. Chinese poetry of this period has no certain metre, but relies on a peculiar intonation rather than speaking of it. A poem is a Fu, meaning to describe. Poems were usually intoned to the musical instrument.)

The Cascades To what shall I liken these high and lofty peaks? Nowhere else can their like be seen. The Rocky Mounts Know not such slopes, such terrible space. Climb the slick glaciers, gaze into depths unknown From which endless torrents of waters flow.

Now rains have stopped and sky is blue again. A hundred valleys thrive below! In magic glens Great orchards bloom, the petals of blossoms Wing away or they fall to the brown ground.

Always the scent of the blooms is wafted away In waves and fuses with the sunny air. Peals and leaves 'neath the trees In rain we wear. And dance and reel and swirl— Like the tinsy, happy people Playing ring-around-the-rosy.

It seems somewhat more than probable that the customers at the Grand theatre are in for several days of hilarity. "Hold That Coed," with Joan Davis, the knockabout clown lady of the films as the "Coed." The feature is announced as "the funniest football picture ever made," which I infer to be a dare to Joe Brown and perhaps one or two others who have shown some as makers of funny football pictures in the past. The cast of this picture includes the two Jacks, Barrymore and Henry and Marjorie Weaver. Looks like a safe bet for fun. Minor changes in the foyer at the Grand theatre. Public comment favorable. The world baseball series is at-mot-over. Football next. After that another "critical crisis" in Europe probably. The sturdy hunter now goes forth to shoot. The timid deer across the landscape scoot. The Chinese pheasant — canny bird is he — Flutters low in grasses on the lea. The same as it has been since days of old, Soon comes the winter, and the tales retold. Gloria Stuart, seen here the past week in a picture called "The Lady Objects," has long struggled, we venture to say against a handicap due to the apparent blindness of Hollywood producers. She is now being given roles more in keeping with her ability, and apparently is working hard for the higher "spots." Her opposite in "The Lady Objects" is Lanny, which, of course, makes of the film a semi-musical one. Lanny has a more pleasing voice than certain other male singers of whom one hears praises more frequently. Pictures shown in the news weeklies and the news reels of the damage done by the recent storm of wind which raged through Oregon and Connecticut show a prostrated church steeple, a small white steeple such as one sees in many villages of the land. I have heard it said—at any rate, I have heard it said by one person, and I could hardly believe my ears when I heard it, that the people that church had given offense to the Lord, and that He destroyed it in a vengeful spirit. I suppose no one can be blamed if he has been brought up to believe in the sort of religion which exalts of such views. All of us are subject to queer notions.

HUGH MAGEE.