

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
Charles A. Sprague, President

Member of the Associated Press

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Editorializing by Ear: the Deer Issue

Why any citizen consents to serve on the state game commission is more than we can understand, for this commission undergoes more abuse, most of it unwarranted, than any other group of men in Oregon. Latest instance is the tirade of Salem's afternoon daily, condemning the commission for the open season on does or "antlerless deer" in certain sections of Grant, Lake and Klamath counties.

This attack was an excellent example of how editorials are composed "by ear." We take it that the editorial writer hadn't gone deer hunting, but got his information from some sportsman constitutionally opposed to the killing of female deer, who had been to Grant county and had seen quite a few does being brought out.

The logical approach to the problem would be to find out whether the area in Grant county, where most of the alleged "slaughter" was carried on, really was overpopulated with deer and whether too many of them are being killed this season. We intend, presently, to approach it in that manner. Instead, the editorial dealt with generalities and talked vaguely of a "rocket" beneficiary unnamed, and of the influence of naughty, naughty sheep men.

But—and here's the payoff to prove that the editorial was written "by ear" and not on the basis of fact—the Grant county open season was not ordered by the state game commission!

On February 13, 1939, senate bill 365 was introduced in the Oregon legislature; a bill "to permit the killing of one male and one female deer in certain area in Grant county." It had completed its passage through the two houses by February 28. The Statesman files reveal no indication that it provoked heated debate. The sportsmen maintain an alert and efficient lobby at the legislature, and the Capital Journal was operating at the time. If there was any real opposition to an open season on does in Grant county, that was the time to express it.

Put five cows in a one-acre, barb-wire enclosed pasture and what will happen? Why, when the grass is all eaten, they'll break out. That example won't do. Put five horses in the same pasture and they'll starve to death. Put in only one, and he may be able to survive. That's the alternative with respect to deer in the Murderer's Creek area of Grant county.

Out of the 203,000 deer of all varieties living in Oregon last January according to records of the biological survey, approximately 30,000 were in the Grant county grazing area contiguous to Murderer's Creek. Most of the year these deer are scattered over two million acres of grazing area which they share with domestic stock, but in winter they are forced by weather and grazing conditions into an area approximately 20 miles square. Last winter and the one before were mild and only a few hundred died; in the severe winter of 1937, about 3000 deer died in that wintering area. Game department men fear that another such winter might wipe out the entire herd; and they base this not upon guess, but upon close study of the "high browsing" signs left when winter is past, and upon reports of a federal biological survey employee who spends the winter there.

Because buck deer have been hunted and does have been protected, the ratio is 4.3 does to one buck; and as for the reports of a slaughter of fawns—some may have been fawns, but others were mature but stunted does. Incidentally, 95 per cent of the winter deaths by starvation are fawns.

As for the reports that 4000 deer were slaughtered on the first day of the season in this area, the official reports show 3501 killed in the first six days, of which 34 per cent were bucks.

With respect to the claim that sheep men are interested in getting rid of the deer, that's quite possible, but so far as this wintering area is concerned, it is not a matter of driving them off the public domain; 85 per cent of the area is privately owned and if that were their purpose, they could simply fence it in and insure the deer's death by starvation.

The situation in Klamath and Lake counties is somewhat different. There under an optional statute the game commission after careful study and a hearing at which all viewpoints were represented, ordered the issuance of permits—which cost \$5 each—for the killing of 500 does within a restricted area. The conclusion was that the herd of 20,000 ought to be thinned to that extent but actually, because of the high cost of the special tags, only about 250 will be killed.

But getting back to Murderer's Creek, the swivel-chair game expert suggests that instead of being killed, these deer be trapped and transported to the coast area where deer have been depleted by forest fires. The suggestion was made in total disregard of the fact known to every child in Oregon, that eastern Oregon's mule deer are not suited to the climate of western Oregon, where the deer are blacktails. If the mule deer could live satisfactorily in western Oregon, they would have migrated here long before the white man's coming, to graze upon our more luscious grass pastures.

Trapping deer for the purpose of removing them has also been tried and found impracticable; the experience is that at least 30 per cent will die—of fright!

Incidentally the "rocket" charge will scarcely hold water, for it is costing the game department about the same amount for extra checking, that it will derive from the sale of the \$1 "antlerless deer" permits.

There is a great deal more that might be said on the subject, but enough has been said, we believe, to demonstrate how easy it is for the layman to reach erroneous conclusions about complicated game problems, and to suggest a little more faith in the good intentions of those charged with game management.

Tolerance Needed Now

The "nuisance drive" announced yesterday by Attorney-General Murphy brings to mind another phase of the current keep-calm-and-watch-for-propaganda slogan to which most Americans subscribe. It is the danger, in rounding up aliens guilty of more or less suspicious activities, that the program run away with itself and develop into a full-fledged persecution of any and all foreigners and suspected "pro-Nazi."

The last war has been cited so often in the last few weeks as the font of all truth regarding the fashion in which a war abroad should be dealt with on this side of the water, that one hesitates to point to the flame of wrath and hatred which attended the alleged German sabotage and spy activities of the months preceding the American entry into the conflict. Yet that experience stands out in most minds as something of an orary of fright, the energy of which was far more notable than its actual accomplishments, and a repetition of which would be fruitless.

Even lacking the good offices of Miss Dorothy Thompson, it would not now be amazingly difficult to stir up a perfectly first-class anti-Nazi purge, in which the less stable elements of the citizenry would have carte blanche to lose their heads entirely in a rousing blood-purge of all minority political groups. It is not difficult to imagine a situation in which every form of militant public opinion was dubbed "pro-Nazi" and sacrificed on the altar of mass rage.

This is not to hold a brief for the Nazis, for whom we have regard equaling that which we reserve for other biting insects; it is, however, an appeal to toleration and legal method, even in dealing with organizations and political theories for which the great mass of the American people have not the least use. Even in their rage democratic peoples must ob-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Jedidiah Smith's later life and death, what of them? asks a very good friend of this columnist:

(Continuing from yesterday.) In "Pageant of the Pioneers," the little book of this author, published in 1931, particular attention was paid to the winter spent together by Jedidiah Smith and Dr. John McLoughlin in 1828-29. The matter was introduced thus:

"A series of strange circumstances brought Jedidiah Smith and Dr. John McLoughlin together during the winter of 1828-29. They had much in common, though the chess board game of life had played them into positions far apart." In the book, the humanitarian host and the grateful guest were brought together, the time being in March, 1829, in imaginary dialogue, with the result that follows:

"Jedidiah Smith: I owe much to you, Dr. McLoughlin. Now that I am about to depart, doubtless to see you no more, I want to thank you for all you have done for me, and been to me, and to invoke the blessings of Heaven upon you and yours."

"McLoughlin: I have acted the part only of one brother human to another; a little more, perhaps—performed my duty as a Christian gentleman—and I hope when my final reckoning is made the score will show that I shall not have missed widely that mark; the four square mark Shakespeare gave for the attributes of a man."

"Smith: I daily offer in my prayers to God thanks for the divine direction that led me a naked and a starving suppliant at the great gate of your hospitable fort."

"Dr. McLoughlin: I well remember the time. It was a night in August of last year that I was rudely awakened by a great noise of the Indians, saying they had brought an American. They were Klamucks (Tillamooks). The gate was opened and the man came in, but was so affected he could not speak. After sitting down some minutes to recover himself, he told me he was Arthur Black; that he thought he was the only survivor of a party of 18 men, conducted by 'the late Jedidiah Smith.' All the rest, he believed, were murdered; said when he was in a trance, he saw a crowd cleaning and loading his gun, and the Indians coming toward him; that he fired on the crowd, threw off the three savages who were stabbing him, rushed to the woods, saw the Umquap, and came down the coast, nearly dead, more dead than alive, until in desperation he gave himself up to the Klamucks, who relieved his hunger and brought him in. I rewarded the Klamucks most liberally. The next morning, thinking you might be alive, I sent Indian runners with tobacco to the Willamette chiefs, to bid them search for you and bring you in if found, when they would be rewarded; sending a warning that if they hurt you they would be punished."

"Smith: And the same day, as I came in with the other survivor, John Turner, I found you conducting a party of 40 armed men for a search. You expressed great joy. I was more than a prodigal son."

"McLoughlin: I did only my further duty; called Tom McKay, my step-son, arranged as strong a party as I could make; divulged my plan to no one, gave Tom marked instructions to be opened only when he was at the place of the massacre. He followed them to the letter; invited the Indians to bring their furs to trade, as usual. Unsuspecting, they brought yours with the rest, marked as all American trappers mark their furs. These he kept separate, gave them to you, and while having them for their unmarked furs, told the Umquaps the marked ones had been stolen and belonged to you; that they stole them by murdering your men; that had you not been ahead looking for a way for the day's travel, your life, too, would have been a part of the toll of massacre, together with that of your companion, John Turner."

"Smith: Yes, they denied the crime, but admitted they bought my furs from the murderers. And McKay told them to collect from the murderers."

"McLoughlin: The plan worked. I performed only my Christian duty; the result proved the use good. The murderers were punished by their own tribesmen, who knew the guilty ones, which we could not, and more severely than we might have done; with no chance for escape to the security of the mountains by the stolen furs. And, besides, it was my duty, as in all such cases, for our own safety; to show the Indians that they must not murder white men; any white man."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Vetch, Pea Tests Made

Reports on samples of hairy vetch and Australian peas taken last week by Harry L. Riches, Marion county agricultural agent, will be made by the middle of the next week, Riches reports. The samples, taken from supplies purchased by the government for distribution under the AAA, are being tested for purity and germination.

Prancing Showman

Like a master showman saluting his public, Coronado reared, flung up his elegantly arched neck, stood momentarily poised—a miracle of strength and beauty—and bowed!

"Coronado!" squealed the crowd, enraptured.

Heather's small hands were clasped. She whispered, as if she could not believe it, "My Coronado!" For her future was Coronado's.

Strange that the life of a California girl, freshly home from a Maryland finishing school, should depend on the long, slim limbs and flashing speed of a race horse.

But Heather's father, old Dan Mills, whose spare figure was hunched in tweeds over the rail by the track, had lived all his days by the earning of his splendid horses.

serve the forms of legal approach, lest in the upheaval which they cause themselves their own liberties may be snuffed out.

Obviously the Department of Justice is not intending to touch off a pro-Nazi persecution or spy-scare when it announces the liquidation of a few "nuisances." Yet it must always be borne in mind that popular fancy is capricious, and that in these unsettled days even the most candid cannot be certain of himself. Exactly for that reason, Americans must guard most strongly, by deed and word alike, the foundations of their freedom in law, lest the foundations themselves be dissolved in a flood of mass cholera.



"Knight Errant"

By JACK McDONALD

Chapter 1

Coronado danced out of the paddock and strode boldly onto Santa Anita's dust-smooth track, a slim-legged, magnificent symphony in ebony. At sight of him Heather Mills rose in her box as if her own shining young beauty was lifted by the magnificence of the great race horse.

"Coronado!" she breathed, and her hand went to her lips as a kiss was wrung from them and tossed to the splendid creature shining like polished metal in the sun.

Coronado! The name on her lips was taken up in the acclamatory roar of 60,000 throats. It carried to the purple slopes of the Sierrita Madre rising off the back stretch like a giant stage curtain backdrop.

Coronado! Coronado!

Did the great race horse understand? He swaggered postward, tossing his mane proudly over the impatient heads of his 18 eager rivals, all prepared to strain their hearts this day in an attempt to pass him.

His challenging eyes were ablaze with courage. His nostrils quivered and his long tail swished with the excitement of the race ahead.

Fourteen Straight!

Coronado was still working on a winning streak of 14 straight! He had last savored victory on his sensitive velvet lips months before at Bay Meadows, when in a rattle and roll finish he had out-gamed Siletto in the stretch.

Greatest acclaim of all would come to him this day, with a victory that would hurl the name of Coronado eastward to the blue rolling hills of Kentucky, and on in triumph to Belmont and Saratoga.

The horse loving world was mustered for the Santa Anita Handicap to watch Coronado, the equine oriflamme, black prince of the western tracks, carry its money home in a rattle and roll, the big lights on the magic tote board across the track flashed him a 6 to 5 favorite.

Coronado seemed to sense this honor, prancing, eyes magnificently rolling, without a guiding word of the rein, from his 112 pound jockey, Joe Gardner.

Down the stretch lane, flanked on both sides with the banked, overflow of admirers, he came.

Then, pausing at the judges' stand, Coronado gave one of the almost human gestures that had made him the darling of the western tracks. He whirled, facing the grandstand.

Prancing Showman

Like a master showman saluting his public, Coronado reared, flung up his elegantly arched neck, stood momentarily poised—a miracle of strength and beauty—and bowed!

"Coronado!" squealed the crowd, enraptured.

Heather's small hands were clasped. She whispered, as if she could not believe it, "My Coronado!" For her future was Coronado's.

Strange that the life of a California girl, freshly home from a Maryland finishing school, should depend on the long, slim limbs and flashing speed of a race horse.

But Heather's father, old Dan Mills, whose spare figure was hunched in tweeds over the rail by the track, had lived all his days by the earning of his splendid horses.

And Coronado was a horse beyond any of the others. He was every card in Dan's deck. As he raced to victory the fortunes of Dan and Heather would race with him.

Heather looked lovingly to Dan, over the cascading tiers of human sifting with excitement. A horseman of the old school her father, born with the turf in his blood and honesty in his bones. Not a betting man, but a sportsman whose supreme thrill came with seeing a horse of his win.

Dan's gray figure was motionless, but Heather could sense his almost prayerful excitement. She herself was thrillingly aware of that terrible eagerness for the first time in her 18 years.

Her First Race

For, while Heather was the daughter of old Dan, most ardent of the western horsemen, this was her first horse race!

"No daughter of mine," her San Francisco Social Register mother had stated firmly and often, "is going to track stable dirt into my drawing room!"

So Heather had been sent east to finishing school, far from the Mills' farm, with its comfortable stables, in the Carmel valley.

Shortly afterwards her mother died. Now, at the age when most girls in Heather's 18-year-old "set" were having coming-out parties, Heather was meeting at close range the old-time, square-dealing horseman who was her father, and (Continued on page 10)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—The thermometer of business (industrial production is rising faster than expected. It will hit a 110 average for September precisely as promised. But now at the month end it is moving at an even more rapid pace. It will probably average 115 for October—15 per cent above what was considered "normal" in the comfortable days of 1923, '24, and '25.

Yet the government economists are dissatisfied. Factories are turning out goods at an accelerating rate mainly on expectations—not on consumption. Business expects war orders and higher prices. Both seem inevitable but neither has yet arrived. Much of the larger factory output is, therefore, going into a kind of cold storage inventories. It is NOT going straight on through the business system to the ultimate consumers.

Healthful signs that it soon may be becoming evident. Employment and payroll, the sinews of purchasing power, are up. So is national income (up strongly from \$3.5 to \$5.5 measuring July to September.) Consumption, therefore, may soon improve its appetite.

War orders could hardly have been expected so soon, but neither could you expect an actual decline in US exports during September, although a decline occurred.

Look at the following chart and note that department store sales only increased 1 point while production was soaring. Car loadings are up, but solely due to increased shipments of ore, coal and coke needed in the manufacturing of steel.

There has been no increase in shipments of finished goods which would show improved distribution and consumption.

In fact, soaring production is traceable mainly to four items—steel, machine tools, cotton and coal. Steel is averaging 84 per cent of theoretical capacity which is close to critical capacity. Both steel and machine tools are obviously being stocked against possible war orders and higher prices. The same factors are noticeable to a lesser extent in cotton and all of which makes for an anticipatory boom, not an actual one.

All figures in the following monthly chart are official government indices and each is seasonally adjusted and based on 1923-25 as 100.

Consensus among Mr. Roosevelt's men is that everything will be all right for six months if the war continues (and no one within officialdom seems to expect peace.) If war stopped today, there would be more steel on hand, for instance, than the domestic market wants.

After all that has been said about retail prices, it appears only food prices increased materially in September and only five items of food—sugar, flour, lard, pork, beans. The cost of living index was, therefore, only up four-tenths of 1 per cent. Clothing, housing, and fuel did not increase.

It may be significant for the future, however, that whenever any food price controls are to be tried, Mr. Roosevelt has agreed to let agriculture Secretary Wallace handle them. Mr. Wallace's farm price views are well known.

Prospects for war orders are still full of "ifs." The feeling is general in government circles that popular expectations are NOT yet justified. Great Britain and France are NOT expected to buy much until their own resources are depleted. Furthermore, Britain can get much from her empire—oil, copper, wool, wheat.

LIGHT-RAYS—Lines in which employment is picking up fastest are steel, meat packing and textiles. . . During the last war sugar prices did not take their biggest leap until the war was over and a shortage developed. . . Sight-unseen orders for new model autos are very heavy. Prices of the new cars are somewhat lower and apparently many consumers are leery of a later price rise. . . Industries which are stocking up with steel include autos, refrigerators, machine tools and rail equipments.

Portland Retail Sales Are Down

PORTLAND, Sept. 29.—(P)—Dun's business review said today retail sales in the Portland area dropped off slightly last week but the month was 7 per cent ahead of last year.

Nine-month gains of about 10 per cent were reported by hardware, mill supply, dry goods and men's furnishing wholesalers.

	Indus	Factory	Factory	Dept.	Big
	Produce	Employ-	Pay	Store	Con-
	ment	ment	rolls	Load's	Sales
Average 1923	119	106.9	110.4	107	111
Average 1937	110	108.6	109.5	108	111
Average 1938	86	89.7	77.9	62	85
May, 1939	92	93.3	85.0	62	85
June	98	94.3	86.5	67	86
July	101	94.8	84.4	69	86
August	102	95.7	89.9	70	89
Sept. (Est'd.)	110	97.7	92.5	76	90

Radio Programs

KSLM—SATURDAY—1360 Kc.	KOAG—SATURDAY—550 Kc.	KSLM—SUNDAY—1360 Kc.
6:30—Millman's Melodies.	9:00—Today's Program.	8:00—John Agnew, Organist.
7:30—News.	9:30—Home Makers' Hour.	8:15—Newspaper Hour.
7:45—The Four Toppers.	10:00—Weather Forecast.	8:30—Christian Missionary.
8:00—Airport Dedication.	10:15—Music.	8:45—Christina Edwards.
8:30—Tr. Bradley.	10:30—Views of the News.	9:00—American Wildlife.
8:45—News.	10:45—Music.	9:15—Erwin Leo.
9:00—The Pastor's Call.	11:00—Music of the Masters.	9:30—Musical.
9:15—Bob Miller Orchestra.	11:30—Music of the Masters.	9:45—Erwin Leo.
9:30—D & S Stars.	12:00—News.	10:00—Musical.
9:45—Globechasers.	12:15—Farm Hour.	10:15—Romance of the Highways.
10:00—Unipress News.	6:00—Dinner Concert.	10:30—Music of the Masters.
10:30—Morning Magazine.	6:15—News.	10:45—Music.
10:45—Leo Freudenberg Orchestra.	6:30—Music.	11:00—American Lutheran Hour.
11:00—Palmer House Orchestra.	6:45—Saturday Night Serenade.	11:15—Synphonic Echoes.
11:15—The Hayride.	7:00—Sports Mirror.	11:30—Drama of Youth.
11:30—Women in the News.	7:15—Man About Hollywood.	11:45—Musical Salute.
11:45—Valse Parade.	7:30—Public Affairs.	12:00—Church of the Air.
12:00—Hilthily Serenade.	7:45—Evening News.	12:15—Musical Concert Series.
12:15—News.	8:00—Evening News.	2:00—TBA.
12:30—Hilthily Serenade.	8:15—Variety.	2:30—The Shadow.
12:45—Williamette Valley Opinions.	8:30—Guard Your Health.	2:45—Elias Brezkin Orchestra.
1:00—Swinging Strings.	8:45—Music of the Masters.	3:00—Tennis Tournament.
1:15—Interesting Facts.	9:00—Your Hit Parade.	3:15—The Topper.
1:30—Hollywood Buckeroos.	9:15—Nightly's Best Buys.	3:30—American Forum of the Air.
2:00—Elias Brezkin Orchestra.	9:30—Five Star Final.	3:45—Neutrality Bill.
2:30—News.	11:00—Orchestra.	4:00—The Fashion Revival.
2:45—Tennis Tournament.		4:15—Good Will Hour.
4:45—Hal Stokes Orchestra.		4:30—The Shadow.
5:00—Tropical Serenade.		4:45—Elias Brezkin Orchestra.
5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.		5:00—Tennis Tournament.
6:45—Tonight's Headlines.		5:15—The Topper.
7:00—Symphonic Strings.		5:30—American Forum of the Air.
7:15—Variety.		5:45—Neutrality Bill.
7:30—By Moonlight.		6:00—American Forum of the Air.
8:00—News.		6:15—Good Will Hour.
8:15—Jack McLean's Orchestra.		6:30—Music.
8:30—Pan-American Neutrality Conference.		6:45—Science News.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air.		7:00—Music.
9:15—Swingtime.		7:15—Science News.
9:30—Edwards Old Timers.		7:30—Music.
9:45—Brass Collars Orchestra.		7:45—Science News.
10:00—Music Hall.		8:00—Musical.
10:30—Leon Mojica Orchestra.		8:15—Science News.
11:00—Jack McLean's Orchestra.		8:30—Guard Your Health.
11:15—Muszy Marcelino Orchestra.		8:45—Music of the Masters.
11:30—Rhythm Rascals.		9:00—EBC Round Table: "Pushing Oregon State College."
11:45—Midnight Melodies.		9:30—Intellectual Development of Eugene.
		9:45—Agricultural News Reporter.

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