

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Rendezvous With Destiny

The other morning the Oregonian joined hands with the Saturday Evening Post, and in particular with a Post editorial of October 7, to pay homage to the new America, the America over which the "star of destiny" has of late risen. The discussion requires some analysis; the star, perhaps, an astronomical chart of its course.

The theory of the star of destiny over America is not, at the outset, entirely clear. The Post speaks of the star having stood over the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, Romans, Persians; Byzantium, the Holy Roman Empire, and increasingly since 1700 over England and the Pax Britannica. By implication the same sort of star now stands figuratively over the United States. The Oregonian writes of a new sense of American pride and strength as we survey the paltry quarreling of Europe from our American Olympus. "It is in America that the power resides now, and the American people have faith. We have hope; they do not have hope. Why let them perpetuate their miseries if we can help it?" Even a German victory could eventually be rendered nugatory, the Portland paper thinks, though it rightly forecasts a time of travail before this would be or could be accomplished.

The burden of both pieces appears to be that Europe is fighting a useless war, and for the hundredth time. At the conclusion, no matter whose arms are victorious, America will be economically, diplomatically, and presumably, militarily, more powerful than any other state. Yet the American people, being by nature idealists, will serve to raise the remaining peoples from their ruck of fear and animosity to a plane of lasting civilization. By default we are to be the lords of the world, as well as the bringers and the authors of a new evangel of peace and security.

Somewhere there is a mixup of terms in this study of America's future. This "star of destiny" ideal appears to be peculiarly military, in the last analysis; America will be so strong that no other state will wish to offend her. But this implies a recognition of American power which is more than tacit, and, even more, a persistent policy of international policing by Americans to maintain the new era of American uplift. Not for nothing were the cohorts of Rome in every city from York to Persepolis; nor for nothing have the British subdued their little brown brothers with bombs, and carried the burden of the white man with the help of a swordcase. This is not to say that the sweetness and light of the new American destiny would have to be imposed with the help of soldiers' rifles; but it is to say that the new dispensations of past empires, of past states with "destinies," have been so imposed. Certainly the ideology of the crooked star of the Nazi destiny is not pressed home with pen and printer's ink in German-conquered lands.

Aside from this rather obvious criticism, there is yet a more notable one. "Destiny," whatever it is, implies obligations as well as advantages. To be powerful is all very well, but once such power is exerted beyond its normal sphere it needs continual re-exertion. And, ultimately, there comes a day when "destiny" can no longer be met, when blood formerly red runs milky. So Rome had its Alaric, Charles V his Luther, perhaps England her Hitler; why should an America which revives the old phrase of "manifest destiny" be an exception? . . . Surely not because America is some short decades has thought to pluck the fangs of centuries of greed among men.

Why not, then, let this ancient star of other peoples' glories and decadences stand if it will over America, but without offering it the dignity of calling it either master or slave. Instead let Americans continue to carve out their own future, maintain their own institutions, and work steadily, but not spectacularly as though it were our "destiny," toward a world in which nationalism may again be Herderian, and in which internationalism may not be on a basis of anarchy. Americans are human beings, and it is hard to see much difference between them and the Frenchmen and Englishmen and Germans who have the same ancestors; for that reason they should shade their eyes from the siren gleam of "destinies," do their own work, let others do their work, and be neither the darling nor the fool of any pied piper of the heavens, but rather worthy citizens of the world who can appreciate the virtues of humility and human understanding between peoples if not the illusions of what the Germans call Weltmacht. These people who say we have a destiny say we have now grown up; yet one of the clearest marks of adulthood is an ability to labor and become yet more mature, and to shun the mere desire for fame and renown.

Mechanical Hop-Pickers

The hop industry tops all other farm operations in its labor requirements, employing 395 man-hours per acre. The Grants Pass Courier is a bit exercised over reports in Business Week relative to the mechanical hop-picker patented by E. Clemens Horst of San Francisco, which is said to cut the harvesting costs in half. What will the hop harvest be like without those colorful armies of human hop-pickers? And what will happen to all those people if deprived of hop-picking jobs?

For the Courier's peace of mind, it should be pointed out that the Horst hop ranches in California and in Oregon—including the one not far from Salem—have been utilizing the Horst-patented mechanical pickers for several years, and there has not been much tendency toward a spread to other growers' yards.

Hop men here say the mechanical picker does a good job, but that Horst has set a high royalty on its use by others; also that the Horst operations differ considerably from most others since their hops are principally of the seedless variety, much lighter than the average and therefore more costly to harvest at the same time that hand-pickers earn less money per day than in other varieties.

The chances are that eventually a mechanical picker—this one or some other—will supplant the hand-picker in the hop fields. But in view of the fact that the Horst picker has been available several years without widespread adoption and in view of these qualifying factors in connection with alleged comparative costs, it is not likely that it will revolutionize the industry next season or the one following.

Salem's Silly Civil War

It is pleasing to note that the city council has taken the initial step toward clearing up the misunderstanding between that body and the city water commission over certain matters involving delinquent taxes on the water utility property, a street assessment and the city's payment of water rentals to the water commission.

Here are two closely related branches of the city government, unable to understand each other's viewpoints on these apparently simple matters and up to now, apparently unwilling even to listen to the opposing argument. To Statesman reporters who have sat in on the meetings of both bodies, it has all seemed rather childish.

As a basis for settling the quarrel it would seem logical that the water commission agree to pay whatever may be due in taxes or street assessments—regardless of whose fault it was that they remain unpaid; that it attempt to recover from the old water company or elsewhere if there appears to be any hope of doing so; and that the city pay hydrant rentals as it did under private ownership. It is hardly necessary to explain our reasons for suggesting this solution; some other solution may be found more suitable. The important thing is to get the question settled.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sarah Hunt Steeves 10-21-39 did work which will endure; was a Hunt of a clan producing heroes:

(Concluding from yesterday:) Sarah Hunt Steeves wrote into the permanent record to be kept in the Oregon State library these words, much briefed:

"Elizabeth Nancy, his (Geo. W. Hunt's) wife, . . . was born July 25, 1834, at Oregon, Holt county, Missouri; died at Salem, Oregon Oct. 10, 1891. She was devoted wife and mother of a very unselfish nature, and during all the 40 years of their married life she and her husband were like lovers. Hers was a jolly disposition and full of fun. She was of Irish ancestry; . . . was erect of figure and carried her head high. To quote her husband, 'she was not afraid of man, beast or devil.'"

"She was at one time state lecturer of the Grange and was chosen to represent Oregon at the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, but this honor she declined because of her home duties. She was a typical pioneer woman. . . . She was much interested in the early state fairs, and her golden butter marked with a sheaf of wheat carried off the blue ribbon. "She was a woman of strong personality, very capable, and one to whom her neighbors, as well as her family, turned in time of trouble. . . . Her children rise up and call her blessed."

The spirit of Sarah Hunt Steeves that led her to seek to perfect the work of her father in collecting the records of her clan for preservation is worthy of commendation.

"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." So wrote Macaulay.

The Hunt clan dates back to the very beginnings of American settlement and development in Oregon.

Defenbach in his book visualized General William Clark and Wilson Price Hunt, as they sat over their wine and pipes at St. Louis, Missouri, musing, in the sundown period of their lives: "Curious, is it not, that each of us had a woman in his party?"

General Clark was then United States Indian agent for the Indians of all the farthest west. Hunt was postmaster at St. Louis.

Clark, with Meriwether Lewis, had been accompanied by the Indian guide Sacagawea, Hunt and his overlords by the Dorion Woman, Iron hearted Iowa Sioux Indian pilot.

But no member of the Wilson and Clark party came for settlement, and only two, Baptiste Deloar and Francis Rivet, remained and became settlers, with Indian wives, and they only incidentally, while the Astors, of whom Wilson Price Hunt was the outstanding partner and leader, came for permanent development, for settlement, and for American occupation.

Wilson Price Hunt and the Hunts of Oregon, in Marion, Polk, Lane, Douglas and most if not all the other counties of this state, had common ancestors. They were of one clan.

Wilson Price Hunt was born in 1782 in Hopewell, New Jersey, and died in April, 1842. He went to Louisiana in 1804 and, December 18 of that year, was made a member of the village's first grand jury. He conducted a general store till June 10, 1809. He had then engaged himself to John Jacob Astor, and soon after left for New York, and early in 1810, as a partner of the Pacific Fur company (organized by Astor), he arrived in Montreal, and, with another partner, Donald Mackenzie, began to organize the expedition that was to engage in trade, development and American settlement in the westernmost West.

Arriving at the Snake river with his command, having started in April, 1811, Hunt made the mistake of attempting to navigate that river to the Columbia, and to the sea. His band, broken up into several parties, after many privations, arrived at Astoria in the fore part of 1812.

Hunt made other mistakes in handling the business of the Astor company, and Crittenden, the historian, is severe in his criticisms of his judgment, but gives him credit for loyalty. That was scarcely necessary, for Astor in 1819 backed him in a great land deal in St. Louis suburbs, including a sawmill enterprise. Hunt has become postmaster of St. Louis, and retained his place 18 years; was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

Hunt in managing the Astoria enterprise was not responsible for the War of 1812 with Great Britain, which was the cause of its plans not being carried out successfully.

The "Book of Remembrance of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers," published by Sarah Hunt Steeves in 1927, furnishes records many of which but for its preparation by her would have been lost to history.

This alone entitles her name to a worthy place in the annals of her state and country.

Whiteaker, for long years a well known postoffice and village, is now numbered with the rather long list of Oregon's ghost towns. As the reader will recall, it had once perhaps the best store in Champezo (Marion) county. It boasted of its fine militia company an army, which was also social hall, headquarters for its baseball club, church, gathering place for political and other meetings, etc. A fire swept away the store, the warehouse in connection therewith, the armory. So nothing but a dim memory is left of what was first, Lebanon, Marion County, Oregon, then soon, and for long, Whiteaker.

Current War Activity Rehearsal, Hitler Says



"History's most gruesome blood bath" is what Adolf Hitler promised the western powers after Britain's Chamberlain rejected the German leader's peace terms recently. The current "rehearsal for war" continued on the western front. Above photo shows a Nazi Messerschmidt plane reduced to wreckage by French guns while its pilot sought to attack English airmen.

"Knight Errant"

By JACK McDONALD

Chapter 14
Slim was startled. Most women liked Slim—liked at first sight his broad shoulders and ready smile and frequent dimple.

Slim did not realize that the noisy welcome he had received from the seedy looking Snapper in the racing office had anything to do with her evident dislike.

He did not know that the morbid criticisms had warned his mistress, before Heather set out for Santa Anita, against "taking up" with suspicious characters of the track.

He stood fusing uncomfortably with his hands under her stern blue-eyed disapproval.

Slim was completely stymied. Then, being a Maynard of Kentucky, he swept his hat from his dark hair in a gallant, if exaggerated bow. Heather turned to her high heels.

"What's that I get for hording in," Slim muttered, standing with reddening face where she had left him.

Bassitt hurried back to join Heather. He suspected that Slim might have been talking about him and the thought made him anxious.

"I want to warn you about that fellow, Slim Maynard, Miss," he told Heather. "He'll get you in a scrape sure if you pay attention to him. I knew his Pa back in Kentucky, a hundred per cent fellow, but his boy Slim—well, he sort of come out in fractions."

"Oh, a black sheep?" Heather asked.

"Yeah, that's it," Bassitt replied. "Callis himself a horseman because he owns a couple of broken-down plows named Cold Cream and Susie that a respectable freight car wouldn't even let ride the on rods. If that microphone bothers you any more let me know. I'll have him run off the track."

This turned Heather to Bassitt more than ever. He had been kind to her. Heather thought had offered Knight Errant a stall in his stable that he no doubt needed, out of friendship for her father.

And his warning seemed evidence that he felt a concern for her.

Heather next morning went to Judge Roy Carruthers to see about getting a trainer's license for herself. Heather stated her case, but the judge shook his head. "You haven't the necessary experience," he argued.

"You need help and advice from someone older."

"Knight Errant may prove a champion like his great sire, Coronado" Judge Carruthers told her.

"That would mean you must race him against two-year-olds trained by the best colt handlers in the country. You wouldn't hurt his chances would you?"

Heather told herself the judge was right. She wouldn't stand in Knight Errant's way. She left to go to Bassitt. She would ask him to help her.

"My own horses keep me pretty busy," Bassitt told her, trying not to gloom. "But your Pa did me a big favor once and I'm only too glad to reciprocate."

Heather had come to him! Just as Bassitt had anticipated.

She had asked him just what he had wanted to ask her, but had delayed prudently—to train Knight Errant.

Heather swallowed a little nervously. There was something she found it difficult to say.

"Mr. Bassitt, there's something I must explain. My father—you know, Dan, didn't have very much to leave me. And I've been

carling for Knight Errant and for Artichokes and the farm, and—" Bassitt understood all too well. "Don't you worry about that. This ain't going to cost you a red cent. Why, I'd do more than that for a daughter of old Dan. Of course, I might accept a small percentage of the purse winnings after the horse wins a lot of races, but we'll talk about that later."

Heather thought she had never met anyone so kind.

Bassitt told Heather he intended to send Knight Errant to the post for his maiden race later in the week—a dash for baby 2-year-olds, the Nursery Stakes.

Joy filled her heart. "Is that Vanderbilt champion going to be in the race?" she asked eagerly.

Bassitt told her they would all be in there, every class 2-year-old on the grounds, all the prima donnas from the Saratoga sales, all the good ones from Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia.

More than one eyebrow was lifted in the racing office when Heather appeared with Bassitt to register him as Knight Errant's trainer.

Later, Slim eyed the colt's name on the list of nominations for the Nursery Stakes.

"Look, Snapper, what that Bassitt's running Knight Errant in," he said, surprised.

"The colt's fast. He might beat those good ones," argued Snapper. "Ought to, if he runs to that great trial work."

"But," Slim pointed out, "every one of those colts has had two or more races already. It's rank injustice to Knight Errant to ask him to tangle with that kind for his coming out party."

Slim showed Snapper a race in the entries for California breeds, to which Knight Errant was eligible and would have fitted into nicely.

"What's that Bassitt up to?" he asked.

"If he had the colt's interest at heart, he'd have put him in the California bred race to give Knight Errant confidence. A colt's first race is important. Snapper. Things he learns in that first one he'll remember the rest of his life."

Slim had seen colts, which would have amounted to something later on, ruined through no fault of their own, by being over-matched the first time they ran.

(To be continued)

7:30—Milkan's Melodies.
7:35—The Topper.
8:00—Model Airplane Club.
8:15—This Wonderful World.
8:30—US Army Band.
8:45—News.
9:00—Morning Meditations.
9:15—Bob Miller Orchestra.
9:30—Erwin Year.
9:45—Henry Weber Orchestra.
10:00—Tea Time Melodians.
10:15—News.
10:30—Morning Magazine.
10:45—Varieties.
11:00—Women in the News.
11:30—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:45—Williamette Opinions.
1:00—Musical Salute.
1:15—Erwin Year.
1:30—Interesting Facts.
1:45—Hollywood Buckeroos.
2:00—Oregon State vs. Washington Football Game.
2:15—Dinner Hour Concert.
2:30—Tonight's Headlines.
2:45—Ensemble Moderne.
3:00—News and Views.
3:15—Betty Rhodes and Choir.
3:30—Elias Brecklin Orchestra.
3:45—News.
4:00—Dinner Hour Concert.
4:15—Tonight's Headlines.
4:30—Ensemble Moderne.
4:45—Betty Rhodes and Choir.
5:00—Elias Brecklin Orchestra.
5:15—News Behind the News.
5:30—Music by Moonlight.
5:45—News.
6:00—Sense of the Pioneers.
6:10—Teddy Powell Orchestra.
6:20—Newspaper of the Air.
6:30—Swingtime.
6:40—Edwards Old Timers.
6:50—Brad Collins Orchestra.
7:00—Music Hall.
7:10—Leon Mojica Orchestra.
7:20—Tomorrow's News Tonight.
7:30—Jim Walsh Orchestra.
7:40—Rhythm Karrels.
7:50—Midnight Melody.
8:00—News.
8:15—Market Reports.
8:30—Consumer News.
8:45—Breakfast Bugle.

9:00—Country Journal.
9:30—Let's Pretend.
10:00—The American.
10:30—Hello Again.
11:00—Ball Session.
11:30—Burton's Book Follies.
12:00—Merymakers.
12:30—News.
12:45—Organ.
1:00—Chansonnets.
1:15—Deep River Boys.
1:30—Orchestra.
1:45—Organist.
2:00—Newspaper of the Air.
2:30—War News.
2:45—Newspaper of the Air.
3:00—People's Platform.
3:15—Burton's Book Follies.
3:30—Wayne King.
3:45—Orchestra.
4:00—Collegians.
4:15—Saturday Night Serenade.
4:30—Songs.
4:45—Erwin Year.
4:55—Public Affairs.
5:00—News.
5:15—Organist.
5:30—Gangbusters.
5:45—Your Hit Parade.
6:00—Tonight's Star Buys.
6:15—Five Star Final.
6:30—News.
6:45—War News.
7:00—Orchestra.
7:15—Organist.
7:30—Trail Blazers.
7:45—On the Mall.
8:00—Ross Trio.
8:15—Samuel McConnell.
8:30—Olellan Hurbutt.
8:45—Dorothy Lee.
9:00—Allington Time Signal.
9:15—Orchestra.
9:30—Call to Youth.
9:45—Archie Quartet.
10:00—Orchestra.
10:15—Calling All Stamp Collectors.
10:30—The Music of Tomorrow.
10:45—Stars of Show.
11:00—Football.
11:15—Football.
11:30—News.
11:45—Orchestra.
12:00—Milton Berle.
12:15—From Hollywood Today.
12:30—Brazilian Band.
12:45—Paul Carson Organist.
1:00—Caravan.
1:15—Arch Oboler's Plays.
1:30—Archie Quartet.
1:45—Community Chest Parade.
2:00—Orchestra.
2:15—Home Institute.
2:30—News.
2:45—Three Quarter Time.
3:00—Orchestra.
3:15—Musical Chats.
3:30—Irishman Indigo.
3:45—Studio Party.
4:00—Market Reports.
4:15—Musical Chats.
4:30—Popular Dance Melodies.
4:45—Football.
5:00—Orchestra.
5:15—El Chico Spanish Revue.
5:30—Associated Press News.
5:45—The Mounted.
6:00—Message of Israel.
6:15—Hacienda Echoes.
6:30—Musical Scoreboard.
6:45—Orchestra.
6:55—Brent House.
7:00—Beyond Reasonable Doubt.
7:15—Second Guest.
7:30—Builders of Tomorrow.
7:45—Symphony Orchestra.
8:00—News.
8:15—Orchestra.
8:30—The Quiet Hour.
8:45—This Moving World.
9:00—Paul Carson Organist.
9:15—Paul Carson Organist.

9:00—Today's Program.
9:15—Co Ed Exchange.
9:30—AWS Hall Hour.
10:00—Walter Foremost.
10:15—Home for Adults.
10:30—The Voice of Industry.
11:15—Music of the Masters.
11:30—Fanny Hour.
11:45—Variety.
12:00—British Isles Travelogue.
12:15—Guard Your Health.
12:30—Facts and Fairs.
12:45—View of the Day.
1:00—Symphony Hall Hour.
1:15—Stories for Boys and Girls.

5:00—On the Campus.
5:45—Vespera.
6:00—The Star Hour.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:45—Science News of the Week.
8:00—The Star Hour.
9:00—OSC Round Table—"The 1939 Forest Fire Season."
9:30—The Star Hour.
9:45—Agricultural News Reporter.

8:00—West Coast Church.
8:30—Major Bowes.
8:45—The Star Hour.
9:00—Church of the Air.
10:30—War News.
10:45—Piano Interlude.
10:45—Walther Brown, strings.
11:00—Democracy in Action.
11:15—The Star Hour.
12:00—Philharmonic Symphony of New York.
1:55—News.
2:30—Old Songs of the Church.
3:00—David Niven in "Ex Spy."
3:30—Gateway to Hollywood.
4:00—The War This Week.
4:45—News.
5:00—The Star Hour.
5:55—War News.
6:00—Sunday Evening Hour.
6:30—"Playhouse 90."
6:45—Hobby Lobby.
6:55—Leo J. Ryan.
7:00—Ken Bernie.
7:30—Van Alexander Orchestra.
7:45—The Star Hour.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:30—Professor Puzzles—Airport.
11:00—Hungarian Organist.
11:00—Organ, songs.
11:30—Archie Bleyer—620 Ka.

8:00—Sunday Sunrise Program.
8:30—Marianne, Guitarrist.
8:45—Story Book.
8:50—Arlington Time Signal.
9:00—Walter Leggett's Musical.
9:30—On Your Job.
10:00—Sunday Symphonette.
10:00—Hour of Chanson.
11:00—Stars of Show.
11:30—Chicago Round Table.
12:00—Radio Revue.
12:30—Alice Joy.
12:45—Dog Chats.
1:00—I Want a Divorce.
1:30—Star Tomorrow.
2:00—Melodies.
2:15—Irone Rich.
2:30—News.
2:45—Campus Alumni Reporter.
3:00—Radio Classics.
3:15—Eyes of the World.
3:30—The Grouch Club.
3:40—Professor Puzzles.
3:50—Band Wagon.
4:00—Don Ameche.
4:15—Merry Go Round.
4:30—American Album.
4:45—Champions.
4:55—Archie Gruises.
5:00—Carnival.
5:00—Night Editor.
5:15—Irone Rich.
5:30—Jack Benny.
5:45—Walter Winchell.
5:55—Parker Family.
6:00—One Man's Family.
6:00—News Flashes.
6:15—Hour of Dreamland.
6:30—Orchestra.
7:45—KEX—SUNDAY 1180 Kc.
8:00—Dr. Brock.
8:30—The Quiet Hour.
9:00—Radio City Music Hall.
10:00—Waterloo Junction.
10:30—Radio City.
10:48—Festival of Music.
11:00—Proper Housing Talk.
11:30—The Go Home.
11:45—Treasure Trail of Song.
12:00—Melody for Milady.
12:15—Bookman's Notebook.
12:30—Orchestra.
1:00—Family Altar Hour.
1:15—Musical Interlude.
2:00—Three Cheers.
2:15—Today's Candid Story.
2:30—Village Opera Auditions.
2:45—Paul Leavitt Orchestra.
3:00—Hearst Classics.
3:00—Hearst String.
3:45—Catholic Truth Society.
4:00—Hour of Chanson.
4:30—Paul Carson Organist.
4:45—Sports Newswall.
5:00—Everybody Sing.
5:30—News.
5:45—Orchestra.
6:00—Dr. Brock.
6:30—Hr. District Attorney.
10:00—Paul Martin's Music.
10:30—Hour.
11:15—Portland Police Reports.
11:15—Charles Runyan Organist.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—Hitler's spell of speechlessness has been due to his inside concentration on trying to get military help from Russia and Italy. The wires from Berlin to Moscow and Rome have been carrying tempting baits to hook an active military ally.

Latest trans-atlantic code waves report the best der Fuehrer has been able to land is some small expansion of his trade deal with Russia and a cold shoulder from Rome—nary a nibble of active military support.

Indeed, there is some reason to doubt that Mussolini will handle a world peace offer for Hitler—the next step that Hitler has planned when his search for allies finally fails.

A further bending of the Rome-Berlin axis to the breaking point is loftily expected and there would be no surprise if it falls completely apart.

Inside reports from the Carolina tobacco regions indicate a subtle British propaganda campaign there for embargo repeal.

The reports have been received by a government department and by congressmen in such a double-confirming way that no question of their authenticity exists here although, of course, an effort is being made to prevent such a delicate matter from being drawn into the open trading bill debate.

British ceasing their important season buying in the American market very strangely upon the outbreak of war. This forced the closing of the market at the height of the season. No forceful excuse was offered. British stocks are slightly higher than normal and they may want to conserve exchange but, after all, their people are not going to smoke any less, but probably more, as a result of the war.

Tobacco planters subsequently (October 5) held elections to vote on quotas, and at several of these meetings resolutions were passed asking congress to repeal the arms embargo. Certain agricultural authorities here considered this strange as an embargo on arms had nothing to do with tobacco and they investigated.

They have reported that buying agents for the British let word get around to the planters that British buying would resume when the embargo was repealed.

Letters from home received by Carolina legislators here indicate farmers were told that the British naturally will buy from their friends and repeal of the embargo was necessary to show our friendship. Indeed some farmers had the mistaken notion that the existing embargo is on tobacco, although no one here is accusing the British of spreading such misinformation.

Obviously this tobacco situation is the key to wise British policy. Her buying in cotton and many other lines slid off at the outset of the war. Everything has been held back until the embargo is repealed.

But government economists who are wholly impartial on the embargo issue are now becoming apprehensive that the anticipated buying will not live up to its promise even when repeal comes. A large number of them are actually plotting privately (and this news has been passed out in the confidential business letter services) that our industrial production will not be as great as our industrialists have been led to expect.

Indeed, the president's Laughlin Currie spending group is reported working on plans for new government expenditures to be presented to the January session of congress to "take up the slack" expected next year. One of these spending plans involves a new federal grid system for power defense (a revision of the old \$600,000,000 scheme).

The economists' deductions are based on open-face facts that all can readily see. The British are buying most of the Egyptian cotton crop. They also took the entire Australian wool clip (State Secretary Hull is still trying to get them to let us have some of it.)

The British move for industrialization of Canada has taken form with the allocation of \$600,000,000 for plane factories and a promise of \$3,000,000,000 more.

No one here is criticizing the British for all this, even the propaganda. It obviously means only that the British are looking out for the British, as they should.

Brush College Club
ELECTS NEW SECRETARY
BRUSH COLLEGE—Mrs. Virginia Burton was elected secretary to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Mrs. Aubrey Ewing at the first fall meeting of the Brush College community club Friday night, October 13. Mrs. Ewing has moved from the neighborhood.

A ministerial program, under the direction of Miss Nora Clark and Miss Muriel Koster, local teachers, was presented by the upper grades. Miss Ruth Whitney and Mrs. Mike Fach served refreshments.

Move to Keizer
KEIZER—Mr. and Mrs. M. Stephenson of Salem have moved into the Doc DeWitt home. Mrs. DeWitt's sister, Betty Provost, will live with them and attend high school.

Radio Programs

- KSLM—SATURDAY—1360 Kc.**
 - 7:30—Milkan's Melodies.
 - 7:35—The Topper.
 - 8:00—Model Airplane Club.
 - 8:15—This Wonderful World.
 - 8:30—US Army Band.
 - 8:45—News.
 - 9:00—Morning Meditations.
 - 9:15—Bob Miller Orchestra.
 - 9:30—Erwin Year.
 - 9:45—Henry Weber Orchestra.
 - 10:00—Tea Time Melodians.
 - 10:15—News.
 - 10:30—Morning Magazine.
 - 10:45—Varieties.
 - 11:00—Women in the News.
 - 11:30—