

The Oregon Statesman

Bits for Breakfast

Hey, Johnny Look What Santa's Got This Year!

News Behind Today's News

No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe

From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

Charles A. Sprague, President

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Tuesday's Elections

Aside from California's Ham and Eggs issue, the principal significance to Oregonians in the elections that will be held in a number of states on Tuesday is that they mark the beginning of the "presidential year."

Kentucky is electing a governor, "Happy" Chandler having moved up to the United States senate through an appointment deal, and is also choosing a set of legislators as are Virginia and New Jersey, which is voting in addition upon a 21 million dollar bond issue for relief.

And then there is Ohio. That state ballots on two constitutional amendments. One would reduce from 250,000 to 100,000 the number of petition signers necessary to initiate a constitutional amendment and to 50,000 to initiate a law.

Ohio's pension scheme is not as bizarre as California's. It was devised by Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, a former congressman, once a follower of Henry George, the single-taxer, which explains why Bigelow proposes to finance his pension through a 2 per cent additional tax on all land which is valued at \$20,000 an acre or more exclusive of buildings.

The pensions, paid to all persons over age 60, regardless of financial condition, would be \$50 a month for a single person and \$80 a month for a married couple. There is much disagreement as to the probable cost. Bigelow has made two estimates, \$68,000,000 and \$100,000,000.

An interesting angle is Bigelow's conception of the pension. He argues that it will, in effect, make every Ohio citizen, no matter what his present age, potentially "as rich as though, at 60 years of age, he owned the income from \$30,000 of United States bonds, and every married couple as rich as though they owned the income from \$48,000 of such bonds."

Beyond that, the pension plan has the fault common to all state pension schemes, that it is likely to drive industry and business out of the state. It will never be wise to initiate pensions which are far out of line in their generosity, on less than a nationwide basis—even if they could be justified economically on any basis.

Again the Flint

It is difficult to disguise the hope, not to say the feeling, which rises involuntarily at the thought of the City of Flint episode that the American crew gave the departing German sailors a good, rousing Bronx cheer as they filed down the gangplank, presumably bound for internment in some drafty Norwegian military post for the duration of the present war.

Similarly, one experiences a certain sincere gratitude to the Norwegians, who, in no unkind fashion, seem to have scraped our chests out of the fire in a much more effective manner than we could hope to do ourselves.

For all one's normal reactions to the Flint episode, it is still reassuring to know that under the revised neutrality act this sort of international interlude is not likely to happen—or at least so we have been guaranteed.

The City of Flint will come up the Fifth of Clyde into Greenock in a day or two (one hopes), and then after a time home again to Sandy Hook and the Hoboken piers. She will come, however, not as just another dumpy little cargo steamer plugging in from the ports of Europe, but as a symbol and a clear illustration of a war which is not all on paper, but which is really war.

Gasoline Odor Ventilated Away

Lane county's gasoline scandal has been aired by the grand jury. No one was indicted; no county employe was named in the grand jury report. It did find that some bad practices had been "inherited" by the present county government and made recommendations for reform; and it criticized government as "inefficient, inexcusable and unconscionable."

The grand jury found and condemned a practice of giving county employes free gasoline in lieu of additional pay which they may have earned but which was not in the budget; another "bad practice" of selling gasoline at wholesale prices to private individuals. It indicated inability to determine where 18,549 gallons of unaccounted gasoline went. But there was no great mystery involved. Quite a number of county employes were authorized to pump out gasoline from the county tanks, presumably leaving slips to account for the amount they took.

In other words while there undoubtedly was some peculation, it was the system that really was at fault. The system invited dishonesty and likewise made it impossible to

Journey of the five teachers to Oregon in 1851; came to teach, were married to prominent pioneers:

One finds in a rather rare booklet, "Supplement to the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society," giving the proceedings of that society at its annual meeting of December 15, 1900, numerous items of historical interest.

"Whatever the dwellers in past centuries may have thought of themselves, we know that none since the days of 'Ab' (fifth month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year) has a record like the one in whose last days (1900) we are living, for the march that his manhood has made, for the evolution of the idea of human brotherhood, for the downfall among all civilized nations of human slavery, and for the harnessing in man's service of the powers of nature.

"Fifty years makes an epoch. Modes of travel and the concomitants will never be repeated on any part of the earth's surface while our orb swings, and motives as well as manners change.

"Never more will thousands of men, women and children, the strong and the hearty, the old and the young, who would be left behind, bearing with them all that belonged to them, march forward to the possession of empire.

"There were those in search of health, those in search of homes but in this world, mysterious movement of the late 40s and the '50s, the search for gold, legitimate as it is, bore an inconspicuous part.

"We may fancy a parallel movement in prehistoric times when we, descended in the main from European peoples, received from blood that admixture of blood that made us the people we are. Those early emigrants left, however, not even notes to record the doings of their day.

"The picturesque feature of the long, white topped emigrant trains at certain times in the procession of the equinoxes were to start midway of our continent and slowly wind their way to the setting sun, was wanting in this trip of which I shall speak.

"In one thing they were alike. The emigrant trains started out bravely; everything was new, stanch and strong, and all hearts beat high with hope. There were but few voices that did not ring out bravely in their songs of lofty cheer and no doubt belonged to some of the timid and fearful women—or so account in the family council except to cook, mend and help keep things clean—as clean was understood on the plains, take care of the sick and children and give after the sheep. In this, too, they were alike. The close of the journey was sobered, with no song or hurrahs of the starting, the banners so gaily flaunting then, not even trailing in the dust, but long left behind to decorate perhaps an Indian wigwam; the moccasins, the moccasins, the moccasins, falling, falling, with the few valuables that could be carried in the hand, their possessor trudged along on the trails of the unshorn wilderness, with weary feet and nothing more.

"It occurs to me that this change of front is true to a certain extent of all journeys that mean as much as this change of home meant, and, as from the vantage ground of three score and ten, I look back on the journey we are all taking which ends alike in the low green tent whose door swings in but one direction, it seems in this smaller journey is but an epitome of the universal one.

"In his boyhood my father had been a delighted reader of the story of Patrick Gass, a member of Lewis and Clark expedition. He published a small booklet in advance of the elaborate report of Lewis and Clark, which in modern times would be regarded as a valuable advertisement, was considered by them to be a stealing of thunder. But, legitimate possession of the story took full possession of my father's innermost being. A promise was given that another expedition would start in about two years.

"And then another word there was no task of home life that he could not relieve of irksomeness by fancying it in some way fitted him to be a member of that expedition. This idea must have receded somewhat in college days, and the years of his pastorate among the New York hills.

"So persistently had it stayed with him that everything published in any way relating to any phase of the topic in some way found a place on the shelves of the library of the South Argyle (New York) manse.

"So that when his synod determined to establish a home mission station in Oregon, it found one of its members already armed to the teeth with all that could

check where the stolen gasoline went. Quite properly, we think, the grand jury is more concerned with correcting the system and plugging the leaks than with identifying and punishing the wrongdoers.

In Marion county we have a different system. We are forever dragging our public officials into court as alleged criminals—five Marion county or Salem city employes have been indicted in five years, though only one has been convicted to date. Newspapers throughout the state are saying "there must be something seriously wrong in Marion county." We drag them into court—but we do nothing to improve the system.



Toy guns, planes and other tools of a soldier catch the eye of this little chap, Walter Kelly, of New York, during a toy preview in the metropolis.

"Knight Errant"

By JACK McDONALD

Chapter 21, Continued. Anxiously, at her aunt's home in Piedmont, Heather watched the Arlington entries daily, certain each time she saw the Knight Errant's name as a starter that the next day would bring good news she had hoped for so long.

"The hot weather isn't agreeing with Knight Errant so good," it read. He ain't exactly sick, but he just don't feel like running so good. But I will soon have him acclimated and will hone him up so's you could run him over a cobblestone road and he'd still beat the Michigan Central into Chicago."

Like Knight Errant, Dimples Draper got a rather tepid reception from the eastern turf scribes. They had to "take back" when Draper put on a real riding show opening day, booting home four winners in eight races.

And Draper kept right on, blasting a meteoric trail. His blazing rides soon made the public flock to him. Everything he rode was a short priced favorite, whether the horse merited that kind of backing or not. People were betting the jockey, not the horse, and seldom were they disappointed.

Riding fees rolled in daily, yet Slim had trouble staying in chips. For he was hitting the hot spots nightly with Flo Kane. Flo had entered Slim's life again and seemed determined to stay in it, at that out of many a heartache, for her, for Slim seemed to be unattainable in her except as a good friend.

He liked Flo. He liked her freedom of speech and clear cut honesty, and the way, after a hard day's work put in at her small dress shop, she would cheerfully broil a steak and toss up a salad for Slim and Snapper in her well kept apartment.

Not only did the night clubs know her by her hair, but she did every back room gambling table in and out of the Loop. He was good for a touch from any less fortunate friend at any time. He was spending money as fast as he made it. The only tangible results of his winnings were a big sports roadster and an elaborate wardrobe.

"Take it easy, big boy," Flo often urged him uneasily. "You aren't getting money out of a lump."

She sat in Slim's box with him at the track every afternoon she could spare from her shop. This afternoon Knight Errant was going to the post for another of his too numerous drubbings. Slim pointed out the ebony black colt.

"The one with the slim racing legs?" Flo asked.

"That's him, Knight Errant. Owned by a girl in California who's epileptic, if I'm still around and have to erect it myself. In some day going to read, 'Here Lies a Woman's Faith in a Horse.'"

"A girl, huh! Can the horse run?" Flo asked, frowning a little.

"I once thought so," Slim said. "But now I don't know what to make of him. He has the most blazing turn of speed I've ever seen. Why he can run a half-mile faster than his sire, Coronado, but after a half he gets up. He's the most badly handled horse I've ever known and was a trainer that runs him hot and cold. I

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society as she saw it close at hand in the surrounding boxes. She pointed to a woman sitting three boxes away. The woman was talking to Matt Biddle, the famous horseman.

"I've seen her picture in Harper's Bazaar, Slim. She's real society."

Slim looked and kept on looking. The woman, in her early 30s, was as sleekly lined as a greyhound. She achieved an effect of startling beauty combined with a certain aura of weariness that was fascinating.

"I get it, THE Mrs. Ashleigh. I've read about her a lot. Ritzy."

"Not that bad," Biddle smiled. "She really is a very fine woman, and, like to be called Edith. She had a fortune to start with, and then parlayed it into a couple of financially successful divorces and ran it into millions. She has three hobbies—racing horses, getting her picture in the newspaper and turf magazines, and giving cocktail parties. And she's successful in them all."

And, turning his remarks to Slim, who was listening unmoved to this description of Edith Clarke Ashleigh, Biddle added:

"In Comanche, Edith has what looks to me like the coming age has to have in America. She has a fortune to start with, and was just telling me she likes the looks of that black colt out there. Knight Errant, the number six horse going to the post now. Edith is the kind who usually gets what she likes."

Edith's disinterested Slim in astonishment, Slim was suddenly scowling, and the dangerous dimple

was deep in his right cheek. Slim burst out angrily, "The fair Edith won't get what she wants this time! Not for love or money! That colt belongs to a girl in California who thinks he's 'Man of War.'"

Strange, thought Biddle, a man could get so excited about a little-known horse!

(To be continued.)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4—A friend of the Roosevelt family has returned from Hyde Park with apparently authentic information on the third term issue which has inside Washington—congressmen, reached practically the whole of government officials, lobbying organizations—by word of mouth.

It is that both the president's mother and wife are determinedly against FDR going into another campaign and being subjected to four more years of White House pressure. In the words of the bearer of the tidings, they are "moving heaven and earth" against a third term.

Political Washington seems to consider this information as more important than any received on the subject so far.

Nation's No. 1 industry, autos, is planning to start in on mass production of airplanes shortly, according to inner advice reaching the government. Plane demands from Britain and France are running into such fantastic figures that it has become evident existing plane manufacturing facilities can not even begin to fill the orders.

Auto industry is well adapted to plane manufacturing. With expansion of plant, they could turn out planes by thousands. (British aircraft manufacturing is far below expectations due in part to constant air raid warnings; the French are doing better but can not meet their needs.)

Heavy and mysterious orders for US duple have dropped in here quietly from neutral Sweden (adjoining Germany) and from South American nations.

New concern plants were furnished enough business to carry them at capacity for many months.

The size of the orders is another assurance that steel production may continue at its present record

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By PAUL MALLON

peak longer than the economists calculated.

The president's right hand cabinet man, Harry Hopkins, is coming back to work. Information division of the commerce department has been claiming he was returning nearly every week since June, but it will probably come true within a few weeks. The ailing commerce secretary has gained 13 pounds in the last 8 weeks.

Nazi treasury has been taking up small coins since the first days of war and issuing 1, 2 and 5 reichmark notes, apparently to get the metals for war purposes abroad. Some of the silver which Treasury Secretary Morgenthau has been buying on the London market probably includes metal melted down from these with-drawn coins. To that extent, Mr. Morgenthau is strangely financing the Germans.

But the peculiar thing about the new Nazi notes is that they bear the date of January 30, 1937. This at least proves the detailed extent to which Hitler had prepared for war at that early date, nearly three years before it broke.

Note—This data is official, from an unnotified report of the American commercial attaché at Berlin to the commerce department.

Commerce department officials made a colorful presentation to the government's expert on national income, Robert Nathan, after his name had been noted in the Dies committee list of members of the league for peace and democracy. With ceremony they awarded him an old garden sickle and an automobile tire hammer mounted on cardboard with this inscription: "To Comrade Nathan, from his fellow travelers."

It caused hysterics in the commerce department, because (Continued on Page 5)

Radio Programs

- KELM—SUNDAY—1360 Kc. 8:00—Dick Harding, Organ. 8:15—Crescentic Newscast. 8:30—Christian Missionary. 9:00—Christian Endeavor. 9:30—American Wildfire. 10:00—Varieties. 10:00—Don Arrea, Baritone. 10:15—Romance of Highway. 10:45—Topsy's Week. 11:00—American Lutheran Church. 11:30—Haven of Rest. 12:00—Word of the Air. 1:30—Lutheran Hour. 2:00—Salem Public Schools. 2:30—The Astoria. 3:00—Musical Salute. 3:15—The Toppers. 4:00—Topsy's Week. 4:30—Bach Cantata Series. 4:45—Melody Trails. 5:15—Johed family. 5:30—Forum of the Air. 5:45—Old Fashioned Revival. 6:00—Good Will Hour. 6:00—Tonight's Headlines. 6:15—Romance and Her Orchestra. 6:45—Elias Brezskia Orchestra. 9:00—Newscast. 9:15—Conversations with Ernie Yee. 9:30—Back Home Hour. 10:00—Paul Harris Orchestra. 10:30—Orrie Tice Orchestra.

MARRIAGE AT THE CROSSROADS! NEW COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST OF "I WANT A DIVORCE" TUNE INTO KGW SUNDAY AFTERNOON 1:00 O'CLOCK Pacific and MDT Standard Time 222 NETWORK