

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Two European Wars: What Next?

Since the opening weeks of the German-Polish-British-French war which still defies attempts to assign it an adequately descriptive name, the world has been lulled into comparative confidence that it would be "localized" to those nations. Originally the fear was that all Europe would spring to arms; when Italy stayed out the war-hating portion of humanity leaped from despair to hope and perhaps overdid it. Russia's enigmatic position was the only point affording serious concern.

Russia's position with respect to the war that started three months ago is not much clearer now than it was then; but the Soviet Union has now launched an entirely separate war against Finland. "On form" it should be a brief encounter with the outcome not for a moment in doubt. Finland will be crushed; with what attendant slaughter, depends upon the Finns' resistance.

It is utterly futile to discuss the Russians' justifications and excuses for their attack. The world knows that Finland was interested only in maintaining her independence and her neutrality. By no straining of common sense may one credit the tales of Finnish "aggression" and "atrocities" against Russia or any of her subjects. It is just an excuse, and a thinner one, at that, than is contained in the German White Paper "justifying" attack upon Poland. Dictators need no excuses and they usually contrive to look foolish in attempting them.

As for Finland, it is just "too bad." For the world, the question is, what next? When Russia moved into Poland to collaborate with Germany in the mopping up—or to set a limit on the Nazis' advance, nobody seemed to know just which—England and France refrained from slapping Stalin's wrist. They were fully occupied elsewhere and there was just a shred of justification for the Soviets' occupation; after all, the Polish government had already fallen.

In the present circumstances logic suggests that England and France will again refrain from belligerent gestures against Russia; they have no definite commitments to Finland, no obligation to defend her integrity except perhaps a general obligation implied in the League of Nations covenant, and nobody is paying much attention to that. Russia had exactly the same obligation, for that matter.

It remains to be seen what Norway, Sweden and Denmark will do, but there the logical answer is "nothing," for even united, the Scandinavian countries are not prepared in a military sense to cope with the Russian war machine. So for the present it would seem that Finland is to be gobbled up and that the affair is to stop there.

But eventually, if order is to be restored in Europe and the "self-determination of peoples" reasserted, someone will have to do something about the territory that Russia has grabbed at this opportune moment—and that is not an encouraging prospect for early, general peace.

In the meantime, Russia's pose as a force for peace and world justice stands completely unmasked. What are our few remaining admitted communists going to say now?

History in Technicolor

It fell to our lot the other night, such being the state of the editorial duties, to visit a local theatre and there sit through a couple of hours of the 16th century while Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, with benefit of technicolor, raged and marched through the "Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." Though we expected to see the doorman flourishing a halberd as we emerged on a very drab and very twentieth century High street (which was without benefit of technicolor), we had a very attractive sense of satisfaction.

History is usually locked up in tomes, the pages of which live and speak on most occasions only to the initiate. Occasionally in the past some Gibbon, Macaulay or Trevelyan has made it great literature, though still caviar for the general (which is us); and occasionally to a Harold Lamb, a Lytton Strachey or a Maurois has turned it into a boudoir-and-battlefield sketch which may be done with art (as with Strachey) or may be done without art (by a Harold Lamb). In any event history is to most people DAR monuments, arid libraries, and something which it would be nice to know more of; and to others, lest we forget, it is bunk.

"Elizabeth and Essex," however, breached the barrel of the past, and made it drip and gurgle with Falstaff's sack and canary wine, the fee of the laureate. Hollywood for once hired extras who flourished pikes and bowed in armor without making themselves and the audience feel like fools; and with its usual lavishness made Tudor dress and Tudor furniture fairly reek with opulence. Bette Davis was a masterly Elizabeth, and Flynn a perfect Hotspur of an Essex; what matter that in cold truth the queen was 34 years older than her lover, and of the age of 68 when he was beheaded? This was in technicolor, both in filming and in plot; nor could it have been aught else and remained as convincing or as good entertainment.

We liked "Elizabeth and Essex," and we trust others did likewise. It was perhaps not the history of the schools nor of the patriotic societies; but it was as faithful a rendering of the hot blood, the fire and passion of the 16th century and of the daughter of Henry VIII, as one could get this side of The Globe in Southwark; it rang with the conflict of iron, and crept with the intrigue of courts where assassination and the block were conventional political strategies; above all it centered in the problems of personality rather than in those of events, and thus took on a stature much above the ordinary. We repeat that this was history seen through technicolor; but we insist that it was still good history, of manners and morals if not of dates and battles, and that it was princely entertainment.

Gridiron Fiction

One consolation even for the football fan at the termination of the football season, is the thought that the football fiction season is also nearing its close. Short stories and serials of the gridiron run on a little while after molekskins are hung up, on the editors' theory that fans' interest brought to a boil over the final games takes a little while to cool off.

True enough, at this season your dyed-in-the-wool football fan will read anything about football; in the case of fiction, always hoping against hope that it will be worth reading. Generally speaking, the two themes that receive the poorest treatment at the hands of magazine fiction writers are football and newspaper work. For some reason baseball fares a little better. Perhaps this is because false sentiment cannot so easily be concocted in a diamond setting.

Why are the football stories and the newspaper stories so poor? Probably it is because those are subjects concerning which semi-pro writers, just trying to break into the paying fiction class, already have a certain fund of information which they consider adequate without bothering about research. Everybody who knows the difference between a lateral and a touchback feels qualified to write a football story.

Imagine the embarrassment of the chief of police and other city officials down in Huntington, W.Va., where eight "rebel" policemen went out on their own time and clamped the lid on vice in the community. The officers can't be fired because they're under civil service, and they can't be censured because they're right. So the chief has put two of them on the organized vice squad—but still his face must be somewhat red.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem's greatest globe 12-1-39
trotter is home on a very frequent visit; has been on the go for about 23 years:

(Concluding from yesterday.)
We left our home grown globe trotter in France, yesterday, after several months in Italy. From "la belle France" she went to Germany, then to Scotland, Ireland and Wales in the order named.

In Scotland she received a letter from L. P. ("Law") Aldrich, then assistant cashier of the Ladd & Bush bank, Salem, who had charge of her business affairs, telling her that she would better come home.

She came, remained a while, finding everything in good order, under the able management of Mr. Aldrich, and next went to New Zealand, by the popular route that takes one first to Tahiti, queen of the Society Islands, in the section of the world where missionaries were said to furnish table delicacies to the old days; but where the tribe of globe trotters who know their ways around the planet delight to consort in these modern days, owing to delights of climate and society, etc.

Mrs. Minto had been in our own Alaska, lived there three years as a real musher; digger and panner of gold.

On her way to New Zealand on the trip mentioned above, she made a stay on Raratonga, one of the Cook Islands; beautiful beyond telling. Then New Zealand, and, again Australia.

Then New Guinea, of the Malay group, and, next, New Zealand once more; next, inside the Barrier Reef, and after that a visit to Thursday Islands, and following that a stay at Singapore, British capital of the Straits Settlements.

Next, two more interesting months in India. Where next? Oberammergau and its Passion Play. One wonders what will become of the Passion Play in Nazi Germany, or what shall be left of it after the schrecklichkeit that is substituted for the Vaterland in its pristine glory? (If, indeed, anything is left of Nazism.)

Next, for our home traveler in far places, was Italy once more, then the Holy Land again, and after Greece, Albania, and Mesopotamia, and Greece again; Greece for many months.

Then Bagdad, and Ur, birth-place of Abraham; then Persia; was 16 days in Persia with a private car; then a week in Naxos, and then two months in Turkey, in and out of Constantinople.

Then Rumania, Greece once more, after which came Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Germany again. Then went to Denmark, and Norway, and around the North Cape and to Hammerfest, then Finland with the midnight sun. Then, with a Studebaker car, through Finland, on good and fair roads. Saw herds of wild reindeer, so great they looked like they would never end. She had a trailer, and it served up everything from a mall car to a coffin carrier.

Took the train at Helsingfors, Finland, and went to Sweden, homeward bound. But visited Germany again, then Lithuania, Esthonia, or as now spelled Estonia; Latvia, Poland—then to Moscow and across Russia's transcontinental railway line to Manchuria; on, on to China; then Manila; China again; Formosa—then up the Yangtze to the head of navigation. Then to Manila again and home, in 1934.

Next, about 20,000 miles in the United States, halting at Norfolk, Va. Then off for France and Spain; Italy, Sicily—back to Manila. Then British Borneo. Among the Philippine Islands on boats. Then Britain; to Australia to see the new Australian tree bear platypus and the new strange duck ichidus.

Then to the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, and other islands of the reverse side of the globe—the other side from us. Visited the Isles of Spice, Dutch East Indies, which help to make that little speck of Europe fabulously rich. Went to Siam, China, Saigon, to Cochinchina, Singapore, Sumatra, Japan, Sumatra again. Went with another lady the entire length of the Congo river; visited the French Gold Coast; all over Africa, except Timbaktu. Had a camping tour of three weeks in Kruger national park; saw myriads of wild animals and fowls; many strange. Went 3000 miles over African roads. Saw Victoria Falls three more times. Saw the spot where Livingstone died. In one kraal district, in 400 miles opened 100 gates. Flowers! Large spaces of Africa are flower prairies of grand dimensions—nature is so lavish on the so-called dark continent!

Next, Capetown, then Rio, then New Orleans, then Boston, Grand Conlee, British Columbia, Seattle, Salem; home!

The foregoing does not even "hit all the high places" of the 23 years' wanderings of Mrs. Minto. It is the result of just a ransacking short talk. It does not pretend to be all correct as told casually by our home globe trotter. She could tell over the makings of a score of books. She is still proud of Salem; is pleased to be a small part owner of the Minto Foundation; and claims, linking her to pioneer Oregon. On her mother's side, she is a great granddaughter of "Uncle Tommy" Cox, who built and owned the first store in Salem, Oregon.

What is she going to do next? Why, travel, of course. Miss Edith Hazard of Seattle, old time Salemite, and Mrs. Minto are planning an auto trip to Texas and other southern parts, for what the people in other northern sections would call the winter months. They may go before this

"Knight Errant"

By JACK McDONALD

Chapter 33

Heather was still and white, her wide eyes fixed on the track as if frightened by what she saw there. Going into the backstretch Rattle and Roll had opened up five lengths on Knight Errant, still in second place. Slim groaned with anxiety. Would Draper lose his head and foolishly take out after this "morning glory"? Not if he remembered Slim's riding orders. But, muddled with last night's drinking and the moment's fury, how much would Draper remember?

Knight Errant was in the backstretch straightaway now and Slim saw the jockey loosen the reins and let Knight Errant out a little. "He's just beginning to run!" Slim reported through tight lips.

The real racing was about to begin now. Time Supply moved up and challenged, but Knight Errant moved right along with the challenger, surging forward like a wave on an angry tide. That supreme effort killed off Time Supply. He began to drop back, raced into defeat.

Midway down the backstretch, same little Top Row made a run at Knight Errant. Once more Draper let out a wrap of reins. Again Knight Errant cascaded forward! Top Row had fired and fell back, a beaten horse.

Slim's glasses moved from Knight Errant to the back of the pack to pick up Comanche, just beginning to lengthen his stride and pass trailing horses on the outside.

Quickly Slim ran his glasses again to the front. Knight Errant had just caught the tiring Rattle and Roll. Draper was easing him back for the breathing spell. Heather's horse would need before the valiant stretch ordeal against Comanche that was bound to come when the big horse made his run.

The tension eased momentarily. Slim clicked his stopwatch as Knight Errant came to the pole, and marveled at Draper's instinct for rating his mount. "Perfect!" he breathed. "I told Dimples if he could rate Knight Errant three-quarters in 1:10 4-5 and still sandwich in a short breather, he'd win the race. And Draper is right on schedule, the watch split at 1:10 4-5."

Knight Errant was on the rail, saving ground and ready to round the far turn. Suddenly Heather touching Slim's arm, felt him grow limp.

"What is it, Slim? Something is wrong!" Her blue eyes pleaded for an answer. Slim's response was toneless. "He's lost a stirrup." But it was worse than that, Slim knew. So did Charlie Bassitt, frown by the rail.

"Doubtless!" Bassitt

is printed. Mrs. Minto is always ready.

These ladies were traveling companions once before, in that general direction.

BEEF POT

ROAST lb 9½c

Mince Meat lb. 5c

LOIN OR RIB
Beef Steak . . lb. 10½c

Swiss Steaks lb. 15c

FRESH GROUND
BEEF lb 7½c

T Bone Steaks . . lb. 12½c

Franks, Bologna
or **Liverwurst** . . . lb. 12½c

Sliced Minced Ham . lb. 18c

Oysters Full Quart 21c

Sliced Bacon . . . lb. 17½c

CHOICE CUT
Veal Chops . . lb. 15c

Round Steak . . . lb. 18½c

CubeSteaks 23c lb

Milk Fed Veal Roasts . lb. 15c

In Peerless Bakery - - 170 N. Commercial

groaned. "I've been crossed. You can't trust nobody around a race track any more. That kid's flashing my mirror on the wrong horse."

For it was Knight Errant, not Comanche that was blinded by the reflection of the Vivid Sands Anika sun from a mirror hidden in a tree by the track! Slim, sickening, saw the blinded, maddened horse bolt to the outside, completely out of Draper's control. The gap Knight Errant opened on the field closed behind him as a door slammed in a hurricane and Comanche sped forward through space like a comet!

Slim saw Knight Errant floundering. It was as if the horse had suddenly broken into a million pieces. But in a flash Draper had gathered the reins as if picking up the shattered pieces and putting them together again. With a mighty lash of the whip on the flanks he got Knight Errant in stride again.

It was a grim battle now round the stretch. Knight Errant, in front by two lengths, was lunging the rail. He swung just wide enough as he hit the stretch for Draper to hear from behind:

"Open up, I'm coming through." It was the cry of Morgan on Comanche.

Pushing on Knight Errant with every ounce of strength, his head bent low over the horse's neck, Draper turned and barked defiantly:

"Hang onto my saddle, you might get second." Draper did open up room for Comanche, but Comanche never got through. Slim's strategy had clicked.

Comanche lost ground by going to the inside but quickly came again. To the tumultuous roar of the crowd that echoed to the peaks of the Sierra Madres, the two horses came to the eighth pole head and head with both riders flailing away with their whips.

Seventy yards from the wire they were still head to head. And in that final leap to the wire Comanche was only a nose off Knight Errant. Draper reached for the whip, gave his horse one mighty final lash, then shoved on his neck, literally hurling Knight Errant under the wire.

Winner by a head! The judges didn't wait for a photo. Slim and Heather looked at each other. Their faces shone.

"I thought you said you were going to faint if he won?" Slim whooped.

"May I?" squealed Heather happily. "Oh, Slim, when?" "Heard it," he yelled. And now!" He opened his arms. She fell into them, shaking with tears and exultation and laughter.

Bassitt, puffing on an enormous cigar, had a stack of \$100 tickets in his outstretched arm, ready to hand them to the cash-

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Expanding output of American factories this month will hoist the federal reserve board barometer of industrial production up to 124 per cent of "normal." December will carry it up still further to 127-28—highest on record in the history of the country, 2 or 3 points above the biggest previous boom month of June, 1919, and 8 or 9 points above the average for that historic year. These are inner calculations made in advance by Mr. Roosevelt's economists, whose accuracy is attested by their record on past predictions as recorded monthly in this spot.

	Industrial Production	Factory Employment	Factory Payrolls	Freight Car Loadings	Dept. Store Sales	Building Contracts
Average, 1929	119	106.0	110.4	107	111	117
Average, 1938	44	66.3	46.7	55	69	28
Average, 1938	86	89.7	77.9	62	85	67
May, 1939	92	93.3	85.0	62	85	63
June, 1939	98	94.3	86.5	67	86	67
July, 1939	101	94.8	84.4	69	86	67
AUG., 1939	102	95.7	89.9	70	89	73
Sept., 1939	111	97.3	93.6	77	91	73
Oct., 1939	120	101.0	101.3	80	90	71
Nov. (est'd.)	124	105.5	104.8	82	94	71

Other evidence of firmness in the expansion lies in revised estimates of national income. Income makes business just as much as business makes income. It is estimated authoritatively that total income payments in November will reach a new high of \$9.5 (1939 is 100), up nearly a point from last month, 8 points from September.

Cost of living has not increased in the same period. The government clocked it at 85.9 in September (1929 equals 100) and 85.6 this month. Wholesale prices have risen but slightly from 70.1 in September to 70.4 in November.

All these elements therefore balance well on a substantial foundation. This should augur well for 1940, but the men who read the figures for Mr. Roosevelt still have a hankering for the belief that a more or less mild and gradual reaction is coming after the first of the year. They base it on the fact that steel is being produced at an unbelievable rate of 94 per cent of capacity and some of the production (they do not

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Prices Effective Friday and Saturday

— North Liberty at Chemeketa St. —

CORN	Mt. Jefferson 303 tin	7c	Case 1.55
KARO	Red or Blue	3 lbs. 19c	
Searchlight MATCHES	2 lge. boxes	5c	
Borene Laundry Soap	10 bars	39c	
Blue Mill COCOA	2-lb. Tin	12c	
San Wan Sugar Peas	No. 2 Tin	10c	
Schilling Black Pepper	2-oz. Tin	3c	
Oranges	Large Jumbo, Fancy 176-Size Navals ½ Case	15c	doz. 98c
A & H SODA	16-oz. Pkg.	5c	
Grapefruit Juice	Texasan, 46-oz. tins 2 for	25c	
JELL WELL	Your choice of flavors	3 for 10c	
MACKEREL	16-oz. tins	3 for 25c	
COLUMBIA MEAT DEPT.			
Bacon Squares	Fine For Seasoning	8c lb.	
HAM	Half or Whole Armour's Star Rath's Blackhawk or Swift Premium	25c lb.	
Ham Loaf	Veal, Pork & Ham	2 lbs. 35c	
Pure Lard	Open Kettle Rendered	3 lbs. 25c	
PICNICS	Armour's Cooked Ready to Serve	23c lb.	
Weiners		15c lb.	
Mutton Chops	or Shoulder Roast	10c lb.	