

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 25, 1851

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Jackson Day Dinners and Neutrality

"Above all else, we are going to elect someone president who is going to keep us out of war."—Evan Reames in Jackson day address at Portland. Diamondback terrapin soup, seafood a la Newburg and heart of filet mignon were on the menu for the \$100-a-plate Jackson day dinner in Washington. What's this? You're not interested? Well, you wanted to know the facts about the unofficial democratic campaign kickoff, and those are about the only facts available at the moment, the financial report being incomplete so we are unable to announce whether the receipts were over or under the \$700,000 goal which was the real purpose of dining.

President Roosevelt spoke at the Washington dinner and was expected—rhetorically speaking—to announce his plans for the future, but he got around that by inviting some republicans and then proceeding, as though they had not declined, to deliver a chatty after-dinner talk devoted to wisecracks and generalities.

Fortunately right here in Oregon, though the Jackson day speaker followed in general the pattern of Roosevelt-praise that marked the occasion in other centers, he did make one remark into which the listener might sink his teeth even though the dinner itself was only an unsubstantial \$25 affair.

Stifling their unassuaged hunger as best they could, the Oregon democrats applauded sometime Senator Evan Reames' declaration that the president inaugurated in 1941 would be someone who would "keep us out of war." Dislike for stating the obvious prevents us from pointing out once more the parallel to the Wilson campaign of 1916—nevertheless Mr. Reames' remark squarely poses the question whether the description may by any chance fit the incumbent.

For instance, there was that amazing message on the "state of the union" in which every remark somehow had reference to war in Europe. Special note should have been taken of the dark picture the president painted of a future world largely ruled by dictators—in other words, the world-to-be in case German and Russian aggressors should triumph.

Though nothing in a muddy and muddled world situation is less clear than this very item of subtle moves and propaganda to involve the United States, it is rather significant that the same note has been struck by Lord Lothian, the British ambassador, and Lord Beaverbrook, proprietor of the largest newspaper chain in the British Empire, who have been the air waves with arguments purporting to show that a German victory would result in control of the seas by a power unfriendly to our national interests, and in the second maintaining that Britain had a moral justification for not paying her World War debts because American materials and supplies were accepted in lieu of men in the first part of the conflict.

On the other hand Britain has been more than cool toward the efforts of the United States to protect the same interests of which Lord Lothian spoke, when it has been a matter of inspecting American mail sacks bound for foreign nations, of forcing American ships to stand by for naval inspection at the pleasure of the admiralty or of waging war inside the 300-mile neutrality zone. One cannot be sure whether to believe the bulldog's wagging tail or his barking throat. The really interesting point about it all is that Roosevelt and the British notables are singing approximately the same tune.

As to where it might lead if Americans danced to that music, speculation must be based upon events. As this war is going now, England and France have no need of land manpower. All that's required is a picket line on the border, where soldiers' chief peril is that of death from lack of sufficient exercise. But the American navy would come in handy and so would American dollars. The dollar aid would be easiest to get or to give. And there may be some sound arguments for giving it but, we needed to be reminded, that would mean following the trail that led us into the last war. The fact that no doughboys probably would be asked to flounder in mud, would make it all the more difficult to avoid turning aside, once we started on that road.

To sum it up, what Americans want is certainly, not probability, of staying out of Europe's war. And taking Evan Reames at his word, we want leadership that will provide that certainty. Such leadership is not to be found in an unpredictable idealist—but rather in a man like Andrew Jackson, who clinched a lasting peace with Great Britain just 125 years ago.

Auditing Josephine County Cemetery

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, Marion county should feel flattered; for now Josephine county is in the throes of investigation and recrimination over an audit of county affairs—apparently, as in the Marion county case, a belated audit covering a considerable period of years and disclosing alleged "irregularities" and improper practices. The auditor—one Alfred Mundt, obviously not the Alfred Mundt who figured indirectly in affairs connected with an audit here—has been kept busy for seven months and appears to have stirred up "a peck of dirt." Right there the coincidence ends, for the county court includes at present at least two men, and apparently the third, who have served only one year; the audit covers principally events prior to their administration.

Developments have not ceased developing and it is not yet possible to evaluate intelligently all that has been disclosed. However, one department in which gross irregularities were charged was that of the county cemetery where, it seems, the sexton had neglected for a long period to turn over to the county any funds received for the sale of lots. The sexton has been relieved of his post and has made what he claims is a complete turnover. What makes it appropriate to discuss this particular department, is the fact that the sexton has made a lengthy statement so that "both sides are in."

It seems, according to this statement, that the sexton was originally hired by a woman who had charge of the cemetery, but who resigned and moved out of the county in 1933, at which time the responsibility was turned over to the sexton. He asserts that he had no orders at any time from the county court, except that the judge instructed him to "keep his own time" and make out his own vouchers. Thus, unless there was a surplus owing the county, he made no turnovers to the treasurer and no reports to the county court. At times the cemetery income didn't equal the amount due the sexton for work, and so for some time afterward, while he was collecting his back pay out of the sale of lots, there would be no turnovers. He kept no record of graves sold.

The auditor checked the records of the two undertakers and thus, according to the sexton's statement, reached the conclusion that the latter owed the county \$325 over and above the amount he turned over when he left the job. The sexton says the audit is wrong, and contends the only way to check up is "on the ground"—by counting the graves sold. His statement says, near the end:

"There is only an acre of ground to check as I either produce a vacant lot or the money for that lot, that is very simple to a sexton but Mr. (Commissioner) McGilligot said that was too much work. The sexton has not been audited. I kept no books. . ."

And there you have it. The county court turned the cemetery over to a man who wasn't business man enough to keep books even for his own protection—and practically forgot all about him for six years. Supposing there is a shortage—who is to blame? Not the sexton; not even the county court but, in the last analysis, the people, the taxpayers, the voters of Josephine county. They are the ones who have been neglecting their business.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The historic Luelling 1-10-40 family of our state was upstanding and useful, too, but did not found Salem, Oregon:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The same biographical sketch (in the Lewis Illustrated History) says that, before starting from Iowa on his way to Oregon with the traveling nursery, Henderson Luelling made "an agreement with John Fisher, and William Meek was also informed of the plan, of which Mr. Luelling was the originator," and that "owing to the company having been detained a little in getting off, Mr. Meek, who started in time, arrived in Oregon a short time before the rest, and . . . for fear that something might occur to defeat the enterprise undertaken by Mr. Luelling and Mr. Fisher, he at the last moment planted a few small grafts in a box, such as is often carried in the hind end of the wagon bed for a feed box. This he attached firmly to the wagon and in this manner succeeded in saving about 20 trees, which he planted on a claim in the forks of the Santiam, known as the Grimes place, where they remained during the summer of 1848. These were the first cultivated fruit trees that reached the Pacific coast."

There were some seedling apple trees at the Catholic mission, on French prairie (present St. Paul), at Fort Vancouver, and possibly at other points in Oregon; and also at some of the missions in California they had both apple and pear trees (seedlings) which bore fruit of fair quality.

"It was in the summer of 1848 that a partnership was entered into by Henderson Luelling and William Meek, with a view to carrying on a general business, including nursery and milling. . ."

"On the discovery of gold in California becoming known in Oregon, it was arranged by the firm that Meek should take a wagon and four yoke of cattle and go to the mines and Mr. Luelling was to accompany him. Arrangements were hurriedly made, and on the 2nd day of September they started, and arrived at Lassen's ranch, in the Sacramento valley, October 28, 1848. They worked in the mines at various points from Feather river to the Toulumne until the following May, when they sold out their team and other effects and returned home by sailing vessel from San Francisco, arriving in July, 1849."

In that sketch the statement is made that Henderson Luelling "received in San Francisco at one time \$2 for a single pear," and that "in 1854 he returned to California, where he made his home, principally, until the time of his death, December 29, 1879."

The October number of the Iowa Journal of History and Politics, published by the Historical Society of that state, contained a long article entitled "The Luelling Family—Pioneers." Some of the paragraphs of that article follow:

"Among the pioneers who gathered their belongings into covered wagons and traveled . . . into an unknown land was Henderson Luelling and family who came from Iowa in 1837, and in the southern part of the town of Salem . . . a large and substantial two story dwelling still stands as a monument to the energy and enterprise of this man."

"Henderson Luelling, a skilled nurseryman, was soon supplying southeastern Iowa with the choicest of trees and vines. After 10 busy years in Iowa he again assumed the role of an adventurous pioneer and moved to Oregon where in his zeal as a nurseryman he helped lay the foundations for the great fruit industry of the Pacific northwest."

"The Luelling family originated in Wales and early history speaks of the members of this family as noted and powerful lords of the kingdom. They were a sturdy, independent clan who successfully resisted the progress of the Roman legions at the time of the Roman invasion, and in fact have been waiting for."

(Turn to page 6)

Federal Project No. 1



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

Chapter 20 "You are wondering," again he heard the low, earnest voice, "you are wondering whether or not to believe me. But what can you gain by not believing me? If I had been in league with the raiders, you would never have left Cobro. It was for that I had my vaqueros surround you, to show you how completely you were in my hands. Look behind you. They are within a few feet of us. If I am your enemy, what prevents me from raising my hand? Don't you see I am showing you in the only way possible that you can trust me absolutely?"

There was a deliberate, inescapable logic in the girl's words that made Douglas realize he was seeing a side of her whose existence he had never suspected, and abruptly he asked, "Why do you tell me all this?" "For one reason only—I need you. Two years ago I found my father shot to death on the desert—killed by the raiders. Since that day I have lived that I might see the man who murdered him made to answer. By myself I could do little, but with someone to take the leadership I could be of help. In more ways than one I can help. I know that raiders are to be trusted, and I have ten vaqueros of my own who will ride wherever I lead them. That's why it was more bitter than death itself to think you had come back and could not measure up to what lay ahead of you. I didn't know where to turn—I was so near despair. But today, when I saw your hand reach out for Paxton's throat, I knew beyond all doubt you were the man that I and all the border have been waiting for."

The voice, with its rising thrill of exultation ceased, but her steady eyes were still upon his face, and Douglas felt the overwhelming earnestness that lay behind her words. In spite of every doubt, he found himself wanting more than all else to have this slim, gray-eyed girl riding as a friend and confidante beside him, but again, vivid and sinister, the memory of that night in the morada came back to him, and the sound of this same girl's voice outside.

"You build up an interesting theory," Douglas answered after a time. "Yet I might have very special reasons for doubting. I might even want to know why one who hated the raiders so bitterly should ride to the morada on the very night of Frank Baker's murder."

In startled amazement the girl looked up. "How did you—did Paul Bodine tell you that?" "What were you doing there?" "I rode there to learn what had happened to a person who had been my father's servant and friend. After I left your hacienda that night my vaqueros told me he had been taken by raiders near the morada."

"Did you ride there alone?" "Paul Bodine was with me. He warned me it was dangerous to approach the morada on a moonlight night, but he insisted I ride up the canyon with me, but he made me promise I would never tell what we had done there."

"Why?" "He wanted no one to suspect we were spying on them. That was why I lied to you the night you asked me."

"And when you reached the morada?" "When we got there the meeting was over and the place in darkness."

"What happened to the pony?" "I never saw him again. Paul said he probably left the country."

"Did that pony have a long scar on his cheek?" "Yes."

"I thought so. The chances are he was a member of the Brotherhood. Quiet, wasn't he?" "Tiresomely the horses held their unceasing pace across the dry sands while the man brooded this new knowledge. If the pony had been resty for a moment, the Brotherhood, that would explain his fright when he heard Allison's voice outside the morada, and certainly if she had been an enemy he himself would not be riding in safety across the desert. She alone knew him for what he was. Yes, she was right. He needed her as much as she needed him. Once more Douglas' eyes fell full on the face of the girl, to find there only that same lowering, level gaze, and suddenly, almost without realizing, he made his decision. Reaching across to her, his hand closed on hers.

"From now on, Allison, we are allies." Douglas felt the small hand tremble, then quickly he added, "But before we can run down the raiders we must smash the Brotherhood—of that I am certain. There is a reason for the raiders is the Brotherhood. From today on it is open warfare between the Brotherhood and me." Somberly his face rose to the foothills, where a reason for that—my dam was blown up this morning, and at least two of the men who did it were connected with the Brotherhood. What their motive was, aside from terrorism, I can't say. It may be they learned that Bodine wanted that reservoir and were afraid I would use it to enlist the copper interests against them. You will understand now why I wanted to strangle Paxton when I found him in Cobro. But the blowing up of that dam did something else to me—it made me see that the time for hesitation and delay is past. I am impudently here and reached out for his. "And I—my wife let me help?"

"I need you—perhaps more than you realize. How safe are your own vaqueros?" "I can swear to every one of them. For over a year I have been choosing men for just two things—courage and loyalty. I can promise you ten at least that you will not have to doubt, I bring you also myself. Jack, Jack—" a note of new elation rang in her voice. "From now on we work together. I will help you gather the ranchers—we can put new heart into them. Oh, it's too good to believe!"

He saw her eyes bright with hope, saw the blood rising to her cheeks, and his own heart beat faster at this new bond between them but he only said, "There is one thing I want more than all else—to find their hiding place. We are helpless until we learn that."

"It might be possible to bring them to us."

"Allison, this morning I watched my own dam blown into the air while I stood there a helpless prisoner." His low voice shook with anger. "Just one thought came to me then—tonight I would blow their morada higher than they blew that dam." He waited until his anger had passed, then quietly ended, "That at least might bring quick action."

Allison did not answer. In spite of her courage the thought of destroying this meeting-place of the Brotherhood aroused an instinctive reaction of fear. Yet if Douglas was right—if there was a connection between the Brotherhood and the raiders—it would call for some vengeance. A few minutes later they reached the crossroads. Douglas looked into the sunlit face of the

girl. "No one can tell what the end will be," he said slowly. "Let's just remember that from now on we ride side by side."

And she answered, "I will ride with you to the end—whatever that end may be."

(To be continued)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, January 9.—A sly movement has been started in four or five southern states to handpick un instructed delegates to the next democratic national convention without a primary or even a state convention.

State laws apparently permit the state central committees of democracy in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and Arkansas, under some circumstances, to choose the delegates for nominating a candidate for the president, without consultation with the voters—and this is what is proposed to be done.

The red hot issue is due to Florida when the state central committee meets, unless certain party leaders who are rushing for the water buckets here douse the fire in the meantime. It is said Florida's staunch new deal Senator Pepper is on his way home with the last Washington word on the subject, but it is not known whether he carries a bucket or a torch.

A carefully chosen un instructed delegation would naturally serve the cause of the new dealers best at this time because they have especially true in the south where a southerner, Mr. Garner, the vice president, is an open, avowed candidate.

Back in 1932 it was the new dealers who blocked a similar movement to choose delegates surreptitiously. James A. Farley, the present national chairman, then issued a statement denouncing such efforts in strongest terms. It is understood here he will re issue the same statement again if the Florida meeting starts that kind of a conflagration.

Louisiana (under Huey Long) is the only state which came to that convention with a crew chosen from the top instead of the bottom of the electorate. The delegation was finally seated on the plea that the state had suffered from flood, but four years earlier the Houston convention kicked out a Louisiana delegation which had been chosen the same way, without a flood.

This time the movement is reported to be very strong among some of Mr. Roosevelt's friends in Georgia and Alabama, as well as Florida, although the state committees have not yet even been notified that a national convention will be held. The call will not be issued by national headquarters until February 5.

Southern congressmen here are much aroused, believing it will give the party a bad start. Says one: "If we are going to select delegates in blank, why not nominate the candidate in blank? We could elect John Doe."

Mr. Roosevelt's congressional leaders think they have noted a quiet note from the White House for curtailment of appropriations for the national labor relations board. The president avoided the subject in his message on the state of the union and cut the board only an infinitesimal \$9,600 (leaving it \$3,180,000) in his budget.

But to officials, and legislative friends he has been complaining sharply that the board has been doing a lot more things than the law allowed, and beyond what he specifically told it to do in his official statement when he signed the act. At that time he announced it "would not act as mediator, or conciliator in labor dis-

putes," among other things. But it has.

The Smith hearings disclosed for instance that Board Secretary Witt went traveling about the country at government expense to help CIO organize its case against Little Steel. Soon evidence will be made public that a Los Angeles agent of the board went around to both CIO and AFL soliciting business.

Mediation is the business of another government department, the conciliation service, under the direction of John R. Steelman, which incidentally has been exceptional success, approved by labor and capital without criticism.

The three house bills already introduced, proposing loans to Finland, are not likely to get very far. The administration leadership has decided such steps would be "too direct a slip" at Stalin and Hitler. You will recall Mr. Roosevelt did not mention the subject in his message. Apparently he is in agreement with his leaders.

Any legislation proposing withdrawal of the American ambassador at Moscow will be opposed by the same power, for the same reason.

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

FOR MILK CONTROL To the Editor: During the last session of the Oregon state legislature we heard a lot of oratory over milk control. We were told that it was all wrong because no new dairy farms were allowed to ship milk to milk plants and that if milk control was abolished a farmer could then ship to the big city markets. Time was wasted over several other points concerning the status of milk control.

On September 1, 1939, the milk board withdrew from the Salem market. Four months have passed and no new dairies have begun to ship milk to Salem. It is said that several dairies now on the Salem market are about to quit and ship to condenseries where they can now get as much for their milk and not have to meet the extra expense of city inspection.

The above illustrates very closely the importance of milk control to the producer. He immediately gets less for his milk and that is serious at a time like this with all of his costs of production rising. All consumers have not benefitted as the price to them has not been lowered by some of the distributors. The distributors that still charge a quart have cut down on the fat content of their milk.

Producers would welcome milk board regulations back on the Salem market, but one distributor has a case against the milk board in court and although the case was heard August 1, 1939, there has not been a decision. The milk board is powerless to enforce the law as long as this case is held up and the farmers get a poor price for milk.

Milk control has been held constitutional by the highest courts of the land but peculiarly here on the Salem market it has not operated for the benefit of all dairymen.

ROBERT ILLF, Independence, Ore.

Seeks Governorship

VANCOUVER, Wash., Jan. 9.—(AP)—Alex G. Graham of Vancouver, Wash., whose term as state representative will expire Jan. 1, 1941, formally announced his candidacy for the democratic gubernatorial nomination Monday.

Radio Programs

KELM—WEDNESDAY—1360 Kc.

- 6:30—Mikman Melodies. 7:00—News. 7:45—Hits and Encores. 8:00—Breakfast Club. 8:30—Pop Fit to Music. 9:00—Sun and Tim. 9:15—Pastor's Call. 9:30—Songs of the Pioneers. 9:45—Toronto Trio. 10:00—Londonaires. 10:15—News. 10:30—Rhythmic. 10:45—Symphonic Gems. 11:00—Erwin Jay, Organ. 11:15—Musical Interlude. 11:30—Plano Quint. 11:45—Wilmamette University Chapel. 12:00—Value Parade. 12:15—News. 12:30—Hilbilly Serenade. 12:45—Wilmamette Valley Opinions. 1:00—Popular Salute. 1:15—Sterling Young Orchestra. 1:30—News and Views. 1:45—Hook a Variety. 2:00—Melody Parade. 2:15—Johnson Family. 2:30—Westmaires. 2:45—News. 3:00—Harold Turner, Pianist. 3:15—Hal Stokes Orchestra. 3:45—Merry Romances. 4:00—Paton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Bob Gerard Quartet. 4:45—Helen Eckhos. 5:00—Bob Crosby's Orchestra. 5:30—Concert Music. 6:00—Tonight's Headlines. 6:15—Dinner Hour Melodies. 6:30—News and Views. 6:45—Raymond Gram Swing. 7:00—Work Wanted. 7:15—This is Magic. 7:30—Lone Ranger. 8:00—News. 8:15—Eves. 8:30—Talk of the Town. 8:45—Newspaper of the Air. 9:00—Jim Walsh Orchestra. 9:30—Old Time Orchestra. 9:45—Popcorn Tunes. 10:00—Popular Variety. 10:15—Skinnay Ennis Orchestra. 10:30—Tomorrow's News Tonight. 11:15—Six Hits and a Miss. 11:30—Musky Marcelino Orchestra. 11:45—Midnight Melodies.

KOAO—WEDNESDAY—550 Kc.

- 1:00—Kitty Kelly. 1:15—Mrs. A. Barga. 1:30—Hilltop House. 1:45—Stepmother. 2:00—By Kaye and Norris. 2:30—It Happened in Hollywood. 2:45—Scattered Baines. 3:00—Sun and Tim. 3:15—Hollywood. 3:30—H. V. Kallenborn. 3:45—Today in Europe. 4:00—Newspaper. 4:15—Roadmaster. 5:00—Hello Again. 5:15—Dealer in Dreams. 5:45—News. 6:00—Star Theatre. 7:00—Glenn Miller Orchestra. 7:15—Public Affairs. 7:30—Burns and Allen. 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy. 8:15—Low and Abner. 8:30—Dr. Christian. 9:00—Al Pearce and His Gang. 9:30—Baker Theatre. 10:00—Five Star Follies. 10:15—Harry Owens Orchestra. 10:45—Night Club. 11:00—Vincent Lopez Orchestra. 11:30—Archie Bleyer Orchestra.

KEK—WEDNESDAY—1140 Kc.

- 6:00—Musical Clock. 7:00—Family Affairs Hour. 7:30—Trail Blazers. 7:45—Business Parade. 8:00—Financial Service. 8:15—Young Dr. Malach. 8:30—Arbitrage. 8:50—Eugene Conley, Tenor. 9:15—Patty Jean Health Club. 9:30—National Farm and Home. 10:15—Home Institute. 10:30—News. 10:45—Turn Back the Clock. 11:00—Nature Trails. 11:15—Musical Chat. 11:30—Favorite Waltzes. 11:45—Radio Show Window. 12:00—News. 12:15—Market Reports. 12:30—Musical Interlude. 12:45—Popular Dance Melodies. 1:00—US Dept. Agriculture. 1:15—Between the Broomsticks. 1:30—The Quiet Hour. 1:45—Club Matinee. 2:00—Quintet. 2:15—Financial and Grain Reports. 2:30—Musical Clock. 2:45—Denning Sisters. 3:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 3:15—News. 3:20—Song Builders. 3:45—L'I' Abner. 4:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 4:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. 4:30—Pat Barron Orchestra. 5:00—News. 5:15—Tom Mix. 5:45—Reading is Fun. 6:00—Melodic Strings. 6:15—Sports Final. 6:30—Musical Chat. 6:45—Hotel Biltmore. 7:00—Abe Bercoff, Violinist. 7:15—News. 7:30—Breeding Along. 8:00—Quickfinger. 8:15—Musical Chat. 8:30—Wrestling Matches. 10:30—Hotel Ambassador Orchestra. 10:45—Musical Chat. 11:15—Portland Police Reports. 11:30—Paul Carson, Organist.

KOIN—WEDNESDAY—940 Kc.

- 6:00—Market Reports. 6:05—KOIN Clock. 7:00—Bob Gerard Reporting. 7:45—This and That. 8:15—News. 8:30—Consumer News. 8:45—My Children. 9:00—Kate Smith Sparks. 9:15—When Girls Speak. 9:30—Romance of Helen Trent. 9:45—This Day is Ours. 10:00—Goldberg. 10:15—Life Can Be Beautiful. 10:30—This Day is Ours. 10:45—Lanny Ross. 11:00—Big Sister. 11:15—Ann Jessy. 11:30—Brenda Curtis. 11:45—My Son and I. 12:00—Joyce Jordan. 12:15—Society Girl. 12:30—News. 12:45—Single Sam.

Convicted Embezzler Leaves Prison



Gilbert H. Reesemeyer, who was convicted of embezzling \$8,000,000 from his Hollywood financial empire, walked out of San Quentin prison Monday toward an obscure "clerical position" in Chicago. Paroled at 54, after spending nine years of his 40-year sentence behind bars, the one-time president of the vast Guaranty Building and Loan corporation murmured, "I'm very happy. But that's all I have to say. I'm all at sea."