

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

Charles A. Sprague, President
Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in copies.

"His Voice Rose to a Roar"

Strictly in accordance with an old American custom, the Boise town team journeyed one summer Sunday in 1905 the short distance to Nampa to play ball. In keeping with the customary bitter rivalry between neighboring towns, an altercation arose; one unusual only in the fact that the Boise shortstop, one Jim Quarles, colored, appears to have gone especially well prepared and when the police intervened in the quarrel, he shot and wounded one of them. Quarles was disarmed and placed in the Nampa jail. That night a mob gathered, threatening to lynch the negro.

Word of this situation reached a prominent Boise lawyer named William E. Borah. With the cooperation of Governor Steunenberg, for whose alleged slaying Borah was later unsuccessfully to prosecute Bill Hayward in one of the famous early "labor martyr" cases, the young attorney arranged for an engine and two passenger coaches to make the trip to Nampa. Borah was the only passenger. On the way, he pulled down all the window blinds in both coaches. Disembarking near the mob-surrounded jail, the lawyer moved to a point where his booming voice could be heard and commanded the crowd to disperse. The railway coaches, he announced, were loaded with troops from Fort Boise. The mob melted.

That incident in several of its aspects is rather typical of the career of the "Lion of Idaho" who might very well have reflected his fame upon Oregon instead, except that on his arrival in Boise in 1891 from the middle west, he had only \$16.69 left and was loath further to diminish his capital. In the first place, in that Nampa crisis Borah took the situation promptly in hand though he was but a private citizen; he played a lone hand; he called upon his remarkable vocal talents for success; and he was not above employing strategy which bordered on deception in what he deemed to be a good cause.

When Borah entered the United States senate in 1907 a colleague presently wrote to a friend that he had the new member ticketed; he was the attorney for seven different corporations. But that senator was in error and heads the lengthy procession of baffled individuals who have tried to pin a label on the Idahoan. Down through the years he has consistently refused to bolt the republican party and just as consistently he has pursued his independent way regardless of traditional or current party policy.

Rapidly he developed into the "best friend and severest critic" of republican presidents from Taft to Hoover, dining with them more often and criticizing them more often than any other senator. And when the democrats were in power from 1912 to 1920, it was said that Borah more often than Wilson headed up democratic policy. He was scarcely noted for consistency. After being labeled a "traitor" for supporting the Gore resolution warning Americans not to travel on belligerents' armed ships, he voted for the declaration of war though with unwonted silence, saying merely "I do not find it possible to vote against the resolution." Then it was he rather than the subdued Norris who fought against the espionage bill and other wartime encroachments upon the civil liberties.

No one needs to be reminded that after the war he opposed the League of Nations. In general he battled against foreign entanglements, for the constitution, against monopoly which he described as "ten thousand times worse than black slavery," for silver, for prohibition; in international affairs, for disarmament, revision of the Versailles treaty and settlement of reparations. Though he was consistent in his support of policies that were mutually inconsistent, the most consistent thing about him was his popularity in Idaho, where a progressive party leader in 1928 said: "I am for Borah on the progressive ticket, or on the republican ticket, or on a Chinese laundry ticket." It was the man and not his policies that appealed; and now that he is gone, it is the man and not his policies that will be remembered. Remembered as he stood on the floor of the senate, the gallery inevitably packed if word had gone out in advance that he would speak; remembered for his ability to hold an audience spellbound for an hour with quiet, calm discussion; remembered for his climaxes in which, as a newspaper writer once described it: "His voice rose to a roar. He shook his fist figuratively at those whom he denounced for cowardly inaction. His hair fell down over his eyes."

Moscow in Reverse

It is strange, in this rebirth of the Russian imperial idea, that the masters of the Kremlin should have forgotten so soon the most boldly written chapter in the history of their people, a chapter in which the sombre echoes of madness on a winter's day are mingled with the vibrant peans of victory. Only a hundred and twenty-eight years separate the retreat from Moscow and the victory of Suomassalmi; yet in this relatively brief span the Russians have had time to break the alliance with nature which they held then, and to seek, after the fashion of Napoleon, victory in the very faces of the gods. Their failure, as Napoleon's before them, needs now no elaboration.

Who, indeed, having heard Tschaiakowski's 1812 music, can fail to liken the present position of the Finns to the position of the Russians in the winter which followed the breach of the Treaty of Tilsit? The Russians, to be sure, were no less than now a very numerous people; yet their armies were small, as are those of the Finns, and the force of their aggressor was the greatest then seen in Europe. But the Russia of 1812, even as the Finland of 1940, was firmly united in a national cause, the end of which was to hold off the yoke of an aggressor at any cost, and to maintain the integrity of the established national government.

Napoleon and his corps advanced, took Smolensk, fought savagely and to good effect at Borodino, and at last entered Moscow—only to find the streets deserted, the populace fled, and the town already on fire. For a desolate six weeks in the lengthening fall Napoleon maintained himself in the Kremlin, and then, faced with the prospect of winter, undertook to retreat back to Poland and Saxony. He began his retreat, constantly menaced by fast-riding Cossacks, and by the hatred of the inhabitants of the regions through which he passed, who preferred to burn their houses, barns and crops rather than feed the retreating invader. Finally, in the most vivid chapter of all, came the end when winter enveloped the mobs staggering back to Germany where once had marched the grande armies in all its splendor. Guizot, in his *History of France* recounted many years ago the tale told by a Russian officer:

The road which we followed was covered with prisoners who required no watching. . . Several still dragged themselves mechanically along the road, with their feet naked and half frozen; some had lost the power of speech, others had fallen into a kind of savage stupidity, and wished, in spite of us, to roast dead bodies in order to eat them. . . The houses and farms which the wretches had set on fire were surrounded with dead bodies, for those who went near had not the power to escape the flames which reached them; and soon others were seen, with a convulsive laugh, rushing voluntarily into the midst of the burning, so that they were consumed also.

Ingersoll in his famous lecture on Napoleon referred to his retreat from Moscow:

"When the infantry of the ice and snow smote his legions and death rode the icy winds of winter."
Schubert in the poignant "Two Grenadiers," presented in music the tragedy of that retreat.

So, on the icy roads leading out of Russia, died the French and their allies a century and more ago.

Now, on the snow-covered roads to Salla, Petsamo, Helsinki, lie the Russians. Now as in 1812 Winter in the North remains the most powerful ally—or foe.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Famous Scott family coming to Oregon in a covered wagon train of '52 went first to historic Belpass:

(Concluding from yesterday.) Quoting from page 325, volume 3, History of the Oregon Country, by Harvey W. Scott: "Compiler's Note: The printer's proofs of the foregoing narrative were read by Mr. William J. Cuddy, many years past reader of The Oregonian and of the daily writings of Harvey W. Scott; also editor of The Weekly Oregonian. Mr. Cuddy appended the following note, under date of April 20, 1922:

"I disagree with the assertion in the last paragraph of the narrative, that it was a 'grievous mistake' for John Tucker Scott to move his family to Oregon as he did. 'He was obeying the call of the star of empire.'"

"He was greater than a Columbus, who would simply shift a rudder where John Tucker Scott would drive forward."

"That journey made the character of John Tucker Scott's children. Harvey W. Scott would have grown into prominence in Illinois, of course; but not, as in Oregon, to become the foremost man of his time therein."

"His was vigor and force by right of blood, mellowed by a tenderness and gentleness from the mother he lost so early, attributes which in later years he at times was disposed to try to conceal."

"Conquering the hardships of a pioneer's son in acquiring an education, he developed a stubborn steadfastness of purpose that put his mark on state and nation."

"Where else would daughters develop the determination to win a fight for a principle, lasting through generations, than in that plodding, toilsome journey they record? (Abigail Scott Dunaway and Catharine Amanda Scott Coburn.) (Mrs. Coburn was for many years one of the editorial writers on the staff of The Oregonian; a brilliant, industrious, good woman.)"

"The Three Wise Men followed a star, and the world since has rejoiced. John Scott Tucker was a fourth, and, some day, state and nation will honor him for the descendants he gave to both."

"Neil Johnson's name should be placed high on the state's roll for this one act."

(The appreciative reader will agree that the above lines of William J. Cuddy are good writing, for a proofreader, an editor of a weekly newspaper made up from a daily one, or for any one else, any time, any where. And true to the facts.)

"History of the Willamette Valley," by R. C. Clark, says Rev. Neil Johnson named Belpass from "a town in Italy. Belpasso."

"That may or may not be true, and this columnist leans to the idea that some old timer was, in selecting the name, merely attempting to express the idea that it was a beautiful pass, or way, and anxious to share the credit for their comfort and the soon to follow independence in fortunes. John L. (Lawrence) Johnson, one of the sons of Rev. Neil Johnson who took the oxen and supplies to meet the wayward Scott family pilgrims east of the Cascades, was for many years a prominent and useful citizen of Woodburn and the Woodburn neighborhood. He had lived in the Grand Ronde valley, eastern Oregon, in Coos county, Oregon, and in Idaho, and came back to Marion county to spend his declining years. His wife had been Miss Viletta Kenady, of the Belpassi and Woodburn section."

Under Captain Goff, father-in-law of United States Senator James W. Nesmith, John L. Johnson had joined one of the militia companies that fought in the Indian wars that began in 1855.

Secretary Hull's Argument

If Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade policy is no more sound than his arguments in its defense, it deserves to be scrapped promptly when the issue of extending his authority to make tariff agreements comes up in congress this session. Heretofore The Statesman has been disposed to see some logic in the theory, strictly as a theory, because in order to sell the United States must buy from other countries—the while we have deplored the practical results, detrimental to western crops and products.

But all along, Hull has been basing his defense upon the drop in exports which followed the enactment of the Hawley-Smoot tariff and the increase in exports under his trade agreements—which is not a fair defense, unless one blames the entire world depression upon the Hawley-Smoot act. Exports declined because of the depression and revived because of world recovery in which nearly every nation except the United States shared fully.

Now in answer to Senator McNary's argument based upon fluctuations in British, French and Canadian currency, Hull comes to bat with figures that exports to those countries have increased since September—apparently hoping the public will ignore the fact that those increases represent war orders and that exports of peacetime commodities have declined.

If Hull wants to save his trade agreements he had better get his arguments onto a basis of intellectual honesty.

All Quiet on the "Christian Front"



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

CHAPTER 25
Record had been right. Neither Douglas nor his vaqueros had dreamed the raiders would take the field in broad daylight—such a thing had never happened—and for that reason alone Douglas realized his men on top of the mesa might be taken utterly by surprise. Or even worse, if his vaqueros should see this band of horsemen, they might betray Douglas' own safety and ride down to give battle—a hopeless course against disastrous odds.

There was no alternative—whatever the chances against him, he must outride that throng of horsemen, the limestones and eagles to make the most of every second, he gave Coronado his head.

Once, standing in the stirrups, he looked back and a gasp of surprise burst from his lips. There, in the very center of the band below him, a rider on a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

They were traveling at converging angles now—both moving toward the white limestone cliff of the mesa. It was going to be a close thing, the rider's position was one who rode a white horse almost as tall as Coronado, and the rider himself towered head and shoulders over the men about him. Douglas caught the yellow gleam of the rider's poncho. The band and the rider were coming to grips with the enemy at last, and every nerve in his body vibrated at the thought.

"They're sending out their fastest riders to cut us off, Jack. We'd better head back into the hills. I know trails up there no Brotherhood rider ever saw."

But without even looking back Douglas shook his head. "We've got to beat them to the mesa. My vaqueros are up there without warning. If we can't go around those five men we've got to go through."

The stride of their horses lengthened as holly to earth the two animals raced on, Douglas holding Coronado a length ahead, while Record's little pony bent herself doggedly to the task of keeping up with that tall, fleet thoroughbred. Sagebrush and cactus flashed by the limestone cliffs of the mesa grew more distinct, and minute by minute those two groups of galloping horsemen were drawing closer.

The giant leader and the main band of the Brotherhood had fallen well behind, content now to canteer along and change their course just enough to prevent their quarry from turning back to the foothills. But those pursuing five were closing in. Even now Record could make out rifles, drawn and ready, in their hands; saw them shielding their eyes against the setting sun, and between tight lips he smiled. "That sun won't help their aim none," he grunted.

Douglas nodded. It would be no small advantage to have their pursuers firing directly into the dazzling sunlight while he and Record, with the sun almost at their back, could watch those nearing figures with unhampered vision.

The crack of a rifle crashed above the thunder of beating hoofs, and a bullet tossed up the dust ten yards to Douglas' left. They were coming within range.

Dropping the reins across Coronado's neck, Douglas reached for his rifle.

Heads low over their animals' necks, the pursuing horsemen rode less than two hundred yards behind. But the sun, touching the rim of the desert, fell full in their eyes, rendering their aim uncertain, and seeing that their horses were rapidly tiring, they waited for a closer target just as Douglas, swinging in the saddle, brought the rifle to his shoulder and fired three times.

A cry of mortal pain, a horse that rose wildly and fell backwards, a rider sprawling in the sand, and the pursuit had narrowed to four. Another shot. The foremost horse swerved as a bullet struck directly in its path, and in spite of its rider's efforts, he and made off at a frantic gallop across the plain. Imperceptibly the remaining three slackened as another shot whirred dangerously close, and Douglas ranged his rifle to his scabbard.

In instant response the raiders began to fire wildly, but they came close to Record's, Douglas laid a straight course for the cliff. A quarter of a mile brought them to the foot of the mesa, and looking back, they saw the advance pursuers had reined in to wait for the main band.

"We're trapping ourselves up here," Record protested. "They'll hunt us down like rats."

"They will if we let them reach the top."

"That main band will soon be on its way up, but they can only come two at a time. Your job is to ride straight to the bunkhouse. Bring every vaquero back to the edge of the mesa. We'll meet them with a hail of lead that will make them think hell has broken loose."

"But who's going to hold them until I bring the vaqueros?" (To be continued)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Mr. Hull's men are not bluffing. They are really going to let the trade agreement with Japan expire without any promises, understandings, or "modus vivende." Furthermore, they will not raise a murmur of protest if the senate makes the blow double by passing something like the Pittman resolution embargoing essential war materials.

This is a peculiar game, but not a new one. Essentially it is a diplomatic war of nerves, the same as practiced in Europe before they took to arms—not as rough yet, and not likely to lead to the same conclusion—but nevertheless determined.

Therefore, you may expect our relations with Japan will get worse, very much worse, before they get better.

The confusing game has a very clear purpose and aim. Primarily our statesmen seem encouraged to it by the prospects of limiting Japanese aggression in China. As this goal now seems to be just beyond the net of gold in the rainbow, they will take less. What their efforts may work out to eventually, months hence, is an agreement by which Japan abandons her currency tricks practiced against our trade, reopening of the Yangtze valley, and some honest basis of understanding.

Termination of the trade treaty due this coming Friday is not expected to have very far-reaching commercial repercussions. The state department is leaving the way open to clamp down restrictions but is likely to use this right only as a defensive weapon. The

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE WILL TO KNOW

Oregon City this week has had a rare opportunity to hear two men who are not only experts in their respective fields but are, what is rather more unusual, dispassionate and unbiased students.

The first and better known of the two is Dean Morse of the University of Oregon, who spoke on labor relations before the chamber of commerce Tuesday, and the other is Dr. Ivan Lovell of Willamette university, who addressed the Business and Professional Women's club on the European scene.

That they both drew large audiences and succeeded in capturing their hearers' attention the moment they began to speak is, of course, a tribute to their ability as speakers and to their established reputations for impartial judgment.

But it is something more than that. It denotes a will to know on the part of their hearers. Neither of them said anything that could not have been gleaned from textbooks, newspapers and periodicals. While this may be said to reflect the tendency of Americans to take their information in capsule form, it is, nevertheless, real, and may well be excused on the plea that there is all too little time for the average man to make an extensive study of the variety of problems that beset the world today.

In view of the response accorded these two men, it is to be hoped that the city may hear more frequent talks as stimulating and as provocative of thought as were those of Dean Morse and Dr. Lovell.—Oregon City Enterprise.

Methodist Men's Series Finished
Methodist Brotherhood groups brought to a close a series of eight district meetings Friday at the Leslie church in Salem. Rev. J. E. Purdy, district superintendent, spoke to nearly 70 men present from the four Salem Methodist churches on "Church Attendance."

Over 400 have attended meetings of the series held at Silverton, Turner, Hillsboro, Independence, Sheridan, Wheeler and Albany.

Reorganization of the men's work in the recently united Methodist church will take place in this district on either March 14 or 15, when Bishop James H. Straughn will conduct a district meeting at the First Methodist church here.

Snow Shortage Forces Bend Skis to Shift School to Hoodoo Bowl
BEND, Jan. 20.—(AP)—A snow shortage drove the Bend Skiers from their Tunaloo Creek ski bowl today, forcing them to transfer a ski school to Hoodoo bowl in the Willamette national forest.

Arthur W. Lamka, scoutmaster of Troop 13 was the only scoutmaster in the council to receive the Scoutmaster's Key at the annual dinner last Thursday evening. Mr. Lamka reports he has been trying for the key in a way for 10 years. He is a scoutmaster only five years. He has served as an assistant scoutmaster for five years, as a troop committee man for one year and a total of five years as scoutmaster the last three of which have been with troop 13.

Under the leadership of Mr. Lamka, the troop is taking a patrol leaders' training course with troops one and two, and also a leathercraft course under the supervision of Frank Shafer, the leathercraft merit badge examiner.

Newest troop of the Cascade area council, sponsored by the January 15, at the First Methodist church. Nine charter members present were: Clinton Blackley, Valteem Jones, patrol leaders; Paul Ferguson, librarian; Eddie Applegate, secretary - treasurer; Carl Dunn, bugler; Harold Holland, reporter; Sterling Croun, Clyde Elsay, and first Horned.

These boys were under the leadership of Scoutmaster Bill Hagedorn. The troop committee appointed by President Benton Stafford are Roy Harland and Bill Patton.

Troop 18 plans in the near future to hold a swimming meet at the YMCA under the supervision of Bill Hagedorn. Also tomorrow night the troop will receive first aid instruction from a member of the local fire department.—By HAROLD HOLLAND

FBI Smashes Nazi-Styled Revolt Plot Against US



Released by the FBI, photo above shows alleged members of the "Christian Front" under arrest in New York on charges of plotting a fantastic bomb-burial revolution against the government. Terroristic cracks down on the supposed gang and arrested 17. Pictured at a meeting of a so-called "sports club" are (left) Michael VIII, Mack Boettger, Frank Malone, John Viebrock and John A. Graf, all nabbed by federal men.