

Mobilizing the National Guard

This is a new world—but the people of the Pacific coast states are just about the last to realize it. Realize it we will, to some degree, when our National Guard members depart, perhaps within a few weeks, for a year's training. By the same token, realize it we must in order to evaluate the program now in the making, which may call them to this service.

It is necessary to point out, though it is a little beside the point, that this new world is not of our making. If we had our way we would make it differently or even, strictly on a preference basis, leave it pretty much as it was.

For the purposes of this discussion, the essentially new thing about this new world is that the business of war promises to be one of its principal and regular occupations. Whether or not there actually is war, there will be war preparations, and these will loom large in the general scheme of things.

Were this not so, the young men who will be called away from their present occupations might look upon it as an imposition; as a year wasted from their period of education or their productive life.

The prospect, on the contrary, is that the United States will presently have a trained army, if not actually a standing army, of one million men, two million men, or somewhere in between. Modern warfare is not a matter of shooting straight with a squirrel-rifle nor of performing "squads east and west" with precision. On the contrary it is a highly specialized, mechanized business.

These things being true, what lies ahead of the National Guardsmen who may soon be called into service is not a year of idling in military camps and of time wasted, but a year of intensive education and, if they can but recognize it, an outstanding opportunity. Given the ambition and the capacity, it is for them the opportunity to get a "head start" on the larger number of young men who are to follow them into the armed service; to become important cogs in the defense machine.

Obviously this view of the impending mobilization will not thus appeal to every one of the citizen soldiers who enlisted with the idea that they would be part-time soldiers in peacetime while continuing to engage in other chosen occupations. And in this connection there is a question as to the equity of the national administration's method of selection—a question which will be threshed out, never fear, when congress gets around to discussion of the necessary authorization. The proposed program does have the merit of efficiency; the men chosen are already organized and have received the rudiments of training. It is a program which is calculated to bring about most rapidly the inauguration of this most important and most difficult item of the broader national defense program; trained man-power.

As to the justice of the method, if congress approves it we will not argue the point. In this new world it is not necessary to abrogate justice but it is going to be necessary to accept whatever constituted authority says is justice. And it is going to be necessary for individuals—all individuals, in one way or another—to sacrifice personal preference and comfort in the interest of the common defense and the common good. We may as well begin getting used to it.

Gayda on Trade

Virginia Gayda, the fascist editor who, candidly, blows off too much on things he doesn't know very much about, lunged at the bull's-eye over the weekend with a thinly shrouded threat about forming a European trade blockade if the Americas succeed in uniting their commercial strength to compete with the economic militarism of a totalitarian Europe.

Gayda, in fact, was correct in only one portion of his commentary. "Blocs," he says, "political and economic, always by automatic reaction create other blocs. Present history proves it." This is exactly right, and present history does prove that political or economic blocs tend to form other such blocs in other countries. The only point on which he is not quite sound is that the first bloc which was formed was that of the barter-trading fascist states of Germany and Italy, and that the automatic reaction is in America, and not in Europe.

For the rest the Italian editor of Giornale d'Italia with a fine disregard for accurate statement, asserts that the "grandiose commercial blockade" which is being hatched in the United States and other American countries, would raise, of all things, the problem of "freedom of international trade." With some surprise he professes to discover that such a policy would contrast with previous American policy of freedom of international trade. Finally, in a remarkable mixture of metaphors, he finds that such a commercial policy would "navigate in the waters of economic autarchy," without noting that his boss, Mussolini, invented that ocean himself, a number of years back. What is sauce for the goose is poison for the gander.

More it is hardly necessary to say about an Italian editor's views on American commercial policy, a concern which it is hardly his to dictate. One can merely state that this is a characteristic sample of fascist propaganda technique, in which the great malefactor, who in fact invented the crime, now professes enormous chagrin and concern when other nations make bold to copy it, even vaguely. So it was with the English "invasion" of Norway, with the allied "threats" to the Low Countries, and with all the rest. Now, however, the tactic is getting a little dog-eared; and it is time for us, on our part, to manifest "magnificent unconcern" with the word-play of hireling publicists abroad.

Voice in the Wilderness

How can the republican party go before the electorate in November trying the removal from power of that party whose wisdom and progressive policies they were compelled, even by induction, to endorse?

If it were not for the above paragraph we would be disposed to deal gently with the keynote speech of Speaker Bankhead at the democratic national convention. After all, it is the justifiable purpose of the democratic party to seek its own perpetuation in the White House and in the congress. Toward that end, it must to the best of its ability and in view of the actual status of the nation, defend and justify its eight years of stewardship. That was Bankhead's job—a tough job from our viewpoint—and he performed it to the best of his ability.

But by the same token it is the justifiable purpose of the republican party to oust the democrats and put a republican in the White House; and the thing that irritates us is the democrats' attitude of resentment theret. They pout like a spoiled brat on the playground who thinks it unfair that the other boys should play to win. And the above-quoted remark is an example.

Speaker Bill Bankhead's keynote address was keyed almost exclusively in a defensive note. The defense and the national situation speak for themselves and scarcely merit discussion. However there is one remark that deserves attention. Speaking of national defense preparations and possible criticism because they were not started sooner, the keynoter declared that no republican urged an extensive national defense program prior to the recent invasion of Holland and Belgium. But, he added:

"There was, however, one voice, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, that long had tried to arouse America to a world of reality. . . . That man was the president of the United States."

The spectacle of Franklin D. Roosevelt as a lone man crying in the wilderness is—well, it's a little too much. The

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Lee mission site deserves high honors: "It should be well known," says Barry.

Partly on account of the approach of the date for the Salem Centennial celebration, perhaps, inquiries concerning the original Lee mission site have reached this desk more often recently than for some time. Some of them, surprisingly, from local people of standing.

But, come to think about it, a lot of new people have arrived in Salem and its trade territory during the past 10 years, and, come to think of it again, rather surprisingly, more than 10 years have passed since this column was advocating the acquisition by the public and the proper marking of that piece of holy ground, having located it, without the shadow of a doubt, which also was important, while living men and women knew.

A day or two ago, a woman from California made a search, on two succeeding days, for this columnist, who happened to be engaged on a very special (to him) piece of work, and could not be found. She told those whom she contacted that she was related by blood with one of the mission families, and was very anxious to see the site—and went away with her desire unsatisfied, so far as this writer knows.

Such a thing should not occur again. How can it be prevented? Well, by every man, woman and child in Salem who does not already know it, informing himself or herself of the location. Here is the direction:

Take the paved river road, leading north from Front street. Keep to the left highway to the Senator McNary place, and follow that paved road till it leaves the hill and goes (left) down to the bottom land; the Mission Bottom; and follow that road past Bill Allen's big filbert orchard on the right; past the Townsend cluster of farm buildings on the left. Arriving in front of the former Senator A. M. LaFollett's big red house, follow on past that house 200 to 300 feet, then turn over the little knoll diagonally into the lane leading west. That is a county road. Follow that lane (county road) to its turn north. Go on north, through the gap in the wire fence, and you will see a large rock, and beyond it another rock, not so large, on which is the marker. You will see something like a half mile from the turn north to the county road. You can make it from Salem and back in an hour; if you are a fast driver, in half an hour. (There is no marker at the turn after passing the LaFollett house, but there will be one soon, it is promised.)

That locality is all very familiar to this writer, for a little over and around 10 years ago, he spent many, many hours, and burned some hundreds of gallons of gasoline at his own expense, in getting a deed to the public of that site, and having it signed, and having it recorded, and paying in getting the rock for the marker, and another (smaller) one, because the larger one did not have the proper surface for the marker; and in getting the marker made, and furnishing the deed, etc., etc., about \$300 for the fencing, the lane and the plot of ground deeded.

Marion county hauled the rocks; dedicated and made the new road, and paid \$50 on the \$75 cost of the marker, and the late "Jimmy" Culver, Marion county road engineer, surveyed the lane for the deed description, and was very much interested in and helpful with the project.

That (the survey) was made a few days prior to August 20, 1928. How do we know the date? Because that was the day, late in the night of that day, when "Jimmy" Culver died, and his funeral was on Friday, August 23—and the honorary pall bearers were J. Hunt, R. J. Hendricks, J. Jones, U. G. Boyer, J. C. Siegmund, John Porter and J. E. Smith. W. J. ("Jimmy") Culver was born on the Culver donation land claim southeast of Salem in 1867, which was 21 years before. He had attended Willamette university; was Marion county surveyor at 21. Was Marion county sheriff in the 1904-8 period. Had for many years been Marion county road engineer and master; had been in that position through the building of the \$750,000 worth of paved market highways; away ahead of any other Oregon county excepting Multnomah. Mrs. Culver now lives in Salem.

All the above is written to tell about the surveying of the site of the old mission, to get a description for the proposed deed to the public of that site.

This writer was with "Jimmy" and his helper, beginning in early morning and working till near noon. The writer was worn to a frazzle; could hardly walk into the Wednesday session of the Rotary club in the Marion hotel at a late noon hour.

"Jimmy" Culver, seemed as fresh as a daisy; said he was so used to such work that he did not mind it, and that it rather toughened than hurt him. Well, a few days thereafter, "Jimmy" was dead; and this writer worried about the hard work he had done in surveying the mission site.

But he had, a few years before, suffered a slight stroke in California. So perhaps he was untimely and was not hastened by that last piece of work of the kind for the public; for history; for humanity. Mr. Culver was a fine man and filled a great place in his community.

Here, as a part of this story is a letter from the historian, J. Neilson Barry, to the clerk of Marion

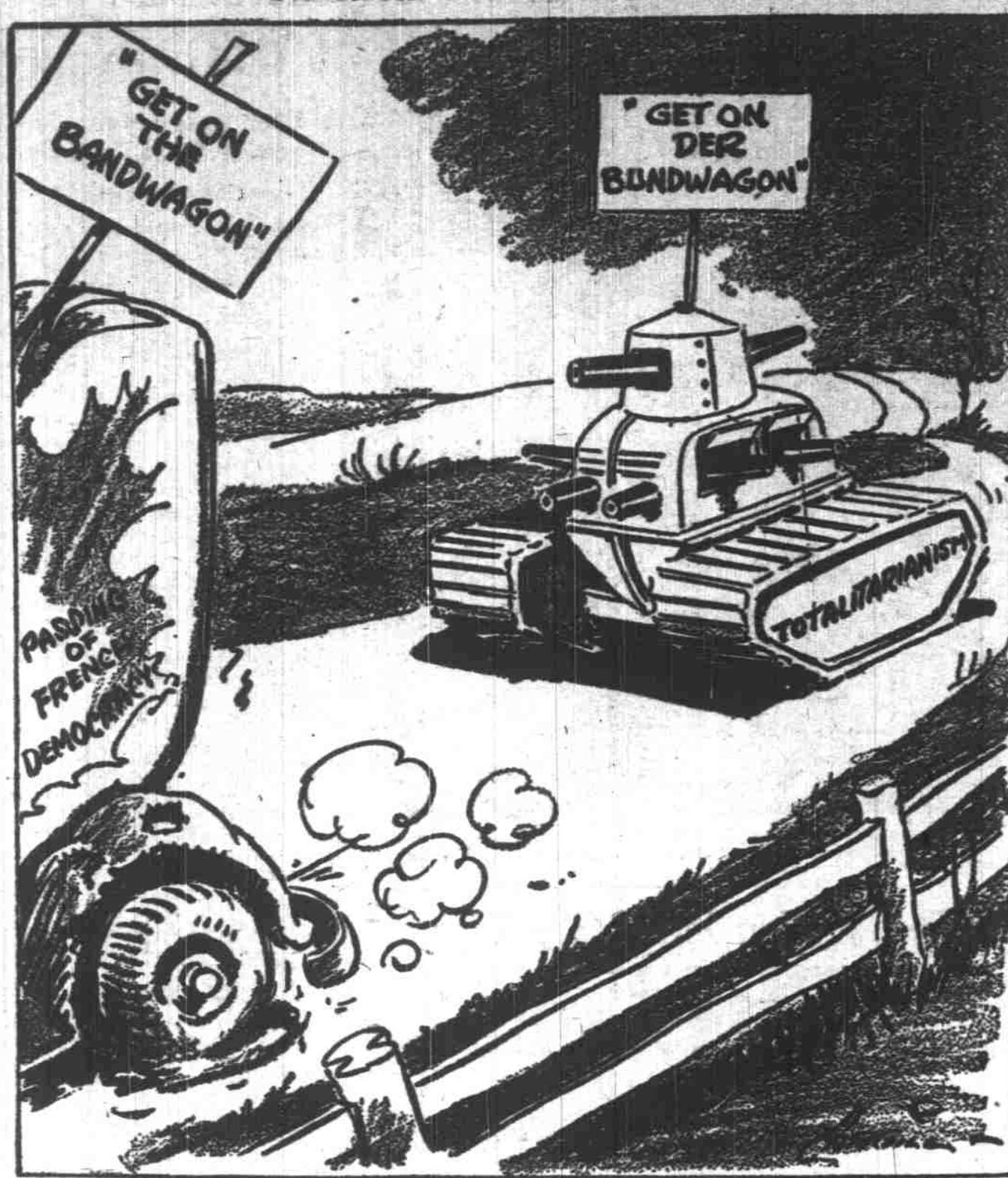
county, from his home at "Barrycrest," 3352 S.W. Greenleaf Drive, Green Hills, Portland, Oregon, under date of July 9, 1940:

"Dear Sir: There is a bronze marker to Rev. Jason Lee about a half a mile southward of the Wheatland ferry."

(Continued tomorrow.)

truth is that during the first seven years of futile pump-priming, if President Roosevelt had ever suggested that part of the money which went for leaf-raking be spent for armament, no opposing voice would have been heard. If he saw the need—and there is no evidence that he did—he refrained from mentioning it because he feared it wouldn't be good political medicine.

Political Parade in France



"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

Chapter 28

Some furious epithet faltered on Moira's lips and in quivering outrage she glared up. "What was that?"

It was then North risked the most vital bluff of his career—a bluff based on nothing more than clear, hard deduction and shrewd intuition. "You may as well know that your playmate Stag will very shortly be cold turkey. In other words, he's going to be knocked off."

"Bah!" Moira glowered defiance. "It's a cheap bluff!" "I'm not bluffing, Moira. You ought to know me by this time." "I do," she blazed. "You're the biggest bluffer I ever met. You don't know anything about Stag! You don't know where he is or what he's doing!"

"I'm not bluffing now, but I will. It would be better for him if I did know now though." "Better for the police you mean! You'll never get him."

"Well, now it would be better for Stag if the police got him." "What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"I mean, Moira, that the police would be easier on Melhorne than I. He drew a long breath and took the supreme gamble—" "Hasid's men."

She flinched ever so little, otherwise giving no indication whether North's shaft had been well sped.

"I'm afraid Hasid's men are going to be pretty mean to Stag," he added. "After all, this so-called Armstrong, whom I assume to be your boss, has been so tough on business rivals you really can't blame them."

"Oh, stop!" she begged, averting her face. "You're making this up—it's all lies! I know it!"

"Are you so very certain?" Inexorable, he leaned forward. "If you really love Stag, you'd better take no chances on it, Moira. I'm afraid they're going to hurt your boy friend pretty badly when they get him, because they know where Stag's shipment is going to be landed."

An incredulous laugh burst from lips which had begun quivering. "You're making all this up. And why shouldn't you? You're pretty clever—have been all along. A copper, indeed! You've fooled everyone—even me. I suppose there isn't any Lyda?"

"There is, and she's going to follow the orders you've given me, but as soon as she enters Egyptian territorial waters, a British destroyer will check on her movements. Unfortunately Hasid knows where Melhorne's stuff is going to be landed."

"Hasid? Bah! How could you know he knows the landing points?"

In the interests of drama North delayed a moment as he said quietly, "Remember when we first met? You were gunning for Hasid. Well, Hasid learned about it and, not unnaturally, was grateful that I had saved him from your charming attentions. He knows, of course, I've signed up with your boss—his rival." Quite deliberately North flicked the ash from his cigarette onto the compartment's floor.

"Well! Go on," Moira prompted.

"Well, this afternoon he called me," he pursued his bluff, "not knowing, of course, I'm only a phony munitions agent. He warned me not to go through with my deal—said he'd spare me what Melhorne's going to get for butting in on his territory."

Moira's teeth momentarily gripped her lower lip and a stricken look flitted over her face. "But how can he know where Stag's going to deliver?"

Convincing in his straightforwardness, North answered, "It's very simple; Hasid has a man aboard Stag's ship—one of the officers."

The girl's face crumpled, looked colorless like a Chinese lantern with its candle blown out. "And—and Hasid's devil is going to ambush the landing?"

"Unless the police get there in time to stop a pretty bloody mess."

Though not in the least relishing his task, North went on, "It isn't a pretty prospect for Stag, is it? But if the opposition gets him it'll be just too bad. Now if I knew where Stag is going to direct the unloading, I'd be able to save him. Think of Stag with his feet tied over a charcoal brazier and some pal of Hasid's pouring hot oil over them. Even if he came through alive, he'd be a cripple."

"You devil! You devil!" Moira choked. "Hasid doesn't know anything. This is all a dreadful lie. If only I could be sure."

Abruptly he varied his form of persuasion. "Of course you're not sure, Moira, but you dare not risk turning me down."

"You've got me," she cried in a hoarse whisper. "You may be bluffing, but I can't take the chance. I won't tell you who my boss—the man the police call Armstrong—is, but—I can't let Stag be hurt."

(To be continued)

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

L. L. Lillie L. Madsen has written a book of western wild flowers called "Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast." It is quite fully illustrated but its illustrations are not colored as you desired. The description of the plants is good and I believe the book sells for \$3.

Home House's "Wild Flowers" is illustrated in color and is one of the finest of its kind. It used to sell for around \$7 but has been greatly reduced.

Your library at Salem probably has the books. You could have an opportunity to look them over and see which you prefer.

J. Cantelano suffers from twig blight, sometimes killing branches back as far as the trunk of the tree. I have been unable to find a definite control for this. I have been advised to cut the branches back to the trunk when they die, paint the wood with corrosive sublimate and feed the tree well.

Use one small tablespoonful of arsenate of lead to one gallon of water for spray for ordinary chewing pests. Yes, you will have to spray more than once to keep the pests under complete control. It has been suggested that everyone in the Willamette valley spray on the first and 15th of every month regardless of what else they do at that time, to insure a control of the large amount of pests that are entering gardens here.

Copper oxide sprays are used for leaf spot on rhododendrons.

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Teacher Quizzed

Huntington Rice

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