

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 this newspaper.

Casey on the Mound

Dem Bums used to be the Trolley Dodgers. It is patent that in the late lamented world series they neglected to dodge with the indicated agility. Nobody had a right to expect that they could. The trouble is that when the incredible happens, people are prone to expect that it will continue to happen. Incredibly, Dem Bums won the National league pennant. The real shock to our collective sense of what is fitting and just involves however, not merely the fact that an incredible series of events was halted short of the obvious climax, but that after Dem Bums had demonstrated sufficient ability to make it happen if granted just a little luck, luck so outrageously deserted them.

Now if you will tolerate, not pardon, a personal reference, the writer feels that he, in company with Mickey Owen, has unforgettably muffed a third strike at the superlatively wrong moment. Mickey perhaps reached too late; we reached too soon. It will be recalled that on the occasion of the Dodgers' National league triumph, this department reached for its copy of "Casey at the Bat" and extracted therefrom what seemed appropriate, though not too appropriate, lines. And ordinarily in this craft, it is not permissible to invoke an identical reference after so short an interval.

So we reached too soon. For here, in the flesh, was another Casey who came at the climactic moment, not to the bat but to the mound. Here too were drama and suspense. Here too it was the ninth inning and the team at bat was behind, and there were two out and two strikes on the batter. Here too . . .

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast . . .

Recalling what had happened the previous day, we doubt that

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face . . .

More probably

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain . . .

But no matter how Casey felt about it, And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go.

And now the air is shattered by the force of (Henrich's) blow.

Casey didn't strike out; Casey struck Henrich out. Henrich missed it a foot, and Owen missed it too, and a couple of pesky policemen got in the way and that was the ball game.

Oh, a couple of variations in detail, but essentially it's the same story. As Ernest Lawrence Thayer and De Wolf Hopper knew more than half a century ago, that's baseball.

Actors and "Types"

Someone in Hollywood knows, but he isn't telling. The problem is this:

With due regard to the limitations of celluloid, photography and the sound track, portrayal of character on the screen is more convincing, in the main, than the same thing as it is used to be done on the stage by "stock" actors. Question is, how much of character portrayal is acting, and how much is simply the selection of suitable "types" for the required roles, after which the "type" merely proceeds to be himself or herself in front of the camera?

At that, the answer is simple enough in the case of a Marjorie Main or a Wallace Beery. They can't be anyone but themselves and they concentrate on being more like themselves than they really are. Likewise a sweet young thing is a sweet young thing. But it's a little more puzzling in the case of a Charles Laughton or a Bette Davis, while Spencer Tracy is currently showing us just what can be done in the way of diversified characterization. Likewise, Ann Sothern, apparently so irrevocably typed as "Maize," surprised us by almost managing to be someone else in a recent picture.

There is also the corollary question as to what being typed does to an actor. That is, we wonder whether Harry Carey really is a typical westerner, either of the Hollywood or the authentic brand, or whether it was seeing him in westerns which caused a New York critic to write as follows of Carey's performance on the stage in "Ah, Wilderness!":

Now the role is in the hands of that fine veteran of stage and screen, Harry Carey, who has just the humorous, quizzical and engagingly homespun qualities which are so necessary to the role. To that extent Mr. Carey is entirely right for the part. There is, however, the inescapable criticism that under his touch Nat Miller becomes rather more an agreeable rancher, who has just dropped in from the west, than a credible New England publisher.

In other words, is a typed actor a fortunate mug, or is he an artist handcuffed by a system?

Shades of Henry George

High school boys of today know that about 60 years ago there was agitation for something known as a "single tax," that the tax proposed was to be levied exclusively upon land. They know, perhaps, that Henry George was a leader in the movement and that he conceived of it as a means to abolish poverty. They may even know why he held this belief; but the chances are that most adults, if they ever knew, have forgotten.

In tracing the Henry George logic it is needful to know that to an economist, "rent" means something decidedly different from the layman's understanding of the word. For a brief and perhaps not too lucid definition, "rent" is the money value of the indestructible element in land. The indestructible element may be superior soil, mineral content, natural timber or grass but not planted trees or crops; it may be a beautiful view or it may be merely location—say at Broadway and 42nd street, New York. At any rate, "rent" exists whether the occupant is owner or tenant. And to the minds of Henry George and his followers, it is a value distinctly different in origin from other values; it is a gift of God, not something man has created. Therefore, all humanity ought to share in its value.

But since it is convenient that title to land be held by individuals, Henry George pro-

posed to distribute its benefits equally by levying taxes upon land, equal to the value of its use over the taxable period. Government—the people—would get all the "rent."

Other economists have recognized that though an original homesteader might wickedly have appropriated this gift of God—though you couldn't convince the Oregon pioneers of that—and an owner who was on hand when the boom started might have acquired an "unearned increment," nowadays when land changes hands it is no different from any other commercial transaction. Money, the token of value, is exchanged for the real thing, value. Land is merely property except that it is somewhat less destructible.

At any rate it is a far cry from the days of single tax agitation, to the latest development in Oregon's taxation practice. Somewhat unpremeditated, and to some minds oddly disconcerting, is the circumstance that the last statewide levy upon land, the 2-mill elementary school tax, may now be eliminated. Yet it is in harmony with more modern taxation theory in which the guidepost is "ability to pay." For the tax upon property regardless of its productivity or total lack thereof, more and more is being substituted a tax upon production—upon earnings. Though revolutionary in relation to theories and practice of the recent past, it is not new; it goes back to the tithing practice of Biblical times.

The income tax, now the "single tax" for general support of state government, is in harmony with present-day liberal thought; to a degree it is the sort of lever which Henry George sought. Why must anyone run a temperature because by late 1942 there may be a slight surplus even after the elementary school fund is taken out and handed to the counties? The legislature will meet early in '43 and in the meantime, none of that money can get away.

Stewart Views Washington Scene

By CHARLES P. STEWART

Due to Paul Mallon's illness, the Washington column of Charles P. Stewart, widely recognized news analyst, is being substituted temporarily. The Statesman is pleased to offer Mr. Stewart's authoritative observations to its readers, but hopes soon to be able to announce resumption of the Mallon column.

That President Roosevelt might permit himself to be drafted for a fourth term doesn't seem like such an absolute impossibility, but I'll be darned if I believe the story that he's thinking up a scheme to call off 1942's congressional election. Nevertheless, both these yarns are in circulation.

The fourth nomination idea is described by Washington gossip as having the backing of a regularly organized national group headed by one Dr. O. O. Carter of Indianapolis. It's said to plan a campaign for signers to a petition advocating FDR's conscription in 1944, to run for four more years in the White House.

The argument appears to be that it'll be out of the question for the country to change chief executives, when the time comes, if the war's still going on, and especially if we're in it. Or, if the war's over, it's asserted that we nevertheless will be in the midst of a lot of economic, social and political complications that'll be about as ticklish as war itself is, and that FDR'll be the only tried-and-proven helmsman competent to steer us through 'em.

Accounts that this movement is being incubated aren't very definitely verifiable, but they're rather circumstantial. They may be true, too; there's nothing inherently impossible in 'em. Of course, it doesn't follow that FDR's giving the crusade if any, the slightest encouragement. He must know, though, that it's being talked about, for the conversation has leaked into print a bit, and he's maddeningly well posted on what the press says.

The 1942 congressional surmise has seen print also.

Too Ridiculous
Originally, I heard the prediction made, in a kind of a casual way, by an altogether irresponsible observer of the administration's emergency activities, that, somehow or other, FDR'd find an excuse for getting that year's election offitted.

It struck me as so ridiculous a notion that I didn't consider it worth passing along to newspaper readers, and I got scooped in consequence. Somebody slipped the same hint to Washington Correspondent Arthur Krook of the New York Times and darned if he didn't remark on it in his daily column. The result is that it's quite generally discussed in capital circles.

Some say, as I thought, that there isn't the ghost of a chance of such a development. Others contend, however, that FDR may try it, on the ground that this is no suitable juncture at which to distract our national attention, from home defense and aiding the democracies, with a congressional election.

Most critics pooh-pooh the theory that the White House tenant has an anti-election program in mind, but enough of 'em guess affirmatively to attract attention. I still suspect that Brother Krook shot his story, not because he had any faith in it, but in order to give an impression that FDR is dictatorially inclined and thus to make the public afraid of him.

All the same, the next time I'm given a queer hunch of that kind, I'll broadcast it, to avoid being beaten to it by another journalist.

FDR, up to date, hasn't said anything. The difference between being conscripted for a fourth term and suppressing an election is obvious.

A fourth term would be unprecedented, certainly, but so was a third one. The third nomination wasn't and a fourth wouldn't be violative of our governmental principle, anyway. Executive chocking off a legislative election manifestly would be.

Unconstitutional
Presumably our present congress simply would hold over; I take it that congress wouldn't literally be abolished.

Yes, if the executive branch of the government has a legislative branch that suits the executive branch and denies the voters a chance to make any changes in the legislative aggregation, it surely verges upon unconstitutionality. The next step might be to call off the 1944 executive and legislative election likewise.

But, as I've previously remarked, I don't believe the story.



Thirty!—Which in Newspaper Parlance Means—The End!

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who can tell Missouri 10-8-41
cousin of her relatives
who were Oregon pioneers;
was near site of West Salem?

(Continuing from yesterday.)
One may find in Polk's 1940-41
Salem City and Marion County
Directory three Swigart families
listed as living in West Salem.

They are:
"Swigart, C. Wm., cannery-
wkr (meaning cannery worker),
residence 1012 Ruge (street),
West Salem." Also:

"Swigart, Lewis A. (Ollie R.),
home 1032 Ruge (street), West
Salem." Also:
"Swigart, Rex A. (Geneva H.),
hoist opr (operator) River Bend
Sand & Gravel Co., home 1012
Ruge (street), West Salem."

One finds in Lewis A. McArthur's
useful book, "Oregon
Geographical Names," this information:
"Chitwood, Lincoln county.
This is a station on the line of
the Southern Pacific (railroad)
company between Corvallis and
Yaquina."

"George T. Smith, postmaster
at Chitwood, states in 1925 that

the station and postoffice were
named for Joshua Chitwood, who
lived near the present site of
the community when the railroad
was built down the Yaquina
river.

"This railroad was built between
1881 and 1885."

That seems to definitely fix a
later location for Joshua Chitwood,
one of the writers of the
1869 letter, and perhaps of his
wife Nancy.

A search through various Oregon
books of biography fails to
locate a sketch of Joshua and
Nancy Chitwood. That is not
strange, however, for the letter
of August 8, 1869, would indicate
that they had not been long in
Oregon; that their house near
the site of West Salem was new,
and yet unfinished.

There was a time in Oregon
Country history when a person
who did not come here in the
1840s or before were not considered
pioneers.

The date was moved up, several
times, into the early 1850s,
and then the late 1850s. But the
comers in the brave old covered
wagon days never consented to

take the dates of real pioneers
beyond the 1850s.

So that while present day
Oregonians would not likely refuse
a corner in 1869 or thereafter
about the title and distinction of
Oregon pioneer, it was different
with our fathers and mothers and
grandfathers and grandmothers
who came in the halcyon days
of the forties and fifties, and
earlier.

So much in answer to the letter
from Mrs. Mabel Miller, box
19, Liberal, Barton county, Missouri,
near the Kansas line.

Will any one who can aid Mrs.
Miller in her search please do so,
directly, or by communicating
with this columnist.

Will the reader please note
that this is not a commercial
request.

There are never any charges
in connection with matter which
appears in this column.

This has been true in all the
years since the Bits for Breakfast
column began to make its
daily appearance, about 50 years
ago.

10:15—Toley and Glenn.
10:30—News.
11:00—Nature Trails.
11:15—Hotel Taft Orchestra.
12:00—Orphans of Divorce.
12:15—Annals of Honeymoon Hill.
12:30—John's Other Wife.
12:45—Just Plain Bill.
1:00—Your Livestock Reporter.
1:15—News Headlines and Highlights.
1:30—Market Reports.
1:45—Household Hints.
1:55—News.
2:00—Keep Fit Club With Patty Jean.
2:15—Curstone Quiz.
2:30—The Quiet Hour.
2:45—News Headlines and Highlights.
2:55—News.
3:00—Prescott Presents.
3:15—Count Your Blessings.
3:30—Mr. Keen, Tracer.
3:45—Marion Mann, Singer.
4:00—Voice of Prophecy.
4:15—Hawaiian Melodies.
4:30—Songs on Watch.
4:45—Tom Mix Straight Shooter.
4:55—The Bartons.
5:00—Penthouse Party.
5:15—Author's Playhouse.
5:30—News Headlines and Highlights.
5:45—Quiz Kids.
5:55—Manhattan at Midnight.
6:00—Easy Aces.
6:15—Army Camp News.
6:30—Moonlight Sonata.
6:45—Broadway Bandwagon.
6:55—This Moving World.
7:00—War News Roundup.

KGW-NBC-WEDNESDAY—420 Kc.
6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
6:30—Higher Education Speaks.
6:55—Handy Dan.

KALE-MBS-WEDNESDAY—1330 Kc.
6:30—Memory Timekeeper.
7:00—News.
7:15—Musical Clock.
7:30—Memory Timekeeper.
8:00—Haven of Rest.
8:30—News.
8:45—As the Twig Is Bent.
9:00—John B. Hughes.
9:15—Concert Gems.
9:30—This &