

Sherman County Journal

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER Established Nov. 2, 1886
GRASS VALLEY JOURNAL, Established Oct. 14, 1897
CONSOLIDATED MARCH 6, 1931
WASCO NEWS-ENTERPRISE, Established 1891
CONSOLIDATED MARCH 4, 1932

Published Every Friday at Moro, Oregon, By GILES L. FRENCH Managing Editor



Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office, at Moro, Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. One Year \$1.50

AUGUST 21, 1936

FARM LEGISLATION

One cannot help but wonder about the thoughts of the hard working, non-partisan farm leaders when they read that the credit for all the aid that agriculture has been getting lately is being claimed by the democratic party.

know who won the ball game, what Andy Gump and Little Orphan Annie are doing, what the editor says about the political situation, who committed the latest and most gruesome murder and why, and what girls look like in bathing costumes this year.

WATCH IT GROW

There is an article in the magazine Fortune for August that tells of the so called Kelly-Nash political machine in Chicago. It has always been a question to rural westerners how a group of men, admittedly venal, could control the political and economic destinies of a large city, and the article answers it.

Patronage is the key to it all. In Chicago there are many races of people represented and the leaders of each group in each ward are recognized and given jobs, money or fruitful contracts. As these smaller fry obtain small payments from the tax money, the men higher up accumulate millions.

The machine takes care of its own. No dutiful campaign worker is without fuel or food throughout the year. No member of the machine is bothered by arrest for anything short of murder and that only causes temporary imprisonment. There used to be, and perhaps still is, a tax assessment that gave those in the inside a decided preference. Gangsters operated often with the actual support of the city government and public officials were in on the pay off.

All this in a great republic where opportunity was supposed to be equal for all. Any government that distributes money or favors to its citizens for any other reason than actual service to the government is in danger of falling into the same system. The average citizen will be forced to pay higher prices for poor and dishonest government than he would have to pay for good government.

Over in Seattle and old and well-known newspaper, the P-I, has failed to publish for several days because of a strike. The strike was caused by the firing of two men. Strikers claim on account of their union activities and the management says they were inefficient. It looks like we are coming to a condition wherein it would be more valuable for a worker to stand in good with the union than to be efficient at his job; and it doesn't take much imagination to figure where we would go from there.

My Gosh! If they keep bringing these diaries into court every young man will exact a promise from his intended to not keep one of the tattle tale things. Governor Martin says there will be no "convict-kissing" in his administration. Well, General, there is nothing in the oath of office that make osculation mandatory, so it will be perfectly all right.

Maybe one of the reasons London is loath to state a definite platform at this stage of the game is that voters have good reason to be doubtful of the value of platform pledges during the past three years.

A lawyer has been named as Oregon's best car driver. Perhaps, being a lawyer, he was able to talk himself out of whatever difficulties he might have gotten into in the past thirty years.

Sharkey wasn't such a shark as he thought he would be unless his ability at taking a dive could be counted. The Mad Hatter put butter in his watch and found that it didn't aid its time keeping quality, but at least he did something.

No wonder boys no longer aspire to be president. This very week a dusky skinned person of very moderate intelligence made a bit over \$40,000 in seven minutes of physical effort and it takes a president nearly six months of worry to make as much.

STATEHOUSE GOSSIP

(Continued from page one) of the state grange: George W. Potts, president of the Oregon Farmers Union; F. L. Ballard, Oregon State college; Mabel Irwin, secretary of the Farm Rate council; W. L. Gosselin, the governor's private secretary; Senators Chas. L. McNary and Frederick Steiwer and Rep. James Mott were all raining telegrams on the railroad presidents before they gave in.

The legislature's interim commission on governmental and administrative reorganization is keeping busy studying a plan nearly as long as its name.

Creation of a state department of business regulation by consolidating the banking, insurance and corporation departments is being considered for recommendation to the January, 1937, legislature. Some other changes under consideration are: transfer from the state treasurer to the tax commission of responsibility for collection of the inheritance and gift taxes; transfer from the land board to the tax commission of the handling of escheated estates, placing of all purchasing under the budget director instead of the secretary of the board of control.

The state penitentiary is crowded to capacity with 1000 prisoners. Not all are in the main cell blocks, of course, but never before in history have so many convicts been in confinement.

An even 14,000 persons have "done time" in the penitentiary since it was established by the territory of Oregon in 1851. The prison was built in Portland, but moved to Salem in 1866. By a strange coincidence, both convicts No. 1 and No. 14,000 were from Marion county and committed the same crime, larceny. First inmate was Indian Charley. No. 14,000 is Joseph Gigger.

Four new railroad construction projects are being considered in Oregon, Public Utilities Commissioner McCulloch and Governor Martin revealed.

The city of Grants Pass, whose unique charter permits it to own and operate a railroad, and Crescent City, Calif., harbor district have already applied to the interstate commerce commission for permission to extend the California Oregon Coast railroad from its present terminus at Water Creek, Oregon, to Crescent City, Calif.

The 8 1/2 miles of construction would cost \$7,380,711, with nearly half the money coming as a grant from the federal works progress administration and \$3,750,000 as a loan from the reconstruction finance corporation.

The I. C. C. has already approved construction of the 90-mile Gold Coast railroad from Port Orford to Leland, 20 miles north of Grants Pass. Talk of a cross state line from Burns to the coast via Klamath Falls has been revived. The war department too, is talking of completing a link between Humboldt Bay, Calif., and Coos Bay to give complete railroad connection from San Francisco to the mouth of the Columbia river. The line would allow the rapid movement of railroad artillery in coast defense.

The state highway department and A. R. Hollingshead, of Harper, tiny Malheur county town, are at war.

Hollingshead notified the department he was going to put a toll gate across a section of the Central Oregon highway because he was not paid for the right-of-way taken by the road across his property. The state said the county would have to pay. But if the toll gate goes up, the state will have to go to court to tear it down.

The state insurance department's business is better than ever, according to Commissioner Hugh H. Earle. Collections of the company and agents' license fees and taxes on net premiums will be nearly \$750,000 this year, \$40,000 more than came in last year—Earle said.

Governor Martin declined to aid a man in West Los Angeles in finding a wife. But Private Secretary W. L. Gosselin would. He sent the Romeo two letters from women in Salem and Baker who seemed interested in the mail-order proposal.

Watch Axle Any sudden or unusual noise from the vicinity of an automobile wheel should be investigated without delay, according to the Oregon Motor association. Occasionally an axle nut may come loose or the nuts that hold the wheel in place may work loose. In either case serious damage may result if the condition is not corrected.

Oil Filter Test If the oil filter feels cold to the touch after your car has been warmed up by running, it is a sign that the filter should be changed. When a filter is functioning properly it will feel warm after the motor has been running, due to the temperature of the oil circulating through it.

"Rastus, I'm sorry to hear that you've buried your wife." "Yessuh, boss, ah just had to; she was daid!"

Dean Allen Finds Living Cheap in Munich

By Eric W. Allen Dean of the University of Oregon School of Journalism

Munich, Germany.—If this home letter develops into a series, they will not become political until the end. After all, there is much in any country besides politics and Munich is the heart of the Hitler region where political and social questions are to be handled (if at all) with some degree of discretion for very good and sufficient reasons.

Hitler was born on the Austrian border, which we have crossed twice in the last few days. His father was one of those comfortable, easygoing Austrian frontier guards who stamp your passport, take a look at your baggage, decide not to examine it too closely, and send you comfortably on your way with a "gruss gott" salutation. Hitler himself we saw some weeks ago in Berlin. But no more of this until later.

Yesterday was our second entry into Germany. We first crossed the entire country from Belgium to Czechoslovakia by the admirably paved, somewhat narrow and crooked ancient roads, that wind their tortuous way thru another village about every four miles. Pedestrians and bicyclist (and there are unnumbered thousands of bicycles), school children and geese, ex-teams and small carts drawn by human hands or by dogs hitched between the wheels, pay not the slightest attention to the tourist.

This time we entered by one of the new Reichsautobahn to be completed. These extremely modern roads are largely the work of an organization that corresponds to our CCC. They are planned to cross Germany with a network like the wires of a flyscreen, and they are coming into use very rapidly.

The new highways are very wide—they might be called eight-lane roads but at the high speeds they operate more as six-lane—three lanes going and three lanes coming with ten or twelve feet of grass and landscaped shrubbery in between. There are no grade crossings from end to end, no service stations, no signs, nothing to distract and there is no speed limit. They avoid all towns and villages. Every seam made by cuts or fills has been carefully grassed and landscaped with trees and shrubbery. The latter applies to all European roads. By ancient habit the planting of a double row

of trees is part of every construction job, and every tree that dies or becomes ripe and is cut for lumber or firewood has to be immediately replaced with a sapling. Travel in Europe is quite different from travel at home—at least from the viewpoint of one who has just driven from Eugene to New York and thence across Europe through France, Belgium, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and the Austrian Alps, and Germany again. Here I sit in my private sitting room facing a row of windows from which I can see nothing except the five or six acre palace garden of the former kings of Bavaria and the spires of a cathedral rising above the elms, oaks and lilacs.

It is raining cats and dogs and it is what we would call a December day in Oregon and that why this letter is being written. Within there is comfortable steam heat in our three very large rooms, with, altogether, fourteen electric lights that can be turned on if the day becomes darker. In the sitting room are a big club-style leather couch, another couch covered with a fur robe and an aggregation of sofa pillows, this well appointed polished desk two large rugs on the polished oak floor, two very large and comfortable easychairs, three tables, a bookcase and set of drawers besides the desk, flower pots with flowers in them, and, outside, a thirty-three foot balcony (exclusively ours) which cannot be seen into and from which nothing unlovely can be seen—an immense awning is ready to be lowered if the sun comes out and gets too bright—and all this, together with our nine excellent meals, costs the three of us just two dollars a day apiece—just about what the meals alone would cost in large American cities.

The European ideal of housing, both as we experience it, and as we observe the vast amount of new work carried out in the seventeen years since the war, largely by governmental initiative, appears to us to be high. A vast amount of rehousing both urban and rural, was carried out by the democratic and socialist governments after the war, and now under the dictatorships in the various countries the subject is still a matter of wide public interest.

The social democrats built large community dwellings; the present idea makes for the decentralization of industry—spreading factories into the country—and erecting separate cottages for workers where each can have a garden. They all seem very clean and neat and well kept. We have seen hundreds of developments of both kinds. But of this, more later. It is a complicated story; one should

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It is raining cats and dogs and it is what we would call a December day in Oregon and that why this letter is being written. Within there is comfortable steam heat in our three very large rooms, with, altogether, fourteen electric lights that can be turned on if the day becomes darker. In the sitting room are a big club-style leather couch, another couch covered with a fur robe and an aggregation of sofa pillows, this well appointed polished desk two large rugs on the polished oak floor, two very large and comfortable easychairs, three tables, a bookcase and set of drawers besides the desk, flower pots with flowers in them, and, outside, a thirty-three foot balcony (exclusively ours) which cannot be seen into and from which nothing unlovely can be seen—an immense awning is ready to be lowered if the sun comes out and gets too bright—and all this, together with our nine excellent meals, costs the three of us just two dollars a day apiece—just about what the meals alone would cost in large American cities.

The European ideal of housing, both as we experience it, and as we observe the vast amount of new work carried out in the seventeen years since the war, largely by governmental initiative, appears to us to be high. A vast amount of rehousing both urban and rural, was carried out by the democratic and socialist governments after the war, and now under the dictatorships in the various countries the subject is still a matter of wide public interest.

The social democrats built large community dwellings; the present idea makes for the decentralization of industry—spreading factories into the country—and erecting separate cottages for workers where each can have a garden. They all seem very clean and neat and well kept. We have seen hundreds of developments of both kinds. But of this, more later. It is a complicated story; one should

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