

Summation of Record Gives True Perspective Of Roosevelt's Fitness

From Scripps-Howard Newspaper

The purpose of this is to sum up— to tell why, after three and one-half years of observing his presidency and after reading and listening to months of campaigning, we are for Roosevelt. One way would be to labor all the detail, from gold devaluation on, through all the issues that were born of one of the greatest crises America ever has faced.

But we have dealt with those issues day by day and they are now being dissected and pawed over in type and in speech every twenty-four hours as the campaign speeds toward its end. To recapitulate here would make long and dreary reading. So we are going to try and back away from the trees far enough to see the forest; to acquire, if we can, a perspective on what has occurred.

Speaking generally, we are for Roosevelt for the same reason that we think we would have been for Jefferson or Jackson or Lincoln had we lived in their day. We are convinced that future historians, as the years bring the complete perspective, will record Roosevelt along with those. We believe that in him the times providentially produced the man; that we have lived through an era far more dangerous than any of us fully realized; that our form of government might have perished had we not been blessed with a leadership equipped with those qualities of courage, vision, understanding, human sympathy and daring which must be present if a major crisis is to be survived. Further, we believe that had we drawn in 1932 a Polk or a Hoover, a Buchanan or a Harding, our highly intricate economic system, might have been completely smashed.

It is needed only to recall a few of the events—the banking paralysis, the food riots in the cities, the organized defiance of the courts in the agricultural regions, the use of the army against the veterans in the nation's capital, the hunger and the desperation—to picture what might have happened.

Then, instead of the ship of state then been steered over to a muscled, tradition-minded and near-sighted pilot. Thank God we didn't get one, but instead one who could keep his head when all about were losing theirs, who could remain calm eyed while the panic reigned, who could sense the full size of the peril and take such chances as were necessary to the rescue.

Let it be thought that we are swept away with hero worship, let us record right now that we think this man's list of shortcomings high in ratio to the very size of his genius. That is always true with the really great. We have criticized him much, and will more; but what we are trying to deal with is the "net" of the batting average of the man. And that is higher, in our opinion, than that of any other public figure of our time. When all the petty stuff which boils to the surface of any political campaign—when that is gone and forgotten—when 1940 shall have come and departed and a few decades have been superimposed, we predict that they'll be looking for a spot somewhere within view of the Potomac to build something grand to commemorate the name of the one who licked a depression that was worse than war.

Perhaps you think we are growing emotional. Maybe we are. We must admit that we are a bit fed up with the "Fate Roosevelt" chorus that has been sung in recent months by the very supermen that Roosevelt saved. But it is not our intention to rest our case on emotions. Rather we want to put in words why we think it was possible only for a man of Roosevelt's vision to lead us out, and then why we believe it would be stupendous blunder to defeat him for re-election in the middle of a recovery which he is so certainly accomplishing.

Roosevelt's tribute to the forgotten men, early in the days of the 1932 campaign, was more than a friendly political gesture toward the less fortunate. It expressed a philosophy both of government and of economics. It represented a realization that our society had become lopsided—that powerful and organized interests which had been able to have their own way with the government were actually endangering it. Some 40 millions of our population were farmers or dependent upon the farms. They had not been prosperous during the years in which we were preening ourselves on being the most prosperous nation on earth, and millions of others in the cities were without the wherewithal to buy more than the bare necessities of life. And this multitude, after all, was the potential market on which real and permanent and country-wide prosperity could be based.

Roosevelt had the vision to see that capacity to produce had outrun capacity to consume, and that the answer must be found in creating a balance. That could only mean a policy which would shift the emphasis and the attention of government to the man who hitherto had been forgotten, giving him his chance at last, and thereby in the long run not only bettering his condition but also the lot of those who always were among the "haves." He realized that to do this the government must be taken over in behalf of all the people and away from those pressure groups and special interests who were using their power to further their own ends to the exclusion of those who were not organized, who belonged to no group and who, therefore, got the leftovers.

So he made the switch—and much of the bitterness in high places against him comes from those who once were at the elbows of those who ruled. The old order became aroused when it finally realized that Roosevelt "meant it," and that pretty much explains the heat of the 1936 campaign, the trumped-up alarm about communism, regimentation and all that—the protests of those who had sat near the driver's seat and now are there no more. And yet, threading through the thought of the whole Roosevelt administration in both the humanitarian and the economic sense is the purpose of making life more livable for the many and at the same time more secure for those who already are well-to-do.

And underneath all that has been a philosophy that our democracy if it is to survive cannot be rigid; that government is a living organism; that it must change to meet the times; that to go back would mean a recurrence of what did happen, multiplied—an eventual shock too great for the nation to stand.

Apply that philosophy to what has happened since 1933, translate it in terms of the recovery we are now enjoying and the greater confidence the rank and file of us have come to have in our future and our government, and you will have our explanation of why we believe the Roosevelt administration has been the most effective, the most far-sighted and the most humanitarian since Lincoln saved the nation. And what we have said of the domestic policies we propose also into the foreign field, to encompass why we consider the "good neighbor" in a troubled world the blood brother of the forgotten man at home.

We are better off. We are moving ahead. But there's a long way yet to go. It's no time to change leaders.

ABSENT, ILL VOTERS MAY CAST BALLOTS; METHOD EXPLAINED

Ballots may be cast by eligible voters who are unable to get to the polls election day because of absence or sickness. It was pointed out today by the Jackson county Democratic central committee.

In such cases the voter simply procures a ballot application form from the county clerk. The application blank may be obtained by writing to the county clerk or calling at his office in person. It was explained.

The application is filled out and notarized according to directions printed thereon and returned to the county clerk. In the case of persons unable to get to the polls because of illness, a physician's certificate so attesting is required by law. Applications for ballots must be mailed not later than ten days prior to the election, the central committee emphasized.

Upon receipt of the application, the county clerk sends or delivers a ballot or ballots to the voter. The ballots are then filled out as they would be on election day and returned to the clerk. Ballots must be mailed or otherwise delivered to the clerk not later than six days prior to the election, the law provides.

Bankroll Too Big, Cop Is Dismissed

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—(AP)—Lieut. Thomas Roche of the San Francisco police department was dismissed from the force last night because his explanation of an alleged \$75,000 fortune didn't click with the grand jury and police commission.

Roche told jurymen a gambling father-in-law, now dead, left him the greater part of the money. Friends of ohn Williams said he was a poor man and did not gamble.

Borah Is Pledged Support By Lemke

BOISE, Idaho, Oct. 21.—(AP)—William Lemke, Union party presidential candidate, extended today to Senator William E. Borah (R., Idaho) a pledge to support him for re-election against Democratic Governor C. Ben Ross.

After leaving Lemke's hotel, Borah said: "I had a very pleasant personal visit."

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10 CENTS

Drought Refugee Finds This Is Promised Land

By R. A. Rosenmans

Now there lived in those days, over in the land called Nebraska a man whose name was called Me. By all them who didst know him. And he didst conduct one shop wherein those tribes were wont to purchase fine raiment and whang-goodles and what-nots for themselves, axle-grease for their carts and sandals for their feet, and the feet of their children after their kind. And business came unto his doors like unto no body's business, and he prospered much and was exceedingly well heeled with wampum, called jack.

But it came to pass that things were not as they were. Lo, the heavens yielded not ample rainfall, and the soil didst not produce the grain which it was wont to do; verily, the gentle breezes didst unhitch their suspenders and smote the fields with broadsides of hellfire and damnation, until the corn shriveled and burned as was a sorry sight to look upon. Then it came to pass that grass-hoppers fell upon the country-side and knocked it flatter than stale beer, and the fruit was not so fruit. People gathered in their synagogues and prayed for rain, but they received it not and they couldst not irrigate. Lo, the great white father hadst given back moisture unto the nation, which hadst been taken away by one of the wise men who called himself Volstead, but the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea and the grain of the field couldst not thrive upon it. And it was tough.

Now the tillers of the soil and the keepers of the shops were in one bellum; those purses of the ear of the sow, were likewise flat. And they spat big spits upon the ground, tore their hair and didst swear large vermilion colored swears about the size of an oxen's hoof.

Then when Me saw how it was, he wept huge hunks of sour colored weeps, for he wist not the why of the how come. "But," soliloquized he, "there must be a land, which hath a horn of plenty, wherein one worketh with pleasure and for profit; where the snows of the winter may be seen, but covereth not the cities to great depths; where records of fruits and grain are kept, instead of records of heat and cold; one which hath climate and health in great abundance. A land wherein one couldst toss his car and behind and his himself to mountain streams, lakes and ocean's shores, and dance a jig and make fun, pastime and some-whoopie in one whimsical manner. I shall find that land." So saying, he packed up his unwornish misery and bartered it for one jag of tranquility. And it was so.

Then a small voice came into his chamber and said unto him: "Grab thyself one chariot of fire and hie thyself West, young man, out where men art men, and their housewives and their maid servants art many cubits wide."

And he gat himself from out his couch. And he gat himself one chariot of fire which hath been called "Streamliner" even unto this day and the days of our kids, and spake in a loud voice saying: "whester ho."

Now when he had come to the morning of the second sun, Me beheld strange things. He departed from out the liner which hadst carried him across to that place quicker than hell scorchereth a feather. And the name of the city was called Medford. For it didst say the same by many signs in lights of brilliant hue, across the house tops.

Now the tribes of Medford spake a cheery "Goodmorning" and didst have broad smiles of welcome upon their faces. Me thought to himself, verily, these art healthy lands, for himself radiates through, and broad smiles of contentment and jooose extertors, art not produced by torpid liver. And it was so.

Then Me gat himself one horseless

carriage, and saw modern trails in noble mountains. He heard chattering streams, and beheld great lakes of water and also didst behold great fishes and stories that fed the multitude. He saw wild game and grouse. He saw quail with sun-bonnets after the manner of those birds.

He drank deeply and anointed his head and feet with water from out the rock, sweeter than the artesian started by Moses with one cane. Yea verily, no what-some-never about it, he didst drink copious draughts from out the many fountains. And it was good.

He beheld giant trees from which habitations art built, and with which they art warmed by cheery fire. And the odor of pine didst pervade the country side, and didst get in his nostrils, in his hair and also under his hide. He witnessed rare beauty of magnificent places of abode; likewise recherche gardens, bordered with roses without number. Many fine places of barter, of money changers, and the fruit was not so fruit. People gathered in their synagogues and plants giving the fruit of the orchard to the world. One restful park of trees, inviting benches for the weary; a cool fountain of Medford water. Clean streets. All these he beheld, whilst inhabitants seemed not to be cognizant of their beauty and charm.

Then it came to pass that Me waxed wroth, saying in this wise: "Oh ye ungrateful sinners of Medford, knoweth ye not sit in the land of the Myrtle, in the lap of the horn of plenty. Throw off thy yoke of occasional discontentment, climeth to the very top of Roxy Ann and shout Medford praises throughout the land. Be ye not like the wise man who looketh for his specks when art perched upon his back, for health and happiness are right here with thee. Shake the ants from out thy habilliment and be still. For thou sittest in the land of condensed milk and honey." And it is so.

Obituary

Jesse Douglas Starna, 78, was born March 18, 1858 in Leavenworth, Kansas, where he resided until 14 years of age, then came by covered wagon to Trinidad, Colorado. Thence to Monroe, Oregon in 1876.

He passed away at his home in Grants Pass, Oct. 15, after several weeks illness.

He was the son of Rev. and Mrs. Theo. Starna, who were missionaries among the Klamath Indians for a number of years under Rev. T. L. Jones.

He was married to Edith M. Newton June 21, 1893 in Jackson county, Oregon. To them were born 10 children, two sons preceding him in infancy.

Surviving are the wife, Edith M. Starna of Grants Pass, six daughters and two sons: Robert E. Starna, Pacific Grove, Calif.; Jess L. Starna and Mrs. Lily Dusenberry, Grants Pass; Mrs. Ida Wharton, Medford; Mrs. Evagene Smith, Gold Hill; Mrs. Ruth Harmon, San Francisco; Mrs. Maude Tapley, McNeal, Arizona, and Mrs. Susan Miller, Phoenix, Arizona. There are 21 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Also two brothers and four sisters survive: John Starna, Albany, Ore.; O. B. Starna, Summerville, Ore.; Mrs. Kate Starr and Mrs. Emma McNabb, Portland; Mrs. Belle Cochran, Walla Walla, Wash.; Mrs. Beldie Geltzentranner, Coulee City, Wash., and many nieces and nephews.

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