The Evening Herald

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Monday, October 21, 1929

Pity The Poor Writer

PITY the poor editorial writer when the month of October comes along.

There is some sort of unwritten law in this country that every editorial writer, annually, must write an editorial about October. There's nothing formal about this fiat; no taskmaster outlines the job, no editor storms into the sanctum to demand it. It's just one of those things that must be done.

The month itself compels it. In all the year there is no month quite like it. It is the midway point between summer and winter; it is autumn at its most wistful, its most beautiful. It is a time when young men see visions and old men dream dreams.

So, of necessity, the editorial writer has to do something about it. And, with a writing man, to "do something about it," whether the emergency be an approaching war, a night club murder or the marriage of a movie actress, means to write about it.

Up to his typewriter, then, creeps the editorial writer, prepared to do justice to October. And straightway he begins to bog down. His Pegasus, if you can call it that, gets mired. He fumes, sweats, smokes more cigarettes than his system really needs, snarls at his co-workers, wishes that he had taken up truck-driving instead of editorial-writing as a vocation.

The poor man, in reality, has an impossible job. For how can anyone get October down on paper? How can anyone distill the essence of hazy autumn landscapes, wild flaming forests, crackling starlit nights and hushed farmland noontides and put it into half a column of hard type? It simply can't be done. October has to be felt. It cannot be described.

For October is prodigal of those moments when the veil that surrounds our workday universe is torn, so that toiling men can peer through and get a hint of unimaginable glory lying beyond. There come moments in the brief space of Indian summer, when the blue murk drifts over pasture and cornfield and woodland like the smoke from vanished campfires of legendary red men, in which all that we shall ever know about life, death, the present and the future is made plain to us.

Back of the glory of October are profound secrets. October's trappings—her scarlet pennons, her mystic fields, her nights of yearning moonlight—are nothing but symbols. They stand for things that we can only dream of. Behind them there stretch all the tragedy, all the heart-break, all the magnificence and all the splendor of life—ordinary human life, which is a mystery and a portent, a defeat and a triumph, a failure and a dazzling success.

Those are the hints October gives out. But how can an editorial writer get them down on paper?

EDITORIALS

From Over the Nation

COAL HOLES

Time: Good news for Canadian lumbermen and pulpmakers, bad news for British and U. S. coal shippers, was announced by Ontario's gruff, industrious Premier Howard Ferguson last week. Drilling profound holes in the rocky banks of North Ontario's Abitibi river, geologists of the Ontario department of mines had struck a coal formation estimated to contain 20,000,000 tons of lignite.

"Up to the present," said Premier Ferguson, "the seams have been located by drill to a length of one mile, and a width of one-half mile, and of an established thickness averaging 18 feet. This in itself constitutes a reserve of several million tons, and it is in every way likely that a seam of such thickness will be found to be more extensive. It is anticipated that further drilling will prove the deposit to be truly a large and important one. The present ten holes merely constitute a start in our exploratory program."

On the site of the exploratory holes, provincial geologists claimed the entire district for the Ontario government, to prevent land speculating. Chief Geologist W. S. Dyer estimated that the newly discovered lignite could be profitably marketed at from $5 to $6 a ton, exclusive of freight.

Since U. S. lignite sells at from $2 to $3 a ton, exclusive of freight, the chief value of the new beds lies in the fact that they are in the immediate vicinity of the coal burning Canadian paper mills, the largest of which, the Kapuskasing, burns 500 tons of coal daily. With coal mines within sound of their buzz saws, Abitibi pulpmakers saw a chance to make newsprnt still more cheaply for U. S. newspapers. Lignite, or "wood-coal," is geologically half way between turf-like peat and cmudgy bituminous coal. It is hard, looks like dirty brown slate, burns without smoke, is clean to handle. Mined in the U. S. in North and South Dakota and Texas, it is useful in domestic furnaces, or as pulverized fuel in manufacturing plants.

WHAT IS YOURS?

Jack Binn in Collier's: Some dreams are beautiful; mine are nightmares. Invariably I dream that studio managers with guns are forcing me before the "mike" to try to do the things I criticize in others. Here's a Chicago reader's dream:

"Dear Jack:

"Last night all the local stations were broadcasting jazz, so I shut off the radio, fell asleep and dreamed a beautiful dream. I thought I was the radio commission and WDFL had applied for a license, representing that never would they put on the air any jazz bands, saxaphone players, whinnying sopranos, 'mammy' singers, or 'blues' shouters. I had just signed a permit granting this station leave to use 5,000,000 watts twenty-four hours a day on any wave band it chose, when somebody turned on the radio and I awoke to hear a jazz band playing—I don't remember what. It doesn't matter anyway, because there is only one jazz tune in the world and all of them are it. Yours,

"J. Kentner Elliot.

"P. S. But wouldn't it be great if my dream came true?"

THE FLAWS IN THE JURY SYSTEM

Seattle Star: The Oregon Bar association hears from Samuel R. Stern, Seattle lawyer, that the jury system ought to be abolished.

The abolition, says the learned attorney, would "speed litigation, cut expenses to taxpayers and prove satisfactory to litigants."

Because courts do not always function satisfactorily there is a growing demand on the part of judges and lawyers for abolition of the jury system.

But there is nothing wrong with that system. It has stood the test of time. Intelligently administered, it is the best system yet discovered for attaining human justice.

The jury system fails, nine times out of ten, because of its incompetent handling at the hands of courts and lawyers; because the system has been deliberately misused and abused.

If courts and lawyers will reform themselves and handle the jury system with honesty and intelligence they will find it works all right.

A TASK UNFINISHED

Joe M.: "Aw, gee, pop. Do we really have to move this week?"

Mr. M.: "Well, everything is arranged, son. Why?"

Joe M.: "Well, there's a new kid in this neighborhood and I haven't licked him yet."

FORMER PREMIER DIES

BERLIN, Oct. 21, (AP)—Vassili Radoslavoff, former Bulgarian premier and liberal leader, died in a Berlin hospital today after an illness of six months.

TIMELY QUOTATIONS FROM PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"I am one of many who think we erred in putting prohibition into the constitution, and that we err doubly in our present methods of enforcement."—Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

• • •

"I have no use for hasty marriages, but hasty divorces are no better."—Judge Sabbath of Chicago.

• • •

"The other half of the pretty-girl world that isn't trekking to Hollywood to get into the movies is hitch-hiking to New York to get into the chorus, it would seem."—Eileen Bourne. (Liberty.)

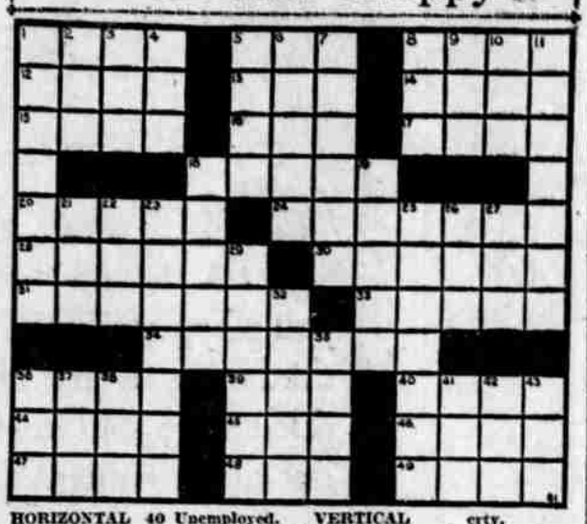
• • •

"There are now in the United States about 700,000 more people out of work than in 1920. And all signs point to a greater unemployment in the future, unless radical steps are taken."—Walter B. Pitkin. (Forum.)

• • •

"The churches are more powerful in America than anywhere in the world except Tibet, and such power obstructs intellectual progress."—Bertrand Russell.

Short and Snappy



HORIZONTAL

1 Fuel.
5 Wholly.
8 Challenge.
12 To insist upon.
13 Sheltered place.
14 Verbal.
15 Long grass.
16 Wine vessel.
17 Caterpillar hair.
18 Shock of an onset.
20 Stop watch.
24 Choir screen.
28 Optic.
30 Sacred.
31 Recaptures.
33 Domesticates.
34 Makes safe.
36 To sharpen.
39 Wrath.
40 Unemployed.
44 Pertaining to air.
45 Beverage.
46 Range of sight.
47 To smile broadly.
48 To make a mistake.
49 Brink.

VERTICAL

1 Custodian.
2 Metallic rock.
3 Epoch.
4 Conducted.
5 Wing-like.
6 Nocturnal mammal.
7 Inclined.
8 Dower property.
9 Verb.
10 Rodent.
11 Passes as time.
18 Stopping device.
19 Banal.
21 Sherbet.
22 Mongrel dog.
23 Part of elastic tissue.
25 Elusive.
26 Not bright.
27 Unit.
29 To narrate.
32 More confident.
35 Back.
36 Joker.
37 Pronoun.
38 Silkworm.
41 Achieved.
42 Limb.
43 Sheep.

SATURDAY'S ANSWER

G	L	A	R	E	S		S	O	N	A	T	A
N	A	T	A	L		M		N	E	V	E	R
A	C	E	S		D	I	M		V	E	N	D
S	E		C	O	R	S	I	C	A		T	O
H		B	A	R		S	O	D	D	E	R	
		P	A	L		P	O	E		A	I	M
G	E	T		G	O	U	R	D		N	I	L
R	A		B	L	A	R	N	E	Y		D	O
I		E	R	A		I		B	U	T		O
E	N	L	A	C	E		P	I	L	E	U	M
G	O	L	D	E	N		S	T	E	E	P	S

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

(Continued from Page One)

which recently voted a loving cup to the model husband. The model is described by that woman's club as a man "who never drinks more than enough, swears only in the presence of ladies, drives a new flivver, uses tobacco in every form, plays a modern game of golf, and fills in at bridge only when forced to."

SEVEN DIE BY GAS

NEW YORK, Oct. 21, (AP)—A father and six motherless children were asphxiated by illuminating gas as they slept in their three-room apartment in West 46th street yesterday.

Police found a pan of water on a kitchen stove which apparently had boiled over, extinguishing the flame and permitting the gas to flow into the rooms.

For results use Herald Class Ads

ERRORGRAMS

Today's Scramblegram

RNAIOCTEUE

He usually has something to yell about.

There are at least four mistakes in the above picture. They may pertain to grammar, history, etiquette, drawing or whatnot. See if you can find them. Then look at the scrambled word below—and unscramble it, by switching the letters aroun.d Grade yourself 20 for each of the mistakes you find, and 20 for the word if you unscramble it. Find corrected list on page 8.

DAILY LETTER ON AFFAIRS AT U. S. CAPITAL

Among Other Things, the Great White Father Has Robbed a Lot of His Indian Wards of Their Names—and Tagged Some Funny Ones on the Rest.

By RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21—One of the things the representatives of the Great White Father in Washington have done to the Indians has been to take away their names.

Sometimes their names have been taken away altogether by half-witted reservation clerks who substitute ridiculous names appealing to their sense of humor and sometimes they have been merely translated into English with results equally disgusting to English-speaking Indians with a sense of dignity.

It appears that the old Indian names were too much bother for the Indian bureau employes to spell or pronounce. So today thousands of red men have to exist with translated names which are a source of laughter to the ordinary white man, for these are their legal names and the only ones recognized by those who govern them.

Surnames Came Later

Originally the Indian tribes had no family names. When the papooses were born the folks just thought up something for them. Later, if they achieved considerable distinction the tribe was likely to award them the name of some illustrious departed sage or hero. But Uncle Sam couldn't stand for any such nonesense as that.

Out on the Yankton Sioux reservation today, for instance, there's an Indian whose original name, translated into English, would have been Brown. Thanks to a reservation employe's happy thought, he is now officially and legally known as The Duke of Wellington. There's another one known as David Copperfield and another's name is Uriah Heep. One of the Utes was formally named George Washington, his daughter Martha Washington and his son Booker T. Washington!

The effects of translation appear to have been especially unfortunate among the Standing Rock Sioux on the eservation at Fort Yates, N. D. The Senate Indian Affairs Committee investigated conditions at that reservation this year and has just had called to its attention a printed folder purporting to be a protest of many tribe member against the investigation. The complaint alleges that the investigating senators demoralized the Indians, encouraged grafters and bootleggers by questioning them alone, wasted everybody's time and money and so on. The committee has reports now that the Indians signed the document after being told it was something else and is trying to find out whether the reservation superintendent, one Mossman, had anything to do with its inception.

The committee also has a counter-protest, signed by a tribal committee, accusing the authors of the first document of gross misrepresentation.

Members of this committee include Clarance Gray Eagle, George Whitebull, F. B. Bullhead, Joseph Otter Robe and Ben Has Horns. (It should be noted that the Clarences, Josephs, Bens and other praenomens are donted to the Indians by their guardians. The more advanced Indians dislike the practice.)

But look at the names of a majority of signers of the original petitions:

John Kills Alive, Andrew Kills Crow Indian, Louis Whitehorse, George Grindstone, Bert Chasing Hawk, Felix Spotted Horse, Mrs. Mabel Spotted Horse, Anselm Kills Crow, Walter Cross Bear, Louisa Face, Samuel Kills At Night, Mrs. Caroline Roman Nose, Mrs. Catherine Shot At, Mrs. Owen Has Horns, Sophie Noisy Hawk, Basil Twobears, Oscar Grindstone, Amos Good Crow, Frank Bullbear, Dan Cold Hand, George Afraid Of Hawk, Leo Tailwoodpecker, Mrs. Josephine Buffaloboy, James Different Owl, Theodore Loon, Mrs. Joe Twin, Mrs. Lucy No Heart, Mrs. Lawrence Magpie Eagle, Regina Earrings, Clara One Feather, Mrs. Ella Greybear, Agnes Witzeben, John Bought Plenty, Harry Poordog, Rose Poordog, Susie Frosted, Henry Owns Medicine, Edward Loan Him Arrows, Bessie Black Plume John Distribute, Jerome Iron Eyes, Luke Good Fur, Vital Bearface, Sadie Defender, M. Feather Earrings, Joseph Yellowfat, Pius Shoots First, Little Horse, Mrs. Mary Shoots First, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vermillion, Mrs. Many Horse, August Brought Plenty, James Amidst, Willia mEnd Of Horn, Mrs. Lulu Brought Plenty and John Striped Face.

The new government policy envisages getting the Indians off the reservations and into jobs alongside the whites. But if they're sent out into the world with names like that it will be the unkindest cut of all for a long-suffering race.

Applicants for civil service positions in Massachusetts are asked, "What is a peanut?" Let's see now—about all we know is that it has something to do with a baseball game.

GANG WARFARE GETS ANOTHER 'RACKET' MAN

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 21 (AP)—Frank Lonardo, one time corn sugar baron who "got out of the racket" when his brothers, Big Joe and John, were killed two years ago in a gangland battle for supremacy, was dead today—the victim of a fusillade of revolver shots which roared out as he hunched over a card table in the back room of a downtown barber shop last night.

Had Quit Racket

Lonardo, silent partner in the business which made millionaires of the brothers, was understood to have abandoned the game when Big Joe and John were shot down side by side, but nevertheless police worked on the theory today that his death was in reprisal for the slaying of Sam "Blackjack" Todaro, rival bootleg czar, credited with having piloted the death of the Lonardos.

One Brother Left

Last night's slaying left only Dominic, last reported in San Francisco, alive of the four Lonardo brothers. Dominic was indicted here in the Sly-Fanner payroll robbery and murders, but evaded extradition and trial. Mrs. Concetta Lonardo, common law wife of Big Joe, and her oldest son, Angelo, 20, were indicted for first degree murder in Todaro's death. Angelo is at liberty but his mother is out on bond awaiting trial.

Was Playing Cards

Frank met death as he played rummy with three others. Ten men stood in the small smoke-filled room watching the game. Suddenly a hail of bullets rang out from among the bystanders, according to Louis Kelles, restaurant owner, who sat in the game. Powder smoke drifted across the table and Lonardo, hands flung high, leaped to his feet and then pitched to the floor. There were eight bullet holes in his body. Lonardo had a .38 calibre revolver in a pocket.

BENNETT DIES IN CALIFORNIA

A message from Eureka, Calif., received by officers of the Odd Fellows lodge, told of the passing of Jasper Bennett at an early hour this morning. The message came from Marion Bennett, brother of the deceased, and at whose home the death occurred.

Mr. Bennett left Klamath Falls about three weeks ago in search of medical relief. He went first to Lane hospital in San Francisco where he submitted to an exray examination. This revealed a liver cancer and Mr. Bennett was told by the examining physicians that there was no hope of recovery. He then went to the home of his brother at Eureka to await the end.

Jasper Bennett was one of the old timers of this section. His exact age was not known, as that was a matter he did not discuss even with the closest friends. He was active in lodge and civic affairs and had a host of friends who will regret to hear of his passing.

Funeral plans will be announced later.

QUIPS AND QUIRKS OF AMERICANS

Robert Quillen's Pointed Satire and Broad Humor Gives Refreshing View of Human Traits.

A scrap paper reception is no new experience for Mr. MacDonald. He has been snowed under before.

Hell, for some people, will be a place where everybody else talks constantly about things they know nothing about.

Race problems are like babies. They are easy to understand and handle if you've never had any.

Fame is fleeting and Mussolini will figure in history chiefly as the man who made another revolution necessary.

"The Specialist" is a best seller, which clinches the argument that the majority still knows what a rail fence is.

It is still a hick town if some of the spectators at the 10 p. m. fire are in their night shirts.

A critic says people no longer go to church to hear about religion. Well, they save themselves a lot of disappointment.

English Sunday schools now use a Bible from which naughty things are expurgated. Over here the pulpit seems to use one expurgated of damnation.

Thanksgiving is a little premature for modern parents. They can't be sure until evening that Junior has completed his gridiron career with a whole neck.

Americanism: Piously nursing a kitty that appeals to us; hating the wiser man who tells us it is a tiger that will do us harm.

Archaeologists have found a small figure buried so that its slightest movement would cause a great noise. Probably a primitive cheer leader.

Don't be ashamed. Future historians will think our great stadiums were used for serious drama or lectures for the masses.

One explanation of things is the queer belief that the man who breaks his oath to uphold the constitution still has honor.

And yet the chap who objects to the use of rouge is the one who wraps a 20-dollar bills around a roll of one's.

The drys might put over an enforcement act in New York by holding an election on some repentant morrow after getting everybody lit the night before.

Nobody is perfect, and perhaps people shouldn't expect any president to be strong and silent on more than one subject.

In some sections it is an insult to audit a gentleman's books, and in others there is very little stealing of public funds.

It is easy for statesmen to agree on what is right. The hard part is to find a solution that will make each think he is getting an advantage.

Correct this sentence: "Tom and I had a charming woman boarder last year," said the wife, "and now I want another."

To foil intruders a device has been invented that permits a door to be opened a few inches, but defies a person on the outside to open it further.

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25 ounces for 25¢

You save in using it. Use less than of high priced brands.

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Two newly remodeled modern store rooms, each size 21x30 feet. Opposite Golden Rule Department Store on 8th street. See IDA MOMYER, 206 Hopka Building.

EVENING HERALD CLASSIFIED WILL GET YOUR GOAT—

—That Is, If You Want a Goat..