

The Evening Herald

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Friday, November 8, 1929

The Good Old Days

From the Omaha World-Herald.

GRANDAD was talking the other day about the good old days when he was a boy. He settled back in his chair, puffed away on his pipe and smiled one of those Mona Lisa smiles which may mean anything as he recalled the old swimmin' hole, the little red schoolhouse, the village bully, his first Barlow knife, hog-killin' time and how he used to hunt rabbits with a rifle.

And he seems to be able to get a lot of satisfaction out of the journey it used to take him all day to make by team over twenty miles of atrocious so-called roadway to town. One of our modern airplanes today could do it in just about three minutes.

Pshaw! Wake up and live, Grandpa!

Your old-fashioned swimmin' hole probably was full of germs of some sort and think how those bullfrogs used to annoy you as they sat on the bank and grinned at your nakedness. The modern swimmin' hole has a cement floor, there are no bullfrogs or birds to distract your attention, there's no danger of getting sunburned, and besides, the water is steam heated. Fie, Granddad, on your old swimmin' hole.

And Grandad, just to think of the little old red schoolhouse where they have to crowd eight grades into one room and when they taught such old-fashioned subjects as readin', writin' and 'rithmetic—just to think of such a thing as that gives a fellow the creeps, in the light of our up-to-the-minute schools of today. How Lincoln ever got where he did, studying in one of those old schools—well, it's just luck, that's all. Such prehistoric ways of punishment you had, too, Grandad. Can it be true that the teacher used to spank you on the bottom with a shoe? Ha, that's a laugh. Our child psychology today does away with all that sort of rot, Grandad.

Hunting rabbits with a rifle may have been quite swanky forty years ago, Grandad, but—didn't they have butcher shops then, as they do now, where one could buy all the rabbits he wanted without having to go to the trouble of climbing those old hills, getting his feet wet and having to go hungry for hours?

Another thing, Grandpa, is it really true that in your good old days, the young folks really found enjoyment at barn dances and church suppers? Without whoopee autos, and hip flasks and jazz? Impossible! And you had to chop stove wood, milk the cows and on Sunday take your girl to prayer meeting? You sure are old-fashioned, Grandpa.

EDITORIALS

From Over the Nation

The Dangerous Age

New Orleans Tribune: Are you approaching 40? Beware! Between the ages of 40 and 60 one's "pet peeves" are "at peak." Savants of the International Congress of Psychology announce that the child, and the young man and woman, are fairly broad-minded about annoyances. Having survived such trivialities until 40, one is inclined to let go, and it is from that time until one is 60 that you should guard against becoming slave to your dislikes.

A better plan would be to remove one's self from the scenes of temptation. If one dislikes mosquitoes, he should try to find a place where there aren't any. If a man, and it fits you to dance with stout ladies, crash the high school dances and sub-deb parties. If one cringes at the smell of liquor on another's breath, he should develop a chronic cold or perfume his own breath. If, now in the thirties, you develop murderous tendencies when the saxophone player next door tunes up, move away before 40, unless you wish to give your murder complex play. This may be bad psychology, but it's good advice.

A HANDY MAN'S TROUBLES

New York Sun: When Jones entered the office the other morning the rest of the staff was amazed by his appearance. His right eye was blackened, his left hand was in bandages and he limped.

"How are the other five guys, Jim?" inquired an office wit. "It wasn't a fight," sighed Jones. "I merely a victim of domestic economy."

"Well, yesterday being a holiday the missus had saved up a lot of things to be done about the house. Hereafter, we've had in a carpenter, a plumber or a painter, as fitting. But she thought that the head of the house might as well be a handy man and save the money we'd spend otherwise."

"A picture frame hit me in the eye; I hit my hand with a hammer; the stepladder dropped on my foot. And I'm banged up all over. And the worst of it all is eye; I hit my hand with a hammer; the doctor's bill will be twice as much as I would have had to pay to have the work done. However, there's a bright side to everything; my wife will never ask me to do any of those odd jobs again."

HOOVER ON WATERWAYS
"Is Herbert Hoover's waterway policy as much of a mistake as was that of the late Theodore Roosevelt?" asks the Railway Age, in concluding a discussion of President Hoover's recent address at Louisville advocating extensive improvement of rivers for transportation purposes.

"President Hoover's prestige is so great," the Railway Age says, "that his advocacy of any policy is accepted by many persons as almost complete proof of its soundness. The late Theodore Roosevelt was regarded in the same way by many millions of persons. What is occurring now recalls something that was occurring almost 30 years ago. In 1899 Mr. Roosevelt was governor of New York state. In that year he advocated an appropriation of \$62,000,000 for the improvement of the Erie canal, saying, in a message to the legislature, 'If the canals are made large enough they can successfully compete in the transportation of high class freight which is now carried by the railroads at high prices.' Under Mr. Roosevelt's compelling leadership the movement for the improvement of the Erie canal got well under way. It was predicted that the freight carried on it would be 20 to 30 million tons annually. 'In a message to the New York legislature in 1925 Governor Smith estimated that up to that time the Erie canal had cost \$230,000,000, and in that year the tonnage carried was about 3 million tons. Another Roosevelt is now governor of

TIMELY QUOTATIONS FROM PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

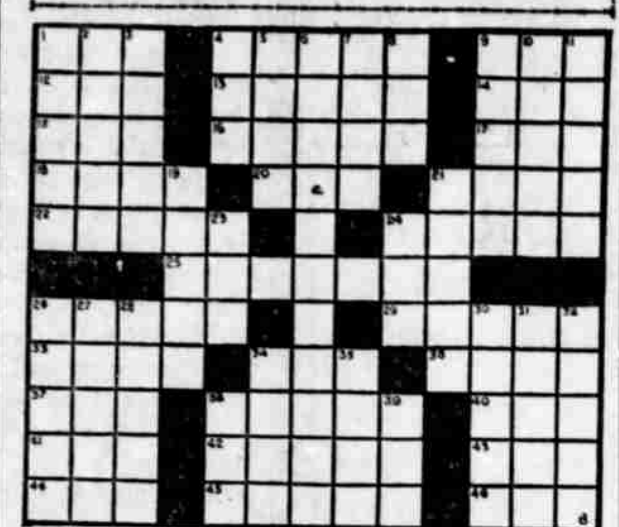
"The war did more than wipe out many fine young men. It nearly wiped out real femininity as well."—Jane Cowd, actress. (Collier's.)

"Few of us buy evenly; we swing from frugality to near or extreme extravagance."—Sam Crowther.

"A library should be a place into which you can be thrown at any time and you will find your pastures."—Stanley Baldwin.

"When women succeed in business, or the professions, their success is exaggerated."—Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

A Real Brain Teaser



HORIZONTAL
1 Race track circuit.
4 Tribunal.
9 Lair.
12 Striped cloth.
13 Stout.
14 Night before.
15 Curse.
16 Headed pin.
17 Cat's foot.
18 Aricular.
20 To scatter.
21 Signal system.
22 To come again to mind.
24 Elector.
25 Type of perfection.
26 Heavenly body.
29 To finish.

VERTICAL
1 Work.
2 To subside.
3 Fear.
4 Because.
5 Death notice.
6 Disclosures.
7 Insured.
8 Encountered.
9 Station.
10 To elude.
11 More novel.
12 Porous cup.
13 Resembling a cone.
14 Rodent.
15 Promise.
16 Contrasts.
17 Manifest.
18 To wed.
19 Prickly pear.
20 To beseech.
21 Finished.
22 Real.
23 Step.
24 Lump.
25 Mesh of lace.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
HIDAGE RELASH
IRON APE AREA
MEND VIE STEW
A SENDS I
LADEN HOTEL
ANIMAL CEMENT
YAM PAGED ADO
A WITON EN
GRADE TABOO
LEAVE NOUNS
ATTEND HUNTER

New York. The present governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking at Albany on October 18 last, at the annual convention of the State Waterways Association, said that unless better use was made of the canal it might as well be scrapped.

"The record demonstrates that Theodore Roosevelt made a colossal blunder in his advocacy of the improvement of the Erie barge canal. It has cost about four times as much as he estimated; has handled less than one-seventh as much traffic as he estimated; and four times as much of the cost of transporting every ton of freight carried one mile on the Erie canal is paid by the taxpayers of New York state as is paid in freight charges."

"Mr. Hoover's great ability, sagacity and patriotic desire to increase the prosperity and wealth of the American people are beyond all serious question; but a large majority of those who have thoroughly studied transportation economics believe that, in the main, the waterway policy to which he has committed himself is economically unsound."

"Mr. Hoover said, 'As a general and broad policy I favor modernizing of every part of our waterways which will show economic justification in aid of our farmers and industries.' What is the 'economic justification'?"

"Is the improvement of a waterway economically justifiable merely because it will reduce freight charges, or is it economically justifiable only if it will reduce the total cost of transportation, which, on improved waterways includes, not only the freight charges, but also the taxes paid by the public for interest upon the investment in the waterway and for its maintenance? Unfortunately, neither the president, Secretary of War Good nor any other important officer of the government has yet answered this question. In consequence, nobody knows what they regard as 'economic justification' for the development of any waterway."

"And the new waterways are not competitive," said Mr. Hoover, "but complementary to our great and efficient railways." The view that waterways are not competitive with railways is frequently expressed, but no recognized authority on the history and economics of transportation does or can accept it. Throughout the history of the country waterways and railways have been competitors. When a ship has a choice between the two means of transportation, and they both seek his business, and each of them so adjusts its rates and renders its service as to try to get his business, they are competitors.

"Often it is said the waterways will 'relieve' the railways of cheap, bulky commodities and leave them to carry the more valuable and profitable traffic. This is economic nonsense, because, owing to its heavier loading per car, the handling of cheap and bulky traffic usually is more profitable to the railways than the handling of more valuable and less bulky commodities. There will not be a ton of freight handled by water because of the improvement of any inland waterway that could not

DAILY LETTER ON AFFAIRS AT U. S. CAPITAL

Mr. Grundy Was an Interesting but Disappointing Witness—He Admitted Everything, Said Nothing Sensational, Kept His Temper and Looked Like a Kindly Grandfather.

By RODNEY DUTCHER

NEA Service Writer
WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—Watching and listening to Joe Grundy before the Senate committee investigating lobbies is something of a disappointment.

Everyone seemed to suppose that his appearance would be the sensational high spot of this investigation and that Chairman Caraway and Senator Tom Walsh would drag from him startling admissions of iniquity and intrigue which would shock all right-thinking persons.

But all we saw was Mr. Joseph R. Grundy, variously known as "Joe," "Old Joe," "Uncle Joe" and "Blue-Eyed Joe," the president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association and the high priest of twentieth century lobbies.

Nothing Really New

And all we heard was what everyone already knew—that Joe's chief interest in life was to raise millions of dollars for the political party that favored high protective tariffs and then to see that the contributors received a good return on their investments through the profits made possible by high protective duties. Joe admitted all that. Instead of reticence of shame his attitude was one of serene righteousness.

Joe is proud and happy to be the man who raises the dough and then raises the duties. The Pennsylvania politicians are proud and happy to have him on the dough-raising job and the Pennsylvania manufacturers are proud and happy to have him on the duty-raising job. He excels at both.

Before Joe's turn came it was interesting to observe him chortling at the writhings of another lobbyist in the witness chair—a much lesser lobbyist for a big New England fish company.

"He's nothing but a paid lobbyist!" exclaimed this witness contemptuously in reference to a rival lobbyist for a rival fish company which had opposing designs on the tariff bill.

"Well, what are you?" demanded Caraway and Old Joe laughed louder and louder as Caraway and Walsh hectored the poor young man until finally he agreed that he guessed he was a paid lobbyist, too.

He ought to be playing grand-papa parts in the movies. He's high onto 70 now. He's a chubby little man with a chubby little face, white hair parted on the side and a white mustache and gold spectacles. He's shorter than tall. "Baby Face," the girls would call him if he played around night clubs and one can almost imagine him giggling about it.

Of the 150 persons and 50 newspapers in the hearing room, Uncle Joe's face bloomed reddest of all. And it was from no embarrassment, for one of the things about Uncle Joe is that he never, never gets embarrassed. He's not old-fashioned, either. He waddled up to the witness chair in a blue serge suit and dark tan shoes and a gay little blue bow tie.

Wasn't it his purpose in coming to Washington to see that the boys got their money back? Why, of course! What else? And, he added, the boys would get their money back if the Republican party kept its campaign and platform promises. Naturally, someone had to come to Washington to see that the

promises were kept and that, he said, was just what he had been doing for two or three decades.

He spoke in a low matter of fact voice and was never melodramatic. His manner was mild and he was never fussed. There ought to be many more tariff lobbyists in town, he said.

His Patience Was Strained
Of course there were times when the grandfatherly Mr. Grundy seemed to be turning just a little sour. Senator Walsh seemed persistent in questioning his tariff views. Mr. Grundy prefers to be patient with persons who question his tariff views. He doesn't believe all Democrats should be deported, though he isn't sure about the Progressives.

Nevertheless, it was hard sometimes to be patient with Senator Walsh, though Mr. Grundy made a noble and commendable effort. He was strengthened by the thought that through all his toil and sacrifice for sky-high duties and exemption of Pennsylvania manufacturers from state tax he had been humbly following the obvious divine plan of Jehovah.

WATER'S FINE

LONDON.—Not that he's a prohibitionist, but "Dad" Comer, town crier of Weston-super-Mare, has drunk nothing but cold water for 69 years. He has not indulged in a glass of beer, spirits, wine or a cup of tea during this time. Comer, 91, is the oldest town crier in England, and has been in his present position for the past 14 years.

Mr. MacDonald, has no liquor taste. It seems to be a characteristic of the Scotch arriving this year.

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Thoughts We've Been Thinking

ing propaganda the same as in any other line of work, selfishness will attempt to corral public sentiment to benefit some certain thing. If the public mind will be put forth it will be easy to see why Hoover entered the news items when he did, why Rockefeller spoke in the dispatches at that particular time, and why the New York bankers gave out their interviews and ran their big ads to stimulate confidence in the markets.

Selfishness in propaganda to an extent that an attempt is being made to harness public sentiment for private gain is the dangerous element of propaganda. Otherwise it is just propaganda disseminating information and as such becomes a rather useful thing in the scheme of life.

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Buster Brown Shoe Store

Shall We Be Exploited By Remote Control?

AN EDITORIAL
By C. C. CROW

At last we have been apprised, Joseph R. Grundy, collector de luxe and all around Rasputin of political intrigue for Pennsylvania, in a recent senate investigation has openly chastised the western states for having the audacity to put up a fight for the industries and people within their bounds. He would measure us by population and wealth, and says: "I think these western senators should talk darn small." He condemns that part of the constitution which gives us representation in Congress, saying, "If it were not for the provisions of the constitution that gives every state two senators, those states would never be heard of," and continues, "We find these representatives of so little note are obstructing and destroying the great reserves of taxation to such an extent that it is a national tragedy." He complains against "the kind of men they send here," referring to our western senators, and points the finger of scorn at Idaho because it has only 431,000 population as against the 8,720,000 of Pennsylvania.

The lumber industry has had this same spirit to combat in its fight for a protective tariff. A handful of wealthy men living in the east, who have made their money in the United States and invested large sums in Canada, have combined with Canadian citizens to place Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and California in the category of "territories" in that they have set about to exploit us as though we were some breed of serfs and not loyal Americans with a much heavier percentage of native born citizens than the thickly populated districts of the east which are so easily manipulated by such men as Grundy and some of his same type who have handled the fight against the protective tariff on lumber and shingles.

Our country has gone financially mad to such an extent that men have gotten into the frame of mind where they feel that right can only be measured by financial might and greed and avarice have caused many besides Grundy to regard the constitution of the United States a stumbling block to their selfish schemes.

Out here in the northwest, where the constitution is still considered a sacred document, there are good American citizens out of work, there are intelligent American children out of school because the product of Oriental labor in the mills of Canada is being dumped into our markets to such an extent that the mills in Oregon and Washington cannot operate full time and many have been compelled to shut down indefinitely.

What difference does this make to the few men who, having no ground to stand upon and defend themselves openly, organized a lobby in Washington and proceeded to build up an opposition to a protective tariff on lumber and shingles through the expenditure of a large sum of money which was used to poison the minds of the farmers and retail lumber dealers throughout the consuming fields in such an underhanded way that to this day the unwitting victims of their propaganda are not aware of the real reason which their pretended benefactors had for staging the fight. Not once did they come out and tell the farmers and retailers that they owned millions of acres of timber in Canada which had been bought for a song and which they want to manufacture with Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo labor and ship into the United States in foreign bottoms at freight rates averaging \$8.00 per thousand feet less than the mills in Oregon and Washington can secure on American bottoms. They did not tell the farmers that Canada has a protective tariff of 25% ad valorem which will keep the markets in Canada for them exclusively when they are better than those in the United States. All this was never mentioned in their campaign, which was a subterfuge from beginning to finish and which will make interesting news if the investigating committee ever turns the light on it.

There is more than one Grundy in the east who looks upon the people of the west as pawns and it is fortunate that Shearer's faux pas caused the lid to be lifted from this filthy, underground avenue of political skulduggery that stinks to the high heavens and makes it apparent that it is time to dust off the constitution and hang it up where some of these enemies of clean government who hold it in contempt may be brought to realize that this is still a government of the people, for the people and by the people and that the citizens of the thinly populated western states have the same rights as those of the wealthier and more thickly populated east.

The kind of men they send here? President Hoover is the kind of men they send from the west and the people who work in the sawmills, shingle mills and logging camps of the northwest are the kind who cannot hope to live up to American standards and compete with the Oriental labor of Canada, even though it may further enrich a few who live in the east and have plenty of money with which to hire propagandists to pull the wool over the eyes of the farmers.

Reprint From

CROW'S PACIFIC COAST LUMBER DIGEST

October 31, 1929

Buster Brown Shoe Store

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