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In Memory of
WARREN R. FISHER
Editor 1917-1937

Mrs. Warren Fisher, Publisher
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THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1942

An Armchair is A Good Place to Sit and Criticize.

We heard someone complaining the other day about the manner in which this war is being run. It wasn't a new complaint. We hear it every day, always coming from armchair strategists who have been self ordained to toil not and neither spin but rather to sit back and comment disparagingly upon the efforts of those who are making an effort to get something done.

This fellow was making the usual beef about the manner in which things are being carried on in Washington. There are so many different agencies up there with initials for names, and he is always, by his own admission, getting the USO confused with the RFC and the CCC mixed up with the NLRB. He complained that living is getting too complex.

We had some respect for his gripe than to tell him that we thought that he was wrong. He would have labeled us as an insertitiest. He would have labeled us as a insertitiest, but yet somebody should tell him a few of the *facts of life, age or no age.*

Somebody ought to tell him that living is neither difficult nor complex. And by living, we don't mean the little petty innovations that disturb him so, but the big things. The things of importance remain the same as they have been for centuries. We will be in such when we are dead. The things that are important to us now will not be important to the generations that will follow us.

Wayside Trees.

"Aisle-altar-hymn."

Those are the thoughts that run through a bride's mind, some one has said, when the organ begins to peal the wedding march.

No news may be good news but that homely hardly holds good when one is operating a newspaper.

And only a few weeks ago you were wondering what sort of new car you'd consent to buy and what sort of tires you'd request on it.

"An Editor's Random Thoughts"

Editor's Note: For several years readers throughout the State have asked for reprints of the brilliant editorials upon Nature by the late Warren R. Fisher. With no apology, but believing that many would enjoy such an editorial, we are presenting reprints today from time to time. We will be in such with wayside trees when we are dead. The things that are important to us now will not be important to the generations that will follow us.

Wayside Trees.

Message of Consecration.

During the past few weeks all of us have been very much depressed and, to some extent possibly, discouraged by the unfortunate color of the war news. During those weeks there has come to my thought a memorial and message of consecration that was left for the American people under unusually dramatic circumstances.

In 1917 there was a young lad from my home town named Martin Treptow. He was working in a barber shop at the outset of the first World War, when he enlisted in the National Guard, went to France with the Rainbow Division, was assigned to duty as a runner or liaison man at battalion headquarters. At Chateau Thierry, while carrying a message, he was hit by a shell and instantly killed. As his body was prepared for burial, from his clothing there was taken articles and papers to be sent as memories to his family. In that way there was found a diary, on the flyleaf of which he had entered under the heading "My pledge," the memorial to which I now refer.

By the way, it appeared in the Paris newspapers and some of the American newspapers at the time, and was quoted by President Woodrow Wilson.

This is Martin Thepton's pledge:

"America must win this war. Therefore I will work; I will save; I will sacrifice; I will endure; I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost, as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone."

A statement of that kind coming from a boy who gave his life, ought to be an encouragement and an inspiration to every American at the present time—E. S. Senator, Gay M. Gillette -Dem., Iowa.

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Wayside Trees.

The Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT ALLEN

Washington, D. C.

IMPORTING COTTON?

For years the United States has had a huge surplus of cotton. The idea of importing cotton has seemed fantastic. Yet that is exactly what is about to be done, as the latest development in the Good Neighbor policy.

Oscar Johnson, leading Mississippi cotton planter and former official of the AAA, will go to South America to buy surplus cotton from Peru and Brazil. He carries a checkbook of the Commodity Credit corporation, whose funds for domestic and foreign crop purchases amount to $1,000,000,000.

Both Peru and Brazil are suffering severely from loss of foreign markets. Brazil's cotton was sold in Europe, Peru's to Japan. Both Latin American countries wholeheartedly backed the United States at the Rio conference and the United States is returning the favor.

For some time, department of agriculture officials, fearful of outcries from the cotton belt, were timid about buying foreign cotton. They thought they might get away with purchases for a year or so, but South America—but not for imports into the U. S.

But no agriculture officials—John B. Hutson, president of the Commodity Credit, and Sam Bledsoe, aide to Secretary Claude Wickard—recently forced the matter into the open, plus signaturely up to southern governors, that the import policy was the choice for leave.

This worked like a charm. Cotton congressmen have full confidence in Johnson, and they even approved importing some cotton, especially the long staple variety from Peru, which does not directly compete with U. S. cotton.

Meanwhile plans are being made to purchase other Latin American agricultural surpluses, including beef and vegetable oils. But Argentina, which is suffering more than any country, will get no U. S. help while President Castillo remains in office.

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MERRY-GO-ROUND

President Roosevelt has indicated to Democratic district leaders back home he wants no country, that he may take a transcontinental trip to celebrate the end of the war period. Democratic candidates facing tough election battles are eager to have him visit their states. Also the President is a bit tired of the Washington crowd, crazy cards and war problems.

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HOPKINS LOOMS AT SEA

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