

TRUCKS ON THE BACK CONCESSIONS

Evidence submitted to the Chevrolet Commission on truck haulage in Ontario brings to attention the profound changes in the structure of rural economy which the truck has effected during the past short score of years. The carrying of goods by motor vehicles has become an integral necessity to farming districts which used to be considered hopelessly isolated from most markets. Urban communities also in the well-known "back concession" territories have found in the truck the answer to both their export and import problems. Out of some 4,000 communities in Ontario, more than 2,000 are not served by railroads and it is to these that the truck is a particular boon. In an age when transportation is the touchstone of success for any locality, the truck is performing a service of much greater importance for rural areas than most people realize.

In many back-country farming districts and in half the urban communities of the province there is no communication between the truck and the railway for the obvious reason that the railway is not a factor of transportation. There is no railway; but there is a truck. The truck has transformed many of those places, bringing them at one great bound into the course of trade.

Part of the task of the Transportation Commission is to study the relationship between truck and railway haulage. This is in some parts of the province a chore of considerable magnitude. The railways are a prime necessity, but so are the trucks. We have too many railways, but we have also too many trucks. Towns and cities owe much of their importance to railroads, but to an increasing extent they depend on trucks. The two forms of transportation compete in some regards, but they are in many more regards complementary, the trucks supplementing the freight and express trains as an added service to the rapid transmission of goods. Where railroads run, the Commission's task in adjudging the possibilities of co-ordination between train and truck is not easy, but in those wide "back concession" areas where there are no railroads, there is no problem except to ensure that the new prosperity of the farmer and small townsmen be not impaired by shackling legislation imposed upon the truck.—Huntville Forester.

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PEOPLE DO GO TO CHURCH

A familiar comment in these days is that the churches are empty. Such comment could hardly have been written by anyone who has attended a church service, or even arisen early enough on a Sunday morning to pass by a church and observe the crowds. People really are going to church, to all kinds of churches. Even places with uncomfortable seats or dull pastors receive their quota.

Attendance at a church service does not necessarily mean that a church is flourishing in the way it should flourish. It does not necessarily mean that the members of the congregation are experiencing a spiritual fix, that they love their fellow man and that they have committed themselves exclusively to good works. But attendance at a church service does indicate that they are wrong who say that the churches are empty.

And if they are wrong on that point, they may also be wrong in their criticism that this is a shallow age, bereft of spiritual emotion. The continual rebuffs to which faith in these days is subjected does not necessarily mean that there is no faith left. Cruelty and downright badness can walk unhindered over much of the world, but that is no clear proof that nothing remains of virtue. It may only prove that man's intellectual deliberations cannot be entirely depended upon to produce solutions to problems.

People who have found that they can put no trust in the Nine Powers Treaty and who have found that governmental management of business does not avoid stock market crashes are apt to delve deeper for their assurances.—The Printed Word.

GEMS FROM LIFE'S SCRAP BOOK

Work  
"Good thoughts though God accept them, yet toward men are little better than good dreams except they be put in action."  
—Bacon  
"Practice not profession, understanding not belief, gain the ear and right had of omnipotence; and they assuredly call down infinite blessings."  
—Mary Baker Eddy.  
"Be great in act, as you have been in thought. Sult action to the word and the word to the action."  
—Shakespeare.  
"Our worth is determined by the good deeds we do, rather than by the fine emotions we feel."  
—E. L. Magoon.  
"A good action is never lost; it is a treasure laid up and guarded for the doer's need."  
—Calderon.  
"Think that day lost, whose shadow descending sun views from thy hand no noble action done."

DEATH ENDS MILITANT CAREER OF FURUETH

Leader of Seamen Defied All Foes of Labor. Epic Battle for Seafarers' Freedom. Was a Maritime Character. Asked and Accepted Nothing for Himself.

By Budd L. McKillip  
Whiel a ghostly gray fog rolled in from the ocean last Saturday, draping the Atlantic Coast with its somberness, Andrew Furuseth, militant, Viking-faced president of the International Seamen's Union, made the final entry in his log-book and sailed into the unknown sea of eternity. He died as he had lived—without a wife, children, a home, or money, but rich with the memories of a life spent fighting for the rights of labor, particularly seafaring workers. No monument will mark his grave. In accordance with his wishes, his body will be cremated and the ashes strewn on the wind-swept waters of the mid-Atlantic Ocean.

His death, in a Washington nursing home, followed a two-year illness during which he received every attention which could be given him by doctors and nurses furnished by the American Federation of Labor.

"Andy"—he refused to be called "mister," as he often explained, recalled the days of "hell-ships" when called the days if they forgot to use that title when speaking to a "buckmate"—was one of the most intelligent, widely admired, militant and colorful figures in the American labor movement. He had thousands of friends and admirers in every walk of life. The simple funeral services held in Washington on Monday were attended by government officials, labor leaders and Congressmen and governors from land-locked as well as maritime states. Supreme Court Justices Black and Sutherland—two men as far apart as the poles in their economic and social views and Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins headed the long list of honorary pall bearers.

Born of poverty-stricken parents in Norway on March 12, 1854, Andy went to sea when he was 19 years of age, and sailed on Norwegian, Swedish, English, French, German and American ships. Working conditions were terrible. The brutality of many of the officers was even worse.

He suffered the poor food, stowage quarters, long hours of driving toll with other sailors. There were times when, for alleged breaches of discipline, he was tied to a mast and flogged. Seamen who tried to quit their jobs when their ships were in port, were arrested and dragged back to the vessels to suffer more punishment.

These conditions made a vivid impression on the young Norwegian. He dedicated his life to a crusade for freedom, long hours of driving toll, and the treatment of seafarers. He never quit the fight, regardless of the terrific odds against him and the apparent hopelessness of the struggle.

Priety-eight years ago he roamed the waterfront of San Francisco, preaching the necessity of strong labor unionism and intelligent progressive political action to his fellow seamen.

He was a master of words. In spite of the long winters and the long hours at work aboard ship in ports, he had found time to study. Throughout his entire life he never stopped adding to his self-obtained education.

Senator "Young Bob" La Follette, who was one of the speakers at his funeral, said:  
"His interests were as broad as the interests of humanity, but few who had many great scholars, but few who had such a working knowledge of their own freedom. He was one of the greatest men I have known."

"Andy's" waterfront agitation built the seaman's union into a powerful force. Seven years after he began his crusade he was elected secretary of the Pacific Coast seamen's organization. He continued to go to sea from time to time until 1891. In 1908 he became president of the international union.

The heritage of the old Norse warriors ran through his veins. He hated injustice and hurled defiance at anything or anyone who perpetrated it.

In the days when labor injunctions were being used widely to suppress workers' rights, he advocated and practiced defying them. To a San Francisco judge who threatened to send him to jail for contempt of court, Furuseth made this classic reply:  
"You have the power to send me to jail. But you can't make me any more lonely than I have always been. You cannot give me food worse than I and other seamen have always had. You cannot give me sleeping quarters more wretched and cramped than those of the sailors aboard ships. And you cannot make me give up this fight."

In 1893, Furuseth came to Washington and launched his epic battle for a Federal seamen's law. He tramped the halls of Congress, spoke before Senate and House committee hearings, and pleaded with the members in their offices for legislation to change the status of seamen from serfdom to comparative freedom.

One phase of this fight alone lasted 22 years, culminating in the passage of the La Follette Seamen's Act of 1915. This measure, sponsored by the late Senator Robert M. La Follette, drew the bitterest kind of opposition not only from powerful shipowning interests, but from every predatory association of employers in the nation. "Battle Bob" La Follette and Furuseth were on the measure for years, and the Senator finally forced it through Congress—defeating a filibuster when he caught his opponents "napping."

Powerful influences sought to have President Wilson veto the measure, called on the President and convinced him he should sign the measure. The war President routed his secretary, "Joe" Tumulty, out of bed to tell him his interview with Furuseth was "one of the most remarkable experiences of my life." The law made an immediate improvement in seamen's conditions and would have accomplished immeasurably more but no national administration

has ever properly enforced it.

In the last public speech he ever made—at the A. F. of L. convention in 1935—Furuseth vigorously condemned this lack of enforcement of maritime law charging that American ships were "breaking every single law" regarding safety and personnel and that Federal authorities were doing nothing about it. Recent official investigations have fully sustained all he alleged.

Physically, Furuseth presented a striking picture. Tall and gaunt, his wind-beaten face, seared with innumerable wrinkles, attracted attention in any gathering. He always wore a wrinkled, baggy blue suit—such as sailors buy for less than \$10—that lapped around his bony frame and flapped in the wind like a loose sail on a ship.

He had a prominent nose and unregular gray locks. The cast of his head delighted artists and sculptors, but "Andy" was always too busy to pose for them. The only exception he made was for a bust by the sculptor J. D. Davidson. It stands in the rotunda of the Department of Labor Building in Washington. His body lay in state in that same rotunda on the day preceding his funeral.

Furuseth had no hobbies, recreations and few physical comforts aside from study and his work for labor. As an executive of the International Seamen's Union he never accepted more salary than the pay received by a common sailor.

"The only person who can be really independent is one who has nothing and wants nothing for himself," he often told intimate friends who urged him to get more comfortable living quarters than the almost bare room where he slept.

He knew he was going to die and he faced the end with the same courage and fortitude he had shown throughout life. On one of the last occasions when he was conscious, he was visited by a friend who became disturbed when "Andy" spoke of the nearness of death. The old "Viking," too feeble to raise his head, barked out a command:  
"Get back from the table. Open it at the turned down page. Hold it here where I can read it."  
The friend obeyed. And, in a steady voice, "Andy" read:  
"Mourn not the dead, but rather mourn the apathetic throng, the cowed and meek.  
Who see the world's great anguish  
And dare not speak!"

SHE WRECKED THE NEWSPAPER

Among hazardous occupations should be included that of the rural newspaper editor who publishes each week brief resumes of his town's history. There is dynamite in those little summaries variously entitled "Ten Years Ago," "Twenty-Five Years Ago," and "Fifty Years Ago."  
A most careful editor culled his items each week, omitting all that he felt might offend some subscriber. One bit in particular he studied for a long time. It was to run under the head of "Fifty Years Ago," and it told that on this day fifty years ago, Miss Irma Clemens began her studies at the public school. The editor would, of course, not have dared to run such a dangerous piece, but he knew for a fact that Irma had been dead for many years. Further, he knew she had no close relatives still living. In his innocence, the man decided that here was one bit of news that could harm no one. So he ran the piece and it appeared in the paper the following Thursday.

Friday morning he had a caller. She was white-faced with rage.  
"How do you do, Miss Crane," the editor said ingratiatingly, "clearing fourteen exchanges and five mats from a chair. 'Will you sit down?'"  
"I will not sit down," said Miss Matilda Crane. "And what's more, I want to cancel my subscription. The gall of you! Printing that piece about Irma Clemens starting public school fifty years ago! It's libel sir."

"But poor Miss Irma Clemens is dead and gone," returned the editor, wringing his hands. "It can't injure the deceased to give out that she was born more than fifty years ago."  
"Maybe it can't hurt Irma," said the steely-eyed Miss Crane. "But how about the fact that everybody in this town knows I was always just two years older than Irma?"—The Printed Word.

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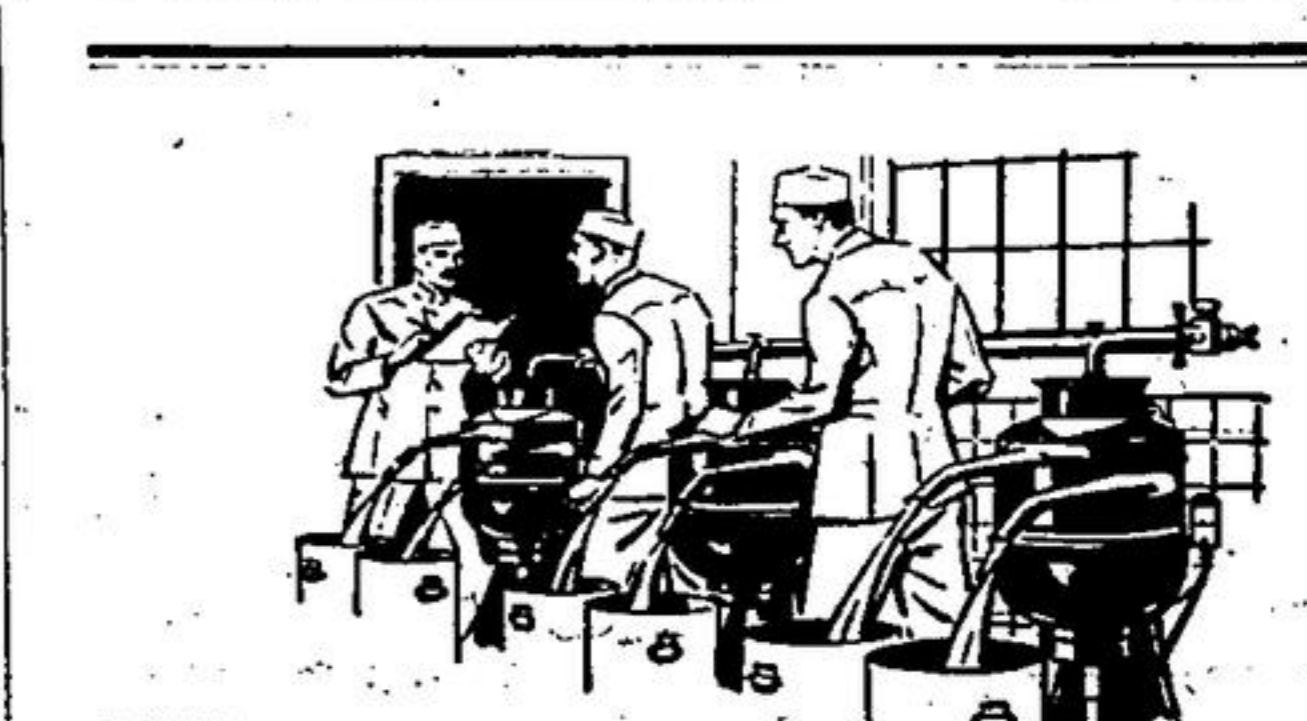
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