



# Goodwin's Weekly

## EDITORIALS

WE are down to brass tacks this morning. This is our last day of grace. It is expected that by sunset this evening we shall have gone over the top in the Third Liberty Loan drive. The goal is in sight and as a people and a state we cannot afford to falter with the race

almost run. If we would be loyal Utahns and genuine Americans we will make a supreme effort today—a final spurt that should carry us well past the mark in record-breaking time. We can do this today if we all put our shoulders to the wheel.

The time has passed to speak of Liberty Bonds as a profitable investment, affording safe and sound security as the main attraction. That argument is a waste of words today. No red-blooded American will longer stop to reckon profits or count the cost of the contribution that the nation expects of him. The call for genuine sacrifice has come and there is no escaping it. It is that spirit, and no other, which must prompt us from now on. The crisis abroad is a challenge to every citizen—it puts him on his mettle. The bonds he buys today and hereafter will represent something finer than a guaranteed investment; they will embody a substantial testimonial to his right to consider himself a true American. There is no middle ground any longer. The Liberty Bonds draw the dead line.

Who has not heard the stirring appeal? Who would still argue the matter further? The question which should concern every American this morning is not whether he should buy a Liberty Bond, but what size. And if he has already bought a bond, then his chief concern should be whether he should not buy another, regardless of the personal sacrifices involved. For surely if the citizen at home buys bonds now until he goes broke, he will not even then have made the sacrifice that millions of his fellow countrymen have made who are marching to the firing line. But there is little need for logic at this juncture. He is indeed a miserable specimen of manhood—a sham as a citizen and a shame to his community and his country—who does not feel the swell of an overwhelming inspiration within him, urging him to shoulder his full share of the sacrifices involved in the stupendous struggle.

All other considerations aside, it behooves every genuine American to take counsel with his conscience. That, after all, must determine his attitude on the bond issue. The day has passed when any citizen can still pinch his pennies and hope to maintain his own self-respect or the high esteem of others. It is war to the bitter end from now on and those who are not fighting must furnish the means. The size of each individual's subscription is the only question worthy of consideration, and in the determination of this, one should not concern himself with what his neighbor has contributed. Rather should he seek a comparison with the most famous Americans of all—the forefathers of the Great Republic—who voluntarily pledged their "lives, fortunes and sacred honor" to the cause which has now fallen to us to carry on. We have yet to prove our right to the wonderful heritage which they handed down to us.

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**DAVID KEITH.**

THE death of David Keith is a distinct loss to this community and to the West. For almost half a century he has been prominently identified with the upbuilding of the vast empire stretching from the Rockies to the Pacific, and his various activities and enterprises were of the kind that strike fire in the imagination of red-blooded men and make for strong minds and stout hearts.

A seafarer in his youth along the north Atlantic coast, he soon harkened to the call of California and journeyed there via Panama.

Then followed a series of stirring experiences and hazardous enterprises in that state and in Nevada during the old Comstock days, and finally he came to Utah to become one of the pioneers of the Park City mining district. Here he found his fortune. His life story runs like a romance but it would be hardly fair to call him a soldier of fortune—he was too steady, too sound at the core, to be so characterized. An adventurer, yes, in search of opportunities always, but he was ever making the most of the opportunities he encountered. When fortune finally smiled on him, unlike the more venturesome of his old associates, he carefully conserved his resources and devoted himself and his means to the upbuilding of his home community.

Simple in manners, firm in friendship, steadfast in his devotion to his community and country, and possessing broad vision, keen judgment and an abundance of common sense, David Keith was a rare man among men, a substantial citizen and a fine type of American. He will be missed by a host of friends and acquaintances here and everywhere, to whom the news of his death came as a distinct shock and sorrow, and the community itself can ill afford to lose at this particular time a citizen of such big calibre and high character.

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### OUR COCKSURE SECRETARY.

WHATEVER else we may think of Mr. Baker, we are inclined to the opinion that he would make an excellent poker player, for come what may, nothing seems to disturb his equilibrium or becloud his pleasant, placid countenance or molest his smug sense of satisfaction in himself and his job. He is back from the front, yet did one not know that he had actually set foot in the fighting zone and witnessed the horrors of war at close range, the natural supposition would be that he had just returned from a pleasure trip. He is simplicity personified—in certain respects.

As was to be expected, the Secretary's report is most reassuring in tone, if not in substance. He would have us believe that all is well along the West Front, and by way of sticking a feather in his own cap, he points with pride to America's participation in the war program to date. He, of course, steered clear of citing specific instances in his public statement and merely contented himself with general observations, thus leaving it to the American people to do their own guessing as they have been obliged to do in the past. Which implies nothing more or less than that the fellows who foot the bills, and the home folks whose hopes and fears and deepest concerns are all centered in the stupendous crisis abroad, are still to be left in the dark, a prey to doubts that they are unable to shake off.

At that, we would rather have Mr. Baker say "all's well" than "all's wrong," for if the time should ever come—heaven forbid!—that he should make such a startling admission, it would surely be time to give up the ghost. But we are free to confess that the Secretary's words, however pleasing they may seem on the surface, do not carry any great amount of assurance to us. He has told us repeatedly in times past that all was well when we found out afterwards that it wasn't. However, we need not speculate further upon our War Secretary's remarkable faculty for painting pretty pictures: General Wood's warning is still fresh in our minds, and it was just the other day that General Haig commanded the Britishers to stand fast and die in their tracks, rather than yield another foot of ground to the on-rushing enemy. Surely it would seem that the crisis has not yet been passed.

It would be interesting to learn just what Mr. Baker actually told the President. We assume, of course, that he found no difficulty in obtaining an audience at the White House. That, if we are reliably informed, was more than General Wood was able to do upon his return from France. It is said that when the distinguished soldier spoke