

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."  
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## The Joy-Killing Debunkers

SOMEbody is always taking the joy out of life, breaking our idols, smashing our traditions, destroying the beautiful illusions we long have cherished.

Now someone is telling us that General Foch never sent that famous dispatch. My left is giving way and my right is retreating. I am attacking with my center. That it was the product of the fertile imagination of some French journalist. General Pershing, upon his arrival in France at the head of the American army, was credited with saying "Lafayette, we are here," as he placed a wreath before the statue of the Frenchman who helped the colonists win their freedom. This laconic message caught our imagination but later we were told that Pershing never uttered those words, that some newspaperman, with a romantic mind, was the author of the story.

Well, of course, whether Foch sent that message or not, the fact remains that he did attack with his center while his left was broken and his right in retreat, and, whether Pershing addressed the spirit of the Lafayette or not, he was instrumental in wiping out the debt America owed to that immortal Frenchman.

Somehow or other, we wish these noisy, prosaic researchers would be less eager to tear down all of the pretty traditions with which we decorate our history. Pretty soon they'll be telling us that Patrick Henry never said, "Give me liberty or give me death," or that Nathan Hale never said on the scaffold, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."—Astoria Budget.

Alas for the Budget editor, his "facts" are somewhat illusory too. Foch for instance did not attack with his center. He pulled his fighting 142nd division off the left front and moved them back of his line to attack the weak junction point of two enemy armies. His center had been forced back along with both his wings.

Now about Patrick Henry, it does seem well authenticated that he concluded his speech before the second revolutionary convention of Virginia, with the famous words: "Give me liberty or give me death." But the widely quoted passage in his speech on resolutions opposing the stamp act is now in question. We quote from Rupert Hughes' Life of George Washington:

"Henry shouted part of that oration which every school boy knows, about Tarquin having his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell, and let George III beware lest—but he did not say the famous line, "If that be treason make the most of it," with so many other noble utterances, tradition was the inventor of this, and it must go by the board in view of the report recently discovered in the National Archives at Paris."

With reference to Nathan Hale, Rupert Hughes remarks that he "had reluctantly consented to risk his life as a spy"; and again: "He is one of the nation's sacred figures now, but his name rested in oblivion until it was rescued in 1799." The only authority for Hale's words at dying which the Budget quotes was his army comrade Hull, who received the report from a British officer who visited the American lines under the flag of truce after Hale's execution and reported the event to Hull.

Hale of course accomplished nothing for the good of the patriot army because he got caught. John Honeyman, a Scotch-Irishman, served as Washington's spy preceding the battle of Trenton and gave valuable information that helped make possible the victory. Hughes says of him:

"A splendid monument glorifies Nathan Hale and his name is a household word in America, though he failed in his short mission; but for John Honeyman, who made the first great victory possible, there is oblivion. Among Washington's other spies was an uncanonically intelligent idiot boy who did invaluable work. He died of starvation and his name perished with him."

There is no mistake about "famous words" now, provided they are anticipated. For shorthand captures the glowing phrase, and the vitaphone records even mistakes of speech as Chief Justice Taft found in administering the oath to Mr. Hoover.

## The Opening of the Senate

WE can just imagine what a dictaphone would have picked up if one had been set going when the ladies' aid society of wives of Washington diplomats discussed the famous case of Mrs. Gann over their teacups and carpet rags. The wives, though defeated and probably discomfited in their placing of Mrs. Gann in the social scale must have proved rather unrelenting. When the senate was called to order by the new vice president last week, Mrs. Gann was there and she had the best seat—but not a single member of the diplomatic corps appeared in the gallery reserved for them. The press report said Mrs. Gann "wore an air of triumph"—also a gown of light blue with a hat in a darker shade, making a very stunning picture. About her were the wives of senators who had declined to make her president of their club; but she had a better seat than any of them.

Another interesting item of news from the opening session of the senate was the swearing in of the new senator from Kansas, Henry J. Allen an old-time political foe of Mr. Curtis. Curtis hated to see Allen appointed as his successor, but he proved a good sport. After Senator Allen had taken the oath and signed his name at the clerk's desk, the vice president advanced to meet him, greeting him with outstretched hand and cordial smile.

"Hold on, Henry," said Curtis. "You're not going to get away without shaking the hand of the vice president." Allen responded in kind. "I knew you wouldn't forget the oath," he said. The one-time feudists shook hands warmly.

So it may be set down that the Kaw war is all over.

## Her Last Assignment

SIX persons were killed at San Diego last Sunday in the collision of an air liner and an army plane. One of the victims was Cecelia Kelley, a reporter on the Phoenix Evening Gazette. With true newspaper instinct she was jotting down notes for her "story" of the flight. In the wreckage of the plane her notes were found—just catchwords that would suggest again the panorama and the sensation of the trip. Here they run:

"Sea gulls white. Gobs. Destroyers. L. A. shops. Other planes. Fleet. Army plane. Stunting. Near Mexico. Lakes. Red particles of earth. Shining big sea. Water. Gold path of afternoon sun. Green smooth place."

The notes end. They are the crude sketch of her story, just as an artist might pencil on paper the rough lines he hoped to translate to enduring canvas. Miss Kelly did not complete her assignment. Death, an unchosen companion, rode at her side and numbed her writing fingers. She herself became the story, not her impressions of a lofty ride with the sea gulls for comrades.

There is a tragic beauty in those last catch-words. They seem almost prophetic. The full thrill of the flight, earth spread out on a vast scale! Then near the "shining big sea," in the "gold path of the afternoon sun," loomed a "green smooth place." Goal of souls of working men as well as fliers, of laborers as well as poets and dreamers and artists, that "green smooth place" where the final landing may be made; may we not fittingly leave Miss Kelley there, her life flight over, her last assignment halted?

## The Human Punching Bag



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## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Crowded out several days—

The following, which is given space with due apologies to an indulgent public:

Under the heading, "About Father Parrish's Hand Ax," directed to the editor of Bits for Breakfast, Mrs. J. L. Parrish, Salem, Oregon, widow of Rev. J. L. Parrish, under date of April 17, sends the following: "There is nothing within the limits of the possible, that would seem too much for me to do, in furnishing facts for Robert J. Hendricks; because he has given more time and intelligent energy to advertising—booting the limitless resources of Oregon, with rare perspicacity and truthfulness, than any other living man I know; also in trying to preserve its traditions and history and that of those who made possible to us the fruits of the laborer. I noticed in The Statesman of yesterday, that Mr. Hendricks was wondering about the hand ax used in hewing the logs of the house built by the M. E. missionaries on the slough of the Willamette river, 10 miles below Salem. I asked Father Parrish one day if he kept his hand ax in the kitchen safe because of some special care he wished to give it. He told me it was the ax that he and his helpers had used in hewing the logs for building the mission house and other buildings used about the place. The other ax is here unless it has been lost in moving. They had no means of transportation except Indian canoes or horseback. Once when they were going in a canoe to work, the hand ax fell into the river and lay on the bottom of it for three years. One day when the water was low and clear, he discovered his hand ax and fished it out. So, he said, it had quite a history. When, I told him, it should be in a safe place; that it should have its history pasted on the blade and put among the other souvenirs of the missionaries in the state house. He agreed

with me. The next time he went to the university, I handed the ax to him and asked him to leave it at the state house, and he did. I said to him that some day the people of Oregon would prize the history of all these little things. Now, after all these 40 years, someone wants to know—several have asked me—about that same thing.

"Mr. Hendricks has been laughed at—called a dreamer because of his incessant, enthusiastic optimism about Oregon's resources and their early development; but the cold facts have justified his judgment and more. And yet, her resources are scarcely touched, much less fully plumbed. It is doubtful whether he will ever be fully repaid for all the good he has actually accomplished, unless fact he experiences from knowing that he has always done his level best by his state and the patrons of his paper."

Please excuse the blushes. The Bits man craves no greater reward than the joy and satisfaction referred to. Nor any higher recompense than the privilege of a long lease of time in active and emeritus labors to continue industrious-

ly to a belated end in the field of his choice and his love in helping the beautiful city and the fruitful surrounding country in every possible way towards their destined great place in this empire state, the gem of the Pacific's grand group.

The Parrish ax, used in constructing the later buildings at the original station on Mission bottom and in building the first residence, saw and grist mill and Indian manual labor school on "hemeketa plain (that became Salem); the school becoming the Oregon Institute and then Willamette university, is not at the state house. It is in charge of the Oregon Historical society in the auditorium in Portland, belonging, however, to the people of Oregon.

Some day, larger quarters, and at the capital, ought to be provided. But there will be adequate space in the new state office building in Salem. It will not be large enough to accommodate all the departments and offices that are scheduled and will demand accommodations there.

The proper place, in the opinion of the Bits man, will be the prospective museum, in a building of monumental size, on the campus of Willamette university, that has long been a dream in the minds of staunch friends of that institution. Some day, it will be built. Who shall say this will not be soon?

Some Day --- Another will manage Your Property!

YOUR real estate, stocks, bonds, mortgages and other assets may be of sound present day value. But you realize that in the turn of industrial and economic conditions, it will be necessary for you to prune and remodel your investment structure from time to time to keep it so.

As long as you live you will anticipate these changes, but when your property passes on to your dependents, it is a matter of grave importance how it will be managed then.

This institution can be of substantial service to your heirs in this connection. It might pay you to spend an hour in our Trust Department and learn how thorough going and systematic a service you can bequeath to your heirs.

United States National Bank

# J.C. PENNEY CO. INC.

160 North Liberty Street

Suggestions from Every Department for Appropriate Gifts on

## Mother's Day Where Is Mother's Pay Envelope?

Don't begrudge her the money she spends on the home! It pays big dividends in contentment!

Mother's hands are busy from morning until night, but there is no pay envelope for her on Saturday, only the satisfaction that she has in providing her family with a pleasant, well-ordered home.

Don't begrudge her the money she spends to make the home attractive. Money so invested pays big dividends in contentment.

A Thrifty Way To Show Your Appreciation

And—by the way—Mother's Day is only around the corner and we should really like to show you the many lovely gift suggestions we have prepared. It's one way—and a very thrifty one—to show your appreciation of her services.



## Umbrellas For Mothers



With one of these attractive umbrellas, mother will look forward to rainy days almost with pleasure!

These are Gloria covered; 16-rib frame, fancy self-color border, and are only—

\$2.98

## Hand Bags Smartly New!



Clever new styles which will add the final note of smartness to your Spring ensemble. Pouches, envelopes and other wanted styles. Genuine goat and shoe leather. Splendid at—

98c To \$2.98

## A Lovely Complexion Results Naturally From the Daily Use of "Jaciel"



Jaciel—a name that means loveliness to countless women... the name of an exquisite line of fine toilet preparations... every need for a complete skin treatment every day... and at home... is included.

- Cold Cream
  - 2 ounce ..... 23c
  - 4 ounce ..... 39c
- Vanishing Cream
  - 2 ounce ..... 23c
  - 4 ounce ..... 39c
- Tissue Cream
  - 2 ounce ..... 23c
  - 4 ounce ..... 39c
- Skin Lotion ..... 29c
- Talcum ..... 19c
- Talcum, glass container ..... 49c
- Face Powder, medium or heavy ..... 39c and 69c
- Single Compact ..... 49c
- Double Compact ..... 98c
- Rouge ..... 49c
- Compact and Rouge Refills ..... 23c
- Perfume ..... 49c and 98c
- Toilet Water ..... 98c
- Cleansing Tissues ..... 25c
- Solid Perfume ..... 49c

## Fancy Stationery A Suggestion for Mother

An attractive gift... and such a useful one! Fine paper and envelopes packed in a fancy box... in some of the boxes, the envelopes are lined. Your choice,

23c and 49c

## Our Silk Stockings Reach Two Thirds of the Way to the Pole

Just figure it out for yourself! Last year we sold over 7,000,000 pairs of Women's Full Fashioned Silk Hose which would measure more than 32,000,000 feet. The distance that Commander Byrd traveled before he reached the Pole was—roughly—over 47,000,000 feet—so our Silk Hose is about two-thirds of the way there.

We didn't count Men's Hose either, or Children's, or perhaps we would have been over half the way back by now!

- All Full Fashioned
  - 444 ..... 98c
  - 445 ..... 98c
  - 447 ..... \$1.49
  - 449 ..... \$1.49
  - 457 ..... \$1.49

