

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Balance of Trade

THE problem of disposing of the surplus of wealth in the average American family presents no problem whatever for usually there isn't any surplus. But considering the United States as one great family, the problem of proper disposition of wealth especially as reflected in international trade is in no wise an easy task.

In 1928, exports exceeded imports to the United States by slightly more than \$1,000,000. At the same time there was due and payable for interest on foreign loans another \$1,000,000. Given that the nations of the world must pay us this sum in money, their bankruptcy was only a matter of time.

In actuality, we spent more abroad than we received and exports of gold were \$392,000,000 above imports.

This was accounted for by the fact that we spent almost \$800,000,000 abroad by our tourist travel, sent back to foreign countries \$217,000,000 more for families of immigrants to the United States and then loaned \$1,483,000,000 abroad for new securities. Only thus was the ledger of international exchange squared away.

With such international dealings constantly increasing, the talk of isolation for the United States is laughable. We have become the creditor nation of the world and our interests are as diverse as our investments.

Tariff enters into the picture in a different light than a decade ago. Then a debtor nation, it was logical that we should seek a favorable balance of trade, using the surplus of exports over imports to retire our debts abroad. Now we propose a still higher tariff to make the balance of exports over imports increase. At the same time we have due and payable vast sums for war indebtedness. Temporarily we have the balance of trade and debts due us, both on the same end of the tee-totter of finance with our foreign loans temporarily holding down the other end. It will be even more complex international finance when our investments abroad in industries cause a certain group to demand free trade to permit a market for the development of these American financed industries. It must not be forgotten that England, the imperial nation and long the creditor country of the world, found free trade long advantageous. There are new aspects to the present-day problem never dreamed of by Mark Hanna and men of the full dinner pail.

On Birth Control

THE Catholic conventions just closed in Salem, have resolved against and deplored the increasing practice of birth control, a practice deemed by that organization to be contrary both to the laws of God and the welfare of man. Without desiring to offend the conscience of people who earnestly advocate this view, we nevertheless see much truth in the growing belief that birth control is meritorious and information concerning it should not have the rigid ban enforced by federal government statute.

Medical science has demonstrated time and time again that in many instances birth control is not only advisable but imperative. Unfortunately, out-born inhibitions concerning information about birth-control confines its practice to families of education and a fair degree of worldly comfort. The poorer classes, needing such information, are deprived by religious and governmental decree, from its possession.

To argue that a thing exists and therefore is right is specious but birth-control has developed, because of physical exigencies which necessitated it. Its practice is increasing and the religionist who opposes it would find many of the silent members of his constituency its advocates.

Like all social practices whose rightness or wrongness is dependent on religious sanction, birth control is a subject which cannot be dealt with as a matter of pure reason; the opposition is deep rooted in supposedly sacred tradition. Yet the arguments for birth-control, wisely practiced, are rooted in sane social practice and can it be fairly asserted that an improved condition among human beings is contrary to the wishes of God?

Tie a String to Public Gifts

THE present plight of the city of Astoria as regards 13 acres of land it unwittingly deeded to the Northwestern Pulp and Paper company illustrates how far a too-anxious municipality can go to attract industry. Eager beyond bound to attract this enterprise whose name now leaves a bad taste in the mouths of hundreds of stockholders who will realize nothing but promises from their speculation, the city government made an out and out deed of the waterfront property to the corporation.

Now that the corporation has been exposed as a failure the chamber is asking the council to get its land back. Under the terms of the deed, the corporation has absolute title to the property and can tell the council to suck its thumb. The county court made a similar bobble when it remitted \$1570 in taxes on nearby property.

A loophole in the title may rest in the fact that the money appropriated by the council to purchase the ill-fated 13 acres was taken from civic center funds. To use these to purchase the land appears to have been illegal.

Industries are a fine thing for a city but speculative enterprises, poorly backed, leave bad memories. Astoria will be more careful in the future about hurrying its gifts to free enterprises and her experience will teach other cities to be wise enough to tie a string to her wedding presents—making sure that they can be reclaimed if the bridegroom fails to show up.

A Foolish Proposal

THE most foolish editorial written on the adventures of Arthur Schreiber of Portland, Maine, stowaway on "The Yellow Bird," prescribes that laws be passed to make "stowing away" a felony with appropriate punishment provided. This editor is one of the school who would practice the theory that the way to solve every situation is to pass a law regulating it. Unfortunately such counsel has too often prevailed with the result that our statute books are littered with case and class legislation, affecting isolated situations which rarely occur or if so, are not properly the subject of state law.

A law against "stowing away" would not keep Arthur Schreiber out of airplanes or lack of a law would not encourage his adventure more. Simplification of law cannot come about by cumbering the books with every freak whim occasioned by unusual actions against society. The duty of a legislator is as much to restrict the number of laws as to add to them.

Interviewing the Expert



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

His work goes on—

The labor of love to which Ezra Meeker gave the last 20 years of his eventful life, passing the great divide as he approached his 98th birthday, December 23, 1928, will be continued by those to whom he committed it.

"I am not ready to go; my work is unfinished." These words, whispered to his daughter, were the last that Ezra Meeker uttered. There are now being developed large plans to honor the pioneers.

"Whose stern, impassioned stress a thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness," As Katherine Lee Bates wrote in composing "America the Beautiful," after a journey in which she saw some of the grand scenery of her country, and visioned even more than she saw, and threw the torch of life from her faltering hands to her successors not far from the date of Meeker's passing over the long trail.

The Oregon Trail Memorial association, founded by Ezra Meeker, is still carrying on, with offices at 95 Madison avenue, New York City. Professor Howard Roscoe Driggs of New York university is president. A late circular of that association says: "Fully \$50,000 Americans took these trails during the days of the covered wagon—from 1836 when Marcus Whitman and his wife first made their way to Oregon, to 1869, when the golden spike linking the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific was driven at Promontory Point at the north end of the Great Salt Lake in Utah."

"We are brought a little closer to the tragic cost of it all when we realize that fully 20,000 lost their lives in the effort to reach the Golden West," writes President Driggs. "They had no means of marking the graves of the dead in those prairie stretches. Only one grave of all the 20,000, so far as we know, is surely marked. I refer here to the grave of the pioneer mother near Scott's Bluff, Nebraska. When Rebecca Winters passed away, one of the company had the forethought to pick up an old wagon tire that lay alone the trail. Bending it into an oval he set the tire within the grave. On the top of the tire was chiseled the mother's name and age. A party of surveyors, laying out a railroad along the old North Platte happened by mere chance to run their line over the mother's grave. Then the surveyors, with a touch of sympathy that is beautiful to think upon, went back for 20 miles and changed the line of survey that it might miss the mother's grave."

Part of the lettering on the monument erected over that known grave of a pioneer reads: "In memory of Rebecca Burdick, wife of Hiram Winters. She died a faithful Latter Day Saint, Aug. 15, 1852, aged 50 years, while making that memorable journey across the plains with her people to find a new home in the far distant Salt Lake valley. She gave her life for her faith; her reward will be according to her works. This monument was erected in 1902, her centennial year, by her numerous descendants in Utah."

As mentioned heretofore in this column, the Kiwanis club of Bend, Oregon, has undertaken the task of erecting a monument to the unknown pioneer. A woman was buried under a gnarled juniper tree on the desert near Bend, probably of the immigration of 1847. Her name was carved on a tree, together with the dates of her birth and death. But the growth of the tree obliterated the name and date of death, and all

else save the fact that a pioneer woman was buried there, almost within sight of the promised land to which she was bound, with her people. If such markers were set up along the Old Oregon Trail, telling of all who perished, they would extend the whole way across and the wayfarers of the present would need no other guide posts; for they would average 10 to every mile of the way.

By the way, there are known to be only two living survivors of the immigration of 1847, that doubled the population of Oregon. They are Byron Grimm of Hubbard and Cal Geer of Burns. Byron was only a year old when his people came with the wagon trains of that year, and Cal was about eight years old. This puts Mr. Geer in the early nineties, while Mr. Grimm carries the weight of about 83 years on his shoulders—but he bears the burden like a youngster; erect and active and resilient as of yore. He would pass muster in a crowd of 60 or 70 year old men, and bear away the palm without special notice because of any physical failing. He still lives near the ancestral donation claim that was taken by his father west of Hubbard; though the address is on one of the Aurora rural routes.

The Geers who came in the 1847 immigration became a numerous and prominent family in Oregon, producing many men connected with commercial and official life. They contributed Governor T. T. Geer, who wrested the crown of victory at the famous Astoria republican convention, and broke the boss system in Oregon politics. That is, the old boss system that was so long damned. What was substituted we all know. It has held the center of the stage and still holds it. But it is easy to get up an argument with any old timer as to whether the present system, with every man his own candidate, brings out the average better men or gives better systems of government.

Reverting to the work of the society that Ezra Meeker founded. It is gathering data for the location of future monuments and markers. Meeker himself succeeded in having about 100 monuments and markers placed. It proposes to have celebrations held in 1930 marking the 100th birthday of Ezra Meeker, all along the old trail, with many local branch societies established to promote the sentiment behind the big movement. The society has its work cut out for a long campaign. It will take a large part of another 100 years, if not much longer to finish it.

They Say ...

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, Though This Need Not be Printed.

Salem, July 10.

Dear Editor—Will you please publish the following statistics: Our forests are getting dry and history is liable to repeat itself if we are not careful. One cigarette stub in 1921 cost Washington, D. C., over \$2,000,000. The fire losses due to carelessness of smokers in throwing down lighted stubs, or matches used in lighting up for smokers, made a total of \$25,992,000 in 1921. The careless person is a dangerous person. A large portion of the city of Baltimore was destroyed by a fire a number of years ago, leaving many families without homes or household goods. The

loss was \$50,000,000.

A cigarette stub thrown into rubbish started the conflagration. One of the greatest fires in all Europe broke out in Constantinople on May 31, 1918, starting from a cigarette stub. More than 2,000,000 were left homeless.

In the year 1918 the forest fire loss in the United States was \$28,500,000, and the acreage thus destroyed was 8,400,000. A large part of this was due to careless smokers. Cigarettes are more dangerous than cigars or pipes.

Two boys near Preston, California, endeavoring to light a cigarette, started a fire that swept over six thousand acres of grass and brush land before it could be checked. To stop it, it required the work of six hundred men for two days.

So it is. The forest fires in California in 1924 started by smokers, destroyed about 170,000 acres of timber land, with a total loss of \$1,700,000, not counting the cost of fighting the fires, estimated at \$440,000 additional. Forest fires in Oregon, according to government reports, from 1924 to 1927 inclusive, were 160. Sixty of this number are called man fires. Eighteen were caused by smokers, and 42 by camp fires. The cost is not given, but it costs the government a lot of money to protect the timber against careless smokers.

Between the years from 1922 to 1924 inclusive, \$3,650,000,000 was spent for cigarettes alone.

Fires started by careless smokers during the same time in halls, lodging houses, schools, shops, factories, forest fires, grain fields, etc., besides a host of lives that were lost during the above fires, is estimated at \$143,475,500, which makes a grand total of \$3,793,475,500. The above facts being true, the reason is ETA the wall. The cigarette must go into oblivion where it belongs.

Respectfully,
E. F. ATCHLEY,
Field Representative of the Anti-Cigarette League of Oregon.

Editors Say:

WE ARE SADDENED

No recent event has saddened this community generally as the drowning last night of A. E. Gronewald, Wasco county school superintendent, and his son, Joseph.

The circumstances were particularly tragic, for with one gesture the swift waters of the Deschutes river took two members of a local family, near the close of an otherwise successful afternoon's outing.

First the boy slipped from a rock and fell into the fast water. He cried for help and the father, thinking only of his son, plunged into the current, clothing and all, in a futile attempt at rescue.

The father reached his boy but, strong swimmer though he was, could not make his way back to the bank. Both sank together, after a desperate struggle that extended for nearly 100 yards downstream.

If Mr. Gronewald had stopped to remove part of his clothing he might have completed the rescue. In the few seconds this action would have required, however, the boy might have drowned or been carried so far out into the current that the father could not have reached him. In that event, life would have been insufferable to Mr. Gronewald, for he always would have felt that he might have saved his boy, had he not delayed.

Mr. Gronewald died like the brave, outstanding sportsman and gentleman that he was. When the great emergency arose he faced it without fear. Even had he known that death for himself was certain, Mr. Gronewald still would have plunged in, and gone to eternally with the small son who was appealing so piteously for rescue. For such was the caliber of his manhood.

It is the irony of fate that Mr. Gronewald should have lost his life in the river he loved so well. He was an ardent fisherman, and he knew every riffle and pool along the lower reaches of the Deschutes. Where other fishermen would return and report no luck, Mr. Gronewald's basket would always contain trout. As if knowing that some day it would claim him as its sacrifice on the altar of sport, the Deschutes always yielded him its choicest residents.

The entire community extends the most heart-felt sympathy to Mrs. Gronewald and others of the family, in their tragic bereavement. Theirs is grief too poignant for expression. The only crumb of comfort is that Mr. Gronewald died like a hero—and a real man.—The Dalles Chronicle.

CLOTHING FOR WOMEN

Simplified clothing for men as well as for women is heralded in the announcement of a one-piece garment for male wear. The blouse end of the new covering will be open at the throat, and no necktie will be required. A vital blow will thus be struck at father's day observance.

At the lower end, the general idea of trousers will be followed, with a vast amount of room for the free circulation of air. But there will be sockets to prevent any hiatus which might otherwise be noted between shoe and trouser cuff.

The development is an interesting one. It is part wisdom and part folly. To some it may seem a long step toward the emancipation of the clothes-ridden male. To others it will appear that the progress made is slight indeed.

To those of the first-mentioned class the new garment will be untrammelled freedom, but to those of the second class there will be a feeling that something has been denied them, that they should, perhaps, be given the right to parade their patellar attractions, to substitute skin for sox, and to give a waiting world a generous glimpse of shinbone and scapula.

—Bend Bulletin.

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED

A homely bit of philosophy that never gets quite threadbare is that one door never closes but another opens. Please get that. It helps sometimes when the way seems rough and nothing seems exactly right. One door never closes but another opens.

And so it appeared when we closed the door on the daily issue. It took toll of our courage. No one likes to slow down in a race. We were putting out a good paper and smiling through, but the odds were against us. We met a difficult situation as graciously as we knew how, and behold here comes advertising we had long been hoping for. The boycott was off.

The business men had caught somewhere the vision of Marshall's future. It must have loomed big enough to swallow all contentions and allow for all differences. It began there and then a new dispensation for Coos Bay. All of which opens the door to better understanding between newspapers here, between merchants here, between factions and their following. Nature's setting is too overwhelmingly perfect to be spoiled by rude behavior. It ought to be that all of us are at least on speaking terms. And if in any measure we have accomplished that our coming to Marshall has not been entirely a mistake.—Southwest Oregon News—(Marshall).

The action being taken against

the practice of speeding on our local beaches, particularly in those spots where children are wont to play is a commendable movement. The autist who uses this playground as a speedway is guilty of an exceedingly selfish and incautious act. In a five or ten mile run on our beaches, the difference in time made between driving at a same rate of 50 to 70 miles an hour is only a matter of a few minutes. Too small a matter to weigh in the balance with the life of a child.—Morning Astorian.

If you have any perplexing problem about state affairs, just put it up to the Minute Men of Portland.

This organization receives more publicity than any society that has been born in Oregon for a generation. The Minute Men in Portland constitute a joke, a political joke.—Klamath Falls Herald.

The Democrat-Herald isn't getting as many two-page advertisements this summer as some of its contemporaries in other cities but at least none of ours read "Store Falls, Must Sacrifice Stock," etc., etc.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

When you leave for your vacation have the Statesman mailed to you. Phone 500.

GREAT NORTHERN TO BUY LINE IS RUMOR

SAN FRANCISCO, July 17.—(AP)—Persistent reports that the Great Northern railway is negotiating for purchase of the eight mile line of the Yreka Railroad company were given strength tonight with the announcement that W. P. Kenney of St. Paul, vice-president of the Great Northern, would be in San Francisco tomorrow.

At least two officials of the Yreka railroad, including J. W. Suffecool, chairman of the board and treasurer, were said to be in San Francisco tonight but up to a late hour had not been located.

The Yreka Railroad company maintains service by motor coaches and trains between Yreka and Montague by way of Flocks, it connects at Montague with the Southern Pacific lines.

BLISTER RUST FOUND

SPOKANE, Wash., July 17.—(AP)—Blister rust, the scourge of the lumber industry, has been discovered on Idaho white pine trees today.



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AT SUMMER EXCURSION FARES



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San Francisco, Los Angeles, the Southwest, San Antonio, New Orleans, then by boat to New York or continue thru the old South by rail to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York or midwest destinations.

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OVERLAND CIRCLE \$62.15

San Francisco, Lake Tahoe, across Great Salt Lake by rail, Ogden, Salt Lake City. For a small additional fare you may return thru Yellowstone or continue to Denver and the Rocky Mountain playground.

City Ticket Office—184 N. Liberty, Phone 30
Passenger Station—13th and Oak St., Phone 41