

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Floating "Ivory Soap"

ONE of the last and largest of the close corporations of the country is to be thrown open for public ownership. Procter and Gamble, maker of Ivory Soap, is reorganizing its financial structure, has sold a big block of shares to J. P. Morgan & Co., and will list the stock on the New York exchange. Bearing in mind the well-advertised quality of its product, there can be no doubt that the shares will easily "float."

With the Ivory issue, Morgan should make a quick "cleanup." Joking aside, the opening up of the concern to public participation in its ownership is significant of the trend that has taken place rapidly in recent years. Industries were formerly individual or family affairs. One man could build up a vast industrial enterprise and retain most of the stock himself. His family might carry on after him and keep the family name active in the business. But business expands so rapidly if it is successful nowadays that it is almost impossible for the individual to retain complete ownership. The call for capital is so insistent that the proprietor must divide his ownership through issue of bonds or shares. This calls for selling to the broad public which after all is the real owner of industry at the present time.

The Ford Motor company is the last big industry entirely owned within one family. Rockefeller long ago threw the Standard Oil companies over for public ownership. Armour and company is no longer a one-family organization; the same with Colgate's and many other big industries.

This is what Prof. Carver has called the "industrial revolution" of the twentieth century. This scattering of shares of stock among millions has resulted in public ownership of a type greatly different from the dream of the socialist. The new organization has its problems chiefly through the lack of a sense of responsibility among stockholders; but it does distribute the gains of industrial enterprise among a vast multitude, instead of concentrating them in the hands of a very few.

The great reservoir of capital is now the savings of the multitude; that accounts in large measure for the increased interest in and business of the various stock exchanges over the country.

Believe It or Not

"HOOVER and Smoot week-end fishing" says a Monday morning headline. As for Hoover we readily accept the statement, for the president is an old-time fisherman. Did he not pass his boyhood in Oregon where he learned to cast his fly for the nimble trout? Has he not on occasion visited the Rogue far-famed for its fishing? But Senator Smoot fishing—that seems incredible.

How could this hard-working, statistics-absorbing solon get satisfaction out of fishing? Before the senator from Utah could bait a hook he would want full data including statistics on the size of the stream, the rate of flow of water, the depth of the channel, the maximum and minimum catch of fish for a generation or two, the varieties of fish, how many eggs the female lays, how much the government pays out to propagate the fish, interest on the investment, etc.

It is impossible to believe that Senator Smoot can throw off his professional demeanor long enough to spend a few hours at fishing. Who can picture him spitting on the bait or wading into the stream, or even snoozing on the bank with his pole between his legs? President Coolidge might wear chaps and a ten gallon hat in the Black Hills, but our only picture of the Utah senator is a man laying down a barrage of figures on a sleepy senate and a half-filled gallery.

The news story belied the headline, for while much was said of Smoot's visit with the president in his Virginia camp, nothing was said about any catch. The senator, having perfected his trombone tariff scheme for the sugar rates, was trying it out on the president. Catching him in holiday mood, as it were, perchance the industrious Smoot hoped to gain executive approval of his sliding tariff plan. That, of course, is entirely credible; but we shall refuse to believe that Smoot was fishing with the president; instead he was fishing for him.

Wages of English Office-holders

LABOR party members of parliament and of the British cabinet are finding serving the country quite an expensive undertaking for them. It used to be that members of the house of commons got no salary at all. Then a salary of \$2000 was fixed so that men without incomes might not be effectually barred from service in the house. That of course is wholly inadequate now and the labor members have a hard time making ends meet.

Even the prime minister and the chancellor of the exchequer get only \$25,000 a year each and these salaries are barely enough to maintain the official residences on Downing street. Cabinet members have been getting about \$10,000 a year which is small compared with the \$15,000 a year paid members of the cabinet in this country.

So the office holders of the Labor party are hard put to devise ways and means of just living on the salaries which they get for the positions which they have to maintain. Perhaps they will have to imitate the Oregon legislators and vote themselves extra expense money. If they did they would get it for courts in England do not declare laws unconstitutional.

Edison Not to Retire

THOMAS EDISON takes honors as philosopher as well as scientist when he states "I shall not retire." For retirement to a man who has labored so long and so constructively in worthy interests, would mean oblivion. A mind geared to intensive effort cannot stop to be content with golf and solitaire and a trip to Europe. There's work to do yet, so up early and at it, says the Wizard.

Perhaps to Mr. Edison, when life was young, like to many another lad, a life of work seemed a sorry outlook. Day after day of toil was a prospect uninviting. But Edison soon learned as scientist, philosopher that work brought pleasure and made life livable.

Of riches, we judge, Mr. Edison has sufficient; of honor, no more than his due, but a high veneration by his fellow citizens. Yet he shall not retire. On, not so hard, not so harassed, but on, goes Edison.

Eugene having successfully carried off its beard marathon, Longview is out to advertise its "rollo" and dressing its merchants and lawyers as loggers. When Salem holds its Jason Lee celebration will we all have to carry hymn-books as we go to work?

Now the "ideal couple" of the Manhattan opera has separated. Evidently the "set up and sing something" plan failed after a time to hold the affections of the husband.

The Wood Chopper



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The oldest brick house—

In Oregon is still standing, within 12 miles of Salem, and the oldest frame house in the state is the one at 960 Broadway, built in 1840 by Jason Lee.

The oldest brick house was built by George Gay, and it is about three miles from the west landing of the Wheatland ferry, and about a mile west of the public road that leads down the river on the west side from Salem. The walls of this old house are still standing, though not in good repair. It is the duty of some organization representing the pioneers to put it in order, and keep it that way. The cost would not be great.

J. W. Smith wrote a sketch of the career of George Gay, after his death in the old house on October 7th, 1882, aged 72 years. He said among other things: "Mr. Gay's early life was full of adventure. He was born near Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, England, August 15, 1810. At the age of 11 he went to sea as an apprentice, and served for four years. After following the sea for 11 years and making voyages to different parts of the world in 1832 he shipped on board of the whaler Kitty, of London, for a cruise in the Pacific ocean, and the next year left the ship at Monterey, California, and joined Edwin Young in a trapping expedition along the coast to the mouth of Rogue river. In 1835 he started overland from California with a small party under the leadership of John Turner—one of the three survivors of Jedediah Smith's party of 18 men who were murdered by the Indians near the mouth of the Umpqua in July 1833. The other members of the party were Dr. Bailey, John Woodworth, Saunders, 'Big Tom' (an Irishman), and another man, whose name is forgotten, and a squaw belonging to Turner.

"The party had 47 head of good horses and a complete outfit for trapping. About the middle of June, 1835, the party encamped for the night near a place known as 'The Point of Rocks,' on the south bank of Rogue river. Early the next morning the Indians commenced dropping into camp, a few at a time. Gay was on guard and not liking the appearance of the Indians, awoke Turner, who was the leader of the party, and the latter conversed with the Indians through his squaw, who spoke Chinook. Turner concluded that there was no harm to be apprehended from their dusky visitors, and, forgetting the fearful massacre which he so narrowly escaped with Smith's party seven years before near the Umpqua, the party became careless. In the meantime, some four or five hundred Indians had assembled in and about the camp of the little party, and at a signal furiously attacked the white men with clubs, bows and arrows and knives. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the Indians obtained three of the eight guns which Turner and his party were armed. The struggle of the trappers for life was desperate and against fearful odds. The eight men seized whatever they could lay their hands on for defense. Some of them discharged their rifles in the bosom of their assailants and then clubbed their guns and laid about them with the barrels. Turner, who was a herculean Kentucky giant, not being able to reach his rifle, seized a big fir limb from the camp fire and laid about him lustily, knocking his assailants right and left. At one time the savages had Gay down and were pounding him, but they were crowded so thick as to impede the

force of their blows. Old Turner, seeing Gay's peril, made a few vigorous blows with his limb and released him, and the latter, springing to his feet, dealt fearful cuts, thrusts, slashes and stabs with his long sharp sheath-knife upon the naked bodies of the dusky crowd. The other men, following Turner's and Gay's example, fought with the energy of despair and drove the Indians from their camp. Dan Miller and another trapper were killed upon the spot while the six survivors of the melee were all more or less seriously wounded. While the fight was going on, the squaws drove off all the baggage and camp equipment, together with three rifles. Three of the remaining guns were rendered useless by having their stocks broken off in the clubbing process. The six badly wounded survivors took to the brush and kept the Indians at bay with their two remaining rifles. By traveling in the night time and hiding in the brush in the day time, they managed to elude the Indians, but suffered terribly from their wounds and for want of provisions and clothing. Dr. Bailey had received a fearful wound from a tomahawk, which split his lower jaw from the point of the chin to the throat. From lack of proper treatment, the parts never properly united, and many old pioneers will recollect the unsightly scar that disfigured his face for life. Saunders' wounds disabled him from traveling, and he was left on the South Umpqua, and 'Big Tom' was left on the North Umpqua.

The Indians subsequently reported to Dr. McLoughlin that both men had died from their wounds where they were left. Turner, Gay, Woodworth and Dr. Bailey, after reaching the head of the Willamette, differed about the route. Turner mistook the Willamette for the Columbia. Gay, in his sea voyages, had seen a map or chart showing that the Columbia ran west, and determined to strike due north in search of the great river, upon the banks of which he expected to find Hudson's Bay company trappers and traders. Turner, Bailey and Woodworth followed down the Willamette river until, in a famishing condition, they struck the Methodist mission below Salem. Gay kept along the foothills on the west side of the valley and crossed the Rickreall about where Dallas now stands, and crossed the Yamhill river at the falls near Lafayette, passing along on the west side of Wapato lake, and crossing the Tualatin plains, reached Wye's trading post on Scavie's island some time in August. Before separating from his companions, Gay had cut up his buckskin breeches to make moccasins for the party and made most of the journey in a naked condition with the exception of the tattered remnants of an old shirt. The mosquitoes nearly devoured him in the Columbia bottoms. This perilous trip of nearly 500 miles was made nearly 50 years ago, and was a terrible test of the endurance of a naked, wounded starving man. In 1836, Gay returned to California with Slocum and a band of Spanish-speaking Indians. While returning on this trip he received a fearful wound from an Indian's arrow in the Siskiyou mountains and carried the stone arrowhead embedded in his flesh for five years. When the writer made the acquaintance of Gay, 40 years ago, he was a handsome, athletic man, of a powerful physical organization combined with great activity, being as fine a horseman as ever bedrode a steed and as expert a vaquero as ever swung a lasso. Along in the early forties he was the wealthiest man in Oregon outside of the Hudson's Bay company, his herds of horses and

cattle roaming over what is now the southern end of Yamhill and the northern end of Polk counties.

"In 1834 he built the first brick house in Oregon. He entertained Commodore Wilkes and his officers, and subsequently the officers of the American men-of-war Peacock and the Shark, and the officers of all the British men-of-war that visited the Columbia in early days. His house was a general resort of travelers and emigrants in early days. He dispensed a rude but unbounded hospitality, to which all comers were welcome. I have known him to slaughter a bullock for the breakfast of his guests, the remnants of which were eaten for supper. Gay was kind and gentle in his deportment, but always retained a dash of rollicking bon homie which more or less pertains to the sailor, the trapper and mountaineer.

"His property gradually slipped through his hands. The wily arts and tricks pertaining to a higher civilization were too much for his unsophisticated nature, and like many old, generous and hospitable pioneers, he died poor. The old Kentucky giant, John Turner, so well known for his herculean strength, good nature, quaint oddities and dauntless courage, from 1823 to 1847, was killed in the latter year in California by the accidental discharge of his own rifle. Dr. Bailey was a well educated English physician and surgeon, and was for many years the principal doctor in the Willamette valley. He died a few years since near Champego, George Gay was the last survivor of the little party of pioneers that marked their trail to Oregon with their blood and sweat and under so many difficulties nearly half a century ago."

There is more to say, in a future issue, about the members of that party and the historic house that still stands, and should be put in condition to stand throughout the years of the future as a memorial of the days of old Oregon.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

August 6, 1904

Some fast time is being made at the Lone Oak track, with the track record this year being lowered yesterday by Francisco, the big bay gelding owned by Martin Lynch of Walla Walla.

"Agriculture in Oregon" is the title of a booklet being printed at the state printing plant for distribution at the world fair at St. Louis.

Mrs. A. J. Anders of this city owns a cherry wood bureau, the age of which is positively known to be 200 years. Time has enriched the cherry color and emphasized the grain of the wood, so that it is a valuable relic of the past.

There is plenty of reason to believe the apple crop will be up to standard this year.

666

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CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Editors Say:

WE'RE TOO USED TO IT

Living continuously in this favored Willamette Valley isn't good for people; it makes them selfish and unappreciative of their blessings. Casual reading of items in the papers discloses wonders which somehow make no impression on us—because we are used to them. Listen: The Court House employees held their big annual picnic at Woodland Park; the postal employees put on a big blow-out at Hazel Green; the carpenters great social affair was held at Hager's grove; and so on down through the long list of attractive places which surround Salem in every direction. Beautiful picnic grounds everywhere.

Practically the whole population picnics at least once a week. Do we appreciate it? Naw, we don't. We take it for granted just because we are used to it. Folks are ungrateful critters at best. If a just dispensation of providence would move each of us back to the comparatively barren acres where most of us came from, for about one week out of every month, we might renew the thrill of our first coming and cease to accept the superlative delights of Oregon with such a lackadaisical bored air. The expression "Can't stand prosperity" applies to mental and physical as well as financial conditions. Most people in Oregon are too blase to appreciate the things that have too much fun for their own good. It makes them cynical and mean. They ought to be compelled to spend another summer forty miles from a tree and another winter wading in snow hip deep to renew their better human qualities. The thrill of Oregon remains with them for about two years after their arrival, and then the preponderant sourness of the mental and financial atmosphere gets into their systems and they become as grumpy and tactless as an original Oregonian. It isn't exactly their fault, but still they ought to be able to do something about it. —Hollywood Press.

THE PERIL OF IGNORANCE

The superstitions that were born during the race's infancy die hard. Just as we had nicely forgotten the Pennsylvania "hex" murder, another ode pops up—this time in Kalamazoo, Mich.

The bare outline of the story is almost unbelievable. A middle-aged married couple are the culprits. Quite calmly, as if he were telling some tale which any reasonable man ought to understand, the man explained how it was that he and his wife had killed a 76-year-old widow who lived in a home for aged people.

"It had to be done," he said. "She could kill anyone with a look. She could give you any kind of disease with her evil eye. Why, she has killed more than a hundred people."

Michigan ranks as one of our most "forward" states. Kalamazoo is widely known as a cultured, "homey" city. It is not filled with immigrants, nor does it have wretched slums and gloomy tenement neighborhoods. It is precisely the sort of place you would name if you were asked to pick out a town that could represent the middle-sized American city at its best.

Yet, in a town like this there are, apparently, people whose minds are no more enlightened than the minds of superstitious peasants in the middle ages; people who believe in the evil eye, in spells and incantations, in ghostly and sinister powers that lurk in the air ready to bring death and destruction to honest folk.

That, of course, means that there are such people in all our cities and towns. No place of any size is free of them. Demonism and sorcery are not yet subjects solely for the antiquarian.

And all of this exists side by side with advances in technical and scientific knowledge that sometimes persuades us that the race is almost ready to move on to the great heritage which all its gifted dreamers have foreseen!

Our development is too uneven. We are moving with amazing speed, on the surface; but underneath we hardly seem to be moving at all. Somehow we must find a way to equalize things—or we shall stumble into a dreadful mess.

The mass of people has always been superstitious and blind, but it has never particularly mattered before. But this modern age demands modern minds. How can a man who believes in witchcraft and sorcery make his way among wireless telephony, X-ray cameras and television cabinets? He simply can't handle himself. It is like letting a child play with matches in a powder mill.

A democracy needs a high standard of universal education to function well. A mechanized democracy, like ours, needs it ten times as much. The mere existence of ignorant superstition means that a deep abyss is gaping beneath our entire social structure. —Klamath Falls Herald.

ATROCITIES AND ATROCITIES

It remained for a Seattle newspaper adequately to pay tribute to Lieut. Bromley and his ill-starred attempt to fly to the Orient. If such an event required "fine" writing surely that is what was called for to it. Take this for instance:

"Its spinning propeller tugged with the pull of five hundred horses, like a giant egg-beater, emulsifying the golden light of morning with night's departing gloom." There's poetry for you! Eloquence! Imagination! Picture the giant egg-beater at work, stirring up the atmosphere into a nice omelet consistency, giving it the appearance of the cake that mother used to make, long before it was ready for the oven. It is little wonder that the airship with its egg-beater propeller couldn't make much headway through this "emulsified" atmosphere. Now that "emulsified" is rather an unfortunate word; speaking technically the writer probably meant "emulsifying," but that word and its allied noun are too closely associated with a tonic popular for and not with children and stirs too many distasteful recollections to be entirely pleasing. It spoils a picture that otherwise would be soul-inspiring and rather appetizing. But to go on. Here's this:

"Dawn's glowing fingers reached across Mount Rainier, glinted on the glaciers, stabbed ten thousand watchers in the face and fell upon the starting field in long, gargantuan shadows, pointing to the flier's distant goal where each day's sun is born."

We don't know whether the par-

ticular sun being described rises in the west, whither the flier was bound, or to the east, but that is merely a matter of choice, so let that go. And we wonder what Tacoma will say of "Mount Rainier." But what we really are interested in are Dawn's fingers. For they were glowing—freshly manikured, evidently—and they glinted, which is a wonderful thing for fingers to do. And they stabbed—poked ten thousand people in the eyes—rather a mean trick. Finally they fell, and instead of glinting and glowing, they somehow became transformed into long shadows. But no wonder. After glowing and glinting and stabbing they should have been tired and ready to fall on the flying field or anywhere else, and even to become shadows if they wanted to. Busy little fingers!

All the perils, apparently, do not fall to the lot of daring aviators who attempt long flight. Is it too much to say that we also have our difficulties? We also suffer who only stand and wait. —Everett Herald.

Manager Put off Baseball Diamond

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 5.—(AP)—Manager Bill McKechnie of the St. Louis Cardinals was ordered off the field in the second inning of today's game with Boston when he protested because Catcher Jimmy Wilson had been put out of the game for objecting to an umpire calling him out at the plate in trying to steal home.



A DOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get relief. Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it handy in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Bayer Aspirin in the pocket. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how Bayer Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.

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