

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Editors in Hot Weather

NEWSPAPERS have long been the arbiters of politics, the umpires of international disputes, and the court of last resort on most everything under the sun. They have never hesitated to tell women how to dress; and have been even more generous in space with telling women how not to dress. But they seldom have had much to say about the clothing men should wear. "The groom wore the conventional black" was about the extent of newspaper comment about the garb of the mere male.

It is different this summer. Whether it is the effect of the long drouth, or a touch of the sun, or just an unusual gleam of common sense we know not. But editors are poking fun at the clothes men wear in summer time. One editor, Saunders of Elizabeth City, N. C., went down the street wearing pajamas and sandals. Editor Hillyer of Sunnyside, Wash., appeared at the Yakima Rotary luncheon with a suit of pajamas on. Neither was mobbed or sent up for ten days in the town "cooler". Now Hillyer is no bolshevik; he is a very level-headed Yakima valley editor. We are really surprised at him. If it had been George Allen of Toppenish or Ralph Reed of Kennewick, it would not have been so shocking. Chapin Foster of Chehalis, who used to live at Grandview, right where the valley is good and hot, was always starting some world-revolution or other, but this is the first time Hillyer drove right into the front page.

Residents of the Willamette valley of course do not understand the provocation which even a sedate editor has over in the Yakima country. It gets so hot over there that a G-string feels like an udder. Probably all the Yakima valley editors would wear pajamas, only then they would have no way of convincing their advertisers that they were up. Those editors are progressive; they arise betimes to chase the fickle news item or lasso the stubborn ad. So they go about in neatly pressed worsteds instead of leaping into action of mornings with only a hair comb.

If one swallow does not make a spring; alas it is true that one pair of pajamas does not emancipate the male.

The Illusion of the Male

THAT was a wicked thrust which wife No. 2 of Eugene O'Neill makes on the occasion of their recent divorce. Says she, Agnes Boulton O'Neill, she got the divorce so she could give her husband "the illusion of freedom demanded by the artistic male." O'Neill who may regard his years of marriage with Agnes as a "Strange Interlude," may well ponder over the irony of his former wife's farewell as he reveals in dalliance with wife No. 3, Carlotta Monterey.

The artistic male wants no marriage bonds to chain him to a home. He wants no wife with motherly instincts, one who darts his socks and sets his slippers before the fireplace. He wants freedom, or just thinks he does. To him a wife is like a cigarette, to be lighted, puffed at for a time, and thrown aside at easy whim.

So O'Neill's characters make sport of homely virtues. His plays, spirited as they are, are the merchandise of the immoralities. He himself must live out the character he has exalted and in constant quest for complete emancipation cast aside the binding cords of a marriage alliance. Will disillusion come? Will he ever discover himself as a slave of his own illusions? We doubt it. The artistic male is no judge of the imperatives of his own temperament. He must be a law unto himself, even if his law be naught but shifting mood.

Ready for the Convention

SALEM is quite ready for the American Legion convention. The formal preparations have been largely completed, and there is every anticipation that the gathering will be the largest in the history of the organization in Oregon.

It may be redundant to urge upon our people the necessity of showing the most cordial hospitality to the city's guests. This is not just a "big crowd" to be fed and lodged for a few days and nights, and then forgotten. These are the people who are doing things in this state, and who will continue to do things here. Their reaction to Salem's welcome will be felt in every corner of the state. So the kindly greeting and the generous aid will create the kind of impression we know Salem wants to make upon the guests of the occasion.

With fair weather and open-hearted hospitality nothing should mar the success of the convention. Salem folk should guard themselves now to lend every effort toward making the affair one long to be remembered locally and all over the state.

Why is it that British courts move to swift justice in contrast with the tedious delay of American courts? Reynolds, son of the American tobacco family, struck a man while driving a car so the man died of the injuries. Now Reynolds is in jail doing a five months sentence for manslaughter. The offense was in May; the trial in July. Reynolds is serving his time now. In this country Reynolds would have strung the case along with delays and appeals till it would be forgotten and he would go scot free. It is all very well for lawyers and judges to explain how things are as they are. They might more profitably spend a little time finding out how things are as they are in some other countries.

The Oregon Voter argues against spending part of the \$25,000 state publicity appropriation on advertising within the state of Oregon. Inasmuch as the purpose of the grant was to attract people to Oregon it doesn't seem proper to divert part of it to keeping people in Oregon. The newspapers are strong for state development and are not looking for pay out of the state treasury. Spend the money where it gives promise of being most productive of results. That probably means in California and in the Mississippi valley.

The senate stands as the bulwark of the masses. Here is the five-cent cigar which Vice President Marshall declared was what the country needed. The makers of the new nickel smokes declared the increased tariff on wrappers levied by the house bill, would kill off the cheap cigars. So the senate committee cut out the increase. This makes the senate safe for democracy.

The red demonstrations petered out. With police forces all over the world mobilized for communist rioting, August 1 passed off as quietly as the fifth of July. So long as people have jobs and daily bread and some of the comforts of life, communism finds few converts. It is when the pinch comes and an empty stomach tantalizes the mind, that the red flag draws in new recruits.

The latest war novel is "All quiet on the western front." But we must not expect that title to apply to legionnaires who foregather here to renew the memories of trench and camp.

So far the sentimentalists haven't proposed radio sets for prison cells.

An Aid to Unemployment



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Continuing the story—

Of yesterday about the party that came to Oregon from California in 1835, two members of which became prominent figures in the history of the colony, territory and state, and one of which George Gay, built the first brick house in Oregon, Bancroft in his history, after giving an account of the coming in the same year of the party in which were Hall J. Kelley and Ewing Young, said: "Another party of eight, coming in the summer of 1835 to join in the colonization of Oregon, on reaching Rogue river were attacked by the savages, and four of the number slain, the others with difficulty escaping. The names of three were William J. Bailey, George Gay, and John Turner. The last named, with his native wife, was the first to reach the mission (the Methodist mission 10 miles below the site of what is now Salem), where he landed from a raft, induced by the welcome sight of cattle. They were kindly cared for by the missionaries, while all waited with painful anxiety for the appearance of any others who might have escaped. After the lapse of several days Gay and Bailey were discovered standing on the bank across the river from the mission. Perceiving signs of civilization, Bailey plunged in and struck for the opposite shore; but the current being strong, and the swimmer having been badly wounded and without food, save roots, for 15 days, he would have perished had not his companion saved him. While the two were battling with the water, a canoe was sent to their rescue. Bailey was afterwards placed in a hospital at Fort Vancouver. The fourth man failed to discover the settlements, and struggled on the whole distance to the Multnomah river, arriving at Fort Williams more dead than alive. The murderous attack upon travelers caused no small excitement at Fort Vancouver. An expedition was proposed to destroy the savages, but the scheme was not undertaken, and it was left for American settlers, miners and United States troops to consummate the destruction of this tribe at a later date. Townsend, who was at Fort Vancouver when Bailey arrived, describes his appearance as frightful, and his sufferings as excruciating. He was literally covered with wounds. . . . On recovering from his wounds he joined the Willamette settlement, and his medical and surgical acquirements coming to the notice of the missionaries, he was encouraged in his practice. He thus became an attaché of the mission, married an estimable lady who came to Oregon as a teacher—Miss Margaret Smith—settled on a farm, and became one of the foremost men of Oregon colonial times. Bailey died at Champlin, Feb. 5, 1876 aged about 70." (Townsend and Nuttall, American naturalists and scientists, were in the country making studies of the native plants. They named many specimens of the fauna of the region, which names they still bear.)

Bancroft's account differs some what from Nesmith's, as the reader will note. Bancroft said the name of the fourth man was not given, though his arrival at Fort Williams (the fort that Wyeth built on Wapato island) is recorded in Lee (Daniel) and Frost's Oregon, page 182. (Bancroft speaks of the Multnomah river. That was the first name of the Willamette. Margaret Smith was a member of the third group, arriving Sept. 7, 1837, with Rev. David Leslie, wife and three daughters, and H. K. W. Perkins.)

George Gay was among the 12 men chosen at the famous meeting at the house of Joseph Gervais Feb. 2, 1843, to draft the proposal for a provisional government, that led to the formation of that government. Dr. Bailey was chosen to take the place of Father Blanchet, who refused to serve, on the committee that was formed in 1841, after the funeral of Ewing Young. He was one of the committee way, Dr. Bailey, George Gay and John Turner were two being P. G. Stewart and O. Russell. He was a candidate for governor in 1845, when the provisional government had changed to a single chief executive instead a committee of three executives. George Abernethy was elected. He was a member of the legislature of the provisional government that met February 15, 1849, in the last session before the colony became a territory of the United States.

Dr. Bailey was a member of the Willamette Cattle company that brought the large herd of Spanish cattle from California in 1837; arriving with 630 head, losing 200 on the way. Dr. Bailey, George Gay and John Turner were among the party of 11 who went after the cattle, and brought them through. The others were P. L. Edwards, Ewing Young, Lawrence Carmichael, James O'Neill, Calvin Tibbets, Webley Hauxhurst and two Canadian French settlers, De Puts and Ergnette. Dr. Bailey, George Gay and John Turner were anxious to take out some revenge upon the Rogue River Indians, as they passed with the herd of cattle through their country, for the murderous attacks they had suffered from two years before, and there were reports that they accomplished some part of their purpose, though over the protests of Ewing Young, who was in charge, resulting in a quarrel and the beginning of a fight, that threatened the success of the entire expedition, and was only prevented by the bravery and high class leadership of Young.

Be that as it may, the arrival of the herd of cattle vastly improved the prosperity of the struggling little colony, and led to comparative wealth among the members of the Willamette Cattle company, who were the principal settlers, including the Methodist mission. After his death, it was found that Dr. McLoughlin was also a member of the cattle company, on his personal account, and that he contributed the largest single sum of money towards the enterprise—a secret that was strictly kept by Jason Lee all his life.

A few evenings ago, the Bits man visited the old house—the first brick house in Oregon. The bricks were burned on the ground. At some time in his life George Gay had learned brick making and brick laying. The old house stands east and west. There are two stories. There are four windows on the north side of the first story, and there were four on the same side of the second story. The time of the visit was when it was growing dark, and the Bits man was alone, so there could be no measurements taken, nor details noted that would justify an attempt at an accurate description.

But that old house must have been a veritable palace in its time, and large enough to take care of a good sized company. In entertaining the American and British naval officers, it is the belief of some of the early writers that Gay extended the hospitality of the old house to Lieutenant Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, prime minister of the British empire, who was here for some time with the British naval forces, on an

instated. Such a debt can never be paid, but we can all co-operate in extending to these Legionnaires, local and outside delegates, during their convention in Salem, every courtesy, privilege, kindness, and consideration. A legal holiday, August 8, and the co-operation of employers of legionnaires giving these men a three-day holiday (with pay), will do much toward showing their regard and appreciation to those most directly concerned.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. Geo. LaVelle.

To The Editor:

I have been reading today of the unnecessary, wanton destruction of sea lions along the Oregon coast. Killings everywhere and without limit! In a recent visit along shore by three physicians, they also slaughtered heavily—as though already they had not seen enough of pain and death! Unmindful of the tenet of their cult, that always they must seek to save life, not to mutilate and destroy! One surgeon admitted killing 300 on one trip alone, other members slaying as many. So picturesque and playful, so utterly harmless, why should they be shot down by the hundreds for any human's craze for cruelty, perverted sense of "fun"? Every summer, baby seals and sea lions are caught alive, and boxed or tanked, held

miserably at road houses, service stations or sold to zoos.

Two years ago I read a press letter from some one, horrified at the sight of his first ocean view. A "sporting party" preceded him; 150 or more sea lions were slain in just a few minutes time. Most of them were clubbed to death. Some were scalped alive and left to die. Their pitiful, heart-rending cries could be heard for miles. Nobody cared about their fear, agony, blood soaked, broken bodies. Nobody rebuked this shameful butchery. It seems that Oregon not only refuses to protect sea lions, but actually offers a bounty. Why this inhumane, short-sighted policy? Why develop fiendish cruelty in onlookers or increase the ghouliness of those already utterly without mercy? What should be the beauty and pride of the state, a unique, interesting animal to be protected, shown to far inland tourists who so delight in them, these you ruthlessly club to death or shoot, filling with anger, disgust, surprise, the visitors you would impress. A great advertisement for the people of your state! If of migratory nature these creatures would fall under the federal law, and you would be compelled to stay your hand. Would you like that? Can you not, of your own accord do the right thing? Consider Florida. In times past, her manatees were even more numerous

than your sea lions are now. They were in every river, bayou, coast cove. They gave their name to a beautiful stretch of water—Manatee river—which flows westward into the gulf, near Tampa. They are of seal nature, of enormous size, utterly harmless. But they were slaughtered so ruthlessly that soon they were practically extinct. For decades past, Manatee river has known not a single one. Then Florida got busy just in time!

Drastically she made provisions, protection. The first offense—crippling, removing or killing a manatee, brought the offender a \$500 fine. Second offense more drastically punished. Slowly they are beginning to increase. Indian river, paralleling the east Florida coast, now has quite a number. If the Oregon gunners had to pay a \$500 fine, go to jail, or both, for every sea lion slain by them, they would find it easy to behave themselves, and 25 years from now Oregon folk and their visitors could enjoy the sea lions playing happily on the rocks, instead of seeing there just nothing at all.

L. M. CLARKE,
Astoria, Oregon.

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