

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - Managing-Editor

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Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday, business office 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon:
Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. 2.25;
1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.50 a year in advance.

The Wrecking Crew Busy Again

THE senate wrecking crew put in a full day Saturday. Led by the recalcitrant Norris of Nebraska the coalition of republican guerrillas and democratic gorillas attacked the export debenture program to the pending tariff bill. This export debenture provision had previously been annexed to the farm relief bill by the same combination of insurgents and democrats. The house forced its elimination from the farm relief bill. At that time threat was made that it would be tacked on to the tariff bill, and the group made good on the threat.

The debenture provision is the old export bounty plan which has been urged by the national grange. It would empower the farm board to issue debentures to exporters of farm products in an amount up to one-half of the tariff on such products. These debentures would be acceptable in payment of customs duties and under the Norris provision would be redeemed by the U. S. treasurer at 98%.

There is no question about what the fate of the debenture provision will be. The house rejected it decisively before, and will do so probably more sharply at this time. Should the tariff bill reach the president with the debenture provision in it, a veto would be promptly forthcoming. The purpose of the move is plain. It is purely political, to give the senate majority something to trade with in conference with the house, either to preserve the senate's wording of the flexible tariff provision, or that the senate's rate schedules may prevail in important sections.

The chances of any tariff legislation at all grow exceedingly dubious. President Hoover is none too friendly to the measure, and unless the senate bill is radically modified it will be vetoed even if it should pass. The prospect of the passage of any bill at all is slim. The gulf between the house and the senate is too deep to be bridged with a few friendly compromises. Congressman Hawley will not recognize his child when the senate surgeons get through with their plastic surgery. We venture the prediction that no bill will be concurred in by the two houses during the special session; and if tariff making goes far into the regular session, the bill may die a-borning.

For our part we question if the country will be any better off under any bill that seems likely to be agreed on, than it is under the prevailing tariff law. It may be better to endure the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

Wall Street Comes to Town

MAIN street no longer needs to go to Wall Street. For Wall Street has come to town. Clicking wires, big blackboard with chalked figures and everything. Salem is now next door to the stock exchange. To those who think that a brokerage house is a den of vice, a gambling sink, they may tune up on "Where is my wandering boy at seven this morning when the market opens?" or they may plan to plead "Father, dear father, come home with me now."

Perhaps, perhaps. For our part we know of no place duller than a board room. Men lounging about reading yap and pap about the "market," or watching the boy at the board marking his fractions to keep up with the ticker, or chatting together about pools and Durant and "they say." Traders by the tape never get anywhere and stay there. That is sheer gambling.

There is room for the legitimate trading house to accommodate buying and selling of securities. In this sense the opening of a branch brokerage office in Salem marks a real step forward in the financial history of the city. There is considerable buying and selling of listed securities and there will be more of it as folk learn that the best stocks and bonds in the country are, a majority of them, listed on the big exchanges.

By the way, the steady wash-out in the bull market which we predicted some weeks ago is still in progress. Prosperity has grown tired, that is stock trading prosperity; and even more tired are the bulls who are paying ten per cent to carry three per cent issues. Stock trading is a great game; and eventually all the bulls weaken.

Picture Ahead

WALKING along Chemeketa street Sunday morning in the mellow sunshine, we came upon a grey squirrel with a walnut in his jaws. A tiny, flaxen-haired miss of about four summers tripped across the street, and Mr. Squirrel leaped to the security of a big maple tree. But he was not really afraid of the pretty maiden, perhaps they were old friends. For he played hide and seek with her. She stealthily crept about the tree and he scampered to the opposite side. Sometimes she peered about looking up the trunk when Mr. Squirrel was in fact down toward the ground. Whenever she started around the tree one way, the squirrel, always with that cherished English walnut in his jaws, scooted the other way. We had to pass on before the game was ended. Whether the pretty girl caught up with the squirrel, or whether he finally climbed nimbly up to the branches and stopped the play we know not.

But that picture was far better than six reels of a movie. It was a quiet drama, but far more interesting than a talkie. A sunshiny morning in autumn, a little girl fair-haired and with a red sweater on, chasing a friendly little grey squirrel holding a nut in his teeth—a picture like that is surely a cure for a cynic.

Rabbi Henry J. Berkowitz told the university students at Eugene the other day that the isolation doctrine opposing America's entrance to the league of nations is dead. If that is true the rabbi is the only one who has detected the stopping of the pulse beat. The United States has even less disposition to enter any league of nations now than it did in 1920, the rabbi to the contrary notwithstanding. In all of the negotiations for international understandings this country steadfastly refuses to enter into any engagements or commitments which would bind its course of conduct in any future European or Asian wars. Some publicists and British writers have noted that Great Britain is adopting a somewhat similar policy; that of isolation from European alliances, copying the policy of the United States to preserve freedom of action.

One of life's anomalies we can't understand is why a bunch of gangsters after shooting their victim, then drop him off at a hospital. The same psychology perhaps as with an army, which tries to kill as many of the enemy as possible, but follows up with succor to the wounded.

The Deserted Lobby



10-22

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Rev. L. H. Judson:

Former Governor Geer in his book, as related in this column last Saturday, said Wm. Waldo told him when he came in 1843 he found Mr. Judson threshing wheat by tramping it with oxen in what is now down town Salem; that he had oats growing in what is now Wilson avenue, and that Mr. Judson's house stood where Reed's opera house (now the Miller store) was built. The Bits man disputed the statement about the location of the Judson house. Nesmith found only three buildings here when he came in 1843, and they were no doubt saw and grist mills and the Jason Lee home, of the Methodist Mission.

R. P. Boise, well known Salem man, gives the particulars about the L. H. Judson house. It was built in about the center of what is now the block surrounded by Commercial, Court, Liberty and Chemeketa streets. It stood there till after Bill Anderson and Bill England came back from the gold mines in California. Anderson bought the property concerning Commercial and Court streets, on the west side. England bought that on the corner opposite, on the east side of Commercial, a part of which is now occupied by the Ray L. Farmer hardware store.

Bill England owned the alley on Court street, and he bought the Judson home and moved it up to the curb line on Court street and put a store front in it. The Judson family had moved to North Salem to live. They had before living in the house that was moved and converted into a store building resided in the Jason Lee house, the first dwelling erected in what is now Salem, built in 1840. Soon after the Judson house had been moved up to Court street, Mr. England rented it to "Sandy Burns," and he ran the famous North Star saloon in that building for many years; clear up to about the time he died, in 1884. It was the "popular" saloon of the town of the old days. Some famous gambling games were carried on there; some big winnings made by pioneer citizens, and of course some big losses, too. Sandy Burns had therefor kept a saloon on "Boon's Island," of which more later in this article. Mrs. Burns was the eldest daughter of the pioneer Spong family, from whom Spong's Landing got its name.

While it is certain that the survey for Salem and North Salem were made at the same time by I. N. Gilbert, the plat of North Salem was filed Feb. 15, 1850, while that of Salem was not recorded till over a month later, March 23, 1850. I. N. Gilbert, who was or had become clerk of the probate court of Marion county, territory of Oregon, recorded both plats.

North Salem, according to the plat, was bounded like this, the survey being by I. H. Judson: "Commencing at a stake on the east bank of Willamette river, little more than a half mile north from the North Salem (Mission) mills, thence due east 63.25 chains to a stake in the prairie from which the Oregon institute bears magnetic south; thence south 19 degrees west along the west line of John Baker's claim to said Baker's southwest corner and continuing the same course in all 68.50 chains to a stake near the right bank of Mill creek; thence north 60 degrees east west along the line of W. H. Willson's claim 53 chains to a stake on the east bank of the Willamette river, being the south and W. H. Willson's north-southwest corner; thence down the meander of the east bank of the Willamette river to the place of beginning."

There were 28 blocks in North

Salem, the streets running north and south being Water, Front, Second, Third, Fourth, Broadway, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, and those running east and west being, North, Shipping, Division, Oak and Market streets. The plat was recorded in a new book May 13, 1871, by A. B. Cooper, recorder, by O. J. Carr, deputy. The Salem plat was also recorded, at the same time, the Salem plat, dedicated by W. H. Willson, contained 65 blocks, which were described in this column a number of weeks ago.

There was another platting of Salem that was called Salem, and not addition to Salem. This was the Salem that was platted by J. B. McClane, the original recording of it being dated Jan. 8, 1851, by I. N. Gilbert, clerk of the probate court, and the surveying was evidently done by him. It was the Salem that was on "the island," and described as being "south of the Salem (Mission) mills, and between the towns of Salem and North Salem, and containing a block and a half with 11 lots in all. The tradition is that Mr. McClane refused to name his platting anything but Salem, because he claimed it was Salem—and in fact it was, and about all of the Salem of that day, in a business and manufacturing way. "The island" was a farm called Boon's island. It was formed by North Mill creek and the race built for the Mission mills, and it commenced just north of North Mill creek, where North Liberty street crosses it on the bridge and become Broadway, with the territory east and west of Broadway and to the mill race and the creek.

The old Mansion house (hotel) near was there, and the main stores and shops and factories and saloons, and the postoffice. The first place on the left after he shoots across the bridge and enters Broadway from the north was the saloon; next was the Island House (hotel); then the brick saw and grist mills, and the Mission mill was later built near "the island." On the right as you crossed the bridge you came to the Ferguson furniture works; C. A. Reed who built Reed's opera house became one of its owners; then C. M. Parmenter and F. J. Babcock; and W. F. Boothby, later a leading contractor and wealthy citizen, worked there when he first came. Next was a general merchandise store, then the brick store of W. L. Wade, the first brick building in Salem, still standing, 1853, and was finally settled by compromise in the spring of 1859 by the heirs of Boon and McClane.

"The island" became Boon's island on account of the fact that J. D. Boon "jumped" the "Salem" of J. B. McClane when the latter had returned to Pennsylvania to settle up some business, and Boon also jumped North Salem. McClane had married L. H. Judson's daughter and had succeeded to his father-in-law's property rights. This jumping brought on a very long law suit, that began in September, 1853, and was finally settled by compromise in the spring of 1859 by the heirs of Boon and McClane. (It is going to take another chapter to tell even a smattering of that sixty part of Salem's history, which will appear tomorrow. There is a plan to mark all the historic places in that section of Salem within the next few weeks; and all other historic spots in and around Salem before long—a matter of great importance, considering the fact that here (and hereabouts) is the birthplace of the movements that extended the arc of the republic beyond the Rockies to the Pacific ocean, and

saved the British flag from floating over part if not all of the old Oregon Country; and in fact probably prevented the British government from getting not only all of the old Oregon Country but also all of the rest of the Pacific coast, extending to the present Mexican line.)

OTHER EDITORS

COOK VISITS KLAMATH FALLS
Floyd Cook, secretary of the Republican state central committee, and one of Johnnie Kelly's "Mexican Generals," breezed into the city and shook hands just like a man running for office. As a matter of fact, Floyd wants no office. He plays politics because he likes it. The game is sweet to him, and he can put more English on some of the balls that he shoots across the table than any of the old war horses in Oregon who date their political experience back to the days of Jack Matthews.

Floyd wants Jack Day appointed United States marshal to succeed Clarence Hotchkiss. He is not having it all his own way for

Hotchkiss has a lot of friends, including the Spanish-American vets who would quite some little power yet, even if their Bolo is swinging a little slowly to what it used to. There is no kick on Clarence as a marshal. Everybody says he has made a good officer but Floyd insists that it is good politics to change the boys around a little after they have held two terms. "One good term deserves another," says Secretary Cook, "but he may be thinking about some appointive offices as well as elective ones. Therefore I am out for Jack Day because he has been a good party man, because he has held the fort through storm and sunshine, and because I think he will make a good officer."

Of course Floyd has a right to all of his views and a lot of people are with him in supporting Jack Day. But the strange thing presents itself when the "Mexican Generals" line up so energetically for Day, who is not a Legion man. We thought the Legion was inclined to support their own members and were preparing to make Oregon officialdom one hundred per cent Legion. A lot of us would like to help them do it. It is hard to join the procession though when able fellows like Floyd Cook, an admitted leader of the Legion, comes out supporting Jack Day, who is not a Legion man.

We have always found there are funny things in politics and this surely is one of them.—Klamath Falls Herald.

THE WRITING JOB

Some of our state editors have recently been writing about the job of writing. It is a fairly meaty topic for a dull day, though resort to it is infrequent. We folks who write editorials like to let ourselves believe that a pop-eyed public regards us as just brimming over with wise ideas on every subject under the sun which we can and do tap-tap on the typewriter without effort hour by hour and day by day, world without end. But actually we know, and on rare occasions, some of us confess, that if the public does hold any such estimate as that it is an estimate totally erroneous, sour and all wet. Given a certain natural facility and a technique acquired through study and much practice, writing is easy. But however well qualified one may be on that basis the problem is not half solved—not nearly half. You have got to have something to write about and it has got to be something that is interesting, not to the writer but to the reader. One might spend years, for instance, in stuffing his head with lore about Persian rugs but if he set himself to write a series of editorials about them he would be wasting his efforts so far as the general reader is concerned. You have to cater to demand in the selection of subjects although of course no honest writer will try to trim his opinions in treatment of the subject and no honest writer does.

Editorial writers need to do, and some of them do, a vast amount of reading. One who reads much in solid books and in current periodicals inevitably becomes interested after a time in substantial subjects. A comparatively small proportion of newspaper readers also are interested in such subjects. But the writer whose necessities in his own call-

ing have led him to study such things and thus have given him absorbing interest in them, will make a sad mistake if he writes of them too much or too frequently. General reader interest will not follow him. The writer must keep his sense of proportions and he must diversify. So when the editorial writer sits down before his typewriter and stares at a sheet of white paper before him he may be thinking about something that would readily produce a sound article, but at the same time he may have no idea that will produce an article that will be much read or cared about by anybody.

Every editorial writer has his good days and his poor ones. Sometimes ideas come readily and at others they halt and balk, but necessity drives always. The column must be filled, day by day and every day. Whether genius burns or flickers; whether inspiration is ready or laggard, the writer for the daily newspaper must write. If it be his off day he must plug ahead anyhow and do the best he can. He, more fully than anyone else can, realizes that that best is sometimes a good deal short of excellent. That is the truth about the writing job. Probably, so stated, it is no more interesting than some of the other things that all of us write when we have no workable ideas.—Eugene Register.

Recent claims totaling \$1315.70 have been paid to holders of Oregon Statesman, North American Accident Insurance Co., policies.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 22, 1904

H. S. Giles of the Willamette Valley Prune association is preparing an exhibit of 20 boxes of prunes to be entered at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

Columbia university of Portland and Willamette will meet today at the football field here. Odds favor Willamette.

F. E. Holman has submitted his resignation as master mechanic at the power house.—Silverton Appeal.

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist has offered to take his famous collection of animals, including Arabian horses, zebras, pheasants and water fowl, to the Lewis and Clark fair.

George Dorcas is rumored to have purchased 300 bales of hops at Independence today at 80 1/2 cents.

AURORA, Oct. 21.—P. O. Ottaway, rural carrier on Route Four, Aurora, had the misfortune to fracture three ribs while bailing hops, on his ranch near Aurora, on Friday. He was attended by Dr. E. F. Giesy and though sore, mentally and physically, is able to be around as usual.

Elegance

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