

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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### Let the People Vote

MAYOR Livesley has vetoed the ordinance which would submit to the taxpayers of Salem a proposition to authorize the issuance of \$7,000 in bonds for an appraisal of the plant of the water company here preliminary to its purchase by the city. The mayor bases his veto on two grounds:

First, lack of interest on the part of the city.  
Second, the fact that the water company is expending large sums of money in an effort to meet the demands of Salem for better water.

As to the first, it is true that citizens of Salem have shown a lack of interest in acquisition of the water plant; and part of this is due to the fact that at various times in the past when the matter has come up it has been blocked by a veto or by lethargy of some in positions of public responsibility. The public has come to fear that whatever it undertakes will be thwarted in some fashion, just as the present veto of the mayor blocks the initial move toward municipal ownership of the water plant. Submitting this proposition to the voters would be the real test of public interest in the matter. We believe the response would show the mayor that the majority here are quite willing to invest \$7000 in an appraisal.

It may be granted as The Statesman has previously stated, that the water company is making large investments here. But any public utility operating under franchise and enjoying monopolistic privileges such as the water company does, makes those investments with the full realization that its enterprise may be taken over by the municipality which it serves. The law safeguards their property rights and so does the constitution; and the money which they soundly invest will be returned to them by the city as purchaser. When the water company enters the field it accepts these well known conditions. Therefore it is not unfair to the company to submit the matter covered in the ordinance vetoed to the taxpayers for their decision.

The city council ought to pass the measure over the veto of the mayor, and submit the question to the people for their decision.

### A Bridge at Umatilla

THE Pendleton East Oregonian takes a very reasonable attitude respecting the routing of the Portland-Spokane traffic via Umatilla when it suggests Umatilla as the sensible site for the next bridge spanning the upper Columbia. Pendleton has been accused of fighting to hold this traffic around through its own city and up through eastern Washington. The East Oregonian frankly recognizes that Umatilla is the natural crossing for Portland-Spokane travel and advocates a bridge rather than the construction of the Wallula-Umatilla road which the bureau of public roads has ordered put on the highway map.

As the East Oregonian says: "On the upper Columbia a bridge at Umatilla would answer more traffic problems than anything that could be devised. Umatilla is the natural crossing point for Portland-Spokane travel and it is the natural crossing point for travel from Puget sound or the Yakima country and points east of Umatilla on the Oregon trail. The rushing business done by the ferries at Umatilla gives undisputed evidence of the situation."

"If the bureau of public roads and the Oregon and Washington highway commissions really wish to serve interstate travel they will foster a bridge at Umatilla, building it themselves if they do not wish to wait for the Umatilla rapids project."  
"With a bridge at Umatilla the proposed Umatilla-Wallula road would never be used by Spokane-Portland traffic because the other route would be shorter. The road would be of local importance to Walla Walla and Umatilla. It is now with the Lolo pass highway when that is completed. The scheme however looks to the diversion of travel away from the Oregon trail and is not a good thing for eastern Oregon. It is primarily a Washington move and it is not good sense to use Oregon funds on such a proposal. The state of Washington is capable of paying for its own highway improvements."

Mothers will have to change the anti-war song to "I didn't raise my boy to be killed by an automobile." For the motor car is becoming a greater menace than the machine gun. The present toll is about 165 per week. In the four weeks ending Feb. 22, 78 cities reported 564 deaths from automobile accidents. This beats the previous year's record by 98 deaths. Auto fatalities are now being recorded and reported like car loadings and bank clearings. We organize health drives against infectious diseases, and agitate for world peace, but calls for "Safety First" seem to go unheeded.

Now is the time for orchardists to get started with their spraying. The common complaint is that the growers know they ought to spray, but just neglect to do the job. It is fellows like that who clamor loudest for "farm relief." The farmer who does his job, and does it at the right time, usually reaps satisfactory profits. Cherries need to be sprayed—must be to insure safety from the pests which have come to infest our cherry orchards. There is fine prospect for an excellent cherry crop this year; it's up to the growers to tend their trees properly to avoid loss through worms and flies.

Loyalty for home products that extends to boycott of outside products sometimes gets a community, or a country, into hot water. Here in Portland, frankly discriminating in favor of Oregon made cement, because Oregon has some fine cement plants turning out a fine product. But the shipping interests taking lumber to California say that California threatens retaliation against Oregon lumber. California should cheer up; Oregon isn't eating its own oranges and grapefruit yet, nor burning gasoline from its own oil wells.

Aside from one or two pet hobbies of doubtful value, all candidates for governor might well announce a consolidated platform. They are just about the same ridiculous things in about the same sing-song way. What each of them really means is that he will, if elected, be the best governor he knows how to be. Perhaps some candidate will be smart enough to run on a simple platform of that variety some day.—LaGrande Observer.

They still take editors seriously down in Mississippi. The mayor of the town shot and killed the editor of the Yazoo paper, because he had written him up on a charge of cattle stealing. The editor was true to the instincts of his profession, however, because he postponed dying long enough to tell his reporter to write "a full and unbiased account of the shooting."

We note that another big society wedding of a few years ago has landed on the rocks. The wife alleges in her complaint that her husband has acted in a cold and repellant manner toward her and has told her he has "lost all love and affection for her." Too bad, too bad. Often the bigger the church wedding the bigger the smash in divorce court.

Yesterday's Statesman reported a sign up in the women's rest rooms in the new state office building. "No smoking." There seems to be no limit the reporters will go to to get news.

All the testimony on prohibition is dry enough by the time it is read in the Congressional Record.

Astoria charges Portland with trying to rob it of the Finnish consulate. That would just about be the finish, thinks Astoria.

# The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Portland, Oregon, April 3, 1936.

To the Editor:

A few days ago a writer who signed the name "Voter" made inquiry in regard to those members of the legislature who are now candidates for office and who have not returned the expense money obtained as the result of a bill passed by the 1937 session of the legislature. This letter was published in the "Oregonian" April 1. The writer named two of the candidates for the office of governor who had either refused the money or had returned it, and asked what about the others. Now this statement might lead voters to believe all other candidates for governor had accepted the money. This is not true. In my case, I was not a member of the legislature in 1937, when this bill passed. I was a member in 1935 and in 1933. In the 1933 session I not only voted against the bill for expense money, but led the fight against it.

The Salem Capital Journal said, "the expense money bill for members of the legislature was tabled after Senator Bennett had opened a filibustering attack upon it." The bill was afterwards passed with my vote against it.

I wish to say however, that my vote should not be considered a vote for the small sum of three dollars a day that the people are now paying their senators and representatives. I voted against it on principle alone. The legislators had no legal or moral right to take something that the people had said they could not have. I believe that the voters of Oregon should approve the constitutional amendment that will be presented to them in November. This provides compensation to the amount of \$500.00 for a two year term.

Good government depends upon the absolute independence of the members of the legislature. This small sum of three dollars a day does not pay the expenses of the members, hence the poor man who goes there is apt to fall a victim to the wily lobbyist who takes it upon himself to buy the meals of these men.

And human nature being what it is makes independence of action sometimes embarrassing to the legislator who has been befriended.

I will say, however, that the vast majority who go to the legislature are averse being thus influenced, but one vote is sometimes a lot of votes.

The people in the interest of good government should be willing to at least pay the expenses of the legislators. I voted against the bill and did not take the money. (Neither did any others as the law was held up by the courts.) But I here and now endorse the bill, increasing the pay of the members of the legislature and ask the people not to be penny-wise and pond-foolish.

J. E. BENNETT.

R. 3, Box 305, Salem, Oregon Statesman

Dear Sir:

We see a lot in the papers at this time of year about cleaning up for appearance and health in the city. We in the rural district also see a lot of evidence of the same. The garbage cans, etc., that are being dumped in our door yard and along the road side I suppose for the same purpose.

If we should take a load of trash accumulated on the farm and dump it in some one's yard or even back alley in town we would be arrested before we could leave town. Yet those people who dump on our property within a few rods of our front door or in the drain ditch right against the highway.

On Riverside road what could be one of the most beautiful drives in the county, the highway is marred and is still being made worse daily by these same dump people. The same sight meets the eye of one going up the river by boat. What should be a beautiful slope covered with trees, flowers and shrubbery is covered by masses of rubbish. Some corners are posted with signs "Please Don't Dump Garbage."

Why should the farmer or owner of suburban homes need to post signs to keep his city neighbors from dumping their refuse? In the name of justice and common decency something should be done to stop this practice. And if city people have any pride in their conduct that something should start in the city.

Yours for a real clean up,  
MRS. IRVING SELBY.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon  
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 5, 1905  
Master Fish Warden Van Dusen says he is making preparations for the state fish exhibit and practical demonstration in hatchery operations, which will be a feature at the Lewis and Clark fair this year.

Residents of Highland addition will petition the city council, at its next meeting, for opening of Winter street to Highland avenue. Other street and bridge matters will come before the council, including those for the proposed cement bridge over South Mill creek on Commercial.

H. Wyse Jones, formerly pastor of one of the large churches in Buffalo, N. Y., which he gave up to take the position of evangelist for Oregon, is holding services in the Baptist church in this city.

Independence.—The I. O. O. F. hall at Stevens Vista, seven miles south of this town, burned to the ground. The lodge rooms, a general store and postoffice were housed in the two story structure.

## WHO CAN GUESS THE WEATHER?



# "SHEIK'S WIFE"

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER

### CHAPTER XLVIII

Soon his moods, his work, lagged and dropped far down. He refused stubbornly to do any more of the sketchy drawings and this in the very midst of a serial he was illustrating for "Artsy."

"But you can't let them down this way," Eve told him. "Half the story has run with that type of picture—why, it isn't ethical, Ken."

"Ethical for me to be myself. Never wanted to do goofy stuff. Wouldn't have got caught with it if you hadn't butted in."

She was angry. "You're an appreciative critic after I saved the contract for you. Go your own way after this. If you think it's any fun keeping you down to earth!"

He was instantly contrite, rushing over to put his arms around her, begging her to forgive him. "Sweet Eve—what gets into me I don't know. You're wonderful, too good for a scilich beast. Ah, don't be mad with your old man—"

Her heart would melt! she would love him with a passion which took no thought of herself, her rights.

He began to experiment with idealistic little paintings. They might lead to something sometime but no magazine would use them as they were. This was Lili's Al-

lan's influence bearing fruit. And when he entrusted them to Eve to be mailed she watched her chance, hid them away and put in their place some of the sketches he already had finished. Lili had convinced him that he was too good for the work he was doing—the work everybody wanted. He babbled about commercialism, talked of the great masters who starved in poverty and went without recognition till long after death.

Nonsense—wild, crazy, nonsense for a young fellow with a living to make, one who already had tasted success!

Well, she couldn't let him go while he was in this frame of mind. If she were to break with Ken it would have to be at a time when he was on his feet, not heading straight for failure. She would have to stand by through this, no matter how it crushed her.

She would coax him into the studio, hover about making little suggestions, praising, flattering, bullying. She would bring him steaming cups of coffee; fly to the telephone when it rang. Sometimes the dulcet drawl of Lili's would come over the wire.

"May I speak to Kenneth? I've a suggestion about the matter we were speaking of yesterday. Sorry to interrupt, but he'll under-

stand. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Allan," Eve would try to make her tone cordial and very regretful. "You see he's busy now. Could I take the message?"

"No—o—o—"

"Well, I'll have him call you when he stops for lunch. He's behind schedule, you know—hurrying to make up—"

A cold little silence before Lili said good-bye.

When Eve told him about the call he would fly to the phone, waste a precious half hour whispering in an eager, intimate way, and Eve soon understood that this situation was different from any of the others. It was much more serious; not the play affair Fifi had made her nor the shallow thing Puss Nutwick's had been.

Lili's promised to pose for a series of covers just as Eve knew she would. She came to the bungalow for this, always late, took a long time preparing herself for the studio mirror. But Ken showed no impatience, none of the fuming irritation he exhibited when Eve held him up.

And he gave a great deal of time to rest periods. Eve would hear them talking, laughing together, Lili's drawl mingling with Ken's eager tone. Once when she entered unexpectedly she fancied they draw apart. They were sitting on a divan, leaning through a book of sketches and Ken's face was red though Lili's was cool enough, her mocking smile in her green eyes.

Ken took to riding home with Lili in the green roadster when she left in the early fall dusk. He explained somewhat sheepishly that he needed exercise; it cleared his head, the walk back from Hilltop House. And Eve made no answer, keeping her gaze down.

But after this she found excuses for staying away when Lili's invited them to tea. It saved her something of humiliation since she sat alone and neglected through these tea parties, drew a chance romance occasionally, patronizing on the part of Lili's half astounded, half irritated on the part of Ken. She would go over to Tony Wall when Ken left for Hilltop House, light the candles in the old pewter candle stands she had brought from Lakewood, spend long hours filled with peace if not happiness.

She had begun a new novel which she called "Other Women" and while Eve had no illusions about her writing ability, this attempt at putting down the story of a neglected wife took up her thoughts, gave her the feeling that there was a place in the world for her after all.

Christmas came and went with none of the old-fashioned celebration so dear to Eve's heart. And then Lili's Allan invited everybody to a weekend house-party for New Years which fell upon Sunday. It would begin with a fancy dress ball Saturday night and they could sleep late if they wished next morning, sauntering down to breakfast and trailing off home whenever fancy dictated.

The tribe was stirred to excitement. Costumes were prepared, high revelry anticipated. From Ken Eve learned that Lili's had laid in a supply of champagne. Scotch smuggled up from a high-priced rum-running outfit on Long Island. Her spirit qualified before the coming day; never had she felt so weary, so little inclined toward gaiety.

(To be Continued)

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Teaching in Cincinnati (Eola):  
Continuing the story of yesterday. In her book, "Path Breaking," published in 1914, Abigail Scott Duniway said at the beginning of a paragraph: "The following spring (1853) found me installed as a district school teacher on the banks of the little river Rickreall, near its junction with the wider Willamette, in the village of R. J. Hendricks Eola, then known as Cincinnati, and looked upon for a time as a rival of the city of Salem."

"Path Breaking" was written as a book to give the history of the movement for equal suffrage, in which Mrs. Duniway was a pioneer and one of the great leaders, in the Pacific northwest and in the whole nation, as all older readers know. But Mrs. Duniway, in response to popular demand, gave a sketch of her early life, interesting excerpts of which follow:

"My parents, who were Kentuckians by birth had first met as young people in the wilds of Illinois territory. They were married October 22, 1830, in Pleasant Grove, Tazewell county, Illinois, where they lived till March, 1852, when my father, being of an adventurous disposition, started with his invalid wife and the nine surviving children of the family of 12, to travel with ox teams and covered wagons across the plains to Oregon.

"I was born October 22, 1834, just four years after my parents' wedding day being the third of their rapidly increasing family of a dozen, the eldest of whom had died in infancy, before the second child, a daughter, had seen the light. Their disappointment, when this second child was born a daughter, was severe, and when, about 17 months after, I was born, I remember that my mother informed me on my tenth birthday that her sorrow over my sex was almost as grievous to be borne. . . . How I learned to spell, read and recite bits of rhyme I do not know, though my busy mother taught me, just as in after years I taught my own children the alphabet as soon as they were able to speak plainly, or could read and count the numerals of the old Webster's elementary spelling book I had smuggled across the plains by stealth in an ox wagon when I was 17 years old. It was a little battered book that would have been destroyed in the fire that consumed our cabin and belongings in 1855, if it had not been loaned to a neighbor to whom I had taught the alphabet and spelled some easy words, which, after learning, she desired to teach her little children, as rapidly as she was able. Just what became of that little book, with its thumb-worn pages and ragged corners, I do not know, but I would give a handsome price for it if I could get it now.

"The house of my birth, a little story and a half frame building, with a log build kitchen and loom house attached, stood a few hundred feet from the main highway or stage route, on the hills of Peoria, through which long lines of covered wagons were driven daily, in spring and summer, laden with the crude belongings of emigrants bound for Missouri, at that time the anticipated goal of the restless, restless settlers who Indiana and Illinois to plant for themselves new habitations in a newer west. I remember troops of barefoot children coming to our home at sundown, carrying hickory and walnut sticks to bear away the fire coals my mother kept for the purpose of burning her own use at cooking time, and that she always had brands, or coals, at hand to divide with the wayfarers in the lane. I must have been 9 or 10 years old when my father brought home the first cooking stove I had ever seen. It was a heavy, cast-iron affair, and my mother said it was more trouble to keep it in order for baking than it was to do her cooking by the fireplace, as her neighbors did.

"I could not have been more than 4 years old when a great sorrow befell my beloved paternal grandparents, in the unfortunate death of a brilliant and favored son, the younger and only brother of my father, who had been sent to a high class university, in an older state, as a law student, and who, in the manner in which the romp may be conducted, some steps might find it difficult to step out from the kitchen and do a romp without other inducement than that of the romp itself. So why not to the accompaniment of the lawn-mower's blithesome clatter? It would be a pleasant sight, truly a inspiring, even a sprightly sight.

And that reminds us that we have seen Bend wives pushing a lawn-mower hither and you over the grass, and until now we have wondered at the happiness which fairly trickled from every feature. It was hard to comprehend, but now we understand.

They were romping, of course.—Bend Bulletin.

Answer to Yesterday's Problem  
50c. Explanation.—Take 5 per cent of 40 and 8 per cent of 50; add 40, 50, 5 and 8, take 100 per cent of 100; add 100, take 100 from 100.8; the result equals 40c and 8c, costs 50c, found by dividing 3 into 40c.

Editorial Comment  
From Other Papers

HOW TO BE HAPPY  
The Household Economic Council Service—whatever that may be—advises husbands of grouchy wives to provide lots of springy turf on which their mates may romp.

News comes from Chicago where, one presumes, a supply of greensward sufficient for effective wife romping may be somewhat lacking. And how may true domestic happiness be expected when one cannot turn the wife out to grass now and then? It might even be argued that the absence of nice spring turf may have had something to do with the unenviable reputation that has come to be Chicago's.

In smaller communities, of course, such criticism could hardly apply. Take Bend, for instance, where green lawns of admirable variety are a simple extent provided every opportunity for romping. When we come to think of it that may explain the uniformly sweet temper and equable disposition which may be remarked every time you meet a Bend wife.

They may not be that way naturally, although we realize fully that to suggest even this is heresy, but by the time they have romped a bit on the fresh grass—and kept it up for years—it is apparent that there can be no lingering trace of moroseness.

There is an additional thought here which is worth noting, and that is as to the manner in which the romp may be conducted. Some wives might find it difficult to step out from the kitchen and do a romp without other inducement than that of the romp itself. So why not to the accompaniment of the lawn-mower's blithesome clatter? It would be a pleasant sight, truly a inspiring, even a sprightly sight.

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A Problem  
For You For Today