The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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What the Investigators Find

CHICAGO has given the world such an unrelieved picture of civic rotteness that it is not surprising to find that this Chicago Tribune reporter who was killed by a gunman had financial dealings which look more like those of a policeman walking a beat in a protected district than those of a $65 a week reporter trying to live on that in Chicago. If the conclusions which suggest themselves prove to be true, Lingle was probably no victim because he was leading a moral crusade through the medium of publicity. He was simply one who fell in the jungle feud which rules Chicago.

Lingleis said to have worn a diamond belt buckle given him by "Scarface Al" Capone and to have been a house guest of Capone at Miami. Report has it that he had bought recently a high priced summer home, and when it was said that he made "investments" which might have financed the purchase, it had became known a little later that he and the police commissioner had a joint speculative account of $10,000 which was all cleaned out when the panic struck.

Investigators found in his bank accounts a $5000 canceled check traced to a police captain in the loop district. Lingle got many "loans" from different city officials; and it is reported to have obtained from a gambling resort owner loans of as much as $20,000. Newspaper investigations brought up the story that Lingle protested a raid on the Biltmore Athletic club and demanded $15,000 to permit the reopening of a gambling club under threat of bringing in the police.

The Chicago story is sordid, so if a newspaper reporter succumbed it merely shows how complete is the breakdown of morals and character. Police reporters do not rate as virtuous lambs by any means; they often come up out of the environment which breeds vice; but most reporters are honest. News writing is their profession and they have a pride in their own integrity and the honesty of their craft. Though they see plenty of graft, seldom do they participate in it. If Lingle turns out to be a "fallen angel" who used his job as police reporter on the most powerful paper in Chicago to build up a "racket" all his own, then deep is the shame and great is the regret.

The investigation should be pushed till the full truth is known, because Lingle's affairs are not just private affairs. Due to his killing they have assumed importance both to his profession and his city.

Is the Governorship Drifting?

WITH the time for the meeting of the state central committee for choosing a candidate for governor set over into August, popular interest in the choice is apt to wane before the day of decision. It is waning enough now. The choosing is all in the hands of 36 men. Only they and a few of the professional politicians are taking much interest aside from the candidates. The dear public is strictly on the bench; but of course that is where the old-line politicians think they belong all the time.

We have watched the newspapers for some leadership in expression of public sentiment. Aside from a very few, the most of the papers either indulge in vague generalities about picking "the best man" or else say a bad word for Governor Norblad. The melting away of the Norblad support following the primaries is one of the most interesting studies in popular psychology which this year of political surprises has had to offer. We make this comment not out of personal feeling, but because it has been so noticeable. We cannot see that the governor has done anything since the primaries which is out of accord with his pre-primary record. But that is the way people change their minds.

The "rule of silence" makes it hard for the bandwagon boys. With no unanimous voice speaking from Cape Blanco to Steens mountains to pick this man or that it is hard to tell just who the leading candidates are. With the state committee shouting that they are keeping still and making no pledges the ground is fertile for trades and deals. Perhaps the state committee will remain pure and innocent of pledge until the day of the meeting and then assemble and choose a man with an eye single to the good of the state and the party. But we doubt it. It puts too much of a strain on our credulity. It will not be long before the men "in the know" can count noses. A whole month before the meeting will be a month of pulling and bartering, perhaps not among the committeemen, but among the "higher-ups."

Military Training Not Compulsory

THE attorney general has delivered an opinion upholding the ruling of the secretary of the interior upon inquiry from Wisconsin to the effect that military training is not compulsory in land grant colleges. For quite some time the impression has gone out that the government whose aid to colleges of agriculture and mechanics was made possible by the Morrill act required military training of all physically fit young men enrolled in these institutions. That claim was questioned and according to the attorney general has no foundation in law.

This does not mean that military training at Corvallis and similar institutions will be made optional. That rests with the college administration, but there is no doubt that immediate pressure will be brought by opponents of militarism to have it taken off the required list.

There is good reason for making military training in college elective. It might depopulate the "army," but why the "draft" for drill and not for chapel, nor for general subjects of instruction? Some fellows aren't interested in the technique of pulling a bayonet out of the guts of an imaginary foe; and some aren't interested in chemical engineering, so why force either on them?

At the same time we believe that young men ought to consider well their responsibilities to the government whose aid established and helps maintain these institutions. Spite of our pacts for peace we still live in a world where war may occur and where the nation's existence may be challenged. On youth then does the burden of defense fall; and great then is the need for young men who have had military training. If army drill at college is made optional, as indeed it ought to be, students ought to take it in considerable numbers as one of the duties of citizenship. A volunteer college "army" ought to have the same superior qualities of interest and aptitude which mark the volunteers in time of war.

A news item from Turner says: "Those growing string beans are busy putting in the strings."
So that's the way the beans get their strings!

AN ANXIOUS SERENADER

"The SEA BRIDE"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING CRUISE

CHAPTER XIX.

No one spoke of this necessity for choosing another officer until the last bit of blubber from the two whales had been boiled; the last drop of oil stowed in the casks, the last fleck of soot scoured from the decks. Then it was old Tichel who opened the matter. It was at dinner in the cabin that he spoke. Cap'n Wing was there, and Faith and Dan'l and Roy. Willis Cox was on deck; Mr. Ham's chair was vacant. Old Tichel looked at it, and he looked at Noll Wing, and he said:

"Who's to set there Cap'n?"

He pointed toward the empty chair as he spoke. It was at Cap'n Wings right hand where Mr. Ham had been accustomed to sit. Dan'l Tobey had not yet pre-empted it. Dan'l was always a discreet man.

Cap'n Wing looked across at Tichel.

"Mr. Tobey, o' course," he said.

Tichel nodded.

"Natural. I mean—who's goin' to be the new officer? Or don't you figure to hev one?"

Noll had been drinking that day. He waved one of his big hands from side to side as if to brush Tichel away.

"Leave it to me,' 'he said. "I don't call for any pointers, Mr. Tichel. Leave it to me, I tell you!"

James Tichel nodded again; he get up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and went on deck. Dan'l and Roy and Faith and Noll Wing were left together. Dan'l wondered whether it was time for him to speak. He studied Noll's lowered countenance and decided to hold his tongue. He followed Tichel to the deck.

Noll said nothing of the matter all that day. At night, when they were going to bed, Faith asked him:

"Whom have you decided to promote to be an officer, Noll?"

"You heard what I said to Tichel?" he replied harshly. "Leave it to me."

"Of course," she agreed. "I just wanted to know. Of course—"

She hesitated, seemed about to speak, then held her peace. Brander was the only man aboard who had the training; Noll must see that, give him time.

Faith wanted to see Brander in the cabin. She admitted this to herself quite frankly. She did not even ask whether there was anything shameful in this desire of hers, for she knew there was not.

The girl had come to have an almost reverential regard for the welfare of the Sally, for the prosperity of the cruise. It was her husband's charge; the responsibility lay on him. She wanted matters to go well; she wanted Noll to keep unstained his ancient record. Brander, she knew, would help him. Brander was a man as able officer, skilful and courageous; a good man to have at one's back in any battle. She was beginning to see that Noll would need a friend before this cruise was done. She wanted Brander on Noll's side.

It may be that there was mingled with this desire a wish that Brander might have the place that was due him; but there was nothing in her thoughts of the man that Noll might not have known.

She watched Noll next day and more than once she caught him looking toward Brander as he aided with some routine task, or talked with the men. There was trouble in Noll's eyes; and because she had come to understand her husband very fully, Faith could guess this trouble. Noll was torn between respect for Brander and fear of him.

Brander, on the day of Mr. Ham's death, had faced Noll unafraid. The captain knew he was no coward. By the same token, he had sworn to have Brander whipped, and had not done so. He recognized the strength and courage in the man; and at the same time he hated Brander as we hate those whom we have wronged. He was afraid of Brander.

But Noll was no fool. No man who is a fool can long master other men as Noll had mastered. He set himself to consider the matter of Brander, and to decide what was to be done.

That night, when dark had fallen, and the Sally Sims was idling on a slowly stirring sea, Noll called the mates into the cabin. Faith and Roy were on deck together, and Roy, with a boy's curiosity, stole to the top of the cabin companion to listen to what passed. Faith paid him little attention; she was astern, watching the phosphorescent sparks that glowed and vanished in the disturbed water of the Sally's wake. The whaler was scare moving at all; there was no foam on the water behind her, but the little swirls and eddies were outlined in fire.

Noll looked around the table at the mates.

"We've got to have a new officer," he said heavily.

They knew that as well as he; the statement called for no reply. Only Dan'l Tobey said:

"Yes, sir—a man we know and can count on."

Noll raised his big head and look at Dan'l bleakly.

"Mr. Tobey," he said. "You know the men. Who is there that measures up to our wants, d'you think?"

Dan'l started to speak; then he hesitated and changed his mind.

"I'm senior officer here, sir" he said at last; "but I've not the experience that Mr. Tichel has, for instance. Perhaps he has some one in mind."

Noll nodded.

"All right, Mr. Tichel. If you have, say out."

James Tichel grinned faintly.

"I have; but you'll not mind me, so no matter."

"Out with it, any fashion," Noll insisted.

"Silva, then," said Tichel. "Silva," he repeated, looking from one of them to another. Noll's face was set in opposition; Dan'l was neutral; Willis Cox was obviously amazed. "Silva," said old Tichel, for the third time. "He's a Portugee, but he's a good man; he knows the boat; he's worked with Mr. Ham. He can take the boat and make a harpooner out of one of the other of the two men in her." He stopped, unused to such an outbreak. "That's my say, leastwise," he finished.

For a moment no one spoke. Then Noll looked toward Dan'l again.

"Now, Mr. Tobey," he said.

Dan'l leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table.

"I've nothing against Silva," he said quietly. "He's a good man—the best man in the crew, I'm thinking; but the man I have in mind is Roy Kilcup."

Noll's eyes widened.

(To be continued)

LAY SERMON

THE MAN WITH THE LINEN CLOTH

"And a certain young man followed with him, having a linen cloth cast about him, over his naked body; and they lay hold on him: but he left the linen cloth and fled naked." Mark 14:51, 52.

This young man was scared out of his shirt. He was nimble with his years, for he slipped easily out of his linen tunic and ran for freedom. Thus he made his escape. He remains nameless: "A certain young man" just as elsewhere the gospel writers tell a story of "a certain rich man."

He must have been of the fringe. Certainly he was no hoodlum trailer of the escort of soldiers, one of those lads about town who are always following the firemen or the policemen when a call comes. Had he been familiar the guards would not have sought to seize him. He hardly could have been one of the devoted, for Peter, most loyal of all "had followed him afar off." Perhaps he was just one of the fringe, curious, interested, possibly, but uncommitted.

Every leader attracts to himself those with overflowing loyalty, others whose devotion shows less warmth, still others who are attracted but not captured. The man with the linen cloth was one of the last class. He would risk his shirt but not his hide. He was curious enough to follow this odd-talking Galilean; but not sufficiently convinced to spend a night in jail with him.

What a night for this young chap. Years later he might tell his children how on such a spot he barely escaped seizure because he was trailing along following some itinerant preacher whom the soldiers had taken in hand. Or he might weave a family legend about his experience, how close he was to Jesus the Christ. The fact remains: he was of the fringe, on the edge of those who followed Christ, on the edge of getting his name set down in history, on the edge of a genuine experience instead of a mere escapade.

Men wear loose linen cloths today. They wear them because they are still on the fringe, ready to make a quick get-away if a gripping hand reaches out for them. Does some civic responsibility fall to their lot? They evade it. Does some call come to stand and speak out for the cause of righteousness and justice? Once again they leave their light clothing of personal responsibility and fly naked away. They are attracted to a Good Cause, they may contribute a dollar; but when a Real Burden falls on their shoulders they manage to dodge. They are shirkers like this nameless young man with the loose linen cloth. They think they are clever in escaping. If they but knew, they like the youth of old, but expose their moral nakedness.

Scissored Squibs

Editorial Bits from the Press of the State

Something is wrong with a 9-year-old boy who shoots his brother with intent to kill. Incarceration in an asylum is the only method of treating a lad of this sort.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

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Closet: A place where the husband's things are piled in a heap when the house is fixed up for a hen party.—Corvallis Gazette Times.

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Scotland Yard now has a school for woman detectives. Another good school is called matrimony.—Medford Mail Tribune.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The oldest church building:

Concluding the story started yesterday: "The first action upon the part of Rev. Philip and his two sons was to organize a church of nine charter members. The names on this register are: Mrs. Nancy Condit, Cyrenius Condit and his wife Rebecca, Sylvanus Condit and his wife Sarah, Samuel Condit, Mrs. Mira Rudolph, Mrs. Alcy Neal and Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas.

"Rev. Philip Condit was assisted in the launching of this church by Rev. J. A. Hanna (who came in 1853), in September, 1856, and died two months afterward. They called the church Pleasant Grove. His sons took up the work started by the father and with their own hands helped in the construction of the building, every board of which was planed by hand and the furniture all hand made.

"At this date of 1927, this church building is still in use and is the first building of the Presbyterian church erected in Oregon now standing. The church building at Clatsop plains was the first one erected in Oregon (of that denomination) but fire destroyed the original building and another took its place. Pleasant Grove has the honor of being the oldest Presbyterian church in Oregon. Sometimes it is called Condit church because of its founders. At the time it was built there were just a few small fir trees scattered about, and the name must have been prophetic, for today it really stands in the midst of a 'pleasant grove.'

"Phillip Condit was born in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, May 1, 1801. His wife, Nancy Gordon, was born possibly in Pennsylvania, March 30, 1806. They were married on February 2, 1826, in Pennsylvania. Mr. Condit died November, 1856; his wife in 1861. Their children were:

"Cyrenius, born January 20, 1827; married Rebecca Rowland.

"Sylvanus, born March 24, 1829; married Sarah A. Brown.

"Alva, born June 3, 1831; was married to Mary A. Reasoner.

"Samuel, born June 21, 1834; married Virginia Campbell.

"Mary A., was born June 21, 1838; died October, 1862.

"William Cooper was born October 15, 1842, and died January 15, 1869.

"Cyrenius Condit, pioneer of 1854, who came with his father, the Rev. Phillip Condit, to Oregon that year, married Rebecca Rowland. She was born May 1, 1834, and died March 25, 1868. Two years later Mr. Condit married Jane Frank, of Portland. She lived until March, 1910. Mr. Condit died in July, 1904. He had three sons to grow to manhood, namely, S. J., who married Clara Robbins Loftus; H. B., who married Mary Ellen Wells, and O. A., who married Ada L. Worth. A. O. was an attorney at Salem, Oregon, and died in 1925.

"Sylvanus Condit, the pioneer of 1851 and again in 1854, was the second son of Rev. Phillip. He married Sarah A. Brown. She was born on January 16, 1832, and died on June 12, 1917. Mr. Sylvanus Condit died April 29, 1904. Sylvanus and his wife Sarah had the following children:

"Alice and Henderson, who died before reaching maturity; Lawrence W., who married Anna Neal; Mary, who was one of Marion county's faithful school teachers for many years. The writer was one of her pupils about the year 1884 at the Rock Point school house.

"Alva Condit married Mary Reasoner and had a son, A. M., who married Cora Buckman.

"Just in passing, we will relate that Mrs. Sylvanus Condit was the good woman sent for in the community in every time of need. She was familiarly called 'Aunt' Sarah. Because of her good sense, her ability as a nurse, her happy disposition and her reputation as a good housewife, it mattered not if it were a birth, a wedding or a funeral, Aunt Sarah's presence was always appreciated. It was said of those who knew her best that fully 100 sons and daughters of the pioneer folk around Aumsville and Turner first looked up into the face of Aunt Sarah Condit, while she gave them their first bath."

The Pleasant Grove church is about four miles southeast of Turner and three miles south of Aumsville. Each year that church celebrates its annual home coming. For 1930, that event will come today, June 29, when there will be an all day session, with a basket dinner at noon, and no doubt there will come a capacity crowd, including members of families from a distance who were former residents of the neighborhood.

The old church contains a single room and will comfortably seat about 75 people. On Easter Sunday it had a near capacity crowd. Its pastor is Rev. J. Y. Stewart of Albany, who holds services every Sabbath, alternating with the Presbyterian church at Marion, in the forenoon one week and in the afternoon the next. There is both preaching service and Sunday school, and there has never been a break from the first in the pioneer church of Pleasant Grove. It joins in an unbroken chain early Oregon times with the present.

The lumber from which the Condit church was built was hauled from Oregon City and was all planed by hand on the ground, and the pulpit and the pews were likewise fashioned there by members of the Condit family, and the original ones that have been in use all these years have never been replaced. They have witnessed the coming and going of all the generations that have passed since the fifties of the last century.

There is no plaster in the building. It is ceiled with dressed lumber. The foundations of logs hewed on the spot, and they are large enough and of sufficient strength to hold up a much larger building. The pioneer members of the church were still living in their original log houses while they provided their meeting place for divine services with the elegance of dressed lumber.

Behind the old church there is a cemetery, where all the members of the Condit family throughout the years have been buried. A. O. Condit, the well known Salem attorney, who died five years ago, rests there.

Thomas McF. Patton, mentioned in this series as having come in the Condit covered wagon train of 1851, was the father of Hal Patton, well known Salem resident. Thomas McF. Patton served this city, state and country in many capacities, including a consulship in Japan in the early eighties. The Cooks and the Buckinghams were prominent in Salem and vicinity in pioneer days.

The original members of the Condit family were different in some respects from the average run of the mountain men and early settlers. They believed in the duty of acquiring an education of the university garde, not necessarily for a background of the professions, but for the satisfaction of culture and the benefits of understanding generally. Their ideals were such as made them good citizens and good neighbors, worthy of the honored names they bore.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 29, 1905

Even the job of being sheriff has its laughs. A Marion county taxpayer appeared at the sheriff's office, irate that he had received notice to pay taxes that he supposed he had already paid. He told the sheriff he had paid it through a postoffice money order. Going to call the postmaster down, the farmer produced his money order, purchased three months before, as evidence that he had paid his taxes.

Rev. George C. Ritchey, of Roseburg, former pastor of the First Christian church here, was a visitor in the city yesterday. He is attending the Turner camp meetings.

W. P. Babcock, manager of the Salem Flouring mills, has returned from Independence, where he has been overseeing work on the warehouse there.

A Problem

For You For Today

The forewheel of a vehicle is 9.625 ft. in circumference and the rear wheel 12.375 ft. How many more revolutions will the former make than the latter in traveling 5.25 miles?

Answer to Saturday's Problem $3750. Explanation. Divide 1562½ by 8 and multiply by 15. Divide result by 25 and multiply by 32.

To make their feet look smaller, women should wear hose and shoes of the same color, says a fashion expert.

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