

The Oregon Statesman

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

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"Political Racketeering"

PHIL Metschan gave an accurate description of the independent movement in Oregon politics when he described it as "political racketeering." A disgruntled group of party bolters organized the independent assembly to nominate for the office of governor a man with inherited wealth and powerful mercantile position, but a man ignorant of politics, and whose background is wholly at variance with the platform on which he is trying to ride into office.

The "power issue." What has Meier ever done about power before except to demand and get, prior to the standardizing of rates by the utility commission, secret concessions and cut rates for his own store? What does this man whose life has been devoted to building up the family fortune know about power? All he says is what is warmed over for him from the Joseph speeches by Henry Hantzen. Sometimes it fits and sometimes it doesn't.

Just what is the Meier program for power? Like Joseph, he has given no specifications, no outline of particulars. It is a more stalking horse for the nimble politicians who seek to slide into Political Power by fooling the people.

Does he propose that the state as a state shall go into the business of generating and distributing electric energy? If he does, where will the money come from to make the capital investment?

Does Meier propose bonding the state for forty or fifty million dollars to build power plants?

If not state-guaranteed bonds, then will it be by utility certificates, "without cost to the taxpayers?" If the latter, then who would buy the certificates?

Meier mimics the Joseph platform in demanding the abolishment of the public service commission. Very well, how will rates and practices be controlled? By common councils, which throws rate-making into the lap of local politicians, with all its past record of corruption and dissatisfaction? Or by private contract with the power companies in the old Meier and Frank way with the big consumers forcing low rates for themselves to be made up by excessive charges on the small consumers?

Does Meier favor Portland's going into the power business by taking over the companies now operating there, or by forming new companies?

How does Meier if elected governor propose to put his so far utterly nebulous program into effect? He cannot do it by official decree, it must be by vote of the people. Does Meier favor the grange power bill now initiated?

It is politics, not power, which is the issue. The political racketeers, the Big Bill Thompsons, the Fred Giffords, the Fred Bradys, the Jay Bowermans profess baptism in the blood of the new covenant. But does anybody believe the sincerity of their professions of faith? When did Bruce Dennis fight the power companies, or Fred Gifford? Along with these crafty and chiefly selfish politicians are some more sincere folk, Sam Brown, Rufus Holman and others who are for Meier because they think this Merchant Prince is now a man of the peepul, and because they are chronic kickers.

With Meier ignorant of politics the best minds who will run the state and divide the offices and the spoils will be the political straphangers like Fred Gifford and Fred Brady and Bill Thompson and Henry Hantzen. No self-respecting citizen can vote for Meier and this crowd. No conscientious liberal can find any hope for civic reform with this gang of career-seekers. Power, Political Power is the racket.

Far better to stay with the organized parties whose candidates are legitimately chosen by responsible and continuing organizations than to fall for the buncombe of these political racketeers.

Recognizing Russia

SENATOR Wheeler of Montana, just returned from Russia, says his observations confirmed his conviction that this country should recognize Russia. We are a "bunch of suckers" if we fail to do so, was his statement. He remarked further:

"Should we recognize Russia and enter into commercial treaties that does not mean we put the stamp of approval on their form of government."

Our continued refusal to recognize Russia or to negotiate for a possible recognition of that country is a grave blunder. Our national policy for over a century until Wilson tried to change it with respect to Mexico and got into trouble there, was to give de facto recognition to the actual government of any country. We recognized the Czar's government though Jewish pogroms prevailed in the ghettos of her cities and though thousands were sent to Siberian solitudes for political offenses. We recognize Mussolini, who is more of a dictator than Stalin.

Lack of recognition doesn't keep communism out. Common sense and decent, fair government and industry will keep communism out of America. Time was when a move on our part might have secured a portion of American claims on account of Russian debts and confiscations of property; but as time passes our chances of recovery grow more remote. Our theory seems to have been to starve Russia back to the capitalistic economy. But our theory isn't working. Each year our position grows more untenable.

President Hoover ought to take the lead in paving the way towards our recognition of Russia.

Why Not a Community Chest?

SOON the various charitable and philanthropic organizations of Salem will begin their drive for funds for support during the year. Each one will start and have busy men leave their tasks for days at a time to solicit funds for continued operation. When one agency gets through, another will start in. From now till Christmas merchants will be busy either serving on committees or waiting on committees.

Why not a Community Chest to do the job up once for all? Most cities have come to this form of raising money to support such causes. The organizations are good, they do good work. There is far more under-lapping than overlapping. But the task of financing them grows harder because there are so many of them. Each agency is fearful that its cause would not receive adequate treatment in a joint campaign. We doubt that. A carefully organized and systematic effort ought to enlist more givers and ensure even more stable support than individual campaigns where donations are scaled down as the calls recur.

We understand a meeting of heads of service clubs is going to be held next week. That would be a good time to

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

If "cleanness is next to godliness," as the Biblical saying goes then certainly it should be applied in the case of an injured member of the anatomy. Everyone should know what to do in case of a cut or wound in the flesh.

When we speak of cleanliness in this sense, we mean surgical cleanliness. A surgeon will use bichloride of mercury or some other antiseptic in treating a wound, but in first aid rendered by a layman, water which has been boiled and cooled is one of the best things with which to wash out a wound.

It matters not whether the wound is a cut with a knife or there is a tear in the flesh by a piece of tin or rusty nail. In any case absolute cleanliness is the secret of right healing.

Avoid Infection
Before touching the victim's wound a person should wash his hands very thoroughly with soap and water. Then clean the finger nails carefully after which wash the hands again.

Apply the sterilized water either pouring it copiously over the wound or applying it with pieces of sterilized gauze or cotton. Wash out every particle of dirt, splinters, bits of rust or any other foreign substance. Clean the wound thoroughly with the water.

After cleaning, the wound should be dried with a piece of the gauze. Then the edges of the wound be brought together with strips of adhesive tape, using the strips crosswise of the wound. The wound should not be entirely covered, but enough left exposed so that there will be drainage.

Then cover the whole with several layers of gauze and bandage it well. Of course, later a surgeon can use sutures and give treatment if necessary.

If the patient is in a place where sterilized water cannot be had in an emergency the cleanest water possible should be used. The bandaging can be done with a clean piece of cloth or a clean handkerchief. However the wound should be seen by a doctor as soon as possible and the proper treatment given.

Every household should have its first aid kit. It can be had very reasonably. Have at least a solution of iodine (a seven percent solution is all right) and apply it to cuts and other injuries. It should be painted on and around the wound before washing with sterilized water.

CHAPTER 22
Peter stood with rare hesitation in the doorway of the local room. He took a few steps toward the ward, paused, veered toward the city desk, and again came to an uncertain halt.

"Hey, Peter, you'd better hold a caucus with yourself," the water front man called out. "For Pete's sake, either stand up, or sit down, and get out of my light. You make me nervous, shilly-shallying around like that."

"Sorry," Peter murmured absently. The water front man looked up, surprised at the absence of the expected retort.

"What's the matter—are you sick or something? Can't you even tell your friends to go to hell any more?"

"Oh, all right, Mr. Peter Piper presents his compliments to Mr. Frank Dwyer and politely requests him to go to hell. Now lay off me, Frank. I'm busy."

"You look it," Dwyer said sarcastically, but Peter did not hear him. Lammie, a telephone headpiece over his ears, was taking a first-run story, rapidly jotting indecipherable notes on the copy paper before him. Any one who knew Lammie could tell that it was not much of a story, by the slow rate at which his Adam's apple moved up and down to the rhythm of his gum-chewing jaws.

Peter stood watching him for a moment. Lammie's eyes looked tired and blood-shot and his face showed an unhealthy pallor. But he might look like that if he'd merely sat up all night playing poker. Was there a hint of deeper anxiety under his physical fatigue? Unconscious of Peter's scrutiny, he flung his copy pencil down with a gesture of boredom, unhooked the headpiece from his ears, and turned to the typewriter. Hell's bells, you couldn't walk up to a man and say, "Excuse me, but haven't you committed a murder lately?"

Pete came to a sudden decision and crossed the floor to Jimmy's desk.

"Come out to the conference room, will you?" he asked in a low voice. "I want a word in your private ear."

"What the—" But at the look in Peter's eyes, Jimmy's irate protest was left unfinished. "Here, Russ, take the desk, will you? Let me know if anything more comes in on the plane crash."

When the two men were alone, Peter filled his pipe with silent concentration. Jimmy waited a moment in rapidly growing impatience.

"Did you haul me out here for an hour of silent meditation?" he barked. "Because if so, I've an edition to get out. If you've anything to say, make it snappy."

Peter, unmoved by this outburst, continued to puff steadily, staring at the opposite wall.

"Jimmy," he said at last "what do you know about Lammie?"

"He's a good man."

"You mean, a good newspaper man?"

"Of course," Jimmy was obviously surprised at the suggestion that there could be any other definition of virtue.

"Jimmy, I've got to ask you a question or two." Peter's voice was oddly appealing. "Don't waste time by saying it's none of my business. You know I'm not a village gossip. But I've got to know—did Lammie take any time off about a month ago?"

"Look here, Peter," Jimmy said stiffly, "I don't make it a

take up this proposition. Salem is ready for a joint effort to finance its public agencies which depend upon voluntary support.

Baldock Named To Higher Post
R. H. Baldock, for several years employed as maintenance engineer by the state highway commission, has been promoted to the office of assistant state highway engineer. Announcement of the promotion was made by Roy E. Klein, state highway engineer with headquarters in Salem.

Mr. Baldock already has assumed his new duties.

A feature of the Chicago police field day was a hold-up. The robbers were caught.

THE TREND TOWARD CONSERVATISM



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

habit to discuss the affairs of members of my staff with other members. You know that. If you want to know anything about Lammie, why don't you ask him?"

"I'm not asking you to make it a habit. It comes down to this: Have you any confidence in me or haven't you? If you have, you'll answer my question. If you haven't—" Peter shrugged.

"Don't be an ass," Jimmy said shortly, and Peter knew that the words were not an insult but a tribute. "Yes, Lammie was off for four days the first of the month."

"Did he give any reason, or just ask for the time?"

"This doesn't go any further—that's understood."

Peter did not even trouble to nod his acquiescence.

"Lammie was off on a monumental jag. As a matter of fact, he oughtn't to touch booze. Once he's started, he doesn't know when to stop, and he hasn't the constitution to stand it. Luckily, he isn't a steady drinker. It just hits him once in so often. He knows he ought to lay off the stuff. It's a crime I had to take him off the police beat. He had enough excitement there to keep him straight. But he gets so fed up with sitting in the office that he can stand it only so long. Then he explodes from the pressure of being bored. It's too bad, but I don't see what I can do about it."

"This time a month ago—did you actually see him yourself when he was home?"

"Lammie was off to see him. He came back, looking as if he'd been pulled through a knot hole, and told me some silly story about being called away to a dying aunt. I had to accept his yarn because I'd tried to put the fear of God into him. Told him the next time it happen, he'd get his notice. I didn't want to fire him, so I swallowed the aunt to save my face. Now suppose you cut loose and tell me what it's all about. You're supposed to be scratching around for a murder story, not playing private detective to the Herald staff."

"Yeah," Peter assented meekly. "I know. But the devil of it is, the chicken's coming to roost on the home doorstep. While Lammie was engaged in his four days' vanishing acts, a man was killed in mysterious circumstances—a man who had made every effort to conceal his past life. But that past included a peculiar and valuable ring, which he'd kept. Alas, Everett saw it by accident, and Mortison—which by the way, is almost certainly not his real name—as good as told her that he might get bumped off for the ring some day."

Though Peter's words were studiously flippant, his face was serious. His pipe had gone out, but he continued to suck at it automatically.

"Well, he did get bumped off. And the ring was gone from the place where he'd kept it hidden. That ring is the one thing I've got as a lead to the identity of Mortison—and of his murderer. And the man who had that ring, until he pawned it a few days ago, is Lammie."

Jimmy sat very still. His face, drained of its usual nervous vitality, looked pinched with cold. His hand was shaking as he reached out for the buzzer on the wall.

"I'll call Lammie in. He'll have to explain," he said in a dull, lifeless voice.

"Just a minute," Peter seized Jimmy's fingers before they reached the buzzer. "Suppose he can't explain satisfactorily. Then what?"

Jimmy's eyes brooded—remembering. Remembering Lammie's devotion, his loyalty. Re-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Dorion woman: "Call to them," said the woman. "They are our friends." "Arrestes done! arrestes done!" yelled the boys. The first stopped, drew in to shore. It was the remains of the Astorian, some going to Montreal, some to St. Louis, bearing reports to their respective headquarters. "Where 'M'sieu Hunt?" asked the woman. She was told he had gone in a boat on the big salt water—to St. Louis. She was sorry about that; "M'sieu Hunt" was a good man.

It was noon when a Walla Walla squaw, looking up the trail, saw a white squaw crawling slowly down toward camp. The Walla Walla remembered her from two years before and welcomed her; sent men with horses racing up the slope for the boys, brought them in, fed and comforted them all. Says Defenbach:

"The woman had come down from her Golgotha. Consider this Dorion woman and name. If you can, any female character in history whose story outlines in pluck, grim determination, fierce resolution, and motherly self-sacrifice, the record this red heroine wrote in letters of blood. No monuments rise to her memory; no tablets of bronze are inscribed in her honor; no high mountains of noble strains bear her name. It is to the discredit of the great northwest that they do not."

The Bits man moves for three markers or monuments—one in or near Salem, where the Dorion woman spent her last years, died and was buried. One at Boise, where the members of the expedition of which she was a part were the first white men to see that section, and where she had some of her tragic experiences—and the other near where her baby was buried and her winter days were spent in 1814. There are a number of monuments to Sacajawea. The Dorion woman was in some ways a more striking character than the bird woman, and had a more heroic part to play.

Nearly two weeks had elapsed since the arrival of the Walla Walla; she had been practically adopted into the tribe. On the morning of April 17, 1814, an Indian came rushing into camp from down the river. "White men coming up!" he yelled. "Boats on the water! men riding horses along banks! Come! see them go by."

Down they all chased to the water's edge, only to see the white men's caravan already past. Three canoes were launched, the Dorion woman in the lead; with swift strokes they pursued the fleet.

started out on this story, and I've got to get it."

The two men's eyes locked. Neither moved, but both were panting a little, as if their clashing glances had been physical combat.

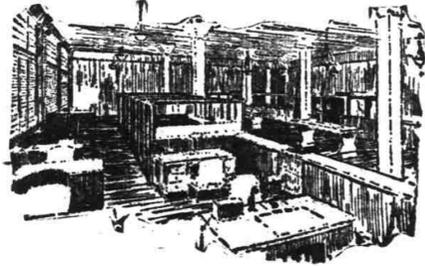
"If you got Lammie in a jam he can't get out of you, fired, so help me!" Jimmy exploded.

"That's up to you," Peter said in level tones. "It's up to me to get it. You're the city editor. When I bring it in you can print it or not as you like. It'll be time enough to talk about firing me then. I can't get Lammie into trouble if he isn't in it already. But I've got to find out what he knows. Call him in now, and we'll see what he has to say."

(To be continued)

In 1824 the Dorion woman made her third and last matrimonial alliance, this time with John Tourpain. To this union came two children, the boy Francis in 1825, the girl Marie Anna in 1827. Likely the Dorion woman met Captain Bonneville, in 1834. He changed the name of the Reed river to the Boise. In 1835 Samuel Parker, the missionary who was looking for the Whitman mission site, employed John Tourpain as an interpreter. No doubt the Dorion woman, in 1836 and frequently thereafter, saw Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, and the Spauldings. It was in 1838 that the Dorion woman became an intimate of Mrs. Pambrun, Indian wife of Pierre C. Pambrun, factor of the Hudson's Bay company at Fort Walla Walla. Jason Lee met her there, as has been related in this column.

She of course became well acquainted with Fathers Blanchet and Demers, after they came in (Turn to Page 12)



Salem — Home of Oregon's State Fair

With but one exception the Oregon State Fair is the most important event of its kind held annually in the commonwealth.

Attendance each year has steadily increased evidencing a growing interest in and appreciation of the Fair as a constructive factor in the State's development, and in

the encouragement of farming enterprises.

The 69th Oregon State Fair will be held here at Salem, September 22-28. More than 100,000 persons are expected to attend. We here at the United States National bespeak for this year's Fair your hearty support and cooperation.

The United States National Bank

Salem, Oregon

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