

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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First in Health

"Of all the forty-eight states, Oregon is the best for babies. Such is the testimony, at least, of the birth and death records. In every year but one since 1919 babies born in Oregon have had a better chance of living through their first year than babies born in any other state, and even in the exceptional year Oregon ranked second, Portland, which holds between a quarter and a third of all the people of the state, ranks second among the larger American cities.

"But Marion county, Oregon, gives its babies a better chance than the best state in the Union. Accurate records of births and deaths have been kept in this county for the past ten years. During the first half of this decade, 1920-24, babies born in Marion county had a slightly better chance of survival than those born in the state as a whole. But during the second five years, 1925-29, that chance was considerably better. Out of each thousand babies born in Marion county in 1920-24 fifty-five died in their first year. Out of the same number born in 1925-29, only forty-three died in their first year. The rate of improvement in Marion county, as measured by the falling death rate, is twice that of the United States generally and nearly twice that of the state of Oregon."

These are the opening chapters of a new book, "Children of the Covered Wagon," by Estella Ford Warner, M.D., and Geddes Smith, just published by the Commonwealth Fund. It is a report in really fascinating style, of the work of the Child Health Demonstration in Marion county, 1925-1929. It is a chronicle of achievement of which the people of this county may well be proud. Saving of babies, of mothers, fighting infectious diseases, teaching the laws of health not only in the schools but to adult groups through demonstrations and instruction are described so interestingly the book reads like a pleasing narrative and not at all like an official report. There are some statistical tables, some half-tones of the actual field work, and some clever drawings by Helen Phelps. The book is available at the libraries and at the county health unit.

We do not see how anyone can study this report without becoming an enthusiastic supporter of the health program of the county. The results are actually measured in lower death rates, in reduced numbers of contagious diseases and epidemics. Our taxing bodies sometimes reason queerly. They will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on roads, streets, fire and police protection—and they are all worthy objects—yet in matters of the protection of public health they become suddenly niggardly and dole out the pennies with reluctance. The county court may spend thousands of dollars on a bad stretch of road to remove the hazard to life, but it views askance making its share of the contribution requested for the co-operative health program of the county. The health work should not be a beggar for support. Its demonstrated accomplishment has earned for it adequate and willing appropriations.

Salem and the county spend a great deal to advertise the agricultural and industrial resources of the city and county. Yet here we have an asset of outstanding value: healthfulness. This book itself, going as it will all over the country, will carry the message of healthy living in Marion county. That advantage may well be exploited in our appeals for settlers.

Aside from use as a ground of appeal for others to locate here, it should be highly comforting for those who live here to realize that they live in a community with such high standards and conditions of public health.

Made of Sitka Spruce

WHEN Sir Thomas Lipton went home with his defeated Shamrock V, he announced his intention again to challenge America for the yachting cup. He was asked if he would design or place a new mast, like that of the Enterprise, but he would not say. The great superiority of the Enterprise, critics noted, was in its wonderful mast which carried an immense spread of sail. The Shamrock on the other hand met with misfortune in one race from the failure of its mast.

The northwest ought to know that this mast of the Enterprise was made of Sitka spruce, one of the four principal commercial woods of our own forests, the others being fir, hemlock and pine. The mast was 168 feet long, hollow, built up of strips of spruce glued together. Two different masts were constructed for the Enterprise, both of our spruce. One was round with a base diameter of 20 inches, the other oval with a base measurement of 18 inches by 26 inches.

So the northwest made a real contribution to the winning of the America cup race. This spruce has long been the favorite in airplane construction. It was used in such epoch-making events as Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic, Byrd's trips over the north and south poles, and the polar flights of Wilkins.

We are all down in the dumps about our lumber industry here, and some profess to see no future for it. They are wrong. Demand will revive for woods of such matchless worth as our fir and hemlock and cedar and pine. We are the fools to be cutting this fine timber and selling to the world at less than cost of production.

A Deserved Tribute

THE fine cows of the entire country are gathering at Portland for the annual exhibition at the Pacific International. Guernseys and Jerseys, Holsteins and Herefords will all be dolled up to impress their critical visitors. It is significant that the man who is really responsible for the great strides in the dairy industry in recent years has only recently had any financial recognition of his great service. That man is Dr. Stephen M. Babcock, inventor of the Babcock test for butterfat in milk. He is professor emeritus of agricultural chemistry at the University of Wisconsin where 40 years ago he perfected the test which has revolutionized the dairy industry of the world.

Prior to that time milk was milk; cows were bought and sold without any accurate way of testing their value to a herd. The test made it possible to compute with arithmetical accuracy the produce of a cow in butterfat. This then led to eliminating the scrub members of the herd, and the building up of finer stock such as we see in Portland and at other stock shows; and indeed on dairy farms all over the country.

Dr. Babcock refused to patent his invention for personal profit, so the test became immediately available for the public. A few days ago he was given the Capper award of \$5000, the first money he received for his test which has meant so much to dairymen. At the age of 86 Dr. Babcock has the fine satisfaction of having rendered a service that cannot be computed in terms of money, and which will carry his name to remote generations.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Recently I met a man on the street with a black eye and jokingly asked him if he had run into a door knob. He told me that he had fainted and in falling had struck the corner of a table. Of course all his croakies laughed at this explanation. When it comes to a black eye no excuse is a good one.

DR. COPELAND

I believed the story because unusual and sometimes disastrous injuries result from fainting. The wonder is there are not more accidents.

Of all health subjects that are broadly discussed in newspapers and magazines, fainting is the favorite topic. Yet when it comes to helping someone who is about to faint, or who has fainted, we usually do the wrong thing.

Fright, Common Cause
Fainting may be caused by one of many things. Seeing or hearing unpleasant things may bring it about. Weakness as a result of hunger and excessive work are common causes. Exposure to heat or cold is another reason for fainting. Fright, particularly at the sight of blood, causes many persons to faint.

Some are more prone to faint than others. More women faint than men, yet there are some men who will faint at the slightest provocation. Fainting may become a habit. If one has experienced a fainting spell, the fright it lingers and at the next scare there may be another faint.

When we faint the blood rushes from the head to other parts of the body. In order to maintain consciousness we must at all times have a good blood supply to the brain. When the blood rushes out of the brain, as it does in a faint, we become unconscious. Until the heart action becomes strong enough to pump the blood back into the head, we remain unconscious.

Calm the Patient
The fainting person becomes pale and says he feels weak and sees black spots before the eyes. Have him lie flat on the back with the head lower than the feet. Do not prop the head up with a pillow as it apt to be done. Apply cold compresses to the face.

Make sure that there is no difficulty in breathing. Loosen all clothing, particularly at the waistline and about the throat. If you have a bottle of smelling salts handy, use it, although I believe it does not help very much. A teaspoonful of Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia in half a glass of water, is very helpful. If the victim is unconscious, do not force any liquids down the throat, but wait until consciousness is regained.

An attack of fainting may often be averted by gently slapping the face two or three times. Then instruct the patient to sit with the head lowered and bent down between the knees.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 23, 1905

Pupils of the blind school made a quantity of file cases for use of the secretary of the Oregon library commission. The blind children sawed out the pieces and nailed them together, all the work being done accurately.

Only \$11,000 worth of the \$25,000 4 per cent loan of the school board has been subscribed, and as a result the time for taking subscriptions has been extended a month.

Mr. James of the House Furnishing company has been given contract for furnishing the new high school building with desks and table sets.

Warden Curtiss and Bookkeeper Wilson of the penitentiary went to Portland to spend the day hunting ducks along the Willamette river sloughs below that city.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:
I wish to express our sincere thanks to the friends, to strangers and to the Salem fire department for the service rendered during the burning of our large barn and the days following.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Campbell
Route 9, Salem.

Today's Thought...

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

A Problem For You For Today

A tailor sold two coats for \$12 each; on one he gained 20 per cent, on the other he lost 20 per cent. Did he gain or lose on this transaction and how much? Answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: \$196.

HOPEFUL WATCHERS



"GIRL UNAFRAID" By GLADYS JOHNSTON

CHAPTER 20

When they whizzed down the long side, Ardeth clinging breathlessly, with tightly shut eyes to Ken, they found Tom waiting at the end of the runway. He turned on Ken, laughing but jealous. "You highbinder! snatching a ride."

There followed a scuffle in the snow, which became a free-for-all when Fred and Bill Lane were dragged into it.

More breathtaking rides—first with one then the other. Snowball fights when the men pelted the girls and were secretly amused at the vigor of their defense.

Then, a peaceful twilight hour, when dusk drove them back to the cabin to sit around the stove drying their wet feet.

Stamped forever on Ardeth's memory, this hour. She lay back in a low wicker chair, comfortably tired in body but alert in mind. Alive to the strange peace of it all. The last thick daylight straining through the turkey-red curtains at the window. Smell of pine smoke and fresh lumber and wet wool drying. Laughing, effortless talk. The sprawling figures about her—a lazy grace in the slim bodies in the rough sport clothes.

And under everything—the thrilling consciousness of Ken. Tall and trim, with that confident pose of head, he made Fred Easterwood look thick and clumsy. Ken's serviceable rough-neck sweater and high-laced boots made Bill Lane's elaborate sports outfit ridiculous.

All evening her love was a magnet drawing her close to him. Thrilling just to be beside him, feeling that he was tremendously aware of her in every inch

of his body, though he kept on talking to Mary or teased Maida and Phyllis in turn.

The consciousness of him put a silver edge on her own laugh when she sat beside him at dinner. Her cheeks took on a sweet, warm flush. Her hands moved as she talked like fluttering birds, knowing that now and then Ken's glance came stealthily around to her with a look which was a caress.

In that moment the room receded to Ardeth and the others became pale shadows. Only Ken and herself here... vitally alive thrilling to the marvelous fact of each other.

He was hers! She was filled with pride as once swaggering and humble. Only Ken and herself here, with this thrillingly sweet something playing like a flame between them.

Fearing lest too much of this showed in her face, she turned to Tom and began an animated conversation, struggling to keep the singing note from her voice.

After dinner they went in a group to the small town dance. This was held in the room behind the general store. A long wooden space, heated by a barrel stove and aromatic with the evergreen branches nailed up for decorations.

Tom looked down at her tawny head when he had her for a dance. "Like it, Ardeth?"

He had a glowing look for reply. "All right—it's all yours."

His words were laughing but there was a serious note in the man's voice.

Ardeth adopted a purposely light tone. "You mean I can have everything?" She waved her hand at the rough store. "Evergreens and all? Oh—not the evergreens, Tom! That's too much—"

"Don't pretend to misunderstand me!" he returned roughly. "You know I'm crazy about you, Ardeth!"

"Oh—sh-h-h!" She was suddenly in panic to keep him from actual words.

"Not a chance, have I? Not a chance—yet."

She was suddenly and unreasonably angry. "Why do you say that—yet?"

"Oh—because some day maybe there will be. Things don't always turn out the way one figures them. Don't look at me like that, Ardeth. What's so wrong with what I say? You might change your mind. Other girls have, that's my hope!"

But it was the unspoken meaning under his words which stuck like a sword in her heart. That same warning she had heard in Mary Easterwood's words the other day. An echo of that unreasoning fear which underlay all her thoughts about Ken. She made a desperate effort to throw it off—to remain pleasant to Tom.

"So serious we are! Here, look—the music's stopped and we're still dancing!"

She drew out of his arms and walked to the others.

Was this really herself, taking so calmly this proposal of marriage from a wealthy and presentable man? If she could have foreseen this in the grey days of the Harrison flat, how it would have thrilled her. She was a fool! Some deep voice in her mind upbraided her. She would regret this all of her life! Who was she to refuse such a marriage?

Who was she—sang her heart joyfully. She was the girl Ken Gleason loved! Ah—that was true richness, to be married to Ken. Even if they had nothing. Even if they fought poverty together!

The crown of the evening was the walk back to the cabin after the dance.

Bundled in their coats they made their slow way down the snowy trail over the hard packed snow. Their flashlights played back and forth like a swarm of glowworms. There was no moon, but myriads of low bright stars hung over trees black and unstriving in the chill, cold air. Now and then they passed little cabins, the windows rectangles of warm light.

Ken, an arm about Maida and Phyllis, led the way. They were singing. Their voices floated back thin and sweet and a little wistful in the beauty of the night.

Tom, silent since that last dance with Ardeth, walked with Mary and Fred.

Ken, who had maneuvered to walk with Ardeth, lagged behind the others, and when they had disappeared into the cabin he drew the girl into his arms. Mitten hands clinging. His lips coming down to find her own. Warm lips in cold faces. She knew the sweet surrender of his kiss after fighting the thought of him all day.

"You darling..." She could see his ardent eyes shining down into her own. "All fire and sweetness you are. If you knew how darned jealous I got when I saw you dancing with Tom. Ah, honey, let's take the jump. Let's get married when we get back—I want you so!"

Mary Easterwood's agitated figure suddenly appearing above them on the porch, so that they drew apart in confusion.

Mary's voice with a strained, frightened note.

"Ken—come in at once! A telegram came for you. Do you suppose your mother—"

(To be continued)

All Statesman subscribers can make application for the \$10,000 North American Accident Insurance policy. This travel protection costs only \$1.00 per year.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Furs against gold:

In the series on Wallace prairie in this column, completed last Sunday, it was related that William Wallace and J. C. Halsey on May 25, 1813, with their party returned to Fort Astoria, from the Willamette, bringing with them the FIRST results of the Astoria venture, 17 packs of furs and 32 bales of dried venison.

These furs were beaver skins, principally, not all of them. Eighty beaver to the pack was the rule. That meant that Wallace and Halsey took to the fort at Astoria from the first fort on the Willamette, and the first house built by whites in the Willamette valley, about 1360 beaver skins. They were then worth \$5 to \$6 a skin, and thus that winter's catch, in the vicinity of the Astoria venture, represented values of \$7000 to \$8000; and something like twice that much in the Canton or London markets. Taking no account of the dried venison, a meat which was regularly offered to the Astoria venture, the untanned skins are worth around \$20. The tanned skins are worth \$30 to \$40; owing to size and fineness.

The trappers of the old days, like the members of the Wallace and Halsey party, knew and practiced the art of tanning. The present day trappers do not understand it, as a general thing.

The old fur trapping days of pioneer times will never return. They led the van of civilization in America. The trapper went ahead of the missionary, who was in advance of the settler. Ed Emery Dye, in "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," in writing in her book of the evenings in bachelors' hall of old Fort Vancouver, gives this bit:

"Furs, man!" Dr. McLoughlin used to say.—Lord bless you, man, furs are worth more than mines. While the Spaniard was ransacking Mexico and Peru, France and England were trapping skins, and they made more out of it. Furs led the Russian hunter across Siberia, furs led him along the isles to Sitka. Furs opened Pacific trade. At Nootka Sound, Captain Cook's men exchanged trinkets for sea otter skins for their own use and comfort, but when they reached the ports of China the merchants offered such incredible sums for that accidental stock of furs that all they wanted to give up exploration and turn traders. Cook's men introduced the sea otter to England. Furs led to the exploration of North America. The first white man to set foot on the lakes, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Columbia, and the waters of the north, were fur traders." When McLoughlin got

A dispatch that on Tuesday a monument was dedicated, marking the old trail between the waters of the Coos bay district and the Coquille territory, by the Coos Bay chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was first an Indian trail, then a pack trail, then a wagon trail; now it is on the paved highway. It is appropriate that the spot dividing the water shed be so marked. There is a great deal of this sort of work ahead for Oregon, which will have attention in the future. The more of this work will ere long be as wide awake to the importance of such matters as residents of California are—which is saying a good deal.

Vastly more history of importance related to the securing of this coast for the United States was made in Oregon than in California. In fact, old Oregon was the historic mother of California. Oregon sent that state her gold discoverers, and furnished the advance guards of the gold rush. And Oregonians broke California into the Union as a state, and gave that nascent commonwealth her first governor.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

HOOVER AND HARDING
Over in the state of Ohio at the city of Marion they are getting ready to dedicate a \$50,000 memorial to the late President Warren G. Harding. President Hoover is reported to have turned a deaf ear to suggestions that he dedicate the memorial, and a good many republican editors in Ohio are in an uproar.

It is alleged that Hoover is getting "nasty nice," that he is prudish because scandal has touched the name of Warren Harding, that Hoover is unduly influenced by the disclosures of Nan Britten, Harding's paramour, by the alleged revelations of Gaston B. Means, the unappealing snapper who played all ends of the Harding regime against the middle. Very little is said about the crimes of the Harding administration against the people, the stealing, swindling, black-guard conduct of the Daughters, the Falls and the other rogues Harding put in office. Instead it is cited that many famous men, including Alexander Hamilton and Napoleon have been immoral.

We do not profess to know what passes through President Hoover's mind with regard to Harding. Hoover was a member of the original Harding cabinet. Hoover was untouched by any of the private or public scandals. Hoover has been criticized bitterly for keeping silent during those scandals. Why? Nobody may ever know. Perhaps he felt it would be a cheap thing, an unsportsmanlike thing to turn against the man who had elevated him to power. Hoover was never a notoriety seeker.

But in his refusal now, as president of the United States, to take part in an \$50,000 scheme to glorify and distract the memory of a man whose administration was one of the blackest in American history, most people will be in accord. The personal delinquency of Harding, Hoover's forgotten easily. But the betrayal of the highest office in the nation to men whom Harding must have known for lifelong rogues is unforgivable. The insistence of Ohio republicans on raising such a memorial is an affront to the thinking people. The Harding episode from the time of his selection in the smoke-filled room at Chicago to his tragic ending is not a thing to be hidden under a rug. It is a party crime rather than a personal crime when at the machinery of a great party was diverted to foisting such a wallowing on the people.—Eugene Guard.

started, he was a famous story teller.

"Once, our magazines were full of unstable bear skins. One of our chief factors selected a set of fine large skins, had them dressed in silver with the king's arms, and presented them to a royal duke. His lordship put them into his state coach and drove to court. In a fortnight every pair in England was scrambling after bear skins. With long whiffs of their pipes they listened. McLoughlin knew the fur trade like a book.

"The Russian Empress Catherine set the fashion for sables—now we have miles of traps, baited with meat and mice. England alone consumes 100,000 Hudson's Bay sables a year. But the beaver! I heard old graybeards tell in my boyhood that when a Parisian hatter set the fashion, all the young men of Canada left their seigniories and took to the woods. Their farms went back to forests. Du Luth left Montreal with 800 men at one time. Nobody knows how far they did go, but when they came back with their fur-filled boats they lived like kings, they dressed in lace and wore the sword, and made Montreal a pandemonium with their drunken revels.

"Lord bless you, man, the marks of France were blunted, the ships would take no more, every warehouse in Montreal was packed, and still the brigades came paddling down the St. Lawrence. They stacked the bales in empty squares; some became damaged. At last to get rid of so much heavier they built great bonfires, and thousands of pounds were burnt in the streets of Montreal. That was about the time the Americans were hanging witches in Salem and the French were fighting the Inquisition at Quebec.

"Nobody plowed the fields of Canada, there was almost a famine, but those men who razed the woods could never bring themselves to settle down on their farms again. They became wild, and cared for nothing but adventure. They settled in the woods, and their children are our bouquins voyageurs of today. You'll not find a fullblood among them—their grandfathers were the fishermen of that old fur-trade."

(This series of furs against gold, will be continued on Friday and Saturday.)

A dispatch that on Tuesday a monument was dedicated, marking the old trail between the waters of the Coos bay district and the Coquille territory, by the Coos Bay chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was first an Indian trail, then a pack trail, then a wagon trail; now it is on the paved highway. It is appropriate that the spot dividing the water shed be so marked. There is a great deal of this sort of work ahead for Oregon, which will have attention in the future. The more of this work will ere long be as wide awake to the importance of such matters as residents of California are—which is saying a good deal.

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AUMSVILLE P. T. A. HONORS TEACHERS

AUMSVILLE, Oct. 22.—P. T. A. held its regular meeting Friday night as a reception for the teachers with a 7 o'clock dinner.

The program consisted of high school and junior glee club singing the songs used for packing the fine negro play. Dr. B. F. Pound gave a short talk and also joined the P. T. A., this being Dr. Pound's first at one time.

Mrs. Millie Martin returned home Friday after spending several weeks with her sister in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner moved the household goods here from Mehama this week.

E. Warne Empey spent the week-end at Junction City with his parents.

C. M. Dregala spent the week end with his parents at Canby.

H. S. Brown is carrying mail while Tony Perkins is taking a vacation deer hunting.

J. Alaman and son Rex was business callers at Stayton Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Clark and by were met by Silvertown Sunday to visit with Mr. and Mrs. George Hayes.

Unique Display Is Featured at Monmouth Meet

MONMOUTH, Oct. 22.—The Dorcas society of the Christian church entertained with a Rainbow supper at the church Thursday evening, accompanied by a display of very handsome pieced quilts during the day and evening of the same date.

The tables were arranged in rainbow silhouettes, with vases and decorations representing very realistically, the seven rainbow colors. A large gathering of members and friends of the church enjoyed the pleasant occasion.

Forty girls in the Pratt, Kas. high school are enrolled in archery course.