

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Steves, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg., Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.
Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Pearson-Stecker, Inc., New York, 211 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 250 N. Michigan Ave.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$6.00; 3 Mo. \$12.50; 6 Mo. \$22.50; 1 Year \$40.00. Elsewhere \$6.00 per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Col. Greeley's Address

THE Statesman reprints in this issue the complete address of Col. W. B. Greeley, former head of the forestry bureau at Washington, and now manager of the West Coast Lumbermen's association, which Col. Greeley delivered at the recent divisional meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Portland. This address is important for two reasons. First, it gives a full diagnosis of the lumber manufacturing situation in the northwest. Second, it gives an analysis of the problem of enforced and unrestrained competition in large-scale industries, particularly those engaged in utilization of raw natural resources.

All residents of the northwest are interested deeply in the lumber problem. Lumbering is our greatest single industry, its prosperity means the prosperity of large portions of the northwest; its adversity means distress and suffering even beyond the localities immediately dependent on this industry. So we urge our readers to study carefully this address of Col. Greeley's.

The colonel goes farther into the problem than a mere study of the immediate factors involved, for he sees in it an intimate relation with other lines of enterprise where over-expanded plant capacity creates production gluts resulting in ruinous competition, shut-downs, unemployment, receiverships and financial distress. Cycles of boom and depression are encouraged by this freedom of competition.

One may cite many other industries where "over-production" is assigned as the cause of distress: wheat, cotton, copper, textiles, leather, sugar, tires. In thinking of this competition one is reminded of that phrase which Carlyle quotes in his French Revolution: "the revolution devouring its own children." So it seems to be with competition, it devours its own offspring; plants may enjoy a brief period of prosperity only to be eaten up by the same monster which gave them birth.

The Adam Smith theory was founded on free competition; but modern industrialism is finding that theory increasingly unsafe. Under free competition in the 90's and earlier the railroads engaged in rate wars, in disastrous battles for business and as a result the roads were often in receivership, unjustifiable roads were constructed, and railroad service was irregular and unsatisfactory.

Col. Greeley recommends modification of the Sherman anti-trust law which forbids any attempt at price control and would legalize trade agreements with some public umpire to protect the public interest. President Hoover gave a mild endorsement of some such legislation dealing with natural resource industries in his message to congress. There is a growing conviction that some form of intelligent yet just control within an industry to prevent its demoralization is essential: otherwise modern big-scale industrialism will devour its own children; just as the spirit of revolution feeds upon revolution, each one fomenting another.

Col. Greeley is giving the business men of the northwest and of the nation a short course in economics. We urge our readers to study this address, because he has laid open a subject which goes right to the heart of our present difficulties and lays open as well the perplexing problem of how to minimize the losses of unrestrained competition without exposing the consuming public to exploitation.

"Liliom"

"LILIAM," which showed at the Elsinore this week deserved a far greater audience than greeted it, at least the second evening, which was the night the writer attended. Written some ten years ago or a little less by Franz Molnar, the play stands out as one of the best of modern dramas. It was our memory of the play from reading it, which led us to see its reproduction as a talking picture; and we were agreeably surprised at how well the play was interpreted and how admirably it adapted itself to the mechanics of modern dramatization.

Unlike most modern dramas which consist chiefly of satirical comedy, "Liliom" is a tragedy. Love, deep, adding love, is the motif of the plot; not the sugar coating which is most common in both literature and life in these latter days. Where now is the girl who would let her idle husband cuff and beat her? Yet Julie did, clear to the end—and after the end for the rejected carpenter suitor still met rebuff after Liliom took his own life to avoid prison.

One ought to mention the superb acting of Charles Farrell as the artist of the amusement park, Liliom, side-show barker who yet had a heart; and of Rose Hobart as Julie. Quiet, with rich-toned voice, Julie carried conviction into her acting; and her facial expressions seemed like photographic poses from some photographer competition.

The play itself has something of the spiritistic like "Outward Bound" and "Smilin' Thru," making it a bit spooky for the mundane-minded. One doesn't laugh after seeing "Liliom." He steps outside the theatre with a feeling that he has just returned from a journey to some far country. As a study in the depth and persistence of romantic love, "Liliom" affords a commendable counterbalance to the modern mood of cheap and easy divorce and remating.

New Rhodes Scholars

THE papers have reported the selection of three youth from the northwest to go as Rhodes scholars to Oxford, and the young men are receiving congratulations upon their intellectual attainments and distinction and for the opportunity which awaits them. It is a very doubtful opportunity. It means simply three more years of classical studies. Unless the men are definitely planning careers as college professors or in literature, they will find the time too long to be kept out of their professional careers.

We have known some Rhodes scholars and could not observe that their three years in Oxford had been as profitable as if spent in definite professional training in an American university supplemented possibly with some European travel. Except for those going in for teachers, we believe the Oxford course is chiefly a waste of time. The chaps who didn't get the appointment are more to be envied than those who did.

BROWN'S HEALTH BETTER

SILVERTON, Dec. 20.—Percy Brown, manager of the Interurban Telephone company of Silverton, who has been confined to the hospital for the past 12 weeks, was able to be moved to his home this week. Mr. Brown is able to be about the house now and has been over town a few times.

Leathers from the United States were sold direct to 23 different countries during the first six months of 1936.

Smallpox

By VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M. D., County Health Officer

Smallpox is at once one of the most terrible diseases and the most easily controlled of any known. It happens also that the real cause of smallpox is not known. Any other disease which is closely related to smallpox, remained immune for life in most cases against smallpox. Cowpox is a comparatively mild disease and he thought that it would be possible to produce this mild disease artificially in human beings and protect them against the greatly dreaded smallpox. His experiments proved that this could be done and from 1796 on the inoculation of a person with cowpox has been called vaccination. The word "vaccination" refers to the or calf from which the vaccine is obtained.

In 1796 an English physician by the name of Jenner made the observation that people who had cowpox, a disease which is closely related to smallpox, remained immune for life in most cases against smallpox. Cowpox is a comparatively mild disease and he thought that it would be possible to produce this mild disease artificially in human beings and protect them against the greatly dreaded smallpox. His experiments proved that this could be done and from 1796 on the inoculation of a person with cowpox has been called vaccination. The word "vaccination" refers to the or calf from which the vaccine is obtained.

The method of vaccinating has passed through several stages of improved technique from a scratch and rubbing a scab from a recently vaccinated person on the raw surface, to inoculating with a needle and the more simple method of today in which the virus is merely planted in the upper layers of the skin. This method as used today is so simple and painless that it is not always possible to tell where the vaccine was planted since there is no mark left.

On about four days the vaccine begins to grow. A small pimple or blister is formed which gradually increases in size and becomes surrounded by an area of redness. The blister is in full "bloom" from about the eighth to the tenth day. At this time there is also a slight fever and indisposition which passes over within 24 hours or so and the person is thereafter immune to smallpox.

The efficacy of vaccination for preventing smallpox has been clearly shown in Marion county during the last five years. In 1935 there occurred in Salem an epidemic of smallpox in which 181 cases were reported. In order to control this the school board required that all students attending school be vaccinated against smallpox. At this time a great many parents received their first vaccination and in a short time the epidemic had subsided. There have been no epidemics of any serious consequence since 1935 in Salem.

Many of the cases which have been reported in Marion county during the last five years, in which have come in from other parts of the country. Fortunately, there have been only two deaths reported since 1935 due to smallpox and there has been a gradually diminishing number of cases. The following are the figures:

Year	No. of Cases
1925	181
1926	53
1927	39
1928	28
1929	26
1930 to Dec. 1, 1935	12

This reduction in smallpox is due to a great extent to the large number of school children who have been vaccinated during the last five years. Whenever a case occurs in Marion county the county health unit follows up every contact and sees that they are either vaccinated promptly or else isolated for the incubation period. In this way many epidemics which might have occurred before many people were vaccinated have been prevented. An estimated 75 percent of the population vaccinated against smallpox it would be very improbable that a serious epidemic of smallpox could be started in Marion county even with lax control measures. But, in order to keep up this favorable condition it is necessary to continually urge that residents of the county be protected against smallpox and especially to see that each of the 800 babies born each year as well as many other newcomers receive this protection early in life.

Yesterdays

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

Dec. 21, 1905
Ristine's orchestra from Salem will furnish music at the dance at the M. B. A. hall at Chemawa.

Streets in vicinity of Jos. Meyers & Son's store presented an unusually lively appearance yesterday, when several hundred small boys and girls gathered to scramble for the prize balloons turned loose by the firm.

Due to high water brought on by recent heavy rains, the long wagon bridge spanning North Mill creek on Front street was partially washed out about noon yesterday. Repairing has started already, however it will be several days before it is ready for traffic.

Mrs. Laura Krebs has commenced action against the Security Trust and Life Insurance company to recover amount of premiums paid upon a policy issued

HAVE YOU OVERLOOKED ANYTHING?



"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXVII

"C'mon, Mat, you've got a beautiful voice!" someone invited but who can join a chorus of maudlin songs, cold-sores and froth from a long, hard ride? He was turning away, a little disconsolately when a familiar voice cried, "Why, Mat Tully, where did YOU come from?"

It was the oldest Hollenbeck girl, coming toward him with both hands outstretched, welcoming him as if she were really glad to see him, as if it mattered whether he came or not.

"Hello, Lou!" He had never called her that before. Her color deepened. For a moment she looked almost as lovely as her pretty sister. "Go, it's good to see you. Where's Nancy?"

"Out on the river with the others. Want to go look for her?" Lou tried to answer gayly, nonchalantly, as Nancy would. But she didn't manage it very well. She heard her own voice too eager, too tense. The old self-consciousness came rushing back, her throat felt tight.

"I have this dance with someone—" She looked around brightly, nervously. How COULD she have given herself away like that? Rushing up to him like a chattering school girl. Let him go look for Nancy! What did she care? Helen Heffinger was out there waiting for him, too looking almost handsome in her crimson velvet—why keep her waiting?

Mat smiled. A peculiar expression flitted across his dark, mobile features.

"You have this dance with me, but we're not going to dance it. We're going to forage for something to eat instead. Nancy won't miss us," he added, laughing.

With Mat, looking like Robin Hood as a party, by her side, Louise led the way to the dining room where salads and funny heart-shaped sandwiches were laid out on long tables. She walked on air. Her gilt slippers—home gilded—seemed not to touch the ground at all.

"Nancy won't miss us!" Mat had said. At the moment that he said it, Nancy Hollenbeck, in a canoe with Jack Beamer, would have given anything she possessed to see them. To see anybody. To get away. To be, on shore.

"What do you want to do, capsize this canoe?" Jack Beamer demanded in genuine panic.

"That's just what I was going to ask you," Nancy returned with a smile.

"My Heavens girl, you ought to be in a canoe! Good job we didn't go overboard!" Nancy, the first panic over, giggled, "I wouldn't mind for myself, but it would be tough on Grandma Peebles and Aunt Ellie."

"On WH-AT?" "On Grandmother Peebles and Aunt Ellie. I'm made out of the defunct Grandma Peebles' best silk petticoat and Aunt Ellie's parasol. I borrowed it from her—she's still alive, but her—her—the lace and I hate to sew it all on again. Isn't that awful?"

He didn't laugh. He paddled softly for the island where a gently sloping beach made an ideal landing. "It makes me sick to hear you talk about living like that—you who ought to have everything. Clothes from Paquin—"

"Is that where your wife gets hers?" "Yes, Anita has the best," he said easily. And then after a little pause, "Was it because of Anita that you acted like a little fool when I wanted to kiss you?"

Nancy winced in the darkness. "I told you not to," she said aversively.

"But Heavens, girl, I didn't think you meant it! What's a kiss? Haven't we—"

"Jack—please—" she begged. "I asked you not to talk any more about—about—"

"Look here, Nancy, I don't understand you. Back came your arm again. Don't you like me any more?" She made another movement to free herself. "Of course, Don't be silly."

"Nancy, someone has been talking to you. You've been talking to what some darn gossip has had to say. I'm disappointed in you. I thought that you—"

"No, no, it isn't that. I don't care what people say, I don't really. But it's just as I said in my letter. You're married, and I—I don't want to break up—to—to—"

She floundered for the right word. She couldn't talk about breaking up his home when all the world knew he had none. Oh, to be out of this mess! To be free from him... from Roger... from every one who would be herself again, Nancy Hollenbeck—to begin again—different. Her chin quivered, she looked longingly toward the shore. But she couldn't get away, she was in a canoe with Jack Beamer. The swift current was sweeping them down stream. The dark water swirl about them. Even the sky was dark. Clouds had covered the moon.

He took her cold hands in his. "I'm not going to force myself on you, dear. I've never done that with any woman." He grinned in the dark—he'd never had a girl. "But I'm going on with my plans. I'll be free in January—February anyway—"

"Please, Jack—"

"Can I stop loving you because you tell me to?" She wopt then. Thinking of Roger, her mind picturing him as she first whispered, "I do love you." Roger, whom she couldn't stop loving, even when she wanted to. Stop. It's no use! I'm married—it's too late! she wanted to scream, but something... caution, fear, she didn't know what, kept her from R. She couldn't tell him.

"Please take me back," she said instead. "My head aches so, and I'm so unhappy. Forgive me, I—I've made an awful mess of everything."

Whistling thoughtfully, he paddled back to shore.

"Good-by, Jack," she said shaking at the landing.

"Good-by!" he asked smiling.

"Yes—please, I'd rather much

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic Salem hanging

How many people remember the lettering on a plain board headstone in the I. O. O. F. cemetery of Salem, marking a grave a few tiers back of the south side of the main entrance roadway about half way up the hillside from the east or Commercial street line, that told of an early day wife murder.

The lettering was something like this: "Here lies Mrs. Charles J. Roe, who was cruelly murdered by her husband." This is only from memory. The headstone appears to have been thrown away or lost in the last dozen to a score of years.

Turning to page 159 of Bancroft's History of Oregon, first volume, one reads: "There was a third marriage on that day, that of Charles J. Roe and Nancy McKay, some of whose brothers were in the Mission school, and the bottom of the next page there is a footnote that reads: "Roe had a strange history. He was born in New York in 1806, and came to Oregon in 1834. He early joined the Methodist church, in which for many years he had a good standing. On the death of his wife he married again in 1858 another half-breed girl of good character; but, becoming jealous of her, he murdered her in 1859, for which he was hanged, professing to hope for forgiveness, and expressing a willingness to pay the penalty of his sin."

The first wife of Charles J. Roe was a little more than a half-breed. Nancy McKay was a daughter of Captain Tom McKay, who was a son of the wife of Dr. John McLoughlin by a former marriage to Alexander McKay, who was killed in the Tonquin (Astor ship) disaster in the bay of Cloyquot in June, 1811. Nancy was therefore a granddaughter of the first lady of the old Oregon country, at the Fort Vancouver in the days when that was the capital of an empire as big as all Europe. Her mother was a full blooded Clatsop Indian woman.

When Bancroft's writer penned "There was a third marriage on that day," she (Mrs. Victor) meant Sunday, July 16, 1837 (though she by mistake wrote it June instead of July), when were performed the first marriages in the old Oregon country of white men and white women. The other two were, of course, the Weddings of Jason Lee and Anna Maria Pitman, and Cyrus Shepard and Susan Downing, at the old mission 10 miles below Salem.

On that day, which was Sunday, the first Christian converts in the old Oregon country were given the rite of baptism. They were this same Charles J. Roe and Wobley Hauxhurst. Roe had arrived in the country with the Capt. Wyeth (second) expedition, in 1834, and had attached himself to the Jason Lee missionary party, which was a part of the Wyeth expedition. Hauxhurst came with the Hall J. Kelly and Erving Young party, by way of California. Hauxhurst built the first grist mill in the Willamette valley. (The Bits man thinks he knows where and when more of this some later time.) He was a member of the first board of trustees of the First Methodist church of Salem, and of the Oregon Institute and Willamette university, and was a good and useful man; though (the Bits man believes) he had an Indian wife. Those first conversions, July 16, 1837.

have it that way. You mustn't think of me any more—"

He laughed then. Looked down into her lovely woe-begone face with ill-concealed admiration.

"Try and stop me. You're going to belong to me, Nancy Hollenbeck. You're going to be the second Mrs. Beamer, and DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

The crowd was beginning to thin out. Motors were humming. "Good-by—good-by, we've had a wonderful time!"

The elder Neals had long since left. The elder Craig, tired and happy, were trying to stifle almost overgrown yawns. Oscar and the new butler were ministering to the six of the fallen in an improvised dormitory in the basement billiard room. "Be sure there's enough gin, daddy!" May Belle had insisted. There had been more than enough. May Belle herself was a bit unsteady, and the happy bridegroom-to-be wandered from friend to friend with the glad tidings that he was perky sober, "spite of the hic, happy 'casion, hic!"

"Well, thank God, that's over!" May Belle sighed when they had speeded the last departing guest, and Gil had been persuaded to go upstairs.

(To be continued)

Really date the First Methodist church of Salem back to that time, and the Sunday school of that church over three years further back, to March, 1834, when Cyrus Shepard organized the Sunday school at the old mission.

If you should consult the old files of The Oregon Statesman, you would find in the issue of Tuesday, March 1, 1859, an account of the murder of Charles J. Roe for which that Roe was arraigned before the district court, Judge R. F. Boise presiding, on the Thursday previous to March 1, and that Boise said: "I am prepared to plead now. I am guilty of the crime before God and man, and desire to suffer. I deserve the punishment the laws of God and man provide." You will find it printed that Judge Boise in the prisoner that he might have a day to consider affirming or changing his plea.

On the following morning (Friday) Roe was again brought into court and said: "I do not desire to change. I am guilty." The report goes on to say that Judge Boise in sentencing Roe to be hanged said, among other things:

"You have murdered your wife in cold blood and sent her without mention to her final account, bereaved your children of their mother and deprived them of her protection and care—and finally you have disgraced them by the commission of a crime the most unnatural and awful, which will forever stain your memory. . . . You will soon be summoned to a higher tribunal than this; and let me advise you to use with diligence the short time which now remains to you of life to prepare to meet your final judgment." The time for the execution was set for April 2.

The Statesman of the following Tuesday, April 6, had a long account of the hanging. It said 500 to 1500 people were present; that the sheriff Corroyer presided, and that on the gallows, with him were Rev. Wm. Roberts and Rev. A. F. Walker. Roe made a long speech, in which he said he was guilty, and that he went to his doom feeling it was fully deserved, that he had repented, and asked forgiveness, and hoped for pardon hereafter. Both the ministers spoke and offered prayer.

Rev. Roberts delivered an exhortation, and gave out a hymn to be sung: "Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive. Let a repentant rebel live." The great crowd joined in the singing, and the condemned man engaged in prayer, and in reply after Rev. Roberts the words of a prayer.

Then, all being in readiness, and the sheriff having been assisted by a number of men in keeping the crowd back from the gallows, the black cap was adjusted, the trap tripped, and Roe swung off into eternity, with a blessing on his lips for all present.

(Some additional news concerning the historic hanging will have to go over until Tuesday.)

CLEAR FIRE RUINS FOR REBUILDING

TURNER, Dec. 20.—The remaining timbers of Turner's old flour mill which was built over 50 years ago and which burned early Saturday morning, Dec. 13, are being cleared away and the grain has for the most part been salvaged. The C. A. Babcock company of Portland have the work in charge, with a large crew of men working all week. As fast as the grain is sacked it is loaded on cars to be shipped to Portland, where it will be graded and put on the market, thus making partial returns to those having stored their grain in the mill. The Oregon Grain & Flour company states that plans are being made for rebuilding the mill as soon as the location is cleared.

An up-to-date fire proof building will be built, which is good news to Turner, as the town needs a good mill and the present company has been handling a large business. Some years the business has reached \$125,000.

RADIO SERVICE

SETS on all makes PARTS Radio Headquarters "Just Radio" Phone 1161 175 S. High St.

WHENEVER YOU NEED READY CASH

COME IN AND LET US EXPLAIN HOW QUICKLY AND CONVENIENTLY WE CAN ARRANGE A LOAN FOR YOU! \$10 TO \$300 1 DAY OR ALMOST 3 YEARS TO REPAY. * TERMS TO SUIT YOUR INCOME * Licensed By The State

BENEFICIAL LOAN SOCIETY

119 New Bligh Building Second Floor 519 State St. Tel. 2-7-4-0

CHURCH AT FERRY

PHONE 120

"How can we keep the most? And there's the thought we carry with us into every home that asks our service."

Laugh-Barrick Co.

LICENSED ENGRAVERS