

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Bad Medicine in Washington

If there is any bunch which needs to be sent up for senile dementia, it is the republican national committee. It has pulled more political boneheads the last few years than most any organization can survive under. The latest disclosure is the endeavor of Lucas, executive director of the committee, to defeat Senator Norris of Nebraska. Lucas borrowed \$4000 as he said, on his own note; but as is later admitted, on the guarantee of the committee, and used the money to print material attacking Norris and favoring Hitchcock, the democratic nominee. Lucas defends himself by saying that Norris is no republican because he opposed Coghidge and Hoover. On what theory Lucas sets himself up as a sure priest of republicanism we do not know; but he surely ranks high as a stupid political blunderer.

If he had had any sense at all he would have known he could not defeat Norris in Nebraska; and he should have known that for the republican organization to campaign either openly or secretly against one nominated under the party label in a sovereign state would serve to alienate hundreds of thousands who believe they are republicans even if they do not accept the standpatism of Grundy and Smoot.

Norris may deserve scant support from the party organization because of his insurgency and irregularity; but the secret conniving by party heads to work his defeat, not by a "regular" republican, but an old-line democrat, merely indicates that the republican committee is the tool of party reactionaries.

But what more could be expected of a party committee or party leadership which gave us Claudius Huston and then Senator Fess, that whitewashed hypocrite and political hardshell?

Of a piece with this performance is the initial action of the new federal power commission in summarily discharging Solicitor Charles A. Russell and Chief Accountant Frank V. King. The commission itself is chiefly a collection of mediocrities, and the discharge of these faithful servants of the public interest is a blow at good government and another major blunder for the administration.

Under the old power commission, Bonner, named secretary by Secretary Wilbur, consistently endeavored to junk the safeguards to the public contained in the federal power act; and only the vigilance of Russell and King prevented the utilities from absolutely dominating the administration of this important federal commission.

Here some of us have been shouting to the people that the federal power act was an efficient protection to public rights against the monopolistic greed of utilities; and now the very men who had fought to preserve those rights are summarily kicked out by the new chairman, George Otis Smith, before he gets his breeches warm in his new seat. It is as though the Hoover administration was as dumb as a bourgeois, learning nothing from the last election and from the positive expression of public opinion.

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Smith asserts that he wasn't concerned with the past controversy and wanted to start with a new staff. All right for Mr. Smith, but the country was vitally concerned with that controversy and save for the grasping utilities hoped for a reorganization which would strengthen the hand of Russell and King.

With all these storms breaking, Pres. Hoover sits impotent and silent. Not in years has the country seen his equal in political stupidity.

Bank closings are not nearly so disastrous as they formerly were. They produce hardship and inconvenience, but usually the depositors get most if not all their money back. Banks operate under rigid supervision, and liquidation comes out a lot better than the stockholders, who nearly always are under double liability.

Danby, Vt. has had only one person in its jail in 30 years, so the town has converted it into a cooking school. But who wants to live in a town so dead as that?

The spectacle of the republican national committee trying to elect a democrat shows the collapse of party discipline and the growing meaninglessness of party symbols.

Father Time can join the boy scouts next Thursday when he turns the leaf on the calendar to 1931. That will be his good turn.

Last year's New Year resolutions proved just as valuable as the wishes for a prosperous new year.

Speaking of life's blessing, what about this wonderful mild weather right in the heart of winter?

For a few days now clerks will be busy with exchanges. "Gifts that please" seem to get in wrong stockings many times.

4 JAIL BREAKERS STILL ARE LOOSE

EAST VIEW, N. Y., Dec. 25. — (AP) — An expert jail breaker and three companions he led to freedom through barred bars at East View penitentiary were still at liberty today, 24 hours after their escape. They had successfully foiled a manhunt which started a few minutes after their escape and secured most of the territory for miles around. The ringleader, Charles Sirico, 26, New York, now has a record of four escapes. Arrested 18 times for offenses including burglary and robbery, he fled twice previously from East View and once from the jail at Goshen. The others are Peter Reynolds, of Yonkers, Ames Clark of Newark, N. J., and William Rapp, formerly of Linden, N. J. All were serving short terms.

Taking advantage of preparations for Christmas festivities, they cut the bars of an unoccupied office, apparently with smuggled saws. When their disappearance was noticed, authorities followed their footprints in the snow. They led northerly four miles, but eventually the trail was lost.

Demand Stronger For Pine, Late Report in South

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 25. — (AP) — Reports from 104 identified southern pine mills show orders received increased 5.20 per cent over previous week; shipments decreased 0.43 per cent, and production decreased 0.79 per cent. These 104 mills show 28,799,000 feet ordered, 25,140,000 feet shipped and 33,015,000 feet produced, with orders on hand at end of last week amounting to 39,329,000 feet. These 104 same mills reported in the corresponding week of 1929 (week ended Saturday, Dec. 21, 1929). Orders booked 39,736,000 feet; shipments 37,326,000 feet; production 47,094,000 feet; orders on hand at end of week 139,216,000 feet.

INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 25. — Fay Danvers of Point Richmond, Cal., is home to spend the holidays with friends and relatives. He spent a few days with his father, Dr. Charles Danvers of this place, and then went to Portland to spend Christmas at the home of his sister, Mrs. D. A. Macey.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

During the past decade, various preventive medical and hygienic measures have helped us to overcome many unfortunate and unnecessary ailments. We are living in the age of progress.

The care of children's teeth has only recently become a matter of general attention. The reporting of children to dentists for the care of their teeth, has aided greatly in the decrease of common ailments of childhood. Not only has this precautionary move helped a part of the body to have stronger teeth, but also it has assured us of their having sturdier bodies.

But I am sorry to say there has been neglect in the care of the eyes of children. Why we should neglect a part of the body so important as the eyes is difficult to understand.

It is most important to determine the clearness of vision of the child's eyes at the earliest age. Should there be any defect in vision in one or both eyes, it is far simpler to correct this in childhood than at a later stage.

Frequently children with defective vision are backward in schoolwork. The child at times actually appears stupid and may be extremely difficult to handle. In truth these children are handicapped because of poor vision. If the defect is corrected the child will be able to carry on his work with his classmates.

Eyestrain is a common occurrence in children. To prevent it they should be kept outdoors as much as possible. The best reading passages should be kept in good condition. Where any physical defects are present they should be remedied by proper medical attention.

Chairs, desks and writing tables should be of the right size so that good posture may be maintained. Children should not be permitted to read in dull light or to read in bed. Too much light is as bad as too little light, and glaring lights should be avoided.

Such eye defects as "farsightedness," "nearsightedness" and "astigmatism" should receive attention at an early age. If necessary, children may wear glasses as early as three years of age. Life is very probable the glasses may be discarded later.

It has been the custom to postpone correction of these conditions until adult life when they have been present ever since childhood. In such cases it often takes many years for marked improvement to take place. If glasses are prescribed in childhood it is possible the conditions will be corrected in a very short time.

It is important that your child have adequate dental care. Every body recognizes that, but if there is any defect in your mind as to the eyes, they should be examined at once by a competent specialist.

Answers to Health Queries
Reader Q.—Would grape juice be of benefit to a person whose blood is thin, and who is anemic?
A.—What can be done for profuse perspiration under the arms?
A.—It might to some extent. Building up the health in general will increase the blood supply and benefit the entire system.

Excessive perspiration is usually due to a nerve disturbance. Improve your health and the nerves will benefit. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

SLENDER Q.—What causes little black spots to float before my eyes?
A.—You may be troubled with auto-intoxication due to some sort of infection present in your system. Try to locate the cause and treatment can be advised. It might be advisable for you to have your eyes tested.

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THE SOURCE



"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Nancy Hoollenbeck, young, beautiful and romantic, heads her mother's warning against marrying a poor man and gives up Mat Tuhy. She accepts the attentions of Jack Beamer who plans to divorce his rich wife and marry Nancy. On a mountain trip, Nancy marries Roger Decatur, a handsome ranger. At first she is happy in his mountain cabin, but when he leaves on a long trip, she flees to her home. Without informing her family of her marriage, she re-enters the old social life. Beamer is as ardent as ever, but Nancy repulses his embraces. Roger's letters arouse Mrs. Hoollenbeck's suspicions. Nancy begs Roger to come to her. Though longing for her, he refuses to see her in a sneaking fashion.

CHAPTER XXXII
Jays passed. The mails were so slow. Up Gale's Flat the roads were rivers of mud. The wind whistled round the cabin; the rain lashed the windows, pattered against the door.

By the light of the kitchen lamp Roger read Nancy's last letter. He had already read it four times, jogging home in the dusk.

Nancy's tears and the rain-drops had almost reduced it to a pulp. It was such a short letter, but already knew it by heart.

"Roger, darling: 'We can't go on this way. I am almost crazy. I've told you so many times. Why do you ask me again? I can't go back just now, and I can't tell the family yet. I'll explain when I see you. You must come. I must talk to you. You could come for a week-end, and I would find some way to get Saturday. If you love me you won't let that job of yours stand in the way. Roger, I'm begging you! I'm putting all my pride in my pocket. I can't get along with you. I love you so. I'll look for you Saturday. It meets you in the lobby of the Met. You'll be at half-past twelve.'

"Your Nancy."
Aunt Elsie wanted the girls for Saturday afternoon. She was entertaining the Ladies' Auxiliary, and they were to help serve the refreshments. There would be crab salad and hot biscuits and rich chocolate cake and tall silver pots of chocolate and coffee. Quite expensive enough with out paying for an extra maid for the refreshments. Besides, she rather enjoyed presenting pretty Nancy, the tall, ladylike Louise "Ladies, my nieces."

"I'm sorry, but I can't go," Nancy said decisively.
"But Nancy you know how Aunt Elsie feels—"
"I can't help it. I can't go."
"I don't know what I can say to Elsie," mama moaned. "I told her I did know what you would be doing, but I was sure—"
"Well, I'm sorry, but you'll just have to tell her—that's the telephone!"

"I didn't hear anything. I declare I don't know what's got into you lately, Nancy. If you're not hearing the telephone, it's the door bell. Are you expecting something?" Mama's wrinkled little face was all wrinkles. There had been trouble enough with Nancy's clattering up and down the stairs to answer imaginary telephone calls and dreamily waiting on the front porch for the postman, leaving the door open, a draught through the whole house, without this commotion over Aunt Elsie!

"No, I'm not expecting anything," but even mama could see that her whole being was tuned to the telephone, waiting for the ring.

"You're making mama nervous for nothing!"
—A loud, rattling sigh from Nancy.

"I'm sure, dear, that any of your little plans should wait on Aunt Elsie. Remember, she has been very kind, and she is in a position to be—much kinder. One never knows—"

"Violets!" the clerk asked, following her hypnotized gaze. He slid back the glass, stirred the purple bunches about.

Their fragrance came wafting up to her. The delicate scent of the blossoms, the good woody smell of the leaves.

"I'd like a bunch of the small double ones," she whispered, pointing so that he knew what she meant.

He planned them on for her with a flourish, and she paid him mechanically. She no longer saw him or his flower stand. She was back in the woods with Roger. He was holding her in his strong brown arms, the falls were pounding, the wild rose in a white plume splintered into diamonds, fell back to the wet green carpet of the grass, the little violets at their feet—

"Your change, madame," the salesman said distinctly.
"Oh!—thank you." She took it blushing, walked uncertainly back to the lobby.

He wasn't there yet. He's de-layed she told herself, trying to push back the panic; it's perfectly natural. Nothing to be upset about.

All about her people were rising, greeting friends. People who had come long after she did were gone. It must be conspicuous, her waiting so long. Her cheeks began to burn.

Perhaps he had called the house after she left. It was so funny, his not answering her letter at all. Maybe he had forgotten it in time—but that was impossible. She had plenty of time.

"Has anyone called me since I left?" she asked mama from a convenient telephone booth.
"Why, no," mama's voice came crackling over the wire. "Has anything happened? Didn't you meet your friends? Where are you phoning from, Nancy? Hello, hello—Nancy!"
Nancy had hung up.
In a small voice she asked at the desk, "Is Mr. Roger Decatur registered here?"
"She knew he wouldn't be. She went back to her chair. She no longer expected him. She just waited because she didn't know what else to do. She could not bear to admit that he wasn't coming."
She was still sitting there at four o'clock when a group of prosperous looking, youngish men came in. Pink faced, large of neck, jovial, inclined to plumpness, Glubman of the sort who have stowed the more violent sports and who have not yet started counting calories.

Five minutes more. Five centuries. She got up again and walked around. Anything was better than sitting still.
At the flower stand near the elevator there was a vase full of violets. Early this year. She stood looking at them hungrily.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Tom Davis, Slave:
There were a number of mistakes in the newspaper reports at the time of the recent death of old Salem days. The following item from one of the Portland papers is a sample:
"Vancouver, Wash., Dec. 15. —Death brought an end Sunday (the 4th) to the long life of Thomas Davis, 92, whose early years were spent in slavery. In 1853, Davis, then a 15 year old boy, was brought across the plains as part of the property of the John Waldo family. Davis' grandmother, who died during the trip, and his sister, Susan, who died later in Salem, were also owned by the Waldos. The family settled in what is now known as Waldo hills, south of Salem. When Davis discovered that the law of Oregon made him a free man, he left his masters in 1863 and went to Salem. In Salem he was elected a drum major and also served on the volunteer hook and ladder brigade. In 1859 he moved to Portland and worked for Cy Gust. Later he cooked on a dining car between Portland and Huntington. In 1907 he purchased a lot in Vancouver, built a two room house in which he lived since that time. He was never married."

There was no John Waldo family crossing the plains. Daniel Waldo came in 1842, in the Applegate train, and took his donation land claim north of what became Salem (at the present site). The name of the Waldo hills section was named for him. He brought no slaves. His son, John B. Waldo, born here, became associate and chief justice of the Oregon supreme court. His son, Wm. Waldo, held many offices. He was president of the state senate in the late eighties. He planted the redwood tree on Summer street, on his home place that became a part of Salem. Waldo hall, Oregon Agricultural College, was named for his daughter. Another daughter was the wife of Jim Brown, and the mother of Geo. G. Brown, popular secretary of the state school land board. Dan Waldo was one of the builders of early Oregon. His life experiences would fill a book.

His brother, Joseph Waldo, came with the immigration of 1846, and brought his slaves. He came with the Pringles. Mrs. A. N. Bush is a member of the Pringle family. Her mother, Mrs. Wm. Pringle, was Emma Pringle, daughter of Virgil Pringle, John Hughes, father of Mrs. Bush, was long a leading Salem merchant and citizen.

Joseph Waldo never married. He spent a good deal of his time with the Pringle family, but a large part of his life after coming to Oregon was lived at the home of Fabritius Smith—on the knoll east of the corner of South Commercial street; near the Richfield light that flashes directions to the navigators of the air.

Dan Waldo had no church affiliations. Joe Waldo was a devout Christian, and was a member of the board of directors of Willamette university.

The rest of the item about Tom Davis is fairly correct. The donation claim of Joe Waldo was south of Salem, on Battle creek. Lon Waldo now owns the land, or a part of it. It was where the road that is the south extension of 12th street meets the Pacific highway.

Mrs. Fabritius Smith was Virgil Pringle, daughter of Virgil K. Pringle. The mother of Fabritius Smith, who lived at the Smith home, was a year or two above 100 years old when she died, in the nineties, or the early years of the present century.

A. N. Bush will not thank the Bits man for giving the fact that he sent to Tom Davis \$75 a year in the last 15 years or so of his life. It came about in this way: Some of his colored friends, 15 or 16 years ago, got the news to Mr. Bush that Tom was in a feeble health, and needy. So he sent him \$75. Tom continued needy, and—well, it became a habit.

Some days before Tom died, a colored woman wrote to Mr. Bush that he was waiting on him in his illness, and that there was not money to buy some of the things the sick man needed. Mr. Bush sent her a \$25 check. Then he asked his friend, Cy Woodworth of Portland, to go and see how Tom was getting along. Mr. Woodworth is a brother of Mrs. I. L. Patterson, widow of the ex-governor. Mr. Woodworth went—and phoned Mr. Bush that he found Tom dead. He had just passed away. The colored woman who had the \$25 check wrote that it was too late to use it. Should she cash it back? Mr. Bush told her to cash it and keep the money, for wages for waiting on Tom.

After Tom the colored boy, found he was free, he attached himself to the family of G. W. Gray, prominent in Salem's old days, and Tom was a reliable servant in that family as long as the order Gray lived. Their home was on the corner of 14th and State street, and long used as the music hall; and has just been torn down.

Mr. Bush, as a youth, often went hunting with the Gray boys. Tom, who was good hunter, always went along. The Gray boys and young Bush did not always have ample hunting supplies. They had not then attended a state of even moderate fortune. But Tom always had his powder horn full, and plenty of bullets. And the boys all had plenty of powder as long as there was grain left in Tom's horn. And plenty of other hunting supplies, too.

So, when Tom was old, and A. N. Bush could spare a little annual gift to help him keep body and soul together, with something of the comforts of life, asked out with his own earnings, the faithful old fellow was not allowed to want for the gift, though he himself never asked for it. Mr. Bush was generally kept informed of Tom's condition by the colored porters and cooks going through Salem.

He offered a cigarette. "Now tell me all about it."
"About what?" She smiled at him shyly.
"You know—why you were here, and what's the trouble, and all about it. You looked as though you'd lost your last friend—"

"I thought I had—"
"Not while John Herbert Beamer is alive and kicking, baby! Listen, honey—turst me! Tell me what it was... I know—you lost some money."
"No, no—It's nothing, Jack—nothing."
"Baby, if you needed anything you'd come to me wouldn't you? You'd let me help you? Say, that you would. Whatever you want—whatever you need—"
"You're good to me, Jack—I'll spoil me some tea."
"I want to spoil you, damn it! I want you to sit on a cushion, and what is it?—eat strawberries and cream!"

"Tears that she had been holding back for an hour overflowed then. Her chin quivered... if he didn't stop sympathizing with her she'd break down and cry all over him... "If you say another kind word I'll yell at you. I'm so miserable... you don't know... I can't tell you."
And all of a sudden she was telling him. "I sat here all day waiting for a man and he didn't come—wasn't that silly of me? Oh, don't laugh, Jack; it isn't funny, really. It's tragic. I haven't told you all that happened this Summer. I should have. I don't know why I didn't—There was a ranger—"

"Strong and handsome. They are always strong and handsome. Six feet two in his stocking feet and—"
"Jack, don't laugh at me, I—"
"I'm not laughing baby. You fell in love with him—is that it? Forgot your old Jack eating his heart out for you home—"
"But you were married!"
"I know, sweetheart. You couldn't forget that, could you (Continued on page 7)"

666
Is a Doctor's Prescription for COLDS and HEADACHES
It is the most speedy remedy known.
666 also in Tablets.

CHICHESTERS PILLS
Nancy slipped the scalding tea. She nibbled on a sandwich. At another, and another ravenously. The color came back in her cheeks.
"Feel better?"
"Oh—lots—"