

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Swains Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Retrospect and Prospect

THE fiscal year usually coincides with the calendar year; say rather that it overshadows the calendar year. So at this turning of a unit on the speedometer of time, most of what is written deals with finances, with business, with industry, with trade statistics, with farming. But does economics absorb all our thinking and living? Are we but money-making automatons rushing through the years and each twelve-month casting up our profits to see how much they exceeded our needs?

In the working out of that whole which we call life, a year with its debits and credits is but an incident. How well we have lived, how much we have grown, how generously we have served? The answers are not totaled in our ledgers, but written into the fabric of our lives.

Leave business out of 1930, and how has it prospered us? Plague has spared us, and the scourge of war. We have known naught of famine. Nature marched her seasonal quadrants normally. Rain and sun, cold and heat, came at their appointed times. No violence of nature abused us, the mad horses of wind and wave and heat being firmly held in check through the year. Beauty of field and garden seemed never so prodigal.

And of our families, what of them? Death touched some homes, making the numerals 1930 stand out darkly. In others came the welcome cries of newborn babes, and the 1930 birth year goes down in many books of family record. In still other homes children entered school, or graduated, or were married. For life must run on and time writes its chapters whether riches accumulate or melt away.

The prospect for 1931? Once again our business-minded Americans prognosticate in terms of trade and finance rather than human values. Who thinks to set his stakes for wider friendships, for more intimate fellowship with his family, for definite contributions of time and effort for community welfare in a coming year? Yet these are the high values of life for which the restless striving for wealth is but the prelude.

On this New Year's Day with its interval of retrospect and of prospect, may we suggest with our self analysis the forgetting of figures of debts and assets; and the conscious study of our balance sheet of resources in personality, in human relationships, and in those elements of the mind and spirit which yield the highest satisfaction in the life which we are either spending or living?

Art and Oxen

A WRITER in the Oregonian, professor of history in a Lewiston Normal, complains that the Fairbanks medal commemorating the Oregon Trail is inaccurate in the detail of the off-ox, which is shown bearing the load from his shoulders rather than his neck.

Artists have a difficult time of it accurately picturing the mechanics of ox cartage. We recall the storm of controversy over the mural in the Iowa state capitol building because the driver was put on the wrong side of the ox-team. Iowa, it seems, at one time passed through this ox-team period of its art as Oregon is at present. We do not believe the picture was changed; and now no Iowan knows whether the driver belongs to starboard or port or riding up in the seat holding a pair of reins.

It is too bad if the Oregon ox medal is wrong however. As long as we cling to the ox-team locomotion by all means let us have the yoke on the necks instead of the shoulders of the ex-bulls.

The Worm Turns

A GROUP of prominent farmers of eastern Washington bringing suit alleging discrimination against farm lands in the administration of taxes. They are just taking a leaf from the book of the railroads and the banks, both of which in Washington recently secured abatement of taxes because they were unduly discriminatory. The farmers no doubt will be able to make out a good case, for in that state the excise tax was declared unconstitutional, so the banks are escaping taxation.

The difficulty of relying chiefly on a general property tax daily becomes more apparent. The opportunities for discrimination between classes of property as well as between parcels of property make for inequity. Perhaps the Washington farmers may through their action initiate some definite relief from the unjust burdens which their lands suffer under. At least it is significant that a group of farmers are alive to the situation and disposed to employ the same weapons as banks and railroads.

HURT SERIOUSLY IN AUTO WRECK

INDEPENDENCE, Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Ruch who live just across the river from Independence, met with a serious accident while on their way to attend a friend's funeral. To avoid a collision with another car, they took the ditch, the car turning over. Mrs. Ruch had a badly lacerated head, having to be cared for by the doctor. Mr. Ruch escaped with a few minor scratches. They are the parents of Homer Ruch who lives here.

Mrs. Viola Cave, 22, passed away in Corvallis Dec. 23. Funeral services will be held from the Fesney funeral home on Wednesday at two o'clock. Rev. Henry Hanson officiating. Interment in the I. O. O. F. cemetery.

about three weeks. Mrs. Bert Keller was taken seriously ill while at work in their home Monday afternoon. She was taken to her home and last reports there was slight change for the better. Mr. Keller had just left for California and he was summoned by phone and returned home at once.

Woman's Club Holds Meeting

SIDNEY, Dec. 31.—The Ankeny Women's club was entertained at the country home of Mrs. J. O. Farr this week. After the usual business meeting a Christmas program was carried out as follows: Christmas songs by the club. The reading of Washington Irving's "Christmas Eve" by Mrs. Sidney Howard. A Christmas tree was a feature of the afternoon and all members present received a gift.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Frequently I am asked whether I advise removal of the tonsils. Anxious mothers are always worried about the thought of an operation on their child. I quite understand their feeling, yet the procedure of removing tonsils is such a simple one that no one should be unduly alarmed over it.

It is not true by any means that all tonsils should be removed. There is no doubt in my mind that at times this procedure has been carried too far. Tonsils that are enlarged but not diseased and cause the child no discomfort, should not be removed. Such tonsils will never injure the health, and will undoubtedly shrink as the child grows older.

On the other hand, tonsils which are enlarged, diseased and a constant source of irritation, should be removed. Such tonsils serve as a source of infection for the body. They greatly hinder the health and welfare of the child. Children with enlarged tonsils are constantly subject to colds, sore throats, headaches, lack of appetite and poor development of the body.

Adenoids that interfere with normal breathing should be removed at once. A child with this trouble breathes through the mouth, instead of through the nose. Such children are usually backward in their school work, are easily vexed, and their general development is retarded.

It has been said that about 95 per cent of caraches in infants and young children are due to adenoids. Deafness in children is often caused by the same cause. This condition is often the only cause of spasmodic croup in children. With the removal of the adenoids the croup is immediately cured.

In considering the prevention of acute rheumatic fever, "St. Vitus dance," and certain forms of heart disease in children, it has been definitely proved that this cannot be accomplished without the removal of infected tonsils and adenoids. Though wholesale removal of tonsils and adenoids in children is by no means advocated, where there is definite infection they should be removed.

The removal of tonsils and adenoids is now considered to be a simple procedure, and is spoken of by most surgeons as a minor operation. Tonsils should never be removed during the time when they are acutely involved. The ideal time for their removal is during the summer months, when there is less chance of colds, sore throats, and the children are away from school.

In adults, where the tonsils have persisted, they should be removed.

SANTIAM S. S. MEETS SUNDAY

TURNER, Dec. 31.—The Santiam district Sunday school convoked their annual meeting Sunday, January 4 at the Stanton Christian church. The theme for the day will be "Forward" Phil. 3:13-14. Rev. W. H. Lyman of the Stanton Christian church will give the morning sermon. The noon hour will be taken over with the usual basket lunch. Dr. H. C. Epley of Salem will have charge of the music for the day.

Special features will be sponsored by the different Sunday schools of the district. Rev. W. S. Burgess of the Turner Methodist Episcopal church will give the address of the afternoon.

Joe Stover, who is athletic director in the Palouse, Wash., high school and Lawrence Stover of Weiser, were also holiday guests. The party left very early Friday morning for Weiser, driving through the night, which is considered quite a time for this season of the year.

An informal meeting was held at the Christian church Monday evening. A party of young people from the county home of Mrs. J. O. Farr this week. After the usual business meeting a Christmas program was carried out as follows: Christmas songs by the club. The reading of Washington Irving's "Christmas Eve" by Mrs. Sidney Howard. A Christmas tree was a feature of the afternoon and all members present received a gift.

Waconda Folk Come and Go

WACONDA, Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nusom of Woodburn and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Nusom of Marshfield, Oregon, called Monday at the home of Mrs. W. S. Nusom. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Nusom were employed at the Marshfield lumber mills are spending their vacation visiting friends and relatives here. Mr. Nusom's parents in Woodburn since Christmas and will remain until after the first of the year.

THIS IS ALL WE EXPECT OF YOU, SONNY



"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXVIII
Nancy Hollenbeck never cried any more. Nor did she watch the postman. Nor jump when the telephone rang.

That was something to be thankful for, and her mother, who had no difficulty counting her blessings, they were so few these days, was glad of that.

The letters from Gale's Flat had stopped. When Mrs. Hollenbeck thought of that she was almost happy. Nancy did listen to her after all. She did give up writing to that ranger. Thinking of it, mama had an almost physical sensation of warmth.

"The girls mind me the way they did when they were babies," he told her mother-in-law boastfully.

And she spoke of Mat Tully with a certain satisfaction. "Lou's latest suitor."

But not in her wildest imaginings could you call him a devoted suitor. There would be weeks when Louise wouldn't see him at all. He was so wrapped up in his work.

Or was it Helen Heftinger? Louise wished she could be sure. She thought it was his work, but with Louise always talking about him. . . . And she had so much to offer, even if she was plain.

Plain! Louise no longer thought of herself as plain. It is wonderful what love can do. Her new clothes helped, too. Ever since the Saturday that Nancy failed to come to the Ladies' Auxiliary meeting at Aunt Ellie's home, she had waited for Roger—Aunt Ellie had shown her displeasure at Nancy by being extra nice to Lou.

She took her out shopping and bought her a beautiful hunter's green velvet suit, with everything to match. True, she balked at the cost of alterations, but Lou didn't mind that, she was used to sewing.

Aunt Ellie even talked about buying her a fur coat, but that was really to spite poor Uncle Joseph, who was complaining of rheumatism again. If he insisted upon going to the springs, or a hospital she'd probably buy it, just to show she could spend money as fast as he.

But not a cent did she talk of squandering on Nancy, though Lou hinted as much as she dared. It bothered Lou a little, but there wasn't anything she could do about it. An army with banners couldn't budge Aunt Ellie. Once she had made up her mind.

Walking to the ferry after a particularly dull afternoon in San Francisco with Aunt Ellie she happened to glance at a Market street clock and saw that it was just quarter to five. The Parkhurst bank where papa worked, was only two or three blocks away. If she hurried she could get there before he left at five, and they could have the long trip home together.

Besides, she had on the new green velvet, and Peter Hollenbeck loved to have his girls call on him when they were all dressed up.

With a little sigh for poor, indignant papa, asking a little, working so hard, she turned her footsteps toward the bank.

Mr. Lachman's car, the chauffeur slumped in the seat in front, was waiting at the curb. Mr. Lachman himself was going out of the heavy bronze door at the moment Louise came in.

"Well!" he boomed, "well! If it isn't the lady Louise!" Out day for Portland where she will visit friends and relatives. Miss Brown is in Waconda school teacher and she plans to spend the rest of the holidays in Portland. School work will be resumed Monday, January 5.

Mr. and Mrs. William McGilchrist's small son, Bobbie, who has been ill the past week is improving satisfactorily since a strict diet has been adhered to.

came his cold, damp hand. Off came his derby hat. Papa, hurrying for the five fifteen, dashed up to the door at that very moment. Intent on catching his boat, he passed right by them.

"Wait! Louise laughed clutched at his coat. "Wait for me—I've come to take you home!"

Oliver T. Lachman took another look at Louise. She was even more stunning than he had remembered.

"Yes, we're going to drive you down to the ferry, old man!" He had made a swift decision. Gentle wrinkles appeared on his long, lean face. He beamed at his employee. He was going to give him another chance.

On the way to the ferry he lifted Louise's unglazed hand. "You see you wear no rings," he said meaningly. His eyes bored into hers.

"I've never cared for them!" "Hum—that's because you never had the right papa to buy them for you . . . how how . . . Right, Hollenbeck? Hum . . . you'd need something special, Lady Louise. A special design. I might sketch something, just for fun!"

Before they parted, he had promised to call on Sunday to take Louise for a drive. "Show you what it's like to ride in a REAL car!" he bellowed. And then, jovially, to papa. "By the way, Hollenbeck, that will give us the chance to talk a little business. I've been thinking of making some changes at the bank. Might be something pretty nice for you."

Ridiculous to feel like the hero-ine of melodrama when you're 25 and have been known all your life as "the plain Hollenbeck girl." Louise knew it was silly. But she couldn't help feeling that way.

Mr. Lachman was mad about her, that much was plain. He had given papa a raise and promised bigger things. He made extravagant gifts to the family, eyes on her.

For the first time in her life Louise was adored. And it is exciting to be adored, even if it is only by a middle-aged banker with a long, wet nose and a bald head.

A beloved woman . . . Lou brushed her dark brown hair until it shone. Studied her fine, healthy skin. Admired her tall, slim figure. . . . It gave her courage to look over the side of the boat some day not too far away, Mat Tully might really care. . . .

Things might have come to a crisis sooner, but Aunt Ellie broke her hip and mama took that as an excuse to leave the country for a few weeks with her in the warm, dark house in San Francisco. "I'm really her nearest relation," she said. "I ought to be there in case anything happens."

"The wife's stepister is ill," papa told Mr. Lachman. "A very rich woman," devoted to Kitty and the girls."

Mr. Lachman, hoping his consideration would be noticed and appreciated, related his courtship just a little. In a quiet corner of the club in the evenings he gave himself up to thoughts of Louise . . . angel of mercy, soothing the fevered brow . . . Little pictures of her hovering over the sick bed floated before his eyes. Sweet Lady Louise . . . Imperceptibly the picture changed. The old lady vanished. It was his fevered brow Louise was studying.

"Aah!" He could almost feel her soft hand at his temple. . . . what a wife she would be. . . .

But it was really Kitty who sat long hours with the invalid, Aunt Ellie in one his padded chair. Kitty in another, they would chat and doze all day.

"You can't fool me. Joseph is too free with that second girl, Aunt Ellie would begin."

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Palmer entertained at dinner Sunday, for Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stuart Palmer (Marjorie Jean Lounsbury) of Salem.

Miss Gladys Brown left Tuesday for Portland where she will visit friends and relatives. Miss Brown is in Waconda school teacher and she plans to spend the rest of the holidays in Portland. School work will be resumed Monday, January 5.

had to do was murmur "No!" or "Would you believe it," and lie back in her chair, not hearing a word, her mind in a delightful state of coma.

Every two hours, Aunt Ellie took her "nourishment" and of course mama, too. The old cook knew how to please. The trays came up laden with rich little cakes, whipped cream, and soda-mint tablets, laid out like candies on a tiny glass dish.

Food always made Kitty Hollenbeck talkative. She would nibble and complain about Grandma Hollenbeck. "Ellie, I give you my word, she'd rather talk to the butcher boy than to me. Why last week . . ."

Then it would be Aunt Ellie's turn to nod and mumble. "Well!" soothed by the drone of conversation, lulled to warm sleepiness by the familiar talk . . . almost as good as counting the minutes.

They both enjoyed the winter. There was little enjoyment in it for Nancy. This business of meeting Jack Beamer in private booths and out-of-the-way places was getting on her nerves. No other than the one that was adapted in 1841, when the estate of Ewing Young had to be settled, when the laws of New York were authorized to be used.

Lieutenant Wilkes made himself very much disliked on account of his advice against having a further provincial government, mainly on the ground that the order of the country was so good that it did not need any statutes against criminal acts.

But there was one killing over the circumstances of which there is a good deal of variance in the accounts of the writers of early Oregon history. It was the killing of Thornburg by Hubbard.

One writer put the killing several years after it happened, and there were conclusions that the Hubbard who killed Thornburg was the man after whom the town of Hubbard was named, and that he killed Thornburg when he tried to break into the house where the Indian wife of Hubbard lived.

The Bits man thinks Bancroft was right when he said Hubbard and Thornburg were Wyothe men, and the killing was at Fort William, on Sauvie Island, where Wyothe built that fort. Bancroft said Captain Lambert of the Wyothe ship and Townsend, the naturalist, who came in 1824 with Wyothe on his second trip across the plains, in the same party with Jason Lee, held an inquest over the body of Thornburg, and, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. That early day coroner's jury, for

whose existence there was no written law, gave Hubbard a certificate to show the killing was in self defense, and to clear him of any case of arrest under any law that in after years might be enacted. So the Hubbard killing of Thornburg was in 1824 or 1825.

Charles Hubbard, after whom the town of Hubbard was named, came to Oregon in the 1828 immigration. From Missouri, he came on his claim a part of which came to be the Hubbard townsite. His wife, Margaret, whom he had married in Missouri, died at her home in Hubbard December 7, 1879, aged 55. Had she lived a few years longer she would have celebrated her golden wedding.

Mention was made of the killing of William Hamilton by William Kendall, January 7, 1851, near what is now the penitentiary annex, and was the reform school; the killing led to the first legal hanging in Marion county.

In later years, a number of bloody tragedies were enacted in that locality, killings, suicides. And there were pioneer spooks out that way. Old residents used to point out a couple of stately balm trees, on the Turner road, a mile or so north of the bridge across Mill creek this side of the reform school, where those innocent looking balm trees sheltered the ghosts of murdered men. The trees appeared any-thing but weird, to one who did not believe in ghosts. By the way, the students who read these Bits know that weird is a noun as well as an adjective, and that it is also a verb? As a noun, it means fate, lot, or fortune. As an adjective, the ghostly attributes with which you are familiar. You know about Shakespeare's "weird sisters" the fates of Macbeth. As a verb, to weird a person is to tell his or her fortune; to assign a certain fate. "After word comes weird," said the ancient sage.

In July, 1853, Joseph Nott was tried for murder in Umpqua (now Douglas) county. He was acquitted. In that period during and just after the gold rush there were many lesser crimes, such as burglary and larceny, and frequent escapes and deliveries from the unguarded log buildings that served jails.

That was quite a contrast to conditions in the first years of the settlement of the old Oregon country. There was so little disorder in the period from the early twenties, when the French-Canadian with their native wives began opening their farms in the Willamette valley, and after Jason Lee and his fellow missionaries came in 1824, and on up to the early forties, that this absence of crime and criminals, and the uniform good order maintained, was pointed out as an argument against the establishing of the provisional government.

That was one of the reasons Lieutenant Wilkes of the United States exploring expedition gave when he was appealed to for his advice in the matter—one of the arguments he used in his counsel against the movement. He said there was no need for laws, other than the one that was adapted in 1841, when the estate of Ewing Young had to be settled, when the laws of New York were authorized to be used.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Hubbard speaks, Hastings: Mrs. Martha E. Gilliam-Collins also told of the hanging at Dallas of William Everman, in 1852, for the killing of Serenas C. Cooper, who had accused Everman of stealing a watch. He had evidently stolen the watch, for he was a desperate and worthless character. There was then no jail in Polk county, and the sheriff kept Everman in a house, under guard. His brother, Hiram Everman, pleaded guilty of being an accessory to the killing, and was sentenced to serve three years in the penitentiary, but there being no penitentiary he was sold to the highest bidder, Theodore Prather, who set him free after three years of service.

Enoch Smith, also an accomplice, escaped by an agreement of the jury, was rearrested, tried again and sentenced to hang, and finally was pardoned. Smith went to Lane county and took up a land claim, and married, and his wife later committed suicide, and he committed suicide, in 1877. David J. Coe, also an accomplice, obtained a change of venue and was acquitted at the trial.

About that time Nimrod O'Kelly, in Benton county, killed Jerome Mahoney in a quarrel about a land claim. He was sentenced to the imaginary penitentiary and pardoned. Mrs. Collins told of the Wimple murder in Cooper hollow, Polk county; he was 25, murdered his child wife, aged 14. He was hanged at Dallas. That hanging was October 8, 1852.

Robert Maynard killed J. C. Platt on Rogue river. There was no law. Maynard had a private necktie party; was hanged by vigilantes. A man named Brown, in Jackson county, shot a companion. There were no officers, but the people chose W. W. Fowler as judge, and Brown was duly tried, convicted and hanged.

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cards divert at grange meet

WOODBURN, Dec. 31.—Many Woodburn teachers left Monday morning for Portland, where they are to attend a meeting of the Oregon State Teachers' Association. The meeting is to be held in the Lincoln high school building in Portland. Verne D. Bain, superintendent of the Woodburn public schools, and Miss Virginia Mason, instructor in Woodburn high school, are acting as representatives of Marion county at the meet. Mrs. Mabel Ballard, a grade teacher, is acting as Woodburn representative in the meeting. The meeting is to be held both Monday and Tuesday.

Burglars entered the West Woodburn store about two or three o'clock Tuesday morning and made away with merchandise probably amounting to a value of \$200. Canned goods, tobacco, gloves and other wearing apparel were included in the haul. The robbers gained entrance to the store by jimmying the back door and opening another door about in the middle of the building.

This robbery is the third one in so many years. Last year a large haul was taken by robbers.

TEACHERS GO TO STATE MEET

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