

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

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Views of the Copco Move

THE hydro-phobic success in driving a capital investment which will reach up into the tens of millions over into California is provoking wails from the state press who see in the move loss of tax revenues, loss of labor for employment and loss of labor in operating the plant.

The Klamath Falls Herald where Bruce Dennis preached the virtues of Meierism through the campaign, now has a sour taste in its mouth as it sees the power site nearby left idle because of the hostility of the governor who vetoed the enabling act.

"Right now a campaign is on to secure funds for financing the 'On To Oregon' movement. It is a program designed to attract new farmers and new industries. It is a worthy movement and deserves support. But while we are putting for people and industries on one hand, we are on the other literally kicking a \$4,000,000 project outside the borders of our own state into the waiting hands of our neighbors in California."

The Bend Bulletin does not like the "first fruits" of the hydro gospel and says that Copco is out and "Usanco" is stung.

The Medford Mail-Tribune says that this is the price the state has to pay for its present program, and predicts the people of Oregon will change their minds "as to what they regard as best for their own interests and the interests of this state."

The Democrat-Herald at Baker reviews the incident as an example of an historic "glorious victory", in this fashion: "The incident reminds one of the poem about a peasant's description of the Duke of Marlborough's 'glorious victory' over the French at Blenheim. The old man when asked by a little child, 'What great good came of it?' responded 'That I cannot say,' quoth he, 'but 'twas a glorious victory.' In this case Oregon gets the 'victory' and California gets the power plant. Everybody should be satisfied."

Bonds and Doles

THE OREGONIAN professes to find no inconsistency in the reduction of numbers of employes in public offices and the issuance of bonds to provide more work for unemployed. Perhaps not; the straddler can always justify his position. The "out" for the Oregonian is that the bond money is to be spent for useful work, while surplus workers in public offices are not performing economic service.

If creating jobs by public action is necessary we think the funds should be raised by taxation. We all enjoyed 1927, 1928, 1929 which were presumed to be prosperous years, so theoretically at least we should be able to stand the taxes for lean years. At any rate there is no virtue in piling up bonded debt for this purely current need, even though "public improvements" are presumed to be the fruit of the labor. If the improvements are no better than some of the ditch digging of last winter there will be little permanent about them.

Nor do we quite agree with the Oregonian when it says that the people "would not have supported bond issues for paying doles." We are not so sure. Voting nowadays is in response to selfish interests. The have vote to keep what they have and the have-nots to get something from the have. Having is coming to mean having.

An old age pension is proposed in this state which is about as near the dole as any "first step" would be. According to the initiative which Frank Davis is promoting, a person age 60, 15 years a resident of the U. S. and 10 years a resident of Oregon can draw a dollar a day. Bond issues for unemployed, piling up burdens for unborn generations, old age pensions for persons who at sixty are just learning to kick up their heels,—we don't know what the world is coming to, but it is fast on its way.

Life-Sketch of Dr. Gatch

A book designed as a high school text, entitled "Heroes and heroic deeds of the Pacific Northwest" written by Dean W. L. Talkington of the Lewiston, Idaho Normal school, has just been published by the Caxton printing company of Weiser, Idaho. Among the biographies contained in this volume is one of Dr. Thomas M. Gatch, long a prominent educator in Oregon, twice president of Willamette university and once president of Oregon State college. Dr. Gatch also served as professor of English at the University of Oregon and president of the University of Washington.

The biographical sketch which this book contains was prepared by Prof. J. B. Horner of O. S. C. and B. F. Irvine, editor of the Oregon Journal and alumnus of Willamette.

Another saving in state government would be elimination of Daddy Lamb, executioner at the state penitentiary. A few more or less execution jobs for Henry and Julius wouldn't disturb their routine a bit.

Kent Shoemaker has left the sinking ship of the traffic police to head the newly launched operators' license bureau. Kent doesn't believe that the shoemaker should stick to the last.

The exchange of professors recommended in the survey may be all right. We're worried, though, about which school gets the coach in the morning and which in the afternoon.

April is an unusually bad month for grandmother's health, with the trout season and the Beavers both taking office boys to her bedside.

Scravelhill Club Elects Officers

JEFFERSON, April 12.—The Scravelhill club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. McGuire recently, at which time the following officers for the coming year were elected: president, Phillip Yagelaki; vice president, Roland McGuire; and Mrs. O. E. Smith, secretary-treasurer. Harry McGuire installed the new officers who were present, immediately after election, and as the newly elected president was not present, the meeting was presided over by the vice-president.

Rolland McGuire. During the evening, Henry Ammon gave a report on the control of brown rot in prunes and D. W. Porter reported on the care and control of diseases in bramble berries. At the next meeting short talks will be given on the growing of filberts and walnuts. Following a social hour refreshments were served.

JONES AT PEERYDALE PERRYDALE, April 13.—Professor Jones, history instructor at the high school, gave a talk to the school on Thursday afternoon. The topic of his talk was "Cracked Americans."

Health Dividends

By DR. VERNON A. DOUGLAS County Health Officer

When an individual invests in a business enterprise, he is interested not so much in the amount invested as in the dividends received. The investment returns. When a community decides through cooperative effort that it shall invest in public health, its primary interest is "What are the returns on our invested money and effort?"

A recent appraisal by the Dr. V. A. Douglas Salem chamber of commerce of the health work being done in Salem by local physicians, health workers and teachers under a coordinated arrangement reveals some interesting figures. The figures themselves answer the question, "Does health work pay?" The year 1924 marks the beginning of full-time health work. Notice the differences in deaths since that time in spite of an increase in population in Salem from 17,679 in 1920 to 25,266 in 1930.

Table with 2 columns: Year, Deaths. Rows: 1921-1930. Shows a general downward trend in deaths over the decade.

A reduction in communicable disease deaths is only part of the picture. Some reductions, such as diphtheria, smallpox and typhoid, yield quickly to preventive measures. On the other hand a complete change of health habits of a community and a raising of the general health level may take years to accomplish due to time and the number of factors involved.

In fact some of the efforts being expended by the community at the present time to improve health and reduce death rates will not be realized until the present generation of children is grown to adulthood. Then the complete composite picture will make clear what the full returns on public health efforts really are.

Yesterdays

Of Old Oregon Towns Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 14, 1906 A musical and literary entertainment will be given this evening by the Society of the Fraternal Brotherhood. Numbers will include: solo by Mabel DeLong; solo by Vera Byers; solo by Lucille Schaley; piano duo, Roy Pomeroy and Miss Ketchin; reading, Carl Beklamp; violin solo, Rachel Dove; solo, Miss Pearline; reading, Marguerite Willson; piano duo, Misses Knowland and Welch; vocal solo, Myrtle Durette.

C. F. Butler was elected president and Wilfred Winans secretary of the Y. M. last night.

Notices were filed yesterday with County Recorder Slegmund by J. G. Kelley for location of a reservoir site and water right to irrigate.

Virgil L. Garvin, who is to coach the Salem high school basketball team for the coming season, is in the city. Garvin has been a professional baseball player, and at one time was with the Philadelphia Nationals and also with the New York Americans. He is now studying dentistry and expects to make that his profession.

The Graham string quartet and Mrs. Anne Beatrice Sheldon will appear in concert here tonight under patronage of Mrs. A. N. Bach. Mrs. Gladys Gatch, Mrs. Thomas G. Haidley, Mrs. J. B. Whitney and Mrs. J. F. Galbreath.

Flood Damage Being Repaired

JEFFERSON, April 12.—Kind neighbors and friends gathered at the home of Henry Ammon who lives about two miles west of Jefferson, Monday morning of last week, with shovels, hammers and post hole diggers and helped Mr. Ammon reset posts, string wire, also help put back in shape several acres of cane berries, which were damaged by the recent high water. Mr. Ammon's berry fields are along the Sanderson river and some of the plants were washed out. Considerable damage was done to an acre of young peach trees belonging to Ammon.

The farmers in that community are all busy rebuilding fences, burning drift wood and getting ready for more spring plowing. The high water washed out between 50 and 100 feet of the dike or retaining wall built by the railroad and highway several years ago, along the river on the Claus Thiessen farm.

4-H CLUB BUSY HAZEL GREEN, April 12.—The 4-H Sewing club met at the schoolhouse Friday afternoon for the regular monthly meeting. The first division is making dresses, the second aprons. They expect to have a display of their work at the schoolhouse at the close of school. Mrs. Ralph Gilbert is leader, and there are 19 girls enrolled.

A WILLING COOPERATOR



"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

CHAPTER XXIV "Good luck, Dave," said Joan's voice out of the darkness. "And please be careful. Before he could say a word, her hand slipped out of his and she was no longer there. He took a step after her, reached out and touched a ponderous figure. Hannah moaned dully and stumbled away.

"Come on, girls," came Talbot's cheerful voice. "This place is going to be fuller than the Yankee Stadium in a few minutes."

Dave turned abruptly into the great room which faced the other houses. Mueller's men were now searching the abandoned dwelling next door. Their flashlights were swinging this way and that. The sound of their voices came clearly across the tangle of scrub. From the hallway behind him Dave could hear the shuffling of feet as Talbot and Gerry herded their charges out of the front door.

A Tight Spot "That sharp came from the other house, I tell yah, and the yelling did, too!"

"That harsh voice from the outer blackness sounded like Mueller's."

"The heck it did!" retorted a muffled voice from within the other house. "It came right out here! I'm going upstairs now."

With sudden decision Dave pocketed Joan's automatic and eased himself over the windowless sash. He dropped lightly into what had once been a garden. There, hidden by a clump of spiky-leaved palmetto, he stared through the darkness toward the searching men, ready to distract their attention should they discover his retreating friends.

He saw the darting flashlights stabbing the darkness of the second-floor windows. A good dozen men were ransacking the empty house, but they sounded like an army. Dave listened intently, attempting to tune his ears to other sounds, to noises which might be made by Talbot, Gerry and the girls.

"Come on, you guys," shouted someone from the underbrush beside the house. "There's the dump over there they must be in."

Swiftly, silently, Dave began to work his way through the scrub, cutting a wide circle to the left. Three or four minutes more and his friends would be safely at their cars. His scalp tingled and his skin felt tight and drawn as he began to pour out of the house and direct their flashlights toward the abandoned dwelling he and the others had just left. It seemed an hour before he felt sure sufficient time had passed so that the others would have

reached the parked cars. Mueller and his men were now crashing through the knee-high underbrush, deploying around to the rear of the silent, windowless house.

With a long sigh of heartfelt relief Dave turned his back upon them and made his way toward the cars.

Getting Even Gerry and Talbot walked ahead of the girls, breaking a path through the twisted creepers and sawgrass. Joan, marching silently behind her cousin, felt a hand on her arm.

"Wasn't that Dave's voice calling you, Miss Marbury?" whispered Barbara.

Joan hesitated in her stride. Gerry, Talbot and Sally, who had been walking in Indian file ahead, went on in the darkness, Hannah coming to full stop behind Barbara, looked fearfully over her shoulder.

"Please, Miss Joan," she panted, "goon! let's us be waitin' for nothin'!"

"I thought I heard Dave calling you, Miss Marbury," repeated Barbara.

"Why should he call me?" asked Joan, uncertainly. "Isn't it your place to look after him if he requires anyone?"

"Of course it is," replied Barbara, her voice hardening. "But there's no accounting for a young man's fancy is there? Still, I've known Dave long enough to know that he'd never let me see him in these little derelictions."

She abruptly pushed past Joan and walked swiftly after the others. Joan took three steps after her, then stopped and looked back toward the shadowy bulk of the house. She could hear Mueller's men tramping about in the darkness. Knowing Mueller, she had no desire to walk straight into his hands. But why should Dave be called to her? Surely he would not try to make the situation more difficult than it already was. Barbara's possessiveness and cold insolence were maddening.

"Hannah," she said with sudden decision, "don't go on back with the others. I'm going back."

Hannah groaned piteously. "Laws, no, Miss Joan," she wheezed. "Ise plumb skeered white to take another step t'rough the scrub, but Ise gwine back w-you."

Barbara, hurrying through the darkness, caught up with Sally and fell into step behind her without a word. The two cars were standing in the shadow of a tall stand of palms. Gerry climbed awkwardly into his Hispano-Suiza while Talbot cranked the creaking Ford.

"I'll drive this pogo stick," announced Talbot, cheerfully. "Come on, girls, climb in. Gerry, you wait here for Dave."

Sally and Barbara clambered into the tonneau of the rusty little car. Talbot fingered the throttle lever and hesitated, his blue eyes squinting through the darkness.

"She and Hannah have decided to wait for Dave," said Barbara in a low voice, "but they're really quite touching. They'll probably be along together and ride back to the house in the Hispano."

"Isn't that just like a girl, to change the plans at the last minute," muttered Talbot, uneasily. Sally opened her mouth to speak, then closed it firmly, moving a little away from Barbara. Talbot, listening intently, heard a crashing in the underbrush. He grinned contentedly, pulled the throttle and stamped on the forward speed pedal. The Ford shuddered and leaped ahead into the night.

Dave, bursting out of the thicket, leaped on the running board of the low-slung sport car, which glided away without a sound. He settled himself into the luxurious cushions with a sigh of relief and glanced ahead at the flickering tail light of the Ford. "Got away just in time," he said. "They were just surrounding the house when I ducked out. The girls all right!"

"Sure," said Gerry, morosely. "They're all in the Ford. Don't see why we have to follow them at all. Leaving good ruckus behind. Wasting good liquor."

"Dave!" whispered Joan, advancing slowly through the utter blackness of the hallway. "Dave!" Hannah, her huge bulk lost in the surrounding darkness, was moaning through chattering teeth. The house was filled with strange noises, echoes of the shouts from the yard outside. The long silver beam of a searchlight probed through a broken window in what had once been the living room. Its reflection shone through the arched doorway and caused the endless expanse of the hall to glow with a ghostly light. Then it was gone and the corridor was as dark as before.

"Dave!" called Joan, again. "Dis ain't no place for us to be triffin' aroun', Miss Joan," said Hannah, tremulously. "Let's us be gwine home."

"Be quiet, Hannah!" whispered the girl, sternly.

Dangerous Ground She tiptoed to the doorway and peered into the great bare living room. Outside the windows flashlights were swinging this way and that. There was the sound of crashing underbrush and of excited voices. But the room was empty.

She stood there, wondering what to do next. Dave had gone into that room, saying that he would stand guard while the others made good their escape. And now he was not there. Perhaps he had retreated to another room.

She remembered that over there, just to the right, had been the library, a cool restful room, lined from floor to ceiling with well-filled shelves. How Ted Weymouth had loved that library! It all came back to Joan in a flood of poignant memories. Anne had loved it, too, Anne Weymouth, who had spent her mornings out among the hibiscus, oleanders and tea roses in the gardens and her afternoons at the tennis courts, playing with the verve and accuracy of a boy. Joan remembered gay evenings in this house. It had been a sort of rendezvous for the younger set, who foregathered there to dance of an evening to the radio. And now it was no longer a home. It was just a house, abandoned to the violence of tropic elements, waiting patiently for the jungle to sweep over it.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

MUST PAY

The District of Columbia Court has upheld the sentence of one year in jail and a fine of \$100,000 imposed on Albert B. Fall (above), Harding's Secretary of the Interior, on a charge of accepting \$100,000 as a bribe from Edward T. Debsay, California oil magnate.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Spanish brigade: (Continuing from Sunday:) "Michel LaFramboise had been a famous voyager, one of the pick-a few seen out by John Jacob Astor. He could flip his canoe over the choppy waves where no one else would dare to go. The trappers always traveled with their families; the mother bestride the family horse; the children with blue eyes and complexions chalked to the whiteness of the charming missionary women.

"The Indian boys brought up the rear, lashing their unruly packhorses heavily laden with camp equipage and Indian goods. The cavaliers were armed to the teeth; from every belt depended a leather fire-bag with pipe, tobacco, knife, and flint and steel. . . .

"A brisk morning ride over the Cascade hills led to the Puget Sound. The ride was followed by a picnic dinner around a gypsy fire, then McLoughlin dismissed the trappers into the Indian country. . . . With gay farewells the fore-people equipped back to the crossing at Wapato. . . .

"The California brigade followed along the winding trail to the south. LaFramboise always touched at LaBonte's, a solitary prairie. 'How many miles to your own, mon frere La Bonte?' began in the morning, the old trapper was wont to say,—begin in the morning on a Cayuse horse. Go west till the sun is very high, then swing south till it is around toward the west, and then back to the river; that is my manner."

"And, too, there was always a stop at Champeog—every man at Champeog was 'mon frere' or 'mon cousin' to LaFramboise. Beside his wide heart for many and many a year LaFramboise loved to sit and tell of the days when he, too, was bourgeois, and Madame his wife was the grand dame that ever bestrode a pony. And for the thousandth time the good dame brought out the dresses stiff with beads that were worn in that gay time when the Monsieur led the hunt to the head waters of the Willamette. . . .

"The head waters of the Willamette were crossed by a beaver republic. There the little colonist cut down whole forests, built up wonderful dams and bridges, scooped out lakes, and piled up islands. With their long sharp teeth they cut up the timber and shaped their houses, their stables, their neatly with their broad, flat tails. They had rooms in their houses and dining rooms and bed dormitories, these little little dwellers, more cunning than the fox, more industrious than the bee, more patient than the spider, more skillful than the Indian. 'The beaver can talk,' says the Indian. 'We have heard them sit in the old log of bent them and drive them off.'"

"Two hundred miles south of the Columbia, LaFramboise descended from a high ridge of mountains down to a little plantation on the banks of the Umpqua, the fortalice of old Fort Umpqua. Cartonnades peeped from the donjon tower. Tom McKay built it after that disaster to the American trappers—sometimes solitary white man ruled the Umpqua. Jules Gaudier was a Frenchman, the son of a honorable and wealthy family in Montreal. In vain they made efforts

No. 87 Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of the State of Maine, made to the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes items like Total premium income, Dividends and interest received, Total income, and various assets and liabilities.

to reclaim him from his wanderings and his Indian wife. Hither, twice each year, LaFramboise came, 20 miles off his trail, to bring Gagner Indian goods and to carry away his beaver. Here, summer and winter, year in and year out, the jolly, genial Frenchman traded with his red friends and cultivated his little patch of garden. Such were the first white men who broke the way for pioneers on the northwest coast.

"LaFramboise's brigade would along gorges and canyons through the Rogue River valley with its orchards of sunlit mandarin and apricot of grand madrona and chinquapin, the S. lterland of America, where Mt. McLoughlin on the summit of the Cascades was the most conspicuous landmark on the southern trail.

"One more pull—over the Siakyoys—and they have crossed the Spanish border. As a rule the brigades started early, to avoid the snows of Shasta, where once they lost the whole of their furs and 200 horses. All day long, for days and days, the people peaks of Shasta watched them winding down the Sacramento. LaFramboise set his traps. Sutter's men began to look with unfriendly eye upon the intruders from the Columbia. But the Hudson's Bay company had a permit from the Spanish Governor Alvarado."

Such is the true story, fancifully told. The old Spanish trail touched the old mission 10 miles below what became Salem, as related by Dr. Anne White, who came in 1827. It passes through the site of Salem; crossed the red hills south; reached the summit of them a mile or so south of the present Skyline orchards—thence to the Willamette and up that river and by way of the Coast Fork and through the Pano Creek canyon. It was the northern extension of El Camino Real (the king's highway), leading from San Diego, the "harbor of the sun," to Sonoma, in the "valley of the seven moons," joining the 21 great trails which that made up the colorful story of the California of the days before American history began to unfold below the 42nd parallel.

El Camino Real is being marked all its long route. It is marked its extension be traced from Sonoma to Fort Vancouver, and in good time it will no doubt be outlined, in memory of the beginning days of white civilization here.

No. 88 Synopsis of Annual Statement of the Central States Life Insurance Company of the State of Missouri, made to the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes items like Amount of capital stock paid up, Total premium income, Dividends and interest received, Total income, and various assets and liabilities.

No. 89 Synopsis of the Annual Statement of the Hot Springs Fire Relief Association of Butteville, Oregon of DeceMBER, 1930, in the State of Oregon, on the first day of December, 1930, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes items like Amount of capital stock paid up, Net premiums received during the year, Interest, dividends and rents received during the year, Total income, and various assets and liabilities.

TO PRESIDE



Nicholas Titulescu (above), Romanian Minister in London, has been entrusted by King Carol with the task of forming a new government to replace the National Peasant Party Ministry under Premier George Mironescu, which resigned. It is rumored the plan is to create a "cabinet of personalities" if it proves impossible to obtain support of all parties for a concentration government, which may make a dictatorship possible.