

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Rattling the Sabre

GOV. MEIER sows seeds of discord when he peremptorily orders the state board of higher education to do certain things. The board is composed of persons of intelligence, of standing and of earnest conviction. They are not a group of hirelings who crouch to the bidding of any person. The board has been responsive to the wishes of the governor. The board received and approved the letter from the governor at its Salem meeting, and is endeavoring to formulate a program to solve the problems of the state's educational institutions. It is irritating now to be "jacked up" in the midst of a task which calls more for careful analysis and planning than for blundering brutality.

The governor will find if he persists in meddling in the administrative work of boards and commissions that he will not be able to avail himself of the service of high-minded and competent men and women. Men like B. F. Irvine of the Portland Journal, C. C. Coit, E. C. Sammons, E. C. Pease and others are not "yes-men" to anybody, even the governor. They want the co-operation of the governor, not his nagging. If the latter is going to run the tea-party the board will step out and let him do it.

The board has until July 1st to complete its reorganization. It is as sensitive as anyone to the need of speed and more sensitive than outsiders to the danger of haste. The situation is delicate. More sabre-rattling from the governor's office and there will be an eruption more disturbing than anything has had yet occurred in the Meier regime. Institutions which have been sixty years in the building can not be rebuilt in sixty days; but they may be wrecked in a fortnight.

The governor should keep his hands off until the board has had a fair trial at its difficult and delicate task.

## The Second Coming

THERE are many men who scan the skies in eager anticipation of the second coming. They are not seventh day adventists, but they have been firm in the faith that the Great Day might be just day after tomorrow. They are not interested in religion although they resemble the early Christians, who, sans possessions, gathered at the common meeting place spending their time in prayer and fasting because the return of Christ seemed imminent. Were there not the promises? Did not the apostles offer hope?

The millennialists of today are those who still look for the return of 1929. They are "standing on the promises" of the market prognosticators, the apostles of the get-rich-quick era. They hover about board rooms of brokers' offices seeking to catch the first glimpse of the effulgent dawn which will breathe once more the breath of life into their comatose speculations.

Alas, there is little hope that the second coming is soon at hand. The jazz era came sharply to an end, and the ones hanging over the ropes now may as well take the count. There will be another "new day" in time, when a fresh crop of suckers reaches maturity; but only the rich and the lucky can survive that long.

Those waiting for the second coming in Wall street may as well take the road to hard work.

## One Good Consolidation

IT is proposed to make the radio station KOAC at the state college campus at Corvallis an "all-state" station. This would be done through running extensions to the university at Eugene and to the state house at Salem. The state police system, if, when and as it is established, would have the use of the station in its work. State offices here would have the use of the radio for broadcast. The university at Eugene would have the use of the facilities the same as the college, which at present does not use up nearly all its time.

Such a station might well be called KORE, though this title is now held by a small station at Eugene. Under whatever name it should be an all-state station used wholly for public purposes carrying information and instruction to the people of the state and giving publicity to many important events like inaugurations, athletic contests, university convocations, etc.

The governor and the state board of higher education ought to work out a plan for the utilization of the facilities which now are only partly employed.

## Those Ashland Deer

THE city of Ashland has been bothered exceedingly with the encroachments of deer which invade the precincts of the city, enjoy midnight lunch on the lawns and gardens and greatly annoy the residents there. So they asked the game commission to let them kill the troublesome deer. Also they filed with the commission a request for a fence, as the Oregonian reports it:

"36 miles long and 6 miles high around Ashland." Grave indeed is the danger to Ashland that they need a fence six miles high. Those deer are leaping Lenas from paleolithic times. The dispatch didn't say how the fence was to be erected. Presumably aviators are to hang the netting to the stars.

The Christian Herald suggests putting \$200,000,000 into new churches and parish houses. Isn't there "overproduction" now of church buildings and organizations? The tendency toward church mergers now is nine-tenths economic; the people find it too hard to keep up their single church organization.

Now a hitch-hiker who was given a lift makes complaint that his supposed benefactors robbed him of his suit case. Not all the robbery and assault has been done by the poor hitch-hikers; sometimes they get abused or robbed by those who give them a lift. Yet no one talks of barring autos from the highways.

An international conference is to be held in London, says the Portland Journal, on the orderly marketing of wheat. The place for this is in the stomach. If the per capita consumption of flour would get back to former figures there would be no need of a conference.

Wednesday's Statesman quoted predictions of "weather profits." That must mean the ice business, the straw hat store and the soda fountain.

Temperature around the 90 mark in early May! It's apparent the weather motor has something wrong with its timer.

Cigarette advertising is bringing results in Alaska. A peak up there is now reported smoking.

Pretty clever: "Reach for a straw, instead of a felt."

## Complexions

VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M. D., Marion Co. Health Dept.  
There are two sides to every question. There are two sides to the complexion question—the inside and the outside. A good complexion consists of understanding the two sides and carrying out some very simple rules in a 24-hour day.

In the first place, there must be underlying a healthy blood stream. Nothing brings a high content of sugar does not help the pimple situation. In fact, bacteria which are present in the skin it is better just to wash them away frequently with any milk soap and warm water. Washing also removes the dirt which hides the beautiful underlying skin, stimulates the flow of blood and by gently removing the top layer of cells the pores are less apt to become plugged.

Protect Skin  
The next outside essential is protection. The texture of a skin improves as it is protected. Ungloved working hands become calloused. Skin exposed to the elements or too rough handling protects itself by throwing out layers of an unsightly horny protective covering. It is asserted that complexions of people who live in a mild climate are better than those who live in a vigorous one. One would therefore not unnecessarily expose the face to wind, sun and dust. As this is usually unavoidable, however, under modern conditions of dirt laden air in towns and cities a good cold cream may be used as a protective covering.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write to the editor and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Names should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 14, 1906

The Waldo Hills Pioneer association has set June 16 as date for its meeting at the grove on the farm of John Hunt.

Effort is being made to induce James Wilson, U. S. secretary of agriculture, to visit Salem when he comes to the Pacific coast in June.

The Oregon and Washington railroad company filed articles of incorporation here.

May 14, 1921  
Semi-weekly concerts of the Salem bar under direction of Oscar Steinhilber, will start the middle of June.

Willamette university girl debaters won two victories, defeating both Pullman and Washington state college.

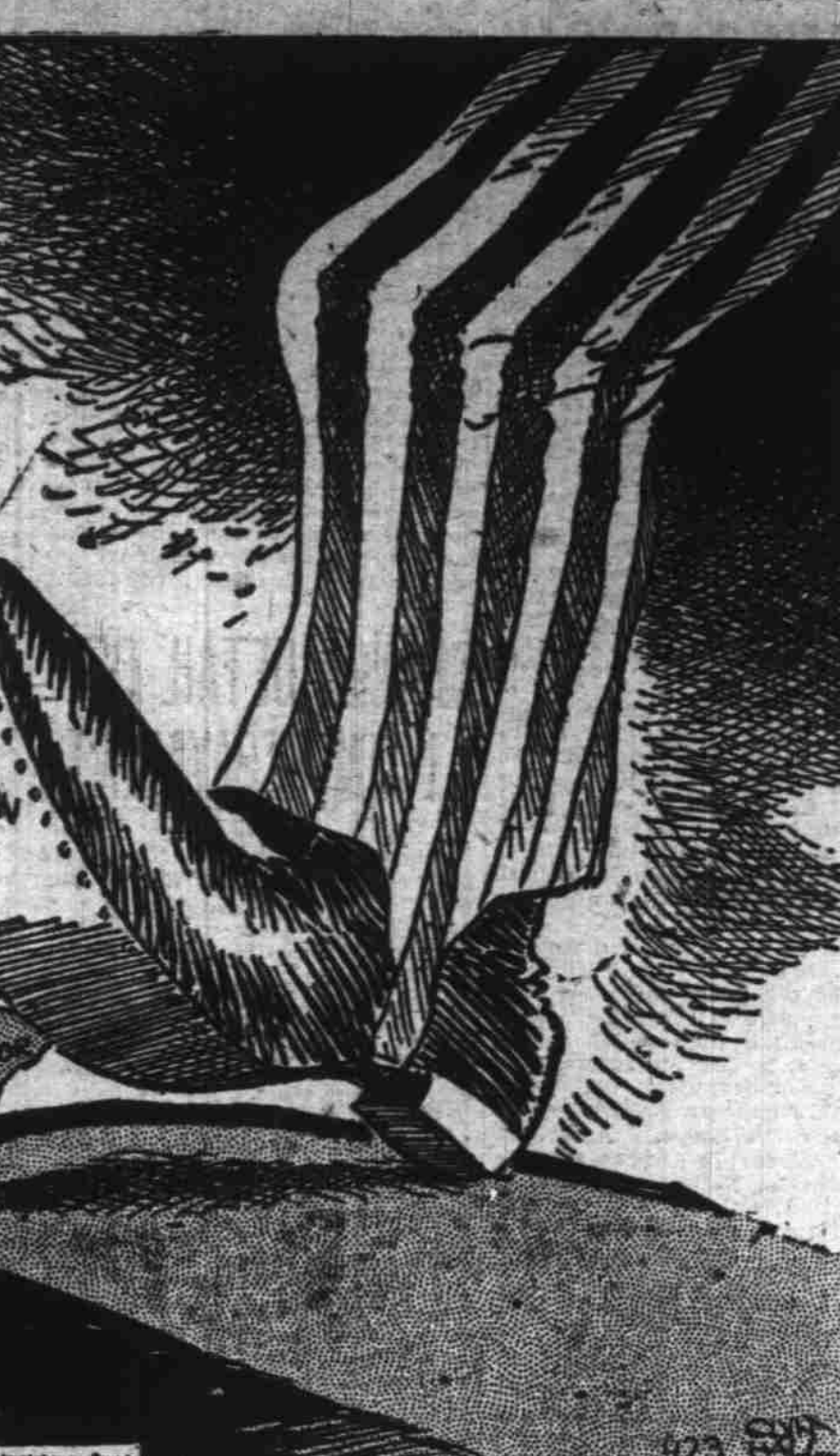
Fifty Oregon guardsmen will leave Monday for Fort Stevens for a four days course in intensive training preparatory to the annual encampment.

## WHEN CHILDREN CRY

CHILDREN often cry for no apparent reason. Many times we can't guess what is wrong. The crying may mean a touch of colic; the little bowels may be sluggish—or some other upset. It may mean any of the common little ailments that children suffer. To bring quick comfort to your little one, give a few drops of Castoria. Most upsets of children are soon soothed away by this pleasant-tasting remedy that children all love.

In five million modern homes, Castoria is a mother's first thought when a child is out of sorts, feverish, cross, doesn't eat right or sleep right. When bad breath, coated tongue, or languor tells of constipation. These five million wise mothers know that children should never be given stronger medicines meant for the fully developed systems of grown-ups. Castoria is gentle—safe, yet always thorough and effective for a child of any age. It may be given to the tiniest infant for any little upset. When buying, look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on wrapper.

## A STEP FORWARD



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## "MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

Thrown upon her own resources, Mary Lou Thurston, beautiful and vivacious orphan, applies for a position as companion to a semi-invalid in the palatial home of Mrs. Lorrimer at Westmill, Connecticut. Mrs. Lorrimer explains the ad should have read "male" as the invalid is her son, Travers, shell-shocked in the war. As Mary Lou is about to leave, Travers enters. He seizes her in his arms, calling her "Delight" and "wife." Then he faints when Mary Lou fails to respond to his caresses. Mrs. Lorrimer persuades Mary Lou to assume the role of Delight Harford, whom Travers claims he married in England, in order to help him regain his health. Mary Lou confides in her friend, Larry Mitchell, young newspaper reporter.

CHAPTER XIV  
She found stamps, plenty of them, even 5-cent and special delivery for Mrs. Lorrimer had not been idle in providing her new "daughter" with everything for convenience and comfort. She stamped and addressed the envelope, and presently Hilda knocked at the door to say that Mrs. Lorrimer expected her for tea. "In the morning room, Miss Delight," said Hilda, without a quiver of her eyelash.

Going downstairs, Mary Lou found herself speculating upon her new name. She thought ruefully: "It doesn't suit me. I should be blond and willowy and perhaps a little clinging. Mary Lou belongs. Maybe it's because I've had it so long. But it's up to me to forget I ever had it. I can't play at being Delight Harford unless I make myself believe I am!" she thought further.

Mrs. Lorrimer evidently thought so too. "No more Mary Lou," she said. "You'll have to get used to the other name. It is necessary, you know. How many lumps Delight?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer, with perfect gravity.

Mary Lou laughed and then sighed. "Just a Friend," she admitted. "It won't be so hard for you, of course. After all, you didn't know Mary Lou very long or well, but I have known her for 20 years! I wrote Larry and explained everything after I called him up. He'll go down and get

my things for me," she went on, "and does the mail go out tonight?"

"I'll have it sent right to the post-office. Tell me," asked Mrs. Lorrimer, "does this engaging young man—I am sure he is, from our earlier description—does he complicate things?"

"Complicates things?" asked Lou, blankly. "What do you mean, are you engaged? You must forgive me, my dear; I don't mean to be personal or curious. But we had better understand one another. For if you are, it may be difficult—he may object. Then there is Travers to consider. I had forgotten about this Mr. Mitchell until you spoke of telephoning him and taking him into your confidence. And I wonder if any young man would consent to his dancing playing such a role as you have undertaken."

Mary Lou shook her shining, copper-colored curls vigorously, naively. "We're just awfully good friends," she answered. "I think he'll help us all the way. You said he might come to see me and bring me news from home?" she asked, and as Mrs. Lorrimer nodded Mary Lou went on, relieved: "I think that Mr. Lorrimer will like him and I'm sure he'd be good for him somehow."

"You can't call him Mr. Lorrimer, Delight," Mrs. Lorrimer reminded her. "While the two women were at tea, Dr. Mathews returned and had himself announced as going directly to his patient. Mrs. Lorrimer sent word by Peter to let the doctor to join her and Miss Harford when he was through. So, while the two women talk-

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS  
Getting history straight:  
cashing in to the tune of many millions each year.

Does the Pageant of the Pioneers portray correct history? All critics are invited to answer. After reading the book and seeing the play, tomorrow and Saturday, their comments are solicited.

The writer knows some points that need amending, that will be corrected for the 1932 presentation. He wants to know if you detect others.

For a long time, he thought the half-breed girl Charles J. Roe married at the time of the first wedding of white men and women in the old Oregon country, Nancy McKay by name, was a daughter of Joan Baptiste Deportes McKay, who kept the ancient ferry at Campment du Sale, or the sand encampment, the site of old Champeau, first metropolis of the Pacific northwest.

He knows now that Nancy McKay was a daughter of Capt. Thomas McKay, and so a granddaughter of William McLoughlin, first lady of the land at old Fort Vancouver. He can prove this fact with indisputable evidence. Nancy Roe died. Her widower married another Indian or half-breed girl, and murdered her in a jealous rage, and was hanged for his crime. He was a good Methodist, confessed his crime and walked a willing and repentant sinner to the gallows, in Salem.

Being built for perpetuity, the Pageant of the Pioneers, tentative name for the Oregon country's Mission Play, must portray only true historic facts, in proper sequence. No abortion of history must be allowed to creep in; or stay in.

Its presentation now is the kick-off. It is the try-out in the movement it represents; the movement to develop and exploit the great historic heritage that belongs to Salem and the surrounding country.

It has more potential value than 10 gold mines, the writer claims, and has drawn criticism for what one person tells him is exaggeration; drawing the long bow; making it too strong.

But it is not too strong. Any 10 gold mines will pinch out or be exhausted in time. Then they will be worth no more than any other 10 holes in the ground. The metal will be merely piled up some where in dark vaults, used as a measure and representative of value. Why gold and not silver or copper or zinc or tin or some other "element" no man can explain; nor can any man prove there is any "element" at all or more than one, that will endure.

But our historic values will grow as the years pass. The more we use them the faster will they increase in worth. They will attract pilgrims to our shrines throughout untold ages, and those pilgrims will leave with us more than the yellow product of 100 or 1000 or 10,000 gold mines. And after all this is done, the last year will show greater in worth than any going before.

Why not develop some of these values now? For the people here in this generation? Why not?

California, with principally 21 crumbling old missions inhabited by bats and reptiles for historic assets; ruins representing Spanish rule in a by gone age, is

Salmon's history would in California now be worth much more in capital assets than 20 gold mines.

Are we so poor in imagination, not to say horse sense, as to allow California boosters to "out-smart" us, as they have done in this field and in many others?

The people of southern California, from the millionaire to the boot black, have poured millions into making much of little, comparatively, in the way of historic assets.

They have done it freely; kissed the original sums good bye; dedicated their Mission Play to the people for all time, with its net income devoted, forever and a day, to making still more and more of their originally meager assets in historic worth.

(Continued on page 9)

## New Views

The question asked today was: "Do you favor the establishment of a state police constabulary?" O. D. Bower, sheriff: "It's a state law, so that should leave no choice of favoring. I believe it ought to work out all right."

R. W. Clark, president Milk Producers Cooperative company: "I am all for it. I have heard a great deal about the fine work of the New York state police and I feel that such an organization would be of great benefit to the state of Oregon."

Miss Alma Johnson, clerk justice of the peace office: "I am not in favor of it. I believe that such an organization would be much less efficient than our present system."

Mrs. Alice B. Fisher, housewife: "I do favor it. I can't tell you why. I just have a hunch."

Frank Mintz, police chief said: "It will be a good thing if it is managed correctly."

Bill New, traffic officer said: "The system is all right but I don't approve of their using so much money to send east for organizers when there are as good men here. I have been told that Butler's efforts there were failures."

## Daily Thought

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them now be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.—James A. Garfield.

2nd INDIGESTION  
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