

## The Oregon Statesman

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

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### The Grange and Farm Indebtedness

A GRANGE over in Benton county took action recently endorsing a moratorium on farm debts. This action seems out of accord with utterances of grange leaders. The Statesman recently quoted the comments of A. S. Goss, master of the Washington state grange. We notice in the last news letter from Fred Brenckman, representative of the national grange in Washington, D. C., an article which condemns the moratorium idea which the Benton county grangers endorsed. The following is the Brenckman article:

#### CANCELLATION OF FARM DEBTS IMPOSSIBLE

Obstacles to Such a Plan Too Serious to Overcome

That a moratorium with reference to the farm mortgage debt, however welcome such an arrangement would be to many farmers under prevailing conditions, is outside the realm of practicality is the opinion of most well-informed students of the subject.

In a recent statement, F. H. Klawon, president of the Federal Land Bank of St. Paul, pointed out that while the farm mortgage debt of the country now totals more than \$9,000,000,000, the mortgages held by the Federal Land banks total only \$1,166,000,000, or about 12 per cent of the whole. "Yet it is sometimes suggested that relief should be extended to the farmers through the Federal Land banks," says Mr. Klawon. Continuing, he says:

"There is a much stronger argument against any general moratorium activities, or the government declaring a debt payment holiday in connection with Federal Land Bank loans, and that is that the government does not own these banks, as is frequently thought, even by well-informed people. This misstatement probably became current due to the fact that in 1916, when the Federal Land Banks were established, Congress advanced practically all of the money necessary to start these banks in business, some \$9,000,000; but all this money, with the exception of a few thousand dollars, has been returned to the government. In the meantime, the farmers themselves have become the owners of these banks, and they own about 99.23 per cent of the stock in these institutions. That it will be sound business policy for the land banks and other mortgage holders to be as lenient as possible in collecting the interest and principal that is due them where the borrowers are in distress may readily be seen. Wholesale foreclosures could have no other effect than to further depress land values, thereby impeding the security upon which all farm mortgages rest."

### KOAC Suffers Extra Cost

RADIO station, KOAC, which is owned and operated by the state college, has had to go on a twelve hour schedule in order to retain its license. The radio commission issued its order to that effect and refused to grant the appeal of Pres. Kerr for postponement of the order for a year. It has been the plan of the state board of higher education, approved as we understand it by the state administration, to make KOAC an all-state radio, operated strictly for the public benefit. An extension is planned to Eugene so the university could broadcast; and another to Salem for the use of state officials and institutions here. But in the present financial predicament of the state and the educational institutions it was not possible to expand the station service this year.

It is costing the state college \$10,000 to expand to the full twelve hour schedule as it is. The added matter which it is broadcasting is not essential to its service; is largely duplicated by other broadcasting stations operating in the state. But the expenditure was necessary for it to hold its license. Otherwise the commission would have cancelled it and the wave length would probably have gone to some greedy commercial station.

The radio commission is taking a very narrow attitude in not showing more favor and consideration to the state-owned station which is non-commercial, and which is directly educational in character. The radio is the modern substitute for the old farmers' institutes which reached comparatively few farmers. In a radio poultry course put on by the college last year there were six hundred enrolled, to say nothing of the army of listeners on the farms and small tracts in the state who listened in but did not enroll. Similar valuable services are rendered other farming interests in the state. The radio commission should have permitted the station to operate as much as it could without requiring it to go to the expense of twelve-hour operation; in the hope that in another year or two a university connection could be made which would let the university bring to the state educational offerings through this modern vehicle of university extension.

The privately owned stations are fast becoming media just for advertising. Joy Elmer Morgan, chairman of the national committee on education by radio, last week declared that radio in the United States had sunk to the lowest level of its development, and added: "It is evident to me that the public is disgusted with advertising on the air."

In the face of this why should the radio commission threaten the life of the one non-commercial, strictly educational radio station in the state?

### Tongue Loose Again

SMEDLEY BUTLER, now retired from the marines, is celebrating his release with a tale as lurid as the yarn he told on Mussolini. This one is to the effect that a group of multimillionaires are seeking a form of beneficent dictatorship and are ready to give up half their fortunes to promote the plan.

What silly chatter, and yet what dangerous matter too. There is no more talk of a "beneficent dictatorship" in this country than there is of a revolution; and no pressing need for either. We have a hunch that Butler was looking in a mirror when he said these plutocrats were planning to head up their dictatorship "by a man without capitalistic or partisan ties." And undoubtedly the laundry mark on his shirt band is SDB.

Well, Smedley, you better go back to your radio gottahells; the country is in no need of your "beneficent dictatorship."

J. K. Gill, who died in Portland Thursday at the age of 90, was intimately connected with Salem of Civil war days. He married Miss Frances A. Wilson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilson, who were among the founders of Salem; he taught in Willamette university; and later operated a bookstore here. William S. Ladd induced him to go to Portland, where he built up one of the largest bookstores on the coast. His friends were many, and he was held in the highest esteem.

If an old bird like Ghandi can raise such a crowd attired as he, what couldn't Albee do if he'd follow suit?—C-J "Gips."

## Diet and Teeth

By ESTILL L. BRUNK, D. M. D.

Marion County Dept. of Health. It has been abundantly demonstrated that teeth will not decay if the proper diet is supplied continuously from early prenatal life. Another important controlling factor is sunshine as it influences the assimilation of essential minerals and vitamins. Curiously enough the diet which keeps the teeth and dental structures in normal condition is also most helpful in maintaining general body health.

A complete diet which will help the prevention of dental decay is characterized by the following: 1. Should contain sufficient protein to insure proper growth and repair; 2. Should contain enough calories or heat units for full energy; 3. The residual ash should be neutral; 4. Should contain in abundance the vitamins A B C D E. 5. Should contain in abundance the essential minerals, such as calcium, phosphorus and iron. 6. Should be composed of foods which are plentiful and reasonable priced; 7. Should not be a "Fad Diet"; 8. Should not require mineral accessories, such as pills or medicines in order to make it entirely adequate.

More specifically such a diet for a growing child who would have sound teeth and straight bones should consist of the following:

One quart of milk daily (May be diluted with cooked dishes).

Two servings of fruit daily. (One fresh fruit such as apples, bananas, dates, prunes, peaches, grapes, oranges, berries). Two or three servings of vegetables daily one or more of which should be green leafy vegetables. (Vegetables suggested are tomatoes, carrots, celery, cabbage, beans, water cress, squash and pumpkin.)

Several servings of cereal, cereal products or bread daily. These should not be used however in excess. The cereal foods may be made from wheat, corn, rye, rice or barley.

Butter and fats may be given in moderate amounts. Some interesting experimental work is now being conducted on the effect of excessive fat diets on the teeth of children.

Children should not as a rule be encouraged to take sweets since the average American diet contains an excess of carbohydrate foods which are converted in the body into simple sugars.

In the winter months cod liver oil may be given since the vitamin content of many foods is lower in winter than in the summer. Cod liver oil is a rich source of several vitamins and is a good substitute for the sunshine of which we have too little during our winter season. In the true sense it is a food, not a medicine, but excessive amounts should not be taken.

What health problems arise from the above article raises any question in the mind of the reader as to the health of the Statesman or the health of the nation. The Statesman is a healthy man, but the nation is a sick man.

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

GREAT SHOW, WONDERFUL STATE!

One cannot visit the Oregon state fair without coming away with a deeper appreciation of the commonwealth's greatness. For such an unusual show an unusual state is required.

As we left the fair grounds late last night, after a most enjoyable trip, we were reminded of the fact that we were carrying away several thoughts.

The first one dealt with the immense show. Since the early afternoon we had visited the main agricultural building, the 4-H club exhibit building, the automobile show, the poultry division, the rabbitry and the stock barns. Then the evening overtook us and the horse show. And after the horse show we attempted to see more of the fair, but it was too late. Truly the show is fashioned on a grand scale.

There are stock barns filled with over a million of the products of Oregon. Surely no state near the present 14th and 15th products of farms and gardens, of nuts, fliberts as large as horse chestnuts, almost; wonderful vegetables, wonderful grains. The above were the dairy products, milk, butter and cheese; wool and mohair; products of forests and mines. Everything necessary to our type of civilization was there, except cotton. We did not see any cotton but we would not be surprised to hear somebody say that it's there.

And as we were reflecting on the diversity of Oregon products, there came to us a fuller realization of the cause of Oregon's prosperity. The commonwealth does not stake its chances on any one number of color. It plays them all and by so doing it is bound to find some winners.

And there was another thing that impressed us. It was the loyalty of Oregonians to their big theme and by so doing it was a tremendous crowd yesterday and everybody seemed proud to know that Oregon is such a wonderful state. One could see pride in their faces.

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



An Average Man, Turning a Crank 60 Revolutions Per Minute, Produces One Cent's Worth Of Electricity In An Hour.

Tuesday: "Measuring the Moon's Temperature"

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"The parsonage" again:

In Thursday's Bits column the "parsonage" was mentioned as the second building in what became Salem that was used as a dwelling is still standing, at 1325 Ferry street. Just as the first one stands at 366 Broadway.

Both houses were built by the Methodist mission, after the construction of the saw mill and the grist mill opposite what is now 900 Broadway—where the Larimer warehouse is now. The mills were under one roof. The building that housed them was torn down in 1856, to make place for the plant of the Willamette Woolen Manufacturing company, pioneer factory of the kind on this coast.

The Lausanne, carrying the "parsonage" mission, arrived at old Fort Vancouver June 1, 1840, and in its cargo was the machinery for the mills. They were housed and set to work in the fall of 1840, and work on the Jason Lee mission house was started as soon as lumber was turned out from the saw mill near by. That first dwelling was finished soon; no doubt by early winter.

The next task was the construction of the Indian manual labor school building that became the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university, and "the parsonage," some rods to the east, to serve the needs of the workers to supervise the work at the Indian school.

The fine oak trees that stood there perhaps helped to decide the location of "the parsonage." It became the second dwelling house in what was, nearly a decade later, to be named Salem by the people who filled the first place, a dispatching lumber house who furnished the name of Salem. The writer holds that Rev. David Leslie had the deciding voice.

The third house, built at about the center of what became the block surrounded by Commercial, Court, Liberty and Chemeketa streets, was begun in 1842. We know this, because it is well recorded fact that Rev. James Olney, who was building it, was drowned in the Eola rapids of the Willamette river while rafting logs to make a dispatching lumber house for the house; to be taken to the mission mill for sawing. The drowning was on December 11, 1842.

Mrs. Olney, who was thus made a widow, was a sister of Rev. L. H. Judson, who finished the house and lived in it for years. Mrs. Olney was a member of the Judson household there until in 1844, when she became the wife of Rev. David Leslie, the first wife of Mr. Leslie having died February 1, 1841.

Thus it is well established when the first three dwellings in what became Salem were built, was begun in 1842. We know this, because it is well recorded fact that Rev. James Olney, who was building it, was drowned in the Eola rapids of the Willamette river while rafting logs to make a dispatching lumber house for the house; to be taken to the mission mill for sawing. The drowning was on December 11, 1842.

There was some kind of a house, the Bits man believes, near the present 14th and 15th streets, that was at first occupied by employees working on the Indian manual training school of the mission. It may have been the fourth, the Rev. J. L. Parrish house, still standing on Capitol street, a few doors north of Mill creek, was among the 11 dwellings in the village in the fall of 1847. It may have been the fourth dwelling built. But the writer thinks not.

Rev. Gustavus Hines, then living in "the parsonage," the dwelling, wrote in his book, "Oregon," published under different titles in his bearing. It was as though each one were thinking to himself, "Well, see what we can do."

Yes, indeed, see what we as Oregonians can do and are doing. The evidence is on every hand. If the outside world could see an Oregon state fair, it would soon recognize the reason for the state's greatness.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

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## "The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK



Before he reached it he knew that someone was inside the boat-house — someone evidently moving there with a flash lamp; and it was through a little hole where a knot of wood had fallen out of one of the boards that a momentary gleam had shown from that moving light.

As he drew nearer, his foot-steps sounded on the grass. Jim Wynter could hear the faint further movements within. Evidently, the man inside had no suspicion of those nearing footsteps.

Jim crept up; looked that knot-hole in the white painted plank-work. The building housed a motorboat of modern construction that looked a model of efficiency and strongly enough built to take rough water. And a figure there seemed to be examining this craft with very great care and interest by the aid of a small electric torch, the gleam of which alone broke the darkness inside the boat-house.

At first the figure behind the light was too shadowy for Jim to distinguish his features even faintly. That tiny glowing bulb seemed to intensify the darkness beyond its immediate radius. Could that intent figure be Martin? And if Martin what on earth could he be doing with such evident stealth?

Recognition. Not Martin! Suddenly, as though some faint sound from outside had caught his ears warningly, the stooping man straightened himself with a start, involuntarily swinging his lamp around; and for a second his beam of light touched and revealed a tensely listening face to Jim on the outside of that spy-hole.

Almost the last face that Jim Wynter had in that amazed moment would have dreamed of seeing. The man from Sing Sing, John H. Shum!

But no longer the crippled figure helpless without his crutches; a man standing erect, patently as independent of any such aid as those crutches were no more than a blind—John Isham!

And almost in that surprising moment of recognition, as though the same uneasy apprehension that of Isham's face betrayed had infected him, too, Jim Wynter swung suddenly round, with a faint sound creeping over the edge of silence to his ears. A sound not far away, like the snapping of a dry twig under a parrot's foot-step. And in an instant that warning instinct had swept back on him again; a sense as of hidden eyes in the dark, of some stealthy menace looming out of the blind, perilous night.

As he swung round there came a sound scarcely as loud as the popping of a cork. Something sang by his ears, to bury itself in the inside of the boat-house not two inches away from him.

And Jim Wynter saw the wisdom of dropping very promptly and full length in the long grass, knowing that a killer was abroad in the grounds of Beggar's Court tonight. That bullet from a weapon fitted with a silencer had been deliberately meant for him and only by a bare two inches had been the margin between life and death.

War declared now on him, too. Speedy death would have been Jim Wynter's portion then if he had not dropped just when he did. Almost immediately out of the dark an encompassing night followed a second shot. The smack of the bullet on the side of the boat-house sounded unnervingly close.

The momentary flash revealed no more than the direction from which the shots had come. The dense blackness under the smoky sky that dim, misty starlight could not penetrate, screened any signs of movement there.

Only Jim knew that not far away an enemy lurked, a silent, stealthy moving shadow from the deep still shadows, waiting—waiting. That unknown killer, whose unseen presence some instinct in him had sensed earlier, dogged him step by step through the trees into the open here by the estuary.

The estuary was at flood-tide, out on the turn, swirling and foaming between wide banks. An effective means for escape, even though it be not set down in print. Yes, the old stagers have plenty of descendants; and one generation doesn't seem to profit greatly from the experience of the

former. Why? Because each life is the personal possession of the one who lives it. The pattern of his problems, his aspirations, his hereditary, his training, his instinctive choices, is his own. A youth may read about old Mannaiah and young Amon and agree fully that they were wicked kings just as the priestly chroniclers describe them; but as for examples they fail to get him to steer his own course aright. He must live his life, must learn from his own experience.

Thus it is that though boys know all about prisons for thieves and murderers, crime increases; though they know the text-book lesson that sooner or later the guilty will be caught, they forget the lesson and blare out a reckless path for themselves, with the usual failure at the end. Bank clerks and cashiers know as well as they know anything that they can't juggle the funds and the books indefinitely without being apprehended, but that doesn't seem to decrease the enrollment of ex-bankers at the penitentiary.

Knowledge is not enough; there must be built up a strength of character to resist temptation. It is weakness, not lack of knowledge, which brings on the trouble. There is no pedagogical substitute for rigorous discipline to cultivate strong character; and there is no generation which does not need the discipline for itself. The example of these wicked old kings may do for a Sunday school lesson; but it takes more than that knowledge to keep a boy from stealing from a peddler or a bank clerk from gambling with depositors' funds. It is because each generation finds it so hard to accept the formula: "As wages of sin is death" without first learning it by experience that we have the frequently reiterated phrase: "He did that which was evil."

## LAY SERMON

ETHICS AND EXPERIENCE

"But he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord," for Amon sacrificed unto all the carved images which Mannaiah his father had made, and served them."—II Chronicles XXXIII.

Quite a common phrase is that in the literature of the kings of Israel and Judah: "he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." There seemed to be a succession of kings who violated the commandment against idol worship. It must have resembled our own 15th amendment, and have been nearly as hard to enforce. The rulers seemed quite as lax as many of our wot-dry legislators and dry-wet police officers. The tale is often told of the setting up of images and idols, or worship of the gods of the "heathen" with the favor or the connivance of the king of the chosen people. The narrative frequently concludes with the visitation of divine punishment upon the king and the nation because of this violation of the sacred commandment.

One wonders as he reads the bible story, why these kings did "that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." Plain as day, it may seem, they were bringing glory to themselves and their hapless people. Some might claim they were victims of priestly historians who assumed to break the wrath of the Lord upon them because the kings would not follow the priestly tradition. But leaving that speculation out, the same story may be written in the 20th century A. D. as in the 7th B. C. The phrase in biography imputing the doing of evil may be as pertinent now as it was then, even though it be not set down in print.

Yes, the old stagers have plenty of descendants; and one generation doesn't seem to profit greatly from the experience of the former. Why? Because each life is the personal possession of the one who lives it. The pattern of his problems, his aspirations, his hereditary, his training, his instinctive choices, is his own. A youth may read about old Mannaiah and young Amon and agree fully that they were wicked kings just as the priestly chroniclers describe them; but as for examples they fail to get him to steer his own course aright. He must live his life, must learn from his own experience.

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## MADE STUFF

YES, I'VE HEARD ABOUT

HOMER H. SMITH

INSURANCE AGENCY

BUT A CHAP LIKE ME—

WHO ALWAYS WATCHES

WHAT HE'S DOING—

DOESN'T NEED

INSURANCE!

Now no longer silhouetted against the pale blur of the white-painted boat-house that reflected what little light there was, he was as much hidden from that unknown enemy as the latter was hidden from him, and that at least was in his favor.

Jim Wynter crouched there, listening with strained ears, not only for sounds of his enemy, but for the sound, too, of the coming of a motor car in the side lane that bordered these grounds, and for the signal of two hoots from the horn that would tell him Bill

bers of Kiwanis club yesterday.

National economy will prevent any further organization of new national guard units in Oregon for the time being, according to George A. White, adjutant general of the state.

"Pa" Stribling, fight promoter, has established his home and headquarters in Atlanta.

HOMER H. SMITH

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