

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Skyline Orchard

As your eye scans the southern horizon from Salem you may see the tuft of conifers protruding on the skyline a little to west of south. The tall firs, standing alone, are like a brush in the sky, or like the dark tower of a distant cathedral. That tuft of trees marks Skyline orchard, the largest walnut orchard in the state. We were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Noble, owners of the orchard, in a visit to the place and a trip over the grounds. It was late afternoon of that spring-like Wednesday following a week of rain, an ideal afternoon for a tramp in the open.

Skyline orchard has 212 acres of English walnuts which are now getting into good production. The crop this year was an excellent one for quantity and quality. This orchard is a product of an expert knowledge as was available both in selection of site, planting and handling of the orchard land and the trees and the nuts. Mr. Noble has pioneered in many directions, notably in selection of pollinizers. A great deal of experimentation is now going on in the direction of use of fertilizers, value of cover crops, moisture demand, etc. C. E. Schuster of Corvallis, scientist with the U. S. department of agriculture assigned to study nut culture, is carrying on tests of various kinds in the Noble orchard.

Tests to date indicate no increased reproduction from use of fertilizers. What does benefit is the seeding of a fall cover crop, then plowing it under in the spring. The problem of tillage is chiefly the conservation of moisture, and turning under the green crop of vetch, rye or other forage growth helps build up the storage capacity of the soil. Austrian peas, which are said to be a prolific grower in the winter are being seeded on the high points which dry out first in the spring and so have to be plowed under first.

Ingenuous devices have been worked out at the drying house for handling the nuts expeditiously. This is no easy job, for this year there were 85 tons of nuts which had to be picked, washed, and dried. A crew of sixty men were employed through the picking season.

Skyline is the high point between the Coast and Cascade ranges. It is the summit of the ridge directly east of Independence. From the high points we could see Mts. Hood and Jefferson, and peeping from behind Snow Peak to the southeast were the Three Sisters demurely clad in white nightgowns. When the visibility is better the Washington snow peaks as far as Mt. Rainier are visible. The round yellow moon rose from behind Mt. Hood before we left; and from all parts of the valley lights of cities and towns began to twinkle in the gathering gloom.

That was only half the story however, for the Oregon walnut is sent to market with a real college degree and when it comes from the ranch it still has to have a finishing course at the packing plant. The nuts from Skyline are hauled to the Salem plant of the nutgrowers cooperative and are used for the night run at its packing plant on North Front street. Here the nuts are washed, bleached, dried, graded, sorted and packed. Thus they come out the fine, clean, constant-size nuts ready for the most select markets. Nuts which do not grade well in size and yet are entirely wholesome are cracked and the meats packed and shipped. All of which calls for a lot of hand labor. Over 50 are employed at the packing plant now.

The Oregon nut industry is growing; new trees will come into production soon. Through rigid standards and high quality the Oregon crop is winning its way and promises to become a valuable industry for the state.

It is not, according to Mr. Noble, one that may be rushed into blindly. Nor does it promise any extravagant profits. There is a ten-year wait before much return is realized since the trees mature slowly. In this valley the chief need is for deep soil and an abundance of moisture. Irrigation would help when the trees become fully mature. Walnut and filbert growing gives an important specialized crop for the Willamette valley, which should not be unduly boomed; but which when supported by careful scientific study, ample capital, and plenty of hard work will yield good rewards.

The Navy League gets its silk shirts mussed up a bit by Pres. Hoover and Sec. Stimson. The Navy League is a close corporation of bluebloods who have a mania for big navies. No matter how big a navy we have it should be doubled so it can lick all the rest of the world with Mars and Neptune thrown in.

Wheat, the poor Cinderella of the farm family, is stepping up. Prices have been advancing rapidly. While not yet back in fancy slippers and ready to wed the rich prince, wheat is becoming respectable again. That gives the farmers a lot of encouragement.

Gov. Meier must be getting better. He shows some of the old deviljangle when he says he will hold the board of control meetings where he pleases, adding: "I hope the governor has some authority left." Well we do too; it looked for awhile that Crown Prince Rufus had it all.

Electricity is running time now. It will not be long till a spring power clock will be as out of date as a watch key. Perhaps men will carry batteries in their vest pockets to run their clocks and generate their cigarette lighters.

We understand Kingsley accepted immersion and then took extreme unction. That boy was taking no chances on the hereafter. He got a two-way ticket even if it wasn't round trip.

When winter busts in Wyoming in October the country may as well holler in for a long siege,—except the Pacific coast which "rolls its own" on weather.

Just how safe are these cut-rare hulks transporting people on the public highways? Is there any inspection service for stages as there is for passenger trains?

Edison's sons get his fortune. But what has become of the boy who was selected to be Edison's successor? Perhaps pumping gas at a service station.

We have reached the usual mid-season stage where the alumni of the Oregon universities do not like to discuss football.

Stuttering

By C. C. DAUER, M. D.
Marion County Dept. of Health
The most serious form of speech defect and one that is most difficult to overcome is what we call stuttering. Stuttering is that form of defect which prevents certain nervous people from beginning to talk. Stammering, on the other hand, is a difficulty of pronouncing a certain consonant.

Children of ten years of age often stammer because of defective speech used in their presence, and as a rule this is readily overcome by a little patience.

Stuttering is a defect of such serious nature that it demands instant care when it appears. If it has become a firmly established habit, only one with considerable training should be permitted to be consulted for correction. Strange to say, this speech defect occurs less frequently among girls than boys, in spite of the fact that girls are more commonly shy and self-conscious than boys. The prospect for cure in girls, however, is not so good as in boys.

Occurs During Adolescence
The habit of stuttering often occurs during adolescence when rapid growth takes place and coordination of muscles and nerves is not good. Over-attention to speech is said to have more to do with stuttering than any other cause, yet lack of development or overdevelopment of certain structures concerned in producing speech are also important causes.

In the treatment of stuttering several things are of importance. Since most children who are so afflicted have unstable nervous systems, special attention must be given to general hygiene. The child should receive a nutritious diet which will promote good growth, adequate rest which means avoiding over-exertion as well as plenty of rest, and all the other things that go toward producing good health.

Directing Attention Is Cure
The actual technique of curing this habit varies with different individuals. Attention must be given to such things as proper management of the tongue and other structures used in producing speech, diverting undue attention from speech, proper breathing and so on. Diverting the attention from speech is usually enough in simple cases. The proper treatment of stuttering which is of long standing, however, demands the attention of one who has special knowledge of the subject, but can be directed by a person in reality qualified for such responsibilities.

What health problems are you? If the health of your mind, body and soul is your aim, write that question out and send it to the Marion County Department of Health. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in any way.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 31, 1908
Thirty-three members of the state legislature yesterday went to Walla Walla, Wash., to inspect the jute mill operated at the state penitentiary there.

Horse buyers are turning to Marion county as one of the best horse-producing centers in the state. Since April 3, nearly 250 horses have been shipped from here to Mexico, British Columbia and other states.

A night as well as a day crew soon will be put to work on the new North Commercial street bridge across Mill creek in order to get the structure completed before the fall rains set in.

October 31, 1921
Sentenced to hang on Friday, January 13, for the murder of Dennis Russell, Dr. Richard M. Brumfield of Roseburg arrived here yesterday and was placed in prisoners' row at the state penitentiary.

Between the years of 1917 and 1946 the state of Oregon must pay over 20 and one-half million dollars in interest for the use of nearly 27 and one-half million dollars obtained through bonds for road and highway construction, according to Sam A. Koser, secretary of state.

A lively session of Capital Post No. 9 American Legion, is looked for tomorrow night, when members attempt to replace the present system of selecting new officers through a nominating committee, with direct nomination.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "Who will win, Willamette or College of Puget Sound at Tacoma Saturday? Why?"

Monty Thomson, Sacred Heart student: "Willamette. It's a cinch. I have seen two of their night practices and one game."

Frank Albrich, Sacred Heart student: "Willamette. So have I seen their night practices and one of their games. They're a conference team I'd like to bet."

Fred R. Duncan, men's and boys' department, Miller's: "I gave Willamette 20 points."

Gus Moore, manager for Alpha Psi Delta fraternity: "There's only one way I'd bet, Willamette will win by 18 points."

Bob Williams, student: "Wil-

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

THE ELECTRIC BRAIN

THE INTERGRAPH, A NEW TYPE OF CALCULATING MACHINE, SOLVES INTRICATE PROBLEMS RAPIDLY AND ACCURATELY. INVENTED BY T. F. GRAY, IT IS OPERATED BY TWO PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS.



WATER IS CIRCULATED IN ALL THE OCEANS BY SYSTEMS THAT EXTEND THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE GLOBE. THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT HAS EQUIPPED A FLEET OF MOTOR CARS WITH SUPER-SENSITIVE RECEIVERS.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Treading historic ground:

(Continued from yesterday):
Dr. C. F. Brosnan had the impression, from all the authorities he had examined, that of course "the paragon" was the Jason Lee house, at what is now 960 Broadway.

That impression was easily straightened out. Jason Lee was never the pastor or parson. He was the superintendent of all the mission activities. The Jason Lee house, first residence erected in what became Salem, was general headquarters for the great enterprise. There was a pastor at The Falls (Oregon City), one at Wasco (The Dalles); on the Clatsop plains below Astoria; at Fort Nisqually on Puget sound, and one at Chemeketa, afterwards called the Mills, then the Institute, then Salem—and that pastor served the old mission as long as any families were there; and the pastor at the Falls served Tuahly (Tualatin) plains.

The paragon for Chemeketa, and The Mills, and The Institute, was erected near the Indian manual training school, that became the Oregon Institute, and by change of name Willamette university. This paragon was in 1866-7 moved a few rods north, to the present 1325 Ferry street, when room had to be made for the Pioneer oil mills, on the site of the Kay woolen mill; the building having been where the water tank of the woolen mills now stands.

The confusion of most writers of early Oregon history as to the place where the original Oregon Institute building was erected was dissipated as soon as the spot where it stood on Wallace prairie was reached.

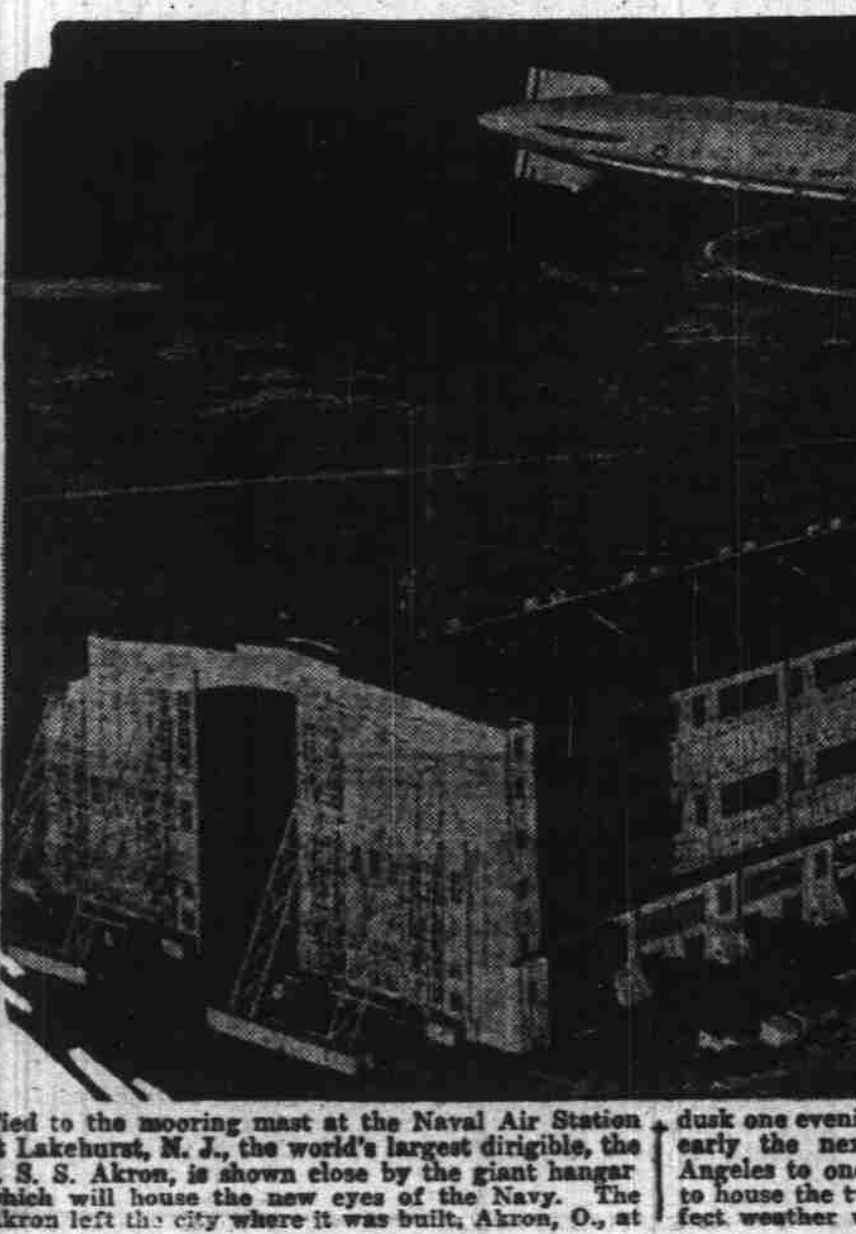
When William Wallace and J. C. Halsey, clerks, selected that site for the Astor fort or trading post in the fall of 1812, they made no filings. This was no man's land. Foreign territory. They just erected their fort and opened the business of their post and sent out their 14 trappers and hunters, and in the spring of 1813 loaded onto boats at a near by Willamette river landing place, 32 bales of dried venison and 17 packs of beaver, that is, 1360 beaver skins, which arrived at Fort Astoria May 25—the first fruits of trade for the Astor enterprise.

The original Oregon Institute lamette. Because it is the better team, I think."
Wee Johns, salesman: "Don't ask me riddles."
After the visit of the party.

Jason Lee had that marble slab fashioned and lettered in New York in 1839, and brought it with him on the Lausanne. Later, other such slabs were sent hither by water around the horn. One was sent for the grave of Cyrus Shepard. The Shepard slab, with another, was lost from a boat bringing the two up the Willamette river—lost in the Clackamas rapids. The second one was never found. The Shepard slab was recovered, but it had been broken into two pieces. It rests at the head of his grave in that condition. It should be repaired and its lettering restored. Who will attend to this?

When Dr. Brosnan arrived at the Lee Mission cemetery he found that on the marble slab marking the resting place of Anna Maria Lee and son, first white mother and child for whom ground was opened in all the old Oregon country, her family name was spelled correctly, Pittman. He knew why. In his researches around the old Pittman home on Long Island, New York, he found that the branch of the family to which she belonged had added a t, because there were so many other families in that part of New York bearing the Pittman name. All present histories spell her family name Pitman; even Bashford so spelled it.

THE AKRON REACHES ITS "HOME"



Tied to the mooring mast at the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J., the world's largest dirigible, the U. S. S. Akron, is shown close by the giant hangar which will house the new eyes of the Navy. The Akron left the city where it was built, Akron, O., at dusk one evening and arrived at its permanent home early the next morning. By crowding the Los Angeles to one side of the hangar, room was made to house the two monster airships side by side. Perfect weather welcomed the Akron "home."

"The Czarna's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER XVIII
At Beggar's Court, Martin heard the same clock strike, as he stole through the gathering dusk to the preys of nervous, uneasy, fears though he tried to assure himself that Martell and Sant could not possibly dream that he was planning to betray them.

Yet once or twice that day he had thought he saw suspicion in their eyes, to make him feel it would be a relief to be safely away from Beggar's Court. The mere thought of facing Martell, if Martell had an inkling of his intention, made Martin shiver.

More than once he looked furtively round, listening intently. But the grounds seemed utterly deserted. He slipped into the dim shadow of the boathouse.

And then Martin gave a sudden stifled scream. In the darkness two waiting hands had gripped him from behind. His captors, as he struggled vainly, was invisible, but he knew that voice of deadly silky intensity that whispered:

"Just off to keep the appointment you made by telephone are you, Martin? Six o'clock, wasn't it—and you were to go by water, because it would be safer, to tell everything to the other side, eh, Martin? You damned traitor! I'm afraid you may be late for your appointment."

Martin's desperate convulsive struggles weakened, ceased. Some thing had been pressed over his mouth and nostrils while his arms were pinned, something with a sickly suffocating odor...

Half-past 6. Still no sign of Martin, as the three men waited by the estuary at the foot of the garden at Manowras.

The tide was running swiftly out to sea, deep in shadow between its wide banks, with the light of a young moon breaking only occasionally out of an overcast sky of ragged drifting clouds, to gleam on the turbid eddying waters.

"Half past 6. I wonder if he's coming?" said Haste impatiently. Then suddenly, a minute later: "My God! What's that? Did you see it?"

Out in the stream a dark object was being carried down by the tide that a momentary gleam of moonlight had picked out from the shadows. For a startled instant Haste could almost have persuaded himself that it was a white with Dr. Brosnan, to the old mission site a mile above the Wheatland ferry, the afternoon had been taken and there was no time to go to the spot, two miles north, where the historic Joseph Gervais house stood—where Jason Lee preached his first sermons in what is now Oregon, where the "wolf meeting" was held, and where transpired many early events that have places on the pages of history.

It was a rainy day, and the party had to travel from the road in front of the late State Senator A. M. LaFollett house to the old mission site—though their way led over a dedicated Marion county public road. The plans of the county court call for the graveling of this road—and it is expected that this will be done during the working season of 1932, so that the site, which has belonged to the public for over a year, will be accessible by auto travel the year through.

The stone bearing the marker is in place—has been for several weeks. Visitors may see the hallowed spot—but they would better go prepared to "mush it" through deep mud during or after heavy rains. The members of the Brosnan party were despondent with historic wet Mission Bottom soil. But no one complained; least of all Dr. Brosnan, who called it the red letter day of his life. The other members of the party were Rev. H. B. Fouke, Prof. George W. Hug, W. T. Rigdon, and the writer.

Between the mission site and that of the Joseph Gervais house was the original little mission grist mill—first in the Willamette valley. It is planned to mark those sites, and others of historic significance in that section, where so much transpired affecting the course of history.



And then Martin gave a sudden stifled scream. In the darkness two waiting hands had gripped him from behind.

drowned face... then almost with his cry the moonlight faded out and the shadows closed in again, as the drifting indistinguishable object was swept past.

"Just a trick of the moonlight, of course. Queer how one can imagine things!" said Haste with a laugh that was half a shiver. "Hang Martin! I wish he'd come, if he's coming."

But already Martin had come—come by water, as he had said he would—come and passed on into the darkness, with cold lips sealed forever, as they waited all unknowingly...

It was a little more than two hours later that one of the plainclothes men who had been keeping watch on the grounds of Beggar's Court came hurrying up with the news.

At Beggar's Court a start had been made to clear away stealthily, under cover of the dark, to that underground door.

A big touring car, looking as forlorn as a broken-down car can look, was standing by the roadside a far from the gates of Beggar's Court. Of its two late occupants, one was feverishly busy with a spanner under the lifted bonnet, whilst the other offered impracticable suggestions in a tone of gloomy exasperation. A church clock chimed half past 9.

At Beggar's Court strenuous activities were in progress. Shortly after 9 a lorry bringing a windlass with steel cables and other tackle had turned in at the gate; and workmen were now busy by the light of flares clearing away the heavy fragments of fallen masonry that choked the door of the vault.

As the clock chimed the half-hour Inspector Haste came up the road with Jim and Bill Grayson. He had been in no great hurry to follow the workmen upon the scene, since it was quite certain that not until they were through their job and had gone would Martell and Sant betake themselves through that underground door. Time enough then for the inspector to put in an appearance. Nothing like catching your rogue red-handed.

No sign of recognition passed between Haste and the two apparently stranded motorists—though the former was entirely responsible for their presence there.

Haste was working in conjunction with the Trayne police, and these two plainclothes men were posted there with an apparently disabled car to watch the gates of Beggar's Court. An attempted dash for escape by car on the part of the wanted men was a possibility to be guarded against.

The only other figure in the dark quiet road was that of a woman, whom the quicker steps of the three men were overtaking as they approached the gates of Beggar's Court.

As they drew near they could hear that the dimly outlined figure in front was sobbing uncontrollably. And almost in the same moment Jim Wynter recognized her.

"Martin's wife!" he whispered to Haste.

Haste paused abruptly, with a gesture to the others. The last thing he desired was that Mrs. Martin should convey the information at Beggar's Court that she had seen them at the gates. But just then the woman glanced back to recognize Jim. She came quickly towards him with a white, desperate face, crying out his name.

And Haste swore beneath his breath at this advertisement of their presence to any possible watchers in the grounds.

"Mr. Wynter! They just found my poor husband drowned!" she broke out wildly. "He was taken from the water just beyond the village—and the doctor thinks it was not accidental, his death! Oh, he was murdered—I know he was murdered!"

Martin dead—and his death not accidental! Startling enough news for the three men. So that was why he had failed to turn up at Manowras tonight.

"I am terribly sorry to hear it," Jim said with pity in his voice. Almost across his words out a swift question: "I know my husband was to see you at 6, Mr. Wynter—did he come?"

ed him. I know it."
On the other side of the high wall that inclosed the grounds of Beggar's Court a figure was moving very stealthily; the ears of that unseen listener had heard the raised, excited voice, the cry of Wynter's name. For a second a face hidden by the shadow peeped out furtively from the gates in the direction of the voices in the road.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

SURPRISE SHOWER FOR NEW ARRIVAL

FAIRVIEW, Oct. 30—The women of the community met at the E. L. Hamilton home Wednesday afternoon and surprised Mrs. Hamilton with a shower for the new baby girl.

Mrs. J. H. Crawford has returned Sunday from a month's visit with her brothers in Los Angeles. Mrs. Crawford was accompanied on her trip by her daughters, Mrs. Carl Wood of Salem and Mrs. Charles Ruggies of Liberty.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Phillipson and family of Roseade were callers at the F. L. Morse home Tuesday.

The Harvey Rose family has moved from the Johnston farm to the farm adjoining the Del Needham farm.

Mrs. E. E. Dent accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Dent made a business trip to Roseburg Wednesday.

The children of Fairview school gave a Halloween party at the school house Friday night. The time was spent in games and singing.

Men Lose Second Deer to Robbers Who Like Venison

SPRING VALLEY, Oct. 30—Miss Sadie Schubert of North Howell is a house ruest at the home of Miss Irene Windsor.

F. B. Windsor has returned home from a hunting trip near Arlington. Two deer were bagged by the party but one was all they brought home because while they were hunting the last one was stolen from their car. Instead of breaking the glass the thieves opened the doors with screw drivers and bars and nearly ruined the door of their sedan as well as stealing the deer. Nothing else was taken in the line of guns or food.

Mrs. Catherine Haven is spending this week with her son, Adolph and family at Rickes.

by FAITH BALDWIN

A new story of young love that originates through

MASQUERADE

It's a Story You'll like

Beginning Friday, November 6

THE OREGON STATESMAN