

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Saving the City's Credit

ONE of the most vital things in the life of a municipality is the preservation of its credit. It is because of our cities and counties and school districts are prompt in the payment of principal and interest of their bonds that they are able to borrow money at rates from 3 to 6% when private borrowers have to pay up to 8% for money.

At the present time the city of Salem enjoys excellent credit, her bonds have high rating and are in demand among banks, insurance companies and private individuals. In recent years our bonded debt has risen rather sharply however due to issues as follows:

1927 Incinerator bonds	\$ 40,000.
1929 Airport bonds	50,000.
1927-1931 Sewer bonds	475,000.
1927-1931 Bridge bonds	350,000.

This is a total increase in four years of \$915,000. This does not include issues of Bancroft bonds for street improvements. At the close of this year the total bonded debt of Salem, exclusive of Bancroft bonds will be \$1,117,673.91. The sharp increase in our bond debt has caused a corresponding increase in the tax rate to take care of service on this debt.

Now it is proposed to issue \$2,500,000 additional bonds for a water system. In spite of the fact that the income of the water plant at present rates will not pay interest on more than \$1,500,000 with proper allowances for retirements and depreciation the city is urged to mortgage all the homes and property of the city for \$2,500,000. This will mean a certain and unescapable increase in the tax rate or else an increase in the water rates, which amounts to the same thing.

The effect of this will be to impair the city's credit standing. In fact bond authorities express doubt that the city would be able to market a bond issue of such size under present conditions. Even if it could it would be a serious mistake for the city to do it. Most property owners feel that taxes are high enough at present, in fact they clamor for reductions. Yet a large share of the tax goes to pay interest and principal on bonds.

There is only one thing to do for the safety of the city's credit, for the protection of the home owners of the city, and the prevention of piling on a heavy tax burden in the future and that is to defeat decisively the proposition to issue \$2,500,000 in bonds at the city election, Tuesday, Dec. 15th.

Tusko Climbs the Water Wagon

"TUSKO a tippler," chortles our evening contemporary the other evening when it reviewed with manifest glee the indulgence of our mammoth elephant in a ten-gallon toddy for his cold. Jubilant it was over the discomfiture of the dries that such a hoghead of liquor could be conjured up in these eighteenth amendment days to serve as medicine for the ailing elephant.

The first report was that Tusko's draught had worked an immediate cure. Gone was his sore throat, returned was his appetite for hay and fruit. Alas that story was written too soon, before the inevitable effects had finally been noted. For on the second morning Tusko showed up with the dark, brown taste of the conventional hang-over. He needed a bromo to clear his head. He tossed the tub from which he had drunk so eagerly contemptuously to one side. And the report said that if he could have voiced his wants he would have called for a tub of ice water and several dozen aspirin.

So the effect of the whiskey on the elephant was just what the school books on physiology say it is on the human being. There is the momentary exhilaration followed by the penalty of nausea and depression. Tusko was described as moping penitently, his flesh deflated like a balloon and his ears hanging motionless like sails of a becalmed schooner. He would eat no hay and scorned an offering of apples. He stands convicted of his sin, hunting for the mourner's bench.

We extend our sympathies to the Capital Journal which hailed Tusko's indulgence as another proof of the need for repeal of the 18th amendment. When the full story became known it turned out a great victory for moral reform and the Volstead act! Tusko a tippler? Ah, no more. Tusko is on the water wagon now.

A Poet's Loud Voice is Stilled

VACHEL LINDSAY is dead. This poet who stormed the heights of Parnassus with organ-toned verse is dead at his prime, 52. The country will miss him, and the west. A Springfield, Illinois, product, he resided a number of years at Spokane, so the west has a friendly feeling for him. Then some of his work was done in the Colorado mountains, which also contributed to making him a voice of the west.

Lindsay's poetry was unique in its pompous tempo, sometimes uneven in rhythm and again as regular in pulsation as the beat of carwheels over rails. He was a modernist in his style; yet strangely old-fashioned in his credo. He was in his religion what would have been called in the older day a Campbellite, so there was none of the raw realism of Walt Whitman or of the later moderns about his writings. That is rare too, for most realists seem to delight in working in the nude.

His "Mumbo Jumbo, God of Congo" is an excellent example of his poetry. It was built to read, with studied appreciation of the sound effects. Lindsay gave frequent recitals of his poems, the latest just three days before his death. Our own Howard McKinley Corning's "Joaquin Miller Rides over the Range" suggests the Lindsay treatment both in measure and mood and the building up of sonorous effects.

Lindsay was no profound philosopher in verse like E. A. Robinson whose "Man against the Sky" is too abstruse for popular appreciation. Lindsay's verse was easy to read and easy to understand. While much of it will not merit permanence in American literature other poems of his give promise of long life.

Grandmaster Hulet is home from Washington and says there should be a congressional investigation of the federal farm board. That would be well; but there should be an investigation of congress to determine the foolish law by which the farm board was supposed to pass economic laws and create by that farm prosperity. The farm board did some wrong things, but the greatest wrong was done by the law that was passed.

Editorial Comment

ALL WET
Much as we like Hal Hoss we find ourselves in a jungle with him every now and then. The latest subject for disagreement is his proposal that the state hold a "rain pageant" to celebrate what he calls the state's greatest contribution to our health and wealth. What, we wonder, does Hal think Oregon consists of?

Without any doubt the rains that fall so easily in the Willamette valley are a great thing. It would be highly fitting for the water soaked inhabitants of the valley to put on a show and try to make the rest of the world think they need their wettings. One feature of the pageant should be devoted to the women who have to hang the wash in the cellar or the attic because they never can get it dry out doors. Another should be a demonstration of scraping moss off the roofs in the summer time to lessen the fire danger—moss that winter rains had nurtured and spread. Then there should be a representation of the Willamette river in flood and a large showing of rubbers, umbrellas, raincoats, slickers and rubber boots and, with these, an exhibit of sticky valley mud.

Yes, the pageant that Hal proposes would be a great thing but why, for Heaven's sake, try to make it a state show? Hal knows perfectly well that there is a lot of Oregon this side of the mountains and that what we, over here, take pride in is not rain but sunshine. If the world is to get the idea that all Oregon has to be proud of is a lot of showers turning, after the fifth week, into a steady rain then we rise in protest.

No, Hal, have your show if you want it but never give it out that it is an Oregon show. Be correct and call it a valley party. Then pick the right time of year and you will surely be all wet.—Bend Bulletin.

Restless waiters on destiny:
Prof. Thomas Condon, state geologist, grand old man of Oregon scholarship, contributed to the March, 1908, issue of the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly an article on "The Process of Settlement on Oregon Pioneer Settlements," that deserves rereading by those of the pioneers and their descendants who missed it in the original form, or were too young then to understand it. It is reprinted in the following paragraphs:

"In the days of the early Oregon pioneers the narrative of Lewis and Clark's explorations to the Pacific coast had become little more than a tradition to the frontier people of the west.

"The wild stories of mountain trappers, told by camp fires, and colored by vivid recollections of real privations among mountain dwellers—these formed the picture in the popular mind along the frontier of the difficulties to be overcome in a journey across the Rockies.

Mrs. G. Ed Ross, secretary and treasurer.

Word has been received here from the American Jersey Cattle club office at New York that Mr. Arthur & Stauff of Rickreath have set a new world's record for butterfat production by a herd of 15 or more cows.

Officers elected by Capital Post No. 9, American Legion, last night were: Joseph Minton, commander; Mort Pilkenton, vice commander; Walter B. Small, adjutant; Allen Bynon, quartermaster; James B. Young, historian; Paul Hendricks, chaplain.

December 8, 1906
The United States treasury has ended its fiscal year with a surplus of \$25,669,322 in contrast with a deficit of \$23,004,228 for the previous year.

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Gross earnings of railroads for October of this year aggregated \$36,650,834, a gain of \$8,739,497 over the same period last year. At present traffic officers of the companies are faced with the problem of finding a way to move this immense volume of business now booked.

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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

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A Fear of Surgery Often Delays Goitre Treatment

It is a Foolish Fear, Says Dr. Copeland, for an Operation Is Not Always Necessary and Neglect in Care May Aggravate the Condition

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

At some time or other, I am sure you have noticed somebody who had a marked swelling in the neck. Perhaps you have even diagnosed the trouble and called it goiter. That is what it is.

The victim may be alarmed at this growth, yet he avoids all medical advice. Perhaps this is because of the impression that an operation will be necessary. He fears the operation more than the disease. This is unfortunate because many enlargements in the neck are due to a simple form of goiter and do not require surgery for their cure.

Goiter is not so common in America as it is abroad. We are particularly fortunate in this respect. It is now believed that enlargement of the glands in the neck, an enlargement of the thyroid gland, is due to the consumption of too little iodine, or it may be caused by the entire absence of the iodine which is necessary for the protection of the thyroid gland.

Iodine is a failure, either in the amount of the iodine or in the form it reaches the body. The thyroid gland enlarges. This is looked upon as the direct cause of goiter.

In considering the prevention of this disease, it has been found that certain foods which are rich in iodine will often prevent goiter. For example, certain sea foods, particularly deep sea fish, notably the salmon, and lobster, are rich in iodine.

It has been found that iodine added to certain water supplies has acted as a preventive of this disease. This method of control has been used in the great Lakes districts and other parts of America. This has been used in what is called the Goiter Belt where the iodine content of water is particularly low.

In certain of these communities, school children are given periodically certain medicines containing iodine. This measure has been remarkably successful and no doubt has prevented many cases of goiter which otherwise would have developed.

Goiter is not a disease to become alarmed about, nor does it necessarily mean operation. It is unwise for you to neglect it and you should not do so.

Answers to Health Queries

M. E. S. Q.—What causes a choking sensation in the throat at times?
A.—This may be due to indigestion or heart trouble.

R. J. Q.—What can be done for a prominent shoulder blade?
A.—How can knock-knees be corrected?

A.—This usually indicates poor development—try to gain in weight and be sure that your posture is correct.

Correct. Systematic exercise in a gymnasium might be very helpful in this case. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

R. A. Q.—Can superfluous hair be permanently eradicated by the use of the electric needle?
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed envelope and repeat your question.

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HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

GROWING WHISKERS WHILE YOU WATCH!



WHISKERS APPEAR ON CLEAN-SHAVEN FACES IN ONE KIND OF TELEVISION APPARATUS, IF A THUNDER STORM IS NEAR IN NEW YORK. THIS TRICK OF STATIC SHOWED MAYOR JIMMY WALKER WITH A MOUSTACHE

Tomorrow: "Don't Burn Your Autumn Leaves."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Rockies. As long as these reiterated stories took the measure of endurance from the wanderings of missionaries and mountain trappers, a problem of their influence might be a simple one; but when the question of taking women and children over the dreary wastes of wide deserts and pathless steeps of mountain cliffs was raised, other considerations were at once added; for how could these trusts be transported over bridgeless and fordless streams? How insured against hunger and thirst, and how kept out of reach of the danger of attack by hostile tribes of Indians?

"The object of this brief paper is to set a conviction of the writer that the difficulties in the way of a migration to Oregon—as these difficulties were seen by the people of the frontier states—formed a selecting test of the kind of people who alone could go to Oregon across the mountains in these days—a real and practical nature selection of a new people for a new community.

"Without entering into the hackneyed question of the agency of Dr. Whitman in securing Oregon for the United States, we may say Dr. Whitman was no mythical character. He was a real man; a missionary of the American Board.

"In 1842 he found the Indians around him so dissatisfied that he called a synodical meeting of the neighboring missions, and submitted to them the question, 'Shall we give up the mission of Wallatpu?' The synod decided in the negative. The doctor then said to his co-laborers, 'Then you must vote me leave of absence, for I must go home to confer with the board on the situation.'

"In fact Dr. Whitman seems to have had a mild kind of monomania on the subject of or teams drawing plain Missouri wagons from Fort Independence to the Columbia at Wallula. Anyway, his brethren that synod all knew that he carried that conviction with him to the states. They knew, too, that he wanted an opportunity to publish it along the frontiers to the restless multitude who were asking the question, 'Was it safe to attempt to take a family to Oregon in an ox wagon?'

"Dr. Whitman said he knew this could be done; said he himself would guide a train of wagons to Wallula, on the Columbia, and reach there before the fall storms should hinder their progress.

"Let us now turn to the restless people of the frontier who wanted to go to Oregon, and inquire what their mental picture of the great barriers of the journey was. At that time, 1842, these restless people might be found from eastern Tennessee to western Missouri. In their view the Rocky mountain barrier was not a single line of mountains, but a complex system of ranges, like the one that separated eastern Virginia and the Carolinas from the valley of the Ohio, with whose character they were familiar. They clearly apprehended the difficulties of such mountain travel, without roads or bridges, without shops for repairs, or towns for repurchase of supplies run short. They saw plainly the necessity of starting with wagons loaded for the whole journey, and of getting through before winter.

"They knew, too, that having passed the Rocky mountain barrier, a vast desert plain lay before them for miles across, selected from the western slope of the Rockies, only to bring them to another mountain barrier—the Cascade range, which, if not higher, was at least steeper in its approaches. And, inasmuch as this second barrier would be reached late in the season, oxen and horses would be so weak and worn by their long journey as to add fearfully to dangers which they of all people know how to appreciate. Let it be remembered, too, that all this fearful risk was to be borne by women and children. We have called the routes of travel bridgeless (and often fordless); look as to how much this implies; suppose our train to have reached what

"MASQUERADE" By FAITH BALDWIN

SYNOPSIS
Lovely Fanchon Meredith is wanted by the San Francisco police in connection with a murder committed by her sweetheart, "Tony". Fanchon did not know he was a gunman. She escapes by airplane under the name of "Smith". About is Evelyn Howard, whom Fanchon had met on voyage from Hawaii. Evelyn is going to New York to live with her aunt, the wealthy Mrs. Carstairs, whom she never saw. The plane crashes and Fanchon is the only survivor. To get away from Tony and the past, she goes to the Carstairs home as "Evelyn". A strong bond of affection grows between Mrs. Carstairs and her "niece", Collin Carstairs, the son, is at first antagonistic because of his "cousin". Evelyn escapes to Hawaii and her self-righteous attitude when his mother offered aid, but Fanchon's sincerity overcomes his objections. They fall in love. After a happy summer at Southampton, Fanchon makes her debut in New York. Collin, though realizing their relationship, nevertheless, cannot resist professing his love. Fanchon cannot acknowledge hers without revealing her identity. Later, Tony locates Fanchon and informs her that Evelyn is alive, but has lost her memory. He threatens to expose her to Mrs. Carstairs as "Cesare Gill". He calls at the Carstairs home and is accepted by Mrs. Carstairs and Collin although they are skeptical of him. Fanchon has no alternative but to agree to Tony's demands that she induce Mrs. Carstairs to wear her emeralds to the Van Suydam ball. Tony wears a Romeo costume similar to Collin's. On the way to the ball, Collin and Fanchon profess their love. Fanchon slips away and returns home with Tony, who stays on the terrace awaiting an opportunity to steal the jewels. Fanchon frustrates Tony's plans and has Mrs. Carstairs summon Collin. Tony reveals Fanchon's identity. The latter relates her story.



Collin rose, stood over him with the gun: "Tell me at once—or—"

she knew nothing of his plans. Of how, finally, he had told her what he had planned to do, on the night of the Van Suydam ball. Of how she had appeared to agree and had herself made plans, had not put the drug in Collin's highball or in Mrs. Carstairs' hot milk. But had waited, listening for Tony, knowing he would be caught. Of how she had taken the revolver from Collin's study that afternoon and hidden it in her room. And put the jewels in the case so that the sound he would make in removing them would be heard.

Collin said, suddenly:
"Why didn't you go through with it? There was little likelihood that it would be discovered—you—Evelyn—we would have hunted you and your—companion, down."

She said steadily:
"I'm not a thief. Oh, I stole Evelyn's name, of course, and her position and her place in your affections. Yet, thinking her dead, I couldn't believe I had done her any great wrong. Nor did I feel I would wrong you very much either. . . I was willing to serve you on my knees," she said directly to Jennie Carstairs, "because of the kindness, the love you showed me. And—I—I loved you," said Fanchon.

Jennie's eyes were wet, she indicated Tony, sitting there, im-

passive, his dark face shut as hard as a clenched fist, his eyes watchful.

"You didn't care for—him?"
"No, I haven't," said Fanchon, "since—since I learned about him. He knows that."
Collin said, harshly:
"That can wait. Evelyn. What about Evelyn?"
Fanchon told them all she knew. All that Tony had said. About the possible brain operation. "I wanted to see her," she went on, but he refused.

Collin turned to the other man. His mother was crying, softly, in a sort of dull shock of horror and pity.

"Where is she?" Collin demanded. "—We must go to her at once. Tonight. Bring her here. Have everything done that can be done for her. Everything."
Tony shrugged.

"I know the address," said Fanchon eagerly.

Tony spoke, smiling:
"Tony will not find her there. I hold her as hostage for my safe conduct. If you permit me to go I give you my word of honor—"
Collin laughed aloud. Tony looked at him gravely and remarked, "Even among thieves, there is honor—my word of honor, that tomorrow you receive a communication from me telling you her present whereabouts."
(Turn to page 7)

CHAPTER XXVIII

She told how Tony had traced her. Forced her to meet him. Forced her to accept him. Of how

New Views

The question asked yesterday was: "Do you think the county court should buy additional right-of-way for the three-lane highway from Salem to Portland?"

John Williams, laborer: "I guess it ought to be bought without a lot of haggling. What body does it doesn't make so much difference."

Bill Smith, woodsplitter: "Sure. Why not?"

George Keech, Stayton business man: "I believe Marion county has done enough for the state. I think the state should provide the right-of-way, but if it won't I think we'll have to wait the wide highway, don't we?"

Keith Powell, Woodburn banker: "I won't commit myself. It's a hot subject down in my country."

T. E. Jones, Salem farmer: "The state ought to provide the right-of-way. We do more than our share."

R. M. Ryder, carpenter: "Of course, the highway commission has determined that themselves. It was a surprise to me. I supposed the highway commission had more money than the county and would do it all itself. I believe the treatment will be worth while even if the county has to pay for it."

E. E. Riley, farmer, route 4: "I don't think it should. The state ought to pay for it."

W. H. Hamilton, P. E. P. company: "If the county can't get the state highway commission to buy it for them then it should buy the right-of-way. But in view of the extensive contributions made by Marion county into the state highway fund and the small returns which have been made by the state to the county, the state should be willing to pay for this needed lane. I think the highway commission should certainly make an exception in favor of Marion county to their recent rule of not helping the counties. They made the rule. They should be able to make exceptions as well."

was at their route a fordless stream. The ferry was soon prepared by selecting one of the best of the wagon boxes, caulking its chinks and joints as best they could, and using this as a boat. A rope fastened to it was passed over the river, and this extemporized ferry was ready for its work.

"In naming over the principal forms of danger that want to make up the outlook of the road to Oregon in the early fifties, one must be named—one more dreaded than all the rest—the continued exposure to Indian attack. For, after a long toilsome climbing over rocks, cañons, chinks and joints as best they could, and using this as a boat. A rope fastened to it was passed over the river, and this extemporized ferry was ready for its work.

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Her Smile Was Worth Fighting For!

Radiantly beautiful, the competition for her favor complicated the struggle for border supremacy!

READ

The Gay Bandit of the Border

by TOM GILL

It's a Great Love Story! Begins Friday in

The Oregon Statesman