The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Chaplain Speaks on War

CHAPLAIN JOHN W. BEARD of the Oregon National Guard, facile speaker and pleasing humorist, brought a consistent message for a militarist and a paradoxical address for a minister, to the Kiwanis club here this week. Succinctly Beard's clear-cut position is this: Wars between nations spring from nationalism, economic rivalry and the desire for imperial power. These forces instead of being lessened by the World war, have been increased. The seeds of another conflict are rapidly being sowed if not now ready to blade. Hence the clear-cut path for the United States is one of preparedness; armament to meet armament; navies to equal other navies; honest and fair-dealing with other nations, of course, but fear no man and keep one's powder dry.

This paper grants the fighting parson credit for the fullest integrity of his convictions, convictions singularly pessimistic and far afield from the usual ministerial view that the world is good and that mankind is generally altruistic. No man who fought in Flanders' field believes that.

But Beard's position reflects the age-old counsel of despair. It is the same conclusion which has produced every great war; armament to prevent war. Armament has never prevented war; it has fostered war. It always will.

Where shall the armament race stop? If the United States is to build 120 more battleships what is there to prevent England from adding 150, or Japan 180? Miltarists say that the armament race will be checked by the economic impotency of nations. But in the next world war, if and when one comes, this will not be felt. Capital should and will be conscripted in the same way that Russia today has conscripted capital and needs no auxiliary financing to prosecute war. Then the only end to the potential armament strength of nations will be the exhaustion of her natural and allied resources just as the end to the number of men under arms is the exhaustion of manpower resources. Financing the next war need not be a matter of bonds and drives; it will be the sovereign-justified action of conscription.

The chaplain's position, too seems singularly disassociated with America if one considers this nation at her best. We are a federation fitted by geography and a remarkable history to espouse the cause of peace, not the cause of militarism. Our national boundaries are adequate; we seek no territories and need no empire. We have remarkable isolation, a most potent defense. Even more than these physical factors, the United States in her best moments has been motiviated by worthy ideals in most wars she reluctantly entered. Her own Civil war was fanned into flame by one desire of a large element in the nation to free a servile race. In the last world war in which Chaplain Beard was so gallantly enlisted, the rallying cry which awakened a divided country, was a "war to end war," "a war to make the world safe for democracy." And at the conclusion of that expensive holocaust, the United States alone among the nations of the world, sought no indemnities and asked no territory. Was it a false faith, one inquires of the chaplain, which thus lead American boys to Europe's fields?

The chaplain's position, too, is far at variance with the tenets of the Christ whose doctrine he professes. Armed conflict must forever be a far cry from the teachings of One who advocated turning the cheek 70 times seven, of returning good for evil, who personally accepted most reviling insults which brought Him even to death and yet answered not his persecutors. Yet through the ages this doctrine has lived and grown and is today the most powerful panacea against recurrent and enlarged tragedies such as witnessed in 1914 to 1918.

* * *

People disappointed in the attitude of one of the cloth, however, should not be too much disturbed. It is not characteristic. One also must remember that Beard personally is a fighter and a trainer of fighters, hale fellow, well met, equally at home in the prize ring or the pulpit. It forsooth, must not be forgotten that he also is in the war business, on the payroll of the state, and how pray tell, may a parson preach heartily against the very occupation which brings him prestige and tea and cake?

Then too, there is as there has always been a glitter to the business of war. Young men, nattily attired, bright ranks, sturdy commands, the shine of bayonets, the surge and the retreat, the revival of the onslaught—victory! These are glorious moments to recall even though they are but the tinsel trappings of an archaic international system. For behind the fine-faced soldiers lurks death and if the chaplain's conclusions are right, the comaraderies of the regiment, the fine training of the drill field and the amateur athletics of the cantonment are but futile masks to hide the spectre of the ghastly Fourth Horseman!

One would wish that this well-spirited man could enlist the dynamic energy he evidences in a cause more worthy than the perpetuation of the war game. One might hope that a minister of the Christian church would leave to the Navy League . . . that beclouded group of 4000 big business men—the promulgation of bigger navies and strong armies. The chaplain need have no fear that the cause of larger armament will have able advocates. It always has. Just as long as war is profitable to some and self-interest goads mankind, preparedness and war will lack no champions.

One would wish that this chaplain might pick up the conclusion of that great minority, in time to become the majority, who say war is archaic and untenable; that it must cease; that every fibre of their being shall be enlisted to down it; that smaller armaments are a prelude to peace; that whether war goes in this generation or next or in a thousand years, go it will and every atom of their strength shall be enlisted to fight the accursed travesty. In such high purpose a chaplain might daily find renewed strength.

Up to the Governor

THE supreme court having denied the petition for rehearing in the case of Ben Boloff charged and convicted of criminal syndicalism, the only way to prevent his going to the penitentiary to serve his sentence of ten years is through the action of the governor in pardoning Boloff. The majority opinion of the court may be correct from the standpoint of the law, but the public is inclined to agree with the dissenting opinion which holds that this man, an ignorant sewer digger, "who does not know what it is all about" constitutes no "imminent danger to the welfare of our government".

True, it is among the ignorant that radicalism flourishes, and the poor, ignorant laborers will be used by the more clever minds for ushering in some revolution. But putting a man in prison for ten years whose offense is no more pronounced than that of mere membership in a subversive organization seems altogether unnecessary in these times of peace. Such repressive measures feed the very flames of radicalism.

Here is a case where mercy should temper justice, and the governor should make a diligent inquiry into the case. As the facts now appear it seems to us executive clemency could well be extended to this ignorant fellow. The interposition of the executive is the more necessary because similar cases against others in Portland who were charged with the same offense have been dismissed by the court. It would be rank injustice for one man, Boloff, to be required to serve out his time and the others similarly involved go scot free through the action of the same courts.

HEALTH

THE other day I attended a meeting at which the principal speaker was unable to complete his address because of a bad cold. In the audience several were coughing and sneezing. I was sure that it would not be long before many others in the audience would be suffering from colds.

Dr. Copeland

I say this because the common cold is an infectious disease—a "catching" disease. It is easily, transmitted from one person to another by coughing and sneezing; and colds differ from other infectious diseases, in that one attack does not protect from future attacks.

Science has not yet discovered the cause of the common cold. It is believed to be due to a "filterable virus." The germ comes under this classification because it is so small it is not visible under a microscope. Though we do not know the exact cause, many contributing factors are recognized as promoting colds.

When a person is in a run-down condition he is more susceptible to a cold. Scientists consider this as due to lowered resistance to infection. Excessive fatigue, lack of sleep, undue exposure to cold weather or dampness and lack of proper food are all factors that lead to lowered resistance.

Some suffer more than others from colds. Usually these persons are susceptible to colds because of some disturbance in the nose or throat. Nasal deformities, enlarged and diseased tonsils, adenoids and sinusitis are frequent complaaints of these sufferers.

The first thing to do when you have a cold is to take your temperature. If it is above 99 degrees, go to bed after a hot bath.

It is best to consult with your physician if the trouble does not yield at once. Many colds that are neglected develop complications, such as pleurisy and pneumonia. There are many patent remedies and home cures for a cold. They may relieve the discomfort, but rarely hasten the cure. Contrary to a common belief, whiskey has doubtful value as a curative agent in acute colds.

Care of the diet is important in the prevention of colds. The daily menu should contain adequate amounts of milk, green vegetables and citrus fruits. Drink at least eight glasses of water daily. A daily bowel evacuation is important. Sleep at least eight hours every day. These precautions help you to build up a resistance to colds.

Make sure that your home and place of business are well ventilated and free from draughts. The air should be fresh and moist. The ideal temperature indoors is between sixty-eight and seventy-two degrees.

Keep away from persons who have colds, and if you have a cold, keep away from others. In this way you will protect yourself as well as others.

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Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 14, 1907

Seventeen corner fire alarm boxes will be installed in the city soon. They will not be fully accepted until given trial.

One hundred and fifty automobiles of 43 different makes were on exhibit as the seventh national automobile show opened at Madison Square garden, New York, last night.

The lowest bid submitted yesterday to the canal commission at Washington, D. C., for construction of the Panama canal was $140,000,000, of which $9,450,000 would be remuneration to the contractor.

January 14, 1922

T. A. Raffety, chief inspector for the state motor vehicle department, announced yesterday he would soon appoint eight additional traffic officers, bringing the number of state men to 15.

Willamette university basketeers last night defeated the Whitman Missionaries by a score of 28-27. Early in the contest the local varsity ran up a big lead.

DALLAS — The big sawmill of the Falls City Lumber company, located at Falls City, will close this week, never more to resume operations. The cost of transportating logs is held to be prohibitive under the prevailing low price of lumber.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Do you approve of the governor's decision in the Gehlhar-Wilson controversy?"

Hal D. Patton, bookstore proprietor: "Oh, I guess it's all right. I thought the flareup a lot of 'hooey,' anyway. But I believe the governor's action well considered."

Joseph Barber, real estate dealer: "Yes, I do. I think it is all right."

Mrs. Ellen House, housewife: "We were glad that she was retained. In times like the present it would be more serious than ever to lose a position like that."

Bertha V. Compton, 593 S. Commercial: "I certainly do. I think the governor is right."

Mrs. Robert Schaefer, Schaefer Rabbit Shop: "As far as I am concerned I am glad she was retained."

Mrs. John O. Humphrey, housewife: "Well, sir, I feel sorry for Mrs. Wilson. I think she has been quite successful there."

H. W. Hale, carpenter: "I wouldn't just exactly favor it. I think they need a whole new clean-up."

Daily Thought

"An enlightened mind is not hoodwinked; it is not shut up in a gloomy prison till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of intelligence."—Longfellow.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: "A Tuberculosis Vaccine".

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Apples, $2 a pound:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "The Lambert cherry was grown by J. H. Lambert and presented by him to the Oregon State Horticultural society at the annual meeting of 1896."

(The testimony of Dr. Cardwell on the origin here of the evergreen (or Oregon) blackberry is no doubt reliable. There has been another theory that the first seed was brought by birds from England, flying with early ships from that country.)

Continuing, quoting Dr. Cardwell: "The Bremen prune, the Imperial Precose, the Ickwort plum, Reine-Claude, Vert, and the favorite French table plum, the Merabel, were in my importations from Germany in 1872. The Bullock prunes were seedlings of the seventies grown by Mr. Bullock near Oswego.

"A. R. Shipley, some time in the sixties, imported from the eastern states 45 varieties of grapes, American and European varieties. . . . In answer to my request to name the three best varieties for the market, he said, 'If I were setting out 300 grapes today, I would first set 100 Concords, then another 100 Concords, then another 100 Concords,' adding, 'that is, to make money.' . . . It is related that nothing more thoroughly and painfully accentuated their isolated condition (referring to the early settlers of the Willamette valley) than the absence of fruit trees on their newly made farms.

"Half the beauty and pleasure that brightens the life of youth and childhood, it is not too much to say, is found in the orchard of the old homestead—the sight of the trees in bloom, the waiting and watching for the first ripe fruit, the ingathering of the fruit in the fall, and the stering of it away in bin and cellar for use in the winter around the ingleside. . . . The old Puritans could not have been such terribly stern and uncompromising foes of the good things of life after all, since they knew enough to find gustatory delight in such fruits as kind mother nature provided for them in their exile. Fruit culture is most fascinating and ennobling, as well as the most profitable branch of horticulture, and the advance in the fruit product is evidence of the culture and civilization of a people.

"It is hard to overestimate the beneficial influence on health, morals and manners of a generous fruit supply. The ornamental grounds and orchards of the homestead do much in childhood to strengthen that love of home and pride of family which is the foundation of all patriotism. The cherished memories of home thus enriched are, in after life, the strongest bond of family to bring back the absent and wandering to the roof tree; and the erring one is NOT WHOLLY LOST as long as these sacred memories of home and childhood sometimes come to swell the heart and dim the eye with the tear of repentance and contrition. . . . The intelligent foresight and patient labors of those who inaugurated this industry in the far off wilds of Oregon are worthy a place in the archives of the state, and should be kept green in the memory of those who come after us.

"In the summer of 1847, Henderson Luelling of Lowa brought across the plains several hundred gearling grafted sprouts — apple, pear, cherry, plum, prune, peach, grape and berries—a full assortment of all the fruits grown in the then far west. These were placed in soil in two large boxes, made to fit into a wagon bed, and carefully watered and tended on the long and hazardous six months' journey with an ox team, thousands of miles to the banks of the Willamette just north of the little townsite of Milwaukie, Clackamas county.

"Here a little patch in the dense fir forest was cleared away with great labor and expense, and the first Oregon orchard was set that autumn with portent more significant for the luxury and civilization of this country than any laden ship that ever entered the mouth of the Columbia. A fellow traveler, William Meek, had brought a sack of apple seed and a few grafted trees; a partnership was formed and the firm of Luelling & Meek started the first nursery in 1848. (Luelling is also spelled Lewelling, by members of the same family. In Wales, where their ancestors lived, it is spelled Llewellyn.)

"Roots from seedling apples planted at Oregon City and on French prairie, and sprouts from the wild cherry of the vicinity, and wild plum roots brought from the Rogue river valley, furnished the first stock. (Apple trees growing wild are in the brush near the site of the Joseph Gervais house (where the famous "wolf meeting" was held), the remains of trees grown there perhaps as early as 1827.)

"And it is related that one root graft in the nursery the first year bore a big red apple, and so great was the fame of it, and such the curiosity of the people, that men, women and children came from miles around to see it, and made a beaten track through the nursery to this joyous reminder of the old homestead so far away.

"Ralph C. Geer also came in 1847 and brought one bushel of apple seeds and a half bushel of pear seeds, and was one of the first to plant an orchard in the Waldo hills. (He also had the first nursery in the central Willamette valley).

"People in those days in this sparsely settled country knew what their neighbors were doing, and in the fall of 1848 and spring of 1849 they came hundreds of miles from all over the country for scions and young trees to set in the little dooryard or to start an orchard; so that the trees were soon distributed all over the settlements of the valley—yearlings selling at 50 cents to $1 each. The first considerable orchards were set on French prairie, and in the Waldo hills and about Salem. . . .

"The first box of apples placed upon the sidewalk in Portland, by Luelling, was eagerly purchased by the admiring fruit hungry crowd that gathered about at $1 per apple, and returned the neat little profit of $75.

"The home market now show-

(Continued on page 11)

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Under the leadership of "El Coyote," the masked bandit, the Mexican ranchers plan to overthrow the wealthy Paco Morales, who has confiscated their property for years. All search for "El Coyote" has been in vain. Ted Radcliffe, a young American whose father Morales ruined, loves the Spaniard's beautiful niece, Adela. Jito, Morales' ward, is jealous. Bob Harkness, a friend of Ted's late father, urges Ted not to quarrel with Morales, as he has other plans. Following a raid on the village by Jito's vaqueros, one of his men is killed by Anton, an Indian. Morales, fearing the vengeance of the tribe, releases Anton. Out riding, Adela tells Ted she disapproves of her uncle's treatment of the peons. Ted considers Adela's wealth a barrier between them, but she tells him to let nothing interfere when he falls in love. Ted is forced to shoot his horse after a fall. He and Adela get lost and spend the night in the desert. Next morning, Adela tells Ted the bond between them must hold, come what may. They meet Anton, who lends Ted his horse. Morales is furious. Adela resents his insinuations, and to spite her uncle, she kisses Ted and rushes from the room. Morales retains a courteous attitude toward Ted, but the latter knows that underneath hate is seething. Bob and Ted visit Major Blount of the U. S. Cavalry to ascertain if he has news of "El Coyote."

CHAPTER XXX

Then, each busy with his own thoughts, they fell silent for an hour, while the car wound its way toward the broken country of the low foothills. At last Bob pointed. "There's Blount's camp, hidden away as carefully as the Washington Monument. Tell me, what self-respecting bandit could ever miss that? Let's see what the major knows."

But the major, it turned out knew surprisingly little. A week's constant patrol of the desert had yielded nothing, and so far the cavalrymen who were stationed at the few waterholes had learned nothing. Two sergeants alone had anything to report, and their report was far from satisfactory to Blount. They had camped at a small waterhole, and in the night a lone rider had ridden up and stolen both their horses from under their very noses. Next day the stolen horses were found tied to the corral in Blount's camp. The major was very bitter about it all. Soldiers, he seemed to feel, ought not to be treated that way. It wasn't good, orthodox warfare. "Damned impudent bravado," he stormed, looking very fierce and military in his khaki. Then his face brightened.

"But we're combing this God-forsaken country from the U. S. border to the high range. That means we will soon be even, as far as knowledge of the country goes. We're mapping every stream and waterhole—he'll have to step high, wide and handsome to keep ahead of us. And we're showing the natives that it isn't the great thing to be one of El Coyote's friends. They're still slow in giving information. It's been a case of 'no sabe' ever since we started. They know—of course they know. But they're loyal, and they're terribly afraid of the death that overtook the last poor devil who gave information on El Coyote.

"But there's one chap I've got my eyen on. I think he could tell a lot if he dared. He is one of Morales's men, but I suspect he is or was part of El Coyote's band. Two nights ago he came to my tent and wanted to know if I would send him with a guard out of the country if he gave us information about the bandit. I told him if he gave the right kind of information we would give him a guard to any place he wanted to go, and I guaranteed protection against revenge. My Spanish isn't too good, as you know, and we didn't get together. He wasn't quite satisfied, and he went away, but he's coming back."

The major waved his hand. "Sooner or later that's the way it's going to go. It may not be this fellow, and may not be now. But next day or next month a man will come willing to talk if there's gold and protection for him. Morales will put up the gold and I'll furnish the protection, and then—zip!—the end of El Coyote, and you'll owe me a dinner. In the meantime, it's good practice for the boys and, as Clara says, it reduces my figure to where I can button up last year's vest."

Don Bob looked thoughtful. "It sounds like a drawn-out process. It may take years—unless you learn something in your interview with this fellow."

"If he comes back you will be able to help. I'd like to have you here—you and Morales. That may be next week. You and Morales, with your knowledge of the country, can judge what the information may be worth. Personally, I think the fellow's holding out for a raise in the blood money."

"He's very wise. I should hold out for a great deal. He had better get enough gold to take him out of the country and keep him in a state of pleasant drunkenness for his natural life; otherwise he is risking too much for too little."

"You and Price will always believe the arm of El Coyote is all-powerful."

"My friend, I think El Coyote, if he wanted to, could kill you, or Morales, or Ted here, within the week, and get away with it."

"Then why the devil doesn't he?"

"Because it wouldn't serve his ends. It would only be a nasty killing. Suppose he killed Jito and Morales too. That wouldn't end the system that's been built up. Sooner or later someone would take their place. The Coyote isn't playing for that. He's playing for the whole blessed country to be with him when he moves. And once the country is with him there will be some new history written on the border. As for you, major mio, I absolutely believe that there isn't a move you make he doesn't know, and I don't think all these healthy soldier boys of yours will get him yet. So don't tell me too much about your plans, for I've still a sneaking sympathy for the way he plays whatever cards destiny gives him. He's fighting against the forces of two nations. But I'll be glad to come over to your conference any time, if only to watch old Morales."

Cautiously the major looked about him, and from his face both Ted and Bob knew some secret was about to be delivered.

"This is not to go any farther," warned the little major, and again he looked about him and lowered his voice. "El Coyote may turn out to be a woman!"

Don Bob threw back his head in that silent laugh of his. "A Boadicea of the border, eh?"

The idea seemed to delight him. "Won't you catch hell in Washington if it is a woman! If you hunt her down you'll be a brute, and if she escapes you they'll say you've been made a fool of by a weak, defenseless female. If I were you I'd resign. But whoever told you that rot?"

"I can't tell you. I only say it may turn out that way. You know yourself no one has actually seen the bandit."

"I have a suspicion that Lopez, the traitor, saw him that night along the Verdi trail. Men say his eyes were frozen with fear and not pleasant to look at." Bob shook his head. "No, major, I shouldn't lay any trap for a lady bandit. I think when you find your quarry it will be a man. Probably about the size of Ted here."

"If he is that size, it must be Jito. No one else on the border carries all that beef."

Again Bob smiled. "Well, it might not be a bad idea to look into Jito's activities, although I strongly doubt if it will teach you much."

They left soon after, and in the car as they sped toward Verdi, Bob was in high spirits. The idea of the major's "lady bandit," as he called her, delighted him.

"I've half a mind to spread the rumor in Verdi that it's the major's wife, adopting this role to give her husband exercise. But why should the man even for a moment suspect such nonsense? It must be the military mind at work."

Outside the gate at Bob's hacienda they stopped, and Ted stepped out to lay down the bars.

As Bob drew up before the house a servant ran forward.

"Señor," he shouted in Spanish, while still afar, "you have heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Last night El Coyote came to the upper camp and stole twenty steers. Twenty of the señor's best cattle, that son of a devil."

For a time Don Bob looked at Ted, then at last his lips curved in a little smile. "Now doesn't that beat hell?" he pondered, reaching for a cigarette. "And after all the nice things I've said about him, too."

Within an hour Don Bob had left for the north ranch, sending Ted to Verdi for any news that might have reached there, and it was not until late the following afternoon that Bob returned.

Ted, just back from a round of the near-by camps, had already begun dinner when he heard the jingle of spurs on the porch outside. A moment later the rancher joined him.

"Too tired to eat." Bob sank into the nearest chair. "But give me a dozen cups of coffee. What did you learn?"

Ted shook his head. "Nothing. Neither in Verdi nor in the camps. And you?"

"I've ridden all over that upper country for signs. Finally I lost trace of the steers among the sandhills. It's blowing hard up there, like blasts from a furnace. It would wipe out the tracks of a dinosaur. Lord, that coffee's welcome!"

"Bob, do you think El Coyote did this?"

The rancher smiled. "I don't. My boys can't tell me much. They only know that half a dozen Mexican horsemen rode down on the herd, cut out twenty of the best steers and drove them south toward the line. Only two of the boys saw it happen, and they very prudently waited in the brush until the job was done. Then they galloped back with the news. But the big white horse that El Coyote rides wasn't seen. My boys are sure of that."

He drank two cups of black coffee, then, lost in thought, chewed absently on the end of a cigar. He seemed to reach some decision, for abruptly he rose. "I still have one or two questions about this thing, and tired or not tired I'm going over to Mendoza's. You'd better come along. Mendoza's is part of your education.

"I've heard that name."

"Of course you have. Mendoza's is the greatest institution for vice and unvarnished evil in Verdi—or in all the borderland, for that matter. It is the one place where at some time or other you will find anyone you are looking for. If you are patient, he or she is sure to show up at Mendoza's."

(To Be Continued)

Statement of Condition

Mutual Savings & Loan Association

December 31, 1931

ASSETS

First Mortgage Loans	$422,165.75
Real Estate Subject to Redemption	2,913.25
Real Estate Owned	22,155.39
Real Estate Sold under Contract	15,593.22
Loans to Members on Certificates	30,300.00
Furniture & Fixtures	1,047.15
Accrued Interest Receivable	8,890.72
Investments in Other Associations	2,036.00
Insurance Advanced on Loans	234.95
Cash on Hand and in Bank	1,315.66
	$509,952.09

LIABILITIES

Members Investments	$494,861.15
City Assessments Payable (Not Due)	819.66
Accrued Taxes	338.54
Other Debit Items	91.07
Reserves	
Contingent Reserve Fund	863.27
For Interest	12,978.40
	$509,952.09

COUNTY OF MARION)
) ss
STATE OF OREGON)

I, A. A. Lee, Secretary of the above named Association do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. A. Lee, Secretary.

Attest H. O. White, President

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of January, 1932.
Hazelle Gearhart, Notary Public for Oregon.
My Commission Expires 5-10-1935

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