The Oregon Co Statesman

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

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Mass Hysteria

TITHE past week has been devoted to mass hysteria. The I infant son of some very prominent people was feloni- they pass in anticipation of his ously kidnaped, whereupon the inhabitants of the whole release. The freshman in college country work themselves up into a blue funk from emotienal excitation. By the time the week was out the sus- The woman heavy with child pense was terrific. Nerves universally were frayed; and counts the days until her acthere was a universal cry for direst vengeance. Government couchement, A man on vacation authorities themselves grew frantic, and the president's checks the days until he must cabinet gave itself over to deliberation over the snatching living. of the Lindbergh baby. Not since Floyd Collins was pinned by a rock while exploring some Kentucky cave has there sesses such certainties. Life itbeen such a focusing of mass sympathies on one individual. self: so many days past, but how The newspapers have built up the mass frenzy through to come? This depression, when

their usual methods of exploitation of events of human in- will it be over? The man is out terest. Press services send their flying squadrons of able of work so many days, and for reporters to cover the assignment in four dimensions. The how many days "to come"? Or a journalistic sob sisters "covered" the case nearly as ably as will it be enjoyed? For these though it had been a triangle affair or a sensational murder and many other items the calenstory. The country has been flooded with acres of bum tele- dar of our lives makes no entry. photo pictures and artists' drawings of "X marks the spot", etc. Even the staid Oregonian gave three of its four big wrong for 1932 because this is heads last Friday to the Lindbergh kidnaping.

Of course the world was shocked at the theft of the infant. He was the world's own baby, as it were, because his father was the world's favorite hero. The kidnaping of any 20-month-old infant would be shocking, and from his pictures young Charles Augustus, jr., looks very much like a yesterday, and its disappointments plish his purpose. But he was tures young Charles Augustus, jr., looks very much like a are past. On my desk pad all the merely million other kiddies in a million other homes. He is paying 64 pages have been torn off, driver. the price of fame, which the million others will not have whether they were full or not. to pay.

Our sympathies are aroused, but we doubt the virtue hope and fear; we know not how of mob-hysterics. From coast to coast nerves are jumpy. turns, its ruts, its rocks, its This daily bombardment of news material far in excess of smooth places, its hills, its decertain that few of us accomplish what is essential intoxicates the mob-mind; and the reaction is not wholesome. When the fever cools and the pulse grows quieter the public then fails to respond to even grosser sins. The intemperate emotionalism of the mass-mind is dispro- which yesterday and tomorrow portionate. It now indulges in an orgy of sympathy over a are the risers. little babe, but is strangely calloused when thousands of unknowns suffer the pangs of slow starvation.

There is no parent who does not hope and pray for the be merry, for tomorrow we die". safe return of the stolen babe: but there need be no great It need not have that "sans emotional disorganization among the millions powerless to souci" (without care) meaning. aid and without kinship to the family.

Baker on a Big Scale I prize gad-about, never missing a chance to mayorbaker himself over the second largest state in the USA. Ruhl, Medford, sunning himself in the southland, sends his paper the following log of a week in Rolph's life: Monday

Flew from San Francisco to Sacramento. Planted giant redwood in honor of Washington's birthday. Viewed military parade. Spoke at Washington dinner. Tuesday

Flew to San Francisco from Sacramento, to recite the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere at Humboldt evening high

Wednesday-Attired as full admiral, attended navy celebration at Goat Island. Saluted as he received the 17-gun salute. Posed for movie newsreel.

Thursday Flew again to Sacramento. Presided as dirt farmer, at luncheon of state board of agriculture. Posed for picture with young ladies representing California association convention at Oroville. Friday

Flew to San Francisco. Photographed as judge ofe Washington essay contest. As irrigationist, attended meeting of joint water commission. Flew back to Sacramento. Saturday

Motored to Auburn, where he erected marker on site of first gold discovery in Placer county, and related experiences as early gold prospector. On to Lake Tahoe with Cinema Actress Anita Page and her papa for dinner and dance (full dress and boutonniere).

Crowned Anita Page as queen of National Ski tournament, having picture taken in toboggan cap and snow shoes. Motored back to Sacramento.

Dana Faces the Facts

MARSHALL DANA, Portland Journal candidate for the on the Wilson river road, leading senate, has just made perfectly clear his stand on the to the Tillamook country. The vexing problem of prohibition. He made it in a speech, so days of toll gates for that region, now there can be no doubt of his position. We quote him and its general bottled-up condithus:

"I am dry. I am a newspaper man and trained to face facts. Evils have grown up under enforcement of the prohibition law which must be dealt with. The government must take hold with a strong hand. It is a weak hand now. The issue rests squarely with the people. I favor a vote by the people on the liquor issue, and I still believe that the majority should rule."

Which indicates that while as a newspaper man Dana may be trained to face facts; as a candidate for office he is trained to dodge them. Certainly his statement is calcu-purchase. lated to win votes from both sides of the house.

Much of the argument in favor of the lame duck bill for changing the date of congressional sessions is that there is a term of congress after the election in which "repudiated" members sit and help make laws. Yet these same members in the case of the house, were the ones who were triumphantly elected only two years before. It is rather a sad commentary on the fickleness of the people that so many members should be "repudiated" just two years after they were elected.

Too bad some of these abandoned farm siles can't be used to

Kenzie.

Benefit Play Cast Named at Hubbard;

Louise Grimps, and Neva Mc-

The directors of the newly or Committees Listed ganized Hubbard community club met last week and appointed the Pack, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs.

"'64 days past . . . 301 days to come"'
-Deak Pad.

I do not know that I have ever before noticed those words in fine print on the bottom of my desk pad. They are on the page for this day, Saturday, March 5th. And for Monday the line is "66 days past . . . 299 days to come". It refers to the year - so many days gone already, so many days remaining.

It is for the year 1932 which we entered so jubilantly (or so fearfully) those 64 days ago. Then there were many who wondered how they could possibly get through the year, but here they have "gotten through" a sixth of it already. What lies ahead is as much a mystery as what lay ahead of Jan. 1st.

It is always easy to compute the number of days past; but few are the periods which have a definite expiration date in the future. The year ends always on a Dec. 31st. An office holder may say "three years of my term are past; one year remains". One who undergoes an operation may have the doctor's assurance that in two weeks or three weeks he may leave the hospital, and how eagerly he counts off the days as the first term says: "so many days until Christmas vacation"

But not all of the future posmany years, or months, or days how many days "to come"? Or a

leap year with 366 days. Has the maker of the desk pad made a mistake? No, he hasn't, the extra day is TODAY.

It is always TODAY that Tomorrow we face with mingled long a road lies ahead of us, its The old Latin phrase "carpe

diem" has an epicurean significance. It implies "eat, drink and "Seize the day" may mean to crowd it as full of life and work and genuine happiness and service as Browning's "Pippa" filled her holiday. In spite of our disillusionment over the past and our apprehension for the future. today is ours for use or wasting. know the world has grown cynical over hope deferred; but there remains a refreshing truth in that song with which Pippa greeted the dawn of her holiday: "God's in his heaven; all's right with

Yesterdays

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

March 6, 1907 Residents of Broadway street in North Salem met last night to take up the matter of making part of the city one of the prettiest residential sections of the capital city. They considered the lowering of the street grade and macadam-

iging that highway. Taking cognizance of the threat of employes of the state asylum to strike if employes now paid \$50 or more a month were not included in the salary increase appropriation of \$20,000 voted to the legislature, the asylum board yesterday decided to apportion the

There will be no more toll gates tion, are about over. It is expected to have two steam railroads and at least one electric one.

fund among all employes.

March 6, 1922 an opinion to the contrary, Salem will offer an attractive camp grounds to tourists, as a result of action by the city council last night. The council approved plans

for renting the park and its later

Alderman Vandevort's proposal that Street Commissioner Walter Low have charge of construccouncil factions. Alderman Suter good bit easier." declared he had intended to recommend that Alderman Jefferson be given charge of several thousand dollars worth of sewers to be undertaken soon. This, Alderman

Albert Pack Passes

Marcus opposed.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON !



Tuesday: "More Powerful Than Lightning"

Man's Impulses Are Godlike But Turned to Woefully Small Ends

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

D. H. TALMADGE

Spring is said to be lurking

around the corner, too. Something

lurking around the corner. Not al-

spring. The lurking around the

corner suggestion doesn't appeal

pleasantly to me. Aside from be-

ing badly overworked, it is un-

pleasant in its nature. Too much

Life even in the quietest places

is exciting for some of us. For

place, it is a dreary drag. It is not

entertain. Entertainment is enter-

tainment only when it is accord-

A ten-year-old child has just

opened my door and put her head

into the room. "Mr. L- was

shot and killed this afternoon,

she announces. The news is start-

ling, shocking. My old friend L-

"Where? how?" I gasp. "At the movies, of course," she says. "It

was a swell pitcher he was in. He

ought to ha' been shot. He-he

greatly relieved. It must have been a wonderful picture," I said.

"And Mr. L-was shot! Swell!

Did it hurt him much?" "You

bet! he writhed somethin' fierce.'

How pale and insipid the penny

Is it, may I ask, easier for you

reason that I know of why you

Total of "extras" in Hollywood.

fellow feeling and plenty of it.

which suffers the more bodily

misery, the individual with the

in the world.

enough.

dreadfuls of yesteryear do seem!

ed appropriate reception.

cent stamps.

Man is by natural inclination a rod, but some of his parts are missing. His impulses are godlike. sometimes splendidly so, but he fails to attain godlike results. His life span is marked by two interrogation points and an astonisher -why? why? whyd

I have known a man to declare he would move heaven and earth counts most. The achievements of if necessary in order to accommerely searching for the screw-

can know no more than has been

ing our impulses and indulging our likes and dislikes and striving to do the things which are not in ual noise about it as long as we stay here. Critics will continue to criticize, ofttimes mistakenly. commentators will comment, and the majority of us will favor them with the customary modicum of

We love to imitate the gods, although the imitation is largely illusionary. An observing person may see a quiet parallel of world history-Alexander the Great, Napoleon and Mussolini with all the as a matter of fact, is forever rest-strutting their stuff in almost any village-ay, and in al- ways something so desirable as most any poultry yard.

Years ago I was somewhat given to reading the poetry of Edward Young. I seldom read the poetry of Mr. Young in these deviltry lurking around the cordays, because it produces in me what Annie Rooney calls the wim-wams. A bit heavy, you know. Not overly cheerful. But full of meaning-too full for comfort, others of us, no matter what the much of it. He says of man-

'Dim miniature of greatness absolutet An heir of glory! a frail child of

dust! Helpless immortal! insect infinite! A worm! a god!"

And there, Mr. Man, you have

What are the wild waves saying from beyond the western sea? Washee-washee, perhaps. Wash-

ee-outee, maybe. Hard to tell.

Everybody, more or less, wondering as to the location of the corner around which prosperity has been lurking for two years

New Views

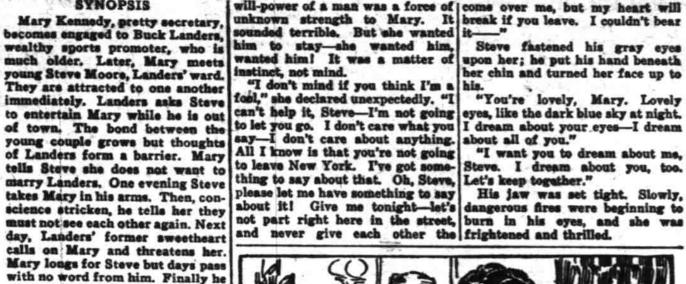
town yesterday by Statesman re- a won'ter? Perhaps you've never porters: "Do you enjoy spring given the matter any thought. No gardening? Why or why not?"

Mrs. Cora Reid, courthouse: No. I haven't put in a garden nor will I, because I have no space, I certainly would put in a garden if had opportunity, and I would reported by Captain Fawcett's mohave it in by now.

Mrs. Eck Dutoit, Clear Lake: I sure do. Because it's healthy work. Besides, gardening saves tion of sewers precipitated a bit- lots of expense. When one can ter clash last night between city raise foodstuffs it makes living a

> Charles Powell, clerk: "I like one with no job who doesn't eat it, but I don't do any. Too much pavement around where I live."

used to, raised some potatoes dur- shaved. ing the war that cost me around At Family Residence 15 cents aplece. I like it for recreation and exercise. I especially



CHAPTER XV. HALL we do something tonight, Steve?" she asked swiftly.

comes to say he is going west.

"No-I'll just walk along with you a little way now, and let it go at that. There's no good fooling around. I just didn't feel like sneaking out of town without telling you, though."

He meant it she would never see him again. It was going to end just like this—on a public street—and, for a moment, she had a pang of desperate fear. Without him New York would be stone dead-all of life unutterably dreary. Without the sharp joy of hope . . . "I don't want you to go!" she

said suddenly and uncontrollably. "I want to see a lot of you. And you wanted to see a lot of me toothe other night. Oh, Steve, I don't want you to go!" Her voice aching. stripped of all pretended indiffer "I'm sorry," he said, briefly po

lite. His words were as hard and cold as his countenance.

cide to leave? Was it something I it right! Only don't go off this way "I'm warning you, Mary-you'd did? Something about Buck? That without giving me a chance to better be sensible. Do you mean night in the taxi . . . You cared a straighten everything up. If you're what you say-do you know what lot for me that night, Steve . . . you know you did!" Her deeper self knew that she

was too bold-that this talk was too wild. She had not been able to control the rising gust of feeling. But she had to check it or, in another moment, she would be begging him pitifully to stay. It would make him loathe her if she did a thing like that . . . "I'm not worth missing," he said

ous quiver on his lips. "I tell you I ought to get out and I'm going to. If my will-power had been stronger I wouldn't have seen you this last

with desperate effort. "Is there anything on earth that power to extinguish the flames.
will make you stay?" she demanded There were beads of perspir suddenly, as her heart began to swell and melt. "Oh, Steve, I've made you unhappy. I've somehow lize." past. Mel Brent thought he had found it the other day. But it wasn't prosperity that was lurking there. Nor was it the sheriff rulned your start in New York--and that's where I fooled you your career. It's all my fault. I didn't I? It was a desperate gendidn't want to make you unhappy, tleman with a gun, and he rob-Steve-I can't bear to see you look bed Mel of 65 cents and four twolike this. Let me do something. I'll

do anything you say—"
He was paler than she had ever

He had made up his mind! Theyou. Steve. I don't know what's

will-power of a man was a force of come over me, but my heart will unknown strength to Mary. It break if you leave. I couldn't bear sounded terrible. But she wanted it—"

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

young Steve Moore, Landers' ward. instinct, not mind. her they are attracted to one another "I don't mind if you think I'm a his. fool," she declared unexpectedly. "I "You're lovely, Mary. Lovely to entertain Mary while he is out can't help it, Steve—I'm not going eyes, like the dark blue sky at night. of town. The bond between the to let you go. I don't care what you I dream about your eyes-I dream young couple grows but thoughts say-I don't care about anything. about all of you." of Landers form a barrier. Mary All I know is that you're not going tells Steve she does not want to to leave New York. I've got some- Steve. I dream about you, too. marry Landers. One evening Steve thing to say about that. Oh, Steve, Let's keep together."

"I want you to dream about me,

please let me have something to say His jaw was set tight. Slowly,



"I don't mind if you think I'm a fool. I can't help it, Steve. I'm not going to let you go."

chance to find out the real truth. "It will mean the end of my "But why, Steve, why did you de- Whatever's wrong, Steve, I'll make friendship with Landers," he said. worried about Buck Landers-I'll you want?" never see him again. Give me tonight . . . "

a human being after all."

much right as a man to say-to say new, tumultuous creature, an utter anything she wants to-and do any- stranger to herself. thing she wants to. Steve. I am as sharply. There was a faint nervdon't know how much." She was at a pitch of strange ex-

citement. Yes, she knew she was ime, even."

She saw that he, too, was suffering. He looked for all the world as that sort of thing—but a ferocious though he had deliberately set his flame was burning in her breast. I live." The words came out with face muscles in a certain pattern, Something entirely new had hapand was holding a stony expression pened to her life—had set her personality on fire, and she had no There were beads of perspira-

> "I don't care." They stopped and stood beside a doorway. She could feel Steve's hand like a clamp on her arm. . "I told you I was only human,"

he said. "All right—then act like one," seen him before. He kept avoiding she said with bewildering madness. "If you go, I'll never be happy "Why do you say things like that again. I'm happy when I'm with to me, Mary?" he demanded. "It's you, Steve. I was never happy behard enough to pull out, without fore in my life. Why can't you gether we've got to be alone." you making it a thousand times stay and be happy too? Is there harder. I tell you, I've made up my anything I do that displeases you? beating wildly. Tell me what I can do to please

She was through with discretion

-she was ready to cast it to the "You'd better be careful with winds. All she knew was that she me," he told her grimly. "I'm only was desperately determined to hold him. No longer was she the Mary "But, Steve-surely a girl has as Kennedy of the past. She was a

"I tell you nothing matters!" she free as a man-I make my own liv- cried. "I'm not foolish and tiresome, ing. I'm not ashamed to tell you, Steve. You don't know me yet-Steve, that I do care for you-you you're going to like me. I'll make

His hand dropped from her arm. Something about his eyes loosened,

"If I went away now my soul Mary. But don't expect me to marry you now-I can't. I'm practically broke, and I haven't any prospects. There's not a thing I can offer you." "I'm not asking you to marry me,

Steve. All I say is-don't leave

"You make it sound dangerous enough, Mary." "I don't want to marry you," she said. "Why can't we just be happy without worrying?"

He frowned thoughtfully. "All right. But I'm not in a mood to sit with you in a stuffy movie or a restaurant. If we're going to be to-Her eyes were blurred, her pulse

(To Be Continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS-Phil Sheridan in Oregon:

At the dedication of the military block house at Dayton city park Aug. 23, 1912, M. C. George, congressman for Oregon from 1881 to 1885, delivered the principal address, preserved in the Oregon Historical society Quarterly for March, 1914.

5 5 5

Briefly reviewing the address: In the winter of 1855 and '56 the settlers of the Willamette valley, got tough with the lady." I was apprehensive of the spread of the Yakima outbreak among the Indians that were gathered at the troops to this station under com-Grand Ronde reserve, assisted by mand of Lieut. Wm. B. Hazen. the U. S. troops, began building on the hill on the rim of that reserve, near which the Tillamook highway now runs, the old block house as a fort, surrounding it to say yes than no? To put it in with a stout stockade for refuge another way, are you a willer or and defense.

Afterwards the block house was removed to the agency on the reserve about three miles distant. should, only it seems to me there block house, having been moved to Dayton was dedicated as a mon-Palmer, the founder of Dayton vie magazine, 18,000. Total of and donor of the groundthrough the efforts of public spirjobs 500. Seems a fine opening for a young person in search of ited citizens there and with the consent of the government, se-cured by the aid of Oregon's dele-I reckon it's a tossup as to gation in congress.

* * * General Palmer was Oregon's first superintendent of Indian affat job who eats too much or the fairs, and he it was who assembled the various Indian tribes on

I suppose whiskers have no ap- tion. We are less interested in preciable weight, yet the chin of births than we were a few years "I don't do it any more. I don't the average man seems to lift an ago, and in deaths and in other have any back yard for it. But I inch or two after he has been matters outside our immediate environment. Actually, there are ured things from it."
youngsters now in junior high along, Mr. George said: Nobody, it seems to me, pays school whose birth we had never much attention to folks who use heard of, and there are folks rest-violent expletives habitually and ing on the hill south of the city Committees Listed

FALLS CITY, March 5.—Albert and Mrs. Pack, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Pack, passed away at the family beach don't mind it. But I don't have a getting results in the play to be given for the beans of the community club. Jeans and Anne Knight, Marie de Lespinasse, Orva Barrett, France, or or or or or or their people were once on the filled and the whole occasion. Nobody ducks when they say something, when they say something, when they say something. Or or or of their people were once on the filled and the following community club. The community of the city of the city

the reservation, and largely through his influence the old block house was erected, afterwards known as Fort Yambill General Palmer, fearing trouble. deemed it necessary for a force of U. S. troops to be there to maintain order and insure safety.

General Phil Sheridan in his Memoirs says that General Wool assigned him from Fort Vancouver to the Grand Ronde early in '56 and that some time prior to his arrival at Grand Ronde the government had sent the first afterwards General Hazen of the signal corps. So Sheridan arrived at Hazen's camp April 25, '56, with his dragoons, relieving Hazen and his force.

Sheridan, then a second lieutenant, had just arrived at Fort Vancouver from the district around The Dalles, where he and his men had aided in the rescue are a great many weeping willers That day, Aug. 23, 1912, the old at the Middle Block House at the Cascades of 47 men, women and children besieged there after an ument in memory of General Joel attack of the Yakima, Klickitat and local Indians on March 26.

Hazen had assisted in constructing the block house and post spoke it fluently, calls it the the work, giving his whole time It would be of historical importo the task for a while after his tance to preserve in this museum arrival at Grand Ronde. Said Mr. (the old block house) record

"It may be of interest to you Dayton citizens to note that Phil Sheridan in his Memoirs says that the reserve is about 25 miles southwest of Dayton, Oregon, He evidently regarded Dayton as the center of the universe, and measured things from it." Further

"When I was in Washington

"Klahowya tilakum, mika hyak chaco copa nika house. Spose nesika skookum klosh wawa. Nika hylu cumtux, ancutty mika Grand Ronde illihee.' Around us might have been sitting senators or judges or generals, but no matter. Sheridan would talk in classic Chinook, and I in rusty jargonall to the consternation of those assembled, who cudgeled their brains over the strange language to which they were forced but interested listeners, wondering whether it was learned Greek or possibly ancient Sanskrit

. . . "You doubtless recall Senator Nesmith's experience during the war. Some officer in the army of the Potomac sent up a telegram in jargon to the senator, which, however, fell into Secretary Stanton's hands as a suspicious docu-

"Stanton readjusted his glasses and took a good look at it, and then called in several advisors; but no one could figure it out. It appeared to be a diabolical plot and probably treasonable. Things looked serious until by chance it was handed to Gen. Rufus Ingalls, who readily saw that it was a mere invitation in Chinook to come down to the seat of war and bring a bottle of the best brand of whisky-presumably for medical purposes.

"The old Indian jargon is disappearing. General Sheridan who court language of the coast tribes." translations of this old common tongue of Hudson's Bay Indian

"Though mainly a trader's language it was made up of many words in common use by the Indians. Through it the Indian by well known accents and gestures could express, often even elo-quently, his heart emotions; and all along the coast they took it quite naturally . .