

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## We Fail to Have With Us Today

SALEM was supposed to have as guest today famed Alfalfa Bill, (William H.) Murray, governor of Oklahoma and candidate for the democratic nomination for president. Murray was on a barnstorming trip through the west hoping to make a round-up of delegates with which to enter the national convention. While Franklin Roosevelt has been garnering support in many quarters Murray is experienced enough to know that the race isn't always to the man who gets the most votes on the first ballot. Who knows but what 1896 may be repeated and the honors fall to this fiery torch from Tishomingo, who is soul and voice, especially voice of western discontent, as Bryan was in the good old populist days of 1896.

Murray gained national fame by his clowning. He threw the state national guard at Texas bridegrooms because of some quarrel he had with a bridge company and with federal courts. He sent militia in to shut down oil wells until the price should go to a dollar a barrel for crude.

These spectacular stunts got him front page prominence. Add to his dramatic gestures his assumption of vulgarisms to tickle the ear of commoners and the picture of a typical demagogue would appear to be complete.

But it isn't Murray who is a clowning political actor, but he has brains. He dug his education out for himself. He has been on his own since he was 13. He picked cotton, chopped wood, worked his way through schools, got admitted to the bar, practiced law in Texas and in old Indian Territory, was president of the constitutional convention for Oklahoma and wrote most of the constitution, was speaker of the state house of representatives and served a term in congress. Then Murray is reputed to be an unusual student. He has a library of 5000 volumes—saved that although he lost thousands of acres of lands that came as allotment with his half-breed wife; and Murray reads his books. His knowledge of constitutional law is said to be great even though he doesn't appear to apply it.

Murray was once wealthy in lands. He introduced alfalfa growing in his part of Oklahoma and so he got his sobriquet, "Alfalfa Bill." After he was defeated for congress in 1916 he got up a land scheme in Bolivia. He got a concession on 75,000 acres of land. His colonists got homesick however and all came home. He had to give up too and returned to Tishomingo in 1929. In 1930 he jumped into politics again. He hitch-hiked all over Oklahoma; he had no money for train or bus fare. He vocalized on the wrongs of the common man, and since there are more commoners than any other class and he was able to convince them he was their saviour, he got enough votes to become governor.

He invited all of Oklahoma to come and park at the state house when he was inaugurated and his inaugural ball was a great event for the poor people who had elected him.

Like other prophets of reform and denouncers of political devils Bill Murray is lauded by his admirers and cursed out by those who do not like his brand. He is about like Roland Hartley in Washington state in that regard. Some people are all for him; and the others are bitter against him. Murray is a type, not uncommon to the western scene; but he is flamboyant enough to attract attention; and Oregon voters were sure to be either curious enough or tolerant enough to listen to this firebrand from Tishomingo, who burns up the speculators, favors "less taxes, more trade, and no trusts", urges a banking system with currency based on commodities and not on commercial paper, and so forth.

Bill Murray at least has plenty of the "it" about him which makes up a vibrating personality in politics. It is too bad he did the disappearing act and left home without filling his upstate dates.

## The Open River

AN open river the year round appeared nearer realization than ever before as a result of yesterday's hearing before Major O. O. Kuentz, district engineer, who with his staff is busy making studies of the possibilities and costs of improving navigation of the Willamette river. There was agreement as to the depth of water desired,—six feet; with locks of adequate length and width to pass barges and log rafts. Testimony was offered as to the volume of tonnage available at Salem for river transport when the river is properly improved to permit operation of boats and barges in low water.

The visiting engineers seemed genuinely interested and their remarks showed they have given much study to the Willamette problem. While their authority does not extend to bank protection work the engineers were deeply interested in the problems of soil erosion and loss of lands and promised to see that their efforts in aid of navigation did not work to the detriment of the landowners.

The river offers practical "ocean frontage" to Salem; it opens world markets at low freight costs to producers and manufacturers here. Proper improvement of the river and development of industries here should provide additional tonnage for all forms of transportation. Persistent effort, intelligently directed should serve to convince the army board that the improvement is economically sound.

Scott Bullitt is dead over in Washington state. Bullitt was a democratic flash from Kentucky who put new life in the party in Washington. He married riches and proved a good angel which naturally brought him into posts of leadership in a party that had long wrestled with poverty. Bullitt's chief claim to remembrance however is that he defeated the late Stephen J. Chadwick for the democratic nomination for governor which meant the re-election of Hartley. Had Chadwick been the nominee there would have been enough republican votes to elect him. Bullitt gave Wesley L. Jones a bad scare six years ago, when he made his "first appearance" in Washington politics with surprise tactics and a lavish purse. Now Bullitt is dead; but Sen. Clarence Dill manages to hang on in the state over the river.

Voting on the soldiers' bonus is going to be tougher on congressmen than a vote on prohibition. Nearly all the congressmen know the country can't stand it to have the treasury tapped for \$2,400,000,000 which isn't there; but they also have to face re-election and don't like to enter a campaign in the knowledge that thousands of ex-service men are not joining in the clamor for immediate payment of the bonus.

The real joke is on the people who were thrifty and saved their money. Now they are about as poor as the people who spent all they made and had a good time as they went along. The humor is rather grim; but we wonder if people will hereafter be more willing to spend their money; or will this experience make them even more miserly?

## Yesterdays

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

April 12, 1907  
That Willamette university will have a summer school at Newport this year is now assured. The purpose of the school will be to prepare teachers for state and county examinations and to allow them to do advanced work.

Today the baseball team of the Salem high school goes to Corvallis to play the team of the Oregon State University. The team with O. A. C. The team has developed into a speedy bunch and is confident of making a good record in this game.

A basketball game on skates at the Auditorium rink last night proved one of the most exciting contests ever seen here. The rink team, "Pigeon Wings," defeated the Y. M. C. A. 8 to 6.

April 12, 1922  
Oregon now has, officially, the greatest mature Jersey cow in the world, Lad's lota, belonging to S. J. McKee of Independence. The American Jersey Cattle club wired yesterday corroboration of the new record of 1047.94 pounds of butterfat produced for the year that ended April 7.

Supervisor W. C. Hoppes of Salem's school system came in for a good share of criticism at last night's public session of the Salem board of education. Members asserted that many Salem teachers had resented the supervisor's methods. Superintendent George W. Hug declared that Hoppes had brought about much progress since assuming his duties.

Sunday, April 30, will be official clean-up day for the Willamette valley and days before that time—clean-up days.

## New Views

"Do you think the Lindberghs have much chance of getting their baby back?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

A. C. Burk, guard penitentiary: "I'm afraid the baby won't be returned. The affair is the worst thing that has happened in this country in recent weeks."

Eva Brown, housekeeper: "It looks worse all the time, but maybe those anxious parents will be happy yet."

Clayton Bernhard, press correspondent: "I do not believe the baby is ever to be returned. I fear he is dead. I hope against hope he is not."

Mrs. Jessie Arnold, collector: "I still have hopes. I just can't give up the thought the baby will be returned."

Dr. K. H. Waters, dentist: "I think they'll first have to pay a lot more money than they have already. But I think they'll get the baby eventually."

Mrs. William Rush, home maker: "I dread to think of it. Where

## HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

IT'S EASIER TO TALK TO MEN!  
A MALE AUDIENCE IS EASIER TO CONVINCE. U.S. GOV. EXPERIMENTS SHOW—MEN'S CLOTHING, ROBES, SUNDRIES, SHOES, HATS, AND ACCESSORIES REFLECT SOUND WIVES!



Tomorrow: "A Landing Field That Airplanes Can't Reach"

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

David Leslie: (Continuing from yesterday.)

Rev. James Olley and his wife came to Oregon from New York with the Lausanne party. Her maiden name was Adella V. Judson, a sister of Rev. Lewis H. Judson of the Lausanne party, known as the "great reinforcement." She had been married to Robert Purkington in New York April 15, 1835. On September 15, 1837, Mr. Purkington died. A boy had been born to them. The child was ill and it was thought the widow would not be able to sail with the Lausanne party, which she very much desired, wishing to be with her people and do missionary work. The boy died a few days before the date fixed for the sailing of the Lausanne.

She was married to Rev. James Olley, on board the sailing vessel on October 2, 1839, and thus they sailed as bride and groom for the field of their future labors, from the harbor of New York, October 9, 1839, on the Lausanne, "Mayflower of the Pacific."

On December 11, 1842, while Rev. Olley was rafting logs down the Willamette river, he was killed in the treacherous Eola rapids.

There is life there is hope; of course we don't know if there is life but if we all hold a good thought for them perhaps it will help.

Gus Moore, student: "It's hard to say. What do the papers say today?"

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

FEW and startling theories about teeth and good health were presented at a recent medical and dental convention.

In the history of medicine and dentistry in New York, this was the first conference of this sort. At this meeting more than 1000 dentists and doctors met to discuss dental problems.

Dr. Copeland: Diseases such as arthritis, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, and bronchitis and lung diseases, as well as certain mental disorders, have been traced to diseased teeth.

Answers to Health Queries  
E. C. F. Q.—What can be done to relieve so-called muscle strains—I can't seem that because the muscles in my legs seem to roll and twist?

A.—Your present trouble is probably due to neuritis. Try to find the particular cause first. Get all Massage and heat should give relief. For further particulars send a self-addressed envelope and request your question.

S. G. H. Q.—Is a liquid skin peeling lotion of benefit in clearing up such blemishes as pimples and rough skin?

A.—The condition of the skin as well as that of the hair depends upon the state of the general health. Proper diet and lots of exercise should keep the complexion clear and free from blemishes. For full particulars send a self-addressed envelope and request your question.

The logs were being brought down to the mission mills to be sawed into lumber to finish their house, which was the second dwelling (in fact the first private dwelling) erected in what became Salem, near the center of the block surrounded by Commercial, Chemsoketa, Liberty and Court streets. The first one, at the present 960 Broadway, standing on the original location, was both the residence of Jason Lee and mission headquarters, hospital, guest place, etc., and the second one, "the parsonage," now at 1325 Perry, was used for the purpose of the mission, and for the entertainment of visitors, etc. Four mission families lived in the Lee house, two each on the first and second floors.

The Olley house was finished and first occupied by Mrs. Olley and the family of her brother, Rev. L. H. Judson, who later was the office of the Pacific Christian Advocate, and still later was moved up to 347 Court street and a business front added, and it was used for various commercial lines, including two famous (or infamous) old time saloons. The Judson family lived in that house for a long time. Mr. Judson was justice of the peace in the early days, and so that first private dwelling was for a long time virtually the court house—before there was the first territorial court, which was held in the Oregon Institute building. The old Olley-Judson building stood until about three years ago, when it was torn down to make room for the Dr. B. L. Steeves brick, now the business place of the Scott Electric Co.

May 7, 1844, Mrs. Olley was married to Rev. David Leslie, making a home for the two motherless daughters, Mary and Helen. She long outlived Rev. Leslie, and was a leader in Salem in all good works after their marriage.

When the south 640 acres of the site of the mission had been allotted to Rev. Leslie and wife, for their donation claim, they erected a home on their land, near where the Sallie Bush home is now, near Mission street. Some time after 1859, when their patent was issued, they traded the 100 acres of the present "Bush home on Center street" with some "boot" in favor of the Leslies. Then the Leslies went to live in the former Bush house, now 727 Center street, and the new Bush house was erected where it stands today. The Center street house was the home of the rest of their lives, and of Miss Helen Leslie after Mrs. David Leslie's death, until the latter passed away December 13, 1890. That home stood as it had originally been until about four years ago, when it was replaced by the present Chas. E. Roblin home.

Erving Young died Feb. 15, 1841, and after his funeral, two days later, Jason Lee, who preached the sermon, asked the crowd present to tarry and resume the matter of forming a provisional government for Young, then the richest individual in the Oregon country, had died without a will and left no known heirs, and there was no law under which to administer the estate. (There had been a meeting at the old mission Feb. 1, 1841, at the express of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of a provisional government, at which Jason Lee presided.) The meeting adjourned from the Young grave side resumed its session at the residence of the mission, and David Leslie was chairman. A committee was formed at that meeting, Feb. 1, 1841, to draft laws, and a supreme judge, Dr. I. L. Babcock, was elected, with-probate powers, and other officials chosen, and that second American provisional government was formed, and carried on all other necessary functions, in fact was THE government, until the provisional government voted at Clatsop May 3, 1842, was set in motion then, June 5 of the same year. David Leslie was administrator of the Young estate, and it was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, involving much in-

# "MEMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON



When they came on the ferry, he told her little things about ships.

Lily Lou Lansing, just twenty and pretty, is studying for an opera career, but dreams of romance. One morning, she meets wealthy Ken Sargent, who used to spend his summers in her home town. He is attracted by her beauty.

CHAPTER THREE  
Monday and Friday nights Lily Lou was late getting home. She stepped for a lesson. Ken Sargent fell into the habit of staying late on those nights, too.  
When they came home on the ferry he told her little things about ships. "See that light on the mast of that tug... shining like a star? Do you know what that's for? That's to show the towing something. And if the thing she's towing dragged more than six feet behind, there'd be another light on the mast. That's the way it is, Lily Lou, everything spelled right out for you, if you can read the signs."  
"You do like ships, don't you, Ken?"  
"Yes—ships. But not the steamship office. I went to sea twice, did you know that? Once to South America. That's when I flunked out of school. I'm weak in the brain. Did you know that, too?"  
He laughed, but Lily Lou caught the bitterness in the laugh. "Ken, dear, it isn't that! You've been doing things you don't like, that's all. Now if you could stay with the ships—"  
She broke off. Realized she had said that.  
He was confused too. She had touched a tender spot. He admired his father, and his father thought he was a ninny... just because he didn't like business...  
To change the subject he said, "Want to go for a drive tonight?"  
"It would be rather late," she said doubtfully... but she was thrilled. To go for a drive in the Sargent car... Only, of course, she couldn't because tonight was the night Laura Bush came to play accompaniments, and if she broke the appointment she'd have to pay her just the same.  
"Nine o'clock. That isn't late! I tell you, I'll call you and let you know if I can get away. They're having some kind of a little affair on at home, and I really ought to be there."  
Lily Lou's melting smile froze. "I wouldn't have you give it up for me. Besides, I have another engagement myself."  
"But I don't want to stay home! It's just that the family—"  
They were drawing in to Lily Lou's station. With a nod and a mumbled goodbye she was gone. She walked fast, along the two long blocks to the house.  
"I was flat on the sofa, eyes closed, limp hand dancing. 'Have a good lesson!'" she asked, and then before Lily Lou could answer she added, "Gosh, I'm tired. This business of working all day and then coming home and working all night!"  
Raymond looked up sharply. "Nobody asked you to work. You can stay home if you want to go. I don't think—"  
"I want to own a house and car before I'm too old to enjoy life."  
"Yes, but you work too hard. Lily Lou went over and touched May's hand gently.  
She was filled with a strange excitement. She was thinking about the Sargents' house, one station away... Bright, rich, witty people there. People you read about in the society columns...  
"You're the lucky one," May was saying. "You've got your music, and once you get started it won't be work day and night for you. Believe me, if I had your chances when I was young..."  
"I know," Lily Lou got up and walked to the window. It was true, what May said. They were all singers, all the Lansings. Aunt Dolly who used to sing ballads while she worked and Dad... Dad, way up in the sixties, still had the remains of a tenor that would bring a lump into your throat when he sang "Silver Threads" and "Seeing Nellie Home" and all the other old ones, and though he didn't know one note from the other, he could play all the melodies he knew with one hand on the piano, and sometimes he'd put in a melodious, if not very interesting bass, with the other hand, though how he ever did it with his stiff, thick fingers... Both the boys had voices, too. The minister always wanted them to sing in the choir, but they wouldn't... Even Bea... Lily Lou knew that the lullabies that Bea sang to her babies were pure lyric soprano, and May had the voice too, though a neglected throat condition had thickened it.  
Still... they needn't all expect everything of her, like a show horse! She got tired too... she might want... want something different, some time...  
Her fingers drummed on the window sill... Up went her voice, golden, lovely...  
"Oh, quiet! Quiet! Quiet!" The haunting melody from Butterflies. "Aren't you taking it too fast?" May inquired from her couch.  
"No!" Lily Lou began again, "Oh, quiet... Broken off...  
"Oh! That's the telephone. I'll answer!"  
"Let Raymond. It's one of the pesky lodge brothers, I'm sure—"

MEHAMA REQUIRES SCHOOL TEACHERS  
MEHAMA, April 12—At the school meeting held recently both teachers were rehired for the coming year: Mrs. Lillian Foyner for the higher room and Miss Beulah Ottinger for the first, second, third and fourth grades.

W. H. Cook to Talk Before Evangelical Group on Thursday  
JEFFERSON, April 12.—W. H. "Bill" Cook will speak at the Evangelical church Thursday evening, April 14. He comes here highly recommended by churches of all denominations. He has no salary or income, depending only on free-will offerings.

W. H. Cook to Talk Before Evangelical Group on Thursday  
The Misses Lorraine Pratt and Jessie Hart were hostesses for a birthday party in honor of the former's sister, Callista, at her home two miles west of Jefferson. Games and dancing were enjoyed until a late hour, when a delicious lunch was served.

Basketball Letters Awarded to Twelve At Scio Assembly  
SCIO, April 12—Twelve basketball letters were awarded at a high school assembly Monday afternoon. Coach was the awards.

TO OPEN MARKET  
STAYTON, April 12.—W. F. Brantley and Edwin Forrester are to open a meat market in the room south of the bakery. Forrester is a new man to the business, but Brantley has had considerable experience. The cooler was built and installed by O. L. Hagen. It is planned to have the shop in operation at a late hour. This will be Stayton's third meat market.

STILL ON CRUTCHES  
ORCHARD HEIGHTS, April 12—John Fisher, a Willamette university student, is still on crutches as a result of a fall in the university gymnasium the first of the year. If he is not benefited by electric treatments which he is now taking, a bone specialist will be consulted.