

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELTON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

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Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 216 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 40 cents per Mo. or \$3.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 40 cents a month; \$3.00 a year in advance. For Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Write in the Name

A subscriber to The Statesman who has been a "reader of The Statesman since its publication by Sam Clark," which takes it back to the early '70s, asks us to give an explanation as to why the voters will have to write in the name of Herbert Hoover on their presidential preference ballots this primary election. The explanation is that Pres. Hoover on the advice of his political advisers decided not to enter his name in any of the primaries of the state except where the law made it virtually a requisite, like Ohio and Massachusetts. The idea apparently was to save the president from having to run the gauntlet of scores of primaries; his renomination being already conceded. This would make his big fight come in November with whomever the democrats see fit to nominate.

However Dr. Joseph I. France of Maryland has filed in this state for the republican preference for president. His name is the only one printed on the ballot for that office. Accordingly he would get some votes, and if no name were written in and marked he would then carry Oregon and with it the state's delegation at the national convention, bound under the law to work for his nomination. Now Dr. France is not just an upstart running entirely on his own notion. He is a local light of some prominence in Maryland, served a term as U. S. senator. But no one gives him any consideration in the presidential battle. So it is just throwing a vote away to cast it for Dr. France.

Republicans desiring the delegation from this state to vote for and work for Herbert Hoover should write his name in the blank space provided and mark an X in front of the name written in. We are sure enough republicans will do this to make sure that Oregon will not go for Dr. France.

Support for Hawley & Steiwer

THAT the Roseburg country is going to be behind Cong. Hawley and Sen. Steiwer for re-election to the last vote is indicated in a hearty editorial commending both which appeared in the Roseburg News-Review. It gives these men chief credit for work in Washington to get the soldiers' home for Oregon, and for Roseburg. The paper says that both deserve a "huge vote here in Douglas county in the May 20 primaries." In further discussion of Cong. Hawley the Roseburg paper said:

"Congressman W. C. Hawley has a long and impressive record of service for his district. It is not generally known, or it is not generally remembered, that Mr. Hawley was a bulwark of strength in the fight made by the land grant counties to secure back tax money for the counties on account of the O. and C. grant lands. Mr. Hawley's strength in the house of representatives at that time was largely responsible for the passage of that bill which was so important in the relief of Douglas and the other federal land counties of Oregon. "Mr. Hawley's work in connection with the new northwest national soldiers' home is well known. After he was shown that the entire state of Oregon favored his support of Roseburg as the location for the new institution he went to work. He never wavered from his purpose nor slackened in his efforts. Even now he is still pressing the matter in congress as evidenced by the recent passage by the house of representatives of the appropriation bill, which authorizes another million dollars for this project. We should keep Mr. Hawley in congress."

A California woman shot her nephew because she couldn't stand to see him face this rough world during this crisis. The world is rough, to be sure; but it is kindly too. Never before has there been so much sympathy for those in distress; never before so much cooperative effort for the other fellow; never before so great generosity. Sometimes we read of persons who express surprise that there have not been more riots and outbreaks. One reason is that those who have are considerate of those who have not, deeply considerate, so that few have suffered from actual want. Given his own choice we venture the nephew would have gladly faced the future with confidence that he could carry on to better times.

The editor of the Albany Democrat-Herald has borrowed some poor English if good Latin from the editor of the Eugene Register-Guard. Both use "campi" for plural of "campus." It sounds horrid. Campus has been in our language so long that it is fully naturalized and entitled to an English instead of a Latin plural. Take the words chorus, bonus; we do not make their plurals chori, boni. It is much better USA to use campuses instead of camp. Even that form shouldn't be used very often.

We do not pretend to know anything at all about the merits of the Mooney case. But it has been in the papers long enough. So we are sorry the governor of California couldn't find some excuse for turning him out of jail. Then the papers would have more space for the Lindbergh kidnapping, the Honolulu Massie case, Portland city politics and other copy off the live hook.

Snakes are thawing out; but be merciful to them. They are harmless and do a lot of good in catching slugs, bugs and other garden pests.

The construction contract on the Roseburg soldiers' home went to a St. Louis firm and the plumbing job to a Kentucky concern. Let's hope the labor isn't all imported.

Yesterdays

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

April 22, 1907

The work on the postoffice grounds is proceeding with considerable speed. Unsightly low places are being filled with river bottom soil. Twenty teams are employed on the job.

The visions of victory held by the high school boys were rudely shattered when at the close of the baseball game yesterday between that school and O. A. 2, the score indicated a defeat by 5 runs to 1.

Prof. J. B. Horner of Corvallis, has been secured by the Brotherhood of the Presbyterian church to give his lecture on Rome, Athens, Egypt and the holy land, illustrated by stereopticon views.

April 22, 1923

More than 1000 persons were present at the community sing last night in the armory and at least 1000 persons sang under the leadership of Mrs. Carrie E. Adams of Portland.

Gold ore, running in value to \$25.25 a ton, has been found in a 1000-foot tunnel of the mine at the Little North Fork of the Santiam river, H. H. Lotz, engineer of the Lotz-Larsen Mining company said yesterday. He was on route to Tacoma to confer with the smelter people.

The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

Salem, Oregon, April 14, 1932.
Editor Statesman
Salem, Oregon

I read in your paper that the state board of control plan the spending of some \$80,000.00 of the people's money (which will no doubt be an initial payment) for the construction of an electric power plant at the state penitentiary. After reading the article one cannot but wonder "why the state public commission?" Is it necessary to make large expenditures of public funds given the service commission is given the power to regulate rates. It seems that during times when we are all hard up for cash would it not be better to do a little regulating rather than spending a lot of money to go into a business that will be a new venture to our state. There will be little if any saving between the cost of electricity at the penitentiary and the cost of electricity purchased from a commercial company if the state regulates the rates as it has the power under the law to do.

The proposed plant at the penitentiary will be a top heavy investment unless it is designed to serve all state institutions within the Salem area. Then comes the necessity of building the distribution lines to serve the other institutions and even though the need of the F. E. P. company be sufficient to warrant such a purpose as well because the F. E. P. Co. lines are designed to deliver energy from a different center so if the state did purchase the F. E. P. Co.'s lines to the institutions they would be wrong to (as to speak) because the power house at the penitentiary would be at a different point in no far as the center of distribution is concerned, so the result will be if the pen plant is constructed there will be more investment necessary for overhead construction and a final result of more of the unsightly overhead lines that we hear complained of now.

Another angle to this proposed penitentiary plant is that electricity today is depended upon for so many things that its reliability is one of its greatest assets and to manufacture such a product within the walls of an institution that houses the criminal element of the state would detract the reliability of the electricity so made. It would be much better to feed the penitentiary electricity with a line separate from other lines and generate the power away from the penitentiary.

It seems to me that with a commercial electric plant already in operation in the Salem area they are entitled to some consideration, they have been paying some taxes and are entitled to a fair consideration (yes and I might say here that I am not a stockholder either). The point is just this, if the state is bound to go into the light and power game do it right—don't build a top heavy plant in an isolated position but take over the power plant and distribution of the F. E. P. Co. and go into the business with the city of Salem. The state's electric load coupled with that of the city of Salem makes just a nice load for a plant and with this form of operation the cost per kilowatt hour for overhead lines will be much less than operating the penitentiary plant at the penitentiary. Taking over the F. E. P. Co.'s system will be dealing fairly anyway because the F. E. P. Co. are one of the large taxpayers and it would be fair to let their money construct a plant at the penitentiary to run in competition with their own holdings.

The construction of an electric plant at the penitentiary of course is designed to save the taxpayer money but it will be a piggy bank right now that the plant is in and going if it is built will call for a state light and power commission and a lot of help dressed up stylish like the state police to look after the various details of the plant's operation, and after all is said and done the state will be paying more money for their electric energy than it

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

NO MORE BALD HEADS!!

OR S. N. BENNETT, UNIV. OF ILLINOIS, SCIENTIST,
HAS GROWN A FULL HEAD OF HAIR ON A
60-YEAR OLD MAN WITH CERTAIN
GLAND EXTRACTS



Tomorrow: "Coffee Beans Run Crack Trains"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Indian diseases in Oregon:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
"By the use of quinine, Townsend (the botanist who was in the party coming with Jason Lee) cured several cases, and after his quinine gave out he used an extract of the bark of dogwood. 'I believe,' says he, 'if they had used this remedy, they

is costing now. I am not for the F. E. P. company. I am not for spending money venturing into new business right now. I put in a good many years in the light and power business right here in Salem, have tended the service to the various state buildings for years, I speak from plenty of experience and another angle is there will be more money spent in officials making the convicts do their stuff making electricity than it would cost to hire real electricians as the commercial plants do. The big savings that are going for us to look like the savings the state police were going to effect, we can all remember the word that went around "all traffic men would be put on motorcycles." What was the result? After the department got going we find that every officer is dressed up like a fashion plate and rides in a finer car than the average citizen can afford. And I can just imagine in relation to the proposed state light and power plant that the before and after talking pictures will be about as costly to the taxpayers as the equipping of the state police.

I am not opposed to saving the state money by going into the light and power business but first work out details on a business basis and next go into the engineering end of the business and I believe it will be found that this proposed plant at the penitentiary will not appear reasonable from any angle, and if I am permitted to point out a business mistake will be just a case where the governor and the state treasurer are going to spend some of the taxpayers' money putting in an electric plant at the penitentiary to make it appear that they are trying to save the state money but the Indian women on remaining in the tribe. The mortality that has attacked them of late has made sad ravages; for only a few years since they numbered upwards of 100, while they are now said to be less than 20."

"Hall J. Kelley in his 'Memoirs,' tells us that in 1834 the remnants of Indians along the Columbia river numbered only 400. Lewis and Clark had estimated 3000, 35 years before. Prior to 1834, Kelley, fever and ague had not been known in Oregon. He wrote:

"Two thirds of all the tribes ever known in Oregon are utterly extinct, and the names of them are scarcely remembered. The Statesman who formerly occupied the Wapato islands (Savies and Deer) and the country around the mouth of the Willamette, and who numbered 3000 souls, are all dead and their villages reduced to desolation. The once numerous Clatsops have lost their national (tribal) existence, the few who survive seeking shelter among the Chinooks who are also reduced to less than one-fourth their former numbers."

"When the United States and Great Britain agreed upon the Oregon boundary at 49 degrees in 1846, the Indian population had dwindled to between 15,000 and 20,000 on the American side of the line. Wilkes, in the year 1841, gave the number 12,854, south of 49 degrees of whom the Indians along the Columbia river below The Dalles were but 879. This estimate, says he, 'I am satisfied is rather above than under the truth.'"

"Warre and Vancouver, who made a British examination of the country in 1845, appraised the number of Indians south of 49 degrees at between 15,000 and 20,000. Chas. G. Nicolay, a British writer, gave the total, between 43 degrees (California) and 54 degrees 40 minutes (Alaska) at 30,000, and south of 49 degrees at 16,950. Greenhow, the American historian, cited the number at 36,000, in the whole area. . . . Joseph Kane, in 1898, gave the Indian population south and east of the Columbia river at 14,168; Thornton, north of the Columbia, 8910; total, 23,078. Lane's sign pledges, however."

Answers to Health Queries
CLAIRE H.—What should a girl of 16, 5 ft. 2 inches tall weigh?
A.—She should weigh about 115 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance.
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"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS
Young and beautiful Lily Lou Lansing aspires to an operatic career, but her moderate circumstances necessitate that she go to business and study music evenings. Wealthy Ken Sargent, whom Lily Lou loves, becomes angry when she insists upon practicing instead of social, him and discontinue calling. Lily Lou grows restless and overworks trying to forget him. She goes to her parents' home in Woodlawn for a rest. Ken arrives and once again she is happy, but she assumes an air of indifference toward him. Feeling she is no longer interested, Ken kisses her goodbye and leaves for town. Lily Lou rushes down the path to stop him and stumbles. Ken runs back to assist her. She confesses her love for him. A week later, she returns to the city. Ken is out of town. He returns Monday. Lily Lou realizes the difference in their social positions but, in Ken's arms, all worries flee.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

On Friday she made him come in and meet the family, though she didn't really want him to. She wanted to keep him separate from the family. She wanted something she didn't have to share. She'd had to share everything since her own. She wanted Ken for herself. Of course Raymond's dad had to be there. He was so cordial, and he meant so well, and oh, dear, his gold teeth, and his toothpick, and his grammar. . . . his terrible grammar. . . . And he couldn't keep quiet about things. First thing he did was to tell how he used to be a bellhop in a hotel when he was young, and got to meet a lot of rich people that way. . . . Irene, too. She didn't act much like an engaged girl, with her silly little simpering, and her "Oh, Mr. Sargent, do you really think so?"

It spoiled things. In a way, for Lily Lou. Nothing could spoil her feeling for Ken. Her love for him shone like a star, clear and bright, and true, and nothing could touch it, nothing could influence it. It was just her happiness that they could touch. Funny about happiness and love. . . . so far apart, when all your life you'd thought they'd be together. And some people did seem to be happy. . . . Irene was happy, and in love. . . . but was she really in love? Or was she happy because she was having six new steps and a wedding ring, and new visiting cards, and all the rest of it?

Lily Lou wondered. Wondered through many tossing, sleepless nights. How was it going to come out? "Why doesn't Kentfield Sargent have you meet his people?" May asked worriedly. "He comes here and makes himself at home, but he doesn't take you there."

"He's not happy at home."

"Are you engaged, Lily Lou?" "No! Of course not, May!" But she blushed nervously. Her pale cheek turned scarlet.

"Then don't let him take so much of your time," her sister advised. When Lily Lou didn't answer, May said more gently, "I'm just thinking of your happiness, Lily Lou. Your name is your whole life. If Ken Sargent isn't going to marry you, and I don't think he is—I'm certainly glad he isn't!—why, you mustn't let a thing like this perhaps spoil your whole career. Now is the time that you've got to work. You know that—and we've invested so much."

"I know," Lily Lou said. She went to bed, and cried all night.

In 1853 was 22,733. . . . Lane in 1849 made the total of Columbia river Indians, below The Dalles, 1470.

"The losses of population took away from the Indians their warlike habits, and made them fear the whites. Says Townsend: . . . In former years, when the Indians were numerous, it was not safe for white men attached to it (Fort Vancouver) to venture beyond the protection of its guns, without being fully armed. . . . Now, however, the Indians are as subservient as the Chinese."

(Continued on Page 9)

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "Will you cooperate with school authorities in suppressing secret fraternities by insisting your children do not join them?"

H. V. Olmstead, bookkeeper, Kay mills: "My boy finishes high school this year, and I can tell you there is any likelihood he will join. I'll do all I can to help out on it."

W. A. Marshall, operator, Western Union: "Yes, I'll help. I'm pretty sure our girl doesn't belong to any of the secret societies."

Mrs. Nona White, parole officer: "I never permitted my daughter while in high school to join a secret society, believing it was contrary to the rules of the school and the state. Had I children now in school I would insist on the same policy. I do not believe parents should permit or encourage their children in law violation."

Mrs. George Selmon, homemaker: "I don't approve of them in the high schools. I would not want a child of mine to belong to secret societies in high school."

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, guardian: "There is only one answer: Yes."

Mrs. Harry Weidner, homemaker: "I certainly will cooperate. As long as the secret society is against state law I am for enforcing it. Were it just a local situation things might be different. It is not in favor of fighting the societies by having the students sign pledges, however."



There would be whole weeks when she'd hardly see him—just an hour or two together in his car, at night.

The music wasn't going well. Lily Lou's memory was bad. She studied and studied, and forgot all she knew. It was because she was worried about Ken. About herself and Ken. He told her a million times that he loved her. She didn't know how many times he had kissed her, and held her in his arms, and loved her. But he didn't say anything about getting married. It didn't have to be now. If he'd even say that it couldn't be now—just talk about it, as something way, way off in the future. But he didn't.

There would be whole weeks when she'd hardly see him—just an hour or two together in the car, at night. His mother, who'd him to drive her somewhere. . . . his father wanted him to join a week end hunting or fishing trip with some older men. Peggy Sage. . . . a knife went through Lily Lou's heart when he said her name. . . . Peggy Sage's dad was opening up the Sage place for a week, and he'd have to go, because his father wanted him to. Vincent Sage was a wealthy owner in the steamship company, the men liked to get together quietly and talk about the future of the line, and they had old-fashioned ideas about Ken and Peggy wanting to listen in. . . .

"I suppose it is all planned for you and Peggy Sage to marry some day, and consolidate the interest!" "Oh, well, you know how your family is!" Ken laughed, a little unconvincingly. "I won't be jealous. . . . I won't! I won't!" Lily Lou promised herself. But it is so hard not to be. She read the society columns, for the first time in her life. Peggy Sage. . . . Her name jumped out of every page, her picture smirked from every Sunday section. Lily Lou studied the pictures, trying to be fair.

It was a pretty face, she admitted that. A bright, pretty face. Prettier than hers, in a way. More. . . . more alluring. Little white teeth, fluffy light hair, dark, wise eyes. . . .

"She's the girl for him really," she thought, sometimes. "And I ought to let him go, and not think about anything but music now. There'll be time enough for romance for me, later."

But she didn't mean it, not even while she said it to herself. In her heart Lily Lou Lansing knew that she could never give up Ken Sargent. He might give her up, might forget her, or marry that Sage girl, but her heart was his. She knew that.

Because the music wasn't going as it should they told her that she'd come to an impasse, that she ought to go to New York now, and study under new surroundings. "I'm almost afraid to go any further with you," Miss Seaman said. "I know that if I send you to Tolari now I'll have nothing but praise for what I've done, and you'll have the best possible start, for you haven't a fault, nothing to worry, a gorgeous foundation to start from, and if I go on. . . . Miss Lansing, I'm afraid—I'm really afraid to—"

Lily Lou came home. Thought. Thought until her head ached. She'd been waiting for this for months. Now that it was here she didn't know what to do. If it would come just a little later, after she knew how things were to be with her and Ken, she'd know. . . . But she couldn't leave now. . . . Not until she knew. And besides, she'd lost something. Not ambition, but courage.

Two or three months ago she'd have gone to New York with no more worry than she had come to San Francisco. Secure, strong in her belief that she could always get work. She could handle a switchboard, she could type, she could, if necessary, work in a restaurant, or a store. . . . She'd have little difficulty because she wasn't choosy, and she was efficient. Her strength, her boundless vitality would get her through the studying, the practicing. . . .

But now she wasn't so sure. . . . "I wish I'd never set eyes on Ken Sargent," she thought, resentfully. She began making excuses, and feeling less of him. "Look here," he told her, "you're trying to get along without me, aren't you?" "Perhaps."

"Lily Lou, it isn't any use. We love each other."

"But what?" "Oh, everything."

(To Be Continued)

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