

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Keller is Convicted

THE conviction of Frank Keller, jr. in the Polk county court is a victory for honest investment in the state of Oregon. Keller came to Oregon as a high pressure stock salesman and promoter. He proceeded about his business and before his activities were curbed he had created a company which behind the front of honorable names had sold a million dollars worth of stock to Oregon investors and used up nearly all the proceeds received from the sales. The parade of witnesses at Dallas was the familiar one of misrepresentation on the part of salesman and expectation of large profits on the part of the gullible investors. The misrepresentation consisted in salesman conveying the understanding that no large salaries were to be paid, that officers had paid in full for their stock, that a large share of the proceeds were to be held in trust by the state.

Keller was the man behind the Empire Holding corporation. He was the man who conceived it, was its sales manager, its principal promoter. This was not his first venture of the kind. Previously he had been indicted for use of the mails to defraud. He made stock promotion his business, and that, it would seem, without regard for the interest of those who invested in his securities. Now he has been brought to book, has been tried, has been found guilty.

It is significant that the evidence introduced in the Dallas trial substantiated the material which was printed in a series of articles in The Statesman, prepared by its managing editor. Not a single point developed in that series was refuted. The Statesman undertook to expose the methods which had been used, and to relate the facts as they were revealed, leaving to properly constituted authorities determination of whether any crime had been committed. This exposure was of untold value in the education of the investing public for safeguarding the placement of their funds. Keller's conviction re-enforces the lesson.

Trials of other officers will follow in which their guilt or innocence will be determined for each individual. Regardless of the outcome of those trials, the conviction of Keller is a great moral victory for the state in the enforcement of its laws against the financial racketeer.

Judge Sawyer on the Diatom

THERE was the definition of a lobster (or was it a crawfish) as a small red fish that walked backwards, which a scientist, (was it Huxley?) ruined by the process of eliminating each item of the description. Equally devastating is Judge Sawyer's analysis of the explanation of diatomaceous earth given by Frank Jenkins in his Klamath Falls paper. Not satisfied with his score on the relative merits of the Deschutes and Klamath potato, the Bend editor returns fresh to this editorial foray on the offering of his neighbor editor.

Mr. Jenkins should not be discouraged. There are thousands of well-informed citizens of the state who are equally ignorant of the true origin of diatomaceous earth. So we reprint the following from the Bend Bulletin both as an example of the virtue of accuracy and a lesson in natural history: "Interesting discussion on diatomaceous earth as one of the natural resources of eastern Oregon is contained in a paragraph in one of Frank Jenkins' pleasing editorials on the day's news, appearing in the Evening Herald of Klamath Falls, and other publications. In the course of his comment, Mr. Jenkins says:

"Over in Harney county there is a mountain of diatomaceous earth. Diatomaceous earth is a substance similar to chalk, composed of the fossilized skeletons of countless billions of marine insects."

"The paragraph would be interesting even if the statements it contained conformed to fact. It is none the less interesting because, in the main, they do not conform to fact."

"There is an important deposit of diatomaceous earth in Harney county. On that it is possible to agree; beyond it, in the interest of science, one must disagree."

"Diatomaceous earth is similar to true chalk only in general appearance, for true chalk is a soft form of limestone, while diatomaceous earth is a silicate. Thus they are forms of two entirely different elements, calcium and silicon."

"Nor is diatomaceous earth composed of the skeletons, fossilized or otherwise, of marine insects. It is the siliceous residue of diatoms which, being unicellular, boast no skeletons. For that matter, neither does an insect have a skeleton."

"But the diatom is not an insect. It is an alga, which is of the plant kingdom; an insect is of the animal kingdom, and is strictly defined as one of numerous small invertebrates having the body formed or externally segmented. It belongs to the class insects, comprising six legged creatures, although the term is more loosely used to include creatures rejoicing in the possession of even more legs. Oh, yes, the insect is polycellular, too, which differentiates it still further from the diatom."

"Diatoms may be either marine or fresh water, but those which left behind them the diatomaceous earth to which Mr. Jenkins refers were fresh water algae, not marine."

"Beyond that, the paragraph seems quite accurate, and the regret that it does not mention the extensive deposit of diatomaceous earth in general contains much information of value. We re-use the article in Deschutes county, but inasmuch as Mr. Jenkins' article avowedly has to do with Lake, Harney, and Malheur, we will not press the point."

Driving Out Filipinos

IT is difficult to see where 60 Filipinos in a district which employs hundreds, even thousands of laborers were a serious menace to white employment. Yet under threat and intimidation by a group of whites, Jap farmers who had hired them were forced to discharge them and the Filipinos are in exodus from Banks. Where will they go? Naturally they want to go in groups. But where can they turn for employment?

Filipinos if not American citizens are American wards. They were induced to come here when labor was in demand. There are no barriers to their free immigration to this country. Now when conditions are adverse they are subjected to indignities and deprived of legal rights to employment.

Race prejudice takes turns this way. A few years ago, white citizens at Toledo ran out Japs who had come to work the "green chain" at the lumber mill. Filipinos in hop and melon fields on this coast have been subjected to similar abuse. When men fight for jobs they do not sort out the weapons they will use. Prejudice is invoked. Boycotts and threats and intimidation and pressure are freely employed.

The development at Banks does our respect for law and for human rights no credit. If gangs even of white citizens can override law and by terrorism drive out persons engaged in peaceful labor how may we expect other law to be honored or enforced. As a nation we have a responsibility to those of other races who are legally here; and we violate that responsibility when we tolerate mob rule such as has prevailed

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

DON'T WANT TO REDUCE

It's a wonder the treasury deficit is not twice as large as it is; it's a wonder the government continues to function at all. With one minority group pulling for one position and another insisting on that, the departments at Washington and congress are helpless and will continue to be helpless until efficiency and economy are given preference over political influence of the various factions which must have their way or make trouble for the party in power.

It is not a pretty picture painted by W. W. Jermene in the Seattle Times of the part which rural mail carriers play in encouraging government extravagance. Encouraging is not a strong enough word; they insist on government expenditure three times as large as it could be for the performance of the same service. And the statements are seemingly corroborated by facts known to all.

Rural mail routes were laid out in the horse and buggy age, when 20 miles was a reasonable day's journey for a horse and 30 miles was too much to expect. But the average length of the rural route last year was 31.9 miles. In this day of automobile travel when any young man can drive 50 miles to a dance after dinner, the government continues to pay salary and mileage for such a distance! Jermene says that on a dull day the carrier can make his trip in an hour and a half, and on a heavy day he takes three hours. At least half of the expense of delivering mail to the rural patrons could be saved without overworking anybody, and yet people point to the postoffice as a model of efficiency.

What is true of rural free delivery is equally true in many other branches of the government which are costing twice as much as they should, some three times. Yet congress and the president are sweating over the problem of reducing government expense by a few paltry millions. If either department heads or congressional leaders really wanted to lower government costs and had the courage of their convictions there would be such a slaughtering among the payrolls as was never dreamed of.—Yakima Republic.

Yesterdays

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

April 27, 1907

The Salem board of trade is having prepared rooms in the Murphy building where it will set up an exhibit of Salem fruits and other products.

EUGENE—Twelve Junction City boys, whose ages range from 10 to 17 years, are in custody here, charged with breaking open of a freight car at Junction City and stealing several kegs of beer therefrom.

Hop growers who held out their crops for better prices are now holding the sack. Last year's hops are selling at six cents, less than the cost of production.

April 27, 1922

George W. Hug, superintendent of Salem public schools, will remain in Salem, members of the school board announced last night after an executive session. W. C. Hoppes, supervisor of elementary schools, will not be retained.

Walter Hampden, the Shakespearean actor, is scheduled for a performance at the Grand theater, May 3, in a production of Hamlet.

Sponsored by the People's Power League of Oregon, a proposed constitutional amendment to be voted on by the people at the November election would abolish the present state legislative system and create a legislative assembly of 60 members elected on a basis of occupation rather than population. The state senate would be abolished.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What is your favorite type of movie picture—love story, society film, gangster play, western or what other sort?"

Emma H. Wilcox, secretary Salem Retail Credit association: "Comedy."

L. Rister, saleswoman: "A real good detective one."

J. O. Russell, insurance: "Oh, gosh! Well, I don't like those long drawn out love affairs; but I do enjoy a good comedy, one over which one can laugh and grow fat."

Farwell S. Booth, bond salesman, Portland: "I am just a poor struggling bond salesman and not rich enough to go to a movie very often but when I do go I like the type of thing done by Ronald Coleman, Clive Brooks, and George Arliss."

Frank G. Deckerbach Jr., salesman: "That's hard to say, I go so seldom. Anything that's good entertainment is fine with me."

Al Adolph, theatre promoter: "I like plays with a little swing to them; not something out and

through threats if not through actual force, in the Banks berry fields.

Secretary of state Hal Ross has ordered the "Keep off the grass" signs pulled down on the state house lawn. Now people may roam all over the grass; but what else could you expect of a host?

Great discovery: a stick-up man found a Portland business man with two thousand dollars left in the bank.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: "Wrinkles Come From Lack of Worry"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Indian slaves here:

(Continuing from yesterday):

In his description of Fort Vancouver, Slacum said that the mechanics and laborers (in 1836-7) lived outside the fort in good log cabins, usually two or three families under each roof, each family having from two to five slaves. The food given to each employee consisted of eight gallons of potatoes and salt salmon a week per man in winter, and peas and tallow in summer. No bread nor meat was allowed by the company at any time. Out of this ration each man had to support himself and his family or make his Indian slaves hunt and fish for their support.

That these slaves accompanied the expedition is evident from the words of Slacum's report: "Since the year 1828, a party of 40 to 50 trappers (Canadian), with their women, slaves, etc., generally amounting to 150 to 200 persons and 300 horses, go out from Vancouver, toward the south, as far as 40 degrees north latitude." (These cavaliers passed through the Indian Chemekets that is now Salem, over the old California trail across the hill by what is now the Skyline orchard, and on south—finally connecting with the old Camino real (the king's highway) that led past the Spanish missions of California.)

Says Miss Dennis: "When we come to the freemen and American settlers in the Willamette valley, we are on surer ground, for we know that they held slaves. Many of the settlers, both French and American, bought and sold slaves." De Motras said: "Most of the white settlers are married to Indian slaves that they have bought; these squaws are much happier than in marrying Indians, and are generally very skillful and industrious."

Willard H. Ross, prominent early settler, secretary of the Oregon Pioneer association, builder of the St. Louis Catholic church in 1845, said in his address at the annual meeting of the association at the state fair grounds in 1879: "Nearly all the early settlers of French Prairie were the owners of a few of these (Indian) slaves of both sexes. Many of them were faithful laborers, and the only valley Indians for many years following the early settlement who would condescend to do manual labor. They generally remained with their masters until gathered upon the reservations by authority of the government in 1855-6."

When John Ball, first school teacher in Oregon (at Fort Vancouver),

dried. Our recent picture 'Arrow-smith' was unusual and good. Norma Shearer always produces good, lively pictures."

Mrs. Lila Antrean, secretary county road department: "I do not like horror pictures like 'Murders in the Rue Morgue.' I do like detective mystery plays. My favorite actors are Norma Shearer and Laura LaPlante; you know she is supposed to be the most personally immaculate actress. I do not like Greta Garbo."

Captain Ben O. Fought, fire department: "I'm like Frank. If I like it at the start, I can stick it out."

Indian women, being obliged to do all the heavy work of the household, demanded slave help, and if it were not provided might kill their young children, because they feared them in their hard tasks. Ross told that in making a treaty with the Indians for the free navigation of the Willamette river, "the business leaders, the chief presented the fur traders with a slave as a token of good will, signifying by the act that if the Indians did not keep their promises the company might treat them as slaves."

When an Indian of some consequence built a new home, slaves were killed and their bodies buried at the corner posts of the house. When the master died, if the slaves were allowed to live, they were compelled to mourn. "Among the Chinooks," wrote Cox, "the body of the owner was placed in a canoe on a platform, and his wives, relatives and slaves encumbered them in their house. The mourning went on twice a day, at dawn and dusk, chanting his funeral dirge. Slaves were often buried alive with their master or members of his family. Father Waller reported such cases at the Columbia. Rev. Gary reported such a case, where a slave boy was rescued from his living death by Rev. H. K. W. Perkins and wife, missionaries. This was in 1844."

Some cases of cannibalism were noted by early explorers, in which slaves were killed and eaten.

Quadra reported such a case at Nootka, the chief, Maquina, having slaughtered and eaten two of his slave boys; and he also reported finding there such a case, in which a Spanish boy was the victim.

The coming of Jason Lee marked the beginning of the end of Indian slavery in the Oregon country. "They pass our threshold and their shackles fall," wrote the member of the mission party who kept the official record book. Lee made a compact with Dr. Mc-

Loughlin, in 1835, that slavery should end here. When Indian agencies were established here by the U. S. government, all slaves were made free. The early settlers from slave states brought some negro slaves, and held them here as such. Governor Gaines in 1850 brought several.

But slavery had no legal status in the Oregon country after the compact of Lee and McLoughlin.

SUVER, April 26—A birthday party was given by O. M. Allen at the Woodman hall Saturday in honor of the birthdays of June Allen and Lilly Parker.

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"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS

Lily Lou Lansing, pretty, young telephone operator, lives with her married sister in moderate circumstances. She is torn between desire for an operatic career and love for wealthy Ken Sargent. Finally, she decides to marry Ken. Ken realizes they are married socially and decides to give him up. Ken overrules her objections and she accepts his proposal of marriage. Next day, they go to Woodlake, Lily Lou's home town, for their home.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It was Monday—"Bim Monday," May called it. Back in Woodlake it would be "wash-day," with shirts dipping on clotheslines, and mother with clothes-pins in her mouth, and the copper boiler steaming on back of the stove.

And it was her wedding day... the day she was going to marry Ken.

Lily Lou, wide awake in a second, turned over and buried her face in the pillow. She could hear May and Raymond moving around, getting ready for work. They mustn't know she was awake.

"Lily Lou! We're going—hurry—hurry!"

May's voice. The slam of the front door. The sound of their hurrying feet, and the rumble of the engine, as the car started, reluctantly, in the garage just under Lily Lou's room.

When they were gone she sprang out of bed, and ran to the mirror. Suppose that little rough place on her chin turned out to be a pimple? But it wasn't—it was perfectly all right... Lily Lou sighed with relief. She stood with her bare feet, chilly on the varnished floor, and earnestly studied her face in the hand glass. Thank goodness.

It would have been terrible to look a fright on this day, of all days... From the top dresser drawer she took out the little pink boxes of bath crystals and dusting powder she had bought in an extravagant moment. They had been intended for May's birthday next month, but there would be lots of time to get May something else.

She dumped a generous handful of crystals into the slowly filling tub. It smelled very nice... not just what she expected from the label "Jame Roses"—but very nice.

She dressed more leisurely than she had ever dressed, enjoying the silence of the house, the luxury of the fragrant powder and the feel of new silken underthings.

It would have been nice to have all new clothes. A girl dreams of all new things, for her wedding... Lily Lou thought of Irene and the hope chest, brimful and running over... But Irene didn't have Ken!

Besides, she had two new pairs of chiffon stockings besides the ones she had on, and the lace and topped slip that Rene made last Christmas, and that pair of ivory Chinese damask pajamas she bought in Chinatown last summer, and then decided were too grand to wear... And her coral silk sport suit was pretty... Wonder if May would mind if she borrowed her new Panama hat to wear with it? Surely not, for a wedding!

Would that be enough to take? The bridesmaid was only half full. Ken hadn't said how long they'd stay... Probably just go up to the lake to be married, and then back to town to break the news to the family, and have a real wedding trip afterward... after the family knew, and he could get away from the office...

They found a place to buy flowers, and Ken chose a sweet pea, and Lily Lou chose a bunch of lilies of the valley for the reception, when you stand at the head of the line, and say how-do-to all the family's friends...

They drove around until they found a church, and, on a little plinthe by the side of the door, the minister's address.

The minister was digging in his front garden—a pink-faced, chubby little man, in a brown sweater, with the elbows out.

At first he seemed a little dubious. "Where's your witnesses? Folks must always bring their own witnesses..."

But when he heard Lily Lou's name he brightened up and led the way to the house, leaving his trowel and garden shears on the path. "I know your mother well," he said.

Thinking about the family... May's hurt surprise, and mother and dad not understanding why they hadn't been asked to the wedding made her feel a little blue. But she wouldn't be blue on her wedding day... the day she was going to marry Ken Sargent... She blew her nose, added more powder, turning to the mirror for comfort, for she did look nice... awfully nice...

Suddenly she realized that she was all ready, even to the lace bordered handkerchief in her pocket, and the small emerald pin on her coral colored scarf... and no Ken.

Cold perspiration broke out on her brow. Her hands felt clammy and shaky... She sat down on the piano bench, and tried to stop her silly trembling... Nothing to get nervous about... it was still early... He'd come... it was the last thing in his life, he'd come...

The team came when she heard the car at last. She had to keep him waiting while she went back to the bathroom to dash cold water on her eyes. She WOULDN'T get excited.

"Lily Lou Sargent, you're a beautiful woman!" he told her solemnly. "I'm not Mrs. Sargent yet!" she reminded him, laughing, forgetting in the security of having him say that a minute ago she had actually had doubts that he'd arrive.

"At least we don't look like the proverbial bride and groom," he said, with satisfaction, surveying his tan tweeds, and hey coral sport suit.

He drove faster today. They didn't stop at the little stands along the way. The fields of wild flowers, marigolds, lilacs, shiny buttercups, dark blue lupins didn't attract them. They were both rather silent and serious, Ken's eyes fixed on the road, Lily Lou's dark and dreamy, focused straight ahead.

When they drove into Lakeport, and stopped at the little hall of records, Lily Lou's knees almost knocked together as she tried to get out of the car. "Haven't changed your mind?" Ken smiled.

"But it's the bridegroom who gets scared," he objected. "The bride is to be serene and calm, and concentrate on the bouquet..."

"I haven't one!"

"That's just it. We'll have to get one. It wouldn't be legal without a bouquet."

"But Ken—not NOW!"

"Sure—we'll find a place..."

"Ken, you're gorgeous! ridiculous. I'll bet you've forgotten the ring..."

"No. Just the bouquet."

"Let me see it..."

"No indeed—not until the proper time!"

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