

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers
Member of the Associated Press

The Lumber Tariff

THE senators of the northwestern states are claiming a great victory in getting a three dollar tariff provision in the pending senate revenue bill. We fall to see where there will be very much benefit to the lumber industry from the tariff but maybe there will. Lumbermen seem to want it.

Considering the fact that we are a lumber exporting nation by a large margin, the chance of getting much benefit from the three dollar tariff looks slim. During the five years from 1925 to 1930 the average value of annual exports of sawmill products was \$100,000,000 and imports \$56,000,000.

What the lumber industry needs chiefly is a revival of the building industry in this country. It needs more than three dollars added to the price to make the industry profitable. The troubles go deeper than foreign competition in the home market. We are all vitally concerned with lumber's prosperity, and perhaps for that reason are willing to grasp at a straw of a protective tariff.

The Patterson Bridge

TOMORROW the state will formally dedicate the Isaac Lee Patterson bridge at the mouth of the Rogue river. It is fittingly named after the late governor, because Gov. Patterson urged the highway commission during his term as governor to initiate construction of this great bridge.

The bridge at Gold Beach is distinctly Oregon's contribution to tourist traffic. Were it not for this traffic there would be scant need for the bridge. It is down in an undeveloped and sparsely populated region, mountainous, heavily forested, with little tillable land. But the tourist business has become a major industry in this state; and the coast highway which threads from headland to headland along the matchless ocean front will attract thousands of visitors each season.

The bridge itself is an interesting structure, a monolithic monument to the design of engineers and the skill of mechanics. It is the largest bridge in the state highway system and was designed by C. B. McCullough, bridge engineer of the state highway department. It is 1932 feet long, has seven reinforced arch spans of 240 feet length. The roadway is 27 ft. wide with a raised pedestrian walk on each side, 3 1/2 ft. wide. The bridge is estimated to weigh 31,853 tons. It contains 15,730 cubic yards of concrete and 965 tons of steel. The cost of the bridge was \$625,000.

This is the first bridge of large size in this country to be built after the arch construction design of the French bridge engineer Ernest Freyssinet. This design is characterized by a special method of allowance for sag in the center of the arch on the setting of the concrete. By means of keying it on the Freyssinet method much less weight is built into the arch to carry the load.

All of Oregon will take pride in this bridge. It is an Oregon product and will stand for centuries, we trust, in token of the vision and the courage of the people of this generation. There is rare beauty in a bridge of graceful design, and this Rogue river structure may well be selected as an example of engineering art as well as mechanics.

Scout Jamboree

IT comes tonight; and it's FREE. This Boy Scout rally will be held on Sweetland field at Willamette university. The flood lights will be on. It will start at 7:00 o'clock.

Boy Scouts from over this area will appear and go through their tricks. It will be a great night for these boys; they are keyed for a good performance and they should have a large and appreciative audience.

One of the unique features will be Indian war dances, etc. by real Indians from the Chemawa Indian school. They show a fine spirit of cooperation to come to Salem and join in making this program a success.

Tonight is the Boy Scout party; and YOU'RE invited. Watch wheat. In most any other year the reports of crop damage which wiped out the export surplus would make the market go up by leaps and bounds. If the dead bulls were all buried there might be some encouragement for others to speculate in wheat on the basis of present prospects.

We hope elephants don't have the homing instinct like cats. If they do perhaps old Tusk will be knocking at the barn door in Portland or Salem. Poor old fellow got only as far as Chehalis where he was abandoned. Now Washington newspapers will have fresh copy about an elephant on their hands.

Unshackled at Last!



BITS for BREAKFAST Yesterdays

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Another pioneer grist mill; (Continuing from yesterday.) The reader who has followed this interesting story of the pioneer grist mill on Mill creek in Polk county will wish to know some of the further particulars.

The traveler who motors to the coast and takes the Dallas cut-off, by way of the Wallace bridge, is familiar with the place called Buell, about 12 miles northwest of Dallas, where there is a school house, Grange hall and store, and, as a matter of course, in connection with the store, a filling station.

Buell formerly had a postoffice, but the mails now come and go by rural carrier on a route out of Sheridan. The town of Buell is on Mill creek, the water of which turned the power wheel of the ancient mill.

But that is not the place where the old grist mill was located. It was two miles further up Mill creek, at the point that was called Elkhorn, which had a postoffice of that name in pioneer days, with mail once a week to and from Dallas.

Thus old Elkhorn was two miles west of the present Buell. Mill creek heads in the Coast Range near where the waters of Salmon river begin their course westward. It is scarcely a case of, "From the same cradle side, From the same mother's knee, One to darkness and the frozen tide, The other to the peaceful sea."

For both mingle their gathered flood in the same salt waves of the Pacific ocean, which is far from being a peaceful sea, in spite of its name. Those liars apply to the crests of the Rockies and other elevations of continental mountain ranges.

Elias Buell, grandfather of the present generation, was not like white A. H. Reynolds went to New York City with the \$2000 gold dust belt strapped around his body. In preparation for the coming of the grist mill machinery, he constructed a saw mill a half mile further up Mill creek, so that lumber might be made for the erection of the proposed grist mill.

Both the saw mill and the grist mill were long going concerns. A member of the family, Chas. W. Buell, who contributed the interesting sketch under the title of "An Oregon Pioneer and His Grist Mill," copied in the last two issues of this column, has in his possession an old day book of his grandfather, Elias Buell, showing charges for lumber to old settlers, including the U. S. army officers of old Fort Yamhill, where Phil Sheridan was a second lieutenant in the fifties, up to the time he was called east to have command of Union forces in the rebellion—and was soon thereafter the greatest cavalry leader of the world. Sheridan no doubt used lumber from the Buell saw mill in erecting buildings at old Fort Hoskins, on the Salmon River trail, and old Fort Yamhill, afterward known as Fort Sheridan.

Cyrus Buell, only son of Elias, helped his father in running the mills before the death of the original owner, and was in charge of the operations until 1873. Different owners came after that, carrying on for about 10 years at old Elkhorn. Then the machinery of the grist mill was taken to Sheridan and used in a like plant there, and some of it is still so employed at the Yamhill town named for the renowned cavalry leader who went from Oregon a second lieutenant, dreaming modestly that he might rise in the ranks to a captaincy.

The little sawmill of Elias Buell was also dismantled, and its machinery became the property of the Sheridan Lumber company—the concern that built the long flume from Mill creek to Sheridan, known to many readers familiar with the west side counties.

EMBERS of LOVE By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE
Lily Lou tried to sit up and was a little surprised to see that nothing happened, she remained lying flat on the pillows. She felt if she sat up she could talk louder and then the sister would understand. She began again. "So if you don't mind, I'd like to hold him, for a little while. I would be very careful of him."



CHAPTER FORTY-TWO
The pale sister had come in, and was pushing back her sleeve, to put the needle into her arm. But she did not want to sleep now. There were things she wanted to say.

"No!" she cried sharply, but they paid no heed to her. The rosy sister brushed the wet dark hair from her hot face. Lily Lou tried to push her away, too.

"Bubchen... if you'd just bring him back to me—"

The sisters, the rosy one and the pale one looked at each other. The pale one shrugged. The rosy one pulled a big handkerchief from one of her many pockets, and blew her nose violently.

But they did not bring the baby. "Well then, bring the Professor," Lily Lou whispered. "Herr Doctor—I can talk to him. Herr Doctor—"

He at least spoke English. He would make them bring the baby. "Herr Doctor," the sisters echoed. They whispered. "Herr Doctor—"

But Lily Lou found she could not wait for him. Her leaden eyelids fell. Darkness came again!

There was no time. Just light and dark. Sometimes they gave her cool things to drink, and then, for a little time she could float in the dark, and be at peace.

There was a cradle song of Bremen, that Gwin had taught her. She thought that she was just singing it silently in her heart, but she must have been singing it aloud, for the doctor and the sister, and Madame Nahman stood at the foot of the bed, as if they were listening.

Lily Lou looked at them with interest. Madame Nahman had been crying. The mascara was running in bluish streaks down her cream-smeared cheeks.

"She's conscious! Darling, speak to Nini!" the pale sister said, shaking her head.

That was all the pale sister ever knew about anything. Wrong every time: Lily Lou wanted to tell her so, and to speak about something very important, but it had something to do with the baby, and that would be hard to explain, so she would not say it just now, because she was so tired. A little later, when she was not so tired, she would ask for him again, for her funny little baby, with ears like Ken's...

Was she going to die? She wondered, listening to them talk, the doctor, and Madame Nahman, next time she opened her eyes, she would find that she was very sick, she was sure of that. So sick that they did not bring the baby to her any more. Two other doctors had come. Fat men, both of them, with long-tailed coats. One had a beard.

"Look at what you've done to that girl! She should be as well as I am by now." Madame Nahman upbraided the doctor.

If she had felt better she would have told them not to lean over her so much, and the lady sisters, flustered and respectful, kept breathing on her neck as they passed things to the doctors. But it was too much effort to speak. She just lay there. She was sorry that she was going to die, her mother would feel very bad... possibly she should do something about the baby... but not now... she was too tired...

Once she heard Madame Nahman upbraiding Doctor Sanders. The loud, angry words seeped into her consciousness:

"If this were in the States it would never have happened. Vienna! Don't talk to me about your wonderful surgeons! What good is a surgeon without a decent hospital and a respectable trained nurse! What do these cows know about nursing! Look at what you've done to that girl. She should be as well as I am by now. Bunglers! That's what you are—bunglers!"

Madame Nahman thought it was the fault of the sisters that she was sick! But no, they had been kind, even if they had brought her sausage when she wanted ice water. It wasn't their fault...

Presently she heard the doctor blaming Madame Nahman. "What kind of crazy business is it!" he was asking. "Bringing that girl all over the country like that? With no medical attention. Nothing! What kind of crazy business do you call that? A girl all skin and bones, ready to get any infection that blows her way. Then you—you blame it on me. But you will not. I will write. I will cable her people. I will explain. The full medical report—"

"What? You dare to tell me—! Oh! Look here, you quack—"

They were shouting at each other. It hurt Lily Lou's head so that she screamed, "Oh, don't! Please don't!"

The rosy sister came to the bedside, shaking it so that Lily Lou cried out again. And presently it was quiet. Everyone had gone.

Very slowly Lily Lou went over it in her mind. She was sorry for Herr Doctor Sanders. He would be hurt, not understanding that Madame Nahman never meant all the mean things she said.

But he said... he said he would cable... cable... to her people.

Lily Lou sat straight up in bed. Her mind was suddenly clear and keen.

"Get that man back!" she called authoritatively, to the gaping sister. "Professor! Herr Doctor! No, no—let me alone. Call him! Quick!"

The rosy sister rushed to support her. "It is the end," she whispered in her guttural tongue.

"Ach! The pale sister fled.

"I won't have my people cabled to Madame Nahman, you promised me—you told them—"

"Now, now—just to be quiet, please!" the doctor begged. "Now you feel better. Isn't it so? No?"

"I won't be quiet. I'll get worse if you cable. I'll die—I'll die—"

"Darling, we won't. I won't let him—"

"No, no cables. Now quiet, please."

"Shh!" the sisters whispered, fingers to lips. "Shh!"

Madame Nahman was on her knees by Lily Lou's bedside. "She's better!" she whispered to the doctor. "I know it. Lily, cherie, you are better? I know it—"

(To Be Continued)

PAROCHIAL PUPILS ENTERTAIN TONIGHT

ST. PAUL, May 26.—The St. Paul's Parochial school will present an entertainment Friday, May 27th at the school auditorium. Everyone is invited to attend.

The closing exercise will be held Thursday afternoon at the Four Corners grade school. Miss Marie Gooding has been the teacher at this school during the past year.

The St. Paul grade school held an entertainment Tuesday at the Knights of Columbus hall. The teachers at this school were the Misses Loretta Gooding and Alice Davidson.

The seniors of the St. Paul Union High school went to Portland Thursday on their senior flunk day. The seniors are Constance Mahoney, Robert Coleman, Evelyn Yergen, Leona Freeman, Joe Zora, Steve Merten, Eugenia Cooke, and Vernon Jette.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hansen and daughter, Sylvia, who have been living in Portland have returned to St. Paul where they will make their home with Mrs. Hansen's mother.

Death Calls Simmons Former Polk Resident

ORCHARD HEIGHTS, May 26.—Mrs. Grace Bliss and Miss Helen Bliss left Monday and John and Swin Simmons Wednesday for Fairfield, Idaho, in answer to a summons to the bedside of Charles Simmons, brother of Mrs. Bliss and John Simmons. A telegram was received later announcing the death of the sick man from spotted fever. Charles Simmons formerly lived here, where he has many friends. The body will probably be brought to Salem to rest beside his parents in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

Mrs. Gerald Smith Heads 1932 Poppy Sale at Woodburn

WOODBURN, May 26.—Mrs. Gerald B. Smith has charge of the annual Poppy sale this year in Woodburn. She is in charge of the committee for this district. The members of the local women's auxiliary have made the plans for the sale. Mrs. Smith will be assisted by Mrs. Virginia Austin, Mrs. Margaret Whitman of Woodburn; Mrs. Vera Boje and Mrs. Grace Williams of Hubbard; Mrs. Agnes Miller of St. Paul; Mrs. Kathryn Jewell and Mrs. Rose Busch of Mt. Angel; and Mrs. Lillian Shaner of McKee.

The best window display in any Woodburn store during the sale will receive \$5 in cash. Three other prizes will be given. Boy Scouts are canvassing the various towns in this vicinity, and also conducting street sales.

NEW VIEWS

"Do you believe the nation as a whole would give a majority vote now to the repeal of the 18th amendment?" was the question asked Thursday by Statesman reporters.

W. C. Dibble, Salem Bulb company: "No, I don't think so. The weight of votes cast in congress fairly reflects the thoughts of the people about prohibition and the 18th amendment."

E. A. Donnelly, printer: "If my vote has anything to do with it, yes."

S. Leonard, laborer: "I think they would if they had a chance to vote on it—knowing what they do now and what they did before."

DAILY THOUGHT

"Whether you be man or woman you will never do anything in this world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind next to honor."—James L. Allen.

Have Money For A New Home

THE home is the foundation of every nation, community, or person's life. Build a new home. The pride of ownership, the peace therein, will pay you big dividends in happiness. Invest in a home... FIRST save your money.

START SAVING REGULARLY NOW

We Welcome YOUR Banking Business

The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon

