

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Party Conventions Soon to Meet

RUB your eyes. The circus is about to open. The main tents will open in Chicago. On June 14th the republican national convention will assemble for the purpose of nominating candidates for president and vice president. On June 27th in the same city the democrats will assemble for a similar purpose. From this time until November 8th the interests of Americans will be centered on the presidential election. So mixed are trends this year it is doubtful even if a lit. dig. straw poll will be a positive index of how the people will vote on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Frank R. Kent, able political observer, concludes an article in June Scribners with this sentence: "The times call for heroes, but there is no hero." Truly said. There is no one who electrifies the people, none who consolidates enthusiastic support, and none who offers the public convincing policies which arouse popular fervor. Pres. Hoover has had the hostility of the people, but now seems to be gaining more of their sympathy as people realize that he is grappling with vast forces. But borne down as he has been in the heat of battle, his name does not evoke widespread applause nor the vivid loyalty which goes with some who go down into defeat.

Kent's comment on the Hoover position is worth reprinting:

"In the main Mr. Hoover has done as well as any man could in his position. It is a fortunate thing for the country that the crisis through which it is now passing did not find a Coolidge or a Harding in the White House. It is perfectly true that, except for the billion-dollar bond-issue schemes and one or two others equally sound and impossible, practically every move that has been made toward economic betterment since the 1929 crash has been conceived, initiated and promulgated from the White House. Some of them have been good and some not so good. Some have worked and some have failed, but if in the entire period there has been any other suggestion, plan, principle, idea or proposal not obviously half-baked from any democrat, progressive, banker, business man, capitalist, labor leader, preacher, lawyer or editor, I have not heard of it. The lack of heroes in the industrial and professional world has been as complete as in the political. What has been done has been done by Mr. Hoover, and a good deal has been done. Few fair-minded men will dispute that. However, no president can commend himself to a people who have suffered the cracks we have suffered, while we still suffer. . . . The only thing that can rehabilitate Mr. Hoover and his party is a measurable return to prosperity."

Hoover's renomination at Chicago is now conceded; there may be a shift in the team by dropping Curtis for some one else, perhaps some one from farther east. Now as to the democrats.—Kent, most of whose material appears in the Baltimore Sun, democratic, writes:

"Notoriously inept and undisciplined, it is conceivable that the democratic party may best itself in the brightest moment it has had in sixteen years. It may through sheer muddy-headed and muleish propensities, kick Mr. Hoover upstairs. Already it has noticeably improved his position, made him seem a little better to people who had no use for him and thought they were certain to vote against him. The trouble with the so-called democratic leaders is that, since the first crash in the stock market, they have been proceeding on the theory that the depression presaged a democratic victory. The deeper it got and the longer it stayed the surer they were that 'any democrat can beat Hoover.' They have relied—and still rely—upon the resentment of the people toward the party in power. They have concentrated their publicity almost exclusively upon Hoover, utilizing every means to deepen the distaste for him, and saddle the whole sad state of the world upon him. . . . But there are moments when doubt assails the more thoughtful of the so-called leaders, and they themselves wonder among themselves whether after all the mere dull and unreasoning resentment of the people is sufficient to sweep into full control of the government a minority party without either a record or a programme to command it, and just as destitute of heroic figures as the other."

Of the figures, whether of heroic mold or not, who loom in the democratic firmament Roosevelt, governor of New York, still shines with the greatest lustre, so far as the number of delegates is concerned. Like Hoover he is blessed by absence of concentrated and strong opposition. The field seems unable to consolidate on Baker or Ritchie or Young or Al Smith. Party leaders of the eastern states are lukewarm or worse toward Roosevelt with Al Smith openly hostile. However unless this opposition can entrench itself with a roman legion of one-third of the delegates Roosevelt forces may sweep him across to victory in the convention. Among the dark horses who may gain favor if the Roosevelt drive is busted is M. A. Traylor, Chicago banker, Kentucky born and Texas matured, who has an ardent and well-financed following anxious to put him forward.

Business we hear is inclined to mark time until after the conventions. There seems no reason for hesitation because of any threat from the conventions. Neither the republican nor the democratic platforms and candidates are going to launch radicalism so far as the government or the economic system is concerned. Traditionalism may favor Hoover as representing a more conservative party; but there is a powerful wing of democracy which is far more conservative than Hoover, who would like to have some one like Gov. Ritchie of Maryland, with his Jeffersonian ideas, for candidate.

The year will be a moving one in politics. Predictions are yet uncertain, and the final mind-set of the voters may not come until October. That in fact, seems to be the prevailing temper of the people; wait and see; and thousands of them will wait clear up to the last minute before they decide how to vote.

If Oregon strawberries grow much larger they will have to be cut and served like watermelons. Here they are, magnificent berries, so cheap a person feels like a petty thief paying only a quarter for five or six boxes. Housewives will need no coaching to eat just as many of these wonderful berries as they find possible this season.

Writing a prohibition plank seems to consist of using words which will say the least and offend the fewest possible number of voters.

A year ago some radicals were lashing at Hoover for not calling congress which could do something to end the depression. Well, congress is still in session.

Judging from the Medford papers the usual truce hasn't been declared after the court house received its biennial "cleaning" via the ballot box.

The Seattle-Tokio flier made a lucky break when he landed in hospital bed instead of the vasty Pacific.

Kneedeep in June



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Old days of Douglas:

The writer accepted an invitation of Harrie Ellsworth, editor of the Roseburg News-Review, to contribute an article for the big soldiers' home edition of that newspaper, as he had done for the edition of October 17, 1929, celebrating the dedication of Douglas county's magnificent new court house. The soldiers' home edition, with 64 full pages, was published last month, Tuesday, May 10.

Peering into the records of southern Oregon's past, he ran across A. G. Walling's History of Jackson, Josephine, Douglas, Curry and Coos Counties, published in 1884. There is a paragraph in that rare old book reading:

"It is possible that Douglas county contains the soil upon which rested the first Caucasian foot that ever was set on the Pacific coast of the United States. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake, that great English freebooter and scourge of the Spanish commerce, who was knighted by his queen for being the most successful pirate of his time, ravaged the Pacific colonies of Spain and plundered and burned her ships."

"According to Spanish accounts, though English narratives of his adventures are silent on the subject, Drake made his first landing on the northern coast in the vicinity of the Umpqua. Here he entered a 'poor harbor' and put ashore his Spanish pilot, Morera, leaving him among savages who had never before seen or heard of a white man, to perish at their hands, or by starvation or exposure, while making his way through 3000 miles of unknown wilderness to Mexico. It was an act to be expected of such a reckless sea rover. Morera seems to have accomplished this wonderful journey, since from him only could the account have come, provided the whole story is not an invention of early Spanish historians, whose opinion of Drake was little better than of the father of all evil himself."

"Though Drake was the first to make a landing on the coast, he was not the first to see it from the deck of a vessel. In 1543, Bartolomeo Ferrero, in command of two vessels dispatched by the Mexican viceroy, coasted as far north as latitude 43 or 44. . . . In 1603, Ensign Martin de Aguilera, in command of a small Spanish vessel, explored the coast of this region. Torquemada, in his history of this voyage, says: 'On the 19th of January, the pilot, Antonio Flores, found that they were in the latitude of 43 degrees, where the land formed a cape or point, which was named Cape Blanco. From that point the coast begins to turn to the north-west; and near it was discovered a rapid and abundant river, with ash trees, willows, brambles and other trees of Castile on its banks, which they endeavored to enter, but could not from the force of the current.' . . . The river was probably the Umpqua. . . . The discovery of this river created considerable interest in Spain and led to some peculiar geographical speculations. The Colorado had been explored many miles northward, and this led to the idea that these two great rivers united at some indefinite point in the interior transforming California into an island. It was so indicated on many maps of the seventeenth century, while others, even as late as the discovery of the Columbia, had marked upon them a large river flowing from a vast distance in the interior and entering the

ocean about latitude 43, which was called Aguilera's river."

"The papers of southern Oregon have several times published a statement to the effect that Spanish history records the discovery and christening of the Umpqua as having occurred in 1732."

"The substance of the story is that a Spanish vessel became disabled by severe weather at sea and sought for a port on the coast where it could enter and make needed repairs. The mouth of the Umpqua was observed, and this vessel entered, ascending to near the site of Scottsburg, where the anchor was made fast and the work of repairing began. Many large trees were cut down, and it is asserted that their decayed stumps were observed by the first settlers, who were informed by the Indians that, many long years ago, a vessel came up the river and the people on board had beards and white faces, and they cut down these trees. As the stumps at that time were upwards of 100 years old, they must have been in a tolerably good state of preservation to have attracted the attention of the settlers."

"The story goes on to say that the Indians called the stream Umpqua, meaning river, and from this sprung the present name. . . . It is possible that one of the Spanish merchantmen from the East Indies . . . may have been blown out of his course and entered the Umpqua in distress, as stated. It is difficult to understand upon what authority this story of the discovery and naming of the Umpqua rests, and it may well be doubted until better evidence is produced."

Hon. Robert A. Booth, in writing of the history of the Umpqua academy at Wilbur for the March, 1918, number of the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, mentioned this story or tradition of the Spanish vessel that entered the Umpqua river, and he said: 'From the forests they cut trees and made repairs to the vessel. LEFT SOME OF THE CREW TO THEIR FATE in the new wilderness and then sailed away.' Mr. Booth gave this as merely a legend."

There are plenty of Indian legends about prehistoric wrecks along the Oregon coast of Spanish, Chinese, Japanese and other vessels, and the marriage of members of their crews with Indian women, with children and children's children, and so on down, having Caucasian or oriental features, complexion, etc. The reader is perhaps familiar with Balch's 'Bridge of the Gods,' the heroine of which story, Wallulah, was represented as the daughter of Chief Multnomah and an oriental princess of the white race."

There was also the 'Jack Ramsey' story of Alexander Henry in 1818. Lewis and Clark in 1806 saw a member of the Clatsop Indian tribe who was evidently of Caucasian origin and had a freckled face and red hair."

S. A. Clarke in the first volume of his work on Oregon history wrote of the wreck of a number of tales of wrecked vessels of prehistoric times, with romances following of white men and Indian maidens; including the one of Ona, Tillamook girl, and Sandy, Scotch castaway, Nehals, father of the girl, and his family, including Sandy, joined the Clatsops to the north; the story goes, and they occupied Clatsop's island on the Clatsop plains; and they had a son and three daughters; and perhaps it was a grandson whom

Lewis and Clark saw. Also, John Minton, in 1846, saw an Indian with the features of a white man on the lower Columbia, who was called Cullaby, and who, when Mr. Minto told him of the Ona-Sandy story, said 'okook nika papa,' meaning, 'that was my father' (or grandfather). One of these days, an elaboration of this story will appear in this column, together with some other traditions of like import.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Tells Tales from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 1, 1907

Juan E. Camarillo of Camarillo, Cal., was here yesterday as the guest of Louis Lachmund, Salem hop man. Mr. Camarillo is owner of the largest agricultural ranch and is hailed as the "Bean King."

The Salem military band, supported by popular subscription of local business men, did not march in the G. A. R. parade Memorial day because the civil war veterans could not pay the \$40 demanded by the band, it developed yesterday.

The old Twelfth street mission, for many years devoted to the services of the famous "Tongues of Fire" sect, has passed out of existence, religiously. It will soon house a general merchandise store.

June 1, 1929

Thirty feet of the big bridge across the Willamette river at Albany burned out yesterday, according to Salem motorists. The fire reached the bridge from driftwood collected beneath by the high water.

Miss Julia Iverson, an instructor of the Lincoln junior high school, will not be re-employed, the school board decided at a special session held last night. A petition requesting her reinstatement had been signed by around 300 persons.

What promises to be one of the best auto race programs on any western dirt track will be held at the fairgrounds Saturday. Among the contestants will be Lee Eyerly in his home-made arlee Special.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Will you follow closely all the reports on the two national conventions to be held this month in Chicago? Are they very interesting to you?"

A. T. Macklin, painter: "Well, I hadn't thought much about it. Yes, I get fairly interested in those things."

J. R. O'Brien, grocer: "Who, me? No, I don't. The idea is I don't have time to look at the paper much."

Mrs. Charles Zietzki, 1000 Union: "Yes, I'll follow the stories."

Fred Williams, attorney: "I'll follow the convention news. I'm interested in knowing what both conventions will adopt as paramount issues."

Mrs. Marion Mulkey, teacher: "I expect to follow them. I think we are all very much interested in politics this year."

Mrs. Arthur Welch, homemaker: "I don't expect to follow them

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

She let her fancy slip ahead . . . saw herself, as she used to do, in the roles she dreamed of . . . ragged and lovely as Mignon, regal in crimson velvet as Tosca . . . she'd do Tosca soon, too . . .

Before her dreaming eyes the lights of the Paris Grand Opera blazed . . . she saw the magnificent white marble stairways, the glittering crystal candelabra, heard the thud of the baton, saw the curtain going up . . . Vienna, too . . . the opera there that she never saw. She must sing there. The lovely, quaint place, with its magnificent approach, the winged horses, the Siegfried and Don Juan candelabra . . .

The taxi jerked to a stop. She was home. With an over-generous tip for the driver, she ran up the stairs to Nahlman's apartment, singing softly to herself . . . stopped for a moment . . . heard the departing concierge whistling the Carmen aria too . . .

She wished that Madame Nahlman had come home . . . or that she could have stayed to have supper with her . . . She went into the kitchen to make chocolate, and find something to eat. How cold and barren European kitchens were . . . back home everything was handy. You could dip into the ice box and . . .

The baby . . . Lily Lou went cold all over. What kind of woman was she? To forget him. To come home, her head full of herself and her silly little triumph, and make herself chocolate . . .

In her room, the room with the big bed, and the little one in it, the Bonne sat dozing in her chair, crocheted lace cap a little askew. The room was warm and airless, the night light burned very low.

The bubble lay with his little head turned from her, sleeping quietly, his hair, light brown now, and slightly curling, brushed back to show the high forehead, cheekbones faintly discernible in the shadow.

Lily Lou stood very still, holding the light.

The bonnet was speaking. "It is not measles, the doctor said. Just nothing. Heaven only knows why it should have looked like measles. The doctor himself, Madame, said it was very like. But there is nothing to disturb you. You see, she sleeps, and it is time that you and I, Madame, should sleep."

Lily Lou did not answer. She stood motionless still, looking down at the sleeping child.

A torrent of tears flooded her heart. She ought to fling herself on her knees . . . to thank God . . . but she could not move, could not stop looking at him. Such a tiny thing, to be so like . . . Ken . . .

The very bones of his baby chin. Her eyes blurred, blotting out the dim room, the sleeping child . . . She was back in a little country town in northern California. The first pale morning light was coming through the open windows of the crude hotel room. And he was sleeping, the light on his fair head.

She sank to her knees, tried to stifle the sobs that were having their way with her, in the down of the baby's coverlet.

The Bonnet woke up. She said in her French patois: "But he is better, Madame. Did I not tell you? You will frighten him, le pauvre petit."

"Yes—I see—"
And Lily Lou wept again.

He was quite young, very English. He spoke in a high, affected voice, twirled his fair, waxed moustache.

Madame Nahlman became an angel being. She primed, she preened, adopted her grand opera manner.

One night Lily Lou surprised

very closely. I am interested, of course, but I will let my husband get that news."

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Ore., May 26.

Editor Oregon Statesman: At a recent Convention of the Salem District Women's Home Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which convened at Silverton Oregon, A Resolution was passed by that body of influential women (over 100 in number) viz., Resolved that we most emphatically OBJECT to the mode in which our SEX is represented in the use of large advertisements in our Daily Papers and Magazines.

MRS. J. W. BECKLEY, Sec'y. C. Citizenship.

Daily Thought

"To be, or not to be—that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And opposing end them?"—Shakespeare.

SILVERTON MAN SUCCUMBS AT TABLE

SILVERTON, May 31 — Fred Krug, Sr., 78, died Monday morning at 7:30 o'clock while at the breakfast table. Mr. Krug had spent Sunday at Brownsville visiting a daughter, Mrs. Bertha Ellsworth. Funeral arrangements have not been completed, but are in charge of Jack and Ekman.



Rodney, it appeared, was not only clever, but economical. There was no first cabin for this crossing.

Mr. Rodney Horton-Hale kissing one of the younger maids. There was something furtive and unwholesome about it. It sickened her. And now that she had surprised him in that, he became bolder in his advances towards her. Nahlman began to twit her about Blumenthal. "If you let men alone for the next five years you'll be better off," she said bluntly. "You've had your lesson. For heaven's sake profit by it!"

Lily Lou was hurt, and she could not help being angry. It certainly wasn't her fault that Nahlman's husband looked at her. She began to treat him with something like rudeness.

Two days later Madame Nahlman said:

"The bubble annoys Rodney. The English are so averse to anything natural, that a baby in the house."

"Oh! Lily Lou said, 'Oh!'"
"So, since I have that big class coming up, and won't have any real time to coach you anyway, it seems to me that you might as well go back to New York. There isn't a thing for you at the opera house this summer. Nothing but Americans here in summer anyway. So you go on back to New York, and later when you're a little better prepared, I'll plan something worth while. You know you can trust me for that, Lily?"

"Oh—of course!"

But she felt that Nahlman had struck her.

"Go back to Gwin for a while." "Yes," Lily Lou promised. She let them plan. Watched Susanne Cohn packing. Realized that she was drifting again.

And her own mind went racing ahead, back across the sea, to New York, to face the people she had known, with the bubble in her arms. She'd probably have to board him somewhere, she'd never be able to earn enough to hire a nurse. It had been so easy here . . . her comfortable rooms, the devoted bonnie, everyone's natural acceptance of her as Madame Lansing.

She had not realized how hard it would be. The bonnet had taken full care of him. Now she was alone. She was nervous and awkward. "Such a good baby," everyone had always said. It must have been something in the bonnet's management, or perhaps it was the food. . . .

The steward, who told her at once that he was a father himself, prepared the bottles. He would not hear of Lily Lou doing it herself. He arrived at all hours of the day and night, entering and knocking simultaneously, backing out, if his entrance seemed inopportune, with a murmured "Pardon, Madame."

(To Be Continued)

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Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

INFECTED and enlarged tonsils are injurious to the health. If actually diseased the tonsils should be removed, as they may be responsible for many serious ailments.

Normally the tonsil is about the size of an almond shape of an almond. In inflammation, or inflammation of the tonsil, it becomes swollen, enlarged and painful. The throat is very sore, swallowing is difficult and there is high fever. If you have ever suffered from tonsillitis you can appreciate how sick that disease can make you. The attack subsides, but usually recurs unless the tonsils are removed.

Other glandular tissue similar in structure to the tonsil is found in the back of the throat. This is the pharyngeal tonsil, and when it becomes diseased and enlarged the child has what we call adenoids. Its breathing is difficult and its hearing may be impaired. This trouble is rarely, if ever, seen in adults, but it is quite common in children.

Usually abnormalities of the tonsils and adenoids are associated, and in case of operation both are removed at the same time. But I do not believe that tonsils should be removed unless they are infected as well as enlarged. In health these glands help the body ward off disease, while if infected they are a menace to health. Infected tonsils are a possible cause of chronic rheumatism, kidney disease, heart disease and other infections within the body. The dangers associated with disease of the tonsils are great and should not be treated lightly.

Many adults suffer from diseased tonsils who have been advised to have them removed but have neglected to do so. The little emphasis is placed upon the significance of diseased tonsils in adults and the need of attention.

It is now possible to have tonsils removed without a cutting operation, but by a procedure that is used only for adults. It is not advised for children. This treatment consists of applications of a special electric current to the diseased tonsils, continued until the tonsils are destroyed.

The advantages in this form of treatment are that the patient can continue work without interruption, while the tonsils are removed without shock, pain or danger of hemorrhage. This will appeal to many who have feared operation.

Your physician should decide which treatment is best for you; but please remember that diseased tonsils may create a serious condition, and do not neglect them.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. M. W. Q.—What do you advise for warts?

A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

C. L. F. Q.—Is there any way of reducing large hands?

A.—No.

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Children surviving Mr. Krug are Mary Schaar, Laura Geiser, Emma Storts, of Salem, Ida Elton, Fred Krug, Alvin Krug, Mrs. M. L. Egan, Bertha Ellsworth of Brownsville and Martha Werner.