

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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University Consolidation

THE Statesman has made no comment on the Marion county tax league measure for consolidation of the university and state college at Corvallis and alteration of the state normal schools. The fight promises to be a bitter one. To date bitterness and rancor have been the chief exhibits in the case. And we are inclined to withhold our comments until the fate of the petitions is clear. The bill may not get on the ballot, although the probabilities are that it will.

Our early reactions were and are sympathetic with the communities which would experience loss of property values through interference with institutions which have been established there for many years. The editor of this paper formerly resided in Corvallis and retains some business interests there. That fact makes us sensitive to the feelings of the residents of Eugene and Monmouth when their investments are suddenly put in jeopardy.

After observing the barrage of statements and of alleged "facts" which has been broadcast over the state both in favor of and against the revision plan proposed by this initiative measure we are sure of one thing; and that is that the voters of the state need to stand off and study the whole proposition from the point of view of the welfare of the state as a whole over a long term of years. This issue, as we see it is one of the gravest which has been put up to the voters in many years. It involves expenditures of public moneys over decades which will amount to tens of millions of dollars. It involves the delicate question of higher education for the youth of the state and the maintenance of great institutions of learning.

So the question is not one to give snap judgment on; certainly not one to decide on the basis of personal prejudice. If there ever was an issue which called for the exercise of intelligence in the casting of votes this assuredly is one. Our counsel at the present time is for the voters to retain an open mind. It will be necessary to wade through propaganda from both sides; but it should be examined critically and weighed and appraised. It would be a good plan for voters during the summer to visit the cities affected, get out and go through the buildings at Monmouth, Corvallis, Eugene.

Now we haven't told you how to vote on this highly controversial question. There are some people who regard themselves as fully informed on the topic and ready to advise how to. The majority of the people we believe have not made up their minds and are earnest in their desires to get facts and then make logical deductions from the facts. The real question is, how shall the state fashion its higher educational structure for the future; and how may this be done with the least injury to communities and the greatest economy to the state; and how may we effectuate the finest and highest type of education for Oregon? Here indeed is a question that calls for calm study and reflection which may well engage the attention of the voters of the state during the months that intervene before the election.

Cook's Chasm

THE subject of this sketch is not "Cook's Spasm" but "Cook's Chasm." You will find it on the coast highway, south of Yachats, south of Cape Perpetua, just at the Lincoln-Lane county line. It is just a gash in the face of the cliff overlooking the ocean, spanned by a short bridge. Formerly the road had to creep around the head of the gulch but the bridge now carries the road at a lower level.

Cook's Chasm is slightly interesting in itself; but our reason for mentioning it is not to attract attention to it but to its environs. For there is a most interesting spot to spend a day on an outing. Below the road the grassy, flower carpeted bench, warm in the mellow sun, makes a splendid place for a picnic dinner, always the prime objective of any day's outing.

Below this bench is the reef of rocks, the base of the mountain formation looming up as Cape Perpetua, and these rocks are the playground of the tides. There is good fishing when the tide is coming in. And those not interested in fishing will find abundant entertainment in studying the formations there. Some are long, narrow troughs carved by the action of the waves. At other places are caves where the rushing waters roar. Again there are points over which the waves dash and send spray high in air. One other spot will absorb interest for a considerable period. It is a self-filling bathtub, oversized. The formation is the same as the devil's punch bowl at Otter rock, on a miniature scale. The water rushes in through a tunnel and zooms up, then as the waves recede the water is suddenly sucked out. Starfish, sea anemone and other forms of marine life abound.

Kitchen middens, piles of clam shells presumably left by voracious aborigines, may be observed on the bench.

One wishes he might build a house of rock right on one of these points overlooking the ocean, and name it "perpetua" as though in eternal defiance to the wind and wave which beat upon the point. Even if one spends but a few hours there he is sure to leave refreshed and stimulated, sure to absorb something of the rugged strength of the rocks which bear the fury of the storms.

Legislation at Conference Stage

THE senate passed the Wagner relief bill embracing plans for providing \$2,300,000,000 in loans or expenditures. This measure is the senate's substitute for the Garner bill. While both contain authorization of large bond issues for public works which Pres. Hoover calls a pork barrel scheme, both also have provisions which empower the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to states, and cities for self-liquidating projects such as bridges, tunnels, waterworks, docks, viaducts and canals. The two bills now go to conference committee for ironing out of differences and then the reports go to the separate houses for confirmation. The prophecy is that Pres. Hoover will veto the measure if it contains the pork barrel allotment. He is however favorable to the loan plan for self-liquidating projects. There is great assurance therefore that legislation making provision for this will be written into the statute books before the congress adjourns.

The Salem authorities should be ready promptly to make application for a loan for waterworks construction here. If we get our application in and get it approved then the city can proceed with the legal details necessary for val-

You Can't Vault With a Toothpick!



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 25, 1907

Oregon Royal Anne cherries have been found suitable for conversion into maraschino. A representative of a San Francisco firm has arrived here to oversee preparation of 600 barrels of the cherries for shipment to his plant in that city.

Wireless is being taken up as equipment in all armies. Portable equipment now designed is capable of transmitting messages for a distance of 100 miles. First use of wireless telegraphy for military purposes on land was in South Africa during the Boer war.

Clarence Darrow of Chicago has been engaged as attorney for the defense in the notorious Boise murder case in which Haywood is charged with slaying Steunenberg.

June 25, 1922

Fire last night wiped out the plant and foundry of the W. W. Rosebraugh furnace works and for a few minutes threatened the oil storage tanks of the Standard Oil company, at 17th and Oak streets. Damage was estimated at

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic four corners:

(Continued from yesterday): The deed under the terms of which W. O. Griswold acquired that lot, southwest corner Commercial and State, was dated July 16, 1855. That would indicate rather quick work, if the building was erected and the upper story ready for occupancy between that date and Dec. 13. But there may have been a prior bond

for a deed, or contract. And the lower part may not have been taken fully completed. Most early Salem transfers were by contracts or bonds, awaiting the donation land patents.

Also, be it remembered that the Griswold building at first had only two stories, and that the entrance to the second floor rooms was by a stairway on the outside, on State street. The third floor was not added until after the '41-2 flood. This is known definitely through a photograph, taken in December, 1881, during the height of the flood, in which picture the Griswold building shows with two stories. At least one copy of the old picture still exists.

The principal pioneer theater of the fifties, and later, was in the Griswold building. After the third story was added, the pioneer lodge meetings were held there. The Masons for a generation occupied a considerable portion of that floor.

Mr. Griswold and financial reserves, and the title to the building passed to D. P. Thompson, Portland surveyor, railroad contractor, mayor, banker, etc. From Thompson the title went to J. J. Murphy, and it is still in that family, represented by Chester Murphy, former football star, now Portland lawyer and capitalist. In late years it has been generally known as the Murphy block.

The title to the site of the Holman block, northwest corner Commercial and Ferry streets, and his building, the writer believes, was erected that year. At any rate, it was finished in time to accommodate the state offices and the two houses of the territorial legislature the first Monday of December, 1857; and the legislative sessions of territory and state were held there, the lower house on the third floor and the upper branch on the second, until the second Monday in September, 1876, when the present state house was first occupied. The Holman building later became the property of the Turner estate, and, some years ago, was acquired by the present owner, David Samuels.

But part of the state's business was done in the present Statesman building for 19 or more years. The governor's office was here, and the chambers of the supreme court and the state library. In the classified part of the Salem Directory for 1871 and 1872 appear these words:

"STATE DEPARTMENT: Governor's office in Grover & Miller's brick, cor. Commercial and Ferry. Secretary of state office, and agent for school commissioners, in Holman's brick, cor. Commercial and Ferry. State library, and supreme court rooms, in Grover & Miller's brick, S. W. cor. Commercial and Ferry."

But in the 1871 Salem Directory, in the classified department, the state library was given as located in "Smith's brick." That was o.k., however, for Smith's brick were the same buildings; the present Statesman building, including the corner part now the property of the W. C. T. U.

Some readers will recall the mention in this column on May 1 of the dedication of the First Methodist church, on Sunday, January 23, 1853—not the present church but the early one that stood on the same site. The dedicatory services proper were in

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carrow, night club habituée, receives a death threat, New Year's Eve. Previously her dog and parrot were mysteriously killed. District Attorney Merle K. Dougherty suspects Lola of being the "brains" of the jewel thief ring that has baffled the police. Although her husband, Gaylord Gifford, died practically penniless, Lola lives in luxury. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt places a guard in Lola's penthouse apartment, warning her that she must not be alone in a room at any time. Mrs. Carrow, Lola's mother; Chung the butler, Eunice the maid, and Vincent Rowland, an attorney, are present. In the living room, the Commissioner finds a bag belonging to Christine Quires, Lola's guest. It evidently had been used that night, yet Lola informs Colt that Christine is at the Lion's Paw, a neighborhood where Lola was to have joined her. Colt is surprised to find Mrs. Carrow's room in strange contrast to the surrounding wealth. Lola's own boudoir is a gaudy contradiction of the living room's elegance. Lola refuses to reveal the identity of the young man whose photograph adorns her dresser. Against orders, she enters the guest room alone. A scream follows. Rushing in, Colt finds her on the floor, unconscious. Dr. Hugh Baldwin, a friend, diagnoses the case as a heart attack. Lola dies; Colt calls it murder. Unnoticed, he takes something from the doctor's bag. Police Lieutenant Fallon reports that no one but the doctor entered the house. The elevator boy claims that Christine returned home about 12:15 a. m., before Lola and the police arrived, yet no other trace can be found of Miss Quires. Mrs. Carrow is questioned. She states she would have known it had Christine returned.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"Is Carrow your real name?" he asked suddenly. She looked up at him in dark astonishment. "What makes you think—" "Now Mrs. Carrow—will you tell me?" "Why not? My real name is Carrow. That was my maiden name." "And you come from—" "England. I married there. My husband was a Roumanian living in exile." "Your father?" "Yes. He deserted us in Liverpool when he was allowed to go back to his country. I have never heard from him again. I hope to heaven he fries in fire." This last pious curse the old woman uttered with a detached calm that struck me as quite fiendish. "Your husband's name?" "Michael Jorga." "So your daughter's real name is Lola Jorga?" "No,—Rosita Jorga." "How did you come to change the name?" "Lola went on the stage. She danced. We thought a new name would help—and someone suggested 'Lola Carrow.'" "And where was your daughter educated?" "I am ashamed to send her to public schools—and I private. How I worked! I worked like a man!" With a shrug, Colt turned to details of more immediate interest. "Now, tell me about tonight?" "Tonight?" "Yes—or even earlier. How did you spend this afternoon?" "I went to see a vaudeville show—at the Palace." "And you got home—" "Around five o'clock. Then I lay down and took a nap." "And from then on?" "That's not hard to remember. We all had dinner here together—

Christine and Lola and I. Then they dressed to go on their parties. Mr. Rowland came for Lola and Mr. Guy Everett came for Christine and they went out like they always do and left me here with the servants. I listened to the radio for a while. I soon got tired of that. Then I went into my room and began reading The New Atlantis—that's my favorite book. But first I read the evening newspapers. Then I settled down to my book and forgot everything else. And first thing I knew Lola came home with a horde of policemen.

"Do you like Christine?" "Yes, she's not—but she is a nuisance. I don't mean to be unkind about Christine—but I do get tired of having her around here."

"Ever tell Lola that?" "Oh, yes. But she seemed to want to keep her right here. I think they were planning some kind of business together."

"Do you consider all your servants above suspicion?" Dougherty then asked. "We have only two. Eunice and Chung are both incompetents in my opinion. My daughter insisted on retaining them. I am sure they are harmless. There was some giggling among the girls when they found some love poems addressed to Lola and Christine."

"Written by Chung?" "Yes—it was all passed over as a joke."

"By the way—Christine's escort this evening was Guy Everett. You mean the actor?" "Yes."

"They left here together?" "Yes."

"At what hour?" "About nine-thirty. They were going to the Lion's Paw."

"Were they in good spirits when they left?" "Absolutely."

"Do you know where Guy Everett lives?" "Yes, at the Axton Club."

"At a glance from Colt, I went to the telephone. While he went on, questioning Mrs. Carrow, I was calling the Axton Club, which was just around the corner. The operator there informed me that Mr. Guy Everett was not in. I left word to have him telephone Lola Carrow immediately he returned."

Colt was still interrogating the mother. "Can you suggest any reason why anyone should want to kill Lola?" he asked.

"I do not believe Lola was murdered," the old woman retorted suddenly, with a heavy sigh.

"Who should wish to kill a beautiful girl like my Lola? Doctor Baldwin says she had heart trouble."

Colt made no attempt to argue, but again switched to a different tack. "Mrs. Carrow," he asked, altering his voice to a confidential key, "how old was Lola?"

Colt put the question in the mild, calm, most indifferent of tones. Her careless manner contained no foreshadowing of a coming sudden trust, his chief weapon is examination.

"About thirty-five."

"Why did Lola quarrel with Basil?" This swift, jabbing thrust produced an electrifying effect upon the aged woman. Her eyes lighted up. Her mouth opened wide. Her hands clapped together. Unsteadily she rose from her seat.

"Basil!" she croaked. "What do you know about Basil?"

In truth, Colt's question had surprised me too. I had dismissed

the fornoan, and in the evening Rev. J. S. Smith, according to the reporter of The Statesman, "delivered an able sermon on the text, 'Have Faith in God.'" Rev. Smith was at that time (1857) in charge of the Rogues river circuit for the Methodist church—which, the writer believes, included all of southwest Oregon south of the Umpqua valley.

Smith had come to Oregon in 1844. He studied law while in the ministry and came to Salem and practiced a short time, when he went to the Puget Sound country. He was speaker of the lower branch of the Washington territorial legislature in 1856, and was then appointed United States attorney for that territory by President Buchanan. He moved back to Salem in 1858, was elected to congress in 1858 by 129 votes, over David Logan; was a candidate for U. S. senator in 1870, and was defeated for governor in 1882, by Z. F. Moody. He lived in Portland after his service in congress, and died there Sept. 28, 1884.

Under the heading, "The Wilamette Woolen Manufacturing Company," the Salem Directory for 1873 had this: "L. E. Pratt was agent and superintendent from 1859 to 1863, when J. B. Smith was made agent. . . . During Mr. Smith's agency, which extended until 1857 (should be 1867), the Salem Flouring Mills were built. March, 1857 (should be 1867), L. F. Grover was elected managing agent. He rebuilt the Salem Flouring Mills inside, with entire new works, throughout, and raised the character of the mill to its present commanding position. He also overhauled the woolen mills, and enlarged the buildings and works. . . . The present officers of the company are: J. F. Miller, president; vice-president, D. Daniel; secretary, Walter Jackson; agent, J. Hoyt; Directors: John F. Miller, J. Hoyt and Walter Jackson."

The Salem flouring mills occupied the site of the present paper mill. Later the concern was under the management of Robert C. Kin-

ney, and during his time did a great business, home and export, and had storage capacity for 100,000 bushels of grain.

The old woolen mill, pioneer institution of its kind on the Pacific coast, that stood on the site of the mission mills, in the first building erected in Salem, now occupied by the Larmer warehouse, opposite 960 Broadway, prospered exceedingly, especially under the management of Pratt and Smith, and made several million dollars. Mr. Pratt opened a woolen mill store near the mill, next south of the North Salem brick store—in the building (still standing) that was in the early days called "the green store," because it was painted green.

Evidently for the purpose of having a down town woolen mill store, J. S. Smith planned a larger building. He erected the building now occupied by The Statesman (and the W. C. T. U.). This was done some time in the sixties. The writer cannot find anyone who remembers the exact date. There was a deed to Joseph B. Smith from W. H. Willson, the original townsite proprietor, bearing date March 19, 1866, of the present site. The building may have been started either before or after that date. How does the writer come to that conclusion? (Continued tomorrow.)

GOING TO COLLEGE
GERVAIS, June 24.—Six of the 19 graduates of Gervais high school have asked that their credits be sent to schools of higher education and others have not as yet made up their minds what school they will attend.

SWEGLE, June 24.—A strawberry shortcake festival will be held Sunday night in Whitehead's grove at 7:30 for Swegle community.

Daily Thought
"Come, follow me, and leave the world to its babblings."
Dante.

doors open at 9:30
416 state street - salem

closing out
the man's shop
high-priced stock
it will pay folks to come from miles and miles around today!

New Views
Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What is your guess on the prohibition plank the democrats will adopt?"
Clark Lee, feed store: "I don't think I'd like to be quoted on that. Yes, I have an idea about it, only I just don't want to be quoted on it."
Don Michael, laborer: "Of course I couldn't be sure, but much of the talk looks like out and out repeal."
Mrs. Lydia Lehman, homemaker: "I hope it will be drier than the republicans."
Mrs. Nellie Knox, homemaker: "I hope it will be dry but I really don't wish to guess what it really will be."
O. E. Pearson, dairyman: "They will not favor repeal, but they may favor reestablishment. That's my guess."
James F. Smithson, California stockbroker, tourist: "I'll bet they come out for repeal, since the republicans didn't do so directly."