"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Dry Strategy FITHERE is talk about the prohibitionists forming a third party, or it may be the talk is for Sen. Borah to become the candidate of the revived Prohibitionist party, a party which in 1928 polled 20,106 votes and in 1924 57,520 votes, the total each time being in excess of 30,000,000. Politically speaking the proposal is preposterous. The prohibition party wer got anywhere before 1920 and would get nowhere now. Prohibition did not come as the espousal of either of the major parties; and if it goes it will not go by virtue of the desertion of either of the major parties for neither has ever definitely committed itself to prohibition. Prohibition came through bipartisan effort and activities; and its support must continue to come through dry republicans and dry dem-

ocrats who unite on this important question. Sen. Borah is too shrewd politically to become the candidate of a narrow segment of people such as historically have composed the traditional "third party" of prohibition. He has been under pressure to become the candidate of the so-called Liberals, the near but-not-quite socialists, represented by journals like The Nation and New Republic; but he has spurned such advances. So he will not let his name be used as a prohibition candidate.

Dire need to guard well their strategy. They have held the citadel for twelve years. The "enemy" have broken in some of the outer breastworks. Skilled direction is needed lest there be a full breach in the walls and the forces be put to extreme rout. Such a situation we foresee in the triumph of the democrats with their platform of unconditional repeal. The moment that repeal occurs saloons will open in states like New York, Montana, Wisconsin which have already repealed their prohibitionary laws. The full swing of the pendulum will carry wets into victory in many other states. The republican platform proposes resubmission, but holds the string of federal control, continued abolition of the saloon, and an endeavor to preserve some of the gains which the 18th amendment has procured.

Dries may attempt to withstand the wind and perhaps be blown clear over; or they may reform their lines and fight on a narrow front and preserve themselves from complete extinction. The situation calls for intelligent leadership. Loyalty not to the republican party but to the principle of restraint of the liquor business prompts us to observe that the dries will find more sympathetic association in the republican platform and candidate than in the democratic, and that espousal of a third party candidate on the the lava beds in 1873, and he told lone plank of retention of the 18th amendment would be to invite disaster.

The Meier Forte

IT is when Gov. Meier gets down to brass tacks in reorganizing state government, shearing off expenses, making departments self-supporting that he is right in his element and right in the place where he can put his experience and his instincts as a business executive to the best use. Through his budget director, Henry Hanzen, it is announced that there will be no direct property tax next year. We do not see how one can be avoided; nor do we see that in order to avoid one vital government service should be dispensed with or crippled. Perhaps it can be done; and Gov. Meier is a good one to show just how it can be done.

There is no doubt that it takes some one with the personal strength and the business penetration of the governor to lop off many of the non-essentials which have fastened themselves like barnacles to the state government. One who is beholden to no party organization, is independent financially, and is not looking for further political honors is just the one to do the job.

So we hope the governor continues his good work, conducted through the agency of his budget director, of rewriting the state budget in terms of 1932 conditions. At the same time we repeat that it should be considered no offense to restore the property tax levy in reasonable amount rather than impoverish the genuine essentials of state government.

"The Forgotten Man"

THIS from the Oregonian: "Our interest is wholly in those workers, farmers and small business men to whom leniency is a matter of vital importance, and who are at the point of being forgotten in the ex-

The Oregonian, it seems, has become a sudden champion of the "forgotten man"; and might well become chief trumpeter for Frankie Roosevelt who is campaigning on sympathy for the "forgotten man". As far as we have observed the forgotten man is the fellow who is remembered only once in four years when his vote amounts to something. He is remembered then for four or five months and after that he is pledge. In retaliation for which, forgotten again.

John F. Curtis has been found guilty of obstructing justice in a small court in New Jersey. To establish its case the state proved or tried to prove he actually had been in touch with the kidnapers. Lindbergh doesn't think so; and a lot of other people do not think so. But Curtis pulled some kind of hoax and was guilty of something, and that seemed to be the best stopper they could pull. Poor Curtis; he is more apt to be a victim of the depression than anything else. He appears now like a wilted dishrag, and seemingly has been living in an atmosphere of dreams. A better subject for a sanitarium than

Editor Banks of the Medford News throws his usual fit in denouncing both Hoover and Roosevelt as presidential candidates. He says they do not "represent the inescapable elements necessary for a readjustment of the grave difference which have developed in providing government for the people." We find that a bit hard to swallow and digest, but we think it means that the only one who can quite fill the bill this year is L. A. Banks, the same man who rescued Oregon from McNary two years ago.

Johnny Dore won the election as mayor of Seattle with buoyant promises of jobs for the jobless. In office however, he sidles the task onto the governor so the Seattle unemployed planned a trek to Olympia for Fourth of July. The mayor of Olympia told them to bring their soup kitchens along however and Gov. Hartley said he would be out of time; so a pleasant time must have been had by all except those really looking for work.

There is just as large a percentage of old license plates on cars There is just as large a percentage of old license plates on cars of the state house bunch parked about the capital grounds as appear on the country lanes. We notice a lot of people who haven't been touched by the chilly breeze can wall as loudly as the fellow who is down but not quite out.

The poor old been touched by the state house bunch parked about the capital grounds as appeared on the country lanes. We notice a lot of people who haven't hold, so Sconshin rushed, as Shacknasty, Steamboat Frank and they are too busy to bother about it.

The poor old been touched by the chilly breeze can wall as loudly as the fellow who is down but not quite out.

The poor old been strict in the misse again the find-ing of the committee of 13, all of the country lanes. We notice a lot of people who haven't hold, so Sconshin rushed, as Shacknasty, Steamboat Frank and they are too busy to bother about it.

Yery truly yours,

. . The poor old hoss has got stuck in the mire again.

### News From the Front



Letters from Statesman Readers

National Military Home, Calif.,

Editor Statesman: Your correspondent pioneer onel A. B. Meachem was not mur- letter sent by Mr. Rigdon to the dered by the murderous Modocs. Oregonian: He was only nearly murdered and brutally butchered. Thanks to the wrote up the Champoeg meeting nursing of his good wife, he lived of last Saturday (May 7) is still me all about it at Salem.

General Carby and Dr. Thomas were foully killed and mutilated by the noble red men who had agreed to come unarmed to the peace pow-wow. Col. Meachem had had inside information from Toby Riddle, cousin to Captain Jack, that the Modocs intended to murder the peace commissioners and he implored them not to walk into such a trap. Gen. Canby said that those Indiana would not dare to treacherously attack them while they had such an army at their back. Meachem contended that they would-they were desperate and would dare anything. Dr. Thomas said that God had done a wonderful work in the Modoe camp in answer to his prayers, to which Meachem responded that God had not been in the Modoc camp since the war started, or ever before.

When signal station on the butte wigwagged to camp that that Indians were firing on the peace commissioners, Sergeant Maurice Fitzgerald and a squad of troopers rushed out to the council tent, but the fiends of the forest had finished their bloody work and dashed back to their rocky stronghold. The surgeon, Dr. Cabiness, was with the troopers, and as usual was armed with an army canteen filled with commissary whiskey. Ever absorb any of it? No? Then you were born too late. It had a bead on it like a toy balloon and would make equestrian statues cavort around on their pedestals.

Colonel Meachem lay dead on the ground, but Dr. Cabiness poured some commissary whiskey into him and it soon made him tick. As soon as he could tick out loud, he asked the doctor to not give him any more firewater, as he had taken the good Templar Dr. Cabiness pried his teeth apart and poured down another stiff joit, which braced him up enough so that the troopers packed him back to camp. If our people had known the life-saving kicks contained in commissary whiskey, they would never have voted for prohibition.

When the telegram came to Meachem's Masonic lodge at Salem and was shown to Mrs. Meachem, she insisted on going to him, and a committee of his lodge escorted her to the army camp, carefully crossing Tule lake in the night with muffed oars, for the rocks were full of murderous Modocs. She so skillfully nursed em went there as a witness, and her husband that in two weeks when he found that the prisoners he was able to stand the journey

back to Salem. It was a dire disappointment so shiny, with a fine fringe of made it impossible to yank off the scalp, and when Toby Riddle butted in and yelled that the sol-

Modocs were being tried for mur-

# The Safety BITS for BREAKFAST

The 50-52 myth:

Portland Oregonian, which the editor of that newspaper refused the first publication of Rev. Gusto print, saying it was too long, tavus Hines in which he noticed July 4, 1932. but editorially agreed to the that Hines was going up the Cotruthfulness of its contents. 5 5 5

"I notice that the writer who eight years after that massacre in clinging to that old myth about the vote for organization May 2nd, 1843, being carried by only two majority. Now it seems to me that all persons who care anything about the accuracy of historical statements should drop that myth and substitute someer the truth.

thing more reasonable and near-"When the territorial governnent of Oregon was created, the econd regular session of the legslature held at the capital under the act passed a law January 26, 1853, authorizing L. F. Grover to publish all the proceedings, documents and minutes which had any bearing on the provisional government. Now in the Grover report (called Oregon Archives) all the meetings of the various efforts to organze a government are fully set forth. It appears that quite a number of copies of these Archieves were published and a few copies were bound, but the knowledge of this book appears to have, after a time, dropped out of the minds of the people, although, no doubt, there were many copies in the possession of the members of that session of the territorial legislature. About years thereafter, the story gained credence that the vote May 2nd at Champoeg had been carried by only two majority. By this time, most of these men who cast their votes at that historical meeting were dead and those not dead were very old and did not grasp the importance of accuracy. So for 25 or more years the myth became so well grounded that we were imbued with the close margin and how it was by the skin of one's teeth, apparently, that we Americans had escaped from the clutches of the Briton, Later those who were interested in erecting a monument on the occurred, had lost sight of the the 52 Americans who cast the votes on that memorable day. This was a herculean task and one of impossibility; although the 52 names were found by substituting some who were miles away. would look for a discussion of hand are to be praised for their truly, Chas. B. Moores.' pains although they are not ex-

"Now as the myth has been exploded and the truth is more " "THE VOTE AT CHAMPOEG nearly established, possibly some may be interested in learning how the true facts were discovered. Well, it was like this: The

der at Fort Klamath, Col. Meachhad no defense counsel, he volumteered to act as such, but the surgeon convinced him that if he to Sconshin that he could not get took on any such exertion he Meachem's scalp, to use as a would be a dead man. He took the front for his bullet-pouch—it was return good for evil invitation too literally, and devoted the rest of hair. But baldness and lack of his life to publishing a magazine hair on which to get a hand-hold in the interest of the red race

J. W. REDINGTON.

# By R. J. HENDRICKS-

writer of this article was sojourn-A few weeks ago, W. T. Rig-don of Salem wrote a letter to the ing in Long Beach, Calif., for a public library there, ran across

> lumbia in company with Dr. White for the pacification of the moxmox and that on the 2nd of May he was on the Columbia: therefore it was impossible for Mr. Hines to have been at Cham-

poeg on May 2nd, 1848. "After my return home from California, I was engaged in writing a series of communications for The Statesm: and concluded to lobe further, if possible, into the Champoeg matter. Not knowing anything about the Archives, I'began to look for original papers that might yield further information. Nothing of the kind started to protest. could be found in the public libraries, but the state librarian told me to see the secretary of state as he had some historic documents. I then went to the custodian, the late Nick Haas, and Nick said there was a small old fron trunk in the basement and that no one around knew its contents but if he could find a key to fit he would open it. We succeeded in opening that trunk. and there we found all the origin-

al provisional government documents in the handwriting of G. W. LeBreton, who had been the secretary at every meeting held in the interest of forming an organization. Then some one stepped into the office and said, 'There is a little book here in the secretary's collection with the same information.' This was my first knowledge of the Archives. Then I found that Mr. A. N. Bush of Ladd & Bush bank had a copy, and also that Geo. H. Himes had a copy. Then in my next article to The Statesman I called the attention of C. B. Moores to the fact that Gustavus Hines was not at Champoeg May 2nd as on that day he and Dr. White were on their way up the Columbia to have a powwow with old Chief Peopeomoxmox in regard to a threatened uprising of the Indians. In my next communication to The Statesman I reminded Mr. Moores of his error and hinted to him the probability that other names might not be reliable as (very) spot where the transaction to historic statements. Mr. Moores responded with two letters, one Oregon Archives in their interest to me and one to The Statesman. in finding the 50 Canadians and The one to me is as follows: 'Your discovery that Gustavus Hines was not at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, entitles you to a chromo. You found proof of it in an obscure corner where few

Still those who had the task in the Champoeg meeting. Yours "Here fellows Mr. Moores' letter to The Statesman as published:

> statement and Proves It 'Editor Statesman: In his last article in The Statesman Mr. Rigdon charges me with a misstatement in saying incidentally that Gustavus Hines was present at the famous meeting at Champoeg on May 2nd, 1843. "And he proves his charge.

'Hon. Chas. B. Moores Says Mr.

Rigdon Charges Him With Mis-

" 'I believe in historical accuracy and I plead guilty, but less than a month ago I had never heard Hines' presence disputed. In his own history, published in 1857, in an obscure corner, devoted in no way to the Champoeg meeting, he says that on May 2, people of Oregon have had him (Continued tomorrow.)

# The Murder of the Night Club Lady By ANTHONY ABBOT

Following the receipt of a death threat, Lois Carewe, known as "The Night Club Lady", is saysteriously Night Club Lady", is paysteriously alain in her penthouse apartment at 3 a. m. New Year's. Dr. Hugh Baldwin reports death due to heart fall-ure. The only clue to the marderer is a medical laboratory specimen box found outside Lola's window. Police Commissioner Thatcher Celt attaches importance to the young man whose photograph is found in Lela's room, and whose identity Lola had refused to reveal beyond his first name, "Beall". At the mention of "Basil", Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, becomes hysterical, it is known that Lola quarreled with Guy Everett and Vincent Rowland, a lawyer, over investments. Ennice, the maid, confesses she was employed by Everett to report the goings on in the apartment, The mystery deepens with the finding of the body of Christine Quires, Lola's guest, Christine had been the body hidden mutil an opportune moment to the lights. The men need contentrated in an unaccustomed frows. I saw that come facet of this double riddle had assumed immense importance in his cycs. Perhaps it was only guess-work but I had a hunch that the chief was still proccupied with the problem of those strange markings on the neck of Christine Quires. With an abstracted air, he crossed to what had been the body of chief them."

Returning to the living cross, he crossed to what had been the body do or Lola Carewe and knocked Dorothy Lox opened the door.

"On the dresser," directed the Commissioner, without entering, "there is a framed picture of a young man. May I have the picture? "No," protested a cross old voice the chief was still proccupied with the problem of those strange markings on the neck of Christine Quires.

With an abstracted air, he crossed to what had been the foor.

"The was only I seed to what had been the door.

The mentioner Thatcher Celt at turned away. His dark that the commissioner "the found in Lela's could had a secutioned frown. I saw that there."

The mentioner Thatcher Celt at turned away. His dark that the commissioner "the colon of Lola Carewe and knocked Dorothy Lox opened the door.

"On hidden until an opportune moment Christine's last escert, claims he left her at the apartment elevator at midnight New Year's Eve, and then went for a ride on the Motor Parkway, alone, arriving home after 3 a. m. Mrs. Carewe informs Colt that what it was he was doing.

Was almost somnambulistic in its complete concentration. Never had I seen the chief so deeply immersed in a problem. With alow, plodding framed picture into my hands. "You take charge of that, Tony," he instructed. "I'll tell you what to do with it later." Christine lived with a brother, Edester police to get Edward on the

sound. At that dark hour the meaning whine, the wheezing drone of those vacuum cleaners operated by two young detectives from Center Street echoed mournfully through the rooms. Every particle of dust in the room where the crime had been the rooms where the crime had been the rooms have a large chieft at the rooms. The rooms have the rooms have the rooms have a large chieft. "Take this down to Headquar-ters," the Commissioner directed, while Dougherty eyed the irregular bundle with pudgy suspicion. "Have its contents analyzed at once. You may show it to Mz. Dougherty—handle it carefully." done was being garnered into those thrust some large object into the bloated pouches. Millions of infinite left pocket of his trousers. It made the handkerchief. There in my hand particles were being bagged like so a noticeable bulge.

But of this object which he had needle which Doctor Baldwin had tives the carpet sweeper is a tool as from the head of a woman.

indispensable as the magnifying "Does that mean anything to he had not forgotten such an im-

bilious eye. "Colt," he exclaimed, with a reproachful glance back over his tine's hair," declared Dougherty. shoulder, "I didn't know you had "Where did you find it?" gone in for this sort of thing."

"Ever hear of it before?" "Oh, I've read about the Viennese police doing something of the kind. me, if you don't mind my saying a window." so. I don't believe you can solve crimes by looking at sweepings under a microscope. "But Mr. Dougherty ----

glance, "than I believe you can tell fortunes with tea-leaves." Colt smiled but did not reply.

He went to the telephone and called strand of hair over to me, was ala Morningside number. His conver- ready at the guest-room door, talk-

"Helle, Professor Luckner, I am put the hair in it, marked the ensorry to get you out of bed. This velope and put it in my pocket. is Thatcher Colt. I am engaged on a very mysterious case, and I want to send you some specimens for ers," the chief was telling Flynn. analysis. Bags of dust - and the "I shall be at my home. If the clothing of two murdered girls. Rochester call comes, switch it Could you start in right away? I there. And keep me posted." can have them there in an hour. In silence, Dougherty and I fol-Thank you."

turned to Flynn.

located as a conspicuous participant at the Champoeg meeting. And we have had his name carved on the Champoeg monument.

" 'Yet it has been suggested that it is almost sacrilegious to acy of some of the fanciful stories told about what happened at that famous meeting. We must smother any opinions we may have; we must take part in ne investigation, we must simply accept what is told us. This is not the part of wisdom, or of justice or fair dealing. The public wants the actual facts. Those who prepared the lists of those present, commended, but they were laboring against a lapse of time, and their findings were necessarily inaccurate. Dr. Newell, who was an active factor in the meeting, challenged the 52 to 50 vote as soon as it was published in 1866 for the first time. LeBreton. the secretary of the meeting, a reliable, active and prominent man, in his minutes says the vote for organization was carried by a GREAT majority. Newell names Gervais, Lucier, Bellique, Ladtroot and Donpierre as Frenchmen who voted for organization, although four of them are recorded as voting against it. Hines, in his history published in 1857, apparently the first published account, says organization carried by a LARGE majority. Vol. 1, page 304 of Bancroft's History says that Newell's account is probably correct. It says that J. . Parrish in his manuscript admits that Latourette (Ladtroot) voted for organization. Gervais was the only member of the committee of 12 who is listed as voting against organization. He is declared by Bancroft to have always been an active helper and friend of the Methodist mission,

uum eleaner bags and all the clothes of the two girls to the spartment of Morningside Heights. The men need not wait there."

and faced about.

"I had forgotten something murmured. "Something import Returning to the living-root crossed to what had been the

"The murderer!" I grinned. arrived for the murderer to place it, in the doorway. His clothing wa. soaking wet, in Lola's recom. The wet, his black hair tousied. He had board mount. findings are similar to those in Lela's been out on the terrace. His eyes "Marcel Grandon, 60, Avenue case except that Christine's neck were set in an intent gase that was bruised after death. Everett, was almost somnambulistic in its

Christine lived with a brother, Ed-gar, in Rochester, and was to re-ary, just as we had followed Lola

CHAPTER TWENTY

S the long-distance conversation ended, the work of the vacuum cleaners was getting underway.

Tatched, Isscinated—I had not seen this carried out, I believe we can break this case in twenty-four hours!"

"What are the things?" blurted Dougherty, rubbing his hands with curiosity.

To the kitchen he went, and from evening coat Colt drew forth a

glass, the tape measure, and the ink you?" he asked, his voice brittle, portant accessory! Or had he done of the finger-print man. But District Attorney Dougherty not looked in vain; he had made citement?

> "It is a hair, the color of Chris-"On the floor-in Lola's room."

"But how could you find a thing like this-a thin strand of hair-"Because I knew where to look,"

"A terrace window?" "No, Dougherty-one that opens on a straight drop of twenty-three I stories to the street." Dougherty ran a thick hand

"Any more," insisted the District Attorney, crushing me with a blue eyes, bedeviled, rolled unhappily. ly. "Tell him I want it turned over tested

But Colt, having turned the as belonging to Christine." ing to Flynn. I found an envelope,

lowed Colt down the corridor to- house!" As he hung up the receiver, Colt ward the foyer. But midway in the passage, the Commissioner paused

wanted. Holding it up to the light, At that moment, Colt reappeared he studied the photographer's trade-

On the first landing, Colt stopped us, ceive her inheritance shortly. The Carewe hours ago on a tour through you down to Headquarters with Commissioner telephones the Roch-"Tony," he said, "I am sending watched, fascinated—I had not seen carried out, I believe we can break

Instantly the pent-house of Lola there through room after room. We bulky object, wrapped in a hand-carewe was filled with a weird did not follow him, but we could kerchief.

I drew back the silken folds of

dust in the man-hunt. Somewhere in concealed, Thatcher Colt made no used, just before Lola Carewe the multitudes of particles there mention at the moment. Instead he might lie, invisible to the naked eye, a vital clue. To some police detections a vital clue of the police detection of the police

win had had a hand in the death of

Lola or Christine seemed remote to the point of absurdity. What opportunity had there been? But I had no time then for idle

speculation. From the left-hand pocket of his trousers, Colt took out a coll of brown leather strap. It But it all seems very faddistic to answered Colt grimly. "It was near had a buckle at the end-the kind of strap used on trunks, I noticed that the strap had recently been wet. "What's that for?" rumbled Dougherty, ogling the strap sus-

> "How, Thatcher \_\_\_ " he pre- for a laboratory analysis. Alse have that strand of hair identified "And the frame?" I prompted.

"You will take this down to Doe

Colt smiled at the framed pieture as at an old friend.

"You are to take the picture," he added, "to Mr. Gavin, the telegraph tonight-by telephote. Clear?"

"Clear, chief!" "When you are through, Tony, join Dougherty and me at my

(To Be Con

## Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: Do question in any way the accur- you think Fourth of July celebrations should be dispensed with? Why or why not?

C. L. Newton, 1597 Franklin street: "I'm for celebrating. I ion't see why we have to drop things that there is in life to do just because of slack times. We keep dropping, and pretty soon there will be nothing at all. Besides, the more we drop such ac-60 years after the event, are to be tivities, the less opportunity there is for some to get jobs,"

> D. D. Dunne, insurance: "It seem too bad to have a glorious fourth saddened by the conditions of the country and the soldiers in Washington. This holiday keeps the memory of war before the people of our country, and we don't want that, I be-

William Case, woods wouldn't do away with them. 'Course there are some people who want to take all the kick out of life. I'd say make 'em bigger and better, even."

Robert Culbertson, Salesman: "I don't think it should be done away with because it is the expression of the American people in regard to their conception of Independence. I have a better time of different kind now.

Donald Clark, clerk, state li-brary: "The frivolous should be done away with and the serious should be cultivated. Yes, I had s better time as a child because in meaning of the Fourth of July."

John Willamette, celebrant:
"Sure, let's pass a law against
anybody's having any fun. Now
when I was a kid, I had lots of

fun scaring the big girls with firecrackers and blowing mothter's pots and pans all out of shape with miniature bombs. Nowadays Junior, my sons, does the scaring on me and blows up my fish basket if I don't watch out. My good time is in seeing him enjoy what I once did."

## Daily Thought

am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded hives of men: Heart-weary of building and And spofling and building

again. And I long for the dear eld river, Where I dreamed my youth away.

For a dreamer lives forever. And a toller dies in a day. From "The Cry of the Dreamer."



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