

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:

Arthur W. Steyer, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg., San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:

Ford-Parsons-Stecker, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.; Chicago, 350 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.25; 6 Mo. \$4.00; 1 Year \$7.50. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 1 cent. On trains and News Stands 1 cent.

All in the Day's Work

THERE being no town pump any more, and no excavations in progress where men may lean over the railing and exchange opinions as to how the job should be done, the vendors of miscellany are sure of an audience whenever they set up stand. So it is as one saunters down the street he sees occasional clusters of men about a doorway, and when he draws near he is sure to find some spellbinder selling gadgets. It may be some stain remover, or a new kind of soap. Fountain pens may be the offering. New kinds of safety razors generally go well. Then there is the fellow who twists heavy wire into paniflatters the while he keeps up a constant flow of talk, talk, talk.

One was working to sell a razor sharpener the other day, when we overheard one who had turned away lamenting that the same chap had been around not so long ago with a medicine to sell, "while I can't do nothin' but make a living by hard work". Indeed it is disheartening to see with what seeming ease these garrulous gadgeteers wiggle the shekels out of gawking men. It looks easy, in truth, but we fancy the barker is weary when he hunts his pillow at nightfall, and laments the fate that drives him from doorway to doorway, selling wares often of little worth, and all for, expenses deducted, a rather meagre sum.

So every cobbler to his last, the laborer to his shovel, the windy salesman to his doorway, and the banker to his sheaf of discounts,—each sure that the other fellow has the easier job.

A Policeman With Intelligence

GEN. GLASSFORD, head of the police force of Washington, D. C. is one policeman with something between his ears. He has had as hard an assignment as any officer in the country in handling the bonus army; and has done the job skillfully. As a result so far there have been no clashes with authorities, the men have been treated decently, and yet they have not been coddled. The arm of genuine authority was at all times upheld.

When the food supplies were exhausted, Glassford went down in his own pocket to buy bread and meat for them. When there was dissension in the ranks and a radical speaker was about to be assaulted, Glassford shouldered his way through the crowd and secured for him an audience.

It appears that the army is breaking up and that most of them will return to their homes, taking advantage of the money advanced by the government for transportation. The country will breathe a little easier to have the men in their home communities where they will fare much better than on the muddy flats of Anacostia. If the army does finally disband without rioting or outbreak, a great deal of the credit should go to Glassford for the intelligent manner in which he has controlled the situation in Washington.

An Untenable Position

SPEAKER GARNER'S position on relief legislation is wholly untenable. Only his stubbornness and political hatred of Pres. Hoover and his desire to make political capital out of his proposals miscalled "relief" prevent the congress from agreeing on practical legislation which Pres. Hoover will accept. The crux of Garner's contention is that the government should make individual loans scattered over the country. Pres. Hoover has clearly pointed out the folly and disaster and impracticability of such a course. Such loans would quickly be dissipated, would affect no permanent relief, and would result in vast losses to the government.

The country will support Pres. Hoover in this; and it is this knowledge which gives the president strength to defy the speaker of the house and boldly promise a veto for the measure as at present drawn.

The Portland Oregonian has made a great discovery, and that is that neither Meler nor Hoss is to blame for the failure to issue quarterly motor licenses. The villain is the LAW! This is a great and comforting revelation, since the Law can't defend itself; also it controls no advertising and has few friends. So, come on boys, let's wallop the Law, which is the only enemy standing in the way of our doing just what we darn please. The Portland Journal hasn't even made that discovery yet. In fact it hasn't, editorially at least, heard anything about motor licenses this long summer. But it may wake up soon and call for a straw ballot.

Portland is having fresh distress over a telephone franchise. The council which gingerly kept the franchise on ice until after the recall election, has drawn it out and passed it four to one. But the professional agitators denounce it and demand that it be referred to the people. Doubtless a referendum will be invoked and the franchise may be defeated at the polls, not so much because it is bad as because of popular fear and suspicion. It is easy to stir up the people so they will vote against anything, and when politicians are out to get votes the agitation is sure to start.

Cherry growers of Washington and Oregon have fared much better than a year ago when the crop was practically ruined by rains. Wasco's crop last year was almost a total loss. This year the growers of that county are barreling and storing a large portion of their crop, so the returns will not be known for months. The shippers of fresh fruit have had a pretty fair season. LaGrande reports shipping will run this year to 50 carloads against 16 last year and 32 in 1929. Cherries sort of balance up on the poor strawberry deal this year.

The big thing is now on. From this time forth the state will have a deluge of oratory and statistics respecting the consolidation of the university and state college. Eugene is filling up her war chest and Corvallis, judging from reports is putting on war paint. This promise to be worse than an old-fashioned wet and dry campaign.

Sen. Borah has been bellowing for inflation. Printing press money has always proven the downfall of any financial system. Sound money is the base of all economic stability. Going on a big drunk merely brings on the splitting headache.

Frankie Roosevelt has a scheme to end the depression. Have the unemployed go out and plant a tree. Great idea. But our idleness out here is because there were too many trees planted in the depression some 200 years ago.

The Oregon Voter says that Frankie Roosevelt reminds it of Marshall Dana, an oratorical bellowing emitting quantities of sound. This ought to be description enough for Oregon voters.

The squabble over license plates has become a real "tag" game. I got your tag, says the gov.; no, you're it, says Hoss. After next Friday the one who is "it" is the fellow with last year's tags.

Yesterdays

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

July 10, 1907
Salem earned the title of "The Cherry City" yesterday and the scores of visitors from various sections of the state and neighboring states were of the opinion that the Capital City was entitled to that appellation. The Salem "Cherry Fair and Flower Festival" was a complete success, it was generally agreed.

With an almost limitless market for Willamette valley fruit products on the prairies, prospects are that the Salem canning plant will run without interruption until the final closing of the season in November. Saturday was the company's record-breaking day, when 664 cases of canned fruit, 12,200 large cans were put up.

The Oregon Consolidated Gold Mines company of Ashland, Jackson county, filed articles of incorporation here yesterday.

July 10, 1923
A paving crew is now at work on the paving of North Summer street from Market street north. The city is laying 11,000 square yards of six-inch concrete to connect Salem with the state highway.

Violence at the hands of striking railway shopmen reached the Pacific coast yesterday at Roseville, Calif., a fruit express employe was shot and at Sacramento, a Southern Pacific water tank was dynamited by six men. The tank was one of the largest owned by the company.

The broadcasting station of the Salem Electric company, in the Masonic building, is nearing completion, and it is attracting attention all up and down the coast. Hundreds of inquiries are coming in concerning it, when it will be ready, what it will accomplish, etc., etc.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question about town: "How do you view the Garner-Hoover controversy over methods of relief?"

R. A. Harris, insurance: "I'm for the Garner view, as a matter of principle. We farm out billions to banks and similar large bodies; I don't see why we should not give direct to the individual. Why, I'd be in favor of the government loaning out five billion dollars to the farmers and letting them have a chance at low interest."

A. C. Bohrnstedt, real estate: "I'm for the Hoover idea. It seems to me Garner would afford an opportunity for individuals who are not good credit risks to unload on the government. If they would put the home loan bill through—if it is what I think it is—it seems to me it would do as much for the individual as anything. For instance, here in Salem I know eight or ten persons who would build if they could be financed. That in turn would put others to work. The individual needs work."

L. R. Schoettler, builders' credit manager: "I'm inclined to favor Garner's stand on the matter."

Daily Thought

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not in figures on a dial."

Political Opinion Like Pajamas; Divided and Noted for Flopping

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

POLITICAL opinion is the pajamas of current conversation—divided and floppy. "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks, of water, of fountains and depths out of valleys and hills." Moses, I think, must have looked upon a land very similar to the Willamette country.

A writer of heavyweight editorials tells us that seeming trifles sometimes effect mighty changes. True, Amos Appis was probably the best political arguer in the neighborhood where he lived. But he couldn't talk without spitting now and then. Always spat between his teeth. Then one day another arguer, who couldn't hold his temper, knocked out Amos's front teeth. Amos never amounted to much as an arguer after that. He got some artificial teeth, but they didn't help a great deal, because every time he tried to spit between 'em they blew out.

It was the end of a perfect day—perfectly hot. I sat on a bench in Willson park, looking into the limpid waters of the Waite fountain pool and wondering how it would seem to be a fish, with everything going on swimmingly in one's affairs, when Cal Lippitt came along and sat down beside me.

"I feel," says Cal, "somehow sort of sad."
"You've been seeing the wrong picture or eating the wrong victuals or figuring out a cure for the depression or something," says I, "and you're old enough to know better."

"No," says Cal, "it ain't any of those things. It's just that when I was coming up here I got a whiff of lilacs, and it wakened in my memory visions of a joy that could not last—something that seemed to weep the dying day's decay, or something like that, as what's his name said."

"Oh," says I, "that's it—you've been reading poetry."

"There was," says Cal dreamily, rubbing his bald spot and gazing pensively at the dome of the state house, "a little white girl, back yonder with a lilac bush in full and fragrant bloom beside it, and there was a girl in a white dress. I'd walked home with her from a church social. I kind of liked to walk home with her from places; just liked her, that's all; and she acted sort of as if she liked me. I never stopped to figure it out. And that night I asked her if she'd mind much if I kissed her. I'd never kissed a girl; hadn't thought of it till then; didn't care much for girls anyway. But that night I asked her."

"Well," says I, "she didn't wish to be kissed."
"A fib, probably," says I. "Well, what next?"
"I didn't care whether she wished to be kissed or not," says Cal, "and I told her so. I couldn't imagine what made me ask her. I honestly thought it didn't mean a darn thing in my young life. She looked at me for a minute or two, then reached up and broke a spray of lilacs from the bush. She kissed it and tossed it to me, laughing. And that was 56 years ago this lilac time." He sighed.
"We lived together, man and wife for more than 40 years. The children grew up and went away. And then, one day, she too went away—in a white dress—with a bunch of lilacs on her bosom—"

Some of the old fellows who are on the road merely grant when questioned. Others talk. One, who was drinking at the fountain on Liberty street the other day, said, "This life on the road ain't so good, but it's better than life in a christian commandment."

We should count time by heart-throbs.
His most lives
Who think most, fools the noblest, acts the best.—Bailly.

If Mr. Hoover Has His Way



The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS
Lola Carawa, "The Night Club Lady," is mysteriously murdered in her penthouse apartment at three o'clock New Year's morning. An hour later, the body of Lola's guest, Christine Quires, is found in Lola's room. Christine had been killed by a jewel thief ring she headed and that Christine met the same fate for knowing too much. Vincent Rowland, Lola's lawyer, discloses that Everett loved Lola and was jealous of Dr. Baldwin. The Commissioner telephotos a picture of a young man, named Basil, found on Lola's dresser, to the Park Prefect, of Police requesting that he identify it and investigate Lola's past. The police are on the trail of Christine's brother, Edgar, who left his Rochester home for New York after receiving a telegram New Year's Eve. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Dr. Multooler, the medical examiner, contradicts Dr. Baldwin's statement that heart failure caused the deaths.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE
THERE was no indication of a history of old heart-trouble? In either girl?"

"None whatever. The girls' hearts were sound as a dollar."

"But Doctor Baldwin told us Lola had suffered from a weak heart."

"Something wrong there, Mr. Colt. I know damn well that her heart could not have suddenly gone haywire and caused the condition I found. The heart muscle contractions in both girls were simply unbelievable."

"Have you no theory at all as to what caused the constriction of the heart muscles?" asked Colt.

"I admit it would look like some foreign cause—poison—something external that had just got into the system either the minute before you found her, or sometime afterward," declared the Assistant Medical Examiner stoutly. "But I went all over them again—even I s'w a ved their heads—there was no trace of poison, and furthermore there was no skin puncture anywhere except on Lola Carawa's arm, which was made by Doctor Baldwin's hypodermic needle. And that's been analyzed down here. It was absolutely innocent—the solution of adrenalin was absolutely harmless!"

Colt cleared his throat unhappily.

"Now, Doctor Multooler," he said, "please don't talk what I am going to say as a criticism. Am I am sorry to ask you to work any more, after the pace you've been going. But this much I know—unless I am making the biggest blunder of my life, there has to be a puncture somewhere on the body of Christine Quires. Will you look again?"

"Mr. Commissioner!"

The voice of Doctor J. L. Multooler rang in a jury and reproach.

"You know you can count on me!" he cried earnestly. "Of course I'll look again. Maybe I'll find something this time. And I'm all the more willing, Mr. Colt, because—even though I have failed to find anything—I know this is murder!"

"What makes you say that?"

"That belt you found!"

"Belt?"

"Strap, I mean—the strap with the buckle on it!"

"What did you find?" urged Colt, his voice charged with eagerness.

"Mr. Colt, they found on the leather of that strap a number of microscopic pieces of human skin."

and bedragged man drove up with an ox team and wagon to the grist mill. On inquiry he found that the man in charge was Owen; Nesmith, the other partner, being store keeper, book-keeper, etc. The ragged man asked Owen had flour, and if he could buy some. He was assured that there was plenty, and it was for sale.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The "sorry immigrant"

At the home dedication surprise party at Ellendale on July 4, R. P. Boise of Salem, by request, told the true "sorry immigrant" story that was current in the early days of Oregon. It will lose a good deal in cold print, and in its imperfect telling, and the reader will kindly make allowances in what follows.

One of the first grist mills in Oregon came about in this way: James H. O'Neal had come to Oregon in or about 1834. In '37 he was with the expedition bringing the California cattle. In '39 he was converted in a revival led by Rev. David Leslie at the old mission. He presided at the famous "wolf meeting" of '43, was on the committee of 13 calling the Champroog meeting of May 2, and on the legislative committee of nine that reported the constitution and laws July 5, '43, and was there chosen judge (justice) of the Yamhill district.

His place was across the river from the old mission, and, the writer believes, he had a ferry there, near where the Westland ferry is now—though not very near, for the Willamette changed its course there with the '61-3 flood.

The Applegate families, spending the winter of '43 at the old mission, moved to the Salt creek district, north of the Rickreall, in '44. They were one long out of flour, and some of them came to about where the Polk county end of the Willamette bridge at Salem is now, and yelled and yelled for across with their leaky ferry boat and take them over. They gave it up, and attempted to build a dam, and had hard luck at it. Then the members of the Applegate party all went through another siege of yelling—and finally made themselves heard, and were ferried over, their wagon loaded with flour at the mission mill, ferried home, and finally reached home, after a trip of several days.

So they and their few neighbors wanted a grist mill in their neighborhood very much. Jesse Applegate was surveyor. They had heard that O'Neal had worked in a grist mill. Jesse surveyed a mill site, locating it where Ellendale creek comes into the Rickreall, just above the bridge that spans the latter stream, beyond and near the present Ellendale home of R. P. Boise.

But they had no mill stones. They found some granite on the land claim of Leander Holmes of Holmes Gap—the man whose proxy, secured by Jesse Applegate, was sent to Horace Grosely, giving him a seat in the Chicago convention of 1860, that resulted in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln and turned the course of history.

They hewed the mill stones and hauled them with ox teams to the site, and soon there was a grist mill going; though the stones gave a good deal of grit in the early day flour. Better ones were later imported—are now preserved by the Oregon Historical society at Portland. J. W. Nesmith and Henry Owen bought the O'Neal mill, built a combined boarding house and store, and extended the business. In the California gold rush thousands of barrels of flour were taken with horse and mule pack trains from the Nesmith-Owen mill to Fort Sutter. It was at first the nearest mill to the mines—several hundred miles away.

Henry Owen was known by pioneer Oregonians as "Hen" Owen, in years afterward also known as the "swamp angel," on account of his large acquisition of swamp lands; some of them reputed to be as dry as Sahara. But that is another story. James W. Nesmith was known by his familiar name Jim—afterward U. S. senator, congressman, U. S. Indian agent, etc., etc.

When Hen went to the house (in which was the store) for dinner

(Continued on page 3)