

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Congress Adjourns

CONGRESS finally came to the adjournment of what has been a long and arduous session. The strain on the members has been great; and it has been accentuated in recent weeks by the presence in Washington and about the capitol of the bonus army, whose potentialities for trouble were great. Fortunately the tense moments were smoothed by the discreet methods of Chief of Police Glassford, so that no outbreaks occurred.

The congress adjourns, and there is a sense of relief over its adjournment. It was not that what congress passed was injurious but that there was always the chance for extravagant and unsound legislation. As a matter of fact most of the big laws passed were those specifically endorsed by Pres. Hoover, measures designed to meet the economic situation which prevails. The greatest disappointment over the country is that congress failed to make more drastic cuts in government operating expenses. The economy measures taken were but a fraction of what is vitally necessary to bring cost of government within the comfortable limits of public taxation.

Now the congress will have a rest and business will have a rest from legislative threats. This may permit the slow processes of healing to go forward, perhaps with increased speed.

Congress has been subject to great abuse on the part of the public. It has received more condemnation than it is entitled to. Citizens should be grateful not only for what was done, but particularly for some things which congress failed to do which would have been disastrous.

The Premier's Job

BEING premier of England is not all beer and skittles. The sun never sets on the British empire, and likewise there seems no hour of day or night when the premier is free from the cares of his big office. Just think of the items which Premier MacDonald must have had on his daily calendar.

He has just concluded the most trying negotiations of post-war history, the conference at Lausanne. This would have fallen apart had it not been that both the French and the Germans trusted the Scotchman. That over MacDonald effected some kind of deal with the allied nations the obvious purpose of which is to put up a united front for war debt reduction from the United States. At the same time the premier has to reassure this country that no strong-arm tactics are envisioned.

The next item on the calendar is to keep the Irish from trying to lick the English again. And this is as delicate a bit of negotiating as trying to keep Germany from slipping over the brink.

Meantime nothing has been heard from Gandhi for some months so it may be expected that India will kick over the traces soon and keep MacDonald from enjoying a rest at Lonsmouth.

The imperial conference at Ottawa is getting under way this month and there may be questions which it will pass up to the premier for an expression of opinion.

Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown. That was the old saying before monarchs learned how to keep both head and crown by letting the people have a prime minister who could do all the work, have all the worry, and then be kicked out when the people felt they wanted a change.

Mt. Angel Forges Ahead

OUR guess is that Mt. Angel is the most prosperous community in this county, perhaps in the state of Oregon. The bank statement there is the strongest we have seen of the small banks,—oodles of cash on hand doubtless because the farmers up there are depositors instead of borrowers. A new business block is under construction at the present time; and the creamery is planning to construct a new butter manufacturing plant. Bids have been asked for on a concrete structure 96 by 121 ft. The present buildings would be used for offices and storage space.

This cooperative creamery has been highly successful and is now making 25% more butter than in 1931. The first six months it churned over a million pounds of butter which was more than for the entire year of 1930.

Good management, good quality product, and good marketing facilities have made possible this expansion. While butterfat is low in price, feed prices have been low too, so there may be a little margin left for the dairyman.

Mt. Angel seems to vote for hops; but its prosperity really depends on milk and butter.

Ever see a one-legged man get off a moving freight? One did the other night here in Salem. He was on the platform at the end of a tank car. The train, instead of stopping, got its orders on the wing and started speeding up when the engine passed the depot. The man swung on his crutches and lurched off. As he went his pal behind him gave him a kick to enable him to clear the train, then jumped himself. The cripple landed in a heap but arose unaided, brushed himself off, picked up his crutches and ambled off with a smile. His partner said, "I didn't think it could be done." Nor did those who saw it think it possible; but to the one-legged man it seemed all in the day's routine.

The countries of Argentina and Uruguay have broken off diplomatic relations; but these countries are always at odds. They remind one of two rival colleges. In fact they have national clashes and outbreaks over the loss of a football game, so Roy Hewitt says. The Latin temperament is mercurial to the last degree, and trivial incidents inflame the populace to fighting fury for a brief period. When the Hewitts were in Buenos Aires the two peoples got into a while however order was restored; and so it probably will be this time. Shortly the necessary amends will be made and diplomatic relations will be resumed until some fresh clash makes the blood run hot again.

The truck operators are busy fighting on West's new truck bill regulating their operations and seeking to reduce the menace of these moving freight cars on public highways. At the same time they are holding out on the fees and taxes which they should pay the state of Oregon under the 1929 law. They come before the voters in poor grace if they haven't paid their dues for the last year or two. Truck lines have been so busy cutting each other's throats it is not surprising they have nothing left to pay taxes with.

The college profs seem to have gotten a lot off their chest at the Institute of International Relations held at Reed College. Meanwhile the world will continue to move along lines of the resultant of the forces of greed, fear, selfishness, race prejudice, religious intolerance with a modicum of intelligence filtering in.

Far From the Catskills



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Neither Indian nor white,
A true Salem pioneer story!

Nelson was the first born son of Wesley Hauxhurst and his Calapooia Indian wife, Mary. The father was born in Brooklyn, New York, had been a sailor; left his ship in California and came with the Hwing Young and Hall J. Kelley party in 1834.

He took the Indian girl, Mary, into his cabin, worked for the Jason Lee mission, built there the first grist mill in present Oregon, was converted there, married the girl, was baptized July 16, 1837, on the day of the first wedding of white men and women west of the Rockies and north of the Mexican (California) line; was the first white man to become a Protestant Christian in the same territory.

His name is on the Champsoe monument. He took a donation land claim, except the present highway south of the penitentiary; was one of the organizers of the First Methodist church of Salem; sent his older children to the Oregon Institute, and after its name was changed, to Willamette university; was a member of the first board of trustees of Willamette university; moved to Salem about '60-61 and the family lived in the house, still standing, southwest corner of Church and Center streets, and, in the late sixties or early seventies, went to Tillamook county, of which more later on in this article, or series.

To the Hauxhursts were born at least seven sons and three daughters, who all grew to manhood and womanhood, except one boy, drowned in infancy in Mill creek on the donation claim, near the prison site.

The immediate subject is the fate and fortune of Nelson Hauxhurst, no doubt a true pioneer of Salem. He was a fellow student and seat mate of Joseph A. Baker, now longest time resident of Salem, who will be 93 on the 23rd of this month, while they together attended the Oregon Institute, in 1849 and 1850.

Mr. Baker remembers Nelson as a fine, upstanding, earnest and studious young fellow, about his own age, and as a most companionable chum. Nelson showed in physical appearance little of the Indian. A strange mix of races had clasped him as all white. He had a fine mind. Mr. Baker says one is likely to judge such matters by comparison, and since Nelson wrote a better hand than he did, was quicker in mathematical problems, and grasped other subjects more readily than he could, naturally his conclusion was that his seat mate was unusually bright, for, as a matter of course, he did not regard himself as slow or dull.

Both boys had ambitions running along the same lines; each wished to become a physician. They pursued this dream, until circumstances beyond his control made Joe in succession a harness maker, policeman, city marshal, sheriff, merchant, banker, etc., etc., while Nelson kept before him his original quest.

After Nelson had finished his university course, opportunities for going on towards his goal did not open. His birth was against him, more so in the pioneer Oregon setting than it would be now. He was to the whites an Indian. So he was for a long time like a ship in the doldrums. He had no whither to turn.

This made him cynical. He

hated his fate. He complained about this to his chum, Joe Baker, and to others. R. P. Boise of Salem remembers this period of Nelson's career, or rather pause and lack of opportunity to pursue a career, either of his choosing, or any other.

Nelson Hauxhurst came to the point where he cursed his father for marrying a squaw and bringing him into an unfriendly world. He said that with the whites he was an Indian, and with the Indians he was no Indian at all, but a white man. He was worse than the man without a country. He was a man without a race, without a status in society, without an opportunity.

Embittered, he did little or nothing for a time, except nurse his grudge against his father, became more or less dissipated, reckless, without purpose. He may have even committed acts of outlawry; of which there is a tradition, both in his Salem environment, and in the Tillamook country; though it is not certain that he ever followed his family to their Tillamook county home, for even a temporary stay. And there is nothing definitely known now about the tradition.

Later, Nelson Hauxhurst left Oregon; went to one of the South American countries, where he was a white man and where, if his part Indian blood became known, it did not matter—in fact might have been an advantage.

Reports came back that he pursued his medical studies, achieved great success, became a renowned physician and surgeon. The report was current in both the Willamette valley and in the Tillamook country. So persistent has been the tradition that the writer regards its truth as probably. If any reader has more definite information, the Bits man would be gratified to have it, for publication. If Dr. Nelson Hauxhurst is still living, he must be

LAY SERMON

DESERTERS OF BLACK ARTS
And not a few of them that practiced magic and sorcery, and were burned.

Here was an early bonfire of the paraphernalia of superstition. Yet the holocaust was not complete for each age sees a new crop of literature, a new windrow of victims, a new exploitation of superstitious suckers.

Man has the habit of returning to his appetites. These lovers of magic may have soon found their way back to the subtle tricks of their trade when the glow of a new enthusiasm died away. It seems a characteristic of human nature that, like the moth and the flame, man fails to learn from experience.

The evil of gambling is not so much the risk of a few coins on the toss of the dice or the revolution of the game wheel; it is the nature of the luckless individual again and again to the gaming board until his substance is wasted and his moral character broken. He continuously thinks in terms of a big winning which he is sure will come his way if only he can get a stake to renew his gambling.

almost 100 years old.

Rev. George Gary, who came in 1844 and began winding up the affairs of the mission, visited the Hauxhursts and spoke of the excellent cooking of Mrs. Hauxhurst and told of the drowning of their young boy in Mill creek, and of the funeral at which the sermon was preached by Rev. David Leslie. He gave high compliments concerning the character and worth of Hauxhurst, which tallied with the feelings of all pioneers who left any records of him. He spoke of Hauxhurst's early reckless and dissipated career, his taking into his cabin the Calapooia Indian girl, his conversion and contrition, and his marriage of her. In writing of the funeral, he concludes with these words:

"But the Father of all has taken the little one home, where he will never suffer either in his feelings or relations in life for being a half breed."

One must conclude that the good preacher had a belief that there will be no color line in heaven, nor any race prejudice. (There will follow on Tuesday something of the life of the Hauxhurst family after having gone to Tillamook county.)

Daily Thought

"I congratulate poor young men upon being born to that ancient and honorable degree which renders it necessary that they should devote themselves to hard work."—Andrew Carnegie.

COMMUNITY CLUB MEETS

PIONEER, July 16.—The Community club met in regular session, monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Anna Brock Thursday afternoon with President Curtiss in charge. The following program was enjoyed: Mrs. C. Domaschofsky told of their trip to Germany; Anna and Freda Smith entertained with a harmonica duet and Ada Smith gave the reading with which she won first place in the Polk county declamatory contest.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carrawe, "The Night Club Lady", and her guest, Christine Quire, are mysteriously murdered in the former's apartment. Scorpions were the instruments of death. The police suspect Guy Everett, the last person to see Christine alive, but he has blackmailed Everett. He, however, claims that Christine discovered a plot to kill Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt learns that a young Paris bank clerk, named Basil Boucher, loved Lola. After robbing a bank to buy her a ruby, Basil disappeared. His parents sold medical laboratory specimens, Mrs. Carrawe, Lola's mother, became hysterical at the mention of Basil, calling her daughter a beast and saying Lola never loved him. Edgar Quire, Christine's brother, left his Rochester home for New York following the receipt of a telegram the day of the murders. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Suspicion also points to Dr. Hugh Baldwin, whom it is disclosed that he purchased scorpions. He had stated heart failure caused the deaths. Colt, calling to question Baldwin, finds him dead.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

THE moment we were alone Colt his finger on the dead man's brought me to the body and put throat. "There, Tony," he pointed out, "is the deadly kiss of the Durango." And there indeed it was, a tiny red vesicle, crimson over the jugular vein. "And here," added Thatcher Colt, bending beside the sprawled figure, "is the messenger of death!" He picked up the dead insect between his fingers—its long feelers waved as my expelled breath passed over them. In silence, Colt put the Mexican scorpion into an envelope, sealed and marked it and gave it into my keeping. "Our work is cut out for us," continued the Commissioner, "but before I notify Flynn and the rest, I want to do some private sleuthing and ask a few questions without interruption. Has Mrs. Baldwin regained consciousness?"

"I found the pudgy little widow sitting on the edge of a easy chair in the front office, staring blankly, while Miss Simon talked to her soothingly and rubbed her head with some aromatic fluid."

As always, in such investigations, my instincts revolted against the work we now had to do. This poor woman should be surrounded with sympathy and understanding, strict privacy and loving ministrations. But that was impossible. In her own way, she was to be a victim—as in life, who is not? She would want to be alone but instead she would have to face the police. Even in these first few moments of shock and terror and numbing surprise, the widow of Doctor Baldwin must answer Thatcher Colt's questions, must allow the uttermost intimacies of her married life to be revealed, pried into, dangled before her, to be identified, analyzed and explained away. To Colt, as to me, this is and will always be the most distasteful feature of police work. But there is no escape. Here as everywhere else the quest of truth does not lie down a pleasant path.

Thatcher Colt stood before Mrs. Hugh Baldwin and spoke to her kindly, explaining the necessity for questioning her. But she put the Commissioner immediately at ease. In a low voice and with her round blue eyes fixed upon him clearly, she said:

"I know that Hugh has died suddenly, and I know that he was called in last night upstairs, so I am not surprised to find you here and I am ready to answer your questions."

It seemed a brave speech, a courageous attitude, and Colt said as much as he drew up a chair, sat



"I knew perfectly well that Doctor Baldwin had been involved with Lola Carrawe and that she was an evil influence in his life," said Mrs. Baldwin.

down and faced her, while I drew out notebook and pencil. "Did your husband return home last night, Mrs. Baldwin?"

"No, but he telephoned."

"About what time?"

"It was after four o'clock."

"Will you tell me what he said?"

"It was a strange conversation, Mr. Colt. I suppose there is no use pretending that Hugh and I were happy together. We weren't. We hadn't been for a long, long time. It was my fault, too, I guess. When we were married, I was not like I am today. I had the figure of a little girl. I didn't take care of myself and I just grew to be like I am now. So I couldn't blame Hugh for—well, for looking at other people now and then. I tried to understand. He had never asked me for a divorce. And he was always gentle, but brooding and miserable. If he had asked, I would have given him his freedom, even though I loved him more, much more, than when we were married. I would have done anything for Hugh."

"Last night I stayed home with the children. We had a little New Year's party just among ourselves. We didn't know where Hugh was. The children were all in bed around one o'clock and so was I but I couldn't get to sleep. I know that it was after four o'clock when the telephone rang, and I was so glad to hear his voice. He said he was at the office, that he had come to a decision about our affairs and that he was going over a lot of business matters and that I would hear from him early in the day. It had been a long time, Mr. Colt, since Hugh talked to me like that. His voice was tender. He told me he had missed me. He said he wished things could be as they used to be. And he told me that no matter what he had done he had never stopped loving me. And then he hung up."

For a moment there was silence. Mrs. Baldwin had not mentioned her visitor of the night before—the mysterious caller of whom we had been told. But Colt held this back.

"Why did you come here this morning?" he asked.

"I had just read the papers," Mrs. Baldwin explained. "I knew perfectly well that Doctor Baldwin

had been involved with Lola Carrawe, as she called herself, and I knew that she was an evil influence in his life. Some of the papers published some very unpleasant insinuations."

Colt glanced at me. So Dougherty was up to his old tricks again! I tried to get Hugh on the telephone. Mrs. Baldwin went on, "but Miss Simon explained that he had gone out."

Here Miss Simon interrupted: "The doctor went out shortly after I arrived this morning, Mr. Colt, and soon after he was gone Mrs. Baldwin telephoned. When he came back I told him that Mrs. Baldwin was on her way to the office. He looked at me without replying, then went into the private office, closing the door. I didn't know that he had locked it."

"And that is all you can tell me, Miss Simon?" asked Colt.

"That's all I know, sir," Colt turned to me.

"Get Marshall over here. He's working across the street in a door man's uniform."

As I hurried out, Colt was resuming his examination, getting the factual data about Doctor Baldwin. By the time I had returned with Detective Marshall in his ornamental uniform of blue and gold, Colt had a sheet of notes beside him, which he turned over to me. While Marshall and I waited, he continued:

"Under the circumstances, Mrs. Baldwin, it will be necessary to delay the plans for the funeral until the police have completed their investigation. I would suggest that you return home now. Have your relatives in the city?"

The stout little lady stood up and dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief, three inches square, the perfume of which filled the room.

"Only my children," she answered. "We have two boys and a girl. They will have to be told."

She extended a plump little hand. "You've tried to be very kind to me. Thank you, Mr. Colt."

"Mayn't I go home with her?" entreated Miss Simon, impulsively. But Mrs. Baldwin straightened her back, insisting:

"No, thank you, my dear. I think I would rather be alone."

(To Be Continued)
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It's Ideal Neighbor Who Minds Others' Business, But Tactfully

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The term "a good neighbor" implies more—or less—than any other term of which I know.

One opinion: A good neighbor is one who attends strictly to his own affairs. Another opinion: The ideal neighbor is one who doesn't attend strictly to his own affairs and does it tactfully and with due consideration for the rights and feelings of others.

Personally, I have always managed to get along harmoniously with the neighbors. Of course, a few snappish words now and then relative to garden-scratching hens or hole-digging dogs, which hens and dogs were my property, but nothing of a really serious nature.

The perfect neighborhood, like the perfect anything else, has yet come to pass. I doubt whether it should like to live in a perfect neighborhood. Too dull.

There are neighbors whose intentions are good, but whose actions are not so good. A fellow must have something to test his neighbor's fortitude, and his sort of neighbor answers the purpose very well.

Some poet, one of the gay school which prevailed in the day of the hilarious Wesley brothers, long before folks realized how many unnecessary features were necessary to the successful life, wrote a definition of neighbors, of which I recall the concluding lines:

"When'er thou meet'st a human form
Remember thy neighbor's grief.
Of give thou quick relief."



D. H. TALMADGE

There was once a boy who learned something about neighbors by means of an accident. He was quite a big boy, perhaps 15 years old, and he lived in a country town with his poor but honest parents in a small house at the front end of a large lot on the rear end of which was a barn and a henhouse. Between the house and the henhouse was a large garden which produced each season a vast number of weeds, which had to be hoed, and potato bugs and a few vegeta-

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday made the following inquiry: "What is the best news you have read or heard this week? The poorest?"

F. B. Fargo, grocer: "I guess the best news I've read is passage of the relief bill by the house. The calamity at Coney Island was the worst."

D. D. Dodson, employment director: "The price of hogs is the best. They practically doubled in the week that they are having revolutions in South America is the poorest news."

H. Brinker, farmer: "The price of hogs is going up, and the worst, the continued cold weather."

E. Kingsley, Portland merchant: "Warm weather ahead—to speed up business, and heat wave in the east."

Also the garden produced in the mind of the boy a considerable amount of perturbation.

On either side were neighbors, those to the south being a man and a woman whom the boy disliked because they were much given to finding fault with matters for which he was in some degree responsible, such as stray chickens and stray baseballs and stray dogs and other things. Yes, sir and madam, they actually made a heck of a fuss because once a lady dog which the boy had adopted gave birth to a family of small pups in a basket of clothes on their back porch. That sort of folks, you know. Disagreeable.

The neighbors to the north were different. They were, perhaps, a bit snooty, but they had a family of small pups in a basket of clothes on their back porch. That sort of folks, you know. Disagreeable.

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