

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## "Forgive us Our Debts as We Forgive Our Debtors"

EUROPE'S powers have gone David Harum and Jay Gould in an attempt to be rid of debt due the United States. The farther away the Lausanne conference becomes the more clearly Europe's reasoning is. The powers saw that Germany was totally unable to pay the staggering residue of reparations even after the Dawes and then the Young plan scaled down. Even if Germany had capacity to pay, the rise of fascist Hitler, the return of the Junkers and the strength of the communistic wing made it plain that Germany would not pay if she could.

Therefore European nations determined that the dying wooden horse of reparations had better be traded before it expired altogether. With a magnanimous although forced gesture, remaining reparations were scaled down to \$700,000,000 payable in German bonds which will not be issued until the world market will accept them at a discount of not more than 10 per cent. If these bonds cannot be floated, reparations in entirety are as dead as a dodo.

But Europe hoped at Lausanne and still hopes to win by her "charity." If Germany cannot be longer chiseled per chance the United States can. Official Washington is afraid in the face of an election to talk scale-down of the England-Italian-French combined debt of \$9,000,000 to us, but Hoover undoubtedly would favor marked reduction. Senator Borah would probably yield if European nations would offset their armament expenditures to the extent their debts were cancelled.

The burden of Europe's plea for debt reduction is this: The world war was a common cause and the United States "loans" were in reality contributions of one ally to the mutual task of defeating Germany; Europe is financially insolvent and cannot pay the debts if she would; the Allies have wiped the German slate nearly clean and America should be equally magnanimous.

The weakness and card-stacking in the plea of Europe lie in these facts: We did not make the war loans as a contribution to a common cause; the loans were made on regular promises to pay and in all the treatments made of them for 10 years after the war this situation was admitted; fully one-third of the loans went for post-war uses while more than one-half of the money advanced to France went to rehabilitate that country. Because the Allies cancelled reparations (contingent on reduction of their own debts) is no fair argument for similar reductions by the United States. The Allies stripped the losers of their colonies, made over the map of Europe, took \$3,000,000 to \$12,000,000 in reparations before any "cancellation" was done. America received not one cent in victor's tribute. As for Europe's capacity to pay, no one seems to know what it is. Five years ago France was undergoing financial tortures stabilizing her franc. Today she is as prosperous as any nation on the globe. Ability to pay shifts too rapidly.

Probably the soundest argument for debt reduction by the United States is the one that it might be the impetus to restore world confidence. It could be used as a very dear trading offering for securing lower tariffs, removal of national boycotts on goods and for markedly reduced armaments in Europe.

This nation must never forget, however, that every cent of war loans waived must be made up by the American taxpayer who indebted his country to make the advances and now must pay off the government bonds in taxes. Every cent waived strengthens the situations of the private investors in Europe, most of whom placed their moneys after the war, knowing the prior claims of the United States government.

Time will work to the advantage of the debtors in Europe and weaken the American position. But with Europe armed to the teeth, with a raid on the gold-dollar only recently unsuccessful, and with more than a two-billion dollar deficit in one year in the United States necessitating wartime taxes, the plea of Europe that we forget about \$9,000,000 owed us comes at a poor time.

## How Times Change

It was only a decade ago that school superintendents would not hire teachers with bobbed hair, and "mamas" who had cut their tresses in summer came back in the fall, their locks disguised by false hair and pins. One-piece bathing beauties were ordered off the municipal beaches of Chicago. Women smoking attracted public attention. A decade ago a movie heroine invariably protected her virtue and scurried around a table or jumped out of the window to escape the villain who still pursued her in reel five. Ankles were beginning to appear and high school girls wore silk hose, but knee-length skirts were as yet Parisian and many a mother thought cotton stockings sufficiently good for the junior female of the family. A moral ending was a necessity for any of the flicker films. The current magazine sensations were much confined to Whizz-Bang, read surreptitiously, and True Stories.

In 1932 social convention has turned far to another extreme. Libby Holman, the world knows, is to be a mother—and knows it far in advance. The Lucky Strike girl blinks not an eyebrow as she smokes her way across the nation. The one-piece of the bathing suit has been so notched, chiseled and pared that the old-time fig leaf may be the next Jantzen style. Silk stockings—heavens—how silly; Miss 1932 wears no stockings unless company is coming and mother insists. The movies have kept step—perhaps they have led the social change. Mistresses flourish and Mr. Hayes does no scissoring. Imagination on the part of the theatregoer is useless; the realist producers leave it no field. "Ballyhoo," which put its forerunners to shame, gains circulation as fast as Helene Madison swims, and a score of magazine apes arise to keep it pornographic company.

All while, Dame Custom frets and worries and makes the "younger generation's ways" subjects for lugubrious discussions.

The odd thing about all the rapid social transformations of our day which have come as fast and have unsettled us almost as much as the radio, the auto, the airplane, is that the authorities are as yet undetermined whether these changes have been good or bad. Somehow or other the bold, blase, frank, scantily attired person of today seems no worse and perhaps a bit better than the convention-bound, prudish, circumspect edition of yesterday. Perhaps in these social changes as in most other affairs of life the middle-roads

## Gee Pa! Y'look Grand!



## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 11, 1907

Work on the new asylum addition has temporarily ceased on account of delay in the arrival of the steel which will be required in its construction. The main purpose of the new addition is to provide a ward for the criminal insane. The windows, instead of being protected with the wire grating similar to that used on other departments, will be provided with heavy bars.

Ray W. Simeral, son of R. L. Simeral of Macleay, was last week honored by being chosen chief engineer of the electric light plant at Marshfield on Coos Bay.

Three bloodhounds have been secured for the Oregon penitentiary which will be used in running down escaped convicts.

August 11, 1922

Salem Indian school is soon to have a new dormitory, to cost \$50,000 and to accommodate between 150 and 200 boys. It will replace historic old Brewer hall, named after David Brewer, for so many years the practical mainstay of the school.

COLUMBUS, O. — Candidates endorsed by the Anti-Saloon league in this state's gubernatorial primary election are leading their wet opponents, according to latest ballot counts.

PORTLAND — Extensive irregularities indicated late today during the recheck of republican gubernatorial primary votes, threw \$4 votes to the Olcott side and caused District Attorney Stanley Meyers to announce that an immediate investigation of the election count in precinct 201 of

will be those that endure; the people who realize that if we have lost the charm of modesty we have gained the good of candor; if we have departed from femininity we have set out for the single standard.

## Check and Double Check

INVESTIGATION by Charles M. Thomas, utilities commissioner, of the status of the Oregon-Washington Water Service company here, will tend to verify rather than increase knowledge already available about that company's situation. The inventory asked by Mr. Thomas was furnished the city's engineers, Baar & Cunningham; the purchase price has already been determined; the capital additions since the present ownership took the plant are on file with the state. Mr. Thomas may obtain more knowledge than is now at hand regarding the operation expenses of the company.

The company's own report for 1931 to the state utilities commissioner shows net earnings for the period of 7.3 per cent. If Thomas finds expenses too high or refuses to accept the valuation the utilities commission has formerly allowed a reduction order in water rates here may follow. If he does not make such an order, his findings will confirm or disprove and perhaps amplify the facts the city of Salem already has from its \$6000 survey by Baar & Cunningham.

Tillamook, incensed at its privately owned utility system, has voted by a narrow margin to form a utility district, the first to be voted under the new Oregon law. The utilities commissioner, meantime, is to conduct a public hearing later this month on the Mountain States Power company there. When the valuations of that concern are made public and its operation charges examined, Tillamook may decide its wisest course is to get lower rates and better service from its existing utility.

If Dr. Zook were candidate for a coachship instead of a mere chancellor's job, he would probably be not in Montana and a lucrative contract would be forced upon him. As it is, he had better enter the state wearing a long black beard and playing deaf and dumb. To be seen in the company of any of the present warring elements endangers his life.

The murder trial just concluded here was very disappointing. There was no eternal triangle, no unborn babies were concerned, the defendant was neither the owner or the owner-by-marriage of wealth and the method of the alleged shooting was unromantic in the extreme.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Grant an Oregonian:

Readers of this column know U. S. Grant resided in Oregon territory in the early fifties, attached as regimental quartermaster to a company of United States soldiers at Fort Vancouver.

Not the old Fort Vancouver of the Hudson's Bay company, but the temporary one near it that was maintained as a pioneer post until the property of the Hudson's Bay company was transferred to the U. S. government. Through the death of Col. Bliss, July 5, 1853, Lieut. Grant was promoted to be the captain of a company on Humboldt bay, California, and some months later went to take his new command. That was several months before the territory of Washington was proclaimed. Grant was thus an Oregonian all the time he was at Vancouver.

In the first volume of Grant's Memoirs, page 210, he wrote: "My family all this while (1852-54) was in the east. It consisted now of a wife and two children. I saw no chance of supporting them on the Pacific coast out of my pay as an army officer. I concluded, therefore, to resign, and in March (1854) applied for a leave of absence until the end of July following, tendering my resignation to take effect at the end of that time."

"I left the Pacific coast very much attached to it, and with the FULL EXPECTATION of making it my future home. That expectation and that HOPE remained unperpetrated in my mind until the lieutenant-generalcy bill was introduced into congress in the winter of 1862-1864. The passage of that bill, and my promotion, blasted my LAST HOPE of ever becoming a citizen of the further west."

Readers of Bits know also that Abraham Lincoln was offered appointment as territorial governor of Oregon. Had he accepted, what a different story might have been spread onto the pages of the history of this country and the world!

Lincoln had other reasons to be watchful of events in early Oregon. His great friend, Col. E. D. Baker, was here, powerfully aiding in organizing the forces of the newly born republican party and seeking to be chosen United States senator, there to be one of the staunchest and ablest supporters of the policies of the great emancipator.

Josee Applegate was here, and his work put into the hands of Horace Greeley the proxy of Le (Continued on Page 7)

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE SANTIAM HIGHWAYS

Among the Oregon highway projects for which federal funds were allocated Friday and for which contracts will be let on August 24 are several Santiam highway projects, all of which will contribute to the speedy completion of the north Santiam highway.

Two of these projects are a part of the South Santiam highway project as well as the North Santiam, because they are a part of the route west of the junction of the two Santiam highways which is common to both.

These projects are the grading of three and a half miles from Hog Rock west and the oiling of 13 miles from Sisters to Suttle Lake.

In the group is a project which will benefit the North Santiam route alone. This is the clearing of ten miles north of its junction with the South Santiam. With the grading contracts already let, this represents the beginning of the construction of the last section of the North Santiam highway.

There is no dodging the fact that the North Santiam route will be completed long before the South Santiam, notwithstanding the fact that the South Santiam has been on the state's major highway system since 1917. The reason for this is that the North Santiam is being constructed with federal funds, which an Oregon United States senator and congressman can supply easily.

But the South Santiam project will be completed sometime, and when it is finished the work that is now being done east of the North and South Santiam junction will be an advantage.

Albany Democrat-Herald.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman: There seems to be an effort being made to stimulate sentiment against civil service for the fire department, and against its exten-

# HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

**SYNOPSIS:**  
"Marriage is like reading a novel without suspense. No matter how charmed you may be at first with the words, a sustained effort demands little surprises, little moments of not knowing what's going to happen." Pamela Warren informed her lovely, young niece, Patricia Braithwaite, as they basked in the Palm Beach sunshine. Eight years before the wealthy Pamela had married handsome Jimmie Warren, and, in spite of an overwhelming love, their marriage had palled. Pat was shocked to learn that her father had lost his fortune. Aunt Pam suggested that Pat immerse her father's and her own future by marrying the wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine, warning that the glamour of love wears off. Pat goes to an isolated spot, alone, to solve her problem where she meets a handsome young man who only reveals his first name—Jack. He tells her of his plantation, "Eagle's Nest," where he hopes to go some day with the "right" girl.

## CHAPTER FOUR

The beach was utterly deserted. They were alone in an empty world. Even the cars beyond the hedge had ceased their eternal procession. Cloud tatters drew together above their heads, banking softly, white-ly and very low. Great clusters of palm trees impinged plumes of green fire upon the pale blue. Here and there a royal poinciana stretched strong limbs, its feathery foliage like swarms of green butterflies hovering about the lavish outpouring of vine and blossom. A cooling wind released the tranced verdure, and all the countryside shook with happy silent laughter.

Abruptly she noticed how near they lay together. It gave her a sense of guilty intimacy. She wanted to move, but dared not, lest she break the spell that held her. A single move might fling her back into the smashed world from which she had emerged.

If only by some witchery of this aloof and quiet loveliness she might be forever imprisoned in its embrace, so that there could be no return to that laced ugliness where men and women schemed and plotted against beauty. If only he would say, "Come with me to this Eagle's Nest above the sordid troubles of life." She caught up her thought, startled by its significance. A deep blush suffused her face and she lifted suddenly on elbows cupping her chin in her hands, her eyes on the high road lest he should see and guess the cause of her agitation.

What a nonsense I am thinking. As if there could be peace for me which did not include Daddy. And for the old there is peace only in freedom from poverty. Money is needed to buy beauty for them. And all my life he has given me beauty.

She sat up. The spell was broken. The incredible future was waiting. All the beauty of a small life had been a delusion—the last delusion of childhood. I'm a woman now. And the way has been laid out for me. There's no escaping it.

He watched her narrowly, sensing her return to the trouble that had brought her to this lonely spot. "Troubles unloaded on a friend never seem quite so heavy," he said, giving her a look of intimacy and appeal, like a small boy asking roundaboutly to be allowed to carry one's books from school.

How strange he was. And how nice. An urgency swept her to tell this stranger, who was not a stranger, all that troubled her—this man who had come to her out of the sea to be "a friend by the side of the road."

She spoke without turning to him, her voice weighed with passion and rebellion. "I've discovered that life is just a nastiness covered over with a smiling behind the hand."

She stopped short, ashamed of



"Surely this is the Eagle's Nest," she sighed.

her outburst. But the grey eyes that met her own were grave. He lit a cigarette, blowing a blue streamer into the thin gold air. Then: "Is it as bad as that?" he asked gently. She made no reply, and after a brief space he demanded: "What do you do?"

Her small fair face was sullen. She answered bitterly, gazing into space, "Dance, golf, ride, drive, swim, chatter, flirt."

"An appalling array of occupations," he said with an irresistible laugh in which, against her will, she joined.

"Isn't it?" she agreed, trying to maintain her sense of bitterness, but aware of a sharp lifting of the spirit, as if their laughter had blown her troubles behind a veil.

What was the mystery of him which left her without conviction in her own troubles? As if her outburst had been the dramatic spouting of lines she previously rehearsed, it was which, appearing most dramatic in rehearsal, were flat and bombastic when spoken aloud. She felt shy and childish and wanted to change the subject.

"You—do things?" she asked, stealing a glance at his curiously contradictory hands.

"I have done things," he said, "Many things. Now I'm sort of taking stock."

She rose with a sigh. "I must go."

"I'll come for you tonight," he said as they turned up the beach, "and we'll attend the opera of the sea."

She nodded. Isn't he going to ask my last name? Nor tell me his? How will he find me? She had a pang of fear. Did he really live? Or was he merely the Spirit of Romance, having no true existence? Was he but a beautiful play-boy created by all the millions of girls who had hungered for romance and been defeated by monstrous, incredible life?

When they were even with the tent, he stopped. "Won't you come in and see how luxurious I am?" Untying the flaps of the tent, he lifted the curtain for her.

With a little thrill she stepped inside. An army cot, an array of canned goods, stacks of paper plates, a kerosene lamp and a folding stool. On the neatly spread cot a volume of Gibbons' "Rome" lay open. So quiet. So simple. No rushing about of restless discontent.

fortunate right now that it is under the service. The service does not hold surplus help. It determines what help shall be let go.

Instead of repeating we should extend the service.

EUGENE T. PRESCOTT.  
1064 Oak street.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

**H**ERNIA, or "rupture," as it is more commonly called, is frequently met by doctors and is an affliction that often is neglected. It is not a disease, but a defect due to mechanical weakness of certain parts of the body. This defect may be present at birth, or may be the result of severe muscular strain. It is often seen among workers who lift weights or use foot pressure.

The word hernia means "protrusion," and hernia is a protrusion of part of the abdominal contents between the muscles of the abdominal wall.

At birth there are three weak spots in the abdominal wall, located at what the doctors call the "inguinal," "umbilical" and "diaphragmatic" parts of the abdomen. These weak spots may persist through life, or they may disappear. When the weakness persists in an individual whose occupation requires severe exertion, rupture is likely to occur. The danger is accentuated also by persistent coughing, as in chronic asthma and tuberculosis.

As time goes on the rupture grows larger and larger. There may be little pain and discomfort at first, but these develop when the protrusion is sufficiently large and when it interferes with the normal activities of the victim.

**Answers to Health Queries**  
"A Reader." Q.—What do you advise for psoriasis?  
A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question wearing a true copyright, 1932, The Feature Syndicate, Inc.

## Daily Thought

The inequalities of this mortal life are rendered tolerable to the poor by the expectation of the next and eternal one.—Bossuet.