

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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What About New York?

THAT Gov. Roosevelt is going to make the economic distress of the country the basis of his campaign for the presidency is shown by the speech he made in Columbus savagely attacking the republican regime and laying the responsibility for the depression at the door of the white house. It is campaign thunder for the democrats and Roosevelt does not hesitate to make full use of the TNT which the depression affords.

There is much of truth in his attack on the administration for failure to see the course which the country was following in those crazy years of 1928 and 1929. The Mellon idea seemed to be to encourage the speculative orgy which was leading the country to the dizzy heights from which it plunged with such calamitous consequences.

But it is unfair to make Hoover personally responsible for this depression. Hindsight is always better than foresight. The truth is that the country was in the grip of a hope psychology just as until lately it has been in the grip of a mob fear. Both were unreasoning, yet both controlled. Even the ablest prognosticators saw no clouds ahead in the early months of 1929 when Pres. Hoover took office.

It seems to us however that Candidate Roosevelt lays Gov. Roosevelt open to the same criticism. Most of the evils which he denounces so vigorously had their locale in New York. The international bankers have their offices in New York. Most of the stock emissions which the governor condemns roundly were the products of Wall street stock jobbers. The biggest bank failure in the United States, that of the Bank of the United States, occurred in New York. It was a state bank under the supervision of Gov. Roosevelt's own appointee. The crookedness of apartment house financing and other real estate promotion were carried to finest flower in New York state at a time when the democrats Al Smith and Frank Roosevelt were in power.

The remedies which Roosevelt recommends for the nation would apply most fittingly to New York state. Yet he has not urged his own legislature to control the issuance of securities, nor regulation of "exchanges in the business of buying and selling securities," nor "more rigid supervision of banks for the protection of depositors," nor for separation of investment banking from commercial banking.

The reforms he proclaims so enthusiastically would apply peculiarly to the state of New York. Yet Gov. Roosevelt has never sought to secure them for his state.

The same obscured vision, the same palsy in leadership which Gov. Roosevelt attributes to the republicans in Washington are chargeable to the democrats in New York. The governor made a good speech at Columbus; and we are glad to see him concerned about reforms to end the shocking piracies of New York bankers and others; but most of his chickens come home to roost in his offices at Albany.

His Columbus speech was a valiant thrust with his sharp sword; but the effort left Roosevelt's own vitals unguarded.

Loans From R. F. C.

THERE was a lot of useless pother over whether the loans of the Reconstruction Finance corporation should be made public or not. Fear was expressed that news that a financial institution was a borrower would injure it in its community. We think this fear is unfounded. At crop moving times banks are nearly always borrowers. For decades they have borrowed from their city correspondents and in later years from the federal reserve banks. These items appear in their published statements and excite no interest or comment. Then as crops move to market or as loans are paid the borrowings are retired.

A number of eastern Oregon banks borrowed last spring from the R. F. C. In their June 30th statements these loans were listed, one bank we recall showing loans of over half a million from R. F. C. There was no unfavorable reaction because it is a matter of common knowledge that banks in the interior regularly have to borrow to carry them over the dead season.

As a matter of fact if a bank has borrowed from the R. F. C. it has done so to aid its customers, and so is to be commended. Instead of squeezing down and forcing its borrowers to pay up at great sacrifice to themselves the banks borrow to prevent that sacrifice.

If a bank is run as a bank it is a merchant of credit to worthy borrowers. To act as such a merchant it may need to borrow money on its own account. The fact is no reflection on the bank or its management. The important thing is the character of the loans that are made. The other type of bank is that of a mere safety deposit vault which hoards its depositors' money and gives no service to the community through legitimate lending.

State Fair Should Draw Crowds

THE state fair is five weeks away but it is not too early for folks to begin planning to attend. This is a hard times year but that should not interfere with attendance at the fair because a fair is entertainment for the masses. It is a popular university of arts and crafts. It caters to the great multitude with such a variety of offerings that one is sure to find something of interest whether it be in the midway, the livestock barns, the children's department, or the exhibition pavilion.

This year's fair will be unique in many ways. A land products show is sponsored by Director Gehlhar. This will occupy the entire east side of the lower floor of the pavilion, and will display to Oregon the products of Oregon with special emphasis on those products meeting rigid standards as to quality, pack, container, etc.

The entertainment program will be unique this year also. Instead of afternoon races and night horse show, there will be afternoon rodeo, "Strawberry Roan" days and "Night Stampede". These events promise to afford thrills in plenty for those who crave the excitement of real action in the arena.

Salem should recruit its own energies for the proper exploitation of the fair. Instead of sitting back and saying "Let the state do it," the people here should plunge in and give the fair the support which it needs in this critical year. That support should include attendance, advertising the fair beforehand, and work toward making the various departments surpass even the fine showings of former years.

"I'll Be Seein' Ya!"



New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you dislike to see fall come or are you glad when summer is ended?"

Mrs. Mary Fulkerson, county school superintendent: "Oh, summer goes so fast with us I can hardly realize it has about passed. The entire year has just slipped along. We are busy making out high school tuition bills."

W. I. Needham, business man: "I believe I like fall better. The cool weather is more agreeable. Business for us is also better in the fall. Yes, the autumn season is very lovely in Oregon."

Connie Schneider, paper boy: "I'd rather summer keep on—no school and you can swim."

Frank Brown, mill worker: "I'd rather fall'd come. Things are generally better along in the fall—work."

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Willamette valley in 1841:

Before the writer is the fourth volume (five were issued), of the "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition During the Years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, by Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition," etc. Lieut. Wilkes rose in the U. S. navy to the station of commodore, of which more later along. Quotations will be made in the series which opens today from "Chapter 10, Willamette Valley, 1841," with explanations and corrections in parentheses. Quoting:

"On the 3d of June we had made arrangements for leaving Vancouver (Fort Vancouver), and proceeding up the Willamette; but the weather was so stormy, that we deferred our departure until the following day."

"Dr. McLoughlin had kindly furnished us with a large boat, and although we had provided ourselves with provisions, we

found in her a large basket filled with everything that travelers could need, or kindness suggest."

"The barge in which we embarked was one that usually carried freight; but it had been fitted up with seats for our use, so that we found ourselves extremely comfortable, and our journey was much more pleasant than we had been confined to a small canoe. These flat bottom boats are capable of carrying 300 bushels of wheat, and have but a small draft of water; when well manned they are as fast as the canoes and are exceedingly well adapted to the navigation of the river; they are also provided with large tarpaulins to protect their cargo from the weather."

"From Vancouver we floated down with the current to the upper mouth of the Willamette, which we entered, and before night passed the encampment of Rev. Jason Lee, principal of the Methodist mission in Oregon, who was on his way to Clatsop, at the mouth of the Columbia. We stopped with him for an hour. He was accompanied by his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell, and two or three children. Their encampment was close to the river, and consisted of two small tents. Mr. Lee gave us a warm invitation to visit the settlement on the Willamette, thus forestalling our intentions to do so. (Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Whitcomb. She had been Susan Downing, who was married to Cyrus Shepard, and he had died. There were two Shepard children, born at the old mission. Mrs. Shepard had but very recently been married to Whitcomb, who was the farmer at the old mission. The Lees and Whitcombs were on the way to visit the Clatsop Plains branch mission, then in charge of Rev. J. L. Parrish.)

"The mosquitoes and sand-flies were so annoying that we were glad to seek for higher ground to encamp on, for the purpose of escaping them. (The Lee camp was on Sauvie's island, below the site of Portland.) The Willamette river is generally about one-fourth of a mile wide. For a distance of four miles from its entrance into the Columbia its banks are low, and during the rise of the latter are overflowed, its waters being backed into the Willamette. There is little current to contend with this river during this season. After passing this low ground, the banks become high and precipitous. . . . We encamped on the island occupied by the young Americans, of whom I spoke in the preceding chapter, and close to the place where they were building their vessel. The group, of which it is one, is called the Oak Islands."

"On landing, we were introduced to them all. They had reached the Oregon country by crossing the Rocky mountains, a year before, when they first proposed to settle themselves; but they found that that was out of the question, as there was little or no prospect of their being tolerated, and they were now bent upon leaving the country at all hazards. Every one with whom I

Daily Thought

"Westward ho! Westward ho! Out where the golden harvests glow
And the builders are building day by day.
The star of empire takes its way.
Westward ho!"
—Dixon Waterman.

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Patricia Brathwaite adored her father so much that she was willing to sacrifice love and happiness to insure his future independence by marrying middle-aged Harvey Blaine for his wealth. It was Aunt Pamela who suggested that Pat marry wealth, warning that "the glamour of love wears off." Pamela spoke from experience; her own marriage to handsome Jimmie Warren, a young lawyer, was becoming dull. Jimmie, furious at Pat's engagement, awakens to the realization that he, himself, cares for her. Pat, with youth's optimism, hopes in vain that the young camper whom she only knows as "Jack," and saw only once, will rescue her from Blaine. Jimmie finds her in the garden, sobbing. He takes her in his arms and, in despair and hungry for love, she permits him to kiss her. Next day Pat breaks her engagement. Pamela is suspicious when, immediately following Pat's broken engagement, Jimmie offers to loan Pat money to study art. Pat's father declines Jimmie's offer, saying his insurance was adequate for her needs. He plans to take Pat to Paris.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"I understood you were without resources," said Warren in a low voice.
"So I considered myself. I felt that to use this would be to rob my child. Your very excellent suggestion puts an entirely different face on the matter. Where I hesitated to use my child's only inheritance for our consumption I have no hesitation about using it to insure the permanent security of a profession for her."

Pamela felt suddenly ashamed for her husband. Ashamed and oh, so sick.

Mr. Brathwaite continued: "I must make a flying trip to the plantation to collect some small monies owing to me, see if I can rent what remains of the land—however small the revenue, it will help—store my books and arrange to collect my insurance. But I prefer not to take Patricia with me, as the trip will be a hard one and I've no accommodations for her; so if I may impose on you and your husband for a few days, Pamela—I couldn't leave her in the hotel unattended. In fact, I wouldn't leave her with anyone else. Outside of school, she's never been away from me."

"Of course, Cousin John," said Pamela quickly. "Jimmie and I shall be delighted to look after her. We appreciate your confidence in us."

The orchestra had taken its place and was tuning up. Couples and little groups were drifting into the pavilion.
"I know it's my one priceless jewel, but I know I can trust you and Warren to guard her sacredly," the old man finished as the three rose, their tea order untouched.

"He has put you on your honor, my dear husband," thought Pamela bitterly. "He may not be as unsophisticated as we think."

In placing Patricia under his protection Mr. Brathwaite had not misjudged Warren's character. As long as Patricia remained in his house she would be safe from his advances.

After a long and tiring day, the result of his own suggestion, the irony of it stirred in him a desire to laugh aloud. He was at the same time conscious of a blighting anger toward the old man who

seemed to take all he wanted from life, awaiting with imperturbable calm for the opening of the road ahead.
"I sit up all night breaking my head over a solution of his problem, hand it to him, and he calmly replies, 'Thank you, my dear fellow. The very thing I'll take my daughter as far from you as possible while I put your idea into operation. In the meantime, will you kindly hold out your hands so that I may tie them securely while I'm preparing to whisk her away. Thank you . . . that's a good fellow.'"

"Damn him! Well, I'll show him that James Darcy Warren doesn't get fifty thousand dollars out of an empty gourd. He shall take her away from me! She loves me. She doesn't want to go to Paris. . . ."

He came to a sharp stop. . . . How do I know she doesn't? Would he have asserted so positively that they were going, if she had not consented? She didn't lie to me when she told me no other man beside her father had ever kissed her on the lips. . . . Strange in this age. . . .

"Oh, boys at prom dance have pecked me on the cheek or neck or ear," she had told him. "Whenever they happened to land, but I never wanted them to kiss me, really. Seemed silly."

"Didn't the girls ever sneak out and meet boys?" he had asked.
"Oh, lots of them did. But—I don't know—they asked me. I wanted to, but—I didn't. It's a funny thing to admit. I don't know why I never did, Jimmie? It would have been fun. Not that I cared especially about the boys; but it was risky and thrilling to think about."

"Then why didn't you, Pat?" he asked.
"Because—don't laugh, Jimmie—I know it's silly, but—because Dad told that man who wanted to buy the plantation that the land was caving. Now, isn't that absurd?"

"You wouldn't go out to meet boys because—" he began in astonishment.
"I knew you'd think me silly. I never bothered to think things out in those days." She spoke as of a distant past. "But I knew that was the reason. It had something to do with—why, being in the open, Jimmie. You see, Dad—"

"Kiss me, Pat," he had commanded, a child's string at his heart. He saw clearly, too clearly, all that she had not bothered to think out. And also all that lay ahead of her and himself. . . .

And he, in his experience, had hastily blocked her thought with caresses.
But even as he cursed himself he recollected the wild sweetness of her and knew that he would not willingly give her up.

Jimmie turned sharply back to the hotel, drifting around to the pool. On the high diving board stood Pat, her slim rounded form encased in a tight bathing suit, head thrown back, arms extended on each side like outspread wings, poised above the water. There was a rush of blood to his head. He was swept by the sickness of blind intoxication. His legs shook under him and he sat down.

"By heaven," he thought, "he shall take her from me!"
For a single moment she seemed to waver; then plunged downward in the most graceful of all dives, the swan dive.

Forced to come up for air, she spoke gave them a good character, except one, and I found that, shortly after my visit, he had been turned out of the partnership."

"The vessel they were building was a small schooner. One of their number having served a short time in a shipyard in the United States, the rest were employed as his assistants, cutting timber and preparing the plank, which they procured from the cedar on the banks of the river. I explained to them the cause of Dr. McLoughlin's return, and of them, which they denied most positively. I then told them it was proper for them to deny having authorized any trick or deception, on doing which I was sure they would receive any assistance that lay in the power of Dr. McLoughlin. This they subsequently did, and I was informed that they then received all the aid he had in his power to give. I tried to dissuade these young men from making their voyage; for I found, on conversing with them, that not one of them knew anything about the sailing of a vessel of navigation. I therefore knew how great dangers they would experience on the voyage even to California, whether they intended to go, with the intention of taking sea-otter by the way on the coast of Oregon. After their arrival in San Francisco it was their plan to sell their vessel and cargo, if they were fortunate enough to obtain any, or for not to go down the coast further, when they would cross over the country, and return by way of Mexico to Texas."

"It gave me much pleasure to see the buoyancy of spirit, so truly characteristic of our countrymen, with which they carried on their plan. Before I left the Columbia, in September, they asked me for a sea-letter for their protection; at the same time informing me that their vessel was launched, met their expectations, and was called the 'Star of Oregon.' The grove of oak on this island was beautiful, forming an extensive wood, with no undergrowth. The species that grows here is white oak, of very close grain. Its specific gravity is much greater than water; and it is used for the purposes to which we apply both oak and hickory. It makes excellent hoops for casks, and is the only timber of this region that is considered durable. The next morning, I left the boat-builders, after assuring them that they should have all the assistance I could give them in their outfit."

(Continued tomorrow.)

MRS. BRYANT VISITOR
MONMOUTH, Aug. 22—Mrs. Henry Bryant of More who is spending several days in Monmouth attending graduation exercises here Thursday, was hostess at the dormitory Sunday to several dinner guests. Miss Lois Bryant, youngest daughter of Mrs. Bryant, is a member of the graduation class to receive diplomas this week. Mrs. Bryant is an alumnus of the Oregon Normal school.

HAZEL GREEN, Aug. 22—Charles Endeavor elected officers Sunday night for the new conference year. Iola Luckey was re-elected president. Other officers are vice president, Allen Looney; secretary, Hazel Cook; treasurer, Imogene Wood; corresponding secretary, Stella Cook; pianist, Nora Rutherford; chorister, Helen Davis. Delegates to the C. E. convention to be held in connection with the annual conference at Portland from August 30 to September 4, are Iola Luckey and Glen Looney, alternates Hazel Cook and Cecil Luckey.

GUESTS FROM OREGON CITY
BETHEL, Aug. 22—Mr. and Mrs. Clark R. Christie of Oregon City were recent guests at the J. B. Carruthers home.

WE OFFER
Subject to prior sale
THE FOLLOWING
FIRST
MORTGAGE
BONDS:

4000 Gabrielson & Elliott 6 1/2 %
2000 Thom and Robinson 7 %
1000 Eastmoreland 7 %
1500 Valley Motor 6 1/2 %
4500 Ronald E. Jones 6 1/2 %
1000 Geo. B. Guthrie 6 1/2 %
1000 E. A. Miller 7 %
1000 Western Paper Converting Company 7 %
500 Salem Brick & Tile 7 %
2000 Neskowin 6 1/2 %
1000 Mt. Crest Mausoleum 6 1/2 %

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