

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Putdng River

THE editor of this paper along with A. R. Eastman of Silvertown, member of the Izaak Walton league, and W. B. Gill of the Woodburn Independent, visited lower Putdng river Saturday down where the complaints of stream pollution came from. The situation seemed to be clearing up decidedly at the resorts on the lower river. There had been several hundred dead fish at Colvin's resort the middle of last week, but they had been buried. The stream, so those at the resort said, commenced clearing up on Thursday and now seemed all right so that swimming was being resumed yesterday. There had been some dead fish at Shade-E-Acres, though not so many. At the Aurora auto camp and above there were still a number of dead fish, which had not been cleaned out and buried. There was also a brown float or scum on the water just above the pontoon; and across a neck there was a scum or film, greyish in color, on a still portion of the river. At the camp floats the water showed presence of considerable vegetable matter. There was no odor noticeable except from the dead fish.

At Killin's bridge northeast of Woodburn the water was as clear as usual, free from odor or external trace of impurities. At all points along the stream live minnows were seen, and sometimes fish of fingerling size. At John Ramage's nearby, where there was a pile of drift across the river two dead fish were seen, and hundreds of live minnows. There was no scum or float on the surface of the water except for leaves above the drift.

Even at the outlet of the drain carrying the waste from the Woodburn cannery there were many live fish observed, and the sediment did not discolor the water for a distance of many yards.

There is no question there were hundreds of dead fish in the lower river. It becomes a question of scientific fact as to what killed them. The cannery was operating since Aug. 17 and it was not until last Saturday or Sunday that dead fish were found. And Thursday at the lower resorts the conditions got back to normal, although the cannery has been operating steadily all week and pouring its waste into the stream. The waste consists only of pear trimmings ground fine and washed in a big quantity of water. There is no acid or any other substance added.

The resort keepers believe that the fish were killed by the contamination of the stream by the cannery. This may be true, but it calls for more evidence than merely jumping at the conclusion, for the fish are not continuing to die; and there are many more fish in the stream than were killed. Most of the dead fish appeared 20 or 25 miles down stream from the outlet of the waste line, which seems quite a long distance away. Scientific tests need to be made to determine the oxygen content at various stations, the suspended matter, the presence of any fruit, acid, etc.

The Putdng river is not regarded as a game fishing stream. Its fish are chiefly chubs. Most of the dead fish were chubs, with a few black bass and trout, though all we saw in the stream were chubs or sunfish. The Putdng is essentially an open drainage stream. It gets the sewage of Silvertown, possibly of Mt. Angel, as well as surface pollution all through the thickly populated section of the county. This stream probably drains a larger area of the county than any other, and is a slow, tortuous stream running between high mud banks.

The cannery is now planning to dump its waste on an open field, using lime on the organic matter to prevent contamination.

Here is an industry which is the biggest industry in the north end of the county. It distributes in wages around \$175,000 annually, spends thousands of dollars for fruits, berries and supplies. Right now the cannery is employing about 750 persons in its double shift operations. This does not give it liberty to pollute streams to the extent of killing fish; but the industry is entitled to a fair deal and entitled to helpful cooperation. The first thing that ought to be done is to have some impartial investigation of just what effect the waste has on the stream. For our part we are not by any means convinced that the cannery waste is responsible for the dead fish.

## The Oregon Prune

IN a series of advertisements to forward the prosperity of Oregon as a whole, Meier & Frank of Portland devote one ad to "The Oregon Prune". "Oregon grows prunes superbly—and markets them weakly", starts out the ad. California's sunsweet prune "is well advertised and scientifically marketed. Oregon's extra sweet prune is not advertised at all and its marketing effort is without plan."

Yet, as the ad goes on to show, the Oregon prune is a food product of surpassing value. It is rich in vitamins A and B, contains nearly as much iron as spinach, has sugars which are readily assimilated, contains cellulose or "roughage" which acts as a natural laxative, besides valuable minerals.

The trouble with the Oregon prune all seems to go back to the failure of the big cooperative shortly after the war. Since then the growers have never been able to get together. With few exceptions prices have been very low, giving the grower no fair profit to warrant him to continue in business.

If prunes could be handled in some big pool where the seller had some bargaining voice and where concentrated efforts could be put forth in standardizing pack and engaging in up-to-date promotion, the industry might be lifted out of the slough of despond. But even the effort to get \$10 a ton for green prunes, which run to only a small percentage of the total crop, failed to get unanimous support.

It may seem hopeless; but surely some way may be found to give the prune industry the push and the punch it needs to bring it into a real fighting position.

Bob Ruhl, Medford, comes back from the middle west with reports that Hoover is gaining steadily. That's fine; except at the same time two years ago we recall how fast Phil Metschan was "gaining".

Police are hunting for a woman who skinned the people of Jackson county on Bible sales. She had a nice Bible and took orders at \$2.95 down; only the Bible was never delivered. Maybe she conducted family worship to close the sale.

All the midwestern governors who ran for office on farm relief platforms now are studying how to get extensions on their political l. o. u's.

## "Can't We Settle This Without Violence?"



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Turner estate will: May it not be broken:

Fortunate for the ends of justice and respect for law, it is likely that the will of Cornelia Ann Davis, last of the Turner family of Oregon pioneers, after the issue of the suit to break it shall have been fought to a finish, will be found unbreakable.

One is encouraged in his wish for this equitable outcome by the fact that precedents in the state of Oregon have been set up by judicial opinions that form an almost impregnable wall against attacks upon last testaments founded upon legal quibbles and ancient and musty formalities. In short, Oregon supreme court decisions support the intent of the testator, regardless of time-rusted ideas brought down from past ages.

The decisions along this line—that of carrying out the intent—are numerous and notable. For instance, the Henry L. Pitcock will, affecting the management of the Portland Oregonian newspaper, contained provisions that, in their upholding, beat new paths along this line—almost if not quite without precedent. The intent ruled.

Cornelia Ann Davis outlived the other direct heirs of her father, the pioneer founder of the estate, who was the most conspicuous figure of the days of beginning in the Santiam district, in the sections around Seio, Aumsville, Marion and Turner, upon all of

which towns he bestowed their names.

Henry L. Turner and Judith J. A. Turner, his wife, the pioneers, while working hard and faithfully in the early days, and saving for the ultimate and proverbial rainy day, built schools and founded churches and in other ways supported the instruments of sober and orderly society. After they had gone, their heirs carried on in the same way. They gave to the Christian church the Turner tabernacle, headquarters for the camp meeting activities of that organization in Oregon.

After the passing of her two brothers, who she became sole heir, Mrs. Davis gave a large sum in order that Aumsville might have a fine high school building, now free from debt. She offered the same benefaction to the Turner school district, and she endowed an institution for homeless boys, erected a library and museum building, and built a magnificent Christian church for that town and community.

All of this good woman lived economically in order that she might have the means for other benefactions. The writer is competent to testify to her intentions; especially to the intention concerning the chief benefaction she sought to bestow in the making of her will.

In March last, he visited this good woman, as readers of this column in the early April issues

will recall, with the purpose of making permanent record of some of the chief facts of her long and useful life. She would have reached the age of 94 had she survived until December 5th next. There were three visits, and at that time Mrs. Davis was in possession of her unusually alert mental faculties, retained her charming manner like that of a young woman, and seemed so strong physically as to promise many more years of activity.

But she soon thereafter died. It was found that in her will she had, after the usual recitals, directed that the residue of her considerable estate, consisting in part of about 2300 acres of land in the Turner section, should go to the establishing and maintenance of a home for the needy, to be conducted by some "orthodox" religious society.

Since the recording of the will, a California cousin, claiming to be the only heir, has filed a suit seeking to set aside the will, on the ground that it provided no trustee for the carrying out of its chief provision.

Fortunately, Oregon law, anticipating such circumstances, directs that the state itself shall intervene when and if they arise, with the attorney general directed to institute and carry on the intervening proceedings. This is being done in the case of the Davis will, Willis S. Moore, first assistant attorney general, having the matter in hand.

The writer of these lines, on his first interview with Mrs. Davis, was told by her that she was anxious to establish a home for the needy, and anxiously urged his help in carrying out her plans. She brought up the matter a second interview, giving some ideas about the proposed institution. Again, on the third interview, she talked of her plans, and again asked the writer's cooperation. Her vision, as she then unfolded and elaborated it, was that of a home on a part of her acreage near Turner. She was insistent upon this, and hoped that, with the help of some church organization, no charge might ever be made upon those seeking a refuge there.

There was no question of her intent; though she said nothing to the writer of her will; did not mention a will. She evidently anticipated on page 7.)

## New Views

"Do you think the next congress should pay the adjusted service compensation certificates in full to vets of the world war?" This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporter.

Jos. Houghan, rancher: "I'm not in favor of the boys getting anything more at this time."

A. H. Schinder, clock repairman: "I don't know. Sometimes I think they should; then again I think it's uncalled for. Of course, the boys are entitled to it, all right; but the government doesn't have the money."

F. A. Fluke, truck driver: "I don't see why they shouldn't. I think the boys have it coming to them."

## Daily Thought

"People vote their resentment, not their appreciation. The average man does not vote for anything, but against something. There are exceptions to this generalization, of course, but it is fundamentally so true it may be set down as another law of politics."—William Bennett Munro.

# HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Pam fled up the stairs to her room, and snatching a long cape from the closet, ran down the hall to a back stairway. She had to see, even if she could not hear, what took place on that balcony. Would Arthur make a scene and humiliate her all? He was desperate enough to do anything.

Grateful for the moonless blackness outside, she dodged through the shrubbery. The veranda was as bright as day; but the three she sought were not among the promenaders. So great was her relief that her knees gave and she sank down on the turf in the shadow of a spreading oleander. Suddenly she heard Pat's light voice. Now she made out her white dress and the blur of a man's shirt front.

They stopped not more than a yard from where Pamela huddled among the branches.

"What did you want to see me about, Pat?" came Warren's voice. "You know we ought not to have come out here. No doubt dozens of people saw us."

"I don't care who saw us. Oh, Jimmie, I'm so miserable Jimmie, aren't you going to kiss me?" Her voice broke in a sob.

There was a silence. Pamela thought she was going to faint. She opened her mouth to make some sound that would stop them, but her throat was dry, and all at once she knew that even if she could speak, she wouldn't. That she had to hear what Jimmie had to say. What Pat said was of no importance. She was a little fool. A child. But all Pamela's future hung in the balance of Jimmie's next few words. Civilized ethics were nothing to her. She was primitive woman, loving, hoping, fearing, claiming her man at any cost.

After a space, Warren said hoarsely: "Not tonight, darling. Oh, Pat, don't make it so hard for me to be decent. Don't, Pat. Your father trusted me—"

"You have strange ideas of trust and decency," she said furiously. "If you are so darned particular now, what about later? You think it'll be any more decent to betray his trust later?"

"No."  
"Then—then—oh, Jimmie, don't you love me any more?"

"God's sake, Pat, don't you know that every fibre of my body is aching for you? Don't see that I can't keep away from you even though I can see you only in public? I've been under ever since—that night, recollecting the sweetness of your lips, yet not daring to touch you!"

A faint moan escaped Pamela, but they were too absorbed to hear. "Then what are you going to do, Jimmie?"

"Heaven knows."  
"No."  
"But you must. Daddy will be here and he'll take me away to Paris, and I don't want to go, Jimmie. I want to stay in New York where I can see you. Don't you want me to stay?"

"Yes! The word had an explosive quality."  
"Oh, God, he loves her. He's fighting it, but he loves her," breathed Pamela.

"Jimmie, are you going on your cruise?"

"Pam mentioned it this morning. She said your father would be here, and there was no use in our sticking around any longer." His voice was dry.

Patricia began crying. "Oh, Jimmie, I couldn't stand it not to see you for three months. I might as well go to Paris—and try to forget you."

"That would be the best thing that you could do, child," Jimmie said grimly.



They stopped not more than a yard from where Pamela huddled among the branches.

"I believe you want me to go," she sobbed. "I don't. So help me, I don't." "Then are you going on that cruise?"

"Not if you are in New York." "Then I'll be in New York." "Your father may—"

"He can't take me against my will. And I won't go." "This fellow, Jack Laurence— he's in love with you, Pat."

"Yes."  
"He's told you?"  
Pamela noted the swift jealousy in his voice.

"I hate him; but he's a darn fine fellow, Pat."  
"Are you trying to push me off on him?" Patricia was furious again.

"Push you off on him! I want to smash his face every time he gets near you."

She gave a little gurgling laugh. "He's awfully good looking. And different from the other men. He thinks. And he's such fun."

Pamela was aware of a savage desire to come out and tear Patricia's small blond head in bits, to rip out her hair, to claw and mar that lovely face for life. She half rose, her strength returning with her rage. But no. She must hear the full content of Jimmie's debasement.

"You seem to think darn well of him. Where were you all morning?" Warren asked furiously.

"Way down the beach where I first met him, having a picnic breakfast and discussing love. I told him I loved you."

"The deuce you did!"  
"And he said I didn't love you," Patricia went on with the glee of a woman torturing the man who loves her. "He said I wasn't grown up on something like that, and I got all stirred up over what Aunt Pam said about us being so poor."

"I'd have to marry that old Blaine thing; then I ran away and met Jack. He had a tent down the beach. Living like a hermit. And he—he says he turned me to a woman; and he loved me too much to touch me, and you found me and didn't love me too much, and so that's how it happened."

Warren was silent a moment. "I think, after all, I'll go back to the hotel. I saw Pat come out a while ago. Thought I'd fetch her back. The grounds are safe, but still—suppose you take a look around for her. I'll get on back."

"All right."  
After an appreciable space in which each clearly waited for the other to move on, Warren yielded, walking rapidly back to the hotel.

(To Be Continued.)  
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## Good Specimen of Cat Family is Seen in Red-Headed Woman Show

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A person may not like cats, yet may admire an especially good specimen of the cat family. Perhaps you who saw the picture, "Red-Headed Woman" shown in Salem a few days ago, will understand what I mean. An unusually good picture, as a picture, with Jean Harlow vividly portraying a cheap little adventuress who made monkeys of practically all the men in the cast, which cast in its entirety was a capable one. How closely the picture followed Katharine Brush's story I do not know, not having read the story. I hope that Salem girls whose hair is red have not permitted this picture to put ideas into their heads.

"Which Salem newspaper," says a man to me the other day, "has the handsomest employes, take 'em all in all?" Which is how come I suffered a temporary attack of lockjaw and pen paralysis the other day.

Investigators lead a difficult life. They are so supremely confident in their inventions, and everybody else isn't. Every town has its inventors, Salem among the rest. I once knew a man who invented a machine for stitching books. He was an exception to the general rule in that he was successful in interesting local capital in his idea. After months of sleepless nights and weariless days he perfected the machine to perfection. At any rate he brought it sufficiently near perfection to demonstrate the soundness of the idea. It really stitched books. And just as he was about to reach out a hand and grasp the capital prize the wire stapler appeared on the market, and the dream faded.

The most numerous class of inventors are those who invent excuses. Excuses are usually useless, but



D. H. TALMADGE

the percentage of failures in the average life is a considerable one and may be accounted for in some way. Personally, I consider excuses rather interesting. Now and then one is invented that is little short of real art. And some of them are true.

The publisher of a weekly newspaper once sent me out on a collection trip. The accounts totaled somewhat more than a hundred dollars. I brought in three dollars in cash and upwards of \$75 in perfectly good excuses. In this simple manner was brought home to me the fact that excuses are a total loss when used for paying the help.

Prosperity is returning. The newspapers say so and the news

## Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 11, 1907  
The Salem Business Men's league last night adopted resolutions demanding that the city council pass an ordinance lowering the Salem Gas company's rates \$2 to \$1 per thousand feet. Present rates are "exorbitant" the businessmen declared.

The Oregon Electric company building from Salem to Portland, has issued instructions to its workmen to begin laying rails at this end of the line next week. Cars will be run no further than the present terminal near Chemawa until the completion of the road, which has been set for November 15.

John Steiwer and family have moved from their farm near Jefferson to Salem, and they will occupy part of the old Steiwer home on North Liberty street.

September 11, 1922  
Judge L. H. Logan of Hayward, Calif., the man who invented the loganberry, has been invited by Governor Olcott to be Oregon's guest at the state fair this month.

Do you want a county nurse? Do you want to help pay for her services? These are questions being answered by the Marion county court.

Coming as a complete surprise to their many friends was the wedding of Miss Sarah Alderman and James L. Cutler Sunday, September 10, at the Jason Lee Methodist church. The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas Acheson.

woolies say so and the man in the street says so. Anyhow, if it isn't returning it isn't because (Continued on page 7)

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

FROM time to time I have outlined for you the many causes of high blood pressure. Today I want to tell you something about "hypotension," or low blood pressure. Perhaps too little attention has been given to this subject and possibly too much emphasis has been placed upon high blood pressure.

Low blood pressure is more prevalent than is commonly believed. Since it has no immediate ill effects, it is often overlooked.

The blood pressure varies in different individuals, depending upon age, sex and environment. The approximate pressure can be determined by adding a hundred to your age. A blood pressure of one hundred or less is considered low.

Low blood pressure is not a disease. It is regarded as a sign of some physical disorder and careful investigation should be made to find what it really is. Insurance companies do not reject applicants with low blood pressure, as they do if it is too high. Persons with low pressure are accepted if there is no damage to the heart, blood vessels, liver, kidneys or the general circulation.

Low pressure may be temporary

or permanent. It is frequently seen in the temporary form after severe shock, operation, accident, or hemorrhage. Low pressure may be found in certain acute diseases, especially typhoid fever. It is also met as a temporary condition in pneumonia, influenza, diphtheria and typhus fever.

Persistent low blood pressure is encountered in tuberculosis. Some authorities believe that the degree of hypotension, low blood pressure, is an index of the seriousness of this disease. It is regarded as a good sign when the blood pressure which has been low, increases or reaches normal.

Disturbances of the adrenal glands produce low blood pressure. This is seen in "Addison's disease," a disease of those glands.

Low blood pressure may be caused by chronic inflammation of the tonsils, defects of the teeth, nasal sinus or gall bladder disease. Contrary to a common belief that constipation is a frequent cause of high blood pressure, it is now believed to be more frequently encountered in cases of low blood pressure.

Hypotension does not always imply ill health. In fact, the condition may be found in healthy individuals. When no cause for low blood pressure can be found, it is spoken of as "essential hypotension." Statistics of insurance companies tend to show that this form of blood pressure is usually associated with long life.

### Answers to Health Queries

C. M. C. Q.—I am a woman 32 years old, height 5 ft. 4 1/2 inches; what should I weigh? 2.—Would a person having nasal catarrh and hyperacidity run a temperature? A.—13 pounds. 2.—She might, but not likely to do so. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and restate your question.

H. G. F. Q.—Is it necessary for a person afflicted with tuberculosis to recline on the back, or is it permissible to lie on either side? 2.—May a tuberculosis patient be given salt in the food? A.—It does not matter so long as the patient is comfortable. 2.—Yes. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and restate your question.

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