

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Oregon Wins Honors

THE way Oregon livestock breeders went up into Washington and captured prizes at the state fair at Yakima, well, something ought to be done about it; pass a law or start a chapter of native sons, or do something to keep the premiums from leaving the state. Perhaps the pessimists here in the Willamette valley who carefully cultivate their inferiority complexes will run out of alibis when they see what livestock men from this state and valley did up there last week.

Two Percherons owned by D. F. Burge of Albany headed the live stock parade on Thursday. One was Nellie, three year old grand champion, and Napoleon, grand champion, was her partner. Their groom, George Smith, won first in the attendants' contest. Burge got \$225 out of the \$496 offered in premiums in the Percheron class. A. C. Ruby of Portland took senior mare championship with his mare Fontaine.

In cattle H. Chandler of Baker was high premium winner in the Hereford class, drawing down \$375. His Lady Hartland took junior and grand championships for females; his Chandler's Belmont took the junior bull championship; and his Lady Hartland 20th took senior female championship. In Jersey cattle, B. H. Bull & Sons of Portland won \$329 out of \$854 up. Their Brampton Pioneer Beauty won the senior and grand championships for females; and their Brampton Royal Olven won junior female championship. In the Brown Swiss class John Boeckli of Linnton won the grand and senior championships for bulls on S. H. Commander.

Cass Nichols of Salem senior and grand championships for Chester White sows with his Brookside Irene Second. In Berkshires E. W. Gribble of Clackamas won junior championships for boars and sows.

Blue ribbons floated over the pens of Oregon sheep also. Flo T. Fox of Silverton won first on ram and ewe in Ramboulllets; in Hampshires, J. G. S. Hubbard & Son of Corvallis won first on ewe, while on Romneys all the awards went to Oregon: ram, McColeb Bros. of Monmouth; ewe, William Riddell of Monmouth. In Cotswolds, Riddell won first on ewe and Roy Harms of Aurora first on ram. Riddell & Sons won first on ram and ewe in Lincolns.

Few Oregon poultrymen took their fancy birds to the Yakima show; but J. B. LeGett of Canby won first on pen of Rhode Island Reds; and A. A. Daives of Portland on Anconas.

Quite a formidable array of winnings, is it not? Most of these exhibitors and many, many more will be showing here next week at the Oregon state fair. It will be worth a day's time to wander through the stock sheds and see the marcelled bulls and the mammoth Percherons and the square-butted Hampshire sheep.

We note also that the Washington state fair had as a stellar attraction, "Whistling Rufus and his one-man band." We are sure Director Gehlhar will have no trouble duplicating this attraction at his big show.

Celebrating an Anniversary

NEXT month will be the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Benedictine order in Oregon. On Oct. 23, 1882 Father Adelhelm, O. S. B., founded St. Benedict's abbey at Gervais, which was the foundation out of which grew the large institution now located at Mount Angel. The suggestion comes that this event should be properly celebrated in October on the completion of half a century of service; and no doubt the Benedictine fathers will do appropriate honor to the occasion. Certainly the buildings and the activities at Mount Angel bear testimony to the performance of the foundation that was laid five decades ago.

It was in 1881 that Father Adelhelm toured the Pacific coast seeking a location for a monastery. He became pastor of the parishes of Fillmore and Gervais and decided that Gervais was the place for his institution. So he returned to Switzerland, secured necessary aid and then founded his monastery at Gervais. A few years later however he decided to remove the monastic group to Mt. Angel, selecting for its site Tamalampo, the mount of the Pathfinder. The college opened its doors to about 12 students in 1887, the first Catholic college in the far northwest, and increased to 125 students in 1888. After a fire a new college on the hill was erected in 1903. In 1926 a second fire destroyed the abbey and college and seminary buildings; but they have been replaced with fine stone structures.

The Benedictine sisters opened their school at Gervais in December, 1882 and moved to Mt. Angel when St. Benedict's Abbey was transferred there.

Mt. Angel has remained the center of the Benedictine order on the coast, and is regarded with general affection by Catholic communicants over the northwest. The substantial city and the prosperous community which have grown up about the mount crowned with college buildings have become important in the social and commercial life of Marion county. And those outside the faith cannot but recognize the significance of the Benedictine institutions to the church and to society.

In Arkansas the high school footballers are "dyeing" for dear old Fordyce. The boys have dyed their hair red so they can qualify as "red bugs". Okay as to color, but will they have the familiar red bug smell when they are squashed?

National Broadcasting company is reported to have shut off Floyd Gibbons from the air, temporarily at least. For such relief, the radio world should bend the knee in humble thanks.

Says the editorial column of the O. J. regarding political candidates: "Don't depend upon the candid, biased and poisoned propaganda of editorial columns." Amen.

Pinchot may carry the dry banner, says a news yarn. Sort of pinch-hit as it were.

Bob Stanfield is to support Roosevelt for president. If that doesn't carry Oregon for Hoover it's hard to say what would.

The legion convention had the right click with the rainmaker as it didn't with the proli administrator.

"Skunk", "polecats", we'll say that politics is warning up.



Yesterdays

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

September 18, 1907

NEW YORK.—Delving into the financial workings of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the oil trust, Frank B. Kellogg, who is conducting the federal suit for the dissolution of the company, today brought to public view the enormous profits made by the company. Between 1899 and 1906, the company earned profits at a rate of over \$81,000,000 a year, distributed \$308,359,402 to its shareholders.

GERVAIS.—As a result of the work of safecrackers, the mercantile establishment of Nibler & Nathan in this city was totally destroyed by fire early this morning. The safe contained \$30. Loss to the building and stock is estimated at \$25,000, with \$14,000 in insurance.

Gale S. Hill, Linn county deputy district attorney, has advised the citizens of Sweet Home that their village is an incorporated community. They had requested this information. Hill said all that was needed to raise corporation to the level of other embryo cities was to hold an election.

September 18, 1922
Marion county Pomona grange wants no income tax bill this fall, if the grange's own bill is invalidated by the court or otherwise falls to become a law, members declared at their meeting yesterday presided over by Master E. E. Shields of Gervais.

Only about a quarter of a mile of macadamized road remains to be paved between here and Portland—at Aurora where the road crosses the budding river, and where some bridge work has prevented the finishing of the pavement itself.

Captain "Pat" Zeller, track man and leader of the Willamette Bearcat eleven, arrived at the campus last night. As well as Zeller, Coach Bohler has Max Jones, who made a name for himself on the Salem high school team, as a prospect for the grid squad.

New Views

The question asked here and there yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "How does Roosevelt appeal to you as a candidate for president?"

Mrs. Mary Watson, War Mother: "Do you suppose a life-long republican is entertaining any thought of a democrat? I don't hold any tender feelings for them."

Mrs. Victor Jones, housemaker: "I am being interviewed now, I feel it.—Not if my vote will keep him from it."

Mrs. Carl T. Pope, housewife: "I don't know how I would answer that question. I'm not in favor of him, however."

E. A. McDams, bicycle dealer: "I don't know. I'll wait until I get into the booth and then I'll make up my mind."

Leslie Barr, accountant: "I cannot favor Mr. Roosevelt; I doubt his personal ability and the principles he advocates."

SHERR FORECLOSURE
DALLAS, Sept. 17.—The Federal Land bank of Spokane filed foreclosure action Friday against R. L. Walker, Mary E. Walker and others.

Swat THIS Fly!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Chief Comcomly less than half savage!

(Continued from yesterday.)
Despite the alleged repulsiveness of the lower Columbia natives, the young women of the Chinooks and neighboring tribes appear to have had a measure of success in attracting men of our race. Some of the attachments thus formed were ephemeral, but others were real marriages. One of Comcomly's grandsons, Ranald McDonald, writes concerning the celebrated chieftain's daughters:
"Chief Comcomly had several daughters; the eldest 'the Princess,' the daughter of Comcomly's Scappoose wife, married the Astor partner, Duncan McDougall; the second married our author's father (Archibald MacDonald) . . . Comcomly was a daughter of Comcomly by a Willapa woman; she married into the tribe and died in 1881 at Ilwaco, a thriving village named for her. The 'Princess' Margaret, 'Kah-at-lau, Comcomly's daughter by his Chehalis wife, married Louis Rondeau, a Hudson's Bay company's trapper, in 1825. Another daughter of the old chief married a Scotchman named McKay, also a Hudson's Bay Company's employee."

The "Scotchman named McKay" was Thomas McKay, the son of Alexander McKay, one of the Astor partners, and his Chehalis wife. After Alexander McKay perished in the Tongue disaster, off the shores of Vancouver Island, his widow married Dr. John McLaughlin. Thus, Thomas McKay became McLaughlin's stepson. Thomas McKay's son Dr. Comcomly's daughter was Dr. William Cameron McKay of Pendleton.

Comcomly's sons, however, did not intermarry with the white race. Until the appearance at Astoria of James Barnes, an English woman of somewhat of a moral quality, white women were not to be found in the Pacific northwest. One of Comcomly's sons, Cassakias, called "Prince of Wales," paid numerous court to this selfsame James Barnes, who made a name for herself on the Salem high school team, as a prospect for the grid squad.

Comcomly was a polygamist and slaveholder. A similar statement might be made about King David, however. In the days "before the covered wagon," Comcomly lived and ruled according to the customs of his people. That this Chinook chieftain had strict notions concerning propriety, the following quotation indicates:
"Before the founding of Astoria, the Chinooks, under the stern governance of Comcomly, were sober Indians. It is even recorded that the old chief once strongly reprimanded his son-in-law, McDougall, for giving rum to Comcomly's son, causing him to return drunk to the Chinook village and to make a shameful spectacle of himself before his tribesmen." Comcomly expressed displeasure, also, with McDougall when Astoria was surrendered to the British during our second war with England. The Chinooks were

in favor of resistance to the "King George men," but McDougall thought otherwise. Comcomly finally said "that his daughter had made a great warrior for a husband, had married herself to a squaw," according to Washington Irving. The Chinook jargon, in which Comcomly harangued his son-in-law and generally expressed himself to the whites, should be carefully distinguished from the Chinook (Tsimshian) language. Of the former, Theodore Winthrop writes: "A grotesque jargon called Chinook is the lingua franca of the whites and Indians of the northwest . . . It is a jargon of English, French, Spanish, Chinook, Kallapooya, Haida and other tongues, civilized and savage."

Comcomly died in 1830, having fallen victim to an epidemic which swept off many of his people. His age at the time of his death is supposed to have been 55. The body of the great chief was placed in a canoe near Astoria, or Fort George, as it was then called. Later, the body was concealed in some remote spot. Comcomly's head, however, is said to have gone into the possession of some eminent physician in Edinburgh.

Comcomly's successor was not one of his own sons, but a son-in-law, Casenove, who had married Duncan McDougall's former wife. McDougall, it seems, deserted "the Princess" in 1817.

The changes witnessed by Comcomly and his people were but prophetic of greater changes yet to come. The surviving descendants of the lower Columbia aborigines have taken the white man's heritage as no longer theirs. In recent years, the anthropologist, Franz Boas, was able to discover only one or two individuals who were acquainted with Chinook traditions.

Today the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Comcomly's daughters, and of Clatsop Kobaiway's (Comcomly's) daughter, Clatsop, give heed to legend. The airplane is a "hundred bird" beyond the wildest imaginings of ancient days. With regard to the American Indians, one of our historians offers this choice bit of Nistachean philosophy: "Aside from the somewhat antiquated sentiments of moral justice and the rights of man as apart from man's power to enforce his rights, the quick extermination of the aborigines may be regarded as a blessing both to the red race and the white. The two seldom probably intermix. . . . Avarice, war, injustice, and inhumanity are often together with other unwisdom, the most important aids to civilization."

This is a harsh appraisal of the race which produced Massachusetts and Montezuma. The descendants of Pocahontas, as well as those

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Pat dreamed swiftly, removed the tear stains from her eyes, and ran down the back stairs.

Jack, having a fair idea of why she hadn't come down to dinner, nor to dance, talked gaily as they skirted the grounds to avoid being seen, pretending not to notice her slowness.

They came to the beach. He lifted her into the boat and pushed out. When they were past the breakers and ground swells, he shut off the motor and let the boat drift, rocking on the tide.

He talked about the night and hotel events, but she was too full of her troubles to keep it to herself. Frantically she tried to justify herself with rebellion and daring. Nothing to rebel against. Nothing to dare. Nobody to persuade but herself. The whole burden of decision had been laid on her shoulders. On the one side her father, Paris, an honorable career, independence. . . . On the other . . . Jack's face grew savor.

Jack put his arm gently around her. He marveled at the wisdom of the old man who had made no objection to her living her life as she chose; put up no argument; had further removed pressure by taking care of her financial situation; then left her with the ugly truth to face.

Left unable to justify herself with rebellion and daring. Nothing to rebel against. Nothing to dare. Nobody to persuade but herself. The whole burden of decision had been laid on her shoulders. On the one side her father, Paris, an honorable career, independence. . . . On the other . . . Jack's face grew savor.

"Pat," he said, "will you be leaving—soon?"

"Tomorrow. I can't stand this place any longer."

"What time?"

"On the afternoon train, I suppose. Dad needs a rest. Yes, the late afternoon train. If he wants to we can stop over in Jacksonville. But I can't stay here another night."

"I'll be back to see you off."

"Be back?"

"I hate to miss our ride in the morning—especially as we may not ride together again. But I have to catch that early morning train."

"You're going—to Miami?"

He didn't answer. She didn't press him. She understood why he must go. . . . Why he couldn't even wait over to be with her that last day. And she felt that there was justice in the savage demand of him. Jimmie had had the best of him in every way—still had it. . . . The strength Jack had so patently, so unjustly acquired would bring its first gratification. . . . She had an impulse to beg him not to go. But shame forbade. She couldn't plead with a man who loved her not to hurt the man she loved. Moreover, though she hated to think of Jimmie being hurt, it gave her an odd sense of satisfaction to know that he would pay for some of the suffering that was hers.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to take you back, Pat. It's very hard to think I may never listen to the sea with you again; may never see you after tomorrow. We've had good times together, haven't we?"

"Yes, but you'll be coming to New York sometime, won't you, Jack?"

"If I do, of course I shan't stop long."

"But no matter if it's only a few days you can look me up, can't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He didn't answer.

"For the reason you said the other day?"

"But if I'm working."

"You won't be. You'll find untrained girls aren't wanted in stores or telephone exchanges or restaurants. And you wouldn't know how to live on what they earn. If you don't take the money from your



Presently, between sobs and rage, she had recognized the whole amazing conversation with her father.

Warren was at the station. Jack found him sitting at the wheel of a big car. He offered no greeting, Jack climbed in beside him without a word. This "courtesy," as hateful to Jack, was, he realized, equally hateful to Warren, but a necessary measure to avoid the publicity of an open fight.

Driving through town, Warren headed across the causeway. And so leisurely was his pace that an onlooker knowing the mission of the two men might have thought him reluctant to reach his destination. He was in fact, driving his usual gait, as collected as if he were going to meet a legal antagonist, and as confident. He never made the mistake of underestimating a foe; nor did he now underestimate Jack. Appraisingly he noted out of the corner of his eye the bulging muscles under Jack's coat; powerful muscles produced by hard labor, but not necessarily his opponent's hitting power behind them. Jack had, he acknowledged, the advantage of youth, but to offset that was his own superior weight. Also, he boxed well, having worked hard in the gym to keep himself in trim. Thus coolly he measured himself against Jack, letting the outline of the battle shape itself in his mind. He would keep his opponent on his feet and box. This would off-set the advantage of both youth and brute strength. He skimmed across the Bay with the calm of a man who never lost his head in battle, and who was well satisfied with his own ability.

Jack puffed vigorously on a cigarette. His face was flushed, his mind a turmoil of battle procedure. He, also, was confident. So confident that he must now and again remind himself that he must recollect to stop short of killing. When Patricia was not recaptured. When Patricia was well out of scandal's way. The thought of that day when he would kill the man beside him filled him with such savage ecstasy that he had moments of fear that he would not, once started, be able to hold his hand. He did not estimate Warren's ability. He simply knew the sleeping power in his own hardened body.

When they reached the hotel the music had stopped; the lights were beginning to go out. The lounges were almost deserted.

Jack left her at the elevator. The dinner tray had been removed from her room. She peeped through her father's keyhole. Dark. . . . He didn't even wait up for me. . . . He's given me up. . . . Childish as her first outburst had been, her pain was now far from childish. She tossed all night in the agony of woman who must not merely choose between father and lover; but in whose hands rested all that made life worth living for a father who gave it all up at her behest without a murmur, asking only that she turn him out to work.

What do you reckon would be the result if all the newspapers in the country would cease to publish? Purely a matter for idle speculation, but the possible result gives one a shudder to contemplate.

Gone or going is the man Who broods with the ice box And drip sounds from the ice box Are now heard not no more. (It was my intention to make a simple and prosy statement of fact here, but the confounded thing burst into verse before I was able to throttle it.)

A milk truck switched its tail on a Salem street corner one day this week, and an unsuspecting bystander was quite severely swiped. Nature is nature.

I have read somewhere Bill Sunday's definition of a flapper. The flapper is not and never was half so dreadful a creature as Mr. Sunday defines her. He knows this well enough, but he doesn't propose to sleep while preaching to it merely for lack of a bit of exaggerated effort on his part.

I am not especially taken with the "bull fight" feature announced for the coming state fair, but I think the local booby who protests the feature so fervently is unduly concerned. It seems to me that were I the owner of a bull (which, thank heavens, I am not) as hundreds of Oregonians are I should welcome a humane demonstration of bull-dogging by experts. And the bull, being what he is by nature, would find the frolic not unwelcome. The bull and his

Flappers Not Really That Bad But Congregation Must be Kept Awake

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Salem streets at night are a veritable blaze of colored lights. Which is another thing for the old-timer to blink at. Nor does he have to be such an old-timer, either.

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little brother the bullet bear quite a marked family resemblance to each other.

King David, I seem to recall, sang with some frequency of bulls as something to be fought against. But I reckon he used the term in a figurative sense as meaning enemies of any kind, powerful, fierce and violent. We may as well be reasonable in the matter. I am not disposed to even so much as suggest that the psalmist was the original bull fighter.

An eminent Santiam philosopher has said, bulls are bulls and must be taken as they be. And he might have added that before you argue with 'em jump a fence or climb a tree, thus making what the poetry society calls a couplet. (Turn to Page 7)



D. H. TALMADGE

Daily Thought

"With every rising of the sun Think of your life as just begun. The Past has cancelled and buried deep All yesterdays. There let them sleep."—Anon.

NEW BONDS VOTED

PARIS, Sept. 17.—(Saturday)—(AP)—The French Chamber early this morning adopted the government's bill for converting about \$2,600,000 to a new issue bearing 6 1/2 per cent interest.