

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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1933

AMONG the "superstitions" condemned in the "Poenitentiale" of Bartholomew Iseanus, bishop of Exeter in the twelfth century was:

"Whosoever shall pollute New Year's day by magic enquiries into the future, after the pagan fashion, or who begin their works on that day, that they may prosper better than in other years."

Alas for the good Bishop Bartholomew, how few people celebrate New Year's day in other than this "pagan fashion"? They are busy all over the world "polluting" the day by forecasting the future and beginning their works "that they may prosper better than in other years".

Does not the mediaeval bishop give us a cue however for New Year's Day, 1933? Our hopes and plans of a year and two years ago have been so badly frustrated that people may well hesitate this day to indulge again in the "superstition" of making "magic enquiries into the future."

Nature is still generous with us: an abundance of good air, of pure water, of rain and sunshine in their season. Mountains still lift their snowy crests above the belt of green forest. Flowers bloom in spring and summer and autumn. There is the mystery and the miracle of growth, of plant and animal life.

And do not omit friends and relatives. The years of trial have proven that men can "brothers be, for a' that". The helping hand has never been extended so generously; the human heart has never been so free of callous hardness.

Children are still the objects of parental love and care. They still give back affection and interest and kindle fires of aspiration. Home is still home though food be simple and carpets worn.

We have also the rich resources of the arts. Libraries bring the wealth of many brains. Music, there never was so much music and so much good music, as at the present time, and never was it available at so little cost.

Sports we have in good times and bad,--wrestling, running, fishing, boxing, golf, baseball, swimming. The modern man has really learned how to play, and the effect upon his body and his mind is most stimulating.

Science annually throws new discoveries at the feet of the people. Medical science eases physical pain. The physical sciences continually add to the comforts and conveniences of living. Pure science is constantly penetrating into the fields of the unknown, revealing fresh truth for the human intellect to ponder over.

Religion offers solace for distress, fires with missionary zeal those who would ameliorate the woes of mankind, sears with a hot iron the sins of the individual and of society, builds a constructive faith for the working out of human destiny.

Are we poor? Are we "broke"? Nay, when we survey the great resources of nature and of man, when we reflect on the great heritage which those of this generation enjoy, we should conclude we are not poor but rich. Why measure everything by the bank account? Why compute wealth in terms of money alone?

Thanks, good Bishop Bartholomew, for diverting our minds this New Year's Day, some 1933 years since the dawn of the Christian era, from the "pagan fashion" of polluting the day in scheming how to prosper better than in other years.

War Among the Modocs

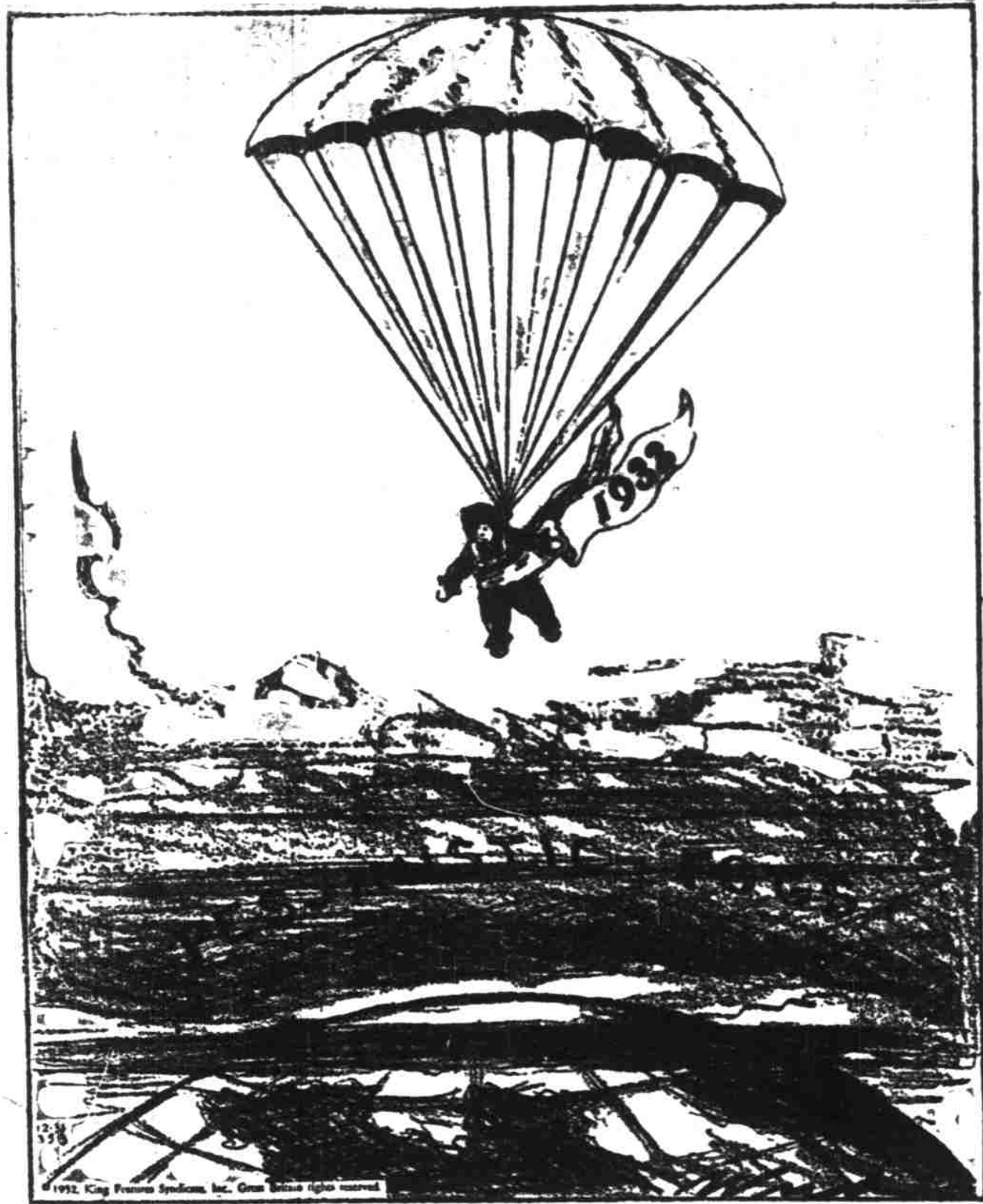
SOUTHERN Oregon has a most enviable reputation for its sabbatry of climate. Its winters are mild; its summers, well the mountains and seashore are not far away. But from old its denizens have been given to warring which is quite out of harmony with the beauty of the country and its beneficent climate. The Rogue river Indians in early days of the territory caused trouble. Table Rock and Battle Rock on the coast still stand as monuments to the valor of the aborigines. In the '70's the Modocs in the Klamath lake country went on the war path.

The whites who succeeded the Indians seems to have inherited their belligerent qualities. Ten years ago the kluxers in Jackson county were burning fiery crosses on the hills above the pear orchards, and causing terror among the simple citizens who by accident of birth were not "native white protestant". The past year feudism has broken out again along Bear Creek and according to the unmuzzled press of the community law and order has been hamstrung somewhere between the district attorney's office and the court house.

Just now the scene shifts to Klamath again, where the forces of reform and righteousness claim they are about to be done away with at the turn of the dark corner by the entrenched gang of privilege and "power". A young lawyer from eastern Washington who has made a political flash there a few years ago and migrated before the November revolution in that state, to Klamath Falls, dazzled the people and got elected mayor by the write-in method. Now his right to hold office is challenged because his length of residence does not conform to the charter requirement. So the mayor-elect has fled the state to avoid serving of process, and the police judge is also hiding out among the tules. They are awaiting coronation day to return in clouds of glory, and assume office.

Stirring indeed is local politics. It keeps the gall bladder secreting bile; and that is all right until it turns to gangrene. The fevers of discontent find expression in political overturns; and the wise politician is one who lets the fever run its course knowing full well that soon the chills will set in and the public temper be reversed. This part of the state, which blew off steam profusely two years ago, is not now engaged in internecine strife, so it can watch with amused interest the fresh wars among the Modocs and the Rogues.

Happy Landing!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"French Louie," Pioneer of Salem;

He was the man who sold A. T. Stewart, the world's greatest merchant prince in his day, his first bill of goods. And he became an interesting recluse of Salem in pioneer times.

Almost from time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, for the space of two generations, Salemites have heard stories about "French Louie." Everybody has known that U. S. Senator Chas. L. McNary, U. S. Judge

Yesterdays

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

January 1, 1908 At 2:30 o'clock this morning the Portland General Electric company turned off the juice which is supplied to the new Oregon Electric Railway company in order that the trolley wires between Portland and Salem might be connected at Chama. Preparation for the initial trip to Portland today.

A \$6000 increase in postal receipts last year over 1926 indicates that Salem soon may have a first class post office. Postmaster Farrar reports. Total 1927 receipts were \$37,831.84.

A republican caucus has agreed upon the following slate of city officers for this year: Fire chief, John Darr; fire department engineer, Peter Phillips; hose cart driver, Edward L. Townsend; chemical engine driver, William Iwan; city attorney, Walter Keyes; replacing L. Condit, term expires; city physician, Dr. Miles, replacing Dr. Carleton Smith, term expires.

January 1, 1923 A capacity house at the Grand theatre greeted the Elks Mid-night Follies' performance on New Year's eve. The Elks orchestra pleased the big crowd.

Tomorrow night at the army for the first time since Capital post, American Legion, was founded, the installation of officers is to be put on with full ritual. Following the entertainment program, Johnny Jones is to have charge of the catering for a luncheon.

Governor-elect Walter Pierce has an option on the residence of George H. Graves, Twelfth and Mission streets, for a lease during his residence here as executive of Oregon. Ward Irvine who has been appointed his secretary, will reside in the Martin apartments. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Irvine of Portland.

Marion county is in the best financial situation of any county in the state. While there was a deficiency in the general fund cash account there was over half a million in the road funds. The county court has given the people a real Christmas present in announcing that the state levy for revenue in 1933 will be taken from the road fund balance so no added property levy will be made. The court has made a splendid showing. While there might be criticism for carrying such large cash balances in the past, the "rainy day" is here now, and the court can well play the role of Santa Claus to the taxpayers.

Ben West has a "plan"; tax all wages over \$50 a month twenty-four per cent. Why stop there, Ben; why not make it a hundred per cent and then everybody get on the county payroll? Merrily we roll along.

One thing the five-year plan has done for Russia is to give them the largest ball-bearing plant in Europe. The wonder arises why they have so much friction.

Frank Roosevelt woke up this morning a free man. But after March fourth at high noon,--many's the time he'll long for his Krum Elbow "farm".

Parmenter, was kind to their neighbor, and was the first to find his dead when she called with some food she had prepared for him, some time around the year 1884; perhaps before.

One may find at the Marion county recorder's office, in the index for indirect deeds, first volume, first page on the appropriate page, a record that will direct him to the recorded copy of the deed that gave to "French Louie" title to his home site in Salem--in the first deed volume of the county.

He will note there that Wm. H. Wilson and Chloe A. Wilson his wife, townsite proprietors, made a deed to Louis S. DuVoisin, of date August 11, 1855. The description outlined 181 feet along the extension of the street that ran by Marion square, thence back to the center of Mill creek, and containing three-fourths of an acre more or less. But the deed reserved forever the right of the water of the stream for "milling purposes." The witnesses to the deed were George H. Williams, afterward United States senator, U. S. attorney general, mayor of Portland, etc., and J. G. Wilson, elected to congress from Oregon in 1878, and the county clerk recording it was B. J. Harding, brother to B. F. Harding, who became U. S. senator. The deed did not give the price paid for the property.

The Salem Directory of 1871 and 1873, copies of which have been selling for \$50 each, had this line in the population pages: "Duvoisin, Louis S., res. cor. Com." (Turn to Page 15)

The Parmenters live at 809 North Commercial street, in the house in which Mr. Parmenter was born, and to which they came the day of their marriage, June 8, 1838, and Mr. Parmenter has never resided elsewhere. The date of his birth was Sept. 13, 1859. The property of "French Louie" was just across the street, so Mr. Parmenter knew him from the time he knew anybody, up to the day of his death; and especially because his mother, Mrs. C. M. Parmenter, was his first teacher.

Frank Meyers, The Spa: "I think the legislative session and then the basketball tournament will take the dull edge off of Salem business the first three months of 1933. Then as spring comes on, things should open up somewhat."

Walter Gerth, West Salem grocer: "Oh, don't ask me that. I don't know. Ask Chief Minto there."

"Eureka!" says an advertisement for a cold remedy, "relief is here!" That's what the man said when he met the skunk -- you reekee.

On a number of occasions during the week I have listened to recollections of men who in one way or another knew Horace Tabor, the local colorist who in the early '80s caused Denver and Colorado to be splashed over the front pages of the world's newspapers. I never saw Tabor, but one of my uncles was a reporter for a Denver newspaper during the period and we heard a good deal about the man at our house. The story of his career should make a tremendously interesting motion picture.

"Silver Dollar," the title of the motion picture created about the character and career of "Haw" Tabor, is a more fitting title than many of the pictures carry. Hollywood does not seem, usually of late, very happy in its titles.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

It was a cry from the depth of a man's soul, into that utterance of her name he seemed to have packed a dozen emotions: there were anger, grief, tenderness, renunciation, and something too of heart-break. All this and more she heard in it, and to the spirit in that cry she made surrender of her own spirit. She nestled closer, softly murmuring to him: "Do not leave me alone again while we are here! Promise me."

"Can you suppose it?" he answered passionately. "Can you dream I should ever again leave you exposed to that?" He bent down to the golden head that rested against his breast, and reverently touched it with his lips, scarcely aware of what he did, as he thus expressed an overmastering emotion into which his fears for her had betrayed him.

It was at this point that the Major, a spectator in whom amazement had been piled upon amazement, accounted it necessary to interpose, before Priscilla, newly wrenched from the ill-fortunate arms of one buccaner, should melt too completely into those of another.

"Stab me!" quoth he, rolling forward, "what's here?"

The indignation rumbling in his voice, awakened de Bernis to realities, arrested him in that easy and increasing surrender to emotion. His recovery of his ready wits was abrupt and complete. Without relaxing his hold upon the girl, or making the least change in his attitude, he spoke swiftly through his teeth.

"Will you ruin all, you fool! What are you supposing? Is she not my wife in the eyes of that man who is gazing at us at this moment? I have a part to play, sir. Begone! Leave me to play it."

The Major gaped, relieved. "I beg your pardon, de Bernis." He hung there, hesitating. "As her brother, it is natural I too, should remain to comfort. I have done nothing to betray you."

But Miss Priscilla evidently considered that the comedy had gone far enough. As if also recalled to realities, she disengaged herself from de Bernis' arm, moved away to a chair, and sat down, like one exhausted. She was still very white, and dark shadows had gathered under her eyes. Her left hand was still clutching to her breast the tattered portions of the bodice.

"If you would both leave me for a little while," she begged them. Understanding, they went. They paced the beach awhile, the Major inveighing furiously but impotently, and seeming to embrace Monsieur de Bernis together with Tom Leach in the scope of that windy invective. Monsieur de Bernis, hearing him not at all, indeed scarcely hearing him, paced beside him in moody abstraction. He awakened from that at last to hear the Major saying:

"Of late, sir, I have been giving you my trust. But I warn you that, unless you can keep these cut-throat friends of yours in order, that trust will be destroyed."

"In such a case, sir, you would have my sympathy," said de Bernis, and upon that abruptly quitted the Major's side.

Looking round for an explanation of a conduct that seemed to him so odd, Major Sandis saw Pierre emerging from among the trees. It was towards him that de Bernis was hurrying. The Major followed, grumbling ever.

He heard the faint mutter of Pierre's rapid French as de Bernis approached him, and at what the half-caste said, his master's shoulders sagged a little, and he stood very still and very pensive, his lip between finger and thumb.



"If the plate fleet matters to you, you'll be civil henceforth, and you'll avoid my quarters," de Bernis said coldly.

After a moment, by when Major Sandis was at his elbow, he spoke, but whether to himself or to Pierre, who stood before him, waiting, was not plain. Even the Major's scant knowledge of French enabled him to understand what de Bernis said. "Nevertheless, it is necessary to do something."

After which he paced away slowly towards the hut, and then, like a man who takes a sudden resolve, swung on his heel, and set out briskly to walk across the beach towards the buccaner encampment.

As he approached it, a couple of men who were buccannering turtle over a fire, looked up and greeted him with the friendly familiarity which he had encouraged in them. But for once he swung past them without noticing it.

It was already a little after noon, and in the Captain's hut, the leaders were sitting down to dinner, under her eyes. Monsieur de Bernis suddenly made his appearance among them, his aspect stern and forbidding.

Tom Leach, who by now had cooled to a state of viciousness that superficially at least was normal, eyed him furtively and at first, startled by that sudden entrance, in apprehension. But the emotion was not one that ever lasted long with Leach. It passed in a flash, leaving him armed in brazen impudence to meet the attack which he had every cause to expect.

Monsieur de Bernis came to the empty foot of the table, directly facing Leach who occupied the head. On the Frenchman's right were Bundy and Halliwell, on his left Ellis and Wogan. All four of them looked up from their meat, to gaze at his preternatural gravity.

His voice was cold and hard and brisk, his speech direct and peremptory. "You may have some notion of what brings me, Captain. I have a warning for you. I need waste no unnecessary words upon it. If the plate fleet matters to you and you wish me to bring you to it, you'll be civil henceforth, and you'll avoid my quarters."

"By heaven..." Leach was beginning, half-rising in his seat. "Wait!" thundered de Bernis, and by tone and gesture thrust him back momentarily silenced. The Frenchman swung to Leach's office.

"I have this to add, Tom, and you would do well to reflect upon it, and to take it for a compass by which to steer your course. To the success of this enterprise against the Spaniard, I am necessary. You are not. The enterprise can quite well go forward without you. I cannot go forward without me. I say no more. But if you have any prudence in your foul head, Tom, you'll use it to rake together some scraps of decency, and put them in your conduct. That is all. The quarrel may end here if you so choose; or it may go forward if you choose. I leave you to decide it."

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Now for Influenza, Technocracy And a Life of Genuine Happiness By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The holidays being over, we may now devote ourselves to technocracy and influenza and be very happy.

Such a cheerful world as it is in spots! The radio, I am told, is to destroy the newspapers, and New York city is sagging in the middle and will be a mile under water before a million years shall have passed, and Mount Hood is likely to pop off again some day, and there is no reason why we shouldn't have an earthquake, and Benny's Christmas toys are all busted -- and oh hell!

Not much of gloom around and about the Grand theatre. Manager Schmidt puts another electric sign on the front of the house and goes on smilin' through.

Avoid the influenza if you can, but I warn you--you'll be mighty lonesome.

"Eureka!" says an advertisement for a cold remedy, "relief is here!" That's what the man said when he met the skunk -- you reekee.

On a number of occasions during the week I have listened to recollections of men who in one way or another knew Horace Tabor, the local colorist who in the early '80s caused Denver and Colorado to be splashed over the front pages of the world's newspapers. I never saw Tabor, but one of my uncles was a reporter for a Denver newspaper during the period and we heard a good deal about the man at our house. The story of his career should make a tremendously interesting motion picture.

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Daily Health Talks By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

REPORT CARDS from school make many children and their parents unhappy. Today, I want to remind you that poor marks are often beyond the control of the child.

Many such reports can be traced to lack of proper food, poor eyesight, defective hearing and other physical defects.

Of course a child may be backward in his school work because of a mental handicap. Such a youngster has difficulty in getting along with his playmates. He is unable to keep up with his grade and has repeated failures in his work. This backward child should not be subjected to severe discipline, scolding or ridicule.

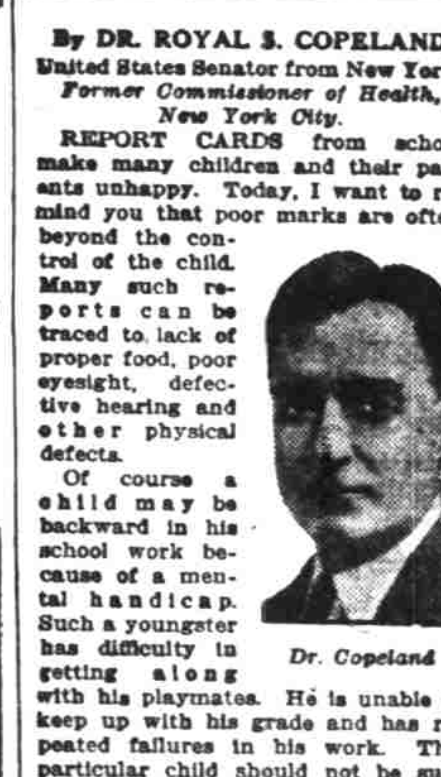
Don't Let Pride Interfere The mentally backward child often enters school when the parent or the teacher is unaware of his handicap. In some instances, however, the fond parent suspects her child of being backward, but because of foolish pride does not face the fact. This is the wrong attitude to assume. It is only by close co-operation of parents, teacher and doctor that such children can be helped.

I would I had sufficient cash to buy a swell automobile. When I say swell I mean swell -- something good, you know, priced at \$19,900, or thereabouts. I wouldn't.

Yesterday I met up with an old friend whom I had not seen for quite some time. It seems he has been suffering from the prevailing epidemic. Feeling rather nervous, chippy now, however. Has a chronic sensation similar to that induced momentarily by riding down from the steepest story in a fast elevator. Also, his insides (Turn to Page 15)



D. H. TALMADGE



Dr. Copeland

trained to some physical disorder. Children who are chronically ill are slow in their school work. Serious defects of vision and hearing are stumbling blocks to proper growth. Diseased and enlarged tonsils and adenoids hinder the school child in his work.

Never Scold the Child When the physical defects are discovered and remedied, the child's school work immediately improves. When overlooked and not recognized at an early age, these defects may seriously interfere with the future health and welfare of the child.

If you have recently inspected your children's report cards and are not satisfied with the mark, I would suggest that you talk with your physician. It is important for you to determine if it is not possible to improve or remove any physical defect that your child may possess.

A never scold a child because of a poor report card. Please bear in mind that the cause may be beyond the child's control. Good health is essential to proper physical and mental growth. It is particularly important for the mentally backward child.

Visit the school your child attends. Consult with the teacher. If you have any suggestions to offer I am sure she will follow your advice. In return, follow any suggestions she may offer you. Let me say once more--if the child's backwardness is due to a physical defect, consult with your doctor.

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Answers to Health Queries C. E. H. Q.--What do you advise for sinus trouble?

A.--This condition requires treatment over a long period of time before it can be entirely cleared up. Consult a nose and throat specialist.

Mrs. J. R. H. Q.--What do you advise for indigestion? A.--Correct your diet and avoid poor elimination. Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.