

The Oregon Statesman

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

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The Auto Industry

THE automobile makers, undaunted by reduced sales for several years, are bringing out new models to tempt the eye of possible purchasers. Striking designs, improved engine performance make the 1933 cars attractive. It seems quite reasonable for the manufacturers to anticipate larger sales than in 1932, because of necessary replacement demand alone. It is estimated that last year a half million more cars were scrapped than were added to the registration rolls. Cars are now a year older, and hundreds of thousands of them are at the vanishing point of usefulness. They too will find their way to the junk heap. The desire for transportation has not waned; and these cars will be replaced sooner or later. Few will be permanently without automobiles who have owned them. With prices of cars reduced, and operating costs lower, car makers have some grounds for optimism. At least they can be certain of this, that eventually the tide of demand will set in so strong their factories will once more run at full blast.

Production last year was only 1,436,000 cars in trucks in the United States and Canada. This compares with 4,794,898 at the 1929 peak. The number of motor vehicles in the United States is 24,276,000. If the average life of a motor car or truck is ten years (which is higher than the general assumption) the replacements alone would equal 2,427,600, which is not far from twice as many as were actually manufactured last year. Statistics thus give support to the faith which auto makers and dealers have that business will improve.

The magnitude of the automotive industry is not fully realized. The wholesale value of the cars and trucks produced this past year was \$784,500,000. The grand total of cars, parts, tires, was \$1,309,500,000, while the value of the gasoline consumed by motor vehicles, including taxes, was \$2,382,000,000 and of lubricating oil \$359,100,000. The automobile industry used 83% of the rubber, 55% of the plate glass, 17% of the steel and iron, 14% of the lumber and lead, 15% of the copper, 20% of the aluminum, 26% of the nickel which was produced. The motor industry used 589 million pounds of rubber and 165 million pounds of cotton fabric in 1932.

There are about 40,000 car and truck dealers in the country, nearly 100,000 garages, repair shops, and 350,000 gas stations.

The motor industry may be sick; but it is not dead or dying. It will rally as quickly as any major industry. In 1921 people blamed the depression on the spending of money on automobiles and shipping our money to Detroit. One doesn't hear that now. The automobile has proven not only a convenience; it is a virtual necessity. And where it is a luxury it gives more for the money than most anything else. While it takes millions to buy cars and gas and oil, these industries in turn pay out millions for labor and materials. It is the exchange of goods which quickens trade throughout the country.

A Baffling Problem

SOME of the papers are scolding because the governor doesn't use the steam roller on the legislature and force it to enact special legislation (preferably a sales tax) to balance the budget. Why should the governor try to jam through a special bill? He can lay the problem before the legislature; but its members are mature men who have their own ideas about how to solve the state's problem.

What is the state's problem? Briefly, it is the deficit which now looms to about \$4,000,000. How did this come about? Again briefly, simply because the Meier administration mismanaged the state revenue a year ago. The tax commission under the whip and spur of the governor over-estimated the receipts from income taxes and intangibles and ordered no property levy at all. Good business sense dictated greater conservatism than this and the continuance of a property tax levy; but that did not fit in with the political aspirations of the administration, so the property levy was wiped clear out. Result: the deficit was doubled and brought to an alarming figure. Frantic economies and salary cuts could not save the situation. It is the governor's baby all right; but is merely handing the squalling brat over to the legislature to nurse.

Our conclusion is that it is a mistake to rush through emergency legislation of a revolutionary character like the sales tax. Better let the property tax levy stand to take care of the present deficiency, and set to work planning expenses to come within revenues. We have now an immediate crisis caused by this deficit. We believe the best interests of the state will be served by refraining from slapping on a sales tax, which when it one gets a foothold may be retained long after the emergency passes. Indirect taxes are supposedly painless; but history shows that these taxes are pyramid or increased, to the detriment of the consumer.

The legislature should not be rushed off its feet by advocates of particular legislation. It should take ample time to study out a long-time program. We are as anxious as any one to see the state in good financial condition, with its credit rating high. If there is no other solution then we would accept a sales tax rather than let the state default on its obligations. It is by no means clear to us that our condition is so desperate or that there is no other solution.

At any rate, Salem welcomes the legislators who assemble today, hopes that they may successfully surmount the obstacles which confront them, and that their labors may be eased by the delights of residence in this community for a two-month stretch.

A Californian is introducing prune juice to the tables of America. It may help overcome the inferiority complex that the prune has suffered from ever since it was attached to the boarding house bill of fare. The lowly savor kraut stepped up in the world when the doctors found its juice was an aid to digestion; calf liver became a luxury when it acquired a health reputation; and now tomato juice is completing the color scheme on the best dining tables. If now the prune may get away from its humble pedigree and step up in the social scale, demand may give the prune growers a taste of real prosperity.

The Willamette is expected to be at flood stage tomorrow. Mill creek was at flood stage yesterday, following Sunday's heavy storm. The longest continuous rain we recall was one of 110 hours duration on Puget Sound, seventeen years ago; but the bay didn't seem to fill up any.

Too MUCH of a Hangover!



The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

Salem, Oregon,
1535 Ferry Street,
January 1, 1933
Editor Statesman,
Salem, Oregon.

Dear Sir:
J. R. Shepard in your issue of Dec. 30 gives a very plausible explanation of the two radically different genealogies of Jesus given in Matthew 1, 1-16 and Luke III, 23-38, explaining that the Matthew genealogy shows the descent of Joseph from David through Solomon, while the Luke genealogy shows the descent of Mary from David through Nathan the brother of Solomon.

This would be a beautiful explanation of the discrepancy if it were true, but one has only to read the passages mentioned to find that Mr. Shepard's explanation has no basis in fact.

Apologists for the Bible must either hold fast to their dictum of Biblical infallibility as the absolute "Word of God," or they must admit that the Bible is a collection of Jewish literature taken from various human sources and containing numerous contradictions and inconsistencies.

The Matthew genealogy clearly states that it is the "Book of the generation of Jesus Christ." It shows the chain of descent from Abraham through David and Solomon to "Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus." This genealogy shows clearly that Joseph was the son of Jacob, while the Luke version says that he was the son of Heli.

The Luke genealogy (Verse 23) says that "A voice came from Heaven, which said, (to Jesus) 'Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased.'" 23. "And Jesus himself began to be about thirty years of age, being (as was supposed) the son of Joseph, which was the son of Heli..." and the genealogy goes on down through Nathan and David to Abraham and finally ends as follows: (Verse 38) "Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."

In other words, the third chapter of Luke states that Jesus is the beloved son of God and goes on to show that He is descended in a perfectly natural way from Joseph, Nathan, David, Abraham, and finally Adam, and thus from God.

The parenthetical expression "(as was supposed)" in verse 23 makes the whole passage inconsistent and is undoubtedly an interpolation, written in by one of the numerous copyists of the Bible before the era of printing. This inconsistency is no basis for the purely gratuitous assumption by Mr. Shepard that this is a genealogy of Mary, because Mary is not mentioned anywhere in the passage.

Yours truly,
J. M. CLIFFORD.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked: "What do you think of the special session of the legislature?"

Avery T. Jamieson, laborer: "I hope they can find something to give us more work and less taxes. Maybe they can't do both. I don't believe they will get much done in just one week."

Miss Wanda Phillips, school teacher: "I don't think they should have called it—it should not have been necessary. Governmental heads should be fore-

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"French Louis":

Pioneer of Salem:

(Continuing from Sunday.)
"French Louis" had a way of preserving his grapes for winter use. He wrapped them in blankets, as "Charley" Parmenter recalls, and had frequent gifts for "Charley's" mother; gifts of delicious fruit, months after grape harvest time.

Perhaps this may be a cue for some one, as to a good way to keep fresh grapes beyond their season. Mr. Parmenter recalls that the recluses had a particular place to keep his valuables, in a receptacle he had prepared under his table. His silver spoons were there, and his small change, to which he often resorted, in his last days, to supply Charley with the means to get needed things up town for him.

And everything about the house of the recluses was neat and clean. He was extremely particular and thorough about this, as he was with his gardening and grape culture. That is the reason his grape vines were always loaded in season with delicious fruit.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 8, 1908

It is evident that Salem is more fortunate than some of her neighbors in the matter of unemployed men. An occasional hobo turns up in the capital city and is given a night's lodging and then told to move on, but "the problem of the unemployed" is unknown as such in the city.

As the result of the refusal of Mayor Rodgers to sign the license of John Doyen, there is one less saloon on State street. The place was closed by Chief of Police Gibson yesterday. His Honor said he investigated and found that the place had a rather shady reputation.

A report from Eugene says that there are at present 401 students enrolled in the undergraduate department of the state university. This is a gain of 20 per cent over last year.

January 8, 1908

B. F. Glazy took over the reins of the city government as mayor last night. The new council's first claim came over replacing of a street light at the Spaulding corner. Alderman Van Patton claimed that if the light were removed, the police would never be able to catch the bootleggers who, it was asserted, operated in the darkened recess of the lumber yard.

SILVERTON: The overflow from Pudding river west of Silverton on the Salem-Silverton pavement has forced motorists to take to the Brush creek road.

ROSE BOWL, Pasadena, Calif.—The University of Southern California defeated the Penn State college in the annual Tournament of Roses inter-sectional football game here New Years day. The score was 14 to 3 and the contest was witnessed by 63,000 persons.

signed enough to foresee such problems.

E. P. Letsen, farmer: "If they keep from making a property tax again, I'll be satisfied. I think they will. The governor did right in starting them off early."

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY

And without giving Leach time to assemble words in which to reply, he turned on his heel and departed as abruptly as he had come, leaving Leach staring after him.

Leach was on his feet, ordures of speech on his writhing lips, and when Bundry's contemptuous voice interrupted both.

"Quiet, Wogan, you fool! There's mischief enough without your adding to this rank brew. As for you, Tom, you're heard, and I suppose you've sense enough left in yourself to recognize sense when you hear it."

"May you burn, Bundry! Does this suppose I'll stomach the impudence of you foppish ape? Does this suppose I'll know the plate feet matter to us more than you?"

thundered Bundry, getting to his feet, losing control of himself for once, and banging the table before him.

A silence followed until broken by the Captain's voice, soft, sly, unutterably wicked. "Be that so, Bundry? Be that so?" His hand was groping slowly round his belt, his eyes never leaving Bundry's mask-like face.

It began to look as if Monsieur de Bernis had flung the apple of discord amongst them to some purpose, as if in a moment blood would be shed over that table and those buccaneer leaders would be at one another's throats. It was Halliwell who averted it. He rose and went forward, so that his great bulk was interposed between the Captain and Bundry.

"In heaven's name, Tom, come to your senses. Will you ruin all out of impatience for a whey-faced doxy who'll be safely under your hand once the pieces of eight are under ours?"

There was promise here as well as admonition. Leach, with all his impatience quenched at the moment by a chair matters, was steady by it, at least far enough to look at the others. Bundry's mind, he knew, Eliza's he read in the scowl of disapproval with which the mate of the Black Swan was regarding him. Halliwell, it was plain, would join them if it came to a trial of strength on this issue.

The only one upon whom Leach could count in that moment seemed to be Wogan, and how long Wogan would remain on the weaker side was not a matter in which Leach could put much faith.

With inward rage, which he strove to dissemble, the Captain perceived only defeat ahead of him if he persisted. Topgallant Charley, that sly French devil, had been too clever for him, and had so shifted the quarrel that it now lay between Leach and his officers.

"Aye, aye," he growled, "mebbe I've acted foolish like. There's sense in what these says, Ned. But there's poison in what you Bundry's said. He fetched a whine into his voice. "To say that 'th' plate feet matters more to you than I do!"

"'Twas ill said, Bundry," Wogan censured him. "So, heaven save me, 'twas ill said."

So ill said that it was his right to ask satisfaction? Leach was looking at the pallid shipmaster.

If Bundry trembled in the heart of him, aware of the vaunted deadly swordsmanship of his Captain, and of what might betide him if Leach were to succeed in making of this affair a personal quarrel with himself, his countenance remained unmoved.

"Ye've afforded it," he said, "when ye confessed that ye may have acted foolish. Let it rest there."

Leach perceived fear in Bundry's desire to drop the matter. He could tell the name of the man.

He recalled him merely as "French Louis." Finally A. N. Moore revealed his name, and he was DeVoisin. A first examination of the indirect deed index, which is alphabetical, was without result. Attorneys will understand. It makes a lot of difference whether the first vowel is a or u. Then, finding, from R. P. Boies, the approximate location of the land where the pioneer recluses had his home, resort was had to the records of the Salem Abstract company. Ordinarily, that sort of a quest would be easy, under the block system kept by that company—by blocks, donation claims, etc. But the records for that part of Salem, along Mill creek, are a mass, for nearly everything at first was by metes and bounds in that locality, and there have been many changes from that time.

However, the managers of that concern have been diligent in clearing up all this mess—and there was readily found an index to the records of the DeVoisin deed. Then the rest was easy.

Leads to an almost inexhaustible mass of historical information are contained in these abstract books and those in the office of the Marion county recorder, and in the estate papers in the vault of the county clerk, going back to the beginning of official life in this place of beginnings of the settlement and civilization of this coast. Names of the men who made history are found there.

The first volumes of deed records for Marion county contain names of our first missionaries, governors, secretaries of state, state treasurers, members of the supreme court, U. S. senators and congressmen, legislators, county officials, and pioneers in every walk of life.

The writer will be glad to receive other information concerning DeVoisin, historical recluses, and the writer expects to attempt some research about his life in New York, perhaps leading to his French ancestry. The writer believes DeVoisin arrived in Salem

perceived also that the others held aloof now, and took no sides in the personal issue which he had given the matter. By this he took heart again.

"That's easy said, Bundry. But will it rest? After all, here's a deal of bother about nothing, made up by o' pother about nothing. Am I to turn 't'other cheek to him, or sink about before him like a cur wif's tail between his legs no matter what he may do or say, just because he's got 'th' secret o' th' plate feet? Sink me into hell! That's no gait for a captain, and it's not 'th' way o' Tom Leach. Let it be understood. So long as Charley's civil, I'll keep the peace; but not a moment longer, plate feet or no plate feet. And if ye expect more of me, ye, Bundry, any other of 'em—in heaven's name say so plainly now, and let's know where we stand."

"Sure that's reasonable enough," Wogan supported him.

Bundry perceived clearly the crude subtlety and cunning by which Leach had caught him; and he knew that it would be suicidal to pursue the matter as a personal quarrel with his formidable captain. So he abandoned the position which he had so boldly taken up.

"No one could expect more of ye, Captain. But ye'll remember that we expect that much."

"That much ye shall have. Ye can be sure of it."

Upon which, with peace restored, they sat down to resume their interrupted meal.

That night, wakeful under the stars, Monsieur de Bernis waited in vain for Miss Priscilla to lift the curtain of her hut and come to sit in talk beside him. The events of the day seemed to have created the need for so much to be said between them. There was so much that he felt the need to explain. But apparently, on her side, there was no corresponding need to hear these explanations; for the night wore on, and the curtain remained closed.

At last, understanding that this must be by design and not by chance, he fell to speculating in distress as to the reason. He could conceive that he had offended her. When he had taken her so tenderly in his arms, he had perhaps overstepped the boundaries of the relations she was disposed to tolerate between them. And yet surely she would never have perceived the almost unavoidable need to create that appearance of uxoriousness, and by this have deflected any resentment.

Lest it should be so, indeed, the need to explain became of an increasing urgency. He ended by softly calling her. Three times he repeated that call before the curtain was raised. Nevertheless, despite the urgency, prudence compelled him to keep down his voice.

It followed, therefore, since she heard him, that she, too, was awake.

"You called?" she said between question and assertion, and added: "Is anything amiss?"

He had risen, and stood with the long enveloping cloak hanging loose from his shoulders.

"That is what I desired to ask you. I was led to fear it from this breach of custom—my own absence. Will you not sit?"

"You have something to say to me?"

She heard his muted, whimsical laugh. "That seems to have been my constant affliction. But tonight I have something more than usual."

She lowered herself to the cushion which served him for a pillow, and which as usual he had set for her, and he sank down beside her.

"Be frank," he invited. "You did not come, you would not have come had I not called you, because you

are offended with me."

"Offended? If I how could that be?" But her voice had the frosty tone of one who fences.

"It should not be. But there is always the danger of being misunderstood. I feared I had incurred it. You might have conceived that I made too free today. It was that..."

"This is unnecessary," she interrupted. "There is no misunderstanding. None is possible. I heard your explanation to Major Sands. It was comedy you played for the information of Captain Leach. I perceived the necessity."

Yet there was nothing gracious in her tone, no lessening of its distant frostiness. It puzzled him.

"And you condone it?" he asked.

"But, of course, you play comedy very well, Monsieur de Bernis."

"Ah!"

"So well that for a moment you misled me. For a moment I actually conceived that your alarm and your concern were genuine."

"I assure you that they were," he protested.

"But... hardly to the extent which I was so foolish as to suppose."

He was betrayed by that complaint into a display of fervor. "Whatever the extent to which you may have supposed me moved, your assumption will hardly have done justice to the fact."

"And yet the fact left you under the necessity to play comedy so as to provide all that you conceived the situation to require."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, lapsing into his native tongue as he sometimes did when deeply moved. "Can you mean...?" He checked himself in time. He was about to add: "Can you mean that you are aggrieved because what I uttered of tenderness was uttered only in make-believe?"

"What were you going to say?" she asked him, as he fell silent.

"Something unutterable."

Her tone softened a little. "If you were to utter it, we might reach the truth between us."

"There are truths that it is better not to reach. Truths that are like the forbidden fruit on the Tree of Knowledge."

"This is not Paradise, Monsieur de Bernis."

"I cannot be so sure on that. In these last days it has grown nearer to Paradise for me than any I have known in life."

This created a silence, which endured so long that he began to fear he had now, indeed, offended. And then at last, in a small voice, looking straight before her down the pallid beach to the dusky shimmer of water beyond, and the shadowy silhouette of the Centaur where she rode at anchor in the lagoon, she answered him with a question.

"Do they play comedy in your paradise, Monsieur de Bernis?"

If he had doubted until now, he could doubt no longer on what it was that she desired his frank avowal. The invitation could scarcely have been more plain had it been plainly uttered. He passed a hand across his brow and found it moist. True, the night was warm. But not warm enough to draw the sweat from such a frame as his. It sprang, he knew, from the labors of his mind.

He answered, at last, slowly, in a voice which being of necessity muted was thereby the more easily kept level.

"Priscilla, count it my saving grace that I know where the frontiers of reality are set for me."

"Can you think only of yourself?"

"It is perhaps my only unselfishness."

(To Be Continued)

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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.

"HEMOPHILIA" is the old name given to a strange disease of the blood. Persons afflicted with it are called "bleeders." In them severe and even fatal hemorrhages may be traced to slight and indeed an almost insignificant injury.

For centuries hemophilia has been recognized as a distinct disease of the rich and the poor. Many notable figures in history have suffered from it. Some authorities believe the history of the world has been influenced by the occurrence of this disease in certain families. The only son of the Russian czar was a sufferer from hemophilia.

It is Hereditary
The disease is a strange and fortunately an unusual one. It has been found only in males of the white race. It is hereditary, being transmitted through the maternal side of the family. If one who has this tendency marries a healthy woman, their children may or may not inherit it. If it does occur in the first generation it will be in the male offspring only. Though the daughters will not have the affliction, they may transmit it to their male children. Once the disease has become established in a family it will persist until that family becomes extinct.

A sufferer from hemophilia is subject to repeated hemorrhages. Prolonged and severe hemorrhages, as I

have suggested, may follow as slight injury as a scratch, push, or fall. The defect is often unexpectedly encountered after the extraction of a tooth, or the removal of tonsils. In such cases the bleeding is excessive and extreme measures are taken to stop it.

Cause Unknown
In all large hospitals, it is now the practice to conduct a simple test on children before they are operated. This is the so-called "bleeding and coagulation test." It is a reliable means of discovering unsuspected hemophilia. Many dentists make use of it before extracting teeth, particularly in suspected cases.

Since the cause of hemophilia is not known, no means of prevention can be found. But certainly it is essential that in every suspected case, the patient should receive the benefit of the accurate knowledge.

In former years, little in the way of treatment could be offered. Today, though the disease cannot be cured, life can be guarded and severe hemorrhages prevented.

The danger is great when the victim is unaware of the affliction. All suspected cases of hemophilia should have special blood tests and avoid the dangers attached to the disease.

Within recent years marked progress has been made in the knowledge of this baffling disease. Though treatment is not sufficient in most cases, it is hoped that within a short time medical science will discover a more specific and successful cure.

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Answers to Health Queries
J. T. S. Q.—Will cod liver oil tablets help a boy of 17 to gain weight?
A—Yes.

J. J. B. Q.—What causes the nose to itch and plimble to appear?
A—The itching may be due to nasal catarrh.

after 1850. His name does not appear among those on the rolls of the Hudson's Bay company, or the holders of donation claims on French prairie, nor was he with the missionaries, or the 42 party, and Nesmith did not list him

with the '43 Applegate train, or Shaw with that of '46; Bancroft did not find him with the '45, '46 or '47 trains, and he was not a member of the original Oregon Pioneer association.

(Turn to page 7)