

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Calvin Coolidge

CALVIN COOLIDGE is dead.
The nation was shocked when this news trickled over the wires yesterday morning—shocked and grieved. Coolidge in retirement became more popular than Coolidge in the presidency. Originally a myth, he became something of a tradition when he left office and took prosperity with him. Coolidge was a bit of old New England; he was a chip off of hard Vermont granite. Prudence and caution never found greater exemplars than in this distinguished New Englander. He was conservative, almost provincial in his outlook. He avoided trouble because he avoided issues. Yet on occasion he administered executive vetoes on bills, like the McNary-Haugen bill, which violated his conception of government and of economics.

The element of luck went along with Calvin Coolidge. His rise was steady, with numerous accidents along the way which turned to his advantage. He did not rate high in intellectuality or in qualities of personal leadership. He won his promotions, most of them, by doing humble chores satisfactorily. Thus he moved from local offices to the senate of Massachusetts and on by grace of smooth-working politics to the governorship. His part in breaking the Boston police strike was small, even non-existent according to many observers, yet he reaped the glory and stepped into national fame.

In 1920 the vice presidency was offered Hiram Johnson who was being defeated at the Chicago convention. He scorned the office; and Calvin Coolidge was named. Harding's death pitched him into presidency at a time when the administration was under heavy fire because of the scandals of the Harding regime. Coolidge was too much alarmed to do anything but keep quiet, building up a reputation for being a man of few words. He rode out the storm, maintained the character of the sphinx, was elected by a decisive vote in 1924, rode along with the tides of good business for four years; and in a moment of inspiration penned the famous words in his camp in South Dakota in 1927: "I do not choose to run". How often since 1929 he must have chuckled to himself over the luck which had attended him, even to the moment of his decision to step out of office.

While Coolidge was a man of limited vision and of limited capacity, he did possess what so many great men lack, balance of judgment and a political sense which rarely betrayed him. Thus he was able to give the country a fairly successful administration and fame accrued to his name because of it. Out of office, he never lost his head or his temper, never compromised himself, never got "in bad". He was too canny.

There were those who wanted to turn to Coolidge in this hour of depression. Coolidge rejected the overtures. While his name might have stimulated confidence in business circles it is doubtful if he would have made a single contribution to the solving of problems. He would merely have adopted a stand-pat policy (though after all that might have been as meritorious as any).

The death of Coolidge brings to mind again the exhausting nature of the presidency. He took the work as easily as any one could. He was not an old man; yet he did not live out the term of his predecessor. No ex-president is now living. The work burns out the vitality of a man, no matter how he may strive to conserve his strength.

The nation will pay its tribute of respect to Calvin Coolidge. He was not a great man, nor a great president. He was a commoner who was thrust into high place and still preserved his native virtues of common sense, conservatism, frugality. His name will stand for that in American history.

Don't Take the Fatal Leap

CONGRESS is flirting again with rubber money. Senator Borah says the country needs an "easier dollar". Does he mean a dollar easier to get or one easier to spend? Schemes will be proposed for inflation though it may be called by some less offensive term. The meaning will be the same: printing press money.

The Dalles Chronicle inquires: "If controlled inflation can serve as a life preserver, why not try it?"

The answer is brief: there is no such thing as controlled inflation; and inflation is no life preserver; it is a final leap over the precipice to economic chaos. History is full of such examples, the latest of which is Germany which ought to stand forever as a warning against ballooning the currency.

The danger is greater now because the need is less. The need is less because our deflation is completed. There is a growing stability in the economic structure; and a growing conviction in informed circles that the trend is upward. The last six months has seen definite progress. Let this continue and in a normal and healthy way economic health will be restored. If on the other hand we commence pouring dope into the system we merely invite inevitable and more drastic deflation later on.

We place little stock in proposals for "planned economy". The greatest fiascos we have had have been in commodity controls. Witness Brazilian coffee, British rubber restriction, Cuban sugar control, the effort of copper producers to control price, and finally our federal farm board and its failure to stabilize prices of wheat and cotton. How may currency inflation "controlled" by politicians succeed?

We are in the depths now. We shall get out if we stick to tested methods of normal progress rather than fooling ourselves and nobody else with fiat money.

The Other Side of the Picture

SENATOR WOODWARD in the course of an address before the Salem Rotary club deplored the importation of goods into these markets from foreign nations, which results in displacing similar goods produced in this country. Newsprint and salmon were cited as destructive of local industries.

When that side of the picture is presented the natural impulse is to raise the barriers against importations in order to hold domestic markets for domestic manufacture. But Senator Woodward failed to comment on the other side of the picture. The same ships which bring in foreign goods take away products of our own fields and factories. Read the shipping lists in Portland and you will note that after discharging miscellaneous cargoes the vessels in the foreign trade pick up dried fruits, canned fruits, apples, wheat, flour,

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem's first cannery: Spirit of pioneers needed:
An inquiry was made of the writer: "When was the first cannery built in Salem?"

It belonged to the Salem Cannery company, the incorporation papers for which were filed Feb. 8, 1890. The leading spirit in the enterprise was R. S. Wallace, father of Paul Wallace, and nearly all the principal people of the city were stockholders, in amounts from \$50 to \$500.

The New Year edition of The Statesman of January 1, 1891, telling of the manufacturing activity of the city, printed the following as a part of that record:

"The people of Salem have wonderful recuperative force. This is not a young or new city, and her growth has been demanded by the development of the resources lacking her. Therefore her own people have absolute faith in her and her future. This says a great deal in a few words to one looking for a new field for his enterprise and capital.

"While the Willamette river was on the rampage, the like of which 30 years had not witnessed, and the big bridge had just been washed out—enough to discourage a less confident people—the stock for the cannery was all subscribed, and the materials for the buildings ordered.

"This is the most important manufacturing concern Salem has gained during the past year—and the big woolen mill was the most important in the year before.

"The main building of the cannery is 40x140 and part of it two stories. There is an addition to the main building on the west, for the reception and banking of corn, etc., 12 by 140 feet. The main warehouse is 30x80 feet, two stories, with a wing 30x40, also two stories.

"The evaporator of the Willamette Valley Fruit company, adjoining, and really a part of the same institution, has buildings and sheds covering about the same amount of ground, the main building being two stories high.

"A 100 horse power engine and boiler, enclosed by a brick building, furnishes the power, being assisted by a water wheel on the race, along which the buildings are erected, of 30 horse power.

"This is the largest and best evaporator on the coast, and there are few larger canneries. They are capable of taking care of three or four times the amount of vegetables and fruit offered the past season, and the capacity can be easily increased.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 6, 1908
The Breyman estate has plans being made to erect a modern three-story brick business block on its land just east of the old White corner and adjoining the alleyway on Court street. Part of the space is now occupied by the Variety store, Rex studio, and the Chinese store managed by the firm of Hule Wing Sang & Co.

Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner officially took over the management at the state asylum yesterday, succeeding Dr. Calbreath who resigned.

WASHINGTON—The case of former Congressman J. N. Williamson of Oregon, charged with unlawfully cutting timber on the public lands in Crook county, Ore., in conspiracy with 100 others, was decided by the United States supreme court today in favor of Williamson.

January 6, 1928
The Oregon legislature, that meets next week will have at least one measure presented that has been talked for practically half a century—to require that fruit products canned or prepared in Oregon shall bear the state name in some way that won't wash off. H. S. Gile told Marlon county realtors Thursday that a camp should be started to advertise Oregon products.

A vigorous crusade against cigarette smoking, which is indulged in by a number of boys attending rural schools, is being launched by the sheriff and other county authorities here.

Rapid progress is being made on the paper mill additions so that actual paper manufacture in the new units may be expected at an early date.

Daily Thought

"We are living today in a new freedom of the arts, particularly of literature. One of the secrets of life is to keep our intellectual faculties acute. At a certain age some people's minds close up. They live on their intellectual fat. A new idea produces an unpleasant shock. They comprehend its strangeness but not its value."—William Lyon Phelps.

paper products, lumber, canned salmon all destined for various markets over the world. Portland's development has been largely based on its world trade. Its exports, wheat and lumber, leading, have been far greater in value than its imports.

We can all wax enthusiastic over "Buy American"; but if we do all our buying at home how may we do any selling abroad? Oregon must export to other lands. Our coastal frontage gives us a commanding advantage in world trade. Our development depends on our cultivation of our overseas market. Before we are swept off our feet by the propaganda of patriots who see a menace in imports we should take a look at the other side of the picture. Our prosperity will be greater and more diffused when the total volume of trading increases,—foreign as well as domestic.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

Monsieur de Bernis revealed the telescope and for some moments stood carefully scanning the ships. They saw no flag; but their lines left him in no doubt of their identity.

As he closed the telescope, a grim smile was stamped on his dark, narrow face. "In an hour they will have the island abeam. Come. There's no time to be lost."

They sped back as swiftly as they had come. In all they had not been absent above an hour when they stopped out of the woods again beside their hut. There Monsieur de Bernis passed. From under his arm he took the telescope, which he had retained until now, and handed it to Pierre, who went off with it to his tent.

Monsieur de Bernis stepped into the hut, where the Major sat drowsily watching Priscilla, who was again busy with her needle. They looked up as he entered and went to take down his sword and baldric from the hook where it was hung.

"Why that?" the girl asked him sharply.

Monsieur de Bernis shrugged. "Feeling running as it does, it is well to go prepared." He passed the heavily encrusted baldric over his head, and settled it on his shoulder. "It inspires respect. It acts as an inducement to civility."

Reassured by that smiling explanation and his easy manner, they let him go.

Outside the hut he paused. Knowing what he went to do, he was moved to a last word with Priscilla, a last instruction to the Major in case the worst should befall him. Instead, however, after an instant's thought, he passed on to the half-caste's tent.

"Pierre, if the worst should happen to me, see to Miss Priscilla. You should meet few difficulties."

Pierre's eyes, dark and soft as velvet, were filled with alarmed concern. "Monsieur! Could you not wait? Is there no other way?"

"No way so sure as this. Besides, I owe it to myself."

"Sure!" the half-caste echoed. "But not sure for you."

"Oh, pardieu! But yes. Sure enough for me."

Pierre clutched his master's hand. "Diez vous garde, monsieur!" he prayed.

De Bernis patted the bowed head. "Soise tranquille, mon fils. And upon that he departed resolutely.

Chance favouring his design, he came upon Tom Leach walking with Wogan within fifty yards of the buccaner encampment. He gave them a friendly good-day; gave it deliberately, with a flourish. Tom Leach looked him over without friendliness.

"What d'ye want here?" "What I want?" Monsieur de Bernis displayed only surprise, to mask his satisfaction at finding the Captain so readily disposed to create the situation which the Frenchman desired. "What I want?" he said again, his eyebrows up, his lip curling, his eyes looking down his nose at the buccaner.

The very insolence of his attitude was steel to the flint of Leach's humour. "Aye, what ye want. If thee's better ha' stayed away."

They were making excellent progress, thought Monsieur de Bernis. He stepped close up to Leach, with arms akimbo, whilst Wogan looked on inscrutably. "I don't think ye're civil, Tom."

"Civil!" The Captain spat with deliberate offensiveness. "I see no call for civility."



De Bernis' sword was no more than half out of the sheath when the murderous lunge was aimed at him.

"So? In fact, Tom, I find you damned provocative."

"Provocative! Ha! He finds me provocative, Mike! 'Sife! Are you to be provoked? Seems to me yours is the kind o' courage that likes to have a shelter, to make cat-paws for itself."

"That is what you know of me, is it?"

"It's what I see."

Wogan accounted it time to make a pretence of intervening. "Och, now, will ye be remembering what's ahead of us? Won't ye be making the peace, now, both of ye, and working together like good Brothers of the Coast. Come, now."

"It is what I most desire, Wogan," had Monsieur de Bernis. "Ye been thinking that yesterday Tom said that to me which hurt my honour. If he'll unsay it now, I am ready to forget it."

Thus, in his desire that the provocation should appear to come entirely from the other side, he gambled upon his knowledge of the Captain's mood and nature. The result did not disappoint him.

"Honour!" Leach crowed derisively. "Your honour! Faith! That's good! That's very good for thee!" And he laughed, his eyes inviting Wogan to join him in his derisive mirth.

But the tall, lanky Irishman preserved a preternatural gravity. Nor was he entirely without anxiety. He was almost as solemn as Monsieur de Bernis, who was asking in solemn tones: "Will you tell me what's to laugh at, Captain?"

"You! You and your honour, you cuckoo jackanapes!"

In the next moment he was reeling under the sound and unexpected cuffing he received from the Frenchman. Monsieur de Bernis, accounting that things had gone far enough, and that Leach's words were more than sufficient to justify him, had acted quickly before Wogan could intervene.

Leach, recovering his balance, momentarily unsettled, fell back a pace or two, aghast and furious. His eyes blazed in his livid face. He began to unfasten his coat. "By Judas Iscariot! I'll cut your liver out for that, you French kite."

(To Be Continued)
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Hands Across the Sea



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