

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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The Forgotten Man

THE real forgotten man is the fellow who is hanging on to his job, working steadily, paying his taxes and his doctor, paying his taxes, and taking his family for a ride in the family car on Sunday afternoons if the weather is good. He is NOT hunger marching to state capitols. He is NOT barnstorming budget meetings. He is NOT curbstoning half his time cussing the government.

He is NOT lining up at the wailing wall with the rich to decry all taxes and agitate for tearing down schools and other institutions.

He is NOT all through and washed up.

This man is really forgotten while the press and the politicians exalt to unwonted fame and attention the ne'er-dowells, the shiftless, the publicity-mongers, the half-bakes and nit-wits who neglect their own business (if they have any) while they try to tear down the business of other people and the government and established institutions of the country.

We are living in a psychology of failure, where the man who has made any success is viewed as suspect, a fellow to be looted of his goods; and where we would pamper the idle, and extol the destitute.

This psychology of failure is saturating our legislative halls and business circles. We are thinking, legislating, planning in terms of failure instead of courageously facing our problems and fighting through the determination that is itself half the battle.

The men who are making a modest success of the adventure of living are in the vast majority but they seem to be completely forgotten. These men expect to carry on their individual and communal affairs and devote their full energies to making things go. They do not want the state's credit to collapse; they do not want children to go uneducated; they are not expecting to get something for nothing.

There is need for human sympathy to those who are stranded in the ebb tide of business; but this sympathy made maulin blinds people to the great army of industrious, competent people who are keeping their heads above water and who may be depended on to carry the load through to the end. We hear a great deal about the farmer whose place is burdened with a mortgage; we hear nothing of the farmer who has kept his farm free from debt, and about 60% of all farms are free of mortgage. We hear a great deal of the plight of the home-owner, who is being dispossessed because of a debt; yet 46% of the homes of the country are free of incumbrance, and only a small fraction of the people are losing their places through foreclosure.

It is the man who is succeeding in carrying his load who is "forgotten". He is not asking to be "remembered." He wants no grants from the treasury, no subsidies. The current ballyhoo has passed even from exaltation of mediocrity and the "average man" to exploitation of the failures in the social scheme, who even in good times are wretches and deadbeats.

Why not give the genuine "forgotten man" a break? Point our public and private affairs toward steady plodding and constant progress toward better days. Instead of wetting our crying towels and proclaiming disaster why not take counsel of courage and not despair? Instead of sitting down and waiting for a miracle to come "round the corner", why not dig in to make the present productive?

The State of Paranoia

THE State of Nazilia, which we described in this column yesterday, is the zone of illusion whereby political demagogues promise to lead the people: no taxes, a chunk of gold for every citizen, one day of labor a week.

Jackson county, however, represents what a visitor from Medford describes as the "State of Paranoia". There the citizens suffer from delusions of persecution and hill-billies, fanned into frenzy by journalistic contortionists, crowd the court house and threaten marches against county officials.

Outsiders following the Jackson county feudism through its local papers, have derived rare comedy from the hydrophobia of the Medford News. But the situation has passed from comedy to danger; and the county will be fortunate if it escapes without tragedy.

The public mind is tense; it is easy to excite the spirit of the mob. The wilder the rumor, the easier for it to gain credence. And when newspapers merchandise distorted imaginings the public may be swept off its feet. That is the condition of affairs in Jackson county where trivial incidents are given an exaggerated importance until primitive feudism runs riot.

After a time when the frothing at the mouth stops, and the people have a chance to cool off they will wonder how they were transformed into wild-eyed paranoiacs.

Coach Paul Schissler agreed to cancel his contract with Oregon State. While it had over three years to run, he will consent to terminating it June 30th next. It is a decent settlement of a situation which was baffling OSC athletics. Schissler is getting the raspberry plenty now; but Schiss gave a good account of himself during his stay at the college. He turned out some splendid teams which won national honors. This season turned bad on him, so he had to walk the gang-plank. Surely Oregon has learned how the folly of signing long-term contracts with coaches. When they want to leave they can usually pull out, contract or no contract; and when the college wants to change coaches sometimes it gets stuck for unexpired contracts. Schissler leaves Oregon State with not a great many friends, not as many as his years of service and his better-than-average success should have earned for him.

We got the first reaction from this bill on a two-year mortgage foreclosure moratorium yesterday. A man who has owed us money for some time, which he was expecting to pay from a loan on his place says his loan is held up because the lender is afraid of fool legislation like the Dickson bill. What the state needs is something to encourage those with a little money to loosen up their purse strings and loan or renew mortgages. Legislation like the Dickson bill dries up the sources of capital. As a general rule the lender never forecloses unless he is practically forced to do so. Individual adjustments are being made in every county in the state to permit debtors to carry on if they have the will to. Wise legislation is that which preserves and maintains public and private credit and not that which destroys it.

Stock market seems to have gone up a little since the first of the year. A new crop of suckers is afraid of missing the train on the bull climb. But then, their guess may be correct.

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

ALVIN COOLIDGE
America has lost a priceless friend;
A nation's grief and adoration blend.

Of Puritanic fiber—soul and soil;
He knew the ups and downs of homely toil;

In atmosphere of pious home was reared;
Throughout the nation's heart was high revered.

He exemplified ideal democracy,
Whose warp and woof were sincere modesty,
And qualities of true nobility.

Tho strong re-urged for Nation's highest place,
He firm refused its further proffered grace;

Yet from his native heath a beacon bright
He shone—a star of wisdom; justice; might;

His high example nought can ever dim;
Aye, words were weak for proper praise of him.

And Calvin Coolidge still we see and hear,
As reverent we pause beside his bier.

EDNA GARFIELD.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

WHAT? OBSIDIANS SNOWED IN!

One of the interesting items in the reports on the recent storm was that the Obsidiars had been snowed in at their winter shelters a few miles above Lost Creek ranch. That may be so, but we don't know, etc. It is a tale which will bear a little scrutiny and speculation.

Here are 25 of the hardest mountaineers in the Oregon country, expert snowshoe artists, ski jumpers and outdoor workers. They are having their annual New Year party and winter sports carnival. Tired from their strenuous exertions they retire for a few hours sleep before trekking back to the city.

In the night, the gentle snow falls softly, softly. Not a sound is heard except the occasional squeak of a packrat testing the savor of a bootprint. Comes the dawn and the hardy men of the hills arise. While the morning coffee is cooking, somebody looks outside.

Horror! Two feet of snow have fallen in the night. What to do about it? Chiefs, front and center! Rally round in council. It is one thing to breast a 20-foot drift in the high mountains; it is another to confront 2-foot of snow at the cabins.

"I think we should remain till the storm abates," says a gray-beard solemnly. "Horsefeathers has spoken!"

The council of wise Horsefeathers is accepted. Not till the snow stops falling do the brave venture forth and then we hear tales of heroic work digging an 1800 foot path through the snow to the city.

It may be so, but we don't know, etc. What's this we hear about three large roasted turkeys left over from the New Year's feast? What's this about large stores of griddle cake batter and juicy sausages and ham and eggs and mince pies and such?

As we get the story we can't understand why the Obsidiars ever came out of the mountains. Why worry if business never

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How Salem won fight for permanent capital!

(Continuing from yesterday.)
The fight for the location of the capital began even in the days of the provisional government when the Oregon country was foreign territory; was under the joint occupation agreement.

The legislative body of the provisional government designated Oregon City as the capital on June 27, 1844, and again, or rather confirmed it, on December 19, 1845.

The long fight under the territorial government was given in considerable detail in this column, several months ago, running through several issues. It began even in the first session of the territorial legislature in 1849, when the mandate of the act of admission was overlooked, neglected or passed by.

It was at white heat when, in the second regular session of '50-'51, at Oregon City, on Jan. 19, 1851, Salem was chosen as the seat of government. Feb. 1, 1851, it may be said, the capital was moved to Salem; rather, most of the territorial offices were moved to this town small town. Some of the officers, including the governor, John P. Gaines, refused to come, under the plea that the act of location was irregular, therefore not valid. Most of the members of the territorial legislature elected in 1851 came to Salem and held the 1851-2 legislative session in basement rooms of the Oregon Institute. But four went to Oregon City and held a rump session; three houses and one council member; the latter being Columbia Lancaster, who elected himself to all the offices, made motions to himself and passed resolutions in regular order, etc., etc.

A mass meeting was held May 8, 1852, at Oregon City, protesting against the usurpations and abuses of the Methodist clique at Salem, which had, without due process of law, stolen the seat of government from the city by the falls, as the leaders there pretended to believe.

January 13, 1855, the 1854-5 session of the territorial legislature, meeting in rooms of the unfinished territorial capitol in Salem, chose Oregon City as the seat of government.

Rejoicing over this supposed victory of the embryo town up the river over their hated rival, Salem, some of the leaders of the town of Portland fired a salute of 44 guns, to celebrate the event.

Dec. 12, '55, the legislature meeting at Corvallis voted the capital back to Salem, where it reconvened on the 13th. In the then finished territorial capitol, standing where the state house is now, which was burned down on the night of Saturday, Dec. 29, '55, after which it reconvened in the Rectory building, next north of the present Statesman building; also held the '56-7 sessions there; and, after that, beginning with the '57-8 session, and continuing until 1876, in the Holman building, still standing on the corner north of The Statesman building with the session of 1876 going to the national capitol building, and all following sessions, of course, being held there.

picks up back in the settlement! What could be sweeter, those days, than to be snowbound in the Obsidian cabins, a great fire roaring in the pot-bellied stove, coffee bubbling in the big black pot, the kitchen carefully carved large slabs of white and dark meat, Chief Hen Scratch or Chief Screech Owl recounting some prodigious feat.

Snowed in? Why not?

—Eugene Register-Guard.

The vote for the location of the seat of government, held at the general election of June, 1882, resulted in no choice; that is, no town received a majority of all the votes. Salem got the highest number, 3417. But there were 1931 for Eugene, 1787 for Portland and 1036 for Corvallis, with a considerable number of scattering ballots for other towns. The three principal rivals of Salem thus together garnered 7334 votes, a margin of 317 against a Salem victory, not counting the scattering ballots.

The 1884 election, called by the 1883 legislature after the canvass of the results of the first election had been reported to that body, resulted in a majority for Salem in Baker, Clatsop, Columbia, Douglas, Josephine, Linn, Marion, Polk, Tillamook, Umatilla and Wasco counties. Portland carried only Clackamas, Multnomah, Washington and Yamhill counties. Eugene carried Coos, Jackson and Lane. Curry county did not vote on the question. Corvallis lacked 7 votes of a majority even of her own county, Benton, with 236 for that town, 117 for Salem, 70 for Portland, and 56 for Eugene.

Baker gave Salem 764 votes, Portland 149, Eugene 30. Clatsop: Salem 78, Portland 1, The Dalles 56. Douglas gave Salem 334, Portland 13, Eugene 230. Linn gave Salem 1006, Portland 230, Eugene 83, Albany 97, Corvallis 18. Polk gave Salem 641, Portland 141, Eugene 2. Umatilla gave Salem 207, Portland 219. Wasco gave Salem 370, Portland 54. (One even at this distance in time can see the "fine Italian hand" of "Joe" Wilson in that result.)

Multnomah gave Portland 1817, Salem 21. Marion gave Salem 1433, Portland 12, Eugene 2. Corvallis 0. Marion county at that time had a larger population than Multnomah—for Marion cast 1435 votes for congressman that year, against 1243 for Multnomah; an edge of 192 for Marion, meaning nearly 1000 total in favor of Marion, for there was only manhood suffrage then. Votes of women were long way in the future. In that time of large pioneer families, voting population was not more than as one to five for the total.

Interesting now is the list of places receiving the 517 scattering votes in the election of 1884, and the number for each. Corvallis garnered 239 votes, Jacksonville 11, Mt. Hood 4, Albany 98, The Dalles 92, Oregon City 10, North Bend 92, Empire City 2, Lancaster 2, Marshfield 2, Cape Arago 4, Scio 2, Astoria 7, Rainier 6, Boring 2, Grand Rapids 1, City 12, and the following places one each: Umatilla, Yoncalla, Ames Chapel, Monroe, Myrtle Creek, J. Fisher's Lane, Oakland, Twin Sisters, Soap Creek, Westport, Nehalem, Oak Point, Springfield, Williamsburg, Galice Creek, Allen's Gulch, Queen of the Bronzes.

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Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 11, 1908

It is ridiculous to think of a prize fight being pulled off in the city hall," said Mayor Rodgers yesterday. "As long as I am mayor, no prize fight property will be used for such purposes. As a consequence, the ten-round boxing match between the Cuban Kid and B. Lynam, scheduled for last night, did not take place.

The total Marion county tax levy will amount to seven and one-half mills, it was announced yesterday. The state tax will be 2.14 mills.

The fire department was out yesterday to give the new engineer, King, and stoker, Miles, an opportunity to get used to operation of the steam pump.

January 11, 1928

A general consolidation bill, will be introduced in the senate today by Senator Hall. It proposes the abolition of 64 boards and commissions and would substitute therefor four departments each presided over by a commissioner. The secretary of state and state treasurer would be two of the commissioners.

PARIS—France will go into the Ruhr this morning. Tanks, troops, airplanes and engineers are ready. The French are charged over President Harding's decision to withdraw American troops from the Rhineland.

EUGENE—The damage to the Pacific highway in Lane county by the recent floods is estimated at \$50,000.

New Views

"What athletic star is your favorite?" Statesman reporters asked these questions yesterday.

Connie Schneider, newboy: "Warburton with U. S. O. I think he's my favorite football star. I have some coaches that I think are good, too. 'Pop' Warner is the best since Knute Rockne died."

J. C. Yantis, combination man, telephone company: "I like Robin Reed because he puts on a good show whenever he comes here."

Reed Rowland, printer: "Well, sir, I haven't any."

Ken Dalton, clerk: "It would have to be a football man—and I guess I favor Rod Grange."

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

This reminder that, whatever might be the fate of them at Morgan's hands, he who had been Morgan's lieutenant, and who, deserting, had taken to the sea again and gone a-roving in their company, would certainly meet with no mercy, gave them sudden pause. Here was something they had overlooked. There was no argument by which he could have made a stronger appeal to their sympathy. And then, suddenly, Wogan came sliding through them. He had come from cover with several fellows at his heels, intent as most of the men were intent upon making a scapegoat of de Bernis; intent that, since destruction perhaps awaited most of them, de Bernis should certainly not escape, but should be the first to pay.

And there he stood, tall and lanky, threatening the air with his long arms in his excitement as he poured forth his venom.

"Let him talk as he pleases, it's Toppallant Charley we've to thank for this. It was he brought us here! It's his fault, so it is, that we're caught with never a keel under us: trapped like rats in a gin, and helpless at the mercy of Morgan!" He flung out an accusing arm, so that his hand almost struck Monsieur de Bernis in the face. "It's Charley's doing! Bad cess to him!"

With that he thought to destroy de Bernis, and might have destroyed any man less prompt and resourceful. As it was, and as he was presently to learn, he merely supplied de Bernis with a weapon at once defensive and offensive.

Before the rage which Wogan fanned in those wild ruffianly souls could blaze forth, de Bernis was answering him, and by tone and manner and very words was compelling attention.

"Will you make a scapegoat of me for your own blundering incompetence, you hobbyed cat?" He paused upon that question which struck Wogan dumb with amazement and arrested the attention of all. Then, with an increasing vehemence, with a stimulation of indignation, he went on to scold the Irishman.

"If we are helpless as you say, the fault lies between you and that dead cat-throat Tom Leach whose worthy lieutenant you are. If either of you had known anything of your trade, there would be guns on the bluff which with which to have given Morgan a warm welcome."

Again he paused, and this time no fear of interruption made him hurry to resume. He knew that what he had said must whet the men's appetite for more. It was something that leapt to the eye when uttered. One and all of them, perceiving this, they would wait for his amplification of the charge he brought, he, the accused, turned suddenly accuser.

"Pardee! You come a bleating here to make it seem that I am to blame, you numbskull! Hal Wogan, you and Tom Leach between you, were never fit to command anything, afloat or ashore! And here's the proof of it in the disaster to which we are now betrayed. And you say it was I brought Leach to career here because there is no better beach than this for canoeing in all the Caribbean. But I do not tell him to take no precautions against surprise. I did not tell him to pile his guns there on the shore like so much rotten dunnage." He pointed to the spot where the guns had been stacked when first they were landed from the Black Swan.

"How do you know that I did not warn him? Do you suppose that I did not advise him to set up earth-works on the bluff there, and against livid, he stood before them, accounting himself lost, seeing himself in fancy already torn to pieces. But de Bernis, having used Wogan as a lightning conductor so as to deflect their frenzy from himself, could now afford to despise and spare him. He stepped forward once more to claim and hold attention.

"Let the fool be!" he admonished them. After all, considering where the blame lies will not save us from this danger. It's how to meet it we must consider."

That made them all attentive. He saw the round moon face of the fellow who had turned upon him, and the fiery Ellis at the ponderous shipmaster's elbow. Bundry, dry and snappy, as his side made an interjection.

"Faith! It'll need a mort of considering!"

"Courage, Bundry! There's no reason yet to despond."

"I don't want for courage," Bundry snapped back. "But I don't want for sense either."

"A man may have both, and yet want for invention," said de Bernis. "If ye can invent anything at all help us, Charley," cried Halliwell, "we'll follow you anywhere after this!"

And from the men came a roar of confirmation to encourage de Bernis. His brow was dark with thought. He turned his shoulders upon Wogan, who, shaken and still trembling from the fright he had sustained, had fallen back a little, and waited white-faced and half-numbed for whatever might follow now that he had shot his bolt and found it turned into a boomerang.

Monsieur de Bernis was smiling wistfully as he replied. "I doubt if Toppallant Charley will lead any buccanniers after today, whatever may be the rest of you. And yet, beyond, it is possible that I may save myself with you; for you, I think, I certainly can save."

There came from that villainous multitude an inarticulate sound such as is made by a great wave against a rock. It was a gasp expressive of their incredulity before such an announcement. And then, as the sound of it was dying down, a gun boomed from the flagship, to turn them startled towards the sea once more.

(To Be Continued)

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Wogan, quivering with fury, interrupted him. "It's a lie! Don't be listening to him."

mount guns to command the entrance of the lagoon? We dispose of sixty guns between the two ships. With those we could have defied the whole Jamaica squadron. We could have sunk any ship that tried to force an entrance here. But how did he receive my advice?"

He was never allowed to tell them. For here, Wogan, quivering with fury, interrupted him. "It's a lie! Don't be listening to him! He never advised it at all! It's a lie!"

"Is it?" quoth de Bernis, and now he was actually smiling, if very grimly. "We will agree it is a lie. We will agree I never warned him; I never told him or you that guns should be employed there."

And now his voice suddenly swelled up. "But, my faith, what were you doing, what were you and he doing, that you did not think of it for yourselves? He was the captain and you were his lieutenant, Wogan; and between you lay the responsibility for the safety of your men. How does it happen that neither you nor he thought of placing this cove in a state of fortification? Can you shift the blame for that on to any other shoulders?"

Leach is dead, and cannot answer. But you are alive, and you can answer. There are your men: the men who, through your carelessness and incompetent leadership, are now trapped here as you say. Answer to them, then! Answer them!"

And from the throats of those buccanniers whom de Bernis's indictment had lashed into sudden fury came in a raucous roar the demand: "Answer! Answer!"

"By Jupiter!" screamed Wogan, in sudden affright to see the storm so swiftly and craftily deflected upon his own head. "Will ye be listening to this liar? Have ye never heard tell of Toppallant Charley's artfulness, that ye'll be deceived by it? Will ye be the dupes of his forsy, cozening tongue? I tell you

"Toll us why ye mounted on guns on the bluff!" a buccannier interrupted him.

"Answer for your cuckoldry self!" cried another, and—"Answer as he bids you, you good-for-nothing!" a third demanded, whereafter in a roar he was assailed by the cry: "Answer! Answer!"

Quaking and livid, he stood before them, accounting himself lost, seeing himself in fancy already torn to pieces. But de Bernis, having used Wogan as a lightning conductor so as to deflect their frenzy from himself, could now afford to despise and spare him. He stepped forward once more to claim and hold attention.

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