

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Talking up to Uncle Sam

FEDERAL employees would serve their own interest better if they would call off the publicity agent of the "National Federation of Federal Employees" whose handouts to newspapers read much like the pronouncements of stiff-necked labor union walking delegates in the old days. The broadcasting of all the things the "executive council" of this federation is opposed to will create a kickback that will make the organized employes on the civil list think a Missouri mule has hit them.

Thus the publicity marked "immediate release" that comes to our desk declares that the national federation of federal employes is unalterably opposed to further inroads upon the already depleted pay envelopes of government workers. The only pay cut the civil employes had was one of from 8-13 to 11%, yet this press sheet says "The first pay cut was not dictated by sound economics, generally or specifically, nor by any consideration of good personnel practice. Recommendations for still further cuts are absolutely indefensible on any score."

Now when the federal employes start in to tell Uncle Sam and the people where they are to get off it is time to do a little spanking. When the payouts of people in industry have been cut from 10 to 100% the taxpayers are in no mood to be told that 8-13 per cent on top of the sickness leaves, vacation leaves and holiday grants is the maximum which a group can stand.

It is not that we propose slashing the wage scales of the federal employes; but we resent the attitude of the organization which assumes to speak for them. We do not believe it correctly represents the attitude of the vast majority of civil workers. Most of them hope they can get by without further reductions, but most of them are reconciled to making sacrifice when they see the depleted condition of the national treasury. And probably not one of them would leave the service if his pay were cut 25%.

We believe in maintaining wage scales both in private industry and in public service; but we also believe that no class or group in either division is permanently immune from the great trends in business world which lie outside the control even of governments.

Man the Pumps

WE wish the Portland Journal, one of the powerful papers of the state, would make some constructive contribution toward the solution of grave problems affecting the state. It had been editorializing valiantly against doing this and against doing that; but we fail to see any suggestion as to what the state should do in its present situation.

The Journal opposes any general sales tax. It opposed the revised income tax submitted at the last election.

It has always opposed heavy property taxes.

It opposes cutting as much as the Hansen budget does the appropriations for higher institutions of learning.

It opposes discontinuance of the "continuing appropriations" for experiment stations.

This may be the Journal's idea of playing up to the masses and winning more subscribers, but it does not meet the mathematics of the situation. Revenues MUST be provided to sustain the vital services of the government (and the Journal points out no specific spot where large savings can be made), and additional sums MUST be provided to reimburse the bonus commission, pay off the short term loans from banks.

What source of revenue would the Journal draw upon to supplement those from income, excise, inheritance, intangible and miscellaneous sources? It is not enough for the Portland Journal, great journalistic organ that it is, exercising a wide influence in Portland and the state at large, to be merely an obstructionist, to say to the legislature, you shall not pass this tax or that tax, you shall not cut this appropriation or that appropriation.

Will the Journal, as the legislature gropes for light and seeks support for the best way to solve its problems, come forward with some definite and adequate program of taking care of urgent, present liabilities and of necessary expenses of the state for the next biennium?

Libby Holman announces through her father that she will be satisfied with only a modest sum for herself and son from the estate of her late husband, Smith Reynolds. She suggests that the major portion of the \$18,000,000 sum be devoted to public uses by creating an endowment in memory of her husband and his father, the tobacco king. The question is being raised whether she can forget the right of her babe to his share in the estate. It ought to be possible, for the inheritance of millions is more often a curse than a blessing. The announcement at any rate will help redeem the name of the "torch singer" which was, unjustly we believe, clouded for a time under the charge of having committed homicide.

Kings and queens still breed and their subjects still go into ecstasies over the birth of a royal heir or heiress. A princess was born in Bulgaria Friday, and the populace in its rejoicing stormed the palace gates and hailed King Boris who appeared on a balcony. The people love pagantry, and the little countries of Europe still support the nearly exhausted royal lines seemingly without complaint over the burden. Here when the crowd marches on capitals its banners read, "Down with Hoover," who is already down; and some last week came to Salem singing "We'll hang Gov. Meier to a sour apple tree." In this country rulers elected by the people do not long retain public favor. European countries put up with sounder kings and wistful princes. The world is queer, isn't it?

The lower house at least has developed a working organization. Frank Lonergan stands out as the strong man of that body, the stronger because some able men of previous sessions are not back. Lonergan's personal power was in evidence in the parliamentary battle over the governor's veto message on the tax repeal. He warned off attempts to lay it on the table, to refer to a committee, and secured a positive vote to sustain the governor. Lonergan, incidentally, seems to be working more in harmony with the governor than some of the latter's original partisans.

Holman's reign of terror in the board of control offices should give one the laugh. Wasn't it Rufus who moved that Abrams be fired and Elmer hired? Really, now, what do you think of a fellow who goes around all the time advertising himself as the one and only one pure and honest and undefiled?

A sensible step was taken in adjusting farm mortgage problems in this state through negotiation between debtor and creditor. In the vast majority of cases the mortgagee is willing to cooperate with the person who owes him. The times call for a lot of sacrifice on the part of creditors and stick-to-itiveness on the part of debtors.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 15, 1908
Articles of incorporation filed yesterday for the Hawley Pulp & Paper company indicate that a new paper mill which Oregon City has been talking about for some time is to become a reality. The capitalization is to be \$600,000.

One of the new pullman-type Oregon Electric coaches will make the first run here from Portland today. It is expected that now that the turning Y on State street is completed the one-trip a day schedule to Portland will be increased.

SEATTLE—Delegates from the various labor unions of Seattle decided today to make a monster demonstration Monday to enforce the demands of the unemployed for work or food and shelter. They intend, 10,000 strong, to march to the city hall and encamp there until the council takes favorable action.

January 15, 1928
Governor Pierce knows no law to prevent the showing of "Fatty" Arbuckle films in Oregon but he believes the exhibitors themselves will keep the unwanted pictures out, he told the Salem Evangelical Ministerial union in a letter yesterday.

Charles E. Wilson, for several years associated with Salem newspapers, was elected secretary of the Salem chamber of commerce to succeed Robert Duncan who has resigned, at the board of directors meeting yesterday.

DALLAS—The jury which will try Philip Warren for the murder of Glen Price, prohibition agent, was completed today. Judge Harry H. Belt is on the bench.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

A COSTLY EXPERIMENT IN SOCIALISM

Members of the legislature have been informed that the state of Oregon faces a certain loss of several million dollars as a result of its loans to World War veterans.

There are now outstanding state bonds for \$24,315,000, which are offset by mortgages on homes and farms, some of which are already in arrears and others will be. Not for several years will the amount of the loans be known even approximately but it will be large. Deflation of values has aggravated this condition.

There has as yet been no suggestion of improper conduct on the part of those who loaned the money. Under the terms of the act approved by the people they were instructed to loan up to 75 per cent of the value of the property to \$3000 per loan.

Why Not Talk of Spring Even if it is Too Early?

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Some things are beyond argument, but they are not numerous. Nobody questions which is the proper and by which to hold a lighted match.

Pussywills and violets and trilliums and other springful things are edging into the general conversation. Too early! Perhaps. But it does no harm to admit them to the general conversation, does it? A man can eat horseradish even in the winter, can't he?

Maybe you didn't know it, but much of the witty stuff, the sparkle, in the Mickey Mouse program is produced from the lively intellect of young King Hamlet. And do the Mice eat it up? I'll say they do. And many of the grownups like it, too. You'd be surprised.

An item in the charming Winchell: What prominent young man of Salem, who accidentally dropped his watch and broke the crystal, sadly said when he picked the timepiece up, "Well, that's two of us who are that way."

That South Carolina woman with the unborn babe is not to hang as sentenced. None of my business, but much obliged, governor.

Now, if the governor of Arizona, or whatever authority may have the disposing of Elmer Peters in that state, will commute the death sentence of Winnie Ruth Judd to life imprisonment I'll O. K. the order. Also none of my business, but I can't, for some reason, get myself into the notion that the woman should be hanged.

Wild geese are reported flying north, which presages an early spring, and wild geese are reported flying south, which presages something else. Oh well, geese and perhaps some of the rest of us are only geese.

Theatrical writers and editors of the country have voted decisively that "Grand Hotel" was the best picture of 1932. Verdict approved at these diggins.

I reckon most of us have speculated during the idle moments as to what we'd do if we were suddenly to become possessed of great wealth. It is not an unpleasant sort of dreaming. Probably, however, we'd not do as we think we'd do. What one man actually did under such circumstances—how he stepped high, wide and handsome and separated from the plain-featured wife of the hard-scrabble days and went forth on a wild rampage after beauty and power and fame—is not for us to do.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Silver Dollar":
Epic of an epoch:
Screened at Elsinore:
(Continuing from yesterday.)
Salem, cradle of American history and American empire on the Pacific, has sentimental reasons for taking note of the presentation here of "Silver Dollar," triumphal screened story of the birth of the commonwealth of Colorado.

Which appeared in preview at the Elsinore theatre last night, and will hold the stage today, tomorrow and Tuesday.

Far more than sentimental note, for in her heritage of high history there is bound up in the unfolding years of the future greater wealth for this section than has poured into the lap of Colorado from the rich ores of her hills and mountains, or ever will. All mines pinch out. Spoil history grows with the passing of time.

The Yates Martin of the saga in silver being told at the Elsinore is the bonanza mining king of Colorado's beginning and boom days. Governor-Senator H. A. W. Tabor, of whom "men sang his glories and women whispered of his sins." Whispered? Rather shouted, for they were an open scandal of a nation.

Edward G. Robinson has reached in this play the high point of his histrionic career, in which he has scored a number of notable marks of success. He gets effective aid from Bebe Daniels, who comes back in this production after an absence from the studios of nearly two years, time taken out to perform the sacred rites of motherhood. The child is Barbara Bebe. Her husband and the fond father is Ben Lyon, and this is their first. Alene MacMahon plays the part of Tabor's first wife, who drugged with him in the drab days of their poverty, and was discarded by the blonde darling divorcée of the mining camp, Baby Doe, whom Bebe Daniels represents.

As the loans drew only four per cent interest there was no chance to recoup losses out of interest so the state was sure to lose in any event. Falling values plus over-appraisals of some property loaned upon have increased the inevitable deficit. About all that can be said is that state lending, subject as it is to political control, is a poor business at best and nearly always results in loss, even when there is no panic. All we can say is to pounce up.

Meanwhile if the lesson strikes home to those who are advocating state banks, state power plants and what have you the millions already gone will not have been spent in vain. Unfortunately there is little ground for hope that we will learn anything from this costly excursion into state socialism. Indeed the next big spree, a \$60,000,000 power project, has already been approved by our voters.—Baker Democrat Herald.

Silver went down, and the bubble "busted." Governor-Senator Tabor begged in the streets of the cities he had built.

Thus becoming one of the largest land owners in the world, if not the largest.

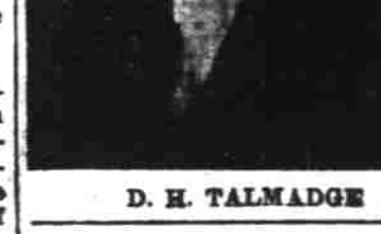
"Made by silver and ruined by gold," the paragraphs write. And: "Their love was a national scandal—but a president came to their wedding." And: "Kissed by a president—loved by a master of men—shunned by every woman who knew her."

And the moralists: "Can any man ask one woman to share his years of struggle—another to adorn his days of triumph?" And: "Who loved him most—the woman he mastered, or the woman who made him her slave?"

Lessons in plenty there are in the meteoric career of the darling of luck and fortune who went the usual way of the new rich. Six poor men became millionaires on the first golden creek that was worked in the Colorado Rockies. Five were wrecked and ruined by their sudden riches. Only one followed a career of service and filled, and will fill, if he is yet living, a good and respected man's grave.

All this is written out of a heart of gratitude for the screen production that tells true history and adorns worth while tales of social and economic life of the old mark of success in this country.

There are scores, hundreds of them yet to be produced, with their own and starting places in and about Salem, where the first missionaries taught, whether the first pioneers journeyed, and in the environs of which the builders of empire and of commonwealths received their training and inspirations.



D. H. TALMADGE

The picture, "Silver Dollar," which begins a three-day showing at the Elsinore theatre today, January 15. The picture should be of more than average interest, being, as it is, based on facts in history, dating back no further than many of us can remember without difficulty.

Not many of us are even remotely threatened with such a surprise. Darn lucky, too. Maybe.

Nature is kindly. She goes even so far as to leave her children to worry, and now and then one of them becomes so fully insured that he is not comfortable at all if he is bereft of occasion for worry.

Somewhat more than 1200 cases of influenza were reported in Oregon last week. I anticipated one of them, and I certainly said a few things while I was doing it. Anybody may say anything he wishes to say to his own private attack of influenza. Must get even with the darn thing somehow or other.

How uncertain is human destiny! Among other New Year remembrances that have come to me is one from Tug Wilkins at Hongkong. Sweet little Tug of the baby stars and the engaging drawl! Son of devout parents. Odd, isn't it? Tried to be a printer and newspaper man, because his mother wanted him to. Could not make it. Turned out to be a professional gambler. I'd remember Tug affectionately, regardless of what he turned out to be. And power and fame—is not for us to do.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

"Sir Henry, I desire you to hear me. I implore you to hear me." "Be sure, madam, that beauty never implored Harry Morgan in vain." He seemed to laugh inwardly, as if at memories. "You would say, madam?"

"It is of Monsieur de Bernis, sir. I owe life and more than life to him..."

"Why, so I had understood." The dark eyes twinkled odiously. She ignored the interruption. "My father was a loyal and valued servant of the Crown, Sir Henry. Surely the services rendered by Monsieur de Bernis to my father's daughter should weigh for something in his favour. Should be accounted to him in any judgment."

He considered her with mock gravity. Then the horrible fellow was moved again to mirth. "It's a romantic plan and a novel. Od's heart! I rendered in my day services to many a father's daughter; but none ever counted them to my credit. I lacked your advocacy, madam. He was turning away."

"But, Sir Henry..." She began again in desperation. "But Sir Henry could not stay. 'No more now, madam.' Unceremoniously he turned on his heel, and rolled away on his elephantine legs, bawling for boys and gunner, and issuing orders right and left. In miserable dejection Miss Priscilla watched the hands mustered for shore over the side, followed by Lieutenant Sharples. From the bulwarks she saw them board the longboat in which Pierre waited, saw it cast off and draw away towards the beach."

An officer came to her with Sir Henry's compliments and would bid and Major Sands accept the Admiral's hospitality in the great cabin.

Major Sands supported the invitation kindly, gentle concern replacing in him an indignation which he perceived could do nothing for him.

It was therefore in a tone of solicitude that he said: "You will be better in the cabin, Priscilla."

"I thank you," she answered coldly. "I am well enough here."

The officer bowed and withdrew. She remained leaning on the bulwarks, her gaze following the boat in its swift journey towards the beach, where the buccannery waited. She could make out quite clearly amongst them, well in the foreground, the tall, commanding figure of Monsieur de Bernis. Bundry, Halliwell, and Ellis were with him, and the four of them made a group apart from the rest.

Major Sands stood at her elbow. "My dear Priscilla, this is the end of the adventure, and we have deep cause for thankfulness that it should end so deep cause."

"We have," she miserably agreed with him. "For thankfulness to Charles de Bernis."

This was not at all the answer he desired. But he realized the futility of argument with a mind so set to scorn and scorn was the last thing the Major desired between them. He could afford, after all, he reflected, to be generous. The nightmare composed of all the happenings since they had first seen de Bernis climbing the accommodation ladder of the Centaur in Fort Royal Bay, a month ago, was now at an end. Soon, now, this swaggering, posturing pirate would pay the price of his misdeeds; they would be on their way to England at last, with all this happily behind them, an ugly, fantastic interlude in their well-ordered lives which time would rapidly erase from the tablets of their memories. Priscilla would be restored to the sunny disturbed in her by the passage across her tender life of that ruffing silbuster. Magnanimously Major

Woodcraft Women Install Officers; Have Program Too

INDEPENDENCE, Jan. 14 — The Women's Circle of the Woodcrafters of Woodcraft met for the installation ceremonies Thursday

night. Installation ceremonies for Captain Minnie White and guards of Monmouth was carried on by Mrs. Ella Hart, installing officer. Others installed were: Winifred Robinson, guardian neighbor; Mrs. Felix Wattenberger, advisor; Bessie Graver, magician; Lulu Mattison, clerk; Mildred Pomeroy, banker; Lillie Karre, attendant; Lela Obergson, captain

of guards; George Grover, inner sentinel; Will Mattison, outer sentinel; Edith Campbell, Glenn Mattison, Anna Romey, managers; Mary Kullander, flag bearer; Mildred Mattison, correspondent; Dorris Mattison, senior guardian.

The program consisted of two vocal selections by Mrs. Merie Ebbe and a talk by Mildred Pomeroy, district magician.

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"Go you back to Morgan," he said, "and tell him that if that's his last word, we can take to the woods and..."

Sands would forget the incident, and all would be again as it had been before this disastrous adventure.

Thus Major Sands reassured himself and took confident comfort, whilst Miss Priscilla watched the best progress towards land.

Its keel grated on the fine shingle, and Lieutenant Sharples stepped ashore alone, leaving his musketeers in the boat with their firelocks at the ready. Miss Priscilla could distinctly make out the officer in his long red coat, standing stiffly before Monsieur de Bernis and his three companions. In the background the main body of the buccannery was assembled. They were drawn up with some semblance of order in their ranks, and it was obvious that they were attentive to what was passing between their leaders and the representative of Sir Henry Morgan.

In this group it was clear that the Lieutenant's message was creating some excitement. Bundry, Ellis, and Halliwell appeared to be talking all at once and with some violence of gesture. Monsieur de Bernis remained a little aloof looking, in which his own fate was being decided. One only attempt he had made to sway the decision, and that was when first Lieutenant Sharples had delivered Morgan's message, demanding de Bernis' own surrender. With some heat he had taken it upon himself to reply, as well he might since he was concerned so closely.

"Go you back to Morgan," he had said before any of the others had time to speak, "and tell him that if that's his last word, we can take to the woods and..."

There, however, he had been interrupted by Halliwell. Throwing his aside almost roughly with his elbow, the corpulent shipmaster had stepped forward.

"Fool!" he had growled. "There's no sense in that. Morgan can think the Centaur and riddle the Black Swan until she's just a wreck of timber, leaving us here to rot and maybe starve."

"Steady! Steady!" Bundry had interposed. "We're not so easily snuffed. We've timber in plenty and

strengthened his determination. Finally he summed them to make up their minds without further delay; and threatening to depart and leave them to their fate, he finally broke down their resistance.

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman: Your editorial "The Forgotten Man" certainly is a splendid effort to see the path. Yesterday an old man passed along the road and I talked with him. He had about 30 pounds of potatoes on his back. "No potatoes to eat since before Christmas, these potatoes will sure taste good to us," he said. And he included himself and seven others.

"We had good clothes when we came, but we just have to save every penny we get for something to eat. The boys saved all they made last summer and didn't buy any clothes." I offered to see that he had some help but he refused.

A few years ago he had plenty, more than the average man. Now he is on a homestead, trying and he will live?

But what of the thousands who will follow him; they can not find land to homestead. More are being added from day to day. Either by their job being reduced or their business ceases them to be a victim of the times. Labor has created too much of everything. People are starving amid plenty.

If we had a law enforcing a two hour a day for all hired help, wages just like in a new mining camp would be a high thing. The chafers would all go out and small shops would spring up in their place. That would be the other extreme. Why not have a reasonable hour law?

HUGH MAGNUS

Look to your banking connection

The predicted upturn in conditions will provide new opportunities which one should be in a position to grasp. This bank through its membership in the United States National group affords a capacity for service in keeping with your every need.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

SALEM, OREGON
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