

The Oregon Statesman

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

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More Liquidation of Error

THE state board of higher education has recommended the abolishment of the office of executive secretary. The legislature is expected to follow the suggestion. And the estimable Oregonian gives the proposal its pontifical sanction. Thus victory is in sight for the long and lone fight The Statesman waged against this secretariat. The experiment has cost the state forty or fifty thousand dollars and is responsible for a great deal of the friction and discord and inefficiency which have attended higher education in the state for nearly three years.

The unwisdom of remote control, the costliness were so obvious that it has been a mystery to us why the scheme was ever hatched. The original idea was a brain child of Hector Macpherson, but we do not think even Hector envisioned the magnitude of the office as it finally developed, unless he was "it". Now the state is about to close the account and write the venture off as a total loss.

Out Where the West Ends

IN announcing the gravelling of the last mile on the Oregon Coast highway the association sponsoring that road describes what it says is probably the most costly mile of road ever built by the bureau of public roads, also the "most sensationally scenic and interesting mile", as follows: "This mile includes the (pronounce Hay-say-tah, accent second syllable) Heceta Head Lighthouse with the picturesque residence of the keeper on the promontory, the 110-ft. high and beautifully arched concrete bridge over Cape Creek, the cove and bit of beach at the mouth of Cape Creek just below the bridge. The bridge on its south end leads into the highway tunnel through the Devil's Elbow, and this tunnel takes the highway out over a ledge of rock cut from the steep mountain side just above the surf. The broad rock-cut road then leads around Sea Lion Point, under which is the 2800-ft. Sea Lion Caves, now occupied by about 100 seals. All this within one mile of the Heceta Head section of the Oregon Coast Highway."

Municipal Water Plant Succeeds

MOST of the cities of the northwest own their own water plants and most of them are making a fine success of the enterprises. Thus the Walla Walla Union reports the experience in that city:

"Not only is the Walla Walla water system cancelling its own debt, but it is paying for its operation, returns \$20,000 to the city annually in lieu of taxes and has a surplus which can be used in an emergency. This stand-by fund must be maintained, for the system, though municipally owned, can not afford to just 'get by.'"

There was quite a scrap made in congress Wednesday over publication of reports of loans made by the R. F. C. from February to July. Director Jones on the capital to ask that the publication be not made but the firebrands there insisted on publication. No good purpose will be served by publishing advances made six or eight months ago. Senator Couzens made a one-man investigation and said he found nothing wrong. Congress might appoint a committee to make a further inquiry if it desires. In ordinary times publication would be without significance, but these are not ordinary times. So far as banks are concerned they are required to publish their sworn statements of condition several times a year; just as often as the comptroller of the currency or the state superintendent of banks decides. That ought to be adequate. It will be so far as this paper is concerned, unless or until the general public interest would be better served otherwise.

"When 61-year-old Montagu Norman was here a few months ago from England, he was heralded in the press as the silent man. Apparently he has talked too much, for he is to marry a girl 28 years his junior. A man may be a wizard on finance, but they are all alike when they fall in love,—putty in the hands of the right woman."

Yeah! But think what he is in the hands of the wrong woman!

The professional recallers of Portland are protesting Loneragan's bill putting hobbles on the recall. They are right, what is needed is not the amendment of the recall act, but its repeal. When people elect a man to office they ought to be made to stand him till his term is out. There is always the weapon of impeachment or criminal proceedings in case they need to be invoked.

The Gardiner chamber of commerce has resolved that Scotch broom along the coast highway should be replaced by willow, huckleberry and wild currant. That's an ideal job for all the unemployed. When they get through with this job they may start picking off the English sparrows.

This revived Gaelic language is as hard on Unetyp operators as the names of Welsh towns. We need the "Gumanna Na Nraodheal" party won nine seats in the Irish election. Try that name on your college yell.

A legislator in North Dakota proposes that 39 states secede from nine. That is surprising. We thought North Dakota seceded under Townley a dozen years ago and was trying to get back into the union.

A common garden variety of killing absorbed a lot of attention in this town for ten days. The dear public is a glutton for the gruesome and the morbid.

Three hundred screaming, howling men and women were ejected from the office of Governor Horner of Illinois Wednesday. The menads of Carlyle's French Revolution are on the march.

Nobody has tried going over Niagara in a barrel lately, but a lone seafarer bobs up at Astoria after trying since New Year's day to navigate the north Pacific in a yawl.

The Oregonian wonders if technocrats can solve the problem of egg on the vest. If they can, perhaps they can settle the old question of which came first, the hen or the egg.

Sen. Robinson, Indiana, says a man who refuses to pay his debts is "without standing". He is more apt to be without money.

How about balancing the state budget by selling admission tickets to board of control meetings?

In Jackson, Wyoming, the prisoners in the county jail will have to cook their own food. That would be enough to keep us out of jail.

A Maryland man dug up \$30,000 in a graveyard. Now who says there is no resurrection?

Corn likker isn't selling so well at this session of the legislature, but there ought to be a good demand for mouthwash.

Sign on a downtown doorway: "God is Love—Upstairs". What about downstairs?

Murals are paintings and intramurals are flat-foot baseball.

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

SYNOPSIS

Young Dr. John Wolfe arrives at the quaint town of Navestock to become Dr. Montague Threadgold's assistant. Though shabby of dress, the young doctor's bearing commands respect. Dr. Threadgold is affable but his wife, who judges from outward appearances, considers Wolfe a "raw hawk of a man" and treats him coolly. Sir George Griggs arrives with a dislocated shoulder. He is infuriated over Dr. Threadgold's clumsy treatment and turns to young Wolfe who skillfully sets the shoulder. Later, Dr. Threadgold tells his wife that Wolfe has some ability but is a little forward. Dr. Threadgold attends the prosperous patients and assigns his assistant to the poor section of town. The young physician realizes the pitiable plight of these people in the hands of a bungling doctor.

CHAPTER SEVEN

It seemed that his first impressionist sketch was to have the details blackened in that morning with heavy and emphatic lines. In three more cases Wolfe found that old Threadgold had blundered badly. The picture of the plump, spruce, affable little man kept flitting before Wolfe's eyes as he realized how people were doctored in these Navestock alleys. He began to get a surer grip of Dr. Threadgold's character. He could imagine this soft and incompetent little man pottering here and there with affable indifference, bungling glibly, too easily satisfied with the good things of life to realize perhaps that he was bungling. How did a man come to such a state? Wolfe, with all his grim and almost fanatical thoroughness, could hardly glimpse the psychology of the thing.

Genial cynicism! He supposed such a state of mind existed. And in such a town as this! And it was here that another side-gleam of understanding struck Wolfe across his consciousness. Ignorance and cynical indifference may produce identical results, and the dirt and the insanity squalor of these Navestock lanes were facts to be laid at somebody's door. Who was responsible? Who owned these rat holes in the river bank? Wolfe asked himself these questions, and in the asking the beaming face of Dr. Threadgold assumed another meaning. He remembered the good lady's remarks in the drawing-room over night. Old Sir Joshua Kermody was her ideal—was he? And Navestock was the most Conservative of towns! Faugh! His nostrils contracted as he followed fat Sam past a slaughter-house yard that was an abomination even in winter.

He turned into Bread Street, and stopped to glance at Dr. Threadgold's list and to consult with Master Sam. Bread Street ended at the river in a narrow old red brick bridge that gave room for only one cart to pass at a time. At this moment the bridge happened to be choked with a group of children who had gathered round a girl who was wheeling a couple of infants in a very battered pram. A straight road bordered with willows cut across the meadows on the other side of the river, and a boy on a black pony was cantering along it towards the bridge.

Wolfe, who was looking towards the river, saw the boy on the pony brandish a switch and ride straight at the bridge as though he were charging the crowd of children there. They scattered like rabbits, the girl with the perambulator



The mannikin (a boy of 12 dressed like a dandy of 30) switched the urchin as the pony cantered past.

making a dash for Bread Street, the iron wheels bumping over the cobblestones. One youngster refused to budge, standing sturdily with his back to the parapet, his fists thrust into his trousers pockets. The boy on the pony slashed this upholder of liberty across the face with his switch as his pony cantered past. Bread Street was a dirty street, pitted with large puddles, and about thirty yards from where Wolfe stood a little servant girl in a clean print frock was picking her way over the cobblestones. The boy on the black pony saw another chance of amusing himself. He made his pony swerve, and cantering close to the girl when she was on the edge of a puddle, splashed the muddy water over her dress.

Wolfe stepped out into the road. The mannikin on the black pony came cantering up the street, glancing back once or twice to laugh at the servant girl's rueful face. He was dressed like any dandy of thirty, in neat little trousers, a green waistcoat, a well-cut coat, and a high hat. A gold watch chain and gold seals showed on his waistcoat. The child was not more than twelve years old, and yet had all the airs and assurance of a very complacent man. His fat and rosy cheeks, his eyes, his nose, his lips, his ears, and his impudent nose had a queer resemblance to the face of some old maid.

The boy rode straight at Wolfe, waving him aside with his silver-handled switch. "You, there, out of the way." He looked greatly astonished when Wolfe caught the pony's bridle and pulled the beast up. The little gloved hand raised itself threateningly, but the man's eyes met the boy's, and the switch fell cowed.

"Haden't you better ride a little more quietly, Master Tommy?" Master Tommy, indeed!—This to Aubrey Brandon, Esq., of "Paradise," who in a certain number of years would have half Navestock in his pocket.

"What the dunnit you mean, sir? Let go of my bridle." Wolfe smiled at his face. "You have got a big voice for your years, Tommy. If I were you I should go back and tell that girl you are sorry you dirtied her dress."

"Confound you, it's no business of yours."

"Cut along, then, Master Cub; I'm not your tutor."

He let the bridle go, but still looked at Master Brandon in a way that made the boy feel angry and discomfited.

"And who the dickens are you, sir, stopping gentlemen in the public streets?" "Oh—I'm nobody, Tommy."

"You look like it, sir—you look like it."

Wolfe gave a quiet, yet hearty laugh. "It's a pity someone does not give you a thrashing," he said; "but as you say—a cub's manners are no concern of mine."

Young Master Brandon went trotting on up Bread Street, his yellow face a little flushed and frightened. No one had ever interfered with him in Navestock before, save once on Peachy Hill, where old Josiah Crabbe's Calvinistic gardener had threatened him with a thrashing for knocking over a little girl. Most of the Navestock folk were afraid of the youngster and his mother, and had agreed to regard his little arrogances as the ebullitions of the spirit of youth.

Wolfe turned to Sam, the surgery boy, who was looking up at him with comical respect.

"Who was that youngster, Sam?" "Lor, sir, that was young Master Brandon."

"Brandon, and who's he? Lead on to Paradise Place, Sam. It is marked down as being near Bread Street."

Sam led on.

(To Be Continued)

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mate Corney, preposterous: Early days on the Columbia: The first Christian service:

An article by J. Neilson Barry in the December, 1932, number of the Oregon Historical Quarterly reviews a narrative of events in the Oregon of nearly 125 years ago, after the discovery of the Columbia, the journey of Lewis and Clark and the doings of the Astor expedition; under the rule of the Northwesters, before their consolidation with the Hudson's Bay company. Old stuff. But giving some new information, and facts that corroborate and amplify other records of the same events.

Peter Corney, first mate of the Columbia, schooner belonging to the North West company, sailing from 1814 to 1817 between Fort George (Astoria) and Alaska, California, Hawaii and China, kept a record of those voyages. He returned to England in 1817, and was back 18 years later, on a bark, also named the Columbia, but died before reaching the coast of what is now called Vancouver Island. Sketching the excerpts of the old diary, made by Barry:

Corney recorded that, having served his time in the West Indian trade, he was in London in August, 1813, from a West Indian voyage. A schooner that formerly sailed to America, called the Columbia (erroneously identified as the Dolly by Bancroft), was then fitted out for the northwest coast of America and China. She was a sharp-built vessel with a crew of 25 men, officers included; armed with 10 nine-pounders; had a patent boarding defense around her bulwark; Captain Anthony Robson, commander. Mate Corney went on board in August, 1813; the vessel dropped down to Gravesend, and her stores completed and wood and water taken on there, sailed under convoy of his majesty's ship Laurel in company with the Brazil fleet.

Entry, June 22, 1814: "A young man of the name of Thomas Smoke came aft and divulged a most villainous design, planned by four of the men, viz: John Happy, boatswain, 'John Carpenter, John Peterson and John De-cruita, seamen. Their horrid purpose was to rise in the middle of the watch, which it happened I was to keep, and throw me overboard; one of the parties was then to go to the cabin and dispatch the captain, who was at that time unwell, and the others were to murder the officers of the half-deck, and then to take the ship to the Spanish main for them; he answered that he could, and was thus enabled to frustrate their treachery." ("Carpenter was called Jacob by Alexander Ross, who gave an account of his being a Fort George in his 'Fur Hunters, vol. 1, 82-3.' (Note, also, further reference to him in the fourth (last) installment of this series.)

Resuming the entry: "Having put us on our guard, he went forward, but not below, and we made preparations for the villains in as private a way as possible. I wished to secure them immediately, but Capt. Robson declined doing so till the morning, it being then dark. We armed all the officers in the half-deck, and opened the door which led from the cabin to that berth; we then unhinged the doors, and put them below. The second mate took the first watch from 8 o'clock to midnight, and the rest of us kept in readiness to jump on deck at the least notice.

"Midnight came, and I succeeded to watch. I went on deck armed with three pairs of pistols. My first care was to look around, and see that everything was right; I then called down the forecastle, to know if the watch were coming on deck: the answer was, 'Aye, aye, sir.' Shortly after, Happy came on deck, and relieved the helm, but none of the others made their appearance. Being a fine night I was glad they kept below, as it was my determination to shoot the first man who should attempt to come aboard the gangway.

"At daylight we called them one at a time, and secured them make their home with an uncle, V. B. Higbee, principal of the Tillamook high school. Herman Delaugh will have charge of the farm.

Installation Held For New Officers Of Suver Grange

SUVER, Jan. 26.—The Suver Grange met at the Woodman hall Saturday night and installed officers.

Officers installed were: Master, Elmer Frederickson; overseer, George Plov; lecturer, Mrs. E. G. Harris; chaplain, Mrs. I. N. Conger; gate keeper, W. J. Kerr; treasurer, Mrs. Earl Conkey; Grasses, Mrs. Ed Larson, Mrs. Wes Kester, and Mrs. Elmer Frederickson; exercise committee, Wes Kester, Evan Arehart, and Mrs. I. N. Conger.

P. O. Powell of Monmouth Grange assisted by Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Bohl, Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Karris installed the officers.

NEW VICKS ANTISEPTIC

As your druggist's TRIAL SIZE 10¢ (25¢ value) Gargle and Mouthwash at HALF the usual price

In Irons. Toward noon, Carpenter requested to be taken out of iron, and to make a confession concerning the mutiny. His deposition was accordingly taken by the officers, after which we were obliged to keep him apart from the other prisoners, as they swore they would murder him.

"On the 29th of June we made Cape Orford, on the coast of New Albion, and on the 6th day of July we saw Cape Disappointment, the north point of the Columbia river, latitude 46-19, longitude 123-0. We stood close in with the bar, fired a gun, tacked ship in 6 1/2 fathoms dark sand, about half a mile from the breakers. Next day we stood in; the tide setting in strong, and drifting us fast towards the bar, I went to the masthead to look for a channel, and perceived an Indian canoe paddling towards us. She soon after came alongside, and the natives began talking to us in a language we did not understand; we then lowered the boat down, and I took one of the Indians with me to sound before the ship; the least water we had was 3 1/2 fathoms on the bar.

"On rounding Cape Disappointment, an Indian village opened to our view, consisting of about 50 miserable looking huts. The Indians were all busily employed, launching their canoes, and pushing off to the ship, which was a novel spectacle to us all, as we had never seen people of that description before. At 3 o'clock p. m. we anchored under Cape Disappointment in Baker's bay, about a mile from the village, and were soon visited by about 30 canoes, with men, women and children, most of whom had flat heads. We put sentries out immediately, and ran our boarding defense out, to the great astonishment of the natives.

"The natives on the Columbia brought us plenty of fine salmon, sturgeon, and fruit, such as strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, etc., for which we gave them, in exchange, knives, buttons, etc. We shortly after observed a very large canoe, coming off with two Indians very finely dressed; they proved to be the king's sons, Casakas and Sechehel, who made signs that there was a masted ship above the point (Point Ellice). We gave these people bread and treacle, of which they appeared to be very fond. Shortly after we perceived a schooner-boat (the Dolly) beating down the river, and about 7 o'clock she anchored in-shore of us.

"I went on board of her, well armed, and found Mr. Black, chief mate of the Isaac Todd, with several of the clerks belonging to the North West company, whom I brought to the Columbia. The schooner was manned by Sandwich Islanders. The next morning we weighed and ran up the river, passed two villages belonging to the Chinook tribe, and came to above Village Point (Point Ellice), along side of the Isaac Todd, in seven fathoms of water, good bottom. Captain Smith visited us, and a large bark canoe came across from Fort George (Astoria), in which was the governor, John George McTavish, with whom Captain Robson went on shore.

"Next day Captain Robson returned with a party from the fort to take the mutineers on shore; they were well guarded. After the necessary precautions, we then crossed the river in 3 1/2 fathoms of water, and anchored under Fort George in 6 fathoms of water, very excellent holding ground. We were visited daily by Comley (Concomley), king of the Chinook tribe, with his wives and family; and also by the other tribes about the river, bringing sea ot-

ter and beaver skins (which we were not allowed to buy from them), with plenty of fine salmon and sturgeon.

"During this time the Isaac Todd had been taking in furs for China; on July 22 (1814) she was ready for sea, and dropped down below the point. Mr. (Angus) Bethune, one of the North West company, went on board as supercargo (business agent) for China."

(Continued tomorrow.)

Don't Fail to Attend Buster Brown's Greatest

2 FOR 1

IF YOU CAN'T USE TWO PAIRS—Bring A FRIEND AND SPLIT THE BILL

Remember TWO PAIRS OF QUALITY WOMEN'S FOOTWEAR

2

Pairs for the Price of

1 Pair

Buster Brown Shoe Store

WINTER IS PASSE—NOW IT'S

SPRING STYLE

as far as

is concerned

Plain and printed crinkle crepes and flat crepes with the new puffed sleeve and high belted lines. Just unpacked today—

\$3.75

Plain and printed crepes and the new rabbit hair cloth in spring shades. Wool and silk embroidery add to the high colors while novelty collars and ties enhance the three-quarter puffed sleeves.

\$5.75

Other new spring dresses are priced from \$3.50 to \$10.75

SHIPLEY'S