

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
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The Safety Valve
Letters from Statesman Readers
Editors, Salem Statesman:
One of the large metropolitan papers has made capital of the fact that a number of dirt farmers in the legislature voted for the sales tax.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS
Former Oregon man is "going on" 100:
C. M. Lee writes the Bits man from 416 N. Lima street, Sierra Madre, Cal., a suburb of Los Angeles: "Enclosed you will find a 10 year-old autobiography of an old acquaintance of yours. He... is quite spry and enjoys very good health."

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping
SYNOPSIS
Young Dr. John Wolfe arrives at the quaint town of Little Navestock to become Dr. Montague Thredgold's assistant. Though shabby of dress, the young doctor's bearing commands respect. Dr. Thredgold is very affable but his wife, who judges from outward appearances, considers Wolfe a "raw hawk of a man" and treats him coolly.



Dr. Wolfe, volunteer health inspector, clashes with Brewer Jasper Turrell, at their initial encounter.

Changes in Theatres
NINETEEN-THIRTY THREE promises to be a year of financial readjustment in Hollywood. Most of the big producing companies are in difficulties. Hung up by high costs and long-term contracts they have been quite unable to scale down to the size which the reduced box office intake can support.

Norman Haggood in the January Atlantic reviews the situation with some clarity. He wonders if the day of the big money and the big feature may give place to the smaller unit of production and expense. For years the objective has been to outdo in expense and in number of stars all former pictures.

Haggood cites the experience of the producers with certain films as an indication of the problem which is faced if any picture alienates any considerable group in society: "The Scarlet Letter was produced with the recommendation of Protestant clergymen, and after production it was attacked by other Protestant clergymen."

Milk-fed Tars
THE navy turns its back on the bean! Rear Admiral Cheatham says the navy wants milk instead of beans for rations. To this pass have sailors come! How can battles be won on milk diet? This is the last straw, and it is to be used to suck milk through. Pacifism will assuredly take note of the news item and claim that the fighting power of the American navy is doomed.

Sheriff Burk says he will do his best to hold the county jail population as low as possible to save the board bill of prisoners to the county. Now that presents a fine point. Should the sheriff work hard to arrest people; or work hard not to? And is the jail to be populated to suppress crime or kept empty to hold down taxes.

Why should all the proceeds of taxes and imposts paid by truck and bus lines go to the highway fund for road building? Why should not part of the money go to the general fund of the state or of the counties? We are not debating the amount which they should pay, but the division of the proceeds.

Everybody in Southern Oregon once knew A. F. Brown, merchant of Oakland, Douglas county, who owned the lands on which the town was built, and who platted the townsite. Few in the old days knew what his first initial stood for. He was also well known all up and down the railroad line, for he was the first railroad agent of the town. In fact, the founding of the town was due to the coming of the railroad—and that meant the death of the first Oakland, which came to be known as "Old Oakland," while it held on precariously after train service was started on the Oregon & California railroad, now the Southern Pacific, in 1872.

Resuming the text of the book: "I lived at home and worked on the farm until I was 14... and am the youngest of nine children. My father, Samuel F. Brown, died when I was only six months old... When 14 I went to Boston... my worldly goods tied up in bandanna handkerchiefs. I obtained work in a private club-house... Daniel Webster being an honorary member, and his son, Col. Fletcher Webster, who was killed at Antietam... was an active member."

New Views
"Whatever member's work in the legislature particularly impresses you, and why?" This question was asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

Jack Olson, rancher: "I think they're doing what they can do under the circumstances. It's a hard proposition for them to do anything. I think Holman's doing pretty good. Spaulding, too, he's a good man."

F. F. Townsend, retired: "I think half don't know what they were sent there for; and some know too much. I think a good deal of Senator Spaulding. He's a pretty positive man and a good, square shooter. He was good on the highway commission. We need more like him."

Dr. Wolfe, volunteer health inspector, clashes with Brewer Jasper Turrell at their initial encounter. Jasper Turrell appeared to understand what Dunnet meant, and who the "him" was referred to in the message. He put on his hat, crossed the brewery yard, passed a long Malt Lane, and turned into the narrow entry to Virginia's Court.

Wolfe saw a big man in a black coat and white waistcoat filling the narrow entry to Virginia's Court, his top hat cocked at an angle, his long, sandy whiskers sweeping the lapels of his coat. Turrell was an ugly man, repulsively ugly to those who happened to hate him. His very sandiness was insolent, and his grey-green eyes could glare like the eyes of a cat.

Wolfe stared at Mr. Turrell a moment, and then went on with the bottle he had in hand. He had taken a bottle from his pocket and was holding it under the snout of the pump, while he dribbled water into it by working the handle gently.

At the back of Mr. Jasper Turrell's brewery was a place called Virginia's Court, a collection of rickety cottages built round a stone-paved yard. In one corner stood the pump that was used by the dwellers in and about Virginia's Court, a pump that had stood better days, to judge by its stone pillar and its elaborate iron snout and handle.

As St. Jude's clock was striking eleven a clerk ran up to Mr. Jasper Turrell's private room in the brewery and gave that gentleman a rather ambiguous message.

Dunnet says you'll find him in Virginia's Court, sir.
Wolfe turned an imperturbable face. "I beg your pardon—" Turrell stung across with jerky, violent strides. He was very well aware of the grinning faces at the window.

CHAPTER ELEVEN
The great exception that discovered itself to Wolfe's researches was old Josiah Crabbe's quarter of Peachy Hill. The fact that it stood on comparatively high ground did not explain its healthier record. There were three deep wells on Peachy Hill. The cottages had good gardens, and were in excellent repair. The sanitation was fairly good; no refuse was allowed to accumulate. Wolfe found that a shrewd and orderly brain had been at work, not for philanthropic ends, but because it loved order and cleanliness and loved profits. Rents were higher here. The pick of artisans and town workers lived in old Crabbe's cottages on Peachy Hill. Yet the old man was hated. To judge by popular report he was one of those men who court hatred, who delight in it, who feel well fed when they are feared.

Wolfe had gone to work without ostentation, but in a town such as Navestock anything unusual attracted notice as sweetened beer attracts flies. One or two rest-collectors were the first to hear of the new doctor's idiosyncrasies. The more ignorant people wondered what he was after, and in some of the beer-houses Wolfe's "inquietude" became a joke. But Navestock was full of people to whom inquisitiveness was an abominable indiscretion. Perhaps Wolfe foresaw the storm that might burst about him; perhaps he was not sufficiently cynical for so much foresight. He was minded to get to the bed-rock of things, and it may not have occurred to him that he would be spat upon for having the impertinence to remind other people of their responsibilities.

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The Blizzard of '33
Daily Thought
"CREAMERY STILL PAYS 8 PER CENT"
FARM RELIEF AND PLANS

Daily Health Talks
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
The inclusion to insure complete drainage. Sometimes wonderful results follow daily applications of cold water. Let the water from the tap run over the knee for ten minutes by the clock. I have seen remarkable improvement from this simple treatment.

CREAMERY STILL PAYS 8 PER CENT
FARM RELIEF AND PLANS
M.T. ANGEL, Jan. 31—Martin Rostvold and Ed Overlund were re-elected directors of the Mt. Angel Co-operative Creamery by a vast majority at the annual stockholders meeting held Monday. Other names up for nomination were Oliver Buxton and C. E. Jorgensen. Of the 258 votes cast Overlund received 109 and Rostvold 92.