

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - Editor-Manager SHELTON F. SACKETT - Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representative Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday, Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.25; 3 Mo. \$3.25; 6 Mo. \$5.25; 1 Year \$9.00. Elsewhere 10 cents per Mo., or \$2.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Utility Debate

THE seven-point utility regulation bill of Commissioner Charles M. Thomas emerged with some of its teeth slightly dulled, but still an efficient tool to cultivate the regulatory field with increased thoroughness. The original measure received some important amendments, but it is by no means emasculated; and provides the commissioner with adequate power to give the people fair public service rates if such is possible under any system of regulation.

This writer spent a day and a half listening to the debate on the bill. It was protracted, somewhat prolix, and the issues in many instances were magnified unduly. For example it was not fair for Senator Brown and others to contend that the bill should be enacted exactly as drawn and that any amendment would be a dagger in the heart of the bill. That is legislation by hysteria,—the kind that was performed two years ago, with disastrous results. The Meier-Clark bills were enacted as drawn yet were so ineffective and futile that the new Thomas bill had to be submitted this year. The utility measure as it passed the senate clothes the commissioner with a fresh grant of power, until the utilities are almost helpless in his hands. The danger that lies ahead is from placing in that office some one who might be unfaithful to public trust. Then the autocratic power would be disastrous to public welfare.

In two essential particulars did the senate amend the Thomas bill. The commissioner sought to have power to approve or disapprove of the complete budget of all utilities in the state. The senate limited that power to matters concerning service fees and relations to holding companies, donations, political expenses, contracts for major equipment and executive salaries. This would seem to cover most of the areas in which "loading" may occur; and the administration of this work properly is no light responsibility on the part of the commissioner. For our part we think he should want to escape both the labor of going over the details of operating budgets and the responsibility for approving items which might later work to his embarrassment.

In another particular the senate changed the bill refusing to give him an administrative officer, power to punish for contempt. Instead it gave him authority to bring a contempt proceeding before a circuit judge. Authority to punish for contempt is subject to grave abuse in courts even, as many newspaper editors have learned. In fact there is a growing sentiment for withdrawing from a judge the power to punish for contempt in his own court. Sympathizing as we do with that sentiment, we believe the senate acted wisely in withholding that power from an administrative officer though giving him a quick and adequate remedy.

The effort to spread costs of investigations of utilities over the entire group, instead of against the particular company being investigated, failed, sustaining Commissioner Thomas in this important respect. So far as fairness is concerned he is right. The general expenses of his department are now borne by the utilities generally, and the senate bill will make the individual company pay for any investigation of itself. There is a grand opportunity for a racket in this should the office of commissioner ever get into the hands of an unscrupulous politician. Otherwise the provision is eminently just, and it is doubtful if the power will be abused.

The recapture clause was retained. It is of very dubious value and constitutional. If the commissioner is on the job the excess earnings will be small; and if the company is to be deprived of the chance of ever earning more than a very limited return what incentive will there be to hold down operating costs?

On the whole the senate bill is a genuine step in advance. It strikes at issuance of phoney securities, over capitalization, milking by holding companies, and loading of operating costs. Under it the utilities can thrive and do an honest business successfully. With strict regulation which this bill provides the excuse for public ownership is largely vitiated.

A word as to the debaters. Senator Hess showed up as the most effective speaker for strict regulation. Burke is stodgy in arguing, Zimmerman rather didactic, and Brown utterly futile. Hess had eloquence, fire, and punch; and he had material. On the other side Goss carried the heavy load. He is facile in speech but his grim manner and caustic wit carried over from court-room practice are not as effective in a legislative hall. Senator Upton towers in an argument. He has a full background of knowledge, a round voice, and a humor which carries no whiplicker at its end.

The new bill should be regarded as experimental, particularly in assigning such broad powers to a single commissioner. Ultimately Oregon should reorganize its regulatory system by making the commissioner more of a judge, with another official as the prosecutor or consumer's advocate, removing the frequent charge that the single official is judge, prosecutor and jury rolled in one.

A Saving Sense of Humor

EDITOR SITTNER, senior, and his two sons who run a paper "Beach Resort News" at Delake, have been charged with criminal libel. The charge is based on articles appearing last year in which county officials were charged with rotten deals of various kinds. One is quite amazed that there should be any such agitation in the Oregon playground of Lincoln county. The "Beach Resort News" we supposed was dedicated to proving that the Lincoln beaches from Delake to Yachats were the ultimate paradise for earthly existence. Who would think this publication would discover any viper in the shirt in such a land of perpetual beatitude?

We fear the "News" takes itself too seriously. Its fulminations we note occurred in the off-tourist season. The paper is doubtless embarrassed for lack of copy in the winter months, like the summer hotels and camps which line the coast highway. So it strayed from its usual path of painting in type the glories of Otter Rock and Whale Cove and got off in the mire of local politics.

And the county officials doubtless take the "News" too seriously. They should learn a lesson from the Marion county officials. They have been charged with so many offenses and "rotten deals" that they merely treat the charges as more Oregon mist. When a judge or a paper exudes a fresh crop of complaints the public here has a saving sense of humor; and business goes on without libel suits or personal encounters. What Lincoln county needs is a hearty laugh.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Dear Editor:—

In the words of "Our Mutual Friend," Will Rogers, we see by the papers that Mayor Baker of Portland has appealed to the members of the Multnomah county delegation in the state legislature to save the Wolf creek route to the sea.

Mr. Baker is attempting to make out that a line should be drawn between the interests of Portland and the rest of the state. We cannot concede that such a distinction exists in fact or fancy. Portland is more dependent upon the balance of Oregon than is the upstate upon Portland. The good roads leading into the city of Portland have been the means of bringing millions of dollars of business to Portland every year.

If, for the sake of the argument, Mayor Baker or any member of the legislature from Portland, doubts that Portland isn't getting her just share from the dollar and cents standpoint from the highways of Oregon, we dare the city council of Portland to enact an ordinance prohibiting any car or truck to enter or leave Portland for a period of five years. If Mr. Baker desires to set Portland off from the rest of Oregon, instead of having an imaginary line separating our interests, let's put up a barrier that is a barrier. Suggest, Mr. Baker, that you build a Chinese wall around Portland, with no gates. Build it deep enough to prevent sappers and moles from tunnelling under it, and high enough to stop hickies and bootleggers from climbing over it. This will kill two birds with one stone: first it will keep the Portland cement concerns running 24 hours per day and secondly it will solve the unemployment problem as far as the city of Portland is concerned.

Then, Mayor Baker, if you insist upon a shortcut to the sea or Seaside, suggest that you buy a right of way to the seaside, build an exclusive road from Portland with a stone wall on both sides all the way to prevent anyone else using it.

When the time to build another foot of paved highway anywhere in Oregon. The by-roads of our state are going to pieces fast. The state has been receiving too large a share of the receipts from licenses and gasoline fees. We submit that the present legislature should amend immediately this unjust division. The state of Oregon should take out of the highway fund only money enough to pay interest on highway bonds now outstanding; plus funds to pay off the bonds as they mature; and then keep up the highways a second class highway with as small an expense as possible.

Unless the counties are given a much larger proportion of the highway money, it will not be long until our lateral or feeder roads will be shot. Most of them are half starved county roads are impassable to anything except a tractor that lays its own track. Let's have a new deal with the highway funds, with a just share for county roads!

C. BECHER SCOTT, R. McManville, Ore. Feb. 6, 1933.

To the Editor: Few bills will be passed at the present session. It is possible that the number of bills passed at the present session of the legislature may reach a new low level for many years. It is to be hoped for us we have too much legislation, which is invariably accompanied by an increased expenditure of money raised through taxation. Legislators say that the legislation enacted will more than likely be confined to important matters to be dealt with in a relatively small number of measures. The principal reason for that is that they say, that the lawmakers will find themselves pitched head first into the problems of changing the tax system under the levy limitation and caring for the state deficit. Therefore they may not have time for much else but there has already been a number of bills introduced.

Almost every new delegate and senator who goes to the legislature has some pet scheme he would like to see enacted into a law and too often too many of these laws are a motte that should be encouraged. It appears a large majority of our law makers think the highways is the only asset that Oregon has to save the state's credit and ward off bankruptcy, and I am almost persuaded to believe it, as it is the only asset Oregon has that she cannot dispose of, she cannot sell, eat, or mortgage them to buy food for the unemployed. WHY? Because the taxpayers and laboring people of Oregon built them, then our lawmakers made the motor vehicle and their supply manufactures a warrantable dead, for their guaranteed the taxes and the upkeep of the highways for the life of them.

Now comes Joe E. Dunne with a highway bill with knot holes and cracks in it sufficient to allow the highway commissioners to slip millions and millions of dollars over on the taxpayers, with only Burk, Bynon, Spaulding, Zimmerman, voting in the negative, with Senator Brown absent.

The Savior said "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Taxpayers forgive the lawmakers for they know not what to do.

S. B. MILLS, 2407 State Street, Salem, Oregon.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

John Knight, pioneer: about three million dollars, coming to approximately 1500 people.

Indian troubles came; there was practically no plains immigration until the early sixties. So the second large train was started, under Prof. Christopher W. Wolff, in the spring of 1868, and came to Aurora, where nearly all the colonists were then gathered, excepting a few who had remained in the Willapa section to conserve and dispose of their holdings there.

In the Wolff train were the members of the Knight family, including Adam and Joseph and their wives and children. Joseph had been married before and had children and so had his wife, who was Katherine Baner when married to Joseph Knight. With the ones each had and the seven who were born to them after this marriage, they were a family of father and mother and 14 children. John Knight was one of the seven.

He was a '49er; born at Bethel, Mo., Jan. 28, 1849. He was the seventh son of Joseph Knight. The Joseph Knight family tarried only temporarily at Aurora after the

(Turn to Page 6)

New Views

Abandoning legislative topics, Statesman reporters yesterday inquired: "If it were possible for you to live where fancy pleased, where would you take up residence? What country, state or town?"

A. T. St. Clair, backender, pepper mill: "If it were possible to go anywhere and the like of that, I don't doubt but that I would stay right here in Salem."

John George, assistant, city engineer's office: "Salem. I'd rather live in Salem because I like the climate and the people."

F. O. Replins, painter and decorator: "I prefer Oregon — and Salem. I like the coast quite well but for year-round residence I'll choose Salem."

Mrs. John Kille, home maker: "I would live in Salem the year around. What could be gained by going away from here?"

Miss Margaret Neal, stenographer: "I would live in San Francisco if I could have my wish. It has so much variety that can be found in no other place."

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

TO MANY persons, nothing is more distressing than the sight of blood. It is particularly alarming when the blood is noticed in the sputum, or brought up by coughing. This is an important symptom to a physician, who usually indicates the existence of a serious ailment, "hemoptysis."

Many of our readers who have written me about it, that the presence of blood in the sputum does not necessarily indicate the existence of a serious ailment. Contrary to the common belief, the presence of blood in the sputum is not a sure sign of tuberculosis.

Of course a person suffering from early tuberculosis may have blood-tinged sputum. On this account it would be a grave mistake to ignore this symptom. It warrants a visit to your doctor. He will determine the cause of the blood stains and in most instances will be able to relieve you immediately of much unnecessary worry.

Don't Ignore Warning Blood in the sputum can be traced to a slight scratch or erosion in the throat. A chronic cough, as in chronic bronchitis or asthma, may be sufficient to cause slight bleeding. A sore throat, inflamed tonsils, pharyngitis or laryngitis, are other ailments in which this symptom may be observed.

I have known many persons to become unduly alarmed by the presence of blood in the sputum. Some hesitate to go to a doctor for fear they will be told they have tuberculosis. Others have rushed to the physician and after a careful examination the bleeding has been traced to a swollen gum. You can imagine their surprise and relief at this information.

Tuberculosis should be suspected in anyone who notices blood in the sputum, if there are other symptoms, however. Among these are extreme exhaustion over a period of time, loss of weight, sweating at night, and persistent cough. When these signs of illness are unheeded, the disease may become so advanced that, if it is recognized and treated early, it may be checked.

Have An Examination Too many persons fear tuberculosis and yet deliberately ignore nature's warning signs. This is a pity, because with proper care and nursing, tuberculosis is curable. It is a dim story if neglected and permitted to reach an advanced stage. This unfavorable progress can be prevented if you heed such danger signals as blood in the sputum; cough; loss of appetite, "pop" and "wheeze."

It may be impossible to make a diagnosis of tuberculosis by a simple physical examination. Suspected cases should be subjected to a thorough X-ray examination of the lungs. By means of this examination it is possible actually to visualize the lungs and their defects.

The diagnosis is confirmed by the finding of the germs of tuberculosis in the sputum. In that event, it is imperative that the afflicted individual receive immediate care. Do not stand in fear of tuberculosis. Guard against it by vigilant attention to the health of your body.

(Copyright, 1932, E. F. S. Inc.)

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

Dr. John Wolff, young and capable assistant of the infirm old Dr. Montague Thredgold, is shocked at the pollution he finds everywhere in the little town of Navestock. The young doctor's greatest obstacle in trying to better conditions is the bitter resentment of the people themselves.



Flemming went down on his knees and prayed.

him and was lying back comfortably in his chair when one of the maids came in with a message. "There's a woman, sir, from Bung Row." "Well, Jane?" "She says Mrs. Baker is dying, and they'd be pleased if you'd go. Fleming put down his paper. "Tell them I'll come, Jane. I'll come at once."

The room in Bung Row where the woman lay dying was like a dark hole when compared with Robert Flemming's sunlit study. A wooden bedstead stood in one corner with one of its legs propped on half a brick. The woman lying there had been brought to the very last stages of emaciation. Her nose was pinched, and no broader than a child's little finger, and the back of her head was a bulging protuberance overhanging her miserable neck. The face was the color of parchment, and made up of bony ridges and starved hollows that caught the shadows. Her hands rested palm upwards on the coverlet. Her lids were half-closed, and between them showed the dull, glazed eyes of one starved to death. A faint movement of the bed-clothes showed that the woman still breathed.

The rector came in, bending his head, and holding his hat in his hand. He saw a tall man rise from the chair beside the bed. The latch of the door that led into the back kitchen was clicking up and down, and something scuffed and rubbed against the door. "The doctor, is it not?" "Mr. Wolff?" "Yes. I am afraid it is too late, sir."

Robert Flemming set his hat on the window-sill, and glanced at the woman in the bed. He put his hand into his pocket for the little Bible that he carried, but the action was slow and almost half-hearted, as though Wolff's words had inspired him suddenly with curious self-consciousness. He was caught between the act and the thought, like a man brought to a halt by a hand on his shoulder. The latch kept clicking up and down. "Someone shut out?" Wolff turned a grave and shadowy face.

"The child." "Ah!" Flemming moved towards the bed, but the woman did not notice him. The eternal sleep was weighing upon her eyelids. "They ought to have sent for me before." "It was very sudden at the last. I believe they heard yesterday." "No. I heard nothing of it. I must ask." He stood heavily irresolute, and then sat down on the chair beside the bed. His hand still groped in his pocket, but presently he withdrew it without the book, as though a feeling of ineffectualness possessed him.

"She won't know you, sir." "No! Nevertheless—" He went down on his knees and prayed. The latch of the inner door rattled despairingly. "Muvver, Muvver!" Wolff's mouth twitched. Robert Flemming raised his head. "Oughtn't we—?" "I think it better not." "Muvver!" "I would."

Wolff went to the door and drew back the wooden bolt. As he did so the woman ceased to breathe. The door was pushed open and a little fair-haired chap came squeezing through. He dodged under Wolff's arm, gave a stare at the rector, and then scrambled up on to the bed. Wolff turned and saw every thing. The boy had clutched the woman's hands. He drew himself up, angling up to her with a look of wide-eyed eagerness. The thin face rolled to one side of the pillow. The boy threw his head back and gave a queer, wailing cry. "Muvver! What's the matter with Muvver?" Wolff took three strides across the room. He bent over the bed, caught the child and took him in his arms. The youngster began to sob and kick and kick and beat Wolff's face with his fist. "There, there, quiet, sonny, quiet."

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1932, by Robert M. McBride & Co. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

The Guy With a Job

