

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Portland Representative  
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.  
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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. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.50; 6 Mo. \$4.50; 1 year \$8.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## The Chinese Loan

NEGOTIATIONS begun last fall have been finally concluded by which China will buy in this country \$50,000,000 worth of wheat and cotton, on credit advanced by the R. F. C. This is of great importance to the northwest because most of the wheat will come from this region. In pre-war years we used to ship thousands of bushels of wheat and barrels of flour to the orient. After the war the market dwindled because other wheat was cheaper and because local mills in Shanghai ground up much of the wheat so less flour was imported.

The sale to China during the Hoover administration lifted a big load off of northwest markets; and this new deal will do the same. Last fall when northwestern growers pressed for a sale it could not be concluded because China offered no security on the loan. Now the Chinese government is securing the credit by pledges of specific taxes.

People should understand the peculiar situation respecting northwestern wheat. The most of the wheat grown in the Umatilla, Walla Walla and Palouse districts is soft wheat, rich in starch but deficient in gluten. The milling demand for this quality is limited in this country. It is fine for biscuit making, but that means a long rail haul to the southern states and the freight rate is usually prohibitive. So our northwestern soft wheats have gone largely into export to England and the continent. But the last few years with domestic prices not on a parity with prices in Canada and Argentine and Australia those countries got the British business and our farmers lost that market.

The situation this winter and spring was serious. At the first of the year only about a third of the 1932 crop had moved from the interior warehouses. There came a limited demand from the eastern part of this country and some of the wheat moved by rail or water to those markets. This is now threatened by the lifting of cargo rates. Meantime a new crop is coming on, which gives good promise of yield. Warehousemen have been perplexed over what to do with the new crop, with warehouses still bulging with old crop wheat.

The China deal will take a large part of the northwest stocks of wheat. It is to be purchased in markets so all dealers will get a chance to sell. A great deal of the wheat will be ground into flour in this country, and the entire purchase of wheat and flour and cotton will move in American vessels.

This should give an immediate stimulus to movement of wheat from interior warehouses, to flour milling, and to shipping interests, assuring boats of good cargoes for some time ahead. As for the credit to China, that country must be meeting its payments under the former sale or the R.F.C. would not consider making a fresh loan. Anxious as we are to sell, we do not have to give our produce away to the Chinese.

A fifty million dollar deal is not pulled very often in these days of forced economy. This one should do good all the way round, to sellers, to processors, to shipping interests, and finally to the Chinese who will get to eat the wheat and wear the cotton.

### Services for Sale

THE way the new administration is taking to commercializing its prestige would seem to indicate it is not anticipating a long stay in the seats of authority. In former years presidents have waited until they left the White House before becoming contributing writers; likewise president's wives. Thus far Mr. Roosevelt has not started a daily column, but Mrs. Roosevelt is taking over a department of a national women's magazine. Her daughter is selling her services over the radio, the fact that she is the president's daughter having been used in the tender of her time by her agents.

Prof. Raymond Moley, intimate of the president, now syndicates a column with the newspapers. Col. Louise Howe, another intimate, now secretary to the president, went on the air, presumably with compensation, Sunday night, and is to be a weekly feature in the time formerly used by David Lawrence.

Eager as those high-placed in the administration may be to capitalize on their connections, they should realize that the public taste is fickle, and that this is just the beginning of a long four-year stretch. There is such a thing as anti-climax; and in politics it comes with dramatic swiftness sometimes. This state has seen the working of anti-climax in the case of Governor Meier. If Roosevelt possesses the tradition "Roosevelt luck" that went with the first Teddy, he may escape the reaction; but the lesser lights should be more backward; otherwise their illumination will grow paler as time passes. There is nothing like the element of mystery to keep public interest and support. When people try to write or talk steadily they are sure to descend to banalities or to make bum guesses.

Prof. Moley in particular, would do much better if he saved his literary talents for his memoirs. Col. Howe's first venture on the air drew him a severe panning from Sen. Cutting Monday. This may curb their zeal in cashing in on their recent access to fame.

### End of Big Benefactions

THE Eugene Register-Guard quotes Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler as appealing to alumni for small contributions to his university, Columbia. Says Dr. Butler:

"The great fortunes and the large accumulations which made these benefactions possible are either dissipated or destroyed. The economic and financial crisis which grips the whole world has made their return quite impossible, certainly for a long time to come, if not forever."

That has been apparent for some time. It is not due merely to the existing depression, but to the changing attitude toward the creation of vast fortunes. New tax policies will go far toward preventing such accumulations in the future. The growing drive toward sharing of industrial profits with employes and consumers will also retard the growth of great individual estates.

The effect will be, in fact is already being noticed in the receipts of institutions which depend on private beneficence. Men of wealth having their incomes sharply clipped by income taxes and facing heavy estate taxes on death, will be less inclined to make large gifts to colleges, hospitals, etc., either during their lifetime or at their decease.

## Shackled



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Capt. Thomas Mountain, Last Wilkes expedition survivor:

The series of 12 articles in this column concluded on Sunday made mention of the historic 4th of July observance of the 55th anniversary of the celebration at the site of the Nisqually mission, the Hudson's Bay company's fort and the Wilkes observatory, in the suburbs of the present city of Tacoma—at which observance a monument erected marking the spot was dedicated.

The reader who has followed the articles recalls the setting of the "first public observance of our national birthday on the Pacific coast or west of the Missouri river" by Capt. Charles Wilkes, in charge of the U. S. navy's famous exploring expedition in Pacific waters, and his officers and marines, and the Methodist missionary and Hudson's Bay company's forces, and the Indians of the country surrounding.

There was present at the 1906 observance one survivor, Chief Slogamus Kogitlon, of the Muckleshoot Indian tribe, who at the time of the original celebration was a servant in the employ of the Hudson's Bay company.

Also, there was present the only known survivor of the exploring expedition, Capt. Thomas Mountain. The last named survivor would have been at the original celebration had he not been detained at the mouth of the Columbia river by the fact that he was a member of the crew of the ill-fated battle ship Peacock, delayed in reaching the mouth of the Columbia river, and a few days thereafter wrecked on the sands there—the sands since known as Peacock spit. The date of her loss was Sunday, July 17, 1841. Some historians fix the date on Monday, July 18, 1841.

Captain Mountain, then past 82, was called to the platform at the 1906 observance, by R. L. McCormick of Tacoma, then president of

the Washington State Historical society, in these words: "Before we leave here and adjourn to the monument, we would like to hear a word from Captain Thomas Mountain, who was one of the members of the crew of the Peacock. . . . Captain, we would like to hear a word from you:" The response of Capt. Mountain follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is my first visit amongst you. I saw some of you in Portland last summer at the fair (Lewis and Clark fair); that was pretty nice. We had a good time down here. Now I will tell you just how I came here. I was pretty weak and did not know whether I would be able to stand the trip or not; but I braced up and got here all right.

"I want to tell you that I was one of the Peacock's crew. I left Boston harbor on the first day of March, 1838. I was just a boy. Well, I wasn't much better than 15 years old when I started on that voyage.

"Well, we spent one 4th of July after we left Hampton Roads on the shores of some of the South Sea Islands.

"We went ashore and camped and had clams and turtles, and some of them were so big that it took two sailors to carry them down. We had a great time. The people on the islands were naked. We gave them calico and in a few minutes they would have garments; aprons tied around them.

"Well, we went along and scraped the bottom of our ship in lots of places, and we had to tie up and repair the bottom; I can tell you, the bottom part of that ship wasn't thicker than a shingle.

"We went into a harbor and turned the ship over and calked and covered her.

"We went to the Sandwich Islands. In June, 1841, we came out there on the Oregon coast, and Captain Wilkes came to Port Get Sound, and we came up to the Columbia river and staid there about five days and started north.

"The maise (fog) came in on the 15th day of July, 1841, and we came in on the 14th, in the evening, but the tide was running out and we had to put to sea. Between 12 and 1 o'clock we piped all hands on deck and turned the ship about and set in for the land, and just got in sight of Cape Disappointment, when the current took us right down towards the rocks.

"Well, our only salvation was to anchor out, so we turned the ship's head around and lay stern—in to the breakers, and got out the anchor.

"Everything was done quietly and there was no further trouble until about 12 o'clock, when we threw the guns overboard.

"We didn't know whether we would hold together till morning or not, but about 5 o'clock in the morning the wind went down and we rode out all right.

"The captain (W. L. Hudson) stayed on the ship—on deck—through it all, and didn't leave her until 7 o'clock in the evening.

"We waited till ebb tide and then ran enough lines out to get alongside, and took them all ashore in the breakers. I was on the Peacock coming across when she happened.

"Well, we took the vessel James Perkins (Thomas H. Perkins) and made a man of war out of her the latter part of September. The vessel was fitted out at Vancouver and we proceeded to sea with the remainder of the crew of the brig Porpoise. We went as far as the straits and finally surveyed down to San Francisco and stayed there until the first of October."

## "STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

### WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Joan Hastings, seventeen and beautiful, lives with two old maiden aunts, Evvie and Babe Van Fleet, in a house long run to seed. She falls in love with Bill Martin, a penniless young mechanic. Bill is sent to jail, the innocent victim of a gang of bootleggers, and Joan in desperation, seeking to get him out, confesses to her aunts the truth of her love for him. Shocked and scandalized, they send her away to school. She escapes from the train and rushes to Bill's home, only to find that he has been freed and has gone, leaving no address. Unknown to Joan, he has tried to see her, and Aunt Evvie, denouncing him, has persuaded him that the kindest thing he can do is to forget Joan. In despair, not daring to go home, Joan goes to San Francisco. Not knowing where to turn she telephones Walter Dunne, the kindly motorist who drove her home when she left the train. She goes to his hotel. He arranges for her to spend the night with a friend named Maisie.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

### CHAPTER XVI.

He struggled into a big brown overcoat, set his hat on the back of his head, carefully cut and lit a cigar.

At the door he stopped and looked down at her quizzically. "Kiss Papa?" His little blue eyes were laughing into hers, his gold teeth gleaming.

Of course he didn't mean it. He was just fooling! But her face flamed, her heart began to pound. She looked at him appealingly, and tried to smile, as if she appreciated the joke.

He roared again, and patted her on the back. "Come on—you'll be the death of me yet. Come on—step on it—I've got a date!"

In the elevator she was too shy to speak, and when they were alone again, there wasn't time.

A checked cab drew up to the curb. "But I think—I really think I should go to a hotel," she floundered.

"Now you tell Uncle Walt fix it. See you tomorrow!" And to the driver he said, "Grand View—Apartment 7, Mrs. Kimmer. See she gets there. No—keep the change."

So Joan came to live with Maisie Kimmer.

These were the first moments of something like terror, while she waited, awed and timid, in the red-carpeted and potted palm magnificence of the hall. And then Maisie, pink and plucky, with big, old-fashioned diamonds, her ears and her little sprigged maids apron over her lacy dress, was warmly welcoming her at the door. Every-

thing about Maisie was warm, her big, capable hands, her heart, her eyes, and her rooms in the Grand View Apartments. At first Joan, accustomed to the big, bare rooms in the old Van Fleet place, and the chill silences of the Misses Van Fleet, thought she was in a dream. It was to be a bit of help for her. But the strange, new days slipped by, and soon they weren't strange and new any more.

She was punching a time-clock in the basement of McBride's Department Store, eating her lunch at soda-fountain counters, coming home to Maisie's as if she had lived there all her life.

Joan would hear of Joan Kimmer calling her Mrs. Kimmer. "I stand Gerald's kid—Gerald's my oldest boy, you know, the one I told you I nearly lost with whooping cough when he was a little shaver—I can stand him calling me Gramma—but blessed if I can stand my lady friends calling me Mrs. Kimmer. Not while I got a little life in me yet."

Nor would she listen to Joan's

leaving, and going elsewhere to live after a while. "Don't we get along all right? Haven't I got plenty of room? Now, you let well enough alone."

Before she had been there a week Joan knew Maisie's life history from the time she married her first husband at sixteen, to the time she buried her third, a year ago last June. Walter Dunne, it seems, had been in partnership with the late Joe Kimmer. They had made money together—Maisie didn't say just how. It was the one thing she didn't talk by the hour about. "Oh, Kimmer had his faults," she said. "He was a great hand to have his little drink. I've always been prohibitive myself. My folks were very strict. Oh, well—Walt's mighty fine, too, in his way—say what you like."

"He was wonderful to me!" A young Jim Jones tried to tell the story of just how wonderful Walter Dunne had been, but Maisie wasn't a listener. She preferred to do all the talking herself, and eventually Joan gave up. If Maisie didn't want an explanation why give it?

The hardest part was to get away from the loquacious Maisie long enough to write to Bill at night. It was only then, writing to Bill, that Maisie was a stranger, and her house was alien and new. Sometimes, sitting across the table from her in the evenings, in the bright, warm comfort of the garish apartment, listening to the click, click, click of her tongue, Joan wondered if she had ever lived anywhere else.

The big yellow across the bay with its yellow turrets, its wide, wide wings, and the high hedge in which Maisie had hidden Aunt Evvie when she was a little girl, were all part of a dim, unreal past. Aunt Evvie, Aunt Babe, and the hatched faced Heeley were gone. Gray figures out of a dream. A dream long, long ago that ended in one great flash of light, and love, and poignant agonizing pain.

It was always there—the pain of her parting from Bill. Sometimes it was just a dull ache, that throbbled and rose and fell like the pain of an aching tooth. And then it would flare into sudden, twisting agony.

All the foolish endearments she had been too shy to write before. All the funny little happenings in McBride's bargain basement. All her pride in the job that she had got herself, without a bit of help from anyone. Letter after letter, addressed in her round schoolgirl hand to "Mr. William Martin, c/o Mrs. Alma Martin, Sausalito, Cal. Please forward."

He was always there, in back of her thoughts. His image was always back of her eyes, a wistful, boyish figure, groping for her across the miles.

Selling sleazy nery, spreading orchid pajamas enticingly on her counter, smiling at customers, making out charge tags, calling shrilly, "Sleazy nery, sleazy nery, sleazy nery!" Her heart was still with a bit of help from anyone. Letter after letter, addressed in her round schoolgirl hand to "Mr. William Martin, c/o Mrs. Alma Martin, Sausalito, Cal. Please forward."

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I thought I'd go down town with Miss Harvey. We saw a fine picture, but kind of sad. Where she said I said to Miss Harvey, I said—

Joan might have been deaf, for all she heard. Her fingers would be busy going through the little sheet of letters on the hall table. Bill's advertisements, lodge notices. All for Maisie.

"Maisie—no letter for me? No body telephoned—not a thing?" Maisie tried to coax her. "How old did you say he was? Nineteen? Well . . . mmm . . . now I wouldn't take it so hard if it was you. Boys are changeable. They aren't like women. But never you mind, you and I forget, too. Now suppose you and I just go over to Miss Harvey's whist tournament tonight. I wouldn't be surprised if her nephew was there. He's a real good looking."

Then Joan's gray-green eyes would darken with pain, and there would come the little trembling, pathetic smile that went straight to Maisie's warm heart.

"You don't understand, I can't ever forget. How can I, when I love him?"

"Well, all you can do is leave her alone, poor kid." Maisie told her she was a friend, Agnes Harvey. "She has a lot of friends, but you and I it's only a look—you can't change her—"

In the big house in Sausalito Evvie Van Fleet was saying the same thing—without sympathy.

"I did my best. My conscience is clear. Now I wash my hands of her."

But people will find out—they'll talk. We'll have her back here in trouble yet—I know. You wait, you'll see— Aunt Babe whimpered, dabbling at her pink nose.

It had been a bitter pill for them to swallow. No one knew what was in the garage man who had had the impudence to ring the front door bell and ask for Joan, out of the house than the bell rang again, and Evvie had to answer because Heeley was washing in the basement.

A telegram this time. Nick Dittweller, the messenger, whom Evvie had known all her life, and who certainly knew what was in the message, watched her avidly while she read it.

It was fifty words, and it came collect by Western Union. Joan wasn't on the train. Mrs. Marden was distracted. The conductor feared a tragedy. They would make every effort to get news. The conductor was wiring back along the line. And would Miss Van Fleet wire instructions at once.

Evvie read it through twice. She knew. She was no fool. Evvie. She went into the library and wrote her answer. On the way back to the office she read it. It was quite short, and it was to the effect that Mrs. Marden and the conductor could stop worrying. Joan got off the train in the early morning to meet a letter, and the train went on without her. Joan had wired her aunt Postal Telegraph, and she was coming on with the next section. The cousin would meet Joan in Philadelphia.

"You should be ashamed to spend all that money to telegraph a lie. Babe cried when she heard. 'Babe she'll come back to—to find the boy—and then—'"

"I can't help it—I wash my hands—"

"But they'll live here, Evvie. He'll marry her—we'll have to see them every day."

"I never never marry her. She'll never see him again!"

"Evvie—you think you're always right. You can't tell. I tell you he'll be waiting for her."

But I'm telling you—he is. He's coming. I'm telling him to get up. I—I talked him into it. Her lip curled. "It wasn't hard. He's big—but he's only a boy."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States senator from New York Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

IN THE annals of early American history is the story of Ponce de Leon the explorer. He was told by the Indians about a fountain whose waters would give perpetual youth. This daring explorer feared old age and devoted his life seeking this magic fountain.

Many men and women fear old age. They resort to patent medicines, nostrums, fads and quackery without success. In their search for perpetual youth they neglect the simple rules of health which are capable of maintaining strength and youth. They are blind to the abuses they are giving their precious bodies.

How often have you heard the expression "a man is as old as his arteries"? By this is meant that age in years is not the true index; the condition of his blood vessels determines his actual age.

An Early Old Age It is true that some persons get old quickly while others age slowly. This is determined by the measure of inherited health and by the accustomed care given to the body.

No one will deny that lack of proper food and nourishment, too little sleep, excessive indulgence in tobacco and alcohol, and failure to respect the human body, lead to an early old age. Yet how many of us appreciate these few simple rules or by their observance try to keep the health that has been bestowed upon us by kindly nature?

As we grow older, our blood vessels undergo certain changes. They lose their normal elasticity and consequently their ability to function properly. This change is called "arterio-sclerosis," or "hardening of the blood vessels." It may occur at an early age or it may be delayed for many decades. Sometimes it is

the result of some constitutional disease. No matter what the cause, it means that the heart must work harder and even then the different organs of the body receive less than the needed amount of blood and nutrients. When this change occurs, strenuous and energetic work is prohibited. The body must rest and relax as much as possible. Alcohol, salts, peppers, spices and other condiments must be omitted from the diet. Only simple and nourishing food should be eaten. Over-eating is dangerous for persons suffering from arterio-sclerosis.

I am sorry to say that most persons fail to recognize these changing signs of age. Too often they continue to lead strenuous and difficult lives. The damage already done in failure to heed these changes are great.

Do not confuse arterio-sclerosis with high blood pressure. A sufferer from hardening of the arteries may or may not have high blood pressure. Similarly, a person with high blood pressure may not have hardening of the arteries.

If you have not recently consulted with a medical doctor, do so now. This advice is given, not to alarm you, but to give you the benefit of a check-up on your health. Early attention to any defect found will give you a guarantee of complete relief.

Answers to Health Queries B. F. Q.—What causes cracking joints? A.—This is usually due to lack of synovial fluid. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

M. F. B. Q.—What causes the jaw to be stiff and crack when opening the mouth? A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Daily Reader. Q.—What causes heartburn? A.—This is usually due to acid in the system, caused by faulty diet and poor elimination. This should be corrected. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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