

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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Oregon Goes to School

At the season of the year when youngsters are bursting in the front door throwing the books in a corner and shouting that school's over, their fathers and mothers and elder brothers and sisters are taking a turn at school. Most all adult Oregon has been studying the book the past few weeks; and taking an examination on what they have learned. Then if they qualify and pay the necessary fee they get a license to operate a motor vehicle. Tomorrow is the last day of the "school" for renewal of licenses at the 50 cent fee.

It is quite an experience for folk who haven't answered questions with pen and ink for forty years. The brain doesn't click like it did back in the old schoolhouse when you were accustomed to the Friday spell-down or the term test. You read the book and think you know all that is in it; but when there is a sheet of white paper in front of you with printed questions and writing spaces on it, you feel sort of queer and your mind goes blank. Then you gather your wits together and the test turns out to be not so fearsome after all.

Bill Hammond of the secretary of state's office is the state schoolmaster these days. Visit his examination room and you will find the busiest place in Salem. Queues reach far down the hall. Men and women are writing at little tables and taking eye tests to demonstrate their capacity to drive motor cars with safety to themselves and the general public. Dairy men in blue striped overalls, bald-headed clerks scratching the bald spot over some hard questions, mothers with children sitting on their laps, young saplings of boys who drive bugs and motorcycles, wood-haulers, town bankers—all taking the examination; and serious about it too, for they want to qualify to operate their automobiles.

The periodic round-up is a good thing. If there is one class of laws which the people need to have working knowledge of it is the motor laws. Of course knowledge of the law is no substitute for carelessness or absent-mindedness in driving; but at least it eliminates one hazard: ignorance of the rules of the road. Peoples have shown a good spirit in taking the tests; and the examinations have not been hard-boiled. This examination ought to be a contributing factor in the campaign for highway safety.

Death in Forest Camp

DEATH held the oars of the frail craft which was used at the forest camp on the North Santiam and two young men, one an enlisted member of the citizens' conservation corps, and the other a skilled forest worker, were swept to death in the swift, chill waters of the river. It was the first tragedy of the forest camps, at least in these regions. The news of it will tighten the heartstrings in many a home where young men have gone forth for this service.

These camps have been likened somewhat to army camps, and for a time the men were under army discipline; may yet be in fact. While not a military body at all, there is yet a similarity to the recruiting of men and shipping them off by trainloads during the days of the World war. But how different is the attitude of the people. In 1917 there was the fever of war excitement. People traveled hundreds of miles to see Camp Lewis or other army posts. Civilian organizations were formed to provide entertainment for men in the camps. "Nothing too good for the soldiers" was the sentiment of the day.

Now Oregonians and westerners are quite indifferent to the locating of scores of these forest camps throughout the western forests. Some have been a little uppity about it, fearing that the scum of the cities was being deposited in this virgin country. Not a single move has been made to extend a greeting to these young men who are having a great new experience in camping out in the woods.

A negro member of the camp on the North Santiam, from Chicago, is quoted as wondering what the people there do for entertainment of nights. No bright lights of Clark street are shining on the Elkhorn road; and the mountains echo no strains from a Halsted street cabaret orchestra. The west is west; and the solemn woods are not Chicago or Hoboken. But if the west is faithful to its reputation for hospitality it should manifest some interest in the young men in these camps. They are Americans, the same as the boys of the army camps of 1917-1918, and are full of health and vigor and normal interests. Our people should endeavor to get acquainted with the camps, provide the men with reading material, offer them some diversion from the routine of forest life.

This accidental drowning of two of the youth in the camps may stir the people to attention. Give the young men a western welcome.

Mrs. Roosevelt was on the spot in Texas when "Ma" Ferguson and husband Jim tried to get her to stand between them for a picture. Or rather she didn't get on the spot. It was a hot spot all right, for Texas is split wide open on the Fergusons; and it would have been a big feather in their hats to have the first lady of the land pose with them. Mrs. Roosevelt had her spunk however and declined, though her excuse was a bit lame. One way she can avoid such embarrassing moments is to keep away from the wide open spaces. She hasn't spent much more time in the White House than the governor of Oregon does at his office in the state capitol.

So Salem gets its beer. Considering that the president and congress have endorsed nullification of the 18th amendment via modification of the Volstead act, it is not surprising that the city council should shut its eyes to the language of the city charter, even though there were only eight weeks to go. And the drive for repeal goes on, so that the sale of hard liquor may soon be legalized. The friends of "true temperance" and of "prohibition reform" are showing up just as plain, old-fashioned wets; and they will soon be endorsing return of the saloon.

Elizabeth Lichte Answers Call; Was Woodburn Resident

WOODBURN, June 6. — Mrs. Elizabeth Lichte, 77, died at her home Monday afternoon, after an illness of several weeks. Mrs. Lichte was born in Switzerland, May 14, 1856, and came to America when a small child. She has lived in Woodburn the past eight years.

General services have not been completed.

"Wha' D'y Mean - 'Ways and Means'?" WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE. Illustration of a man carrying a heavy load labeled 'PROPOSED TAX INCREASE SCHEDULE'.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Capt. Thomas Mountain, Last Wilkes expedition survivor.

(Continuing from yesterday.) Captain Thomas Mountain, the only known member of the Wilkes expedition living in 1966, was born in Cosport, Portsmouth harbor, England, April 1, 1822.

His father was a seafaring man, and for many years engaged in fishing on Newfoundland banks, off the Canadian coast. Afterward he entered the British navy, in which service he ended his days.

Young Thomas naturally became infatuated with a seafaring life. This being denied him, at the age of 12 he ran away from home and secured passage on a fishing vessel and sailed for Newfoundland, where he had an aunt living. Soon after he had a chance to sail for old Salem, Massachusetts, for which city Salem, Oregon, was named, by Rev. David Leslie; going as a cabin boy on the ship Alinda. From there he went to Boston, where he supported himself by odd jobs.

January 1, 1836, he became a naval apprentice on the U. S. frigate Ohio, a 74-gun battleship. The reader will note that he then lacked three months of 14 years of age. He remained on this vessel until early in 1838, when he was transferred to the Peacock, a sloop of war; one of the four vessels assigned to Capt. Wilkes by order of the secretary of war March 20, 1838, to make up the fleet of the famous exploring expedition. Young Mountain remained on the Peacock until she was lost; but all the officers and crew saved.

Captain Mountain returned to New York in 1842 on the "Oregon," which had been the Thomas H. Perkins, and was assigned to duty in the Brooklyn navy yard, where he remained three years. Just prior to the breaking out of the Mexican war he was assigned to the brig Sampson, a government provision vessel, which was sent with supplies to Point Isabel, Texas.

When General Zachary Taylor started from that place on May 7, 1846, to the relief of Fort Brown, he was reinforced by some of the marines of the fleet—and among these was Mountain, who was assigned to Captain Duncan's battery.

The next day the battle of Palo Alto was fought, and Captain Mountain was severely wounded in the hand by a sabre wielded by a Mexican cavalryman, in a desperate but unsuccessful charge upon the battery. Capt. Mountain was sent to a hospital at Pensacola, Florida, and after recovering was sent back to New York. This ended his career in the naval service.

His first engagement thereafter to private parties was that of boatwain on the clipper Sea Serpent, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, after which he worked on shore for a while, then found his way to Portland, Oregon, on the brig Tonquin, named for the ill-fated Astor vessel whose crew founded Astoria.

Then he shipped on the clipper Flying Cloud, on her homeward trip, as first mate and sailing master, going by way of China to New York; and a year later he returned to San Francisco on the same vessel, and then again made his way to Portland, and was employed on the Multnomah and Express, river steamers, and later served out engagements on the steamship Columbia, on which he came out from New York in 1850 as second mate, and the North-erner.

In 1859 Captain Mountain went to Puget Sound on the steamer Julia, remaining with her 18 months, running between Olympia, Steilacoom, Seattle and Port Townsend.

While on this run he transported reinforcements and supplies to Captain George Pickett's company on San Juan Island.

It will be recalled that Capt. Pickett was the hero of "the San Juan affair," when the United States and Great Britain almost came to grips over the disputed line at the western end of the international boundary on parallel 49; the treaty of 1846 having contained a vague description of it; and the reader will remember that this dispute was finally settled by arbitration, Kaiser William of Germany being the arbitrator; the man now the royal prisoner at Doera.

Also, the student of history will recall that Captain Pickett, his sympathies with the southern people from whom he sprang, went with the seceding states—and that he, as General Pickett, was the hero of the famous charge of the Confederate forces at the Battle of Gettysburg.

In 1861 Captain Mountain took the Julia back to the Columbia river, and soon after was placed in command of the Cowitz, and later of the Wilson P. Hunt, after which he again returned to the Julia.

He then became mate of the New World, until he left to superintend the mounting of cannon at Fort Stevens. While he was engaged in this task, his mind must have been active with the memories of that July of 1841, when he was an active part of the tragedy of the Peacock, enacted on waters and sands in sight of his labors of the later time.

In 1867 Captain Mountain took the New World around to Puget Sound. On this trip he was seriously injured, which resulted in his practical retirement for four years.

After recovering from his disability, he was placed in charge of Ben Holladay's wharf property, and afterward that of the Oregon Steam Navigation company, and his successor, the Oregon Railway and Navigation company, where

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR. Joan Hastings, seventeen and beautiful, lived with two old maid aunts, Ervive and Babe Van Fleet, in Sausalito, Cal. Joan falls in love with Bill Martin, a penniless young mechanic. Bill, an innocent victim of a bootlegging gang, is sent to jail and Joan, begging for bail money from the aunts, confesses her love for him. She is put on a train for school. Bill, freed, rushes to the Van Fleet home to see Joan and Aunt Ervive tells him she has gone and persuades him the kindest thing he can do is never try to see her again. He bids goodbye to his mother and goes away, leaving no address. Joan, escaping from the train, reaches his home just after he has gone. She goes to San Francisco and is befriended by Walter Dumas, the motorist who drove her home when she left the train. He arranges for her to live with good-natured Maizie Kimmer, a friend. She secures a position in a department store. All her thoughts are of Bill, and his efforts to make her forget are in vain.

Bill walked around aimlessly for a while. "No!" the young man in the car looked at him with even greater interest. "In that case—" He put the wallet back in an inner pocket, struck a match and looked at the watch. "Three o'clock. Heck of a time for a social call. Don't happen to be a rescue crew, do you? Got a tow car?" Bill grinned. It was only a boy, and a befuddled boy, whose breath reeked of alcohol. "No, I'm no rescue crew," he said, "but I suppose I might give you a hand. What's wrong?" "Everything," replied the stranded one. "Everything but gas. Got plenty of gas. Just thinkin' of makin' a bonfire of her. What do you say? Like the idea? Blow her up—get me?" Bill opened the door and came in. "Let's have a look."

Bill took the wheel. He was very tired, and he didn't like the idea of taking the boy home—what people might think—might think anything. But what else could he do?

He tried to think it all out, to plan the explanation he would make when they asked him who he was, and what he meant by driving their car; but he was so dizzy with the joy, and all he could think of was Joan, Joan with her fair hair blowing in the wind. A boy in a blue shirt waved from the roadside. The air was sweet with the smell of the wet, freshly turned earth. The warm fragrance of the roses some farmer's wife had planted in a sturdy row near the beans.

"I can't go back," he cried miserably. "I can't—I can't—" The car gathered speed. Rollo stirred uneasily. "Look out for the cars," he said thickly, "drive carefully..."

Nobody asked any questions. They took it quite as a matter of course that a stranger should drive Rollo's French car to the door, and lend a hand to carry him into the house. Bill had a confused impression of a large square hall hung with many pictures, of a thickly carpeted inner staircase, and another hall, and more etchings.

Rollo was holding tight to his arm. "Don't go, don't go, don't go—I'll be aw' in a minute—" "Will you wait, sir?" a man servant asked. Bill shrugged, looked down at his hands awkwardly. The man took his silence for assent, and tipped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Rollo lay like a log under the silk quilt on the bed. Bill went to the window, looked out on the lawn where two Airedales were playing, chasing each other, barking joyously.

"I'm in a nice mess," he muttered. He opened the door and looked up and down the hall. "Can't sneak out like a burglar!" There was nobody in sight, no sound in the house. "Wake up!" he cried savagely, and shook the inert form under the quilt.

Rollo only mumbled, Bill waited and tried again, without success. He passed his hand wearily over his eyes. How tired he was. With a sudden weary gesture he flung himself full length on the bed beside Rollo. Just for a minute. Just for a minute... to rest his eyes...

It must have been very late, for day before the day. Then comes the soliciting of flowers and making of wreaths and bouquets to be placed in memory of comrades. Here in Salem, as elsewhere, a flag is placed for the G. A. R. comrades' graves on the day. (These flags are gathered up in the evening.) The Women's Relief corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, hold ritualistic services for the G. A. R., and for the sailors, marines, and air men who gave their lives in behalf of their country and fellowmen.

The sailor, marine, and air man services are always conducted at or near the water when available. Here we have the Willamette river; and the Marion-Polk bridge affords a lovely place for the water service. At the close of the ritual, flowers and wreaths are dropped on the water by G. A. R., W. R. C., and public organizations, children, and the sailors. For several years Troop 12, Boy Scouts, of the Jason Lee memorial church, have made a float which is loaded with flowers and taken to mid-stream and sent down the river. These boys take such an interest in doing that they come and ask if they are wanted to build a float. Now, added to this, is an airplane flying over the water covering it with flowers.

Last, but not least, the city officials make these services possible by causing traffic to pause for the time being and many come to see and hear, perhaps for the first time in their lives, real Memorial day services for which the day is set apart. So come to Salem next year, or visit any place where there are patriotic organizations and see what is being done on Memorial day; and bring flowers as your part in the service.

JENNIE F. B. JONES, Past President of Sedgwick Women's Relief Corps, 534 N. 17th Street.

Building activity in Cascocho-vakia last year was greater than in 1932.

Shelby, Mont., warned to clean up moral and liquor conditions, under penalty of having Dempsey-Gibbons championship boxing match July 4 stopped; Mayor Jesse A. Johnson denies alleged conditions exist.

DAYTON, O.—C-1, largest United States service dirigible, struck by lightning, destroyed by ensuing fire; officers jump 40 feet to ground, suffer broken bones. The upward movement of Japan's cost of living apparently has been checked.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. CHAPTER XVII. Bill was bunnying his way South. Not that it mattered which way he went—North would have done as well. A brakeman booted him off the freight train somewhere near Sallin, so he walked the rest of the way into town and spent his last cent for coffee and doughnuts.

After that he walked around aimlessly for a while, with his hands in his pockets. It occurred to him that he might as well work his way to Los Angeles, he had never been there.

Work his way how? It was still too early to "work in the fruit" and he had made up his mind about one thing—he wouldn't stay in a city. Oh, no—he'd be on his way out.

After he struck the highway he got a few lifts, but he walked a good many miles. By sundown he was tired and hungry. A woman in a service station gave him a meal and a drink, and he ate and drank heartily. He smoked his last cigarette. Two more miles, and he had had enough. He crawled under a barbed wire fence, burrowed into a stack of fragrant, drying alfalfa. His tired limbs relaxed, he slept heavily, dreamlessly.

When he awoke the moon was shining full in his face. He was as wide awake as if it were day. Far away a train whistled, and a dog barked across the fields. He lay there in the moonlight, trying to sleep again. It had turned quite cold, and he was hungry, and lonely. More lonely than he had ever been before.

He thought of Joan, miserably. "I wish I had a cigarette!" he groaned. "What fool I was, not to get the money I had owed me—"

His first engagement thereafter to private parties was that of boatwain on the clipper Sea Serpent, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, after which he worked on shore for a while, then found his way to Portland, Oregon, on the brig Tonquin, named for the ill-fated Astor vessel whose crew founded Astoria.

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Bill opened the door and came in. "Let's have a look." "Have a drink first. Share my last drink with you. That's kind of a guy I am. Keyes is the name—Rollo Keyes. Heck of a name. Wished on me. Here—help yourself. Good stuff."

"I'll have a look at her first, thanks. French car! Don't know much about this—" He began to "look her over" with real interest.

Rollo Keyes blinked at him through his large, shell-rimmed glasses. "Have a good time," he said hospitably. "Betcha you can't do it!" And he had another little drink.

When Bill asked him about the tools he was already asleep, breathing audibly, with his mouth open. Bill noticed his pale, thin hands, his hollow chest, his expensive English overcoat. "Somebody's spoiled darling."

Bill had never handled a foreign-made car before. A little gingerly he lifted the hood. "Can't be much wrong," he murmured. The engine was purring smoothly when he started it.

"How much did we bet?" Rollo asked amiably. "A ride into town, I guess," Bill grinned. "Sure. Have a drink. Take you any place you want. Going your way? See—I'm gonna give you half my last drink... unless you'd rather have coffee... very good coffee in the thermos—"

"I'll be right back," Bill agreed amiably. He unscrewed the top of the bottle, and drank the hot liquid gratefully. Rollo produced a paste-board box of ginger snaps also, which they divided carefully breaking the last one in two. A feeling of

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor: My attention was called to some articles published in the Oregonian regarding Memorial day services. I was asked to tell something of how we observe Memorial day here in Salem. Patriotic orders have their regular routine. First, plans are made. Representatives of the different orders visit the schools just before Memorial day. They all attend services in a body at church the Sun-

day before the day. Then comes the soliciting of flowers and making of wreaths and bouquets to be placed in memory of comrades. Here in Salem, as elsewhere, a flag is placed for the G. A. R. comrades' graves on the day. (These flags are gathered up in the evening.) The Women's Relief corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, hold ritualistic services for the G. A. R., and for the sailors, marines, and air men who gave their lives in behalf of their country and fellowmen.

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