

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Holmes Baccalaureate

THE brilliant editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times is color blind these days; for all he sees is red. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, New York preacher, gave the baccalaureate at the state college, whereupon Editor Ingalls plastered him over with the red flag. He listed him as editor of some radical publications and an officer of the American Civil Liberties union. To further identify him he quoted from the Hamilton Fish red baiting expedition report; and the even more notorious Lusk committee of New York state. The Albany Democrat-Herald joined in the anvil chorus against Dr. Holmes and expressed the opinion that these speakers were tearing down the foundations on which our educational institutions rest because they are supported by property taxes.

Holmes is not orthodox in religion, in politics, economics or anything else, so far as we know. He may even be a socialist; so many grey-haired bankers have joined long-haired professors in wondering if socialism wasn't a cure for the disease, that that term is not quite such an epithet as it once was.

But from what we know of Holmes and what we read of his speech at Corvallis we are glad he gave the baccalaureate sermon out here. His challenge was to the open mind, and his text was "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." While there may be difference of opinion as to which way is forward, that is a good text; and the preacher developed it well. These are times that call for rattling of dry bones, for the testing of old standards and shibboleths. Men are needed who will throw out the challenge to the generation graduating for college to reexamine the basis of our social and political and economic order. If it cannot justify itself then changes certainly will be coming. We write as one who has no confidence in state socialism on the Marxian plan; but no fear for having it discussed and examined, and even experimented with in Russia.

The world is recurrently in need of men of the type of Holmes who will throw bombs in camps of religious orthodoxy and political standpatism. The noise and the smell may be unpleasant, but institutions have a constant tendency to petrify. Agitators like Holmes and Bob LaFollette, sr., may accomplish a great deal of good in destroying dry rot and social decay.

Holmes is a torch, not a lambent flame to throw a few feeble rays amid prevailing darkness; but a blow torch, hot enough to melt the armored steel of rigid institutionalism. Voltaire was one; and Tom Paine. Holmes may be weak on all the fundamentals of virgin birth and protective tariff, but he is a prophet of higher standards in ethics; and the world seems to be in more need of ethical instruction just now than of the Westminster catechism.

Standard Oil Goes Into Banking

ARE we to have business develop on "horizontal" lines on this coast? For years there has been the vertical integration of business such as the development of a business which controls each step from raw material to finished product and even to the marketing of that product. It is not usual however for a big industry to leave its own field and get over into other territory. Business men usually recognize that skill in one line of endeavor does not carry over into unrelated fields.

The question comes up in connection with the entrance of the Standard Oil company of California into the banking game. Pres. K. R. Kingsbury of the oil company has recently announced that his company is taking a substantial interest in the Anglo-California National bank, the Fleischacker institution of San Francisco. Kingsbury stated that his oil company had decided to take advantage of the opportunity to go along with the bank in its growth. Reports are that the Anglo bank intends to establish about fifteen branches in California.

The Standard of California is one in which the Rockefeller's still have very large stock holdings. They are now the principal owners of the Chase National in New York. Whether the new deal on the coast is of significance nationally remains to be seen. The oil company through its naturally gas business got over into the utility field as owners of the Pacific Public Service company, which handles quite a group of utility properties in California and Oregon.

San Francisco is the financial capital of the Pacific coast, so any development such as the entrance of the Standard Oil company into the banking picture is one that will be felt over this territory. With any closer alignment of financial interests the combination, it is easily conceivable, might develop into something dangerous to general welfare. The power is there; it remains to be seen how it is employed.

Come on, Washington keyholders, and tell us how come on the Russell Hawkins deal. Not his shift from the R.F.C. board to the home loan bank board but the fact that he rated at all. Hawkins is known chiefly as a chore boy in politics in this state with headquarters at Portland hotels. He isn't quite the Mitt Miller of Oregon republicans for he pays for his lunches. He talks the gibberish of big business; and has run errands for Sen. McNary. He is not with experience in business; but nothing that gives him rating for an appointment on the R.F.C. board. In Oregon he wouldn't rate for much above a public service commissioner in the old days. Apparently the appointment is just another case of pulling the right wires.

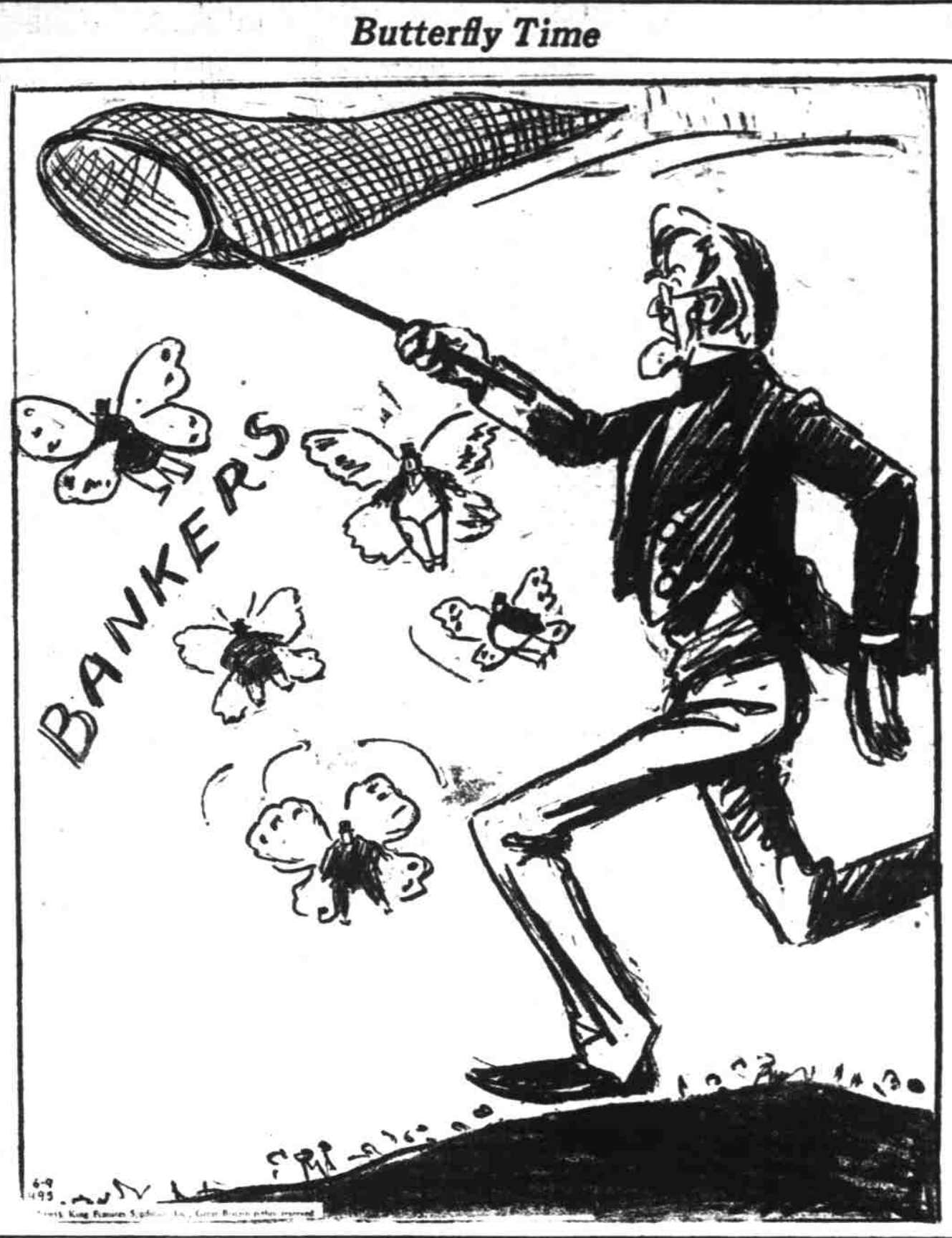
Editor Alden of the Woodburn Independent has cast his eye over the scene and concludes: "It remains certain that the Indian school has been of very little benefit to the red race as a whole." Rather a broad statement, it seems to us. The Indians themselves, with a very few exceptions, disagree with such an assertion; and regard schools like Chemawa as of very great benefit to their race.

Portland ranks third among the gold hoarding cities of the country, with 147 names said to be on the list. This will not be news out here; because that has been Portland's reputation for a long time. And we bet the skin of a last year's rattlesnake the government doesn't get the gold out of them.

Hitler must have groaned when he heard the result of the prize fight in New York. The California Jew, Max Baer, licked the stuffing out of the German Schmeling. Maybe Baer was putting a lot of the rage of the American Jews in the end of his fist. Anyway Hitler may call for another program now.

New couples have a chance to think it over after deciding to get married. The new law requires them to wait three days after applying for a marriage license. Some ought to wait a lot longer than that and then never do it.

This should make news: There was one Chicago bank left with \$17,000 in cash. Some thieves got that.



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

McLoughlin title again:
(Continuing from yesterday.)
Mr. Martin's letter was occasioned by an article in this column in the issue of May 23, and another in that of May 21.

The first contained a statement that, in a frame under the oil painting of Dr. John McLoughlin, hanging on the wall back of the president's seat in the Oregon senate chamber, in printed letters, appear these words:
"Dr. John McLoughlin, honored pioneer and earliest settler of the territory of Oregon, 1823 to 1843. Director of the Hudson's Bay company, and by courtesy called governor of Oregon prior to 1843." In that article a statement was made that in the legend in the frame there is one mistake that is glaring, and a \$1 prize was offered to the first Willamette university or Marion or Polk county high school history student first to point it out. Several competed, but none won the dollar.

The services of Mr. Martin in having legends put under the pictures of the chief executives were valuable, notable. It was a duty long neglected. Also, the collection of the records of first officers of the provisional, territorial and state governments, and having them put into printed form—the forerunner of the Oregon Blue Book. Mr. Martin deserves the thanks of all Oregon.

But there are several mistakes in the printed legend under the picture of Dr. McLoughlin, told at length in this column on May 21, and one in addition. Take them briefly:
Dr. John McLoughlin was an "honored pioneer."
He was not "the earliest settler."
The earliest settler was not "of the territory of Oregon."
Dr. McLoughlin was not here from "1823 to 1843."
He was, it is assumed, a "director of the Hudson's Bay company," but he exercised the functions of "governor" more by right of being chief factor at Fort Vancouver, than in his absence performing the functions of governor of that company—which company operated under the laws of the British parliament. It therefore had a legal right to the functions, performed through its officers.
Dr. McLoughlin was "by courtesy called governor of Oregon," but this was not limited in time specifically ending in 1843; and it did not begin in 1823. He had little right to the "courtesy," so far as Americans were concerned, at all; less after the coming of Jason Lee in 1834; still less after 1839, when Lee appointed David Leslie justice of the peace, on the

advice of Dr. McLoughlin himself—and still less, or rather none at all after the setting up of the provisional government, February 18, 1841; a government with officers who administered the designated laws, settled the Ewing Young and Cornelius Rogers estates and performed many other acts in due form of law.

Dr. McLoughlin did not found the town of Vancouver, Wash. His company founded old Fort Vancouver. Dr. McLoughlin did found the town of Oregon City as an individual; though some early settlers contended that he did it for his company.

Dr. McLoughlin was not "the first white man to attempt to convert the wilderness into a habitation for the white man." On the contrary, observing the wishes and interests of his company, he resisted this effort, in the early stages. Witness the experiences of John Jacob Astor, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, Captain Bonneville and numerous others.

It is not true that "he first brought wheat, oats, barley, corn, potatoes and tame grass seeds to Oregon." The Astor parties brought all these, in 1811-12. They had gardens and live stock at Fort Astoria; so did the Northwest company before Dr. McLoughlin came. So did the Winships, in 1810, before the Astors. And at least one other party, before the Winships.

He was not the "first importer of cattle and domestic animals." The Astors and Northwesters, at least, were before him in this respect.
He was not "in truth the earliest settler." He was no settler at all, until taking up his residence as an individual at Oregon City in 1845—that is no "settler" as the term was understood in the early days—as a differentiated trader and trapper, some of whom became settlers after they gave up their earlier vocations, or avocations, if the reader may prefer the term.

May 21, the day of the second publication mentioned above, Dr. Mary C. Rowland, 407 Court street, Salem, wrote: "Dear Bits for Breakfast: I could forgive the printing under the McLoughlin portrait if he had said he came to Oregon in 1824 instead of 1823."
The writer has seen Dr. Rowland since. She got her information from writings of Frank Ermattinger, who came in 1824, and who was the third treasurer of Oregon, under the provisional government. Ermattinger was one of Dr. McLoughlin's chief lieutenants; an appointee of his.

Bancroft (page 29 of first volume) says Dr. McLoughlin was transferred from Fort Francis, on Lake of the Woods, "in 1824 to the Columbia river."
Frederick V. Holman, in his book on Dr. McLoughlin, says he came in 1824. Meany's Washington history says 1824.
Finally, Eva Emery Dye, author of "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," the most popular and best selling of all such books, who perhaps knows more of McLoughlin's history than any living person, was furnished a copy of the May 21 article and asked when the doctor came. She writes:
"Oh, Dr. McLoughlin came in 1824. Your Bits for Breakfast are always interesting and valuable to Old Oregon."
That surely settles that.
Just because a statement of a historical event has been put into print, under a picture, or in a book, newspaper or magazine or other medium of information, is not prima facie evidence of its truth. As time passes, it becomes more difficult to correct the mistakes of history. But this writer holds that it is the duty of the passing generations to correct all possible errors of history.
Many have been allowed to creep into the written history of

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.
"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE is a dangerous thing," is an old saying with modern uses. It can be applied to many individuals who have limited knowledge of blood pressure. They get excited out of all proportion to the importance of the symptoms. It happens frequently that an individual in perfect health, with only a slightly elevated blood pressure. This information causes great worry and unnecessary fear.
Of course, I do not wish to give the impression that high blood pressure is a wholly normal symptom. But I do wish to convey to my readers the thought that within certain limits, high blood pressure is in no sense a menace to life. I refer particularly to blood pressure that has gradually increased over a period of years.

In most instances the rise of blood pressure is the result of natural changes within the body. These are called "compensatory" changes and are really necessary in order that the body may continue to function as it should. For example, as we grow older certain changes take place within the heart and blood vessels. The vessels lose their normal elasticity. This leads to an increase in the blood pressure.

Factors to Be Considered
When high blood pressure occurs suddenly, or is observed in fairly young individuals, it is a matter of more consequence. Fortunately, such cases are not common.
Increased pressure may be the result of some infection within the body. The teeth, tonsils, nasal sinuses, gallbladder or appendix may be diseased. It may follow some constitutional disease.
It is important to have a person examined just what should be his course.

Answers to Health Queries
A Constant Reader. Q.—What causes a feeling as though there was a lump in the throat?
A.—This may be due to many causes. Sometimes it is purely a nervous symptom. It may come from indigestion as well as other causes.
F. L. Q.—What can be done for pus in the ears?
A.—Consult an ear specialist for personal attention.
S. S. R. Q.—What causes a substance to form in the lower eyelids?
A.—Have your eyes examined to determine the cause. It may be due to a slight structural condition.

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"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.
Lovely Joan Hastings lives a secluded life with her two stern, old aunts, Ervise and Babe Van Fleet, in Sausalito, California. She falls in love with Bill Martin, young mechanic. Learning this, Aunt Ervise sends Joan away to Pennsylvania to school. Ervise and Babe slip off the train and go to Bill's home only to find that he left town without leaving an address. Joan settles in San Francisco unknown to the boards with good-natured Mrs. Maisie Kimmmer and works in a department store. Bill, in the meantime, is befriended by Rollo Keyes, wealthy playboy. Rollo's father, believing Bill may have a good influence on his son, gives him a position where he learns surveying. He does not try to get in touch with Joan as he wants to be a success before he goes to her. Joan believes Bill no longer cares and is broken-hearted. Maisie tries in vain to make her forget. Maisie's daughter, Francine de Guity gives Joan a position modeling wedding gowns in her exclusive Maison Francine. She is an instant success. After months of suffering, Joan vows she will not let her love for Bill ruin her life. She concentrates on a successful career and studies designing at night. Francine promises to help her reach the peak.



NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
CHAPTER XXI
Over in Sausalito the girls she used to know had forgotten her all but Hilda Sedgewick. In Hilda heart a little flame of joy burned. The stuck-up Van Fleets! They were worse than ever since Joan went East to boarding school.
"I didn't think nobody ever went before! Oh, Mother—DO want to go to Bryn Mawr. I think Father's so stingy."
"Hilda!"
"Well, he is. But I don't care—I'm going to set him back plenty for the Tri Theta dance."
Such fun to shop. The black velvet in the Ville de Paris was too lovely for words, but of course Mother would have a fit.
There was just one gown in Francine's window. A cloud of heavenly pink... girlish enough to please a dozen mothers... chic enough to sicken all one's friends... Hilda knew exactly the way she'd look in it...
So did Hogan when Hilda wanted to try it on. Those stoop shoulders, gracious!
"You've modeled for me," she gushed. "You can't tell me better, seeing it on the figure."
Of course, Anna had to take that very minute to go out to lunch. "You'll have to model the pink chiffon for me!" Hogan said belligerently to Joan, "lending a hand" in the workroom.
Francine had praised her. She felt giddy with elation. "Why I don't mind, Hogan!"
"You've got the gift, Joan. You're getting there—" Francine had said.
Joan was still faintly smiling when she came down the three gray velvet steps into the shop, gold hair glinting, pink skirts billowing...
"You've got the gift—you're getting there," Francine's rare praise was still ringing in her ears. Francine thought her designs were good. Soon she'd be sitting at the table in the workshop all day long, busy with pencil and water colors, and Francine coming to her: "Do you think I'm right about the brocade lining I was planning, Joan, or do you think a powder blue instead—"
No more modeling, soon. No more of this walking around like a doll, showing dresses with a silly smile.
"You don't think it is too pink for me?" The tall girl in the blue fox furs asked.
Joan glanced at her, and the smile froze on her lips. Hilda, Hilda Sedgewick from Sausalito. Hilda, who lived next door to Aunt Ervise and Aunt Babe, and used to be her chum.
Hilda, finding her... telling everybody...
Joan's stiff lips wouldn't form the words, "How do you do, Hilda?"

right there, her head ached so. There wouldn't be any future now. Aunt Ervise would bring in the tea, something to spoil it... shame her... something...
Throb, throb, throb. She wanted to snatch one of the filmy gowns she was hanging on the rack and tie it, over so tight about her head, to stop the pain. Throb, throb. She began hanging the dresses in time to the throbbing pain. It gave her a mournful satisfaction. She was almost glad it hurt so much.
"Madame Francine tells me such interesting things of you! She says you are studying design."
It was Mrs. Curtis Barstow, "the nicest customer" Joan always called her. She tried to smile through the pain, because it was so nice of Mrs. Barstow to still think she was going to be a designer. But, of course, she didn't know that Aunt Ervise would put a stop to it—that it was all over—
"I've got such a headache!" she heard herself saying.
"Oh, I'm so sorry. Come have some hot tea with me. I was just going in search of some. Madame will let you come, I'm sure. Madame de Guity, you'll let me have Miss Hastings for tea?"
Mrs. Barstow, all milk fur and violet scented motherliness, fairly pushed Joan into her waiting limousine.
"I believe we'll go home," she said. "It's so much more restful. And I can give you something for your poor head."
It was good to feel cool hands on her hot forehead. Mrs. Barstow was so nice. Joan had always admired her tremendously, her perfectly dressed white hair, her delicate Dresden-china charm. They had often talked together for hours in the shop, about books and wild flowers and styles. She wasn't only a customer, she was a friend.
Her house was nice too. Big and airy and old-fashioned, like the old place across the bay. There was even a garden, with a hedge. And a silver tea service with elaborate scrolls and enbossing, like the one she used to help Heeley clean at home!
"Stay to dinner, too," Mrs. Barstow begged. "My son is away, and I so hate to be alone. I'm such a selfish old woman. He spoils me so."

I feel truly alighted when he does leave me for a night."
The headache powder had dulled the ache, and the hot tea had warmed Joan's heart. She felt better and wanted to prolong the pleasant dullness. When she went home she would have to think. Here she could just listen, while Mrs. Barstow talked.
She showed Joan pictures. Pictures of a solemn-eyed baby in a long, long christening dress. "My son, Curtis, at seven weeks." A rather fat little boy with curls and kilts. That was Curtis when he was four. And there was Curtis in short pants, and Curtis in long pants, and finally a Curtis in cap and gown, "when he was graduated from college."
Joan murmured polite comments with her lips. Her mind had begun to race again... Hilda... Aunt Ervise... Francine...
They had finished dinner already! She was drinking coffee out of a

"You'll have to model the pink chiffon for me!" Hogan said belligerently to Joan.
small gilt and blue cup that Mrs. Barstow, still rambling on in her sweet colonial voice, said her son had brought from France last summer, when the dining room door opened and Curtis himself—Joan knew it was he even before his mother presented him, came in.
"I didn't expect you tonight!" Mrs. Barstow half rose from her chair, and glanced at Joan.
He glanced at Joan, too, and the color rose ever so slightly in his olive cheek. His light brown eyes seemed to darken, he pushed his smooth hair back with a nervous, boyish gesture.
He didn't look like Bill, not a bit, but something in the way he looked at her made Joan think of Bill. Made her think of that first day when she stood in the window, and he looked up at her from the rose garden. The sun... her eyes blurred. She looked down at her plate.
"Miss Hastings has been keeping me company. I'm such a selfish old woman to let her, for the poor child has a headache." Mrs. Barstow was murmuring tactful things, all about Joan's headache, and how the time crept round so fast. "I'm going to send you right home, my dear, so that you'll have a good night's rest, and will feel so much better in the morning. Curtis, if you'll call the car, and tell Roberts—"
"She doesn't want me to know her son—she'd never have asked me here if she knew he was coming home," Joan thought. "She needn't worry—I wouldn't look at him—"
"All ready to start, Miss Hastings!"
Curtis Barstow was going to drive her himself!
"But you have a cold, dear—you had a sore throat yesterday!" His mother's hands fluttered over his, brushed imaginary dust from his sleeve, came to rest lovingly on his shoulder.
He touched her cheek affectionately. "I'm all right, Mother. Don't bother." The smile he gave her was filial, but his tone was flat, final.
Mrs. Barstow's fluttering white hands dropped to her sides. There came a little pinched look about her nose, but she did not argue further.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Oregon. It is not logical to argue that because they have been made, and been more or less accepted as true, they should be glossed over and allowed to stand.
Like the names on the Champoug park monument. Like the idea that the provisional government was established at Champoug. And many, many others. A new legend should be prepared and printed for the frame under the McLoughlin picture—a new monument should be erected at Champoug park.
London will start its slum clearance shortly.

STUDENTS RETURNING
STATYON, June 10.—Norbert Fritz and Herman Lindemann of Stuyton and Steve Breitenstein of Sublimity, who have been studying for the priesthood at St. Edwards seminary, Seattle, are at home to spend the summer vacation with their parents.

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OPPORTUNITY
in the Making
Improving conditions are again bringing their opportunities. But if one is to grasp them he must have his affairs in pretty good order. How about yours? Would it not be well to sit down with us and chart out a good workable program? We invite you to consult us at your convenience.

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UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK
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