

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Mitchell Goes Free

CHARLES MITCHELL, ousted president of the National City bank of New York, is a free man. A New York jury, after 25 hours of deliberation and repeated instructions from the presiding judge, decided Mitchell did not act illegally in avoiding payment of 1929 income taxes. Mitchell wept when the verdict was known and well he might for he was on the thin edge and without the expert defense made by clever Max Steuermann, the once eminent banker, might shortly have joined the lesser fry now brooding in a score of prisons.

The benefit of the Mitchell trial, however, would not have come from the incarceration of its chief participant. The Sinclairs, the Falls and their ilk, always seem out of place behind the bars, the imprisonment being an anti-climax to the real punishment inflicted by merciless publicity and public exposure. Mitchell has had all the latter. In the eyes of most bankers and the public, Mitchell's sales to his wife, his "\$666,666.666 advances" from the National City management fund will always stand as subterfuges.

From the Mitchell trial, the country has learned much about the tactics of big business and promotional New York bankers. The provisions of the Glass-Steagall bill forbidding a bank officer to borrow from his own bank or from any other bank, without notice to his directors, may be traced to Mitchell's manipulations. There will be income tax amendments to hinder avoidance of tax—where avoidance borders on evasion. Stockholders of the National City are having something to say now about a huge "management fund" so carelessly used that two-thirds of a million dollars was tossed to an officer with a very weak agreement that it was to be rapid while the president's salary was doubled in 1931, as minor officers were being eliminated or scaled down.

Mitchell has been debunked and the public educated. These are the benefits of the New York trial.

The Saloon in the Offing

THE steady march towards repeal of the 18th amendment and adoption of the 21st, is a perfect example of mass psychology. The constitutional change which 46 out of 48 states hurried to adopt 14 years ago, seems on its way to more rapid annulment. A similar mass sweep was evidenced in 1928 and 1929 when stock speculation swept into remote corners and now is shown into very general approval of the new deal, irrespective of what the deal is or where it leads. Incidentally the foes of prohibition who professed abhorrence of the saloon are beginning to be alarmed. If the 18th amendment is rushed over the brink, any number of states will be left without legal safeguards to liquor's sale and the "reform" will be more dangerous than the "terrible conditions" which brought it. Fears about the saloon are justified: liquor selling is altogether too profitable to be kept out of commercial hands in commercialized America. Only a few more states need ratify repeal and the mask of the "friends of true temperance will be off" and saloon days will be back, a condition ardently hoped for by the liquor interests.

Then the battle for prohibition will be fought all over again for the United States has never yet evolved a satisfactory system of controlling the liquor business and the profits which its exploitation brings.

Air Hazards Persist

A sombre denouement to the brilliant flying feats of James Mattern and Captain Babaran and Lieutenant Collar, Spanish fliers, is their disappearance in the sea—Mattern somewhere between Alaska and Russia; the Spaniards between Havana and Mexico City. Locally another tragedy is the loss of William Young, missing since Sunday on his flight from Medford to Portland.

The disappearance of the overseas fliers renews the inquiry if such speculative attempts are worth the cost. The world applauds the brilliance, the audacity, the skill of these who journeyed far over perilous seas but no matter the ability of the aviators they are puny in the grip of nature. Aviation with all its improved technique has not conquered the elements and fliers who set out for another continent should toss a coin to Lady Luck. A motor mishap and the eager sea awaits them. Or icy rain brings them low. Ever there is that enshrouding monster, fog, to baffle and defeat them.

Some day, skill and science shall surmount these obstacles. Until that time, the daily progress of aviation will be better served by less spectacular, more prosaic flights.

Rufus Holman made a temperate copy of his Pendleton remarks for newspaper release. We find he referred to some notes on his cuff for his extemporaneous remarks, one of which was: "The Morning Oregonian and the Salem daily have never said anything which was for the interests of the common people." What about the anti-Holman editorials?

Max Gehlhar has no end of troubles as a state fair showman. He was thoroughly ragged last year over his "bull fight" and now the buckeros from Molalla are after him with tongs for the projected state fairgrounds show the 4th. The legion can put on a good show Independence Day and no one will object; for the state to set up a sideshow in midsummer is certain to bring difficulties and hereafter the agricultural director should content himself with running the fair itself.

Editor Innalls of Corvallis is swelled up over a personal note from Herr Hitler. Innalls deduces that his paper has international circulation. What doubtless happened was that the German propaganda bureau, set up in New York City, found the clipping in its press clippings and promptly set out to build up the esteem of a western letter with a faked Hitler signature. Duplicating officials' handwriting is the routine chore of no end of office secretaries.

The longest day of the year for the most of us is the one spent in the dentist's chair.

Garden Tour Gives Pleasure to Women Of Grangers' Club

FAIRFIELD, June 22.—A garden tour sponsored by members of the Home Economics club was enjoyed Wednesday by a number of women of this and neighboring communities. A potluck dinner was served on the lawn at the Frank Mahoney home. More than fifteen vegetable

and flower gardens were visited. The greatest variety of beautiful flowers, it was decided, were those grown by Mrs. Henry C. Stafford, west of Waconda Corners. An attractive yard viewed was that of Mrs. Frank Felton in Mission Bottom, with its artistic fences, bird houses and lattice fences designed by Mrs. Felton. A pool is also a feature of this garden.

The group also enjoyed looking over the grounds at the Fred Viesse home on the Wheatland ferry road in Mission Bottom.

For Man Who Didn't Say: "Is It Hot Enough for You?"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer funeral sermon—Nesmith on M. L. Savage.

The history section of the Salem Arts league at its farewell meeting before the vacation season was favored with a reading at the funeral address of former United States Senator James W. Nesmith at the grave of his friend, Morgan L. Savage.

The occasion was the gathering of family and friends at the grave side in Lee Mission cemetery on February 10th, 1880. The address follows:

"Friends: We are assembled around the open portals of the tomb to do the last sad offices for our departed neighbor and friend, Morgan Lewis Savage. At 1 o'clock on yesterday morning, he breathed his last, and his remains in the cold embraces of death now lay before us, consigned to their last resting place. Mr. Savage was born in 1816 and came to Oregon in 1847. He was twice married, and leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. I shall not invade that sacred home to offer any poor consolation. Time that relieves our sorrow will mollify their grief, while the memory of the departed will always be cherished in their hearts.

"When spring with dewy fountains cold, and the hallowed mound Returns to deck the hallowed mound She then shall deck a sweeter sod Than fancy's feet have ever trod, And honor comes a pilgrim gray To bless the turf that wraps his clay."

"Our friend has gone to the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns." He has passed the dark veil that divides the here from the hereafter, and which no mortal ken has ever penetrated. Who has the right to speak of his future? I speak only of his past. That at least is secure. It is said that good men's deeds live after them. Judged by the rule of his good works, our friend's future is secure.

"As I look upon the thin lines of old pioneers that are here, I am reminded of the inevitable hour when we, too, shall follow."

"Our hearts, though strong and brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave."

"It was my fortune to know our deceased friend long and well. Very nearly a third of a century ago, when Oregon was a wilderness, and unclaimed from the dominion of the savage Indians, we were fellow soldiers in the same battalion in the Cayuse war. Together we made long and dreary marches, and shared the rude comforts of the bivouac around the same camp fires; we divided the scanty rations, and alternately guarded the camp through the long dreary vigils of the night, while our weary companions slept upon their trusty rifles. In the hour of peril I have looked in his manly face for that sympathy and support that one soldier expects from another, and I always found it. No man among us could have fallen who would be more missed than 'Lute' Savage. He was honored by his neighbors with a seat in the higher branch of our legislature, and in all his relations in life, as a citizen, soldier, legislator, husband, father, and friend, he did his whole duty, and acquitted himself with that honor and fidelity that renders his memory dear to us, his neighbors and friends. I hope that each of us may leave as honorable a record. You may engrave upon his tombstone—

"Here lies an honest man."

"The noblest work of God."

"No cynic shall question the record by saying that you have written, 'Not what he was, but what he should have been.'"

"Here at the open grave of our friend we tender our heart felt sympathy to his bereaved family—the sad and melancholy surroundings here burden and oppress my heart, and paralyze my utterances. I will

"No further seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode; There they alike in trembling trust repose, The bosom of his Father and his God."

From other sources it is shown that the date of birth of Morgan L. Savage was May 15, 1815, when Syracuse, New York; that when he was three weeks old his mother died, and that his grandfather, Laura Patch, raised him to manhood. That he went to Ohio and later to Michigan, and in 1846, to Illinois, and in the spring of 1847 started with the great covered wagon emigration of that year for the Oregon country; stopping a while at the Whitman mission, and coming over the Barlow road, was only a few weeks in the Willamette valley when he heard of the massacre of the Whitmans on November 29 of that year.

As indicated by Nesmith, "Lute" Savage could not have been in the valley long enough to more than get his bearings before he was on his way back to Wallatpu, the scene of the massacre, mounted on his horse and with his plains rifle in his hands, bound on the quest of punishing the perpetrators of the foul and bloody deeds, and thus, with his companions, making his newly found prospective home safe for white settlers.

He was a private of company F, the 8th company of the volunteers, and Nesmith was captain of the 9th, Co. G. One of these days, the writer proposes to give the names of their fellows in the two companies, from the old muster rolls, as far as they will divulge them.

"Lute" Savage was also with the Salem company, led by Nesmith, that responded to the call for help in 1853, when the Rogue river Indians were on a bloody rampage; and was at the peace meeting following the famous Table Rock adventure, in which General Joe Lane matched wits and undaunted courage with Chief Joe of the Rogues. Savage joined the California gold

rush in 1849, and returned well rewarded.

Of the six children mentioned by Nesmith in his funeral address, four are living: Lute, veteran employee of the Oregon penitentiary; Amelia C. (Mrs. Chas. Riely), Forest Grove; Gertrude, well known Salem nurse, and Robert, Salem, auto salesman. To

the second marriage, eight children came; two were born of the first wife, who was Hannah Purdy, of an Oregon pioneer family from Michigan. Ellen, daughter of David and Mehala Presley, 1848 covered wagon immigrants from Missouri, was the second wife.

Morgan L. Savage was a cousin of Rev. J. L. Parrish, noted missionary pioneer, after whom

the junior high school on Capitol street was named.

Morgan L. Savage owned the land claim on which are located the Oregon state hospital and Oregon penitentiary. He was prominent in many ways in early Oregon; had fine horses and other live stock; was interested in the pioneer Salem water system, the Salem flouring mills, and owned large tracts of land in the vicinity. This sketch might be extended into many columns by copying from historical records, official and others, and from memories of old timers.

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News dispatches recently stated that such a change was pending although the two cent rate presumably would apply only to local delivery mail. Any mail going out of the town where it was posted would still require three cents postage.

Gibbard expected that official notification would arrive within a few days.

WANDERERS RETURN
SILVERTON, June 22.—Valentine Ness and Blanche Roseman who left their homes Monday night, and who have been the cause of considerable concern, returned here Tuesday night with little to say of their wanderings other than that they were out in search of a good time.

PLAN FOURTH PICNIC
RIVERVIEW, June 22.—The Farmers' Union, in session Saturday night, voted to hold a picnic July 4.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXI

They both laughed a lot at dinner. There was a big Thanksgiving dinner, with a tremendous turkey, and crystal glasses holding old Mr. Barstow's pre-prohibition wine. The red berries glowed in the candlelight, the women's dresses, mauve and rose and blue like rainbows in a dim sky. The others talked a trickle of low conversation, tinkle of laughter. . . . Joan and Curtis ate absentmindedly, lost in their secret, happy thoughts.

He looked at her, slender and faintly smiling in her rose-colored frock, and she looked at him, dear, loyal Curtis, steady and strong and good. Their eyes met, held each other, across the white table. Only they were real. The others were shadows, shadows that would soon go away.

"It is very late," Mrs. Barstow said, when Eugene, a disguised nymph in fluttering mauve chiffon, had stopped hammering the old square piano, and gone yawning to bed.

"So it is," Mrs. Lawrence agreed, "and the country air—"

Joan stood up, too. "Oh, don't go yet!" Curtis begged. "Wait till the logs burn down. Mother, tell her it's her solemn duty to sit up with me a while and see the house doesn't catch fire. Besides I'm going to pop some corn, and I'll get sick and die if I eat it all alone, and it will be all Joan's fault. Joan Hastings, if you go away so early, on our last night—"

"But I'll wake Eugene then—"

"The heck with Eugene—"

But she stayed. Lyla Barstow saw them, sitting on cushions before the fire before she closed her door. Joan's slender arms clasped her knees, her hair was a halo of gold light in the dim fire lit room.

"I can't give him up to her—I can't—I can't," she whispered to her haggard reflection in the mirror. "Oh, Curtis—what can you see in her?"

Outside the wind whispered in the trees, raindrops pattered on the shingled roof. The wicker chairs squeaked. Instinctively Joan drew nearer to Curtis. . . . Curtis . . . her only friend.

The wind whirled round the small cabin, rattling the branches against the windows. Softly the pine needles brushed the glass gently, the little hands. Lyla Barstow thought of the days when the cabin was new, those happy long ago days when her husband was living, and Curtis was a little boy. A little boy in kilts playing with lead soldiers on the living room floor, knocking them down with his fat baby hands, setting them up again, squealing with joy. Rushing to him with every bit of childish news. "Mother, see the red dots I found—look at it!"

And now he sat in the living room with that girl. . . . and she was shut out. Shut out of his heart, because of a girl with a pretty face.

They shouldn't sit up so late. . . . Nora Lawrence would have something witty to say about it in the morning. . . . She went to the door and listened, hardly daring to breathe. How quiet they were. She wanted to call, "Curtis! Curtis! It's time to go to bed—"

It was time when he was ten. But she couldn't do that now. It was that quietude that she found so terrifying. She must try to sleep.

In the small room off the porch Eugene stirred uneasily. This is a fine party, I don't think. . . . And in the morning when they started for the long ride home, Eugene didn't climb into the front seat with Curtis. She left it for Joan. Mrs. Lawrence nudged her. "Get in!" But Eugene wouldn't make the effort. What's the use? Nobody could do anything with Curtis now. Not until he had time to get over it, at least.

"Have a good time?" Frannie asked.

"Oh, yes!" Joan's face was glowing—no need to ask.

Ruth watched them talking from a corner. "I've got something to tell you," she telegraphed to Joan. Something about Bill. Joan knew. Always something to bring her back, just when she had made up her mind.

She steered her heart. "What about?"

Ruth pushed her into one of the empty fitting rooms. "Listen—"

Willum's gone back to Pasadena. Did you know?"

Her round dark eyes were boring into Joan's like gimlets.

"No, I didn't know. Why should I?"

"I thought you were such friends."

"Not for a long time—"

"But you saw him after the party with Rollo and me at the hotel—"

"Oh, yes, you did. He told me himself."

"Bill telling . . . telling Ruth. . . . Well, what of it?" she asked defiantly, but the dark color surged over her face. What else had Bill told? Ruth was shrewd, it would need only a word, a careless, blundering word. . . .

"For Pete's sake, Joan, what's between you and my boy, anyway? Heaven knows I'm not one to make trouble, but when it gets so he can't be civil to me, mooning over his old affair with you, and you pretending you didn't see him when you did—"

"He's nothing to me!"

"Well, what of it?" she asked defiantly, but the dark color surged over her face. What else had Bill told? Ruth was shrewd, it would need only a word, a careless, blundering word. . . .

"For Pete's sake, Joan, what's between you and my boy, anyway?" Ruth asked.

Again the gimlet eyes searched Joan's face. She read the truth in her eyes. Whatever William Martin might have been to Joan, it was over.

"Well, I wish you luck with the Barstows. Cook, the class. How many cars have they got, two or three? Chauffeur, too. The old lady inviting you to parties, that's what gets me, Johnnie. I always wanted to fight all the female relations!" She laughed reminiscently and there was a look of real admiration in her eyes as it came back to rest on Joan.

Joan laughed, too. You couldn't really dislike anyone as honest as Ruth!

"Unless I miss my guess you'll be Mrs. Curtis Barstow, Junior. Ruth went on confidentially. "But let me give you a tip—don't let him know about Willum. It was that way with Gillespie and me. Now I kept it from Gillespie about being married before. I let on that Callahan was my maiden name. None of his business."

"Well, he never would have got on if Callahan hadn't come to the door selling vacuum cleaners. Can you beat it? Dorothy, that was the maid I had—wouldn't ever think I had a maid would you? Well, I did, and a jap cook and a gardener, too."

"Well, as I was saying, Dorothy went to the door, and I was sitting at the piano trying to practice, running up the scale with my voice. I could hear this fellow talking and talking and Dorothy saying 'No, we don't want any,' and me trying to

Finally, Joan broke away. Shut the sound of Ruth's talking out of her ears.

Ruth's whole manner had changed with Joan. She had been faintly patronizing before, a little shy too, as if she were conscious of some shadowy barrier between them, that would always keep them apart. It was different now. "We understand each other," she seemed to say. "We two—with our backs to the wall."

Rollo was still in San Francisco. Joan saw him often, riding in a big car with Ruth. Curtis met him too, at the Country Club, on the Golf Links at lunch with other men. "Nice kid," he said Joan. "What can he see in that terribly fuzzy-headed in your shop?"

Joan blanched. The hardness in Curtis' voice. "But then people wonder what you see in me. . . . out of a shop, too!"

He smiled at her indulgently. "Blessed baby! Don't you know she's a gold-digger, of the superior class? But then you wouldn't—you always think the best of people, don't you? Judge them all by yourself, funny little girl."

She hung her head.

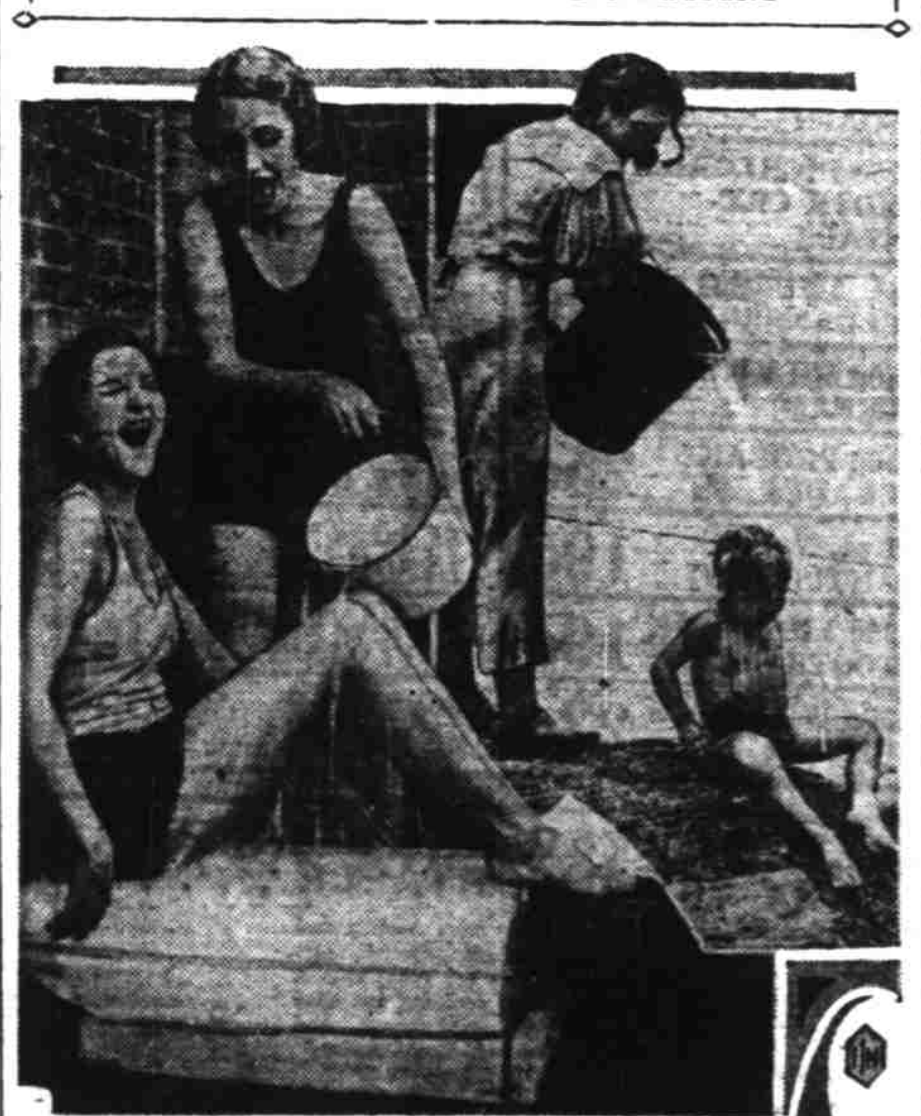
Joan's love for it. Listen, if it will make you any happier, I'll swallow my prejudices, and have them to dinner some night. She's hinted at it often enough, and the Keyes boy is all right. . . .

"Oh, no—I didn't mean that—"

"Well, we'll see—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

COOLING OFF IN GOTHAM



The heat came in waves, but relief arrived in puffs, if these pictures are anything to go by. At left Dorothy Addis, Atlanta, Ga., girl visiting New York, sits on a block of ice and takes a shower from her friend, Helen Muldoon. At right a mother cools off her pride and joy on the bank of the East River.

Two-Cent Stamp Revival Not Yet Announced Here

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