

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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"A Man Who..."

THE Albany Democrat-Herald labors to call for a new deal on the governorship, as it takes note of Gov. Meier making a tour of the provinces as a manifest bid for another term. After noting that the executive is thus stealing a march on "his one-time chief lieutenant and present arch-enemy, Rufus Holman", and edging his ambitious utility bloodhound, C. M. Thomas, out of the limelight, the Democrat-Herald says bluntly:

"This newspaper is not interested in any of these candidacies. It has grown tired of Oregon's gubernatorial campaigns, with their appeals to ignorance, prejudice and passion; with their attempts to array class against class and to win the support of the groups that have the biggest votes. It has become weary of the lack of constructive leadership that has followed in the wake of these opportunistic appeals. It is looking forward hopefully to a time when some man, either Republican or Democrat, will come forward with a constructive policy of state government that will pull the state out of the quagmire of fake programs and political heresies in which it has well-nigh foundered.

Oregon needs a governor who will not stoop to the opportunism of the moment but who will champion a well-rounded platform conducive to the state's interests instead of his own political fortunes.

The D-H then proceeds to recite: "Oregon needs a governor who..." in seven paragraphs. Usually such a peroration leads up to mention of a candidate's name; but the D-H leaves the gaping populace aghast when it concludes:

"Will a candidate who possesses these qualifications, please step forward? Let's put an end to impotency. Let us seek a real leader and rally behind him. It must be that or a continued inability of the state to function.

"Eccle homo" all right; but who is he and where is he? There will be numerous individuals to step forward and claim they fit the specifications. Among observers there is a growing inclination to the opinion that the next governor's name will begin with Martin or Carson; seeing the set of the new deal tides at this writing.

Special Session in Sight

IF the decision of the lower court in the truck case is sustained by the supreme court another reason will be added for the holding of a special session of the legislature. Comment on the decision of Judge Lewelling may properly be suspended until the higher court has made its ruling. But to absolute contract carriers from all obligation to the state save license fees and gas tax would play havoc with the motor carrier lines and would deprive the highway department of revenues which are greatly needed. Truck owners profess their willingness to bear added charges if they are reasonable; though the dispute starts on what reasonable charges are.

It will be imperative to hold a special session of the legislature to enact liquor control laws effective on the repeal of the 18th amendment. Conditions now are chaotic in the interval between prohibition and state control. Bootlegging flourishes with impunity. Drunkenness is more open and frequent. The governor's liquor commission will have a report ready before long which should serve as a basis for legislative deliberation.

Nothing much may be done by a special legislature on the tax question, except to restore penalty for delinquency on tax payments and increase the interest rate. The state has voted in rejecting the sales tax to cling to the property tax with its supplements of inheritance, income and intangibles taxes. The only thing left for the legislature to do is to put the squeeze on so the property taxes will be paid more promptly.

A special session by next January is almost a foregone conclusion.

Five Month School at Eugene

AT Eugene the school board is making contracts with teachers for five months only. Extension will be determined by the financial outlook after this term is up. Tax delinquencies are responsible for the possibility of the short term. Other districts are similarly circumstanced.

Salem has reduced its teaching force, but plans for a nine-month term. Warrant debt is piling up in this district too. Bonds are being paid off by the expedient of issuing more warrants. The debt is not alarming in extent, although a floating debt of size is always embarrassing because of the danger of not being able to pass warrants at par.

In such circumstances it seems the part of wisdom to devote major efforts toward keeping the schools open and the teachers paid a fair wage rather than to court trouble by going further in debt for buildings, unless there is immediate and pressing need for the same.

Headaches Ahead

THE politicalists who enroll under the banner of the league for independent political action will hold a meeting in Chicago September 2nd and 3rd. Since the president has taken over most of the ideas of the brain trusters who make up the principal following of the league, the only excuse for the convention, as we see it, is to see the world's fair or else call on Charley Dawes and gloat over his set-down as a political and financial figure.

However the invitations go out to "representatives of labor, farmer, unemployed, white collar, professional, veterans and progressive political groups"; and there ought to be enough bellyaches in that line-up to give the professors a fresh start. But it takes people with sour dispositions to keep the world stirred up. What a life it would be if everybody voted the republican ticket.

The best story of the summer was the Eugene Register-Guard story on the evaluation of the South Sister. It was a splendid piece of writing. The trouble with it was it was done with inadequate knowledge of the actual circumstances; and the true facts will be in doubt until careful investigation is made of the mountain terrain. But the story was good newswriting.

"All present and accounted for" is the report that might have been made when Earl Fehl, former county judge of Jackson county, reported at the Big House Tuesday. While the men are receiving just punishment, it is sad to think that men of their intelligence and standing should trample recklessly on laws of the state.

We appoint the Eugene Obidians to do the necessary job of face-lifting on the South Sister.

The Oregonian soliloquizes under the caption: "Something ended in 1914". The sequel should be: "Something started in 1914".

The National Line-up



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

A SHORT TIME ago I received many requests for information about a disease known as "hemophilia". It was not until I attended a movie and saw the picture "Rasputin" that I understood why so many of these inquiries were appearing in my mail. The story of Rasputin is based on the fact that the czar's only son was a sufferer from hemophilia.

Among the letters was one from a young girl who said she was a "bleeder". This is the name given to an individual afflicted with hemophilia. Sufferers from this disease bleed upon the slightest provocation.

A Hereditary Disease
I am confident that this girl is not afflicted with this disease. I say this without hesitancy because hemophilia rarely occurs in females. It is a hereditary disease transmitted by the female, but found only in the male offspring.

A daughter may inherit the tendency but show no sign of the disease. She is not a bleeder, but if she marries and has a male child he is likely to be afflicted with hemophilia. He is a bleeder. Unfortunately, once the disease is implanted in a family it will continue being handed down until that family becomes extinct. The victim of this disease is susceptible to this disease even to severe hemorrhage. One attack may prove fatal.

The bleeding may begin with a simple blow or injury, such as a scratch, a fall or a push. The disease may be present for many years and accidentally be discovered by the bleeding after a slight abrasion, cut, extraction of a tooth, or the removal of tonsils. In these cases the bleeding is sudden, unexpected and severe.

Coagulation Test
When the tendency is unsuspected and the subject has a minor operation such as the removal of tonsils and adenoids, the sufferer may bleed to death. Within recent years this danger has been minimized by the routine use of a special examination called the "bleeding and coagulation time test". This is used in suspected cases of hemophilia and on all children admitted to a hospital for operation.

The cause of hemophilia has never been discovered. Much research work has been conducted all over the world in an effort to solve this problem. Within recent years the disease has assumed less dangerous significance, because of its early recognition.

Answers to Health Queries
S. L. E. Q.—How can I reduce my legs?
A.—It is difficult to reduce weight in any part of the body without reducing in general. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

J. W. Q.—What causes a red nose?
2. What do you advise for blackheads?
A.—This may be due to poor circulation, constipation or possibly nasal catarrh. 2. Diet and elimination are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Hoping. Q.—What will reduce the ankles?
A.—It is difficult to reduce weight in any part of the body without reducing in general. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

A. B. Q.—What do you advise for scabies?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

The Oregonian soliloquizes under the caption: "Something ended in 1914". The sequel should be: "Something started in 1914".

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Marker at the grave of "Governor" Gale:

(Continuing from yesterday):
Alanson Beers, Joseph Gale and David Hill were with the same vote, or one following made the first executive committee of the provisional government, and that organization took over or rather continued the first provisional government established at the Lee mission Feb. 18, 1841.

Up to that time, the laws of New York had been followed. Thereafter, in matters not covered by the "constitution" I just adopted, the laws of the territory of Iowa were taken as effective.

Alanson Beers, member of the first executive committee, was a lay member of the Jason Lee mission, enlisted as a blacksmith in Connecticut and coming with his wife and three children by way of Cape Horn, arriving in May, 1837. He was on the first board of trustees of the Oregon Institute, that by change of name became Willamette university, chosen on the day of organization, Feb. 1, 1842. He was active, participating in all the beginning things that were important in opening the Oregon country to Christianizing and civilizing influences. He died in 1851.

David Hill was of the settler class. Besides being on the legislative committee that framed the constitution, and on the first executive committee, he was elected a member of the legislative committee (legislature) of nine members in 1844, from Tualatin county, and reelected in 1845, the number increased by this time to 13. He was on the ways and means committee of the 1844 legislature, and on the one memorializing congress in the 1845 session. In 1848 he was made the first U. S. postmaster at Oregon City, the only other office then established being the one at Astoria, where John M. Shively was made postmaster. The rate on letters to the east was then 40c. Hill was also a member from Tualatin county, of the last provisional government legislature of 1848-9, and of the first territorial legislature, of 1849, having a seat in the lower branch, or house, of the latter. Hillsboro was named for him, the town being on his claim, taken in 1847. In 1850, he was postmaster of West Tualatin Plain. In early days the Forest Grove locality was known as East Tualatin Plain. The name of the town on Hill's claim was first known as Hillsborough. David Hill was born in Connecticut. He died May 9, 1850.

Joseph Gale was born in 1800 near Washington, D. C. He died in Union county December 13, 1881. His land claim was on East Tualatin plain, on the west branch of

the Tualatin river. It is known as Gale's creek, and was named for Joseph Gale, as was Gale's peak in that locality. Gale went to Union county later and settled in Eagle valley and remained on his farm there the rest of his life.

Col. J. W. Nesmith, former U. S. senator, congressman, etc., etc., in his annual address at the June 15, 1880, meeting of the Oregon Pioneer association, made extended reference to Joseph Gale. Excerpts follow:

"There are some men now with in the sound of my voice who resided in Oregon when all of the imports and exports by the mouth of the Columbia river, aside from the business of the Hudson's Bay company, did not amount to \$1,000 per annum. We have lived to see the exports alone of last year amount to the approximate sum of ten millions, and there are men listening to me who will see our great inland empire developed, and when the commerce of the mouth of the Columbia and the straits of Juan de Fuca will amount to \$200,000,000 per annum."

"It is... my purpose to speak briefly of the inception of our external and internal commerce, as inaugurated by the efforts of the early pioneers. The grand results up to 1880 are before you. Let us compare them with their humble origin while we may still, with reference to the future, regard them as in their infancy."

"Forty years ago the few American citizens in Oregon were isolated from the outside world. Some adventurous and enterprising persons conceived the idea of building a vessel of sufficient capacity to cross the Columbia river bar and navigate the ocean. Those persons were mostly old Rocky mountain beaver trappers and sailors who had drifted like waifs to the Willamette valley."

Their names were Joseph Gale, John Cannon, Ralph Kilbourne, Pleasant Armstrong, Henry Woods, George Davis and Jacob Green. Felix Hathaway was employed as master ship carpenter, and Thomas Hubbard and J. L. Parrish as crew. The schooner, at first refused to furnish any supplies. But, through the earnest representation of Capt. Wilkes, then here in command of the American exploring squadron, and who offered to become responsible for the payment—Dr. McLoughlin furnished all such necessary articles as were in store at Fort Vancouver.

"On the 9th of May, 1841, the schooner was launched. She had only been planked up to the water ways, and in that condition was worked up to the falls of the Willamette."

"Owing to destitution of means and scarcity of provisions, the enterprising ship builders were compelled to suspend work upon their vessel until May, 1842. On the 25th of August the vessel was completed and the crew went on board at The Falls (Oregon City). They consisted of the following persons: Joseph Gale, captain; John Cannon, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourne, Jacob Green and one Indian boy 10 years old. There was but one passenger. Mr. Pittenbarger, Capt. Wilkes furnished the shipbuilders with an anchor, hawser, nautical instruments, a flag and a clearance."

"On the 12th of September, 1842, she crossed the bar of the Columbia, coming very near being wrecked in the breakers, and took latitude and departure from Cape

Disappointment just as the sun touched the western horizon. "That night there arose a terrific storm that lasted for 36 hours, during which Capt. Gale, who was the only experienced sailor on board, never left the helm. The little Star behaved beautifully in the storm, and after a voyage of five days anchored in the foreign port of Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called." (Continued tomorrow.)

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

"We can't allow you to get mixed up in this, Miss Lunska," he said quietly and politely. Leni, with her whole world in ruins, put a smile on her lips. The smile had nothing whatever to do with what was occurring in her heart.

Her weaker inner self was reeling from the blow. Under the smile her brilliant white teeth were clenched. But she did not speak. She sat entirely motionless, her hands clasped around her soft knees, her eyes misty.

"Can't you see, darling, that this is going to be a terrible scandal?" asked Wingate fatuously. "If any of it rubs off on you it will be positively ruinous. Absolutely! I wouldn't dream of letting you blight your career. You mean too much to the screen—far too much to your public!"

You fool, you fool, you fool! Leni wanted to cry aloud. Can't you understand, you idiot, that your talk of admiration and the screen and the public is nothing but stifling smoke rising from the funeral pyre of my dead ambitions? Do you think you can say anything with that loose, funny-looking mouth that could be important to me—or to Lucky Cavanaugh?

Yet, strength and power was coming back to her. From where Heaven alone knew, it poured into the vacuum of her breast, gathered into a deep and expanding pool of vibrating energy that her heart could take hold of and pump through every artery of her body.

"Don't worry about it, please, Ned," said the smiling shell of herself. "Everything will turn out all right."

"That's the spirit!" cried Wingate. Gerstenfeld suddenly was ignoring Leni. He picked up the blue covered contract from the table, folded it and restored it to the envelope.

"Under the circumstances," he said aridly, "we may not be justified in offering this contract to Miss Lunska. I'll have to take it up with the company."

Leni felt she knew what he was thinking. The value of a motion picture star varied almost from day to day. A breath of scandal reacted directly upon the box office. No other business on earth was like this.

"It doesn't matter at all about the contract," she said to Gerstenfeld. "I wasn't going to sign it anyway."

He did not even turn his head to look at her. The commanding power of his eyes drew to a focus that centered upon Ned Wingate.

"Get out!" Wingate twisted his head with a bird-like motion as though he had not heard a word. "How's that?"

"Get out. I want to talk to Miss Lunska alone."

Wingate's long lips gave a twitch of embarrassment. He was a vain man and would have found it much easier if Gerstenfeld had troubled to be just a little polite. As it was, he tried to pass it off as a bit of a joke.

"Right off! But if she talks you into doubling the salary, old fellow, don't blame me!"

His effort at lightness thudded to the floor. With a bow to Leni and a smile which meant to be humorous to Gerstenfeld, he took himself out.

Leni found herself obeying him. out of the room. At the door he paused.

"I just happened to think," he said. "Haven't I better see our press department and ask them to soft pedal everything?"

"Nothing of the kind," Gerstenfeld tossed negligently, over his shoulder. "Just keep your mouth shut."

As soon as Leni was alone in the room with Gerstenfeld a nameless tension increased perceptibly. He took a step forward. Even before he spoke, the dull lights in his eyes began to glow.

"Now we're alone," he said coolly. "We'll cut out the foolishness."

"I'm sorry—there's really nothing for us to talk about, Mr. Gerstenfeld. Whatever has happened is my own private affair. It does not concern the studio in the least."

Nevertheless, something was disconcerting her. A mental flow from Gerstenfeld kept pressing in on Leni's senses.

"Why do you think I stayed here to talk to you?"

"I don't know," said Leni frankly. "It's not on account of your contract—I don't give a rap about that."

"What then?"

Herman Gerstenfeld took a step closer. There was nothing about him of charm or good looks. An inconspicuous man with a tired face and dry, neglected hair on an ordinary head. A man to pass unnoticed in a crowd except for the gathered concentration in those dark and glittering eyes.

"I'm interested in just one thing in this whole business," he said levelly. "I'm interested in you. You're not going to get away. You belong. You're one of us. You and I and all of us in this mad business are like a little tribe of people. We stick together. The other people—the outsiders—they are enemies. You can't get away from the pictures even if you wanted to. It's in your blood."

Leni stood up straight and faced him.

"Whatever you say has nothing to do with it," she uttered steadily. "Don't fool yourself," Gerstenfeld returned, holding her with his eyes. "I know more about you than you know about yourself. Whether you realize it or not, you and I are tangled up together. I'm talking about studio business. I'm talking about you—and me!"

Gerstenfeld's words hit hard. They stung her with surprise. She had never dreamed that he was interested in her as a woman. He was standing directly in front of her and she had the sensation that she was close to a bare wire heavily charged with electricity.

"You might as well get ready to wake up!" he declared, a pressure in his voice.

The faint smile still clung to her lips, but there was no amusement behind it.

"Please—will you leave me alone?"

She tried to speak with poise but there was a gulp in her throat. Every nerve cell was alert with vitality but somehow defenseless against the nameless attack Gerstenfeld made.

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