

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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The Mountain Grows
GOVERNOR MEIER seems to have picked the wrong fellow to have resign. He fired C. L. Starr charging him first with suppressing an audit, only to have Starr reply that all he had was an oral statement. His further ground of complaint was that Starr was the source of disharmony on the board, which fellow members deny; and which if true hits Meier in the face with an awful wallop, because he has been the most unharmonious official in the state since he got the appointment from Judge McMahan.

It is worthy of note that Gov. Meier does not call on Sec. Hoss to resign, although it is the duty of the secretary of state's office to file its audits with the governor where they may become public property. This was not done, and the secretary withheld the audit even after requests were made. Yet the governor does not chide the secretary, for the good reason that he needs the vote of Hoss in his feud with Rufus Holman on the state board of control.

The college reply disposes quite effectively of the contribution of Auditor Kubin to the audit matter. Kubin said linoleum and window shade deals were not satisfactorily explained. Now the college accounts for the linoleum in question to the last square yard; and for the window shades to the last penny. Kubin criticised the first college investigation on the ground he and his assistant were not called in to submit testimony. He is on very weak ground there because the special audit was definite and detailed and supported by affidavits. Moreover the investigation of his own auditor was star chamber. Buell, who made it, did not call in Jackson, whom he was investigating.

It is the secretary of state's office which comes out with little glory, first suppressing the audit, and second for the unsubstantial rejoinder of Kubin. The latter would have done better merely to let the original-Buell report stand.

Sec. Hoss spoke the truth however when he said a mountain was being made out of a molehill. But the mountain grows bigger all the time. Now C. C. Colt has resigned from the state board. Members however who have been far more provocative of discord than Mr. Starr apparently entertain no feeling of penitence.

Affairs of higher education are at a serious crisis. Much depends on what transpires within the next few days. Discouraging as the prospect is for an era of peace which is what the state and the schools need, we hope sound counsel may prevail; and in particular that the governor will not damage the board more than he has done heretofore.

Utility Franchises

THE CITY of Baker the other day voted down a proposed franchise to the power company which serves the city. A few weeks ago Yakima voters did the same to a power company franchise there. In Portland and Seattle the telephone company operates without a franchise because it has been unable to agree with the city on terms. The street car company in Portland operates without a franchise. These cases show the hostility of the voters to the utility interests, a hostility which is fostered oftentimes by vote-seeking politicians, and which in some cases has foundation because of inequities that have attended utility charges and financing.

Since few franchises are exclusive nowadays they do not have the value they once had. Utilities can just continue their service without a franchise. In fact if any of them quit for lack of a franchise the public would be instantly up in arms. What would Portland do if some morning it found the street cars not running; or Seattle if the telephone company ceased its service for lack of a franchise? The result would be business chaos.

Rate-making is no longer embraced in franchises, being now a function of utility commissions. The franchise is just a grant of the privilege of the use of city streets, in return for which usually the city gets some revenue or free service. Without rate provisions and without guaranty of monopoly in the community served franchises are of rather restricted importance at the present time; and from the revenue standpoint of more importance to the city than the company. Under the new device of privilege taxation cities are applying fresh taxes to utilities regardless of franchise provisions.

So why issue any franchises? Companies say they need franchises to do their long-term financing. That is doubtful. Financing should be based on tangible assets, which a franchise is not; if the property is there the city cannot confiscate it; nor can the city arbitrarily overburden the utility with taxes.

We are inclined to the opinion that what should be issued to utility concerns is merely an indeterminate permit. Either party could terminate the agreement at any time. Since rate-making is otherwise handled and since cities are imposing other than franchise taxes there is no great need for a franchise. Changing conditions often make long-term franchises unfair to one side or the other. In Portland for example the street car company is doubtless pleased that it is not bound to furnish service indefinitely on a losing basis.

With the cities knocking over franchises as fast as they are put up for vote, why not recognize the impasse and adopt the plan of the indeterminate permit? That appears fair to both sides.

"Hallelujah, Amen!"

CHANCELLOR HITLER, successor to the kaiser as the All-Highest, in further prosecution of his effort to eliminate every Hebraicism from Germany has ordered the discontinuance of the use of the words "hallelujah" and "amen" because they are of Jewish origin. The holocaust of a few months ago when libraries were rid of proscribed books seemed the height of intolerance; but the new edict pushes the intolerance still higher, to the point of ridiculousness. Seldom has such a childish order been made in a civilized state. It comes not in wartime when minds are impassioned. Even though it be a revolution in Germany Hitler's authority is not questioned. The edict is merely a stupid gesture of a vainglorious princeling. It would for example bar the singing of the great Hallelujah Chorus of Handel, one of Germany's greatest contributions to the world.

H. G. Wells, British novelist, gave an accurate portrayal of the situation when he said: "Just now in many regions of the world there is an epidemic of intolerance which takes ugly and novel forms. The German affair is not a pogrom. The Jews make the most noise, but it is not only the Jews who suffer."



Such was the setting of the story of Chariton Hatch, his birthplace in Salem town in 1878.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS
Boys will be boys: A story, true history: (Continued from yesterday):

"It was 'some party' they had at the commissioner's. Just when the games were progressing quietly there was an unearthly rambunctious noise reverberating from room to room in the unoccupied part of the old structure. First the sound increased in volume, then died out. 'Romblyety-romblyety, romblyety-romblyety,' it went. Women screamed and clung to the men for protection. In quavering voices the men undertook to simulate some semblance of reassurance; but at each new peal of thunder the imitations of grand opera singing were repeated.

"A young naval officer (now a rear admiral) partly succeeded in restoring order by drawing attention to the fact that the little Rogers dog 'Bret Harie,' was barking furiously. 'Who ever heard of a dog seeing or hearing anything supernatural?' " "Could the Indians have gone on the warpath?" asked my father.

"No," said the commander of the gunboat, Plinta. "They are all peaceable and they wouldn't waste time scaring us."

"Then came a rumbling which made the house shake. Indian cries were heard. It might be two hostile clans fighting each other in those vacant rooms. One tribe soon bested the other and chased them down the stairway. That seemed a big relief until just outside the windows the attack was renewed. There was the sound of the brush being broken down. Mr. Rogers went to his bedroom window, which was darkened, and looked out. He saw several forms out among the brush.

"Why didn't they phone for help?" you ask.

"Say, they didn't have phones there until more than twenty years afterwards. The fighting ceased and the forms disappeared. It was agreed that the safest plan would be to remain where they were for at least half an hour, then for two men to go and bring the necessary assistance. Coffee was then made and served, which was a welcome stimulant to their shattered nerves.

"Three of the men, taking lamps, started cautiously to explore the unused part of the house. They found no trace of disorder. Returning and reporting to what was left of the party, their minds all did a complete flop. They knew it would never do to let the ordinary people find out how badly they had been frightened. The question would be: 'What were they all drinking at the party?'"

"Needless to mention, they all reached their homes in safety. Curiosity was rampant in the minds of all, and each had a different theory except old Bobby Rogers, who agreed with the one his wife held.

"After breakfast the next morning I went over our back yard fence and up through the brush, where I immediately returned to the respective two boys. Mr. Rogers called on my father; then they two called on Mr. Bugbee.

"While father was telling me what had happened, he undertook to be severe by saying: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself for laughing.'"

"To me it seems more than anything else a rebellion of the clumsy lout against civilization. It is the clumsy lout's revolution against thought, against sanity and against books.

"Where it will take Germany no one knows. It is not only in Germany that the wide tolerations are disappearing. The clumsy lout is rampant everywhere with idiotic symbols and idiotic salutes contriving imbecile cruelties. . . . About one thing I feel safe—in the long run books will win. The clumsy lout will be brought to heel. We shall have Hitler weighed accurately to his last yarp."

"THAT'S MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS
Thomas Jefferson Randolph . . . now a great football prospect at famous Thorndyke University . . . was born of humble parents; Mom and Pop, in a little Middle West factory town where he was early renowned as a brilliant high school back, so much so that the great eastern college had lured him to its swanky halls. Tommy came home for Christmas, spent much of the time trying to polish household manners, did not return Easter, but during his summer vacation he caused a most profound sensation throughout critical Athens by flashing on that burg the very latest in sport legs, white knickerbockers, and a pair of neighbors rather caustic but, as Mom explains it, "If you fly with fine birds you must wear fine feathers" referring to her boy's "millionaire college chums" . . . Tommy golfs during first half of his vacation; then makes himself "as hard as nails" laboring as a truck leader in the glassworks where his father and brother, Pete, work. Tommy still goes with Dorothy Whitney, daughter of the big factory owner but he puzzles Mom by simply calling Doc "a good scout".

CHAPTER SIXTEEN
The word got around town that Thorndyke was going to play State in two years and it caused a lot of excitement because everybody knew about State and was crazy to see Tommy playing with snooty Thorndyke. So there was a lot of talk about it and people began to save up their money even though it was two years away. Mrs. Farrell mentioned the game at the grocery store and hinted that Tommy would get plenty when he came to play State. Mom just laughed and said that Tommy wasn't worried. Then Butcher Brown said:

"That's the one game I'm going to see if I have to close up shop."

And Mom answered what she had heard Tommy tell Pop: "Why don't you go over and see one of Tommy's big games?"

Butcher Brown laughed and looked at Mrs. Farrell and all the other women looked at her and Mrs. Farrell said: "Some people are even getting so important they can high-tail their own state, I see."

It got around town and a lot of the knackers said Tommy was getting too high-tailed altogether, making cracks like that; but Mom thought it was pretty cute. Mom was winging off the front window. She had washed them just two days before but a rain had come up and splattered them and the women along the street never missed a thing. The mailman was coming along, poking along as usual, with his black dog, the one that always muddled up a clean porch, trailing back of him. Mom could tell, three or four houses down, whether he had anything for her or not; but with Tommy home it didn't make much difference any more. If he had anything in his hand, like as not it was one of the advertisements Pop was always answering about corn cobs and How To Care For The Feet—and she didn't see why he kept on sending for them because none of them did him any good.

The mailman handed her a small envelope. "Here's an invitation for the Country Club dance for Tom," he said.

Mom laughed. "How do you know John?"

John laughed but didn't answer her question. "I wish they'd save them for some day when I haven't got gas cards—and look at these lumpy papers." He showed her a stack of folded newspapers printed

private corporation bonds has to pay, have been increased and may be again.

Yet state credit has sagged decidedly. Why? Too big a debt and too much willingness on the part of the voters to increase it recklessly at the vote to authorize \$5,000,000 in bonds for power development indicated. State of Oregon credit no longer enjoys the prestige it once did and the responsibility rests upon those who have led the people into debt increasing measures. Isn't it about time some of us realized that we can't borrow ourselves into prosperity.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

Most of their graves are laid out formally in rows with headstones and crosses to mark their place; but a few, on every battlefield, are quietly hidden away, to draw out their peaceful eternity in close union with the plants which re-enact, each spring, the miracle of resurrection.

So it was with this lad—a youngster from Alabama, perhaps, or from Texas or Louisiana or Virginia—whose fate it was to enrich a Pennsylvania wheat field for all time with a handful of southern dung.

And of all the thousands of young men to whom Gettysburg was the end of the road, it is not hard to feel that this one was the most to be envied. He got the ideal resting place. He gave Pennsylvania, forever, a hallowed bit of Dixie.

—Albany Democrat-Herald.

STATE'S CREDIT SAGGING
The other day the state of Oregon sold \$200,000 worth of bonds on a basis to yield 5.125 per cent. At one time its credit was on a basis of less than four per cent. The bulk of the city of Baker's bonds were refunded by Mayor Harvey about two years ago at a rate of a little less than 4.75 per cent.

The changed status of state credit is not due to the depression or a tight money market, for the bonds of the best railways, telephone, power and gas companies are today selling to yield about four per cent. Union Pacific railway credits is in this class. The state's bonds should be strengthened by the fact that they are tax free, since federal and state income taxes which the holder of

GATES, Sept. 22 — Gates school opened Monday with a slightly increased enrollment over last year. The enrollment for the past few years has been around 80, grades and high school together. Six registered freshmen and six entered the first grade, nine new pupils have moved in during the past summer.

Yesterdays . . . Of Old Salem
Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

September 23, 1906
Ex-Congressman Theodore A. Bell speaks at first democratic campaign rally here this season, presided over by Governor Chamberlain; Arrangements made by A. M. Delrymple and Tom Wilson.

Ray Hewitt, senior in college of law and of liberal arts at Willamette university, marries Lena May Helms, former student at college of music; ceremony performed by Professor Gaylard Patterson of Willamette.

O. C. T. Co.'s steamers Pome-na and Oregon leave for Portland daily except Sunday at 6 o'clock a.m. P. Baldwin, Agt.—Adv.

September 23, 1923
Sixty-second annual Oregon state fair opens tomorrow; Grande municipal band to provide music during afternoon racing program, and at night; speakers on Oregon historical program at night to include George H. Hines, Fred Lockley, Albert Tezier, Mill Miller and John B. Horner.

Pierce recall proves flizze; reports from all parts of state say effort to obtain signatures to recall petitions falling.

LONGVIEW, Wash. — Longview-Rainier Bridge association organized to promote erection of bridge across Columbia river here.

FORREST RITES TODAY
DAYTON, Sept. 22 — Funeral services for John Forrest, Goldie Forrest, 37, of Unionvale, who died at Los Angeles September 14, will be held at Monument, Grant county, Oregon, Sunday, September 24.

ZACHARIAH SPANGLE PASSES AT DAYTON

DAYTON, Sept. 22.—Zachariah Spangle, 78, a resident of Dayton for more than 45 years, died suddenly at his home at 13 o'clock Wednesday night, September 20, from a heart attack shortly after retiring, upon returning from attending a meeting of Yamhill lodge No. 20 of Dayton.

He had conducted a barber shop in Dayton continuously since he came here in 1888 from Iowa. He was the oldest vice-grand of the I. O. O. F. in Oregon, was an Odd Fellow more than 41 years and was a charter member of the local Rebekah lodge.

He was born September 13, 1857, at Webster City, Ia.

He is survived by the widow; two sons, Ray and Charlie, both of Pendleton; two daughters, Mrs. Walter Young of Dallas and Mrs. Lena Wright of Lexington, Ky., and one sister, Mrs. Tom Smith of Oregon City.

Funeral arrangements are in care of Macy's of McMinnville.

Lightning Strikes Two at Molalla; Is Fatal to Davis

MOLALLA, Sept. 22 — Lightning strikes Molalla Wednesday afternoon caused the death of Virgil Davis, formerly of Napa, Calif., and brought serious injury to H. H. Kinchloe, Molalla farmer. Davis and Kinchloe were saving wood when the lightning struck a tree they were standing under. Davis' death was instantaneous. Kinchloe was brought to Molalla for medical treatment. He is being cared for at his home. Davis was about 38 years old. He had come to Molalla only a short time ago.

The Irish Free State sold 1800 tractors to the United States in 1931, but none in 1932, say commerce department statistics.