

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Aw"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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School Audit, Postscript

WE THOUGHT we had written the "last word" in the recent school audit controversy. However we have received a letter from Mr. Sammons containing facts not included in his first letter; and we print it in full herewith:

"Thank you for sending me copy of your paper of Thursday morning, September 28, with the editorial entitled 'What Became of the Crow'. Naturally I have read the article with a great deal of interest. In the main it is a good editorial, but it does not do full justice to the facts in the case.

"I did ask Doctor Kerr for a copy of the special report of February 16—not only for myself, but for each member of the board; and Doctor Kerr said that he would send a copy of the February 10 report, together with copy of the College reply to each member of the board. This was approximately two weeks before the board meeting of September 11th. For some reason, Doctor Kerr did not send the February 10 report. He merely sent the March 16 report. I jumped on Doctor Kerr for not keeping his word with me and he spent fifteen or twenty minutes of his time at the meeting on September 11, explaining what a confidential document the February 10 report was, etc. The facts are, despite your conclusions, if Doctor Kerr had submitted the report to each member of the board as he promised me he would do, all of the "ruckus" as you call it, would not have occurred. Therefore the responsibility has passed back to Doctor Kerr where it belongs. He did the audit report to the board in February in the beginning—bring the audit report to the board in February—and he declined to divulge the contents of the report to the members of the board, when as one member of the board I demanded that the report be submitted to each member of the board.

"And now while we are discussing the merits of the case, you might refer back to the Hoss letter and indicate that Miss Phillips, secretary to Mr. Hoss, stated in the opening paragraph of her letter that 'Mr. Hoss has had an opportunity to know of your request of July 5, for copies of a special report, etc.'—and also in the closing paragraph of her letter, 'Mr. Hoss does not wish to be controversial in the matter, but unofficial material in the office is not subject to certification or release.' Therefore let's put the responsibility where it belongs—on Mr. Hoss—and not on his secretary, Miss Phillips.

"Just so the records may be further clarified, let me say also that it seems strange to me that the secretary of state would take the position that these documents were not subject to certification or release to one member of the board, when the information was released to other members of the board. At the ill-fated meeting of September 11, Mr. Irvine testified that he knew what was in the report, making two members of the board who were informed, and seven members who were uninformed.

"For the benefit of all the members of the board, I reduced to writing over my signature, my statement regarding the entire matter, including my request of the chancellor for copies of the February 10 report, and if you wish verification of that statement, I would refer you to my document presented to the board, which is now on file in the board's office in Salem.

"I appreciate your attitude with respect to the main audit. I did not throw any of these items into the discussion at the September 11 meeting, due to the fact that the members of the board were uninformed as to what was contained in the special report. These will be dealt with at a later meeting.

"I concur fully with you that the audit report merits a lot of study and corrective action on the part of the board, as suggested by Mr. Rubin in his report. Speaking as one member of the board, having a one-ninth responsibility, I wish to have honest and efficient accounting, and frank, open dealings among the employees of the system and the board. We have had neither, as the records will show.

"Inasmuch as you publicized only part of the facts which I submitted to you at your request, I think it might be the sporting thing for you to publish this letter in full."

In his first letter Mr. Sammons did not mention having had any communication with Chancellor Kerr. We did not publish in full his correspondence with the secretary of state's office because of limits of space; giving what we thought were the pertinent facts. The second letter from Sammons completes the file of information which we, and we believe the public, were curious about.

While the special audit itself has had undue attention, the whole episode has been a victory, thanks to Sammons, for full and complete information, not only to and among board members, but with the public. Dr. Kerr and Sec. Hoss were wrong in regarding the special report as a confidential or "unofficial" document. There should be nothing secretive in audits of public offices.

Government Planning

IN THE news report from Washington Friday appeared the following:

As he left for Hyde Park Tuesday, President Roosevelt discussed Bonneville with Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi.

"I've given Charlie his Bonneville project," smiled the president, to which the democratic leader responded: "He deserved it."

Accepting this as true, it reveals that Bonneville comes more or less as personal reward from the president to Senator McNary. To those with old-fashioned ideas about spending the public money it seems dangerous to have \$31,000,000 handed out on the whim of one man, particularly when his immediate subordinate, Secretary Ickes, advised against it. Political methods like this marked the ages of monarchy when the king might give a castle or a duchy to a favorite courtier. Pres. Roosevelt is benevolent in his ideas of public service; but long experience has testified to the danger of too much one-man control.

This is an age when government planning is being substituted for private planning. The government is boss of the works now in banks, railroads, industry. But what indication is there of wise planning with reference to the Bonneville project? The engineering reports were adverse to the Columbia river development for power and navigation at the present time, because of the great expense involved. For Bonneville there has been no authoritative study showing a definite economic value either for power or navigation at present or in the immediate future. If we are to have government planning, why should it not apply to expenditures in the form of capital investment, which run up into the tens of millions of dollars?

It will be a great relief to the people to have transients taken off the roads. The army of migrants has grown to huge proportions. Perhaps as many ride free on freight trains as pay fares in passenger trains. The hitch-hikers line the highways, sponging for free rides. These birds of passage travel from place to place, confident wanderers. Now the federal government proposes to herd them in shelters of some kind. Just how successful that experiment will be remains to be seen. The social breakdown will be just as real, but the people who still have homes will be spared the jobs at their conscience to see strong people and old drifting by rail and by road.

Now they are digging into ship subsidies for mail contracts. We may expect a smelly mess. Subsidies are usually based on greed; and greed rarely knows any limits. We have never been able to see if foreign vessels would carry our goods cheaper, why we should waste hundreds of millions in subsidies.

When the Blue Eagle Screamed!!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salmon river road:

A pageant suggested:
Lee Mission cemetery hint:

Dated Oceanlake, Oregon, Sept. 23, 1933, this letter reached the desk of the Bits man:

"Last night we celebrated the 71st birthday of Mr. John Boyer, 'the father of the Salmon river road,' at Delake. At this meeting it was voted to present Mr. Boyer with a marker at his old toll gate on the old road, soon.

"You will recall our celebration dedicating the opening of this historic highway and the many things of value in a historic way that were brought out.

"We are very desirous of getting data on the early beach visitors to travel over the trail. Notably the bridal trip of Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard down the Indian way. This brings to our minds the question as to just who their guide might have been.

"Needless to say that Wm. Hauxhurst, who married a Yamhill Indian girl, the daughter of Chief Jacob Stavin, may have traded and trapped along our coast at this place, and known of the great wealth of sea food and abundance of game, berries, etc., to say nothing of the beautiful scenic beach of the ocean.

"Then at the touching wedding ceremony of Lee and Shepard, and Charles Roe, followed by the feeling appeal which touched the heart of Mr. Hauxhurst and molded him into a Christian follower of Lee's, he may have suggested the thought, and may have planned the trip and been their guide.

"Still another thread of evidence is that Mrs. Hauxhurst was placed under the tutelage of Mrs. Lee.

"Also, the present site of the Jason Lee cemetery and the penitentiary was the home site of Hauxhurst, giving the thought that he had Mrs. Lee buried on his place.

"The old chair displayed at the dedication was made for Mrs. Lee at the mission by Hauxhurst.

"Courtney Walker, who came with the Lee party to the Oregon country, trapped along our coast and his friend David Bunn told of a great sea monster that inhabited the lake here—which gave the name it now bears, 'Devil's lake.'"

"Courtney Walker as a recluse of the Nestucca country took ill and died about 1875. No ceremony was had or funeral rites held; not even a prayer said. He was buried by a party of six persons in a rough box at the foot of a hill among the trees, overlooked by the flower bedecked hillside. His friend David Bunn was one of this burial party. A lone survivor still lives near this spot and located the burial place for us.

"Wesley Hauxhurst, who made his advent into the Tillamook country, where he died about 1870, is buried in an unmarked grave, which was located by our Queen Rhoda of the Salmon river celebration. She is the last of the party who attended the burial of Hauxhurst. She also knew Courtney Walker.

"All this evidence of interesting data should merit a caravan drive down our historic Salmon river to our beach by the visitors of the Lee centenary celebration next year. This was an Indian reservation, and there still remains many of the older Indians, who could make a creditable gathering for a historic pageant, such as a war dance or feather dance or an Indian feast of mussels in native camp, for their instruction of how Lee met the savages.

"A view of our camping grounds, and of Lee's burial place, would be of great interest and would

make a wonderful historic moving picture—for not many years will pass until all our Indians will be memories of the beginning days.

"This caravan could continue down the coast to the grave site of Courtney Walker, where a memorial service should be held for the man who lies buried over 50 years without one. A marker could be placed here.

"The grave of Hauxhurst is located in a barn yard and not marked. The D.A.R. have planned to place a Champoe marker at his grave, and this should be done at the time of the caravan drive—a fitting tribute to Lee's first convert and the first to join the church in the Oregon country. Mr. Hauxhurst remained a true Christian to his death, is the testimony of Mrs. Rhoda Johnson.

"I would be pleased to go with any one from Salem to visit these graves. Mr. Himes has made the trip, and Dr. Horner was due here the week he died, to go with us to visit them. You may telephone

If you desire to go, and we can plan the trip.

"The Jason Lee cemetery has been on my heart for a long time. Why can't we get an act through the state legislature to adopt this historic spot as one of Oregon's historic shrines, and beautify the grounds by labor of the inmates of the state institutions? They have plenty of materials such as flowers, shrubs, etc. of their own growing, to make a border of bloom all the time, with no more expense to the state. It would make an interesting event to dedicate this spot when the visitors come to Salem.

"My, what a sight a hedge of the Mission roses, growing around the old sacred plot, would make! "Trusting this hasn't bored you to tears, but will find favor and cause something to be done along this line.

"MRS. H. E. WARREN."

Yes, the Salmon river road celebration is recalled by the Bits man, with interesting and pleasant recollections.

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

I HAVE BEEN thinking about life. I have been asking myself why it is that so many persons are discontented and much of the time in the dumps?

Sometimes there may be ill-health. Is the ill-health the cause of the discontent, or is it the other way around?

But not all the unhappy ones are physically sick. Many of them appear perfectly well and on careful medical examination are found normal. Then why are they not cheerful and content?

Isn't a fact that too many of the human family are not mentally tired? Perhaps they suffer from what may be called "brain fatigue."

Of course, the brain substance is a part of the body. It depends on the heart and stomach, on the digestion, circulation, and supply of nerve energy, in common with the rest of the body.

But one may be perfectly normal in every part and yet have his legs give out if he runs too fast or too far. His heart may rebel if he moves too energetically.

Over-Taxing the Mind
It is exactly that way with the mind. If it is taxed too strenuously, if it is kept at work for many more than sensible hours, of course it gets tired.

What are the symptoms of a tired mind? Among these are peevishness, irritability, moroseness, readiness to show anger, unreasonable demands, despair, tears, perhaps.

It is not a good thing to have too many ironies in the mind. "Change of work is play," it is said, but I have come to believe there is something wrong with that philosophy. While I firmly believe everybody should have an avocation, a hobby, to which he can turn for relief, yet I am convinced that many naturally capable persons are attempting to do too many tasks, to keep too many irons hot.

A Limit on Undertakings
There is a temptation for mentally alert persons to become deeply involved in a variety of undertakings. They should be reminded of the old

saying that "the jack of all trades is master of none." It is impossible to do well all the tasks to which one could set himself and really wish to do.

Contentment of mind will surely come to that sane and sensible person who sets the limits upon his undertakings. He must choose his chief task and resolutely deny himself access to others.

To follow that program is the surest path to success, and better than that, it makes possible gleeful entrance into the natural pleasures that should be a part of every really full life.

Another saying is that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Without reasonable indulgence in recreation, nobody can be otherwise than dull and stupid, to say nothing of having to be endured in spite of his ill temper.

To have cheerfulness, good nature and a smiling countenance, there must be indulgence in some degree of frivolity. There will be no stomach for this if the mind is worn to a frazzle in vain attempts to carry on a half dozen serious undertakings. As I see it, the natural pleasures must be indulged if there is to be contentment of mind.

Answers to Health Queries

H. L. G. Q.—What do you advise for granulated eyelids?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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

M. L. Q.—Is pop corn with a little butter and salt fattening?
A.—No.

J. M. C. Q.—What causes puffiness under the eyes?
A.—This is often due to a kidney condition. Have a urinalysis made.

A. L. Q.—What do you advise for white spots on the skin?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

E. R. E. Q.—What diet would you advise for a patient suffering from dementia praecox?
A.—There is no specific diet to be followed in such cases. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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"THATS MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

"Big Jeff" Randolph, now in his second year on the Thornyoke variety and one of the nation's greatest football stars, has had a brilliant grid career ever since his high school days in little Athens, a mid-west factory town where he was born and where his family—Mom, Pop, brother Pete, Uncle Louie, et al—still lives. "Big Jeff" is plain Tommy to them and other townspeople, some of whom are jealous neighbors forever annoying Mom by their "digs" at her collegiate son. In high school days, he went with Dorothy Whitney, daughter of Charlie, the richest and most powerful citizen in Athens. But at Thornyoke in the east, he became enamored of Elaine Winthrop—debutante, society artist, and daughter of a Wall Street magnate. Thornyoke's big game that year was with Indiana State. The former won, 7-0, after a gruelling struggle, thanks to an early touchdown pass by "Big Jeff" and his final stopping of Carlton, State's plunging prodigy. . . . The Whitney saw this grilling contest, Dorothy's escort, Jerry Randolph, annoying her by his sneering attitude towards "Jeff". Their party congratulated "Jeff" (English accent and all) after the game and he introduced them to the charming Elaine. . . . Back home, as usual, the Randolph family heard the game via radio, Mom being pleased because her boy's team won, even more happy because she was not hurt. . . . Pop and Uncle Louie forgot football right by the radio to tangle in a political argument. . . . Yes, Louie might be postmaster IF Al Smith were to win. . . .

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

But Mom really felt sorry for him the night of the election. He was around all day with his white tie and shirt and his chest stuck out working at the polls and predicting a Democratic landslide; then he was around town all evening until late at night with a pencil and paper marking down returns and hoping body could get near the radio but him which made Mom a little miffed because there was a sport talk on from Chicago and she wanted to listen and hear if the man mentioned Tommy.

Pop came home at ten-thirty, because he had to work the next day. He said it was all over and he swore and said the Republicans were in with the bootleggers and didn't want an honest man in the White House who would give a workman a glass of real beer after a hard day's work instead of making him pay four prices for rotgut from a day speakeasy guy who couldn't talk good English but was getting rich while honest Americans got poorer every day. . . . Mom was glad when he fell asleep.

Uncle Louie came in at one o'clock and hardly said a word. Mom was worried about him and made him some hot coffee and a sandwich from the beef that was left over from supper. He hardly touched it and then she was worried because Uncle Louie could all ways eat. He couldn't sleep much either and was up early the next day. He hoped around for days before he began to feel better and Mom had to say it to Pop's credit that she thought Uncle Louie had his own way until he began to feel better. Then Uncle Louie said the reason Al had lost was because the Democrats was too split up among themselves and Al didn't get the right support from his own party on account of the kildixers and bootleggers.

"It was Tammany did it," Uncle Louie said. Pop went right up in the house because he was a great Tammany man and could never stand for anybody to say anything against the Tiger. While they argued back and forth Mom got to wondering how long it was going to go on because now Uncle Louie would be out for four more years and he was getting older and contrarier and had no money left to speak of, and there was no place else for him to go but to stay piled in on them. She always set a good table and with so many mouths to feed, and all hungry men, too, Pop didn't make any too much — and Pop was getting older too. Pete was just making both ends meet at the garage; and Steve was out there working with him most of the time in the evenings, and Mom didn't doubt they'd be getting married when Pete got on his feet. If he would just hold off until Tommy got out of school and took one of the swell jobs the millionaires were offering him, everything would be all right.

She mentioned to Pete about Uncle Louie helping around the garage to make it easier on him. Pete smiled and said: "Sure, if he would, he could take charge of the filling station and be a big help—but I'm afraid he's too big a man for that."

Uncle Louie was too big. When Mom mentioned that he might help out a little on Saturdays and Sundays—she thought she'd break it to him easy—he looked so pained and horrified and even like he thought Mom wasn't in her right senses. So Mom shook her head and went on with her fruitcake. She was getting ready for a big Christmas for Tommy. He would be an important man in the whole community, Smithville, too, and the least his mother could do would be to give him plenty of good food to eat. Then she also began scraping here and there for money for a present for him, something real nice and unusual, something he had talked about for years but never had. It was going to be such a surprise that she hardly mentioned it to herself.

Then came the banquet. It started when Jack Chalmers, who kept the poolroom, came to the house one night about two weeks before Christmas and told Mom and Pop that the boys around the center had got together, and de-



Mom and Pop were invited officially to sit at the head table, when their boy, Tommy, was to be feted for "putting the home town on the map."

decided that, since Tom had done so much to put the town on the map, the only fair thing was that the town should do something to show its appreciation and that they were going to get together and give him a big banquet some time during the holidays when he was home. It was just started that way but Mr. Chalmers told her, it got bigger and bigger because everybody wanted to get in on it.

So a committee was appointed and Mr. Chalmers had been sent as a committee of one to invite Tom's parents to sit at the head table with Tommy and the mayor and the school board, and they were also going to invite the coach of State's team because he lived in Smithville during the winter and he was going to make the main speech going to come and he was going to make a speech, and then the mayor was going to make the presentation speech because the boys were going to buy Tom some kind of a present which another committee was working on.

And they wanted Pop to make a speech. Well, after Jack Chalmers had gone, Mom just had a little cry and Pop asked her what she was crying about because it was about time the town got wise to itself. Mom wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and smiled and told Pop she was only crying because they had such a wonderful son and then Pop told her to cut it out. And Mom said it was only the church people who did all that talking and how did they know because none of them had ever been inside a pool room in their life and just wanted people to sing hymns all their life; and Pop said that some of the best men in town had been saloon keepers before the country went dry and the dagoes began getting rich, and he guessed that when they called on him he'd just tell them a few things because all of the school board was dry anyhow.

(To Be Continued)
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Whether Husband or Wife Totes The Bundles May be Significant

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The flower show in the Oregon building last week was splendid. But I think that more than half those who might have seen it failed to do so. In certain parts of the country, where flowers are more rare than here and the hunger for sight and scent of the blossoms thereby stronger, that display would have drawn an attendance sufficiently great to block traffic.

A local snakeologist having stated the rattlesnake to be the only reptile that gives warning before it bites, a local schoolboy rises to enquire "What about the mosquito?" Answer that one.

Of course the mosquito is not a reptile. I am informed by a person who has looked the word up in the dictionary that the mosquito "breeds in water," and is therefore a fish—a flying fish.

Anyway, the rattlesnake does not invariably give warning before it bites.

Another motion picture, "Pillgrimage," seen locally during the past week, has measured up to the claims of the advertisement writers. This makes a grand total of six during the past year.

The melancholy days have come. A little fire in the heater goes out, and a fire big enough to continue burning compels everybody else to go out.

When I see a man and a woman on the street, and the woman is carrying all the bundles, I give a think, as Elmer Tuggles says. And when the man is carrying all the bundles, I give a think. And when each carries half the bundles, I give another think, the best of all. It may be a fellow should not think so much — I dunno.

I mentioned this matter to a man who carried none of the bundles, and he said:

dies, and he assured me that he should have been glad to carry the bundles, but his wife would not permit him to do so. She was afraid, I presume, that he would

drop one or more articles contained in the bundles and break it, or them, or that he would miss it, or them up in some manner or other, and perhaps she was right. She knows her husband better than I know him.

Also I mentioned the matter to a woman whose husband was carrying two armfuls (or armfuls) of bundles, and she said: "You bet he's carrying them, and he'll continue to carry them if he knows what's good for him."

She referred, I suppose, to the beneficial exercise involved in the transportation of the bundles. But why did she use her dark green voice?

D. H. TALMADGE

It is well enough to believe that we are already beginning another winter if a person wishes to believe such stuff, but for goodness' sake don't talk about it so much. Remember the rule—cheerful topics of conversation beget good digestion, and good digestion begets keen appetite for food, and more food is required to satisfy a keen appetite, and more food increases the cost of living and, well, you see what may happen to a person who talks too much, and let this be a lesson to you.

Personally, although I never met him, I was grieved to hear of the death of Ring Lardner. The world has too few of such spirits.

G. H. H. writes from Portland: "Philosophy thou art; proof, clipping from Salem Statesman of September 23, 1933. Folks forget that friction means progress. A drop of oil, however, is helpful. Real frost in Salem September 27, 1864, where I arrived after a ride of 14 miles without an overcoat in an open buggy. Quoted from my personal diary. Forty to fifty years hence folks will be looking over my old scrapbooks and finding a 'now and then' by you." No comments. Thanks for the letter.

ENROLLMENT GROWS
SILVERTON, Sept. 30. — Enrollment in the Silverton schools at the close of the second week was 494 in the Eugene Field building; 270 in Junior high and 309 in Senior high.

\$10 FREE
Present this ad to either the Salem or Portland store Monday or Tuesday and it will be accepted as first payment on any new or used piano including grand as complete first payment. You may have your choice of over 300 new and used pianos at \$225, \$445, \$665, \$785, \$905, \$1225, \$1445 up. Terms on balance, \$10 week and up.
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