

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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City Finances

THE city council was somewhat inconsistent when it levied \$15,000 for principal and interest on outstanding warrants, of which only about \$5000 would be interest; and refused to increase its levy by about \$14,000 for bond debt service. There is as much reason, or greater, because the bonds have definite due dates as to principal and interest, while warrants do not. It may be as broad as it is long; because in the past the council has just increased its warrant debt as bond payments became due until now the city warrant debt is up to \$200,000. It is doubtful if the amount levied will be enough to keep the warrant total at that level.

Objection is made to increasing the levy in anticipation of delinquency because it may constitute "double taxation". That is not strictly true because the taxes remain as a lien against property until paid. And the paying property owners ought to be concerned about the pyramiding of debt with its accruing interest charges. Our opinion is it would be much safer for city finances to increase this item, as have Portland and many other cities, in order to maintain the city's credit. A considerable amount of bonds must be refunded next year; and any indication of laxness in keeping up debt service may make the refunding more costly or even threaten it. \$60,000 bonds are due Jan. 1st and their refunding should be given early consideration.

The city government continues costly. It has made no such reductions in its budget as have the school district and the county. Comparing the costs with 1923 the total tax levy has increased from \$183,310.66 to \$334,163.01. Most of the increase is for bond interest and principal; but current expenses show mark-up, too.

Fire department salaries in the 1923 budget were \$31,020; and in the one being prepared now, \$57,780. In addition there is some \$14,000 in the special fire department levy now. The fire department for years has been excessively expensive for a city of this size. We happened to note a comparison in the Eugene paper where the minimum salary for firemen is given at \$81 for Eugene, \$99 for Medford and \$121 for Salem.

The fire department expense in 1923 was \$3631 and in 1933 \$6450. Additional stations add to the cost both of salaries and expense.

Street lighting was set down for \$16,766 in 1923 and for \$24,000 in the new budget. It was up to \$28,000 in 1931.

Police department salaries were \$18,000 in 1923 and the new budget puts down \$29,508 for the item. Police department expense, 1923, \$1830; 1933, \$4565.

Engineering department was \$2200 in 1923 and is now \$4080, with the work lighter than then.

Street cleaning has gone from \$5000 to \$12,830 with an added \$8,750 in the street repair special levy.

We are not bringing these things up to incite a revolution; but to point out that the city council has adequate means within its power to keep city finances on an even keel. We may be able to carry a warrant debt of \$200,000. But if it continues to mount then methods more drastic than the council has yet had courage to consider will be necessary.

We talk about big bond issues for municipal works when we had better give attention to paying up on money already expended.

Freedom of the Press

SOME of the critics of the newspaper code submitted to General Johnson took jabs at the provision in which the newspapers reasserted their constitutional guarantees of freedom of the press, and objected to any system of government license which might impair their liberties. The scoffers said the papers had all that in the first amendment to the constitution. That is true; but in times of stress courts are apt to weaken under executive pressure, so the guarantees may be of little effect.

The leaders of the newspaper profession in America are in dead earnest about fear of government censorship. They have seen the steady progress of dictatorship in other countries, and as surely as dictatorships come, freedom of the press goes. It is true in Russia, in Italy, in Poland. The regimentation of the press is now being completed in Germany under Hitler. In view of the frequent predictions that this country will go fascist, it is not a ghost which newspapermen have conjured up; but a substantial fear that the government may seek to control editorial utterance. When that goes, liberty is dead.

Consider Germany. Here is an Associated Press dispatch from Berlin, under date of October 5th:

"The German government struck a death blow at the freedom of the press today in laws declaring journalists public officials and establishing the supreme penalty for German newspapermen who publish treasonable literature abroad or attempt to introduce such writings into their own country."

"In the law declaring journalists public officials, the German government decreed that German newspapermen must bow to the so-called 'leadership principle'—meaning they must take orders from the top with no hope for appeal."

"It is the absolute right of the state," said Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda and public enlightenment, "to supervise the formation of public opinion and see that it does not pursue paths leading away from the common weal."

"Chancellor Hitler signed the measure when it was approved by the cabinet yesterday."

"Under its stern provisions, ironclad rules were laid down for German journalism, whereby Aryanism and Nazi patriotism were made primary professional qualifications."

"Explaining the new law, Goebbels said:

"The conception of freedom of opinion in its absolute overestimate has been badly shaken throughout the world."

"Then, after replying that it is the state's right to supervise the molding of public opinion, Goebbels added:

"The German press hereafter must be single-minded in will and many-sided in expression this will."

"Goebbels said he considered it 'grotesque' that states prevent quacks from mistreating their patients, yet permit journalistic quacks to tackle the diseased body politic."

Note what Goebbels, "minister of propaganda," says, that the idea of the freedom of the press has been "badly shaken throughout the world." Notice further he predicts that within seven years all countries will put the same hobbles on the press. America is not Germany; God grant it may not become so. The surest safeguard in this country from the sinister menace of dictatorship is a free press. Those who cherish the great principle of human liberty on which this republic was founded will support the contention of the newspapers that there must be no threat of government censorship in this country.

New York Nights



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HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

MEASLES, CHICKEN POX, scarlet fever and other infectious diseases, are common ailments of childhood. It is probable that many of the diseases children catch can be traced to dirty hands where disease germs lurk. The common habit of childhood to put the fingers in the mouth increases the danger.



Dr. Copeland

ding a few door knobs and the common household objects. This fact has been demonstrated repeatedly in the researches of laboratories.

It is true that most of the germs are harmless in their nature. But occasionally the germ may be of the type that leads to serious disease. Most contagious diseases, especially the so-called "childhood diseases," are quickly spread in this manner. Cleanliness of the hands is absolutely necessary when you care for a member of the family who is sick with a contagious disease. Carelessness in this matter may spread the disease to other members of the household.

Disinfecting the Hands

Everyone should be familiar with the simple procedure of disinfecting the hands. They should be soaked in 1 per cent "liquor cresolis compositis," or a 1:1000 solution of bichloride of mercury. The drugist will supply the solution.

Next thoroughly wash the hands with soap and water. Follow this by again immersing the hands in the germicidal solution. Pay special attention to the spaces about the finger nails.

I wonder how many of my readers are familiar with the cleansing method and the care of the hands used by surgeons before they operate. The surgeon washes his hands and forearms with soap and water for five minutes. He vigorously scrubs with a bristle brush and then soaks his hands for one minute in 5 per cent alcohol. The hands are then soaked in a 1:1000 bichloride of mercury solution for two minutes.

I am telling you all this to impress upon you how important absolute cleanliness is. There has been marked improvement in the results of surgery since this thoroughness has been practiced.

Bear in mind that a very large percentage, perhaps ninety, of infectious diseases can be traced to dirty hands. Children and adults should be impressed with the importance of frequent washing of the hands and always before eating or handling food.

Answers to Health Queries

A. C. B. Q.—I have been troubled with head noises for ten years or more and needles to say I suffer from deafness as well. What would you advise?

A.—Clear up any underlying condition first of all. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

R. S. G. Q.—What causes continual yawning?

A.—This may be due to auto-intoxication. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

J. P. W. Q.—Can bow legs be straightened?

A.—Consult an orthopedist for his opinion and advice.

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MOVING TO SANTIAM

NORTH SANTIAM, Oct. 6. — Mr. and Mrs. Bishop and family of Washington, have taken possession of the Les McCormick place which they have recently purchased.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More on the early history of Baker county:

Coincidentally, Fred Lockley's column in the Portland Journal for last Monday and Tuesday treated of the beginning days in the Powder river valley. These articles will appear in this column today and tomorrow. The one for Monday follows:

"Henry S. Daly is at present sojourning at Oakland, Cal. He is one of the pioneer settlers of Baker county. In fact, he settled in Baker county when it was a part of Wasco county."

"My mind goes back," said Mr. Daly, to the time when, from the front seat of our covered wagon, I looked out on the beautiful Powder river valley. This was in the fall of 1862. While we were camped on the Malheur river a company of soldiers camped near us and told us of the beauty and fertility of the Powder river valley and the Grand Ronde valley. They also told us of a mining camp that had been recently established at Auburn. When we reached Burnt River the captain of our train, John Tucker, who had married my sister, started on ahead to see if the report made by the soldiers was true. He staked out a claim just south of where Wingville was later located, and he staked a claim joining his for my father. The town of Wingville is located on my father's claim.

While we were camped on Burnt river we not only had a good rest but we feasted on Oregon salmon. When John Tucker returned with his report we headed westward. We camped on the site of where the city of Baker now stands. That

"Our wagon train was the first to reach Oregon that year; at least, we were told so by the men at Fort Hall. Our wagon train was known as 'the left wing of Price's army.' Ninety per cent of the members of the wagon train knew Price and greatly admired him. Many of the men in the train had served in Price's army. Every one who knew 'Pap' Price loved him and respected him."

"Our family lived near Keytesville, Mo., and my mother and older sisters traded at 'Pap' Price's store. My mother and my sisters sold 'Pap' Price many a yard of cloth they had made, taking their pay in merchandise."

"By September 1 all of the members of our wagon train were hard at work. Some were building cabins. Others were cutting hay for the winter for their own stock and to sell to packers. The whole valley was one vast field of wild grass. Here and there you could see where a deer had run through it, but I never saw a valley that looked more beautiful. There was lots of wild clover, which made fine hay."

"A few emigrants had settled at a place that was later named Pocatones. The Shinn family and the Chandlers settled just south-west of Pocatones, at the base of a rugged granite mountain that runs down to the south side of the valley. On the north side of this mountain a little schoolhouse was built—the first to be built in the valley and, I imagine, the first in the country."

"For the first month of our stay we lived in Wasco county, but on September 23 what is now Baker county was cut off and named for Colonel E. D. Baker, senator from Oregon. He was a friend of Lincoln's and was killed at Ball's Bluff, Va."

The first teacher we had was Mattie Chandler, whose father, as well as her brother, George, represented Baker county in the Oregon legislature. Dunham Wright, now of Medical Springs, who was a member of our wagon train, also represented Baker county in the legislature."

Wars among the guilds were common in ancient days and the presence in our body politic of vast, closely knit business groups, well organized and jealous of any sign of political preferment in the way of tariff, taxes or regulation, would mean an era of dissension that would soon jeopardize our present governmental system. — Astorian Budget.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THE GUILD SYSTEM
General Hugh Johnson is credited with having at the back of his mind the idea of establishing, through the present code plan, the guild system in American business.

The guild, in the middle ages, was a sort of a union of employers and employees, with the employers at the controlling factors. The guilds controlled prices, manufacturing secrets, afforded protection to members, and limited the number of those who could enter the business in which they engaged.

They were of extreme value in these perilous days when the tradesman was still under the heel of the ruling class. They afforded the business man some little protection from extortion, oppression and down-right brigandage. They protected the workman to a certain extent because the workman of the guild had to be a fighting man on occasion, and his loyalty had to be retained.

The guild however, with its establishment of a near caste system, its organized development into a closed corporation of business of certain type, and consequent certainty to emerge from purely business activities into organized politics, can have no place in our present form of government.

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"THAT'S MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

The old home town—tiny Athens in the midst—is awaiting the return of its most celebrated son, "Big Jett" Randolph, for two seasons a national football sensation at famous Thornycroft, one of the most historic of eastern universities. Thornycroft influences had lured Randolph east because he had been a high school grid marvel. On vacation, Tommy (as he was known to his Mom and Pop and other admiring Athenians) was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" and . . . an airy arbiter of household manners. Dorothy Whitney, daughter of the town's richest citizen, had been Tommy's high school girl friend but a rift had slowly come between them until the day when Thornycroft had become enamored of Elaine Winthrop, artist and millionaire's daughter. Two days before Christmas, Tommy notifies Mom that he will be unable to come home as he is to be the guest of Park Avenue friends; Athens abandons its banquet plans, and it was a somewhat sad holiday in the Randolph home with no other word from "my boy."

Next day Mom hears neighbors at the butcher's heading of their gossipy children; she shows them a hand and a head of beef saying Tommy had sent it to her. Later she receives a fancy silk shawl from him . . . she means to keep it and wear it to his graduation.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

It was three or four days before Mom got things straightened up and back in their places again. The other neighbor ladies were busy at the same thing, Mom guessed, as they didn't take much time for a talk when any of them happened to meet. And the men-folks were always apt to be short-tempered after a big time like that, what with their sleep upset and none of them young as they used to be.

"Yes," Mrs. Johnson said, "only try and get them to admit it. When my Albert gets a haircut and shave he still thinks he's a sheik."

"As long as they don't try to act it, why it ain't so bad," Mrs. Flannigan added, "but I could murder my Pat when he takes one of his notions to run his beard on my face—way it's tough as a curd-cake."

"It's the same way with my mister," said Mrs. Farrell, "but you just got to humor 'em when they get frisky. I don't see you carrying your bearded bag, Miss Randolph?"

The others moved over a little closer while pretending not to notice. Mom said, as though she had hardly paid any attention:

"No, I put it away for Tommy's graduation. I'll have to look swell when I go over there, you know."

"I should say you will," Mrs. Flannigan said, "among all them money'd people."

"Well, when my Jole graduates," said Mrs. Farrell, "I ain't goin' to make no fuss or feathers about it. I'll just go with what I got."

"Yes," said Mrs. Johnson, "but you're different from Miss Randolph—your Jole don't play football."

"Hah," said Mrs. Farrell, "what good's that football got to do him when he gets out anyhow, Miss Randolph? I'd think that with two bags just the same you might use one every day."

Mom said: "What do you mean, two bags the same?"

"Why, you showed us the one Tommy sent from New York—and then I heard Pete bought you one, too."

Mom hesitated, while the others could hardly hold in. Then Mom said: "Who said Pete bought one?"

"Why, I just heard it around; didn't you tell me, Miss Flanni-

gan?" Mrs. Flannigan was flustered but gave Mrs. Farrell a dirty look while she tried to get out of it. "No, I didn't say exactly, or any thing like that."

Mom let her squirm for a minute, then she said: "Well, Miss Flannigan, of course I ain't going to say anything, but I just imagine Julius would be pretty mad if he heard Myrtle was carrying store business outside."

"Myrtle never said anything," Mrs. Flannigan claimed quickly. "I ain't saying she did," Mom said, "but if it gets around that you're telling things from out the store, that's bound to go right back at Myrtle—you ought to be careful, Miss Flannigan."

"Anyhow," Mrs. Farrell asked, the corners of her crooked mouth pulling up until she looked like a dog snarling, "how about the two bags?"

"Well," Mom answered slowly, "not that it's anybody's business but just so nobody don't lose any more sleep about it"—she was looking at Mrs. Johnson and Butcher Brown while she said it—"there is only one bag and Pete bought it from Myrtle at Julius's."

Mrs. Farrell looked at the other two with her sickly smile. They didn't know what to do because Mom was smiling, too.

"But," Mom said, "that was only the first present from Jett."

"My lands," Mrs. Johnson gasped, while the other two looked at each other funny, "did he send you another one?"

"Yes, I guess he was afraid his first one—the real one—might get held up in the mail so he told Pete to get me one so I'd be sure to have one for Christmas. Then, just after I left here the other day, I found it at home."

Mrs. Johnson smiled at Mom, not looking at the other two, as if she had nothing to do with them. "But with their sleep upset and none of them young as they used to be."

Mom began looking under the glass at the meat. "Oh," she said, "I'm not one of them that likes to brag about what my children do for me. Cut me a nice piece of loin steak, Butcher—the best you've got." She began humming.

"Two presents," Mrs. Johnson marvelled; "not that I'm after information or anything, Miss Randolph, but what was the other one?"

"Oh—just a fancy silk evening shawl from Fifth Avenue in New York. Just grind up that piece of the tail, Butcher."

"Wasn't that just grand of him?" Mrs. Johnson asked the other two. Mrs. Flannigan was trying to smile.

"Now," Mom went on, "I suppose somebody'll want to know what Pete got me and what Jim got me, and what Uncle Louie and Cousin Emmy got me, and what I got them."

Mrs. Flannigan was smiling apologetically. "Now, Miss Randolph, it ain't nothing like that at all. I knew all the time Tommy would never forget his mother."

"And whose business is it even if he did?" Mom asked, still not looking at Mrs. Farrell.

The other ladies were nervous and excited and Butcher Brown began talking about his four nephews and the appetite they had, to cover it up. Then the mailman put his head in the door.

"Who's on the pan, now?" he asked.

"Go on, you're the biggest gossip in town yourself," Mrs. Flannigan said, "how about some mail?"

"One letter for Miss Randolph," he said, "from New York."

"Must be from Tommy," Mrs. Johnson said, with sugar in her voice.

"Nope," John said, "ain't from him—some girl's handwriting and it smells too sweet for Tommy. Here, smell it—pretty nice, huh?"

"Some of his rich friends, I bet," Mrs. Flannigan said.

Mom took the letter carefully. It was a large, gray envelope and it did smell sweet, like the garden she had always wanted. She put it in her apron pocket and gathered the folds of her shawl about her.

"This must be from the girl he was telling me about," Mom said. "A new girl, huh?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't say a steady," Mom explained, because she didn't want it to get around and make Dorothy feel bad, "she's an artist and she drew his picture."

"An artist?" Mrs. Flannigan said. "Sure," Mrs. Johnson explained, "like the ones that draw the holy pictures."

"Well," said John, hitching his pack to his back, "she won't get any holy pictures from Tom."

"Go on, you," said Mrs. Johnson, "Tommy's a good boy, ain't he, Miss Flannigan?"

"He sure is," Mrs. Flannigan replied with enthusiasm, "my lands, Miss Randolph, what'll that young one of yours be into next?"

Mom smiled and took the letter home with her, leaving a disappointed gallery at Butcher Brown's. She was relieved, in a sense, glowing with a victory over the gossips; and she left that now they couldn't say anything about the bag because some of them could get anything out of Pete; but she was nervous, too, because it had worried her; and now that it was over she left the effect of the strain. Mom was not as young as she used to be and she didn't like quarreling; it was only when it was forced on her that she took her part—and they had been after her all the time about something ever since Tommy dared to try to make a man of himself.

What was in the letter? Mom would have loved to have opened it at the store in front of all of them, just to make them madder; but she wasn't sure what was in it and she thought it best to pretend that getting a letter from one of Tommy's rich friends was nothing new or unusual. She heard quick steps from behind. Mrs. Flannigan came up.

"I'm all out of breath," she said, "trying to catch up with you. I just stayed long enough to tell that one what I thought of her."

"You shouldn't have bothered," Mom said.

"But the idea of her trying to throw the blame on me and Myrtle, Mrs. Flannigan continued, swinging her gaunt frame along, "when she made up the whole thing her own self."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Mrs. Johnson said, "she just tried to put two and two together. She saw that bag in the window and started to hintin' so I just said Myrtle, so I could shut her up."

"And what did Myrtle say?" Mrs. Flannigan smiled. "Well, the fact is, thinkin' I was just after information, she told me to just mind my own business because she never carried stuff out of the store—and that's the spittin' truth of it, Mrs. Randolph."

"Of course," Mom replied, "it really isn't anything and a body shouldn't let themselves get bothered by gossips anyhow, but I am glad to know Myrtle is all right because she's so nice to help wait on you. Of course Julius always waits on me personal but he usually tells Myrtle to go get the things."

(To Be Continued)
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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:

Now that people are getting their pay checks through the efforts of the N. R. A. and the different codes there is a lot of dissatisfaction with the amount. You know in the first place it was rumored around that wages and prices were going back to the scale of 1923 then next we heard that the pay for six hours would be the same as for eight just preceding the change.

Well we came out of that just like Tusko came out of his barn, wrong end to and still pretty well fettered, we got 1923 prices with 1923-33 pay checks to buy with. While employers have raised the minimum in most cases they have not boosted the export-sanced help to keep pace with the raise to the common laborer. They have put some more men to work but are not out any more themselves as they cut the experienced help gets just pays for the raise for the common labor. So there is a lot of money being paid out than before, so the purchasing power is not increased. And those people who last year were earning enough to get by are going to need help this year whether they have a job or not as 13 to 15 dollars per week won't buy anything but just bare necessities, and will not pay taxes and installments at World War levels. I know people are not supposed to say anything now as long as it all comes under the new deal. But other administrations have had to stand or fall on their merits so a little criticism shouldn't hurt this one either. If the program won't stand up under fire it's not a very good program to tie up to.

I think the Blue Eagles were too easy to get to me much. Anybody could get one and you still find most any kind of price and any kind of wages. The only thing agreed on is the minimum wages and maximum hours. By

everyone is agreed that the working man shall have only just enough to live on. And the only way out, since big business is allowed to merge into big corporations, is to join an organization and get along as quick as possible. If the working man doesn't he is sunk.

If every man was honest the NRA would be a fine thing but then you wouldn't need it and it may be a year or more before the codes are settled and in the meantime everything is in a turmoil. The American people are just like fleas on a hound dog. They don't know where they are going but are on their way.

Which is the worst, the man that doesn't sign a code and plays fair with his men and associates, or one that signs and then chisels everybody? At least Henry Ford is no hypocrite.

Earl Sharp, 785 N. 20th St. Salem, Ore.

TRIO COMPLAINTS FILED AT DALLAS

DALLAS, Oct. 6.—Three complaints were filed in the clerk's office here Wednesday. R. D. Bridges, et al, filed a complaint against Walter Leatherwood, et al, seeking judgment for \$110 for goods sold