

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Buy Now!

TODAY Salem business firms, under the leadership of the local NRA committee launch a vigorous "Buy Now" campaign. The motto is: "If everyone spends, everyone works." There is no surer path to industrial recovery than in re-invigorating the demand of the public for goods. It is the renewed stimulus of demand for goods across the counters of the nation, which being felt in the factories and on the farms and in the mines which are the sources of the goods desired, which will bring true industrial revival.

H. I. Phillips, writing in the New York Sun, lists the following reasons for "buying now":

Money makes the nightmare go.

Buy Now! Whatever you spend will be a contribution to your own welfare.

Spending a dollar today may hurt a little but it will make spending \$5 practically painless in a few months.

Don't say, "Oh, that's just another slogan!" You'll only be like the doughboy who decided bugle calls were too monotonous to answer.

It's all right to be thrifty but you can keep America flat on her ears by overdoing it.

You all cheered for Recovery; who did you expect was going to do the work?

Why say you can't afford it? When your house is burning down would you hesitate to put a nickel into the pay station to get the fire department?

You'll hear the old Seafarers Brigade saying that the recovery drive can't work, but the fellow who tries to belittle a movement like this is like the man who stands by a sinking steamer in his yacht and criticizes the way the sailors are handling the lifeboats.

Never mind singing the national anthem; go on out and spend a little dough. It looks more sincere.

Flag waving is okay, but nobody ever balanced a budget that way.

If you cheered when the New Deal was first proclaimed and you balk at going on a little spending bender now, what role are you rehearsing for, patriot or klutzy?

That hat looks phoney anyhow and if your suit gets any higher polish on it you can use it for a shaving mirror.

For once in your life surprise the little woman by telling her you are tired of her in that far coat.

Don't say "Look how higher prices are now than they were six months ago." (Unless you were satisfied with conditions six months ago.)

It may be the root of all evil, as the philosophers say, but there never was a time when the country needed more roots.

The trouble with the average shopper is the same as the trouble with the average golfer; he is too tight.

Don't wait for the other fellow to do the spending; he's waiting for you.

Over at Albany the county horticultural agent warns farmers against selling their turkeys to transient buyers who promise big returns and then fail to make good. This is an ancient racket, but each year it seems to work. Some buyer will come in, overbid the current market, get the birds, issue a bad check to the farmer, and be off to dispose of the stock in some city market, fading out of sight by the time the farmer gets back the check marked "not cashed."

The buyer makes a small payment and promises the balance when he receives the turkeys. The law now requires buyers to be licensed. He is provided with an identification card; his truck also bears a special license. Asking a buyer for his license is the first test the farmer should apply; then he should ask for his bank reference. If after that he calls for currency instead of a check and makes sure the currency is not counterfeit, the turkey-grower may safely deal with the buyer. Otherwise he will be safer to deal with established firms of known responsibility.

Harry Crane writes in the Capital Journal that since state repeal here, to all practical intents, "the bars are down to uncontrolled traffic in liquor." It would appear from observation that the bars are going up more everywhere, and the old-fashioned glassware is being passed over them.

Britain is to make a token payment of \$7,500,000 on her war debt to the USA. It is to be paid in U. S. currency however, which is now at a discount to the British pound. France, however, still thumbs her nose at this country and refuses to pay a centime. Lafayette, we're not going back.

Russia is demanding an apology from Germany because a German minister said that the soviet didn't pay their debts. In these days of default such a charge is no longer libelous. Besides Germany's another anyway.

Postmaster General Farley stubbed his toe in New York with his "recovery" party. His candidate, Joe McKee, lost out. Now Farley is in bed with Tammany hall; and the city government goes over to the fusion republicans.

Not all the Iowa farmers are bolshevik. A "law and order" league has been formed in the Sioux City district of farmers opposed to the strike. Rene's strike will prove to be another Shay's rebellion.

Ingalis in the Corvallis Gazette-Times, puts a mustard plaster on the university's wounds when he says: "The university can give it, but they can't take it."

We see by the papers that Pres. Roosevelt, Sec. Hull, and Maxim Litvinoff, left the blue room in the white house and "joined Mrs. Roosevelt in the red room". That's making the Russian feel right at home.

Sen. Dickinson of Iowa assails NRA, claiming nobody is observing the code. "It's like prohibition," Hardy, because NRA was given only a two-year life by law.

City machines had rough going Tuesday. They were left at the foot of the hill, out of gas, and in need of repair, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

The government has kindly raised the age limit for stenographers entering its service from 40 to 53. After a girl gets to be forty her age shouldn't count.

In Portland port officials have been asked to quit. No, the request didn't come from the dockhands.

The governor who tries to sit on top of the higher education affairs in this state needs a good working set of shock absorbers.

"Roosevelt to begin parleys with Litvinoff on mending relations," says a newspaper headline. Russian cement, no doubt.

Fifteen dead in Kentucky. No, not a cyclone, just a Kentucky election.

Tammany is reported as about to ask Al Smith to resign. Al is just too decent for that bunch.

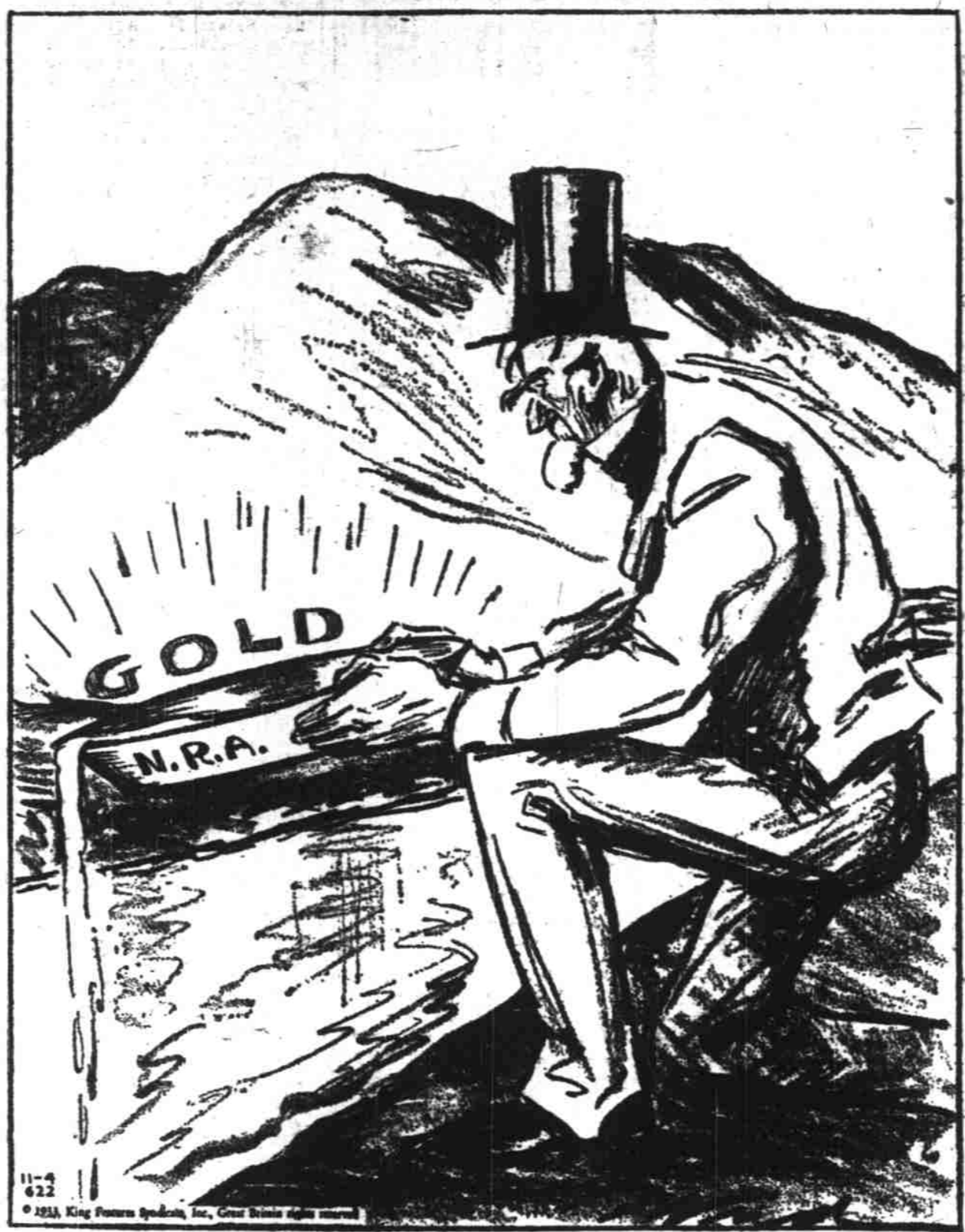
The way General Johnson talks you'd think he'd been in the marines. He's Smedley Butler all over.

Speaking of "harmony" in higher education, "It's time to sing Sweet Adeline again."

The university rebels against anybody getting a full nelson on it; or even a half-nelson.

The Carolinas stood fast for prohibition, and mountain moon.

The Old "Forty Niner" is at it Again!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pony express, first wire, overland stages, railroad:

(Continuing from yesterday.)

"The division agent was custodian of the company property, hired and dismissed the drivers, stock tenders and other employees, and had general supervision of the running of the stages and the care and conduct of the stations."

"It was not absolutely necessary," Mark Twain records, "that the division agent should be a gentleman, and occasionally he wasn't. But he was always a general in administrative ability, and a bull-dog in courage and determination. Otherwise chieftainship over the lawless underlings of the Overland service would never in any instance have been to him anything but an equivalent to a month of insolence and distress and a bullet and a coffin at the end of it."

"Ranking next in importance to the division agent was the conductor or messenger, who sat with the driver on the front seat, and whose belt also covered 200 miles. He was responsible for the safety of the mail and express matter in his charge until he delivered them to the next conductor and received his receipt for them."

"His duties called for the constant exercise of intelligence and decision, and more than one conductor became in after years a man of mark in his section. The driver, however, was easily the most interesting character of the stage coach days. The stations on the Overland were placed at intervals of 10 to 25 miles, and about every 50 miles there was a home station where the drivers were changed and where there were also facilities for serving meals. Each driver regarded himself as king of his particular stretch of road, and accepted with lordly indifference the homage paid him by station hands and passengers."

"By the same token most of the drivers were warm hearted, kind and obliging. Many of them, records Frank Root, himself a stage coach conductor in his sixties, were 'capable of filling other and more important positions. The most of them were sober, especially while on duty, but nearly all were fond of an occasional 'eye-opener.' Quite a number of the boys were experienced in their business, having driven in a dozen or more different states and territories. Several were

holding the reins of four and six horse stage teams in the west before a railroad had reached the Father of Waters. Now and then there was one to be found whose locks and beard were silvered from having sat on the box and weathered the wintry blasts of a third of a century or more, driving on various lines between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. . . . Nearly every driver I knew seemed more or less fascinated with his chosen occupation, . . . and when once in the business it was some sort of a charm about stage driving they never could resist. Old drivers frequently told me that."

"Endowed with great natural ability, the master of the Overland, and also coarse and illiterate, and so possessed the defects of his qualities. 'A man apparently about 45, tall and thin, of large grasp and quick perception, of indomitable will, fiery and irascible when crossed, and a warmer all through,' thus J. F. Russell, who journeyed over the plains in 1866, wrote of Holladay."

"And while he may have been 'boastful, false and cunning,' as Henry Villard described him, he knew how to inspire all classes and conditions with unbounded faith in his ability to do things. An incident related by Mark Twain in 'Roughing It' affords diverting proof of this fact. A youth who had crossed to California in Holladay's stage coaches was later touring the Holy Land with an elderly pilgrim who thus sought to impress upon him the greatness of Moses: 'A guide and law giver: 'Jack' from the spot where we stand, to Egypt, stretches a fearful desert 300 miles in extent—and across that desert that wonderful man brought the children of Israel—guiding them with unflinching sagacity for 40 years through all manner of perils and among the obstructing rocks and hills, and landed them at last, safe and sound, within sight of this very spot. . . . It was a wonderful, wonderful thing to do, Jack. Think of it!'"

"Holladay, however, sensed from that appeal that his way was to be a brief one. When the Overland came into being, there was already a general belief that the building of a transcontinental railroad only waited upon a partisan difference of the rail for a decade prior to 1861 blocked the selection of a route. Then came the secession of the southern states, and on July 1, 1862, President Lincoln signed a bill providing for the construction of the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads over the central route. Work lagged at first, but gained momentum in 1864 when congress enacted additional legislation making it easier for the builders to secure needed financial support, and soon there was a swift advance of the rails both from the east and the west."

"Meanwhile Holladay, quick to note the handwriting on the wall, in the latter part of 1866 sold his interests at a profit to the rival firm of Wells, Fargo and Company, and retired to a country estate on the Hudson."

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"THAT'S MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

Then came the wedding and Mom forgot everything else. And so did everybody for that matter—and when Mom looked back at it she could see it was the best thing that could have happened.

She saw the two of them kind of acting sheepish and watching her this night—it was a Sunday and Steve usually came in to eat supper with them that night—and musing to each other and laughing; but they were always teasing each other that way and Mom didn't pay any more attention than usual. She heard Pete say "you," but Steve said "you" and Pete said "not me" and Steve said "not me," either—it's your place" and then Pete said "all right—only stick with me" and then the two of them came up to her with Pete in the lead and Steve right after him, and they started to say "listen, Mom, but Steve's face got red and she laughed and ran back into the kitchen and Pete yelled, 'hey, you said you'd stick with me,' but Steve wouldn't come in so Mom and Pete went out and Steve looked at Mom and started crying and Mom put her arms around her and said she guessed she knew and not to cry—then Mom started crying too and Pete looked at the two of them and lit a cigarette and said, 'hey, you two, it's not a funeral,' and Steve told him to shut his face and beat it; so Pete walked out like he thought the two of them were crazy; and Mom and Steve had a long talk and Steve was real sensible just as Mom knew she would be; and when Pete came in Mom told him he was getting a fine wife and Pete said, 'you think I'm dumb, Mom?' and then Mom kissed him and they were both embarrassed because it was the first time she had kissed Pete for a good many years as he never went away or anything and they weren't the kissing kind of a family, anyhow."

Then Pete said: "How about Pop?" and Mom said for them to go on, she would take care of Pop and she knew the two of them had expected her to. So when Pop came back from downtown Mom broke it to him and the first thing he said was, "what do they mean, get married," like he had no idea at all and it was a great surprise to him; then Mom asked him if he hadn't had any eyes in his head for the last two or three years; but by that time Pop was well worked up about it and that eye dropped down and he said he'd have to think about it, as if that made any difference; then he started to walk up and down and preach about getting married in times like these and Mom told him about the times they had got married in but Pop said that was different; and when Mom asked him what he meant he looked at her like she should know better than to make foolish questions; so Mom let him talk and get it over with; and as luck happened, just as he had finished giving her a hundred reasons why Pete and Steve shouldn't get married, who walked in but Uncle Louie; and when he heard what was going on he said they were crazy to think of getting married and bringing more mouths into the world to feed."

Then Pop turned on him and said he guessed if they brought any mouths into the world they could feed them all right and they'd never have to ask somebody else to feed them; and Uncle Louie came right back and said if Pop was throwing any hints at him he might as well come right out with it and Pop said Uncle Louie wouldn't know a hint if a brick church fell on him. Then Uncle Louie asked Mom where Pete was going to live and Mom said she supposed they'd go to housekeeping someplace and Uncle Louie said he would take Pete's room. Then Pop said, "by damn, you take the cake," and since Uncle Louie was for the wedding Pop was against it again until Mom told him he should be ashamed of himself, acting that way with a good boy like Pete and the only thing wrong with him was he was afraid the men at the factory would be calling him grandpa; then he looked at her funny and shook his head and said, "Lizzie, we must be getting old."

—but the funny part was he seemed to like the idea of being a Grandpa; and that eye dropped down and he said, "I'll make a fighter out of the first one," and Mom asked him how he knew it would be a boy and Pop said proudly, "didn't we have all boys?" Pop had always taken a lot of credit for Pete and Tom being boys and Mom always had an idea he was sorry they never had twins so he could brag about that. The men at the factory were funny; if you listened to them you'd think the mothers had nothing to do with it."

Then came the plans about the wedding. Pop was all for a big wedding at first but Uncle Louie said they didn't need a big wedding in church but should have something at home for all the close relatives. Cousin Emmy tried to take charge of everything at once and made herself the one to stand up with Steve and said she'd wear a new pink lace dress—and Mom thought if the wedding didn't do any other good at all it would be a success if it got Cousin Emmy something else than her flowered chiffon she had been wearing to weddings and funerals and everything else for so many years."

Then Mom stopped all of them and said it might be a good idea if the bride and groom had something to say about it, considering it was their wedding; and Pop said, that's right, and looked at Uncle Louie and Uncle Louie gave Cousin Emmy a black look."

The only one with any sense about it was Tommy. He asked Pete where they were going on their honeymoon and Pete said he didn't know on account of the two garages—that Steve's father could take care of one but he was afraid to leave the other one with Uncle Louie very long then Tom studied for a second and said, "would you leave it with me?" and Pete looked surprised and grateful and said, "sure, Tom—only I wouldn't expect you to do that," and Tom said, "forget that, Pete—you only get married once so have a good time and anything I can do just call on me and stay as long as you want."

Mom's heart was overflowing with love to watch the two of them together, both fine boys in their own ways, and she thought it was grand for Tommy to say that to Pete, particularly because Pete had always stood by Tom the same way when he was in college—many's the dollar Mom had sent Tommy which had come from Pete's pocket."

Then Pete said, with Tom in charge, he and Steve might take a little trip at that; and he began thinking about places; then Tom asked him why, instead of spending railroad fare, he didn't buy a little car and the fare would pay a good part of it and he could probably use it later in the business. Pete shook his head and said it was a good idea; then Tom said he didn't want to seem to be butting in but

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he began naming nice places Pete might stop at, and things to see, which Pete appreciated on account of Tommy travelling around so much. And all the time poor Steve would just sit and watch Tom from behind as if he were somebody awful great; and Mom knew Steve was tickled pink because Tommy was taking such an interest because she had always been afraid Tommy wouldn't approve of her. And Steve whispered to Mom that with a car they could drive out to the country and buy things from the farmers together and save money—Mom could see Steve was going to be like herself and watch every penny."

Most mothers were selfish but Mom tried to be real sensible about it. It was easy to see that Pete and Steve were not the grateful kind but the settling kind and Mom thought the sooner they were settled down in a place of their own the better—then, if she were taken, she'd know Pete would be in good hands and Pop, too. Steve would be faithful as the night was long and Pete would be, too, and that was something in these days. Steve was neat as a pin about the house and could cook pretty good and what she didn't know Mom would teach her as she was anxious to learn."

Mom had to laugh to herself every time she thought of what Pete had said. Steve wasn't very good at sewing on account of nohaving any mother and Mom was showing her how to whip a bit of lace on a pillow slip—and Pete stood watching for a minute with a look on his face like he always had when he was teasing Steve and he said: "Give her a crowbar instead of a needle, Mom—" then Steve threw a pillow at him and ran him out. Mom hoped they would keep on like that—but one could never tell what life had in store for a couple of young ones starting out together."

Although Mom couldn't complain. Pop had been a good man and no mother ever had two finer sons that Pete and Tommy—and Tommy would be great again, Mom felt it in her bones. It was funny, sewing Steve's wedding things on the very same machine Mom's mother had sewed Mom's wedding dress—it had been blue, just the shade of Mom's eyes and Pop had always liked it so much Mom cried and Pop felt bad, too, when she had had to turn and dye it; but the sun faded blue so and Uncle Pete had spilled things on it. Mom had intended making another the same shade but light blue wasn't practical and anyhow she had been busy making Pete's little dresses—and here, in another year, Mom might be making things for another little Pete. It would be good to have little feet around again—and although Pop was so sure about it being a boy, Mom had a feeling it would be a girl; she didn't just hope so but she had a feeling just the same."

Mom wasn't any too anxious herself to be a grandmother but once it came she knew she'd be glad. Mom's Grandmother Scroggins always said when they were little they tramped on your apron strings but when they got big they tramped on your heart strings; but Mom couldn't say that—and when she did get to be a grandmother she wouldn't be trying to run their lives like the old lady in the house on the hill."

Well, a person got old.

(To Be Continued)

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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Towns Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

November 9, 1908

City Attorney Walter E. Keyes hands down opinion for city council holding that money paid on saloon licenses need not be refunded in case of revocation; and court in tangle over alleged promise to Thomas Riggs that he would receive the only saloon license for the business at Gates.

James J. "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, ex-champion pugilist, will receive in farce comedy "Punching the Music" at Grand Opera house here.

A large garage where automobiles will be given a home and the kind, promised livestock machine livery barn in Oregon, to be opened here soon by S. F. Anderson, representing Portland interests; Salemites rapidly gaining interest in proposition of autos; first automobile agency here handles R. Ford, Stoddard-Dayton, Kissel and Mitchell.

November 9, 1928

MUNICH. — Bavarian government declared overthrown by Adolf Hitler, fascist leader, and administration placed in hands of General Ludendorff as commander in chief; Hitler, heading 600 men, made a announcement following patriotic address by Dr. von Kahr, military dictator of Bavaria.

Assessed valuation of property in Oregon this year is \$391,669,936, or \$5,877,840 more than last year.

Oregon shippers sending in complaints daily at lack of freight cars; public service commission reminds Southern Pacific company of promise in October to relieve car shortage in this state.

90 Return to Amity For Alumni Banquet

AMITY