

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor
Member of the Associated Press
ADVERTISING
Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta
Subscription Rates:
Mail Subscription Rates in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.75; 6 Mo. \$5.00; 1 year \$9.00.

"Forever Normal and Friendly"



Bits for Breakfast
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Scraps of history made by mountain men and first of the covered wagon pioneers:
(Continuing from yesterday.) This is another of Bancroft's footnotes: "Lindsay Applegate was born in Henry county, Kentucky, in 1808. Afterward his father, David Applegate, a soldier of the Revolution, emigrated to Missouri, where he settled near St. Louis, then a small French town, and where Lindsay had few educational advantages. In his 15th year he left home to join Ashley in his expedition to the Rocky mountains. One part of Ashley's company ascended the Missouri in boats; the rest proceeded overland. "Young Applegate belonged to the river detachment, which was attacked by the Arickarees, defeated, and driven back to Council Bluffs. Falling ill at this place, he was sent back with the wounded to St. Louis. He afterward worked in the lead mines of Illinois, and served in the Black Hawk war. He was married in 1831 to Miss Elizabeth Miller of Cole county, Missouri, and removed soon after to the southwest part of the state, where he built the first gristmill erected in that portion of Missouri, and where he resided until 1843."
(Lindsay Applegate also built the first gristmill in southern Oregon, in Scott's valley, near Yoncalla, soon after the three Applegate families went to that section in 1849. Lindsay Applegate went to the Rogue river valley, to the site of the city of Ash-

land, on which was his donation land claim, in 1859, residing there the rest of his life. Several of his sons went to the Klamath country, and one of them, Capt. O. C. Applegate of Klamath Falls, is the best posted living man on the Modoc troubles, in which he took a leading part. He is the most influential man with the Indians of that section, and the best informed on their history and their present status. He supervised the taking of the Oregon Indian census in 1910.)
Another of the Bancroft footnotes reads: "Charles Applegate (the other of the three brothers) was two years the senior of Lindsay. (Bancroft incorrectly spelled it Lindsey). In 1829 he (Charles) married Miss Melinda Miller, and with her and several children emigrated to Oregon. He is described as a man of iron constitution, determined will and charitable disposition. He also possessed a good deal of natural ability as a writer, having published several tales of frontier life. He died at his home in Douglas county in August, 1879; respected by all who knew him." (This Bancroft sketch of Charles Applegate was copied from The Statesman of Aug. 15, 1879.)
(The Bits man knew Jesse and Charles Applegate and their families quite well, his boyhood home having been in the Waker valley, next east of Scott's valley; the latter next east of the Yoncalla section. The Applegates were in the seventies and later bonanza farmers; grew much grain, and

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
WITHIN RECENT years many cases of arthritis have been successfully dealt with by the so-called "high temperature treatment." This will be of interest to the sufferers from arthritis who have resorted to various measures without benefit. I have before me a report stating that when this method is suitably used great relief is afforded. Many bed-ridden victims are so improved that they are able to walk again.
The high temperature treatment is given in a specially constructed cabinet. The patient lies with his head outside while his body is exposed to a temperature reaching one hundred and two degrees, or even higher. Those who have received this treatment state that there is usually an immediate improvement in the stiffness of the joints. In many instances a complete cure is effected within a short time.
Hot Baths Beneficial
When this form of treatment is not available, the application of heat in other forms, such as hot baths, fomentations, and hot packs is often beneficial. Fomentations to an inflamed knee joint, ankle or shoulder usually lead to the relief of pain and distress.
Occasionally the plain hot bath is helpful. Hot packs, dry heat from special lamps, as well as sun baths, are recommended for persistent and distressing cases of arthritis.
It must be borne in mind, however, that there are certain forms of ar-

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS
To help support her stepmother and stepfather, young and beautiful Patricia Warren, a skilled card player, plays bridge for fifty cents an hour at parties given by the wealthy Mrs. Sycott. Patricia has had a hard, lonely life. She has even been offered to make her stepmother's partner. His unscrupulous advances cause Patricia to decline his business offer much to her stepmother's chagrin. Patricia meets Clark Tracy, the polo player and her ideal, at Mrs. Sycott's. She is heartbroken to learn he is engaged to the socially prominent Marthe March. Bill McGee, a racketeer, is interested in Patricia but she loathes him. However, afraid to refuse his invitation, she accompanies him to New Year's Eve dance. He is shot by a rival gangster, Frankie. Patricia rushes home only to be put out by her stepmother who says the police are looking for Patricia. Unable to find employment, Patricia turns to professional bridge. One day, she is stunned when Haverholt happens to be one of her opponents. She becomes unscrupulous and loses heavily. Haverholt takes her home and renews his bridge business offer.
CHAPTER THIRTEEN
"Do you remember the last time you asked me to work for you?" she said presently, reopening the subject. "Do you remember what happened?" At his nod, she swallowed, proceeded, "If I did take a job with you, would you promise never to let anything like that happen again?"
He looked coolly into her flushed face. The sunlight shone on her tumbled red hair, on the creamy whiteness of her skin, increased the deep blue of her troubled eyes. He looked and slowly shook his head. "I promise nothing," he said.
His eyes were disturbingly close, disturbingly intimate. Patricia tried to be angry. She was not. This man was such a curious admixture of hardness and softness. She could not make him out. She felt confused and uncertain. All her values were tumbling down around her. She should hate Julian Haverholt, she should withdraw from him in loathing, but somehow she didn't. "You don't want me to promise that," he said.
"Yes, I do."
"What a child you are!" he marveled. "How can you expect to extract promises from life, promises of that sort? Don't you know there isn't a man living who could make that promise and keep it under any and all circumstances? Don't you know that we don't decide to do things or not to do them? Things just happen and we enjoy them or not as the case may be? Don't you realize that life can't be bargained with? It must be lived!"
An old story, Patricia knew, but somehow Julian Haverholt made it singularly convincing.
"A girl has to think about her reputation," Patricia faltered.
"I'm not proposing to lead you down the primrose path, after all," said Haverholt, smiling. "I'm sorry that you always cast me in the role of the villain. I'm not a villain really. I'm just a rather nice person who is offering you a good job."
But like that, his offer dispelled some of Patricia's doubts. He dispelled the last of them with his next words. He said:
"A little Puritan like you shouldn't be afraid. Are you afraid you can't take care of yourself?"
"Not at all," announced Patricia decidedly. Suddenly she smiled. "I accept your offer and I thank you."
"Then it's a bargain!"
He seized her hand. They shook hands on it, laughing together, pleased with each other, with themselves.
"Should celebrate somehow," Haverholt said tentatively. "I know!" he exclaimed. "Let's drop



"You didn't expect me to join you, did you?" asked Dorothy Luray.
By my place for cocktails. How about it, little new bridge partner?"
"Fine."
They went immediately to his home in Murray Hill. He had a town house, a beautiful square Georgian building, set in a small formal garden, surrounded by a high stone wall. They walked up a flagged path lined on both sides by prim, clipped cedars. Patricia had never in her life been in a private dwelling house. She confessed it. "City girl," teased Haverholt. "Ever been in a pent-house?"
"No."
"Goah, I'm going to enjoy showing you things."
"Never seen a real butler, either," cried Patricia, falling in with his mood. "Have you a butler?"
"I have but Ellis won't be on view today. This is his afternoon off. We'll have the place to ourselves." Haverholt stopped on the path. "Do you mind that? Would you rather go to the Ritz for tea?"
"I'd rather go inside for cocktails," said Patricia.
Haverholt unlocked a great oak door, switched on the lights in a dark, oak paneled foyer. Patricia had no chance to admire or marvel at her surroundings before the velvet curtains leading to the living room suddenly parted. Haverholt looked a little queer. Patricia herself felt very queer. She and Julian Haverholt were not alone in the place.
Dorothy Luray stood between those curtains.
"You didn't expect me to join you, did you?" asked Dorothy Luray. She was pale and breathing constrainedly. Her hands that still held the velvet curtains, shook slightly. "You didn't expect me, did you?"
"Why, no," replied Haverholt, collecting his scattered forces. "We didn't. But we're glad to have you, Dorothy," he ended politely.
Her smoldering eyes blazed. "That isn't true. You aren't glad. You came here deliberately to get away from me."
"Isn't it ridiculous, Dorothy, the thought of you never entered

California's Wine Industry

CALIFORNIA is getting ready for new prosperity based on wine. The monthly bulletin of the Wells Fargo bank in San Francisco gives statistics as to the industry, which indicate expectation that there will be a tremendous increase in demands for vinous beverages as a result of repeal of prohibition.
"Begin in 1772, when Junipero Serra, the Franciscan Father of the Spanish California missions, planted the first domestic grape vines in southern California, the local wine industry expanded until, in the decade before prohibition, it produced an average of 45,000,000 gallons annually, or 80% of United States production. During prohibition, output shrank to between 6,000, 000 and 7,000,000 gallons annually, but this was 90% of the national total. This season about 30,000,000 gallons will be made, none of which can be used for at least a year and much of which will be held for further aging and for blending. The 1933 vintage season is said to have been quite favorable, resulting in grapes of good quality and high sugar-content. Supplies of all wines in the United States as of July 1 were said to be relatively small—25,541,485 gallons, of which 90% was held in California.
"During prohibition, the 700 wineries which had been operating in the state were reduced to 150; this year 15 new ones have been established, and, with many of the old ones reopened, the total is now 325. Wineries now generally are of larger capacity than those of 14 years ago, this year's output averaging about 92,000 gallons each, as against the pre-prohibition annual average of 64,000 gallons. It is estimated that in the establishment of new wineries and the rehabilitation of old wineries, including the installation of crushers and presses, new cooperage (storage casks), and bottling equipment, well over \$5,000,000 has been expended. For example, one large winery increased its output 400%, from 40,000 gallons to 200,000; another, from 200,000 gallons to 400,000; a third reopened to produce 100,000 gallons; another spent \$60,000 for 750,000-gallon storage facilities; and another increased its storage capacity from 1,800,000 gallons to 4,200,000.
"From the original planting, vineyards expanded until, shortly after California was admitted to the Union in 1850, there were nearly 2,000,000 vines producing wine grapes; this year, there were 37,920,000 vines (table and raisin varieties, as well as all) covering 528,000 acres. In recent years, there have been times of dearth because of lack of demand, considerable quantities of grapes of all varieties were left unharvested; it is expected, however, that almost the entire 1933 crop will be utilized.
"The California grape and wine industry is estimated to represent an investment of \$350,000,000, and the grape crop alone is still the third most valuable agricultural product in California, its farm value averaging about \$30,000,000 in recent years."

Builders of the West

THERE died at Carver, near Oregon City, last Saturday, Stephen Carver, whose career is linked with the development of the west. Oregon history relates the successive journeys into this country of explorers, fur traders, missionaries, farm settlers. After these came the builders of railroads, and Stephen Carver was one of them. The Oregon City Enterprise gives a brief biography which reveals an active career. Carver homesteaded in Nebraska and made \$50,000 in the stock business. He came to Oregon in 1836 and established a bank at Ontario. In 1800 he established a bank at Chinook, Montana. He built the railroad from Ontario to Vale, now a part of the Union Pacific system. Coming to western Oregon he organized the Corvallis & Alsea railroad and constructed it from Corvallis to Monroe. He sold the road for \$400,000 and it is now part of the Southern Pacific line on the west side. Carver's last venture was the Portland & Oregon City railway company, extending from Portland to Viola, serving a timber and farming section. In retirement, he lived at Carver on the Clackamas, but recently he put in an electric power plant in the Alsea country. To men like Carver the west of today owes much, for they have made available the facilities without which our economic life could not be sustained.
And there died in Portland Sunday a woman whose lifespan ran back to the immigration of 1853. Mrs. J. J. Murphy, who as a girl of 12 had crossed the plains, was a type of that splendid womanhood which reared the homes in the growing commonwealths of the Pacific slope. Mrs. Murphy was long a resident of Salem and active in its religious and social activities. She reared children who became respected citizens of Oregon. The woman was the builder of the home, the mother of children who in turn play their part in the cycle of life.

Oregon is deeply indebted to builders of both types,—to the men who devoted energy and capital to economic development; to the women who labored in the home and the church and the school to make this a fit place for a cultured civilization.
Considerable road work is being done over in Linn county in the Quartzville district. This is old gold mining country. There was a gold rush into Quartzville creek country in the '60's; and now there is considerable revival of mining there. Poor roads have been a drawback, but now improvement is taking place. Linn county is cooperating with the forest service which has a CCC camp of 250 men in that territory. According to the Albany Democrat-Herald the road up Quartzville creek will be improved, also the road up the Middle Santiam. This country lies between the north fork and south fork of the Santiam river, the Middle Santiam running into the south fork of the main river at Foster. Quartzville creek is a tributary of the middle Santiam.

Some of the papers seem to attach a connection between advocacy of "sound money" and the greed of big financiers as revealed in the senate hearings. There can be just as much greed and graft with rubber dollars as with gold dollars. As a matter of fact the trouble with fluctuating currencies is that they put a premium on speculation, so the nimble-witted and the clever make enormous profits while those who labor and plod are stripped of their goods. Sound money means honest money; not money which is the football of schemers and manipulators.

The Statesman is glad to print letters for the "Safety Valve" column subject to its limit of space provided communications are not anonymous. Occasionally letters are received with no name attached; and they will not be published. Writers are requested to compress their thoughts into 300 words or less. Sometimes we have to omit letters because of their excessive length. Letters submitted and not used will not be returned unless requested when sent in, with accompanying postage.

Oregon is one of the few states which hasn't sent in any entries to the national hars' contest at Burlington, Wis. You see out there the fish are so long and are caught so easily there is just nothing left to the imagination. Next!

The calendar is all mixed again. Coast rhododendrons are blooming, farmers have gathered red raspberries. Some of California's unreasonable heat seems to be breaking over the Sklakyous.

(Meaning with his boatload of supplies.) Reading on: "Mrs. Minto (of the same immigration but not yet Mrs. Minto) says: 'There was but one bolt of calico in the whole of Oregon that we could hear of, and that was at Astoria... The next summer my sister and I gathered a barrel of cranberries and sent them to Oregon City, and got us a little blue drilling which made us a covering...'
"The dearth of goods affected all classes. Parrish (Rev. J. L. Parrish) says that in 1844 he wore an old coat which he brought from New York in 1839, and pantaloons made of English duffie, 'a kind of coarse cloth

to our horse-blankets, with a buckskin vest and moccasins.'
In the main text, Bancroft's writer said: "All the goods in the several stores had been exhausted. Clothing was made by putting pieces to pieces without regard to color or texture; and moccasins, which took the place of boots and shoes, were the almost universal foot covering. A tannery had been begun in the summer, in the neighborhood of Burnett's farm (near the site of Hillsboro), but the autumn supply of leather, besides being inadequate, was only half tanned, and had a raw streak in the cen-

ter... Thanks to the fertility of the soil, there was food enough for all, though many lived on short rations rather than to incur debt."
(This condition lasted throughout the forties, and into the fifties, more or less, for each new immigration fresh from the plains made more and more mouths to feed and bodies to clothe. What son and daughter of an Oregon pioneer does not recall some of the stories of privation, or what the present generation would regard as privation?)
(Continued tomorrow.)

Oil Magnate Under Senate Quiz

Harry F. Sinclair (left), oil magnate, pictured as he was sworn in as a witness by Senator Dumas Fletcher, chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, before he testified regarding his part in an oil pool which influenced the stock market. At right, Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for the Senate Committee.

MEMORIAL PROGRAM SLATED, SUBLIMITY

SUBLIMITY, Nov. 28. — Commemorative exercises of the local council, Knights of Columbus, were held here Tuesday night of this week, with members of the Mt. Angel council assisting. Since the organization here in 1923, nine members of the order have died. At the recent regular session here, plans for the Christmas program and help of the needy were outlined. With Hermand Hassler, Mike Benedict and Joseph Lelay appointed to have charge of the program. Benedict and Christ Netting were named to arrange for a public speaking class for the winter. A number of men with teams are hauling rocks for a stone wall to be put around the south side of the parish house and church. Nick W. Kremer is doing the work with the help of a number of other men.
AT C. E. MEET
GRAND ISLAND, Nov. 28. — A delegation of eight young people, members of the Unionvale Evangelical interdenominational Christian church, attended the Yoncalla county Christmas Endeavor convention held in McMinnville over the week end. They were Cordeila and Winifred Bartruff, Harry Tompkins, Arthur and Delmar Stoutenburg, Lucy Turner, Mary and Howard Rockhill.