

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Last Ten Days

AS senators and representatives return today from the Thanksgiving holiday for the final ten days of the session they are going to get their teeth set in major pieces of legislation. The first will be the liquor control measure which comes out of committee with a majority endorsement of the Knox plan, and a minority in favor of more liberal allowances for hotels and restaurants. This will be made a major battle in the house; but the strength shown by friends of the Knox system in the committee would indicate that the house will approve the majority report. The senate, judging from past performance, is less likely to liberalize the act than the house.

Provision for relief is thought to be taken care of in the diversion of liquor revenues for that support. But there is a major battle in sight over provision for school relief. Two or three plans are proposed, one a business tax of 1% on practically all forms of business (which is virtually a sales tax under another name); another a gross earnings tax on utilities only amounting to 3%; and third, increases in the income tax and lowering of exemptions. The state grange is already attacking the business tax as a revival of the sales tax; and in view of the fate of the sales tax at the hands of the people the legislators are not apt to react it under a new guise. The utility tax cuts to the quick the large group of owners of bonds and preferred stocks of utilities who have seen their investments depreciate and have suffered stoppages in income from their securities. They will make out a strong case against making utilities the goat. Still another proposal is the luxury tax on tobacco, cosmetics, etc. supported by Rep. Hannah Martin. So bitter is the controversy over any new tax that it is almost a safe bet that the session will expire without any remedial legislation for schools. If the legislature does not provide supplemental or alternative sources of revenue for schools, it should tighten up laws for collection of property taxes which are almost the only source of support for schools.

Legislation for great bond issues for utility development will also be caught in the jam. Opponents will contrive to interpose obstacles during the remaining ten days, so the bills may never get to a vote in either house. There is some reason for this, however, in that it will be years before Bonneville is completed when transmission lines will be necessary. The sad thing is that the state is not formulating a definite policy as regards its treatment of existing facilities now serving the people. The state can destroy through competition as effectively as through confiscation; and prior wrongs by private utilities do not sanctify wrongs by the state against them now.

All in all, the next ten days will be tense at the state house.

A Church Memorial to a Poet

A civic committee at Spokane has decided to erect as memorial to Stoddard King a new church in that city, expecting that friends of the late poet and newspaper columnist and those who knew him only through his writings will join in raising a fund sufficiently large for the project. That is a unique memorial for a newspaper worker, even though he was a poet. In this case the memorial is appropriate; for Mr. King instead of being a speakeasy rounder as most of the Walter Winchell type of columnists seem to be, was a decent fellow. At small Holy Trinity church on the north side, King served as choir boy, later as teacher of a class in the church school, and as lay reader. He kept up his interest in church activities along with his editorial work.

If all the people who have joined lustily in singing "There's a Long, Long Trail" of which King was one of the authors, would contribute even a penny apiece a magnificent memorial could be built. But no cathedral type structure is planned. Spokane already has that on one of the high bluffs on the south side of the city; and the Holy Trinity parish where the structure would probably be erected, is not large enough or rich enough to keep up a big cathedral.

There have been memorials without end to emperors and generals and statesmen. It is heartening to see one who labored as a poet and as an active newspaper writer here in the northwest given such well merited recognition.

Lawmaking by Threat

THE small truck owners it seems to us are apt to destroy their own case by assuming a defiant attitude toward the legislature and the governor. The head of one group threatens support of a recall against the governor if their demands are not acceded to. The head of another group announces his purpose to launch an initiative measure to repeal chapter 429 of the last session laws. Yet the committee considering this legislation is making numerous amendments which go far toward meeting the objections of the protesting groups.

None of the truckers own vested rights in the public highways. Their use of the roads for commercial purposes is a privilege extended by the state and must be surrounded with adequate safeguards to insure revenue to the state on account of its road investment, to preserve safety of traffic on the highways and responsibility in case of accident, and to maintain an equitable relationship among various transportation interests. After the legislature acts or fails to act there will be time enough for initiatives and recalls. Mean-time extravagant pronouncements will react against the interests of the small truckers.

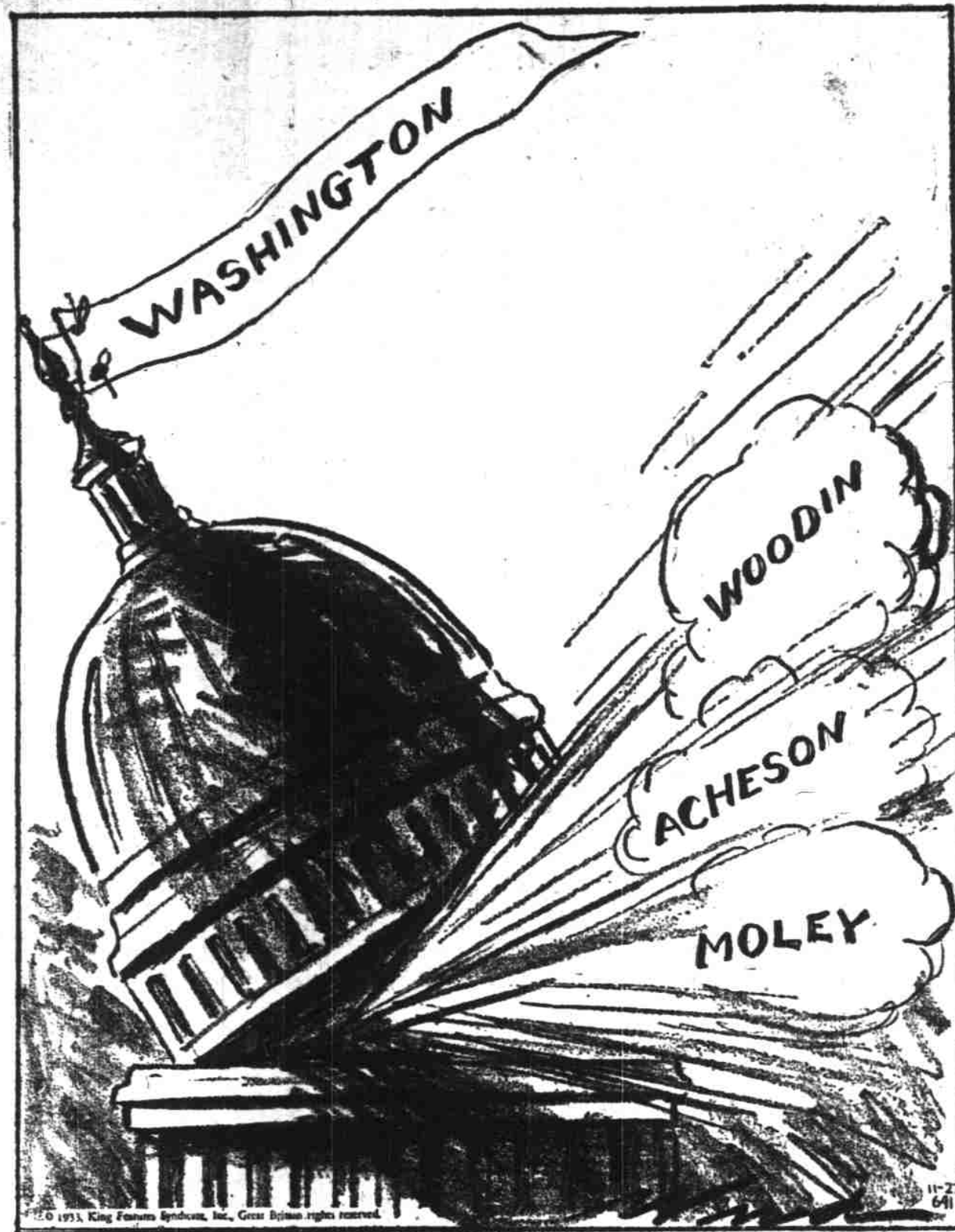
Legislation on this subject should not be for any single group but primarily with regard to the welfare and interest of the whole people.

The flax-linen industry offers the greatest opportunity for development in the Willamette valley. The soil and climate are well adapted for flax culture and experienced workmen are here for the beginning of the industry. It remains very doubtful, however if this is a proper field for government adventure, as seems intimated with report of allotment of funds from PWA amounting to \$1,750,000. If it is, it would appear most practical to begin with the industries already established in Salem rather than to launch on some altogether new venture. Salem already has two linen mills and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of experience.

Thought from Thanksgiving sermon of the Rev. George H. Swift:

"Let us be thankful that although the man-made industrial system has fallen down, and the man-made banking system and the man-made distributing system have fallen down, the God-given rain and sunshine and fertile soil have not failed our people."

Another Busted Trust



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Scraps of history made by mountain men and first of the covered wagon pioneers:

(Continuing from yesterday.) There was then no newspaper west of the Missouri river, though Governor Abernethy himself was treasurer of the Oregon Printing association proposing to start one, which was the Oregon Spectator, the first issue appearing on February 5 (1846), following.

Nothing came of that; but the petition with 60 signatures in Champeo county meant the Methodist missionary contingent around what became Salem; Champeo county became by change of name Marion, and this same missionary and Oregon Institute (Williamette university) contingent remained active and was finally victorious in not only bringing the territorial capital to what became Salem, but in keeping the state capital, after a series of hard and bitter fights that lasted for about 20 years.

In the December session of the provisional government legislature, one of the hottest contests was over the question concerning proposed laws on currency and for the collection of debts.

In the August session Jesse Applegate adopted a suggestion of Governor Abernethy that an act should be passed to prevent litigation on account of debt; but his bill failed, and he afterward apologized for the ignorance of the legislature and governor in the business of law making — however he said he still believed "laws for the collection of debts, where no fraud is alleged, are injurious." He added that "at a future day such laws will be abolished in all

civilized communities." He further said there were "special reasons why they should not be enforced by provisional government, which might never be acknowledged, a side of the question which had escaped recognition. However, when Oregon finally became a territory all acts of the provisional government were acknowledged and made valid.

The real root of the matter in that little 1845 provisional government legislature of 13 members at its December session was that many of the immigrants coming in covered wagons across the plains in 1843, '44 and '45 were in debt to the Hudson's Bay company for supplies and seed grain and farming implements. They were fearful that laws for the collection of debts might result in harsh measures toward themselves in securing judgments that might cause them to lose their homes. Up to Aug. 14, 1845, that company was not a part of the provisional government — they were foreigners, with no protection of the provisional government laws. After Aug. 14, however, having come into the provisional government, under inducements and arguments offered by Jesse Applegate, acting for the little legislature of 13, that great British concern had the same standing and rights as all other persons in the Oregon country.

The upshot of the whole matter was the passing of a "law on currency" by the little legislature at the December session, and this law allowed executions on judgments for debts "contracted in the territory," but stipulated that no property should be sold on execu-

tion at less than two-thirds of its value, assessed "by two disinterested householders." Other protecting clauses were in the law — protecting a property holder against harshness.

And debts of every kind, including taxes, might be paid in "gold or silver treasury drafts," or "approved orders on solvent merchants," and "good merchantable wheat at the market price, delivered at some customary depot for wheat."

And such depots were specified as at Port George (Astoria), Port Vancouver, Cowitz Farm, or the Hudson's Bay company's warehouse at Linnton, or the warehouse of that company or the Island Milling company (Oregon City) at Champeo; at the store of P. W. Pettigrove in Portland, Tualatin county; at the mills of either Dr. McLoughlin or the Island Milling company at Oregon City; or at some place to be designated by the collector in Yamhill county (then reaching from Tualatin county to the Spanish (California) line.

That was surely a "commodity dollar," that we are hearing so much about now. But, still, it might be variable, depending upon the "market price" of wheat. Certainly, at first, when raw gold began coming from the California mines, some 13 years later, the "gold standard" was a thing that was a gambling proposition. But that is another story.

Here is another Bancroft, footnote, relating to the text on the 1846 covered wagon immigration: "J. T. Rainey, in 1851, with his brother, L. C. Rainey, purchased of Wm. Mosgrove, for a horse, a squatter's right to the land on which the town of Roseburg was located. The only improvement on the land was a pile of new cut logs for a cabin. The brothers erected a frame house, and sold the land to Aaron Rose, who laid it off in lots and blocks, land residing there. J. T. Rainey removed to the Rogue river country, where he settled on a farm in Sam (Sam's) valley."

Rainey's much more than the value of a good horse for his right. But he was resourceful. He set about to get the county seat away from Winchester, in which he succeeded, by schemes that might now (or not) be frowned on, including plenty of good food and bad or indifferent whiskey for voters. But that is also, another story, already related in full in this column.

Another footnote for the 1846 text: "W. P. Breeding settled at Salem, and put up the first blacksmith's forge there. He served in the Cayuse war under Colonel Waters. In 1850 he returned to Missouri, to bring to Oregon his father and mother, and in the following year was married, and removed to a farm in Lane county, near the present town of Junction City. In 1875 he removed to Whitman county in Washington, where he erected a flour mill and made other improvements at the same time laying off the town of Palouse City on his land, at the falls of Palouse river."

The writer disputes the statement that Mr. Breeding put up the first blacksmith's forge in Salem. The Jason Lee mission had a blacksmith shop as early as 1837, with Alanson Beers as blacksmith. The Lausanne brought another blacksmith to the mission in 1840, with more tools; J. L. Parrish. In the summer of the latter year work was commenced on the mission mill, in the first building erected by white men on the site of Salem, and soon on the Indian manual labor school. The blacksmith shop was of course then brought from the old mission site to the site of Salem. In the summer of 1846, Joel Turnham resisted arrest in a blacksmith shop in Salem, and was that day killed by J. E. Pickrell, still resisting arrest, at the home of Webley

"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. Sycett. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, offers to make Patricia his secretary and partner. His amorous 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. Sycett'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 a New Year's Eve dance. He is shot by a rival gangster. 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 unmoved and loses heavily. Haverholt takes her home and renews his bridge business offer. Patricia accepts. While celebrating the partnership in Haverholt's home, Clark Tracy and another friend, Philip Gove, arrive. Clark does not recognize Patricia. Haverholt introduces her as his niece. Philip is very attentive to her.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"Julian told us that you are to be the city's new bridge sensation. I'm an awful dub myself. But, Julian said that you were simply—"

"He's too kind." "Not a bit of it," broke in Haverholt, who always heard everything. "The child is really a marvel. Doubtless she inherits her ability."

"I wouldn't wonder," said young Gove absently. He was not interested in bridge; he was interested, very much, in Patricia. He asked eagerly, "Do you dance?"

Haverholt laughed. "Beautifully," he said, who had no way of knowing. "But, I warn you, Phil, that Patricia's stepping-out time will be limited. Her pretty nose goes to the grindstone tomorrow. I'm grooming her for the Brownlee Cup Tournament in June."

"You are, are you?" Patricia wanted to say. Instead she said to Philip Gove, "I probably won't have much time for dancing. I'd love to take a riding lesson Sunday morning. You can't play bridge all the time. It's swell in Central Park on Sundays."

Tracy chuckled unexpectedly. "What's the joke?" he demanded his friend suspiciously. "The last time Phil went riding," Clark gravely explained to Patricia, "he fell off a horse that was ten years old. He's from Texas, too, but apparently they haven't done any riding there since the Mexican War."

Gove grinned unwillingly. "You've taken as many falls yourself as the Prince of Wales," he observed pointedly. "I'm surprised you have any collar bones left."

"I don't seem to recall taking any falls from a ten year old."

"I'm afraid I would fall off any horse that wasn't attached to a merry-go-round," put in Patricia decidedly. "I have never been on horseback in my life."

"Don't they ride much in California?" asked Gove, alert for any crumb of information concerning this bewilderingly pretty girl.

So she was supposed to be from California! Patricia glared at Haverholt. His lips twisted. She twisted. She was bubbling with secret wrath. Gove was patiently awaiting her answer.

She said flatly, "No one rides in the part of California that I come from."



"What did you mean," she demanded, trembling in rage, "by introducing me as your niece?"

Finally, the men rose to leave. "May we drop you anywhere?" Clark asked Patricia, anticipating her. "We have a car outside." "Patricia is staying here," Haverholt told him smoothly. "We're expecting her trunk at any minute."

He added, "I'll give you a ring some evening soon, Clark. Maybe, you and Marthe would like to make up a foursome with us."

"We'd like it very much." They were gone. Haverholt saw them to the door, returned to the blazingly angry girl. She had expected that he would break out in profuse explanations. He did nothing of the sort.

"What did you mean," she demanded, trembling in rage, "what did you mean by introducing me as your niece?"

"Oh, that . . ." he remarked thoughtfully, "I was only thinking of your reputation, Patricia. You've done so much thinking about it yourself that you might allow me the chance occasionally."

"So you were thinking of my reputation," she echoed mockingly. "And how much reputation would I have left if I lived here as your niece?"

"Exactly as much as my niece would have if she lived here as my niece," he replied calmly. "Same thing."

"People would know better." "People aren't nearly so suspicious-minded as you seem to be. Here, my dear, or as clever. Clark and Phil were convinced, weren't they? Well, so would everyone be. Once a thing is said it's generally believed until some snapper takes the trouble to prove it's not true. The people I know, thank heaven, are not snappers."

Patricia had no words for such sophistry. With trembling fingers she smoothed her hair, tucked on her hat, pulled on her gloves. She was going to leave. And, still, he had succeeded somehow in dissipating the strength of her wrath. She would argue with him no more. Arguments with him were futile. He turned all her own weapons upon her, made her feel childish and unwisely and ignorant. She literally dared not stay. She started for the door.

"By the way," observed Haverholt casually, "you had met Clark before somewhere, hadn't you?"

"Why?" Her voice had a certain breathless quality. She turned slowly.

"Nothing except that I just had that fancy. It seemed to me that you were about to speak to him and then—oh, Patricia, have I hurt you? I'm so very sorry."

"You haven't hurt me one bit," she denied, though her eyes were bright with tears and tears trembled on her lashes. "You were quite right. I have met Mr. Tracy before but he didn't remember the occasion."

"Poor kid," he said gently. "Don't you 'poor kid' me," blazed Patricia. "It was nothing to me except that I—I felt foolish and—"

Suddenly, to her horror, she realized that the tears were running down her face. She gulped and struggled, kept backing toward the door. Before she reached the haven of the foyer she gave way completely. She leaned against the wall and covered her face with her hands.

Haverholt was beside her. She accepted his big square handkerchief and presently, because he was there, regained control of herself. She would not cry now. She would save that for later. The face she lifted was tearless, but wreathed with misery.

"I suppose," he said hesitantly, "it won't do any good to tell you that you won't feel like this forever, that—"

"No good at all," she cut him short wearily. She added, "It isn't important anyhow, except that it came on top of everything else and I just went to pieces somehow. It's been an awful day."

That explanation would not suffice. Patricia herself took recourse in sophistry. "Can't you see how frantic I've been? Can't you see how awful it would have been if he had recognized me and you had introduced me as your niece?"

He started to speak. She interrupted. "Please, please, don't say again that life is taking chances." "Bromide or not, it is, my dear," he continued earnestly, sincerely.

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Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

"ASHES OF THE DEPRESSION" During one of those periodic cleanings-outs of a desk the other day we came across a good one, jammed back into a corner under bygone copies of campaign speeches and statistical reports on world armaments and hog culture. It is a sheet torn from the magazine "Farm and Home," issue of February 1931, and on it we find the fragments of an article by the great prophet of American business, Roger Babson.

Under the heading "Ashes of the Depression," Mr. Babson is quoted as announcing: "When I say that the farmer is about out of the woods and that America is going to have a greater year of farm prosperity in 1931 than in a decade, I refer to all farms. However, I mean that the grain farmer, too, is going to get his share of this approaching prosperity."

Oh dear, oh dear! We can chuckle over that stuff now. It would be good fun to unearth a few of the arguments with which Mr. Babson bolstered his prediction of good times, before the next election. Unfortunately all that is left of the article is a little "blat" from the interviewer's introduction in which Mr. Babson is likened to the great Sir Isaac Newton, author of the famous Law of Action and Reaction.

Or should we turn (for contrast) to the front page news files of 1931. It was in that year they began to burn their wheat in Kansas. The farm strikes were

Hauhurst, across the present penitentiary lands, on the extension of State street. The mission in 1840, '41 and '42, and later, had much use for the services of their blacksmiths, erecting their several buildings hereabouts, and in operating their mills.

(Continued tomorrow.)

COUGHLIN RENEWS ATTACK ON SMITH

DETROIT, Nov. 30. (P)—The militant Father Charles E. Coughlin, strong defender of President Roosevelt's monetary policies, last night launched a second attack on Alfred E. Smith for his opposition to those policies declaring that Smith "has written his own obituary notice in lining up with the philosophy of the Morgans."

In the face of widespread controversy following his New York address Monday night, the Royal Oak, Mich., priest, who returned from New York Wednesday, said he launched a second attack on Mr. Smith for his opposition to those policies.

"I did not say that he obtained the loan, or that he saw Mr. Morgan," said Coughlin. "I simply stand by the statement as I made it. In no sense have I borne false witness against my neighbor."

Gravelhill district, who has been ill with pneumonia for some time, is in the Salem General hospital. His condition is reported favorable.

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THEISEN IN HOSPITAL

JEFFERSON, Nov. 30.—Claus Theisen, prominent farmer of the