

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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Member of the Associated Press

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Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter: Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

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. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 3 cents. On trains and News Stands 1 cent.

Taxation as Weapon

MANY people regard taxation as a weapon for the cure of social injustices in the distribution of wealth. Certainly it has been used as such an instrument in late years, with the persistent threat that it will be devoted even more in the future to a tool for leveling. It has seemed to us that that was an incorrect method for accomplishing the end desired. For excess accumulation of wealth comes from exploitation either of employes or of consumers. The leverage should be used therefore to correct the mal-distribution at its point of origin, rather than to make the government a partner with the profiteer by means of taxation.

The chamber of commerce of the United States, through its committee on federal taxation, voices a similar opinion in its statement to the house ways and means committee, in which it says:

"The object of taxation is to produce revenue. The penalizing of particular methods of doing business or the accomplishment of social reforms are not within its legitimate sphere, nor should it be influenced by prejudice or a spirit of punishment."

"Any deviation from these fundamental principles is not only an abuse of a sovereign right that carries with it the power to destroy, but also operates to defeat the proper purpose of tax legislation, namely, the production of revenues."

"The correction of economic abuses or social defects should not be sought through a revenue measure."

The purpose of taxation is to provide funds for meeting the expenses of government. To provide excess funds means to put the capital in unproductive hands because government bureaus are notoriously inept and inefficient, and unproductive.

Chemeketa Players

WITH all the wealth of entertainment which the talking pictures supply, there is still a craving for what is called the "legitimate drama." It has been a long time since a first class stage performance has come to Salem; yet the Elsinore theatre was designed primarily to care for road shows, and it was built less than a decade ago. High costs and reduced incomes have just put the road shows out of business.

So it comes about that community players spring up to satisfy the desire to see plays "in the flesh", and to satisfy also the ambition of many people for self-expression through acting. Salem's little theatre group was launched last year as the "Chemeketa Players" and presented many clever plays during the season. Reorganized, the players are continuing this season; and just now are presenting "The Rock" a religious drama appropriate to the season, at the Nelson auditorium, appearing each night for the rest of the week.

The players are not in it for remuneration,—there is none; but they do find compensation in experience and training and in the thrill of acting in the glare of the footlights. Many of the players have shown superior talent. The plan this year is to use different persons as directors, which gives a different flavor to each performance.

The activity is commendable, not only for the interest and entertainment of the audience, and for the profit of the players, but to keep alive the dramatic tradition, and to encourage the art of the speaking stage.

L. P. Aldrich

DEATH has removed in the prime of his powers a very useful member of this community, L. P. Aldrich, for many years cashier of Ladd and Bush, bankers. His position was an important and responsible one; and he discharged it with noteworthy success. His counsel was sought by hundreds and many will rise to pay tribute to his conservative judgment. He was the type of banker who regarded his position as that of stewardship, a guardian of the funds of depositors and an advisor of those who sought credit for their business operations.

A native Oregonian he exemplified the virtues of the Oregon stock from which he sprang. Distinctly conservative, a foe to speculation, yet loyal to worthy enterprise he was a potent force in the Ladd and Bush bank and in the community. If there had been more of his type in the banks of the big city the scandals and the catastrophes which have lately been revealed would never have occurred.

His passing is timely, for his service was still needed during the dubious days which attend.

Silver interests are said to be "thoroughly dissatisfied" with the silver-buying policy of the government. Denver silverists are planning a fight to establish free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Having adopted so many financial heresies the administration may find it difficult to resist the demands for further adventure into bizarre monetary policies. Only the fact that the people have been so habituated to a sound dollar through over 50 years of government solvency and strict standards of the circulating unit saves the country from zooming inflation. Some day it may come and the country will learn the old, old lesson of the need of integrity in its monetary system.

To show how difficult it is to legislate for reality: The last legislature, acting on what it considered expert advice, estimated that around \$500,000 would be adequate for initial financing of state liquor stores. The commission, headed by a competent business man, now says it will need at least a million dollars, and proposes to borrow \$600,000 to supplement the state appropriation. It shows how wide of the mark advance estimates may be in legislative matters.

Poor Kelso has been twice hit this year. The visitation of floods, twice within a twelve month seems a dispensation almost too hard to bear. The northwest should extend helping hands to succor the distress and to help provide adequate protection against future similar calamities.

Grass is greener this Christmas time in Salem than it was in summer. The super-abundant rains and the very mild temperatures have made grass grow as in April. And garden flowers graced some tables on Christmas day.

FALLS CITY WINS
FALLS CITY, Dec. 25.—The local town basketball team met and defeated the Perrydale town team on the home floor Wednesday night with a score of 37 to 21. The game was interesting from the very start, the teams were well matched and both played a good game.

"Here Comes the Mailman!"



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Journal of Rogue River War, of 1855:

The current (December) number of the Oregon Historical Quarterly prints the journal that was kept by Harvey Robbins during his service in the 1855 Rogue River Indian war. He was a volunteer from Linn county who had come in the great covered wagon immigration of 1852 and settled on a donation claim near Harrisburg. He served also in the Yakima war in 1856, in Capt. Jonathan Keney's company C, volunteers. He must have enlisted late, for the upper country scrap, after service in the Rogue River war of 1855, for his number on the muster roll appears as 71.

In its introductory paragraphs introducing Robbins' Journal, the Quarterly says: "The Rogue River war of 1855 was the most sanguinary in the history of Oregon. During the summer there were numerous acts of mutual hostility. Attacks and counter attacks, reprisals and counter reprisals followed each other until the murderous outbreak of October 9. Small bands of Indians, acting simultaneously in different parts of the settlements, killed 16 persons. The alarm in the Rogue river and Umpqua valleys spread to the Willamette valley and throughout the territory. The only military protection in the vicinity consisted of the troops at Fort Lane, numbering 90 dragoons. Formation of volunteer companies began immediately, and on October 15 Governor Curry issued a proclamation calling for five companies of mounted volunteers to constitute a northern battalion and four companies to form a southern battalion. The northern battalion was composed of two companies from Lane county and one each from Linn, Douglas and Umpqua counties. It proceeded to Roseburg and on October 30 elected William J. Martin as major. The temper of the campaign is shown by Major Martin's instructions that 'in chastising the enemy you will use your own discretion provided you take no prisoner.'"

It is not intended in this column to copy the whole of the Robbins journal, but to use or refer to some of its most important points. It is well for the reader to recall that, from the very beginning of the settlement of the Oregon country, indeed in the hunting and trapping days prior thereto, the Rogue river Indians were a murderous and troublesome lot, and allied with their relatives on the south, the Shasta tribe, and with the Modocs over the Cascades and the tribesmen along the coast, in what are now Curry, Coos and Douglas counties—all of them shifty, bloodthirsty and thieving. The name Rogue given to that single tribe applied well to all Indians of the early days in that region.

The Hudson's Bay company's California brigades, before settlement, were obliged to carry strong companies, well armed. The missionaries and others bringing cattle from California encountered the thieving and scalping hands. General Joseph Lane, Oregon's first territorial governor, while nearing the end of his term in 1850, after having succeeded in rounding up the chief Cayuse Indian murderers concerned in the Whitman massacre of 1847, went to southern Oregon to attend to the case of the treacherous Rogue River tribes who had been killing and robbing people travel-

ing through that section and were then openly on the warpath, while the Cayuse murderers were being tried, convicted and hanged at Oregon City. (Date of execution June 3, 1850.)

It should be remarked that General Lane, besides being governor, was superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory. Through his well known bravery and savvy, General Lane induced the Rogue tribesmen to come to a council proposing to make a treaty.

They had two days before met the governor for the same purpose, but intending bloody treachery, in short, a massacre. But Lane had with him a guard of 15 white men and an equal number of Kikchitai Indians, under their chief, Quatley.

The Rogue River chief raised the blood curdling war cry, after an impassioned harangue. But, at a prearranged signal from Lane, Quatley seized the Rogue chief, held a knife to his throat, and, with his (Quatley's) strong men, held him fast—and Lane, revolver in hand, ordered the Rogue braves to lay down their arms.

The Rogue chief, finding instant death facing him on a further hostile move from his men, repeated Lane's order to them, which they obeyed. Lane then, after a parley, ordered them all to return in two days for a second council, in the mean time holding their chief captive as a hostage.

They came, and by that time were ready to consider the treaty. General Lane had been kind in his treatment of the chief, and gallant toward his squaw, allowing her to be with her lord and master.

The chief, learning from the interpreter that the general's name was Jo Lane, and, saying, "I have seen no man like you," asked him (Lane) to give him his name. The general gave him part of his name—and he was ever after Chief Jo. Though it must be said that he bore it with small credit.

After the signing of the treaty, finding Lane was going on to the California mines, as a token of his esteem, Chief Jo gave him a Modoc Indian boy for a slave.

In some respects, the Rogues observed the terms of the 1850 treaty. But their savage and thieving natures were not changed, and in 1851 the road to California through their section grew increasingly unsafe. In May, 1851, they murdered a man named Dilley with his own gun.

Dr. James McBride (father of governor U. S. senator, congressman, etc., and grandfather of Dr. W. B. Morse of Salem), with 31 men returning from the California mines, on May 3, 1851, was attacked. The party gave battle, beginning at daybreak and lasting four hours, until the Rogue chief, Chuckhead, was killed, when the Indians retreated, but got away with about \$1600 worth of property and gold dust. They carried their dead with them. No loss of life or serious wounds were sustained by the white men.

Those of the Dr. McBride party who were mentioned by him for bravery in the fight were A. Richardson of San Jose, Cal., and James Barlow, Captain Turpin, Jesse Dadsah and son, Aaron Payne, Dillard Holman, Jesse Runnels, Presley Lovelady and Richard Sparks of Oregon. A number of them became prominent in Oregon affairs.

Dr. McBride was the first Oregon (territorial) superintendent of schools. He was concerned in many ways in the early history of the territory and state. He represented the United States as commissioner to Hawaii. His sons and daughters were among the leaders of thought and political affairs in several of the coast states. Dr.

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Clark came up to Patricia at once, explained that Julian had telephoned. Something had held him up in town. He would be late. Patricia had longed for Julian earlier. Now, with Clark at her side, his absence seemed less important. She glanced at Marthe. Marthe glanced reflectively at her.

"Have you been having a good time?" asked Clark at her elbow. "Miss March has been giving me a very good time," said Patricia clearly. "I've loved every minute of it."

Her eyes and Marthe's eyes held. The gauntlet had been flung. It was to be war to the knife. Patricia arrived with her dessert and coffee. He did not bother to change. Still in his dusty clothes from the city, he came to the table while his bags went upstairs. Patricia regarded him anxiously. No plate had been laid for him. That made no difference to Julian. After greeting them all, after pausing for a special word with Mrs. Tracy—he was a favorite of hers—he admitted, unashamed and unapologetically, that he had not dined.

"I should have dined in town. Somehow, I didn't get around to it. I know I'm scandalously late but even if I'm late I'm hungry."

"Will you start with soup?" asked Mrs. Tracy, smiling, arranging that a plate be brought for him. "Is it cold?" "It's cold."

"Then, I'll start with soup," he announced, dropping to his chair and adding, "Gosh, I'm hot." After a survey of the table where conversation had necessarily been halted by his arrival, he said, "Women have all the best of it in weather like this. You girls look cool enough."

"Would you like to take off your coat?" inquired Marthe sweetly. "I might do that," he said thoughtfully. A flash of appreciation lighted the table. Julian Haverholt kept his coat. But, had he really desired to dine in his shirt-sleeves, everyone knew that he would have done so. Patricia, puzzled, saw that they liked him for that. She envied him his courage and his conceit. Julian believed that under any circumstances he would be a welcome addition to any party.

The girl saw that he was welcome. He became instantly the center of the group, as he was the center of every group to which he lent his presence. Everyone seemed willing to have it so. Everyone, perhaps, except Clark.

Clark finished his coffee, shoved back his chair, said rather brusquely, "It's cooler on the verandah, I think. We might adjourn there."

His mother sent him a reproachful glance. "Mr. Haverholt isn't ready, son."

"Don't bother about me," said Haverholt, generously. "I'll be all right. That is, if you, Mrs. Tracy will stay to keep me company."

She would. The others drifted away and left those two talking and laughing at the long, empty, candle-lighted table. Someone turned on the radio. Others rolled back the rug. Instantly, the group on the verandah was dancing. Patricia was in Clark Tracy's arms. Patricia was in Clark Tracy's arms. Patricia was in Clark Tracy's arms.

Patricia glanced up. The light, McBride had gone with the great gold rush of 1848 from Oregon to the California mines.

After the fight with the McBride party, the Rogue River Indians entrenched themselves on Table Rock, their famous and ancient fortress, and a battle took place there June 17, 1851, with U. S. dragoons under Major Kearney, who, ordered to leave Oregon for another post, happened that way.

GOES TO CHICAGO
Ray A. Yocum left last night for Chicago where he will spend about 15 days on business at the central offices of Reid, Murdoch and company.

In Mystery
One of the most baffling puzzles ever dropped in the laps of the New York police is the mystery of the slaying of Amedeo Escherich, young attorney (top), and the wounding of his wife, Charlotte. Apparently for no reason they were shot down near their Brooklyn, N. Y., home. Lack of a motive baffles the authorities.



"I knew you would dance like this," he said.

Patricia's triumph was sweet. Let Marthe suffer as she had suffered. Let Marthe learn that sometimes all girls were equal.

"Break," said Philip Gove, peeping up at Clark's elbow, a glint of determination in his eye. "No," said Clark.

"Let Patricia decide," they both said simultaneously. "I think," hesitated Patricia. "I think I had better dance with Phil." Clark surrendered reluctantly. Patricia saw his reluctance, thrilled to it. Phil saw too. As he whirled off with the girl, he muttered something beneath his breath.

"I didn't hear you, Phil," said Patricia sweetly. "Maybe, you weren't meant to hear."

"Go on, what did you say?" "Nothing only—" He looked at her with much embarrassment. He said, "It's none of my business, really, but they're all talking."

"About what?" she queried. "Her red lips curved. Her eyes were wide and innocent. Phil had been a willing victim to her spell from the moment he first had glimpsed her. Nothing could make him criticize this bewitching girl."

"About what, Phil?" "If you don't know, Patricia, I won't tell you," he replied stubbornly. Still he could not resist adding, "It's all Clark's fault anyhow."

"What is Clark's fault?" How she loved to discuss that name. How she loved to discuss this situation. Phil did not like it. He looked really unhappy.

He muttered, "It isn't very pleasant for Marthe."

"No!" said Patricia. She continued serenely. "I guess Marthe can take care of herself."

There was more music. They danced again. Clark should be dancing.

The Safety Valve
Letters from Statesman Readers

WATCHMAN? WHAT OF THE NIGHT?
It appears we are reaching an age of power, an age of power indeed, from the mechanical point of view, and yet this age of power, we are becoming conscious perhaps dimly but still conscious, it is painfully deficient in the kind of power that it most needs. The first needs, I feel is the power of thought.

It is difficult to understand how any intelligent person can fail to see the problems which civilization is facing. Use as an illustration, the United States of America. How is it functioning as a democracy? We have only to turn to the daily newspapers to convince ourselves that there are very real problems connected with the democratic form of government; problems of law enforcement; of congressional support of administrative action; of party ambitions working against national welfare problems, political, social, moral, real problems, not imaginary ones—to which the last three years have added industrial, economic and financial difficulties rise to the last degree. What are we actually doing as a people thinking through the staggering problems that are staring us in the face? Evidently one of our great needs is the need for the power of thought.

The most important power needed in the world today is the power of the spirit, and of the second birth like the master spoke to Nicodemus in St. John's chapter 3, 7-8 verse. Pure and undefiled religion is the most essential factor in a new world relationship as in all other human contacts; is the fruit of the spirit; the substitution of good will for ill, or trust for distrust, of concern for discord, of friendliness for hatred. We hear so much talk of war nowadays. War springs out of the soil of human mind and spirit, and it is the cultivation of that soil, which will make possible a new world. Life appears to be a search after power. What kind of power? That is the crucial question, which I leave with you to answer. What kind of power is it that we need with a surplus of food on one side of the road and

School Presents "Christmas Carol" At Monmouth High
MONMOUTH, Dec. 25.—Monmouth high school closed Friday for the holidays, and a play, "A Christmas Carol," was presented by the student body. Miss Edith Clark was director. The high school orchestra, directed by Roy M. Miller, and the high school girls' quartet contributed music, with a vocal duet by June Craven and Mildred Cole.

The cast: Harry Parker, Warren Elliott, Martha Mae Blair, Harold McKern, Richard Smith, J. H. Derby, Lila Hamar, Arne Jensen, Walter McKern, Ora Stouffer, Myrtle Stouffer, John Haller, Elmer Bork, Thelma Amort, Margaret Rutschman, Albert Baker, Bob Bingman. Outstanding good presentations were given by Martha Mae Blair, Harry Parker and Warren Elliott.

Two plays were presented Thursday night in the high school gymnasium by members of the high school girls' class of the Christian church. Miss Lora Parker, class teacher, directed. In "Turkey Red," the cast was: Birdine Derby, Annetta Schweizer, Louise McDowney, Mildred Cole, Deanna Syier. In "Grandma Seabright's Christmas," the cast was: Clara Mae Haller, Margery Chambers, Helen Hutchinson, Kathryn Parker, Garnet Smith and Mary Elkins.

TEACHER RESIGNS
FALLS CITY, Dec. 25.—Mrs. Hazel Gronewald, primary instructor in the local grade school for a number of years has asked to be released from her contract here by January 15, so that she may accept a like position in her home town, The Dalles. She is a very capable teacher and her place will be hard to fill.