

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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## Competition of Navies

NO sooner does the American squadron of six seaplanes make the long hop from California to Hawaii successfully than Japan announces in London her intention of enlarging her navy. London word is to the effect that Japan will give the necessary two years' notice of purpose to terminate the naval limitation treaty. Under that treaty the ratio was Great Britain 5, United States 5, Japan 3. Now Japan is ambitious for parity with Great Britain and the United States.

This is a forecast of course of resumption of competition in naval construction which it was the purpose of the Washington conference of 1921 and of subsequent international gatherings to bring to an end. The prospect is a gloomy one for the tax-burdened peoples of the earth. If Japan increases her navy, this country will strive to keep ahead; and Great Britain will keep up with us. Other countries will follow; and the old spiral of competitive construction will be resumed.

But the successful flight to Hawaii is itself a threat to sea power by surface craft. Bombers which can fly in perfect formation across such a wide expanse of water have a cruising range that makes the capital warship an uncertain security in future wars. If American aircraft can sail to Hawaii, Japanese aircraft may do the same thing, though they could not land safely there unless their troops or ships controlled the islands. Thus Hawaii becomes increasingly important as a base both for naval operations and for air-craft.

The world refuses to learn from the fate of empires. War universally condemned, still through fear or greed, dominates the peoples of earth. Japan now cannot afford navies and armies such as the larger powers; but Japan in control of Manchuria and part or all of China would possess resources which might challenge any power. That no doubt is the ambition of the war party now dictating the moves in Japanese affairs.

## Strife in HOLC

ALL is not peaceful around the home (loan) fireside in Oregon. The dissension in fact is heard outside the walls and now the whole public is taken into the confidence of the disputants. Mister Lipscomb is the boss and Horace Walter is the assistant boss. Now Walter is out and pacing the vestibules of the mighty in Washington. When it comes to talking Horace is a regular Floyd Gibbons, and by the time he gets through the administration from the president down to the office boys of HOLC will all know what is wrong in Oregon.

Stevenson, the first big chief of HOLC was a southern democrat, who found good democrats for all positions. Now Fahey is in charge and he gave Lipscomb carte blanche to do some firing in Oregon. Walter beat Lipscomb to the draw with a resignation shot from the hip in the middle of the afternoon, right after Lipscomb rushed into print with Fahey's message.

Lipscomb it seems, took offense at the frequent appearances of Walter at luncheon clubs where he would make speeches explaining how HOLC was going to relieve the distressed home mortgagor. He got to thinking that Walter was more active politically than he was statistically on loans. He says his office has made only 625 loans and should have closed 1200. Walter counters with the assertion that Lipscomb made him the spokesman and speech-maker for the organization. Probably Congressman-National Committeeman Pierce will have fresh worries over this situation, just after he has gotten over being blamed as a double xxx-er in the United States marshalship.

After the Oregon democrats get through letting each other's blood perhaps the HOLC will begin to function and the government loans begin to come through. The distressed mortgagors may cry out with impatience, but the immediate issue is who is to stay on the government payroll.

## Budding Ambitions

THE mild winter is setting more than raspberries to budding. Politically ambitious men are feeling the sap rise. E. A. McCornack of Lane county has announced his candidacy for joint senator from Lane and Linn counties, a post now held by Sen. Joel Booth of Lebanon. McCornack has been a member of the lower house for several terms and enjoys a high standing in that body.

According to the Oregon City Enterprise Sen. J. E. Dunne is surveying the political scene with a view to running for governor. Active in dairy legislation, a joint author of the milk control law, and long identified with motor license and truck legislation, Sen. Dunne has become well known over the state of Oregon. He sort of stands in between the radicals and conservatives, some of his votes leaning one way and some another. If Dunne enters he will enliven the campaign at any rate.

It is early yet; and frosts may crimp the berry buds and kill the political aspirations that now are kissing the stray subearns.

There is a general feeling of optimism regarding business which contrasts sharply with pessimism of one year ago. Dollar depreciation does not account for it, but a general opinion that the depression has run its course. Given more confidence there is abundance of material for price increases the world over. Other nations without NRA and PDQ have made better progress than this country. So if people will just hang on, good times may kiss them on the cheek once more.

The Woodburn Independent thinks that one cause of the depression is the fact that the government goes into competition with private business at cutthroat prices—like printing envelopes. Yet the Independent doesn't gulp when it swallows state ownership of power plants and transmission lines to put out of business private, tax-paying concerns.

The president has appointed a new chief of the weather bureau. Maybe Los Angeles demanded a change.

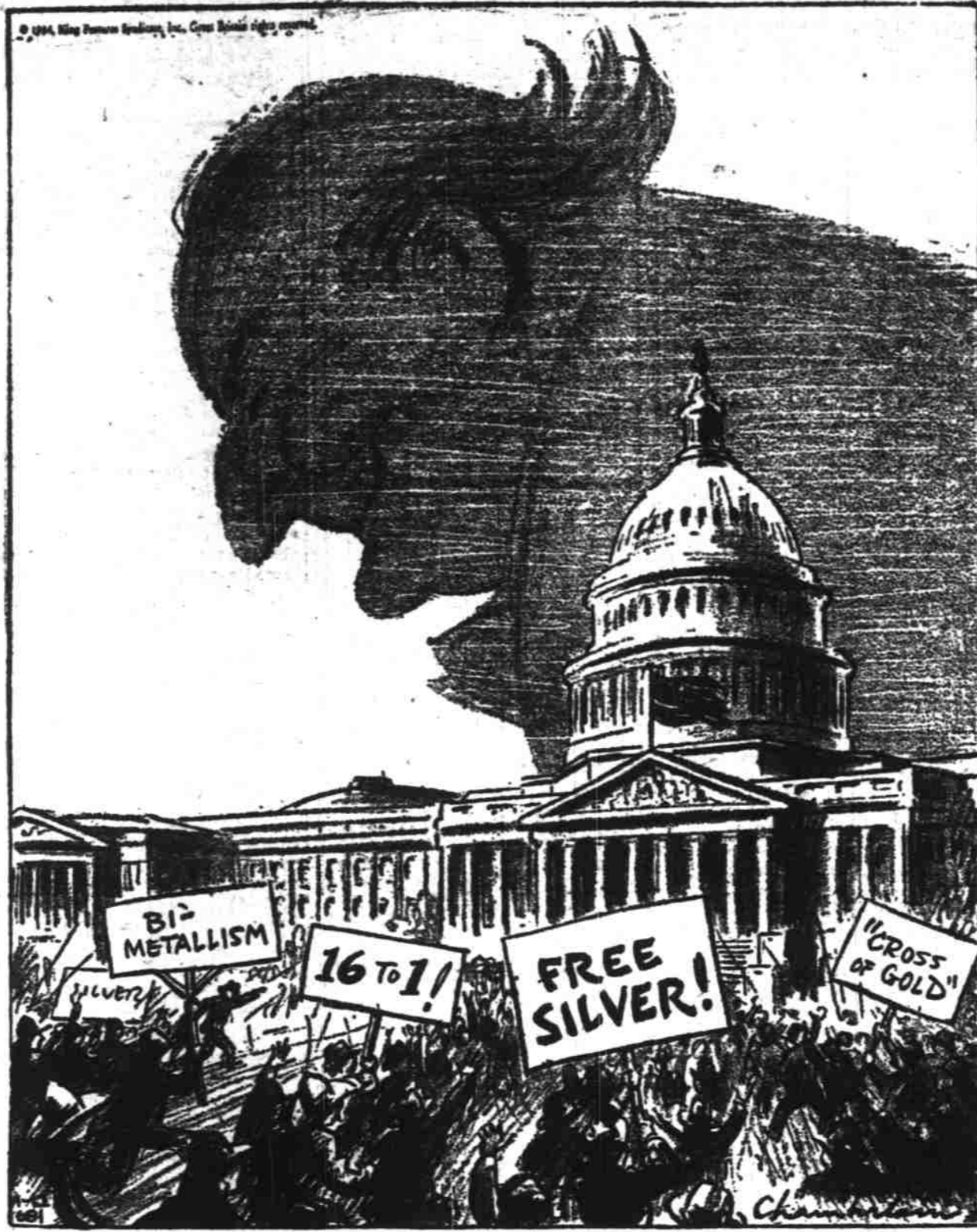
## Catholic Women at Eldridge Meet at Hannegan Residence

ELDRIEDGE, Jan. 12. — The regular meeting of the Eldridge Catholic community club was held at the home of Mrs. Charles Hannegan with Amelia Tritsch-

ler a special guest. The afternoon was spent making a quilt. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Peter Lelach, with whom the next meeting will be held.

The women of the St. Louis parish will give a masquerade dance at the parish hall January 18. The event is open to the public.

## The Last Laugh



## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Scrap of history of Oregon Indian wars: French Prairie wives superior:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The propaganda used on the coast Indians by the Rogue representatives of Chief John, including his half-breed ally, Enos, was that the whites over the mountains in Jackson county had all been slain—and that if the tribesmen of the coast country would kill those in that section, no whites would be left.

Numbers of the coast Indians, when they found they had been deceived, gave themselves up and were ready to be sent to the reservation.

During the Rogue River war of 1855-6, a man named John Beeson attracted a good deal of attention by writing letters to the newspapers attacking the whites and defending the Indians.

Beeson was a foreigner by birth, but a naturalized citizen of the United States, who had in 1853 come from Illinois to the Rogue river valley. He said in his letters that the Indians were a friendly, hospitable and generous race, and that the war of 1852 and the one then raging were justifiable on the part of the Indians and atrocious on the part of the whites—and he supported his views by quotations from United States officers and Dr. John McLoughlin.

He impounded the democratic party of Oregon, was censorious toward Governor Curry and his advisers, and exceedingly unjust to the people of southern Oregon. In short, he made himself hated by practically all the whites.

Beeson then began writing for the San Francisco Herald, and, the fact becoming known that he was aiding in the spread of the prejudice already created against the people of Oregon by the military reports of such men as General Wool and some of his subordinate officers, public meetings were held to express indignation.

Invited to one of these, in southern Oregon, without notice, he was intercepted for the purpose, together with an article in the New York Tribune supposed to emanate from him, and of listening to a series of resolutions severely condemnatory of him. He wrote of this meeting: "Feeling violence, I fled to the fort (Fort Lane) for protection, and was escorted by the U. S. troops beyond the scene of excitement."

Beeson published a book of 143 pages in 1858, called "A Plea for the Indians," in which he boasted of the protection given him by the troops, "who," he said, "seemed to regard the volunteers with contempt."

Apparently finding his subject acceptable to some classes, he followed up the "Plea" with "A Social Appeal in Behalf of the Indians: Correspondence with the British Aborigines Aid Society; Letters to Rev. H. W. Beecher, in Which Objections are Answered; Review of a Speech by the Rev. Theodore Parker; A Petition in Behalf of the Citizens of Oregon and Washington Territories for Indemnity on Account of Losses through Indian Wars; An Address to the Women of America," etc.

In addition Beeson delivered lectures on the "Indians of Oregon" in Boston, where he advocated his peculiar views.

At one of these lectures he was

confronted by a citizen of Washington Territory.

The Statesman of Dec. 23, 1858, contained an article to the effect that in a meeting addressed by Beeson at the Cooper Institute, New York, he was confronted and his assertions disputed by Captain Fellows of Oregon. This was Albert M. Fellows, one of the four organizers on July 4, 1852, of the First Congregational church of Salem, who had been a member as first lieutenant of Company F, mounted volunteers, mostly from Marion county, in the Yakima war of 1855-6. When Bennett was killed in battle, Lieutenant Fellows was raised to the position of captain. Bennett, as most readers know, was one of the three Salem men who were the discoverers of gold in California; built the famous Bennett House, where the Masonic temple, Salem, now stands, was one of the earliest steamboatmen on the upper Willamette, and in other ways was a leader of affairs in early Oregon.

It was said that in 1860 Beeson was about to start a paper in New York City, to be called the Calumet.

In 1863 he endeavored to get an appointment in the Indian department, but, being opposed by the Oregon senators, failed. He certainly would fall. B. F. Harding was at that time junior senator from Oregon, and had been the last territorial secretary of state; held the last named office while the Yakima and Rogue River Indian wars were being fought, and of course knew what a fool, if not scoundrel, Beeson was.

The senior U. S. senator was J. W. Nesmith, who was colonel of volunteers in the Yakima war and a captain and interpreter in the 1853 Rogue River war, and had fought the Rogues before; and knew more about Indians by actual experiences than Beeson could have imagined in his wildest dreams; experiences dating back to the covered wagon train journey of 1843. Of course, with that opposition, Beeson failed miserably in getting the job he sought.

The total loss of U. S. troops in the fateful battle of The Meadows May 27 and 28, 1856, was 29, according to Bancroft.

It Capt. Smith had entertained feelings of contempt for the volunteers, as claimed by Beeson was the general attitude of U. S. army officers, his sentiments were changed after his later experiences in fighting Indians. A writer in The Statesman of June 24, 1856, likely a volunteer, made this comment:

"Smith was a brave officer, but he was no match for Indian cunning when he took the position surrounded, and in rifle range of another eminence, while he had but 30 rifles. This fight in an open place, standing up to be shot at, at rifle range, was what amazed—and at last amused—the Indians. The well conceived plan of the crafty chief (John) failed; but it would have failed still more signally if Smith had sent for reinforcements on first receiving John's challenge, and had stationed himself where he could run away if he wished."

(But, as the reader has gathered from what has gone before in this column, it would not have failed, and Smith and all his men would have been slaughtered, except for the coming of Capt. Angus and his dragoons.)

In the fall of the same year (1856), Capt. Smith and his dragoons joined Col. Steptoe's command in helping to put the fin-

ishing touches to the Yakima war, and by that time his contempt for volunteers, if he ever had any, was entirely overcome.

As the reader has noted, Capt. Smith rose to the rank of a major general in the Union army a little more than half a dozen years later.

The writer is hearing from persons reading this and the preceding series—some of them having items to add to the story, concerning relatives who fought in the Rogue River and Yakima wars. Such information and contacts are welcomed. Some day, perhaps, this matter, with like material, will be gathered under the covers of a book, that future generations may have correct information about the hard struggles of the pioneers, in a wilderness and surrounded by hostile Indians.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Interesting are many of the articles printed in the editorial pages of the American press. The Salem Statesman, Capital Journal, Oregonian and Oregon Journal have not been exceptional when they have printed numerous articles upon their editorial pages condemning the principles and practices of the American Communist party.

Bernarr McFadden, the famous and successful American physical culturist, states that "truth is stranger than fiction."

P. T. Barnum said: "A sucker is born every minute."

All right, keeping these two quotations in mind, let us see if they have or have not any bearing upon the quality and type of the editorials appearing in the editorial sections of the average American capitalist press.

Here are some of the excerpts from Willamette valley newspapers:

"Communists are never satisfied, no matter what they are given."

"Agitators seek to stir up discord rather than promote better conditions."

"Communists use most brutal methods to gain their ends."

Some years ago the writer was offered a detective (stool pigeon) job upon the anti-communist detail of the Portland police department by both O'Day and Bacon, who are at the head of that section.

When the writer inquired as to the reason for any judicial opposition to this organized and legal political party, the last named reason was given as a cause by Mr. Bacon.

Communists are never satisfied because they are never satisfied as yet, viz.: To date in the U. S. A.

Their doctrine calls for a dictatorship of the proletariat—the common people; and the elimination of the capitalist system with all the ultra-wealthy individuals controlling the workers at the mental, physical, and economic sacrifices of the latter. So far that has not been granted nor otherwise obtained and of course they remain unjustified with petty and paltry adjustments that do not remove what they deem the cause of common people's troubles.

Agitators seek to stir up not merely discord but righteous resentment against intolerable conditions for the improvement of the latter. For instance, during labor strikes whenever the concessions have been won, the agitators cease to agitate.

But persons say they seek to overthrow our present system of government. In three places, our Declaration of Independence states the people may use the method of

# "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

## CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

A dozen people heard him say it. Clark and Patricia were among that dozen. The girl was appalled. She sensed that Clark was disgusted and displeased. But it was too late now. Blair's face turned red. He looked hard at Haverholt. "I didn't expect to see you here," he said. "The same old Julian, too. You haven't changed a particle. How are you this evening? How is the bridge sharper this evening?"

"Very well," returned Julian smoothly. "I'm sorry my presence upsets you, Reuben. I find yours distinctly disappointing." "Your manners are atrocious." "They're better than your bridge."

Blair was angry. He was more than angry. He was furious. Julian had the advantage. There was unmistakably an audience now. Julian glared in the eagerly watching eyes, the eagerly listening ears.

"I, sir," sputtered Blair, clutching for a withering retort, "I play bridge like a gentleman." "So I hear," assented Julian softly. "I hear that gentlemen can't play bridge. Though," he admitted courteously, "though," he may be mistaken perhaps your European trip improved your special brand."

Blair's dignity and caution were lost in rage. These were his people. This upstart was making him ridiculous. "My bridge needs no improvement, sir. I was a master at the game before you were ever heard of."

Julian saddy shook his head. "You've lost your grip these later days. So far as I know you haven't figured in tournament bridge since the Indian Wars."

"I could beat you tomorrow," snapped Blair, fingering prudence to the winds. "You're nothing but a bag of wind."

"Now, now Reuben," said Julian in a fatherly fashion. "Now, now. I could beat you tomorrow, sir." Suddenly Julian's eyes were sharp and bright as knives.

"What about my challenge, Reuben? What about my challenge, Reuben? Does he mean to say that you're accepting it at last?"

Reuben Blair was trapped and knew it. There could be no withdrawal now. If he declined the challenge now by tomorrow he would be the laughing stock of his little world. In other words Patricia might have found Blair's harried air amusing, might have found amusing the fact that Haverholt had goaded his pompous little enemy to the decision he had so long craved.

"Let's get out of this," Clark suggested now. "Or," he added quickly, "do you want to join Julian?"

"No," she murmured, "no." A crowd was gathering. Word of the encounter between Blair and Haverholt had flown about. The knot about the two ancient enemies was increasing. There was excitement in the air. The battle of ballyhoo was taking form, the bridge battle of the century, the bridge sharpers versus the ladies and gentlemen.

Patricia's head ached, ached. Nothing mattered now. She wanted only to escape this foolish, chattering crowd. She excused herself to Clark and crept into the dressing room. Marthe found her there minutes later, Marthe, jubilant, excited, delighted that her ball had been the scene of a sensation.

"The bridge marathon is all arranged," Marthe explained. "The newspaper men want your photograph."

quite steadily. "They couldn't have arrived already." "They were here for the ball," Marthe supplied shortly. "They have set up their cameras in the ballroom. They're waiting." She regarded the younger girl with narrowed eyes. "Or don't you want to come?" "What she meant was, "Don't you dare!"



"The bridge marathon is all arranged," Marthe explained. "The newspaper men want your photograph."

staged at a hotel of Julian's choice, the other half was to be staged at the Carlton Chambers, the ultra-conservative, smart hotel where Reuben Blair had lived for years.

"I'm not sure about this special type of publicity," murmured the manager of the Carlton Chambers to the owner.

"You're crazy, Tom! The match is going to make newspaper history, mark my words; Gosh, what a break for us!"

Haverholt and Blair finally settled on a wager, which the latter reluctantly accepted as fitting to his dignity. Julian bet twenty thousand dollars to five thousand that he would triumph, the winnings in either case to go to charity.

"I hope you don't ask me to take such a one?" sniffed Miss Eloise Peety, who ran a home for decrepit horses. "I'd like a chance to turn it down. It's tainted money, won by gambling, whatever fancy name they call it by. It's a disgrace that decent newspapers would print such stuff—I'm going to stop my subscriptions instantly."

Julian Haverholt promised to stick to his system of bidding, a system that, in his modest estimation, was preeminent, unique in its field for accuracy and precision.

His little red book was for sale in any book store. Oddly, Blair used identical terms in describing the system which he had invented and would employ. His little green book was similarly for sale.

"I always use the Haverholt system myself," a society woman declared to her friends.

"When you remember it, don't you mean that, Janie? Now, just the other day, do you recall that heart hand?"

Haverholt and Blair were in complete accord on one point. The battle of the experts would automatically decide who was the greatest bridge player in the world. In their minds, and in the public mind, the affair had the definite quality of a prize fight championship. Other lesser experts, reading the papers over breakfast coffee, hardly fancied that interpretation. There were mutterings of dissent in many bridge clubs, vain mutterings. It was too late. The ball had started rolling. The battle of ballyhoo was in its stride.

(To Be Continued)  
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Statement of Condition	
STATE SAVINGS and LOAN ASSOCIATION	
December 31, 1933	
<b>ASSETS</b>	
First mortgage loans .....	\$153,722.76
Real estate owned .....	103,683.47
Real estate subject to redemption .....	25,971.16
Real estate sold under contract .....	24,644.92
Bond .....	1,000.00
Leasehold .....	27,189.40
Due from Guardian Building .....	3,640.00
Advance to borrowers .....	841.23
Notes receivable .....	8,704.23
Miscellaneous accounts receivable .....	113.23
Furniture and fixtures .....	1,000.00
Cash on hand and in bank .....	1,186.49
	<b>\$351,696.89</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>	
Due certificate holders .....	\$322,473.50
Notes payable .....	2,500.00
Liens payable .....	152.72
Taxes payable .....	4,794.14
Miscellaneous accounts payable .....	50.00
Deferred profit on real estate sold .....	623.70
Undivided profits .....	97.83
Reserve fund stock .....	21,000.00
	<b>\$351,696.89</b>
State of Oregon )	
County of Marion ) ss.	
I, Leo N. Childs, secretary of the above named Association do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
LEO N. CHILDS,	Secretary.
Attest: E. A. MILLER,	President.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of January, 1934.	
MILDRED MARTIN,	Notary Public for Oregon.
My commission expires Nov. 25, 1934.	

## WASHINGTON FOLKS TO LIVE AT SHAW

SHAW, January 12 — Mr. and Mrs. Everett Service and son Curtis of Downsville, Wash., arrived at the home of her father, Frank Simpson, Tuesday night. As Mr. Simpson is in very poor health, reason was given as a cause by Mrs. Service to the present.

Marion Schoemaker returned this week from a three weeks' visit at the home of his father, Charles Schoemaker of Yreka, Calif. While there he worked in the J. C. Penney store, of which his father is manager.

Raymond Sherman, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sherman, fell while playing at school, and cut his knee to the bone. Ray was taken to Stayton for medical attention and was able to return to school Wednesday.

Rose Mary Albus, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Albus, is seriously sick.

BOYS WRECK CAR  
MEHAMA, January 12. — The Bojo boys wrecked their car recently between here and Stayton. The accident cause was a broken connecting rod which was rammed through the engine. The two boys are working for Bill Harris, who is operating a small logging concern on the North Fork, above Parry.