

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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There is something about those born on the banks of the Columbia and who live there, which makes them terribly short-sighted whenever the extreme southern extremity of this state is concerned. They can see Crater Lake and now then Mr. Pitt—if the weather is clear—but anything else is invariably INVISIBLE!

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Medford Remains in Oregon

THE Medford Mail-Tribune was at the wailing wall a few days ago with indignation over omission of reference to the Medford region in Amos Burg's article on the state in the National Geographic magazine. The editor burst out with veiled hints at secession to California: "If the Rogue River valley wishes to register,—it appears to be the only way!" The cause for the omission the M-T professed to find in the fact that the author of the Geographic article was born on the BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA (capitals not ours), and goes on to complain:

"There is something about those born on the banks of the Columbia" and who live there, which makes them terribly short-sighted whenever the extreme southern extremity of this state is concerned. They can see Crater Lake and now then Mr. Pitt—if the weather is clear—but anything else is invariably INVISIBLE!"

Unfortunately for Editor Ruhl he fired before he saw the whites of the eyes of the enemy. He was too quick on the trigger, shooting on the basis of a few pages of advance proofs sent out by the magazine. When the magazine came, here is the consideration the Medford county received:

One full page illustration of a pear orchard near Medford with the caption: "Regiments of pear trees near Medford yield thousands of carloads."

Two pictures in natural colors of Crater Lake.

A black-and-white illustration of bears at Crater Lake.

A picture of gold sluicing operations at Jacksonville.

A picture of a stile over a fence along the Rogue, showing farmer's courtesy to fishermen on the famed stream.

Several paragraphs of text describing the region, including the following:

"Wealthy easterners saw the possibilities of the Rogue River Valley orchard development some 25 years ago and headed west. Today ten thousand acres in irrigated pear orchards cover the hillsides and valley bottoms. Medford, the valley's pear center, ships 3,500 carloads annually, one stream moving north to the Willamette valley canneries, the other to the east as fresh fruit."

Salem and the Willamette valley get no such proportion of space as the Medford country; but we are happy to see the whole state described so comprehensively and accurately as Burg has done in his article.

Of course Editor Ruhl did the amende honorable as soon as he got to peruse the magazine itself. And we hope he has pulled down the flag of secession and renewed his fealty to Oregon. The state needs all its parts, and regards the Rogue river country as an important section of the state, rich in resources, and occupied by a people above the average in culture and intelligence, despite the showing of the Jackson county revolutionists of a year ago.

Game Commission Audit

BETWEEN failure to collect fines and fees and excessive expenditures in operating by the game commission there is little wonder the fishermen complain about getting a little back for their fishing licenses. The game commission was reorganized by Gov. Meier and good men chosen for the posts; but old habits of management have persisted. Now the official audit plus the probing of Chairman Corrigan are bringing to light wasteful practices which impair the usefulness of the commission's work.

The difficulty has been that the game commission was more or less of a football of politics. Money came easy; went more easily. As a nearly autonomous commission, with offices at Portland, it ran the works to suit itself; and was not subjected to the severe scrutiny of units located "under the dome."

Oregon needs building up of its fish and game stocks over the state, not only for our own pleasure but for the state's profit because of the tourists attracted here by fishing and hunting. We believe the present disclosures will result in a tightening of control, great economy and better service to the sportsmen of the state.

Gubernatorial Candidates

WEEKLY the political scribes throw telephone directories at us in the rehearsing the candidates or possible candidates for the office of governor. There is a weekly reading of Gov. Meier's political temperature; and a dress rehearsal of standby names like Thomas and Burke. Sam Brown ended the suspense so far as he is concerned by putting on his running pants last week. Hal Moore, who hashes state politics for the Ogn had the longest list of possibilities a few weeks ago, an indiscriminate collection from an Oregon Who's Who and Maybe.

The public however is showing little fever yet. The political parrots are the ones who seem to be most concerned, evidently anxious as always to "pick a winner". And the public is doubtless wise, waiting till all the entrants are announced before looking them over.

We suppose some one must be elected governor. There's the \$7500 a year salary, you know. But the state seems to have muddled through two or three years with a minus governor; so we shall not get excited, at least at this stage of the game.

Dallas is accepting the decision upholding the lumber code graciously, tough as it is on the men who are turned out of jobs. Lumber and oil and coal, as natural resource industries, are proper subjects for collective control to prevent waste. Timber is Oregon's great asset; and the harvesting of the crop must be made continuous over the indefinite future. The Dallas case seems to be one where local injury must yield to the general good.

Pauline Frederick, actress of stage and screen, has taken her fifth husband; tandem style of course. One of the five was a fifth or sixth cousin of ours, which is as close as we ever got to celebrity. The match didn't last long enough for us to make a call and find out if the bride was a good cook.

So the government actually figures on turning land "back to the Indians". It proposes to let them have some of the sub-marginal lands which it will take over from the whites. If it does there are probably whites who will become squaw-men in order to get some of the land back.

Just after the house voted to build an "adequate navy", militarists come forward with a proposal to establish an "adequate army". An "adequate" navy and army will never be achieved because the military mind always thinks in terms of "more, more".

The Baker Democrat-Herald has taken its editorial on local mining hopes off the shelf, dusted it off and used it again. Doubtless it is back on the "held" shelf again for future use.

Spring Flood



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Broken terms of Oregon high officials: Errors of the Blue Book:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The first Oregon state superintendent of public instruction was Sylvester C. Simpson, appointed by Governor L. F. Grover. Simpson served from Jan. 30, 1873, to Sept. 14, 1874.

He was a son of Benjamin Simpson and a brother of Sam L. Simpson, poet, author of "The Beautiful Willamette." They had been editors and managers of The Statesman.

The writer believes that during his term the office was on the second floor of the present Statesman building, for he had been state librarian, and the state library was in that period here, as well as the rooms of the supreme court and the governor's office. This holds for his successor, up to September, 1876, when all these offices were moved to the present capitol (which is generally called the state house).

Benjamin Simpson was prominent in early day Oregon. He was in the fifties, a great friend of Second Lieut. Phil Sheridan, having had the sutler's store at Fort Sheridan on the Grand Rond Indian reservation. When General Sheridan, after the war of the states, came back to Oregon, to look after his land claim near the reservation, Benjamin Simpson met and took charge of him, going over familiar scenes of the old days in Oregon.

The Simpson family home in Salem was at the southeast corner of Chemeketa and Summer street. The house still stands, much as it was in the old days.

Dr. L. L. Rowland was the second superintendent, elected in 1874. He became in the nineties superintendent of the asylum for the insane, now called state hospital. After him came J. L. Powell, and after Powell came E. B. McElroy, serving 13 years. Then G. M. Irwin had one term, after which J. H. Ackerman had three four year terms, followed by L. R. Alderman, serving until June 28, 1913, when he resigned and Governor West appointed J. A. Churchill, who held the place by appointment nearly two years, and nearly 12 years by election, when he resigned and Governor Flexer appointed R. E. Turner, who held the office from June 1, '26, to Jan. 3, '27.

Chas. A. Howard was elected in 1926 and reelected in 1930.

The breaks in terms of our U. S. senators started with the killing at the battle of Bull's Bluff of Col. E. D. Baker Oct. 21, 1861. (He was one of the world's greatest orators.) Benjamin Stark succeeded him, by appointment of Governor Whitaker, serving from Oct. 21, '61, to Sept. 11, '62, when the legislature elected Benjamin Harding. A paragraph should be inserted concerning the election of the first two U. S. senators, Gen. Joe Lane and Deason Smith were chosen, and Lane drew the long term. So Smith, who took his seat, along with Lane, the day the state was admitted to the Union, Feb. 14, 1859, lasted only to March 3 of the same year, like Congressman Grover as will be seen further along. Lane lasted one year longer. After that, his long political career suffered a complete eclipse, he having cast his sympathies with the south in the war of the states. For some years thereafter, Lane was rather a pathetic figure, in complete retirement on his Douglas county farm. In the last few years of his life, however, in Roseburg, bitter memories having mellowed,

he enjoyed a period of peaceful quiet, well regarded by all. In the last days of the seventies and the first of the eighties he was easily the most distinguished citizen of Douglas county's shire town.

The legislature of 1897 failing to elect a successor to John H. Mitchell, Governor Lord appointed Henry W. Corbett, whom the senate refused to seat, and so George W. McBride, in the upper branch of congress from March 4, '97, till Oct. 6, '98, when the legislature elected Joseph Simon to fill the unexpired term. Then Mitchell staged a comeback; was elected by the 1901 legislature, and died in office Dec. 8, 1905. Governor Chamberlain appointed John M. Gearin to fill out the term, Dec. 12, 1905 to Jan. 23, 1907.

There was a little piece of a term left, and the legislature chose Fred W. Mulkey to fill it, Jan. 23 to March 3, 1907. Chas. L. McNary first went to the senate on appointment of Governor Withycombe, to fill the unexpired term of Dr. Harry Lane, who died May 23, 1917. McNary was elected by the people in 1918, and has been having the same luck ever since. His present term runs until 1927.

The first election of a senator in congress by the people in Oregon was that of Geo. E. Chamberlain, in 1914. The next was McNary in 1918.

The first member of congress in the lower house from Oregon was L. F. Grover. But though he was elected in 1858, he did not take his seat until Feb. 15, 1859, and served only about two weeks, until March 3, same year. This was occasioned by the long pending debate over the admission of the state after the adoption of the constitution, the bill for which finally passed February 12, 1859, and was signed by President Buchanan after being passed Monday, and Grover took his seat the next day. That debate makes up a long and interesting chapter of American history. Bitter political medicine was being mixed, the taking of which was one of the causes of the war of the states.

Territorial members of congress were called delegates. Oregon had only two, Samuel R. Thurston, '49 to '51, and Gen. Joe Lane, '51 to '59.

There were a number of broken terms of congressmen. Jos. G. Wilson, great pioneer citizen and sealer of Salem, and who was largely instrumental in the final round of the successful fight for the location of the capital here, was elected to the congress to open in 1873. But he died before qualifying, and J. W. Nesmith was chosen to fill the vacancy.

For the very next two year term, Geo. A. La Dow of Pendleton was in 1874 chosen at the June election, but he died at Pendleton May 1, 1875, and Lafayette Lane was chosen for the second district, western and eastern Oregon respectively, fended land in that section of Oregon.

Oregon did not get two congressmen until March, 1893, when Binger Hermann went from the First and W. R. Ellis from the Second district, western and eastern Oregon respectively.

A. W. Lafferty, Mar. 3, 1911, was the first congressman from the Third district. The second was C. N. ("Pat") McArthur, grandson of James W. Nesmith, famous pioneer, Indian fighter and war senator.

(Continued on page 7)

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

GOOD TEETH are essential not only to good appearance, but to good health as well. You have been told many times how properly to care for your teeth, and it is unnecessary for me to say anything about that. But I cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of mouth hygiene.



Dr. Copeland

In prehistoric times and even today, uncivilized races had little, if any, trouble resulting from tooth decay. But as a race becomes more and more "civilized" the number of troubles resulting from defective teeth increases rapidly. It is amazing to learn that a large percentage of the people in the United States are seriously troubled with faulty teeth. Almost 10 per cent of the population are so affected and it is alleged that at least 40 per cent of all illnesses may be traced to bad teeth.

Mouth Infection

Heart disease, rheumatism, ulcer of the stomach, diabetes, brain diseases—all these and many more have been attributed to some form of mouth infection. Minor troubles, such as sleeplessness, nervousness and mental instability, are sometimes traced to defective teeth.

There are two types of mouth infection. The first is tooth decay which is most prevalent. The main cause of this is improper cleaning of the teeth.

In the process of germ growth acids are developed. These attack the enamel of the teeth. A tiny amount will be eaten away. Then with the next meal, the same process is repeated and more enamel is removed. Finally a hole appears and the tooth starts to decay. Unless the cavity is treated immediately, it will gradually enlarge. With further infection a pus sac may form. Poisons generated here travel through the blood stream and affect other parts of the body. Shortly another victim is added to the growing list of rheumatics and diabetics.

Careless Cleaning of the Teeth Do not be careless about cleaning your teeth. Brush them morning and night. Be sure, when you finish, that you have removed all the food particles lodged between and around the teeth. If your brush cannot reach a piece of food, a stiff thread will remove it from between your teeth.

The other type of mouth infection is known as "pyorrhea". This may be traced to an injury of the gum tissue, perhaps, to the accumulation of tartar, and a certain pleasing astonishment is added to the growing list of rheumatics and diabetics.

Do not wait until it is too late. Clean your teeth thoroughly every day and visit your dentist at least twice a year. He may save you from many troubles and help to prolong your life.

Answers to Health Queries J. J. R. Q.—What would cause heavy, difficult breathing. I smoke excessively. What would you advise?

A.—This may be due to several causes. First an examination so that definite advice and treatment can be outlined. Cut down on your smoking meanwhile.

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Silver Falls Company

To Operate 40 Hours SILVERTON, Jan. 25.—Silver Falls Timber company has been authorized to operate its saw mill 40 hours a week. Employees of the mill are now working from 8:40 to 4:20. Until recently the mill ran on a 30-hour shift. The local mill has received an order for 25 cars of lumber.

"I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

SYNOPSIS
After three years in Europe, lovely Stanley Paige, young society girl, returns to New York. She phones Perry Deverest, who had been madly in love with her before she was rushed abroad following her father's death. Stanley, however, was not so sure of her heart at the time. Perry realizes, after seeing Stanley again, that he is still in love with her but steals himself against committing himself until his love is reciprocated. Stanley, on her own as long as she could remember, was never sure of what she wanted in life. Perry takes her to Nigel Stern's studio party.



She looked at him with startled eyes. "To the roof, lady, to the roof!" said Drew.

CHAPTER THREE
"Go down Fifth," Stanley told him, once they were in his car, "and drive slower than a snail. I want to feel it—you know, sort of breathe in it. I love it at night like this—all deserted and quiet and sort of waiting." She laughed huskily. "Heavens, Perry, I'm going emotional on you!"

"I'd much prefer your going emotional about me. Any chance of that, Stan?"

She squeezed his arm with a friendly little gesture. "I like you a lot, Perry—"

"You mean I'm nice to have around but not exactly vital to your happiness?"

"Not exactly."

They both laughed. Stanley, because she was amused, and Perry because she expected him to be amused himself again as he had allowed for a red light that he would waste into any affair with Stanley—not drive from any emotional springboard. Comfortably unintuitive about most things, Perry realized in some dim way that Stanley had never been touched by passion.

That neither he nor anyone else had any adequate idea of her emotional potentialities. He rather imagined that they might be rather tremendous once awakened. He had failed to awaken them once. He had no good reason for believing he would succeed now. Therefore, he intended to be not too badly hurt if he failed. He felt that in any love-affair he might have with Stanley discretion was a obviously the better part of enthusiasm.

As they rode slowly downtown through a mildly caressing spring night Stanley was not thinking at all. She was feeling. She was feeling very young and a little excited and delightfully contented. She was riding down Fifth Avenue with Perry at midnight. She was utterly relaxed and yet pleasantly exhilarated. She wondered vaguely if she had had too much champagne and decided she wouldn't drink any more that night. She thought girls who drank too much were stupid. Too much liquor took the edge off things. A little was all right. But as far as she was concerned she didn't need any. She had only drunk tonight to be friendly and to sort of celebrate. She'd probably have a head in the morning. If she did, she'd swear off. She hated the thought of an early morning hangover—was quite sure nothing was worth it.

By the time they had reached Stern's apartment house, she had decided quite definitely not to drink any more until she was thirty. By that time probably everything that was going to happen to her would have happened. There was something a little frightening in this thought. For a second she wondered rather wildly which was worse—never to have had anything happen to you or to have had everything? Before she could decide Perry had parked the car and was waiting for her to get out.

Nigel Stern's studio-apartment was on the top floor of a house on West Twelfth Street. Practically the entire floor had been thrown into one enormous room and to-

night it was filled with the pungent smell of a wood fire, much cigarette smoke and far too many people; they stood about in groups and sprawled on low divans and cluttered up the place with their laughter and their noise and their various accents and perfumes.

"Heavens, Perry—what a lot of people!" Stanley paused just inside the door. She didn't like crowds. She liked to take her people one by one, not all jumbled together like so many goldfish in a bowl.

"Don't let that trouble you—you'll never see half of them again. There are a few here I want you to know. You'll like Nigel—he's probably in the pantry shaking up more drinks. That's Dennis St. John over there by the piano. She's clever. Makes a swell living doing magazine covers. The girl in green—see her?" Perry indicated a tall, absurdly thin girl with magnificent red hair and curiously shaped eyes.

"Lovely, isn't she?" Stanley spoke nervously, perfunctorily. For some reason entirely unassociated with the girl in green she felt suddenly disturbed. Some sort of a dull undercurrent of excitement seemed to be reaching out, pulling at her. She lifted her chin a trifle defensively, her eyes searching the room apprehensively. She knew in some inexplicable way that she was being stared at—not casually or even curiously—but intently and brazenly, with a sort of audacious insolence. Her eyes moved restlessly, halted abruptly, widened slowly, almost painfully. Tall, he was, this dark young man who was staring at her from across that crowded room, and erect of shoulder and ridiculously slim waisted. An arrogant young man, with a defiant, jutting chin and a crest of hair as black and shining as a crow's wing. Fearfully demanding and snatching his eyes were—and there was a bright stain of color beneath the dark planes of his cheeks. His mouth was red too, and looked as if it had kissed many women and found the experience entirely to its liking.

She stood quite still and returned his stare, aware that there was laughter in his eyes and ruthlessness and a certain pleased astonishment; aware that somehow they contrived to be at once coolly possessive and rather tenderly contemptive; it was as if they said to her

in so many words: "You're lovely looking and desirable—and, of course, I must have you—but I'm frightfully sorry to be so abrupt about it!"

"You wait here, Stan," Perry told her and she felt a startled surprise that his voice was so completely undisturbed. "I'll go hunt up Nigel and a couple of drinks."

He went away and she watched him go with distressed eyes, felt a silly desire to rush after him, ask him not to leave her; but she didn't do it, of course. She simply stood where he left her and a few minutes later the girl in green and the man who had stared at her came across the room and spoke to her.

The girl held out a languid hand. "I suppose you're Perry's Stanley. He said you were beautiful and you are. I'm Dennis St. John and this is Drew Armitage. He's from Chicago and has a way with women. Don't say I didn't warn you. This is Stanley Paige. Drew—she came here with Perry Deverest and he acts as if she belonged to him." Dennis put her cigarette back between her lips, smiled at them slowly, and moved away.

"Do you?"

"Do I what?" He had taken her hand. It was trembling terribly but her voice was beautifully steady. "Belong to Deverest?"

"Of course not."

He dropped her hand. She knew that he had noticed how it shook. She knew that he knew how he was exciting her. She thought that she hated him a little for it.

"That's fine. I didn't really believe you did. Let's get out of here, shall we? Unless you want a drink—"

She shook her head.

"Then, this way out, please." His hand was light but firm on her arm. He opened a door suddenly in back of her and the next second it had closed behind them, shutting them out into a narrow, black hallway.

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"To the roof, lady, to the roof!" He indicated a flight of dusty iron stairs that led upward to a hatchway. "Will you walk or shall I carry you?"

"I'll walk," she told him, piqued by the amusement in his voice.

(To Be Continued)

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