

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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## Corn Belt Farm Returns

READING the annual report of an insurance company whose head office is in Iowa we were interested to see how the company was faring with its farm investments. It was always a heavy investor in corn belt first mortgages, and so had to take over some properties in recent years. Its experience in farm operation has been fairly satisfactory, giving a net profit of 3.3% in a very tough year. It may be contended that its investment represents only the mortgage debt which originally was not over 50 to 60% of the farm value. But by the time a mortgage acquires title to the land he usually has considerably more invested than the face of the mortgage, because back taxes, accrued interest, expense of foreclosure, etc. add greatly to the original principal.

Offsetting the factor of "undercapitalization," in other words, getting the property at less than its real worth, is this, that usually corporation management of farms is more costly. Certainly owner-management should be more economical. In other words the man who owned his place should have been able to make a better showing than 3.3% gain on his investment. Doing that in a year like 1933 is far better than the average in business without much doubt. Here is an extract from the report in question which is worthy of study:

"Contrary to what is generally assumed and in spite of conditions that have recently prevailed, the Farm Properties have proven to be productive of unusually good returns. During the year 1932, our Company had, on account of the low prices of farm products, retained its share of crops received for rental, and these were sold during 1933 with the result that upon the mean book value of farms owned, the Company actually realized in cash rentals and proceeds from the sale of crops for the year 1932, a gross income of 5.07%. The cost of maintenance, of repairs, and of operation and taxes averaged 1.74%. This left a net profit of 3.33%. During the year 1933, the results were even better. We received in rent income in cash and crop values a total of \$896,000, which includes some income from crops held over, but we held over at the close of 1933 more in value not taken credit for than the year before, so that this figure is a conservative measure of 1933 operating income and is approximately seven percent on the average amount of the investment as carried on the books during the year. We deduct from this not only the cost of operation and taxes and field supervision, but the proportionate share of Home Office supervision, which leaves a net return of practically \$390,000. This is 3.89% of net profit of that portion of the real estate owned during 1933. A return of that figure over and above taxes and all other costs certainly proves that these properties have a real value as an investment. Indications are that the net earnings will be even greater in the immediate future.

"Furthermore, there has been a steady demand for these farms for more than a year, manifest in offers for their purchase. Last year, our Company disposed of 114 farms at prices ranging up to \$125.00 an acre; a number were sold at prices ranging from \$90.00 to \$110.00 an acre; others from \$75.00 to \$90.00 an acre and a few at lower figures. These were disposed of because they were the least desirable for the Company to hold and many offers by purchasers were refused. The average value at which our farms are placed upon the books is now \$76.74 per acre. We feel confident, therefore, that considerable profit will be realized in the ultimate disposal of these properties which, meanwhile, contribute a fair rate of return to the Company. In addition to the income received by the Company, it must be borne in mind that the tenants also received their full share without being burdened with the cost of maintenance and taxes, and the Company has, at all times, had applications in more than sufficient number so that every property is occupied and many of them by the former owner-operator.

"It is natural to inquire why the Company should have been compelled to acquire these farms of such proven value. It is a matter of public record that this is due to the debts which the owners, as borrowers, had assumed through our obligations in addition to the amount loaned by the Company, secured by a first lien, which is evidence that the amounts which had been loaned by the Company upon these properties were not excessive."

## Columbia River Naval Base

OVER ten years ago Clatsop county bought a tract of land at Tongue point near the mouth of the Columbia and decided it to the government for a naval base for submarines and aircraft. This was done on the basis of an understanding with the government according to the reports of navy commissions by which \$1,200,000 was to be expended in permanent improvement of the tract. But the government fell down on its end of the bargain. A little money was spent for dredging and a little more in constructing a timber bulkhead, a timber pier and three timber finger piers for berthing submarines. This investment is being allowed to deteriorate.

Clatsop county is making a fresh effort for completion of the project. It points out that the Columbia river is a great artery cutting far back into the interior, of such great importance that it is a vulnerable point of attack in its present defenceless condition. If we go on the idea that there will be no more war or that this coast would be immune then there is no need for defenses at the mouth of the Columbia, — or at San Francisco bay or at Puget Sound. But this much is certain: either the government should proceed with the Tongue Point naval base as originally recommended, or else cede the land back to the county or reimburse the county for its expenditure for the property.

Albany has a "Continental Committee on Technocracy" and Roy Hewitt is going to talk to them tonight on the subject of Technocracy. A little over a year ago the papers were full of the subject of technocracy; but it seems to have burned itself out very quickly. The field of ideas seems as fluid as machinery; and technocracy is just another idea which appears now to be obsolete. Well, we do not have to charge off much mental depreciation, because we made no investment in it anyway.

Jim Mott has introduced a bill to insure the O & C land grant counties getting their money. Instead of being paid their lien tax money out of the O & C fund, they would be paid out of the general treasury "from funds not otherwise appropriated." Jim is quite an optimist. With CWA, PWA, ERA, what possible funds will be left in the treasury. But then Jim is versatile; he might recommend the same money as he voted for on the bonus bill, — greenbacks.

Local democrats have formed a "Jefferson" club. Using that name is the prize joke of 1934. Imagine Jefferson who believed in individual freedom, who wrote the declaration of Independence, and who favored only a weak central government trying to swallow the fascist program of the "new deal."

Our paper says that eight "eye" votes are needed to pass the city manager election ordinance. Must be the old quarrel between the eyes and the nose.

The auto industry seems to need knee action in its labor relations.

Sam Insull has been riding out a storm in the eastern Mediterranean. Now he may know the "wall of Jericho."

## "The Time of the Singing of Birds is Come"



## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Still more about old timers in O'Meara letter: Some other odds and ends:

Continuing in this column on Thursday last matter concerning old timers mentioned by James O'Meara in his letter about conditions in Salem in 1857 and 1855, the writer said:

"One of J. C. Bell's girls is alive, and 'Bud,' his son, now lives in Portland. 'Bud' Bell married Miss Sallie Thatcher, sister of the late Mrs. M. N. Chapman. Mrs. 'Bud' Bell died a number of years ago. An apology is due from the writer to Mrs. 'Bud' Bell. She still lives, with 'Bud' Bell in Portland. If she has retained her beauty and charms, she is an ornament to the metropolis, as she was such in the best circles of Salem in the old days.

Something more should be said of Samuel Parker. He was a member of the provisional government legislature of 1848-9; elected to fill a vacancy from Champeog (Marion) county; the vacancy of the late Mrs. M. N. Chapman. He was not only a member of the first territorial legislature of Oregon, that convened in Oregon City July 16, 1849, but was a councillor, and was president of the council (upper house) of that body.

As said before, he was a member of the territorial council in the legislature of 1850.

And again, as said before, he was a member of the council, in 1850, in the legislature that, Jan. 13, 1851, fixed the capital at Salem.

He was again a member, and also again president of the council in the session of 1851-2; the first one held in Salem, and its deliberations in basement rooms of the Oregon Institute. All the time, Samuel Parker was representing Champeog (Marion) county. He was not in the 1852-3 session, which, in the same basement rooms, chartered the institution, Jan. 13, 1853, and changed its name to Willamette university.

But Samuel Parker was a member of the first state legislature of Oregon, which convened Sept. 20, 1860, in the Joseph Holman building, still standing, on the corner across the street and north of the present Statesman building.

Samuel Parker was born in Virginia in 1799. He came to Oregon in 1845, and was in the famous "lost" immigration train that was misled by Stephen H. L. Meek, who was a brother of the famous Joe Meek, mountain man. Parker was a captain of one of the covered wagon companies of the "lost" train. He came to Oregon from Iowa.

Before coming to Oregon, Sam-

uel Parker was a member of the Iowa territorial legislature, representing Henry county, and he had served in other public positions there. He was also a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the state of Iowa. The experiences of Samuel Parker, in frontier days in Iowa and Oregon, would make up an interesting book.

A Salem old timer tells the Bits man that the "John Burns" referred to by O'Meara was Louis Byrne. Some readers will recall that Cy Woodworth, in the issue of this column for Sept. 9, 1932, wrote of "Louie" Byrne, and that he characterized that picturesque pioneer as a good citizen. Mr. Woodworth said Byrne was a baker, and that he had the first cracker machine here; that he was kind to children, including himself (Woodworth) as a small boy; that he had a habit of attending all funerals here, and that his own funeral had the longest procession ever seen in Salem up to the time. Also that he had a fine family, including several beautiful daughters, who were prominent among the young set of the town—one of them a great favorite of Cy's own youthful dreams.

A number of descendants of Louis Byrne live in and around Salem.

What pioneer or son of a pioneer does not remember the Chinook Indian lines often repeated in temperance campaigns? They went:

"Nah! six, potlatch blue lu, Nika teka, blue lu, Hiy, blue lu, Hiyasolo, Potlatch blue lu."

The lines meant: "Hello, friend, give me some whiskey; I want whiskey, plenty of whiskey; Very thirsty; give me some whiskey."

"Blue lu" was as near as the Indian tongue could negotiate "blue ruin," which was the pioneer name for moonshine stuff made from Sandwich Island molasses—or, most any other old thing that would ferment and give a hard kick.

An Indian full of that kind of alcoholic poison was not a pleasant fellow to meet, and the penalties for furnishing it were high and rigidly enforced in pioneer days. Some old timer can give you the tune, or the refrain. (The writer does not sing.)

These were the postoffices of Marion county in 1861: Aurora Mills, Butteville, Champeog, Fairfield, Parkersville, Salem, Silvertown, Sublimity, Santiam City (the last named in Linn county; had before been on the north side of the Santiam river, thus in Marion county.)

Salem, Silvertown, Sublimity and Aurora (the last named with the Mills dropped) are still postoffices. The rest are ghost towns, along with others that flourished later.

The writer is getting on track of Judge Will R. Gay, mentioned a number of days ago. Hoped to find him.

The Riggs-English inquiry is not yet answered, though the writer has a promise from a pioneer that may lead to the answer.

STUDENTS RETURN MILL CITY, March 20. — Many of the students attending college are home for the spring vacation. Among them are Marion and Bob Allen from the university at Eugene, and Edouard Rada from Oregon State college.

## "I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

### CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

"You're an awfully sweet child, Val," Perry told her softly, smiling straight into her eyes with his own half-closed, caressing blue ones.

"So I've been told," Perry replaced his lighter, continued to smile at her. "It would be very easy to love you, Valerie."

"It would be very easy to let you love me, Perry." She left her hand in his. Between them a faint cloud of smoke rose and floated ceilingward. The old room was curiously still and filled with shadows and the drifting little breeze and the steady ticking of the old clock on the mantel.

"I may remind you of that sometime," Perry said evenly.

"I wouldn't if I were you," returned Valerie just as evenly, and she slid her hand out of his.

"That's for me to decide."

She shrugged. "Have a nice time up north?"

"Quite—worried a bit about Stanley, though. She was in a rather unsettled mood when I left."

"Well, she's not now. Quite the opposite. She's going to have a baby, Perry."

"She's going to have what?"

"A baby, stupid. People do, you know." She smiled at him, looked away swiftly.

"So that's the solution, is it?" Perry spoke slowly as though he were thinking aloud. "All this hue and cry about love and desire and little old nature steps in and smacks us one in the face and arranges matters to suit herself." He looked at Valerie, grinned suddenly. "You know, Val, my dear, I'm tremendously relieved—this honesty and whatnot—and then sort of settles things, don't you think?"

Val met his eyes gravely. "A baby usually does, I've noticed."

"And you think it will for Stanley?"

"I think so. She tried to tell me a lot of nonsense about not loving John Harmon any more. I don't know what it was all about exactly—but anyhow she hasn't mentioned it again."

"She won't," he answered, smiling slowly, thoughtfully, "and John Harmon will come back and if she's wise she'll never even let him guess."

Valerie shook her head. "You don't know Stanley, Perry, she's so honest."

"You have lovely eyes, Valerie," he interrupted her irrelevantly, "and an exciting mouth. Sometimes, I'd like to kiss you a lot."

"You wouldn't fool me, would you, mister?"

"No," replied Perry softly, and his fingers found hers and tightened about them, "I wouldn't. Even if I could—I wouldn't."

John Harmon came back the second week in June. But it was Perry who met him at the boat and not Stanley.

"Do you mind, Perry?" she had asked him the night before. "I'd so much rather see him, first—alone."

And Perry had told her: "No, I don't mind at all—but promise me you'll be sensible."

She had smiled at him, a gravely unweary little smile. "I'll be the only way I can be, Perry. I'm not good at dissembling, it just isn't my way, that's all."

And he had had to be content with that and meet John Harmon's boat.

And now John Harmon, his face white with disappointment and nervous with apprehension, was closing tense fingers about his arm and demanding: "Where is Stanley, Perry? Why isn't she here?"

"She's quit; all right, old man,

and crazy to see you. But the heat, you know—and I expect she preferred having you to herself, rather than sharing you with this crowd."

John Harmon's grip relaxed, he laughed apologetically. "Of course. Crazy to see you, to have been so damned upset. How is she anyway, Perry?"

"Fine. You're looking pretty fit yourself—have a great trip?"

"Great. It would have been wonderful if Stanley had been along—I missed her like the devil. D'you know, Perry, about three weeks ago I came near ditching Maynard and turning around and beating it home? We were in Rome and I had the queerest feeling—that something was wrong, you know—one night I lay awake for hours struggling against this feeling that something was happening to Stanley—to us, if you see what I mean. I thought I'd be all right in the morning—but I wasn't. But that night I slept all right and after everything was okay again. Funny, wasn't it?" He looked at Perry inquiringly from beneath the brim of his hat, laughed briefly. "Just shows how a man's imagination will get the better of his common sense, doesn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Perry evenly, guiding his car through heavy traffic, "it certainly does."

Stanley stood at one of the front windows and saw the car drive up, saw John Harmon gather up his bags and leap out, saw Perry drive away, saw John Harmon run up the steps, two at a time.

She turned then and went to meet him. But she had only gone a few steps when he flung the door open and then closed it again, softly, behind him.

"Darling!"

He held her tightly, his arms hard and punishing about her slim shoulders. For a moment they stood like this, then he put her away from him, laughed down at her with eyes that were a little frightened, a little pleading. "Don't cry like that, Stanley, it's not good for you. Besides, there's nothing to cry about, precious."

"I know, I'm a awful little fool, John Harmon. I ought to be gay and beautiful—and excited! And instead of that, I'm all damp and smeared with tears and lip-stick! I'm all right, now, though—truly, I am." She smiled at him, lifting her chin gallantly.

John Harmon looked away swiftly. Suddenly, for some reason which he couldn't explain at all, he felt like crying too. And all the time she was thinking: "I've got to tell him, some time before tonight, I've got to tell him—about the baby—about Drew. And I want to tell him about the baby but it will be hard telling him about Drew."

Yet she knew she would do it. Must do it. She meant to do it first. All her life she had done disagreeable things first. Saved all the nice things until last. It made doing the disagreeable things easier, knowing the nice things were there—waiting for her. But somehow she didn't.

And John Harmon, unpacking his bags, stopping to tell her about this or that, asking her if she remembered a certain little street or a restaurant or a shop, knew with a terrible certainty that he had not been wrong; knew that while he had been away something had happened to Stanley. And terror gripped his heart and trembled in his soul and his hands would not stay steady, nor his voice, and as the afternoon wore on he looked at her less and less and talked more and more—or else he would surely have betrayed the fear that grew within him and said to her: "Whatever it is, Stanley, tell me, anything is better than not knowing."

And Stanley kept saying to herself: "Now I will tell him about Drew, and then, very quickly, about the baby and he will forget

reasoning" as instigated by the editorial comment.

(Signed) ALOPAX.

To the Editor:

For upwards of half a century the author of this brief article has been personally identified with various Evangelical churches from coast to coast. During these colorful years it has been my prerogative to participate actively in numerous revival campaigns in or capacity or another. There is scarcely an evangelist of renown in America today, with whom I have not been associated closely some time in the past. More than a quarter century ago it fell to my happy lot to be attending school in the city of Chicago during one of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's great revival awakenings, and for many weeks I wrought side by side with the illustrious Harry Monroe of the famous old Pacific Garden mission. It remained, however, ultimately, for me to come to Oregon and find in this capital city an evangelist pastor of the finest type in the person of Dr. B. Earle Parker. The two weeks pre-Easter campaign conducted by him in his own church and closed Sunday night, was positively one of the most effective revival efforts I have ever attended. Never a single time during these services did the minister essay to stimulate the risibilities by doing the pavoia gavotte, or hitching a tin can to the tail of a yapping fice to streak through the audience for laughter.

Throughout the services the minister expounded with impressive earnestness the vital doctrines of the gospel of Christ without resorting to vaudeville, hysteria, or other variety of clap trap.

And in my humble judgment, immeasurable benefits have accrued to the church and community as the result of these services which will abide forever.

ALLENE O. HESS.

SEATTLE MAN COMES TALBOT, March 20. — C. H. Barnes of Seattle arrived Sunday to spend a few weeks visiting his sisters, Mrs. Susan F. Kie, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. A. Wintersland, 3015 Barnes is past 78 years old and

Drew and think only about the baby."

But still she didn't. And finally it was not afternoon at all but evening and they sat together on the divan and the room was very still and warm with only the tall blue candles lighted against the summer darkness. And John Harmon's arms lay very lightly about her shoulders and they were still talking lightly, and inconsequentially, about many things—about everything, in fact, except the one thing that hung between them, in the candle-light and the shadows and the thin, sweet, summer night.

Then quite suddenly she was telling him—not about Drew but about the baby. She said, slipping out of his arms, finding his eyes and clinging to them, "I'm going to have a baby, John Harmon—in December."

He stared at her for a minute, his eyes uncomprehending, then he laid his hands very quickly on her shoulders. "A baby? Are you sure, darling, quite sure?"

"I'm sorry, Stanley."

She stiffened beneath his hands, her eyes widened and grew very dark. "But I'm sorry, John Harmon—I'm glad."

"You mean you love me—enough for that—you don't hate me for it, darling?"

Stanley closed her eyes. His hands were hurting her, so hard pressed they were into her slim arms. "No, it's you—who will hate me, John Harmon."

"What do you mean, Stanley? Now his fingers were gripping her until it seemed she must cry out with pain; his voice was as taut and taut as a piece of stretched twine.

"While you were away, try and understand, John Harmon—Drew—"

"Drew—" he repeated the word thickly, dully.

"Yes—"

"Stanley, you—"

"Wait, John Harmon, let me tell you—I want to tell you—"

"I know, Don't tell me, Stanley. I know, I know, I know, I know, suddenly, shortly. His hands fell away from her arms. "It's quite all right—it was bound to happen, I suppose. I think I knew that it had happened." He stood up and walked away from her. He walked stiffly—like a man who was very ill or very drunk.

Stanley watched him go, her hands pressed against her mouth. Suddenly she heard herself talking, her voice thin and high above the clatter of her heart, choked with tears and something dangerously like laughter. "You're crazy, John Harmon. I know what you think and it isn't so! I don't love Drew. I just wanted him—I wanted him terribly—more than I wanted you—more than I wanted anything—but I sent him away. Do you understand, John Harmon? I sent him away. And now all I want is you, darling, and your baby."

And then quite suddenly, they were both laughing and it all seemed very ridiculous and melodramatic and absurd. And John Harmon came back and sat beside her on the divan and held her tightly and the blue candles flickered on the high mantel and the chintz curtains moved gently in the little breeze. And in all the world there was no such person as Drew Armitage. In all the world there were just two people and the sweet, rather terrifying, but wholly authentic possibility of a third person—a small, round, rumple-headed third person.

THE END.

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made the trip alone by stage. Miss Kreta Calavan and Miss Virginia Belknap, who are attending Oregon Normal school at Monmouth, are home for spring vacation.

## AURORA HOME OF FIRST DISTILLERY

AURORA, March 20.—Considerable comment is being about the data compiled by the well known writer of Portland, Fred Lockley, who states Aurora had the first distillery in Oregon in the early 50's. August Adam Wasserman von Wassenette, who moved to the Willamette valley in the early 40's, settled in Aurora, taking up a donation claim on Pudding river, where he established the distillery.

In 1855 he sold the claim to Dr. William Keil, who founded the Aurora colony. So confusing was the name of the distiller that he changed it to John Anderson. He was related to German Emperor William I. It was after he had followed the sea he decided he would make his home in Oregon.

Much of the trade with the Indians was carried on at the distillery, the Indians bringing him provisions and bolts of goods they had secured from the ships that came into the port of Portland.

## Future Farmers Plan for Musical Program

AMITY, March 20.—The Amity F. F. A. Alumni association met the latter part of the week in the agricultural room at the high school. Plans were made for a meeting to be held March 29 at which time a musical program will be given. An outside speaker will also be present.

Mary E. Jarvis visited with her brother Joe W. Jarvis, agricultural instructor of the high school, here Thursday. Miss Jarvis lives at Ontario and was accompanied by her friend Marie Wayt.