

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Great Britain Defaults

FOR the first time in its history the British empire is defaulting on a government obligation. It has notified Washington that the payment on its war debt to the United States will not be met June 15. Great Britain held out long against incurring the opprobrium of default; made full payment in December 1932, when it hurt badly to make it; made token payments in June and December, 1933, and stood ready to make partial payment this year. The foolish Johnson act of the present congress included a clause which defined as default failure of a foreign power to pay in full. The result of this silly legislation is to force Great Britain into default.

The American people have failed to view the war debt situation realistically. In the case of Great Britain the money borrowed from this country was loaned to the allies. If Britain now could collect from the other powers she would pay us. Her unwillingness to make demand on the other powers to resume payments is due to the realization that making such payments would dislocate international finance, and increase rather than alleviate financial distress.

The policy of the United States after the war did much to cause the breakdown of the exchanges. With the other countries owing us vast sums we insisted on payment in gold rather than goods. We even loaned great sums abroad with expectation that these with interest would be repaid us. The debt burden in our favor increased, we sucked up a disproportionate share of the world's gold, then clamped down on further foreign credit and raised our tariffs even higher against goods. The effect was two-fold: our exports fell off, and foreign nations defaulted on their debts.

What will be the solution? It is clear we are not getting any money at this rate, and the Johnson act is shutting off the dribbles that were coming in. There is no court we can appeal to in foreclosure of any mortgage against other countries. War would be a futile and costly process of collection. So we are in the position of thousands of other creditors with distressed debtors: we will have to take just what we can get.

Much is made of the squandering of money by foreign governments on their military establishments. The president uses this as a lever against such powers. The inference is that if support of armies and navies were curtailed the debt installments could be met. This is only partially true. For the military expenses virtually are in terms of their own currencies. But war debt payments must be in terms of American currency or gold. That's the rub, making the transfer into American currency. If foreign governments bought up big quantities of American dollars what would foreign importers do for American exchange with which to pay their imports from this country?

Some day the president and congress may quit playing politics long enough to face facts and effect a debt settlement which can be sustained. An important element of this settlement must be restoration of stability in the exchanges and renewal of orderly international trade in order to promote the commercial health of all nations.

Great Britain did not default willingly. British credit has been the rock on which her world-wide trade was founded. In far quarters of the globe this reputation has enabled the British merchants to succeed. She would not now sacrifice this centuries-old reputation if the necessities of the situation did not almost compel it. The failure is a shock not only to Great Britain but to all credit; and our country will suffer from the unsettlement as much as any.

Surely a government which has made a virtue of scaling down domestic indebtedness will not play forever the role of Shylock with foreign nations; and that with respect to debts in which we had a moral if not legal partnership. We can expect to make little progress on reciprocal tariff so long as we keep our back up on debts. The sooner settlement of the war debt question comes, and international exchanges restored on a sound basis, the sooner will confidence return to bear on its tide the fleets of commerce and the argosies of investment.

New Party Chairman; Party Statement

THE republican national committee has chosen a diplomat of standing to serve as chairman to succeed Everett Saunders. Distinguished for service on four continents Henry P. Fletcher, the new chairman, is a man who should go far to reconcile the various elements in the party. His election is attended by a declaration of party principles—the first prepared by the national committee in non-presidential years. The declaration gives broad outlines of the path which the party should follow not only to regain public confidence, but to render service to the nation.

Henry P. Fletcher is a Pennsylvanian by birth and present residence; but his official duties have taken him far from home. Entering diplomatic service shortly after the Spanish war, in which he served, Fletcher was engaged in secretarial capacities in legations in Cuba, China, and Portugal. He became envoy to Chile in 1909 and served as envoy to Mexico during critical years from 1916 to 1920. Then he was made under secretary of state in 1922, resigning to become minister to Belgium in 1922. In 1924 he was promoted to the post of ambassador to Italy where he served till 1929. His associations at Washington make him a very valuable man; and his diplomatic career should equip him for the difficult task of party management. His personal record, so far as we have ever heard, is wholesome; and he should bring a distinction and dignity to the office to which he is chosen.

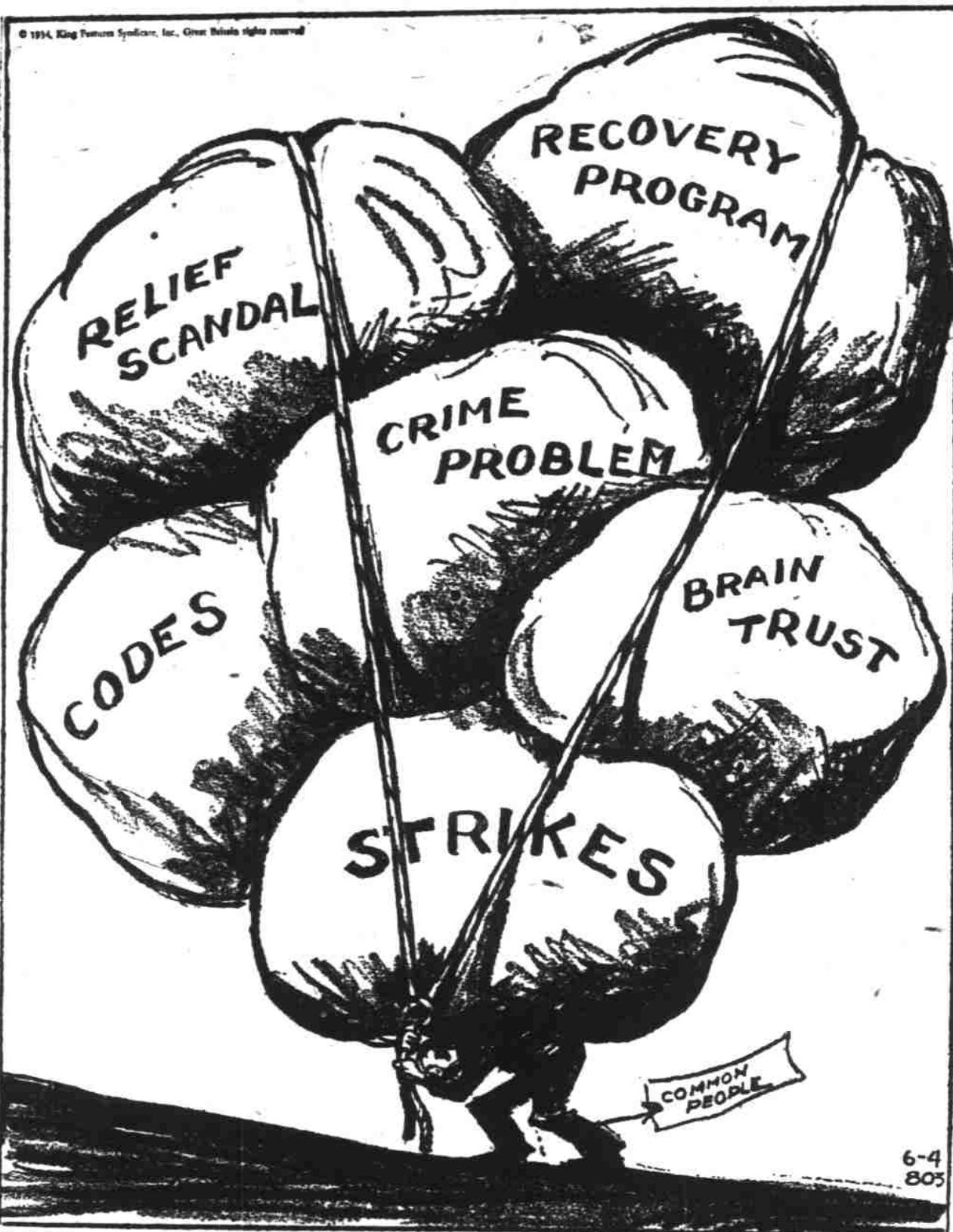
The statement of policy which the committee adopted made clear the party's stand favoring "an economic system based upon individual initiative and the maintenance of competition." While recognizing that the country may have been backward in social legislation, the members say:

"We insist that all of these problems can best be solved within the framework of American institutions in accordance with the spirit and principles of the founders of the republic, without the destruction of individual freedom."

The whole statement deserves careful reading. It gives solid ground for the party to stand on, particularly in its present situation of being the party in opposition to the administration. Under such a statement it can function effectively to set brakes against radical and unsound experimentation.

As time goes on and the new deal machinery grows more creaky, the need for a strong republican party will be more apparent. Meantime "now is the time for all good men, . . ."

The Backbone of the Nation



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Judge Matthew P. Deady: Colorful old time Oregon career; broke new ground, marked new trails in law:

Readers of "Bethel and Aurora" have noted, on page 227 of the book, these paragraphs:

"The third and final decree, made on January 22, 1883, declared that the report of the committee of trustees was 'in all things ratified, confirmed and approved,' and the distribution of the assets of the . . . community 'declared to be a just and final settlement of the affairs of said community.' (Meaning the Kell community or colony.)"

"In the museum of the Oregon Historical society, Portland is a handsome sterling silver bowl, beautifully engraved: 'Wise in counsel, just in judgment and fearless in administration.' Hon. Matthew P. Deady, from the Aurora Community, September 17, 1881, Aurora, Oregon.' The reader will note that this was after the first decree and notice of the dissolution. The bowl was given by Dr. Henderson P. Deady, a son of the judge, on November 23, 1923.

"In effect, the gift is now owned by the people of Oregon. It is a fitting symbol of the breaking of new ground in judicial procedure in America, if not in the world, by a man capable of thus setting a precedent that may in the fullness of time prove epochal."

It means this: legal undergirding was given by that famous pioneer Oregon judge to a settlement which showed that, in one generation, the "impossible" was accomplished—that is selfishness and self seeking were banished from the hearts of a colony of some 1500 men, women and children, an accomplishment that, even to this day, the world is apt to declare cannot be done in a thousand or a million years. That,

in the case under discussion, is proved as having been accomplished, not by the word of a dreamer of fantastic dreams, but in cold legal text, preserved in the big vaults of the United States court in Portland.

What kind of a man was Matthew P. Deady? In this connection, as well as for the sake of other old Oregon history, a study of the colorful career of the man who marked new trails in judicial procedure here in this far corner of the country is worth while. There were other men of like caliber in early day Oregon—Judge R. P. Boise, for instance, among whose many history making decisions the one on the law of self defense made a new precedent that has changed the trend in law books of America and of other countries around the world. Reverting to Matthew P. Deady:

He came to Oregon in 1849, and soon became identified in a large and progressively increasing degree with the history of the territory and state of his adoption. Quoting from an old time historian, "had much to do with the forming of the laws, and in this way has aided in shaping the destiny of the great commonwealth."

Matthew P. Deady was born near Easton, Talbot county, Maryland. His father, Daniel Deady, was a native of Kenturk, county Cork, Ireland, where he was born on Sept. 25, 1784. He was educated in his native land, and when a young man came to the United States, locating at Baltimore, where, June 10, 1823, he married Miss Mary Ann McSweeney, a native of that city, and daughter of Paul McSweeney, born in the county of Cork—her mother, Miss Chester, a native of England.

The father, after coming to the United States, followed school teaching for several years. He had five children, Matthew P. being the first born, and he attended his father's school until 12 years old. In 1828 the family moved from Baltimore to Wheeling, West Virginia. There the father taught a school called Lancaster academy, and his mother died there, in her 38th year, May 31, 1834.

The family was broken up temporarily in consequence, and Matthew P. lived for two years with his grandfather and uncle, working in a store in Baltimore. Later he returned with his father to Wheeling, where he spent his time at school and in a music store, until the spring of 1837, when his father bought a farm across the river, in Ohio, and removed thither.

The son did his share of work for four years, hoeing, mowing, reaping, clearing, chopping and hauling wood, making fence, plowing, threshing with the flail, milking cows, and taking care of stock. But he was an assiduous reader, and he was anxious to go higher. Against his father's wish, he left home in February, 1841, went to Barnesville, and engaged to learn the blacksmith's trade

with John Kelly, an enterprising man and a good mechanic. His wife, Rachel Kelly, was the daughter of a Quaker, and the four years spent in the home of this excellent woman were not without profit to him.

No factory made articles were in use there at that time, and in the shop many kinds of work were done—ironing wagons and buggies, fashioning various tools, horseshoeing and repairing. He had made a verbal agreement to serve four years, for which he was to have a home with the family and to receive \$36 the first year, \$48 the second, \$60 the third, besides six months' schooling; and the last year he was to be compensated according to the progress he had made. When the time came it was fixed at \$84—a compliment to his skill and industry.

Out of his wages he clothed himself, bought school books, and had a little spending money. In 1842 he attended the academy at Barnesville; was complimented by his teachers on his progress; was appointed to declaim at the close of school the extract from Wirt, "There is no excellence without great labor."

In the four years he had become a good mechanic; was commended by his employer on his skill and ability. But attendance at the academy had stimulated his taste for intellectual pursuits—and he remained another four months on his own account. The school was conducted by an interesting old man, the author of a grammar of the English language and an excellent scholar.

When he left school he received a certificate that he was qualified to take charge of an English school, the date of July 7, 1845; an heirloom of the family. Young Matthew P. had incurred a debt of \$30; borrowed the amount from Benjamin Mackall, Barnesville, Belmont county, Ohio, merchant, given without a word or scratch of pen—and paid back within three months from receipts of his first school teaching; and 25 years later the kindness was remembered by Mr. Mackall receiving from Oregon a copy of Judge Deady's "Judicial Reports."

The young teacher was paid a salary of \$20 a month; and in the mean time he began reading law with Judge Wm. Kennon, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, a great lawyer and a good man, Oct. 26, 1847. He was admitted to the bar by the Ohio supreme court. He remained at St. Clairsville, in the office of Henry Kennon, master in chancery, until the spring of 1849—and on April 17 of that year started across the plains as one of the family of a man of St. Clairsville who had been appointed Indian agent for the Pacific coast, with government transportation for himself and family of six.

The arrangement for transportation fell through, and young Deady was thrown on his own resources, working his way to Oregon.

The morning of Nov. 14, 1849, he got out of a canoe on the bank of the Willamette river where the central section of the city of Portland now stands, and took a look

"MA CINDERELLA" By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

CHAPTER XXV.

Returning the certificates to Ann, the lawyer asked: "Did you and your husband, Edward Haskell, continue to reside in Greenville, Kentucky, after your marriage?"

"Not long we didn't. We-uns moved to Cowley County, Illinois."

"Your sister Grace and her husband, Henry Haskell—did they remain in Greenville?"

"No, sir; we-all moved together—worked a farm together in Cowley County on shares fer 'bout two year. Then we-all moved to Price County, Missouri—northern part of the state, hit war. Farm rents war so high in Missouri as they'd got to be in Illinois. We war in Price County four year—had two farms thar, but they war only 'bout a mile apart, so we-uns could be close neighbors like we'd allus been."

"Any children?"

"Grace had a girl-baby. Hit died. I didn't have none—not then."

"I realize how painful some of your memories must be, Mrs. Haskell," said Levering, gently, "but it is quite necessary for you to relate them. Your sister's husband died in Price County, Missouri?"

The mountain woman spoke now in a stony monotone: "Henry Haskell war hung fer killin' a man. You got hit all down in your papers thar, I reckon. The killin' war over a hoss dead. Henry he allus war quarrelsome when he war drinkin', which had got to be most of the time after we went to Missouri. He war'n't like his cousin Ed. Ed he war sober an' steady. He 'most allus could manage Henry, too, when thar war any trouble."

"Go on, please."

"After her man war tuck, Grace she come to live with me an' Ed. We-uns war all the kin she had."

"Yes?"

"Soon's hit war all over 'bout Henry, we-uns moved away from thar; went to west Kansas—away out in the short-grass country—an' tried dry farmin'. But, shucks! couldn't nobody make a livin' in such a country, an' we come back to Missouri to keep from starvin' to death. Barry County hit war this time—down in the southwest part—nigh the Oklahoma line. Hit war in Kansas Grace died."

"Where was your boy, John Herbert, born, Mrs. Haskell?"

"John Herbert he war borned in Kansas, too."

"How long did you and your husband and the boy remain in Barry County?"

"We war thar 'bout two year. Then we come hiear. We settled, first, over on yon side the river—on Creek. We war a-doin' right well, me an' Ed an' little Herb. Then a tree fell on Ed an' killed him. Thar war'n't nobody left but me an' my boy. Hit's like I tell you, mister, John Herbert air the last of the Haskell."

The lawyer, in his precise way, said: "From the available records we have established the marriages in Greenville, Kentucky, and the death of Henry Haskell in Price County, Missouri; we have traced the movements of the two families as you have given them. The death of your husband, Edward, is, of course, easily proven. But there is no record—no official record, I mean, of the death of your sister Grace. And there is no record of the birth of your son, John Herbert. Please understand, madam, that I am doubting the truth of your statements, but as a matter of legal form—purely as a matter of form—can you substantiate by living witnesses what you have told me?"

Ann Haskell's dark eyes were fixed upon her backwoods companion. Slowly she said: "Nance Jordan hiear knows all about hit. She war livin' with we-uns when my sister died an' when my boy war borned."

"Good!" exclaimed the lawyer, turning to Nance. If he noticed the woman's fright, he attributed it to her quite evident backwoods ignorance.

"Your name, please?"

"Huh?"

"Your name?"

"Hit's Nance Jordan, jest like Ann says."

"Where were you born?"

"Missouri, I reckon."

"You lived with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haskell in Price County, did you?"

Nance looked at Ann. "She tuck me in. I been with her ever since."

"Oh, I see," returned the lawyer. "Miss Jordan, can you swear to the truth of Mrs. Haskell's statement regarding the death of Grace, the widow of Henry Haskell, and the birth of John Herbert, son of Ann and Edward Haskell?"

Turning her frightened face toward Ann, the backwoods woman answered, doubtfully: "I ain't never swore to nothin' in all my borned days, mister."

"But you know of these facts, do you not?"

"The market value of that land today is nearly two million dollars. For the past three years we have been tracing John Haskell's descendants, endeavoring to find an heir. Without doubt, Mrs. Haskell, that property, under the terms of the trust, belongs to you, the widow of Edward Haskell. It only remains to make out the necessary legal papers, which I shall attend to at once."

The lawyer paused expectantly. Nance Jordan started from her chair and sank back helpless, her frightened gaze fixed on Ann Haskell, who sat as motionless as a rock, staring blankly at nothing.

Mr. Levering wondered, "What was the mountain woman thinking? What emotions were hidden behind that grim, stony mask?"

When Ann did not speak, the attorney said: "May I add, Mrs. Haskell, that the Fidelity Trust and Savings Bank will be very happy to continue to serve you in handling this splendid property? By the way, how old is your son, John Herbert?"

Ann Haskell answered, slowly. "He air a man grown—so far's years go, I mean."

"Ah—and is he a business man? Is he competent to advise you?"

"So far's I can tell, mister, my Herb ain't competent to advise nobody. He's aimin' to be a poetry writer."

The lawyer arose and extended his hand. "Please feel free to call upon my company for any advice at any time, Mrs. Haskell."

(To Be Continued)

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about the place, while the Indian crew cooked their breakfast.

Young Deady had breakfasted two miles below, at Guild's place (of Guild's lake), where he had remained all night—sleeping in a house for the first time in five months. It was a day of small things in Portland. That evening he reached Oregon City, then temporary capital of Oregon territory.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Naomi Van Cleave is Given Russell Award

WOODBURN, June 6.—Naomi Van Cleave, Woodburn girl who has just finished her sophomore year at Albany college, was announced winner of the Russell prize at the college commencement. The prize is given to the student who has made the most outstanding contribution to the religious life of the college and most advanced the ideal of Christian service. Miss Van Cleave was recently elected president of the college Y. W. C. A. The Russell prize is given annually by Dr. George J. Russell of New York city.

SON TO LOCKES
SILVERTON, June 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Locke are announcing the birth of a son, Harold Lee, May 31 at a Salem hospital.

Old Reliable Method Brings Health to the Sick Without Operation
S. B. Fong, herb specialist, has a bad eight years' practice in China. No matter what you are suffering, our wonderful herbs will positively remedy disorders of the bladder, kidney, stomach, constipation, appendicitis, piles, and throat, heart, lung, liver, asthma, catarrh, tumors, diabetes, rheumatism, headache and blood poison, skin diseases of children and male or female all ailments.

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HAYING GETS UNDER WAY AT ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS, June 6.—Haying is now in full swing in this locality, most of the farmers are busy cutting their hay, others are planning and making preparations for that purpose. Joe and Fred Schwingler who have been in the army for the past three years, spent the week end visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horning.

Plans are being made for an old-time dance to be given at the St. Louis hall Thursday, June 14.

A parish meeting was held at the St. Louis hall Sunday to discuss plans for the annual church picnic, June 24. Several committees were appointed to take charge of affairs at the picnic. It was decided to serve a hot chicken dinner at noon. A musical program is being prepared.

Mamie Vincent, the St. Louis school teacher, and Isabelle Rigot, Fairview teacher, left Monday on a motor trip to San Francisco, and intend to be gone about three weeks.

Leaving now—will call you every evening

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