

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Code and Building Costs

The lumber code has been under attack at the meeting of lumbermen in Chicago this week. Some manufacturers and wholesalers condemn the code roundly, while others defend it as a life-giving charter to the industry. Many of the operators of mills in this territory endorse the code and feel that it has saved the situation for many mills.

The great criticism as we see it is the too steep price increase which attended the going into effect of the code. The consequence is that building revival is checked by the very sudden increase in building costs. Granted that lumber costs were much too low, the wiser course, it seems to us, would have been to step up the prices more gradually, so that real construction work could be encouraged rather than discouraged. Every industry must be concerned that other industries prosper for it is only through general revival that there will be restored the general purchasing power to sustain prosperity.

Right now many new houses ought to be under way in Salem, because there is a growing shortage of desirable houses here. But rents are still at too low a level to justify building as an investment on present scale of building costs. The effect which may be expected is an increase in charges for rent as the pressure for housing becomes greater. Salem has not stopped growing. People move to Salem and we should be prepared to supply with decent living quarters the people who come here who are willing and able to pay reasonable prices for homes.

The Young Man's Burden

At his press conference Henry P. Fletcher, new chairman of the republican national committee, declared it was his purpose to enlist young voters in the republican ranks. When he was asked what his appeal would be, Fletcher replied:

"One issue will be that it will rest on their shoulders to pay this huge national debt being piled up."

There is no smart come-back to that. Either the national debt is to be paid, or its service met, or else the country will default. No honorable person favors default on the public obligations of a country. Then if the debt burden is to be carried it will have to be carried by the coming generation. What will they think about it? The debt total rises now like a fever thermometer.

Yesterday we had a letter from a friend who made the trip by auto from Flint, Michigan to Yakima, Wash. Here is an extract:

"When occasion permitted, I talked with various people along the route concerning their impressions of the New Deal, and in my entire trip, I did not confer with a single man that approved of the Democratic experiment. They all seemed to fear that the ultimate end is to be Socialism and chaos. I think it was quite a coincidence that in an entire trip, I did not run across one man that spoke favorably of the New Deal; particularly was this true in my trip through Iowa and Nebraska where the Hog Allotment has had such drastic effects."

That is the observation of only one observer, to be sure. But it is an honest comment from a young man not a hide-bound partisan by any means. It indicates the country is doing some thinking.

The mayor of Seattle has taken what seem to be appropriate steps to end the strike. He has notified the contending factions in the port war to open the port by a definite date. If they do not agree by that time then he proposes to take action himself. There is no reason why the general public, business men and laborers alike, should be longer injured by the obduracy of groups in a particular dispute. Mediation appears to have failed; prolonged conferences have been futile. Either ocean commerce is to be paralyzed or else action must be taken to permit its resumption. Seattle has had experience with strikes, the abortive general strike in 1919 providing the authorities with a knowledge of how to crack down if a general strike should be called. The general social interest is paramount over the selfish interest either of employers or of employees. Mayor Smith has given the sides ample time to get together. Now he proposes to take a hand himself.

"National planning is needed in business and industry, a contemporary says. We know of no occupation that has a more general appeal than that of explaining how other people should run their business. It appeals especially to persons who have no business of their own and know nothing about that of the others. National planning means nothing except that men and women who know what they are about shall take a back seat while meddlers and yaps put on their performances."—Yakima Republic.

Add the item that the "planners" do not pay any of the bills.

Just see how much saving there is in operating one of the new light-weight, stream-line trains. The Burlington "Zephyr" made the run of 1017 miles from Denver to Chicago in 13 hours. The total cost for fuel oil was \$14.88 for the run. A steam train required 26 hours and the coal consumption is \$255. On the basis of the showing made by the "Zephyr" nothing could compete in cheapness of operation and speed combined, with this type train. Motor transport would be slower and more expensive, airplane faster but more costly.

Governments may work themselves into inconsistencies. Thus Washington has a 40-mill limitation on property taxes, but the legislators passed a law ordering pensions paid to aged. And the court says the counties have to pay the pensions in spite of the fact that the county says it does not have the money and can't get it under the 40-mill restriction. Seemingly a case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body. Public finance is fast coming to be a matter of legerdemain.

The national guard has gone to Camp Clatsop for its annual encampment. Not everything is dress parade and mess for the guard. They are put through stiff work; and hours of drilling and maneuvering in the hot sun make the boys think they are earning their money.

When Clarence Darrow and General Johnson clash a lot of words in the dictionary are dusted off and given an airing. Sideline spectators get many thrills as adjectives and figures of speech are hurled from one battlement to the other.

A New Orleans man says people are in for trouble because their stomachs are filling up with tin. They eat so much canned food and chips from the tin get in their food. The country must be going on a tin standard, so to speak.

An acre of land is the amount estimated as needed for "subsistence homesteads" of part-time workers. To land add a bushel or two of gumption. That was about all the first-comers had; land and gumption; and none of them starved to death or lived on doles.

Now a dude ranch is proposed for Squaw mountain, east of Estacada, where the dude ranch is being located. Gives the pranksters opportunity for fun in changing the signs.

"Boyer urges justification by education" says the Eugene R-G headline. Is this a substitute for Luther's "justification by faith"?

"MA CINDERELLA" By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

CHAPTER XXX.

While Nance Jordan, with the instinct of a wild animal to escape from its cage, stole from the house to roam about the grounds, Ann Haskel and her son went again from room to room, commenting freely now, as they had not done when in the presence of the lawyer and the butler.

In the library John Herbert read aloud the titles of many books, with a brief word or two as to the place and importance of the various authors. Now and then he would take a volume from its place to handle it reverently, calling his mother's attention to the binding, the type, and such things as true booklovers notice.

Ann, as she listened, watched him intently. She did not understand much of what he said, but from his voice and manner she seemed to be drawing certain conclusions. Presently, with a timidity at which her backwoods associates would have wondered, she ventured, "A body'd think you are a talkin' 'bout the Bible."

"As a matter of fact, mother," John Herbert smiled, "these books are bibles, and he explained the original meaning of the word."

"Wal, what do you think about that?" she exclaimed, wondering.

"Hit sure makes me feel about books like I never felt before—jest the idea, I mean."

The young man, with a gesture, indicated the tiers of laden shelves which rose from the floor almost to the ceiling. "Just think, mother, what treasure—what real treasure—this room contains! The greatest thoughts of the greatest minds the world has ever known are all here."

In simple words he continued developing the thought before the influence which the writers of these books had exercised in world affairs, and the parts they had played in shaping governments and in the history of human life.

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body mistake 'em fer what they war, neither. An' I've knowed wimmen jaybirds an' crows an' wrens. If I war put to hit I could name one or two regular old she-buzzards. That pitcher man there, she pointed to the portrait—"a body'd jest know he'd be a man what would have a boss like my Billy, 'cause my Billy's the kind of a boss what rightly goes with that kind of a man. A body can see what kind of a man he is jest as easy as you can see what kind of a boss Billy is. Hit's jest as easy to see thar he fits this year round with all his books, nor wimmen. Jeff 'od a-hangin' thar! Jeff'd jump right out of his frame—he sure would. Jeff he couldn't never do nothin' with my Billy boss. Jeff he jest natchally hater the boss an' the boss hated him the same way. Yes, sir, folks jest natchally belong er jest natchally don't. Now tell me 'bout pitchers like you been tellin' 'bout books."

Starting with that portrait in the library, they went from picture to picture in the various rooms.

To one painting—a portrait of a woman—the young man returned quickly and again he did not comment at length on this picture or that work of art, and Ann, looking at the portrait and watching her son, seemed to understand his silence.

"Who do you reckon hit is?" she asked at last.

"Some member of the family, I imagine," he answered. "You can see what the women of this house were like, mother. She belongs to your generation. If she were livin' now, she'd be a different woman. You must have been like her when you were young—same spirit, I mean."

The mountain woman hesitated before saying, gently, as she reached his side, "Shannon gave me a true picture of you. Every day I have seen it clearer and clearer."

For some time the mountain woman did not speak, then she said, slowly, "Thar war worries at home, son, what you don't know 'bout an' I ain't a-goin' to tell you."

She turned to the woman in the painting: "I feel like an' her might 'a' been real close friends if things had 'a' been different—wish she war a-livin' now; I know she'd help me."

"Help you, mother?"

"He's me to be like her. He's to fit in with a house as this—like she fits hit—like you fit hit."

Impulsively the young man drew his mountain mother into his arms. Never before had he offered such an embrace, and she had not permitted it. But now the demonstration seemed natural enough to both.

For a little they stood so before the picture. "She 'minds me of somebody I know, too."

John Herbert tightened his arm about her.

"I was wondering if you noticed it," he said softly.

The baggage arrived from the hotel and John Herbert was in his room, unpacking. Nance was somewhere outside the house. Ann was alone.

Slowly the mountain woman went from room to room, looking at everything with the wondering eyes of a child in a fairland. She was as one in a dream, trying to make it all seem real—trying to make herself believe. She touched things questioningly, timidly, as if she half expected them to vanish under her hand. She looked out from every window, and tried every chair, and felt the rugs with her feet, and fingered the hangings. Presently her eye was caught by two small buttons or knobs set in a small bronze plate near one of the doors, and she paused to study them with speculative interest. Cautiously she put her finger on one of the buttons. It fitted loosely in a hole. Experimentally she pushed. The lights flashed and she started with alarm. Then she laughed with childish glee. Expectantly she pushed the companion button and the lights went out. Again and again she snapped them on and off and on and off, tickled with her discovery and delighted with the magic of it.

Searching for more buttons to work the lights, she found one that

was different. She pushed it. Nothing happened. She looked at the light fixtures with a disapproving frown, and pushed the button harder. Still no lights. "Must be busted," she muttered, and was wondering how she should go about fixing it when a voice behind her said: "You rang, madam?"

She whirled about. Wilson, the butler, was standing at attention only a few feet away. Absorbed in the mystery of the button which did not work, she had not heard him enter the room. The effect was as if he had appeared magically from nowhere. When she did not speak, but only stared at him with the danger lights gleaming in her dark eyes, he said again, uneasily: "You rang, madam?"

"I ain't got no sich thing. I ain't rung nothin', but I'm a-warin' you, mister, you'd best not come sneakin' up behind me like that. Hit ain't safe. What I come from 'bout allus make a noise of some sort to let a body know they're around."

"I beg pardon, madam, but the bell rang."

"What bell be you talkin' 'bout?" "The call bell." He pointed to the button.

The danger lights gave a twinkle of humor. "You mean that thar little button dingus rings a bell somewhars fer you to come?"

"Yes, madam, when it is pushed."

"An' you come every time?"

"Yes, madam."

"Is thar one of 'em in every room?"

"Yes, madam."

"Wal, I'll be snatched. Hit's jest like I told you, mister. Now that you're here, mister, now that you're here, mister, now that you're here, mister, well have a little talk. Set down."

She seated herself, but the butler remained standing.

"Set down, set down," she repeated. "I'll feel a sight more comfortable an' at home like a drive standin' thar stiff an' straight like you war waitin' to be shot. Jest take a chair an' act natchal. You an' me both a-goin' to live hyeah together, war we?"

"Y-e-e-s, madam."

"Wal, then, we're jest natchally bound to get acquainted. We may'st begin comfortable. Ain't no tellin' how we'll wind up."

The man obediently seated himself in the nearest chair. After all, he was in Lawyer Belden had said, a man of exceptional good judgment.

Fishing in the pocket of her voluminous backwoods skirt, Ann Haskel drew forth a cob pipe and a small sack of tobacco. Methodically she filled the bowl.

The butler was standing over her with a lighted match.

"Wal, I'll be snatched! Right handy, ain't you?" she murmured, between puffs. "Thank you, mister."

He returned to his chair and endured with a degree of composure the measuring gaze of Ann Haskel's black eyes.

A slow smile came over the mountain woman's face. "I'm a-likin' you fine, Wilson," she said at last. "An' I reckon hit's a Gawd-amighty's blessin' I do, 'cause I sure got to depend on you a heap. Mr. Belden he 'lowed you war all right, but you 'pear to me like you war to be trusted with a heap more'n money or business matters."

"Thank you, madam. I may say that I have served in this home since the days when Mr. Belden was a schoolboy. In fact, I came to—the to the family when I was just a boy myself."

"That's jest hit. That's how come you can help me. You been read up with sich as this an' know all 'bout things—what's fitten an' what ain't."

(To Be Continued)

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Recollections of Childhood:
A '49 covered wagon journey:

Virginia Watson Applegate died at her home in Salem, Oregon, March 19, 1932. Some years prior to that date, her son-in-law, Cyrus B. Woodworth, former Salem boy and young man, now of Portland, asked her to write something concerning her childhood recollections, including the memories of about 16 years of her journey across the plains with her people. She did this, and that record has remained in the family, half forgotten by some members of it. A few days ago, it came to the notice of the Bits man, who, believing it worthy of permanent record in print, asked the use of it for this purpose. She had entitled it, "Recollections of Childhood: 1840-1852." It follows as written, and without main quotation marks, beginning:

I was born on a farm just north of Springfield, Illinois. The house where I was born stood just a mile from the statehouse. Around the house was a yard, green with blue-grass, and, in the southeast corner, under some crab apple trees, were many beehives. At the east side of the yard was a gate to the garden. On each side of the gate a tall pear tree grew. In the center of the garden was a walk which was bordered with flowers and shrubs.

One I admired so much, called "Lily of the Valley or Althea," was lavender in color. South of the yard was a lot and a drive way, with a gate at the west side, where our friends drove in when they came to visit us. South of that lot and nearer the city limits was a cornfield. Many times I have seen an old Mormon from Springfield drive in and load his wagon with corn. My knowledge of the "Latter Day Saints" dates back to 1844 or '45. Over in that cornfield there was one large hickory nut tree, where I often picked up the nuts.

Just north of the house was a large lot and at the east end stood the large barn with a well near where the stock was watered. Still east was a large meadow, a pasture or field outside of our field fence, lived some people named Grant. I had only occasional glimpses of them. Their house was a cabin and they went in rags and dirt. I formed a very poor impression of the name Grant that I did not change, until I knew of the General.

Another name I remember that I had a prejudice against was Ike Anderson, who lived nearer town in an old, shabby house and when he was sober father gave him work to keep the family from starving. One time Harry and I found his jug of whiskey in the wood pile; but we were told to let it alone.

We crossed the barn lot into the orchard. We had a fine orchard of apples and peaches, and just over the fence north of the orchard wild plums grew, both yellow and blue. They looked very tempting and many people came

to gather them, but to me they were forbidden fruit.

In the center of our orchard were some weeping willow trees, where my father's parents were sleeping, and also other members of the family. I learned to spell out the names of those dear ones at a very early age, and I thought weeping willows were sacred trees, to be planted only over the dead. (Long since those buried there were removed to Oak Ridge cemetery, a part of father's timber land, and now they are buried on a lot near Lincoln's Tomb.)

Across the road west of our house was father's timber land (our house was on Peoria road). We could see from the house many picnic parties enjoying the shade of the lovely trees and the grape-vine swings.

Frequently mother walked with Harry and me and some orphan cousins that lived at our house, through the woods to uncle's. We found many wild flowers and loved that walk, but I had the impression that it would not be safe to be alone. I think I had heard bear stories and also knew of Red Riding Hood.

The house where I was born, on the 4th of September, of 1840, was roomy and comfortable, with three fire places, one up stairs, one in the sitting room and one in the kitchen. Cooking stoves in Illinois at that early date were very few. I was about four years old when Uncle James Watson went to Chicago and bought a stove for mother, and one for aunt. I remember just the pattern.

Not one of our neighbors had a cook stove, and ours had to be examined by all.

Before I was born, Grandfather Elder died. They lived in Morgan county near Jacksonville. Grandmother had her youngest daughter, Aunt Cecilia, and Uncle Matt her young son and four grand children. Father moved them to his home, for his heart was larger than the house; so there was a house full to welcome me. Those cousins lived with us until I was four years old and then went to live with their father's brother and attend school.

Aunt Cecilia married Thomas Baker, a brother of Col. E. D. Baker. I have a dim recollection of the marriage. Grandmother was not pleased with her son-in-law at first, because he was born in England, and she had no love for the English. Her eldest son was killed in the battle of Raison, Pierce.

Perfect attendance: Jean Burns, Charles and Nancy Adams, Ruth Middleton, Irma Newcomb, George Fuller, Elsworth Robinson; Palmer method certificate, Katherine Lowry; other Palmer awards, Eloise Findley, Katie Whaley, Donald Letterson, Robert Findley, Vernon and Maxine Ott, Jean Burns, Barbara Kester, Jean Crippen, Jane Findley, Nancy Adams. Graduates were Katherine Lowry, Jean Crippen, Robert Kester, and Lucille Cox.

Among my earliest acquaintances were Drs. Jane, Todd and Henry. (Dr. Henry came to Oregon in 1852.) Dr. Jane and Dr. Todd took snuff, and I admired their snuff boxes. Dr. Todd was large and fat and had a very large nose. Mrs. Lincoln was his niece.

When I was about three years old, mother was sick and Dr. Jane was sitting by a table folding powders into white and blue papers. I walked near and he said, "Ginny, don't you touch these." When he turned his head to speak to mother, I slyly took one and went into the kitchen, where I emptied the contents onto the stone hearth and tasted it, and 'twas sour. One of the cousins saw me and made quite a hubbub about it. It is my opinion now that they all thought "Ginny" needed an over-seer.

I remember quite distinctly my third birthday. Father gave me some fine red apples on a tray and told me to take them in to Aunt Agnes and tell her I was three years old. The apples grew just by the orchard gate.

We always had company. Many boys came out with father's nephews and his nieces and his girl friends, Col. Baker's daughters and Judge Logan's. They often wanted to ride on horseback, up and down the born lot, and out in the pasture. Father had an old bay horse he always saddled for them. He said the horse had no more sense than to travel back and forth with them. He never trusted them with thoroughbreds.

Father was a Kentucky man and kept fine horses. I now have a pair of silver sugar tongs which were a premium on a fine young colt given by the Sangamon County Fair in 1837.

Father was born near Maysville, Kentucky, January 28th, 1801, on a farm, and had to take charge of the farm while his father was serving his country with the army in Canada in 1812.

(Continued tomorrow)

AWARDS ARE GIVEN RICKREALL PUPILS

RICKREALL, June 12.—Graduation exercises for the eighth grade were held Thursday with a large crowd present. Music by beginners and advanced orchestras, stung by the pupils of the fifth and sixth grades; and a play "The Eastbrook Nieces" was staged by the seventh and eighth grades, were program numbers. S. H. Robison, chairman of the school board presented the diplomas with a timely address. Awards were presented by Mrs. Pierce:

Perfect attendance: Jean Burns, Charles and Nancy Adams, Ruth Middleton, Irma Newcomb, George Fuller, Elsworth Robinson; Palmer method certificate, Katherine Lowry; other Palmer awards, Eloise Findley, Katie Whaley, Donald Letterson, Robert Findley, Vernon and Maxine Ott, Jean Burns, Barbara Kester, Jean Crippen, Jane Findley, Nancy Adams. Graduates were Katherine Lowry, Jean Crippen, Robert Kester, and Lucille Cox.

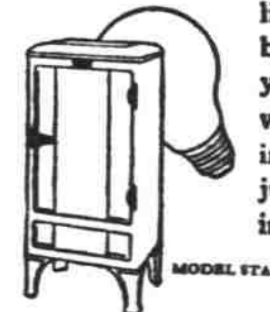
"DON'T YOU EVER RUN OUT OF ICE CUBES?"



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Ours is a Frigidaire '34"

Big, husky ice cubes—120 of them at one freezing, in the model shown above. But that's only one reason why every-one is talking about the Frigidaire '34. To begin with, it has automatic ice tray, release... the trays slide from the freezer at a finger touch! And automatic defrosting... it turns itself on when defrosting is completed! Then, there are models with Life-time Porcelain inside and out... double Hydrator capacity... much greater food space... the Sliding Utility Basket... the Frigidaire Servashelf... interior lighting... extra space for tall bottles... and—come in, won't you?... That, really, is the best way to see just what's happened in electric refrigeration; to learn just why people are proudly saying, "Ours is a Frigidaire '34."



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