

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Trick Statistics

ONE of the charges hurled frequently at the Hoover administration was that it chose rosy statistics for publication while the country was slipping economically. Sec. Doak was panned for the figures given out on employment, or for lack of figures. Other statistical publicity matter was condemned.

Now we see Don Richberg coming forward with debts and credits of NRA which of course show the debit side long. Critics have been quick to pounce on his show of "selectivity" in his statistics. For instance he chose to compare June, 1934 with June 1933, when July statistics made public at the same time, presented quite a different story. July of this year saw recession in business. In fact one commentator says that "Labor day found business conditions as a whole at a point as low as, or somewhat lower than, last year at the same period, which is small comfort for the National Recovery Administration."

Turning to treasury statistics we see the worst evidence of statistical juggling. A double set of bookkeeping is kept up, although the money comes from one source: the federal treasury, which is replenished only from the pockets of the people. Sec. Morgenthau in a recent optimistic statement as to the condition of the treasury, by making many eliminations, said the new deal was costing only about half a billion. And he expressed satisfaction that the deficit would not be as large as the seven or eight billions predicted by the president. That the budget situation is actually hopeless so far as the immediate prospect is concerned is shown by the resignation of Lewis Douglas as budget director.

The new dealers with their figures appear to be guilty of similar practices they charged to Hoover.

Human Failure

SELDOM in marine disasters has there been such a record of testimony showing gross incompetence on the part of officers and crew, as in the burning of the steamer Morro Castle off the Jersey coast when 133 persons lost their lives. Evidence shows that the SOS call was not sent out for half an hour after the fire was discovered; there was no general fire alarm; there was considerable delay in beaching the boat though the shore was only eight miles distant; life boats were not launched in timely manner; in the first two lifeboats to leave the ship were only three passengers; the chief engineer never went to the engine room, leaving in the first lifeboats.

The master of the vessel, it is true, had succumbed to illness while on duty some time before the fire was discovered. This may account for part of the disorganization. But the officer who succeeded him should have been competent to command, the same as a lieutenant colonel of a regiment. Instead there was appalling neglect of measures elementary in fighting fire and saving life on shipboard. The crew showed lack of control and discipline. Rarely have the traditions of the sea been flouted more grievously than on this occasion.

Those who go down to the sea in ships trust themselves to the mercy of nature and to the skill of the mariner. In most cases the men who handle ships rise valiantly to meet emergencies. In this instance the human failure was most lamentable.

New Dunkers' Club

SO Salem is to have a dunkers' club. Yes, dunkers, not dunkards or drunkards. Real breakfasters, who will organize to ballyhoo for dear old siwash. Since there are 21 possible meeting meals a week and only sixteen or eighteen are now occupied with chew and chat groups, there is undoubtedly room for another club.

There is something to be said for this club however; it makes no pretense at being a "service" organization. It isn't washing down uplift with butter milk. And there are no international dues; ditto no monthly magazine. We do not know about the fines for non-attendance. Now if there will be no speeches the club should have no trouble filling the charter roll.

Washington state did one same thing Tuesday. It nominated Lewis B. Schwellenbach for senator to succeed C. C. Dill over John C. Stevenson, King county commissioner, said to be wanted in Buffalo on fraud charges. The margin was narrow however for Stevenson brayed the jackass stuff which so many voters listen to nowadays. And a banker in Olympia had the courage to run for office! He was nominated and will oppose Schwellenbach.

Foreign governments are complaining because the names of their high officials have been bandied about in the munitions hearings. It is no surprise that South American officials collect "commissions." This has always been true there. If a traveler wants to get through customs he has to line outstretched palms merely for attention. It's the accepted fact there.

In Maine if priming the pump didn't fill the gas tanks, it at least filled the ballot boxes with democratic votes. That part of the new deal proved a "success." Gov. Brann was reelected after he told the people how he got \$108,000,000 for Maine from the federal treasury.

A prominent Portland physician stepped out with a furrier's model. Both are dead after a car crash. But the telephone lines were busy on Portland heights yesterday.

While the youngsters have been hard on oldsters in the golf matches at Brookline, Chick Evans manages to hold on. He defeated Chan Egan of Medford, another veteran.

From the number of resignations of deputies about the blue eagle headquarters it looks as though NRA was cracking up instead of down.

Without looking to see the slant of the squirrel's tail, the flight of the ducks or to hear the grunts of an old Indian we venture the prophecy that the winter will be early and long.

In Maryland crab pickers went on strike, later returned to work. It's easy to see they had plenty to crab about.

Silverton Minister Improves After Two Weeks Bad Sickness

SILVERTON, Sept. 12.—Rev. J. M. Jensen, pastor of Immanuel church who has been quite ill for the past two weeks at his home, is reported as being slightly improved.

However, his physician has ordered absolute quiet and permits him to have no callers. According to reporting coming from the parsonage, if this quiet can be maintained for ten days or so, hopes are for his complete recovery then.

The California Problem Child



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An overlooked missionary: Helped build first house here:

Many months ago, Fred Lockley, in his column printed daily in the Portland Journal, wrote the words that follow:

"My father, James M. Bates, usually called 'Uncle Jimmy' Bates, cut lumber for the first houses built in Salem," said his daughter, Mrs. Julia A. Vaughan, when I interviewed her recently in Jefferson. "Father was a sailor, a tinner, a wood turner, a blacksmith and a typesetter. When he was a boy, in Washington, D. C., he had worked for a while in a printing office but he ran away to sea when he was 15 years old; so he didn't finish learning his trade as a printer."

"One of the old mission houses that father cut the lumber for is still standing in North Salem. Judge R. P. Boise used to live in it. It is near what was known in 1846, occupied by Fabritius Smith, who was working for the mills when the party of which Tabitha Brown was a member, arrived on Christmas day of that year."

Lockley further wrote: "Uncle Jimmy Bates, founder of Jefferson was a man who could turn

father's claim. The first cabin built in Jefferson was the one put up by my father, in which I was born on August 23, 1848."

(The mission house for which Mr. Bates cut (or helped cut) the lumber was the first permanent residence erected in what became Salem, and it still stands, at 860 Broadway. Work on that house began as soon as the saw mill machinery that came on the Lausanne in June, 1840, was set up. That vessel arrived at Port Vancouver June 1, and the machinery was as speedily as it could possibly be done transferred to the site. The mill was located a few rods west of the spot chosen for the residence—the Jason Lee residence, thereafter to become mission headquarters—and the floor and saw mill machinery were under one roof. The Lee house was near Mill creek, and nearer the race from that creek that brought water to run the machinery for the saw and grist mills. Temporary shelters were first provided for the workers—one of them, a little log house, long stood between the Lee house and the race near where it took the water from Mill (North Mill) creek. This log house was, in 1846, occupied by Fabritius Smith, who was working for the mills when the party of which Tabitha Brown was a member, arrived on Christmas day of that year.)

Dr. Elijah White, W. H. Willson, Alanson Beers and the other members of the mission party, including Anna Maria Pittman, who was coming out to marry Jason Lee, and Susan Downing, who was coming out to marry Cyrus Shepard, came on board the brig Diana from Honolulu to Fort Vancouver, where they found Jason Lee awaiting them. Dr. White was introduced to Jason Lee by Dr. McLoughlin, after which Dr. White introduced Jason Lee to his future wife.

"Captain Hinckley, commander of the Diana, had brought his wife with him from Honolulu. The day following their arrival at Vancouver, Jason Lee and the members of the reinforcement, with Captain Hinckley and his wife and J. L. Whitcomb of Honolulu, set out by canoe up the Willamette river for the Methodist mission, which was located about 10 miles north of where Salem was later built. Jason Lee and Anna Maria Pittman were in one canoe in which was a crew of Indians who did not understand English. The party camped the first night at what was known as 'the clearing,' where the city of Portland was later built. They camped the second night at the mouth of Pudding river, and in the forenoon of the third day they arrived at Chamboog, where they secured horses and rode across French prairie to the Methodist mission.

"When the newcomers reached the Methodist mission they found 12 of the 38 Indian pupils lying on mats on the floor of the log schoolhouse, stricken with fever. Cyrus Shepard, who was awaiting their coming, served them a dinner of deer meat, sausage, bread made of unbaked flour, butter, cheese and hot cakes and their dessert was wild strawberries with plenty of rich cream.

"Jason Lee and Anna Maria Pittman were married on June 16 in the fir grove near the mission times of California.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health,
New York City

MANY A NICE looking young woman is distressed because her skin is not uniform in color. Sometimes there are large, irregular, perfectly white patches, surrounded by areas of sunburned and tanned skin.

This peculiar condition is called "vitiligo" by the specialists. "Leucoderma" is another name for it. These words mean "white skin" and no better designation can be found. Perhaps you have seen a person with hands marked in this peculiar way. It is just as if you took a brush and painted irregular patches of white over the pink and brown skin.

This peculiar ailment is to be regarded only as a marking of the appearance of skin. It is not painful, it is not dangerous. Indeed, it is of no consequence whatever, except that it is an annoyance, because of the unusual and striking appearance. Leucoderma is a kind of reversed freckle. Instead of a piling up of pigment in a patch of skin, there is the destruction of all pigment in the area. Perhaps we may call the trouble "white freckles."

You have seen a young woman who has suddenly developed a single streak of gray through her otherwise uniformly dark hair. This is accounted for by the fact that vitiligo has involved a patch of the scalp, bleaching the skin and the hair.

No Cure for It

The forehead, hands, face and neck are most likely to be involved. The legs and abdomen are sometimes affected. Naturally, leucoderma is more con-

spicuous in summer than in winter. When sunburn and tan darken the skin of the hands and arms, the contrast becomes more marked. Then it is that the patches appear to increase in size and whiteness. Of course, they are no larger and no different—it is the surrounding normal skin that has changed.

I am sorry to say there is nothing to be done to remove these defects. They can be rendered less noticeable by painting with a weak solution of walnut juice, or of permanganate of potash. Of course, such a preparation merely stains the skin, covering up the glaring whiteness of the patches.

This isn't a form of leprosy. It is not "catching." It is not a sign of any bad disease. It just isn't anything, except a marking of the appearance. Since it rarely appears on an exposed part, this condition is of little consequence. Just forget it!

Answers to Health Queries

Sadie, Q.—What can be done for freckles? A.—What will remove freckles? 2. What will remove freckles? 3. Is it possible to lose five or ten pounds within a short time without endangering the health? I am very heavy through the hips and wish to lose weight there.

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 3. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 3. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Sister, Q.—What will overcome "gas" and sour stomach? I am nervous and think this has something to do with the general discomfort. A.—Proper diet and care should bring about improvement. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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"CAROLINE" By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXXI

Howard was not a patient lover, although he never let Caroline suspect what was in his mind. He felt for her the respect he'd been brought up to show to all girls in his own class and he believed that he could make everything right in time—but that time was too indefinite to be waited for he had awaited their wedding date. At times he hated himself for wanting her so overpoweringly, but he knew that there was nothing else in the world he did want. Ambition had never touched him, or real desire for any other woman. Caroline and ease, and his life would be complete.

Caroline had had no difficulty in securing her old job at the factory. The personnel director had listed her as capable and promising worker. He was glad to have her back, although Caroline was surprised that she'd got the place when she saw that the number of employees was greatly lessened since she'd been away.

She spoke to Howard about it. He instantly took advantage of the opportunity thus offered him to impress upon her the fact that his father's business affairs were in a precarious condition. Caroline understood—it was another plea for patience. But it was unnecessary; she had resigned herself to waiting. Howard's being at the factory—although she never saw him there—made it easier for her. After all, he was working too, saving, perhaps, for their future. And they had almost every evening together—how much better that was than the loneliness of never seeing him!

They took long drives in the coupe, dined and danced at the small inn which none of their friends patronized, went occasionally to a suburban movie theatre, taking their limited pleasure where they found it. It was tacitly agreed between them that to graduate their relationship in the haunts of people who knew them would serve no good purpose and cause endless gossip. Many evenings they spent with Mrs. Rutledge, in spite of her protests, when Philip was away. Caroline grieved for her mother's lonely state. But Alva still held out against Howard and would not accompany them out of the house. She had grown very frail and delicate in the past few months. The strain of her changed life, its disappointments and burdens, had told heavily upon her. Caroline watched her anxiously.

One day when she came home from work she found her mother reading a letter from her Aunt Fern. Her mother's only sister. There were tears in Alva's eyes and a wistful expression in her voice as she said: "Poor Fern—read it. Caroline, and hold out the letter for me."

Fern wrote that she was ill and tired, and would be glad if Alva could come to her for a little while. It was a pathetic appeal, not meant to be complaining or hopeless, but it filled Alva with a great pity, for both Fern and her mother.

"It made you homesick, didn't it, Mom?" she said impulsively. "Well, why don't you go? You need a change, someone to talk to. Father and I will manage all right."

"Caroline, you couldn't; not without money, Wade. And there isn't any money anyway."

"You're going!" Caroline insisted. "It may not be a rest for you but it will be fun for you to see the twins."

"But darling, don't you think she sounded as though they were very well off—I might be a burden. Poor Arthur was never successful."

"She asked you. And you would be a burden—only you mustn't overwork yourself. You haven't seen her for a long while, have you? She's probably as crazy to see you as I am to see her. And it's your old home, too."

"Not the old home," Alva corrected her. "My father lost that long before he died."

"It's your home town, then. And it isn't too far for me to drive you there and get back over a week end."

"You could do that, if the weather was good," Mrs. Rutledge agreed, brightening perceptibly. "I do wish Fern hadn't been too proud to let us help them when we were in a position to do it. I always meant to do something for Jack and Jill—give them an education at least. Now the poor little darlings have no prospects at all."

Howard, Jason Lee's nephew, Daniel Lee, performed the ceremony. Jason Lee then performed the marriage ceremony to Cyrus Shepard and Susan Downing. He then preached a sermon and admitted two members to the church, and he also performed a marriage ceremony for Charles J. Roe and Nancy McKay, three-quarter breed Indian daughter of Capt. Thos. McKay, son of Dr. John McLoughlin's wife.

"Captain and Mrs. Hinckley visited the mission for several days and then returned to Vancouver. Mrs. Hinckley died not long thereafter and Captain Hinckley married a daughter of Senator Mar-

"Nonsense. You'll find Jack planning to be president and Jill aiming to become a picture star. Wait and see! And now let's decide what you're going to take. 'Fraid you won't knock anyone dead with your wardrobe, darling, but with Aunt Fern about to have another baby you won't go out much and no one there has seen a thing you have, so that won't be much of a problem. Let's go right upstairs and look your things over!'"

"Have dinner first," her mother urged. "I've got the eggs ready for a soufflé."

"Mother, a soufflé! Aren't you an angel! I'll have the grime off in a minute and be right down."

Philip was not with them at dinner. "I won't stay more than a week, Alva said, 'don't bother cooking for your other, Caroline. I'll be on most of the time and I'll bake a small ham for lunches. He can prepare his own breakfasts. Do you think you can drive down for me?'"

"Of course. And don't worry about us. Howard will be glad to take me to dinner when your father's out. And I'll be down for you a week from Sunday."

They left the following Saturday, in the early afternoon. The weather was cold but the roads were clear and Caroline held the small car at a good steady pace. They did not stop for dinner but ate sandwiches out of a paper bag and drank coffee out of a thermos bottle at a gas station.

It was a terrific strain on Caroline and when they reached Fern's house soon after midnight her mother insisted that she go right to bed. At dawn the next morning the twins woke her up, crawling into bed beside her. Fern lived in a large old frame house. Caroline had a room to herself, so she played with Jack and Jill until rising time without disturbing anyone else. They were bright, pretty children, with the Auburn hair their mother had missed. Caroline made games of the visit and got them to talk in whispers and another their laughter by pretending their Aunt Alva was a fairy godmother sleeping in the next room, who would vanish if they woke her out of her slumber, and take the presents she had brought with her.

"Present! Poor cheap toys," Caroline said to herself. But the children went into raptures over them when, just after breakfast, they were given to them.

Caroline ate a substantial meal of corned beef and bacon and started for home. Dark clouds had blown up in the east, threatening a storm. She thought she could get to her destination before it broke, but it caught her before she had gone a hundred miles and she drove in blinding rain. Early darkness and dazzling lights added to the difficulty of steering. The roads were slippery. Twice her car went into a dangerous slide. Once she narrowly escaped a collision at an unlighted crossroads.

She had figured the mileage she must have on her speedometer to reach home. More and more frequently she consulted it as the time passed and her weariness and nervous tension grew.

"Encouraging information she got. At this rate it would be late in the night before she arrived at South Town. And she felt as if she could never drive that long."

Her arms were growing stiff and the muscles of her legs began to tremble with the agony of strain. A little more of this and she knew she must find shelter at some garage or collapse. It had been half an hour since she had passed a garage, and it was fifteen long, torturing minutes before she came to another one.

She was resting there, drinking black coffee from the refreshment stand which fortunately for her was run in connection with the garage, when a young man on a motorcycle stopped beside her. He looked at the license plate and hurried inside the lunch room.

"Malcolm!" Caroline choked on a swallow of coffee as she called his name.

"Reception committee," he grinned in relief at seeing her. "Sent out by Mom Stuart."

"How did she know?"

"Your mother got worried and telephoned your home. Your dad . . . well, he couldn't have found you with a car. The old motorcycle did

the trick. You took all in. I'll drive for you. Pretty bad storm."

He had coffee with her and then a mechanic helped him fasten the motorcycle to the running board of the car. He took the wheel and Caroline relaxed beside him with a soothing sense of safety.

"It was more than good of you to come," she told him. "I couldn't have made it." Her voice broke into a self-conscious laugh. "Rescue in the rain," she added lightly. "I think I'll always be looking out for you when the clouds gather."

Malcolm wondered if she was thinking of the day they first met. Well, what of it? She needn't try to make him feel better by saying things she didn't mean. A lot she'd ever think of him when she was with that guy Howard Dunsworth!

He did not answer, and Caroline, sensing the turn of his mind, lapsed into silence. She wished, though, that she could tell him she hadn't intended to drop him any crumbs of pity. She had meant what she said. She couldn't help it. He seemed so infallibly a synonym for security and assistance. To say it, though, would sound like leading him on—for nothing.

Presently the silence and her exhaustion checked the train of troubled thoughts in her mind. She fell asleep. Malcolm saw that her head was jerking uncomfortably with the motion of the car. He reached an arm across her shoulders and pulled her over against him. She slept there, her head on his shoulder, until they arrived at South Town.

Her father came out and held an umbrella over her from the driveway. Rudeley her shoulders and pulled her into the garage. Caroline was inside the house before she realized that she had not said goodnight to him. She started to the door to see if it was too late to call to him when the telephone rang and her father said: "That's Howard. He's phoned every half hour since dark."

Caroline went to answer it. In relieving Howard's anxiety she forgot about Malcolm. And though she tried at every opportunity for several days to see him and thank him he avoided her more purposefully than ever. That drive had proved to him anew that he had only to be slumber, and she had rejected the desire to take her in his arms and hold her there forever. One night he weakened and told her father he'd be glad to drive for her when she went to bring her mother home.

Malcolm's house was a message to Caroline, but she had to reject the offer because Howard had already demanded that she allow him to accompany her.

Caroline objected on the ground that she would be a burden and she did not wish to give Gwen a reason to bring false accusations against her.

Howard thought it a coolly deliberate conclusion for a girl in love to reach. "At times," he said recklessly, "I wonder if you are in love with me, Caro!"

"Do I have to become involved in a scandal to prove it?" she retorted.

"It was a scandal," Howard answered. "If he told her the truth she would have to admit that Gwen didn't know he was seeing her again—that he had lied about that. And yet he did not react as if he could never carry out his plan."

After a moment he said thoughtfully: "I suppose I should have told you before, but I wanted to be certain. I think Gwen is about ready to listen to reason. We're leading two separate lives as it is. We don't even dine together any more, even when I'm not with you. As a matter of fact I don't believe she will know I'm away and if she did I doubt if she'd care."

Caroline saw no reason for disbelieving him. Certainly Gwen didn't was not interfering with his freedom. That had seemed strange to her, since Howard had said Gwen didn't was jealous of her. Thinking it over she had come to believe that Gwen didn't would accept almost any condition rather than have Howard leave her. "Just hanging on for spite and what little glory she gets out of his name," she concluded.

Nevertheless she could not endure the thought of putting herself at Gwen's mercy. Howard's words were encouraging. "Oh, if she only could be fair!" she exclaimed hopefully.

(To Be Continued)

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"Uncle Jimmy Bates, having been an able seaman, was employed in helping W. H. Willson and Alanson Beers bring the goods shipped by the Diana from Port Vancouver to Chamboog by Indian canoes and thence on pack horses to the site of Salem. (Ox wagons instead of pack horses were used, or at least mostly used.) He was also employed in helping to build a schoolroom for the Indian students."

"On January 20, 1837, another reinforcement to the Methodist mission left Boston on the ship Samatra. They arrived at Vancouver on September 7, 1837. This reinforcement consisted of the Rev. David Leslie of Salem, Mass., with his wife and three daughters. (Turn to page 7)



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