

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
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Sam Brown on Joe Dunne

THAT was quite a mouthful of sour grapes which Sam H. Brown delivered into the microphone Thursday night in his attack on Joe E. Dunne, republican candidate for governor. Dunne has his faults but cherishing animosities is not one of them. We are very confident that if Brown had been in first place and Dunne in second, the first person to have congratulated Brown would have been Joe Dunne; and one who would be in the thick of the campaign for Brown's election would have been this same Joe Dunne.

Dunne has his faults. We are not blind to them. He also has some virtues. He is not dumb; he is not stubborn; he is not conceited. He is animated by a sincere desire to serve and serve well the people of this state. He knows the people of this state better than any one of the candidates. He is better acquainted with the problems of the people than any other candidate, because his interests and his contacts are much more diverse.

Brown complains that Dunne tried to induce his support by proffers of political appointment. The fact is that Dunne wanted Brown as a "member of his official family." He told this writer that immediately after the primaries, expressing high personal respect for Brown and admiration for the fine race he made in the primaries. Dunne has made no secret of that regard or of that desire. It does credit to him and to Brown.

We believe Dunne's legislative record will compare favorably with that of almost any other senator. As a member of the senate he was never accused of being a tool of vested interests. That is an afterthought. Dunne was remarkably independent both in his views and in his votes. Criticism of the \$5 license fee comes pretty much of an afterthought too; because the drive among the people for a lower license fee was tremendous, so great in fact that Gov. Meier in effect granted a moratorium on high license fees for a time. And it may be safely predicted the state will not go back to a higher scale of fees, in view of the \$3 fees in Washington and California.

We agree that Dunne is too ready with "promises." We have criticized him for this before. He takes in too much territory. But we are inclined to think that many of his advertised "promises" have not been promises at all; but genuine expressions of interest in, understanding of, and sympathy with the complaints, needs and problems of the people of Oregon. Not only that, but a determination to do his utmost to hasten a solution of these problems. We do not believe the masses of his hearers put other interpretations on his words, because Dunne speaks in plain language. Unfriendly or hostile interests however may seize these expressions of sympathy and magnify them into "promises." We will say this for Dunne that he will make every effort to effect a solution to pressing problems; that he will continue as human and approachable after he is elected governor, provided he is elected, as he is now; and he will throw all of his amazing energy into his job.

With all his ebullience and effervescence and in spite of being erratic in many ways, Dunne keeps his feet planted rather firmly on solid ground. We know of no one who controls him. Dunne will make mistakes as governor; but we believe if elected he will make a record of very creditable accomplishment.

It is easy to make personal attacks upon the candidates. If Sam Brown had been the republican nominee it is easy to imagine the personal attacks which might have been made upon him from some sections of the democratic press. Our experience in politics is that personal attacks usually prove boomerangs. We anticipate about the same result from this verbal discharge by Sam Brown on Joe Dunne.

Up the Siuslaw

TAKE a road map of western Oregon. The Pacific highway from Portland to Grants Pass is like a spine (shows some curvature of course). The ribs are the roads west to the Pacific and east to the mountain passes. The road down the Columbia to Astoria is more like a collar bone than a rib; but the "ribs" are numerous from the McMinnville-Tillamook road clear down to the road from Grants Pass to Crescent City. These "ribs" as a rule follow down the coastal streams by easy grades and find low passes over the coast mountains.

One of the newer of these "rib" roads is the one down the Siuslaw to Florence. Much of it is an old road; but the lower end, from Mapleton to Florence down the river has been finished only recently. We traveled the length of the road from Florence to the Willamette valley the other day; and want to say that it is one of the beautiful roads of Oregon.

The lower road parallels the Siuslaw, an interesting tidal stream clear to Mapleton, and after leaving the river the road follows interesting mountain creeks nearly all the way to Triangle lake. The valley is narrow, like the Alsea, with homes and small dairy farms crowded between river and hills. At this season the foliage is very beautiful,—the yellow of alder and the red of vine maple glowing against backgrounds of green fir and cedar. Streams are very low now; but in rainy weather they must be quite picturesque dashing down over their rocky beds. The newer portion of the road is up to excellent standards of engineering. It is surfaced with gravel now; but later will probably be oiled. It is a comfortable road to drive.

This Siuslaw highway will make another staunch "rib" in the road system of the state. It will be valuable for local travel. It will also prove a delightful drive for those wishing to make loop trips to the coast.

An Editor Gets Fired

SO they fired an editor at the university. Free speech and academic freedom were completely disregarded while the campus council tied the can to an editor who spoke his mind. The action will come as a great surprise, because the comments of the editor who has just been made to walk the plank were in milder tone than many others in previous years, dealing with similar "political" questions.

Apparently it is all right to cut the hide of the chancellor into strips daily. Then the editor gets a pat on the back and three cheers are given for academic freedom and liberty of the press. But this editor went farther and scuffed the skins of the president of the state board of higher educa-

He'll Never Get Anywhere at This Rate



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

McKay's early Oregon: Lachley interviews grandson of Charles, whose name ought to be on Champeos monument.

(Continuing from yesterday): There is no doubt that Charles McKay was the man so repeatedly called McRoy or C. McRoy.

There is none, either, that Charles McKay was at the "wolf meetings," and that he was appointed on the committee of 12.

That he was at the May 2 meeting is evidenced by the fact that he was made one of the three captains chosen there. And by the further fact that he was on the committee of 12 calling the meeting. And his affirmative vote is made quite certain by the same circumstance. It is against probability that he would vote against the project he helped to set on foot, or refuse to vote at all and withdraw from the meeting, as most of those present and not favoring the movement did.

That he was present at the July 5 meeting is certain. His presence is thoroughly attested by the circumstance that he made the motion to adopt article 3 of the proposed constitution when it was up for consideration by sections. The article reads:

"Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged. The utmost good faith shall always be observed towards the Indians. Their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property rights, and liberties, they shall never be invaded or disturbed, unless in just and lawful wars, authorized by the representatives of the people; but laws founded in justice and humanity shall from time to time be made for preventing injustice being done to them, and for preserving peace and friendship with them."

That Charles McKay should be especially interested in this article of what may be termed the bill of rights of Oregon's provisional government constitution is accounted for by the fact that ostensibly Indian blood ran in the veins of his wife, and certainly that this was the case with Capt. Thomas McKay, who the writer assumes was his cousin. It is assumed, also, that Charles McKay, being high class Scotch, believed "religion, morality and knowledge" are "necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind," and that in Oregon schools and the means of education ought to be forever encouraged.

There is ample evidence in after events that Charles McKay was on the side of the majority favoring good and orderly, and American, government.

When, after the Whitman massacre, it became necessary for the provisional government, which he had sided in being better organized and one of the candidates for governor; not severely at all, but enough to irritate. Suddenly the campus politicians crack down on the editor and kick him clear out.

The worst we could say about the two editorials in question were that they were in bad taste and false in their inference. But the university paper has previously published so many editorials more severe and more critical, and we have sometimes felt, with inadequate justification, that it is surprising to see this young editor who has hardly gotten his chair warm, kicked out without ceremony.

In view of the previous leniency of the campus bosses on "political" editorials the action of the ruling council in ousting Editor Polivka seems chiefly political, prompted by fear the university might suffer reprisals from those criticized. That is quite a descent from the heroics over academic freedom of a year ago.

ized for the protection of the settlers, to punish the murderers, he responded instantly and loyally to the call of that government.

There was danger that the Cayuse murderers and their tribesmen and allies might come to the Willamette valley settlements and attempt to wipe out all the whites, which was their design.

Some of the settlers, especially among the new arrivals of that year's immigration (1847), were having a time fearful concerning how the Frenchmen with Indian wives and half-caste children would act in the event of such a hostile invasion.

But not for long. Witness this:

When the call for volunteers came from the provisional government, Thomas and Charles McKay immediately settled all doubts on that ticklish point that was a running jitters feeling up and down the spines of our pioneer fathers and mothers.

The district, loosely, from below Butterfield up to near Salem on the east side of the Willamette was known as French Prairie, because the French Canadians with Indian and part Indian wives had been settling there since before 1825.

Thomas McKay, noted stout and leader of Hudson's Bay company brigades, though then far from having his prime strength, owing to a brace of the same or tuberculosis, hurried to French Prairie, probably accompanied by Charles McKay.

Judge J. W. Grimm, eminent pioneer, then newly arrived with the immigration of 1847 (his wife a Geer), and on his land claim in "Lower French Prairie," wrote in his memoirs of how Thomas McKay, mounted and riding through that district, harangued the French Canadians in Chinook, the court language of our pioneer era. Judge Grimm recorded that in an hour's time, Thomas McKay had 24 men in his proposed company, ready to go. Eva Emory Dye described the scene grandly in her "McLaughlin and Old Oregon."

When mustered and organized, that company had for its officers: Thomas McKay, captain; Charles McKay, first lieutenant; Alexander McKay, second lieutenant; Edward Dupuis, orderly sergeant; George Montour, Baptiste Dorion, David Crawford and Gideon Pion, duty sergeants. And the names of the privates read like a directory of the men of the time on French Prairie. Baptiste Dorion, the history minded reader will recall, was the oldest son of the famous Dorion Woman, Sacagawea of the and party of the Astor expedition.

There was no delay in the French Prairie company getting to the scene of activities. It was Company D of the citizen soldiers in the Cayuse war, and every man was mounted on his own horse, equipped at home, and the com-

pany fully provisioned by the loyal neighbors, who well knew what was needed in a campaign against hostile Indians.

D company was among the first at the danger point, whether the Cayuse and their tribesmen and allies were hurrying to make the next onslaught of intended wholesale massacre of the whites.

The French Prairie contingent rode out to be one of the first to receive the advance guards of the murderous Cayuses and their fellows intent upon destruction, in the vicinity of The Dalles.

Great Eagle, medicine man of the Cayuse tribe, showed himself tauntingly, boasting that he was invulnerable; that he could swallow the bullets fired at him.

With his silver mounted rifle in his shoulder, Captain Thomas McKay gave Gray Eagle a piece of lead that quieted forever his boasts.

Five Crow, Cayuse chief, the one to whom had been given Lorraine Bewley for his white wife after the Whitman massacre, in order to gain his friendship to the cause of the murderers, was with Gray Eagle, and making himself conspicuous with hostile demonstrations.

So Charles McKay took a shot at him, shattering his arm, and putting him out of commission for the duration of the war. Five Crow had pretended friendship to the whites, and that he knew nothing of the intended massacre. But he was peevish because Peter Skene Ogden, made him give up Miss Bewley, who had been a teacher at the Whitman mission, when the rest of the captives were ransomed.

Capt. and First Lieut. McKay thus drew the first Indian blood that was shed in the Cayuse war.

The writer renews his contention that a new monument should replace the present one at Champeos Park; and wishes to add that if names are to be engraved there on, that of Charles McKay ought to occupy an honored place in the list.

WINNERS IN GOLF FIRST FLIGHT TOLD

WOODBURN, Oct. 12. — The women of the Woodburn Golf club have finished the first round of their annual fall tournament and the winners are as follows:

In the championship 18-hole event Mrs. E. M. Austin won from Mrs. L. Shorey 4 and 3; Mrs. Wayne B. Gill from Mrs. John Hunt 5 and 3; Mrs. Blaine McCord from Mrs. A. J. Beck 7 and 6; Mrs. Robert Harper from Mrs. W. P. Leonard 5 and 4; Mrs. Gerald Smith from Dorothy Austin by default; Mrs. R. L. Guise from Mrs. Burton Willeford 4 and 3; Mrs. Clyde Custer from Mrs. M. D. Henning 5 and 3; Mrs. Mary Scollard from Mrs. John Smolinsky on the 19th hole.

In the second flight Mrs. Sumner Stevens won from Mrs. Ray Glatt 1 up; Mrs. A. B. Adkinson won from Mrs. George C. Beecher 1 up. Patings for the second round which will be played this week are Championship flight, Mrs. Smith vs. Mrs. Austin; Mrs. Smith vs. Mrs. McCord; Mrs. Harper vs. Mrs. Gill; Miss Scollard vs. Mrs. Custer. First flight: Mrs. Henning vs. Mrs. Smolinsky; Mrs. Willeford vs. Mrs. Shorey; Miss Austin vs. Mrs. Leonard; and Mrs. Beck vs. Mrs. Hunt. Second flight, Mrs. Stevens vs. Mrs. Adkinson.

MANY TAKE COMMUNION

BUENOS AIRES, Oct. 11. — Two hundred fifty priests gave Communion to 10,000 children gathered today in Palermo park, open air cathedral of the 32nd Eucharistic congress. Enough adults accompanied the children to swell the total to an estimated 150,000.

GIRL IN THE FAMILY By BEATRICE BURTON

SUSAN BRODERICK, young and pretty member of a poor but aristocratic family, is engaged to Wallace Steffen, promising young banker. Susan is exceptionally fond of Wallace but not sure that she loves him. Although she doesn't realize it, Susan is more attracted by Allen Sholes, the new roomer, whom her snobbish relatives ignore. Uncle Worthy, his wife Edna and Aunt Lottie, still consider themselves the cream of society and will not tolerate anyone they regard beneath them. That is why they discourage Susan's and John's (her brother) friendship for Uncle Arthur Cullen and his family, their late mother's relatives. A few days before Christmas, John, tired of his relatives' superior attitude, upbraids them for being snobbish. He stalks out of the room, asking Susan to go with him to the Cullens, who were always ready for company, leaving family disapproval, Susan refuses. Just then Allen appears and John invites him to go to a place where there's "real" people. Wallace calls but Susan cannot warm to his caresses. He spends the evening at the Country Club house he is interested in for their future home, but Susan is not enthusiastic for the reason that the present owners are forced to give it up because of financial reverses. Christmas morning, Morris Broderick, Susan's father, stuns the family with the news that he is to marry Mrs. Hopper, a widow. John chides Allen to the Cullen's for dinner, leaving Susan to help entertain her aunts and uncle's guests. That afternoon, Sara Cullen phones asking Susan to leave the old folks and join them while she is dressing. Susan, not thinking of Allen, hoping something will make him look at her the way men do her cousin, Mary.

CHAPTER IV

When Susan came running downstairs in her hat and coat Mr. Hulme, one of Uncle Worthy's cronies, was at the piano singing "Rose in The Bud" and playing his own accompaniment in a good wooden fashion, as if all of his fingers were the same length.

She stood in the hall doorway, trying to catch Aunt Edna's eye across the crowded room but Aunt Edna was beaming evenly at everybody as she turned Mr. Hulme's music for him and she had no eyes for Susan. This was the big day of Aunt Edna's year—the day when the town's "best people" came back to Center Street and made her feel that Brodericks were "somebody" in spite of their falling fortunes.

"Rose in the bud," sang Mr. Hulme. "The Jew air's wahn and tender."

Susan waited for him to finish, and as she waited her courage left her. "I'll just say that I'm going home to Collins, and then go, she had kept telling herself. She knew that it wouldn't be so easy as all that. It wouldn't be at all easy to get away. It was going to be very hard. Susan could not wonder that she had a "compulsion" if she announced that she was leaving the house, and she would probably stop her just as she had often stopped her from doing things in the past. "What we're wanting your engagement to everyone," she would say. "You can't leave, Susan."

Mr. Hulme's rich tenor voice followed Susan as she went down the steps and he called her name into the soft gray Christmas twilight.

"Life is so short, " "And love is all, I'm thinking."

At the corner of Mills Road and Center Street three figures that she knew came leaping up out of the dusk that made every shadow large and indistinct; John and Mr. Sholes and Mary Cullen. Mary was between the two men, holding Mr. Sholes by one arm and saying something that made him laugh. "She probably knows him better right now than I ever shall," thought Susan as they came up to her.

The Cullen house was lit from top to bottom, the Christmas tree in the downstairs drawing room casting their shadows on the snow outside, and in the living room a wood fire raged in reflection on the ceiling. The chairs were set in the wide white shag that ran along one side of the tiny room the had a

shelf had been lighted, and the holiday spirit seemed to reign over the whole room. In the kitchen Sara was getting supper ready with the help of two young men who had aprons tied around their waists. They got up from the table where they were slicing cold turkey and rye bread and stood in attitude of easy expectation as the others entered the room.

"Susan, you know these people," Sara said, waving a wise open in their direction, and Susan shook hands with them. They were part of the Cullen's "crowd" of young people who were constantly dropping in to stay for a meal or to ask the girls to go with them to the movies or to hockey game or a dance. Jim Albright, a quiet dark young man

sudden feeling that someone was looking at her. She turned her head. Allen Sholes was standing just behind her in the doorway, a silver pitcher in his hands. "They sent me in to get the water," he said. He was so close to her that she could see that his eyelashes were thick and straight, as a man's lashes ought to be, and that he was a full head taller than she. He smiled down at her with that look of lightness and humor that is lacking in so many handsome faces.

"Let me help you with these things," he said. He lifted the two bowls of salad dressing out of the refrigerator for her and bent over to get the water bottles from the bottom shelf. Under the blue serge of his coat his muscles rippled a little as



"Susie Broderick, is this any way for an engaged girl to act?" came Mary's gay voice from the doorway.

who laughed at the things the others said but talked very little himself, was one of Mary's admirers. He lifted the two bowls of salad dressing out of the refrigerator for her and bent over to get the water bottles from the bottom shelf. Under the blue serge of his coat his muscles rippled a little as

she moved and Susan noticed now smooth and firm the column of his neck was above his collar. All at once she had a strong impulse to run her hand across it, an impulse to lay her cheek against the big shoulder that was so close to her. It was a feeling entirely new in her experience. Never before had she had such the slightest desire to touch any human being.

She turned her back upon him and began to put the salad vegetables together in the large green glass bowl that stood beside the pile of plates. She heard the gurgle and splash of the water as he supplied it under the silver pitcher. Then he went out of the room.

In a moment he was back. "I suppose I'd better refill these bottles," he said, picking the two water bottles up from the shelf where he had set them.

But he made no move to carry them out to the sink in the kitchen. He stood close to her watching her pile the plates with salad.

"I'll carry those in when they're ready," he said.

"Thanks," answered Susan, and could think of nothing else to say to him. For days she had been trying to find an opportunity to talk to him, to find out all sorts of things about him, to listen to his voice, to watch his face. And now that she had the opportunity she could do nothing with it but stand, tongue-tied, with her head bent over her salad so that all he could see of her was the sweep of her hair and the shadow of her eyelashes on her cheek.

"Susie Broderick, is this any way for an engaged girl to act?" came Mary's gay voice from the doorway. "Covering a perfectly nice man part-time partner for the evening!" I asked Jim Albright once last night. Be nice to him, will you, and let what's mine alone!"

(To Be Continued)

INTER-CLASS SPORT EVENTS EMPHASIZED

STAYTON, Oct. 12. — The inter-class program of sports events got under way Wednesday with the sophomore class, defeating the senior class in touch-football 10-0, by a score of 6-0. Darby caught a pass to score in the final seconds of the game.

The winning class for each event received 10 points, second place 7 points, third place 5 points and fourth place 1 point. The class having the highest total at the end of the year is the champion and is presented a pennant by the losing class.

Other events for the year will be horseback pitching, basketball, volleyball, baseball, softball, track, cross-country, ping pong and tennis. All events are run on as a part of the boys' physical education program under the direction of Coach Deal and three assistant managers.

Rockaway Pair Admit Setting Big Fire, Claim

TILLAMOOK, Ore., Oct. 12. — James M. Jenkins, Rockaway baker, and George A. Valentine, were held in jail here tonight for questioning before the grand jury, following their confession that they started the \$50,000 Rockaway fire on August 31, according to a word from police.

Jenkins assertedly signed a confession admitting that he hired Valentine to start the blaze in his bakery so that he might collect the insurance. Police said that Valentine also confessed to his part in the crime.

The blaze destroyed a large portion of the Rockaway business section before it finally was placed under control.

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

WITHIN RECENT years worldwide efforts have been made for the rehabilitation of deformed and crippled children. But we must not forget that in many instances crippling and disabling deformities can be prevented.

It is now known, for example, that when certain measures are taken in the early years of life, infantile paralysis crippling deformities can be avoided.

Through infantile paralysis the most common cause of such deformities in children other than those not be overlooked. Further should we overlook congenital deformities.

In infantile paralysis certain areas of the spinal cord are affected. This involvement interferes with the normal nerve impulses and the movements of the muscles. In other cases the paralysis may be the result of some other infection.

Not all cases of infantile paralysis have this complication and many recover without any resulting disability. But when paralysis has occurred, it is important that certain measures be taken to avoid permanent deformity. This is accomplished by the use of splints, massage, bathing and corrective exercises.

Advances of Surgery Great advancement has been made in the correction of certain congenital brain deformities such as congenital hip dislocation, as well as tuberculosis of the hip bone. In former years little hope could be held these victims. Today, surgery

has so advanced that it is possible completely to correct many of these deformities. The skill of the orthopedic surgeon has enabled the crippled child to regain a great deal of usefulness from the diseased limb.

Value of Early Treatment In those cases where surgical measures are inadequate for the correction of the underlying deformity, special instruction and supervision are given the crippled child. This includes the crippled child to obtain the same education and training that is available to the normal child. The crippled child is no longer considered disabled. He must be given every opportunity to perfect himself and prepare himself for an interesting and useful life.

It is gratifying to learn of the many children who are being saved from permanent deformities. There still remain opportunities for the perfection and expansion of our present program of rehabilitation of the crippled child. It is hoped that within a short time the necessary funds and facilities will be available for solving this important problem.

No physical deformity should ever be neglected. Regardless of what the underlying cause of the defect may be, it is advisable to consult with your physician. Do not take for granted it is incurable. The time to seek medical advice is in infancy and early childhood.

Answers to Health Queries H. C. Q.—Please tell me what a girl should weigh who is 18 years of age and 5 feet 6-inch tall? Please tell me what to do for yeast? What can be done for boils?

A.—The usual weight about 115 pounds as determined by examination of a number of people. 2: Styes may be due to constipation or indigestion. For full particulars request self-addressed envelope. First of all, make sure that the bowels eliminate regularly. For full particulars request self-addressed envelope.

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