The Oregon Statesman

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

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - - Managing Editor

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League of Cities

THE League of Oregon Cities is meeting in Salem today. The league endeavors to promote the common welfare of municipalities by providing interchange of information, by promoting desirable legislation, and by maintaining reference headquarters where municipal experience in handling everything from abatoirs to whistles may be ascertained. The Oregon league has connection with the state university where a member of the staff handles the reference office. During legislative sessions an attorney attends the legislature to represent municipalities.

The league is supported by the contributions of municipalities. This pooling of expenses results in a real saving to the cities. Otherwise the larger cities might have to have their attorneys at the legislature much of the session. The city of Salem's assessment was only $100, plus a little more we believe for the legislative work. This is a very small sum; and the council should reverse the action by which it refused to pay the bill.

Salem ought to be, as the capital and second largest city in the state, a leader among the cities. It ought not to be dog in the manger, ready to share the benefits but escape all the charges. The attitude that we know it all here reflects our own unwillingness to learn and to help the other fellow learn. We hope the council will become an active, contributing member of the league.

If skeptical councilmen will attend the sessions today, consult with representatives from other cities, they will surely be converted to the wisdom of membership in the organization.

Advertising and Progress

COMPLAINTS are often heard about the backwardness of Oregon in many lines; and frequent reference is made to the faster progress of California and Washington. One reason is the more aggressive attitude of people there in going after business. Saturday the Washington apple growers held a meeting and voted a large sum for advertising their fruit in eastern auction market cities,—and Monday the first release of copy was made. California frankly credits its expansion in growing fruits and vegetables to newspaper and other forms of advertising. Here is a dispatch from Chicago where the American Fruit and Vegetable Shippers' association has been meeting:

"The growth of the California fruit and vegetable growing industry from an infant in 1905 to an industrial giant in 1933 was credited today to newspaper and other forms of advertising.

"W. B. Geissinger, advertising manager of the California Fruit Growers' exchange, told delegates to the American Fruit and Vegetable Shippers' association convention here that the annual return to growers jumped from $9,936,497 in 1905 to $73,298,730 in 1933, the result of intelligent advertising."

Considerable progress has been made in the marketing of Oregon manufactured products through intelligent use of advertising, for example stokers made by the Iron Fireman Manufacturing company, Jantzen bathing suits, Pendleton robes and blankets. And there have been some disastrous advertising campaigns in which neither the product or the copy was at fault, but the planning and the distribution.

It is an age of specialization; and the specialized product needs intensified promotion. Rogue river pears, Columbia river salmon, Milton-Freewater fresh prunes, The Dalles apricots, Deschutes and Klamath potatoes, Labish celery and onions, Salem dried prunes would seem well adapted for sales stimulation through advertising.

Code Expenses

WHEN General Hugh Johnson abdicated a board was set up to govern NRA. Now it is reported that three or four of the board members are ready to turn in their doorkeys. NRA has come to be pretty much of a debating society among the administrators and the various boards. It is a spent force; but the problem is how to liquidate the office force, the expense of the government overhead, and all the costly overhead of the various "code authorities". One Salem industry is governed by several codes and had to pungle up a thousand dollars to various code administrators; but the company has had the poorest year it has had for several years. NRA was a boon to trade association secretaries, and many of them will be slow to relinquish the pay checks drawn on treasuries filled by compulsory assessment.

Practical Advice

IF the members of the legislature want to learn about the practical workings of the county unit plan they may quiz Henry Semon of Klamath county, who is chairman of the house ways and means committee, and at home, besides being a prominent spud grower, is a member of the board of the "county unit" which governs the county schools. He can give his colleagues first-hand information. The Klamath Falls Herald, speaking of the success of the plan in that county says:

"Four counties have adopted the plan, and Klamath is one of them. This county has shown outstanding leadership along that line, and now that the extension of the county unit is given the prestige of a governor's major recommendation, we have reason to be proud."

The federal budget calls for an increase of $450,000,000 in outlays for the army and navy. In addition to this sum there was a large diversion of money from PWA for warship construction. This increase seems unjustifiable at a time when billions are needed for relief. War talk now is bunk so far as this country is concerned. The gold braid brigadiers can always "prove" we need to spend more money for preparedness. We believe in being prepared, but we believe in keeping the country solvent too. The du Ponts and the Electric Boat people can get along without increasing our spending for gunpowder and torpedo boats.

Sales of lumber as reported by the West Coast lumbermen's association dropped from 4,653 million board feet in 1933 to 4,125 million in 1934. That means recovery in reverse for Oregon and Washington which are quite dependent on the good health of the lumber business.

A Chicago daily carries a picture with a caption "Open Canners' Convention". What do they use,—can opener or cork-screw?

June in January

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

"WHAT ARE the economy foods?" "What foods provide the diet with maximum health values?" "I have a limited income for food; would you please suggest a list necessary to maintain good health?"

Dr. Copeland

I have been asked, recently, these questions by several of my readers. I am confident they are interesting to most of us.

Certain foods are essential to good health. Of course, some of the important ones are more nutritious than others. A large number are within the reach of every family budget but are often overlooked in planning the menu.

Today, let us consider cereal foods, foods which are nutritional and a valuable addition to everybody's diet. Cereals, or cereal grains, include wheat, rice, rye, barley, oats and corn. They are grown wherever agriculture is practiced and have been used as food for men since the earliest times. But it is only within comparatively recent years that they have been extensively used by all classes of people throughout the world.

Sources of Protein and Starch

These inexpensive foods are important sources of protein and starch. The carbohydrate content of cereals is chiefly in the form of starch, with small amounts of cellulose. All cereals contain approximately seventy to eighty per cent starch. One exception to this is oatmeal, which contains about sixty-seven per cent starch.

The fat content of cereals is low. For this reason they may be stored for long periods of time without spoiling.

Cereals are energy-producing. Their starch content makes them a valuable asset in the diet of adults engaged in active work. They are of great value for infants and growing children who burn up much energy in their daily work and play.

Proteins are found in cereals. Protein is that food substance which builds new tissue and replaces old and worn-out tissue. In addition to protein, mineral salts are found in moderately good amounts in all grain products. The most abundantly found minerals are iron and phosphorus. These elements aid in carrying on important body processes

For Every Member of the Family

The most important vitamin in cereals is vitamin B. It is found in varying amounts in the different grains. Wheat germ is particularly rich in this vitamin. Vitamin B aids in promoting growth. The body has only a limited capacity for storing this vitamin, so that signs of deficiency may quickly develop if it is not supplied. It prevents "beri-beri", a nutritional disease, and is necessary for nursing mothers.

Cereals are numbered among our most wholesome foods. They should be included in the daily diet of every member of the family.

Please remember that cereals are not only suitable for breakfast, but make a valuable addition to every meal of the day. Their use in the dietary is wise.

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Pupils Give Teacher Shower for Birthday

WHEATLAND, Jan. 17.—Miss Beryl Hadley, teacher of the Wheatland school, was honored on the occasion of her birthday anniversary Tuesday, by the students giving her a handkerchief shower.

Delta Culp is very ill with a siege of influenza.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who owns the Marion county court house?

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Your answer is, Marion county, of course. And you are no doubt correct; but the chain of title is a rather peculiar one, to say the least.

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The Salem block on which the court house is located is block number 6, according to the plat.

But the records of the abstract offices do not show that Marion county ever acquired title to block 6.

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The writing of what is being set down here in cold type — more modernly and correctly hot linotype — came about in this way:

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The Bits man made the statement in this column a number of days ago to the purport that Willson avenue originally contained four blocks, one of which is occupied by the Marion county court house, one by the U. S. postoffice building, and that the other two, with what ground would be in the streets if they were extended through, made up the present Willson avenue.

A pioneer Salem resident disputed this statement—he said the court house block had been the court house block always—beginning from a time before the town was platted.

He was wrong—and so was the Bits man.

The Bits man was wrong, because the court house was never a part of Willson park. He was right when he said the postoffice block was originally a part of Willson avenue.

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The pioneer resident was wrong, because the land in the court house block was not always devoted to its present purpose. It did not belong to any nation or any person or persons until after the treaty for the boundary line between the United States and Canada was ratified by the U. S. senate June 15, 1846.

After that it belonged to the United States, and no one could have anything but a squatter's right until after he received a deed signed by the president of the United States.

But in passing the donation land law congress provided that the rights asserted under the Oregon provisional government should be recognized.

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The section of land in what is now the central part of Salem was claimed under the provisional government by the Jason Lee mission—640 acres of it—a mile square. This claim was regular and would have been validated, had the mission not been dissolved.

When this occurred, four members of the mission arranged to take 640 acres each, and agreed to give the Oregon Institute which by change of name became Willamette university enough from each claim to make up for the institution 640 acres. The members were Dr. W. H. Willson, Rev. L. H. Judson, Rev. J. L. Parrish and Rev. David Leslie, who took respectively the central, northwestern, northeastern and southern sections.

The Oregon Institute (Willamette university) did not get anything like as much land as the agreement called for. But that is another story—and a very long and much involved one, filled with bitterness.

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But that is how W. H. Willson came to be the man who platted down town Salem.

However, when he platted it he did not own it; merely claimed it, and all transfers were by quitclaim deeds or contracts. Willson never did own any of the land he platted. And Chloe A. Willson, his wife, did not join in making the plat, though she did join in making most if not all the original quitclaim deeds and contracts for deeds.

But the donation land claim patent of the Willsons—that is the deed from the United States—was not issued until Feb. 4, 1862, and was not recorded until March 9, 1864—and Willson died April 18, 1856.

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There was another complication. Donation land claim patents (deeds from the government) gave half to the husband and half to the wife, where there was a wife, and the husband could not make any contract or agreement that involved the wife's part. If she refused to sign, nothing could be done about it.

Well, Mrs. Willson's 320 acres ran north from State street, and the fact that she did not sign anything in connection with the platting of that part of Salem, or any part, under ordinary circumstances might be held to mean that unless she had signed, or did sign, her right never passed. The court house block is on her half of the land claim, as the reader has no doubt already concluded — her husband's part being south of State street.

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But neither did W. H. Willson himself sign anything that appears of record concerning the platting of that part of Salem. No plat under such conditions would now be accepted. But the procedure in this case was the surveying of the site and the making of the plat, by I. N. Gilbert, and the recording of it by the same man, who was then county clerk—the first to hold that office in Marion county.

The wording accompanying the plat does not say it is signed by W. H. Wilson; it does not dedicate to the public the streets and alleys. It just refers to the plat, says where the land is located, gives the sizes in chains and links, not feet and inches, tells how many lots are in some of the blocks—and lets it go at that.

(Continued tomorrow.)

"Sold" for $60

Bob Johnson

Because so many demands for his custody were made following his capture, Sheriff Evan Shore of Barry county, Missouri, decided to call for bids for Bob Johnson, above, notorious Ozark bandit. The desperado went to Jasper county, Missouri, when Sheriff Oil Rogers bid $60 in the "auction sale".

'THE LADY DANCES' By Marge Stanley

SYNOPSIS

In search of adventure, Mark Talbot sails on the S.S. "Orient" for Honolulu. On board, he meets beautiful Vanya Prokovna, professional dancer. Vanya ignores Mark, but he cannot forget her. In Honolulu, on a round of the night clubs, he searches for her in vain. Next morning, while standing on a wharf, he watches a boat steaming by and is stunned to see Vanya on deck. He learns the vessel belongs to Pearly Sheue and is undoubtedly heading south for Tonga in "The Friendly Islands." Anxious to get away from Honolulu, Mark books passage on the "Colin" sailing west. Mark cannot resist inquiring about Vanya's destination. He learns that "The Friendly Isles" were once cannibal islands now inhabited with the scum of the South Seas . . . a disreputable place for any girl. All night Mark is haunted by Vanya's image.

CHAPTER VIII

"For thirty cents or less," he told himself. "I'd go on to China. There's always a revolution or two to be found there, and I should be able to work myself into the excitement, on one side or the other. Besides, it's a long way from Tonga."

He kicked the edge of his bunk with his heel.

"There doesn't seem to be room in the same hemisphere for Vanya and me!" he muttered savagely. "Tonga's one place I'll never visit."

He felt much relieved the next morning, when they raised the Radaek Chain of the Marshall Islands. He watched the shipping of cargo on Button Island, on New Year Island, on little islands with unpronounceable names. When it was finished, he said a regretful farewell to the *Colin*, and watched it steam over the horizon for San Francisco.

Mark found a pearler bound for the Carolines. He entered a new phase of his travels; week after week slipped away and he was happy. He was like a small boy on summer vacation; he reveled in his freedom, he learned avidly the exotic customs and queer conditions of the tropic seas.

He stood in curious ruined buildings on remote coral atolls; temples raised by dead races of which history knows nothing. He watched divers descend to mysterious blue-green depths populated by unknown dangers; he worked the pumps for them; he shared the thrill when an opened shell surrendered a glowing pink gem.

In water-front saloons he talked with adventurous traders, or pearlers from unnamed coral islets, and heard stories of the finding of marvelous pearls, of the dangers the divers faced in octopus and devil fish, in giant man-catching clams.

Sometimes the conversation turned on the *bunyip*, the strange sea-monster of island legend, tales similar, as nearly as Mark could gather, to the stories of sea-serpents in the Atlantic. He heard it described as man-like and hideous, as spider-like, with many limbs, as a shell-encrusted serpent as long and massive as an express train. And in the smoky light of island taverns, the stories seemed almost probable.

At first Mark loved the life he was leading. He met and drank with men of adventures, strange characters that might have stepped from the pages of some novel. He felt sympathy for them, as if he belonged to their world; and he had, he convinced himself, forgotten Vanya.

Then the thing began to pall.

"I'm not really living this life," he admitted to himself. "I'm merely an onlooker, a good audience for yarns and tall stories. I'm accepted with reservations—good company as long as I buy the drinks."

That wasn't at all what he wanted; he wanted to live the adventures he heard in stories. He walked out of a saloon one night in Suva, on the Fiji Islands, and stared moodily south at the harbor. Eight or ten ships lay there at anchor, their lights gleaming an invitation. The warm waters of the Coral Sea swung them gently to and fro; he could see the lights moving slowly as the vessels swung on their cables.

Off to his left, he knew, just a few hundred miles beyond the low hills of Viti Levu, lay Tonga.

"Not for me!" he told himself angrily. "If I'm anxious for feminine companionship, there's plenty to be had right here in Suva."

He spat into the waters of the bay.

"I guess any one of the girls dancing back there," he muttered, glancing at the lighted windows of the saloon, "could tell a hard-luck story just as well as Vanya, and about as much chance of its being true."

He turned on his heel and reentered the saloon. The girls were still dancing in a curious South Sea version of an American chorus, three of the girls white, and two, to Mark's newly experienced eye, doubtful.

He looked at them critically. Not one aroused the slightest interest in his mind; they appeared to him frowzy, unkempt, and unbeautiful. Most of them were too fat for his civilized perceptions, and all of them were awkward. Yet they obviously met the approval of his companions; no sooner was their dance concluded than a burst of enthusiastic applause, and a chorus of shouted invitations greeted them. They moved among the tables, choosing their hosts amid taunts and jeers for the rejected ones.

"To suit all tastes," thought Mark, "except mine."

He thought of Vanya again.

"Say, this is bad!" he reflected. "I've had a couple of months of freedom from this doggone obsession, and here it pops up at me once more. Well, five hundred miles is a safe distance, and I'm promising myself right now that five hundred miles is as close to Tonga as I'll ever get!"

Nevertheless, he was not in the least surprised when, one week later, he stepped out of a native canoe in Taulanga harbor, and surveyed the chief city of the Tonga Islands—still in quest of the vanished Vanya.

TAULANGA

"So these are the Friendly Islands," said Mark to his uncomprehending native paddlers as he stepped from the outrigged canoe to the beach. Tonga!

After all his self-given promises, here he was, and, by the Lord, he was feeling happy about it! But he felt in duty bound to give himself a mental lashing for his weakness.

"A fine mess I turned out!" he told himself as he paid off his native boatmen. His eyes turned to the mail packet in the harbor, on which he had arrived from Suva.

"If I had any sense at all," he continued, "I'd turn around right now, and go along with the ship to Samoa. But, of course, I haven't that much intelligence; otherwise, I'd never have come here in the first place."

He watched the canoe sliding smoothly toward the waiting ship, carrying the town's mail to be scattered around the world.

"Of course, I don't really know that Vanya's actually here," he consoled himself. "Just because she left Honolulu in a ship owned by a man whose home is in Tonga is a pretty slim reason for thinking she's here."

A native boy scampered across the sandy beach to carry Mark's bags, and Mark followed him toward the two story white frame building whose sign proclaimed it to be the Friendly House.

"There's another way of looking at this mess," thought Mark, now bent on excusing his actions to himself. "After all, the girl hasn't spoken more than two sentences to me, and I've seen her"—he counted to himself—"exactly four times, and never more than a couple of minutes each time."

He brightened as he pursued his train of thought.

"I shouldn't be surprised if half an hour of her company wouldn't cure me of this damned obsession for good and all. Probably plenty of flaws, aside from the question of her morals; most likely she'll turn out so dumb she can't carry on a conversation that'd explain her silence all right."

He began to enlarge on his fancies.

"Probably, on closer examination, she won't even be pretty. I never noticed her teeth, for instance—they're probably ugly! And her legs; most dancers are a little overdeveloped in the calves for my tastes."

Mark followed the boy into the Friendly House well satisfied with his elaborate self-given excuses. He was convinced that a psychiatrist couldn't have diagnosed his case any better, nor prescribed a more certain cure.

"Most likely the reason she never talks is that her teeth are ugly," he concluded, "and it's just as probable that they deported her on the grounds of mental incompetence! That or moral turpitude—it's bound to be one or the other."

He approached the massive individual at the desk, and asked for, and secured, a room to himself, a luxury not always procurable in Polynesia, as he had discovered in previous instances. After depositing his bags in the room, which was quite as livable as Mark could expect, he sat down on the edge of his bed to consider his next move. Now that he had definitely committed himself to the search, he felt an unexpected lightness of heart; a weight had been lifted from his mind, and he was definitely convinced that he had found the way to relieve himself of his obsession. All he had to do, he repeated, was to find Vanya and watch her in her dance-hall environment, see her make her play for the men with money to spend, pick out the flaws in her beauty, and in general disgust himself thoroughly with her.

It seemed logical and easy enough, once he found her. All that remained was to locate her, and that, if she happened to be in Taulanga, or even elsewhere on the island of Vavau, should be a simple matter.

"The logical thing is to try the sailor's places," Mark decided. "Can't be more than one or two in a town this size."

There was one, as he discovered on inquiry at the hotel desk—Sailor Jane's Place. He found it without difficulty, a weather-beaten, single-storied frame building at the end of the street, fronting the harbor.

Sailor Jane, somewhat to Mark's surprise, turned out to be a burly, black-mustached, heavy-set gentleman of uncertain race; his name, set prominently on a card pasted to the mirror behind the bar, was Harry Jane. Mark ordered a drink—"gin and it"—in the jargon he had acquired on his wanderings. He gulped a swallow of the concoction, and looked around him.

A typical island rendezvous—the bar with its mirror, the rows of ambitiously labeled bottles, the round tables, the battered radio that seldom seemed to work; this place boasted a three-penny automatic piano on the far wall.

Mark's pulse quickened; at one of the tables sat a black-haired girl, her back to him, dealing cards methodically in a game of Canfield solitaire. She must have been sitting there when he entered, but playing so quietly that he had thought the room empty save for himself and Jane. Then the girl looked up; a dusky half-caste, with no other resemblance to Vanya than the color of her hair.

(To Be Continued)

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Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

SORCERERS' APPRENTICES

There is a fable, retold by Goethe in one of his ballads, called "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." A boy helper, by eavesdropping, learns a magic word. As soon as his master goes out he tries it on the broomstick. The word works. The broomstick begins to cavort around the room. The boy then finds he does not know how to control it. By the time the sorcerer gets back it has upset everything and beaten the boy half to death.

Musing upon the present plight of the New Dealers, one is reminded of this story. In their childish eagerness to change everything, they thought they could play fast and loose with the constitution. The supreme court is teaching them differently. In their lack of knowledge and experience they thought that the currency, the price structure, the markets and the whole of the nation's organized production and exchange could be made to behave according to their momentary fancies.

But alas for sorcerers' apprentices! Their price policies have collapsed, and they do not know which way to turn next. Their control over markets and business has not worked out as planned, and they do not know what to do about that, either. Their currency policy broke down, and, while we now have the 59-cent dollar, we do not know, and neither do they, whether in future we are likely to have a 100-cent dollar again or a 20-cent dollar. Unable to arrest the mighty economic and social forces they have let loose, they are equally unable to direct them. Whichever way they turn, they are pursued and belabored by the effects of their own ill-conceived policies.

Apprentices indeed, and, as it now appears, most unfortunate ones!—Chicago Daily News.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER first day. Headaches in 30 minutes. Liquid - Tablets Salve - Nose Drops

MRS. JOHN WERNER FUNERAL IS TODAY

WOODBURN, Jan. 17 — Agnes Josephine Werner, 65, died at her home at 782 Third street Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock after an illness of about a week. Agnes Krapman was born in Dusseldorf, Germany, July 23, 1869. Married to John Werner in 1899, she came to America in 1903 and settled in Rhineland, Tex., until 1905 when they moved to Portland where they lived until 1911 when they came to Woodburn.

She is survived by her husband, John Werner, and two children, John, jr., of Mt. Angel, and Gertrude Werner Hanauska of Woodburn; four sisters and one brother in Germany.

Funeral services will be held from St. Luke's church Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. J. E. Rubis officiating at Requiem High Mass. Interment will be at St. Luke's cemetery with the Unger Funeral parlors in charge.

Bang's Disease To Be Topic at Several Meets

Dr. B. T. Sims of Oregon State college will explain Bang's disease and reasons for its eradication from dairy herds at the abortion control meetings to be held at Stayton, Turner, North Howell and Donald next week, County Agent Harry Riches announced yesterday. The disease and the federal program to wipe it out will be fully discussed at these meetings.

The first meeting will be held at the Stayton city hall at 10 a. m., Monday, the second in the Turner school auditorium at 1:30 p. m., that day. Tuesday's meetings will be, North Howell grange hall at 10 a. m., and Donald hall at 1:30 p. m.

STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS due to colds. Use Mentholatum to help open the nostrils and permit freer breathing. MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

COUNTY CHIEFS GO TO INSPECT ROADS

County Commissioners Roy Melson and Leroy Hewlett plan to go to the Mill City and Gates districts today in connection with several matters of county business. Chief of these will be relative to moving the Hammond hall at Mill City, a move made necessary by completion of the bridge there and plans for reconstruction of the route approaching the bridge.

The commissioners will also visit the transient camp between Mehama and Mill City. The camp now has 150 transients busy clearing the right-of-way between the camp and Mehama. This work will be inspected, as well as plans made for future labors.

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