

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## New Frontiers

ANOTHER of the sophistries of those who think things are put together all wrong and that the proper treatment is to throw away some of the parts of the jigsaw puzzle and start all over is the statement that there are no frontiers left. In the past it was said, wherever there were times of crisis, a person could load his goods on a wagon drawn by oxen, horses or mules or on a flat-boat like Tom Lincoln did and push out to the new edge of civilization and start anew. It is said that now, since there is no free land left there is nothing for people out of jobs to do but go on relief. Ominous pictures are painted of future disaster because the lack of the frontier to absorb the dispossessed.

The frontier did in the past serve as a sponge to suck up surplus peoples from older settlements. But it is a mistake to think that the country has struck twelve economically because the homesteading era is over with. As a matter of fact there are still considerable areas of lands which may be obtained on very reasonable terms, lands in irrigation projects and elsewhere which should yield sustenance to those willing to endure the necessary toil. Besides these lands, there are still new frontiers in enterprise. Our natural wealth has by no means been fully developed; our wants have by no means reached a saturation point or even a plateau level.

The fact is that the period of the frontier ended in 1890 as Prof. F. J. Turner ably pointed out. Yet as we look back on the forty years between 1890 and 1930 the economic development was most swift in that interval of time. Growth of population and of wealth were marked, the former being about doubled and the latter far more than doubled. The expansive possibilities here are revealed in the statistics of density of population, which is 41 per square mile compared with 196 for France, 742 for England, 159 for Scotland and 610 for Holland.

New frontiers lie not in geographic exploration, but in economic and scientific exploration. The whole automobile industry represents a recently discovered and conquered economic dominion which has absorbed millions as did the fertile farm lands of the Louisiana purchase. Why, even the beauty shops are another new economic conquest which afford employment for hundreds of thousands of workers.

This view which we have been ruminating on for some time is eloquently sustained in an address given by Owen D. Young in Boston, speaking at the 100th anniversary dinner of the New England Life Insurance company, in Boston last week. We quote it at some length because of its cogency and lucid statement:

"One of the most discouraging tendencies of this day, is the notion so widely preached, that because there are no longer lands to explore, except such barren regions as challenge the daring of your distinguished resident, Admiral Byrd, that because all the seas have been sailed and all the railroads built, because the telephone and the electric light have reached to the very economic edge of remote places, that because insurance has become the established habit of most responsible citizens, that because transport on land has been conquered by the motor and in the air by the plane, there is nothing more for human beings to do except to 'sugar off'; that the kettle with the boiling sap of vital progress can now be taken from the fire and be permitted to crystallize into a permanent, rigid and immovable form.

"They tell us that there are no more worlds to conquer and that our only hope in a time of depression like this is to divide what we have and be content; that we can not rescue ourselves as we did in the 1830's and the '70's by opening up to productive development vast areas of unsettled lands; that we cannot rescue ourselves as we did in the '90's by the greatest industrial advance the world has ever known; and so we must not only 'sugar off' our activities but our brains; that the achievements and experience of older men, who served their time faithfully and well, may now be disregarded; that the hopes of youth can no longer contemplate any such material progress as the past has known; that the iron hand of repression shall be put upon the research worker, the inventor and the engineer as enemies rather than benefactors of society; that we must surrender all for the drab treadmill and the lazy, the courageous and the cowardly, shall have equality in recognition and divisions.

"I subscribe to no such philosophy. The most valuable item on the balance sheet of America has been, and if nurtured will continue to be indefinitely, I predict, the things we do not know. Any paralysis of that God-given trait of inquisitiveness, that heretofore irrefragable urge to explore, whether it be the land or the sea, the atoms or the stars, will, to my mind, sound the death knell of human advance, not only materially, but intellectually, too.

"Many of these theories, based on the assumption that men must be protected whether they work or not, whether they exercise self-restraint or not, I think are misplaced efforts to advance human welfare flowing from emotions blind to history."

## Liquor Administration

BOTH Frank A. Spencer and the members of the liquor commission have been tight-lipped over the resignation of Spencer as administrator only a few weeks after his appointment to the post. The Oregon Voter offers its explanation, which confirms surmise of informed persons, that Spencer wanted a free hand as administrator to run the business as a general manager, reporting to the commission as a manager reports to a board of directors. "A very brief tenure undoubtedly convinced him that he would not be permitted to do this," says the Voter, consequently "there was nothing for a man of his caliber to do but to tender his resignation."

The Voter finds in the appointment of Jack Allen of Pendleton as his successor "a man admirably adapted to carrying out the wishes of the commissioners. . . a genial, obliging politician with an excellent reputation for honesty." The Voter describes the members of the commission: McMahon, "an Albany attorney of high professional standing. . . one of the leading democrats of Oregon"; Stanley Jewett, "a Portland insurance man of standing; Judge Burns "the salt of the earth, a successful merchant, a fine character and canny in public affairs as well as in business"; and the Voter raises the question whether he will "remain long under conditions which are so political."

In conclusion the Voter comments: "It is fortunate that we have so able a politician as McMahon and two such excellent business men associated with him as are Jewett and Judge Burns. It is to be hoped they will be able to vindicate political management. If so, it will be one of the few times that politics has been mixed with liquor without liquor corrupting politics."

There may have been a clash of temperament as well as of opinions over relative powers. We are hardly ready to list the Spencer episode as solely political. It is the function of the commission to define policy; of the administrator to carry out the policy. Lacking evidence, one may venture the suggestion that Spencer may have been trenching on outline of policy as much as the commission was on administration. At least public judgment should be suspended pending the showing of results in operations.

## The Old Gentleman Is Real "Deef" at Times



## Woodpecker Pecks Carload, Gets Three Worms; Still He Is Happy

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

It is spring, and—  
A woodpecker pecked at an old cedar tree,  
At two pecks to the bushel a carload pecked he;  
His reward was two insects or possibly three.  
Yet he was as happy as happy could be.

Something may be learned from even a woodpecker.

A robin on an apple branch  
In song poured forth his soul;  
Hearing the song, an earthworm bored  
Deeper into his hole.

Perhaps an earthworm cannot hear,  
But if an earthworm could,  
This earthworm acted in this case  
As a wise earthworm should.

It is the part of wisdom to place  
Not your faith overmuch in pleasant  
and alluring noises. The appetite  
of the noise-maker for the sort  
of meat of which you are composed  
is to be considered.

Swish—another leaf torn from  
the calendar! The older a person  
becomes the shorter seem the  
months. Indication, perhaps, of an  
approaching period in mortal ex-  
istence when hours and days and  
weeks and months are no longer  
registered, and "fast" and "slow"  
are devoid of meaning.

Time flies, says Jed Paddy, and  
the flies get into a feller's eyes.  
Jed has yet to finish reading "Les  
Misérables", which he picked up  
to while away a few leisure mo-  
ments in 1896.

Eddie Cantor declares "One  
Night of Love" to be the most in-  
telligent musical picture ever to  
come out of Hollywood. Which is  
by way of being what might be  
correctly termed an expert opin-  
ion.

A letter during the week from  
G. C. B. at Los Angeles, in which  
he says "The more I see of 1935  
with its governmental tinkering  
the more I appreciate the sound-  
ness of old-time simplicity, unself-  
ishness and honesty." Two of us.

A good editorial under the cap-  
tion "What is Our Future?" in  
the high school Clarion of March  
22.

A prejudice of any sort is easily  
created. Gil Brill attempted to  
swat a moth-miller. He failed to  
swat the moth-miller, but was suc-  
cessful in swatting a bottle of tur-  
pentine from the closet shelf. The  
bottle broke and the Brill domic-  
ile reeked of turpentine for days.  
And now whenever Gil snatches a  
whiff of turpentine he snorts  
"Goah, how I hate moth-millers!"

It is not always perfectly easy  
to say what one wishes to say. In  
preparing for the foregoing item  
I at first stated that Gil Brill at-  
tempted to swat a moth-miller  
with a folded newspaper, but  
crossed out "with a folded news-  
paper" because I have an aver-  
sion to explanations. "A moth-  
miller with a folded newspaper"  
is not likely to be easily explain-  
able to anyone so dumb as to ask  
for details. I wish to avoid the an-  
noyance of being asked why a  
moth-miller was flitting about  
with a folded newspaper.

There is little use in attempting  
to reason out anything which on  
its face is unreasonable. However,  
it is at present being done to a  
considerable extent in one way or  
another throughout the country.

Few of us seem ever to entirely  
lose our liking for fairy tales.

When I recall some of the boy-

statuette of Irene, the goddess of  
peace, which was smashed to  
smithereens.

Comedy on the screen or in the  
comic strips is frequently not com-  
edy elsewhere. The only comedy  
that is really respectable violates  
few of the decencies of life.

In the course of years I have  
considered many "absolutely free"  
propositions. Most of them were  
attached to strings. Those which  
were not attached to strings were  
not worth bothering about.

Sometimes at those infrequent  
intervals when I feel a lonesome-  
ness creeping over me I go forth  
into the streets and say "Iowa".  
The response is usually immediate  
and satisfactory. Occasionally a  
man from Nebraska appears, and  
him I direct to William Metzger.

When I first began the study of  
geography the region between the  
Missouri river and the Rocky  
mountains was called "the great  
American desert". Later geogra-  
phers said "formerly called the  
great American desert". Pictures  
of dust-storm districts in the  
news-reels lead one to wonder.

I realize that I have not many  
reasons for feeling a pride in my-  
self, but I reckon I am entitled  
to some credit for a heap of list-  
ening I have done, when my in-  
clination was to either make a  
getaway or do the talking myself.  
Seriously, however, I rather like  
to listen, and I suspect that I have  
at one time or another been spot-  
ted for the sucker I am by a vast  
number of people. Just the other  
evening at a picture show, when  
a duststorm picture in a news-  
reel had blown itself out, I was  
conscious of a nudging sensation  
between my shoulders. Following  
the nudges, a voice, a woman's  
voice, soother its way into my  
consciousness through my left ear.

"Sure, I know who you are,"  
said the voice. "Don't turn your  
head—'would likely make a scandal.  
But listen—were you awake  
when the duststorm pitcher was  
on?"

"I sure were," I responded frigidly.  
"Well then, 'is a confession I  
feel I must be making to some-  
body. Would you mind if I make  
it to you?"

I suppose I made some sort of  
an encouraging noise, for the  
voice went on rapidly.

"I come from that country  
where the duststorms are. 'Tis  
my outrageous things I've said  
I lost my temper and raised a  
devil of a row because I'd stepped  
into a puddle and got my feet  
wet, and I'm sorry."

"You should not allow your  
thoughts to dwell upon rain and a  
deferred springtime, which will  
seem all the better when it  
comes," said I. "Incline your  
thoughts to dust. Bless you, my  
child."

"Say, where do you get that  
child stuff? I'm older than you  
are, young man."  
"Well, you started it," said I.  
"I'll say what I please."  
And that silenced her.

## Uniform System Of Applying for U. S. Aid Sought

A delegation from the Portland  
chapter of commerce, headed by  
Walter May, manager, conferred  
with Governor Martin Friday  
with relation to a uniform plan  
for obtaining federal funds for  
Oregon projects.  
"May said the purpose of the con-  
ference was to outline some plan  
whereby applications filed by the  
governor would not conflict with  
those of the city of Portland and  
other municipalities.

## "The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

**SYNOPSIS**  
The crowd had gathered as usual at June and Jimmy Kirkman's place at Two-Sixty-Eight Waverly Place, habit of artists and their ilk. Among them sat St. Gregory Valcour, pseudo-artist, Roger Duane, a specialty dancer, dignified Douglas W. Coulter, the only non-artist person in the house, and Glenn Thurber, a newspaper reporter. They are awaiting the arrival of wealthy Mrs. Charles Elderbank, who has just purchased the house next door. Valcour says the Elderbank was in sixty-two and twenty years his wife's senior, lives in Canada and approves of his being around with a chap named Price Merriam. Jimmy no longer remembers watching the arrival and Valcour says "It's a process server looking for me, I'm not here." Later Detective Stranning arrives looking for Valcour, but Jimmy abhors the latter. Stranning is waiting for a man to charge against the artist, but he is wanted for questioning. Violet Elderbank and her handsome escort, Price Merriam, arrive. Unknown to Violet Merriam was really employed by her husband to guard her. Because of her penchant for jewelry, Elderbank feared for his wife's safety.

**CHAPTER IV**  
Fritz Runkel, fresh down from Woodstock with applejack from Aunt Belle's, descended upon the party with a loud "Yo!" which was the signal for things to commence in earnest. He staged a magnificent cabaret depicting Eliza traversing the well-known ice. The principal stage property in this extravaganza was the snow, which happened to be a box of corn flakes fetched from June Kirkman's kitchen. The air was full of it. June, as Eliza, was pursued across the wastes by a wire-haired fox terrier with paper bags tied on its feet, chop home which June dragged by string heightened the pursuer's interest. Roger Duane, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, was required to follow somewhat irrelevantly the semblance of Cupid, hopping on one foot and using a coal-hanger noised in front of him for a bow.

"They're all nutty," Jimmy Kirkman explained to Violet.  
Fritz Runkel, who had forgotten to take off his khaki shorts upon leaving Woodstock, had borrowed an eyebrow pencil and a lipstick from one of the girls and had painted a face upon each of his knees, a comic mask registering high amusement for his right and a melancholy visage on his left knee. He made use of these in conversation, elevating his right knee when a remark amused him, and presenting his sour-faced left one when oppositely stirred.

"I imagine I need another highball," suggested Violet to Elderbank, "to enjoy this to its fullest."  
There was a rush for the ingredi-  
ents, and a small goldfish was dis-  
possessed of its bowl in order that  
the rich visitor might have a nobly  
not being able to find a handy con-  
tainer for the protesting fish, placed  
it pencilwise behind his ear until it  
was indignantly rescued by June  
Kirkman.

From that point the merriment  
gradually rose. The company broke  
up into groups from which arose  
recurrent gusts of disputation, sales  
of liquor and bursts of song. The  
latter became endemic when Fritz  
Runkel produced his guitar and be-  
gan singing the old English recruit-  
ing song which starts out, "One  
moonlight night when Mary lay  
sleeping, and ends quite beyond  
the pale.

Roger Duane, who had to get  
away well before midnight in order  
to be on hand for his dance at the  
Club O'Brien, managed nevertheless  
to tell Violet the story of his life.

"I was born," he related sadly,  
"in Port Natal, and my family for  
some reason or other removed inland  
to Esbawa. At a very early age I

was kidnapped by marauding Zulu.  
They pretended to be friendly in  
that neighborhood, but they have  
always harbored a deep resentment  
against both Boer and Britisher."  
"The way you told it once," Glenn  
Thurber reminded him, "it was the  
gorillas that captured you."  
"Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! You're  
wrong! Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! You  
were wrong! Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!  
You frightened me to death!" queried  
Price Merriam.  
"Oh, no. They were uniformly  
courteous, as I recall it. They kept  
me in a cage, but they were kind.  
They took French leave one night  
because a military detachment was  
looking for me. They left me in a  
hut, quite intact. But they had  
brought me to the Zulu do—a big  
party—a Zulu do—you weren't you  
frightened to death?" queried  
Price Merriam.  
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courteous, as I recall it. They kept  
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frightened to death?" queried  
Price Merriam.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS  
When Col. E. D. Baker  
was a familiar figure  
on the streets of Salem:  
December 11, 12, 13 last, this  
column turned back the pages of  
history 22 years to give a sketch  
of the life of D. W. Craig, who  
was for over 50 years in new-  
spaper work, most of the time at  
The Statesman. He lived a full, useful  
and interesting life.  
Now the pages are again turned  
back, this time over 47 years, to  
reprint an article written by J. W.  
Craig for The Statesman of Jan.  
1, 1888, on Col. E. D. Baker, "A  
fitting tribute to a patriot's mem-  
ory" and "remembrance of Ore-  
gon's first senatorial fight be-  
tween the words in the head-  
lines. If there is a reader who re-  
calls the article when it was first  
printed, he will be glad to read it  
again. It begins:  
"The removal of the Women's  
College building, which was the  
residence of the late Col. E. D. Ba-  
ker while he lived in Salem, sug-  
gests some incidents in the life  
of that distinguished man that  
may prove interesting to many  
readers. The writer knew him in  
the east and in Oregon, and had  
MANY OPPORTUNITIES in  
learning much of his character  
and disposition, his aspirations  
and ambition. By people gener-  
ally he was looked upon as a bril-  
liant orator, and his title to dis-  
tinction and greatness was meas-  
ured by them according to this  
single standard. Col. Baker him-  
self never regarded his transcen-  
dent power in this respect as more  
than an adjunct merely in his  
aspirations for fame. For money he  
possessed but little regard, view-  
ing the pursuit of wealth for its  
own sake as but a vulgar prin-  
ciple, belonging only to the sordid  
part of human nature. His ambi-  
tion was as boundless as that of  
Napoleon, and his restless dispo-  
sition wanted only a fitting oppor-  
tunity and a proper field in which  
to signalize his marvelous quali-  
ties for command. His genius was  
essentially military, and the  
breaking out of the great civil  
war seemed to open up to him a  
prospect of obtaining unfading  
glory. He was intensely patriotic,  
and he threw himself into the  
cause of the Union with all the

impetuosity of his ardent nature.  
"But it was as an orator that  
Col. Baker was most familiarly  
known.  
"In the latter years of his life  
he seemed to grow old in advance  
of his time, while his whitening  
locks gave him something of a  
semblance of an old man. A rare  
before an audience, his dignified  
manner and the mellifluous tones  
in which he began speaking at  
once arrested attention, and one  
could but imagine himself listen-  
ing to the harmonious orator of  
the Pylians, "from whose tongue  
flowed speech sweeter than hon-  
or." His voice was full and son-  
orous, but when he was inspired  
upon an occasion of supreme im-  
portance, such as the preservation  
of the Union, with all its glory  
and dignity unimpaired, it became  
sharp, yet clear, but losing much  
of its musical intonation.  
"His thoughts then fairly glow-  
ed in burning words.  
"Naturally full of animation,  
yet before leaving Oregon he be-  
came unwontedly serious and  
thoughtful, and although but 49  
when he was elected senator, he  
spoke sadly of his declining days,  
and expressed his expectation of  
never again coming before the  
people for their favors, but would  
give way to younger men.  
"No country ever possessed a  
richer legacy than that which Col.  
Baker left this republic in his  
magnificent speeches upon the  
floor of the senate, and in his he-  
roic death upon the battlefield.  
As a senator and as a warrior his  
career was brief, but none was  
ever more glorious.  
"Edward Dickinson Baker was  
born in England in the year 1811.

**Interesting Item for  
Rheumatic Sufferers**  
Mrs. Irwin Yargus, 20 Knaps  
lows, writes that her 20 years  
suffering from rheumatic, neu-  
ralgia, and neuritis pains has  
been remarkably relieved by tak-  
ing Williams' R. U. X. Compound.  
In her letter she states she also  
takes Williams' S. L. K. Formula  
to eliminate the cause. Perry's  
Drug Store.

We are all children of the soil.  
Growing flowers, working in  
the garden, helps children  
grow up straight and true.  
Own the Boy and Girl Scout  
movements multiply this same  
blessing.  
People call for our serv-  
ice with the calm assur-  
ance that we will give  
them personal, consid-  
erant attention as a con-  
scientious to their choice.  
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