

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Not All are Crooks

THE crumpling of values during the depression years showed the cloven hoof in many men of large affairs, business men, financiers, utility promoters, and others. The public attention has been focused so much on the misdeeds of the high-stationed men of business that the men who have proven true to their trust often get no consideration at all. The truth is that many men used their private fortunes to protect the interests of those who had trusted them.

An illustration of this is found in the statement of a Chicago investment firm, Greenebaum & Sons, which is celebrating its 80th anniversary this year. In a statement reviewing its record the firm says that in that period it made more than 60,000 real estate loans on all classes of property, and for 75 years not one investor in their securities suffered a loss. After the disastrous slump which began in 1929, the concern experienced many defaults. To quote the words of M. E. Greenebaum, of the second generation, the president who recently died:

"For years thousands of investors had placed their trust in us and their interests necessitated the continuance of the business—yet the company's resources fell far short of the demands for funds caused by the economic chaos. Without any legal obligation on us personally, my brother, James, and I felt a moral obligation to save the good name which our father and ourselves had labored for 75 years to build. We met it by pouring \$5,000,000 into the company—our personal fortunes—all we possessed—all we could borrow. This money enabled the business to continue and thus aid our investors during this trying period. The ideals of our father, Elias Greenebaum, founder of our business, prompted us to give everything to protect the company's good name, to carry on and serve the bondholders."

One of the third generation is president now, and devoting his energies to salvaging as much as possible for the security-holders, with the object of retaining their confidence and continuing the business.

In a period when the moral defaults were quite as numerous and fully as colossal as the financial defaults, it acts as a restorative of faith to find some individuals and business firms which put a good name above great riches.

Price of Success

THE air clipper ship of the Pan American Airways has successfully completed a round trip flight from the continent to Hawaii. The flight was made in record time, about 18 hours from land to land. The flight seems a very simple thing now. The route has been pioneered before, though never previously by commercial ships such as this one is.

Back of the successful flight, back of this auspicious launching of regular commercial air routes, lie over two decades of experiment and of trial and sacrifice. It is not merely the overseas flying attended with great peril, where many on this California-Hawaii flight have sunk to watery graves; it is also the years of flight trials with ships of different types, of "stunting" at air circuses, of distance and endurance contests which have made possible the success which now seems so simple.

Recall the early days of aviation. A few daring individuals learned to fly. They picked up "crates" and went around from city to city putting on exhibition flights, taking up a few intrepid passengers. Scores of these fliers fell to their death. In fact that fate seemed certain for those who persisted in flying, and especially for those who engaged in stunting. But these tests of men and of equipment afforded the experience on which commercial aviation now rests. And by commercial the word "money-making" is not meant, so much as service: service in quick transport of persons, of the mails, of express; quick communication between cities and foreign countries; quick communication in raw countries which lack highways and railroads.

The clipper ship takes off neatly from Alameda and arrives on schedule at Honolulu. It repeats the performance in the opposite direction. Continued, as is the expectation, it will become somewhat commonplace, like the flight of the Bremerton air ferry from Seattle, or the departure of an ocean liner. But into those flights are woven the toil and the daring and the sacrifice of hundreds and hundreds of people.

It is quite impossible to measure in human effort and sacrifice the price of success on this California-Hawaii air flight.

Make the Investigation

TO a special council committee was referred the question of whether or not to authorize an investigation of charges preferred against Fire Chief Hutton. When a public official is under fire, and the criticisms are important an investigation becomes imperative. Such an investigation is required to satisfy the public as to the official under fire and should be welcomed by the official himself as giving him an opportunity to meet the charges.

While the present contention over the fire chief has some of the aspects of a family quarrel, it is too important a matter just to be hushed up or passed over or ignored. The complaints are of long standing. If now they are covered up by smart politics they may grow more vocal as time passes.

The committee is fully justified, in view of the nature and extent of the criticism to recommend a full and fair inquiry either by the council itself or by the civil service commission, which are the only bodies with legal standing.

A fresh attack on state expense for automobiles and telephones is being launched. Most every business executive has to make this drive periodically, also one on the light bill. For that matter every household is making the same attack every thirty days, just after the bills come in. The state will probably be just as successful as the average dad in cutting down his expenses for lights, gas and telephones.

"Divide and conquer" is the old rule which seems to be working in favor of the opponents to immediate payment of the bonus. The Putnam and Vinson bills first divided the bonus advocates. Then Sen. Harrison comes in with a compromise which satisfies neither of the other groups. Maybe the strategy is to kill off the bonus for this session.

Chief Budgeteer D. O. Hood suggests better use of the state farms to provide subsistence for the inmates of state institutions, and proposes asking the state college to conduct a survey, etc. That may be all right; but don't make the college profs, the farm managers. Their success in apple and pear orchards and poultry farming has not been very conspicuous at Corvallis.

The mayor of Springfield fired his policeman Saturday night and Sunday night ten hats were stolen from the Christian church. Now the hatless burghers are talking about recalling the mayor.

Free List Suspended

"PAY-AS-YOU-FIGHT" WAR:

PUT MILLIONS IN THE SLOT TO ENTER NO PROFITS ON WAR MATERIALS EVERYBODY CONSCRIPTED



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

MORE THAN a thousand children with harelip are born each year. No one knows the actual reason for this defect. Many are of the opinion that harelip is due to some maternal impression during the period the child is carried, but there is no evidence to support this theory.

Many women fear that their children will be born with this defect. Hardly a week passes that I do not receive a letter asking whether there is any truth in the statement that harelip is hereditary. Let me assure you that there is no reason to believe that the defect occurs in families and can be handed down from mother to child.

Present at Birth

Harelip is a congenital defect. By this I mean the abnormality is present at birth. It is caused by a failure of proper fusion of the palate in the development of the child. The defect may be very slight or decidedly marked. It may be confined to the lip or the soft palate, or there may be a wide gap in the hard palate alone. But harelip is usually associated with cleft palate.

Children born with this defect can now be assured of complete recovery. This has been made possible by the improved technique and skill in the operation for the correction of this deformity. Let me assure you that in the hands of a competent surgeon this operation need not be feared. The results are more than gratifying. Usually it is difficult to detect the scar of the operation. Cleft palate and harelip can only be cured by surgery and it is best to have this operation performed as soon as possible.

May Retard Growth

In many instances the afflicted child is unable to take proper nourishment and proper growth and development are retarded if the defect is not overcome. To prevent loss of weight and strength the child must be fed through long nipples, medicine droppers or feeding tubes.

If the child is of normal weight and in fairly good health do not delay the operation.

The exact time for operation should be determined by the surgeon. He will take into consideration the age and health of the child as well as the extent of the defect. If necessary he may resort to a "two-stage" operation. By this is meant that the defect is corrected in two operations. This is often the best way to proceed.

Answers to Health Queries

R. O. D. Q.—My father is always tired and sleepy. He desires after every meal. Would this be due to overeating and lack of exercise? His occupation keeps him indoors most of the time.

A.—While overeating and lack of proper exercise will be factors, your father's trouble is probably due to auto-intoxication. He should make sure that his system is clean. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.

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Petitions are being circulated in the second judicial district on behalf of Judge George F. Shipworth of Eugene for appointment to the position of federal district judge, if the office is created as is anticipated. Judge Shipworth is a very capable judge and a democrat; and his appointment would be highly regarded by the public and the legal profession.

Astoria fish packers and fishermen have avoided the mutton-headedness which has proven costly to both in recent years. This year they were able to agree on a price for salmon before the season starts, so both will have full time for working while the fish are running.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Tablet at dedication of the Dorion woman:

To complete the record of the event, the writer is asked to print his address of Sunday, April 7, 1935, when the United States Daughters of 1812 for the state of Oregon dedicated their tablet to Marie Dorion at the St. Louis (Oregon) church, in which she was buried on September 6, 1850. Complying with the request, this is done, taking three issues, today's, tomorrow's and Friday's, beginning:

"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." So wrote Macaulay. It is appropriate that we here assemble to perpetuate memorials of the fortitude and faithful devotion of the Sacagawea of the Astor overlanders, who overcame greater hardships and suffered far more hardships than that sister guide and heroine of her race, the bird woman with the Lewis and Clark expedition of the western world. Defenbach visualized Gen. William Clark and William P. Hunt, as they sat over their wine and pipes at St. Louis (Missouri) in later years, muting: "Curious, it is not that each of us had a woman in his party?"

It is peculiarly appropriate that the United States Daughters of 1812 sponsor this project. They stand for perpetuating memorials of the brave deeds of the conflict that frustrated the highest hopes of the men in the Astor enterprise, which was distinctly American as opposed to British plan, outlook, interest and ambition. The Lewis and Clark party left two (perhaps three) men who became early settlers here. The Astorians left 30, besides the Dorion woman and her son, Joseph Gervais, faithful neighbor and helper of Jason Lee, was one—his house was the place of the first school in present Oregon and of the "wolf" meeting; its location still known to a few but yet unmarked. Capt. Tom McKay was one, among the most able, true and brave men who stood for justice between the two races the blood of which coursed in his veins.

One of the Astorians must have given old Wacanda, first rival of St. Louis, its name: the name which constituted it the one among the many ghost cities of Oregon that was God; for the Astorians under Hunt found the Indian tribes along their way calling the God they worshipped Wacanda, whose home was, they believed, in the high peaks of the Rocky mountains. For nearly 85 years the record that has brought together this tribute paying assemblage was plainly written in the little book kept by the faithful fathers of the St. Louis church here. This was the second church of the denomination in present Oregon; was a flourishing parish for 19 long years before Salem, the capital of the territory and state, had a Catholic church. Missionary priests went from here to work and administer at what was to

become and became Salem. Salem's first Catholic church was dedicated April 10, 1844. The fourth pastor at Salem, 1874, had been St. Paul's pastor the year before. This church is a year older than the Catholic church at Oregon City, and seven years older than the first one at Portland, Oregon.

Two and a half years ago, J. Willard Gay of Portland told your speaker that his great grandmother, the historic Dorion woman, was buried in the St. Louis church. Your speaker believed him; so did Prof. Cleveland S. Simkins, member of the faculty of the University of Tennessee. Memphis, who is also a great grandson, through the historic Gay connection. But your speaker refused to publish his belief, waiting for proof that could not be questioned. There is also a connection by marriage with the Joseph Gervais family. The first husband of Marianne Toupin, daughter of Marie Iowa Dorion—Yorke Toupin, was Isaac Xavier Gervais, son of Joseph, his son Jerome and Jerome's son Louis, and the children of Louis, are prominent, upstanding Oregon people. But that search will run far; is only started; it will be pursued. Isaac Gervais fought under Capt. Tom McKay, who drew the first blood (of Chief Gray Eagle) in the Cayuse war; also in the so-called Rogue River and Yakima wars of 1855-67-78, when the savage tribes from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean were in league to hold back the covered wagon immigration and wipe out the whole white race. For the matter of that, so did three Deloars, and members of every prominent Canadian French family in the St. Louis and St. Paul sections. Baptiste Dorion rode a second Lieutenant in Capt. Wm. McKay's Company 9 in the Cayuse war, according to the muster rolls.

The second blood of the Cayuse war was drawn at the same time by another McKay, Lieutenant Charles, who with a shot from his silver mounted rifle put out of commission Chief Fives Crows, to whom had been given the name of wives with Indian blood to go with him and hold back and punish the Cayuse murderers and their allies; a call the response to which was immediate, enthusiastic and, in some form or other, unanimous—to the great relief of all the white settlers in Oregon, and to the surprise of some of them.

The chapter of Mrs. Dye in her "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" was not overdrawn—the one in which she described Capt. Tom McKay's historic ride over old French Prairie summoning to his company the husbands and sons of wives with Indian blood to go with him and hold back and punish the Cayuse murderers and their allies; a call the response to which was immediate, enthusiastic and, in some form or other, unanimous—to the great relief of all the white settlers in Oregon, and to the surprise of some of them.

The Madame Dorion family, too, hangs up with the historic Stas family, coming down from Stephen Stas, co-discoverer of gold in California, with James W. Marshall and Capt. Chas. Bennett, all three from the vicinity of what became Salem—indeed, the first gold rushers went from the Willamette valley, and they organized the state of California, with Oregon's supreme judge, Peter H. Burnett, for governor, and with some of our provisional govern-

"The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

SYNOPSIS

During a party at her home, wealthy Mrs. Violet Elderbank is murdered and her jewels stolen. Among the guests were June and Jimmy Kirkman, her neighbors, and their tenants, St. George Wallace, a newspaper reporter and dignitary, Douglas W. Collins, a state official, and Roger Thurber, a specialty dancer, are also present. The crime occurred while the house was in darkness and June was beating for Roger's Zulu dance. Violet had been summoned to a private telephone in her bedroom. Her maid, Elsie, found her chloroformed and gagged about the time, Price Merriam, Violet's secretary and companion, who operated the lights for Roger's dance, had difficulty in turning them on after having put down Roger's entrance. The Thurbers disappeared during the performance to make a telephone call next door. Valcour had gone there to get some of his paintings for Violet. Elsie the maid claims she was in the kitchen when the telephone rang, but both Roger and Cripples, the butler, state she was not there. According to Cripples the call was from the telephone starting it had a message from Montreal for Mrs. Elderbank. A check-up reveals there was no such call but that Glenn Thurber telephoned at 12:21. Thurber emphatically denies this. As he is about to let Darden into his room, Thurber discovers the key is missing. The reporter's fingerprints are found on Mrs. Elderbank's phone. Valcour claims that while he was in the kitchen getting the pictures he saw Thurber come in, but did not see him go out again, nor did he hear Thurber telephoning. Roger tells the police he was putting the finishing touches to his work between 12:25 and 12:45 P. M., the time the murder was committed. A black smudge as of burnt cork is found on Violet's bedclothes. A tracer corroborates Thurber's statement that he telephoned his office from the public telephone in the Kirkman house. Darden examines Merriam's apartment a few doors away from the Elderbank residence.

Inspector McEnry of the homicide bureau visited the scene of the crime the following morning, which was Tuesday, September eighth. Sergeant Darden, keen and tireless as ever after a few hours of sleep, reviewed minutely for his superior the developments of the night. McEnry was a heavily built, mustached individual with steady gray eyes and a dominating solidity of demeanor. He was apparently good-humored but behind his jovialism, one felt he was a man who had never been bullied and seldom deceived. He had no frills or mannerisms. He had studied his case, as they said in the underworld, "bums," Froilan's post. Murders were his specialty, and he had investigated hundreds of them.

He classified his murder instinctively as he viewed the matrix of the crime. There were no murders, knife murders, club murders, stranglings, all the work of distinctive varieties of killers. There were murders for profit, for revenge, for pleasure, ordinary assassinations by thieves and good men, poison conspiracies of the warped though cultivated mind. But the Elderbank did not fall easily into any of these general categories. It was a high-powered jewel thief with accidental murder, the inspector told himself, but it was not at all what it had seemed at first sight—the work of ordinary "browns" or "blacks" in the argot of the underworld, "bums."

McEnry absorbed the salient aspects of the case without comment. A daylight investigation of the roofs had uncovered only one additional clue, if it could be called a clue. It was a high-powered jewel thief with accidental murder, the inspector told himself, but it was not at all what it had seemed at first sight—the work of ordinary "browns" or "blacks" in the argot of the underworld, "bums."

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Looped tightly around the book on the side of the window nearest the Elderbank home was the end of a stout cord, which dangled down into the darkness.

Darden reached for it and pulled it in. He kept pulling, and his amazement grew. The cord, it appeared, was seventy or eighty feet long.

"What the devil!" exclaimed Darden. "Where on earth did you get that from?" he asked Merriam.

"It's a heavy fishing line—trout line—what you call it," commented Darden. "What have you been using it for?"

"Me? Why, I haven't used it for anything!" cried Merriam irritably. "I know you don't sleep here to-night," said the Sergeant coolly. "Nobody sleeps here but a policeman—and he'd better keep awake!"

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this variety were put. Similar inquiries were being made on the subject of the cord found dangling from the window of Price Merriam's apartment.

The inspector ordered Merriam and Roger Duane detained at headquarters for questioning. The colored maid's rooming friend, Johnny Hankins, who had drifted into his rooming lodgings at four o'clock with a bulging waist of one dollar bills in his pocket, also was being detained. He admitted not without pride that the one dollar bills had been garnered in a crap game, which he had started with only five dollars. It was only after a siege of very rough questioning, however, that he confessed having dropped "I" Mrs. Elderbank's house the night before to borrow that basic five dollars from his lady friend, Elsie Seever.

Mrs. Elderbank's chauffeur, Cliff Spencer, was another person questioned. He had been concerned from duty late the previous afternoon, and had spent the night with relatives in a distant Long Island town. His alibi was unassailable, and he could tell the police nothing of value.

The finger-print expert, Captain Nobley, could uncover nothing useful in his examination of Price Merriam's apartment. The stairs to the roof looked as though they had been wiped clean, he reported, and the same was true of the window sill near which the cord had been suspended. Whether this careful cleaning of the apartment was the work of a housemaid or other person, it could not be established. Cunning criminals, Nobley observed, were well versed in this trick, and cunning criminals had robbed and killed Violet Elderbank.

Detectives questioned the housemaid, the girl who helped her, and every tenant of the house Merriam lived in, and here there was developed one lead of possible promise. The housemaid, Mrs. Ellison, who lived in the basement, also served as superintendent of the small house. Two weeks ago she had rented a two-room apartment on the second floor to a man who had seldom seen since. Mrs. Ellison was near-sighted, and people came and went with their own keys, so this could not be recalled. She had given the name of Garvice. He had furnished references, but Mrs. Ellison had lost them, which was not of consequence because Mr. Garvice had paid two months' rent in advance for his furnished flat.

"What did Mr. Garvice look like? Why, he was of medium build, eyes either brown or gray, nose neither straight nor pug; just sort of in-between. Plain-faced, if Mrs. Garvice's description seemed sort of nervous. She'd know him if she saw him again, but that was as near as she could describe him. She did not know whether he looked exactly prosperous or rather shabby."

Detectives entering the apartment of Mr. Garvice could not find a trace of him—no letters, no clothing, not even a cigarette butt.

The further examination of Merriam, Duane, Glenn Thurber and the negro Johnny Hankins at headquarters was without result, though the examination was tedious and tiresome.

No trace of stolen jewelry or clothing had been found at Hankins' place of abode. His story of the crap game was verified, his references in that apartment which Johnny had shown up shortly before one o'clock and had displayed five dollars as his sole preliminary capital. The crap game had been held at a place on Washington Street. Detectives traced the five dollar bill (which Johnny had on him, having cleaned out the game) in the branch bank where Mrs. Elderbank had secured her check the previous Saturday, so that it evidently had been paid to Elsie Seever in wages, and her story seemed substantiated.

(To Be Continued)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor: Safety Valve.

"Survival of the Soul" is suggested by the new (or old?) skeptic, Clarence Darrow of the Scopes trial fame. It is with great sorrow and regret that we read this statement of Mr. Darrow in your paper. Another brilliant and great mind added to the many of which God said: "In knowledge there is grief, and in wisdom, there is sorrow."

We (and I include all good Christians) shudder with fear and trembling, not personal fear, but fear for this man's soul. And also, we pity him. For out of this man's own mouth, he stands condemned. Why? Why does this man, not satisfied with the things of this world to eternal damnation, try to take others along with him? To answer my own question permit me to say that this Mr. Darrow, by his own admission is a "materialist." One who deals with cold facts and stark reality. One who, when it is raining, it is raining, and when, by the same token, unless he can see into the future life after death, says with his blasphemous lips that "there is no such thing." "Eli!" "Eli!" "Without thy hand yet a little while." "God, thy hand is over me, and the sin of unbelief shall not be forgiven. It is the only sin for which God, in all his kindness and love for man can never find forgiveness in the 'Lambe' Book of Life."

Due to some faulty teachings somewhere along this man's life, he lost his desire to walk with God. And at some place along the way, "He" turned his face away from this individual. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." So said the Lord.

I am wondering, was and is Mr. Darrow a wise man than Solomon? Was he wiser than Ikhnoton? History tells us that "Ikhnoton" was the first man upon the earth in the Nile valley who had the vision of a one and only God, creator of all things. The trouble with Ikhnoton was that he gave his meaning "Sun God," was that he was, to them of Ikhnoton's day,

the sun. No one in that day thought to look behind the Sun, to see what or who made it shine so bright.

In pity and compassion I write these lines, and continue with faith, hope and with prayer for the soul of him who is lost forever, unless, of himself, makes an effort to be a third class "vill" which was sent for him, for me, and for your readers, at the time our Lord Jesus was crucified: Read Proverbs 19:8-9.

EGG HUNT STAGED FOR CHURCH YOUTH

LIBERTY, April 23.—The local Christian Endeavor sponsored an Easter egg hunt on the school grounds Sunday afternoon, with Jesse Johnson, president, in charge. A contest feature was that to determine the funniest "Easter bonnet" present; Patsy Dash won first on that score. Prizes for finding the most eggs went to Mary Sargent; for the prettiest egg to Wilma Sargent; Phillip Forner was first in the egg eating contest. Attendance was good.

Special Easter services were held here. Rev. Edgar P. Sims delivered the Easter sermon and these numbers followed: Recitations and readings by Wilma Sargent, Donald Johnson, Cecil Sargent, Josephine Westenhose; song, "He Arose," by Tillman Hanger, Fred Forner, Mary Sargent, Jacqueline Judd, Wilma Sargent, Mildred Leek, Patsy Dash; duet, "Easter Bells," by Little Bobby and Le Verne Sargent; song, Muriel Baker; reading, E. B. Hauser; vocal duet, James Rose and Willard Hauser; harmonica solo by Glenn Leek.

BETTE KORINEK WINS

STAYTON, April 23.—Bette Korinek won first prize, one dollar, in the annual Legion Auxiliary Poppy Poster contest. Second prize went to Bette Anne Goode; third prize to Max Stayton and honorable mention to Leona Burmester, Barbara Waters and Pauline Hester. Judges were Mrs. W. A. Inglis, Mrs. Eugene Spaniol and Mrs. Mike Wendt.