

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Member of the Associated Press
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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Branson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, published every morning except Monday, business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail subscription rates in advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$4.00; 3 Mo. \$11.25; 6 Mo. \$22.50; 1 Year \$44.00. Elsewhere \$6.00 extra per Mo. or \$3.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy 3 cents. News Stands 5 cents. By City Carrier 15 cents a month; \$1.00 a year in advance.

Flax Money from Washington

THE federal government is to be asked again to give of its largess to the Oregon flax industry. This time the ambassadors for Uncle Sam's dollars are women—Mrs. W. S. Nicholson and Mrs. W. W. Gabriel, both of Portland.

The fever for getting flax money from FDR started in the spring of 1933. At that time Will Lipmann caught the ear of Louis Howe, presidential secretary, and the Washington dispatches had the millions rolling westward to make the Willamette valley a vast flax paradise.

The plan of pouring federal millions into the amateurish plants and plans of the flax boosters has never appealed to us. It has never won out at Washington where a project has to be only half-sound to win a federal handout.

Oregon's flax and linen industry has not suffered primarily from lack of capital. It has suffered from inexperienced and bad management, and from politics. Hundreds of thousands of dollars went into the Oregon Linen Mills—its outset was not hampered for lack of capital.

THIS being the case, I repeat, it is astonishing the resistance, increasing as it is, should still be so ineffectual—particularly when so many believe that, unchecked, the course must end in chaos. There are several ways of counting for this other than general inertia.

What is now needed in the flax industry is better management of our existing plants. The Salem Linen Mills does need some working capital but a comparatively slight sum would suffice.

Another reason is lack of organization and leadership in the opposition; another is lack of an alternative; another is the cohesive power of the party label; still another, fear of reprisals from an administration with virtual control over the air, vast publicity facilities and no scruples about putting ugly motives to those who differ with it.

The Bonus is Dead—for the Moment

FOR the moment, Mr. Roosevelt has stopped the bonus tide. His personally delivered veto message to congress, a precedent breaking address, was forceful, convincing and courageous.

The core of the president's argument against immediate and full payment of the adjusted service compensation certificates is contained in these sentences:

"The veteran who is disabled owes his condition to the war. The healthy veteran who is unemployed owes his trouble to the depression. He presents a separate and different problem. Any attempt to mingle the two problems—is to confuse our efforts."

THEY doubt his wisdom, not his sincerity. The name calling and the assigning of unworthy motives has come from him—and seems to be coming more frequently and violently. The trouble with Mr. Roosevelt is that, while he says he wants criticism, he clearly does not want forceful or effective criticism.

THE nation will continue to pay the veteran when he is disabled. It will give him priority in work relief. It will meet its adjusted service certificates when they are due—in 1945 not in 1935. But it will not invite outright inflation, eventual demands for outright pensions for soldiers and discrimination among the persons needing relief by anticipating by ten years the retirement of the bonus obligation of 1924.

THE senate, by a tiny margin, may be counted on to sustain the president. It is very doubtful if either house would uphold a veto on the Vinson bill which pays the bonus from borrowings rather than with printing press money.

A motorist organization which wants to get hold of a street franchise in Portland says in a public statement that its first consideration will be to give the people the best system of mass transportation in the world, and "to help its employees to be happy."

Benson Nearing End of 35 Years in Navy

SILVERTON, U. S. N., May 22.—Oscar Benson, U. S. N., will arrive here for a visit soon. He has been stationed at Pearl Harbor and landed in San Francisco early this week.

The Great Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem has mother lodges of Odd Fellows in all the odd Oregon country: I. O. O. F., largest secret society in world:

A Code For Critics

Washington, May 23.—THAT clear-headed old Kansas philosopher, Ed Howe, said the other day, "I am ashamed of this country for submitting to this Administration."

IT may not be a matter of shame but it is certainly a matter of astonishment that a nation, the majority of which is plainly saturated with distrust of the so-called New Deal, obviously sick of socialistic experimentation, full of apprehension over the vast confusion and wild, steam shovel distribution of billions of dollars, while exhorting exhortation over the radio is linked with a cock-eyed program of class legislation.

THE members of the independent lodge of Odd Fellows at Yreka, Benoni, joined the wild stampede, but not until after they had done two significant things. First, they made a bonfire of their records and paraphernalia. Next, they took a mutual solemn oath that, unorganized, they would, in the mines, observe the principles of Odd Fellowship; they would be true Odd Fellows.

THEY did that very thing, to the extent of many thousands of dollars of cost in virgin gold, and at the cost of a big hospital built at huge expense in Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, California's capital, has the first lodge of Odd Fellows on this coast. No. 1, started in 1849. California had eight lodges when our Chemeketa No. 1 was organized.

Gen. Joel Palmer was the leader of one of the large covered wagon companies of the big 1847 immigration. His donation land claim was in Yamhill county; on it he laid out the town of Dayton.

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

TAXATION AND THE MOTOR VEHICLE
If there is a more vital issue at this time than taxation and the motor vehicle, the average business man will have a hard time finding it.

At the Oregon theatre today is showing "The Escape" produced by D. W. Griffith starring Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet and Owen Moore.

Twenty Years Ago

May 23, 1915
An extra edition proclaims Italy's entrance into the World war. Hostilities will begin immediately.

At the Oregon theatre today is showing "The Escape" produced by D. W. Griffith starring Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet and Owen Moore.

Ten Years Ago

May 23, 1925
The gooseberry and strawberry seasons are in full swing and growers are short of help, particularly women workers.

At the Oregon theatre today is showing "The Escape" produced by D. W. Griffith starring Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet and Owen Moore.

Sea Serpent!



"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER I
IT was seventeen minutes after midnight on November 15, when the Sergeant on the desk at police headquarters answered his telephone.

"Police!" came a man's voice. "Good! Who is that, Sergeant Davis? This is Renton. Wilbur Renton. Speaking from my apartment on the twenty-first floor of 785 West Fifty-seventh Street."

"What's up?" he asked sleepily. "That's what we came to find out," said Murphy. "Sorry we had to come in like this, but we're in a bit of a hurry."

"Sergeant Davis said, 'Mr. Renton, do you know who—' when the sound of a receiver clicking into place told him that the man at the other end had hung up."

"What's your name, boy?" asked Larkin. "Robert E. Lee Jackson, sub—in the soft drawl of the south—but they most all call me Lee."

"What's the matter with you fellows," he said good-naturedly, but with a note of annoyance in his voice. "Are you crazy? I suppose you think I'd sleep all through a fight on my own roof. Show a little sense, man."

"That's what I am showing," said Larkin grimly. "None of all this makes sense, and you were too sound asleep when we came in to seem reasonable. But we were sent up here by headquarters to find out what the trouble is, and I guess I'd better start in doing a little finding-out. Have you got a woman up here?"

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"She's not there!" he cried, and the garment of a poised humorist dropped from him. . . .

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