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"Ne Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE . . . - Editor-Manager

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Flax Money from Washington

THE federal government is to be asked again to give of its I 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 state is to pay their \$400 expenses to Washington-once they are there the "loan" they seek is expected to come through in such short order, the state will be amply repaid for its in- statement that a majority is hositial investment for the junket.

The fever for getting flax money from FI)R 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. But Mr. Howe or Mr. Lipmann or both, never delivered.

The plan of pouring federal millions into the amateurish plants and plans of the flax boosters has never appealed to toward New Deal policies can be 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 anti-New Dealers from uniting another in sickness, danger and outset was not hampered for lack of capital. When the money was obtained, large sums were wasted on obsolete machinery. Management which piled up staggering operating losses was tolerated. The business belonged to almost everybody the majority. and was the vital concern of no one. Not until the Salem Linen Mills, successors in interest to the Oregon group, took charge, discovered that twine was the profitable item and creasing as it is, should still be built at huge expense in Sacrathe weaving of cloth a loss to the plant, did the operation be- so ineffectual—particularly when mento. That's the short of it. first daughter, Eugenia, Al's sisgin to carry itself without subsidy.

The state flax plant has had a succession of operators. the course must end in chaos, three-linker, knows the whole At the moment no individual has been named to carry on the counting for this other than gen- Joe. If any Odd Fellow has not founder of the bank of Ladd & sales work done by William Einzig, former secretary of the eral inertia. One is the extraor- heard the story, Joe ought to hire Bush, etc. state board of control; Einzig got new customers at a fair dinary Administration propagandia. It, with the militancy of official spokesmen, the ardor of the shorted the local mills who are now importing fibre from recipients of Federal bounty and Ireland.

What is now needed in the flax industry is better man-holders, makes a formidable comagement of our existing plants. The Salem Linen Mills does bination. To it must be added the need some working capital but a comparatively slight sum billions of relief and public works would suffice. The Miles Linen company has ample capital; which the President has to give what it needs is a more aggressive sales organization which to needy states, and for which will throw business to the mill here; not divert it to the Bar- there is keen competition. hour interests in the east. The state flax plant must have aggressive and intelligent management to open and hold eastern markets for flax but capital is not a requisite. When corporations such as the Champagne Paper company seek flax alternative; another is the cohes- it he laid out the town of Dayfor experimental purposes from the valley, they should be ive power of the party label; still ton. He became superintendent encouraged.

But funds raised by petitions to Washington, to be in- trol over the air, vast publicity system of western Oregon and had vested in vague projects, without guarantee of successful facilities and no scruples about management, stand the likelihood of dissipation in the man- imputing ugly motives to those ner funds heretofore raised from individuals in the valley who differ with it. For examhave been lost. The success of flax raising and manufacture Roosevelt asked again for criti- governor on the republican ticket in Oregon-which is no longer open to doubt-depends upon cism. "Feel free to criticize," he in 1870, but was defeated by L. the management we develop here. As the industry proves it- said, and his chief "coordinator" F. Grover. self, it can be financed with money from men and institu- recently repeated his words. Yet, tions in Oregon who expect to receive their money back, with effect, said that one set of perinterest, as is the right of a lender.

The Bonus is Dead-for the Moment

OR 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. While it reiterated the long history of increas- ridiculous. It seems strange a ingly liberal payments to veterans of the world war, it also enunciated with cogency the valid objections to the Patman

The core of the president's argument against immediate called, no critic of Mr. Roosevelt 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."

To this he added his objections to printing-press money as a means of retiring the bonus obligation. The payment of the veterans' claims with treasury notes, Mr. Roosevelt pointed out, invites payment of claims of other groups with such tender. The ultimate outcome would be uncontrollable prices and the destruction of the value of savings-a disaster which has befallen all nations which continued to discharge its obligations by the creation of "wealth" by the issuance of unsecured currency.

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. Such is the executive's position.

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. The huge deficits the government has incurred the past two years invite other lavish outlays. The congressman who has just voted a \$4,800,000,000 work bill and added four billions to the deficit cannot be affrighted over a "paltry" two billions additional for the veterans. It is this reckless disregard for sound national finance which paved the way for the dangerous Patman bill and it is this continuing accumulation of Fenelde, who formerly operated a staggering deficits which acts as a brake on business re-

motorbus organization which wants to get hold of a street hise in Portland says in a public statement that its first conideration will be to give the people the best system of mass trans-portation in the world, and "to help its employes to be happy." othing is said about profits to the promoters and bus-manufacturers, so they will hardly want to remain unhappy.

Benson Nearing End stationed at Pearl Harbor and

of 35 Years in Navy

Indeed in San Francisco early this week. Mr. Benson is a brother of George Benson. On September 2, Mr. Benson will have completed 25 years in the service of the here for a visit soon. He has been Silverton in the fall.

SILVERTON, May 22.— Miss Helen Raitenen, one of Silverton's teachers, will spend the summer at Berkeley attending the University of California. Miss Raitenen plans to return to Silverton in the fall.

The Great Game of **Politics**

By FRANK R. KENT Copyright 1935, by The Baltimore Sur

A Code For Critics Washington, May 22 THAT clear-headed old Kansan philosopher, Ed Howe, said the other day, "I-am ashamed of this country for submitting to this Administration." Senator Glass feels the same way. So do a lot of others.

IT may not be a matter of shame majority of which is plainly satfull of apprehension over the vast grand lodge. confusion and wild, steam shovel distribution of billions of dollars, tively to resist.

munication with people from dif- did not get abroad.) ferent sections will dispute the tile to the New Deal and no Roosevelt-and this despite the fact that more than a sixth of the people are directly or indirectly receiving federal funds. A real change has taken place in the last eight months. Confirmation of the decline in presidential popularity and increase in resentment had from any candid member of congress, any posted newspaper man, any unbiased observer. But would, in the mines, observe the the best evidence is the private principles of Odd Fellowship; agreement among practical politicians that the 1936 problem on the Roosevelt side is to keep the against him; that on the other ly, the fact which both accept is ability for all comers. that the anti-New Dealers are in

THIS being the case, I repeat, it dollars of cost in virgin gold, and is astonishing the resistance, in- at the cost of a big hospital so many believe that, unchecked, Joe Formick, leading Salem ter, became the wife of A. Bush, There are several ways of ac- story. Every Odd Fellows knows the great increase in Federal job- tal, has the first lodge of Odd the first state (1859) legislature. tremendous power confered by the

ANOTHER reason is lack of oranother, fear of reprisals from an fectly respectful critics were inhuman creatures not averse to seeing people starve and unconcerned when they lost their jobs. And just a day or so ago, he described critics of another policy as "high and mighty men" who told "specious lies." If it were not so serious this sort of thing would be president can't meet respectful critcism without calling names and indulging in personal jibes and jeers. So far as can be rehas imputed to him anything except a decent purpose.

THEY doubt his wisdom, not his sincerity. The name calling and the assigning of unworthy moives has come from him-and seems to be coming more frequently and violently. The trouble rith Mr. Roosevelt is that, while he says he wants criticism, he clearly does not want forceful or effective criticism. He has tried to patriotic. He wants to decide what shall be criticised and how. He wants to regulate criticism along with industry, agriculture and finance. And it can't quite be done. If it could he could do anything. It is, perhaps, a natural desire for a man in his position, but it would certainly be fatal for our system if he succeeded.

Legard Purchases Charles Bock Site Damaged by Blaze

SILVERTON, May 22.-Otto Legard, senior partner of Legard and Adams, clothing store, has purchased the Charles Bock property which was damaged in the recent fire at Silverton. Mr. Legard plans to rebuild and Berger restaurant in the building, will again open in one of the store

Mr. Legard received a wire Monday that this offer for the building was accepted. Mr. Bock, who formerly lived at Silverton and operated a bakery here, is

GOING TO SCHOOL and love of power? S. B. Mills,

Bits for Breakfast

By, R. J. HENDRICKS

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

(Continuing from yesterday:) California Odd Fellowship, its gripping early history:

There is room for only a few story: In 1847, the year the Span-ish pueblo of Yerba Buena became by change of name San Francisco, some American pioneers there who had been Odd Fellows in the places whence they came, banded themselves togethbut it is certainly a matter of er and organized a lodge of their astonishment that a nation, the own. This was while the name of the place was yet Yerba Buena. urated with distrust of the so- They called their society an Odd called New Deal, obviously sick Fellows' lodge, but it was started of socialistic experimentation, without a depensation from any

Early the next year, Jan. 24, while exangelical exhortation over 1848, three men from Salem, Orethe radio is linked with a cock- gon, Bennett, Staats and Mareyed program of class legislation shall, working on the Sutter Mill -it is astonishing that such a race, discovered gold in Californation should be unable effect nia. (Two girls named Bonney, of the Woodburn, Oregon, Boney clan, had discovered gold two NO competent person who gets years before at the same place, about the country or is in com- but the news was hushed up and

Came the historic gold rush, from the ends of the earth longer enthusiastic about Mr. the greatest up to date in the annals of time.

The members of the independent lodge of Odd Fellows at Yerba Buena 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 they would be true Odd Fellows-And specifically they covenant-

ed to look after and care for one misfortune, and that they would side, to get them together. Clear- do the same to the extent of their

They did that very thing, to the extent of many thousands of

Chemeketa's first members:

Gen. Joel Palmer was the leader of one of the large covered ganization and leadership in the immigration. His donation land opposition; another is lack of an claim was in Yambill county; on of Indian affairs for Oregon, and administration with virtual con- he established the reservation much to do with the disposition of the Indians all over the Oregon country. His office was of course ple, in his last radio address, Mr. in Salem. He made the race for

> Cyrus S. Woodworth was chief a long time, residing in Salem. He was also connected in official the early days, and was a merchant in Salem. His son, Cy. B. Woodworth, popular young man of Salem in the old days, has long been a resident of Portland. 5 5 5

covered wagon immigration, was newspaper pages. the last territorial secretary of

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 ness man will have a hard time finding it. In 1890 the total cost of government, federal, state and local was \$875,000,000, \$13.88 per capita. In 1919 it was \$7,- a mile wide down its sides. 465,000,000, \$71.19 per capita. In 1929 it was \$9,792,000,000, \$80.58 per capital. It is considered much higher now. What will by D. W. Griffith starring Mae it be in 1937 if the present trend Busch, Blanche Sweet and Owen goes on challenging the imagina- Moore. tion, The New Deal gives no cause for optimism.

Over expansion of the automobile industry and road building activities was a major factor in causing the depression, D. F. Huston, president of the Mutual Life Insurance company, told the sen-ate committee which was seeking a formula for prosperity. Is the United States going the way of England, of Germany, and other European nations? Are we going to be swamped by bureaucracy, duplication, enlargement of governmental activities, paternalism and an eventual dictatorship of officeholders?

The future of industry, of em-ployment, of home building and of individual progress is tied up with the problem of taxation. High taxes frighten the investor, takes money out of circulation, paralyzes business. The assurance of economical, efficient and restricted governmental activity would an end.

state, was U. S. senator, 1862-5 and in many ways was one of Oregon's useful citizens in pioneer

E. N. Cooke, of the 1851 covered wagon immigration, was one of the greatest of Salem's early day boosters. He was prominent in the steamboat business on the words to tell a long and romantic Willamette in pioneer times. He was Oregon's state treasurer for eight years, beginning with 1862. During that time he erected the finest residence then in Salem; still standing-the Patton home. 8 8 8

S. A. May was Oregon's secretary of state for eight years, beginning with 1862. U.S. Senator Frederick Steiwer of Oregon is his grandson. A. W. Ferguson, wrote Form-

ick, "was just a plain good Odd Fellow. He was faithful in attending meetings, went through the chairs and became a member of the grand lodge of Oregon. He was the first Oregon Odd Fellow to get married in a lodge: . . . married during a special meeting called for the purpose of 'performing an important ceremony of lifelong consequence . . . by Brother Chester N. Terry." Ter-

ry was county judge.

Cyrus A. Reed, of the 1850 immigration, was prominent in official, social and business life. He erected Reed's opera house, which is now the Miller store building. southwest corner Court and Liberty, Salem.

A. (Al.) Zieber came to Oregon with his father's family in the 1851 covered wagon immigration. His father, John S. Zieber, was a printer, book binder and editor. He worked on the Spectator in Oregon City upon arrival in Oregon, then on The Statesman, then as clerk in the office of the surveyor general, in Oregon City. He then came to Salem and worked on The Statesman here. The territorial printing was always done in the plant of The Statesman, and the state printing for the first term of four years. Early in 1856, John S. Zieber was made surveyor general of the territory, the office having been removed to the capital.

Al. (Albert) Zieber was the first son of John S. Zieber. The founder of The Statesman, first territorial and state printer,

Al. Zieber settled in Yamhill county; represented that county Sacramento, California's capi- in the last territorial (1858) and U. S. marshal under eight lodges when our Chemeketa Johnson; then sheriff of Multno-No. 1 was organized. Resuming: | mah county; after that one of the leading and most popular hotel men of the state. He was the first Odd Fellow west of the Rockies and north of parallel 42 by application for membership by

I. N. Gilbert was a covered wagon immigrant of 1844; retheir mission that winter. After lieutenant with citizen soldiers of the Oregon provisional governto punish the murderers. Gilbert was the first county clerk of Marion county. He made the first surveys of the town of Salem, drew the plats, and recorded them. He was one of the four clerk of the Indian department for | members who organized the First Congregational church of Salem,

The foregoing were just a few of the original pioneers of Odd Fellowship in the Pacific northwest, members of the mother lodge. The roster down the years, biographically sketched Benjamin F. Harding, of the '49 even briefly, would take many

May all the hundreds of visiting three-linkers abide in faith, love and truth, for which the linked letters stand, and come again and often to the home of their mother lodge for the land of dreams in the westermost west of their trekking pioneer for-

Twenty Years Ago

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

Lassen peak in California erupted yesterday and cut swaths half

At the Oregon theatre today is showing "The Escape" produced

Ten Years Ago

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

Among the new student body officers at Salem high school are Cecil Edwards, president; Donald Deckebach, Clarion editor; and Ross Harris, editor of the annual.

The Salem Boy Scouts will hold forth on the Washington high school group today in a track and field meet to determine champions in the different troops of the Cas-ALBANY GROUP VISITS

TALBOT, May 22. - Members of the P.T.A. from the Madison do more than anything else at this time to bring depression to Must this land of opportunities, and national of equal rights be sacrificed to the greed of gold Ruth Props, Judith Severson, Bertha Faulk, Faye Covell, Ada Reeser, Alice Neely, Dolly Mein-





Gladys Erskine

CHAPTER I

Twas 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. There's a desperate fight going on between a man and a woman on the roof of 784 across the street. Looks "That's what we came to find the body in the bath. That's the fashionable place to keep them nowadays, you know. So clean."

"Put drunk after dead and you'll be nearer right," answered Larkin. He tilted back the head of the unconscious man, and pushed up one eyelid with his thumb. As he did so, the man choked, coughed, opened his eyes, and sat up.

"What's up?" he asked sleepily.
"That's what we came to find "Where's your wife?" Larkin "Where's your wife?" "Larkin "Where's you roof of 784 across the street. Looks as if he's trying to murder her!" "Okay, Mr. Renton. I'll radio the mergency squad nearest there."

"Right! The quicker they get up there the better, from the looks of Sergeant Davis said, "Mr. Ren-

ton, do you know who—?" when the sound of a receiver elicking into place told him that the man at the other end had hung up. Whatever critics of the New York police may have to say, they must certainly give them the palm for the way in which they jump to it

in a case of emergency.
Within a few seconds headquarters was speaking direct to a moving car. The vigilant ears of the two officers who occupied it and were peering out watchfully into the stormy night, heard the police radio announcer give their number, and tell them to go at once to the scene of the trouble.

In less than five minutes the two officers, Murphy and Larkin, leapt from the police car at the door of 784, and roused a sleepy colored elevator boy, whose eyes bulged in panie at sight of the two burly figures in blue. Officer Larkin spoke laconically,

"Is there a penthouse on this roof, boy?"
"Yassuh, yassuh." "Well, take us up there, and step

As the elevator soared swiftly skyward, the negro rolled his eyes at them, and asked timidly, "Ain't. nothin' wrong up to Mr. Vane's, is

they, suh?"
"Oh!" said the officer, "so that's
who lives there, is it? No other
terrant?" and he studied the boy quietly but carefully.

What he saw was interesting, yet strangely forbidding — the boy at the controls of the elevator was unusually broad-shouldered and pow erful of build even for his race, which is noted for strength. His ebony face was at once sullen and childishly attractive — he might either be brutal, or gentle as a child. From outward appearance it was impossible to judge. "What's your name, boy?" asked

Larkin. in the soft drawl of the south—"but they most all call me Lee." "Okay, Lee. New, where are you

"Aflanta, Georgia, suh."
"Worked here long?" "Bout six months, suh." "Who is in Mr. Vane's family?"
"Jus' Mr. Vane and his wife.
She's mighty pretty, too—bout the
prettiest white lady I ever did see.

Oh, man, I'll say so!"
"That'll do," said Larkinas the elevator came to a stop, he

their prolonged ringing, although lights were plainly discernible under the door.

plied anger and suspicion.

"Murphy," he said grimly, "keep an eye on this bird. I don't like the way he's acting."

He got the door open, and they walked into a brightly lighted foyer. A wide decrway, directly opposite, disclosed through its draped portières a large room or studio, which was dark save for a reading lamp on a small table in front of the fireplace. In a large armchair a man was slumped, having apparently fight is possible, but that I should the two policemen in his apartment struck him with telling force. He turned a white face to the officer who stood close behind him.

"She's not there!" he cried, and that garment of the poised humorist dropped from him like a masquerade comment. "So you think that I have had a knockdown-drag-out fight with a woman—and won! My dear fellow, I assure you, you flatter me. The fight is possible, but that I should better the who policemen in his apartment struck him with telling force. He turned a white face to the officer who stood close behind him.

"She's not there!" he cried, and dropped from him like a masquerade contents. "Oh, I see," came the amused comment. "So you think that I have had a knockdown-drag-out fight with a woman—and won! My dear fellow, I assure you, you flatter me. The fight is possible, but that I should be truck him with telling force. He turned a white face to the officer who stood close behind him.

"She's not there!" he cried, and dropped from him like a masquerade comment. "So you think that I have had a knockdown-drag-out fight with a woman—and won! My dear fellow, I assure you, you flatter me. The fight is possible, but that I should be a truck him with telling force. He turned a white face to the officer who at the turned a white face to the officer who at the turned a white face to the officer who at the turned a white face to the officer who at the turned a white face to the officer who at the turned a white face to the officer who at the turned a white face to the turned a white face to the turned a white face to the officer who a

Officer Larkin spoke to him, but, win, is not even probable. However, T was seventeen minutes after he did not wake. He then touched as you feel that in your line of duty

eyes, and sat up.
"What's up?" he asked sleepily.
"That's what we came to find out," said Murphy.
"Sorry we had to come in like

"Where's your wife?" Larkin



he cried, and the garment of a poised humorist

quarters had a report that there all really very absurd. Sor was a fight going on on your roof."

A look of absolute puzzlement that's the only possible explanation."

That's the only possible explanation."

Would you mind calling your time, and to get his bearings.

"What the hell's the matter with you fellows," he said good-naturedhis voice. "Are you crazy? I suppose you think I'd sleep all through a fight on my own roof. Show a door. The room was in absolute ly, but with a note of annoyance in

"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 added, "You'd better wait."

They stepped out, and Murphy rang the bell at the door the bay indicated. There was no answer to their prolonged ringing, although lights were plainly discernible under the door.

Officer Murphy laughed.

"They're all out—or all dead," he said cheerfully. Larkin took no notice of him. All Murphy's fellow officers were used to his carelessly gay attitude toward life—or death. "Got a key?" Larkin snapped to the colored boy.

"Yassuh," tremblingly.

"Hurry then. Let us in this door." The look of puzzlement on the

Officer Larkin was beginning to feel a little puzzled himself by now. It certainly didn't look as if there had been a scrap, or even a domestic brawl, in this peaceful studio. And the man was amiable, and not at all flustered.

this," said Larkin, "but we couldn't tainly the only woman in the apart-get an answer when we rang. Head-ment." He added smiling, "This is

"Would you mind calling your wife?" Larkin persisted.
"Not in the least, but she'll hate like hell being disturbed, believe

There was no answer. He stepped softly into the silent room, and switched on the lights just within the door.

"Isobel!" he called again—and then as he stared at the bed he felt that he must be dreaming. For eyes with amazement and blanched his cheeks with a sudden fear, it had not been disturbed. The satin coverlet was as smooth as it had been that morning, and all the pil-

For the first time he took seriously the statement of Officer Larkin about the call from headquarters, and the fight on his own roof. The full significance of the presence of the two policemen in his apartment struck him with telling force. He turned a white face to the officer who stood close behind him.

"She's not there!" he cried, and the garment of the poised humorist

costume from the shoulders of one finished with the dance.

An idea struck him.

"Wait," he cried, "she must be in the bathroom!"

(To Be Continued)