

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
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The Great Game of Politics
By FRANK R. KENT
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Politics and Work Relief

Washington, May 30. THE mere suggestion that the great weight of the Federal machine, expanded and enlarged under Mr. Roosevelt to undreamed of size, is being utilized for partisan advantage causes great pain among the more starchy-eyed of the New Deal circle.

From 1844 on, until in 1850, when the plats were filed giving it the name of Salem, for Salem, the site in Salem was Chamoketa, meaning place of meeting, and that it was probably a city of refuge for the native tribes.

The next name was "The Mills," for the mission was on mill race, first building erected by white men here.

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An entry in the diary of Mrs. Willson in 1845 reads:

"Oct. 7th. I have spent several weeks of vacation here traveling and on a visit to the coast. My health is much improved and I am again engaged in the pleasing employment of training the youthful mind. The third term of our school commenced last month. My Lord, we look to thee for success in the great work."

Some visits to the coast in those days had been by way of what is now known as the Salmon river route. That was the way Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard and their boys went on their wedding trip in 1837, guided by Joseph Gervais.

Here is the next entry:

"Feb. 18, 1846. The third term of our school closes today. We have had difficulties and trials to contend with, but in the midst of all the Lord has been with us."

Two more entries in 1846 read:

"July 27. The fourth term of our school has opened today. The Lord has watched over us, and we were trials and cleared up our way before us. O that we may ever trust in thee and not in ourselves. Thou art our wisdom and strength."

"August 3rd. On the account of some trials connected with our school last term, I felt disheartened about engaging in it again, but I have never spent a happier week in school than the past. O Father, if we may but have thy blessing and presence all will be well; but, without it our efforts are vain."

An entry in 1847 that does not give the month or day of the month reads:

Bits for Breakfast
By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Thank the Lord, O my soul, for his goodness. . . My heavenly Father has increased my responsibilities by committing to my charge a lovely daughter. I feel that the trust is one of very great importance and that my influence upon her will be felt through all eternity. My constant prayer is that I receive grace and wisdom from God to discharge my whole duty to the child. Grant, O my Father, that she may be an eminently devoted Christian on earth and a glorified spirit in heaven and to thy name shall be the endless praise."

We know the date was not long after July 13, 1847, for on that day was born in what became Salem Frances, daughter of W. H. and Chloe A. Willson. In early womanhood she was married to J. K. Gill, then of Salem, and the first two Gill children were born here. Miss Frances Gill, who made the address presenting the epic article on Willamette, was born in Portland.

The regular reader of course knows that the two early students of the school that became Willamette university who arrived from "The Falls" were from the place that became Oregon City.

An entry in the Chloe A. Willson diary reads:

"Sept. 14th, 1848. The Lord has been with me since my last date in six troubles, and in the seventh He did not forsake me. During the difficulties with the Indians my trust has been with the living God and my mind staid upon Him."

The "difficulties with the Indians" of course meant the threats and dangers that came after the Whitman massacre of Nov. 29, 1847, followed by the Cayuse war of 1848.

A real dancer existed that the Cayuses and their allies might over-run the Willamette valley and kill all the white men, which was known to be a part of their plot. The diary will be the subject of a little further comment at an early future date.

At the same time the Gill family made the presentations mentioned herein, Rev. W. W. Youngson, representing the historical society of the Methodist church, turned over to Willamette university a large number of valuable relics, documents and books—enough to make a cartload. The writer hopes soon to have the list for this column.



"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

SYNOPSIS

Lawrence Vane, noted portrait painter, is held as a material witness in connection with the murder of his wife. He is held in the prison cell following the discovery of a headless nude body upon the terrace of his penthouse apartment. Three weeks before that happened, two of his friends—Willbur Renton and Roger Thornley—were discussing their love affairs and Vane's recent marriage to Isobel Mackenzie who was well known to both. Renton's interest in Isobel had caused a break between him and Betty Potter, a pretty young newspaperwoman who lives in the apartment beneath the Lawrence Vane's. Thornley says that he and his wife, Millie, a former show-girl, are leaving for Seattle soon. Renton calls on Betty to plead his cause anew, now that Isobel had married. She tells him that they cannot marry and reluctantly admits that she has been in love with Vane. Renton bitterly denounces Isobel, exclaiming that he'd like to choke her to death. Betty is horrified by his words. Early the next morning, Willbur Renton, denies that he had anything to do about notifying the police concerning the Vane murder, and is worried privately because he had called on Betty Potter so close to the scene of that homicide. Inspector Ingles persists in making Betty tell the truth. Cyrus K. Mantel, famous detective. She does so, and he is starting her by what he already knows concerning last night's tragedy.

"Ingles?" Mantel went straight to the point. "Betty has just left my home. Sorry you didn't come in with her." He chuckled at the surprise and discomfiture he knew the unseen man at the other end of the wire was feeling. "Can you meet me right away at the Tombs?" he continued. "All right. That's fine. . . Just as soon as I can make it. . . Good-bye!" He hung up and stared at the telephone for a moment, as though he expected the insensate black mouthpiece to speak and tell him something of value. Then, with a little shake of his shoulders, he rose and left the room.

As Police Inspector Ingles and Cyrus K. Mantel met in the central office of the Tombs, the prison bell struck the hour of ten. The warden in charge mechanically went through the usual strict routine of checking them in. Then a guard took them down a series of heavy doors, finally locking each one after the little group, as soon as they had passed through.

They walked down the corridor where the temporary prisoners are held—twitching drug addicts, and blowy women of the town. A tall negro shrieked at them as they passed, screamed, and then went off into a drunken shrill singing of "De Glory Road."

Fatistically, Cyrus K. stepped aside from these dregs of humanity, and yet his brilliant black eyes looked at them with kindness and a present to give to the world-famous detective, Mr. Cyrus K. Mantel—Mr. Mantel, the world-famous artist, Mr. Lawrence Vane!

Amusement dawned on Vane's face.

"Cyrus K. Mantel?" He almost shouted the words. "Why, Mr. Mantel—I am honored and proud and happy to meet you. Aren't you Betty Potter's uncle?"

"As I said before," sighed Mantel. "Of such is fame. Yes, young man, I acknowledge the impeachment. I am the uncle of that red-headed arsonist."

He studied the man beside him. "Do you know her?" he asked slowly.

Vane flushed.

"Why, yes," he said. "Not well. I've known her for a long time—but not well—you see I—"

"You know many women—well—do you not?" Cyrus K.'s voice had taken on an edge.

"Just what do you mean by that?" Vane's answer had fully as much edge to it as had the voice of his questioner.

"I mean exactly what I say, young man," snapped Mantel. "I'm afraid I shall have to question your right to question me."

Cyrus K. snipped his knees soundly.

"Excellent," he beamed. "Excellent! I'm glad to see, my boy, that you still have plenty of pride and fighting spirit. Excellent!"

Vane relaxed, and his smile answered Mantel's, though somewhat unsurely.

"Mr. Vane," he said, for the first time calling him by name. "I'm sorry, but in order to expedite matters and enable me to accomplish my purpose in coming here, I shall have to ask you a few questions about the tragic happenings in your home last night."

"May I ask one question first?" Vane countered. Getting a quiet nod for answer, he continued.

"What is your reason for coming here, Mr. Mantel?"

Through Mantel's mind flashed the picture of his lovely distressed niece, and her call upon him for help but a few hours before—and at the same time he honestly detected with himself as to what his real reason had been. For here was a case made to order for the peculiar powers of Cyrus K. Mantel—the sort of case that he loved.

"For a tense moment the two men looked into each other's eyes—then Mantel held out his hand, and Vane grasped it.

"Thank you," he said simply. "I'll be glad to answer any questions I can, but I warn you that I know very little about it myself, with the exception of what my 'friend,' he accented the word, 'the inspector here told me, when he arrested me.'"

"Let's forget me," said Ingles brusquely. "and get down to business. You're in a bad hole, Lawrence, and unless you help us all you can, Mr. Mantel will not be able to do anything at all." He added under his breath. "And lord knows how he thinks he can help on a surreptitious case like this, anyway."

"What happened last night?" asked Mantel.

He nodded his head slowly. "A very important question," he repeated. "The hunted look covered Vane's face again, veiling its temporary brightness."

"What is that question?" he asked cautiously.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Why—why—relief and amusement fought in Vane's voice. "Why—no, sir!"

Cyrus K. leaned back and shook his head in distress.

"Dear, dear," he murmured. "Of such this fabric is the robe of fame made. Dear, dear!" He swung toward Ingles.

"Introduce me, Inspector," he ordered.

Ingles could not fathom the workings of the brain of this gray-headed little genius, but he was sure that whatever line of talk Mantel took, there was a definite motive back of it all. So, in spite of his heavy heart, he tried his best to enter into the lightness, which Mantel seemed desirous of maintaining in the conversation. These were not the heavy-handed police methods with which he was familiar. But he had implicit faith in Cyrus K. Mantel, and whatever method he chose to employ, would be the right one.

Clumsily he tried to play the game.

"Lawrence Vane," he said smilingly. "may I have the honor to present to you the world-famous artist, Mr. Lawrence Vane?"

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Post-Dated Post-Mortem

THE committee of university professors which was invited to investigate the chancellor of the Oregon state system of higher education by a group of professors at Eugene has published its report after the lapse of nearly a year and a half. The gist of the report is that the appointment of Dr. Kerr was a "stupendous blunder", not because he is deficient in capacity, but because his previous success at the state college had antagonized the university faculty so he was not welcome at Eugene. The committee confesses it heard complaints and charges, most of which in the recital seem rather trivial, but dismisses them without any findings, alleging its purpose was to save the university and higher education at a critical period.

The report now is a sort of post-dated post-mortem. The condition of irreconcilable opposition to Chancellor Kerr at the university has been recognized by Dr. Kerr himself and by the board. The chancellor has resigned; the board is about to name his successor. The publication of the report will do little but rake over old fires.

It should be made clear that the committee's investigation was of an "ex parte" nature. It was not clothed with state authority. Its organization, the American Association of University Professors, is the "labor union" of the college professors. It represents very distinctly the professors' rather than the administrators' viewpoint. The committee was sent to Oregon in response to the call of some of the professors at Eugene who feared Dean Morse and perhaps some other might be dismissed because of utterances against the chancellor. Coming under such auspices, and still finding nothing other than that the appointment of Dr. Kerr was a blunder, from the personal standpoint only, does not indicate that the veiled charges were very important or were proven, or the committee would surely have so expressed itself.

The report will not create a great deal of comment. It deals with past history. It is rather an unfortunate post-mortem at a time when the state is looking for peace and not renewal of feudism, and when the state board is about to engage a new man for chancellor. It deserves and will receive little consideration; for Oregon is looking to the future and not to the past. We hope the new chancellor will bring a normal and healthy life to the university and preserve it in the other schools; but there is internal discord at the university which will need to be composed if the new chancellor is to accomplish that result there.

Holy, Holy, Holy

SPEAKING of the now defunct NRA the Oregon Journal says:

"It was a great humane program paralleled by the Sermon on the Mount, and confirmed by tidings from the Cross."

For making similar claims to identify with the Gospel of Jesus an NRA lecturer was called home from Eugene following protests from the clergy there. But to the Journal this scrawny blue eagle was immaculately conceived and delivered, though General Hugh Johnson seems a horsey mid-wife for such a heaven-sent visitant. The Journal never recognizes any greys. A thing is either white, of purest ray serene, a spark of divinity, with a holy and sacred character; or it is something of devil spawn, emerging from blackest hell, a thought of a fallen Lucifer. Chiefly those things are of divine origin which the democratic president espouses; and those things are satanic which are republican.

Now the NRA had some laudable purposes, the alleviation of the lot of working men and women, the elimination of the remnant of child labor which persisted in a few (chiefly democratic) states. But it became also an agency for exploitation of the consumers. Competitors formed price cartels for the more adroit fleecing of the consumers. The consumers' advisory board was nothing more than a title, shunted into the background by the masters of NRA.

Surely the Journal does not regard price-fixing, consumer exploitation, the squeezing out of the small businessman, the sentencing of a humble Jersey tailor to fine and imprisonment for selling his service at five cents under the code, the arrest of a York, Pa. battery-maker when his humble business would not permit paying the wages fixed by his big business competitors, as identical with the Sermon on the Mount, and as sacred as the Holy Cross.

This holier-than-thou attitude, this pious unctious of many of the apologists of the new deal gives our sour stomach. All virtue was not born with the new deal. Jim Farley, for instance, dressed in his Sir Gallahad suit, cuts a clownish figure. There are many high-minded men among the advisers of Pres. Roosevelt who are honest, hard-working and courageous. But so have there been in previous years and under former presidents. Civic conscience is not a new discovery—neither is hypocrisy an abandoned art.

Huey No Reformer

HUEY LONG continues in his role of chief political mountebank in the scenery. Some weeks ago he as dictator of Louisiana had a public spasm of virtue and closed all the gambling houses and bawdy houses in New Orleans and other parts of the state; or at least made a show of closing them. He made a political issue of the tie-up of the New Orleans political ring with vice and gambling in the city, which was probably true. Now however Huey announces the gambling joints will reopen.

Huey attempts to justify his action by saying "The people seem to want gambling, so let them gamble. You know, I'm no great reformer anyhow."

The more probable truth is that Huey has made a deal with the gambling crowd. He may share in the take now—sort of "share-the-wealth" perhaps. Few have any confidence in Long's integrity. That is why his income tax is under scrutiny. One purpose of his attacks on the administration is to bluff out the investigators or to shout "persecution" in case they find something on him.

Huey said one true thing: he's no reformer, chiefly a political racketeer who made reform a springboard to get into power.

"Vanity Fair", a new film, is done in technicolor, used frequently in shorts, and used in one of the George Arliss characterizations in a few court scenes. It should be beautiful in the full-length play.

The fact that the Weyerhaeuser kidnapers demanded \$200,000 is described by a federal justice agent as "a slap at the law." Also at the pocketbook, even for a Weyerhaeuser.

THE SAFETY Valve
Letters from Statesman Readers

LEFT IN 1889
Maumee, Ohio,
May 23, 1935

To the Editor:
I receive the Statesman that copied my letter to my friend Gideon Stolz, and if I knew that it would have been copied and published in a paper in Salem I could have written one more interesting to the public. I am writing this letter to correct the date of our return to Ohio, as you have it 1920. It was 1889. We lived in Oregon 20 years, lived in Portland 2 years, then went to Salem just as Mr. Stolz has it, in 1871.

I see now that there is going to be some friction on the rebuilding. Some people are never satisfied with good enough, when they can spend some others' money. I think that the building should be rebuilt as it was a nice building. I wish I could once more return to the dear old town and shake hands with the many kind friends I know. I'm looking forward to the time when airplanes will carry in 8 or 10 hours from Toledo to Portland.

Yours truly,
LUTHER MYERS.

Erik Johnson is Honored on 89th Birthday Anniversary

SILVERTON, May 30. — Mrs. H. B. Jorgenson and Mrs. Oscar Overlund entertained at an all-day party Sunday honoring their father, Erik Johnson, who observed his 89th birthday anniversary. Miss Esther Hansen of Los Angeles, a guest of the families, and Mrs. Jorgenson, baked the cakes.

Mr. Johnson was born in Sweden on May 26, 1846. He came to Nebraska as a young man. In 1920 he came to the Silverton district. His wife, Anna, passed away 10 years ago and Mr. Johnson now makes his home with the Overlunds.

Present were Mr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Jorgenson and Vincent; Mr. and Mrs. Overlund and Edwin, Mr. and Mrs. Nels Johnson and Edwin, Mabel, Evelyn, Wallace, Miss Stone, Zoster, Sletto, Bardick, Zimmerman and Sletto. Mesdames R. Kinsey, Arch Kimsey, Stout and Loose of Howell, Mesdames Mable Downing, Ruby Downing and Eva Duffy of Mill City.

A birthday shower of miscellaneous gifts was given the hostess, Mrs. Berringer.

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Yours truly,
LUTHER MYERS.

Farmers Thankful for Rainfall as Crop Plight Poor

LYONS, May 30.—Most of the farmers around here finished planting corn the past week, and Mr. Perkins who put his crop in early in the spring, is now busy with the cultivator. Berry growers and gardeners in general are happy over the rain, as crops have been suffering from lack of moisture.

The spittle bug is quite prevalent in most of the berry fields here this season.

WOLFORD BUILDING LEASED TO EAGLES

SILVERTON, May 30.—The Silverton Aerie Fraternal Order of Eagles has taken a two-year lease on the Wolford building located over the Jenkins grocery store and will hold lodge every Thursday night. The club room is open to all members of the order at all times. R. J. Baldwin, who came to Silverton some time ago to make his home, will manage the new club room and take office as secretary the first of June.

A band is being organized under the direction of O. K. Cole, who recently came to Silverton from Klamath Falls where he was band instructor. The band meets for practice every Monday night.

The Eagles lodge will hold a big picnic on June 2 near Silver Creek falls.

Summon Relatives KINGWOOD, May 30.—Mrs. E. Bennett is seriously ill, having suffered a paralytic stroke a week ago. Relatives from a distance have been summoned.

Twenty Years Ago
May 31, 1915
County Roadmaster W. J. Culver announced today that over 50 miles of hard surface and macadam roads will be completed in Marion county by the end of the year.

There are indications of an air raid of large proportions by Zeppelin dirigibles on London in the near future.

The United States broke a precedent today by beginning the distribution without charge of stamped picture postal cards to visitors at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

May 31, 1925
More than 2500 officers and men will go to the military Camp Jackson at Medford and 300 of the 245th coast artillery to Fort Barry on June 11.

A plot to kidnap Mary Pickford was disclosed yesterday in Los Angeles and three arrests made.

Eight sisters and three brothers of the Southwick family held a reunion at the Marion Putnam home yesterday.

Birthday Shower Is Given Hostess To Quilting Party

MEHAMA, May 29.—A quilting party was held Friday at the Gate Berringer home. Those from here present were the Mesdames Blum, Teeters, Boyington, Moe, Dickson, Wolf, Stone, Zoster, Sletto, Bardick, Zimmerman and Sletto. Mesdames R. Kinsey, Arch Kimsey, Stout and Loose of Howell, Mesdames Mable Downing, Ruby Downing and Eva Duffy of Mill City.

A birthday shower of miscellaneous gifts was given the hostess, Mrs. Berringer.