

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Another Party?

THERE has been in progress in Chicago a convention of dissidents and radicals who seek to establish a party to usher in a "new social order." Various groups have been represented—farmer-laborites from the northwest, progressives from Wisconsin, farm holiday association from Iowa, technocrats, commonwealth builders from Washington, Pennsylvania security league, New York commonwealth federation, and the socialist party. Communists were not admitted. A temporary name: "American commonwealth political federation" was adopted.

The assemblage is a gathering of leftist groups of various tinges of political complexion, whose adherents in this state would naturally be the Zimmerman independents. Their slogan is "production for use" instead of profit, which indicates a definite merging into the socialist program as presented by Norman Thomas.

It may be set down as a wholesome thing for this coalescence of radicals into a political party. They have found themselves out of sympathy with the leadership and principles of the old parties, though many have not hesitated to wear old party labels in running for office. They should be more easy in conscience to have a party of their own rather than retain affiliation with either of the old parties. Their present course is more honorable; they can formulate their own party program; and under the American democratic method may present it to the people for their decision.

Third parties have not been a success in this country in the past, but they have often greatly modified the course of legislation. In this case the new party if it drew out the radicals in the old parties might fuse the conservatives in the old parties into a single organization, so the country would face clear-cut issues. Such a prospect seems dim for two reasons: First, Mr. Roosevelt, who now seems to belong in this left-wing group, will doubtless continue to carry on under the democratic banner; and second, the traditional loyalty of the "solid south" to the democratic party, which is pretty rigidly sealed by the election laws of those states, interferes with such a conservative coalition under a new party label.

Marketing Agreements

THE decision of Judge Winter in the Multnomah circuit court holding invalid the state law for marketing agreements will occasion little surprise, even among groups that were benefited by the legislation. It was generally conceded that the law would have a tough time in the courts in squaring with the constitution. The weakness, as Judge Winter pointed out, is that the law attempts to confer legislative powers to administrative bodies and sets up no limits on these powers. The code authority composed chiefly of producers could go to extremes in setting up prices and regulating production. In most cases the authorities made no such attempts, but it is conceivable if the power became definitely established eventually it might be exercised arbitrarily.

There was this principle in the codes which we believe was just: It gave the growers opportunity as a group to have a hand in determining the price for their produce. In the past the individual growers have generally been helpless, forced to take what was offered; and the price was fixed by the buyer in terms of the general market. In the case of freely competitive commodities like wheat the grower generally gets full market value for his grain. In the case of specialty crops where buyers are few and closely organized the individual producer is often handicapped in the bargaining process.

Even if the high court sustains the decision of Judge Winter growers ought to maintain these committees for bargaining purpose. They should maintain some organization able to meet and deal with buyers of their produce, and able to study markets and acquaint growers with what prices ought to be. Much has been done by the bureau of agricultural economics in supplying growers with full information about markets and prices; but the growers themselves need greater cohesion in their efforts to obtain fair prices for their products.

Political Gesture

AS facts unfold it is more and more clear that Pres. Roosevelt's "share-the-wealth" tax problem is political, just like Huey Long's. The schedule which Sen. Harrison obtained from the treasury and which was estimated by "experts" to promise revenue increases of \$340,000,000, will produce no such amount. The president in his message urged heavier income taxes on persons with incomes of over \$1,000,000 a year. It turns out there were only 36 persons with large incomes last year. The tax-bill writers now admit it will be necessary to increase surtaxes down to the \$50,000-\$100,000 income group to get \$350,000,000 new revenues. The new dealers are finding out that tax revision is serious business, and can't be handled in a five-day drive. The president's smart politics on "soak the rich" may prove a boomerang when real revision starts and new loads are piled on even the low-income groups in order to supply money for his experiments.

The Standard Oil company (California) has gotten out a pamphlet giving its record of industrial peace covering its corporate existence from 1879 to 1935. In that period, it says, with two unimportant exceptions no group of its employees have struck for higher wages or better working conditions. "There has been nothing to strike about." While this record is a worthy one, it must be remembered that the oil industry has been an infant industry, steadily expanding; and that its profits have been large so much could pay good wages. The friction very often comes in "natural" industries or those where competition is fierce. The Colorado-Fuel and Iron another Rockefeller enterprise, hasn't had as peaceful a history as S. O. (Cal.)

H. H. Weatherston of Union county, former representative and member of the state horticultural board, expects to have a crop of 100,000 boxes of apples on his orchard near Elgin, the largest he has ever grown. The Elgin Recorder credits him with being the largest individual grower in the state. Eastern and foreign fruit crops are not very good this year so western producers of pears and apples look for good prices.

Cliff Parker is authority for the statement that young fellows are not taking up fishing. Their interests are being diverted to other sports. It's the oldsters who do the fishing and tell the fish stories. Another thing Cliff says is that more people fish in lakes and fewer in rivers and creeks. They can drive to the lakes easily now; besides stream fishing calls for more effort.

Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia has given out an interview saying he has no violent designs of conquest on neighboring territory. The reporter doesn't say whether his teeth were chattering when he spoke or not. But Italy and Great Britain will be more comfortable to know that they are not to be pushed into the Red Sea by Selassie.

A Salem citizen complains to the governor that the parliament betting at the dog races is right against the public. Gamblers never seem to learn that the folk who don't gamble are those who operate gambling devices.

Spice of AAA and the drought and dollar clipping wheat is back to Elc, we note in an Eastern Oregon paper. Supply and demand haven't been put out of the price ring yet.

Former Senator Jim Reed of Missouri brands this as an age of insanity. Considering that the democratic mule is supposed to be in authority, maybe it should be called the age of insanity.

The Portland News Telegram says it saw husbands aged from 28 to 37 running bases in a ball game "with elicit." And a blister on the heel.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Toward the end of the covered wagon days:

The Portland Oregonian's matter under the heading, "70 Years Ago," for Sunday, June 30, read:

"General Connor telegraphs that 1840 wagons passed Fort Kearney last month for the west, and that myriads of grasshoppers are also on the westward move."

What did that mean? It meant that, either in the month of May or in the month ending June 30, 1865—likely the latter—covered wagons had passed Fort Kearney to the number of 1840, bearing perhaps about 18,400 people over the old Oregon trail toward the ultimate west.

Fort Kearney was about four miles east of the present city of Kearney, Buffalo county, Nebraska, about 125 miles west of Lincoln, the capital of that state.

The writer says 18,400 people, because 10 was about the average number to the covered wagon in the days of the great migration westward over the old Oregon trail, counting the parents and children and the men engaged to hunt, attend the loose stock, help with the oxen, etc., etc.

On the average, the children were numerous. Often personal servants were brought along, and in some cases colored slaves.

Likely General Connor meant the month preceding the date of his telegram, because Fort Kearney was somewhat less than a month, on the average, out on the plains from the starting point.

The Dr. Kell train of 1855 made it in 26 days from Bethel, Mo., but that train traveled a little faster than the average, all the way across.

It is noteworthy that the dispatch of General Connor got through to Portland the day it was sent, for on July 3, three days following, this news paragraph appeared in the Oregonian:

"Telegraph news from the east delayed by breaks in the line caused by the Indian marauders between Salt Lake and Denver."

That was not unusual. The Indians, when caught tampering with the wires, generally destroyed any hostile feeling against the strange poles and wires across their country.

Usually, the conclusion was that with their untutored minds it was a mere matter of curiosity. "Curiosity killed the cat." Curiosity in the plains Indians caused the wires to be cut.

Who was General Connor?

He was General Selden Connor, wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness. He was made a brigadier general in 1860. He was governor of Maine in the 1874-5 term. Was U. S. pension agent 1882-9, and again appointed in 1897. He was president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, 1896-9.

No; Fort Kearney was not named for General Phil Kearney. Its name was in honor of Gen. Stephen Watts Kearney, who died in October, 1848. Fort Kearney was the first United States fort established on the Oregon trail. It dates from April, 1848.

It is 18,000 covered wagon immigrants of this unmemorable time in the month ending June 30, 1865. It is likely that the immigration of that year was the largest after 1854 to that year.

The reason: No covered wagon train, excepting that led by Dr. William Kell got across in 1855, because the Indians all the way from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean, were in an uprising against the white race that year.

And this continued in 1856-7-8. In 1858, Congress has appropriated funds, (horse soldiers) led by Capt. Medorum Crawford of Oregon began prospecting westward bound immigration trains.

The train of which Prof. Wolff was captain, the largest of all the Kell colony trains, coming in 1848, had the protection of the Crawford cut-off, which shortened the distance from the summit of the Rockies to Fort Hall. That cut-off was taken by some of the 1859 immigrants, the first time it was used. A. F. Brown came that way that year. He became the chief merchant of Oakland, Oregon. He has just sent his greetings to the Bits man, from his home in South Pasadena, Cal. He is 98 and still going strong.

But there were still some Indian troubles. The Kell colony train of 1847, the last one of the colony to cross the plains, captained by George Link, encountered hostile Indian interference. At one point these devoted colonists have Good Samaritan aid to dying and wounded. A band of arrows shot from ambush into a covered wagon company traveling just ahead of them, and overtaken by them after the encounter.

Their own escape was regarded as a miracle, some devoted members, thankfully believing it divinely ordered.

"Fully 35,000 Americans took these trails during the days of the covered wagon—from 1836 to 1865 when the golden spike linking the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific was driven at Promontory Point at the north end of the Great Salt Lake in Utah," reads a record of history.

Besides the estimated 20,000 resting in the unmarked graves along the way. The wonder is that so many got through; that more did not fill unmarked graves.

Hop yards of the Salem district are looking good. The market is remaining firm.

Statehouse Lights Still Bright

Beacons in Traveler's Own Dome

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

A light extinguished is not always dead. It may through memory lead where erst it led. The state house lights, which once the traveler eyed, coming to Salem from the night outside, Are yet bright beacons gleaming o'er the hill. In his own dome, sees them still.

Ed Cuddy gives me the above thought and suggests that I give it Tennysonic treatment. I asked him why he did not give it Tennysonic treatment himself, and he said chuckle he wasn't familiar enough with Tennyson to chance it, and anyway he couldn't make nothin' rhyme with nothin'. He said beautiful thoughts came to him now and then, but when he wrote 'em down and read 'em over they didn't sound the way they'd sounded when he'd thought 'em. It seems sort of useless for me to try to give a thought Tennysonic treatment, but I've made a stab at it just to prove to Ed that I can't. I don't aim to let anybody, including myself, tell me I can't do anything and not do at least a little something about it.

I reckon there's a heap of people who have what Ed calls beautiful thoughts—glances at pictures that fade before we quite see them, blossoms that wither as we reach to pluck them, vague ideas that will not be organized. Such thoughts are somewhat aggravating. Yet, like a pleasant odor, so subtle that it cannot be identified, they add more than they detract from the joyousness of life.

Half-way thoughts, like half-way feet, Leave us standing in the street.

In the rain, like as not, And with no umbrella.

Folks are always expecting. We are natural-born expecters. When we realize our expectation, as we do sometimes, we right away expect something else. An expectation, so subtle that it cannot be identified, they add more than they detract from the joyousness of life. It is a very good trick, if you can do it.

Item from a ladies' dress advertisement: "While impermeable." Another something nobody can see through.

A paragraph from The Statesman, reprinted in an eastern publication, appears in a current motion picture short, credited to the Portland Oregonian.

Life is not so different from a breakfast. No matter how tough it may be one can always chew some juice out of it.

Zerk Brown, a likeable youngster who has been having a heap of trouble with a bone infection following a fractured ankle, which necessitates the use of crutches, has opened a refreshment stand on South High street near the Paulus cannery. I went out of my way a little to have a visit with him, and found it quite worth while. I reckon he will make a success of the venture.

A report of frost was in circulation last Monday morning, but the thermometer did not fall for it.

It takes all sorts of champions to make a country or a state or a town. And, as for champions, there is a Collector Hamilton of the water company, who is probably Salem's champion listener to hard-luck stories. Secretly, I rather think he enjoys such stories. He has the gift of evincing a sympathetic interest. And this is, perhaps one reason why he is an excellent collector.

Even those of us who are not especially fond of sea stories found "Eight Bells," featured at the Grand during the week, a thoroughly enjoyable picture. A high-type story, satisfying all tastes and offending none.

Incidentally, it may be said there are not many motion pictures which satisfy all tastes and offend none.

"Oil for the Lamps of China."

Twenty Years Ago

July 7, 1915

Vancouver—In one hour eight citizens subscribed \$1000 each for the purchase of extra machine guns for new battalion being formed here.

Frank Holt, who attempted to assassinate J. P. Morgan Saturday, committed suicide tonight by plunging through an open jail window.

Mary Pickford is playing in "Franchon the Cricket" at Ye Liberty tonight.

Ten Years Ago

July 7, 1925

Eleven men from Salem are seeking certificates to practice law.

General business conditions in Salem are better than in any other city in the northwest, according to the July map issued by the Dawson statistical organization of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Hop yards of the Salem district are looking good. The market is remaining firm.



D. H. TALMADGE

Elmore attraction Saturday till Wednesday, is a very good example of the advance made during the past several months in picturing popular novels. This picture gives the story actual life—a marked contrast to earlier screen versions of favorite stories, many of which ruthlessly butchered a good story to make a poor Hollywood holiday. In the cast of "Oil for the Lamps of China" Josephine Hutchinson is outstanding.

Polecats are stealing chickens at Wilkey, the skunks!

Will Rogers says that all he knows is what he reads in the papers, and an M-G-M comedian rises to remark that all will reads in the papers is the stuff written by Will Rogers. Boys, boys!

Old as I am and remote as I am from public school life I ever feel an inclination at the close of the school year in June to take off my shoes and stockings as I did when a boy. It is ridiculous, of course. Even were I to yield to such an inclination there would be little or no pleasure in it. But it certainly was a joy back yonder across the years and miles to sit on the back porch after school, with three months of vacation ahead, and wiggle one's toes in the cool grass.

Three months of blissful foot-freedom! Twelve weeks of shirt and pants and an old straw hat and dirt behind the ears! But, of course, there was a fly in the ointment. There is always a fly in the ointment. Church and Sunday school had to be dressed up for, shoes and stockings and everything. And feet which have grown so free from bondage do not take comfortably to shoes. They enter shoes under protest. They refuse to be comforted.

It was my custom in those days to spend a vacation with Aunt Emma and Uncle Henry, who lived on a farm about a hundred miles from our house. And that was grand. I drove the hay-rake for Uncle Henry, which was a one-horse affair, and I drove the mower, which was a two-horse affair and very exciting. And I was stung by bumblebees, and I listened to Uncle Henry and the hired man tell lies about their experiences in the war, and I became so tanned that an insurance agent, who came out to the farm to insure the barn, asked Uncle Henry if I was one of the slaves who had been freed by Lincoln, which Uncle Henry thought was quite a joke.

Church and Sunday school were held in the school house. Uncle Henry did not go. He stayed at home and read the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean. But Aunt Emma went. And she saw to it that I went.

One Saturday night I suggested to Aunt Emma that I should be much more receptive to divine preaching and teaching if I were permitted to go to church barefooted. Would she let me? No, she said, she positively would not. My mother would not like it and the Lord would not like it. I called her attention to a picture, in the big Bible on the stand in the front room, in which Jesus was barefooted. She said Jesus had no shoes, nor had he any where to lay his head. She rebuked me by saying that she would have no shoes if he had owned any. Also if he had had where to lay his head he would have laid it. And would I please go to bed?

It did not do much good to argue with Aunt Emma. She said she would be the better of a fellow. It was so with mother. I have been grateful a good many times that they had their way and that I failed to have mine.

Reminded of the fact by the "Roberta" picture, which despite an earlier showing here has broken on all house records at the State theatre, and of which Ginger Rogers is so delightfully a feature, Manager Lewis of that house recalls that Miss Rogers appeared at the Grand theatre, Salem, in 1925, heading an act called Ginger Rogers and Her Redheads.

The Houston, (Tex.) Chronicle recently concluded a "palm-in-the-neck" contest which drew more than 500 nominations. Herbert Hoover won first place, defeating Huey Long, second place winner, by three votes, and Long defeated Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, third place winner, by eight votes.

H. M. Kramer of Portland usually glanced at a newspaper while eating an early breakfast at the Senator restaurant Sunday morning, and thus received his first news of the death of his brother, Ervin, also of Portland, which occurred the night before in an automobile accident near Seattle.

Summer Fiction



"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER XL

There had been dead silence in the crowded court room at the starting-point made by Cyrus K. Mantiel when he stepped forward, the judge had rapped for order, and then adjourned the Court.

The evening, and night that passed between the Court adjournment and the next morning, were perhaps the longest that either Betty Potter or Lawrence Vane had ever passed.

The suspense was almost unbearable, and Cyrus K. did nothing at all to alleviate it, or to ease their minds.

He was very busy on secret matters of his own, consulting and consulting immovable telegrams to a certain locality in the Far West.

He abruptly refused to see Betty when she called at his house, and gave her no excuse for this discourtesy.

When Betty sharply asked the cause of this discourtesy, Sucky would grin and say:

"She says, Miss Betty, you all will know soon enough. You see, wait! You know down home them blues come summer daries has a say! 'Hold money go through dam' said so fast he think fire on he tail a cool breeze!'"

"What's that got to do with it, you old idiot?"

"I know someone else will be run in! That fast woman—only they won't be able to get far! Again she doubled up and rocked and hugged herself with her silent laughter."

Finally the long night was over, and Betty and Sucky again on their way to court.

Betty stopped off at her office for a moment, and was complimented on her scoop of the day before. It made her furious that they thought she was such a fool. She would not let up his sleeve in the way of surprise for this day, and to have to acknowledge that she knew no more than they.

The editor told her he wanted her to see to it that she was the first one to interview Lawrence Vane after the trial was over.

"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

Hunches are usually counterfeits.

More paint has been spread in Salem this spring than in any prior spring in several years. It is a good sign.

Where is Frank paid Depressive ain't.

The death of Umpire Hank O'Day in Chicago during the week has released a small flood of old-time baseball memories in Salem and elsewhere.

Many of the old-timers recall the baseball thrills of 30 and 40 years ago more clearly than they recall those of last week. And those who took their baseball spirit from the Chicago atmosphere recall Hank O'Day as a real man, competent and just and unafraid.

A consignment of chewing gum flavored with Willamette valley peppermint is on sale in Salem shops. Gum experts report favorably on the product.

The court room was even more crowded than on the previous day. Many of the spectators must have been waiting at dawn, to make sure of a place.

The usual routine over, Mantiel was recalled to the witness stand, and the trial taken up where it had been left off at adjournment the evening before.

"Mr. Mantiel! I ask you to repeat the last statement made to this Court by you yesterday regarding the evidence which you wished to present," said the defense.

"I stated that I would produce evidence that will prove absolutely that Mr. Lawrence Vane did not tell his wife Isabel," said Cyrus K. quietly.

"And what is the nature of that evidence?"

"The corpse deficit." Again Cyrus K. uttered the amazing words quite calmly.

The District Attorney was on his feet, his arm waving.

"Subject!" he shouted. "Surely, your Honor, there is no need to satisfy this Court into a maze to satisfy the ghoulish tendencies of a detective. Of what value can it possibly be, to produce the body of this poor woman, which she is charged with without a head? It can do nothing to prove the innocence of this guilty man!"

The Judge rapped.

"You are out of order, Mr. Turnbull," he thundered. "Be seated, sir. Then turning to Mantiel, who had sat quietly through this tirade, he said:

"Mr. Mantiel! Does the Court understand that you wish to produce this body here, in court, as evidence that will definitely establish the innocence of your client of the crime with which he is charged?"

"Yes, Your Honor, I wish to produce here and now, in this Court, the body of Isabel Vane. In doing so I will prove conclusively that Lawrence Vane did not murder her."

"Have you the body in court?" asked the Judge.

A shudder ran through the packed room, and people looked around at one another.

Lawrence Vane leaned forward in his chair, a strange light in his eyes, which never left the face of the seated little detective.

"I have the body but outside. I ask the Court's permission to have it brought in as an exhibit, and as important evidence."

"The Court grants permission," the Judge announced.

The Judge looked back, as promised anyone else in the court room.

Cyrus K. spoke to the attendant.

"Will you ask the usher to tell Dr. Lockhart to come in with the body?"

In the brief interval that elapsed between the opening and closing of the outer door, and its re-opening, the sound of a pin dropping in the room, would have been covered with the force of a cannon shot.

Only Cyrus K. Mantiel seemed calm. He kept his eyes on the door and watched intently.

The door opened again, and two men entered. One Dr. Lockhart, and the other obviously a male nurse. Between them they held the shell of a woman—a woman who had once been of amazing beauty of face and form, but who now was a pallid, hollow-eyed creature—the only thing of beauty that remained to her out of the past being her flaming hair.

The two men brought her forward, slowly, across the room, and inside the enclosure in front of the Judge's throne. There they stopped away from her although it was noticeable that they remained watching her.

"Isabel!" the gasping word came from Lawrence Vane.

The woman stood silently stiff, her vacant eyes, like those of a sleep-walker.

"The body of Isabel Vane," said Cyrus K. in a quiet voice.

"The D. A. leaped to his feet. 'What travesty is this!' he shouted. 'Does Mr. Mantiel intend to make a mock of this court?'"

The Judge lifted his gavel to rap, when his hand was poised in mid-air—for the woman had moved—suddenly, abruptly, at the loud voice of Turnbull, she had cringed back as though fearing a blow.

"Don't, Roger!" she shrieked. "Don't hit me! I swear I didn't mean to bring the jewelry. I just couldn't be without them. Roger and I love them so, and Lawrence won't care!"

She threw her head back and laughed in a long blood-curdling shriek.

"The jewel he valued most," she yelled. "And haven't you stolen me? So why hit me because I brought my jewelry?"

Her voice dropped to a sly wheedling tone.

"Roger!" she whispered. "Roger! Get me some cocaine, darling. Go on, that's a dear. You know I've got to have it—please, Roger—please!"

She turned and ran toward the stairs. A nurse, reached out a white cloth-like hand.

(To Be Continued)

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Silverton Teacher Now in Mexico City

SILVERTON, July 6.—Miss Olivia DeGuire, junior high school teacher at Silverton, has gone to Mexico City to attend summer school. She was accompanied by Miss Betty Haseman of Nebraska.

Miss Haseman and Miss DeGuire have made several interesting trips together. Among the trips taken by Miss DeGuire were a summer spent at school in the Hawaiian Islands, a trip to the Orient, one to Alaska, and last summer a trip around the world.

ADDRESS TOWNSHIP CLUB
SILVERTON, July 6.—Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Livingston spent Fourth of July at Cottage Grove, where Rev. Mr. Livingston gave a patriotic address before members of the Township club of there. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rahn and Ellen accompanied the Livingstons to Cottage Grove for the day.

VISIT AT COQUILLE
HUBBARD, July 5.—Mrs. H. L. Carl and daughter Virginia left Friday, July 5, for Coquille, Oregon, where they will spend the week-end with Mrs. Carl's sister, Mrs. Jennie Price, and other relatives.