

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Visitor from South Dakota

"I recently visited your state and especially your beautiful Willamette valley. I have traveled in at least thirteen states of the union and in Canada, but I find your valley the 'Garden of Eden' of the whole territory. Its fertility, climate, flowers, fruits and vegetables are most attractive. It occurs to me that you should be a happy people for you can eat and sleep in spite of depression. Of course I realize that debt paying is hard in these days, even where harvests are bountiful. I am from South Dakota, where of course we felt the depression but it has been a minor part of our troubles. In 1933 and 1934 we raised NOTHING; not even rough feed for our stock. Most everything we consumed in 1933 and 1934 had to be shipped in. We people consumed tons of fruit produced in your valley and our stock was fed alfalfa hay produced in your state. Observation leads me to believe that you consume meats, that are ordinarily produced in South Dakota. Further observations, while in your state, led me to believe that your people consume our surplus butter to good advantage, both to your state and ours.

"I was in your valley for more than two weeks and if my memory serves me right, every home I visited, used a substitute for butter. It is also true that I can safely say that in every case, your people would much prefer to use butter but 'ole' at 12 1/2¢ a pound looks like economy as they struggle for self preservation.

"In South Dakota we find fruit a scarcity and the price high, so we do like your people, we use a substitute as far as possible. I am sure that our people would much rather use the real fruit, that is also produced, than to get along on substitutes.

"I realize that all producers of raw material are scarcely getting for their goods, the cost of production and the fruit grower and butter producer are no exceptions to the rule. With a reasonable increase in the price of our butter fat, we could use much more of your fruit and with a better price for your fruit you people could use much more of our butter. Ordinarily we feel that supply and demand govern the price of goods and that is partly true. However, it occurs to me, that while the supply is adequate, the demand is equally great but that there is something wrong with our system that is keeping the demand from being met. Perhaps too much profit is being taken between the producer and the consumer. I am sure that that is true and we will all find it so, if we compare the middleman's profits with those of the producer. While this is true and adjustments must be made, it is also true, that the producer and consumer are not getting fair with each other. If our people would eat more fruit and your people would eat more butter, it would be a decided asset to the producers and consumers of both states. Such a program would be good, healthy, Golden Rule cooperation.

"Another means of helping both the producer and consumer, is the manufacture of commercial alcohol from unmarketable and surplus products. Such alcohol to be used for fuel by blending with gasoline. It is already being blended for motor fuel purposes, from ten to thirty or forty percent. The horse is going. The machine is here to stay but it will not be an economic success for the farmer until something the farmer grows, produces at least a part of the power he consumes. If surplus fruits, potatoes, grains etc., were cooperatively manufactured and distributed for motor fuel purposes, it would be a decided benefit to farmers and communities where such products are grown, manufactured and distributed.

"Cordially,  
"E. C. SALTER, Ipswich, S. D."

Our contributor from Ipswich has sketched the fundamentals of the commercial system: the exchange of commodities. The surplus production of one area moves to consumption in another region, and is paid for by the surplus production of that region.

We fear however that our South Dakota friend will not be able to market much butter in Oregon, for this is a butter surplus state. Western Oregon has long been famed as a dairying region. Tillamook produces cheese; the coast, the Columbia river counties and the Willamette valley produce butter; and the irrigated sections of eastern Oregon have lately come to the front as heavy producers of dairy products. That Oregon citizens are eating oleo is not due to lack of butter but difference in price. Perhaps some dairymen themselves sell their cream and then buy oleo for their table.

Oregon can buy meats from South Dakota and corn from there or Nebraska (more recently from Argentine) and will buy alcohol for motor fuel when it is made practicable. South Dakota can consume large quantities of west coast lumber as well as fruits and canned fish. But the Oregon-South Dakota trade is more apt to be a triangular settlement. South Dakota's wheat and wool and livestock go to eastern consuming markets; and the credits derived therefrom go to pay for Oregon fruit and lumber. On this basis of exchange of goods rests the whole economic system of modern times. Trade links together the far corners of the globe. Small schooners picking up copra in the south sea islands and leaving prints from Lancashire and tinned foods from Portland are but the fine capillaries of the circulation system of trade.

There is always a contention over the share of the goods. The producer compares the price of the finished product in some distant place with what he receives as he delivers the raw material at his gate or village and thinks he is unfairly dealt with. The processor feels that he is ground to narrow profit margin by the ruthless competition of others in the business. The wholesaler and retailer make similar complaints; and consumers are generally agreed that they are uniformly exploited. The sharing of the proceeds of joint effort is the root of the political and social contention at the present time. We hear of production for use as a system to be preferred to production for profit. All production must be for use, because if surplus piles up prices fall and hence there is no profit. At least this must be said for the profit system; it has succeeded pretty well in solving production problems. The argument of its friends is that unless there be the reward of profit either in the form of wages, salaries or dividends there will be such a slackening of effort that production will fail.

We are glad our visitor from South Dakota liked our valley; and would welcome him for a permanent resident if his climate continues unkind. This visiting back and forth has its place in the commercial life too, for it is only by travel and by communication of information and by sampling that South Dakota for instance learns of the excellence of Oregon's fruits.

The lobby inquiry reveals that a representative of Associated Gas and Electric in a Pennsylvania town sent in telegrams signing names taken from a city directory. The messages were to protest to the congressmen against the death sentence to holding companies. Congressmen ought to have brains enough to analyze measures and then come to their own conclusions regardless of the pressure of their constituents. Then this telegraphic barrage would subside. So far as the Associated outfit is concerned, it certainly deserves annihilation—or rather its senseless promoters do. They have been the worst security jobbers in the business, yet they have been most active in fighting legislation.

Another "tooth" out in the Salem skyline—the steeple of St. Joseph's church. Like the dome of the capitol it was long one of the distinguishing features of the city, a landmark visible for miles, rising high above the trees and houses. This leaves the First M. E. church spire and the First National bank building the upstanding marks of the city today.

A Washington representative of Harry Hopkins says every family on relief will have a wage-earner working before snow flies. That is what they have been having for two years. What appears to be happening is just up a new big organization and then making a "bookkeeping" transfer of the work relief cases. Also the alphabet is to be altered from CWA to WPA.

This recall talk is two-thirds dog days hallucination. News-writers find copy running low in midsummer so they inflate the recall talk until it gets space out of proportion to the agitation to date.

Zimmerman joins left wing club, says The Oregonian. Joins?—Pete is the left wing wherever he goes.

An appropriate time for the August blanket sales.

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### The Tax Muddle

Washington, July 16  
NOBODY gets much pleasure out of paying taxes. It is a process from which little or no fun can be derived and the heavier the tax the less humor in paying it. Notwithstanding this, any normal person would prefer to pay to the extreme limit rather than have his government go bankrupt or resort to the cruder form of inflation. Because these are the roads to general ruin, at the end of which the thing to be shared is poverty, not wealth. Therefore, painful though payment may be, no tax is too stiff that will avert these disasters.

IT HAS been clear from the start of the spending policy, if the situation is to be saved, heavy taxation on rich and poor alike is inevitable. Those upon whom the burden would fall might be justified in resentment against the terrific New Deal waste, which has so perilously pyramided our debt and muddled the national finances, but it would be stupid to resist. What it is not stupid to resist, however, are taxes which do not balance the budget, do not restore us to safety, are not even intended to do so, but levied against a special class, are without beneficial results to the nation as a whole.

TAXED to save the situation is one thing. Nearly everybody will want to bear his share of that load as a matter of self-interest, though he may feel bitterly toward the men responsible. But taxed for a political purpose, under a political plan primarily designed to appeal to the least intelligent and substantial class of voters, is quite another. No one who fully grasps the facts about Mr. Roosevelt's recent tax message can escape the conclusion that it was a political gesture.

THE circumstantial evidence is sufficient to convince any unbiased jury of this. There is the fact that no tax legislation had been intended this session; that to throw such a message into congress when nearing adjournment is contrary to precedent and does not make sense so far as results are concerned. Further, there is no logic in discussing a new revenue measure except when the new budget is being dealt with. In this case the tax proposed is connected neither with the budget for this year nor for next. It is not related to any effort to balance the budget and no one pretends that such is the case.

THE idea of breaking up through inheritance taxes the great fortunes, heavily assessing vast incomes and levying upon rich corporations is not new. It is an appealing idea to which few persons do not directly hit objection. It is a good idea, but it can be found to do this without crippling business and hurting all of us; second, if, after the rates are fixed, sufficient money can be got to make it worth while; third, if the governmental policy of making the "Fat Cats" pay the bill and giving the poor a free ride can be put into practical effect. Some of the most profound students of taxation questions have grave doubts on all these points. But conceding their feasibility, it does seem clear that would not be attempted without careful and mature thought and the best available advice. A jaded Congress, sweating in the July heat and anxious to adjourn, does not seem the body to deal effectively with such a vital matter.

AS A "share-the-wealth" proposal these tax suggestions are a sham, and as a budget-balancing scheme they are a joke. There is sound reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt advanced them at this time to create a political diversion and take the wind out of the sails of Huey Long. That he really wanted anything done this session is not the idea of his intimates. The reception of the message by the Longs and La Follettes, however, was such that he was forced to insist on action to avoid the charge of insincerity.

NO ONE, including Mr. Roosevelt can now tell what kind of a bill will emerge. Apparently the President himself does not know what kind he wants. At least, Mr. Morgenthau, his Secretary of the Treasury, threw no light on that subject when he appeared before the House committee a few days ago. Senator Harrison wants to limit the increases to the large fortunes, but it is estimated this will produce not more than \$134,000,000—a mere drop in the bucket. The House inclines to broaden the base and increase the revenue. The Progressives want to raise rates down to the lowest bracket, thus affecting several million men of small means as well as soaking the handful of very rich. The Administration, in political trouble and approaching the campaign, looks coldly upon the revenue. The Progressives want Congress, resentful and reluctant, has no notion what to do and is getting no clear instructions from the Treasury because there is almost equal cloudiness there. Under the circumstances, if a good bill results it will be a miracle—and miracles do not happen in politics.

### Ten Years Ago

July 17, 1925  
A forest fire covering a large area of timber is raging in Crater Lake national park.

Thousands of people left the city yesterday to attend Salem day at the Elks' convention in Portland.

General George A. White is confined to his home with a severe attack of influenza.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Diary 79 years old  
fields strange history:  
Journey to Oregon in 1856:  
(Continuing from yesterday.)  
The record of the arrival at Collins Place marked the completion of the diary proper.

Followed two other entries. One reads: "The hills here present a beautiful appearance. Crowned with groves of oak, with no underbrush, it looks neat and clean. Ranged along in orchard style, they resemble more the work of art than that of nature, while beyond rise the mountains covered with the fir and the pine; nature luxuriates in all its beauty, untroubled by art, and to a lover of the same presents many attractions."

The other one: "Together when shall meet our eyes, ye of my absent home? Am I afar forever doomed to roam? Or shall I back like birds of springtime come, To dwell again?"

As said before, the writer is under the impression that the man who wrote the diary was soon "back like birds of springtime come, to dwell again," in his Rhode Island or Connecticut home.

He wrote in his diary of reading the Providence, Rhode Island, Journal at a San Francisco library. That newspaper, established in 1829, is still a leading journal of its section.

One of the strangest things about this old diary is the way its recorded incidents click, mesh up and coincide with important historic events of 1856.

First, the bloody riot of Panama, in which he all but lost his life. Turning to page 191 of the "Portrait and Biographical Record of the Willamette Valley, Oregon," of the Chapman Publishing company, Chicago, 1903, one finds, in a sketch of the Sellwoods, this paragraph:

"When he (Rev. J. W. Sellwood) was yet young, his father removed to Granville, S. C., and, in 1856, with a brother, John, decided to respond to the urgent appeal of the then bishop of Oregon, Thomas F. Scott, who needed missionaries to labor in this then frontier field.

"The two started together and en route were the victims of a bloody riot at Panama, from which they barely escaped with their lives."

"The children, too, were with them and endured all the horrors of those hours of danger.

"When the groans of the wounded and the dying were to be heard on all sides, the eldest son, John F., solemnly consecrated himself to the work of the ministry."

(Born July 22, 1839, he was then not quite 17.)

Quoting again: "In due time the family arrived in Oregon, but the John F. had been severely wounded in the massacre that months he was not able to enter upon his work, but on regaining his health he took charge of Trinity church, Portland.

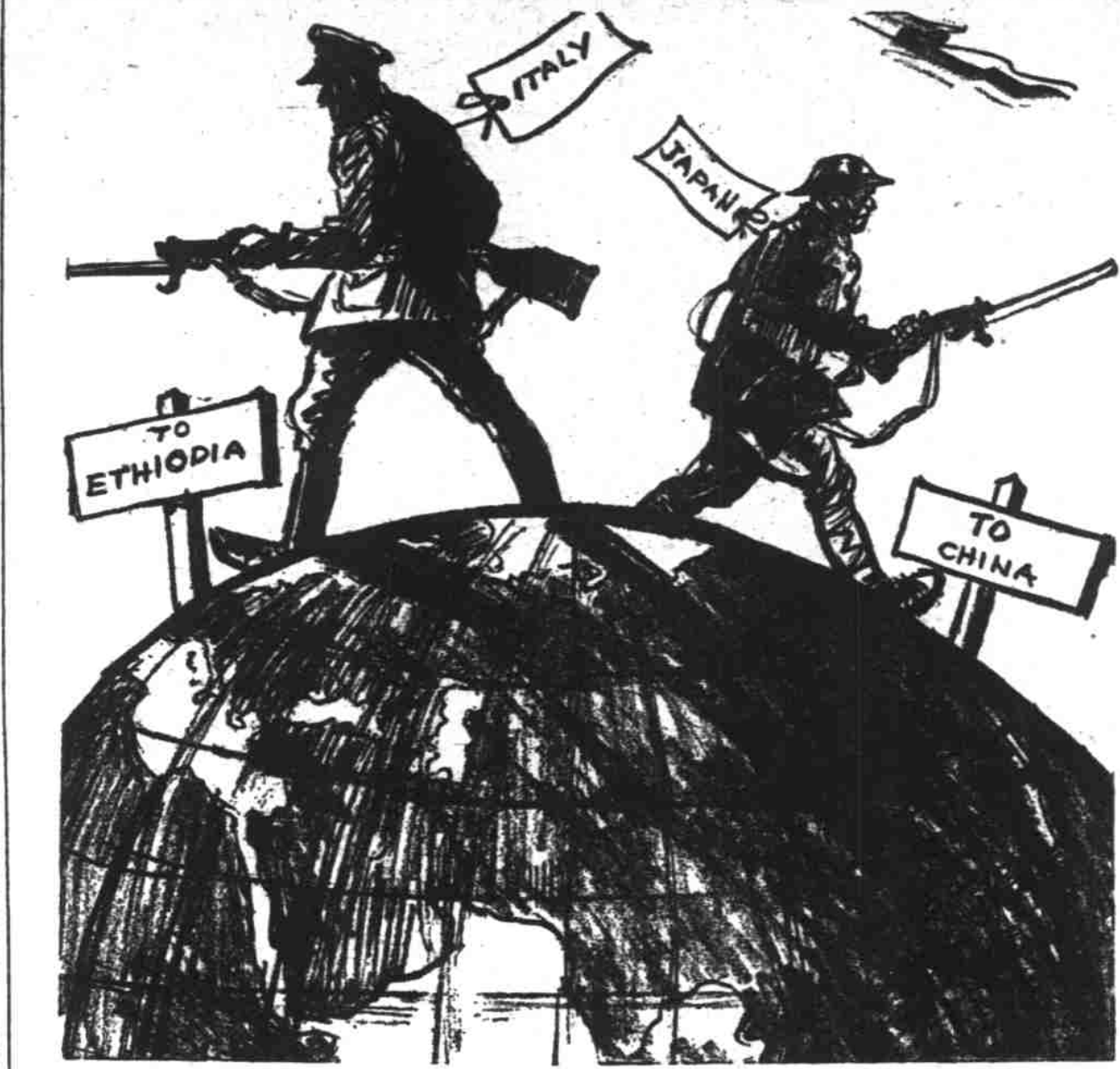
Rev. J. W. Sellwood meanwhile went to Salem, where he became rector of St. Paul's church. (He was its first rector.)

"His son, John W., pursuant upon his resolve to enter the ministry, gave himself to preparation for the work and in 1862 was ordained deacon in St. Paul's church, Oregon City, three years later being advanced to the priesthood of St. Stephen's chapel, Portland."

So three Sellwoods were prominent in the Episcopal church history of early Oregon. John, uncle of John W., was the founder of the town of Sellwood, Oregon.

Bancroft also mentions the Pan-

## Open Diplomacy Openly Arrived At!



## "THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park avenue residence home of a brother, Hod, the body of a man comes hurtling through the air, followed by a snow leopard robe. The man, obviously a servant, had fallen about twenty stories. Shortly after, Dick notices a beautiful girl standing in the doorway, order her chow to bring the robe to her. Dick's aide, "Bully," fights with the chow for possession of it. When the girl finally retrieves it—in pieces—she hastily runs her fingers over it and exclaims: "The clasp and girdle—gone! Never had Dick been so attracted by any girl. She is Karen Sire, daughter of the multi-millionaire, Maurice Sire. The police summon Dick to the Sire apartment as a witness. Detective Captain Boyle claims the dead man, Filipino, was murdered—stabbed in the back. Karen was the only other person in the room when he fell. Maurice Sire telephones that he is flying up from Washington, D. C. Leaving Detective "One-Armed" Toole (who really had two perfectly good arms) on duty, Boyle goes out. When the detective isn't looking, Dick calls Karen's attention to blood in the aquarium. Without a sign of emotion, she invites Toole to have a drink in the next room. While the officer is gone, Dick plunges his arm into the aquarium and draws forth a stiletto which he thrusts into his pocket. Shortly after, Boyle returns with a policeman and orders Karen searched. The girl slips over to Dick. He feels a tug at his right arm—the stiletto is gone! With the certainty of being searched within the next few minutes, Karen had deliberately relieved him of the weapon. Dick is stunned when nothing is found on Karen. Boyle leaves. Then "One-Armed" Toole compliments Karen and Dick on their smooth escape. He has seen everything and felt Karen drop the dagger into his (Toole's) pocket before being searched but had remained silent, for, like Dick, he had a hunch she was innocent. Toole suspects a pair of international crooks, Big Ed Whipple and his sweetheart, Brenda, who were after the clasp and girdle. A year ago, Toole had sworn that if he caught the Whipples, he'd lose his right arm before they got away. They did escape him and ever since Boyle called him "One-Armed," Toole is also bitter towards his superior because Boyle insinuated he accepted a bribe from Whipple. Karen explains that the robe was an heirloom and, every now and then, her father would request her to wear it in private for his sake. The detective amazes both Karen and Dick by dropping the stiletto back into the aquarium. He expects someone to come for it.

CHAPTER VI  
"You say," Karen went on, "that the Whipple Syndicate is made up of two persons."  
"Big Ed" Whipple and Brenda," replied Toole. "It's Brenda I'm expecting this afternoon. She'll want to be around when your Dad comes home."  
Karen paled and Toole hastened to add: "No, Brenda won't try any rough stuff. That ain't her part of the work."

Bannister, who had been slowly beginning to believe in Toole, now became skeptical. "Seems to me that you've got a mighty long rope attached to a small dog," he said. "Nevertheless," thrust in Karen eagerly, "I'd like to be here when he pulls it in. The mystery of it all fascinates me. If father doesn't make it clear I'm going to work with Mr. Toole myself. And if the Whipples escape us both there'll be another one-armed person in the case!"

"Make it two more," Bannister laughed. "But my part in the game is to bag a snow leopard for you. I'll leave the recovery of the clasp and girdle to the other members of the firm—what'll we call it—the One-Armed Syndicate?"

The presence of Captain Matt Boyle of the Homicide Squad in the Sire apartment, following what first had appeared to be the accidental death of a servant, or at worst, a suicide, was sufficient to pull in the interested interest of reporters. They had taken the manager's assurance that it was an accident for what it was worth—simply nothing at all.

The first alert suspicion was fully justified when the medical examiner reported the presence of a wound in the victim's back; it was whetted to a keener edge by the announcement that Maurice Sire was on his way to New York from Washington by airplane. Why should that celebrated multi-millionaire make such a hasty trip from the nation's capital, where he was engaged in an important conference, to be present at a police inquiry?

Why, indeed? The long arm of conjecture, thrust haphazard in a hundred directions, quickly indicated the point of contact. Captain Boyle himself had admitted that Miss Sire was in the apartment when the Filipino went through the window to his death. And the facts that no arrests had been made, and Boyle seemed still to be feverishly active, indicated the presence of an unsolved mystery.

Mystery murder—a beautiful young woman; the daughter of Maurice Sire involved in a bizarre crime! What a cover patch for the "big story" specialists! "Worse than that—or better, from the reporter's viewpoint—Maurice Sire's plane made a "crash landing" in the fog at Roosevelt Field; you away, Captain—or, shall I order a fourth service?"

Even Boyle perceived that he was not expected to accept this somewhat negative tender of hospitality. It had the well defined but sublimated air of "Here's your hat—what's your hurry?" He threw a sour eye at Toole and, bowing to Miss Sire, yielded the field.

With Boyle out of sight, Toole's waistcoat rippled over a silent chuckle. "Matt will feel more comfortable in a place where he can take off his coat and chew beef out loud," he rumbled. "A nice T-bone steak at Mike's over in Third Avenue—that's his dish."

Bannister could not quite adjust himself either to Miss Sire's attitude or to Toole's levity. After all, it was a tragedy that had brought them together. "What a jolly little



"I'm a copper, you know," Boyle said, "and I've got to work on facts as they appear, no matter who's hurt."

he escaped unhurt, and "dashed" for his new town home in a "high-powered car" that had been awaiting him.

Boyle's temper had not improved when he re-entered the room where Miss Sire, Bannister and Toole were seated. "You're relieved, Toole!" he snapped.

He turned to the girl. "I'm a copper, you know," he continued with a touch of conciliation, "and I've got to work on facts as they appear, no matter who's hurt. If you had happened in the White House at Washington or in the Governor's mansion at Albany, I'd have done the same thing: that is, if I was on the job."

"Meaning, of course," replied Karen smiling, "you would have placed the first lady of the land or the governor's wife under the eye of a detective until the matter was cleared up. Well, I acquit you of any intention to offend. Indeed, my thanks are due you for the opportunity of meeting an interesting gentleman."

Boyle glanced at Bannister. "I mean Mr. Toole, of course!" explained Karen.

"I wonder if you do," remarked Toole.

Bannister remained dumb. He was wondering, too—wondering at the skill and aplomb this young girl had shown throughout the ordeal thus far. Quitting a school room only the day before, she had plunged into one of the most difficult situations conceivable and carried it off with the ease of a woman trained for years in intrigue. He began to feel like a clumsy, bunglesome booby, to regret the years he had spent in the rough countries, and in a few minutes the private elevator door opened and a silver-paneled service was wheeled into the room under heavy service escort.

"Reminds me of old times," exclaimed Toole, plopping down in a chair while Bannister drew up another for Miss Sire. "When I was a house detective at the old Waldorf this kind of a feed was a regular thing for the boys. Oscar spoiled me for the Third Avenue joints, but I doubt if he ever could teach Matt Boyle to eat soup without making a noise."

(To Be Continued)  
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## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

WHAT'S IN A NAME?  
A paper published over in the Willamette valley laments that the Oregon boys who choose distinctive names for their places, as we did up here when we put Seattle, Spokane, Yakima, Wenatchee, Duwamish, Steilacoom, and so on, on the map, selecting instead such commonplace names as Portland, Salem, Ashland, etc.

The fact is, they did start right in many cases in the Westport country. We well remember that on the first maps appeared such names as Cow Creek, Skull Springs, Hay Creek, Mule, Wagon-trail, Brogan, Corncock, and others too numerous to mention. These places never amounted to anything, on account of the prejudice against their names, and now many of them are entirely forgotten. We can't account for the prejudice, but probably it is because Webfooters are different. We doubt if Seattle would have gone far if it had been located in Oregon.—Yakima Republic.

### Eight Mills at Seattle Start; Groups Harried

SEATTLE, July 16 (AP)—Welding riot struck freely, state police broke up a meeting of some 2000 persons in mid-afternoon Monday at Everett and then resorted to their tear gas guns and clubs again to scatter 200 more downtown, as eight lumber mills were summed operations, another major move directed toward the ending of the 10 weeks northwest lumber strike.

### Twenty Years Ago

July 17, 1915  
Mrs. Ellen G. White, one of the founders of the Seventh Day Adventists died in—St. Helena, Calif., at the age of 88.

Norman S. Taber of Brown university ran a mile in 4 min. 12.5 seconds to break the world's record in Harvard stadium.

Salem bricklayers will begin work on the new Stayton high school in a few days.