

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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City Water

SALEM drinks its first municipally owned water today. The formalities of the transfer are being concluded, the warrant for \$1,000,000 will be turned over to the Oregon Washington Water Service company which will vacate its property and the city will enter into possession. The administration of the water plant will be in the hands of a commission of five men: Edward Rostein, chairman; I. M. Doughton, Wm. Gahlsdorf, E. B. Gabriel and J. M. Rickman, and the superintendent will be Cuyler Van Patten.

Citizens will not observe any change in the water for the time being. Soon some reconstruction will be undertaken which will augment service in special districts; but it will be some time before general improvements will be made; and of course a still longer time before any alteration in source of supply will be made. It is well for the commission to defer passing on this question until it has a good working knowledge of its property and its possibilities.

It is of prime importance to get the enterprise started right. Close business management, free from politics is the requirement. Particularly it is important for the commission to work through and with the superintendent and not try to deal directly with the problems. The superintendent is competent and he should be given the degree of confidence and authority which the position requires.

The initial salary roll is heavy, too heavy except for the temporary period of change. The engineering expense is justified for a program of construction. But the commission will have to be careful not to pile on payroll expense.

Another thing important to begin with is for the commission to insist on no "free water". It is easy for the city council to ask for free water for fire, for parks, for the city hall, etc. But the verdict of experience is that these supplies should be paid for even if it appears to be merely shifting funds from one pocket to another.

On the other hand the commission should be held accountable for the tax liability. The private company paid over \$20,000 in taxes. The commission may not plan to make any direct tax payment into the public treasury, though it would be a pretty good thing if it did. But if that is done, it should devote an amount equivalent to the taxes in plant investment or in debt retirement. In fact with proper management and with its saving in interest and taxes the debts should be retired faithfully and all improvements paid for after the initial reconstruction is completed.

This work may be volunteered: beware of delinquencies. The city can no more make the plant pay unless it gets its collections in than the private company. There may be a tendency on the part of some consumers to let the bill ride and then tell the city to jump in the river. Such a policy if allowed would be costly in the extreme. The city will find it will have to be fully as firm as the private company in insisting on prompt payment of bills; and the sooner it makes the public know that by a few shutoffs the easier its course will be.

All parties concerned will need to exercise patience. The new managers will have to learn. The public must know that deficiencies in service due to plant cannot be overcome immediately. There should be team-work, a willingness to give the commission a free hand and to refrain from criticism until it becomes experienced. Above all the business must be kept out of politics—job trading and salary dickerings, etc. With the right cooperation among the commission, the operating staff and the public, Salem should succeed in managing its own water system.

Finally we cannot record the transfer without a tribute to the Oregon Washington Water Service company. In many ways they have been rather harshly dealt with in Salem. In the face of many handicaps they have maintained good service and supplied the citizens with wholesome water except where certain conditions arose beyond their control. They have dealt honorably with our people. Manager J. T. Delaney has been a forceful figure in community activities and with Mrs. Delaney has won many close friends. President Elliott in his many visits to Salem has been gracious and reasonable. He has tried to discharge faithfully his duty to his bond and stockholders and yet has been ready to negotiate with the city when his verdict came for public ownership. At times the company's procedure may have seemed obstructionist, but no more so than any individual would have been with his property at stake. So far as we have observed the company and President Elliott have conducted their business honorably and in a straightforward manner; and those on the other side of the trading counter will testify to the personal charm of Mr. Elliott as well as to his ability as a business man and utility manager.

So as we lift a tumbler of Salem water we may drink two toasts: one to the old company and its executives; the other to the new municipal water and its managers.

J. K. Weatherford

OREGON lost one of its finest citizens Wednesday when James K. Weatherford passed away at Albany at the age of 84 years. His career spans a large portion of the history of Oregon as a state and he was a strong influence in the molding of that history. On the sound foundation laid by the men of the 40's and '50's, Mr. Weatherford and those of his generation built; and the commonwealth of today is largely the result of the labors of these men and women.

Standing as the great monument to the public labors of Mr. Weatherford is Oregon State college. He was one of the first graduates of the college, and served as a regent for approximately 50 years, until the board consolidation took place in 1929. He was diligent in planning for the expansion of the college and attained national recognition for his work in the field of the land grant college.

Mr. Weatherford was a member of the Albany school board for 50 years and served as Linn county school superintendent, mayor of Albany, and speaker of the house of representatives. He practiced law continuously from 1876 until his death, and was one of the leaders of the Oregon bar.

The state has lost a man distinguished for his public service, his professional attainments and his exemplary private life.

Rickreall women deserve commendation for their courage in asking the county authorities to do a little moral scrubbing in that town. Many of these crossroads towns run pretty loose. They have little or no city government and the county officers are miles away. It has been some time since Marion county had any raids, and doubtless the scrub-brush could be used over here.

Charley West, ex-representative, and more recently Pres. Roosevelt's messenger boy to the congress, has been kicked upstairs by being made an under-secretary of the interior. As liaison official he got several bumps and bruises. He might be assigned the Virgin Isles to practice on.

Grants Pass turned down the PWA bait for a new high school by defeating a proposed bond issue. . . . Though PWA boosted the vote to 45 per cent, that is not enough. Communities are "on relief" the same as individuals; and want 100 per cent or nothing.

Rez Tugwell who is busy spending tens of millions in land re- settlement projects woke up and found he had 18,000 employees— three times as many as NRA had at its peak. So he fired 9000 of them. Unsettlement for resettlement.

The lumber strikers in a mill at Hoquiam have won unequalled victory. The mill has been ordered closed permanently and will be dismantled.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Party-Bound Boobs

Washington, July 27. THERE are signs that intelligent men and women held within the two major parties by the party



Frank R. Kent

label are going to be far fewer next year than ever before. This does not hold true in the South so far as the State elections are concerned, but it does hold true in every section so far as national elections are concerned.

THE extraordinary way in which the Democratic and Republican parties in the past two years have shed their traditional doctrines and each today is occupying positions which historically belong to the other—or at least do not belong to it—is completely obvious. For example, the Republicans now are far more sympathetic to the teachings of Thomas Jefferson than the present Democratic Administration, which to the Jeffersonian Democrats does not seem Democratic at all. Party history becomes a joke when Republicans defend the Rights of the States and inveigh against the growth of the Federal power, while a Democratic Administration goes to extremes in sapping the one and increasing the other.

UNDER such circumstances, "party loyalty" would still appear natural in those either on the Federal pay roll, hoping to get on or in some form dependent upon their local party organizations. For these, adherence to the party label and support of the party candidate, no matter who he may be or for what he may stand, is a simple matter of self-interest easy to understand. But for others who do not belong to these classes, such blind allegiance to a party name, now utterly meaningless, seems the height of stupidity.

THIS, of course, has been more or less true for a number of years. In several campaigns there has been no distinct issue between the parties. Particularly was this the case in 1928. There was the greatest difference in the personalities of the candidates, but the platform offered no choice at all. In recent years it has been increasingly difficult for a man to give a clear reason "why I am a Democrat" or "why I am a Republican." Never, however, has the absurdity of the labels, as representing basic principles and political traditions, been as complete as now. With the Roosevelt Administration having almost wholly repudiated the Democratic platform of 1932 and adopted policies which Democrats for generations have been taught to abhor, and with the Republicans urging Jeffersonian Democratic principles, partly because of political expediency and partly through inability to formulate other policies—with such a state of affairs, this clinging of millions to party labels acquired through inheritance is too ridiculous for words.

THE fact is elections in this country in the past have been decided by the approximately ten per cent of the voters not held by party ties, but who swing between the two parties. Ninety per cent of the voters are divided between the Republicans and Democrats, with the former under normal conditions having the larger percentage—but both pretty rigidly held by the inherited feeling about the party with which they are affiliated. These support their candidate for President regardless of issues or individuals, solely because he wears the party label.

THIS ten per cent are the free voters—the ninety per cent are the boobs. That has been true of the ninety per cent in most Presidential elections in recent years. If the same proportion holds it will be particularly boobish in the next. There are plenty of Republicans who believe in Mr. Roosevelt and there are a good many Democrats whose basic convictions are violated by his policies. The words "Democratic and Republican," as formerly understood, have not the remotest application to either the New Deal or the chief New Dealer. Not a ghost of a reason for using them in connection with either party—except that of convenience—can be given.

WHETHER you favor Mr. Roosevelt or not, the truth of the statement cannot be gainsaid. It is clear that the more thoughtful politicians generally concede that in 1936 the number of free voters will be very greatly increased, the percentage of party-bound boobs greatly lowered. It seems inevitable under conditions as they have developed the man who says "I am a lifelong Democrat" or "I am a lifelong Republican" cannot take the curious pride in that kind of statement so many have in the past. That is, he can't if he reasons at all—or has even a rudimentary sense of humor.

Business Men Slate Friday Night Movies

JEFFERSON, July 31. — Sixteen business men were present Monday night for the meeting of the Jefferson Better Business club at the review office. Further activities of the club were discussed. Another moving picture show will be held on the vacant lot north of the blacksmith shop Friday night and another treasure hunt held Saturday at 3 p. m. Over 500 people attended the free outdoor show sponsored by the Jefferson merchants last Friday.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More markers and monuments will bring more business and they will pay for themselves:

It would pay the state of Oregon to place a historic marker or monument at every point that deserves one.

It would be good business to provide the necessary money for their conservative and legitimate cost from the funds paid for gasoline taxes.

The increase they would make in those taxes would soon wipe out their cost. In a period of years, the money would be provided by that increase as the work proceeded.

On account of our unsurpassed climate and our many other attractions for outsiders, our "tourist crop" is already a profitable one, and large, and growing.

No one thing besides will do as much to extend and perpetuate its growth as the increase of history-mindedness on the part of our people, to the extent that they shall transmit the spirit to visitors.

The best way to promote the growth of history-mindedness is to make more markers and monuments.

The easiest way of education is with tangible, visible objects, through the eyes and the hands. The alphabet of nature is plain, and is its own teacher.

This state's history is sufficiently important and colorful to justify a state-wide campaign extended throughout the years.

Oregon is the mother of states west of the Rockies, and the history made here has had vital relationships with the history of our nation and important reverberations throughout the world.

Jason Lee came in 1834. Had he not come then, and had he not been the kind of man he was, the British flag would now fly over this coast, from Behring's sea to the isthmus of Panama.

He sounded the tocsin of settlement, told the world of the dormant potential resources here, and so the arc of the republic was extended from the snows of the Rockies to the sands of the Pacific.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:

Committee Need the Money. I introduced in the legislature a measure known as Senate Bill 140, permitting the payment of two dollars and fifty cents or more on taxes, at any time. It passed both Houses, was signed by the governor, and is now a law. The bill also provided that it will require five years before property can be sold for taxes, which extends the time two years longer than the former law.

The tax paying part is of especial interest to those working for wages, farmers who sell milk, hogs, and a calf or two, and others who desire to set aside each month a certain sum to be paid on taxes, before using their money for other purposes.

It is a good law, and should be given more publicity that all who desire to take advantage of it may do so. We know it will make more work in the tax department, and while some of the employes may object to this added burden of collecting money in small amounts and giving receipts for it, the general public will be glad when it becomes necessary to their having sufficient help to carry out the provisions of this act. There are many hundreds of people in Marion County alone who do not know this is the law. I would like to suggest that in every tax department in the state, signs be put up acquainting the public with this privilege, and in the habit of paying often, that the tax delinquencies may be materially reduced.

CHAS. K. SPAULDING.

CAMPFIRE SUPPER

Prepared for 4-H Club Joint Picnic

BETHEL, July 31.—The clubs, "Five Careful Cannerys," and "Just Us Girls" held a joint picnic at the old covered bridge on Mill Creek. The instructor, Mrs. Carmalite Weddle, supervised the cooking of a hot supper over a campfire. Later the group went to the home of one of the members where the evening was profitably spent on 4-H club work.

Mrs. S. Hamrick, Eugene and Lois Hamrick have returned from Longview where they visited Mrs. Hamrick's daughter, Mrs. O. D. Smith and family, formerly of Salem.

H. M. Heath of Cuba Buys Seifried Ranch

DAYTON, July 31. — A deal has been made whereby H. M. Heath, of Cuba, became the owner of the Arthur Seifried 60 acre farm two miles north of Dayton in the Unity neighborhood, adjoining the Dayton-Portland highway. The farm has been owned and operated by Mr. Seifried since 1931. Mr. Heath is interested in a hemp fiber plant in Cuba.

Five Picnics Slated at Silverton Sunday

SILVERTON, July 31.—Picnics slated for the Silverton park include: August 4, the Pomona grange group, Rebekahs of Woodburn, Lutheran Sunday school of Woodburn, Hicks-Mandings, and the Spear, Hicks-Mandings, August 11, South and North Dakota picnic, Elliot Prairie community picnic.

Yours in humble service, Franklin F. Chedister

In that westward march of settlement came three men to the site of Salem, and they went to work for Sutter, who had passed this way. They were Bennett, Marshall and Staats, and they discovered gold in Sutter's mill race, Jan. 24, 1848. The news raced around the world and brought men of every color and condition from the far corners of the earth. They laid the foundations of 11 commonwealths.

The first gold rushers were from the Willamette valley. They took charge by right of being first comers, organized California into a state, and broke it into the unions.

With Oregon's supreme judge, Peter H. Burnett, for governor, and with copies of Oregon's provisional government a statutes among the first laws of the state of California, taken thither by Governor Burnett, who had been a member of the first Oregon provisional government legislative body chosen by the people at the polls; the one of 1844.

When the Oregon gold rushers in California had prepared that corner of the country for statehood, and were ready to make the attempt of breaking it into the union, full fledged and panoplied, with no waiting at the gate—no sitting on the mourner's bench in territorial form—there was only one man in congress from the domain west of the Rockies—only one person to act as spokesman for the presumptuous fledgling south of parallel 42. Without Oregon's voice, there would have been no clarion voice for California's claims.

That man in congress was Samuel R. Thurston, first delegate from Oregon. He made the great address that resulted in breaking California into the union, full fledged, with two United States senators, already elected and on hand to take their seats.

Jesse Applegate, out in Oregon, arranged for the proxy that gave Horace Greely a place in the Chicago convention that gave Lincoln the nomination for the presidency— that influenced powerfully the course of world history.

Oregon has a colorful history. A hundred sites cry for markers. Several hundred should be marked, for the glory of the state and the benefit of tourists coming this way annually in increasing numbers.

Let's keep on keeping on—arouse and perpetuate a sentiment of same history mindedness in Oregon.

Twenty Years Ago

August 1, 1915. Edith Channel of Kansas City, Mo., reached the San Francisco exposition on foot yesterday, a journey of six months. In that time, she had thrown off a threat of tuberculosis.

Oregon loganberry juice has made its home state famous at the Bay City exposition.

An informal reception will greet Dr. Carl Gregg Doney and his family August 4.

Ten Years Ago

August 1, 1925. Great suffering prevails along the Polish border where thousands of Germans are encamped on their way back to Germany. Poland is evicting them.

Johnny Weismuller broke his own world record for the 100-yard free style at Seattle yesterday, swimming the distance in 50.4 seconds.

Improvements for the high school athletic field on North 14th when completed will include three baseball diamonds, three football gridirons, handball and tennis courts.

Campfire Supper Prepared for 4-H Club Joint Picnic

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South Dakota Tells 'Em!



"THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

CHAPTER XIX

Bannister was stunned. For the second time that day Karen Sire had exhibited a wholly unaccountable contempt for him. He could have forgiven the first rebuff; he had thrust himself upon her at a time when she was under great stress; she had not sought his advice or assistance. But this latest performance was a flagrant affront.

"Had was right," he muttered bitterly. "The girl doesn't regard me as an equal. I'm just an odd sort of fish to her—one to be hooked and thrown overboard after the catch. 'Tut! I can't buy a white chip in the game these people are playing. Maybe she had a throne in mind even while I was harping about the pelt of a snow leopard. But whatever, or whatever this Prince was, he's dead now. What's the next move in the game?" He took an evasive step.

Toole had an automatic in his hand when he opened the door to admit his friend.

"Expecting Jeff Whipple?" Dick queried pleasantly.

Toole dropped the gun into his coat pocket. "Just makin' sure," he answered shortly. "That bird has bounced his last blackjack off my dome."

"We might as well fold up and get out of here," Bannister remarked. "Karen's got the stuff she wants and has skipped, leaving Jeff to hold the bag. Metaphorically, we're in the same boat."

"Not exactly. The house has been instructed not to tell Jeff that she's gone. The little lady is presumed to be in her room right now. It won't be long before Jeff finds out what was done to him. Maybe he'll make a call on her."

"Suppose we shift to her room," Bannister suggested. "I'll get Bully to bark a little and he'll think it's the show. We can put on the lights so they'll shine out on the loggia. He'll notice all this when he comes up from the Rese Room and think that Karen is in the room."

"Would you be willing to go into her rooms and stay there all night alone?" Toole asked. The Dresden clock chimed a welcome to him; a pretty figurine, perched above it, swept a bow. Fragrance—just a suggestion of it to Bannister; he saw no flowers. But Karen Sire had been there.

Bully looked up at him and whimpered. His master felt queer, almost ridiculous. He drew out a small pistol, examined it and thrust it back into his hip pocket. Its deadly accuracy was known to him; with that toy-like weapon he would have regarded himself as a bungler if he missed the eye of a chicken at ten paces.

Bannister next kicked off his shoes. Walking to a window he looked down and far out into the park. Automobiles—thousands of them—whirred and gleamed through the darkness. But even in the midst of this he caught a note of the wild. One long drawn cry came to his ears; only a caged wolf, perhaps, yet—had the beast in the park zoo scented the presence of a stranded spirit? Would Jeff Whipple stir at the cry and creep out for the foray? The idea altered Dick's strategy—he turned off the lights.

But hours were yet to pass before Jeff Whipple returned to his room. Bannister spent them in tormented inactivity. What if Karen did return? Floating into the room, she would find him there in a suit, trousers and shirt—perhaps with a toy pistol in his hand. Bully had hurried up on the bathroom mat and gone to sleep long before Dick heard a sound at Whipple's door. Presently a flood of light fell across the loggia—the man was inside.

Five minutes more passed. Dick thought he heard the rumble of a muffled curse. Perhaps Jeff had opened his portfolio and found that he had been duped. Another rumble on the bathroom mat and guess who punched him for the line-up and he slugged you to get away. The simpler procedure would be to arrest him again.

"It would," Toole admitted, "if Miss Sire hadn't forced me to change my plans." He looked steadily into Bannister's eyes. "Do we part?" he asked.

"No!" Dick snapped. Toole silently handed over a key to the suite just vacated by Karen Sire. Bannister picked up his boots, whispered to Bully, and together they stepped out into the corridor, leaving Toole alone. Opening the door of the darkened apartment, Dick entered and switched on a light, revealing a suite more richly

lifted it cautiously. New York is never still, but for one brief interval in every twenty-four hours, something like complete repose settles upon the city. It comes between the night club curfew and the morning milk trucks. That interval had arrived.

The night had become moonless, starless and murky. Bannister be-



Bannister drew the draperies about him and held his breath.

and daintily furnished than the one he had just quitted. The Dresden clock chimed a welcome to him; a pretty figurine, perched above it, swept a bow. Fragrance—just a suggestion of it to Bannister; he saw no flowers. But Karen Sire had been there.

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Bannister drew the draperies about him and held his breath. Slowly a gray leg was thrust across the sill; presently the entire figure was in the room. The watcher saw it move noiselessly across the carpet and gaze at the bed. Suddenly a sword of light slashed the darkness; the gray invader was using a flashlight.

Trust the little revolver back into his pocket. Bannister leaped across the room like a puma, landing squarely upon the ghostly intruder's back. Instantly the illusion was gone. He was at grips with a man muscled and thewed like a bull.

(To Be Continued)
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Camp Fire Girls are on Summer's Outing

DAYTON, July 31.—Ten members of the Dayton Wintap Campfire girls left Wednesday for

PATIENT MOVED HOME

MACLEAY, July 31.—Mrs. Dave Hackett, who has been very seriously ill at the Deaconess hospital, has improved sufficiently to be moved to her home but is still in bed.