

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Heroic Seventies; Timid Thirties

In the 1870's there must have been "giants in the land" out in this far western state of Oregon. The population of the state in 1870 was only 90,923 and the assessed valuation of the property was \$31,798,510. Yet in 1872 the legislature under the leadership of Gov. Grover and Senator Thomas McF. Patton of Salem appropriated funds for erection of a state capitol. Its dimensions startled many of the people at that time and prediction was made it would not be filled with offices for a hundred years. The event justified the vision of the leaders and the legislators of 1872, and long before the century additional governmental buildings were required.

By 1930 Oregon's population had increased to 953,786 and its assessed valuation to \$1,125,160,592. There has been a small decline in valuation since 1930 but no one doubts the total will soon be regained and passed. Yet there are those timid souls who refuse to plan a state capitol for the present and the future. They can only see a building in the same spot and of about the same dimensions and style. They seem unable to look ahead to the Oregon of 1950 and 1985 and 2035, which the new building should still be serving. They lack the foresight and the courage of their grandfathers of the 1870's.

By the same token there is a mental palsy over the courthouse remodeling. The building is admittedly a fire-trap and irreplaceable public records are subject to the hazard of fire every day and night. The court house was built in the "heroic seventies" when Marion county had a population of 9,965 and an assessed valuation of \$3,175,000. Yet the people of that day went ahead with building the court house at a cost of nearly \$100,000. The building served well for the past sixty years, but its vault space is outgrown and its offices are crowded. Now Marion county has a population, by the 1930 census of 60,541 and an assessed valuation of \$48,993,736 for that year. If the fewer than 10,000 people could afford to erect the courthouse, surely the 60,000 people of today can afford to spend \$96,000 to supplement federal funds to provide the county with a more commodious and fire-safe structure.

The Methodists of the thirties are as bold as their fathers and grandfathers of 1870. In that decade the present First Methodist church was built and its spire has long been a landmark. The church of this generation, preserving its ancient meeting-place, has gone ahead this year to erect an addition at a cost of about \$35,000. They set a good example to the timid souls of today.

The Statesman is Scotch conservative when it comes to spending money; but good judgment and wise thrift dictate times to loosen purse strings. For the state that time is now, when we of this generation have the opportunity to lay out a capitol plan to serve well the people of the present and the future. For the county that time is now when the capitol fire has given warning of the hazard to public documents in the present court house.

Human Lives or Freight?

ARE highways built for the use of passenger cars where people may travel in reasonable security in their own cars; or are they rights-of-way for freight hauling? The death of Mrs. Frederick J. Christensen of San Francisco and injury of four others near Shedd last week forces the question again into the public mind. This is but one of a series of accidents in which cars have been forced into the ditch when meeting or passing huge freight vans, with death or injury afflicting the occupants of the lighter vehicles.

No matter how much is done toward widening or straightening or strengthening highways the trucks come along and stretch their proportions to absorb the extra margins of safety the builders have created. The trucks are a grave menace to the public safety in their present sizes. They now are allowed to operate with a combined weight of 56,000 lbs., or 28 tons. This means they must be built like boxcars, and they are.

Why should we build these roadways for truck operators with the consequent endangering of the lives of every traveler in a passenger car? The country has an investment in railroads which ought to be used to haul the heavy cargoes, withholding them from the common highway. The trouble with truck legislation is that it is written by the interests to be benefited. It represents the compromise of the various classes of carriers. The public interest is ignored, save for the revenue feature. For a consideration the state licenses trucks to roam the roads which simply means the smaller cars must time and again take to the brush, the ditch, the bank, the loose gravel, and their occupants to the hospital or the morgue. The public can maintain no lobby to protect its interest; but the truckers can; and the legislators are so busy compromising the demands of the truckers they give no consideration to the safety of the passenger vehicles.

We talk much about safety on the highways and then fail to hold down the sizes of the freight carriers to reasonable proportions. The result is a constant toll of injury and death.

Multnomah's Relief Load

MULTNOMAH county is getting criticized by other counties of the state because of its absorption of so much of the state's fund for unemployment relief. Multnomah's budget of \$140,000 for the purpose was exhausted before the half-year passed and had to be supplemented with \$115,000 from the state fund, before any other county in the state had received any of this fund. So other counties denounce the grab by the big county, and complain because the tax levying body put so low an item in that county's budget. It is easy to criticize Portland and Multnomah county; but the remainder of the state needs to be somewhat sympathetic with their problem. Portland is the only city of metropolitan proportions in the state. The most of the industries center there, and it is in industry where the greatest unemployment exists. In addition those thrown out of jobs in logging camps, in mills and other factories in the interior easily drift to the big city in hopes of finding a new job or because of natural human instinct of gregariousness. Decent provision should be made for these cases, many of whom are not genuinely Multnomah county's. And the state should be ready to give some cooperation.

Whether \$140,000 was enough for Multnomah commissioners to budget we shall not say. That county should not shirk its load; but at the rate downtown buildings are coming down to avoid the taxes it would appear that the real estate burden is as heavy as it should be there. The remainder of the state must be willing to let the relief fund be used where the need is greatest; and naturally this will be in the larger industrial centers like Portland. Counties which are able to carry their own burdens should rejoice that conditions are so secure within their borders.

Politics and the Tax Bill

THE president stirred up a political hornet's nest when he sent in his tax message. The senate liberals grabbed the flag and started marching at the head of the procession. This forced the president to come out for tax revision this

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THANKS FOR THE "GREAT"

Several weeks ago when it was announced that ex-chancellor Kerr would be paid \$6000 per year as retirement salary, we wanted to say something, but hesitated. The following day a metropolitan journal commended the board of higher education for their ability and business like methods in fixing things so the ex-educator could have his crackers and cheese regularly. So it seemed that everybody was going to be satisfied and anyhow a sniper out in the jungles who gets his rations irregularly knocker for finding fault with so great a man and so great a board.

But so great a journal as the Oregon Statesman, sounds a note of discontent, that in an educational system, where the rank and file of instructors are notoriously underpaid, a man is retired on so handsome an allowance. Dr. Kerr has been receiving a salary of \$12,000, an amount out of which it would seem that the average frugal chancellor could save a little for a rainy day. It may be remembered that the vice president of the United States gets no more than that for being chancellor of the most unwieldy body in the world.

To the average person, it looks like too large a retirement salary in a day and at a time when funds are none too plentiful. As the Statesman says, without disparaging the services of Dr. Kerr, many other able men have given long and faithful service to the state and have not been so rewarded. How about Dr. Hall, former president of the University?—Sheridan Sun.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF OUR COURTHOUSE

Marion county citizens are in favor of the state spending perhaps a million dollars for additional ground on which to spend several more millions for a state capitol, but the planning commission of Marion county voted 2 to 1 against remodeling Marion county's courthouse which is probably the most disgraceful institution of its kind in the state. The difference is that the state will have to pay for the new ground and the new statehouse but Marion county will have to pay for remodeling the courthouse, built 70 years ago when Marion county had a quarter of the population and a tenth of the business it has today. This colm has no opinion as to whether the state needs more ground for a capitol building or not. That, it seems to us, is a matter for experts, but there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who has had business in the Marion county courthouse but that the county needs a new courthouse.

We doubt if the old one could be remodeled to anything better than a Chic Sale annex.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dosen '40-'50 all white Marion natives on list: The cats of Peopoxomox: Nine all white natives of Marion county born in the '40s and '50s were listed in this column, as shown by the issues of June 5 and 27 and Aug. 8.

The death of Mary J. Smith had set it back to eight, but the name of Mrs. H. C. Von Behren, 449 South 12th street, Salem, who was born Mary J. Porter on January 20, 1857, restored the break. Additions were again called for—and the printers' ink on the paper was hardly dry until there was a response lifting the number to an even dozen.

Richard Patterson was born March 9, 1857, in Marion county, on the Abiqu river: a quarter of a mile south of the Miller cemetery. That cemetery was named for "Dickey" (Richard) Miller, prominent pioneer, member of the legislature, etc., etc.

Mr. Patterson now lives 12 miles north of Salem and 2 1/2 miles north of (new) Wacanda. His farm is on the Salem-St. Paul paved highway, his address is Geneva, Rt. 1, and he is a veteran subscriber of The Statesman. Mr. Patterson left his Abiqua farm 31 years ago this fall, on account of the Cleveland depression, farmed on French prairie for a while, then on the Judge W. C. Hubbard place, before going to his present farm.

His father was John Patterson, who came in the covered wagon immigration of 1845, in a company of which "Mick" Willock and Alfie Markham were prominent members. His mother was Sarah Ann Pickering-Stout, her father "Dickey" Stout of the Abiqu, related to the Stouts of the Mehama section.

Mr. Patterson's name raised the native whites of Marion born and still living in the county to 10; but he brought the names of two more of his boyhood companions who belong in the same class—and thus the class has now an even dozen. The two are:

First, Flora Hohart, daughter of Jacky Graves, who is a week older than Mr. Patterson. She lives at Jack's bridge, Butte creek, about five miles from Silverton.

Second, Newt, Shepherd, son of Andrew Shepherd, born in 1858. He lives on Crooked Finger prairie, 10 miles back of Silverton, where he has a farm that he has deeded to Marion county, with a consideration of receiving \$15 a month while he lives. Newt, Shepherd is a recluse.

His father was the man who was supposed to have cut off the head of the Chief Peopoxomox or Yellow Serpent of the Walla Walla. That is a story which will be further mentioned later along.

Now, with Mrs. Von Behren and the three above mentioned, the following eight make up the round dozen of Marion whites of national fame who were born in the '40-'50s, and still living: Malinda Wade, Feb. 14, 1846. Her home is at 352 North Liberty, Salem. Marion Taylor, Mehama, March 4, 1848. Ben. B. Gesner, Salem, March 19, 1850. Lemuel Hobson, Salem, May 13, 1850. Henry Porter, Aumsville, Nov. 24, 1850. Samuel F. Parker, Woodburn, May 8, 1852.

Twenty Years Ago

August 13, 1915 Oregon has 6110 more automobiles this year than last, a total of 21,660 licenses having been issued since the first of the year.

There will be no more Sunday funerals in Salem excepting in contagious cases, according to an agreement a m o n g undertakers, sextons, ministers and livermen of the city.

A party of 24 Australian boys, in their teens and early twenties, have taken Salem by storm. They gave a band concert and swimming exhibition yesterday and will appear at the Grand theatre tonight.

Ten Years Ago

August 13, 1925 Two guards and a convict were killed in a break at the state penitentiary last night and three prisoners escaped.

A new city ordinance for head-on parking goes into effect next week.

A slight earthquake shock was felt throughout Montana yesterday.

Mrs. Ruth Sayre, Salem, Nov. 16, 1852. Valleda W. Ohmart, Salem, Jan. 22, 1855.

Who come next? If you know another one, please let the Bits man know.

Now for further information concerning the cutting off of Chief Peopoxomox's ears by Andrew Shepard. A great deal has been written, from time to time, since December, 1855, when members of the Marion county company under Captain Charles Bennett of Salem were accused of mutilating the body of Peopoxomox after his death at their hands. There was no denial of the fact that his body was mutilated—the body partly skinned and the skin tanned and purses made of it, etc., etc.

Horrible! you will say, and many have said. But let it be known, first, that on account of the treachery of that wild old chief, their beloved captain, Charles Bennett, had just been killed.

And Andrew Shepard was the second lieutenant of Captain Bennett. It was Company F, 1st Regiment, Oregon Mounted Volunteers, all from Salem and the section surrounding the capital city. A. M. Follows was first lieutenant, and took the place of command when Captain Bennett fell. He (Follows) was one of the four organizers of the First Congregational church of Salem, July 4, 1852—the second church here.

In order to get a little better setting, let's turn to "Indian Wars of Oregon," the book by Frances Fuller Victor, beginning with page 444, and remembering that Frances F. Victor was a woman, read:

"Their purpose (meaning the purpose of the Indians) was to leave no foes behind them; their policy was the policy of extermination; their FLAOS were the SCALPS of our people, murdered in cold blood whose gray locks floated from poles raised on every prominent point on the hills to our left—with a squad of those bloody fiends dancing the war dance around them."

Note the double quotation. She was quoting the written words of G. W. Miller, Oregon trooper, in the thick of the battle, who kept a table, "You've dropped down from the sky on the tenth anniversary of my exile here," he explained amiably. "This liquor is my own make—an ancient prerogative of monks. I distilled it from berries and seeds gathered in the small oasis below us."

The Abbe filled the glasses. Bannister and Toole lifted their glasses. Dick offered a toast: "On the occasion—the Abbe's anniversary—and the three drank."

A sparkling smile illuminated the Abbe's face as he watched the reaction of his guests. Bannister's eyes rolled upward while Toole's tongue sought the inner recesses of his mouth to retrieve a lingering drop.

Abbe Bergerie hastily refilled the glasses. Karen Siro was the inspiration for the next libation.

"From the time I was twenty-five," the Abbe rambled on, "I have been a member of a monastic order, pledged to human service and the spread of Christian teachings. My physical peculiarities, as you might imagine, were accompanied by certain inhibitions. No man likes to be regarded as a freak. Scclusion is the obvious refuge from ridicule. So I assumed tasks that kept me out of the sight of men. That is how I met Maurice Siro twelve years ago."

Toole and Bannister listened eagerly as the Abbe continued: "Siro had heard of me through the curator of the British Museum, for whom I had done some work deciphering ancient scripts. He came to our monastery in the south of France with parchments that had been in his family for hundreds of years. In the margin were markings indicating that an effort had been made to give continuity to a legal claim upon the great valley that lies below this mountain."

"That was the grant of land made by Ghenghis Khan to his loyal white paladins, wasn't it?"

"Exactly. And this grant had subsequently been approved by Pope Urban and a number of his successors. At a much later date it had been attested at Feking when the old Tartar empire passed out."

"When you able to make a good case for Siro?" Bannister asked. The Abbe laughed. "That wasn't what he wanted. At that time, he didn't care about the Siro Depression. It was, and still is, a parched strip of deep lowland about one hundred miles long and forty wide. Just how any considerable number of white men managed to live there he couldn't understand."

"What did he want then?" Toole interjected.

"Well, the documents told about a continued warfare between the white settlers in the valley and the upland Tartars. The yellow men finally drove the whites out but after a few years the invaders couldn't find grazing for a goat. It seems that the whites had changed the course of the mountain stream so that it ran underground and disappeared in the bowels of the earth. Without water the valley became sterile. But even that significant fact didn't interest Siro at the time."

"Where did his interest lie?" Bannister asked.

The Abbe laughed silently. "Siro had become obsessed with the notion that his own ancestors were not the original white settlers who had won the land by their services for Ghenghis Khan. He had an idea that his stock was that of the conquering Tartars and that, therefore, he was not a pure white man. And he's not sure of it yet."

"Tubi" ejaculated Toole, "I thought so, but what of it?" Bannister did not take the statement so lightly. "At that time, twelve years ago," said Dick slowly, "Karen Siro was eight years old."

Ingva Molstad Dies in South; Service Slated August 21

SILVERTON, Aug. 12.—Funeral services for Miss Ingva Molstad who died at Los Angeles

"Then All I'll Need Will Be a Cup o' Coffee!"



"THE SNOW LEOPARD" By Chris Hawthorne

CHAPTER XXIX

Abbe Bergerie left the room and presently reappeared with a jug and three glasses. These he set upon a table. "You've dropped down from the sky on the tenth anniversary of my exile here," he explained amiably. "This liquor is my own make—an ancient prerogative of monks. I distilled it from berries and seeds gathered in the small oasis below us."

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Her father probably was thinking of her. He wanted to be in a position to give her a clean bill in case any question arose affecting her acceptance. These things still count a great deal in the United States where quadroons and octaroons sometimes marry into white families by keeping their real origin secret.

"You've hit upon it," admitted Abbe Bergerie. "Do you, personally, know Geoffrey Whipple?" Bannister inquired.

"I do—and Brenda. I was in Alexandria—my single extended absence from this place—trying to clear up some mystifying details of these old parchments when I met them. Fine people, I thought at the time. But I have learned since that they are adventurers of the most dangerous type. They made every effort to gain possession of the documents on the pretense of helping me and would have succeeded but for one fact—I had only one of the parchments with me. They managed to get that."

"The talk drifted to more general channels. "What's the idea of staying up here at this elevation—it must be eight or ten thousand feet above sea level, isn't it?" Bannister asked.

"I go down at intervals and work the patch," said the Abbe, "but the rarified air is necessary to my life. I was an invalid when I came here. Look at my chest now!"

The dwarf's torso indeed was magnificent. "I guess a man's got to breathe deeper up here to make up for lack of density in the air. This place would make a great white plague camp; in fact I've interested Siro in such a project. He promised to turn his hand to it after he popularized the valley and establishes a transportation system."

"By the same simple method that will enable you to enjoy a shower bath in a few minutes," the Abbe answered. "Of course, he'll work on a lower level at first, but he'll eventually get on his feet on the valley. It is even possible that Siro may find the lost river that once kept this land fertile—the river which these ancient white scribes are known to have worked on."

"Has he had engineers here studying this project?"

"Yes, but they didn't come to my place. Men who call themselves scientists, hunters and travelers have been snooping around the valley at intervals for the last three or four years. The possibilities of the place are known to more than one group. It may be that Whipple has actually discovered a way to bring the water back to its original bed. Or it may be that he has discovered valuable minerals."

"Or both," conjectured Bannister. "Or both," the Abbe agreed. "Now then, I want you gentlemen to get under a shower. It is too cold, I warn you. It comes from the mountain-side in little trickles. I've diverted some of them to this hut. When you find what becomes of the rest, the secret of the lost river will be yours."

While Toole was taking his shower, Bannister told the Abbe of his promise to shoot a snow leopard for Karen.

"Quite romantic," the Abbe commented. "But practice, too. A pair of the brutes have been making live miserable for me. Only last week the male made a raid on the yak shed and killed one of my finest animals. You should have seen that leopard, Mr. Bannister! He was big as a tiger, only more so. It would take a harder soul than mine to follow him in the dark. The natives of this territory hold him in superstitious reverence. By tradition he may be killed only by royal mandate."

"I'm here with such a mandate," Bannister laughed. "It's a long way from Park Avenue, New York, to the slopes of the Himalayas, but shot at this ghostly brute will more

than repay me for the trip!" Toole thrust his head from under the shower and shouted: "And Whipple is coming here, too. I lost my arm in Centre Street and I'm going to find it here."

Abbe Bergerie smiled at these vanities. Perhaps he was thinking of his own higher mission, and of the lonely man who came out of the desert to herald the King of Kings.

Toole and Bannister spent the next day breaching the natural paths, made by stone slides, that connected the plateau upon which the hut stood with those of the lower elevation. Blackness and desolation were everywhere—scanty fibrous grass, starved tamarisks and an occasional thornwood bush. The landscape would make an excellent camouflage for an animal marked in the half tones of a snow leopard. Although Bully ranged far, he always came back baffled and irritable. The leopard was a creature of the night.

The Abbe busied himself gathering hampers of berries and seeds for below them. At night he brewed mash for the still to make fuel for the pine motor—Karen's car, they were calling it now. They worked for hours as his gnome-like figure fitted about the fire, his aspect so little a thing of earth that they felt themselves transported to another world.

In this way, days sped by with Bannister's agony of suspense over the fate of Karen Siro growing hourly. Three nights he had spent in lonely ravines with Bully, vainly seeking some trace of a snow leopard. It had been his hope that Karen would arrive safely with Whipple, as Abbe Bergerie had predicted; that he would have the pleasure of seeing Toole "put the basket" over Whipple while he, himself, triumphantly displayed a leopard pelt to Karen. Brenda, to his mind, had already become a vanished factor in the whole equation of mystery, murder, and high plans of empire.

It was close to midnight on the tenth day since their arrival that Bannister felt an acute sensation that something was stirring. It was one of those mystic messages that come to hunters and fishermen and are accepted as "haunches" and "spears."

Toole and the Abbe were asleep but Bully was alert the moment his master's feet touched the floor. Bannister glaucly lowered his heavy boots and his clothes through the opened window and motioned the air outside, fearing that a whimper might disturb the others. Selecting his favorite gun from the rack, he tipped the sight with luminous paint, a trick to insure more accurate fire in the darkness. Stepping outside, he gathered up his outfit and withdrew from the hut to descend. Bully knew his own part and kept silent.

The moon was at full—round and radiant as a night sun in its cool effulgence. About three hundred yards from the hut a tall shelf of rock stared outward from the face of the plateau. It had come to Bannister that this great wall diverted sounds from the ravines in the mountain-side below. He had made up his mind to keep vigil there nightly until he heard the cry of a wild beast.

For an hour he sat in silence, his back to the cliff and his eyes roaming over the ghostly landscape. With ears at the alert angle and nostrils turned upward, Bully ranged the precipice restlessly, occasionally making a silhouette as motionless as that of a stone dog. From one of these silent tableaux Bannister at length heard a low growl. Then another, more intense, more insistent.

Bully ran to him in a tremor of eagerness.

(To Be Continued)

Canada, and Miss Nellie Molstad of Los Angeles. The Molstad are former Silverton residents and the mother of the brothers and sisters is buried in the Silverton cemetery.

475 BERRY PLANTS NET 2 TONS FRUIT

MIDDLE GROVE, Aug. 12.—The picking of grain in this locality is getting well under way and yields vary widely, wild wheat and oats running from 25 to 60 and 30 to 85 bushels per acre, respectively. The first two loads of oats threshed on the W. H. Schart place produced 100 bushels. Spring grain is lighter but of good quality.

William Smetana had 475 youngberry plants from which he picked two tons of fruit. Lester Van Cleave has an especially promising crop of English walnuts which are free from blight. Apples, pears and prunes are plentiful.

Quite a spectacle for the local inhabitants was a straw fire on the Tully property Thursday night, when they burned a straw stack and the surrounding stubble. Stubble fires are not common here, except by accident.

Fred Schart has his straw baler in operation and employs about 25 men on both thresher and baler.

HEAR FORMER RESIDENT

SILVERTON, Aug. 12.—Friends of Maurice Winter are taking interest in turning in on KOD at 1245 or an evening program from Reno when they hear the special work of Winter in the Merl Carlson orchestra. Maurice is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winter of South Water street. He was a favorite in school and dance orchestras in the Silverton community for several years.

session, and brought several embarrassing misunderstandings with senate leaders of his party. When the house committee prepared the bill it found the president's ideas of soaking the rich would yield but a pittance of revenue, so they departed from his ideas enough to soak the moderately rich, though with political wisdom they refused to reach down to touch the pockets of the voting masses.

When the bill reached the senate, LaFollette forced through an amendment in the committee to lower exemptions and increase the taxes all down the line, clear down to the famous "little fellow". This was loaded with such political dynamite, what with campaign year coming on, that the committee reversed itself Monday and went back to the house version.

The fact is that unless the little fellow is hung up by his heels and his pockets turned inside out, along with the big fellow, the administration can't begin to balance its budget. So it either must go on with a distorted budget or it must cut its expenses drastically or it must pile heavy taxes on rich and poor. Smart politics will try to make the present tax bill a gesture of rich-soaking, leaving the painful burdens to be laid on by the next administration. The voters in Rhode Island saw what was coming, however, and voted against the new deal proposals.