

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.  
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## On Our Way

WITH the signing of the social security bill the federal government launches a fresh experiment in socialization. It assumes responsibility for the burdens of support of individuals both aged and unemployed, with special provision also for dependent children. It imposes taxes on payrolls of employers and employees to bear the load. The measure is of doubtful constitutionality because it invokes federal power to tax one class for the special support of another class.

True, the government has been pouring out money lavishly for the benefit of individuals the last two years, but this was recognized principally as an emergency effort to stem the tide of the depression. The social security bill clinches the temporary policy into a fixed national practice, if it is sustained in the courts.

The new law is in effect a redistribution of the load, which has always been more or less of a social obligation. For centuries the civil authority has provided means of sustenance for the destitute. Recent theory elevates this from a dole or poor relief to a "right" of the aged or the poor. The idea long scoffed at, that the world owes a person a living, is now written into the law of the land. The burden in the past was moderated because relatives took care of most of the needy aged at comparatively small cost; and unemployment in this country was irregular and not of long duration. The meagre benefits which the new law provides will be increased as time goes on and minority groups invoke political pressure on legislators.

The net effect will be to lower the standard of living of some and raise it for others. This is quite in line with demagogic theory that the rich deserve to be soaked. The new law, however, will rest heavily on the wage groups. Not only will they be directly taxed but they may be forced to bear part of the burden of the employer, either through wage cuts or through unrealized wage increases that might otherwise have come. An industry can bear a certain wage cost, but no more. On the other hand, in a time of rising levels in business activity industry can absorb the added cost as it does other cost increases.

In a degree the adoption of the social security act is a confession of defeat for the American idea that an individual in this country should earn his own living and could do so. The dream that there was plenty for all, and that each person by diligence and thrift could support himself is thus shattered as the nation starts on the road of burden-sharing for the ordinary livelihood of the masses. Under some better order such a departure might not have been necessary.

## Prune Prices

THE prune board has announced its schedule of fair prices for the crop for this year, with about the same basis as last year. Last year's prices were a success from every standpoint. They brought more money to the growers; and the dealers and packers got some starch in their spines on their own selling prices and they made money, too. The crop has been well cleaned up. There is a good crop this year, so the larger supply probably prevents a price increase, in spite of the increase in prices of other fruits.

Twenty dollars a ton is a very reasonable price for green prunes for canning; but we hear some effort is being made to beat the price down to twelve dollars a ton. There is no justification for this, prune code or no prune code. The price for green prunes should bear a fair relation to prices for pears and peaches. The Bartlett pear price is starting at \$30 to \$35 a ton. Canned prunes sell lower at retail than pears, but there is not nearly so much expense or waste in preparing them. Consequently a \$20 price for green prunes is if anything out of line with other canned fruits.

It is true the state agricultural codes are in the courts. But Judge Winter of Portland specified in the case of the ice cream code that its action should not be suspended until the supreme court took final action. So the prune board will function unless and until its activity is ruled unconstitutional. Even if it should be declared lacking in legal power, the board has administered its affairs so conservatively and intelligently that it should be continued by voluntary consent.

In any event growers this year should not be stampeded into selling at ridiculous prices. The demand is firm and the board prices are fair.

## A New Federal Building

TO Senator McNary, in chief, and to Senator Steiwer and Representatives Mott and Pierce goes credit for effective work in Washington which secured for Salem an allotment of \$265,000 for a new postoffice building, an improvement badly needed because of the growth of postoffice business. Whether the treasury department which has charge of building construction will utilize any portion of the present structure is not known here. The chamber of commerce special committee aided by Postmaster Henry Crawford kept the matter alive before the proper officials at Washington and are highly gratified that success has come.

The prospect of a new postoffice brings up again the matter of the courthouse. A proposal is pending for interior reconstruction to make it fireproof and provide more room. The county court should come to an early decision just what the wise course is,—whether to proceed with this remodeling or to lay plans for a complete new building within the next several years. If this would be in sight, it would get our preference. The court could avoid a bond issue by continuing a small levy over a term of years. If possible there should be architectural harmony in the buildings of the civic center.

The county court is the responsible body so far as the court house is concerned. The planning board is merely advisory. The court, getting counsel from its own committee of 25 and from the planning board, should speedily conclude its recommendations, either for early remodeling or for an entire new building within a comparatively short period of years.

## Party Regularity

THE Corvallis Gazette-Times thinks there is a "cloud on the title" of Col. Frank Knox of the Chicago Daily News, to become republican presidential nominee because at some time or other he didn't support some republican nominee in Illinois. If he knew Illinois politics intimately it would put this down as an important qualification. Len Small, Big Bill Thompson and before them, Bill Lorimer, were stenches in the republican front yard in the sucker state and deserved opposition of decent republicans. Besides, in this day of political juggling party labels do not mean so much. How, for example, can a Jefferson-Jackson democrat stand for new deal regimentation and concentration of power in Washington?

The test of eligibility of a man for the republican nomination is his fearlessness in fighting the vagaries and absurdities of the present regime plus his presentation of a forthright and sensible program for meeting national problems. Col. Knox meets this test, and with his New England and middle west background and connections, is one of the promising prospects.

## MASONS AND STARS HOLD JOINT PICNIC

### Mills City Men in CCC Camp Transferred to Posts in Other Areas

MILLS CITY, Aug. 14.—Fifty members of Mills City Lodge No. 258, F. & A. M., and Marilyn Chapter, O.E.S., and their families, enjoyed a picnic Sunday at Moore's Grove near Gates. Swimming, games and conversation made the day pass all too quickly, with a basket dinner served shortly after noon and a lunch later in the day.

The group was composed of Mrs. W. W. Allen, Marion, Bob and Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Sig Jensen, Mrs. Lloyd Deane, A. F. & A. M., and Marilyn Chapter, O.E.S., and their families, enjoyed a picnic Sunday at Moore's Grove near Gates. Swimming, games and conversation made the day pass all too quickly, with a basket dinner served shortly after noon and a lunch later in the day.

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## Eagles Make First Plans Already for Convention in '36

SILVERTON, Aug. 14.—"Sail to Silvertown, 1936" has been adopted as one of the Eagle slogans for the Eagles' state convention to be held here next summer. The Silvertown Aerie has already begun making plans for it. The local aerie has planned a big benefit dance for Hazel Green park Saturday night, the proceeds of which are to be used for the furtherance of Eagle work here. All Saturday night dances at Hazel Green for the remainder of the summer will be sponsored by the Silvertown Aerie. The Silvertown Eagle orchestra will furnish the music.

## Rickey Schoolhouse Receiving New Dress

RICKEY, Aug. 14.—The school house is having the fence and the outside of the schoolhouse painted and the interior redecorated. Mr. and Mrs. T. Fitzpatrick have had as their guests, Mrs. Fitzpatrick's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George deSaussure of San Francisco. Mr. deSaussure is associated with the Matson Steamship Co.

## HOME FROM BEACH

BRUSH CREEK, Aug. 14.—Mrs. John Moe has returned from several days spent at the beach and will go to Portland for a few days treatment. Mrs. Moe underwent a serious heart operation early in June from which she is slowly recovering. She is able to be up and about now and is shown great improvement considering the seriousness of the operation.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States senator from New York  
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

RECENTLY I talked about some of the health hazards that confront the vacationist. Today I want to warn about the danger of excessive exposure to the sun. Sunlight has tremendous influence in promoting health if it is intelligently used. But overexposure to extreme rays of the sun may damage and even destroy tissue cells.

All of the visible, as well as the invisible, rays of the sun have some effect on living things. A deficiency of what was called the "ultra-violet rays," is responsible for certain diseases of nutrition, of which rickets is a familiar example. This is explained by the fact that sunlight stimulates in the body the development of a certain vitamin, called vitamin D, which aids in the formation of bone.

"Bottled Sunshine"  
When the growing child is deprived of adequate sunlight this vitamin is lacking and the bones do not develop properly. Cod liver oil may be used as a substitute for sunlight because it contains an abundance of vitamin D. This substance is often referred to as "bottled sunshine" and is extremely useful to child health.

## Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. W. G. Q.—Will you please tell me the cause of ulcers of the stomach?  
A.—Ulceration of the stomach may be due to a number of different causes. For full answers regarding your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Miss L. B. Q.—Will you please tell me the best remedy to use for a patient who has angina pectoris?  
A.—Climate is unimportant providing excessive heat and cold are avoided. Complete rest and quiet are essential.

A. P. Q.—What kind of a disease is encephalitis?  
A.—This is a form of sleeping sickness and requires careful medical attention. The patient should remain under the care of his physician.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dozen '40-'50 all white Marion natives on list: The cars of Peopemoxmox: (Concluding from yesterday): "Said Colonel Kelly: 'I regretted the necessity of putting these men to death (as I was in hopes that they could have been made useful in prosecuting the war against the other hostile tribes; but I am well satisfied that the guard was fully justified in taking away their lives in their efforts to escape.'

That was generous on the part of Col. Kelly, taking the responsibility. Who was he? He was at that time a member from Clackamas and Wasco counties of the council (upper house) of the 1854 territorial legislature, which was already in session at Corvallis, but on its way through legislation introduced to bring it back to Salem—an act that struck the flint that started the fire which destroyed the first state house on the site of the second one, but before the capitol destroyed in 1855 going up in smoke the night of Saturday, December 29—mostly on the morning of Sunday, Dec. 30.

A little further along, in the book of Mrs. Victor, one reads: "Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly returned to the Willamette valley to take his seat in the council of the legislature about the same time, and was received by a perfect ovation by the people."

He left the battle scenes around the present Walla Walla about the middle of December, and was no doubt on hand to participate in the last days of legislation in the territorial state house, and to help finish that memorable session, which was held in the Rector building, that stood next south of the present Statesman building.

James K. Kelly was a prominent man in early Oregon. He was in the United States senate from this state from 1871 to 1877. Resuming the matter in the Victor book on the death of Peopemoxmox:

"Whatever Colonel Kelly may have hoped from the subjugation of the Walla Walla chief was probably accomplished by his death, which, under the circumstances, was evidently unavoidable. "There was, however, a scandal created in military circles by the uncivilized and unjustifiable mutilation of the body of Peopemoxmox by the volunteers, who CUT OFF THE EARS and pieces of the scalp to keep as souvenirs." (The writer thinks more should be said than that of the scalp. It is said that when Second Lieutenant Andrew Shepherd arrived home with the ears of the chief, his wife refused to have the gory mementoes about the house. The Victor book has the paragraph: "On the 9th and 10th, A. Shepherd, Ira Allen and John Smith were wounded. The wounds were generally severe, and the hospital filled for several weeks.")

In a note, Mrs. Victor wrote: "It might be remembered, in extension of the indignities perpetrated upon the body of Peopemoxmox, that the volunteers were almost UPON THE VERY GROUND where eight years before Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were, with other American men, brutally murdered by the American women ravished; and, ALSO, that the Walla Walla chief could have prevented it, had he chosen to do so. They were still smarting, too, under the recollection of more recent tragedies, and especially of the Ward massacre of the year before, at which demoniacal scene babes were roasted alive before their mothers' eyes, and the mothers themselves tortured to death with hot irons thrust into their throats. Peopemoxmox having chosen to place himself in combination with such offenders as these did not appear to volunteers entitled to respect."

She had said in the main text: "It is not the office of the historian to excuse the barbarities of either race. It is, however, true retaliation is an important part of the spirit of war, and that the mutilation in a comparatively slight degree of the dead body of a noted chief was hardly a sufficient reprisal, in a retaliatory sense, for the horrible atrocities perpetrated upon living men, women and children by the groundless hatred of his race."

That campaign did not finish the so-called Yakima war, which was a part of the Indian wars that in 1855 raged all the way across the country from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean. The so-called Rogue River part of it was cleaned up in 1856, but fighting east of the Cascades extended into 1858.

"Captain Charles Bennett, who discovered gold in California," the first words engraved on his tombstone here, are truthful words. He was working with James W. Marshall and Steven Staats (all three of them from Salem and vicinity) on Sutter's mill race when they saw gold particles—and it was well established at the time that Capt. Bennett was the first to notice them particularly. But Sarah and Miriam Bonney, daughters of Truman Bonney, found gold there two years before, called the attention of Capt. Sutter to it, and the matter was hushed up, and the Bonneys came on to the site of Woodburn in the spring of 1846. More of that story later.

The Bits man now knows several names to add to the list of '40-'50 native all whites living in Marion county. More of that later, too.

## 81st Anniversary Harriette Krentz is Party Occasion

TALBOT, Aug. 14.—Mrs. Harriette Welles Krentz was the inspiration for a pretty birthday party Saturday which celebrated her 81st birthday anniversary. Dinner was served at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Addie Davidson, for members of the immediate family.

During the afternoon a reception was given at the home of her grandson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Delmer Davidson, when a friends called to extend their best wishes.

Mrs. Krentz was born in the Judson vicinity in Polk county, and has spent her entire life in and around Buena Vista. She is the mother of Ralph Welles of Dallas, Mrs. Addie Davidson of Talbot, Mrs. Carrie Krentz of Salem, and Mrs. Jennie of Stayton. Mrs. Krentz is very active and does her own work.

## Former Pastor is Silvertown Caller as Vacation Opens

SILVERTOWN, Aug. 14.—Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Hall were visitors at Silvertown this week. Rev. Mr. Hall was until recently pastor at the Silvertown Methodist church. He is now stationed at Grotto Grove. The Halls came up here from Camp Santaly where they picked up their daughter, Marie, who was spending her vacation there. From Silvertown the Halls will go to California where they will vacation for two weeks before returning to their home.

## CCC's FIGHT FIRES SILVERTOWN HILLS, Aug. 14.

Twenty-five boys from CCC Co. 411 were taken to Estacada Monday to fight forest fires in that area, and 50 more boys went up to join the fighters Wednesday.

## Twenty Years Ago

AUGUST 15, 1915  
John Barrymore in "The Dictator" is at the Liberty.

J. P. Morgan will return to his New York office tomorrow for the first time after having been shot and wounded by Frank Holt who committed suicide.

Joseph F. Smith, venerable head of the Mormon church, has been placed under guard following the report of a plot to kidnap him in Salt Lake City.

The following card was attached to the single bouquet which rested on the casket of Oregon Jones as it started for Grants Pass last night: "Complimentary—with sincere sympathy to you brave and noble victim of the system."

Mrs. J. P. Morgan died yesterday following an illness of two months from sleeping sickness. Her husband, the noted financier, arrived home three hours after her passing.

## The Old Gentleman From Geneva



## "THE SNOW LEOPARD" By Chris Hawthorne

CHAPTER XXXI

Despite the Abbe's prediction, Bannister and Bully did not return by nightfall. Nor had they returned by midnight, when the hopeful monk sought his cot.

A new and strange sensation began working within "One-Armed" Toole. He felt that his hour had struck, that the time to redeem that "arm" had come. "Big Jeff" Whipple had beaten him twice in New York; now he would meet the master crook for the third time—meet and beat him on his own stamping ground, and against seemingly insuperable odds.

There would be no asphalt pavement under Toole's feet when he started on his mission, no familiar hum of traffic, no laughing voices, no flurry of radio cars to respond to his call should he find his "take" difficult to make. He was going out after Big Jeff Whipple—going alone in Karen Sire's orchid airplane to invade the camp where Jeff Whipple lay sleeping! Or maybe not sleeping!

It took the detective a long time to prepare his kit. He included a big automatic swung from shoulder holster, besides the "rod" thrust into his hip—the kind he used to wear when with New York's "finest".... Then came his parachute, Biscuits, water and some dried beef out of a can completed his outfit. Bannister had succeeded in guying him out of wearing the derby for the past few days but now he reverted to it and felt better. Finally, he pulled an old, outdated police shield from a bag and fastened it to his waistcoat.

Plucking a feather from the tail of a stuffed red vulture on the Abbe's mantel, Toole went into the open to catch the direction of the wind and determine his approach to the Whipple camp. He wanted to surprise Jeff and "get him" with a few ruse tricks that he had learned while handling hoodlums on or near the sidewalks of New York.

Toole's plan was simple enough; he intended to land about a mile from the camp and make his way to the tents about. Banking on Jeff's fastidiousness, he hoped to find the big fellow under a separate shelter. If Whipple were asleep, he would tap him on the head with a billy, disarm and bind him, then lead the prisoner on his own horse for the trip back to the plane. If he found his quarry awake—oh, well—

It was two in the morning when Toole stepped into the plane and laid his hands upon the controls—the first time he'd ever tried it without an army or police instructor in charge. He thought that all the howling yelp of the desert had suddenly popped from nowhere and clung to the propeller as the machine hopped, bumped and sagged along the ledge before rising, wild dogs of the hills, a thunder of them at least, seemed to be yipping and yelping at his heels. Every mortal thing, as well as all the demons within a radius of one hundred miles, must have been awakened by that take-off. And in full cry, what a magnificent background of silence they had to work upon!

Toole found himself wondering why they hadn't invented a noiseless airplane—one that could take off and land in its stocking feet, as it were—a sort of thing that could fly without a sound and alight like a butterfly on the petals of a flower. That was the kind of plane he needed in the present business. The orchid paint didn't help him a bit.

The night was brilliant with moon and stars, the air cold and bracing. Toole's plan was to fly high and approach the camp from the leeward side, to gain whatever advantage there might be in that of lessening the chance of awakening the sleepers. As he ascended, the landmarks that had guided him during the first minutes of his flight disappeared. He dropped lower to pick up, if possible, three tall pin-nacles of red sandstone that marked the edge of the desert.

In the curving descent, Toole discovered that the plane was sputtering a long, serpentine tail of blue flame. Something had gone wrong with the alcohol motor. He felt the heat creeping through the metal body, heard a querulous spitting

from the exhaust, and sensed the nearness of disaster. He must "bale out".... Toole coiled jumped overboard and pulled the rip-cord without the preliminary count that would insure a safe clearance by the parachute. It was the smack of the ground that he feared most.

The plane lurched, tipped sideways and thrust out a flaming arc, as though the thing had life and was trying to drag the deserting pilot back to his post. He felt the scorching fingertips on his face, then the bump of the parachute as it jerked open and caught the air. He was clear!

The orchid-hued plane—pivoted by Detective Toole, erstwhile novice flyer with the new York police—became a whirling ball of blue flame, shooting like a meteor toward the earth and sending out showers of brilliant, sari-colored embers. The detective, his chute descending more slowly, remained within the plane's wide arc of light, but drifted downward and away on a gentle breeze. A blast suddenly hid him from the blinding glare and the next instant he heard a terrific explosion. The machine had struck and blown up.

While the echoes were still reverberating, Toole felt himself being dragged and buffeted until the white envelope of the parachute settled over him like a shroud, leaving him prostrate and stationary.

The sensation of having been buried alive moved him to sudden activity; he was out from under in an instant, gazing about his landing place. The darkness surrounding him was absolute, impenetrable. Looking upward, he saw a purple segment of the sky, spangled with stars. He had fallen into a deep ravine!

"It's somewhere in the cellar of Asia," he observed, freeing himself from the tackle and glancing at a luminous faced watch which Bannister had given him. "Three o'clock. Every spyglass in my neighborhood closed, I suppose."

The detective was trying to jolly himself out of the single fear of supernatural things. He felt like a prisoner inside a black velvet tent, with only a smoke hole through which he could see the stars. For all he knew, a single step outside that tent in any direction would send him hurtling to new depths, even into the very bowels of the earth where lurked strange, fantastic terrors besides which sudden death would be a joy.

Toole's host of men whistling to keep up their courage and the thought came to him that nothing short of a police whistle could supply his present need. He was sorry he hadn't brought a black velvet tent, with only a smoke hole through which he could see the stars. For all he knew, a single step outside that tent in any direction would send him hurtling to new depths, even into the very bowels of the earth where lurked strange, fantastic terrors besides which sudden death would be a joy.

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