

**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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**Bits for Breakfast**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Members of Bonney clan trace their blood to Mayflower and Revolution:  
 (Concluding from yesterday.)  
 William Bradford, before whom the will of Thomas Bonney, Sr., was acknowledged, was the governor of the Plymouth Colony for many terms. He was the second governor, John Carver, the first, having died early in his second term.  
 William Bradford was also the historian of the colony, and so he has been called the father of American history.  
 Besides being among the first colonists of the United States, and soldiers in the Revolution, members of the Bonney clan fought in the early Indian wars and in all the other wars of their country, and they were very early settlers in the Oregon country.  
 The new book, "Sutter of California," by Julian Dana, published by the Press of the Pioneers, carries the copy of a diary that was kept by Captain John A. Sutter. Excerpts from entries in the diary for 1845 follow:

"250 more Americans—150 of them men—came to California in 1845. . . . With them came . . . James Wilson Marshall and others, many of whom drifted into this (Sutter's) service. . . . Second to reach the fort that year was the Swasey-Todd company. . . . William F. Swasey and . . . Todd, a relative of President Lincoln, were some of its more important members."  
 "William Sublette led the third group. . . . Next came the John Grigsby-William B. Ide company. The dashing Truman Bonney, James Gregson, George Williams, Joseph Ward and others were of that group." Here is an entry for 1845:

"January 3rd. The son of Truman Bonney died last night."  
 And here is the only entry for its date:  
 "February 23rd. Rainy. A. Sanders married Mrs. Bonney."  
 The Chapman Pub. Co. history of the Willamette valley, 1907, gives the names of seven daughters and six sons of Truman Bonney. There were evidently seven sons born, and the writer believes the one dying at Fort Sutter was named Alvah.

The Truman Bonney family wintered and worked at Fort Sutter in 1845-6; but so did Jarius Bonney, his brother, and family.  
 Both families came to Oregon in the spring of 1846; the writer believes, with pack horses—without wagons.  
 Truman Bonney and wife, who had been Pieta Townsend, took up donation land claim No. 61, T. S. S., range 1 west. The state owns a large part of that land, mostly acquired in 1924, for the Oregon training school for boys. Truman Bonney (the father of Truman Bonney) was the grandfather of the Bits man. He moved to Wacanda (old Wacanda the town that was God), erected a fine home in that then second business center of Marion county, next to Salem, and died there in 1867.

Truman Bonney was born on his father's farm in Vermont on April 24, 1796. His father was the Jarius Bonney (or one of them), who served through the Revolution, and for seven years in a term, and was in most if not all the great battles of that war.  
 Truman Bonney went from Vermont to Ohio, where he learned the trades of cooper and tanner, and engaged there in the lines named, thence to near Lewistown, Fulton county, Ill., in 1833, and acquired in the last named locality 200 acres of land.  
 He was one of the first in that section to get the "Oregon fever," meaning the urge to go to the westernmost west.

So the fall of 1845 found him, after a covered wagon journey across the plains, with his family, at Fort Sutter, and employed by Capt. John A. Sutter—the man who would have been the richest person on earth if he had been able to control matters after gold was discovered on his land, and the news of the discovery waited until the end of the earth—but who instead became a very poor man, because the gold rushers from around the globe pressed in and took the country and held, exploited and governed it—with little respect for the rights of its owner by Mexican grant and purchase from Russian claimants; almost entirely, by the way, on credit. But that is a story which has filled printed pages almost without number, included those in books—two new ones last year.

But there is a tradition that seems fairly well established now, that two of the daughters of Truman and Pieta Townsend Bonney, whose maiden names were Sarah and Miriam, discovered gold in a stream near Fort Sutter in the winter of 1845-6, and brought the yellow nuggets and particles to the fort. The story goes that Captain Sutter, tumbled the matter up, and that therefore the news did not then get to the outside world.  
 Readers of this column know well that the discovery of gold in the Sutter mill race on January 24, 1848—the discovery the news of which was soon spread to all lands under the sun—was made by three men from Salem, Oregon, and that the wrong man of the trio got the chief credit, and still has it.  
 (Concluded on Tuesday.)

For more than 30 years, W. H. Hyatt, 71-year-old Charlotte, N. C., negro, has attended court daily "just to watch."  
 "Martin heads NRA remains," says a headline. Why in the name of common sense do they give the remains a decent burial? The blue eagle is now just dead crow.  
 Marshall had Paul Bunyan days last week. When the state fair starts Salem will have real bunlon days.

**Will Rogers Champion Ignorer of Social Forms; a Wholesome Force**  
 By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

I've heard a flivver—yep, an old model T—Honk like a swellelegant eight, And I've known of folks who pretended to be Some things that they didn't quite rate; These things don't annoy, but I feel somewhat sad When a fine swellelegant car Sounds like a flivver with its honker gone bad, An "ain't" noise instead of an "are".  
 It may strain your imagination somewhat, but if you have found that it is going to be possible for you to take that trip to Yellow Stone this summer you may get a fairly good idea of how the geyser's look by observing the clouds of white vapor arising on a clear morning from the bleaching vats, or what I call them, at the paper mill on South Commercial street. It is advisable to view the spectacle from the windward or leeward side, whichever it is. But it is really rather pretty.

It is almost impossible to get a cup of bad coffee in any Salem coffee shop. The old town ain't what it used to be.  
 There is in a Court street window a Hammond typewriter with a piano keyboard. On the typewriter is a placard which announces that the machine is "pre-historic." Sweet memories of the past it has done for many a night back in the pre-historic times have I played on a Hammond piano keyboard. Not such a bad "mill" either, taken all in all.

"So Clark Gable has lost no favor in the eyes of Salem women, hasn't he? Well, perhaps you will be surprised to know of one Salem woman who thinks his ears are too big and who doesn't care much for him anyway." From the week's mail. No comment seems necessary.  
 "Why don't people sit still in a theatre and why do they move around so much?" W. C. Fields asked this question in a picture shown a few days ago in Salem. Folks laughed when he asked the question, but I do not believe he intended it to be funny. Anyway, it was not funny. Too serious a matter.

The scenes in a picture which the average spectator most wishes not to miss are scenes which move the folks in the rows in front to put their heads together, shutting off the view of the screen. Emotion, I reckon, nerve strain, and the same thing that caused the pressman on the oldtime country weekly to get drunk on pressday. On the other days of the week he was a lamb, that foreman. Then, just when he was needed most, away he went. He couldn't take it, so he took it. And that is your paradox for you to put in your collection.

It is generally taken for granted, I think, that women are more greatly addicted to gossip than men. But I dunno. A scandal-flavored rumor may be compared to butter. One member of a family dishes it out, and all the other members spread it. It may be that the women and girls spread it a bit thicker than the men and boys spread it, and it may be that they do not.

A scandalous story takes its color pretty much from the person, male or female, who tells it. Such a story from the lips of one person may be almost entirely different from the same story told by another person. And the scandal of the nineties, male and female, is the harmless chatter of today.  
 It seems somehow rather useless to say anything about Will Rogers now that he has gone. His was such an all-pervading personality—stage screen, radio and press—that there are few who did not know him. The reaction to his personality was as different as people are different, but it was usually favorable and quite regardless of the station in life—the individual affected. His was the gift for

**Twenty Years Ago**  
 August 25, 1915  
 Governor Withycombe telegraphs Secretary of Navy Daniels for war craft to attend Astoria regatta.  
 J. H. Albert, member of the advisory board of the state highway commission, was named yesterday by Governor Withycombe as Oregon representative to the Pan-American Road congress which meets in Oakland, California, September 13-17.  
 Joseph Moore left today for Indiana to visit sister whom he has not seen in 54 years.

**Ten Years Ago**  
 August 25, 1925  
 Trans-Pacific flight planned for Monday. All precautions being taken for hop to Hawaii.  
 Willos, Murray and Kelley "dressed in" and await sentence.  
 Final concert of year given tonight by Cherrian band. Provided the motor for the Waite memorial tonight arrives in time.  
 Will be seen in action for the first time.

fellowship and human understanding. In this respect he was what is sometimes termed a "natural". To a greater degree he is given to most folks he understood his kind. He liked folks and it naturally followed that folks liked him. His sincerity was never questioned. And he was probably the most marked antithesis of the "straw shirt" and one of the most wholesome influences in American public life.  
 I have known a number of men—not many—who seem to me to have been of the Rogers type. Congenial, sympathetic, somewhat talented as entertainers. But these men whom I have known lacked some quality or qualities that Will had. They were never "in the money." They had little of ambition and "initiative" about them, they were anywhere. I would not say that they were lazy. But they were so leisurely in their habits that they were sometimes suspected of laziness. They were satisfied to "stay put." They entertained at the schoolhouse exhibitions now and then. They kept the crowd of other guests go ashore, and waited for the 9:40 train to get in with the daily papers. Everybody liked them, although there were those who snuffed a little and declared them to be "shifless." They took the liveliest sort of interest in politics, local and national. They loved baseball, and they loved horses and dogs. They had not what it takes to get out into the world and rub against humanity and make humanity like it. Will Rogers had what it takes. He made a national application of those qualities of likableness which my friends confided to the store at the crossroads. Just the same, "shifless" or not, those were chaps whom one in the after years remembers mightily kindly.

Probably Will Rogers cared less for what is termed social form than any other man who mingled in all sorts of society; he simply disregarded it.  
 How tired is it possible for a person to become? The question seems a bit silly, but I have known people—many women and a few men—to go habitually to the limit of their strength, and then, to meet a sudden demand, do it all over again. I knew a freight brakeman back on the old Milwaukee who in a time of snow blockade worked continuously for 48 hours. I went up to see him when he came in from his final trip. He was sprawled on his bed. He had not removed his clothes. I asked him how he did it, but received no answer. He was unconscious—as dead as a man could be and not require the services of an undertaker. And that is how tired possible for a person to become.

This was all right enough in the case of the brakeman. He had the strength of a horse. But it does not appear to me very sensible for a man or a woman to try to do a job which requires a practice of pulling a four h. p. load against time. The possible gains do not seem commensurate with the cost. Were I a woman I should disregard the snarlings and snappings of the driver and foreman when my strength showed evidence of being low, and were I a man as are some men, I should snap my fingers at those who would nag me to efforts beyond the limits of my physical endurance. Custom requires many unnecessary labors.

Of course, I know this is the line of talk put up by many no-account people, but there is, nevertheless, something of sense in it. The folks to whom it most applies are not likely to go to the limit in a matter of nature. It is as inevitable as sunrise that the individual who labors beyond his or her strength will, long before the time appointed by nature, have no strength with which to carry it. And that is not the worst of it. The individual who labors in a sense of proportion without which life is not what it should be.

All things work together for good. Of course. Some days, perhaps, the ship will have reasoned out how to "bow" of soup and a fly in the soup work together for good. The soup is spoiled and the life of the fly is ruined.  
 I wonder if there are in this day and age communities in this country where the age of a deceased person is tolled as part of the burial service? In a town where I once lived—60 and more years ago, it was—there were two churches, a Presbyterian and a Methodist. Each had a bell. The Presbyterian bell was soft and sweet in tone, and I never liked it very well, because it sounded like the school bell. The Methodist bell was loud and had a decided clang, and when it rang it meant business. Old Jep Wipp was a Methodist. When he died quite a number of the neighbors gathered in to witness the transition. The pastor was there, and the doctor. Jed's last request was this:  
 "When they're taking me up to the burying ground, Elder, would you see to it please that our bell ain't tolled? Have the Presbyterian bell tolled. I reckon it won't make no difference. You know, Elder, when it did it rang like a bell. I voted against buying it when it was bought. I thought then and I think now that it sounds like hell."  
 Then he passed peacefully away.

**VISIT AT ASHWOOD**  
 CLOVERDALE, Aug. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hedges and family visited friends at Ashwood, Ore., the past week. While there, they visited Horse Heaven quicksilver mine. They were accompanied home by Velma Crowley of Madras, who will stay for a short visit.  
**School Made Ready For Opening, 16th**  
 RICKET, Aug. 24.—School will open September 16 with Mrs. Minnie Jocke as principal and Mrs. Carrie Branch as primary teacher. The board has had the outside of the schoolhouse repainted and the interior painted and calcimined.

**Workman's Finger Is Badly Crushed**  
 CLOVERDALE, Aug. 23.—Frank Schampier had one of his fingers badly crushed while at work on a county bridge, laying him up for some time.  
 Mrs. J. Pifflet, who has been seriously sick at her home at Chemawa, is not improving. Mrs. A. Kunke has been at the Pifflet home the past six weeks.  
 Miss Helen Milky of Salem is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Booth. Miss Milky spent six weeks at University of Washington this summer, and then traveled in Alaska. She will teach again this year at Salem Heights, where Mrs. Booth is principal.

**Army Man, Wife Visit Relatives**  
 MONMOUTH, Aug. 24.—Lieut. and Mrs. Herbert Powell from Fort Douglas, Salt Lake, are spending the week with Monmouth relatives. They are accompanied by Mrs. Duff, of Portland, Mrs. Powell's mother. A short outing at the Oregon beaches will complete their sojourn here before returning to Utah.

**"How's the boy?" "Hasn't Cut His 1st Teeth Yet!"**



**"CAST INTO EDEN"**  
 By HENRY C. ROWLAND

**SYNOPSIS**  
 Jerome Crain, young naval architect, and a wealthy society girl, Linda, are guests aboard the yacht owned by the millionaire, Thomas Tucker, anchored at San Cristobal. Jerome and Linda are bored with one another and when the other guests go ashore, the young couple, each believing the other had gone, stays on board. One of the sailors contracts fever and the yacht is quarantined. No one is allowed to come aboard or leave. But Jerome and Linda escape in a skiff. Approaching an island, the boat strikes a coral reef and starts to sink. Jerome throws overboard and manages to make shore.  
**CHAPTER IV**  
 "This just about caps the whole silly business," Linda said.  
 "Yes," Jerome agreed. "You insist on beating it rather than be quarantined with me aboard the yacht, and now it looks like you're getting marooned with me on a desert island."  
 "For how long?"  
 "Until somebody passes this way or I can patch the leak and go out and haul up the engine."  
 "Will it run?"  
 "If not on bottom too long. Besides we've got sail."  
 "What about water?"  
 "The boat breaker's filled and there's a case of mineral."  
 "All the same it's not so hot."  
 "It isn't so bad if we can live in peace. He looked at the beach. The tide's nearly gone. There isn't much fall but enough for me to get at her. I can stop the hole somehow so she ought to float."  
 He had saved the anchor and line enough to carry it above high water mark.  
 Linda walked off down the beach without answering. A gust of anger swept over Jerome. He had intended to explore the place with her but now decided to get to work on the boat. It was not hard to roll on its beam ends in the water. He drove one of the oars into the sand with a block of coquina stone, made fast the end of a halyard to it, then hove the boat down by hauling the halyard through the sheave let into the mast head, rolling the splintered stroke clear of the water.  
 Two of the cedar planks were smashed in raggedly for about three feet of their length, and one of the frames was broken. It would have been a repair job of about an hour's work. Even here, Jerome could have cut out the plank and pieced it neatly enough with proper material and tools. He wanted first to retrieve the engine and as the quickest way of doing so to cut a big square from the canvas cockpit cover and hauled this snugly over the ragged tear in the boats bilge, securing it on either side in the fashion of "collision mat."  
 This snug cover proved enough to keep the water out except for a little seepage, as the skiff was carved built with a smooth outer skin, or Jerome worked rapidly, expecting Linda to return at any moment. As she did not, he rowed off and hauled up the engine, the exhaust which he had plugged. The next proved tighter than he could have hoped and he decided that his collision mat should be enough to get them safely to the mainland.  
 He called, "Linda!"  
 She answered angrily, "Bring back my dress."  
 "Dress? What are you talking about?"

As the minutes passed with still no sign of her, Jerome's irritation changed to anxiety. He had stripped off his outer clothes and spread them to dry before starting to work, and without waiting to put them on he set off down the beach in sport shirt and shorts, and barefooted, to look for her. The tide was coming by this time, and Jerome as a sailor naturally made fast the grapple line and carried the little brightly galvanized hook some distance ashore.  
 The beach was crescent shaped and smooth for about a furlong, when it was broken by outcroppings of coral and coquina that ran out at right angles to the beach, curving, interrupted an extended view of the shore. Higher up, the sand was deep and fine to a fringe of palms flanked by dense jungle of which the trees were sometimes large. Patches of vivid green indicated the island to be well watered with marshy spots.  
 Jerome's anxiety and exasperation increased as he hurried along. It was as if a child in his care had run away to spite him because he had reproved her, and run possibly into unknown danger. He would not have admitted that Linda was near to him, but he was conscious of a mixed desire to clasp her in his arms and find her safe and sound and then whip her soundly for the fright that her willfulness was causing him. Fond parents have sometimes felt the same under similar conditions.  
 He came to the coral ledge that cut across the beach and clambered over it, wishing that he had waited to put on his shoes. Beyond was a sandy little cove and farther on broken formation of other straggling ledges. Between them were clear deep pools of aquamarine. Jerome thought of barracuda and octopoda and sharks and sting-rays. Goose-creeps rippled down his spine. He could not understand why Linda should have wandered so far, and one would have expected her to return on hearing the engine firing.  
 Then his eye was caught by a swiftly moving object that appeared to scurry into the jungle behind a low flattened ledge of coral. It was about a quarter of a mile out from the beach. A breeze had sprung up off the sea on the other side of the island and the boat was by this time in the zone of spilling water drifting rapidly away. Jerome, a strong swimmer like either of them could not hope to overtake it.  
 Linda said chokingly, "Now we are done in. Couldn't you have made her take a tubber of a Sunday picnicker?"  
 "She was made fast. I carried the anchor up the beach."  
 "Then you forgot to make the end of the line fast?"  
 "I didn't forget to make it fast. Somebody or something cast it off."  
 "Why should anybody want to do that thing like that? It doesn't make any sense."  
 He responded angrily, "Neither does your straying off half a mile down the shore and making me leave the boat to go after you. Why didn't you come back when you heard the engine?"  
 "I didn't hear the engine. The waves were splashing against the rocks. Where's all the stuff we threw on the beach?"  
 "I slung it all back into the boat."  
 (To Be Continued)

"Bring back my dress, you bozo!" He ignored her scanty slip and his own undress and waded round the ledge. Linda did not seem to care. She was too angry.  
 "What's the idea? Give me my dress. You must have gone cuckoo. I don't know anything about your dress. Do you think I'd choose this form for little pranks? Or any other of that kind?"  
 "My dress is gone, and my shoes and stockings. I spread them out to dry."  
 She saw then that he was surprised and startled.  
 "There must be somebody on this rotten island, Jerry."  
 "I saw two moving objects sneaking into the bush, but they weren't men."  
 "Well, what were they? What sort of animal would run off with my clothes?"  
 "Nothing I can think of. They'd scarcely be monkeys off here."  
 She looked frightened for the first time since they'd started. To reassure her he said, "I patched the boat and went out and retrieved the engine. Let's go back and shove off."  
 "Will she keep afloat?"  
 "Yes. Enough to reach the mainland. We may have to bail. And we've got to eat."  
 Linda sprang up. "That can wait till we get going. This place gives me the creeps. I'm not easily scared. Scram!"  
 They started back. As they crossed the strip of beach there came from the jungle an eerie cry. It was guttural and at the same time shrill and it ended in a mocking jabber. Linda gripped his arm. "What was that?"  
 "Don't know. Don't care for it either."  
 They hurried on. It became apparent then that a creature of some sort was moving parallel to them hidden in the zone of spilling water. They heard a crackling and rustling at intervals.  
 They came to a low rocky point that jutted out and behind which the crescent beach where they had landed curved away so as to be hidden until they had rounded the intervening ledge.  
 "Look," Linda called.  
 Jerome had already seen the boat about a quarter of a mile out from the beach. A breeze had sprung up off the sea on the other side of the island and the boat was by this time in the zone of spilling water drifting rapidly away. Jerome, a strong swimmer like either of them could not hope to overtake it.  
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