

The Oregon Statesman

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Capitol Splurging

THE Oregonian is having a bad attack of editorial shingles relative to the new capitol program. Thus far it hasn't gotten down to a \$250,000 log cabin; but it conjures visions of state extravagance which is not contemplated by the governor, the legislature, or by citizens of the state.

If the legislature should carry out the program set out in the governor's message the total cost to the state would be \$1,925,000 in collaboration with federal funds plus as much as was necessary to acquire additional ground, a total of not to exceed \$2,650,000.

It is in fact a very reasonable program, taking account of the present financial conditions. It omits a state library whose needs are pressing for more space. It omits a state office building to accommodate overgrown departments and those to be created under o. a. p. and social security legislation.

The old capitol has burned; a new one must be built to replace it. It is surely wise economy to plan the development now so that there may be no eventual waste through blunders in location or design.

To get a new and attractive capitol with no burden of bond debt, and the building all paid for in three years will be an achievement which should mark the builders as wise financiers, as the eminent Oregonian must agree.

Write-up, First Class

A new idea of money-spending has been developed under the beneficence of WPA in Washington. Henry G. Alsberg, director of federal writers' projects, has written us about it. It is the preparation of the "American Guide".

All of this material will be assembled and will amount to five volumes of 600 pages each. The information about localities will be left for use in preparing local guides.

Mr. Alsberg suggests that the guide can be used with local tourists: "To make access to each community easy and pleasurable for strangers—doubtless your city's restaurants, hotels, boarding houses and commercial establishments would welcome transient customers from out of town—the Guide will outline sight-seeing tours especially designed to accommodate them."

The data will be compiled by local unemployed people as far as possible; but Mr. Alsberg says the cultural and business leaders of the city must cooperate with the workers to make the studies thorough-going. He wants to know if this publication will cooperate "in giving your city a first class write-up."

That's asking a good deal of any first class newspaper to give its home town a first class write-up. But most of them will no doubt be willing to give a second-class write-up. We're glad to give this new adventure in boondoggling a first class write-up, so as to inform unemployed local writers that Santa Claus is just round the corner.

Murder Mysteries

A murder mystery may be as dark as a cave; then of a sudden light breaks.

That is the way it appears to have happened with the massacre at the summer home near Bremerton where six persons were found murdered after a bloody battle. And the unravelling of that mystery supplied threads which now explain the murder of Aiken in Portland. In the former case mere greed appears to have been the motive; in the latter revenge so deadly it hired a gunman to do the job. True, no one has been convicted yet; but the web of evidence is so closely woven that the mysteries are well on the way to solution.

These crimes have baffled detectives for months. But while the public dropped the cases out of mind soon after their first publicity the officers brooded over them. Their memories were relentless. Always there remained hope that some clues would appear,—someone would talk. Finally it happened. And, as is often the case, a woman talked,—a sorry, sordid tale of that shadowy world, of that twilight zone just outside the realm of orderly society. Bootlegging, thieving, shifts in jail or prison, and finally murder,—murder and a guilty conscience.

"Murder will out." Time, which erases many memories, makes the guilty less vigilant. Give the detectives time, and few are the homicides they will not solve, few the murders they will not ferret out.

This steady pressure of law enforcement agencies against the criminal classes, this relentless search for the guilty is all that protects society from the ravages of those who deride law and hold life in contempt.

Salem and the Capitol

AS Mrs. Sackett said at the public hearing Friday night, Salem has an interest and a responsibility in the matter of the capitol. We have to live with it day by day. Some hundreds of our citizens work in it from year to year. It is the center of the city's life and should be the center of its architectural development.

Citizens of Salem have from the first recognized that they may be called on for special contribution to the state if additional and now costly land is required. In negotiating with the state and with Willamette the city representatives have definitely indicated a willingness to aid the state in the purchase. In order to bridge the gap it made, subject of course to approval of the voters, a proposal of contributing to the state \$125,000. Governor Martin says that is insufficient; and has fixed the amount of Salem's contribution at \$250,000.

This is a large sum, greatly in excess of what was anticipated would be regarded as a generous offer. But since the governor and legislature insist on that amount, although the legislature has yet to act, the city of Salem must make every effort to comply.

There is a limit, of course, to what the community can do. We can't build the whole capitol. When land is needed for additional campus at the university or the state college or the state normal schools the state in the past has put up all the money. But Salem should meet the challenge which is now made; and organize its efforts to provide up to \$250,000 if the legislature finally decides to acquire additional acreage such as the Willamette campus adjacent to the present site.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT Copyright 1935, by The Baltimore Sun

Referenda Facts

Washington, Oct. 28. In view of the approaching corn-hog referendum on Saturday, it is perhaps interesting to recite the facts concerning the four AAA referenda already held—each of which, of course, resulted in a large favoring majority for the previously determined AAA policy.

A RELEASE of the AAA dated June 14, 1935, shows that in these four "elections" there were a total of 2,918,673 votes, cast as follows: Program For Against Corn-hog 3,714,585 12,111,888 Cotton act 1,361,347 10,948,440 Tobacco act 370,907 23,833 Wheat 404,270 62,291

The total vote for and against was: Corn-Hog 3,714,585 12,111,888 Cotton act 1,361,347 10,948,440 Tobacco act 370,907 23,833 Wheat 404,270 62,291

NOW the deductions from these figures are not without significance. According to the 1930 census, there were 6,297,877 farms in the United States.

Therefore, it seems that a little over 46 per cent of the farmers have ever voted in all the so-called agricultural referenda. This makes no allowance for duplications by voters in more than one referendum. Deducting the 1,521,887 voters on the cotton act, there were only 1,396,791 farmers who voted in the other three programs all told.

THE large vote on the cotton act is explained by the fact that not only did the tenant farmers vote but the exemption of the two-halves producers from the tax was an inducement that made them unanimously favorable.

THUS, after all the administration ballyhoo, all the proselyting by the county agents and committees, all the newspaper articles and written, plus the bait of the government checks, the total vote on corn-hog, tobacco and wheat is not impressive. Exact figures are not available as to the total number of farmers engaged in the corn-hog business, but in 1930 there were 1,912,120 farmers in the nine northern central states—Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas. It is conservative to estimate the corn-hog crop of the nation at well over 2,000,000. Total vote therefore, of 374,585 after an intensive campaign conducted by an extraordinarily effective organization, and with no opposition, is not a showing about which to get excited. AAA directors know this and are making a great effort to get a larger vote on Saturday.

HOWEVER, to the average man, not a farmer, the most interesting thing about these referenda is the fact that there should have been any adverse vote at all. A total of 407,569 farmers—or about one-seventh of the whole—actually voted against the proposals. If you eliminate the cotton vote, which should be eliminated, the only farmers who voted against the corn-hog, wheat and tobacco proposals. If you take the corn-hog vote by itself, then more than one-fourth of those who cast ballots voted against it.

THE question is why did any corn-hog farmer vote against it? By reducing the production of hogs and corn the AAA raised the price of these things. To gain the cooperation of the corn-hog farmer the AAA paid him 35 cents a bushel for the corn and \$1.00 for the hogs he refrained from raising. There are arguments—and sound ones—why this plan in the long run will be disastrous to the people as a whole, including the farmers; but these arguments did not get to the farmer. Nobody made them. On the contrary, he was drenched with reasons proving its extreme merit. It is, when the facts are considered, very remarkable that these 407,569 farmers should have opposed the AAA program, refused to endorse its policies. It seems to mean that despite the "gentle rain of checks", at least a certain number of farmers are not for AAA. All of which makes Saturday's corn-hog referendum more interesting. The administration is counting upon an overwhelming vote. Certainly it has left no stone unturned to insure one.

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Twenty Years Ago

October 29, 1915. A mid-morning fire in a parochial school at Peabody, Mass., claimed the lives of 21 children yesterday.

Mrs. C. H. Castner of Hood River was elected president of the Oregon Federation of Women's clubs at the closing session of the state convention held here.

Phyllis Skrehot, 16, aroused comment downtown yesterday as a "newey" shouting her protest. She is hitch-hiking across the country.

Ten Years Ago

October 29, 1925. Governor Pierce will be in Eugene today to read the pledge of service to University of Oregon students. This is an annual custom.

Rev. William Hartley Carnegie states on London that "the cancer in the life of America is divorce."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Present session of Oregon legislature is like coming back home:

(Continuing from Sunday.) What about the relationship of Willamette university and its campus to the reasons for the special session of the Oregon legislature? This matter is worth examination.

Willamette university was conceived in the fertile brain of Jason Lee. At the founding of the school that by change of name became Willamette university he proposed that it be called the Oregon Institute. He desired especially to have the word Oregon in the name.

The direct origin of the historic school goes back to a fund of \$650 subscribed on the Louisiana as that Mayflower of the Pacific sailed its tedious way in 1839-40 on its 13,000-odd mile journey half around the world toward the Oregon country, carrying the largest missionary body that up to the time had ever left any port for a "foreign" shore.

The \$650 nucleus, all but \$20 of it subscribed by the Methodist missionaries on the vessel, was proposed as a nucleus for, primarily, a school for white children. The extra \$20 was subscribed by Sheldon Dibble, American Board missionary, passenger, on his way to Hawaii.

The next definite step was a meeting at the mission house, the home and headquarters of Jason Lee, now 969 Broadway, Salem, still standing—the first residence for whites erected on the site of Salem, built in 1840. That preliminary meeting, held Jan. 17, 1842, was adjourned for further action to the old mission, 10 miles north, on February 1, 1842.

At the adjourned meeting, the Oregon Institute was organized, trustees chosen and committees named to proceed with the work of choosing a site, gathering further subscriptions and erecting a building.

Choice of location fell upon Wallace prairie, about three miles north northeast from the Lee mission house on the site of Salem. The building site was to be the exact spot on which the expedition had erected its fort in the winter of 1812-13. Clerks Wallace and Halsey having been sent with 14 hunters and trappers. Hence the name, Wallace prairie. That was the first building erected in present Oregon by white men outside the precincts of Astoria.

A half mile north of the fort's site was the first white settler in present Oregon, Baptist Delos.

Timbers (some without nails) of the original Oregon Institute building may be seen in outbuildings on the Bush farm. Stone and brick of the institute building are found there yet. The first book composed in Oregon was written on the Grays there. There are only hints of many other historic facts clustering around that hallowed spot.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

WHEN THE weather begins to get cold my mail is filled with inquiries about frost-bite and chilblains. Often the writers of such letters confuse frost-bite and chilblains. As a matter of fact, these two conditions are quite different.

It is true the condition known as frost-bite is caused by exposure to cold, but to have it, it is not necessary to be exposed to severe and freezing weather, as is the case with frost-bite. The former is in reality a disturbance of the nerves and small blood vessels of the affected part. A rule the symptoms do not appear until a day or two after exposure to the cold.

Some persons are extremely susceptible to chilblains. The ailment is especially common among children. In adults it rarely occurs after middle age. So if you suffer from chilblains you may at least comfort yourself with the thought you are still young.

Frost-bite is quite a different condition. It occurs as a result of undue exposure to freezing weather. Mild frost-bite causes the skin to become a bright red and perhaps to blister. In a more severe case the skin becomes pale, stiff and even brittle.

Common in Winter. Frost-bite of feet, fingers, nose or other portions of the body is a common accident of winter. In most cases it is due to carelessness of the cold and failure to guard against it. Exposure to extreme cold is serious and often has produced frost-bite. Of course, when this happens, the weather is probably below zero.

The victim of frost-bite becomes numb in his affected parts. In a severe case he may be unable to move or walk. Swellings soon overtake him and unless rescued he falls unconscious. Then, of course, he is in danger of general freezing.

Never apply heat in a case of frost-bite. The frost-bitten parts should be gently rubbed. Apply cold compresses to the skin if the materials are available. It is a splendid plan if there is snow, gently to massage the skin with it.

Sudden change from cold outdoors to warm quarters is dangerous for the frost-bitten person. There should be a gradual adjustment of temperature. After this, stimulants and other internal medications must be considered. A soothing ointment may be applied to the inflamed skin.

Answers to Health Queries. D. M. Q.—What do you advise as a good hair tonic? A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Ann S. Q.—What can be done for eczema? My mother has been taking treatments for various veins and now has eczema on her legs. A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. (Copyright, 1935, K. F. S., Inc.)

Mother Earth Still His Best Friend!



"LOVE DENIED" by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

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CHAPTER XXIX. It was a golf tournament which took them to New Orleans some time later. Sharlene slipped away during an afternoon when Kent was not playing, to prow around by herself in the old French Quarter.

She left the taxi on Canal Street and drifted down Chartres on foot into the heart of ancient dreams. The old town dwindled under a warm sun. The sad and pitiful dole of ancient splendor was all about her. . . . Ghosts of people, who had been very rich, very gay, in panners and red-heeled slippers, in periwigs and velvet knee breeches. People like herself and Kent.

Where were they now? What mattered their rushing about in pursuit of pleasure, their parties, their games, and diversions? . . . She drifted and dreamed. A young man, bareheaded, smoking a pipe, sauntered down the street toward her, towed by an active little wire-haired pup. The young man stopped beside Sharlene and peered over exquisite hand-painted French fans, that once screened laughing eyes, Spanish combs inlaid with gold, ornaments of love, dark treasures of great weight and value, that had swung beside some flowerlike throat. The things they had left behind. . . .

Out in the street again, walking idly down Toulouse, she stopped to look in a window. A young man, bareheaded, smoking a pipe, sauntered down the street toward her, towed by an active little wire-haired pup. The young man stopped beside Sharlene and peered over exquisite hand-painted French fans, that once screened laughing eyes, Spanish combs inlaid with gold, ornaments of love, dark treasures of great weight and value, that had swung beside some flowerlike throat. The things they had left behind. . . .

"Very nice," he pronounced it, "but have you seen the fan windows in the Claiborne House patio?" Sharlene glanced at him and replied in his own pleasant casual key: "No, I haven't ventured into these patios, except the Arts and Crafts one."

"Then you must come to the Claiborne House—the Art League's there, too. Interested in art?" "Oh, yes," she said with spontaneous enthusiasm. The young man smiled with growing eagerness. He could not fail to see that she was a tourist with money to spend. He conducted her first through the Claiborne House flagstone porte-cochere to the rear garden wall. Then he bade her turn around and look up.

They were very beautiful fan windows, and wild ferns grew in the china surrounding them. Then Sharlene found herself being taken chummily around to various studios in the building. She admired endless colorful paintings which were exhibited to her—art studies of pipes, stairways, eyes, luggers in the bayou, the old French Market.

"The young man turned out to be Peter Harts." Several artists followed them when he took Sharlene to his own studio. She admired his work and petted his dog, and felt very happy and at home.

"Harts' detail on that grille," volunteered one of the other artist, "reminds me of the Rembrandt-esque manner of Stuart Pennington." "Oh!" exclaimed Sharlene involuntarily. "I've seen some of his stuff!" The artist glanced at her interestedly.

"Yes, oh, yes," stammered Sharlene in confusion. "What because of him? He was almost a sensation a couple of years ago, but he hasn't done anything since." Sharlene was silent, her face scarlet. She pretended to be studying the picture in her hands.

"Oh," Peter Harts said carelessly, "I heard she married a rich wife. Of course, that was the end of him." There blurred Sharlene's eyes suddenly. She was thinking feverishly. "It shall not be the end of him! Always when she thought of Stuart, it was with the fervent hope that he was working again—and was happy."

work. Mrs. M. O. Goodrich spoke on primary work in Sunday school. Rev. M. O. Goodrich of Philomath was among the former pastors who attended. A banquet was served.