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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Sunday Morning Dialogue

WE didn't start the argument. In fact we were not thinking anything about politics. It was Sunday morning and we were basking in the sunshine and watering the front lawn when the missus said was needing irrigation badly when Tom Cole came along. Tom lives at the other corner of the block on Center street. He used to be quite a worry to us, it was so hard to keep his political thinking straight; but we long ago gave him up as a lost soul. Tom has taken a fling at candidating a time or two, but without success; but he did beat Neighbor Lochenour who lives around the corner on 14th street for precinct committeeman in number 19 and that gave the neighbors something to laugh about. Anyway we looked up, and here was Tom Cole headed right down the street toward us. He wasn't coming from home. We don't know whether he had been calling on the widows in the next block or where he had been; but down he came and blurted right out:

"What do you fellows mean by stealing our platform?"

Shot it out, just like that, without a "Good morning, sir"; or anything. Well, we must be built a little like old Ben Tillman, senator from South Carolina. When they asked him why he used such vigorous language in denouncing his opponents he told the story of the farmer and the bull. When the bull charged him he used the business end of a pitchfork to defend himself. And when some sentimentalist asked him why he didn't use the other end, the farmer replied, "Why didn't the bull come at me with the other end?" So they called him "Pitchfork" Tillman. So we shot back at Tom:

"We didn't steal your old platform; and anyway you stole it from the socialists."

"No, sir, you and Landon got our platform."

It looked as though Tom was threatening a habeas corpus proceeding on that platform, just like the pending one on the body Thomas Jefferson, but we stood our ground:

"No, we didn't. But why didn't you keep your 1932 platform, you didn't use that at all after you got in office."

"Yes, we did; we carried out all the pledges," said Tom.

"The only pledge you carried out was repeal of prohibition and not one of your 50 or 60 speakers at the Philadelphia convention even mentioned it. Why didn't they? Were they ashamed of it?"

"You fellows ought not to be kicking on Roosevelt, all of you going round with money in your pockets now," said Tom, taking a new slant.

"Most anyone would have a good time if he raided the banks for ten billion dollars and scattered it all over the country," was our rejoinder, "and the babies will be the ones to have to pay it back."

Then we added: "Tom, you must be for Lemke, you and Father Townsend. What are you going to do anyway, as a good Townsend and Dr. Townsend lining up with Lemke?"

"No sir, I'm not for Lemke. The Townsend cause is being led astray. No, sir, I'm not for Lemke."

"Well, Tom, what about you and Father Coughlin? Weren't you and he cronies awhile back?" we queried.

"Father Coughlin was all right at first, but he got way off; no, I'm not with Father Coughlin."

Then Tom went on: "You have to admit that Roosevelt does things. He admits he has made mistakes, but he does make an effort. It reminds me of the story of the twins."

"Is this a Sunday morning story, Tom?"

"Yes, it seems twins were born, and the nurse asked the father what to name them. He was flustered but he said, 'Name one Hoover and the other Roosevelt.' The nurse came back in a moment and said 'These twins are as much alike as two shot out of bag, which will you name which?' Then the father looked at the twins, and said 'Name this one Roosevelt, he's done something.'"

So we shot back: "Yes, that's just what Roosevelt's done to us."

Just then the summons came that it was time to go to the meeting house, and we concluded the dialogue thus:

"Tom, I believe you're a democrat."

"Well, Charlie, that's one time you were 100 per cent right. I am a democrat."

While we went off to imbibe a little Calvinistic doctrine on original sin and predestination, Tom went off home, still a political "lost soul".

Highway Death Trap

SUDDEN death lurks on even the best of highways, but the hazards of it surely abound on the Gates-Detroit section of the North Santiam highway. A veteran of the Spanish war and the world war plunged to his death in an automobile on the road near Niagara. There have been numerous fatalities on this stretch of road in the last decade; and there will be more unless the road is reconstructed.

With the upper portion of the road, from Detroit to the junction with the South Santiam highway and on to Sisters and Bend rapidly nearing completion as a standard highway, and with the section below Mill City reasonably safe for travel, it becomes imperative to rebuild the Gates-Niagara-Detroit portion and to surface the new grade between Mill City and Gates.

Thousands of cars are waiting to use this new road; and every increase in travel makes more dangerous the travel on the tortuous section in the North Santiam canyon. Improving the road should not be delayed. Previously waiting was urged in the hope that the railroad grade might be obtained. It is clear now, with the volume of traffic now moving and in prospect, that the railroad will not abandon its grade above Mill City. So an independent highway must be built.

Nor should the construction of this road wait on flood-control dams and engineering works in the Santiam headwaters because all that is very nebulous both as to practicability and possibility. No matter who is elected the age of easy spending is going to be definitely over. So steady pressure should be exerted for the early building of this vital link in a very important highway—a year-round route between the valley and eastern Oregon, and a time-saving route for California travel.

Coughlin's Liberty of Speech

BISHOP GALLAGHER appears to be rather embarrassed. He is bishop of Detroit, and Father Coughlin is a priest in his diocese. The bishop is now in Rome, and papal authorities may discuss with him the political activities of Father Coughlin. A seemingly authentic report from the Vatican was that the hierarchy was "pained" at the expressions used by Father Coughlin in his address at the Townsend convention.

The Detroit bishop, in rather wordy interviews, makes it clear that Father Coughlin is speaking in a personal and not in a priestly capacity when he discusses political questions. The church has no disposition to curb his tongue so long as he speaks his convictions. With that rule the general public has no legitimate complaint. To expect the Holy Father or the bishop to interfere with the utterances of the priest in secular matters would mean to recognize the Catholic church as a political unit, with the priests permitted to say only what the bishops permitted them to say. That of course would be foreign to American conceptions of liberty of speech. Those who are now inclined to urge the papal authorities to silence the rampaging priest might be the first to howl against "dictation from Rome" if the Vatican in other political matters issued orders to its priests.

Free as Father Coughlin is, as a priest, to express his sentiments on politics, he then must expect to be treated not as a priest but as a political advocate. When he enters the political arena he cannot claim sanctuary of holy church. Nor can he speak with priestly authority as he delivers his political messages. What he says are the personal views of Charles E. Coughlin, and not of the Catholic church.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Landon Impressions

If Governor Landon should be elected President, in a short time undoubtedly a legend would grow up around him, just as it did around Mr. Coolidge and just as it has around Mr. Roosevelt. Of course, he would not be just as it does around every President except the failures.

IN THESE days of big-powered propaganda once a man gets into the White House he is enveloped in a glamour which makes it practically impossible to see him clearly thereafter. He ultimately becomes endowed with attributes which it was not suspected he possessed. For example, no one ever thought before he became President that Mr. Coolidge was a wit and no one ever regarded Mr. Roosevelt, even as Governor, as possessing extraordinary personal charm. He was a good-looking, attractive man, but many who now sing soulfully of his great charm did not like him personally at all. Some of these are today among his closest and most intimate friends, but in those days frequently referred to him as the "boy scout of politics" and looked upon him as a lightweight.

IF MR. LANDON gets in, there will be a similar experience about him. Of course, if he does get in, he will drop out of the public mind with the completeness of a stone falling down a deep well. However, should that "rendevous with destiny" turn out this fall to be with Mr. Landon instead of with Mr. Roosevelt, this is the time to get a real estimate of the man. He will be the same man after he gets in, but he will not seem so. After his inauguration there will be no chance to see him clearly. Like the others, he will be catalogued far beyond his deserts or disparaged much worse than the facts justify. Therefore, present impressions of Governor Landon seem worthwhile.

IN THE FIRST PLACE it is not unfair to Governor Landon to say that there are certainly a thousand business men in the country fully as well qualified to be President as he, which by no means is saying or even intimating that he is devoid of any such qualifications. He and his friends alike would regard it as absurd to put him under any such classifications. On the other hand, the contemptuous dismissal of Mr. Landon as a nonentity by the highly cultured and polished Mr. Farley is not only silly but impudent and offensive. Governor Landon is as much above Mr. Farley intellectually as he is below the angels in holiness. No one can talk privately with Mr. Landon and a good many trained observers who have known him for the first time in the last few months—without appreciating that he is an extremely intelligent, well-informed man. Clearheaded common sense, is perhaps the most definite way to sum up his mental equipment.

HE IS NOT a fluent talker. There is nothing smooth or glib about him, but his ideas are clean-cut and his political philosophy concrete. He is agreeable, amiable, an alert and attentive listener, easy and informal in his manners, cordial—but not over-cordial. He is distinctly not the back-slapping, first-name-calling type in politics. He neither poses nor gestures. He does nothing in conversation with a group to attract attention to himself, has no inclination to monopolize the conversation, and is a pointed and trenchant questioner. It would be hard to imagine a less ostentatious man or one with whom the words "well headed" and "laid back" are used. An outstanding characteristic of the man is his serenity. He is not easily disturbed and few of his friends can recall seeing him excited. The claim is that he accomplishes a great deal more in his ordinary day than most men by going directly to the job in hand, and immediately. It is said he has the power of concentration, but he certainly lacks magnetism as a public speaker. No one will ever be able to make a real orator out of him. In private conversation he has humor, quickness of perception and ability in an argument, but he is uninspiring on the platform. He seeks a great deal of advice, but does not always take it. There is in him a streak of Pennsylvania Dutch stubbornness.

UPON TWO OCCASIONS during his pre-convention campaign situations arose in which he took a stand from which he could not be swayed by any or all of his advisers. On each of these he quite plainly declared his readiness to call the whole business off and go back to being Governor of Kansas with no further thought of the Presidency. The interesting thing is that his friends knew perfectly well that he meant it—perfectly well that he was quite capable of doing exactly that. Easy going, he can be hard on occasions. Back of the quiet voice and commonplace appearance there is no lack of character or courage. In Topeka he has not a few detractors. There are to be found men here who retail—mostly in whispers—a lot of more or less disparaging stuff about Mr. Landon to those who will listen. Some of these

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Remarks concerning historical setting of Champag and its relation to Oregon Methodism" given:

(Continued from Sunday.) Much more followed, and this was a sample of results that came from Lee's triumphal march throughout Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio; the east and south and New England, too.

Lee was the greatest Methodist collector up to his time. His two tours, 1832-33 and 1833-34 brought the treasury of the Methodist missionary society upwards of \$250,000. He secured \$5000 from the U. S. government toward the cost of the Lausanne expedition.

One of the Indian boys fell sick at Peoria, Ill., and Lee's stay there in 1833 started the Peoria party toward the ultimate west, their motto "Oregon or the Grave."

At Jacksonville he enlisted the enthusiasm of Dr. Richmond, who had been in two constitutional conventions, Illinois superintendent of public instruction eight years, speaker of the Illinois house when Gen. John A. Logan and Chief Justice Fuller were members; in the Illinois senate when Lincoln sat in the lower branch.

The Sangamon Journal at Springfield devoted large space to Lee and Oregon. All this made southern Illinois the classic ground for emigrants bound for Oregon. The speaker's mother started from there in 1850, his father in 1852.

The Peoria and Lausanne parties of 1839-40, due wholly to Lee's visit, and the White immigration of 1842 and the Appleton train of 1843, due largely to Lee's work, rendered the Oregon Country safely American—gave the highest monument of title, undisputed predominance in number of settlers.

Safety Valve

Would Honor Thornton To the Editor:

We see by the morning paper that in all probability the new school building will receive the name of the Bush public school. Just why should so much honor be conferred to one particular family we cannot understand. There is Bush street, a park to be formed from the Bush pasture area which should and will receive the name of the Bush park, and the greatest of all their memorials the Bush bank that has enabled them to amass a considerable fortune by doing a shrewd banking business with the good people of this city and the community. Their business has brought them in contact with a great number of people who esteem them very highly, but are there not other pioneers who have deserved honor and distinction too? Who have given their best efforts for the good of their fellow citizens and whose names are long forgotten and have never been heard of by the present generation?

As to one Judge J. Q. Thornton who came to Oregon by ox team by the Applegate route in 1846, which was an unbroken trail. He lost all his personal belongings before he and his wife reached Salem. Two years after Governor Abernethy delegated him with power to draw up a plan for a territorial government. As money was so scarce he was given a draft for \$150 on the Methodist Missionary society in the east and his friends donated 40 barrels of flour to help pay his passage via Cape Horn. After a long tiresome journey, he arrived in Washington penniless. He made the a-ua-

Ten Years Ago

July 28, 1926

A plot south of Ferry street adjoining the army has been recommended as the proposed public market site.

Leslie junior high school has not yet been definitely located. The school board is considering several positions in south Salem.

Charles Chaplin and Mack Swain will eat one of Chaplin's big shoes in "The Gold Rush" now at the Oregon.

Twenty Years Ago

July 28, 1916

Ten carloads of youngsters from Portland spent yesterday at the state fairgrounds as guests of the Associated Charities of Portland. The train was furnished by the Southern Pacific.

Germans holding British titles of nobility will be stripped of their rank.

One explanation of the invasion of the eastern seaboard by sharks is that trans-oceanic shipping in southern waters has been so curtailed by the war that the sharks are hungry and have fished north in search of food.

are political enemies, some are personal enemies, of which he has the usual number.

THE FACT IS, however, that so far as the bulk of the people who know Governor Landon personally are concerned, they have for him not only regard and respect but affection. One of the best evidences of the strength of the Landon personality is that the group of newspaper men—all of them hard-boiled and with no pretension toward him at all—have been with him constantly since his nomination and will travel with him through the campaign, feel the same way about him. This is true of some who were with Mr. Roosevelt as well as those who will not. It would not be easy to get a better testimonial.

The three first petitions definitely asking for extension of the power of the United States government and a large proportion of the first measures in congress originated with the Lee missionaries, in whole or in part.

Lee had vision without being visionary. He was a great colonizer without losing his balance as a devout Christian.

He taught both lessons and labor to Indians years before the U. S. Indian department followed in that train.

Christianity and civilization owe him a vast debt. His spirit shines among those of the world's martyrs.

As to the "historical setting of Champag and its relation to Oregon Methodism," merely as such, let's review, very briefly, the record.

The first meeting looking to a provisional government was held at the Lee mission (10 miles by water below the site of Salem) Feb. 7, 1841. Jason Lee presided.

Ewing Young unexpectedly died eight days later, the 15th, leaving a considerable property and no known heirs. He had been the richest individual in what is now Oregon.

His funeral was on the 17th, at his late home, six miles from the site of Newberg, Jason Lee holding the services.

At the graveside it was suggested that the matter started Feb. 7 be resumed, looking to a provisional government, for an emergency had arisen—the estate must be administered upon, and there was no law.

Had Young been a British subject, the Hudson's Bay company could and would have administered upon it, by parliamentary law, that great concern being under its gaze; virtually an arm of its (Continued on page 10)

"It's when the boys are quiet I worry about 'Em"



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

CHAPTER XXIX

Later, when there was a lull, she went to Jed's table. She was sitting there, enjoying his friendly banter in the midst of all that strange hilarity, when Mike came seeking her. His small eyes moved to ugly slits, but his manner remained affable. Lynn had repulsed his own attentions only the previous evening, and he was still furious. But Jed Townsend was a good patron whom he would not offend. His manner was urbane and he praised Lynn before her friend but Lynn sensed the threat in his hypocrisy and later watched Jed's departure with a fearful dread. She felt as if she must run after that disappearing figure and entreat him to take her with him and protect her. But she could not do that. She had no claim whatever on Jed Townsend, and besides, she had to maintain her own independence. It wasn't so much that she was personally afraid of Mike Perrone; it was only that he swung over her the power of life itself. Her smile felt as if it were frozen on her face, her arms and legs moved like mechanical puppets which she controlled but whose rigid action she could not alter.

At three o'clock, just before she could escape, Mike summoned Lynn to his office. She had expected it, and dreaded the encounter. But she went to him with a stoic calm.

His expression leered, and he did not rise from his office chair—which was gilded and upholstered in gold satin, like any pretentious monarch's throne—as she stood before him. "So you scorn Mike Perrone, but take the advantage of bees club to drink with you?"

"I supposed you would wish me to act as a hostess to a regular patron," she said coldly.

"Ah, yes—to all my regular patrons," he said significantly. "I have not seen you favor my own friends so highly." He referred to the night when a group of Italian revelers had urged her to join their party and to humiliate him with what grace she could command.

"But, Mr. Townsend was alone."

"To be sure. He came to see you—not."

"I suppose he did. He was interested to know how I liked being here, having brought me here in the first place. Her manner was reserved and inscrutable, but under the surface she controlled violent remonstrances. Why? Because of her desperation to hold onto something which served as a link between sustenance and starvation.

He sneered. "I do not wish again to see you favor your own friends, see you cannot do the same for mine, see?" He dismissed her, and Lynn fled from the room, trembling violently within.

She cried herself to sleep, finally, as the early spring dawn made of the window in her room a pale gray square of light. Apparently, there was no end to her torture. How long would her resistance endure?

reach out again for something better.

The meagerness of her wardrobe began to worry her. By studied rotation of her few changes in formal dress and small efforts for different effect, she tried to conceal the paucity of her equipment. But Mike's wary eyes noted the repeated similarity of her appearance, and he would be less than a good patron whom he would not offend.

"You have not enough delectable clothes. You should not wear so much the same things."

"I can't afford much variety in evening gowns on my salary," she reminded him. "This gown I am wearing cost as much as my income for a month."

"You are not expected to buy gowns for your salary," he reminded her significantly.

She did not reply, only stared at him with rigidly forced equanimity. A slight shrug of his thick shoulders spanned the moment of silence, then he spoke again, and his voice had changed to a mollifying tone. "Now me—I should be very happy to buy you a new gown, set only to dress you in the most becoming with the smile for me. Why not?" he coaxed, and leaned forward with expectation.

"I shall buy my own gown, as I always have, Mr. Perrone," Lynn said distinctly, and walked away abruptly.

The next day, she arose early and went in search of a new dress. She could not pay much and it was so difficult to find anything which suited her distinct style in the low-priced dress shops. Finally, she decided on a very severe model of black crepe which maintained a certain dignity in spite of its meek price tag. Having carried it back to her room, she spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening making the necessary alterations and some minor improvements with her own hands. The result was better than she had hoped, and she wore it with a gleam of approval. He needed, and appeared to be vastly pleased, more than her change in costume warranted. Lynn wondered, with a new and undefined fear, what would be his next display of power over her. Had she made a mistake to humor his command so readily? Would he use that small victory to exact from her further compliance with his wishes? She felt like a small bird caged completely surrounded by the meshes of a bewildering cage.

Mike Perrone walked between the tables with his short, waddling steps, following a waiter who had summoned his presence for a patron. Mr. Ollie Barrett, Ah, yes! Mr. Barrett should have the honor of his personal attention if he so desired. Mr. Barrett was a good customer, who brought many other good customers to the Roman Chariot. Mike's smile was made to order for the occasion, broad and shining above his broad and jewel-buttoned white waistcoat.

Ollie introduced him to Jack, who also smiled the expansive smile. Then Ollie inquired, "Where's the new girl I saw here only the other night—the black-haired princess your genius discovered somewhere?"

could offer a substantial incentive for the employer to give employment to his wards.

We are ages behind in the handling of our delinquent young men. If our state was even penny-wise and pound-foolish in anything it has never been more so than in the handling of our boys at the boys' training school and after releasing them from the penitentiary.

If the board of control had not been so tight with money when M. Gilbert was superintended of the boys' training school he could have done twice as much for the boys than was done. He was the right man in the right place, but lacked the funds to work with. I worked there under him.

Mike raised his heavy eyebrows inquiringly, wanting more than anything else to forget that princess. His palms spread outward with eloquent silence.

"Oh, come, you know that sleek-haired beauty who was your hostess last week. Isn't she here any more?"

"Indeed, no!" he hissed, with narrowing eyes.

"Well, you lost something, all right. I've heard a lot of people talking about her. She was a big drawing card."

"Push!" Mike's hands made a shoving gesture. "She was terrible—terrific! But I have not discharged her, she tear these place to pieces!" His eyes implored the protection of heaven, which he had effected for himself. And so, another man's shoulders were clothed with the dismissal of Lynn from all future responsibility.

At his first intimation that Lynn had gone, Jack's reaction was of utter defeat; but when Mike continued to elaborate upon the terrible disposition of the ex-hostess, he decided that the girl could not possibly have been Lynn, after all. That he had not found her there, was disappointment enough. He was glad to believe that the girl in question, who had left the club only the previous night, could not possibly have been Lynn.

Sure was Jack that the missing hostess was not Lynn that he did not bother to ask her name.

"I'm sorry I dragged you way up here for nothing," he apologized to Ollie. "But your description of her fitted so perfectly a girl whom I've been hunting for weeks. I guess it couldn't have been her, though. She wasn't like that!"

"I'd hope not," laughed Ollie, "else it would be just as well you didn't find her. What a life you would have had, she was!"

They finished their drinks and departed. As Jack waited for Ollie to unlock the door of the coupe, he stood looking up at a dimly lighted window in a shabby apartment house across the street. For some reason, the one lighted window had attracted his attention. Why, he did not know; but as he slid into the low seat beside Ollie, that window held his gaze and he experienced a strange feeling. As if he almost had touched that for which his hand reached out; a vague withdrawing of something just beyond his grasp. He shook himself irritably and settled down into the seat in an overwhelming mood of dejection. It was a disappointment over not finding Lynn, when he had been so sure that he was going to see her, which affected him, he decided.

Beyond that dimly lighted window, however, Lynn lay prone upon the lumpy cotton mattress of her bed, glad that she was across the street tonight in that garish, tawdry atmosphere of the Roman Chariot; and at the same time horribly frightened because she was not. She was out of the cage now, and in the vast open space where there was danger in every direction she turned. She had one more day in her room with the rent paid. All day, she had been debating what she would do then.

(To Be Continued)

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charged convicts. Our "apollis" system does not contribute to the best people being placed in these positions. Mr. Gilbert was not the result of the "apollis" system, he was made superintendent in spite of it.

Let's acknowledge our obligation to these young men and pay the price of our folly.

EUGENE T. PRESCOTT,
1064 Oak St.

Takes Vacation
BRUSH CREEK, July 27.—Miss Stella Dyberik has gone to Oakland, Calif., where she will spend a two-week vacation visiting friends. Miss Dyberik is secretary to Robert Goetz, superintendent of Silverton schools.