

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Tugwell to Business

REXFORD G. TUGWELL has resigned his post with the government to accept a position with a private corporation. Whether he was tired of his work, had a chance at a better job, or whether President Roosevelt sort of handed him his hat the country does not know.

Tugwell was strenuously attacked by the anti-new dealers and painted in "infra-red" colors. Many quotations from his writings and speeches added to the pigmentation.

Unfortunately for Tugwell his ability as administrator fell far short of his theorizing capacity. Given tens of millions of dollars and a wide area of power to engage in resettlement, set up new communities, retire marginal lands, experiment with subsistence homesteads, Tugwell failed to make a showing at all commensurate with the expenditures.

In one field, that of rural rehabilitation, where the problem was much simpler, the results were much better. Genuine success appears to have attended this administration, which undertook to make failing farmers self-supporting by small loans to take care of pressing debts, purchase livestock and properly farm their places under wise counsel.

It is rather surprising for Tugwell to switch over into business. His theory was that business as now constituted would have to make way for an entirely new type of control.

Observers on the left will wonder if Tugwell's retirement marks a fresh "zag" by Mr. Roosevelt, whose course remains a baffling enigma to those who adhere to strict political formulas.

Another Commission

THE STATE PLANNING COMMISSION is out with a report recommending the creation of another commission: the State Department of Geology and Mineral Industries.

The report of the planning commission is not a particularly impressive document; and there are some serious objections which may be raised to the expensive program which is outlined.

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At great expense of time and effort the state has succeeded in eradicating a great deal of duplication at the two major state institutions. It would seem to be folly now to establish another department in a field none too rosy, whose expense would to a considerable extent duplicate that of existing agencies.

Speakership Stakes

THERE is probably considerable "wishful thinking" in the announcement of Harry Bovin of Klamath Falls that he has enough pledges to assure him of the speakership.

Republican members think they hold the balance of power; but they do not, if usual politics prevail. The democrats, holding a majority, will caucus; and the nominee of the caucus will become the nominee of the party.

The friends of the Martin administration are backing Bovin, while the old Latourette organization is trying to coalesce behind some one else, with Bull the apparent favorite.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Adams family in pioneer Oregon like Massachusetts Adamases in pioneer American life:

"And this is good old Boston. The home of the bean and the cod. Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots. And the Cabots talk only to God."

That fling fits the original Adams family of American pioneer life.

It would fit the Adams family of pioneer Oregon, excepting that the Oregon Adamases did not feel aristocratic.

The original John Adams, second president of the United States, believed that it would be dangerous to extend the vote to the ordinary man—even to the mill run white man of 21 or older.

He held that the vote should be kept in the hands of "the rich, the wise and the good." And Alexander Hamilton and all that brand of patriots were in accord with John Adams.

Jefferson saw that a democracy must be democratic, a government of, by and for the people—that is white and free males of 21 or over.

Even Jefferson never imagined a United States in which women would have the right to vote.

The beginning of that development, for the United States and the world, was made on the free and open prairies and fields of the western west, where men are men; where the air is pure and the sunlight clear, and men own their own souls.

Wyoming Territory, in 1869, when she had less than 9000 people, much more than half of them men, and a large proportion of the men cowboys and chuck wagon cooks, gave women the right to vote, by an act of her first territorial legislature.

And she was the first commonwealth in the modern world to so recognize the natural rights of women and by the same sign to proclaim that a woman in law is a person!

Came then votes for women in all the ultimate west, until, in 1914, when all the far west was "white," in the language of the suffragists, excepting only Nevada.

Oregon went white in 1912, after five state wide elections had denied suffrage to her women.

One of the outstanding and most able women who joined early in that crusade—was a pioneer of the pioneers—and who fought through to victory, was Abigail Scott Duniway.

But back to the Adams family of Oregon.

This is suggested by the finding in an old house in Salem, on one of its walls, of a copy of the Oregon Argus of date Nov. 5, 1859, then published in Oregon City.

The Argus had been started there in 1855, by W. L. Adams. D. W. Craig was employed by Adams to have charge of the printing plant and to be assistant editor. After four years, Mr. Craig bought a half interest in the property, and at the end of eight years, or in May 1863, Mr. Craig bought the interest of Adams and removed the plant and business to Salem, at the same time joining with J. N. Gale of the Eugene Republican. The Argus was published in Salem for six months by Craig and Gale.

Then, in November, 1863, Mr. Craig cooperated with a company that was buying the Statesman property from Hon. A. Bush, its founder, and the businesses of the former Eugene Republican, the Oregon Argus and the Oregon Statesman were joined together in the name of the latter.

Mr. Craig went with the newly organized business, and remained for a long generation. Among the principal stockholders of the new company was J. W. Perit Huntington, whose life makes another story that has appeared in this column.

W. L. Adams had bought the outfit of the first newspaper west of the Rocky mountains with which to print the Argus.

That newspaper was the Oregon Statesman, first issue that of Feb. 5, 1846, and published at Oregon City.

The original press, of the Statesman and the Argus, went to Eugene, printed the Oregon Journal that city, and is still in use in the printing department of the University of Oregon there.

For three school years, while in attendance at the University of Oregon, the writer ran that press, printing the Oregon Journal.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Our esteemed evening contemporary echoes the demand of Prof. Ripley that business should cooperate with the new deal to effect the changes which it contemplates or has initiated.

One of the recommendations laid before the interim committee on reorganization was the transfer of auditing from the secretary of state's office to the budget office.

The government is calling for tenders of ships by which it can haul supplies to Alaska; and the Seattle labor council insists the government recognize the rights of maritime unions.

Now an order comes through curtailing the quota for WPA relief. That will be something of a disappointment for the folk on the rolls, who voted for Santa Claus. But then they can buy a paper and read about the flood of dividends shaken out by new deal prosperity.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

LONESOME There's a sort of sadness o'er a fellow creeper,

Looking back across the bygone years;

Dancing shadows passing, struggles through the deeps, Days and nights of laughter and of tears;

Life, I reckon, is the same for all of us.

And complaining makes what seems but worse; Then why the protesting? Why the fume and fuss?

Curses swift react on them who curse;

A lonesomeness—yes, he thinks it may be that,

Half dark'ning the brightness of the day;

Which makes him wish and throw things at the cat.

Because old friends have passed away;

Old friends who knew him and with him traded trust,

In him saw that worth the paying for;

Friends to depend on, if e'er he felt he must.

Now gone, all gone, forevermore;

So a sort of sadness o'er a fellow creeper,

Nonsense—passes on, returns again;

Mostly very pleasant, pictures memory keeps.

But one does feel lonesome now and then.

It is not unreasonable, I think, to state that lonesomeness is of two kinds, healthful and unhealthy.

The one is kindly, beneficial; the other, suggestive as it is of melancholia and hopelessness, is something else. Furthermore, the one produces bad poetry and the other produces much worse poetry.

Sentiment may be a fountain of sweet waters or of bitter. I fear the individual who has no sentiment. But I fear more the individual who has too much and mostly of the wrong kind.

A certain man tells me of feeling generally out of sorts on Monday; he does not know how to account for it, unless it be too much piety on Sunday. Likely that is it—in a c e p t.

Hank Budd has been reading Carlyle of late. Carlyle says make yourself an honest man and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world. Yeah, says Hank, but what does one man amount to? Hank, I suspect, is threatened with an attack of cynicism.

A good neighbor, when he or she leaves a neighborhood, usually leaves good neighbors behind. (Thirty or forty lines of Ruskin boiled down.)

A golfer once made a hole in one. Years ago, it was. But we still hear the patter of his little feet.

Less majestic! Irvy Cobb says Halle Selassie looks like a Filipino bellboy on his Sunday off.

Some men look well in a derby hat. Others do not. The late emperor of Ethiopia probably chose that style of hat because the present king of England and emperor of India was at the time stepping around with a derby on his head.

By the way, the king's derby, if the pictures are to be relied upon, is a size or two overlarge. A derby if it is to look well, should be neither too small or too large. All things look well in derby. But opinions differ.

Were all men agreed as to hats there would be but one style. A sameness which in the very thought of it causes a shudder.

As to ladies' hats and the styles thereof I hesitate to make any remarks. I seem to be with the minority on many questions in this day. Hundreds of newspaper wisecrackers have during the reign of the late George V. (I wish that fondly hoped "would be" mistake for "is") pointed out what they took to be the world of newspaper readers. One of these gentlemen's favorite topics has been and is Queen Mary's hat. She was a real queen, the Teck princess who married George V. and her hat was characteristic of her—plain and sensible, ever the same. I have never been disposed to make fun of Queen Mary's hat. I would not if I could discuss the hat as a thing of beauty or otherwise. I have never seen a picture of Queen Mary and her hat which did not remind me of my mother. Which being the case, there is nothing for me to do but entertain an affectionate thought or two and say nothing.

After the business meeting, a sports program was held at which time Mrs. Glen Larkin and Mrs. Lena Miller gave reports on the book, "Powers History of Oregon Literature," which the club is studying.

Musical numbers by the girls' harmonica orchestra of White school finished the program. Refreshments were served. Mrs. E. Braden helped Mrs. Will serve.

Mrs. Howard Strout and G. E. Vannice Winners in Bridge Play, Amity

A MITY, Nov. 19. — Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lindroff entertained with a bridge party at their home on Tuesday night. Five tables were in play. Mrs. Howard Strout won first prize for the women and G. E. Vannice held high score for the men.

Dainty refreshments were served to Mr. and Mrs. F. Chase Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Roth, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Rierson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Vannice, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rosenbalm and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cochran.

Elk Hunters Return UNKUNTALE, Nov. 19.—Ersel Gabser and J. W. Marley, who spent one week elk hunting in Union county, returned home Saturday evening with one elk. They report beautiful sunny weather by day and zero weather at night.

Of this I am sure—George V of England and Princess Mary of Teck were splendidly faithful to the Victorian tradition during the more than 20 years of their reign. The next queen of Great Britain and Empress of India may have a different notion about hats. We shall see in due time.

Ah, There, Oldtimer! When all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown; And all the spart is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home, and take your place there,

The spent and maimed among; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young. —Charles Kingsley.

A few personals: William (Bill) Thrapp, who five years ago left the office of the Prudential Insurance company here to take up work in California, is in the veterans' hospital at Portland, a very sick man from cancer.

Tressa Gloran is again on the dining room force at the Peter Pan cafe. Audrey Converse Watson has resumed charge of the accounts at the Commercial Book store. A proof-sheet of a feature service for newspapers and other publications, titled "The Church House Says," written and illustrated by Naomi Phelps, talented daughter of Salem, now in New York, comes to this desk.

Mighty good. Should find a ready market. Lloyd Rielly, lady of the Schaefer drug store, departed Sunday night for Los Angeles to enter upon a course in medical college. Rosa Bonnell, grand opera star, has adopted a baby in Chicago. Edna Garfield, throat trouble, is out and about again. Miss Garfield is one of Oregon's leading patriotic poets. Wilfred Hagedorn begins his career as director of the Elsinore Mickey Mouse club Saturday.

Ten Years Ago November 20, 1926

Evangeline Hall, Lyman McDonald, Nancy Thielson, Louise Townsend and Mrs. Gene Howard appeared in a musical program at the Y.M.C.A. last night.

Banks of Marion county in favor of a county agent, industries would receive assistance.

F. A. Elliott, state forester, reported that 225 million board feet of merchantable timber under jurisdiction of state forestry department destroyed by fire during season.

CHAPTER III She went into Diana's bedroom before dinner. There had been rounds of cocktails in the hall, but Diana had not taken any. Diana had seemed quiet and a little distraught. She was lying on the bed now, resting.

"Wise child! Regina's cock-off ready! She's dragged Roger off for a set of tennis. She bet him five hundred dollars she can beat him. I hope she loses," said Phyllis, seating herself at the bottom of the bed and lighting a cigarette.

Diana said nothing but looked wistful. Phyllis said to herself: "She's crazy about him!" She couldn't resist rubbing it in a little, because somehow it seemed to even her own raw deal in life if she could hurt people, even when they happened to be good sorts, like Diana.

"I'm rather surprised at Roger with Regina. She's so obvious. She makes such a play for him I believe he's flattered! And since he has so much money himself, it can't be that he's after. I believe he likes being commanded and bossed about!"

"Possibly," said Diana in a small voice.

She had a headache. The drive home had been unsatisfactory. True, she had come in Roger's car. But he had not seemed to be so interested in her as at the commencement of the races. Perhaps because Clarence Thyne and Hands were in the back seat, keeping a flow of idiotic argument that was a distracting. When Roger spoke, it was of Regina, and what amazes Regina showed in everything. Witness her backing "Hoops" against her father's horse, and winning two thousand dollars.

"Yes Regina's clever," Diana had agreed with forced brightness, though somehow her heart was like lead.

Clarence, the fool, had started kidding Roger about Regina in his exaggerated English accent.

"Why don't you give us poor blighters a chance, you jolly old poacher?" Clarence had chirruped.

Maudie had taken up her theme song, obviously on the principle that what she had said about Regina might be repeated to her.

Not one of them was a real friend, thought Diana with the exception, of course, of Roger. All that they wanted of you was money and entertainment. If you could give them neither, you were nobody. For every out there and Roger said nothing of the five dances that Diana was to give him had she won her bet.

"Spoken on an impulse. He's thought-better of it," she thought drolly.

Lying on her bed before dinner, with Phyllis sitting there and saying the wrong thing to her, she was doubly sure of it.

Let Roger have Regina and be done with it. To him that hath shall be given!

A party of sixteen was at dinner. Roger sat at Regina's left. Diana was on the opposite side, away down the table, and partnered by Clarence, of all people.

Clarence was half tight. He babbled of jolly old England. Of merry house-parties where only



"Sweepstakes on Love" by May Christie

SYNOPSIS Diana Darlington, of a socially prominent, though impoverished, family, loves the eligible young bachelor, Roger Dexter, but what chance had she when the fabulously wealthy Regina Hyde had set her cap for him? Regina always got everything she wanted. Although Roger's family enjoyed a social prestige far above Regina's, she made up for it by the lavishness of her parties and her debut was to be the last word in extravagance. Diana goes to Regina's week-end party just because Roger will be there. At the United Hunt's races, Diana is thrilled when Roger whispers she must save him five dances that evening if their horse wins—but their choice loses. Back at the palatial Hyde estate, Phyllis, another guest, has decided that she will do all in her power to help Diana win.



the blue-blooded were gathered. Of pleasant shooting in October. Of following the hounds later in the season. Of midnight adventures that might be better left untold, and of which he was the hero and manipulator.

"What a devil you've been, Clarence!" exclaimed Diana absently, looking involuntarily towards Roger, who was her ideal of a real man and no nonsense.

Regina was talking to him animatedly. Regina looked gorgeous this evening in a chiffon gown of lipstick red!

Diana thought: "And I had to wear white! I looked all washed out beside her!"

Washed out, and washed up! Well, make the best of the situation.

About fifty people arrived from neighboring houses and from town for the dance that followed dinner: if one were going to make a big splash at one's debut, why not be original and have a preliminary center or two first, thought Regina.

Conventions were out. This was a new era. The discard with the old-fashioned rules.

She had engaged a small colored orchestra for the evening. In a throaty baritone, the leader sang the newest dance hits.

Roger was delightfully attentive. Regina thought it would be wonderful if she could bring him to the point tonight. What a triumph to be engaged to the one man in the world even before one had made one's official debut!

What gullible fools people were to swallow that taradiddle about her being only nineteen, when she would be twenty-one at Christmas!

Not that she wanted to deceive them, but one couldn't make one's debut in the twenties without criticism.

She would let Roger into the joke after he had given her an engagement ring which would be before or at her debut. It would be fun, and a triumph over the also-rans, to have Dad announce her engagement at the finale of her party.

Tonight Roger seemed to have no eyes for anyone but herself. There had been times when she had thought he fancied Diana.

That was over now. He was all hers. Regina glowed with pride. A fortune that watched her own,

plus a handsome young man of good family.

He dined with her several times. He said charming things to her. The moon was up. Although it was October, it was a balmy night. Like Spring. She would try to get him into the rose-garden!

Tiresome Clarence Thyne, who was entirely tight now, and very obstinate, cut in on them and insisted on dancing with Regina.

She argued with Clarence. She was angry with him. He was only here in the house as her bridge partner! She had paid him steeply these last weeks for lessons in contract. How dare he?

How dare he interrupt what might easily prove to be the most important moment of her life? She turned quickly from him to Roger.

But no Roger was beside her. He was gone.

"Go and get my partner, you fool!" she said sharply to Clarence. "Go and find Roger Dexter, and apologize to him."

But Roger—although neither knew it—had vanished into the rose-garden with Diana Darlington.

Diana looked like a school-girl in her early teens as she walked beside Roger in the moonlight.

She had been sitting in the conservatory waiting for her partner who had gone to fetch a wrap, since she had voiced a wish to go outside, it being beyond her to sit here and watch Roger and Regina with any degree of tranquility.

The moment Clarence had cut in, Roger had come swiftly to Diana.

"Let's out, woman! Out for a breath of air!" Masterfully, he had propelled her through the further door and over the lawn and into the scented labyrinth of the rose-garden.

Diana felt as though she walked on air. It was a divine kindness.

His arm in hers, he was so near. She looked up at him, drunk in the full handsomeness of him in his evening clothes, his clean-cut profile.

His eyes met hers. He smiled. His teeth were a flash of white in his deeply sun-burned face. He said, "Do you know you look about fourteen at this minute, Diana?"

"A horrid age," she laughed. (Continued on Page 10)