

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Income Tax Benefits

THE state tax commission pleased the people when it announced a sharp reduction in the amount of the property tax for 1937. Only a little over a million dollars will be asked of the property taxpayers next year, which is about one-half of the requisition for this year. Increased receipts from the income, corporation excise, and intangibles taxes make the reduction possible on general property. If now the other taxing units do not suck up the saving the taxpayers will get some relief for next year.

The Albany Democrat-Herald hails the tax cut as proof of the value of the income tax as a major source of revenue. "This tax," says the D-H, "makes better sense than any other, either modern or old, for it taxes entirely on ability to pay." It believes the income tax, supplemented by other and minor taxes, "could be made ultimately a chief source of revenue for all government, city and county, as well as state and national."

On the other side of the range the Bend Bulletin hails the reduction in state tax, because that means a greatly reduced drain on the cash receipts of the counties which under the law must pay the state demand in full while their own warrants go "unpaid for want of funds" unless sufficient cash is on hand to meet them when issued.

Thus the income tax is justifying the faith of its sponsors in several ways, reducing the burden on real property, and spreading the burden to those with real ability to pay.

There are however some difficulties in the way of a general extension to smaller units, unless a general tax was imposed and the proceeds distributed to the cities and school districts, because the small unit is too small for an income tax to work successfully—people could move to some nearby district with a very light load. Now they can't move their real property, so the tax can be levied and collected. Also, in times of depression incomes fall off and hence receipts from income taxes fall off, while expenses of government go on. The property tax is thus more constant than an income tax. Still another limiting factor on the income tax: rates too high, drive residents from the state. Lowering the exemptions is resisted by the masses of the people who dislike to pay the tax. So there are practical limitations to the extension of the income tax idea, successful as it now is.

An Old Mortgage

IN the reign of "Our Sovereign Lord George the Second, king of Great Britain, France and Ireland," it was not an easy thing to negotiate a mortgage. Now all that is required is to pull a printed form from a drawer, fill in the blank spaces for date, amount, term, and interest, and then have the signature affixed: very simple matter, provided one finds a lender.

But in King George's day executing a mortgage was heavy business. George Riches, cashier of Ladd and Bush bank, has recently obtained the original mortgage signed by William Maltward of the county of Norfolk in England, in favor of Charles Riches, who was the great-great grandfather of George Riches. It is a formidable document, on sheepskin. Its size is about a yard long and twenty inches in width. The instrument must have been prepared by a scrivener, as it is hand lettered, and the workmanship is excellent, the letters being large and clearly formed. The mortgage was dated in 1743, and covered pasture land and a manor house. The original amount was 260 pounds, but the borrower, like many of his descendants came back for more, and the lender, like some lenders today, made him the additional loan. To cover this another sheep was killed and his skin used for a supplementary indenture. The two were then fastened together with tape and sealed. Each document bears revenue stamps, which shows that the art of collecting is an ancient one. Two witnesses attested the mortgagor's signature.

The phrases used are similar to the ones now used in mortgages, which proves either that they were good phrases or that the lawyers haven't had a new idea since 1743.

Cashier George obtained the instrument from a collector, having seen it listed in an offering. It is a very interesting document, in more ways than one; not the least interesting being the rate which was five pounds in the hundred, or five per cent, which must have been a very low rate even at that period. There is nothing to show whether the lender had to foreclose, or whether he gave a moratorium on the payment. George might look in his books to see what the amount would be, interest compounded semi-annually, if the mortgage is still unsatisfied. So rapid is the working of compound interest he could probably levy on most of the property in the British isles if the claim were good.

Gray of the Farm Bureau

CHESTER GRAY, Washington agent of the American Farm bureau, is to be in Salem today to talk to the newly organized branch of the AFB here. This organization is not so well known in this state, as its chapters are few out here. More familiar to farmers and to business men are the grange and the farmers' union. But they know the AFB back in Washington. In fact, one of the private commentators back there recently listed the AFB as the most influential farm body represented in the capital; the national council of cooperatives, second; the national grange third, and the farmers' union fourth.

The grange, under Master Taber, opposed the administration on its plowing-under program, preferring an export debenture, also Master Taber, good republican, wasn't friendly to money tinkering. The farmers' union on the other hand, with its radical Frazier-Lemke farm refinancing bill and its cost-of-production demands swung too far to the left to suit the new dealers, so that organization has not rated so high. The co-op council has more limited objectives, seeking to promote the interest of the cooperatives primarily. That has left the AFB, which went all the way with AAA, and has played close ball with Secretary Wallace, to step into kingrow.

The farm bureau in a way is a child of the department of agriculture, having been nursed along under the county agent organization just after the World war. It has none of the lodge character of the grange, is more discreetly class-conscious than the farmers' union. It plays the farmers' game with the old tools of high-powered lobbies, specified objectives. Its roots are principally in the middle west, in the wheat-corn-hog economy. Here it is drawing its support from the hop growers principally, who have always acted as an independent group.

Because of the importance of the AFB body as a policy-forming group for agriculture, Marion county farmers and citizens will be interested to learn more of its program from Mr. Gray, who as the Washington agent, is in position to speak not only about the AFB, but about what's ahead for agriculture out of the national capital.

Dr. W. T. Foeter, first president of Reed college, now working as an economist, urges a modified capitalism, and says: "It is not a program of soaking the rich; it is one of saving them from their folly." But these saviors of the rich don't say like mother, "This hurts me as much as it does you."

More than half the wholesale business of the country is concentrated in the 13 largest cities of more than 500,000 population, each, says a department of commerce bulletin. Why don't the smaller cities call for a "new deal" and redistribution of business?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer women in Oregon country among pioneers in the fight for women's rights:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Then, in 1917, came the great victory, when the state of New York went white. The women of that state had assembled the largest campaign organization of the kind ever known. Notable is the fact that the Empire State's sons away from home in the World war went two to one for woman suffrage—their votes sent by mail.

In 1918, Michigan, South Dakota and Oklahoma gave women the right to vote. In 1917 Arkansas had granted women the privilege of voting in presidential primary elections, and Texas followed a suit next year. The same action was taken by other southern states, where primary nomination is equivalent to election.

Then came, in one form or another, suffrage for women in Illinois, North Dakota, Nebraska, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Rhode Island.

By January 1, 1919, in 30 states women possessed the right to vote for presidential electors.

A campaign was begun and waged militantly in 1918 for equal suffrage through amendment to the constitution of the United States. It brought quick results.

June 5, 1919, it was proposed by congress, and, on August 26, 1920, by Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, the 20th amendment was declared ratified.

It is interesting to note that, after the reference by congress to the people, or rather to the states, for ratification or rejection, which became effective, as noted, on June 5, 1919, it was necessary, if all the women of voting age and with other essential qualifications were to participate in the national election of 1920, that there be special sessions of the legislatures called in a number of states in order to secure the requisite 26 or two-thirds majority of all the states.

The Oregon legislature placed this state in line by ratifying the proposed amendment on January 12-13, 1920.

The battle for ballots for women in Oregon was an interesting one.

In the 1880 legislature Chas. W. Fulton, senator, introduced a bill to refer to the people an amendment to the Oregon constitution allowing women to vote.

The measure was brought up in the 1882 legislature by Senator R. G. Hendricks of Eugene in the upper house and by H. P. Webb of Douglas county in the lower. It was adopted in the senate by a vote of 21 to 7, and in the house with 47 yeas to 9 nays. (Concluded tomorrow.)

Ten Years Ago

December 2, 1926

Power lines fall as gale hits Astoria, shipping in and out of Columbia river halted by terrific winds.

Hawkins and Roberts announce the allowing of a contract for remodeling of lower floor of Oregon building to Cayler Van Paten.

Col. Carl Abrams acted as toastmaster at banquet of veterans of foreign wars, over 100 present.

Twenty Years Ago

December 2, 1916

The Salem Junior Commercial club was formed in a temporary organization last night, 21 members. Philip Jaskowski temporary chairman and Kenneth Waters, secretary.

Architect George M. Post has presented sketches for new dormitory at Willamette, will be of early English style and cost at least \$40,000.

At the armory tomorrow dedication services will be held for the Salem Deaconess hospital recently established in former Walte home on South Winter.

Pioneer Homes Scene Of Special Gatherings

PIONEER, Dec. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Murel Wells and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wells and children were at Beavercreek Thanksgiving to spend the day with the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wells.

Dinner guests at the Tom Keller home Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coy and children, Mrs. C. Newbold, Gerald Hutton of Tillamook, Nat Skinner of Spokane and Mr. and Mrs. Steve Thelst and son.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Like As Not
Many wishes do we make,
Mighty few come true;
Fate does 'er an interest take
In the things we'd do;
And perhaps Fate's kindly wise,
Cutting down our cash,
So we cannot realize
Foolish things we've wish.

I have just had a sort of run-in with an acquaintance, a man for whom I have a fondness. Possibly it would be more nearly correct to state that I have had a stand-out with this acquaintance. But stand-out has no standing in the bright lexicon of phrase-makers, whereas run-in will be understood readily from the high school to the penitentiary and all way points.

To state the situation bluntly, my acquaintance stopped me in the street this morning and related an experience with an acquaintance who had recently stopped him in the street to relate an experience he had recently had with an acquaintance.

He had, it appears, said "how are you?" merely as a passing greeting. But the other had, with a detaining hand and held him there for all of 15 minutes, the time required to tell him how he was in detail. At the end of the story my acquaintance informs me that he was suffering from a cold.

And, says my acquaintance, an expression of intense disgust upon his countenance, wouldn't you think, says he, that he who has more sense than to keep another man standing out in the cold that way?

Yeah, says I, and this is where the run-in comes in. I'd think so all right, and, says I, you've been keeping me standing here more than 15 minutes. And he slaps himself on the leg and says gawh and haw-haw-haw and says he's got to see a feller pronto and will I excuse him please, and we separated on the most amicable of terms.

How is it that his abbreviated forms such as haryuh? and hll are all well enough in wet or warm weather. But in cold weather, such as we have been having in the mornings of late, one takes a chance of meeting up with an acquaintance who has caught everything seriously and literally. Plain hello is attached to no string of complications. One may say hello and receive in return a hello to balance the account without pausing for the fraction of a minute.

Perchance, I prefer good morning or good evening, as the case may be, and I admit to a sneaking affection, for howdy. I do not know why I like howdy, unless it be that I have chanced to know a good many fine people who say howdy, but it seems to me that howdy has somewhat more breadth and depth than hello. It all depends. I reckon most of the things we like appeal to us pleasantly more because they are like or did like once upon a time, and the things we dislike may be accounted for on the same basis of reason. Even a facial resemblance will move us for or against a person just met. Doubtless it works in many instances of romances and perhaps unjust conclusions.

It is pretty difficult for a man whose feet are cold and who has a pain in his legs to be reasonable.

Local merchants report much early Christmas buying, which means, in most instances, that the people in this trade district have cash on hand. The Santa Claus Army kettles are on the corners and the synthetic Santa Clauses may be expected to pop out at any minute and send the infant population into a state of great bliss.

Much of a change has come over the Santa Claus play since certain of us, who are not yet very old, were in the infant class. There was a time in this country, although it may be rather difficult to believe it, when children whose ages ran as high as 12 or over 14 years, had implicit faith in Santa Claus. They actually thought him a genuine personality. And I cannot but feel that it is more unfortunate than otherwise that they have gone over to the skeptics, who are really all wrong in a colossal degree, because when the Santa Claus personality ceases to exist in the mind nothing remains for most children but to look upon the whole story as a lie.

Children, or most children at any rate, are not given to the analysis of such matters. Their little analyzers have not yet begun to function. A time will come when most of them will recognize the beauty and essential truth of the Santa Claus legend. I know, I believe, and I was very sure, that the Santa Claus fact kids of today think they have been betrayed. The story of Santa Claus turned out to be only a fairy story, and not such a good fairy story, either. I can imagine, and I believe, that the grace to admit candidly and frankly on the title page that her fairy stories were fairy stories and nothing more. She never tried to play a lot of trusting kids for suckers.

But the years passed on in a long line, and a strange thing came to pass. A belief in the truth of the Santa Claus story came back. I have come to have a firmer faith, and perhaps a better one, in the existence of Santa Claus than I had as a child. We do not see many things in which it is better for us to believe than not to believe. We like—and perhaps it is because we are

a bit vain—to feel that the source of manifold joy, of happiness and unselfishness, is a being for which the Creator used the same mould in which he fashioned mankind. I can close my eyes this minute and see a man and a woman with snow on their shoulders come in at the front door, their arms laden with mysterious parcels, on Christmas Eve. And I can see a small boy, whose hair was standing on end because he had been reading Oliver Twist and had been so fortunate or unfortunate, as one may look at it, to come to that point in the story where Bill Sykes takes Otter the best of reading for a small boy around which a snow-laden wind was whistling. Presently, having recovered from his attack of billy-skektis sufficiently to enable him to do so, he asked the man and the woman what the parcels contained, and the woman replied "It was always the who could say things in a way she knew he would understand—that the parcels contained only a number of articles brought along in order that Santa Claus, who would be along later, would not be overburdened. And the boy asked her if they had really seen Santa Claus, and she said no, they had not really seen him, because nobody ever saw him, but they had received a message from him, and now you scoot for bed, young man, and go to sleep."

Christmas p a t, Christmas present a d Christmas yet to come! The prophecy of the old song is as yet unfulfilled (remember?)—
Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men at war with men have not
The love-song which they bring;
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

No marked symptoms of a disposition to listen are being manifested at this time. All the more reason, perhaps, why we should strive for a Merry Christmas.

Extra Credit Is Earned by Pupils

Children at Hayesville in Contest For Sale of Christmas Seal

HAYESVILLE, Dec. 1.—The credit list for the past month shows that a majority of the children are taking advantage of extra credit privileges. In the first grade Stanley Clark earned first place with four credits. The following received each two credits: Doris Barham, Jerry Benson, Ruth Biles, Bobby Carrow, Robert Dunsmoor, Joyce Henderson, Debra Hildreth, Herbert Newton, Waldo Unruh, Dorothy Wuestmeyer.

Second grade, Paul Fuhrer, first place with 10 credits and Mary Anne Fisher second with five credits. Others on the list are Stanley Bacon, Evelyn Reyer, Rosemary Byer, Ruth Carrow, Gene Cross, Robert Saucy, Billy Willis, George Zurinder.

Third grade, Charles Saucy and Joy Ann Klatt tied for first place, with seven credits. Others are Mary Jean Boedighelmer, Lloyd Cook, Elnora Kunnage, Clara Newton, Elsie Stettler and Frances Whitehead.

Fourth grade, Bobby Clark, Marilyn Gibbons, Doris Dimbat, Betty Bristol, Wayne Kunze, Walter Stottler, George Dunsmoor and Jim Meanis.

Sixth grade, Juna George, Matysa Baidis, Diane Verhagen, Jimmie Stettler.

Leads Advanced Room
In the advanced room Jackie Meanis received the most credits. Others on the list are Paul Anderson, Lloyd Lytle, Bernice Robertson, Jaunita Ray, Aileen Frey, Esther Unruh, Daniel Verhagen, Bill Schirman, Jo Anne Hobson, Ruth Pervis, Mont Christofferson, Clara Whitehead, Russell Fouts, Ella Mae Stottler, Joe Power, Harold Pervis, Jack Gyllenberg, Ruth Carrow, Gene Parker and Kenneth Robertson.

The student body has elected these officers for the coming month: President, Daniel Verhagen; vice-president, Monte Christofferson; secretary and treasurer, Esther Unruh.

The seal sale contest began Friday with Paul Anderson and Ella Mae Stottler acting as presidents in the advanced room.

2 Divorce Suits Filed at Dallas

DALLAS, Dec. 1.—A suit for divorce was filed in the county clerk's office yesterday in which John Block, plaintiff is suing for a divorce from Ida E. Block. They were married in Portland in September, 1934, and March, 1935, the plaintiff alleges that his wife deserted him while they were living at Amity, and that they have not lived together since that time. There are no children and no property rights are involved in the suit.

Eugene Hoefling has filed suit for divorce from Ada Hoefling whom he states deserted him on July 20, 1935. They were married at Salem, January, 1924. There are no children.

Cutting the Melon—New Style

1583
11-30



"Sweepstakes on Love" by May Christie

CHAPTER XIII
Genevieve had wanted to go to the Diplomat, which was absurd, as how could they on one hundred dollars a week?

Diana was through with keeping up a front, through with spending what they had not got. She declined to start this new life on a false basis.

"We'll take a cute little court-bungalow," Genevieve. "I've heard you can get two-rooms-and-kitchenette for as low as \$30 a month out there. It's fashionable to live modestly in Hollywood."

"Umph! I don't believe it," Genevieve was exhausted after the packing and the departure. Bella had been engaged by the new tenants to stay on in the house for their four months' lease, and Genevieve had encouraged her to do so, because that meant her treasures would be well looked after, and reports sent out to her.

"I can't possibly afford to take you on such a trip," Genevieve had told the weeping Italian.

"Close the window, Diana," Genevieve now coughed fretfully.

Diana did as she was told. She looked with compunction at her mother.

Genevieve was so soothed. Her cheeks-blossomed out sharply in her beautiful face.

"The warmer climate will suit you, darling. You look as if a puff of wind would blow you away."

"Dr. Woodhouse said it was best for me to get out of the cold of New York this winter," Genevieve admitted.

Diana looked anxious.

"I was so busy thinking about my silly career that I—"

"Oh, I'm all right, Diana. The main point is that your ankle's strong again, and you're fit to tackle this big opportunity."

"The third day at luncheon in the dining car, Diana and Genevieve found themselves opposite an odd-looking young man. He was wearing old gray flannel trousers, a dilapidated sleeveless sweater, and a greasy-looking suede sports jacket in a faded mustard color.



"See you again," the young man half rose and nodded to them pleasantly as they departed.

Genevieve said slyly: "Having made her social debut and now about to make her professional debut, I see nothing strange in the press desiring to have my daughter's pictures in the papers."

"No offense meant, I'm sure," said the young man cheerfully, still grinning. He asked: "You'll like Hollywood, it's a swell spot."

"You know it," asked Diana, wanting to make amends for her mother's snubbing.

"Sure I do. I've a job there." He thrust a large hand through a mop of unruly blond hair, his eyes twinkling at her.

"An actor?"

"Not on your life. But I work at the studios."

"Thought Genevieve, disgustedly: "As a prop man or a mechanic of some sort."

She discouraged conversation, and as soon as possible put an end to the meal.

"See you again," the young man half rose and nodded to them pleasantly as they departed.

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