

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ace"  
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## State in Real Estate Business

PEOPLE know there is a state "bonus commission" administering loans made to veterans of the last war, but few people realize the magnitude of its operations. The commission, of which Jerrold Owen is secretary, is really a big mortgage and real estate concern. It started out with the mortgages and has had to go heavily into real estate, as did most mortgage firms during the depression. In his biennial report Secretary Owen refers to this as a "revolutionary change" which dumped over \$4,000,000 worth of property into the state's lap. To handle this it was necessary to establish a real estate division, also a central warehouse in Portland for handling repairs to property.

The selling division has succeeded in disposing of property at accelerated rate during 1935 and 1936, enabling the commission to reduce its total holdings. The net selling price was \$2,853,262.19 which was \$36,887.58 in excess of the state's investment, which is a remarkably good showing. At present the commission has 519 farms and 1855 city properties with an investment of \$4,214,327.52. It operates through regular real estate dealers and thus avoids the heavy expense of handling its own selling.

Delinquencies on loans constitute a serious problem for the commission. The peak exceeded a million dollars, but by last Dec. 1 it had been whittled down to a little over \$700,000. As times improve the commission feels warranted in adopting a firmer policy on collections. Secretary Owen credits the federal bonus with a considerable share of the credit for the increased receipts.

Since the loans were made to veterans at four per cent interest and the bonds issued by the state bear four and one-half per cent interest the department must operate at a loss. Had the bonds been issued with callable provision they could now be reissued on about a two or two and one-half per cent basis, and that would provide a good margin. During the biennium the commission issued no new bonds and retired \$2,000,000.

The total amount of bonds issued under the bonus loan law was \$32,850,000, of which \$8,975,000 has been retired, leaving \$23,875,000 outstanding as of last September. The final maturities are in 1952. After June 30, 1938 no more loans may be made, under the constitution.

The report will surprise a good many who have thought the state would lose millions of dollars because of poor loans. That result is not yet in sight. The ratio of delinquencies and foreclosures is probably little higher than for mortgage concerns. The losses to the state will be due principally to the fact that the state did not charge enough interest to meet the cost of its own borrowed money plus operating expenses.

## War of Extermination

IN uncensored correspondence to the New York Herald Tribune, John T. Whitaker writes that there must be at least 400,000 dead in Spain. The population is less than 30 million persons. The deaths are mostly political assassinations. Women are not exempt from the slaughter. For the first time in a century prisoners are not kept captive, they are executed. In Madrid the terror reigned as during the French revolution. In cities captured by the rebels those suspected of socialist sympathies or trade union affiliation were mowed down by machine guns. In one city the victims were crowded into the bull ring and sprayed with bullets from machine guns. Whitaker quotes one leader as saying he killed 122 with his automatic pistol, firing and reloading, until his gun was hot in his hand, and saying he "enjoyed it."

Loads of victims were taken into the country and shot, and their bodies dumped in roadside ditches. At night they would be doused with gasoline and set on fire. In Toledo after its capture by the rebels the wounded were burned alive in the hospitals and after that 2000 civilians were put to death. The cruelties have been perpetrated by both sides in a war without quarter.

The war in Spain has become one of extermination. Whichever side wins, unless it is restrained by outside force, will push executions to the end. Amnesty is a word not thought of at this juncture. The whole treasury of Spanish art has been ruthlessly destroyed (save where they were movable, like paintings) if it came within the path of the armies.

To such extremity are human beings driven by the force of their ideas. These people are all Spanish whose race strain is quite homogeneous now, after centuries of mixing. Undoubtedly they have many things in common. Yet in the bitterness of feeling over political and social and economic questions they revert to the barbaric stage. Savages could hardly do worse. The teaching of religion, the enlightenment of education do not prove strong enough to restrain the primitive hates and fears which make man animal again.

## Function of a University

OF all the expressions of opinion relative to the dismissal of Glen Frank as president of the University of Wisconsin the best which has come to our notice is that of President E. A. Gilmore of the University of Iowa. He did not enter particularly into the Frank-LaFollette controversy, but he did use the incident to offer some generalization as to the proper position of the university which deserves wide consideration. Pres. Gilmore said:

"The recent events in Wisconsin are the logical outcome of a philosophy which believes that a university should participate directly in responsibility for social reform and reconstruction. It overlooks the fundamental difference between a state university and a university state. The latter is in constant danger of becoming an instrument of propaganda and political control. A university should not be brought too close to the scene of immediate political action. It serves society best if it remains a detached, intelligent, impartial, fearless exponent of truth and sends out a body of well trained and well informed students."

It will be difficult to find in any of the lengthy addresses of recent years on the subject a more accurate statement of the function of the university in modern society. There is grave danger that the university will be made just a tool of the powers-that-be, and this danger exists with privately endowed universities as well as with state-supported institutions. The simple sentence which closes Dr. Gilmore's statement deserves to be graven in the foundation stone of every university in the land, and in the conscience and the consciousness of every citizen: "It serves society best if it remains a detached, intelligent, impartial, fearless exponent of truth, and sends out a body of well-trained and well-informed students."

The town of Hubbard is out of debt and plans a celebration in honor of the accomplishment. The thrill of having one's city debt-free resembles that of paying the mortgage on the old homestead.

## Rosa Cole Heads Waconda Women

WACONDA, Jan. 15.—Mrs. Henry C. Stafford entertained members of the Waconda community club and six social guests Wednesday at her home. Club luncheon was enjoyed.

Meeting of officers for 1937 resulted: Mrs. Rosa Cole, president; Mrs. Bertie Becker, vice-president;

Mrs. C. C. Russell, buyer. Two members were initiated, Mrs. W. Weekly and Mrs. Fred Friedman.

The annual club party was discussed and final plans will be made at the next club meeting January 26 at the home of Mrs. Wade Weekly in Mission Bottom. Invited guests were Mrs. E. W. Manning, Ward Lund, Fairfield; Mrs. Paul Townsend, Miss Cora McGilchrist, Mrs. Frank Felton, Mrs. Albert Girod and daughters, Linda Ann and Shir-

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Moore's monument 1-16-37  
or memorial in memory of early Oregon pioneers coming as a surprise to many:

One of the most modest men in Salem or all Oregon was Carroll L. Moore, who was not given to any sort of pomp or presumption. He was born in Salem, and lived his whole life in this city, and died on the 6th of this month, and when his will was offered for probate it showed that he had been thinking deeply of his obligations to his pioneer ancestry and to his native state that has a high and worthy heritage of history.

Manifestly, he had been thinking about these things for a long time, for his will, written in his own hand, provides that nearly the whole of his fortune is finally to go to "a monument or memorial in memory of early Oregon pioneers." The quoted words are from the will.

Briefly, the instrument, made July 24 last, provides these things:

For \$500 as a perpetual fund the income from which is to go to the care and maintenance of the I. R. Moore, Jr. family lot in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

That \$3000 go to Mrs. Chas. F. Elgin.

That all his furniture and personal property go to Mrs. Elgin.

That the burial lot be covered with cement, at cost, not to exceed \$1000.

That the lot next south of the southeast corner lot at Cottage and Ferry streets be sold and the money reinvested in first grade securities and the income to go to Mrs. Elgin during her life, then to the residuary estate. (This is the home where Mrs. Elgin is living.) It was inherited by Carroll L. Moore from his brother, Wylie A. Moore, deceased, long city recorder and police judge of Salem.)

All the rest of his property is to be reinvested in first class income bearing securities, and the income to go to Ross E. Moore, brother, during his life. On his death that income to go to the residuary estate.

But in case of the death of either Mrs. Elgin or Ross E. Moore, the survivor is to receive the whole of the bequest (that is, the income), as previously provided.

Finally, after the death of both Ross E. Moore and Mrs. Chas. F. Elgin, the whole of the residuary estate is to go to "a monument or memorial of early Oregon pioneers."

The determination of the character of the monument or memorial is left to the city council or whatever body may succeed the Salem city council in case of a change in the respect.

That seems very plain. Carroll L. Moore wanted to help his brother as long as he lives and his great friend who helped him in his last days, and whose home he had boarded a long time, in her declining years.

Then he planned a memorial that will perpetuate the name of his clan and will honor the class to which his members belonged, the early Oregon pioneers.

Ross E. Moore, 517 North Front street, is the last living member of that clan running from I. R. Moore, Jr., whose brother was J. H. Moore of the 1852 covenant of immigration, and whose father was Isaac R. Moore, Sr., captain of one of the trains of that immigration.

Besides Ross and Wylie and Carroll, already mentioned, were born into the I. R. Moore, Jr., family Charles, Estella, who lived only about six months, and Willie, twin of Wylie, who died at two years of age.

Carroll was at first a painter, and during the past 35 years or more, he had been in public employ, on the state payroll, mostly on the janitor force in the supreme court building. As a young man, he was a worker in politics, and he never violated a pledge.

No one knows, yet, how much will be the residuary estate of Carroll L. Moore. It may be over \$300,000; possibly considerably more.

Whatever it may be, it will go to the kind of a memorial that will be calculated to honor the memory of early Oregon pioneers. In the mean time, however long or short a time as may eventuate, the matter will be in the hands of the trust department of the Ladd & Bush bank.

This action of Carroll L. Moore deserves the gratitude of every person in Oregon.

It is worthy of emulation by every man and woman who loves his or her state. When the time shall arrive for selecting the kind of memorial, it is to be hoped that the matter will be wisely performed. The latitude of choice is large. In Oregon, by way of precedent and decision, the will of a man or woman is to be carried out according to its meaning. Wills are not easily broken in this state. If they have honest administrators and courageous defenders.

## Miss Howe of Silverton Reads Group Her Poems

SILVERTON, Jan. 15.—Miss Lucy Howe, English teacher in the senior high school, read a group of her poems before members of the C. P. S. A. at Mt. Angel Tuesday afternoon. While Miss Howe has been interested in poetry for many years and has written several poems, it was not until the past year that she began submitting for publication.

## Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—To those who watch events for light upon fundamental conditions, the key point of the automobile strike is the "sit-down" feature of it. A number of employees, relatively small compared with the whole body, remain in the factory, with the effect of preventing operation of it. From their own point of view the method is effective. From the owners' point of view it is illegal. From the point of view of existing law it is illegal.

The issue, as it has arisen on this point, can be stated thus: The strike leaders say they will withdraw the "sit-downers" if General Motors will promise not to operate the factory pending negotiation of the issues involved in the strike. The Michigan General Motors has replied that it will negotiate the broad issues of the strike but only after and if the strikers illegally occupying the plant are withdrawn.

It is possible General Motors, if it consulted its own interest only, might find it expedient to abandon this stipulation for the sake of prompt settling of the strike. If it does this, however, it will have established a precedent important not only with respect to industrial conflicts but with respect to all property rights everywhere. Such a precedent, once established, will see into law and custom. Shortly it will impair the security of every farmer, the owner of his land, every shopkeeper, and the owner of his home in his house. It will work a change in the American system of society, constitute a step toward bringing a new one. Rarely has there been so clear an illustration of the automobile strike provides of the human rights, the fundamental principle and temporary expediency.

Essential in the American system are certain principles. Preserving the system means preserving these principles. One of the principles is the right to acquire property and be secure in the possession of it. This right to hold property is one of the fundamental individual rights. It is not in contrast with human rights, it is itself one of the human rights. An argumentative way of putting it, frequently heard, "human rights versus property rights" is misleading. This right to be secure in the possession of property is clearly inspired by the "sit-down" strike, which led to formation of a new government with a socialist as premier.

The strikers in Michigan are of course in violation of law. In general, their repatriation to the familiar legal remedies. The person whose property is unlawfully occupied can go to the courts, where the judge issues the appropriate writ of ejectment or what not, and gives an order to the sheriff to serve and execute the writ.

In the present case, it was unfortunate that the judge to whom General Motors applied, and who issued a writ, was revealed later to be the owner of a considerable amount of General Motors stock. This was seriously unfortunate. Nearly everyone will agree that the judge should have remembered his personal interest and asked to be excused from acting. It is a time for meticulous observance of property by all who have official responsibility. Any other judge could have issued the writ; the process is one of familiar routine.

Apparently the writ was served, and the strikers ignored it. This brings the situation down to one of local public opinion, whether the community will condone violation of law not checked by the appropriate machinery of law enforcement. If the community does not condone, and if the local law officials cannot enforce the law, the next step would ordinarily be an appeal to the governor of the state for help, presumably for state police or the militia.

It has been interesting to observe the inroads on property rights that have accompanied the depression. Quite early some legislatures passed laws reducing the rights of mortgagees and owners of land. In Minnesota law, was sustained by the supreme court of the United States. Other legislative bodies passed laws reducing the right of landlords to evict tenants; some of these laws have been sustained by the courts.

Statutory inroads on property rights are, however, less serious than the inroads on property rights that have accompanied the depression. Quite early some legislatures passed laws reducing the rights of mortgagees and owners of land. In Minnesota law, was sustained by the supreme court of the United States. Other legislative bodies passed laws reducing the right of landlords to evict tenants; some of these laws have been sustained by the courts.

## Ten Years Ago

January 16, 1927  
Earl Fisher, state tax commissioner, for past three years was reelected to that office for another term yesterday.

Mrs. Buffo-Morrison's French shop will be remodeled and take more room formerly occupied by Staples Optical Co.

Latest burglar alarm protection device for new vault at Salem Bank of Commerce will be installed by experts Monday.

## Twenty Years Ago

January 16, 1917  
Paul Hauser made a trip to Eugene Sunday and went for a day's hunt with Mock Turtle club.

Alderman Charles H. Jones' resolution for appointment by Mayor Keyes of a committee to draft a commission government charter for Salem was adopted.

12,000 roses are to be planted by Salem Floral society in a lot

than private inroads which succeed and are not checked by the courts or other machinery of government. In some midwestern states there were a few cases of farmers, with the aid of neighbors, forcibly resisting "tax sales" of their farms. Because of non-payment of taxes. There were a few similar resistances to "sheriff's sales," foreclosures of mortgages. In one case in which the sheriff was forcibly prevented from executing a writ, the court inflicted prison sentences upon leaders of the resistance toward the state government checks, is the so-called "bootlegging" of coal from lands owned by corporations in the anthracite district of Pennsylvania. Reports agree that the bootlegging is condoned by local public opinion, on the ground that the mines are left idle by the owners, and that the miners take the coal and bootleg it in order to live, and the strikers and communities dependent on the mines would be paralyzed if it were not for this frankly outlaw traffic.

These conditions constitute a distinction between the case of the Pennsylvania coal miners and that of the "sit-down" strikers in Michigan. The Pennsylvania miners go on the companies' property and take the coal and sell it because the companies do not operate the mines and give the miners employment. The Michigan strikers "sit-down" in the factory for the precise purpose of preventing operation.

Ordinarily most kinds of inroads on property rights are temporary; they pass with the depression or other adverse abnormal condition that gives rise to them. But strikes are frequent and often justified during normal conditions. And if it now becomes legal of customary for strikers to occupy buildings against the will of the owners, the result would be a permanent reduction of property right which as a precedent, might affect all property rights of all persons at all times.

## "Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XXVIII

Late zinnias grew in varicolored splendor on the south side of the garden. Christie's marigolds were burnished gold, when she put a new lining in Donald's old overcoat that looked so well, but was really wearing quite threadbare.

From the warm earth came the dry, spicy fragrance of blossoming shrubs, and fallen leaves, and new Indian summer. Dad used to call it back home in Spanish Pass. Ben told her that the old man always said, "Made a man feel young!"

It didn't make her feel young, particularly, but it did make her feel safe and warm and content.

She worried—but there was always the cold creep within her that worried her. The baby's gurgling laughter, a puddle to make, buds on the chrysanthemums, and Donald's increasing excitement in his work.

Now it did depress her when he tried to tell her about it. Cancer is such a dread word. And the chances of success, he said, were so slim.

Of course, that was what made it all so fascinating to Donald and Whitey, but she couldn't help wishing that they'd chosen something simpler and safer to work on, and something with which they'd be more likely to succeed.

How could they have the patience to go on day after day, month after month, year after year—perhaps all their lives, and be content with just learning a little more, and never coming to any sensational discovery at all?

But now it was against death they were having a little success. Just a little, Donald said. But it was enough to bring him home bright-eyed and exultant, and for dozens of old friends to hear about it, and to telephone, or drop in at the house, or at the house to hear the latest.

Tiresome for her. "What is a hormone, anyway?" she asked, yawning over a sock she was darned, after listening to a one-sided telephone conversation. Donald was having with Whitey.

"Something I'd just as soon you didn't know about, and above all speak about," he said seriously. "This experiment of ours mustn't get out. You understand that, don't you, honey? That no one must know about it?"

She couldn't help laughing out loud. "Heavens I don't talk about it! It's your who do the talking!"

"But only to medical men who understand it. You don't know, you're no back-fence gossip, Christie, but just be careful, for while we have reason to be a bit optimistic right now, we aren't ready for the news to break. If it got out now, I wouldn't be a scientist. I'd just be a quack. So be careful, won't you?"

"I'll be careful," she promised, but it amused her. How could she talk about it when she didn't know what in the world it was all about?

So she rested his tired head on her shoulder when he would let her, and patted him and soothed him and tried to listen while he talked about the good fight he was helping to wage against death in its most awful forms.

"Whitey has spent his life on it, and I may spend mine. Far better men than I are working on the same problem all over the country. But some day somebody is going to triumph, and I wouldn't be a scientist if I just let me go."

"Yes, Donny—yes—yes—she'd murmur, as she might have murmured to the baby.

"I'm glad he's got his real worries—like me."

She felt so safe. She wheeled Donny boldly in his buggy, ran to answer door bells, telephone bells, without that sick sinking of the heart that had

"Just as I was about well, too"



## "Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XXVIII

He didn't understand. It's tough, Ruby's only a kid, too. Once I caught her stealing face powder and lip stick in the five o'clock because I couldn't buy her any. I slapped her so hard she got an abscess in her ear from it."

"Gene—oh, Gene!"

"Well, I won't have her snitch stuff from the five and dime! But look how I felt. I didn't even have the dime to give her. And I thought, if I got a decent hair cut and some clean good clothes I could get started again. I had a prospect. Selling a line of neckties and gent's hose. But it fell through. Yesterday I went to the charities, but the woman said I wasn't eligible because I haven't lived in the county long enough. Offered to send us back to Spanish Pass."

"My lord, Ruby in Spanish Pass. That baby doll. And the folks can't feed themselves. I don't even have the dime to give her. And I thought I would. Then I got to thinking about you, Ruby and I talked it over—"

"He talked it over with his wife. With how many other people perhaps? Told Ruby she could come to her, ask for money. Incredible first. Then sick and ashamed. She thought of what Whitey had said about what a wife and a home and a baby were costing a man like Donald. What would he say if he knew about this? What would this new worry do to Donald now?"

"But this time, I swear on my honor, on my kid's life, that if you raise this money for me, I will get out. I'll go so far away nobody here will ever see me again!"

He saw that she was shaking.

"Gosh, Christie, it sure hurts to see you scared of me! I hate myself for—"

"I'm not scared—I'm cold—that's all—cold!"

"Honest, I wouldn't come to you if I had a single chance left in the world. Even if I had the nerve to stick up somebody on the street, I'm just desperate, that's all. I hope you'll never know what that means. But I've got to have it. Ruby's operation—and the kid choking to death here of asthma."

She felt her knees giving way beneath her.

"I'll see what I can do. I'll have to think. You can write—"

"I'll telephone you, this time tomorrow."

She held her ground, closed the door firmly behind him, as he left. Closed it and latched it.

Then she slid slowly to the floor. Sobs tore themselves out of her shuddering, shaking body. For the second time in her 30 years, life—and Gene—had brought her more bitterness than she could bear.

Feeling old and tired, Christie fed the baby, dressed him in his clean white cotton flannel nightgown, played pat-a-cake with him while he laughed aloud, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Then while he played in his crib she got dinner for herself and Donald, running back and forth from the kitchen to the bathroom, alternately stirring the carrots and peas and watching the meat-leaf, and bathing her red eyes with cold water and witch-hazel.

And when dinner was all ready, and she had bathed her streaked and swollen face until it looked almost normal, she telephoned that he would be late.

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

The Governor's Message delivered before the joint session of the legislature yesterday is a remarkably colorful and reports the end of the state deficit, insists that there should be no increase in taxation, and recommends the enactment of the budget submitted by the executive. Beyond these there is little to be said. A reader of the message who knew nothing about Oregon might suppose that the state had no problems to solve, that there was nothing that needed changing, nothing to be done to bring about improvement of any sort.

In the two years of his governorship of his "first term," as he recently put it—General Martin has been hailed as the man of force, direction and leadership. Beyond these qualities he certainly has but they are carefully concealed in his message. Nothing is criticized. Nothing is proposed. There is no program unless, indeed, that's the governor's program—to have none.

There's plenty on the docket that calls for action. The governor's own state planning board has submitted a variety of proposals, including one regarding an extension of the capitol grounds and the building of a state library—a most important subject. There is the crisis in the finances of the state-supported educational institutions. There are problems touching the state-federal relation with respect to social security, to management of state lands, to public health, to taxation. On all these the message is silent.

It is remembered that at the last session of the legislature—the special session of 1935—the governor made it very much his business to get the legislature to take action regarding the location of the capitol. He failed and for a long time he has been resentful of the outcome color much that he did and said. We wonder if the experience is not reflected in the present lack of direction and failure to present an affirmative program.

Perhaps the governor has plans that are yet to be disclosed. Perhaps he wants to wait until something more is known of how the legislature is going to behave. Perhaps he will be heard from later. It is to be hoped that such is the case for the aspect of this message is none the less Charles H. Martin. —Bend Bulletin.

At midnight she went to bed, lay wide-eyed and restless, listening to the cars that went up the hill, past the house. It must have