

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Union League Admits Democrats

THE Boston Transcript, commenting on the opening of the Union League club of New York to democrats, heads its editorial: "A Citadel Falls". It is indeed a citadel that has fallen for the Union League clubs have been the home of high-caste republicans ever since the Civil war. Even now the admission of democrats in the New York club is limited to men holding "fixed and sound principles", and those democrats who qualify under this rule will feel quite at home in the club.

While in later years the Union League clubs in the great cities of the north were chiefly social in character the original clubs were founded on very definite principles. In 1862 secret societies sprang up for the support of the union cause. Naturally most of the members were republicans. By 1864 these societies became known as Union League clubs. They exerted a great influence in the north in keeping the fires of unionism burning during the dark days of the civil war.

It was a convention of Union League clubs meeting in Baltimore which renominated Abraham Lincoln in 1864. It was not strictly speaking a convention of the Republican party. In fact in May the radical republicans had nominated John C. Fremont. As the tide of victory set in for the north Lincoln's reelection became more certain. But it was the Union League clubs which stood by him and the national union at the critical period.

In the south after the war the Union League organization became a means by which republican carpet baggers controlled politics of the former confederate states. With the rise of the Ku Klux Klan the league power was broken. The grip of the democratic party on the south is due perhaps as much to the bad administration of the republicans in carpet bagger days as to the bitterness left by the war.

Northern cities retained their Union League clubs, still limited in membership to republicans, growing more and more into exclusive social clubs as the initial cause for their organization receded in significance. At present the clubs may not be powerful politically but for those who know the history of the civil war there lingers a halo of patriotic devotion about the name of "Union League".

Good Conduct Credits

AMONG the earliest devices to mitigate the severity of prison sentences and to encourage good discipline within the penitentiary was the allowance of credits for good conduct. Oregon established such a system by law in the early '60s, long before the parole system was thought of. Later when the parole law was passed the good conduct allowance was done away with. We are by no means certain however that the good time credits were abolished as relating to prisoners outside the parole classification. The Fehl case did not come under that class. To clarify the situation it seems proper to reenact a law to allow credit for good prison conduct to operate to reduce the time of incarceration. As a stimulus to good order in the penitentiary such a provision would be highly beneficial, giving the prisoner some reward for good deportment.

There is no easy answer to the problems of sentence and parole. It is highly desirable to reclaim as many to society as possible; but the record of parolees who go wrong shows that it is easy for an ex-prisoner to go wrong again. When men are paroled some form of supervision seems advisable to prevent an early lapse into crime.

The subject of crime and the criminal is one which deserves the careful deliberation of the legislature and close study of the recommendations of the parole board and other authorities on the matter.

Every once in a while some one blows off steam about the large number of aliens who have entered this country illegally. It is urged that these be deported, and the inclination goes farther toward the ousting of aliens who did enter lawfully but have not become naturalized. The evil from the aliens here seems to be exaggerated. Under recent restrictions of immigration and heavy outward movement of those formerly admitted there has been an actual decrease in the alien population of some 229,000 since 1932. An additional 45,000 have been deported. Not many get by the borders; and after they do they are often picked up and deported. It is doubtful if a round-up would show enough aliens on relief to alter the situation if all of them were shipped back home.

County Salaries

IT seems a pity that the time of the legislature should be taken up with special bills relating to salaries of officers of particular counties, or relating to hours of closing county offices in a single county. One bill has been introduced to change the salary of the constable in a particular city. All of this is expensive and time-consuming; and in the end the legislation is not beneficial because it is special and is apt to create unfair disparities.

In the state of Washington salaries of county officials are fixed by a schedule according to population. Some such classification based either on population or on assessed valuation, or on both might be worked out which would provide a fixed scale for the counties of the state. Standard hours for county offices might be fixed by law with deviations permitted, like Saturday afternoon holidays, on authority of the county court in the county concerned.

The resistance to a county classification will come from counties which have put through special legislation and gotten their salaries up to a high level. Klamath county is one of them. But the distortion there is evidence that a schedule is needed to provide fairer treatment of county officials over the state. It is suggested that the matter be left to each county; but the county has no legislative body as a county. The legislature is the place to make the reform, which ought to come by making a scale and not by special legislation for particular officers in particular counties.

Marion county pays very shabby salaries to its county officials and deputies. If a general schedule is not adopted then special action should be taken to pay better salaries here.

Indoor Inauguration

MARCH 4th was always berated as a foul date for an inaugural because of the brand of weather apt to prevail. Moving the date forward into the winter makes even more certain an inaugural day of storm and cold. The first January 20 inauguration struck one of the foulest days of the season.

If the date is to remain Jan. 20, and that seems sure for an indefinite period then changes should be made in the arrangements. The inauguration and the speech-making should be done indoors. Loud speakers and radios can carry the story to other halls as they do the homes and offices over the nation.

Many of the men in public life are aging. The exposure is not good for them. Wednesday the public was so uncomfortable in the cold rain that people quickly deserted the scene. In the future provision should be made that the important events take place indoors, at least if the weather is bad as it was this year.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Burning of the historic Bennett house in early part of legislature of 1887:

(Concluding from yesterday.)
The next pretentious hotel in Salem was the Union house, on the corner south of the present Marion hotel.

The Union house came from moving up from Front street one block east the two story residence that had been erected by Thomas Powell, blacksmith, and adding it onto the east end of the store building erected on the northeast corner of Commercial and Ferry streets.

That store building was erected by Thomas Cox in the winter of 1847-8, to accommodate the first store in Salem—the goods brought across the plains from Illinois in 18 covered wagons drawn by oxen and on from the Cascades summit on the Barlow route by 60 pack horses manned by Indians, the snow having become too deep for the wagons to move further.

The store building had a second floor, living quarters for the Cox family, and rebuilt and rearranged the Union house became a strong rival to the Bennett house.

As all full sessions of the legislature after that of 1852-3 were held near the four corners centering at Commercial and Ferry streets for the next 24 years, the Union house was much favored in location.

Occasional squibs in old publications and letters indicate that the Union house was a fashionable and gay place for the putting up and entertainment of the leading people of the territory and the state, including the high officials and the members of the legislative sessions.

For long years the legislatures and principal territorial and state offices were housed across and diagonally across the street, in buildings yet standing; the last named being the Statesman block, originally erected (its first floor) for the use of the Willamette Woolen mill—the first on this coast; the one that was burned May 2, 1876; that stood where the mills of the Lee mission in the first building erected here by whites stood; where the south Larmer warehouse now stands.

Many activities were carried on in the old Bennett house. It has been noted that the surveyor general's office for Oregon was housed there. So was the Oregon supreme court.

One of the first schools was conducted there, by Lizzie Boise and her sister, Mrs. Spiller; the last named became principal of the preparatory department of the University of Oregon at Eugene. They taught before Salem had a public school system.

The reporter who wrote up the Bennett house fire spoke of a tradition that Capt. Chas. Bennett had been an old sea captain. It is not likely that he had been such; not for a long time, anyway.

Learning on his tombstone in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, besides showing he was the discoverer of gold in California, gives his age at 44 years, 3 months, 20 days. He was killed in the engagement following the death of Peepo-moxox, near Walla Walla, Dec. 7, 1855.

Stephen Staats and John Marshall were with Bennett (all from the Salem district) when gold was discovered, Jan. 24, 1848, in Sutter's mill race. Staats, prominent Oregon pioneer, always said Bennett said the "Himal" first. Staats knew Bennett in 1845 when he was a subordinate officer in Co. A. U. S. dragons, at Fort Leavenworth.

Bennett got his title of captain by getting that office in a volunteer company organized in 1846 at Daniel Waldo's place in the Waldo Hills. The company later was known as the Oregon Rangers.

They helped celebrate the 4th of July that year, where the ancestral Bush home is now, back of Mission street, when W. G. T. Faust, the early Oregon pioneer, orated. The celebration, instead of having a grand ball, wound up the evening with a sermon by Rev. Harvey Clark, appropriate, for Salem town, founded by Methodist missionaries.

They made the eagle scream loudly and celebrated the British lion's fall, making faces at its big bad boy, the Hudson's Bay company—not knowing the international boundary question had been settled over two weeks before, June 15, 1846. But news traveled slowly then.

In the 1855 general Indian war, when all the tribes joined to end the white race and stop covered wagon immigration, Chas. Bennett was again a captain, leading a company which took as privates such men as L. F. Grover, afterwards congressman, governor, U. S. senator, etc., and had as 1st lieutenant A. M. Fellows, one of the four organizers of the First Congressional church of Salem, on July 4, 1852.

That company made Chief Peepo-moxox, Cayuse leader, a prisoner, and killed him when he tried to escape. In the same engagement, near Walla Walla, Bennett was shot by Chief Peepo-moxox.

Since Bennett was only 34 in 1855, when Staats knew him at Fort Leavenworth, and he came with the 1854 covered wagon immigration to Oregon, when James W. Marshall came—Staats coming in 1845—and he was active here and in California from 1844 on, it is not probable that he was "an old sea captain." When would he have had the time?

John Hendershott married Capt. Bennett's widow. They ran the hotel presumably till 1892, when Mrs. Hugh Harrison took charge

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

AVONDALE, PA., Jan. 21—If something that has not occurred for a century and a half before is news, then this deserves a headline:

My next neighbor, on this Pennsylvania farm, Mr. Dudley Cole, driving home from the village in the early evening, saw his headlights focus on an animal. At first glance, he supposed it was a young cow strayed from a nearby field. But the small, high-headed animal told him it was not a cow; and the white flash of the tail, suddenly raised high in alarm, and the quick bound into a road, side thick with snow, told him it was a deer he had seen.

Another neighbor, a week or two before, was told one evening by his wife that during the afternoon she had seen three deer in the meadow. Skeptical, he took the statement as an example either of woman's greater credulity or her less acute observation. But the following day, on the sandy banks of the meadow creek, he found the authentic hoof-prints of a buck and two does.

There are of course many places in the United States a wild deer is not an uncommon sight. And since deer began to have rigid legal protection in New England and New York state, occasional ones have been seen almost on the fringes of the outer suburbs of New York city. But I was born on this farm, and happened to have exceptional familiarity with the local lore of the community, and I am confident it is fully a century and a half since the last wild deer was seen in this neighborhood.

The death of the last local Indian is authenticated by memorial markers set up by the county historical society; she was "Indian Hannah" and she figures in a rather important American novel. She died in 1802 and she had long survived her tribe in this locality. The deer must have disappeared long before.

This community, about forty miles west of Philadelphia, is within the earliest settled part of Pennsylvania, and one of the earliest settlements in the country. The return of the deer is not due as elsewhere, to any retirement of the human population—we know no such thing as an "abandoned farm." On the contrary, Chester county, Pennsylvania, continues to be led as it has been for centuries, among the most productive agricultural counties in the country. Excepting the wood-lots on each farm, it would be difficult to find an acre that is not either cultivated or grazing meadow.

In the community talk, there is much speculation about what has brought the deer back. The nearest mountains are some fifty miles away, and these are mountains more by local pride than by elevation. In them is a game reservation, fruit of the policy of conservation inaugurated by Gifford Pinchot when he was governor some years ago. Some thirty miles in another direction, near the mouth of the Susquehanna river, is a strip of poor land we call "The Barrens," a belt of stunted oaks and an expanse of fertile only in murky legends about ancient highways and the fates of lonely travelers. Where the barrens approaches Chesapeake Bay, a considerable tract of land has been restored partly to wild conditions by the National Boy Scout organization.

From either of these sources our deer could have come. But they have had to cross at least a score and a half of miles of closely settled farms and villages. Some instinct, timorously emergent, or generation of hunters, must have told them of a new spr-

it of friendliness, certainly the friendliness is here. We will not begrudge them what they may nibble from our fodder-stacks if they are driven to that after the ground is snow-covered.

The spirit of the community is hospitable to the returning wild, Harvey Cook each fall goes through his meadow setting into the ground here and there sticks about three feet high, with the tops sharpened. When the snow comes he takes care of sweet corn, hollows out the pith of the cob, and places an ear upright on each; sharpens a stick. He renews the supply two or three times a week so long as snow and ice cover the meadow, making the ordinary food of the birds difficult to get at. The quail and pheasants express their appreciation by increased confidence.

Last summer, during weekends when I came here, my "morning alarmer" was not the lark of English poetry but the other, and I am sorry to say, less musically-voiced, English bird, the pheasant. A male of the species took our vegetable garden as his summer trysting place. I sometimes wished he might have chosen more secluded spot. His morning love-call seemed, to a human sleeper, a raucous squawk, but I suppose it was seductive to those to whom nature intended it to be so. The pheasant, of course, is not a native bird, but his bright colors have become a frequent and agreeable addition to our neighborhood scene, as a result of importation and breeding begun by Governor Pinchot some ten years ago.

It is only friendliness that can save our wild life. As objects of pursuit they fight a hopelessly losing battle year by year, rifles and guns are lengthened in range, increased in accuracy; year by year, powder grows more potent, all ammunition more effective; year by year, improved roads push farther and farther into the natural fastnesses of the wild. All the forces of destructiveness grow deadly. The animal's defenses of speed, or wariness, or coloration cannot grow greater.

"Love's Litany"

by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XXXIII
"Well!" somebody said, "that's a pretty old song!"

An old man, a little wizened old man with a squint in one eye, was leaning over the fence, smiling at her.

She smiled back, warmly. "Yes, it's an old-timer, all right. My Dad used to sing it every day, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a pretty day. Purdy posies you got there."

"Aren't they? I'm so proud of them because I raised them from seed. Well, I'll have to be going in. To put them in water. Good-bye!"

The old man opened the gate. "Hold on a minute," he said. "Hold on a minute..."

And there was something about him... He didn't look like Adolphus really. He was little and Adolphus was big. His face was pinched and Adolphus was broad. Besides this old man was crossed-eyed.

Still, there was a something about him... a certain look about him... No. 403?"

"Why, yes it is!"

She took another look at him. Could he be a collector? His clothes, his hat, his tie—everything was brand new.

"Well, that's why I thought. How do you do? Let me see, but I come into town on a kind of business deal, or you might say, on a visit. Yes, sir, on a visit. So I thought I might drop around, that is if you was agreeable to it."

"Why, of course! Won't you come in!"

"Excuse me—don't mind if I do. Excuse me—" he beamed upon her again. "Had to get rid of my chawin' tobacco. Folks don't chew much in town nowadays."

He came up the steep, rocky walk as easily as she did. A spry old fellow.

"You must be from up Jackson way, but I just can't place you!"

"Jackson? Well, I been there, a good many years ago, but I'm most always around there in the winter. Summers I most generally prospect. See, sir; come spring I start out."

"You must have known my Dad—"

They were on the front porch

Ten Years Ago

January 22, 1927
Charles A. Howard, state superintendent of public instruction, yesterday announced a tentative plan for reorganizing the work of accrediting music teachers outside of public schools.

Will Moore, state insurance commissioner, submitted his resignation to Governor Patterson, will locate in Eastern Oregon where he has property interests.

W. C. Culbertson of Portland, Sam A. Koser and George A. White are on a committee to work out additional safeguards in handling of loan and war veterans state aid act.

Arrangements have been made for the White Memorial fountain in Willson park to play Tuesday and Thursday nights while state legislature is in session.

"No half-baked pies—let's have 'em well done!"



and sort of lonely, that I didn't have the heart to be businesslike. I think he's coming again tomorrow, though. He drank most of your Scotch."

"The deuce he did!"

"Oh, well! The poor old fellow. He was at our wedding, imagine that! And there's something about him reminds me terribly of dad. He's little, and he is sort of crossed-eyed."

"Sounds just like the late Adolphus!"

"Don't laugh, I'm serious. I know it doesn't sound that way, but he really does look like dad. It kind of scares me!"

"You've got the most vivid imagination!"

He threw back his head and laughed.

Janet Wood came in the back way to borrow some vanilla.

"Here I was, in the middle of the cake, and no vanilla. And I had a bottle Wednesday. Do you know what happened to it? Little Walt takes it!"

"Drinks it? Oh—isn't that bad for him?"

"I suppose so, but he doesn't drink it. He puts it on his hankies—for PUMPKIN! Can you imagine that? I slapped his hands for getting into my perfume bottles, so he took to the vanilla. I had to laugh. Now I know where those awful brown stains came from, all over his hankies. I'll bring it right back, Christie. I wouldn't dare trust Walt to run over with it."

A man's voice rumbled through the door from the living room.

"No—I mean, Janet whispered. "No—I mean, yes. That old man I told you about. He's been here every day for a week."

Janet wrinkled her nose. "Can't you do anything about it?"

"Oh, I don't mind. He's sweet. Really. He positively takes full care of Donny, and yesterday he fixed the squeak in the screen door and sharpened all my knives. I told you he used to know my father, didn't I?"

"Yes. Did you find out whether he could help you in your case? By the way, isn't it coming up soon?"

"I hope so. The eighth of August is the date, but they'll probably postpone it again. I wish I'd never started it."

(To be continued)

Community and Grange Cooperative Election Is Held at Fairfield

FAIRFIELD, Jan. 21—The Fairfield grange and community cooperative held its semi-annual meeting at the grange hall recently. Directors were elected: Duke Ballweber, Frank Salfeld, and Emil Cramer.

The one-act play, "The Neighborhood," directed by Mrs. C. E. Allenbach, will be presented at the Ball Friday night, February 5 and will be entered in the Marion county grange contest. Chas. C. Taylor, Mrs. F. M. Hill, Mrs. M. J. Mahoney, Mrs. Duke Ballweber, Mrs. Albert Girod, Mrs. Allyn Nuson, D. B. "Du Rette, Mich-Mahoney III.

Benton Clerk's Report Shows \$587 Balance Funds Budgeted for '36

CORVALLIS, Jan. 21—With money remaining in the market and aid state assistance funds of the Benton county treasury, after the 1936 expenditures, the county clerk's office reports a total balance of \$587.22 in the budgeted funds for the year.

A deficit of \$7124.51 was noted in the total county funds fund, caused mainly by unanticipated work on the Deadwood and Timpico roads, required by the state highway department before it would take them over as secondary highways.