

The Oregon Statesman

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

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"Labor Intervened for Him"

A very significant remark was made by John L. Lewis when the matter of the intervention of the president in the existing strikes was discussed: "Labor intervened for him."

But is this a healthy situation? Labor and union labor have their rights; but are there not limits to the demands which they may make?

One reason for the heavy vote in favor of Mr. Roosevelt was reaction to the heavy contributions of the liberty league, an organization chiefly of employers, in campaign efforts against Roosevelt.

The American people are sensitive in the field of labor relations to the element of justice. In consequence they have leaned heavily to the side of labor in many past controversies.

Credits and Debits

GOOD whipping boys during the depression were the Van Sweringens whose pyramiding of holding companies was used as Exhibit A of bad financial conduct.

Regardless of profits or losses these brothers did do a good job of rehabilitating certain railroads, the Nickel Plate and the Erie for example.

Trouble in Japan

JUST as the world gazed upon us as being lost to the military party an unexpected onslaught was made in the re-convened diet or parliament in which the cabinet was assailed as being dominated by the army, and the recent Japan-German treaty denounced.

It is something for a Japanese statesman to attack the army. The record of political assassination is such as to give pause to anyone who dares go counter to its policies.

The particular incident which has stirred the opposition at this time is the treaty with Germany. The liberals regard it as an involvement of Japan in European politics and as a step toward fascism in Japan.

Why the Delay?

IT seems to the Statesman that some of the maritime unions must be stalling. The employers group has made tentative agreements with several of the unions and made definite offers to the others which appear to be reasonable.

Wages offered are the highest in the world. A fair compromise seems to have been worked out as respects the hiring of men. What then is the impediment to a speedy settlement?

The public has been long-suffering. It knows that it has to pay the bill finally in increased costs for its freight. It very definitely wants the men to be fairly treated.

Senator McKay has introduced a bill to create an Oregon resources commission which would assemble exhibits of the mines, mills, fields, streams and forests of the state in a suitable place at the capital.

Raymond B. Wilcox, who died in Portland Thursday, made one great contribution to his state: he set up and directed the relief administration in the dark days of depression.

It must be quite embarrassing to Mr. Boettiger, the president's son-in-law who hired out to run Hearst's P-I because he is forever being entered to because of his family relationship.

Wall street's interpretation of the president's inaugural address was expressed in a price rise. Traders seemed to regard the omission of straining of business as a sign that the breathing spell would be prolonged.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who knows what letters BFCG mean on the button with stage coach in center?

Mrs. W. B. Johnston, who lives at 1645 South Liberty street, Salem, and has been a resident of the capital city for a number of years, is a connoisseur and collector of buttons.

A radio announcer over one of the popular networks on a recent Sunday evening made the statement that all the people of the world are divided into two classes—those who are collectors of rare things and the ones who do not collect.

Well, Mrs. Johnston belongs to the first and by far the most interesting class—to those who appreciate rare and beautiful things.

She has a find which she came by in an accidental way—in an assortment of things that came out of a pioneer home.

It is a brass button, plain, a stage coach in the center and, on the left, top, right and bottom sides, respectively, are the letters in the heading, BFCG.

They are plain to the eye with sharp vision, or to the one with poorer sight, with the aid of a glass. Of course, they are not large. They could not be, on the end of a button.

The printing of these words is for the purpose of finding, if possible, some one who knows what the letters mean, and what class of people wore them. They must have been a fairly numerous class, else no manufacturer would have been found who could have afforded to make the die or mould and produce them in quantity, as was manifestly done.

There may have been an order of stage coach people, the drivers, the messengers and conductors and the superintendents of divisions, generally 200 miles, to say nothing of the man in the boot with a sawed off shotgun ready for the attempted robbery.

Then, besides the hostlers and other men at the stations, every 10, 12, 15 to 20 miles, who kept the teams in order and were ready for changing the horses quickly, on arrival of the stage, coming or going, at any time of the day or the night; besides the people who served at the stations, where stops were made for restocking the inner man.

The stage coach business was not a small one. On long stretches on overland routes, many thousands of horses were required, hundreds of coaches, vast amounts of equipment, and great investments for buildings and furnishings for man and beast.

Stage coach magnates grew up, "princes of privilege," such as Ben Holladay, who, after having developed the great of all stage systems and sold it, was ready to become a railroad king.

The stage drivers alone might well have had an order of their own, for they were very important personages.

They were the first to bring the news. They ordered things from the stores in distant cities and delivered them to the people in the "sticks" along their lines.

The writer hereof well remembers one of his very first ambitions to become a stage driver! Especially, he wanted to be like the stage driver whose route went past the Kawhide school, Umatilla county, near Wildhorse creek, which he attended—his first school.

When the boy wanted a Quackenbush History, all he had to do was to meet the stage and give the driver the money. The next day, again meeting the stage, his book was back from Walla Walla! As good as living right in the city of Walla Walla, in having one or two stores, Schwabacher's and Boyer & Baker's.

Where is the man past middle age who did not want to grow up to be a stage driver?

Of course this wish is denied the poor present day boy. He cannot aspire to become more than a mere fireman or policeman or bus driver!

The members of the lower house of the Oregon legislature now in session on the 31st anniversary perhaps do not all of them realize on what sacred ground they tread and deliberate and pass bills and the buck.

On that ground was the headquarters building of the overland stage line connecting main points of California and Oregon.

Great scenes were enacted there, in the fifties and sixties, and into the seventies nearly a full year.

That central gathering point, together with the fact that the steamboat landing was near the foot of Ferry street, was what shifted the main district of Salem south, from where it had been started, around the old mission, where North Liberty and High streets meet Broadway.

During first two weeks of 34th session of legislature the joint ways and means committee has made some drastic cutting from budget approved by state budget commission.

Ten Years Ago

January 23, 1927 John H. Carlin, speaker of house of representatives, will be speaker at the Monday noon luncheon of the chamber of commerce.

Claire A. Lee of Eugene yesterday was appointed state insurance commissioner to succeed Will Moore who has resigned.

During first two weeks of 34th session of legislature the joint ways and means committee has made some drastic cutting from budget approved by state budget commission.



"Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER XXIV "CHRISTIE! Think how much fun it would be to have all that money!" Janet exclaimed.

"Oh, I know. We need it badly enough. But it's so hard to prove anything. We've found ever so many people who knew Dad, and knew me as his daughter, but that's all, and what good is that in court? The same with this old Uncle Elbert."

"Uncle Elbert?" Why I thought you said—" "Oh, he isn't my uncle, of course. But he wanted me to call him that, so I do. You ought to hear Donny try to say it. Donny is simply mad about him. Of course he spoils him dreadfully. But he's no help as far as the case is concerned. I think that he's a little childish. He doesn't remember a thing that could help us, and he has a kind of complex about lawyers. He prettily near jumped out the window when I told him I wanted him to meet Mr. Pierce."

"Well, you have more patience than I have. I'll have to take the vanilla and go. Wait till Donny gets his age!" "Old Mr. Elbert came out to the kitchen, little Donny on his back. "You better take this young un, I've got to be gettin' on. I'm fixin' 't get back to Angels to-night."

"Yes, I'd a gone afore this, but I kinda got in the habit of droppin' in playin' with the young man here. Well, you been mighty kind, Christie. Say goodbye to the doctor for me."

"Oh, but why don't you wait till he gets home? Aren't you leaving awfully sudden?" "No, I got to be gettin' along. Well, I'll be seer'n you again some time. Maybe next spring. You're a good girl, Christie. I didn't know they made 'em like you, any more. The doc's all right, too. Don't you forget your Uncle Elbert now, Donny! Bye-bye!"

"Bye-bye," the baby waived, giggling happily. "Bye-bye!" "And then seeing that his friend was going, he puckered up his face and began to cry.

"You'd better come back," Christie laughed, picking up the crying child, "for you're certainly spoiled him for me!" "Mebbe I will," the old man said. He took her hand and squeezed it in his. His good eye glistened.

Then he turned, and went down the steps, and down the path with never a backward look.

Spryly, for one of his age, he hailed a bus as it rounded the curve, transferred to a street car, and then to another Piedmont car.

When he left the car, he walked three long blocks to the big white house on a knoll. His feet lagged a little now but he plodded along doggedly.

"Ms' Cooper in?" he asked the maid who admitted him. "No, sir. But I expect her shortly."

He humbled something. "I beg your pardon, sir?"

Twenty Years Ago

January 23, 1917 President Wilson in addressing senate presented the idea as to whether the United States shall enter a world peace league.

Word has reached Salem that the will of the late Hon. E. A. Eaton makes Willamette the residuary legatee.

Oregon Retailers Grocers' association will convene today for a three day session. Address of welcome by Mayor Walter E. Keyes, Governor Withycombe will give address.

Dessert!



"Love's Litany" by Hazel Livingston

"What's that? Oh—don't mind me, Jes' talkin' to myself. You might tell her I'm going home though."

"Going home, sir?" "Say, are you a little deaf! Stay around this place another week and I'd think I couldn't talk English any more. That's what I said—I'm goin' home!"

Grumbling and coughing he made his way up stairs, went to a room at the end of the hall.

It was a pleasant room, even a luxurious one. Walnut furniture, mahogany rug, a big armchair upholstered in the dusty pinks and mauves of the curtains. And adjoining it, its own bath in gleaming tile.

But there was no approval in the look he cast around it. Still mumbly he pulled a worn leather case from the closet, and put in it a bottle, a pair of shoes, and a couple of magazine and papers. Then he made for the door.

Half way down the hall he met Nettie Cooper coming up. She was in street clothes, and her face was flushed and moist.

"What ARE you doing now?" she asked in a voice that quivered with irritation, in spite of its gentle patience.

"Goin' home," he said shortly. "You CAN'T go home!" "If you mean I can't go home in these clothes, I guess you just made a mistake, Nettie. I know you bought 'em for me, all right, but you had no business burnin' up my own good suit. Told you so at the time."

"It isn't the clothes! What do I care about the clothes! But you just can't go, Elbert—you can't. If you have any real business up there, why I'll have somebody drive you up and bring you back. Though why you should think you have to go back—"

"Nettie," the old man said, "ain't anybody ever told you you're a darn bossy woman? But I bet you was soft as butter when Dolph was around. Dolph didn't take anybody's back talk. Not him!"

He chuckled as he picked up the suitcase again. "Well, I ain't sorry I come, at that. But now I'm goin'. Goodbye, Nettie."

He actually got half way down the stairs.

Then Nettie Cooper caught up with him. She fastened her plump arms right around his spindly body.

"Stella!—Herman!—Help! Help!" she cried.

Afterwards he apologized to Nettie.

"That was a half hour later when he had calmed down, and he and Nettie and the girls sat in Nettie's favorite upstairs sitting room, waiting for Mr. McGilgan, her lawyer, to come and talk things over.

"First time I ever forgot myself and used language in front of a lady," he said ruefully. Nettie pursed her lips. Adele giggled.

coy here than downstairs in the living room."

Uncle Elbert said something under his breath. "I beg your pardon, Elbert?" "I said I'd like a seegar."

"Oh!"

With awkward fingers he drew one from his vest pocket, then took a large horn-handled jack-knife from his coat pocket and neatly cut off the end.

McGilgan came in just in time to offer him a match.

He was a tall, cadaverous looking man in the middle sixties. His thin white hair was neatly parted in the middle, his long white hands were perfectly manicured. Everything about him was brightly reassuring.

"Well, this is fine!" he said, beaming cordially upon them all. "Did you get that light, sir? Ah—fine! Brandy, did you say, Mr. Cooper? E—yes, if Mr. Cooper here will join me, I will."

Mr. Elbert Cooper raised his glass.

Mr. McGilgan bowed to him and drained his.

"And now," he said, genially, "let's get down to business. Mr. Cooper tells me that you want to make a little trip back to the mountains, Mr. Cooper."

"No, I'm goin' back. Gonna do a little prospectin'. That is if I can get somebody to grubstake me. You've taken a big interest in me, Mebbe you'd like to."

"Certainly! Certainly! Nothing I'd like better. Well! Now that's settled. Drop over at the office next time you're downtown and we'll draw up the papers. I'd like to have a little talk with you about some other things, too. You know you'll be in a very fine position to grubstake yourself, and any of your friends—before the summer's over. You realize that, don't you, sir?"

"Oh, yes. That was the idea. I wasn't down here for my health."

"Certainly not—certainly NOT! Well, if that's settled, I'll be getting back to the office. And if you want to take a run up to the mountains, Mr. Cooper, I'll have young Stanley—fine boy—he'll enjoy the trip too!"

"The young fellow that found me up at Angels? Yes, he's all right. Puts up a good argument."

"Yes, indeed. Well, you just let us know what day you want to start."

Uncle Elbert Cooper stood up. His cigar had gone out, but he kept it in the corner of his mouth.

Benefit Parties Held For Parish

VanErmen, Dozier Homes Scene of Card Play at Stayton

STATON, Jan. 22—The Catholic parish is holding a number of afternoon benefit card parties. Guests for five tables were invited recently to the home of Mrs. Amelia Van Ermen. At the end of the play the high score was held by Mrs. William Kerber and Miss Clara Spaniol held low.

Present included: Rev. George Saldorhan, Mrs. Frank Lindeman, Mrs. Ernest Dozier, Mrs. William Kerber, Mrs. Joe Kerber, Mrs. Kate Boedigher, Mrs. Barbara Boedigher, Mrs. Andrew Keldel, Mrs. Peter Deldrich, Mrs. Louis Dawes, Mrs. John Dozier, Mrs. Ambrose Dozier, Mrs. Henry Dozier, Mrs. Ed Bell, Miss Clara Spaniol, Mrs. Marie Shields, Mrs. Ben Gehlen, Mrs. George Duncan, Mrs. Joe Lambrecht and the hostess, Mrs. Van Ermen.

Monday afternoon eight tables were in play at the home of Mrs. Ernest Dozier and Mrs. Ed Bell won high score and Mrs. Andrew Perry low.

Those present were Rev. George Saldorhan, Mrs. John Perry, Mrs. Andrew Dozier, Mrs. Joe Kerber, Mrs. John Kerber, Mrs. Clara O'Grady, Mrs. Ann C. Cord, Mrs. A. M. Dozier, Mrs. Mattie Gehlen, Mrs. Henry Gessner, Mrs. Ernest Dozier, Mrs. John Dozier, Mrs. George Duncan, Mrs. Walter Bell, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Kate Boedigher, Mrs. Peter Deldrich, Mrs. Louis Dawes, Mrs. Andrew Keldel, Mrs. M. Lambrecht, Mrs. Barbara Boedigher, Mrs. John Schumacher, Mrs. Anna Bar Meyer, Mrs. Nick Welter, Mrs. Amelia Gehlen and the hostess, Mrs. Frank Linderman and Mrs. Ernest Dozier.

Linn Red Cross Holds Elections

ALBANY, Jan. 22—Speaking before the Linn county Red Cross chapter at the annual meeting Tuesday evening, John Zyderman, Red Cross county representative, told the members that the individual chapters are the "first line of defense," for the national, regional and state Red Cross. He said among other things that while the larger organizations constitute the backbone of the organization, it is through the individual chapters that first aid in time of need is dispensed.

Mrs. Edwin Fortmiller was elected chairman of the county chapter for the coming year and Stanley Peterson was elected secretary and treasurer. The vice-chairman and recording secretary will be selected later. F. P. Nutting, 80, who has served as recording secretary for many years, was nominated for the office, but asked that the nomination be withdrawn, as due to failing eyesight he is being compelled to discontinue work.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$785.97 on hand, after the expenditure of \$600 for eastern flood relief, \$402.18 for Bandon relief, and \$525 toward the county health program program for last year. Of the \$402.18 for the Bandon relief, only \$291.50 was collected for that purpose.

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"And now," he said, genially, "let's get down to business. Mr. Cooper tells me that you want to make a little trip back to the mountains, Mr. Cooper."

"No, I'm goin' back. Gonna do a little prospectin'. That is if I can get somebody to grubstake me. You've taken a big interest in me, Mebbe you'd like to."

"Certainly! Certainly! Nothing I'd like better. Well! Now that's settled. Drop over at the office next time you're downtown and we'll draw up the papers. I'd like to have a little talk with you about some other things, too. You know you'll be in a very fine position to grubstake yourself, and any of your friends—before the summer's over. You realize that, don't you, sir?"

"Oh, yes. That was the idea. I wasn't down here for my health."

"Certainly not—certainly NOT! Well, if that's settled, I'll be getting back to the office. And if you want to take a run up to the mountains, Mr. Cooper, I'll have young Stanley—fine boy—he'll enjoy the trip too!"

"The young fellow that found me up at Angels? Yes, he's all right. Puts up a good argument."

"Yes, indeed. Well, you just let us know what day you want to start."

Uncle Elbert Cooper stood up. His cigar had gone out, but he kept it in the corner of his mouth.

"No use beatin' around the bush, McGilgan," he said. "You understand me, all right. So does Nettie there. Your young man come up to Angels and give me a cock-and-bull story about all I could do for Dolph's widow. An' all Dolph's widow could do for me."

"Well, I don't make no pretence about Dolph's widow bein' anything to me, she's just wastin' her breath when she tries to make out I'm anything to her. If it wasn't I was in a position to save her about a hundred thousand dollars she'd wish she'd gone on the rest of her life not knowin' Dolph had a hajr brother."

McGilgan looked pained. He held up a thin palm. "Now, my dear Mr. Cooper?"

"Uncle ELBERT!" Adele cried. "Hold on, I'm talkin' now. I'm not a man to talk much, but once I get started I'm hard to stop. I ain't been fooled all. I wasn't kept here because I was wanted round the place. It was just so's I'd be handy, and outa mischief."

"Now, I'm talkin' Dolph and I never had much use for each other—but we never pretended we did. Mir! I liked me, but she liked everybody. That was her weakness, poor girl. The same smile for me or Mollie the Moose, or the Queen of England, if she'd happened to drop in at the Victoria house. After she passed on I only see Dolph once.

Dies, Air Crash

One of the two fatalities in the crash of a Western Airlines plane near Los Angeles was James A. Braden of Cleveland who was instantly killed. Martin Johnson, noted explorer, later died from injuries.

ALBANY, Jan. 22—The annual meeting of the Salem-Keizer telephone company was held at the Keizer schoolhouse Monday night with C. C. Cole presiding.

It had been voted at a previous meeting to levy an assessment of \$3 on all existing stock in the company to reconstruct the whole system from the Salem city limits to the Keizer school.

It was voted at this meeting to issue a limited amount of new stock to bring the line up to quota. The following members were elected to serve as a board of directors for the ensuing year: H. R. Hansen, Hal Keefer and H. W. Bowen.

The new board members met at the Hansen home Thursday night when Hansen was chosen chairman and Bowden as secretary-treasurer.

It was decided at this meeting to proceed immediately to procure the necessary help and equipment to bring these lines up in good order.

Phone Users Plan To Bebuild Line

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Assembly Head Rebekah Visitor

WOODBURN, Jan. 22—At the regular meeting of Home Rebekah lodge held Tuesday night honor guests were Mrs. Estelle N. Weed, president of Rebekah assembly of Oregon; Mrs. Nettie Greenough, inner guardian of Rebekah assembly and Miss Nona Otjen, district deputy president.

Mrs. Joyce Engle presided as noble grand and the Rebekah degree work was exemplified for the pleasure of the guests. Short talks were given by Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Greenough, Mrs. Effie Sweeney of Monitor, Mrs. Emma Grimps of Hubbard, Mrs. Emma Hoglin of Guthrie Center, Iowa, and Mrs. Hattie Peterson of Hal-sey.

A gift from the assembly was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Frenz, recently married. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Laura Woodward, Miss Opal Hasenaykar, Mrs. Edith Frenz, Mrs. My Peckey, Miss Wilma Doss, Mrs. Eva Strickland, Mrs. Joyce Engle, Carrie Finch and Lavern Otjen.

WOODBURN, Jan. 22—After a month's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Arista Nendel returned to their home here Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Nendel visited in San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Antonio, Dallas and Austin, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, making the trip by train. They spent three weeks at Randolph, flying field with Mr. Nendel's brother, Sergeant Ezra Nendel, and while there also met Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Gillanders, formerly of Woodburn.

They encountered some very cold weather on their trip but had a most enjoyable month's vacation.

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Night Schools Are Held By J. V. Smith for All Farmers of Dever Area

ALBANY, Jan. 22—Commencement of a new series of night school classes at the Connor schoolhouse Wednesday night, J. V. Smith, Smith-Hughes instructor at the Albany high school, talked on soil management. The series of meetings are being sponsored by the Dever local of the Farmers' Union. They will continue for 10 weeks.

This is the third of a series of meetings to be conducted by Smith this year at the request of farmers. Newcomers are especially invited to attend the meetings.

MONMOUTH, Jan. 22—Mr. and Mrs. James Partridge are the parents of a son, born January 15 at a Salem hospital. It is their third child, and has been named James Edward Partridge. He is connected with the Willamette Tile factory here.