of Oregon Statesman

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

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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. Charles A. Sprague, Pres. - - Sheldon F. Sackett, Secy.

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The Capitol Expansion Plan

THE action of the legislature in adopting the plan for capitol extension in Salem as recommended by the architects, and by the state planning board, and approved by members of the capitol reconstruction commission makes a definite settlement of the capitol program which has half brother? Such speculations vexed the governor and state officials and the citizens of Salem and the state ever since the old capitol was destroyed. It is not pertinent now to rehearse the contention of 1935 about capitol location. The special session of that year fixed of Feb. 18, saying the man in the place for rebuilding in the old tract between Court and State streets. That decision, however, merely postponed final settlement of the question as to where future expansion Oregon man always wore very fine should occur.

The fronting of the new capitol on Summer street left only one direction for satisfactory expansion,-north along that street. The legislature has just ordered the purchase of the four blocks to the north, and made an appropriation of \$300,000 for the purpose. This sum will not buy all the blocks. It will permit buying enough for immediate needs and perhaps leave a balance for purchase of parcels which may come on the market from time to time. Governor Martin previously urged acquisition of the land for future needs. While he made no definite recommendation to the legislature, he is not unfriendly to the program, but has shown justifiable concern over where the money was coming from. It was found possible to finance the program without borrowing from the accident commission, which will save the state interest, without creating any actual deficiency in the general fund in the

Assuming the governor's approval of the law, the capitol commission will still need to obtain the approval of the board of control before purchasing any land or erecting any building. The reservation of power would appear sufficient to protect the state against mal-administration of the project. And the commission itself has shown its ability to do a very creditable job for the state.

There is not the need for immediate action there was with the building of the old capitol. The state officials can take plenty of time to plan its work, and take plenty of time to negotiate with property-owners in the district affected. We should very much regret it if a disposition to hold up the state was manifest. Future legislature will resent any "holdup" and the whole city will suffer in consequence.

With the four blocks eventually acquired and a mall developed in the center of Summer street, leading to the massive capitol, it is easy to vision a most imposing and beautiful civic center, an inspiration to the citizens of Oregon for generations to come.

Bonneville Battle

THE race is on between the politicians, the bureaucrats, the army, the grange, the chamber of commerce, the private utilities, and the big industries to see who will control Bonneville dam. The army built it and wants to run it. and one of the oldest living na- hundred dollars a week. The beth Harmon) and Gerald Bru- kimonas and embroidered coats O. K., too. I was lucky. I own The politicians want to use Bonneville power for political tives among the whites of Marion clause set forth that the account ton, had been united in wedlock and robes for her own not-so- my farm." power. Industrialists vision cheap power for plants on the lower Columbia and the grange wants free juice without cost to the taxpayers to trickle up Coon hollow or along Sheep ridge. Congress is to decide who gets to control Bonneville, with the president making conflicting recommendations for the guidance of congress.

Oregon interests, both grange and c of c, do not want Bonneville pooled with Grand Coulee or any other project. That is about as far as their unity goes. The grange wants none of the energy to reach consumers over private power lines, fearing rake-offs of profit for the private companies. The chamber of commerce group doesn't want to see existing investments wiped out by government tax-free competition. The army is scrapping the Washington bureaus over who will give orders at the dam.

In a congressional committee hearing yesterday Congressman Mott vigorously opposed the bill which Cong. Smith of Washington state rushed in as soon as possible after grabbing a mimeograph of Roosevelt's recommendations. Mott wanted the committee to wait for the text of a senate bill now being written by McNary and Bone and other northwest senators. Maj. Gen. Markham, chief of the army engineers, appeared to ask an amendment to give control of operations of the dam to the army, rather than to an administrator ap-

pointed by the secretary of the interior. The battle over Bonneville links in with the whole federal power program. The president, who has endorsed various ideas, some of them conflicting, is not ready to announce a permanent policy, waiting apparently on the outcome of pending cases or of his court change plan. Meantime workmen are finishing the dam. By 1938 it will be ready for turning energy onto transmission lines. Who is to market its power? What group will be boss of the work? Eyes will be on Washington for the next few months.

Help From Legislators

T was only the persistent and courageous work of a number of legislative leaders which gained for the capitol program the approval of both houses. In the senate President Franciscovich and Sen. Strayer and Sen. McKay introduced bills on the subject. Sen. McKay had to give up personal leadership of the bills because of illness at a critical time. The two former senators, joined by Sen. Walker of the ways and means committee, fought the battle through. They insisted on making the appropriations immediately available to gain advantage of any federal aid that may be had.

The hardest battle was in the house where Rep. Ronald Jones and Ellis Barnes of Multnomah county bore the brunt of the fight. Both were members of the ways and means committees and so were familiar with all the details of the plans which had to be altered in the midst of the fight to meet objections to use of accident funds. The situation was threatening on the last day of the session when the labor bloc tried to use the capitol bill for leverage for votes against HB 477. No trading was done and the capitol program won on its merits. Barnes, who had been chairman of the house committee on capitol reconstruction in the special session, was deeply interested in the adoption of the program; and his aid to Jones was of great value.

Highly important as a factor in the capitol group proram was HB 353, the highway office building enabler. Rep. Walter Fuhrer exhibited great skill in surmounting parliamentary difficulties in getting this bill through the house and Sen. McKay was on hand to steer its successful course

Gov. Martin has always had the vision of an enlarged area for the capitol and of a harmonious planning of a capitol group. While he, like many others interested in the problem, did not get the exact land preferred, he has cooperated with the commission in good spirit and his continued support is relied on for the adoption of this permanent program for the Oregon capitol.

"Farley to take President's side" runs an Ogn headline. This is being installed the 44 and 117 if anything should happen.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

2-10-37 More about Prof. M. G. Lane, Oregon man, brother of James G. Blaine; need of a hell:

A question was raised in this column several weeks ago concerning a man who went in Oregon under the name of Prof. M. G. Lane, and achieved considerable prominence here in the closing

years of the last century. The question was about his real identity—that is, was he a brother of the great Maine statesman, James G. Blaine-or perhaps a were rife then.

Sarah Hunt Steeves contributed an answer, used in the issue question was said to have been a half brother or full brother of the Maine statesman; that the Prince Albert suits of black broadcloth, and it was hinted that these came from the famous brother.

Mrs. Steeves remembers that when she was a young girl she attended the Rock Point school in the Waldo Hills, where the Oregn Lane (or Blaine) was a teacher; that he was a fine teacher, though his discipline was a little severe and his pupils sometimes thought he had eyes in the back of his head.

Also that he was a very tall, hin man, resembling very much the pictures of Abraham Lincoln. Miss Florella E. Phillips of Salem, old time bookkeeper for the water company, Steusloff Bros. and others, remembers Prof. Lane very well when he taught in the South Salem public school,

The building in which he taught was hen located about where the 1500 block is now, west of South Commercial street, a little north of (below) where the Fairmount section begins.

The building still stands, somewhat altered. It is the main part of the Barkus feed mills, 887 South Commercial street, moved a little east and several blocks north of its original location, No other structure as old as that, which was a public school building, still stands in Salem.

Miss Phillips remembers that Prof. Lane had a son, and that his name was Melvin G., probably the same as his father's. She thinks this son in a recent

regular or special session of the Oregon legislature had a minor position, door keeper or assistant door keeper or something of the

Henry C. Porter, Aumsville, pioneer resident of that section county, remembers Lane. He recalls that Lane taught the public school at Turner.

Mr. Porter thinks that Lane had been a preacher, and he remembers him as a public speaker and an able one.

He recalls an occasion upon which Lane was making a public a beckler who raised the question of the existence of a hell

"I do not claim to be an im- attract embarrassing attention, peccable authority on that lately disputed question," remarked Lane, "but I am sure of one

thing," he added. "I am sure that if there is not my unqualified belief that there happy anticipation. should be many more than one hell. In fact, I believe there should be a hell in every town-

for so sweeping and all inclusive or draping material on the duma statement, and the laughter of mies. It was fascinating work. the crowd was so hearty as to To dream beauty, and then turn it bring him to decide he was into reality with her own hands! through—and licked.

Lane added that he himself from her . . . had been guilty of conduct that was a disgrace to his profession. The way he said it, or some hint or tradition, caused Mr. Porter to some period of his career.

Any way, his sweeping belief in the need of not only a hell but many of them, left the infer- job. ence with his hearers that he himself in his own opinion might a profound secret. derive benefit from the punishments provided in such a place or state.

A question has been referred to the writer concerning the historic importance of the house at State and 15th street now being torn down to make way for a modern apartment house.

The Bits man believes the one with the history is another house in the same block. But more on

Of course, every one knows that James G. Blaine came within few votes of being president of the United States, in 1885, and, in 1889, missed by a scratch again becoming the republican nominee, which, had he won in that contest, would have given him the presidency. The writer (and his wife) sat in the national convention of 1889, and heard the long. a skull fracture. est cheering in American political history up to the time-17 minutes for Blaine. Some that have followed have made that seem

Electric Line Extended To Serve Four Families

HAZEL GREEN, March 9 .-The power line is being extended north from N. P. Williamson's to serve four families. Otis Boucher and George Hatch. Phillips and Lowery recently bought

Where "Unpacking" Is Needed!



MAY CHRISTIE

Luana got a room in her old until the business was on a paying footing, she must economize. At three-thirty, promptly, she presented herself in the Vandeveer suite of offices on Wall street, and shortly thereafter the contract was drawn up, signed and sealed.

Luana was to have a drawing signing. She walked out into the bright sunshine, feeling as though she owned the earth.

Followed days and weeks that loved every moment of them, even if often she was dog tired. To have one's own business was ing to be out till all hours of the suitor! night in exotic gowns that would

The public as yet did not know of her venture. The opening would probably be towards the end of

An ample collection of gowns hell, there ought to be one, and must be assembled before then. I will go further and give it as Luana worked with a will, in

A temporary workroom had been rented over near the East river and a competent staff had been hired. Luana spent her entire days in a cubby-hole in the The heckler was not prepared workroom, at her drawing-board, That was her happiness, with Jimmy three thousand miles away

But they would have a glad

was that, under the terms of the think he had been a preacher at contract, not even Jimmy must know of her arrangement with Mr. Vandaveer. She had written Jimmy that

> she had a new and promising But the contract was to remain

The days of summer that were crammed with exciting world happenings went by. The hig water front strike was

colonel

on in San Francisco. Luana had a letter from her stepfather, telling her that the national guard had and that he had gone with them to patrol the strike area. "He'll love it. He's a born fighter." Luana felt a wave of pride in the pluck of the old

Later, her pride was to turn to keen anxiety . . . A telegram from the colonel's lawyer in San Francisco informed her that he was lying unconscious in the military hospital there. He had sustained a head injury from a brick hurled by one of the strikers. There was some fear of

Mr. Vandaveer urged her to go at once. He bought a ticket for her on the fastest trans-continental plane service.

Luana arrived in America's coolest summer city on a golden morning. She drove straight to the Presidio. Followed two days of

The third morning he rallied. He opened his eyes to find her at the bedside.

The x-ray examination proved to be much more satisfactory than Phillips, D. W. Lowery, Walter was anticipated. Still not out of danger, there was hope of his recovery. It soothed him to have 3-acre tracts and built homes and Luana there. All day she stayed George Hatch, whose house burn- at the hospital, sleeping at night ed some time ago, is planning to in the matron's bungalow on the build soon. While the power line grounds, so as to be within call cisco till her stepfather was well

hotel over on the west side, for get some fresh air, my child," the kindly head nurse told Luana, "or we shall be having you on our hands as the next patient."

Luana had friends in the manyhilled city, notably Nancy and Jaspay Payne. This was the young couple who had eloped to Yuma, by the "marrying judge of Yuma." the hospital, and was continually

on the telephone with Luana. A new, greatly improved Nancy, were amazingly busy, but she entirely happy in her shiny little new flat that commanded a wona vastly different matter from the spell of her Jasper-the same address and was interrupted by working for an employer! No Jasper she had laughed at, and snubs. No snippy orders. No hav- snubbed, and jollied along as a

"Flirts make the best wives." "Darling, my flirting days are

done," smiled Nancy. The erstwhile butterfly had turned into a model housekeeper. whose world circled round Jasper est little home that was as neat the globe. as a new pin.

Nancy's own fingers had made the gay chintz curtains that hung present. Nancy did the cooking, leaving only the cleaning of the apartment and the washing of dishes to the little maid who came in daily.

"It seems so terribly unfair that I should be so awfully happy in my marriage, and that yours should have turned out so badly," she told her friend as they skimmed in the little coupe through Golden Gate park. "I could cry when I think it was I who urged you to it, darling! A thousand times I've regretted it for you!" Her eyes filled. "Will you ever

"Of course I do, Nancy. Goodness me, I was no child! I was vain and flighty and silly. And I paid for my flightiness." "And you say you got an annulment? That the brute was mar-

ried already? Well, that simplifies matters.' Luana briefly told her of the interrupted honeymoon—that the honeymoon hadn't even begun when the "bridegroom" was ar-

rested in San Diego . . .! "It was in the Los Angeles papers about your eloping with him-but somehow your name never did get into the papers here in connection with him or his arrest," Nancy now told her.

She added: "Be sure I didn't breathe it to a soul, and Jasper kept absolutely mum. We went to Yosemite for our honeymoon, and directly after that, he got a job in a bank here, and here we live." Luana explained her change of to satisfy her. name, and told all about her New

"You're a brick. My, you've got courage!" Nancy declared admiringly. She added: "But I shall as a very young child, rememalways call you Elizabeth, not The colonel was so improved

next day that Luana accepted Nancy's invitation to stay at their flat. Nancy would drive her to and from the hospital, and certainly it would be much pleasanter to occupy the shiny little guest-bedroom in her friends' home than be in the matron's bungalow, kind as the busy matron was. Mr. Vandaveer sent a lengthy

on the mend. After her weeks araderis.

constitution. Progress was good. | heat and humidity of New York "You really must go out and City, the cool breezes of the city on the ocean would set her up and strengthen her for the even harder work that was to come on her return.

The strike came to an end and the water front was no longer a danger zone. Luana revelled in roaming

Arizona, and who, in a double round Chinatown with its spices ceremony that included Luana of the orient, its enchanting shops distant opening Each day, Nancy had come to mystery in Chinatown with its

When Nancy was busy, and her stepfather resting, she would take long rides up and down hill on the tiny cable cars. Fishermen's wharf intrigued her, and Harbor Fish Grotto. She would eat shrimps Jasper had assured Luana, with fresh out of the ocean, and revel in the tarry smells of ships and fishing, revel in the forest of masts and spars along the water crying, giving one such a sense of adventure, of just being about within the four walls of her mod- to set forth to the far corners of

The romance and tradition of San Francisco seeped through her blood, making her heart sing with joy. Even the gray fogs were the shiny coupe her startled par- And she was never tired of watchents had given her for a wedding ing the little boats ply to and fro across the blue waters, with their musical notes of warning, or listening to the surge of the

With Nancy and Jasper of an evening, she would dine in the quaintest little restaurants that were flavored with old Italy, Germany or Spain.

Next morning, she would tell the colonel all about them, and he would come back at her with reminiscence of the Bohemian restaurants of his own young manhood. Coppa's, Sanguinetti's, Solari's, and the Trovatore, "One had real food then in San Francisco! Those were the days!" he would tell her.

"The Monkey House" had been great place then, with monkeys grape arbors as men drank their teins of beer of a leisurely Sun-

Luana told him about Chou-Chou. She had left Chou-Chou with one of the girls in the workroom who had taken a great fan-

cy to the tiny monkey. But she did not mention Jimmy to whom Chou-Chou had so quaintly introduced her! "San Francisco must have been

even more fascinating when the cobled streets ran straight down to the wooden plers! When threemasters and four-masters sailed through the Golden Gate . . . when the gold rush was on . . . tell me about it," she would draw the colonel, who was nothing loath

He told her of the gold rush of Spanish rancheros and Franciscan priests. He had been brought up in San Francisco and, bered the prairie schooners com-

ing into the city. He told her of the wooden sidewalks, and the crowds of horse thieves. These were the days of hoopskirts and gay bonnets and

Of the earthquake, too, he told her, and of that April morning just after sun-up when the world crashed about his ears. But even then, there was a queer galety and a vivid sense of living zestnight-letter to her, to the effect fully, what with the refugee that she must remain in San Fran- camps and the levelling of class distinctions, and the new cam-

telephone lines are out of order. | Col. McCarthy had an excellent of intensive work in the appalling | Never before had the colone!

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

New Epoch in Steel

who can keep her curtains fresh in Braddock-and heard from his lips the fascinating and terrific story of tempts to organize steel. The man was com-

pletely discour-Dorothy Thompson pletely discour-aged. "Steel will never be organized," he said. "Never. They will close the shops first." And it is nearly half a century since my own grandfather, the Scotchman, Donald Grierson, coming to this country aflame with a Calvinistic passion for human justice, took to the soap boxes in Pittsburgh, ran afoul of the authorities, and went home to Scotland to die there. I wish that Scotch grandfather were alive. He would fall upon his knees and attribute the victory in a strictly secondary line to John Lewis. Only God, he would say, can accomplish miracles.

Those whose lives have never been touched by contact with men of blackened faces and greasestaind overalls will hardly imagine what the agreement, so peacefully signed the other day between Myron Taylor and John L. Lewis, means to the workers of this country. The news will be read with excitement, not only in Pittsburgh and Chicago and New York, and in all the great industrial centers of the United States, but it will be read in Hungary, Serbia, Croatia and Czechoslovakia, from papers written in queer characters, by men who remember Pittsburgh, who also served part of their have lives in steel. I have heard the of strikes and fights, of black towns and company police. of injunctions and detectives, not only in Homestead and Braddock, but in a whitewashed peasant cottage in the village of Magyaral-mas, in the heart of Hungary. "Sure, I spik English, too. Sure, I was in America once. In Pittsburgh. I worked in steel. I got trouble with my lungs and my brother died. I got the farm so I come home. In Pittsburgh I lived house with wallpaper. Not like this. We went to the 'movies.' This town is dead, Made good money in Pittsburgh. It's all right if you mind the bosses. If you don't"-His eye traveled around his two-room domain, a cottage with white walls, and gayly painted beams across its ceiling, of high beds covered in bright quilts, of a account against profits, of one (under her real name of Eliza- where she could buy wonderful colored tile stove. "This place

> mystery in Chinatown with its Steel workers, in the midst of great paper lanterns and gilded the war, helped to found the balconies and dragons, and its Czechoślovak nation in Pittsburgh, slant-eyed inhabitants. She loved Their enemy was the Hapsburg the Chinese restaurants with their empire, three thousand and more succulent dishes and queer sweet- | miles away. Then they thought national freedom. Their heroes were Masaryk and Benes. Some of them, though, thought of another fight for freedom. The freedom of a man to have something to say about his job. But they spoke no English, or very liance, will hold a box social little. Hard to organize. Good and program at the city hall Wilsonian Democrats, helping club room Thursday night, with America to win the war, with one urge toward freedom. Dangerous front, with the gulls flying and radicals, if they expressed the other urge.

A few weeks ago I said, before the League for Political Education; "The sponsoring of general and responsible trade union organitation is the most conservative program which any one can adopt in this country today." That is my belief. At the center of all of our political discussion, whether it is the issue of union organization or the issue of the Supreme Court, is the conception of property, of what constitutes private property. And that conception is changing, all over the world. The idea of the defense of property is the basis of our Constitution, and even the radicals of their day, men like Jefferson, recog-nized it, nor did they wish to destroy the idea of private property as a right, because they realized, and, I think, correctly, that the widespread distribution of private property is a condition of a successful democracy. But if this is true, then one must, for the very sake of the idea of prop-erty, extend its meaning to include the only property which the majority of people in this democclimbing and chattering over the racy, now at the height of a machine and industrial civilization have their jobs. We must recognise that the worker has a property right in his job.

I have never felt, for instance, that the argument against the sitdown strike, on the ground of its being an offense against property rights, was altogether valid. For that argument presumes that only stockholders and management have property rights in an indus-

and Luana been so close to each other It was a heart-warming ex-

He even said to her one morning, a look of wistfulness in the blue eyes that used to be so sharp: don't you come home Elizabeth?" (He could never get used to the name Luana.) "Not the orange grove, but to San Francisco. I'd like to live here."

'I may one day . . . after I've made good . . . I have to make good first, daddy . . . I'd like to

She felt touched, and choky. He really wanted her. Was lonely. Nancy's happiness made her envious, if it had been Jimmy and she, now, in that darling little apartment looking down on the ships and the blue waters . The Angelus bells brought tears

eyes, they were so beauti-

(To Be Continued)

try. Legally, no doubt, that is still It is now three years since I true. But 1 cannot see it as a sat in the immaculate dining moral issue. The argument against the sit-down strike, which seems how heroic to me really tenable, and imthe housewife portant, is that it is a technique which permits a small group of workers to coerce, possibly, a majority. The removal of coercive practices from employer-employee relationship is the first constructive way to answer this argument. For if workers have an unquesa decade of atindependent unions, if that is generally accepted in industry as fundamental, then the quid pro quo which labor owes, is to use the means of reason, persuasion and appeals to personal and group interest which trade unionism offers, rather than the coercive

Opposition to trade unionism

has often centered in the accusa-

ion that the trade unions are rackets, run by racketeers for racketeers, and at the expense o workers as well as employers. It has many times been true. But I think that the history of the labor struggle in all countries indicates that when the trade unions lack status, either with employers, or before the law, when they are pushed into the gutter, they tend to adopt the manners of the gutter. Proud, responsible and honest trade union leadership, unions which have extended their activities to include the cultural education of the workers, flourish in those countries where trade unions have been lifted from an outcast position and established as an integral part of industry, theoretically respected and taken for granted. If we are moving now toward such a new status, same results; if the days of espionage, injunctions, private police. private detective agencies. furnishing thugs to both sides, are, actually, beginning to be numbered, then every member of the public can be thankful. And patience is a reasonable counsel. In the matter of the working relationship between capital and labor, this country has been the anarchic in the western world. We will not establish order overnight.

Meetings Slated Today, Woodburn

WOODBURN, March 9-The Presbyterian Ladies Aid scciety will meet at the church Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. L. R. Tweedle, Mrs. Marchal Hicks and Mrs. Clyde Whitman as host-The program will be in charge of Mrs. D. J. Gillanders and Mrs. H. F. Butterfield will lead the devotions. All members will be election of officers.

The Woodburn Rural club will hold its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. M. B. Myers, on the Pacific highway, Wednesday afternoon with her daughters, Mrs. Minnie Bissell and Mrs. Lela Hughes as assisting host-

esses. Marion county local No. 1. order of Oregon Workers Althe public invited to attend.

Glen Ballard Is Engaged To Preach For Liberty

OREGON STATE COLLEGE. Corvailis, March 9 .- Glen S. Faxon, Albany; and Margaret Schoelgon State college against speakers from Willamette and Portland universities and Pacific and Linfield colleges in the state old line oratorical contest tomorrow at Pacific university at Forest

Faxon will make a plea for the liberalization of the practices and beliefs of the Christian religion in in his oration, "A Spiritual Chal-lenge." Miss Schoeler, second place winner in this annual contest last year, will portray the life work of Jane Adams, in her oration, "America's Mother of Men." This Corvallis co-ed is also a member of the Beaver debate squad.

Ten Years Ago

March 10, 1927

Adjutant General George White of Salem inspected the Columbia Beach site for the annual Dregon national guard encampment, declared the location

State basketball tournament will start today, ten teams in opening game at 3

Lane Morley, a local business man, will open a real estate and insurance office in First National Bank building today.

Iwenty Years Ago

March 10, 1917 President Wilson ordered the army of merchant ships against Germany's ruthless submarine warfare, and at the same time issued a proclamation calling an extra session of congress, April

Boys in high school launch military organization, Frank Zinn, Thomas McGilchrist and Kenneth Aspinwall appointed to secure information and to coufer with Gov. Withycombe as to securing of rifles and equipment.

Basketball trest tonight: Capital National Bank, Ray C. She would wander along the Baker, captain; and Price Shoe Embacadero, looking longingly at co., Dr. F. L. Utter, captain, 'Il the ships from France.

mercial basketball league.