

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Observations on State Politics

DEMOCRATIC fence-building was the principal political activity of the legislature just closed. The republicans did little toward developing candidacies or party programs. The democrats, on their side, more confident than two years ago when a democratic house was regarded as an accident, were busy with deals. Most of the horse-trading was among non-members of the legislature, but Salem was the pit where trading was in progress.

Chief manipulator in the last 30 days was Willis E. Mahoney who is endeavoring to edge out Gov. Martin as party leader in Oregon. Coming back from his fireside chat or whatever it was with Jim Farley, Mahoney geared right in with the pension-labor bloc and posed as its leader. The governor wouldn't let him get away with credit for the pension bill, and told a group of the wire-hairs who called on him that the bill the legislature passed was "his" bill, that he was for it and would sign it.

The most interesting development of the Mahoney manipulations is his reported alliance with Howard Latourette, national committeeman, and John J. Beckman, chairman of the Multnomah county central committee. If the republican party has had its "four horsemen," the democrats would now appear to have "three musketeers"—Mahoney, Latourette and Beckman. The last-named, to be sure, was in Salem for the duration with the title of legal adviser to the governor. In fact his time was devoted to politics pure and simple, or rather not always pure and seldom simple. Latourette, "off" on Gov. Martin since the 1935 special session, is credited with ambitions for running for governor in 1938. Mahoney looks to Fred Steiwer's seat in the senate; and Beckman is placed as a political factum.

Of immediate interest is the filling of the vacancy for federal judge in Oregon. Committeeman Latourette backed his brother, Judge Earl C. Latourette; while state chairman McCulloch backed Evan Reames of Medford. Organized labor supported former senator Hess of LaGrande, while Judge Hall Lusk of Portland had strong backing. At the moment the star of Mark Weatherford appears to be rising. He was toastmaster at the recent victory banquet, and jumped through the hoop on the proposal for court renovation. That may count.

A wide assortment of democrats are eyeing congressional jobs. Daisy Bevans of Clackamas, who has a very high opinion of her talents, has aspirations toward Washington. Earl Nott, Yamhill district attorney, long ambitious for the congressional post, might as well have announced himself Friday night when he made his speech in Salem attacking the supreme court, as "a tool of special interests." He spoke plainly enough as a candidate. Mrs. Honeyman and Walter Pierce may have opposition in the primaries of their own party next time.

Within the legislature there was not very marked cultivation of political aspirations. The senate attended to business with little political or other rift within itself. Pres. Franciscovich added to his power as legislative leader. The most powerful man on the floor was Bill Strayer, who served as "majority" leader for the Franciscovich organization. Probable choice for next president of the senate if it remains republican is Robert Duncan of Burns, one of the ablest leaders in that body.

Dean Walker, senator from Benton and Polk counties, proved himself an invaluable member. As chairman of the ways and means committee for two sessions he deserves a great deal of credit for maintaining the excellent financial condition of the state. He is lucid but brief in debate, a man of great personal charm, thoroughly frank and honest, so that he wins the respect and friendship even of those he disagrees with. Polk and Benton have an unwritten law that the senatorship should alternate between the counties. In Walker's case the law should be suspended. Benton county could not have been any better represented by one of its own residents; and Walker's experience is now too valuable to the state to be lost through his replacement either by a republican or a democrat.

One member of the senate who emerged this session was Byron Carney of Clackamas county. In the 1935 session he seemed to be just a follower of Pete Zimmerman. This time, while he retains his liberal political ideas he did not follow the Zimmerman plan of shouting his denunciations of Wall Street on any and all occasions. Instead he became a genuine constructive and cooperative legislator. He is an able orator and a man of high principles.

Moving from the house to the senate Homer D. Angell of Portland, who towered high above members of the house in 1935 in ability and force, found himself among men who were his equals in the senate. Angell did not project himself into the limelight, and there were not a great many issues where his special talents at oratory could be used; but he did make some effective speeches, one on the civil rights bill being especially remembered. A republican liberal, Angell is "accused" of having aspirations to run for governor. He himself made no announcement of any such plans, but is regarded as a man of government material.

The house had no members whose service antedated 1936. It was deficient in leadership, but as the session progressed that leadership appeared to be developing. On the conservative side Grant Baker, Oakland of Clatsop, McAllister of Medford, Furrer of Salem and Bennie of Corvallis were among the leaders. Bull of LaGrande and Brady of Portland were powerful leaders of the pension-labor bloc. Ellis Barnes, while generally aligned with that bloc, was in a little more of the middle-of-the-road position, and was able to cross the aisle and work the right side too. Dr. Hosch of Bend, an intelligent liberal, was influential in debate if at times his appeals were rather maudlin. A man of genuine worth was George Friede, who might also be listed as one of the liberal intellectuals. He was independent in his thinking and voting, and showed a rare facility in clear expression of his views, something which the house sadly lacked. Mrs. Martin of Salem, who fought a gallant fight against the slot machine and pinball interests, was badly boxed on labor legislation and irked fellow-members by protests over adjournment. She proved herself a member to be reckoned with, however, whether as friend or foe. Ronald C. Jones, serving his second term, developed steadily, and gained general respect of his colleagues.

There was little maneuvering over the next speakership. There was no cohesive organization with assurance of power in the next assembly. The conservative bloc which held a majority this time, was about evenly divided between republican and democratic. The pension-labor bloc held firm on specific issues, but had no working majority. There will probably be little speakership talk until the votes are counted in November, 1938; although there will be considerable jockeying for position, with the Multnomah radicals probably a little quicker on their feet than they were last November.

In brief, the political interest in Oregon shifts now to internal politics of the democratic party, with Gov. Martin and Willis Mahoney serving as opposite poles for party alignment.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

1827-1875, or 3-14-37

1823-4 to 1869 the proper dates for active use of the old Oregon Trail:

Regular readers will recall in this column, issues of Dec. 30-31 and January 1-5, a series on the work of marking points on the old Oregon trail being carried on in Marshall county, Kansas.

It was shown that no district on the old Oregon trail in Oregon the size of Marshall county, Kansas, has done as well in this respect as has that shire district of the Sunflower State: a comparison not creditable to our section.

The matter in the series mentioned came from a correspondence with J. G. Ellenbecker, Sylvan Heights Farm, Route 5, Marysville, Kansas.

He was the speaker at the dedication of a fine marker placed on the old trail at Bremen, that county and state, on June 9, 1935. (He writes now that the work goes on—that plans are laid for a campaign that will bring another marker there. Then others will follow.)

Mr. Ellenbecker sent to the Bits man a photograph of the Bremen marker, and it shows as part of the lettering engraved on its granite sides these words: "Let us forget. OREGON TRAIL. 1827-1875. Dedicated 1935."

In commenting upon that wording, the Bits man said, in the issue of January 1 last:

"The '1827-1875' is perhaps meant to bound the years during which the road the Marker indicates was used as a part of the old Oregon trail.

"If not, what? (White men first went through South pass before 1827. The time of the last year of the use of the old Oregon trail as such is generally given as 1869, when the golden spike was driven that linked together the Union and Central Pacific railroads. But let's not split hairs over dates. The people of Marshall county, Kansas, have undertaken the work in marking the old Oregon trail through its confines, and highly historic spots on that historic thoroughfare."

Mr. Ellenbecker has written an answer to the comments I just quoted, which has been held over, for reasons too numerous to mention; mostly rush of other matters for this column having the character of urgency. He says:

"Now as to '1827-1875' relative to the Oregon trail; and this is to be noted, in exchange of ideas; I may be wrong."

"South pass was traversed and discovered in 1823 or '24 by J. S. Smith or Thos. Fitzpatrick or others. But all these fellows working for Wm. H. Ashley went to the mountains via the Missouri river or later on via the Platte, and did this up to and including 1825 or '26."

"The first trip that I read of being made from the upper Platte by way of air line to the mouth of the Kaw river was by James Clymer, in the autumn of 1827."

"Naturally, that date would be the beginning of travel, and the definitely located Oregon trail."

"The stretch from Fort Kearney to the Topeka site was the last to be located. It was located by Lewis and Clark; some by Wilson Price Hunt in 1810-11-12."

"Now as to the closing date, 1875. My parents settled on a homestead a mile and a half north of Marysville, Kansas, in 1868. I came with them from Wisconsin, not quite 2 years old."

"Over this homestead ran the St. Joseph feeder of the Oregon trail, just 10 rods south of our cabin. So, from the time I was old enough to notice such things, I saw caravans daily move over this trail."

"And I distinctly remember of my father, in 1872, trading our four oxen to an emigrant for that man's two horses."

"That man was in a covered wagon emigrant train bound for California, and had found out that oxen were better than horses on such a journey; and of course I saw such travel on that road for at least three years. Those are things I saw."

"It is true that the Union Pacific railroad was completed in 1869, but during the hard times following the Civil war there were thousands of people who could not afford to go west by railroad. They still moved with wagons."

Mr. Ellenbecker writes of what he saw and knows. Certainly, the closing date for the old Oregon trail is arbitrary. There was no exact time when the last covered wagon or train of covered wagons moved over that thoroughfare.

As to the discovery and first use by white men of the South pass through the Rocky mountains, that, too, will have to be arbitrary.

It may have been used by some of the Astor overlanders, both coming, 1810-11-12, and going, 1812. It is thought, however, used in 1823-4 by Jedidiah S. Smith (whom Ellenbecker calls J. S. Smith) and his fellow trappers. Some historians call Jedidiah Smith the discoverer of the South pass. Whatever white man first crossed the Rockies that way, it is use afterward, with great epochs in American history."

(Concluded on Tuesday.)

Youth Talk Given

JEFFERSON, March 13.—Mrs. Otto Nagel of Lacombe gave a talk on "The Youth of the Land" at the Townsend meeting Thursday night. Dr. H. C. Epley of Salem was present, and gave a brief report of the recent convention at Eugene.

"What are you kicking about?"



"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XLI
Love had gone by!
Success had come to Luana in the business sense, but her heart was empty.
"I've no one but Chou-Chou who really gives a rap for me."
Chou-Chou would climb on her shoulder in the penthouse of an evening, twittering like a little bird. Tears would be in her eyes, and in her heart an incredible loneliness. Not even work could allay it, because Jimmy was always at the back of her mind. No matter how hard she worked. And she did work hard.
Her shop had gained a vogue, her name a prestige.
"And it isn't my real name! It's the name I took to get away from Gerald Bruton!"
Where was Gerald now?
He had not been recaptured... It was an old tale that was in her head. Freedom had come to her when Jimmy was useless.
Jimmy was through with her. Jimmy mistrusted her. When she read in the papers that he had won the \$10,000 prize with the best design for a building in the forthcoming New York exposition, said prize to be awarded to amateurs only, she rejoiced for Jimmy's sake, but knew in her heart that the award was but a wedge that would drive them farther apart from each other.
"Nothing succeeds like success," runs the old motto.
"Nothing succeeds in driving people apart like success," Luana translated it ruefully.
Why did women want to work, to have careers, to shine in the business way?
Why, in heaven's name, weren't they smart enough to let the men support them, to be happy in the love of the men they married, if they were fortunate enough to marry?
Freedom for women, Luana decided, was a horrible delusion. All bunk.
What was one free for, except to slave for more money for oneself, and neither husband nor child to share it with?
When Jimmy received his award, she swallowed her pride and went, uninvited, to the meeting of the architectural committee, and listened to the speeches, all of which lauded Jimmy as the exponent of a new, all-American style of architecture, and among others, she went forward and congratulated him.
His manner was cool and re- ligious.
"Probably he thinks I'm only after him because of his success and the money-prize," she thought.
"This town got one!"
Money and success were the only things that mattered in New York.
Mrs. Vandaveer drove off with Jimmy, after the award.
Mrs. Vandaveer had not come near Luana or the shop.
So-called friends had shown Luana the disagreeable items in the tabs...
Well, she couldn't be such a fool as to take them seriously? Gossip-paraphrased lived on gossip, and anything was their fodder.
But it had done its part in separating her from Jimmy Randolph. She knew that.
In the midst of her so-called triumph, the bomb burst on the front page of the newspapers.
Mrs. Vandaveer sued her husband for divorce, naming Luana as co-respondent!
It hit the town with a bang, the reverberations of which were heard a far...
The only thing that comforted her in the appalling cataclysm was that they did not reach to San Francisco. Nancy wrote her to reassure her about that...
The colonel had sold his orange

grove, and was convalescing in a quiet hotel in San Francisco that looked towards the Golden Gate. He was often with the young Payne couple, and he wrote Luana regularly, wanting her to come west.
Mr. Vandaveer's lawyer at once came to see Luana, informing her that the divorce with a huge settlement had been in Lorraine Vandaveer's mind for a considerable time...
"She's picked on you as scapegoat, but we'll fight it," he assured her. "Don't you worry, Miss Waters."
But Luana did worry. She was ashamed to the core of her being. "Publicity" had brought her fame but one paid for being in the eye of the public...
Her arrangement with Mr. Vandaveer had been purely business-like. But evidence was strong against her...
She knew, with the sixth sense of a woman, that Yvonne Dautreuil and the wretched little Armand would seek to curry favor, to advance themselves in the rich woman's graces by going to her...
Publicity with the story of Luana's marriage to the crook...
Fortunately for Luana, however, Yvonne was vacationing with Armand at Atlantic City at that time... and they did get legally married during their holiday.
Gradually it dawned on Luana that the scandal of the divorce action was harming the business of her shop. Customers fell off.
Lorraine Vandaveer had gained a good deal of sympathy by her story. Luana had bit the hand that had fed her...
Why was Luana so in- grate... dangerous to the happiness, the tranquility of marriage. In a word, she was too pretty, too fascinating!
Society women in particular have a sheep-like trend of "follow the leader."
The fact that Mr. Vandaveer had insisted that his business connection with Luana be a profound secret worked against her in the long run.
"Why the secret? What to hide?"
The "old" waters ran deep" is a well-known saying...
No matter what broke in the public press now as to their financial relationship in the new shop on East 56th street that was having such a vogue, some of the mud inevitably stuck to the hook...
People—a certain type of people—enjoy scandals. Luana was to learn that.
He came on an autumn evening when the sun was splashing in dying colors over the Hudson river. He came when she was least expecting him, after a day so long and trying that she thought it never would end.
"Jimmy! Why, you're the last person in the world I expected to see..."
He was standing at the door of her little penthouse on East 56th street, hat in his hand, and the sunset lighting that auburn hair of his. She thought he never had looked handsomer.
"I had to come, Luana. I couldn't stand that you should have to go through this thing alone."
"Come in, Jimmy. I was going to have my supper. Chou-Chou and I together," she faltered.
The sight of Chou-Chou brought back their first meeting vividly to her mind. She had been extraordinarily kind to him on that occasion, when he had burst into her apartment in Greenwich village on the track of Chou-Chou. She had fed him, and given him burgundy, because he had been ill from what practically amounted to starvation...
He could never forget it.
So young and pretty, and with all the world against her! He had come from Mrs. Vandaveer's

hotel apartment, where she had taken up her abode since the commencement of the divorce...
"Jimmy, don't you understand we were made for each other? That's what this had to happen?"
Thus Lorraine.
Lorraine pouring him highballs...
Lorraine playing up to him...
Lorraine striving to talk of their marriage...
May—and October! That's what it amounted to. May—or November! In the hard, high light of the fall afternoon he had looked at her squarely... seen, not only the lines for they were nothing, but what lay below the lines, what had brought that ravaged look into her face...
He realized: She framed Luana. She's used Luana as a cat's-paw! She wants to get rid of her elderly husband!
Idealist as he was, it had flashed upon him. He felt utterly degraded and ashamed.
Youth to youth! What did Luana and he, in the Maytime of their living, want of the Vandaveer couple? What an incorrigible fool he had been to the happiness...
He left Lorraine Vandaveer to go straight to Luana. Let them have their show-down. Let every- thing be set right between them.
It was eleven o'clock that night when he left her.
Luana had told him the whole story of her "marriage" to the union that never had been consummated—the "marriage" that had driven her to New York—to the brief flame of her success...
Success no longer!
Mrs. Vandaveer's boxing me, Jimmy, she had rushed to the fight- ing ship, because of the divorce action. It's rightfully unfair...
"Get out of it, Luana. We'll get married. I'm in a position to get her, pronto!"
"Let's run away, Jimmy." Only for a comforting moment she had suggested that solution... Then: "I can't."
She remembered the colonel, his fighting attitude. Old as he was, hadn't he rushed to the strike in San Francisco with the national guard?
"I can't desert. I have to stand by. Let them throw all the mud they want to, Jimmy. I'll prove I'm in the right. You'll see."
A flurry as of rain had been on their faces as she kissed him good- night at the door of the penthouse on East 56th street.
He had gone away, happy.
After the weeks of misery and uncertainty about Jimmy, she was too happy to sleep.
Next day they lunched together and dined together, and it was during dinner in a quaint little Swedish restaurant that Jimmy persuaded her to go down to the city hall next morning and they would be married.
She loved him so. Knew it ir- revocably. She gave him her promise.
With Jimmy at her side, she would appear in court bravely at Mrs. Vandaveer's suit for divorce, wherein she was wrong, cruelly named...
Luana was dressing for her quiet wedding next morning when, in the first mail, the letter ar- rived—that was a bombshell to her new-born happiness...
It came from an attorney, and ran as follows...
"On the instructions of my client, Mr. Gerald Bruton, I write to inform you that he is taking the necessary steps to set aside the annulment of your marriage to her. She has been wrong, cruelly named, and she has been wrong, cruelly named...
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