

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Dead at 38, in Hollywood

DEAD at 38 George Gershwin goes to join the company of distinguished composers who have died young, at the peak of their powers. Mendelssohn died at 39. Mozart, his body racked with illness, agonizing to compose music for his patron and to keep his family in food, died at 35. Franz Schubert was only 31 when Atropos severed his life-thread. In other respects the parallel does not hold. For Gershwin lived in a penthouse adorned with objects d'art. His income was reputed to be \$250,000 a year; and his estate was reported at \$200,000. Bach, the founder of modern classical music, as Gershwin was the interpreter and creator of music even "more modern," managed to pay his bills from his income as church organmaster, but that was about all. He was married twice, had twenty children, Gershwin never married. Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave. Franz Schubert was so poor in Vienna that he had to subsist on coffee and a roll for lack of money to buy a full meal. Many of his songs he sold for 20 cents apiece, and his estate was appraised at ten dollars at his death.

There will be many who will lift eyebrows over mentioning Gershwin's name in company with these makers of immortal harmonies. To them there abides no permanent art even in the more serious work of the man who rose from the ghetto of New York, from music lessons at 50 cents apiece taken on a second hand piano, from serving as song plucker (playing new numbers for possible customers) at Remick's, to become composer of popular songs, an opera, a concerto, a rhapsody, and to win fame and fortune. The durability of his fame is a question. Some see in his work the foundation of a new musical era; others regard it as a passing phase, the expression of bizarre freedom with a somewhat pagan accent, incapable of achieving the immortality of the great compositions of the recognized masters.

This much is conceded: he did elevate jazz and syncopated style into higher musical form. His biographer, Isaac Goldberg, said of him: "He is a colossus, with one foot planted in Carnegie hall, and the other in Tin Pan Alley." That was true. There was plenty of Tin Pan Alley, (descriptive of the shops where popular songs are marketed) in his music. He began selling song hits, and much of his production was in lyrics for musical comedies. But he did not stop with composition of this character. His opera "Porgy and Bess," which drew on the negro life and music, was a Theatre Guild production. He wrote a Concerto in F for the New York Symphony society, which was performed in Carnegie hall with Walter Damrosch conducting and the composer at the piano. But the composition which labels him is the "Rhapsody in Blue," first performed by Paul Whiteman's orchestra in 1924. Here was a successful attempt to capture the mood and rhythm of jazz music and clothe them in concert hall dress. The patterns were unconventional, but the public responded appreciatively and the adherents of orthodox in music unclad a bit, admitting the Rhapsody had merit as music. The critics were far more liberal than they had been with Wagner's breach with tradition. Thereafter George Gershwin became a name and a figure in musical America.

A cystic tumor of the brain claimed him in Hollywood where he had completed five of a group of nine songs for a new picture, "Goldwyn's Follies." Death in Hollywood was a rather appropriate ending for one whose life had glamorous success, and whose work was most of it set to the key of novelty, originality and popularity which are Hollywood's means of opening the gate to glory.

## Brigandage on the Loose

EVEN the method of getting into war has been changed. There used to be some formalities. Sundering of diplomatic negotiations was a first step. Mobilization of troops was usually considered the irrevocable next step. Then came the formal declaration of war. Nowadays the ceremonies get no respect at all. The Italian ambassador remained at Addis Ababa all through the fighting. So far as declarations go there never was one either by Italy or Ethiopia; and according to the records they must still be at peace with each other.

In Spain neither Italy nor Germany nor Russia declared any war, although their officers and men have been busy shooting it out for months.

So in China the world will know Japan and China are at war when the fighting starts, not when the diplomats are recalled and the ultimatums succeeded by declaration that a state of war exists. In fact the war has been continuing in China ever since 1931 when Japan invaded Manchuria. The Japanese preserved the polite mask of peaceful relations while they were thrusting bayonets at the helpless Chinese. Steadily they have penetrated into North China, with acts of aggression that if not acts of war are among self-respecting nations the prelude to war.

The fact that these amenities are no longer observed is proof of the lawless character of the times, of the general breakdown of orderly government both within and without national boundaries. It is a time when brigandage flourishes, done under the labels of governments and under the emblems of sovereignty. Brute force bestrides the world. Ahead yawn new centuries of dark ages.

## Wind Tells the Weather

WEATHER in this valley is simply a matter of wind direction. Wind from the north or northwest in summer brings hot weather. Wind from the south or southwest brings cool weather. In the winter time wind from the north or northeast is cold; from the south, southeast or southwest mild, bearing clouds and rains.

One gets so he can tell a weather change by the feel of the air. If, after a warm spell, the air feels fresh it means the wind has shifted to the southwest, and is tempered with ocean moisture. On the other hand, when there is a dryness to the air, it means a warm spell is on the way. Sultry weather always is of short duration here, ending with cool, cloudy weather.

A barometer is of some value in giving advance information by revealing air pressure changes. But the weather test is quite as reliable and nearly as quick. Watch the drift of smoke from the paper mill (or the sulphur odor), or the flag on the postoffice building; and you will be able to guess pretty closely on the weather for the next 24 hours.

## Symphony Under the Skies

PORTLAND is presenting in Multnomah stadium a series of symphony concerts this summer. Guest conductors direct an orchestra composed of Portland musicians, and guest soloists appear. Monday night John Charles Thomas, perhaps the world's greatest baritone, will sing. Vladimir Goltschman, conductor of St. Louis symphony, will direct the orchestra.

This series of Monday night concerts under summer skies should not be regarded as local to Portland. They are for the pleasure of music lovers from all over the Oregon country. Surely the setting in Multnomah stadium, cupped in the Portland hills, is delightful for an evening of music.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When old trails were new or nil, and instantly were necessities: Rough seas delayed sailing, and it was the 19th of February when the Loriot reached Fort Ross at Bodega bay, a Russian possession, where horses and guides were furnished to take Slacum to Yerba Buena (San Francisco).

On the 28th, with Edwards and Young on board, the Loriot sailed from Bodega to San Francisco bay, and with Slacum they went on to Monterey, to get the consent of the Mexican governor to drive them to California. The other men from Oregon having in the mean time secured work in a saw mill at Bodega bay at good wages, pending the need for them in driving the cattle.

Gen. Vallejo, Mexican military governor, at Monterey, ruled that he could not give the permit to take out cattle; that it was the prerogative of the civil government, at Santa Barbara. So Young must go to Santa Barbara, and back to Monterey. The consent was finally secured, conditioned upon the pay going to the Mexican government (more likely into the pockets of Mexican officials), though the cattle belonged to the Catholic missions. The cattle were furnished by the Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and the San Jose missions, and days and weeks were away in getting the wild brutes collected. Edwards wrote in July: "The last month, what has it been! Little sleep, much fatigue, hardly time to eat, more quitoes, cattle breaking like so many evil spirits, and scattered to the four winds, men ill natured and quarrelling; another month like the past. God avert! Who can describe it!"

And yet he was only 60 miles on his way, with 500 miles still between him and the Lee mission. August 20 the company reached the mountains at the head of the Sacramento valley, following the trail of the Hudson's Bay company's spring and fall brigades—the old California trail. Not until September 13 was the Rogue River valley gained. Edwards called it in his diary Chastain valley. In that year, in 1835, Gay, Turner and Ballou had been attacked by Rogue Indians and all killed — and they now wanted revenge. Without telling their leaders, Young and Edwards, the three shot an Indian in the middle of October, and shot at an Indian boy accompanying him. The boy escaped, by running.

Attempts at retaliation were certain. Strict guard was necessary. The first night Edwards fired on the banks of the Rogue river, arrows were rained upon men a cattle from both sides. Further on the Indians were driven off, but Gay was wounded and Young's horse was shot with two arrows. From that point forward, though the road was still rough and over toilsome mountains, the condition of the cattle improved, with abundant grass and water, and the journey ended at the Lee mission the middle of October. The only written story of the expedition is an unpublished diary of Edwards, in the Bancroft library. Evidently, to him, in retrospect, it was a prolonged horror. He wrote:

"Short sighted man! Happy that his knowledge is not prospective, else he would not adventure upon some of the most ennobling enterprises. Few of our party perhaps none would have ventured on the enterprise could they have foreseen all the difficulties. It boots little to reflect that the future gains will amply compensate for present losses. Most of the party cursed the day on which they engaged, and would hardly have exchanged a draught of cool water for their share of the profits."

This feeling must have quickly given way to one of satisfaction, for the increase soon made them all comparatively rich. The number of cattle that came through was 632, about 200 having been lost on the way, by being stolen or killed by Indians, drowned, etc., etc.

The whole valley was a virgin pasture, and within a few years the early settlers had literally "cattle on a thousand hills," their condition changed from one of dependence upon the Hudson's Bay company to one of independence, comparatively. The cost of the cattle in California was \$3 a head. The men who subscribed money to the enterprise were apportioned cattle at the rate of \$7.57 a head; the earnings of the men who went as drivers at \$1 a day "and found" being paid in the same way; that is, with cattle at the same price. The Hudson's Bay company had loaned cows to the settlers. The company let them keep the cows in return for California cattle, young or old. These settlers got cows worth \$50 to \$200 each for \$7.67 a head, and those of them who went for the cattle got theirs for their work.

Without F. L. Edwards, the cattle enterprise would not have been successful. Neither, perhaps, would it have been a success without Erving Young. It would not have been undertaken without Young. He was the only one well acquainted in California, and familiar enough to know the possibility of getting cattle at all from there.

As already intimated, the cattle belonged to the old California Catholic missions, and they were really stolen from them. This was done perhaps with excuses, but it would have amounted to the same thing on some other pretext—bartered theft.



## Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, July 17—The consequences of Senator Robinson's death will be very, very far-reaching, and will last a long time. The fact that on Tuesday afternoon the president's court measure was lost and lost by an action outside of Senator Robinson's responsibility, by an action in the other chamber of congress, and that the following morning Senator Robinson's heart came to the end of its long strain of defending the measure that the tired heart did not really believe in—that there is human drama and public importance in that, I write:

But let that wait: in time, without doubt, much will be said of it. For the present let us speak of the man. It is consoling to be able to say of him dead what I said of him living. Almost exactly two years ago, on July 25, 1935, I wrote about Senator Robinson's position, advocating and defending which, it was generally assumed, he did not believe in. I wrote:

"Let no one now assume too hastily that Senator Robinson is stillifying himself. He is in a painful position in which he is obliged to allocate his loyalty between his conscience and his duty as a senator leader. Every official leader in every congress, from either party, is occasionally faced by this dilemma. Every such person finds it necessary to make some compromise with his convictions in order to live up to his official duties. If Mr. Robinson did not have his official position, if he were merely the senator from Arkansas and free to follow his personal convictions, who can doubt that he would be found standing with such senators as Glass and Byrd and Tydings and George. As things are, acting as the representative of the president in the senate, he finds himself frequently opposing a majority of the democrats and usually opposing the best of them and among the best is where Senator Robinson belongs. He finds himself opposing democratic traditions and principles, and opposing the best thought of a majority of the country."

At the time that was written, in 1935, Senator Robinson was approaching a contest for reelection in his state. Of that I wrote:

"Gossip may insinuate that Senator Robinson follows the course he does because he needs the president's help when he comes up for reelection next year. But those who know Senator Robinson well believe that rather than go counter to his convictions for the sake of personal advantage he would infinitely prefer to take himself to a cabin along some stream in the Ozarks, with a gun and a fishing rod—and count the world well lost."

What Senator Robinson did commanded the unqualified respect of those who most strongly opposed him and most deeply disapproved the measures for which he led the fight. How explain in the paradox? Commonly and properly, we esteem the man who, in the conflict between loyalty and conviction, chooses conviction. Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, faced by this conflict, followed conviction and thereby did the highest kind of public service, for which he will be long remembered.

## Senator Ashurst of Arizona

was, in a minor way, in a position analogous to Senator Robinson's. Mr. Ashurst was chairman of the senate judiciary committee. He was known to have regarded the president's court proposal, before it was made, as an idea ridiculous and absurd. But after the president made it, Mr. Ashurst in his official capacity sponsored it. He found refuge in publicity and frankly admitting the inconsistency, being light-hearted about it, laughing about it, going out of his way to make humorous remarks about it.

That, Senator Robinson could never do. He took things hard. He kept his dilemma to himself. To the strain of his situation was added the strain of silence about it. It was too much.

Mr. Robinson was a man of the highest character. One is proud to have been fond of him, and not to have let the fondness be modified by the deepest possible disagreement with the things his official function obliged him to do. (New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate.)

## Radio Programs

- 8:00—Hollywood brevities.
- 8:05—Erickson sisters.
- 8:10—Sahel melodies.
- 8:20—Rainbow choir.
- 8:45—Hits of yesterday.
- 8:55—Tuning medleys.
- 9:00—Spice of Life.
- 9:05—The Friendly Circle.
- 9:10—Harmony.
- 9:25—Outdoor reporter.
- 9:30—Evening Echoes. 6:45—News.
- 9:35—New melodious.
- 7:15—STATESMAN OF THE AIR.
- 7:30—Sports talk by Paul Hauser.
- 7:45—Larry Lee's orch.
- 7:45—Men of Vision.
- 8:00—Harmony hall.
- 8:15—Larry Lee's orch. 8:45—News.
- 8:30—Softball games.
- 9:45—News in Review.
- 9:55—Softball games.

# Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Why have faith in sneezeless breezes, While we still have breezeless sneezes? Tell me that. Breezes seem to carry sneezes, Sneezes create certain breezes, Hence the spat. But the situation eases If we look on them as wheezes, Tit for tat. Breezes that the sneezer teases, As they rustle through the treeses, Or a hat. From some man seizes, silly breezes! Sending soaring on the beeses, Or a hat.

Breezes, after all, are breezes, And are not to blame for sneezes, Verbum sat. This is proved by sneezeless breezes, And as well by breezeless sneezes, And that's that. "Hers were no publicity stunts" is an eastern newspaper, commenting on Amelia Earhart. "They represented woman's work and woman's glory." I rather like that. If Mrs. Putnam died, and it seems positive at this writing that she did die, there is some comfort in the thought that death doubtless came to her in the way she would have most desired.

"An overworked honker on the car inevitably indicates an incompetent pilot," says E. True for you. Opinion of a Salem auto mechanic.

D. H.—In your "seem bigger than they are" list you omitted to mention the slight wrinkle in a pillow slip.—E. True for you. I have met that wrinkle. A certain citizen of Salem is said to be a man of very definite and prompt decisions. I take it he is very unlike Seth Mullet, whom I used to know on the east coast. A column of stereotype plate was accidentally run upside down in the town paper one week, and Seth did not read it, because he was unable to make up his mind whether to turn the paper over or stand on his head. He could have done either, he said, this being, thank goodness, a free country, and it is probable he would have made up his mind presently had Mrs. Mullet not told him that the column said a number of things that every husband should read for his own good, which unhappy remark caused Seth to decide not to do so. He turned the paper over and to his dismay found it was just as well, because he got the sense of the article, with trimmings, at the supper table that night.

Memory pictures. Dr. T. De Witt Talmadge coming up the board walk to our Iowa home through a Sunday afternoon snowstorm in the early '30s. He had lectured at the hall the night previous. He was with us all the afternoon and that night, and he did a heap of mighty interesting talking, but he did not get much the better of mother. William Jennings Bryan and Senator Joe Robinson in the alley between the Marion hotel and the armory one afternoon during a campaign in the (I think) early '20s. I tagged em in, keeping an eye on them. Thought Mr. Bryan was not looking very well. He wore a cape. Senator Robinson wore an ordinary Arkansas overcoat, and I inferred from senatorial eye darnings, perhaps mistakenly, that he did not think Mr. Bryan's cap was looking very well either. . . . Again Mr. Bryan, this time at 6:30 of a summer morning, sitting on the edge of the Main street walk in an up-valley village, waiting for a mechanic to do something to the

activities of the California authorities in guarding their borders and boarders against diseased fruit recalls to mind the first geography I studied, a little book that depicted the region between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains as a blank and labeled the blank "the great American desert." Later, in a higher grade, we studied a geography which ascribed that the earth is "rounded like an orange with a skin like the earth's on the California fruit and vegetable patrol.

I meet up with many strangers in these days from the "dust bowl," once a portion of "the great American desert." Fine looking folks, too, most of them, although stories float in from the berry fields of Oregon and the potato fields of California that are not altogether pleasant in their nature. One of these former dustbowlians from North Dakota he was said to me one day this week, and grinned somewhat ruefully when he said it, "It's a sort of coincidence, with perhaps something of prophecy in it, that North Dakota chose for its state flower the wild prairie rose. Among that's what the prairie did in that part of the state where we lived—just rose up and dusted." Something tells me that this man and I are like him, of whom there are many in North Dakota, will get along if given a fair chance.

The death of former Governor Julius Meier during the week last given rise to much talk, most of it kind, some of it deservedly laudatory, in its nature. There were times during the early days of the Meier administration when we in Salem neglected our neighborhood gossip almost entirely, because of the hectic situation that existed in the state's council chamber. Those were trying days for Governor Meier, Secretary of State Hoss and State Treasurer Kay, how trying even, we on the outside sensed keenly. Mr. Kay died under the strain. Mr. Hoss' death followed. (Turn to page 5)