

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Pressure on Reorganization Bill

The Oregonian, commenting on the "yes votes" of Oregon's short term senator, A. E. Reames, observed that "we may now all confidently look for speedy action on his recommendation of Judge Fisk as collector of customs."

The report from Washington is that the administration used terrific pressure to defeat the Wheeler amendment to this bill. Jimmie Roosevelt worked against it. Senators were threatened with having their WPA funds cut off unless they jumped through the hoop.

Even the old lobbying investigation committee was revived, and effort made to turn tables on groups which were opposing the bill. Frank Gannett's committee on constitutional government which fought the court bill and is opposing the reorganization bill was put on the grill and its executive secretary was ordered to produce the committee's record.

Yesterday the battle was over the Byrd amendment to keep the comptroller general (the officer who audits accounts and expenditures) an independent official. This office has saved the taxpayers a good many thousands of dollars, which has irked the spenders greatly and now they want to make it subservient to executive will.

IEU Gets Recognition

A regional director for the NLRB in California has certified a local of the IEU as the bargaining agency for a lumber mill at Westwood. The action requires only the approval of the NLRB to become effective.

The Four-L organization was clearly tabooed by the Wagner act; but the IEU made every effort to square its organization with the requirements of the new law.

The great principle of the Wagner act is that workers shall be protected in the right of self-organization. That principle is sound. It means that employers should not dictate the union employees should join.

Hitler and Brazil

While the United States in its good neighbor policy has put the Monroe doctrine on the shelf, it is by no means unconcerned with affairs in other portions of this hemisphere.

That same idea prevailed in pre-war days. German kultur was regarded as superior to national loyalties. The same theory of German superiority was espoused. It is a dangerous doctrine, leading inevitably to clashes with less "cultured" groups.

Germans in Germany have the right to determine their own form of government; but when they try to package their ideas for export they are bound to run into opposition.

They Do Not Sing in Vienna

In spite of poverty post-war Vienna was still a friendly city. The cafes were crowded; there was always good music. Pleasure the Viennese clung to, though they had but a schilling left in their pockets.

For decades on a spring evening like tonight it used to be "Drink, drink brother of mine! Leave all your sorrows at home," at suburban wine festivals.

This epitomizes as much as anything the subdued, if more purposeful spirit that traditionally joyful Vienna has gained from her short Nazi rule.

Political uncertainty of previous years has disappeared, but uncertainty remains over coming currency measures and among the Jews.

The pope has appealed to General Franco to stop bombing of civilian populations. It is a humanitarian appeal; and the pope is certainly the one to make it.

The stock market slumped again Wednesday. No, it wasn't Mr. Hoover who made a speech; it was his successor whose first drive was to raise prices ("do it we will").

In the early days of Hitler there was a book or a saying, "Little Man, What Now?" The "What Now?" part is still appropriate.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Fred Lockley visits 3-24-38 Salem Indian school and finds some interesting and a few new things to tell about:

(Concluding from yesterday:) Fred Lockley visited the Salem Indian school and found some interesting and a few new things to tell about:

That is, the first after the school was, in February, 1885, removed from Forest Grove to Salem.

The writer was present at those exercises and remembers that temporary platforms were erected to accommodate those participating in the exercises, and the invited guests, and that the roofs to shut out the sunlight's glare were made of fir boughs.

The ceremonies were impressive. All the buildings then erected (or nearly all) were of logs, and were of a temporary nature. But good work was being done, and the foundations built for the great institution that the years developed.

Mr. Larson was made by Mr. Lockley to say: "Chemawa comes from the Chinook language—'che' meaning new and 'mawa' meaning talk. By accident the first 'w' in 'mawa' became changed to 'm', so the school became 'Chemawa' instead of 'Chewawa'."

That is one version. It may be the correct one. Che or chee in the Chinook language or jargon means new or late or lately, and wawa means talk. Let's have what "Tam" McArthur, in his "Oregon Geographic Names," says of this. It follows:

"Chemawa, Marion county. Chemawa is one of the Indian names in the state that had several fanciful meanings attributed to it, including 'our old home,' 'true talk' and 'gravelly soil.' There is little on record to substantiate any of these meanings. Silas B. Smith, Clatsop county pioneer, is authority for the statement that Chemawa was the name of the Indian name for a point on the Willamette river about two and a half miles south of Fairfield where Joseph Gervais settled in 1827-8.

"The same name was also applied to Wapato lake. Indian names were bestowed generally on account of physical peculiarity, and not for sentimental reasons, and the name may mean 'gravelly soil,' but gravel is neither peculiar nor abundant at either one of the places named. Many Indian names began with Che and Cham, particularly those applied to places in the Willamette valley, such as Chemawa, Chehalis, Chemeketa and Champeop. For information on this subject see article by H. S. Lyman, Oregon Historical Quarterly, volume 1, page 316."

The writer believes Prof. Lyman was right, as to Che, and wrong as to Cham. How can that be? Well, Rev. J. L. Parrish, the last surviving member of the Jason Lee mission membership, or at least the last one who remained in Oregon, was a resident during a long period of the city of Salem.

During the last two or three years of his life, he told the writer about the Ch of the Indians found by the first settlers in this part of Oregon. The matter came up in a long raging dispute over the correct spelling of several Indian names, among them Willamette and Chemeketa. One side defended Williams and Che as k a k a t e. Judge M. P. Deady would not allow any spelling but Willamet, even in court papers before him.

Rev. Parrish no doubt knew that che or chee in the trade language meant new or late or lately, and that wawa meant talk, for he understood Chinook, perhaps as well as General Sheridan knew it—who called it the court language of the western tribes.

But Rev. Parrish told the writer that Che, with a guttural sound, away down in the throat, meant to the tribes here when the first whites came, place—and that it Chemeketa was place of the willows; Chemawa, place of the willows, Ch-ampoep, or Ch-ampoich (first name), place of the sand. The French name of Champeop, or a place near, was Campment du Sable, or sand encampment. That was very general in the early days.

Solomon Smith's son, who told Prof. Lyman about the location of Chemayaw, or Chemawa, may have been right, as to the place where Joseph Gervais lived—the place of the main "wolf" meeting. But the Gervais house was two miles by direct trail below the original Jason Lee mission house, where Lee landed and commenced building it Oct. 6, 1834.

And Rev. Parrish told the writer that the place of the first Lee house (and houses) was by the Indians called Chemawa. Both spots might have been called Chemawa, place of the willows. Willows might have grown on both locations—and all the way between them.

One should not be too cock sure about what was found along the river there 104 years ago. The river bank was then at the mission site about a mile east of where it is now, and at the site of the Gervais house about two miles east.

The flood of 1861-2 played hob with a lot of things in that neck of the woods. Among other things, it robbed Marion county of a lot of rich land and put it into Tillamook county where it has been since, paying taxes at McMinnville instead of at Salem.

Or would you say it was the other way around—that it was all in Yamhill county, though before 1861-2 on the west side of



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Radio Programs

- KSLM—THURSDAY—1370 Kc 7:15—United Press News. 7:30—Sunrise Sermonette. 7:45—American Family Robinson. 8:00—Hits and Ecceora. 8:45—United Press News. 9:00—The Friendly Call. 9:15—The Pastoral Circle. 9:45—Streamline Swing, MBS. 10:00—Novelties. 10:15—Microphone in Sky, MBS. 10:30—Morning Magazine. 10:45—Voice of Experience, MBS. 11:00—Community Builder News. 11:15—Organalities. 11:30—Wiliamette Chapel. 11:45—The Value Parade. 12:00—United Press News. 12:30—Hillbilly Serenade. 12:45—Good Health & Training, MBS. 1:00—Ed Fitzgerald, MBS. 1:15—Songland, MBS. 1:30—Popular Salute. 1:45—Book a Week, MBS. 2:00—Jolante. 2:15—Between the Bookends, MBS. 2:30—Four Keyboards, MBS. 2:45—The Johnson Family, MBS. 3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS. 3:15—Carmelita, MBS. 3:45—Kade Harris, Hollywood, MBS. 4:00—Fulton Lewis, jr., MBS. 4:15—Larson's Organist. 4:30—Dramatized "Headlines," MBS. 4:45—Radio Campus, MBS. 5:00—The Housewife. 5:15—Sinfonia, MBS. 5:30—Howie Wing, MBS. 5:45—Freshest Thing in Town. 6:00—The Phantom Pilot, MBS. 6:15—The Johnson Family, MBS. 6:45—United Press News. 7:00—Hollywood Serenade, MBS. 7:30—Walttime. 8:00—The Housewife. 8:15—The Housewife. 8:30—The Housewife. 8:45—The Housewife. 9:00—The Housewife. 9:15—The Housewife. 9:30—The Housewife. 9:45—The Housewife. 10:00—The Housewife. 10:15—The Housewife. 10:30—The Housewife. 10:45—The Housewife. 11:00—The Housewife. 11:15—The Housewife. 11:30—The Housewife. 11:45—The Housewife. 12:00—The Housewife.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

WATER AND FIRE

To the Editor: Was "an eyegore and no earthly good" but Portland had to get help to let loose of the animal. They could chain Tusko and we would like to see the city council get close enough to chain "Shelton Ditch."

The water has to stoop three feet at times to get under the cement bridges in Salem. So the water commenced to go around by cutting in behind the abutments of the bridges—it saw that was too slow so it commenced jumping over.

When the city council was drilling dry holes around Salem hunting for water they sure would have been out of luck if they had struck "Shelton ditch"—their drills would still be floating down Willamette river if the city wants to catch all the "water and sewage" in their basements instead of having the sewer exit at the Willamette bridge—midway north and south of the city—they should have it to connect five miles up the river so as not to miss anything. Although in place of having the exit by the bridge to show people what we've got we think it would be much better to have the exit five miles down the river to afford sufficient fall for the water. The bridges along "Shelton ditch" have been so constructed as to dam up the water and we think the men working to repair the damage have found out the damaged water will go through like a bow-legged man trying to head a hog in a narrow lane. Please don't misunderstand me as to which one goes through. It sure will be a difficult matter to stop the erosion of "Shelton ditch" and to keep the ditch from filling up with gravel.

The people in this part of town are thankful for the incinerator, the slaughter house and "Shelton ditch." If one tenth of the money spent in the city on account of the cat lot burning, had been spent on "Shelton ditch" it would have been a starter to help the city led loose of the problem.

Now Mr. Editor if we are blowing in at the wrong end of your "valve" we wish you will please excuse us as we are busy trying to invent a valve that will absorb the superabundance of water in "Shelton ditch."

W. D. RUSSELL, 2245 Shelton St., Salem, Ore.

FARM CONVENTION DELEGATES

To the Editor: I live in Polk county, one of the most productive in the state. Polk county has been afflicted lately with the usual seasonal conventions so called "Farmer's Conventions," which met in Dallas the county seat.

When the medical associations Junior chamber of commerce of Salem high school is sponsoring were winners of prizes in the lottery contests at the county fair yesterday.

A petition signed by 77 citizens of Salem has been presented to Gideon Stols urging him to become a candidate for the nomination for mayor.

Mrs. Ashah Bush left yesterday for a fortnight's sojourn in Los Angeles and Pasadena and will reside at the Hotel Maryland.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cooley yesterday morning. Mr. Cooley is manager of the Bishop Clothing Co.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

THE STREET BATTLE An army of wind met an army of light, And straightway ensued a most terrible fight, Then an army of rain came sweeping that way, And presently mixed more or less in the fray.

And that reminds me—a gale of wind roared over these parts several days—or nights—ago, heavily laden with rain, and something somewhat strange occurred that night, of which I was a witness. I had been to a theatre, and had remained comfortably snuggled down on the small of my back until the bad man of the smash hit then prevailing had been disposed of, and the leading man had snuggled up to the leading woman with an expression suggestive of a cat suffering from ill health on his face. Then I had sighed and stepped forth into the windswept street. A few feet in advance of me was a woman carrying an umbrella—up. Presently we came to a street corner, and on this corner the wind seemed suddenly to doubt its own ability to see the woman's umbrella go inside out, and I saw her clutch wildly for the protection of a tree—one of the few remaining in that thoroughfare. And then my eyes filled with rain and the wind momentarily took my breath. An instant later, breathing again and able to see, I looked for the woman. She was gone—gone with the wind—somewhere. Naturally, I was a bit mystified. But there were colored light from a garage sign dancing in the rain, and I decided that I had missed seeing her. However, it was an odd circumstance, and I thought, "Several days later I chanced to hear of a man motoring to Salem on the Silverton road who that night had brought into town a rain-soaked little woman whom he had found wandering half-dazed near the fairgrounds. It does not seem entirely reasonable to suppose that the little woman the stranger brought to town that night was the same I had seen leave the theatre. Still, it was a mighty strong wind, and if it had carried her over a mile or two of housetops it would have dropped her about where she was found. But, mind you, I don't say it did."

There are days in this valley when the winds roar in from the sea, slightly tempered by the coast mountains, and there are other days when an icy current sweeps down the gorge of the Columbia from off the plains to the east, and travels up the Willamette, but for the most part our winds are of the description mentioned in the Bible as being tempered to the shorn lamb. And on such days men gather on Salem street corners and exchange reminiscence of the winds they have known on these blessed hills. Not tornadoes, although occasionally hears tornadoes mentioned, but straightaway movements of air sometimes lasting for days or for weeks. Many of us have known the bite of the nor'easter of the upper Atlantic coast, and many more of us have felt the polar breath which occasionally sweeps across the midwest plains from Hudson bay. There are those, too, who have seen the sea lashed to mighty fury off the south At-

lantic coast. An old sailor, one of the twangy old men who once frequented the shores of Narragansett bay—and perhaps do yet, although when I knew them they were almost entirely of the wind-jammer type, which, if not extinct, is greatly lessened in numbers—once told me of having seen a weaker of his own kind in the country a few miles back from Hatteras. I was young then, and I suppose listed well, for those old salts appeared to derive great delight from telling me lies, tall tales of the sea, a grace which, though perhaps I should not admit it, I still retain to some extent. I speak of it as grace. Possibly that is not the word. It is a harmless and pleasant way of being of service to one's fellows, and it requires the least physical effort of any method known to me.

Still, it cannot strictly be said to come under the head of bearing one another's burdens. A Salem family repapered the spare bedroom last spring—a cheerful scheme of tiny flowers on a light background. Aunt Prunella came for a visit during the Christmas holidays. Aunt Prunella is somewhat along in years and her hearing and eyesight are rather the worse for wear. But she is still helpful. During her visit she occupied the spare bedroom. During her stay she swatted most of the tiny blossoms off the wall paper. She said she never knew a place where there were so many flies in the winter.

Trifles, so called, may be mighty important. Suppose a great orator, dictator, while engaged in delivering a speech to an immense gathering of citizens, were to have one or two buttons drop off, and he was compelled to use both hands to hold up his pants and was unable to gesture. It is quite impossible to conjecture the possible result of such a trifle. Perhaps a declaration of war.

A boy will chew up enough paper wads to shoot at half the pupils in school, and enjoy the doing of it immensely, but if he finds a wad of paper in an ice cream soda it makes him mad. He can't take it.

Advice to a young writer: Don't send a funny sketch about a boil to an editor who has a boil. He may have a sense of humor, but he is a doctor, and there is no such thing as a funny sketch about a boil.

A letter from a talented writer at Portland contains a truism. "May 1938 give you enough prosperity to maintain your health and happiness. Your blessings are not supposed to be dependent upon material abundance, but they have a strange affinity for it, just the same."

Except from another letter, this one from an old friend in New England, who is the father of a son, one of those boys who are not understood by their teachers or by their parents, who, I recollect, said the boy would grow up and appear regularly at mealtime, but that was about all that might be expected. As a matter of fact, the boy made a first class electrical engineer of himself, but of the big salary chaps. His father says, "It is not what we know, but the use we make of it that counts." Ay, that, and the use we do not make of it. The parents and teachers do not always understand the effort to bend a boy's individuality and spirit to meet their requirements may have an effect diametrically opposite to the one intended.

Nor is it only boys. Ret Kipper owned a colt. Ret didn't forget that the colt was different than his brothers and sisters had been, or for some reason it seemed more difficult to break in to farm work. Ret said he thought it was just pure cussedness. Then one day during harvest a bee or a hornet or some sort of stinging insect bit the colt, and the colt ran away, and did not hesitate until it reached the barn, a quarter-mile distant. Ret looked at his watch when operations ceased, and happened to look at it again shortly afterward, when one of the men asked him for the time. Then he exclaimed, "how'll we get cats! that colt made it to the barn in 40 seconds!" Such was Ret's discovery of a racehorse that made its own owner considerable money on the track and ultimately sold for more money than Ret's farm brought him in 10 years. When I was a kid 50 years ago I heard the story to I and theorized a good many stables. The favorite reply to the query, "how did it happen?" was "How did Abraham Lincoln happen?" Only a tradition now, and very dim.

Shirley Temple, whose latest release "Roses of Stunbrook Farm" is now current at the Grand, has been mentioned in the news from London during the week, having been awarded damages of the sum of \$10,000 because of a libelous attack made upon her by a London publication last October. Twentieth Century-Fox, the producers of the picture "Wee Willie Winkie," were awarded damages of \$7,500 in the same action, from which fact it is inferred that the libelous article pertained in some manner to that picture. The libelous article was not read in court.

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