

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statement, March 18, 1851

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Farm Notes

It's a great time to visit the countryside. Farmers are in the midst of harvest, working early and late (no union hours in the country yet) to save their crops. Steadily the harvest method has changed from binding, shocking and threshing to "combining" or doing the cutting and threshing with one machine. There are still many fields dotted with shocks of rusty-yellow grain, and these are far more beautiful than the short stubblefields left by the combine; but the greater economy of the combine is crowding out the stationary rigs.

Formerly the combines were ponderous affairs, used on the great wheat fields of eastern Oregon. Now they are making smaller machines which sell around \$900, which is within the reach of the valley farmer with his small acreage. It is reported one company is coming out with a \$300 machine next year, and that will put more of the old "Buffalo Pitts" threshers and successors out of business.

This "fracturing" of power machinery is what is saving the small farmer. As long as outfits consisted of monstrous tractors and vast combines, like a brontosaurus, the tendency was to enlarging the size of farms in order to give these machines enough work to do. Now small tractors, down to garden size, are available, and this baby combine is promised. The mechanical change will encourage small farming and part-time farming by men with industrial part-time jobs.

An unusual number of barn fires are reported this year, due apparently to the "heating" of the hay. One would think the hot weather would have dried the hay thoroughly. But the same heat, when the hay got into the barn, caused it to "stew" and sometimes to break out in fire. There is a deal of heat generated when hay not properly cured is confined in a barn with no ventilation.

A valley item from out on Mission Bottom says a farmer there is planning to install an overhead irrigation system for next year. These systems are increasing in number. The piping is expensive, but grading and ditching are not required, and there is less waste of water. Irrigation is used successfully on forage crops like clover and alfalfa, on specialty crops like berries, beans, mint, flax. Unfortunately there is a shortage of water for irrigation. Our heavy winter rains run down the watercourses, and the ground is not a dependable source of large supply. If the water could be brought from the Willamette dams which are proposed, and spread on the thirsty soil at low cost, the valley's crop production would be greatly increased. But that will take sharp figuring as well as good engineering.

Last item to be mentioned is that the peach harvest is starting on Grand Island. That's "grand" news. The year's production reaches its zenith when the island peaches come to market.

Suicide Leap

Most of the nation got some sort of thrill out of the suicide leap of John Ward, 26, from the 17th floor of a New York City hotel building on Tuesday. The radio and newspapers helped to create the sensation of a day.

There is nothing unusual about suicide; even before the depression suicides had become so common that there were more than a dozen daily in the larger cities of the United States. Neither is suicide by jumping from a tall building a novelty. It is a method that naturally suggests itself to many persons minded to self-destruction, and many persons otherwise normal have felt an inexplicable urge, while standing on the edge of a cliff to jump off. The only reason they fail to do so is that a stronger urge not to jump, takes possession of them.

The unusual features about Ward's leap are the apparent deliberateness with which he reached his decision, and the notoriety which he courted by remaining on the ledge most of the day.

There is no particular lesson in Ward's suicide. It was the act of an insane man. From the fact that he seemed deliberately to attract attention to what he intended to do, it may be judged that he was a victim of dementia praecox, involving some sort of grandiose illusions. Such was his mental condition, rather than melancholia, another forerunner of suicide, for if this latter had been the explanation he would have chosen solitude, rather than a gaping crowd to witness his act.

Ward had been unemployed for a year, and that was quite probably a contributing factor to his mental breakdown, but not the basic cause.

In the attitude of the crowd and in the avid interest with which radio listeners and newspaper readers followed the episode, there is further food for thought. News stories referred to the crowd gathered in the street as imbued with "morbid curiosity." Well, what would you do? If it seemed that such a drama was about to be enacted, would you ignore it and proceed about your business? Hardly; you would be glued to the spot. Hawkers sold refreshments and bookmakers circulated through the crowd, offering odds of 2 to 1 that Ward wouldn't jump. These at least were not morbid, though neither were they overly sensitive about the fitness of things.

Curiosity—yes. Speculation as to whether he would nor would not jump. Efforts to fathom the man's thoughts, the working of his mind, that he considered life no longer worth while. Well, the spectator might have pondered, is life really worth while? Profound philosophers have found that a question not to be scorned. Is this morbidity? Perhaps this editorial, too, is morbid.

New Threat From South

The south proposes to maintain its competitive advantage by obtaining railroad rate reductions to offset some of its cost increases due to the wages-hours bill. The wage differential has given the south a specially favorable position. As that will be narrowed under the operation of the new law, southern industries hope to keep ahead of their competitors by further economy in rates. They protest at rate hearings that they are being milked by the railroads to the benefit of the north and east.

The northwest has considerable interest in this controversy. Not only is this region handicapped by the low wages in the south, but it suffers from high transportation rates because of its distance from great markets. The northwest hopes the new wages law will prove a little of an even, and will object to rate cuts for the south which will wipe out our competitive gain.

Wages rates in the lumber industry of the south are reported at as low as 20c an hour. Here the standard rate is still 32½c an hour though some mills have had reductions and small local mills are reported as paying 35c an hour. Freight on northwest lumber amounts to more than the wage bill. The industry paid out \$68,000,000 in wages last year and \$75,000,000 for rail and water transportation. This comparison shows the importance of freight in lumber costs at the great markets of the east and midwest where northwest lumber competes with lumber from the south.

The lumber industry of the northwest is fighting for its life. Timber owners are busy liquidating their investments before fire and taxes consume them. Operators and workers are as bad off as they have been at any time. Not only should there be vigilance that the industry be protected from section-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Captain Thomas McKay's 7-28-33 estate was probated in Marion county; it was one of the first in our history.

(Continuing from yesterday:) Dunbar had paid for building "two stick chimneys," \$12; had paid Gideon Cox for salt for cattle; had paid L. Gregoire for a probate order, \$43.35, and DuBois' order ("not worth the money"), \$11.67. For wagon from, "got at vendue," \$40.50. "Balance due on beef note, \$69.29." To cash, note, \$116.69, and some other items, all adding up the \$351.57. This claim is shown as having been filed April 7, 1851.

Finally, there is found at page 74, book 2 of the probate records, this entry:

"Rice Dunbar demanded execution vs. former administrator George Groom and James Force and Francis Bernier (spelled in the record Bernie) for \$434.56, sum allowed by the probate court of Marion county in the year 1851, and it appearing that such an order had been made and it appearing that said Groom has left the county and has taken a large amount of money with him belonging to said estate, it is ordered by the court that execution issue against the said George Groom, James Force and Francis Bernier (it is here spelled Bernia), his securities, for \$444.15, returnable sixty days from this date. J. D. Boon, Judge of Probate. Recorded 4th day of September, 1855. J. D. Boon, Judge of Probate."

There appears nothing to show that the judgment was collected, so far, though search is under way and inquiries are out, and this column may have more on the point, later, as it will have on other points concerning Capt. Thomas McKay. John D. Boon, probate judge, who ordered the execution for \$444.15, was, the next year after, made treasurer of the territory of Oregon, which office he held during the life of the territory, 1856-9, and was the first state treasurer, 1859-62. He erected the first brick building in North Salem, still standing, in which was his store, and where he kept the money of the territory and of the state. He was Boon, not Boone, as generally spelled, and, officially, he had been a minister. In that building is now a grocery store. Boon at one time lived in the Jason Lee house, first residence for whites on the site of Salem, still standing, at 960 Broadway—the original site. Boon had several beautiful fair haired daughters, prominent in early Oregon society.

This writer gave, in the opening part of the current series, what he said is the first mention of Capt. Thomas McKay in Bart Croft's Oregon History, page 33, first volume. He was mistaken. This is the first, found on page 15:

"Thomas McKay, one of the race of Alexander McKay of the Astor expedition, and one of the company's most celebrated leaders, occupied a farm on the Multnomah opposite the lower end of Wapato island." The Hudson's Bay company was of course meant. The Multnomah river was the Willamette, first (Indian) name, from the tribe so named. The reader will recall that in making his will Thomas McKay mentioned himself as "residing at Scappoose on my farm on the lower branch of the Willamette, northwest coast of America."

All Oregon historians have necessarily written about the acts and activities of Capt. Thomas McKay. He met Jason Lee and party on their way west in 1834. He and Lee, Sunday, July 27, 1834, listened to the first Christian sermon preached in America west of the Rocky mountains and north of the Spanish (California) line, and, the next day, to the first Christian funeral services. The sermon and the services were by Lee.

This was at the site selected by Capt. Wyeth for Fort Hall, and McKay and his men guided and protected Lee and his party the rest of the way to Fort Vancouver. An attachment grew between the two leaders that lasted till Lee's death.

Capt. McKay, for the Hudson's Bay company, in 1834 erected the first Fort Boise. In 1836, he met the Whitman party of missionaries at the Green River annual rendezvous, and saw them through to Fort Walla Walla—several times saving the lives of members of it.

The provisional government legislature of 1845 gave Captain McKay a charter for a toll road across the Cascades, by way of the Santiam route.

He organized an exploring party to go over the route. Thomas C. Shaw, afterward assessor, sheriff, judge, etc., of Marion county, was a member of the party. Years afterward Judge Shaw wrote of it.

He said the party left the town that became Salem on July 3, 1846, and that it consisted of Cornelius Gilliam, James Waters, Seyburn P. Thornton, and Shaw. Americans, and Thomas McKay, Joseph Gervais, J. B. Gardipie, George Monour, Xavier Gervais, Antonio Delcor, and Mr. McDonald, British subjects.

Judge Shaw wrote that the party explored the country through the Santiam but gave up the search, failing to find a practical route for a road. That seems rather strange.

In after years, John Minto found the pass, and he said that he had talked with Joseph Gervais, who told him he had gone over that route in far trapping days, and that it was used a good deal, then, and had been used by the Indians from time immemorial.

al disadvantages, there should be effort made to bring the industry into prosperity again through industrial peace, better margins of profit and restored export markets.

Speaking of "Stunt" Flights!



Radio Programs

KSLM—THURSDAY—1870 Kc.

7:30—News.
7:45—Time O' Day.
8:00—Variety Program.
8:30—Hits and Encores.
8:45—News.
9:00—Rev. Guy L. Drill.
9:15—Friendly Circle.
9:45—Lauching of Mauritania.
10:00—Women in News.
10:15—Hawallan Paradise.
10:30—Morning Magazine.
10:45—Soap Box Derby.
11:00—News.
11:15—Organalities.
11:30—Harold Stoke's Orchestra.
11:45—Paul Small.
12:00—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
1:00—Dick Haynes Orchestra.
1:15—Country Editor.
1:30—Musical Salute.
1:45—Johnson Family.
2:00—Brad's Lazy Rhapsodies.
2:15—Community Hall.
2:30—Soap Box Derby.
3:00—Feminine Fancies.
3:30—Pat Barnes and His Barnstormers.
4:00—Sinfonietta.
4:15—Radio Campus.
4:30—Thumbs Down.
4:45—Bob Crosby's Orchestra.
5:00—Howie Wing.
5:15—E. Clark Bobbett, Traffic.
5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:00—Frank Bull.
6:15—News.
6:30—Waltz Time.
6:45—Green Hornet.
7:00—United Press News.
7:15—Don't You Believe It.
7:30—Freddie Nagel's Orch.
7:45—Vocal Varieties.
8:00—Newspaper of the Air.
8:15—Swingtime.
8:30—Press Time.
8:45—Shirley Ennis' Orch.
9:00—Sterling Young's Orch.
9:15—Jim Walsh's Orch.

KGW—THURSDAY—620 Kc.

7:00—Originalities.
7:15—Trail Blazers.
7:30—News.
7:45—Lee S. Roberts.
8:15—Ray Powers, Troubadour.
8:30—Your Radio Review.
8:45—Words and Music.
9:00—Hymns of All Churches.
9:15—Hollywood News Flashes.
9:30—Top Hatters.
9:45—Woman's Magazine of Air.
10:00—News.
10:15—Pleasant Interlude.
10:30—Rudy Valle Hour.
10:45—Promenade Symphony Orchestra.
11:00—Music Hall.
11:15—Amos 'n' Andy.
11:30—Three Cheers.
11:45—Orchestra.
12:00—Symphony Hour.
12:15—Melody Memoirs.
12:30—Reed Summer Institute Interview.
12:45—News Flashes.
1:00—Orchestra.
1:15—Gallion Brothers.
1:30—Orchestra.

KOIN—THURSDAY—940 Kc.

6:30—Market Report.
6:45—KOIN Clock.
7:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15—Three Cheers.
7:30—Orchestra.
7:45—Symphony Hour.
8:00—Melody Memoirs.
8:15—Reed Summer Institute Interview.
8:30—News Flashes.
8:45—Orchestra.
9:00—Gallion Brothers.
9:15—Orchestra.

KOAC—THURSDAY—550 Kc.

8:00—As You Like It.
9:00—The Homemakers' Hour.
9:30—Tessie Tel.
10:15—Story Hour for Adults.
11:00—The Bellman.
11:30—Music of the Masters.
12:15—Farm Hour.
12:30—Market and Crop Reports.
12:45—Farm Flashes.
1:15—Emotional Development.
1:45—Monitor Views the News.
2:00-2:30—Home Garden Hour.
6:30—Farm Hour.
6:45—Agriculture Viewed by Editors.
6:55—Market and Crop Reports.
7:30—Aaron Funk, Tenor.
7:45—News.

KEX—THURSDAY—1190 Kc.

6:45—Family Altar Hour.
7:30—Financial Service.
7:55—Market Quotations.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
9:30—Christian Science Program.
9:45—Glenn Darwin, Baritone.
10:15—Let's Talk It Over.
10:30—News.
10:45—Home Institute.
11:00—Light Opera Selections.
11:45—WHK Revue.
12:00—US Dept. of Agriculture.
12:15—Abe Berkovitz, Violinist.
12:30—News.
12:45—Market Reports.
1:30—Financial and Grain.
1:45—Edward Davies.
2:25—News.
3:00—Charles Runyan.
3:15—Orchestra.
3:45—Birthdays in the News.
4:00—Stepping Ahead with America.

It is the route over which the state highway is being completed, and it will be the best road over the Cascades.

It will be the only road that can be kept open the whole year through, no matter how deep the snow over other passes. (Continued tomorrow.)

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

The Associated Press in the opening words of its despatch about the Texas election, described the sensationally successful candidate for governor as "an Irishman with a hillbilly band." But, after several hundred words of detail, the closing words of the despatch said something more, and quite different: "O'Daniel has been successful with his flour business and has headed the Fort Worth chamber of commerce." One hopes that readers read more of that despatch than the opening words.

As Will Rogers used to say, all I know about Mr. O'Daniel is what I read in the newspapers about his remarkable emergence in public life. But all who try to understand the strange trends of current politics ought to learn more about this new figure. We ought to learn more, not merely with the idea that Mr. O'Daniel is an important person, or that he may be a coming man. That may be or may not be. The personality of Mr. O'Daniel is less important than another aspect of his emergence.

New Deal Doghouse. Mr. O'Daniel's two term headship of the Fort Worth chamber of commerce would ordinarily label him, and damn him, as conservative. To the New Deal "Chamber of Commerce is the equivalent of 'Froy,' 'Reactionary,' 'Economic Royalist.'" In Washington the big marble building of the United States chamber of commerce is the political doghouse. Are we to infer that the New Deal bans of excommunication are not respected in Texas?

Mr. O'Daniel is said to have advocated a pension of \$30 a month for everybody over 65. That is conservative, and I do not use the word in irony. In making his figure so low, Mr. O'Daniel was distinctly conservative and also courageous. I doubt if any candidate anywhere who has used the "old age pen-

sion" promise has made his figure so low. The figure of the Townsendites who started the idea was \$200 a month. Most candidates who use the old age pension plea either promise the Townsend amount, or use language vaguely adapted to create the impression. In Oklahoma, the candidate for the democratic senatorial nomination who ran second was, as I recall, going to out-Townsend Townsend. Mr. O'Daniel's \$30 a month might be practicable. It is no more than the existing social security act promises and will probably give. (Whether each of those future social security dollars will buy as much as the present dollars which the people pay in taxes, that is a matter too distant to discuss.)

Worth While Study. We ought to learn more about Mr. O'Daniel in order to know what was in the minds of the people who gave him for governor. I presume he got just what the people to prefer this newcomer—newcomer in politics and newcomer in Texas—over rivals experienced in politics one a state railroad commissioner, another the state attorney for what in the minds of the people who vote for a man is one phenomenon. The personality of the man is another phenomenon. The first is as desirable to understand as the second. It takes both the actor and the audience to make the whole show. This trinity ought to be considered by those who devote much time, without great success, to trying to understand President Roosevelt and fall to give enough thought to the people who come to Mr. Roosevelt's show, and the reason's why they come.

The emphasis on candidate O'Daniel's "hillbilly" band could easily mislead. To use music to allure crowds to political meetings is one of the oldest arts in America. The fact that a "hillbilly" band does not necessarily differ from a brass one, except that the latter is long familiar, the former more in tune with a modern vogue.

Neither does it matter whether Mr. O'Daniel is a politician on the theory that, win or lose, the advertising would be good for his flour business. That, too, has been done before. What we are after is not the motive that was in Mr. O'Daniel's mind, but the mood that was in the mind of the people who voted for him.

More Smokestacks. One of Mr. O'Daniel's pledges he put in a phraseology that read: "Less Johnson grass and politicians, more smokestacks and business men." What Johnson grass is, I do not know, but I presume it is some vegetable equivalent to the boll weevil, the grasshopper or the Japanese beetle. But I know, and everybody knows what "less politicians" means. If the promise to exterminate the variety of bane against the Texas voters, and if voters elsewhere feel the same way, then we may have come to a turn in the road. The old guard republican politicians are already rejected and gone. Practically all the present politicians are the New Deal ones, and if the people are fed up with them, there may be something new and wholesome ahead.

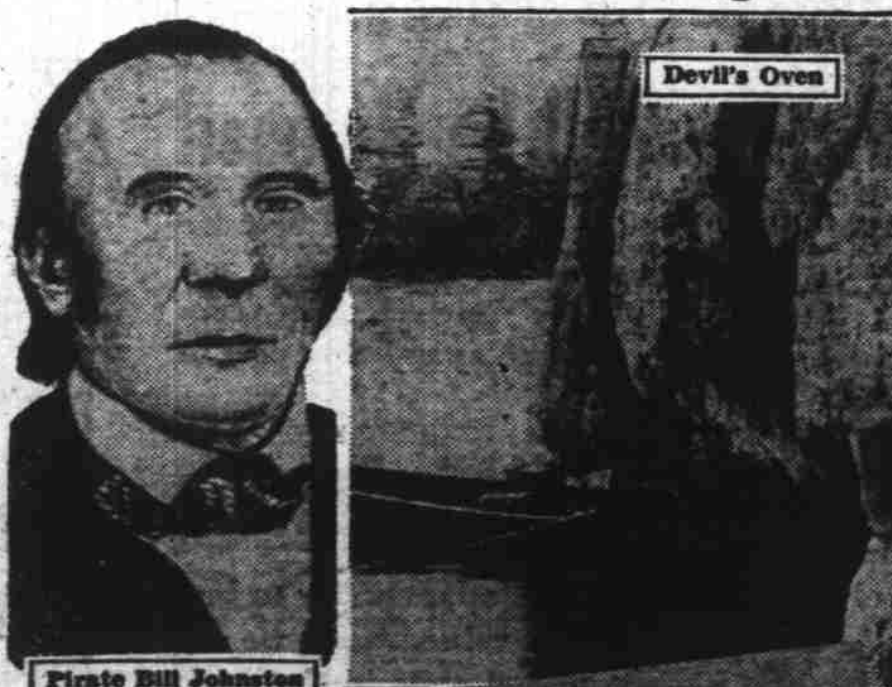
Kim to Mr. O'Daniel's promise of "more smokestacks and business men," an advisory committee of business men for the governor, and the industrialization of Texas. If that program appeals to the people of Texas, it points toward something which, whatever it may turn out to be, is not the New Deal.

But what we really need is for some writer or other person in Texas who can see beneath the surface to tell us, carefully and accurately, just what it was in the minds of the Texas voters that led them to elect as governor this extraordinary figure so new to politics that he had never paid a poll tax. Such a writer would find many readers, of whom the most intent would be a gentleman now fishing off the Galapagos islands. Mr. Roosevelt will do a good deal of thinking about what has happened in Texas. New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate.

Insull's Widow

Returning to her Paris hotel after the sudden death of her husband, Samuel Insull, former utility magnate, Mrs. Insull was confined to her suite for days because of the shock.

Seek to Raise Pirate Frigate



Pirate Bill Johnson



Historic Boldt castle

One hundred years ago swashbuckling Bill Johnson, self-styled admiral of the Thousand Isles, sunk the British naval vessel Sir Robert Peel in the St. Lawrence near Alexandria Bay, New York. Johnson, whose pirate raids embarrassed both the United States and Canada, during the so-called Patriotic War in Canada, commandeered the vessel by claiming an English naval commission. He used it for a time as a pirate ship and then when things got too hot sunk it. Whether he had time to carry away the \$150,000 in gold it carried or not is not known. Now plans are underway to raise the vessel. Alexandria businessmen, sponsors of the project, figure to benefit either way. If the gold is there they will get the finder's share; if not the ship's remains will be restored and used as an exhibit at the St. Lawrence resort.

The paving program of Salem is progressing fast according to street commissioner Walter Lowe. Sixty blocks of new paving has already been laid with 75 more blocks to be done.

Rev. Fred C. Taylor, pastor of First Methodist church will give a report of World's Sunday School convention in his sermon Sunday morning.

As a program for beauty we submit eight points:

1. Miniature state parks at the primary highway entrances to the state, especially those from the east and south. They should be designed for sentiment and utility both. A building (perhaps a grand replica of a covered wagon) for the housing of exhibits, travel information, registration, and comfort service, should be given a pleasing setting of shrubbery and lawn.

2. Grottoes symphonic with such settings, and amplifying systems with hidden speakers for the broadcasting of music symphonic with such settings in many of the state parks. Conceivably, you who have visited Silver Falls state park the enhanced loveliness of a lacy waterfall from whose recessed cavern should float ballad tunes dear to the American heart.

3. Architecture of, by, and for Oregon, and not aping California Spanish, or New England colonial, or what have you. There are materials, designs, and colors, that are indigenous to the state and symbolic of our own past, present and future.

4. Distinctive nomenclature. Perhaps it is too late to hope for much here, for communities and streets and streams are irrevocably named. How gratified we shall always be over our short-lived Multnomah and Tillamook and Clackamas and Luckiamute and Chemeketa and Willamette and kindred names of streams and counties and towns. And Molalla, that is the most musically mouth-filling word ever spoken!

5. A keener public conscience against petty unlovelinesses as roadside dumping, defacing of buildings, brushgrown fence rows, careless cutting and burning of roadside timber. Ugliness should come to seem the sin it is.

6. Originality and quaintness and personality to our rural gate ways and mail boxes.

7. Glorification of those plants and flowers at which Oregon is superior: roses, ferns, juniper, arbutus, rhododendron, Oregon grape, salal.

8. Every community with a civic center of prideful beauty. As Rachel Winsday says: "We should build parks that would choose to starve in rather than go home. Fair little squares with Phidian ornament. Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb."

These should not ape all other parks or any other. They should have the flavor of that village's present and past. They should be worth a tourist going miles to see. They should be worth a worshipper going miles to feel.