

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Milk Question Viewed Nationally

Anyone desiring to pose a question that is a real sticker might try this one: "What is, and what is not, a public utility?" It arose down in Klamath county the other day in connection with Judge Ashurst's charges against Representative Boivin, already mentioned in this column. It seems the attorney general had ruled that from the standpoint of the Oregon law, the railroad which retained Boivin as attorney was not a public utility so Boivin was in the clear. However that may be, it illustrates the complicated nature of the question.

One might suppose that anything which is an absolute necessity should be defined as a public utility. Water and electricity and gas are invariably so defined. On the other hand milk is not so defined as a rule, though milk in some form is just as essential, especially for growing children, as electricity. Fundamentally, that is the question involved in the Oregon controversy over the pro and con of milk control. In effect, milk control is based upon recognition that milk is a public utility, though the definition is left to inference.

One is tempted to conclude that the definition depends upon public interest and not upon public necessity. There is not the same interest in milk that there is in electric power. We have not decided whether this is a good thing or a bad thing. Milk supply and regulation are complicated matters, difficult for the public to understand. If milk control gets onto the ballot this year, there is no certainty that the voters' decision will be an intelligent one.

Of interest in connection with this local issue is a discussion of the milk supply problem nationally in an article in Fortune magazine which points out that the consumption of milk is decreasing and is already well below the volume desirable from the standpoint of health. It blames unreasonably high prices, in which the producer does not share adequately. The farmer gets from 3 to 5 cents a quart; the consumer pays 9 to 16 cents.

The Fortune writer blames this condition partly upon the dairymen themselves, partly upon organized labor and partly upon certain governmental agencies. When he gets down to the core of the problem he finds it is the high cost of distribution through the time-honored "milk wagon" system. Cost of delivery under union requirements—this is where labor comes in—runs as high as 4 cents a quart. This cost could be largely eliminated by persons willing to go to the store for their milk but—and this is where labor stays in the picture, with the self-interest support of the milk companies and the shortsighted support of dairymen and governmental agencies—there is extreme pressure to keep store prices up even with delivered prices, so milk route drivers may keep their jobs at union wages running as high as \$50 a week.

The milk companies rather surreptitiously support this campaign because they are not interested in increased consumption of fluid milk—there is more profit in manufactured products of the "surplus" milk for which they pay a lower price, the writer charges, while he entertains a suspicion that in some centers where there is no check upon relative volumes, the dairymen are being defrauded in this matter. But, he concludes, it would obviously be to the dairymen's advantage to encourage sales at the feasible lower price through the stores, so that greater consumption would be promoted. Dairymen are afraid to support such a program because in the past, any drop in retail prices has been passed on to them. But there doesn't seem to be any valid reason why they should forever "take it."

Bonneville's Power Line Through Valley

"The yardsticks given out by our government on costs of dams for the people's benefit are a joke, especially the one at Bonneville, which is about on a par with all of these power plants. Their use for power and navigation will not be needed for the next 50 years. The Bonneville dam and country, as I saw it, will have no use for ships or power for another half-century and is a wasteful use of the taxpayers' money of build up a political machine in Oregon to make votes for the party in office."

Such was the verdict of S. C. Adams of Joliet, Ill., as expressed in a "letter to the editor" of the United States News. Mr. Adams apparently visited Oregon and saw Bonneville, but how much of the surrounding territory he inspected and his qualifications as a judge of economic factors, are points not disclosed. It is fair to assume that he is not a "man of vision." Yet his estimate of Bonneville as a yardstick is apropos, in view of the fact that so small a percentage of the cost is allocated to power.

Meanwhile the apparently final decision of Eugene water board to reject Bonneville power and to build instead a half million dollar steam plant is a blow to the Bonneville administration partly offsetting its recent success in selling to industry. The blow is especially severe in view of the fact that the transmission line intended to serve Lane county has been built—but both the city and the rural territory where a PUD was proposed, have rejected it. Unless Bonneville can sell to Mountain States, the costly transmission line is a white elephant.

Bonneville had apparently withdrawn its pointless insistence upon control of Eugene power rates—pointless, that is, except that the law seems to make it mandatory, or so the public power enthusiasts have been insisting lately. That withdrawal reduced the proposed Eugene sale to an economic issue pure and simple. Eugene couldn't see a saving in it—which bears out our previous contention that there are narrow geographical limitations to Bonneville's usefulness.

Gannett Seeks Presidency

Friends of Frank Gannett, the Rochester, N.Y., publisher who Tuesday night entered the race for the republican presidential nomination, credit him with smashing four new deal ventures; court packing, the original reorganization bill, the 1938 "purge" and the 1939 lending-spending bill. It is true that Mr. Gannett battled forthrightly against these menaces and that they were defeated. It is also true that the new deal eventually had its way with the supreme court, got through a moderated reorganization bill to which there was less objection but which is proving more potent than expected, and has not slowed up perceptibly in its debt-creating program.

Yet Gannett is fairly well satisfied with his work. "If the new deal had gone unbridled, down the road President Roosevelt started to lead it three years ago we should have nothing left today but the empty form of constitutional democracy. The substance would be gone with the wind," he declared. Certainly, while claims that Gannett licked the new deal single-handed may be exaggerations, he did as much as any one private citizen could do.

His bid for the presidency rests upon a platform in which the main plank is preservation—or restoration, if you please—of the system of private enterprise. With this premise a vast number of Americans will sympathize actively. Yet Gannett is not its only high priest; McNary, Dewey, Vandenberg, Bridges and Taft among the republicans, Garner and perhaps Farley among the democrats subscribe to the same principle though less vehemently. Thus Gannett will have to "sell" not only his program but his ability to administer it. He may be able to attract strong support in the east, but he will have to battle more desperately than he did in those four tussles with the new deal, to overtake the experienced campaigners, the men already recognized as statesmen.

"In time of war prepare for peace" reads an editorial caption in the Oregon Journal. On the recruiting office placards it used to read "In time of peace prepare for war," but in this modern day, the reversal of policy provides more time to prepare.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Famous Scott family 1-18-40 coming to Oregon in a covered wagon train of '52 went first to historic Belpassi:

From the Oregon state highway department went recently to the Oregon state library this inquiry, in substance: "Where was Belpassi? Is that the proper spelling of the name? What does the name mean? where did it originate?"

The inquiry remains unanswered, definitely, and probably will so continue, indefinitely.

Marion county records have no plat or reference to a plat of the town of Belpassi. It is possible that a plat was never made.

Yet Belpassi was an important town in Marion county in the 1850s and 1860s, and into the first months of 1870, after which the town moved away to Woodburn, on account of the coming of the railroad that year, passing up Belpassi, just as Waconda began then to be deserted for Gervais, the new town on Ben Holladay's railroad line.

The name of the early days was always Belpassi. The "school and meeting house" was called the Belpassi school and meeting house. In those years there was no other spelling used, so far as the records show.

But in that case, the spelling is not correct, either in Latin or hog Latin (a mixture of Latin and English or some other language), or in any other language or combination of languages.

Dr. Truman Bonney, great grandfather of this columnist, died at Waconda, October 27, 1868, leaving a substantial estate and a will directing its disposition. His son, Bradford S. Bonney, was the executor. All the heirs are of course on file among the Marion county records.

The donation land claim of Bradford S. Bonney, on which part of Woodburn stands, was next north of that of Rev. Neill Johnson, on which the town of Belpassi was located.

Dr. Bonney had willed to his numerous heirs, mostly daughters, including the grandmother of this writer, various sums of money. Every such heir was promptly paid the amount of his or her bequest, and gave to the executor a receipt—and every one of those receipts was signed as at Belpassi, which the records show. All receipts are of course on file.

R. Williams and P. L. Willis (Williams & Willis), Salem, were the attorneys of the executor of the estate. They received their \$25 bill for their services on June 7, 1869, at Belpassi. This was "Dick" Williams, afterward great criminal lawyer, Oregon congressman 1877-79, and P. L. Willis, afterward a leading lawyer of southern Oregon, with the finest home in Roseburg.

The man who made the coffin in which Dr. Bonney was buried was S. Welch, Belpassi, as his \$8 receipt bill for the job shows.

R. Hanna was a merchant at Belpassi. His (printed) billhead read: R. Hanna, Belpassi, Oregon, dealer in dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes, stationery, patent medicines, etc. Hanna, signing himself Robert Hanna, receipted a bill to the Dr. Bonney estate, using the printed billhead.

J. J. Murphy, tax collector for Marion county, Oregon, receipted a bill to the Dr. Bonney estate for the taxes of 1868. It was for \$20.74, for all taxes, "state, county and school," for that year, on included 500 acres of land, a lot in Waconda, and personal property. A very low assessment, a very low tax, compared with present practices.

And the receipt was dated at Belpassi. Any old timer who knew J. J. Murphy, afterward clerk of the supreme court, rich lawyer, etc., will agree that he would not have written it Belpassi.

(Continued tomorrow.)

The (F)utility Man



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

(Chapter 23 continued)

A low groan from out the darkness brought him bolt upright, and dropping the map, Douglas whirled his searchlight in the direction of the sound. There, where the rock curved back into a deep recess before it met the floor, lay a half naked form, shrouded by one arm to the rock itself. On the man's left cheek Douglas saw a long white scar—he had found his peon at last!

Terribly emaciated the man was, every rib showing beneath the torn shirt, and a stubble of grizzled hair covered the sunken face.

Russell was kneeling beside him. "So this is how the Brotherhood keeps its members in terror of their lives," he growled. Douglas had the peon released. "Carry him outside," he ordered. "But be careful of him. Our best hope of finding the raiders' hiding place may lie in making this man talk."

Left to himself, Douglas turned pass had that not been correct; and public usage.

Payton & Carpenter, physicians, Salem, had a bill of \$30 for two visits to Dr. Bonney during his last sickness. This was receipted as at Belpassi. Those physicians had a printed billhead. It showed that Dr. Carpenter's residence was "nearly opposite the Congregational church," and their office at the same place, and that Dr. Payton's residence was "Southeast corner 4th block north of Willamette University."

That was no doubt clear then. Who could be sure now of finding the correct place? Of course, street numbers came years later.

Dr. Carpenter was the first superintendent of the Oregon state asylum for the insane, present state hospital, Salem.

R. C. Geer, Marion county clerk and recorder, C. N. Terry deputy, filed the papers; both very able men; prominent in their years.

There was one bill against the estate of Dr. Bonney from a merchant of Waconda, where he lived at the time of his death. It was: gallon coal oil, 75c; white shirt, \$2.25; handkerchief, 38c; bottle mustard, 25c. The name of the merchant was Moses Levy. The reader has two guesses if he wants them, as to his ancestry.

(Continued tomorrow.)

to finish his exploration of the room. Just to the left of the doorway two crossed whips had been fastened, and above them a grinning skull looked down. Beneath that hideous symbol a great rectangle of polished rock threw back the light, its smooth surface resembling a tablet of dark slate. And as a tablet the Brotherhood had used it, for on its burnished surface eight names were deeply cut with some sharp instrument. One by one Douglas read those names, and as he read his eyes hardened; each was the name of a man who had lived out his life in the border country and met a violent end at the hands of the raiders: GEORGE WARNER, ALBERT NEALE, JACK BARSTOW—his eyes passed down that column of slaughtered victims, and last of all he read the name, FRANK BAKER.

A wave of blinding anger swept over Douglas; the very arrogance of these self-constituted executioners lashed him to a sudden burst of revulsion, and reaching to his belt he drew out his knife. Deeply beneath Baker's name he rubbed the two words JUAN DOUGLAS—let them make what they would of that!

Motioning every vaquero out, he picked up the parchment map, then followed them through the open door.

"Bring out all the rifles and cartridge belts and wait for me around the bend," Douglas ordered. "This hellish place has had its last meeting."

From Russell's horse Douglas took eight half sticks of dynamite and a long fuse. In silence he laid the yellow cylinders close about the walls, then very carefully attached the fuse.

Already the vaqueros were in their saddles.

"In two minutes I'll be with you," he called out, and cast a last look about him. Every stick of dynamite was in place.

Douglas touched a match to the fuse. With a faint hiss it caught, and running to the door, he mounted, then rode at full gallop down the trail to where just beyond the turn his riders sat their horses, voiceless with expectancy. None moved. Like motionless, avenging shadows they waited beneath the stars, the three prisoners in the center.

Silence so deep Douglas could hear the blood singing in his ears, then a crash ripped through the canyon, a splintering din that thundered and re-echoed against

limestone walls. Twisted wood and jagged lumps of shattered clay were hurled like driven schrapnel, while slowly the echoes died, and once again silence brooded within the canyon except for the rattle of a bridge as a startled horse moved restlessly.

With one impulse the little band surged forward. The dynamite had done its work well. Fragments of the morada strewn both trail and canyon. Of that long feared and hated meeting place nothing but widespread ruin remained.

The rank Texan was the first to speak. "This means war. From now on, it's fight or get out. The Brotherhood won't ever let this pass."

Each man within that little band realized the truth of Russell's words, yet the heart of ex-vaquero was high—the ranchers of the border had found their leader.

It was two o'clock when they reached the hacienda, and taking leave of his vaqueros at the gate, Douglas quietly entered the patio. Going to the window, his eyes rose toward Cobra, and it seemed as if against the sky the far-off pall of rising smoke symbolized the menace that was rolling nearer and nearer to the very door of the ranches, and like the smoke itself might sweep at last over all the land. Just ahead the fight lay—a two-fold fight, perhaps, (Continued on page 5)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

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Washington, Jan. 17. — A four-foot red and white sign on the wall in Assistant War Secretary Johnson's office says in large white letters:

"We ain't mad with nobody."

Hearty Mr. Johnson brought it back from the peace dinner of Georgia democrats at Atlanta, Jackson day. Similar signs covered the walls of the banquet hall in which he made the principal address. One was even sent to President Roosevelt.

But somebody is going to get mad with somebody around here mighty soon if certain democratic signs are any evidence they have received concerning a new kind of political purge against them.

It seems some southern governors or local political leaders have gotten together (or have been gotten together) in an effort to control the state delegations to the coming national convention against the senators, even barring them from seats in the delegations.

It has behind-the-ear marks of a sharp and angry piece of insubordination as it does from the third term issue, and a loud airing will develop in a southern state not far away.

Note—Johnson in his speech confessed democrats sometimes disagree, but he was proud that they were not like the rabbits of Atlanta's Uncle Remus who "wax ole man rabbit say 'scoot dey scooted, en w'en ole miss rabbit say 'scat dey scatted.'" There are no ole man or ole miss rabbits or roden rank and file in the party, he asserted, adding: "When it comes right down to fundamentals, the American people, as always will find us united."

Hitler is losing what may be the decisive battle of the war on a front from which no news has come.

American planes are beginning to arrive in numbers on the west coast of England, planes which will challenge the only acknowledged superiority Germany has—in the air. Figures have been concealed as military information but it can be said four land planes were exported by this country to Britain in November, and between 150 and 200 were delivered for export during December. A serious shortage of shipping bottoms has caused some piling up of the planes at ports on this side since then, but the number known to have arrived in England is authoritatively estimated as something under 150.

Important point is Hitler has not been able to prevent by sabotage or submerging the delivery of a single plane so far (to the north of this war) in the convoys ships in the north Atlantic sea lanes have been sunk. He may have greater success at any time, particularly when the bulk of deliveries start in the spring, but so far no news is bad news for Der Fuehrer from this heavily censored line.

Note—Sabotage cases so far discovered have been amateurish. A good authority said privately a few days ago he did not think there was one case which could be taken to trial on a specific charge, although some of the bunglers may be tried for other things such as false entry into the United States.

Administration strategy is to rush the Hull trade treaty reauthorization through the house in February. Idea is to hold it over the head of the unwilling senate as early as possible in order to hinder any filibuster near the end

of the session. A check on the house and claim they can get a majority. No claims are being made about the senate. Terrific publicity pressure is being promoted from various organized groups but the best the administration can hope for there today is a defeat or a compromise.

Unusually large number of house and senate deaths from heart disease lately has set congressmen to thinking and talking among themselves on that subject as much as on any other. They ascribe the fatalities to the high pressure manner in which both politics and legislation are practiced these days.

The situation is actually considered so seriously that it may have the effect of slowing up and prolonging the session—which would probably improve legislation, not hurt the country and save funeral expenses.

If Russia tries any of its funny Finnish business with Turkey in the spring, it will find a better reinforced hornet on hand there. British and French have concentrated 800,000 troops quietly in Syria (3 divisions British, the rest French) ready to help Turkey against aggression in the Balkans or at the Dardanelles. As a result of this, Balkan action in the spring may be confined to diplomatic skirmishing.

Pastor Addresses Salem Kiwanians

Dr. J. C. Harrison, pastor of the First Methodist church, Wednesday spoke to the Salem Kiwanian club on the subject of "Lifting Our Sights" during their regular noon luncheon meeting.

The speaker declared that a natural tendency to become intellectually and spiritually limited with the course of years must be met by a determined effort, on the part of individuals as well as of churches and service clubs, to become increasingly broad and exalted in view.

He continued to assert that the determining factor in such broadening of view was the receptiveness and response of the human soul. In this wise he cited examples from the life of David and of Ludwig van Beethoven.

First Methodist pastor, Adolph Henderson, of the Willamette university school of music, offered a cornet solo.

Pianist Retains Local Popularity

David Campbell, pianist who appeared in concert last night at Salem high school under the auspices of the Crescende club continues his popularity as an artist who well satisfies musicians, and fascinates lay listeners.

Though well poised and at ease before the piano, David Campbell gave the impression of meaning, Legato, he played. His dynamic strength came from the fingers with no show of temperament.

The "Polonaise" in A flat major by Chopin was his most effective number and he was recalled by the audience for an encore. The pianist also by Chopin was appreciated as was his final number "La Campanella" by Paganini-Liszt.

The next in the Crescende club's series of musical programs will be an organ concert given by Phil Barrett at the First Presbyterian church on February 11.

Radio Programs

KSLM-THURSDAY-1360 Ks.

6:30-Milkman Melodies.
7:30-News.
7:45-Hits and Encores.
8:00-Breakfast Club.
8:45-Vic and the Vagabonds.
8:45-News.
9:00-Pastor's Call.
9:15-Sons of Pioneers.
9:30-Ma Perkins.
9:45-US Navy Band.
10:00-Vocal Varieties.
10:15-News.
10:30-Enoch Light's Orchestra.
10:45-News.
11:00-Symphonic Gema.
11:15-Music in a Melting Mood.
11:30-Willamette University Chapel.
11:45-Women in the News.
12:00-Value Parade.
12:15-News.
12:30-Hubbilly Serenade.
12:45-Willamette Valley Opinions.
1:00-Popular Salute.
1:15-The Continental.
1:30-Interesting Facts.
1:45-Mads and Men.
2:00-Swinging Strings.
2:15-Johnson Family.
2:30-News.
2:45-News.
3:00-Bob Heen and Royal Hawaiian.
3:15-Bedford and Lakewood High Chorus.
3:45-American Legion News Bazaar.
4:00-Fulton.
4:14-Haven of Rest.
4:45-Four Masters and Jeffrey.
5:00-Paralympic.
5:15-Hal Stokes orchestra, Orrin Tucker orchestra, Bonnie Baker, Joe and Willie Howard, Fred Sutte, Jr., Fred Sutte, Jr.
5:30-Elias Breskin 20th Century Symphony.
6:00-Tonight's Headlines.
6:15-Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:30-News and Today.
6:45-Paging the Post.
7:00-Raymond Gram Swing.
7:15-Ken Baker Orchestra.
7:30-The Shadow.
7:45-News.
8:15-Alvito Rey Orchestra and King Sisters.
8:30-Moonlight Melodies.
8:45-Twilight Trails.
9:00-Newspaper of the Air.
9:15-Streamliners.
9:30-Boating Matches.
10:30-Spike Featherstone LaConga orchestra.
10:45-Skinny Ernie Orchestra.
11:00-Tomorrow's News.
11:15-Sterling Young Orchestra.
11:30-Six Hits and a Miss.
11:45-Midnight Melody.

KSL-THURSDAY-1160 Ks.

6:30-Musical Clock.
7:00-Family Altar Hour.
7:30-Originalities.
7:45-The Revelers.
8:00-Financial Service.
8:15-Young Dr. Malone.
8:30-Dr. Brook.
8:45-Christian Science Program.
8:59-Arlington Time Signal.
9:00-Eugene Conley, Tenor.
9:15-Health Club.
9:30-National News and Home.
10:15-Home Institute.
10:30-News.
10:45-Homely Hop.
11:00-School Symphony.
11:15-Musical Chats.
12:00-News.
12:15-Market Reports.
12:30-Home P. Poll.
12:30-US Dept. of Agriculture.
12:45-Between the Bookends.
1:00-The Great House.
1:30-Medicine in the News.
1:55-Irma Gird, Organist.
2:00-Crystal.
2:15-Financial and Grain Reports.
2:25-Meadowbrook Orchestra.
2:30-Frank Watkins.
2:45-Denning Sisters.
3:00-Portland on Parade.
3:15-Musical Bits.
3:25-News.
3:45-Hotel Edison Orchestra.
3:55-L. J. Abner.
4:00-Mr. N. Shody.
4:15-Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
4:30-Kathleen Connelly Presents.
4:35-Harry Kogon Orchestra.
4:50-Bud Barton.
5:10-Tom Mix.
5:30-Strings at Sundown.
5:45-Green Horns.
6:30-America's Town Meeting.
6:45-News.
6:55-International Theatre Orchestra.
7:00-Adventures in Photography.
7:00-Beyond Reasonable Doubt.
7:30-Hunter.
10:30-Varieties.
10:55-Bal Tabarin Orchestra.
11:00-This Moving World.

KOW-THURSDAY-620 Ks.

6:30-Musical Serenade.
7:00-News.
7:15-Trail Blazers.
7:45-Sam Hayes.
8:00-Vivienne Ensemble.
8:15-News of Today.
8:30-Against the Storm.
8:45-Guiding Light.
9:00-Strings on Time Signal.
9:15-News of Today.
9:15-The O'Neill.
9:30-Talk-Dr. C. J. McCombs.
9:45-George Griffin, Baritone.
10:00-Benny Walker's Kitchen.
10:30-Meet Miss Julia.
10:45-Dr. Kate.
11:00-Ruby and Bob.
11:15-Arnold Grimm's Daughter.

Helsinki Hospital Blazes After Red Bombing



This burning hospital, center in Helsinki, Finland, was set ablaze when Russian warplanes raided the Finnish capital on Josef Stalin's 60th birthday. Most of the patients had been evacuated before the air attack.