

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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He Started It a Century Ago—II

What sort of man was this Jason Lee who founded Salem? This Jason Lee whose name is familiar, whose personality so vague in the minds of his present-day successors?

He was descended from sturdy Old England and New England stock. His father fought in the Revolutionary war. Jason Lee was born June 27 or 28, 1803—his gravestone in the Lee Mission cemetery here gives the former date, his diary the latter—on a homestead near what is now Stanstead, Quebec, just across the line from Vermont. At that time the boundary had not been definitely established; the Lees considered themselves Vermonters and no doubt assumed that their home was in that state.

Youngest of 15 children, Jason Lee received a limited elementary education in the Stanstead village school and at age 13 was self-supporting. Years later in defending his stewardship in the Oregon mission before the Methodist mission board, he recalled that he "was brought up to hard work," had "managed gangs of men before he was converted" and "had seen the day when he could chop a cord of sugar maple wood in two hours."

The conversion he mentioned occurred in 1826, at age 23, after he had already been making his own way in the world for a decade. His preparation for the ministry at Wilbraham academy did not commence until he was 26.

A composite description of his personal appearance, gleaned from various sources quoted in Dr. Cornelius J. Brosnan's "Jason Lee, Prophet of the New Oregon," follows:

Jason Lee was a large, athletic young man, six feet and three inches in height, with a fully developed frame and a constitution like iron... slightly stooping, and rather slow and awkward in his movements; of light complexion, thin lips closely shut, prominent nose, and rather massive jaws; eyes of superlative spiritualistic blue; high, retreating forehead... somewhat long hair pushed back, and giving to the top stern but positively marked features of an elegant and refined aspect; and withal a stomach like that of an ostrich, which could digest anything.

When Jason Lee first migrated west it was in the entourage of Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, whom Lee presently discovered to be "a perfect infidel." He likewise remarked that the party in general was "the most profane company I think that I was ever in." Yet there is evidence that Lee was respected by and popular with this rough band of mountaineers. John K. Townsend, ornithologist accompanying the Wyeth party, who wrote the most complete narrative of this expedition, observed:

Mr. Lee is a great favorite with the men, deservedly so, and there are probably few persons to whose preaching they would have listened with so much complaisance. I have often been amused by Mr. L's manner of reproving them for the coarseness and profanity of expression which is so universal amongst them. The reproof, though decided, clear, and strong, is always characterized by the mildness and affectionate manner peculiar to the man; and although the good effect of the advice may not be discernible, yet it is always treated with respect, and its utility acknowledged.

From the various accounts of the first Protestant religious meeting conducted in the Pacific Northwest, at Fort Hall before a congregation of 30 white men—the combined Wyeth and Thomas McKay parties—and 30 Indians, a similar impression may be gained. Townsend wrote that "the people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues... although they could not understand a word that was said..." After the service the Indians indulged in a series of horse races and one was killed; next day Lee also conducted the first Protestant funeral service in the region. He wrote: "Read the funeral service to all of both companies, who appeared very solemn. O that they would remember this, that they would think on their latter end."

Such was Jason Lee; a sincere and inspired man of God, yet a man among men, scarcely typical of the other-worldly ministry of the period; one able to appraise the merits even of the Godless men of the region and to command their respect; a pioneer himself, able to hold up his end in the rough labor that conquest of the wilderness required. It is not to be wondered at that though his ministry to the Indians brought little permanent gain—for reasons beyond his control, which will be described later—he wrought mightily in his unexpected role of empire builder.

The End of Doubt

"Perhaps it will come tonight. Perhaps it will come next week. Perhaps it will never come."

These were the words of Prime Minister Churchill to Parliament and his nation when he referred to the Battle of Britain which he anticipated even as the last wounded British soldiers were being removed from the Flanders beaches under a rain of bombs and machine gun fire. France had fallen, British troops had come back from the Continent with their spirit undimmed, but their positions wholly lost. The war had to continue, and it could only continue in Britain.

The attack did not come that night, nor that week, nor even the next week. But now it has been long promised, and is long overdue; so long overdue, in fact, that Herr Hitler himself had to go through the pretense, last week, of making one last offer of what he rather humorously calls "peace." Yesterday he received his answer from Lord Halifax himself, the British minister of foreign affairs and erstwhile appeaser.

The noble lord repeated for perhaps the last time the view which Britain has consistently held during the period of the conflict, and which it continues to hold. "We will not stop until freedom for ourselves and others is assured," he said, and denied that Britain would ever "accept this new world of Hitler's." He flung, in short, Hitler's own words into that worthy's teeth.

But having done so he erased all shadow of doubt that the Battle of Britain will be long in coming. Hitler has spoken too much of his preparations, his Italian press lackeys and his own good, deceitful comrades in his own propaganda ministry have written too long and too dogmatically on the theme of the British invasion for him ever to call off the battle without fighting it. His loss in what the Japanese call "face" and the dictators "prestige" would be far too immense, and there would still be England lying across the Channel, with her fleet and her growing air force, threatening the new order of things on the Continent, just as she frowned on Napoleon a century and a quarter ago.

And so, that Hitler's face may be saved and the glory of the great reich of the Nazis made a permanent thing, the attack must come. There are only Shakespeare's words to quote: "Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them."

Age and the Traffic Menace

Eloquent illustration of the gravity of Portland's traffic safety problem appeared on the front page of The Sunday Oregonian's magazine section; an array of 36 red crosses representing the gravestones of as many persons killed by motor traffic in the first six months of 1940.

Unmentioned in the article below the drawing—perhaps because it is devoted to a description of the new organization formed to combat this menace, rather than to the record itself—is the startling fact that 24 out of the 36 persons fatally injured were pedestrians, and that not one of these 24 was under 50 years of age.

Six were in their fifties, eight were in the sixties, four were in the seventies and six were over 80 years of age.

As was pointed out in a recent release from Secretary of State Earl Snell's traffic safety division, the preponderance of pedestrian deaths among persons who have passed middle life is not explained exclusively by their lack of agility in getting out of the way of moving vehicles. Snell's records reveal that it is not so much a case of more elderly persons being struck, as it is of more such persons dying from their injuries. Greater susceptibility to shock, lesser recuperative powers of mature bone and tissue—these are important factors in the record of a preponderance of elderly persons among the pedestrian fatalities.

These factors afford no comfort, no solution of the problem; yet they do point to one other conclusion. Because of the preponderance of elderly pedestrian deaths, we have been inclined to blame these non-agile and sometimes insufficiently alert persons for the accidents. If it is principally true that more elderly persons die from injuries, rather than that more of them are injured, it tends to throw the responsibility to a greater extent back upon the motorist. Yet there is no hard-and-fast rule. All that can be said for sure is that in the great majority of cases, greater caution upon the part of one or both parties would have prevented the accident.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Man who has visited every capitol in Oregon pictures of capitols:

Coming to the desk of this writer from Walter Lewis Zorn, Monroe, Michigan, under date of July 16, 1940, is this letter: "I was in Salem June 11, and phoned you about pictures of the Nesmith-Smith and Rector buildings used by the Oregon legislature. I could not wait till you returned to the Statesman office, and so left 3c for postage for reply, but haven't heard from you."

"I have now been in the capitol of every state and province in the United States and Canada, and one in Mexico, and would like to complete my hobby collection of capitol pictures—past and present ones."

"So will you please tell me the book, pamphlet, or newspaper, and the page which shows pictures of these two buildings?"

"Then I can write the Library of Congress for photostats (25c.) If they are your private property I wish you would loan them to me to have the photostats made, and then I'd return them to you, and also the postage and insurance charges."

"Would you please fill in the dates and include any corrections in the following:"

"The first territorial legislature met in Oregon City in 7 in 1851 they met in the basement of the Oregon Institute in Salem, in 1853 the legislature met in the Nesmith-Smith and Rector buildings in Salem."

"In 1854 they met in the new statehouse although it wasn't finished. From December 3, 1855, to December 18, it met in Corvallis. From December 18, till it burned December 29 the legislature met in the new statehouse. The legislature then met again in the Rector building. In 7 and until 1876 the legislature met in the Holman building. Thank you very much."

Answering the above questions and commenting on the above statements:

This columnist received the phone message mentioned, and the letter, and three pennies. Other questions in the phone conversation, and Mr. Zorn was informed that it was not likely that there is yet extant a picture of either the Nesmith-Smith building or the Rector building.

Filling in answers to the other questions: The territorial legislature (called session by Governor Lane) met for the first time at Oregon City, convening July 16, 1851.

The legislature at its first session having neglected its duty of fixing the place for the capitol, it met in regular session at Oregon City the first Monday in December, 1850. That was its second session. At that session, Jan. 13, 1851, that legislature completed the enactment of a law fixing the capitol at Salem.

The third session, therefore, convened in Salem the first Monday of December, 1851, in the basement rooms of the Oregon Institute.

So did the fourth, in the same rooms, with one committee room added, and apartments provided. And, on Jan. 13, 1852, a law was completed by that body chartering the Willamette University, which had been founded as the Oregon Institute. Probably there has never been another institution of higher learning chartered and christened in its own building.

The fifth session, territorial legislature, was held, 1st Monday in December, 1853, in the house in the Nesmith-Smith building, the session in the Rector building. These buildings were in the same block, Nesmith-Smith northeast corner Trade and Front, Rector next south of present Statesman building.

Yes, the 6th session, 1854, was in the new partly finished territorial capitol (where its two successors have stood), beginning the first Monday in December. That session voted the capitol to Corvallis.

So the 7th session was organized in Corvallis Dec. 3, 1855. The first bill, introduced on the 6th, became a law on the 12th, changing the capitol back to Salem; and the body was back and doing business in the then nearly finished capitol on the 13th, which was Late Saturday night, Dec. 29, that building was destroyed by an incendiary fire. That (1855-6) legislature finished its work in the Rector building.

So did the 8th, in the 1856-7 session. The 9th session, 1858-9, was held in the then newly completed Holman building. So were all following sessions, territorial and state, up to the state legislature of 1876, when rooms in the new

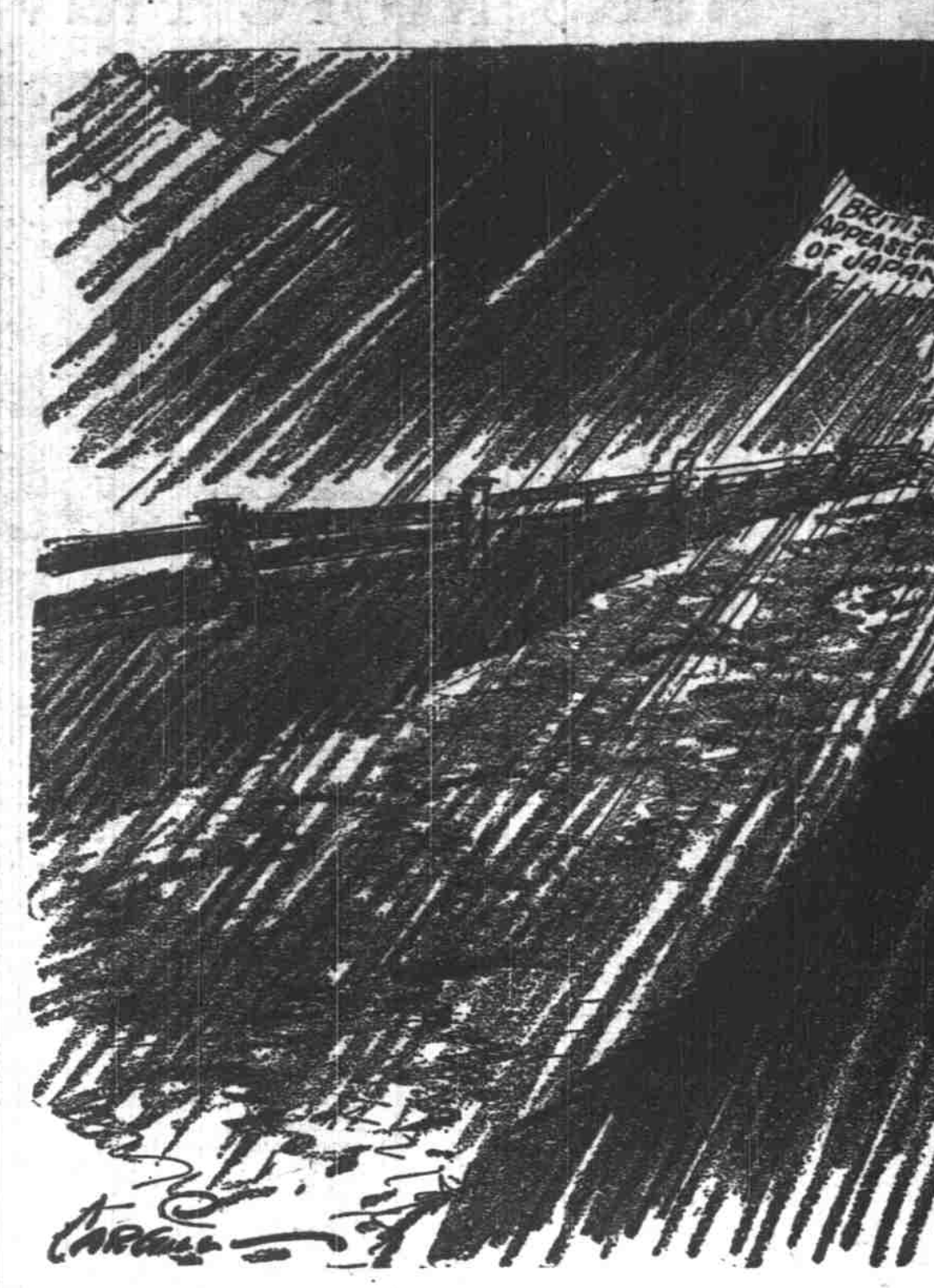
capitol were used—the state capitol that burned April 25-5, 1855. The provisional government of Oregon, and the territorial and state governments, have had many capitols: beginning away back on Feb. 18, 1841, when Dr. I. L. Babcock, with a chief officer's prerogatives, had his office (up to 1846) in the hospital of the (old) Lee mission.

This writer is an ordinary columnist; has no public authority or employment; is glad, however, to help even hobbyists, the same as any other citizen ought to be.

The Nesmith-Wilson building went the way of all outdated structures long ago. The Rector building burned the night of June 3, 1855. It had deteriorated into (or was it graduated up to?) a Chinese wash house. It had been erected as a sort of old time town hall.

Important work was done in some of them—for instance the framing of Oregon's fundamental laws, which were taken to California by her first governor (Barnett), and became also that state's first laws.

Rainy Season on the Burma Road



"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

Chapter 86 The chief inspector looked up quickly. "You don't think Melhorne had a hand in the killings?" "No. That was Hart's assignment, with Zora as a willing assistant. Stag can get plenty tough when he wants to, but he's not essentially cruel. The speaker hesitated, glanced down at the police on guard below. "My first faint suspicions took shape when, on Phillips' yacht, I watched Hart deliberately pull the legs off a beetle. Later I watched Zora look at a certain mummy in Ladd's collection—the one of the woman who was buried alive. Suppose we try to find out what's happened to Bruce Kilgour?"

North and Clive approached Major Richardson, talking to, of all people, that sardonic individual known as M. Levasseur. The Frenchman advanced, a smile on his sallow features. "Please accept my congratulations, Captain. So skillfully have you played your part I was quite taken in. In fact it is as well I followed you to Port-Said, heint? Our arrival here has not been entirely unfortunate, perhaps?"

In answer to Hugh North's look of surprise, Major Richardson explained that M. Levasseur, far from being a dealer in illegal munitions, was a colonial of the Deuxieme Bureau—French Army Intelligence and an amateur Egyptologist of some repute. He had been assigned to follow Follonabee from Marseilles because Syria was dangerously close to the contagion of insurrection.

"You shadowed me?" North grinned. "Congratulations. I never guessed it—was on the lookout, too. Where'd you get the police?"

From the station at Et-Tef-feh. I showed my credentials and Monsieur the Inspector there lends me a car, not very willing, but he lends it. He turned. "Our friend le docteur Ladd is past help?" Richardson nodded. "I've done everything I can, but he's shot through the stomach—it's a question of minutes."

"Good lord man, why didn't you say so!" North wheeled and flung himself onto his knees. "Ladd, listen, you've got to hear me! Is Kilgour still alive?" North demanded in an agony of suspense. "The lips had trouble in forming the word, 'Maybe.'"

"At—at—Hart—Melhorne—" Even as the man from G-2 bent lower to catch the words, faint as the scraping of a feather over silk, Dr. Ladd drew a slow, shuddering breath which, in escaping, blew out the last spark of his life.

"He's Armstrong all right," Richardson began, pointing to a small suitcase which lay near by. "He was all ready to pay off. That's full of pounds sterling, easily."

"To blades with that!" North was towering over Hart. He knew his subject and spoke accordingly. "Where's Kilgour? Speak up, or I'll begin by kicking out your teeth with my heel!"

When, slow and forbidding, North bent his leg as if to carry out the threat, Hart uttered a shrill squeak. "Don't hurt me! Don't hurt me, please!"

Capt'n, I'll sing," he chattered. "It was Melhorne who took him for a ride two nights back. Took him somewhere downriver."

A plaintive note entered Hart's speech. "That moll of Melhorne's talked the boss into let—letting Stag handle Kilgour." He struggled up on one elbow, venomous again. "Say, I'll bet that dizzy dame is at the bottom of this pinch!"

Somehow it came home to North that Hart was telling the truth. In his mind he groped frantically, then perceived that one sure pointer, Melhorne! But where was Melhorne? "I'm borrowing the staff car," North told Clive and hurried down the battered steps three at a stride.

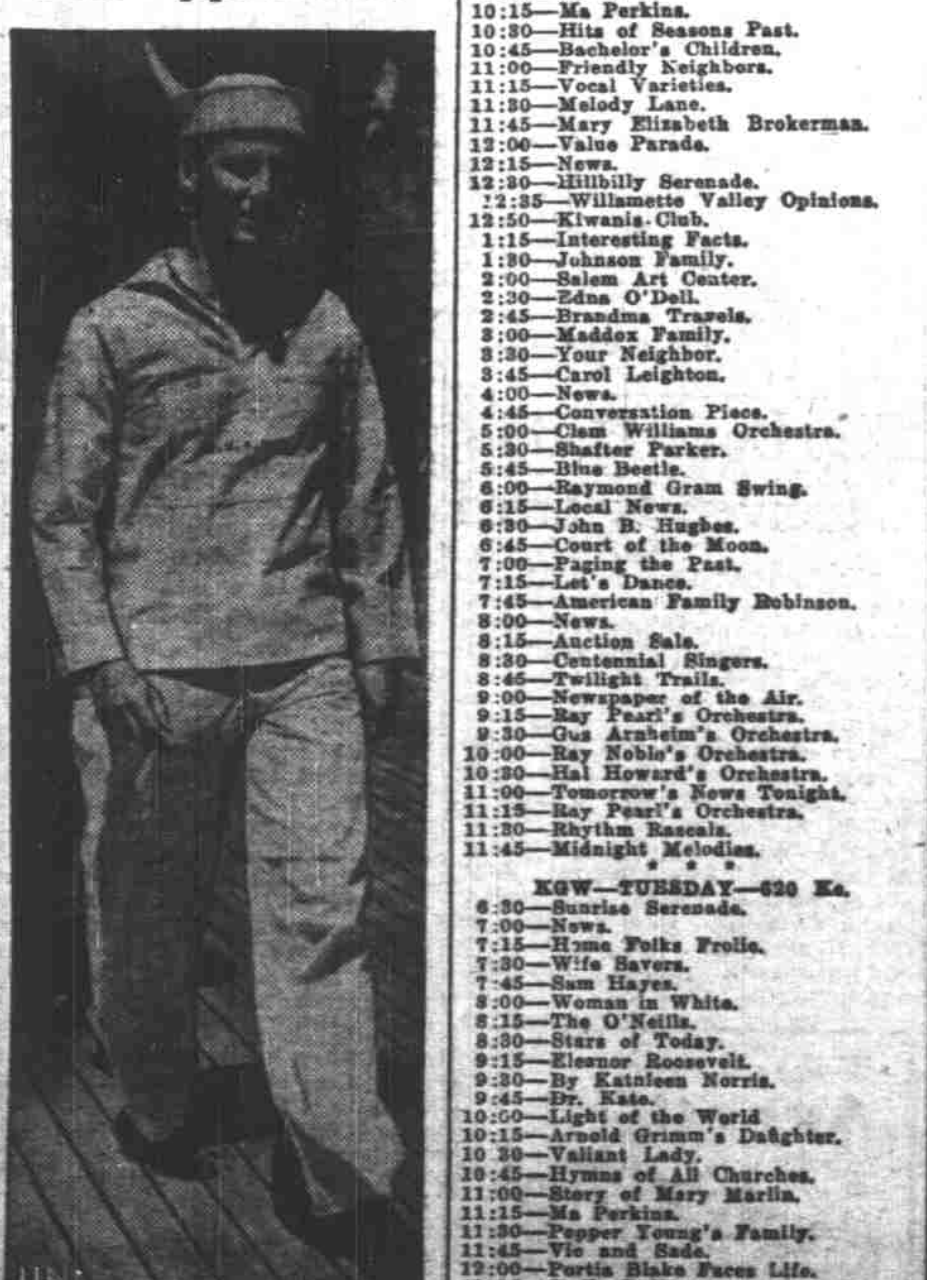
(To Be Continued)

Fire Causes \$6500 Damage, Portland

PORTLAND, July 22.—(AP)—A grocery store and an adjoining jewelry shop were damaged by fire today. Loss was estimated at \$6500 by Fire Investigator William Goetz.

The fire started in the stock room of Alberts food store and rurned through a partition to Dillon Rogers jewelry shop.

Sea Apprentice



Robert Morgenthau, son of the secretary of the treasury, is pictured above wearing his uniform as an apprentice seaman aboard the U. S. S. Wyoming. He is one of 400 young men aboard the vessel, part of the plan to train 6,000 naval reserve seamen annually.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, July 22.—

A public tendency to be patient with the national defense commission is being encouraged by a group of national leaders. I think this is the most dangerous kindness that could befall this country. Britain was patient. France was patient. This is our test. Mr. Roosevelt has already publicly claimed to have noted some fascist tendencies developing in this country. He may only have been talking politically. Certainly the thoughts emanating from the leading minds in this country were never more unified in the eagerness for democracy. No fifth columnists are noticeable in high places in any formidable political movements. This country clearly intends to make democracy work.

But in these round table discussions on the radio, in dinner conversations, and even in some writings, vague initial lines of thought are being suggested in the groove toward totalitarianism. Most of them it appears to be unwittingly done. For instance, intellectuals no more publicly discuss whether Hamilton was not right in his strong federalist position which the Jeffersonian leaders declined to let this country follow. In other words the mental leap back to Hamiltonianism which would have been an unmentionable jump a few months ago is now considered a possible casual sidestep.

In my equally casual opinion the only plausible development that could throw the United States into further fascism—than its stronger centralized government at the expense of individual liberty—would be the failure of the rearmament program. It might be a human failure, not the failure of democracy, but democracy would suffer. Physical difficulties in the way of the program are extremely formidable. The Ford-Packard experience is one of the obvious, publicly understood examples. Skilled labor, financial aid, lack of adequate earlier preparation, politics, or any number of other difficulties have arisen in some degree or other to some phase, important or unimportant.

Popular opinion is not apt to be satisfied with anything less than results. The problem is admittedly so grave an involvement of our world position that failure or delay in this one effort could easily destroy major democratic advances of one hundred fifty years.

It may make no difference whether Hitler ever is to attack or defeat us. The time limit against which we are working is not the day of prospective conquest, but the day when our world position may be challenged in any form. If we fail to make ourselves impregnable, we will have lost our status as a world power, and with it the superior standard of living of our people. Patience with the national defense commission now, therefore, is courting disaster.

The obligation of labor leaders in this crisis is no less vital. The experience in France has impressed all those who study government from within or without here of the necessity of wise labor leadership.

Labor must avoid not only the responsibility but the appearance of responsibility for any failures in this program. The sit-down strike originated in France. With it came the 30-hour week, later gradually increased through necessity of producing the goods to sustain the country. But when the time came for arming the country for the

mutual safety of both free employer and free employee, the corruption of the economic system by personal greed on both sides, thwarted the effort and brought them both to their present subservient status.

The failure of France was not a failure of democracy but of the calibre of the people who were in control of that democracy. It was a human failure traceable to the human instinct for self-care among employers and workers at the expense of their well-being and that of the nation. They, not Hitler, really killed democracy in France.

A bitter mud-slinging presidential campaign in this country might help the cause of fascism too. Exhibitions of the lower tricks of political deception will tend to weaken confidence in democracy. No form of government can be more sound, fair, just or sincere than the political leaders who operate it. We will make democracy work.

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Dives Fully-Clothed To Capture Sunfish

ASTORIA, July 22.—(AP)—Mrs. Ed Cole of Astoria brought in a sunfish yesterday, but only after diving into the ocean fully clothed. Her husband shot the fish a quarter-mile off Sunset beach as it basked on the ocean's surface. Mrs. Cole dove from a 15-foot canvas boat and brought it in.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

T.R.—The English privet used for hedges is Ligustrum Vulgare. It has white flowers and black berries. The leaves are a bluish green and the plants adapt themselves to a wide range of soil and exposure. This plant withstands frequent or severe clipping which tends to result in the production of a more dense growth.

Another species of privet which is very attractive and which should be comparatively hardy here is the California privet (Ligustrum ovalifolium).

A cross of Ligustrum Itoia and Ligustrum ovalifolium is the Ligustrum Itoia, and is very useful for hedges. Its foliage is very dense.

The Amur privet (Ligustrum amurense) is a native of north China and extremely hardy. Its erect growth habit, rapid growth and hardness have combined to make it quite popular for hedge planting. It withstands any amount of trimming and shearing and it is good where a tall narrow hedge is desired. Its foliage is light green and is not quite as attractive as the foliage of some of the other species.

B.S.—From your description, I should say that red spider was attacking your plants. Dust with sulphur dust. You may have to repeat it a number of times. Red spider is most destructive during dry hot weather.

P.J.—The past week, with its warm weather and intermittent showers, brought out considerable mildew. Sulphur dust if used consistently will control mildew. So will Bordeaux. Copper oxide sprays have been very effective in the control of mildew in the commercial onion fields in Oregon.

To kill the so called fairy ring in lawns use a mercuric chloride compound. Spray and garden stores carry this under a variety of trade names. Corrosive sublimate is advised to check the brown spot fungus in lawns.

Radio Programs

Table listing radio programs across various stations (KMLN, KEK, KOAO, KOIN, KBOA) with times and program titles.