

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1861

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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Boom Town

One cursory glance at the congested traffic on Portland's "main drag" wouldn't be conclusive. There have been crowds in Portland before, on such occasions as big football games or the Rose Festival or the national American Legion convention some years ago. Last weekend there was a football game of sorts and it could have been that.

But it wasn't that, you'd discover by sticking around for parts of three days and noting that the bigger, more popular restaurants were crowded not just occasionally but at most all hours, that the traffic was almost continuously heavy, that regular patrons registered at hotels but couldn't get rooms until near midnight while strangers without reservations were turned away; and that a theatre showing a picture which had been seen in Salem three weeks ago, had a boxoffice lineup a block long—at noon on Sunday!

Yes, Portland is a boom town. Its population has increased about 20 per cent, its activity more than that because people living in Salem or even farther away are working in Portland and spending some of their time—and money—there, and the city attracts an infinitely larger number of business travelers.

Why Portland is a boom town, we also found time to see, including that ten-day Victory ship and the launching of another whose 35 days from keel to launching would have been a worldwide sensation six months ago—but more of that later. You know about it already, though getting into those shipyards without a helmet is normally quite a chore and a lot of Portland's permanent residents have been no nearer than the gate.

Well, you know about western boom towns of the past, from the movies if not from experience. There was hustle and confusion and usually some dirt and disorder, not to mention free-flowing money and lawlessness and vice.

Does Portland have all those things? This boom town was already quite a village before the "gold rush" started; rather a staid, decorous settlement with many churches and a pretty fair police department. If boom town conditions like those of the past have developed, you can be sure it is a painful matter to the natives.

Reading between the lines of some soothing Oregon Journal editorials, we suspected that permanent Portlanders were in some pain, no matter what the cause. Getting about among them, our suspicions were confirmed. They were saying it was just terrible, the crowds on the streets and buses, the heavy traffic, the congestion of additional families in old established neighborhoods, the inability to obtain service in stores and restaurants, the "standing room only" signs in favorite theatres—and especially, all those new and strange people from "elsewhere." A person didn't dare any longer to open the door when someone rang the bell, but must first turn on the porch light and see if it was a friend or a stranger; and as for the children, one didn't dare let them out of the house without a dependable adult escort.

It was just terrible—especially all those new people with overalls and dirty faces, and the great increase in the negro population. And as for those 20,000 hoodlums they were bringing in from New York and New Jersey—they were bound to be hoodlums, which is perhaps what New York and New Jersey people would think if 20,000 Portlanders were to be shipped into their midst—it was just too awful to think about.

"It's a shame. There's no need of it. There's enough people here already to fill those jobs; look at all the idle men sitting in the park." No thought that perhaps those people sitting in the park were already employed workers off shift—and perhaps with no other place to rest, or even to sleep!

Yes, Portland has growing pains. The old timers don't like it, especially those who can't adapt themselves to change. Actually we didn't see any disorder or anyone acting in unbecomingly fashion, and we doubt if the incident of crime has increased much more than the population. Certainly most of those strange "new people" were reputable citizens back where they came from. Being a stranger too, we didn't mind them at all. Portland had changed, but not necessarily for the worse—if you didn't mind standing up in a bus, and had a place to lay your head at night. One of the noticeable changes had a "backward, turn backward" angle. The penny arcades are running again. But as you might suspect, you don't get as much for a penny as you did thirty years ago.

Willkie and the Second Front

The attention Wendell Willkie, private citizen through a special representative of the president, has been receiving in Europe, Africa and Asia is one of those things that might have been foreseen in view of his amazing rise as a national figure within a few months in 1940. That man has "it" even when he has to speak through an interpreter and some of his remarks, such as the one about Stalin having "his eye on the ball," have to be interpreted twice.

In Moscow, Willkie declared unequivocally that "we can best help our heroic Russian ally by establishing a second front," that "we must not fall them" and that "next summer may be too late." The question arises—just what is the score? Was Willkie speaking as Wendell Willkie, a forthright individual who has been known to speak rashly though with sincerity or now—or was he speaking advisedly as the president's special representative? And if the latter, again—what's the score?

Putting two and two together, we incline to the view that Willkie did speak advisedly and with the president's advance or tacit approval. Wherever that declaration was heard, it couldn't fail to do our side some good and the enemy no good. It must have bucked up the Russians, who have been clamoring for a second front and treating English-speaking persons in their midst coolly because there was none. It could have had no effect in Germany—wherever it was permitted to be heard—than to increase the invasion jitters. A part of the simple arithmetical sum we mentioned a moment ago, is that it coincided with some other second front gestures.

And even yet there is a question—how much was behind it? Willkie didn't say there would be a second front; he merely said there should be one. Still, there was encouragement in the second front

advocates; the liberals in England jumped right on the boat. If Willkie spoke with Roosevelt approval, it could hardly have been a wholly empty remark, for renewed clamor would in that case be embarrassing.

In our opinion, it actually forecast a second front—maybe not right-away, but long before next summer.

Thirty Five Mile Limit

Evolution, in the item of automotive speeds, is reversing itself. Right now it is back approximately to the level of 1922; it may keep on reversing until the 19 mph limit enforced in some communities circa 1902 is reached.

In so far as the so-called "pleasure car" is concerned, this new 35-mile limit is quite proper, both from the standpoint of rubber conservation and that of gasoline conservation, which most assuredly will be an item gas cards are universally required.

But—the drop from 40 to 35 will have this effect upon trucks, busses and other commercial cars; it will reduce their speed to a point at which more vehicles and more drivers will be required; it will increase the demand for those already scarce items. If it could just be arranged—without encountering a hostile, uncomprehending public opinion—it would be helpful to permit these vehicles to continue at a 40-mile clip while restraining the private passenger cars to 35.

One of the things you hear about if you get around: The junior hostesses are getting a bang out of the 104th division's designation as the "Timber Wolves" because it gives them a chance to "step out with a wolf" without necessarily encountering the perils usually implied.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Sept. 28—If you put two and two together about Myron Taylor's visit to the Vatican, you are apt to get more than is justified.

Strangest thing about the little noticed event is that this emissary of Mr. Roosevelt is the only man of the United Nations who has gone through enemy lines in this war. Past precedents against such a concession by Mussolini (who is held up by Hitler) are almost unanimous.

The official explanation here is that the Vatican desired to see Mr. Taylor. Insistence that he be granted safe conduct through Italy came upon Mussolini from that source.

It seems the British, French and other anti-axis nations have had men already lodged on the neutral grounds of Vatican city, since the start of the war. There was no necessity for the extreme measure of arranging safe passage for them.

The natural implication of this event is that a new peace plan is in the making. But the detached tone assumed by Washington officials also makes it quite plain that peace is not seriously considered, even as a remote possibility here.

Semi-official Washington says the Vatican conferences concern the handling of Jewish refugees, now being persecuted by Laval, and any peace phase of the conference must therefore be vague and inconsequential, although the Vatican will get from Mr. Taylor an understanding of our war aims.

Other small feather from that dove, however, can be seen floating down in European air.

A Nazi general broadcast this week (their tongues all work on strings from Hitler's headquarters) that the Russian soldier was an excellent fighting man and implied victory over the Russian spirit could not be expected (up to then, the Nazis had been calling their enemies savages and promised extinction).

Also, a Moscow newspaper turned on British and American statesmen this week for the first time since our aid started. While Mr. Willkie was cooling his heels a few days waiting to see Stalin, this newspaper (the red press, unlike ours, also works on official strings) accused conservatives in the British and American governments of desiring to see the communists fall, and said this is why the second front had been delayed.

These sudden, if still feeble, wisps of news are interesting, but appear to be more in the nature of diplomatic sound-bites than sincere peace floaters. No doubt exists Hitler and Mussolini want a peace based on our existing unfavorable military situation. Von Ribbentrop is supposed to be working on it.

But any separate peace by Moscow could only mean extinction of the Russian communist state in the end (look at France). Moscow may be drawing the Nazis out on that subject, but cannot be planning suicide.

We are in the same boat as the Russians. You cannot make peace with an enemy who challenges your national civilization. Peace can come for us only through victory or defeat.

Bill Green and Phil Murray have been fraternizing like two long lost cousins, but don't hold your breath until that peace arrives either.

The peculiar makeup of the peace committee is causing labor wise men to lay heavy odds that CIO and AFL will be apart for a long time to come. Not a single representative of a union in competition is on the committee.

The AFL committee is made up of Harry Bates of the bricklayers, Dan Tobin of the teamsters, and Bill Hutchings of the carpenters, all in the building trades, and all free or CIO competition since the effort of John Lewis, brother to invade that field.

On the CIO side are Philip Murray, president, R. J. Thomas of the auto workers, Julius Enpach of the electrical workers, whose unions are equally safe from AFL competition.

Absent from the peace committee are the aircraft workers, machinists, moulders, sheet metal workers and the smaller lines in which jurisdictional competition is most active.

Anyway, the committee will not meet until November 1, after the conventions, and if it finds a formula for jurisdictional disputes, this will have to be ratified by the other unions in both major bodies before peace can be effected.



'Thirty Days Hath September!'

Radio Programs

KSLM—TUESDAY—1390 Kc.
6:45—Rise 'n' Shine.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:30—News.
7:45—Your Gospel Program.
8:00—Bert Hirsch Novelties Band.
8:30—News Briefings.
8:50—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Music—A La Carter.
9:30—Popular Music.
9:45—To the Ladies.
10:00—World in Review.
10:15—Jimmy Cash, Tenor.
10:30—Women in the News.
10:35—Langworth Hillbillies.
11:00—Music to Remember.
11:30—Hits of Yesterday.
12:15—News.
12:30—Billboard Serenade.
12:45—Willamette Valley Opinions
1:00—Lum 'n' Abner.
1:15—Johnny Long Orchestra.
1:30—Mildred Melodist.
2:00—Isle of Paradise.
2:15—Salem Art & Recreation
2:30—Sing Song Time.
2:45—Tune Tabloid.
3:00—Living Art House.
4:00—Harry Owens Orchestra.
4:15—News.
4:30—Rehearsal Tunes.
5:00—American Folk Singers.
5:15—Let's Reminisce.
5:30—Breakfast Bulletin.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—War Commentary.
6:30—The Country Club.
6:45—Popular Music.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:15—Young Red & Buddy Cole.
7:30—Sheep Fields Orchestra.
7:45—Willamette Valley Opinions.
8:00—Young Red & Buddy Cole.
8:30—War Fronts in Review.
8:45—Musical Interlude.
9:00—You Can't Do Business With Hitler.
9:15—Valiant Years.
9:30—Club Meetings.
9:45—World's Most Honored Music.
10:00—Man Your Battle Stations.
10:15—Old One's House.
10:30—Carl Led. and His Alpine Troubadours.

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any changes noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this service. All radio stations may be cut from this list at any time in the interests of national defense.

6:30—Haven of Rest.
6:45—News.
6:55—Old Songs.
7:00—Society Carter.
7:15—Woman's Side of the News.
7:30—This and That.
7:45—News.
8:00—Dance Time.
8:15—News.
8:30—Women Today.
8:45—Dancers Parade.
9:00—Celtic Foster News.
9:15—Miss Meade's Children.
9:30—Concert Gems.
9:45—News.
10:00—Shady Valley Folk.
10:15—Walter Compton.
10:30—Baseball Roundup.
10:45—New York Racing Season.
11:00—A Man With a Band.
11:15—Don Lee Newsweek Theatre.
11:30—News.
11:45—Phillip Keyne Gordon.
12:00—Baseball Roundup.
12:15—Hello Again.
12:30—Bill Hay Reads the Bible.
12:45—Julian Lewis, Jr.
1:00—Johnson Family.
1:15—News.
1:30—Superman.
1:45—Federal Ace.
2:00—Treasury Star Parade.
2:15—Great Dance Bands.
2:30—Jimmy Allen, U.S.N.
2:45—Movie Parade.
3:00—John B. Hughes.
3:15—Griff Williams Orchestra.
3:30—Music for America.
3:45—QED.
4:00—Breakfast Duff Orchestra.
4:15—Chuck Foster Orchestra.
4:30—News.
4:45—Tom Thumb Theatre.
5:00—John B. Hughes.
5:15—Julian Lewis, Jr.
5:30—Henry King Orchestra.
5:45—Wilson Ames.
6:00—News.
6:15—King & Panell Orchestra.
6:30—Johnny Richards Orchestra.
6:45—Count Basie Orchestra.
7:00—Lionel Hampton Orchestra.
7:15—News.

KOIN—CBS—TUESDAY—970 Kc.
6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
6:30—Texas Rangers.
6:45—Koin Klock.
7:00—Wake Up News.
7:30—Bob Garrod Reporting.
7:45—Nelson Pringle News.
8:00—Consumer News.
8:15—Console Melodies.
8:30—Valiant Lady.
8:45—Young America Loves.
9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
9:15—Big Sister.
9:30—Spotlight on the West.
9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
10:15—Sea Round.
10:30—Vic & Sade.
10:45—The Goldbergs.
11:00—Young De Melones.
11:15—Aunt Jenny.
11:30—We Love & Learn.
11:45—Mary Melody.
12:00—Carnation Bouquet.
12:15—News.
12:30—Ambassador's Children.
1:00—Galen Drake.
1:15—Sam Hayes.
1:30—Living Art House.
1:45—Take It Easy.
2:00—News.
2:15—William Winter.
2:30—Ben Bertie.
2:45—Sheppard's Service.
3:15—News.
3:30—Jerry Wayne, Song.
3:45—Sam Hayes.
4:00—Second Mrs. Burton.
4:15—Wm. Wardle.
4:30—American Melody Hour.
5:00—Newspaper of the Air.

KEX—NBC—TUESDAY—1190 Kc.
6:00—Moments of Melody.
6:15—National Farm and Home.
6:30—Western Agriculture.
6:45—Market News.
7:15—Breakfast Club.
7:30—Hank Lawson's Knights.
7:45—Keep Fit Club With Patty Jean.
8:00—Children in War Time.
8:15—Jimmy Blatz, Singer.
8:30—Breakfast at Serdi's.
8:45—Baukhages Talking.
9:00—Gospel Singer.
9:15—Building News.
9:30—The Geographical Concert.
9:45—Stars of Today.
10:00—Keep Fit Club With Patty Jean.
10:15—News Headlines and Highlights.
10:30—Golden Gate Quartet.
10:45—Market Reports.
11:00—News Headlines and Highlights.
11:15—Club Meetings.
11:30—The Quiet Hour.
11:45—Singing Bulletin.
12:00—House in the Country.
12:30—Stars of Today.
12:45—Kneads With the News.
1:00—Shells Under the Glamour.
1:15—Wartime Periscope.
1:30—Easy Aces.
1:45—Kenne, Tracer.
2:00—Earl Wrighton, Singer.
2:15—Cleo Roberts, News.
2:30—Sea Round.
2:45—Jack Armstrong.
3:00—Dr. R. H. Chang, Commentator.
3:15—Hop Harrigan.
3:30—James Abbe Covers the News.
3:45—Spotlight on the West.
4:00—Molasses in January.
4:15—Air Base Hi Jinks.
4:30—Red Boy.
4:45—Roy Porter, News.
5:00—Lum and Abner.
5:15—Young De Melones.
5:30—Down Memory Lane.
5:45—News Headlines and Highlights.
6:00—Mary Melody.
6:15—This Nation at War.
6:30—Broadway Bandwagon.
6:45—The Violin Hotel Orchestra.
7:00—This Moving World.
7:15—Organ Concert.
7:30—War News Roundup.

KOAC—TUESDAY—550 Kc.
6:00—Review of the Day.
6:15—News.
6:30—The Homemaker's Hour.
6:45—Music of the Masters.
7:00—News.
7:15—Farm Hour.
7:30—Neighborhood Leader Question Box.
7:45—Variety Time.
8:00—Pan American Melody.
8:15—Dancers and Authors.
8:30—The Band Stand.
8:45—Science News.
9:00—Sunshine Serenade.
9:15—U.S. Navy.
9:30—Great Songs.
9:45—News.
10:00—Chamber Music.
10:15—Stories for Boys and Girls.
10:30—With the Old Masters.
10:45—Excursions in Science.
11:00—Evening Vesper Service.
11:15—"The Oregon War."
11:30—News.
11:45—Farm Hour.
12:00—Masterpieces of Literature.
12:15—Concert Hall.
12:30—Monitor Views the News.
12:45—Music of Czechoslovakia.
1:00—Music of the Masters.
1:15—10:00—News.

KWJ—Tuesday—420 Kc.
6:00—Dawn Patrol.
6:30—Show Without a Name.
6:45—Sheppard's Service.
7:00—News Headlines and Highlights.
7:15—Shine of Vienna.
7:30—Sam Hayes.
7:45—Stars of Today.
8:00—James Abbe, News.
8:15—Symphony Swing.
8:30—Litta Hayes.
8:45—Magi Melody.
9:00—Bess Johnson.
9:15—Bachelor's Children.
9:30—Mary Law Taylor.
9:45—News.
10:00—Homemaker's Calendar.
10:15—Dr. Kate.
10:30—Light of the World.
10:45—Lonely Women.
11:00—Guiding Light.
11:15—Hymns of all Churches.
11:30—Story of Mary Mother.
11:45—Ma Perkins.
12:00—Pepper Young's Family.
12:15—Backstage Wife.
12:30—Stella Dallas.
12:45—Young Wilder Brown.
1:00—When a Girl Marries.
1:15—Fanny Lane.
1:30—Just Plain Bill.
1:45—Front Page O'Farrell.
2:00—Vic & Sade.
2:15—Vic & Sade.
2:30—Against the Storm.
2:45—The Stern Sports.
3:00—News.
3:15—The Personality Hour.
3:30—The Golden Hour.
3:45—Stars of Today.
4:00—Navy Chat.
4:15—The Violin Hotel.
4:30—Bill Henry, News.
4:45—Battle of the Seas.
5:00—Wilson Stewart.
5:15—Bob Hope.
5:30—Red Shells.
5:45—Sally Drayton in Pleasure Time.
6:00—Sally Drayton by O'Connell.
6:15—Johnny Freeman.
6:30—Adventures of Thin Man.
6:45—Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest.
7:00—News Fishes.
7:15—Your Home Town News.
7:30—Moonlight Sonata.
7:45—Swing Your Partner.
8:00—Billboard Hotel Orchestra.
8:15—News.
8:30—A-S-E-A-S-S-Sing Show.
8:45—News.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor Statesman:
The writer has before him the Wednesday morning, Sept. 23, issue of The Oregon Statesman, which has been forwarded to me by Ralph H. Mitchell, Executive Secretary, General Salvage Section for the State of Oregon.

I am sure with the generous publicity you have given in this all-out effort, and with the program, as set forth in this particular issue of The Statesman, that Salem and Marion county are going to go well over the top in gathering together the salvage materials which are so badly needed.

I wish to thank you personally for your efforts at this time and for future efforts which I know will be forthcoming from The Statesman.

Cordially,
C. I. SERSSANOUS,
Chairman Oregon State Salvage Committee,
General Salvage Section Conservation Division—WPB.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

S. N. asks for information on Wistaria culture.

Answer: In planting, dig out enough soil to make a large hole and fill this with 1/2 rich garden loam to which about one-third old, well-rotted manure has been added. Mix this thoroughly before setting the plant and then pack well around the roots. Give the vine plenty of water for the first two years especially. This will make considerable difference on the rapidly with which it comes into flower. The young vines will have to be supported for a year or so. The vine has no tendrils and will flop down at first if not tied up. After a couple of seasons it will look after its own climbing. It is very necessary to get a good variety from the nurseryman.

Mrs. S. N. did not say whether she was interested in the culture of a new plant or of an old one.

If hers is an old one which has failed to bloom recently and did bloom at sometime, the cause of failure may be due to one of three things: Pruning too much root growth or lack of water. Also a mulch of rich manure each autumn does help. If the long scraggly growth is headed back each summer your flowers will be much finer and more plentiful. In fact if this is done, then you are apt to have wistaria bloom much of the summer.

Random Harvest

By JAMES HILTON

Chapter 39 Continued

"We're going on to Rocky next week. More chances in a place like that, maybe."
"I darsay I'll get something somewhere."

"And you feel better?"
"Oh yes—fine."
The call boy shouted through the door, "Five minutes, miss."
"That means I've only got five minutes," She said, then laughed. "I do say intelligent things, don't I?"

He laughed also. "They keep you pretty busy—two shows a night."
"Yes, but this is Saturday, thank heavens. You'd be surprised what a rest Sunday is, even if you spend most of it in trains."

"You leave in the morning?"
"Ten o'clock."
"But it isn't far."
"About three hours. We have a long wait at Bletchley. Somehow that always happens. I seem to have spent days of my life waiting at Bletchley."

"I don't think I know Bletchley."
"Well, you haven't missed much. There's nothing outside the station except a pub that never seems to be open. Lord, what are we talking about Bletchley for? . . . I've got some money of yours, you know that? Or did you forget?"

"No, but."
"Well, I'd better give it back since I'm off in the morning." She began to fumble in her dress. "I carry it about with me—doesn't do to leave fivers lying loose."

"Oh, but you mustn't—"
"Well, you don't think I'm going to keep it, do you?"
"I—I—never thought about it, but—"

"Did you think I was going to keep it?"
"Well—I don't know—it would have been quite fair—after all, you'd done so much—"

"Listen, you little gentleman—I kept it because I thought I'd have to help you again, and I thought you'd feel better if I was spending your own money! But now you are better, thank God, and you don't need my help, so here you are!" She pushed the notes into his pocket.

"I've got to go on again in two minutes, so don't make me angry! You'll need that cash if you're looking for a job. . . . What sort are you looking for?"
"Any kind, really—"

"Outdoor or indoor?"
"I'm not particular about that, provided—well, you know some of the difficulties—"

"You're scared they'll ask you too many questions? What you'd

really like is for someone to stop you in the street and say—"I don't know who you are, or what you've been, and I don't care either, but if you want a job, come with me." Isn't that the ideal?"

He laughed. "Yes, that's exactly the idea, if anyone would."
"You wouldn't mind what the job turned out to be, though?"
"I think I could do anything that I'd have even the faintest chance of getting."

"Figures? Keeping books?"
"Oh yes."
"A bit of talk now and again—even to strangers—in that charming way you have!"
"I wouldn't choose that sort of job, but of course—"

"You mean you're still bothered about meeting people?"
He hesitated. Paula went on: "Well, leave that out. What about a bit of carpentry mixed up with the bookkeeping?"
"Why carpentry?"

"Why not? . . . Back at the intelligent conversation, aren't we?" The call boy knocked again. "Well . . . I suppose it's got to be good-bye till we meet again—unless you want to see the show through twice—you'd be a fool if you did."

"Perhaps I could meet you somewhere afterwards?"
"We always have supper together on Saturday nights—all the company, I mean—it's a sort of regular custom, wherever we are. Of course I could take you as my guest, but there'd be a crowd of strangers." Abruptly her manner changed. "Smithy, would you really come?"

"Do you want me to come?"
"I wouldn't mind a bit, it's what you want that matters. You're free as air now—that's how you always hoped to be. And they can be a rowdy gang sometimes. So please yourself, I'm not inviting you anywhere any more . . . but if you are coming, say so now, then I can tell them."

He felt suddenly bold, challenging, almost truculent. "I'll come, and I don't care how rowdy they are."
She flashed him a smile as she slipped off the dressing gown and put final touches to her make-up. "Number 19, Enderby Road—that's near the cattle market—about 11.30. You don't need to hang around here for me—just go straight to the house at the time. I'll see you there."

The rain had stopped; he took a long walk in the washed evening air, then sat on a seat in the Cathedral Close and smoked cigarettes till the chime of eleven.

(To be continued)

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When what became 9-29-42 Salem was thought under Indian attack; it was only a charivari:

Attending the annual meeting of the Oregon Chin Up club in the Odd Fellows building, Salem, on Sunday afternoon was Wm. A. Sellwood, on the United States Army staff of engineers of Portland.

He is a member of the famous pioneer Sellwood family of Oregon, coming here as Episcopal missionaries in 1856, and taking prominent parts in this state, especially in Salem, Oregon City, Portland, Sellwood, Butteville. A member of that family, James R. W. Sellwood, was the first rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Salem. His son helped start the Oregon City church.

Beth Sellwood's father, in the Lake Labish school district, is a member of that family.

William A. Sellwood, the engineer, remembers well some of the stories of the experiences of the earliest missionary pioneers who came with their 1856 party. They came by way of the Panama route, when the Indians were still more or less wild, and there were massacres of parties preceding, accompanying and following them.

The Sellwoods of close in blood relationship to the engineer, and to the immediate family of Beth, founder of the Chin Up (or Chinup) club, have lately been given a very interesting Salem early day story.

It goes this way: Arriving in the village of Salem in the fall of 1856, they (the Sellwoods) found the Methodist missionaries in charge of the Jason Lee house, first dwelling of whites in what is now Salem, willing to take them; to give them bed and board.

That house still stands, almost as it was erected, in 1841-3, at the present 990 Broadway; rather at what became 990 Broadway, when buildings were first numbered in Salem, many years later.

Near to that first dwelling in what became Salem by 1856, a few others had been erected, one of them next to that first one for white men.

On the evening of the day that the Sellwoods arrived, the story goes, there was a wedding at a house near by. And there was an old fashioned charivari. And

among the noise making things used by the crowd making it unpleasant for the newly-weds was a big gun—of the cannon or near cannon size.

The Sellwoods had been in the edge of an Indian massacre as they crossed the Isthmus of Panama; one of the older members of their party had been badly wounded; so severely that he himself needed a chin-up club.)

When they heard the noise of the charivari, they naturally thought of Indians—of shooting Indians when they heard the noise of the cannon, or big gun.

So they hurried into the cellar or basement of the Lee house (or what had been the Lee house), and remained there, in close confinement, until broad daylight in the morning.

The members of the other families having their places of living in the Lee house, it is said, did not realize the fear of the Sellwoods.

They did not realize that they had experienced so bad a scare—or any scare at all—or they would have informed them of the mistake.

The Sellwoods stirred about early after they heard the other occupants were up, only to become the laughing stock of the neighbors, including the members of the families living there—in—always as many as four families; often more, besides giving