

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing-Editor

Member of the Associated Press

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Ford-Parkes-Stecher, Inc., New York, 211 Madison Ave., Chicago, 260 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business office 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 45 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 45 cents per Mo. or \$4.50 in advance.

By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains, and Newsstands 5 cents.

HEALTH

Today's Talk
By R. S. Copeland, M. D.



In these modern days we put the eye to task calling for a high degree of muscular and nervous effort. People go on without even thinking of giving the eye a rest every few minutes. This is a mistake.

Employers of labor sometimes neglect to provide proper conditions to give the eye comfort in their employments. These precautions, if taken, prevent wear and tear of the eye, organs essential to best efforts on the job.

And on the other hand, many workmen are perfectly reckless with their eyes. Only too often symptoms of eye defect develop and then if they are neglected, serious damage to the vision is sure to result.

The organ of vision is such a delicate structure that when the vision is once lowered it can rarely be restored. The disastrous effect may be from anyone of a number of different causes.

The skilled workman should be allowed frequent rest periods so that the eyesight may be saved. It is a great mistake to work all day long without eye rest except the brief interval of blinking when the eye is for the fraction of a second.

There must be no rule against the workman's urge to take a look away from his work to his neighbor. This eye-rest business is a part of nature's way of preserving the sight.

The wise industrial leader or foreman or physician would do well to have the glaring lights in the work room properly adjusted so that workmen shall have adequate protection from their glare. By rearranging the arrangement of the lights, the irritating glare is removed. By the simple changing of the workman's position the same result may be had.

No matter what the vision record of an individual may have been previously, there comes a time in the life of nearly every man and woman when the eye needs examination and the application of some optical aid. The individual who does any extensive amount of study—reading, needlework, or other work requiring close vision, is sure to feel a declining power of vision around the age of 40 to 50 years. This condition comes from two causes. The first of them is a slight hardening of the crystalline lens situated just back of the pupil of the eye. It does not change its shape or "focus" so readily as it did earlier in life. Second there is a lesser degree of elasticity of the focusing muscles inside the eye. These muscles are continuously acting to reshape the lens so as to make it give good vision at different distances.

When you find you have to push your work or your reading a couple of inches farther off or when the finer lines or markings of your work are seen with effort, then the time has come to have the eyes examined carefully. Properly fitted glasses or spectacles will usually clear up the trouble.

It may be that in two or three years a pair of glasses a little stronger than the others will be needed. And possibly another change in five years time will carry you through life very comfortably. Then probably the eyesight will continue normally useful barring disease and accident.

Answers to Health Queries
A Constant Reader Q.—What diet is advised for a patient troubled with eczema?
A. What can be done for a bad case of constipation?
A.—A simple, well-balanced diet avoiding too many sweets and rich heavy foods. It is also important to keep the system clear.
B. Correct the diet and take more exercise. For further particulars send a self-addressed stamped envelope and request your question.
MRS. H. B. Q.—What is the cause and cure for hembago?
A.—Lembago may be due to some infection, either cold in the system. Application of heat and massage will sometimes give relief.

A Problem For You For Today
If a certain number is multiplied by 24.8, the result is added to the product of the same number divided by 2.48, and 248 is subtracted from the quotient, the result will be zero. What is the number?
Answer to Yesterday's Problem: 21247. 21247 x 24.8 = 526925.6. 21247 / 2.48 = 8567.3387. 526925.6 + 8567.3387 = 535492.9387. 535492.9387 - 248 = 535244.9387.

Oregon's Crops
THE papers have been so full of reports of distress in other portions of the country, notably the mid-west, where drought has wrought great damage, that we are little aware of the very favorable situation in which this state finds itself at practically the close of the growing season. Not in a spirit of boasting nor of gloating over the losses sustained in other sections, we may point out the showing for Oregon as shown in the crop report just issued.

Oregon's corn crop is only slightly under the yield of a year ago and above the five-year average.

Wheat yields are about the same as last year and two to three million bushels above the average.

Oats production is less than last year but above the five-year average.

Barley shows an increase over the average but a decrease from 1932.

Rye is above 1932 and about the same as the average.

Potatoes, an important Oregon crop, produced a million bushels over last year and only a little under the average.

All tame hay measures an average crop, just a little under the yield of last year.

The hop production forecast is about 50% of last year and much less than the average. The decrease is reflected in the improved price this year.

In fruits the prospect is for better than average crops. Berries were of course below par, but cherries for the state as a whole were considerably better than 1932.

The apple, pear and peach crops are all much better than last year and better than the five-year average. Prunes are going to be

EVERYBODY SEEMS HAPPY



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 11

"There's the two shells, both forty-fives. The sheriff took a toothpick from his vest pocket and laid it on the desk. 'There's the two bullets that they dug out of Morrison when they put Morrison in.' Another toothpick was placed with utmost precision parallel to the first. 'And there's the gun in the lady's possession, also a .45,' squinting one eye, he adjusted a third toothpick until it balanced at right angles across the other two.

There's two shots been fired from that gun, the lady's fingerprint is on it, she was seen running from the lodge to the path with it in her hand, and moreover, she admits the shooting. If that ain't an open and shut case, I don't know when I see it. Men have been strung up on considerably less than that.

"Yes," Peter agreed, "so they have."

don't see that there's need of any more fussing around," the sheriff said conclusively.

"I know—but I just feel 'fussy,'" Peter grinned.

"I see," Simpson nodded sagely. "You're like all the rest of the newspaper folks. You want to make some sort of sensational story for your paper. To keep the readers all hot up till the trial comes off."

"It's a funny thing," Peter observed. "That's the idea that almost everybody has. They think we can say, 'bout, here's your news, and there it is, like a rabbit pulled out of a hat. Gee, if we could go around creating things out of our omnipotence, we'd be doing it for a living instead of slaving our lives away trying to make headlines. Nobody can make facts if they aren't there. The rabbit's got to be in the hat, before we can pull it out. All I want to do is to find the rabbit."

"But there ain't no rabbit!"

"Maybe not," Peter acknowledged with an air of unconcern, "but give me the fun of hunting for it, anyway."

"Well, what is it you want to do? I don't mind telling you I'm grateful to you for bringing in Prudence, to check Everett's story. I sort of hated it having to keep him in jail, just because I couldn't run across nobody who had seen him."

"First of all, I'd like to look around the lodge a little more."

"Well, I ain't stopping you," the sheriff drawled.

"Then I'd like to have my camera man take photographs of the two shells and also of the bullets taken from the body," Peter having no toothpicks, checked off the items on his fingers.

"You newspaper folks always have to have pleasure in making your stories look interesting, don't you? 'X marks the spot' and all that sort of thing," the sheriff agreed indignantly.

"We'll not along without the camera," Peter let it go at that. "But there's one more thing I suppose the pistol is still in your possession?"

"It is."

"Well, I want you to let me

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The end of the trail!

This series yesterday left the Lewis and Clark party at Fort Clatsop, definitely located and beginning to build their rude "fort," and Captain Clark setting out to the sea to find a place for their primitive salt factory. That was Sunday, December 8, 1805.

On March 22, 1806, the explorers started on their return. Fortina lent was not one of their mistakes. They did not believe in losing any time; never made haste slowly. There was no time to lose if they were to get back over the Rockies and down the Missouri before the river froze over. They lost no time unnecessarily on any part of their long journey westward or eastward. And they were most able students and wonderfully faithful chroniclers—they would have made great newspaper reporters—if they had given attention to the accomplishment of correct spelling; but, even so, they spelled all they wrote in ways so that their readers could understand what they meant. It was the same with Jason Lee. And some of the wisest men of history have been (and are) poor spellers; a fact that ought to comfort some of the readers of this column. Don't worry over much about your poor spelling if you have the facts and tell the truth.

Lewis and Clark left records in their journals concerning the various Indian tribes all along their journey. They found thousands of Indians in what is now western Oregon for every Indian here now. In the past 125 years that race has all but vanished from our section. And most of the vanishing was done in the half century after Lewis and Clark saw the Pacific ocean; through the diseases which the white men brought. In fact, the vanishing had been going on for some time before; there were many more Indians here 50 years before Lewis and Clark came than when they arrived.

They put down in their journals, evidently after they left Fort Clatsop, some facts concerning the coast Indians that are worthy of study. They said: "After many inquiries and much observation, we are at length enabled to obtain a connected view of the nations who reside along the coast, on both sides of the Columbia."

"To the south, our personal observation has not extended beyond the Killamucks (Tillamook); but we obtained from those who were acquainted with the southeast a list of the Indian tribes, in the order in which they succeeded each other, to a considerable distance."

"The first nation to the south are the Clatsops, who reside on the southern side of the bay, and along the southeast, on both sides of Point Adams (the point on the south side of the Columbia's mouth). They are represented as the remnants of a much larger nation; but, about four years ago a disorder, to which till then they were strangers, but which seems, from their description, to have been the smallpox, destroyed four chiefs, and several hundreds of the nation."

"These (their bodies) are deposited in canoes, a few miles below us on the bay, and the survivors do not number more than 14 houses, and about 200 souls."

"Next to them along the south coast is a much larger nation, the Killamucks, who number 40 houses, and 1000 souls. Their first establishments are the four huts at the mouth of Shook (Whale) creek (first creek entering Cannon beach on the north side), 25 miles from Point Adams; and, two miles below are a few more huts; but the principal town is situated 25 miles lower, at the entrance of a creek, called Nioles (Nehalem), into the bay, which we designate by the name of Killamucks bay. (Incorrectly should be Nehalem bay.) Into the same bay enters a second creek, five miles further, where is a Killamuck village, called Killherhurst; at two miles a third creek, and a town called Killhermer; and at the same distance a town called Chishuck, at the mouth of Killamuck river."

"Toworquon and Chuckia are the names of two other towns, situated on creeks which empty into the bottom of the bay, the last of which is 70 miles from Point Adams. (They confuse the Nehalem with the Tillamook bay. Hoquarion slough is the one which runs through the city of Tillamook; a tide water slough. It is no doubt what is left of the name of the Toworquon tribe of the Tillamook nation.)"

"The Killamuck river is about 100 yards wide, and a very rapid; but having no perpendicular fall, is the great avenue for trade. There are two small villages of Killamucks settled above its mouth, and the whole trading part of the tribe ascend it, till, by a short portage, they carry their canoes over to the Columbian (Willamette) valley, and descend the Multnomah to Wapatoe island. (This part of the record must have been set down on the journey homeward, for Lewis and Clark did not discover the Multnomah (Willamette) river till April 3, 1806, on their way back. They missed it on their way down.)"

"Here they purchase roots, which they carry down the Chockalium, or Columbia; and, after trafficking with the tribes on its (Continued on page 10)

The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

fire one of the bullets that are left in it."

"So, that's how it is! The sheriff's pale eyes lighted. 'I thought you was lettin' me off altogether too easy, askin' so polite for things that don't matter one way or another. That pistol, young feller is bound to be 'people's exhibit A.' A nice picture I'd make, lettin' it be tampered with."

But it would still be just as good an exhibit as it ever was," Peter argued amiably. "You're already photographed the fingerprints, so you don't need it for that. And I'll let you have the bullet back when I'm through with it," he added with a fine air of magnanimity.

Peter strove to maintain an expression of detached indifference over the problem because of the sheriff's gaze. But his gray eyes shone with eagerness behind their thick-lensed glasses.

"You seem to think it's almighty important that you should fire off that gun," the sheriff said meditatively.

"It is important," Peter agreed earnestly. "And it's irregular. I have the right to have a bullet anything. If it doesn't, I won't tell you, because you'll be just where you were before. If it does it will mean something to the defense—and I know you're not so very keen about helping the defense."

The sheriff chuckled—a dry, rattling chuckle, like the rattle of sand leaves in a wind.

"You're pretty smart, young feller," he said with a mingling of amusement and admiration on his slow voice. "You got my number—knowin' I'd have to be extra fair about givin' the defense every chance, just because I'm convinced in my own mind that the lady is guilty as hell. And I suppose you ain't said a word about my owing you something for getting me out of a hole by bringing in that alibi."

"I knew I didn't have to," Peter grinned.

"Well, you win." The sheriff unlocked a drawer in the side of the desk and laid the pistol in Peter's outstretched hand. "Go and shoot it; if it will make you any happier. But don't go hitting anybody—and mind you bring it back."

"I won't—I will, respectively," Peter promised. "Anyway—there's the camera man—come last night—I'll send him right in. I suppose you've looked the lodge. Now if you'll just give me the key—"

"You ain't wasting any time, I see. I guess you're afraid I might get something and change my mind." The sheriff's face was solemn; but Peter thought he detected the glimmer of a smile in the small, keen eyes over which the yellow, wrinkled eyelids with a deceptive languid.

With the pistol and key clinking faintly together, where he had hidden them nonchalantly into his vest pocket, Peter sought Anderson who waited, with the unobtrusive patience of the camera man, outside the sheriff's office. A tall tripod was propped behind his knees, and a large black box rested on the floor beside his feet.

"This won't make a picture!" he muttered disgustedly when Peter had given him directions. "Who do you think wants to look at a bullet and a shell? Unless we could get the damn to be holding it in her hand," he suggested sullenly. "Now if she'd stand for it, that's make a swell action picture."

"Two bullets and two shells," Peter corrected him firmly. "Just as close up as you can get them so they can be enlarged."

"But you got to have human interest."

"It's human that has the interest," Peter informed him.

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