

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Statesman Plan

At least one step in the relief plan proposed by The Statesman has been accomplished, and that is an exchange of valley canned fruit with Astoria for canned salmon. Likewise arrangement has been made with Paulus Bros. for canning 1500 lbs. of berries for the Community Service, local charity organization. 3000 cans of loganberries peaches and prunes will be traded for 8000 cans of Astoria salmon. Thus the surplus of this locality is exchanged for the surplus of the other locality and both communities are helped.

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The Statesman repeats what it said before in urging the plan: it affords an opportunity for the city to construct a water system by obtaining money at low rates of interest and getting the benefit of low construction costs. Under these conditions the water system can sustain such a capitalization and a gravity system would be justified. The project also would provide employment for hundreds of men at a critical period. The plan should be pushed tirelessly, for time is precious.

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Too Deep for Us

THE investigation of the great petition robbery in Portland proceeds with customary speed of such investigations by the Portland police and there is no reason to believe that the facts in the case will ever be uncovered.

Were the petitions stolen? Henry Zorn thinks so, and John Ramage; and they are the sincere backers of the initiative measure as a tax-saving proposition.

On the other hand the Oregonian denies they were stolen, but merely laid aside to bob up in Salem when the big count was made.

If stolen, or removed, who did it? The Eugene papers insist the job was done by partisans of the state college and done with malice, the purpose being to throw the blame onto the university crowd and besmirch them.

On the other hand, the Corvallis Gazette-Times and the Woodburn Independent are convinced that some of the hirelings engaged to promote the securing of petitions "sold out", presumably to partisans of the university; and that only the last minute drive by real friends of the measure procured sufficient signatures for validating the petitions.

The plot thickens. Indeed it gets too deep for us. And we fear the finger prints even on the jug of mineral water are so obscured that no guilt will be plastered on any person. It may get to a point where neither batch of partisans want their moves and finances critically examined.

Meantime the significance of the measure is being lost in the shuffle. Instead of concentrating study on the effects which the proposed bill will cause if enacted, public attention is being diverted to the baffling mystery of who stole the petitions and why.

Both sides do seem to agree to this that the job of handling the petitions was assigned to a group of professionals whose moves reflect scant credit on themselves.

Power Trust Inflation

SEN. NORRIS asserts that the power trust has hijacked valuations to the extent of some half billion dollars, which the public will have to pay interest on through high rates. We think he is altogether too modest. The Insull crash showed that the three companies of which he passed into receivership had loans of about \$600,000,000 practically all of which washed out in the spring rains. It is not to be supposed that other power companies were less greedy than Insull in inflating their capitalization.

Norris should have stated however that this mark-up is largely in the securities of holding companies. That has been the convenient device of inflation. There was no accurate measure of values of the bonds and stocks of holding companies which were pyramided one on top of another. The operating companies however were capitalized far more conservatively.

This moreover remains true, that rates are based not on capitalization but on physical valuations. In the case of the Northwestern Electric in Portland which is now under examination. Its common stock of \$10,000,000 was chiefly "water"; but eliminating that item its earnings have been usually within the limit of "fair return" on the valuation which the public service commissioner has approved of. The ten millions of water of course serve to dilute the values of the stocks and bonds of the holding company which owns the common stock.

What this depression is doing is to wipe out the speculative values which these holding companies claimed. It is painful because the public paid hard money for the lithographs; but the whole utility business is getting down to earth; and those who will be keenest to hold them to book will be those who were bilked in the worthless securities which the manipulators and their bankers marketed.

The grain speculators are whining because the new tax bill imposes a charge of five cents for every \$100 in future transactions. They claim that is what is stopping speculators from jumping in and supporting the market. They are just doing the baby act. Nothing will stop speculators if they see there is a chance to make some money. So far as the costs go they will merely figure the costs in and reduce their bid prices accordingly. Not that a charge will not impede traffic; but that this charge is too small to reduce the volume greatly if the speculator saw a real chance to make some money. As a matter of fact his savings on interest charges for money ought to be vastly more than this incidental tax. Not only are interest rates very low; but grain prices are low too so little money is required. The tax will be completely forgotten as soon as the speculators make up their minds whether to be bulls or bears in a big way.

A man reputed to be the messiah landed from an airplane in Portland Thursday. His arrival out the clouds was orthodox at least.

A Chip on EACH Shoulder

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic markers, etc. Especially "The Parsonage." (Continuing from yesterday.) The original house had a long porch in front, and a shorter one in the rear—east side. The porches are there yet, the front one just as it was in 1841-2. There were originally four rooms on the first floor. There were bedrooms on the west side on the upper floor—and the east side of that floor was one long room, unfinished. This room was used for the storing of smoked and dried meats and other supplies. No doubt, in mission and pioneer days, temporary accommodations were there for the frequent use of overflow visitors.

Many a story of the old days, if they could speak, would these walls be able to tell, when the most distinguished visitors of church and state were entertained. As indicated, this was the home of Rev. Gustavus Hines and family. Jason Lee's only daughter, Lucy Anna Maria, was a member of their family, taken as a babe after the death of her mother; brought in that household to womanhood. Jason Lee was a member in the early years of his daughter. Rev. George Gary, when he came to wind up the affairs of the mission, boarded at the parsonage when his duties kept him here.

The use of the historic house as a parsonage did not cease with the dissolution of the mission. It lasted, as said yesterday, for long years after that. All or nearly all the early pastors of the First Methodist church of Salem lived in that house, and some of the members of the faculty of Willamette university, and students of the institution boarded there.

Mrs. Velleda W. Ohmart lives in the historic Fabritus Smith home near the Pacific highway, east side, a few rods outside the Salem city limits on the south. Her address is Route 3. Her father was Fabritus Smith and her mother was Virgilia E. Pringle, of the 1846 immigration. Readers of this column will recall the incidents of the first meeting of her father and mother.

Young Fabritus as a boy at his Rochester, New York, home, had heard a lecture or sermon of Rev. J. L. Parrish, evidently as he was preparing to come with the Lausanne party in 1838. The words of the speaker fired young Fabritus with an ambition to go to Oregon, and as he grew into early manhood the urge grew stronger. So in 1845 he went on his way as far as Arkansas, where he spent the winter, and in the spring went to Missouri.

There he found Joe Waldo, who was outfitting for the plains journey—his brother, Dan Waldo, having gone in 1843 with the Applegate covered wagon train. Young Smith secured a job with Joe Waldo as driver of an ox wagon team. As Joe and Dan Waldo had freighted on the Santa Fe route he was experienced

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

AN individual's destiny, his happiness, efficiency and even his span of life may be dependent on the condition and action of his intestines. The welfare of this portion of the body determines largely his general welfare.

There are about 30 feet of tubing in the human abdomen divided into two parts. The upper portion constitutes what is known as the "small intestine," a marvelous laboratory where the food is transformed into products suited to the needs of the body. The lower portion, known as the large intestine, or colon, acts mainly as an avenue of escape for waste matter.

Prompt and complete elimination of this waste matter is most important. Good health demands it.

The walls of the intestine contain muscles which contract, pushing the contents forward. When these muscles become weakened, constipation is the result.

If the character of the food offers insufficient stimulation to the bowel, or if some of the digestive juices are not of proper composition, waste matter accumulates in the colon, and there becomes hardened from the absorption of the water constituents; then "auto-intoxication," with all its train of

A. B. Q.—What are the symptoms of hyperacidity in the stomach?

A.—Constipation, gas and pains in the stomach are all symptoms of this condition. For full particulars read our question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

A. D. Q.—What causes broken veins? Is there a way to prevent this?

A.—Varicose veins are caused by increased tension in the veins from standing too much. For full particulars read our question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

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The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carewe, "The Night Club Lady", is mysteriously murdered in her penthouse apartment at three o'clock New Year's morning. An hour later, the body of Lola's guest, Christine Quirens, is found in Lola's room. Christine had been killed first and her body hidden. Dr. Hugh Baldwin attributes both deaths due to heart failure. Gay Everett, Christine's New Year's Eve escort, claims she brought her home at 12:15 and then went riding, alone, on the Motor Parkway. Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, denies seeing Christine return. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt discounts District Attorney Deugherty's theory that Lola was killed by a jewel thief ring she headed by that Christine met the same fate for knowing too much. Vincent Rowland, Lola's lawyer, discloses that Everett loved Lola and was jealous of Dr. Baldwin. The police are on the trail of Christine's brother, Edgar, who left his Rochester home for New York after receiving a telegram New Year's Eve. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Dr. Muldoon, the medical examiner, contradicts Dr. Baldwin's statement that heart failure caused the deaths. A strap picked up in Lola's room evidently caused the bruise on Christine's neck—after death. Everett confesses he lied about riding on the Motor Parkway. He states Christine told him she had discovered a plot to murder Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge, adding that Dr. Baldwin was involved. The picture of the young man found in Lola's room is identified by the Paris Prefect of Police as that of Basil Boncher, a young bank clerk, who met a dancer named Lola in Paris, robbed a bank to buy her a ruby, and then disappeared. Basil's parents sold medical laboratory specimens. Professor Luckner, a scientist, finds a scorpion's antenna—the instrument of death—among the particles of dust garnered from the room. The saw mill that had been the base of operations for the scorpions was visible on the bodies. Then Luckner calls Colt's attention to a speck of blood on the sleeve of Lola's robe which leads the Commissioner to surmise that Dr. Baldwin, when summoned to treat Lola, inserted his hypodermic needle into the puncture made in her arm by the scorpion. This belief is strengthened by Lola's knowledge that Baldwin bought scorpions.

Thus the outfit of Joe Waldo, with three ox wagon outfits, made better time than the average immigration company—and they were at Oregon City September 3. Young Smith was a few days thereafter at the mission mills, hunting a job, and was taken on by Uncle Charley Craft, who at that time was operating the saw mill that had been the base of operations for the scorpions. Boarding with the Craft family, and sleeping in a log cabin just north of the mission house, still standing at 960 Broadway, on Christmas day at 3 p.m. as he stood in front of the log house, he saw the Pringle party come walking into the mission house—half starved and half naked, including Grandma Tabitha Brown and including, also, Virgilia E. Pringle's family, who was then about 18; born June 7, 1838. Virgil K. Pringle's wife had been Phrene Brown, daughter of Grandma Tabitha Brown.

Virgilia Pringle became the wife of Fabritus Smith. Their daughter, Velleda W., when she had grown to womanhood, was married to Adam Ohmart. Mrs. Ohmart, in her girlhood, attended Willamette university. She remembers the old parsonage very well, while it was in the original location, and she recognizes it perfectly in its new location.

She has recollections of Dr. F. S. Hoyt, third president of the Oregon Institute and first president of Willamette university, who with his family lived in the parsonage. Also of Rev. Isaac Dillon, one of the ablest early day Methodist ministers, who made that house his home. Dr. Hoyt in later years had a house that stood where the Mrs. Ohmart home is now.

1116 Mission street. Mrs. Ohmart has distinct memories of that house, for it was the home of her husband and herself when they were first married.

Rev. Nehemiah Doane, when he had charge of the Oregon Institute as president in 1850, and after he was one of the faculty of Willamette university, and while he served as pastor of the First Methodist church, lived in the parsonage. His residence there lasted for a long time.

Mrs. Ohmart remembers those days very well. When she was a student of Willamette university, she went in company with Hattie Clarke (afterward Mrs. N. H. Looney, sister of Mrs. S. C. Dyler) and Agnes McCauley, fellow students, to the parsonage. (The father of Miss McCauley was a miller, there were several fine daughters in the family, and they went away from Salem many years ago.) The mill race for the off mills was near. The three girls were not supposed to stray that far; were playing a mild game of "hooky." Orville Doane, son of Rev. Doane, was there with an improvised boat, and they all proceeded to have a ride on the mill stream. Orville was called away, and the three truant in attempting to handle the craft caused it to upset. Hattie and Agnes were dumped into the water, and it was only because they wore shawls with a three-cornered style familiar to people of that period that Velleda was able to rescue them—getting them onto dry land before Orville, attracted by their screams, could get back and assist in the rescue. Mrs. Ohmart says that put a quietus on the game of hooky for the trio.

Kate Miller-Pringle, cousin of Mrs. Ohmart, daughter of Clark

Pringle, lives at Eugene, with her daughter, Mrs. Richard Rankin, whose husband is employed by the Southern Pacific railroad. Mrs. Miller is older than Mrs. Ohmart, was also a student at Willamette university, and has more vivid memories about affairs at the war song in the early days. Mrs. Miller's husband, James Miller, long since deceased, was a brother of Joaquin Miller, the famous poet.

Rev. George Gary, in his report to the mission board in New York city on his first visit here after his arrival in 1844, wrote: "This is considered an important point on our mission. We have in this immediate vicinity this INDIAN SCHOOL, PARSONAGE, in which Dr. Leslie lives, and our milling establishment, both grist and saw mills, and claims to 16 sections of land." That itself is conclusive.

(Rev. Gary's statement is corroborated in the first hours of his initial visit, as to claims to land, was excessive, however, as he soon found. The mission claimed only one section in the "immediate vicinity" of the site of Salem. It never got the one section, though it right to it at the time was clear. But that is another story, and a long and intricate one, for which there is not room here.)

The Bits man invites and hopes and expects to have further help from LIVING witnesses, in fixing without shade of doubt the identity of the historic house, second dwelling in what became Salem. Every other person is or should be as much interested as the writer, and as industrious and eager, in having all this evidence compiled, for the present quest, and in order that it may be handed down for reference by future generations. Even in the aspect of its vast commercial value to Salem, and to all Oregon, this is a highly important matter.

The Bits man has for a long time been a sort of lone wolf, or as a voice crying in the wilderness, concerning the urgency of efforts in this field. He is glad to

again before the door of that apartment house where mysterious death had overtaken two beautiful women—and where Doctor Baldwin had his office suite.

Across the street, in front of another apartment house, a man was standing in a chasseur's uniform of blue and gold, and with a visored cap. Instantly I recognized him as one of our best men from Headquarters, on duty trailing Dr. Baldwin. I knew, too, that his partner was not far away—probably watching the rear entrance. This was certain evidence that Doctor Baldwin had not yet returned to his home but was still in his office.

A patrolman in the lobby and another in the elevator saluted as the Commissioner and I entered and rode up to the second floor. We made our way down a narrow corridor until we came to a door on which was lettered the legend: "Hugh Baldwin, M.D., Office Hours 10 A.M. to 11:30 A.M.; 2:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Consultation by Appointment Only."

Colt turned the knob and opened the door. We found ourselves in an outer office where a business-like woman of about thirty years, a sexless creature with mouse-colored hair, sat at a desk, making out bills and addressing envelopes. She looked up inquiringly, then recognizing Colt's familiar features, she stood up in flushed confusion.

"Is Doctor Baldwin in the office?" asked Colt.

"Why, yes, Mr. Colt, I'll tell him right away that you are here."

She turned and was about to open a massive door behind her when suddenly the front door opened violently. A short and stout woman, spherical and plump, her face crimson and her blue eyes snapping angrily, rushed in, and ignoring Colt and myself confronted the other woman.

"Is Hugh in there, Miss Simon?" demanded the newcomer, panting and excited.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Baldwin, he is, but these gentlemen—"

"These gentlemen can wait."

It was evident that Mrs. Baldwin was in a mental turmoil. A graceless and rather pitiful little figure, she strode quickly to the closed door and seized the knob. But the door did not yield. It was locked. With a glare in her eyes, Mrs. Baldwin turned toward the secretary.

"Is there a patient in there?"

"No!"

"Open this door," the wife commanded furiously.

"I have no key," replied Miss Simon. "I didn't know it was locked."

In a frenzy of anger, Mrs. Baldwin seized the knob of the door with both hands as if only more of her strength were needed to pull it free. She rattled it in a violent ecstasy of energy.

"Hugh," she screamed. "Open this door and let me in!"

There was no answer.

"Hugh!" she cried again. Still no answer. With a bewildered air, Mrs. Baldwin looked around at us for the first time.

"He doesn't answer," she said as if stating a miracle.

Colt's face was sombre and grave. His eyes gleamed with a newly awakened suspicion.

"Miss Simon," he asked quietly, "is there any way for Doctor Baldwin to have left his private office?"

"No—only through this entrance."

This answer decided Thatcher Colt.

"I believe it would be better if you would permit me to open this door," he proposed, his glance wavering between Mrs. Baldwin and the secretary. Neither replied.

Colt produced a skeleton key, one of several always in his pocket. For a few seconds he rattled the key unceasingly in the lock, then he gave a violent push and we heard the snapping of the winch.

Within five minutes we stopped again before the door of that apartment house where mysterious death had overtaken two beautiful women—and where Doctor Baldwin had his office suite.

On the floor Doctor Hugh Baldwin win. He was dead—shockingly so! One long searching glance Mrs. Baldwin cast upon the dead body of her husband. Then she collapsed. She dropped to the floor in a drenching heap, and lay very still, as if she herself were dead.

Excited as we were at our tragic discovery, Colt and I had to turn our backs momentarily upon the corpse of the physician while we struggled with the limp and heavy body of his widow.

We carried her to a couch in the reception office. Fortunately, Miss Simon, the reception clerk, was a self-composed young woman who could assist us without hysteria. She volunteered to resuscitate the unconscious Mrs. Baldwin while the Commissioner and I returned to the private office and closed ourselves in with the stark figure on the floor.

The appearance of that figure was ghastly to the point of the fantastic. Dr. Baldwin lay there as if in dreadful caricature of the unhappy women whom he had been unable to save, only a few hours before.

Like Lola Carewe and Christine Quirens sprawled Doctor Baldwin. As their hands had been flung in twisted anguish above their heads, so Doctor Baldwin's mighty arms were turned up in a stiff attitude of mortal anguish. Lola had a tattoo in a faded scar on her chest, her body screwed almost into the semblance of a question mark. So twisted also was the long, strong body of this athletic physician. The unnatural curve of arms and legs, the distortion of the neck, the very pointing of his toes suggested one bizarre interrogation point.

But there was more to add to our discovery a confounding tinge of horror. On the strained face of Doctor Baldwin there glimmered a familiar moist glow in death that also had stained the lovely face of Lola Carewe. There was the same bloating of the lips and the crimson spot of blood in the corners of the mouth. Here was a masculine replica of the deaths of Lola and Christine—the scorpion of Durango had struck again.

Knocking beside the body, Colt listened at the doctor's heart.

"He is dead," the Commissioner told me with a melancholy glance.

His eyes, fixed gloomily on mine, asked questions I had no need to voice. Why and how had this man died? Had the instrument of death turned upon its master? Or had Baldwin been innocent of our suspicions? A third victim of unknown killers? Were we at the finish of our trail? Or on the threshold of a greater mystery?

"There is no hope," repeated Thatcher Colt, "but we should take no chances. There are two other doctors with offices on the first floor. Get one of them up here."

"Right away, chief."

Five minutes later, I was back in the apartment with a dark, boy-faced Jewish physician, Doctor Tannenbaum. He immediately pronounced his colleague dead, and expressed himself as amazed at the symptoms. At this, Colt glanced toward me. Here was Doctor Tannenbaum confronted with the same symptoms which Doctor Baldwin had seen the night before in Lola Carewe and Christine Quirens. I remembered that Baldwin had promptly stated that Lola was a victim of heart trouble. But this Doctor Tannenbaum was instantly suspicious. In fact, he insisted that the police be notified and he flushed with astonishment upon learning that the tall dark-haired man before him, tanned and grave, was the Chief of Police.

"If I can help, Commissioner—"

"I shall be glad to call on you," Colt assured him, taking his hand and while shaking it, leading him suavely to the door.

(To Be Continued)

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New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters made this inquiry about town: "If European nations agree on reparations settlements on a cent-the-dollar basis and then agree to substantial disarmament, should we make decided reductions in their debts to us? Why or why not?"

Fred Thielson, job printing business: "Sure, reduce or cancel them. It would aid business. We are not going to get the money anyway and the sooner the matter is cleared up the better."

Miller B. Hayden, Justice of the peace: "Well, I really don't know; things are so confused these days one doesn't know what to predict or to opine. All I see now is a hot presidential race; the warmest since the Hayes-Tilden campaign. Whoever wins, should be victor by very close margin."

Mrs. Vernon Day, guest in Salem: "I should not like to be quoted off hand; that question is something to think about."

Isaac East, Ferry street grocer: "There is nothing like getting together. Such a move may put an end to present difficulties, and may possibly prevent war."

Carroll James, visitor: "I believe if those two things should be agreed to by European countries, we should help by making a fair reduction on debts."

say, however, that the great Methodist church, from Philadelphia headquarters, is now taking up the task—and very soon millions, all over the globe, will be joined in it, preparatory to the centenary celebration here in 1934 of the coming of the Jason Lee mission.

BRADY CANDIDATE

LA GRANDE, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—Hugh H. Brady, district vice-commander of the Oregon American Legion, has announced his candidacy for the position of state departmental commander.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—Lawson Bettiol, 37, died here on Thursday from burns received Monday.

Bettiol was carrying a can of gasoline which splashed upon his clothing and became ignited from his cigarette when he stumbled and fell at the farm home of Dan Toty, the hospital report said. John Durante was severely burned trying to extinguish the flames.

Gasoline Splash Cause of Death

BRADY CANDIDATE

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