

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Aw"

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### Banks Gets "Life"

The Lane county jury ought to be commended for its faithful discharge of duty. It sat through three weeks of pulling and hauling in the hearing of testimony and the making of pleas by the attorneys, and kept clear heads, so that after adequate deliberation it was able to agree on a very sensible verdict. Mrs. Banks was acquitted. That seems satisfactory, according to the evidence, for at the worst she was but a tool of her husband's. Banks himself is convicted of second degree murder which carries life imprisonment. That penalty while severe, seems adequate. There were those who clamored for his life,—"an eye for an eye." While the shooting may have been premeditated, the crime was in large measure a "political" crime and not just personal homicide; hence the extreme penalty was not justified.

The defense built up its case on the theory of persecution. The facts were the reverse. Banks was, if anything, the persecutor. He was the assailant. It did not matter if he took them wholly innocent, like Judge Norton; he pilloried them in his newspaper, abused them without mercy. Anyone who crossed his path was made a victim of vituperation and contumely. Banks terrorized the county, and was the instigator rather than the victim of persecution.

Why did he do it? Perhaps it was to satisfy his ego. He wanted to dominate the scene. He wanted to run affairs. He liked to have people take orders from him. Also, he was in financial distress; and the more he could throw up a smoke screen and frighten the courts, the less likely was he to have judgments entered against him for his debts. He was notorious for his non-payment of obligations. He operated like a speculator, and when the odds went against him was a poor sport in kicking through.

Banks fumed around about restoring law and order in Jackson county. Had he been acquitted the result would have been near-anarchy in that county. As it is there will be a chance for wounds to heal and peace to be restored. There may be some "gang" in Medford that has been running things with a high hand; but it ought not to be necessary to resort to assassination in order to break their hold. Level-headed citizens there ought to make an effort now to break down the social cleavage which has been reported.

Life in Medford has been agony for months, although a fine class of citizens reside there. Now the common effort should be to forget and forgive and to reconstruct, with this tragedy as a warning against intemperate feudism.

### There's a Ketch In It

WHILE all the states and cities are crowding, tincup in hand, about Washington to get a share of the new easy money, the news comes out that there is some "ketch in it". And the "ketch" is this: there are fresh taxes in sight. We are to bond ourselves into prosperity, but we will have to increase taxes in order to pay the bonds. That is the customary formula of governments getting groggy financially; more and bigger issues of bonds, heavier and heavier impost taxes, with the end repudiation or reformation.

Somebody must pay. We can't get money for roads and wharves and swimming pools and institutional buildings without someone coming around and presenting a bill for services rendered. Finance committees now are wrestling with the kind of new taxes to levy, for taxes there must be. New gasoline taxes are proposed, though after June 9 the gas sold in this state will carry a 6 cent tax, 5c state and 1c federal. Increased income taxes are suggested, but incomes have been shrinking to the point where incomes yield small taxes. Finally perish the thought! the democrats are toying with the thought of a small sales tax. That would be bitter medicine for the Portland Journal which is sweating blood in its opposition to the state sales tax. Then Pres. Roosevelt urges repeal of prohibition so that whisky taxes may serve as a substitute for these other new taxes.

The country has reached the point where any new taxes are very painful. Fortunes have been shattered, incomes are inadequate for people to keep up their standard of living. History shows no instance of a country ever escaping a depression by piling on fresh taxes. But, like everything else, we are on the way, going we do not know where.

### End of Isolation

WHILE the United States is not disposed to enter the league of nations, and while it will not put its troops at the call of Europe and underwrite the quarrels over there, this country ought to go forward along lines of international cooperation which Pres. Roosevelt has laid down. The world is a unit, after all, and the United States cannot detach itself from the world. We will have to use our influence in the peaceful settlement of world problems.

Progress has been made in a week. Roosevelt's address of a week ago, cooled off Hitler and the war fevers subsided quickly. Now the four European powers are agreeing to a pact which assures peace for ten years. The United States professes a willingness to join in a consultative pact which will tend to isolate a nation which violates the peace.

The administration is following up with moves toward economic accord—reduction of tariff barriers and quotas. The problems of the world are not insoluble. With applied intelligence and rational sympathies leaders of nations ought to come to agreements which will speed up peace and security and prosperity and public safety.

### The Salem Y. W. C. A.

LAST fall the women of the Salem Y. W. C. A. started but did not complete their raising of funds for support of the organization. Today and tomorrow they plan to complete the job, some \$1800 being required to carry them through till next January. The Y. W. is virtually the only body here which is doing anything for women. All other bodies turn cases of women in need over to the Y. W. and there they are given a helping hand. Salem cannot afford to let this work go down. The Y. W. is working on a budget about half as large as other years. The community should respond generously to meet its need.

Would you let a person shoot a cannon ball down the street at will? That is about what an automobile is in the hands of an intoxicated driver. It is a ton-and-a-half projectile traveling thirty or forty miles an hour. If it hits some obstacle tragedy is almost certain.

## The Umbrella That Makes Brothers of Us All



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Diary of a seaman who was with Capt. Wilkes in Oregon Country, 1841:

There is a rare book in the library of A. N. Bush, Salem, that harks the mind of the reader back to conditions in the Oregon country nearly 100 years ago.

The title is "Lights and Shadows of Sailor Life," and it is made up principally from notes of a diary kept by the author, Joseph C. Clark, while he was an enlisted seaman with the United States Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842, of which Capt. Charles Wilkes, U. S. navy, had supreme command. The compiling of the book was completed in 1847. It was published in 1848 at Boston, and, of course, has been long out of print.

After sentimental words of introduction, and some original lines of poetry in the same strain, the book tells that the expedition was ready for sea August 9, 1838, going out of Hampden Roads, Va., to rendezvous at Rio de Janeiro, with every mess supplied with a Bible, and every man with a prayer book.

The journey to that city, capital of the then empire of Brazil, took 95 days. The Americans fired salutes in honor of the event and in other ways participated in the celebration of the 19th birthday of the young emperor, son of Dom Pedro, the first, with all ships in the harbor flying their flags and every street decorated, and the beautiful young empress participating in the parade. Clark, the author, familiar with slave conditions in the United States, compared in a most unfavorable light the terrible state of slaves in Brazil.

Feb. 17, '39, the fleet of the expedition was around Cape Horn, and some of the vessels were dispatched to make explorations in the Antarctic regions further south.

May 20, the coast of Chile was in sight, with the lofty Andes 80 miles distant. Came to Valparaiso, meaning Valley of Paradise, a small city the conditions of which belied the name, in fact disgraced it, with its "chingonea dances," harking back to the groves of the ancients; a town full of courtesans, in a republic that also was one only in name.

June 29 they were in the harbor of Callao, seaport of Lima, chief port of call of the "republic," with conditions no better than in Valparaiso. Few schools in Lima or other points, none in Callao.

Celebrated July 4 in the horrible "Peruvian dew," and were ready for sea on the 18th, bound for the south seas. Discovered and explored a number of islands, in which the conditions of the natives, many of them cannibals, were barbaric beyond description.

They touched at Samoa, Nov. 15, and were soon off the shores of New Holland, the old name for Australia. They celebrated Christmas day at Sydney, where they found the English officers cordial. Left that port Feb. 1, 1840.

"The king was fishing when we reached there (one of the islands) and we were obliged to wait for him before we could commence a trade, as he allowed no one else to trade with white men. When he came we found him a surly old man, apparently about 55 years of age. . . His whole appearance was morose and vicious, and he wanted four times as much for the pigs as we had been in the habit of giving any where else, and said he did not care whether we took them or not. Provisions we must get somewhere, and . . . agreed to give him his price. Knowing that the natives were fond of music, I sang some lively airs for the king, with which he seemed much pleased, and it was the only time I saw him smile. One of the pieces sung was a song called 'All in the Tonga Islands,' which contains the following couplet:

"They said they'd cut me up like pork,  
And eat me without knife or fork."  
The king having obtained some knowledge of the language, by trading with whalers, turned to some of his kinsmen, and said, 'He knows that we are going to eat him.' But I determined to spoil HIS appetite if possible, before he sat down to the 'mess,' should he attack us."

The natives did attack the party, and there was a terrific fight, in which Clark shot one cannibal dead and killed another with his knife, but he was so badly wounded that he was not expected, and did not himself expect to survive. The first cutter of the fleet came to the rescue, opened fire on the attacking band of natives—and several of them being killed, the rest took to the bushes. Lieutenant Underwood and Wilkes Henry, midshipman, were killed, their bodies stripped entirely naked, and dragged some distance to the beach, with the expectation of making a hearty meal from them.

Knocked senseless, and lying so still that the natives thought him dead, Clark recovered and got up, perfectly delirious, and walked among them, talking, laughing and singing, which made them think he was a spirit, and in their superstitious fright they offered him no further violence. The rescuing party took Clark aboard, covered with wounds, and he was "out of his head" for several days—but, miraculously, he entirely recovered.

Capt. Wilkes and Past Midshipman Eid were on shore at the time, making observations, and perceiving the cutter under way, going to the rescue of their attacked party, and, shortly thereafter going away with their own ships at half mast, struck their tents and hurried toward their schooner, arriving a little before the cutter.

When Capt. Wilkes anxiously inquired what the matter was, and found the two officers had been murdered, he sprang toward the bodies and fainted. Quoting from the text: "He was taken in this state to the cabin of the schooner, and remained in this senseless condition for 15 minutes, before he was resuscitated. In the mean time, the bodies were removed from the boat, and placed on the quarter, under the cover of tarpaulins, while I was taken to the berth deck. By this time Capt. Wilkes recovered, and little and returned upon deck, but no sooner saw the bodies than he fell in the same state from which he had just before recovered. On coming to again, he cried and moaned in the most pitiable and melancholy manner."

## LABORATE FETE AT AMITY ON MAY DAY

AMITY, May 21.—The annual May day fete was held Friday at the Amity high school. Queen Ruby I ruled over her subjects in a most gracious manner. Music was furnished by the Amity high orchestra, directed by Mr. Walts, of Lunfield. Master Woodman crowned the queen. Maid of honor was Roberta Mitchell who also carried the crown. During the noon hour, tennis matches were played. Amity was winner over Perrydale. In the afternoon a program was given. A baseball game was played between Dayton and Amity, the latter winning by a score of 13 to 0.

## Dayton Honor List For Month is Named

DAYTON, May 21.—Honor roll in the Dayton grades for the month just closed is: First grade, Andrea Nuttbrock, Dean Cocheran, Lois Malsbach, Jean Clark. Second grade, Joyce Lee Goodrich, Kenneth Wright, Georgene Freuk.

## Corvallis People in New Jefferson Shop

JEFFERSON, May 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bishop, who have been conducting a barber and beauty shop in Corvallis, will open a shop in Jefferson in the H. E. Jones Building across from the postoffice.

## IN "CANCER CURE" DEATH



Dr. Sherwood Ferris (left), of Chevy Chase, Md., and Dr. R. H. Street, of Washington, are pictured as they left the inquest into the death of Mrs. Cora Britton, wife of a New Jersey physician, after a coroner's jury had found that the woman died as a result of "criminal conduct, gross malpractice and brutal treatment" at the hands of the two doctors. In insert is Miss Faye Busman, nurse, who testified regarding a "secret cancer cure" with which Mrs. Britton was treated while a patient of the two doctors.

## "STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.  
Joan Hastings, seventeen and beautiful, lives a secluded life with her two old maiden aunts in a home long run to seed. Aunt Ervina, disconcerted that Joan has refused a dance hall, angrily reveals to her the story of how her mother had her father away from Aunt Babe. Joan, alone in her room, clasps to her breast a miniature portrait of her mother and refuses to believe she was anything but good. Aunt Ervina buys a cheap auto and engages Bill Martin, a garage worker, to care for it. Bill, looking up from his work, sees Joan watching him from her window. Aunt Ervina has forbidden Joan to go with Hilda Sedgwick, the most popular girl at school. Therefore, the story is told from Joan's point of view.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

#### CHAPTER 4

Whenever the loneliness pressed too hard, she shook her hair back furiously and tried to concentrate on Bill.  
Bill loved her. Well, if he didn't now, he would pretty soon. Already she was planning the wedding. White satin. No, ivory satin. And her hair, with tulle. Lilies of the valley and gardenias, like Hilda's oldest sister Alice had when she was married. Hilda could be a bridesmaid. She'd forgive Hilda for being so nosy, and she'd be sure to get in again. Hilda could wear a green dress, something like that dress she was wearing about—with little puff sleeves . . . the electric buzzer jangling across was over at last. So Joan got through the first two days of her ostracism, thinking about the boy who looked up at her from the rose garden. Building air-castles, whimsically dreaming of the third day she couldn't stand it any longer. She had to walk past Gerwin's Garage. It was six blocks out of her way, but she would walk down town, and pretend she had to buy something at the grocery.  
Hurrying along the little boardwalk near the ferry, where the big boat for San Francisco, and the little boat for Tiburon squeaked at their moorings, old Captain Horner hailed her. "Hello, Johanna Hastings, what you doing down here?"  
The quick scarlet dyed her cheek. "Oh, I'm going to the grocery." Her tongue tripped on the lie. She looked at him appealingly out of big, troubled, gray-green eyes.  
"Go in to meet your sweetheart—that's what?" Old Captain Horner, who remembered when she was a baby, chuckled. "Veronica's little girl with a sweetie! The very idea. Well, well."  
"Of course, I'm not!" Joan gasped. She looked at him in horror. How could he have possibly found out?  
"You will be pretty soon. Getting prettier every day, Johanna. Scuse me. Guess I'll have to be calling you Joan now, you're such a young lady, or maybe Miss Hastings. Hee, hee!"  
Joan laughed too, with blessed relief. Oh, the silly she was! Of course, he hadn't meant anything—how could he?  
"Goodbye!" she sang over her shoulder. "Goodbye, Captain Horner!"  
Now she was almost at the garage. Her steps got slower. Slower still. The boy was out in front, his strong brown arms flashed in the sun. A little pulse began to beat in Joan's throat. Should she speak

first, or would he? Now he was turning toward her. Panic gripped her. She seemed to be standing still—rooted to the spot—staring. But she wasn't. She was walking right along walking right along passing him! She tried desperately to speak, to say "Hello!" nonchalantly, but she couldn't. Her lips were too dry and stiff.  
His eye was pulled so far over his head she wouldn't be sure that he saw her. Anyway he pretended not to. He turned away from her, and wouldn't look. Joan's heart almost stopped beating. She was suffocated, but her feet carried her right along, round the turn of the road, up the steep road that twisted above the town.

After a while she found herself sitting on the grass, on a hill, all spiny smelling with budding shrubs, and a tangle of creeping vines. Down below she could hear the water lapping on the rocks. Some little birds chirped in a thicket. She sat there a long time, on the pleasant Sanalito hillside, with the lovely panorama of the bay, the islands and the little boats, spread out before her. The sun was setting when she clambered stiffly to her feet, and refused to believe she was anything but good. The wind had risen to a gale. "Well—that's the end of that, all right!" and she trudged on to the house.  
New her defense was down. She had no more rosy dreams to warm the long, dreary days. She wasn't anybody's fairy-tale princess. She was just a shabby girl in a funny old-fashioned dress. But she'd be back in a minute. She'd be back in a piece before she'd let them know she cared.  
"No, thank you, I don't want to play. I have a headache and I wouldn't play for anybody!" she cried, when one of the girls offered to let her play for a few moments until someone else got there.  
"What did I tell you?" Hilda said. "There's no one bothering with her—she's done up!"  
And all the while Joan's heart was crying. "Oh, please, let me play—please take me back. It isn't my fault I'm queer—I'm not really. It's Aunt Ervina. Oh, talk to me again—nice to see you again—I'm so lonely!"  
Lonely! The ache of it pressed down on her like a great weight on her head. Recuses that were once hers stretched to eternity. Days lasted forever. The memory of yesterday's slight rankled, and the dread of tomorrow's were almost more than she could bear.  
"It's mostly because I look so funny. If I had a new dress, I couldn't laugh at me anyway. I'll ask Aunt Ervina."  
It took courage to ask Aunt Ervina, but she finally did. "I'd make it myself—it wouldn't cost much. (Costs money!) I'd make it myself and the pattern I want doesn't take much goods!"  
Aunt Ervina, a little late for the sewing circle, didn't even answer. She just gave Joan a withering look, and strode past her to the front door. "Hurry, Babe, if you're coming! You're always so slow."  
Aunt Babe, snubbed because the framing of her hair had made them late, turned peevishly on Joan. "I should think you'd be ashamed to ask for money now, with everything going out, and nothing coming in." And Babe, snubbed because the framing of her hair had made them late, turned peevishly on Joan. "I should think you'd be ashamed to ask for money now, with everything going out, and nothing coming in." And Babe, snubbed because the framing of her hair had made them late, turned peevishly on Joan. "I should think you'd be ashamed to ask for money now, with everything going out, and nothing coming in."

"You'll never have to ask me again—I'll flood it!" Joan muttered, making for the patched old hose that had been stored in the attic during the rainy season. She wrenched hard to keep back the tears. It wouldn't have cost much for a blue crepe dress. If your own family would rather have you look like a scarecrow than spend two dollars on you.  
It was almost dark in the old stable. She had to climb over the car, to reach the hook where the garden hose was hung. She scraped her skin against the fender, and tore her nail. The tears came. All she stored up tears of days and weeks and months. Tears for her bleeding finger, for Hilda, for the horrible shiny blue serge, and the boy who looked at her in the sunset and said "Hello!"  
She sank down on the running board of the car. Oh, the relief of it! The relief of being able to cry all alone in the dark, with Aunt Ervina and Aunt Babe both out, and no one to know.  
No one to know. She could cry as much as she liked, and she did. An orgy of grief.  
And into it, all unsuspecting, walked Bill.  
He walked in to get Miss Van Fleet's second-hand car, and he almost fell over the weeping girl. He would have fled, but Joan heard his feet, heard him stumble back to the door, heard him make a dash for him. With a tremendous effort she swallowed her sobs, and made a few ineffectual dabs at her eyes.  
"I'm—I'm crying," she said rather miserably. "It means it as a sort of apology. I forgot it was Wednesday."  
"Oh—that's all right," he murmured, feeling foolish.  
"It's too bad, but I've used up all my handkerchiefs, and I didn't bring any more. I'll just go away—for a minute."  
Bill backed to the door. There was something so helpless, so childish, so girlish about her in the ruffled glory of her curly hair, in her very abandonment and tear-streaked dustiness that his own embarrassment melted.  
Bill reached in his pocket and brought out a large, clean handkerchief.  
"Here—take this one."  
She looked up through wet, thick lashes, and reached out a timid hand. Their fingers touched. Her slim body was shaking convulsively, she buried her nose in Bill's big white handkerchief and cried afresh.  
Gingerly he steadied her with his hand. Almost automatically he sank to his knees beside her. His arm had slipped around her.  
Feminine tears were no novelty to Bill. His married sister, Eunice, was what old Mrs. Martin complained of as "weeping." He'd never seen her cry, but she never cried like that.  
"You—you weren't sick or anything?" he ventured nervously.  
"Can I call somebody—or something—a minute?"  
"Oh, no—no—I'll be all right in a minute."  
The sympathy in the boy's voice, his concern for her, completely overwhelmed Joan, who had never, in her seventeen years, received any such attention. She knew that was half a sob, she snuggled closer in his protecting arms.  
And so big Bill Martin who had never cared much for girls, and little Joan Hastings who had never known any boys found their first shy love in each other's arms.  
"Water the rose garden," Aunt Ervina had said. A task to fill Joan's mind, to keep her from thinking of her whole life.  
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## 28 Whelps Raised in Fox Farm This Spring at Webfoot

DAYTON, May 21.—Twenty-eight young whelps from a start this season of six female and four male foxes on the Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dorsey farm in the Webfoot locality are doing splendid. The first ones were born February 1. Dorseys have raised foxes for a number of years.  
Fifty young canary birds raised on the same farm this spring are beginning to sing.

## WEBFOOT SCHOOL ENDS

WEBFOOT, May 21.—The Webfoot school closed Thursday with a program by the students in the forenoon, a basket dinner at noon and a picnic in the afternoon. Isabelle Forman, teacher, has been re-elected for next term.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

### Restless, Irritable Children

Though the actual cause of chorea has never been discovered, it is probable that it is due to a germ or to bacteria. For this reason it is important that diseased tonsils, adenoids, sinuses and defective teeth be removed.

### The Child should be kept in bed. This is sometimes a difficult ordeal, but it is now definitely known that great benefit is derived from prolonged rest. The sufferer from chorea should be kept in bed for at least two to three months. Meals should be served to the child in bed, and every effort should be made to avoid exciting and stimulating games. Bear in mind that mental and physical excitement is harmful to these little patients.

### Of course the victim of chorea should be under the personal supervision of a physician. He and only he is in a position to prescribe the necessary medicine, the proper diet, care and attention.

### Do not disregard signs of restlessness and irritability in a child. Often the child suffering from chorea is backward in his school work, careless, and has periods of loss of memory. If you suspect chorea consult with your doctor.

### Within recent years chorea has been associated with rheumatic fever. It frequently follows an attack of acute rheumatic fever. Much research work is being conducted all over the world in an effort to solve this affliction. Until the cause of rheumatic fever and chorea are discovered, prevention is impossible. Proper care lessens the seriousness of the disease.

### Answers to Health Queries

A Young Woman. Q.—What do you advise for cold feet?  
A.—Build up the general health and your circulation will improve.

### F. G. Q.—What causes black spots to appear on the eyes? A.—This may be due to poor circulation, "glaucoma," or eye strain. (Copyright, 1933, K. F. S., Inc.)