

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

**THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.**  
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 Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.  
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 Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

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. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.35; 6 Mo. \$2.55; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.  
 By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.95 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 Cts. On Trains and News Stands 5 cents.

"Come Quick, Mom, There's a Breeze!"



"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

**CHAPTER XLII**

"I never thought about self-respect at all. So that's why I didn't tell you—I was never going to tell you—until you said that about Connie—about Connie not being bad enough to pretend."

"Joan don't torment me—you can't mean—Joan!"

She dropped her eyes then. The red burned her cheeks, her ears, her throat. She had been so steeped in suffering for him she had forgotten this, the pain of telling... of having him know.

He began to walk up and down, his hands pressed to his twitching mouth. When he spoke again it was with his back to her, looking out of the window, into the dark. "So it was true. An anonymous letter to tell me. And I believed you..."

He turned around and looked at her from his corner. "You looked into my eyes and said it was a lie... Joan... how could you?"

At first she didn't understand. Then it flashed over her, sickly. He thought she was trying to say that she had lied about the silly letter, about the sailor...

"Oh, that isn't what I'm talking about..."

"No? Something else again—Joan, why have you done this to me? Haven't I always been—"

"Yes, always good to me—too good, Curtis. That's why I couldn't tell. I thought and thought. I've been nearly mad trying to decide. One day I'd think I should tell you—and then you'd say something—about loving me so much—"

She heard his groans.

"And I couldn't bear to tell you then... so I didn't."

"You lied to me, Joan. That's what can't forgive. When I told you about the letter—"

"But it was a lie, Curtis! It was!"

He came nearer. She saw the flicker of hope in his eyes, the hope that he had misunderstood after all, that she was being hysterical over nothing, over nothing at all—

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried. "Don't touch me, Curtis! Don't come near things."

He was gripping her arms, hurting her, hurting her unbearably.

"Go on—don't stop—who was it? Who was it, I say?"

"Just a boy, I know. We were a loved each other, Curtis. I never had any love before. My aunts you know—they didn't love me. I never had any friends. Not even a dog, Curtis, or a kitten. There was a kitten once, it came to the house, all black with a little white dot under its chin, and a little pointed pink tongue... Heeley... Heeley killed it..." Her voice broke.

"I don't see what a cat has to do with it."

"No, not only the kitten. Everything, Curtis. The loneliness. Everything so quiet and echoing and hostile. They were all so old, my aunts and Heeley and the house. And I never knew anyone young. Just read books, and dreamed."

"And then this boy—came—and we loved each other. So much that nothing seemed to matter but that. Do you understand, Curtis? I'd like you to understand if you can. It will hurt so much thinking about you not understanding it all over my life... I don't ask you to forgive me, but couldn't you just try to understand why I didn't tell you? Couldn't you do that, Curtis?"

But he just sat there with his head turned away from her, his face in his hands. His voice came, muffled. "Where is he now?"

"Silence again. A long, aching silence. Joan waited, white and frozen and lonely. More lonely than she had ever been before, for Curtis was lost to her now... Curtis who a few short minutes ago had loved her..."

"I don't know what to say to you, the muffled voice went on. 'What have you left for me to say? Oh Joan—to think that you should be so kind to me...'

She could see his shoulders shaking. Was he crying? Did men cry? She wanted to put her arms about his poor shoulders, and comfort him as she would comfort a child. But he would not let her arms any more, and besides they were too stiff and cold to be comforting...

Her coat... over the book-case. She went over to it, and put it on. He lifted his head.

He pulled himself together with a tremendous effort. Forced himself to speak naturally. "Wait, Joan. I won't have you go home alone. Wait a minute. I'll take you." She almost smiled. As if it mattered how she got home. As if anything mattered now.

"About breaking the engagement," she said, speaking very fast. "You can say anything you like. Anything that will make it easier for you. I'm sorry I didn't realize before... before all the years of parties... It will hurt your mother—"

She heard his rattling sigh. He was thinking about his mother now. "Remember the next day—"

Quickly she wrenched the ring from her swollen finger. "Here's—the ring—"

He took it, examining it curiously, as if he had never seen it before. "Could you keep it for a time, he asked, 'until we decide—"

"But we have decided!"

"No, not yet. You must give me time—to think it over—"

"But there's nothing to think over! It's all decided. Oh, let's not put it off. Let's name now—you don't want me—after what I've told you—"

"But I can't think now. My head—all gone—I'll take you home, Joan. Tomorrow at the next day—"

So she let him drive her to Maise's door. She even let him give her back the ring. "I'd rather you would keep it if you don't mind. Well, it's just do. People will wonder if you don't. We don't want them to do that—"

"But Curtis, you know it must come—we'll have to let people know, we can't go on this way—"

"I'm not sure yet what we ought to do. Please wait. Tomorrow—"

He turned and ran down the stairs, leaving her...

The coffee was bubbling in the percolator, and Annie had brought the muffins, deep yellow puffs, brown on the tops.

"Annie, will you see if Mr. Barstow is coming? He's never late!"

But Lydia had almost finished her breakfast before he came down. "Morning!" he said cheerfully. A little too cheerfully she thought. A bad sign when he was late.

"You aren't feeling well," she said anxiously. "Oh Curtis, I hope it isn't another sore throat. You're so careless, always slopping about in wet feet, and it has rained so much this year."

"I'm quite all right, thanks."

He drank the hot, strong coffee greedily, and pushed the little brown saucer he liked so much, away untouched.

"You haven't told me about the apartment. Did you like it?"

"Hmm..."

"Curtis, please put down that paper. I'll have to telephone to Mrs. Fuller. She'll want to know if you're going to take it?"

"Won't tomorrow do? We—well the fact is, we didn't decide definitely. I thought it was a little large."

"Large! How could you do with less room? You couldn't possibly!"

"It seemed large to me."

"Very well, if you don't like it I'll let Mrs. Fuller know."

"Do you have to do it this morning, Curtis?"

Slamming down the newspaper and pushing his coffee cup aside.

"Certainly. I explained to Joan that they're going to Europe for two weeks. I can't understand why she didn't tell you, and why you couldn't make up your minds. Marcia Fuller let you see it before anyone else, but you can't expect her to hold the offer open indefinitely."

"It's not indefinitely."

"Well, this afternoon then. I'll call you this afternoon."

"I'm going to be busy this afternoon. I can't be concerned with personal affairs during office hours. Besides, I'll be in court most of the day."

"Very well," she sighed. "I'll talk to Joan about it. Fortunately she doesn't work in a jail. She's not too rushed to speak civilly to me—"

He threw down his napkin.

"Mother will you please be reasonable and please don't call Joan—"

"Why not?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

The Big End of the Telescope

WESTBROOK Pegler, the clown of journalism, whose satire is frequently a delightful feature of the Oregonian, has undertaken to analyze for obtuse citizens like ourselves, the virtues of the latest experiment, "noble in purpose," which a new administration is now launching in the U. S. A. Pegler ventures upon heresy when he turns his keen irony on this democratic counterpart of prohibition; because ninety per cent of the bankers and industrialists are throwing their hats in the air over this "new deal." Such unanimous support is what makes us severely critical of the plan; for bankers are generally dumb and industrialists always greedy.

The only way for an orthodox economist to go along with the president is by standing on his head. Pegler however makes that unnecessary by simply labeling the plan an "upside down plan." Here are his initial paragraphs:

"Many persons will have trouble understanding the upside-down plan of economic recovery whereby the government will reduce the cost of living upward because eleven million people find the present low cost too high. The upside-down plan may not be at fault, however, as much as the mental habits of the citizens who have been accepting traditions as knowledge for many generations and cannot easily adjust themselves to new ideas.

"The right side up plan seems to have developed rather serious defects and it may be that the commissioners have a better idea after all. No government ever tried doing everything upside-down before and the scheme of paying certain citizens to abstain from work, of spending one's way out of debt and raising the cost of necessities to people who couldn't buy them even if they cost only half as much, has the merit of originality and possibly some other merits, too."

Pegler's may be a sour note; but this is not the first time in history when people profess to have seen a new heavens by simply looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

The Last Romance Shattered

SENTIMENTALISTS among the movie fans will shed some salty tears over the ending of the Mary Pickford romance with Douglas Fairbanks. This marriage seemed the answer to the complaints of Hollywood's marital instabilities. Now it too has crumbled the same as the alliances of the brothers Mdivani and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford. Mary and Doug have grown old in the films; but after 14 years their paths separate. Just another Hollywood romance shattered on the rocks of incompatibility.

These performers live in a dream world. Their lives are not normal. In their heyday the world lies at their feet. Luxuries beyond their youthful fancies are lavished about them. Their whims are given the force of royal decree. Add to these factors the "artistic temperament" which seems naturally to attend persons of genius in the arts, and the reasons are apparent why love seems only a matter of celluloid to those of the movie colony.

There was hope for a time that the business deflation which affected the movie empire as well as other lines of business, might steal some of the false glamor and the dazzle which attended the sudden rise of Hollywood. It was thought that shortened salaries might give a more wholesome outlook on the real world to those who dwell in the heights of Beverly Hills. Why shouldn't movie stars settle down to a distinct profession with lessened incomes, and less chance of the personal disaster which usually attends fortunes quickly gained? The prospects seem dubious at the moment; for the old fever seems to be reviving. And for another thing, the press agents of the movie stars and their producers will not give them the privacy which normal living requires.

The Eagle and the Sword

HERR Hitler is still busy with his new deal for Germany. The newest deal is to change the art work on the Prussian scutcheon. People will remember the old bird which adorned the Kaiser's stationery, riding pants and dinner plate. It was an up and coming bird, standing on its hind legs with its wings thrown back bravely. It had a scepter in one of its front legs and an orb in the other; or were these things balanced on its beak?

Hitler, who has been busy chasing the Catholic orders around the lot and issuing orders to the Protestant churches to hoist the Nazi flag, has not neglected Prussian art. So he is changing the Prussian eagle over. Instead of showing the bird with a scepter and an orb, the bird will henceforth "grasp a sword as a symbol of peace and a ray of lightning as a warning to enemies."

We are sure the other nations will catch the significance of the "sword as a symbol of peace". It has been that all down the ages. The world will remember the German sword of 1914 and the kind of peace it started out to spread over Europe. Hitler's sword looks very much like Wilhelm's sword, and the blade edge is quite as sharp. Perhaps in the German schools the copy book maxim: "The pen is mightier than the sword" will now be changed to: "The sword is the symbol of peace."

The remainder of the world should extend its thanks to Herr Hitler however. He spared it the hypocrisy of an olive branch in a turtle dove's mouth.

Drownings instead of auto accidents account for most of the fatalities of the July 4th holiday. Driving or riding over 500 miles during the week-end and the holiday we failed to see a wreck, encountered no drunken or reckless drivers, and noted a very general observance of rules of the road. Perhaps people are learning to avoid those short cuts to heaven which the auto can supply.

The saloon is not going to come back, say the friends of "true temperance". So it seems; but have you noticed the new neon "lavern" signs along the highways? "There is a tavern in the town, in the town..."

The public isn't worrying much over the kidnaping of Jerome Factor (aka the Barber). The supposition is that Jake got his fortune by methods not much different in ethics than those practiced by his abductors.

The men of fifty and up who got kitchens at family picnics on the Fourth of July and tried playing baseball, now feel like they had been through an auto wreck.

The oldest rock ever written in the state has been found over in Lake county. Odds are even that when translated it will read, "I love you" or "please remit."

Yesterdays BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

4th of July in Salem, 1846:

(Continuing from yesterday.)

W. G. T'Vault, orator of the day at the 1846 4th of July celebration in Salem, was unique in character; born in Arkansas, whence he removed to Illinois in 1843 and came across the plains to Oregon in 1845. He was captain (or colonel) of a covered wagon train of 61 wagons and 300 people starting from St. Joseph, Mo.; John Waymire, lieutenant, and James Allen, sergeant. He was a lawyer, energetic, adventurous, foremost in many exploring expeditions; a strong partisan with southern democratic proclivities. Possessing literary abilities, he had something to do with early newspapers, first with the Spectator, Oregon City, first newspaper west of the Missouri river, as president of the Oregon Printing association, and as its first editor; afterward as editor of the Table Rock Sentinel, first newspaper in southern Oregon, and later the Intelligencer. He was in the legislature of 1846. After Oregon became a territory, he served again in the legislature, and was speaker of the house in 1853. Twice he was prosecuting attorney of the first judicial district, in which was Jackson county, in which he had removed after the discovery of gold in the Rogue river valley, and held other public positions. When the mining boom was at its height in Idaho, he was practicing law and editing the Index, in Silver City. Bancroft says in his "Oregon": "Towards the end of his life, he deteriorated through the influence of his political associations, and lost caste with his

fellow pioneers. He died of small-pox at Jacksonville in 1869."

The 1846 provisional government legislature made Col. T'Vault postmaster general, at its second session. He authorized a mail route from Oregon City to Marysville (Corvallis), by way of "The Institute" (Salem), thus giving the Oregon country its first regular mail service.

In 1846, Col. T'Vault was appointed one of a committee or sodas press of three men to go to Soda Springs, beyond Fort Hall, and resist the endeavors of men with sinister motives to turn immigrants bound for Oregon to California. The committee took the winter of 1846-47, and he had been misled the year before and wintered at Fort Sutter. The Bonnyas had settled on the site of Woodburn. Truman Bonney was the great-grandfather of the Bits man.

When Col. T'Vault delivered the 4th of July oration in the town that was beginning to be known as Salem, he had just lost, or was about to lose, his position as editor of the Spectator, because he was too lenient with the Hudson's Bay company's interests. His first issue was on Thursday, Feb. 5, and Col. T'Vault lasted as editor only through about 10 issues. His publication being every two weeks then. H. A. G. Lee became editor, and lasted through only nine numbers, when Geo. L. Curry, afterward governor, got the job, and lasted very much longer than either of his predecessors, but ere long had to walk the plank for allowing an article to appear criticizing Samuel R. Thurston, candidate of the Methodist faction for delegate in congress, to which position he was elected.

Jan. 7, 1851, William Hamilton was shot and killed by William Kendall in a quarrel. Kendall had jumped Hamilton's land claim, southeast of and near the present prison annex, not far from the site of the town of Turner. Federal Judge William Strong convened a special term of court March 23, in the chapel of the Oregon Institute (that by change of name became Williams university), and Kendall was defended by Col. T'Vault and B. F. Harding, attorneys, the latter afterward secretary of state and U. S. senator, etc. But land claim issues were anathema marantha in the Oregon of that day, and Kendall was convicted, and, on April 18, hanged. Where? About where the Roberts apartment house is now located, Winter near Ferry street. Any way, there was nothing else to do with the claim jumper, for that was before the first wooden jail of Marion county was built, some yards west of the place of the gallows. Shortly thereafter a sailor named Cook was shot by Wm. Keene, a gambler. Keene was also tried by Judge Strong, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. As the jury had decided that he ought not to hang, and he could not be confined in an imaginary penitentiary, Governor Gaines pardoned him. There were several similar pardons, and some more hangings in that period, and one man was sold by the sheriff to the highest bidder, and turned loose by the his term of sentence had expired.

Col. T'Vault about this time became part owner of the new town of Port Orford, along with Capt. Wm. Tichenor, and four other men.

He had headed a party of 23 explorers and Indian fighters who went to the Curry county coast country in the fall of 1851. They had plenty of fighting; T'Vault

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States senator from New York Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

**RECENTLY NATIONWIDE** interest was aroused by the story of two-year-old Helen Vaska. This child was the victim of a disease called "glioma," a malignant tumor of the eye.

The parents of the child begged to allow the surgeons to operate. They feared she would not survive the operation and it was their belief that the malady might be cured without an operation.

But they were told the child's life was doomed if operation was delayed. I am glad to say that consent was finally given and little Helen is now comfortably convalescing. The operation was successfully performed and there is every reason to believe the life of the child has been saved.

Glioma is rarely seen in adults, almost always appearing in infancy and early childhood. The tumor involves the retina of the eye and grows rapidly. In its growth it spreads to the brain along the course of the optic nerve. This opposite eye may become affected.

The tumor is of the malignant variety. It grows rapidly and like true cancer may find its way to remote parts of the body. Little hope for cure can be held when the optic nerve is seriously involved, even when surgery is applied.

It is for this reason that early recognition of the disease and early removal of the affected eye is imperative. When recognized in its early stages and proper surgical

measures are taken the life of the victim can be saved. If overlooked or neglected, the tumor rapidly spreads and the disease is then beyond the control of the surgeon.

**Removal of the Eye**

The operation consists of prompt and complete enucleation, or removal of the eyeball. Of course, this is a drastic operation, but it is the only means of saving the life of the young person.

After removal of the eye, the child is fitted with an artificial eye. This may be so perfect that it is often difficult to distinguish the normal eye from the artificial one.

I can appreciate and well understand the hesitancy of a mother who is asked to give permission for this operation. I hope it may never be necessary for the reader to make this decision. But if you are confronted with this problem there is only one decision to make.

Immediate operation will save the vision of the normal eye. It will permit normal growth and development of the child and prevent ultimate misery and anguish. This statement is borne out by the many letters sent to Mrs. Vaska from mothers whose children had been afflicted in a similar manner.

**Answers to Health Queries**

E. J. S. Q.—What do you advise for blackheads? A: I am 14, 5 feet 1 inch tall, how much should I weigh? A.—Diet and elimination are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question. B: You should weigh about 108 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance. (Copyright, 1933, K. F. S., Inc.)

Hudson's Bay company than in all the former portions of their 2000 mile journey; almost in sight of the promised land many were saved from the perishing by the help of Dr. John McLaughlin. (Continued tomorrow.)

**INSTALLED ROBOT PILOT**  
 WILMINGTON, Del., July 5.—(AP)—General Francesco de Pinedo, Italian pilot, is having a "robot pilot" installed in his airplane here, it was made known Tuesday. General de Pinedo, who plans to take off before the end of July from Floyd Bennett field, New York, for Teheran, Persia, is supervising the installation.

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