

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Inflation and the Commodity Dollar

AMONG the "whereases" adopted by a gathering of cotton planters held recently in Washington, was this:
"Whereas the cotton farmers and all who depend on them are faced with utter ruin because of a worse price condition today than has existed during this entire depression
And the concluding petition to the president of the United States was to issue \$400,000,000 in greenbacks, and to establish a minimum price of 20 cents a pound for cotton. The resolutions were drawn up by a committee headed by Senator Thomas of Oklahoma and Senator Smith of South Carolina.

Senator Thomas was the rampant inflationist at the special session of the congress. At that time it was urged that if the dollar were devalued to around 65c we would get back the price level of 1926. Under the Thomas amendment inflationary powers were granted the president. While he has not exercised them in the manner outlined, the American dollar has sunk to around 63c in terms of gold. So we already have the effective inflation which its advocates of early spring recommended. In spite of the 63c dollar the cotton farmers claim they will be ruined unless the printing presses start going and the government goes into price fixing.

The price of cotton is a few cents higher than a year ago, and other prices have gone up, too. But in recent weeks there has been a steady deterioration in prices. In other words the 63c dollar is not providing a permanent higher price level. Already it is noted that fluctuations in the dollar quotations are without influence in the financial markets. Inflation has now spent its force; and the powers that be are casting about for some new device to prop the tottering price level.

One of the ideas proposed now is the commodity dollar. Prof. Warren's dollar would be one of varying gold content with a uniform price level for commodities. Taking a price index for various commodities as of a certain date and scaling the index at 100, then the dollar would be given sufficient gold content to balance the index price level. Then if the commodity price level index went up say ten points, the gold content would be increased in the dollar, while if the price level declined, the content of gold in the dollar would be decreased proportionately. It is hoped the price level index could be kept constant in this manner, even though there would be fluctuations in the prices of individual commodities in the group that determine the index.

We have little faith in the commodity dollar. Authorities would disagree over the weight to be given the various items in the index. Recently Pres. Roosevelt in checking over the items used to determine the cost of living in the bureau of labor index, found they were including ladies' high top shoes. But how many women wear high top shoes at present? This illustrates the constant change which occurs in commodities. Moreover the commodity dollar would be useless in international exchange. China for instance would give great importance to the price of rice in her index while Russia would give weight to vodka. International trade would be a gigantic guessing game.

No, we are just going to stumble around in the dark until we get back on a gold dollar. Call it a fetish if you will, gold remains the most practical base for a currency system and for the conduct of international trade.

Come the "Silver Shirts"

THE American nazis who are recruiting to persecute the Jews, have adopted the silver shirt as their apparel slogan. Hitler adopted the brown shirt and Mussolini's fascists affect the black shirt. The white shirt would be too reminiscent of the Ku Klux Klan, so the silver shirt is selected. The silver shirts meditate violence to clean out the Jews whom they attribute all our ills to, including the killing frosts last winter and the summer drouth. Perhaps they blame the Jews too with sending little piggies to market.

"We are ready to march" say these silver shirted nazis, though it is not disclosed where they will march to,—perhaps the state house in Salem. We have not learned yet how much a person must pungle up to get a silver shirt and a nazi badge which will permit him to stage a village pogrom; but usually ten to twenty dollars is the membership ante. There are always suckers who will put off paying the garage bill in order to finance a silver shirt, especially if there is a chance to be elected kleagle or outer guard.

This fresh batch of intolerance will not go very far. The ideas of liberty are too deeply ingrained in the American people to make this a fertile ground for persecution of the Jews, although persecution of the negroes is accepted as standard in a large portion of the country. The silver shirts will be subjected to so much ridicule that they will soon disclaim affiliation with the jew-baiting organization. The higher-ups will not find the pickings very good in these times of depression.

A woman in Sherman county left \$30,000 of her estate to be divided equally between the tuberculosis hospital at The Dalles and the children's farm home at Corvallis. The bequests were worthy; but of particular commendation is the fact they were left without restrictions. It is a mistake for dead hands to try to control the future. A permanent endowment may look well when made, but changing conditions may make it futile. It may come about that society will restrict the term of endowments to fifty or one hundred years. Each generation should be able to look after its needs and charities.

Salem was made happy with news of the victory of the legion auxiliary trio and quartette, in the national contest in Chicago. It was the second such success for the trio. Those who have heard the groups sing have been charmed and so were not at all surprised with their winning first place in Chicago. The ladies have worked hard, and share their honors with Miss Lena Belle Tartar, their trainer. They should be given a hearty reception on their return.

Gus Sonnenberg, wrestler, has gone to court to break the marriage tie. His wife evidently has a "sonnenberg" on him.

Marshall Dana, PWA grand sachem here, says money is ready for "sound proposals". Many should qualify with Dana then,—all sound.

Mitchell Sues For Divorce; W. McKay Licensed to Marry

DALLAS, Oct. 3.—Roy S. Mitchell filed a complaint for divorce here Monday against Lil-

lian V. Mitchell in which he charged desertion. They were married August 28, 1927, and have no children. There are no property rights involved in the suit.

A marriage license was issued Monday to Willard McKay, 28, laborer, and Mabel Sievers, 16, student, both of Gervais.

"Duck, Bill! — Here It Comes Again!"



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

TOO FEW persons realize the dangers of a common cold. In addition to being disagreeable and disabling, it may lead to other serious disorders.

No doubt you will be surprised to learn that many cases of pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, sinus disease, heart and kidney disease can be traced to the common and often neglected cold. Today I want to tell you about emphysema, which is sometimes a complication of neglected cold in a child.

When a child suffers with a cold, the germs found in the discharge of his nose and throat may spread to the lungs. Due to the lowered resistance of the young victim, the germs attack the lung tissue and may cause pus formation. Emphysema, which is really an accumulation of pus within the lungs, then results.

The victim of this affliction has marked difficulty in breathing. This is due to the accumulation of pus and the pressure on the normal air spaces in the lung. A high fever is caused by the absorption of poisons from the pus in the lungs. Fever is present and the child is restless and appears extremely sick. If you have ever seen a sufferer from this affliction you can readily appreciate the anxiety and fear aroused by this disorder.

Mistaken for Pneumonia
The disease may be mistaken for pneumonia or pleurisy. Whenever there is any doubt, a "tap" is performed. This is accomplished by inserting a long needle through the tissues into the area of the chest where the emphysema is suspected. If emphysema is present, pus is obtained through the needle.

This sounds like a painful and difficult procedure. In the hands of an expert surgeon there is little pain and no need for alarm. It can be readily performed at home, and if it is recommended by your physician, do not hesitate to permit it. In addition to its value in diagnosis, it has curative benefits because large amounts of pus can be withdrawn. This gives the patient immediate relief, lowers the temperature and hastens recovery.

In more serious and advanced cases, a tap alone is not sufficient. In such cases it is advisable to remove the patient to a hospital where an operation is performed. In this operation a rib, or portion of a rib, is removed and an incision, or opening, made to allow the escape of accumulated pus. Never delay. Several lung abscesses and complications that cause a stormy and prolonged convalescence.

I am confident you will agree with me when I say that prevention is better than cure. Never neglect a common cold or infection. If you do not feel well and think you have a cold do not resort to home remedies. Go to bed and call your physician. This may save you a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Answers to Health Queries

A. M. Q.—Is esophageal fattening?
A.—Esophageal is strengthening. It taken in any quantity is apt to put on weight.

A. Constant Reader. Q.—What do you advise for epilepsy?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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PRINTER QUITS JOB

HUBBARD, Oct. 3.—L. H. Bates, who for the last two years has been the printer and newspaper for the Hubbard Enterprise of which Dr. F. O. Riley is editor, has left the employ of Dr. Riley but plans to stay in Hubbard.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Baker, Oregon, solid, neighborly, beautiful:

The writer is ashamed to say he never saw Baker, Oregon, excepting from the train (a poor view), until Thursday, Sept. 28, when he was called thither due to having been drafted (without pay or expenses) onto the district NRA board for Oregon and Idaho. One gets an idea of the magnificent distances of the inland empire from the fact that Baker was chosen as a central place for the meeting, "believe it or not."

But the writer felt himself at home in Baker when he noticed the fine Old Oregon Trail marker in that city, for his sainted mother walked over the site of that city in 1850, in her bare feet, at the age of 12, as Abigail Scott Dunway did, at the age of 18, in 1852, and as did many thousands of other covered wagon immigrants of those days. They started with shoes, but they soon wore out — and none were for sale from the Missouri river to the Dalles, a six month journey then, over some 2000 miles of plain, prairie and mountain stretches, going at the rate of 10 to 20 miles a day, with nearly 10 per cent of the whole number losing their lives on the Trail, and resting in unmarked graves.

And his father drove an ox team, by the site of the Baker marker in one of the covered wagon trains of 1852, the "big immigration," in which some 50,000 came over the Old Oregon Trail — and left about 6000 on the way, in unmarked graves. Only one of the 6000 was definitely marked.

And some of his good wife's people passed over the site of the Baker marker in 1853, and a larger party, about Sept. 17, 1855, bound for the Willamette, Wash. district, thence to the Aurora, Oregon, section.

The most pleasing thing about the Baker people, to the writer of these lines, is the fact that they have accepted and wear the mantle of neighborliness handed down from pioneer days, and nurtured in the atmosphere of the ranges, where the litching has ever been and still is on the outside of the door.

That spirit makes Baker both

Embezzler



Miss Ella J. Lackamp, 43-year-old employee of the Union Trust Bank, Cleveland, O., who confessed to the county prosecutor that she lost over \$37,000 in the stock market with money she took from the bank's funds. She said she manipulated the accounts of nine depositors.

a good home place and a solid business city, with the varied resources of its trade territory. The city's population (official) in 1930 was 7858, and its trade territory about 16,000, and there has been growth since, indicated by increase of school census and attendance.

And the depression brought only two major business failures to that city, the four banks of the county have been and are open without restrictions, and there are very few vacant stores or houses in business and residence districts.

About a fourth of the population is Mormon, which aids in stability, for these people are industrious and thrifty, and none of them is on any kind of a dole from the public. The Mormons everywhere take care of their own people in adversity. There is a considerable Jewish (pioneer families) leadership, which, for the same reason, with the pioneering spirit, adds to cooperation and stability, and the Catholic church is strong in that section, and besides there are a dozen or more other flourishing churches there, all working in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and loyalty to their city and section, which adds to the stabilizing influences.

Baker has a fine library, hospitals and clinics, a \$200,000 municipal natatorium, parks and playgrounds, etc., etc., showing the fine community spirit. The city, school district and county are on a 100 per cent warrant paying basis, and their county stands third in Oregon in proportionate smallness of delinquent taxes.

They call theirs the "land of plenty," with the backing of live stock, dairying, lumbering and mining. Dairy products bring a million and a half a year. The lumbering industry is dominated by the Eccles (Mormon) family, originating at Ogden, Utah, as is the Sumpter Valley railroad, 80 miles long, tapping the timbered sections. Mining, the pioneering industry, is having a rebirth, as will be shown later on.

The Baker people are apt to first tell the visitor with pardonable pride about their magnificent water system, with the supply coming from high mountain streams and springs, pure as crystal, showing a test as high as the highest, and delivered through gravity in the same degree of purity as it comes from the original sources — protected by federal reserve regulations that guarantee that there shall never be any contamination.

The gravity system is so fine and strong that no pumping is necessary in case of fires in the city, and even power is developed at one of the reservoirs in the hills back of the town to furnish power for municipal uses, in lighting and electric traction.

And now needing no caretaker at the reservoir — turned on with a switch down town, through a lately invented device.

The Baker booster is prone next to remind the visitor of the fact that the Hotel Baker is one of the finest in the west, or in the whole country. It is the product of their fine community spirit. The project has suffered somewhat from the depression, but it has weathered the experiences thereof better than the average throughout the country, and is now on a basis calculated to bring it through with flying colors. This is due to the exercise of the same fine community spirit of same and sound mutual helpfulness and cooperation. A three year moratorium was lately granted by the holders of some of the original basic se-

"THAT'S MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

The old home town—tiny Athens in the midwest—is awaiting the return of its most celebrated son, "Big Jeff" Randolph, for two seasons a national football sensation at famous Thorndyke, one of the most historic of eastern universities. Thorndyke influences had lured Randolph east because he had been a high school grid marvel. On vacations, some of which he spent at home, Tommy (as he was known to his Mom and Pop and other admiring Athenians) was "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" and... an airy arbiter of household manners. Dorothy Whitney, daughter of the town's richest citizen, had been Tommy's high school girl friend but a rift had slowly come between them until the dashing Thorndyke hero had become enamored of Elaine Winthrop, artist and daughter of a Wall Street magnate. ... Tommy is coming home for Christmas; Athens is astir with preparations for a testimonial dinner. ... Some of the jealous neighbors have just been prodded Mom in the butcher's but she's more than held her own with them. ...

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Butcher Brown smiled: "They're all jealous, Missus Randolph, but you give it to all of them all right."

Mom shook her head. "Yes," she said, "it's too bad people have to be that way."

"Women," said Butcher Brown, "are all alike."

"Yes, I suppose so," Mom answered, "be sure and save me a nice big turkey for Christmas, Butcher."

Then Mom went out and when she came to Mrs. Farrell's house she walked very slowly. She didn't expect to hear anything but she looked in the window just to let them know; and she smiled very pleasantly as if they were her best friends; and they all smiled back, even Mrs. Farrell. Guilty conscience, Mom thought.

At home she peeled her potatoes and fixed the soup and put them all on the stove under a cover and hung up her shawl and put on her new house dress and her good hat and coat. Neither one of the latter was new any longer but in another year Tommy would be out of school and the first thing he was going to buy her was a new fur coat; even before the electric washer and ironer he was going to buy her the coat and from New York, too; from Fifth Avenue!

A whole new outfit with shoes and hat to match and he said then she should be the best-dressed matron in town.

Mom wasn't sure what the difference was between a plain married woman and a matron but she had an idea a matron was society and the way they were going there was no reason, exactly, why Mom shouldn't be society. If Tommy married Dorothy or one of the girls at Smithville he would be society and then his mother would be a matron—she'd have to be. Mom shook her head, though, when she thought of the trouble she'd have with Pop and Uncle Louie, trying to make them society.

When she walked by Mrs. Farrell's again on her way downtown the three of them were standing on the front porch; and Mom was thinking so much about society that she forgot her coat was five years old and the hat three; and in her mind she was a matron walking along in her fur coat and shoes and hat to match; and when she passed them, almost without thinking, she inclined her head ever so slightly and said, like a matron should:

"Good afternoon, ladies." Nor did she get the full effect upon them; for after all, they were just neighbor ladies who would never get anywhere and really didn't know any better and shouldn't be paid too much attention to. "Going downtown?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

Mom smiled to herself. Couldn't anybody see she was going downtown? But she remembered her manners and said: "Yes—I'm on my way to buy a few things for the banquet, you know."

"Tell Sidney to hold that yellow percale remnant for me till tomorrow," Mrs. Flannigan said. Tomorrow was payday and everybody knew Mrs. Flannigan couldn't get trust anywhere.

"If I see him," Mom said, "but of course I'm going to Julius's."

Let them put that in their pipes and smoke it.

When Mom turned the corner, two blocks up the porch and if Mrs. Johnson was around complaining about that pain in her back again it'd be her own fault, standing in the cold, gossiping.

Mom marched in Julius's without hesitation, still feeling grand. Julius himself came to greet her, saying: "I know, Mother, I know—it's a new dress for the banquet. He must be proud of his mother."

Mom held her breath a moment. She had only worn the blue flax crepe twice and thought it would do; she really couldn't afford another, with Christmas coming on, and what would she do with two good dresses anyhow? She temporized:

"Well, Julius, I ain't come to that, yet. Right now I want to look at a nice silk shirt for Tommy."

Julius smiled. "That's a mother for you—always thinking of the boys first; Myrtle, bring some of these new ones here, the plain white ones."

Mom had thought of one with stripes but the way Julius took it for granted, she decided the white ones must be the most stylish; so she looked them over, and fingered them almost lovingly, for Mom



Mom shops for "a nice silk shirt" for her one-time little Tommy, now "Big Jeff," titanic idol of the football world.

loved such fine things almost without knowing why. And finally she picked out one with an almost invisible figure in it.

"Lovely taste, Mother, he'll be proud to wear this," Julius said; and when he'd said that there was nothing left for Mom to do but take it even when he said the price was six dollars. It was almost double what she'd thought it might cost but she couldn't look cheap before Myrtle Flannigan or it'd be all over the neighborhood; and she could get something less expensive for Pete and Pop—so or anything would do for them, they never paid any attention to their clothes anyhow.

She had hoped to buy shirts for all of them, even Uncle Louis, who needed a new one bad enough, goodness knows—but he'd have to do with a tie, the only one he had left looked like the dog had been playing with it, although poor little Nippy never bothered anything and, if the truth were known, Nippy had more sense than a lot of people Mom knew. Sometimes, when she had had a hard day and sat looking into the fire at night, too tired to know what to do next, little Nippy would come over and lay down with his nose on her shoe, looking up at her as if he understood and wanted to be sympathetic.

She had wanted to get a little collar with bells on it for Nippy—and there was Steve, too. Steve was awful good to her and to Pete, too, and the two of them were well-matched. There'd have to be some little thing for Steve—Mom wondered what Tommy would think of Steve; she wasn't a beauty, exactly, and was more like a boy than a girl, only she was pretty enough and a real girl underneath and she had such good common sense and a heart as big and warm as herself. Steve had given Nippy to Pete and the three of them seemed to fit together, so calm and careful and always doing the right thing, it seemed. Mom hoped Tommy would approve of Steve.

(To Be Continued)

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curities, besides a lower interest rate given; these held mostly by local people.

Baker has a very active chamber of commerce, with its office in the big hotel. Its manager is Leo Adler, and he overlooks no bet. He is a very live wire, born in Baker. But his mother was born in Salem. She was a daughter of Leopold Hirsch, of the well known pioneer family here and in Portland. Ed Hirsch was state treasurer. Sol Hirsch, cousin of Leo's mother, was U. S. minister to Turkey, and a leading member of the great pioneer firm of wholesale merchants, Fleischner, Mayer & Co., Portland. Mr. Adler, live wire chamber of commerce manager, was especially kind to the members of the NRA district board for Oregon and Idaho which met in Baker to organize. He even broke away from activities of a very busy day to personally convey them on a tour over his interesting city and its environs.

(Continued tomorrow)

October 4, 1933
Two locomotives being loaded at Portland for shipment to Tillamook bay to run on that end of the Pacific Railway & Navigation company's line to the sea now under construction.

Star theatre's bills steadily improving; two singers, a gentleman and a lady, now performing nightly along with orchestra composed of Salem's best talent; film service first class.

President Homan of Willamette university petitions to get the university placed on accredited list in state of Washington to permit Willamette graduates to teach there.

October 4, 1933
Earl Sande, Salem jockey, to ride either Zev or My Own in international race with Papyrus, English derby winner.

Statesman exposes of poor condition of municipal auto camp corroborated by civic committee; grounds ill kept, entry rough. Winter street eyesore, cooking facilities inadequate, lavatory facilities poor, water faucets scarce.

Million-mark German note, now valued at 1 1/2 cents in American money, but worth \$250,000 before the war, received by Mrs. Mildred Robertson Brooks, county recorder, from her son, Russell Brooks, attaché in consular service at Dresden.

Two Ask Freedom From Marital Ties In Dallas Courts

DALLAS, Oct. 3.—Two divorce complaints were filed here Saturday in County Clerk Graves' office. Kenneth F. Martin filed in action for divorce against Al Martin in which he charged desertion. The couple were married at Oregon City, January 23,

1923. He seeks a judgment granting the divorce, giving the defendant the custody of the two children.

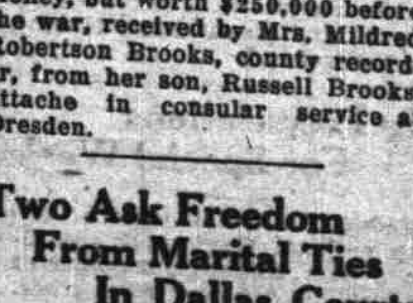
Mary D. Lund filed a divorce complaint against Fred L. Lund in which she charged desertion. They were married at Oregon City, August 28, 1924, and have two minor children. She seeks a divorce and custody of the children.

Bible Course Planned For Monmouth Group

MONMOUTH, Oct. 3.—The Council of Religious Education of Monmouth is endeavoring to establish a Bible training course in the training school, classes to start about October 15. Miss Edith Clark, a member of the high school faculty, is council chairman.

ENROLLMENT CLIMBS
LIBERTY, Oct. 3.—School enrollment climbed from 96 of the first week to 111 during the second week. A number of children engaged in harvest work returned to school during that time.

Manager



Arlo Davis, manager of Nap Rocque independent service station, 233 S. Liberty St., Salem, chooses to sell Richfield gasoline because it had the stuff to win seven out of the last ten Indianapolis races. "String with the winner, always, is my motto," he says.