

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Bad Amendment

WHILE many of the amendments which the senate made to the Beckman liquor control bill are corrective and proper, one amendment changes materially the operation of the act, adds to its expense, and seems indefensible. This is the amendment which makes the commissioners salaried officials at \$3600 a year.

This changes the commissioner from a high-type individual performing a service to the state out of a sense of public duty and for the honor of his good name, merely to another political office. This does not insinuate that many now holding salaried positions in state affairs are not worthy men; but the tendency is to regard salaried offices merely as political spoils to be passed around with every change in the executive.

The highway commission offers a fine example of where men of high standing devote their talents in the public service without receiving salaries. The board of higher education is another example. The compensation there is \$10 per day.

After the liquor commission is organized and established most of the work can be left to a responsible executive. The commission would need to meet only periodically to pass on licenses, revoke permits, etc. A per diem and expenses are enough for high type men and women to serve on the commission. Make it a salaried job and perforce you get just \$3600 ability.

There is another danger. A commission composed of salaried members would be more inclined to build up their bureaus as a political machine, whereas members whose occupations were those of business or professional men and women would not have the temptation to entrench themselves politically. Instead they would bring to their responsibilities a fresher and less biased viewpoint, and be able to dispose of the problems with greater independence of judgment.

We hope the legislature before it is too late, reconsiders this amendment. It might even be better to vest the authority in the board of control with power to appoint an administrator rather than to create another salaried commission.

Peek-a-Boo

THUNDER on the right in the presidential zoo! And George Peek appears to be on the way out. Pres. Roosevelt approved a farm aid bill which had all the screwy ideas in it that the crackpots of all parties could conceive of, from pig-slaughtering to greenback money. Then he turned the job of carrying out the act to a weird collection of college professors, farm evangelists and hired hands. As a result they have been fighting among themselves and all round the lot, united only in a desire to save the farmers and their jobs.

George Peek is an ex-farm machinery manufacturer. His company went bust with a bang in the first post-war crack-up; and he has been a violent farm-relief-er ever since. But he couldn't get along with Professor Tugwell, FDR's agriculturist from Morningside heights. And the AAA got in a jam with NRA, when the latter was absorbing all the publicity and showing up prices of finished goods much faster than AAA could do with farm commodities.

This democratic experimental bunk is no worse and no better, except that it is more extensive, than the Hoover farm relief with its farm board and its half billion of loose change; and an ex-Campbellite preacher put in charge of the grain corporation at a salary of fifty grand or so.

Most of this bunk is put over not by genuine dirt farmers but by those who farm the farmers, who extract dues from them and then think they have to raise hell in order to keep the dues coming in. Then there are the natural-born crusaders who are sincere but addle-pated.

The crackpots are as unsafe leaders as the reactionaries and the hide-bound conservatives who never learn anything and never forget anything. Farming may recover in this country,—if it isn't legislated to death.

Grain Plant at Vancouver

NEWS comes that a big grain elevator is to be erected at Vancouver, Wash. with capacity of two million bushels. It is being put up by the outfit which Henry Collins is now working for. Henry was a big wheat man at Pendleton and Fred Steiver got him the job at \$25,000 a year to run the farm board set-up in the northwest, which he did, selling his string of warehouses to the grain co-op at prices which included plenty for "going concern" value. When the government quit pouring money down the grain co-op rathole, Collins tied up with a Paris outfit which is breaking into the wheat business in this part of the country.

The elevator at Vancouver will be unique in that it is located on the Columbia below bridges. It can be served by rail or by boat. The prospect is for greater use of the Columbia for wheat transport from the interior, so the Vancouver elevator is strategically located for transfer from upriver boats to ocean vessels. The location of the plant at Vancouver should give a new push to the argument for making the locks at Bonneville adequate to care for sizable vessels.

Why a new elevator? Chiefly, we suppose, because there is a new company. While wheat production is not increasing in the northwest, in spite of the 15% acreage reduction under AAA, more of the grain is moving in bulk. This means faster movement from the interior where most of the storage is still warehousing for sacked grain. Located across the river at Vancouver, the plant will still be in the Portland area, and is fresh proof of the importance of the Columbia river as a trade route which dominates the topography of the northwest.

Legislative Delay

THE legislature always has many critics; and always those who condemn the body for "not doing anything." Some of the sharpest critics are those within the legislature who complain from time to time over the delays in enacting essential legislation.

It was ever thus. Delay is inherent in the legislative process. But there are reasons for it, some good and some bad. You have two legislative bodies each acting independently. You have committees, membership of which overlaps. You have the general public anxious to present its views on pending measures. In addition of course are those who may wish to obstruct legislation.

As a general rule the fault of legislatures is not that they delay, but that they do not delay enough. Defects are

Water! After Fourteen Years!



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—applied to the members of the legislature who voted to override governor's flax veto:

Every member of the Oregon legislature who honestly voted his convictions on the primary principle involved in answering yes to the roll calls on the issue of overriding the governor's veto of the "flax bill"—not swayed by political expediency—is entitled to respect, no matter how mistaken he may be.

As will shortly be seen, the slight will have to be raised to something like \$100,000 for each retting and scutching plant, in order to make full rounded, efficient and economically operated units—including some 40 pullers and half dozen scutching machines for each one—or \$1,200,000 in all. To give the reasons would take too much space for this issue.

How are the pullers and scutching machines to be had? Bought from the outside, the pullers alone would cost nearly \$100,000, and the scutching machines nearly \$20,000. They can be built in the penitentiary plant for a total of some \$15,000. And each is an intricate piece of machinery, comparable to a perfecting press or a linotype machine.

Who knows how to operate them, can have extra parts for them, or can repair them? No-

body, outside of the prison shops and flax industry. Does the writer not see how vital is the flax industry? Vital to the setting on foot and the success of the \$3,500,000 federal project looking to doubling Salem's population quickly, and to keep on doubling it, up to the 500,000 mark, and to putting 10,000,000 prosperous people at work in the Willamette valley, directly and indirectly, in due course of time.

The prison plant is only a start-er; years hence it will be a mere drop in the bucket—but the vital part making the whole content fruitful in sustaining a gigantic industry. How little it is now! One mill, the Miles linen mill in Salem, takes all the finest grades of fiber from the prison plant—and has to import from abroad as much, for supplying the demand for shoe and harness threads and the best twines!

There is an effort of organized labor to bring the various states in line with the Hawes-Cooper act of congress, which is to be operative Jan. 19; next month, five years after passage.

This law seeks to ban from any other state prison made articles sought to be shipped into a state that bans them by state law. Some dozen states have passed such a law. The vetoed bill was supposed to be uniform with the Hawes-Cooper act.

But the Oregon act that was vetoed put more teeth in it—went much further. It enjoined the board of control not to ship out prison made goods, even on suspicion that they were prison made.

The members who voted to override it, some of them at least, believed it would not injure our state flax industry. They were mistaken. They read the English language and its implications wrongly. But let that go—the veto stands.

How mistaken, however, were the organized and labor and grange lobbyists who worked for the overriding of the veto! They were looking only an inch beyond their noses; straining at gnats.

They were vitally seeking to throttle the beginning of an industry that promises more for labor than any other thing Oregon has or will ever have. All kinds of labor. On the farm, in every kind of industry, large or small. Bring \$200,000,000 a year to the farm from far places to Oregon, and what have you? One of the richest commonwealths in all our sisterhood of states.

Not this year or next year only, but for all time—as long as the sun shines, grass grows and water seeks its level.

The natural conditions are all here in the Willamette valley—God given—to the last item: soft water, low altitude for spinning, summer sunshine for drying the flax—literally everything.

And here is the only place in the wide world where there are 500,000 acres of perfect fiber flax land within trucking distance of the mills. We have the soil, sunshine and showers and all the other requisites in absolute perfection of combination.

We have been sleeping at our posts ever since the first covered wagon trains crossed the plains. Now we are in sight of the promised land.

As to the matter of penology. Organized labor is "all wet" on this. Read this: A man works on a scutching machine in our prison flax plant. He gets wages. He supports his needy family on the outside. He has a place to go when released. He was in the ranks of labor before he was sent to prison. He is in the ranks of labor now. He will be in the ranks of labor after release. An

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS

Fear that Bill McGee, the racketeer, would wreak vengeance on her and her family if she refused to go out with him, caused lovely Patricia Warren to accept his invitations. Bill is shot by a rival gangster while in Pat's company. Pat rushes home in terror and her stepmother puts her out, saying the police are looking for Pat. Unable to find employment, Pat resorts to her card skill and plays professional bridge. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, makes her his partner. While they are discussing business details at his home, Clark Tracy, the polo player and Pat's secret love, calls. She had met him once but he does not recognize her. Haverholt introduces Pat as his niece. She is indignant, but he explains later that he was thinking of her reputation and that it would be advisable for her to assume that role as long as she is to stay at his home. Pat visits her old home and finds that Bill McGee has wrecked her stepmother's dressmaking shop because Pat fled from him the night of the shooting. She returns to Haverholt who promises to protect her. Accustomed to poverty, Pat revels in the luxury of her surroundings. Reading an announcement of Clark's approaching marriage to Marthe March, Pat experiences pangs of jealousy. While playing bridge with two young men, Haverholt embarrasses Pat by ridiculing her game. When she retaliates by criticizing his bidding, he is furious. Pat rushes to her room in tears. Haverholt comes to her and, try as she might, Pat can't be angry with him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Like one hypnotized Patricia heard herself a gree to go downstairs, to resume the play. She had said none of the things she had planned to say; she had said none of the promises she had planned to gain. Her rebellion had died aborning. Nor had Haverholt finished.

Clasping his hands about his knees, bending his gray eyes upon her, he said gravely:

"Every bridge team that is successful, Patricia, had a follower and a leader, a follower who is steady and conservative, a leader who decides the campaign, a follower who accepts his dicta unquestioningly, a leader who may be wildly unconventional, a follower who is rigidly conventional, always. We bridge players call them pitcher and catcher. Which player are you going to be, Patricia, in our team—pitcher or catcher?"

"I guess," said the girl in a small voice, "I guess I'll be the catcher."

"Right," said the man contentedly, "you are."

Her surrender was complete. She understood that, and, strangely, found no humiliation in the thought. Suddenly, strangely, Patricia knew that arrogant, insolent, egotistical as he was, she would not change Julian Haverholt. In some dim way she realized that it was better that she should be defeated always than that she should be defeated once. He would not yield in anything; he could not. He would die before he gave ground.

"Let's shake hands on it, Patricia."

Gravely she gave him her hand. "We should mark this day somehow," said Haverholt, smiling at his own drama, "this day when we reached understanding. I'd like to give you something. What will you have, Patricia? A string of pearls, a diamond ring, what will you have?"

"I don't want anything," she protested, embarrassed.

"You must have something. Young girls always cherish a pet desire, don't they?"

"Very well, then," said Patricia abruptly, "I'd like a Madison roadster with wire wheels."



"Julian is crazy about you, too," Clark pursued with the kindest of impulses.

Haverholt looked at her meditatively. "You shall have one tomorrow," he promised. "But I'd certainly like to know how your pet desire happened to take such a sudden and definite form."

Patricia did not tell him. The next afternoon promptly at three o'clock Patricia appeared at the Madison Automobile show-rooms. Julian Haverholt had promised to meet her there. At fourteen minutes after three he had not yet arrived. Recalling his oft-repeated statement that he never waited for anyone, that people always waited for him, Patricia smiled rather grimly.

Suddenly through the plate glass windows she spied Julian Haverholt alighting from a taxi. Another man followed him to the sidewalk. They stood talking a minute, arguing, it seemed. Patricia's heart began to beat hard and fast. The second man was Clark Tracy. The two came in together.

Patricia was smiling, outwardly composed, when they approached her. She extended a slim, cool hand in greeting.

"I didn't expect to see you, Mr. Tracy."

Her tone was dignified and gracious, but her color was a little high.

"I didn't expect to be here; only I ran into Julian and he was good enough to let me come along."

"I suppose you've picked out half a dozen cars by now," commented Haverholt amusedly, enjoying her flushed cheeks and starry eyes.

"This is no place to keep a young woman waiting. I should have known better."

"No, you're wrong," Patricia told him seriously. "From the very first I've settled on the yellow roadster, the one over there."

The roadster was sleek and low and flashing in the sunshine. Patricia drew a long breath. "Isn't it perfectly stunning?" she demanded.

Her voice was full of youth and rapture. The men's eyes met over her head. They smiled together.

"I should guess that you were a little excited," suggested Clark, slowly, appreciatively, looking down at her. In a kind of sudden surprise, it struck him that Haverholt's niece was an exceptionally beautiful girl. That blazing hair was perfect with her clear, petal-like skin. She was natural and unaffected, too; a charming child, all in all.

"Simply jumping up and down inside," she confessed gayly. "A grand feeling, isn't it?"

"It's swell."

The salesman appeared, "Our Mr. Brown," suave, correct in a morning coat, wearing a gardenia in his buttonhole, a polite, unearner man, willing to give the trio all the leisure they wished. Super-salesmanship had no place in the Madison modest estimation. In Mr. Brown's Madison, was conferring a distinct favor upon the lucky buyer. Still, Mr. Brown was agreeably startled by the speed of this transaction.

"You needn't bother showing us anything," Haverholt informed him. "My niece has decided upon the roadster." He indicated with his stick the proper car and felt for his bill fold. "I believe I have sufficient cash and we'd like immediate delivery."

"Immediate delivery," murmured the dazed Mr. Brown, feeling the reins of authority slip out of his hands. "That's a little irregular, Mr. Haverholt," he suggested. "It usually takes us several days."

"There's no reason, is there, why Miss Haverholt can't have the car on the floor?"

"I'm afraid that isn't possible. We'd better consult the manager."

The two men disappeared into the manager's office, the salesman still a little limp, Haverholt brisk and authoritative, anxious to get the matter completed. Clark glanced significantly at Patricia.

"Julian will have his own way," he predicted.

"He will," conceded Patricia proudly.

"Your uncle is a most remarkable man."

Patricia flushed. "He is," she agreed.

"Julian is crazy about you, too," Clark pursued with the kindest of impulses. "Ordinarily, I think of him as being a self-sufficient sort of person, but on the subject of his niece he grows positively lyrical. Talked of nothing except you all the way uptown."

The conversation had taken a turn which made Patricia uneasy and anxious. She did not wish to discuss Julian Haverholt with Clark Tracy, certainly not in this fashion. She felt baffled, troubled, uncertain, a little frightened. Clark himself, seeing her confusion, not understanding it at all, shifted the channel of talk.

(To Be Continued)

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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

EVERYONE is interested in how to prevent colds. Yet few take one simple precaution necessary to guard against this common affliction. I refer to the importance of proper ventilation as a means of protection against colds.

Contrary to the belief held by our forefathers and many persons of this present generation, fresh air, even night air, is not detrimental to health and does not cause disease. In fact, it can be truthfully stated that in winter poor ventilation of homes, public buildings and conveyances, such as trains and street cars, is the most common factor in producing colds and other respiratory diseases.

Breathing Vitiated Air
This is confirmed by the prevalence of the common cold during the winter months. I am sorry to say that windows and doors which are always kept open during the summer months are tightly shut as soon as the weather becomes cold. This increases the danger of exposure to germs that are capable of causing coughs, colds and other disabling infections.

Bear in mind that disease is rarely ever caused by cold air. It is more frequently the result of lack of fresh air. Fresh air is necessary for good health. It stimulates the appetite, aids digestion, and increases the resistance of the body against disease.

Vitiated air is air that is not fresh. It is produced when a room is overheated and improperly ventilated. It is air that has been breathed over and over again.

When the lungs take in impure air, headache, dizziness, nausea and even collapse, may occur. Continued breathing of impure air lowers the resistance of the body against the germs of tuberculosis, pneumonia, grippe and other respiratory diseases.

Open Window, Top and Bottom
Proper ventilation is a simple measure of guarding against disease. An elaborate method of ventilation is not necessary to insure fresh air. All that is necessary is to provide a continuous stream of fresh air. This is readily accomplished by window ventilation. Keep the windows open a bit at top and bottom.

Avoid drafts by using screens. Keep the doors closed when the windows are opened. Though I advise that you keep the windows open I do not mean that you should submit to chilling or excessive cold. The temperature of the room should be about seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Unfortunately, most homes are overheated. In most instances, then, there is excessive dryness of the air. Bear in mind that this irritates the lining of the nose and throat and prepares the way for the common infections. This dryness of the air can be prevented by placing a pan of water on the radiator, heater or stove. When the water evaporates moisture is added to the air and makes it better suited to the human needs.

Answers to Health Queries
M. E. B. Q.—What do you advise for perspiring feet?
A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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PUPILS IN CONTEST TO SELL YULE SEAL

HAYESVILLE, Dec. 7.—The seal sale contest is on at the school with Marcelle Fry and Sachio Furuyama as captains. Sales are being made rapidly and about half the seals are sold.

Mrs. Gaylon Siddell returned Wednesday from a trip to Seattle

where she has been spending a fortnight with her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Siddell accompanied her as far as Portland where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Harry White.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baysinger, who formerly operated a service station at Hill Crest, have leased the L. B. George station. Mr. Baysinger also does battery work and greasing. The young couple have remodeled the garage and are residing there.

Edna and Vernon Boergen entered the Hayesville school from Portland this week.

An Important Human Service

The evolution of the technique of the funeral director has transformed him from a seller of funeral merchandise into a man whose high profession enables him to contribute a definite human service. It is his privilege to dignify the last services, to give them beauty and reverence so that they are a real solace to those who mourn.

W. T. Rigdon & Son
Funerals Since 1891

Adelia Franklin Dies; Funeral Is Today at Woodburn

WOODBURN, Dec. 8. — Funeral services for Mrs. Adelia Franklin, 84, who died at West Woodburn Wednesday morning, will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 p. m. from the Hall-Ringo chapel in Woodburn. Rev. Percy M. Hammond, pastor of the Woodburn Methodist Episcopal church will officiate. Burial will be at the Belle Pass cemetery.