

# 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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## Graft in CWA

**I**N southern California a democratic leader has charged graft in administration of CWA. He declared there was occurring a great waste of public money, "nothing less than a public scandal", the use of the relief for personal ends and ambitions, and a betrayal of the president. These are serious charges and Administrator Hopkins has ordered an investigation.

Undoubtedly in an organization erected as hurriedly as this one there will be waste of money. In fact the theory was pretty much a "waste" of money on projects not immediately urgent, although desirable, in order to provide immediate relief for unemployed. But we do not believe there is much graft in CWA. Public spirited citizens have devoted hours and days to planning and supervising the work. Their labor has been one of service and not of profit; and they have sought to use the money to provide the relief so much desired and at the same time to spend it on worthy jobs.

From our own observation we feel that commendation is due to the citizens' committee and to the operating staff as well. In fact of all the alphabetical combinations CWA seems to us to be the one which is really touching the spot. The message sent by 110 workers to the president from here last Saturday was not just a formal expression of gratitude. We doubt not it came from the heart.

While one may question the whole idea of using public funds for such purposes and while the actual working out of the plans may interfere with workers in lower paid industries, and some may be overpaid for their skill; yet men and women are being set to work and are being paid currency which is good in the markets for life's necessities.

## Child Labor Amendment

**T**WENTY states have ratified the child labor amendment which was first submitted to the states in 1924. Oregon ratified last winter; others, one by one, have fallen in line, 14 in 1933. Sixteen more states must ratify before it becomes effective.

Then a fine question may arise whether it was still eligible for inclusion in the constitution though many years elapse since it was submitted. The constitution is silent, so presumably there is no time limit for state ratification. Recognizing this, congress has been putting time limits on life of pending amendments. Some were proposed with the proviso that affirmative action by 36 states within seven years would be required to make the amendment legally adopted. With still 16 states to go, the question is not immediately pressing.

A revival of interest in prescribing child labor has come with hard times and general desire to preserve employment for adults and heads of families. NRA codes have gone far toward abolishing child labor, doing at a stroke what friends of children were unable to accomplish in years of effort. Theoretically the subject is one for uniform state action; but some states have been backward both in legislation and in enforcement.

Under the child labor amendment congress would have power to prohibit, limit and regulate the labor of persons under 18 years of age.

## Courts and Emergency Legislation

**I**T is not surprising that the supreme court upheld the Minnesota statute which extends the right of redemption on foreclosed property until May 1, 1935. Only indirectly could this be represented as a breach of contract. The previous law made the time limit one year; and the legislature would seem to have authority to make the change which it ordered. Chief Justice Hughes said in the majority opinion:

"While emergency does not create power, emergency may furnish the occasion for the exercise of power."

It is plain that the judge holds that the Minnesota legislature was not assuming powers it did not have, but exercising power which it had to meet an emergency.

The courts will probably be lenient in the interpretation of the constitution when applied to emergency legislation. But this does not mean that they are ready to suspend the constitution; and to permit legislatures and the executive to assume powers which constitutions deny them.

Chief Justice Hughes evidently holds the balance of power in an evenly divided court. We believe the people of the country, both conservatives and liberals may have confidence in Mr. Hughes, not only in his character and in his sympathies, but in his knowledge of law and his firmness to stand by conviction.

German bonds are taking a big spurt in price in spite of the fact that Germany is going to pay only 30% of the interest in American currency, requiring 70% to be left in Germany and spent there. As three marks will do what four marks did before the American dollar went on the bounce, there is less excuse for this German default. What Germany apparently is doing is repatriating her external bonds, buying them up in foreign markets. The deal is a splendid one for her, with her bonds depreciated fifty per cent or better and her marks appreciated a third. Thus once more Americans stand out as the price booby.

Horace Walter is going to have to get in and work if he would hold his job as assistant in HOLC. Horace got the idea early that his chief mission was to cover luncheon clubs with speeches and orate at the democratic dinners. But the HOLC chief at Washington slaps him on the wrist and says there is work to do. Well, Horace can work fast at real estate; but it will take a lot to keep him from making the country safe for the democrats another four years.

The supreme court has told Bishop Cannon he must face trial on an indictment of violating election laws in his handling of funds during the 1928 campaign. The bishop seemed to think his clerical garb protected him from compliance with the law. If he had made public his expenditures as he would have done he would be out of trouble.

The sentiment that seeks to preserve the old Portland postoffice seems rather sickly. The building is just an old square stone structure, not beautiful on the exterior, and dark and forbidding on the interior. It would take a pile of money to work it over into something useful.

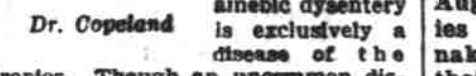
## Some Skating!



## Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

**BECAUSE OF** the apprehension and fear aroused by recent announcements of an epidemic of amebic dysentery, I deem it wise to tell you more about it. I am glad to say this epidemic is now under control. But the United States public health service warns all health officers to guard against possible outbreaks of this dreaded disease. Most persons have the mistaken idea that amebic dysentery is exclusively a disease of the tropics. Though an uncommon disease in this climate, it is occasionally found in the southern part of the United States. Within the past decade a good many cases have been discovered in the north.



Dr. Copeland

The disease is caused by a parasite called "endameba histolytica", associated with uncleanness. This agent of harm is carried to the intestinal tract by infected food or drink.

### Infected Handlers of Food

The food becomes dangerous when contaminated by infected food handlers. As is true in the case of carriers of typhoid fever, persons may harbor the dysentery germs without knowing it. They spread the disease and of course are a menace to society.

Unfortunately, the victim of amebic infection may not know he has the disease until many weeks have elapsed. In fact symptoms may not appear for a period of two to twelve or even thirteen weeks. When the disease is recognized in its early stages, it can be cured. But the disorder is often overlooked and relief not sought until it is too late.

Severe abdominal pain, headache, fever, acute diarrhea and heavy discharge of mucus and blood from the bowel are the most conspicuous signs of this type of dysentery. It is often confused with other ailments and may be incorrectly diagnosed as colitis, intestinal obstruction, peritonitis or appendicitis.

An improperly treated case of amebic dysentery leads to the chronic form. Unless proper care is taken it impairs the health of other members of the family. Even though complete recovery may appear to have taken place, the victim, as I have said, may unknowingly harbor the parasites for years and in this way spread the affliction to unknown numbers of others.

### Frequent Health Examinations

Amebic dysentery should be suspected in every case of persistent and intermittent diarrhea. This suspicion may be well founded in communities where cases have been reported to the local health authorities.

No one can deny the importance of careful health examinations of all food handlers. In the recent epidemic the source of infection was traced to contaminated food handlers, employees in eating establishments. All applicants for food handling positions, as well as those food handlers already employed, should be subjected to frequent examinations. Strict hygiene and personal cleanliness must be enforced. When these measures are properly adhered to outbreaks of dysentery will be no longer feared.

### Final bloody chapters

of Rogue River and coast Indians wars; Chief John, who fought to bitter end: (Continuing from yesterday.) It was Captain Augur with 75 dragoons of Col. Buchanan's command approaching through a ravine, who furiously charged the unsuspecting Indians in the rear, as Smith met them in front. Timely relief, at a desperate moment! It was quick work—the engagement lasted no longer than 15 minutes, when the Indians fled to the adjoining hills, taking with them their dead and wounded. Augur lost five men, whose bodies were found next day, stripped naked and hanging to trees, with their eyes picked out, and otherwise fearfully mutilated.

In one part of the field was found a pile of ropes made of green bark of trees, which John had expected to use in hanging Smith's command. The flight of the Indians, when they had so great an advantage, both of position and numbers, was attributed to alarm, lest a still larger force should be coming up. Frances Fuller Victor said in her "Early Indian Wars of Oregon," almost copying Bancroft's Oregon History:

"Chief John was a bolder, firmer and stronger man mentally than any chief west of the Cascade mountains. When dressed in civilized costume, he presented an appearance not very different from that of many a hard working farmer of Pennsylvania or Ohio of 50 years of age. His features were marked by that expression of grief which is a common characteristic of savage conquerors after youth is past, intensified in his case, no doubt, by disappointment at the result of the war. In strong contrast to him was his son, who possessed no indications of strength of any sort, and who had a lumpish, stolid face, devoid of any expression. Yet... he on occasions displayed a desperate courage worthy of the admiration of U. S. military officers."

The volunteers were in the mean time not idle. They were rounding up renegades and protecting settlers. May 29th Capt. John M. Wallen's command, resting under some trees at a noon halt not far from the Meadows, was surprised by some of John's band retreating from the battlefield. The savages were routed, and fled down the river toward Buchanan's camp, where they eventually surrendered, being driven to it by the volunteers.

The day following Daniel Cooley of Wallen's company was fired on and wounded. Proceeding on down toward the Meadows, the volunteers picked up many bands of John's scattered army. All in all, the volunteers gathered or turned over already captured and guarded tribesmen to the number of several hundred, into the hands of Superintendent Palmer, who was detained in a camp through messengers, that all Indians came in or be delivered up. But, instead of coming as invited, John sent the volunteers a challenge to fight, which was the more cheerfully accepted as 100 men left behind had come up. At the hour named by John for the battle, however, Indian warriors issued from the cover of the woods in two lines, advancing directly toward the volunteers until within 150 yards of them, when they halted, and, at the word of command from their chief, John, fired a volley, which, being aimed too high, whistled harmlessly over the heads of the white men, who returned the fire with a more sure aim, and deadly result. The Indians' front line then took to flight. Their second line stood still until several volleys had been fired, when panic seized them, and they also retreated.

In vain the iron chief commanded in thunder tones; they paid no heed to him, but ran until beyond reach of the guns of their white conquerors, then squatted on the ground in a circle, in the hot sunshine, and waited piteously for two hours in sorrow for a young chief who had been killed, and over their own misfortunes. A few hours passed in this manner, when John sent word by a woman to Captain Smith that he wished to meet the demands of the tax eating dogs. These farmers are referred to now by the newspapers as knockers, suckers and other slanderous names all because they are no longer able to meet the demands of the spendthrifts. What nice men they were just before election. As for the schools of our state, they are in a bad way, brought upon themselves by their own reckless spending. We are trying to offer too much free service with our schools. For instance, free transportation. I can cite you to students whose homes were in the country, who boarded in town, yet drew their \$30 each transportation money. I know of others who spent their vacation 20 miles out of town, declared a residence there, moved into town and draw transportation free. A school teacher, writing in the Oregonian last week, said: "Why don't the taxpayers come to the rescue?" I suppose he thinks if a man can't swim, he should jump into the water and drown with the other fellow who has ventured out too far. As to the sales tax that you and the Oregonian are howling for, I want to say we do not need it. When the state decides to cut out a lot of useless commissions, bureaus and inspectors who have money enough to operate the schools. The owner of a small grist mill near me said: "My flour is inspected, my mill-run is inspected. He named a list of items. At last he said: 'There are no inspectors, making a total of \$70 for inspection.' How's that for right?"

# "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

Next day at noon Clark telephoned. Patricia sat down beside the telephone. Clark's voice, happy and contented, came to her over the wire. Clark's voice planning the afternoon, as he had so often planned it. Would she lunch with him? She had to clear her throat before he heard her say she would. "Then, I'll meet you at our usual place." "Yes, Clark." She did not say that this luncheon would be their last together. But that knowledge was in her heart as she dressed. She selected her costume carefully, mechanically choosing his favorite color, his favorite hat. As she had been used to do, she took a bus and rode down to town along Fifth Avenue, brilliant in the sunshine, crowded with women shoppers. At the familiar side-street she descended, saw Clark waiting in his usual place in his car, saw him spring to the curb, as she came down the steep little flight of stairs from the bus stop. A moment later his arm was linked through her arm, he was smiling down at her in the old, contented way. "You look tired, honey," he said, as he helped her up the step of the low-slung roadster and dropped on the creaking leather cushions at her side. "I am tired." "Is something wrong?" "Everything is," she said and took the plunge. There must be no more meetings between them. Julian objected. That's a laugh, said Clark, half a noyed, half amused, wholly unconcerned. The girl's face did not lighten. "Surely," the man exclaimed, surprised, "surely you aren't serious. You're not going to let him get away with any such nonsense!" The silence deepened between them. Patricia was staring at the shiny metal of the dashboard. Clark regarded her anxiously, perturbed, his forehead drawn in puzzled lines. The girl raised eyes that shone with tears. "I can't do anything else, Clark. I—after all I live with him." "That's just it," he said peremptorily and in some vague fashion, relieved. "That's been the trouble all along. I've been waiting for some time to talk to you seriously. Now listen," he resumed, proceeding in matter of fact tones, "now listen to me. There's no reason why you should depend on Julian. He's about another minute. You're far too modest about your own abilities."

for yourself. I haven't been awfully happy about you, Patricia," he admitted, looking at her gravely. "I hate to criticize Julian," he continued, embarrassed, "but just the same I'm going to, Julian may be the greatest bridge player in the world but there are other things in the world besides bridge!" "What things do you mean?" "Honor, for instance," said Clark, plowing grimly ahead despite his companion's distress. "You don't understand Julian's reputation, Patricia. I do. People say he's a real star; they call him the Al Capone of bridge."

"He calls himself that," put in the girl faintly. "That's all right for him. He's a man. You're too sweet, honey. To be mixed up with Julian Haverholt and his egotistical, deliberately shocking, deliberately unmoral notions of how to get ahead. I know you're loyal to him. I admire you for it. But you can't convince me that you approve of his methods." "I don't know what I approve of," she protested, helpless and distraught. Nothing was going as she had planned it. "I know you don't approve," said Clark decidedly. "You're far too fine and decent. Then, why should you suffer for Julian's sins? There's no reason except a sentimental reason. Believe me there isn't. This is your chance to make a break; you've got to take it even if it seems hard to you. It's natural, Patricia, it's only right that you should think first of your own reputation." She was thinking of nothing else. Julian held her reputation in his hands. She wanted to scream that at Clark. The words clogged in her throat. What would he think of her if he really understood the situation? He had called her fine and decent. "She only said mechanically, 'I've got to stay with Julian. I must, Clark.' " "You must not. He's given you a legitimate complaint. You can leave him tomorrow. This Long Island bridge club will accept you today—I'm sure of it. I'll telephone this afternoon." Despair chilled the girl. She shook her bright head. "No, Clark, no. I'm staying with Julian." He had been holding her hands. He dropped them now. He was suddenly convinced. With his conviction came his indignation. He was still parked on the side-street. People were hurrying in and out of the buildings nearby, happy people, busy people. Patricia stared at them. She turned when Clark said flatly: "So you aren't interested in my proposition." "I can't accept it, Clark. I am grateful but I can't let you do such a thing for me." "Of course, my mother's club is small," he conceded bitterly. "It wouldn't offer you the sort of future that Julian offers."

"Julian depends on me." "What rot," he said, laughing at her. "I never saw a man more capable of taking care of himself." "I can't leave him," she persisted, frightened. "I can't let you be responsible for getting me into your mother's club." "Of course you can. I want to do it. Don't talk about my responsibility. I'm surprised you could even think such a thing. Personally," he said in a rush, "I'm glad Julian has given you this chance to strike out

dug out homes out of the brush; cleared their fields, and in fact, made this country. Now they are unable to meet the demands of the tax eating dogs. These farmers are referred to now by the newspapers as knockers, suckers and other slanderous names all because they are no longer able to meet the demands of the spendthrifts. What nice men they were just before election. As for the schools of our state, they are in a bad way, brought upon themselves by their own reckless spending. We are trying to offer too much free service with our schools. For instance, free transportation. I can cite you to students whose homes were in the country, who boarded in town, yet drew their \$30 each transportation money. I know of others who spent their vacation 20 miles out of town, declared a residence there, moved into town and draw transportation free. A school teacher, writing in the Oregonian last week, said: "Why don't the taxpayers come to the rescue?" I suppose he thinks if a man can't swim, he should jump into the water and drown with the other fellow who has ventured out too far. As to the sales tax that you and the Oregonian are howling for, I want to say we do not need it. When the state decides to cut out a lot of useless commissions, bureaus and inspectors who have money enough to operate the schools. The owner of a small grist mill near me said: "My flour is inspected, my mill-run is inspected. He named a list of items. At last he said: 'There are no inspectors, making a total of \$70 for inspection.' How's that for right?"

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION

## Mutual Savings & Loan Association

Forty-Eighth Semi-Annual Financial Statement  
December 31, 1933

| ASSETS                                     |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| First Mortgage Loans                       | \$298,601.32        |
| Real Estate Subject to Redemption          | 3,947.69            |
| Real Estate Owned                          | 44,742.99           |
| Real Estate Sold on Contract               | 25,286.84           |
| Loans to Members on Certificates           | 14,750.00           |
| Furniture and Fixtures                     | 912.44              |
| Accrued Interest Receivable                | 3,526.83            |
| Investments in Other Associations          | 1,000.00            |
| Insurance Advanced on Loans                | 363.10              |
| Notes Receivable                           | 27.00               |
| Stock in Federal Home Loan Bank            | 2,200.00            |
| Misc. Charges to Real Estate Loans         | 805.37              |
| Cash on Hand and in Bank                   | 2,962.78            |
|  | <b>\$399,125.86</b> |
| LIABILITIES                                |                     |
| Members Investments                        | \$360,390.03        |
| City Assessments Payable (Not Due)         | 2,786.68            |
| Notes Payable                              | 950.00              |
| Matured Certificates Payable               | 1,900.00            |
| Money Advanced From Federal Home Loan Bank | 24,000.00           |
| Misc. Debit Items                          | 950.19              |
|  | <b>\$399,125.86</b> |

COUNTY OF MARION )  
STATE OF OREGON )  
I, A. A. LEE, Secretary of the above named Association do solemnly swear that the above statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
A. A. LEE,  
Secretary  
Attest: H. O. WHITE, President  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of January, 1934  
FRANCES SHEPHERD  
Notary Public for Oregon.  
My Commission Expires 1-26-36

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers  
To the Editor:  
After perusing your valued newspaper, I wish to raise my voice in defense of our Grant county editor. His editorial is very brief and to the point, but seems a little harsh. However, I defy you or any one else to prove a word of it untrue. Such is the sentiment of many of the overburdened taxpayers of today.  
As he stated in his article: "No effort has been made to relieve the situation."  
During the last two sessions of the legislature, any mention of reduced salaries or other expenses has been voted out.  
All they wanted was some new form of taxation.  
I can cite you to a number of farmers around me who have

## Help Kidneys

If you're feeling kidney and bladder trouble you'll find relief in getting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It's the best medicine for kidney and bladder trouble. It's the best medicine for kidney and bladder trouble. It's the best medicine for kidney and bladder trouble. It's the best medicine for kidney and bladder trouble.