

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Army Planes and Air Mail

ARMY planes entering the air mail service do so under great handicaps. They lack experienced pilots as the commercial lines, and they do not have the instruments for safe flying which the private craft has adopted. So the army officers are undertaking the task with considerable dread. The loss of three pilots in the preliminary flights sent chills down the backs of officers and men. Undoubtedly the army will come through, and after a season of effort the work will flatten out into routine. The army also expects to get more money both for planes and for equipment; and claim it is lack of appropriations which has put them behind commercial planes.

It may be that the government will proceed to award new contracts to commercial companies, free from any taint of fraud. In that case the present commercial pilots would change over to new employers. The pilots, at least, have committed no offense, and do not deserve summary dismissal from service. In fact the operating force of air lines ranks as one of the most efficient organizations in the whole field of industry.

There is no question that army aviation will receive a big impetus as a result of carrying the air mail. The advertising will be effective. If they have crack-ups or slow flights the deficiencies will be apparent and congress will appropriate generously to improve the equipment. If they have good luck and few accidents, the advertising value will be great. People will be friendly to this arm of the service and so will be generously disposed.

There is no doubt that the plane will be the modern instrument of warfare. It seems foolish to expend hundreds of millions of dollars on battleships and cruisers and then skimp on air craft. Swarms of airplanes will decide the issue in the next world war, with dropping of explosive bombs and gas bombs and propaganda bombs behind the entrenched infantry lines. The prospect is not pleasing; but such is the clear direction of modern invention.

## Football Under Fire Again

THE Carnegie foundation follows up its onslaught of several years ago with a fresh attack on college football. The report is written by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president-emeritus of the foundation and is very severe in its condemnation of the commercializing of football, singling out Notre Dame and University of Southern California as "horrid examples". The report compares football with German duelling, to the advantage of the latter, where "a fatal encounter is practically unknown and a serious wound so rare as to be negligible."

Dr. Pritchett refers to football as an "industry" and regards it as "grossly demoralizing when developed into a commercial show for the public."

The report confirms what the public pretty well knows that football has been exalted into a Roman holiday with costly stadia, elaborate paraphernalia, and over-emphasis in relation to other college activities. Some day colleges may wake up and deflate football, but so many of them are struggling with stadia debts they have to keep up the show. A few years ago one school, Loyola in Chicago, we believe, announced it was cutting out intercollegiate football; and one institution in this state, Reed, has run for years without intercollegiate competitions in athletics. There is no demand for general abandonment of intercollegiate contests, but for getting back to a more healthy sense of proportion in athletics.

## Crumbling Rock

KING ALBERT of Belgium, who had climbed peaks 11,000 feet high in the Alps, lost his life climbing a 200-ft. cliff in Belgium. As Belgium is one of the "low countries" it is surprising to learn there are any dangerous "peaks" within its frontiers. The one the king was trying to scale is the Rocher de Marche-les-Dames, near Namur, 32 miles south of Brussels. As he climbed the face of the cliff, he laid hold on a jutting piece of rock, but it crumbled in his hand and he plunged 36 feet to his death. It is as though he fell from a third or fourth story window.

Trivial as seems the adventure he was on the consequence of the fall is as disastrous as though he had lost his life in a slide on Mount Brenta. The monarch who won the applause of the world for his brave leadership of Belgium during the dark days of his war is now succeeded by his son Leopold. Albert was a pretty good king, as kings go; and his people will grieve his death. Leopold is said to be popular also, and democratic in his ways like his father. His wife, who will be the queen of Belgium, was Princess Astrid of Sweden and bears a fine Scandinavian heritage.

Belgium has been getting along pretty well since the war, and has escaped the disorders that have troubled other countries. It is to be hoped that the death of the king will not plunge the country into riots and revolution.

## Scrapping a Machine

SECRETARY ICKES further demonstrated his rigorous standards of public service when he discharged all the regional advisors and advisory boards of PWA in all the states. With the money all spent or allotted there was no need to continue the machinery. As a matter of fact, the machinery never did work very smoothly. The engineer force will be continued; and probably this will be all even if new PWA money is voted.

The danger was that the administrative machine would be continued with its expenses to be borne by the federal government, perhaps made into a political machine for favoring the country. Ickes bravely scraps the machine and says he has no more use for it. No wonder Ickes is unpopular with the politicians. He should rise however in general esteem as one who wants to do a good job honestly.

## Devers as Candidate

J. M. DEVERS will make a formidable candidate for nomination for congress from this district. His work as attorney for the highway commission has brought him into close contact with thousands of people. He is a man of character and capacity; and through his long public career no one has imputed to him wrong doing. From a "publicity" standpoint his name has been before the voters in the last six months more often than that of Congressman Mott, because Devers has handled the work for the PWA loan on the

## "You're in the Army Now!"



## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

PERHAPS NO other branch of medical science has advanced as rapidly as that known as endocrinology. This is the study of the "endocrine glands" of the body. There are several of these so-called ductless glands, the most familiar being the thyroid gland.

Most of us are familiar with enlargement of the thyroid gland, producing what is known as "goiter". We may be familiar, too, with other disturbances due to an increased secretion of the thyroid substance. But few realize that certain important changes occur within the body when there is a decrease in the secretion of the thyroid gland.

More Common in Women  
This decrease or deficiency of the gland secretion leads to an unusual condition known as "myxedema". This is a disturbance found in adult life, but is identical with an affliction occasionally seen in infants and known as "cretinism".

Though myxedema may be found in males, it is more common in women, especially those beyond forty years of age. The actual cause of the disease has never been discovered, but its ill effects are attributed to an actual decrease in the glandular substance of the thyroid gland. Unfortunately, the symptoms are often vague and misleading. For this reason, the disturbance is frequently overlooked or disregarded.

The victim of this strange and disagreeable disease has a dry and scaly skin. The hair becomes coarse and brittle and rapidly falls out. Though the patient may not actually gain weight, his appearance is deceiving and he seems to have added to his weight. This can be explained by a swelling of the skin of the face and legs.

Treatment Effective  
Not so long ago I told you about a special test known as the "basal metabolism test". You will recall that this enables the physician accurately to determine that there are disturbances of the thyroid and other internal glands. When myxedema is suspected, the diagnosis can be confirmed by a basal metabolic test, the basal metabolic rate being markedly decreased. It gives evidence of deficiency of function in the thyroid gland.

Tremendous advances have been made in the treatment of this disease. It was only a short time ago that the sufferer could be offered any avenue of escape or beneficial forms of treatment. Today as a result of our better understanding of the thyroid gland and its action it is possible to combat and cure this affliction.

This is accomplished by the administration of thyroid extract. This is made from the thyroid glands of animals. It is a powerful medicine, stimulating the thyroid and other glands. But since it increases the work of the heart, it is imperative that it be given only under the supervision of a physician. He will not give very small doses and gradually increase the quantity if it is favorably received.

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## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The terrible story of the Whitman massacre:

(Continuing from yesterday.)  
"For Spanking and family he gave 12 blankets, 12 shirts, 12 handkerchiefs, 2 guns, 200 balls and powder, 5 fathoms of tobacco and some knives."

"The night after the Indians received their pay they held a war dance in the fort, and I do not think that anyone who has heard the savage yell when he was hungry for blood will be mistaken when he hears the genuine chorus as we heard it that night."  
"On the 3rd of January, 1848, we left the fort in bateaux to go down the Columbia."

The ground was frozen and it was snowing when we left. We had been gone but a short time when the Cayuses, hearing that the volunteers were on their way up, came to retake us. "The boats had to be unloaded at night and drawn ashore to keep them from freezing fast in the ice. You can imagine something of the trip."  
"When we arrived at The Dalles, we met some of the volunteers, for there were no regular soldiers on this coast then. We met more at the Cascades. They helped us make a five mile portage. The boats had to be carried on men's shoulders. Every child who could walk and carry a bundle had to do so. Not much of a pleasure trip, you will say, but there was gladness in our hearts when we made the portage."

"We were out of reach of the hostile foe, and now, remember, we were hostages of war and had to be kept together until we were given over to the governor of Oregon."

"When we arrived where Portland now stands, for there were but few cabins there then, Gov. Geo. Abernathy, with 25 volunteers, stood on the sloping bank where the Ash street dock now is, to greet us."  
"They stood with arms presented until our three boats came under their guns, their flags floating over them. They fired over us, took off their caps and gave three cheers. I wish I could picture to you as I saw it the scene when Mr. Ogden stepped ashore and he and the governor of Oregon clasped hands under the good old Stars and Stripes as it floated gently in the breeze. He took that papers, handed them to me and said, 'now you are free people. You can go where you please.'"

"Much has been written of the heroes and heroines of the west, but the half has never yet been told. Most of you have doubtless heard of the heroic ride of Dr. Whitman which some have tried to dispute, but cannot, and it is not strange. It was not disputed until men began to honor him. But from what I have read and heard, he did go to save Oregon and we see now what he did accomplish."  
"And here we are today on and in sight of the old Nez Perce and

Cayuse camping grounds over which he often traveled."  
"I feel like saying, 'Pioneers, spare these trails. In youth they guided him, I'd like to save them now.'"

So concludes the paper. That a pioneer reunion was indeed on historic ground; on a spot hallowed by sacred memories, where Christianity and civilization for the part of the old Oregon country east of the Cascades had their beginnings. Some explanations are needed. They follow:

As to the Sagers: Henry Sager and wife were in the '44 covered wagon immigration from Missouri. First the father and then the mother died of camp fever on the plains. Their seven orphaned children were brought as far as Wallatapu by William Shaw and wife, the latter a sister of Col. Cornelius Gilliam, heroic figure of early Oregon history; and numerous members of the Shaw family prominent in many ways. The first of the Sager children were boys, John and Francis, aged 17 and 15. They were both slain in the massacre. Hannah (or "Henrietta"), the youngest, died of the measles, as shown hitherto in this series. The four other girls, Catherine, Elizabeth, Matilda J., and Louise, 15, 13, 10 and 8, respectively, at the time, became maternal heads of trading Pacific northwest families.

Stanley, the painter, was John Mix Stanley, the noted painter of Indian chiefs and other notable and historic scenes and characters, whose chief works are in many famous galleries. The record (historical) shows that on October 24, 1847, he was at the Tahmakain mission of Cushing Eolis and Elkannah Walker, arriving there that night. He came by way of Okanagan. He left the Eolis-Walker mission, near where Spokane is now, on the 22, after dinner, on his way to Wallatapu, where he expected to paint portraits of Marcus and Narcissa (Turn to Page 7)

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:  
I would like to take just a little more of the space in your paper if you will let me as I have a little more to say on the sales tax that I couldn't put in the letter I wrote last week.

They say they have a sales tax in Mississippi and it works fine, but for whom? The negroes and poor whites I understand work for one dollar per day and pay the tax and the aristocracy owns the land. The negroes and poor whites own nothing and never will, yet even so often you will hear the cry, "Buy property, own your own home." But how?

Any person that rents is paying a property tax indirectly. He pays through the landowner and when you force a sales tax on a renter you are making him pay a double tax as the sales tax goes, so they say, to reduce property tax, so while the man that owns the property gets a cut, the man that rents, has his taxes doubled or maybe more, depending on the size of his family. A sales tax places an additional tax on the head of every baby born in the states that adopt it. It places Americans at a disadvantage with foreigners as most foreigners have a lower standard of living. So

## "I Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

### SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Stanley Paige loses her fortune through market speculation but a harder blow comes when her fiancé, the fascinating, irresponsible Drew Armitage, tells her it would be madness to marry on his income and leaves a town. Penniless and broken-hearted, Stanley refuses to seek aid from her wealthy friends. Desiring to make her own way, Stanley drops out of her exclusive circle and rents a cheap furnished room. After a week of loneliness and trying to adapt herself to her poor surroundings Stanley calls on Nigel Stern, one of her society friends, and asks his aid in securing a position. Nigel urges her to marry the handsome and wealthy young lawyer, Perry Deverest, who has loved her devotedly for years, but Stanley's heart is with Drew. Nigel suggests that she think it over, and then, if she still wants a position, he will try to place her. Stanley does not go back to Nigel, realizing it would mean meeting all her old friends. One day, when Stanley is more lonely than usual, she meets John Harmon Northrup, a struggling young author, and is touched by his sincerity. Stanley finally procures a position and grows curiously content. Then, too, having John Harmon waiting for her at the end of the day, helped make things brighter. He and his ready smile became very important to Stanley.

### CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

They talked a lot about John Harmon's book. The first half had already taken shape but the real plan of the book was still in the making.  
"You know, Stanley," John Harmon would say, sitting up abruptly on the sand, his eyes excited, "I can figure the thing all out beforehand—have a definite idea in view—a real plot to follow, sequence, form, all that sort of thing—but when I get to writing, it doesn't work out that way at all. The people simply won't do or say the things I planned for them—they take the story and walk away with it—upset the apparent completely. I'm perfectly helpless, once I've created a character, to make it behave!"

Stanley, slim in a scarlet bathing suit, her dark hair pushed off her forehead, her eyes shining and completely absorbed, would rush headlong into the conversation. "That's why the stuff you write is so real, the people in your stories aren't you, saying the things John Harmon Northrup would say, doing the things John Harmon Northrup would do. They're themselves, each one individual and clean-cut. Some times they're so different from you I don't believe you really understood them yourself. Sometimes I think you're amazed at them or disgusted or even utterly disillusioned!"

"I am!" John Harmon would admit honestly. "And a little bit scared of them, too. They play the very devil with my originality—sort of discard it as so much bunk and go ahead and write the story themselves. Now, take Gloria, for instance—she'd be a real beauty, she had done a certain thing, reacted to a certain situation in exactly the opposite way from what he had intended. "And the deuce of it is, there's nothing I can do about it!" he would conclude, with a shrug of his shoulders, smoking furiously, one hand ruffling his damp, brown hair.

On rainy Sundays, they would have dinner at one of the little eating places in the Village—perhaps a little French restaurant where there was music and good food and one met informal, interesting people who sat long over their coffee and cigarettes. Or perhaps at a little place called the

### "Copper Kettle"

where the tables were bright red and white checked tablecloths and one ate deliciously cooked food served on thick crockery in an atmosphere made cheerful by warm yellow walls and mellow candlelight.  
Sometimes Valerie was included on these occasions but usually she went with a crowd more to her liking—a crowd of pretty, restless girls, expertly well-dressed, expertly well-informed.  
"A girl like me," Valerie explained one day, curled up at the foot of Stanley's bed, wrapped in a flame-colored coolie coat, "can give just so much—and no more. Can feel just so much—and no more. We have to be hard, hard as nails. Gosh! What I wouldn't give to indulge in one real honest-to-goodness emotion—but it wouldn't pay. Take Jimmy, for instance. Well, I don't go out with him any more. I don't dare. I couldn't be hard about Jimmy, so I keep away from him."  
"But if you liked him, why not go on? Let yourself care?" Stanley looked up a bit puzzled, from where she was drying her hair by the open window.

"Because I can't afford to care for a boy like Jimmy. He's a shipping clerk on a salary smaller than mine, and sooner or later it would mean marriage, and marriage means a very real responsibility. Valerie spoke unemotionally, evenly, with the quiet finality of one who has figured things out carefully and reached an irrevocable decision. "I've seen the sort of marriage ours would be. Seen it all my life—in my own home, in my own street, everywhere. You give up your youth and your good looks and your health, and what do you get? A few months of being happy and then years of being miserable, of being poor, of being always tired and dragged out. When you start in, you're in love and you're young and you think you've got the world by the tail. You get married with just enough to live on and no margin—and something happens. You're sick or you lose your job or your mother-in-law has to have an operation—and there are always children when you can't even take care of yourself—and you go under. You forget you were ever young or pretty or in love. You get bitter and discouraged and admit you've made a mistake but you're caught and you've got to keep on."

Valerie stopped, smoked hard for a moment. "No, it's no good, I've doped it all out. Love is a luxury a girl like me can't afford. That's why I take my pleasures lightly and pay little for them. I can't afford to have any real feelings. They call girls like me gold-diggers and I suppose we are—always looking for a ritzy date, always more interested in our dinner than our dinner partners. But why not? We've got to have something to make up for all we can't have."  
"I've heard someone talk like that before—about love and marriage, I mean—they seemed to have about the same idea," Stanley spoke quietly.

"I know—that man you were engaged to, I suppose. He wouldn't give up the luxuries of life—I won't give up the necessities," Valerie wrinkled her forehead, stared at Stanley reflectively. "You still love him a lot, don't you?"  
"I expect I do, Val."  
"Even when you know he isn't worth it?"  
"Even then."

"How do you feel about John Harmon?"  
"I don't know—he's very necessary to me."  
"Did you ever think he might be in love with you?"  
"I've thought of that, but I don't think he is. He's never said so."  
"He never will, not as long as you love this other man."  
"But we've never discussed him."  
"You don't need to. It's there in your eyes. In your smile. John Har-

### mon knows—he'll always know."

"I suppose you're right, Val."  
"Of course I'm right—I have to be right. I can't afford to be wrong."  
Stanley had written to Ellen twice during the summer. Brief, affectionate letters, telling little, promising to go and see her in the fall.  
"Not just yet. Ellen [she wrote]. I'm not sure enough about things— but later, after I really know what it's all about, I'll come to you."  
Her real reason for not going was fear—fear that the poor food and the stifling heat and the long hours at the office had worn away her resistance and made her susceptible to the rest and physical comfort Ellen would offer, even urge upon her. Stanley had no illusions about her courage but she had a very real desire to see this thing through, somehow to find herself and get her feet on the ground. She wanted to do this, she wanted to do it alone. And so she kept away from Ellen and contented herself with brief letters.

She had a letter from her aunt. "I must say you are behaving in a most picturesque way. I can't imagine you who choose to be so utterly fantastic. If you care to come over and try your luck at matrimony, I can manage to finance you for half a year. I think you are absolutely idiotic not to see the advantages of this plan. At least, if you insist upon earning your own living, do find a more comfortable and suitable berth—with your connections, this ought to be easy. I must admit I have never been able to understand you but I am fond of you and feel a certain responsibility."  
From Perry Deverest had come a rather long letter, an oddly serious, surprisingly adult letter.  
"I can't help feeling, Stanley, that if you had never met Drew, when the crash came you would have married me and we would have found happiness together. I realize this can probably never happen now, but neither that nor anything else can ever change my feeling for you. If you could see your way to letting me come to you, Stanley, I promise on my real love for you to respect your love for him. If you could let me give you the further protection of marriage, I would ask nothing from you except the pleasure of taking care of you, of not worrying that you were safe and, if you could, at least not alone and uncomfortable. If you can do neither of these things, then at least write and let me know how things are with you."

She had answered this, writing to Perry as she would have talked to him.  
"I wish it might have happened. Perry—I think you are probably right and that it would have happened but for Drew. But there was Drew—and it didn't. I have nothing to give anyone—and no one can give me anything. I've got to get on by myself. I wish I could feel differently about this, that I could turn to you for the courage and comfort and balance that I so terribly need. But it's no good, dear; peace won't come that way—not through you, Perry, not through anyone. I've got to find it in my own heart. I'm still floundering, but at least I'm not sinking and to let you come to me now would be exactly that—an admission of defeat for a step to a tired mind and a weary heart. It might be respite for now but later on it would be—hades. So I'm going to alone and I know you'll understand."  
This letter had been written a week after her visit to Nigel Stern. Since then she had heard no word from Perry—she had not expected to. She thought of him sometimes and always affectionately.

(To Be Continued)

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either the Americans will have to adopt the lower standards or stop rearing children.

That makes the sales tax just another step toward race suicide for the American people.

If you people who vote for the sales tax want to make the U.S.A. a country of foreigners that is a good way to do it.

Any time big business comes out with a scheme to help the farmer or working man you want to watch out because things aren't always as they seem on the surface.

And the sales tax is just another way to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

EARL SHARP,  
785 N. 20th St., Salem, Ore.

To the Editor:

The liquor problem up to now is, methinks, like that of the anxious mother whose children have all in possession of wheels, John on a motorcycle, James on a bicycle, Helen on a tricycle, and Fred on a coaster; seeing them all mounted on their wheels, she says, "Now children, have a good time, enjoy your wheels, but don't go anywhere, stay right here." Prohibition is out; there is no "thou shalt not" to make us wren privileges and take them to prove that "prohibition don't prohibit." We have been told to consider ourselves under no restrictive law relative to staking our throat, to enjoy our victory, etc., but to please be good and not abuse our

privilege; i. e., to "enjoy our wheels but don't go anywhere." The revenue tax on liquor will go far to lessening the tension of these times. Doubtless the revenue tax will mount up into the millions but will it cancel the overhead expense of operation of the arm of the law relative to the "handlings" of the cases of those who "forget to be good," those who "abuse their privilege," those who under the influence of "Old John Barleycorn" destroy homes, break hearts, slay their fellow man. Is the power less, the effects different of alcohol now, today, than it has been since the foundation of the world?

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**THE END OF HIS "NERVES"**

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**CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

YOU CAN SMOKE THEM STEADILY... BECAUSE THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES... NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE!