

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## The Suspense Ends

SAD as was the fate of the two girls who slipped from logs and were drowned in the slough, it is comforting that their bodies have been recovered and the long and agonizing suspense brought to an end. It is comforting also to know that the girls suffered no harm from anyone else as they tripped along so merrily on their springtime adventure.

When a disappearance like that occurs naturally the mind explores every possibility of misadventure. So it was that fingers pointed to some Filipino laborers who dwell in the vicinity where the girls had wandered. Dark suspicion was leveled at these brown-skinned step-brothers of ours. They were done an injustice, which leads us to the observation that it is grossly unfair to impute crime to race groups, Filipinos or Japs or negroes. It is easy to make the alien of blood or race or religion a scapegoat. The fact is that whites are guilty of crimes of passion or perversion on all too many occasions. It is better to regard all as innocent, regardless of racial color until they are proved guilty.

This fate of the school girls should warn parents to keep their children away from the slough. We learn that it is a common thing for children to be playing around the logs there. One small child was rescued from drowning last summer. It is not a wholesome place for children either, because the "jungles" are nearby where they might meet foul play.

One final observation concerning the episode: the hearts of people were touched deeply. Literally hundreds of calls poured into this office Sunday inquiring as to the fate of the girls. Hundreds had joined in the search; and others interested watched the grapples from the river bank. It shows that such elemental things as life and death and the fate of little children are after all matters of most absorbing interest.

## Grounding the Airmail

THE president has taken the counsel of this paper offered some weeks ago and grounded the airmail. The sacrifice of life was proving too costly. The gathering storm of public opinion impressed even Washington with the impossibility of continuing the army in the airmail service in weather such as they have been having in the east. Not that the president waited for the public reaction to make his order; he could not but be affected himself with the loss of ten lives of army officers.

The presidential moves in the airmail case were somewhat faulty. The airmail people are accused of getting their contracts by collusion; yet that system of price-fixing is what NRA is encouraging all over the country; and some government agencies are being created to impose just such fixed prices,—on milk for example. Granted that there was rotten business in the airmail contracts; the summary action of the president in voiding the contracts and putting the task on the army was too hasty. Better to have put the private companies on notice; and permitted them under temporary agreement to carry the mail until the new deal could be worked out. This could have been accomplished swiftly without injuring the rights of the government in the controversy any more than they have been by the abrupt cancellation.

As we predicted the attempt of the army to fly the mail exposes an improperly trained personnel and deficient equipment. It is a bad scandal on the army air service. Considering the money that has been spent one would expect a better score when put to the test. Battles will not be fought just on sunny days, and the army aviators should have experience in bucking elements. So the ill-starred effort of the past few weeks may result in good in the improvement of the air service of the army. For the wars of the future will be fought largely in the air.

## Passing the Bonus Bill

THE lower house of the congress is playing the old army game of passing a bill it doesn't believe in knowing full well the president will veto it. To get themselves in right with the soldier vote the representatives passed the Patman bonus bill to pay off the bonus with greenbacks, by a vote of 313 to 104. Thus the boys gesture for votes. They are insincere of purpose; but their vote shows scandalous disregard of the state of the country's credit.

Of course inflation is the way to bring prosperity, then start the printing presses going to print bales of greenbacks. But there are still a few people who view such a course with alarm; and the president fortunately is one of them. He is attempting a dangerous experiment of controlled inflation, whose success is yet uncertain; but he is still opposed to greenbackery which the Patman bill frankly is.

As might have been expected, Representative Mott voted for the bill. He has supported most crackpot legislation both in the legislature and in the congress; so his vote is not a surprise.

There is reason and justice we feel in providing more generous benefits for disabled veterans and for the men of the Spanish-American war who entered the service when there was no war insurance provided, served at very small pay, and are now getting along in years. This should be done first rather than to rush through this bonus bill, the wisdom of which has long been questioned, and the agreement of the veterans concerning what it should not be paid until 1945.

## Hiring Engineers

TONIGHT the city council is to hire engineers for the city water project. We note in the evening paper last night a news story headed "Hockley seeks to force Baar and Cunningham as engineers for city". This is untrue and does Hockley a grave injustice. The writer talked to Mr. Hockley Friday night. He emphasized the vital necessity of speed in the preparation of plans so that men could be put to work promptly. He stated plainly that what PWA wanted was "men at work"; and if we did not show early progress our chances of getting the money would be slim. He has not undertaken to tell the city whom to employ as engineers. He is a professional man himself with a proper sense of discretion.

We believe it is the expectation of citizens here that the firm of Baar and Cunningham should be given the work. They are engineers of professional standing and of recognized integrity. The council very properly however should consider the qualifications and terms of other applicants for the work,—and then hire Baar and Cunningham. And we predict that is what they will do if this firm gives a reasonable offer.

In this connection we remind Mayor McKay of his pre-

## The Last Barrier



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## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IT IS discouraging to learn that the dangers of childbirth in New York City and many other communities continue to be unnecessarily great. A recent report of the New York Academy of Medicine recommends that all prospective mothers receive adequate instruction in prenatal care. It is probable that this is many of the accidents of childbirth can be traced to lack of care before the birth of the baby.

What is meant by "prenatal care"? It means more than registering at a clinic or arranging with the doctor to take charge during confinement. Proper care can be expected only in those cases where the expectant mother reports to her physician as soon as pregnancy is suspected.

"Ounce of Prevention" If this is done the mother may be assured of the supervision that will prevent complications and difficulties in labor. In addition, it means repeated visits to the doctor and following his instructions in hygiene and nutrition, both so essential to an uneventful confinement.

Of greatest importance is the early discovery of any physical abnormality that may exist. It can be readily seen that when a fault is recognized during the early stages of pregnancy, the mother will be saved many unnecessary hours of agony, suffering and perhaps something worse. In this matter certainly "an ounce of prevention" is worth more than a pound of cure.

Unfortunately too many prospective mothers do not avail themselves of the offerings of modern medical science.

Diet is important Though hospitals have become more popular, fatalities continue to be reported. In my opinion, many unnecessary tragedies would be avoided if the expectant mother were to receive adequate prenatal care and carefully followed a few simple rules of hygiene and diet.

During pregnancy the mother should have plenty of nourishing diet. It should include plenty of milk, vegetables and fruits. These will supply the needed and increased amount of minerals. Minerals are essential to proper growth of the teeth and bones of the coming baby. Avoid overindulgence in foods, and any fried and greasy food. Drink plenty of water.

The elimination should be carefully regulated and any tendency towards constipation eradicated. Keep the skin clean and active by lukewarm or cool baths, sponge and shower. Avoid hot baths, mustard footbaths and surf baths.

I am often asked whether exercise is harmful during pregnancy. Moderate exercise, such as walking in the open air, is necessary and decidedly beneficial. Walk slowly for two hours every day. Do not walk until fatigued and, above all, refrain from sudden exertions, such as lifting or reaching up for heavy objects. Report to your doctor at regular intervals so that he may check on your health and progress.

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## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Jason Lee stamp and nation wide recognition of event:

(Continuing from Sunday.) The first page article of "The Pastor's Journal" for March, under the heading, "From Boston to Salem," begins with this paragraph:

"It is fitting that the 'Jason Lee Special' which is scheduled to cross the country in 1934 as a part of the Jason Lee Centennial celebration should start from Boston and find its destination in Salem, Oregon. It was at a meeting of the New England Conference in Boston that Jason Lee was ordained a missionary to the Flathead Indians by Bishop Elijah Hedding. That occasion was also made memorable by a stirring and eloquent address by Dr. Wilbur Fisk, who was then president of Wesleyan university, and under whom Jason Lee had previously studied at Wilbraham academy."

Other excerpts from this leading article: "It was through a Boston newspaper, published in 1833, that Jason Lee learned of Captain N. J. Wyeth, of Cambridge, Mass., who had just returned from his first journey to the Rocky mountains and was planning a second trip. Lee . . . ultimately traveled with him (Wyeth) and his company from Missouri to southern Idaho . . . Jason Lee established a number of important missions in the territory now comprised in the state of Oregon and Washington; but it was at Salem that he set up his first mission, and there it was that he lived and worked . . . The log mission house which served as residence, orphanage and meeting place was erected in 1834; at a spot now outside of the present city of Salem. This place is marked by a modest monument, for, after several years, Lee moved the site of the mission. (To the site of Salem) . . . (The arrival of Lee preceded the establishment of an organized society and government."

"When Oregon was organized (as a territory), the legislature held its sessions for a time in the school now comprised in the Lee had erected, and this school, to day known as Willamette university, was chartered in its own building by the state (territorial) legislature in session there. . . . "The 'Jason Lee Special,' a covered wagon on rubber tires, is being provided by friends of the enterprise . . . but the success of the venture will depend upon the cooperation of local groups as the 'Special' progresses on what should be 3000 miles of joyous, stimulating, worth while centennial observance."

The "Pastor's Journal" being quoted prints the text of a play entitled "Two Thousand Miles for a Book," intended to be presented at the various points across the country visited by the covered wagon—100 of them.

election promise that the city would not be mulcted of heavy fees. The engineers should be adequately compensated, the same as an architect. The council can quickly find out the going rate for compensation, and then drive their bargain.

When Mrs. Finchot showed up at Gen. Johnson's NRA field day and said her piece, Gen. Johnson branded it a diatribe. What did the general expect, a pansy bouquet?

We fall to see where there would be much thrill in going nude in Oregon's rains. That stuff is all right for Palm Springs and Phoenix, but hardly suitable for this latitude.

In Texas a banker shot a robber. Such a reversal of form deserved a prominent place in the news.

It also gives over two pages of brief quotations from the diary of Jason Lee, kept on his plains journey in 1834, from Liberty, Mo., April 20, to the Lee mission site 10 miles below Salem, Oct. 6.

It gives the list of cities at which the covered wagon will stop; subject in some instances to change if found necessary. As said before, the main stopping places include 100 cities and towns.

The party is to be at Boston Sunday and Monday, April 15 and 16, from which city it will make its definite start on Monday for Salem, Oregon, with letters from the governor of Massachusetts to the governor of Oregon, Boston's mayor to Salem's mayor, and from the Methodist bishop there to Bishop Lowe of Oregon. Elaborate ceremonies will attend the departure, and Providence, R. I., will be reached the same day or evening.

The following days, in succession, New London, Conn., Middletown, Conn., and Wilbraham, Mass., will be visited. The last named point will witness important ceremonies, for it was at Wilbraham academy that Jason Lee received most of his educational training.

Troy and Albany, N. Y., will be visited April 22, Manchester, N. H., the 25th, and New York City April 27. The exercises of departure from the country's metropolises are expected to be held at the city hall, with Mayor LaGuardia joining in the ceremonies.

The next stop will be at Philadelphia, where April 29 and 30, many centennial meetings will be held, especially on the 29th, which will be Sunday. That city, as heretofore indicated, is the home of the Methodist missionary society; and this is the society that sent Jason Lee to Oregon 100 years ago, when it was only 18 years old. That was its greatest undertaking up to date—the greatest ever, in fact, as measured in resultful developments that grew out of it.

May 6 and 7, the caravan will be in Washington, D. C., and May 13 and 14 in Pittsburgh; and May

## Causes Furore

Prince Sigvard, 26-year-old son of Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, who created a sensation in European court circles by his expressed determination to marry a commoner, Erica Patzak, daughter of a Berlin peddler. The prince had been working incognito in a German film company, where Francis Patzak is an actress.



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# "Take This Woman" By ALLENE CORLISS

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

He sat opposite her now, a small, nervously energetic man, with crisp gray hair and deep, penetrating blue eyes that smiled at her from behind silver-rimmed glasses. "I wonder if your husband has ever mentioned the fact that I have asked him to take a short trip abroad with me?" He sat back in his chair and asked the question quietly.

"Why, no," she answered, "he certainly never has." "I thought not." Maynard continued to smile at her. Then he went on speaking in the clear, concise voice, which he had cultivated years before and which had proved very useful to him ever since:

"I've been urging your husband to take this trip with me for two weeks, Mrs. Northrup, and he has proved as obstinate as the proverbial mule. Now I'm depending on you to convince him that it's the sensible thing to do. I have to make a flying trip to London and I'm going to run down to Italy—I'll only be gone a matter of about six weeks and the trip is just what he needs. He's looking badly, not fit at all. The salt air will do him no end of good. I don't mind telling you that I have no desire to lose a successful young author on the very eve of discovery, so to speak. I consider it good business for him to go across at this time."

He paused a second, then continued with a sudden quick, disarming grin: "All this is a bit beside the point, Mrs. Northrup. To be quite honest with you, I am more than ordinarily attached to this young man of yours. I'll get a perfectly selfish but genuine delight out of his company. I'm a rather lonely individual, I'm afraid, and it's not often that people attract me. I'm going to be tremendously disappointed if you cannot convince your husband that he ought to go with me. He has some crazy idea that he can't afford the trip and that he ought not to leave you—I think you will see it differently."

"Certainly do, Mr. Maynard." "Then I can plan on his going?" "Absolutely." Stanley's eyes were shining with excitement. No one knew better than she how much such a trip would mean to John Harmon. And he had never even mentioned it to her—no one but John Harmon could ever have been so beautifully foolish!

"That's fine, Mrs. Northrup. I'll bring him back a different man. We'll all have a week from Tuesday." "I don't know how to thank you." "You don't have to, my dear. It's I who am indebted to you, for loaning me your charming husband." He walked to the door with her and took her hand to say good-bye. "I'm expecting great things from him, this novel has brought out qualities that make for real writing. He always had a sympathetic understanding of situations, now he has a sympathetic understanding of people; and it's people, my dear, that make novels, just as it's people that make life."

It was not until they had had their supper and were sitting quietly in the lamplight that Stanley mentioned her visit to Maynard's office. She approached it casually. "I saw Maynard this afternoon, John Harmon." "At his office." "Oh, how did that happen?" He looked at her curiously. "He sent for me, about your going abroad with him, my dear. John Harmon stiffened suddenly. "That was a little unnecessary, seems to me, I thought we'd settled that." "As it happens, you hadn't, but I have." "Just what do you mean, Stan?" "Nothing much—except that you are going, of course."

"And that's where you are entirely wrong, my dear—I am not!" And to emphasize his remark, John Harmon tossed his cigarette into the empty grate, plunged his hands into his pockets and stared at her defiantly, with eyes which had grown more intent than ever during the last few weeks. "I'm sorry, dear, I gave him my word." Stanley was a quite unimpressed by his firmness.

"He had no business dragging you into it." "If you weren't so run down and irritable you'd never be capable of such ingratitude." "But darn it all, Stanley, don't you see, I can't run off and leave you here in this place—it'll be hot as blazes in another ten days. Besides, we've got some money right now, but how long will it last? I haven't done a thing since I finished 'Gloria'—it doesn't look as if I ever would."

"That's exactly why you've got to go—you're not yourself. You can't afford to drag along like this. You've got to get your strength back. You know perfectly well what an hour at the typewriter does to you!" "I know, all right," John Harmon buried his face in his hands—in his thin, clever hands that were so frightfully white and unsteady.

"But darn it all, Stanley, leaving the expense out of it, I can't go off and leave you alone—just when we had planned to go away together." Stanley was sitting on a low stool at his feet, and there was something in his voice, something husky and rough, which made her look up at him wifely. He was staring at her in the freelight, and her heart rocked suddenly and painfully against her side at what she saw in his eyes in the moment before he dragged them away. It was as if for that brief, shattering second he had let her see straight into the soul of him and know for once the tremendous way in which he wanted her, needed her.

"You see, Stanley," he reached for her hands, held them lightly, his betraying eyes on their white slimmness, "we've never had a honeymoon. I thought that perhaps we could—now. Look at me, darling." She looked up at him slowly, and then with a little sob, she was on her knees beside him, his face held tightly against her breast, her voice tumbling unsteadily against the rumpled brownness of his head. "I do want to go away with you, darling—and we will—when you come back. But we can wait, and this trip won't."

"But, Stanley, I don't want to wait—I've waited so long. I want to go with you, now." Stanley's hands held his head closer to her heart, her fingers caressed his hair, but her voice became steady and sweetly reasonable. "And I want you, too, but you mustn't. You must go with Maynard, darling, it's going to do you a lot of good in all sorts of ways. I can get Valerie to stay with me—it will only be for a few weeks anyhow."

"Weeks can be darned long, Stanley." "But in the end he agreed to go. Perry took them to the pier on the afternoon John Harmon's boat sailed and left them alone in his stateroom to say goodbye to each other.

And quite suddenly, it was John Harmon who was brave and matter-of-fact and Stanley who forgot to smile and went into his arms with a shaken, little sob. "Don't go, John Harmon, don't leave me—I'm afraid." He rubbed his chin against her cheek and held her quietly. "You'll be all right, honey, and in six weeks I'll be back and we can go away together."

"But so much can happen in six weeks, John Harmon—I'm afraid!" John Harmon pressed her face against his shoulder. He didn't want her to see his face just then—the

torment in his eyes, the pain that twisted his mouth. "I know, dear, that's a chance we take—a chance we've always taken." "Time's up!" shouted Perry from the passageway. "We've got to run, Stan."

He led her off the boat and stood beside her, while she waved a damp little handkerchief at the rapidly diminishing speck that was John Harmon. Then he took her firmly by the arm and piloted her to his car.

"I'm an awful darn fool, Perry," she told him tremulously, sliding down in a little heap against the blue leather cushions, "I think I'm going to cry."

"Go ahead, darling," Perry urged her cheerfully. "Keep your head down and in that hat no one will know the difference."

"Good heavens, Perry," she gasped faintly, somewhere between laughter and tears, "anyone would think you made a habit of driving weeping women about the streets of New York, you're so casual about it."

"I wouldn't call it a habit exactly, but it has happened before," Perry admitted cheerfully. "What do you say to going somewhere to tea? What do you say to going up to Dennis? She won't have any tea but she'll have some darn good cocktails—Dennis is a very remarkable girl."

"I don't feel like tea—or cocktails—Dennis." "No. What you feel like is going home and hugging your head in a pillow and having a nice, comfortable cry. But I'm not going to let you do it. Your eyes would get red and your nose would look worse, and anyhow it's five o'clock and I feel the need of a party."

"Have it your own way, I'll probably cry later, anyhow," Stanley shrugged resignedly. "Darlin', never worry about what may happen—it almost never does." "I wish I could believe that, Perry," Stanley began in a curiously troubled voice, but Perry was busy dodging traffic and didn't hear her.

Tea at Dennis' was always a gaily informal affair with no tea in sight, plenty of gin and vermouth, and anchovy paste sandwiches. Dennis lived in a charming and wholly haphazard way on the top floor of an apartment house in Luxor City. She had a studio, bare and uncluttered, where she worked from ten until three, and a long deep living room, with many windows facing the river, where she spent the rest of her time when she was at home.

Today it was filled with a dozen or so people, all talking at once, all gaily impervious to any interruption. At the extreme end of the room, an indolent young man was sipping a cocktail and carefully considering the effect that Dennis was achieving, dressed in topaz velvet, her bronze held tilted back against a piece of old Chinese brocade.

"You might use a pose like that for those new illustrations," he decided, frowning a bit. "Have you read the manuscript yet?" "No, I'm going to. This afternoon." "Sure you'll have them ready in time?" "Don't I usually?" "Yes, that's the amazing thing about you, Dennis—you're so inconsistently business-like."

"I've found it pays." "I suppose so—never could be that way myself, though." "No. You're too lazy. If you didn't have to write a story, you would never finish a story." "Tedious—finishing anything. But as you say, one has to live." "And eat—apparently. I positively never have any food left after one of these raids."

(To Be Continued)

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Crowded House is Entertained With Three-Act Comedy

WALDO HILLS, March 12.—A crowded house listened to the three act comedy presented by the Fred Knight, Dan Hillman, Miles Ottaway and Theodore Riches families. The comedy "Always in Trouble" was clever and very well produced. Intermission numbers were vocal solos by Fred Knight and harmonica numbers by Edith Knight and Marjorie Hillman accompanied by Ethel Knight at the piano.

Ardis Egan is employed in the Julius Alm grocery store in Silverton. He has broken his toe. Young Egan, graduated last June from San Jose, California Teachers college, has been at the home of his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Egan since late November had planned to leave March 18 for the south where work awaited him but will wait until Mr. Alm is able to be about.

NEW HILLS TEACHER WALDO HILLS, March 12.—Mrs. Justina Killidee of Salem will begin her duties tomorrow morning as primary teacher at Evergreen, taking the place of Miss Minnie Manchester who underwent an operation for appendicitis last Wednesday morning at the Silverton hospital. Miss Alma Anderson, student teacher, has substituted.

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