

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager  
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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### Wage Comparisons

If in prosperous time public employes have reason to grumble because of the inadequacy of their wage, the reverse is true in periods of depression. Recent statistics of the national industrial conference board show that in 1932 the per capita average wage of active employes of federal, state and local governments, was \$1,448 which was 24.3% more than per capita full-time wages of employes in all other fields of employment. The \$1,448 wage is not large of itself, so small indeed is the wage which is only three-fourths of that sum.

From 1929 to 1932 the average pay in the government group decreased only 1.2%, while the average in all other fields decreased 21.1%. This should be observed however, that there was a time lag in wage cuts in civil service; but by 1933 the cuts were severe. That was true in this state and city, and doubtless true elsewhere, so the final figure will doubtless be considerably higher than 1.2%.

The group which suffered the worst was agricultural employes. While their 1929 pay was the lowest of any classification their cut was 45.7%. Doubtless this does not take into account the fact that most farm workers receive room and board in addition, which at least gave them subsistence. There were many farm hands who worked only for room and board during the winter months on farms. The following tabulation shows how the various wage groups fared, the columns giving average wages in 1929 and in 1932 and the percentage of decline:

	1929	1932	Decline
Government	\$1,468	\$1,448	1.2%
Manufacturing	1,508	1,115	26.1
Agriculture	848	352	45.7
Mining	1,531	1,049	31.5
Construction	1,904	1,315	30.9
Electric light and power and gas	1,561	1,339	14.2
Transportation	1,681	1,409	16.2
Communication	1,319	1,320	0.1 (1)
Trade	1,474	1,245	15.5
Finance	2,282	1,958	14.2
Service	1,216	1,015	16.5
Miscellaneous	1,815	1,285	29.4
Ave. for all fields except govt.	1,476	1,165	21.1

(1) Increase 1932 over 1929.

### A Fresh Threat

The American newspaper guild, an organization of news and editorial department workers on newspapers, attacks the language of the Rayburn communications bill which gives the president authority in event of war or a state of public peril or disaster to close wire and radio news stations or censor the news passing over those facilities. The guild describes this as "most alarming and containing a dire threat against freedom."

Why is it, government authorities persist in threats against freedom of communication? When the code matter was up and publishers protested the possibility of a government license as a step toward a government-controlled press, the government officials were mean and nasty in their insinuations. The sincerity of publishers was attacked and it was asserted that their protest was a smoke screen to permit them to continue bad labor conditions.

Yet here is a plain attempt to legalize power to throttle the press, under cloak of national emergency. It is almost an invitation to some future dictator to "declare a state of public peril" and seize control of the channels of communication. Against this the newspaper guild properly raise alarm, and the publishers should resist the language of the section.

The United States has succeeded fairly well under a free press; and there should be no attempt now to beat a retreat to a muzzled press, with the control resting in the hands of politicians who may determine their own "emergency". Pres. Roosevelt has frequently stated he has no intention of infringing constitutional grants of freedom; congress will do well to follow his policy and exclude such dangerous clauses from the Rayburn bill.

It grows tiresome to reiterate; but we will repeat, that the fascist or communist danger is real; and that the quickest way of bringing such a change is through suppression of a free press.

### Rain Relieves Drouth

NORTH DAKOTA reports a \$40,000,000 rain. Showers came in time to benefit the spring crop greatly, though too late to aid the winter wheat over much of the southwest. The range will quickly revive under showers; and these may be expected in the middle west all through the summer. It is on this slope of the Rockies that the rains are sure to cease in mid-summer, not to come until fall.

Tremendous damage has been done in the midwest to the season's crops; but rains may revive the pasture and provide forage for livestock.

The effect of the drouth damage will be serious, perhaps more so than is realized now. We have felt that the 1930 drouth was a great factor in deepening the depression. It came when business was on the upturn, killed the 1930 revival, and helped grease the skids for further decline. We pray such will not be the consequence of this malfeasance of nature.

Bryan H. Conley of Salem has been elected commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars for Oregon at the state convention in Medford. Conley delivered the able oration at the Memorial day exercises at the armory last week. He is employed in the state industrial accident commission and has been active in veterans' circles. His election is an honor to himself and his city and a credit to his organization.

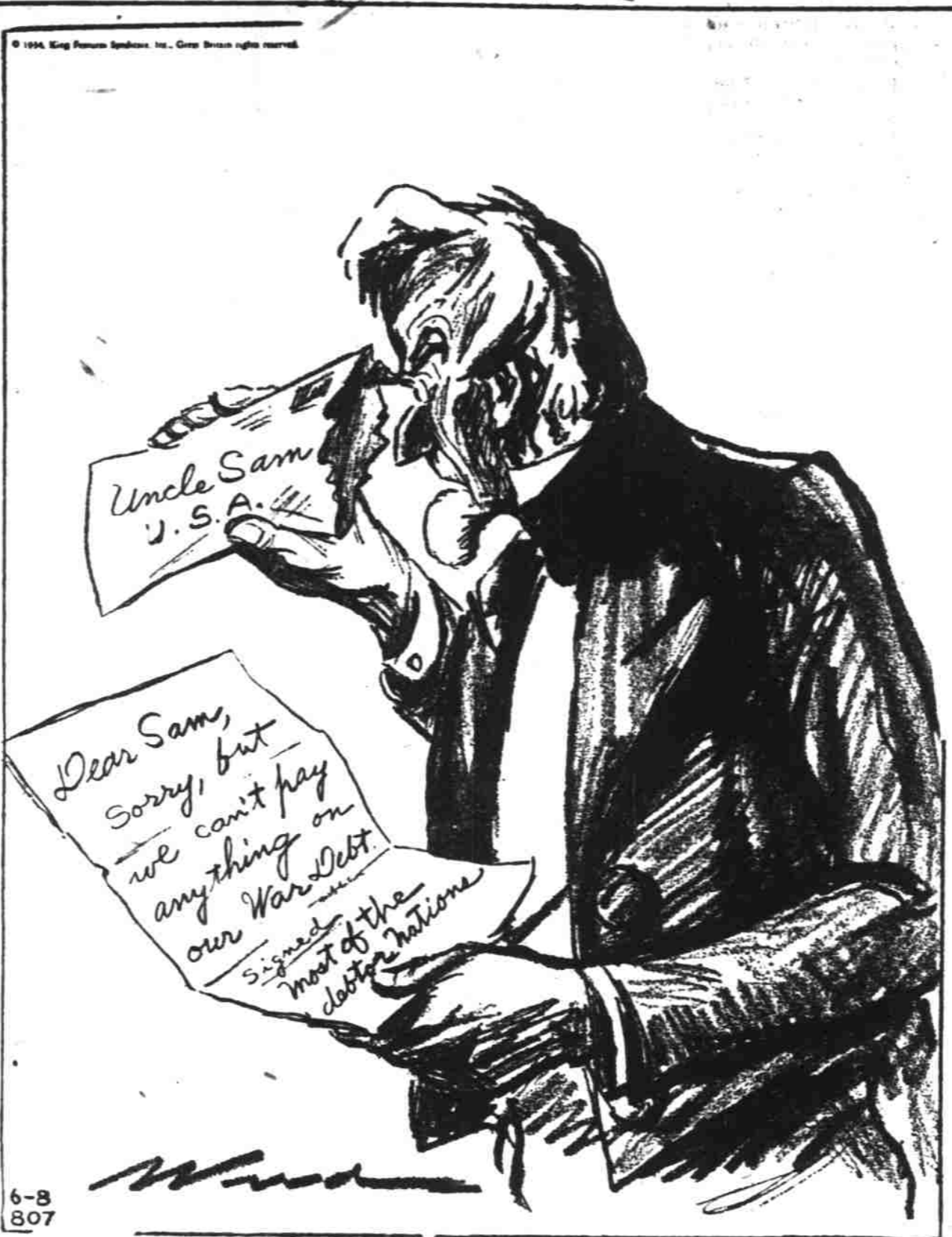
PWA has been very critical of government units over delay in getting men to work. Yet here we are in Oregon, bridges contracts all approved, men ready to go to work, held up through failure of PWA to ship the money here. It merely proves you can't put the whole USA through the Washington funnel.

So far we have read of no women who have been bitten by the black widow spiders. Naturally it is the men who fall for the widows in black with red trimmings.

### Graduation Event at St. Paul High Slated for Friday

ST. PAUL, June 7. — Graduation exercises of the St. Paul union high school will be held Friday night in the Knights of Columbus hall at 8 o'clock. The speakers of the evening will be Rev. Fr. Damien, O.S.B., of Mt. Angel, who will deliver the commencement address; Mrs. Mary Fulkerson will present the diplomas and scholarship awards; the salutatorian and valedictorian addresses will be delivered by Evelyn Yerges and Earl Davidson, respectively.

### Not a Love Letter!



### Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Judge Matthew P. Deady: Colorful old time Oregon career; broke new ground, marked new trails in law.

(Continuing from yesterday.) At Oregon City young Deady rested a few days, and, leaving his little hair trunk which he had, with a few books and extra clothing, he started on foot for Lafayette, then a promising town in its third year, and the county seat of Yamhill county.

His purse being nearly empty, young Deady made an arrangement with Prof. John E. Lyle to aid him to the close of the term of school he was teaching, for a compensation sufficient to pay his board.

When the term expired, he made another term as an equal partner, and made \$75 a month, and gained pleasant acquaintanceships with the best people of the section—and not a few boys and girls, afterward heads of families and prominent in Oregon, were proud to speak of having gone "to school to Judge Deady."

Young Deady acted as adviser and aid to the county commissioners in getting the legal machinery of the county in motion. In March, 1850, Matthew P. Deady made his debut as a lawyer in Oregon before Judge O. C. Pratt, in three cases, a criminal action, a civil one and a suit for divorce—the last named had to be carried up to the legislature, which to that time granted final divorces in Oregon. The court was a large un-

### 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.

A TERM, "focal infection," is commonly heard in every day conversation. I wonder how many who use it actually know its meaning.

This is an expression which has come into use within recent years. In fact, it is only within the past decade that the condition has been recognized and accepted by the medical profession.

By focal infection is meant a disturbance or infection existing somewhere in the body, but producing symptoms remote from the infected area. For example, you may have pain in a shoulder, foot or toe. Upon careful examination no infection is found at one of these points, but further investigation may reveal a focus of infection in the teeth, nose or tonsils, or even in the gall bladder.

Poisons the Body This localized disturbance is the point of focal infection. The poisons or toxins generated in the infected tooth or tonsil are circulating in your body. They set upon some weak place, causing an irritation there, but so far away as to make it difficult to find the real seat of trouble.

To find the teeth, tonsils and nasal sinuses are the most common sites of focal infection, the appendix, gall bladder or other organ may be the place of disease. Bear in mind that any infected organ of the body is a definite hindrance to good health and a stumbling block to long life. No one will deny the dangers of a diseased appendix. Yet acute pain in the region of the appendix may be

sometimes on Sundays he attended the Campbellite meeting in the school house.

In December he went to Oregon City, to attend the 1850-1 session of the legislature, where he met for the first time Asahel Bush, clerk of the house; and also James W. Nesmith. With them he formed a friendship, which colored his after life, and which, indeed, had a marked influence on the current of public affairs—causing these three some times to be called "the triumvirate."

That was the session at which, Jan. 13, 1851, Salem was made the capital of Oregon—and remained so, after a succession of long and bitter fights.

Judge Deady's career commenced there, and he was never after out of the harness until death removed him from earthly scenes. In that session he served on several important committees, including the judiciary, and did a large amount of work in drafting bills, writing reports and shaping legislation in the committees.

At the close of the session, he prepared for publication the laws passed, also certain laws of the 1849 session. This was done at the request of Gen. Edward Hamilton, secretary of the territory. It was the first volume of laws published in the territory, and was some times called the Hamilton code.

In 1851, Yamhill elected Judge Deady to the council (upper house) of the legislature. He was re-elected in 1852, and was president of the council in the 1852-3 session. Thus he served in both sessions of the legislature held in basement rooms of the Oregon Institute, that by change of name became Willamette university. And he presided over the council when the institution was chartered, Jan. 13, 1853, and its name changed.

June 24, 1853, Matthew P. Deady married Miss Lucy A. Henderson, eldest child of Robert Henderson, Yamhill county farmer; the family immigrants of 1846 over the southern route. Three children came to the Deady home, Edward Nesmith, Paul Robert and Henderson Brooke; the first two becoming lawyers and the last a physician. Paul R. was for a long time commissioner of the U. S. circuit court.

Matthew P. Deady was in 1853 appointed by President Pierce one of the supreme judges of Oregon. He held court in the southern one of the three districts, twice a year in each county. No regular courts had ever been held there before. In the summer of 1853, he was called to abandon a posse committee, the accused claim on Camas twale in the Umpqua valley, not far from the historic town of Wilbur, which he took under the donation act, moving his family there in the fall of that year. The location was beautiful, and he named his place Fair Oaks. There he lived until 1860, carrying on improvements, dividing time between his own hands, and laboring with his own hands, the latter at such times as he could spare between official duties and going from the points which the dates required, besides keeping up his studies—which filled all his hours, for he was obliged to travel at least 1500 miles a year, mostly on horseback. Circuit judges in Oregon then performed also the duties of justices of the supreme court—which brought Judge Deady often to the capital at Salem.

He organized the courts of four of the counties of southern Oregon, opened the records, and often wrote them up in the evenings. During this entire period he never missed a court or failed to be present at the hour for opening one—and this remarkable record for inflexible punctuality was made in spite of the fact that the Indian war of 1865-6 was

# "MA CINDERELLA" By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

CHAPTER XXVI.

From a window the two backwoods women watched Mr. Levering enter the automobile. The chauffeur touched his cap, closed the door, and took his place at the wheel. The machine moved smoothly away. Running to the window in John Herbert's room, they watched without a word until the car disappeared from sight up the hill toward the Ridge Highway.

Ann Haskel drew a long breath. Then she laughed a queer, half-smothered sort of laugh and muttered to herself: "Wal, shoot me dead! I don't miss! That fairy done come fer old Ma Cinderella sure 'nough! Two million dollars—whoo-ee! That thar's money 'nough to make a princess out of anybody no matter how poor a start they had."

"Ann! Ann Haskel!" In her excitement Nance caught her companion's arm and shook her savagely. "My Gawd-a-mighty! Ann, be you gone plum' crazy? You can't do such as that. Hit's a court matter, that's what hit is. You don't dast fool a bank lawyer sich as him. Tain't safe—hit's—"

"Shet up, I got a right smart job o' thinkin' to do." "But, Ann," wailed Nance, "you done told that bank lawyer hit was—"

"But you dasset do sich as that, Ann Haskel. Not even you dast hit. You an' me both know good an' well what you made that bank lawyer believe warn't so; leas'tways not all of hit. Didn't you hear him say how he'd be a-comin' back with law papers an' sich fer we-us to sign? Didn't you? An' didn't he say as how thar'd be court swearin' an' sich? I'm a-tellin' you you don't dast do hit. Anyway, if so be you air a fool, I'll try hit on you. You ain't a-goin' to make me swear to no court what I'm a-knowin' all the time ain't so. I don't low-to-git—mysef!"

Poor Nance's voice died away in a low wail of terror as she caught sight of Ann Haskel's face. The mountain woman moved to a rifle which stood beside the fireplace. As she reached for the gun, Nance, with a moaning cry, fell to her knees. Slowly Ann Haskel turned with the weapon in her hands.

"No, no—Ann, don't do hit! Gawd's mercy, don't do hit!" "I warn't you!" "You sure did, Ann; I know you did. An' I've allus done jest like you said—you know I have. I ain't aimin' to tell nobody, Ann. I swear to Gawd I ain't!"

Slowly the mountain woman returned the rifle to its place. Nance, with a sob of relief, rose to her feet and slumped into a chair. With a corner of her apron she wiped the perspiration from her face, and the action seemed somehow to restore in a measure her usual stoical calm.

"I'd most forgot how hit war mysef," she said, humbly. "Hit all happened so long ago. Hit ain't made no difference to nobody so far I can see—yit!"

"What difference do you reckon hit's a-goin' to make now?" demanded Ann. "Torn between her fear of her companion and her fear of the vague unknown power which, to her mind, Levering personified, Nance answered pleadingly: "Didn't you hear him tell 'bout law papers an' swearin' an' sich, Ann? This here war what you air a-doin' a court matter. You don't dast, Ann—you ain't got no right!"

With grim determination Ann Haskel said, "Mebbe I ain't got no law right; then ag'in, considerin' everything, mebbe I got a right 'nough. I ain't never been too particular 'bout laws an' courts, no-how. I sure ain't aimin' to be too particular now. Anyhow, I got a posse committee, the accused claim on Camas twale in the Umpqua valley, not far from the historic town of Wilbur, which he took under the donation act, moving his family there in the fall of that year. The location was beautiful, and he named his place Fair Oaks. There he lived until 1860, carrying on improvements, dividing time between his own hands, and laboring with his own hands, the latter at such times as he could spare between official duties and going from the points which the dates required, besides keeping up his studies—which filled all his hours, for he was obliged to travel at least 1500 miles a year, mostly on horseback. Circuit judges in Oregon then performed also the duties of justices of the supreme court—which brought Judge Deady often to the capital at Salem."

On one occasion, May 8, 1859, he was in Roseburg, the county seat of his (Douglas) county, holding court, when a man was arrested on a charge of assault, with intent to kill. After he had been pursued out of town and had been fired on by a disorderly crowd, calling itself a posse committee, the accused turned on his pursuers and fired his pistol, mortally wounding one of them, who was quite a prominent man, and an aspirant for the sheriff's office. (Continued tomorrow.)

### Cotton Dispute

Following conference with General Hugh Johnson, belief was voiced by Thomas F. McMahon (above), president of the United Textile Workers, that controversial NRA order curtailing mill operations 25 per cent would be modified. This code provision is one of main causes of strike threat.

"I reckon so." "Might they hang 'em, mebbe?" "They might so." "Would a body what only jest 'pe'd get the same as the one what sure 'nough done hit?" "The courts might hold sich to be the law."

"I wished you wouldn't do hit, Ann. I ain't a-wantin' to come to no sich end." "You look a-heyar, Nance Jordan. Didn't I take you in out of the bresh?" "You sure did, Ann."

"I'm everlastin' grateful, Ann. I sure ain't got nobody but you." "Don't I know what's best, Ann? I allus knowed what was best fer you an' Jeff an' Herb an' every-body?" "You sure have, Ann."

"Wal, then, don't I know what's best now? Don't I?" "I'm sure aimin' to do jest what you say, Ann—jest like I've allus done. But I wish you'd tell me why you air so set on takin' sich a chance of goin' to prison or bein' hung, mebbe. What air you a-doin' hit fer, Ann? You got a sight more money now than any other body in these parts. We-us couldn't use no more money if you had hit. We-us got everything we need right now. I jest can't see no sense in a body takin' sich a risk."

Ann smiled grimly. "I reckon as how you can't, Nance." She continued, more to herself than to her companion: "But what we-us hear in these backwoods has got a holdin' on me. Ever since I war a girl, all my life I been a-havin' fer somethin' what I can sense is knowed whar out thar. I've allus knowed I could git to hit if only I had a chance. But things has allus kept a-holdin' me back. Ever since I war a girl—fore ever I war married—I've been a-tryin' an' a-tryin' to break away. But somehow things jest kept on a-holdin' me back more an' more. When I got to know Judge Shannon, he seemed to see what I was goin' to do. He seemed like he brung all them things from out yonder right close so's I could feel 'em plain. I'd ever done before. Then he said, 'Nance, what air you doin' hit for? He didn't never come back. I figgered out after a spell why he didn't an' I ain't never faulted him fer stayin' away. So when I see the judge war'n't never comin' ag'in, an' hit a-holdin' me back, I ever since I war a-wantin' fer mysef, I jest settled down to git fer John Herbert all them things what I couldn't never have. Everything war a-workin' out fine an' Herb, jest like I'd planned. He didn't ever know what kind of a woman I war. He war sure free from everything what's allus been a-holdin' me."

"You know," his mother replied. "Nance is bound to be sort of lost-like anyhow, but here in these backwoods, an' she's liable to need a heap of lookin' after." She laughed. "I low I ain't goin' to feel jest at home, mysef—not right at first. I aim to learn, Nance. I reckon as how Nance done climbed plum' to the top of her hill of larin' fore ever she war a-growed-up woman. Tain't never goin' to be possible fer her to git no higher. A woods colt she's borned an' a woods colt she'll allus be. Jest the same, son, thar's reasons why I've got to take her along. Ain't no tellin' what'd happen if she war to be let loose here without me around. I'll feel a heap easier in my mind havin' her whar I can look after her."

That same day John Herbert went to Wilderness Station to make their Pullman reservations on the main line, for they would spend a night on the train. By a strange chance it was the day that Diane was leaving, and the two young people had a few minutes together before the girl's train pulled out. John Herbert did not think it necessary to mention the incident to his mother.

(To Be Continued)

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### HAY BALING GETS START, RIVERVIEW

RIVERVIEW, June 7. — Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Goar and son who have been here since at Mill City over two years, left Monday for New Mexico where their own property and where Herbert will be employed.

Albert Piederman started out with his baler Tuesday to bale clover hay and John DeWalt is getting his baler in order to start soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Goar moved into the house recently vacated by Jack Goar and family. Warren will be employed on the John DeWalt baler.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bartnik of Portland spent the week end here at the Paul Bartnik home. While here, Mrs. Bartnik canned about 30 quarts of wild blackberries. Earl Bartnik returned to Portland with them Monday.

David Boshart, who has been unable to work for two weeks due to an injury, returned to work at Peoria Monday.

Vacation Session for Normal School Has Fine Prospect

MT. ANGEL, June 7.—The summer session at Mt. Angel normal school begins June 25 and continues to August 3. The six weeks session will be conducted jointly by the faculties of the college and normal on the normal school campus. Present indications show that this year's enrollment will sur-

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