

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Saving Oregon

POOR old Oregon is to be saved again. It is black and blue from so much political salvation that it is hard to see how it can stand another such ordeal. Walter Pierce saved it 12 years ago, when he sobbed his way into the governorship and tore tax receipts in two; and when he went out the state got into a financial hole which it hasn't gotten out of yet. Four years ago the state had to be saved again; and now the clarion call goes out to save it from the saviors then appointed.

How shall Oregon be saved this time? By raising income and inheritance taxes already the highest in the country to the point where they will drive out the persons left who have any capital and give employment to labor. By putting the state in the power business so as to make bankrupt existing companies and thus impoverish those who have invested their money in Oregon. By putting the state in the banking business, taking the money of every government treasury and loaning it out to those who vote "right" and already owe more than they can pay. By plunging the state in socialistic enterprises which take property off the tax rolls and increase the burdens on farms and homes. By North Dakotizing Oregon so that no one with any enterprise or capital will come here either to enter business or simply to reside in this glorious climate.

The state suffers from an excess of political salvation already. It has been experimented on and operated on until insecurity and instability are its leading characteristic. Every ambitious office-seeker proposes some new deal which usually involves trying to make a roof out of foundation stones. So frequently have the voters hit the sawdust trail at the exhortations of some new political missionary that they are almost mental wrecks. They weep and cry at every soapboxer who pulls the stops in his larynx.

All Oregon needs is to settle down so it can settle up. We are driven crazy by these political hooligans and socialistic medicine men. More crack-brained messiahs of politics operate here than any other state almost. Some of them are sincere, which makes them the more dangerous. Others are plain fakirs who know the voters are just suckers who will buy Kickapoo Indian salve if the vendors are glib enough.

Politics in the state has become maudlin. There are progressives and then there are "true progressives". There are reformers who want to reform the other reformers. The state is about ready to sink in a flood of quackery and damfoolery.

But we do not think it will. Signs indicate that the voters are getting fed up on agitation and soap box reform. After prolonged clatter and noise they are ready for a season of some repose and security. Agitators have rung the fire alarm so often the voters this time are just going to turn over on the other side and sleep awhile and not bust a blood vessel running ten blocks to see a dry goods box bonfire.

Shoe on Other Foot

FOUR years ago the independents claimed the party committee repudiated the voice of the people as expressed through the direct primary when it nominated Mettschman for governor after George Joseph's death. This became a great battle cry; and it was true that Mettschman though the nominee was not the choice of the party majority. And Meier was elected governor.

This year the shoe is on the other foot. It is the independents who are repudiating the direct primary and denouncing the choices of both parties who held primary elections. Yet this same group has been most vocal in support of the principle of popular government. This is the group that said that since the people had voted down the sales tax once it should not be submitted to them again.

But they refuse to abide by the will of the people as expressed in the nominations of the parties where the field was open and every candidate had his say and made his appeal to the people. In other words, the will of the people is to be respected when they vote as this group wants them to vote. If they do not, then a fresh drive shall be made.

This repudiation of the primary nominations brings out the fault of the Oregon political system which has virtually destroyed party organization and party principles. A party "dassent" hold a convention and frame a platform; although "independents" can do so without qualms. As a matter of personal honor, and as a matter of good government there should be developed party responsibility and cohesion here; and the only way it can be done is through some form of party discipline. Let those who are democrats be democrats; and republicans be republicans; and progressives as progressive as they choose to be. But make the labels mean something and stand for some principles.

Park Clean-up

BOB BOARDMAN took us on a tour of the city auto park below the Church street bridge yesterday to show the clean-up work which is being done by transient labor. Visitors at Hotel de Minto are given a cordial welcome, also a shovel, an axe or a rake. Most of them respond with eagerness glad to work for their keep during the brief term of their registration at the "hotel". The park has been pretty well transformed under their labor. Brush has been cut away, trails and walks laid out, low places filled in. The city is dredging out the channels of the creeks to prevent the frequent overflows in storm seasons.

The old hole off the Church street bridge originally made when it was planned to locate a swimming pool there has been filled. All along the streams the undergrowth has been cleared and aged trees cut down. Up in the auto park proper roads have been lined with cobblestones, garden plots laid out, grass cleared away from the buildings.

Men are required to do a certain amount of work in return for their meals and lodging at the "hotel". A foreman is in charge, and the work goes along expeditiously. Many are experienced woodsmen who like to swing an axe. The creek will be cleared on down its course past the lower bridges.

It is a good job; and people may well turn aside and go down by the Church street bridge and look over the improvement. Makes the place look respectable and not like the "jungles".

Rev. S. Darlow Johnson has served very effectively as pastor of Leslie Methodist church and the community learns with regret that he is transferred to another appointment. Best wishes of many go with him and his estimable family.

"Wake Up, Bill, They've Convicted a Banker!"



Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

By R. J. HENDRICKS

ON MY tour of inspection of a recently constructed hospital I was amazed at the number of children admitted for removal of tonsils and adenoids. But this is the popular time of year for this operation. The parents of children who have suffered from severe colds and infections caused by large and diseased tonsils and adenoids, are advised to attend to their troubles during vacation time.

I believe this Dr. Copeland is an excellent plan. The child convalesces quickly during warm weather and is less liable to a cold or other complication following the operation.

Cause of Colds

Chronic infection of the tonsils is often the chief cause for colds, sore throats, earaches, discharging ears, chronic discharge from the nose, and enlarged glands of the neck. There are a common cause of mouth breathing. Unlike the tonsils, the adenoids have difficulty in breathing and has suffered from any of these ailments should have his tonsils removed. Of course, the attending doctor should decide whether the operation is demanded.

Difficulty in breathing, as well as infections of the nose and throat, can be traced to adenoids. The adenoids closely resemble the tonsils in the nature of their tissues. They are smaller masses located in the back part of the nasal passages, between the nose and throat.

Enlarged adenoids lead to difficult breathing through the nose. They are a common cause of mouth breathing. Unlike the tonsils, the adenoids rarely become diseased in adults. As a rule they shrink in size and disappear some time during childhood.

If Operation Is Necessary

I am glad to say that tonsils are no longer ruthlessly removed as in former years. Merely because a child has an occasional cold or sore throat is not sufficient reason for the removal of the tonsils. But if the tonsils are definitely enlarged and diseased, they are a menace to the health of the individual and should be removed as soon as possible. Bear in mind that infection of the tonsils may lead to infection of vital organs within the body.

The operation is a simple one and need cause no undue alarm. If necessary, it can be performed on the child two or three years of age, or younger. The operation should not be done during an acute attack of tonsillitis or while fever is present.

Answers to Health Queries

One of Your Readers. Q.—What can be done for sore and painful glands? The glands in my neck have become swollen and painful whenever I have a cold. What would you advise? A: What can be done for a running ear? I am also troubled with poor circulation. How can I overcome all these conditions?

A.—Try to locate the underlying source of infection first of all. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2: This should have very careful attention. Have your doctor advise you. Overcome the underlying infection. 3: Try to improve your general health. Keep the system clear. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. (Copyright, 1934, K. P. S., Inc.)

Historic class of '88 in 46th annual reunion: Started Salem high school:

There were 59 members of the graduating class of 1888 of Salem high school, in the East (now Washington) building, the oldest public school building in the district, then new.

That class was the pioneer one—with it was started the Salem high school. Junior high schools came years later. Prof. S. A. Randle was principal. He died during the past year, aged 90-odd years. The exercises of graduation were held on Friday, June 22, 1888.

The 46th reunion of the class of 1888 was celebrated on Sunday last, June 24. The class and friends gathered in the beautiful gardens of the Mrs. D. J. Fry home, Salem. It was the best attended reunion of the class yet held.

Mrs. Fry, then Miss Hettie Harbord, was a teacher in the East building. She opened the meeting on Sunday by ringing the old bell and giving her assembled pupils of the long ago a few instructions, which she asked them all to be seated for dinner.

Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner brought a bouquet to the teacher, Hettie Harbord, also a strap from the director, with a card attached, saying: "Apply to 'Millie' Meyers and others who need it."

The '88 graduating exercises were repeated, those taking part being dressed as the youngsters of the period of 1888.

The "totem pole," Burt Brown Barker, impersonated Prof. Randle, with beard and a swallow-tail coat. (The "totem pole" distinguishes the president of the society made up of the class of '88.)

The salutatory was excellently delivered by "Millie" (Milton L. Meyers).

The class poem, written and read by "Bazille" (Basil H.) Wagner, was greatly enjoyed and appreciated.

Mark Savage, who read the Prophecies in '88, read new ones this year, composed by Ossian Shirley, and they caused great merriment.

The valedictory, by "Johnnie" Reynolds, was a very creditable production, pleasingly delivered.

"Gertie" Savage Kruse recited "The Ravine of Paul Revere" in a manner all her own.

The charge to the class, given by Prof. Randle (Burt Brown Barker), occupied about 10 minutes, was unusually good and was full of sound advice.

"The Old State" was read by Fred Williams, and "The Big Five" by Anna Alderson Pearson. A number paid fitting tributes to their old teachers, Prof. Randle and Addie Scriber, and to their former classmate, Mrs. W. H. Dancy, the three who had passed to their rewards since the 1933 reunion.

The exercises closed with singing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," joined in heartily by all, as in the old days.

John W. Reynolds of Portland was chosen "totem pole" (president) and Floda Caterlin Irwin of Salem secretary for the ensuing year.

The "Prophecies." "Forty-five Years Hence," by Ossian J. Shirley, follow, without main quotation marks:

Well, folks, since our last pilgrimage, June 21, 1888, we have had a hankering, after twenty-odd years, to make the rounds again and see the boys and girls.

With the old school bell ringing, and the old school bell ringing, we can't resist the temptation to get up and travel.

Since our last excursion the old backboard has gone haywire, the rats have gnawed up the harness, and the old gray mare isn't what she used to be. With one eye on the blink, the heaves and everything, we thought best to swap her off for a "Lizzy."

With Ma on the back seat to direct the driving and the luggage piled high around her we are ready to go, "and how."

Ashland. Heading the old 'bus north, on a down grade, we are sure sitting pretty. Not far out of Ashland we noticed a mail box by the road side and printed on it was the name of P. Willis. Going to the house we, sure enough, found our own Percy. Percy is in the chicken business. Percy said, "My hobby is to be with the chickens, and I am certainly 'ga ga' about fresh eggs." "Ida is out back," Percy said, "painting the house, and she sure enough, best not to disturb her." The "Mossback Magazine" Percy was publishing in Eola, on our last visit, blew up.

At the Evans filling station, in Medford, John invited us to stop. John said he always has time to "gag" with his friends. Speaking of the days gone by, John said to capture Maud Rundlett was his great ambition, but Frank Mathews, the irresistible "eye-full," beat him to it, and the first thing he knew Nellie Sheridan was gone too. "Just a bad break," John said, as he wiped the grease out of his eyes.

We found the Daily Medford Sunbeam edited by Tom Smith. Tom said that when the depression hit the country the bottom fell out of the "Mercury" and he was publishing in Portland and he was frozen out. His articles in the Sunbeam on "Wild Life in the City Limits," he said, had "gone over big" as the town was full of chipmunks.

In Roseburg we met Pitzer Chadwick leading his goats from pasture. Pitzer looked well and his long blond whiskers were very becoming. "Boots" said the whiskers were a summer fallow crop and he hoped they wouldn't go to seed on him, as they were now in the very pink of condition for his appointment as ambassador to (Turn to Page 9)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

POLITICAL BOLSHEVICS The Holy Rollers of politics and self-appointed guardians of political virtue and the self-anointed political purity league are to hold a convention in Salem today for the purpose of nominating a political messiah as a candidate for governor of Oregon. The irony of this convention is that these saviors of humanity have always been the loudest in their condemnation of conventions and the most pharisaical in their insistence that everybody should abide by the vote of the people at the primary. Properly interpreted

"DEATH SONG" By Joan Clayton & Malcolm Logan

CHAPTER I
It was in August, during a period of oppressive, exhausting heat, that the first of the murders at Sherwood Forest Sanatorium was committed. But in writing the story of those eleven days of terror, my thoughts go back seven months to the raw, rain-whipped winter day when Mark Hillyer heard himself sentenced to exile from Broadway. Had it not been for his personal tragedy, I am certain that those crimes, apparently so wanton and unmotivated, would not have been solved. The murderer had taken cunning precautions against every reasonable hazard, but he could not foresee what a deadly antagonist Mark was to be. For Mark is not a detective. He is an actor-playwright.

When Seifert Vail was found murdered in his ascetic bedroom, Mark was unadjusted to the deadly monotony of invalidism. He was bored, restless, irritable. That first crime gave him an interest in life. It was a challenge to his ingenuity which he accepted joyfully, and into that dangerous game of hide and seek he put all his cleverness, his uncanny divination of character, and his stubbornness.

"At last something's happened!" he exulted. "When I find the guy who erased Vail I'll probably kiss him." Mark was the only person at Sherwood Forest who actually enjoyed those days when a murderer lived among us, when everyone regarded his neighbors and cottage mates with suspicion. Even when the attempt was made on Mark's life, he was too excited and busy to fear for himself. Other patients packed and left, until only the feverish, selfish little community almost disappeared, but Mark remained, absorbed in the most fascinating drama on which he had ever worked.

I call that series of crimes a drama because that was how Mark regarded it. He labored over it just as I have so often seen him constructing a play. He ignored the commonplace and seized upon all the dramatic elements of Vail's murder. Because it was dramatic, he saw what Dave Finn, the sheriff, refused at first to see: the significance of the photograph record, singing in Vail's own voice in the room where its creator lay dead. But he was concerned primarily with the character of the dead man. He would not accept the general opinion that Vail had flung away his health and his operatic career because his wife had died and without her neither success nor life was any of value.

"Vail's own lead" he told me vehemently. "Vail's got to be something more than a rubber-stamp weakling. If that's all he was, why should anyone want to kill him?"

So far they had searched for another analysis of the man's character, one which fitted him for his role. In the end Mark proved to us that he understood Vail; and in the singer's own malicious heart lay the secret of his death.

Throughout the investigation, Mark was a burden to the sheriff and the sanatorium authorities. They resented his flippant attitude, his sarcasm, even his language. Mark always talks in the idiom of the theatre; so the list of suspects became the cast and the cottage room in which the murder occurred was the stage when the murderer was finally caught. Mark grinned crookedly and said one word: "Curtain!"

Crime seldom appears logical and inevitable, as a good play should be. The murders at Sherwood Forest Sanatorium merely happened to lend themselves to Mark's peculiar technique because the murderer was cautious, intelligent and foresighted. Mark is the first to admit this.

However their insistence in this regard applies only when the people vote the way these political termagants and demagogues dictate. When it comes to their objection to conventions has always been that they were manipulated by a few politically minded people but that the primary was pure and holy and undisturbed because the people could do no wrong. They announced however in advance that they expect to nominate Pitzer Chadwick, a wild-eyed radical, for the position of governor.

Nevertheless in the present state of unrest, much of which has been brought about by promises of Utopia in the past few years, and the growing strength of pacifism and communism in this country, a vote for Pitzer Chadwick is reckoned with. In our judgment it will be much harder on General Martin than it will on Joe Dunne for none of these radical voters have very much sympathy with the military for it represents law, order and stable government all of which they are opposed to.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Appropos of the call for an independent candidate for governor:

Four hundred sixty-one thousand nine hundred fourteen persons in Oregon were privileged to vote according to figures made by the secretary of state. Of this number 238,423 actually voted, just a few more than half.

The winning republican candidate for governor got 42,562 votes out of the 149,488 that were cast by that party for governor. Saying it conversely, there were 99,326 who voted against the man nominated, or more than two to one. The winning democrat got 46,372 out of 79,460 cast or a fair majority. The two winning candidates received together 88,935 votes or a little less than one-fifth of the total number entitled to vote and slightly more than a third of those who voted.

It seems certain now that there will be an independent candidate and perhaps two or three. And if

He cheerfully concedes that his unconventional methods would have failed in a more conventional crime. "However," he said to me, "an ordinary crime with a commonplace motive and a stupid cast would not have been worth my time and trouble."

As this would indicate, Mark is vain. He is generous, too. It amused him to let the sheriff appropriate the credit for solving the murders, even though it was Mark who solved them, without ever seeing the bedroom in which Vail was killed, without examination of vitally important witnesses, without ever leaving his bed. He entered the sanatorium almost hopelessly crippled by arthritis.

Though newspaper feature sto-

didn't click, and he had done the same for me. For twenty years Mark had provided the brains, the charm and the effervescence; for twenty years I had taken care of the money and Mark. I stood looking at him when the doctor had left.

"You'd better get up packed, Bob," said Mark after a long time. "Don't burst into tears, you sap," he added, grinning. "Do you think I'm going to leave you here having a swell time while I grow a beard in the mountains?"

I packed Mark's pictures, scrap-books and souvenirs filled two trunks; his costumes, another. His notes and manuscripts were boxed and taken with us in the ambulance. He was working on a new play, and



"How can Broadway get along without me?" Mark snarled.

ries have been written about his westness and courage in affliction, which were to furnish background with patience or cheerfulness. I know, for I was with him in that bitter hour when he learned that he might never walk again. He received this news with nothing resembling fortitude. The apartment that we shared rang with his lamentations and profanity. If he had been able to move, he would have assaulted the specter who ordered him to Sherwood Forest.

"How can Broadway get along without me?" he snarled.

I, who had been Mark's secretary and business manager for twenty years, echoed that question, even as I tried to resign myself to separation. Mark, with his impudence and charm, his wise-cracking, his annual play starring himself, was a New York institution. How was Broadway to do without him? The doctor in a few merciless sentences settled that; if Mark wanted to walk again, he must go away for rest and treatment.

"That" said Mark, "sounds as final as the rumble of Cain's trucks."

To me it was as final as death. It was the end of twenty years of glorious companionship in the theatre, the end of all gaiety. I had been with Mark since our college days, when he wrote and I managed the variety show. I had seen him through love affairs and plays that

that required a typewriter, a dozen books and a bale of old newspapers which were to furnish background and atmosphere. After exchanging a series of furious telegrams with the sanatorium, Mark agreed to part with his Russian wolfhound. A friend dubiously accepted his two Siamese cats.

We arrived at the sanatorium on a bitter cold day in January. It was a long ride in the ambulance—more than a hundred miles from New York. The road climbed steadily toward the Catskills, and at last wound around the side of a high hill into the sanatorium. To the south stretched a snow-covered barrier of foothills. The sanatorium's dozen buildings, clustered around a large central structure on the hillside, were the only dwellings I could see over all that great stretch of country. The hospital was in the western wing of the main building and the Mark was installed, objecting bitterly to everything that was done to make him comfortable. When he was finally settled, I was shown to a small room in the eastern wing, one of several reserved for visitors. As I looked out at the mountains, I knew how lonely Mark felt. In that vast isolation, Broadway seemed something remembered from another life.

(To Be Continued)

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there is, the man who will be elected will in all likelihood simply have a plurality of votes and will not be the choice of the majority of the people.

Is it any wonder we get what we have? Candidates and cliques pull and haul and jockey for advantage and then kick over the traces when their own candidate does not land. And as for the independents they have proven to be the worst of the lot.

And this election will probably not be any exception.—Sheridan Sun.

REPUDIATING THE PRIMARY

The idea of holding primary elections grew out of the abuses of the old uncontrolled caucus and convention systems. Under the old caucus system it was possible to defeat the majority sentiment in any community by the familiar device of a snap

caucus, and later a packed, or hand-picked convention. The primary system spread from coast to coast and whether or not it has served a useful purpose has always been disputed. However that may be the machinery of the primary gave to everyone an opportunity of freely expressing a choice for a candidate, read after all, that was the objective. The feeling is pretty general that the winner in a primary, such a primary as was held in Oregon in May, should be given a chance for his white alley, and in the absence of palpable fraud or gross incompetence should have the united support of his party. The idea of majority rule is a good one and to deny this principle is tantamount to a repudiation of the very machinery that was set up to protect the rights of the voter. McMinnville Telephone-Register.



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