

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business Office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance: Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 6 cents.

Borah Criticizes New Deal

SENATOR BORAH is never in better form than when he is cracking down on something; and his recent blasts against certain phases of the New Deal have been quite devastating. He denounced the fostering of monopolies and Donald Riechberg, high-power lawyer who has been with NRA, attempted a tart rejoinder. In Chicago when en route west Borah delivered another blast against growing bureaucracy. He asserted there are 100,000 "more payrollers" this year than last on the federal lists. He said he did not criticize necessary expenditures to relieve unemployment, but said:

"What does interest me is the bureaucratic principle of running the people's business instead of letting the people run their own business. The best planning system ever devised is to allow the individual to run his own affairs."

His idea is not new; and neither is the "planned economy" or "social management" idea new. A century and a half or more ago Benjamin Franklin wrote:

"Perhaps in general it would be better if government meddled no farther with trade than to protect it and let it take its course. Most of the statutes or acts, edicts, arrests and placards of parliaments, princes, and States, for regulating, directing or restraining of trade, have, we think, been either political blunders or jobs obtained by artful men for private advantage, under pretense of public good."

Of course Sen. Borah violates one of the cardinal tenets of the new dealers: nobody must criticize "unless he has a better plan". Apropos of this denial of the privilege of criticism is this extract from a recent news report from Germany in the New York Herald-Tribune:

"My party comrades," Dr. Goebbels shouted to a mass meeting of cheering Nazis, "only the National Socialist party has the right to criticize. To all others, I deny that right. The right to criticize will be utilized in sufficient measure by the National Socialist party."

"I hold it to be wrong that the misgivings of the upper class should be brought to public attention. It is sufficient when that class which contains our shortcomings discusses them. Those who cannot remove those defects do not need to talk about them."

Dr. Goebbels is the club-footed zealot in the Nazi cabinet who is minister of propaganda and "education".

Newspapers like the Capital Journal which support this doctrine of "no criticism" led the wolf pack in snarling and snapping at President Hoover.

Dullness on Wall Street

TRADING on the New York stock exchange is very, very dull. The daily turnover of shares and bonds runs at extremely low totals. For the week ended June 29 the number of shares traded in was 3,044,250 compared with 25,641,385 a year ago. Commission houses are shedding copious tears over the falling off of their business, complaining they are "running in the red" because they can't curtail expenses to match the slump in commissions.

Out in the sticks there will be no lament over the lack of trade in Wall Street; and many will think it a virtue that the public gambling fever has cooled. But in another sense the slump is a poor sign, because Wall Street in considerable degree reflects the mood of the business of the whole country. It can hardly be regarded as a barometer any more, with reliable prophecy of changing conditions. It is just a thermometer now of business sentiment. The stock market is sluggish because business is hesitant. The country is in the mood of watchful waiting before it calls for chips in the stock trading game.

The actual turnover of business belies somewhat the downcast mood of Wall street. Freight car loadings for the last reported week reached the highest total of the year, which is counter to the seasonal trend; and continue running ahead of last year when the inflation-boom was on. Retail trade reports for the country as a whole also show plus signs in comparisons with last year.

The stock exchange bill will not make grass grow in Wall Street, for there are still plenty of speculators ready to call a turn if they see one coming. With all their wailing the stock brokers know enough to hang on; for history repeats itself: the moth returns to the flame.

Policing the Seas

SOME of the papers are commenting on Great Britain's expression of determination to enlarge her navy. They wonder if this country will commence to keep up parity with Britain, or if the limitations will pass out with 1935 and the old order of competitive building be renewed. It does not seem to us that the United States should enlarge its navy to match England. We are liquidating our colonial possessions. We are turning the Philippines adrift. We have finally cut the umbilical cord of the Platt amendment with Cuba. Sec. Hull signed at Montevideo an agreement that we would no longer send cruisers to protect nationals in South American countries or land marines there. As we are withdrawing within the North American continent what need have we of large navies?

Britain on the other hand is a maritime empire and the fleet is the guardian of her trade routes. Britain feels the need of enlarging her fleet to meet uncertainties because she is not retreating from her world-wide power. In times past this country let England police the seas; and the latter did a good job of it. Why not let her do the job again, and let us confine our craft to a defense establishment, with submarines, aircraft, and coast defenses? Considering that our flag is now in retreat from distant outposts our need for a great navy is diminishing.

The Dallas Chronicle remarks that Germany under Hitler "is a constant threat to world peace". Not the way Hitler is acting now. Germany's internal strife weakens the country as a menace to her neighbors, just as France lost many notches in power as a result of Paris rioting a few months ago.

The victims of the Hitler purge were not executed without trial their countrymen and the world are assured. Each was given a three-minute trial. That represents German conformity to horse-thief justice in the cowboy country: hang 'em first and try 'em afterwards.

So Henry Ford didn't sign up with NRA after all. One individualist who is still rugged, the other is Carter Glass who didn't sign for his newspaper.

Doubtless Nice, France, can find a place to hang the rejected painting, "The Fleet's In".

"Strike watched at Washington", is a headline. That's far enough off to be safe.

Despite denials the grange appears to be in politics clear up to its gills.



July
CALENDAR
THE FOURTH
BASTILLE DAY
AUTO
ACCIDENTS
HEAT WAVE
BATHING
TRAGEDIES

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

In Oregon county names aboriginal, political and patriotic history is shown:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
(The members of that legislature, out of respect to the leading pioneer of that section, and their fellow member, wanted to give the name Tichenor to the fourth westernmost county being created. But the rugged and honest pioneer would not have it that way. He protested that his constituents instructed him to call it Curry, and Curry it stood—after Geo. L. Curry, then and the last territorial governor of Oregon.)

(Capt. Tichenor represented Coos and Curry counties in both the state and territorial legislatures of 1858 and '59-9. He was elected on both tickets—both state and territorial legislatures were chosen that year, because a

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Ore., July 5, '34.
Editor Statesman:

Well the Fourth of July is past once more and I guess the American Legion program at the fairgrounds was a success from every angle.

I know every one I saw seemed to be having a good time. The sports events were fine and pulled off without a hitch and every one enjoyed the fireworks.

There was only one thing to mar an exceptionally fine program and that was the speech by Major U. G. McAlexander, and his speech was a slam on the American Federation of Labor, the Irish, the Jews and the longshoremen.

Now we all know why these men are striking. It's not because they are overpaid or because they are being treated too good and it seems to me that a program that was to be for everybody, rich, poor, union or non-union, it should have been better for the program committee to have picked a better speaker and a topic interesting to everyone and not slam the working man for the benefit of the rest.

The major would like to have us believe that everything is going to the dogs because the governors of these three western states won't call out the militia and kill off a bunch of longshoremen but it's gratifying to know that our governor is a little wider between the ears than that.

And it's sure a fine thing that the major got no support in the primaries.

His speech would have went over big before the shipping interests, and the Portland chamber of commerce if what we hear is true but I think the major was entirely out of place with his speech.

And as far as discrimination against any race whether they be Jews, Irish, Italians or Scotchmen, should not be tolerated regardless who the man is or how high his rank.

And as for the major's Independence day speech you could easily see the kind of independence he believes in. The same kind that England tried to force on the colonies that brought on the Revolutionary war.

Earl Sharp,
785 N. 26th St.,
Salem, Oregon.

state constitution had been adopted, but Oregon had not been admitted to the Union. The state legislature met and adjourned. The territorial legislature met but did little business, on account of the peculiar status—Oregon being considered definitely neither a territory nor a state.

(Capt. Tichenor was in the state senate in 1850, representing Coos and Curry counties. He was in the great fight on the election of senators, resulting in the choice of Col. E. D. Baker and Col. J. W. Nesmith. Tichenor was an old and loyal friend of Abraham Lincoln and of Col. Baker; he was a powerful factor in the result—that put Oregon firmly behind the prosecution of the Civil war.

(In the interim, beginning in 1855, Capt. Tichenor had a large part in the so-called Rogue River war; some of the bloodiest closing scenes were in his section. (William Tichenor was a native of the city of Newark, N. J.; an ancestor, Daniel Tichenor, was one of the original proprietors of that town. William went to Indiana, then to Illinois, where he was elected state senator. In 1848, he recruited two companies of the regiment commanded by Col. E. D. Baker in the Mexican war. In interim, Tichenor had followed a sea faring life. He came to the Pacific coast in 1849; mined in California; bought a vessel and explored the coast as far up as southwestern Oregon; settled at Port Orford; was one of the founders of that town; studied law and practiced it 16 years and served as judge of Curry county. His whole career would make a book. His son, Jacob, was, in the eighties and nineties, employed on The Statesman. His grandson, son of Jacob, is Capt. Carroll Tichenor of the Portland police force, originator and head of the famous "Sunshine division," having done and still is doing a great work of relief to the poor, setting standards and making patterns for many cities in this and other countries.)

Resuming the Lewis text: "In southern Oregon there is one county, Umpqua, whose name is distinctly and clearly Indian. It is the name of a river, the Umpqua, which has long ceased to exist when, in 1893, the Lewis History was published. Attempts have been made to revive it, with a new county; but they have been unsuccessful, and will likely not succeed in the future, as the tendency is now and will likely continue in the future rather to consolidate old ones than to make new counties in Oregon. And to consolidate city and county governments, too; which would in a number of cases be a good thing."

Again resuming the Lewis text: "Klamath county bears the name of what was formerly a large and fierce and treacherous tribe, inhabiting about the lake of that name in southeastern Oregon. In the Indian marauds and murders of more than a quarter of a century the name of Klamath came to be a synonym of what was to be most hated and dreaded in Indian character, and in the name that bears this red and bloody history is perpetual."

"In the northern part of eastern Oregon is Umatilla county. This is the Indian name of a small river that rises in the Blue mountains and, flowing westerly for nearly 100 miles through one of the most charming regions of the state, enters the Columbia about 30 miles below old Fort Walla Walla, at the mouth of

the Walla Walla river. There was no Indian tribe of that name, though, in a general way, the Indians residing upon that stream came to be called Umatilla by the whites, to designate their locality. This was the country of the 'Cayuses,' whose favorite residence was on that stream, near where the city of Pendleton is now situated. The rhythm of the name is emulated in the beauty of the county that bears it, which is in many parts a poem written in rounded hills and sparkling waters, overbent by the bluest and deepest skies."

"Wallowa county is called after the Indian name of one of the most beautiful valleys embowered within the green embraces of the Blue mountains. It was the home of Joseph, the Nez Perce chieftain, whose story is told in our chapters on Indian wars. The name is as musical as the soft rippling of the beautiful stream that sings down the center of the 40 miles of jeweled loveliness called 'Wallowa county.' (Some readers know there were two Chiefs Joseph, father and son; the son the man who wrote his name large across the pages of history. Also, that they were chiefs of the smaller of the Nez Perce tribes or nations—the upper tribes; while the lower ones, under Chief Twisted Hair and Chiefs Lawyer, down to the present, were always friends of the whites, and are yet.)

"Mauheur county, the easternmost county of the state, has not an Indian but a French name. Exactly when or by whom the stream from which the county is named received its appellation is probably not now known. It signifies 'unfortunate,' or 'unlucky,' and was probably named by some party of French Canadian voyageurs, who experienced some untoward accident at its mouth on Snake river. The choice that gave this county this name, while locally appropriate enough, was not aesthetically fortunate, as some superstitious people might feel that the misfortunes that gave the stream its name would cling to the county that inherited it."

"Wasco county, lying along the eastern base of the Cascade mountains south of 'La Dalles' of the old voyageurs, was named from a local band of the fiercest freebooters of the Columbia. They resided about the mouth of the little stream called Mill creek, one of a hundred Mill creeks in Oregon. Their village on this stream, about a mile above its mouth, was called 'Kac-las-co,' and about 10 miles up the Columbia, at 'La Dalles' proper were the villages of 'Te-kin' and 'Wam.' Wasco, though a pleasant name, and without any sinister significance, seems to have been a corruption or contraction of some former Indian name, and to have had a comparatively local application. (The early missionaries called their station there Wascopec and the Indians there as Wascopec Indians.)

"Clatsop county, immediately south of the Columbia river, bears an Indian name, about which there can be no dispute. Lewis and Clark spent the winter of 1805-6 among the 'Clatsops,' a few miles south (south and west) of where Astoria now is. From time beyond civilized record the name has distinguished both a locality and a people, and it will, with eminent propriety, carry down the history of a once strong tribe of the aboriginal people of this coast, to the latest generations."

"Coos county had its name from the Indians that inhabited it on the bay of that name, if indeed the Indians did not take the name from the bay." (Some authorities believe the name came from the Greek island called

"DEATH SONG" By Joan Clayton & Malcolm Logan

SYNOPSIS

Self-styled, former opera singer, is stabbed to death in Lakeside Cottage of exclusive Sherwood Forest Sanatorium. Vail brooded constantly over his wife's death. He continuously played the phonograph record "Waiting For You," his wedding theme sung in his own voice. This record was playing at the time of his death. A maid discovered Vail's body when she went into his room to turn off the record. Willis Clendenning, Milton Cross and James Ruxton, the millionaire, shared the cottage with Vail. Ruxton's favorite nephew and heir, Loren Ruxton, and Dr. John Calvert are rivals for the affections of Sue Faraday, a nurse. Mark Hillier, the playwright, is crippled from arthritis and bored by the monotony of sanatorium life, welcomes a little excitement. He sends his secretary, Bob Fowler, to investigate the trouble at Lakeside Cottage. It is discovered that Vail's room has a private entrance which opens directly on the grounds. Dr. Calvert claims Vail had been dead an hour before the phonograph started playing. Sherwood changed rooms with Vail the day before as Vail was expecting a guest he was anxious to receive secretly, which the private entrance in Ruxton's room afforded. Clendenning discloses that Vail received a letter from New York two days before his death. The police locate some photographs but no letters. An empty room is discovered in Vail's room. Felipa, the maid, is questioned.

CHAPTER X

"You didn't leave your room?" "No, sir, never while it is rest period. I might wake up the patients."

"Did you hear any sounds in Vail's room during the rest period?" Felipa hesitated. Then she answered nervously, "I think once I hear somebody walking in the room."

"Did you hear anything outside?" "No, sir."

"Did you see anything through your window?" "No, sir."

"What time was it when you heard the noise?"

"I do not know, Mr. Sheriff. I say to myself it is just Mr. Vail, and I go on reading."

The sheriff paused, and Clendenning interposed a question. His voice was disarmingly gentle.

"How did you know Mr. Vail had been murdered?" Felipa asked.

"I can see he is dead," she said. "His face is white, and he lies so still."

"But how did you know he'd been murdered? Did you raise the sheet that covered him, or touch him?"

There was a genuine terror in her eyes now. She seemed to sense that she had made some mistake, but she did not know what it was.

"No," she whispered, "No," and then moistened her lips with her tongue. Clendenning's voice became hard and triumphant.

"You ran out screaming that Mr. Vail had been killed. How did you know it? Come on, Felipa, tell the sheriff how you knew!"

"I—I can see he is dead," she faltered.

Clendenning turned to Finn. "Mr. Ruxton and I went in the room as soon as Felipa had run out. We didn't know Vail had been murdered until we pulled down the top sheet. It was caught under his shoulder and stretched tight to his knees, so that it didn't touch his body, and there wasn't a drop of blood on it. But Felipa knew he had been murdered, even though she couldn't see any evidence of it. Smart girl, isn't she, sheriff?"

"How did you know it?" Finn shouted at her. "Because you did

it, I guess. He was killed with a knife, and that's just what a 'graver' would use."

The girl looked at him in terror. She uttered a choking cry and fainted.

It was Dr. Calvert who picked her up and carried her into her room. Indignation and disgust were plainly written on his face.

I looked up and saw Ruxton standing in his doorway, looking on in disgust. But indignation though we were at Clendenning's maliciousness and the sheriff's brutality, I am certain we were all convinced that Felipa had some undisclosed reason for believing that Vail had been murdered. I did not for a moment believe her capable of that reasoned, subtle murder, and I do not believe the sheriff did, but certainly she was concealing something.

The doctor came out of her room and said quietly to Finn, "She's recovered consciousness, sheriff, but I'd appreciate it if you would let her rest for a few minutes."

He turned to Clendenning, who was pale with excitement. "The sheriff is through with you, Mr. Clendenning. I think you had better go to bed. You've had far too much excitement and exertion this afternoon."

"I'm perfectly all right," Clendenning protested, but he arose reluctantly and, with a resentful scowl at the doctor, went to his room and banged the door behind him.

"The girl is nervous and imaginative," James Ruxton remarked, with a troubled frown. "It's possible she had an intuition that Vail had been killed, and then she went through."

"There's something more than that," Finn said grimly. "She's holding back something, but I'll get it out of her. He turned to Calvert. 'This Mr. Cross, where is he? I'll talk to him and give her time to decide that she'd better come through.'"

Dr. Calvert took him to Cross's room. James Ruxton retired again. When the doctor returned, he recalled that he had known Vail for several years and that once he had been the murdered man's physician. "I said in awkward sympathy, 'This must be difficult for you, doctor.'"

"Difficult?" he said, and then he relaxed. "Oh, yes, I see what you mean. It is damned awkward. The reporters will be after us soon. This Finn fellow, he's a quickie, he'll talk to him and give her time to decide that she'd better come through."

His voice had risen. His nerves had been rasped, like mine. He added in a low voice, "Sorry, I was rude, Mr. Fowler. As you said, it's unpleasant for me—for everyone. It isn't comfortable to think that a murderer's walking around among us."

Finn came out of Cross's room, followed by the patient's querulous voice: "Now don't come back again, because I won't talk to you. I won't be disturbed like this. I'm a sick man!"

The sheriff closed the door gently and made a grimace at us. He said to Dr. Calvert, "Is it o.k. to talk to the maid again?"

"Give her a few minutes," the doctor said. "She'll be here whenever you want her."

The sheriff sat down heavily, pulled a cigar from his pocket and lit it. The front door opened and

the business manager of the sanatorium, William Anderson, joined us. He was a tall, soft-spoken, middle-aged man.

He said to Finn, "Good afternoon, Mr. Finn. I'm glad to see you again, but I'm very sorry for the errand that brought you here. I have been away and I just learned when I returned about poor Vail."

"Well, Mr. Anderson," the sheriff said importantly, "it looks like a tough case, but I've got a couple of good leads. I hope I'll have it washed up soon."

"I sincerely trust you will, Mr. Finn, for the sake of the patients' peace of mind, you understand. It's a terrible thing, a terrible thing!"

He seemed to notice me then for the first time.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fowler," he said. "How do you happen to be here?"

I explained about the stethoscope. He said, "That was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Fowler. I suppose you was going back to the hospital now?"

It was more a command than a question. I felt my face growing red. After all I had no business here.

"Yes," I said, "I'll be going along."

"Please give Mr. Hillier my regards," Anderson said. "Is he quite comfortable?"

"I'll talk to the hospital with you," Dr. Calvert said. "You'll take charge, I suppose, Mr. Anderson?"

"Mr. Finn is in charge, of course," the manager answered. "I'll remain here to give him what help I can." He looked at me. "I rely on your discretion, Mr. Fowler. I think for the sake of the patients we should talk as little as possible about this—this unfortunate case."

I nodded, and Calvert and I left. When we got outside I said to him, "If Anderson can keep the patients from learning about it, he's a magician."

The doctor smiled. "No," he said, "you can't keep anything quiet here."

As we walked around the cottage, I looked toward Vail's room. Ruxton had been right. Two large hydrangea bushes at the corner of the porch concealed Vail's private door, the door through which the murderer had walked. All around that side of the house there was shrubbery, so that it didn't look crawling; it would be possible to steal along the cottage wall unseen. Fifty yards behind the building the woods began, and through the trees I could see the sparkle of sunlight on the lawn from which the cottage took its name.

"Did it occur to you, doctor?" I asked as we walked up the path, "that Felipa might have seen something?"

He looked at me. "I don't know, but there, something that made it evident that Vail had been murdered? Could the murderer have dropped something?"

He thought of that, he said slowly. "There was nothing there when I went in, and I think we can be sure nothing so obvious would have escaped Clendenning's eyes."

"She may have picked it up," I said.

He looked at me gravely. "You're accusing her of being an accessory."

"Well, she's certainly concealing something."

He looked worried. "Yes, she is. I think. 'I' she would see how foolish it is. It's only bringing her under suspicion."

At the hospital we separated. The doctor's last remark was, "Remember, you're not to tell Mark anything." And he smiled. He knew perfectly well that I was on my way to report everything I had seen and heard.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1934, by Joan Clayton and Malcolm Logan. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

About Time for Corn to Pop in Field, Egg to Fry on Sidewalk

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

EACH summer a story comes from the Missouri valley of corn popped on the ear by the intense heat. It showed up in the news columns last week. It (the story) should be popped on the ear.

The tale of the egg fried on a pavement is now due. This story is not so hot. The egg doesn't really fry. It dries.

Buck Tunk complains that every once in a while some wise guy who has been a resident here two or three months gets him into a corner and wastes an hour or more of his time telling him things about Salem he's known for 20 years or more. There's nothing Buck can do about it, I reckon, but listen and try to act polite. We should manifest a hospitable spirit. Besides, it is always possible that the newcomer has observed something we have failed to observe even in 20 years or more. And, besides again, nobody can waste Buck's time. Buck is immune.

Self-government politically can be a success only as far as it is accompanied by self-government individually. —Evangeline Booth.

Much of the talk we talk is twaddle, of course. But it is all right. Most of us like twaddle. And twaddle is quite harmless. When it isn't harmless it isn't twaddle.

Tip to pedestrians: When on a street crossing do not devote overmuch eyesight to one automobile.

And watch the faces of possible victims coming from the other side of the street.

And be grateful that you have not yet become cross-eyed from trying to look in several directions simultaneously.

And bear in mind the little fly, which has numerous eyes but isn't smart enough to avoid the swat.

A lover in a recent motion play repeatedly addresses the object of his adoration as "girlie," which is pretty terrible, but rather a pleasant change from "baby," used

ed Co-os, mentioned in the Bible.

(Continued on Tuesday.)



D. H. TALMADGE

from 25 to 50 times in the average car to sex appeal with which certain Hollywood producers favor us.

I have made no earlier mention of the Mickey Mouse "Movie Folies," given at the Elsinore theatre June 30, because I have been unable to locate certain adjectives which the occasion seems to require. Some adjectives are so much better than others, y'know. Like eggs. Or oysters.

One must be very careful in his use of adjectives. There are adjectives which backfire badly. Probably 50 percent of the oysters wars have resulted because of ill-chosen adjectives. There are adjectives which mean too little and others which mean too much. And there are cute little pink adjectives which turn to dark green when they reach their destinations. It is a tricky business.

So, as I say, one must be extremely careful. For that reason I am making no comment on any individual who lent his or her talents to the making of this "Folies" show. All were deserving of praise and several of special praise.

And the show was enjoyed by the usual big and demonstrative audience.

Two odd incidents of the week: A well-dressed man, apparently intelligent, has inquired on the street the name of the river on which Salem is located. He may, of course, have been a studious tourist fishing for the local pronunciation. And a local writer has had a strictly true short story returned to him from an east coast magazine because "it is too improbable."

It is not often that one has an opportunity to disagree with Dave Talmadge. However in his "Sage of Salem" column today—so called by the editors and not by modest Dave—he asserts that the individual who keeps the clock going generally keeps the family