

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Diocletian's New Deal

SCANNING the editorial column of the Roseburg News-Review we noticed after a discussion of the European crisis growing out of the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss an editorial note to the effect that elsewhere on the page was reprinted an article from a contemporary giving a "comprehensive panorama of the European situation today." We searched for the article in question and did not find it. But under Letters from the People we found this very interesting and pointed panorama of Rome under Diocletian. It is worth reprinting here. We wonder as to the future working out of the parallel between USA and the Roman empire. The portents are ominous, to say the least.

Editor News-Review: There is an old saying that history repeats itself. With that in mind I have been looking up history. Is it possible that we can find a parallel for the things which are happening today? How many lessons and parallels can we get from ancient Rome?

In the year 243 A. D. Diocletian became ruler of the Roman state. Just then politically Rome was not flourishing as Diocletian instituted a Novae Tabulae which we would translate new deal.

Let's see if there is any parallel. Lactantius who lived at the time wrote:

"He was an inveterate organizer of government bodies. Many administrations and a multitude of inferior officers lay heavy on each territory and almost each city. There were also many conservators of different degrees, and deputy administrators."

"To the there was added an endless passion for building, and on that account there were endless exactions. Here he built public halls, there a circus, here a mint, and there a factory for making weapons of war."

Doesn't this account almost exactly fit our Novae Tabulae? Another parallel we note in the debasement of Roman currency then and our own U. S. A. currency now. When currency manipulation failed to change the financial condition Diocletian turned to "pegging prices for commodities." Another repetition in history right with us today. History records the fact of Diocletian restricting the grape crop by forcing the plowing up one third of the vineyards of Italy. How well we know of the acres upon acres of crop land taken out of cultivation right now in our own country.

Another historian tells us: "The bureaucratic system which Diocletian inaugurated failed altogether to remove the existing evils and aggravated others. The already overburdened financial resources of the empire were strained still further by the increasing expenditures for building. The gigantic bureaucracy of the fourth century proved an intolerable waste in the end upon the energies of the empire."

And again quoting from Lactantius: "So great were the deficits and so huge the taxes that there began to be fewer men who paid taxes than there were who received wages; so that, the means of the husbandman being exhausted by enormous impositions, farms were abandoned, cultivated ground became woodland, and universal dismay prevailed."

Gibbon in his account wrote: "From this period to the extinction of the empire it would be easy to deduce an uninterrupted series of clamors and complaints."

Gradually Diocletian demanded and received more authority till he was more and more of an absolute power—a dictator—and surrounded himself with those who called themselves "Scholae." Even the "Brain Trust" is not new. "Nothing under the sun."

Gibbon in recounting a victory of Diocletian over the Persians writes: "Remarkable for a distinction of a less honorable kind. It was the last triumph that Rome ever beheld. Ever after this period the emperors ceased to vanquish and Rome ceased to be the capital of the empire."

A few years after Diocletian abdicated, and in Rome are many ruins to bear witness to his Novae Tabulae—New Deal. It is time we took a lesson from history.

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

Roseburg, Oregon.

Supporting Higher Education

WITH reference to support of higher institutions of learning the Albany Democrat-Herald says:

"To close the schools at this time is to invite national disaster of two kinds. Communism thrives on ignorance and misunderstanding. It appeals to the disaffected worker who is easily awayed by radicalism. And a nation of illiterates can rapidly become communistic. Witness the speedy revolution in Russia. And the second danger which faces the country with closed schools is that of crime rule. Already the criminal is one of America's greatest problems. To remove the steady hand of education from our youth will but increase the problem, for even now most criminals are between eighteen and twenty-five years of age."

We hardly agree with the D-H. Universities are fast becoming hotbeds of radicalism. Student riots on "army day," strike picketing, and student socialist leagues are not uncommon on American campuses. Many times juvenile ebullience is encouraged by college profs. We are not so crude as to advocate closing universities because they seem to foster communism; but we see no proof that higher education is a bulwark against it.

Nor is the university much of a factor one way or another with respect to crime. Few college students are criminals; and few of them would be if they never went to college. They are a selected group anyway. The approved method of crime suppression now seems to be to shoot the suspect down in cold blood; and the training for that is target practice.

There are probably reasons why the state should support higher institutions, but the D-H guessed wrong on these.

Two newsmen in Kentucky are going to jail daily on sentence of a police judge for contempt. They have refused to divulge the source of information for a news story. They demonstrate that the profession has more honor than the "girl in red." Reporters who get information from confidential sources rarely divulge names of informers even when they go to jail.

We see where a Brownsville lady won The Statesman recipe prize this week with "Popeye's Salmon Souffle." Must be a mistake. Popeye's favorite ingredient is spinach. There is only one recipe for spinach, as most men will agree, and all children.

We didn't guess wrong on the reaction of dry farmers to Elwood Mead's sentence of evacuation. Says the governor of South Dakota: "In my opinion the spirit of the people of South Dakota is still loyal to the soil of the state, and investigations of drought-stricken families disclosed determination to fight it out." Crop failures are not new to them.

The Portland Journal thinks the Republicans of the state are low-grade and long distance followers of A. Lincoln because they deny Gen. Martin with much credit for getting Bonneville. Maybe the Journal is right; the Republicans a few years hence may want to give Gen. Martin the blame for it, if we fail to get free power for nothing.

Johnny Kelly likens Eugene's pageant to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Must be the whiskers.

The Stain



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

A MOLE IS a pigmented spot on the skin. It may be congenital or acquired. A congenital mole is commonly called a birthmark. As a rule it is round or flat and brownish in color. This type of mole rarely changes to malignant or cancerous growth.

In some cases moles are found elevated on the surface of the skin, on parts of the body where they are easily irritated and influenced. At times they may become infected, but the greatest danger is the possibility of their developing into cancerous growths.

Bear in mind that a mole which is elevated or raised above the skin and becomes easily irritated warrants careful observation. If a mole grows steadily in size or has a sudden increase in growth it should arouse suspicion.

Should this occur consult your physician. I am glad to say that early recognition of cancer prevents a great deal of untold misery and suffering. In many cases a complete cure is possible. Supervision of a suspected case of cancer by your own doctor and prompt surgery if necessary should be the rule in every instance.

Not All Dangerous

Not all moles are dangerous. It is difficult to set any definite rule about these pigmented spots of the skin. Some authorities advise the removal of any large pigmented mole, others believe that it is only dangerous if inflamed or if it grows in size. Your own doctor is the one to advise you.

Many fail to realize the significance of moles. They pick at them, keeping the area irritated. Never do this. Keep the skin clean and as far as possible keep them where the mole is free from infection.

Cancer of the skin is dangerous when neglected. It differs from other forms of cancer in that it is more responsive to treatment, providing the treatment is given during the early stages of the growth. Salves and ointment are of little value. In many instances beneficial results are obtained from X-ray and ultra-violet treatment, but they are safe only in the hands of experts.

If you have a pigmented spot on your skin that arouses suspicion, or an abrasion or sore that does not respond to simple medication and heal immediately, I would advise you to consult with your physician.

Answers to Health Queries

M. E. Q. Q.—Please tell me the cause and cure of lumbago.

A.—This is not a disease but a symptom or sign of some disorder. It would be wise to consult your doctor and have a thorough examination.

Mrs. E. M. S. Q.—What can be done to relieve muscular rheumatism?

A.—First of all you must locate the underlying cause. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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ALMS PLAN JAUNT

SILVERTON, July 27.—If present strike clouds completely clear up, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Alm, Sr., will go to southern California for a vacation trip sometime next month. Mr. Alm, a veteran grocer at Silvertown, was seriously ill during the winter months but has regained his health and strength and is again at the store each day.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Men in Oregon Indian wars who attained high commands in other wars, and rank in civil life:

(Continuing from yesterday.) General Ingalls was present at many of the important battles of the Civil war—including Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, South Mountain and the Wilderness. He was mustered out of the volunteer service Sept. 1, 1865, with the full rank of major general of volunteers and of the regular army. From 1862 to 1865 he had been major general, and quartermaster general of the United States. On July 1, 1883, he retired.

Many men who fought Indians in our wars and attained high commands in other wars will, of course, be omitted from this series, for want of room, or because the record is missing or not clear.

Major Edward H. Fitzgerald gave important service in our Indian wars of 1853 and 1855. He had been brevetted major, Sept. 13, 1847, for gallant service at Chapultepec. He died Jan. 9, 1860.

"Fighting Joe" Hooker may appropriately come next.

Joseph Hooker was born at Hadley, Mass., Nov. 13, 1814. He graduated from West Point in 1837, being in the class with Jubal Early and Braxton Bragg, who became leading Confederate generals. Hooker was assigned to the 1st artillery and served in Florida and on the Maine frontier in 1837-40, and was adjutant at West Point in 1841 and of his regiment from 1841 to 1846. He was in the Mexican war, aid to General Persifer F. Smith, Thos. L. Harmer, Wm. O. Butler and Gideon J. Pillow. He was in the principal battles of that war, and was brevetted captain, major and lieutenant colonel for gallantry. He was in 1848 given the rank of captain, and in 1849-51 was assistant adjutant general to the Pacific division. He resigned from the army Feb. 1, 1853, and became in turn a farmer, civil engineer and colonel of the California militia.

May 17, 1861, Hooker was made brigadier general of volunteers, and in March, 1862, assigned to the command of the second division, 3d corps of the army of the Potomac. May 5, '62, he was made major general of volunteers, and at the battle of Williamsburg, Va., which was fought on that day, handled his division with skill and valor—and won the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe." He was thereafter always "Fighting Joe" Hooker. He was active in the Peninsula campaign and conspicuous in the battles of Brandy Station, the second battle of Bull Run, and Chantilly. In the Maryland campaign, as commander of the 1st corps, he took part in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. He was wounded in the latter.

He was appointed brigadier general of the regular army Sept. 29, 1862, and in November of that year, was given charge of the 5th corps; and at the battle of Fredericksburg commanded the grand division of the army of the Potomac, composed of the 3d and 5th corps. Jan. 26, 1863, he was made major general of volunteers, and in the same month, commander of the army of the Potomac. He rebuilt it. But, June 28, 1863, on the appointment of Lincoln, General George G. Meade succeeded him in chief command, and Hooker was made commander of the 11th and 12th corps of the army of the Cumberland, and sent to reinforce General Rosecrans at Chattanooga. Nov. 24, 1863, in the "battle of the clouds," he had charge against

"DEATH SONG" By Joan Clayton & Malcolm Logan

CHAPTER XXVII

At that moment an unexpected visitor arrived—William Anderson, the business manager of Sherwood Forest. He was suave and smiling, as usual.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hillier," he said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Fowler." He turned back to Mark. "You are feeling well, I hope."

"Fine," said Mark. "Sit down." Anderson said, "May I have a word with you in private?"

I went out and waited in the corridor, talking to one of the nurses, until Anderson left five minutes later. When I returned, Mark said, "My services don't seem to be appreciated. Anderson's after me to quit my snooping now."

"Really?" I said. "What did you tell him?"

"I denied everything," Mark grinned. "I was amazed that he thought I was a detective. I pointed out that I couldn't move from the bed and asked him how he got the idea that I was interested in Vail's murder. But I couldn't break him down. That man wouldn't lose his composure in an earthquake. He apologized, said he was mistaken and was glad to hear he had been misinformed, and left. He didn't believe a word of it, naturally."

"And now, of course," I said, "you couldn't be bought off for a million dollars."

That evening after dinner I met Loren in the lobby. I inquired about his uncle's cold and was told it was improving. We chatted for a few minutes and then Loren said:

"Sue and I are going to the movies tonight. Why don't you come with us?"

"As a chaperone?" I laughed.

Loren smiled and said, "No, we'd like to have you. Or maybe, being in the theater, you look down on the movies."

"Not at all," I said. "I'm interested in movie technique. If you really want me, I'll be glad to join you."

"Fine!" Loren said. "I'll pick you and Sue up here at 7.30."

He left me, whistling the tune that was at the moment being played and sung by every radio performer. I watched him go, speculating about the reason for his whole unexpected invitation. It was chiefly to find out why he wanted me that I had accepted.

Perhaps, I thought, it was because of Sue. He had been seeing her at every opportunity, and they were always talking about a good deal. The fact that John Calvert also liked Sue gave the gossip an additional flip. In my room, changing my clothes, I compared the two men. Loren was undoubtedly more superficially attractive, but Sue seemed to me much more of a man than the rich man's nephew. Still, the choice was Sue's, not mine.

Loren arrived before her, but she did not keep us waiting long. She came hurrying down the hall, looking prettier than ever out of uniform. When she greeted us, she somehow made me feel that her radiant happiness was due to me alone, and I am sure Loren received the same flattering impression.

He was not intentional coquetry, but merely a delightful way she had of establishing a separate, secret intimacy with everyone.

The night was almost as uncomfortable as the day had been. When we were in the car—all sitting on the front seat—Sue sighed and said:

"I wonder if the heat's ever going to end."

"The paper says it will, tonight or tomorrow," I said. "There's a big storm coming across the country and the heat wave is already broken in the middle west."

"How's Mark bearing up under it?" Loren asked casually.

"A right," I said. "He's forgotten about the heat since—recently, I mean."

"I understand," Loren said, laughing. "But now that it's all over, he must have plenty of time to be comfortable."

"I haven't noticed it," I said. "Have you, Sue?"

"Oh, he's much more cheerful than he was when he came here. Wasn't he a terror at first? I was scared to death of him."

"I hear Mark's still busy detecting," Loren said.

I smiled privately. This was the explanation of my presence. Loren wanted to pump me. He wasn't very clever about it, I thought. I lied to him and said, "Oh, no. Why should he be?"

"Clendening's still stewing about it," Loren answered. "He's certain Joe isn't—"

"Oh, please!" Sue interrupted. "Can't we forget that for one night? It's obsessed everyone here since it happened."

"I'm sorry, Sue," Loren said. "I promise not to say a word more about it tonight. First person to mention it has to pay for sodas after the movies."

I paid for the sodas, but not because I mentioned the murder. We all avoided the topic and, as always happens in such circumstances, I am sure we all thought of it a great deal. During the movie, which was not very amusing, I wondered why Loren wanted to know about Mark's investigation. Once more my suspicions of him recurred, though I tried to forget them. If it had not been for Sue, it would have been a dull party.

The predicted storm arrived the next morning. I stood on Mark's porch, delighting in the cool southwest wind, the storm's outrider.

Mark's bed had been pulled out and he sat, silently watching the approach of the rain. We could see it coming miles away, and hear the reverberating thunder. First the most distant ring of hills was blotted out, and then the next and the next. Finally we could see the veil of rain itself, sweeping magnificently toward us. It came very quickly and suddenly it was upon us, drumming on the roof, blowing in our faces, pelting on the thirty earth and the parched trees and grass. The air was cool and it had that delightful freshness that comes when rain washes it. Mark and I drew in deep breaths of it, and Mark said, "I don't think I ever really saw the mountains before."

We could see them only in memory now. The rain had hidden them, and the highest were in the midst of the black clouds that darted tongues of lightning. Thunderstorms, like the ocean, always frighten me a little, and are consequently fascinating. We both stared out before us until Mark's telephone rang. I went inside and answered it.

"Hello," an agitated, breathless voice said. "Hillier?"

"This is Fowler," I said. "Can I give him a message?"

"This is Clendening," the voice said. "Come to Lakeside right away. I've found something very important. Come right—"

There was a sound like a sudden exhalation of breath and then a loud thump. I shouted, "Hello, hello!" but there was no answer. The line must have gone dead, I thought. I jiggled the receiver. The operator answered, "I was cut off from Lakeside Cottage," I said.

"The line's still up," he answered. "What's up?" Mark called.

"Clendening called," I said. "He wanted me to come right over; said he'd found something important. Then I heard a thud and I couldn't get him back. Lord, Mark, I'm afraid something's happened to him."

"Get Calvert and run right over," he said.

A woman, with her coat collar pulled up and her head bent, ran up onto the veranda. She almost collided with me.

I ran down the corridor to Dr. Calvert's door and knocked.

"Come in," he called.

He was sitting at his desk. "Hello," he said, and then, as he saw my face, he added sharply, "What's wrong? Not Mark?"

"No," I panted. "Clendening. Something's happened to him. He was talking to me on the phone when his voice suddenly stopped and there was a sound as though he had fallen."

The doctor had already reached for his emergency bag. Before I had finished speaking, he had started for the door.

"Mind coming with me?" he asked. "I may need you."

I had to walk very fast to keep pace with his long strides. Passing the nurse in the lobby, he said to the telephone operator, "Get a nurse to Lakeside right away."

As we stepped out on the porch one of the taxicabs from Cold Valley drew up. The door opened and a woman, with her coat collar pulled up and her head bent, ran up onto the veranda. She almost collided with me, and as I stepped aside I caught a glimpse of her face. I turned and stared at her as she ran past and into the building.

"He's right," I exclaimed.

He, too, I noticed, was startled by her sudden reappearance.

"Yes," he said in a low voice. Then, as the taxi driver put his car in gear, Dr. Calvert leaped down the steps and called, "Taxi! Wait a minute."

We scrambled inside and the doctor said, "If you're going back to the village, will you drop us at Lakeside."

"Sure, doctor," the driver answered.

A minute later we stopped in the road in front of the cottage, and in the pelted rain the doctor and I ran for the house.

(To Be Continued)

selfish gestures in competition with other sections of the state, they are merely a plea to the entire state to lend a helping hand in time of great disaster.

It has been requested that the State Highway commission spend \$100,000 on this road, which will permit the salvage of the greater portion of 273 million feet of timber valued at \$6,000,000 in manufactured lumber, to which may be added \$2,184,000 for transportation to the consumer.

Is this asking too much for such a meritorious project where nature itself has set a time limit for its completion, or should a large part of Oregon's greatest natural resource be left there until it rots?

The people of Tillamook do not wish to be held responsible for nature's operations for not making every possible attempt to save this vast resource, nor do they believe that the people of the rest of the state would care to share that responsibility, once they are presented with all the facts and figures pertaining to the case.

Yours very truly,
Tillamook Cham. of Com.
by Chester Knowlton
Secretary

Wygarden Buys Whitman Business and Will Enlarge It

WOODBURN, July 27.—An announcement was made Wednesday that F. H. Wygarden, Portland hardware dealer, has purchased the Whitman hardware store and will take possession within the next few days. He has indicated that he expects to enlarge the present stock of merchandise in the store. The store was operated for many years by C. F. Whitman, who passed away March 13, 1933.

Mr. Van Wygarden has operated a hardware store on Killingsworth avenue in Portland, for a number of years. He has arranged to rent the C. J. Kopy house on Settlemier avenue and he and Mrs. Van Wygarden will move to Woodburn next month to make their home.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

ROAD FOR TIMBER SALVAGE

To the Editor:

A number of misleading and erroneous articles have appeared recently in daily newspapers, which state, in one manner or another, that the Oregon state highway commission must eliminate either the Wolfe creek road project, or the timber salvage project in the Wilson river canyon from their federal fund allocations. Various figures from accurate surveys have been distorted with the apparent intent of influencing public opinion.

It is inferred from these statements that Tillamook county, which sponsors the timber salvage project, is attempting to "rob" other projects of the commission, particularly the Wolfe creek project. This is not true.

It is not the intention of the Tillamook people to oppose the Wolfe creek road or any other project which might be justified, and they are not trying to dictate where the majority of the federal allotment is to be spent.

The situation is just this: After nearly a year of research, the Tillamook chamber of commerce, aided by various federal and state authorities, finds that the Wilson river canyon contains several billion feet of fine timber which has been killed by fire and which must be removed immediately to avoid a total loss. It has been further discovered, from reliable sources, that the only practical way to move the timber in the lower Wilson river area is by truck, which, of course, requires a road.

This proposed timber salvage project is a matter of economic life or death to Tillamook county, a part of the state of Oregon. Tillamook county's efforts are not

Thalia Rebekahs Distribute Funds in Variety Deeds

HUBBARD, July 27.—The Thalia Rebekah lodge recently contributed \$30 to the Congregational church and ordered construction of a cement walk across the north end of the I. O. O. F. building; they also contributed \$5 toward the purchase of a new carpet for the I. O. O. F. home and are going to purchase gold jewelry for their veteran members.

Officers for the new year are: Noble grand, Marie Claypool; vice grand, Mrs. Ethel Dahl; secretary, Mrs. Meta Friends; treasurer, Miss Hazel Wells; warden, Mrs. Marie Cooper; conductor, Mrs. Esther Moon; R.S.N.G., Ava Malone; L.S.N.G., Mrs. A. J. Spagle; R.S.V.G., Ida Garland; L.S.V.G., Mrs. Emma Grims; inside guardian, Mrs. Rhilla Zeek; outside guardian, Mrs. Caroline Smolinsky; chaplain, Mrs. Susan Ott; musician, Mrs. Edith Painter.

Driers Put in Shape for Big Prune Deals

ORCHARD HEIGHTS, July 27.—Much repair work is being done on the drier and camphouses at the Dr. Starbuck farm in preparation for the coming prune harvest. He plans to care for the output of a number of other orchards in addition to his own crop, which will be light this year.

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
GUM

INEXPENSIVE

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
GUM

INEXPENSIVE

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
GUM

SATISFYING

WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
GUM