

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Ave"  
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## Jason Lee Centennial

THIS year is the 100th anniversary of the arrival of Rev. Jason Lee in Oregon, and marks the beginning of permanent settlement by Americans in the Willamette valley, and almost the first in the whole Oregon country. It deserves fitting recognition not only for its importance in religious history, but more especially for its importance in helping clinch the claim of the United States for this territory. It was settlement on top of discovery and exploration which held the Oregon country for the United States. And Jason Lee was the forerunner of the caravans who crossed the plains and made homes in the then wilderness.

For years R. J. Hendricks has been working towards a fitting celebration of the Lee centennial; and it is now planned to have a historical pageant on Sweetland field the nights of Sept. 6, 7 and 8. Willamette university and the Methodist churches are expected to sponsor the celebration; but the co-operation of the whole community is sought, because the purpose is not to glorify Jason Lee as a churchman but as a pioneer who helped materially in establishing United States civilization on this coast.

At first it had been planned to hold the pageant in conjunction with the state fair. This plan was given up, and wisely too, we believe, for separate events. While occurring at the same time, each should help the other in helping to bring more people to town, who will divide their attendance, taking in the fair in the afternoon and the pageant at night.

A professional director, Miss Lucile Warner, has been engaged. She will plan and present the pageant. This whole community inherits the Jason Lee tradition; and so should respond heartily for the cooperation which will be required.

## Demobilizing the Guard

SOME folk will reason that calling out the guard was a fizzle, perhaps on the theory that they didn't get in and shoot some people up. On that theory it was a mistake to call out the guard. On the other hand the guard may have been of service in preventing riot and disorder and possible serious injury to life and property. In that sense it provided insurance for which its cost was small.

The time to have called out the guard was when pickets forced the train back from Terminal No. 4. That proved that a state of tumult and riot existed which police could not cope with.

The unfortunate circumstance of the strike was the existence for weeks in Portland of an authority subversive of government. By means of masses of pickets, of beat-up gangs which toured the city in cars, and by threats and intimidation orderly government was shouldered aside. For a long time there was much public indifference to the condition; and Mayor Carson at no time had the support of his city council, in efforts to preserve governmental authority.

Such excursions endanger the foundations of orderly society. If continued then government crumbles and becomes the plaything of mobs.

## Injures Cause of Decency

THE Portland News Telegram asserts the pardons granted two slot machine operators in Portland, by Gov. Meier, were unwarranted, confirming, we believe the sober judgment of people who try to keep informed on the run of news in the state. Says the N-T:

"The pardons granted two slot machine operators by Gov. Meier are, in our judgment, unwarranted. They were duly tried, found guilty and sentenced to six months each in the county jail. The district attorney opposed the clemency extended by the executive. This sort of action, far from advancing the cause of decency in the community, has the opposite effect. It encourages officials in efforts to curb viciousness and gives the guilty advantage over law-abiding people."

In the parade of progress at Eugene all the towns of the valley were represented. Corvallis had a big delegation and a queen or princess. Albany made a good showing; so did McMinnville, Cottage Grove, etc. Salem's only representation was four beer trucks. The enterprise of the brewery is to be commended; but the slothfulness of the other Salem people was deplorable. There were many Salem people present. Too bad they didn't organize for a creditable showing representative of the capital city.

What a lot of junk people put in corner stores! The box in the corner store of the old chamber of commerce building in Portland was exhumed and opened Monday and found to contain the usual run of old papers, almanacs and coins. The real tragedy is the wrecking of the fine building, less than half a century old, built to stand for ages. Taxes gnawed so deep into income it became cheaper to tear the structure down.

The killing of Dolfus turns out to be the tragic result of a clumsy, sophomoric revolt. Instead of a carefully planned revolution it was more of a stunt, in which the assassin's gun went off, so he claims, by accident. Yet it might have plunged Europe in fresh blood baths. On tiny hinges do destinies of nations swing.

Congressman Knute Hill over in Washington says he will announce no new postmasters until after the fall elections. He is wise. Sen. Jim NeSmith said a long time ago that an appointment made one inmate and 500 enemies. Cong. Hill is taking no chances. He will keep all the boys out on the fire lines until the votes are counted.

Sec. Morgenthau is back from a vacation and says the government will crack down on the illicit sellers of liquor who escape payment of the federal tax. More power to him. A good many Salem consumers who fought for repeal in order to put the bootlegger out of business are still patronizing him, instead of the state store.

Give the democrats credit for having sense enough to come to God's country for vacation: Morgenthau in Montana, Hopper to the northwest and Alaska, Dern and Ickes coming too, and FDR himself landing at Portland Friday. It's their hard luck if they can't stay here through September.

Courts which have been busy declaring contracts null and void, should have little trouble finding that constitutional guarantees of judicial salaries may be laughed off in these days of clipped dollars, warstoria, etc.

Astoria has decided to quit feeding the communists who are preaching revolution. In their beloved Russia people who talk against the government are fed—to the worms.

Louis Howe says that three years in bed was the training Roosevelt got for the presidency. Perhaps. But we feel like Rip Van Winkle ourselves as we look out upon the political scenery of the present.

Probably Curtis Dall hopes he may now become the forgotten man.

The name of the new Austrian chancellor is Schuschnigg. Sounds like "shooting"; and his government looks like it too.

## "Pretty Birdie"



## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

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

Phil Sheridan, Indian fighter in early Oregon, greatest cavalry leader and one of the outstanding major generals in the Civil war, was the man who was never defeated, though he often plucked victory out of the jaws of defeat.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born of Irish parentage at Albany, New York, March 6, 1831. He was a graduate at West Point with the class of 1853. James B. McPherson and John M. Schofield, both to become great generals on the Union side, were in that class, and so was John B. Hood, one of the leading commanders of the Confederate armies. McPherson was at the head of the class. Young Sheridan went out as brevet 2nd lieutenant in the 1st infantry. He was a year late—lost a year; suspended for an infraction of the rules by fighting. (More about this Friday.) His first service was in Kentucky, then Texas, then Oregon. He arrived in Oregon a 2nd lieutenant of the 4th infantry, given him Nov. 22, 1854, and left this state in that grade when called east on account of the Civil war.

He was made a 1st lieutenant March 1, 1861, and was raised to captain in the 13th infantry on May 14 of that year. Dec. 4, 1861, he was made chief quartermaster and commander of the army of southwestern Missouri; was in the Mississippi campaign from April to September, 1862, as quartermaster in Halleck's division advancing to Corinth. Then Sheridan was put in the field. May 2, 1862, he was made colonel of the 2nd Michigan cavalry, and sent to make a raid on Booneville, Miss. He served in the pursuit of the enemy from Corinth to Baldwin, and in many skirmishes in July, and in the battle at Booneville. In July, 1862, he was made brigadier general of volunteers, and in October was placed in command of the 11th division of the army of Ohio.

He was in the army of the Cumberland at the battle of Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862, and Jan. 3, '63, was made major general of volunteers as of Dec. 31, 1862. He was under Grant at Chattanooga, where his horse was shot under him. Sheridan was then transferred by Grant to Virginia, where, April 4, 1864, Grant gave him the command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac—all cavalry commands being consolidated under his leadership. Grant had noted the dash and daring of "Little Phil," gained partly in his horseback journeys over the trails of pioneer Oregon; and Grant had noticed, too, that his generalship was of a high order; he knew where he was going, but he was instant in taking the ordinary risks in the dangerous business of fighting battles. As a commentator remarked, Sheridan had "the

talents of a general with the dash of a dragon." At the battle of Yellow Tavern, May 11, 1864, he fought the rebel cavalry under J. E. B. ("Jeb.") Stuart, the great cavalry leader of the Confederate forces—and that idol of southern chivalry was killed in the engagement. Grant had greater work for him—gave him command of the army of the Shenandoah, and, after a personal meeting, finding his plans perfect, laconically told him to "go in." Grant did not after that feel it necessary to check up on Sheridan's plans; allowed him to order his own fate. Opequon, Winchester, Fisher's Hill followed—at Cedar Creek Sheridan turned rout into glorious victory; the Confederate dead and wounded in these battles was no less than 19,952, and 13,000 prisoners. This cleared Washington from all further danger of capture, which therefore had kept the national capital nervous and jumpy. No wonder the nation was thrilled. Nov. 8, 1864, Grant made him major general. Sheridan was three times in 30 days in pitched battles. During the closing months of the war, Sheridan and Grant were close together in their planning, and they were together at Appomattox when Lee accepted the terms of surrender.

Sheridan saw much service in fighting Indians after the Civil war; but he did not come back to Oregon in the capacity of an Indian fighter; though he was here to look after his land claim which he had acquired while in charge at old Fort Yamhill; near that fort in its original location. Ben Simpson, cousin of Grant, who had been there in Sheridan's time, met the then national hero at the Salem railroad station with his team and carriage, and together they went over the scenes of their long ago days.

Sheridan was a Catholic; a good one, meticulous in observing the requisites of a man of that faith. He did not marry until 1879, when his bride was Miss Rucker, a daughter of Gen. Daniel Rucker, U. S. A.

Sheridan came into Oregon with a surveying party, by way of the Klamath country, where the party had some brushes with the Modoc, Klamath and Pit River Indians.

His company was assigned to Fort Vancouver. The so-called Yakima war, a part of the whole war from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean that broke out in 1855, had been going on; and the red under the forest Chief Kamiakin of the Yakima, who had penned up Major Haller and his U. S. troops the summer before, continued to cook up troubles for the whites by efforts to get all the neighboring tribes to join with him, and had succeeded in making an offensive alliance with the Klickitat and the Indians around the dailies of the Columbia river.

So, to Sheridan, then at Fort Vancouver, word came that there was trouble at the middle block house and the pioneer settlements above and below it, near where the city of The Dalles is now. It was late in the night of March 26, 1855, that Sheridan got the word, and with his 40 fighting dragoons, was on the way to the scene of trouble by 2 o'clock on the morning of the 27th. Arriving at the point of danger that day, while he was making an examination that would enable him to rescue a large party of whites barricaded in a building and suffering from hunger and thirst, and impending massacre, with a number of their companions already dead or wounded, a soldier was shot down at Sheridan's side, the same fatal bullet fired from an Indian's gun grazing the bridge of Sheridan's nose.

On the 28th, the Indians had

## "DEATH SONG"

By Joan Clayton & Malcolm Logan

CHAPTER XXX  
"You wrote it?" Finn exclaimed. "Why didn't you say so?" The question was ridiculous, but I could understand why the sheriff asked it. It was a testimonial to the confidence he had placed in the doctor. To some extent we had all shared that faith, for even I, prepared to some extent by Mark's speculations about the note that disappeared, was startled to hear the admission. The sheriff was more than startled; his tone was reproachful and injured. John Calvert continued to smile. There was a reckless gaiety in his reply. "That's obvious, isn't it? Because I didn't want you to know." I expected Finn to work himself into one of his sudden rages, but he had not yet recovered from his astonishment. He gulped and said, "What did you say in it?" "Just what Felipa told you. I said I wanted to talk to her and I would come to the cottage the next morning to see her."

Mark was watching the doctor intently, with a slight frown. It was impossible to obtain from his expression any clue to his thoughts. She sat on the edge of her chair. Her lips moved slightly and she looked as though she were about to cry. The sheriff tugged at his mustache and turned back to Felipa. "Why did you run away from me?" he demanded. "Didn't you want to see Dr. Calvert?" "No," she whispered. "Why not?" "She was his wife. I was scared." "Scared of him?" The girl nodded. The doctor said, "I'll tell you." The sheriff interrupted coldly, "Let her answer. Why were you scared of him?" "When finally she replied she kept her eyes averted from the doctor. Her voice was barely audible. "I thought he killed Mr. Vail."

"You cried indignantly, 'I never heard of anything so ridiculous!'" Dr. Calvert looked gravely at her. "Thanks," he said. "Where did you get that idea?" The sheriff asked. "They have a big fight that morning," she said. "I hear them. Dr. Calvert, he says to Mr. Vail, 'Some day I'll kill you, Vail, and Mr. Vail laughs. I was in the living room, and I hear them. Just before Dr. Calvert says that, I hear Mr. Vail say, 'You leave her out of this, Calvert.' That's true!" Finn asked Dr. Calvert. "It's true that we quarreled."

"You ran away because you were afraid Dr. Calvert would do something to you?" Mark asked the maid sharply. Felipa nodded. "Then he knew you had heard his quarrel with Vail?" "Yes, sir." "How did he know you had heard them?" She colored. "I was beside the door when he came out." "What time of the morning was that?" "When the doctor made his rounds. He saw Mr. Vail last." "How was it you were the only person who heard this quarrel?" "Mr. Ruxon was on exercise," she answered. "Mr. Clendening was on the porch by his room and Mr. Cross, he was in his room with his door shut. They talk low, the doctor and Mr. Vail." "Take her out," Finn said to the deputy. When they had left, he turned to the doctor. "Well," he said. "What you got to say about it?" "It's true that Vail and I quarreled," the doctor answered. "I may even have said I would kill him. I knew that Felipa heard us and I could tell that afternoon that she was afraid of me and suspected me. I wanted to see her and convince her that I hadn't killed him. When she ran away, she left the note I wrote her, and I took the opportunity to get it back. I quarreled with Vail, sheriff, but I didn't kill him."

He was the calmest of us all as he stood there facing the sheriff. "I don't know whether you believe me," he added. "I can't wonder if you don't." "Do," Sue said. "You couldn't do it, I know." The doctor's whole face lighted up as he smiled at her. "I know you didn't, too, and I'll prove it!" Mark said.

The sheriff snapped at him. "I'll do the talking, Mr. Hilmyer. Now, what did you have an argument with Vail about?" The doctor hesitated perceptibly and then said, "It was about money. Vail was a patient of mine several years ago in New York. He made a lot of money in the bull market, and he persuaded me to try my luck. We were caught in the crash and lost almost all we'd put in. He smiled bitterly. "Doctors seem to be born suckers. We went in again in the summer of 1890, in a joint account. He believed the great minds who said we'd turned the corner. Well, we bought at the top of the summer flurry and got caught again. Vail put up a lot of margin and lost it all, was repaying him in installments."

"So that's why he could afford Sherwood Forest," Mark said softly. The doctor nodded. He went on in a level, emotionless voice. "On Thursday morning Vail demanded five hundred dollars immediately. I told him it was all I had in bank. He insisted and we quarreled over it. I lost my temper because I thought he was being unreasonable."

"Did he tell you why he wanted the money?" Mark asked eagerly. John Calvert shook his head. "No, I asked him, but he wouldn't say. Finally I agreed to get it for him. I gave it to him just before lunch."

"You were a good friend of his!" Finn asked. "No," the doctor said. "I was not his friend."

"But all the same you took practically every cent you could scrape up to give him?" The doctor nodded. "I owed him the money," he said. "I looked away from him. It was difficult to believe, and I wanted to believe him. The sheriff put his finger on another weak spot in the story immediately. "What was this about a woman he said to you?"

"We said nothing about any woman," the doctor said. "The sheriff looked incredulous. "You say you paid him the five hundred just before lunch. What became of it?" "I have no idea."

"It was in the room when we searched it."

"Yes. If you'll call my bank, you'll find out that I drew it out that morning, and I have a receipt he gave me."

"How much did you owe him altogether?" "Ten thousand dollars."

The sheriff whistled. "How long have you been paying him back?" "Two years," the doctor answered. "Did he pay you the five hundred?" Finn asked suddenly. "Was it because you wanted to keep him quiet?" The doctor nodded. "It would hurt my position here to have it become known," he said. "You were anxious to keep the quarrel quiet too, weren't you?" "Yes. As I said, I knew Felipa heard it, and I knew she suspected me. I telephoned her that afternoon from this room, but she wouldn't talk to me. That evening I wrote her the note. I was certain I could follow her if she'd only talk to me, and I didn't want anything to get out about the quarrel."

"How were you going to explain to her about what Vail said to the sheriff?" "The doctor asked. "I was going—"

"The doctor broke off suddenly. "Vail didn't say anything about a woman," he said. "And you were going to tell her that, even though you didn't know she imagined she heard something said about a woman?" the sheriff said. "I'm sorry, doc, but you slipped that time. I guess I'll have to ask you to come along with me, that is, unless you can prove an airtight alibi."

The doctor made a gesture of surrender. "I can't," he said. "I was in the X-ray room, reading some plates, when Vail was killed. Well, what are you waiting for? Why don't you arrest me?" "All right," the sheriff said. "Come on."

She stood up and looked at the

doctor.

"I don't there something I can do?" she asked. "Can't I help you?"

He smiled at her. "Don't worry," he said, "that's all."

He went out with the sheriff, holding his hand high. There was a silence after he had gone. Then Sue said, "I know he's innocent! Oh, Mr. Hilmyer, can't you do something?"

Mark grinned. "Sure he's innocent, angel. And I'll get him out of it."

But now he must be thinking how slimy the doctor's story was, and how the sheriff had tripped him up when he had said that he and Vail were not quarrelling over a woman.

When the sheriff led John Calvert out of Mark's room, a patient saw him go with the doctor into the office of Anderson, the business manager. Perhaps it was the same patient who overheard part of the loud and bitter argument that ensued there. By some means, when I went to lunch, everyone was talking of Clendening's death, of Felipa's return and of the detention of the doctor.

"I can't believe Dr. Calvert did it," one of the woman patients protested to me almost with tears. "He's always been so kind to me. Nothing any patient asks him to do is too much trouble."

"Who started this story that he was suspected?" I asked her. "I don't believe there's a word of truth in it."

"I was told that one of the patients heard Anderson arguing with the sheriff, trying to keep him from arresting the doctor," one of the men said. "Perhaps he heard something about how Clendening died?"

"I was there," I said. "He died of heart disease."

But nothing I could say could stop the growing panic. The events of the morning revived all the horrors of the days before the doctor's inquest. During lunch a woman suddenly became hysterical and was carried out of the room. Patients began to look at one another with startled glances. Not even the appearance at luncheon of Dr. Calvert, ungarded and impassive, could check that returning wave of fear. That day and the next, more than twenty patients deserted.

"The place will be empty in a few more days if this doesn't stop," Mark said soberly that afternoon.

From him I learned the reason for the surprising appearance of Dr. Calvert at lunch. Once more Anderson had fought with Finn to preserve the appearance of tranquility at Sherwood Forest. It required, I imagine, all the presence of mind he could exert, and it strained his relations with the sheriff very seriously.

Twice before he had dissuaded Finn from making an arrest. That first victory had resulted in Felipa's flight, and the second in Joe Barker's death. In a sudden panic, Finn probably saw that the time was approaching when he would have to choose between alienating Anderson and the wealth and power he represented, and the loss of his position because of the continuation of crime at the sanatorium. He realized, too, that Anderson's strength was waning as the patients deserted.

In the end, he took Felipa to Cold Valley and had her without bail as a material witness. Dr. Calvert was permitted to go about his duties on the understanding that he would not leave the sanatorium. A deputy followed him around, so that the result was almost as bad as an arrest would have been.

Finn, checking Dr. Calvert's story, found that he had, since his arrival, made payments to Seifert Vail, doctor at the village, for a month. On the day of the slaying, he had cashed a \$500 check at the bank in the village, reducing his account to a few dollars. This and all the other checks representing payments to Vail were drawn in cash, but Dr. Calvert had produced receipts for them.

Mark blamed himself bitterly for involving John Calvert.

"Bob," he said on the day after the doctor had told his story, "the next time I stick my nose in other people's business, I hope somebody punches it. If I hadn't played the detective, John wouldn't be in this mess. Now, darn it, I've got to go on with a necktie I've out."

(To Be Continued)

## 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

THE NUMBER of life guards stationed along the beach front of any large public beach, proves to the bystander that the authorities are well aware of the many dangers of a sea fronting bathers. These able men are prepared for any emergency and a well-manned staff of life guards will be found on duty at all times the beaches are open to the public.

The danger in swimming is not always due just to the treacherous water. The swimmer falls at times to realize his shortcomings and neglects to take necessary precautions. Poor swimmers often indulge in strenuous swimming, little realizing that in case of an emergency they would be unable to help themselves, because their strength had been expended in the first few strokes. Good swimmers may overtax themselves. They become fatigued or perhaps are seized with sudden cramps and so endanger their lives.

One should never go in swimming too soon after a hearty meal. Trained athletes allow at least one hour of rest after any meal before entering the water.

Swimming, like other exercises, should be indulged in moderately—never to excess. Many muscles are brought into use while swimming. It is one of the most strenuous forms of exercise. When indulged in moderately sufficient relaxation is obtained and great benefit results from this form of exercise.

"Don'ts" for Swimmers  
During the summer months and particularly while you are away on your vacation, be sure that you swim where you are certain the water is safe. Determine the depth before attempting to dive and be sure you know your own strength before venturing far from shore. Swimming in polluted waters is dangerous. Fortunately, the state and local boards of health keep the swimming places posted and you may feel perfectly safe in swimming in approved pools or other waters.

Persons who are overweight find swimming especially beneficial. Here, too, the importance of overexertion must not be disregarded. Half an hour a day in the water, in addition to attention to the diet, will go far in helping to take off excess fat.

Persons afflicted with high blood pressure, heart disease or other abnormal conditions should avoid sunbathing. In some cases the physician may grant permission to bathe in a lake or in still water. But moderation should be the rule in all such cases. It is always best to consult your own physician if there is any doubt in your mind as to whether you should indulge in this sport.

Let me warn you never to overtax your strength while swimming. Avoid staying in the water too long. Be careful not to go too far out. If the life guard warns you against being caught in an undertow, heed his advice. He knows where you should swim and is assigned to protect you from harm.

Every child should be taught to swim at an early age. Children or adults who are unable to swim are handicapped. Needless to say they should never be allowed in deep or treacherous waters.

Answers to Health Queries  
S. M. Q.—What will help a sluggish liver? My skin is sallow and I am always tired and "peevish?"  
A.—Proper diet and regular exercise will do much to correct this condition. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.  
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Dr. Copeland