

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 to 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. 40 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.20; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 Year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. News Stands: 10 cents a copy. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance.

NEW YEAR

"In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile."

—Elinor Wylie

1935, A Forecast

IN FORECASTING 1935 the observer might comment with more truth than facetiousness that nothing will happen,—everything has already happened. In truth there have been packed into the span of the past two decades a most amazing bundle of events, until one is apt to give ready assent to the conclusion of the ancient sage: "There is nothing new under the sun." Famine, earthquake, assassination, revolution, wars, invention, panics,—all these and more have transpired in the ordering of events in the recent years. Woes, most of them, for benefices cause little dislocation, little agitation or confusion, and so are readily taken for granted.

As nearly as can be determined 1935 promises to be "more of the same". The lines appear to be cast in about the same framework as 1934. In this country and the world there is scant indication of political upheaval; rather, every sign of a settling down after the tumultuous vicissitudes and earthshaking of latter days. Relief has come in some of the zones of acute war pressure: Manchuria, the Saar, the Jugo-Slav borders. Domestic politics should be less feverish.

In America eyes will continue to focus on the White House. The business capital will continue to be Washington instead of New York. Legislative developments may be forecast as to type but not as to extent. The congress will continue public works and relief, renew NRA in different form, make some attempt at legislation for economic security, probably distrust the unbalance of the budget further by paying the bonus.

The feeling of the public should be less strained than in recent years. Its "rapid pulse" will subside as people get away from the acute stages of depression, and as fresh resourcefulness solves hundreds of individual problems. This easing of tension should encourage the cultural side of living,—music, art, religion, education.

So far as the business outlook is concerned we have seen nothing better than that of Col. Leonard Ayres, economist of the Cleveland-Trust company. His forecasts for 1934 proved very accurate and he says in his December letter that it appears likely that they will remain valid for 1935. So changing the dates to 1935, his predictions are as follows:

- 1.—It is not likely that we shall experience uncontrolled inflation in 1935.
- 2.—The administration will probably adopt an irregular and unplanned crystallizing of financial policy with reasonable stabilization of currency.
- 3.—Business conditions in 1935 promise to be similar to those of the latter months of 1933.
- 4.—Commodity prices will stubbornly refuse to rise far or fast, and business activity is unlikely to expand in marked degree.
- 5.—Probably 1935 will be another year of depression during which the physical volume of industrial production will not be as great in any month as it was in July of 1932, or as small as it was in March of 1932.
- 6.—Our financial policies will probably impel other nations to retaliations, trade restrictions, and ill-will.
- 7.—Production of durable goods is likely to remain restricted, with continuing serious unemployment.
- 8.—Expenditures for unemployment relief will be very large, and taxes heavy.
- 9.—Price fluctuations in the security markets are likely to be narrow and irregular.
- 10.—In 1935 it will probably be as difficult for the operator in the stock market to make speculative profits, or to find safe refuge for conserving funds, as it was in the last half of 1932.
- 11.—The volume of privately-financed building construction will be small.
- 12.—Many lines of consumers' goods should do well, and some durable goods such as radios, labor saving office equipment, household equipment, and agricultural implements.
- 13.—The output of automobiles should be larger in 1935 than in the previous year.
- 14.—Probably 1935 will be a year of much debate about money, and discussion of the conflicts between recovery measures and reform measures.

While the twelve-month cycle we now are entering appears to promise no extraordinary changes, it must be remembered that shifts may come with startling suddenness. So, like the oracles of old, we keep our fingers crossed as we tender this sketch of 1935 probabilities.

Calendars and Reform

THE CALENDAR reformers are at it again. The year-end gives them appropriate season to flourish their wares. There is however considerable disagreement among the reformers over which new calendar to set up. Some would have every month the same in length and begin on the same day of the week, with holidays to fill out the days of a 365-day year or some with 13 months. The so-called "world calendar" would have 31 days in the first months of each quarter-year, and 30 days in the remaining months. It would stick in a "year-end day" after Dec. 30 to fill out the year; and a "leap-year day" after June 30 in leap years to make up 366 days.

The present is the Gregorian calendar which was ordained by decree of Pope Gregory XIII in 1582. It is a modification and correction of the older Julian calendar of Julius Caesar. It does have variations in length of the months for which there is no rhyme or reason,—such as Augustus stealing a day from February to make his month as long as the one named for Julius. But changing a calendar is no simple matter. The law of inertia operates; there is difficulty in reconciling religious groups with varying opinions about holy days and Sabbaths; and proposals for a fixed calendar would be opposed by the substantial concerns engaged in the manufacture of calendars.

These are the days when reformers gain ready audience; so if the calendar renovators try hard they may be able to accomplish their purpose,—after which the world will roll on its way just the same as before.

While they are at it the innovators might change from the foot-pound-gallon system to the decimal system of measurement. It is a pity that this country did not adopt the more sensible decimal system or metric system at the same time it adopted the decimal system in its units of money. Going farther back, another mistake was made when ten was made the number calling for two digits. Twelve, which is divisible by more integers would have been better. The reason for the ten-count system is perhaps the fact that people have always had ten fingers and thumbs; and that was as far as our primitive ancestors could count.

On the subject of reforms one urged by Hendrik van

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

FAILING VISION is a serious and alarming condition. It often occurs in an individual who is otherwise healthy. In such cases the disturbance is frequently traced to cataract.

Cataract may be a symptom of old age or of some constitutional disorder, such as hardening of the arteries or diabetes. In some instances it is associated with an infection within the head, such as sinusitis or infected nasal sinuses, tonsillitis.

Contrary to a common belief cataract is not confined to elderly individuals. When found in young persons it is usually in company with diabetes or chronic eczema. It is sometimes encountered in small children who suffer from malnutrition and underweight. These children are likely to have a hereditary weakness of the eyes.

A Progressive Disturbance
Cataract is due to a disturbance of the crystalline lens of the eye. Normally this is clear and transparent. As a result of some chemical change the lens becomes opaque and then the vision is obstructed. The change is usually progressive over a period of years. It may involve one or both eyes.

The victim first notices a dimness in the vision of the affected eye. At first he believes it is only a temporary blurring. Glasses are of little benefit. The sufferer soon discovers that he can read only large print and see objects only at close range.

Neglect of failing eyesight is dangerous because the disturbance may be due to some disease more serious than cataract. A physician should be consulted immediately upon discovering the slightest disturbance of vision. If due to cataract, examination will reveal a cloudiness behind the pupil.

Operation a Simple One

I am often asked whether cataract can be cured without an operation. Unfortunately, medicines are of little help in the relief of this affliction. Some are of value in hindering progress of the cataract, but restoration of sight can only be brought about by an operation.

In the hands of a competent eye surgeon, the operation is a simple one and need cause no alarm. When cataract is present in both eyes, it is customary to perform the operation on the more advanced one and operate later on the other eye.

Early recognition and prompt medical attention are essential for quick and complete recovery of failing sight. For this reason one should heed the first sign of any disturbance of the eyes. Guard and respect your eyes. They are precious organs.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Six weeks near Astoria to near Salem and return. Side lights on history:

(Continued from Sunday.) That ended the Frost diary on the trip from near Astoria to near Salem for cattle and horses, in August and September, 1841. But what was quoted last was justified by the next note, in which Rev. Frost said, the rainy season being not far away, he had no time to lose, but had to start back to the Willamette to get supplies. He took an Indian canoe, his crew four Indians and two squaws. The voyage required 21 days. He estimated the distance of the round trip at 320 miles.

One finds in the diary quoted from many hints at side lights on early Oregon history. Only a few will be noted now; probably more later. The departure of Rev. Frost and family was noted. They left on the Hudson's Bay company's ship Columbia, departing from Astoria Nov. 30, 1841, leaving his property to be disposed of having only two days' notice of the vessel's sailing date. He was disgusted with his missionary field; said he could do no good in that "dark" land. Feeling so, he was of course wise and honest in departing.

The diary shows on March 30 receipt of a letter from Jason Lee telling of the death 10 days before of Lee's second wife, at the Lee house on the site of Salem, the first residence for whites built here, still standing at present 860 Broadway. This was in 1842.

The entry of June 17, '42, told of the arrival of Jason Lee, Geo. Abernethy and wife and children and Rev. J. L. Parrish and family, from the Willamette. Lee left for Nisqually July 4 and the others for the Willamette soon thereafter. It was a trip of inspection. Frost made a note that "Bro. Raymond and family" had been appointed to assist him at the Clatsop mission, and would soon come. (W. W. Raymond, mission farmer, of the Lausanne party.)

A note of Aug. 12, 1842, reads: "On the 9th I was unexpectedly called upon to go to Fort George (Astoria) to administer the ordinances of matrimony. On the 10th Francis Ermatinger and Miss Catherine Ermatinger were married and after dinner of the same day they came down with us and continued here until this morning. Mr. Ermatinger is one of the chief traders of the Hudson's Bay company's service and Miss Sinclair is a daughter of a gentleman of the same service, and granddaughter of John McLoughlin, Esq. We had a very pleasant visit with them, and hope their union may prove a blessing to them through life." (The bride was a granddaughter of Mrs. McLoughlin and step-granddaughter of Dr. McLoughlin. Her mother was a sister of the famous Capt. Tom McKay.)

The entry for Sept. 3, 1842, reads: "On the 1st Bro. Richmond and Bro. Whitcomb called to see us and spent the night with us. Their families were on the brig Clenamus which was lying at Fort George; so were also Bro.

Loon might be mentioned,—to make the names of our letters correspond with their sounds. Take the letter "h". It is pronounced like "huh"; but we name it "aitch". Or "w"; which is pronounced "wuh" and named "double-ya". With the revival of interest in the alphabet through the permutations of new deal agencies, maybe something can be done about names of letters. Regardless of such changes spelling will still be tough for many people.

We poke much fun at reformers; but we wish them good health and long life. For when the world gets so perfect no reforms are needed it will indeed be dreary. And calendars, alphabets and numbers are about as harmless reforms for the remodelers to chew their teeth on as could be proposed.

Leslie and Dr. Bailey and families, to near Salem and return. I suppose they are now at sea. Dr. J. P. Richmond had been in charge of the branch mission at Nisqually. He had come on the Lausanne, J. L. Whitcomb had been the farmer at the Jason Lee mission below the site of Salem, having come in May, 1837. After the death of Cyrus Shepard, Whitcomb married his widow, who had been Susan Downing. Rev. David Leslie was taking his motherless daughter to Hawaii, after the death of his first wife. That story is long, and has been told in this column.

As to Dr. Bailey and family. This was Dr. W. J. Bailey, who arrived in 1835 in Oregon, by way of California, and married Margaret J. Smith, mission teacher. He came in September, 1837. Dr. Bailey was prominent in early Oregon, in many ways. The donation claim of Dr. Bailey and wife was near Butteville, where they had an outstanding pioneer home.

But especial note is taken of the item in the Frost journal, for this reason:
Dr. Bailey and family were on the ship Chenamus at Astoria on the first day of September, 1842, "bound for the United States."
Dr. Bailey could not be back in Oregon from that trip within a year, as he went in that ship, mostly around the horn.
Well, Dr. Bailey's name is on the Champeau monument, recorded as having been present there May 2, 1849, and voting for a continuance of the provisional government, with wider powers.
Of course, he was not there.
J. Neilson Barry has said he was in New York.

There is another note of especial interest in the Frost journal, under date of Feb. 28, 1843, reading: "Dr. E. White came down with his family and I was glad to avail myself of his help in my suffering state." This was Dr. Elijah White, then U. S. Indian sub-agent for Oregon, and called by some, governor. He had been with the Lee mission, but had not been in accord with Jason Lee, and had gone east and come back with his commission as U. S. Indian sub-agent; also leading the immigration of 1842. Dr. White operated on Rev. Frost's throat and attended to other medical duties in his case. Dr. White at that time carried to Jason Lee the resignation of Rev. Frost, due partly to ill health, and partly to the belief of Mr. Frost that he could no longer be of service in that field.

Rev. Frost left Oregon in August, 1843, being over the Columbia bar on the 21st of that month, on the English barque Diamond. On the same vessel leaving Oregon were Dr. J. L. Babcock and Daniel Lee, also members of the Jason Lee mission.

Dr. Elijah White did not hold the place long as "governor" or U. S. Indian sub-agent; nor did he accomplish much. He was back in Oregon again in 1851, under appointment of President Lincoln, having convinced Washington authorities that he knew more than any one else about Indian affairs here; this time as special Indian agent, for which there was no place or use, and in which job he did not last long. Then Dr. White started Pacific City, on Baker's bay, Washington side of the mouth of the Columbia river, after that going to San Francisco, where he practiced medicine until he died in March, 1879.

Further comment is due the reader concerning some parts of the Frost journal, and this will be given later.

"BEACH BEAUTY" By ARTHUR SHUMWAY

CHAPTER XII
It was the next morning when effects of Pete's act began to show themselves. Kay was in the library of Harrow's house on Long Island with Harrow and Boris Warren when Spike Walsh came in angrily, striding toward them with a lightning countenance.

"What's the matter, Spike?" Harrow asked humorously.

"Plenty! Have an adult dose of this," he thrust forward a folded newspaper that Harrow might read a column. Spike had made a vicious pencilled outline around an item which read:

"... Things surely happen around these Earl Harrow shows. Phil (Frost?) Dunn, star of 'Raggy He' (the piece Ben (Boris?) Warren is readying in the Manhattan, caught a nice left on that schoolgirl complexion yesterday morning. A Pete Ryan, one of Harrow's employees, did the socking. And the woman who was checked with a mysterious red-head with plenty of that thing. Watch the chins, wead..."

Harrow looked up from the paper, grimacing at his face. He turned to Kay. "How about this?" he asked.

"It wasn't Pete's fault," she stammered.

"No?" Spike queried cuttingly.

"Wait a minute," Harrow said. "Kay told him all she knew of the incident."

When Kay had finished her story, Spike spoke again.

"I can't help it, Earl, and I'm sorry, Kay, but I've told you before. I don't like this Ryan business. And don't get the mistaken idea, it's just because he kayped me down in Florida, either. That was mostly luck, anyway. He's a trouble-maker, Earl, and you will find out whether he's on the up-and-up."

"That's not so!" Kay exploded.

"I said I was sorry as far as you were concerned," Spike drawled with exaggerated emphasis.

He turned to Harrow. "Look. This muggs Phil Dunn. Phil Dunn cries on somebody's shoulder. This somebody or some other body lets loose the bird that writes this column. They get onto the fact that Kay was mixed up in it somehow. That brings Kay into the middle of the picture. These aren't sweet cooing love letters, soaked Phil Dunn, and they don't care how hard anybody socked him; all they'll be after from now on is why and over whom he was socked. Get it, don't you?"

Harrow nodded slowly.

"All it's likely to do is put our whole plan right into the line of the public's eye unless we do a lot of fast covering up," Spike insisted.

"Yes, you're quite right there," Harrow admitted.

"I'm glad you see it that way," Spike conceded grudgingly. "Now, the next thing to do is to see a can to this Ryan business."

"No," Harrow protested. "Not at all. I don't know what Dunn said, but I might have hit him myself. If I'd been in Ryan's place, and you might have hit me, Spike."

"Anyhow, not so publicly and I'd have managed to cover it up," Spike growled.

"Everybody isn't a press agent," Harrow remonstrated. "Naturally I don't like this business, but I'm not going to discharge Ryan. Haven't you a better idea?"

"Well—all the idea I've got then is that you keep Ryan and let me keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

"I guess it's sensible," Harrow admitted. "Don't think I can't see your point, Spike. It's your job to keep things straightened out and to keep Kay out of sight as much as possible except when she's with you. Then the picture is 'Harrow has new girl friend but nothing for publication.' Then the start about the show. How's that?"

lodging sharp little stones that fell down and may cut those who are following you.

So it was agreed, and Harrow promised to break it to Pete as tactfully as possible. Pete would have to leave the house now and head downtown, going about his work as if he had no connection with Kay and nothing but the merest employee-employer relationship with Harrow.

During all this conference Boris Warren had not said a word. He had sat back, his long legs twisted into a knot that may have been comfortable to him, his stained clay pipe in his mouth, his big, and eyes half closed, and a certain subtle amusement playing about the corners of his mouth, half hidden by the down-drooping blond mustache.

When Harrow and Spike had left the room Boris drew a chair close to Kay, remarking: "But nothing was said about the playwright."

"I say nothing was said about the playwright. There are no restrictions," he smiled at her shyly.

"No, I suppose not," Kay said, "as far as Harrow is concerned."

"But," Boris stressed with a nifty inflection, "there are restrictions!"

"There must always be restrictions!"

"Not in my world," Boris said softly.

"What is your world?" Kay asked.

"My world?" He shrugged his huge shoulders lazily. "It's a little romance, left over perhaps from school days—it's a little imagination, a modicum of hope, without which it would be impossible—it is a little reality, too, and a sudden shower of cold rain to clear the air and let the eyes see—it is a lot of work and much love without which it would be no world at all, but a mere gray prison—and it has, at all times, clear clean air to breathe and sustain a life of absolute honesty."

By that, Kay, I mean honesty not to one's fellow man, which usually is merely a principle of business practice calculated to operate in one's own favor, but honesty—the honesty I speak of—to one's self only. In other words, I am Boris Warren. I don't stop to ask why. The fact is, I have no secrets. What he thinks I think, what he does I do, what he wants I want, and at no time do I fail to admit it. Boris paused as if he must speak his mind, and then he smiled lazily and smiled at Kay, a very boyish smile for so big a man.

"Perhaps that is my little world, Kay. I like to think so."

He was studying her face closely. "You're smiling," he said. "You think I'm a fool."

"I don't, Boris! Anything but that and you should know it. You seem to me as intelligent a man as I've ever met. You are anything but a fool."

"But you're smiling nevertheless. I amuse you. That is bad enough, merely to amuse."

"I'll tell you, then, why I was smiling because within the last couple of days three men have said the same thing to me in three different ways. And you're smiling more subtly than any of them."

It was Boris' turn to smile.

"And what's that?" he asked.

"They've all asked me to be honest with them—in relation to them, that is."

Boris began to laugh—a low, rumbling laugh, deep in his big chest.

"Then I don't blame you for smiling, but I do blame you for not smiling at me for being honest at me. The men? Ryan, Harrow and myself. I suppose?"

"Yes."

Boris laughed again.

"Then do keep honest with yourself," he urged. "And I'll do a little more. I'll promise to be honest with you."

"I'm sure you would," Kay said.

"You know I would," he declared, looking at her intensely.

Harrow and Spike came back and Boris rose.

"I must be getting along," he said, his eyes on Kay.

When he had gone Spike winked at Harrow, but not so secretly as he thought; Kay caught the sign.

And after Spike had left the room Harrow approached her.

"Poor Kay," he said. "We make it rather hard for you, don't we?"

Harrow spoke soothingly, taking her by the shoulders.

Kay tried to smile easily and be casual. "No, I understand everything," she said.

"I think so."

"You darling..."

And before she could realize it, he was bending over, holding her tightly by the shoulders, kissing her. She made no resistance. It was as if something inevitable were

happening and she knew she was without power.

There were steps, though, in the hall. They halted suddenly. The theatrical producer, released her and together they looked toward the door. Pete stood there, flushing.

"I'm sorry," he said, turned quickly, and strode away.

"Earl!" Kay gasped. "That was Pete!"

Harrow nodded. "Yes," he murmured.

"Why I—"

"I know," Harrow said. "But remember what I told you