

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1861

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Playing Chess With Bureaus

SLIPPED under the door in the closing days of the session is a bill drawn up by Budget Director D. O. Hood which calls for reorganizing state administrative departments on a cabinet model. It is just another blueprint of Hector MacPherson's cabinet form of government which was defeated in 1930 by a vote of 135,412 to 61,248. The proposal was thoroughly debated and fully considered by the people at that time; and very soundly defeated. There is no change in conditions which brings a fresh demand for such legislation and no intimation of any kind that the people approve such a change. There is no agitation now for further increasing the powers of the governor. Of the four administration bills urged by Gov. Martin at the outset, one has been defeated, a second is dying in committee, and the two which passed were changed so drastically as to alter their character.

The Statesman is ready to meet this bill, the text of which is not yet available, and attack it as lacking in merit, without regard to the previous expression of the people on the cabinet form. The writer lived in the state of Washington some 15 years ago when Gov. Louis F. Hart secured the adoption of a cabinet form. It gave the state more expensive government and no better government. The directors still required the same number of subordinates at the same, or higher salaries. Each department became a little state within itself with secretaries and push buttons and swivel chairs. Each high-powered department head with a salary of \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year became inflated with a sense of his own importance, became a spoke in the governor's political machine, and a potential candidate for still higher office.

Oregon's administrative needs are comparatively simple. The state is small in population and in wealth. It can get along very well with a simple and flexible administrative organization, without the ponderous and expensive set-up of code departments such as the Hood blue-print shows. The governor himself in this state is directly in charge of most of the boards and commissions; and with his administrative duties as simple as they are, can handle the work more easily by direct contact with his subordinate bureaus. To impose a new director on top of the various bureaus removes the governor one step away from the actual functioning bureau. There may be situations where such an organization would be an improvement; but it is our observation that Oregon now has a simple yet effective scheme of administration. Responsibility is fixed rather definitely; and on the whole the system is about the most economical that could be devised.

Mr. Hood has played chess with the various independent bureaus. He puts the corporation department in the secretary of state's office and the historical society in the department of natural resources. We are not criticizing the various chess moves which he has made, but his whole scheme of administrative reorganization with its load of expensive top directors. The legislature can well enough defer its adjournment for a day in order to bury his proposal under an avalanche of negative votes.

Weakness of the Pound

THE British pound has shown marked weakness in the last few weeks, enough to cause concern in this country and in the gold bloc countries, chief of which is France. Last fall the pound was also weak but rallied after the foreign exchange had been provided for the heavy movement of goods into Britain. Some now attribute the weakness to seasonal causes. The potentialities are somewhat alarming and even Secretary Morgenthau has dipped into the "kitty" (as Roosevelt calls the \$2,800,000,000 realization from devaluing gold) to support the pound. The treasury is said to have acquired around five or six million pounds in London which of course it is taking a heavy loss at current markets.

The danger is that the cycle of devaluation may be renewed. This is what Paris fears, and what New York is rather concerned over. Devaluation is like price-cutting among merchants. When one starts it the competitor in the next block undercuts; and so it goes until goods are offered well below cost. There is of course no limit but zero to devaluation; but the cost on those with fixed incomes and with investments evaluated in money terms is up to 100 per cent. It is just the working out of a form of inflation.

The conservatives have been urging a restoration of the gold standard as a vehicle of international exchange. The recurring weakness in the pound renews the emphasis on this demand, though others may point to it as proof that it is impossible to stabilize yet. Stabilization waits on resumption of more wholesome attitudes toward international trade. If and when the peoples of the world become convinced of the folly of economic nationalism and show an inclination to foster world trade on a reciprocal basis then the stabilization of currencies in terms of gold would be a master stroke reviving world prosperity on a sound basis. This would call also for a readjustment of the old war debts on a realistic basis to prevent the outcrop of irritations subsequently.

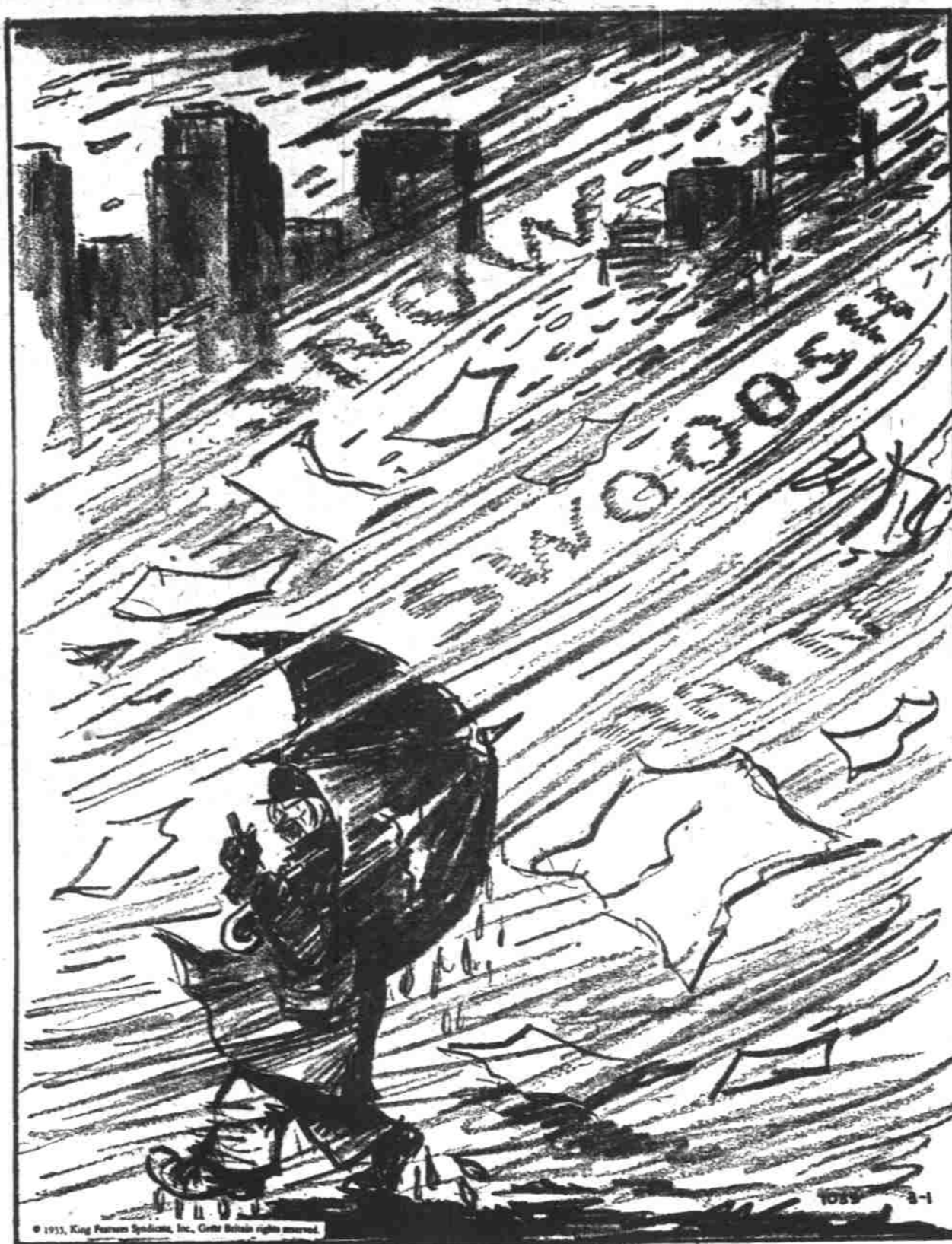
The battle for recovery was lost when tariffs were made higher, when this country held to the last ounce of flesh on its war debts, and when the newly elected president in the winter of 1932-3 refused to cooperate with Mr. Hoover on the war debts and internal bank difficulties. Recovery was thus postponed about two years, made far more costly in money and of lasting cost because of our own default on the terms of our own bonds.

"Simon Says Wiggle-Waggle"

IT is rather galling to rush through legislation at the behest of Washington, especially when the legislation calls for the expenditures of millions of dollars, and threatens to become a permanent load on the taxpayers of Oregon. Yet that is what is being done here when Washington used the simple expedient of withholding relief money. Oregon was getting along in the care of its destitute; but the new administration went in for the abundant life. Now the federal government finds itself sinking in financial morasses and is reaching out to pull the states in with it.

But such seems to be the order of events. The Chicago Daily News says we now follow directions from Washington: "Simon says thumbs up! And up go the thumbs. 'Simon says thumbs down!' And down they go, deep into the federal pie. 'We of Illinois are getting our state legislation from Washington, just as we used to get our fashions from Paris. Gov. Horner has on his desk in Springfield a pile of bills, prepared in the New Deal laboratories of Secretary Ickes and Housing Administrator Moffett, for passage by the Illinois legislature. Doubtless other governors have been favored with similar consideration. Thumbs up, thumbs down! Watch for the sign. 'It was very simple until, as in the old game, Simon—"

Say What You Will, a Hint of Spring's in the Air!



Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IT IS disheartening to the victim of severe burn or accident to learn that he will be scarred for life. Permanent facial deformities and unsightly scars cause much unhappiness. Fortunately, because of the advances in plastic surgery, disfiguring scars are not as frequently seen as in former years.

This branch of medicine has been practiced for a good many years. But we owe most of our present knowledge of plastic surgery to the ingenuity of the military surgeons during the World War. These men were confronted with many plastic problems. It was their job to restore to as near a normal appearance as possible the parts impaired by hideous wounds and injuries.

Popularity Increasing
Within recent years plastic surgery has become increasingly popular. Victims of nasal defects, bony deformities and disfiguring scars have been relieved through this treatment. Plastic operations, other than those indicated for the correction of damaged parts, are sometimes the cause of "beauty specialists" and laymen who are unfamiliar with the many difficulties of this line of work.

Bear in mind that no plastic surgery should be permitted unless it is performed by a capable surgeon who is recognized as a specialist in this field. He must be duly licensed and of good standing in the local medical society. Avoid charlatans and quacks who resort to circularization to attract unsuspecting patients. Plastic surgery requires special training and skill.

Molds Used
The operation must be performed under aseptic conditions and without jeopardy to the health of the patient. It consists of reconstructing the part of the body that has been altered by an injury or which is distorted because of some congenital deformity. The plastic surgeon prepares molds, and plans the reconstruction before he actually operates. I happen to know a plastic surgeon who uses a plaster model and patiently plans the necessary reconstruction step by step. The model is then used as a guide in the operation.

As I have implied, this comparatively new branch of surgery has answered a great demand for the correction of scars and disfigurements as well as nasal deformities. But I would like again to warn my readers against the many unlicensed, unethical individuals who pose as "plastic surgeons". If you are desirous of having a plastic operation consult with your family doctor. You may be assured of his interest in your welfare and that he will give you sound advice.

Answers to Health Queries
Q.—Will you please give me some information about pyorrhea?
For full particulars relate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Sam—said "Wiggle-waggle!" Then what was a governor or a state legislature to do? Gov. McNutt got a new state NRA bill through the Indiana house the other day, and went into political hysteria when he read a dispatch reporting that the president had said he was not asking for any state NRA measures. That was bad enough. Worse was to come. The federal administration withdrew its \$4,000,000,000 public-works bill because the senators attacked it a prevailing-wage amendment. The wiggle-waggle became general, and confusion spread through every state assembly in session. Now nobody knows what to do. The thumbs are at a loss whether to wiggle to the right or waggle to the left. In the Indiana legislature it is proposed to adjourn and call a special session as soon as Washington finds where it is and what it wants. Thumbs may be twiddled in the meantime. To this have we come in the dependent provinces of the New Deal.

Monument Proposed for the Dorion Woman

Coming to the Bits man's desk are many letters about the Dorion woman, her burial place having been definitely ascertained.

Several persons have proposed the erection of a fitting monument. One such suggestion is contained in the letter quoted below:

"After congratulating the people of this great state for your determination, study and attention to the resting place of the always faithful savage and now famous Dorion woman, permit me to make the suggestion that you develop a plan for the public and the state to erect a monument properly inscribed over or near the grave of this savage whose deeds of valor, fortitude, sacrifice and endurance are so well embedded in the minds of western readers.

"The vigil suns that go to make the great milky way shine not on the resting place of a female, savage or civilized, that lived through such ordeals as were a part of her every day savage life, and I am sure the reading public of this and other states will respond to any suggestion you make.

"The state of Tennessee erected a monument in the wilderness over the grave of General Lewis. The grave of Governor Clark is fairly well marked. The reproduction of the likeness of Sagawea is scattered from the Mississippi river to the Pacific coast, and I am sure the public will rally to your suggestions and aid you in the erection of a memorial to mark the resting place of this illustrious savage, the Dorion woman.

"Should you desire to sponsor the memorial, permit me to make a small contribution, as per personal check attached."

The check was for \$10, and the letter was from James A. Johnston, Corvallis, Oregon, of the Merchants Milling company of that city.

By the next mail came a letter from Dr. I. U. Temple, owner of the Dorion hotel, Pendleton, Oregon. Among other things, he said:

"I had had correspondence with Father Hildebrand of Oregon City and the rector of St. Paul's church at St. Paul, Oregon, but had not gotten far in the effort. In 1922 I wrote an article on this Indian woman that was published in the East Oregonian here. At this time I was reading Washington Irving's Astoria and was so impressed by the story of her life that I there and then decided I would help to memorialize her name and changed the name of my hotel to Hotel Dorion, since which time I have erected an addition making it an outstanding institution in Pendleton. . . . I imagine I express a common opinion in suggesting that a plaque or monument be placed to mark her last resting place, and would contribute to a fund for this purpose."

Enough other contacts along the line have been made to indicate that a movement for a monument might be successful. If pushed and persisted in. The \$10 check was returned, with the explanation that the Bits man is too busy now to engage in the movement, and the statement that, however, he is filing all this matter. This is done in order that it may be available to the right party or organization, with the reservation that the proposition would be for a monument worthy of the subject.

As most readers know, the United States Daughters of 1812 for Oregon have already obtained permission to place a bronze marker in the St. Louis Catholic church over the burial place of the Dorion woman, and they expect to dedicate it during the spring months on a date yet to be decided.

(Later: Since this matter was written, the date has been fixed at Sunday, April 7, at 2 p. m.)

The Daughters of the American Revolution also wrote the Bits man, and that organization would no doubt have arranged for a marker in the church had not the sister patriotic society of women been so prompt in the undertaking.

The matter of other markers, and regarding a worthy monument of size, is open for suggestions. What organizations shall undertake the projects? Where shall other markers be placed? What shall be the location of the monument?

There is Boise, the site of which was first seen by white men who were guided by the Dorion woman and her husband. There is the place of the winter encampment of 1814, not far from Pendleton. There is the donation land claim home of the family in the Middlegrove district, near the northeastern suburbs of Salem. And there are Astoria, and several

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

TAKES SLAM AT GOVERNOR Editor of Statesman:
I notice the governor says he wishes the farmers would stay home and mind their business. Just what is the farmer's business? He has stayed home too long now, there is where the trouble lies.

If our schools in the rural districts are none of our business just what business are they? Some white collar guy in the city, who perhaps isn't interested in schools at all, I suppose.

Here at West Stayton, we have a three room school, employ three teachers, and at our annual school meetings have over 100 voters present who are interested in school, and school affairs. And they voted unanimously against the county school unit. We have been able to run our school affairs here without the aid of any white collar help, and by the reports from the high schools where our pupils go we are having very good success.

In 1918 they didn't say for us to stay home and mind our business, but said come on, we need more cannon fodder, and when we got in the camps, under the

white collar officer he didn't hesitate to inform us "you're in the army now, and not to be and the plow." Of course that was different then, we had no say, only took orders, as some wish we had to now.

If the farmer only stayed behind the plow the amount of hours that our state officials stay in their jobs I wonder what governor and congressmen would eat? No bacon and toast for breakfast or steaks for dinner I'll bet.

While we draw more taxes, mortgages and debts.

If farmers had more to say and stayed less behind the plow they might get out of the rut. But as it is, they don't have time to think, so I suppose we'd better be satisfied to let the white collar man run the business, as he probably wouldn't or couldn't do any real work.

Yours truly,
B. H. CHAMBERLAIN,
West Stayton, Ore.

MAN THE HEAD OF HOME To the Editor:
We noted with interest the letter written to Safety Valve by Mr. Jones. He asks for opinions on his letter. We would like to say that another who sits back and lets her daughter-in-law treat her in that shameful fashion would let her also grab three-fourths of the \$200 per month, also there are too many girls these days who, as soon as the coveted "Mrs." is tacked to their names, start right away wearing the trousers. It may be old fashioned, but a good man is, by nature and God's law, the head of the home. No respect from a woman, means no love. I repeat — a good, broad-minded man, then harmony — for he counts on fifty-fifty.

There's a law would protect

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"THE DIAMOND BRAND"

"MORE MONEY" By CHARLES GRANT

SYNOPSIS

Jasper Ingram, wealthy promoter, takes his secretary, love-lorn Cathleen McCarthy to his "Grangelands" estate so he can transact business while attending the charity garden party given by his wife, Laura. Cathleen, the sole support of a large family, is fascinated by the surrounding luxury and wishes she could attend the party. Marian Alspaugh, the gold-digging wife of Homer Alspaugh, Ingram's confidential secretary, is cigarette girl at the fête. She flirts with the Marquis d'Albues, Mrs. Ingram's guest. Seward, Ingram's son, is infatuated with Arline Martin, an actress, but the ruthless Arline—realizing the secretary Ingram could be more helpful in furthering her career—decides to impress the latter. Later, he calls at her apartment to listen to the reading of a play, the success of which means the arrival of herself and her family.

Ever since she had been living on that lace, or more literally, upon the money he had received for it in London. Alas, now that fund, never large, was nearly exhausted. D'Albues had been admirably fitted to his office in the Infanta's service. It had been necessary for him to understand all sorts of intricate points about precedence, etiquette, and tradition. To arrange and supervise—that had been his work, and he had been far from an idle man. Now idleness and a rapidly emptying exchequer were all he had left.

CHAPTER XI
When it became plain that the royal lady to whose household the Marquis d'Albues was attached, must flee from Spain, he had taken command and had got her over the frontier by a surprise dash into England. Returning alone, he had salvaged what he could of his own possessions, including the family jewels, a few objects of art, and all the cash he could lay hands on. He had been searching for his jewels and gold. Fortunately they did not, in searching him, find the yards upon yards of precious lace wrapped about his waist.

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When her excitement of the afternoon had died down, the image of the handsome Spanish Grandee was her most persistent memory. She simply had to see him again, and she let the social lines she had thrown out lie unwatched, while she was held in the restless pre-occupation of a romantic dream.

Marian, however, had no intention of letting their acquaintance remain a mere memory. The afternoon had died down, the image of the handsome Spanish Grandee was her most persistent memory. She simply had to see him again, and she let the social lines she had thrown out lie unwatched, while she was held in the restless pre-occupation of a romantic dream.

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able cross. "He cares for nothing but business."
"Poor little dove," he sighed, laying his hands warmly on hers. "And I too am unhappy. Do you not see, as I do, a true happiness, a radiant happiness, within our grasp? Querida, queridissima, let us not deny the love that is springing in our hearts. . . . I, the exile, demanding sympathy and beauty, and you so young, so lovely, so unappreciated—let us make each other's happiness! For that is the miracle of love, that out of two sorrows can be made one joy!"

Marian, unspeakably thrilled, was suffocated with her emotions. It was for moments like these, and for what followed them, that she lived. This delicious trembling, these shivers of anticipation, made up for the boredom, the annoyance, the frustration of every-day existence.

"Ah, Marquis," she breathed, "You are so beautiful, carissima mia," he said simply, gazing into her eyes.

New Yorkers, was woefully ignorant of the wonders of her own city. She was always planning to climb the Statue of Liberty or visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But she never did. Now accompanied by her friends, she had made these trips of exploration and found them highly unsatisfactory as they afforded little chance for intimacies.

Their circuit of New York in the sight-seeing yacht was more successful. By this time they were consciously, though unadmittedly, in love. They had reached the stage of meaningless talk since neither was interested in mere words, but was tensely alive to the revelations of eyes and gestures, to the exciting communications of their throbbing senses.

Marian reached Long Island that afternoon only a few minutes before Homer arrived. Her face was still scorching with d'Albues's passionate kisses. While driving out, she had lived with him, in spirit, in a ridiculous old castle in Spain. By contrast with this imagined Elysium, the conditions of her actual life seemed so stale, so sordid, that she could have wept in self pity at the fate that obliged her to stop at the railway station, among the other wives of commuting husbands, to pick up Homer, to submit to his unwanted kisses—kisses, on top of those she so hotly remembered to do and sit opposite him through dinner, listening to his dull garrulity.

After dinner he sat down before the radio to listen to a talk on business conditions. The loud authoritative complacent voice was intolerable to Marian, in whose ears were the soothing cadences of the enamored Spaniard.

"My head aches!" she snapped. "I'm going to bed, and for God's sake, turn that thing down and keep it down."
For more than an hour Marian lay repeating the words of her lover and dreaming of the ecstasy that lay so immediately in the future. (To Be Continued)



"You are so beautiful, carissima mia," he said simply, gazing into her eyes.

"only you men of the old world know how to make love!"

"Because our old world has wisdom—we know where the true significance of life is to be found. Money—ah! Something to have and forget. Love and death, death and love, only these two have meaning and power. Tell me, my corazon, that you love me!"

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Grange Political To Start With
To the Editor:
There seems to be considerable misunderstanding as to the nature of the grange. The grange was founded as a political organization primarily, and its other functions, social and educational are secondary. By a political organization I do not mean a political party. On the contrary, the grange indorses principles, not candidates, economic and social measures and not politicians. The grange was organized in the 1870's to combat unfair rate judging by the railroads and to protect the contraction of currency by the demonetization of silver. It was, and is the political voice of the farmer. Anyone else who has an idea which he wishes to incorporate in the laws of the state may present that idea to the grange where it will receive careful consideration. If it seems desirable and practical it will be debated by the subordinate grange, passed through the grange council to the county or

Pomona grange and thence to the state grange. If it receives the support of all these it will be presented to the state legislature by the legislative committee elected by the grange. Anyone who thinks that these men are self appointed should become acquainted with the difficulties of gaining and holding one of these positions. It is like trying to a camel trying to pass through the eye of a needle after he has had all he wants to drink.

I should like in a future letter to show how the grange has contributed to improve the whole field of social and economic welfare. To limit such an organization to matters of the plow could only be proposed by one who is accustomed to regard farmers as cannon fodder.

FRANK JUDD (Rt. 4).

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