

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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P. E. O. Convention

THE standard inquiry about the P. E. O.'s is: What do the initials stand for? The answer is full proof that 65,000 women can keep a secret. Not even the husbands of members have ever been able to find out whether P. E. O. means Peaches Every One or Princesses Eat Olives.

But if what the letters of the name stand for remains a deep secret, there is no mystery about what the organization stands for. The P. E. O.'s are an organization of women united in a common sisterhood, with very definite ideals and standards of individual and of social life. The organization was founded at Iowa Wesleyan college, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, back in 1869 when seven female students grouped themselves together. Instead of remaining a campus organization, as most college groups do, this one went afieled; and is perhaps best described as an off-campus sisterhood or sorority.

Born in a college atmosphere the P. E. O.'s have been staunch friends of education and have accumulated a student loan fund of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars which is used to enable worthy and needy young women to complete their college education. The national organization also sponsors a junior college which is located in the state of Missouri. While this educational fund is the major activity of the organization, its chief value to members lies in cultivating a cultural tone among its members, promoting good fellowship, and in sustaining high ideals among women.

The national organization numbers now about 65,000 members. The seat of the order remains at Mt. Pleasant and its principal membership is in the middle states: Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Illinois; but chapters have spread both east and west and Oregon has now 50 chapters. These are meeting in state convention in Salem this week, with Salem Chapter AB, one of the two groups here, as hostess chapter. Sessions are held in Waller hall and the delegates are being entertained at the Marion.

A body of cultured, intelligent and purposeful women, the P. E. O. will be warmly welcomed in the capital city; and the husbands of members (branded B. I. L.'s by their wives) will exert themselves to help entertain the guests.

An Oregon Grass Roots Meeting

OREGON has its own grass-roots convention this week at McMinnville; a meeting, not of republican devotees such as gathered at Springfield, but of the Oregon grange. No political conclave will deal more seriously, sincerely or extensively with state problems than the grange group.

Despite the repeated refutations of its leaders, the Patrons of Husbandry have a flare for politics. The organization maintains a strong legislative lobby. It initiates and attacks ballot measures, priding itself on defeating the sales tax and putting through the hydroelectric amendments to the state constitution. If the grange does not openly endorse political candidates, it lets its members know its preferences on office seekers.

In all this activity, The Statesman sees no harm and much good. The right of 20,000 organized farmers to take stands on public questions is unquestioned. While there are policies espoused by the grange with which we cannot see eye-to-eye, we have full admiration for the serious-minded manner in which the grange goes into public questions.

Because of the political importance of the grange, the annual address, its master and leading spirit, has the aspects of a party platform. Filling 21 loosely printed pages, the statement ranges from boozie to banking to the bonus questions. We herewith summarize Mr. Gill's speech since it mirrors the stand of an organization continuously active and important in the state's political life.

Continuation of AAA as a temporary program; the entire idea of regimentation is repugnant to the farmer and the progress of agriculture depends upon increased domestic consumption of farm products and increased exports.

Shorter hours for labor are approved but higher prices for farm products are necessary if the farmer is to work less.

Taxes on farmers should be lessened by greater economy in government, by higher income and inheritance taxes by removal of personal property tax offsets from the state income tax. Farmers should be allowed to work out delinquent taxes on the roads.

Sub-marginal lands should be retired but counties must be protected lest sale of such properties and timber holdings to federal government too greatly reduce assessed valuations.

Regulation of interstate bus, truck and water transportation threatens to raise transportation rates and thus is opposed by the grange. Public ownership of some railroads as yardsticks is needed to determine equitable rates.

Development of monopolies is adding to the cost of all goods the farmer purchases. Monopoly of all kinds should be opposed as monopolies lead to the concentration of wealth.

The revolving pension plan has accomplished at least one good; it has focused public attention on the need for old-age pensions. A national old-age pension act providing some retirement allowance to all persons over 60 without an annual income of \$2400 should be passed.

American grown farm products should be protected by tariff against foreign-grown food importations.

Control of all money and credit should lodge with the state and federal governments.

The veterans' bonus should be paid in full in greenbacks; munitions budgets should be curtailed and the entire manufacture of navy and army equipment should be a government monopoly.

The grange heartily endorses the continuation of the county agent system of the home demonstration agent, of the state department of agriculture.

An urgent need in the state is the organization in each county of rural power districts and their connection with a state-owned distribution system. Oregon's entire dependence on the federal government for power lines from Bonneville is hazardous.

Oregon faces an era of development; it must replace some of its crops with more profitable plantings; it must cater to and provide for tourist trade.

The liquor business is an economic waste; the use of alcohol strikes at the foundation of American life—the home. It was never intended that state stores should be used as sales forces to push the sales of hard liquor.

Gambling and betting in all forms are companions of the liquor traffic. The grange seeks legislation to weed out these evils.

Lower interest rates for farm borrowings are ardently endorsed along with legislation to stave off debt foreclosures.

Cooperative associations, both for the manufacture of farm products, and for sale of retail goods, are strongly endorsed.

The grange supports federal aid for schools from income taxes. It endorses all worthy movements. It objects to a compulsory vote on the county unit plan.

While offering no support to organizations seeking political changes by violence, the grange opposes all legislative restraining the rights of free citizens to free speech.

A one-house legislature composed of not less than 40 members is endorsed.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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The Dauntless Tugwell

Washington, June 12. ONE significant result of the more or less momentous developments of the last two weeks is the clarity with which it was shown that as between Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal on one side and the Supreme Court with the Constitution on the other, the country as a whole was strongly with the latter.

RECOGNITION of this came swiftly to Mr. Roosevelt and the White House strategists. It took an exceedingly quick retreat, accompanied by some more than usually saccharine journalistic explaining to swing the President away from the danger of that position and avoided an issue the hot end of which he had too impulsively clutched. Not more than two days' reaction was needed to make it plain that the NRA decision was a popular decision. Neither the bellicose bellying of self-seeking labor leaders about wages and hours, nor the plaintive bleating of bewildered politicians and publicity directors about the effect on recovery was sufficient to conceal that relief rather than resentment was the dominant public emotion.

DISCOVERY of these facts was a considerable shock to the more sparkling members of the Brain Trust, including many of the young, bumble puppy New Deal lawyers, who had such a merry time drawing the New Deal bills, and to whom the idea that they were all wrong from the start never occurred. Had not Dr. Frankfurter himself advised that there was no danger of any upset if the court decisions could be held off for two years? Had not Hugh S. Johnson, in person, frequently consulted with Justice Brandeis about the NRA? Was not Mr. Roosevelt the cleverest politician and most charming man who ever sat in the White House? Firmly convinced of all these things, when the blow came, it jarred them badly. It seemed they could not "take it." Dependency prevails now where the confidence bubble had burst with the unshakable reality that national planning as conceived and undertaken by the New Dealers cannot be carried out under our Constitution, whole shoals of these intellectual academic amateurs, who for two years have been running this country, have been hearing they are, at the moment, a groggy lot.

HOWEVER, it is pleasant to record that, with his government's soulmates whimpering in corners and gulping political aspirin, there is one of the noblest and most scintillating of them all, author of that mouth-filling but mouth-eaten phrase, "The More Abundant Life," inventor of "The Third Economy"—there is one of them not only undismayed but out on the track, all ready to start running in a new direction. This, of course, is none other than Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, the speedy young under secretary of agriculture, who has now been entrusted by the President with some \$600,000,000—or it may be \$900,000,000—with which he is to embark upon a great new experiment to wipe out poverty and overcome depression.

SO FAR from being downhearted, the professor is reported by veracious chroniclers as at the very top of his form, ready for the race of his life. The friendly Mr. Ray Slapper announced in the Washington Post that Mr. Tugwell has taken on a press agent. Up to now the doctor has been his own press agent and, if one counts up the number of magazine articles he has landed and the publicity he has achieved for his books, quite an effective one. That he feels unable to adequately handle the publicity for this new scheme is an indication of its scope.

SOME idea of its vast extent is conveyed by the certainly not unkindly Mr. Paul Mallon, who writes that: "Unnoticed, Dr. Tugwell is organizing a headquarters here which will employ 2000 office workers in a year. He expects to have 4000 more employees in the field by then."

This, it will be conceded, is quite a tidy number for one man to put on the pay roll in 12 months—particularly in an administration pledged to cut down the cost of government. Continuing, Mr. Mallon writes that the doctor "will purchase between 50,000,000 and 100,000,000 acres of land. This area, if carried out, would equal half the state of Texas, and, within a few months he expects to begin putting unestimated thousands to work on the land, planting grass and trees, terracing, ditching. Poor persons in the area will be 'resettled.'"

THERE you are. Nothing can stop the professor. Undaunted by the Supreme Court, untroubled by doubts about himself, unimpaired by the ditch into which the New Deal has been driven, with the full confidence of the President and most of the taxpayers' money, he is going to "make us over" or die trying.

GUARDSMEN LEAVE
RICKREALL, June 12.—Lawrence Dew, Milton Friak, Grant and Leland Adams, all members of Company L, Oregon National Guard left Dallas Tuesday for Camp Murray, where they will be for two weeks.

PICKING EARLY PEAS
GRAND ISLAND, June 12.—Twelve men, women and children are employed picking three acres of early peas grown at the Harold Tompkins farm. They are being marketed for three cents a pound.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

View from windows of Bunker Hill monument by a Salem man in 1879:

If any reader of The Statesman recalls an article of Dr. L. L. Rowland in The Statesman of April 4, 1879, he (or she) will no doubt be glad to reread it.

Dr. Rowland had, Sept. 9 of the year before, completed his four year term as the first elected state superintendent of public instruction for Oregon, and he was on his long contemplated journey to the east and to old world points on a study tour lasting two years.

What he wrote began: "This sacred pile of massive granite, within whose dome I stand, was here erected to emphasize and perpetuate an important chapter in American history; but it shall answer for me just now another pleasing purpose.

"Here from this lofty chamber so peculiarly quiet, all above the din of noisy streets and clattering cars, I enjoy a bird's eye view of all these points and places previously visited.

"In elaborate detail has been examined, studied and enjoyed much of what now in aggregate lies spread out before me.

"It is a real feast of soul to look abroad through these quaint observatory windows and rest and reflect. I shall not, however, at present, labor especially to give reflections.

"Instead of this, I shall endeavor to jot down a hasty description, however rough-hewn, of what of interest falls within my view.

"From this north window (beginning as I did of yore in the study of geography) I see spread before and beneath me much of Charleston, one of the oldest and most interesting cities in the country. Yonder on the left is Malden and near it are Revere and Everett.

"At the right is Chelsea, connected with Charlestown by the long Chelsea bridge. How admirably this great city, or rather this great aggregation of cities, has all its parts and dependencies enchain together by these splendid highways.

"Boston loses nothing by this outlook. She grows rich on such extraneous glances. Such prodigious liberality toward her humbler neighbors has made her the great emporium of all New England. Such giving can never impoverish. I see

now more forcibly why so many of our business men in Salem are pleading for bridge and railway connection with their surroundings.

"Nearly over and some of the distance beyond Chelsea I see Lynn, especially celebrated for its extensive manufacture of shoes. "Near Chelsea bridge stands the U. S. marine hospital, with its varied and extensive appointments.

"The terminal end of the low point of land extending away to the right is Nahant, an important point in the boundary of Boston harbor.

"How charmingly beautiful appear all these little cities, basking today in a warm sun from a clear, bright sky. I am glad that today 'everything is blithe, jocund and jovial,' with not 'a speck to stain the azure heaven.' I can't forget this picture.

"The east window reveals the navy yard on the left, readily distinguished by the large machine shops, ship houses, etc., the chimney on the foundry rising, as I am told, 239 feet.

"The dry dock, constructed entirely of hewn granite, is so capacious as to afford room for the largest ships, measuring 385 feet in length, 100 feet in width and 33 feet in depth.

"Turning my eye to the right, there passes under review the point where the British troops were landed for the conflict on Bunker hill. Mystic river, of legendary fame; East Boston, whose site was formerly called Noddie's island but latterly William's; the Atlantic iron works, with their enormous ships; the Curand steamers, on one of which I sail soon for Glasgow; and George's island, on which is the strong fortress, Fort Warren, named for the renowned hero of this battle-field.

"Beyond George's island, in the dim distance, I see the Long Island lighthouse, and still farther beyond and in the yet dimmer distance is seen the Boston lighthouse. Extending further to the right, my vision rests on Castle island, on which stands Fort Independence, and on which, in the distance still remaining, was incarcerated the celebrated Stephen Burroughs.

"To the right of this is seen Thompson's island, whereon is located the well known Farm school. They here use gentle words and gentle means as well.

"Besides these, here, there, and elsewhere, all throughout this vast 'watery plain,' are scattered beautiful little gems of islands. "Magnificent harbor! I wonder not that the Bostonians claim it to be 'one of the best, most commodious and beautiful in the world.'"

"But I was about to omit mentioning the celebrated ropewalk, the longest and most perfect in the world, measuring 1750 feet in length. Here is manufactured all the rope, or every size, sort and style, used in the U. S. navy.

"While my eye rests upon this immense factory and its neighboring establishments, I remember being told of the thousands who toil on here from day to day without the slightest ray of hope of either future rest or competence for age.

"Then when I think of the many thousands of homes in Oregon, little fortunes in themselves, that may be had for the taking, I feel like turning missionary and endeavoring to persuade these sturdy sons of toil to go west, where the poor are so few.

"I forced to grind the bones out of their arms. For bread, but have some space to think and feel. Like moral and immortal creatures."

(Continued tomorrow.)

AT GRAND LODGE
DAYTON, June 12.—Rosa Crutcher, Leonard Goodrich and Fred Matthes are the delegates for Jacob Mayer lodge No. 108 A. F. and A. M. of Dayton to the grand lodge in session in Portland. Mrs. Herman Louis, Harry Sherman, Mrs. W. S. U'ren and Herman Louis are the delegates of Elctia Chapter No. 23 Eastern Star.

SMART AT SCHOOL
KINGWOOD, June 12.—James Smart, Jr., is the only 4-H club member from this immediate locality attending the annual club school at Oregon State college. Young Smart won the scholarship from the Valley Packing company.

Twenty Years Ago

June 13, 1915
Tickets are now on sale for Salem's chautauqua to be held July 5-11.

Archie Holt is home after visiting relatives in Portland.

The aviators of two enemy airplanes dropped bombs on three Roman cities yesterday killing one woman.

Ten Years Ago

June 13, 1925
Yesterday a terrific storm swept through St. Paul, Minnesota, taking one life, injuring 20, and damaging property estimated at \$500,000.

Dr. B. H. White has returned from Longview, Washington, where he attended the joint convention of the Oregon and Washington Osteopathic association.

A rock hurled through the window of a south bound Oregon electric train last night caused Mrs. W. H. South of Orville to be taken to the New Salem hotel suffering from injuries to her head and eyes, caused by flying glass.

"That Panama Would Become You, Goofy"



"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER XIX
Betty shook the spell of the crooning voice off with an effort.

"Snap out of it, Suky," she said. "Let's get back to everyday things. Come on now, forget all that voodoo of yours."

"I can't forget voodoo, Miss Betty," came the old Negro's with a dignity and a queer fatalism. "Well, anyway," Betty was nervous. "You can't get out of answering my questions that way. Come on, now. You have been calling up someone on the phone, haven't you?"

"No, Miss Betty, I haven't. Someone called me, that's all."

"What do you mean, someone called you here? Who could have done that? You've got no friends here?"

"Yes, Miss Betty—and what's more, he came up here to see old Suky."

"Well, for heaven's sake," Betty sat down on the edge of the bed. "That's a great note—so Uncle Cyrus came up here to see you. I suppose he wanted to pump you up as to my friends, and my comings and goings, didn't he?"

"No, Miss Betty," Suky was mild. "He never asked me a thing about you at all."

"Well then, for goodness sake what did he come for?"

"He wanted to know something about Mr. Wilbur Renton," said Suky quietly.

Betty stared at her old black maid as though she had never seen her before. She could scarcely believe her own ears with the news which they had just heard, and were asked to believe.

"What on earth could you tell him about Mr. Renton, Suky?" she asked simply. "What do you know about him anyway?"

"I know plenty, Miss Betty," and Suky picked up a frock that was to be pressed, and quietly walked from the room.

The rest of that morning had gone badly for Betty. She had quarreled over the strange attitude of Suky and the startling news that she had divulged. At the newspaper office, the city editor had been like a bear with a sore head, and had become sarcastic in asking her whether she thought the paper was paying her just for her looks. She had turned out a story on a lost child, which looked mammoth in print, and had revamped a tragic tale of a fire and the homeless families. Then she had put on her close-fitting little turban, and had gone out to lunch, refusing the usual couple of invitations shouted at her across the room from beneath green eye-shades set at an angle. She felt that she could not do a thing if she had to sit across the table from anyone who gathered news as a business in life—the idea of a perfect escort, at the moment, would have been a dead weight.

She walked to a favorite little side-away restaurant, and forced a smile for the bowing headwaiter. At her request he placed her at a small table for two, in an inconspicuous spot. She ordered, and sat thinking and staring into space.

A fat jolly voice brought her back to herself.

"Hello, hello, hello," it chorled. "If it isn't Betty the Bee-utiful Newspaper Gal—in person!"

Without looking up she knew who belonged to that voice, and wearily she answered it.

"Hello, Bobbie," she said. "How are you?"

"Well, well, well," he said, and appropriated the extra chair at her table. "How've you been?"

"Betty's mind worked quickly. She knew perfectly well that Bobbie Nichols the gossip gatherer, the talker par excellence did not like her—and with reason! She knew that ever since she had slapped his face for an uncalculated rudeness on his part, Nichols had hated her, had called her 'that red-headed vixen,' and had been set to get her into trouble in any way he could. Her quick brain told her that this seeming friendliness on his part

must be assumed, that he had something he wanted to tell, and that it would probably be something that she would rather not hear—hence his eagerness to tell it.

"Hello, Bobbie," she repeated, and smiled at him her most bewitching smile. "What do you know?"

"Oh! This and that," he laughed. "I hear you're on the Vane murder case—kind of a boost and a kick for you, eh?"

"What do you mean?" Betty managed to keep her smile.

"Well, a boost from the paper angle, and a kick from the social! Bobby was pleased with himself.

"Oh... I don't know," she tried to sound casual, while her hand

He paused to receive the steak, to look it over with meticulous care, to serve himself, to take a bite and relish it—and then, but not till then, continued deliberately.

"Well, at this little old drug store I got to talking to the quaintest old bird—the chemist he said he was, near-sighted as an owl in the sun—and he begins on the Vane case."

"No!" she gasped. "What did he say?"

"By Golly," he said. "Plenty. It seems that he had sold a bottle of veronal to Vane a few nights before the murder—told me all about it, he did—awfully pleased that the great artist had stopped to talk to him

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