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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Brief-Bearer

BEHOLD the brief-bearer, our own Sam H. Brown, the Gervais farmer.

It was Brown who Paulrevered the Clark brief on the eligibility of Gov. Martin from Leslie Scott to District Attorney Trindle. And after the district attorney, figuratively speaking, hands the brief back to the brief-bearers, Brown issues a statement on the grave question of whether the constitution is being violated. Brown cites the solemn oath a governor takes to uphold the constitution; and then he takes his stand:

"If I were the governor of this state, and a similar question arose, I would welcome a court ruling to decide the question, and if I opposed such a movement I would consider myself unworthy to fill that important office."

We can see the doughty Gervais farmer declaiming his piece.

But why, we rise to inquire, this late concern about the constitution? There has been no change in section three, article five of that great document since the campaign of 1934. Why did not Mr. Brown raise that question then? Why was he silent as he saw the danger that the great document might be violated in the election of General Martin?

As we recall, Mr. Brown was exceedingly vocal during the general election campaign. He made radio speeches. He had a great deal to say about who should not be governor of Oregon. He had much to say about one candidate, imputing to him not a violation of the state constitution, but of some of the statutes of the state. In that campaign Mr. Brown had nothing to say to protect section three, article five. He did not challenge the eligibility of General Martin. He did not even whisper that there would be a possible question in his drawing pay as a retired army officer and a governor of Oregon.

Nor did Brown lift a hand in favor of the other opponent of General Martin's, Peter Zimmerman. Though they had been senatorial colleagues, usually on the same side of public questions, and Zimmerman was regarded as the "white hope" of the multitude who had supported Sam Brown, Brown threw no kind words in Pete's direction. On the contrary it was accepted that Brown's traffic was with the Martin campaign, that his speech was worked over in the Portland Journal office, that he accepted a contribution from John Kaste, Martin supporter.

If there is one man in the state responsible for the election of General Martin it is Sam Brown. In September, 1934, the Martin campaign was all bogged down. The general was getting a poor reception over the state, meeting downright opposition in his meetings. The HOLC disclosures of primary campaign contributions had done some damage. His campaign organization wasn't going right. Dunne was on the up. Then came the Sam Brown radio addresses; and Dunne's campaign started to crumple. Martin's campaign got reorganized, his backers poured a great deal of money into the final drive; republican conservatives went to him to insure Zimmerman's defeat; and when the count was made Martin was "in".

So Sam Brown has no one to thank but himself if the constitution is being strained in one spot. His attitude, however, is not surprising; because it has long been apparent that in Brown's estimation, the only one who could quite fill the bill as governor of Oregon is the Gervais farmer, himself.

The Press and Justice

THE American bar association is meeting this week in Los Angeles and its committee on relations of the press and the bar is presenting a report criticizing severely the handling of the Hauptmann case. It says that attorneys on both sides gave out interviews and made radio speeches so they "seemed wholly to disregard all the accepted rules of dignity and ethics with which the profession and the courts have sought to surround the trial of a man for his life."

For this perversion of the judicial process the newspapers are largely to blame. In their greed for mass circulation they pander to the moronic attributes of the mass mind; and in their methods they even create such a condition of low intelligence. What the mind becomes depends considerably on what it feeds on, and when the sensational press supplies it with gobs of scandal, crime thrillers and morbid tales, naturally the appetite for such ilk grows.

The bar committee says truthfully that "to treat a simple trial as a public show, as was done in the sensational trial of Bruno Hauptmann, is to cheapen life itself by causing people generally to undervalue the life of the criminal and to increase the morbid desires of sensation seekers." The committee urges joint discussions between representatives of the bar association and press and radio services. Nothing will be done however until there is a better conscience and a higher intelligence among publishers of metropolitan dailies, who still insist on their constitutional guarantees of freedom of the press to pervert, degrade and demoralize the public mind.

On the Road to Addis Ababa

AT Massaua, Eritrea, bordering the Persian gulf on the west the Italian ships are unloading troops and supplies. Here is a description from an AP correspondent:

"The heat, frequently reaching 120 degrees in the shade, adds to the fatigue of the laboring men. The single railroad line to Asmara, 120 miles inland, at the edge of the Eritrean plateau, is a jumble of confusion as engineers try to move the troops and material away from the burning seacoast. The young Italian soldiers, arriving on the crowded troop ships, see a barren plain which stretches away into the distance, relieved by vegetation."

"On account of the scarcity of water, the troops at Massaua are allowed only two pints a day for each man. With this amount he must do his drinking and washing."

It ought to be enough to start a revolution in Italy, to send men into that hell-spot.

What a defense nature gives to Ethiopia: burning desert, then high mountains. Though observers declare the Italian army is the largest and the most scientifically equipped ever sent into Africa, the task of subduing the natives in their own fastnesses will not be a simple one. Undoubtedly it is the home situation in Italy as well as his own vanity, which prompts Mussolini to undertake conquest in this scabland of the world.

Speeches and Taxes

THE task of majority leader in the senate is no easy one under a driving taskmaster like President Roosevelt. Joe Robinson, senator from Arkansas, has to promote legislation in which he has no faith. For instance, there is the new share-the-wealth tax idea of the president's which Robinson will have to help Pat Harrison put across (or else let LaFollette and Nye grab the glory). In 1931 when the tax bill was being passed in the Hoover administration, upping levies on incomes in the higher brackets to sixty per cent, Robinson, as minority leader, said:

"In my humble opinion, taxes should not be levied for the purpose of distributing wealth or reducing fortunes but solely with the view of obtaining revenue. Taxation on any other principle approaches confiscation."

Now he has to eat his words and endorse even greater confiscation.

Bob Ruhl says in editorial correspondence to the Medford Mail Tribune: "Much to our surprise, the Father of Waters, a short distance from St. Paul is far more impressive than at Omaha." Look at the map, Bob, and you will not be surprised.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Not Easy to Explain

Washington, July 15. SINCE he has been President, Mr. Roosevelt has broken so many precedents that the fracture of new ones no longer seems startling. None the less, the recent White House request to Congress for prompt passage of the Guffey coal control bill seems not to have got all the attention it deserved.

CONSIDERABLE significance is being read into that message by those who appreciate the facts. Certainly no former Executive ever asked the legislative branch to enact a measure regardless of the reasonableness of the doubts about its constitutionality. His own Attorney-General, whose complacency in these matters is great, declined to legally bless the Guffey bill. Yet Mr. Roosevelt, conceding the "reasonable doubt," asks its enactment. In effect, it amounts to telling Congress to disregard the Constitution and let the court take the responsibility. It is difficult to see how such a stand can be justified. It is particularly difficult, in the light of his recent experience, to understand how Mr. Roosevelt can take it. By forcing through bills of doubtful constitutionality such as the NRA act, which the court has knocked out, the President wasted nearly two years in futile effort to do an impossible thing.

IN addition to the waste of time there is the waste of money—but more devastating than both is the condition of chaos to which his Administration has been brought by his disregard of the Constitution. There is, too, the disappointment of a credulous people in the soundness of his leadership and the quality of his promises. It seems generally agreed that the Supreme Court cannot sustain either the AAA or the TVA; and that in another year both these emotional and hastily concocted schemes will have been declared invalid. The words and reasoning of the NRA decision make it illogical to hold any other idea.

IN view of these things, it is literally amazing to have the President request the passage by Congress of measures which he knows, and says, are of doubtful constitutionality, and which he knows will be thrown into court. One would expect a President in his position to urge caution by Congress instead of lack of it. Having sustained the sort of reverse at the hands of the court he has sustained, it would seem the natural thing for Mr. Roosevelt to insist upon Congress removing all doubt about bills before passing them. He does exactly the reverse.

TWO explanations are offered. One is that it still is Mr. Roosevelt's purpose to make an issue before the Supreme Court and the New Deal next year. To this end he plans having Congress pass various measures, such as the Guffey bill and the Wagner Labor Board bill, both clearly unconstitutional but which appeal to special classes of voters. If, as expected, the court then kills these measures, popular reaction against it will be created and the reaction be favorable to Mr. Roosevelt. This idea seems both too subtle and too unworthy to credit.

THE other explanation is that the President's stand is taken at the insistence of John L. Lewis, head of the coal unions, and with the hope of averting the threatened strike in the bituminous coal regions. Mr. Lewis appears to have the power to call, to postpone or to cancel altogether the strike. His position is that it will be called unless the Guffey bill is passed. In effect, he has delivered an ultimatum. Most people will sympathize with the President's efforts to prevent a strike, but not many will feel the effort should, at the demand of an arbitrary labor leader, go to the point of urging Congress to enact a bill which, in addition to being unconstitutional, is economically unsound. If there are other explanations, they have not been offered. The fact is that neither the Wagner bill nor the Guffey bill was on the Administration program when the session opened. They are the pet bills of the organized labor leaders—the ones which they have been insisting on from the start. The opinion of lawyers as to the illegality of both is overwhelmingly against Mr. Roosevelt only recently came out openly for them.

Twenty Years Ago

July 16, 1915
Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunway scored suffragists who are agitating prohibition as "Pussy-wussy white ribboned sisters of virtue" before the international congress of viticulturists in San Francisco yesterday.

New York — Harry K. Thaw was declared sane by a jury this week after a nine-year legal struggle following his commitment to a state hospital.

William J. Bryan has announced that he will return to the lecture platform.

Ten Years Ago

July 16, 1925
Mrs. Charles Eugene Banks, who as Carrie Wyatt attained theatrical fame in Shakespearean roles, died yesterday.

Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, has announced he may fight Gene Tunney this fall.

Salem is agog over Oregon's food industry, a special section today proclaims.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Diary 79 years old
yields strange history:
Journey to Oregon in 1856:

(Continued from Sunday)
"John, the celebrated fighter, with about 150 of his warriors, were crossing the bay at the time on their way to the reservation, under the guidance of Uncle Sam's boys."

"We remained there until morning, then up anchor and ran up the bay some four miles to take in coal, which occupied us two days. It was a wild spot, and surrounded by forests."

"We spent most of the time on shore gathering berries and rambling through the woods. There was one log house on the shore, which we visited; found it alone and deserted. The sign still remained, 'Marshfield House, Meals at all hours of the day.'"

"We entered the kitchen, found a few empty bottles, shook them up, but no friendly chipper greeted the ear. Their glory had all departed. Here once the fumes of bear meat, venison and elk steaks, and their invaluable accompaniment, 'Old Bourbon whiskey,' greeted the nasal organs of the weary hunter and miner. With a parting sigh to the bottles, we passed on to the boat—and washed down our regrets with a copious draught of PURE MOUNTAIN WATER, in which Oregon abounds."

"Friday morning we took an early start for Umpqua City, which we reached about 2 p. m., came to anchor and discharged cargo."

"Soon after, the canoes began to put off from the shore; a large deputation of Indians came on board to inspect our vessel and cargo."

"Sallie was much frightened at their appearance, and wished the captain to turn about and go back, but they were harmless, their visit being a friendly one."

"The cook purchased a bushel of fish from them, for six small biscuits and some old salt junk. We had a feast on them while they lasted."

"The ship contains one decent house, three shanties, and some 50 Indian huts."

"Saturday morning we went on board the little steamer Excelsior, bound for Scottsburg, 26 miles distant. Sailed about 10 a. m., passed the FLOURISHING cities of Gardiner and Providence, each containing one house, a barn and a pig pen."

"The river is narrow and very crooked, and the mountains rise abruptly from the shore, on each side, to the distance of several hundred feet."

"We had a pleasant sail up, and arrived at our destination about 3:30 p. m. Took quarters at the Scottsburg House, and soon after sat down to a substantial dinner of bear meat, new potatoes, fresh bread, butter, pies and cake."

"It was quite a change from our ship fare, and we did justice to the occasion."

"Found some very pleasant families here. The city stands upon a narrow level, about an eighth of a mile in width and three-quarters of a mile in length; contains some 20 buildings, hotel, stores and dwellings."

"It was quite a trading post a few years since, and large quantities of goods were packed here for the mines—but since that the trade has been directed to the interior, and Deer Creek, Winchester and Jacksonville contest for the spoils. (Deer Creek was the original name of Roseburg.)"

"Remained here four days. Wednesday evening Mr. Flint arrived with horses for our convenience."

"Thursday morning we bade our kind friends goodbye and took our departure for the promised land."

land. Found the first few miles of travel rather tiresome, but soon got accustomed to it."

"The hills, mountains and prairies tried Sallie's nerves severely. After traveling some 20 miles, we took shelter with a Mr. Kellogg for the night; sat down to a good substantial supper about 8 p. m., and soon after retired. . . . After breakfast we mounted our horses with easy limbs."

"Mr. Kellogg very considerably made no charge for our stay. . . . His family consisted of wife, two daughters and four hired men. . . . We made them a kind good morning and rode on."

"After a ride of some three or four miles, we halted at a small grove in the woods, to take rest and a little refreshments. Remained about an hour, then mounted once more and proceeded on."

"Took a lunch with Mr. Stevens, and about 5 p. m. arrived at Collins Place. Our ride was pleasant but tedious—it being some 20 years since we had mounted a horse. However, we accomplished the journey without accidents, or being taken by the Indians; very much to Sallie's regret. I presume."

Sallie was the wife of Mr. Fenner, mother of Arthur Fenner, and Alice was their daughter, sister of Arthur. Alice was called Allie at one place in the diary."

Collins Place was, the writer believes, the donation land claim home of A. R. Flint, near old Winchester, which pioneer town stood on the south side of the North Umpqua river where the Pacific highway bridge stands now."

Samuel Collins of Collinsville, Conn., who in those times was a famous maker of axes, had been an employer and great friend of A. R. Flint, who named his son for him—the well known "Collie" Flint of old days in Douglas county; surveyor like his father, co-founder of Roseburg's first bank, etc. He was the first husband of Mrs. Marie Flint McCall of Salem, for a long time lecturer of the Oregon state grange, etc., in her young womanhood the sweet singer of southern Oregon. (Continued tomorrow.)

A GOOD WOMAN GONE

The passing of Mae Boise Lauterman leaves a lonesome place in the hearts of a large circle in Salem, Oregon and elsewhere. She was the last of the second generation of a pioneer family that left its impress for good and high endeavor on this state—on both her father's and her mother's side. She was the youngest daughter of Judge Reuben P. Boise, who for 40 years served on Oregon circuit and supreme court benches, and aided in giving a high character, and one of pioneering, in precedents established in our courts, radiating clear influences of sanity and common sense throughout the whole nation, and beyond. As a member of the convention that framed the Oregon constitution, too, he placed this state in the forefront of idealism that passing generations will be long in living up to. And he sat on the first boards of several pioneer Oregon colleges. Mae Boise, worthy daughter of a worthy sire, graduated in the classes of both 1897 (academy) and 1899 of Willamette university, and she, like her father, served on that institution's board of trustees; was active, and on an important governing committee, at the time of her passing. Also, she was diligent on the boards of the Woman's club, the American Association of University Women, and the Y.W.C.A. In short, she was public spirited; true to the traditions of her birth and environment. And she was a friend of all. When her call came, like a philosopher she was, though she loved life and its opportunities for friendly service, she responded like one lying down to pleasant dreams, or one looking forward to a joyous journey. (Continued to Page 5)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

RECENT STUDY of food and food chemistry has given us a better understanding of what the things we eat really do to our bodies. The most important single part in promoting and maintaining health is played by the mineral elements.

Some of the important minerals essential to health are lime, phosphorus, iron, magnesium, potassium, silica, iodine, sulphur and soda. We get these in our food, chiefly from fruits, vegetables, meat, milk and cereals.

Minerals are absolutely indispensable to the body. When they are lacking in the diet the body does not develop properly, growth is checked, the bones become soft and mental development is retarded.

During pregnancy the various minerals must be had to supply the needs of the growing child as well as of the mother. Kindly nature has so planned the mother's body that it stores up minerals in her blood.

Iron Important Salt

One of the most important of all mineral salts is iron. For many years iron "tonics" were given to "run-down" individuals. In the spring of the year all members of the family were given these to prevent "spring fever." Today we know that the best way to obtain iron is from natural foods.

Many mothers believe that spinach is the only food rich in this mineral and serve it to the exclusion of other things. As a matter of fact, many foods contain an abundance of iron. It is found in generous amounts in lettuce, cabbage, string beans, peas, liver, egg yolk, milk, beef, molasses and oysters.

Iron is the basis of "hemoglobin" formation in the blood. This is the coloring material of that precious fluid. The life of the red blood cells is very brief. Therefore they must be replaced constantly. Since no iron is stored in the body, it must be

"What Next Must I Do?"



"THE SNOW LEOPARD"

By Chris Hawthorne

As Dick Bannister, young explorer, emerges from the exclusive Park Avenue residence hotel of his brother, Hod, the body of a man is seen struggling through the next doorway by a snow leopard robe. The man, obviously a servant, had fallen about twenty stories. Shortly after, Dick notices a beautiful girl, standing in the doorway, order her chow to bring the robe to her. Dick's aide, "Bully," fights with the chow for possession of it. When the girl finally retrieves it—in pieces—she hastily runs her fingers over it and exclaims: "The clasp and girdle—gone!" Never had Dick been so attracted by any girl. She is Karen Sire, daughter of the multi-millionaire, Maurice Sire. The police summoned Dick to the Sire apartment as a witness. Detective Captain Boyle claims the dead man, a Filipino, was murdered—stabbed in the back. Karen was the only other person in the room when he fell. Maurice Sire telephones that he is flying up from Washington, D. C. Leaving Detective "One-Armed" Toole (who really has two perfectly good arms) on duty, Boyle goes out. When the detective isn't looking, Dick calls Karen's attention to blood in the aquarium. Without a sign of emotion, she invites Toole to have a drink in the next room. While the officer is gone, Dick plunges his arms into the aquarium and draws forth a stiletto, which he thrusts into his pocket. Shortly after, Boyle returns with a policeman and orders Karen searched. The girl slips over to Dick. He feels a tug at his pocket—the stiletto is gone! With the certainty of being searched within a few minutes, Karen had deliberately relieved him of the weapon. Dick is stunned when nothing is found on Karen. Boyle leaves. Then "One-Armed" Toole compliments Karen and Dick on their smooth escape. He had seen everything and felt Karen drop the dagger into his—Toole's pocket before being searched but had remained silent for, like Dick, he has a hunch that Karen is innocent.

CHAPTER V
Bannister did not intend to permit the detective to jolly him along, nor yet to cajole the girl into a flood of speech that might illuminate much that was dark. "I'm going to advise Miss Sire to make no statement until she sees an attorney," he said.
Miss Sire had been listening quietly. "Suppose you tell us what you intend to do, Mr. One-Armed Toole," she said.
The detective's left hand shot out and clutched his right arm. With a grin, he walked over to the aquarium and dropped the stiletto back into the water. "Now," he said cheerfully, "the case stands just as it did before our young friend here wet his coat sleeve. Matt Boyle will be back again but he won't see anything; that stiff couldn't spot a daughtin' in a cup of coffee."
Toole was gazing into the aquarium as he spoke. "So I'm One-Armed Toole, eh?" he muttered, his good humor falling away.
Bannister and Miss Sire waited eagerly for his next words. The detective's persistent reference to himself as "One-Armed" Toole had intrigued them; his two muscular hands were open now and he was slapping them together in a kind of bitter triumph. But no answer to the riddle came. Toole picked up the bits of fur which Bannister had thrown upon the table. "Where's the buckle and belt?" he demanded.
"How did you know about them—the clasp and girdle?" the girl asked faintly.
"Either of you ever heard of the Whippie Syndicate?" Toole parried. Karen shook her head. "What's their line?" Bannister asked.
"Their line," Toole answered, "is great-great larceny. The Whippie Syndicate . . . they're supposed to be promoters . . . is out to get this snow leopard robe and the jewels attached to it. They didn't get the robe—did they get the other stuff?"
"The clasp and girdle are gone," Karen answered.
"Rather smart pickings for the gigantic Whippie Syndicate," Bannister remarked.
"Not so small as you think," Toole retorted.
"What, or what, are the Whippies?" Karen asked.
"Oh, just a pair of international crooks—Big Jeff Whippie and his near-wife, Brenda. You can help

me a lot, young lady, by telling me what you know about the leopard robe and the clasp and girdle."
"No harm in that," Bannister said.
"I won't!" Karen replied decisively, "until he tells us why he calls himself 'One-Armed' Toole."
"Matt Boyle hung that name on he," Toole answered sourly. "About a year ago I made the crack that if I ever collared the Whippies I'd lose my right arm before they got away. Well, I collared Jeff, all right, but he got away without doing me any more harm than jamming my derby down over my ears. I've been One-Armed Toole ever since around headquarters. And Matt made a nasty crack about me buying a house out in the Bronx two weeks after Whippie got away."

(To Be Continued)