

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Threats from OARP

DR. TOWNSEND shakes a warning figure at President Roosevelt. FDR is "all through" according to the author of OARP. The retired physician says that Roosevelt's chances of reelection are getting slimmer every minute.

That prediction is based on the alleged control of thirty or forty million votes by the Townsend clubs. This control is presumed to be so tight that the clubs can be delivered in a bloc. If any such condition exists then Roosevelt is all through, because around 20,000,000 votes control the election.

We question the prediction of Dr. Townsend. He assumes that his plan will be the sole dividing issue in 1936. That will not be the case. There will be many other issues—taxation, the constitution, easy spending, etc. Besides issues there will be personalities. You cannot beat Roosevelt with a straw man. He will have to be a person of pronounced individual strength and capacity, with strong personal appeal. The voting will not be between Roosevelt and OARP but between Roosevelt and some other candidate. Unless Dr. Townsend has a real man to run in the opposition he will be all fuddled when the campaign gets going.

The threat of boycott of those who fail to sign on the dotted line is more real however; because in local elections a minority group can swing the balance of votes oftentimes. There will be plenty of candidates who will profess belief in the Townsend plan to be elected to county office or city office or state office merely to capture the bloc of votes in the Townsend clubs. Most of these candidates will be political hypocrites using that movement as a device to climb into office.

Calm-thinking voters should refuse to be stampeded into voting for persons for administrative offices which have nothing to do with such questions as old age pensions.

Pledging the Future

LIEF FINSETH of Dallas and Willard Marks of Albany protested against the building program of the state board of higher education of which they are members, a program calling for \$530,000 for three buildings. One is a new physical education plant at the state university, another an administration building at Monmouth normal, another a girls' dormitory at LaGrande. The objection of these members of the board was to pledging for a term of 25 to 30 years ahead the building fees collected from students.

"What are we going to do in case of an emergency," asked Finseth. "What if we lose some of our present buildings by fire?"

Through the bait of PWA money the country has gone building-drunk. We are trying to compress into a short space of time the construction work needed for a decade—or more. It becomes a veritable hysteria. And the inevitable consequence will be to accumulate future idleness. If we rush through with vast building programs now then a lull will follow with fresh depression, fresh groans from those who must bear the burdens in depression years of paying for the work that has been done.

Communities should plan their building needs more sanely—spread them along over a long term of years. Buildings are like roads, never finished. Instead of telescoping the jobs within a short period of time they should be undertaken as needed and as the taxing unit is able to finance them comfortably.

Marks and Finseth at least kept their feet on the ground.

Compounding the Error

THE state board of higher education compounds its error when it declares the retirement pay recently voted to the former chancellor, Dr. W. J. Kerr is not a pension but compensation for services to be rendered. It thus adds concealment and deception to what is the real purpose of the grant. The leading apologists for the compensation have emphasized the long and able services of Dr. Kerr as justification for the payment; and that is what a pension is. If the board had stated that for a specific term of months or a year the chancellor would be "on call," then its explanation would be credited. But if by the end of six months or a year the new chancellor is not able to direct the affairs of the higher educational system alone then he should retire and give the job back to Dr. Kerr. In other words the state board by making an indefinite term makes the compensation a pension.

It is understood that the board has no authority to pay pensions, so it must camouflage its actions by giving the appearance of employment. This is not honest. In our opinion the board discredits itself when it tries to get around the law in this way.

The issue is not one of the quality of the service which has been rendered but of the powers of the board under the law, and of the wisdom of singling out particular individuals for pension.

Dealings with PWA

THE school board gets its first taste of PWA methods of doing business and as a result ups its bond demands by \$50,000. This is just the beginning. By the time the plans are finished and submitted and approved and bids called for the board will find it will have to start chiseling away on its plans to bring them within the funds available. That was the experience with the Corvallis high school. It has been the experience with the university library. Klamath Falls has a similar experience with its armory.

Meantime there is no answer to the question what disposition will be made of the present high school plant. Here is a building the oldest part of which is only 30 years old and the newer portion only 12 years old. It is not properly located for a grade school. What is to be done with it?

Or is Salem rich enough to abandon its high school?

A case worker for the relief administration in a Washington city told us this one. In one family on her list there were ten children and the parents were having difficulty getting them all bedded. So the case worker made out a list where each child should sleep. A few days later the parent showed up and reported they had lost the list, and would she please make up another. Great country, where the government has to tell the parents where the kids are to sleep, who with which.

At Hammond, on the lower Columbia a firebug has been at work. Several incendiary fires were discovered and put out before much damage was done. Credit is due the vigilance of a small house dog whose barkings aroused his mistress to investigate. She found one fire and later another. The dog is more kindly to humans than the arsonist. But then some dogs get more food and attention than some men do.

Hollywood reports a film actress, Claudette Colbert, has obtained a "Mexican divorce decree". Except for the charges this is about as simple a procedure as getting a divorce in Russia which requires merely going to the registry office and signing away one's spouse. The loose morals of the film colony offend public decency and account for part of the popular resentment against many of the movies.

What will Sen. Borah do now that his colleague, Sen. Pope, sounds off on foreign affairs? That used to be Borah's particular province, and he could speak with a great deal more wisdom as a rule than his junior Idahoan.

Exempt trucks from blame for the deaths of Queen Astrid and Mrs. Harold L. Ickes.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

NEED SUPER HIGHWAY

To the Editor:
It is the opinion of one Salem family that a super-highway between Salem and Portland would have been appreciated by motorists in the evening of Labor day. This family in a V-8 Ford left Oregon City at 7:30 in the evening, arriving in Salem at 8:30. They counted cars, stages and trucks met between the south city limits of Oregon City and the 50-mile post near the north city limits of Salem. In all 950 were counted and all traveling north. No parked cars were counted. The longest string of cars real close together numbered 27. Most drivers stayed well away from the center stripe but as always a few were in a hurry and would try to get ahead. Some trucks and slow-traveling south bound cars stayed well out on the gravel, almost off the pavement.

Many Vacancies Are Allotted to Recruiting Area

The Salem army recruiting station yesterday received notice that 90 vacancies had been allotted to this recruiting area, Sergeant Lee B. Mable, in charge of the local station, announced. All of the vacancies are in Hawaiian Islands units, as follows: Infantry, 50; field artillery, five; coast artillery, 25; engineers, five, and medical corps, five.

Twenty Years Ago

September 4, 1915
DeWolf Hopper, comic opera star, has entered the movies at a salary of \$125,000 a year.

Emperor Yoshihito of Japan will preside at the through the public coronation ceremony in November, the first ever to be viewed by the people's representatives.

The new public market on Ferry street near Liberty will be open again today.

Ten Years Ago

September 4, 1925
Hope diminished today that Commander John Rodgers and the four aviators of the missing navy seaplane PN-3 No. 1 would be rescued. They hopped off for Hawaii two days ago.

Three machines are in operation at the Miles Linen mill.

The Grand theatre is being repaired and will be opened under Heilig management September 2.

Daily Health Talks

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

PERITONITIS is a dreaded complication of appendicitis. It may follow other disturbances within the abdomen, including rupture of the gall bladder, stomach or intestine. It is a serious condition, requiring the greatest skill to save the patient's life.

The peritonium is a fine and delicate membrane which lines the abdominal cavity. It enfolds the different organs found within the abdomen. It serves as a protective covering, and lubricates the abdominal cavity so that the various organs may freely move. As its name implies, "peritonitis" is an inflammation of the peritonium.

In cases of neglected appendicitis, the pus and bacteria from the diseased appendix may break through into the abdominal cavity and infect the peritonium. In every case the outcome depends upon the type of bacteria present and the fighting powers of the afflicted individual.

Delay Causes Complications
The victim of this dangerous complication complains of extreme pain, tenderness and stiffness of the abdominal muscles. He appears extremely ill and suffers from nausea and vomiting. As a rule there is a high fever.

To prevent the spread of the infection it is necessary to obtain drainage of the pus. This may require an incision being made in the abdomen or enlarging the original incision.

To increase the resistance of the body against infection large amounts of fluid are given. The pain is controlled by the administration of opiates.

Thousands and thousands of surgical operations are performed daily throughout the country. When the diseased organ is removed and the operation is performed before the pus has been allowed to escape into the abdomen, there is little danger of peritonitis. In most instances it can be traced to delay in obtaining the necessary surgical treatment.

Avoid Home Remedies
Too often the sufferer from abdominal pain resorts to home remedies. Delay of this sort is dangerous. It is a common cause for "ruptured appendicitis," and frequently a shortcut to peritonitis.

If peritonitis has already set in op-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Chief Chenoweth's granddaughter says he was innocent; Sheridan said guilty; had strong proof.

(Concluding from yesterday.) Resuming the Sheridan text: "Their non arrival aroused in me suspicions of foul play, so with all the men I could spare, and accompanied by Lieut. William T. Welcker of the ordnance corps—a warm and intimate friend—I went in search of the family. . . . The search was continued between the base of the mountain and the river without finding any sign of Spencer's family until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we discovered them between the upper and lower landing, in a small open space about a mile from the road, all dead—strangled to death with bits of rope.

"The party consisted of the mother, two youths, three girls, and a baby.

"They had all been killed by white men, who had probably met the innocent creatures somewhere between the block-house driven them from the road into the timber, where the cruel murders were committed without provocation, and for no other purpose than the gratification of the inordinate hatred of the Indians that has often existed on the frontier, and which on more than one occasion has failed to distinguish friend from foe.

"The bodies lay in a semicircle, and the bits of rope with which the poor wretches had been strangled to death were still around their necks.

"Each piece of rope—the unwound strand of a heavier piece—was about two feet long, and encircled the neck of its victim with a single knot, that must have been drawn tight by the murderers pulling at the ends.

"As there had not been quite enough rope to answer for all, the babe was strangled by means of a red silk handkerchief, taken, I doubtless, from the neck of its mother.

"It was a most distressing sight. A most cruel outrage had been committed upon unarmed people—our friends and allies—in a spot where almost every man, woman and child were citizens living near the middle block-house, whose wives and children had been killed a few days before by the hostilities, but who well knew that these unoffending creatures had nothing to do with those murders.

"In my experience I have been obliged to look upon many cruel scenes in connection with Indian warfare on the plains since that day, but the effect of this dastardly and revolting crime has had an effect upon my memory. Greater and more atrocious massacres have been committed often by Indians; their savage nature modifies one's ideas, however, as to the inhumanity of their acts, but when such wholesale murder is committed upon the innocent, and the victims not only innocent, but helpless, no defense can be made for those who perpetrated the crime, if they claim to be civilized beings.

"It is true that the people of the Cascades had suffered much, and that their wives and children

had been murdered before their eyes, but to wreak vengeance on Spencer's unoffending family, who had walked into their settlement under the protection of a friendly alliance, was an unparalleled outrage which NOTHING CAN JUSTIFY OR EXTENUATE. With as little delay as possible after the horrible discovery, I returned to camp, had boxes made, and next day buried the bodies of these hapless victims of misdirected vengeance."

Sheridan and his command remained at the Cascades for a short time, and in that period General Wool came from San Francisco U. S. army headquarters on a personal inspection trip. He talked with Sheridan at the Cascades.

Two things happened from this contact in the course of events had a bearing upon Oregon and world history.

First, General Wool was so pleased with what the young second lieutenant had done there, that he reported his four complimentary mention in general orders. This was carried out in "General Orders No. 14" from the headquarters of the U. S. Army, New York, Nov. 13, 1857, mentioning the whole episode at the Cascades, and concluding in a paragraph saying: "Second Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan, Fourth Infantry, is especially mentioned for gallantry." This was by command of Brevet Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, then in charge.

Second, General Wool sent Sheridan to take charge of the Coast reservation of Oregon, then being established, with headquarters at Fort Yamhill and Hoskins, and jurisdiction extending to Siletz and Yaquina bays and north and south along the Pacific ocean shores.

Sheridan started with his command from Fort Vancouver April 21, 1856, arriving at the site of Fort Yamhill April 25.

He relieved Lieut. Wm. B. Hazen, and himself took sole charge. Hazen rose in the civil war to the rank of brigadier general and chief signal officer of the United States Army.

In July, 1856, Capt. David A. Russell, also of the Fourth Infantry, came to the chief command. A reader of this column know, Sheridan in all his service in Oregon, until the breaking out of the Civil war, was given no promotion. Though he performed such duties as are commonly assigned to captains, majors, brigadier generals and general quartermasters, he remained a second lieutenant. But his service here was training him for a great future; preparing him for a sore need in his country's days of peril.

Readers of this column recall that, after having finally received his orders to go east, for which he long had hoped, about Sept. 1, 1861, he met Hon. A. Bush in Salem. Bush was then owner and editor of The Statesman, which he had just purchased.

Sheridan told Mr. Bush of the welcome news, and he said he believed he would have a chance for promotion; though he might become a captain, if the war lasted long enough.

August 1, 1864, less than three years after leaving Oregon, as a major general, he was changed from the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, having become the world's greatest leader in that line up to his time, and ordered to the Shenandoah valley.

There he was given the task of cleaning up that valley, where on four occasions in three years the Confederates had defeated the Union armies, and from which direction, from the war's opening day, had been the greatest menace to the capital of the nation itself.

The man from Oregon who never knew defeat made good; justified the faith and trust of General Grant and President Lincoln; saved Lincoln from danger of defeat for a second term; heartened the lagging spirits of all the northern armies.

That major task finished, Sheridan worked hand in hand with Grant in bringing the war of secession to a close.

At the battle of Opequon in the Shenandoah valley, Sept. 19, 1864, Major General Sheridan, in the presence of the late Brevet Major General D. A. Russell's division of the Sixth army corps held in reserve until it was needed to restore the Union lines and drive back the Confederate forces of General Jubal Early, and, at the supreme moment, the word was given by Sheridan to Russell, and obeyed to the letter with dash and spirit—and was successful, though in the charge Russell lost his life.

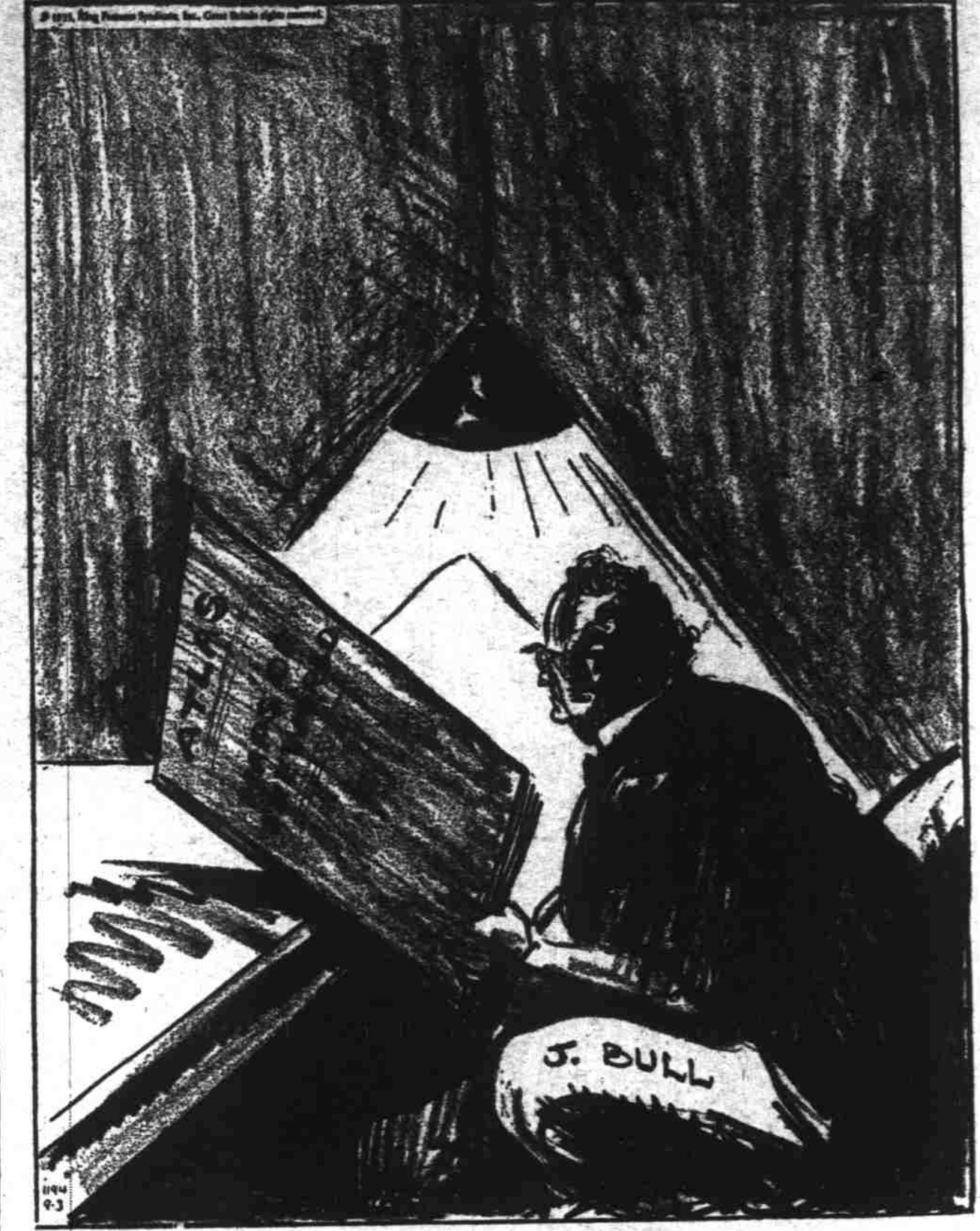
Sheridan wrote in his Memoirs that Russell was "killed by a pistol ball in the head" through his heart, although he had previously been struck by a bullet in the left breast, which wound, from its nature, must have proved mortal, yet of which he had not spoken."

Brave man. The father of the Bits man knew well Sheridan and Russell. The family home was in Cooper Hollow, Polk county, which they often passed. A brother of the Bits man was named for David Allan Russell, born after the epochal and pivotal battle of Opequon.

Some additional facts concerning what may be termed the providential coming of Sheridan to the Shenandoah valley, and leading the Union forces in his nation's time of sore need, will be given in this column at a near future date.

(NOTE: This is the 31st state fair, not the 74th. Read this column tomorrow.)

"Ethiopia—Ethiopia—now let me see—"



"CAST INTO EDEN" By HENRY C. ROWLAND

SYNOPSIS
Jerome Crain, young ship-builder, and a lovely society girl, named Linda, escape in a skiff from a yacht held in quarantine off San Francisco. Jerome and Linda dislike each other; but, nevertheless, are willing to risk being mutually bored rather than endure an indefinite stay aboard ship. From the moment they land on a strange island, queer happenings occur. Their boat is set adrift, their clothing stolen; yet there is no other sign of a living human, except periodic cries from the jungle. Exploring, they come upon a small plantation and house having every appearance of being well tended but vacant. They find some priceless Spanish chests, a heavy whip, plenty of food, but no clothing. Suddenly a bell starts clanging and again weird screams are heard. Darkness falls and still no one arrives. Dosing on the porch, Jerry awakens with the creepy impression that something had brushed his face. Soon Linda shrieks—her slip had been torn off her by unseen hands in the dark. Terrified, Jerome and Linda lock themselves in the house. Next morning, Jerry finds Linda's shoes hanging from the limb of a tree, the laces knotted—evidently the prank of some mischievous youngster. Later, they locate a decaying monastery and the bell heard the previous night. Attached to its clapper is one of Jerry's shoes. No human could have reached the clapper and no monkey had the strength to jam the shoe on it. . . . As time goes on, Jerry and Linda grow used to their care for one another. Their exchange of confidences is interrupted by a thumping sound outside.

CHAPTER XII
Jerome went to a window and tried to peer out through the slanting jalousies. It was too dark to see anything at all even if the room had not been lighted. There was no moon and the heavy shade cast out the radiance of the tropic sky.

"Then they smelled a curious musky odor and heard a rustle that diminished. The creature was moving away as silently as a wild elephant is said to move in a thick jungle.

"That pet seems to object to our living in the master's house."
"Could it have been an elephant?"
"No. That wasn't an elephant's trumpeting."
"That sounds more like the name for it, blowing through a big thick horn. Maybe this hermit has a private zoo here."

"That's an idea. We're getting warm."
"It was rather like a bull stamping its hoof on hard turf."
"Jerome thought of the queer musky smell that certainly was not bovine, but said nothing."
They had risen a little after dawn and were both tired. Linda looked into the dark bare bedroom and shook her head. "I'm not going to sleep in there alone. Something might come pouncing through the window."

"I'll drag the settee across the window. If any specimen in this zoo sticks in its head I'll whale at it with the oar."
"The settee is too short. You are going to sleep on that bed beside me. Like a nice zoo crocodile."
"The trouble is you're not a crocodile."
"Then I'll pretend to be one. It

was bad enough last night when we thought we were up against nothing worse than native idiots. That thing that belloyed may have been a buffalo, but it sounded like an oar to me."
He said ironically: "Night before last you couldn't bear the prospect of having me aboard the same big yacht with you, and now you insist on having me in the same house. This voyage is broadening your views."

"Yes," she admitted, "if being scared to death is broadening. If we were wrecked on an iceberg I'd want the same sleeping arrangement, but it wouldn't be from a warmer feeling for you."
"No," he admitted. "I quite understand all that. We can lie there side by side and go through the full list of the other's failings—such as if we had been married a few years too long."
"You're quick to catch an idea, Jerry. That saves me any possible bashfulness about the arrangement. Not that there's room for it when I'm waiting for some fresh humor to be sprung."
"All right, then," he agreed. "Let's turn in. If anything disturbs your slumber just sock me in the jaw."

"Don't worry. I'll do that thing . . . if it comes from you."
"No fear. I'll be a crocodile on you. That romantic Tommy got us on his yacht, hoping we'd hit it off with each other. We would—with axes!"
She observed coolly, "It's different on this horrible island with its varied samples of movie shocks. All the way from little devils to big dinosaurs. Aboard the yacht I felt like shrieking if you came near me; and here I'd shriek to heaven if you got twenty feet away."

"A good place for a quarrelsome couple to spend a honeymoon," Jerome said.
"If they kept their sanity," she agreed.
"Does it if we had a change of heart it couldn't get us anywhere. I'm a fat fire financially, and you've got to marry rather more than a mere good provider, or—"
She interrupted, "Or join the Navy, and see the way we get on."

"The Navy's due to disarm. There's no longer a plutocracy to make the world safe for. Still, there are a few blighters with brains, and you'd better go to find one and pick it with care."
"Got to get out of here first. Oh well . . ." she yawned. "Let's turn in. That crack about adversity making strange bed-fellows was right. The Galathea are coming."
They went into the forbidding bedroom and stretched out on the cheerless cane-bottomed bed. "If some fortune-teller had told me anything like this was going to happen," Linda said as she rested her cheek on her arm. "I'd have reported it to the police. . . ."
"And the police to the coroner," Jerome interrupted.
"I'm glad you appreciate the danger, Jerry."
"Enough to stay awake all night, for fear that I might throw my arm over you in my sleep."
"Whatever you do, don't sneak away, or you'll have on your hands a mad platinum blonde instead of a sore red one."
"I'll stick, so keep still and go to sleep. . . listen!"
There was a rustling slithering sound outside the window. It was followed by a muffled rippling as if the fingers of a hand were being run

lightly down the slanting wooden jalousies.
Linda stifled back a shriek and clasped Jerome. They lay breathless and listening. He gripped the oar-butt and started to rise.
"Keep still . . ." she whispered. "Don't budge. . . ."
The faint sounds subsided. Jerome heard the rustle of something that moved away as if in light bounds. There came a distant crackling of the stiff tropic foliage.
"It's gone," he muttered. "A deer, probably. Go to sleep. Everything's going to be all right."
"Daddy's here, daddy," she said mockingly. "This friendly deer ran his hand down the shutters, then bounced off like a kangaroo."
"Why not? Kangaroos are chummy and have hands and bounce."
"In Australia."
Linda relaxed her clasp of him. "There's another idea. This island may be a sort of menagerie depot for imported animals."
"Something like that. Harmless ones than can get along here on their own. This man may collect them for the circus market."
"Then you don't think it's a crazy colony?"
"No. His books are the best guide, and they're all about natural sciences. Not a medical volume in the lot, nor any on mental diseases."
"Then these pranks were done by monkeys?" she asked.
"Looks that way. Chimpanzees." "Why those?"
"From the tracks I noticed where I found your shoes hanging from a palm-leaf stem. I took them to be made by native youngsters who were romping about, turning cartwheels and standing on their heads. I think now they were the prints of some good sized ape's foot. Probably a chimp."
"And they set the boat adrift?"
"Not exactly. The grapple was new, bright, galvanized iron, and they'd love that. The line was bent to it by an anchor hitch and they took it out. The tide was coming already when I started down the beach to look for you, and the trade wind started it."
"So the boat was merely floated off and drifted out," Linda said disgustedly. "And a band of silly apes stole our clothes and scared us stiff by whooping from the jungle."
"And thumping the old bell with my shoe." He reflected for an instant. "One of them must have hung on to the beam while another climbed down him and jammed the shoe on to the bell tongue."
"That thumping belonging thing was probably a friendly old howler baboon of a different sort," Linda said.
"Very likely. If there was anything to fear these windows would be barred."
Now that her dread had been set aside, she snuggled a little. "That beer whip has taught them to keep off the grass and not to pluck the fruit and flowers."
"Yes, but now that Teacher's gone, they're snuggles a little."
She roused enough to say, "It looks as if Teacher's the worst bet on this island, Jerry. The most dangerous brute of the lot."
"That's possible too." Jerome shifted his position a little. Linda clucked his arm.
"All the same . . . you . . . you stay right . . . where . . . you are. . . ."
She muttered, and fell asleep. Almost immediately Jerome did likewise. An armful of exhaustion had been tacitly declared.
(To Be Continued)

Sweepstakes in Honey Division Won by Thomas
Sweepstakes award in the honey and bee division at the state fair yesterday went to W. E. Thomas, of John Day, and L. J. Daine, Portland, took second place. The two finished in the same order for sweepstakes and largest and most attractive display of apian products exhibited by individual beekeepers.
Mrs. Blanche Dame, Portland, won first prize for the best general exhibit in pastries and fruit canned with honey, and Mrs. Joe Rogers, Independence, took second in the same division.
Final awards in the cheese division were made yesterday, and David McDaniel, Tillamook, took first place with a score of 93.5 points. Norman Christiansen, Tillamook, was second with 92.5 points. Other winners were Frank Redberg, Clervaldale, and Charles P. Zumwalt, Coquille.

Postal Receipts For Year Higher
Postal receipts in Salem gained \$20,415.35 in the first eight months of this year over the corresponding period a year ago. Postmaster Henry R. Crawford announced yesterday. The 1935 receipts totaled \$176,154.07.
August, 1935, receipts amounted to \$21,717.39 as against \$17,411.82 for August last year.