

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. From First Statesman, March 25, 1851

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor Member of the Associated Press

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Social Security

IN HIS call for a special session Governor Martin urged that the legislature confine its attention to the matter of rebuilding the state capitol and making the state social security program conform to the national program.

In many respects the social security act which congress passed might be called social insecurity. We do not see how it can help but result in transfer of heavy costs to employed labor.

From many sides the federal act is criticized as a half-baked scheme, a political face-saver for the administration, a gold brick for the impoverished.

It is unfortunate that nominal party loyalty or political pressure forces Gov. Martin to include this in his session agenda.

Airplane Crashes

AIRPLANE crashes receive publicity out of proportion to similar disasters in other branches of transportation.

This is natural because people still have the notion that flying is ultra-hazardous. A bus or train wreck with several killed would have local prominence; but the crashing of a big plane with some fatalities gets scareheads from coast to coast.

The Wyoming crash is a real tragedy, and one with seemingly so little necessity, because flying conditions were reported good and the ship was on its correct course.

All of these cases are regrettable. They will not stop aviation, nor should they; but they should force closer attention to prevention of accidents by conservative piloting and by rigid standards of inspection of mechanical condition of planes.

Interlude

AT present the Willamette valley is enjoying the closest imitation to the real midwest Indian summer that it ever does.

We miss the frost here; but we have the mellow, warm afternoons and the fresh, crisp evenings. Against the green of the conifers the yellow of turning maple leaves, the red of sumac and the dull brown of the oaks signal the dying of their season.

It is the delicious interlude between summer and winter, the pause between seasons where the weather is more extreme. Once more the earth has yielded its seasonal fruits in abundance; and again prepares to bare itself to the fertilizing rains.

Take an afternoon or evening off and visit the Pacific International livestock exposition in Portland. It's a great show, one of the greatest in the country.

It was a sad accident which threw the four members of the Siegmund family into the hospital and ended with the death of one, Louis K.

Premier Baldwin says "We cannot... refuse to play our part in the continent in which the hand of God has placed us."

"If you can tell me where I'll be next week you know more than I do," is what Mrs. Roosevelt told reporters at Fort Worth.

Pres. Roosevelt warns Americans against traveling on any vessels of Italy or Ethiopia. This is quite a one-sided proclamation.

Getting about time for the stories of children with right hands cut off, or females with a breast missing. The propaganda machine has its duty the same as burial squads.

Italy has avenged the defeat of 1894 by capturing Aduwa. No doubt many Ethiopians are imitating black-face Amos and crying "awa, awa, awa."

"A Portentous Hour" is heading for a solemn editorial on the war. The misspelling however gives it a ludicrous effect.

Reception Staged For All Teachers

TURNER, Oct. 7.—The annual reception for the public school teachers sponsored by the W.C.T.U. was held Friday night at the school auditorium, with attendance of 230 persons.

Rev. Oswald Jefferson gave a vocal solo with Mrs. May Hadley at the piano; welcome by Mrs. Mitchell, chairman of the school board.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT Copyright 1935, by The Baltimore Sun

The Letter to the Clergy

Washington, Oct. 7. FREQUENTLY a minor incident sheds a more revealing light upon the quality of a public man than can be had from the larger happenings.

It is that while Mr. Roosevelt has been a swing in the country on his political tour, dilating upon the nobility of the new deal and modestly picturing himself as a great humanitarian.

IT is not an important issue and it has its amusing side. None the less, there is a force in the contention that here was shown the real Roosevelt and that it is not altogether funny in that it demonstrates what cannot be more mildly described than as a lack of candor.

AT any rate, it seems the sort of tricky politics which clashes with the traditions of the White House, and a clear repetition of the facts may make it more difficult for politicians in high office to indulge in this particular form of humbug in the future as well as render it less easy for gullible people to swallow when they do.

WELL, to the seasoned and cynical, this plainly seemed politics. It seemed designed to lead the clergyman through the intimate personal letter method. It was essentially the same process as the first name calling of the newspaper men and the repetition of the "You and I, my friends," phrase over the radio.

ALL such notions vanished, however, when two days later, it was reported that Mr. Roosevelt had not written the letter himself at all. He had not even the idea of writing the letter. On the contrary, it was a practically verbatim copy of a letter sent to Wisconsin clergymen months ago by Gov. Philip La Follette, a great friend of Mr. Roosevelt.

WHAT has been revealed is that the presidential personal letter was not a personal letter at all. It was not even a form letter. It was a copy of a form letter sent out by a Wisconsin politician. It was not what it pretended to be. It was as phony as a china egg.

It is sometimes confused with arthritis, rheumatism and neuritis. It is not an infectious disease. It is not caused by a germ or an injury. It is due to something going wrong in the chemistry of the body.

Daily Health Talks

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

I HAVE a friend who collects old prints and caricatures. Among them are ancient English caricatures which picture in laughable manner the appearance of sufferers from gout.

Gout is not an infectious disease. It is not caused by a germ or an injury. It is due to something going wrong in the chemistry of the body.

Estella Black is Summoned Beyond

OAK POINT, Oct. 7.—Ira Estella Black died at her home north of Independence Saturday, Oct. 5, after a brief illness.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When The Statesman was printed on the HI sweat power press:

Fred Lockley filled his column in the Portland Journal of Thursday, October 3, about persons and events of old time Salem. He said:

"Dr. Mark S. Skiff has been a resident of Salem 70 years. His father, Dr. Lansing S. Skiff, went to California in 1849, later moved to Olympia, Wash., and in the summer of 1858 opened his dental office at Salem.

"When I was 6 years old," said Dr. Skiff, "I was sent to the Little Central school, at Salem. By recess time I had had all the school I wanted, so I played hockey. I went down to the bank of the Willamette, at the foot of State street, and played with two half-breed boys. Later, I came uptown and saw my father standing near the foot of the stairway in the Ladd & Bush bank building.

"Miss Maria Smith was my teacher. She lived at the home of the Rev. Plutarch H. Knight. Later, she went to Portland and was one of the proprietors of the Marsh Printing company.

"I decided then and there not to play hockey any more, but that very short. Not long after that, a circus came to Salem and began unloading its paraphernalia and putting up its tent back of where the R. M. Wade hardware store now stands.

"The first real job I had was that of carrier on The Salem Statesman. I also carried a route for the Oregonian at Salem. I handled the entire city and delivered about 25 or 30 papers. Among my customers were the Hon. J. H. Fry, Colonel Napoleon Bonaparte Knight, Tony Nolner, Seth R. Hammer, William P. Lord, George K. Shiel and other well known men of that period.

"The Statesman press for which H. Gorman, colored, furnished the motive power was a much improved machine. It had been only a few years since it represented the highest type machine of its kind on this coast.

"Hunting in Ochoch AIRLIE, Oct. 7.—Robert Harris and his son, Fred, Friday evening for eastern Oregon where they plan to hunt in the Ochoch national forest. Mrs. Cooper is visiting in Beaverton.

"The amount of uric acid in the system is influenced by the food we eat. Certain ones contain elements which combine to make uric acid. When the diet is rich in such foods, normal, there may be an excessive amount of uric acid salts. Among such foods we find meats, meat extracts, bouillon, sweetbreads and kidneys. For the gouty person these must be omitted from the diet.

Answers to Health Queries

A Reader. Q.—Will yeast, diluted in water, clear the complexion? A.—I doubt it. If you have blemishes on the face, improve your general health and watch your diet.

"The second paragraph of the Roosevelt letter to eastern clergymen reads: "Because of the grave responsibilities of my office, I am turning to representative clergymen for counsel and advice, feeling confident that no group can give more accurate or unbiased views."

Roosevelt Letter to Clergy Similar to LaFollette's

(From the New York Times.) KENOSHA, Wis.—Marked similarity between the letter sent by President Roosevelt to clergymen and one sent by Governor LaFollette of Wisconsin to clergymen in this state on March 5 was noted here as a result of a comparison brought about by a Kenosha minister.

"High Calling." The LaFollette letter, which asked Wisconsin ministers to state their views on the relief situation.

"Your high calling brings you into intimate daily contact not only with your parishioners, but with people generally in your community. I am sure also that you see the critical problems of your people with wise and sympathetic understanding."

"The second paragraph of the Roosevelt letter to eastern clergymen reads: "Because of the grave responsibilities of my office, I am turning to representative clergymen for counsel and advice, feeling confident that no group can give more accurate or unbiased views."

"LOVE DENIED"

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SYNOPSIS Stuart Pennington, struggling young artist, loves Sharlene Standing, wealthy society girl, but cannot ask her to marry him and share his poverty. Moreover, he knows Sharlene considers him just her best friend. Julie Devora, Stuart's model, is jealous of the society girl and would give anything for Stuart's love, but she means little to him.

"Stuart has told me how awfully well you look after him," said Sharlene. Julie shrugged. "Somebody's got to do it!" "I suppose he'd forget to eat when he's absorbed in a picture."

"When I first started to carry The Statesman one carrier was able to cover the entire town. I started out at 4 o'clock in the morning, carrying my route on horseback. Frequently, however, on Sundays, my folks used the horse to go somewhere in the buggy, so I would have to cover my route on foot.

"For several years I worked evenings as a janitor in McCauley's barber shop. After that I put in three years as janitor of the Ladd & Bush bank, and was paid weekly. At one time I was official bill poster for Salem, pasting up the announcements of the various shows that came there. For two years Hal and Cooke Patton and I ran Reed's opera house. After I quit Willamette I worked for W. N. Martin, the jeweler, three years. On January 1, 1887, I went to work with my father to learn dentistry."

"The telephone rang and Stuart answered it. It was Mrs. Standing's voice, low, urgent: "Stuart, is Sharlene still there?"

"No, no. There's bad news, Stuart. Bring her home at once but don't frighten her. Just tell her it's a surprise." "I see. You want me, too?" "By all means!"

"You'd better begin at the beginning, mother, and tell me exactly what he said. I seem to be a little vague." She had taken the blow standing. Like a thoroughbred. Not a whimper. Stuart remembered her biting bitterness the last time he was in this house. Her gayety today, up in his little shack... it wasn't as if she hadn't adored the fellow. What was it she had said? "I want to be the grass under his feet..."

"What?" "You?" "Yes, Sharlene?" "No, no. There's bad news, Stuart. Bring her home at once but don't frighten her. Just tell her it's a surprise." "I see. You want me, too?" "By all means!"

Twenty Years Ago

October 8, 1925 Christy Mathewson, known as baseball's "big six", lost his fight against tuberculosis last night and died at 11 p. m.

The thermometer touched 90 twice in the month just past, the weather report shows.

John W. Worthington, the "wolf" of La Salle street at Chicago, files today after evading prison for two years.

Ten Years Ago

October 8, 1925 The engagement of President Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Norman Galt has been announced in Washington, D. C.

James Whitcomb Riley celebrated his birthday yesterday in Indianapolis, Ind.

American harvest this year will be the largest ever produced.

Joe Dennis and Family Visit in Oakdale Area Where He Used to Live

OAKDALE, Oct. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dennis of Salt Lake, Utah, have been visiting at the home of his brother, Leslie Dennis, and family, of this community.

Schoolmates Participate in Birthday Celebration

TURNER, Oct. 7.—Ivetha Stewart was surprised Saturday afternoon upon the arrival of a few schoolmates to help celebrate his seventh birthday. Outdoor games were played and Mrs. R. E. Stewart served refreshments to Wallace, Jr., and Dennis Riches, Charlotte Gaborne, Helen Bailey, Eulene and Billy Bear, Ruby Peterson and Mrs. W. Riches and Mrs. E. C. Bear.

by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

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"Something like 'Sharlene, darling, can you ever, ever forgive me?'"

"I see... And then you said you were Mrs. Standing and—"

"I'm in terrible trouble. I had to mean, for the sake of pity and friendship—old friendship—she was dying and she asked of me. I had to marry her. We all thought it was her deathbed. Then she didn't die. That was the sense of what he said, dear. He said it over and over, wildly, with appeals to me to make you see he had to do it. It was the only thing he could do. He said—in decency."

"Well, he kept saying it was the only sporting thing to do—"

"He certainly did the sporting thing by me!... Well, what else did he say?"

"I am beginning to understand... I am to be kept dangling, then, waiting until this woman dies?"

"That's what I gathered. Or he also said something about having the marriage annulled—if she didn't die pretty soon." There was a long pause.

"It's intolerable!" Sharlene said suddenly, and the color came rushing back into her cheeks. She started to pace up and down the room. Stuart turned and exchanged indignant glances with Mrs. Standing.

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