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Substitutions

CREDIT the can makers with enterprise. Stocks of the can manufacturers—two or three monopolize the whole business—have long been the favorites, with tobaccos, of investment trusts.

Just now the can makers have about taken over the business of oil vending. Formerly a motorist drew up at a gas station and called for a quart or two of oil which was pumped out of a tank into a measure with a pouring spout.

It is more expensive, no doubt. The can-makers sold the oil industry on the idea by pointing out the chances for oil substitution in the bulk method.

Having put oil in the tincans, the makers are now attempting to put beer in tins. Ads are appearing advertising "keg-lined cans" for beer containers.

Another example of shift in common things is the disappearance of the cork. For centuries it was used as a stopper in a glass bottle. Now your medicines, and other liquids come in bottles with a screw top made of composition.

The technocrats will probably cite this as another case of dislocation; and the cork-tree cutters in Spain will be thrown out of employment. But no one seems to worry about it.

Canadian Election

NEXT Monday the Canadians will go to the polls in a national election. The issues are tied up with economics the same as in this country. Canada has had its share of trials, except bank failures, and has done a measure of experimenting.

Alberta in recent provincial elections voted for "social credit" which nobody seems quite able to define and which the new premier is stuttering over before putting it in practice.

The national elections cover the decision as to the party to control the government. Now the control is conservative with R. B. Bennett the premier. Bennett has been introducing an imitation new deal in Canada in hopes of winning popular favor to retain power.

A few months ago Bennett's chances were thought very poor, especially after Ontario and Alberta went radical. A good wheat price may do much however to ameliorate tempers in the prairie provinces, so his chances are thought better than they were.

Canadians follow very closely the political developments in the United States, much more closely than do those on this side of the line the happenings across the border.

"Subsidiary Corporation"

EUGENE papers announce a meeting to be held there to form a Eugene unit of the "American League against War and Fascism." A university professor, a pastor of the Liberal church, and several university students and others join in the call.

Communists see fascism as their mortal enemy; and naturally use every device to oppose its coming. Screening their purpose behind high-sounding titles is a favorite device to trap the unwary; but the leaders of such causes generally know what the true purpose of the organization is.

The Eugene people are at liberty to form their unit if they want to; but their people ought to know what they are getting into. This paper believes in freedom; but not in deception.

Bottle-neck

OREGON CITY is quite excited over fear that the highway commission will not open the bottleneck there and instead divert the funds elsewhere, perhaps ultimately building from Aurora to Wilsonville to connect with the Fourth street highway entrance to Portland.

It isn't just Oregon City's interest which should be served but the interest of those who use the highway. Nature wasn't kind to roadbuilders in putting the rocky bluffs so close to the river bank at Oregon City; and it will take a large expenditure to overcome the obstacles nature has put in the way.

The normal destination of travel on the east side Pacific highway is downtown, west side Portland. The most direct and most practical route is via Wilsonville. There is the best natural crossing. Eventually this will be the super-highway route from Salem to Portland.

Night lighting of highways is predicted as the next development in road improvement. District Engineer Lynch of the federal bureau of public roads says the use of Bonnevillite power to illuminate the Columbia river highway would be an appropriate development.

The Great Game of Politics

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

Borah, the Townsend Hero—Washington, Oct. 8. ONE of the interesting though not important phases of the present republican picture is the boom for Senator Borah.

It is a sentimental, not a serious, affair, chiefly notable for the way it has been used to belaud the real situation by certain politicians anxious to capitalize for themselves his news value, which is large.

HOWEVER, Mr. Borah himself now seems to have definitely settled his own boom. The facts, as yet, appear not to have percolated beyond the borders of his own state, but when they do they are calculated to make those who have been regarding the senator as a factor feel pretty foolish.

He had been warden of the old Bethel lodge of Masons in 1856, the year Phil Sheridan came to what became old Fort Yamhill. He assisted in making George P. Mitchell a Mason in 1865, in Amity lodge, and was a member of Salem Lodge, No. 4, when he died.

He was born March 2, 1831, at Leesburg, Va., attended college there, until 20, then came west, going to Portland, then to Yamhill county, before taking up his residence in Salem, in the early '60s. Mrs. Jackson was for a

IT IS certainly pretty hard to reconcile what has recently happened in Idaho with that conception of him. In brief, he appears to have so far committed himself to the Townsend old-age pension plan that he has become the hero of the Townsend group and is the avowed candidate of Dr. Townsend himself.

Dr. Townsend visited Boise City and was there introduced at a large meeting by Senator Borah. The senator highly praised the doctor and in return the doctor highly praised the senator. Almost simultaneously with the meeting there appeared thousands of stickers in the windows of the town and on the windshields of automobiles bearing the words: "Get the Townsend Plan with Borah." Other stickers say: "Sixteen to One with Borah."

IT IS not easy to believe in both the ability of the senator and the advocates of the Townsend plan. If they are truly able, it is extremely difficult to believe in their sincerity; and if they are sincere, then it is equally hard to believe in their intelligence. One has to make a choice. The news that Mr. Borah had become the Townsend plan candidate came as something of a shock to his friends here.

THE ONLY explanation advanced is that he has become alarmed over the Idaho situation. It is stiffer fight looms there for him in 1936 when he comes up for reelection than he has ever had. Gov. Ben Ross, strongly supported by Mr. Farley, is his aspirant for his seat. Still, it does seem that for Mr. Borah to permit himself to be placarded as a promoter of the Townsend plan is a little too big a price to pay to avoid defeat. At least, it should be.

Twenty Years Ago October 9, 1915 Robert Burns walked the 3640 miles between San Francisco and New York in 86 days. He received \$500 an expenses from his home city, Eureka.

Spring Valley children are enjoying their new schoolhouse. Editorial note: You may attend the world series in front of the Statesman office without cost.

Ten Years Ago October 9, 1925 Capitol camp of Pacific Woodmen entertained guests from all over the Willamette valley and Columbia basin last night.

Congressman and Mrs. W. C. Hawley have gone to Washington, D. C., to attend a meeting of the ways and means committee.

Gilmour is Honored VICTOR POINT, Oct. 8 — M. M. Gilmour was guest of honor at a surprise birthday dinner Thursday night at his home. Covers were placed for the honor guest, Mr. and Mrs. George Lovvett, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mulkey, Miss Henney and the hostess, Mrs. Gilmour.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Two relatives of Stonewall Jackson lived last days here: Looking up the old files of The Statesman, one may find in the issue of September 17, 1919, news of the death of Thomas B. Jackson in Salem the day before.

In his last years he had been a very quiet man, and new times in Salem then heard more of Mrs. Hattie Jackson than of her husband. Excerpts from the news article concerning his passing show that he had been a very active man in his younger years. They follow:

Thomas B. Jackson died at his late residence, 406 North High street (the house still in good repair), the evening of the 16th, aged 88 years. The article went on to say that Mr. Jackson had been acting governor of Oregon when Governor Chadwick was absent from the state during his administration.

It also stated that he was assistant secretary of state under Governor Grover and that when Governor Grover became U. S. senator "he (Jackson) became secretary of state." (Under the Oregon laws, he could not have been either, officially, but he no doubt acted as such, in the cases stated.)

He had been warden of the old Bethel lodge of Masons in 1856, the year Phil Sheridan came to what became old Fort Yamhill. He assisted in making George P. Mitchell a Mason in 1865, in Amity lodge, and was a member of Salem Lodge, No. 4, when he died.

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Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

RECENTLY I TOLD you about backache. It was pointed out that the lady is inclined to regard any pain in the back as "lumbago." Today, I want to describe "sciatica" which often is mistaken for lumbago, neuralgia or some similar disorder. Sciatica is a painful disturbance of the sciatic nerve. This is one of the largest nerve trunks of the body. It starts at the lower part of the spine and continues down the back of the thigh. It divides into two branches at the knee-joint and supplies the muscles of the leg, foot and toes.

When this nerve is irritated, inflamed, or otherwise diseased, the victim suffers excruciating pain. This may be so severe as completely to incapacitate the sufferer for many weeks. At times it is necessary to administer an opiate to give temporary relief. The pain starts in the back and travels along the course of the sciatic nerve. As a rule it is increased by walking, stooping or lifting. Even contact with the bed clothes may increase the pain.

Relief is obtained by remaining in bed. There a comfortable position may be found. A pillow placed under the knees may relieve the tension and reduce the pain. Any form of heat, such as hot packs, candle packs, hot baths and lamp treatments, may be helpful. In some cases gentle massage is beneficial. But this relief is only temporary. Complete recovery cannot be hoped for until the underlying cause is found and removed.

In telling you about backache I spoke of a disturbance of the sciatic joint as one of the causes. This is the place where the lowest part of the spinal column and the pelvic bones meet. Attention should be focused here because if this joint is involved the sciatic nerve may be disturbed. In all cases of sciatica the sacroiliac joint as well as the pelvic region should be x-rayed. Ovarian trouble or displacement of the womb, as well as tumors and diseases of the spinal cord, may cause this irritation. By means of the x-ray it is possible to rule out hip joint disease, tuberculosis and other similar troubles. The x-ray definitely reveals any bony deformity that might irritate the sciatic nerve.

Localized infections, such as diseased tonsils, adenoids, bad teeth and nasal sinus involvement, are other factors that must not be overlooked. The diet must include foods rich in vitamins, iron and other mineral salts. Regular elimination and other hygienic habits are important. Answers to Health Queries Mrs. E. S. Q.—Does gas cause angina pectoris? Can angina pectoris be completely overcome? A.—No, but gas would naturally tend to aggravate any heart condition. 2: If the underlying cause can be removed, there is hope of great relief if not complete cure. R. E. D. Q.—I have a continued nauseated sensation which comes any time of the day. This is sometimes accompanied with a pain in the right region around the appendix. After having X-rays taken have been informed that the appendix was not irritated but a large gas pocket near the appendix was causing the pain and also the nauseated sensation. Is this possible? A.—Yes. (Copyright, 1935, E. F. E., Inc.)

long time special officer for the Marion county court.

The other relative of Stonewall Jackson who died here was Hancock Lee Jackson, who had been lieutenant governor and governor of Missouri, before coming to Salem, following the Civil war. He was born in Madison county, Ky., July 15, 1802, and died near Salem March 19, 1876. His wife died here March 4, 1880. They both died at the then country house of Gen. John F. Miller, that stood where the administration building of the Fairview home now stands—formerly state institution for the feeble minded.

Mrs. Miller was a daughter of Hancock Lee Jackson and wife, and Miller served under Jackson in the Mexican war, and afterward married his youngest daughter. Miller Hayden, Salem justice of the peace, is a great grandson of Governor Jackson, and a grandson of Gen. Miller, and his grandfather, Ben Hayden, pioneer Oregon judge and lawyer, served with Jackson and Miller in the Mexican war.

The Jacksons and the Millers of the older generation all rest together in the Rural cemetery, I. O. O. F.

Hancock Lee Jackson was a descendant on his mother's side of John Hancock, famous signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the Hancock were intermarried with the Lees of Virginia, who produced so many statesmen, soldiers and men and women of other high callings.

The Jacksons were at one time among the largest slave holders in Kentucky, and in Missouri Governor Jackson owned, with his partners, many slaves. The town of Jackson, Mo., was named for him. It is a county seat and trade center, close to the Kentucky line.

Most of the property of the Jacksons had been swept away through the ravages of the Civil war. That was not unusual. The reader has perhaps noted, in the Oregonian column under the heading, "70 Years Ago," that many covered wagon immigrants were arriving in Oregon. That is, they were just off the plains, in September and October, 1865, seeking new homes, having been turned footloose by the changes wrought by the war.

It used to be said that the left wing of Price's army came to the forks of the Santiam. That was what made and has kept Linn county democratic, in most years.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

OLD SITE AMPLE To the Editor: In a recent editorial item in The Statesman you make the suggestion that someone draw a picture of the new stathouse on the old grounds. If the people of Oregon have anything to say about it, there is just where it is going to be built. To build any other place would be just another real estate scheme. Approaching Salem the most noticeable features are the tall smokestacks belching their columns of black smoke, indicating the city's industrial activity. Next you will see the tall and majestic First National Bank building, marking Salem's business center. Next in line to the east is the old courthouse, then the beautiful Willson park and new state office building. All these features are in the Court and State building grounds. The picture is not complete, as we miss the old stathouse with its lofty dome. There is ample space on the old site for the new stathouse, which should be built high enough to provide room for all over so many groups and would preserve the beautiful symmetrical plan of the founders of the city. To put needless curves in either Court or State streets would spoil their beauty. If the city or state wishes to buy adjoining lots for park purposes that would be better. So let's build the new stathouse on the old site and build high enough so the people will have something to look up to and respect. Forget about the sheep pastures and oak knolls that are held at fabulous prices.

H. G. GREELEY, Route 2 Independence, Ore.

McReynolds of Toledo Buys Lambright Farm Of 43 Acres For Cash DAYTON, Oct. 7 — John Arme, Dayton realtor, Friday closed a cash sale of the Will H. Lambright 43-acre farm, seven miles northwest of McMinville, to Loren H. McReynolds of Toledo. McReynolds is a lumber dealer there and expects to set the place to a brook farm and put a renter on the farm.

Hansens at Zena ZENA, Oct. 8 — Mr. and Mrs. Henry Christensen had as their guests over the weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hansens and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hansens, all of Toledo. The Hansens family formerly lived on the R. A. Looney farm here, where Mr. and Mrs. Christensen reside. Harry Hansens is taking a short vacation, due to a broken leg, and is at Zena while he was working in the logging woods.

The Nervous Traveler



"LOVE DENIED" by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

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Miss Standing. And there's a Mr. M. L. Gough on the telephone. He insists that it's urgent. He's a reporter calling from San Francisco. "Take the call here," Mrs. Standing went back to her desk as the girl retired. "It's come," said Sharlene apprehensively, "the horrible publicity!" Mrs. Standing was using the telephone. "Yes... Yes... I don't know the details, but I'm not surprised... No, no, we're not particularly interested. You see—my daughter is marrying Stuart Pennington, the artist, today... A woman's prerogative, you know... No, no, not here... I'll give you details of the wedding tomorrow... Yes, pictures and everything. Come up tomorrow at noon... No, I won't be here until then. Good-bye." She put down the receiver and looked up at the two silent young people. "Well, the die is cast—they'll be right away." "Oh, let's hurry!" exclaimed Sharlene distractedly. "Wait," observed Stuart, "isn't there a California law about three days before we can be married?" "There is," said Sharlene. She had reason to know. Kent had been in such haste to file intention to wed that they had gone down to the courthouse together days ahead of time. He must have been afraid, even then, that the other woman would call him back. He had begged her again and again to hurry up the wedding. What a coward he had shown himself to be at every turn. "There's always Mexico," said Mrs. Standing, "but I hate that idea. It doesn't seem quite proper, somehow."

Another tap at the door and Brooks appeared. "Mr. Lucien Morrow to see Mr. Pennington." "Oh, show him up here, Brooks," directed Mrs. Standing. The butler brought three packages into view, before he had been dismissed toward Sharlene. "Marrying presents, Miss?" After his departure there was silence until Lucien boomed in.

"How are you, Mrs. Standing? Hello, Sharlene! You're both looking marvelous! Hi, Stuart! Great smokes, look at the loot!" His admiring eye took in the wedding presents. "I know you're busy and I don't want to interrupt, but I've got great news for Stuart and me. We were here, so I took the liberty."

"Of course," said Mrs. Standing. "Sit down and tell us the news—if it isn't a secret."

"No secret," said a thousand-dollar bonus from the Company for finishing my picture under schedule. Unexpected! Pretty slick, eh?" He rubbed his hands gleefully.

"Why, that's great," said Stuart uncertainly. His brain was whirling with Sharlene's joy. "The wife doesn't know about it," Lucien explained with a wink. "I wasn't counting on it for her trip. So I spent it for myself! Know what I did? I went down to Abe Foreman, Stuart, and I bought 'Sun Smiling Through Clouds' before anybody else. It's a masterpiece. Abe took his commission out of the check, and here's the rest of the money for you!"

"He handed out a roll of bills and more and more into Stuart's nervous hand. The artist was completely bewildered. "I can't have the picture until the exhibit is over, but by that time the wife will be gone to Europe and I'm going to hang it over the fireplace in my own den. There, I'm king. He slipped Stuart on the back... Say, what's the matter here? He looked from one straitened face to another. "I begin to sense an atmosphere. Anything wrong? Have I barged into something?"

"Mr. Morrow," said Mrs. Standing. "I scarcely you were never more nervous, especially in your life. What we mean is that you're a director. Tell me, if you had to direct a real wedding scene immediately, what would you do?"

"I'd marry you," said Stuart, answered Lucien promptly. "Everybody's doing it. Who's getting married—besides Sharlene?"

"Stuart!" "You are, old man? How did you look her?"

"No, he didn't; I hooked him," said Sharlene wryly. "You don't say... So you ditched the New York play-boy, eh, Sharlene? Well, I'll be... The ditched me... See tomorrow's papers for full details."

"Oh!" "I'll tell you all about it in a minute," broke in Mrs. Standing. "But right now we must attend to Stuart

and Sharlene. Will you help us get them off to Yuma?" "Rather. Why, that's right in my line—reminds me of my assistant-director days! I'll get Yuma long distance from here and make all arrangements at that end for license and preacher. Then I'll charter a plane..."

His voice died away as he sat down before the telephone and began calling numbers. Sharlene's tense face crumpled suddenly and she buried it against Stuart's arm. "Oh, why did he have to do this to me?" she cried into the rough towel.

Stuart held her very tenderly. Mrs. Standing hurried to them with instant apprehension. Sharlene must not weaken now. "Come, Sharlene," she said briskly. "You'll have to tell Katie what you want to take. Stuart will have to pack. Not a minute to lose. What do you think of flying up to San Francisco—from Yuma? You could catch the boat for Honolulu." Sharlene straightened up. "Yes—that's it; I want to get away." "All right, then, I'll send Katie and your trunks up to San Francisco on tonight's train."

Stuart was bewildered by all these swift plans for rushing "around about and up and down the earth." He had never been able to do things with such magnificent recklessness. In the midst of the whirl he found time to glaze what he had nearly fourteen hundred dollars in his pocket from the sale of his two pictures.

Mrs. Standing pushed the hesitant Sharlene toward the door. "Go home and pack. Stuart will have Merton drive you. Make him help you, and be sure to be back in an hour."

Julie was not at home when he got there. There was a note stuck in the front door: "Gone to the movies, Julie."

The Standing chauffeur helped him pack and then carried his bags down the hill to the waiting car. There was no trunk to follow Stuart to Honolulu. All that he possessed in the way of clothing was in those two bags.

He hesitated before he left the house, wondering how to let Julie know. Then he scribbled across the bottom of the note she had left for him, and stuck it in the door as she had done.

"Gone to Yuma to marry Sharlene Standing. Then on to Honolulu. Have left money with Lucien Morrow for you. Thanks for everything. S. P."

That flight across the desert in the strange unreality that life had suddenly assumed for Stuart. Flying straight at the big orange moon, suspended between heaven and earth, he seemed to have left the past behind and to be riding in a world some nebulous, bewildering future. He felt detached, impersonal, one with the whirling spheres.

He roused himself when he found the woman who was no longer sitting in the chair ahead. She was up in the front compartment of the trim-motored cabin plane with the pilot. Stuart saw her take the twin control after a while and the pilot stepped down to have a smoke. Stuart relaxed—he was glad that she could have some mechanical, engrossing thing to do. It anaesthetized the pain that he knew was lurking to clutch at her any moment. He did not blind himself to the real situation. He knew that Sharlene was going to suffer—horribly—when the numbness wore off. He'd been married to her, and he must react to her as a wife. He must go carefully, carefully, lest she loathe him more than Kent Damerell when she awoke from her

He thought a lot about Kent and the woman who was supposed to die and didn't. After all, she might be dead this minute and Damerell a free man. In that case, might it not be better for Sharlene to wait—to wait for Damerell's explanation? She had loved the man so deeply. Could hurt pride destroy a love like that so instantly? He looked thoughtfully over at Mrs. Standing, wondering if he should advise her to stop Sharlene's mad flight before it was too late. But she was a woman, was asleep, her face tired and white in the moonlight as the plane dipped. Lucien Morrow was asleep in another chair. No use consulting him anyway—Lucien would just tell him not to be a natural-born fool.

(To Be Continued)