

# The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Reiterating Need for Primary Change

THE proposed change in date for the primary election is a reform which should meet with little opposition. What opposition it has received is largely due, in our opinion, to fear, to seeing bogies which do not exist. Messrs. Gill and Tompkins who supported similar legislation in 1931, now profess to see many Ethiopians under imaginary political wood piles.

There are two reasons why the bill should pass; and in this we are merely re-emphasizing points already developed in these columns. First, to reduce the time for "politicizing" in this state. The major business in Oregon for every second year should not be running for office. Yet that is what it is under the May primary date. The candidate along in January hears the bees buzzing in his bonnet, feels the urge to run for office and save the country as well as himself. From then to the primaries he is "politicizing" and so are the newspapers and the people and the various organizations that listen to candidates. Now a general interest in politics is for the public welfare; but there is the business of earning a living which needs to be carried on as well. Even if the candidates can live without working the remainder of the people can't; and they should have a few rights and privileges. The public interest cannot be sustained during the long period of a spring campaign and then a fall campaign. Why, in England they have a complete general election on only a few weeks notice, with no primary elections at all. It is absurd to think the people here have to listen to tub-thumping for six or eight months in the year before they know whom to vote for.

The second important reason for deferring the primaries to September is to do away with the presidential preference primary which merely makes Oregon the fool of the family. The roll has been called of persons who won the endorsement for president or vice president in this state, unknowns, who had no opposition. Our delegates had solemnly to ballot for these candidates, whose chances were so blank our delegates might as well have stayed at home and saved traveling expense by sending proxies. Choosing delegates by convention should have a wholesome effect in making party organization mean something in the state, with the result that the voter might come to know that a party designation signified something. It has little enough meaning here now.

The Portland Journal has been carrying on an aggressive and unusually thoughtful campaign to enlighten the people as to the wisdom of this change. Ralph Watson's articles in particular have been very forceful. A dispassionate study of the measure should convince the voter that the change would be a wholesome reform. The issue is not a life-or-death matter; but it does offer a chance to make political campaigns shorter and less expensive to the candidates.

## Obligation of Contract

THERE ought to be general agreement that the government should make good on its contracts with farmers under the AAA, even though the contracts were illegal because the federal government has no authority to mess in farm regulation. At the same time it must be admitted the government under the present administration has put itself in an embarrassing position insofar as sanctity of contracts is concerned. In the case of the solemn bond of the government, which the supreme court has held "still binding on the conscience of the sovereign," the congress and the president have repudiated the gold clause. In fact they have gone further, they have passed a law forbidding a person to sue to recover if he has suffered damages from the breach of the covenant.

The fracture of the gold clause obligation does not justify the ignoring of the agreement with the farmers; and some provision should be made by which the government will complete its end of the bargain.

This paper wishes some way would have been found legal by which the processing taxes that were impounded could have gone into the federal treasury. Most of the processors which contributed the tax had maintained higher resale prices and so would be compensated. This is not true of all companies, because those with large inventories such as flour and meat stocks will sustain a loss on these stocks because of the price drop with the AAA tax off. However, the companies which went right along and paid get no return and have to take the same price-cut on inventory. Moreover the government had paid out money in anticipation of the receipts; which simply means other taxes will have to be devised to fill up the deficiency. Too bad therefore that the impounded taxes could not have been converted into the treasury even though fresh levies ceased with the AAA decision.

## Curtain for Munitions Inquiry

THE munitions inquiry became an inquest. When it did the rebound was so great it put the hex mark on further inquiry.

The inquest developed when Senator Nye started branding Woodrow Wilson as a liar. The president is dead, but his soul still lives in some democrats like Carter Glass and Newton D. Baker. They denounced the committee for going up the wrong trail—they were supposed to be bulldozing J. P. Morgan. Suddenly it was discovered that the committee had only \$400 left in its appropriation. Its foes exulted, "That's all we want to know." And that is sufficient, for between the friends of Wilson who want no wreckless probing in secrets of wartime, and the friends of munitions makers who prefer darkness rather than light for their works, there will be no renewal of the slush fund.

So Stephen Rauschenbush with the red necktie who has acted as inquisitor, will call it a day. The Morgan partners can load up their ledgers and go back to the counting house. And Senator Nye can figure out for himself just how to swim back to shore.

The neutrality bill to put our national interests in cold storage during wars may even have some of its angels' wings clipped in consequence of the blow-up of the Nye inquiry.

It looks as though the publication of the Mahoney letter to Hogan, with the accompanying note showing a cheap trick of taking the date, has tripped up the aspiring Klamath Falls mayor before he even got started in his campaign for United States senator. The democrats should bring out some man as candidate who would be a credit to the party. He will probably be defeated, but at least the party could feel respectable with a worthy name on its ticket.

Two men at Dayton cut down an old walnut tree and shipped the trunk to France for use in making gunstocks. They had better be careful or they will be subpoenaed before the senate munitions committee as profiteers in blood. And what if in our next war our soldiers find the enemy carrying rifles with stocks made from that Dayton walnut? So our humble Dayton farmers may be pilloried as "merchants of death."

The state received \$681,000 in inheritance taxes last year of which 57 per cent came from two estates. After the now ageing rich die off where will the tax come from?

Thomas Jefferson Coolidge has resigned as under-secretary of the treasury, which proves there's something in names after all.

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### Of Course He'll Veto It

Washington, Jan. 21. THE REPORT that Mr. Roosevelt will sign the soldiers' bonus bill is being widely printed in the press and talked about in congress. Some of his closest friends have privately expressed belief that he will not veto the Harrison "compromise" bill.

HIS Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, told the Finance Committee that Mr. Roosevelt would veto any bill providing for cash payment. At once this was construed to mean that he would not veto a bill paying with "baby bonds," though the difference between that and cash payment is not much. Administration leaders in the Senate who stood by Mr. Roosevelt in the fight last year, have flopped over on the payment side. The passage of the bill, veto or no veto, is generally conceded. All of this is being used to promote belief that, faced with an election, the President, too has flopped.

THAT Mr. Roosevelt has done that or will do that is not for one moment believed by those who have a clear view of the situation. For one thing it would be better incompatible with the record of the man or knowledge of his character. It would involve a species of political turpitude foreign to his nature. It is not contended that Mr. Roosevelt, despite the nonpolitical tone he adopts in his radio addresses, is not exceedingly practical in politics and does not do many things from a political motive. But this kind of pusillanimous politics seems well beneath him. Besides, it would be unintelligent.

THOSE who know him best are convinced not only that Mr. Roosevelt will veto the Harrison bonus bill, now supported by his friends in the Senate, but that he will veto it in a message as ringing and emphatic as was the one of last year. Somewhat similar reports concerning the Roosevelt attitude, it will be recalled, were current just before the climax of the 1935 fight. At that time the idea was fostered by some very close to the President, indeed, The net result was a "build up" that made the veto doubly dramatic when it came.

THERE is a slight suspicion that this game is being played again. Certainly it is true that after several weeks in which doubt exists, when the President finally acts his veto will seem much more courageous and arouse much more enthusiasm than if it had been completely understood from the start it was inevitable—as it is. The reasons for so thinking are clear. They can be listed as follows: First, the unequivocal words of the President on the payment of the bonus are such that there seems no way for him to approve the bill without complete and public justification.

Second, the only grounds upon which he is being urged to approve are political. The point is made that he cannot afford to offend the "veteran vote," just ahead of an election.

Third, failure to veto the bill would mean that the President would be politically cowardly and politically stupid, whereas he is neither one.

THE fact is that failure to veto the bill would do Mr. Roosevelt far more political damage than approving it. There are many more voters who are for the bill than there are for the bill. The payment that he opposed to immediate change his position now would be equivalent to admitting that he did so through fear of an organized minority. It would earn him pretty general condemnation.

Even his supporting press would be hard put to it to make the other hand, a veto would be as it always is, applauded from one end of the country to the other. All Presidents veto bonus bills—Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt—and all are praised for their courage, although actually there is nothing else for them to do—from either the political or the patriotic angle.

THERE is no reason for a President to fear an "organized minority." Organized minorities function effectively at times in the States—though their power is exaggerated. But in the nation as a whole they are ineffective. Their leaders never can deliver them. Veterans vote in national elections as other citizens vote, and the disposition to blame a President for vetoing a bonus bill is limited to a very small number—not a very good judge estimates, more than 27,000. They expect a President to veto such bills. All of them do—all of them will.

But the soldiers get the bonus just the same. It has been axiomatic that no piece of veteran legislation ever permanently fails.

## Installation Veterans' Officers Will Be Held In Silverton Tonight

SILVER FALLS, Jan. 21.—Installation of officers in the newly formed post of the V.F.W. from the veterans' camp, 1932, will take place Wednesday night at the Silverton armory. The veterans of Spike Camp No. 1922 at Gates have returned to the main camp here. The Spike camp will be occupied by another CCC group in the near future.

The Minden Brothers purchased a 40 acre piece of timber near their sawmill at a recent timber sale conducted by the U. S. land office in Roseburg.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Addie Belle Looney, a link between pioneer, forward looking Oregon and California, her sister state:

The Redwood Empire Woman, a quarterly magazine published at Santa Rosa, Cal., in its last (December) issue, contains as its initial and leading feature an article under the heading "Mrs. A. J. Fairbanks (Addie Belle Looney), a Personality Portrait by Nora Noonan Plover," telling facts that will interest Oregon pioneers and others. The article, in full, begins:

"I promise you, Jesse, that it will be done if it is in my power to do it."

"The speaker was 'Honorable Abe' and the promise was made to one, Jesse Looney, ardent young Tennesseean, who was temporarily in Illinois making up a caravan for the far west. The promise concerned slavery, the Tennesseean being in the process of abandoning a comfortable home and competence in the south that his children might grow to manhood and womanhood self reliant and without the necessity or habit of dependence on human beings in slavery."

"They were good friends, Abraham Lincoln and Jesse Looney, and the former's advice and aid were invaluable to the latter in his task of transporting a whole community to Oregon."

"Oh, yes, that is just what he did—that Jesse Looney went to Illinois for recruits, and he was a full year in the task; for doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers, mechanics and all who go to make up a community went along in that far away day to Marion county, Oregon, on the fertile banks of the Willamette."

"Nor did they fail to take with them every thing of stock, seeds,

trees, grain, for that far away land.

"The famous Oregon apples come from trees which have descended from those which the Looney cavalcade transplanted from Illinois. But that's not the story."

"The story is of Addie Belle Looney, youngest of the ten children of that Jesse Looney, now Mrs. Augustus John Fairbanks of Willits, one of the most outstanding women of Mendocino county—a woman in whom the heritage of Jesse Looney, his love for humanity, his spirit of courage and adventure, his characteristics of community leadership, are not lost."

"Who is Willits' first candidate for our Redwood Empire Woman's portrait gallery?" we asked, and "Mrs. Fairbanks," they chorused. The sentiment seemed unanimous, and since knowing Mrs. Fairbanks we are not surprised.

"Widow of the late Augustus John Fairbanks, for two decades supervisor of Mendocino county, and son of the sturdy pioneer, Hiram T. Fairbanks, who founded the family name and fortune in Sonoma county, Mrs. Fairbanks has carried on for community since her husband's death as she carried on in his aid during his lifetime."

"But it is not alone because of the Fairbanks name and association that little Addie Belle has claims to distinction. She has them in her own right, for the name Looney carries as much weight in Oregon as does Fairbanks in California, and Addie Belle is a true daughter of that stock."

"We can't begin to enumerate all that her friends tell of her, but these achievements are outstanding:

"Organized the first woman's club in Willits—that was in 1904; established a library and secured Carnegie housing for it; acted as Mendocino county hostess at the Panama Pacific exposition—a post she filled with admirable distinction, for she is noted for her hospitality; built an \$8000 home for her club—all paid for, too, and that without recourse to any begging, oh, remarkable achievement."

"And regarding that library: Addie Belle instituted a unique scheme of securing books of special value and corresponding cost; established a credit system and then lent the books for a 10 cent fee; nor was there any time limit on their rental for that fee. Yet the dime counted quickly to dollars and then the books were put on the shelves for gratis distribution."

"This scheme is no longer in force—there may be something in the Carnegie grant against it—but it worked and worked admirably."

"Viewing the pleasure and advantage of life in Willits, and hearing Mrs. Fairbanks' friends extol her part in achieving such advantages, we are brought forcefully to the conclusion that Willits is no exception; that each and every California community that deserves the name, 'home town,' owes its greatest debt to its women, who, like Mrs. Fairbanks, lead for betterment."

"But we have saved for the last Addie Belle's greatest achievement, a state service, a contribution to California, an example to emulate by her sisters elsewhere."

"Mrs. Fairbanks mothered the very first Women's Good Roads association, an organization that embraced Washington, Oregon and California—forerunner of the Redwood Empire association of today."

(Continued tomorrow.)

## Snow at Detroit Disappears Fast

DETROIT, Jan. 21.—The Friar children have been quite ill with severe colds. Several of the other children have been absent from school on account of colds.

There was about four inches of snow here Saturday morning but it is nearly gone now.

Mr. and Mrs. William Evans were pleasantly surprised with a party Saturday night, the occasion also being Lucille Evans' birthday. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hamman, Mr. and Mrs. Laurits Hansen and son Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. George Street, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clester, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Johnson, Roy Newport, Major Baun, Robert Johnson, George Dickey, Doty Young, George Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans and Mr. and Mrs. William Evans and daughter Lucille.

## Twenty Years Ago

JANUARY 22, 1916  
President Wilson will start on a speaking tour of the Middle West January 28.

Two young women named Wells were seriously injured in a runaway on East State street yesterday.

Mexico is in throes of another revolution with American citizens in danger of their lives.

Ten Years Ago

JANUARY 22, 1926  
Sam Koser, secretary of state, recommended a reduction in auto licenses yesterday at a Portland gathering.

The Dallas-California highway will be completed next month.

A championship match between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey will be fought next September.

## Signs of an Early Spring



## "HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY" By MAXINE CANTY

### SYNOPSIS

Julie Martin, at 17, becomes an "inside" observer of the police investigation of the murder of her former French teacher, the pretty Constance ("Connie") Sinclair.

That was the beginning of the end, for little Connie knew it. Bruce had been shot dead in her apartment by a party that was known. Julie is on the "inside" because after school hours she is office assistant to Principal Perkins and the latter has detailed her as stenographer for Police Inspector O'Brien, who is busy examining suspects and others. Among those questioned, or wanted for questioning, are Julie herself and her boy friend, Dicky Ward, who was with her when she returned to the apartment by a party that was known.

"Connie" a few hours before the tragedy; Mrs. Sardon, manager of the apartment house in which "Connie" was killed; Principal Perkins; Melvin Wright, the school's "problem boy"; Hym, a Filipino janitor, who had been discharged for insolence to "Connie" and who was missing since her death; Bruce Lloyd, her former fiancé, who she refused to say where he was; the murder night; and George Carrington, also reported to be a former student, who is now married. The latter seems to have a perfect alibi for the fatal night.

But he admits to the police that his wife has been missing since that evening. Julie's father has become counsel for Lloyd. The authorities are anxious to find Mrs. Carrington. Meanwhile Inspector O'Brien argues Julie to keep her eyes and ears open but her mouth shut tight. He appoints her his confidential assistant at the high school, laughingly calling himself "Sherlock Holmes" and "O'Brien" and his "charming" Miss Watson.

Dicky Ward is jealous of the handsome Bruce Lloyd who is invited to the Martin home for dinner, immediately after which all present are invited to the home of the Filipino has been found in San Francisco. The harmless looking little Oriental readily tells the police that he discovered Miss Sinclair dead when he called to ask her to use her influence so he could keep his job. He said he approached her door twice that night but did not try to enter because she had visitors. The third time, she did not answer his knock so he opened the unlocked door and fled the tragic scene in a panic of fear over being suspected. He was locked up pending further inquiries. Meanwhile, Bruce Lloyd avoids arrest by agreeing to stay at the home of his counsel, Attorney Martin, whose high school son, Allen, detests Lloyd because Allen is so grieved over his favorite teacher's fate. Allen's sister, Julie, however, still has a faint hope that the handsome Bruce who finally tells the Martins the story of his romance with "Connie." He says he met her the previous summer when she was staying with her Aunt Hannah at Carmel's artist colony. Bruce had abandoned art for salesmanship but still liked to paint. So he was drawn to the vicinity of Carmel where "Connie" was stopping, prior to her debut as a teacher. The practical Aunt Hannah at first took kindly to the attractive Lloyd but when she learned of his art aspirations, she swiftly grew cold and demanded that "Connie" drop him. This ban made the rapid-fire courtship more intense. Among other ruses, they arranged a flower code which included this message: "If you love me back put entirely" (from a rendezvous) "wear yellow roses" . . . Julie is reconstructing Lloyd's own version of that romance.

CHAPTER XII  
So for two more weeks they carried on their romance and talked to each other in their flower code. By the time Connie left for St. Joseph and school, they were engaged to be married. Aunt Hannah, who was told about it one evening, was furious; she never wrote to Connie again after they parted.

Bruce came to St. Joseph once while Connie was still at the hotel there. They had dinner together and went for a drive. "What a dull place this is, one movie, one hotel, no country club, no restaurant, no dancing. I'll be glad to get you out of here. You belong against a beautiful background."

During the next two weeks, he reverted to it, however. On Saturday afternoon, they met for tea in a quaint little French restaurant. "Well," said Connie over her cigarette, "I have written to Dad and Mother that we will be married December 20th. They are really thrilled about it. I think they would like to have us come home and do it up in the best style they can afford. What do you think?"

Bruce was slow in lighting his own cigarette; he did not look at her. "Well—"

"Oh, of course, if you would prefer to be married here, they would come down for the wedding and we can leave immediately for Honolulu, just as you planned at first."

"Yes, of course. Only, Connie—I don't know how to say this and not sound like a cad—situation, you want to marry me?"

The animation was gone from her face. She looked at him directly. "What is it, Bruce?"

"Well, we met under rather romantic circumstances; we saw each other at our vacation best; we made our plans hastily. I think we both believe that marriage should last, and that is why I think we should be very sure. You have made other friends; you see other men occasionally."

"None that you don't know all about, Bruce."

He flushed a little. "I know. What I mean is that you have become rather interested in your new friend in St. Joseph. Perhaps if we just didn't talk about this for a while, perhaps if we didn't try to see each other quite so often, we might get a surer perspective."

He knew it was weak, but he could not tell her all he really meant. She did not believe that all the love and beauty of the past two months were gone. She thought there was some specific thing that had hurt him or annoyed him. So she agreed quickly to be a good sport about it, and privately hoped things would work out all right.

The second week in October he wrote what he had not been able to say. He told her it had been a mistake, that no thinking or ac-

perimenting would make it right, that it was fair to go on as things were between them. He thought she would come to see it as he did. At any rate, he wanted her to meet him once more for dinner on the nineteenth. They would discuss it then and come to a decision.

They did not meet, as he was out of town; but the decision was made.

Bruce told this part of his story at the dinner table. I leaned over, wide-eyed.

"Did Connie—did Miss Sinclair know that this decision was final?"

Bruce hesitated a minute. Then he said slowly, "I think she did, Julie."

Bruce's story made a great impression on me. I thought about it a lot during the days he was at the house, and it was coming out in our conversations, bit by bit. I wish I could put into words the gaiety, the beauty, the delicacy of the first weeks of his and Connie's romance as he made us feel them. It made us all sadder to know that intimate side of Connie Sinclair, to realize the tragedy of her death more fully. . . . She must have had a sweet, resilient (I think that is what Dad called it), merry personality, more so, even than we kids at school ever felt.

Bruce's character puzzled us all somewhat. He was everything a girl could wish a lover to be, and yet it did seem that Connie had got a bad deal. Just why he had the sudden change of heart after she came to St. Joseph, was hard to understand. It seemed to have been a genuine struggle on his part, and a deep conviction for me. I went to the right thing in breaking it off. I felt rather sad that they couldn't make a go of it; Allen frankly hated him.

Nothing more came up that the police could keep him for any longer, and so Bruce returned to San Francisco in a few days. The following Saturday, the Inspector called the house, asking for me. I went to the phone upstairs where the family couldn't disturb me.

"Hello."

"Miss Julie?"

"Inspector O'Brien. There is some testimony coming up that will interest you. If you have time, you might come down. You take dictation, don't you?"

"Good. You can transcribe what goes on. I have rather needed someone like you. About 10:30."

"I'll be there."

I was so excited I could hardly get the green knitted skirt and white sweater on straight. It would be the first time I had heard any direct questioning. Evidently, too, it must be something O'Brien thought I could follow up later. For I realized the stenography was just an excuse for my hearing it all. I could scarcely understand that I, Julie Martin, was on her way to a police inspector's office to interview a suspect? I almost ran down town.

The Inspector was waiting for me.

"Good morning, Miss Julie. This is something that you will be interested in. We got the Googoo to talk last night. He will tell it over again this morning, and I want you to take it down. First, however, we are interviewing Mrs. Sardon."

I was surprised to say the least. By "Googoo," the Inspector meant Hym, the word being a disrespectful slang term for Filipinos. I wondered why he would want me to hear what Hym's office to interview a suspect? I almost ran down town.

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