

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Support Mt. Angel Flax Plant

FOR years there have been effort and agitation for the development of the flax-linen industry in this valley. It has been demonstrated that the valley can grow excellent flax. The state penitentiary plant has proven successful in the first steps of processing, retting and scutching. Two linen mills are now in successful operation at Salem. What is needed now is the development on a free-industry basis of growing-retting-scutching. A most favorable opportunity for undertaking this is now presented through the offer of the federal government to assist in the financing of three such plants. Eugene-Springfield district is seeking one, Canby-Molalla another, and Mt. Angel the third. Mt. Angel, being a small community is asking Salem's support to raise the funds required.

There are several reasons why Salem should respond to this appeal. First, Salem has been the home of the flax-linen venture. Our land nearby suitable for flax growing is devoted to other crops, so there is no place for the retting plant here. Mt. Angel district has grown flax successfully for a long time. Its farmers are experienced, have the pullers, and are ready to sign contracts for production. It is in Marion county and directly tributary to Salem as a major trading center.

Secondly, our linen mills here need more fiber than the state plant can supply. Now they have to ship fiber in from abroad, at heavy expense. If for any reason the state plant should close or if laws would tighten against prison-made goods as is threatened the mills here would be wholly dependent on foreign fiber unless these local plants are established. While there have been losses to investors in the linen manufacturing end, both the mills here are operating on a profitable basis, maintaining steady and substantial payrolls. The big mill is completing a reorganization which will make it the strongest in its history, and with the best management. These mills now provide a payroll of \$160,000 per annum with possibilities of great expansion in the future.

A real reason in addition is that this valley should definitely undertake the experiment of growing and retting and scutching flax so we may know for certain the possibilities for the industry. The amount requested of Salem, \$6000, is not large compared with what is at stake. If this experiment proves a success the industry will expand and the valley should prosper because it is practically the only place in the United States able to grow fiber flax.

Mt. Angel offers an ideal field for the test. Not only are the farmers there experienced in growing flax, but they are experienced in cooperative management, which will be the form the enterprise will take. The Mt. Angel cooperative creamery is one of the most successful in the state. The same group of level-headed farmers who have guided its development will have charge of this plant. The state has offered the services of its experts for counsel and advice in the processing end of the business.

With the government making an outright gift of \$19,500 for the plant, and the Spokane bank for cooperatives making a low rate loan on a large part of the machinery and equipment required, the amount of private capital to be subscribed is not large. Under the leadership of the Salem chamber of commerce a drive will be put on to raise Salem's portion. Mt. Angel has already raised a substantial amount and will raise more. Quick action is needed so the farmers may get seed for planting within a few weeks.

Considered as an investment there is a very fair chance for earning the return of six per cent on the preferred stock which is being offered, with return of principal over a term of years. But the investment is justified to test out thoroughly the possibilities of growing, retting and scutching flax here.

Oregon City is assisting Canby and Molalla in their raising of funds. Salem should respond promptly to Mt. Angel's appeal. It will mean much to that community to get a new local industry started. It will mean much more to this community as a linen manufacturing center to secure a steady supply of raw material, and to prove to the world that the primary stages of the flax-linen industry are practical.

## Calling New Deal Bluff

SENATOR CHARLES H. McNARY rarely enters actively in senate debates, exerting his influence chiefly through personal contacts and in committee discussions. He has however taken the lead in objecting to the camouflaged AAA which the senate committee on agriculture has accepted from the new dealers of the department of agriculture and is trying to put through the senate, though even the democrats have no heart in the task. It is false to accuse Senator McNary as opposing the farmers' interest, as the Pendleton East Oregonian has done. He was leading the fight for farm relief when most of the new dealers were just getting out of college. In this case he is fighting the measure because it is just a thinly disguised AAA, almost certain to run foul of the same obstacle as the old act. In attacking it the senator is doing the farmers a genuine service; and the new dealers are resorting to trickery, trying to deceive the farmers until after the next election, knowing that no final court action may be had before that time.

Senator Borah yesterday gave his opinion that based on the study he had been able to make, the bill would not hold up in court. Senator Norris said of the bill when first considered in committee that it would not meet the court requirements for constitutionality.

President Roosevelt, when asked if he was going to propose a constitutional amendment to give congress the power the court says it lacks, said it was not necessary because he knew "15 ways" which would be constitutional. It is queer, if such is the case, that his henchmen have not employed at least one of the ways. For we may depend on it, that Senator McNary would not be protesting the bill if it had genuine merit and a clean claim to constitutionality.

## Borah to Enter Primaries

SENATOR BORAH has declared his intention of filing for the presidential nomination in the Ohio and Oregon primaries. He already has an active organization in the former state, and some active opposition, as indicated in the threat of ex-senator Fess to "take a walk" if Borah is nominated. In Oregon Senator Borah will enter with no present organization and no pronounced opposition, except from the Townsends who regard him as a turncoat. He flirted with the Townsends people, only the let them down hard by declaring the plan impractical.

This Borah candidacy is a queer one. He is 71, always known as an off-ox, with some warm personal admirers (Alice Longworth is one), but no compact body of supporters, no money, and no very explicit platform. Is he a candidate out of personal ambition? Hardly, because he has made no preliminary build-up to evidence such ambition. Is his purpose to strengthen his chances in Idaho? Hardly; for it is generally conceded that he can defeat Gov. Ross for the senate.

Our own opinion is that his is principally a contest for control. Borah does not expect the nomination, but has to go through with a campaign now that he has been drawn into one. He is concerned with party leadership. In this he is probably supported by a number of party senators who are

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### The Hymn of Hate

Washington, Feb. 8. ONE OF THE charges made by Alfred E. Faith upon which the New Deal Smearing department, author of Senator Robinson's radio reply, did not touch was that this administration is engaged in an attempt to arrange a class against a class. Perhaps the reason is the effort is now being made to disguise, rapidly becoming an avowed political objective of New Deal strategy.

THE RECORD on the subject is interesting. It rather out Mr. Farley's forecast that this is going to be a "dirty" campaign. It is also depressing to those who feel that the stirring up of class hatred is a horrible thing and would like to see a fight in which the merits of men and measures were not wholly obscured and some degree of tolerance and fairness evinced on both sides. That none of these things will be possible if the present direction of the Roosevelt campaign is pursued. In brief, the general idea is that the opponents of the President and those who distrust his judgment are either millionaires oppressors of the poor, who want people to starve, or tools of such men. In brief, the New Deal theory is that the rich are all against Mr. Roosevelt, the poor all with him.

IT IS Mr. Roosevelt himself who months ago struck this class antagonism to his references to himself as for "hymn of hate" while those who differ with him are for "property rights"; with his remarks about "well-warmed members of well-stocked clubs" and his denunciation of the opposition as creatures of "intrenched privilege." All his closer associates sing in the same key. The hair-triggered Mr. Hopkins tells his aides that "this is a fight between the Haves and the Have Nots" and we are with the "Have Nots." Professor Tugwell urges an alliance of workers and farmers against business greed. Mr. Ickes pictures the great wealth owners as opposed to progress and his publicity department coins such striking phrases as "bandit bankers" for the pure-hearted Mr. Farley.

THE MOST RECENT outburst of this sort comes from Mr. Edward P. McGrady, assistant secretary of labor. At the convention of the United Mine Workers, dominated by Mr. John L. Lewis, whose alliance with Mr. Roosevelt is particularly notorious, McGrady was asked, "Do you, as the representative of this great union, stand with the President of the United States?" And when the delegates had ceased yelling their approval, he shouted, "Let that be the answer. The money bags of Wall Street." As the New York Times says, among the "money bags of Wall Street" he included all those who do not approve all the legislation of the last few years.

THIS MAY, as the Times points out, be particularly in line with an administration official supposed to function as a negotiator between employer and employee, but it is entirely in line with the rest. Mr. McGrady is simply singing the New Deal hymn of hate. Every word in it on the other side is a bloated boondoggler or billionaire; the Du Ponts are all devils; Raskob is a villain; Al Smith, once a poor boy, now dazzled by diamonds and dollars, is against the plain people; the American Liberty league is composed exclusively of "blood suckers and leeches." All of which soon or late goes to the ridicule of those who stop to think.

ASIDE FROM the incongruity of this sort of stuff coming from a President who spends his vacations on Vincent Astor's yacht, and aside from the fact that the Du Ponts, the Raskobs, and the others of the Liberty league helped put him in the White House, it is distinctly campaigneese to indicate two things: One is that it would not be adopted if the administration were not definitely on the defensive, conscious that it has lost the confidence of the substantial conservative elements. It is distinctly the strategy of desperation. The other is it is primarily based on the belief that the people are not smart enough to see through to the facts. Perhaps they are not, but they always have been in the past. There is no new thing in this class appeal. It has been made many times before, never with success. True, in the past, it came from demagogues on the outside trying to get in. This is the first time it has been initiated by a President in office, trying to be reelected. It remains to be seen how much difference that makes.

## Needle Club Meets

GRAND ISLAND, Feb. 8. — Seven members of the Arrawanah Needle club and one guest, Miss Blanche Palmer, attended the regular meeting held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Finnicum. Fancy work and visiting were enjoyed. Mrs. Finnicum served refreshments. The next meeting will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Maxwell near Dayton.

not friendly to Herbert Hoover, and want to get party control away from Hoover, from Fletcher, and from the Hillies wing in New York. Borah's eminence insures a heightening of interest in the republican pre-convention campaign, that much is certain.

Portland is busy inspecting sites for an airport. We might offer Candler's heights which is still available, and well adapted for the purpose.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The city of Salem and its trade have interesting story: 3-9-35

(Continued from yesterday.) "Simpson and McCauley accepted as executors of the Drury S. Stayton will, but shortly thereafter resigned, and Drury E. Stayton carried on the settlement of the estate, with the help of Geo. W. Lawson, Salem attorney.

"The name of the unnamed heir evidently became Eldaura. "J. A. Baker was sheriff, serving some of the papers. D. M. C. Gault, chief clerk of the owners "Graham, Uddell and Jackson, swore to the publication notices. John C. Peebles was county judge.

"The value of the estate was evidently around \$10,000. The real estate had evidently helped to make it valuable, though the township proprietors gave water rights free to those who would use them, and even tree lots to men who would build.

"Many stories could be told concerning the individuals named. D. S. McCauley was Dr. McCauley, fine old time pioneer physician, and he had two sons who became doctors.

"They told stories of the old doctor drinking too much, but always adding that he never prohibited drinking. He sometimes drank—and, she intimated, would not, having to travel over the pioneer excursions for roads day and night and in all weathers?

"They were great days, and the pioneer times in Oregon. They had a race of sturdy people, the kind and neighborly.

"They were among the choice spirits of a pioneering nation. Only the venturing and brave started, and only the strong and persevering got through; an army of 30,000 or more slept in unmarked graves in the long trail, but a host of 250,000 came across the larger portion of a continent—the greatest trek of its kind in all history.

"Oregonians have led in many ways, and Oregon has bred and trained leaders. "Note the Civil War. "The leadership, the generalship that led directly to Appomattox was largely trained here in pioneer Oregon.

"The three generals who met Robert E. Lee on that memorable ninth of April, 1865, to receive the surrender—who were they? "Graham, who spent a good many of his pre-captaincy days here. "Sheridan, who was much longer in Oregon as a second lieutenant fighting and handling Indians than he was in command of regiments, brigades and armies in the Civil War. "Ord, who in 1848 from San Francisco military headquarters sent for use after the Whitman massacre a cannon, 500 muskets and a great amount of ammunition—sent them to our citizen soldiers in 1856 in the so-called Rogue River war; in the Curry county section and in Jackson county, and who brought the fierce old Chief John and his band to Port Orford on his way to the Coast reservation, where they would be under Sheridan and his fellow officers.

"These three received Lee's sword. "Since then a score other West Pointers got their post graduate courses riding pioneer Oregon trails, qualifying them for such leadership as was necessary to so direct the armies of the Union that government of, by and for the people might not perish from the earth."

David Simpson, named by Drury S. Stayton as one of the executors of his will, was a brother of Ben Simpson, Oregon pioneer. They were sons of General U. S. Grant—Ulysses Simpson Grant, whose mother was a Simpson. Ben was the father of Sam L. Simpson, Oregon poet laureate, author of "The Beautiful Williamson" and other poems in "The Gold Gate West," the book containing some of the best things he wrote.

Sam was at one time editor of The Statesman. The Ben Simpson house still stands, southeast corner Summer and Chemeketa streets, Salem.

Henry Porter recalls that lightning struck and killed a horse under David Simpson. This was shortly after he voted the democratic ticket—and the story was that David took the warning, and never again strayed from the republican fold. Also, Mr. Porter says, he himself has ever since that time been afraid to vote the democratic ticket.

David Simpson served several terms as Marion county assessor, and Jack Simpson, his son, was long on the news force of The Statesman, from the middle eighties. (Continued on Tuesday.)

I am an adopted Oregon daughter; long have I hoped and prayed, and endeavored to spread the gospel of Selling Oregon.

We allow a sister state, less blessed than ours in many ways, to steal much thunder—"California fruit," "California nuts," and, if it was possibly possible, she would appropriate our scenery. A lot of Oregonians, native sons mainly, it seems to me, would never utter a word of protest.

PROSPERITY FOR OREGON To the Editor: Under a new plan, the farmers in Oregon can be made to increase their acreage to keep up the supply of farm products in accordance with the demand; and also make a profit on their rotten windfalls from trees and vines, which are a dead loss to them at present.

This can all be brought about by increasing industry and selling Oregon products to Oregon. The methods of accomplishing this would be: 1. A yeast factory in Salem to take care of the local hop industry. 2. Six or seven distilleries in Salem to profit on alcohol from farm products such as fruits and grains, to burn instead of imported crude oil. 3. A sugar refinery in Salem to take care of sugar beets, which can be grown locally.

A law passed whereby it would be unlawful to tax these products more than one cent on the dollar in transaction from the producer to the consumer. I sincerely believe that this would abolish unemployment in Oregon. However, if it is not a stipulation of any mathematicians interested.

Sincerely yours, C. L. Pickell, 1615 N. Liberty.

Bury Willamina Man at Hopewell Sunday WHEATLAND, Feb. 8. — Fred Hadley, Howard, of Willamina, died Wednesday at a Portland hospital, according to word received here by his father-in-law, Mr. John Smith. His widow was before their marriage Miss Edith Smith and for many years resided on the old Smith farm here. Funerals will be held at Willamina Sunday afternoon and the second service will be later in the afternoon at the Hopewell United Brethren church. Burial will be at Hopewell cemetery.

Miss Gillis Directs Annual School Play To be Given Soon HUBBARD, Feb. 8. — Miss Mathilda Gillis, teacher at the annual school play to be presented soon in the city hall. The play, entitled "The Dutch Detective," is a three-act farce by Walter Ben Hare.

Nurses Mill Felton PLEASANTDALE, Feb. 8. — Miss Esther Nichols, R. N., is taking care of Miss Bernice Felton who underwent an appendix operation Thursday at McMinville.

## "You Like Snow, Don't You, Mister?"—"You Betcha!"



## "HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY" By MAXINE CANTY

### CHAPTER XXVIII

I waited for the Inspector to begin the conversation on our drive from Mrs. Sardon's apartment to the office. I was puzzled by his manner to her and here to him; it seemed to a sixth sense of mine that there was something underneath the surface that I did not comprehend.

"That woman is clever, Julie. You are quite right about her being mysterious, at least in her relation to Perkins. She tried to evade us there, didn't she?"

"Yes. But she didn't do a very good job, because even the newspaper said that he had visited Connie often, and so forth."

"Hm. Seemed confused when I began on him. But she was honest enough about herself. I believe she told me the truth on all the personal questions I asked."

"Inspector, you know more about her when you went there than you told, didn't you?"

He laughed. "Clever little Julie! They don't put much over on you, do they? Yes, I've had a few wires from Toledo. This Mrs. Sardon is using her right name and told us the right story about her coming here. You see, she was the wife of a rather notorious bootlegger in Toledo, in the days before Keapel. He was mixed up with the law a number of times, but apparently she was never involved. He was somewhat of a brute, was cruel to her and to the boy. So she just pulled up stakes and divorced him."

"Wouldn't that be rather dangerous?"

"It would if she ever talked. Guess he didn't care greatly about the loss of his family; he was just concerned that she kept her mouth shut about his former activities. That probably accounts for the divorce which she carried out. My questions about her had some experience in that line."

"How awful, to live in constant fear of a gangster!"

"She doesn't strike me as a woman who has much fear. I'd say she was pretty cool and pretty hard under that voluble exterior."

"But very emotional." "Yes. Hatred ought to be her specialty with her ancestry, her background, her particular disposition. I am inclined to think the bootlegger is entitled to as much pity as she is, perhaps."

"She knew that she had all this information, didn't she?" "I think she did. At least she didn't try to lie or bluff. She just showed honest resentment and warned me she would be on guard against too much prying into her past affairs."

"She's rather fascinating. But where does Perkins come in?" "That's what we have yet to find out. Also what connection their relationship, whatever it may be, could possibly have with Miss Sinclair and her death. I confess I am seeing nothing but a blind alley there."

I agreed with him. Now that my hunch had led us off in this direction, it seemed less important than a lot of other facts about Bruce, Mrs. Carrington, or Hym. There was only one more thing to tell O'Brien and that was about the ceiling.

"You know," I said, "the impression I had of her apartment was that it was almost barren of anything that was hers. It was as if she were ready to pick up a suitcase and fly at any moment."

"So you noticed that. Good girl! Yes, I would imagine that is exactly it. If the ex-husband should turn up some bright day, St. Joseph would not see Mrs. Sardon long."

"What was that?" "A funny spot on the ceiling just where the steam pipe goes up."

"About a foot square." "How was it funny?" "It looked thin, as if the paper covered a hollow."

"Well, your trusty eyes have seen something I missed, little girl. I don't see what significance it might have, but Miss Sinclair's living-room was directly over here, and as you said before, everything is worth investigating."

"Probably it will only prove that she had more curiosity than she admits, and that she knew a lot that went on upstairs."

"It's that, she may know more than she is telling. With a suspicious ex-husband in the background, she cannot afford to be too communicative about other people's affairs."

"By this time we had reached his office. We went on in and I began typing the notes I had taken, both those of the call that morning and some earlier ones still in shorthand. I took time out to call Mother and to grab a sandwich and a swell soda at the corner drug store. When I returned, the Inspector was telephoning.

"Sure, bring them in," were his last words as he hung up the receiver.

"Miss Julie, I have a hunch of my own. I think we are getting near the end of the trail. Something is going to break soon. We are closing in on all of our suspects and someone is going to be squeezed too much. I am ready to predict to you that one of those will be charged with the murder of Miss Constance Sinclair before another week has passed."

"Which one?" "The Inspector's cigar butt blazed as he puffed furiously, and his heavy white eyebrows weighed down his head it seemed, as he frowned almost terrifyingly at me."

"Before he could answer, the door opened; in came Melvin Wright with two detectives. He was followed by two swarthy, sulen men handcuffed to Atwater.

I was not allowed to hear the questioning of Melvin and his companions. I suppose the Inspector thought it improper, perhaps. Anyway, he ordered them all out of his office sharply, told me to continue my work and followed them. I went on typing, with my mind wondering what new development had come up. I also wondered what the Inspector's answer to my question would have been had they not entered at the wrong moment. Was he hot on someone's trail... He is it Melvin's?"

It was rather scary to realize that one of these persons I knew had actually killed a human being. Of course, the folks did not think that Bruce was guilty or they would not have had him at the house. But I still believe the Inspector leaned toward him as the most likely bet. At times, I almost agreed with Helen on Mrs. Carrington. She had made an unfavorable impression on me. She was like an adventurer of the highest type that one reads about in books. Yet her life before October had been a very normal one.

There was always the possibility of Hym, of course, and now all this new dope on Perkins pointed toward him again. Allen I brushed aside. But I would certainly have liked to know what the new stuff on Melvin was, as the police would put it. I lingered as long as I could but evidently the session was a long one. I finally had no excuse at all for staying. So I began walking slowly homeward. Allen overtook me a few blocks from home. It was the first time we had been together since he had made his statement to O'Brien.

"Where've you been, Julie?" "Down to the Inspector's office. He asked me to take some notes for him and I've been typing them."

"How did it happen he asked you to do that?" "Well, you see, early in the case I was able to help him a bit. I discovered that Perkins had been to see Miss Sinclair that night at least. I discovered some facts about a book which led to that conclusion."

"And then you found the important evidence of the fountain pen?" "You must stand ace-high with him by now!"

Whether he was sarcastic or not, I don't know. I don't believe Allen ever quite forgave me for leading the trail in his direction, although he understood that I had to take the course I did.

"I think the Inspector likes me," I said quietly.

"Then I suppose you have more inside information than even Dad can get?" "No," I answered, "I don't have a great deal; at least I'm never called in on testimony that might be ugly. You know what I mean?"

"There ought not to be any! I don't see how anything like that was really had could have any association with Miss Sinclair!"

Allen was sincere in that. He still worshipped her.

"You still think Bruce Lloyd killed her?" (To Be Continued)

fully low" in an address before taxpayers in the Richmond district last night.

Salem may have a beet sugar factory within a year.

Oil Company Leases Service Station and Garage at Rickreall RICKREALL, Feb. 8. —George Fuller has leased his service station and garage to the Texaco company for five years. Mr. Fuller reserved the house and has not stated his plans for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Grahbert entertained a group of friends Thursday evening in honor of George Fuller's birthday. Cards were the diversion of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Kelso of Cocharre are spending a few days here with relatives. A foot and a half of snow caused logging operations there to cease for a few days.

## Twenty Years Ago

February 9, 1916 A mother, 60, and daughter, 40, shot each other in Klamath Falls yesterday after a quarrel over a man who farmed their land for them on shares.

Lamar Toole, members of the Ford peace expedition to Europe, has returned to Salem.

Thirty-two persons, many prominent, have been indicted by the San Francisco federal grand jury for conspiracy against the United States.

## Ten Years Ago

February 9, 1926 Washington, D. C. — The senate last night approved repeal of the law allowing publication of amounts of income tax payments.

Mayor J. B. Giesey declared Salem teachers' salaries to be "quite