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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Oregon for Borah

JUST as it went for Joseph I. France of Maryland for president in 1932, Oregon will go for Senator Borah of Idaho in 1936, by default. No one has filed to oppose the shaggy-maned senator from Boise. Even had they done so Borah would probably have won out because he is more famous, comes from a neighbor state, and has been generally quite popular in this state. This does not say a great deal for Borah, however, because he is more or less of a political vagrant whose popularity has receded greatly in recent years.

The presidential preference in Oregon no longer is taken with great seriousness because the primary preference has not worked very successfully as a political tool. It was a step-child of the old Statement No. 1, by which the legislative choice of senators was short-circuited. It was fanned into public favor during the bitter intestine fight of 1912 between Taft and Roosevelt; and has survived as a veriform appendix on the primary system. Nonetheless the voters resisted beneficial surgery as late as January 31. Sometime again when the fight is close between well-known contestants the presidential preference may have significance. It has little now.

While the vote will go to Borah next May and the Oregon delegation will dutifully record the Oregon preference at the national convention, there will be more or less finger-crossing, with the delegates ready to act on a trading basis as soon as the preliminary balloting reveals drifts. The delegates will not run out on Borah as they did in France in 1932, for which they received no censure, but no presidential preference can hold delegates when sentiment commences to jell; and if Borah fails to develop strength the Oregon representatives will shift to other promising candidates.

The important thing now is the election of broad-minded delegates who have a real sense of party responsibility and of opportunity for national service. Fortunately there is a splendid list offered for party selection. One of the most gratifying things observable in the list of candidacies is the high calibre of the candidates for delegates to the national convention. This office does not even provide for the expenses of those who serve, so the election means a real financial sacrifice. By exercise of reasonable good judgment in picking its delegates Oregon will be sure of having a representative body at the Cleveland convention who will be quite as potent as the small size of the delegation warrants.

Spring Thaw

WHEN some months ago this paper predicted the Townsend plan would be a victim of the spring thaw, the idea was met with hoots from Townsend followers who saw it progressing as a holy crusade to plant its banners in final victory on the ramparts of Washington. Recent developments indicate that the collapse may even beat the thaw (there was snow here yesterday); and the candidates who so glibly adopted for a slogan "100% for the Townsend plan" may find the words like ashes in their mouths before the polls open in May or November.

The Townsend movement has been an intensely interesting phenomenon—a psychological phenomenon. Never in our memory or knowledge of history has there been such a ballooning of support on so absurd a foundation. It spread like fire on the prairie in late August, attracting an indefinite number of millions of supporters who contributed a sum amazingly large in the aggregate.

Therein of course lay the seeds of disaster. For no organization mushroomed so suddenly can long survive. Attracting the political perchers and handspring performers anxious either for power or for office, attracting the derelicts desirous of nice jobs as organizers and others eager for a skyrocket ride, it is not surprising that such a medley of politicians and preachers, of political confidence men and inflated mediocrities should soon fall to quarrelling among themselves.

The Townsend plan provided an emotional stimulus to millions, but to attain and hold success a movement must be hardened by discipline and defeat until its leadership is cohesive as well as aggressive.

As the dues dry up and the overhead organization folds up and summer comes on and clubs forget to meet the Townsend movement will subside as have many previous politico-emotional surges. And millions of sincere but deluded followers will for a time be bewildered and grieved.

Primary Guessing Contest

MORE than four hundred persons filed declarations of candidacy for public office with the secretary of state. Over fifty declarations were filed with the county clerk and the city of Salem has a list of 32 aspirants for public favor at the May election. This array is nothing short of appalling. The party segregation reduces by roughly fifty per cent the number of names which the voter will face as he starts to mark his crosses. Even so, his ignorance of the men he is voting for will be abysmal.

Even in local affairs in a city no larger than Salem thousands who vote have no personal acquaintance with the candidates and only vague information as to their qualifications. Usually candidates for state offices are more in the limelight and have their reputations more adequately established, but for the minor offices the voters will rely on partial knowledge, snap judgment or accept blindly the recommendation of some one else. Democracy indeed must be made of tough stuff to survive elections based on widespread ignorance and conducted by artful political manipulation.

There can be no doubt that the free-for-all of the direct primary and the expense prevent many very capable men and women from standing for public office. They have no stomach for the kind of politics and personal appeals which seem requisite to win elections. Others cannot afford the expense in time and in money of two campaigns for offices the salaries of which in this state are uniformly low.

There appears no relief in sight from the surplussage of self-starting candidates, from the blind voting which the plethora of candidates forces on the voters, and from the cost of appeals for votes in the modern manner.

Astounding Theory

COUNSEL for the Black committee defending the right of senators to Paul Pry into the private correspondence and telegrams of individuals and organizations advances the theory that the court has no jurisdiction over a senate committee. Legislating is the task of the congress and no other department can interfere with its prerogative. Even though the court may say that the citizen is protected in his personal rights to be secure in his person and papers, that decision does not extend to any restraint of the activity of a senate committee.

The senate committee ignores the fact that the fourth amendment says not a word about legislative, executive or judicial. It establishes a guarantee to the individual and stands to bar any branch of government from invasion of those rights. Determination of those rights is a judicial process which the court will undoubtedly take cognizance of.

Senator Black's complex is typical of the prosecutor who feels under no restraint of law or justice just so he "gets his man". With reprehensible arrogance he sets his own methods

Very Unusual Weather in Sunny California Encountered on Trip

Dust Storm and Tropical Blizzard Experienced at "Perfect Climate" Center

By C. A. SPRAGUE

The gapping tourist has always been an object of mingled pity, contempt or ridicule, so that I have rarely been willing to step into the part. Even more obnoxious has been the one who returns from a trip and spills over profusely about what he has seen. Having fallen into the former class and made a tour of southern California (terra incognita to me) I may as well complete the descent to Avernus by writing about it. The "tour" was San Diego with its exposition which is now beginning its second year of showing. The travel to and from that point uncovered large portions of California which is in truth an empire of no mean proportions.

Point first to set down is that the weather was very unusual. At Long Beach there was a "zantana" (duststorm) the prelude to what I call a tropical blizzard. San Diego prides itself on the perfect climate, far superior to blighted Los Angeles; but the weather at our visit there was decidedly out of gear. It rained, and an offshore wind was raw. Said chill weather persisted (even the desert at Palm Springs was cold except under glass in the glare of the sun) until we dropped into real sub-freezing weather Monday in the Rogue river valley.

Seasons are Same

Surprising to me was the lack of difference, perhaps due to the season, between the climate of southern and northern California. Orchard bloom and vegetation seemed nearly as well advanced north of the bay cities as south of Los Angeles. The mountains are undoubtedly an important factor in the southern climate, providing a winter refrigerating equipment which tempers the warmth even of the seacoast towns.

Green from the Sierras to the Mexican line California was for once beautiful all over. Loveliest spot was the Russian river valley where the vast orchards were in full bloom. Center of this beautiful blossoming is Santa Rosa, some 50 miles north of San Francisco on the north peninsula.

Interesting cross-route trip were from Gilroy, south of San Jose through the Diablo mountains via Pacheco pass to Visalia and Fresno; and another from San Diego over the San Jacinto mountains to Palm Springs. The former takes one through stock country, the rolling hills and

winding valleys lush with grass. It is a survival of the old California of the days of Spanish grants with cattle ranging to far horizons. Still standing and in use are a number of very old rancho houses, set in the midst of live-oaks. The cross-over to Palm Springs takes one first through Hemet valley at the foot of Mt. San Jacinto. This is Ramona land; and the annual pageant of Ramona and Alessandro, immortalized in Hunt Jackson's famous novel based on Indian characters, will be given again within a few weeks. The road spirals from the secluded but lovely valley over the rough, deeply sculptured mountain range, strewn with huge granite boulders and drops abruptly into the desert. The upper end of the imperial valley is visible in the distance. On the road's lower reaches cacti of many varieties abound, and at the base of the range lies Palm Springs, a green oasis in the desert.

For Ultra-Rich

Palm Springs is chiefly a money-spending device for the ultra-rich. Made famous by being a rendezvous for the Hollywood movie stars, it has attracted the usual colony of have-beens and would-bes, together with many of the genuine article of swanky socialites. Encircled by the desert, its present fame will last until some new resort strikes the fancy of the playboys and girls—which will probably be for some time in view of the very considerable investment in permanent improvements there.

Smart Los Angeles stores have branches at the springs, although the daytime wear varied from shorts to slacks—a general condition of negligee; also a branch broker's office keeps the visitors in touch with Wall Street.

We drove through snow on the crest of the mountains, freshly fallen—part of the "tropical blizzard" which chilled Californians and killed many fruit buds. The wind was chill on the floor of the desert, so the misty shiver and freeze will be like a thick coat of tan in the brilliant sunshine.

San Diego and the fair deserve a separate report which will be made tomorrow.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

I RECEIVE numerous requests for advice about sciatica. It is difficult to answer these questions because the cases are so different. Sciatica should be regarded not as a disease in itself, but as a symptom. It should serve as a warning of some disorder. This may be due to disturbances of the spine, or it may be caused by something wrong in the lower part of the spinal column or the pelvis. It may be like arthritis, neuritis or rheumatism, caused by some center of infection within the body. The real trouble may be in infected teeth, nasal sinuses, tonsils, appendix or gall bladder.

Sciatica is a painful irritation of the sciatic nerve, one of the largest nerves in the body. This nerve starts near the lower part of the spine and travels down the back of the thigh and into the knee joint. It divides into two branches that go to the muscles of the leg, foot and toes. This explains why any inflammation of this nerve leads to widespread pain. If you have ever suffered from sciatica, or witnessed the agony of a patient, you will appreciate what great discomfort it produces.

Starts in Back

As a rule the pain starts in the back. On this account it is sometimes erroneously called "lumbago". The pain is not confined to the back, but travels down the hip, thigh, leg, foot and into the knee joint. It is increased by the exertion of walking, stooping, or even contact with the bed or chair.

The treatment of sciatica consists, first, of rest in bed. Various forms of heat and other types of so-called "physiotherapy" are advised. The most instances the use of simple hot compresses is markedly beneficial. In the more severe forms it may become necessary to administer an opiate. At times the fixation of the lower part of the spine by strapping with adhesive plaster is advised. A plaster cast is sometimes used for a short time to prevent slipping and movement of the inflamed parts.

Such treatments are beneficial, but are not in themselves curative. Bear in mind that every effort must be made to determine the underlying cause. This may necessitate the use of the x-ray and other tests.

Many persons have occasional attacks of sciatica. They neglect the condition and only seek medical advice after the ailment has progressed far. It is too difficult to obtain a real cure in such cases. By all means talk with your doctor.

Answers to Health Queries

A. L. Q.—What can be done to overcome pin worms in young children? Although their diet is well balanced and nourishing they have no appetite and seem very listless and irritable.

A.—For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

D. T. Q.—My mother has hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. What treatment and diet will help these conditions? She is 62 years of age.

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Donald Manson the man 4-1-36 who arranged building of Hudson's Bay company forts who lived last days in Marion:

Hon. W. H. Rees, early day settler (of the 1844 covered wagon immigration), the man who erected the first church building at St. Louis, on the site of the present church there, was one of the organizers of the Oregon Pioneer association, and often a chief officer.

For the 1880 annual book of the association, page 56, he contributed a biographical article on Donald Manson, excerpts from which will appear in the paragraphs to follow:

"The fur traders who spent many years of their lives in Oregon, during the first half of the present century, were actors in those interesting events connected with the early history and settlement of the North Pacific coast."

"Many of those pioneer adventures beheld the country while yet unchanged from the primitive condition in which it was found by the intrepid Gray on that eventful morning, May 7, 1792, when he passed in safety the surging billows that dashed upon the bar and anchored his bark Columbia upon the placid bosom of the long sought but hitherto undiscovered River of the West."

"But few of those brave, strong men—harbingers of the downfall of the red man's way, and founders of the Anglo-American civilization upon the Pacific coast, were spared by old time to witness the wonderful changes that have taken place in this land of wonders during the last score of years."

"Prominent among the few exceptions was the venerable Donald Manson, who died at his home near Champeau, January 7, 1880, aged 79 years and 9 months."

"Mr. Manson was a native of Scotland, born April 6, 1800. His father was a farmer in easy circumstances, and Donald was sent to school with the view to prepare him to enter into mercantile pursuits; but other counsels prevailed, and young Donald received the appointment of clerkship in the service of the Hudson's Bay company in the spring of 1817."

"Reporting himself at the London office, he was sent at once to York Factory on Hudson bay, headquarters of the company in America. Here he remained until the spring of 1820, when he was sent to Lake Winnipeg."

"While at that post he first made the acquaintance of Dr. John McLoughlin, who was then a distinguished officer of the Northwest Fur company. At this time, said Mr. Manson, Dr. McLoughlin was some 36 years of age, and as imposing in his person as he was formidable and far reaching in his rivalry of the Hudson's Bay company."

"Always prompt, yet dignified in bearing, he had no equal in executive management at that day, nor was he inferior in the vast fields of the great northwest."

"Soon after, those two powerful rivals in the American fur trade were united under the charter of the Hudson's Bay company. Dr. McLoughlin was placed in charge of the company's affairs west of the Rocky mountains, arriving at Fort George or Astoria, he then headquarters of the Columbia department, early in 1823."

"In January, 1823, Mr. Manson received instructions to report to Samuel Black, chief of an expedition then preparing to explore the British possessions bordering on the Pacific coast. Said Mr. Manson:

"'Though I had been six years in America and traveled pretty extensively through the country draining into the Hudson bay and Lake Superior, I had in reality but a very imperfect conception of the great extent and grandeur of the American continent until crossing to the western watershed of the Rocky mountains.'

"'Here, amid the stupendous works of nature, those celebratory of the west, and shady dells of old California, upon which my boyhood I had so often gazed with awe and admiration, were tame indeed, when compared with the broad plains, lofty mountains and vastness of the wild landscape which everywhere met the eye in this great land of countless wonders.'

"'Prior to starting upon this hitherto unexplored northern route to the Pacific, I had seen the great plains of the Saskatchewan, dotted, as far as the eye could reach, with immense herds of buffalo and antelope and as we neared the eastern base of the Rocky mountains elk and moose were seen in the distance. It was a magnificent sight, but not until descending the western slope toward the Pacific did we meet with and feast upon the delicious caribou.'

(Continued tomorrow.)

Home, Sweet Home



"DAUGHTERS OF VENUS" By Robert Terry Shannon

CHAPTER XXXVI
Not until he had finished speaking did Juliet look at him. Curiously, he had no effect on her emotions at all.

He might have been a stranger. She thought, with a little surprise, how peculiar it was that she could ever have had any interest in this disheveled-looking man with his white, strained face, his troubled eyes, the faint blue-black necessity of a fresh shave.

"Thank you very much," she said in a formal tone. "Please don't bother."

He stood there, shattered and defeated, no longer the victor but the victim of a stricken conscience, trying to make amends for some great but obscure wrong.

"You can't stand around in the streets like this," he said helplessly. "I'm responsible for you. It's not that I want to force myself on you now. That's all over—and I don't blame you. I wasn't up to it. Let me take you to some friend—some woman—who will look after you. Perhaps, Mrs. Gordon."

Juliet heard his words but they passed through her mind without meaning, without a trace of importance.

"Thanks for your kindness," she said passively, with no intention of going, "but I'm quite all right."

"Where are you going?" she felt dimly that he was badgering her with silly questions not worth answering. What did it matter to him where she was going—or to her, either? One place was as empty as another.

"Please leave me alone," she said curtly, to be rid of him. And, turning, she walked down the street almost gaily.

"Listen, Von Guerdon! Juliet's in a awful fix. The Gottlieb deal went smash, and she's had a terrible nervous shock on top of that. She'll probably never speak to me again—but forget that. I'm out of the picture. You ought to look after her, old man. I know you care a lot about her. She has got to be taken care of. She just left the apartment, walking south. Jump in your car and catch up with her, please. You're both such darn regular people."

All he received in return was the clicking sound of Von Guerdon hanging up the receiver at the other end.

"O'Hara replaced the receiver and leaned his wide and drooping shoulders against the glass-faced box that had suddenly become as still as a coffin."

Juliet had walked past the third corner before Von Guerdon, in his car, caught her. Wheeling up to the curb he sprang out, leaving the door open.

"Hello, Juliet," he said casually. "Come on, get in, and at the same moment, took command of the situation. His swift, searching glance saw instantly that she was wandering in the abyss of a waking somnambulism. The pallor of her skin and the eyes told the story."

Juliet smiled a faint recognition, and meekly obeyed Von Guerdon's guidance into the car. Sinking back against the cushions, she was conscious of a physical relaxation. She had scarcely slept at all the night before, and the day's events had exhausted her vitality to the last ebb. But this man, this competent and collected Von Guerdon—though she saw him confusedly through a wavering cloud of fatigue—filled her with a sheltering sense of confidence.

"Where are we going?" she asked softly. "We're going to get you some rest," he replied cheerfully, one adroit hand on the wheel and an arm lightly around her shoulders. "There's nothing for you to worry about—nothing in the world. I'll tell you, I guarantee—I absolutely stake my reputation—that every one of your troubles will vanish by tomorrow. I'm going to put you to bed."

don't shoulder. The mild pleasant odor of his Egyptian cigarettes—seeped into her consciousness.

Juliet stopped thinking altogether, and surrendered to the sensation of being carried, smoothly and rapidly, towards a directionless haven of quietude.

The feel of her tired body leaning so closely against him pervaded Von Guerdon with a tender sense of custody. Between steering he glanced down at her face. She was as restfully trusting as a child and breathing as softly. Sleep had touched her, like a caress, had smoothed out the wretchedness from her delicate features.

Von Guerdon felt not the slightest desire to learn what had happened between Juliet and O'Hara. It belonged, now, to the past and was none of his business.

The girl beside him had been delivered into his keeping. He had not lifted a finger to bring it about. It was a miracle, and therefore sufficient. His responsibility lay only in the future. By some culmination of events, she needed him now, as he needed her forever.

There had been for weeks in Von Guerdon's heart a frozen sadness, but it had melted away. No one would ever know the anguish required to conceal his love, to hide it from the world and maintain a public mask of light indifference. He had been sustained, kept erect, by pride—and now, apparently, his reward had come.

He was amazed, now, at the lack of any triumphant exultation. What he felt was a deep profound gratitude, an almost solemn reverence that was in no way concerned with ecstasy.

Von Guerdon's car decreased its speed and rolled easily up to smooth stop. Juliet opened her eyes contentedly.

"Where are we?" "Home," he said briefly, and came around the car to help her out.

She looked, for a moment, in wonderment at the tall building before them. They came to her that she had known here before. It was Von Guerdon's apartment house.

"I'm taking you in with me," he said quietly, with a smile. "Please don't make any objections, or I'll be forced to carry you kicking and screaming into the elevator."

She smiled dimly. There had been in his tone a consoling touch of lightness. She was not tired of things light and pleasant and gay—her unutterable weariness came from qualities quite the reverse, from dark, heavy emotions and the wearing strain of effort.

There was, certainly, no look of seriousness or tragedy about Von Guerdon's amiable expression. In fact, there was almost a playful smile at the corners of his mouth. After so much stress, it was a relief for Juliet to follow his easy leadership.

They reached his apartment which was larger than her own. It was masculine and substantial, but there were flowers in vases and the agreeable odor of livingness.

"Sit down," he said, disappearing for a moment.

When he returned he carried a small glass filled with a liquid the color of champagne.

"Drink this."

Obediently she swallowed, the fluid ran down her throat like white fire.

"What is it?" she asked, with a little gasp.

"Brandy," he said, taking the glass. "That's all the medicine you need. You have worried yourself into enough distress to make you really ill if you don't stop it. You realize, of course, you're an idiot!"

"Am I?" The warmth in her interior had started a flicker of amiability.

"Perhaps the most adorable, loveliest young idiot on this earth," he told her nonchalantly. "There's only one thing you need right now—and that's rest. If you do what I tell you, I guarantee—I absolutely stake my reputation—that every one of your troubles will vanish by tomorrow. I'm going to put you to bed."

The crisis of her shock had begun to relax. Somehow the tension decreased. It was like a thaw occurring throughout her being. Juliet was conscious of a wholesome, needed to stretch out. At the same time, she realized that Von Guerdon was, at the moment, solicitous only of her welfare.

He stood smiling at her, tall, slender, as amiable as though they were, merely, the best of friends.

"I've been an awful fool about everything, haven't I?" she asked him with a new and curious meekness.

"Undoubtedly," he assured her.

"Who isn't? Shall we talk it over tomorrow?"

Juliet's lids were drooping. "Tomorrow I'm not going back to the Institute. I'm not even going to think about it."

"That's right. My time is short, too, saw Madame Hubert and resigned today. Amazing woman—she's recuperating marvelously from last night. The blow-up did her good. In spite of her eccentricity she'll manage to keep the Institute going."

"When are you leaving?" "As soon as she finds someone to take my place. I'm off to Europe and then I'll return to America and establish myself somewhere in the East. But no more beauty work for me. It's going to be the real stuff from now on."

"There's one person I'll miss," murmured Juliet. "Poor little McSpadden."

"Don't pity him too much. He's had his hour in the sun and he'll always feel better for it. But you're too tired to talk any more. Come."

She showed her into his bedroom, turned back the covers and brought her blue silk pajamas that were, at least, twice too large. At the door he paused with his hand on the knob.

"I want you to sleep until you wake up. Sleep's one of the best remedies ever invented."

In this strange bed Juliet experienced a deep thrilling peace of mind and body, a tangible calmness in her limbs. Presently she was carried into the profoundly uncomfortable bed of her slumber.

Hour after hour slipped by. The city hushed, and night grew cooler, the moon rose and painted her face with its silver light that poured in through an open window.

She awoke while it was still dark and looked at her small faithful wrist watch. Half past three o'clock.

A nameless peace—gratitude perhaps—murmured all through her body. She realized where she was and was content. A vagrant breeze drifted into the room, lightly scented with flowers from some nearby garden. Mingled too, was the bland odor of Egyptian tobacco. Everything was quiet and restful sweet, but also there was a little strain of loneliness.

Juliet wondered sleepily where Von Guerdon was. She raised up on an elbow and there, across the room in a chair beamed open window, he sat.

"Hello," she murmured. "Are you asleep?"

"No."

"I'm rested. It's so peaceful here, isn't it?"

He got up, came over in the dimness and sat on the edge of the bed. One of her hands found its way into his comforting palm.

"I wouldn't close my eyes for a fortune," he said softly. "I don't want to miss an instant of a wonderful night like this. I've been treasuring up every small sound of your breathing, so I'll never forget as long as I live."

"You're sweet," she whispered involuntarily.

He brushed her hair back and lightly touched her temple with his lips.

"Tell me, Juliet—you are happy now, aren't you? It doesn't seem strange to you here—isn't it like home?"

"Yes."

The warmth of her body, fragrant and delicate, reached him with a deep, stirring intimacy as she made a little nestling on the pillow. He could feel her breath come and go.

"It's such an odd thing," he said, and then stopped, thinking she had dropped asleep. But he was mistaken. Her eyes were closed but she was drowsily awake enough to understand.

"What's odd?"

"After all your wanderings—after everything—that you have found your way at last to the place where you belong. Here."

One of her arms came out from under the covers and reached up. The voluminous silk sleeve fell back to her shoulder. Her arm crept about his neck.

"It's been such a long way round," she said softly. "So long and so lonesome. Has it been terribly lonesome for you too, dear?"

"Terribly."

Juliet looked at the window. The sky had become faintly opalescent, like the inside of a seashell. Juliet could see his face more clearly now, and she knew she beheld the fulfillment of her destiny in the new day's breaking. She closed her eyes as if settled back softly on her pillow in sweet content.

THE END

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