

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE . . . . . Editor-Manager  
SHELDON F. SACKETT . . . . . Managing-Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

## City Food Racketeers

IN an address on the general political situation by Col. Frank Knox of the Chicago Daily News, prominently mentioned as a republican presidential candidate, the speaker touched on the food racketeers of the large cities, as one of the evils to be cleaned up in providing fairer return to producers. The extent of this evil few people realize. A special attorney, Thomas E. Dewey has been making investigation and conducting prosecutions and the revelations have been both appalling and discouraging. One racketeer in the poultry business, Charles "Tootsie" Herbert, was given a prison sentence; but when he came back to town his fellow union members presented him with a \$4000 automobile and greeted him with a sign "Welcome Home, Tootsie." When later he was ousted by the union the Butchers' international revoked the local charter.

William Fellowes Morgan, jr., commissioner of markets of New York city estimates the plunder of the food racketeers at \$100,000,000 a year. This is the toll extracted on foodstuffs passing through the streets of New York and handled in city shops. This cost is ultimately born by the producer in lower prices and the consumer in higher costs. Morgan in his annual report scores the A. F. of L. high executives for failing to cooperate in the attempt to clean up the racketeer unions. In these cases the union falls into the grip of the extortionist who uses the union to force tribute. The labor union is merely a screen for the real activities of pillage, as brazen and often as violent as those of highway brigands in days of old when the humble farmer going to market was robbed of his produce. Morgan says in his report:

"In a union labor today in many of the food industries there is complete dictatorship. The rank and file members of the local unions dare not say a word against their leaders and have absolutely no voice in the management of the union."

Of the men who manage the unions for their private ends he said:

"These men do not have the welfare of the laboring men at heart. Their only interest in the union is to line their own pockets. Almost daily they double cross their union members. I know of instances where these racketeering labor leaders have exacted large sums of money from employers to keep wages down. Loan sharks, working with union delegates, have preyed on union men, and members of the union, injured by accident, have been compelled by racketeers to pay for the service of a designated doctor where the customary 'split' followed."

Frequently there is a tie-up between the labor bosses and the police and minor judiciary through the technique described by Morgan as follows:

"They kept the coffers of the political clubs well filled with money hijacked out of the industry. Their 'scorillas' rendered valuable assistance at the polls on Election Day."

"The racketeers controlled, or claimed to control, a large labor vote."

Similar practices have long been employed in Chicago where sometimes there was open warfare for control of certain unions like the plumbers union, by gangsters linked with the Al Capone crowd.

These practices are not only iniquitous in themselves, they bring discredit and reproach on the labor movement as a means for the improvement of condition of the workers. Laborers may be in quite as much terror as small merchants. Only by the strong arm of the law will these racketeers be restrained.

## Irish Sweepstakes

SAGE "SIPS" said wisely the other night the papers ought to print the names of the non-winners in the Irish Sweepstakes lottery; only there wouldn't be room. The chances at winning any of the 19 grand prizes was in the ratio of 350,000 to 1; and for the small premiums, at 3,500 to 1.

The real winners are the promoters of the scheme, and the Irish hospitals. According to the pungent Westbrook Pegler, who has been looking behind the screen of the sweepstakes, the three promoters of the lottery have derived about two million dollars in five and one-half years. The three who started the gamble were Spencer Freeman, an Englishman, Joseph McGrath, an Irish politician and accountant, and Richard Duggan, Dublin bookmaker and gambler. Duggan is dead now and his share goes to his estate. The Irish hospitals have received \$21,000,000 and their take got so big President de Valera has impounded \$25,000,000 pending an investigation on what the hospitals now need.

The New York Herald-Tribune estimates that the people of the United States plunged up \$6,250,000 and got back \$3,600,000. Uncle Sam lays a heavy hand on the winners in the form of income tax assessment, so it is plain to see that what American citizens are doing is financing Irish hospitals and lining the pockets of the promoters.

The postal department under the kindly administration of Jim Farley has ignored the laws against publication of reports of the sweepstakes. Jim of course is an ex-prize fight promoter, who seems to see no evil in this seductive lottery which sucks millions of dollars out of the pockets of the needy.

## Italy Marches On

MUSSOLINI did a smart trick when he prodded Hitler to make a startling move on the chessboard of world politics by reoccupying the Rhineland. This diverted England which had been blocking Italian expansion in Africa behind the front of the league of nations. It brought fresh friction between France and England over the degree of their cooperation for mutual security. And it has left Mussolini free to have his troops romp over Ethiopia.

This debacle of sanctions was really foreshadowed in the sorry truce agreed to by Premier Laval and Sir Samuel Hoare. That was a betrayal of league idealism, and collective security was never the same again. The death of King George also broke the spell of British concentration on imperial problems; and Italy used the relaxation of pressure of world opinion to mop up in Africa.

Now the forces of Emperor Haile Selassie are in full retreat, he himself is reported ready to sue for peace, and Italian troops have planted themselves in the Lake Tana region, zone of British interest as headwater of the Blue Nile. This indeed is pulling the whiskers of the British lion.

British prestige which zoomed high when the great navy was rushed to the Mediterranean has sunk greatly as intimations are given that it will be returned to home waters, while the new Caesar receives deputations from the conquered Lion of the House of Judah.

Friday was an important day in the annals of American justice. Bruno Hauptmann was executed for a murder of which he was convicted. David Lamson was released although 39 jurors out of 36 in three separate trials decreed him guilty of murder. We are not sure but justice in the two cases was working in reverse.

A Sumpter lad was too easy on the trigger, like a Salem boy ten days ago. Result is that his boy companion is dead. Youths should be carefully trained in the handling and use of firearms; and the first rule is never to point the gun at a person, the second, to carry it barrel pointed to the ground.

Prof. Einstein told Princeton freshmen that he avoids contract bridge because it affords too little relaxation. Many who play it, however, stand much in need of the mental effort.

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

Copyright, 1935, by The Baltimore Sun

### Not Tied Up This Time

Washington, April 3.—THE interesting statement is being made by usually well-informed men that the delegates from the South to the Republican convention this year are not going to be anybody's pocket, nor will they be brought up to Cleveland by the separate bosses in that section for sale, as of yore, either for money or patronage pledges.

THIS is not to say that the Southern delegations will be exclusively composed of patriots anxious to serve the party good. By no means. It does seem true, however, that except in Mississippi, where Perry Howard, the notorious Negro leader whom Mr. Hoover found it impossible to dislodge when he tried to "purge" the party in the South, is still in the saddle, and in Louisiana, where no real change was effected, that the rest of the Southern States delegations will be on a somewhat higher level than they have been in previous conventions. At least, such is the view of those here who know most about the situation.

THESE assert that, except in the two States mentioned, the drive made by Mr. Hoover to break up the "old and deeply entrenched systems" by which the Republican delegations in the States were wholly controlled by the Federal officeholders and manipulated on an extremely sordid and commercial basis, has resulted in a certain improvement in Republican politics in those States. No one contends, as they did in 1928, when religious bigotry and Prohibition tore the Democratic party to pieces in the South, that any Republican candidate has any chance this year of carrying any Southern State. What is contended is that in many of these States the Republican party is in better hands and the delegations will be of better type. In other words, there has been an improvement since the days when men like C. Bascom Slem and Frank H. Hitchcock, representing an administration or a dominant group, could make a wholesale round-up of the Southern delegates, delivering them to a selected candidate or a sitting President.

THE best information is that most of the Southern delegations will come to the convention unpledged and in the hands of men who, while entirely practical in their politics, are not men of the auction block, as was their regular quadrennial custom. In former years it has often happened that real control of the convention was lodged in the Southern delegates, combined, they numbered about 150, and in a close fight this would easily constitute the balance of power. This time, it is contended, it is not going to be possible to use them that way for several reasons.

ONE is that the temptations of the old days can no longer be used as bait. Another is that the present party leaders in the South resent the idea of being delivered; a third is that the current talk of the Southern States coming to the convention as a unit or with an agreement to act together is without foundation and entirely impracticable. They will split between the various candidates, and nobody will have them solidly. Still another reason is that no one these days knows how to "line up" the Southern delegates and no one is attempting to do it in the old way.

ALL OF which makes the prospect for an open and interesting convention very fine, indeed. It also makes the loud cries of the professional Liberals about the wicked machinations of the "Old Guard," seem more ridiculous. If there were a real "Old Guard," the first thing it would bottle up would be the Southern delegates. An "Old Guard" without the Southern delegates to swing a bit chooses in the convention is just ridiculous. No one ever heard of a Republican "Old Guard" without them. They always have been the essence of "Old Guard" convention control.

SOME months ago it was hinted that Mr. Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General under Mr. Hoover, and a very ardent politician, had rounded up the Southern delegates. This seems not to be true so far as Mr. Brown is concerned, but not true so far as anyone else is concerned either. None of the old "founders-up" have been in the field and an inexperienced man couldn't do any business in the South, even under the old conditions. There is a feeling that the Florida delegation will be for Colonel Knox; Perry Howard, as usual, will be ready to deal if there is anyone with whom to deal, but the great bulk of the Southern delegates will be unpledged. The best judges believe that of the one thousand and more delegates to the convention at least six hundred will be unpledged. The real reason for this is that there is no outstanding figure or group to which the "high siders" naturally gravitate. Those who have been shouting for an unpledged convention seem about to get their wish. It will be unpledged, but it will also be greatly confused.

IN this connection I will mention one other similar circumstance which took place near Fort McLoughlin on Millbank sound in 1837, while in charge of Mr. Manson.

"The brig Lama, Capt. McNeill, a fur trader from Boston, entered the sound and was moored some three miles below the fort, where the captain conducted a brisk trade for a few months. "But, as was apt to be the case with inexperienced traders who understood but little of the treacherous character of the north coast Indians, he permitted too much familiarity. "They soon grew more impudent, boarding his vessel a few at a time, until some 40 or 50 were on deck. The Indians then defied his authority. This commenced early in the morning and the wildest confusion was kept up throughout the day. "Late in the afternoon the captain had managed to send two of the men to the fort with an earnest request for immediate assistance. "Manning a boat with armed Canadians," said Mr. Manson, "I started for the Indians, for rounding a point at evening twilight the old voyageurs as usual signaled their coming by singing one of their favorite boat songs. "The vessel was now in full view, anchored near the beach. "The attention of the Indians was attracted by a resounding chorus of the Canadians, and were soon in their canoes pulling for the shore. "The ringleader, a stalwart, rascally chief of the village, was still on board when I reached the deck. He was made a prisoner and held at the fort until his people had restored all they had stolen and satisfied the captain for damages committed. "Capt. McNeill soon after sailed for the Sandwich Islands where he sold his vessel to Mr. Duncan. Finlayson, agent of Dr. McLoughlin. Capt. McNeill sailed the Lama to the Columbia river, invested his money and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay company, and became a chief factor, and died at Victoria in 1875. (Continued tomorrow.)

## Lumber Orders Gain

PORTLAND, Ore., April 3.—(AP)—Figures compiled today by the Western Pine association showed orders for 117 mills for the first three months of this year increased 16 per cent over the corresponding period a year ago.

## Landon Faces Tough Situation in California Over Hearst Episode

Conservative Republicans First Disposed to Back Him; EPIC Dead Issue, Townsendism Dropping

By C. A. SPRAGUE

The republican party in California is in a critical situation. It might be more correct to say that Governor Landon of Kansas is in a critical situation in California. The feeling is more intense than in any state I know of, respecting the republican presidential nomination. Peculiarly the rivalry is not between the different candidates but over Landon himself and his flirting with Hearst.

Landon's original intention was not to enter primaries as a contestant. In California he was swayed from this resolve through the appeals of Hearst. Governor Merriam who seems at one time to have illusions about himself and the presidency, finally flopped to support Landon, either out of hopes for a vice presidential nomination or to entrench himself with Hearst. So Landon permitted the Hearst-Merriam combination to file a ticket for an instructed delegation, while the party leaders got behind the Warren ticket, nominally instructed for Warren, effecting an instructed delegation. As a matter of fact conservative party men in California were much attracted to Landon; but they refused to be tied to William Randolph Hearst, a "New York democrat". They recall what Hearst did to Garner at the democratic national convention; and place no reliance on him.

While the lineup is far different from that of 1916, Landon is left in the same predicament as Justice Hughes was when he visited California in 1916, did not meet Senator Johnson, and so lost the state. The prediction was made to the effect that California republican leader, while Landon might win the primaries with the Hearst-Merriam combination he would probably lose the state in the election if he wins the nomination.

What irks the responsible republican leadership in California

is that Landon went into hiding at a critical moment, refused to communicate with them, would make no satisfactory date with these leaders when they offered to fly back to Kansas to confer with him. Meantime authentic reports came of his visits with Hearst-Merriam emissaries. Only through a prominent Kansas editor was it possible to get word to Landon; and it was a one-way pipeline. Naturally these long-time party men take offense at this treatment. Even the younger group, represented by a republican assembly in southern California, withdrew endorsement of Landon because of his succumbing to Hearst domination.

Supporting the Warren ticket for an instructed delegation are papers like the San Francisco Chronicle and Los Angeles Times. Leaders who have been close to Herbert Hoover likewise back the Warren ticket. The Hiram Johnson wing is not much of a factor because there has been a marked swing of the liberal fringe over to democratic registration. No matter what transpires Landon has lost much ground in California, a state with 23 electoral votes.

EPIC Loses Ground California democrats have regained control of the state committee from the Sinclair EPIC invaders. There is still a protesting remnant of the EPIC following, and Sinclair bobs up occasionally to keep his hand in politics, but the movement is dead. A few EPIC signs still stand in the reminders of the strength of the cause in the 1934 campaign.

Long Beach was the birthplace of the Townsend movement, but the report was that this had passed its zenith. Developments in recent days have no doubt contributed to its further decay. San Diego was and is a stronghold of Townsendism; and the papers there published long lists of club meetings. So much for politics, which in California is always a bubbling cauldron.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

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

(Continuing from yesterday.) "Having no means of securing such large casks, he broke the head and the rum mingled with the waters of the ocean. "Then followed by his party a few hundred yards down to the beach, he dispersed the Indians, and secured the second cask in like manner.

"For this insolent exhibition and thefts which followed, Dr. McLoughlin gave those Indians a short distance below Clackamas rapids. Said Mr. Manson: "Capt. Thompson of the Convo was a man of fine social qualities, a skillful navigator, a lively trader, but knew little of Indian character.

"Having built a small block house at Astoria, I was called to Vancouver. Arriving at Multnomah village at the mouth of the Willamette, I was hailed by an Indian who had just come from the Falls (site of Oregon City); he informed me that the 'Boston' ship was aground.

"This was in July, when the backwater caused by the annual rise of the Columbia was fast receding. "The Clackamas Indians, taking advantage of the stranger while in this hapless condition, had become so insolent as to endanger the safety of the vessel and crew.

"Hastened forward to Vancouver, I informed Dr. McLoughlin of the situation of Thompson's vessel and reported danger from Indians.

"The doctor ordered Michel La-Framboise to get a boat and 19 men in readiness at once, gave me the command, and in less than an hour we were pulling away for the unfortunate ship, which we did not reach until the following morning.

"Captain Thompson had acted imprudently by permitting too much familiarity, and allowing too many Indians to board his ship at one time. "Thus to a great extent he had lost control of both vessel and Indians, who at that day were very numerous throughout the Willamette valley, especially at that season in the vicinity of the falls.

"On my arrival, which was a complete surprise, the Indians immediately left the ship, and we employed a large force of Indians who had not participated in these depredations, we having succeeded in relieving the schooner.

"The Indians were compelled to restore the stolen or extorted property and were duly punished by Dr. McLoughlin. "In this connection I will mention one other similar circumstance which took place near Fort McLoughlin on Millbank sound in 1837, while in charge of Mr. Manson.

## There's Murder in the Air

by Roy Chanslor

### SYNOPSIS

Ruth Tyler, blind daughter of former District Attorney Danis Tyler, is psychic. She foretells murders at the exact time they are being committed but is powerless to give sufficient information to prevent them. Tyler furnished information as upon Ruth while she plays her violin and always at night. Mr. Tyler seeks the aid of Dr. Jan Karak, celebrated psychiatrist, but the latter must go to Baltimore on another case, so the assigns his young assistant, Nat Benson, to the job, suggesting that Tyler give Nat only Ruth's back-ground and let him find out the details himself. Nat arrives at the old Tyler home on East 73rd Street at midnight. He is puzzled when Tyler tries to explain that his daughter is a mental case but is not unbalanced.

### CHAPTER III

"I want you to make certain observations," Tyler said. "To do that, you will have to live here in the house with us. . . . And it is important that my daughter does not know why you are here. Is that satisfactory to you?" "Yes," said Nat. "But it may take some arranging."

"I'll take care of that," said Tyler. "Let me see: Let us say that you are the son of an old friend. Your father's name was Nat too, eh? Let us say that he was a college friend. You are here looking for a room. . . . You are on intimate terms with the family, of course. It will be perfectly natural for you to stay as long as necessary. Nobody can find a job nowadays."

"That sounds practicable enough," said Nat. "I will explain briefly," Tyler began. Then he stopped, turning his head, as if listening. From somewhere in the house there came a faint, muffled, the music of a violin. It was faint but indistinguishably beautiful, haunting.

Tyler stood quite still, as if frozen, staring upward, toward the source of the music. Then, abruptly, in the middle of a bar, the music ceased. Tyler turned swiftly toward Nat, his face drawn.

"Come!" he said. "Come!" Then he strode from the room, Nat close at his heels. His long legs took the stairs, two steps at a time. Nat followed. Down the hall Tyler went, half-running now, Nat keeping pace just behind him. Before a door at the extreme end of the hallway he stopped, raised his hand as if to knock.

Then he brought it down slowly, placed it on the knob and quietly opened the door. It was quite dark inside, and still. Tyler fumbled for the light-switch; there was a click, and the lights came on. In the middle of the floor, facing him, a girl in negligee stood rigidly, a violin in her left hand and bow in her right hand.

"No," he had said. "I'll stay here with you a bit." He had glanced up then, at Nat, who had dashed him an inquiring look. Tyler had shaken his head slowly, and by a movement of his hand had suggested that Nat wait below. So Nat waited, as patiently as he could.

Presently he heard a sound on the stairs, glanced up and saw Tyler's tall figure descending. The man came into the room wearily. He stood in the door, rubbing one side of his face with one of his lean hands. Then he took a chair, facing Nat. "She is sleeping now," Tyler said. Nat nodded, said nothing. "That was a curious look at him," he said slowly. Then he shook his head. "But it was in complete. What—what did you make of it?" "Nothing," said Nat frankly. "Except that she seemed badly frightened."

"She was frightened," said Tyler. "She was terrified."

"What of it?" said Nat. "I wish you'd tell me," said Tyler. "But haven't you any idea—?" Tyler shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I hoped she would know, so that you could see—the thing at work. But something happened. In a way I was relieved. . . . But it will come again. And I want you to be on hand when it does."

"Not needed. Perhaps you'd better explain," he said. "I'll try to tell you something about her," said Tyler. "She is a remarkable musician, as perhaps you noticed, even though she plays only a few bars."

"Yes," said Nat. "It was—superb."

Tyler nodded and went on: "She's what they call a prodigy, I believe,

## The Flood Picket



## There's Murder in the Air

by Roy Chanslor

now, trying to compose himself, trying not to puzzle too much about the strange actions of the girl with the violin. What had caused the terror in her face? How could she, blind as she was, play the violin so exquisitely? For it had been exquisite, that fragment he had heard before the strange interruption. In the grip of whatever emotion had possessed her, she had apparently not realized his presence there, in the doorway. Tyler, when she did not speak, had picked her up suddenly in his arms and carried her to the bed. And she had smiled up at him, then. "It's no use—now, Father," she had said. "But I'm all right. Good night."



In the middle of the floor, a girl in negligee stood rigidly, a violin at her shoulder.

"No," he had said. "I'll stay here with you a bit." He had glanced up then, at Nat, who had dashed him an inquiring look. Tyler had shaken his head slowly, and by a movement of his hand had suggested that Nat wait below. So Nat waited, as patiently as he could.

Presently he heard a sound on the stairs, glanced up and saw Tyler's tall figure descending. The man came into the room wearily. He stood in the door, rubbing one side of his face with one of his lean hands. Then he took a chair, facing Nat. "She is sleeping now," Tyler said. Nat nodded, said nothing. "That was a curious look at him," he said slowly. Then he shook his head. "But it was in complete. What—what did you make of it?" "Nothing," said Nat frankly. "Except that she seemed badly frightened."

"She was frightened," said Tyler. "She was terrified."

"What of it?" said Nat. "I wish you'd tell me," said Tyler. "But haven't you any idea—?" Tyler shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I hoped she would know, so that you could see—the thing at work. But something happened. In a way I was relieved. . . . But it will come again. And I want you to be on hand when it does."

"Not needed. Perhaps you'd better explain," he said. "I'll try to tell you something about her," said Tyler. "She is a remarkable musician, as perhaps you noticed, even though she plays only a few bars."

"Yes," said Nat. "It was—superb."

Tyler nodded and went on: "She's what they call a prodigy, I believe,

(To Be Continued)  
Copyrighted by the McClure Company  
Illustrated by Rex Poston, Seattle, Wash.