

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Willamette Valley Development

SO accustomed have people become to dealing in millions and billions (not of their own but always with other people's money) that the estimated cost of over \$200,000,000 to develop the Willamette river drainage system for power, irrigation and flood control causes no one to drop a pulse beat. The amount allocable to power would be \$117,432,000; to irrigation \$22,000,000 for the benefit of 500,650 acres; for flood control \$55,710,000. The government engineers conclude that the development is not economically justified at the present time.

Most people who live here will agree. For a tiny fraction of the sum for flood control it would be possible to buy up all the land which the floods are chewing up. It is probable that other irrigation projects offer better lands for wet farming at lower cost. More power would merely add to the existing surplus of installed capacity, with Bonneville coming into production next year.

However as we grub along in our narrow fields we should not shut our eyes to visions. Portions of the development are no doubt practical. A lesser sum spent on reclamation work and channel clearance will reduce flood losses. There are thousands of acres which would profit by inexpensive drainage systems or by small irrigation works. Just because of the whole \$200,000,000 project is not warranted at the present time or for the early future should not encourage dwellers in this valley to continue just sitting on their old methods and old farm and business practices. The path to individual salvation may be rougher but it is more certain than dependence on the Great White Father.

Five Irregularities

A woman who aspires to a seat on the council from the fourth ward has already emphasized to the mayor "five irregularities" which deserve instant correction. They range from spitting on the sidewalk to riding bicycles on the Willson park grass. Conditions indeed are terrible; and a spasm of Reform is needed to set them to rights. The peace, safety and happiness of a city of nearly 30,000 is imperiled because a few boys carry passengers on their bike handlebars.

Undoubtedly the mayor should do something about it. He might get out on the street and tag the offenders who fail to reach the gutter when they expectorate. He should get out of nights and lay a heavy hand on the boys who ride bikes without proper lights fore and aft. In fact unless he does the mayor is not performing his duty. It clearly is the mayor's job because the police are busy blowing sirens to warn burglars of their approach. Since the mayor is a candidate for reelection we may expect him to pledge that he will not tolerate these irregularities which are "not contributory to either city or individual welfare."

He has only one escape, and that is to appoint Mrs. Lobdell, the aspiring candidate for council, as deputy to chase the spitters, the cyclists who ride a sidewalk, and the people who step in flower beds at night during the band concerts in the park. By all means let's stop these Five Irregularities.

Pensions Without Revenues

AN example of legislation which makes appropriation without providing revenues therefor is a proposed initiative of the Eagles. Under its terms counties would be relieved of all share of the pension cost. The state would bear all the cost save what was contributed by the federal government. The age limit is reduced from 70 to 65 and the allowance raised to range from \$15 to \$45 a month. The bill forbids any special tax levy and orders an appropriation of \$4,500,000 from the state general fund for the biennium.

The sponsors apparently have made no investigation of the condition of the general fund or they would know that it cannot absorb a fresh charge of \$4,500,000. Present state pension funds are to come out of a special fund supplied by the liquor commission. This fund is limited and is used also to provide relief for destitute, unemployed citizens.

This measure if adopted would speedily exhaust revenues in the general fund, force the state on a warrant basis, and threaten the financial structure of the state.

In the east WPA has been writing and putting on plays. One on Jefferson Davis was shipped down south where it was supposed to do some business. The troupe was stranded after a few stops, so the play must have been rotten. We can suggest a title for a real heart-thrilling melodrama: "Kidnaping the Farmer's Daughter." It would be based on the fear of Secretary Wallace that if he told the truth about who got the big AAA checks someone might kidnap "the farmer's daughter." If WPA staggers at the playwright assignment, turn the task over to Alice Longworth.

The proposed repeal or modification of the civil service act landed about where we anticipated. In politics the greatest force is still inertia. No one has told us what happened, they don't need to. Presumes from those who want the status quo killed the idea. So the city will stumble along, unable to govern its own essential services because of the barricades written in the charter amendment.

So many political hitch-hikers thumbed a ride on the old Townsend bus machine in attack on the first bill. It's doubtful now if any other car will come along in time to pick up Sam Brown, Harry Kenin, Charley Thomas and the other hundred per centers and get them to the hogdog counter before May 15.

Governor Martin, always correctly dressed, is to be afflicted with a ten-gallon Texan cowboy. Now if Walter Piers was riding the headpiece would be appropriate; but a ten-gallon skyscraper on the head of stinky Gov. Martin will make him look as grotesque as Cal Coolidge in cowboy hat and chaps.

The Oregon Electric should be required to take up its tracks on High street and repair the gap. Otherwise the coating will peel off and the street left in a bumpy condition. If the railroad doesn't do it the city or property-owners will have to later on. The railroad is the one which should do the job now.

Father Coughlin blames the floods on the American financial interests, and Mayor McNair of Pittsburgh, a democrat soured on the new deal, blames them on the CCC boys. Jupiter Pluvius is thus neatly relieved of responsibility.

Registration closes on April 14; so all who want to vote at the primaries on May 15 should see that their names are properly entered. Folk who have changed precincts should be sure to call at the county clerk's office for a change of registration.

"Why not a West Point for civil service?" asks the Baker Democrat-Herald. The answer, if it wants to know, is in two words: Jim Farley.

Sam Brown refers to his opponent, Theodore G. Nelson, as "Two-bit Nelson." It may turn out that Sam's opponent has a full-nelson on Sam's chances.

The alert Associated Press promises at least 23 new faces in the next legislature. One trouble is that some will be in the wrong seats.

Townsend endorsements are like the Mexican jumping bean: they don't stick for very long at a time.

A final burst of intelligence is noted in New Jersey. The legislature voted not to investigate the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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It's a Farmer-Labor Party Now?

Washington, April 7.

WRITING the other day of the alleged and rather vague ambitions of Mr. John L. Lewis, the belle of the Roosevelt head of the United Mine Workers, some day to start a Farmer-Labor party, the discerning Raymond Clapper asserted that Mr. Roosevelt had beaten him to it. Al-ready he has turned the Democratic party into a party into a



Frank R. Kent
Farmer-Labor party.

THE truth of this is obvious, and has been for a long time. There has not been in our history a more open class appeal than that made in behalf of Mr. Roosevelt, or which Mr. Roosevelt has made for himself. From the start the New Deal policies have been particularly designed to evoke response from the farmers and laborers. That has been the drive. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been distributed—and still are—among the first; unprecedented concessions have been made to and support given leaders of the latter.

THE Administration plan of forming a nation-wide "worker-farmer" alliance has been advanced openly by various Roosevelt spokesmen at various times. The most striking came from Professor Tugwell, head of a \$275,000,000 governmental agency employing 12,000 people, in Los Angeles last September, but there have been others. The spokesmen politicians of the Farley type in charge of the Roosevelt campaign, frankly base their calculation upon the solidarity with which the farmers and laborers are expected to support him. Between the flood of checks from the AAA and the personal obligations under which the Administration has put certain labor leaders, these elements are counted as irrevocably tied up, sealed and delivered.

SOME in the inner Roosevelt circle believe the farmer-labor combination will be sufficiently solid and effective to elect with nothing else. Their desire is to make no so-called hostile alliance toward business and no promise of any sort indicative of a Roosevelt intention, if reelected, to return to safe and orthodox ways. For one thing, they urge, it is misleading and insincere to make such gestures and promises; for another, they might alienate or at least weaken the ardor of the farmer-labor support; for another, they are unnecessary. Supplemented by the weight of the Federal machine and the Democratic politicians who, however personally out of step, are compelled to fall in line for patronage and political reasons, Mr. Roosevelt can be reelected without making any pledges he will have to break after election. Such is their belief.

THE more practical politicians, however, take the other view and it will prevail. There, they urge, no use taking chances. Probably Mr. Roosevelt can be reelected against the solid opposition of the business and professional people. But no President ever has and, inasmuch as there is no conceivable way to lose the support of the farmers and laborers and radicals, it seems politically smart, so far as possible, to soothe the hostile business interests and keep disputed Democrats in line by persuading them that a reelected Roosevelt would be more conservative or, at any rate, that voting a Republican ticket is a dreadful thing—in brief, to make goats of them.

IN any event, those are the lines upon which the campaign will be made, with the farmer-labor alliance as the base. Confirmation of this alliance on the labor end was furnished last week when Mr. George L. Berry, professional labor leader and just reappointed "industrial coordinator" by Mr. Roosevelt, announced the formation of a "Non-Partisan Labor League," the prime purpose of which is the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt. The movement is endorsed by Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Berry intends to make it the vehicle for general Roosevelt support by the American Federation of Labor, which organization has never before endorsed but one Presidential candidate—the late Robert M. La Follette, in 1924—not, it may be said, with marked success.

THE fact is, as Mr. Clapper says, Mr. Roosevelt has converted the Democratic party into a Farmer-Labor party. Under him it no longer has a trace of Democratic tradition or a vestige of Democratic principles. His policies clash with the historic doctrines of the party, as well as the platform upon which he was elected. Under him it is incongruous to march as a Democrat. The label-bound Democrats are ridiculous and unhappy following the New Deal banner. Supinely they believe the fact that there is "no plan for a Democrat to go." It would be far more honest if the convention which nominates Mr. Roosevelt should drop the label and call itself openly the Farmer-Labor party. That is what he has made it.

Rivet Causes Damage

SAN FRANCISCO, April 7.—(AP)—A 30-cent red hot rivet caused a \$10,000 damage and endangered 16 workers on the huge bay bridge Monday by igniting a wooden pier tender soaked with creosote.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Donald Manson the man 4-8-35 who arranged building of Hudson's Bay company's forts who lived last days in Marion:

(Concluding from yesterday.) Robert Newell platted the town of Champeog on his donation claim land, though he didn't sign the plat. The platting was done by S. D. Snowden, who surveyed it, and it was dated November, 1852, the day not given. The plat was "filed and recorded" Jan. 19, 1853, by E. J. Harding, clerk of Marion county. He was "Jenk" Harding, brother of the U. S. senator, B. F.

The plat showed lots 50 by 100 feet, along 10 feet streets 60 feet wide. The east and west streets were: John, Washington, Montcalm, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, though the plat says Munroe. There were eight full blocks and five fractional ones, the last named being down next to the river, where the Champeog state park monument is now. The strip near the river is marked on the plat "wharf from 60 to 80 feet."

Robert Newell and wife sold and gave a good many deeds for lots in the town of Champeog, "according to the recorded plat thereof," up to 1861-2, when the big flood swept the whole town down the river—some say as many as 350 houses. Perhaps 200 would cover the number; but some of them were substantial buildings, like Masonic lodge, hotels, livery and stage station, etc.

All the deeds were signed by the wife Rebecca with her mark. Robert Newell and wife sold four acres of their claim to Donald Manson in 1862, the deed dated April 12. The witnesses to the 1857 deed were Archibald McKinlay and John D. Crawford. McKinlay was a well known Hudson's Bay company factor, and Crawford was a brother of Medorem Crawford. Both were prominent early day pioneers, Medorem coming with the '42 immigration, and John D. in 1847.

The '57 deed was acknowledged by Stephen Clark, justice of the peace.

The witnesses to the second deed of 1862 were J. E. Hurford and B. F. Newman, and Hurford as justice of the peace acknowledged it.

In the deeds, Donald Manson, grantee, was described as a chief factor of the honorable Hudson's Bay company.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

FLATFOOT is given a funny name by the doctors. They call it "planus," which is merely a Latin term for the condition.

This is a common defect in infants and children. Yet, when corrective measures are taken, it can be overcome and entirely corrected if treatment is applied at an early age. Flatfoot and fallen arches are really the same. Unfortunately, it is seldom recognized in childhood. Too often it is neglected until early adult life when the victim begins to complain of pain or discomfort, at least. When this happens he resorts to arch supports and "orthopedic shoes" in an attempt to correct the trouble. In many instances these give relief, but permanent cure is not effected.

Born With Them

I have said this is a common defect. As a matter of fact, all children are born with flat feet. The feet usually begin to form soon after birth, but, unfortunately, in some children it never does form.

It is important to discover the true condition as early as possible, so that parents should be on the lookout for it. Marked flatfoot is readily recognized. Have the child stand erect with heels touching and the toes straight forward. If the arch is in it is somewhat elevated on the inner surface of the foot. The height of this arch varies, but it should be sufficiently high to permit a finger or pencil to be inserted under the foot, between it and the floor. Another simple test is to moisten the sole of the foot with a colored fluid. Then have the child step firmly upon a piece of rough paper, and this will give an imprint of the bottom of the foot. If there is undue flatness, the imprint reveals no inner margin of elevation. That narrowness in the middle, such as the print of a normal foot shows, is absent.

Corrective Measures

The child having this trouble usually walks on the inner edges of the soles and points his toes inward. To overcome this tendency some specialists recommend the insertion of a thin wedge into the inner side of the shoe's heel. In a marked case the wedge may be continued to the inside margin of the sole.

These wedges vary in thickness from one-sixteenth to one-quarter of an inch. They raise the inside part of the foot and throw the weight outward. This helps to strengthen the muscles of the foot and raises the arch.

I cannot speak too strongly about the importance of proper footwear for children. The shoes must fit snugly and have a firm broad heel. It should permit free movement of the toes.

Every effort must be made to improve the child's general health. Special foot exercises are advised in certain cases. Your doctor will instruct you in this corrective treatment.

Answers to Health Queries

J. K. Q.—What causes itchy skin? Just scratches all over my body—head, face, neck, arms and legs.

A.—This is probably due to pruritis. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

There is on record another plat of the town of Champeog, recorded November 4, 1856. It takes in the same land as the old one, and a great deal more—80 acres or so in all. It shows 51 full blocks and eight fractional blocks.

The streets are increased in number. The east and west streets are Wilson, Alder, Maple, Lang-tain and Napoleon—and two unnamed; must have run out of names.

The north and south streets are: Lafayette, Orleans, La Salle, Montcalm and De Grasse.

In this plat, only four blocks are divided into lots, between De Grasse and Montcalm and Maple and Langtain, near the river, close to where the monument is now.

If any lots were ever sold in the newly platted town, they must have been very few. The glory of Champeog on the low land was fled. It had joined the shades; the procession of Oregon ghost towns.

Who platted the new Champeog, on the grand scale? The estate of Donald Manson, the plat shows. There was evidently such an estate. No names were signed. Donald Manson had been nearly seven years dead.

But the records of Marion county do not indicate that the estate was ever probated. This leads one to wonder about the titles there. W. N. Chapman was county clerk when the second plat was filed, and Ed N. Edes, deputy.

When the four acre deed to Manson was recorded, N. T. Canton was county clerk.

Recent owners of parts of the original Newell land claim have been A. L. Alderman, the Eberhards and the Gearins; the latter the family that produced John M. Gearin, U. S. senator. John B. Plette and a number of other familiar pioneer names appear in the chains of titles.

The names of Etienne and Margaret Lucier appear.

The street named Langtain in the second plat was for Andre Langtain; spelled in half a dozen French Canadian, a prominent early French Canadian resident there; his donation land claim was next to that of Newell's.

In October, 1828, Donald Manson (Continued on Page 9)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

MORE STATE OFFICE NEEDS
If the government of Oregon is really to be operated at Salem, the capital of the state, it will be necessary before many years to erect more office buildings at Salem than the state's many scattered departments. This was the meaning of Governor Martin's recent prediction that the state would soon need \$1,000,000 for this purpose in addition to the \$2,500,000 now appropriated for a new capitol. It is futile for Yamhill county's Senator Burkhart to try to interpret this statement of a known fact as a devious effort to reopen the question of a larger statehouse. The governor is not a devious man. If he wanted to reopen the question of the statehouse issue he would not beat about the bush.

The governor is stating what every legislator knows to be a fact. The new statehouse will not house all the state activities now scattered through Salem and Portland. The present office buildings will continue to be inadequate even after the statehouse is built. Sooner or later another office building will be needed in the state group. It would have been needed even if \$3,500,000 had been spent on the new statehouse. The governor is not reopening the Candalaria Heights issue. But he may be pardoned for calling attention to the short-sighted policy which failed to provide for the adequate future needs. When a new office building is erected at Salem it will have to go somewhere in the area adjoining the statehouse. It will be difficult to drive a good bargain for the additional land. It will cost more than it would have cost with far-sighted planning. If the carrying critics can make any political capital out of that, let them go ahead.

There may be one solution for the state's problem. Many months ago when the new statehouse was first mentioned this paper suggested that the legislature and the city of Salem act together to set up a large "reserve" sufficient for a future group plan. This would not involve immediate purchase. It would prevent expensive construction in the area the state will need. Numerous cities have found such legislation indispensable in long-range planning. By early action, vast sums may be saved.—Eugene Register Guard.

Twenty Years Ago

Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio will be chairman of the republican national convention in Chicago.

Governor Withycombe will give a Founder's Day address at Champeog May 6.

San Diego is bidding the world to it, the big California international exposition this summer.

Ten Years Ago

Captain G. H. Wilkins and his pilots have flown 140 miles north of Point Barrow, Alaska, setting a new record.

Mussolini was shot through the nostrils by a would-be assassin, a woman, yesterday but was not seriously wounded.

Establishment of a safety device at the Southern Pacific crossing in Salem at 14th and Oak streets is being considered.

The Opportunist Digs In



"There's Murder in the Air"

by Roy Chanslor

SYNOPSIS

Ruth Tyler, blind daughter of former District Attorney Daniel Tyler, is psychic. She foretells murders at the exact time they are being committed but is powerless to give sufficient information to prevent them. These weird visitations come upon Ruth while she plays her violin and always at night. Mr. Tyler seeks the aid of Dr. Jan Karask, celebrated psychiatrist, but the latter must go to Baltimore on another case, so he assigns his young assistant, Nat Benson, to the job, suggesting that Tyler try to explain that when he gives Nat only Ruth's background and let him find out the details himself. Nat arrives at the old Tyler home on East 79th Street at midnight. He is puzzled when Tyler tries to explain that his daughter is a mental case but is not unbalanced. Suddenly the strains of a violin come in upon their conversation, stopping abruptly. Asking Nat to follow, Tyler rushes to Ruth's room where they find the girl terror-stricken. "It began—as always," she whispers. "And then—it stopped." Tyler thinks it best to let Ruth not to know she is being studied. At breakfast, next morning, Nat is introduced to her as the son of an old college chum, in the city on a visit. Nat is touched by Ruth's gentleness and beauty. She is a talented violinist and that night entertains Nat with her playing. In the middle of a love song, there is a crashing discord and the music ceases. "Murder!" she says hoarsely. "He is going to kill Mr. Roosevelt. . . . Now! . . . Five Shots! . . . Mr. Roosevelt is safe. . . . Words. . . . Missed Roosevelt! Glad I got Cermak!" Nat rushes to the radio and sure enough, the announcement of the attempted assassination of the President-elect comes over the air. Ruth collapses. Nat partially explains the phenomenon by saying some persons have the power of receiving thoughts from the minds of others. Weeks pass and all is serene. Then one April night terror again grips Ruth.

CHAPTER VI

"There's murder in the air!" Ruth said, and for the first time since the vague dread had first made itself known in her mind, she knew what she must do. All at once, as if a shutter had been opened in her mind, to admit a flood of light, she was no longer afraid of her power. She welcomed it, determined to use it to its utmost.

For a fraction of a second she felt the strained nerves of her father and of Nat. Then she shut them out, completely. She did not even hear her father's sharp exclamation, nor Nat's warning, "Shhh!" She did not know that Nat had seized her father's arm, held him back from her, moved her fingers slightly on the strings, waited, tense, nerves taut, every faculty sharp and clear.

It was very plain, that feeling: Murder in the air! As plain as it had been the night Zangara had been shot on the steps of the end of the bid at all times. She was much more aware of its import. She stood rigid, waiting—waiting for the words which would tell her who was in danger.

Then they began to come: Death. . . . Death and Hate. . . . Vengeance. . . . Fear. . . . Lust for gain. . . . Her nerves were quivering on the verge for the same. It must come now. It had to come. But there was some barrier, some disturbance. She tried to shut it out. But it intruded, exasperatingly.

"It's all right, Father," she said then, gently. "I think I'll go to bed."

"I'm sorry, Ruth," he said brokenly. "But I was frightened. Do you forgive your stupid old father?"

"Of course," she said. "Good night."

She felt his lips brush hers, felt his arm tremble. Then she hurried from the room, her violin held close. When she had gone, Tyler turned a contrite face toward Nat, who shrugged.

"Perhaps it doesn't matter," Nat said. "It will probably come again—later. But if that peril was immediate, as it was in the case of Roosevelt."

"I lost my head," said Tyler.

In his room Tyler paced up and down, prey to a thousand conflicting

emotions: Contrition for his interference—fear for Ruth—concern for the unknown person in danger. . . . What if it should be Ruth herself? He groaned and ran his hands through his hair. What a fool he was! Well, the damage was done. He must get hold of himself.

He stopped his restless pacing, forced himself to undress, get into bed. He lay with his ears strained, fearful of hearing that music commence—and then stop! And just as fearful that it would not. There could be no peace, no rest, for him now, until Ruth knew.

Nat did not undress. He was convinced that the girl would play again, sometime during that night, and equally sure that unless murder had already been done, she would get the danger-signals once more. He arranged a reading-light by the open door, placed his chair so he could see Ruth's door at the end of the hall at all times.

He made himself read a novel, but he kept his ears alert; when the time came, he would get to Ruth before her father could reach her. . . . Ruth lay very quietly in her bed, waiting. She heard her father come up the stairs, recognized the so-familiar footsteps. And her super-sensitive ears caught the vibrations of his restless pacing. Her heart went out to him, but she lay still, waiting. She heard Nat come upstairs too, heard him moving the chair, the lamp, knew that he was keeping vigil. That knowledge warmed and heartened her. . . . She was thankful when she realized that her father had stopped his agonized stalking of the floor. She hoped he would sleep. She would not sleep if he could—and could not if she would. The hours passed slowly. In her mind she groped for the shutter which would let in the light—until she realized that it was beyond her power to open it.

No, the shutter had to be opened from the outside. And when that realization had become very clear to her, she knew that it would open, even . . . presently she knew that it was time. Very quietly she got up, felt for her violin. She would play it very, very softly, hoping not to wake her father. Nat would hear it, of course. But Nat would not interfere.

She tucked the violin under her chin. It was a wonderful instru-

ment, a very old Amati said to have once been the property of the Italian magician Castiglione. She poised the bow, waited for the utter compulsion to play. It came almost at once. Gently she drew the bow across the strings. And in her mind the shutter slowly opened, and the light came in. She stopped, her fingers taut on the strings.

At the first sound Nat was out of his chair. He stood waiting, unwilling to allow a single footfall to break the tension. Then the music stopped, and Nat started swiftly down the hall. He heard Tyler's door open. The man was coming too. Nat reached the door first, opened it swiftly but quietly, switched on the light. Tyler crowded close behind him. Nat flashed him a warning



"The man marked for death is Paul Y. Gordon," Ruth said.

look, and Tyler nodded, humbly. They stood tense, still, staring at the girl. If she realized their presence, she gave no sign. They began to speak:

"Gordon. . . . Gordon. . . . Gordon."

Tyler started to open his lips, but Nat's swift pressure of his arm restrained him from speech. Both men were thinking the same thing: Gordon! A common name. There are many Gordons!

Ruth stood as before, waiting. . . . Would nothing come but that name, Gordon? She resolvedly shut her eyes, as completely receptive as she was able, and waited. The feeling of another's hate that came to her was a cold, even more, a malignant thing. Yet she was not afraid now. It was a different kind of hate from that of Zangara. That had been a fanatic, almost maniacal thing. This was colder, even more, a malignant thing. It was planning death for this Gordon; that, she knew. But the will was not yet ready to translate the plan into action. It was a waiting hate.

And then she got the complete name, in a flash, as if that hate were dictating it, glancingly: Paul Gordon. . . . Paul Y. Gordon. That was all she wanted now. She was aware, completely, then, of the presence of Nat and her father. She dropped her bow, turned to them quietly.

"The man marked for death is Paul Y. Gordon," she said.

"Are you sure?" said Nat gently. "The international banker?" Nat said.

Tyler nodded.

"I'll get him on the phone," Nat said.

He thumbed through the Manhattan telephone-book. There was no Paul Y. Gordon listed.

"Either he has a private, unlisted wire, or he lives in the country," Nat said. He dialed information, and was told, after a time, that there was a Paul Y. Gordon listed in Westchester. He took down the number and dialed the operator. . . .

(To Be Continued)