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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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From Oregon to Success

There died the other day in New York a man who was known as the "doctor's doctor," a consultant in the diagnosis of diseases, Dr. Harlow Brooks. His life touched the northwest and Oregon briefly, for, after his boyhood in Minnesota he came to the northwest, as did many young men of the time, to engage in railroad engineering work. While out here he entered the University of Oregon in the class of 1894, spending his summers in survey work on the Union Pacific. He transferred however to the University of Michigan and completed his medical course there. His professional career was developed in New York with the exception of periods of war service in the Spanish and World wars. He specialized in pathology and clinical medicine, served on the faculty of New York university and on the staffs of many hospitals; and became a famous diagnostician.

The singular fact about his death was that it was caused by a germ which he with the late Dr. William H. Welch, famous professor in Johns Hopkins, was first to isolate,—the gas gangrene bacillus.

The sketch of his life which appeared in New York papers revealed how busy a man he must have been. His contacts were numerous and varied. He arose each morning at six and was at his day's work at 7:30. Besides his professional work he had many other interests. He delved into ethnology and studied particularly the Indians of North and South America. He was not only a lover of music but a performer as well, playing 'cello in a quartet of physicians. He was a big game hunter, though in later years his chief weapon was a camera. He also found time to write monographs and books dealing with medical topics, in considerable number.

With all this round of activity, which kept him going often until midnight, his biographer says: "Despite a heavy daily program, he never was a bustling man but had a gift for the appearance of leisure in all his engagements."

Dr. Brooks died at the comparatively early age of 65. He lived a full life to be sure; but one with so many interests would never grow old. It may be that this young Oregon and Pacific Northwest in which Brooks spent some youthful years, gave him a stimulus which remained with him through his life, awakening interests which renewed his mind weary from the day's routine.

Industrial Discord

The public's attitude toward the contentious ship owners and employes in San Francisco is "a plague on both your houses." The lines are drawn for a battle which would be a "finish fight." Employers apparently want to crush the unions and the radical union leaders want to crush the shipowners. If either had complete victory it would be universal defeat,—for the victor as well as the vanquished and for the public which is being served.

The industrial situation elsewhere is in a similar state of strain with attitudes of mutual hostility, instead of cooperative effort for joint success. Unions countenance violence, and employer groups hire thugs and ex-criminals as strike-breakers. Both attitudes are unenlightened and positively dangerous for the whole social order.

Each side in a labor dispute has a powerful weapon. The employers have the club of jobs which mean income and food and a living for families. Employes have the labor without which the plant goes idle and the employer is left helpless. With each side helpless without the other wisdom dictates greater forbearance on both sides, less readiness to resort to force which is costly and often futile.

On both sides much of the trouble lies with its blind leadership, which can see the future only in terms of crushing the opposition.

Waterfront conditions are highly unstable at the present time, especially on this coast. But the material for similar strife is present in many other lines of industry which have been organized on the basis of force majeure rather than that of fair settlement.

Youth and War

Portland youth has been declared winner of Eddie Cantor's \$5000 prize. He gives assurance that his essay was not plagiarized. When interviewed after announcement of the award, the young man, Owen W. Matthews, III, said he just wrote what he knew, and drew upon his experience in attending the boy scout jamboree in Hungary. There he met boys from all countries, and even if they couldn't talk each other's languages they could make themselves understood. To quote Owen:

"We knew that, no matter what the diplomats of our respective countries might say to each other, we boys had no reason for fighting each other."

That he said, was the basis of his essay. If so, it is easy to see how he won. It was a practical, experiential approach; not a theoretical dissertation, nor gleanings from other writings on the subject.

The significance of the essay is clear: there is a growing sense of fraternity among the young men of the nations of the world, a realization that they have no reason to go out and shoot each other down. This change in attitude on the part of youth weakens the foundation of war's support. No matter how much money is spent on cannon and aircraft and warships this physical material is of little worth if youth is hostile to the war idea. Militarists need to take note of this fact when they talk about the need for preparedness. The mind of youth is being conditioned for peace; it will take a great deal of martial music to condition it again for war.

Safety Prayer

The rector of Trinity church, New York, has had printed on cards for distribution to the public copies of "The Motorist's Prayer" which was published recently in the London Church Times. This is the prayer:

"Grant me a steady hand and watchful eye.
That no man shall be hurt when I pass by.

"Thou savest life, and I pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of thine.

"Shelter those, dear Lord, who bear me company.
From the evils of fire and all calamity.

"Teach me to use my car for others' need,
Nor miss through love of speed.

"The beauties of thy world; that thus I may
With joy and courtesy go on my way."

Why not set it to music and have it sung by the full congregation. Who was it said: "Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who writes the laws". Maybe by prayer and song we can get the idea of safe driving drilled into the human consciousness.

After spending \$12,000,000 on the Florida ship canal and the Quoddy tidal power project President Roosevelt has dropped them, saying their future depends on the congress. The best economy is to quit pouring any more money into them. Both were opposed as unwise by the best engineering. But it took publicity and a fighting senator to stop the sinful waste.

The senate, composed chiefly of lawyers, wouldn't convict Judge Ritter of allowing too high a fee, \$75,000, in a hotel receivership. The rule for fees remains as in the good old days, what the traffic will bear.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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Public Funds and Politics

Washington, April 20.
IF THAT "Worker-Farmer Alliance," with Professor Tugwell last summer announced as the reliance of the

New Deal in this campaign, and which he predicted would "irresistibly surge forward" against the "forces of reaction" is not effected it will be through no fault of the Administration political managers. They are hard enough at it. And believe that it will hold is the real basis for the present Roosevelt confidence.

SO FAR as the farmers are concerned, there seems considerable ground for this feeling. It is not only that \$300,000,000 on old contracts under the AAA have already started going out in the form of checks, but before the election \$440,000,000 more under the new Soil-Conservation Act will be distributed. In other words, \$740,000,000—or nearly three-quarters of a billion—of Treasury money taken from the taxpayers will be distributed among the farmers in the next six months—and this to farmers who in two and a half years have already gotten more than one billion through the processing taxes killed by the Court. (These figures are taken from the authoritative and reliable United States News.) If that does not cement the agricultural end of that Tugwell alliance, then the American farmer, all honor to him, is unpurchasable indeed.

LITERALLY THE THING is unbelievable. That an administration seeking votes to continue itself in power should distribute, among the voters during a campaign, three-quarters of a billion dollars out of the Federal Treasury is well calculated to take the breath of the average citizen once he fully grasps the facts. The trouble is that so diverting the ways of the politicians in office, so specious their appeal and so plausible their propaganda that it isn't an easy thing to do. With smug insistence upon the nobility of its purpose and the non-partisan nature of its gratuities, this Administration seems able to do things with impunity that under any ordinary circumstances would be regarded as an offense against decency and in any ordinary time would shock the country into real resentment.

AN ARGUMENT, of course, can be made that this pouring out of Federal funds to the farmers during the campaign is part of a great program to help agriculture, that it is all according to schedule, and that there is a completely non-political attitude in this business upon the part of the directing heads in Washington. That is true in one sense and not true in another. The pious almsness from even a thought of politics in the distribution of these billions, assumed by Mr. Roosevelt in all his speeches and copied by his aides, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hopkins, can be maintained, doubtless, with complete sincerity. Of course, they are not playing politics with this money. Of course, their hearts are pure and their hands clean. Of course, it goes out on a non-partisan basis.

BUT THAT does not prevent the local Democratic politicians all over the country from capitalizing these benefit payments for party purposes and using them as an argument to the recipients for support of Mr. Roosevelt, insisting that gratitude is due him for what they have and if they want more they will have to reelect him. There is no more doubt that this is being done with the farmers than it is with the people on relief. While the New Dealers in Washington keep their heads in the clouds and pretend there is no such thing as practical politics, the Democratic machines all over the country are squeezing the last ounce of political advantage out of the Government money.

BEING HUMAN, they are bound to do exactly that. Without this money there would be slight chance of Mr. Roosevelt's reelection. There isn't a seasoner, politician, lobbyist or politician anywhere who does not know that to be true. It is a simple statement of fact that these tremendous outpourings for relief and to the farmers in practical effect constitute the greatest campaign fund in history. That is what the Republicans charge, and no amount of protestation about the purity of their hearts upon the part of those responsible alters the fact that there is real ground for the charge. If there were no other ground the continued presence of Mr. Farley, the Roosevelt political manager, in the President's Cabinet, itself, would be enough. In command of the greatest patronage machine in history, constructed on a purely spoils basis, and himself a professional spoilsman of the true Tammany type, the continuation of Mr. Farley in his dual position completely negates the non-partisan attitude of his chief. It does more than that—it makes it an affront to the intelligence.

LEAVING ASIDE all question of the merits of the WPA, the old AAA, and its new substitute, this tremendous stream of Federal funds is calculatingly being used by local Democratic politicians in every section to affect votes in the next election. And that is a shocking, stripped of all camouflage and pretense, what it amounts to is an effort to buy the

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Reminiscences of an Old Timer," reviewing life of a pioneer, miner and scout of the northwest:

(Continuing from Sunday.)
Quoting Captain: "In the case of our captain, an aged pioneer who was beloved by the whole party, when he was attacked we were encamped on a low bottom near the Platte, and I was beside him during his few remaining terrible hours."

"I shall never forget the cold foggy and dismal night, when the stillness was broken only by the groans of the other sick and dying, and the howling of the myriads of prairie wolves around us, which seemed intuitively to know flesh must be left there."

"Next day we dug a shallow grave, balled out as much of the water as we could, and wrapping the remains in a blanket and a feather bed, we held them down in the water until the earth and stones were piled above them; then leading away in two westerly rows, we moved on westward. For weeks we were scarcely out of sight of one or more burial parties."

"It was said that if there was any devil in a man the plains would bring it out. In our train was a family named Kent, man, wife, son and several daughters. This family was stricken with cholera, and to keep them with the train I volunteered to drive one of their teams."

"After the son Ben got well Kent prevailed on my father to allow me to continue driving till the rest of the family recovered. This Ben, a burly, red headed scamp, two years my elder and equal in size, was the most disagreeable fellow I ever met. I had to meet with him continually raised the deuce with his sick sister and mother, quarreled with his father, and fought his team."

"Finally his oxen became so unruly from his abuse that he couldn't manage them, and he traded teams with me—and afterward would trade one yoke and then another."

"To this I had to submit or be in a continuous quarrel, which I didn't relish owing to his size."

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NATURE HAS given each of us two hands. We constantly use them, never thinking of the intricate mechanism that controls their movements. To lose one or to have it damaged is a real calamity. Every day in a large general hospital become necessary for some surgeon to amputate a finger or even a hand. This must be done in order that the patient's life may be saved. In most instances such a serious loss might have been prevented if immediate medical attention had been given the original injury. Too often, what appears to be a simple abrasion or bruise, may be the forerunner of a serious infection. Neglect of that first wound may mean permanent deformity, or actual loss of a finger or the hand.

Decline in Accidents

Within the past decade, I am glad to say, there has been a remarkable decline in the number of hand accidents in industrial labor. This is the happy result of the installation of safety devices, and of intelligent instruction in guarding against injuries.

Another factor is the emphasis placed upon the need of immediate medical attention. This is vital in all injuries of the hand regardless of how trivial they may seem. Please do not forget this.

In many states it is required by law that first aid facilities, trained nurses and doctors, shall be available in all large plants. This humane legislation has done much to prevent the evil effects of old time neglect.

But in spite of this progress in industrial establishments, household accidents occur as frequently as ever. This is shown by the continued loss of fingers, hands and arms. Too many are careless about their fingers and hands. Receiving blows, cuts, burns or other injuries, they fail to use a soothing application, or antiseptic. It is no wonder that serious infections of the hands continue to take their annual toll.

Hands Are Precious
Musicians, artists, doctors and others who value and appreciate the importance of good hands rarely, if ever, abuse them. Yet to everybody else the hands are precious, and equally deserving of attention and care. Never neglect a burn, cut or infection of the hand. Prompt attention may mean the saving of the hand.

Throbbing of the injured part is often the first sign of infection. Swelling may occur but often the infection is so deep-seated that the swelling is not prominent.

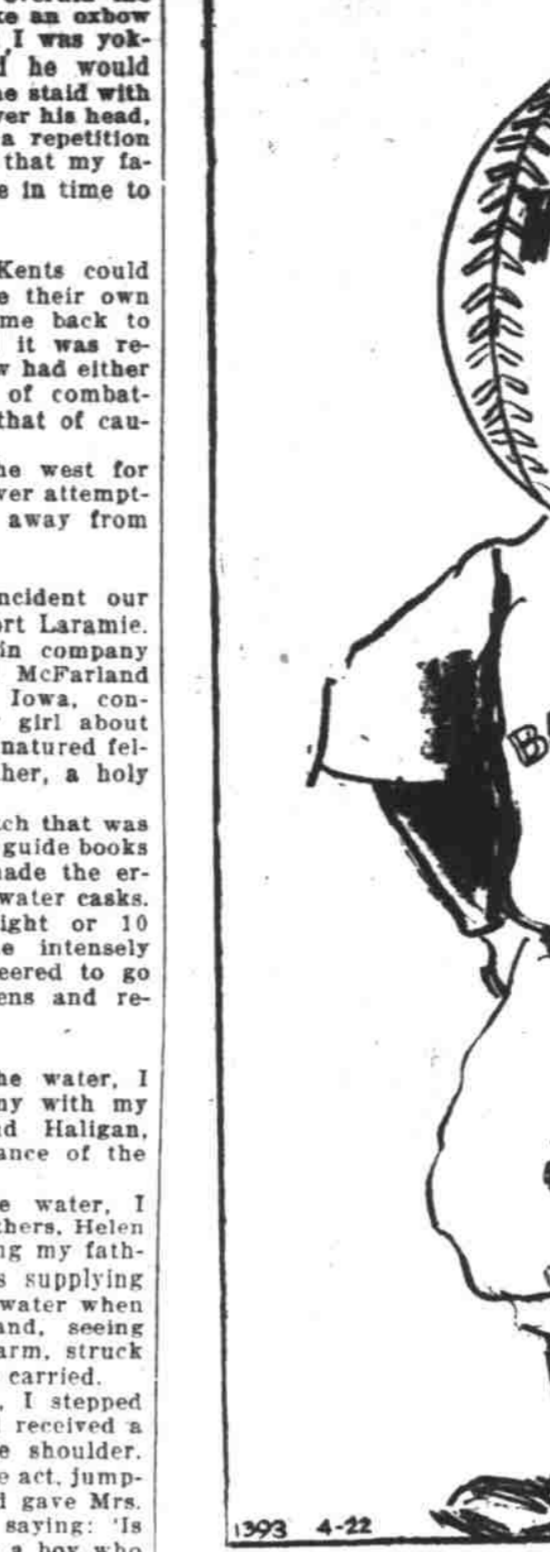
Many persons avoid the doctor because they fear an operation may be advised. Bear in mind that early inclusion of an infection of this sort is advisable. It enables the victim to escape a more extensive operation, with the danger of amputation.

Of course, prevention is far more important than attempts at cure. Respect your hands and fingers. They are precious and can never be replaced with an acceptable substitute.

Answers to Health Queries
Mother. Q.—What will relieve a simple colic in a young girl?
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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His Place in the Sun

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"There's Murder in the Air"

by Roy Chanslor

CHAPTER XVII
In the cool of the early morning, before even the servants were stirring, Nat rose. He whistled as he shaved, took a tingling shower, donned a business suit. He had made a decision, and the prospect of action pleased him.

"Our family being left alone with our teams, day after day we toiled on, leaving here an ox and there a yoke, and the effects of poor grass and alkali water."

"To lighten our load we were compelled to throw away provisions until we had scarcely sufficient to last us three weeks."

Adult Education Brings City Cash

ALBANY, April 20 — More than \$400 a month in payrolls has been added to Albany's income without any investment by the community through the WPA adult education program, Rex Putnam, city school superintendent, told visitors to the open house meeting held by the adult education classes at the high school auditorium.

In the exhibition were samples of work done by the Lebanon and Albany classes in typing and bookkeeping taught by A. H. Gillette; arts and crafts, and picture tinting taught by Mrs. Wickizer and Mrs. Fern Briotti; from the Albany classes, and knitting and rug making by Mrs. Agee; and from Lebanon was basketry done by the classes in that city.

"If Gordon were a different sort of man," Nat continued, "I'd say his extreme secrecy was pretty good evidence he had something to hide. Possibly a criminal record, and an underworld feud growing out of that. But if I'm any judge of character, Paul Gordon didn't come from the underworld—there's something in the man—and integrity."

District O. E. S. Meeting Tonight

SILVERTON, April 20 — Mrs. Inez Glaisyer of Coquille, worthy matron of the grand chapter of Oregon, Eastern Star, will be the guest of honor at the Tuesday night district meeting, Silvertown. The district comprises Silvertown, Molalla and Gervais.

Friday night a special meeting of the Ramona chapter was held for initiation. Worthy Matron Ina Harold and Worthy Patron W. P. Scarth presided. Miss Harold and Mrs. F. E. Sylvester were hostesses at the social hour which followed the meeting.

The Silvertown chapter of the Eastern Star will go to the Masonic home at Forest Grove to be in charge of the Mother's day program.

Twenty Years Ago

Salem citizens have contributed \$400 to the general fund of the naval base committee of Astoria.

D. L. Howard has been elected director of the social department of the Commercial club.

Gaudio is the mind behind their peril. And yet they can't lay hands on him. Because he has covered his tracks so well. So, in effect, he is actually an unknown entity. Which makes their problem mighty tough."

"Right," agreed Nat. "Gaudio has changed his name and identity, and unless I'm very much mistaken, the Gordons have changed theirs. But Gaudio has the particular advantage of knowing their secret, while they simply don't know his. They are tangible targets while he is just a shadow."

Only a single window in the great house was lighted as Nat turned the car at the entrance to the estate and came to a stop to wait for Cooke to open the gate. With satisfaction he saw that it was Gordon's window.

"I'm running into town to check up on a little hunch," Nat explained. "Please make my excuses to the family and tell them I'll be back this evening. Stall Gordon if he gets curious. Say it's a business matter."

Tyler nodded. "And what about my own curiosity?" he smiled. "Is that much a secret?"

"Not exactly," said Nat. "It's about the mysterious Mr. Gaudio. I'll want to spend considerable time in the files of one of the newspaper morgues. I suppose you could fix that by a phone-call?"

"Certainly," said Tyler. "I'll give the city editor of the Star a ring. He'll give you the freedom of the reference room."

He glanced inquiringly at Nat, but did not question him.

"Here's the hunch," said Nat: "It may be all wet, but I think it's worth riding. The mention of this Gaudio by your friend Gordon means something. And the fact that your friend Crandall, who's by way of being a walking encyclopedia on injuries and criminals, has never heard of him, or at least doesn't recall the name, means even more."

"It may be the key to the whole business," Tyler agreed. "Nat said, 'Well, my hunch is this.' Gordon said, 'Gaudio belongs to the Gordons' past, that peculiar past which seems to extend back only to 1916. If my hunch is right, Gaudio, for some reason, heaven knows what, wants to do away with Gordon. It must be a mighty powerful reason to have lasted all these years. The Gordons know that reason, all right, but they darned well determined that no one else shall."

Tyler nodded, interested.

"If Gordon were a different sort of man," Nat continued, "I'd say his extreme secrecy was pretty good evidence he had something to hide. Possibly a criminal record, and an underworld feud growing out of that. But if I'm any judge of character, Paul Gordon didn't come from the underworld—there's something in the man—and integrity."

"Right," Tyler agreed. "He's a gentleman."

"But I do believe, from what little the Gordons let out before they were on guard, that Gaudio is actually the man behind this underworld threat they fear." Nat resumed. "What I don't believe for a minute, is that this threat is the result of the Gordons' campaign against gangsters. That's a red herring. Why they should draw it across our trail, I don't know. That's what I hope to find out."

"That's all very well," said Tyler. "But how do you propose?"

"I propose to search the files before 1916 for the name Gaudio," Nat interrupted. "Faying particular attention to Chicago news stories. And to pictures. It's my hunch that the Gordons were involved somehow with a man named Gaudio, probably in Chicago, and almost surely before 1916."

He paused and then added, significantly: "And here's the point: A man of Gordon's present wealth and power could cope with any known enemy, unless that enemy has something on him. We don't think Gordon is that kind of man. Therefore the present identity of that enemy, who must be Gaudio, is not known to Gordon. Because if he were, Gordon would have him behind the bars in short order. That can only mean that the man who was called Gaudio, who was known to the Gordons as Gaudio, is now no longer known under that name. And whatever identity he has since assumed, is not known to the Gordons."

"I believe you've hit it," Tyler exclaimed. "The Gordons think

"I've spent the whole day and evening in the files of the New York Star's morgue. Nat began. "I was looking for one Gaudio. I found him."

Tyler, watching Gordon, saw no change in the man's countenance.

"I just had a hunch," Nat went on. "And that hunch was that I might find that name in news stories out of Chicago—some time before 1916. . . . I did."

He turned and looked squarely at Gordon for the first time. There was a flicker of the man's eyes, no more. The face was a mask. He did not even nod for Nat to continue. He just waited. Nat resumed his pacing.

"Joe Gaudio," he said, "was convicted in the year of 1915, in the city of Chicago, together with his brother

After forty-eight hours a man did come for the money and they trailed him.

light on him from the security of the lodge, and Nat grinned reassuringly and identified himself. Cooke called a greeting to him, and the gate swung open to the estate and came to a stop to wait for Cooke to open the gate. With satisfaction he saw that it was Gordon's window.

er Vito, and their father Tony, of the crime of kidnaping. The victim was an eight-year-old boy, the son of a wealthy resident of the city, James Morrison."

He stopped and again looked at Gordon. The man was looking straight ahead, as if not seeing. Nat, standing quiet now, facing Gordon, resumed:

"The Gordons demanded one hundred thousand dollars ransom, and threatened death to the boy if the police were notified. James Morrison did, however, notify the police; but he made very sure that this did not leak out. He left the ransom money, unmarked, at the spot designated by the kidnapers. Detectives watched, with orders to follow whoever came for the money, but to make no move until the boy was safely returned."

"After forty-eight hours a man did come for the money, and they trailed him. The boy was returned safely. And that day the three Gordons were arrested. Shortly after their conviction, which was speedy, the three men, with the aid of underworld friends, made a spectacular jail break. In the fight which followed this, Tony Gaudio and his son Vito were killed. Joe Gaudio escaped."

Gordon, who had been sitting stiffly on the edge of his chair, now sank back, and passed a hand over his face.

"Within a week," Nat continued, "the house of James Morrison was bombed. His wife was killed. Morrison himself, his son and his baby daughter, were miraculously unharmed. Morrison, nearly frantic with grief, posted a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of Joe Gaudio. The country was ransacked. He was not found. Within another week, despite a heavy police guard, Morrison was twice shot at through the windows of his home. Then an attempt was made to kill his son. The very next day James Morrison, his son and his infant daughter disappeared."

(To Be Continued)

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