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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Dead Political Parties

SENATOR ZIMMERMAN makes the pronouncement that both the old political parties are dead. Their epitaph has been written many times in the past by those who had new political ideas or who were disappointed office seekers; but so far the two old parties have managed to absorb most of the political field to themselves. Populism, prohibition, greenbackery, all have had third party starts but none ever carried the country. Political changes have come by boring from within, by altering the face but not the name of one of the major parties. That process may not always operate; but it is a bit too early to endorse a funeral notice for either party.—wasn't the democratic party said to be dead in 1928?

It is quite true that the parties as organizations in Oregon are rather empty of meaning. The party has no convention, adopts no platform. Candidates run "on their own" and are responsible not to the party but to the voting majority. The result is that there has been a disintegration of political parties as functioning organisms.

The Young Democrats held a convention in Salem last week; and last July Republican clubs held a similar convention here. Who attended? Chiefly office-holders and candidates, and a limited number who are sincerely loyal to the parties. In neither convention was there a representative cross-section of party membership. Few of the great class of voters with gravitas or dirt under their fingernails were there, although in each case they would doubtless have been welcomed.

How can political parties function without assembly and discussion and testing of leaderships? In the one organization which functions politically,—the grange-labor union alliance, they have annual conventions and regular county conventions for the grange where political questions are discussed. The new farmer-labor associations provide in their constitution for county conventions and for a state convention.

With county and state conventions for political parties eliminated under the primary system, and voluntary conventions and platforms generally frowned on as contravening the spirit of the primary law, how can the parties in the state be either cohesive or constructive? We are not friendly to reaction which restores the old caucus-convention system with its tight machine control; but the pendulum has swung so far in the direction of disorganization that there is no way for the party to express itself and no party discipline to put through measures that have been approved. The result is that the parties are moribund. This condition is hardly to be blamed on the parties themselves. Mr. Zimmerman himself is one of those responsible for keeping the old parties so loosely integrated that they cannot function.

Shifts in International Finance

SOME weeks ago this paper reported the steady repatriation of dollar bonds floated in this country by foreign governments and corporations. Many of them are going back home at from twenty to sixty cents on the dollar. Helping in the process (at the cost of American investors) is the devaluation of the dollar. If a bond can be bought for fifty per cent of its face value, the foreign issuer can make the deal with only thirty cents worth of gold to the dollar. At such heavy cost is America paying off its adventure in international finance.

The shift in the debtor-creditor relationship between this country and the remainder of the world is not stopping with repatriation of dollar bonds. Foreign investors are reentering American markets and buying back interests in American industries which they relinquished in wartime. European unseizement and the devalued dollar encourage the trend.

To illustrate: the largest shareholders in big railroads like the Santa Fe and the Union Pacific, are not Americans but foreign banking or investing concerns. The Santa Fe's largest shareholder is "Maatschappij Tot Beheer Van het Administratie Kantoor oppericht door," of Amsterdam. The Union Pacific's largest shareholder is also a Dutch concern: Maatschappij Broes & Gosman". Still another Dutch organization is second largest owner of stock in the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railroad.

Now look at another angle of the international exchange: In both March and February this country had an import surplus. For the first quarter the import surplus was \$5,387,000 as compared with an export surplus of \$27,569,000. The department of commerce offered no explanation but the figures showed a continuing upward trend in imports of sugar, textiles, hides, skins, furs and paper base and newsprint.

What is probably taking place is the return of this country from a creditor to a debtor nation, in its international relations. Through failure to readjust our policies we are giving back, in a degree voluntarily, the indebtedness owed us by the remainder of the world as a result of war and post-war financing.

Our politicians ought to be alert to these changes. (They are not when the shift to a creditor status occurred). The trend now suggests the wisdom of stimulating exports of wheat and cotton on a world party basis, that is, without government subsidy. The change makes less necessary (from the standpoint of balances) downward revision of the tariff. It should open the way for resumption of negotiations for settling the war debts.

With wise leadership in international affairs the whole trade of the world might be greatly stimulated, and this would administer a real coup de grace to the depression.

Wagons to Stars

IF Roosevelt's Jefferson day speech at Baltimore was vague, as most critics agreed, his speech Saturday night in New York was just a bundle of platitudes. Hailed as a thrust at Al Smith, the speech was exceedingly pointless. The president declared himself in favor of building national income, distributing it more widely. He approved higher wages for labor and higher income for farmers. He even repeated the time-worn bromide that if city and farm are to prosper "it must be the farm with the city and the city with the farm" which has been uttered by most every chamber of commerce speaker addressing a farm audience for the last half century.

Why, all will applaud these phrases; and do so with full sincerity. Even Al Smith and the Liberty league will say that they favor higher wages and higher farm incomes. The city will favor them too because the city prospers when labor and the farmer are well compensated. The conundrum is to find the method for these increases which will conserve and not injure the general social welfare.

Some may take it that the president's resourcefulness has been exhausted; and that now all he can do is rehearse these platitudinous generalities. We doubt it. He is just holding out on the people, watching the turns in public sentiment, and saving his specific recommendations until the fall campaign. If he thinks he can win reelection without committing himself very definitely he will probably do so; and then spring his stuff when congress meets.

The test of the new deal is not in the ideals of better distribution of wealth but in the laws and the methods proposed for effecting them. It is in the practical field that the

The Great Game of Politics

By **FRANK R. KENT**
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How His Friends Feel

Washington, April 27.—AN INTERESTING development of the Presidential campaign is that as the Roosevelt prospects brighten, a curious sort seems to smite some of the President's closest friends and supporters. They find fault with his reelection, but they are intensely afraid of the effect of the effect of success upon him and upon the country. This is a strange state of affairs, but it happens to exist.

THOSE WHO FEEL this way are not of the advanced thinkers who have been most influential in molding the Roosevelt mind. Nor do they include any of the Farley breed whose sole idea is to win and who are politically capitalizing the colossal flow of Federal funds from the Treasury spigot. Rather, they are among that much smaller group whose tendencies are conservative and who, despite their Roosevelt affiliation, still cling to the fundamental sound finance and sagacious hope that the President soon or late will abandon his gaudier experiments and turn to the ways of national safety.

IT IS THESE who shudder at the prospect of an overwhelming victory and grow anything but enthusiastic over the figures of the estimable Hurja, which show the President sweeping the country, carrying more than forty States. The effect upon Mr. Roosevelt elected in such a way would, in their judgment, be very bad. A spectacular triumph is the last thing these men, who know him very well, want. If he is elected, they would like to see by a majority so slender that it will have a chastening and sobering effect, and can in no way be construed as a "vindication."

RECENTLY, THERE have been several manifestations of this feeling. Not long ago one of Mr. Roosevelt's most friendly interpreters, who is in sympathy with most of his objectives, publicly expressed the view that too great power without the corresponding effective criticism and real opposition, was bad for Mr. Roosevelt and worse for the country. It was under those conditions, it was stated, that bright undigested ideas took their strongest hold upon him and his tendency to leap first and look later was irresistible.

A FEW DAYS AGO a large chain of newspapers, which constitute Mr. Roosevelt's chief journalistic support, editorially expressed regret that things looked too well for Mr. Roosevelt, voiced the hope that the Republicans would put up a real battle and greatly increase their strength in Congress. "Had," it states, "the legislative power been better balanced in recent sessions, there would have been fewer Quoddis, Florida ship canals, a less free and easy handling of relief and pump priming and so on, a more careful fiscal policy, fewer mistakes there and everywhere. Too much power is a hazardous thing."

THE THIRD INCIDENT came in private conversation with a man personally close to Mr. Roosevelt and helping him in this campaign, financially and in other ways. Speaking to friends, he gave it as his opinion that, if elected by a big majority, Mr. Roosevelt would be in a punitive and vindictive frame of mind, particularly toward two classes—business men and newspaper publishers. There isn't any question, this man pointed out, that the bulk of both are opposed to him. Nor is there any question that he is personally so bitter toward them that he is under constant restraint not to exhibit it. In this man's judgment, a big Roosevelt majority would be particularly unfortunate, in that it would give him the idea that he had a "mandate" from the people to continue the New Deal direction instead of an order to return to national solvency—if it is not too late.

THERE ARE TWO reasons these expressions are significant. One is that they come from the best type of the Roosevelt intimates. The other is that they indicate a profound distrust upon their part both of Mr. Roosevelt's wisdom and his purposes. They are with him because of personal relations, reasons of expediency and party ties. They are distinctly not with him because of faith in the man or belief in his policies. They will support him with their pens and some with their purses, but they are unhappy about doing it and they look forward with apprehension to his election. It would, they think, be best for the country if he barely squeezed through with the Republicans making great gains in House and Senate. In other words, they think a Roosevelt able to do as he pleased would be very bad, indeed. It sheds an illuminating light upon Mr. Roosevelt that this fear should exist among his intimates. It is a curious way for a man's friends to feel about him, but that's the way these men feel. The plain truth is that in their hearts they would rather not have him for President at all if there were an acceptable alternative.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelope with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city. (Copyright, 1936 K. F. S., Inc.)

president's policy has failed. Just now the president is merely copying the high school commencement mottoes of hitching wagons to stars.

Bits for Breakfast

By **R. J. HENDRICKS**

"Reminiscences of an Old Timer," reviewing straight plow, and scout of the northwest:

(Continuing from Sunday): "About 10 o'clock the next day we came to the long looked for house, but lo! the snow had broken its back, and only the gable end protruded, wading out but we had not yet reached a place of rest or refreshment, both of which we sorely needed."

"We afterward learned that the proprietors of this house had retreated down the river some sixteen miles to 'Verry's ranch,' earlier during the storm, their provisions having given out. "During all this time we had nothing to eat, and for weeks previous had lived on poor beef and mutton, and, to some extent, for the slow time we made. "To say the least, the sight of that broken and snow covered house was a gloomy one."

"As none of us had ever traveled the trail before, we knew not how far we yet had to walk before finding a place of rest and help. "One thing was as sure as fate, to stop meant death. "So, after a few minutes' look at the wreck, we resumed our weary tramp, wet, cold, hungry. "In this mountain valley the snow was about eight feet deep, and had commenced melting, so that every gulch formed a small lake or pond, and we had to wade from land to land, for the rest of the day, we had it snow ice and water, snow water and ice, and, night coming on, we had it duplicated."

"About 10 o'clock the next morning, after wading some hundreds of yards through snow, water and ice, Fisher and 'Grizzly' laid down by a tree and said it was 'no use,' they were 'give out,' and couldn't go a foot further. "God knows, we had had weary work for many hours past. I scolded, begged, and probably swore some, to get them to try it a little further, but of no use; move they would not. To say this was a time to try a boy's soul would be putting it mildly."

"There I stood in snow six feet

deep, surrounded by mountains, in a strange land, not knowing how far I was from help, with two given-out comrades—one a beloved uncle—after having breathed the snow, ice and water for fifty-odd hours without anything to eat.

"Even now it makes my heart tremble as I look back and think of myself as I stood there, begging, scolding and swearing by turns, to get these loved comrades again to their feet. "At last I had to move on or freeze myself; so, with tears trickling down my cheeks, I started on alone."

"After getting some hundreds of yards away, and being about to pass out of sight, I turned to take a last look at them. "This look was too much for me, and I returned to them. As I was approaching, I caught uncle Fisher's eye (he had become somewhat rested), and thought of the razors I had found on the mountains, and of what I said at the time."

"I jerked the case out of my pocket, pulled one of the razors out of it, and, with as fierce a look as I could assume, I stepped up to Fisher flourishing it."

"This joke proved too much for him, with his sickly laugh, he staggered to his feet, and helped me get 'Grizzly' up and force him along. We hadn't made more than 400 yards further than I had been when I saw smoke curling up from among the trees."

"This welcome sight caused me to raise a joyful yell which was answered, and in few minutes I saw 20 to 30 men coming as fast as they could to meet us."

"Seeing us staggering (if the road had been 50 yards wide we couldn't have stayed in it, frozen and benumbed as we were), they took hold of us and assisted us as though we were babies, pouring in a stream of questions, 'Where're ye from?' 'how long have ye been on the trip?' 'are ye froze?' 'is Y-e-k-a and all them northern camps snowed in and starved to death?'"

"All these questions I had to answer, as my comrades were too far gone to make intelligent answers."

"I was appalled all right, till the warm air from the house struck me as the door was opened, then I gave way and fell as one dead."

"Being young and light, they held my feet and hands in snow water till the frost was extracted (as I was afterward told), thus probably preventing me from being a cripple for life, for my hands and feet were badly frozen, as were those of both the others, but they being such large men were not as easily manaked." (Continued tomorrow.)

Health

By **W. S. Copeland, M.D.**

NOT LONG ago I told you how important is the early recognition of defective hearing in the school child. It was pointed out that this defect serves often as a stumbling block to normal progress in school. Today I want to mention a cause for a greater importance of proper vision in those of school age.

Normal vision is essential to the child. School work requires a constant use of the eyes, much of the child's education is gained through the sight. Defective vision or any other serious disturbance of the eyes, is a definite handicap, not only in school work but in physical progress.

The eyes function through a marvelous mechanism that cannot be duplicated. When a baby is born, to give one example of the remarkable provisions made by nature, the eye is extremely short, much shorter than it will be in later life. But the eyeball is certain focusing machinery which overcomes what otherwise would produce a defect in vision and enables the infant to see as clearly as his early needs demand.

As the child grows, the eyeball grows in proportion and, normally, good sight is had at all ages. Possible Defects Unfortunately, this growth of body and eyeball does not correspond in every instance. It may be that the eyeball does not develop uniformly; what is called "myopia" or "near-sightedness." It may not grow enough and then the eyeball is too short, resulting in "hyperopia" or "far-sightedness." Occasionally the eyeball has tiny muscles which act instead of being round, it may become the shape of the bowl of a spoon, resulting in "astigmatism."

Not only are there outside muscular defects of the eye, but inside the eyeball are tiny muscles which act in order to bring objects into the proper focus. Occasionally, as a result of some physical defect, these muscles are unable to function properly.

This is another cause for trouble, resulting in eyestrain, but fortunately is a condition which can be overcome. By proper care most of the defects just mentioned can be prevented by attention in early life. Corrective exercises may be sufficient, but in most instances the best thing to do is to use glasses, until the period of growth is ended.

Shouldn't Object It is a pity that most parents object to the use of glasses by their children, even though they are really needed. This is too bad, because without glasses there will be increasing weakness of the eyes.

Bear in mind that in most cases children who start to wear glasses at an early age will be able later to discard them. It is quite likely that avoiding their use in early life will mean the constant need of glasses in later life.

The child who wears glasses should report to the doctor at least once a year. Eyes normal in vision should be guarded and protected from undue strain and fatigue. The child should be permitted to read in poor light, and above all else, prolonged reading with strain of the eyes must be avoided.

Funeral Services Today For S. Fell

TALBOT, April 27.—S. Fell, 62, died Saturday morning at the Deaconess hospital where he had been for 10 days. He had been in poor health for several months. He is survived by his father in Florida, two brothers, E. E. Fell of Sheridan, the other brother at Sweet Home. S. Fell has spent the past 20 years on the David Jacobson farm.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1:30 p. m. from Rigdon's parlors in Salem with burial in the City View cemetery. Ernest Todd met with a painful accident Friday while driving home from Jefferson. He met Delmer Davidson and family in their car with a trailer. As the two cars met, the trailer broke, hitting Todd's car and throwing him forward, breaking his knee on the steering post.

Prolific Blocs Are Produced by 'Tame Birdbills'

SCIO, April 27.—G. L. Thurston, Scio farmer, this week exhibited in Scio specimens of "birdbills" which he has cultivated at his place for the past four seasons. The flowers, started from a single bulb, have grown under cultivation to much larger than the size of their wild brothers, and produce 10 to 12 blooms on a single stalk. The stems measure more than a foot in length, about twice that of the wild variety. Thurston has been engaged in rearing Jersey dairying since his graduation from Scio high school in 1923, and has done other interesting experiments with flowers and shrubs.

Twenty Years Ago

April 28, 1916
A buggy containing three young ladies was upset yesterday on State street near Commercial. It side-swiped a wagon.

John A. Carson will act as advisor for the Julius Caesar club, thus terminating the row over it as a secret society.

The business section of Hubbard was almost completely destroyed by fire yesterday.

Ten Years Ago

April 28, 1926
Yesterday broke all Salem heat records for April with the mercury reaching 91 degrees.

A masquerade in Eaton hall will open May weekend festivities on the Willamette campus. Champoux park was visited by 139 automobiles last Sunday.

The Voice of Summer!



"There's Murder in the Air"

by **Roy Chanslor**

CHAPTER XXIII
When David had departed, Tyler took Ruth to her room and then returned to the house to see Nat. First he told him about his talk with Carlotta in the garden. Nat was deeply puzzled.

"Do you think she was really trying to protect Doris—or very subtly trying to incriminate her?" he asked.

"I wish I knew," Tyler sighed. Then he told him of Ruth's latest warning, of the conversation with Dr. Karase, the decision to take Hélène to Dr. Peters' sanitarium and Doris' instantaneous reaction against it.

"That's perfectly natural," said Tyler. "She is terribly fond of Hélène. She doesn't want her that far away." Tyler shrugged. Nat glanced at him, hesitated, then said: "I—I suppose you know about—Doris and me?"

Tyler smiled. "It's fairly obvious," he said. "Then you can understand my position. Nat. 'I'm a pretty decided observer; of course. She couldn't have done anything like this. And yet appearances—some one is trying to make it look as if she—don't you see how impossible it is?"

"I know how you feel," said Tyler. "Let me ask you something. From your experience with mental cases, would you say there was any sign of derangement in any of these people?"

Nat shook his head. "I'd say they were all normal people. Of course I haven't seen Hélène since—since this shock. It's possible that such a shock, to one so young, might—well, unbalance her mind temporarily. That might account for her delusions about Doris. Because they are delusions!"

"I wasn't speaking of Hélène," said Tyler quietly. "I mean, could it be possible that one of the others—"

"You mean Doris?" Nat cried. "Mr. Tyler, it's utterly impossible for me to suspect her."

"Please!" said Nat. "That's says that when you fell through those curtains—there was a terrible pain in your heart, and Tyler gently. "And a name in your mind—her name."

Nat nodded. "That was an awful shock to see her standing there," he stated. "I suppose she died flash across my mind. . . . But now, I simply can't encompass the possibility, that she—"

"Don't take it very easy," said Tyler. "And—well, I'm sure that Doris is not insane."

There was a low knock at the door. Tyler went to it. Johnson stood in the hallway. He looked at Tyler inquiringly.

"Could I have a word with you, gentlemen?" he asked. "Certainly," said Tyler. "Come in."

Johnson closed the door behind him carefully and advanced to Nat's bedside.

"I don't know exactly how best to begin," he said. "Speak freely," Tyler urged. Johnson looked at Tyler steadily. "I'm not a fool," he said. "I know that everything points to this attack on Miss Hélène being made from inside the house. And since it's incredible that Mr. David or Miss Doris or Mrs. Gordon could be involved—that puts it squarely up to me."

"Do you think the attack was from the inside?" asked Tyler quietly. "What else can any sensible person think?" asked Johnson. "Mr. Tyler, I've spent sixteen years with this family. I've seen those children grow up. I love them. I'd gladly give my life for any of them. And here I am in a position that would cause anyone but these fine people to suspect me."

"I'm sure they don't," said Tyler. "Do you, sir?" asked Johnson. "I suspect no one," said Tyler calmly. "And everyone." Johnson nodded at Nat, who cleared his throat.

"What else can I've got to do myself," said Johnson. "I want to help you. I'd want to appowh, of course. Let me tell you what kind of a man Mr. Gordon is: Last year, when I had completed fifteen years of service, he called me in, told me

that he had invested the sum of fifty thousand dollars for me, and suggested that I retire."

"That was generous," commented Nat. "He's the most generous man alive," said Johnson warmly. "I have no life outside of this household, gentlemen. I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I refused to retire. But he insisted on my taking the benefit of the investment. I have no need of money. I've no one but myself. I—I'd like to make that money available to you—to help clear this thing up."

"Thank you, Johnson," said Tyler. "That won't be necessary. But we'll be glad to have your help." He rose and extended his hand.

"Great," he said. "You ought to stay out in the sun today," she said. "Good idea," he said. "How about the sand over by the pool?" He took her arm casually. She gave him a quick, grateful look. Then they strolled toward the green pool. Both were silent until they had reached the sand. Nat stretched out, and Doris sat beside him. He shaded his eyes and looked at her. She was regarding him gravely.

"Nat," she said. "It was—wicked of me to say what I did about Carlotta."

"You were just excited, dear." She looked at him strangely. "You—called me—dear," she said. "Oh, Nat, you do love me!"

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Johnson, seemingly much affected, took it.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "You'll call on me again, won't you?"

"We will," said Tyler. Johnson bowed and left the room. Tyler stared after him thoughtfully.

"That man's either a consummate actor—or—"

"Or utterly and touchingly faithful," Nat finished. "Which do you think?"

"I wish I knew," said Tyler.

While Hélène was being prepared for the journey, Dr. Grace visited Nat, looked at the wound, nodded with satisfaction and changed the dressing.

"Any reason why I shouldn't get up?" Nat asked.

"I think not," said Dr. Grace. "But take it very easy. I'll drop in some time tomorrow."

Dr. Grace bade him good day, then, and went to find Johnson. He was managed without too much difficulty, and Nat descended to the living-room. There was no one else there. He stepped out into the warm sunshine, strolled across the garden to the fountain.

Here, only a few hours ago, he had held Doris in his arms. He sat on one of the benches, facing the fountain. He closed his eyes, pictured her as she had been in the moonlight. There, like an evil dream, he saw her again as he had seen her when he had fallen into her room, standing in the open doorway with dilated eyes. Resolutely he shut that vision from his mind.

Presently he heard voices, glanced across the garden and lawn, saw them all come out on the porch, group about Hélène. His rose hurriedly and went toward them.

Carlotta and Doris kissed Hélène. She was utterly unresponsive. Tyler and Gordon helped her into one of the big cars, took seats on either side of her. The chauffeur started down the driveway. Dr. Grace followed in his car.

The group on the porch waved and Tyler waved back, reassuringly. Carlotta encircled herself and went toward the house. Johnson walked off toward the main gate. Doris turned to Nat.

"I'm—glad to see you're well," she said. "How do you feel?"

"All right," Gordon said. (To Be Continued)

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