

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Political Changes in France, Germany

LEON BLUM, veteran socialist political leader of France, who recently was set upon by extremists of the opposite faction and badly pummeled, is taking over the premiership of his country as a result of the recent election which gave the "popular front," a union of leftist groups, decided victories. Hitherto Blum has always been in the opposition, refusing to take a ministry or head a cabinet. Now he is ready to assume power.

Whatever the policies of the new government may be, it is certain they will not be socialist in the extreme meaning of the term. Private property is too widely diffused in ownership in France, and the land holdings, since the first revolution, too little concentrated to look for any radical obliteration of private ownership.

The left wing program so far announced includes defense of freedom, defense of peace, and economic measures. Under the first it is proposed to dissolve and disarm the semi-military group which have been started in France, and which in Italy, Austria and Germany grew into bodies controlling the government on fascist lines. In defense of peace the new cabinet will be much less nationalistic than the old typified in former years by the rigid anti-Germanism of Clemenceau and Poincaré. It will favor international accords for armament limitation and for peace by adjustment of treaties. The economic program will embrace measures to reduce working hours and create an unemployment fund, marketing boards for agriculture and provision for public works. While committed to maintenance of the gold standard, conditions may force France to devalue the franc a second time.

The greatest threat of the new regime is to do away with the regency council of the Bank of France, which through control of the purse strings has dominated the politics of the country. A new economic council representing industry, labor and agriculture would be constituted.

Germany has been having some political scene shifting. Dr. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank and acting minister of economics, and frank critic of the Nazi leaders, has been subordinated to Colonel General Hermann Wilhelm Goering, the high-placed Nazi who governs Prussia, who uses his broad breast as a plush cushion for the display of his numerous medals. Ralph Barnes writes in the New York Herald Tribune that Schacht asked to resign, but Hitler refused his request and assured him that Goering would give only minimum interference to his policies.

In Germany the controversy over devaluation rages, with Dr. Schacht opposing a reduction in the mark's value. Many industrialists are said now to be favoring it as a substitute for the costly export subsidy plan now used to offset export difficulties because of lower prices of off-gold countries. Germany, like France, had one experience with devaluation and fears fresh inflation; but once the cycle starts it is hard for one nation to withstand the pressure. For the moment skies are a little clearer in Europe, with prospects of war definitely receding.

Nuisance Photographers

RATING high among public nuisances are news photographers,—not the placid individuals one sees in the provinces but the audacious, ill-mannered hirelings of metropolitan papers and photo services that make themselves obnoxious in order to shoot pictures. At the closing concert of New York Philharmonic, when Toscanini turned from his conducting to respond to the applause of the vast audience, a photographer flashed a bulb right in his face. The maestro was so startled and blinded that he wheeled, dashed hurriedly for the wings, and refused to take any curtain calls. In New York again at the meeting when the Pulitzer awards were announced Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler stopped in his reading to scold the photographers who persisted in popping off flashes. We recall the Hoover banquet in Portland last winter when photo men took a uselessly large number of flashes, when just a few would have sufficed. Not long ago Pres. Roosevelt who had graciously permitted himself to be snapped several times, bowed and put his hands over his eyes to rest them from the blinding flashes. A photographer snapped him in the pose, which gave the false impression of great weariness.

Photography has done much to inform the public, to make news alive with illustration. Secured at the price of bad manners, discourtesy, and annoyance the pictures are too costly. The control lies behind the photographer, with the managers of the services who issue the orders.

National Committeeman

HOT fights are being waged for the post of national committeeman of both major parties. The democrats have a four-way fight which is developing into a fight of the field against Howard Latourette. Ben Dorris, Eugene Legionnaire, is challenging Ralph Williams, who has held the office for 28 years. Williams had planned to retire, but some of the young republicans in Portland urged him to run again for another term, with the expectation that by the end of that term some of them would be able to step into the big place. Dorris thought there was no need for waiting for a change, and took Williams at his word that he was through.

We agree with Dorris. What the republican party needs is some fresh energy and fresh blood. Williams offers neither. His reputed political astuteness is glorified only at election time and quite inconspicuous at other times. He has made no effort to meet party workers over the state. He is an unknown figure to thousands of republicans. He is closely affiliated with the Charles D. Hilles group on the national committee which offers little hope for party revival.

Dorris has a number of past political mistakes to answer for; but he is full of energy and enthusiasm, knows many people in Oregon and elsewhere, has a keen political sense, and will break up the old Portland political combination that has ruled the party for generations.

General Support for McNary

JOINING the mounting chorus of approval of the record and public service of Senator Charles L. McNary the Portland Journal, staunch democrats through its editors, endorses him for renomination and election, saying "he is in a position to do more for Oregon, both in congress and with the administration, than all other members of the Oregon delegation combined." The Journal concludes:

"Senator McNary's conception of his duty is to help provide the greatest good to the greatest number, instead of special help to the United Few. And it is the course nearest the hearts of nine tenths, if not all, the people of broad-minded, big-hearted Oregon. It is the course that in his senatorial service has fitted closely to the plans of President Roosevelt, with the result that Senator McNary, Republican leader in the senate, has consistently and continuously co-operated with the administration policies of help for the needy and service by the government for all of the people instead of for the few. And Senator McNary's attitude is the natural attitude and has the approval of a mighty percentage of the people of Oregon.

With practically a unanimous voice the daily papers have urged the renomination of Senator McNary and his triumphant reelection in the fall. He is a man of national importance; a man of great influence in the councils of state. It is quite inconceivable that he should be displaced by any of the present aspirants for the office.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

PAROLE ABUSE

Herbert E. Wilson, const gang leader, who was convicted for cold-blooded murder and released after ten years, is one of two awaiting sentence at Toronto, after conviction for a \$100,000 swindle. The other, Daniel T. Halliday, is also a former inmate of San Quentin.

Up in Canada there is some wonderment as to why two old offenders should have been paroled. Wonder is not confined to the country to the north. Stories of the same kind—proving an improper administration of the parole system, not only in California but many of the states—appear in the papers with regularity. Lenny "Nitch" lets out the habitual criminals does more than anything else to discredit the really fine and valuable theory of a parole system properly administered.—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

Former Residents Of Town Visited

BRUSH CREEK, May 5.—Mrs. Anna K. Jensen, who left a week ago for Montana to spend several weeks as a guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Isaacson, visited on route at Parkland, Wash. Among those she called upon there were Miss Clara Moulton, formerly of this community, Edvin Tingelstad and Dr. O. A. Tingelstad. She was an overnight guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edvin Tingelstad. Dr. Tingelstad is president of the college. The Tingelstads are sons of Mr. and Mrs. B. Tingelstad, early residents of the Brush Creek community, and now living at Silverton.

In Montana she has also been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Underdahl also formerly living in the Brush Creek community. Mrs. Jensen left here in the company of Mrs. Joseph Larsen of Galata, Mont., who had come to Brush College to attend the funeral of her father, O. L. Hatteberg.

Macleay Grange Will Give Plays

MACLEAY, May 5.—Macleay grange is sponsoring three one-act plays which will be put on Saturday night at the grange hall under the direction of Mrs. R. F. French.

The plays are actors are: "Rev. Peter Brice," by Bertha Rhea, Boina Nelson, Catherine Edgell, Eva Martin, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Hunter; "Good Gracious Grandpa," by Catherine Edgell, Eva Martin, Zella Frances French and Jean McLaughlin; "Squaring It With the Boss," by Kenneth Hansen, Elva Mills, Bertha Rhea, Alice French, Lloyd Edgell, Arnold Sleep.

Other program numbers will include a song and dance number; reading, Zella Frances French; and musical number by Mitchell's orchestra. A small charge will include dancing by Mitchell's orchestra. The Home Economics club will sell lunch.

Club Sponsors 2 Four-H Projects

SILVERTON HILLS, May 5.—The Silverton Hills Home Economics club is sponsoring two 4-H clubs this year and have both under way now.

A 4-H forestry club with 13 members was organized at the Mountain View school with leader, Harry Knaut; vice-president, Charles Tulare; secretary, Nelda Terry; secretary, Joe Ross. Other members are Kenneth and Milton Foote, Lawrence Turner, Kenneth Mires, Marsha Mires, Vera Pomison, Pearl Pomison, Roger Elise, Robert Turner and Fred West.

A 4-H corn club has been organized at the Porter school with E. A. Beugl as leader. Officers are, president, Richard Hartley; vice-president, Harold Loran; secretary, Lester Beugl; other members, Harold Mires and Raymond Hall.

Archer Family Moves To Old King Ranch in Aumsville Territory

WALDO HILLS, May 5.—Norman Rue spent the week end in Portland as a delegate to the state session of the Luther League. He represented the Calvary church of Silverton.

The J. W. Archer family moved Friday from the old Will King place to Aumsville. The family moved here early last fall from Sutherlin. They had made their home in Kansas until a year and a half ago. They had just been released from scarlet fever quarantine which extended back to early February.

Mill City Church Team Defeats Scio Players In Two Games of Ball

MILL CITY, May 5.—The Mill City Church of Christ won a baseball game, 13 to 4, from the Scio church team here Saturday. The local players were Donald McDonald, Clifford LaVine, Charles Cline, Melvin LaVine, Lawrence Perry, John Selm, Ralph Harris, Albert Koens and "Dutch" McDonald. Rev. Ralston is manager.

In a game of indoor ball played by the same teams, Mill City also won, 4 to 2.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Impossible to educate 5-6-36 Jim Farley; and what's the difference, any way? Now the Portland Oregonian is editorially worked up—rather belatedly—over the proposed stamp Jim Farley is to issue. A prominent article, filed "The Whitman-Spalding Stamp," on the editorial page of that paper in its Sunday issue reads:

"One of the northwest's leading historians wrote to the post-office department in Washington a couple of weeks ago suggesting that the special, Northwest centennial stamp, planned for the present summer, might well place emphasis upon Narcissa Whitman, wife of Dr. Marcus Whitman, and Eliza Spalding, wife of Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding. It was pointed out that these two women, accompanying their missionary husbands to the northwestern wilds a hundred years ago, were the first white women to cross the continent and as such perhaps deserving of more attention than their men folks.

In answer, the historian received the following statement of policy and purpose, signed by the third assistant postmaster general: "This stamp is being authorized this year primarily as a result of the celebration of the Spalding and Whitman anniversary, but in a larger sense, the stamp will serve as a memorial to the entire Oregon Territory comprising the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

"And in another paragraph the third assistant postmaster general refers to the special stamp as commemorating the centennial anniversary of Oregon Territory." "That being the view of the situation taken by the postoffice department, this newspaper is inclined to agree with those stamp collectors who have been objecting to having first-day sales confined to Walla Walla, Washington, and Lewiston, Idaho. If the stamp were intended as an honor to Whitman and Spalding and their wives, the Walla Walla and Lewiston sales would be sufficient. But if the stamp is to serve as a memorial to the entire Oregon Territory, then the omission of Oregon approaches the ridiculous.

"As a matter of fact, Oregon and the entire Oregon Territory," would much prefer to be left out of it. The coming of Whitman and Spalding, their wives, to the northwest as a whole, and neither did their subsequent activities, which were local in nature. Before the department makes this a territorial stamp, it

Twenty Years Ago

May 6, 1916 Founder's day will be celebrated at Champeog today with a picnic. May Day exercises are scheduled on the Willamette campus. Rain last week postponed them.

A "scientific" chicken thief in Cleveland used either a taxi or truck, depending on his loot, to haul away the chickens he had stolen from several farms. Many of his victims were prize-winning fowls of great value.

Ten Years Ago

May 6, 1926 Sinclair Lewis has declined the Pulitzer prize of \$1000 for his novel, "Arrowsmith." Twenty-five DeMolays will leave today for the state convention at LaGrande. The Mt. Hood loop highway was opened to traffic today.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States senator from New York Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

I RECEIVE many requests for information about constipation in children. This is not to be wondered at because constipation at all ages of life is one of the most common afflictions of civilized man. A well-known authority recently states that 85 per cent of all Americans are thus afflicted in some degree. But there is no excuse for the occurrence of constipation in children. During early childhood, in fact even in infancy, a habit time for elimination should be established. The child should be educated in the choice of foods essential to proper growth and development and effective digestion.

Advances in Science

The modern child is benefited by the many advances in medical science. The average child consumes a daily quota of milk and the protective foods so necessary for good health. Wider knowledge and better care will lead to many benefits, including a great decrease in the number of cases of constipation. Early habits are continued in adult life. What is taught the child, therefore, will add to his future health comfort.

There are many causes for constipation in children. Sometimes it can be traced to some deformity, tear, irritation or inflammation of the lower vent. When one of these conditions is present, the child's elimination because of the discomfort and pain it produces. In consequence, unless watched, he develops faulty habits and a tendency toward obstinate constipation.

The child who is not properly trained develops trouble that serves as a definite stumbling block to health and progress. This is so even if the youngster receives an adequate quantity of the right foods. Bear in mind that correct feeding and diet alone will not overcome constipation.

Regular Routine

Every child should have a regular routine in sleeping, arising, playing and eating. As the child is weaned from the bottle or breast, a wise selection of foods must be included in

might at least inquire of the territory as to what, whether it subscribes to the claims of local enthusiasts as to the importance of Whitman and Spalding. "It does not. We appreciate the Whitman-Spalding heroism and will do everything reasonably possible to forward the centennial. But, really, Oregon was not a territory until a dozen years after their arrival and their arrival cast no balance."

The Oregonian has undertaken an impossible task. It cannot educate Jim Farley.

And what's the difference, any way? Lewiston and Walla Walla are putting up the money and putting forth the effort for the celebration—most of it—and why begrudge their postoffices the glory, however much it may be, of being first-day stamp sales places? And the profits, if any?

But the Oregonian editorial director is not very consistent. Here he is throwing a shadow over the Whitman myth, when a few days ago he was standing up for the 50-52 myth of Champeog. (Though in a later issue he went back on the 50-52 myth.)

One wonders whose advice Jim Farley's third assistant postmaster general took in deciding that the proposed Whitman-Spalding stamp, to be issued this year, will serve also to commemorate "the centennial anniversary of Oregon territory."

The people of Walla Walla and Lewiston are to be commended upon their enterprise in proposing a fine celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the coming of Whitman and Spalding.

But any one in any part of what was the old Oregon Territory makes a mistake in perpetuating anything whatever but true history.

But, only a few days ago, the Oregonian was editorially arguing for the perpetuation of the Champeog 50-52 myth. Its argument? It was like this: Some one said the moon was made of green cheese. Another man repeated it, and so pretty soon nearly everybody was saying the moon was made of green cheese.

You've got to have a tradition. Why, then, disturb this one? Why not everybody just keep on saying the moon is made of green cheese?

The writer is pleased to note that the Oregonian's editorial director recanted.

There is no proper substitute in historical matters for the truth. Any man who advises otherwise gives poor advice; and the truth is very likely to catch up with and confound him.

School Days Will End At Bethel Friday With All-Day Picnic Slated

BETHEL, May 5.—Bethel school will close with an all-day picnic on Friday, May 6, at the school grounds. All school patrons and friends are welcome. Basket lunch at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Nichols, Mrs. W. T. Brinkley and Mrs. Roscoe Clark have started on a six-weeks motoring trip to the coast. They will visit relatives and old friends at Greeley, Colo., Mitchell, Iowa; Olustee, Okla., and Vernon, Texas.

Lanterns Fined \$10

SILVERTON, May 5.—Albert Laniers paid a \$10 fine before Judge George Quenter here Tuesday morning. He was accused of being drunk.

"Don't look—but wasn't that a cry of distress?"



"There's Murder in the Air" by Roy Chanslor

CHAPTER XIX Jim Gabriel was in his characteristic attitude in his huge chair, lolled back comfortably, feet on the stool, when Nicky entered the apartment. The younger man looked at him inquiringly. "You sent for me?"

"Uh-huh," said Gabriel, smiling coldly. "Nicky, tonight's the night." He stood up suddenly, the smile fading, eyes narrowing, jaw stiffening, like a hunter to a head line. He held out a clenched fist, opened it slowly and then contorting his face grimly, closed it again. Nicky, watching, nodded.

"Say," he said huskily. "What you want me to do?" "Go down to Jimmy's and get an ordinary-looking car," said Gabriel, suddenly businesslike. "Then drive out toward Gordon's place. You'll find him, alone, walking toward the city, about a mile this side of his house, at nine o'clock. Pick him up and bring him here."

Nicky's jaw dropped; he stared at Gabriel incredulously. "Lord, Jim, are you crazy?" he demanded. "Not yet," said Gabriel calmly. "Just in case any dicks happen to be around, you'll take him to the rear, of course. There's nothing to it."

"Nothing to it!" Nicky cried. "There'll probably be a million bulls right on our tails. This is suicide, Jim!" "Uh-huh," said Gabriel, shaking his head composedly. "I know Moridon—and he knows me. He'll come along, because he knows that that's his one chance of saving the lives of the others. I've impressed that fact on him plenty. In fact, I told him frankly that it would be a cinch for him to cross me, lead the bulls right to me. But I also explained what would happen to him, if he comes through, all right. I know the brand."

"Boy, if anything goes wrong, they'll get us as well as a sack!" said Nicky. Gabriel looked at him steadily, his jaw hardening.

"Are you a Gandio or not?" he demanded. "Don't be like that, Jim," said Nicky. "You know I—"

"Then you're in," said Gabriel. Nicky nodded, gulping. "I'm in," he said. "But how—how you get rid of 'em?" Gabriel smiled grimly. "We got plenty of empty barrels," he said.

"Nicky managed a sickly grin. "We'll have the little party in the room the girl's in," said Gabriel softly. "You can take care of her, Nicky. Moridon ought to enjoy watching this."

"I'll attend to Moridon myself—last," said Gabriel. He looked at Nicky. "Kay?" he asked. Nicky nodded. "Kay," Jim said. "Ought to be a nice little party."

He turned and walked out of the room. Tyler and Nat stood in Ruth's room, their hats in their hands. The blind girl faced them, her lips trembling pitifully. Tyler cupped her chin in his palm, squeezed it gently. She tried to smile. Tyler put an arm about her, held her close, kissed her cheek.

"Oiga is downstairs," he said. "I'll send her right up. We'll phone you from the Palm Gardens as soon as it's over. And it'll be good news."

And Cooke were there. In the main roadway a car stood waiting. Tyler gave Nelson last-minute instructions. Then he and Nat got into the car. They drove straight to the Westchester police station, in the Bronx, the police chauffeur driving like the wind. Commissioner Kilrane was waiting for them.

"My men are quietly surrounding the Palm Gardens," he said. "I thought it best to have no concentration here. Always the danger of a tip-off. We've got machine-guns, rifles, tear-gas, searchlights. We won't use any of them unless we have to, of course. The main thing is to get those two women and that foolhardy boy out of there unharmed."

Tyler nodded. "We've got to be terribly careful," he said. "This Gandio is a desperate man. It's the chair for him if he takes alive. If he knows he's trapped—I shudder to think what he'll do to his prisoners!" "I know," said Kilrane. "Our only hope is to take him completely by surprise. Unless we strike without warning, he can lock himself in and battle it out to the death. And if he's got young Gordon and the two women up there—"

He shook his head forebodingly; then he went on: "I've sent Flaherty to the Palm Gardens. Unless there's a tip-off, Gabriel will suspect nothing in that. I told Flaherty to try to get him to invite him upstairs for another drink. And once he gets him alone, to make the collar and signal from the window. It's the best chance the others will be safe, since he's the only one desperate enough to fight it out."

Tyler nodded. "That's the best way," he said. Then, quietly: "Are we ready?" "Ready," said Tyler. A thrill ran up Nat's spine. He placed a hand in his pocket, felt the reassuring cold steel of the automatic.

"Let's go," he said. Paul Gordon was almost happy as he made his careful toilet. Now that the die was cast, the irrevocable decision made, his mind was clear. Everything had come to a head. The intolerable worry and suspense were done. Now he could act. The moment of his supreme gesture was almost at hand. It was fitting and proper to die for those one loved.

He brushed his hair carefully, examined his reflection in the mirror. He even managed a smile. Then he stepped into the bedroom. Johnson stood there, woodenly, in a calm, over voice Gordon told him the suit, the hat, the stick he wanted. He donned the conservative dark clothes, took the gray Homburg hat, the Malacca stick, from Johnson. Then he smiled at the man, whose composure almost vanished. His face worked, but at Gordon's sharp, "Steady!" Johnson stiffened.

Gordon shifted his hat and stick, held out his hand. Johnson stared at it, pitifully, hesitated. Gordon held his hand steady. Johnson seized it, swung it. Still clapping his hand, Gordon said quietly: "Good-by, Johnson.

"Good-by, sir," said Johnson hoarsely. "You are not to follow me," said Gordon. "Your promise."

Agony was etched on Johnson's face. At Gordon's firm look, he nodded slowly. "I promise, sir," he said.

Gordon dropped his hand, turned and strode from the room. Johnson stood quietly still for a moment, standing at the door which had closed behind him. His face went gray and he sank into a chair, buried his head in his shaking hands. Sobbs shook his body.

"Judas!" he screamed. "Judas!" Gordon descended his private stairs and let himself out. A man came forward inquiringly. With some surprise Gordon saw that it was not Harrigan. He spoke to the

man in a low voice and then hurried across the lawn, toward the spot where the driveway averted away from the house.

When he reached it he glanced back toward the house. A light burned in David's room. Doris would be dressing for dinner. Gordon put a hand to his lips, made a little gesture toward the light. Then he turned and strode down the driveway.

Cooke came out of the lodge at the gate. "I'm going for a little stroll," Gordon said quickly. "I want to be alone, Cooke; do you understand?" The man nodded. "Yes, sir," he said. He went back to the lodge, and the gate swung open. Gordon stepped through, began to walk, unhurriedly, toward the city.

Looking indescribably lovely, Doris, in a trailing pale yellow frock, her beauty enhanced by the pallor of her cheeks, walked down the stairs. She heard no sound, and paused, puzzled at the absence of voices. Then she hurried into the living-room. There was no one there. She looked about her, bewildered, called: "Dad!" There was no answer.

Then she saw, through the French windows, Nelson crossing the lawn. She ran to the door, called to him. He stopped, turned and came toward her. She advanced to meet him, her thin slippers crunching the gravel of the driveway.

"Dad," she said. "Where is he?" "He's just left, Miss Doris," said Nelson. "Left!" she echoed, her hands going to her breast. "Wh-where?" Nelson shook his head.

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Crannell, Calif., formerly of Mill City, have returned to Mill City to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Olin Ford are the parents of a daughter born Friday.

Mrs. H. Aspinwall and Robinson Win Highest Scores at '500' Party MILL CITY, May 5.—Mrs. C. E.

Mason was hostess Saturday night for an enjoyable "500" party at her home. High scores went to Mrs. H. Aspinwall and W. J. Robinson and consolation to Mrs. Robert Schroeder and R. L. Faust. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Haseman of