

# The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Shall We; No Fear Shall Awe"

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## Government Interference

**BACK** in private law practice after some two years of strenuous political experience in Washington, during part of which time he was the newspaper-applied label of "assistant president", Donald R. Richberg is able to view the political scene in which he figured so prominently, with a degree of philosophic reflection because of his present detachment. Speaking before the commerce committee of the American Bar association in New York the other day, Mr. Richberg remarked that the lesson of the NRA was that we should not take over a competitive system and make it one of social restrictions, and that we should strictly limit the field of government interference. He is quoted as saying: "The N. R. A. was unfortunate because of its interference with the responsibility as well as the freedom of management. Management must accept a responsibility to the two conflicting interests of labor and consumer in seeking release from the restraint of the anti-trust laws. But something must be done to increase management's capacity to do its job. That is absolutely necessary."

Richberg sees the dilemma on which much of the new deal philosophy hangs itself. The competitive system, ruthless as it is, does effect adjustments roughly according to the law of supply and demand. Government interference with prices and markets and production hinders the facile operation of the system of free competition. Usually it acts to slow down the self-adjusting mechanism of prices as controls in the economic process. It tends to make conditions static; and the business life stagnates under a stationary system. It is easy when one sees evils to invoke political authority for their cure; but sometimes this merely involves adding a new taskmaster. Government does have a function as regulator and as policeman to patrol the business thoroughfares; but unless it goes whole hog for socialism its interferences with intricate economic functions are not a success, as Mr. Richberg, who succeeded Gen. Johnson as chief of the NRA, seems to recognize.

## Walnut Shells

**SCIENCE** marches on, hand in hand with Time. Recently the California Walnut Growers association announced the development of processes for making walnut shells commercially useful. Heretofore these shells have not been counted good for anything but fuel. They burn well, being rich in oil. But California growers with large accumulations of shells each season have been seeking other uses than fuel.

Engineers and chemists, the soldiers of the army of peace, attacked the problem of grinding and elimination of oils and wastes. A grinding plant has been set up in Los Angeles and the shells are ground to pass through various screens from coarse 12-mesh to 385-mesh, which makes a flour so fine it will go through a vacuum cleaner bag. As any one knows who has cracked walnuts the shells are hard and brittle. They break up into eight-sided crystal particles.

The chemists have found 15 uses for the walnut shell powder. The most important are for mixing in rubber compounds, asphalt linoleum, roofing paper, filler in dynamite and in abrasive mechanics' soaps. The walnut shell flour may also be used for gold and silver buffing rouge, tooth and face powders, for cleaners and for polishers of various kinds. In the rubber compounds it goes into such things as battery boxes. The shell flour is also used in plastics such as doorknobs, toilet cases, etc. The walnut shell oil is used in paints and may find use in cosmetics. The cake remaining after pressing is sold for stock feed. Besides these new uses, the shells are also burned to make a high grade commercial charcoal.

Necessity is still the mother of invention. And the waste of walnut shell piles is being transformed into articles useful to man and profitable to the walnut growers. Man's inventive genius has not yet reached its limits.

## California Repels Hearst

**CALIFORNIA** republicans did themselves credit and the party a good turn Tuesday in voting down the Hearst-Merriam ticket and electing an un instructed delegation for the national convention. The decisive vote repudiates the attempted dictation by Hearst, "a New York democrat," in the affairs of the party. The prestige of Gov. Landon suffers from the defeat, but he has himself to blame for the result. He suffered Hearst to "hitch-hike," as William Allen White said, on his bandwagon; so he was trounced for the bad company he kept. It is true that Landon was in an embarrassing position. He had not sought Hearst support originally and didn't like to cause offense by repudiating him. But the issue was put up to him squarely by the leaders in the party in California; and he chose to remain silent in the controversy. The un instructed delegation numbered several who were friendly to Landon. Whether they will work for him after the California experience is a question.

The result in California is in part an expression of loyalty to the Hoover leadership. While it is not expected that Mr. Hoover will be the party nominee, he has been the brains and the soul of the opposition to the new deal, giving to that opposition sound substance in reason and logic and in facts. He should be given the task of writing the platform. The party can not afford to desert its traditional stand for sound principles of government and of public finance.

Landon is much better than his company in California with Hearst and Merriam indicated. His success in such widely separated states as Massachusetts and South Dakota shows he has a popular following. Shed of the Hearst incubus he would be a stronger candidate than otherwise. California's result in putting up a republican "no trespass" sign for Hearst, should have beneficial results all over the country; and for Landon himself if used aright.

About three and a half years ago the Salem club of Daughters of the Nile started to take care of cases of children who were handicapped through physical defects, in line with the work of the Shrine, of which this organization is the ladies' auxiliary. The other day they checked up and found that in that time they had taken care of 63 cases of need. The record is a story of humanitarian work, quietly done, which has built boys and girls into better beings physically, better equipped for life and for enjoying the pleasures of life. They have found boys and girls suffering from the after effects of infantile paralysis, curvature of the spine, stiffened elbow, wry neck, osteomyelitis, a withered arm, defective hip, rheumatism; and they have transported these children to the hospital in Portland for special treatment, provided milk for them, and done other things for their comfort. Thursday of this week the Daughters of the Nile will hold a benefit bridge to finance this program of service. The story acquainting people with what they are doing ought to be the only urging required for generous support from the public.

The Wimpy who consulted Gene the Jeep before the Kentucky derby made a killing on Bold Venture, who ran with the heaviest odds against him for any winner in 18 years.

Greta Garbo, back in the USA, says she has no home, she is "just a wanderer." But with her income, she's hardly a transient.

In the pending murder trial in Portland it is to be hoped defendant Justice gets all his name implied.

No matter what decision the council would make on the water question some one would be sure to throw cold water on it.

# The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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**THE "DO SOMETHING" IDEA**  
Washington, May 6. FROM THE START of the New Deal the most devastating counter attack it has been the New Dealers from Mr. Roosevelt down had no clear idea of what they were doing. This comment has a 50-cent price tag for friends of the president as well as those not friendly: from within as well as without.

IT SEEMS NOT to occur that before "something" is done affecting a nation of 130,000,000 people it might be well to find out whether previous tests have proven the step unsound, or whether it conflicts with reason and experience. The thought that perhaps it may be better to try and still than go in the wrong direction apparently is not entertained by these angels of action. The great idea is to "do something," no matter what, to keep "doing something," never stop "doing something," sound or unsound, just so "something is done."

INEVITABLY, as a result of such a policy, there not only exists in Washington a condition of unprecedented confusion but the country has been rushed up one blind alley after another. Failure has followed failure. The Warren gold plan, the silver purchase policy, the federal housing scheme of the CWA, NRA, AAA, and now the WPA with its Quonset camps and Florida ship canals, its prostitution to politics by the state machines and its inevitable waste and futility — all these things have flopped. Hardly anyone contends otherwise.

IT IS a simple statement of fact to say that the sum total of these failures is a record-breaking mess, the cost of which is difficult to compute and from which we will emerge—if at all—only with great pain and heavy sacrifices. One thing that keeps the picture from being seen clearly by the people is the vast propaganda which is being spread. It is drenched with the emotions of the president and the federal treasury. The other things are the Roosevelt radio voice and speeches. With these the less discerning are kept in a semi-sporadic state, clutching their New Deal inspired dreams of wealth and more pay. Never in these speeches does the president mention any of his failures or their cost. Rarely does he mention the words budget, balance, national thrift, economy, solvent, sound currency — words and phrases which made up his 1932 speeches. Never does he use anything save the brightest colors. Never does he report anything but progress.

HIMSELF insubordinably optimistic and carefree, his whole purpose appears to be to convince the masses to whom he appeals that everything is lovely and all his plans working out. Never for a moment does he — or any of his spokesmen — suggest that in a period of world recovery, in which naturally we have shared, our problems of unemployment and relief are graver than ever; that the huge debt he has piled upon us has not ameliorated conditions; that he has broken his pledges in vain. To those who face the realities and realize the day of reckoning is bound to come, the most disturbing part of all this is his open appeal to the emotions of the people rather than their reason.

FOR EXAMPLE, at Baltimore, in his "flaming youth" address, he presented his 18 to 65 years suggestion, designed to catch both the unthinking young and the disconcerted old, but so utterly impractical that even the most friendly of his journalistic aides gulped. At New York it was the Tugwellian-Worker - Farmer alliance he sought to cement by holding out the promise of higher wages for one and greater interest for the other without added work for either, and so far as the ordinary mind can discern, without any specific program on his part. This, like his other speeches—like every word he will utter from now until November—was a campaign speech, in which the effort is to exalt the present "prosperity" as a result of achievement, obscure the tragic failures that mark his term of office, and persuade the people that it is a grand thing to have in the White House a man who can always "do something else."

**St. Louis People Receive Large Shipments of Chicks**  
ST. LOUIS, May 6.—Alvin Manning recently received 700 pullets and Mrs. Joseph Rubens 200 from the Hedlund poultry farm at Brownsville. Mrs. Lawrence Ferachewiller also received 200 chicks from St. Paul. Mrs. Corey recently received 1000 Hite turks from Howell Prairie.

**Twenty Years Ago**  
May 7, 1916  
Billie Burke, popular screen star, earns \$4000 per week.  
The romance of Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen began when they played together in a movie.

**Ten Years Ago**  
May 7, 1926  
Salem carnivals have announced that they will accept no cherries this season infected with the cherry maggot.  
Motor buses in London are wearing barbed wire entanglements over their hoods to prevent smashing in strike riots.  
The Salem, Mass., and Salem, Ore., debate teams clash tonight in the armory.

**Crash Victim Better**  
SALT CREEK, May 6.—Mrs. Wilbur Hughes, who was seriously hurt in the auto-truck crash in North Dallas last week, is slowly improving. She is at the Deaconess hospital in Salem and it is hoped that she will be well enough to take home next week.

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# Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

**Eola precinct voted for 5-7-36**  
Salem to be the capital, 58 to 3, in 1863; it was viva voce then, and '72:

Jim Smart, known to nearly everybody in the Salem trade territory, who lives over the river in Polk county, in the Orchard Heights section, next to the Kingwood Heights vicinity, has the whole ticket voted in the election of 1862 in Eola precinct, Polk county.

How can that be? Well, it is this way: Voting was viva voce in Oregon in 1862, as it had been since 1855, and was to be for more than 10 years longer.

It was all in long hand. Type-writers had not been invented. In the case before the reader now, the description on the back of the long ticket reads: "Poll Book for Eola precinct, 1862." The ticket is made of four sheets of writing paper pasted together.

It should go to a place where it may be preserved, for the benefit of future generations. In the case of this ticket, some names are incorrectly spelled. The Bits man has taken the liberty of correcting only one, that of D. D. Prettyman. It is Prittyman on the ticket. He was known to the writer. The names on the ticket follow: 61 of them:

Hugh Thompson, W. D. Cole, W. P. Kibby, H. B. Hoare, C. W. McCord, D. W. Emmett, W. H. Goodwin, J. T. Lutes, Isaac Brown, A. L. Nucklingham, E. Robbins, W. L. Self, D. L. Riggs, D. Rogers, S. K. Shelley, N. H. Berry, J. J. Hughes, J. W. Downes.

J. Whitwood, P. M. Hill, G. F. Waller, J. P. E. P. McDonald, J. F. Chitwood, R. W. Burton, J. M. Fulkerson, W. H. Fulkerson, S. K. Crowley, T. J. Brannon, D. K. Chitwood, G. Chappel, C. W. Carrick, H. Harris, S. Goff, J. L. Gwin.

D. Ruble, S. Feeler, D. Goff, D. P. Prettyman, J. B. Altherton, G. G. Gibson, Harrier, J. W. King, S. D. Gibson, J. Morrison, H. Brunk, J. H. O'Bryan, W. W. Patterson, T. J. Riggs, G. Campbell, H. A. Deadmond, Jesse Morris.

B. B. Schell, O. H. Smith, T. O. Waller, R. R. Boothby, H. C. Sterling, Wm. Ruble, D. Gibson, T. Pearce, F. McKay.

That year, 1862, was the first time Oregon went republican, electing the congressman and the principal state officers. The reader will note from the above that Eola precinct had 61 votes, and he will see from what follows the democratic candidates for the principal offices got little comfort out of the returns from that "neck of the woods."

J. R. McBride, republican candidate for congress, received 45 votes, A. E. Wait 13. McBride had a handsome majority in the state. Of course, Oregon had only one congressman then. She got two in 1893, three in 1913.

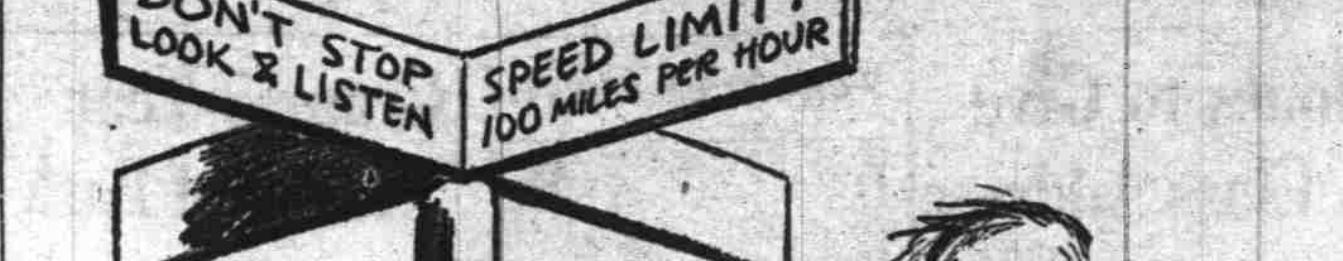
McBride was a nephew of Dr. W. B. Morse of Salem, whose mother was a McBride. The McBride family produced senators, congressmen, supreme judges, etc., etc.

Eola precinct in 1862 gave A. C. Gibbs 49 votes for governor; Gen. Ed. Jordan, 10. He was the democratic candidate. He was the grandfather of Miller Hayden, justice of the peace of Salem district.

Samuel E. May received 47 votes for secretary of state, G. T. Young, his democratic opponent, several votes. May was reelected in 1866. He was a very popular man. He was the grandfather on the distaff side of United States Senator Frederick Steiwer. The May residence in Salem still stands, as has been told in this column.

(Continued tomorrow.)

# Another Good Year?



# "There's Murder in the Air"

by Roy Chanslor

**CHAPTER XXXI**  
Gabriel sat at his table at the rear of the cafe, his eyes on the performers in the floor show. "Plenty the critics had said, Gabriel glanced at his watch, then back at the show.

"Then he saw the broad-shouldered figure of Flaherty making its way across the room. Deliberately, Gabriel did not look at him until he loomed over the table. Flaherty grinned.

"How's it, Jim?" Flaherty boomed.  
"Fine as silk," said Gabriel. "Sit down."

Flaherty sat beside him. Gabriel nodded toward the floor.  
"Get a load of this finale," he said.  
Flaherty grinned. "Read about it," he said.

The frenzied finale began. Gabriel kept his eyes glued on the madly whirling girls. Flaherty nodded and applauded. The show ended, the girls trooped off. Gabriel grinned at Flaherty.

"Ain't thirsty, are you?" he asked.  
"Don't wanna be a hog," said Flaherty.  
"A right guy's always welcome here," said Gabriel.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Tony signaling.  
"Be right with you," he said, rising. He walked toward the waiter. Flaherty eased over in his seat, followed the man with his eyes.

"You're the matter with the portable?" said Gabriel.

Tony's eyes flicked toward Flaherty. Gabriel nodded grimly. He glanced back at Flaherty. Then he walked quickly toward the door, watching the detective out of the corner of his eye. Flaherty rose slowly. Gabriel swerved just before reaching the door, and stepped into a booth beside the cigar counter. He saw Flaherty sit down again, his eyes on the booth.

Gabriel spoke into the transmitter. His face tightened; the cords on his neck stood out. But he kept his voice low, gave staccato orders. He emerged from the booth with a smile, and returned to the table but did not sit down.

"How about that little snifter?" he said. "Could use one myself."

"Keys," said Flaherty, rising. "I'm right behind you."

Gabriel led the way upstairs, walking beside Flaherty, chatting pleasantly as they went down the long hallway. At the door to the apartment he paused, opened the door and waved Flaherty inside. Flaherty entered; Gabriel followed. As Flaherty turned, an automatic was jammed forcibly into his stomach.

Flaherty grunted and tried to look surprised. Gabriel swiftly relieved him of his gun and his handcuffs. He snapped one of them on the detective's left wrist, prodded him with the automatic, nodding toward the radiator in the far corner of the room. Flaherty backed up to the radiator.

"Lie down," Gabriel. Flaherty lay down. Gabriel slipped the other cuff about the steam-pipe, snapped it onto Flaherty's right wrist. Then he took out a handkerchief and gagged him securely.

Up the back street, proceeding at a conventional speed, came a non-descript car. Two men sat in the front seat. At the rear driveway of the Palm Gardens the car turned, proceeded to the service entrance.

Three men who lurked in the darkness behind the building turned inquiringly toward a detective sergeant. He shook his head.

"They didn't say nothin' about in-comin' cars," he whispered.

The two men got out of the car, entered the kitchen door.

Gabriel, finished with gagging the detective, glanced up at the house phone rang. Carefully avoiding the windows, he went to it.

"Hello," said Nicky's voice. "I got this guy here. Open up, will you?"

A smile spread across Gabriel's face.

"Sure," he said. "Just push him in, tell him to walk straight up the steps and then you close the door behind him."

"Say, ain't I in on this?" demanded Nicky.

"Sure, you are," said Gabriel. "But we got plenty of time. Wait you to do a little chore first. This party's got to be staged right. All the fix'n's. You know, the last-upping stuff. Well, I'm fresh out champagne! That'll never do. Take the car and run over to Louis's, and get me five bottles. Yeh, yeh. I'll be see'n' you."

Nicky looked puzzled as he hung up. Then he shrugged and grinned. What a gag! Champagne — and then the old business! He motioned to Gordon, led him through the refrigerating-room. The door on the other side clicked. Jim had released the automatic lock.

"Go ahead, pal," said Nicky. "Right up them stairs. Be with you in a couple minutes."

He locked the door on the outside, turned, went back through the icebox, strode through the kitchen. He climbed into the car, started it and drove slowly to the street. He turned right and started to shift gears.

Two men stepped out of the shadows. Nicky reached for the gun in his short holster, then thought better of it as he saw the grim service revolver snap out. A big man motioned him out of the car, clapped a huge palm over his mouth.

Gabriel was at the house phone. "Sam," he said, "has Nicky gone?"

"Yeh," said Sam. "He went to the shop."

"Good," said Gabriel. "Wanted him out this. Sam, the bulls're here!"

At the sharp exclamation from the man on the wire, Gabriel cut in sharply:

"Wait a minute—listen! This is my show—a one-man show. They won't take me alive. It's a murder mystery. You get away with that dead pin for years, Meridon. I got to hand it to you. Plastic surgery! What a gag!"

The man who had been James Meridon stared into the eyes of the kidnap-killer who had been Joe Gaudio—eyes that grew hard and cold as the grin faded from his face. Then Gordon shrugged, threw out his hands, said quietly:

"Time's up," said Kilrane suddenly. "Gabriel's wise to us, all right. I've got one more angle. I'll try to make a deal with him. If he can't say ball, we shoot the works!"

From the darkened hallway the two men stepped into the lighted apartment and faced each other after eighteen years. Jim Gabriel grinned, scrutinized Paul Gordon's expressionless face, gave an admiring chuckle.

"Ain't science wonderful!" he said. "You got away with that dead pin for years, Meridon. I got to hand it to you. Plastic surgery! What a gag!"

The man who had been James Meridon stared into the eyes of the kidnap-killer who had been Joe Gaudio—eyes that grew hard and cold as the grin faded from his face. Then Gordon shrugged, threw out his hands, said quietly:

"Here I am, Gaudio. I've kept my bargain. Now—keep yours."

"Oh, sure!" said the dark man. He laughed shortly, and turned his eyes to the floor by the radiator. Gordon followed. He gave a start, stared at the figure of the man handcuffed to the pipes. Gabriel bent over Flaherty, slipped his coat back, looked up at Gordon significantly. His meaning struck him like a blow.

"Remember what I said about ringin' in the bulls, Mister?" asked Gabriel.

Gordon recoiled.

"But—God, man, I didn't—!" he began.

Gabriel cut him short.

"What the hell's the difference now?" he demanded, rising.

The phone jangled. Gabriel glanced at it, hesitated. Then he drew an automatic, covered Gordon, and went to the phone swiftly, his eyes never leaving the man across the room, who was standing as if stupefied, his eyes again on the gagged and manacled Flaherty.

Gabriel lifted the receiver.

"We've got you sewed up, Gabriel. You haven't got a chance. I'm talkin' turkey. We want Gordon, his daughter, his son, his wife and Flaherty, you the samp-out. What say?"

"I lay off him and all your boys if you play ball. If you don't—it'll be just too bad."

At mention of his brother, Gabriel's eyes flickered; he held the phone tighter.

Kilrane paused, then went on:

"My word on it, Gabriel, we'll forget the kidnaping rap on Nicky—and all the rest. And you'll get a fair trial on those old Chicago charges. I've notified your boys downstairs they can come out—with their hands in the air. I'm giving you the samp-out. What say?"

The house-phone buzzed. Gabriel stared at it.

"Gimme a minute to think," he said huskily.

At mention of the mouthpiece of the phone with one hand, lifted the receiver of the house-phone with the other.

"It's Sam," said a voice. "They just give us our chance, Jim. The answer is nuts! Open up!"

Gabriel grinned suddenly.

"Kayo, Sam," he said. "We'll give 'em ball."

Handing up the house-phone. His hand darted to the switch on the wall. He pressed it. He heard a moment, heard Sam and the boys crowding up the steps. Then he pressed the button again, locked the downstairs door, turned back to the other phone.

"Okay, Kilrane," he said. "I play ball."

(To Be Continued)

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