

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager

SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited to this paper.

Mental Insulation

NO matter what the Bell committee should turn up respecting the Townsend movement it is apparent that the adherents of the OARP will not credit anything which is adverse. To them the Townsend plan is a divine revelation and they purpose to remain true to their faith in it as to a religion. So although Dr. Townsend is shown to have written his late associate R. E. Clements: "You and I have the world by the tail on a downhill pull, Earl, if we handle it right," adding there would be a "hateful of money for those who stayed", the loyal followers of Dr. Townsend will insist that his purposes have been sincere and not mercenary, that the plan will work if given a trial, and that the Bell committee is merely the conniving of the Roosevelt administration to smear the plan. This form of mental insulation will serve to sustain them on doubts respecting either the plan or its founder.

But the exposures will have disastrous effects upon the hangers-on, the persons who thought it was a bandwagon and flagged it for a ride. These are already scuttling to cover. Their desertion will greatly impair the strength of the movement, for it depended on mass pressures. Seeing the merry-go-round boys dropping off after a short ride the politicians will lose their fears, will get over the jitters which Dr. Townsend himself laughed at as he observed Washington congressmen. Let the opportunists get the idea that Townsendism is not going to sweep the country, and the movement will find heavy going politically; and a considerable slowing down financially.

The Bell committee is probably a smear committee; but it must be admitted it has found considerable raw material. Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements have admitted receiving large sums of money, far in excess of the modest stipends reported at the Chicago convention. And the good Long Beach doctor seems not to have been innocent of sensing the commercial possibilities of the exploitation. In fact (and we speak realistically rather than wishfully) it does not seem possible to revive the OARP as a big political force either in Oregon or in the nation.

More Rebuffs to New Deal

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has gotten his answer on the constitutionality of the Guffey coal act, and it is negative. The answer is one clearly foreseen in the previous decisions of the supreme court. Only the contumacy of the president in defying the plain mandate of the court and virtually commanding a reluctant congress to pass the Guffey bill brought this fresh rebuff to the new deal. He wrote congressmen not to let reasonable doubts of the constitutionality of the Guffey bill keep them from voting for it. Such audacious disregard of the law interpreting and constitution defending branch of the government deserved the rebuke which the court in very polite language has administered.

The Guffey act was one opposed by many liberal thinkers because it turned the consumers over to the none-too-tender mercies of the coal companies. It legalized price-fixing in a vicious form. Labor in return for certain benefits was willing to approve of this monopoly grant to the coal operators.

Another blow was administered the new deal when Tugwell's resettlement scheme was declared unconstitutional by the supreme court of the district of Columbia. The court might have gone on to say that under Tugwell it was bizarre, wasteful and futile. The monuments to Tugwell's folly are scattered from coast to coast. What germs of virtue resettlement had been buried in administrative red tape, bureaucratic stupidity and governmental extravagance.

While the president has been critical of the courts for ruling against him in important cases, as a general rule the court has truly protected the administration from its own follies. NRA was discredited before the court got to it; and the AAA rested on a false base of promoting scarcity rather than plenty. Even if the acts were constitutional they still would be wrong in principle. Especially with regard to NRA and resettlement the court is merely extricating the administration from bad holes, besides saving the country from foolish experimentation.

Low Cost Housing

THE administration has puzzled greatly over low-cost housing. It has even undertaken slum clearance and apartment building. The results have usually been that the rents for the new living quarters are so high only the upper levels of the lower-income groups can use them. The former occupants of the slums are forced to find other residence, often at higher rentals, making their lot poorer. The president has even complained that it seemed impossible to construct a house for a family for less than \$2500.

Various schemes for mass production in housing have been proposed and even attempted. Sheet steel, concrete slabs, lumber cut in the mill to size—all these have not succeeded in selling themselves, either because the people want distinctive houses for homes or because the costs are too great. Strangely enough there is creeping into the picture a form of mass-production residence unit: the motor car trailer. These are graduating from the class of bulging box-cars crudely fashioned and hung onto an automobile. They are being made of steel, neat and attractive. With them the owner may travel the high road and still occupy his own home. The New York Herald-Tribune says it has become a quantity product, with plants putting trailers on assembly-line manufacture. In some cities special provisions are made in camps for trailer accommodation, with electric and water service connections made available. With electric ranges, sleeping quarters and the world to roam in, what is the trailer but one answer to the demand for low-cost housing?

No matter how much you turn up your nose at the car with house trailer attached, the outfit is here, with accommodations that are surprisingly comfortable.

Prof. Tugwell seems to be on the way out, but the president will probably find a berth for him in spite of the action of the federal court in invalidating his resettlement and of the congress in making an appropriation for the work and shifting rehabilitation to Harry Hopkins and WPA. The Portland Journal delights in harpooning Senator Steiwer and lining him up with the Fat Boys; yet Sen. Steiwer has dug from Dr. Tugwell the fact that he spent \$178,900 in resettling 13 families on a project near Yankton, S. D. That is about \$13,700 per family. Tugwell is surely generous with the Flat Boys.

The president made an excellent appointment when he named Samuel B. Hill, representative from Washington as member of the board of tax appeals. Hill was formerly a judge in Waterville, Wash., but has proven so able and popular a congressman the republicans have joined with democrats in retaining him in office. As long-time member of the way and means committee he is familiar with tax questions. He has done much to temper the wild tax proposals that have come out of the white house.

Secretary Goslin, Oregon's Farleyesque, gets a setback in the defeat of U. S. Burt who had the nod for the state treasurer nomination. Oregon democrats turned to Jack Allen, who had been given the gate as liquor administrator. The coup de grace for Goslin will come when some of his legislative favorites fall by the wayside in November.

Due to frost damage in the spring the California peach bowl expects only about a 50 per cent crop this year; almonds will be only about a 25 per cent crop, reports the Pacific Rural Press. Light fruit crops along the coast ought to mean higher prices.

The Capital Journal refers to the "duplicity of issues" in the late city election. "Duplicity" is correct.

Editorial

Comment

From Other Papers

IS A LABOR DICTATORSHIP COMING?

For some time ship owners have been warning the country of a plot to establish a labor dictatorship over commerce and business through the control of transportation.

Perhaps we have all discounted the charge and thought it part of the propaganda of the long and bitter waterfront struggle on the Pacific Coast. But some angles are coming up which hit the farmer and cause wonder if it may not be true.

In San Francisco, for instance, where labor threatens to tie up the milk supply if dairymen do not yield to organization of their milkers, it is the organization of the teamsters, which does much of the talking, and it is the threat of a sympathy strike by teamsters and milk deliverers which caused Mayor Rossi to demand that dairymen arbitrate.

Seattle is said to be the best example of what may be in the wind. There the teamsters virtually run the city, it is said, and the mayor and police force practically abdicate to the teamsters.

A merchant in Seattle tells us that labor now fixes the price of bread, milk and beer, and that it will probably extend its control to other products.

This much will be obvious: if there were a plot to seize labor control in this country, the truck lines would be the logical place to strike. Trucks are the very capillaries of business life, locally, and they are increasingly the arteries of longer hauls.

Railroads, smarting under the competition of the trucks, have helped make it easier for truck control, because throwing the trucks under license and regulation brings politicians to the aid of such a plan.

The farmer knows that public regulation is closing in on him and his truck. His right to haul his neighbor's crops is dwindling, and even his right to haul his own crops.

The farmer is not unympathetic to organized labor. While he is both capitalist and laborer, he usually thinks of himself as a laborer.

However he does not want any dictatorships by either capital or labor, and his own experience with communist organizers, posing as labor organizers, and the example of Harry Bridges seizing control of waterfront unions, does not make him sure that a legitimate labor dictatorship would not fall under control of Moscow.

—Pacific Rural Press.

Samuel W. Sims Is Killed, Car Crash

WHEATLAND, May 19.—Samuel W. Sims, 50, of Portland, a former resident of Wheatland and second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sims of Pleasantvale, was killed about 7 a. m. Saturday enroute to his work as cabinet worker at the Jones Lumber company in Portland when his sedan and a Great American Interurban car collided at Lents station near his farm home. He was alone in his car. His car was carried more than 300 feet and completely demolished. Funeral services are held at Lents station Thursday afternoon.

He was born in Vernon county, Wisconsin, December 9, 1885 and came with his parents to Portland in 1909 and subsequently to Salem and Wheatland and later returned to Portland where he was united in marriage with Miss Powell March 15, 1911. Two sons and one daughter were born. He was a high ranking member of the Odd Fellows lodge.

Surviving are his widow and the sons, Meredith and Donald, and the daughter, Dorothy, and one grandson, all of Portland; his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sims of Pleasantvale; three brothers, Merle and William of Portland; Robert of Pleasantvale; six sisters: Mrs. (Bessie) John Murphy of Beaverton; Mrs. (Mrs. Kendall S. Coyle) of Nelsalem; Irene (Mrs. R. L. Clark) of Dayton; Katherine (Mrs. Harry Wambagan) of Grand Coulee, Wash.; Ruth (Mrs. Curtis Young) of Forest Grove; Elizabeth (Mrs. Vernon Foster) of Dayton.

Picnic Finale at Shelburn School

SHELburn, May 19.—Shelburn school will close May 29 with an all day picnic. Marion Arnold and Rufus Russell, both formerly of this place, were successful in the primary election, the former republican candidate for sheriff and the latter republican candidate for county clerk. Opal Shilling is expected home from Seattle bible school this week. She has just completed two years at that school.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClain and wife spent Sunday afternoon with an all day picnic. Mrs. McClain, who is building the new storage plant for Jack Tyson. There will be 180 lockers in the plant which will be rented for storage purpose at a minimum rate.

Arkansas Family Plans To Make North Santiam Home; Visits Relatives

NORTH SANTIAM, May 19.—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cable and daughter, Miss Ruby Cable, accompanied by a son-in-law and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker and baby, arrived here last week from Pea Ridge, Arkansas. They are at the home of their son, Orland Cable. They are well pleased with this country, and expect to make their homes here.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Let the smallest park in the United States be officially made such, and the tree, its owner, marked:

Quite often one hears the assertion that Salem has the smallest park in the United States.

What is meant is the space around the big tree near the northwest corner of Summer and Union streets. While in effect this space is a park, it has not been officially so declared. Its size is approximately 10 by 15 feet, practically all of it occupied by the tree.

One finds in the Reader's Digest for the current month, May, an article supplied by George H. Dacy, reading:

"A lover of trees was Judge W. H. Jackson, at one time chief justice of the Georgia supreme court.

"A stately and symmetrical white oak tree, that crowned the crest of a hill overlooking his plantation, was his favorite.

"Weekly the venerable lawyer climbed the hill to rest and ponder under its shade. At his death in 1860 the title to the 'great tree' that I bear this tree and the great desire that I have for its protection at all times," he bequeathed the land it stood upon to the tree itself.

"Recorded 116 years ago in the deed of the land on which it stood is still on file, and the 350 year old tree that owns itself is lovingly cared for by the community.

"A tablet has been placed on the tree announcing that the tree holds the title to the smallest park in the United States, occupied by its big tree.

The 10 by 15 feet serves now, as the tree is young yet—only about 64 years old. Such trees live thousands of years, and 5000 to 6000 years hence this one might need more than 10 by 15 feet. But "we should worry" about that.

This tree measured 78 feet high about four years ago. It is called a "California big tree," though its true botanical name is sequoia gigantea, Washingtonian redwood, while the true California redwood is the sequoia sempervirens, meaning always living, and the name sequoia comes from Sequoyah, who invented the Cherokee Indian alphabet.

The sprout of our big tree was

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOT LONG ago I told you about the methods of treatment used in physical therapy. I pointed out the physical therapy employs the natural forces such as heat, air and water. Also, exercise and massage are included in this system of treatment and cure of certain ailments. Today I want to tell you about "diathermy," another form of physical therapy.

Heat has always been used as a curative measure for certain ailments. Our forefathers used heated stones, bricks, flat irons and even utilized jars filled with hot water. In this modern day heat is used for the same ailments, but it is applied in a more scientific manner.

Diathermy is in reality the use of a "high-frequency" electric current which generates heat in some portion of the body. By means of this device, heat may be brought to the area that needs it and will be benefited by the application.

Not a "Cure All" Diathermy is not a "cure all." In fact, it may be harmful when used in certain conditions. For this reason the lay public is advised not to purchase so-called diathermy machines for self use. Wrongly used it may lead to further irritation and inflammation of the affected part. Let your doctor decide whether you require diathermy treatment.

No one should be permitted to handle a diathermy machine or direct its application unless he is familiar with the exact use and limitations of this form of treatment. Your doctor is qualified and he alone is in a position to determine whether or not you should receive diathermy.

The use of diathermy may be either medical or surgical. The medical form is used in the treatment of arthritis, neuritis, rheumatism, pneumonia and other inflammations. When used for destruction of a tumor, cyst or other growth, it is spoken of as surgical diathermy.

Different New The modern diathermy machine is quite different from that used several years ago. The engineering profession, with the co-operation of the medical profession, has perfected this machine and improved its usage. No doubt many of my readers will recall the startling noises and flashes of electricity that occurred when the old type machine was used. All this has been done away with and the machine is compact, noiseless and efficient.

When properly controlled it has great value. If you have been advised to receive diathermy treatment, do not hesitate to have it. It is not dangerous in skilled hands and is extremely beneficial in certain afflictions.

Answers to Health Queries Mrs. A. McC. Q.—Will yeast help me gain weight? I am 5 feet 4 inches tall and only weigh 105 pounds. I am very anxious to increase my weight.

A.—Yeast in itself will not increase your weight. Diet is important. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer questions from readers who send addresses 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, R. J. Hendricks)

Velma Mae Kelso Honored, Shower

WEST SALEM, May 19.—A lovely wedding shower was given Miss Velma Mae Kelso at the home of Mrs. Etta Blanton Monday afternoon. Present were Mrs. W. D. Phillips, Mamie Dickson, Mrs. Mable Rierson, Mrs. Bert Crum and daughters, Mildred, Bert Crum, Mrs. Sylvia Meyers, Mrs. Beulah Kelso, Mrs. Verna Kelso, and children, Margie and Donnie, Mrs. Blanton and daughter Katherine, Gertrude Devoe, Mrs. Vida Scott, Miss Helen Scott, Mrs. M. J. Smith, Mrs. Dickson, Ella May, Billie, Wesley and baby, Mrs. Katie Lawrence, Dollie Kelso, J. E. Kelso and the hostess, Mrs. Etta Blanton and children, Donnie and Derrell.

Mrs. J. E. Thomas and her sister, Mrs. Betty Thomas, were hostesses Friday afternoon at Mrs. Thomas' home for a joint birthday celebration in honor of Mrs. M. A. White, Mrs. Thomas' mother, and Mrs. Ed Brock. They were both showered with many lovely gifts.

The wedding was assisted by Mrs. D. E. Decker and Pauline Decker.

CHAPTER VI Families are wonderful... but oh, how hard they make things!

She had a moment's thrill, thinking it was going to be a speakeasy, but it was just a rather small French restaurant, with breadsticks in a glass on every table and the napkins twisted into star-fish.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

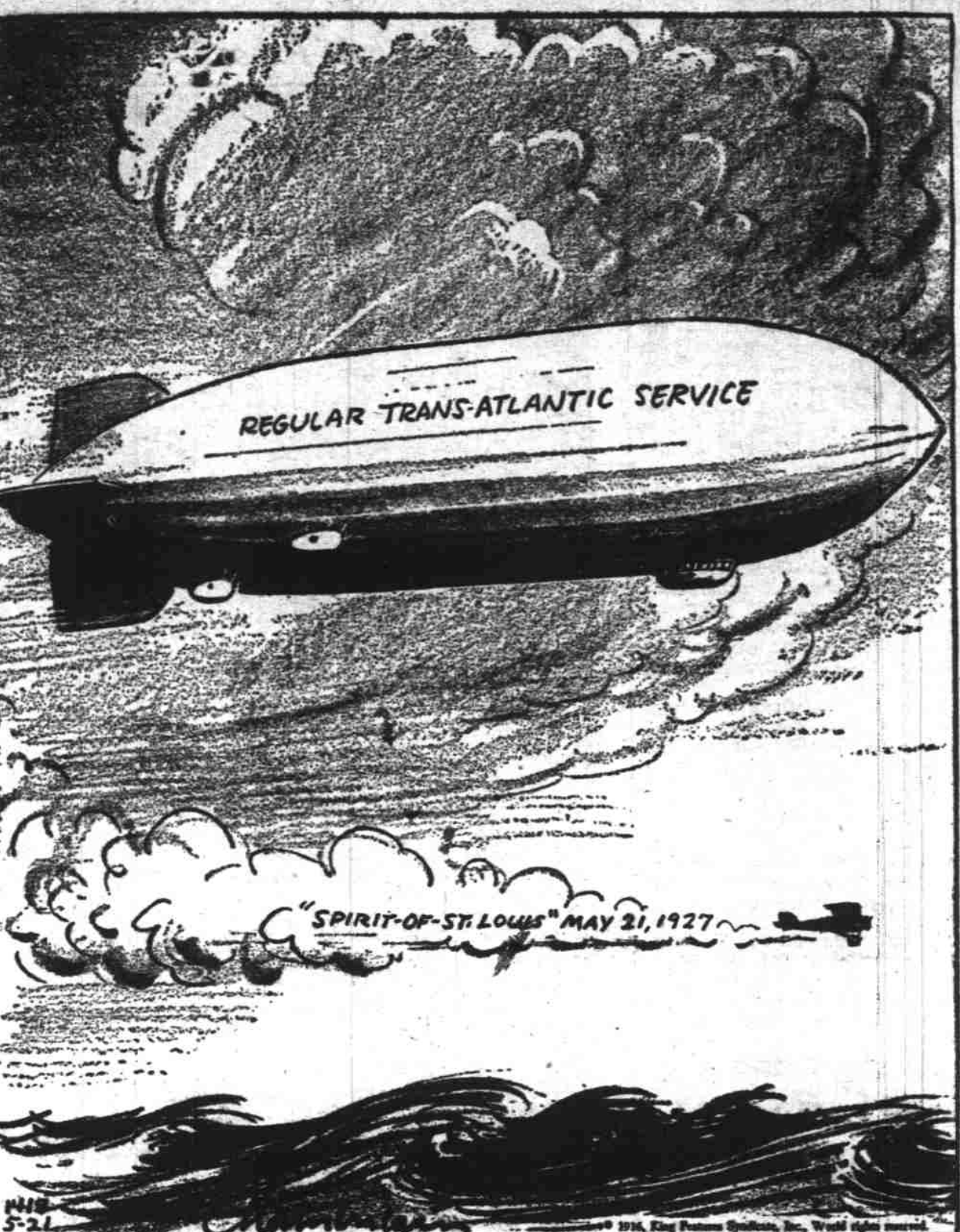
Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Over the roof of the Dollar building she could look out to the bay, see the ferry she should be on, gliding smoothly into the blue.

There were white, fluffy clouds. Five o'clock. The whistles blew. Feet scurried by the door. She could hear the elevator doors clanging open, shut.

Nine Years After



"BLIND TO LOVE" by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

where they had all their meals, and the funny looking furniture bought from a mail order house 25 years ago.

So she couldn't let him take her home when it was all over, as he had insisted, because it was so nice.

After all, it didn't make any difference. He was going the next day and she wasn't interested in him anyway.

Of course the family was sitting up for her. They had the porch light on and lights in the front room and all over. You'd think there was a party going on.

Ma didn't fuss much, but she did want to know exactly what they'd had for dinner, and she had to go over the whole thing from soup to cheese, yawning so she could hardly talk.

"Identical dinner was used to get for 25 cents in all the French restaurants before the fire," Pa said.

Ma wanted to know whether the chicken seemed to be fried in butter or olive oil, and Aunt Willie got started on a despondent, "Yes, she saved her. Ma sent her to bed."

She thought she was tired enough to sleep. There was a pain like a red-hot iron at the back of her neck and her eyelids were heavy as lead.

But when she got the light out, and shut her eyes, she knew that she couldn't.

What could she do? What would anyone else do in her place? If he were out with his happiness... yes, she could give him up if she knew he had stopped loving her and did love the other girl. But how did she know that? A fellow like Jamie...

And his father, who had 4 cents of the first 5 he ever made and all but the weight of the San Joaquin valley when he died, knew this marriage wasn't HIS idea...

She thought of the last time they were together... his kisses, not the kisses a boy gives to a girl he's just out with... but real kisses. Oh, there was no doubt of that. He meant them. And the things he said. The way he'd told her—"Gee, Mary, you're pretty!" Not in a flattery way, the way some boys might. But sort of wondering, "You've got the prettiest blue eyes in the world" and "You've even got pretty elbows and feet, Mar—"

"Mar?"—If anybody else had called her Mar she'd have hated it. But when he said it...

Well, that's what happens when you really care for someone.

You can't give up. Not without a struggle.

The house seemed pretty quiet, so she risked lighting the light and got up to look for note paper and her fountain pen.

Her eyelids drooped again. The sparrows in the palm outside her open window chirped inquiringly. She pulled her kimono closer around her shoulders. It must be nearly morning. She'd written six long letters and torn them into tiny shreds. She'd send this short one:

"Dear Jamie: 'Long time since you've been over. Even if you are getting married, you must not forget your old friends, who wish you the best. So if you are going to be in town soon I wish you would meet me in S. F. for lunch, if you could. I would like to congratulate you and talk over old times and wish you luck. As ever, 'MARY.'"

She was too tired now to know if it was just what she wanted to say or not. In the morning...

(To be continued)

Copyright 1935 by Hazel Livingston, Inc.

Valley Holy Name League Will Meet

SUBILITY, May 19.—Thursday, the feast of the Ascension, the services at the St. Boniface church will be the same as on Sundays at 8 o'clock and 10:30 o'clock. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the members of the Holy Name Society will meet in the parish hall.

Sunday night the Willamette valley Holy Name league will meet at the C. O. F. hall.

Miss Agnes Frank of Vancouver spent the weekend here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Frank.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Timson and three children left this week for Parkton, S. D. They have lived at the James Ripp place for the past eight months. They arrived here from South Dakota about 15 months ago.