

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor

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Streamlining Style

A writer in the May Atlantic attacks the current writing fad of what he calls "exclamation-point style". This he defines as that which emanates from writers who appear to be "in a state of continuous and soul-searing excitation." It is not so much the use of the exclamation point as a mark of punctuation, but choosing words which carry the breathless thrills which the exclamation point connotes. Good, faithful words are whipped to the point of exhaustion by modern writers who appear to be "a race of eye-rollers, teeth-grashers, and ecstatics." The contributor illustrates:

"Bob Breathless whirled like a flash. His blazing eyes narrowed instantly to glittering slits of hate. 'You devil, he spat.' To quote the author, Alan DeFoe, again: 'The far-reaching viciousness of the style—and what convinces me that it is a premonition of disaster—is its insistence on continuous excitement, upon vivid action, upon 'handing the reader a jolt.' Exclamation-point writers view the world with a kind of hyper-consciousness in which a country lane, instead of simply 'winding' as it used to do, now 'writes in tortured convolutions through the morbid vegetation,' and in which—according to one much-praised novel I have lately read with bated breath—a college professor seated reading at his desk 'knots and unknots his fingers in febrile serpentine twistings.' Characters in exclamation-point novels 'surge' and 'lunge' and 'sway' and 'reel' as they progress along the sidewalk, and it is their habit, when encountering another character, never merely to speak to him, but always to 'blow' or 'beat' or 'crack.'"

Short sentences, verbs signifying swift action, nouns sharp and hard and decisive, with no hint of mellowness, no shadow-tones to soften or mellowate the picture. Naturally the reader himself is exhausted after he wades through a few chapters which run the vocabulary through a tight wringer to extract every ounce of juice out of them.

The magazine Time has inducted a new writing style into use, with overworked participles, clipped phrases, and frequent periodic sentences. These devices promote swiftness in reading and hold the attention of the reader, but leave him nervous and excited at the end, instead of comfortably satisfied at the ingestion of information. Past writing style may have been a bit too ponderous; but the sudden speed-up in tempo, the "surcharging" of terms, the streamlining of sentence structure has gone so far as to invite a reaction. After all a person ought to be able to read a simple news or fiction narrative without going to bed with a nervous chill.

Fortunes of Politics

FROM the apparent tomb of defeat Mrs. Hannah Martin has had almost a miraculous resurrection. She was like the aviator whose plane failed to cross the ocean and days after is found to have taken refuge on an island or a passing ship. Mrs. Martin served two terms with great fidelity to the interests of the county, with enough tacks to windward in her voting course, it seemed, to appease most voting groups; so it was rather surprising that she was counted out on the early returns of election night. Not the least of things to her credit is the heroic way in which she accepted her reported defeat,—no whining, no bitterness, and no might-have-beens,—just taking it as part of the fortunes of politics. Now she should be elected with a hearty majority.

Romeo Gouley, who is thus displaced, had through four terms in the house, grown substantially in legislative capacity. His votes were more fearless than any other member of the county's house delegation; and he was faithful to one of the first principles of politics, to stay put and stand by his agreement. So it is too bad the fortunes of politics turned against him. "C'est la guerre."

Chance for "Three-in-One"

GOVERNOR LEHMAN of New York has announced that he does not intend to seek reelection to his office. That leaves an opening for the great "three-in-one" statesman, Jim Farley. Farley has long been credited with ambitions to become governor of New York. With Lehman out of the running, it ought not to be difficult for Jim to get the nomination. As postmaster general, chairman of the democratic national committee and chairman of the New York state democratic committee Farley is just about the democratic party in New York. He could easily make peace with Tammany which has been cool to Farley since the last mayoralty campaign. FDR would undoubtedly cast his blessing on the man who put him over for the presidency; so as Jim would say "it's in the bag." If Jim were governor of New York he would still wear the gloss of piety the while he performs like an artful politician?

Better Cooperation

THE Newberg Graphic, commenting on primary election results, observes: "On the whole the election would seem to be a complete victory for the old-liners, and the so-called progressives have little on which to congratulate themselves. We cannot help wondering if petty jealousies, bickerings, underhand double-crossing, etc., are not playing the major part in the defeat of progressive causes in this state. Until progressive politicians can show a better spirit of cooperation in their own ranks there is no hope of ever winning any elections for any of them." Division is always the path to defeat; but we didn't realize there was quite so much political skullduggery among the ranks of the progressives as the Graphic intimates.

"Most Unkindest Cut"

OREGON has suffered often from the mistakes of eastern editors. Multnomah falls has been moved across the river into Washington; and California has been identified as the possessor of Crater Lake. Sometimes the Columbia river is given another twist and made to empty into Puget sound. It remained for the Kansas City Journal-Post to inflict the crowning indignity: it referred to the "astounding" Marion Zioncheck as "congressman from Oregon."

Appropriations for continuing reclamation projects including the Coulee dam and the Central California big irrigation undertaking have been stricken out of the senate bill by the house. They will doubtless be restored, however; too many congressmen have backs they want scratched. Congress promises economy and then treats its promisees just like the president his platform pledges.

Douglas county needs a new adding machine. Its unofficial count was 644 too many for Burt and 461 too many for Allen in the close contest over the state treasurer nomination. This sounds like the good old Tammany days when they waited to "count" the New York city ballots until they knew the size of the upstate republican majority they had to beat.

The schoolboard has ordered the installation of improved lighting systems at McKinley and Garfield schools, and will continue the change at the rate of one school a year until all schools are equipped with modern illumination. This is a real reform, for which generations of children whose eyesight will be preserved by the change will be profoundly grateful.

Left, right; left, right. Even the leftists represented by the socialists are splitting into left and right wings. Let's brand the fight wings as "old guards" and rights call the leftists "communists." Even the epithets remain the same.

Doctor Townsend pulled a Bishop Cannon on the investigating committee. It remains to be seen whether the committee will now pull a Harry Sinclair on him.

Sweet girl graduates are now telling their mammas a few things about clothes,—particularly what all the other girls are going to wear.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

"FAR INTO MEXICO"

To the Editor: Kindly permit via these columns correction of an uncalculated, and unscrupulous outburst, on your front page of May 19th, 1936 by John H. Weir against Honorable Charles McNary, in which said John H. Weir has no candidate within his "dime" collecting bureau, who would come near McNary's crown.

No! No! Mr. Weir is not at all correct when he tries to make believe that McNary polled his superior lead from "charity votes." McNary polled his votes not from unjustifiable dreamers, but from the backbone of Oregon, who recognize in a character, the principles of impartial patriotism, that stood the test second to none for Oregon's general welfare.

Reason: If Mr. Weir thinks that McNary is not unambiguously past terms by charity votes: What the name of common horse sense does he call Townsend vote grafting, except detrimental charity, into the hats of promoters? Yet he makes believe that \$200 per month (unconformable please) charity is coming to those who stick with \$1.00 donations instead of 10c. Many who got enlightened, and quit this "fantastic promotion" are inclined to believe that it were far better for Mr. Weir and Dr. Townsend to board a slow jackass and go far into Mexico.

Fraternally: Hon. Judge D. C. Burkholder.

BLASTING AHEAD!

To the Editor: Mill City, Oregon.

Much is being said about the congressional investigation of the Townsend plan promotion and the poor showing of the Townsend vote in the recent Oregon primary election. The voting in all Oregon primary elections has always been small in comparison to the registration of the Townsend plan. The poor showing of the Townsend vote in the recent Oregon primary election.

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Offers Congratulations

To the Editor of The Statesman: Please grant me a little space to congratulate The Statesman upon the splendid service rendered by you in giving out the returns by far the best service I ever have known during more than forty years' residence in Salem, and I have been out to see, or hear the returns given out at almost every election during that period. And the tabular statement of Marion county vote by precinct published in The Statesman of Sunday following the primary election were fine specimens of reportorial and mechanical skill.

Mayer Thinks The "Fat Boys"

To the Editor:—In view of the fact that Marion county democrats have been importuned by the state central committee to furnish a fund of \$3000, for campaign purposes this fall, with suggestion that \$1800, be allotted to the state committee and \$1200 for this county, some of us old-time followers of Jeffersonian democracy have been looking over receipts and expenditures of said committee in the recent primary. This should prove quite a revelation to democrats of this county and we are prompted to write your communication after reading your

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Lost over 12 years ago 5-24-24
Solsoson battlefield, body
of North Dakota corporal now
rests in sacred soil of home land:

Mrs. Mary McElroy, employed in the Oregon state land office, lived in South Dakota and was a school mate of Lynn F. Spiering, who lost his life on the Solsoson battlefield.

The clipping, from the January 17th number, follows: "Story-book in detail is the announcement by the United States graves registration department that the body of Corporal Lynn F. Spiering, who was lost in action at the battle of Solsoson in northern France July 29, 1918, has been recovered after remaining hidden in the earth 18 years.

"Corporal Spiering was a member of Company H, 26th Infantry, American expeditionary forces. The American Legion post of Hillsboro is named in his honor.

"The remains were unearthed November 16, 1935, according to an official communication to Mrs. Maggie Spiering of this city, mother of the lost soldier. They were found in a trench along National Road No. 2, commune of northern France.

"A tag with the inscription 'Lynn F. Spiering, Company H, 26th Infantry, 64,149, a god signet ring of the class of 1916, Hillsboro high school, and a mess kit and canteen with his name thereon were also recovered. Registration officers led the remains positively identify themselves as those of Corp. Spiering.

"The signet ring, in excellent state of preservation, is being forwarded by registered mail to his mother.

"Plans are being laid in ship the remains here so proper burial ceremonies may be conducted and full military honors accorded the former Hillsboro boy. Both local and state Legion officials will participate in the ceremonial, one of the most unique ever held.

"The remains, the government informs Mrs. Spiering may be interred in a national cemetery in this country or in one of the permanent American cemeteries in Europe. In this event, the government will always maintain the grave in a manner befitting the sacrifice Corp. Spiering made for his country.

"The nearest national cemetery to Hillsboro is the Center Battlefield national cemetery at Crow agency, Mont. Burial may also be made at Cypress Hills national cemetery at Brooklyn, N. Y., or Arlington National cemetery at Fort Myer, Va.

"All expenses incident to preparation of the remains, return to the United States and shipment to Hillsboro will be borne by the federal government.

"Because of government regulations and delay in France, it is expected to be six weeks or two months before remains arrive here.

"Corp. Spiering was an employee of the Hillsboro Banner at the time he enlisted in Company H in 1917. He was a linotype operator. Along with several other young men of the community, he joined the service and left Hillsboro in September that year. The company was soon ordered overseas, and almost immediately saw action in front line trenches.

"The first engagement for Corp. Spiering was the battle at Cantigny, where a comparative handful of American troops withstood several massed counter attacks of the German forces. Shortly after that occurred the several days' engagement at Solsoson in which Corp. Spiering met his death.

"He was a captain's messenger, being one of four men in each company whose dangerous task it was to relay instructions before and during the heat of battle."

Hillsboro, North Dakota, one of the towns of that name in 23 states of the union, was given 1317 population in the 1930 census, and Traill county, of which it is the county seat, had 12,600.

Its location is in the eastern border, next to Minnesota. Red river being the dividing line. Hillsboro is 40 miles north-northwest of Fargo.

The Hillsboro Banner was established in 1889, a pioneer journal for its section.

Accompanying the article quoted was a halftone picture of Lynn F. Spiering, from a photograph taken on the occasion of his graduation from Hillsboro high school.

It shows a fine, intelligent face. News has reached Salem in the same way that the remains arrived at Hillsboro as indicated, and the funeral was held week before last at that place.

It was stated in connection therewith that this is the last funeral of its kind that will be held in this country; the inference being that it was the culmination of the last discovery of its character likely to be made.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

THIS SPRING marks the eighth anniversary of the passage of a joint resolution by congress for an annual campaign intended to promote maternal and child health on a nationwide scale. The original resolution, authorizing the president of the United States to open the annual drive by proclaiming a Child Health Day, was passed May 13, 1928.

I am glad to say that many important advances have been made since the first Child Health Day. War has been waged, as never before, against the so-called "childhood diseases." To this end, facilities have been placed at the disposal of large and small communities alike. These make certain that the young mother may obtain the necessary training and instruction in the rearing of her baby.

There are provided such protective measures as vaccination against diphtheria, inoculations against tetanus and the correction of congenital defects. Advice in infant feeding, the development of health habits and training in hygienic measures, are a few of the many advantages given.

Twenty Years Ago

May 24, 1926

Michigan State college students burned their grandstands after defeating the University of Michigan.

The Salem high debaters, Gaynelle Beckett, Margaret Fox, Homer Richards and Hazel Browne, are home again.

A long extinct volcano in Japan has wiped out 10,000 farmers.

Ten Years Ago

May 24, 1916

Construction of an annex to the Marion hotel costing \$15,000 has been voted by the directors. Thirty-seven additional rooms are planned.

The northwest convention of Baptists has voiced disapproval of their ministers marrying people who have been divorced.

Mehama Apples Give Good Promise of Crop

MEHAMA, May 23.—There and fresh local strawberries on the market here. These are the first to ripen in this vicinity.

Apples are setting on in abundance this year. Last years apple crop, especially to early varieties, was short.

The recent rains seem to have damaged the cherry crop considerable.

Roger Montgomery was a brought home Wednesday from the Stayton hospital where he has been confined for the past six weeks.

Mrs. Handy and Mrs. Alice Seamon of California, are visiting at the Le Roy Ledgerwood home west of town. Mrs. Handy is Mr. Ledgerwood's mother and Mrs. Seamon his sister. Mr. Ledgerwood is superintendent of the state fish hatchery here.

Heavy Rains Bring On Downey Mildew

ELDRIDGE, May 22.—Farmers here welcome the promise of fair weather. Hop yards are home-fested with downy mildew. Old-time residents here do not recall having had so much rainfall during May of other seasons.

Loganberries are in bloom here but most growers do not give promise of abundant yield this year.

Nobody's Yes-Man



"BLIND TO LOVE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS
Mary Shannon, young and pretty stenographer, is broken-hearted when she learns that James Todd, Jr., is engaged to Neeta Grainger. Mary had known 'Jamie' for two years and though he never committed himself, he inferred that some day they would marry. She tries to hide her hurt feelings from her parents and Aunt Willie. One night, Mary works overtime and her handsome employer, Stephen Benson, takes her to dinner. He has just been appointed manager of the Seattle office of the A. A. Healey Steamship Company and wants Mary to go as his secretary. She does not want to leave her family. At home, Mary writes Jamie asking him to meet her when he comes to town so that she can congratulate him. Next day at the office, Ethelyn Piper tells Mary she does not want to leave her family. At home, Mary writes Jamie asking him to meet her when he comes to town so that she can congratulate him. Next day at the office, Ethelyn Piper tells Mary she does not want to leave her family. At home, Mary writes Jamie asking him to meet her when he comes to town so that she can congratulate him.

"That girl. I don't like that kind of business." Mary picked up the thick, square envelope, stood holding it in her hands. She said in a voice that betrayed no emotion. "It's nothing but the wedding announcement. Can't you tell that by the envelope?" "Oh!—Ma reached to take it. 'No—I won't take time to open it now. I'm going to wash. I'll be ready in a minute. You go ahead and dish up—' Ma withdrew reluctantly. Wanted to know all about it. Well she could wait.

Mary herself felt that she could wait forever. She didn't care if she ever opened it. She thought of things she'd read, about girls returning letters, unread. Why be dramatic? Why send a letter back unopened? He certainly hadn't troubled to send her back, read or unread. She tore the thick, creamy envelope carefully. Looked at the stiff, faded sheet it contained. Well, she didn't care! LET HIM GET MARRIED! She flung the sheet onto the bureau, then picked it up again, realizing that she hadn't taken in what she'd read.

"John D'Evelyn Grainger request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Vesta Allaine, to Mr. James George Todd, Jr., on Wednesday, the 26th of May, 1936." Why finish it? She wasn't going! He needn't have bothered to send it. Quite casually, as if it were an ad, or a bill, she flung it back on the bureau, went out to the kitchen to have her dinner.

When Ma set her well-filled plate before her she said hastily, "Oh, you shouldn't have given me so much! I had less late with Mrs. Samson. She thought that food would sicken her, but she'd just received a mortal blow. But it didn't. She ate. Ate everything. Had a second popover."

"Samson's wife came in this afternoon, and Samson let me off to go house hunting with her. She's a stranger here—"

"Well, I should think they'd get someone who knew the city! I don't know as I want you going into all kinds of empty houses, especially apartments. I've heard that you never can tell, even the nicest seeming ones."

"That's right," Pa said. "Since they cleaned up the Barbary coast they're all over town. You've got to keep your eyes peeled, Babe, and so Ma says."

"I'm not a child! Anyway, we didn't go. She wanted to go shopping instead. She's awfully nice! expect to see a lot more of her. She's new here, you know, and doesn't know any girls—"

"Girls! She's not your age, is she?" "Oh, no, she's older— But what DIFFERENCE does it make?" "Well, I don't approve of old married women chumming with young girls. You have your nice young girl friends, Babe, and I always think—"

"Mary lost her temper then. Did it half on purpose. As a relief, 'You make me TIRE!' Nice girl friends! Who are they? The college crowd? Don't be silly. You know how much Jean Harvey cares about me. The rest care less. The only reason they rushed me was—Heavens, it's all over anyway. And as for the nice young girls I know so much more to look forward to than to hang around with them if you knew them. A bunch of stupid old maids—"

"Mary! Mildly, from Pa. 'I don't care. They are. They don't know any more. All they do is kid themselves into thinking they're having a SWELL ELEGANT time going to looking—a bunch of girls all together—looking like fools and—'

"Babe, you're not yourself," Ma said. "You're excited. You're—"

"Oh, so, I'm not. I know what I'm doing. The only boy friend I ever had is getting married to somebody else! Yes, that was a wedding announcement. If the fellow's getting married, and I wish him luck. I hope he's happy. I don't give a darn HOW many times he gets married. I wouldn't have him marry me—"

"Mary," Pa said, half humorously, half seriously, "if there's going to be a fussing in this house I'll do it!"

"Well, I don't. And let me tell you I've been a nice young girl just about long enough—"

"BABE!" "Oh, Ma! Be sane! I'm not going to do anything I shouldn't. You ought to know that. Heavens! But I AM going to branch out and have some real good times, and I'm simply not going to be treated as a child any longer. If the Samsons—I mean Mrs. Samson—wanted to be nice to me I'm going to let her, and you ought to be glad it's the Boss' wife who wants to take me up. Besides, don't ONT! Old maid enough in this house! It is for me to take of it back. 'Oh, Ma, I'm not going to—be any different, really!' and to promise, 'Oh, of course I'll always tell you where I am!'"

"What's the use? You can't be independent when you have a family!"

"As a sort of penance she played cribbage with Pa, concealing years behind her handkerchief, until 10 o'clock. Then she went to bed and settled herself for a good cry. But no tears came. Her thoughts strayed. Was she callous? Shallow? Was it possible that she never loved him at all? Or was it just the relief of knowing that it was all over that she had been so dead, and he was indeed lost to her, that made her feel so carefree, so hollow, so indifferent to her loss?"

And just as she was admiring her fortitude in a detached, impersonal way, it broke. Tears poured from her closed eyes, sobs tore themselves from her throat. I can't bear it, it's too much. He's mine, MINE, MINE! I'll never give him up. . . . It was all over. . . . He was through.

Some time later, she didn't know how much later, the door creaked open to the accompaniment of Aunt Willie's piercing stage whisper that would wake anything but the dead: "Mary! Are you asleep!" "Oh, yes, I'm awake now. . . . Oh, Aunt Willie—DON'T light the lamp!" "Oh, why not! I hate the dark. Just this little reading light's all right, isn't it? Listen—I'm so MAD I'm so raving, tearing mad I could have given him up! . . ."

No danger of Aunt Willie noticing her red and swollen eyes. She was too wrapped up in herself. "Well, what made you mad?" she asked, feeling tolerant and patient, because she was listening to Aunt Willie's little troubles when her own heart was broken, her own tears were scarcely dry. "Listen! It would make anybody mad. I guess I've got as much sense of humor as anybody. But when they try to make a fool out of you, you wouldn't do it to anybody, not even a dog, or my worst enemy. And I never did anything to any of them. It makes me so MAD I can't keep from crying. I always want to hawl when I get mad. I don't know why, but it just seems when I get mad I just cry, and I—"

The big, cracked voice, rattling on so fast that Mary could hardly understand, broke in a high, hiccupping sob. (To be continued)

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Many Events Planned To Be Held at Turner On Thursday, May 23

TURNER, May 23.—A full day is looked forward to by Turner people on Thursday, May 23, with a school picnic, 4-H club achievement day, a flower exhibit by the Better Homes and Garden club and community club picnic, all held on the school property with a welcome for all who care to attend.

Mrs. U. S. Talbot returned Saturday to the home of her son, LaRue Stephenson at Seattle after spending two weeks at her old home and with friends in Turner. Mr. Talbot is in a hospital having never recovered his health since his breakdown here, over two years ago.