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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Steiner and the Convention

SENATOR FREDERICK STEINER of Oregon is bulking large in the public prints these days, as he bulks large on the landscape physically. His appointment as temporary chairman and keynoter at the republican convention at Cleveland attracted to him the political writers and forecasters and dopesters who blossom like buttercups in a campaign year. The Sunday magazine sections discovered him first, and they have given him full pages with his fine, manly face looming large in the center of the page. Now the commentators are working him over in cataloging the possibilities at Cleveland. And the national weeklies are finding Steiner a fit subject for journalism.

We in Oregon have failed to appreciate his growth in stature as a national figure during his service in the senate. Fred Steiner has seasoned well. Without any of the pyrotechnics of Huey Long or Congressman Zioncheck he has come into prominence. His temper is conservative; but he believes thoroughly in progress, only asking that it be sane and constructive. And when he hits, the impact is like it was when he was playing football for Oregon State and Oregon too, for he attended both institutions.

This week's Liberty magazine gives him a page (reading time four minutes, fifty-five seconds, eastern standard time). The author, Frederick L. Collins, says the convention managers in selecting Steiner for temporary chairman were "placing prominently before the delegates and the public a strong man upon whom all factions might conceivably unite. They were doing more than choosing a keynoter. They were choosing a possible president of the United States."

And George Creel makes Senator Steiner the subject of his contribution to current Collier's. He says of Steiner, "never was any man more essentially and typically western," and he means it as a real compliment. For his physical bulk he calls him the Man Mountain, credits him with "certain elements of greatness," and scoffs at claims of inconsistency in his voting record, saying: "when it comes to detailed criticism of the New Deal, going into its sins of omission and commission, the Man Mountain is there." While he thinks his chances as a dark horse at this convention are slim, though "the republicans could do a whole lot worse than name Frederick Steiner," he says he does look good as a White Hop in 1940. Finally Creel gives Steiner the high tribute of retaining his own composure: "for never once has the presidential bug been able to pierce his hide and drop its subtle poison into the blood stream."

Mark Sullivan, veteran correspondent and cautious commentator gives this paragraph to Steiner:

"Some observers regard Senator Steiner of Oregon as a possibility, in the event that the convention does not crystallize early for Governor Landon. Senator Steiner has been chosen as temporary chairman of the convention, and in that role will make the 'keynote' speech. This function is always a favorable opportunity for the speaker to have the convention get an impression of his personality. If the convention thinks well of him, and if the initial inclination to nominate Governor Landon should not come to fruit, in that event Senator Steiner might profit. He is quiet, strong, good-looking in the best sense, and in the senate is much respected for wisdom and dependability. Assuming the Presidential nomination goes as some ordained, to Governor Landon, it might readily be that the convention would consider Senator Steiner for the Vice-Presidential place on the ticket."

For all the talk about picking a candidate in a smoke-filled hotel room at three o'clock in the morning, that is hardly a possibility this year, save as at every convention parleys go forward at all hours of the day or night. The delegates are assembling moved by a real sense of responsibility. Not in years has there been a convention as little bossed as this one will be. Boies Penrose is gone. There is no federal machine to form the nucleus of an organization. Charley Hilles of New York is a very mild form of boss as compared with the giants of the past. The nominations this year will be decided by the rising generation of republicans, the younger party leaders who will run the show. And in the framing of the ticket it may come to pass that Senator Steiner, native of Marion county, will have a place on the national ticket. If so, he will wear the honor worthily.

Portland's Council Crest

THE city of Portland is considering the acquisition of Council Crest and there appears to be some hesitation over whether a deal should be made. Our first memories of Portland include the Rose Festival and the view from Council Crest. That was back in the days when the festival was a young and lusty infant; but Portland in rose time was beautiful then as it is beautiful today. The inspiring view from Council Crest is almost without a duplicate among cities of the world. At that time the Crest was popular; street cars serving it were well located; its amusement features catered to thousands.

Once or twice since then we have visited Council Crest, but we quit going many years ago, so unkempt had the spot become. The view is still there, and the masonry matrix of the business section at the foot more imposing. The foreground with its evidence of decay was so unattractive that the spot lost its charm for us, as it appears to have for most other people.

Assuredly such a point should be a public park. It doesn't need heavy expenditure for upkeep. If maintained clean and neat with viewpoints properly laid out and good parking and picnic grounds the Crest would once more become popular. It is not for the outsider to advise Portland in a business deal; but nothing it can do for slight expense will make the city attractive to tourists and one long to be remembered as developing Council Crest as the scenic overlook of the city, with its panorama of silver rivers, wooded hills and snow-capped mountains.

Coos Bay Bridge

THE dedication today of the new Coos Bay bridge is really the climax of the bridge program on the coast highway. It is the third to be completed and opened to traffic, but it is the longest and in many respects the most commanding and magnificent of the five. It climbs at its center to a height of 146 feet over the waters of the bay where the tides course and ships enter and depart in the commerce of nations. The length and height of the bridge have given the engineer who designed it, C. B. McCullough, and his assistants in the state highway department, a glorious opportunity to use their skill in engineering and in art too, for the bridge is a thing of beauty. Pictures reveal it as one of the most imposing structures of the west.

Later in the summer the bridges at the mouth of the Umpqua at Reedsport and across Yaquina bay at Newport will be finished and opened to traffic. The Alsea bridge at Waldport and the Siuslaw bridge at Florence have already been dedicated. The old ferries will soon be a thing of the past. While crossing on the ferry was a restful interlude, it was not without inconvenience, delay and some danger. Now on massive bridges of concrete and steel the motor traffic will course, with thousands attracted by the very fame of these bridges. They complete a development, costing millions to the people of the state but which really opens up a scenic wonderland and an empire rich in possibilities for development.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Out of Hand

Washington, June 5. IT IS A SIMPLE statement of fact that in this Administration the Federal finances have gotten out of hand, that no determined effort to control them is being made, that each year the deficit pit into which we have plunged becomes deeper, that in neither the Treasury, the Congress nor the White House is there a clear idea of where we stand.

IF PROOF of this is wanted, it is only necessary to contrast present available figures, supplied by its own Budget Director, Mr. Bell, with those presented by Mr. Roosevelt six months ago when he submitted his annual budget message. The figures he used then bear slight resemblance to the facts as they exist now. Nor is this at all to be accounted for by the bonus to the veterans, by the cash payments to the farmers or the increased relief appropriations passed by the Senate Monday.

THE COLD FACT is that since last January there have been few weeks in which Congress has not been asked to appropriate sums not included in the budget estimates. The further fact is that aside from the bonus, aside from the farm payments and aside from relief, the expenses of the Government have mounted in all directions. In almost no direction have they been reduced. The still further fact is that with the emergency passed and revenue greatly increased by heavier taxation, we are still spending far more than we take in, daily going deeper into the hole.

THE STOCK propaganda reply to presentation of these facts is to label it "destructive" criticism and insist it is a part of a "reactionary plot" to discredit the "Great Humanitarian." His friends become enraged if the facts are so much as mentioned. It so happens, however, that the most recent and sharpest attack on this state of affairs comes not from Republicans but from regular Democrats. For example, it was Senator Byrd, of Virginia, who a few days ago revealed the heretofore unpublished fact that the Budget Director's own figures show that, wholly aside from the bonus, expenses next year will be \$600,000,000 more than this year at a minimum.

FOR THE YEAR ending June 30, total expenses (not counting the bonus) will reach the net figure of \$7,768,709,874. The official estimate for the year ending June 30, 1937, is for \$8,272,564,370. But, Senator Byrd points out, this does not include the \$320,000,000 in the omnibus flood control bill just enacted and a good many other little items. Shocked, Senator Byrd says that, along with nearly every other citizen, believed that with improving conditions these colossal expenses would be reduced. Instead, he finds that we will spend next year many millions more than this year—and this in spite of the Presidential prediction in January that a reduction was certain.

IT WAS ANOTHER Democrat—Senator Bennett Clark, of Missouri, who called attention to the incongruity of calling for new taxes to raise \$600,000,000 more revenue, only to follow up the call by an Administration effort to commit us to \$200,000,000 for such dubious projects as Passamaquoddy and the Florida ship canal. So far as any effort to bring expenses in line with revenue, the gap between them grows wider every day. Economy is a word no longer used in this Administration. Those who, like Senator Byrd, dwell upon the real financial situation and insist upon facing realities are referred to as "Bourbons," a favorite word of the President and enthusiastically adopted by the cheaper of his literary aides.

WHEN THE inevitable end of this reckless disregard of public funds is considered it seems mad. And it seems not only mad but wicked when the Roosevelt 1932 denunciations of recurring deficits are recalled. It was in October of that year that he solemnly declared: "It is my pledge and my promise that this dangerous kind of financing shall be stopped and that rigid economy shall be forced by a stern and unremitting administration policy of living within our income." It is incredible when one reads the Byrd indictment and looks at the facts that these words came from Franklin Roosevelt. But they did.

Ragsdale Elected Student President

INDEPENDENCE, June 5.—The Independence high school student body elected officers for the coming year Wednesday afternoon. Robert Ragsdale, president; Bill Campbell, vice-president; Marcella Bush, secretary; Constance Coors, treasurer; Margaret Schirman, scribe; and Geraldine Primus and Delbert Taylor, yell leaders.

Artisans at Silverton Elect New Set Officers

SILVERTON, June 5.—At the election of officers at the Artisan lodge Wednesday night, Alice Swanson was made Master Artisan; Essie Specht, superintendent; Blanche Bennett, junior conductor; Alma Hannan, senior conductor; Mary Davis, inspector; Grover Brown, watchman. Other officers will be filled by appointment by the master artisan following installation.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Third husband of Mrs. 6-6-36 Bennett, whose first was California gold discoverer, who was he? Good buy, Salem lots:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The lots were: all the 10 lots in the block east of the one occupied by the Salem high school. And the two lots (northwest corner Cottage and Court streets) on the corner opposite the court house, occupied now by dwellings of F. N. Derby, Gideon Stols, etc. And the lots on Court street, northwest corner High and north-east corner Liberty and Court, containing the Masonic temple, Court and High, and the McGilchrist and Bligh hotel buildings, etc., etc., Court and Liberty.

And the price paid for all the 14 lots? It was \$1350, and the deed was witnessed by J. G. Wilson and Ira F. M. Butler, the story of all four, makers and witnesses of the deed, each worth a book, and Mrs. Willson already having had one.

One of the startling things disclosed by the old probate papers in the Charles Bennett estate is contained in the paper of final settlement. It reads:

"17 January, 1857. This day J. G. Wilson came as attorney for the administratrix (should be executrix), and it appears that there has (been) no claims presented against said estate, which is admitted, and all said estate is settled in the possession and inheritance of Mrs. Mary Ward, late widow of Charles Bennett, deceased. J. D. Boon, Judge of Probate."

Now, who was Ward? The writer believes he has not been identified by historians. Evidently he appeared briefly and wiped himself or was wiped from the scene.

Or, is there a better explanation? Who can explain? Capt. Charles Bennett was killed December 7, 1855, near Walla Walla. No telegraph lines stretched through the country then. No telephones. No radio. News of his death must have been several days, possibly weeks, in reaching Salem—perhaps the information did not come before the body arrived for burial.

But here is disclosed the fact that his widow to whom he willed all his valuable property had, within one year, one month and 10 days after he fell, already acquired at least two husbands.

There can be no doubt that her

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

A READER OF these articles suggests that now is the time to write something about the evil effects of poison ivy. "Folks will be going into the country and hills to hunt for wild flowers and often unknowingly come in contact with poison ivy," he says.

If more persons were familiar with the ivy plant the poisoning would not be so common. The poison ivy, known as "rhus toxicodendron," trails over the ground, often covering a considerable area. It rarely rises more than a few inches from the ground, although it may climb a tree or fence post like some harmless vine. It is easy to recognize because its leaflets are arranged in groups of three, with the middle leaflet longer than the other two. The leaves are thick, shiny and rarely show any imperfection of formation.

Poison Sumac

Poison sumac, or rhus venenata, is more difficult to recognize than poison ivy. It has a compound leaf of many leaflets and can be recognized only upon close scrutiny, when it is found that the leaf has a curved midrib. The leaflets grow out from each side of the rib giving the appearance of a trough. This plant is usually found in swampy land and rarely if ever grows on dry soil.

Exposure to either one of these plants leads to itching or burning of the skin. Small blisters soon form and the skin becomes red and swollen. The swelling may become so severe as to distort the appearance of the face.

As a rule, ivy poisoning follows direct contact of the skin with some part of the poison ivy plant. But it may also be contracted in an indirect way. It is known to follow the handling of tools, clothing, or other objects that are contaminated with the pollen of the poisonous plant.

It is for this reason that persons who are extremely susceptible to poison ivy are warned against walking through the brush or undergrowth in wooded sections, unless protected by adequate clothes and gloves. Avoid undue exposure of the bare skin to leaves, bushes and trees.

After Exposure

If you have been exposed to poisoning by ivy and observe itching and inflammation of the skin, take a warm bath and thoroughly scrub the body with an alkaline soap. Follow this with an alcohol sponge. If alcohol is not available, gasoline may be used.

Relief of the itching is obtained by applying a soothing preparation, such as calamine lotion. Hypocaulphate of soda, a tablespoonful to a half glass of water, makes an excellent local application.

Answers to Health Queries

J. S. Q.—What do you advise for a catarrhal condition? 2: My blood pressure is low—what treatment will correct this condition?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2: Find the underlying cause of the trouble first of all. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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name was Mrs. Ward when J. D. Boon attested the settlement of the estate of Charles Bennett, a former husband.

What had become of John Hender-shott, whom she first married—first after the death of Captain Bennett?

The lettering of the tombstones shows Mary Ann lived until Nov. 16, 1873, and that John Hender-shott, first husband after Bennett, lived until January 1, 1880.

Again, what became of Mr. Ward, and who was he, and what was his "given" name?

And who reaped the benefits of all the property willed to Mary Ann? That would be a hard question to answer at this late date; though, as the Bits man understands, the friend who gave him the tip about the will, etc., is doing something along that line.

There are no doubt many hints in the deed records and other county records; but there are few people living who recollect the missing links. So one better qualified than the proverbial "Philadelphia lawyer" will be required to get a great deal of positive information.

The man who gave the tip is trying to find out where Charles Bennett was born; where he came from to Oregon, etc., etc. There is a tip on the lettering of the second tombstone, referring to the former Mary Ann Bennett, reading: "Born May 16, 1816, in Marysville, Kentucky."

It is therefore likely that Bennett came from Kentucky, and was perhaps born in that state.

But there is nothing certain about either of these statements. Bennett died before there was much done in Oregon in the way of biographical work. He had no known children.

The reader has noted that the deed from the Willsons to Bennett was made January 29, 1855.

But there had been a contract for a deed before, at least for the part where the Bennett house stood, lot 4, block 21, because that hotel was erected in the early fifties.

The deed itself, just noted, was in the nature of a warranty deed. But the patent to the Willsons of the donation land claim was not issued until February 4, 1862, and it was not recorded until March 9, 1864. But such deeds were common, and good. Nearly all the lots in down town Salem were sold under contract, and deeded, before the patent was either issued or recorded.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Twenty Years Ago

June 6, 1916

The Salem city council has voted paid vacations to firemen and policemen.

A sundial, gift of the class of '16, will be dedicated on the W. U. campus today.

The special train to the rose festival in Portland goes up Friday.

Ten Years Ago

June 6, 1926

Eight marriage licenses were issued by the Marion county clerk yesterday.

Fifty per cent of the wild Chinese pheasants hatched through-out the Willamette valley in May were killed by cold rains.

Nineteen clerks have been discharged by local merchants after an investigation by Seattle detectives.

All-Day Meeting Planned, Liberty

LIBERTY, June 5.—Having attained a goal of 75 for three consecutive Sundays, the Liberty Sunday school will have an all-day meeting, Sunday, June 7, with a basket lunch at noon. Everyone is asked to bring a basket and furnish their table service. The guest speaker will be Rev. Guy L. Drill, pastor of the First Christian church, Salem. Special music will be furnished.

The Sunday school bus will be on its regular route Sunday morning and night. The Christian endeavor is sending it on a trial run for two more Sunday nights. Those who live some distance away and wish to attend will have the opportunity to do so. The bus will leave the Cunningham place at 6:15 p. m., going from there to Brownings' corner, east to the Pacific highway, south to Grabenhorst corner, west to the Liberty road, south to Tricks, west to the Skyline Road, and arriving at Liberty at 7:00 o'clock.

The Junior C. E. has changed its time of meeting until 7:00 o'clock. This group includes all children under 12. The leader this Sunday night will be Allan Dasch.

North Dakota Woman Comes For Visit With Kinsmen at Sublimity

SUBLIMITY, June 5.—Mrs. Mary Huber of Fingal, N. D., and her daughter, Mrs. Rosella Parker and daughter Joan of Seattle, are visiting with relatives here for a week. Mrs. Huber is staying at the S. J. Starr home and Mrs. Parker at the Irvin Schumacher home. Mrs. Huber came especially to visit her aunt and uncle, M. and Mrs. John Sherman, west of here and will also visit her cousin and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sherman at Shaw.

Tony Bolster of Jamestown, N. D. who has been staying at the F. H. Walter home the past two weeks left for his home Thursday. He purchased a farm in Linn county, near the Mt. Pleasant school and will return with his mother.

"And we, the so-called younger generation, etc."

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"BLIND TO LOVE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXI

Was the woman mad? What do you say to a woman like that? She tried to cut in:

"Mrs. Samson, I'm merely Mr. Samson's stenographer. I know hardly know your son, though we've worked together for quite a while. I really know his wife much better than I do him. I certainly haven't anything to do with his seeing you. And I don't have to get in touch with his wife. I can't give you any information."

"How dare you lie to me!" the woman cried. "I know all about you! Do you think I'm crazy? I know more than you think. And don't you mention his wife's name—don't you take her name—you— you love LING!"

Should she hang up? What do you do when somebody goes crazy that way?

"You tell me where they took my boy! Right this instant! I must know. I will know—I'm his mother. I have rights. I must know—"

"I'm sorry, Mary cut in doggedly. "You'll have to get in touch with his wife. I can't give you any information."

"With his—?" Oh, how can you talk that way?

"I'm sorry. You must excuse me, Mrs. Samson."

When she hung up she felt more upset than ever. No wonder Lalla wanted to stay away from the woman! Who wouldn't! Phew! What a temper! Maybe she'd better get in touch with Lalla and tell her about it.

It took a long while to get the hospital, a still longer time before Lalla Samson came to the telephone. "Well, I didn't tell her," Mary concluded, "but she's determined to know. She'll probably keep on at the hotel until she gets you there. And what shall I do if she comes to the office?"

"Oh, let her rave," Lalla said. Her voice sounded flat with weariness. "It doesn't matter about her. It's Sammie I'm thinking about. They don't tell me, but I think he's going to die."

"Oh, Lalla, NO! You're just frightened. He's just been sick a day—"

"I know. But he's had these attacks before. Stomach ulcers, the worst kind. The doctor up in Seattle said he'd die if he didn't quit drinking, and he's been at it ever since he got here. You saw him last night. I don't know what to do. I'm desperate. I tell you. Don't worry me about his mother. I've got TROUBLE!"

"Yes, but I've got the office to think of, Lalla. Don't you think I ought to wire the home office? All these wires piling up, and—"

"No! Never-mind about the home office. Sammie may pick up, and if he does you can bring them to the hospital tomorrow and go over them with him. But let it go for now. We don't want to start anything. If we say he's sick they'll send someone down here. There's used to his ways—they won't notice anything unusual if a couple of days go by. Oh, don't make things harder for the poor kid, Mary! Sit tight and give him a CHANCE, won't you?"

Mary resumed her dreary waiting, her stupor, "A. A. Heeley Steamship company. . . No, Mr. Samson isn't in just now. . . Is there any message?"

In the late afternoon, when she was clearing up her desk before quitting time, she answered a long-distance call.

If he's better tomorrow he'll wire you himself—"

Bennett's voice again. "I'm sorry to hear he's ill. That explains a great deal. But why didn't you inform us? We've sent a dozen wires. There has been no answer to any of them."

"I know. But he said he'd answer tomorrow—"

"Very well," Bennett said. She waited. There was a little click. He had hung up.

She knew what he thought, of course. Thought she'd been loafing on the job. But how could she explain without completely ruining Samson's chances? He might have been a LITTLE nicer about it. . .

She telephoned the hospital again. Mrs. Samson had gone for a walk, the nurse said. Mr. Samson was resting nicely.

But he won't stop, so he's awfully sick—"

"Well, it serves him right, if you ask me. Fig!"

"But you can't help but feel sorry for him. And that isn't all. I told you about the Conroy girl's husband coming in—you know, that's another thing. Nobody has said anything, but I know he opened the door just as I was trying to sneak out and perhaps if I hadn't done that he wouldn't have got in, and—"

"Be your age. He'd have got in!" "I hope so. I mean, I hope it wasn't my fault. You see, he was a blackmailer."

"A WHAT?"

"This gets worse and worse. Lalla says that Mr. Breen called her early this morning and told her that the Conroys had threatened to make a scandal of the whole thing."

"Listen, Mary. Why don't you take a leave of absence and play safe?" asked Margot.

She put on her hat, started for home. She wondered if she appeared the way she felt. Would anyone looking at a nice-looking girl in a smart gray suit and a crisp white blouse guess that she was on the verge of disgrace and losing her job?

She thought of how it would sound—explaining it to the folks. Anyway you put it, it was pretty bad. . . As if Mrs. Bennett had enough trouble, losing her home and Aunt Willie, trying to start all over again at her age, raising baby chicks for a falling market. . .

There was a letter from her mother, on the hall table near the tail, old-fashioned hat rack. As she tore open the envelope, Holden rose from the large wing-chair just inside the drawing room. "When can I see you?" he asked. She promised to go to a show with Holden. She was in no mood to go anywhere really, but anything would be better than staying alone with her thoughts.

While they were dressing for dinner she tried to talk to Margot. "You know the party I went on last night—"

"You told me this morning."

"Oh, yes, I know, but everything's so much worse than I dreamed. Mr. Samson got so sick they had to take him to Trinity hospital. Lalla says he may die—"

"Heaven, child, what did you drink, embarking fluid?"

"Heaven, the liquor was all right, I guess. He has something wrong with him—stomach ulcers or something like that, Lalla said. She says he's had these attacks before and has been warned not to drink."

"What kind of scandal?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, Margot, but Lalla says the girl is a minor and we could all be held for contributing to the delinquency of a minor and alienating the affection of married men—all the men were married except Jackson Carter. I don't think he is. Anyway, they're all so prominent, and of course they have got terribly drunk, there's no denying that, and Mr. Breen and the Conroy girl—"

"It must have been a nice party," Margot observed dryly.

"Oh, Margot, it isn't funny—and I'm so worried!"

"Don't worry. They'll settle out of court, even if they have a case. Those things are always settled."

"I don't know, Lalla was worried. She didn't seem to think they would. Anyway, something is bound to come out, and I'm sure to lose my job—"

"Listen, Mary. Why don't you take a leave of absence and play safe? Be out of the way. Go up and visit your folks for a couple of months. Now that's an idea. Go away—then, no matter what happens—"

Mary crumpled the two sheets of linen paper she had in her hand. "I just had a letter from my mother. She's glad I have a job and am so comfortably situated, because she can see that this summer is going to be pretty hard for them. . . I can't go to them. Can't you see that? I've charged my new coat, and my new bag and shoes aren't paid for yet either. And I'll probably lose my job. Oh, Margot, I'm so MISERABLE!"

(To be continued)

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