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The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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Perturbed Publicity

SOMETHING appears to have happened to the Administration's publicity department. Either its slick and somewhat overrated chief, infected by his own poison, has slowed down, or he was not prepared for the onslaught of the Cleveland convention, which was distinctly disappointing to New Deal hopes, built upon the belief that Republicans would make Jackassness of themselves.

OR THERE has been friction within the inner circle. Or there has been a seepage of New Deal confidence which has greatly lessened the cocky assurance with which the propaganda formerly was purveyed. Perhaps a combination of all these things and some more has caused the lack of coordination or even coherence which characterizes the output of the last few days.

IT RATHER lends substance to the theory that the reason Mr. Farley and his literary aides have been prominent in the fields of propaganda and politics was more because things were running their way and they had no real competition than because of any overwhelming talents of their own.

FOR EXAMPLE, here is a partial list of the extraordinary contradictions which have emanated from the mouths of the New Deal concerning the Republican platform:

1. The platform is reactionary.
2. The platform is radical.
3. The platform was dictated by the "special interests."
4. The platform was largely dictated by Senator Borah.
5. The platform was largely dictated by Mr. Hearst.
6. The platform was dictated by Mr. Hoover.
7. The platform indorses the New Deal.
8. The platform does not indorse the New Deal.

IT APPEARS impossible that a declaration as clear as the one adopted and concerning the drafting of which there has been no secret whatever, should be subjected to so many bewildering interpretations from the Roosevelt supporters. It does seem indicative of a more or less perturbed state of mind. While it has been said that confusion is the symbol of the New Deal, it has not heretofore extended to the publicity of the National Committee. That has been definitely directed and apparently under control. If it really slips, the true picture of what has been going on in Washington may permeate to the people. Once it does and they get a clear look at the ineptitude, incapacity and waste behind the propaganda screen, it is apt to have a considerable effect on the election.

WHILE ON THE subject of publicity it may be worth pointing out that Mr. Farley got a dual reaction to the recent outbreak, which may have an effect upon him. First, he was savagely jumped upon by several newspapers friendly to the President. They implored him to stop talking, pointing out he was not only boring the public but also boring the voters. Second, he was given a fine literary trouncing by Mr. John Hamilton, the new Republican chairman, who, figuratively speaking, slapped Mr. Farley all around the ring. Heretofore these attacks have gone unanswered. Mr. Farley has had things pretty much his own way.

It seems that that time is over. The interesting thing about the Hamilton statement was that it was by far the best written that has come from any Republican source in three years. It seems to mean that the Republican committee at last has gotten itself a real director of publicity for whom the need was very great.

J. J. Weidman Is Called to Beyond

TALBOT, June 19.—John Jacob Weidman, age 79, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jake Gilmore Thursday afternoon. Mr. Weidman was born in Switzerland in 1857. He came to this country when a young man of 21 years old. He has been a resident of the Bilyeu Den community in Linn county for many years.

He is survived by his widow, Ellen, and two daughters, Mrs. Rose Gilmore of Talbot and Mrs. Anna Burton of Albany, several grandchildren and a host of friends.

Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon at the Bilyeu Den cemetery.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dick Smith the "stork" character in the story of Kit Carson; who can elucidate this history?

(Continuing from yesterday.)

Still quoting from Yenta's book: "The quiet room, the long bar, the rows of kegs and bottles, the smell of food, the table, the fire, and the friendly welcome warmed the boy, Kit Carson. (He was then 17.) ... After all the hardships of the trail, here was shelter, fire, food, rest, and friends. Taos seemed like home that day, and from that day to the end of his life Taos was home—a home he seldom had the leisure to visit."

(He was buried there. Pronounced Taos like house.)

Quoting again: "Kit Carson learned to speak Spanish that first winter in Taos." He also learned much of the lore of the mountain men; how to repair guns, etc., etc. In the spring he joined a caravan bound east; met one coming West, and swapped jobs. Arrived back in Santa Fe, broke. Quoting further:

"So he . . . went on to Taos. Arrived—broke as usual.

"Says," said Ewing Young, "I'll give you a job. Can you cook?" "Never tried it yet," Kit confessed.

"Well, you'll never learn any younger. You're hired." . . . Kit went into the kitchen, got together a meal of potatoes, buffalo meat, hot coffee, flapjacks.

"He brought it in and put it on the table before Ewing Young. Young looked at the mess. Sit down, Kit, and help yourself. Seems like I kinder lost my appetite today, somehow."

"Pears like you think I'm a pore makeout of a cook. But you hired me. Don't forget that," Kit tried to eat what he had brought in. Tried hard. Failed, hungry as he was.

"Says, I hired ye. I'll stick by my word, Kit."

"What do I git outen it?" "Ewing Young looked over his beard at the mess. Put the cold blue eyes and steady hands. There was the making of a man there. He sighted to think of the food he would have to eat until Kit learned how. I reckon 'll hev to give ye yore board, Kit," he said, at length. "Ye stout; maybes he stand it."

"I kin if you kin," said Kit. By the end of the winter he could say to his employer with a certain pride, "I reckon I got the best of the bargain after all."

"And Ewing young replied as he chewed the rich red buffalo steak Kit had placed before him. 'I dunno, Kit. I swar even painter meat can't shine with this hyar.' And he wagged his shaggy head in confirmation."

(But Kit had endured a vast amount of chaffing and advice

from the mountain men and other customers at Ewing Young's American House in old Taos.)

Kit Carson was back again next year at Taos—and broke again.

Under the portal before Ewing's house he found a group of mountain men.

"They were listening to an angry speaker, wagging their shaggy beards, unceasingly on their moccasined feet, spitting tobacco juice, grumbling and swearing, deep throated."

"They had licked Ewing's brigade on Rio Gila, driv' em back to Taos."

"And the worst of it was, an everybody knowed, the darned Spaniards wouldn't do nothin' about it. Under Mexican law, the brigade had no business to be trappin' on the Gila. No licenses were issued to 'gringos' (Americans) to trap in Mexican territory."

"Kit pushed through the group, through the familiar doorway, into the warm gloom of the American House, up to the bar where Young stood talking busily. Kit was in a hurry. He laid the long rifle on the bar, looked Young in the eye, and spoke. 'I reckon I've got to push on to Santa Fe, Mr. Young. I need a leetle money. Kin ye use this hyar rifle?'"

"Young looked at the sturdy youngster with the cold blue eyes and the steady hands—at the rusty rifle with its hickory wiping stick and the ancient notches on the smooth brown stock. (Three notches then, those of Kit's father, Kit's own first three were to be added shortly.) He thought he knew a man when he saw one—and he needed all he could find just then. Maybes Kit would help him wipe out them Apaches."

"I sure kin, Kit. And I kin use 'OU, too. Never you mind Santy Peas. Come along with me, and I'll larn ye to raise hair and set trap for beaver." His chance had come!

"But Kit concealed his excitement in an even slower drawl than usual. . . . 'I'll go with ye. But I'll need a new skinnin' knife,' he added."

"Sure," came the answer. "From the shelf behind him, Young took a bright new blade and laid it on the bar under Kit's nose. Kit took up the knife by its bone hilt, fingered the incised trade name Green River on the steel just below. He knew the appling of the thing; he could not read the letters. That bright blade shone with all the realization of his dreams come true. HE WAS A MOUNTAIN MAN AT LAST."

(Continued tomorrow.)

"BLIND TO LOVE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIII
 A light, a mere speck of light, bobbed along the path from the lake, like a firefly.

As it came nearer Mary saw that it was a man in white flannels and sweater, smoking a cigarette.

"Dr. Crawford," cried, "Jamie, you wicked boy, not coming to meet your old aunt?"

Mary leaned back against the railing of the porch. She listened to the sound of his voice, unused to it. She saw his fair hair, his sunburnt cheek.

She thought her heart would burst.

He looked toward her, interest, then dawning recognition in his eyes. Dr. Crawford said, "Mary, this is my nephew, James. My secretary, Miss Shannon. I believe Miss Shannon was a classmate of yours, Jamie."

"Oh—but perhaps he's forgotten!"

"Certainly not. How are you, Mary? Quite a surprise, finding you here. Coming, mother! Coming!"

"Take this flashlight and follow the path around by the lake, to the first guest house," Dr. Crawford said. "And, Mary dear, if you feel in the mood you might unpack for me, too. Servants are scarce up here in the woods!"

"Let me walk over with you," one of the young men said.

"Oh—I'll be all right. It's very kind of you."

The white circle of light from the flashlight glimmered through ferns, small white pebbles.

Mary walked along, smiling, chatting. And in her heart she was weeping. "Oh, he's changed! He's changed!"

Whistling softly, cheerfully, Mary unpacked Doctor Crawford's things, then her own, hung them carefully in the closets.

She was going to love it here! No silly notions. Just be sensible and work hard, and please Doctor Crawford. That was what she was here for. This was a job, not a summer vacation.

Of course, if there was time for swimming and boating, and Jamie and the others wanted her to play around with them, she would.

Well, it wasn't long before she discovered that it was a blessing it was all so comfortable for she was going to spend most of her waking hours, right here!

Vesta Crawford said, with great tact, "Sister is going to have your meals sent in to you. I thought you'd prefer it."

It was really the most sensible arrangement. No girl with a grain of sense would mind. But it was a little lonely—three meals a day, on a card table, all alone.

It was three days before she really got all the guests straight, though they were all very nice, and smiled and said something pleasant when they passed.

Jamie was just as nice as she could be. He was the only one who treated her as if she were one of them. She thought that his wife, Vesta, watched him, suspiciously, but couldn't be sure.

Vesta—Mary thought of her as Vesta, though she took good care to speak of her as "young Mrs. Todd"—went around with a sort of Mona Lisa smile on her pretty, empty face. You couldn't tell whether she was really feeling pleasant, or just bearing up.

What did Jamie ever see in her? Just a round-faced young woman with a snub nose, "snooty" eyes, and auburn hair that didn't look natural to HER!

Jamie's own sister, Janet, was a thousand times more attractive, with her milk white skin, her auburn hair, her bright, empty eyes, the stout, slightly bald young man who reminded Mary most unpleasantly of Milton Holden, had no eyes for her, trailed after all the other girls, even the Jocose remarks in his direction.

Funny . . . everybody groping for something . . . nobody satisfied . . . Not even herself, who had thought

that being secretary to a famous woman, living in the lap of luxury, would be just the height of her career. As long as Dr. Crawford she played around with them all the time, just dashing in and out to think up things for Mary to do.

Didn't Mary think her sister was lovely? Weren't "the children" sweet? How would she ever get her work done? It was terribly hard on her, but they had always depended on her so, and she was so devoted to them!

Then something must have happened, for she was very cool to Mrs. Todd, her sister, and put in eight or nine hours working every day. The first day she even had her meals sent over with Mary's, and dictated steadily all day long except when she took time out to say how much she pitied poor Diana, with a husband who was practically a high-grade moron, and two utterly spoiled, Sennet children.

"Are you tired, dear? Wouldn't you like to run out and go swimming with the other children?" she asked at intervals, but she always stood unflinchingly before Mary's steady answers that besides "the other children" hadn't asked her, Mary couldn't force herself upon them!

Letters came at last. One from Ewing Young. Sitter-sweet. One from Ma. . . They missed her more than ever because she seemed so far away now. Everything was just fine. They were sure she was enjoying every minute!

Forgot to send an engraved wedding invitation and scrawled across it, in her heavy, inky hand, "I can hardly wait!"

And there was a typewritten note, on Hecley Steamship company stationery. "Dear Miss Shannon: 'It was sweet of you to write as you did, from Seattle. I'm glad you are enjoying the books. Mrs. Samson is getting along very nicely with the work, so you must not worry about us. Have a good time, and do write me a picture postcard when you reach the great big city of New York. 'Best of luck, from 'Yours truly, 'STEPHEN BENNET.'"

It was just as if he were writing a letter to him. She'd tried to write everyone, that night in the hotel in Seattle, just because the stationery was so ritzy!

It wasn't long before she had all those letters from home. She read them over and over. And thinking of herself, as they would see her, she was disgusted with herself for being so humble and shy, not mixing with the guests at all, not even going down to the lake in the early morning while the others were still abed.

So next morning she got up early, put on her new white bathing suit and ran down the grassy path to the water's edge.

It wasn't even cold! The glassy blue water closed over her, and she rose to the surface again, shaking her head, she wondered why she hadn't done this from the very first day!

It was so cool and clean and glorious. It was so wonderful to be out in the lake, utterly alone! She was a strong swimmer, and Vesta, who was current, and the water so beautifully smooth and clear, swimming was no effort.

She stayed in longer than she had planned, and as she swam back to the little pier, she saw that people were already moving about, and one young man was sunning himself on the landing.

"Mary Mermad, as I live and breathe! Still rising from the sea—pardon me—like, like Venus!"

It was Jamie! He came down the ladder, gave her a hand. "Look out," she cried sharply, "you'll get wet."

He grinned. "I've been all wet for times before now. No fooling!"

"You'll spoil your clothes, JAMIE!"

"Oh, well, there are more clothes, and only one Venus rising from the lake, Edward. You're not in a hurry, are you? Are you cold?"

"No, I'm not cold, but I'm in a hurry. I'm late, and besides, I want some coffee!"

"She wants her coffee. Venus wants her coffee!" He clapped his hands, and shouted.

One of the Chinese servants put a head out of the kitchen window.

"Coffee and for two! Brought here!"

"Jamie, I oughtn't to!"

"He won't be but a minute. You didn't use to be skittish!"

"Yes you are. You're pretty as ever, Mary, but you're changed. You've got to let me get acquainted with you all over again. Listen—do you think I'm changed?"

"I don't know whether you are or not."

"I'm handsome, for one thing."

"You were always handsome—if one cares for the type! Of course you didn't have the little mouse tuft."

"That's an added attraction. How do you like it?"

"Lovely. How do you like me, and my added attractions?"

"Lovely. Lovelier than ever—here we are! Five or six lumps of sugar? Cream?"

"No. Just a little cream. I really ought to go."

"Charlie, you bring me bacon and toast, please? And eggs, too. Or shall we have hotcakes? Charlie—bring both!"

"Certainly, Mr. Todd."

It was all so silly, and harmless and nice. The coffee did taste so good. Dr. Crawford might not like it, but the wouldn't have to know.

They were having such a perfect time.

Jamie's wife found them just as Mary was pouring Jamie's second cup of coffee and the China boy had brought the loaded tray.

Vesta Todd smiled upon them. Her eyes twinkled. "I'm glad," she said to Jamie, "Have you forgotten that this is the morning of the family breakfast party for your father's birthday? We have waited over half an hour. Your father is furious!"

Jamie had tried to be nonchalant but he hadn't succeeded very well. And certainly Mary hadn't.

It wasn't the fact that she'd had breakfast on the pier in her bathing suit with Jamie, and been found by his wife, that humiliated her. There was no crime in that! And it certainly wasn't her fault that he had forgotten the family breakfast party.

It was Jamie's wife who made her FREL humiliated, that hurt! The way she stood there, smiling that nasty-nice smile of hers, speaking in her soft, flat voice, acting as if she'd caught Jamie doing something wrong. Her eyes were like knives in the parlor maid—and absolutely ignoring Mary!

Jamie hadn't improved matters by being flippant and wise-cracking. If he had been more natural, or still abed, his wife's conduct couldn't have put them at such a disadvantage.

Jamie was disappointing. It wasn't that he was changed, exactly. . . . Maybe that was just the trouble. His wife had changed. He wasn't grown up. He still acted like a college freshman. You expect more than that of a man who is married and in business. She'd got past that sort of thing. If he had, he'd be a little better.

Mit Holden, with all his self-consciousness, had more finesse—and of course, Stephen Bennet.

Well a man like Bennet does spoil you. You compare other men with him, and then you ARE out of luck!

Anyway, it was none of her business how silly Jamie was, because, thank heaven, Vesta Grainger got him, not she!

So she comforted herself when it was all over. It's worth everything—to know at last that the man you wept buckets over wasn't worth it, and you wouldn't have him now if you could!

So she comforted herself when Vesta Todd looked through her, rather than at her, the meaningless smile just lifting the corners of her pretty, painted mouth, and Dr. Crawford, apropos of nothing, said, "You're looking better. You had in the past, with secretaries who just couldn't keep their place."

(To be continued)

Twenty Years Ago

June 20, 1916
 Governor Withycombe issued a statement yesterday asking that jobs be held open for National Guardsmen who have enlisted for Mexican border service.

All patriotic orders in Salem met yesterday to organize a relief and emergency society for the benefit of soldiers.

An editorial predicts prosperity at the close of the war in the West, as the construction materials from America.

The Ford Memorial church in West Salem will be dedicated to labor by the congregation.

The MacMillan expedition sailed for a three month's cruise in the sub-Arctic today.

Charles Chaplin plans to film a historical movie of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte with himself in the starring role.

Ten Years Ago

June 20, 1926
 The Ford Memorial church in West Salem will be dedicated to labor by the congregation.

The MacMillan expedition sailed for a three month's cruise in the sub-Arctic today.

Charles Chaplin plans to film a historical movie of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte with himself in the starring role.

S. D. Glover to Be Buried Today

JEFFERSON, June 19.—S. D. Dorsey Glover, 68, died at the home of his son, Earl H. Glover, of the Greens bridge district Wednesday night, following a lingering illness. He was born at Uniontown, Pa., September 7, 1858, and has been a resident of Oregon for the past three years, coming here from California. Mr. Glover was a carpenter by trade. He was married to Lillian K. Adams at Cleveland, Ohio, and who preceded him in death in 1926.

He is survived by the following children, Mrs. Ray Sturgis of California, Clyde D. and Bernard Glover of Cleveland, Ohio, Wilbur of Akron, Ohio, Mrs. Mabel Wahlen of California, and Earl Glover of Jefferson.

Funeral services will be held from the Fisher-Braden Funeral home in Albany Saturday, with Rev. J. Boyd Patterson conducting the service. Interment will be in Willamette Memorial Park.

Reeber Elected Director And Mrs. Guthridge Is Retained on Clerk Job

FALLS CITY, June 19.—J. A. Reeber was elected director replacing W. L. Russell and Mrs. Clara Guthridge was re-elected clerk at the annual school meeting.

Nearly a hundred people attended the local Grange initiation and basket social held in Victoria hall recently. Ten new members were taken into the Grange. The Richard Grange gave the first and second degrees.

Powell Memorial Reunion Will Be Held on June 28

MONMOUTH, June 19.—The nineteenth annual reunion of the Powell Memorial Society will be held at Turner Tabernacle Sunday, June 28, at 10:45 a. m. A devotional program will occur in the morning, and a basket dinner will be served at noon. A business meeting will be held at 2 p. m. An afternoon program will follow with community singing led by Frank M. Powell of Silverton, P. O. Powell of Dallas is president and will preside.

The Powell Memorial Society was organized in memory of three Powell brothers, all circuit riders, and their sister, Mrs. Lucinda Powell Probst, all of whom crossed the plains to Oregon in early days. Their descendants are relatives and friends of the latter, perpetuate the memory of these religious empire builders in the annual reunion.

Looney Butte School Patrons Vote to Give Two 4-H Scholarships

JEFFERSON, June 19.—At the annual school meeting of Looney Butte, the patrons voted to award two scholarships to 4-H club members to insure two students' attendance at the next state summer school. Bert Barnes was elected director for two years to succeed Charles Farman's term; Eugene Finlay was elected secretary for three years taking Mrs. Carrie Hochspeier's place. She has been clerk of this district for 17 years, and declined to serve next year.

Jack Larsons Arrive For Brief Visit at Silverton

SILVERTON, June 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Larson who have been to Detroit, Michigan, arrived at Silverton Thursday night for a brief visit with Larson's father, W. C. Larson. Jack Larson is a graduate of Silverton schools and later was employed in the local bakery. He is now manager of a bakery at Yakima, Mr. and Mrs. Larson plan to return to their home in Detroit and have driven a new car home from Detroit.

Lillian Block Takes Job At Tubercular Hospital

SILVERTON, June 19.—Miss Lillian Block spent a few days at Silverton before going to Seattle, where she will be employed on the staff at the tubercular hospital. Miss Block, a registered nurse, was associated with the Silverton hospital and in local doctors' offices for several years. Following a year spent in the east, she returned here last autumn and has since been employed at Astoria.

Augsburg Quartet To Appear Sunday

SILVERTON, June 19.—The Augsburg quartet, student singers of Minneapolis, who spent the summer of 1935 in Europe, will sing at Silverton June 21, at 8 o'clock in Trinity Lutheran church.

Besides the concert, members of the group will tell of their tour. Their repertoire includes English and Norwegian classics and negro spirituals. In the Norwegian cathedral in Norway. Next week, the quartet will sing at Clatskanie, where they are crowned the four young men sang last summer to an audience of 1200 people. They were invited to Norway by the International League of Norwegians. They also sang in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France and the last concert abroad were in London.

In America, the critic of a large radio station classes them as the finest amateur quartet she had heard. The first tenor, Norman Myvik lives at Porter, Minnesota; the second tenor, Wilhelm Heland at Colgan, North Dakota; the baritone, Chester Blake at Minneapolis; and the bass, Leland Steen at Superior, Wis.

Eastman and Moore Will Speak at Townsend Meet Slated For Monday Night

SCOTTS MILLS, June 19.—The Townsend club will meet in the I. O. F. hall Monday night. Albert Eastman of Portland and Arthur Moore, district organizer, will be the speakers. Coffee, cake and sandwiches will be sold.

Mrs. Clara Schey and son, August of Nampa, Idaho, visited Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Blendenberg on the first of the week, being on their way home from Roseburg, where they visited Mrs. Schey's daughter.

Mrs. Lewis Russell of Tacoma, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hannah B. Taylor.

Grangers' News

MACLAY, June 19.—The strawberry festival and social night scheduled for Saturday night by this Grange has been postponed.

WOODBURN, June 19.—The Woodburn Grange will hold a basket social at the Grange hall Saturday night, June 20. There will be a program at 8 o'clock, after which the basket social will be enjoyed. Everyone is invited.

MONMOUTH, June 19.—Mrs. Walter L. Smith is entertaining at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Peterson at her home today.

At the June Grange meeting a crowd of about 40 assembled. A report of State Grange features was made by R. B. Swenson.

Girls Go Through Grades Together

MIDDLE GROVE, June 19.—Thursday night, preceding high school graduation, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schanz and daughter, Genevieve had as dinner guests Mildred Wacken, Maxine LaDue and Roberta Bartruff. These four young women entered grade school together in 1924. Their first teacher being Mrs. Augusta DeHann, and she the only member of their class who has remained together in the same schools throughout the 12 years of their elementary school training.