

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Summer Drouth

THE papers have been reporting drouth in the central northwest. Temperature records have been broken, heavy crop losses have been suffered. Relief measures are undertaken by federal officials. Death lists are appearing with causes attributed to the hot weather.

In some respects the damage is being overestimated. For example stories are spread of wheat crop failure. The fact is that there is a good crop of wheat in the great southwest. Part of it has already been harvested and the sickle is now passing under other fields in Kansas and Oklahoma. East of the Mississippi where considerable wheat is raised, and in the Pacific northwest the crop prospects are pretty good. The failure is confined to central and western South and North Dakota and Montana, the spring wheat states. There the drouth is serious. But this area is always under the menace of drouth. It is semi-arid. Dry farming there is very uncertain. This year's failure may be followed next year by abundant harvests. It is just a matter of the amount and timing of the precipitation.

All the talk about climate changing is bunk. The Dakotas have been drouth-ridden for centuries, as is proven by the lack of forest cover. In spite of crop failures and hazards people continue to live there, subsisting on the intermittent good or fair crops and on hopes for the future. Long acquaintance with the vagaries of nature convinces the old-timers that the country will come back, as in truth it will.

The drouth gives Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hopkins a chance to rush in with government currency fanning mills to blow money all over the drouth belt, which should go far to overcome the favor for Mr. Lemke who hails from that region. Pres. Roosevelt himself says he will be inspector no. 1 to visit the parched counties; and that will be a political help too. It is even reported that Mr. Tugwell asked for and was given the assignment of administering drouth relief in hopes it might bring him into public favor in the short-grass country.

The drouth is real, without doubt, though we think its effects have been unduly exaggerated. Established agencies of the Red Cross and county farm agents could probably handle what emergency measures are required. Apparently however, in this important campaign year, when every electoral vote counts, the drouth may be turned into an occasion for demonstrating the generosity (with other people's money) of the Great Humanitarian. We do not expect on this inspection trip that the shelter belt idea will be revived.

Conquest by Easy Stages

WHEN Dr. Arthur Karl Greiser closed his appeal at the league of nations council for release of Danzig from the leading strings of the league he made the nazi salute. So incongruous it was in such an international assemblage that the occupants of the press gallery snickered. Whereupon Dr. Greiser, who is head of the senate of Danzig, turned to the gallery and indulged in that internationally known gesture of contempt: he thumbed his nose at the correspondents. Having thus delivered himself twice, once to the council, and once to the reporters, Dr. Greiser rushed home and proceeded to cut his city loose from the league without awaiting the league's assent. He notified the league's lord high commissioner, Sean Lester, an Irishman, that his communications would be filed in the waste basket. It was also indicated that the commissioner would be socially ostracized in the city. Now Lester plans to leave such a disagreeable post.

Anticipating a coup to declare the city reunited to Germany Poland is protesting any modification of the league's supervision of the free city. But it is questioned if Poland would resist the change if boldly declared by Danzig with the approval of Germany, because that would mean war which Poland does not wish to precipitate.

So the prospect is that Hitler will gain another point by his sheer audacity. Hitler has recovered the Saar, though there it was by plebiscite and not by direct action, and has recaptured with troops the demilitarized Rhineland. Now he is about to gain control of Danzig, important as a port on the Baltic. Again he will escape resistance because no power wants to plunge the continent into war. But how long will he be able to get away with conquest by degrees, without encountering armed resistance? Austria recently announced its negotiations with Germany had broken down; but Hitler will doubtless continue his pressure on Austria, hoping for the absorption of that weak country within the Reich.

Meantime Sir Anthony Eden said he wasn't going to ask Hitler any more when he would answer the questionnaire respecting his further intentions. Great Britain seems to anticipate the answer in ordering the spending of a billion for rearmament.

Jerry-built Houses

SALEM has a very large building program at the present time. Not only are numerous public buildings under construction or in immediate prospect, but residential construction is proceeding at a fast pace to accommodate the demand for homes. To date this year over 70 permits for new homes have been issued. Building labor is fully employed, and all contractors are busy.

Some report has come of operations of "gyp" builders. Transient contractors are said to have come in and "sold" themselves to prospective builders. In some cases they have gotten heavy payments in advance for their work. One case was reported where the builder collected his contract price but left the owner to settle heavy claims for materials or labor to avoid liens. We have heard also of transient bricklayers who would come in, take a job of erecting a chimney for a small sum, "gas money", and then go on to the next town, doing, in all probability, an inferior class of work.

There is no doubt that the building boom has attracted to Salem building laborers and contractors from other points. Many of them are probably persons of reliability and competency. Others, here today and gone tomorrow, feel no responsibility except to do the job as quickly as possible and get away with the money.

Those contemplating building should exercise great care in selecting the men to do their work. Otherwise they may find themselves getting only a flimsy structure, skimped at every turn. There is naturally so much emphasis on cheapness that people fail to understand that in house building quality costs money, and that there is no substitute for skilled workmanship. Without being provincial in any respect The Statesman can recommend to those who plan new homes to endeavor to do business with local contractors and builders of known character and responsibility. Money and grief may be saved by dealing with men with local reputations to sustain and with a pride in their workmanship.

Rejoice as we may over the building boom, we recognize the danger of getting a lot of inferior construction unless precautions are taken to insure good work.

Senator Borah has after much delay announced he will stand by the Republican party again, a decision which could hardly have been otherwise in view of the platform and the candidates. Borah will undoubtedly run again for the senate and be reelected. He is the best advertising Idaho has. If it were not for Borah the state would be unknown over most of the country.

"Rain and federal help cheer drouth regions," says a headline. Creating most cheer is Farley's "gentle rain of checks."

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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Perfunctory And Polite
INABILITY TO get from either Senator Carter Glass or Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, anything that can be even remotely construed as an endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's policies or performance in office is the cause of no little pain in the inner Roosevelt circle.

THAT HAS BEEN made plain again by recent efforts of New Deal propagandists to interpret the remarkably restrained remarks of Senator Glass last Saturday, when he introduced Mr. Roosevelt at the Jefferson celebration, as "praises of the President." That there is deep resentment among the Roosevelt political members at the steady refusal of the Virginia Senators to be other than wholly perfunctory and polite in their Roosevelt support is too clear to dispute. They made no effort to conceal this at the Philadelphia convention, where extraordinary pressure was put upon Senator Glass first to serve on the Resolutions Committee and, next, to second the Roosevelt nomination for Virginia.

HAD HE done either; had he for one moment shown himself on the platform, everything was set to give him a grand demonstration. They were anxious to stage a Glass demonstration and keenly disappointed because Mr. Glass would not play that game. Their motive was obvious. Mr. Roosevelt has lost the support of many conservative Democrats who voted for him in 1932 but now distrust him as a man, consider his policies both dangerous and undemocratic. More than any others in the Senate, Senator Glass has been Byrd had voiced their feeling of these Democrats. They were the outstanding opponents of the New Deal and they counted far more in the country and in the Senate than the others. Under the circumstances, cordial approval of Mr. Roosevelt, his record and his policies, or any stand that could be construed, would go a long way toward checking the Democratic defection and bring the old line Democrats back into line. It is not surprising that every effort to get that sort of thing from either Mr. Glass or Mr. Byrd should be made and that failure to do it should cause pain.

ON THE other hand, the position of the Virginia senators seems clear. Certainly they have been at some pains to make it clear. They are supporting Mr. Roosevelt solely because it is essential to them to preserve their party unity. To create the impression or connive at creating it—that they are doing it for any other reason, would be, in their judgment, to stultify themselves. This they have refused to do. They would not do it at the Philadelphia convention, and they would not do it at their own State convention, where the only reference to Mr. Roosevelt in the platform was written by Senator Glass, as follows: "We commend the humanitarian purposes of the President in his earnest and persistent efforts to rescue the country from an unprecedented depression and wish for him the largest measure of success in every sound measure which he may hereafter project."

IF EVER there was a skillful and deliberate avoidance of the endorsement of a man's record and policies, that sentence was certainly it. However, it was matched in the reference to Mr. Roosevelt by Senator Glass on Saturday—"The President," he said, "will get renewed inspiration from this pilgrimage. Virginia greets him for the courage and patience he has shown in discharging his duties under great difficulties. He professes the same love of humanity and the plain people as manifested by Thomas Jefferson." It takes a good deal of imagination to construe that as praise for the President.

THE TRUTH is the Virginia Senators support Mr. Roosevelt because he wears the label "Democrat" and for no other reason, and they are not at all happy about doing it. In Virginia, for men in their position—one a candidate for reelection, the other the State organization leader—there is no choice. To them the worst conceivable Democratic administration has to be better than the best conceivable Republican administration. For a Glass or a Byrd to be on the same side as a Slamp in Virginia is unthinkable. It just can't be done. Nevertheless, no one not soft in the head can be under any misapprehension as to how they feel—and no amount of campaign pressure will get them to pretend differently. It obviously is not going to be possible for the Roosevelt managers to use either Mr. Glass or Mr. Byrd as bait for the dissenting conservative Democrats in this campaign. So far as he is concerned, that distasteful remark of Senator Glass that "the New Deal is not only a national disgrace but dishonest" still stands.

Tucker Car Damaged in Bus Accident, Portland

LEBANON, July 8.—Leland Tucker and Fred Van Loh were driving in a Tucker car about 10 p. m. Sunday in Portland. Coming to an intersection the car collided with a double decker bus. Van Loh received a slight bruise about the head. The car was badly damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reed of Waterloo are the parents of a daughter, Bonnie Jean, born July 4.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic class of '88 7-9-36
in 48th annual reunion:
Started Salem high school:
Nineteen members and 30 guests were present at the 48th annual reunion of the 1888 graduating class of the Salem high school.

It was held at Jonesmere farm a few miles north of Salem, Sunday, June 21.

This was the pioneer class with it was started the Salem high school, in the East (now Washington) building.

The last day exercises of that pioneer class were held on Friday, June 22, 1888, hence the choice of the time for the reunion, nearest Sunday to the date.

Ever since the class began its annual reunions, this column has reported them, until it has become something like an official record. The report that follows was furnished by Mrs. Florence Irwin:

"In response to letters sent out May 18, 1936 the following members of the class answered to roll call:

"Ed Baker, Mrs. E. M. Cox, Mr. Geo. Dunford, Nellie Ferguson, Etta Groves, Cora Litchfield Holman, Florence Irwin, Maude Johnson, Jessie C. Jones, Gertrude Savage Kruse, Milton Meyers, Mrs. Edith Moulton, Mrs. Anstey, John W. Byrde, Mark Savage, Oestian Shirley, Basil Wagner, Fred S. Williams, Perry Wright.

"Letters of regret were received from six who were unable to be present.

"Each member responded to roll call with some outstanding event of school days, of varied happenings which caused much mirth and applause.

"We were entertained with two songs, 'Annie Laurie' and 'Little Gray Home in the West,' sung by the 'Oregon Nightingale,' Hallie Parrish Hinges, accompanied by Miss Ruth Bedford.

"Next on the program was a poem, perfectly rendered by our class poet: Basil Wagner.

"An old fashioned spelling match was next in order: Mrs. Dan Fry, Sr., as teacher, with captains: John Reynolds and Cora Holman. Gertrude Kruse was the best speller.

"The treasurer's report was then given by Milton Meyers.

"Election of officers was then taken up which resulted in the unanimous election of Oestian Shirley as president and a totum pole for 1937; Milton Meyers as secretary; Basil Wagner, clerk; Ed Baker as treasurer.

"Dinner was served in the beautiful yard of Jonesmere farm.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

DRYNESS OF the finger nails is a common complaint. In most instances it is accepted as a trivial thing. As a matter of fact, too little attention is given to changes in the nails. It is only within recent years that the significance of such disturbances has been appreciated by the medical profession.

The nails are affected by slight variations in the nutrition of the body. Some persons have extremely sensitive nails which give trouble even when slightly injured or irritated. With most of us they seem to be strong and sturdy.

There are many disturbances of the nails. Some of them are caused by simple inflammation, infection or irritation. Others are more difficult to understand. Let me tell you about a few of the nail disorders frequently encountered.

Pitting of the nails is a common complaint. These small depressions in the nail plate vary in size and number and usually occur on the index and ring fingers. According to some authorities, such depressions have been noted in diseases of the heart as well as typhoid fever, smallpox and other infectious diseases. But, of course, it is not always a sign of disease, because it may follow a simple blow or even result from a careless manicure.

Cause of Ridges
I am often asked what causes ridges to appear in the nails. They vary in width from a very fine hair line to the thickness of the shaft of a large pin. They are observed in healthy individuals, but a recent study seems to show that lack of vitamins in the diet is a factor in the production of this disturbance.

White spots, sometimes called "gift spots" and medically known as "leuonychia," are a common defect of the nails. Many theories have been advanced as to their cause. Of course, they may result from damage done in manicuring. But their presence may follow neuritis or some severe sickness.

When the lines run across the nail, instead of longitudinally, they are often spoken of as "beau's lines". Their presence usually indicates impairment of nail nutrition as a result of some local disturbance or constitutional disease. This symptom should not be ignored.

There are many other disturbances of the nails. If you are troubled by leuonychia, or other infections may attack these parts.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. H. M. S. Q.—What is a "straw" throat? Is the trouble due to a germ and does it have to run its course?

A.—This is an acute infection due to the streptococcus germ and must have careful medical care and attention. Every case presents a problem which must be studied and treated accordingly. Your doctor will be glad to advise you more definitely.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send 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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Twenty Years Ago

July 9, 1916
Tomorrow is "Company M" day in Salem with numerous patriotic demonstrations and benefits planned.

Judge Charles L. McNary of Salem has been named chairman of the Republican state central committee in Oregon.

Bud Fisher, cartoonist, broke a rib in an automobile accident yesterday.

Ten Years Ago

July 9, 1926
Miss Eva Roberts will be soloist at the municipal band concert tonight.

The revival of a producer's public market is contemplated in Salem.

Dr. William Mayo, distinguished surgeon from Rochester, Minn., was a Salem visitor yesterday.

Hold Funeral For William Duncan

ALBANY, July 8.—Funeral services for William S. Duncan, 67, who died at the Albany general hospital Friday night, were held yesterday from the Fortineller funeral home. Rev. M. M. Stocker, pastor of the First Presbyterian church was in charge of the services, and was assisted by Rev. Harry E. Tucker. Burial was in the Riverside cemetery.

Born in Aberdeen, Scotland, March 12, 1869, he spent the first 15 years of his life in that city. At that age he left home to become a sailor, and followed the sea for the next six years. He then came to the United States, and for eight years was employed in a floral business at Portsmouth, N. H. He then went to Alaska where he remained for a year or two. Returning to the United States, he married Miss Gertrude Watson in Boston, Mass., in 1902. In 1905 they moved to Seattle, Wash., and in 1910 came to Albany where they have since made their home. Mr. Duncan has been the proprietor of the Elite Confectionary since 1920.

Surviving is the widow, one daughter, Mrs. T. B. Tucker and two grand children, Edith Mary and Harry Duncan Tucker, all of Albany, and four sisters, Mrs. John Robertson of Burbank, Calif., Mrs. Annie Stewart of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Miss Kizile Duncan and Mrs. Mary Twelvetree, both of London, England.

Kunciters, Zaks Picnic at Bethel

BETHEL, July 8.—A family reunion took place at the old Kunciter-Zak homestead here, now farmed by Frank Kunciter, over the holiday weekend. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Zak, Mr. and Mrs. John Zak, Jr., and Joy and Mr. and Mrs. Robert De Bruler, all of Columbia City; Mr. and Mrs. Jess Davis, Jackie and Jerry Davis of Valets, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zak, Sue and Frankie of Warrenton. All of this group formerly lived in this district.

Miss Mary Hamrick of Clarksburg, W. V., is visiting for two weeks at the home of her brother, Rev. S. Hamrick. She came west to attend the N.E.A. convention at Portland.

Undergoes Operation

WALDO HILLS, July 8.—Jerome Rue, five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Rue, was taken to the Deaconess hospital in Salem late Tuesday. This morning he underwent a mastoid operation. The lad has been ill a week at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Rue.

Will the Worm Turn?



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

CHAPTER XIII

Jack awaited Doti in the reception room of the clubhouse. He felt a vague restlessness which was new to him. Doti was one of those girls for whom men waited with tolerant expectation and conceded that she had a right to keep them waiting. Jack could not have estimated the hours of his life which he had devoted to that patient service. But he never had considered them a loss of time until now.

His impatience mounted. He envisioned a blonde young man whom he had known most of his life riding beside a dark-haired girl whom he had known only a few hours. The vision disturbed him, and he paced the length of the room with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

Doti had talked to him a great deal about her cousin, Lynn. But Doti always talked a great deal about everything. Thinking now about Lynn, he wondered why Doti had not said more. Or, hadn't he listened? Often as not, he didn't listen carefully to what Doti said. Subconsciously, he knew without listening. But, of course, he hadn't known about Lynn. And he caught himself wishing that he had.

The girls Jack's life and experiences had been those who were established in his thoughts as his famous ancestry, his business, his home. . . . But Lynn was something very different. She made him feel disturbingly aware of her. Perhaps it was this fact, added to his restlessness over waiting for Doti, which caused him to say to her when she appeared, the first critical words of their long association.

"Why does it take you so much longer than other girls to get ready? Almost everyone has gone."

"Oh, I had a horrible gypsy makeup to take off, and I thought I never would be myself again," she laughed unaware of his stormy mood. Doti was as consistently bright as the tropical sun. Few clouds of doubt or despair ever crossed her sunny existence, and her disposition reflected its radiance. But dispositions are like the sun; if there are no clouds to hamper them, they have no reason not to shine. It is those which shine in spite of heavy clouds, which are brave and strong.

"Tomorrow is a long day," he observed soberly, as if he had been anticipating that day for many months with genuine pleasure.

"The greatest day in our lives—so far," Doti reminded him gently, and awaited his reply with a breathless anticipation.

But what he said was, "I don't think we should have let your cousin go with Dewey. She doesn't know him very well, and it may look to her as if we were trying to get rid of her."

"Why, Lynn was thrilled to go with Dewey. After all, she's quite old enough to have dates with men who have danced with her several times in one evening. I didn't get her down here to trail around with us. Lynn needs a chance to meet eligible men and get acquainted."

"I don't think all the men in Chelton could be blind idiots," irritably. "Why, Jack, whatever is the matter with you? You're as cross as an old woman. If you don't quit grinding away at that office like a crystal crusher, and take a vacation, I'm going to tell dad to send you away."

"I'd rather work too much than play too much, as most of the fellows do."

Even if she and her life could change so completely in a few hours, how could she be sure of her reaction to it until she had had time in which to gain the right perspective on it? She had to find that time, somehow. She hadn't wanted Dewey to stop his car before he arrived at the Marchon's, and yet she had known that he would. Intuition, and the sequence of the day's events, had told her that he would. Yet she had had so little experience of this kind. She wondered if this were an example of what was known as women's intuition. But she had been powerless to prevent Dewey stopping the car, much as she wished he would not. She objected, a trifle shakily, but lightly. "I must go straight home. Doti will be expecting me."

"Giving it means the same thing. That is why I want you to keep it. And that is why I can't."

"Why are you so sure?" he asked gently, lowering his face to hers. She drew away abruptly. "Because I'm not sure of anything, tonight. I shouldn't be at all surprised if those palms changed to giant ogres who chased us both in a flaming chariot drawn by two swordfish and then we suddenly discovered that we were the fishes swimming in an ocean of green wine."

"What fairy tales do you conjure!" he laughed.

"That is just how unreal everything has been to me for the last twelve hours, and I'm not at all sure I'm not dreaming," her voice trembled a little with the strain of the day's prolonged excitement.



"Please say that you won't go away, and that you will stay here always—with me."

"Not for a long time. Jack won't let her think about you for awhile, little lady. But I've been thinking about you ever since I saw you this afternoon."

"That hasn't been so long, has it?" she reminded him, dreading a repetition of his earlier declarations. "Time has nothing to do with it. When a man sees the girls he's been looking for all his life, it seems as if he has always known her. I've realized that all this evening."

"But you don't really know me," Lynn insisted, feeling more bewildered than ever. Here was a man whose attention most of the girls of the city had desired at some time, telling her that she was the one by whom he had passed them all by. It was incredible.

"Then, let's get acquainted," he suggested, drawing her closer with his arm.

"Please, she entreated, pressing her hand against his shoulder to resist his embrace. "You will know me better after I've been here for a week."

axed by Dewey's rapid courtship. She wondered about his sincerity, even with the clamor of her thoughts. Was it possible that he proposed to every girl whom he fancied for the moment, only to discard her when the novelty of her acquaintance had subsided? She had heard Susanne remark that some men were like that—stringing a girl along until he was finished with her. But the men whom her vision had conjured from Susanne's description, had been nothing like Dewey Condon. He might be too impulsive, but surely he was not that kind of man.

He insisted, his hand clasping hers, "I can prove to you how real everything is," and stooped to kiss her lips, but she turned them away and his own brushed her cheek.

"Won't you please take me home?" she entreated.

"On one condition," he said. "That you will let me take you to the ball tomorrow evening, and see you every moment you can spare all this week."

"On one condition," she said. "That you will let me see you every moment you can spare all this week."

(To Be Continued)