

# The Oregon Statesman

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 "No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Common Ground

**L**OYAL supporter of the Roosevelt administration and the new deal is the Pendleton East Oregonian. Its ardor is fanned by the memory of cheap wheat in 1932 and the more recent memory of AAA checks to Umatilla wheat-growers. The East Oregonian often varies the dose with the reprint of an editorial from the Omaha World-Herald, powerful democratic daily, once owned by the late Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska. Here is one editorial from the World-Herald which the East Oregonian will not print:

"Mr. Roosevelt, an earnest and passionately as Hitler once did, a Mussolini once did, assails our own capitalist system. . . . The President has given us occasion to think as well as to indulge our emotions. And the thinking is the more important. . . . Revolution is not always progress. Often, as in Germany and Italy, it is reaction. Sometimes it means the sale of a heritage for an illusion. We have, indeed, a rendezvous with destiny. . . . The whole American people have a war to wage against the House of Privilege. That is no one-man war. It will, because it must, be fought to victory. There will be no victory, however, if it is attended by the overthrow of the capitalist structure and its replacement by an all powerful state governing our lives through a myriad of bureaucrats. In the place of victory there will be but another illusion. We shall be fed, not on bounty and pities, but on an east wind.

"Free enterprise is the blood and bone and sinew of the American system. Nothing but immitigable disaster could follow the killing of it in order to cure its diseases. For on wreckage would come, after a Roosevelt, either a Stalin or a Mussolini. . . . By his sweeping onslaught Mr. Roosevelt has precipitated uncompromising war between the governments he heads and private enterprise. It will be bitter throughout the campaign. In the event of his re-election it will grow increasingly bitter through four long years. And just as long as that war rages the billions of credit and money tied up in the banks, idle and unused, will remain idle and unused. The millions of idle workers will remain unemployed, unless it be on public labor. Enterprise will be not only chilled, as the laborer is, but frozen. No doors of opportunity will open save to government jobs. And in the end, victory for either side will mean desolation for all. The experience of 'other lands' tells the story that may be told of ours.

"This newspaper believes the American system, both economic and political, is not so desperately sick, so hopelessly beyond cure, that it is necessary to kill and replace it with an order alien to our traditions, or to all our aspirations. . . . It is to the rendezvous with destiny that this question invites us that all Americans will be rallying during the coming four months. Theirs, on Election Day, will be a fateful decision."

There is sound truth in the above comment on the political and economic situation in America. Between the masses of republicans and of democrats there is no disagreement on that score. Both great parties have believed in the American system and labored to sustain it. Because many sensible democrats fear that Roosevelt is departing from not only the party fundamentals but the great traditions of the country they refuse to go along with him in his policies, even though they refuse publicly to bolt the party. It is too bad that party labels hold them and republicans apart.

## Mounting Taxation

**T**HE figures about the size of the federal deficit are the subject of political controversy when comparisons are made with prior administrations because of the uncertainty of the recoveries to be made on federal loans. But too much emphasis is being put on the deficit. More serious is the rate of spending, which is unprecedented for peace times. It is safe to assume that the budget will be balanced eventually even by so prodigal a spender as Mr. Roosevelt. But balanced at the cost of heavily increased taxation will be burdensome to the citizens.

The deficits now being run up are after heavily increased taxes. Examine the reports of receipts of the internal revenue bureau. For the fiscal year ending July 1, 1936 the collections, exclusive of processing taxes, were \$3,448,302,870.45 as compared with \$2,773,213,213.94, which is an increase of \$675,089,656.51 in a year. Part of the increase is due to better business and so may not be considered an added burden. But part is due to increasing the tax load, which simply makes more oppressive the burden of government on agriculture and industry.

Mounting costs, of which taxation is one, finally crushes industries once powerful. An example may be seen in the giant Amoskeag Manufacturing company at Manchester, N. H., one of the very largest textile mills in the United States. For years it enjoyed a prosperous business. The last twelve years however, the losses have far exceeded the profits. The enterprise suffered from the general depression in the textile industry, and in the competition with low-cost mills in the south. In the northern states labor legislation was more strict as to hours and conditions, and wages and taxes were higher. Now the company is bankrupt and the special master appointed by the court has recommended that the plant be liquidated to pay debts. This means the end of Amoskeag, the loss of jobs to thousands of workers, and the loss of taxes to the government units. It is a serious blow at the life of the city of Manchester.

Taxes of course are not wholly to blame, nor wage rates. Perhaps the management was partly at fault, or there may have been a failure to divert part of the earnings to keep up the plant's equipment. We do not know. The apparent fact is that the mills face liquidation with general loss of employment, of taxes and of business. The fact is that, although profits are frequently abused as being excessive, for a great number of industries and businesses, the profit margin is so narrow that it is a constant battle for survival. Undue additions of burdens may prove the "last straw". The whole history of taxation shows that whenever too large a toll is levied on productive industry the result is stagnation and decay and reduced production of useful goods.

## Betraying Naval Secrets

**A** FORMER naval officer has been arrested charged with transmitting naval secrets to the Japanese. A few days ago a man in southern California was sentenced to 15 years in prison for disclosing naval secrets to the Japanese. It is very rare that such offenses occur in peacetime, or at least for them to receive such publicity. Yet the truth is that each country maintains systems of espionage on other countries. It may be called a part of the "intelligence service"; but the knowledge is of the military and naval preparedness of possible enemy countries. Sometimes the information is not very accurate; again it is full and complete and correct. Agents are always on the alert to get the information, and usually they are able to find sources for the information, for a consideration.

This country has always felt a high degree of security owing to its size and strength and isolation, so it probably has not developed its intelligence service as high as have European countries where they live under the constant shadow of war. With Japan setting out to dominate the far east the war potential rises, which may account for two things: greater eagerness of the Japanese to keep tabs on the American navy, and greater zeal on the part of this country to punish citizens who betray secrets. Betrayal and the subsidizing of betrayal are properly listed among the most sordid of offenses.

A worthy and upright inhabitant of Oregon is Hugh G. Ball, editor of the Hood River News. He has been honored by members of his own profession with election to the office of president of the state editorial association. Twice his publication has won the award for editorial distinction. It hardly seems fair to smear him all over the front page of a metropolitan newspaper because he has not completed the process of becoming, legally, an American citizen.

# Editorial Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

## Comment From Other Papers

BULLETINS AND BALLETS

The Anti-Compulsory Military Bill will appear on the Oregon ballot in the November election. Its purpose is to prohibit military drill at institutions of higher education, and stands a better than even chance of passage in the present state of the public mind. It is really a matter for the school authorities, not for the state to decide. It also provides an opportunity for its sponsors, to get in the public eye, ear, nose and hair. It is not argued that military drill will kill youth, but it is highly distasteful to those of authority. Young men about to dance and the police chase them home, or their fair companions drop from exhaustion, ought to be willing to drill a few hours weekly. Learning the fundamentals of military training, inasmuch as the taxpayer is footing the bill both for their drilling and their education.

In the past a number of stem-winding jazz orchestras have been produced at Oregon institutions of higher learning. There have been saxophone players of note, but no General worth mentioning. Furthermore, youth red-hot after an education, might as well have a first sergeant bawling at them, as a fellow scribbler from Leaning Leg peddling Communistic notions. They might as well be shouldering a rifle, as a canoe paddle. It will not wreck their future, to be able to keep a straight line in a parade, if they ever get in one.

Nobody wants a war, but if one comes, youth can't vote himself out of it, any more than a presidential candidate (as once happened) can keep a promise to keep them from bullets, in exchange for their ballots. The draft board will have the final say. Able-bodied citizens will be on a battlefield before an election can be held, no matter what the verdict at the polls. Arthur Perry in Modford Mail-Tribune.

CAN HE MEAN F. D. R.? (From a speech by Raymond Moley at Boston.)

The trouble with this country is that it is long on prophets and short on workers; long on prophecy and short on thinking.

People will call business men names until the public realizes, as some of us realize, that modern business, through efficient production, is bringing closer to the average citizen the things that he needs in his daily life but that things that make his life more pleasant—may I say more abundant?

A politician is simply a broker of ideas. He sells the public what he thinks it wants. And if the public wants attacks on business, commodating politicians will be found to do the attacking. . . . As I see it, the only way to save the house of sin is to have a fundamental conflict is to convince the American people by word and deed that our economic system is inherently decent; that its capacity of embodying not perfect but high and exalting standards of justice; that our business and industry are serving the public, and that the interests of business and the interests of the public, far from being antagonistic, are inseparable.

## Services Held For Ernest Harnisch

ALBANY, July 14.—Funeral services for Ernest F. Harnisch, 42, who died Sunday morning as a result of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, were held at 3 o'clock this afternoon from the Fisher Braden chapel, Rev. Grover Birchett of Salem was in charge of the services. Burial was in Willamette Memorial park cemetery.

Ernest F. Harnisch was born near Albany, August 13, 1893, and had spent his entire life in this community, engaging in farming. Recently he had been living on a farm in the Plainview community. Coronor E. C. Fisher and Sheriff Shelton viewed the place where he committed suicide on the E. O. Traux farm near Dever, and announced that there would be no inquest as it was a plain case of suicide.

Mr. Harnisch is survived by his widow, Leona Drager Harnisch, whom he married in 1922, one daughter, Ardis Ann, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Harnisch of Dever, six brothers, H. B. Harnisch, C. A. Harnisch, Henry Harnisch, Henry Harnisch, Albert Harnisch and Walter Harnisch all of the Albany vicinity, and Adolph Harnisch of San Francisco, and seven sisters, Mrs. Elsie Crabtree of Eugene, Lenore of Lenore of Prinville, Mrs. George L. Koss, Miss Mary Harnisch, Miss Rena Harnisch and Miss Clara Harnisch, all of Albany and vicinity and Miss Florence Harnisch of San Francisco. The dead man was a member of the American Legion Post of Albany.

## Congregation Does Honor To 25th Anniversary of Ordination of Rev. Zook

SILVERTON, July 14.—Rev. Frank W. Zook, pastor of the Christian church, was honored Sunday by his congregation, when the 25th anniversary of his ordination as a minister, late the pastor was observed. A silver offering was taken and presented to him by Ira Loran, Barbara Jean Palmer gave a piano selection and Mrs. E. C. Zook sang a hymn. Ben Gifford sang a duet. Rev. Zook had for his sermon subject, "The Magna Charta of the Church."

"Wagon West" story 7-15-36 Dr. Whitman was the first American physician to practice west of the Rockies. His road in the wildest weather to aid sick, irrespective of color, condition, creed.

When they made the great trek, Dr. Whitman was not quite 34. Narcissa just 28. She had been a teacher; was gifted with a beautiful soprano voice. The mission and teacher together; thus their long and unique bridal tour from civilization to the wilds, answering the Macedonian call of the Indians west of the Rockies.

Both the American Board and the Methodist missionary societies answered this call in 1834. Jason Lee and his party, for the latter, came clear through and established their mission that year.

For the former, Rev. Samuel Parker and two companions started in 1834, but reached St. Louis much too late to join the brigade of the American Fur company.

Rev. Parker and Dr. Whitman started together in 1835, caught the brigade; went together as far as the Rocky mountain rendezvous near Fort Bridger.

A life long friendship between Whitman and Jim Bridger, the renowned mountain man, began that year, when the physician removed a three inch Indian arrowhead from Bridger's back, relieving him from a source of great pain and affliction that had endured for many months.

One of Mrs. Whitman's first foster children, about 1840, was Bridger's half breed daughter, Mary Ann.

Rev. Parker decided that he should go on west to explore, while Whitman should return immediately to bring a party with him, the following spring.

Marcus knew one person he thought would come.

The 1835 trip had proved to Whitman that the wagon could be taken at least part of the way. Why not all the way?

If wagons could go, women could go, he believed, though he had been told there were worse passes west of the rendezvous than the South Pass of the Rockies.

## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

THIS IS the time of the year when the doctor has to deal with many disturbances of the skin. "Dermatitis," inflammation of the skin, is a common summer ailment.

In warm weather the skin is subjected to many irritations and inflammations that are less common during the cold weather. During the summer months many of us are eager to acquire that acquired coat of tan. But, unfortunately, some are overzealous in their attempts and often become victims of severe sunburn.

This danger is especially great for the fair, the blonde person. It should be especially guarded against if you have a sensitive skin. To avoid this danger, as I told you several days ago, always bear in mind that exposure to the sun should be gradual. It is safe to stay out in the sun for long periods of time only after the skin has attained its protective coat of tan.

**Warns of Ringworm**  
 For several years the lay public has been warned of the dangers of ringworm during the summer months. Large numbers of persons congregate on public beaches and visit swimming pools, and some of them contract this annoying affliction of the skin. It affects the feet, and it is commonly spoken of as "athlete's foot."

This infection is due to a parasite encountered in contaminated pools, beaches and gymnasia. Visitors are warned against it and told to wear slippers. The best advice I can give is to avoid un sanitary beach resorts. I am glad to say that most public beaches are now supervised and measured, taken to eradicate the parasite of ringworm.

Since the skin is more active during the summer months, it is often subject to blemishes and infections. These are the cause of much embarrassment and sometimes real trouble. They can be traced to increased activity in the functions of the various glands of the skin.

**Also Watch Diet**  
 To often the victim of one of these afflictions resorts to the use of some doubtful remedy. Never apply an ointment unless it has been prescribed by a physician. In addition to local treatment, attention should be given the diet. It should be simple and varied, capable of building up rich and pure blood. Drink six to eight glasses of water every day.

To keep the skin healthy, it should always be clean and in good condition. This is best accomplished during the summer months by frequent bathing and the use of a bland and pure soap. Avoid the use of soiled towels—use only your own.

Bear in mind that many of the skin disorders are exceedingly contagious. They are easily spread from one individual to another. To know this should make you careful.

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 his main office in this city.

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# You Can't Get Away From It!



## "KING OF HEARTS" by Edna Robb Webster

"Poor thing," sighed Doti, with a flicker of sadness so alien to her nature. "It makes such a beautiful tragedy to read about, but think if you had to live it—wandering all your life in a strange wild country in search of your lover. Oh! Jack, don't you ever get away from here, will you?" she pleaded with a half-mocking shudder as she clung to him.

A queer gray shadow clouded his face for an instant, then he laughed with hollow mirth. "Oh, that couldn't happen, today. If those two lived now, they would find each other in no time at all."

"And there never would have been a story. What they gained, literature would have lost, and there would have been no heartbreak," Doti concluded blithely, as if there were no such thing in the world, any more.

Lynn turned abruptly away from Doti's happy face, tipped up so comfortably to Jack's and wondered how she could be so sure. She would be the heartbreak. Then she shook herself impatiently as their guide informed them:

"'Twas tragedy, alright, but not lak the poem says," he shook his head forlornly. "'Twas Gabriel that had wed another gal afore she found him. It broke Evangelina's mind when she discovered him lak that, not waitin' fer her, an' she wandered round these here bayous till she died."

"Why, that's even more tragic than the poem," Lynn exclaimed, her throat dry with the sudden realization of the Acadian girl's suffering. "How terrible!"

The same lavender water hyacinths floated on the bayous that had perfumed the warm air when Evangelina sought her Gabriel. The world had not changed. Love had not changed. Love had not had come here to find her love, and to discover that B belonged to another. Lynn felt a sudden weakness in her muscles, as if she could no longer command their power to move or speak.

But no one seemed to notice, in their absorption of other interests; and the emotion subsided. For a moment, it seemed to Lynn as if they were not walk ever to Jack without volition and reach her arms out to him pleading as Doti had done. "Don't ever leave me. Don't send me away from you, now that I've found you."

Orchids faded in the deep verdure of the semi-tropical forest. Bright plumed parakeets chirped and chattered in the shaggy foliage. Great trees of white anemone trunks filled the air with heavy fragrance. The roaring surf crashed on blue waves, pounded the glistening white beach. White gulls circled and dipped above the blue water.

Jack had stopped at a weathered cabin where he explained, lived an old couple who knew his father very well. How well, their cordial and flustered greetings showed. Their admiration for the older Thorpe amounted almost to reverence for some unexplained reason, and he passed on a small portion of it to that gentleman's son and his companions. Their humble hospitality extended even to the evening meal, which they insisted the three must share.

"I was jest stretchin' the butter an' all but ready 'a lay supper on the table," the dark-eyed little woman assured them. "We ain't got much, but you're most welcome 'a share what we've got."

"What do you mean—stretchin' the butter?" Jack's eyes twinkled at the quaint colloquialism, and he winked at Lynn. He had known she

would be curious about the phrase. "Why, that's how we manage 'a make the butter go further, by mixin' a pint o' milk into every pound o' butter. Makes 'most twice as much, thetaway. An' 'Ma, here, she's chaffy awright," the man boasted. The meager meal which had been suggested by the humble invitation developed to be a generous bowl of *gombo des crevisses* which rivalled Mattie's own pride, a succulent *caper au popoite*, bean beans and baked oysters with corn pons and the inevitable thick black coffee. The air was cooler now, and their appetites were keen after the long ride. The meal was leisurely as it was ample.

When they had finished and were lounging on the porch, which was formed by the extended sloping roof of the house, in a pleasant stupor of satiety, the little woman came out into the rapidly falling twilight carrying a polished guitar which she handed to her husband. "I thought mebbe you'd lak 'a pick a tune fer the young folks afore they go," her suggestion was wistful, as if she solicited the pleasure for herself also.

"A waltz, much of a waltz," the grizzled man drawled, but even in the dusk Lynn detected in his eyes a gleam of pleasure, and his fingers tested the strings with a lingering caress as the melody tones floated resonantly on the soft air.

"Please do," Doti insisted cajolingly, and the others added their persuasions.

"Wall, whut'll 'a'll have?" inquired their host, as if his repertoire embraced all the compositions of musical history.

"Oh, mebbe 'a'll pick, 'Followin' the Hon'n' Dog's," his wife suggested meekly, in the moment of silence which followed.

"That sounds okay," Jack agreed with a nod. "I've heard 'em, 'Followin' the Hon'n' Dog's."

So the old Cajun swung into the strumming minor accompaniment and sung his throaty bass into the throbbing stillness of the evening. Verses after verses told a musical legend of the Bayou country, and the three young moderns, whose world was so far removed from this place and its people, were attentive to the never had been when the highest paid orchestras obtained none. Only the distant murmur of the surf filled the silence which ensued for a moment after the old man had finished, and then his guests applauded with ardent appreciation.

"That was grand!" Doti declared. "Would 'a' give us another, please?"

"Tell jeh whut. I'll pick what foh each of jeh. Thet one'll do foh the young man. Whut'd jeh say I do foh the two gals, ma'?"

The woman responded eagerly again, "Lak a ball-jer, them," and named two which obviously had stirred her romantic heart when it was young.

"The ballads were shorter than the folk-song, with more rollicking melodies. The girls expressed their gratitude with glowing compliments, and then Jack suggested that they must start for home.

"Aw, it's early yet," the old couple protested, loathe to lose the young people.

"And we've quite a few miles to drive," said Jack.

"Yas, but I miss when 'twas a good weaty's trip 'a' bring ourselves 'o' your city by on-team," reminded the Cajun. "Now, 'a'll kin be home and asleep 'fer midnight."

(To Be Continued)

**Former Resident Returns, Albany**  
 Albany, July 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Whitlow and family of Washington, D. C., are Albany visitors at the home of Mr. Whitlow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Whitlow of Portland, but who were former residents of the Knox Butte community.

**County Road Crew Makes Improvements in Streets**  
 SILVERTON, July 14.—Members of the Marion county highway crew have been at Silverton making road improvements. Some of the corners and turns have received a rough coating. A few low places have been filled in and other improvements have been made on streets through Silverton that are a continuation of the highway system.

**Teacher Obtains Release From Hazel Dell Contract**  
 BETHANY, July 14.—Miss Mabel Digeress, who was to have taught in the Hazel Dell school, has obtained a position at Woodburn and was released from her contract here. The board reports that Miss Lola Riches, who taught at West Hayton, last year, will teach here this coming school session.

**Parents Hosts**  
 AMITY, July 14.—Mrs. John Cox and daughter and son, John and Miss Joan Cox of Coronac, Calif., are guests at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Switzer, east of town.