

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Suspension of Insurgent Unions

THE clash of ideas within the ranks of organized labor has come to a climax in the order of the American Federation of Labor for suspension of insurgent unions. Those unions are branded as insurgent which are joining with the Committee on Industrial Organization headed by John L. Lewis, chief of the United Mine Workers.

The fight is over the frame of labor organization, whether by crafts or by industries. The old federation, headed by William Green, favors craft organization. The insurgent elements favor vertical unions, or the enrolling of all classes of employees in a given industry into one big union. Thus, in the steel industry, organization by crafts would mean separate unions for puddlers, machinists, ore-handlers, etc. A vertical union would embrace all the workers in one organization.

The question is not one merely of theory of organization but also one of power. Lewis is the spearhead of the committee group. If he wins, he moves into the place of supreme power in labor. If he loses, but his supporters do not think he will lose.

Lewis represents the more radical elements, who definitely contemplate use of political power through a political organization to advance their cause. The Green element, more conservative, is more inclined to follow the tactics of the late Samuel Gompers, non-partisan, but exerting pressure as a "balance of power" agency. The Lewis group, at the moment, are ardent supporters of President Roosevelt, because they have seen in section seven-b of NRA and in the Guffey act and in the Wagner labor relations law legislation which they interpret as practically establishing by law the labor union as the voice of labor.

The Green element has welcomed the NRA and other pro-labor legislation; but it still wants to keep a few anchors to windward and so some leaders of craft unions line up with the republicans. In fact, in the past, labor was generally pro-republican on account of tariff protection.

The contest now waging is not of concern solely to labor. It is a segment of the general fight for the political, social and economic realignment of America. The militant unions are not concerned with winning a few strikes and a few wage increases. They aspire to positions of power, political power, and the invoking of political authority to crush the employing and financing group and make labor dominate industry. They are not particularly concerned with "isms", socialism or communism, though they fear fascism as deadly poison. They have not defined their ultimate objectives very specifically. Their immediate objective is unremitting hostility to what they call economic dynasties, meaning chiefly the unorganized industries, and the bringing of labor to positions of control.

## Sanitation and Piety

THE world has long heard that "cleanliness is next to godliness", but it waited until the present day for manufacturers to merchandise soap by means of gospel hymns. The race, however, now appears to be on. Ivory soap advertises that "Your Gospel Singer" will be "back on the air" five nights a week, for fifteen minutes of soapuds and sanctity. A great competitor, Palmolive soap is laying aside its appeal of "that school girl complexion" for a radio broadcast by Homer Rodeheaver, great gospel singer, who led the music for Biederworf, Billy Sunday and other great evangelists.

The opportunities for this mixing sanitation and piety are almost endless. All may join in on the chorus of "Washed in the Blood"—with Palmolive soap. Whereupon Ivory may retaliate with "There is a Fountain" filled with Ivory soapuds, followed by "Rock of Ages"—it floats.

If "Blessed Assurance" is sung as a prelude for "the skin you love to touch", what will be the effect on the harmony? If "Holy, Holy, Holy," suffers the interpolations of "six delicious flavors" will that be "Glory for me"? Will "Purer Still and Purer" be tagged with 99.44/100 per cent?

No, we have not listened to the broadcasts. Perhaps they observe fitting reverence; but it seems an offense to make the great hymns of the church the vehicles for selling soap.

## Sport as Business

THUS far the performance of the Olympic games has been attended with less dissension than the preparation for them. Athletes from the United States have won the principal number of events. Comparatively little national friction has been reported among contestants, in this respect the games this year proving better than at Los Angeles a few years ago. While the political leaders in Germany have tried to make the games an opportunity for showing a Germany satisfied with nazi domination, there have been few unpleasant incidents which would create irritations.

It may be questioned, however, whether the games are worth the effort and expense. They put all the emphasis on the test for ultimate excellence rather than for widespread enjoyment of sport as means of recreation. Athletics has become so much now a matter of statistics and scientific study that the spontaneity is slipping away. Sport is now a business rather than a thrill. The Olympic games are not worse in this respect than domestic meets; but they enlarge the arena to a world contest and thus accentuate the evil.

## Lemke in Oregon

LAY no money on the side that a Union party ticket will lappear on the Oregon ballot this fall. In spite of filing of notice, no steps are reported by the sponsors to get the necessary petitions signed by some 14,000 voters. The alternative is to do what the socialists did, hold a nominating assembly of 250 people and get the name of William Lemke on the ballot as an independent. Even this may not be done.

The real reason for the lethargy is the opposition of national radicals to Father Coughlin. They have him tagged as an embryo fascist, so they are berating him mercilessly. Lemke also is being raked over the coals as a North Dakota renegade politician. In other words Coughlin and Lemke appear to be heretical to the orthodox radicals. That leadership seeps down to Oregon and restrains most of the leftists from doing anything for Lemke. We have an idea they think Peter Zimmerman spoke up too soon in giving Lemke support, and that they will be able to pull Pete off of promoting Lemke any further.

Jerse Owens, Mack Robinson and John Haghey Woodruff, American negroes, rather put links in the nazi idea of "Aryan" racial supremacy, at the Olympic games.

The premier of Alberta is now starting to circulate "velocity dollars". Our experience with the American kind is they have wings enough on them now.

There have been many proposals to share the wealth, but none has proposed to share the weather, of the midwest.

## On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

(Continued from Page 1)

people, we might consider the probable cost in the near future of our daily bread. Incidentally our daily bread is, even normally speaking, the worst bread consumed by any civilized Western people. If our grain farmers, so well organized, and so powerful, and if our consumers, so unorganized and so docile would insist that the bakers of this country sell us, for our money, chiefly wheat, instead of a product largely compounded of water, air and wasted paper sanitation, we would greatly increase the farmer's domestic market for wheat. But that is another story.

Right now there is a world-wide wheat shortage, for all the world, except Russia, and China has experienced drought and insect plagues. The Canadian crop is off 41%. The world price, as well as the domestic price, is at one of its highest levels in recent history. The wheat shortage is accompanied by a shortage in corn, and in all vegetables and fruits. And the question is whether the American people, who throughout the depression have dug down into their pockets to help the farmer through the crisis, are now going to be taxed by the few fortunate farmers, on top of world high prices, on every item of food that they put into their mouths. For the price of grain determines the price of meat, poultry, milk, eggs, butter and every other food stuff which has not been directly affected by the weather.

This year we shall have to import vast quantities of both wheat and corn. This fact will be politically exploited to the utmost. The Republicans will blame the production control policy, although it was the vast grain surpluses previously collected which contributed to driving the price down to twenty cents a bushel on the farms in 1932, when it was being used in some places for fuel. But for most Americans the immediate question is how whether this policy or that would have produced a better situation at this moment. The situation is here. It is going to be even harder for a great many people to eat. What sold in New York last week for \$12.14 per bushel. Corn for \$11.18, and where the latter is going no one so far can guess. The canning companies report that total packs of all types of vegetables will be 20 per cent under last year, with only a 7-10 per cent increase in the price of canned peas, beans, corn and tomatoes have advanced 25 per cent over three months ago.

We have a tariff of forty-two cents a bushel on wheat. If that is added to the world price it will be enormously advantageous to those American farmers whom God has blessed, and who have good crops. They are the winners in a cosmic sweepstakes. It will be very hard on the people who eat, which is everybody. The President has the power to reduce that tariff, 50 per cent, by proclamation. He does not have the power to put anything on the free list, but he does have that much power. In any case, food prices will be so high that there will be a universal demand for higher wages, for higher relief payments; food consumption will diminish, and in the end the farmers will suffer, and then we will be taxed for more farm subsidies. Only the use of the tariff, now, in the interests of the whole people, will keep food prices from skyrocketing even higher than necessary. Nobody is going to dump food here. There isn't any to dump. Wherever we buy we shall have to pay dear.

If the President does not do it, it will only be due to the fear of partisan exploitation of the move. Is it too much to ask that both parties should suspend for a moment their hostilities, and agree not to exploit this issue? I suppose it is. Yet, is there any reason why a tariff communion should be in politics, and the Interstate Commerce Commission out of it? I see none. And I will venture a wager. If matters concerning the welfare of the whole people continue to be dealt with in a demagogic manner, with a view to the pressures which particular groups are able to exercise, there will be a lot fewer votes for either Democrats or Republicans in another four years.

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## Ten Years Ago

August 6, 1926  
Richard Washburn Child, writer, has filed suit for divorce from his wife.

President Coolidge is personally making repairs at his home in Vermont.

Louise Brooks, screen star, and Edward Sutherland, director, have been married.

## Twenty Years Ago

August 6, 1916  
Edward Nolan, Warren K. Billings, Tom Mooney and Israel Weinberg have been arrested in connection with San Francisco's Preparedness Day bombing.

Farmers are being warned to check Canada thistles.

The largest blockade of traffic in the history of New York City followed the strike of surface car employees this week.

## American Legion Meets

At Mt. Angel Tuesday

MT. ANGEL, Aug. 5—Members of the American Legion and auxiliary met Tuesday night in the city hall. Final arrangements were made to send two members of the auxiliary to the Legion convention at Roseburg August 12-13-14. A luncheon was served by the committee in charge: Mrs. Frank Walker, Mrs. Merton White and Georgia Webb.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Queer battle song in 8-6-26 Rogue River Indian war of 1853, ended with three on the word of General Lane:

Regular readers will recall the series of articles in this column, April 19-30 and May 1-5 last, reviewing the rare book, "Reminiscences of an Old Timer," by Col. George Hunter, Oregon and California pioneer, hunter, miner, scout of the Pacific northwest. A promise was made that a further review of the book would follow. Fulfillment of the promise is herewith undertaken, beginning:

The review left off with rumors of the beginnings of what became the 1853 Rogue River Indian war reaching the Shasta mining district, northern California.

Wrote Col. Hunter in his book: "I joined Captain Rhodes' company of 'Humbug boys' (of the Humbug mining camp) as also did John Scarbrough, one of my former (mining) partners, and we proceeded to Jacksonville, as did Captain Goodall's company of 'Yreka boys' and seven or eight soldiers from Fort Jones, under Colonel Aldrich. . . . Reaching Jacksonville without adventure, we went into camp near Table Rock on Rogue river.

"From here, 22 men, including Croable (Hunter's chum, an attorney) and myself, John Melvin ('Greasy John'), 'Grizzly,' and others, whose names I have forgotten, were sent out as scouts.

"We were each armed with a muzzle loading rifle, a brace of Colts navy revolvers, and a knife—except Croable, who had a patent gun with two cylinders, which he could fire 16 times without reloading.

"We crossed the mountains to Evans creek, 20 miles distant, where we 'struck the trails' of Indians.

"We followed these trails up the creek some miles, until we were satisfied that the Indians had very recently passed up into the mountains.

"We knew their fighting qualities, old John's and Sam's hands of 'Rogue River' being said to be the bravest Indians and the most stubborn fighters in the northwest.

"That the reader may form some idea of their behavior, I will here relate that when one of those renowned chiefs was being taken

## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

"TETANUS," MORE commonly known as "lockjaw," has been known for centuries. In fact, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, described the disease and recognized its great seriousness. No encouragement could be given the victims of this dreaded thing until the causative germ was actually determined.

Today, science knows how tetanus is caused. The disease is produced by a germ known as "bacillus tetani." This is found in surface soil, street dirt, rotten wood, rusted steel or clothing which has been contaminated with earth. The germ is likely to be found in soil which has been manured.

It will be seen that the tetanus infection can follow any contamination with top soil, the dirt from city streets, gunshot wounds and gunpowder burns are among the most common accidents which are followed by tetanus.

### Warnings of Danger

For this reason I want to warn my readers against the danger of tetanus traced to skin burns or abrasions as a result of handling fireworks. In former years this was a common blot on the Fourth of July. I am glad to say that tetanus has been almost completely countered as in former years. No doubt this is due to constant warnings as to the danger of injuries from fireworks and from the neglect of what may appear as a trivial wound. But we must never let up in our vigilance against the disease.

Bear in mind that once the germ of tetanus enters the body, lockjaw results. The disease can be prevented only by the administration of "tetanus anti-toxin." This should be given as soon as possible, because the germs liberate a poison which is rapidly absorbed by the body.

To be on the safe side, the anti-toxin should be given immediately after the wound has been received. In addition to the administration of the anti-toxin it is utterly important to cleanse the wound, giving it the needed surgical attention.

Do not assume that a scratch or burn is unimportant. This may be sufficient to permit the entrance of the germs of lockjaw, a terrible accident.

### Answers to Health Queries

L. O. Q.—What causes pleurisy? What treatment is effective? Is this condition apt to become chronic or can it be definitely overcome?

A.—Pleurisy may be due to undue exposure to cold, to a rundown state of health, or to some underlying weakness. The treatment should be outlined by the family doctor. Proper treatment and care should bring about a cure.

E. D. M. Q.—How can a birthmark be removed? What is the cause of such blemishes?

A.—The treatment depends upon the type of the birthmark as well as upon the location and underlying factors. Consult a plastic surgeon for his opinion and advice.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer letters from readers who send an addressed, stamped envelope with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland, 1000 Commercial, at the main office in this city.

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## News Item:—England Is to Supply Every Man, Woman and Child in the Country With a Perfecter Gas Mask



## "GLITTERING GIRL"

by MAY CHRISTIE

### CHAPTER I

VERNON TYSON, a magazine in his hands, her slim young figure slumped into a corner seat of the train that was speeding New York-wards, tried for the umpteenth time to appear utterly, superbly unconscious of the darkly-blue-eyed, extremely good-looking young man seated directly across the aisle from her.

The train was through high, precipitous rocks, darkening the windows for a moment. Reflected in the pane beside her was clearly the clean-cut profile of the young man. Why? Like that, he was as good-looking as a—Adonis! Adonis! thought Vernon, thrilled. Her magazine slipped lower so that she could surreptitiously observe him better.

With a suspicion of crinkle in it, his hair was swept back resolutely from his square, broad forehead. His chin was square too—and very forceful. He had a good strong jaw. Rather a square face. A splendidly modelled nose, excellent in profile. Lips well-modelled, but—and Vernon did not note this in her quick, nervous survey—rather sensitive. His head was beautifully shaped, and he seemed rather tall. Yes, she remembered him as distinctly tall when he left the restaurant ahead of them after luncheon.

As she had passed through this swaying coach with her parents to their drawing-room, Vernon had memorized the name of the coach and the number of his seat. When Vernon's father and his stout little wife had dropped off into after-luncheon snores, Vernon had slipped back to "Seagirt," and, as though quite accidentally, had dropped into this seat. Directly across the aisle from the handsome unknown—impelled to this bold act by a sudden, inexplicable fascination.

In the darkened window-pane which reflected him, she saw his head turn slowly in her direction, and an amused—nay, quizzical—expression curve his mouth into a half smile. He had been looking at her, then, of returning here! Had understood that she was surreptitiously watching and studying him! Vernon flushed hotly, biting her lip for her "clever" action—having him still more for having seen through her!

She jerked her magazine up, buried her nose in it, even though for the moment it was too dark to read the print clearly. Oh, confound this force! In the window-pane she saw the reflection of a flash of white, even teeth. . . . The ill-mannered brute was actually laughing at her!

Abruptly she rose to leave—tapped into the aisle—and at that psychological instant the train, rounding a sharp corner at great speed, gave a terrific lurch. The magazine flew from her hand as she made a futile grab at nothing; in an ignominious flash she found herself practically in his lap!

"I beg your pardon," she was crimson as she sprang up and made a dive for the fallen magazine. But he was before her. He handed it back to her with a bow.

"Do sit down. I've been hoping we might meet," he said smilingly. "I was even better-looking at close range, she thought. But he was undoubtedly thinking her cheap. She showed the concealed fool his error. She hardened her heart against him.

"No, I must get back to my people. Our drawing-room's turning along." She added hastily, "I only came out for a breath of air. They like it rather stuffy, you know, in the drawing room."

He twinkled, again. He said: "Then stay. I'm sure you're bored. You probably left them snoring!"

How very rude he was! she thought. But she hesitated, for he was so very good-looking.

"Sit down, like a good girl, and let's not beat about the bush. Let's get acquainted," he gave her what

might be termed a very gentle shove. It propelled her into the seat he had just vacated. He sat down directly opposite her, leaning forward a little, his elbows propped on the small Pullman table between them.

"I saw you in the lunch wagon. You were with your father and mother, weren't you? I rather hoped we would meet."

"Right, Sherlock Holmes," she tried to be debonair, to get into the New York spirit, to carry it off with a flourish.

"You're going to New York?"

"Right again," she added, and then was angry with herself for

showing her "greenness." "My first visit."

"Wonderful. Going to stay long?"

"For the winter. I mean, for the season," she corrected herself.

He raised his brows. They were straight and rather heavy. She explained. "I'm going to make my debut," and seeing him unimpressed, volunteered further: "I've cousins on Park Avenue—the Winchell Baskingtons—they're in the Social Register—you may have heard of them?"

Again that quizzical smile. He thought how naive she was! The mother looked a queer old party in her purple velvet "traveling gown"—the father a rugged Westerner, a bit grumpy—the situation reminded him of a film he had seen, with Will Rogers in the father's part: it was called: "They Had to See Paris!"

As though there was telepathy between them, the girl said suddenly, almost challengingly: "We struck oil on our place in Texas."

"Splendid. And now you're going to take the big city by storm?"

"Why do you laugh at me? What do you think of my going to New York? She had forgotten her role of proud debutante, and spoke like a hurt little girl.

He said quickly: "I didn't mean to seem rude. Fact is, I've been out in the wilds for quite a spell—with just a gang of men, no women anywhere—in these circumstances I must be excused for forgetting the social amenities a bit."—again his eyes twinkled.

"What were you doing out there? Off, too?" She was uncertain how to take him.

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"No, I'm an engineer. Construction, you know. Bridges and dams and that sort of thing."

She saw then that his broad suit looked worn, and the blue shirt that brought out so marvelously the color of his eyes—(they were a whole lot darker, though)—was frayed round the edges of the collar and cuffs.

"I don't look very Park Avenue-ish, do I?" he grinned. His gaze following hers. The laundry where there was a bit-or-miss affair. Pardon my shabbiness."

Vernon cleared her throat. She was embarrassed. She said, to make things up with him, and be-



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granddaughter, Miss Osa Beryl Maple of Portland.

L. C. Keithley who has been quite ill the past week is slowly improving.

W. F. Tyner of Palo-Alto, Cal., was a recent visitor in the neighborhood, looking after his father's interests here.