

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Shy Us; No Fear Shall We"
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Localizing the Spanish Strife

THE pull for intervention in war is generally the pull of moral sympathies rather than just financial considerations. Right now there are some fears expressed that the civil war in Spain may ignite the tinder box which is Europe. Italy has already been blamed with sending aircraft to aid the fascist rebels. On the other hand the popular front government of France is reputed to be sympathetic with the Spanish loyalists who are leftists and popular front too. Germany is bristling because red Barcelona killed a number of German citizens.

England and France have made formal appeals for neutrality. Italy's agreement was conditional, which implies that Italy wants to be ready to act if its interests or sympathies demand. Russia is getting some blame not for the revolution in this case, but for the spread of the radical propaganda which resulted in the winning of the last election by the popular front party, all leftist or republican in beliefs. That is doubtful. The ideas have spread from Moscow independent of Russian gold.

Europe is steadily working itself into a nervous state which promises to eventuate in war. Even England is so frightened it is unbalancing the budget to increase armaments; and a situation is dangerous when John Bull lets his budget get out of balance. He's genuinely alarmed. Most authorities say the Spanish affair will be localized; but the issue is so sharp it is easily conceivable that the battle between fascism and communism may spread to one bad Armageddon.

Carry on the Playgrounds

FOR want of some \$300 the city playgrounds and swimming pools will be forced to close down by August 15. The city and school districts made short appropriations anticipating contributions from federal relief agencies which have not been forthcoming. But the recreation program should not be closed for lack of federal aid, if it is at all possible to find money to keep up the project.

It is no longer necessary to defend a program of wholesome recreation for children and youth particularly, and for adults as well. Close the pools and playgrounds and what will the children do the remaining weeks before school starts? They may take to the river to swim with its hazards of drowning. They may roam the streets. Certainly the time will drag before they are called back to their books, and idle minds and bodies make for mischief.

The school district has done more than its share. Perhaps the city, by scraping around its budget barrels may find some surpluses which could be diverted. Salem ought not to be dependent on the federal government for running its playgrounds. The city is rich enough to carry forward its program. The expenditure pays good dividends in health, in character, and with protection and supervision provided, in life itself.

Finish the season with playgrounds operating.

Roads and Bridges

THE Oregon Motorist poses a question over why we continue to build curves at the end of our bridges, and invites an explanation. The answer is simple: Streams in the business of running downhill cut gradual declines to lower levels. Roadbuilders want roads to run either on the level or on the easiest grades available. In consequence roads generally run parallel to streams; so bridges across the streams have to be at right angles to the road and to the stream. If a bridge were set across the stream at acute-oblique angles not only would the expense be much greater because of the greater length, but the danger of washing out of the bridge would be greatly increased since the force of the water would go against the face of the piers and their footings.

The highway department is conscious of the hazards of curves at the ends of bridges and is doing what it can to eliminate bridges entirely by sticking to one side of the river, and utilizing bends in the stream which will permit a right-angled crossing without changing the straight course of the road, and where curves are necessary, making them at as broad a curvature as possible.

Does this answer your question, Conway? If it does, is the prize a trip to Steens mountains or the Wallowa?

Farmers and City Wages

THE farmer-labor alliance doesn't seem to be in very good working order over in Washington state. Coast canneries buy heavily of Yakima valley pears, but this year the jangle between cannery proprietors and labor organizers threatens loss to the state's pear crop which has an estimated value of \$4,000,000. The pears are coming to maturity, but the canners are unwilling to buy because they do not know if they will operate. The Olympia cannery shut its plant indefinitely due to labor uncertainties.

So concerned are the growers that they began telegraphing the governor at Olympia telling him of their plight. One telegram from Yakima urged action and said "Adoption of any union demands means reduction in growers' prices."

Here appears to be an instance where the farmer has a vital concern in a labor dispute. The fact is the farmer is concerned in most every labor dispute, even if it is in a city, because if higher wages mean reduction in prices paid for farm produce, or in higher prices for what the farmer buys, then he is stuck. Sometimes he gets stuck both ways.

If the farmer joins labor in a political alliance there is danger that the city boys will call the tricks, with the farmer still left on the sympathy end of the partnership.

Theodore Nelson is using up many columns of space in the Capital Journal to prove his point that the Townsend movement has been captured by racketeers, that the McGroarty bill which didn't guarantee \$200 a month has been scuttled. A great many of the facts brought up by Mr. Nelson were apparent prior to the May primaries. The fallacy of the "plan" was clear to most critical minds from its inception. The story of the large sums collected and spent by the promoters and the fact that it was largely a close corporation controlled by Dr. Townsend were also known. Yet Nelson campaigned as the orthodox Townsend candidate for the senate and overlooked all these facts. Nelson is too intelligent a man not to have been aware of what was going on. His present defection naturally raises doubts as to his sincerity, either as Townsend candidate or now as pension reformer. His present pension objective is more rational, and the one he should have espoused from the first.

Relatives Are Called To Spokane on Monday On Mrs. Class' Death

MILL CITY, Aug. 7.—Mill City relatives were called to Spokane Monday on account of the sudden death of Mrs. Helen Day Class. Mrs. Class spent several years in Mill City but moved away with her parents about six years ago. They resided on the Harry Mason farm when in Mill City. She was survived by her husband, a small daughter and son, her mother, Mrs. Rose Day, who is now visiting in California, two brothers, Charles and Homer of Mill City,

and two sisters, Mrs. Morris Howe of Mill City and Mrs. Van Buskirk of Dallas. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blazek are the parents of a baby daughter, Carol Jean, born in the Albany General hospital Monday, August 3.

Highway Oiled

SILVERTON HILLS, Aug. 7.—Work on oiling the east side highway to Silver Creek falls is now under way. Point of beginning was near the south falls. The oil is carried to the project from the plant located near the Southern Pacific depot at Silverton.

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

(Continued from page 1)

sociation. We would not, also, have cases like the one in Louisiana. Or if we had them, there would be a roar from the White House. But we do not roar. We are a long-suffering people and seldom roar unless we are ourselves directly and immediately affected.

This is what happened in Louisiana. On December 15, 1931, Mr. Seymour Weiss, the treasurer of the Huey Long organization, was first indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on charges of attempted evasion of income tax payments. Previously seven other members of the Long organization had been similarly indicted. The grand jury had been investigating for months the returns made by Long and his aids. Weiss was reported to have under-estimated his income by \$176,972.25. In May, 1932, a letter from Long to Senator Long's income, it was officially reported that he once had banked, at one time, half a million dollars, for which no adequate account had been made. The Attorney General, Mr. Cummings, found the case of Long and his organization so important that he brought the former Governor of Texas, Dan Moody, from Texas to New Orleans as special assistant to the Attorney General to prosecute the case. A. L. Shuman, president of the New Orleans levee board, was among the accused. He was tried and acquitted. One man was found guilty and sent to Atlanta. He was Joseph Fisher, a state representative and member of the Long organization.

Before the rest came to trial Huey Long was assassinated. In September, 1935, "The New Orleans Tribune" announced that the leaders of the late dictator's political machine had held a conference and decided to make peace offering to President Roosevelt. And that they had decided to ask him to "stop any further Federal investigations concerning political leaders which are now under way in this state." Paul Maloney, according to this paper, was designated to go to Washington and confer with the Administration leaders. A "little cabinet" was appointed to succeed Long and it dropped Mr. Seymour Weiss, as its "liability."

In November, 1935, the Federal Grand Jury returned indictments against Weiss and two others on six counts, charging attempts to defraud the government and conspiracy to evade. On December 4 Messrs. Wilson, Nichols and Schiff were also charged.

But between that time and the Democratic National Convention in June, the Department of Justice nolle prossed the cases against all eleven who were charged and yet untried. That means that the charges were simply dropped. Nine members of the grand jury which indicted, protested and criticized United States Attorney Rene Viosca's action in dropping the tax charges. They declared that if the government intended to be consistent it should release Fisher, who was serving his sentence in Atlanta. The dates are important. When the charges were preferred, Huey Long and his machine were on the outs with the Administration. After all the months of investigation, after the indictments were made, and after one man had been sent to jail—Long was dead and his machine, with the exception of the Rev. Gerald H. K. Smith, had made peace with the Administration. Mr. Weiss, despite the fact that he was a "liability," arrived at the Democratic convention, announcing enthusiastically that he was ready to "go down the line for President Roosevelt." When the charges were made Long believed belligerently that his gang had been "framed." Huey ought to have known. He had been repeatedly accused of using his own income tax law for "black-mailing" purposes. Were they framed or weren't they? And how about Mr. Fisher, who had the bad luck to be tried before the Great Reconciliation?

There were a few peeps of protest in Louisiana. And the Treasury Department announced that despite the Department of Justice, they intended to press the indictments and reopen the charges. They were given the ninety days to pay or file appeals. Does this mean that the Treasury distrusts the Department of Justice? Or what in the world does it mean?

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Normal Instructor Is Student in California, Miss Powers to Travel

MONMOUTH, Aug. 7.—Mrs. Florence Hutchinson, instructor in music at Oregon Normal school, is attending school in southern California this summer. Her daughter, Miss Helen, and mother, Mrs. White are spending the summer with relatives in South Dakota. Mrs. Hutchinson expects to join them there for a short visit this month, and the three will drive a new car west.

Miss Barbara Powers, Oregon Normal school graduate who taught primary work in the Klamath Falls schools last year, has been visiting friends in Monmouth where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Powers resided until last year. Miss Powers is leaving by train this week for Chicago to visit her brother, Trevor, and his family. She will return in time to enroll at the University of Oregon for study this year. She is a talented violinist.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Queer battle song in 8-8-38 Rogue River Indian war of 1853, ended with truce on the word of General Lane:

(Continuing from yesterday.) (Quoting further from the Col. Hunter book: "In all my life I have heard but few voices that could equal his for power and sweetness, and as he leisurely walked to a tree he sang: "I looked to the east, and I looked to the west. And I saw a chariot coming With four bay horses running their best. To tote you to the other side of Jordan."

"Then his gun sprang to his shoulder, there was a flash, a report, and an Indian's heel flew up. "Again his joyous voice rang out clear and sweet:

"Haul off your jacket, Roll up your sleeves, For Jordan is a hard road to travel I believe, "To the accompaniment of cracking rifles and pistols, our defiant shouts, and the hellish yells of the infuriated Indians; then flash, bang!—another Indian called for. Then as

"Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Viewing the bounties of nature— "Bang! "The devil stuck his head Through a roseberry bush. And I hit 'im a whack with a tator."

"And again the trusty rifle would speak its warning, notifying the Indians that we had been reinforced by a chariot. "To try to describe this man, as he jumped from tree to tree, firing, singing, and by turns calling to us to fire 'slow and sure,' that our friend would soon come back with the rest of the company, would be a difficult undertaking. 'Save your bullets, boys,' he would say 'till you have a dead thing, then sling 'em in.'"

"As the Indians would at intervals attempt, in various ways, to get us under cover, Crobie's rifle would again ring out, 'Haul off your jacket,' etc. "This song he continued to sing, from time to time, for hours, to the strange accompaniment described. The chords were jar-ring, but they beat none at all. "Some time after he had come

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

MANY REQUESTS come to me asking for information about head noises. This is not to be wondered at, because this symptom is one of the most common afflictions of middle age. It may occur in younger individuals who have had some infection or other disturbances of the ear.

Head noises, "tinnitus," as it is spoken of medically, is always a distressing symptom. This noise is described in various ways by different sufferers. Some describe it as a continuous rumbling noise. Others compare it to the ringing of bells, the rushing of a stream, the rolling of the ocean, to a musical note, the hissing of a steam kettle or the chirp of a cricket. Sometimes the noise is so pronounced and persistent as to prevent sleep and rest. It may be mild in its nature and disappear within a short time. I have seen victims of this symptom become so upset by the noise as actually to appear on the verge of mental disturbance.

Old Superstitions

The ancients believed that head noises were caused by evil spirits located within the skull. Not many centuries ago our forefathers believed in this superstition. They advised surgical and other methods of control that today are considered useless and unscientific. Sometimes tinnitus can be traced to some deformity, irritation or inflammation within the inner ear. Enlarged or diseased tonsils is another possible cause. Dried or impacted ear wax, polyps, tumors and foreign bodies in the canal of the ear are other causes of head noises.

At times the disturbance can be traced to some constitutional disorder. High blood pressure, hardening of the blood vessels, auto-intoxication, faulty diet and inadequate hours of rest and sleep are contributing factors. Relief can only be obtained when causative factors are corrected. This requires a complete physical examination and careful inspection of the nose, throat and ears. Avoid the use of home remedies and never rely upon suggestions for treatment made by some well-meaning friend.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss R. G. Q.—For the last two years my finger nails have been breaking and splitting. Have stopped using nail polish; use olive oil on them almost every night. What would you advise? A.—Continue to apply the olive oil every night before retiring. Make every effort to improve the general health. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Mrs. T. Q.—My baby has eczema on her face. She is nine months old. What is the cause of this? A.—Eczema in a baby can usually be traced to some fault in the diet, or climination. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send an addressed, stamped envelope with their question addressed to him in this newspaper at his main office in this city. Copyright, 1936, R. J. H., Inc.

up to the fighting point, and while resting a moment, one of the fingers of his left hand was shot clean off at the second joint. "Coming to the tree that I stood behind, he pulled the handkerchiefs from his neck and one from his pocket, and said as he looked at the blood spurting from the artery, 'Buckeye, tie that up,' and again commenced his song, 'Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel.' (Buckeye was Col. Hunter's nickname, for his native state, Ohio.)

"Suffice it to say that, for some four or five long, weary hours (long they certainly were to us six surrounded men), we struggled to save ourselves and wounded comrades from these inhuman fiends.

"It would require a more able pen than an old timer's (Hunter called himself an old timer) to portray the scene.

"At every respite we would gaze at our wounded, then across the flat to the dead, and wonder how much longer we could hold out; then, at the warning of Crobie or some other watchful comrade, we would turn to repulse another attack.

"Greasy John would load a revolver, then grit his teeth and say, 'I wouldn't care a d— if they hadn't shot me!' (where it will make riding uncomfortable.)

"At last we heard a cheering far above the Indians on the mountain which assured us that the long looked for help was at hand. "The ground was not to the liking of the Indians for a general fight. So they at once decamped, being warned by the shouts of our advancing friends or by their own lookouts.

"In a few moments there came dashing among us some dozen or so old miners who had ridden their horses till they fell dead or gave out in climbing the mountain, then, outstripping the rest on foot, pushed over and down the mountain, the sweat streaming from every pore.

"In all my life I never saw a more completely given out lot of men than these, the first to reach us, were, on their arrival.

"They cried, huddled, and patted us on the back by turns. But few words were said until the rest of the company arrived. "Then, after examining the ground fought over, looking at our dead and wounded, came questions from all quarters regarding the fight.

"All wished to know how the boy 'Buckeye' stood the fire. (That was Col. Hunter himself, then, 17.) I was accorded the praise of having saved the party in the first and most desperate charge.

"The others said I stood uncovered, shooting right and left, apparently as cool as though I was shooting at pigeons. (Continued tomorrow.)

Ten Years Ago

August 8, 1923
An eleven-year-old Indian boy at Chemawa walked out of one of the dormitory windows in his sleep last night and was killed by the fall.

A cholera plague is sweeping China.

Lewis Stone and Barbara La Marr are co-starred at the Oregon.

Twenty Years Ago

August 8, 1913
The strike of surface railway employees in New York has been settled.

The Democratic presidential campaign will be launched September 1.

A German scientist has discovered that paper may be made from corn stalks.

Normal Will Have Men's Dormitory

MONMOUTH, Aug. 7.—The state board of higher education has authorized the reconstruction of West House—formerly Virginia Hurst—on the campus of Oregon Normal school, into a dormitory for men. Miss Hilda Swenson will supervise the dormitory, on which work began this week. This is the first men's dormitory the normal school campus has had.

Boat Caught in Squall
Mr. and Mrs. Art Lacey returned Wednesday from a sojourn at Alsea, and report a thrilling experience in which their row boat narrowly missed being capsized.

They had gone out on the lower river while the water was calm and still. Suddenly a squall arose and waves tossed their boat out of control. Lacey was handicapped about rowing, as he recently sustained fracture of two bones in his left hand, and the hand is held in a cast. Mrs. Lacey, with knowledge of rowing, huddled in the center-bottom of the boat endeavoring to serve as ballast. They were being carried toward open water when observers on shore became aware of danger, and sent a motor boat to the rescue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacey (Birdie Derby) were married July 4. Mrs. Lacey, a July graduate of Oregon Normal school, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Derby, Monmouth, will teach the Guthrie school near Dallas, the coming year.

Blacker Speaks

MARQUAM, Aug. 7.—Rev. Carl Blackler will speak at the Congregational churches of both Monitor and Yoder Sunday. Services at Yoder will follow those held at Monitor. The Yoder services have been called for 11:30.

Spanish Omelette



"GLITTERING GIRL"

by MAY CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS
Aboard the train speeding towards New York from Texas, attractive Vernon Tyson goes out of her way to meet Terry Shannon, a young engineer. Vernon confesses to Terry that her parents struck her and are taking her to the big city for her debut, adding that her cousin, the Winslow Rushingtons, of Park Avenue, are in the social register. Terry is amused at her naïveté. Sadie Tyson, Vernon's social climbing mother, attired in a purple velvet gown, short mink cape and brown cotton gloves, appears, takes her daughter away, reproaching her for picking up a "nobody" after all she had done to bring Vernon (who is called "Maggie" back home) to New York for her "debut." After that, Mrs. Tyson insists on their dining in their compartment. Later, however, Vernon contrives to get out for a breath of air.

CHAPTER III

"You Miss Vernon Tyson from 20-C . . . ? Then here's a message for you. The colored conductor of the car has discreetly turned to the open door so that Mrs. Tyson might not see his action, and his voice lowered to a whisper, handed Vernon a folded piece of paper. The blood rushed to her face, her neck. Before she opened it she had guessed whence it came. . . . "What about viewing the new moon at nine or so tonight from the observation car? And turning a penny for luck in the big, big city of New York . . . ?" ran the tantalizingly impudent message. In the sky she could already see a faint, slender crescent, after suspended frailty against the dark blue curtain that was night. An urge to see "him" again swept over her consumingly. Already her plans, after that hearty dinner and lulled by the rhythm of the train, were doting in the stuffy drawing room. She'd hide her time and then slip off to Adonis—and the moonlight. . . .

"Darling, how utterly de-vine to meet you! I'm absolutely thrilled!" squealed plump and little Nan Rushington next morning as Vernon descended from the train on its arrival in New York, followed by the Senior Tysons. "Never thought I'd get here, darling. Came home with the milk this morning! Slumming in Harlem, you know! And oh! boy! what a hangerover!" This quaint remark, however, Vernon, who had never till this moment cast eyes on her dashing little New York cousin. Not "little" was scarcely the word, in view of Nan's plump figure. But she was very young—no more than eighteen—and her big blue eyes and blonde curls and round pink cheeks gave her a Mary Pickfordish effect. Her face was really very lovely.

"This is my father—my mother," said Vernon rather shyly. "Yes, I'm your Aunt Sadie," smirked Mrs. Tyson, secure in the knowledge that her purple velvet outfit and mink cape and gray velvet toque were just "right" for this arrival.

Nan Rushington stared incredulously at her. In this year of 1933, and with all her money, could such a vision be possible? Her face twitched. Laughter danced in her big blue eyes. In another moment she knew she would be helpless with hysterical giggles—for Nan had no inhibitions.

Fortunately just then, immediately behind the Tyson party, appeared a perfectly wonderful-looking young man, diverting Nan's attention. She pinched her cousin's

arm unceremoniously. "Who is he? What's his name? Oh, if only I'd been on the train! Oh, what a de-vine creature!" "Sh-sh! Mother didn't approve. I'll tell you about him later." Nan saw Vernon blush a bright rose as she bowed to the young man, and then became busy picking out some hand baggage. Of all the Victorian girls! thought Nan. Was Vernon in her own way going to be as quaint as her mother?

It took a couple of taxis to stow away their goods and chattels. Nan tried to get alone with Vernon in one cab—but Aunt Sadie (save the

arm unceremoniously. "Who is he? What's his name? Oh, if only I'd been on the train! Oh, what a de-vine creature!"

Their cab shot into Park Avenue—once known as the "Gold Coast"—but now sadly hit by the depression—and drew up at the entrance of the Splendide. No sign of any lack of business or excitement of money here! The hotel was truly palatial. Vernon felt impressed and elated. For months she was to live in this magnificent environment.

Seeing as many parcels and bundles as possible, Mrs. Tyson



"We're going to be real pals," Nan grinned.

cognomen!) insisted on coming with them. She was going to be a terrible pill, it seemed—a regular Old Woman of the Sea about her neck! But in Nan's present stony-broke condition, best keep in with the old girl. After all, they were her relatives, and she must figuratively grab the crumbs as they fell—maybe if she minded her p's and q's and was tactful, she wouldn't do so badly for herself.

It was an unusually sweet and gracious Nan, then, who responded to Mrs. Tyson's hint "pumpkins" and perfectly amiable questions. Yes, it promised to be a gay enough season, despite the depression! No—she and Dad were not going to Hot Springs this year—couldn't afford it, alas! Yes, they'd sold the lovely Southampton place—for a song—yes, it was perfectly criminal!

Yes—she was indeed lucky to have made her debut before the crash—yet what was the use of having made one's formal bow to Society, and knowing everyone that mattered, if one hadn't the proverbial stick?

Vernon felt sorry for Nan, but Mrs. Tyson's small and rather close-set eyes held a shrewd, calculating expression.

"You're just as right and we'll treat you right. Blood's thicker than water!"

Oh! How could her mother talk like that! thought Vernon.

waddled up the steps and into the gorgeous lobby, resolutely refusing the bellboy's assistance. "These little odds and ends aren't insured. I'm not taking any chances," she declared loudly.

"I feel dreadfully country-cousinish!" said Vernon to Nan, looking up at the wide, palm-filled lounge and up at the high painted ceiling. "But I'm thrilled, of course. It's all so new!"

Nan slipped her small hand winningly through Vernon's arm. "We're going to be real pals," she grinned. "I like you."

Up. Up. Up. The elevator ascended smoothly and silently. Only by the continuous flashing of light-signals through tiny numbers over the door would one know one was moving.

Floor thirty-seven, in the tower. A few steps along a thickly-carpeted corridor—round to the right—in front of them an exquisitely-painted door. A bellboy fitted a key in the lock, and they entered a wide, beautifully-furnished apartment flooded with morning sunshine.

"Isn't it heavenly? I was here yesterday. See—I sent in those roses—the others must be from the management," exclaimed Nan eagerly. "Hey, Vernon, step out on this terrace and get a load of the view!"

(To Be Continued)

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Legion Post Has Highway Markers Now on Display

SILVERTON, Aug. 7.—The Delbert Reeves Post No. 7, of the American Legion has received its highway markers and one is at display in the window of the Coolidge & McClaine bank. The local post is among those

Picnic Sunday

SILVERTON, Aug. 7.—The annual Sunday school and church picnic of Trinity church will be held Sunday at Lima Grove, The Young People's Society of the church is sponsoring the picnic. The morning services will be given at 11 o'clock on the ground and a program by the Sunday school and Y. P. S. to follow the noon-lunch. Games and sports of various sorts will also be enjoyed during the afternoon.