

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Vested Interests in Devices.

THE vested interest in the pinball operation is not just the poolhall or restaurant proprietor who may give it floor space. The machines are owned and leased by syndicates. Their manufacture is pretty well centralized in the hands of one firm. The owners go as far as the local conditions will permit. If pinball is all that can be put over in a town, that machine goes in; if slot machines are tolerated, in go the slots. The syndicate managers keep tight control, and of course get a large share of the loot. Moreover, as the Eugene Register-Guard points out, they escape all local taxation, except for the trivial fee sometimes levied by city councils against the boards. The Guard says:

"The public forgets the huge rakeoff which goes to the Big Shots in the background. It forgets to put proper taxes on an industry which with practically no investment does a gross more than half as big as the largest utility company in Oregon which pays over a million taxes annually."

Naturally the syndicate operators will not take defeat lying down. So there will be a muster of high-powered attorneys to defend the devices when they are attacked in court by Assistant General Moody. The latter is fully competent to join the issue before the courts with them; and is no doubt aware of the character of the opposition which will confront him.

In the case of theatre bank night, this scheme was worked out by some men in Denver, operators of a small theatre, who wanted to stimulate patronage. They believe they have worked out a scheme which will escape laws against lottery by working out of a charge for direct consideration. Whether that will hold in Oregon is the question to be tested.

The bank night idea is copyrighted, and theatres operating under it are reported to pay \$25 a night for the privilege. The Denver owners of the copyright are said to be cleaning up \$30,000 a year on the operation. Naturally they will not be put out of business without a bitter fight.

All this promotion roots in the desire of the human animal to get something for nothing. He wants to profit without work, even at the expense of some one else. History has long demonstrated the social evil of gambling and of public lotteries. They prey on the weak; they give distorted ideas of wealth, and distribute wealth with the greatest unfairness. Moreover as is the case with slot machines, the poor fool who plays them scarcely has a chance, the winnings being merely loot for the operators. As the cases over pinball machines and bank night are now in court, this paper offers no comment as to whether they are illegal or not; but it does recognize the hard court fight which lies ahead before they will be prohibited, if illegal.

Man Proposes . . .

FLOYD B. OLSON, governor of Minnesota, lies on a sick bed in the Mayo hospital at Rochester, sick with cancer. The papers do not say so, but the inference is clear that he will not recover. Governors must die, of course, the same as commoners. But if Olson passes now, much more passes.

For Olson is a candidate for United States senator from Minnesota. He is the spearhead of the current political movement in the northwest, operating under the label of the farmer-labor party. He has been credited with pointing toward 1940, as a potential candidate of a potential national farmer-labor party. The success of this organization in Minnesota politics has been largely due to his personal leadership and strength. So if Olson dies now the political scene will change.

The movement will go on, though perhaps the name will be different. The LaFollette brothers run Wisconsin now under the label of the progressive party. With Olson out of the way the LaFollettes will be about the only figures of national prominence to head the nascent party. And they lack much of the personal vigor of Olson.

With all his claim to champion the cause of the underdog, Olson has not successfully disproven charges of sheltering criminal and racketeering elements in Minnesota. The death of Walter Liggett, crusading editor in the Twin Cities, remains unavenged. St. Paul, the capital of the state, was long known as the hideout of the most desperate gangsters. It seemed incredible that the governor was guilty of the affiliations with crime which Liggett accused him of; but at least must share responsibility for its flourishing.

The prospect for Olson's election to the senate was good, so powerful is his political organization in Minnesota. As senator he would have moved on the national stage; and in this period of ferment might have emerged as a powerful leader at the end of a quadrennium. Now disease of malignant nature has intervened; and the political kaleidoscope must perform evolve a new pattern.

Work of CCC Youth

THERE is only one CCC camp operating in Marion county now, no. 611 at Silver Creek falls. It has 145 boys, chiefly from Illinois. The young men are comfortably housed, get good outdoor work at trail building and park maintenance during the day, have plenty of good, nourishing food, and for nights and time off have recreation and classes. Army officers have charge of the camp and the discipline, except during the hours when the boys are at work, when they are under control of the park service.

Figures a year ago showed the CCC boys had built 650 miles of road in the state and 856 miles were maintained. They built 200 miles of new trail and maintained 500; constructed 800 miles of telephone line and maintained 1500. They are ready to respond to fire calls in the forest, and have served on many fire fronts.

Measured from the standpoint of cost, the work has been expensive. But the experience has been wholesome for the boys, building them up physically, mentally and morally. As recovery progresses the camps dwindle in size. It is the present intention of the government however to continue the camps for underprivileged youth.

Celebrate Territorial Days

OREGON CITY is celebrating "territorial days" Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22. There is no more appropriate place for such a celebration. It was the first territorial capital. Its location at the falls of "Wallamet" made it the depot of trade of the early day. So important was it, in fact, that The Oregon Statesman picked it out for a place in which to be born, back in 1851. Unfortunately for Oregon City the nature which gave it early importance, cribbed it on a narrow ledge between the river and the cliff and it was soon out-distanced by the rising city of Portland.

The enterprising Enterprise has published an historical edition commemorative of the occasion, which is full of good history and appropriate illustration. The Walla Walla Union did the same in a bigger way to celebrate the recent Whitman centennial.

Oregon's past is respectable; and the people of today are loyal to it; too loyal sometimes. The virtues of the pioneers will not save today's souls, though they help to make souls of today worth saving.

Fall-taking is breaking out in a rash. The oldtime polls are being planned or taken this year, and numerous others seem to be starting up. People do not seem willing to wait until November 4 to know how the election is coming out. Too many bandwagon climbers perhaps, who want to blow basses on the winning outfit. What's the fun of politics going to be if results are always to be known in advance?

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—The struggle between the old American Federation of Labor and the new "committee for industrial organization" will need to be understood by those who follow the political campaign with adequate knowledge of all the factors.

Ordinarily this struggle is fought in the field would have no relation to politics. Looked at as a labor and industrial matter only, it is a conflict between two types of labor union. The existing American Federation of Labor believed in craft unions, that is, unions which take in the members of a trade all over the country. For example the machinists' union takes in machinists in every industry and plant, wherever they happen to be. A.C.L.U. goes with the carpenters' union and all the others. Thus in any plant or industry there may be several different unions, though all are in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

On the other hand, the new C.I.O. proposes there shall be one union for each industry. Within any automobile plant, all employees, skilled and unskilled, would belong to one union. This, in turn, would be part of a union of all automobile workers in all automobile plants. It is a "mass union" conception, a "one big union" conception.

So far as the conflict is confined within the field of labor, it is a difference of opinion about technique, about which type of organization is best. The old A.F. of L. under President William Green, is organized along the lines of craft unions. The A.F. of L. leaders think the mass type of union is unsuited to most industries. They have seen, during 75 years, many attempts to organize labor on the one big union pattern and they have seen these fail. Meanwhile they have seen the A.F. of L. based chiefly on craft unions, maintain itself and grow.

But the conflict is not merely in spite of labor nor between labor leaders. The organizer of the new committee on industrial organization, John L. Lewis, is a strong partisan of President Roosevelt and the new deal. His favor for Mr. Roosevelt is not a matter of expediency; it is deliberately conspicuous. It is taken for granted he will deliver to Mr. Roosevelt much of the large vote of miners in the doubtful states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Illinois.

Some of the more radical within the administration dream something even broader than a labor party. They contemplate, as Professor Tugwell put it in a speech at Los Angeles last October, "a farmer-worker alliance in this country which will carry all before it." The administration dream of a party of society analogous to the Russian one. They dream a form of society in which only workers and farmers shall be recognized, in which there shall be no private ownership of industry or business, in which the functions now performed by private business men and corporations shall be carried on by the government. Those who dream thus think that Mr. Lewis' C.I.O., if successful, would be a step toward the goal they aim at.

It would be hard to say how far Mr. Lewis goes along with the radicals within the administration. His ideas may not coincide with theirs to a great extent. He may aim merely towards a new big and powerful union of labor, and toward beating down the existing American Federation of Labor. At the same time, Mr. Lewis is very ambitious and aggressive, even ruthless. It is possible he may to some extent share the dream of the radicals in the administration. He is close to leading figures in the administration.

In any event, in the present struggle between Mr. Lewis' new C.I.O. and the old American Federation of Labor, much of the administration is sympathetic to Mr. Lewis and his C.I.O. Practically all thorough-going new dealers think of the old American Federation of Labor as an old fashioned, anti-revolutionary, conservative organization which is content with the existing order of society and has no purpose beyond getting for labor a constantly larger share of the fruits of industry.

While many within the administration favor Mr. Lewis' C.I.O., their sympathy so far is kept beneath the surface. They keep in mind the presidential campaign. They want the votes of both wings of labor for Mr. Roosevelt and they wish to avoid giving open opposition to the old American Federation of Labor. Until after the election, the administration policy is to walk a tight rope between the contending organizations. But there can be little doubt where the sympathy of the administration lies. One person high in the administration recently took an extraordinary step designed to help Mr. Lewis' C.I.O. in its effort to displace the American Federation of Labor. With the struggle as tense as it is between C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., attempts to appear neutral will be difficult.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Bonney clan's annual 8-21-36 reunion; Dr. Truman's estate at Waconda; they found gold in California;

(Continuing from yesterday.) All the Dr. Bonney estate was bought from J. H. and M. A. Fossler, townsite proprietors, excepting the \$1500 property which was bought from W. B. and M. J. Magers.

Why the bear five acre tract was worth \$1500, I have not found out. Did it contain the overland stage station? Who knows?

The probate papers in the Dr. Bonney estate show some interesting facts. The jacket is No. 346; that was the 346th estate probated in Marion county.

Dr. Bonney made a will, signed Oct. 24, 1868, three days before he died, witnessed by L. A. Fossler and G. G. Townsend. In long hand, of course.

Williams & Willis, attorneys, did the legal work, and charged a fee of \$25. They were Richard ("Dick") Williams, who served Oregon in congress, 1877-8, and P. L. Willis, who afterward was one of southern Oregon's leading lawyers—had the finest residence in Roseburg. Their office was in the Marion county court house; the first one frame construction, built in 1881.

I reported Dick Williams in two murder cases, Douglas and Marion counties, in each of which his fee was at least 49 times that charged by the Dr. Bonney estate by him; perhaps 100 times—and he earned it.

A. L. Stinson swore to the publication of the final notice in the Williams Farmer, four issues, beginning May 10, 1929, before Seth Hammer, attorney.

The will nominated Bradford S. Bonney executor, and his bondsmen were W. H. Goudy and G. G. Townsend, in the sum of \$100,000, given Nov. 4, 1868, before County Judge J. C. Peebles.

The first bill paid by the executor was one for \$30 by H. Carpenter and D. Payton, Salem; for services on two days, Oct. 22 and 24, 1868, at \$15 for each visit. Dr. Carpenter became the first superintendent of the Oregon asylum for the insane, beginning in 1883.

Dr. Bonney in his will gave

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN ITS quarterly bulletin, the department of health of the City of New York reports an unexpected prevalence of measles during the present year. Throughout the country it has been noticed that the number of cases reported is considerably higher than the average.

I am always unhappy over an unusual prevalence of this disease, because of the universal belief that it is an unimportant disease, measles is a serious ailment of childhood. It is wise to guard against this menace, but of all the common "catching" diseases of children, measles is the most difficult to control.

To realize the importance of measles as a cause of death. Too often it is accepted as something trivial. But experts say that the number of deaths caused by measles is actually three times greater than the official figures. This conclusion is founded on the fact that three-fourths of the deaths from pneumonia are found in the age group of children under five years of age. We must recall, too, that pneumonia is a common complication of measles. So if each of these deaths were investigated, the number of deaths caused by measles would be found as the primary factor in a vast number of instances.

May Prove Serious Never set about it deliberately to expose a child to measles. Bear in mind that an ailment which may appear as a trivial illness in one child may terminate seriously in another. There is no truth in the old-fashioned idea that every child must have measles.

The child who gets it should be isolated and kept away from others. He should not be permitted to play with other children until his symptoms have disappeared. If a child has been exposed to measles, it is well immediately to consult the doctor.

Often the injection of the blood of one who has recently had the disease, or the blood from either parent, will help make the attack mild and prevent complications. Before the injection, the procedure is to give the child a small amount of medicine to relieve him in controlling the spread of the disease.

Everyone should be familiar with the early signs of measles. As a rule the young sufferer first has symptoms similar to a head cold. He complains of inflamed eyes and has a slight cough and fever. The disease is most contagious at this time and is usually overlooked until the rash appears. This does not come out until about the sixth or seventh day. The rash is first seen along the sides of the face, behind the ears and on the neck.

The child should be kept in bed, with the eyes protected from glaring lights. Make sure the room is properly ventilated. Encourage the little patient to eat simple, but nourishing foods.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer questions, stamped envelope with return address, addressed all letters to him in care of the Oregon Statesman at his main office in 284 Commercial.

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Ten Years Ago

August 21, 1926
Extra Meeker, famous pioneer visited Salem today.

Rudolph Valentino is sinking, fear of relapse.

Playground at Lincoln closes with races and pageant.

The Home Olympics

CHAPTER XIV

During Sunday morning service on Fifth Avenue, Vernon's mind wandered incessantly. But her thoughts soared with the heavenly music. The choir boys' voices sounded like angels to her.

Love! It had come to her at last. Do as she would, she couldn't at the moment forget Terry Shannon's kisses.

Thrillingly queer how life had changed for her! Plain little Maggie Tyson from the Texas ranch had shed her chrysalis and emerged into the sunshine of Society as a glittering butterfly!

Brilliant Autumn sunlight flooded the steps of the cathedral when the service was over. Terry was in the air. Mrs. Tyson, her plump and work-worn hands in a mink muff, to match her cape, wobbled along on her spiked heels beside her child, for all the world like a small pouter pigeon.

"Tell me about the party last night," she commenced immediately, the beautiful words of the service fading from her mind as she eyed her daughter sharply.

"The latter colored, Terry? How to tell her mother of his advent at the party?"

"Oh, he met my parents. One of them—Mrs. de Bray—wanted very much to come and call on you, Mother."

"Humph! Glad there's someone remembers a girl has parents. I must say Nan hasn't much sense of what's fitting." She gave the violet tulle an injured push. It was rather top-heavy, and apt to slip forward from her shoulders. "Tell me about the men. Who all did you dance with?"

"Prince Ivan Karloff was one, replied Vernon. A title should please any girl's parents. I must say Mrs. de Bray's sense of what's fitting." She gave the violet tulle an injured push. It was rather top-heavy, and apt to slip forward from her shoulders. "Tell me about the men. Who all did you dance with?"

"And without a penny to his name, of course? He's here in New York, he's hunting, I'll wager!"

"Oh, he didn't seem like that. He has beautiful manners. Who introduced him to you?"

"Mrs. de Bray. She's quite nice too. She's really very anxious to call on you."

"Humph! Something up her sleeve? They'll be after us like cats after the cream—or wasps after the honey?"

"Nonsense, darling. What else you?"

"I'm a little bilious after the long train trip, I guess. And the unpacking and getting settled in was tiring."

"Vernon's heart aches her. She had been inconsiderate, leaving her mother so long alone yesterday. She couldn't help wondering—she was angry with herself for the disloyal thought—how her mother would sit in with the people on Park Avenue? Would they bequeath her to her beneath her brusque speech and sometimes queer manners lay real kindness of heart?"

"The drawing room on their return, a cigarette dangling from her fingers, entertaining 'Uncle Jake'."

"You're nervous, aren't you? Hope you put up a prayer of forgiveness for your grand flirtation last night with Prince Karloff, Vernon. Say, Aunt Sadie, what about you giving me a stiff commission when your headstrong chest becomes a Princess?" Nan giggled, winking.

"Mrs. Tyson tch-tch-ed this, but was not at all annoyed. Vernon's doubts and ambitions was she for Vernon."

"Maybe we'll bring some of the bunch back with us for a cup of tea or something stronger, remarked Nan, as she and Vernon went off to the Sunday Morning Pajama Breakfast Club."

The Sunday Morning Pajama

"GLITTERING GIRL" by MAY CHRISTIE



CHAPTER XIV

Breakfast Club seemed to Vernon a very queer function. She felt out of her element at the beginning. It was a most free-and-easy gathering.

"What on earth did these men and women want to get into pajamas for, and loaf about on divans, at high noon of this radiant Sunday morning?"

"If Terry had been here, it would have been different of course. But she was glad Terry wasn't witnessing this stupid spectacle of which she herself was a part."

Half the people looked as though they hadn't been to bed at all—though the cat had brought them in with the milk in the morning.

She felt rather silly in the loose blue velvet pajamas Nan had dug out for her. They needed living up to—Vernon didn't have the key to what was going on, here, hither and yonder.

"No one seemed to have any manners in the studio. Manners and pajama breakfasts didn't go together, it seemed."

A poet came to talk to her, and read her some execrable verses. Vernon was making no noise that Vernon could hardly hear him, his right arm round her waist.

"Doesn't he look divine? I've just dressed him in Bobby's newest ones from London," she called out. "Isn't he the handsome thing?"

Someone chanted apyly "Why Did I Buy These Blue Pajamas Before you Ate Pajamas?" This brought rounds of sarcastic applause. Presently Nan disappeared with Sugar.

"Honymooning!" This from the hateful young man with the feminine voice.

Vernon rose. She would go home. But the girl called Jimmie, and a crazy poet-dinner, swept her into a crazy card game called "Michigan."

Then some rather nice girls arrived, with escorts. Vernon was glad to meet them, in view of her forthcoming party.

What was it Mrs. de Bray had indicated on last night? Something to the effect that the mother of a girl being correctly "presented" to society—that girls must have an adequate background.

Suddenly it came to her that Terry had never mentioned his parents to her, beyond that joke about being "Shanty Irish."

His young sister was in Spence School. It was to be that she was ashamed of introducing the Tyson family to his own people of better background.

The thought was like a cold hand on her happy remembrance of last night's party at the Supper Club.

Prince Karloff, accompanied by Mrs. de Bray, who was looking very smart in a tailored suit of tobacco brown, had-returned, arrived at the Pajama Breakfast Club around four in the afternoon, that Sunday.

They frankly declined to change into "suitable garb?" They announced their intention of only remaining for a few minutes.

"I just thought you'd be here," glibbed Mrs. de Bray to Vernon, who popped in on the off chance. "I thought it would be such a good opportunity to go back with you and visit your mother."

What could Vernon do but agree with her? She was annoyed with Nan, and this would afford a good excuse to get away.

(To Be Continued)

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than last year. In order to obtain revenues to cover expenditures it will be necessary to raise in taxes \$4. for every \$1 now collected. In order to reduce the public debt by even as little as 3 per cent it will be necessary to add at least another 20 cents for every dollar now collected.

In other words, Mr. Morgan's statement is not true. It cannot be condoned even on the theory that he is morally bound to support Mr. Roosevelt's political gesture of pretending that no tax increase will be required. Mr. Roosevelt is talking politics. He knows that the country is more and more alarmed about his reckless spending and the inevitable increase in taxation. As he dares not reduce expenditures and lacks the courage to be candid, he seeks to give the impression that no government finance are about to be self-supporting. This is flagrantly dishonest because it is in variance with the facts.

-New York Herald-Tribune