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"With or without offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

Abolish the Fifth Wheel

A deluge of candidates for the office of constable of the
Salem justice district again focuses attention upon the use-
lessness of that office and the waste of public money in-
volved in maintaining it.

Theoretically, the constable is a general law enforce-
ment officer. But of late years, with the development of a
more efficient criminal police system, the office has degen-
erated into nothing more nor less than a process server—a
function which could better and more economically be per-
formed by the sheriff in connection with similar duties per-
formed for the circuit court.

With the steady improvement of the state police sys-
tem the work of criminal law enforcement has gradually
drifted into their hands, leaving the sheriff with little to
do except collect taxes and serve processes. The office of
constable here has become as useless as the proverbial fifth
wheel on a wagon.

Yet for no better reason than that there has always
been a constable the office is maintained at a salary equal
to that paid the head of the county government, the county
judge.

In comparison with the salaries paid other county offi-
cers the compensation of the constable is absurd. As against
the \$1800 a year paid him the county judge draws the same
amount, as does the assessor; while the county superinten-
dent of schools, the recorder and treasurer are paid only
\$1500 each. Deputy sheriffs performing the same duties as
the constable receive from \$100 to \$125 a month.

That's the Hell of It

At the Lincoln day banquet in Portland, former Presi-
dent Hoover resung the hymn of hate and spite and fear
against the Roosevelt administration that he has about once
a month for the past year spewed over the radio.

"The confused state of the nation," was the title of the
address, which is somewhat unfortunate as it suggests a
comparison with the confused state of the nation left by Mr.
Hoover, when with every bank in the country closed, factor-
ies idle, with a huge army of unemployed, and starvation and
misery ruling the land, confusion was worse than confound-
ed. Whatever the confusion today, it is immeasurably less
than in Hoover's day and every business chart depicts re-
covery from the Hoover all time depression lows.

Mr. Hoover views with alarm but he does not point with
pride to his own achievements. He visions the tragedies of
dictatorship and inflation with human liberty endangered.
Doubtless he again conjures grass growing in the streets.
The crime of crimes is the failure to balance the budget, yet
Mr. Hoover failed to balance the budget and increased the
public debt \$5 billions without relieving human misery, as
his successor has done.

Mr. Hoover has become the "Gloomy Gus" of politics,
haunted by phantoms of despair over the passing of the old
oligarchy of entrenched greed and privilege who manned the
ship of state he piloted on the reefs of depression. What-
ever may be said of the emergency legislation since enacted,
it served its purpose in pulling us off the reef—that's the
hell of it to Mr. Hoover.

An Ancient Controversy

The Izaak Walton league has resurrected some old cor-
respondence dated in 1650 which shows that the controversy
between bait and fly anglers was as acute three hundred
years ago as today. Probably it dates back to the invention
of the artificial fly.

A fisherman named Barker, in a letter to Lord Mont-
ague in 1650, after instructing him to fish with salmon
eggs, prohibited by law in Scotland, but very popular, said:

"If I had known it but twenty years ago, I would have gained a hun-
dred pounds only with that bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to
your Honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. I do desire that
men of quality should have it that delight in that pleasure; the greedy
angler will murmur at me, but for that I care not."

Barker calls salmon roe, "an experience I have found of
late: the best bait for a trout that I have seen in all my
time."

Izaak Walton, commenting on the above says:

Perhaps trout would take caviare, which is not forbidden by the law
of the land. Any unscrupulous person may make the experiment, and
argue the matter out with the water-balls. But, in my country, it is
more usual to duck that official, and go on netting, snigling, salmon-
roeing, and destroying sport in the sacred name of liberty.

And the fishermen are still at it as the depleted state of
our streams offer irrefutable evidence.

History Repeats Itself

Elmer Davis, writing in the New York Times, draws a
comparison between Pompey the Great and Al Smith in the
following:

He was one of the ablest and most popular public men of his time;
he had done great things and won great honors; but somehow he never
attained the dominant position to which he aspired, and so he found
himself suddenly shoved into the background, unoccupied and disappointed.
Meanwhile he had the humiliation of seeing another man who had
once stood in his shadow—an aristocrat with a talent for popular lead-
ship—go up past him like a skyrocket, to higher distinctions than he had
ever attained.

Then he was approached by the spokesmen of the plutocracy, who
offered him, in name at least, the leadership of their faction. Some of
his great early achievements had abridged the privileges of entrenched
wealth, and the plutocrats had never forgiven him for that; their stub-
born opposition had been chiefly responsible for the disappointments of
his middle career. But now, out of concern for the public—and perhaps
out of personal pique as well—he permitted himself to "front" for the
plutocrats who talked about saving the constitution of the founding
fathers when what they were chiefly interested in was saving their own
powers and privileges.

He could not save them; instead, they dragged him down to ruin, be-
cause as a class they had no principles but a class interest, and no policy
except turning back the clock.

His name, as it happens, was Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus.

All of which shows how history repeats itself.

GOES TO LAGRANDE
Silverton—Miss Clara Coughen-
nover has returned to her home
in La Grande after several weeks
spent at the Silverton of her grand-

parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lytle,
who have both been very ill. Her
mother, Mrs. E. C. Coughenower,
will remain for a longer time with
her parents.

NEVER MIND THE LADY

By David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett is battling
for the sake of Allaire West, who
from him out the last time he saw her.
But LaMarr, Terry's victim, is trying to
blackmail Allaire's father, by saying that
he had shot in a certain tropical port
had died. And Allaire has been checking
up on Terry's past, in Carteret, Va. quite
indignant of all the trouble and scandal
she has caused. LaMarr has lost his re-
volver, and is fighting hand to hand.

Chapter 33 SURPRISE

Terry turned sideways just in
time. LaMarr retreated a few steps,
and picked up a table lamp. He
flung it at Terry's face.

Again Terry was just a split sec-
ond ahead of him. And always he
came on steadily, relentlessly, half-
blinded by the blood from the gash
in his forehead, but always coming
on.

A table went over, a chair was
broken. They mixed it in the middle
of the floor. LaMarr trying to jab a
thumb in Willett's eye, gouging,
fighting with fists, pails, teeth, and
knees.

But all those tricks had been tried
on the tall lauburn-haired American
at one time or another; some of
them had worked once, but never
twice.

He weathered the savage, desper-
ate onslaughts with the sheer fury
of iron fists and the spirit that
had been born from many fights in
many places with many kinds of op-
ponents.

Terry beat LaMarr to his knees.
LaMarr's left eyebrow was hanging
loose and a cheekbone was shat-
tered. Willett grabbed him by the
shoulders and hauled him to his
feet. LaMarr sagged helpless in his
grip, his knees buckling, his breath
and heart and strength gone.

Willett saw that he was through.
He released him and LaMarr sank
down and fell over backwards,
somewhat crawly and shapeless and
half blind.

"That's that," said Willett.
He wasn't in such good shape
himself. His head reeled dizzily, one
eye was blinded, and his ribs on one
side ached from a bruising kick, but
LaMarr had learned not to deal
with a roughneck.

A roughneck? Yes, it was in her
eyes, the eyes of a white-faced girl
staring at the scene in that sham-
bled room in horror. Good God!
Had his brain been jarred loose
from its moorings? Why, she was
standing there on the threshold—
Allaire West! He must be crazy.

But he wasn't crazy.
"Allaire!" Fox and Rayburne West
nearly shouted the name.

The girl looked at the battered
thing on the floor and then at the
tall man standing nearby with blood
streaming over one eye, his face still
set in fighting mask.

Disgust and shock and horror.
There went the works. Her father
was trying to get her attention.
"Where have you been?"

Her mouth curved briefly.
"If I told you, you wouldn't be-
lieve it. I can hardly believe it my-
self."

Terry Willett looked at her, til-
ling his head back to clear his
vision.

"So you disappeared. Just like
that. Just went off without a word,
and now you come back and can
hardly believe it yourself. Where did
you ever get the crazy idea you
could do things like that? Or don't
you care about the worry and trou-
ble you cause, detectives running
around all over the place and peop-
le trying themselves in knots trying to
find you? But you probably will
never see that. You're too used to
doing what you want and to hell
with the rest."

He closed the door behind him
and turned the key in the lock, he
heard his phone ring. He hesitated
a moment; who'd be calling him?
Puff, maybe?

Well, whoever it was he didn't
think it worth the effort to unlock
the door and go back. What was
the use? He let the phone ring.
Terry Willett wanted to get away
from here.

He had a short breakfast and
then went to the desk to pay his
bill. The phone girl said there'd
been a call for him; no message.

The party had been very eager to
locate him and the phone girl had
said Mr. Willett was leaving for
Newark airport shortly.

"Hope you have a nice trip, Mr.
Willett," she smiled. She was very
pretty and lots of men stopped by
to talk about the telephone situa-
tion. It was just her luck that
when one came along with whom
she'd have liked to discuss the tele-
phone situation, he wasn't inter-
ested in the telephone situation.

Black eyes and bandaged brow,
but that war-like looking young
man was a real gent, thought the
telephone girl.

Willett arrived at the airport and
the big tri-motored ship was al-
ready waiting, the sun shining on
its silver body with a flood of
gleaming reflections. The Miami
plane! Coming, Corrigan.

With his foot on the step, he
heard his name called.
"Terry!"

He turned to see Allaire coming
toward him swiftly. She seemed
breathless and there was a touch
of high color in her face. She
reached his side and put a hand
on his arm.

"You're not going, Terry? Not
back to South America?"
He looked at her curiously.
"Why, of course."

"You might have come around to
say good bye."
He laughed shortly.
"I said goodbye last night—words
and music."

"Let's get out of here," said Al-
laire, as a portly passenger waited
impatiently to get aboard.

"Five minutes, sir," said the plane
steward to Willett.

"More than enough," said Willett,
and walked to one side. Allaire
seemed to have something to say,
but couldn't quite say it.

"If it's about last night," said
Willett, "forget it."

"Oh, Terry, you can't go like this
after all you've done. I wanted to
talk to you last night, but you

with everybody else. And now good
night, all."

"Wait a minute, Terry!" It was
Fox's voice. "You can't go out like
that. Your head—!"

Attaboy, George, the lamp of rea-
son.
"Mere scratch," said Willett
briefly.

He strode out of the room and
out of the house. Outside, he drew
a long breath of cool night air. He
needed it. Well, that was that. All
right. Boy, he'd certainly shot the
works.

But what difference did it make?
Fox was there—and Fox wasn't a
killer or a roughneck—he was a
gentleman and a rising young For-
eign Officer. He was of her world,
born to the purple, and when he
saw a snake he stepped over it and
not on it. Good old Fox.

"Look out, Terry, he's armed!"
Fox would die in his bed surround-
ed by great-grandchildren. The
lamp of reason.

Terry was bareheaded and he
knew he probably looked as though
he'd just returned from the wars,
but he hailed a taxi and bore the
driver's astonished start with com-
posure.

"Good, Mac, what hit you? Want
a doc?"
"Either that or some adhesive
tape."

"Get in, boss, get in. I know a
good doc."

Terry got in. He leaned back
against the cushions and propped
his feet up on one of the little side
seats.

"How are the Giants doing?" he
murmured.

Bright sun was flooding the
room when he awoke the next day.
His head felt as though it had been
hit with a collection of assorted
sandbags. Had he been drunk last
night? He pondered. No, he'd been
slugged with something, that was
right. A merry life, yes, truly;
never a dull moment.

He looked at his wrist watch. Al-
most noon. Something was due to
happen today. Oh, yes—he had to
take a plane at Newark airport for
Miami and the Pan-American Air-
ways.

He got up and went over to the
mirror where he regarded himself
critically. He wasn't exactly a pic-
ture of beauty, with a discoloration
around one eye and his forehead
bandaged with several strips of sur-
gical tape, and when he took a deep
breath the ribs on one side ached.
Well, don't take any deep breaths.

He showered and dressed quick-
ly. Terry Willett dressed well in
an easy natural way. He presented
a smart, clean-cut appearance in
dark double-breasted, blue shirt,
wine colored cravat, and his thick
auburn hair crisply parted.

Then with his bags packed and his
luggage under arm, he paused by
the table and picked up Puff
Harrington's note. She'd evidently
left it there right after he and
Fox had gone out of the room last
evening. There were two words
hurriedly scrawled, "Thanks, Terry."
She transit Puff.

You're welcome, babe. It didn't
cost you anything but a cigarette
case. Some detective's wife has
that "evidence" now probably. He
smiled slightly and tore the note
into bits, letting the pieces flutter
through his fingers.

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and turned the key in the lock, he
heard his phone ring. He hesitated
a moment; who'd be calling him?
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News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Feb. 13. — Phantom
trumpets of the new deal have
been blowing in here and there, and
the words have been coming out
oratorially that there will be no
bonus taxes.

That tune will be kept up until
after congress has grappled with
and has been thrown by the prob-
lem of raising about five hundred
million dollars for the so-called
farm relief program.

When the farm tax grapping
match is over and settled, congress
will get a little note, directly or in-
directly from the white house, re-
minding it that there is a matter of
smothering the bonus yet to be dis-
posed of. Just make a note of that.
The amount of money which will be
requested is \$135,000,000 a year.

Program—This seems to comprise
the whole inside legislative program
of the new deal for the remainder
of the session. A wide variety of
assorted excise taxes to pay the
farm bill is known to have been
prepared secretly by the treasury
department. These will be sub-
mitted to congress, when congress
asks for them, but not before. The ad-
ministration wants to back into that
situation cautiously, avoiding stress
on it as much as possible and duck-
ing direct recommendations where-
ever possible.

Less caution will be displayed later
in regard to the bonus taxes, be-
cause the new dealers half-expect
congress to walk out without en-
acting bonus taxes.

But the important thing now is
that the new deal program has
been privately concluded, that it
contemplates approximately \$635-
000,000, of new taxes and no more
(no income, sales and corporate in-
creases). No additional legislation
will be requested. No pending leg-
islation is considered important, ex-
cept routine continuance of neu-
trality and routine government ap-
propriations bills.

That is all business men and po-
liticians need to expect.

Pulsations—Hottest inner discus-
sion now concerns President Roo-
sevelt's sincerity in curtailing ex-
penditures.

New deal moderates are jubilant.
As they describe it, the "public
pulse" is right for a sharp curtail-
ment. It was not right when the
ludges were drawn up last fall. They
assert Mr. Roosevelt is taking hold
of this issue more enthusiastically
than anything in new deal history.
They promise a real effort, and not
just a political effort to establish a
better campaign front.

The change on the inside has
come, they say, within the past
week.

What wrought it is clear. The
bad reaction to farm and bonus
taxes encouraged an economizing
line of thought, but the growth of
the London campaign must not be
and has not been overlooked. Gov-
ernor Landon's thrift record has
struck a popular chord.

Nobody's word on the extent of
the curtailment will be worth much,
however, until the savings are laid
down officially on the dotted line.

Co-operation—Senator Pittman
said sharp things about Japan
out in Nevada before congress
opened. Upon his arrival shortly
thereafter, he indicated he had been
misquoted by the press.

The speech he delivered in the
senate Monday was about the same
one he made in Nevada with a few
fancier trimmings. There will be no
assertion of misquotation this time.

You may deduce that this indi-
cates Pittman must have spent the
intervening six weeks studying out
that a good speech he had made in
Nevada. There is more to the rep-
utation than that.

Pals on Capitol Hill say he let
the state department have five
days advance notice of his speech
and its contents. The department
made no effort to tone him down.
Apparently it shares some of the
senatorial displeasure at certain un-
mentioned Japanese propaganda
circulated recently in this country
by an able Japanese spokesman. To
quiet this gentleman was one of the
hidden purposes of the speech.

Financing — Mr. Hoover's frank
court testimony about the necessity
of investors hedging against infla-
tion caused some uneasy moments
among governmental financing au-
thorities. But only a few.

For the present their inner situa-
tion is encouraging. The infla-
tionists in congress have been de-
flected. The outward movement of
gold recently threw a scare into
the Frazier-Lemlyites from which
they are not due to recover before
congress adjourns.

This and the president's promise
of spending curtailments have caus-
ed a much better feeling all around.

Notes — Treasury Secretary Mor-
genthau did considerably casting
about for a conservative under-se-
cretary of treasury, but found few
eager applicants for that job. Fi-
nancing the new deal debt is hardly
one of the softer government posi-
tions.

The Black committee has run in-
to constitutional trouble trying to
collect answers to questionnaires
from various business corporations.
Private attorneys have advised sev-
eral corporations to resist, under
the fourth amendment. There will
be a peek of trouble about this when
the committee starts hearings.

Congressmen do not remember it,
but they passed a law in 1921 pre-
venting government officials from
recommending new taxes. The sta-

didn't give me a chance. It was
grand of you to take my part, to
back that beastly swine."
(To Be Continued)

Big Business



DOCTOR FEARS MEASLES YEAR

With the number of reported cases
constantly rising, 1936 may be a
measles year, according to Dr. Fred-
erick D. Stricker, state health of-
ficer.

Measles occur in cycles varying
from three to five years, and fig-
ures compiled for the last ten years
show an approach to the top of the
cycle now, Dr. Stricker said. There
were 7179 cases reported in 1935,
against only 1833 in 1934.

Because measles is so prevalent,
its danger is minimized, but it is
very contagious and is much more
dangerous than is generally consid-
ered. An epidemic in a children's
institution may result in a high
mortality rate, particularly in poor-
ly nourished younger children, ac-
cording to Dr. Stricker. Death is
not caused by measles itself, in
most cases, but by pneumonia, com-
ing on in the course of the disease.

The disease is most prevalent and
also least serious in children 6 to 11
years old, with usually 80 per cent
of a modern community having had
it by the end of their 15th year.

MAIL INSURANCE ADVISED AGAINST

A warning against buying insur-
ance by mail or from unknown per-
sons was issued today by Hugh H.
Earle, state insurance commissioner,
after he had received a number of
complaints from persons who had
been unable to collect on claims be-
cause of extremely limited coverage
of policies purchased from certain
companies which are not licensed by
the insurance department.

Earle pointed out that when un-
licensed companies and agents re-
fuse to pay, they are usually be-
yond the reach of the insurance de-
partment or the courts of the state.
Some of the unlicensed compa-
nies, listed by Earle, who are en-
gaged in mail-order solicitation are:
National Protective Insurance Co.,
Kansas City; Franklin Life Benefit
Ass'n., St. Louis; Sterling Casualty
Insurance Co., Chicago, and Sunset
Mutual Life Insurance Co., Los
Angeles.

TWO OCCUPATIONS HARDEST TO TALLY

Two industries — lumbering and
longhoring — will give the state un-
employment compensation commis-
sion its greatest trouble in keeping
track of workmen as they move from
job to job, Administrator D. A. Bul-
more believes.

Two forms of termination reports,
which will be filed with the com-
mission every time a man loses a
job, have been worked out. One will
cover more steadily-employed per-
sons and the other