

News Review of Current Events the World Over

President Hoover Delivers Addresses in Three Middle West States—Moves Toward Restoration of Economic Prosperity.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD



President Hoover

RESPONSIBILITY for the existing economic depression in the United States should be laid to frozen confidence rather than to frozen assets, according to President Hoover, who addressed the Indiana Republican and National Association's annual convention in Indianapolis.

The Chief Executive expressed his hopes and plans for renewed prosperity which will be wrought out of the nation's great natural resources by a people with renewed courage; and he vigorously defended the course of his administration in the crisis and denounced panaceas for recovery.

After alluding to the Russian five-year plan, Mr. Hoover proposed what he called an American plan. Said he: "We plan to take care of 20,000,000 increase in population in the next 20 years. We plan to build for them 4,000,000 new and better homes, thousands of new and still more beautiful city buildings, thousands of factories; to increase the capacity of our railroads; to add thousands of miles to our highways and waterways; to install 25,000,000 electrical horsepower. We plan to provide new parks, schools, colleges and churches for this 20,000,000 people. We plan to secure greater diffusion of wealth, a decrease in poverty and a great reduction in crime."

From Indianapolis the President and his party, which included Mrs. Hoover and their son Allan, went to Marion, Ohio, and took part in the dedication of the magnificent memorial to Warren G. Harding. Mr. Hoover delivered the chief address in which he severely condemned the "friends" who betrayed Harding's trust. Former Senator Freylinghuysen, president of the memorial association, presented the memorial to the association, and Calvin Coolidge, who succeeded Harding in the presidency, replied in acceptance. Gov. George White accepted the structure on behalf of the state. Immediately after the ceremonies Mr. Hoover went to Columbus and reviewed a parade of Civil War veterans attending the Ohio G. A. R. encampment.

Next day the presidential party journeyed to Springfield, Ill., for the dedication of the remodeled tomb of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Hoover was the guest of Governor Emmerson and again delivered the main speech at the imposing ceremonies.

The political implications of President Hoover's trip to the Middle West were evident and not denied. The three states he visited have all caused alarm among the Republican leaders by their votes in recent elections. Only last November Illinois replaced a Republican senator with a Democrat and sent five more Democrats to the house in place of Republicans; Ohio elected a Democratic governor and sent six Democrats to congress in place of Republicans, and Indiana replaced six Republican congressmen with Democrats. The Republican managers hoped the presidential tour would have effect in bringing these states back into the fold, and there was also the expectation that it would help in promoting Mr. Hoover's prospects for re-nomination and re-election. There is no doubt, if it ever was, that the recent conference of young Republicans in Washington, under the guidance of Senator Fess, national Republican chairman, made that certain.

IN A letter to leaders of American industry and organized labor the National Civic Federation takes the first step in setting up a ten year plan of systemizing production, eliminating unemployment and integrating the industrial and economic structure of the nation. The letter was signed by James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany and now the chairman of the federation's commission on industrial inquiry. It is based on a proposal made by Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor, and urges the calling of a national congress to discuss and formulate a program of industrial re-adjustment and create permanent machinery for this purpose.

Mr. Gerard's letter was addressed to all leading manufacturers in the country, officials of the American Federation of Labor and heads of all international unions. The letter declares that Mr. Woll's proposal for a great congress of industry has received the endorsement of the national civic federation and expresses the feeling of the federation to summon such a congress "if it can have reasonable assurance that the response will be such as to make success probable." Manufacturers and labor leaders were asked to state their opinion and that of their organizations on the proposal and to advise whether they would participate in a preliminary meeting that might be held before the formal calling of the congress.

"What is desired is to draw together a great concourse of delegates, not a mere collection of individuals without representative character," Mr. Gerard's letter declared.

FOR the purpose of encouraging other nations to help in the disarmament movement by telling all about their military strength, the United States, through Secretary Stimson, has made public its report on that matter to the League of Nations. The

document shows the land, naval and air armaments of the country, giving the exact number of men, warships and aircraft maintained for military and naval purposes. The total number of army reserves is also given, though this information was not asked by the league.

The data gave America's total land effective as 139,957, including 13,050 officers. The National Guard was listed at "10,774 average daily effective" and was not included in the total forces because it was reported "not available to the federal government without measures of mobilization."

The total strength of the naval force was fixed at 103,886, including 10,429 officers and 17,500 enlisted personnel of the marine corps. The total armed air forces, including effective in the army and navy, were placed at 27,324 officers and men, of which 13,155 were credited to the army air corps and 14,169 to the naval air force. The total number of airplanes in the armed forces was listed as 1,702 including 965 army craft and 737 naval planes. There were also two navy dirigibles including the Los Angeles, were added.

Japan promptly followed the example set by the United States.

EUROPE rather expects that when Secretary of State Stimson "gets over there for his visits to various capital cities it will be revealed that the United States government will consent, under certain conditions, to alter its stand on reparations and war debts. And in this country, there are indications that this may be true. Undersecretary of State William A. Castle gave out a statement the other day to the effect that the government does not consider its position as signifying an inflexible thesis, and there have been strong hints at the White House that President Hoover would not oppose the scaling down of war debts if he were assured this would be followed by ample reductions in European armaments.

Mr. Castle said the government is and always has been minded on the war debt question and has been watching the situation abroad very carefully; he added that no crisis has yet arisen of a nature that would call for any action by this country on the war debts. If such a crisis should arise, he said, it was obvious this government would have to consider whether a temporary change was necessary. Official opinion in Washington was that Mr. Castle's statement was designed to help Chancellor Brüning of Germany in the troubles that beset him.

MISS ANNA ADAMS GORDON, former president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and of the World W. C. T. U., died in Castle, N. Y., at the age of seventy-eight years. She was a close friend of the late Frances E. Willard, helped her organize the W. C. T. U. and for many years was her secretary. She was one of the best known of temperance leaders of this generation.

FRANKLIN D. Roosevelt's presidential boom was given a decided boost in Massachusetts by the luncheon given by Col. Edward M. House at his summer cottage near Manchester-by-the-Sea. The governor of New York was the guest of honor and among those present were the most influential Democratic leaders of the Bay state. Little was said about politics during the luncheon, but the feeling was general that the affair was of considerable political significance, and friends of Mr. Roosevelt are of the opinion that the Massachusetts delegation in next year's national convention will be in line for his nomination. Just before the party rose from the table Colonel House offered a toast to the governor as the man on whom the eyes of the nation are focused.

It will be remembered that Colonel House recently announced that he was corresponding with leading Democrats with a view to promoting Roosevelt's presidential prospects. Among the guests at the luncheon was Henry Morgenthau, like House a close friend of Woodrow Wilson, and it is believed he has associated himself with House in this movement with the sanction of Roosevelt, although the governor has not yet declared himself a candidate for the presidential nomination.

NEARLY 500 persons, most of them women and children, perished when a French excursion steamer capsized near St. Nazaire during a storm. Only eight of those aboard the vessel were saved.

The submarine Nautilus, carrying Sir Hubert Wilkins' under-pole expedition, was disabled in mid-Africa by the breaking down of her engines, and was taken in tow by the American warship Wyoming.

CARDINAL SEGURA, the exiled Spanish primate, slipped back into Spain the other day but was promptly apprehended and ushered out again across the French border. His presence in Spain threatened a recurrence of the attacks on church institutions, for the radicals were enraged by the news of his return. The Vatican protested his expulsion.

Wasco

Miss Alma Wattenburg returned Friday from the Willamette University, where she has attended school the past year, to spend the summer with her parents.

B. H. Grady went to Pendleton Friday to attend a meeting of all the local Co-operative Managers called by the Farmer's National at which time the Farmer's National outlined their plans for the coming year.

Miss Margaret McKee and Miss Rita Burris entertained at dinner for their fathers Sunday at the home of Miss McKee. Covers were laid for the following guests: Fred Hennagin, Everett Watkins, Frank Lamborn, Louie Peets, Phil Yates, M. Tuel, Chas. Everett, Bruce Grady, R. H. McKean, Hugh Walker and the two honor guests Ed McKee and W. H. Burris.

B. H. Grady and family spent Sunday in The Dalles visiting relatives.

The Boy Scouts were taken in a body to The Dalles Sunday to attend the funeral of Clarence Benson, who was fatally injured while working on the county road near Rufus Friday morning.

The American Legion and Auxiliary held a very interesting meeting in the Fraternity Hall Saturday night. Representatives from Hood River, The Dalles, Dufur, Grass Valley, Redmond, Moro and Antelope were invited. After the business session they adjourned and dancing was in order. The ladies later served a dainty lunch on beautifully decorated tables. About seventy two were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Beardsley visited at Arlington Sunday. They were accompanied home by Audrey Wendell who will visit here a few days.

Mrs. Harold Hughes and Mrs. Lewis Zogg of Grass Valley visited Mrs. Wayland Weld last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Manning and son left Wasco the first of the week. Mr. Manning is athletic coach in the high school and is away at summer school taking extra training before returning to Wasco in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. Hollis of Portland are visiting friends in Wasco this week.

The Mary Elizabeth class of the Methodist church held its class party at the home of Mrs. John McClure with Olive Robinson, Mrs. A. Sargent, Mrs. Ida Andrews and L. P. Haven as joint hostesses. A very interesting Bible lesson was led by Mrs. Sargent after which a social hour followed. Dainty refreshments were served. This was the last meeting until fall.

Dr. J. A. Butler attended the Dental convention in Portland last week. Mrs. Joe Stiles and Miss Laura Stiles of Forest Grove are visiting Mrs. Estelle Hailey.

Ralph Eaton and daughters June and Elda were Rufus visitors Sunday. Richard Yocum was in The Dalles on business on Monday.

Philip Bishop, Union Oil company agent, returned from the Willamette Valley Sunday accompanied by his mother who will visit a short time.

Mrs. Grace Seeley entertained the Tillamook Club at her home Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Fern Wilde as joint hostess. Mrs. Frank Morrow won the club prize and Mrs. J. T. Johnson the guest prize. As this was the last meeting for the summer the election of officers for the new year was held. The following being elected: president, Mrs. Carmen Scott; vice president, Mrs. Fern Wilde; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. John Royce.

Earl Jones was a visitor in Portland this week.

Little Jean Dutton who was operated on at The Dalles hospital last Sunday is reported to be doing nicely. Pat O'Meara was a business in Arlington this week.

Mrs. Audrey Shearer left the first of the week for a visit in Portland.

Miss Georgia Striker and Misses Betty and Shirley Junke left this week for Colfax, Wash., to visit the Arthur Junke family.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. Darby and Mrs. Smith Friday afternoon. Twelve ladies were present and a pleasant afternoon was spent. At the close of the meeting the hostess served dainty refreshments. This was the last meeting until fall.

Charles Nunn returned from the University of Oregon this week to spend the summer with his father.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Striker went to Salem last week to attend the graduation of their daughter Georgia who finished her studies at Willamette University.

Norval May, Vinton Kinkead and Collis Kaseberg were Wasco visitors this week.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Laidlow of Portland visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Van Gilder the past week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller returned from Portland Wednesday where she had been visiting with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Walker of Los Angeles visited the Harry Van Gilder home this week on their way to Yellowstone Park.

It has been brought to the attention of the editor that several persons in this county write a few stories, essays or some other form of writing occasionally. With this information we have tracked down a locally written story which we hope will be the first of a series written by Sherman county folks and printed in the Sherman County Journal.

THAT SKULL IN FERRY CANYON

As he rode across the sage prairie, Martin noted its fearfulness and tried to interpret its charm. It could not be the dim trail that his horse instinctively followed, nor the light dust that settled so slowly behind him. Both were but a part, a mere detail, of the greater thing, the open country itself. Sometimes it had seemed cruel, sometimes peaceful and friendly. It rather appalled him now as he looked over its vastness and saw nothing moving but himself. Ordinarily there would have been a few cattle, but they were in the higher mountainous country off to the left. The few scraggly junipers that dotted the landscape a mile or more apart merely accentuated its loneliness.

The horse stopped suddenly, bringing Martin out of his musing. A lone buzzard flew straight up into the air. The rider caught a glimpse of the rough, grass feathered creature with ears cocked forward and eyes scanning the ground the coyote circled around the carcass of a cow.

"God, sister, you picked out a lonesome place to die in," Martin remarked as the pony found the trail again.

Dumb things died out here all alone with nothing but the prairie and sun to know except the slinking coyote and the obscene vultures. They were necessary adjuncts of the country, aiding its cruelty and seeing that no mark was left to defile its appearance.

The broken country seemed a relief as it drew nearer. He would ride the top of the rim-rock and search the canyon for the strays he was hunting for.

Martin looked down at the rocks that lay at the bottom of the cliff and loosened his feet in the stirrups. The trail was full of loose, round, volcanic rock that occasionally made even the cat-footed coyote a none to safe mode of travel. So Martin glanced at the edge of the precipice, closed his left, and again balanced himself so that the balls of his feet rested firmly in the stirrups. The sleepy-eyed cow pony picked its way among the rocks as best it could, still misjudging the distance over a small boulder, its hind feet slid out of the trail. Martin, being balanced for such an emergency, swung clear of a loose stone and the next moment fell over the cliff onto the loose sliding shale at the bottom.

It was dark when he awoke. He tried to move, but at first found it impossible; his heavy chaps seemed to hold him like a cast. He was cold and stiff and sore; every bone and muscle in him ached and throbbed with each heart beat. After repeated trials he was able to move one of his legs, but any attempt to change the position of the other resulted in a crunching sensation above the knee and nauseating feeling that allowed him to try but few times. He unbuckled his chaps and crawled out of them, gritting his teeth at every move. It did not take long for him to investigate his injury; it was too apparent to need any lengthy examination. His right leg was broken just above the knee, already it was swollen till no doctor could set it without great difficulty.

There was no hope of rescue, Martin reasoned—a man was supposed to be able to look out for himself. His horse, finding no hand on the rein, would wander from the trail to pick at the grass hampered though he was by the bit in his mouth. The boys, when he did not return, would indifferently remark, "Mart didn't get back, eh? Them cattle must have strayed on down the river. Rekon Mart'd have to ride around by Bill Lowe's if he got down that far. Kinda sweet on Bill's girl."

This being the situation as Martin saw it, he cut the clothes away from the break and attempted to set the bones in their place. He made only one trial for when he straightened his right foot to its natural position the pain was more than he could bear and he lapsed back into unconsciousness.

When he again awakened it was day light—sometime in the forenoon, Martin guessed by the sun. The heat rays reflected from the rocks and made his present position unbearable. He shifted his attitude, at which unexpected move several crows flew from the rocks about him, their harsh caws expressing their disappointment.

Martin decided that he must get to the bottom of the canyon where there was water. Already his throat felt parched and it would be a long hard job to crawl down to that thin line of green that marked the creek bed. He wiggled himself into his chaps again, for they would protect his wounded leg as he dragged it over the rocks. Before he started he felt for his gun. "It might come in handy," he said and at the thought he smiled grimly.

The first part of the journey was the hardest, for it led over the rough undependable shale and around large rocks that had fallen from above and buried themselves in the loose flat stones that lay at the base of the cliff. Coming around one of these he surprised a rattlesnake, sunning it-

self. The snake, startled more than the man, crawled away. Martin reached slowly for his gun, but stopped. "Old timer, we're both crawlin' today, ain't we? Maybe you hate it as bad as I do." The snake drew its mottled sinuous self under a convenient boulder and the man dragged himself slowly past it, he too making a track like some giant reptile.

When he reached the trail that led down a tributary to the main canyon he stopped for rest. Looking up at the blue, cloudless sky he saw a speck hovering above him and another sailing near to the first. He glanced at the rimrocks reflecting the dazzling sunlight in waves. With his eye he searched every trail within vision for a possible rider and found none. The brown, forbidding cliffs, the lighter shale at their base, and the gray of the bunchgrass that had once seemed so picturesque appeared to be dead and monotonous, since they had denied him the succor he had hoped for. Martin looked again at the sky and the sailing vultures and dragged himself on down the trail.

It was afternoon he judged, when he reached the water and plunged his face into the warm shallow pool. Having quenched his thirst, he bathed his broken leg. It didn't hurt so bad now; the pain seemed to have deadened the nerves and he was able to move his useless foot with the able one, but setting the bone was impossible so badly was the leg swollen. He felt sick and tired from his crawl. He wondered if he was hungry too; he had not eaten for a day, but the sickness made him forget hunger. It was just as well, he thought; there was nothing to eat anyway. He would sleep instead.

When he awoke in the morning, after a night of restless, wakeful sleep, he was in a hot raging fever. Coming out of the shadow of the bush where he had spent the night, he looked up, prompted by curiosity and saw what he dreaded—the same spots in the sky, only there were four of them now, hanging motionless against the blue—waiting, watching.

Martin drank of the water of the stream, while the crows perched on the rocks and the scrubby trees and gave vent to their displeasure and impatience in guttural caws. Having satisfied his thirst, his intended victim dragged himself up to the high creek bank to see if there was any sign of rescue. He found two coyotes sitting in expectant attitudes, viewing the landscape with a philosophical patient eye; they too waiting, watching.

Drawing his gun he shot at one of them, but the bullet went wild and the coyotes trotted off to a safer place, looking back over their shoulders with their tongues hanging out of their mouths as if taunting the disabled man with his impotency. Enraged with his bad aim and burning with fever he shot again and again at the retreating coyotes, but each bullet missed the mark farther than the last so nervous was the hand that held the firearm.

Martin attempted to rise to his feet and pursue his tormentors as they passed out of sight, but when he threw his weight on his broken leg he toppled over the high creek bank and fell on his back against a huge boulder that partly blocked the current of the stream. He did not regain consciousness immediately and when he did it was gradually as one awakes from a long quiet sleep. The murmuring of the little creek, the thin screen of leaves that partially shaded his face brought to his semi-conscious mind the remembrances of cool, comfortable places that had been forgotten long ago in this dry hot cattle land. He moved his shoulders slightly to put his face in the shade of a greater number of leaves and in changing the position of his arms found the gun still tightly clasped in his hand. He stared at it, wondering, for a moment before he completely realized where he was. Then the stream ceased to murmur soothing and encouraging things, the shade of the willow leaves seemed suddenly inadequate to protect him from the burning sun. The events of the past forty eight hours had all been a conspiracy against him, a conspiracy in which unclean animals and birds had taken a part.

He struggled as if to gain a sitting position, but sank back for his legs would not respond. He looked up and saw a sleek, slim head peering over the bank fifteen feet above him, and past that those same black spots in the sky, larger and more numerous now. He heard the crows protesting their long wait in the bushes about him. Martin raised the gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

The coyotes trotted away, looking back, sat quietly on their haunches for a moment, then slowly returned. The specks in the sky swooped down to earth to reap their reward—waiting, watching.

Horses have been used frequently to extricate gas-driven machines, but using a gas-driven machine to extricate a horse is a new one that happened at Cottage Grove for the first time last week. A team, being used on construction work on Silk creek, was being backed up to the edge of a bank to be hitched to a plow, when one of the animals lost his foothold and pitched over the bank, taking his mate with him. The first horse suffered a broken neck, and the second was so entangled that it was necessary to use a tractor to extricate him and get him out of the ditch.

SILVER has sunk so low in price, the ratio in relation to gold being now about 60 to 1, that many persons think something should be done about it. Four senators are out to discover what this something may be. They are the members of the senate foreign relations subcommittee on commercial relations with China. The chairman, Key Pittman of Nevada, has just started for China, and will be joined there by Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, who is on his way to the Philippines. Claude Swanson of Virginia and Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota will soon sail for Europe.

Pittman and Vandenberg will investigate the possibility of a loan of some of the treasury's surplus silver bullion to the Nationalist government of China for exchange. Swanson and Shipstead will consult with political and economic leaders of Europe concerning a possible international conference of demobilizing silver coins and disposing of them as bullion. Both these ideas were presented to the President in two resolutions by the senate, but Mr. Hoover made no response.

Each One Half (E½) of the East One Half (E¼) of Section 34 Township 2 North, Range 17 East of the Willamette Meridian. Now therefore, by virtue of said execution, and with compliance and demands of said writ, and for the purpose of satisfying the judgment aforesaid, and accruing costs, I will on Saturday the 11th day of July, 1931 at the hour of 10:00 in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon sell at public auction subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate in or to the said real property, which said defendants or either of them had on the 23rd day of August, 1930, being the date on which said property was attached, or since had in or to the above mentioned and described real property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, with interest, costs and all accruing costs.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1931. HUGH CHRISMAN Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon.

ROUND-TRIP RAIL FARES

CUT TO ABOUT PER MILE

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Ask local agent for details. UNION PACIFIC

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, to me directed, and dated the 26th day of May, 1931, in an action pending wherein Milkewa Feed Mills, Inc., a Corporation is plaintiff and John F. Hood and Anna S. Hood are defendants, in which action a judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants John F. Hood and Anna S. Hood for the sum of \$200.00 in U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon in like Gold Coin at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 30th day of June, 1930, and the further sum of \$50.00 Attorney's fees; and for the sum of \$580.54 with interest from August 13th, 1930 at 6% per annum and the sum of \$24.10 costs and disbursements, less the sum of \$230.84 received thereon; and which said execution commands me to make sale of all and singular the following described real property situated in Sherman County, Oregon, to-wit:

Each One Half (E½) of the East One Half (E¼) of Section 34 Township 2 North, Range 17 East of the Willamette Meridian.

Now therefore, by virtue of said execution, and with compliance and demands of said writ, and for the purpose of satisfying the judgment aforesaid, and accruing costs, I will on Saturday the 11th day of July, 1931 at the hour of 10:00 in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon sell at public auction subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate in or to the said real property, which said defendants or either of them had on the 23rd day of August, 1930, being the date on which said property was attached, or since had in or to the above mentioned and described real property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, with interest, costs and all accruing costs.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1931. HUGH CHRISMAN Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon.

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