

LIGHT SALMON RUN ATTRACTS ROOMEN

More Sportsmen Than Fish Caught Is Report of Local Fishermen

A few salmon are running at Oregon City although the run is by no means at its height according to local fishermen who were visiting the locality Sunday. A number of fish were taken during the day although there were a great many more sportsmen on the river than there were fish caught. The difficulty seems to be that the fish have simply not reached the locality in sufficient numbers to make the sport profitable.

The few that are running seem to be fairly large fish and in good condition but the main run is not expected till next week at the earliest and according to a number of the Oregon City fishermen the run will in all probability be a great deal later due to the condition of the river which is considerably lower this year than last.

What few fish that were taken seem to be about equally divided between the boats that lay at anchor in the swift water and work with a wabber and the more ambitious trollers who work the river lower down.

Brass wabblers of fairly large size seem to be the most popular lure for the swift water fishermen while spoons and spinners of either copper or brass are the choice of the trollers.

GREAT AUTO CONTEST TO END ON SATURDAY

even one minute after midnight under any circumstances.

2. No money will be accepted under any circumstances, unless accompanied by subscriptions to The Statesman of such length as conforms to the rules of the contest.

3. Be sure that you have all your votes in the ballot box by midnight, Saturday night.

4. The last count made by the contest editor was last night and the result published this morning. The ballot box is locked and sealed. The judges will break the seal as soon after midnight as possible and proceed to count all the votes found in the ballot box, and add the result of their count to the total vote list as published in The Statesman on Tuesday. The result of each count will be the basis on which they will award the prizes.

5. If there is any error in your mind in the count as appears in the paper, you must notify the contest editor of such error, not later than Friday noon, April 9. Failure to so notify the contest editor will be considered absolute acknowledgment that the count made by the contest editor is correct.

6. Everything to count on this contest must be in the mail or Statesman office promptly at the stroke of midnight on the evening of April 10, 1926.

7. Do not ask any inside information in regard to the standing of any contestant, for none will be given under any circumstances. No one knows anything about the standing of any contestant but the contestant themselves. All will receive the same fair and impartial treatment that has been a feature of this contest. All prizes will be awarded strictly on the rules of the contest.

8. The last day of the contest every candidate must have his or her subscriptions written out in his or her receipt book. The contest department will be snowed under with work for the last day, consequently will not have time to help do the contestant's work. All subscriptions not properly filled out will be rejected, so if you haven't enough be sure to get some. Only have them properly listed when you come to turn them in.

9. However, you must at midnight have your subscriptions all ready for there will be a big rush. When you are being checked up for the last time, be sure not to misplace any subscriptions or forget them, for you cannot come back again after once being checked up, after the final check a midnight. Of course, you should get all possible subscriptions in as early in the day as you can so as to avoid a long wait. This ruling only bears on those subscriptions that you secure the last few hours of the contest. Everyone will be working right up to the very last closing hour, for so close is the race that this is the only way that winners can be decided.

10. Medford—Offices and personnel of the California & Oregon Power company recently merged with E. M. Bylesby company, will remain here and power service will be expanded.

Pays Death Penalty



Gerald Chapman, one of America's most remarkable criminals paid the death penalty for his crimes on the gallows of Weathersfield prison at midnight, after exhausting every conceivable effort in which he hoped for clemency. This picture was taken in Weathersfield prison where Chapman died.

SUPER-BANDIT PAYS PENALTY FOR CRIME

(Continued from page 1)

cond jerk carried Chapman straight upward several feet.

After a very brief interval the body was lowered so that the feet were a few inches from the floor. The prison physician and medical examiner rose from their seats and opening the coat and shirt of the dead man applied their stethoscopes. When Chapman had been pronounced dead the chamber door opened again.

Months of unceasing effort for clemency or for the privilege of a new trial with hope of escaping the noose, ended today when the state board of pardons flatly refused to interfere, despite a dramatic plea from the prisoner and his counsel.

Chapman's fight for life has embodied every recourse known to jurisprudence, from the police court to the United States supreme court bench.

With the spectre of death reaching out for him he, seemingly, sounded his own death knell this afternoon when, to the board of pardons he was asking for clemency. He exclaimed: "I have acquired a sense of futility of the whole proceedings."

The board unanimously, as the law requires, declined to commute the man's sentence to life imprisonment. It listened for 32 minutes to Chapman's appeal, which was dramatic. His low, but penetrating voice broken at times by a cough, sounded throughout the room which otherwise was so still that the murmur of the gentle spring breeze outside was audible.

As the supplicant for mercy stood and made his plea he showed no signs of nervousness or worry. It was as if a teacher was lecturing a class of boys.

For the first time in nearly two years, on the eve of his execution he was able to exchange opinions with his enemy, States Attorney Hugh M. Alcorn.

With rapier-like thrusts of sarcasm, which were sometimes subtle and passed almost unnoticed, he impaled the state's attorney so effectively that his assistant, R. L. Gideon once jumped to his feet.

"If your excellency please," he said, "if Mr. Alcorn will not object I must do so. This is no place to exchange personalities."

"Objection sustained," snapped Governor John M. Trumbull, who presided.

Chapman continued in his even voice:

"I did not come prepared this morning to say anything that Mr. Groehl has not already told you. It was only at Judge Groehl's request that I came before you, because, - - - he drew, looking straight at the chief executive, "I have acquired a sense of futility of the whole proceedings."

"If you have ever been confronted by a lie, so monstrous that you have not the sensibility to protest, you know that it has the effect often of stupefying."

"I know nothing of the legal aspect; I can only express the human side. I thought that I would go over what has transpired since the day of my arrest at Muncie; I also might reiterate some of the marvelous side-stepping of the supreme court—but I don't have to use any of those hypocritical phrases in speaking of the court."

"Some of Mr. Alcorn's statements cannot be overlooked," Chapman said. "I have been asked why I did not protest my innocence before. Well, I don't think my voice was probably loud enough under solitary confinement to be heard any great distance."

"When I was brought to Atlanta I was immediately put into solitary confinement. I was allowed no newspapers, no mail, absolutely no communication whatsoever. I was put on bread and water for five days, but my health became so endangered that I was taken to the hospital."

"I was brought back later into solitary confinement, and never a word was spoken to me of Con-

necticut. One of the officers did speak, jestingly, asking me whether I would rather go to Connecticut than stay at Atlanta. Well, I told them that it was perfectly all right to go to Connecticut, provided that I received a commutation from Atlanta first. I had nothing to fear in Connecticut.

"There has been too many other accusations before, that I had killed policemen, and none of the others amounted to anything. I put this in the same category as the others.

"They had a prison sense of humor. I don't think you know what that is. It's inconceivable that you should. I was rushed to Connecticut. I was given no word of it. I was told to make ready, and 15 minutes later was on my way to Connecticut.

"You appreciate the reason that I have not dwelled on my innocence. My voice cannot be heard outside the cell. I received no papers and mail here, except from Judge Groehl.

"Why, if I was half the actor Mr. Alcorn is, I might address you with abuse and reference to past performances. Mr. Alcorn has his prophesies of the future. Well, I suppose he considers them correct. They may be legal, but humanly they're pretty light."

"During the trial, one of the business men in the court room was that fellow back there," Chapman turned to point at John J. Kelleher, now federal prohibition agent, but at that time attached to Alcorn's office. "He sat one day with one witness and the next day with another. He sat with the lady from Steubenville, and talked to her first. Shean (Walter E. Shean) then got between the two and both talked to her, while she kept gazing and gazing and taking it all in. That was kept up, first on one witness, and then on another."

"This fellow," he said, pointing at Kelleher, "is employed by some one. It is strange that a man can walk upright and speak splendidly of things governmental and patriotic, yet be working—well, there is no such a thing as conscienceless existence—so, anything to gain ends."

"I don't think that Mr. Alcorn thought me guilty when he first heard of the murder. But when the Lincoln car was discovered as belonging to me, here was an opportunity."

"Well, here is something you might call an opportunity distorted, or something distorted into an opportunity to advance one's self. Well, I don't need to go into details."

"There was a clamor. Here's a notorious character that deserves to be killed, anyhow. The most contemptible thing I know of is this case of chance being pinned on to me. The charge left me speechless."

The board of pardons room was

absolutely silent. Chapman then paused for a moment.

"I realize I'm not speaking orderly because my mind is not in an orderly state; you can probably understand why it is not," he said, glancing at the huge clock on the side of the wall which ticked off the minutes of his third and last reprieve.

"I heard of the confession of guilt of another in the Muncie crime. If ever there was a confession which lay bare a man's mind, that was it. That should settle the Muncie murder. The warden will tell you how well I was able to communicate with the outside. I was in this cell here," indicating the direction of the death cell by jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "I was kept so close that I was not even bothered by mosquitoes."

A ghost of a grin softened his face for a moment.

"Here I am charged with moral guilt for that crime by Mr. Alcorn. I have never done anything in my life I'd be so ashamed of as that. Yet I suppose that's legal."

"All the argument against me has been built up on passion and prejudice, and as such is unanswerable. I cannot grasp anything which is non-existent. I cannot grasp the phantoms of Mr. Alcorn's rich imagination. I am not constructed so that I would argue passion for passion."

"There are things that are even too rotten for me."

Here the assistant state's attorney interposed an objection "against this abuse." It was sustained by the governor.

"I have been called a murderer and other similar things so many times that perhaps it doesn't matter. I appeared here because I thought that you might perhaps go down deeper into the issues and leave aside all passion and prejudice. My only purpose, my only hope was that I might achieve justice. I think that is all I have to say."

And the slender little outlaw slouched back into his seat, assumed the characteristic pose so familiar to those who attended his trial—a kind of slouching forward and resting his chin in his palm, two fingers spread over his chest.

Governor Trumbull promptly adjourned the board of pardons meeting.

Chapman spoke for 32 minutes. He was soon led back to the death house, never to return.

Gerald Chapman led a varied criminal life for nineteen years, starting when he was a mere youth of sixteen. He became known to the police of the nation as a "super bandit."

His earlier crimes, however, were mostly petty larcenies and it was not until 1921 when he engineered the daring "million dollar" mail robbery in the heart of New York City, that he staged his biggest "job." His arrest followed a few months later and then came two sensational escapes from the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, where he had been sentenced for twenty-five years.

After his final escape, he eluded a nation-wide hunt until 1924 when he was captured after shooting and killing a New Britain, Conn., policeman.

Possessed of an intelligence higher than that of the criminal of his type, and fairly well read, he aided his counsel in carrying his appeal from conviction through the high courts.

He was born George Chartres, the son of Irish parents who died when he was a boy. Under that name in 1907, he was first convicted of petty larceny and was sent to Elmira reformatory. From that time he spent more than one-third of his life behind prison walls.

Released from Elmira in 1908, he was sentenced the following year to Auburn prison for two years for theft. In 1902 he went to Sing Sing prison to serve ten years for grand larceny, but obtained a parole in 1919. He left prison with George ("Dutch") Anderson, of Rochester, N. Y., who became his partner in crime.

After illicit liquor ventures in the west, the two, together with Charles Loerber, held up a New York post office truck laden with a rich shipment of registered mail while it was enroute from a downtown substation to the general post office uptown. It was one of his boldest, as well as one of the richest mail robberies

in the annals of the post office. The loot totaled \$1,541,129 in cash and securities.

Chapman and Anderson were arrested on July 3, 1922, in Chapman's studio-apartment in fashionable Gramercy Park, in New York. On the testimony of Loerber, who was arrested, and turned state's evidence, the two were sentenced to 25 years each in Atlanta.

During the trial Chapman made one break for liberty, but was captured on a narrow ledge of a building high above Broadway. He made two different escapes from Atlanta, and it was while at liberty after the latter jail break that he was charged with having killed Patrolman James Skelly, during a store robbery in New Britain.

His first escape from Atlanta was on March 27, 1923, when he and Frank Gray, a forger, eluded the guards. Two days later they were surrounded about fifty miles away. In the gun battle which followed Chapman was shot three times. He was taken to St. Mary's hospital at Athens, Ga., but escaped within a month.

He was reported in various parts of the country at different times but nothing definite became known until October 10, 1924, when the New Britain policeman was killed. The policeman had surprised two safe blowers at work. One of them, who proved to be Chapman, shot his way to liberty, killing Skelly, and the other Walter E. Shean, son of Springfield, Mass., hotel man, was captured. Shean confessed that Chapman was his accomplice.

Chapman was arrested in Muncie, Ind., and returned to Atlanta. The state of Connecticut, however, extradited him to stand trial for Skelly's murder. He was sentenced to die on June 25, 1925. His attorneys obtained a stay of execution until December 3, when they appealed the case, but the Connecticut supreme court affirmed the death sentence. The point was then raised that Chapman was a federal prisoner and could not be executed until his term for mail robbery was completed.

Meanwhile, late in 1925, Chapman's pal, Anderson, had killed Ben Hance and his wife, on whose farm near Muncie, Chapman and Anderson once lived, presumably because they testified against Chapman in his murder trial. Anderson himself was killed a few weeks later by a Muskegon, Mich., policeman.

President Coolidge commuted

Chapman's twenty-five year sentence in an executive order, dated November 23, 1925, but three days later Chapman in his cell in Weathersfield prison refused to accept the order.

So that Chapman might have time to carry the commutation order into the courts, Governor Trumbull reprieved him on November 27, postponing the execution until March 3.

Chapman's next move was to seek a writ of habeas corpus which would have transferred him back into federal custody. That was denied on December 14, 1925, by Federal Judge Thomas of Hartford. The United States circuit court at New York upheld his ruling on February 15, 1926. Attorneys for Chapman then petitioned the United States supreme court for a writ of certiorari and Governor Trumbull on February 25 granted Chapman his third reprieve to expire at 12:01 midnight, April 6.

When the United States supreme court refused to intervene, Chapman's attorneys next tried to get a writ of habeas corpus from the United States district court at New Haven on March 29 which would have removed Chapman from the custody of the state of Connecticut and prevent him from being hanged by placing his federal sentence in operation. Judge Thomas ruled his attorneys had shown "nothing new." Attorneys claimed they could not get a fair trial in the state.

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Harrington Can Vault But He Likes Writing Better

SOUTH BEND, Ind.—Looming overnight as the outstanding competitor of Charles Hoff, Norse star, for a world pole vault record, has not swayed Paul J. Harrington, Notre Dame track captain, from his earlier desire to make his mark in literature and engineering. Harrington, Indianapolis youth and a senior in chemical engineering at Notre Dame, cleared the bar at 13 feet, 1 3/4 inches, setting a world intercollegiate record. At once the cynosure of American hopes for turning back the Norwegian star, Harrington found himself deluged with invitations to compete with Hoff. He turned all the invitations over to the Notre Dame athletic department. Harrington regards as his literary masterpiece a one act play, "Light," recently published in a national poetry magazine. He also is the author of several articles and novelettes.

As an engineering student he founded and has built up 1,000 circulation The Catalyst, a monthly magazine for Notre Dame chemical students and alumni. He is its editor.

AT THE THEATRES

OREGON—Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton in "The Splendid Crime," by William De Mille. HELLIG—George O'Brien in "Havoc." HUGH—Charlie Chaplin in "Pay Day."

Dance Condemnation Is Secret of Success—Lee

NEW YORK.—Sammy Lee, who was called from Broadway to put fazz into the Metropolitan Opera ballet when it was decided to present Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," has given much thought to the mystery of why certain dances become hits.

His conclusion is that generous helpings of condemnation, which may be expected from all sections of the country, provide definite assurance of popularity for a new dance.

Primeville—Out of 145 Ochoco national forest fires last year, only 11 were man caused.

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