

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Fear Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Broadcasting an Economic Conference

AN example of the fine service which the state owned radio station KOAC is rendering to the public is the broadcast of the Pacific Coast Economic conference which will be held at the state college December 29 and 30th. Some of the greatest authorities in the field of economics on this coast will be in attendance and the addresses will be put on the air so the public may hear what they have to say. Naturally Old Man Depression will come in for quite a diagnosis, and addresses on phases of this topic will be delivered by Dudley F. Pegrum of the University of California at Los Angeles, and by Norman J. Silberling, an economist of Oakland. Other topics include a paper on "Service at cost through public ownership" by Calvin Crumbaker of the University of Oregon; one on "Protectionism" by T. H. Boggs of Stanford University; another on "Socialistic trends of modern capitalism" by S. J. Koon of the University of Washington. The hours on which these various addresses or papers will be given will be published in the radio program for KOAC on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings.

KOAC is the only strictly educational, publicly owned station with full time in this part of the country. It is performing a most meritorious work. In the field of farm extension for example it is reaching more farmers than ever the "farmers' institutes" did. It is employing a modern agency of education which reaches primarily the adults, enabling them to do their jobs better, whether farming, homemaking, or business.

There is plenty of pressure from private interests to acquire part of the time of KOAC, and the board of higher education has gone to great length to finance the station for its twelve hours of daily operation to meet the requirement of the radio commission. This policy deserves the support of the public. The station should be saved in the public service, should not be debauched by advertising or commercialization, and should be adequately maintained for just the service that it is doing for the people of Oregon. As funds are available that service should be extended by making a connection at Eugene for broadcasting from the state university, making it a great, all-Oregon station, wholly devoted to the public interest.

## Treatment, Not a Practice Clinic

THE house and senate committees of congress are resuming their habit of investigation. In fact the congress is becoming more of a body for investigation than for legislation. The topics now being investigated include the causes of depression, the delinquencies of banks and bankers, war debts, home debts, farm relief, closed banks,—all and sundry of the items that have given pain in the present disordered condition of affairs.

Sometimes as we read of these lengthy investigations we wonder if congress is not more disposed to engage in a practice clinic than to prescribe a course of treatment for the sick patient. It is as though a man mangled in an auto wreck were brought to the hospital and the staff surgeons devoted two or three days to decide just how it was his car went into the ditch, instead of to emergency measures to save his life.

The congress has shown some speed in advancing the relief measures which President Hoover has proposed, and it is too early to expect it to formulate any definite program of its own. Yet we watch with interest to see if its energies will be absorbed in detective work or whether it will proceed to administer the necessary stimulants and perhaps resort to some quick surgery to keep the patient from dying while the doctors debate what and who struck him.

Quite a fuss has been raised over a cadaver whose owners claim it is the mummy of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin. It isn't because Booth was killed by federal soldiers shortly after he shot Lincoln and his body was fully identified. But the sucker crop has to be satisfied; so we have extra mummies of Booth and various princess Anastasias, daughters of the last czar.

Salem may get some bids on the proposed offer of \$20,000 water bonds but there is no prospect of selling any large block of her bonds at this time. Chicago had a call for bids and got no offers. The city of New York whose credit has always ranked very high, had to pay 5 1/2% interest on an issue of short term notes running less than a year.

A hypocrite is a man who carries a Ballyhoo home inside a Ladies Home Journal.—Covallis Gazette-Times.  
The above shows what a backnumber Editor Infallis is. A hypocrite nowadays is a man who carries a Ladies Home Journal home inside a Ballyhoo.

Bert E. Haney is becoming a candidate for the U. S. senate and is using the Joseph platform as his springboard. It will be good oratorical thunder; for he can point out how successful the platform has been in giving free power and in increasing the state's population.

Three cheers for Tusko. His Christmas day antics relieved the mind of many a copy-desk man over the holiday, because he supplied "page one, head A" stuff on what had promised to be a blank news day.

Japan justifies her drives toward Chinchow on the ground that Chinese soldiers and bandits all look alike. Perhaps Japan can explain how her action in seizing Manchuria is not militarized banditry.

President Hoover has named our delegates to the Geneva disarmament conference. In the present temper of Europe it would be well for them, to strap on their shooting irons before they sail.

Newspapers hope for an early moratorium on charity appeals. Not that they are unwilling to help; but because they believe the job is pretty well rounded up for a spell.

The south sun-baked in 1930, is now flood-drenched. Yet the people cling to their homes through flood and drought.

We must thank Mr. Weatherman for giving us a perfect day for Christmas if winds and rains did lash us again on Saturday.

Christmas-sheer raiionage suffered from the depression too. It had more moon and less shine than usual.

Now the Basle committee says the world is about busted. Hardly; it's just the economic headache that is described as "splitting".

"Soviets Plan Large Scale Fish Canning" says a C-J headline. The American trade prefers to eat fish with the scales off.

Some folks are thankful they didn't get killed by an auto in 1931; others appear sorry for the same reason.

Winter golf must be water polo these days.

## Lay Sermon

ABOVE THE HORIZON OF HISTORY

"And Zechariah the son of Berechiah was of the tribe of Levi." I Chron. X: 21.

For centuries and centuries this Zechariah has defied oblivion. His name got embedded in the Chronicle and so it has been preserved. A mere porter at the tent flap, one of 212 who held similar jobs, Zechariah has had the distinction of having his name intoned in Hebrew temples and synagogues and in Christian churches for long centuries. An empty name, and a minor title; yet he has resisted the erosion of time and change. Regardless of the fate of those names that were graven on stone or written on parchments which failed to survive the fire, the water and frost, Zechariah lives in a vacant immortality.

He is not alone among those whose names still linger above the horizon of history. Many others, porters and princes, linger on: mere names with no meaning to men and women of today. Pass along the corridors in the Hall of Fame, or make the rounds of Statuary hall, and you find niches filled with the busts of forgotten heroes. The ashes of many, labeled with names without significance to the present, repose in Westminster Abbey. Travel around Washington city and you see the bronze generals astride horses frozen in the charge; but it requires reference to a guide book to learn why their fame once was given such a measure.

Names chiseled in Egyptian stones, impressed in the fluid wax of Assyrian tablet, written in the parchment scroll of the Hebrews, printed in books in modern printshops—names, names, thousands of them, preserved like that of Zechariah, though one can think of no reason why their names are thus embalmed in history. A porter at the door of the tabernacle, we may suppose Zechariah did his work well, that he admitted none who might profane the holy presence. But what he for that deserves this honor is not mentioned more than the foreman of the work on the building of the temple, or the engineer who designed the hanging gardens of Babylon, or countless others who lived, did their tasks well, and sank into the anonymity of death?

Zechariah, Bethlehemite, they have littered up the books for young and old to stumble over. Their names might as well have perished with them. For as time stretches on and on the names to be preserved and remembered need to be not merely those which chance to be set down in a fragment of a chronicle or on a tablet of stone; but those who have made great and permanent contribution in determining the channel in which history should flow. Immortality belongs to the immortals, not to the chance porters at the entrance to the tabernacle.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

December 27, 1906

The prediction is made that within a few years the walnut market will attract as much attention from Willamette valley farmers as the hop market does at present.

The school district tax meeting which will be held on December 29, will give the women of the district the only opportunity allowed them under the statutes of having equal suffrage with men.

LAKE LABISH—Two young women, formerly a nurse and bookkeeper of Portland, have created a sensation here by donning masculine attire and performing manual labor.

December 27, 1921  
Robert Dorn, 27, sustained severe but not serious injuries yesterday afternoon when his sled struck a car on the Lincoln street hill. This is the second Christmas season in many years that Salem has had snow.

WASHINGTON—The arms conference news committee faces a perplexing situation in its efforts to agree on limitation of submarines.

SANTIAGO, Chile—The Chilean and Peruvian governments have agreed to designate plenipotentiaries to meet at Washington, D. C., to attempt settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

TRIBUTE TO JUDGE STEPHEN CHADWICK

Judge Stephen Chadwick who recently passed away in Seattle, was very dear to his bonded friends he grew up with, always a cheerful word and pleasant smile, and very fond of a keen story, or a jest.

A friend visiting in his home not long ago noticed him reading his Bible after breakfast and said to him, "Why Steve I did not know you were so religious?" And he replied:

"Oh, I'm not so religious, but Proverbs beats Shakespeare to quote to a jury."

Would there were more like Steve—a pleasant memory.

MRS. S. C. DYER.

ATTEND CHRISTMAS PARTY LIBERTY, Dec. 26—Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Judd, Harlan Judd and Mrs. Frank Judd, after the family holiday festivities, attended a Christmas party at Moonmouth at the home of Mrs. F. G. Judd's sister, Mrs. Doris Tuttle.

## HERE'S HOW By EDSON



"NO, YOU CANT SPOIL MY GARDEN. DIG OVER THERE." DAD JOINER, OIL PROSPECTOR, DID AS MRS. DAISY BRADFORD SAID, MOVING JUST FAR ENOUGH TO HIT THE EDGE OF A BIG TEXAS OIL FIELD

Tuesday—Cops Who Beg for Their Pay

## Greta Garbo Is Real Actress; Loses Herself In Current Role

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Early in the week I saw and heard the Garbo—Greta—the much discussed—at the Elsinore, Salem's theatre beautiful. And I was disappointed—happily, I have come in these days to be skeptical of the news from movie dom. The bright young men and women who write this news are not, I have found, entirely to be relied upon in what is set forth as their judgment of the new stars.

"Great" has not always meant great. In some instances it has meant mediocre, in others not so much as that.

"The great Garbo." We have heard and read this frequently of late. But is Garbo really great? Human curiosity sufficiently stimulated results in crushes at the box office. Which, of course, is the end that the publicity scribblers are striving for. And there is nothing to do but join with the crushers; it is the only means of relief. And sometimes we are gladdened and sometimes we are saddened.

The picture brought to Salem in this instance was the somewhat somber "Susan Lenox," a fair test of an actress's power.

Opinions, I presume, are at variance in Salem as elsewhere. Personally, I consider this Swedish girl rather wonderful. Within ten minutes from the beginning of the drama I had ceased to see Garbo, who, simply as Garbo, is not remarkably interesting, and was looking at "Susan Lenox" and listening to her broken English. I was aware of no effort, no strain, on the part of the actress to produce this effect. She has no "tricks" that will within my ability to discover. The character submerges her completely. It is more a natural power, a gift, perhaps, than an acquired one. But, natural or acquired, it is art.

Small wonder that she is a puzzle to Hollywood. I should not be greatly surprised to learn that she is a puzzle to herself.

I am informed, correctively, that "Gretta" (the pronunciation I have given it) should be "Gretta." O. K. "Gretta" it is. However, I am further informed—and the authority seems excellent—that the Swedish girl, which ten minutes from the beginning of the drama I had ceased to see Garbo, who, simply as Garbo, is not remarkably interesting, and was looking at "Susan Lenox" and listening to her broken English. I was aware of no effort, no strain, on the part of the actress to produce this effect. She has no "tricks" that will within my ability to discover. The character submerges her completely. It is more a natural power, a gift, perhaps, than an acquired one. But, natural or acquired, it is art.

Rather likable, I think, are the folks who say slapping, when the merit of an actor or a play or a book or anything comes up for discussion. "Aw, you're all wet" or "Maybe you're right, young fellow, but I can't see it that way." As a rule, I have found such folks to be more agreeable than those who "beg to differ." I once saw a gentleman receive a lovely black eye, and he received it in less than five minutes after entering into controversy with a gentleman who opened his side of the case by politely saying "I beg to differ."

Tea may be so sloppily weak that it loses its noble character, or it may be so strong that it misses its benign purpose, and it is not alone tea of which this may be said.

I wonder if anybody around these diggin's read Mr. Dickens' "Christmas Carol" during the recent few days or will read it during the holiday week to come? Such reading was an essential feature of the Christmas season in the homes of long ago. But the movies have come, and it isn't fair, perhaps, to censure the youngsters—nor the oldest either, for that matter, if the old story no longer ranks as good entertainment.

And a Happy New Year to you!

How did you enjoy Christmas? was the question asked by Statesman reporters Saturday.

Margaret Stevenson, First M. E. church: "I had a fine time with roasting and a little vacation."

Mr. J. E. Otjen, home-maker: "Oh, just fine."

Hayes Beall, Willamette student: "I had a good time; dinner

## "The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

Young and handsome Ted Radcliffe arrives at Verdi, a Mexican border town, as the search for "El Coyote," the notorious masked bandit, is at its height. "El Coyote" avenges the outrages perpetrated by the wealthy and powerful Peco Morales against the peons. Ted learns from Bob Markness, his late father's friend, that Morales was responsible for Radcliffe Senior's failure, but Bob urges him not to make an enemy of Morales as he has other plans. Ted is attracted to Morales' beautiful niece, Adela. "El Coyote" sends his lieutenant to urge the rancheros to join him in overthrowing Morales. Jito, Morales' ward, warns him he will lose power unless "El Coyote" is killed. At Morales' fiesta, Ted draws his host into conversation about his father.



CHAPTER XV

Ted lit a cigarette. "What do you think was the cause of my father's failure?"

"It was simply that he had borrowed and expended too much at the wrong time, señor. If it had not been for those disastrous days when money was impossible to get, and when every security was topping, your father might have doubled his millions. But things went badly. Your father had been indiscreet."

"Did my father ask you for help before the end came?"

"He asked me to keep the Mexican government from cancelling its concessions. I could not do that for him. My myself was fighting against failure."

"Señor Morales, if you will pardon a blunt question in your own house, did it help you in your own difficulties to have my father fail?"

Morales looked at Radcliffe. He may have been deciding on an answer, but the deeply lined face betrayed nothing. "As a matter of truth, it would not. Had it come earlier—perhaps, yes. But let me say this, it is something I hope you will believe. I would not have had your father fail for my own benefit. He was, in a sense, my friend."

Ted thought of Don Bob's words and was silent. His steady gaze held the black eyes of Morales for a moment, and it may have been that the Spaniard's quivered for an instant.

"All this—it will profoundly change your future, Señor Radcliffe. Might one ask your plans?"

"I have no plans as yet, don. Don Bob has offered that I work with him. I'm going to try it. If I find people who have nothing else to think of. For you the sun is shining and outside there is someone waiting to fall in love with you."

He stood watching her. Watching the changing colors of her long oval face, the shadows that came and went before her eyes, and the piled-up glory of her hair. And as he watched, Ted wondered if for her, too, life was waiting outside and somewhere a lover and the old eternal passion of love's madness.

"I have a theory," he answered gravely, "that all those girlish heads, knew a great deal more about what was waiting for them outside than you suspected. And if you had been there at the closing hour, you would have seen them dusting powder on their noses, and not wasting time on any theories. But I'd like—"

Ted stopped. A tall, powerful figure stood outlined against the patio entrance. A Mexican cowboy in all the gorgeous attire of fiesta. Silver conchas gleamed against the milky-white leather chaps. A silk shirt of deep blue and above that a blue handkerchief knotted. A tremendous man. He might have been twenty-five or a little more. Thick, coarse black hair lay about his temples. A long scar seared his forehead.

"Adela mia," he began in Spanish. Then, catching sight of Ted, he

added quickly: "Dispense, Señorita, your uncle asks if you care to come and see the races. I tell him if you will not come I myself will carry you. For must you not be there to say, 'Españolito, Jito' when I win?"

His white teeth showed beneath the smile, and his black eyes searched her face. Rather obviously he was much in love with life and with himself, this great, powerful Mexican Adela nodded up at him.

"All my life I spend admiring you, Jito. What will you do when I fall in love with someone else and go away?"

Confidently the man smiled down at her. "Why, that is so easy! I shall break him in two—so. And his great hands closed together in a twisting gesture.

The girl laughed outright. "Sweet and simple solution." She turned toward Radcliffe. "This wildcat of the desert is Jito, my uncle's ward, and, according to his own admission, he is a very devil of a fellow. Jito, you have heard of Mr. Radcliffe, who comes all the way from the Atlantic coast to show you you're not the only giant in the world."

The Mexican stretched forth a great hand, and, to his surprise, Ted found, as they stood face to face, that he had to look up into the other's eyes. Jito's own eyes traced the outline of the American's form.

"Si, I have heard of the Señor Radcliffe. Already my men tell me of you, and I remember once reading about you—how in three minutes, or four, maybe, you throw the best wrestlers of the colleges. I, too, can wrestle." He laughed and nodded, filled with energy and delight in living. "Yes, you are a powerful man, Señor Radcliffe. It would be good to lock us both in a room to see who should come out, eh?" Again he laughed in high delight at the thought.

"It would be decidedly bad for the room—an altogether untidy idea," the girl answered. "So run along, big one, and tell my uncle we are coming to see some unknown peon beat you in the race."

"Not while I live, littlest," he answered, and, leaning down, he snatched a rose from her waist. "I take this to win," he called back, and was gone.

(To Be Continued)

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem theatre history: It is a far cry from Bosco the wild of pioneer days to the attractions now offered Salem at the Elsinore and Capitol theatres.

The writer proposes to sketch an outline of Salem theatre history in the next, and perhaps a succeeding issue. But there is interesting history connected with the Warner brothers themselves. There were four of them, Major Albert Warner, and Harry, Jack and Sam. The three first named are the Warner Bros. now. Sam died several years ago. Their father, Benjamin Warner, was with them at first, and they still go to him for advice. His home is at Los Angeles.

The Warners started at Chicago as independent distributors of moving picture films. Producing and selling were separate enterprises then. They secured state and other rights and prospered exceedingly—for the period, around 1905 to 1910. They also started a couple of theatres.

Then they went to Hollywood and became producers, and were highly successful. About 1920, Wall street money went into pictures and Hollywood and elsewhere; was poured in like water. The Warners were almost put out of the running by this fierce competition. They weathered the storm, however, but in 1927, just before the talkies came into the limelight, they again had very hard sledding. They almost went broke.

But they had the nerve, and the vision, then, almost as a desperate last chance, to get into the talkies, and to push what was then called "sound pictures" with some good friends of mine, and all."

Mrs. William Rush, home-maker: "It was a wonderful Christmas."

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