

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHIELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
 SHIELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

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Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
 Arthur W. Styrac, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
 Ford-Pearson-Stecher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;
 Chicago, 366 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, February 2, 1862, under Postoffice No. 355. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 40 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.10; 6 Mo. \$2.20; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 40 cents per Mo., or \$4.00 for 1 year in advance.
 By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Lay Sermon

YOUTH AND CRIME

"Fists don't let them hang me. Oh mister, please don't let them hang me. I don't want to die. I don't want to hang. Please—oh, Jesus, save me."

Those were the words of a youth as he stopped to the gallows. He claimed to be only 17; the authorities said he was 20. Regardless of the numericals the words sound like the cry of a lost soul. A preacher portraying the terrors of the damned would find this a most appropriate quotation. Foes of capital punishment will write in pain as they read this dying plea of a youth who cringed as the black cap dropped over his head. Even the most calloused is touched by the spectacle of the execution of a mere lad.

Baffling indeed is the study of the germ of crime. How does crime breed? Why does it breed? For centuries the world has been taught the lesson that the wages of sin is death; but each new generation ignores the lesson. So there is the repetition of arrest and trial and punishment. The processes of control of crime seem to make no headway. Each year per capita population grows, our statistics of crime show increases. Commissioners make investigations and produce ponderous volumes. Still the criminal class rebels against restraint and defies the laws which society has devised for its own security.

There are those who put the blame on "society" if a youth goes wrong. They would relieve the individual of moral responsibility. But that hardly seems allowable in these days of general education, when moral lessons are generally taught and when individual opportunities have long been abundant. With all our instruction in the sciences and arts we still fail to build up the essential ingredients of character. Moral stamina is as vital for living now as it was in the days when there were no schools.

There is no substitute for discipline in the home in early years. Moral precepts taught at the mother's knee and impressed with paternal sternness must always be the safeguard for the growing child, that he may develop into self-reliant manhood. School agencies are so busy teaching facts they fail to give adequate moral training. Sunday schools often so busy teaching facts about biblical history that they too fail to inculcate the fine ethical teachings of religion. Character building, character building, that is the challenge of the day; as it is of every day.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MINE
 - IN THE OCEAN!

KANGAROO-TAIL SOAP
 THIS DELICACY MAY NOW BE ORDERED IN A BOX OF BREVETTES

RECEIVES FOUND \$5000 IN ONE RAIP IN PACIFIC OCEAN. REFERRABLE CONCERN!!

CONFESS - FEEL LASSER

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE SCIENTISTS FIND THAT THE OCEAN IS THE RICHEST MINE - CONTAINING 57 OF THE 82 ELEMENTS - ONLY SIX ARE BEING MINED NOW!!

Tuesday: "Three Earthquakes a Day in Hawaiian Islands"

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS
 Young and beautiful Lily Lou Landing aspires to an operatic career, but her moderate circumstances necessitate that she go to business and study music evenings. Wealthy Ken Sargent, whom Lily Lou loves, becomes angry when she insists upon practicing instead of seeing him and discontinues calling. Lily Lou grows listless and even works trying to forget him. She goes to her parents' home in Woodlawn for a rest.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Her mother tried to make her happy. Told her which of the new people were "nice"—which weren't. The possibility of Lily Lou ever being part of the Sargent crowd never occurred to her. They were different. Outsiders. Sometimes she brought home little gossip stories about them. How someone had seen them, all drinking cocktails, out of cocktail glasses, right on the front porch. The girls, too! And somebody saw one of the girls playing tennis with shorts on, and it certainly looked terrible!

Dad told about the crowd coming into the store for cigarettes. Lily Lou felt rather sick. She thought of them, all these friends of Ken, hailing orders at Dad, and Dad, with his horny, slow hands, reaching for the packages they asked for, deliberately ringing up the sale on the antiquated cash register, his lips moving as he counted out the change.

Well, let them laugh! What did she care?

Swimming in the warm waters of the shallow lake was a delight. Lying on the sand, or sunning herself on the gently swaying raft moored out in the lake, was blissful. Lily Lou's father began to disapprove, she gained weight, began to feel alive again. Her magnolia skin took on a deeper, richer hue. Once more singing was a joy. Studying came naturally now. She decided to stay a while longer. She asked to stay a while longer.

She did whatever they asked her. Sang in the church. Sang for the Ladies' guild. Nothing was too old-fashioned, too sentimentally popular. She gave them what they asked for. "The Rosary" with the fervor of a great theme from a grand opera. Remembered the old hymns. Sang whatever they wanted. "My, but Lily Lou has improved a lot," they said.

Dad was so happy to have her home in the evenings. She had always been his favorite. She sat with him on the little front porch in the warm darkness.

Just behind their mother rocked, silently, in her old wicker rocking chair, her long hair flung in their neat black chapeau keeping time as the rockers rocked back and forth, back and forth.

It was so peaceful, so quiet. Lily Lou felt like a little girl again. Soft with love for them. Strong with hope. A little tremulous with wonder. Planning stage entrances, planning costumes for big appearances. . . This was the way to live, strength, to renew faith in oneself. . . To come back home and be able to look back and see how much you'd progressed. . .

They sat on the little porch. Dad with the old dog's head on his knee, mother almost invisible behind the honeysuckle. Lily Lou just a pale light, her white dress luminous.

"Hello . . . is that you, Lily Lou?"

Ken Sargent. He must have walked. No sound of the car. He was right there, standing on the little path at the foot of the steps.

Who You Going to Sue if Bird Breaks Plate Glass Windows?
 By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

THE robins are singing in front street and in High street and in the streets and alleys between, and the pigeons on the walks and in the gutters are cooing, and only man, the intelligently self-sufficient bird, is aware that times are hard.

Blossom day. Another year has faded away like a flower. I cannot, for some reason, quite realize it, so brief has the time seemed since last Blossom day. A year isn't even a flag station on the Eternal Limited—and this sounds like Bill Sunday, if I do say it myself.

"Time's glory is to calm contenting kings (Mr. Shakespeare made some reference to almost everything, didn't he?); to unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light." But one of the fleeting intervals termed years affords, alone, opportunity for little of accomplishment. Nor, in a deed, does the span of mortal life.

And, as Eb Stidgers asked of Crusty Breen when a bird flew against and shattered one of the plate glass windows of the Breen store, "What are you going to do about it? Who are you going to sue for damages this time? I don't reckon that bird's folks has got any property, even if you was able to locate 'em."

The dead town never has too many business enterprises of the same kind. The live town usually has. Some what like a free-for-all at a good track meeting—the purse is ample and the best horse wins.

Every family has its favorite remedy for small ailments. There is, I think, something very like superstition in the faith we repose in our favorite remedies. I am reminded of this by what happened to Tuller Crump, with whom I went to see old "Slim" Sumnerville, (member how gleefully we used to roar at him and Al St. John when they did their cut-up stuff in the silents 15 or 20 years ago?) and Zasu Pitts (she of the wistful countenance) do a real "Best-to-goodness comedy at a Salem playhouse one day last week. Tuller was much pleased with the comedy, but he was compelled to leave after the first 20 minutes of it because every time he laughed he got a "ketch" in his back, and he said he would have to go home and get a few lumps of sugar with turpentine on 'em or he would take down sick. No doubt most of these favorite cures have some virtue, and a firm belief in a remedy goes a long way. I am not disposed to say much. I never feel perfectly easy in my mind if the white label bottle is empty or if there are not at least six or eight drops of essence of pepper.

They lay on the raft, in the sun. Lily Lou, not even breathing hard after the swim.

Lily Lou clutched at her throat. Swallowed hard. "Ken? I heard you were up here! Awfully nice to see you. . . . Mother, Dad, Kenfield . . ." She managed to speak naturally.

But she felt light headed. Sick with the shock of it.

He bowed to her mother, shook hands with Dad.

Lily Lou looked at the faint grayish blur that was Ken's face. The dusty fragrance of the roses in the little front garden swept over her in almost overpowering sweetness.

Now that Ken was here, it was 1932. The days were dreamy, rich with warm summer fragrance; the nights were enchanted.

Lily Lou was a burning brand of energy. She was up packing cases, doing the cooking in the kitchen, even before her mother was out of bed. She no longer minded the slow starting wood range, the kettles of water that had to be heated on top of the stove. What are a few inconveniences, when you're home?

She never wanted to sleep. She was never tired. She hardly cared to eat. She was so gay, so wildly, thrillingly alive.

Her mother liked Ken. She thought he was different from the rest of the summer crowd. Dad liked him, too. The others had gone home. Ken had lingered on for fishing.

"For fishing," he said. "That's a good excuse as any, isn't it?"

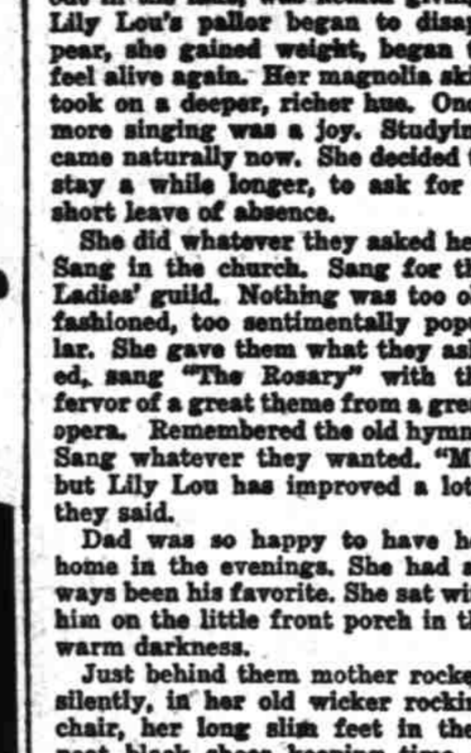
"Did you know I was here?"

Ken laughed delightedly. "Now why do you suppose I came up here at all?"

"But it's true—it really is."

She wouldn't believe him. She wouldn't let herself believe him. When he came to take her riding she kept him waiting. Postponed meetings with him. Sat at the little golden oak upright piano practicing, practicing. . . . even her mother thought she overdid it. . . .

"Lily Lou, you came up for a rest, dear. I think you ought to go out for a little ride with young Mr. Sargent, like he wants."



D. H. TALMADGE

Swimming in the warm waters of the shallow lake was a delight. Lying on the sand, or sunning herself on the gently swaying raft moored out in the lake, was blissful. Lily Lou's father began to disapprove, she gained weight, began to feel alive again. Her magnolia skin took on a deeper, richer hue. Once more singing was a joy. Studying came naturally now. She decided to stay a while longer. She asked to stay a while longer.

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The Slogan Barrage

OREGON which gave to the world the gas tax, the initiative and referendum and free power without cost to the taxpayers, is also the great contributor of political slogans. Here by legislative invitation the candidates may lay down a barrage of slogans bravely reminiscent of the day when western villages and cities belched their future hopes in grandiloquent slogans: "Keep your eye on Pasco"; Boston Harbor, "where rail meets sail".

From now until May 20th the humble voter will be assaulted with slogans. They will peer at him from placards. They will be projected in the advertisements. They will be slipped to him on campaign cards. The Oregon Voter does a service in gathering together all the platforms and slogans of candidates for state offices. It is a diverting task to wend one's way among the intriguing slogans many of which are juicy with promise; others are worms to clothe the barb.

There has been a great change in slogans in ten years. A decade ago, even four years ago the ballot would bristle with brave assurances "for the bone-dry law" and "rigid enforcement". There would also be the ringing challenge to "Americanism", a pseudonym for KKK.

Now the old grey mare of tax reduction gets beaten over the tail. Here is Charles Childs of Albany who proclaims "More economy; lower taxes". That is typical of 75% of the 1932 brand of slogan. There is only one man brave enough to defend a tax. That is I. U. Temple of Pendleton who says "A patriotic and civic duty to maintain our state, schools and municipalities." Bravo, Temple, you will get the votes of the school teachers and deputy sheriffs at any rate. George Denman of Corvallis, who wants to be state senator makes a brave start, but adds a clause so as not to miss a vote: "Relieve the taxpayer by reducing taxes to the minimum, consistent with efficiency." People are never able to agree on just what the minimum ought to be; but it is always a safe word for a slogan.

Free power has fewer sloganers than might be expected. Kenneth G. Harlan, keeper of the faith, makes "Joseph's platform" his slogan as candidate for U. S. senator. A few others speak for public ownership of utilities. Repeal of the 18th amendment gets sprinkling support or a little better. Bob Stanfield who made his exit from the U. S. senate via a drunken brawl at Baker only to campaign as a militant dry, now makes his slogan: "Restore employment; repeal 18th amendment; four per cent beer; old-age pensions." And Gus Moser thinks it safe to announce himself "For temperance, not unenforceable prohibition; let the people rule, government supervision." Joseph E. Harvey of Portland, is the only one to say "Personally and politically dry".

An even race with "More economy" in the spoonfuls of molasses to catch flies in "Restore prosperity." Fred Robin of Clackamas county sums it all up in "More work, more wages, and more money for the pockets of everybody." Formulas as usual are lacking. Wm. F. Sigurdson of Portland sings out "Prosperity without Wall street" which will awake an echoing cheer on Main street. Bob "Wildcat" Duncan chews 'em up with "Free speech, free silver, anti-chain store, anti-prohibition." Russell Hawkins, Portland, joins the anti-vul chorus "If the farmer is broke, so is everybody." Since Russell is running for the expensive job of delegate to the national convention our guess is that he isn't all farmer.

"Present incumbent" is a good old stand-by. It is intended to save the voter any mental strain; and usually works. About once in ten years however the infection spreads to "turn the rascals out", then a candidate wants to keep it dark that he is "present incumbent".

These slogans assuredly are interesting brain children of the candidates. Sen. Eddy of Roseburg is sweet and simple with "I will do my best" which long years of faithful service have tested. The Staples is brief but pointed: "To succeed myself"; so he is honest about it all. Jay Upton runs as "Spanish-American war veteran" but his activities embrace everything from 70-car trains to roads and highways. J. O. Johnson of Tigard repeats the bromide in slightly different words: "Essential laws only and more common sense in those"; while C. A. Ambrose of Portland joins the boosters: "Bring more tourists to Oregon." Herbert R. Dewart wants "Action—let's do things" while his fellow-Portlander Melville H. Geil, is more moderate: "Honest, conscientious representation with an open, unbiased mind." Alas, what rude shocks Mr. Geil will have if he reaches the legislature.

Ralph C. Hoerber gets in a cyclone cellar and pulls the hole in after him with "Promises none." He must be the originator of the "safety first" league. R. E. Cherrick of Canby says "The people's interests are my interests because I am one of them." Does he imply his opponents are not "people" too?

"Farmer Bill from Applegate" slogans Wm. N. Carl of Provoit, Jackson county. Perhaps he is a political brother of "Alfalfa Bill".

Two of the finest slogans in the book are by women. Mrs. Dorothy McCullough Lee says simply: "Continued effort for sensible legislation." Mrs. Lee's record bears out every word of her slogan. Last on the list is Rose West Johnson, Seaside: "Platform none, slogan none". For the relief, much thanks.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "Do you think all drunken drivers should be sent to the state penitentiary and not released until they have served a minimum sentence?"

Peter Andresen, poultry business: "I am inclined to believe a jail or penitentiary sentence will happen when he drives and drink. Let him serve the whole penalty; let him get everything that is coming to him."

E. M. Tingley, Hollywood: "They should, absolutely."

Roy S. Keene, athletic coach: "Yes, sir, I think men who drive while drunk are a menace and should be sent to the state penitentiary."

Frank V. Brown, confectioner: "In my opinion strict enforcement of the drunken driver law will mean the solution of the liquor problem; frequently men tell me they are going to quit drinking because they fear they may drive sometime while drunk and receive a jail or penitentiary sentence. I think severe treatment should be given drunken drivers."

Flynn Faught, dairy truck driver: "It all depends on how drunk they are. If they are really drunk, yes, it's getting so it ought to be curbed. Lock them up if no other way."

Bianche Allen, stenographer: "No, I don't. I think anyone who will get drunk and drive a car should be sent to the insane asylum."

E. A. Van Osdel, truck driver: "That depends on how drunk they are. I believe they should, but it endangers other people—not so much themselves, but other drivers."

G. Stone, mechanic: "I firmly believe in stiff sentences for drunken drivers—they endanger the lives of many, besides themselves."

E. Blakely, stage driver: "Give 'em their full sentence, and make it long."

mint handy for use in case of a declaration of war in my interior.

Reply to a query: The average man in the United States lives to the age of 55, the average woman to the age of 57. Only six-tenths of one percent of our total population attains the age of 80 years.

Take us as a whole, we still look for the drunken puzzle in the newspapers. But not so feverishly as in days gone by.

Memories exert a potent influence on our lives. Suppose, or try to suppose, what our lives would be were we unable to remember. We should be pretty well lost without our parallels and precedents, don't you think? Happy memories endure longer than unhappy ones—or should. Yes, I know; unhappy memories come. We all have them. I for one give them no welcome. I firmly push them out and close the door (and they remain outside and make disagreeable noises and throw things at the windows, more or less, but just the same they know what I think of 'em). And, too, there are sad memories, which make us neither happy nor unhappy. And there are others, all sorts. But the happy ones endure longer than any of the others. At any rate, it is so with me, and I hope it is so with all of you.

Along about this time of year—and it's been so for a long long time—I think of a fish I once caught. You know, when a fellow has never accomplished anything of any great moment he has to make the most of what he has accomplished. And this fish—two-pound black bass caught from a midland river and landed without assistance—I have always considered to be more than ordinarily worthy of remembrance. It was but a strippling of 14 at the time (a boy of 14 is a strippling, isn't he? Or is he a sapling? What it doesn't matter) and it was no easy thing for me to land that two-pound black bass. When it was finally accomplished I was pretty well tired out. Far more wearied, for instance, than I had been on a number of occasions when I had tried to explain to mother why my shirt was wrong side out, and I had always looked on this as a trying piece of business. (Mother didn't favor our swimming hole, because a number of boys had a swimming hole in the next nature upstream, and she forbade me to swim there, and—well, it's easy enough to put on wrong side out a shirt such as boys wore for everyday in those times. The shirt had but one button at the neck and the button was never used.) But as to that fish—I've caught several fish and there since that day and of several kinds, but that black bass, whose habitat was a lacy little midland river, was proud for pound far and away the scrappiest.

Sometimes when the telephone bell rings you explode a word in the key of "D", and sometimes when the telephone bell does not ring you explode the same word in the same key. Sure, I know. Circumstances alter cases, as Kip says to him!

Daily Thought

"We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are."—Balsac.

Higher Education Again

HECTOR MacPHERSON, author of the single-board law passed in 1929, has issued a statement denouncing the program of the state board of higher education. He calls on the governor to make investigation which being translated means that he wants the governor to fire the board. MacPheron calls the board's work a muddle and says that it has caused chaos and confusion in the institutions, that it "adopted a hybrid set-up which makes the state a laughing stock of the educators of the world." As he concludes, "The impossible and extravagant administrative set-up now contemplated, the high cost and inefficiency of the Salem office, the proposed pension system for retired faculty members, the suppression of findings of the survey commission and the demoralization of both faculties and student bodies, due to lack of any stable policy, are matters calling for immediate investigation by the governor."

MacPheron cannot escape responsibility. He drew the law which in itself went too far in the direction of the theoretical. His own bill established the office of executive secretary at Salem. His own bill called for this expensive and worthless survey. His own bill created much of the artificial system of policing which now prevails.

We feel sorry for the board. It is composed of an ex-

cellent group of individuals. It is doubtful if a better group could be assembled. But its functioning has been painful. Now higher education in Oregon is in a deplorable state. Great institutions are being sawn asunder, under the jerry-building of Dr. E. E. Lindsey, executive secretary, who is fashioning an administrative and educational monstrosity in Oregon.

There are only three ways out: Make Dr. W. J. Kerr chancellor of the system which the state board is trying to set up. Or else make a physical merger of the university and state college. Or else return to the multiple board system.

It would be folly just to fire this board and appoint another. MacPheron is as much a bizarre theorist in education as Lindsey. Both the university and the state college are being wrecked as a result of the survey which MacPheron's law ordered. We believe that if Dr. Kerr were given the opportunity that he would reorganize the institutions on a practical basis, that under his direction the university would receive as fair treatment as the college or the normal schools. He knows the state and its needs. He is one of the greatest educational executives in the United States. He can make money go a long ways. He does not want the job of chancellor, wants to retire after 25 years of able service here. But Oregon cannot let him go at a time like this.

Keep the present board; and give Dr. Kerr the responsibility of reorganizing our higher institutions.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Oregon Indian religion:
 (Continuing from yesterday.)
 Said Mr. Gill: "This (the coyote) fishing myth of the Chinook and Clatsop Indians) is one of the best stories, and is really a salmon tale. It is told of much greater length in Dr. Franz Boas's 'Chinook Texts. Coyote lived at Gotat (where the old Seaside House was) long ago. He had heard about the great salmon of the Columbia, and resolved to go catch them."
 "He ran along the foot of the steep hills, the breakers driving him up among the spruce trees, whose needles pricked his nose. He grew very hungry; stopped and took sand in his paws and threw it into the waves, saying: 'The sea shall go away from here; grass shall grow and people dwell here.' Thus Clatsop plains was made. Arrived at the Columbia."
 Tilby said when a horse stepped on his watch.
 I went forth into blossomland a day or two ago. Not far. Out past Mr. Dibble's tulip field and Paul Wirt's orchard and up the creek through the hills to the south. I cannot quite tell why it is, but such a little journey seems to give strength to a faith in better things now and to come, aside from being in itself a pleasant experience, even though over a little thought, but only looks and breathes.
 Mr. Hoover, so I read in the newspapers, proposes to refund his salary to the government. Great! Stealing political thunder from our Governor Meier, eh?

Coyote went into partnership with the lizard and the bat, and they made a net by spitting the roots of the spruce and tying the strands together; tied pieces of driftwood to the top of the net and stonew to its lower edge, and Coyote paddled out with one end of the net and set it in a curve and came ashore with his end. Then they hauled the net in, and caught only one salmon. Coyote was angry because of their ill luck and asked the Great Spirit for a reason. 'Any fool ought to know he must fish for salmon on the ebb tide,' was the answer. 'It is enough! I have heard,' said Coyote. Next day they caught two. Again Coyote protested. He was told that the day before they had tramped upon the salmon; that salmon must always be kept clean else they would be ashamed, and not come to the river. There the next day, and again Coyote asks: 'What's the matter now?' 'Yesterday you cut the salmon in blocks. Never do that. Cut down the backbone and open the fish that way.' A little better luck—four—next day. Then they learned that cooking three salmon had been built against these hills would make the salmon ashamed, and they would refuse to enter the river.

Thus, day after day, they were given all the precepts of the salmon tale which to this day is observed by the Indians on many rivers north of the Columbia. It is most remarkable that Indians knew the ocean shore had been along the foot of the hills that extend from Coxcomb hill in Astoria to Tillamook Head, and that a hundred miles of sandy plains had been built against these hills by the Columbia and the sea."

Gill quoted from "Oregon Settlers" by Alexander Ross, a description of Indian medicine men, briefly: "I now refer to a class of functionaries called medicine men. . . . They are called the tiaquas, which signifies, in their language, men of supernatural gifts, who pretend to know all things and that they can kill and cure by magic whom they please. Among the whites they would go by the name of doctors or jugglers. There are no acquisitions, so far as I know, deemed essential to qualify a person for the office of a tiaqua. In all Indian tribes there are three or four characters of this description. . . . Like most Indians, they possess a good knowledge of herbs and roots, and their virtues. . . . They are consulted in all cases. . . . (Continued on Page 7)

Yesterdays
 . . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 17, 1907
 The sport of pitching quoits has broken out like a spring fever, at Willamette university and as a result the campus lawn is being torn up. Girls as well as boys are spending their leisure hours at the pasture.

Carl Gabrielson was by a large majority elected as assistant baseball manager, at a meeting of the student body of the high school yesterday.

Observance of the first anniversary of the earthquake and fire which laid San Francisco in ruins on April 18 of last year was begun in the bay city last night.

April 17, 1929
 Indicative of the healthy condition of the northwest fruit business for the coming year is the announcement that of the 4300 cars of apples produced in the Hood River and White Salmon districts in 1931, there are left only about 30 cars. All Salem canneries are anticipating prosperous runs.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams will direct the community sing to be held next Wednesday evening at the armory, as part of "Musical Week." She is composer of hundreds of songs, operettas and cantatas, and the first woman in the United States to direct Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah."

Company F of Salem scored a slight lead over the 162nd Infantry, O. R. G., in their athletic meet yesterday. The meet consisted of basketball, baseball, shooting, boxing, drill, equipment race, and wrestling.