

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Merrily We Roll Along

WELL we got our license, just to comply with the law and to spite the moratorium. The number was 114-127; and that shows that nearly half the motorists had purchased their licenses previously. Considering the times and the proclamations of time extension that showing is gratifying.

Now the job is to corral the remaining one-half. It is not going to be as difficult as it might seem. Most people manage to find their license money when the final limit comes, and will do so again this year. Sec. Hoss after blowing hot and cold for a few days now says nothing doing on quarterly stickers. It was the only thing he could do and keep within the law. The quarterly payment plan would be illegal, expensive to carry on, troublesome in law enforcement work, costly to state revenues, and unnecessary even in these parlous times.

If the quarterly payment plan had gone into effect motorists might ease along on one quarter's payment or two until the legislature met. Then the political salvationists would come in to give plenary absolution to everybody. Delinquent motorists could park their derelicts on the state house grounds and demand relief. Sen. Bennett would come forward with bill to provide them with free licenses, free gas and oil, and free state scrip to pay grocery bills with; and a promise of old age pensions payable in scrip to wind up life on. If nobody takes the scrip there will always be the highway commission to act as job almoner for men out of jobs.

In 1929 the license paying date was changed from January to July because money was hard to dig up at Christmas time. Now it seems that July is the wrong date; and the only correct date is the 30th of February.

But why worry. This is Fourth of July time. Merrily we roll along on last year's plate, this year's plates; but alas not on red, white and blue stickers endorsed by Gov. Julius the First, with the glue licked by Secretary Hoss. It is vacation time; and the great Oregon public will chug along to the beach, to the mountains, to the banks of the creek to celebrate our independence from King George and forget about motor fees and think about punctures.

Midday Ride of 1932 Revere

AFTER McAdoo extracted sweet vengeance on Al Smith, his foe of 1924 and swung the Garner delegates to Franklin Roosevelt, the latter did a Paul Revere, modern style. While the democratic convention crowned Garner with the trader's wreath of the vice presidency Frankie Roosevelt traveled in swiftest tri-motor plane to face the hosts of democracy as a reincarnated Woodrow Wilson. From village after village the message flashed as the plane roared by, and in time little longer than it took Sheridan to ride to Winchester twenty miles away, the New York governor was transported to the house of bedlam and blah in Chicago.

The nomination of Frankie Roosevelt was a product of make-up and fear; make-up of Roosevelt as a great popular leader, and fear of getting into bitter internecine strife. It represents too the overthrow of Smith and Raskob and the Wall Street boys. Whether they will sulk in the tent, repudiate the ticket, or swallow their pride and get out and work for party success is not yet revealed. The Smith crowd won in the repeal fight, but they lost most of the other major engagements, including the chief objective of their effort: the elimination of Frankie Roosevelt.

Roosevelt, having done a Paul Revere and Sheridan after the twentieth century manner, will now proceed to do a Louis Napoleon. Just as the nephew of the victor of Austerlitz put on the hat and coat of his uncle to rouse the favor of the populace, we shall probably see Frankie putting on the pose of his illustrious fifth cousin, Theodore. Alas, the fraud will be equally apparent. Where Teddy was decisive, firm and courageous, Frankie is indefinite, voluble, given to weasel words. He was about the weakest man of those the democrats had under consideration. He lacks the forthrightness of Smith, the uncompromising pure Jeffersonianism of Ritchie, the incisive intelligence of Baker, the executive capacity of Traylor or the sheer courage of Jim Reed. Roosevelt is sociable, a man of the Harding weakness though not of the Harding grossness.

The times called for a man, and the democrats have responded with an affable, vacuous man of good family and scant achievement.

Keep the Record Straight

THERE is just a little correction which is needed on the assertions of members of the state board of higher education such as C. C. Colt made in Portland Friday:

"The board has demonstrated that it is saving the state \$1,000,000 a year by its new organization."

The board is doing nothing of the kind. Gov. Meier vetoed part of the appropriation; the taxpayers league held up the remainder of the special appropriation. Then fees and other income have fallen off. The board saves simply because it has no more money to spend and would violate the law to run up a deficit.

The economies which the board now claims credit for, were forced economies.

We mention this not to disparage the board, but to keep the record straight.

This makes us yawn this hot weather, another battery of gas pumps will go out to ladle out "third structure" gasoline. In case you don't know what it is, we would say that "third structure" gas is bargain basement gas, its octane isn't as hot as the regular brands. An up-to-date service station is a regular soda fountain: orange, grape, red lemonade, and plain. We suggest if they feel the need of still more gas pumps that they vary the odors: lilac, rose, narcissus, haitosis and crepe de chine.

Rotarians who returned from the Seattle convention report that the Eugene Glee Men, men's chorus, were the finest musical organization appearing on the program. They were in universal demand over the city. It was a great undertaking to send this big chorus to Seattle, and the whole state should take pride in the glory they gained for their city and state.

An agricultural bulletin warns the public to investigate before going into the mushroom business. That advice belongs in Wall Street as well as out in the provinces.

A fellow over in eastern Oregon stole a lot of irrigation district warrants. If they had been irrigation bonds what a joke on him.

July 4, 1932



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 3, 1907
Circuit Judge William Galloway yesterday declared that forms of all the petitions for the referendum on the annual appropriation bill for the state university and the compulsory railroad pass act were not in conformity with either the spirit or the letter of the law.

Beginning with a 40-gun salute at 5:30 a. m., Salem will begin a July 4 celebration tomorrow which will include a 4-mile relay race, parade, exercises in Marion square, horse racing on Liberty street, a baseball game, baby show, scramble for firecrackers, races by tubs, launches and boats on the Willamette river, a dance and fireworks.

The new depot streetcar did a profitable business yesterday, on one trip carrying 110 and on another 111 passengers to the depot. The carrying capacity of the present car is 60, but among the proposed improvements is a new car, such as used in Portland, which will carry 150 passengers.

July 3, 1933
Acting on the insistence of Alderman Vandeventer, Mayor Halvorsen last night appointed a committee to investigate charges that Chief of Police Moffitt had been playing political favoritism by failing to bring to justice certain prominent men allegedly arrested for being drunk. Moffitt hotly denied the charges in the council session and was supported by Chairman Ralph Thompson and Alderman Giesey of the police committee.

Monday was the smokiest day of the season and one of the hottest. A number of small fires in the valley and the foothills, none serious, have poured their reek over the landscape.

June was a banner month for Danie Cupid in Marion county and out-distanced all previous Junes. Seventy couples took out permits to say "I do" during the month.

New Views

"Whom do you predict as winners: Hoover-Curtis or Roosevelt-Garner? Why?"

Ed Donnelly, newspaper foreman: "Hoover. The democrats did not pick their best man. I want to wait awhile, however, before betting."

Burt Hawks, farmer: "Well, I don't think people will vote back the salmon, so I think Hoover will get the election in spite of everything."

Kenneth Moody, salesman: "I think Roosevelt and Garner stand a fine chance."

H. R. "Bufe" White, state office clerk: "Well, it looks like Roosevelt and beer to me."

Joseph Maloney, unemployed laborer: "I think the people of the nation will carry for Roosevelt. They're sick and tired of Mr. Hoover, were tired of him long before he became president."

John Willamette, street corner politician: "I saw a sign on a bum's back the other day, saying, 'Give me a lift or I'll vote for Hoover.' Have you heard of Hoover blankets, old newspapers, Hoover hotels, Hopouses? Make

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More highly historic:

(Continuing from yesterday:) But the Pringle family and Grandma Tabitha Brown did not go to the institute building or the paragon after viewing them from the Polk county hills.

The Bits man cannot say positively what Methodist minister Grandma Brown referred to when she wrote of entering his house. But as the Lee house sheltered at least four missionary families during the first years of its occupancy, it is easy to believe that at least one was living there the winter of 1843.

Anyway, that is the house to which she went. It was "the

house of a Methodist minister" where she was given shelter. Hamlin Smith, 749 North Liberty street, is a great grandson of Grandma Brown, his home only a few hundred feet from the Lee house. His father, Fabritus Smith, then a young man, crossed the plains in 1846. He came from Missouri in company with Joseph Waldo, a brother of Dan Waldo, who had come with the Applegate covered wagon train of 1843.

They followed the regular route, down the Columbia, and arrived in the fall, while Grandma Brown and the Virgil Pringle family turned off at Fort Hall and came by the Applegate cut-off, or the southern route, were delayed for various causes, and so arrived after winter had set in.

Young Fabritus Smith, upon arrival, applied to Uncle Charley Craft for a job. Mr. Craft was then running what had been the mission sawmill, where the Larmer warehouse stands now, opposite the Lee house, at the present 950 Broadway. He inquired if young Smith could drive oxen. The reply being in the affirmative, he was told to go hitch up the four-yoke ox team at the mill, and have a trial.

This done, Uncle Charley went with him to the timber and showed him where he was to go to the logs. Seeing that the new arrival knew his stuff, he told him to go ahead. So he was hired. Where does the young reader imagine he went for the saw logs? He went to the vicinity of what is now Marion square. In that section, for several hundred yards east of the Willamette river bank, there was when white people first saw the site of Salem a dense forest of fir and other trees, with thick underbrush. And there was much game: deer, bear, wild birds, etc.

Uncle Charley Craft boarded his new band, Fabritus Smith. It is probable that the Craft family occupied the Lee house, for Smith was given a log house close to it, near the race south of it, in which to sleep.

Fabritus Smith often told his son, Hamlin, of the first time he saw Grandma Brown and the Pringles, including Virgil, the oldest daughter of Virgil K. and Phrenie Tabitha Brown Pringle, whom he afterward married, and who was the mother of Hamlin.

Fabritus described Virgilia as being barefooted, having very scant clothing, and shivering with cold, for they arrived in a snow storm. But notwithstanding all this handicap of appearances, it was evidently a case of love at first sight.

Hamlin Smith says Virgil Pringle was a shoemaker, and his Pringles, including Virgil, had learned the trade from his father, and they opened a shop and made shoes that winter, in the Lee house. Later, Octavus married Emaline Craft, daughter of Uncle Charley.

Uncle Charley was prominent in early days. June 27, 1839, he joined in incorporating Lee Mission cemetery with Rev. J. L. Parrish and Rev. L. D. Driver.

In the spring of 1847, Fabritus Smith was getting out logs near where Marion square is now, for the Craft mill. Warm days came. This made his mind revert to the "old swimming hole" at his boyhood home in New York state, where warm weather always brought warm water for swimming. So he repaired to the Will-

your own guess. Mine is that if business gets better before November, which it seems to be doing, Hoover will win. But if congress doesn't give us beer, Roosevelt might beat him."

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Following the receipt of a death threat, Lola Carver, known as "The Night Club Lady," is mysteriously slain in her penthouse apartment at 3 a. m. New Year's. Dr. Hugh Baldwin reports death due to heart failure. The only clue to the murderer is a medical laboratory specimen box found outside Lola's window. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt attaches importance to the young man whose photograph is found in Lola's room, and whose identity Lola had refused to reveal beyond his first name, "Basil." At the mention of "Basil," Mrs. Carver, Lola's mother, becomes hysterical. It is known that Lola quarreled with Guy Everett and Vincent Rowland, a lawyer, over investments. Eunice, the maid, confesses she was employed by Everett to report the goings on in the apartment. The mystery deepens with the finding of the body of Christine Quires, Lola's guest. Christine had been killed before Lola and her body hidden until an opportune moment arrived for the murderer to place it, soaking wet, in Lola's room. The findings are similar to those in Lola's case except that Christine's neck was bruised after death. Everett, Christine's last escort, claims he left her at the apartment elevator at midnight New Year's Eve, and then went for a ride on the Motor Parkway, alone, arriving home after 3 a. m. Mrs. Carver informs Colt that Christine lived with a brother, Edgar, in Rochester.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

"HAD Christine any private income?"

"Oh, yes, she was rather wealthy in her own right—that is to say, I believe she will be—I mean she would have been in two more months."

"She was coming into an inheritance?"

"Yes—of about a million dollars, I believe. There was something about her father having left her money of which she was to come in full possession when she was twenty-three years old."

Now Colt's line of questions swerved sharply.

"Do you know of any love affairs?"

"None."

"She had admirers?"

"Yes. But I think she took none of them seriously—that is what she always told me."

"Was this because of a disappointment in love?"

"I know nothing about that. She did not confide in me."

"Now, Mrs. Carver," resumed Colt, "I want to ask you if you know of any person who would have any reason to wish for the death of Lola or of Christine—or who would benefit from their deaths in any way?"

"Absolutely none," declared old Mrs. Carver.

"Who will get Lola's inheritance now?"

"The mother shook her head unhappily and supposed she would, but she did not know. And she knew nothing of Christine's affairs."

"Did you ever know Christine to quarrel with anyone?"

"The old woman gave Colt a quick, uncertain glance; then her eyelids covered a tell-tale expression and her fingers twitched at her handkerchief."

"No—not really," she sighed at last.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"As a matter of fact, didn't she quarrel with you only this afternoon?"

"The old lady's eyes opened brightly and she nodded her head vigorously."

"Oh—thats I suppose Eunice heard. Well—we did have a diff. But



With some amusement, I observed District Attorney Dougherty's glare at this newest development.

It amounted to nothing. Christine thought Lola was investing some money in a wrong way. But I didn't know anything about it. Come to think of it, Christine made a remark that seems queer—now! I told her not to worry me about her money; she would have to see Lola about it. And she said something about she would—if Lola lived that long."

"Was that all?"

"Yes. She got to crying and went in her room and shut the door. After a while she came out and apologized and we kissed and made it up."

"Know of any other quarrels that might lead us anywhere?"

"Not a quarrel—I know something, but well—it is so trifling."

"What is it?" insisted Dougherty. "You must tell us everything."

"All right—it is true that Christine took a violent dislike to our butler. But Chung is a harmless person—he has been with us for years."

"Why did Christine dislike your Chinaman?"

"He frightened her. She thought he was impertinent in the way he watched her."

"She was afraid of him?"

"Yes, frankly—she was. But that was foolishness."

Colt brushed aside her comments. "Now there remains what to me seems a difficult point," resumed Colt. "Lola was found wearing a flannel bath-robe. Do you know if it was hers?"

"Yes—she always liked it."

"Did she wear it often?"

"Whenever she felt chilly."

Colt nodded thoughtfully, but he asked no more questions. Promising Mrs. Carver that she would be under constant guard, he had her a comforting goodnight. When we reached the living-room, Colt and Doctor Multooler conferred in low tones. Then the Medical Examiner went the way of his two predecessors—the pen-house and down to the Morgue.

"Chief," said Inspector Flynn, from the open door of the guest-room where Lola had died, "Adams and Thompson are here—with their apparatus."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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What's Become of Old-Fashioned Warnings Against Ice-Water Use?

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

NO horse races, no horse show at the coming state fair. O. K. Me for the vegetables.

Grandma listened to the radio story of the recent encounter between Horst Schmeling and Mister Sharkey. Thought it pretty tiresome. When grandma craves a radio thrill she listens to Jeannette Cramer.

Come to think of it, I have heard no anti-ice-water advice for years. Another bubble of "wisdom" exploded.

I see on the streets now and then a pair of rose-tinted glasses on a worried-looking nose. Not a bad idea.

Blue sky looked at through a dirty window has the appearance of a dirty sky. It might be well to consider this literary what-you-call-it when your spirits are affected by a gloomy something-or-other.

This is probably the only section of the United States where a housewife may occasionally be heard to say, "Please close that door; you'll let in a fly."

The mosquito is an odd little bird. When he isn't at all weary he sits down.

These are the best times to overlook ill-natured remarks I have ever known. Frequently I see a smile on the countenance of a person which is there because the person is so pestered with one thing and another that he has forgotten to remove it.

Always matters might have been worse. The tourist gent who had his shirt stolen and visited a Salem merchant for the purpose of mooching another shirt might have had his pants stolen. Some emergencies are more barable than others.



D. H. TALMADGE

When I am crossing a street in company with a chance companion, and automobiles are whizzing up and down and around the corner, I prefer to do my own dodging. I have been almost wrecked a number of times because a kindly person put out a clutching hand and cramped my style.

A person who wishes to tell another person what an unfavorable opinion he has of him, and is deterred from doing so by a timid nature, may always find some relief by slamming a door. I have known one slam of a door to express more hot words than could be put into a half-column of type.

The meek shall inherit the earth. This means, I suppose, that the Lord is not fond of hard-boiled eggs.

Memories: The year when my mother bolted the republican ticket and married father and the woman's republican club by declaring that she wished she could vote for Grover Cleveland. The night when father and I sat up a frozen quarter of a buck-a-buck, an axe and a dull butcher knife. The night in Chicago when I was in a sporting resort watching a six-round "go" between Jake Kilrain and Charles Mitchell and the place was raided by the police. The afternoon in Providence when I carelessly tossed a watermelon rind from a printshop window, three stories up, and hit a policeman. The first motion picture I ever saw—Multnomah Falls, evidently taken from the rear platform of a passenger train and very jagged. The first talking machine I ever heard—rubber tubes with ear pieces—the ravings of John McCullough. Thoughts of the past. We all have 'em, don't we, old timer?

Everyday I see old men trudging along the highway, some going north, some south, some with packs—a bit of bedding, a skillet and not much more, some without packs—not even the traditional bandanna handkerchief, knotted at the end of a stick; weary, worn, bowed of back, heavy of step and uncertain of footing in their faces to indicate hope; just trudging along. Each of these men had at one time a home somewhere, and I cannot but wonder why it is that in their old age they do not stay there. They are running away from the poorhouse, perhaps, preferring the weariness of body and the uncertainties of the open road to frank pauperism. Some of them will wander on and come again to the beginning of the journey, and others will drop by the wayside and be put away by strangers. But where, in all this passing to and fro, are the old women? Men and women in the United States are nearly equal in number. To what have conditions that have driven the old men into trampdom driven the women? I reckon the average old woman stays put somewhere where she knows the neighbors.