

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers  
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager  
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:  
Arthur W. Stuyves, Inc., Portland, 3 Security Bldg.  
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 371 Madison Ave.;  
Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office 215 S. Commercial Street.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 Year \$80.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month, \$4.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## Sound-Film and Art

THE Portland Spectator of last week contains a stimulating article on the shortcomings of the talkies as a form of art. The author, who assumes the monicker "Monitor", imputes to the new mechanics of sound-film reproduction the spoiling of the art which was being developed out of the silent pictures.

It is true, as critics noted back in 1928 and 1929, that the cinema had advanced far from the tremulous flickers of the early movies and had become a genuine form of art. Some of the pictures of the latter days of the silent film were superb in their mechanics, in their acting and in their appeal. The basis for this development was that silent pictures relied on the stimulus to the imagination. There was no spoken dialogue, the acting had to carry the message; and it did. As "Monitor" describes it: "The cinema was a medium which induced pure illusion." So while the medium was the flat screen the development of the art of the director and of the mechanics of motion photography the movie did acquire the facility of creating sheer illusion which made it successful, and was gaining for it recognition as an art form.

Since the advent of the talkie continued progress with the silent cinema has been made in Europe by some of the noted directors; and some of the great pictures of the times are those produced in foreign studios.

The sound-cinema, "Monitor" says, is not a true medium; but two mediums coupled together. As he writes: "After a short period, in which the novelty of dialogue was exploited for its own value, the inevitable presented itself in no uncertain terms. How were such antagonistic mediums as the camera and the human voice to be combined successfully? If the camera attempted to tell a part of the story, it was necessary to strike the characters dumb. That was impossible in terms of the audience. On the other hand, when dialogue took up the narrative, the camera became paralyzed—reduced to the level of a recording device: its range—contracted to the area in which dialogue is audible. Its flexibility in terms of time disappeared, and chronological order restored an iron authority. Similarly the camera's ability to show a mental process became stultified; it was not possible to open the skulls of the participants in a conversation for the benefit of the audience, as it had been in the movie's days. But worst of all, the whole field of film rhythm—the crowning achievement of direction—was totally obliterated. The length of a shot was now regulated, not by the director, but by the amount of dialogue which it contained. These instances were only a small part of the havoc wreaked by the reality of dialogue on the camera's resources of illusion."

It is very true that the sound-sight mechanism will never create the illusion which the one vehicle alone did. Sound drives out stillness in the theatre; it chains the mind to the present and the near, while the silent picture can transport the persons viewing it far away, and the effect was heightened by the darkness and quiet of the theatre. But the new mechanism is still in an experimental stage. It has its possibilities; and under accumulated experience and with mechanical improvements it may achieve a distinct artistic excellence of its own. It will not be the old cinema; it will be something else. Though we cannot see now how it can reach the heights of the former single medium, the sound film is yet too young to set the stakes of its accomplishment.

## The Board of Trade Order

A grain dealer in Omaha says that the carrying out of the threatened order to close the Chicago board of trade will produce a panic. There was a time when such a threat would almost create such an event. Having lived with panic for three years the country is no longer alarmed at the word. And with prices of staple grains at bankruptcy levels it is difficult to visualize any further disaster which might come through the closing of the world's largest grain exchange.

At the same time the order of Secretary Hyde seems very foolish. The season of the year when the board of trade does perform a useful service is in the fall of the year when the grain crops are being marketed. Normally farmers sell their grain. Dealers and mills buy; and as they are merchants and not speculators they hedge their purchases by corresponding sales in the future market. It is only in this way that it is possible to carry the crop and let it flow into consumption normally through the year. If this were not possible grain would be almost worthless at harvest or the farmer would have to carry it for months before he could sell it.

The cause of the trouble is that the farm board wants to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds. It, government-fostered cooperative which is busily driving nails in the coffin of the independent grain trade, wants at the same time to have full privileges in the exchange which the grain trade built up and owns and has operated since 1848. While the farmers do a lot of cussing about the board of trade the more intelligent farmers recognize the service which the board of trade performs. We remember in the middle west that scores of farmers traded on the board themselves; and all of them followed its market intently.

It has always seemed to us that the farm board venture was an unwarranted invasion of the government in a field it knew nothing about. The event has proven so. The half-billion dollars the government has poured into the experiment does not total the cost to the country. There should be added the loss to growers of crops like wheat and cotton and wool directly attributable to the farm board's disastrous adventure into business.

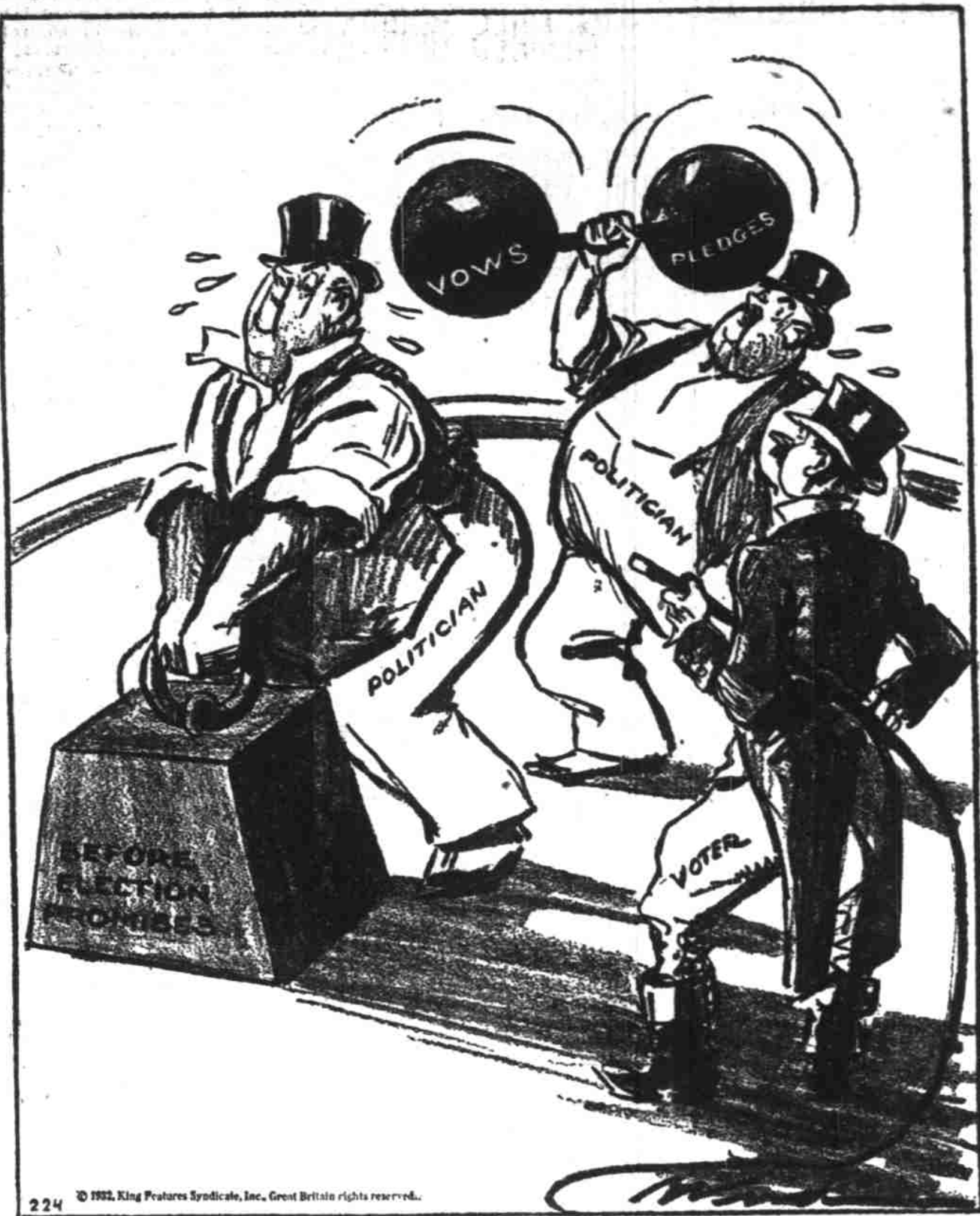
Out in Kansas the farmers are on the war path and a woman who runs a 4500 acre wheat ranch told a congressional investigating committee that the only thing that would help the farmers of her state is to "kick the devil out of the farm board". When the real dirt farmers are heard from, and not the farmers of farmers, the sentiments will be the same.

Roosevelt has just finished a fishing cruise and Garner is off to Texas to fish for awhile. Hoover is already renowned as a fisherman, so it looks as though the country might be safe after all. Whoever heard of a fisherman who made a poor president?

"Gold found in Nebraska," is a heading. But Nebraska's gold will always be long-eared cornmarketed in the form of pork and beef. That is a mine which is inexhaustible.

After Hawley retires General Martin will be the only Republican from Oregon in either branch of the congress!

## Trying Out the Act



© 1932 King Features Syndicate, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

## New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you find the murder trials in progress here interesting news? Should less attention be given to them by local newspapers?"

Mrs. Lillian Cadwell, bookkeeper. "No, I don't read them much. What's the use? I can't be bothered by the details."

Karl Huesner, business visitor from Monitor: "I haven't read much about the trials, except one long story. I was going to hear some of the testimony today, but I changed my mind when I found the courtroom so crowded I had to stand up. They are attracting a good deal of attention, and especially around Silverton."

## Daily Thought

"You don't have to preach honesty to men with a creative purpose. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something, and the instinct of workmanship will take care of his honesty. The writers who have nothing to say are the ones you can buy; the others have too high a price. A genuine craftsman will not adulterate his product. The reason isn't because duty says he should not, but because passion says he shouldn't."—Walter Lippman.

MINOR CHANGES MADE AMITY, July 27.—The Rosenhalm construction is being re-roofed this week and Guy Nott is having some remodeling done at his home.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

ONE of the skin diseases appearing during the summer months is called "impetigo contagiosa." Children are the usual victims, but it may afflict adults. In men it involves the hairy part of the face and is commonly known as "barber's itch."

As its name implies, the ailment is a contagious inflammatory disease of the skin. It is infectious, being caused by a germ that is easily passed from one individual to another.

At first the skin contains many blisters filled with pus. These blisters burst and dry on the skin, and the dried crusts appear to be stuck on, resembling wafers. Later the edges curl up and the crust drops off, leaving a reddish spot. This fades and eventually disappears.

This skin eruption is most common on the face and hands, but it may spread rapidly to the chest, fingers or legs.

This disease may be spread by infected dogs or cats, and where many children gather together, it is quickly transmitted from one child to another. In schools or in camps the disease is spread by infected towels and clothes, or by contact with infected persons. Adults sometimes acquire the disease from shops and stores that are unsanitary, but more frequently they get it from children. Impetigo is disfigurement, but fortunately it is curable.

Answers to Health Queries  
J. A. H. Q.—Will you please tell me a good antiseptic mouth wash, one that is healing to the mouth.  
A.—A saturated solution of borax acid is good.  
J. R. Q.—My hands and feet perspire when I am in a warm place or when I am excited. What can I do to overcome this?  
A.—Excessive perspiration is usually due to nerve stimulation. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Where Quinaby, last of the Molallias, lived:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Old Quinaby was thunderstruck by this unexpected reception. He straightened up on his pony and sat like a statue, making a picture. Mr. Waldo afterward said, worthy of the brush of a great painter. Followed words from Quinaby something like these:

"Bill Waldo, you say Quinaby can no more have his camp! When white men came they were few, Indians many. Now white men many, Indians few. When white men came, Indians owned all the land. Now white men have all the land, and Indians must herd in small place and back in the mountains.

"Now Quinaby comes. He wants only what he has had. Only what has been his right. Quinaby wants only his camp on a little piece of land no one else uses. Bill Waldo,

When Quinaby's camp was on North Mill creek, south side, where Wintur street crosses it, there was a gravel bed there, much used by builders, and there came to be a hole washed by the stream, which also threatened the bank, and it was afterward protected by a wing dam. Quinaby and his tribesmen found that a handy place for his camp, because they had the creek water for domestic use and for their ponies.

It was cleaner, perhaps, than now. But not very clean, at that.

When the Jim Hill people were finishing the Oregon Electric railroad line from Portland to Salem, the officials wanted names for their stations, and it was someone's bright and correct idea that Indian names should be used. Elmer Mallory was employed in the department searching for names. He was born in Galois, son of former Congressman Rufus Mallory, his mother a daughter of Aaron Rose, founder of Roseburg.

Elmer wanted to name a station Quinaby, but was in doubt about the spelling. He wrote the Bits man. He inquired of A. Bush—the original pioneer banker. "Tell him to spell it like it sounds, Q-u-i-n-a-b-y," said Mr. Bush. So it is, for Mr. Bush was the best speller Oregon ever had, excepting one, O. W. Craig, father of the present proforester at the state printing office, Sumter Craig. Mr. Bush himself willingly gave the palm to D. W. Craig.

Old Quinaby was always hungry, or seemed so to the pioneer families of Galois. It is told of him that he got a furlough from the reservation authorities to come to Salem for a 4th of July celebration in one of the last years of his life, along with a bunch of his fellows. While crossing the Salem ferry, someone inquired what kind of a celebration it was to be—especially if there was to be a barbecue. The ferryman, pretending to know, answered that, for the particular one, that feature was to be omitted.

"Ugh! No barbecue, no celebration! I no go; I cross back with you and go back to reservation," said Quinaby. But the ferryman relented and corrected his misinformation. All old-time Salem 4th of July celebrations had barbecues.

you say Quinaby can have it no more!"

William Waldo often told R. P. Boise other stories of old Quinaby. The Indian often asked him for money. He never paid it back; but he never asked for it again. He came in an unusually needy condition. He just had to have five dollars. Mr. Waldo pleaded poverty. He argued that he had not a cent with him, and opened his purse and exposed the inside of his pockets to show the truth of his words.

"But Bill Waldo can get money," Quinaby countered, "he can get money at the 'chickamoon house,'" he said, adding: "All Boston men can get money at 'chickamoon house,' but Indian can get none there." By "chickamoon house," Quinaby meant the bank, the Ladd & Bush bank, for that was the only one here then, or near. "Chickamoon" was Chinook for money. Quinaby imagined that any white man could get money at the money house, which never was for anyone but the poor Indians.

When Quinaby's camp was on North Mill creek, south side, where Wintur street crosses it, there was a gravel bed there, much used by builders, and there came to be a hole washed by the stream, which also threatened the bank, and it was afterward protected by a wing dam. Quinaby and his tribesmen found that a handy place for his camp, because they had the creek water for domestic use and for their ponies.

It was cleaner, perhaps, than now. But not very clean, at that.

When the Jim Hill people were finishing the Oregon Electric railroad line from Portland to Salem, the officials wanted names for their stations, and it was someone's bright and correct idea that Indian names should be used. Elmer Mallory was employed in the department searching for names. He was born in Galois, son of former Congressman Rufus Mallory, his mother a daughter of Aaron Rose, founder of Roseburg.

Elmer wanted to name a station Quinaby, but was in doubt about the spelling. He wrote the Bits man. He inquired of A. Bush—the original pioneer banker. "Tell him to spell it like it sounds, Q-u-i-n-a-b-y," said Mr. Bush. So it is, for Mr. Bush was the best speller Oregon ever had, excepting one, O. W. Craig, father of the present proforester at the state printing office, Sumter Craig. Mr. Bush himself willingly gave the palm to D. W. Craig.

Old Quinaby was always hungry, or seemed so to the pioneer families of Galois. It is told of him that he got a furlough from the reservation authorities to come to Salem for a 4th of July celebration in one of the last years of his life, along with a bunch of his fellows. While crossing the Salem ferry, someone inquired what kind of a celebration it was to be—especially if there was to be a barbecue. The ferryman, pretending to know, answered that, for the particular one, that feature was to be omitted.

# The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

### CHAPTER FORTY

THEN Basil Boucher met Lola Carewa. That was eight years ago. The meeting came about on the terrace of the Café Royale just down from the Madeleine. Lola was at that time dancing in the Théâtre Sans-Souci. She stopped at the Café Royale with an elderly admirer, said to be a Belgian who had made millions out of rubber in the Congo. Like Musetta in La Bohème, Lola sent the old gentleman off on some pretended errand, because her eyes had met those of the sil and she began to talk. He came directly to the point and told her that he loved her. He had recognized her instantly—and for weeks had not been haunting the Sans-Souci, merely to see the dancing Lola? They agreed that fate had brought them together. In Lola's car they drove to her apartment, where she lived entirely alone. It was the beginning of what seemed to be a high passion.

"Then came the crash. The body of Basil Boucher was found in the Seine. He had left a suicide note. He had stolen from the bank and used half of it for the ruby and half to speculate on the Bourse—to get the money to pay back. The stocks went down, and all was over. In one desperate play he had lost."

At the time, Lola told friends the Théâtre Sans-Souci that Basil had refused to allow her to provide for him. She had been eager to do that. She also declared he was the only man she had ever loved. After his death Lola told one girl who danced with her that she would always keep near her the furniture and other appurtenances of the room in which they first loved each other. It was a sentimental idea. I wonder if she really carried it out? I very much do not believe that she did. Women seldom die from sentiment. However, I may be unjust. The Paris police have lost sign of Lola Carewa. She left for America and we do not know what happened after that. All who remember her here still will tell you, however, that Lola seemed to be desperately in love with Basil Boucher, and she had no reason to suppose that she killed the young man. The suicide seems absolutely proved. There was, however, some difficulty in identifying the body—but by certain faint birthmarks, Mrs. Boucher, the mother of the young man, was able to make a positive identification. Please feel free, my esteemed Mr. Thatcher, to call upon me for any further help, if that is possible. And I shall be glad to hear the outcome of your astute researches. Yours fraternally, "DUPONT."

Colt looked at me with a mysterious smile. "The clue is there!" he exclaimed, his voice low, but tense with the exultant ring of discovery. "I felt sure it would be. A very slender clue—but it's there. Go home and get some sleep, Tony. My apologies to Betty. And be back at eight!"

When I returned to Center Street at eight o'clock that night, I found District Attorney Dougherty seated opposite Colt, in the private office of the Commissioner. They were talking in low tones, with a sheaf of notes lying on the desk between them. The Commissioner was in dinner clothes, and looked as fresh and keen as if he had just arisen. Yet, as I learned later, he had not left the office all day; he had sent out for his dinner, and changed in the dressing-room that adjoins his consultation room.

Dougherty waved at me lugubriously as I drew up a chair. "I understand the jewel-ring idea is all blown to bits," was his heavy greeting. "And yet—" "And yet your investigation led us directly to the scene," Colt reminded him. "A deuce of a lot of good that did, too," returned Dougherty with an Olympian wink around the room. "Did you go through that dossier I sent down from my office?" "I did," replied Thatcher Colt. "It did connect Lola with some of the principal jewel operators. But she was not acting as stool pigeon for them. She was jacking them up for blackmail tribute."

"There is still reason to believe they might have ordered her death," said Dougherty. "But to this Colt shook his head decidedly. "That is impossible. This is what we knew it must be from the very beginning, Dougherty—an inside job. It lies between the family and some of the intimates who frequented the apartment. Rowland, Guy Everett—or the mother, the servants—it had to be someone who had access to those rooms."

"But you haven't settled on the one you think is the most likely?" "I am beginning to. But it is too early still to try to theorize—too many facts yet to be obtained. We have as yet found no trace of the missing Edgar Quires, brother of one of the dead girls. But our airplane police, whom I shot up to Rochester early this morning, have made one interesting discovery. The telegram which was received by Edgar Quires was from Christine, as we suspected. Immediately thereafter Quires and his wife hurried to the railroad station and left Rochester without taking any baggage. From that moment on, all trace of them seems to have been lost."

"If we could only see that telegram!" mourned Dougherty. Colt smiled whimsically as he packed down the brown flakes of tobacco in the bowl of his pipe. "Court processes are so slow," he complained. "But we did manage to see the telegram!" "Good!" chuckled Dougherty. "What did it say?" Colt produced a blank form for

carbons of official reports and read aloud: "All my worst suspicions confirmed. I know I am in danger. Come and rescue me."

"CHRISTINE"

On hearing this development, I confess that a sense of almost hopeless bewilderment settled over me. The riddle seemed to grow darker with every hour. Would it ever be solved? This telegram raised singular questions, indeed. If Christine Quires knew that she was in danger, was it a danger from Lola—who was herself murdered? Or from someone else? If that were so, why did not Lola and Christine cling together, against their common enemy? Moreover, if Edgar Quires had started for New York in answer to that summons, where was he now? Why had he not appeared at the pent-house and demanded his sister? Did he know what had happened to Christine? Or was it possible that the same unseen assassin had also been able to strike at the brother, too? Would his poisoned body be the next to be discovered?

The even voice of Thatcher Colt dispelled my momentary preoccupation with these riddles. "We are still searching diligently for Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Quires," he stated. "Perhaps before the night is over we shall have some information. Meanwhile, we have been going forward on other lines of investigation. One of these was the story told to us by Mr. Guy Everett."

"The guy with an accent," rumbled Dougherty vengefully. In connection with Inspector Flynn, the District Attorney harbored a deep resentment against the debonair and apparently harmless theater man.

"I am sorry to say," returned Thatcher Colt, "that the second alibi furnished by Mr. Everett proved to be no more reliable than the first. We have now been able to check, not only the employees but also last night's cash customers. No one at the club remembers seeing him there last night. Yet Guy Everett persists in his story that he did go to the North Star Club and drank punchcocks of ale between the time he left Christine and his return to the Arton Club."

"Can he call the name of any person that he saw in the North Star Club at a night?" asked Dougherty shrewdly. "Yes," replied Thatcher Colt promptly. "We tried that dodge on him, and he called the names of three men and two women. Now it is fact that those three men and two women were in the North Star Club last night, and at the hour that Guy Everett places him there."

"Were they regular patrons?" "Not all of them. The situation does have its puzzling aspects. We all saw Everett when he came to the pent-house. He may have been drinking. But he was certainly not intoxicated. His memory is perfectly clear as to his movements. He says that forward his alibi. But there is no one to substantiate it."

(To Be Continued)  
Copyright 1931, by Covici-Fryde, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

THRASHING TIME  
He—"If nothin' busts, the thrasher or Will come sometime today. It's over on Pete Asher's."

She—"Fore noon they'll get away. I'm roasting in this kitchen. A-bakin pies and ham. The hired girl is dolling up."

He—"To vamp Pete Asher's Sam. She—"The whistle's now announcing They're finished Asher crop."

He—"I'll give Bill Jones a trouncing. If this ain't his next stop. She—"He's turning the wrong corner."

He—"The onery, lyng skunk! She—"He's thrashing next for Horner. With his old pile of junk."

He—"I'll sue him—sure as thunder! She—"If rain cuts down our yield He—"Look, he's redeemed his blunder."

Both—"He's setting in our field. (Exchange.)

## THRASHING STARTS SHORTLY IN VALLEY

SPRING VALLEY, July 27 — Almost all of the fall sown grain is bound now and waiting for threshers. There is also a large amount of spring sown grain that is not ready. The spring grain is not so good due to lack of moisture. Hay was the crop and over 500 tons were baled around here. The Stratton baler finished Thursday night.

J. R. Utterback of Shedd has purchased the F. G. McLench farm of 154 acres and has improved the house with a coat of paint.

The county road crew is busy sweeping, oiling and graveling the main highway through here. The work will continue to the J. J. Stratton farm and may be continued farther.

T. J. Merriek and a crew of men are cleaning and slashing out brush at several intersections, which had seriously obstructed the view.

## W. A. HEATER TO BUILD NEW HOME

STAYTON, July 27.—Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Hagen have moved to Salem temporarily, as Mr. Hagen, who is an architect and builder expects to begin work Wednesday of this week, on a fine new residence for W. A. Heater. Last summer Mr. Hagen built a fine residence at the Heater's well known strawberry farm, for their son Dolph.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wick and Peter Wick, of Millwaken, Wis., are visiting at the Grier and Minten homes here. They made the trip by auto, doing the distance in five days. Mr. Wick, Sr., is a brother of Mrs. B. Minten and Mrs. Wick was formerly Aletha Sullivan, granddaughter of Mrs. Matilda Grier.

W. A. Elder and Henry Diedrich left the last of the week for Los Angeles, where they will attend the Olympic games. They plan to be away about three weeks and expect to visit relatives in Anaheim and other California towns.

Miss Pearl Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, who live near Aumsville, is in the hospital here as the result of an accident at Taylor's grove, above Mehama, Sunday. The young woman fell from a high bank down on the rocks at the river's edge. She was badly bruised and is thought to have a fractured skull.

Wilbur Lesley underwent an operation for appendicitis late Monday night at the local hospital. He had gone down to Portland by auto stage to spend the weekend. He became ill while there and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lesley went for him Monday.

Word comes from Miss Estella Huntley, who is in a Salem hospital as the result of a major operation, that she is doing well. Miss Huntley owns and operates Stayton's only beauty shop.

## Bulk of Berries Are Picked in Spite Price

ROCKY POINT—The loganberry, blackberry and raspberry harvest has come to a termination with most of the berries harvested despite the low price. Hay harvest is over and grain cutting is in full swing. Mrs. F. Eysel and daughter, Clara, of Topeka, Kansas, Eysel of Hillsboro, and E. G. Eysel of Portland who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. George Lambrecht, returned home.