

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Petition Merry-go-round

THE merry-go-round of the Zorn initiative petitions went through another weird seance in Portland last week, resulting in a blank ticket so far as any judicial determination is concerned. Brownell, charged with stealing the petitions, was discharged; but Judge Mears ordered the discharge not on the ground of insufficient evidence, but on the ground that Zorn and MacPherson had not proven themselves owners of the petitions. As the hearing developed the witnesses rather than the defendant were put on trial, and the major effort was made to find out who backed the petitions financially. That failed, so the public knows little more than it did to begin with. There is Watchman Tallman's story to be believed or disbelieved as a person chooses, unless there should be further proceedings through grand jury indictment.

We do not see why Zorn's group does not openly tell the world where the money came from to finance the petitions. There should have been nothing disgraceful about it. Even if the law does not require making public the list of donors except for the campaign after the petition is filed, there is no reason for secrecy in this instance. The inference is drawn that interests in Corvallis advanced all or part of the money. Perhaps they did; we should not be surprised if that is true. Likewise it seems a logical inference that the money which was used to effect the robbery of the petitions came from Eugene or from partisans of the university.

So far as the commercial aspects of the initiative measure are concerned Corvallis stands to gain and Eugene and Monmouth to lose. That is as plain as day; and human nature being what it is, it is logical to believe that each community will contribute money where its interest lies. As a matter of fact, this initiative and the petition robbery are but an extension of the feud which has raged over Oregon for decades. The bitter rivalry between Eugene and Corvallis for appropriations and football stars has been omnipresent and reached into every legislature for years. In fact Prof. MacPherson uses this as an argument for consolidation: to end the Kentucky feud by establishing one university.

As we see it, the state should recognize these commercial interests and make appropriate discounts for propaganda for or against the merger measure. The cause of higher education in Oregon is something which transcends interests of the immediate localities in which institutions are located. The state's interests are paramount. It may be conceded that communities whose financial interests are concerned will act from selfish motives. The decision which the voters should make is not what is best for individual cities although their interests should be weighed because they are parts of Oregon; but what is best for the state, best for the youth of today and tomorrow.

The attention of the voters has been diverted too long by the squabble over who put up the money to float the initiative, and over the petition robbery. Attention now should be concentrated on what the initiative will do for Oregon; and in this study voters should deliberate not just in terms of their pocketbooks but in terms of building a commonwealth here. If after due reflection the voters decide it is better to maintain two major institutions in the state that will be just too bad for Corvallis realtors. If on the other hand the voters adopt the Zorn-MacPherson bill that will be too bad for real estate owners in Eugene and Monmouth. The major issue however is not local real estate values though they are entitled to consideration, but Education and Taxation for Oregon for the present and the future.

White Collar Bolsheviks

THE popular conception of a bolshevik is that of a shabby, hairy, mouthy fellow, light of brain, emotional; or one of another type, long, lean, intellectual but weird-eyed, behind horn-rimmed spectacles, a man who "thinks too much", impractical, a dreamer.

That conception needs altering. The modern "bolshevik" is a white collar type, one who has been regular all his life, member of the chamber of commerce, voting republican ticket, keeping up his attendance at kiwanis club. Just as present he has his nose to the grindstone, working hard, cutting down expenses, trying to make ends meet. You will find him keeping up his end of the community load, serving on committees, cussing bougeers, etc. But scratch his back and you'll see him flare up in an attitude of revolt. Probe a little deeper and you will doubtless find he is one of the army whose investments are "unemployed". He is one of the millions who were taken for a ride by "investment bankers". Defaulted dividends and interest have not made him bolshevik, but revelations of unscrupulous methods of what were supposedly the "best names" in the business world have made him mad all the way through.

The way that Krueger securities were sold without adequate investigation, and Insull bonds floated on a hurricane of fictitious values and other cases of financial piracy on a colossal scale have made the ordinary, conservative business and professional man bolshevik. Utilities for example have lost their best friends. The small capitalist who was willing to make honest investments finds he has been gloriously rigged, so he is all "burned up". Now when the utilities come around for defense against "socialism" they will get a stony stare where formerly they got anxious sympathy.

The charge does not lie against all utilities by any means, nor against all investment bankers. But the exposures of crookedness and abuse of trust have been so overwhelming that the good are suffering along with the bad. The only thing that will save the financial high-jackers is the fact that memories are short, and the sucker crop is certain of reproduction at the rate of one a minute.

The financial pirates of Wall and LaSalle streets will do well to keep off the small city Main streets for some months ahead.

It's Alive!



Lay Sermon

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," Jesus of Nazareth.

The term "new rich" was highly descriptive of the commoners who by a lucky chance stepped into sudden riches. They were the "nouveau riche", and quickly became the butt of jokes in New York and Paris. Equally descriptive is the phrase "the new poor". It is true "the poor we have all ways with us"; but the "new poor" they are a different species. I came across the phrase in an article "Enjoying the Depression" in the August Scribner's, and quote:

"It makes me furious," said the wife of a young professional man who has had to cut corners all her married life, "to see some of these new-poor women, who know it won't last, actually wallowing in penury. They're getting such a great kick out of being martyrs! They reduce their maid's wages whether they have to or not simply because they know they can get away with it. They wear a cheap hat because 'Don't you love it? And it only cost \$1.98! As if it took any courage to be poor!'"

"Anything to be in the social procession... even if it's over the hill to the poorhouse."

Quite true. For a man to buy a new, expensive automobile this year would be to put himself under suspicion as being a bootlegger or a nut. With our characteristic mob psychology we are "Hoo-vering" in the same militant manner but with far different aims, as in 1918.

Robert Ruhl of Medford, writing from the middle west, says: "A great teacher on a hilltop in Palestine. Surely he did not refer to the 'new-poor,' those who are 'wallowing in penury.' There are many who are poor in spirit now as in the past, many who are more deeply sympathetic; and may the blessing of God be on their souls. But the new-poor who are getting fresh stimulus for their cheating tradesmen and servants out of just dues, there is no blessing for them. May they continue to cheat themselves of life's blessings, starve their souls of the milk of human kindness, until they get some newer and better conception of the wealth which is drowning them."

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Homer would protest:

(Continuing from yesterday):

Lewis P. Aldrich, long with the Ladd Bank of Salem, could tell many incidents of the boyhood of Homer Davenport, and of his later career.

Low, as he is known to his family, lived in the T. W. Davenport home at Silverton three years, from 1887 to 1890; worked for his board and attended school. Homer and Low were bedfellows and playfellows during that time. T. W. Davenport, Homer's father, was a scholar and a well read man, and he was ambitious that Homer should acquire a good education. He could not understand that his son would climb high in the world without scholarly accomplishments.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," spoke a great teacher on a hilltop in Palestine. Surely he did not refer to the "new-poor," those who are "wallowing in penury." There are many who are poor in spirit now as in the past, many who are more deeply sympathetic; and may the blessing of God be on their souls. But the new-poor who are getting fresh stimulus for their cheating tradesmen and servants out of just dues, there is no blessing for them. May they continue to cheat themselves of life's blessings, starve their souls of the milk of human kindness, until they get some newer and better conception of the wealth which is drowning them."

Watson, publisher of the Sunday Mercury, was a lover of good horses. He bargained for one of the colts of Homer's mare, bought with his own horse and bring the filly to Portland. The fine buggy horse of Watson took colts the night of Homer's arrival in Silverton—and died. It was then arranged that Lewis Aldrich should go along to lead the filly, while Watson drove and drawing a picture of the scene. Smith by accident picked up the drawing—was struck with its true portrayal of the scene being enacted, and the characters. He turned to T. W. Davenport and inquired who made the drawing. The answer was the boy, with a remark from the father that his son seemed to feel away all his time with such useless things, to the neglect of study and gainful work.

"But that boy has genius!" exclaimed Smith, "and if it were cultivated it might lead to great things." That foreboding around the Davenport fireplace resulted in a plan to send Homer to San Francisco to enter an art school.

Homer got a fine bull pup from Whit, Crawford, Linn county photographer. The pup was given too much rope and committed involuntary suicide. These are just sample hard luck stories out of many. The Aldrich and Davenport families pioneered together, hence the interest of T. W. Davenport in the half orphan boy, Lewis Aldrich.

Lew's father was A. S. Aldrich. The S. was for Sprague. He served in the Civil war and then came west to work for the man for whom he was named, a relative, Col. Sprague of the Northern Pacific. He was in the land department, relocating lands. He was drowned at Kalama in 1874, when Lew was a child. Lew was raised by his grandmother, Mrs. Mary C. Willis, who was a daughter of Col. Greenwood, who came in the covered wagon immigration of 1847, and had a donation land claim on Howell prairie. He traded a yoke of oxen, a shotgun and a wagon to two of the Howells for their squatters' rights, the best mile square, 640 acres, tract of that section. T. W. Davenport came in 1851. Mrs. Davenport, daughter of Hon. R. O. Geor, was with the 1847 immigration.

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HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER ONE

"Marriage is like reading a novel without suspense. No matter how charmed you may be at first with the words, a sustained effort demands little surprises, little moments of not knowing what's going to happen," Pamela said abruptly. Her brooding dark eyes rested on her husband taking head dives into the breakers.

The beach glittered in the morning light. Noisy throngs overran it. Gregarious women "taking the sun" in the shade of hooded chairs. Girls and men sprawling on the sand or playing under enormous many hued umbrellas in amazing array. Overhead a violent blue sky. Clouds like lamb's fleece. And sun. White hot sun. Palm Beach in late February.

"The difference is that you can put a book down, but even in this age it isn't so simple to put down a husband," the woman continued in her slow drawl.

Patricia, sitting on the sand beside Pamela's chair, lifted amazed blue eyes to the beautiful dark profile.

"Why, Aunt Pam!" she cried.

"Have I shocked you?" Pamela's remote gaze turned to the bright young face.

"If any other woman had said to me what you have just said," retorted Patricia, "and if her husband were Mr. Warren, or as attractive and—eligible as Mr. Warren is, I'd vamp him away from her."

Pamela Warren laughed negligently. "It would no doubt amuse me to see how Jimmie would react to a vamp."

"But suppose his reaction was to love her, what would you do?"

"Don't be absurd, darling."

"Why is it so absurd? Even Pamela Beach gets an attack of cold sometimes. What would you do?"

"One never knows positively what one would do; but I think if Jimmie wanted another woman I'd step out. Why not? However," she said lightly, "I can't be a party, angel, and I'm on my way to the handsome person and eligible bank account of my husband. Chiefly because these matters require time, and you haven't any time to waste."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That your father has exhausted himself on your education. Jimmie and I would gladly help him if he'd accept it. But any help we might give him would be—well, just a gift. We would know he could never love her, so would he. That would make it an insult to his pride to offer. I'd gladly take care of you next winter; but I doubt if he'll let me do it this summer. And besides there he is—an old man, homeless, and—"

"We have the plantation."

"It's gone. The caving has been very rapid these past four years that you've been in school. I've an idea the reason Cousin John never took you home during vacation, but always met you somewhere, was because he didn't want you to see the havoc. Even the house is gone. Your father lives in a little shack on the back of the land. You've been living, are living now, on the price of your beautiful furniture."

"Oh, Aunt Pam!" Patricia covered her face with her hands.

"I didn't tell you to hurt you, dear. You had to know."

"Of course. Oh, my darling Daddies, why have you done this?"

"It wasn't his fault, dear."

"Oh, I mean all the money he's spent on me."

"Well, there are two ways of looking at it. He might have saved it and the two of you eeked out your miserable living on it for several years longer, and you would have had no opportunities, no future. Instead, he has used it to give you a chance. And the reason I talked to

official, being in Oregon, visited his cousin, T. W. Davenport, at his Silverton home. Smith was cousin of Vice President Charles Fairbanks. The cousins had not met since their boyhood days in Ohio. They sat and talked late before the Davenport fireplace.

Homer, an interested listener, bowed himself with drawing a picture of the scene. Smith by accident picked up the drawing—was struck with its true portrayal of the scene being enacted, and the characters. He turned to T. W. Davenport and inquired who made the drawing. The answer was the boy, with a remark from the father that his son seemed to feel away all his time with such useless things, to the neglect of study and gainful work.

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Brushing off her hat with an impatient gesture, she dropped on the sand.

you as I did about marriage was because I felt if you knew the truth, as I know it, you would know there's no use in being sentimental. It wears off. The thing to do is to select a man who can fill your life with material beauty and make your father's last days comfortable as he has made yours in the past. Harvey Blaine is such a man."

"He has a face like an old horse," stormed Patricia.

"He's enormously wealthy, and the shape of his face is a minor thing. You'd get used to that as one has to get used to so many things in married life. He's a gentleman, and would take good care of you. He has asked me to put in a good word for him. The word I'm putting in is for you and—"

"Don't talk any more, Aunt Pam." Patricia's hands dropped into her lap. Her eyes were dry, burning. She threw back her head, lifting her small white face to the sky in a gesture of supplication. Then, slowly pulling on her hat, she rose. "Aunt Pam, may I take your car? I saw Ben this morning, and he told me he'd brought it down. I want to get away for a while—by myself."

"Of course, child. But hadn't you better let Ben drive you?"

"No. I want to be alone."

"Well, don't drive recklessly. You are in a reckless mood."

"You needn't worry. I'm all Daddy has. I shan't forget that."

Pamela sighed. Her sports costume of rough oyster-white brought out the rich olive tints of her skin, the satiny sheen of her black hair and deepened the velvet dusk of her large bored eyes.

Eight years ago Pamela St. John, the most beautiful debutante of the season, having an enormous fortune in her own right, had converted society into a collection of exclamation points by rejecting a title to marry Jimmie Warren, a gay youngster who had nothing to offer her but himself and a little matter of a fortune no greater than her own. Tumultuously in love, she had married him against beleaguering opposition.

That her marriage, in spite of an overwhelming love on her side and Jimmie's, had gone the way of the most marriages, she accepted as she accepted the fortunate conditions of her life. She had given up trying to understand—given up the hot white rebellion that had torn her in earlier years, retreating behind indifference and hopeless weariness.

It had never occurred to her that she could love any other man. Comparing his fine form, his rugged blondness and engaging manner with the men of their set, she was wont to acknowledge with a faint glow of pride that there was not one among them who was his equal.

Demanding the eternal love, she resented the routine of married love and grew bored. And even while she resented Jimmie's taking her for granted, she had, unwisely, as taken him. She had not ceased to love him; she had simply ceased to find adventure in his love as he grew more and more the friend; less the lover. Her boredom had increased proportionately. Life had grown more and more flat and stale. . . .

Parking the car, Patricia turned into a deep new path cut through the tangle of mangrove and sea grapes which separated the road from the beach. A small, very new tent buckled in the breeze on the sea side of the jungle. Near it was a dead fire, a pile of newly opened tins. Below it, a new dory was beached.

She paused, minded to seek solitude further on. The emptiness of a newborn world spread itself before her defiant search. Intermittent miles of sea and sand. Beyond the jungle hedge, life roared in endless procession.

With a shrug she continued down to the sea, and brushing off her hat with an impatient gesture, dropped on the sand. Her hair, worn in tumbled curls, was so pale that it held a silver sheen, welding with out joint to the enormous light. Her sports jacket formed the one splash of red on a vastness of stirring green and gold and blue.

(To Be Continued)

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Murder -- Even Small, Cheap One Gets Limelight For Some Reason

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem.

The neighbors nudge one another and smile skeptically when a local girl lets it be known that she yearns for movie stardom. Why? Girls from different towns of the country have attained to movie stardom, and girls will continue to attain to movie stardom. There appears no good reason why, if she feels that way about it, a girl from Salem should not be as successful as a girl from any other town in the realization of this or any other ambition. And, of course, if she really feels that way about it, a girl won't care the toss of an eyebrow what the neighbors think about it.

Street talk during the past several days has had to do largely with the murder trials going forward at the courthouse. General satisfaction is expressed at the outcome of the trial of the three bad hombres who killed a night watchman at Silverton somewhat more than a year ago. Two were sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary, and one awaits sentence at this writing. Reminds me of a "saucy party" in Iowa back in the '80s, in which some doubt existed as to which of two men killed a town constable. The "party" decided, after a period of prayerful deliberation, to hang both men, thus making certain that the guilty one would be punished.

Those were the days when pretty well all the half-baked desperadoes in the midwest country were out to emulate the exploits of Frank and Jesse James. Few succeeded, but many made nuisances of themselves. The citizens of that section where I was living acted on the theory that a fire in its beginning is much easier to beat out than one which has gathered headway. Hence the "saucy party" mentioned. Hence, also, one of the memories of my youth—a memory that will endure while I endure. Strangely, that hanging of two men in two trees produced in me none of the disagreeable sensations I underwent later when wit-

ness a legal execution. But the memory is not entirely a pleasant one.

Murder is not a pleasant subject, but there is no subject of greater interest to the general public. The bookshelves are filled with stories of murder, the motion picture shows are filled with murder, the newspapers print columns of murder. Murder is a court room large enough to hold all who would attend a murder trial. Even a small and cheap murder, such as is being threshed over in the Marion county court at this time—a killing that apparently resulted from a drunken quarrel in a Salem home, draws well.

"Grand Hotel," which is the greatest motion picture of 1932, drew well in Salem. It would have drawn better had conditions been

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D. H. TALMADGE

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TINGLESTAD IN EAST

SILVERTON, Aug. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. B. Tinglestad have received word that their son, Edwin Tinglestad, editor of the Eastern Tanager Herald at Parkland, Wash., left Wednesday for an automobile trip to North Dakota. The trip is a combined business

and vacation trip. He is being accompanied east by four other men from Parkland. Prof. Paul Highby, now studying at the University of Minnesota, will come west with Mr. Tinglestad on his return trip in place of one of those who is accompanying him east. The party expects to return to the coast around September 1.

H. L. S. Q.—What about a woman aged 45, 5 feet 6 1/4 inches tall, weight?

A.—She should weigh about 140 pounds. This is the average weight for a woman of this age and height, as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average

Answers to Health Queries

H. L. S. Q.—What about a woman aged 45, 5 feet 6 1/4 inches tall, weight?

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H. L. S. Q.—What do you advise for scars left by pimples?

A.—To make the scars less noticeable, apply hot and cold compresses alternately for ten minutes night and morning. X-ray is also

is a matter of little or no significance.

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