

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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College Catalogs

THE catalog of the SYSTEM of Oregon high institutions of learning will be out September 10th, perhaps; maybe not until after school starts. Meantime the students who are considering attending the university or state college can only draw long guesses as to what courses will be offered. The result is continued uncertainty as to enrollment at the institutions. Many former students have announced they would not return.

The catalog is to be a "master catalog", a regular Sears Roebuck catalog. Instead of issuing separate bulletins for the separate schools, one big, bulky volume is to be printed. So when a little girl who finished Wallowa high school in May and wants to go to LaGrande normal school writes in for a catalog, she will receive a tome with catalogs of all the other schools, the medical school at Portland, the engineering school at Corvallis, the piano school at Eugene. Perhaps if she hunts long enough she may find the segment relating to LaGrande normal.

This master catalog idea is contrary to the recommendations of the survey committee which recommended separate bulletins for each school.

"It will perhaps be desirable ultimately to publish a complete catalogue of the university or of the state college for general distribution to high school seniors or other prospective students, but, instead, a series of bulletins, one for each major division or school. . . Each of these bulletins might contain a uniform introductory chapter describing the Oregon program of higher education. Following would appear such announcement of the requirements and facilities of the particular major division or school as would be needed for the information and guidance of students interested in the particular field."

This is the practice of large universities now — issuing separate bulletins for different schools, and distributing sparingly the general catalog. Why should the Oregon SYSTEM distribute generally a bulky, costly master catalog? What does the prospective entrant to the law school at Eugene want to know about courses in forestry at Corvallis or teaching phonics at Monmouth?

But we must glorify the SYSTEM even with paper monuments. What we save on instructors' salaries we can spend on overhead. If this is a sample of the "economy" which the state board is showing in school management, the state may well pray for relief.

Meantime of course the poor high school students are going about in a dumb funk not knowing what courses they will have; and former students are writing for catalogs—at Washington, Stanford, Reed, Willamette, Whitman.

Paul Shoup Leaves the Coast

THE Southern Pacific has a new president, Angus D. McDonald, a name Scotch enough to satisfy the stockholders to be sure. Paul Shoup retires as president to accept the position of vice chairman. The new president will have direct charge of operations of the great railway and steamship system, while Mr. Shoup's field will be more in the building up of traffic. His headquarters now are expected to be in the east instead of San Francisco.

The whole coast will regret the loss of direct contact with Paul Shoup. He has been intimate with the communities of the vast empire his company served. Constantly on the road, almost, one week might find him in Portland and a few days later in El Paso. The responsibilities have been heavy, especially in the critical period which railroads have faced for two years. Easily approachable, "common" in dress and demeanor, Paul Shoup has been far different from the high hat railroad president of 1900. The west will miss his friendly calls, now that his assignment of duty lies chiefly in other territory.

And no "Horse Feathers," Either

WHAT a glowing Marx comedy the country missed when the photographers were not on hand to film the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx at their Hollywood home just after midnight Monday morning. For when Zeppo and Mrs. Zeppo arrived in their apartment from a week end at Malibu, the beach resort of moviedom, they found their quarters had been ransacked and Mrs. Zeppo's jewelry taken. Zipparee for Zeppo! No "Monkey Business" this time. The Jewelry was worth \$37,000. Now if that catastrophe did not start Zeppo zipping all over the place hunting for clues and gesticulating as frantically and as volubly as in "Cocoanuts" then the Marx brothers are sadists and their comedies are flat tires. What a loss, not of jewels but of mirth, that we do not get this scene frozen in celluloid for the relief of a weary world.

The street corner soapboxers who declaim that the depression was engineered by the rich to bankrupt the small fry should study the case of Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick. Once known as America's richest woman, daughter of old John D. himself, Mrs. McCormick is now on her deathbed in a Chicago hotel. Business worries have got her down. Her fortune is largely vanished, swept down the flume with the savings of millions of others. Mrs. McCormick was a real estate investor. In her real estate enterprises she issued a lot of bonds over her personal guarantee. Her properties suffered, tenants couldn't pay rent and she wouldn't throw them out. So she sold her Standard Oil stock, even mortgaged her palatial residence and moved out of it into a hotel suite. Now she is dying and the only comfort she gets out of her situation is that her collapse has effected a family reconciliation. Her case proves that hard times is no respecter of persons.

Grain yields are lighter this year in the Willamette valley according to reports of our valley correspondents. There was good straw but the heads did not fill properly. The unseasonal hot weather in June, with little rainfall at the filling stage, is probably the cause for the poor yield. At a time when low prices makes necessary as heavy production as possible per acre the reduced yield is hard for the valley farmers to take. The hope is that prices may strengthen and give fair reward for the season's labor.

The five-cent cigar has been back for a long time; now the five-cent street bus ride is back, at least for a try-out. Salem has a splendid street transportation system, which the owners have run with no profit to themselves. They are looking to the future, and are giving Salem people a chance to enjoy their bus service at very low cost. Their generous gesture deserves local support.

The late and great "T. R." called Frankie Roosevelt the maverick of the family. The young T. R. is coming home from the Philippines to take speeches for the republican candidate, and not for the one bearing the family name.

Now that the Olympics are over the hammer-throwing political contest can be resumed.

Inmates of the Yakima jail all voted "for a change".

Just a New Spanish Custom!



New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked these questions: "What is your favorite avocation for summer? Why?"

Lee Ball, garage proprietor: "Hunting and fishing. I was brought up on it."

Charles S. McElhinney, insurance manager: "Golf. So much of the summer I have to work; and our golf courses are close in and are kept up so well."

Ralph Curtis, sports writer: "Mine's golf this summer, as a matter of health, very largely."

Daily Thought

"What thou hast done, thou hast done; for the heavenly host are swift; Think not their flight to overtake."
—Mary Wright Plummer.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

NOT long ago I discussed the after-care of children affected with infantile paralysis. Children that do not receive proper attention remain in a crippled and paralyzed condition throughout life. This is a pity.

Although great advances have been made in the study of infantile paralysis, the germ or other cause of this disease has not been discovered; but remarkable success has attended the after care, with prevention of the disabling results of this dreaded disease. Since the cause of the disease is not known, no means of prevention can be found. But certainly it is essential that all suspected cases of infantile paralysis receive the benefit of all the accumulated knowledge regarding the care of the child. Infants paralyzed occur more frequently than most of us suspect. It may be in an extremely mild form, and the signs and symptoms are sometimes extremely vague.

The Early Stages
The onset of the disease may be sudden, with fever and some form of intestinal upset; but these prominent signs may be absent altogether, and the only change noted may be in the habit and behavior of the child. In such cases children usually active and cheerful become quiet, listless and easily annoyed. Although in the early stages of the disease paralysis is not present, when paralysis does occur it is not marked at first, but progressively attacks various parts of the body. Sometimes the paralysis may involve one part of the body for a short time, then shift to some other part.

Answers to Health Queries
J. C. Q.—How can I get rid of blackheads and pimples? L.—What causes itching scalp?
A.—First correct the diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question. L.—This may be due to dandruff.

F. L. C. Q.—What causes a dry scurvy skin? L.—What do you advise for blackheads?
A.—This may be due to eczema. Correct the diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

E. T. Q.—What causes constipation after an operation for appendicitis?
A.—The probability is that you have adhesions of the intestines. It would be advisable to have X-rays taken to determine the cause. Copyright, 1932, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS

Willamette valley in 1841:

(Continuing from yesterday.) (These underhand proceedings coming to the knowledge of Dr. McLoughlin, his suspicions were excited. He was not sure they were not planning piracy. Wood contacted Dr. McLoughlin and threatened him that an uncle of his was coming shortly, able to buy out the Hudson's Bay company and send it packing—his Uncle Sam, etc.)

(Three members went to Fort Vancouver and interviewed Lieut. Wilkes, telling him they were determined to leave the country partly because there were no white women in the country for them to marry, and would not likely be any soon—that if they remained they could have only Indian or half-breed wives. Also, while they might grow grain, there was no good market for it, and would not

be for a long time, if ever. They asked his help in securing necessary supplies to finish and equip their vessel; also they wished a sea-letter, showing they were not pirates. He promised they would be passing their way, up the Willamette, soon. The result the party had in the last issue. The party made a successful voyage to San Francisco Bay, against great odds, with their raw crew, under the competent command of Joseph Gale. Before issuing the sea-letter, Lieut. Wilkes had examined Gale, and found him a worthy seaman, with experience on the Atlantic coast.

(The builders sold the "Star of Oregon" at San Francisco, and invested the proceeds in cattle and drove them to Oregon in 1842; etc. Some of the fluid in the spinal cord is obtained and examined under a microscope, and this generally makes it possible to determine the presence or absence of the disease. When the disease has been recognized in its early stages use of a "convalescent serum" has prevented the occurrence of paralysis in many cases, and has averted fatal complications. This serum is taken from the blood of an individual who has recovered from infantile paralysis. Children afflicted with infantile paralysis may remain away from school for a period of at least three weeks. They must not come in contact with other children. Neither should children who have been exposed be allowed to attend school. They should be kept under close observation for the first two weeks after the date of exposure. Those who have had the disease need not undergo strict quarantine.

The Proper Diagnosis
Even the physician may be puzzled. Often it is impossible to make a diagnosis without the aid of a spinal puncture. This is a simple procedure and should not be dreaded. Some of the fluid in the spinal cord is obtained and examined under a microscope, and this generally makes it possible to determine the presence or absence of the disease. When the disease has been recognized in its early stages use of a "convalescent serum" has prevented the occurrence of paralysis in many cases, and has averted fatal complications. This serum is taken from the blood of an individual who has recovered from infantile paralysis. Children afflicted with infantile paralysis may remain away from school for a period of at least three weeks. They must not come in contact with other children. Neither should children who have been exposed be allowed to attend school. They should be kept under close observation for the first two weeks after the date of exposure. Those who have had the disease need not undergo strict quarantine.

Immediate Treatment
I am glad to say that the number of cases of this disease reported has greatly decreased within the past year, and deaths resulting from it have similarly decreased. It is believed the disease is definitely on the decline, but emphasis must be placed on the importance of its early recognition and immediate treatment. The danger is much greater in cases where the administration of serum has been delayed.

Early in the morning of the 5th, we set sail for the falls of the Willamette. As they are approached, the river becomes much narrower; and the banks, which are of trap rock, more precipitous. This river is navigable for small vessels, even at its lowest stage, as high as the mouth of the Clackamas, three miles below the falls. In the low state of the river, there is a rapid in the Clackamas. (Lieut. Wilkes spelled it Clackamas. In this and other cases, the Bits man is using the modern spelling.)

"We reached the falls about noon, where we found the missionary station under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Waller. (A. P. Waller, known in later times as "Father Waller.") The Hudson's Bay company has a trading post here, and is packing fish, which the Indians catch in great quantities. This is said to be one of the best salmon fisheries on the river. . . Mr. Waller and his good wife gave us a kind welcome, and insisted upon our taking dinner (Turn to Page 7)

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HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Young and beautiful Patricia Braithwaite adored her father so much that she was willing to sacrifice love and happiness to insure his future independence by marrying middle-aged Harvey Blaine for his wealth. It was Aunt Pamela who suggested that Pat marry wealth, warning that "the glamour of love wears off." Pamela spoke from experience; her own marriage to handsome Jimmie Warren, a young lawyer, was becoming dull. Jimmie, furious at Pat's engagement, was the realization that he himself, career for her. Pat, with youth's optimism, hopes in vain that the young camper whom she only knows as "Jack," and saw only once, will rescue her from Blaine. Jimmie finds her in the garden, sobbing. He takes her in his arms and, in despair and hungry for love, she permits him to kiss her. Next day Pat breaks her engagement, immediately following Pat's broken engagement, Jimmie offers to loan Pat money to study art. Pat's father declines Jimmie's offer, saying his insurance (which he would not touch for himself but felt justified in using for his daughter's career) was adequate for her needs. He plans to take Pat to Paris. One minute Patricia feels she cannot leave Jimmie, and the next, she leaves him for the kiss experience of the night. Pat shrinks from the thought of facing Pamela.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

When the dinner hour actually arrived and the four of them were seated in the spacious dining room of the Warren winter home, lights gleaming on silver and priceless glass, an impeccable butler holding silver platters of rich food on one's left, filling glasses, removing crested plates, Patricia was amazed by her own reaction to their situation.

She felt as if she were an actress playing a part while her baby was dying at home or something. It was rather thrilling to think, while she and Aunt Pam were chatting of inconsequential things, that only last night she and Aunt Pam's husband had kissed. And maybe at the same time he was thinking about it and wishing to kiss her again right while he sat there beside his wife.

It made her feel worldly, a little blasé. She saw herself as one of those beautiful vampires who go around breaking up homes, then breaking the hearts of the poor people who loved them. To speak to Jimmie was another matter. Not till the fruit cocktail, the soup and entree had been disposed of did she achieve it.

"How was the golf today, Jimmie?" she asked, cuddling her brain for something brilliant to say. "Didn't play," he said quite calmly. "Started to, but took a walk instead."

That silenced her. But maybe he didn't walk alone. This worried her. Finally she said: "Would you walk with?" She was instantly furious at herself. Maybe he'd think she was jealous. And Aunt Pam would think she must be awfully interested to quizz him like that.

"Went alone," he replied. Her heart sang. He went so he could think of me. . . But maybe he was thinking of what a little fool I was last night, and afraid I'd expect him to kiss me again, and he didn't want to.

Her face burned at this thought. She hated him as she never supposed she could hate anybody—not even a—snake.

She began talking to Pamela about her after-lunch walk, mentioning freely the boys who were along, recounting the conversation of one of them as if it were a masterpiece of brilliance and wit.

Presently she caught her father studying her as if he heard not one word she was saying. She turned to him: "S'matter, Pop?" Her eyes

assumed a wide and reproachful stare, her laughing eyes went solemn, but with dimples dancing at the corners of her mouth, as was her way when teasing him. His face relaxed. Observing her spurts of rather wild gaiety, her silence, he had sensed her disturbance. Her sudden return to the old repressed whimsically relieved him. "I was thinking of giving you a dose of quinine to reduce your voice." He smiled. This was as near as he ever came to reproving her. "Am I as bad as that?" she demanded.

"Quite as bad."

She laughed, but in her natural low tones: "I saw some Indians today. Maybe I'm getting Indian fever."

Oh, heavens, what a thing to say! Jimmie Warren will think I'm hysterical over him. "I don't want any desert," she said, rising. "I promised the crowd I'd meet them right after dinner. Arthur's coming for me. Time for him now. If you'll excuse me, I'll leave you old people."

She stopped, stricken. Too late she realized that the insult aimed solely at Warren had included Pamela. Her father was old and didn't mind. But Aunt Pam—

She swooped down upon Mrs. Warren, flinging her arms around her neck. "Oh, Aunt Pam, I didn't mean that. I'm a beast. And you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The most beautiful in the world. Am I young? I only wish I was as young and beautiful," she added hysterically.

Pamela laughingly patted the clinging arms and said, "You are quite as beautiful, my dear, if not so young. And I don't hold your age against you. It happens to the best of us."

They all laughed at that, including Patricia, and Mrs. Warren rose. "I don't want any desert either, and I refuse to be left with the old people."

"I only meant it for them any way," was Patricia's parting shot. Pamela slipped her arm around Patricia's waist and they went out on the veranda, the eyes of the two men following them.

"I wonder if women understand themselves any better than a man understands them," the old man mused, as cigars were brought.

"Heaven knows!" Mr. Braithwaite growl pensive. "I'm afraid something is troubling my little girl. I felt it this morning when we talked over our plans. She was quite enthusiastic at first. Then I had a feeling that her enthusiasm died on some contrary thought. Do you suppose by any chance she is interested in young Savage? They are together a great deal. She's always vivacious and playful; but she was rather downcast tonight. And I never before knew her to be betrayed into rudeness. Have you any idea what's troubling her?"

Warren had many times in his professional life driven men into corners — poor devils fighting to suppress some fact that meant loss of freedom, even life, perhaps. He felt now that he was paying his debt to all those harassed, frightened men. He had to answer. Good grief, how many times had he shouted at a man who betrayed his guilt by his very hesitation: "Don't think! Answer the question! Don't you, etc."

"She was probably distressed," he heard himself saying, "by Pam's talk about your finances. Then her desperate plunge into a loathsome engagement no doubt completed an emotional upheaval from which she hasn't yet recovered."

"And," he added to himself, "a skunk whom you honor with your confidence ravaged her young heart while she was in an emotional crisis where any man for whom she had a liking or admiration could have awakened her."

"It troubles me that she hadn't confided that engagement to me," mused Mr. Braithwaite. "I'm leaving tomorrow night, and before I go I

mean to have a very serious talk with her. I've never pressed her confidence; but there are things—that I feel I must look into. She may reserve her confidence; but when asked, she won't lie to me, even though she may for a moment resent my prying."

"Well, if she doesn't lie to you," thought Warren, "you'll probably shoot me before you leave." Adding with quizzical grimace, "I'd like to undertake your defense. I'd get you off scot free. Unfortunately, though, I'd be out of the legal practice."

As twenty-four hours earlier Patricia had waited for a dark face to greet her at each touch on her shoulder, she now waited for a fair face and smiling blue eyes.

Finally when she thought she must surely expire if Jimmie didn't claim one dance, someone touched her on the arm—and Jack's brown face smiled down at her. His arms went around her strongly.

"Let's get out before somebody snatches you from me," he whispered, swinging her over to one of the long windows and out on the veranda. "My carriage is waiting on the sand."

Angrily she tried to draw back; but tucking her hand in the crook of his arm he hurried her down the steps and along the short palm avenue toward the beach.

At the end of the walk she stopped, like a small child dragging back against an older person who pulled it on against its will.

"I don't want to go," she said. "Why didn't you come last night, when I expected, and—wanted you?" Unreasonably she held him responsible for all the pain of the past twenty-four hours. He had let a married man kiss her; then the married man had not bothered to speak to her all day; nor even to dance with her. She had been made a fool of—all because Jack hadn't come last night—as he should have.

She saw his face quite clearly in the opalescent moonlight, all its gay twinklings washed away. "You told me not to come. Said goodbye, as if for always."

She flared up. "Do you always take a girl at her word? Don't you know she doesn't always mean what she says? You weren't so easily rebuffed when you wanted to talk to me there on the beach."

He caught both her hands in those strong strange hands of his. "I wanted to come. I sat on the beach all evening waiting to worse than I'd ever wanted anything in my life. But I thought you were—well, not like other girls. That you were free of their poses and pretenses. I went over every word you'd spoken, every little gesture and inflection of your voice, and I couldn't make it out. You seemed to like me—to like being with me—Didn't you, Pat?"

"Yes. Oh yes, but now—" She tugged, less strongly against his firm hold. She was very near to tears.

"I thought and thought of the perfect day we'd had," he continued. "Then of your inexplicably final goodbye. And the only sense I could make of it was that you must be married—to someone you didn't love. That you'd stolen a little moment of dreaming. Then come awake. I've thought of nothing else all day. Tomorrow I had to know. I couldn't stay away any longer without knowing. You aren't married, are you, Pat?"

She laughed. A bitter little laugh. "Oh, what a muddle life is! No, I'm not married. I thought you must be married. I was sure of it when you didn't come. And so I—buried you. I'd put on my prettiest dress for you. And I buried you."

He too laughed now, but softly, tenderly, gladly. "You wanted me as much as that? Well, here I am, and here you are. The moon is waiting. And the sea. And we've so much that we must tell each other."

(To Be Continued)

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near Forest Grove, last year.

Rev. J. R. Comer, pastor of the First Baptist church, in this city, left yesterday for his former home, in Kansas, where he will be married, and will return to this city next month with his wife.

Mayor Rodgers has ordered Marshall Gibson to see that certain property owners clean up their premises. The east side of Liberty street, between State and Court, presents an unsightly appearance; tall, dry grass overreaches on the sidewalk, thistles bloom and thrive in front of the homes of the Chinese tenants;

canes and ladders are thrown promiscuously in front of certain premises.

August 24, 1932
SILVERTON—A hobo locked in the city jail here escaped last night by building a fire in his cell, then dashing out when firemen entered. He had been given night's lodging, then forgotten the next day and left in jail.

Valuable data and papers that the public service commission expected to use in fighting the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company for a reduction in service rates, have been stolen at different times recently from the commission's offices, it was declared yesterday.

At an organization meeting of the Liberty loganberry growers last night formal resolutions were adopted to establish six cents a pound as the minimum sale price for fresh berries for the 1932 market.

WE OFFER
Subject to prior sale
THE FOLLOWING FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS:

4000 Gabrielson & Elliott 6 1/2%
2000 Thom and Robinson 7%
1000 Eastmoreland 7%
1500 Valley Motor 6 1/2%
4500 Ronald E. Jones 6 1/2%
1000 Geo. B. Guthrie 6 1/2%
1000 E. A. Miller 7%
1000 Western Paper Converting Company 7%
500 Salem Brick & Tile 7%
2000 Neskowin 6 1/2%
1000 Mt. Crest Mausoleum 6 1/2%

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In the
HUMAN
FAMILY

A WIDOW, inexperienced in business, is an easy victim for the unscrupulous. For your wife's sake, let the experienced, reliable officials of this bank handle your estate after you are gone.

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