

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
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Member of the Associated Press

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Chicago, 350 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. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Voting Prosperity

NOVEMBER 8th is election day. After that everything will be hunky-dory. Prunes will be worth something, wool will find buyers. Grandpa will suffer less from his rheumatism; and the old blue cow won't break out of the lower pasture quite so often.

It is strange this naive faith in the magic of the ballot. Our spellbinders are perhaps responsible for it. Long have they cultivated the idea that in this country the people were sovereign and their votes each quadrennial November would solve their troubles, lift the loads off their backs, and waft them into seasons of bliss. Thus the sovereign ballot is invested with powers of transcendent proportions.

Alas, for such hopes or fears. The ballot may be something of a club, but it is quite impotent in the face of the grinding laws which are not enacted by legislative bodies. King Canute could not command the tides; nor can the voice of a president or a congress conjure up prosperity. Pres. Hoover has been unable to pull the rabbit out of his hat, try as hard as he could by uttering the magical syllables.

In 1930 there were many who voted for Gov. Meier thinking that he might bring them prosperity. The governor tried; but the lot of the average man in the state has grown sorer in spite of the effort.

Is the ballot futile then? Not altogether. Sound government policies must prevail as a shield for the free play of economic laws; but it is a mistake to believe that prosperity is the private possession of one candidate or one party. The Lord still helps those who chiefly help themselves.

Free Speech in Portland

FREEDOM of discussion and of resolution is promised by the national convention of the American Legion by its national commander, Henry L. Stevens. This is apparently his answer to the reports that convention booze was to be barred unless criticism of Pres. Hoover was kept down.

It is pure folly to think of muzzling ten thousand or one thousand virile men who proved their fighting worth on foreign fields. Freedom of speech has long been a constitutional guarantee, and the legionnaires are not ones to relinquish their constitutional rights. So oratory will flow at the Portland convention next week.

But the legion should not take itself too seriously. While congress has for a long time quaked in its boots whenever the legionnaires shook a finger, there are signs that even congressmen may be braced by the recent activities of individuals and organizations which are denouncing grabs and grafts from the federal treasury.

It being the popular thing to pan Pres. Hoover perhaps delegates to the convention will undertake to do so, criticizing him for the ousting of the bonus army from Washington. On second thought however the legionnaires may reflect that Hoover is still president, that he has a pretty good chance of re-election; and it may be better politics not to give offense by personal abuse of a man who has been giving his best to the country.

By all means let there be freedom of speech at the Portland convention. Any abuse of the privilege however will reflect upon the organization and injure its standing before the country.

Salary Slicing in New York

THE new mayor of New York, Joseph McKee, has done enough in a week to entitle him to a term's election. The city's payroll had grown 48% during the administration of Jimmy Walker, since 1928. Those were the free and easy days when the dapper Jimmy set the fashion in "come easy, go easy". McKee slashed salaries by \$2,000,000 in one order. He included himself in the lot by cutting his salary \$15,000. And he has no assurance that Paul Block's little boy will ask how he can live on \$25,000 a year, and thus induce Papa Block to split winnings with him.

New York has been extravagantly administered. Its debt has been mounting swiftly, year after year. Only the swift multiplication of its wealth has enabled it to carry the load of debt. As this increase in wealth strikes a pause the debt becomes increasingly onerous. Walker had to take his tin-cup to the bankers months ago. McKee had no difficulty arranging a loan when he showed what he was doing to trim expenses.

We talk about government expenses out in Oregon, but they are only a drop in the bucket compared with the city of New York. That would be a good place for Chapman's Holman to begin work.

Saving Fish—or Industry

THE state can sympathize with the anglers of Aurora who are concerned over the damage to fish life through stream pollution from a cannery. However before the cannery is jerked up suddenly before the law the people should stop and think what value this cannery is to Woodburn. It is the city's largest industry. It is now putting up ten thousand tons of pears, running at the rate of 135 tons a day. It gives employment to many, affords a market for fruits, and uses great quantities of materials. Certainly the waste will have to be controlled, but usually industries if given time will take care of their wastes. Better a few dead fish than a great industry killed by petty agitation.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson says he will vote for Norman Thomas. But the socialist party comes straight out for government manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Enraged because Hoover doesn't stay super-arid, Wilson makes the jump clear over for putting the government in the booze business itself. While the choice is distressing for prohibitionists, the republican platform appears to be the least wet—if that is consolation.

The housewives are putting Frankie Roosevelt on the spot. Frankie will find that while it is easy going to criticize everything Hoover has done, he will have to change his key when organized minorities start quizzing him about their divvy.

Two young fellows were experimenting with explosives in a Portland hotel. The explosives worked all right; giving the papers picture spreads and headlines for two days.

La Grande had its high school burn. Would a slightly used normal school building be acceptable?

"No political ambition" says Rufus Holman to C. C. Chapman. Now some one else tell one.

The Prince and the Paupers



The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Aumsville, Oregon, Sept. 6, 1932
Editor Statesman:
I notice The Statesman and Capital Journal both make mention of an old newspaper that was recently found at Turner, while Mr. Small was reshingling his house. The paper was said to have been published in Portland by L. Samuel over a half century ago and was called "The West Sphere." The name of this old paper has perhaps been somewhat defaced, for L. Samuel did publish a paper in Portland over a half century ago but the name of the paper was "The West Shore."
H. C. PORTER.

Daily Thought

"I have no plans the failure of which would greatly annoy me. Half the unhappiness of life is due to the failure of plans which were never reasonable, and often impossible."—Ed Howe.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

GREAT advances have been made in medicine since the discovery of electricity and its application to the wonderful mechanical devices of modern days.



and from a careful physical examination of the afflicted person. Of course it is not used in treating heart disorders. But the treatment can be more accurately determined after the study of the electro-cardiogram, the picture made by the electro-cardiograph. The manner in which the electro-cardiogram is made is simple: Whenever a muscle contracts, an electrical change is produced. The heart is a muscle that contracts and pumps the blood through the body. The electrical current generated by the heart may be recorded by connecting a very sensitive instrument for measuring electrical energy, called the "galvanometer," to the extremities of the body. The connections are made to both arms; to the right arm and left leg; or to the left arm and right leg. The instrument is attached to a sensitive plate and actual photographs are made of the various contractions of the heart. These are studied and compared with the pictures of a normally acting heart. Any alteration is quickly recognized and the actual site of the disorder is determined. It is a safe and painless procedure. No harm can result from this examination. If you have been advised to have an electro-cardiogram do not delay having it made. It will enable your doctor to thoroughly understand your case. Take advantage of all the advances that have been made by modern medical science.

- I. Q.—What causes me to take cold every time I go out?
A.—Try to build up the general health and you will be less susceptible to colds. Take cod liver oil as a general tonic.
- H. M. P. Q.—I am 32 years old and 5 ft. 4 inches tall. How much should I weigh? Have a small lump on my right breast. About the size of a pea, which has been there for about eight years. It has never enlarged. Should I consult a doctor?
A.—Your weight should be 132 pounds. You should consult a surgeon.
- X. R. V. Q.—What is the cause and cure for styes?
A.—Indigestion and constipation may cause styes, or there may be eye-strain. Correct the former condition when present. Have the eyes examined to see if glasses are needed.
- N. E. C. Q.—What do you advise for pimples and blackheads?
A.—Diet and elimination are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Louis Byrne, colorful old timer:
C. B. ("Cy") Woodworth, Salem boy of the sixties and seventies, afterward Portland banker, now with offices at 1005 Guardian building in that city, sends a contribution for this column which reads:

"Every city, village or hamlet has its characters. Salem had its quota, and more too. One of the most prominent was Louis Byrne, the baker, whose shop was on Commercial street near the Ladd and Bush bays.

"He was spoken of as 'Louie Burns' and was loved by the children. They all wanted to go to the bakery. He had a gruff way with the boys; he would shout something at them when they came in, and go after them about something or other, and then slip them a few cookies or a stick of candy or something that boys like.

"In the early days bakery goods were not much in demand, as the women did their own cooking, and was considered bad form to get bakery bread. The bread was dif-

ferent from what is used now. Only valley wheat was obtainable, which is a soft variety with a very low content of gluten (the word 'gluten' was almost unknown then) which made a very soft white bread very flaky. It was delicious to eat. The flakes would peel off easily and the children, when carrying it home, would poke a hole in the straw wrapper and peel off flakes of it until it looked like a rat had been at it.

"There was a cracker machine connected with the bakery, probably the first cracker machine in the northwest. Soda crackers, they were called. It was a very simple affair. The dough was run through a pair of rollers many times to get it the right consistency. This dough was then fed through another set of rollers that reduced it to the proper thickness and also fed it onto a draper which ran it under a set of dies that formed the crackers. It was all hand work, and as the bakery was a sort of bumming place, there was no lack of help to turn the machine, and no cost to Louie. They usually took a few warm crackers for pay.

"He had a mania for attending funerals; it was an obsession with him. He always went whether he knew the deceased or not. It was his custom to bring up the rear of the procession. He wore a light blue overcoat with a cape lined with red, the same as those worn by the soldiers during the civil war, in fact it was one of the many that was sold by the government after the war.

"His vehicle was his express wagon drawn by a flea-bitten roan horse. Nearly all the processions passed south on Commercial street. Louis was waiting for it. He would light a fresh cigar, shift his cap to a jaunty air, adjust his cigar to an acute angle, mount the seat and be the caboose.

"When he died he had one of the longest funeral processions that Salem ever had."

Mr. Woodworth, sent with the above a private note to the Bits man, in the course of which he said: "I could go more into detail but did not want to take up too much space. He (Louis Byrne) was a fine man and a good citizen. He had a family of girls, and they were all beauties and were much sought after by the youth of that day, including myself. My recollection is that the oldest was

called Lollie Burns; a corruption of Laura. She was married to Johnny Younz.

"I like to think of the old times in Salem and put some facts concerning them on record. Salem had such a lot of these old characters. The 'Flying Dutchman' was one of them, then there was 'Commodore' Sloat, 'One Arm' Brown, and a lot of others. (A story on 'One Arm' Brown will follow tomorrow.)

The Salem Directory of 1872.

HEART STRINGS By EDWIN A. L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS
Young and pretty Patricia Braithwaite becomes engaged to wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine to relieve her father's financial situation. She hopes in vain that handsome Jack Lawrence, whom she met once—and the only man she ever wanted to kiss her—will rescue her from Blaine. In despair, she turns to Jimmie Warren, her Aunt Pamela's husband. They become infatuated. Aunt Pamela blames herself for leading Pat to believe she no longer loved her husband. The fear of losing him makes Pamela realize how much she really cares. Finally, Jack arrives. Pat learns he is the son of wealthy Senator Lawrence, who was kidnapped a few years ago when he went to Mexico to investigate his father's property. Pat tells him he is too late as she loves Jimmie but Jack refuses to acknowledge defeat and a bitter rivalry develops between the two men. For days Jimmie avoids Pat. Unable to stand the strain, she determines to have an understanding with him and asks him to dance with her. Overcome with emotion, Pat faints in Jimmie's arms. He is conscious of everyone's stare. As they leave the dance floor, Jack relieves the embarrassing situation by joining them. Pamela is grateful to Jack. She wires Mr. Braithwaite to come and get Pat. Pat confides in Jack that her shattered ideals of love and marriage caused her to fall in love with Jimmie. Jack tries to convince Pat that what she feels for Jimmie is not real love. Pat believes that by her disclosures she has forfeited Jack's friendship, but he assures her he will stand by as long as she wants him to do so.



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

"Oh, there's that Mrs. Brownley," Pat whispered. "Somehow I can't keep my eyes off her."
In a large rocker on the veranda thrust from the center of the hotel like a pointing finger toward the sea, Mrs. Brownley sat, dressed in her favorite sand color. The elderly Mr. Drexel was talking eagerly to her.

The woman was a flattering listener. Her soft hazel eyes glistened with interest, never wandering. She seemed to settle into a chair in a position of complete repose.
Watching her in this listening attitude, it always appeared to Patricia that there was instinctive womanhood displaying her charms.

Without being pretty, Mrs. Brownley gave an impression of exceeding prettiness.
Unlike the modern girl, never seen in one position long enough to be fully admired, Mrs. Brownley rested in prettiness. Each slow movement pointed it, giving one ample time to ponder it.

Most of the men knew her, yet she made no noticeable attempt to engage their attention. If they spoke in passing she replied pleasantly; if they stopped to talk, she listened flatteringly. She said little on her side, and appeared always at rest, yet never bored or abstracted. An aloof but interested spectator of the hectic passing show of life.

She would sit for hours on the verandas, in the lounges, moving at mealtime into the dining room or to the pavilion for tea. Sometimes she walked in the gardens or engaged a wheel chair for an hour or so. She never danced, rarely swam, and then only in the pool, never in the sea though she was a good swimmer.

The men spoke of her as "a lovely little thing." "Heavens knows why," said the women. "She's neither blonde nor brunette; not more than five feet four and must weigh one hundred and forty pounds. She has a lovely nose and eyes, but her mouth is wide, and her jaw really square."

Women followed her with their eyes, interested in spite of themselves. Now and then one of them addressed her, driven by curiosity

and vague resentment. She showed them the same gentle interest that she accorded the men.

Patricia wondered if she were lonely and what the secret of her charm was. "I'm going to go and talk to her some day," she said, relinquishing her bride to the page who had run out to meet them.

"Why?" Jack asked, giving her his hand.
"Oh, I don't know. The women act sort of horrid to her, and she seems so sweet and gracious when people speak to her; yet never forward and pushing."
But, though they looked into each other's eyes many times, Patricia and Mrs. Brownley did not speak during their stay in Palm Beach.

"For heaven's sake, where have you two been?" cried Mary Lou, rushing out to meet them, her round dark eyes alight. Everything about Mary Lou was round and alight when not determinedly bored. "We looked everywhere for you. Did you forget today was the Indian Sun Dance? Oh, it was too thrilling. So savage. The women all wore millions of strings of glass beads and dresses made of strips of calico sewed crosswise like the American flag, only they had every color, red and yellow and everything. The skirts were huge and down to their ankles. And the men wore smocks to the knees of the same, with a tight belt at the waist. But they're going to dance again this afternoon, if it doesn't cloud up. They won't dance unless the sun shines."

"Let's hope the sun shines," chuckled Jack. "It must have been ravishing."
"It was. Where were you two anyway? Arthur Savage has been looking like a thunder cloud all morning. If the Indians had seen him they wouldn't have danced." She leaned toward Patricia and whispered, "And Mr. Warren has been wandering around like a lost goat or lamb, whichever it is that gets lost."

Aloud she added, "He asked me if I'd seen you, and I told him I hadn't. That you and Jack went riding every morning at some ungodly hour and you hadn't got back this time—maybe you'd eloped."

"We did," grinned Jack.

"I never see you dancing long with anyone," said Jack.
"No, but you never can tell what may happen if men have to walk up to you dispassionately and sign a document to dance with you. It's so coldblooded and legal looking. When he sees you going it wild and woolly he thinks you're a red hot mamma and rushes in and grabs you off before he's had time to think. You have to think over programs."

"Come up to my room and see my dress, Pat," demanded Rainey Todd, the gang baby who cultivated a lisp and a vacant stare. "Or I should say, trousers. Pale blue satin with buckles at the knees and a lavender satin coat. I'm so booful in it." Her shallow blue eyes were almost intelligently shining.
They dragged Patricia away, leaving Jack on the veranda. "My dear," Mary Lou whispered. "Mr. Warren was simply wild when I told him you hadn't gotten back from your ride. He said: 'I hope they haven't had an accident.'"
"And his face was positively white," drawled Lita Moore, whose "line" was languor as suiting her tall slinky figure and thin pale face. "He's walked a thousand times out to the road to see if he could see you."
"Did he say anything besides that?" asked Patricia, gloating over Jimmie's misery.
"No, but he looked volumes," from Mary Lou. "Positive volumes."
(To Be Continued.)
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The Salem Directory of 1872.

in the population section, contains these lines: "Byrne, Louis, grocer, Commercial between Trade and State, Residence, corner High and Center." It should have read between Ferry and State. The writer believes the Byrne restaurant.

MEMBER
**United States
National
Group**

Group Strength —Separate Management

While individual management directs the affairs of this bank—group strength and liquidity through affiliation with the United States National Bank of Portland contribute safety and service to our customers.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

SALEM, OREGON
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