the Oregon States man

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

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Hitler Changes Tune

DOLF HITLER, who has been sending the cold chills up France's spine and giving England more worries, changed his tune after Roosevelt's appeal of Tuesday. Hitler has been parading around his country doing everything to build up the national enthusiasm to the boiling point. He had called the reischtag together for Wednesday to hear him make a great pronouncement. Europe started reaching for machine guns thinking the "next war" was about to start.

Norman Davis, who has been doing the free lance diplomatic work all over Europe for Hoover and Roosevelt, sent a hurried call from London for Roosevelt's help; and Roosevelt responded in dramatic manner, with an address that was frank, forceful and comprehensive. It was a last and climactic appeal to Europe to keep the peace. For the one who broke the peace-"let the blood be on his head."

In the face of this address Hitler could do nothing but capitulate. It was the stupidity of the kaiser's government in failing to head the appeals of Woodrow Wilson that brought Germany's crushing defeat in the world war. Hitler did not repeat the mistake.

While the immediate peace is preserved Europe still is tense. Nothing has been settled or adjusted. The trigger is merely not quite such a hair-trigger as it was for a few days. While Hitler professed accord with the ideals of disarmament which Roosevelt proclaimed, France has not responded with any indication that she will relax her militaristic policy.

Hitler's position is sound in this respect: the other nations which insist on a disarmed Germany, have steadily refused to comply with the peace treaty which called for their own disarmament. If they go about armed to teeth Hitler thinks it is a national humiliation for Germany to be stripped of weapons. Common sense would make one believe his country is better off to be spared the burden and expense of a big military establishment; but nations think they must keep up with the Joneses in the matter of battleships and armored tanks.

The Polish corridor, the unstable situation in southeast ern Europe with Rumania ruling over territory filched from Hungary and Russia,—these difficult situations remain, and with them the impulse to continue Europe as an armed camp. And Japan merely shrugs its shoulders over the Roosevelt speech, and continues its drive to Peiping and Tientsin. So world peace is not yet here. Roosevelt halted the gun-drawing, but the weapons are still handy. There must be much follow-up work if his splendid sentiments are translated into world agreement.

Who Owns the Columbia?

THE Astoria gill-netters seem to have the idea that they Lown the Columbia river and all the salmon that swim in it. They have been out on strike because the packers would not pay over 61/2c per pound for salmon. The fishermen wanted 8c. Upriver fishermen finally compromised with the packers at 7c. They figured it was better to get something for their labors than to do nothing and get nothing. The fishing season is limited anyway, and days already lost have meant thousands of dollars to fishermen.

But the Astoria radicals would have nothing of compromise. They stormed the meeting at Rainier and broke it up, so the mayor there had to call another meeting and exclude the Astoria troublemakers. Not satisfied with holding off on any settlement themselves the Astorians were determined to keep all fishermen off the river by force or threat or other

One of the means announced was to take their own big nets upriver and raid the fishing grounds wherever they saw some of the upriver fishermen at work. This is forceful picketing of the river.

There is no reason why the Astoria fishermen should dominate the whole stream. The people of Oregon have been good to these people at the mouth of the river. By initiative they voted to put out of business the fish wheels and traps of the upper river, and have steadily resisted attempts to restore them. But the state is not ready to give the Astoria fishermen a deed in perpetuity to the whole river. A few more gestures like those made this season and the state will open up the upper river to fish wheels.

What the correct price for salmon should be, certainly no inland newspaper can say; but the action of the Rainier fishermen in accepting the compromise would go to prove that under prevailing conditions the seven cent rate is better than idleness. Certainly the packers have had tremendous losses in recent years.

We Learn How Smart We Are

WHILE Oregon people are the fourth smartest in the nation they are the dumbest on the coast, so Frederick Osborn has it figured out. Osborn is connected with the American Museum of Natural History and explained his studies to the American Eugenics society. His "I.Q." is a resultant of mental tests with school children, illiteracy statistics, army intelligence tests, etc. The states rank in order: Washington, California, Massachusetts, Oregon, Connecti- bids fair to be one of the greatest cut, and on down with Arkansas, Louisana and Mississippi

The results are not surprising. The tables parallel rather closely other tables, such as those for school expenditure. The west coast, particularly the northwest coast, is the last ly in February, it immediately stand of the original white stock that settled in America. It has the lowest percentage of the newer foreign element and of the negro population. We are smart and we know we are smart, out here on the coast.

There is a temptation to say something smart-alecky most daring motion picture ever about this finding of a scholar. We have grown quite suspicious of tables and charts, especially on matters so difficult tional cast as the Hon. Judson exact measurement. Then with all our intelligence we do Hammond, president of the Unitof exact measurement. Then with all our intelligence we do some dumb things sometimes. But take all in all, the west coast is a splendid country, and peopled by a splendid race. With such a marvellous environment the people here ought to dedicate themselves to the task of building here a great, permanent civilization, based not on quick exploitation of natural resources, but on the development of the finest culture, the soundest economic foundation, and the strongest physique. Can we do it?

Hammond, president of the United States, around whom an amazing chain of events revolves. Huston is an expert on presidents, having portrayed both Lincoln and Grant for the cameras. Karen Moriey, who scored in that other picture of national affairs, "The Washington Masquerade," plays the blood stream. Let us tell you about their results. Get a bottle, today. It is pleasant to drink and a half-gallon will last you a whole month.

Phone 6726, or call at 226 Washington Masquerade," plays the blood stream. Let will be described in the proposed in the double of the United States, around whom an amazing chain of events revolves. Huston is an expert on presidents, having portrayed both Lincoln and Grant for the cameras. Karen Moriey, who scored in that other picture of national affairs, "The Washington Masquerade," plays the blood stream. Let will be described in the proposed in the double of the United States, around whom an amazing chain of events revolves. Huston is an expert on presidents, having portrayed both Lincoln and Grant for the cameras. Karen Moriey, who scored in that other picture of national affairs, "The Washington Masquerade," plays the blood stream. Let will be described in the proposed in the proposed in the proposed in the picture of national affairs, "The Washington Masquerade," plays the blood stream. Let will be a stream of the proposed in the picture of national affairs, "The Washington Masquerade," plays the blood stream. Let will be a stream of the picture of national affairs, and the picture of national

seventeen-year old Joan asked for silk stockings, or permission to stay and play tennis after school.

That settled it so far as Aunt Evvie was concerned. But "foolishness" is not so easily settled when the set

the sweet green wood of the lilac tree. Joan was always loving things—the little new green shoots in the old cypress hedge, the swelling buds on the rose bushes, the poor, rusty iron deer, who had stood for so many years firmly planted in the middle of the garden.

When you aren't allowed to have real friends you have to have make.

real friends you have to have makebelieve ones. At least Joan did. Major, the deer, was the best be-loved of them all. Many were the warm kisses she had pressed on his cold iron nose, many the tearful secrets she had poured into his deaf and rusty ear. Major! Silly name for a deer, but she was only three, and thencht he was only three, for a deer, but she was only three, and thought he was a dog when she named him that. Perhaps, she thought, the doggish name would give him a little more life, inspire him to pick up his iron heels and run "woof-woofing" around the yard like the Sedgwicks' dog next door. Joan was always imagining things

"Silly thing!" Mrs. Heeley, peeling potatoes at the kitchen window, watched her disgustedly. "She's been up to somethin'!" The brown parings slid in thin spirals from her red, bony hands, onto the newspaper-covered drain board. "Wait till Miss Evvie gets after her . . she'll catch it!"

There was an odd exulting gleam in her sunken old eyes, something vicious in the way she handled the sharp little paring knife. "Old Crazy Heeley," the Sausalito children called her. Thirty-seven years she had worked for the Van Fleets. "Workin' my fingers to the bone, takin' Miss Evvie's lip, and no decent wages . . . they'll see when I'm gone . . ." She was always threatening to quit. But she never did. She hated change.

She hated Joan, too. Joan-who was young when she and the "Van Fleet" girls were old. Joan-with the too red, too laughing mouth Joan-with the fly-a-way golden hair, tomboy Joan, always rushing and running and tumbling over things, never stopping to grow up into a proper young lady.
"Lookit her now. Playin' with

them flowers like they was human.

heavy hinges. A voice on the front began on Joan again.

Her heavy common-sense shoes Moneyscraped on the patch. They weren't dancing feet any more. The Evvie had found out; somebody must have told on her. She might to eatch a mackerel. Well, she have known. Aunt Evvie always caught no mackerel—you'll do no

found out . . . Aunt Evvie was waiting in the very middle of the big red rug in the library. She stood, square and crisp in her stiff white shirt-waist and black alpaca skirt, a blackbrowed executioner, waiting for the

Over in her corner near the ugly, air-tight stove, Aunt Babe pulled her pink ice-wool shawl closer over her pank ice-wool snawl closer over her narrow shoulders, and rocked very fast. The disciplining of Joan, though pleasurably exciting, was nerve wracking, and likely to give her a headache. Evvie never knew when to stop.

"So you spent the afternoon with the Sedgwick girls!" Aunt Evvie's thing. What have I got to be proud

By Hazel Livingston
CHAPTER 1

"I don't want any foolishness,"
Aunt Evvie used to say when Joan as a child begged for a pet or a playmate. And, "I don't want any foolishness," she still said, when seventeen-year old Joan asked for silk stackings or nerwission to like."

"At a dance hall, a common, public of? Cotton stockings—when every other girl in school has silk! Patches. Crasy old clothes. I'm the laughing stock of the whole school. But I could stand that if you'd let me be like the rest—play basket ball, and go on hikes and all. You never let me have a single bit of fun my whole life. And when any body like Hilda tolerates me a little 'cause she knows it isn't my fault I can't go anywhere, then you want never let me have a single bit of fun my whole life. And when any-body like Hilda tolerates me a little 'cause she knows it isn't my fault I can't go anywhere, then you want to stop that—"

"Joan!" Aunt Babe was holding her head, crying weakly, "Joan, my

ness" is not so easily settled when you are seventeen, and it's spring. It was April. The lilacs on the old Van Fleet place had burst into bloom over night. Yesterday they were tight, dark buds, and now the feathery blossoms sprayed over the summer house and dripped, a glorious purple tide, onto the sun-blistered bench beside it.

Joan grinned impishly and kissed the sweet green wood of the lilac to speak to them. except as may be you will have nothing more to do with these wice girls! I forbid you to speak to them, except as may be necessary in school. Is that quite clear? Let us not misunderstand each other again—"
"But Aunt Evvie—they are my



her head, crying weakly. "Joan, my heart, I can't stand it!"
"Babe! Keep out of this, will you?" Evvie's face was purple. Her hand on the water goblet at her

place was shaking.

Joan went right on, heedless of

them. "I never had any fun! I'm

the only girl in the school now that

I don't want any foolishness," Aunt Evvie said when Joan asked for silk stockings.

must make Aunt Evvie see. "Oh, up, pointing a thick, trembling finplease listen. You don't under- ger at Joan. stand! I'll promise never to dance again if you'll only just let me-" "Dinner is served!" Mrs. Heeley

put her head in the doorway. Her thin face was flushed with excitement. "Dinner is served, ladies!" Aunt Babe got up and led the way automatically cross the hall into the dining room. The others

Evvie tasted her soup. cold. Heeley-take it out!" Heeley glowered. Babe hastily tasted hers. "Why, sister, it isn't

followed.

dancing.

"I said take it out!" Heelev flounced out, muttering, trol vanished, "Don't show The big front door, swollen after the kitchen, talking to herself. Evthe long rains, creaked loudly on its vie was hardly conscious of it. She if it wasn't for me. Now keep out

Joan's face was flaming. never asked for any! I just went hands were clasped. little secret smile had faded. Joan with the girls to visit, and she let was afraid of Aunt Evvie. Aunt Evvie had found out; somebody "Free! Humph! Throw a sprat" "Wouldn't I? It's been told at

> "I never asked-" "No, you wormed your way in free. Free! A Van Fleet..."
>
> "I'm not a Van Fleet. I'm a Hast-

Evvie's lip curled. "It's nothing me? I won't have it." to be proud of. The less you say about that father of yours to me—"
"Sister! Please—" Aunt Babe

But the black-browed old woman, and the golden-haired girl didn't even see her. There was no stopping them now. The fight was on.
"Proud! I'm not proud of any-

friends—almost the only ones!" her fingers. The water dripped off Poor Joan's voice was shaking a the fine damask cloth onto the faded little in spite of herself. She carpet in a forlorn, slow trickle. couldn't lose Hilda and Anne—she She pushed her chair back—stood

"Boys! It's come to that already! Boys! You poor, misguided girl!
And money—don't talk to me about your mother's share! If I hadn't been the businessman of this family, investing and saving like I

"But you did lose on that oil stock!" Babe quavered. That word-oil-was enough to

madden Evvie. She had never admitted even to herself, how much she had lost on that. She had plunged to recover the losses on the cactus farm lands and the Florida The last vestige of her self-con-

They heard her banging around in norance!" she snarled at Babe of this. I'm going to settle Joan porch, authoritative, manly. No need for Heeley to call Joan. Miss Evvie would see to everything.

Joan picked up her feet slowly. Her heavy common-sense shoes Money. "

Joan picked up her feet slowly. We lived down to save you from. We lived down one disgrace in this family—" one disgrace in this family-"Evvie!" Babe was pleading. Her

> she every tea party we didn't go to for seventeen years, and don't you ever think it hasn't. Skeleton in the closet! Bah! Skeleton on the clothes lines-that's what ours has been!' Again the thick finger pointed at the shrinking Joan. "I don't want

"You won't have what?" "Evvie, for my sake - please!" Babe's frizzed gray head was down reached a skinny, trembling hand on the table now. Little sighs and moans. Stifled sobs. Her thinveined hand reached for her handkerchief.

And Joan, her cheeks flaming, her tawny hair pushed back, panting. "Tell me—you've got to tell me now—you've got to—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

The Call Board..

By OLIVE M. DOAK

ELSINORE Today — Walter Huston in "Gabriel Over the White

HOLLYWOOD Today-Robert Montgomery and Tallulah Bankhead in "Faithless." * Today -Tom Mix in "Flam-

GRAND Today-"The Big Drive."

Today's most vivid headlines from Washington form the engrossing subject matter of "Gabriel Over the White House," new Cosmopolitan - Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer production which opens today at the Elsinore theater, and sensations in screen history.

The anonymous novel on which the picture is based is already a literary sensation. Appearing earleaped into the best-seller class. As the first photoplay which has taken a United States president through the turmoil of modern days, it is considered to be the

Spring Show of Jersey Club is Slated June 7

The Marion county Jersey spring show will be held at the state fairgrounds here Wednesday, June 7, county officials an-

one of the big undertakings of the lub, are A. D. Gribble, Canby, Robert L. Burkhart of Albany and John Gale of Oregon City. Victor Madsen of Silverton county president; and Mrs. F. C. Kuensting of Woodburn, secre-

Judges Cut Salaries-Records of the state department here show that three members of the state supreme court voluntarily have taken salary reductions of 20 percent, while four others have submitted to cuts of 15 per cent. Those who have taken the 20 per cent reduction are Justices Rossman, Bailey and Kelly. Fifteen per cent cuts were accepted by Justices Belt, Bean, Campbell and

Is a Danger Sign

Acid condition means trouble head unless it is given immediate attention. It is often caused by mineral shortage—a lack of some of the essential cell-salts needed by your body.

Dozens of local people have ended acid condition by drinking CAL-O-DINE, a natural mineral water which contains all of the cell-salts and minerals essential

Ellen Tokstad Dies Thursday At Silverton

SILVERTON, May 18 - Ellen Marie Tokstad, 60, died at her home on 339 Welch street here this afternoon. Mrs. Tokstad was born in Sweden and came to Port-Judges selected for this event, land in 1893. In 1903 she was married to H. C. Tokstad and in 1921 came to Silverton. She is survived by her widower, one stepson Lars E. Tokstad of Silverton; three brothers and one sister in Sweden. Funeral services will be Sat-

urday afternoon at 2:30 from the Ekman Funeral home with interment at Evans Valley, Rev. J. M. Jensen officiating.

HOLLYWOOD

Today and Saturday Story by Peter B, Kyne



Our Gang Comedy "FREE WHEELING" News, Cartoon Comedy and

Serial, "THE DEVIL HORSE" Mickey Mouse Matinee Saturday 1:30 P. M.

COMING SUNDAY, MONDAY AND TUESDAY GAYNOR FARRELL

I E 33 of the STORM COUNTRY ried by Alfred Seatell FOX PICTUR

By HAZEL BITS for BREAKFAST

Salem's oldest business:

Some days ago, the local newspapers contained articles telling of some of the oldest business houses in Salem. The Statesman newspaper and printing plant were not in the list. Of course it should have been.

* * * This is the oldest business in Salem, antedating by a considerable span of years any that has had a continuous existence to date.

5 . 5 5 The first issue of the Oregon Statesman was that of March 28. 1851, at Oregon City. This newspaper is therefore in its 83d year. The first issue in Salem was dated June 21, 1853, published from the Nesmith-Wilson building, Front and Trade streets, where the Fry warehouse stands now.

as the territorial printing office at Oregon City, and this was true

JACK, WHY DID YOU

CHANGE TO CAMELS?

I GOT WISE TO

THAT COSTLIER

TOBACCO

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

We promised you the greatest array of

Super-pictures ever offered . . . We have

delivered . . . and we thank you for the

splendid way you have responded to

the entertainment that we have pre-

sented, also for your patronage and con-

fidence . . . and still they come . . .

"Gabriel Over the White House"

Ruth Chatterton in "Lily Turner"

"Gold Diggers of 1933" . . and

many more to come.

Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great"

Maurice Chevalier in "Bedtime Story"

Edward G. Robinson in "Little Giant"

WARNER ELSINORE

TODAY AND SATURDAY

THE PICTURE OF THE HOUR!

Carl A. Porter, Manager

Like a thundering

army its characters.

its drama, its ter-

rific spectacular

scenes march for-

ward to meet your

gaze! Thrill after

thrill . . . spectacle

after spectacle . . . sensation after sen-

sation will make you want to stand up

Karen MORLEY . Franchet TONE

Mickey Mouse Matinee Saturday at 1 P. M.

"DIRIGIBLE"

Feature

C. Henry GORDON . Dickie MOORE

JACK HOLF

Elsinore Theatre

Geo. Arliss in "Working Man" Ramon Novarro in "Barbarian"

To the People of Salem

"Hell Below"

The legislature of '54-5 held its unfinished territorial capitol. standing on ground occupied by the present state capitol. That session voted the capital at Corvallis, and the Statesman plant followed the capital, its first issue in Corvallis that of April 17,

Washington authorities ruled against the validity of the legislative act locating the capital at Corvallis, and the session that had convened there the first Monday in December was back to open its sessions in Salem December 18: and The Statesman was back and published under a Salem date line the same day. And its plant was the territorial printing office, as it had been from the first, and continued to be.

* * * Besides being the oldest business enterprise in Salem, The The Statesman plant had served Statesm. 1 is the second oldest living newspaper west of the Missouri river; next only to the Portfor the plant after being removed land Oregonian, 15 weeks its sento Salem, and in the same build- ior. But for a mistake in billing ing the sessions of the lower house its printing plant from New York, of the territorial legislature were The Statesman would have been held, that is, of the '53-4 session, the older. The Oregonian plant

having been brought some years before by the Catholic mission authorities from Mexico to Monter-ey, and Commodore Stockton of the American fleet having seized it and turned it over to his chapessions in finished rooms of the lain, who, with a partner, started The Californian there, and shortly afterward changed its location to Yerba Buena (San Francisco), and then soon sold it to a concern which had acquired also a plant from the Mormons there, to publish the Alta California, and could spare enough of the material from the old Catholic mission plant to serve in getting out the early issues of the Oregonian. (Continued Tomorrow)



Gales of Laughter - Sparkling Lines - Uproarious Action

"Harvest of Lies" CLOSING PRODUCTION OF keta Players

Salemir Oson Play Droducers Fri. and Sat. Nites

Admission 8:15 P.M.

Nelson Auditorium

"Salem's Intimate Theatre" Chemeketa at Liberty

OFFICIAL GOV'T WAR FILMS FROM EIGHT

DIFFERENT NATIONS WITHHELD TILL NOW

The

SCENE AUTHENTIC

Not a Single Scene Staged

Ends Tomorrow

GRAND

Bee-Association DANCE

HAUNTED MILL

Tonight

DON WOODRY'S MELLOW MOON BAND 10-ARTISTS-10

Entertainment galore. Home-made lunch 10c. Admission 25c

******* Special

DANCE

Mellow Moon Sat. May 20th. CLAIR-ASH-

BAND One of Portland's leading bands direct from Krenier

NO RAISE IN PRICE Admission 25c

****** Learn to dance the modern ballroom tango, the new dance craze. Lessons given FREE from 8 to 8 every Wednesday evening at Mellow Moon.

Regular Dance Every Wednesday & Saturday

Don Woodry's MELLOW MOON

9 to 12

10-ARTISTS-10 ADMISSION 25c