

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

**THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.**  
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**Papers Protest Closing**  
 NEWS of the closing of the Indian school at Chemawa has brought very general opposition from the press of Oregon. It is not just because the school is so much "pork" to the state, but because of the work it is doing with Indian youth. Chemawa is offering specialized training which public schools cannot give the Indians, and which they will not get if the school is closed.

The Klamath Falls Herald has the opportunity of observing the work of Chemawa from another angle, because it sees the Klamath Indians who come to the school and then return home. It has been quick to condemn the proposed closing, commenting in part as follows:

"Commissioner Collier, appointed director of Indian affairs by President Roosevelt, has gone ahead with some degree of inconsideration with the suggestion of abandoning the Chemawa Indian school six miles north of Salem. His suggestion follows out a policy of economy, but there can be no economy in terminating such a useful and successful institution.

"Klamath county should be particularly interested in this school, for numerous young Indians from that reservation are in the education of the state. It is not a school limited to Oregon; it serves the entire northwest country and in this region there is no small Indian population.

"The cost of conducting this school on a year to year basis, as described by the Portland Journal, has been estimated at \$140,000, not an exorbitant sum when it is remembered there is a student body enrollment of just under 1000. This school is a real and temporary home to many Indian youths, for more than half the students have but one parent each or are completely orphaned. They would be immediately thrown upon the white world should the school be disbanded.

"There is no attempt to instruct the Indian students in the humanities; efforts are directed particularly toward the manual arts, cooking and home-making—subjects vital to the material life of a reconstructed race."

**Wage Boosts**  
 THE record is running true to form. Factories are reopening, and with the reports of mills operating on longer schedules come reports of wage increases. The mere fact that an increase of 10% in wages is announced, while gratifying, is no occasion for belief that prosperity is back again and 1929 wage scales restored. The fact is that some wage cuts have been very severe and it will take many 10s to bring them back to former levels.

Editor and Publisher observes as follows:

"We are all for the publication of news—real news—about price increases and wage advancements. This stuff is calculated to pace recovery of national confidence. But editors need to be alert to spike publicity fakes in this connection. For instance, last week the press of the whole country fell for a story about a 10 per cent increase in the wages of a Wall Street brokerage concern, with offices scattered over the country. It sounded good, but the fact was that a 10 per cent increase did not mean wage recovery to the several hundred employees whose pay had been cut, since 1930, just 75 per cent. In January, last, the employees of the concern were put on a three-week working month. After the bank moratorium in March they were restored to full time, but an additional 10 per cent was taken from their pay. What happened last week, to give a semblance of truth to the laudatory story that the brokers were doing their patriotic duty, was that the 10 per cent taken from them in March was restored."

The pleasing thing is that the downward trend has stopped, and employers are thinking in terms of wage increases and not of decreases. This is advisable, because it means restoration of purchasing power.

**Great Discovery**  
 SAYS the Portland Journal: "There is no question that there is a strong public sentiment in this state against the taking of human life."

That is a remarkable concession for the Portland Journal to make; and having made the discovery as to public sentiment, the Journal may now be expected to endorse laws against murder.

Leave it to the Journal to follow the fickle weather vane of "public sentiment."

For our part we thought public sentiment against murder was widespread and dated clear back to the slaying of Abel.

The Astoria strike is a big success for the strike committee. The poor fishermen are kept from earning a living, and the local business interests will have to starve through another year. Meantime the packers with big stocks of canned salmon from former years can reap higher prices because of the reduced supplies. The packers were disgusted when the fishermen refused the compromise offer because it simply means that more people down river will continue on the charity rolls when they might be self-supporting.

Portland is gagging over its scrip currency. With \$20,000 in scrip issued, only \$3500 in stamps have been sold to provide funds to liquidate the issue. Some people testify they have been able to "pass it on," which means that others haven't and the scrip is piling up in their hands. The difficulty with scrip is that there is often no assurance that the stuff can be redeemed. Consequently merchants are loath to accept it because they do not know how they can transfer it into currency of the realm.

Professor Zook gets a job. He has been appointed commissioner of education by Pres. Roosevelt. Zook is remembered as having visited Oregon in 1932 on invitation of the state board of education as possible appointee for the position of chancellor of higher education here. He has been president of the University of Akron.

The 1933 bonus march will rank as one of the minor crusades. The bonusers got to Jerusalem but they didn't locate the loving cup. The government treated them kindly and offered them jobs in the woods. There were no gas bombs, so finally the bonusers vacated, when they saw they were cutting no mustard at the national capital.

Getting in on the ground floor for Allegheny corporation stock must have a sour taste for those who had on to their stock. Cost \$20; present selling price around \$3. It is further proof of the old adage, "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts."

College professors are predicting that mathematicians will take over bridge. They've done it already with contract, as far as we are concerned. Funny though, how women who profess to be poor at numbers, are nimble with contract scores.

**Herbert Hauser**  
 Supervisor for Transportation

Herbert Hauser, secretary of the state utility commission since April, 1927, yesterday was appointed by C. M. Thomas, state utility commissioner, as supervisor of transportation under an act of the 1933 legislature. The appointment will become effective July 1.

John Hanson, office engineer of the commission, will succeed Hauser as secretary. Hanson has been employed by the commission for three years. Prior to being promoted to the office of secretary, Hauser acted as reporter for the commission for seven years.

**"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON**

**WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.**  
 Joan Hastings, seventeen, and beautiful, lives a secluded life with her two old maiden aunts in a run-down house. She falls in love with Bill Martin, a garage worker. Meanwhile, the aunts plan to send Joan away to school. Bill tells the girl that he's very poor and it may be years before he can think of marrying, but she vows she will wait for him. Joan is overjoyed when news arrives that she is to go away to school.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**  
**CHAPTER VII.**  
 That night, with the door locked, and her heart beating painfully and hotly, she wrote her first love letter. But the words that slipped so naturally and warmly from her lips when Bill's tanned cheek was close to hers, looked strange and lonely on the white paper. "Oh I can't write it!" she whispered. "I can't!"

The hands on the battered alarm clock pointed to nine. And she wanted to post it that night! So discarding the pen, and the few sheets of Christmas newspaper that were left, she grabbed her stubby lead pencil and school tablet, and wrote firmly and quickly in her round school-girl hand:

"Dear Bill,  
 Can you be on the hill, you know where, about four tomorrow afternoon? I am not going to school, I am going to the city with Aunt Ervie, but we will be back by then. Be sure to come, it is important. I must see you. Have lots to tell you. Don't forget. I've just got to see you. Your always loving Joan."

Gerwin brought it to him when he came back from lunch the next day. "Letter for you, Bill. Lady friend?"

Dolores, Gerwin's pretty wife, who had stopped in the garage to rest after her day's shopping, laughed loudly. "Let's see, Joan. Come on—careful, eh? I know you—a woman. Why don't you tell us? You're the quiet one. Still waters."

"Aw, it's nothing!" Bill jammed it in his pocket. "Guess I'll go over to Murphy's and see about those tires."

In the shelter of Murphy's shed, half hidden by some empty barrels and a pile of old tires, he ripped open the envelope, read the hastily scribbled words.

His heart sank. Something important had happened. It couldn't be anything good. The old ladies had been so kind and warm to him, and he had been looking for her on the hill. All well, he'd know at four o'clock. He got to work with a will.

Across the bay Joan was eating banana shortcake and hot chocolate with whipped cream, in a restaurant. It was modest enough, but with thick china, and glass-topped tables always slightly damp and streaked from the waitresses' hastily administered wipings, but it was Joan's first, and Aunt Ervie had let her order anything she wanted, up to thirty-five cents.

She beamed across at stolid Ervie, consuming chicken pie and green tea, with evident relish. At her feet was a big paste-board box containing a sturdy tweed suit, two cotton blouses, and a little round straw hat with a ribbon bow. And on her feet—oh wonder of wonders—brown oxford shoes with high heels!

From the blissful whirl of cream and high-heeled dream in which Aunt Ervie's unexpected generosity had submerged her, Joan came back to earth to hear the familiar bass voice saying:

"Now we'll have to hurry for the boat!"

Of course, the boat—to take her back to Sausalito, and Bill. Still smiling vaguely, Joan gathered up the packages, and followed Ervie out of the restaurant into the street. It was still early—there would be plenty of time to slip up to the hill and be waiting for him when he came up the road. She sighed happily.



Bill's heart sank when he read Joan's note.

stare with tortured eyes, she finished in the old sarcastic rumble—"Bill I want to tell you—"

"Bill—dear! Her heart was full. "Bill I want to tell you—"

But before she had time for another word Aunt Ervie was coming out of the store with Aunt Babe's mustard plaster, and Bill had stepped back into the shadows.

As she plodded up the hill by Ervie's side his last whispered words kept ringing in her ears—"Tonight—it'll be at the hedge!"

There was dinner to be got over, and a long family confab over Joan's ticket and the gray tweed suit.

Babe thought they should have got an upper berth. "It's safer!"

"Safer! Nonsense—why is it safer?" Ervie was all ready for the argument.

"I've read stories about young girls traveling alone—"

"Rats!" snorted Ervie. "Rats, I do overlastingly hate this driveling of yours about men. Men. Did any man ever chase you? No! Nor me either. Nor any other woman that minds her own business, and dresses neat and plain. Now that suit I picked out for Joan—"

"It's neat and plain," Babe agreed intelligently. "And ugly. No pretty styles nowadays. When I was a girl—"

"frounce—"

Joan wrinkled nervously in her chair. Ervie picked up the paper and read the stock reports. In the middle of Babe's "Now let me see—"

"did we have the dressmaker for that, or was that one we bought in the city?" Ervie yawned, and went to bed. After a long time Babe's pauses grew longer. She nodded, roused herself, creaked upstairs too.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

**BITS for BREAKFAST**

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Diary of a seaman who was with Capt. Wilkes in Oregon Country, 1841:

(Continuing from yesterday.) "Here was the place intended for the exhibitions of the day; various kinds of amusements were proposed, in which Capt. Wilkes took an active part. Every thing went on well for a time, and bade fair for a day of recreation and pleasure, but soon an accident occurred, which could not but disturb the feelings of all."

"At 12 o'clock, when firing a salute, Daniel Whitehorn, Jr., gunner, while loading one of the guns, it accidentally discharged, and lacerated his forearm very seriously. All the integuments, from midway of the forearm to the wrist were blown off—the carpal extremity of the ulna exposed for about two inches upon the outer face. All the tendons for about three inches from the carpus were much torn. The surgeon... decided that it was his duty to recommend the removal of the limb. . . . Dr. Richmond, physician to the mission station, was called upon, who agreed in opinion with our surgeon. . . . The doctors then stated to the patient their views of the case, and recommended an operation. He declined for the present, and chose to risk an attempt to save the limb."

"The amusements proceeded, but not with that spirit with which they were commenced."

Mr. Clark, author of the book, wrote nothing about the impressive ceremonies of the celebration—the "first Fourth of July celebration west of the Mississippi valley."

Captain Wilkes was officer of the day. Prayer was offered by Dr. Richmond. The Declaration of Independence was read by the sergeant of marines; the Scripture reading was by Capt. Wilkes. Two songs were sung, the whole company joining: "The Star Spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," led by the sergeant of the marines.

The oration was delivered by Dr. Richmond, a remarkable one for the time. A few excerpts follow: "We entertain the belief that the whole of this magnificent country so rich in the bounties of nature, is destined to become a part of the American republic. . . . The time will come when these hills and valleys will be occupied by our enterprising countrymen, and they will contain cities and farms and manufacturing establishments. . . . They will assemble on the 4th of July, as we have done today, and renew their fidelity to the principles of liberty. . . . The future years will witness wonderful things in the settlement, the growth and development of the United States. . . . This growth may embrace the advance of our dominion to the frozen regions of the north, and south to the narrow strip of land that separates us from the lower half of the American continent. In this new world there is sure to arise one of the greatest nations of earth. . . . Your names and mine may not appear in the records, but those of our descendants will. . . . We are here to assist in laying the foundation stones of a great commonwealth on these Pacific shores."

There was no pent-up Utica in Dr. Richmond's prophetic vision, there in the savage wilderness. He saw beyond 54-40 and below the Spanish line that is now the northern border of Mexico.

Reference has been made twice in this series to the claim that the ceremonies of that day made up the first Fourth of July celebration on the Pacific coast of America, or the Americas, or west of the Mississippi valley. This is not disputed, excepting to say the natal day of our nation had been observed in some appropriate

Draper, a colleague of Samuel F. B. Morse. This picture was made in 1840; but it was very crude, and the dry process that improved the original idea was not used in the United States until 1851; ten years after the Wilkes expedition was in the Oregon country. And the gelatine emulsion process of photography did not come until 30 years later, in 1837.

The same Samuel F. B. Morse, who had worked in perfecting the daguerreotype, was the inventor of the telegraph, using the "Morse" alphabet. Some readers will recall that the first message was May 24, 1844, containing the words, "What God hath wrought," sent from the U. S. supreme court rooms in Washington to a receiving instrument in the city of Baltimore. (Turn to page 10)



**BANISH FEAR OF BLOW-OUTS**  
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**The Call Board . . .**

By OLIVE M. DOAK

**ELSINORE**  
 Today—Double bill: Clyde Beatty in "The Big Cage"; and, Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas in "The Kiss Before the Mirror."

**HOLLYWOOD**  
 Today—Wallace Beery in "Flesh."

**THE GRAND**  
 Today—Will Rogers in "State Fair."

**School Fund to Be Distributed in County Soon**

Distribution of school funds averaging \$150 a teacher to all school districts in the county awaits only a county court order and a tax turnover sufficient to make such distribution one that will not unduly reduce the county's funds. The aggregate contribution will be \$50,160, the funds coming from the first half of the 1933 levy made on all property for elementary school purposes. While the levy is called a state one, none of the money is sent to the state; rather, all being disbursed within the county where the money is raised.

**Ripe Wild Berries Reported Near Zena**

ZENA, May 25—The first ripe wild strawberry of the season has been reported here as being found by a Zena girl May 11. The rip-

**Hollywood Theater**  
 Today and Saturday  
 Mickey Mouse Matinee  
 Saturday, 1:30 p.m.  
 "The Strength of a Giant—The Trusting Heart of a Child"

**Wallace Beery**  
 in  
**Flesh**

Also Comedy, News and Harry Carey in "The Devil Horse"

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday  
**WILL ROGERS**  
 in  
**TOO BUSY TO WORK**

**The Grand**  
 Today—Will Rogers in "State Fair"

**WARNER BROS. ELSINORE**

TODAY AND SATURDAY  
 TWO FIRST RUN FEATURES



Why did this man kill the woman he loved?

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- Remarkably fast ice freezing speed.
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