The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Costs of Bankruptcies

JUDGE HAROLD LOUDERBACK, federal judge in California, who was tried under impeachment charges by the U. S. senate, escaped conviction, although on the final count a majority of the senators voted against him. A two-thirds vote is required to sustain the charges. So Louderback returns to his court with his reputation somewhat scotched.

The complaints in the case were that he was using improperly his powers of appointment in bankruptcy and receivership matters. Men alleged to be incompetent were made receivers and given opportunity to enjoy the "plums" and the "sugars" that go with mopping up a failed business.

The Louderback trial brings up the matter of bankruptcies and business failures and the way they are handled. No observer could fail to note the costly way in which business casualties are finally settled. There are three routes of failure; first an assignment to one or more creditors; second, appointment of a receiver; third bankruptcy.

Under the assignment method miscellaneous creditors have little chance and under bankruptcy none at all. When a stock of goods is assigned the assignees dump it for almost junk prices, and the purchaser then proceeds to sell at prices that demoralize regular dealers. Receiverships and bankruptcies are so costly that the creditors realize little.

The whole scheme is too costly. Far greater realization has been obtained since liquidation of banks was handled by a state employe. Some better method should be devised for taking care of mercantile receivership. There is no doubt in many cases fraud is perpetrated; and where there is no fraud, the estate may be pretty well gutted by the receiver and the attorneys. Fees are often exorbitant, but the judge seldom intervenes to hold down the costs.

The whole scheme of liquidation of business failures for the benefit of creditors should be overhauled in the interest of economy and fair dealing. Louderback's narrow escape should be a warning against loose and political handling of receivership estates.

Starving Russia

RUSSIA is always the great enigma. Visitors to that country report so differently on what they see. But slowly the truth is spreading of the dire suffering for lack of foodstuffs throughout that great country. This is confirmed by reports of Russian purchases of wheat in foreign markets. 50,000 tons are reported to have been bought in the Argentine. Other reports are that wheat is being imported into Black sea ports, which are usually the points of export.

The famine is the direct result of Stalin's policies in dealing with the peasants. The farms have been collectivized, but the peasants have been mute stumbling blocks in the success of the communist program. Forced to give up the grain they produced, they have refrained from further planting. Last year crops went unharvested in the fields. This year tremendous effort is being made to increase the sowing, and concessions have been made to the peasants to secure their cooperation.

The distress seems to be bad in the country villages. In the cities the people suffer, but the soviet authorities must see that fair provisions are supplied because the people there are concentrated and starvation might induce revolt. Seemingly there is no such fear for the peasant classes, who remain as under the czar, helpless and quiescent. Famine worse than the terrible one of 1921 now faces large areas of Russia. If the crops this year repeat the low production of last year, ill bodes for the soviet experiment as starvation spreads.

Public Works

WHILE cities and states are pressing forward to outline worthy projects on which federal money may be spent, in anticipation of issuance of $3,300,000,000 in bonds to finance the works, the information comes that the government will advance only 30 per cent of the cost of labor and materials, leaving to local interests the financing of the 70 per cent plus. Under this regulation most of these projects are definitely "out."

States and municipalities are groaning under the burden of present bond issues. Many communities are in default on their obligations because taxes are not being paid and because they over-reached themselves in boom days. How then can they dig up additional sums when the federal government is advancing less than a third of the cost?

The city of Salem is in good condition; but taxpayers here are loathe to vote any more bonds. We are busy now paying for bridges and sewers and the city hall and incinerator and airport. Much as a sewage disposal plant is needed here, the people will not at this time assume more debt in order to build it now. Water works bonds are in a different class because that project should be self-liquidating.

If these conditions hold under the public works bill, there is little prospect that the three billions will be spent.

Pushers of the Morgan inquiry are engaging in shadow-boxing against reputed foes who would stop the questioning of the great J. P. There is no possible chance of stopping the witches' holiday. The public has tasted raw meat and will not be satisfied until it is gorged with warm blood. Sen. Glass says with peanuts and red lemonade it would be a three-ringed circus. True. After the Roman custom, the congress having furnished bread, is now supplying the circus. Let the inquisition proceed. To suppress it now would be to build a body of suspicion which would be worse than the disclosures may be. Sharpen the knives and go ahead with the major surgery.

Why is the Portland Journal so silent about "lame ducks"? When there were republican lame ducks appointed to office the Journal cried to high heaven about the outrage. Here is the call to date under the new deal: Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, lame duck congressman from Florida, minister to Denmark. Smith W. Brookhart, lame duck senator from Iowa, nice job with George Peek to handle the new farm relief work; Davis, brother to Norman K., lame duck congressman from Tennessee, federal trade commissioner. Much seems to depend on which variety of ducks has gone lame.

The French use words with the skill of artists. They coin penetrating phrases while Americans and Englishmen throw up a fog of words. For example when former premier Herriot was being questioned regarding his conversation with Pres. Roosevelt respecting debts, a deputy interjected that Mr. Roosevelt is powerless to extend a solution, remarking, "He is a prisoner in the hands of congress." That sentence illuminates the whole situation respecting war debts.

"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, and writes a note to Bill asking him to meet her. Through a series of unforeseen circumstances she is unable to keep the appointment, and later that night they meet in the rose garden. Overcome at the thought of parting they ardently pledge their love for one another. Later Bill again meets Joan and has a haunting fear that Dolores Gerwin, wife of the garage owner, has seen him with her. On her last evening Joan waits in vain for Bill to say goodbye. She rushes to his home the next morning. As the door is opened to her knock, she hears someone weeping inside.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER X.

"Oh, what is it?" Joan cried. "What happened to Bill—tell me!" And she brushed past the two at the door, and ran into the kitchen, where the little old lady wept steadily and hopelessly in the corner.

"Well, I never!" Eunice whispered, "It's Miss Van Fleet's niece!"

Now Joan was kneeling beside the old lady, her arms clasped tight around her fat waist. "Tell me how it happened—oh, please, tell me—where is he?"

"I'll tell you," Eunice said suddenly. "It's Bergoni's—the milk people you know. At least, that's what they call themselves. They hired my husband to drive a milk truck—milk!" she laughed mirthlessly—"Moonshine—that's what it was. Imposing on an honest man that way—"

"But Bill—where's Bill—"

"It was whiskey I tell you!" Eunice repeated, impatiently. "They got caught—Federal authorities—don't you see?"

But Joan didn't see. She looked from one to the other, not comprehending. Oh, if only Bill's mother would talk—she knew—she knew—

"You see—I wasn't able to drive last night," the man with the swollen jaw said heavily. "Bill—he drove for me. He was exceeding the speed limits—driving like crazy trying to get back early—"

"He's dead—I knew it!" Joan thought wildly. "Trying to get back to me. Oh, Bill—Bill—"

"So it was more or less his own fault," the man finished judiciously. "Otherwise they'd never have stopped him. They didn't have anything on Bergoni before that."

There was another long pause. Then the old lady straightened up and wiped her eyes. She looked at Joan a long time. "You don't understand, dearie. They've taken my boy away. To jail!"

• • •

Joan was beginning to understand. The sick man had a job driving a milk truck—at least he thought it was a milk truck, but it wasn't—it was a truck full of whiskey. And because his tooth hurt him so much he asked Bill to drive for him, and the Federal authorities wouldn't believe Bill didn't know it was whiskey . . . and they took him away . . . and put him in jail. . . .

"Oh, but they'll let him go—the people that hired him will tell that Bill didn't know. They wouldn't be mean enough to let an innocent man suffer—"

The sick man whom they called Milt, shook his head gloomily. "Those people will be busy saving their own skins. Besides, they didn't hire the kid, they hired me, see?"

"Milt!" Eunice cried in a high, thin voice—"Did you know it wasn't milk? If I thought you did—Oh—"

Milt groaned and clutched his aching jaw. "Now, my own wife accuses me. Oh, well—I can stand it I guess—it don't matter. The babies still love their Daddy. Come to Daddy, Rosalie . . . Ruby."

But the two fat little girls in rompers were too busy chasing each other round and round the kitchen. *Bang*—Rosalie bumped her head. Her piercing scream rang out. "I knew you'd do it!" Eunice cried. "What did Mama tell you? Poor precious. . . ." Slap—she reached out and boxed Ruby's ear smartly. "Didn't I tell you not to play rough? Didn't I—didn't I?"

And now they were both shrieking. The baby in the bedroom woke up and cried lustily too. The parrot in the cake on the floor guzzled her bread and squawked.

"Billie! Billie . . . awk . . . awk . . . Billie! Gracious—late again!"

Joan stood bewildered, holding tight to Mrs. Martin's little red hand. Bill's mother was the only one who was real, the others were just people out of a nightmare, a terrible, mixed up nightmare. . . .

"What are we going to do?" she kept repeating dully. "We've got to do something—"

"I'm tryin' to think," the old lady said at last, "but seems like there's something wrong with my head. I never had any trouble like this before . . . all kinds of bad luck, but nothin' like this." The tears were streaming down her face again. "Bill was always such a good boy, never any trouble . . . and now he's—in jail—"

"Oh, Ma, don't carry on so!" Eunice shrilled above the racket. "Milt and I feel as bad as you do—"

"He shouldn't have been speeding—and he wouldn't have got caught!" Milt broke in harshly.

Joan blanched. Her hand flew to her throat, nervously. It was true—it was her fault Bill was in jail. He was coming to her, fast as the wind. If he hadn't been speeding to her, they wouldn't have stopped him, wouldn't have known what was in the milk cans. . . .

She couldn't take her eyes off Milt's little piercing black ones. They were boring right into her reading her mind. . . . His long yellow finger was pointing at her too. . . . "Say—how did you know about all this, eh? He was trying to finish the run, and see you—eh? After ten o'clock at night, eh? Pretty late—"

"Milt!" Eunice cried sharply. "It's Miss Van Fleet's niece, I tell you! Are you crazy, Milt? Talking like that—" she turned to Joan, her voice like honey. "You mustn't mind him Miss—Miss—"

"Hastings."

"Miss Hastings—he's nearly crazy with that tooth of his, and all our trouble. You must excuse him. And excuse the kitchen, too. I didn't get around to cleaning it this week, with Mama laid up, too, and all—"

"Oh, but he's quite right," Joan said in her clear, honest voice. "He was coming to see me—that's how I knew something had happened."

They all stared at her. To think of Bill, going with Miss Van Fleet's niece! "Well!" Eunice said, gustily. "The rich Van Fleets. . . . Well!"

Old Mrs. Martin mopped her eyes and looked at Joan again. With trembling fingers she smoothed the thin gray hair drawn so tightly into the little hard walnut at the back of her head. She smiled up at Joan proudly, and said, "He's bright too—Bill is!"

Now the man was talking again. "Bail—maybe Miss Hastings could help out, if she's an old friend of Bill's."

"You mean—money?"

He licked his lips nervously. "I'd take care of all that myself, only, just at the present—financially embarrassed. . . ."

His gimlet eyes were boring into her again. "We are too—financially embarrassed," she said slowly. "But do you mean—that money would get Bill out—"

He nodded. "Money will get anybody out—of anything."

"But I only have twelve dollars, left over from my ticket!"

His face fell.

"How much?" she cried eagerly. "Tell me—quick—how much?"

"Oh fifty anyway—"

"I'll go home and see. I think—I hope—Oh I know I can get the money! I'll be right back—wait—"

She ran all the way home all the way up the high, dusty hill. Her face was scarlet, her breath was coming in terrible, aching rushes, her bright hair clung close to her face in tight, wet curls.

She burst into the dining room, holding her side and panting. "Can I have my ticket to sell—will you let me have my ticket?"

Heeley was just bringing in the coffee. She held it poised, dangerously, over Aunt Babe's head. Her jaw dropped. "For the land sakes—what happened?"

"Go and wash your face this minute!" Aunt Evvie commanded. "What do you mean by coming to breakfast looking like that?"

Joan took a step toward the door, when she wheeled defiantly. "I haven't got time. Listen—Aunt Evvie—listen—I'm in a terrible hurry—I've got to get—"

"You've got to clean yourself up before you talk to me!" Evvie thundered.

Aunt Babe pulled Evvie's skirt. "She's sick—delirious—don't you see, Evvie? It's the excitement. Joan—let me see your tongue!"

Evvie reached over and touched Joan's hot hand. "Fever! Heeley get my thermometer, will you? Joan—for heaven's sake—*sit down*. Don't wiggle. If you're sick, you're sick—though what we're going to do about your ticket . . . I'll have to go over myself I guess . . . and wire Belle . . . of course this had to happen today, of all days—"

"Aunt Evvie," Joan burst out desperately, "I'm not sick. I've been running, that's all. I need money—terribly—"

"Money!" Babe cried. "Evvie—what—"

"Will you let me tend to this, Babe? The child is raving. Joan, *will* you sit down? I suppose I'll have to get a doctor—"

With a tremendous jerk Joan freed herself from Evvie's restraining hand. She was still panting, but she managed to talk more coherently now. "Listen! You don't understand. I've been to Bill's house—"

"Bill—who's Bill?"

"Bill Martin. We're engaged. We're going to be married—"

"Now I know you're crazy, Joan Hastings. Engaged! Where did you ever meet any young man to get engaged to—"

"He's—the boy who cleans the car—"

"My car? Joan! To think of a niece of mine looking at a greasy—"

"I love him, I tell you! We're engaged, Aunt Evvie. I don't care whether anybody in the whole world likes it or not. We are. And he's in trouble, and I need the money—to get him out—"

"Don't talk nonsense. Engaged indeed. Get him out of what—"

"Jail! He's innocent but they think he isn't. I want my ticket to sell, for the bail money. You'll have to let me. I'm not going away now. It's no use looking that way Aunt Evvie—I'm not going—I'm going to work—"

"That's enough." Evvie's fist struck the table heavily. "No more of this maudlin talk. Love—bah—puppy love. I'm disgusted with you. A garage man that can't keep out of jail. Now wash your face. You're going to Philadelphia all right, and I pity Belle from the bottom of my heart, getting you—"

"Aunt Evvie, you don't understand. He needs me—I've got to have the money. You don't understand—we belong to each other. You can't separate us now!"

"You can't separate us now!" Where had she heard that before? Another girl, another slim, gold-haired girl, saying that . . . Veronica . . .

Babe remembered, too. Her fascinated eyes stared curiously at Joan. "You—you're your mother all over again. I can see it!" she cried chokingly.

"No!" Evvie thundered. "No, Babe!"

Joan's head went back defiantly—she met Babe's gaze proudly, steadily.

Evvie stood up trembling. "Joan, your Aunt Babe thinks . . . I can't say it . . . she thinks—"

"I don't care what she thinks. I must have the ticket money—I must!"

"Joan, tell your Aunt Babe, *Joan*—give me your word—"

"I can't—oh won't you see that I've got to have the money for him, and it isn't puppy love?" Joan's sea-green eyes were desperate. She clutched at Evvie's sleeve. "We belong to each other—for always."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

The Nation Remembers

MAYOR ON JOURNEY

INDEPENDENCE, May 29 — Mayor and Mrs. A. L. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Swope left Saturday morning for a trip to Ferndale, Calif., to visit Mrs. George Carbarey. They will return Tuesday.

COLLAR BONE BROKEN

HOLLYWOOD, May 29—Keith LaDue broke his collar bone late Saturday while scuffling ith some playmates. Mrs. J. I. Wagers, who suffered several broken ribs recently, has recovered.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

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

(Continuing from Sunday:) "We learned that Captain Salter had purchased the Russian settlement at Port Diego for $30,000, and that the governor and all the Russians were to leave for their settlement in North America by the first opportunity."

The man that Clark called Captain Salter was of course Capt. J. A. Sutter. He arrived in Oregon in 1838, overland, from Santa Fe, New Mexico, over the old Oregon Trail. He contacted with the Whitmans at their mission, and with the Lee mission people at Wascopam (The Dalles) mission, which they were just establishing, and came to the old mission 10 miles below what became Salem. He intended to go overland to California, but, considering this dangerous, turned back here and went to the Sandwich Islands, and then to Sitka to see the Russians, whose government then owned Alaska; thence to California.

Capt. Sutter was Swiss; came to America in 1834 and was a trader in the Santa Fe section before starting for Oregon. He negotiated with the Russians for their settlement on the coast of northern California; evidently had contracted for the shadowy land claim they held back of Bodega bay, now Sonoma county, for $30,000, when Clark saw him. It is known now that Sutter obligated himself to pay about $100,000 to the Russians, and secured besides their land claim a great deal of personal property from them, including their herds, and, perhaps the most valuable of all for his services, their guns, from cannon size down to small arms.

When Clark saw Sutter, "from Rio Sacramento," he had secured a large Mexican land claim surrounding the present city of Sacramento, and was building or preparing to build Sutter's Fort, now, in restored condition, occupying a block in the center of Sacramento. He called his domain New Helvetia, after the old name of Switzerland. Sutter organized crude military forces, mounted on the adobe stockade he constructed at each convenient place a cannon, and made there a safe stronghold against Indian or other attack.

He ruled like a duke, developed many branches of trade and business, and his fort became the important center for the wilderness that was then the northern part of Alta California, (Upper California.) Starving immigrants came to his fort off the plains, and laborers went down to get employment there, from the new settlements in the Willamette valley.

That is how the party happened to go from the village that became Salem, including Capt. Chas. Bennett, Stephen Staats and James W. Marshall, who, while working on the construction of a race for Sutter's saw mill, discovered gold in California, January 24, 1848. That was the signal for the great gold rush, pouring such vast wealth into the channels of trade in this country as to cure the great depression that had been hampering the development of the United States for several years; the depression that brought thousands of people across the plains, including such men as the Applegates.

Resuming the text, from the old Clark book: "During the afternoon another regular 'Spanish setto' took place on board; all the Spanish ladies around in the vicinity came on board and dined, after which they commenced waltzing, and a fandango closed the evening's entertainment. They were 'quite blue' (evidently 'soused'), and returned under the shades of the evening. This was the second bacchanalian feast on board during our stay there.

"On the 20th (October), the United States brig Oregon, Capt. Hudson, arrived from the Columbia river. This vessel was the late Thomas Perkins, and was purchased (charter purchased) by Captain Wilkes for the purpose of taking the officers and crew of the Peacock home. . . .

"On the evening of the 24th (October), the launch arrived with a portion of the officers, scientific gentlemen and men who had been on a land expedition from Columbia river to California. . . . Some were quite exhausted. The distance traveled by them was about 600 miles; during most of the time they were compelled to be constantly on their guard against the Indians. . . . However, the party mustered too strong for them to risk an attack. . . . The launch and first cutter were hoisted in, and the tents on shore, with some of the instruments, moved on board.

"Things now began to look like going to sea. . . . We were about to take leave of this place; . . . acceptable news to most of us. It . . . was nearly allied to an embarkation for home. . . . We passed slowly from our anchorage, . . . bound to sea, brigs Porpoise and Oregon in company." (Clark wrote that they had a hard time getting over the bar of the Golden Gate; the waters of the Sacramento meeting the waves of the Pacific making tremendous breakers.)

They passed Monterey Nov. 2, 1841, called at Honolulu; sailed for Manilla, then a brisk Spanish city of about 14,000; called at the Malay group and made surveys; next Singapore, where the Flying Fish, no longer being needed, was sold. Left Singapore after a stay of a few days; passed down the straits of Banca and entered the Java sea, and through the straits of Sunda into the Indian ocean.

Resuming the text: "All was now life and hilarity, while bright visions were flitting over us. The wind was favorable, the weather fine, and our noble ship (the Vincennes) was making rapid progress toward our destined haven; for six days in succession we were averaging THIRTEEN AND A HALF MILES per hour. We passed directly for the Cape of Good Hope, but were detained two days in consequence of head winds. . . . After doubling the cape we sailed for the island of St. Helena.

"It is impossible for me to gaze on this desolate, barren isle without sad reflections upon the singular fate and probable feelings of that great man who signalized this gloomy rock, and clustered around it associations which will run parallel with the flight of time, and be vividly impressed upon the great mind of the world, until this barren waste shall mingle in chaotic confusion with a melting universe, when the angel shall 'stand with one foot upon the sea and the other upon the dry land,' and shall put a period to all earthly things!"

(Continued tomorrow.)

Plane Landing in Dark to be Tried

Feasibility of airplane landings at night on non-illuminated territory, will be demonstrated at the airport here Wednesday at 9:30 p. m. by several local pilots. Lights on the local field will be extinguished, the fliers will take to the air, drop their flares and proceed to land. Townspeople will be welcomed at the field to see the demonstration.

JUNIORS ENTERTAIN GRADUATING CLASS

AUMSVILLE, May 29—The junior class entertained the seniors at a banquet in the dining room of the school Thursday night. Rodrick Hendry, junior, acted as toastmaster and included on the program were Doris Nicolson, Jack Corser, Howard Tong, T. C. Mountain, Miss Gladys Burgess and Miss Mabel Kullander.

Baccalaureate services were held Sunday night.

Seniors are Theresa Hoffenbredl, Charles Pomeroy, Helen Ruettgers, Elleene Branch, Wilfred Ditter, Dorothy Asche, Edward Hankel, Dorothy Starr, Helen Sherman, Lester Perry, Joyce Hendry, John Masser, Jack Corser, Henry Amos and Arlow Mix.

Graduation exercises for the eighth grade were held Friday night in the high school auditorium. The program: march by Marcia Wright; salutatory by Marcia Wright; song by chorus; prophecy by eighth grade girls; piano solo by Leonard Miller; vocal solo by Violet Perkins; play by the eighth grade boys; vocal solo by Charlotte Martin; valedictory by Dorothy Smith; presentation of diplomas by Fred Garbe, chairman of the board; class song, march by Marcia Wright.

HUBBARD, May 29—Rev. W. C. Kantner of Salem read the baccalaureate service Sunday night at the Congregational church. The church was filled to its capacity. Special musical numbers were given by the high school girls' glee club and Mrs. Ivan Stewart accompanied by Mrs. George Grimps.

BIBLE SCHOOL CLOSING

HAZEL GREEN, May 29 — The daily vacation bible school's closing program Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock will include "Noah's Ark" by junior and primary class, drama by the junior class and other numbers. All are invited.

The Call Board . .

By OLIVE M. DOAK

ELSINORE

Today—Continuous performance of Joe E. Brown in "Elmer the Great."
Wednesday—Double feature: "Bette Davis in "Ex-Lady" and John Wayne in "Haunted Gold."
Friday — Ruth Chatterton in "Lilly Turner."

GRAND

Today—Zasu Pitts and James Dunn in "Hello Sister."
Thursday — Clive Brook in "Sherlock Holmes."
Friday—On the stage, Horace Heidt's Oregonians and Lily Damita in "Goldie Gets Along."

HOLLYWOOD

Today—Will Rogers in "Too Busy to Work."
Wednesday — Lila Lee and Lowell Sherman in "False Faces."
Friday—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Scarlet Dawn."

GRAND

A Home Owned Theater
HOLLYWOOD
Continuous Performance Today
2 - 11 P. M.
WILL ROGERS
in
TOO BUSY TO WORK
Also Charley Chase Comedy, Cartoon Comedy and News
Wednesday and Thursday are Dime Nites
LOWELL SHERMAN
in
"FALSE FACES"
WITH
PEGGY SHANNON
LILA LEE

WARNER BROS. ELSINORE
Last Day

They Couldn't Make a Dummy Out of Elmer . . . nature had beat them to it!
JOE E BROWN
GEORGE M. COHAN'S GREATEST COMEDY SENSATION
"ELMER THE GREAT"
RING LARDNER'S WISE CRACKIN' HIT
Continuous Today, 2-11 p.m.
500 GOOD SEATS 25c
CHILDREN 10c
Also All Color Revue

Tomorrow and Thursday - 2 FEATURES
BEWITCHING AS YOUNG LOVE—AND AS HARD TO EXPLAIN!

BETTE DAVIS
"EX-LADY"
with
Gene Raymond - Monroe Owsley - Frank McHugh
Claire Dodd
AND
A 24 CARAT WESTERN THRILLER!
John Wayne

AS DUKE
in "HAUNTED GOLD"