

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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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

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.

Seven Days to Buenos Aires

JIMMIE Mattern, if all is still well with him, must be about poised on the western rim of the Pacific ready for the long hop to the American shore. His ship is named the "Century of Progress," the name of the Chicago world's fair. Lindbergh's craft was named the "Spirit of St. Louis." Mattern's ship has made progress not by the slow toll of a catenary, but by the swift clicking off of hours. In a wild flight of imagination Jules Verne, romancer of mechanics, wrote a volume "Around the world in 80 days." Mattern may reduce the time to eight days. Post and Gatty made the trip in a little over eight days.

Such is speed, and we are prone to regard speed as progress. The stunt of flying round the world and breaking records is spectacular; and does serve to point the way for future service of aviation in connecting distant parts of the globe. That service is being performed now though it is by no means complete. On the European continent planes fly regularly from capital to capital. We are familiar too with the air lines of our own country. But planes are serving in far-off places where there are no railroads and few trails. In Alaska the planes are performing great service in connecting cities separated by mountain ranges. In South America passenger service over the trans-Andean railway has been discontinued and service is maintained by large planes which wing their way over the lofty crests of the Andes.

One airways system is connecting North and South America so that travel time is reducing to hours instead of days and days instead of weeks. Here is the travel time which the system advertises from the United States, presumably Florida or New Orleans: to Havana, 2 hours; to Nassau, in the Bahamas, 2 hours; to Jamaica, 9 hours; Panama, 2 days; Mexico City, 5 hours; Rio de Janeiro, 7 days; Buenos Aires, 7 days. Here indeed a revolution is in progress. The continent of South America is thus brought within a few days' communication with the United States.

We have grown up thinking in terms of railroad and steamship rates of travel. The automobile made travel more flexible but did not reduce travel time much on the longer journeys. But the airplane is now almost annihilating space. Jimmie Mattern with his speedy flight around the globe, is focusing attention on the service which regular lines of airways operators are now offering in all parts of the world.

A Belated Discovery

WHAT a blast of fulmination from the Oregonian respecting Rufus Holman. It accuses him of "bellowing like a bull of Bashan, wailing like a banshee" because things are not going to suit him. This is indeed a belated discovery for the Oregonian. Holman has changed his character not a whit. In fact he has been if anything somewhat more placid than a year ago. Yet the Oregonian bravely endorsed him for the office which he occupies. "May a kindly Heaven forgive us" now prays the Oregonian. Heaven is under no obligation to answer the prayer; because the Oregonian knew Mr. Holman's character intimately, his strength and his weakness. We know of nothing he has done since election which should cause him to forfeit the esteem of the Oregonian which took him to its bosom last fall.

But hold a moment. The Portland daily throws a fit because Holman accuses it of trimming its editorial policies to the pressure of the back page advertising which it enjoys from Meier & Frank. The Oregonian denies the charge with vehemence and brands Holman a liar for asserting it. Holman is doing what many others have insinuated. The Salem Capital Journal and Corvallis Gazette-Times have thrown the charge in the face of the Oregonian time and again without evoking rejoinder. And the general understanding among newspaper workers has been that the Oregonian made its peace with Meier after the 1930 election. Not that it endorsed free power for nothing (Meier himself has no use for that); nor that it forfeited all editorial independence; but rather that it adopted a tread softly attitude toward the Meier administration.

Holman's lambasting the Oregonian is not new. He has done that regularly in his campaigns. It is the usual stock-in-trade of politicians seeking to tickle the ears of the populace. He did that long before the Oregonian gave him its pontifical benediction last fall.

No, there is little now to excuse or justify the Oregonian's lambasting of its own endorser. Holman is traveling true to form. As a matter of fact his strictures on the state administration are timely and pertinent. The state government is not functioning properly; and the people of the state are growing increasingly critical of the situation.

The Oregonian's fret now over Holman's "bellowings" rates now as mere petulance. Its discovery of Holman's weakness as a state administrator is decidedly tardy.

In Arizona the hard rock copper miners presented a petition to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt seeking her influence in getting an increase in the copper tariff. They can't continue to mine copper with a tariff protection of only four cents a pound. Some irony in this, isn't there, asking a democratic administration for tariff-upping? The miners are deluded as to what is needed. Considering that this country is a copper exporter what is needed is some way of stimulating foreign consumption as well as domestic. After the four-cent tariff was put on copper prices dropped to five cents a pound, the lowest in our history, so the solution of copper troubles is not a tariff increase.

A badly needed improvement is the paving of the 12th street extension to the Pacific highway. The travel along the road now justifies the paving both for consideration to the property owners who suffer from clouds of dust all summer long, and for the wear and tear on the present surfacing. The county court ought to heed the petition asking for the surfacing of the short stretch of road.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Joan Hastings, seventeen and beautiful, lives with two old maiden aunts, Ervise and Babe Van Fleet, in Sausalito, Cal. Joan falls in love with Bill Martin, a penniless young mechanic. Bill, an innocent victim of a bootlegging gang, is sent to jail and Joan, begging for bail money from the aunts, confesses her love for him. She is put on a train for school. Bill, freed, rushes to the Van Fleet home to see Joan and Aunt Ervise tells him she has gone and persuades him the kindest thing he can do is never try to see her again. He bids goodbye to his mother and goes away, leaving no address. Joan, escaping from the train, reaches his home just after he has gone. She goes to San Francisco and is befriended by Walter Dunne, the motorist who drove her home when she left the train. He arranges for her to live with good-natured Maisee Kimmer, a friend. She secures a position in a department store. All her thoughts are of Bill, and Maisee's efforts to make her forget are in vain. Bill, tramping along the road aimlessly, comes upon Rollo Keyes, wealthy playboy, in his stalled car. Bill gets the car started and Rollo, intoxicated, insists that Bill drive him to his home in Pasadena. Arriving there, Rollo is put to bed. He asks Bill to wait. The latter is tempted to sneak away, but exhaustion gets the better of him and he lies down next to Rollo.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I thought you were in Bakerfield," Emmet Keyes said bitterly when his car dropped into the place opposite him at the dinner table. "What a pleasant surprise for you then," Rollo grinned, helping himself to olives. "You can't do that sort of thing," the older man burst out angrily. "You must have you demoralizing the help. By God, when you work for me you're an employee, not my son! You do as the rest—no favors—" "Yeah—that's why I quit," Rollo said, his heavy jaw dropped. "Rollo, you haven't done anything so foolish—" "I sure have," Rollo agreed pleasantly. "I'm through with the oil business. Too smelly. How would you like to set me up in real estate, eh, pop?" The old man sputtered. His disappointment was too deep for words. He made a great clatter with his knife and fork, stealing furtive glances at Rollo from under his bushy eyebrows. This was his son... his son... All his own boyhood he had slaved in a can factory. Then the lucky strike, the "Quit!" Old man Keyes' heavy dollars for Kate and the boy. "A seal-skin sack," he had promised Kate. "A seal-skin sack come Christmas!" And when November came, the little cough she had made so light of had carried her away. He had them cover her with violets—his Katie, who would never need the seal-skin he could afford at last. After that there was nothing left but Rollo. Everything that money could buy he had lavished on the boy, and it hadn't been any good, any good at all. "Not a cent," he shouted. "Oh, very well," Rollo said, not in the least disturbed. "Shall I leave your house, too? You usually have me leave home you know. Don't forget the best part of the speech. Before I go, I'll have a little more of the beef please—and another potato—" He chattered on, dragging in all his tried and trusted wiles, all the old jokes that never failed to get a laugh, but they fell flat. The old man didn't respond. He sat in heavy silence, seeming not to hear. "Oh, by the way, send up a tray to my friend upstairs," Rollo directed the maid when the meal was over. "And send him down to me when he has eaten!" "Sure—throw us both out together. Say, you should have seen that bird fix the car on the road last night. I take my hat off to him—" "I'd have taken mine off to you if

you had done it yourself!" the old man answered. When Bill came into the room he looked at him a long time. He looked at Bill's broad shoulders, his strong, freckled hands. He questioned about the repairing of the car on the road. Why wasn't Rollo like this lad? Why wasn't he? "I might use you—if you aren't afraid of getting your hands dirty," he said gruffly. "Hear, hear!" Rollo shouted. Bill glanced quickly from one to the other. He didn't understand them, and he was ill at ease in their big, pretentious house. Still, here was a chance, a chance to go to work, and make something of himself... for Joan. His face glowed. He reached out and took the old man's knotted, hairy paw in his. "Try me!" he said.

Bill was learning surveying. Emmet Keyes gave orders that he was to have every opportunity, every opportunity that Rollo should have had. He thought, poor, lonely old man, that Rollo would come back to him, too, when he saw what he was doing for the other boy. He thought that in Rollo's friendship for Bill he would lose interest in certain other of his friends, whose infidelity he feared. So he schemed, and he planned—first for Rollo's sake. After awhile, for Bill's sake. "The kid is the picture of me at his age!" he told the bored superintendent. "Has the same way about him. Same kind of a mind. Did I tell you about the time—" Yes, Bill was getting ahead. As the days slipped by, and the weeks turned into months he was sure of it. "When summer comes—say about August I'll strike for a vacation, and run up home and see Ma," he promised himself. He meant that he would see Joan, but he wouldn't promise himself that yet. "Not till I really get there—have something decent to offer. She deserves the best—and I'm going to see that she gets it!" Bill was none of your letter writers. He didn't want letters, he wanted Joan. He didn't want to read a printed page, he wanted to feel her warm in his arms. He slept to that end. There was a grubby calendar he kept in his desk. He looked ahead, and counted the days. He thought she must know. She deserved the best—and he was going to see that she got it! Bill was none of your letter writers. He didn't want letters, he wanted Joan. He didn't want to read a printed page, he wanted to feel her warm in his arms. He slept to that end. There was a grubby calendar he kept in his desk. He looked ahead, and counted the days. He thought she must know. She deserved the best—and he was going to see that she got it! Bill was none of your letter writers. He didn't want letters, he wanted Joan. He didn't want to read a printed page, he wanted to feel her warm in his arms. He slept to that end. There was a grubby calendar he kept in his desk. He looked ahead, and counted the days. He thought she must know. She deserved the best—and he was going to see that she got it!

held up her finished letter, ignoring Miss Harvey's nephew and Maisee's fond hopes. "She'll say she hasn't heard from him either—but she will—we both will—you'll see!" But when the green iron flap of the mailbox closed on the letters, she felt that she was mailing her last hope too. Joan turned the key in the door slowly. She knew what was waiting for her on the little hall table, even before Maisee, frying chops in the kitchen, pushed the swinging door ajar, and called, "There's a letter for you!" Maisee, sympathetic Maisee, who never knew that anyone ever wanted to be alone, came and waited, drying her pink, ringed hands on a kitchen apron, while Joan ripped the big manila envelope open. All her letters, a forlorn little pile of them, came back to her. And Mrs. Martin was glad Joan wrote, she was indeed, because she didn't know what to do with the letters. Bill not sending his address or anything, but she knew he was getting along all right, because he was a good boy, and he sent money home regularly. And she hoped Joan would come and see her because her daughter's husband got a real nice job in San Rafael and didn't live with her any more, and she was getting the house looking real nice, and there would be lots of cherries this year.

"Don't cry, dearie!" Maisee slipped a protecting arm around her. "You see—he never did get the letters, did he? You were right after all weren't you? He never got them—" "I'm not crying," Joan said steadily, poking at the little brass clasp on the envelope. "He didn't get them—he never sent for them." "Or once I didn't know what to say," Maisee told Miss Harvey next day. "If a person cries and takes on I know just what to do, but she just stood there holding them in her hands, looking kind of lightens at them, and then she said 'Maisee, would you mind very much if I didn't eat any dinner?' and she gathered them up in her arms, and went into her room and shut the door, though she was going to be sick, but she went to work just the same today." "Oh, it don't last long when you're young," Agnes Harvey said sagely. "Bill she was in 1863 and next one. She'll soon forget him, the poor little thing. She'll get over it!" But Joan showed no signs of getting over it. She got up when she was called in the mornings, sold Hangerie in McBride's Bargain Basement all day, and sat listlessly opposite Maisee in the evenings. She usually swallowed the codliver oil with which Maisee dosed her, and she protested that she wasn't working. "Why should I worry? His mother says he is well—he writes to her—" "I didn't mean that, dearie. I meant you mustn't worry because he didn't write to you. You can't expect a young boy to remember long. They don't, honey, they just do—" "Yes, I know, Maisee." "Well, then you shouldn't cry over him!" "But I don't cry—over—" It was true, she didn't cry. Not even in the long nights when she lay wide-eyed, and waked, thinking... thinking... It was her own fault. She had him after him. She wanted him to love her. She called him back that night in the moonlight when he wanted to go away. She called him back and begged him to kiss her good-bye. And when he did she clung to him, and wouldn't let him go. She had thrown herself at him—cheapened herself—no wonder he wouldn't send for her letters. Good riddance to her. Good riddance to Johnnie Hastings! And she would clench her hands until the nails dug cruelly into her palms, and stare up at the black ceiling with blind, open eyes to which the healing tears would not come. Joan had been so arrogant, so sure of him, so proud of her love.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

William Wallace Graham; This is a short story of a Marlon county farm boy of a pioneer family who dreamed dreams in his youth, and with hard work and patience made them come true. His life motto might have been the Latin one of the state of Kansas, "ad astra per aspera" (to the stars through difficulties).

This fall he will while celebrating his birthday be at the same time observing the completion of a 30 year period of teaching in Salem during which time nearly every violinist who has achieved an outstanding place in his or her calling has come under his tutelage.

William Wallace Graham was born August 16th, 1873, at Graham's ferry, on the farm of which his father, John Wallace Graham, was the owner, and where he also started and owned and operated the historic ferry, about three miles above the present Wilsonville, which latter point was in the early days known as Boone's ferry, owned the writer believed by a great-grandson, or the son of a great-grandson of the famed Daniel Boone of Kentucky.

In pioneer Oregon the Graham ferry accommodated a larger traffic than the Boone ferry, its downstream rival. The Graham ferry was on a more direct route from Salem to Portland. To accentuate this directness, John Wallace Graham early, at his own expense, built a road about six miles long that connected with the main highway on the west side of the Willamette about two miles south of Tualatin. This was in 1863 and 1864, and that is still known on the maps of Clackamas county as "the Graham's ferry road."

The pioneer ferries were propelled by oars. Ropes were so expensive as to make them prohibitive. The Graham ferry changed hands twice, after it left the original owner before it reached the stage of having a wire rope and being propelled by the flow of the stream. It was in service until 1900.

When William Reid was building his narrow gauge lines on the east and west sides, he expected to span the Willamette river with a bridge at the Graham ferry site, in order to achieve a direct route from Portland to Salem, through the French prairie country, and he made surveys with that intention, and had the active help in his plans of John Wallace Graham.

The nearest Mr. Reid brought this scheme to a consummation was in connecting his Woodburn-Springfield line with boats on the Willamette at Ray's landing.

The farm of John Wallace Graham was a part of the donation land claim of John Zumwalt, who crossed the plains in the covered wagon immigration of 1850. A daughter of the Zumwalt's, in her seventh year when the epochal trek was made, became the mother of the subject of this sketch. She will be 89 in August, and makes her home in Portland; part of the time in Tualatin. John Zumwalt and John Kruse owned and operated the first steamboat to run on the Willamette river, the Hoosier. Homer Kruse, a son of that pioneer family, was a teacher of the violin, under Prof. Z. M. Parvin, when William Wallace Graham came to Salem to enter the school of music of Willamette university. John Wallace Graham came with the 1863 immigration, the first considerable one after that of 1854, following which the Indian wars shut off nearly all travel over the old Oregon Trail until 1863, when the U. S. government began to afford protection with its dragoons.

Young William Wallace Graham worked on his father's farm until he was 14, when he entered the Newberg academy (now Pacific university), where he studied for three years, working on the farm during vacation seasons and at odd times. Among his fellow students in the Newberg academy were "Bert" and "Tad" Hoover, orphan brothers, with whom he was chummy in the ways of boon companions. These boyhood friends are now Herbert Hoover, former president of the United States, and Dean Theodore Hoover of the school of mines of Stanford university, both of them having their homes on the campus of that great institution, the two houses belonging to the former chief executive. The smaller one, which Dean Theodore occupies, has the first residence to be built on the campus.

At 18, William Wallace Graham came to Salem and entered the music college of Willamette university under the direction of Prof. Z. M. Parvin. His classes were then in what was at first the home of the man, Dr. W. H. Willson who platted down town Salem; was afterward "the beehive," where Col. E. D. Baker, hero of Ball's Bluff, lived when he was elected U. S. senator from Oregon in 1869; was later the woman's college of Willamette

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

Public school day to be observed today at Marion square; 2000 children to march downtown streets, sing in chorus, engage in field meet; to be formally dismissed at the square for summer vacation.

Crowd collects at Commercial street hotel to view dust-covered automobile just driven here from San Francisco; 40-horse power, racing type touring car in Pope Hartford make; roads near Salem so good 40 miles-an-hour speed possible, driver says.

Racing entries for Greater Oregon State Fair of 1933 greatest ever; 162 horses listed; five pacing, five trotting events planned; \$5000 stakes offered by Oregon board of agriculture.

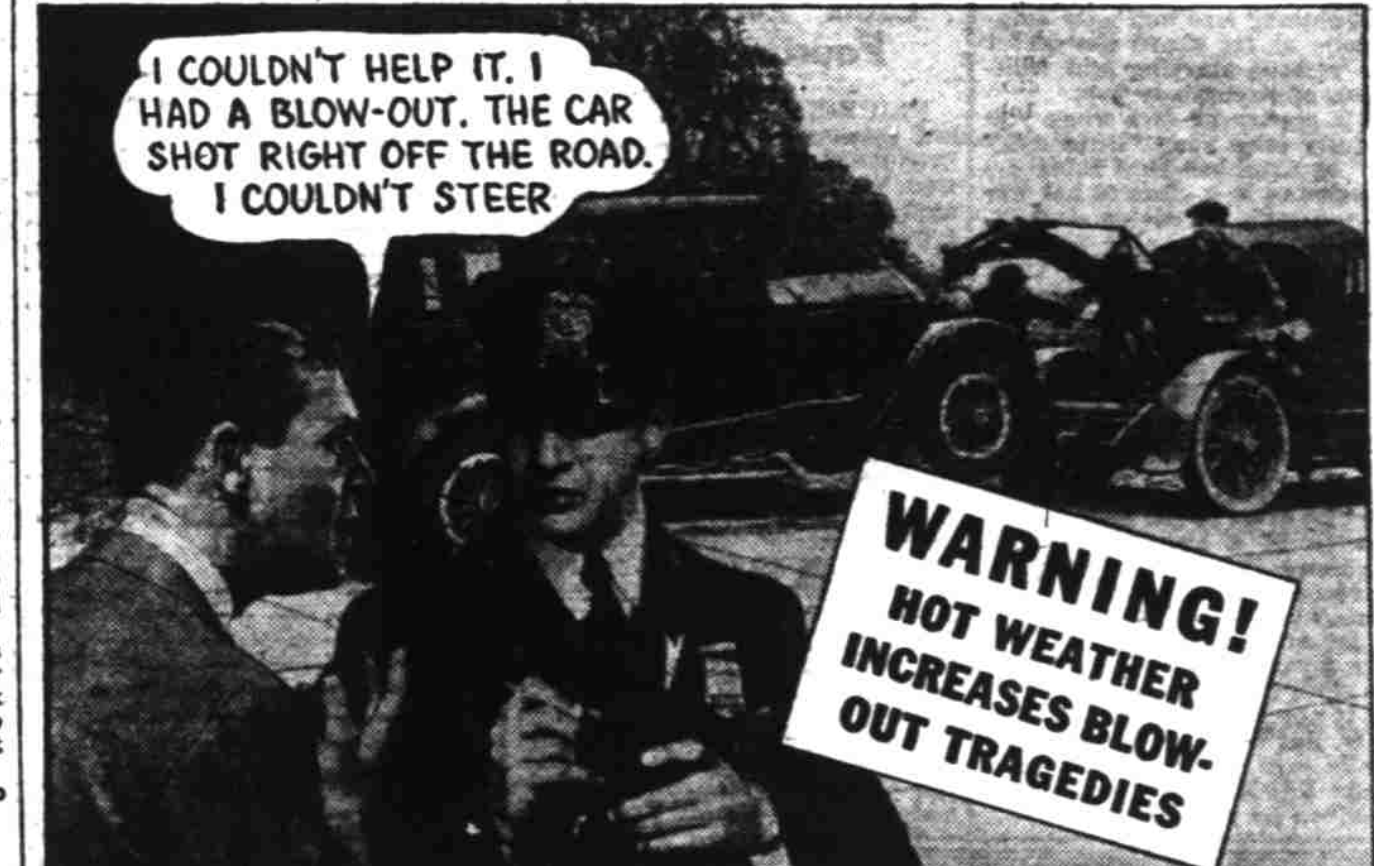
Salem to have new Y. M. C. A. building at estimated cost of \$200,000; lot contracted for on Court street; T. A. Livesley, Thomas Kay, Dr. E. E. Fisher, Curtis Cross on subscription committee.

Earwigs arrive in Salem; worst on North Liberty street; various "dopes" being tried to eradicate pest.

Auto races endorsed by AAA open at fairgrounds tomorrow; six events planned; "Tex" Rankin to perform in airplane.

During four school years, beginning with 1891, William Wallace Graham was a diligent student under Prof. Parvin, and working in vacation seasons to earn his way. From 1893 on, he played with the then leading orchestra of Salem, that of Prof. Little. For three years he was a member of Prof. Little's orchestra, furnishing music for various events, at times as often as six nights a week, in Salem and towns of the central valley.

But young Graham was not satisfied. He was dreaming dreams; looking higher—bitching his wagon to a star. He aspired to make his good of the time being the better of his future career. He owes it to your family and yourself.



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