

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Save the Trees

OF what value will the "scenic" roads of Oregon be a few years hence when the timber is cut down? Imagine the thrill to Californians and easterners as they drive on a ribbon of paved road bordered on both sides by logged off land, dotted with stumps and charred or blanched snags. We have millions for roads, and not one cent to save the forest borders. We are busy exploiting our scenic resources; but letting the slaughter of the virgin forest lining these roads proceed.

Private interests owning the timber cannot be expected to donate their valuable property for the public interest. Taxation is forcing them to go ahead with cutting. Meantime there is no money to secure the tracts and set them aside for park purposes. The highway commission is short of funds. The federal government ducks when suggestion of an exchange is made. Will this impasse continue until the borderlands are denuded of their forest cover; and the great highways of the state are left to pass through dull stumpland?

The state will have to do something to save its trees. Secretary Ickes opposes the idea of exchanging O. & C. re-vested lands for these strips unless the land grant counties will relinquish the taxes authorized under the Stanford act. This appears reasonable for we can hardly expect the tax money which comes from the sale of the lands, and the lands themselves.

Time presses on many of the roads, the Crater lake road for example. Temporary respite may be obtained from the woodsman's axe; but a longer term policy including provision for the money should be adopted which will preserve sufficient woodland to justify our so-called scenic highways.

Bond Vote Requirement

A bond is a mortgage. If you have your home free of mortgage how would you like to have some one else clap a mortgage on it? Public bonds are mortgages clapped on by the voters, many of whom may not have to pay taxes to retire the bonds. For public improvements it is often justifiable to issue bonds on the vote of the people.

But the record is so full of easy voting of bonds and placing of mortgages on homes and businesses that conservatism is always needed lest when payday arrives the money is not there to retire the bonds.

Hitherto the state has required only a majority vote, and it does not except in school elections restrict the privilege of voting in bond elections to taxpayers. So painful has been the experience of Oregon communities over debt service during this depression that it is generally recognized that some brake is needed to prevent excessive issues in easy money days. Accordingly proposition 308-09 would amend the constitution to require a two-thirds favorable vote before bonds may be issued.

There may be occasions when this restriction may seem too confining. On the whole however it should act as a retarding influence; and help to keep other people from slipping unwanted mortgages in the form of bonds on your property. In the interest of sound public credit we recommend the adoption of No. 308.

State Power Bonds

PROPOSAL 310-311 is over the authorization of \$103,000 plus in bonds to be used in providing the state power fund. Since the law putting into effect the grange power act is held up by referendum there is no machinery to spend the money if it is voted. It will be November, 1934, before the legislative power bill is voted on. Then it may be November, 1936, before commissioners could be elected to get the work started. There is therefore no necessity at the present time for voting this bond issue.

Things are changing fast in the power situation. The entrance of the federal government by building a dam across the Columbia may force the issue and plunge the state into public ownership. The developments should be closely watched and guided. Until this matter is clarified there is no need for spending money on power surveys.

There is one further objection. Why use bond money for operating expense of an administrative board? Better levy a fraction of a mill tax for the purpose and save the bond issue for construction purposes.

Our recommendation is to vote 311 X no.

Price of Safety

MARION county's "score" on auto fatalities is sadly high. Loss of life here in the past 18 months has been far in excess of our population. There have been 36 deaths from this cause in this county since Jan. 1, 1932. The toll is appalling. The hazard from the automobile is great and constant. The state police is launching a drive to tighten up on motor car operation in the hope that accidents will decrease. What is needed is a wave of public sentiment that will compel more cautious driving.

There will always be accidents which are seemingly unpreventable. The stalling of a car on a railroad track, as occurred Monday, is something difficult to anticipate and prevent. But there are hundreds of other cases where carelessness is responsible for the accidents which occur.

For motorist and for pedestrian it is correct to paraphrase the old saying and make it read: Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

The conviction of Sheriff Schermerhorn in Jackson county as one of the participants in the theft of ballots which were going to be recounted to determine his right to the office is another victory for real "good government" in that fabled county. Here was a faction which craved power and committed crime to retain power; while it was prating about the breakdown of law and order. The Schermerhorn verdict is another step in the clean-up of Jackson county.

Watch the shift to foreign bonds,—another index of the flight of capital from impending inflation.

Now Dave Hutton is suing Almee for divorce on grounds of cruelty. The "iron man" it seems can't take it.

Pasadena reports the best earthquake yet,—it was 350 miles distant from southern California.

We note there is no change in prices on raisin bread. Maybe the bakers figure it has all the raisins it needs.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 19, 1908
Seventy-five officers and men of the Oregon National guard encamp on range across the river in the Ruge place one mile upstream, with more to come for field and target practice; Captain Charles Murphy of Salem company M in charge of commissary.

LONDON—Serious controversy arises between American Athletic and British Olympic committees over American's withdrawal from tug of war and "arbitrary manner" in which American protests dismissed; Americans claim to have complied with the rules by wearing street shoes, while British tuggers wore extra heavy calf shoes with steel rims on heels.

SYDNEY, C. B.—Arctic exploring steamer Roosevelt steams away from here on mission to seek north pole; Perry in command.

July 19, 1923
Subscriptions for Salem hospital reach total of \$20,000; efforts to be redoubled to raise remaining \$15,000 needed.

DENVER—Actual work on Moffat tunnel, through continental divide west of Denver, expected to begin early next month; the 60-mile tunnel to cut rail distance between Pacific and Atlantic oceans by 70 miles; campaign for project carried on for over 50 years.

MITCHELL FIELD, N. Y.—Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan takes off today on first leg of second attempt to fly from coast to coast between dawn and dark.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:
May I say something through your paper as to what many of us are doing? I find the temperance people are cutting out the firms who are selling beer. The slogan "buy dry" is gaining ground very fast, and if Oregon goes wet the 21st I fear some who are now wet will find after the 21st that they are riding on the wrong wagon.

SOCIETY TO SEND CONVENTION GROUP

MIDDLE GROVE, July 18.—Friday night at the home of David and Roberta Bartruff the Christian Endeavor society met for a social and business meeting. Tentative plans were made for a group of the young people to attend the summer encampment of the Evangelical church at Jennings lodge, July 26 to August 6. The social hour was in charge of the department of recreation with Edwin Hughey, chairman.

A family reunion was held at the William McCormack home, Sunday, though plans had been made to meet with a daughter in Oregon City. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Curran of Florence, who had not met for six years; Mrs. Laurence Dunaway and children, Barbara Jean, Laurence, Jr., and Jacquelyn of Idaho, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Woelke and Hazel and Billie of Hazel Green, and Kenneth McCormack. Mr. and Mrs. R. Jewett of Kankakee, Ill., who have visited at the home of a bother, Ollie Jewett, for several weeks, will leave for their home this week. Mr. and Mrs. August Scharf of Santa Monica, are guests at the W. H. Scharf home.

Mrs. W. D. Edwards who had the misfortune of breaking her right arm, while visiting her daughter in Camas, Wash., is at home and doing nicely.

Ranchers Organize Coyote Club With Losses to Raiders

SILVERTON HILLS, July 18.—Coyote hunting has been the popular sport in the Silverton Hills district recently with the result that there are now one large male coyote and one pup less, with another pup captured alive. The animals have been doing away with sheep and young lambs and this resulted in the organization of a group of ranchers into a hunting club led by John Maulding and A. W. Mires. While the ranchers have taken a vacation from their hunting to care for their hay yields, they are still of the opinion that other coyotes are yet at large and these they hope to kill later.

AT LEGION COUNCIL
SILVERTON, July 18.—Attending the American Legion auxiliary district county council at Salem, Friday night, were Mrs. Lewis Hall, president of the Silverton chapter; Billie Johnson, nominee for president and secretary at the present time, her mother, Mrs. Charles Johnson, Mrs. Zanta Hutton and Mrs. George Towe.

CLANIO JULY 25
SILVERTON, July 18.—The last pre-school children's and infant's clinic before September will be at the Eugene Field school, July 25. Mrs. Irma LaRiche, local school nurse, is in charge of the arrangements.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem men at the death of Peopomoxmoxi
(Continuing from yesterday):
"On the 8th the march was renewed, and after about nine miles the Indians were discovered driving all their stock into the mountains instead of surrendering as was required.

"A skirmish followed, in which the dragoons (mounted soldiers) captured 300 horses, the foot troops assisting in driving them to Wright's camp 16 miles above Spokane falls. At this camp an Indian detained with Polatkin, and who was suspected of certain murders, was tried, convicted and hanged.

"It being impracticable to take the large herd of captured horses, most of which were unbroken, on a long march, Wright determined to have them killed, except such as could be made immediately useful. The order was carried out on the 9th and 10th, and the Spokane nation was in a large measure dismantled. This humiliating policy had its effect, and Big Star, another Spokane chief, surrendered, with his village, in due form. His example was followed by the Couer d'Alenes, who were told to make their submission at the Catholic mission on Couer d'Alene lake.

"On the 17th of September a council was held at this place, Father Joset and Chief Vincent being present.
"Wright sat in judgment in an arbor of green boughs in front of the tent, surrounded by officers. Vincent opened the council by acknowledging that he had committed a great crime, regretting it, and hoping for forgiveness. To this Wright replied that he had spoken truly—that a great crime had been committed, but since he had asked for peace his request would be granted on certain conditions, these being the delivery to him of the men who struck the first blow in the attack on Step-toe, to be sent to General Clarke (Gen. Newman S. Clarke); the delivery of one chief and four warriors, with their families, to be sent to Walla Walla; the return of the property taken from Step-toe's command; consent that his troops and other white men should pass through their country; the conclusion of the turbulent habits of the Indians in that country, and a promise to engage in no hostilities themselves against white men.

"They were also required to be at peace with the Nez Perces, to which they cheerfully agreed, the whole treaty being written out and formally signed. Polatkin, for the Spokanes, signing and smoking the peace pipe.
"On the 23d, a council was held with the Spokanes, to which Kam-lakin was invited; but he declined to attend, and was sent to Walla Walla. The same terms were offered and accepted as had been accepted by the Couer d'Alenes. After its conclusion, Owl of the Yakimas came into camp, when Wright had him arrested for breaking his agreement made at the Couer d'Alene, and ordered him to send for his son, Quachin, telling him he would be hanged if Quachin did not appear.
"Unexpectedly, the young chief rode into camp without being summoned, and was hanged without trial.
"Owl, attempting to escape on the return march when Wright was at Snake river, was shot by Lieut. Morgan and died in an hour or two.
"Only Kam-lakin and Skloom of the Yakim chiefs of any note were now left. Their influence was greatly lessened by the results of their previous acts. Kam-lakin abandoned his country and people, going to British Columbia, whence he returned no more, and Skloom sat in obscurity. (As told recently in this column, a great grandson of old Chief Kam-lakin has been a student at the Salem U. S. Indian training school at Chemawa, a bright, upstanding, likable boy, with good mind and retentive memory.)
"As for the Saluses, Colonel Wright refused to treat with

them, but instead had several of them hanged. . . . On the 5th (October) the whole command returned to Fort Walla Walla.
"On the 9th, Wright summoned the Walla Walla into his presence. When they were assembled he ordered all those who had taken a part in the recent battles to stand up; 35 standing up at once, he selected four who were delivered to the guard to be hanged, making in all 16 Indians by him hanged as examples to their people."

Written at Salem July 30, 1893, these are the concluding words in Mrs. Victor's book:
"The country east of the mountains was closed to settlement by military order, much to the discomfort of persons who had entered into stock raising on its grassy plains. But General Harney succeeding General Clarke in command of the department of the Columbia opened the country to settlement in 1859, since which time, with the exception of raids by Snakes and Utes, and Joseph's war of recent date, there has been peace and prosperity for both the white and red inhabitant."

The reader who has followed this column knows that, from 1855 on, the covered wagon immigration across the plains over the old Oregon trail was almost entirely discontinued, on account of Indian troubles nearly all the way across, and was not resumed until 1869, when the U. S. was ready to protect the caravans with dragoons.

Mrs. Victor copied in her book the old muster rolls of Oregon for the period beginning with the Cayuse war under the provisional government, brought on by the Whitman massacre of Nov. 29, 1847, and continuing to the time when she wrote. These old muster rolls make interesting reading—interesting to Oregon pioneers and their descendants, and interesting to students of history.

In this column appeared, a few days ago, the names shown on the company roll of Capt. Charles Bennett, noted early day Salemite, giving the names of the men who served under him until he was killed in the so-called Yalima war in 1855. The writer also promised to copy the names of the two Salem companies who served in the Cayuse war—Co. G under Capt. James W. Nesmith, and the one in which Morgan Lewis and Nelson R. Doty, according to the muster rolls, and as second lieutenant Baptist Dorton (name misspelled in the rolls) and Mitchell Gilliam. Dorton was a son of the famous Dorton Woman, of story and song, internationally celebrated. In Co. G, these were sergeants and duty sergeants: Voltaire Bergeron, Woodford Holman, Geo. Laroque, Chas. McKay, Benjamin Taylor and H. L. Brown. It appears, by the old rolls, that D. M. Morrison served as captain of Co. G at Wascopam (The Dalles); probably for only a few days.
According to the rolls, Wm. P. Pugh was captain of Co. F, No. 8; Maxwell Ramsey second lieutenant; H. M. Smead second sergeant, and G. W. Vernon and David Weston orderly sergeants. "Lute" Savage was a private.
(Continued tomorrow)

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER ONE



"Leni! Leni! It is I—Karl! Karl Kruger!"

The radio announcer stood beside his microphone with a foxglove in his hand and a sleek dinner coat on his back. Great drum-shaped searchlights poured floods of glaring illumination into the forecourt of the theater giving everyone a look of waxen artificiality.

Here in the balmy open air, amid Babylonian columns with the starry sky overhead and marble mosaics underfoot, mingled the most beautiful women and the best-dressed men on earth. The rabble—too far back to smell the expensive perfumes—was held in check by ropes and policemen who wore white gloves for the unusual occasion.

Whenever a polished motor car brought up another star, or even an established featured player, the multitudes on the sidewalk cheered and clapped hands. The announcer's excited voice began to follow it itself.
"Just a minute folks! Here comes Sybil Hall, the screen star! She's wearing a—hal hal—good evening, Miss Hall. Miss Hall—Miss Hall—hal hal—would you say a few words in the microphone, please, to the folks here on the air. . . ."
Miss Hall consented in a voice warm and living. A silvery evening dress glistened on her body. The announcer's eyes worshipped her loveliness, for a moment before he turned to worship the next glittering arrival.

Before the evening was over the whole galaxy of Hollywood passed before the microphone and said approvingly the same things. All confessed themselves to be in a high state of excited anticipation and professed the keenest affection for the absent Leni Luneska.
The announcer, who was not going to see the picture at all, declared repeatedly that motion picture history was being made to-night and his words grew increasingly electrical.

At home, his wife listened in a shuddering fear that his tongue would slip and he would say what he really thought about the whole affair. It had never happened but Mrs. Announcer lived in terror until all was safely over.
A stocky gentleman arrived and spoke a few words into the ether. He was the mayor of the city.
A domestic-looking man in a gray suit—Tom Mulrooney, chief of detectives—was ignored by the announcer and passed inconspicuously into the theater.

The announcer craned his neck hopefully toward the curb as a tall young man wearing a negligent top coat over his dinner jacket approached. Several women turned their heads to look at him.
This was Lucky Cavanaugh—gambler with his athlete's body and step elastic as a cat's. His skin was clear and tanned over high cheekbones, a bold Roman nose, and a solid chin. The eyes were gray, steady, unconsciously arrogant.
No. 9, G, captained by Nesmith, had as first lieutenants at different times David Crawford and Nelson R. Doty, according to the muster rolls, and as second lieutenant Baptist Dorton (name misspelled in the rolls) and Mitchell Gilliam. Dorton was a son of the famous Dorton Woman, of story and song, internationally celebrated. In Co. G, these were sergeants and duty sergeants: Voltaire Bergeron, Woodford Holman, Geo. Laroque, Chas. McKay, Benjamin Taylor and H. L. Brown. It appears, by the old rolls, that D. M. Morrison served as captain of Co. G at Wascopam (The Dalles); probably for only a few days.
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(Continued tomorrow)

citizens," he said easily. "There's only one way to beat roulette—and that is to own the wheel. I didn't."

There was a burst of cheering from the street and Leni Luneska arrived triumphantly on the arm of a middle-aged gentleman in a silk hat.

She was small and slim in an evening wrap of platinum material wrapped tightly across her figure. The searchlights gave her a metallic sheen; around her blonde head there was, almost, an aura.

Her voice, when she spoke for the radio audience was slightly agitated and had the quality of golden wine with bubbles rising. The scarcely perceptible accent carried the flavor of Europe.

"This night," she said, "is the climax of all that I have ever dreamed for and hoped for and worked for. If I am happy, I am also a little frightened. Give me, please, your good thoughts. . . ."
Lucky Cavanaugh took off his dark felt hat and stood quiet near, watching her. As she left the microphone it was necessary for him to stand aside.

She passed so near that he sensed magnetic radiations from her body. Her face had the fresh young vitality of a flower, but the violet-colored eyes were slightly shadowed as from fatigue.

Lucky Cavanaugh's admiration suddenly was complicated by a twinge of pity. He had caught, with his gambler's sixth sense, the bewilderment, the lonely and troubled uncertainty of the lovely Leni Luneska as she stood balanced precariously on the very pinnacle of fame.

This knowledge was purely instinctive with him. He was, by profession, a gambler and endowed with some strange quality of human understanding akin to telepathy. Frequently this sense de-

ceived him, but more often it was amazingly accurate.

Up until this moment the matter had been only idle speculation with him when a man's guttural voice broke out from the crowd held back by the cordon of ropes and policemen.

"Leni! Leni! It is I—Karl! Karl Kruger!"

The voice, apparently, struck the girl like a bullet. She stopped and even before she turned her head, the color began to recede from her face.

Before the nearest policeman could stop him, he had stooped and dashed under the rope like an animal. With rapid steps he crossed the forecourt and was beside her. Lucky Cavanaugh, no more than five feet from Leni Luneska, saw and heard. The man was a foreigner, shabby, emaciated. His eyes protruded and burned with excitement. The lips were thin and slightly twisted.

"I am starving, Leni!" he rattled in his throat. "Do you want me to tell everybody—the whole world—to shout it from the housetops?" He began to fling his hand and change color as policemen came rushing up. "Tell them I'm all right, Leni!"

Leni Luneska's face became smooth white marble. As the police seized the man, she spoke in strained, muffled words.

"Leave him alone, please. . . . I will speak with him. . . . at a quiet place. . . . later—on the inside. . . ."

Her escort's face was blank with lack of understanding, but Karl Kruger's step was jaunty as he walked behind the girl. There was no trouble at the door. Luneska's word was sufficient. Directly after Kruger sauntered Lucky Cavanaugh, uttering at ease.

(To Be Continued)

Repeal of The 18th Amendment

And of Oregon's State Prohibition Amendment

MEANS - - The return of HARD LIQUORS under the same unrestricted conditions as now surround the sale of beer. Such repeal means the eventual RETURN of the old SALOON

To Vote Against the Saloon:-

- Vote 301 X No. I vote against the proposed amendment.
- Vote 315 X No. I vote against the repeal of the law.
- Vote 101 X No. I vote against the amendment.

And Vote for all of the Following Dry Candidates for Delegate — Seven to be Elected

- 12 X HARVEY S. BOND
- 13 X FRANK E. BROWN
- 14 X E. W. COULSON
- 16 X E. S. HAMMOND
- 18 X S. B. LAUGHLIN
- 20 X GLENN E. McCLELLAN
- 23 X WALTER L. SHROCK

You Can't Repeal the Effects of Alcohol. It is a Habit-Forming, Narcotic Drug. To Legalize an Evil for Money, is Poor Economy and Bad Morals.

MARION COUNTY "DRY" COMMITTEE

Mrs. Lydia V. Lghman, Chairman
Mrs. Lena M. Lisle, Secretary

Paid. Adv.