

The Oregon Statesman

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

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The Monument

A monument to Harvey W. Scott, long editor of the Portland Oregonian, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies Saturday. Friends of his lifetime assembled to enjoy the memorial exercises which befitted the occasion. Many and merited were the tributes paid to this great Oregon editor, whose name still outranks all others in the history of Oregon journalism.

Chester Rowell, himself a distinguished editor, was the leading speaker; and in the course of his address referred to the other monument to Scott, the newspaper whose editorial policy he shaped so long and so ably.

The Oregonian is indeed a monument to Harvey Scott. It continues to be a great newspaper. Men quite sympathetic with the Scott tradition guide its destinies today. Its editorial page alone should give it distinction as one of the finest papers now published in America. The work however is done now not by a single individual, but by several writers, so that credit does not go to one man as in the days of Scott.

It is always difficult for one to work under the shadow of a great name. Comparisons are bound to be made; and the human memory is so faulty that nearly always the former worker is given the greater praise. For ourselves we cannot compare the Oregonian of today with that of Harvey Scott's time, because Scott has passed on before we came to Oregon. But comparing the Oregonian of today with other newspapers of today, in our judgment it is almost without a peer in its comprehensive news service, in its mechanical perfection, and in its always vital and forceful editorial columns.

The Oregonian, like any newspaper, dare not be a statue in bronze or frozen stone. It is a living thing. The methods of its founders, perhaps even their fundamentals may not apply to the present age. It is enough if the spirit of the great editor abides, and his inspiration to those who now carry forward his tasks. They do so abide; and Oregon should be proud of the work of Editor Paul Kelly and his associates on whom the mantle of Harvey Scott has fallen.

Summer Season

ELECTION is over. Congress has adjourned. Markets are on slow bell. Banks have quit pasting white papers on their front doors. The word "depression" is used less often. Post has gotten round the world in about a week. Crops are made or lost as the case may be. Then what is there left for papers to print or for editors to comment upon?

What indeed? A lull there is after big news stories for months and years. There is almost an editorial vacuum, so to speak. It makes one wonder what occupied people's minds in pre-war years, back in Taft's administration, for example.

Well, there was summer fiction. Hammock stuff, to read and doze over on a long, lazy afternoon. Publishers still get out summer fiction but it is altogether too pale for a generation whose tastes have been built up on communism and gangster movies.

Then there were summer vacations, which meant frilly summer dresses for the ladies and duck suits and white shoes for the men and a week or two at a summer hotel. Summer vacations now mean ten gallons of gas, a road map, and khaki pants for the women. Vacations are just incidents now, and few people talk much about them.

Finally there were fashions. Styles filled feminine minds more fully than now perhaps because the minds held less then. A wardrobe took weeks of planning, whereas now a lady can jump in her car, shop around for an hour or two and pick out her entire fall outfit. Women are still style-conscious but they spend far less time thinking and talking about fashions.

Those pre-war days seem empty to us now; but after months and years of tension people, including editors, may well be thankful for a respite from the headaches and heartaches which have been so common. Just think of a vacation at a resort hotel at Colorado Springs, with summer fiction to read, so light it wouldn't raise a wrinkle on your forehead. Those indeed were the days!

Former Congressman W. E. Humphrey of Seattle is being fired by the president from a post on the federal trade commission. Humphrey was a light-weight reactionary who thought to graduate into the senate office by running against Polinder. He was rewarded with a nice job on this commission when the republican administration wanted it to go hush on big business. Can't see why he should not be retained by the new administration however, since it is validating price fixing and industrial gang-ups.

O. H. Goss is getting just what he wants: cheap martyrdom and oodles of publicity. His tirades are unjust and unfounded. Members of the Marion county court have worked long and arduously to handle county relief in a way that will prevent suffering and distress and yet avoid grafting on public funds. The scant support which Goss receives is evidence of the lack of merit in his charges.

When Memphis votes 32,000 for repeal and only 2,000 against, there may be something to the cries of fraud over the Tennessee repeal election. There must be more than 2,000 negro preachers in Memphis. However, it must also be remembered that Memphis has the highest homicide rate in the U. S. A.

If NIRA doesn't succeed it will probably be because there are too many generals and colonels. Already there are so many commanders that coordinators and liaisons men are being appointed to preserve contacts.

Dollar depreciation was proposed in order to help the exports. But France has quadrupled tariff duties on many American imports. There is now no foreign market at all for our wheat, which presses at northwest ports for export.

These giddy old dames still want to do their tricks. In Chicago an old lady of 108 went to sleep smoking a cigarette, and her dress caught fire so she died of burns. Grandies ought to know that when they get past a hundred they just can't take it.

True temperance struck a snag at an out-of-town beer parlor Saturday night. But under the rule of personal liberty shouldn't the people be permitted to drink themselves into riots?

The old deal lasted for eight years. Here the new deal does the "in" down and go boom" in four months.

The New Big Stick



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 25, 1908
"Whiskey vs. beer" is topic for mass meeting in Marion square tonight to create sentiment in favor of segregating fermented and distilled liquors; Conrad Krebs leads movement.

Two hundred persons attend Company M's military ball at Auditorium rink; guardsmen from Camp Ruge across river are guests.

Attorney-General A. M. Crawford, returning from Laidlaw, eastern Oregon, with State Engineer John H. Lewis says state treats settlers unfairly; land sold on reclamation project when not sufficient water available, says.

MACON, Ga.—Thomas E. Watson, populist candidate for president, declares Andrew Jackson would have spurned Bryan's democratic platform, urges south to unite to regain influence of pre-civil war period.

July 24, 1923
Five hundred laborers to pull flax near Salem being sought.

Four convicts escape from state penitentiary by concealing themselves in carload of brick; Herbert M. Berry, Richard Moore, James Arnold and Lionel J. Hobson; arrested reaching Albany, Arnold returns here and apologizes to Warden Smith.

Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, aboard U. S. S. Henderson, says Alaskan salmon catch must be reduced to conserve fishing industry.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Long bow, strong bow, to the breaking point:

Enveloped, official size, in outer stationery of the Osburn Hotel, Eugene, mailed at Portland to "Editor Bits for Breakfast, The Statesman, Salem, Oregon," comes a missive reading:

"Bob: I met a man named Litchfield at the Laurelhurst gathering of former Salemites who told me to tell you that he knew you when you returned from the Klondike and wore big, bushy whiskers.

"He tossed that big casino on my 7-spot, little casino and an ace when, just before, I remembered when Fred Lockley and sideburns, rode a bike and delivered mail.

"They were all there with a valence of VIII, as they say in the table of atomic weights, and everybody wanted to be the better in the game of one old cat.

"I tossed in another 'in' remembered when T. T. Geer, fine, tall, gentle and Lincolnian, rode a bicycle so upright along those

ter reaching Albany, Arnold returns here and apologizes to Warden Smith.

Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, aboard U. S. S. Henderson, says Alaskan salmon catch must be reduced to conserve fishing industry.

"Archie Irvine was a laughing rogue when he was a young fellow. I saw him just the other day. He has still a big twinkle in his eye, although his thatch reminds one of a polar bear.

"Frank Talkington, Mel Hamilton and E. Eckerlein spread the cheer. They would reach under their respective hats and haul forth stuff other than three dots. It would more likely be ninety-five dots. Oh! Oh! Oh!

"They were great days. Let me pause here and smack my phantom moustache. (You see I have no moustache!) (In parentheses again and to enhance the reminiscence, I will state that free lunch fairly abounded at 'Eck's' and other places.)

"Judge Judah was the 'moustache' at the city hall. Doc Gibson the cheese of perils; Smith and Jim Lewis policemen.

"Sam and Warnick Foster sold 'hooters' for old George Waters. But I left Salem a couple of years before Ernie and Herb Vander-sal had that spat whilst going down the street and Herb threw down a suitcase and hollered out loud, 'You tell it!'

"If you happened to tell Rocky Hodgins or Fred Palmer a story they had heard before, they would hold up one hand with spread fingers and say, 'You told me that five times.' They stole this sign and protest off a boy named 'Sweet William' who used to hang around the docks, where long-legged Guy Powers ran the Port of Salem. A fellow named Baldwin was another maritime chief. Baldwin was a psychologist and would run a needle through his hand or cheek and never bat an eyelash.

"Charley Riley and Hal Patton were old cut-ups, and didn't Bill Evans have rosy cheeks?

"What the hell! There are forty yards more of this crap, but I just wanted to give a hint or two that I once resided in the city in question.

"DAVE SULLIVAN, (typist 'D. Bill.')

Thanks, Dave, also yelect 'Wild Bill' Sullivan. You have treasured in your retentive memory the 'low down' as a mine of the great days in the old town conceived in an ancient city of refuge, yelect Chameketa; born

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"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Attending the premiere of her latest motion picture, beautiful Leni Luneka, the star, is confronted by a shabby, emaciated man, who emerges from the crowd crying, "Leni! It is I, Karl Kruger. Do you want me to tell the whole world?" Leni turns white. She tells the man she will talk with him inside. Lucky Cavanaugh, a gambler, fascinated by Leni's beauty, saunters into the theatre after Kruger. He prevents Kruger from making a scene and has him placed in a private office until after the show. Cavanaugh then bribes an usher to seat him in Leni's box. During the performance Douglas Gates, Leni's elderly escort, proposes to her. She is tempted to accept him, to get away from everything. In the office next to Kruger's, thieves are robbing the safe. Leni leaves her box and goes to Kruger. He taunts her with, "It is not pleasant to have a starving bum hanging around—not when he happens to be your husband!" He wants recognition as Leni's husband and all that goes with it. She refuses but he says he will wait for her to think it over. Back in the box, Leni is driven to tears. In the darkness Cavanaugh clasps one of her hands to comfort her. There is something consoling and strengthening in the touch of this stranger. He suggests that Leni go out for some air and she consents.

CHAPTER SIX

"I think I like you because you do not look so respectable as the rest."

"I've tried all my life not to be respectable," he said easily. A golden warmth emanating from her body subtly started the blood singing in his veins.

"You are different," she informed him, her eyes steadily upon his face. "The others—they try so hard to act respectable . . . in public. They make a profession of it. But you—"

"And you—"

"I am not a human being," said Leni. "I am just fireworks. A skyrocket, perhaps. I have to keep burning myself up to keep going higher. There is nothing left—all is consumed. I will come down faster than I went up."

Cavanaugh paused her hand. "Nonsense! You're still feeling a little tragic."

While he talked and listened to her answers, Cavanaugh's mind was seeking an escape for Leni and himself from the stale-smelling slot between the two buildings. It was a place for ash cans and janitors and prowling cats.

A glistering princess in silver slippers was parading in a gutter . . .

"You stand right here a minute," he said exhorting himself and walking ahead of her toward the cigarette smoker in the usher's uniform that lounged close to the side door.

Somewhere in the crowded theater there must be a comfortable spot of privacy which two people could visit for a half hour. Any usher, properly oiled, would know.

"Hello, Mr. Cavanaugh," said the uniformed man speaking in a voice like a rusty blade. His cigarette remained between his lips. "Nice evening, ain't it?"

Laughter sprang to Cavanaugh's eyes, exploded with a muffled sound in his throat. The ridiculous fact was that the man was not an usher at all, but a slitt-mouthed hoodlum whose native ferocity was grotesquely wrapped up in candy-soldier epaulettes and brass buttons.

"A gentleman where the richly-embroidered cloak fell back from her white shoulders. Cavanaugh observed she was smiling.

"So what—now?" she said. "You have brought me up a lot of stairs, parallel), during a stretch of time by no means short as measured in the average earthly pilgrimage, the Bits man has met up with few boon companions as boon as Bill. The hope is here recorded that he may live another 100 years, and may his tribe increase.

But this man Litchfield, in harking back to the Salem, Oregon, of the early days of the current century, searching for a memory card to outtrump the plays of Wild Bill Sullivan, verily stretched the long bow, the strong bow, to the breaking point, when he produced the imagined Bits man returned from the Klondike with big, bushy whiskers.

Excepting that the aforesaid Bits man was never nearer the Klondike than a few jumps above the international line drawn in 1848 when John Bull suckered down a suitcase and hollered out loud, "You tell it!"

"If you happened to tell Rocky Hodgins or Fred Palmer a story they had heard before, they would hold up one hand with spread fingers and say, 'You told me that five times.' They stole this sign and protest off a boy named 'Sweet William' who used to hang around the docks, where long-legged Guy Powers ran the Port of Salem. A fellow named Baldwin was another maritime chief. Baldwin was a psychologist and would run a needle through his hand or cheek and never bat an eyelash.

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Thanks, Dave, also yelect 'Wild Bill' Sullivan. You have treasured in your retentive memory the 'low down' as a mine of the great days in the old town conceived in an ancient city of refuge, yelect Chameketa; born

Very glad to hear from Wild Bill Sullivan. He was the Western Union manager, operator and janitor when the office was in a corner of the Statesman print shop, under the present location of the Shanghai cafe.

The Bits man has been fearing that Wild Bill Sullivan had gone the way of a trail, which would have been a great loss to a too sad world with a scarcity of his kind—the kind of fellow with a smile and a quip when and where they are most needed.

In his more or less general peregrinations over old Oregon country (south of the 49th

brought a scorch of humiliation to the bluish cheek of the mass-usher and left him feeling exactly as a tiger might feel if compelled to wear a pink ribbon around its neck.

After all, a man has his pride, even if his name is Slug and he stands ready for murder on instant notice.

Not for an instant did Lucky Cavanaugh suspect Slug of being an usher. There was only one explanation and he stated it.

"I suppose you're here to soup up the joint."

Slug did not deny the opinion. "Well, you know how things are," he remarked. "All the boys are doing the best they can these days."

Nobody knows much about the mystic relations of "the boys." Not even the boys themselves.

Certain men are born with that in their blood which sets them apart. Anybody else is an outsider. They are a secret race, comparatively few in number extending from coast to coast and speaking their own private language. Of few criminals can it be said that he is one of the boys. But most of the boys are criminals of one sort or another, though some are actors and pugilists and gamblers. They do not yell another and they don't rat on one another.

They are regrettable blots upon our civilization. Nevertheless, they are with us. Lucky Cavanaugh was not an outsider.

"If I was you," said Slug, "I'd wheel that dame out of the way."

"Don't worry—I'm not going to stumble into your play," said Cavanaugh, "but if you've cased the joint, you probably know every mousehole in it. The girl is feeling faint and I want to get her out of the mob for a half hour. Some place private."

Slug thought a moment, his face impassive. Then he took a short piece of steel from under his jacket. "Slip this in your pocket 'cause you'll have to jimmie a window, Mr. Cavanaugh. You go up the steps back of the balcony and keep going. They corkscrew at the top and you come out on the roof. There's a penthouse that belongs to the manager. He keeps it locked till after the show every night."

"Thanks," said Cavanaugh. "Don't mention it," responded Slug. "I been in the same fix myself, lots of times."

It gave Cavanaugh a mood of sureness to feel the uncomplaisant guidance of Leni to his chamber as they moved like shadows up the hidden stairway that twisted narrowly to the roof. No petty arguments, questions and objections from the bright gold creature. The kind of a woman to make a man feel taller than he really was . . .

They had passed the closed office where Karl Kruger sat in a leather chair fighting with his own erratic nerves, while the two went burgling the room and door looked at an illuminated watch dial in the darkness and counted the fateful minutes.

In the box downstairs, Douglas Gates was still dozing, unaware of Leni's absence.

From the silvered screen Leni Luneka distributed her voice and looks and personality among four thousand cash customers. Up on the roof, Lucky Cavanaugh broke the lock of a French window and stood aside for Leni to enter. His manner was that of a princely host.

The room was revealed in a soft yellow light as he found a button on the wall. Low modernistic furniture, a sleepy Buddha, celebrities photographed in silver frames.

Leni dropped into a chair, the shimmering cloak fell back from her white shoulders. Cavanaugh observed she was smiling.

"So what—now?" she said. "You have brought me up a lot of stairs,

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but are we any nearer heaven?" "Give me a little more time and I'll see what I can do," said Cavanaugh lightly.

He kept his eyes fixed upon her unhappy face as he relaxed himself into a chair in front of her. It was difficult to sympathize with her troubles—first, because she seemed saturated with that peculiar shell of prosperity and self-confidence that encases the famously successful. Secondly, he was wondering how long it would be before they kissed.

The thought flashed across his mind—not as a bold speculation—but as a fact about to occur. It was a hunch—a definite message upon a mysterious telepathic wave length.

"I think," said Leni slowly, "that I am going to tell you something."

Cavanaugh waited for her to continue but she fell into an abstraction of silence. Her legs were crossed and she sat staring at the tip of her silver evening slipper. Light from the table lamp surrounded her blonde head like a shroud of yellow moonlight.

"Where did you come from?" she asked him suddenly.

"From Caliente this afternoon."

"No, not a million people might have come out of Caliente. But you—where did you come from to drop into my life this night—tonight of all nights? When I first saw you I was looking back over my left shoulder. You were just another man—meaning nothing. Even now I do not know your name."

"Cavanaugh, Lucky," for a nickname.

"Cavanaugh the Lucky," repeated Leni, voicing it gravely. "It sounds like the title of some medieval king. It doesn't matter. You are you, whether you came from Caliente—or dropped out of the sky. If you really have any luck I shall need it all tonight. Perhaps that is why you were sent to me—to bring me luck."

"It's all yours," he assured her. "That remains to be seen," she said, without looking at him. "I do not know why I am going to tell you—all this. All I know is that I must tell someone—that I've got to find help—some place—"

Cavanaugh, out of politeness, did not look at her eyes, did not see them begin to swim with tears which she managed to control before they dropped into the open palms of her hands, resting in her lap. They were the most beautiful hands he had ever seen—hands as helpless as two white flowers.

After a time, Leni Luneka began to speak.

She spared herself nothing. It was as impersonal as though she had been telling the story of another woman. Her life flowed past like a swift dark stream.

A factory in Vienna. Two hundred girls—children—making artificial flowers in a sunless room. Twelve hours a day. Black bread and watery lentil soup. Fingers stained with aniline dyes. Shoes with paper in the soles. Starved minds, starved youth. The maddening roar of machinery in the lint-filled air.

Karl Kruger. Escape. Wine. Marriage. Beatings. Hatred. Theft. Flight. Arrest. Escape. Terror. Wine. Beatings. Hysteria. Starvation. Collapse of body and mind. Men. Berlin. Men. London. Kruger. Prison . . . America . . .

Out of the ashes rose the woman. Waitress. Salesgirl. Night school. Mannequin. English classes. Savings account. A stock company in Portland, Me. The long trip to Hollywood. Incredible ambition and iron-willed determination. Success . . . Stardom . . .

Her voice broke, ended sharply . . . (To Be Continued)

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odd fellows seat New Officers For Last Half of Year

INDEPENDENCE, July 24 — At a recent meeting of the Odd Fellows, all new officers were installed: Noble grand, Floyd Robinson; vice grand, Byron Ruddle; warden, W. F. Campbell; R. S. N. G., O. B. Fravis; L. S. N. G., Walter Huntley; R. S. V. G., Edw. Leitch; L. S. V. G., Elvin Calbreath; R. S. Mack Brown; L. S. S., Joe Cook; inside guardian, George Tibbors; outside guardian, Adam Baskin; chaplain, Victor Seeley.

GRANGERS ON PICNIC

STAYTON, July 24 — Members of the Stayton and Turner granges enjoyed a picnic in the city park here Sunday. There was a large attendance and besides the big dinner at noon, swimming, games and sports were enjoyed. On Sunday also the American Legion, auxiliary and their families enjoyed their annual picnic at the Jordan park.



For steady smoking—Camel's costlier tobaccos