

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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"He Went for the Doctor"

AN AUGUST 1st dispatch from Kansas City, Kansas reads:

"Elwood D. King, who went for the doctor when former President Herbert Hoover was born, died here at his home last night."

Perhaps he went, although Will Irwin, who wrote a biography of Mr. Hoover, says that Herbert was "born under the ministrations of his Aunt Ellen, volunteer nurse to the community." There may have been a doctor however, for in 1874 they were using doctors for this purpose when available; and this was in West Branch, Iowa, a village large enough to support a doctor. So Elwood King, who was then a young man of 22 may have "gone for the doctor."

It was different when Abe Lincoln was born. That was in 1809, in the raw Kentucky country. Midwives or "granny-women" officiated at births rather than doctors. One of those who helped nurse Nancy Lincoln through her travail was young Mrs. Peggy Walters, whose story, as reported by Barton in his "The Women Lincoln Loved" was like this:

"I was twenty years old then, and helping to bring a baby into the world was more of an event to me than it became afterward. But I was married young, and had a baby of my own, and I had helped mother, who, as you know, was quite famous as a granny-woman, and I had gone several times to help when I was sent for. It was Saturday afternoon, I remember, when Tom Lincoln stood over me and asked me to come and I got up behind the boy that rode across to fetch me, and I rode across to the cabin that stood there. . . . They sent for her two aunts, Miss Betsey Sparrow and Miss Polly Friend, and these both came, but they lived about two miles away, so I was there before them, and we all had quite a spell to wait, and we got everything ready that we could."

No, there was no doctor to usher Abe into the world; but there was the inevitable boy sent to summon aid.

"Going for the doctor" is an experience few boys know now; for the summons is rarely given by messenger, but by telephone. Older people may well recall "sending for the doctor" whether for births or sudden cases of sickness. Sometimes it was miles to go. Sometimes it was dead of night. Sometimes it was midwinter. Sometimes it was in the spring when frost was coming out of the ground and roads were a bog. Getting the doctor then was not merely using a telephone and waiting a short time until a high-powered automobile would bring him to the bedside. It might mean hours of waiting until the messenger reached the village; and an equal period until the doctor could make his journey. So he was summoned only in grave cases; and then, many times, he came too late. The few drops of medicine, the swift operation, the skilled binding of a wound that might have saved the victim's life were denied him through the slowness of communication and transportation.

Homer Davenport in his book "The Country Boy" told how Jake McClaine, one of the founders of Coolidge & McClaine at Silverton, rode horseback through a bad storm into the mountains when he heard a family at Cedar Camp was down with diphtheria.

"And I got to thinking maybe they needed help, so I had the mare saddled and I am going up."
"Jake, my father called, 'are you crazy? Have you lost your wits completely? Don't you know that when you get into the live timber in the mountains you will be struck every twenty feet by flying limbs?'"
"But no answer came from the black night but the howling storm. . . . He found that out of the large family four of the children were dead, so he came to town after coffins and medicine, and was soon on the way back with the doctor."

There are still a few places where telephones and automobiles do not shorten the time in which professional skill may be brought into a stricken home, where the boy still is messenger and the horse still the bearer of the doctor who responds. In her sketches, "The Mountain Doctor", Dr. Alfreda Withington, who after war work in France went to a Kentucky mountain settlement, 13 miles from a railroad, to serve the people in that isolated district, writes:

"Late one afternoon a word came that a man had been injured up in the 'log-wood', miles away, and that he was bleeding terribly. I jumped upon Billy, swinging the emergency bags over the saddle and sallied forth. The boy who brought the message had vanished. The afternoon was on the wane and a storm was brewing. The dusk settled quickly into darkness, broken by ominous flashes of lightning. . . . Drenched and wind-beaten, Billy and I rode on for an hour, occasional glimpses of lightning revealing that we were still on the trail, when suddenly the figure of a man jumped from behind a tree—not a hand, but a messenger sent to intercept me in case I had started; 'for', he said, 'they heared you was bad off, and reckoned that you couldn't come nobow in this beatin' rain.' Then he told me that a stretcher had been improvised and the patient had been taken through the ravine below to the settlement."

"Back again, down the slippery trail, Billy and I picked our hurried way—back to the office where the man had been brought. His companions made a rough tourniquet, and nature was helping with clots. Far into the night the men, awe-struck, held flash lights and helped me in repairing the injuries."

"He went for the doctor"; it is almost an echo from the past. Only in remote places are boys and men sent far on such missions. After all their part is quite as essential in the work of healing as that of the doctor or the nurse. They have had no praise; so perhaps it is just that Elwood King, if he really did go for the doctor when Hoover was born, should have this fact set down in the public prints on the occasion of his passing. His bit of fame must do for the unnamed boy who went for Peggy Walters in 1809, and for the boy who "vanished" after summoning the mountain doctor into the storm on an errand of mercy.

Thus far no Madame Spuzemob, astrologist, has come forward to claim credit for predicting the N. R. A. from the joints of the stars in June.

Brooklyn kidnapers lost out when they picked up a real estate man. All his assets were "frozen" in land.

Judging from the papers Meier and Holman are "out on bonds".

The Oregon City Enterprise interprets Gov. Meier's "swing around the circle" as proof that he will again be a candidate for governor. He may feel that way when he starts out; but wait till he gets back.

A Seattle woman took poison rather than get up Sunday morning at her husband's request to make sandwiches for a picnic. She will recover. Maybe the husband is lucky he escaped her sandwiches.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

At the premiere of her latest motion picture, Leni Luneka, beautiful star, is stunned by the appearance of her jailbird husband, whom she married in Vienna when only fourteen. He insists upon recognition as her husband and waits in a private office of the theatre for her to reconsider her refusal. Lucky Cavanaugh, handsome malleable who fell in love with Leni on sight that evening, tries to make Kruger leave. Kruger empties his gun at Cavanaugh without effect, then rushes into the next office in a rage. He surprises burglars looting a safe and is shot dead. Cavanaugh slips out unnoticed but meets Detective Tom Mulrooney in the hall. Later as Leni and Cavanaugh are about to leave the theatre to avoid questions Mulrooney stops them. They deny knowing Kruger, but the theatre manager identifies Kruger as the man Cavanaugh brought to the office to await Leni. Lucky cautions Leni against talking but she tells all to Mulrooney. Cavanaugh also reveals what he knows, except the name of "Slag," one of the robbers whom he recognized. Cavanaugh suggests a bribe which Mulrooney refuses.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Cavanaugh's eyes were getting steely. He reached for the telephone on the desk. "What are you going to do?" Mulrooney shot at him. "I'm going to get hold of the best lawyer in town," Cavanaugh shot back. "Don't do it the hard way," advised Mulrooney crisply. "You're not arrested yet. Maybe we can make a deal." Cavanaugh looked him straight in the eye. "Shoot!"

A fresh cigar was between Mulrooney's fingers and he fiddled at the end of it with a match for a long time before he answered.

"I believe every word the lady told me," he said finally. "I'm not sure about you, Cavanaugh. You went crazy over this girl and it's even money you shot and killed Kruger. It's also even money that you were mixed up with those safe blowers. It's a known fact that you're pretty chummy with a lot of crooks—and you get your money without working for it. Fellows like you are capable of anything. You've got underworld connections that the police could never have. I'm going to make you a flat proposition. I'll give you four days to find out the man that popped that safe and killed Kruger. I don't give a darn how you do it. You've got the in on the underworld grapevine and you'll either deliver the goods—or I'll throw you in the tank so fast it will make your head swim."

Cavanaugh laughed in the man's face. "I'm not a copper—how do you expect me to do alone what the whole police force in Los Angeles can't do?"

"I said you could take it or leave it. Do you want me to ring for the wagon and take you both down? You claim you're in love with this girl. I'm giving you a chance to protect her and protect yourself. If you play square with me I'll play square with you and keep my mouth shut."

Cavanaugh permitted the tension in his nerves to ease.

"I'll make you a proposition, Mulrooney," he said quietly. "Leave Miss Luneka out of this whole business. You can take me and swear to anything you like against me. I'll stand the gaff."

Mulrooney's lips twisted into a sneer. "Rubs you the wrong way to take sides against your boy friends, eh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know what I'm talking about all right, Cavanaugh. You've



Cavanaugh and Leni emerged from the darkened theatre. In the breast of each a small dynamo throbbed.

come to the cross-roads. You can choose between your girl and the mob. You'll be watching on Miss Luneka if you stick to that bunk criminal code you fellows rave about. It's just up to you."

Mulrooney was waiting his breath. Cavanaugh's mind was already made up. He had no illusions as to what could easily happen to him the first time he lifted his hand against the underworld. "All right, Mulrooney—you win," he said quietly. "You've got me in a spot and you know it. I'll do your part and I'm expecting you to do yours about keeping Miss Luneka out of this mess. You've got a wife and four children. If you start any double-crossing on me you're going to have a widow and four orphans. You can think that over before you go to sleep tonight."

Mulrooney grunted and turned to Leni.

"It's been a real pleasure to meet you in person, Miss Luneka," he said. "You better take this fellow out and cool him off—he's talking a little bit wild."

But Cavanaugh's heart was already beginning to beat in a different rhythm. The past as well as the future was slipping out of his mind and there remained only the balance of this glowing night and Leni Luneka.

Cavanaugh and Leni emerged from the darkened theatre. In the breast of each a small dynamo throbbed, sending through their veins the warm current of ecstasy to come. By their agreement with Mulrooney they were safe for four days at least. And four days fully lived are more of life than all the centuries of history. Yesterday was dead and tomorrow a myth.

"Taxi, sir!" A yellow cab wheeled up beside them. When Cavanaugh had helped Leni inside he realized that he did not know even where she lived. Nor she, for that matter, had the faintest idea of his abode. Leni gave the driver an address in Beverly Hills.

They sped through sleeping streets where tall eucalyptus trees threw dark feathery shadows across the pavement.

Deep contentment stole over Leni. She was soothed and quieted by the feel of Lucky's hand holding her own. She was even a little sleepy.

"Are you tired?" he asked softly. "A little."

"Comfortable?"

"Yes."

"Sometimes you remind me of a little girl who doesn't know what it's all about. You're a curious combination of child and woman, Leni. I wish you could be happy."

"I am beginning to feel peaceful."

"You aren't afraid any longer?"

"No."

"Promise me you won't ever be afraid again."

"Promised."

"Our luck is what we make it. You must learn to never be afraid of anything, little girl."

"I love to be close to you, dear," she said in a small voice.

The soft weight of her body filled him with a delicious sensation. It was different from anything he had experienced from less distinguished women—this enchantment without cheapness. The warmth of her body, the soft curves, were like music to his senses.

As she snuggled against him Cavanaugh wondered if this could possibly be love he was feeling. Love was something he knew absolutely nothing about. Women heretofore had never stirred tenderness in his heart. He had admired them and courted them. Some had thrilled him, but more had bored him. The truth was that all of his life Lucky Cavanaugh had been a very selfish man.

He looked down at the repose of Leni's face. She rested as quietly, as beautifully as a flower upon his lapel.

(To Be Continued)

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RULING MADE UPON STUDENT TRANSFER

Marion county pupils wishing to attend high schools outside of the county must present their reasons to the county educational board on or before 10 a. m., August 30, was the decision of the board meeting yesterday at the court house. Reasons may be presented in writing and mailed to the office of the county school superintendent, Mrs. Mary E. Fulkerson, who is secretary of the board, or they may be presented in person to the board at its meeting on that date.

Applications of students intending to go to school outside the county were to have been dealt with at yesterday's meeting but none had been received. The board has made no statement as to whether or not any of these will be allowed.

DECISION ON TRUCK CASE COMING SOON

Judge L. G. Lewelling, who has before him the case of Anderson vs. Thomas, involving the constitutionality of motor truck legislation passed last winter, indicated yesterday he would decide the case within the next ten days. Pending his decision, the court has granted a temporary injunction restraining the utilities commissioner from enforcing the law.

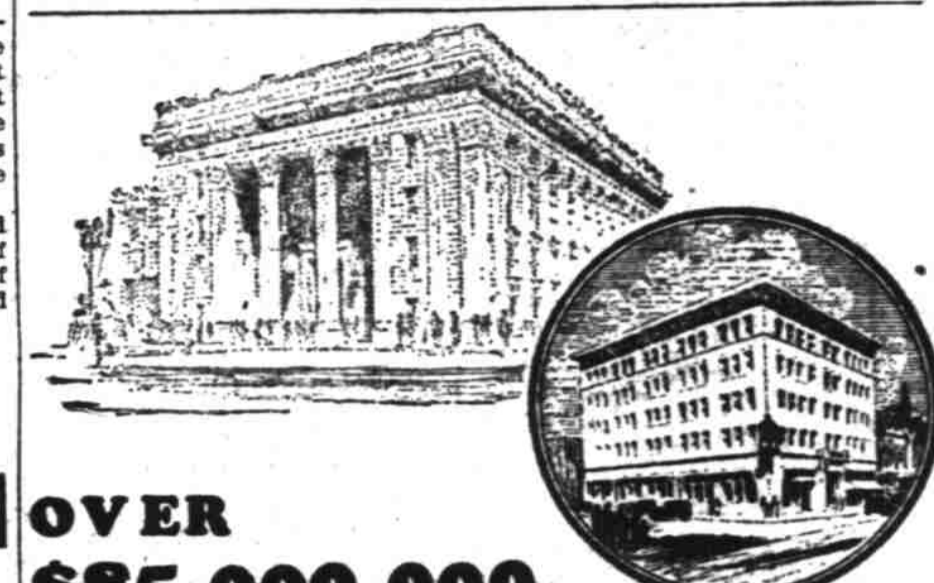
Whichever way the case is decided, an appeal to the state supreme court is probable. Truck owners contend an adverse decision to them would force many operators out of business. The representatives of the state say invalidation of the law would leave the truck business comparatively unencumbered.

Hull to Report To President at Once on Arrival

S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING AT SEA, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Secretary of State Cordell Hull returning to America from world economic conference in London, will go immediately to Hyde Park, N. Y., to confer with President

2700 Turkeys to Get Grain Fields Range at Dayton

DAYTON, Aug. 3.—Nearly 2,700 Mammoth Bronze turkeys belonging to Bert Stephens near here are doing splendidly and will be turned in grain fields within the next two weeks. Nine hundred of them were brooded at his home and 1,800 in care of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Earl have been brooded on the George Nash farm.



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If you haven't used our service in the past, we invite you to open an account with us. We shall be glad to have you make use of our complete facilities.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

History of care of the insane: a forward look:

(Continuing from yesterday.)

"Another error in caring for the insane in the early days arose from the theory that institutions should remain small and an attempt was made to limit the size of the institutions to the end that the superintendent might personally direct the whole treatment of every patient."

"Under the circumstances very little effort was made to appoint or develop assistant medical officers, and the superintendent became superintendent, physician, steward and general utility man. The era of awakening was an era of experimental effort involving much groping in the dark and much waste of money."

"Many mistakes were committed, but the outcome of the movement was state care as a policy throughout the United States. At the present time we do not recall any state that has not taken complete charge of its insane and delinquents."

"Fourth, Period of Scientific Care: The period of scientific care, which brings us down to the present day, looks to the study of mental diseases, their causes, development, and the study of local conditions and surroundings of the insane patients to ascertain the cause of the disease and the best method of preventing its development. It also looks to the after care of patients and the study of social conditions in order to promise to patients discharged from the institution a reasonable prospect that a fresh attack of mental disease may be prevented by proper home surroundings. We are coming to apply scientific tests, such as the Wasserman reaction, and by so doing have cleared up much obscurity in the development of paresis. The same is true of the latest knowledge of the relations

of internal secretion to bodily metabolism.

"It is now strongly impressed upon the minds of the profession that to cope with insanity in a given locality there must be a close relation between the institution and the region round about it, also the patients coming voluntarily to institutions in the incipient stages of the disease which precipitated the first attack may be removed before they become operative; and that wise counsel may be given through the period of convalescence. We are now doing away with the MANNER OF RESTRAINTS, and the non-restraint method of treatment is now in style."

"The various states are considering wisely the handling of their insane criminals, and suitable institutions are being created for the scientific care of these unfortunate human beings."

"The great problems of the future will be the study of the prevention of insanity and of the delinquent classes. What the next two or three centuries will bring about in this direction is a happy one to contemplate. Preventive medicine is the great scientific problem of the day and the conserving of the human race is a fact devoutly to be wished."

"Are we to keep on building more and larger asylums, or are we in the future to turn our thoughts and endeavors to the prevention of the unfit classes of society?"

"Our insane are now cared for better in institutions than they can be cared for in their homes. This is as it should be; the state should accept the responsibility; but the state should also accept the fact that insanity is on the increase and that we have a great many more delinquent and feeble minded than we dreamed of in former years." (This ends the quotations from Dr. Hard's article.) Resuming, from Dr. Steiner's address:

(Continued on page 13)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 4, 1908

Frank A. Turner, graduate of Willamette university law school, appointed reporter of Oregon supreme court, succeeding Robert G. Morrow; Morrow to become circuit judge in Multnomah county.

Heavy patronage of five-cent theatre leads to belief moving picture show business in Salem here to stay, or until more popular form of amusement is found; Salem supports four moving picture houses with addition of two more being considered.

E. T. Mariette reassigned as principal of Salem high school, J. S. Graham of East school, H. F. Durham of Grant, E. A. Miller of Park, Emma Kramer of Lincoln; Minnetta Magers director of music.

August 4, 1928

Judge Wallace McCamant, Portland, who nominated Calvin Coolidge for vice-president at the republican national convention, to deliver address at Wilson park here in honor of late President Harding.

First experimental carload of frozen berries shipped to Chicago by Oregon Loganberry exchange here; believed forerunner of new market for local product.

Theatre bill today: Gene Stratton Porter's "Michael O'Halloran" with Irene Rich, at Liberty; four acts vaudeville at Bligh; Monte Blue and Mary Alden in "Temple of Allah" at Grand; Agnes Ayres in "Heart Raider" at Oregon.

MOVE TO BREMERTON SILVERTON, Aug. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stayer are planning to move permanently to Bremerton, Wash., where Mr. Stayer has been employed for some time.



OUR PLEDGE

WE, the undersigned citizens and restaurant and confectionery owners, herewith pledge our support to the principles and purposes of the National Industrial Recovery Act.

We have the desire and willingness to get prompt action and give full cooperation and feel assured that our clientele has the same loyalty and will accept whatever changes are necessary in order to comply with President Roosevelt's Re-employment Agreement for shorter hours, higher wages and more employment.

We pledge our loyalty to the fundamental principles of American government and agree that our citizens are entitled to employment and living wages.

- STATE CAFETERIA
- THE AK-SAR-BEN
- THE TINY CAFE
- JOHN DUTTON
- THE ACE
- GEORGE ANDERSON
- CENTRAL CAFE
- CONEY ISLAND
- DIXIE LUNCH
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- BLUE BIRD
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- SALEM CIGAR STORE
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- COZY LUNCH
- QUICK LUNCH
- GRAY BELLE
- BLIGH COFFEE SHOP
- BAKE RITE BAKERY
- BOHEMIAN RESTAURANT
- THE SPA
- BEN'S HOME COOKING
- MARION HOTEL
- COMMERCIAL CIGAR STORE
- TOURIST CAFE
- PASTIME LUNCH
- MODEL CAFE

- THE SWEETLAND
- G. & F. LUNCH
- MARKET COFFEE SHOP
- COLE'S CAFE
- COURT STREET DAIRY
- BUNTIN'S LUNCH
- GREENWOOD LUNCH
- COZY CONFECTIONERY
- BETTY LOU LUNCHEONETTE
- BROOKSIDE CONFECTIONERY
- HILL'S CANDY COMPANY
- TIP TOP LUNCH
- TRIPLE XXX
- BURNSIDE CONFECTIONERY
- PINCKNEY'S LUNCH
- HOLLYWOOD PALLACINE
- PETER PAN
- OREY & WAGNER
- SMOKE SHOP
- SANDWICH SHOP
- AMERICAN CAFE
- STEAK & CHOP HOUSE
- ARGO RESTAURANT
- HOME CAFE
- SENATOR FOOD SHOP
- THE BRITE SPOT