The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Newspapers as Crime Agents

NEWSPAPERS which in their zeal for mass circulations play up crime news and build up cheap crooks to the role of ferocious gangsters and silly shop clerks to become publicized molls of gunmen have a definite responsibility for the growth of crime. Such was the blunt declaration of Malcolm W. Bingay, editorial director of the Detroit Free Press in a recent address to the International Association of Police Chiefs. While commending the vast majority of newspapers as law-abiding institutions Bingay branded the "yellows" as outlaws which violate all moral, ethical and legal codes.

Some newspapers deserve the castigation which Mr. Bingay heaps upon them. They exploit crime news. They unduly publicize trials, till the sordid, gruesome aspects of criminal cases are covered up with a veneer of sentimentalism, pseudo-romance, and puny heroics. These sheets have made it hard for criminals to be apprehended, and even harder for them to be convicted. Oftentimes they are in league with the alliance of politicians and Capones who flourish by the breakdown of law.

This is not a plea for the suppression of crime news; because adequate publicity of the right kind is the real terror for criminals. But the distortionate display of news of particular crimes, the false color which is used to describe the chief actors, the glamor which these papers throw about the lives of professional criminals serve to increase rather than diminish the number of offenses against the law.

Even where there is no attempt to distort facts, the treatment of news and pictures may be maudlin. The way the papers exploited the Lindbergh kidnaping was disgraceful; and has undoubtedly prompted in considerable measure the increase in kidnaping offenses.

Quoting from Mr. Bingay:

"The yellow press of America created the fiction of the gangster and then through that fiction made him into a reality.

"You police chiefs know what the average gangster is. I think police terminology designates him as a rat. He is not a clever criminal. He is of the lowest order of thugs; a sneak thief, a pander, cheap gambler or roustabout in his beginnings.

"But he is glorified by the yellow press until he takes on a glamor in the minds of the susceptible, the moronic and the thoughtless, and looms before them with the bravado of a Jesse James or a Dick Turpin. Very often he is surrounded with the romantic aurora of a Robin Hood, a D'Artagnan, a Francois Villon. His saratorial splendors are exploited and his various bought-and paid for women are presented in all their sensual loveliness. He is offered to the youth of America as a cunning, clever, daring idol to be emulated. Crime is made as fascinating and tempting as printer's ink and photographic art can make it. It is not without significance that the dime novel came into decline with the development of yellow journalism.

"The reporters and the editors of the yellow papers act as press agents for these criminals. They build up great legends around them until fiction becomes more powerful than fact.

"These thugs are paraded in eight column type day after day as courageous desperadoes, guided by master minds, until the very mention of the name of the gang strikes terror into the heart of the average citizens. Usually these hoodlums try to live up to their headline reputations. The people, having been terrorized by the press agents, are easier prey for them. It is by this means the extortionist finds avenues of activity always open to him."

True newspapermen scorn such second-story tactics of unprincipled editors and reporters. The late Chester S. Lord, whose distinguished career on the New York Sun is the inspiration of newsmen today, had this to say about sensationalism in newspapers:

"Occasional reading of sensational newspapers may do little harm, but constant reading cannot but be bad. Almost all people read one newspaper only. Take the young person, the working girl, for instance. It becomes her only source of general information. She has no other mental nourishment than is grabbed from this sensational source. She comes to think and to talk in its inflamed and feverish language. She becomes a victim to cheap reading. Everybody is influenced by what he reads, young people especially, and habitually cheap reading must produce cheap thinking and cheap expression of thought, and consequently cheap moral conduct. It is in this direction that the sensational press and the cheap so-called literature of the day have their cheap influence.

"Cheap literature produces cheap mentality, and consequently a cheap people."

Salem doffs its chapeau gracefully to the trio and quartette of the American Legion auxiliary. Both groups won first place at the state convention of the American Legion in Klamath Falls. The trio members are Mrs. Grace Zosel, Mrs. Bernice Bowe, Mrs. Mildred Wyatt. These with Mrs. Aliene Brown make up the quartette. The accompanist was Miss Edith Findley. Miss Lena Belle Tartar, who has trained them, deserves special credit. The trio won honors in the national competition at Portland last fall, taking first place. They have been generous with their talents in singing before Salem groups. This community is proud of them.

Dean Harry S. Rogers of the school of engineering at Corvallis is called to the presidency of the Brooklyn Polytechnic institute. The appointment comes in recognition of the work of Dean Rogers in reorganizing the engineering department at O. S. C. The loss of Dean Rogers, with the recent near-loss of Dean Morse of the law school at the university, should be a warning against further unsettlement of higher education in this state, and against further salary slashing all of which serves to drive good men out of service here.

A Spokane man has engraved the Lord's prayer on the head of a pin. Must want to have it where it won't bother him any. —Cottage Grove Sentinel.

That ought to be the kind for the rhyme: "See a pin and pick it up; all the day you'll have good luck.

The fires of religious persecution in the near East may be banked, but they are never extinguished. Now it is reported that Assyrian Christians have been burning the bodies of Iraq soldiers killed in border warfare. Ancient prejudices of race and religion persist through centuries.

Major Dalrymple, holding office a few months as prohibition administrator, was bumped off with 1800 others when the division was closed out. Now the Major says he was "double-crossed". We fear his plight will excite few tears. Few people worry over a politician ousted from a swivel chair job.

The country districts which voted down school bus transportation in the election of members of the county board, are one by one voting special taxes for the purpose now. Country people are anxious for their boys and girls to get a high school education; and are willing to tax themselves in many districts rather than depend on individual transport to and from school.

Farmers are being bribed to quit growing wheat, to plow under every fifth row of cotton. Now it is proposed to buy up four million pigs and exterminate them to boost the price of hogs. Will the theory keep on until they plow under every eighth infant?

Zed Mullins is happy over the NRA. He figures as how he can get 40 hours work out of his wife and two grown kids now.

All Quiet on the Eastern Front

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HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN ONE of his charming stories, Warwick Deeping, the brilliant author, philosophises as follows:

"Being the creatures of our digestions, and seeing that no man shall call himself a philosopher until he has proved himself independent of a sluggish liver, it follows that we should honor and exalt those mortals who are vessels of perfect health. We are the slaves of our secretions and excretions, and good living may be more a question of bile than of Bible.

Dr. Copeland

"Perfect health is a rare thing, and is said to kill sympathy in its possessor. Yet there is no doubt that some supremely healthy people exert an almost mesmeric effect upon those with whom they come in contact."

I am reminded of what a former mayor of New York City once said: "Some people think they are pious when they are only bilious."

Digestion Most Important

There is an ancient pun, too, that it will be appropriate to quote: "Life depends on the liver."

There can be no doubt that our mental processes and perhaps our spiritual, depend amazingly upon the digestion. A sluggish liver will dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic individual and ruin the happiness of his family.

It is really surprising how the outlook on life is brightened when the liver resumes normal function. The "blues", deep melachoty, the sense of failure or of inferiority, irritable temper, ungoverable anger—all of these will disappear when digestion is restored.

When everything goes "dead wrong", when life loses its charm, when friends look at you with doubtful eyes, examine into your state of health. It may well be that life has gone awry only in your poisoned brain. When you get rid of indigestion all your troubles will fall like autumn leaves.

What we call "personality", or "personal charm", is usually the reflection of abounding health. Sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks help a lot to win popularity. Perfect health is the key, not only to your own happiness, but to that of all those with whom you have contact.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss A. Q.—Would it be dangerous in any way for a woman of 45 to take up horseback riding? She has never ridden before.

A.—No.

J. E. N. Q.—What should a man of 27, 5 feet 8¾ inches tall weigh? 2: How can I gain weight?

A.—He should weigh about 149 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance. 2: Eat plenty of good nourishing food, including milk, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits, drink water between meals. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Take cod liver oil as a general tonic and builder.

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Mahoneys Buy Large Cattle Ranch in Lane

FAIRFIELD, Aug. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mahoney and family, long time residents here, have purchased a 700 acre cattle ranch near Junction City and will move October 1. The neighborhood and grange will feel keenly the loss of this family.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Genesis of the Champoeg meeting:

Prof. John B. Horner, veteran teacher of history at Oregon State College and author of several books on Oregon history, was the principal speaker at the meeting of the League of Western Writers at Champoeg Park Sunday last.

Interspersed with illuminating, interesting remarks explaining parts of his address, the main text of it, without the usual quotation marks, follows:

Assembled here at Champoeg, we occupy the birthplace of the first government of the people on the Pacific coast. Champoeg, therefore, ranks on the Pacific coast with Plymouth Rock, and the Mayflower, whereon the first American declaration of human rights was adopted. At Champoeg the declaration was called "The Organic Act." The Mayflower agreement was called a compact; but to all intents and purposes each was a declaration that the will of the people shall prevail, hence had the effect of a constitution.

Inasmuch as Champoeg and the Mayflower pioneered the American idea of self-government, each in its locality, they are permanently linked together; and Champoeg monument, like Plymouth Rock, is destined to stand forever. Accordingly, we are assembled on sacred ground, which history will perpetuate as a pilgrim shrine.

The genesis of the Champoeg meeting includes a long list of historic events—

In 1792 Captain Robert Gray entered the Columbia river and gave the U. S. A. further title to the Oregon country.

President Jefferson announced his policy for a western sea coast of the United States of America; and in 1803 he sent the Lewis and Clark expedition to the Oregon country—which is as large as the combined 13 colonies, Georgia excepted. It is larger than the German Empire.

The state of Oregon, carved out of the Oregon country, is as large as the combined area of Belgium, Holland, the former Montenegro, and Serbia, Switzerland, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Delaware. A string of Oregon farms a mile long and a quarter mile wide, chained end to end would connect the earth with the moon. Oregon was therefore important as to area.

There was a clash between the British traders and those of the Astor people during the war of 1812, which placed the British traders in the ascendency in Oregon.

British superannuated servants located homes in the Willamette valley; and two political parties arose—the pro-British and the pro-American.

Two of President Jackson's cabinet secretaries gave letters to Jason Lee implying American interests in the Pacific northwest.

President Jackson, according to Rev. J. L. Parrish, gave financial aid to the Methodist missionaries.

American missionaries early sought American protection in the Oregon country.

Excuse for action was found in the death of Ewing Young, which resulted in a provisional judiciary established in 1841. Exceptions offered to provisional government at that time by honest-minded men:

The British were satisfied with the Hudson's Bay system.

Some preferred the honor system which had prevailed.

Others thought provisional government too expensive as yet.

Governor Abernethy believed the U. S. would extend jurisdiction over Oregon.

Lieut. Wilkes and U. S. Commissioner Slacum advised delay until there would be enough Americans to hold the government in case of collision with the British and Indians.

There was already intimation of a great immigration to Oregon in 1843, which would aid the pro-American movement.

In 1842 Elijah White arrived in Oregon with a commission from the government at Washington as sub-agent of Indian affairs.

Oregon patriots did not await the arrival of the train of 1843, but began February 2d of that year. They held a meeting at the Oregon Institute, now Willamette university, when a meeting was appointed for the residence of Joseph Gervais on the 6th of the following month, ostensibly for the purpose of providing bounties for killing wolves, lynxes, panther and bear. It was called the "wolf meeting." The protection was chiefly of colts. Those present voted upon themselves taxes according to the number of livestock. This was provisional self-taxation in Oregon.

The Oregon colonists had now gained:

A provisional judiciary,

Government supervision of the Indians,

Provisional taxation.

But there was an implied contest between the two flags, the "Stars and Stripes" and the "Union Jack," for supremacy of the Oregon country. The two parties were sincere. They were born, reared, educated, protected and supported under their respective flags. Patriotism inclined each to his own flag, as was natural.

At the wolf meeting it was cleverly stated that provision should be made for the protection of the families of the settlers. A committee of 12 was appointed to consider the propriety of taking steps for the civil and military protection of the colony. Thus the wolf, held sacred to ancient Rome, was associated with the origin of the Champoeg government.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 12, 1908

Dr. Edwin Tausch, newly appointed professor of philosophy at Willamette university, arrived with his family yesterday from Athens, O.

Chauncey Ohmart yesterday lost the index finger of his right hand while oiling the separator in his brother's threshing machine.

August 12, 1923

Robert Boardman of the Salem Y. M. C. A. and Edwin Socolofsky of the Marion county Y. M. C. A. will go to Seabeck, Wash., to attend the annual meeting of employed Y. M. C. A. officers.

Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Boyer, Mrs. B. E. Carrier and Miss Beda Erickson returned to the city yesterday after a motor trip to Mt. Hood. They drove over the new Mt. Hood Loop road as far as constructed on the east side of the mountain.

"PREMIERE"

By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

At the premiere of her latest motion picture, beautiful Leni Luneska, the star, is embarrassed by the appearance of her husband, Karl Kruger, whom she married in Vienna, when just a child. Years of brutality and unhappiness followed. Finally Kruger was put in prison and Leni came to America where, after a long struggle, she reached stardom in motion pictures. Kruger now seeks recognition as her husband and waits in a private office of the theatre for her to reconsider her refusal. Meanwhile, thieves are robbing the safe in the next office. Lucky Cavanaugh, who met the star that evening and fell in love with her on sight, orders Kruger to leave. A fight ensues. Failing in an attempt to shoot Cavanaugh, Kruger rushes into the next office. The burglars, surprised, kill him. Detective Tom Mulrooney suspects Cavanaugh but, when the latter denies the crime, gives him four days in which to find the murderer among his underworld friends. Cavanaugh is warned by "Slug," one of the robbers, that the gunmen fear he will squeal and so "have you on the spot." At Leni's home, Lucky receives a phone call from a woman, named Annette, who threatens him. Cavanaugh proposes to Leni. Steve Poletzki, Kruger's murderer, is lying in ambush, across the alley from Cavanaugh's home, ready to shoot him, as Lucky returns home to find Annette in his apartment.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

She lifted her arms and came toward him. "My darling . . ." she was saying in another voice, "I love you—I love you . . ."

Cavanaugh backed away from her.

"Keep away from me!"

He bumped against a chair. She was closer, so close that her perfume was sweet and sickly in his nostrils. She filled the room. There was no escape. She was a power of infinite evil engulfing everything else. . . .

"Keep away from me!" his words rang with desperation.

What happened was not clear in his mind because it was not a process of intellect. Her arms got around him and he flung off their coiled strength. He was not struggling against a woman but against an unknown kind of danger that could not be combatted by any means at hand. A destruction that tore at the soul and left the body untouched.

He looked at her face and by some distortion of vision it seemed black as the night itself. . . .

Again there was some sort of struggle in which his hands and arms moved with heavy slowness as muscles move in the resisting thickness under water.

At the same moment on the fire escape across the court Poletzki raised his right arm and aimed the automatic directly at Cavanaugh's head. For one stretching second his aim was perfect. His finger began to compress the trigger as the man and woman before his eyes started again to change position.

It was too late to stop the shot.

In the red-colored instant as the weapon roared in his wet hand Poletzki knew what had happened.

For a fragment of eternity Cavanaugh stood stark still with the noise reverberating in his ears. He was looking with an expression of astonishment at Annette.

He saw her face dimly as in a fog.

The eyes widened. Her lips moved but uttered no words. Very slowly her knees gave way and she sank gradually into a heap upon the floor.

Then slowly she fell face forward.

Cavanaugh's first action was one of surprise, then relief. He did not know exactly in that instant what had happened. He was aware only that the woman had ceased torturing him. He stood still looking down at her, wondering if she had fainted — and knowing, simultaneously, that she had not. Gradually he knew that a shot had been fired.

His first thought was that she had committed suicide.

"Now—what does that get you?" he said aloud.

Annette made no response. Cavanaugh bent over her, put a hand on her shoulder and withdrew it quickly.

Through the open window a wisp of air drifted in smelling of burnt powder. He went to the divan and got a pillow. Kneeling, he turned Annette over and placed it under her head. Her dress was cut low in front and across the skin ran a narrow trickle like a strand of bright red ribbon.

"Annette — wake up!" he said persuasively. "Open your eyes! I'm going to call a doctor for you——"

His eyes, steadily upon her cold and fixed face, told him she was not breathing.

He got up to his feet and wiped his hands with a handkerchief. Somehow there had been a little blood on his fingers. He looked around on the floor for a revolver but no such weapon was present.

Other people, in other apartments, startled by the pistol shot, were rolling out of their beds, turning on lights, throwing up windows.

"What's happened?" someone was calling across the court.

"There was a shot right under my window——"

"I'm going to phone the police!"

"There was a man on the fire escape! He climbed down and ran around the corner of the building!"

Cavanaugh closed his window against this clamor and drew the curtain over it. It did not matter what those people were shouting.

Some one—not himself—had shot and killed Annette. Who it was or why or how was beyond his immediate comprehension. It had all happened so swiftly that he was dazed and confused, but he was realizing it was a matter for the police.

"I'll be arrested for this," he said to himself, "and it's going to be tough to explain."

He looked down again at Annette. Her face was still vindictive, even in death.

For a moment Cavanaugh was tempted to telephone Leni, but he gave up the thought. She would hear of it soon enough. Annette, in death, was now a far greater barrier between them than she had been in life.

Oddly enough, Cavanaugh remembered a timber wolf he had once seen with its foot locked in the cruel teeth of a steel trap. The animal could not get away and he had shot it out of pity. He understood now how the wolf must have felt. Going into his bedroom he picked up the telephone and aroused the sleeping clerk at the desk.

"Get me police headquarters."

"Anything wrong, Mr. Cavanaugh?"

"Get me headquarters, please!"

His call was passed mechanically from operator to operator, from desk sergeant back to the telephone room at headquarters and finally plugged in on the private line that led to Detective Mulrooney's home in a quiet neighborhood street where it rang repeatedly until Mulrooney climbed out of bed and went downstairs to answer it.

"I'm giving you a break, Mulrooney," said Cavanaugh grimly. "A woman has just been shot and killed in my apartment. You better beat it over here as fast as you can. If you hurry you'll be the first one on the scene."

Mulrooney wasted no time asking questions, beyond an inquiry asking Cavanaugh's address.

Cavanaugh went back to the living room and sat down. Overcoming all his feelings, he forced himself to touch Annette's forehead. It was beginning, definitely, to be cold.

Tomorrow the whole thing would be in the newspapers. A woman had been shot dead in his apartment in the early morning. It was not suicide—it was murder.

The consequences began to reveal themselves plainly. Very likely Leni would be lost to him forever.

It was the kind of disgrace that would follow a man to his grave. Nine-tenths of his life was wrecked right now. A man mixed up in a thing like this could never explain it away. It stamped him with a mark that would be visible and indelible forever.

It was the end of Lucky's luck.

Undoubtedly he would be arrested. Perhaps he would go to trial and conceivably he would be convicted.

He got up and began to look around the room for a revolver. It was useless because no such weapon was there. The telephone rang gently. It was the clerk on the switchboard downstairs speaking.

"I heard your talk to that policeman, Mr. Cavanaugh. Did I understand you to say somebody had been killed——"

"No, you misunderstood me," Cavanaugh said abruptly and hung up.

What had happened began to piece itself together in his mind. A shot had come from outside the room—very probably through the open window. People had been crying that they saw a man on the fire escape and heard him shoot.

There was only one consolation in the whole terrible business. Leni was no longer in jeopardy from the half-mad jealousy of the other woman. There would be no more talk of vitriol.

All the same, he would have to face the probability that never again would Leni Luneska look upon him as before. Between them forever would be the dead body of a murdered woman — a symbol of infidelity. The facts would speak for themselves.

In the future, Lucky Cavanaugh would be the kind of a man people avoided. . . .

He bent forward in his chair, resting his face in his hands. Other men before him had stumbled into this darkness—the tragic legion of men who had lost their luck. He had seen them, furtive, shabby, drifting around the edges of their former triumphs.

Luck was a thing of wealth, youth, joy. When it left it took everything with it.

He could picture himself haggard faced, unkempt, shunned, a creature of the back alleys and murky places. His whole life had been founded on luck. He opened his eyes and looked at Annette's body. Her cold clay was the answer to everything.

(To Be Continued)

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LAND PROFITEERING SCHEME IS BLOCKED

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11 — (AP)—The public works administration moved today to block speculative attempts to reap private profits in land deals in expectation of governmental loans for slum clearance.

Secretary Ickes of the interior department, the public works administrator, announced no consideration would be given to housing projects where investigation disclosed land price boosts on the prospect of governmental advances. While declining to give details as to localities, Ickes said he had received reports of such speculative activity.

Thirty projects from almost as many cities, which if approved would call for loans of considerably more than $100,000,000 from the administration's $3,300,000,000 public works funds, have been submitted to the administration.

Ickes announced the housing policy at the conclusion of a meeting of the administration's board, which by negative action finally approved one of the largest projects for which it has yet allotted funds. By failing to move the reconsideration of the allotment of $22,700,000 for the Casper-Alcova irrigation - power project in Wyoming, the board allowed its previous approval of the enterprise to stand.

SCRAPPING MONROE DOCTRINE FAVORED

NEWYORK, Aug. 11—(AP)—Scrapping of the Monroe doctrine in the interest of amity between the United States and Latin American nations was advocated here by Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, chairman of the senate foreign relations committee and a delegate to the world economic conference.

"I think that for the purpose of assuring the Latin American people that we are sincere in our announced policy that we will not interfere, we should make a declaration that there is no longer necessity for the Monroe doctrine," said Pittman on his arrival from London.

"We should say that the Monroe doctrine is an outwern policy. The purpose of the doctrine was to prevent certain European countries from extending their powers to Latin America. At present the danger of European powers attempting to extend their governments to Latin-America is negligible."

39 STATES LISTED FOR REPEAL VOTE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11 — —The nation's quick-shifting repeal map today showed possibilities that 39 states ballot well before next New Year's eve on the question of whether prohibition is or is not to be.

Rounding off a week of major wet-and-dry developments, Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky, has called a special session of the legislature for August 15, to vote on submitting the 18th amendment.

A few hours earlier, Governor O. K. Allen of Louisiana, confirmed a statement that a special session of the state's legislature would be called for the same purpose. Allen set no date.

Should both states be given votes before the year's end, however, the total to ballot would reach 39 as a minimum. Ratifications by 36 are necessary for repeal.

The assured votes and the dates when they will be held follow: August 19, Missouri; August 26, Texas; August 29, Washington; September 5, Vermont; September 11, Maine; September 12, Maryland, Colorado and Minnesota; September 19, Idaho and New Mexico; October 10, Florida; November 7, Utah, North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The states which thus far have voted for repeal, in the order named, are Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Wyoming, New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Nevada, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Iowa, California, West Virginia, Arkansas, Alabama, Tennessee, Oregon and Arizona.

MARIOTT RETAINED UPON PROHI STAFF

SEATTLE, Aug. 11—(AP).—Forty-four of the 87 federal prohibition enforcement officers in the Pacific northwest (12th) district, whose positions ceased to exist when the prohibition bureau was abolished on Wednesday, were ordered transferred to the newly formed department of justice division of investigation.

The status of the remaining 43 officers was still in doubt, Shirley said, as he was notified two days ago that all 87 would remain on the rolls until officially notified otherwise. No mention was made of them in today's order.

Only four prohibition investigators were retained here. Basil Cunningham, formerly of Seattle, but now of Spokane, was not retained.

Other investigators who were retained included:

Oregon—Salem, Alvie Mariott; Portland, Harry Raney and Carton Staley.

All Alcoholic Drinks Barred At Palo Alto

PALO ALTO, Calif., Aug. 11—(AP)—"Alcoholic" drinks, including 3.2 beer, will continue to be barred from sale in this university city, returns from the special ordinance election assured

Voters in the city's 8 precincts balloted No, 1174, Yes, 1,016, on a proposal to change the wording of the city's anti-liquor ordinance to make it forbid "intoxicating," instead of "alcoholic" beverages.

The election result means "no beer" in the immediate vicinity for students of Stanford university, in spite of the recent removal of a state measure forbidding its sale within a mile and a half of the campus.

WOMAN IS BURNED

LIBERTY, Aug. 11—Mrs. W. L. Weiderkehr received word of the serious illness of an aunt living in Yakima. She was severely burned when her clothing caught fire while she was burning trash in the back yard. She is not expected to recover.