

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Frank Jenkins on Dick Wetjen

WE knew that Dick Wetjen had had a varied career as able seaman and able fictionist; but never knew that he did country correspondence for Frank Jenkins of the Jenkins newspapers. He did, so Frank declares and Wetjen so far does not deny, which must have been before he came to Salem and found skids greased to fame for himself. Frank tells the story in his Klamath Falls Herald; and Dick has many friends here who will like to read what Jenkins has to say about him:

"Among the interesting people attending the American Legion convention last week was Albert Richard Wetjen, who is budding rapidly into one of the country's better known short story writers.

"Dick is a former employee of this writer, who was then editing a newspaper in Eugene. Dick was a country correspondent for this newspaper, at the village of Harrisburg.

"If the candid truth must be told, the stories he sent in didn't display much evidence that he was a budding genius. Still, they were fully as good as the editing that was done on them.

"Both editor and correspondent were fresh out of school, and what they didn't know about good, workmanlike writing in those days would have filled a fair-sized book.

"Dick specializes on stories of the sea. He got his liking for the sea on his way to this country.

"He is a Welshman by nativity, but came up from Wales to London. From London, he took ship for this country and arrived in the course of considerable time in San Francisco.

"In San Francisco, he got in touch with Colonel Hofer of Salem, who was then publishing a little literary magazine called The Lariat.

"It was on this little magazine that Dick got his first start. The first story Dick sold was taken by a magazine called Action Stories. This magazine is now defunct. Whether Dick's story had anything to do with its untimely passing, this writer does not presume to say, not having read the story.

"The magazine was of what is now known as the 'pulp paper' type, and leaned toward yarns calculated to raise the hair of the reader straight up on his head.

"Dick got \$25 for the story, and he confesses quite freely that it looked to him like all the money in the world.

"In these more hazy days, he gets something like \$2,000 for a good story.

"Asked which gave him the greater thrill, that first story he sold for \$25 or the ones he sells now for \$2,000, he answered: 'Go on! You know something about writers and writing, and you ask a fool question like that!'

"How many stories, this writer asked him the other day, 'did you write before you SOLD one?'

"Oh, at least a hundred,' Dick answered. 'I didn't keep a careful count, of course, but it couldn't have been less than a hundred.'

"I didn't know there were so many editors in the country until I began getting rejection slips from them.

"This question is asked constantly by all kinds of people: 'Just how do you go about learning to write?'

"Dick's experience tells the whole story. The way to learn to write is to WRITE—and write and write until finally you produce something that is good enough that some editor will take a chance and pay money for it.

"There may be other ways, but this is the only one that offers any real prospect of success.

"You can read books on swimming until your eyes get dim, but the only way to learn to swim is to get into the water. And the only way to learn to write is to write."

Trade Association Heyday

NRA makes a heyday for trade association secretaries. These gentlemen who are often graduates from a reporter's job, have found the going rather tough in late years. Members found it more important to pay their help and their grocers than to meet their association dues. Some groups have in fact almost passed into desuetude until a new surge of prosperity might come; and the members start paying up in hopes of getting to be third vice president or something.

Along comes NRA and every secretary of a trade group is busier than a bumble-bee with three kittens. The class finds themselves suddenly shunted into the spotlight of prominence. Instead of being thirteenth wheels in the business machine, they now find themselves occupying the role of governor regulating the revolutions of the flywheel. And do they love it? Well, some of them haven't had beefsteak oftener than once a week for two and a half years.

These trade secretaries must have helped write the recovery act. They must be the ones responsible for including the clause in the law providing for assessments to make the brothers whang up whether members or not. That little clause will guarantee the beefsteak for the trade secretaries until June, 1933, at any rate.

Naturally there is quite a race on to see who will get to put on the show for each trade group. The congestion in Gen. Johnson's office is caused quite as much by the trade secretaries anxious to get Gen. Johnson's okay on their organization as on their code. For the group that gets the nod will be the one to get the offices, and the salaries.

It is both interesting and amusing. The trade secretaries who have been the supplicating mendicants of the business circle, now speak with a voice of command. No longer must they wheedle to get dues enough to pay their salaries. For they can point their finger at the law and say, pungle up, brother, pdd.

The regrettable thing is that NRA did not equally provision hospitals, ywcaas, boy scouts, ymcas and other welfare groups which really do some good in the world.

Some gasook in Burns who prints some kind of a newspaper struck a stiff bump when he started in on Sen. Robert Duncan. Bob bulldozed him with a criminal libel suit that will probably hold him for awhile. Responsible newspaper workers know when libel begins and avoid it; but newspaper racketeers are not afraid to employ it because they think they can get away with it. Judge Skinkworth advised the people in Jackson county the next time anybody started libel and syndicalism to stop him in his tracks. Bob Duncan is following that advice at Burns; and will give the man with the loose pen a chance to prove his dirt.

At Mabton, Wash., the justice of the peace is "chairman of the public morals committee" (is new one on us). He soaked a guy for drunken driving \$100 fine and canceled his driver's license for two years. That judge should be assigned to duty in Portland.

Dr. Frederick Starr died in Seattle a few days ago. He is the professor who told the editors of the state here a few years ago how much the common people of Japan loved us. That was before the rape of Manchuria.

There is a controversy among ornithologists and politicians whether the blue eagle is a bird of prey or not. Without posing as an authority we venture it is more of a bird of prey.

"How Dry I Am"



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

SCABIES, OR "The seven year itch," as it is commonly called, is a skin disease produced by an animal parasite. This parasite is called the "scab" and is found wherever fifth and unsanitary conditions exist.

Nothing is more annoying or distressing than a siege of scabies. Redness and itching are the first signs of the infection. It is first noticed between the fingers, under the arms or in the groin. It spreads, and eventually may cover the entire body.

If you examine the skin carefully, small furrows can be seen. These are caused by the parasite which burrows into the skin. The path of the parasite can be detected by a slight elevation of the skin. A grayish scale can be seen at one end of the furrow. This is the parasite.

Highly Contagious
The disease is highly contagious and quickly spreads from one individual to another. Public washrooms, bath houses and rest rooms are common sources of infection. It is frequently encountered in institutions, and camps, where hygienic measures are not enforced. During the World War it was a common affliction of soldiers who were confined to the trenches.

Neglect of the disease leads to persistent irritations of the skin and the trouble becomes a source of danger to others. Contrary to a common belief, the disease does not occur every year for seven years, but it is stubborn.

In the treatment of scabies, hygienic care of the skin is important. Absolute cleanliness is the first requisite. It is necessary to get rid of the parasite, and cleanse and disinfect the skin as thoroughly as possible. This must be attended to before relief can be obtained.

Relief
It is best accomplished by the use of sulphur ointment. Sulphur destroys the parasite and prevents the spread of the disease. Bear in mind that sulphur is irritating and harmful to tender and delicate skins. It should only be used if recommended by a physician.

Before retiring at night apply the ointment to the involved parts first and later over the entire body. Take a warm bath in the morning and with a stiff brush remove the ointment that was applied the night before. Repeat this procedure until the infection has entirely disappeared.

In what I have said I do not mean to imply that all inflammations of the skin that itch, are scabies. Certain skin disorders may result from lack of proper food or the use of foods deficient in protective vitamins. Other skin disorders may be due to some constitutional disorder, with infection or irritation.

See a Doctor
Remember that skin disorders require expert medical care. Self-medication is dangerous and often does more harm than good.

If the skin affliction is due to scabies, treatment is necessary before cure can be hoped for. In addition, it is important that the necessary precautions be taken against the spread of the disease. Children suffering from it should not be allowed to attend school. Clothing, linens, bedding and towels of the afflicted person should be kept separate and thoroughly boiled.

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Perhaps that toad that was found buried alive in a stone was just a gopher hibernating till there's a change in the seasons; and some green forage for elephants.

The bride attempted an angel food cake. When it came out it looked like one of the fallen angels.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Marker at the grave of "Governor" Gale

There came to the desk of the writer a few days ago a clipping from the Democrat-Herald, Baker, Oregon. The article appeared under a big headline, the top deck of which read, "Marker to Honor Late Gov. Gale," and the clipping was accompanied by this comment: "Gale was not a governor."

Yes, he was a governor—or rather he was a member of the first triumvirate of the provisional government standing in the place of a chief executive, and called the executive committee, chosen by ballot at Champco July 5, 1843. By ballot? Yes, by ballot of the little company convened on the river's bank, most of the members having slept in their blankets under the open sky the night before, because the only building yet there was the log warehouse of the Hudson's Bay company, to accommodate the shipment of wheat by bateau down the Willamette, on its way to old Fort Vancouver, and thence by ocean going vessels to Hawaii and to the Russian posts in Alaska, either whole or in the shape of flour ground in the primitive mill of the British concern.

The balloting may have been by show of hands, or by a division of those favoring candidates lining up on the right and those opposing on the left, which was not unusual; neither was it unusual, it was probably a show of hands, or viva voce. One of the leaders present remembered that only two or three were against the motion to adopt the section of the proposed "constitution" providing for an executive committee when the matter, on motion of Robert Moore, was reached—and, from his account of it, it seems likely that the section (under the head of

Article 5) was considered together with the choosing of the three candidates, under the same motion.

It had been a mooted point. It occasioned the only fierce debate in the July 5 meeting. It read: "Art. 5. The executive power shall be vested in a committee of three persons, elected by the qualified voters at the annual election, who shall have power to grant pardons or reprieves for offences against the laws of the territory, to call out the military force of the territory to repel invasion, or suppress insurrection, to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, and to recommend such laws as they may consider necessary, to the representatives of the people, for their action. Two members of the committee shall constitute a quorum to transact business."

Old Robert Moore, chairman of the legislative committee, chosen at the May 2 meeting at the same place, and which had framed the proposed "constitution" in the meetings held at the Jason Lee mission, presented the report, and it was read by Geo. W. LeBreton, secretary of that committee.

The question of an executive head had been a hot one in the deliberations of that committee at the mission. It made a no less heated matter of contention on the floor (or rather the open space under the sky) of the July 5 meeting.

In the debate there, as we have it handed down by one who was present, Gustavus Hines, who presided at the meeting, "was very marked in his hostility, characterizing the triple executive as a hydra headed monster in the shape of an executive committee which was but a repetition of the Roman triumvirate—the Caesars upon the throne."

But (from the same authority) "Rev. Jason Lee could not see the proposed executive head in the same light Mr. Hines did. If it was thought necessary to have a government at all, it was necessary to have a head as an executive, or the laws were of no effect."

And (from the same authority), Dr. L. L. Babcock, who was chairman of the May 2 meeting but was not present at this one, had in his opposition been "very decided, not only because the legislative committee had exceeded its authority, but because the proposed executive was not required by existing necessities, but, moreover, it looked too much like a permanent and independent government, whereas we wished to establish one only temporary."

James O'Neal and Robert Shortess, both of whom had been members of the legislative committee named to frame the proposed "constitution" at the Lee mission, spoke in favor of the proposed article setting up an executive committee of three, and W. H. Gray, who likewise had been a member of that legislative committee, closed the debate by saying, among other things: "Mr. President and fellow citizens: The speech we have just listened to by our presiding officer (Gustavus Hines) is in the main correct. It is true that the legislative committee was not instructed to bring before you an executive department in the laws and government you proposed to form, when you appointed your committee to prepare these laws. It is also true that when that committee met they found that they could not advance one step in accomplishing the work you

Bids are invited for the construction of Eaton Hall at Willamette university.

August 16, 1923
Ninety-seven degrees in the shade was the high mark reached by the government thermometer yesterday. It was the hottest day of the year.

George Vick, Walter Winslow, Ole Oleson and Henry Vandevort leave Friday morning for a ten days' deer hunt in the mountains east of Roseburg.

General Petroleum Corporation's present sales effort provides strong contrast with methods used in early days of the oil industry. More than 100 newspapers, two radio programs and 200 tons of station advertising material carry message of new General Four-Star gasoline throughout Pacific Coast States and Arizona.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

"You don't mean you're going to leave us in the lurch?" Wingate asked, in a hurt voice. "I can't believe you'd do a thing like that."

"I'm not leaving you in the lurch," Lemi told him plainly. "Mr. Gerstenfeld admits I'm a terrific gamble and there's no certainty about my future success. You gentlemen—your whole lives are wrapped up in pictures. With me, it's different. I only want one thing in life. I want to be happy. The pictures demand too much of me. There are ten thousand other girls waiting to step into my shoes. Let them have the chance. I've never had a chance for happiness in my whole life until now—and I'm going to take it."

By the time she had finished speaking, the power of Gerstenfeld's eyes had forced her, at last, to look straight at him.

She was iron-bound in her determination to refuse anything he might demand. He held no authority of reward or punishment over her.

Fame, money, ambition were all obliterated in the warm glow that filled her whole being. It was as though she stood on the threshold of a new life pulsating with unearthly joy. Nevertheless, there existed somewhere in her a little area of fear, a black spot of foreboding that might spread and tarnish the glistening ecstasy of her whole beautiful dream.

"When did you fall in love?" demanded Gerstenfeld.

His question was like a sharp knife pressing against her white flesh. The smile on Lemi's lips did not diminish, although something of its warmth escaped.

"Last night."

"Who's the man?"

"It's a private and personal matter. Must I tell?"

She looked away from him, but her gaze was forced to return to his dark eyes as the steel in drawn to the magnet.

Lemi resisted looking at those eyes for the unaccountable reason they held a force that chilled her inner warmth. As long as she did not look at Gerstenfeld, she felt, everything would be all right—she could do as she pleased.

Somewhere within him lived a power dangerous to the free determination of her own destiny. . . .

"I must insist on knowing who the man is," said Gerstenfeld evenly.

Wingate thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to a window. His artistic sense of proportion told him he was entirely superfluous at the moment. Lemi had been clutching a wisp of handkerchief in her palm. A tremor of childish helplessness came over her. The hand relaxed and the flake of chiffon fluttered to the floor.

"His name is Lucky Cavanaugh," she said, oddly surprised at her difficulty in giving it out. "Please believe me, this is no whim. It is—it is my life."

For just a moment, Gerstenfeld's lids closed over his burning eyes and then opened again. In the instant Lemi tore her gaze away.

Ned Wingate, standing by the window, suddenly became motionless as a painted portrait of a man. Lemi waited for somebody to say something. She did not know whether she had silenced them completely or whether they were merely gathering strength to attack her decision. In the fragment of a second she thought she detected something like pity in Gerstenfeld's eyes.

"Lucky Cavanaugh is a wonderful man," she said as if to explain everything.

Gerstenfeld turned toward Wingate with a dry cough in his throat.

"Get that newspaper out of my overcoat in the hall," he said.

"Newspaper? What's a newspaper got to do with this?" asked Lemi quickly.

"It has everything to do with it, Miss Luneka," Gerstenfeld said in a voice utterly lifeless. "A woman picture star is a fool to fall actually in love. We always make a mistake when we surrender our happiness to other people. We are not like other people—the public. As long as love with us is an emotionless recreation it does no harm. If we take it too seriously it ruins us."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Lemi, suddenly white and ghostly.

Wingate had returned to the room with the folded newspaper in his hand, his clown mouth was moving with a silent flexible smile.

"Show it to her," said Gerstenfeld.

The man opened the paper and placed it in Lemi's white outstretched hands.

LUCKY CAVANAUGH
HELD FOR MURDER

The headline was a black rush of letters stampeding across the entire top of the front page.

No sound broke from her lips in this devastating instant. She stood up, gripping the newspaper in her two hands, her eyes trying to drink in the sub-heading.

Gerstenfeld watched her without a word or emotion.

"Rotten break!" said Wingate with a shade of casual sympathy.

"It looks like Cavanaugh quarreled with his sweetheart and shot her dead in his own apartment. At any rate, they've got the girl's body and he's locked up. If you ask me, I'll say it's a lucky thing it was an—"

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Peach Supplies In Oregon Will Be Ample, Word

Branding stories and rumors as false concerning a shortage of Oregon's peach crop, Max Gehlhar, director of agriculture, today declared that there would be an ample supply of state-grown peaches to meet all demands.

Gehlhar's office has received numerous protests from Oregon peach growers. All declare that the stories circulating about the necessity of depending upon California for peaches is hurting their market. Several growers doubted their ability to move their crops at reasonable prices. There is no Oregon peach crop failure, Gehlhar said.

Plans are well under way, according to Prof. Loren Davidson, minister of music of the First Christian church, for the presentation of The Messiah during the early part of December.

The large chorus necessary for this presentation will consist of singers from various church choirs of the city, and a cordial invitation is extended to anyone who wishes to attend the organization meeting which will be held at the First Christian church, Monday evening, August 14, at 7:30 o'clock.

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