

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Crack-up of Gangs

THERE is growing evidence that big city gangs are cracking up. They made an effort to control the legitimized trade in 3.2 beer; but they will not be able to hold power.

Now sleuths are working on the trail of some of these midwestern outlaws in the belief that they may have been the ones to steal the Lindbergh infant.

Organized crime reached a position where it was sucking the life blood of the country. What was needed was honesty and intelligence and courage in law enforcement.

Snooping and Sniping

THE Capital Journal very piously exhorts the public to stop "snooping" on the president:

"It is about time that the snooping on Roosevelt cease, that what he is attempting to do be appreciated."

The Journal is condemning the Baltimore Sun for criticizing the NRA.

We were not aware that snooping had gotten under way, or sniping either.

There should be no partisan snooping on Pres. Roosevelt, and no sniping. But his ideas, his proposals and his methods should be subjected to constant and honest appraisal and criticism.

Extra Session Looms

WHILE an extra session of the legislature seems certain due to conditions which have arisen since the close of the last session, it would seem advisable to await the decision of the supreme court in the motor truck case.

There should be time for further consideration of liquor control legislation. The commission is now at work; and should have time to work out some definite policy which will conserve the cause of temperance in the best manner possible, lacking prohibition.

It is expected that 36 states will ratify the 18th amendment by the close of the year. Then state legislation will be needed or there will be loosened a flood of legal liquor.

All in all December or January would seem a good date for the special session, if adequate provision for relief work can be made in the interval.

Farmers are complaining, with justice, that NRA works backward for them. Butterfat is declining in price at a season when it should be increasing.

Using a liquor tax to finance relief is an idea advanced by Portland legislators. The more booze people drink, the more tax revenue would come in; but the more they drink, the greater the destitution and need of relief.

Good, the CCC camps will continue another six months. That will keep the editorial paragraphs like Claude Ingalls in material for that length of time.

"Dana urged speed by loan seekers", runs a headline. No need for speed there. They have been crowding his doorway since his appointment. The speed needs to be at the other end.

New York reports that the summer slump has failed to appear. People can't see it for the summer slacks that are showing everywhere.

The Okanogan ogyopy has not been reported this season; but hot weather on the coast must be responsible for the yarn about a wild man at Tillamook head.

The Trick Cigar



HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

TO TAKE stock of ourselves once in a while is a good thing to do. No doubt many of you suffer from certain disorders yet you pay little attention to them.

Death of Mattie Gilbert Palmer, early Salem pioneer: There comes, to the desk of the writer a clipping from a West Los Angeles, California, newspaper of July 21; an article giving an account of the funeral of an early and well known pioneer resident of Salem. It reads:

"Funeral services for Mrs. Mattie Gilbert Palmer, who died Monday following a fall at her home in West Los Angeles, were held Wednesday afternoon at the Price Daniel mortuary.

"Mrs. Palmer fell from her porch at her home at 1733 1/2 Purdue avenue and was badly injured Monday morning. She was taken to the Santa Monica hospital and died shortly afterwards.

"The funeral rites were in charge of the Rev. Wesley Goodson Nicholson, pastor of the Westwood Congregational church of which Mrs. Palmer was a member. Cremation was at the Ingelwood cemetery.

"Mrs. Palmer was 81 years of age when she died and had lived in this district for a number of years. She was exceedingly active in church work, being a charter member of the Westwood Congregational church, and clerk of the church. Because of her work at the Congregational church, the Palmer guild was named for her.

"Surviving Mrs. Palmer are a son, Ralph L. Scott of Beverly Glen boulevard, and a sister Mrs. W. B. Knapp of Beverly Hills. Mrs. Palmer's husband, a civil war veteran, died at the National Military home in 1918.

"Mrs. Palmer was born near Salem, Oregon, in 1852, the daughter of a pioneer who crossed the continent in a covered wagon. Mrs. Palmer lived most of her life at her birthplace and came to West Los Angeles from Salem."

A few days before her death, Mrs. Palmer had sent a letter to Mrs. E. J. Swafford, 190 S. 17th street, Salem, written in her usual firm, beautiful hand. It was a cheery letter, full of quips about mutual recollections of the old days in Salem. They had been neighbors and friends over a long period.

It seems that Mrs. Palmer, on account of a weak heart, could not endure the anaesthetic necessary to be administered at the hospital after her fall.

In a series in this column last fall, giving a history of the First Congregational church of Salem, second oldest in the capital city, much was said concerning the life and work of Mrs. Palmer. She was Mattie Gilbert to her wide circle of friends in old time Salem. She was present when the Salem church was organized, a babe in arms, about a month old. Her people told her she behaved well in the little company.

The day was July 4, 1852. The scene, the little log school house, first public school building erected in Salem, then standing at what is now the northwest corner of Marion and Commercial streets—opposite Marston square; then in a small clearing in a tangled forest. There were present six people: Rev. G. W. Goodell, who was on hand to organize the church and dedicate it with prayer, and I. N. Gilbert and wife and their baby Mattie, and Mrs. L. L. Williams and Albert M. Fellows.

Thus the church was organized with four charter members.

I. N. Gilbert and wife came to Oregon in the 1844 wagon train immigration, at the urgent request of Dr. Marcus Whitman. Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gilbert were born in Rushville, New York, and were boyhood friends. The Gilberts stopped at Wallatuga and engaged in work for the Whitman mission for three years, until 1847, when they came by horseback to the Willamette valley, just before the massacre of Nov. 29, that year.

On Dec. 5, 1847, news of the massacre reached Oregon City, where the Gilberts had just arrived. He responded to the call for volunteers of Governor Abernethy; rode as first lieutenant of Capt. J. G. Maxon's company speeding to the Cayuse war, to punish the savage murderers and protect the settlements in the threatened danger of annihilation. The old muster rolls show their company, Company C, 4th company, though it was the second to respond. Mr. Gilbert carried the effects of the hardships of that historic winter campaign throughout the rest of his life.

Since the series in this column, mentioned above, was printed, the writer has found that Albert M. Fellows served as first lieutenant of Co. F in the Yakima war of 1855, of which Charles Bennett of Salem was captain, and fought in the battle in which Capt. Bennett and Chief Peopemoxmor were killed.

Mr. Gilbert was converted by the Whitmans and Mrs. Palmer prized and kept letters from Narcissa Whitman to his mother touching upon the fact. Thus the Whitman mission was the mother of the First Congregational church of Salem, High history.

The Gilbert donation land claim was in the Garden Road section, just east of Salem. The old house, well preserved, still stands. There Mattie Gilbert was born, in June, 1852. Mr. Gilbert surveyed the original town of Salem and North Salem, and, as Marion county clerk, recorded the plat; the North Salem plat first. Also, the writer believes, he made the survey.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Leni invited Mulrooney inside. He entered with his shoulders hunched, like a heavy animal pushing his forehead against something he expected to move. For a moment he was not sure that he ought to shake hands with Leni, but her outstretched palm forced him to do so.

"You don't believe he killed Kruger?" "Maybe he didn't, but—" "Or that woman? You think he is capable of a thing like that?" "I don't know, lady," said Mulrooney peevishly. "And look here—I didn't come here to answer questions, I want to ask 'em. How much do you know about this Santos woman?"

"Nothing. I never saw her in my life." "Ever hear of her?" Leni hesitated. "Yes." "When?"

A tremble of caution went through Leni. She wanted, of course, to help Mulrooney out. But the imperative necessity of the situation was to stand by Luck Cavanaugh in any and every way possible.

She had not yet made up her mind whether Mulrooney was a shrewdly stupid honest man or a cunning antagonist with the heart of a tiger in his commonplace breast.

"It is the law—am I compelled to answer you?" she asked, her finely pencilled brows pulling together.

"I'm trying to be nice to you," Mulrooney said getting up, for the softly upholstered chair made him feel hot and captured. "No, you don't have to answer me here and now. On the other hand, I can take you down to headquarters and hold you on charges, if I like. Cavanaugh has a told me a story that sounds pretty straight as far as it goes. He came out here and stayed till after two o'clock last night. That woman phoned him while he was here. When he went home she was in his apartment waiting for him, he says. Nobody knows who shot her. The jealous woman theory is as good as any other. Now I ask you who would that jealous woman be? It might be yourself, for instance."

Leni's brain began to get fevered—not with fear—during the man's speech. It was impatience, irritation—anger at the persistent malice of fate and the seemingly stodgy intellect of Mulrooney.

"Why must you be so ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "You waste all your time suspecting the wrong people. It is too silly!"

Mulrooney looked at her and blinked his clear blue eyes. Despite his thick body and the stubby red mustache on his slightly florid face, he looked driven like a perplexed and stubborn small boy.

"Maybe you could tell me what to do?" he said earnestly. "I'm willing to take orders from anybody that knows more than I do."

He walked around on the thick pile of the carpet of this very elaborate living room. Habit asserted itself and he took out a cigar, cut the end carefully and began to smoke without in the least realizing what he was doing. Tiny red veins in his cheeks made delicate tracings.

There was no doubt that he appeared to be a thoroughly incompetent detective, yet he was, in fact, one of the three best of his kind in the United States.



"Is it the law—am I compelled to answer you?" she asked, her finely pencilled brows pulling together.

about two and two making four. And I know where there's a murder. There's always a motive. You're the best motive I've thought of so far. You say you weren't jealous of the woman?"

A derisive smile formed on Leni's lips. "Why should I be? She means nothing to me. He wanted to get rid of her, did he?"

Mulrooney pounced upon her words like a cat upon a mouse. "He wanted to get rid of her, did he?" "Oh, not that way!" Leni cried disgustedly. "You are just like these detectives in screen plays. Even your wife would know more about human nature than you do. You ought to ask her advice some time."

"I do," Mulrooney admitted, relaxing somewhat. "But you and Cavanaugh have kept me so busy lately I haven't seen much of her. Anyway—I'm going to hold Cavanaugh a while longer."

"You can't convict him!" Mulrooney sighed as though in defeat. He dropped back into the chair which he detested with every evidence of helplessness.

"I'm not going to let Cavanaugh loose," he said slowly, "because I ain't sure he's told me everything he knows. But I'll make you a proposition, Miss Luneska. You're a pretty smart sort of woman—and I'm on the square when I say it. I got to deliver the goods on these cases or they'll skin me alive—then newspapers. Instead of being enemies, me and you ought to be friends. We ought to work together. I'd rather have a woman like you on my side than to have the whole police force of Los Angeles, including their give club, working with me. You give me any good ideas you got and I'll carry them out!"

"I proceeded on a broad-minded theory after the Kruger murder—and look what's happened next!" he said stubbornly. "I know all toward accident that brought about the unnatural ending."

Fershweiler-Smith Wedding is Held At St. Louis Church

ST. PAUL, Aug. 19.—The wedding of Helen Fershweiler of Gervais to Raymond Smith was solemnized Thursday at 9:30 o'clock at the St. Louis Catholic church. Rev. Charles Krause performed the ceremony.

Miss Fershweiler was assisted by Rose Bittler, also of Gervais, as bridesmaid, and Mr. Smith by his brother, Sylvester.

The bride wore a white net dress and a white hat and carried a bouquet of pink rosebuds. The bridesmaid wore a dress of green crepe with a white hat and other white accessories. Her shower bouquet was of pink gladioli.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for Seaside where they will spend their honeymoon.

Kidnap Go-between Arraigned



Manny Strawi (center), ex-convict, beer-runner and payoff man, shown in court at Albany, N. Y., with his counsel, Daniel Frigg (left), as he based District Attorney James McGuinness read the indictment charging him with kidnaping John J. O'Connell, Jr. Strawi was the go-between who paid O'Connell's kidnapers \$40,000.

Ringo Will Manage Woodburn Mortuary

WOODBURN, Aug. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Melvin Ringo and daughter Lou Jane arrived in Woodburn Tuesday from Olympia, Wash., and are residing at 233 Harrison street.

Mr. Ringo has taken over the management of the Hall mortuary, which until a few months ago was conducted by the late E. N. Hall. The new establishment will be known as the Hall-Ringo Funeral parlors. Mr. Ringo was recently connected with the Rigdon Funeral home in Salem, and has also been with the Eldring Funeral parlors in Aberdeen, Wash., for some time in the past years.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 20, 1908 Lyons citizens protest Southern Pacific's use of boxes for depot on its Corvallis & Eastern branch at that town; dignity infringed upon, claim.

Former County Judge John H. Scott leaves on campaign trip of education upon subject of good roads; will tour state under contract entered into with ways and means committee of good roads conference recently held at Portland.

J. F. Good & Sons to start moving picture house, fifth in city, in building formerly occupied by Gilson's barber shop and future site of United States National bank structure on Commercial street.

August 20, 1923 Early morning fire destroys broom factory at West Salem.

Tourists drive through Salem without knowing it is Oregon capital, declares Sam A. Kezer, secretary of state, in advocating advertising and distribution of literature concerning city.

NEW YORK—Asked to write news of Dempsey-Firpo fight here next month, George Bernard Shaw says he will do so for \$1,000,000 free from U. S. income tax.

Answers to Health Queries

J. F. K. Q.—I have "itching" spells which seem to attack different parts of the body, keeping up for half an hour or more at a time. There is no sign of a rash. What would you advise?

A.—This may be due to nervousness. For further instructions send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

E. M. C. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair? E.—What causes head noises? A.—Brush the hair daily and use a good tonic. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question. This is often due to nasal catarrh which has extended to the middle ear. (Copyright, 1932, K. F. S., Inc.)

VAN NUYS OPEN STORE

STATION, Aug. 19.—A. C. Van Nuys, of Corvallis will open a variety store in the Roy building recently vacated by the Schaefer variety store. He is a son of Mrs. Van Nuys of West Starton.