

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Pall of Smoke

THE pall of smoke which has hung over western Oregon for several days is fit token of the mourning which envelops the region. The forest fires supply both the smoke and the attendant gloom. To see some of the choicest standing timber in the state consumed in flames is indeed sickening.

Northwest Oregon bears some resemblance to northwest Washington known as the Olympic peninsula. Both sections jut to the northwest; both are bordered by the Pacific on the west and inland waters on the north. In both the lanes of travel have been around rather than through the districts. And both have large stands of magnificent timber. A few years ago the Olympic peninsula was swept by a terrific hurricane which blew down millions of feet of potential lumber. Last fall and now this summer northwest Oregon is visited by destructive forest fires.

It is recalled that the heaviest fires of last year occurred in September along the Tillamook branch of the railroad. This year the worst fires in many years have been raging in eastern Tillamook county. The destruction of timber, chiefly privately owned, has been appalling.

It is painful to see the wastage of a great natural resource. Many of the owners may be impoverished as a result of the fires. The loss in assessed valuations may prove serious to counties and school districts. Running into the millions, it will be felt on the state roll too. Worst of all the fires will rob men of possible years of employment in felling and milling the great trees; rob railroads of potential freight; and men in distant communities of the homes and barns which this lumber might have provided.

How did the fire start? We do not know. Perhaps a careless camper failed to put out his fire. Perhaps a burning cigarette was tossed aside. With the woods dried to tinder by the August heat, the tiny flame leaped to a glowing torch which leaped from mountain to mountain. It is surely a terrible price to pay for what probably was just carelessness on the part of some individual. The woods are our heritage. Constant vigilance is the only requirement to preserve this heritage for the highest use of man.

The Movie Code

REPORTS come that the big film companies who are formulating a code of fair competition have so far refused to make any concession in matters such as block-booking and blind selling. This is unfortunate; for these are two of the major sins of the industry. If the cotton mills could agree on so controversial a matter as child labor, and end with the stroke of a pen this crime against humanity, surely the executives of the moving picture industry could agree to end this vicious trade practice of block-booking.

Under the block-booking system the individual theatre signs up for the product of the film producer and has no privilege of selection. He must take what the film producer sends out and pay for it, whether he uses it or not. The individual theatre owner is almost impotent to protest against the tawdry stuff and the sex filth which pictures may contain. He must pay for it whether he likes it or not. If he had the privileges of selection he could pick out films to suit his own constituency.

We do not like the word censorship; and its practice leads to many foolish prohibitions. But there should be some filter of common decency which would safeguard theatre-goers who do not relish wading in a sewer. It seems impossible to get across to film producers that the public is fed up on filth. We can take our "art" pretty strong; also our realism. But when realism becomes banal sewage then our senses rebel. The Will Hays organization is a hypocritical mockery. Hollywood simply cannot understand Main street standards. We do not defend prudery; but there is neither good business judgment nor good theatrical art in the satiety of sex and crime which Hollywood has dished up.

NRA is not an organization for moral scrubbing. But the practice of block-booking is vicious and indefensible from a business standpoint; and is in part responsible for the failure of the theatres in the cities and towns to offer pictures better chosen to suit their audiences.

The ag college boys who have been teaching farmers how to grow more cotton per acre and get more pigs per litter are now reversing their instruction. As Will Rogers says, now they have to teach hogs birth control.

The Ogn describes this hot spell as HAH weather. But when the real southwest wind brings in coolness from the ocean, we'll give it the hah-hah.

Gandhi has broken another fast unto death, with a glass of orange juice. Britain is powerful but this little 90-pounder is one of its "untouchables."

Now we know that Meier is to be a candidate again. The Portland Journal is getting a better break in M&P advertising.

Says the Portland Journal: "The future of Hitlerism is beyond prediction, beyond realization, beyond imagination." Hold on there; that's two beyonds too many.

Salt Lake City is to have a nudist colony. Made up of descendants of the first settlers?

Many editors have been told to jump in the river, but one in Ohio actually did so. Pled his form, all right.

If they get all the democrats on the home owners loan bank roster the republicans will get to do all the borrowing.

Railroads are charging \$50.50 for the round trip to the world's fair. Meeting the ticket-buyers fifty-fifty as it were.

EUGENE WOMAN IS MARION PRINCIPAL

MARION, Aug. 24.—At the school meeting Tuesday night Miss Letta Black of Eugene was hired to fill Mrs. Jensen's place as principal of the school. N. A. Olson was given the contract for making new steps at the school house entrance. Sealed bids are being called for the janitor position. A full nine months term is assured, with quite a reduction in teachers' salaries. Marion Farmer's Union local is to have a display at the West Staton Harvest Home festival. Those appointed to collect and arrange the exhibit are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schromacher, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Smith, Carl Olson, Mrs. Grover Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Elix Pickard.

The Rugged Individualist



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Vagrant jackass led to richest Idaho mine; other like strange tales:

(Continuing from yesterday.) "When the four men reached the scene of action they took down the notices originally posted by Kellogg, removed all marks on the stakes, and made new locations, naming one the Bunker Hill and the other the Sullivan.

"On the Bunker Hill location appeared the names of Kellogg, Goetz, O'Rourke and Sullivan, the notice stating that Kellogg owned a half interest in it.

"His name did not appear on the Sullivan notice, but it later developed that he also held a secret half interest in that claim. "The foregoing details attended to, a representative was dispatched post haste to Murray to file the necessary notices with the federal authorities. Soon Murray was agog with news of the great discovery; in a single day half of its population departed for Milo gulch, the ablest lawyers in Idaho made ready for an epic battle in the courts. The suit finally came to trial in June, 1886, before Judge Norman Buck of the United States district court for Idaho.

"The same day Stoll, the junior partner in the firm of Woods & Stoll, departed for Portland, accompanied by John Flaherty, a shrewd and experienced prospector. The two men made their way without difficulty to the new galena region, and were greeted with a complacent smile by O'Rourke, leader of the Kellogg forces.

"They were told to make themselves at home—and did so, with unexpected results. Going carefully over the two claims, Flaherty came upon a torn scrap of paper, part of the printed form used in posting notices on mining claims. It was the original location.

Yesterdays

.. of Old Salem
Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

August 25, 1908
Frank Bolter of Salem, railway fireman, among four persons killed when Cottage Grove local train on Southern Pacific line hits bull and jumps track near Eugene; six persons seriously injured.

NEW YORK—Committee of five stock exchange members designated to investigate transactions of last Saturday when enormous blocks of shares sold and purchased allegedly to create fictitious impression of activity.

MARSHFIELD—Southern Oregon & Idaho Improvement league formed here to encourage building of railroad from Idaho to the Pacific.

August 25, 1923
Miss Patricia Smith, niece of Jonathan Bourns, Southern Pacific agent here, will enter Miss America contest at Atlantic City.

First two cottages at Children's Farm home near Albany to be dedicated September 5; 40 children now cared for.

TOKYO—Baron Tomasaburo Kato, premier of Japan, dies following several months' illness.

tion notice in Kellogg's own handwriting and set forth that he, Cooper and Peck were locators of the Bunker Hill claim. "An hour later Stoll and Flaherty were on their way back to Murray, the tell-tale document securely tucked away in a buckskin pouch suspended from the lawyer's neck and inside his shirt.

"During the months that followed, while the town of Kellogg grew up at the mouth of Milo gulch, the ablest lawyers in Idaho made ready for an epic battle in the courts. The suit finally came to trial in June, 1886, before Judge Norman Buck of the United States district court for Idaho.

"Public sympathy favored the cause of Kellogg, O'Rourke and their associates, and the latter, besides, had at their command lawyers able to make the worse appear the better reason. In the end, however, Woods, a master of the art of cross examination, succeeded in wresting the truth from Kellogg, and, although the 12 jurors returned a verdict in favor of the defendants, Judge Buck, after some delay, granted a motion to disregard the jury's findings and gave judgment for the plaintiffs, at the same time awarding Woods and Cooper a fourth interest in the Bunker Hill claim.

"Judge Buck's decision was promptly appealed to the supreme court, but that body, in February, 1887, unanimously confirmed his action. A few months later Simon Reed of Portland purchased the Bunker Hill and Sullivan claims for \$600,000, of which \$100,000 was distributed among the attorneys who had participated in the legal battle. The remainder went to the owners according to their several ownerships.

"Had the lawyers, one of them regretfully declared in after years, "taken stock in the company formed by Reed, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining and Concentrating company, for the \$100,000 paid us in fees, that stock would now be worth several millions, and we should have received dividends from it for more than 40 years; but instead we accepted the cash—and as promptly spent it."

"A word as to the fate of the jackass that set in motion a memorable chain of events. "For a time," we are told, "he was a privileged character around Murray. Finally, the part he had played was forgotten in the incessant noise of his braying, and the public moved against him.

"Several sticks of dynamite were lashed to his body and a long fuse ignited. As the jackass galloped toward the outskirts of the camp there was a pell-mell rush of miners to escape from his immediate vicinity, and then an explosion that reverberated through the canyon. That night Murray slept in peace."

Reading on in this chapter of the new book: "Many old miners argue that Dame Fortune often chooses the tenderfoot as the recipient of her favors; and some of them cite as proof of the contention the discovery of the Blossom mine, near Pioche, Nevada, which first and last yielded half a million dollars.

"In one of the closing decades of the last century, James W. Peeler, a lawyer of Stamford, Connecticut, who knew nothing about mining, journeyed to Nevada to settle the estate of a man who had died in Pioche, leaving his property to eastern relatives. The adjustment of the estate, a much entangled one, cost time and labor, and while waiting through weeks and months the final action of the

Nevada courts the lawyer had an abundance of leisure hours in which to pick up information about mining and the color and formation of gold-bearing ledges. "One day riding out from Pioche with a party of veteran miners his attention was attracted to and he remarked upon a peculiar bluish formation of outcropping rock which lay some miles off the trail. "Oh," said one of his companions, "that's porphyry. I have seen it hundreds of times. It's only fool dead rock."

"This explanation, however, did not satisfy Peeler, and a few days later he persuaded a younger and less experienced miner to join him in an inspection of the outcropping. At the outset they were unable to find any show of color, but an hour or so of digging in the earth at the side of the outcropping laid bare the surface of the rock, untouched by oxidation or the bleaching of wind and water. A bit of the rock, when dissolved, showed traces of gold, and a further widening of the exposed area disclosed other bits yet richer in golden specks.

"And such was the beginning of the Blossom mine—rejected without examination by more than one prospector, but a herald of good fortune for Peeler and his companion."

"Reading on: "In the opening months of the last year of the last century young Barney Murphy was a teamster employed on the trail between Kingman and White Hills, Arizona, for \$45 a month and found."

(Continued tomorrow.)

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Mulrooney finished his call to headquarters. His words had been imperative. Every policeman and detective in the city was commanded to be on the look-out for Lucky Cavanaugh. His description was broadcast over the police radio to every patrolling car.

Wanted on suspicion of murder, the call was to bring Lucky Cavanaugh in dead or alive. With his hat pulled tightly down on his head, Mulrooney left the house. From her bedroom window upstairs, Leni saw him leave. He looked a great deal like a maddened bull ready to charge the first object that crossed his path.

Lucky had asked Leni not to worry. Well—that was perfectly sound advice. What had worry ever accomplished for anybody? There was nothing sensible to do except to keep calm and keep her heart up. The years to come could not possibly be as hard as those behind her. No sooner had one danger been over than a new one had taken its place. It had been like those hurdle races where finally they run smoothly to the finish on a level stretch. Life, very probably, was like that—near the finish.

Only one danger remained. Only one danger and one desire! It was possible for a malicious destiny to rob her of Lucky Cavanaugh.

She sat down at her dressing table, rested her elbows upon it and cupped her face in her two warm palms. What a strange life I've led, she thought, looking into the glass. There is no one else on earth like me. I have been at the bottom and at the top. It's queer about life. Now—right now—it's ending or beginning. I don't know which.

A sound in the room startled her. The movement of a door. Leni stopped breathing. Something, suddenly, was going to happen. . . . Leni closed her eyes for a minute.

Then she opened them and looked into the mirror that was so close to her face. Over her shoulder on the far side of the room a closet door was slowly opening. It opened wide and out of the shadowy recess beyond stepped the familiar figure of Lucky Cavanaugh.

"The safest place I could find in a hurry," he said with a smile. "She was conscious only of a trembling delight.

"It's all in a life time," Lucky said in the untruffled manner she loved. "Are you glad to see me?"

Leni rose without taking her eyes off him, and went into his arms.

"Am I glad to see you? My darling!" she took a deep breath. "Darling, darling, darling!" Her sensation that life was a dream continued. Events like this would not really happen to people in their waking hours. Yet Cavanaugh's arms around her were substantial and his lips upon her own were warm with the thrill that no dream could ever equal.

At last they drew back from their kiss.

"Why? How?" "It's very simple," said Cavanaugh, smiling as though she were a child. "It would have done no good to cut and run. So I merely walked up the stairs and came in here. How did Mulrooney feel when he woke up?"

Leni was astonished at how casually they were able to talk. It amused her.

"I think every tooth in his head was aching," she laughed. "Poor Mulrooney! I felt sorry for him." Her good-nature was infectious. For the first time, to the surprise of them both, the tumult of their mutual attraction died down and left them at ease. They could talk like pals—like friends—like husband and wife. They were talking



"Am I glad to see you? My darling!" she took a deep breath. "Darling, darling, darling!"

of somebody else—not of them- selves.

"I'm not worrying about Mulrooney—he won't even have a headache by dinner time," said Cavanaugh lightly. "I had to get away from him the best way I could. But don't let it worry you, sweetheart."

They stood apart now, each marveling at the other's poise—the living current of sheer life surging through them, trampling under all obstacles. In luck or out of luck, Cavanaugh realized that no other living woman could so fill him with physical and mental energy. With the tingle of Leni Luneska in his blood nothing was impossible to him. He could even forget the web of menace that now entangled his very existence.

"Do you know, sweetheart, you give me new ideas," he told her, studying her slender, elastic figure. "I know it sounds sappy—but you make me feel like I could go out and conquer the world. I want to do something I've never done before. You don't suppose I'm going to wind up earning an honest living, do you?"

It was a preposterous mood. How could two people forget the tragedies that had overtaken them and the find the giddiness of a celestial champagne bubbling around their hearts?

Both of them were, ordinarily, individuals of more than average sensitivities. No one had ever accused either of being callous, yet each, so very recently, had been crushed by the black wings of death.

The only explanation, perhaps, is that love is a principle akin to light which banishes darkness. This much is certain—for a brief while, Cavanaugh and Leni Luneska were unaware of the disaster and tragedy that swirled in their external world. In Leni's bedroom with the windows open and the curtains gently moving in the breeze, with the sun shining and the flow-

ers growing in the garden beneath, they lost completely their remembrance of human sin. . . . This cynical may not believe—that they rested upon the bed side by side, hand in hand, telling each other how much they had to live for. They were both fatigued, and relaxed in nerves, half drowsy. "We have already survived so much together that I don't believe even an earthquake could separate us now," Leni said. "Never!" was the emphatic reply. "Unless people are in love," Leni went on, "they live in a world where everything hurts. You eat and sleep and work and it's just like wasting your time. Have you ever looked at the tired, unhappy faces in a crowd, Lucky? All those people on the streets—how many of them have found love? It's all so empty and silly and joyless—like playing a piano without strings. I wonder if everybody eventually finds love—or are we the only two on earth?"

Cavanaugh had been wondering about the same thing. A new door to life had opened for him. He rested beside Leni Luneska and talked of things that had never passed his lips before. The shell that was hard and wise and witty fell away from him, and he was no more than a very young and—miraculously—a very innocent boy.

"People like I used to be don't know there are such things as this in the world," he said dreamily. "I used to believe that women and love and marriage and all the rest of it was something that was either pretty cheap or, at best, a poetic myth. Either that or very much hot-cha. Like getting drunk. Words like 'beautiful' and 'wonderful' and 'marvelous'—I thought anybody who talked that way was 'a sap'."

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

CCO OFFENDED
C.C.C. Company 619,
Camp Brettenbush,
Marion County, Detroit, Ore.,
August 22, 1933.

To the editor:
Company 619 has been offended by your editorial "Respect the Mountains" which appeared in The Statesman this morning, August 22, 1933.

In reference to your second paragraph in which you state, "People not physically fit should not attempt to climb mountains." You are probably unaware of the fact that in order to become a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps it is necessary to pass a rigid physical examination under the supervision of many competent army doctors.

Yes, it was the "green tender-

feet" from Chicago who did everything wrong and paid dearly for it, but it was these same "green tenderfeet" who went up and brought back the injured lad. It was these "green tenderfeet" who went for two days without food and sleep to save this lad's life. Is there no credit due them? We Chicago lads may lack experience, but we do possess a great deal of intestinal fortitude.

Sincerely yours,
Company 619.

One Headlight Gets Man Short Jail Stay

WOODBURN, Aug. 24.—Two cases were heard in Justice court here Tuesday. L. J. Millet entered a plea of guilty to the charge of driving a vehicle on the highway with only one headlight and was fined \$5 and costs of \$2 which he could not pay so was taken to the county jail in West Woodburn was fined \$3 and costs for allowing four persons to ride in the front seat of a car he was driving.

CHICHESTERS PILLS

THE GREAT BRITAIN
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

ME TOO...THEY'RE MILD AND THEY DON'T UPSET MY NERVES

I SMOKE NOTHING BUT CAMELS NOW

Camel's costlier Tobaccos

never get on your nerves...never tire your taste

Backed by 85 Millions in Resources . . .

Banking at this Salem Branch is exactly the same—so far as relative strength is concerned—as banking at the United States National Bank in Portland. The same capital forms its operating base and the same immense resources stand as protection for its deposits.

But, in addition to those features, you will appreciate the highly personalized service you have always obtained here.

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