

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Retreat for Housewives

THERE is incipient revolution afoot in Clackamas county. It is not socialism and it is not communism. In the eyes of husbands it is something worse. Nor is it a nudist colony to shock the piety of descendants of missionaries. It is worse than that. Some thirty housewives have gone way up on the Molalla river for a week's retreat. It was all planned out by the county home demonstration agent there, who wears a "miss" in front of her name. It would be some maiden woman to agitate among the housewives and get them to desert their homes for a week.

"Mischievous thou art afoot." If this idea spreads where will it lead to? What with feminism and equal rights and woman suffrage for a decade and longer, is not this a new attack on our civilization? What will these homemakers get in their heads in this week? Doesn't the mere male have enough agitation to combat without having domestic revolution start?

On second thought, we are not so greatly alarmed. These homemakers may put in their week in the cool hills; but their minds will be back in their home kitchens. They will be wondering if Jimmie found his clean clothes this Sunday morning; and if Catherine will remember to tell the milkman to leave only a quart of milk for four days; and if Ruth phoned Mrs. Andrews that they would have to get someone else to lead the missionary. They will worry about emptying the pan under the icebox and watering the plants in the porch boxes. While the state librarian, who is on the program, tells them about the newest books, minds will go wool-gathering, and stray back home. They will plan how to make the new school dress for Rachel; and wonder if Cousin Will's family might come while this retreat is on; and worry if the meat bill might run up with no one there to use the leftovers. There may be a few in the camp too who will wonder just how friend husband is passing his evenings.

One week will be enough. A retreat may do for clerics with no family ties. But the homemaker just can't go off and forget her family for a week, for her heart is back by the kitchen sink. And when she gets home and the dog Zip comes down the walk wagging his tail in friendly greeting, and the children press about her, and the husband beams, she will be convinced there is no place like home.

Preserve KOAC

THERE seems to be almost a conspiracy against the state-owned radio KOAC which is operated by the educational institutions of the state. We see that another attempt is being made by commercial interests to get a portion of its time on the air, thus opening the door to the destruction of the station. There are plenty of commercial stations operating now, in fact many of them are having a hard struggle under present conditions. KOAC is the only publicly owned and operated facility. It is non-commercial. It is maintained primarily for the information and education of the masses. It should be preserved as a state facility.

During the past year under the unified system KOAC has offered a program of unusual wealth, drawn from the university, the state college, and the normal schools. Material of real value to citizens of the state has been brought to their homes at very low per capita cost. In addition the government has just now ordered restoration of market news service of immediate value to agriculturists and produce dealers. One reason why this was restored was the fact that KOAC was able to give immediate broadcast of the market reports. Its service should not now be interrupted.

It does cost the state some money to maintain this station. But it is worth while now; and as time goes on and the state's population increases its value will increase also. Lose its time and its channel now, and they are lost forever to the people. The radio operated by the higher educational institutions is a great and economical and practical means of adult education. The people whom the station serves should voice a protest to the federal radio commission against this new effort from over in eastern Oregon to disrupt KOAC.

Bonds for Relief

THE proposal of the Oregonian to issue bonds for relief on the security of liquor taxes leaves us unimpressed. Today's needs should be met today. People of today should bear their own burdens, not saddle them on the people of the next generation. The foods for the year's consumption are produced in abundance. Let them be distributed to meet the current needs.

Portland and Multnomah county started to succor relief by bond issues. Now they are bonded heavily, and still have problems of relief.

It is also a mistake to treat the liquor business first of all as a tax goat. If costs and taxes are piled on too heavily illicit liquor will continue to flourish. Liquor should be regarded only secondarily as a source of government revenue.

When the federal government came in local agencies flattened out in their relief work. If the federal aid is withdrawn, local agencies of one kind or another will undertake the load. People will not starve; and there will be more impulse to self-help if there is no guarantee of federal money.

The Oregonian is working itself into quite a lather, which hardly seems warranted. The springs of humanity are not dried up; and the supplies of provisions are adequate.

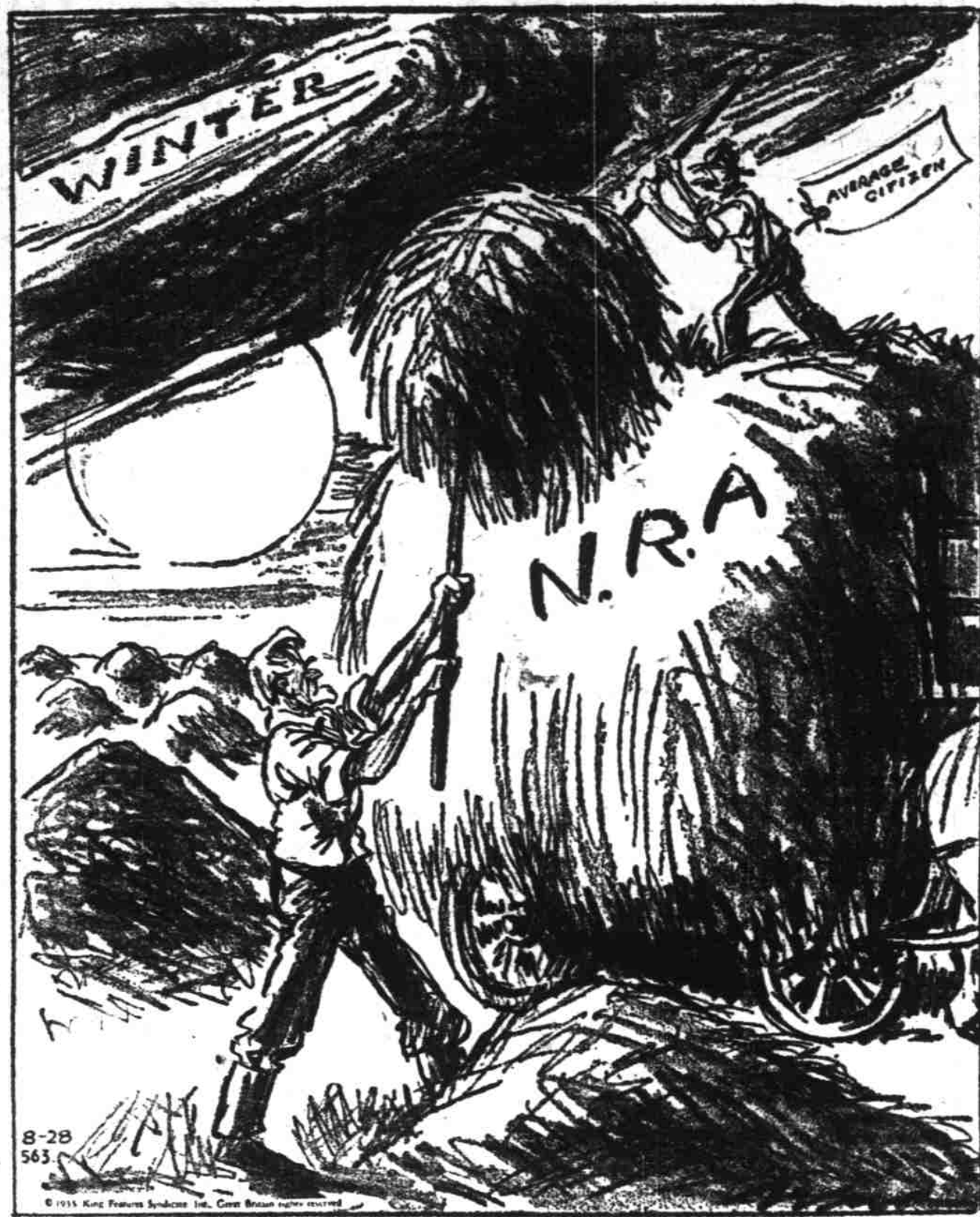
For once the wicked cigarette and the careless camper get a break. The origin of the fire now raging in the coast mountains was neither of these, but friction of one log pulled over another in logging operations. Men jumped at once to put it out; but the fire leaped away from them. Now the mountains are black with desolation and the forest birds drop spent and frightened on the seashore miles away.

Bromines are in such demand to make the ethyl part of ethyl gas that a new plant is being erected on the Carolina coast to extract bromines from sea water. It is estimated there are 600 million pounds of bromines in a cubic mile of sea water. If bromides would do that factory should be located in Salem. Think what production could be gotten out of a year of Sips.

The St. Helens Sentinel-Mist celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Mist portion of its title with a special edition which does credit to its staff and to the fine community it serves. Lee Coe, former Salem boy, is now the editor; and is doing a good job of it too.

Well, in proportion to population Woodburn more than held its own against Chicago.

While the Sun Shines



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

SOMETIMES WE complain about our generation, saying things now are not as they used to be. We look to the past for goodness, perfect conduct, and worth.

When we read reports about crimes of violence and moral turpitude, it is natural to wonder if the world were not better in olden days. We're not, of the times.

But there are so many bright spots in the picture that we may well believe society is really progressing. Perhaps the better care of those who work with their hands is sufficient proof that the world is moving forward and upward.

A few weeks ago I visited a great factory in New England. Going to a city up there to attend a wedding, we found ourselves the guests of a charming family. Our host asked me to visit his factory where sixteen hundred men and women are employed.

It is always interesting to me to study the physical and moral conditions under which human beings work. This establishment I found to be a model in its attention to sanitation and physical surroundings.

Care of Employees
What I particularly have in mind to tell you about is a sign board displayed in a prominent place, making daily announcement of the accident record in that organization. On the occasion of my visit it read as follows:

"This factory was operated 1,658 days without lost time due to accident."

That statement gives evidence of the remarkable care afforded the workmen. Every possible device is used to protect against injury and disease. Prizes are offered the foreman who reports the highest record of freedom from accident.

The large, airy, unshiny rooms contribute to the health of the employees. Mechanical ventilation carries away the fumes of chemicals and the vitiated air. First-aid facilities and constant medical supervision give further guarantee of physical well-being.

Were such precautions taken in olden days? They were not. Disabling and even fatal accidents were of almost daily occurrence in every shop and factory.

The modern organization of employees and the willingness of the owners to confer with them, has been another factor of progress. Really the world is progressing. My host at the wedding convinces me of that truth.

Answers to Health Queries
D. M. W. Q.—What will reduce the hips?
A.—Try to reduce the weight in general. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Mrs. J. A. P. Q.—What can be done for superfluous hair on the face?
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

F. J. Q.—What can be done to overcome pin worms in children between the ages of 7 and 9?
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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FULLERS BACK HOME
RICKLE, Aug. 26.—Mrs. George Fuller and her mother-in-law returned from Brookings Thursday where they had gone for Mrs. George Fuller's two small sons, George Jr. and Billy. The lady spent six weeks with their aunt, Mrs. Alameda Holst.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More chance finds of rich miles told:
(Continuing from yesterday.)

"One afternoon in the late fall of 1854, with John Fowler, a boon companion of equal shiftness and dissipated habits, he left Benton's Bar for Camp Corona. On the way the two men, who had been drinking heavily, sought refuge for the night in a deserted miner's cabin located in a narrow canyon.

"While they were sleeping a heavy rain began to fall, and soon the cabin was beset by water which came rushing down the steep sides of the canyon and flooded the stream at its bottom. Both men, still dazed by drink, were swept into the flood, and carried by it into the darkness.

"Fowler was drowned, but Martin was washed into a clump of scrub oaks, and clinging to the branches until morning, escaped with his life. When the waters had fallen he secured a pick and shovel and began to dig a grave for his dead mate. He selected a sandy spot at the base of a cliff, and barely two feet below the surface came upon what appeared to be a nugget of extraordinary size.

"It was larger than a calf's head, and so heavy that its finder was unable to carry it. Repeated tests convinced Martin that it was gold, and, leaving the grave unfinished, he hurried to Camp Corona for help. There a miner reluctantly consented to return with him to the canyon; but, having no faith in Martin's story, he said that he did so not to carry nuggets, but to help bury Fowler.

"The sequel proved that the chunk Martin had unearthed was a lump of gold weighing 80 pounds—the largest nugget ever found in California—and it required the combined efforts of the two men to convey it to Camp Corona. It sold in the end for \$27,000, after it had earned large sums from exhibitions in various parts of the country. Diligent search over the entire length of the canyon revealed nothing else of value, but the chance discovery of the great nugget made a man of Martin.

"He quit drinking on the instant, prospered in the ventures in which proceeds of his find enabled him to engage, and ended his days in New Orleans, after having made a fortune from quartz mining in Yucatan."

More of the chapter's story: "A half-breed Indian was the unwilling discoverer of the second largest nugget ever found in California. Two young men from St. Louis bought a placer claim in Nevada county. It had never yielded more than color and promises, and old timers told the new owners that they had put good money into a doubtful proposition. This, however, did not discourage them.

"Instead they set to work with a will, built sluices, and pushed with vigor their hunt for gold. One of the men in their employ was a young half-breed Indian, who, after the day's work and while his fellows were at supper, went to the creek to wash his overalls. In due course he spread them on the sluice to dry, and then it was that a yellow rock in the muddy stream caught his eye.

"He waded into the water and rolled the rock over several times, gold for he had never seen that metal in other form than tiny flakes or bits the size of pinheads. Next morning, however, when he returned for his overalls he called the attention of the foreman to

the yellow rock in the stream. The miner's trained eye instantly recognized in it a nugget of great size and value. It weighed 65 pounds, filled a peck measure, and sold for a little more than \$17,000. The owners of the claim gave each of their workmen \$100, and the half-breed an additional \$300 for his luck in finding the nugget. Thereafter their property yielded them modest returns, but no other nugget larger than a pea."

The next story: "Thirty-six years ago James Brown Scott was a tutor in chemistry at the University of Michigan. When his health failed, he sought to recover it in the mining regions of Arizona. He spent some time in Jerome, and then went to the Harqua Hala mines on the Colorado river.

"When warm weather came on he proposed to a couple of miners employed at Harqua Hala that they should cross Arizona and spend the summer in and about the Grand Canyon, 200 miles to the northward, making the trip on horseback and looking for mineral wealth on the way. Several old miners pronounced the project a foolish one, and told them that they stood no chance of finding pay ore of any sort or description in the region they proposed to traverse.

"In May, 1896, however, Scott and the two miners set out for the Grand Canyon, and, prospecting as they advanced, but without results, in August reached Ash Fork. There the miners said they were tired of a bootless quest, and announced their purpose to push on to the Grand Canyon to rest and hunt.

"But Scott was confident that there was mineral to be found between Ash Fork and the Colorado, and so, while his companions went on toward the canyon, he hired a pack horse and headed north in the direction of the White Hills silver mines. On the tenth day of his quest he discovered surface indications of a highly mineralized formation beneath, and before the end of the second week he found outcroppings which assured him of the presence of rich ore in a series of ledges on the hillsides of a desolate valley in Mojave country.

"Assays proved that this ore

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Slug's villainous eyes peering from out the mass of whiskers filled Cavanaugh with a desire to explode with laughter. "Don't put those eyes on me that way, Slug—I can't stand it!" he cried, struggling to keep from roaring. "You look like a bilious posthum!"

Slug growled in his whiskers. "Quit your kidding, Lucky. Want the cops to recognize you and pick us up?"

This wisdom was too obvious to be ignored. Cavanaugh removed his coat and knotted the red handkerchief around his neck. The perfection of the disguise lay in its simplicity.

"I figured I might find you at her house," said Slug. "Ever since Poletski started gunning for you I've been sitting on a hot stove. You know it was him that blasted the Santos dame, don't you?"

"Certainly I know it," said Cavanaugh. "If the dumb cops hadn't grabbed you up I know you would have taken care of the boobunk yourself."

"Matter of fact, I had a notion to soften his skull myself last night, but I thought maybe I ought to talk to you first."

"Forget that idea," Cavanaugh told him firmly. "A dead Poletski won't do me any good. I owe him to Mulrooney. That Kruger job doesn't matter but I've got to clear my name about Annette Santos."

Cavanaugh was not thinking of clearing his name or protecting his life as a major obligation. The main job was to deliver Poletski to Mulrooney in exchange for Mulrooney's silence about Leni Lunska.

With Mulrooney satisfied the other thing wouldn't matter so much. "You ought to be able to beat that Santos rap easily," said Slug.

"Ought to, yes, but they can make it tough for me if they want a post," said Cavanaugh. "Mulrooney knows I didn't kill that girl. They've plenty of witnesses that heard the shot come from outside my apartment. Some of them saw a man climbing down the fire escape. It was bad enough to have the girl killed in my apartment without being arrested for murdering her."

Cavanaugh felt better after unburdening himself. He was not complaining, merely stating facts. "You certainly got plenty against Poletski alright," said Slug judicially. "A guy like that don't deserve no consideration."

They were driving down Santa Monica boulevard toward the neighborhood of the Paramount Studio. In this locality there would be any number of men similarly garbed, and the chances were a thousand to one against recognition. Until they decided what to do, the vicinity of a major studio was safe territory. In the midst of his whiskers and Slug struggled with an ethical problem.

"I know exactly how you feel," he said thoughtfully. "Poletski ought to be ventilated, but it's an unpleasant job. I mean, it's unpleasant for a man like you. Me, I don't mind it so much."

"No—that's the dumb way," said Cavanaugh decisively. "I never thought I'd see the day when I'd turn anybody over to the coppers, but Poletski's got it coming."

Slug's voice became a troubled. "Myself, I'd rather give him the business."

Slug had worked on only one job with Poletski—and since the man had tried to kill Cavanaugh—he no longer had any standing as a pal.

contained 127 ounces of silver, \$8 in gold and 600 pounds of lead to the ton, and Scott knew that his fortune was made.

"There resulted from his find the town of Chloride and three mines which for a time yielded \$80,000 a month in silver and lead. Scott sold his interest in them for \$175,000, but the two miners who left him at Ash Fork to hunt game in the Grand Canyon ended their days as penniless prospectors.

Reading further: "Finally, the Rand group of gold mines, long the richest in southern California, were found by men who were without practical experience as miners.

"In the opening days of 1895 Frederick M. Mooers was a reporter on the staff of the Los Angeles Express. John Singleton, a clerk in a general store at Bakersfield, and Charles A. Burcham had lately failed as a retail butcher in San Bernardino. In February of the year named there was a short lived stampede to Golfer, a valley in the Mojave desert, where placer gold had been found in paying quantities. Mooers, Singleton and Burcham joined in the rush and camped together at Golfer.

"While others dry washed the desert sand for gold, Mooers and Singleton concluded that Golfer countless ages ago had been the heart of a volcanic crater, and that the golden flakes in the sand had once been part of the volcano's rim."

(Concluded on Tuesday.)

V. L. Young Hurt Severely by Small Dog Who Bites Him

JEFFERSON, Aug. 26.—V. L. Young, who is visiting at the home of relatives, the C. L. Hartley family, two miles northeast of Jefferson, was bitten by a dog the first of the week. Young was at the Lee Wells home, and was playing with the dogs, when the small dog jumped up and bit him on the nose and upper lip. The local physician was called, and it was found that the wound was made in such a manner that it could not be sowed up. Young's nose also received several deep tooth marks, made by this small dog.



Slug's voice became troubled. "Myself, I'd rather give him the business."

The bond between Slug and Cavanaugh, according to any code, automatically put Slug wholeheartedly on the young gambler's side.

"Another thing we've got to consider," Cavanaugh went on, "is to keep from involving you and the other boys. I'm not going to do anything that will get you in wrong, Slug. If anybody gives Poletski the rod, then the Santos murder remains a mystery."

It was a mystery beyond Slug's ability to solve. "As far as Poletski's two partners are concerned—they screwed out of town already," Slug said. "They're practically strangers to me, and I don't think Poletski knew 'em very well neither. You needn't worry about them. Far as I'm concerned, I'll be okay. I can take it on the lam myself if it will help you any."

There was something ridiculous about the man, but Cavanaugh was touched. Slug, beyond doubt, was a public enemy but he had the virtue named loyalty, at least.

"You're a swell guy, Slug," said Cavanaugh with sincerity. They were both thinking the same thing. It was going to be up to Cavanaugh alone to deal with Poletski.

Cavanaugh knew that he would have to tighten his brain and squeeze out an inspiration. The problem that confronted him was a matter of intelligence. He did not want to kill Poletski. He had not even wanted to punch Mulrooney on the chin. Of his own accord, Lucky Cavanaugh was the best-natured fellow in the world, but there was now a tightening in his nerves that told him the time was at hand to get ready for action.

"If you say the word I'll take the whole proposition off your hands and settle it myself," said Slug.

They were still driving around aimlessly. They had passed several policemen, but the battered car with its two costumed characters

failed to bring the bat of an eye from the officers. "You've done plenty for me already," said Cavanaugh. "Where is this fellow Poletski staying?"

Slug turned the car into Vine street and drove along casually towards Sunset Boulevard.

"The three of 'em had an apartment on Western Avenue. Poletski is still staying there. He never gets up before noon because he don't like to go out in the day time. Not even for meals. He's a guy that don't eat much. You know, he's always full of junk. All the same, you've got to be careful when you ram into him. He's as nervous as a cat and he handles himself pretty good."

His eyes peered at Cavanaugh's face—and saw the grim and earnest set of the young gambler's jaw. "That's swell," said Cavanaugh. "Now I want you to take me down there, Slug, and drop me off. After you do that I want you to back out of the whole business and stay out—for your own protection."

Cavanaugh, despite his seriousness, found it difficult to keep a sober look and gaze upon his bewhiskered and plaid-shirted accomplice. Unless he controlled himself, a sudden fit of mirth at Slug's ridiculous appearance would upset him. Cavanaugh's sense of humor was a treacherous weakness capable of throwing him into peeling laughter at the most solemn moments.

"Whatever you say goes with me," said Slug. "But I better stick along—just in case."

"It's my party," said Cavanaugh amiably, "and you're not invited, pal. You better get out of town and fix up an alibi on that safe business. How you fixed for money?"

"More than I need," returned Slug. Cavanaugh said nothing further to him. From now on it was, indeed, Lucky's exclusive party.

(To Be Continued)

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

August 27, 1908
Contracts let for construction of Eaton hall on Willamette university campus; H. Snook and N. Teaver of Salem get general contract for \$43,400. Steiner & Berger heating contract for \$3150; structure donated by Hon A. E. Eaton.

Proposed plan of guarantee in national deposit banks "puts a premium on reckless banking and is an inducement to reckless banking," declares W. H. Taft, republican presidential nominee, in campaign statement at Hot Springs.

W. Nichols, teamster employed

Under Fire

MONMOUTH, Aug. 26.—Miss Emma Kramer was hostess Friday afternoon at her home to the Home Economics club, Monmouth grange auxiliary, at a charmingly appointed lawn dinner. Additional hostesses were Mrs. Paul Riley, Mrs. Carl Iverson and Mrs. L. E. Forbes. About 40 enjoyed the affair. Those having birthdays in July and August were remembered with appropriate gifts. Mrs. William Riddell, chairman of the club, presided at a short business meeting, which was followed by a social good time, including a short program.

HAMMOCKS COME HOME
CLEAR LAKE, Aug. 26.—Mrs. Fred Hammond and little daughter and son Jimmie and Grandma Hammond returned home this week from Washington where they have been visiting relatives. Mrs. Bill Clement has recovered from her recent illness and is able to be up and around.

MRS. TERRY ILL
SILVERTON, Aug. 26.—Mrs. Ward Terry, is reported as being ill at her home in Cowling Addition. Mrs. Terry has been ordered by her physician to take a rest which will be followed by a major operation.