

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Member of the Associated Press

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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 60 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents monthly; \$4.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Astoria Regatta

THURSDAY and Friday and Saturday Astoria is presenting her annual regatta on the Columbia estuary. It will be a gala event. The lord high admiral of the occasion will be Walter W. R. May of Portland. Walter was appointed a year ago when he was associate editor of the Oregonian and before he became manager of the Portland chamber of commerce which has recently done its best to put the estuary bridge on pontoons instead of piers. For the occasion however we are sure that hostilities will be suspended and the proper amenities observed.

A few weeks ago one of the minions of the Astoria press called on us and offered us a place as one of the admirals or captains or stokers we have forgotten just which. Having skipped a rowboat on a river in the catfish country we should qualify just as well as some other editors we might name. Elbert Bede would have this advantage though; if the boat struck a rock he could wade ashore. We should do as well as the captain of the "Pinafore":

Captain: "Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef and steer,
And ship a seavag;
I am never known to quail
And I'm never, never sick at sea!"

All: "What, never?"
Captain: "No, never!"
All: "What, never?"
Captain: "Hardly ever!"

All: "He's hardly ever sick at sea!"
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy captain of the "Pinafore!"

Captain: "Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though, 'bother it,' I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—"

All: "What, never?"
Captain: "No, never!"
All: "What, never?"
Captain: "Hardly ever!"

All: "Hardly ever swears a big, big D—"

Perhaps Walter May's preparation is like that of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., first lord of the admiralty in "Pinafore":
"When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
I polished the handle so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navy!"

The pictures show that Admiral May looks well in uniform—jaunty cap, double-breasted jacket with plenty of gold lace, and white trousers. We would be tempted to go to the regatta and officiate as one of the vice admirals, only we have no white pants. If we go though we promise to let the Budget sell its special edition from the poop deck; and we will not say a word about past-due bonds.

Astoria is a fine place for a regatta. They have a fine stretch of water; and this is a splendid way to popularize it. Valley folk should find the event refreshingly different from rodeos and strawberry festivals.

The Brain Trust

THE brain trust has been made the subject of much jesting. But we find one of the most engaging features of the Roosevelt administration is the introduction of fresh blood into political leadership whether it comes from the colleges or the business offices or the army. Hoover's great fault was the company he kept. He was surrounded with worn-out party hacks on the theory that since he didn't know politics he should have practical politicians who did. But they were out of tune with the people. Politically speaking Hoover was out of tune most of the time. His own ineptitude was in part due to the type of advisors he selected. Orthodox republican leadership had exhausted itself.

Roosevelt has had almost uncanny sagacity in picking his associates. Even when one departs, as Prof. Moley, he leaves a friend to carry on the president's battle in another field. It is folly to laugh at the brain trust. The test is the ideas they advance and the type of leadership they supply.

A Walla Walla scoutmaster was drowning in the whirling waters of the Columbia. Hearing the master's cries for help, a 12-year old scout, a Japanese boy of Walla Walla, swam out to help him. He too was sucked under in the fierce current. "Greater love" hath no white man, than this little Jap boy.

The Eugene News thinks "the time was never ripe for general acceptance of a sound reorganization of taxation." We rise to amend: override as to need; underripe as to public willingness to pay.

Some unknown hero beat up on Huey Long in the men's lavatory of a country club. An appropriate place for an appropriate victim.

The Oreg headline inquires: "Who Pinned Hook on Huey's Eye?" For years the standard in the trade has been: "De Long hook and eye."

The weather man seems to be getting in form for the state fair.

At least Moley can start without a delinquent subscriber.

Full fashion note: women's hats reach new peak.

Wiener Roast and Swimming Enjoyed As Birthday Treat

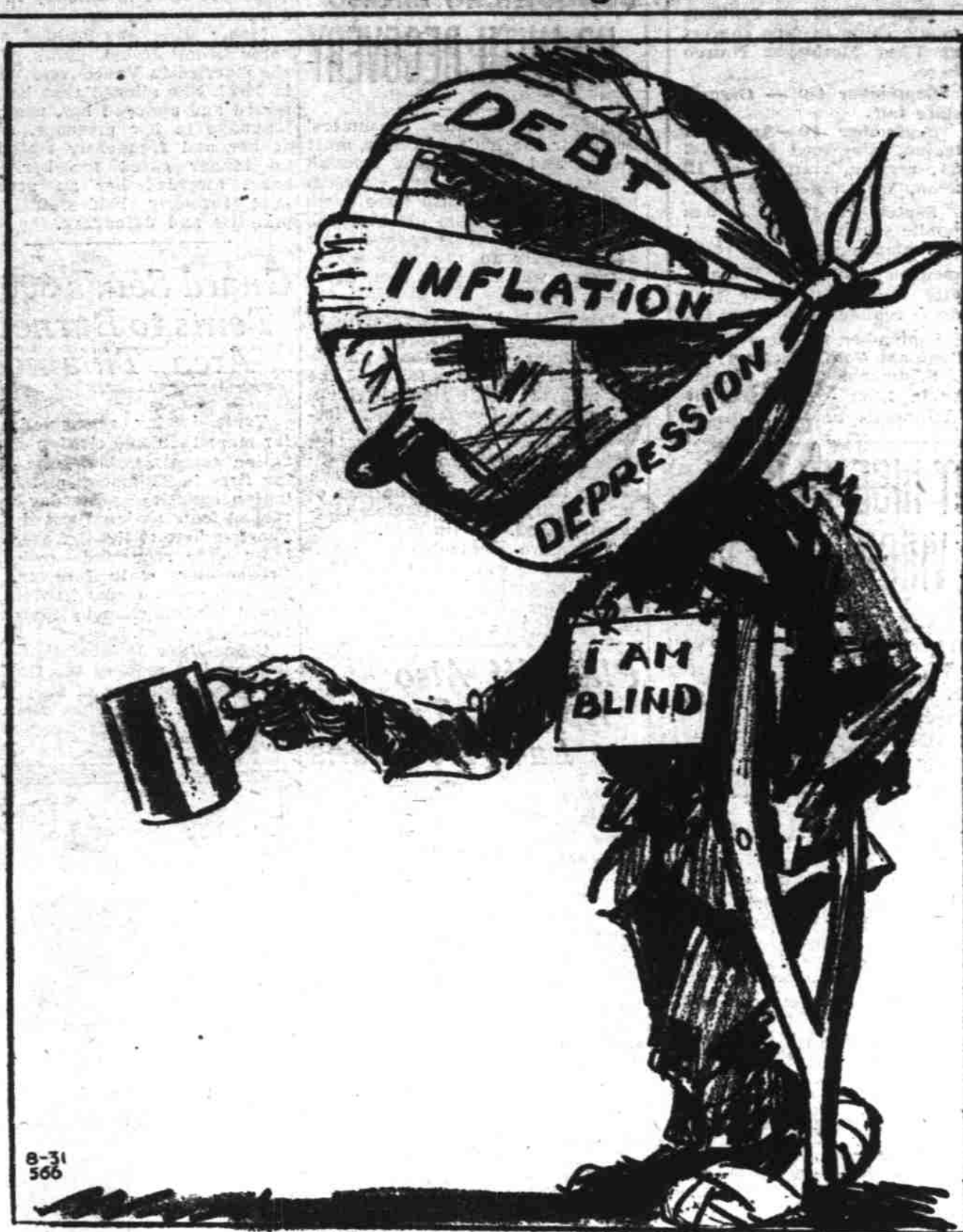
AUMSVILLE, Aug. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Keith honored their daughter Wilma on her ninth birthday with a wiener roast and swimming. Present were Jean and Gale Keith, Betty Snyder, Viola Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Keith and Wilma. Threshing in this community is well under way. The crop is a little better than the average. Miss Leota Bradley who is a student nurse at St. Vincent's hospital at Portland spent the week-end at the home of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bradley. A large group of people from this community have gone to the hop yards.

Patrick, Grover are Defendants in Suits

DALLAS, Aug. 29.—John Green filed a complaint here Monday against F. C. Patrick and A. M. Patrick in which he seeks a judgment for \$210, with interest from June 10, 1931, and \$50 attorney fees. Ellis Davidson filed a foreclosure complaint against M. C. Grover, et al, and seeks a judgment for \$505 with interest from June 16, 1931, and \$75 attorney fees.

No One to Beg From



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

CONTRARY to a popular belief, "harelip" is not an hereditary defect. It is congenital, of course, resulting from incomplete joining together of certain structures of the face.

It is caused by some faulty development of the body before birth. But one case in a family does not mean that others will be afflicted in the same way. Occasionally harelip is accompanied by a similar defect of the hard palate. When the tissues here fail to join, there is left a cleft or fissure in the middle of the roof of the mouth. This is the deformity spoken of as "cleft palate." It is not as common as harelip, but is occasionally seen in the infant who is also the victim of harelip.

A Handicap to Children

Unfortunately many parents hesitate to allow such a child to be operated upon. They fail to realize that it is only by means of surgery that "cleft palate" can be corrected.

Neglect of this condition in infancy may lead to marked under-nourishment of the child. Whenever that happens there is a decrease in the normal resistance against contagious diseases. The baby has difficulty in nursing and consequently fails to receive proper quantities of food.

It is true that there are some children who suffer from this ailment yet have no difficulty in obtaining sufficient nourishment. But no one will deny that a child who is afflicted with either harelip or cleft palate enters the world with a marked handicap. He is sure to be the victim of many hours of unnecessary anguish.

Operation Perfected Now

Within recent years tremendous strides have been made in the perfection of this operation. No longer is it a serious and dreaded ordeal. I am glad to say that in most instances the results of the operation are more than gratifying. Often it is scarcely possible to detect any sign or trace of the scar.

The operation should be performed as soon as possible. The time most ideal for the operation should be determined by the physician. He will take into consideration the age, weight and general health of the child. The operation must be performed in early childhood since once the bones have set and become hard it is almost impossible to correct the deformity.

Every parent should take advantage of all that modern medicine and surgery offer for the correction of such birth defects as cleft palate and harelip.

Answers to Health Queries

I, A. Q.—I was afflicted with infantile paralysis when two years old—I am now twenty-one. I have been told that I will not be able to walk when older unless my leg is massaged and I am worried. Where could I go for advice and treatment?

A.—Apply at one of the hospitals where they will be glad to go into detail along these lines.

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Virgil Trick Heads Rosedale Endeavor

ROSEDALE, Aug. 29.—The Christian Endeavor society reorganized Sunday night and elected the new officers: President, Virgil Trick; vice-president, Ruth Cammack; secretary, Lacy Boje; treasurer, Ernest Pearson; committee chairman: A. R. Cammack, prayer meeting; Velleda Trick, lookout; Esther Cammack, missionary; Paul Cammack, social. Milo Ross, pastor, conducted the installation.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Checking up, and more dreams:

As indicated in the concluding words yesterday, there is more to tell about "Dream Gulch" Davis. First, this letter to the Bits man, dated Dallas, Oregon, Rt. 3, Aug. 23, '33, from Jay Powell, of the historic Powell family of that section:

"In reply to your query if any old timers of Monmouth remember 'Dream Gulch' Davis will say that I remember Davis quite well. 'Ho and his family visited my father's home in Monmouth many times. And as a boy I listened open mouthed to his tales of mining adventures. The main facts of his dream were so well authenticated as to be beyond doubt. That version of the mysterious partner is one I never heard before. 'I do not remember whether I heard Davis tell about his dream or not. The story was so well known in Monmouth that very likely he did not bother to repeat it. Davis was a liberal spender and gave freely to church and the school at Monmouth. Through business reverses and bad luck he lost most of his fortune. 'He went to Portland to sell some of his fine horses. The sale was made, but there the trail was lost. Some months later a miner came to Los Angeles with some specimens of quartz. The assay proved the specimens worthless. That night people at the miner's boarding place heard a shot and rushing to his room found him dead with a gun in his hand. That was the supposed end of 'Dream Gulch' Davis. Some articles of clothing were later identified by his wife. 'He sleeps in an unknown grave, whether in Los Angeles or elsewhere is uncertain. One of the many adventures who gave their lives for a golden dream."

Second, this letter, dated Monmouth, Oregon, Aug. 23, 1933, to the Bits man, to be relayed to Rufus Rockwell Wilson, of the Press of the Pioneers, 1107 Broadway, New York, author of the book:

"Dear Sir: There appears a story or sketch from your book ('Out of the West'), in Bits for Breakfast, . . . Salem Statesman. 'I am writing this letter because I can speak somewhat authentically, as I am F. M. Davis's only son and one of his three surviving children. In the main, the story is quite correct, but some small deviations appear. (Harrison Ebbert, not Everett. 'F. M. Davis disappeared in Portland, having quite a sum of money, and took his own life in a hospital in Los Angeles. The public administrator took charge of his money, and that of many others, and departed to parts unknown. 'The later dream referred to is another phase of the story which is not true, but considering that the story is from the pen of a stranger, it is very good. 'I am enclosing a copy of my own 'Treasure Dream,' for your perusal. I hope to secure this great wealth at no distant date, and will add another chapter to what to me is revealed truth, sometimes called a dream. Sincerely, Eldon Davis, son of F. M. (or 'Dream Gulch') Davis. Address, Eldon Davis, box 315, Monmouth, Oregon."

There was added this note to the Bits man: "P. S.: For your information, we are sending letter to author of the book you mentioned, together with copy of my own 'Treasure Dream.' Enclosed find stamped envelope, and after you have read it please send on to author. I have this dream written in story form. Eldon Davis, box 315, Monmouth, Oregon."

There follows, from Eldon Davis, under the headline, "My Treasure Dream," the enclosure:

"While living in a small town, I dreamed a dream that took me three nights to dream. In this dream, I saw where a treasure is buried, 'consisting of gold bars, Spanish slugs, and Spanish coins, and an immense diamond. 'The treasure was buried a distance of 12 miles from the small town where I lived, within the city limits of a larger town. I took a friend, and we went horseback to get the treasure, and, in the dream, we found a small diamond out of the ground; and, wanting some ready money with which to reach San Francisco, we sold this small diamond for \$235, to a jeweler in a town whom I had described to my friend as being a small man with a large red mustache. 'In the dream, I saw the interior of his store, and described it fully to my friend. With this \$235, we reached San Francisco, and at the mint converted all our gold into American gold coin, but could not dispose of the immense diamond, so from San Francisco we went to London, and there finally negotiated the sale of our diamond for \$3,000,000. After the deal was completed, and they had the diamond and we the money, one of the men in the deal asked if we knew what the diamond was worth. We said: 'Our price is what you paid us, and we hope it is worth a great deal more.' He gave a sickly grin, and said: 'It is worth 20 million dollars.' 'After visiting in England, Ireland, France and Italy, we returned to the United States, and

Horst company of London to open hop agency here with Harry E. V. Bolam, direct from the main office in London, in charge.

Arrangements made by Oregon Electric company with Zedoc J. Riggs to open downtown ticket office in Riggs' Capital drug store at corner of State and Liberty streets; cars to stop south of State on High street.

August 30, 1933

Planning to restore water traffic on the Willamette river as far south as Salem while river is high enough, J. W. Exon and C. Blumh, former Willamette river captains, and James L. Bacon, lease Portland Navigation company's boat "Northwestern," first cargo to be 3000 tons of wheat to be carried from Dayton to Portland.

Record year in 1933 for building here foreseen; \$2,000,000 in permits issued by city recorder since January, 1931.

Officer Walter Thompson acting as chief of police in absence of Chief Birchett who is on returning trip on McKenzie river.

"PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Gerstenfeld left her hanging in silence for a matter of seconds. Then—
"Get off that wire," he said with a flash of white heat. "Get off or I'll wring your neck!"
It seemed impossible that he had spoken that way.

"But you don't understand—this is Leni Lueska. I want to talk to you about my contract, Mr. Gerstenfeld. We really ought to settle it up, you know. We didn't decide anything about releasing me from it when you left and—"
"That man Cavanaugh—"
Gerstenfeld's voice cracked and became almost a scream. "He's a dog—he's worse than a dog! He's a—"

Leni went white and hung up the telephone.
But she was not half as white as Herman Gerstenfeld. He had rid himself of coat, vest and necktie. He had been running his fingers through his hair and it now literally stood on end.

His eyes—famous as living, glowing bulbs of human intelligence—were now sunken and as lustreless as stagnant pools at the bottom of a dark well.

His desk, the front of his clothes, the carpet around his leather chair was littered with hundreds of square white flakes.
For the last hour Herman Gerstenfeld, the master director of the motion picture industry—had been tearing bits of paper into small particles and tossing them into the air over his head. As they fluttered down he had turned up his coat collar as if against a snow storm, a grin of terrible foolishness on his strained face.

A faint echo of noises from the street could be heard in the cheaply furnished two-room apartment occupied by Steve Poletski. Poletski, stretched out on a green chesterfield, stopped reading the sporting page and listened.

Half by instinct and half with his acute sense of hearing, he thought someone had paused outside his door. For a moment he listened, but the sound—if sound there was—did not repeat itself.

The newspaper rattled in his hand as Poletski laboriously continued his reading. He shifted himself to a more comfortable position, his pale eyebrows drawn up in the strain of reading. This was the only part of the paper that interested him.

The mind, however, refused to hold to the printed page and he sat upright and listened again. Some- one beyond question, was in the hall.

People were in the hall frequently—neighbors, children, milk men. This time, though, Poletski's senses stirred with a sensation of stealth.

There was no alarm in the man as he got up. He was as safe as he had ever been in his life. The police couldn't be looking for him because the police didn't know who he was.

His coat was off and under his gray shirt his heart was beating normally. He looked steadily at the knob on the painted door. Nothing happened to the knob but, immediately, someone rapped several times—a frank and calm knocking. Nothing to be alarmed about.

It might have been the man about the newspaper or one of the



Poletski's hand came out with a gun, but Cavanaugh with a swift, deft grip, caught his wrist and twisted it aside.

countless solicitors and canvassers who infest buildings with unguarded entrances.

Poletski got his automatic from a table and put it in his hip pocket. This was common sense.

"Who's there?" he called in a surly voice.

No one answered. The silence irritated Poletski and then made him angry, for he was a man of short temper. He had no fear whatsoever, no feeling of danger. Mentally he had no more acumen than a vicious dog.

With a rapid, impatient move, he unlocked the door and flung it open, his pallid face glowing. One hand was on the knob, the other dangling.

"Hello, Poletski," said Lucky Cavanaugh coolly. "I want to talk with you."

Poletski stepped back and reached with his right hand toward his hip pocket.

The hand came out with a gun right enough, but Cavanaugh with a swift, deft grip, caught the wrist and twisted it aside. His strength was twice that of Poletski and it was no trouble at all, with a simple jiu-jitsu twist, to make the "junky" drop the automatic to the worn carpet.

"Take it easy, Poletski," said Cavanaugh without raising his voice.

He kicked the door shut behind him, still holding the killer by the wrist. After that it was simple to force the man across the room and push him down onto the divan. Releasing his grip, Cavanaugh picked the weapon off the carpet and put it in his own pocket.

(To Be Continued)

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Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

NO TAXES FOR RELIEF

The writer believes that it is ill-advised to try to enact new tax legislation for relief work in Oregon. It is true that there has been spent and is being spent thousands of dollars of federal money for relief work in the state, and now that the government will no longer furnish this money, there is found to be a larger shortage of funds.

But of this money, coming as it does on what might be loosely termed a competitive basis to the counties from the national government, there has not doubt been waste and much too liberal spending. That this is a fact can be proven by the news items from various communities, since the notice by the government that relief money would not be wholly furnished from Washington, stating that administrative and other costs have been cut.

People in distress, especially children and aged and infirm people, ought to be taken care of. But there has grown up so much codding and crying that perfectly able people have become convinced that the other fellow ought to carry them on their backs.

Well, no matter on whose backs they have to be carried, let's not put them on the taxpayer. By everything that is holy and worthwhile and respectable, let us quit trying to pay for everything with more taxes, when taxes are largely unpaid now.

This newspaper believes that the Sheridan community, with the aid that it has been getting from the Red Cross, can amply take care of its indigent and probably help a little farther out. If the federal government will give a part of the money, the communities of Oregon should be able to guarantee the remainder and that should solve the problem for the coming winter.

We do not believe the people of Oregon will sanction a session of the legislature or approve of a sales tax, even for relief work.—Sheridan Sun.

ENJOY HUCKLE PARTY

HUBBARD, Aug. 29.—Sunday a party which included Mr. and Mrs. John Friend, Marjorie and Naomi Friend, Mr. and Mrs. John

Smolinsky, Mr. and Mrs. Bob O'Leary, Mrs. Marie Claypool and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Friend motored to Mt. Hood to pick huckleberries on the Wapinitia cutoff. Several gallons of berries were picked.

MILL CITY YOUTH SELLS THIRD POEM

MILL CITY, Aug. 29.—Arey Podrabsky of Mill City is receiving the congratulations of his friends upon having one of his poems published in an eastern magazine. The poem is entitled "Waiting" and has just been published in the current issue of Galaxy. This is the third one he has sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Van Dahl and family are moving from the Fred Horner house which they have occupied for the past year to one of the company houses near the river on the Linn county side. The house has been remodeled.

The members of the Mill City Rebekah lodge were hostesses to the members of their families and the members of the Odd Fellows lodge at a picnic Thursday evening at Rock Creek.

A potluck supper was enjoyed Friday night by members of the Presbyterian church on the church lawn. At a business meeting later one of the matters discussed was the desire to have a resident minister for the church if possible.

Mannen Gets 30 Days In Jail on 2 Counts

WOODBURN, Aug. 29.—Lester Mannen was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail on a larceny charge and for assault and battery. He was to have had a trial Monday, but pleaded guilty instead. He took an automobile tire, tube and rim from C. H. Sinram. The assault was made upon Mrs. Della Hyland.

CLUB LEADER CALLS

DAYTON, Aug. 29.—Mrs. Alfred Allen of Dundee, president of the county federation of Women's clubs, was calling on Dayton friends Thursday. She is recovering from a severe stroke of illness suffered about two months ago that was brought on by influenza in December. The right side of her face is partially paralyzed.