

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Member of the Associated Press

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Portland Representatives  
Gordon E. 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. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 Year \$80.00. Elsewhere 10 cents per Mo., or \$9.00 for 1 year in advance.  
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$3.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## Gold Exports

PERMISSION to export fresh-mined gold is an inevitable consequence of going off the gold standard, which has resulted in putting gold at a premium over currency. With the fixed price \$20.67 and the world price approximately \$30, gold miners were handicapped so long as they could not export to the London or Paris markets.

The next step will be the establishment of a free market in this country, the same as they had in post-civil war days. Gold then becomes a commodity to be traded in like copper or rubber. And speculators play the gold market up or down, the same as cotton or pork. This means that in addition to fluctuations in commodity prices among themselves, there is fluctuation in the price of gold with respect to currency. Business is made even more of a gamble than it was. Undoubtedly there will be a drive for true inflation as distinct from pseudo-inflation which the country has now. Financial commentators fully expect it this fall if recovery shows signs of sagging. Any morning we may wake up with a dollar devalued by executive decree.

## Squeezing Ford

WE ARE not particularly enthusiastic about the moves of the administration to put the squeeze on Henry Ford. Ford was the real originator of the idea of building up prosperity by paying good wages. While some of his labor policies have been considered ruthless, on the whole he has set the pace in all mass production industry for high wages to workmen. NRA is in some respects founded on the Ford idea. So it doesn't set very well to have Gen. Johnson shove a pen in his hand and tell him to "sign here" on a code drawn by an organization he is not a member of. Ford has always played a lone hand both in auto making and in banking. His wages and conditions of labor are now probably better than the auto code prescribes. He will be a hard man to drive. We see no particular glory in grabbing him by the scruff of the neck and shoving him "into line."

## Cows for Russian Peasants

THE Russian government is offering a million peasant families cows which will become their private property. The government is thus undertaking to correct what turned out to be a grave economic error. A few years ago the peasants sacrificed nearly all their farm animals. Between government exactions of feed grains and meat animals the peasants quit raising farm stock. The result has been disastrous. Work animals were too few in number; and cows and meat animals so few the peasant families did not get enough to eat. Starvation has stalked through the country the past few months as it has not since the 1921 famine.

Thus does the soviet modify its system to meet conditions as they arise. Possession of cows by peasants does not mean the restoration of the private profit system; but it does mean that reposing too much control in the state leads to inevitable breakdown. Even Russia must rely in a measure on individual initiative and responsibility.

The German dictator manages things differently. Childless women are to be taxed extra "for inefficiency in failing to increase the race". Evidently Germany isn't in favor of plowing under every fifth infant.

Huey Long said they had driven the polecats out of Louisiana. That's the trouble; one of them was sent to the U. S. senate.

# "PREMIERE" By ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Leni had the sensation of being caught up and hurled by a strong wind. There she lay, breathing deeply. Her hair, bright and soft, was halter-skitter about her head. Gerstenfeld, his face and chest laboring, came and stood over her. "You'll run out, will you?" he roared with vicious viciousness. She was not injured physically but a dazed and paralyzing feeling of suffocation gathered around her heart. She had not lost her head. She would not scream or go into a panic.

The only hope was that Gerstenfeld would come to his senses. The burst of violence had drawn the color from his face, leaving it white as a sheet while he stood shaking and glowering beside the low, wide bed. His pallid lips lost their straight line and twisted in derision. "You won't get away!" His voice cracked like a whip. "You'll find out who's boss. I created you and I'll do what I please. No one is going to rob me. You're so beautiful—I could kill you!"

This explosion of the human mind in Leni's delicately-furnished bedroom was something beyond her control. With all of his restraint blown up, Gerstenfeld grew blinder and blinder in ungovernable rage. He poured out all the hatred and poison and bitterness of his life upon this girl whose beauty had come to symbolize his entire frustration.

The flood gates of his savagery were open. Leni could hear him gasp for breath. Half of it was insanity and half of it was sheer human brutality.

Leni waited for the storm to expend itself. Opening her eyes she saw Gerstenfeld standing between her and the window, his disheveled form swaying from side to side like an animal's, his fists clenched at his sides.

The vision trembled indistinctly through the involuntary tears that swam in her eyes.

"You don't know what you're saying!" she said in a low voice. "You are out of your head. This afternoon you said you were my friend—you cared for me—"

At these words Gerstenfeld quieted, became ominously silent. He stood, looking down at her for a moment and then sank down on the bed beside her.

He did not, at first, touch her. Leni lay motionless, scarcely breathing. Her very quietness, she hoped, would begin to calm him.

His eyes became hollow and hungry—fastened upon her in a futile effort to absorb her beauty and draw it into himself.

Thus, close to her, he was conscious of her faint breathing—an exhalation of freshness and delicate fragrance that crept into his being and swirled warmly in his throbbing veins.

There were soft rounded curves contrasting with the pure straight

lines of her slenderness. The late afternoon light flowed into the gleaming tresses of her arms and neck and into the golden recesses of her bright scattered hair. "Damn you, you're beautiful!" he said, between his teeth. He was aware in his inflamed mind of her magic unapproachability that for months had secretly heated the repressions in his blood and left him stagnant and helpless. Leni decided she must divert his mind.

"There were at least six girls in the last picture more beautiful than I am," she said. "They have personality, too—that's more important than beauty, isn't it?" But Gerstenfeld was not swayed. "Personality and beauty belong together," he replied. "You have both. You are the climax of everything."

He leaned closer to her. To be reminded of other women did nothing to cool the embittered desire and the tide of bitterness that ran in a hot pressure through his veins. One of his hands stretched out and he gradually laid it on her waist. It was the first time for as long as she had known him that he had ever touched her in this way.

She could feel the warmth of his touch. For a moment she was motionless, hoping he would remove the hand.

"There's no one on earth like you," he said huskily. She had humored him to this extent but now anger began to well up and sting her face.

"Get away from me, please!" she said sharply. At the same time she started to move herself to the far side of the bed.

"I can't live without you!" cried Gerstenfeld in a muffled voice. "I'd rather be dead than belong to me—damn you—I'll never let you go!"

A scream gathered in Leni's throat but before she could utter it a heavy force fell across her face—it was Gerstenfeld's forearm—a flung-out gesture of ferocity—a reckless blow that jarred and stunned and bewildered.

The next instant the uncontrolled man was crushing her in his arms.

It was as though thunder had crashed around her. She was in a grasp of iron, wound round with unbreakable strength as the hot waves of revulsion and horror broke over her.

For one dizzy second after the chair toppled backwards, Cavanaugh, with Steve Poletski on top, saw the man lift something heavy in his hand. The blow smashed toward Cavanaugh's head as both of them, with the chair beneath, struck the floor. Instinctively, as he fell, Cavanaugh twisted aside, but the object reached his head glancingly. For a moment he was confused by a swimming blindness. Then vision came back to him. Poletski was on top and had his arm raised to

strike an accurate and deadly blow. The thing he held in his hand was an iron book and smashed from a small table at the foot of the chestboard.

Dazed, but alive to his peril, Cavanaugh threw up an arm and caught the blow just above the wrist with a shock that numbed to the shoulder.

One of his hands managed to reach Poletski's throat and thereafter the man ceased to be a menace. Brown muscular fingers clamped into yielding flesh, cutting off the air stream and bringing the quick purple to Poletski's pallid face. The book-end dropped to the floor as Cavanaugh struggled upward. On his feet, he shook Poletski once or twice like a rat and hurled him crashingly against the wall.

It was enough. Physical fighting was not Poletski's game. He became limp and sick. Both hands were raised to his throat as he slumped against the wall. Where Cavanaugh's fingers had clutched were white livid marks.

"What's the matter?" asked Cavanaugh sarcastically. "Can't you take it?"

The other tried to speak. Down one of his cheeks a tear rolled, leaving a wet path behind it. His lips moved rigidly as he gasped air down his throat with a rasping noise.

"I can't... breathe..." The words struggled out hoarsely. Cavanaugh's hand was still a little dizzy from the struggle, but he had pulled himself together and was perfectly calm.

"Tender around the neck, eh?" he asked, meaningly. "If you thought that was tough—wait till you feel the noose!"

Poletski could not keep his hands away from his neck. The noose! Nothing now remained of his arrogance, his viciousness, his snarl and leer.

His dream—the dream of being hanged—turned his face a greenish hue. He was strangling. He was not asleep—he was awake, and it was real. Those tight fingers that had clutched his windpipe and shut off the air had filled him with a suffocated horror more terrible than his nerves could stand.

Poletski was not altogether a coward but bedded deep in his muddled soul was a grisly phobia. If it ever came to the surface, it would set him gibbering and screaming. A maddening obsession... like being buried alive...

Cavanaugh looked at Poletski as the man covered and kept clutching at his throat. The afternoon sunlight was falling and the gunman's countenance was cast with black shadow. It was a greenish wreck of a face bathed in cold sweat. The eyes bulged and were without lids. The hands might have belonged to a corpse.

"That damn rope—" he muttered vaguely.

(To Be Continued)  
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# Local News Briefs

**Tax Status Told**—First half property taxes for the year 1933 yet to be collected aggregate \$20,244.49, the state treasurer reported Thursday. The first half taxes aggregated \$1,500,000. Counties still delinquent in part payment of taxes are Crook, Curry, Jefferson and Tillamook. The last half 1933 taxes are due Nov. 1. The state land board turned over to the state treasurer in August \$128,258.55. George G. Brown, clerk of the land department, announced. Items included in the transfers were: Common school fund principal, payments on loans, \$94,267.11; common school fund principal, income sources, \$3,042; common school fund, interest, \$22,741.17; common school fund, abstract deposits, \$354; agricultural college fund principal, payments on loans, \$332.32; university fund principal, payments on loans, \$300. University fund interest, \$304.74; rural credits loan fund principal, \$1,022.92; rural credits reserve fund, interest, \$1,049.70; A. R. Burbank trust fund interest, \$103.50; J. P. Apperson fund principal, income sources, \$193.61.

**Reorganize Utah Firm**—Plans for the reorganization of the Western Loan and Building company of Salt Lake, which recently was taken over by the Utah Banking department, are now in progress, Charles H. Carey, state corporation commissioner, was advised Thursday. The proposed plan, which has received the approval of a committee of investors representing eight states in which the company operated, would call for a permanent reserve stock organization, with capital to come from investors. J. A. Mallia, Utah bank commissioner, said he favored reorganization on a mutual basis and requested Carey's opinion. Carey advised Mallia that every effort should be made to conserve the assets of the company and that liquidation should be deferred in event reorganization was possible.

**Kahles Say Not Guilty**—W. C. Kahle and Carl Kahle, charged

jointly with maintaining a slot machine, pleaded not guilty in justice court yesterday and trial was set for September 15 at 9:30 o'clock.

**Credit Men Meet**—The local Retail Credit association will meet this noon at the usual place, fifth floor of the Masonic temple. A speaker may be on hand, and if not there will likely be discussion of the membership campaign which the association will carry on shortly.

**BEARCAT BAKER WINS**  
SEATTLE, Aug. 31.—(AP)—George "Bearcat" Baker, Seattle light heavyweight, knocked out Jimmy Slavin of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round bout at the White Center arena tonight. Baker weighed 175 and Slavin 174.

**FARKERS TO DINE**  
Members of the city champion Parker's Sport Goods store kitball team will be feted with a banquet at the Senator tonight.

## ENJOYS SWIMMING MORE NOW!



A CIGARETTE TASTES MIGHTY GOOD AFTER A FEW DIVES. SINCE I SWITCHED TO CAMELS I'VE ENJOYED SWIMMING AND SMOKING MORE THAN EVER. IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW!

Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves... Never tire your Taste

## WARNER BROS. ELSINORE

TODAY AND SATURDAY  
Naughtycal! Nuttycal! Musical! — A Laugh-Loaded Drama Drenched With Song!



**MELODY CRUISE**  
A Musical Comedy  
ADDED Charlie Chase Comedy "Fallen Arches"  
Mar. 25c  
Eve. 50c  
Sents 25c

Mickey Mouse Matinee Saturday, 1 P. M.  
BIG UNIT SHOW!  
1—Chapter 1, "Phantom of the Air"  
2—Boots Grant and Stage Acts  
3—Tom Mix in "Terror Trail"  
4—Two Real Live Bears, "Tom & Jerry"

## WARNER BROS. CAPITOL

TOMORROW AND SUNDAY  
TWO FEATURES

Defying a world gone mad with hate... Two hearts that were mad with love!



Charlie Murray and George Sidney  
in  
The Cohens and Kellys  
**'A FAREWELL TO ARMS'**  
Bargain Hour 2 to 3 15c  
Any Seat 20c

## The Call Board..

- ELSNORE  
Today — Phil Harris and Charlie Ruggles in "Melody Cruise."
- CAPITOL  
Saturday and Sunday—Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms," and Charlie Murray and George Sidney in "Cohens and Kellys Caught Cheating."
- THE GRAND  
Today—Tim McCoy in "The Whirlwind."
- THE HOLLYWOOD  
Friday—George O'Brien in "Robbers' Roost."  
Saturday—"Robbers' Roost," plus midnight matinee of "Grand Slam."
- THE STATE  
Today—Charlie Murray and Moran and Mack (Two Black Crows) in "Hypnotized."  
Saturday—Alice White in "Murder at Midnight."

The passenger list of the S. S. Las Ondas, which embarks at the Elsinore theatre on a "Melody Cruise" from New York to California, includes one Broadway playboy in Phil Harris, a giddy husband on a bender in Charlie Ruggles, two gold-digging gerties, an adorable schoolmarm, a gossiping spinster, a bevy of de-

vastating damsels and an irascible wife. "Melody Cruise" is a musical production with innovations in rhythmic dialogue. Its frivolous and spicy story is set to music, but lacks the conventional routine of interruptions to the continuity of the picture.

Visitor Departs—Jack Ramsey, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. E. G. Rodgers of Salem Heights and other relatives here, left Wednesday night for San Francisco en route to his home. He expects to spend some time at Crater Lake and the Grand Canyon.

Hay Balers Hired—Five men were sent out by the U.S.-Y.M.C.A. employment bureau yesterday to hay baling jobs. Six others were placed at common labor, three at a cherry drying job and seven persons to pick blackberries.

**CHICHESTERS PILLS**  
A Home Owned Theater  
**HOLLYWOOD**  
TODAY AND SATURDAY  
Hair-Trigger Action Thrilling Romance  
**Zane Grey's ROBBERS' ROOST**  
with **George O'BRIEN** Maureen O'Sullivan

**State 10 THEATRE**  
Last Times Today  
The 8-Reel Comedy Feature Success  
**MORAN & MACK**  
SWNETS LAFF TORNADES  
**HYPONOTIZED**

**STARTS SUNDAY**  
First Showing in Salem!  
The Wildest Adventures Ever Filmed.  
**EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD**  
6 Explorers  
6 Expeditions

**COMING SUNDAY**  
The Season's Comedy Sensation  
"Mama's Boy" Becomes a Cave Man!  
**SUMMERVILLE**  
WITH PITTS  
**OUT ALL NIGHT**

**A ROUND-UP OF THRILLING ACTION AND ROMANTIC MELODrama!**  
**Tim McCoy**  
**WHIRLWIND**  
Added 2 COMEDIES Mickey's Big Broadcast Harry Grignon in "Hypnotized" Cartoon Fox News  
**GRAND**



**MIXED GAS HALF AND HALF, NOW USES ONLY SUPER SHELL AND GETS 3 1/10 EXTRA MILES TO THE GALLON**  
"I always used half premium gasoline and half regular in my Hudson," says Chas. Grant of Seattle, and "then Mr. Harris sold me on using straight Super Shell and my mileage by actual test increased from 11 to 14.1 miles per gallon."  
**Super-SHELL**  
YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE  
What a difference Super-Shell makes!  
WITHOUT FORMER 3/4 PREMIUM  
Contains Eka-benzol, a pure petroleum product high in anti-knock end mileage qualities