

Capital Journal

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Why a Warden?

One of the reasons for doubling the cost of hunting and angling licenses appears to be to enable the state game warden, who draws therefrom the modest stipend of \$3600 a year and expenses, to do propaganda work for the bureaucracy that controls our national forests—and acts as if it owned them. At any rate the warden has done little else recently besides run up and down the state at public expense opposing the plan of the National Park service to enlarge and develop Crater Lake National Park by including therein Diamond Lake.

The objection to Diamond lake's inclusion urged by the warden, is that the lake as part of a national park could not be used as a trout taking station by the state—but the real opposition comes from the Forestry Service which jealously opposes any project that takes even a few of the many millions of acres it is reserving from state taxation from its control. The Forest Bureau is the best example of a self-perpetuating bureaucracy our nation possesses, though the game service may some day equal it—give it time. The Forest Service is a scientifically organized political machine. You will find its representatives everywhere participating in public and social affairs. It is strong enough in congress to dictate legislation and powerful enough in the administration to thwart cabinet members. It has now evidently annexed the state game authorities.

As a matter of fact, Diamond lake is of no more value to the state as a trout station than a dozen other lakes not now utilized. The trout will be far better protected under federal supervision than under state supervision—which for mountain lakes is no protection at all. Fish-hogs are limited in national parks to a reasonable days sport—but whoever heard of a limit being enforced by state authorities? Has not the State Game Commission nullified trout protection in practically all the rivers of Oregon by abolishing closed season in all streams that have tide-water, and nearly all have? There might be more farcical rulings, but we doubt it. At any rate the Game Commission has done its best to promote the slaughter of trout.

There was a time when the game wardens work was to round up poachers, not protect them—but that was some time since. Now their chief occupation is organizing for political purposes, pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for bureaucrats and spreading political propaganda. Which makes us wonder—why a warden anyway?

GOVERNOR SMALL HOLDS

TO ALL FORD OWNERS;

(Continued from Page One.)

he ever got a cent of the public's money illegally and insists that he is wholly innocent.

Attorney General Brandage says he will leave it to the jury to decide whether Governor Small is guilty or innocent.

"We are trying Len Small, the man, not Len Small, the governor," he said.

General Charges Set Forth

The general charges against Small are set forth in the bill of particulars as follows:

"The purpose and object of said conspiracy were, by means of false pretenses, false representations, a false, pretended and fictitious bank, false certificates of deposit, false drafts, false vouchers, false accounts and false accounting, and by and through the device of a pretended bank under the name of the Grant Park bank, to obtain the money, funds and property of the State of Illinois and thereby to acquire for their own use and benefit a large sum of money in interest, profit and discount to which the state of Illinois was then and there entitled, for the use of its said money and property."

The alleged conspiracy began, it is charged, during the term of Small as state treasurer, in 1917. The conspiracy, it is further alleged, was carried on by Small's successor, Fred W. Starling, the present Lieutenant-Governor.

During Small's term as State Treasurer, it is charged, \$17,918,000 was deposited in the bank at Grant Park, Ill., which was run by the late Edward C. Curtis, its president, and his brother, Vernon Curtis, who for years were political associates of the governor. The state declares that the bank was a "fictitious" institution, that it did not exist after 1923. The interest on the amount deposited during Small's term as treasurer amounted to over \$450,010.12, leaving a balance unaccounted for of \$474,054.16.

Charge Against Sterling

The amount the state charges was unaccounted for during the term of Sterling as treasurer was \$345,625.15.

It is charged by the state that transactions involving more than \$31,000,000 of the state's funds were carried on through the alleged mythical Grant Park bank. This money is alleged to have been loaned out and invested, chiefly in notes and securities of the Chicago packers, at interest rates of from 5 to 8 and one half per cent, while only interest funds at the rate of 2 per cent were turned back to the state of Illinois. Originally Small, Sterling and Vernon Curtis were indicted jointly. Small and Curtis demanded a change of venue from "hostile" Sangamon county. This was granted. Then they asked for separate trials, which were also granted. Sterling's case has not come up for trial. Small asked to be tried first, declaring that he wanted to clear his name as soon as possible.

Of all the developments in more recent years the success of the Ford has perhaps played the most far-reaching part in its effect upon both the social and industrial life of the United States. So deeply has the Ford and its uses become embedded in the structure of our daily lives that we take for granted, as a mere matter of course, the almost boundless convenience that has resulted.

But the car is incomplete without Ford service, and an immensely intricate system has been built up from the original inventive thought from which it sprang. This whole system, the logical outcome of an infinite volume of experience, rests upon one fundamental principle:

A successful Ford agency is one that renders good service to Ford owners.

The Ford Motor company insists upon its agents recognize this statement as an axiom, and writes its agency contracts accordingly. That is why, in a city like Salem, there is only one Ford agency, and that agency is backed by the whole force and resources of the Ford Motor company's organization. Ford service means nothing more nor less than taking complete care of the Ford owners' needs, so as to insure their well-being and their comfort. To do this adequately and willingly is the Valley Motor company's duty to its customers, and a pleasure to its management.

The Valley Motor company has recently undertaken some changes with the special thought in view of improving its service, and building up its good-will with Ford owners.

Come in and talk with Mr. W. L. Phillips, the new general manager, you will find that he is a great believer in friendly service, understandingly offered to the company's customers. He will tell you of some changes round the shop that will improve the service; and his ideas about the stock of parts, accessories and tires, and such things. And he will tell you about the steps that have been taken to shortly give us the best gasoline and oil service station in the city of Salem.

Mr. F. L. Wagner is sales manager, and although he is quite modest about himself, you will not find him at all bashful in telling you what his company can do for its friends.

And the company has started a garage, with day and night service. The garage is intended to be a convenience to those who want to have their cars taken proper care of, by the day or by the month, with a shop and a skilled force of mechanics on the premises.

The company has just incorporated, under the laws of Oregon, with Mr. Paul B. Wallace as president.

VALLEY MOTOR CO.

Floyd Hanson, a St. Paul barber, has started scientists by claiming to hear wireless waves without an instrument.

Interest in Radio Prevails Throughout the Nation



This is the age of the radio age. The "wireless bug" has made its way throughout the nation. In every large city, in every small village, radio has become the thing of the day. Scientists, students, officials and public men are imbued with a desire to "listen in." In this group of pictures you see a variety of students. General Pershing is shown taking a message from "the air." In the picture on the left you see Miss Mathilda Bender, of New York, demonstrating her pocket radiophone, which she carries in her purse. The group of girls are students of a Chicago school learning wireless in the classroom. So popular has become the radio that many schools are following the lead taken by Chicago. The small photo shows Rev. John W. Williamson, Chicago's law enforcer, broadcasting law lectures by radio.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper, limited to 200 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

RAID ON NEWSPAPER PART OF PLOT TO SEIZE DUBLIN

London, April 1.—(By Associated Press.)—It is widely believed in Dublin that the armed raid on the plot of the Freeman's Journal yesterday was part of a project for the seizure of the whole city which failed through the lack of forces, says the Daily Mail correspondent.

The Daily Mail in printing the dispatch appends a note to the effect that the telephone operators in Dublin suddenly cut the connection during the transmission of the message, which is incomplete.

Livesley

Livesley, Or., April 1.—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Blanship went to Eola last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Larkin Greco.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Fidler of Polk county spent Thursday at the home of his brother, B. D. Fidler. Miss Eva Thomas spent Sunday at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. P. Bremer.

Mrs. A. Coolidge attended the meeting held by the fruit growers' association last Tuesday.

Obituary

Miss Tona Zimaskowale was born in Alpine, Michigan, May 12, 1891, and came to Oregon in 1907; was united in marriage to William Zellmaak on November 15, 1910, and died on March 4, 1927, at the age of 35 years 10 months and 3 days. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband and two children, Edith, aged 19, and Francis, aged 6 years, besides her father and six sisters and three brothers and a host of friends and neighbors. She was loved by all who knew her. She was a faithful wife and patient mother, and thanks to the pallbearers, who were four of her nephews, a cousin and a good neighbor.

SAP AND SALT
BY Bert Moses
Sap and Salt in the States, Alaska, Oregon

Don't allow your politeness to slop over.

A boss is as necessary in business as in politics.

Close observers and rubber-necks are cut from the same goods.

It takes brains to distinguish between truth and a jumble of words.

As a rule, men are not quite so bad nor women quite so good as is generally believed.

Schools should teach us how to get more of the gravy in our mouths and not so much on our Sunday clothes.

Hex Heck Says:
"Autoists goin' to church ain't often pinched for speedin'."

Starlight

By the Noted Author IDAH M'OLONE GIBSON

Aunt Virginia's Hour of Trial

The letter from Aunt Virginia told me that my grandfather was dead and buried. It was a pitifully pathetic letter.

"He died suddenly, Virginia," she wrote. "He didn't have time even to bid goodbye. He didn't even have time to change his will if he had wanted to and I am very glad that he did not for he left what he had in life interest to me and then afterward to you. And, Virginia, strange as it may seem, the will says that if your father be alive, he is to be one of the executors. Judge Montforth is the other."

"You see, your grandfather still had the deep-seated feeling that no woman would know enough about affairs to execute a will. I feel like a withered tree, uprooted and thrown out somewhere without the power or inclination to root again in any soil.

"Judge Montforth has advised me to come out to you. He says that your grandfather has left me a comfortable income and that I will not be a charge upon anyone and that I can travel if I want to. Oh, Virginia, I hope you will want me to come to you. I have seen in the papers that awful thing that happened to your friend, Kitty, and I am worried that you are alone in a place where such things can happen.

"Don't you want me, Virginia? I won't any trouble and I would like to see the great new country out there in the west. I would like to see the great industry of which you are a part and perhaps I would be of some use to you in many ways.

"I am waiting impatiently to hear because I do not want to come, dear child, if you think that I will impede your progress in any way.

"You will see that I am sending you the package that your father sent your grandfather, asking him to give to you when you were old enough to understand.

"I think it contains a message from your mother as well as from your father.

"Whatever it is, dear, don't let it sadden you, for again I repeat to you, the words that your mother wrote to me just before you were born:

"If anything should happen when my baby comes, Virginia, don't grieve for me. For I would rather have had this one year of life with Ralph and end it now, than to have lived on to the allotted fourscore and ten without knowing him and his love."

It just seemed to me that I could not wait until I had written a telegram to Aunt Virginia and sent it.

"Of course I want you, dear Aunt Virginia. Will be in San Francisco probably a week, but come just as soon as you can. Go directly to Los Angeles. Nothing can make me unhappy as long as I am going to have you. Wire me here, St. Francis, when to meet you in Los Angeles.

"VIRGINIA"
I thought I was telling the truth when I wrote the message to Aunt Virginia—when I said nothing could make me unhappy as long as I am going to have her—and yet, if I shall live to be very old, I never can be more unhappy than I was during the week following my message.

For a long while I sat holding the yellowing package which Aunt Virginia had sent.

My father had sealed it: "My father had written across it: 'To my daughter, Virginia—the dearest thing on earth to me—for her to read when she is old enough to understand."

"RALPH WINSTON."
I bent down quickly and kissed my father's signature. What a joy it was to me to remember that Mrs. Chester had said that my father's name of his world and that my mother was the love of his life! I know that if he had written that I was the dearest thing to him on earth, he has written something he literally meant.

At last I opened the envelope. The letter began:
"When you read this letter, Virginia, my child, I want you to understand clearly that the only reason I am going to you up to your grandfather, is because I do not think that I have long to live. If I refuse you to him he will probably refuse to take you after I am gone.

"I know that you will have a good home and loving care, for your Aunt Virginia is one of God's own women—second only to your sainted mother.

"The letters that I am enclosing are some I wrote to her before we were married and some that she wrote me. I have not sent them all to you, my dearest, only two or three, because they are very sacred treasures of mine.

which buoyed me up was that possibly some day I might hold my daughter in my arms again. If I am alive when you read this you may be sure that somehow, someway, sometime I shall make that dream come true.

"YOUR LOVING FATHER"
Tomorrow—Old Love Letters

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1st 3 rows Balcony 3.00
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First Appearance in the West in Several Years of America's Foremost Actress

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Every Evening 7:45; Sunday 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m.
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The full Gospel will be preached on Justification; Sanctification, a second definite work of Grace; the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire; Divine Healing; the Eternal Punishment of the wicked, and other Bible Truths.
No Collections. "You'll enjoy every minute!" Come and see!

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The Capital Journal in using the 10 cent newspaper system, is placing their paper within the reach of all.

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