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I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
—BYRON

Reversals of Form

Recently Governor Meier denied the request of Senator Bennett of Multnomah for a special session of the legislature to deal with the tax situation and other problems, declaring it unnecessary. Within two weeks the governor reversed himself and announced he would call a special session.

The occasion of the special session is the passage of laws based on the Indiana plan which would concentrate tax levying supervision of local bodies under state control. Yet bills to enact laws to this effect were introduced in the recent regular session and failed to pass because of the opposition of the governor. He has again reversed his attitude.

During the legislative session, the executive said he could see no useful purpose served by a state budget officer with nothing to do, except a month's work in two years and considered it a useless appendage. Then he appointed his campaign manager to the sinecure at \$6,000 a year to mark time at taxpayers' expense. Another reversal of form for one pledged to economy in administration.

When Governor Meier entered office, the state faced a deficiency of \$3,091,175. Admonishing the legislature to reduce expenses, and at the same time recommending increases, a budget was passed for \$2,252,407 in excess of revenues, some \$625,000 more than the budget recommended by retiring Governor Norblad. The governor vetoed appropriations for \$625,000 including \$500,000 for higher education and approved excess appropriations of \$1,477,347 over revenues. By referendum the \$681,173 remaining for higher education, was suspended. This reduced the excess of appropriations over revenues to \$769,174, which will increase the state deficit by the end of 1932 to \$3,887,349, but which the new economies may cut a trifle. For a governor pledged to wipe out the deficit, this figures as another reversal of form.

The governor ousted the purchasing agent and insisted on the board of control acting on all state purchases. Then he appointed a new purchasing agent and again left the purchasing to the agent under the old system. He forced the superintendent of the prison out, declaring such an official a superfluity, and a waste of taxpayers' money. Now he is reported as seriously considering the appointment of a new superintendent and a restoration of the dual system of prison control.

The state board of higher education was repeatedly berated by the governor for failure to act along the program of coordination of the educational institutions and elimination of duplicate courses with a view of eventual consolidation under one head. As soon as the referendum on appropriations was invoked, the board rescinded all of its actions and left matters just where it started, with all the duplications sanctioned. Yet the governor, who was most insistent on action, has not peeped a protest—also a reversal in form.

It makes one wonder whether the governor is ever to "stay put" or whether his gyrations are merely grandstand plays.

Radio Programs

Commenting upon radio programs being dished out to the American public, H. L. Mencken in the Baltimore Evening Sun remarks:

The radio, I take it, is quite satisfactory to the workers who now propose to make the movies safe for morons. That is to say, it is as devoid of ideas as a luncheon club orator, and as bare of beauty as a city dump. For hour after hour its customers sit listening to bad music, worse speeches, and other entertainment so dreadful that it cannot be described. The height of comedy on the air is reached by the dialogues of Amos and Andy—a kind of humor that drove people out of small-time vaudeville shops twenty years ago. Music, if it be instrumental, is supplied mainly by gangs of union men sawing away dimly in the dining rooms of second-rate hotels. If it be vocal, it is performed by decayed fugitives from third-rate church choirs and fourth-rate opera companies. As for the speeches, they seem to issue, with few exceptions, from gentlemen trained as ballyhoo men at county fairs.

We have an almost unbroken series of propagandist harangues by quacks with something to sell, and of idiotic comments upon public events by persons devoid of both information and ideas.

The reason, of course, is that the radio in America is utilized merely for advertising and propaganda services. Its mission is to sell certain brands of tooth-paste, beauty lotions, gasoline or a thousand other articles, or to popularize certain political or religious doctrines. The programs are becoming more and more subordinate to sales talk and the results do not justify expensive talent. The novelty of the radio having worn off, few intelligent people turn it on any longer expect for some rare and special occasion. If good music is desired, the phonograph supplies an infinitely higher type.

In Great Britain, where the radio is a national monopoly, advertising is barred, and first class programs are presented by the best talent available, and this despite the fact that the country is virtually bankrupt. Leading musicians, authors, scientists and educators participate, and elaborate sets of pamphlets accompany the educational talks supplemented by books for supplementary reading at the public libraries. It is supported by a small annual tax on the radio outfits. As Mr. Mencken concludes: "It sends nothing shabby, cheap or vulgar onto the air. There is no bad music by bad performers; there is no pestilence of oratory by ignoramus; there is no sordid touting of tooth-pastes, automobile oils, soaps, breakfast foods, soft drinks and patent medicines. In America, of course, the radio program costs nothing. But it is worth precisely the same."

Germans Produce New Powered Tube

Berlin (AP)—A new tube for receiving sets operating from direct current has just been introduced here after years of research. It is expected that the discovery will date hundreds of thousands of sets now in operation, since its installation in an old receiver would be too costly.

The new tube is designed to permit the taking of full 220 volts direct current into the set, without the use of a rheostat which hitherto has been necessary to reduce the current to the necessary 55 volts per tube. With alternating

current, this reduction is done through a transformer.

HATCHES ON MOVE
Delta, Colo. (AP)—The last family recently moved from Nuclea to Iola, a distance which required several days. One of their hens proved she was equal to this fast moving age and remained on her nest. When the Lids arrived at their new home their poultry flock was increased by four chicks.

TROUSERS NET 15 CENTS
Manchester, Eng. (AP)—One hundred and twenty pairs of trousers were sold at 15 cents each at a sale of policemen's cast-off clothing here.

THE REAL VICTIM



Report On The Mayors

By R. P. HARIS
Paris correspondent of the Baltimore Sun

The American Mayors' song and dance is ended, but the memory lingers on. In the minds of wondering Frenchmen, it is likely to linger as long as the Gallic sense of humor remains robust and Rabelaisian.

The French press, which maintained an ominous silence during the Mayors' visit, has begun to function again and Paris essayists are finding rare material in the antics of the municipal plenipotentiaries.

It is hard to conceive of so much innocence abroad as came with that band of fifty odd mayors and mayors' wives. From the time of the Los Angeles mayor's behavior at Havre, when he walked out on a toast to the president of France because it was being drunk in wine, on through their public quarrel in the streets of Rouen, and up to their scuffle in the city hall of Paris, their performance was one continuous, unforgettable circus.

It must not be assumed that they all acted like asses all the time. Mayor Metcalfe, of Omaha, a charming and courteous gentleman and former Washington newspaper correspondent, must have been heartily ashamed of his companions much of the time. It was not his fault that the stock reply of the delegation to every graceful tribute or toast on the part of hosts in provincial cities was a collegiate outburst of yelling "O-mai! O-mai! O-mai! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!" This ha-ha-ha business proved highly disconcerting to the French. It sounded like the raspberries. And when a Frenchman has seen his well-behaved wines and well-prepared viands disappear down unappreciative gullets, he is in no mood for kidding.

The six newspaper men who accompanied the party will never go on such a junket again. It is incredible that there should ever be such another. Special de luxe train servants who respected the slightest whim or fancy, welcoming committees and banquets in every city, priceless vintage wines, Napoleon brandy, champagne flowing like public fountains—and the never-ending, bawdy show of mayoral rambunctiousness! It was gargantuan mirth. As one who enjoyed a ring-side seat during those 25 hilarious days, I must be forever grateful to Mr. C. Coste and Belmonte, who made that "good-will" airplane tour of America which resulted in 25 American mayors being invited to France as honor guests.

Discussion began in the mayors' ranks even before the steamship Ile de France docked at Havre. The mayors elected George L. Baker of Portland, Ore., chairman of the delegation, only to receive the tragic news from Henri Prince, Mayor Jimmy Walker's French-born representative, that if the French government should decide to recognize them with an official honor, such as the legion, the decoration would be pinned upon the designated chairman of the delegation. There was much weeping and gnashing of teeth and several members suggested bitterly that they ought to elect a new chairman for each day. However, the French government smoothed matters over. It just forgot about the Legion of Honor decoration.

After Mayor Porter, that arid flower of Aimee Semple McPherson's hot-gospel city, had absented even the hardy mayors themselves with his performance at Havre, a council was held. Mayor Porter was decidedly unpopular with everybody, but the personally-wet-politically-dry bloc was in a quandary. They had their home folk to think about. At the historic city of Rouen they were so busy with their problems that nobody saw anything—except the townspeople, who looked on wonderingly while the conductor

of the tour tried futilely to point out the architectural glory of the cathedral.

By the time they had reached Dinard, on the St. Malo Bay, even the politically dry element had lined up solidly against Los Angeles. They gathered outside his hotel window, had a table set, ordered up drinks, and denounced him loudly, and, after a time, somewhat incoherently. At Dijon, capital of Burgundy, they sampled the great still wines of that noble region, but the women in the party found sweet and sugary mousquetaire more to their liking. At Strasbourg, the lovely tall bottles of Rhine wines were brought out for their honor, and the very garçons wept to see the lack of appreciation.

Up to the time they arrived in Rheims, the mayors generally had been rather patronizing in their manner toward French architecture. Most of the buildings looked "kind of crumbly" and were not nearly so big as the new postoffice back home. But at Rheims two sights conquered them. One was the great cathedral, with its unmatched facade; the other was the Pommery wine cellar. In the latter place, they were conducted through the 14 miles of high vaulted caves (dating back to Roman times) which Mme. Pommery acquired over a century ago and transformed into churchlike halls filled with sculpture—and champagne. From the time they left Rheims, they made no more odious comparisons. In Marseilles, when they saw the annual fountain display, Judge Padden, representing Mayor Cermak of Chicago, ventured the opinion that while the fountains were the finest he had ever seen he felt that "Chicago engineers could reproduce them." But he lapsed into awed silence when informed that those fountains were planned 400 years ago.

During the tour of the champagne country, the journalists in the party composed a new stanza for a rollicking French folksong which has the following refrain:

O les fraises et les framboises,
Les bons vins qu'on nous avons bus,
Et les belles villageoises—
Nous ne les verrons plus!

The new stanza ran something like this:
Nous a vu les gens qui boivent
Cointreau, cognac et champagne,
Mais il n'y personne qui puisse
boire
Comme les maires-americains!

It is quite impossible to suggest the lifting swing of this delightful old air. But the words of the latter stanza mean: "We've seen fellows who could swig cointreau, cognac and champagne, but we've never seen a soul who could turn it down like these American mayors." And lest the meaning escape anyone, a stanza was added in English, paraphrasing Mayor Porter's regular response to all addresses of welcome:

Representing as we do
Twenty-five metropolises—
Twenty-four of us are wet,
Only one of us is dry!

In the beautiful Hotel de Ville—the magnificent City Hall of Paris—the mayors were accorded their finest reception. Twenty-five kings could not have received more attention. The colorful Guard-Republican unit in the civilized world was called out and the city's great chefs had prepared their most savory dishes. Here most of the mayors distinguished themselves by mistaking a line of immaculately attired waiters for a part of the receiving line headed by Comte Jean de Castellane, and to the horror of all (but most horrible to the dignified waiters themselves) they shook hands with each domestic in turn. Later

We Have With Us

Words and Music by
MURRAY WADE



IVAN GLENWOOD MARTIN

Mr. Martin has practiced law in Salem for the past 17 years, has been active in community development and in civic and fraternal organizations, served as a member of the 1917, 1919 and 1921 sessions of the legislature and in two special sessions. He was the chairman of the legislative and insurance committees for several sessions and is author of many important insurance measures. He was city editor of the Capital Journal during 1905, 1906 and 1907. He has been a member of the board of directors of the United Artisans for the past 12 years, served on the legal advisory board during the war, was for several years secretary of the Salem Floral society, secretary of the Musicians association for past 15 years and a member of the Salem band for thirty years.

Mr. Martin was born in the Ozarks of Missouri in 1887, moved to California and graduated from the Napa public schools in 1906 and from the Santa Rosa Business college in 1907. His father died in 1904 and in 1908 his mother married C. L. Watt, a pioneer of Salem. Ivan came to Salem with his mother the day Admiral Dewey won his victory at Manila in 1898. He was employed as a clerk by S. Friedman, attended Willamette university, completed the Latin scientific preparatory, the business and normal courses here, and returned to California where he graduated from the law department of the U. of C. in 1912. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Elks, Elks band and the United Artisans.

ARMY PEOPLE GUESTS

Mosmouth—Lieut. and Mrs. Herbert Powell, enroute from Hawaii where he has been stationed for some time, to Columbus, Ga., which will be his next assignment, are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Powell. The Powells came by transport to San Francisco and motored here.

they jawed violently over the program for next day.

The final party before the group sailed was held from midnight to 7 a. m. in the famous Restaurant Albert. When the weary revelers climbed into their cabs the light of their last Paris morning was beginning to streak murky up the Champs-Elysees. It was a different Champs-Elysees from any they had previously seen: lovely, silent, almost deserted, and full of a peculiar kind of beauty. They took a long look and heaved a sigh of relief with joy, fatigue, gloom, and a vague uneasiness over just what the folk back home were going to say.

REX BEACH IS AUTHOR OF NEW OFFERING HERE

From the pages of a Rex Beach novel comes a story packed with power, jammed with drama and driven through with a motivation that is as fast moving as life itself.

Such a story has been transferred to the talking motion picture screen in a Radio Pictures production that is said to be better than the novel in its scope and in its strong human appeal.

"White Shoulders" opens Wednesday at Warner Bros. Theater for two days with Mary Astor, Jack Holt, Ricardo Cortez and Sidney Toler heading a distinguished cast of featured players.

The sweep of its locales is far-reaching, with the scenes laid in South American gold mines, Monte Carlo gaming houses, Monaco Villages, Parisian fashion salons and New York pent-house apartments. In each of these places, the story receives heart-smashing dramatic impetus which carries it through to a vigorous climax.

Pasadena's famous "Suicide Bridge" was used for the first time in motion pictures in "Laughing Sinners," Joan Crawford's new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring vehicle at the Warner Bros. Elsinore Theater.

The bridge, a high span crossing a deep dry river gorge, has figured in news stories as the death tray of some twenty-one persons who flung themselves from the railing along the foot-path. In the picture it is used as the scene of Joan's contemplated suicide. The timely arrival of an alert Salvationist saves her.

Because of the death toll credited to the bridge, Pasadena police now are guarding the railing with a high mesh wire barricade. Property owners beneath the structure caused the protecting screen to be ordered.

ARCHERS BATTLE WIND IN TOURNNEY

Corvallis, Ore. (AP)—Hans Grage, Seattle, and Miss Adele Hodges, Portland, shot their way to men's and women's grand champions in closing competition in the fifth annual Pacific northwest archery tournament on the Oregon State college campus here Sunday. Archers had to battle wind as well as each other and no records were broken, but contests were close.

E. J. Partlow, Monmouth, Ore., ran Grage a close race through the two days. Grage finally won out for the title, but the two were tied for the trophy offered for the most bullseyes in target events. Partlow took the trophy in the shoot-off.

Miss Hodges swept the women's division of the meet, winning the title by a margin of more than 300 points.

A campaign against excessive bridge playing is on in London.

Reno Is Described As Rather Unhappy Since Gaming Became Open

By GEORGE H. HALE
Reno, Nev. (U.P.)—The biggest little city in the world, as Reno advertises itself, really isn't the dream place you imagine. It isn't a happy, glittering, romantic playground.

Reno's brightly-lighted gambling houses run day and night and liquor can be purchased at its bars the clock around and divorces come easy, but there is little spontaneous gaiety and glamour.

Reno, for all its modern downtown buildings and its vaunted Riverside hotel on the bank of the turbulent Truckee, has the general appearance of just another dusty desert town with laws more liberal than most.

Its gambling halls differ from those in any city only in that they operate legally and the play is for smaller stakes.

The barrooms here differ from "speakeasies" throughout the country, principally in that they operate more openly, and occasionally with poorer liquor at higher prices.

Beer sells for 75 cents a bottle in the majority of bars, gin flizzes for 75 cents and whiskey for from 50 cents to a dollar a drink, depending upon the quality, if any.

There is an undercurrent of feeling in Reno that the legislature made a mistake when it decided to legalize gambling in Nevada. The new law brought in a stream of thorn-bush gamblers and operators.

People with "real money," not wishing too close a contact with people of that type, stopped gambling and bar-room drinking except at one or two exclusive places.

Most of the gambling places are untidy. Few have their floors covered. All are filled constantly with tobacco smoke and the odor of perfume—the kind of perfume that asserts itself even in a blue fog of cigar smoke. In the summer heat these places become stifling. Most of the gambling is done with nickles, dimes, quarters and half dollars.

As a pleasing relief from this type there are one or two well-conducted places such as The Willows, which is several miles west of the city. Croupiers, waiters and musicians are in evening dress there, the cuisine is excellent and the bar modern and well stocked.

Gambling houses are to be found all over town, but the main concentration is along Douglas alley. This is a narrow thoroughfare with every

door leading to a game of chance or a bar. It seems lined always with transp, hangers-on and mochers. Better class women appear to avoid Douglas alley, and it takes the nature of a slumming tour when they venture into it.

Then there are the places "across the tracks," where better class women never venture.

The women who go into these gambling and drinking places all seem engaged in a rat race, a futile attempt to have a good time. This is a narrow thoroughfare with every

laughter is shrill and forced.

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