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THE NOBLE REDSKINS' MEMORIALS

Names of the two most famous American Indians of the 19th century have been again on the front pages of the nation's newspapers after a lapse of three quarters of a century. They are Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux, and Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés.

The cause of their news resurrection is the belated desire, perhaps inspired by guilty conscience, to honor them by permanent memorials to their fame: Sitting Bull by an appropriate shrine at Moberge, S.D., a chamber of commerce project to attract tourists, and Chief Joseph by a great dam on the Columbia river to supply hydro-electric power for the development of what was once his happy hunting grounds.

Time magazine thus sums up the story of Sitting Bull:

"The western pilots produced few nobler redskins than Chief Sitting Bull, last great leader of the Sioux tribes. It was Sitting Bull, driven to recklessness by the perfidy of the U.S. government, who cried, 'Let us have one big fight with the soldiers,' and assembled the awesome army that wiped out General George Custer and soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. But 14 years later, conquered by the forces of the Great White Father, Sitting Bull was old, fat and quiet. One frosty morning in 1890, a detachment of Indian police galloped up to his cabin on the Sioux reservation in South Dakota and shot him to death. He did not die without a fight—a pitiful handful of his old friends battled the policemen, and 16 men were killed in the brutal little fray."

Sitting Bull was buried in the deserted parade ground at Fort Yates, and no attention was paid to his neglected grave. Last fall 78-year-old Clarence Grey Eagle, who had witnessed the chief's death, learning that the grave was soon to be covered by water from the new Oahe dam, got the people of Moberge, S.D., to promise to build a memorial if he moved the chief's remains across the state line and reburied them near the town.

Five other towns also sought Sitting Bull's grave as a tourist attraction. Montana wanted to rebury him at the Custer cemetery though Custer is actually buried at the West Point Military Academy. North Dakota suddenly decided it prized Sitting Bull, and its governor refused to let the grave be opened.

Wily old Grey Eagle outwitted them. Both the old and new burial sites are within Standing Rock Indian reservation, thus on federal land. The secretary of the interior agreed to the move and in a blinding snowstorm Grey Eagle and a working crew dug up his bones, hurried them in a truck across the state line, reburied them, covered the grave with 20 tons of cement and stationed an armed guard nearby.

Moberge is placing a bust of Sitting Bull by a well known sculptor over the new grave.

The Nez Perce peace treaty was the cause that led to that war. The faction led by Chief Joseph refused to sign the treaty for the sale of their Wallowa lands. They laid claim to the boundary established by the treaty of 1855, west of the Snake river.

President Grant had conceded it to the Nez Percés in his executive order of June 16, 1873, but on June 10, 1876, the order was revoked, the treaty broken and the land restored to the public domain.

In 1877 the government ordered Chief Joseph and his followers removed from the fertile Wallowa valley to the reservation in Idaho, and General O. O. Howard was ordered to remove them. They resisted and were defeated in a deep ravine on the Clear Water.

On July 17, 1877, the famous retreat of Chief Joseph began, followed by Howard's forces. General Gibbon, in Montana started also in pursuit. On August 20 the Indians stampeded Howard's pack train. General Phil Sheridan reported:

"The fleeing Indians traveled some of the worst trails for man on this continent. They gave battle to General Sturgis near the mouth of Clark's Fork. They then proceeded north toward the British possessions with the view of joining the renegade Sioux with whom Sitting Bull was in hiding."

The Indians had successfully retreated 1000 miles, crossed the Missouri river, and at the mouth of Eagle Creek in the Bear mountain, within 50 miles of the British possessions, were attacked by General Miles. As the fight was closing September 30, General Howard came up and the entire band surrendered to him and General Miles. Thus, said Sheridan, "ended one of the most extraordinary Indian wars of which we have any record."

Chief Joseph's Indians displayed a courage, skill and humanity that won the praise of their enemies. They abstained from scalping, did not murder peaceful families and fought with scientific skill.

September 21, 1904, Chief Joseph died at 67 at the Colville Indian reservation, where he was exiled, surrounded by a few friends. A monument by the state of Washington marks his grave.

Now a more enduring memorial is in progress of erection on the Columbia below the Grand Coulee, a great dam, 235 feet high, 2315 feet in length, with a total volume of 4,000,000 cubic yards of all materials, with a water storage capacity over 497,000 acre feet for power and flood control that will perpetuate the name and fame of Chief Joseph as the noblest of northwest Indians.

THE OTHER MOSCOW

To the United States as a whole there is only one Moscow, and it has a sour smell indeed. But the Pacific Northwest knows of another and entirely different type of Moscow, the home of the University of Idaho.

This Moscow has felt no little embarrassment in recent years over the odium cast upon what was once a perfectly creditable name, and there have been suggestions that it should change its name. Always rejected, however, and rejected again this past week when the Idaho Moscow staged a mammoth May Day celebration with bands, a parade, fireworks and all the et ceteras, rivaling the Russian May Day in size and enthusiasm but with a very different purpose.

The Idaho Moscow is to be admired for standing pat on a name to which it is as much entitled as the bigger center of world communism and which after all means pretty much what any community makes it mean. Let the Russian Moscow change if confusion develops.

Incidentally, the Idaho Moscow has worked out a neat method of avoiding name confusion locally. The Russian Moscow's last syllable is pronounced to rhyme with how, the Idaho Moscow to rhyme with hoe. This has pretty well spread over Idaho. Naturally a mispronunciation of either by a visitor to the Idaho Moscow is a "fox paw" of the most flagrant sort.

MAY DAY WEATHER NOTES



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Irks Grunewald by Tagging Him Mystery Man

BY DREW PEARSON

Washington—Henry Grunewald, the feebly dutchman, seems to think I owe him an apology. He complained to congressmen the other day about the tag of "mystery man" which this column pinned on him when I first began investigating his mysterious connections with high government officials.

Grunewald was being cross examined by the house tax fraud committee when he was asked by Congressman Cecil King, California democrat:

"What about this title of 'mystery man' that Drew Pearson has given you?"

"That is a name that Mr. Pearson invented himself," shrugged Grunewald.

"But in what way are you offended by being referred to as a 'mystery man' rather than Dutchman or any other title that a man of your note might be tagged with?" King pressed.

"Well, the only reason is, I don't know why Mr. Pearson might have taken it upon himself to say that I am a 'mystery man' because I live in the Washington hotel, and all this hullabaloo and so forth..." the Dutchman fumbled.

"We couldn't find you for a while; we didn't know where you were and we were looking for you," broke in Congressman Hale Boggs, Louisiana democrat. "That was kind of mysterious."

"There has been considerable mystery created here by your testimony as to the nature of the services you performed for people, and the source of all this cash that seems to find its way into your safe-deposit box," added the committee's chief counsel, John Tobin.

"I have noted," observed King, "that you have a nickname for Mr. Pearson. I didn't get it clear, Mr. Grunewald. What is it you have called him two times here?"

"Druly Drew," piped up Grunewald.

"So for calling you 'mystery man,' you have given him the name of 'Druly Drew,'" chuckled the congressman from California.

MYSTERY OF THE "MYSTERY MAN"

I don't particularly blame Henry Grunewald for being sore at me. He's a nice little guy, and if he hadn't pulled wires in connection with so many important people, he wouldn't merit public comment. When you go around with big-shots, however, or try to pull wires or peddle influence, the rule of the American system is that you subject yourself to public scrutiny.

However, if Henry Grunewald isn't mysterious, then I don't write a newspaper column. The manner in which I first ran across his amazing machinations is in itself quite a story.

Henry first bobbed up on my news horizon when I was probing the wire-tapping of Howard Hughes by Police Lieutenant Joe Shimon on behalf of Senator Brewster and Pan American Airways. The fact that the telephone of an American businessman should be tapped on behalf of rival American businessmen to me smacked a bit of Moscow, and in tracking down these various angles it developed that Lieut. Shimon used to report

on his wire-tapping to a man named "The Dutchman" in the Munsey building.

"The Dutchman's" office was traced to a law suite occupied by an attorney named Ed Martin who claimed the office once was occupied by Grunewald but that Grunewald had moved away. He knew nothing about him.

But—the minute Jack Anderson of my staff was out of the door, however, Martin hastily picked up the phone and called—guess who? Senator Bridges of New Hampshire. "A guy named Anderson," he said, "was up here looking for Henry."

That was the first link between Grunewald and Senator Bridges.

Later that day, Ed Martin, the man who said he didn't know Grunewald, loaned Grunewald his car and the mysterious Dutchman left for the Plains, Va., to hide out for a month. This was at the time a senate committee was looking for him. This may not "mysterious," as Henry now claims, but at least it's interesting.

MYSTERIOUS HOTEL ROOM

Meanwhile, this column, looking for the man who doesn't like to be called mysterious, found that he used a suite registered in the name of ex-secretary of war Harry Woodring in the Washington hotel. However, he wasn't there. One night, trying to find Henry, Jack Anderson knocked on the door at 3 a.m., and a somewhat ruffled, definitely irate, bald head was poked out. It turned out to be William Power Maloney, Grunewald's attorney, and an old friend of mine.

On another occasion, Max Halperin was discovered in the hotel suite Grunewald usually occupied. Halperin blandly claimed ignorance of the Dutchman or his whereabouts. Recently he refused to answer questions about tax-fixing on the ground of self-incrimination.

Finally Grunewald was discovered in his Virginia hide-out, came back to Washington, was hauled before the senate wire-tap investigating committee, talked so little that a majority of the senators voted to cite the Dutchman for contempt. However, important friends suddenly came to his rescue—among them Sen. Joe McCarthy.

McCarthy pulled such effective wires with republican senators that they brought in a minority whitewash report, and at that time Grunewald was never cited.

Meanwhile this column raked up the highly interesting fact that Senator Bridges, who wasn't supposed to know Grunewald, had introduced a bill in the senate to increase the salary of Charles Oliphant, then counsel of internal revenue and the man both Bridges and Grunewald were working with re the huge \$7,000,000 tax-fraud case of Hyman Klein, Baltimore liquor dealer. It was the New Hampshire senator who had put Klein in touch with Grunewald.

HENRY & VEEP

It took a lot of checking and double-checking to track down all the mysterious connections of the non-mysterious Dutchman.

One call this column put through to Grunewald's office—thanks to obtaining his private phone number—brought the off-guard remark from his secretary: "He (Grunewald) is up at Vice President Barkley's office. Try him there."

Later it developed that Grunewald could count the Veep among the potent and amazing circle of friends he knew on Capitol Hill—democrats as well as republicans—to say nothing of such key officials as Commissioner of Internal Revenue George Schoeneman and Deputy Commissioner Dan Bolich, who bought \$30 shirts and shared Henry's room in the Washington hotel.

There's a lot more to the Grunewald story, of course, including the spaghetti dinners cooked in the apartment of Commissioner Schoeneman, and the big chunks of non-mysterious revenue running up to \$100,000 which Henry received under the heading of "racket winnings."

Maybe these are not mysterious. But at least they make an interesting part of one of the most interesting gentlemen ever to pull a wire in or around this sometimes pulled-apart nation's capital.

HILL PUNISHED ENOUGH

(Albany Democrat-Herald)

Representative Earl Hill of Lane county should have been more careful in signing that affidavit that the photograph used with his statement as a candidate in the Voters' Pamphlet last fall was less than five years old, when actually it was about 12. It is doubtful, however, whether any votes were gained by the use of the older photograph. None of Hill's pictures is what one could call glamorous, and, anyhow, teenagers aren't eligible to vote in Oregon. A photograph taken last January, looking, no doubt, substantially as he would have looked in the spring of the previous year, compares pretty favorably with the older picture that made him look younger.

Ed Boehnke, republican county chairman, says he is the one who happened to pull out of his files the photograph that was used. Still, of course, Hill should not sign affidavits without knowing what he is signing.

We think that a fine or a jail sentence would be out of proportion to the gravity of the real issue—whether Hill furthered his candidacy by the use of the wrong picture. The inconvenience and embarrassment he already has suffered, it seems to us, are sufficient punishment for his carelessness.

INSURANCE DIFFERENTIAL

Astorian-Budget

The state of Oregon has blocked a proposal by some insurance company to give rate reductions to preferred risk motorists, who have experience and safe driving records. There might be considerable merit in such a proposal. As it is, all motorists, including those with good records for not having accidents, must pay the higher insurance premiums that result from the accidents of careless and reckless drivers.

It is noteworthy that the insurance companies, who base their premiums on hard facts rather than sentiment or opinion, don't consider the younger drivers good risks.

Salem 42 Years Ago

By BEN MAXWELL

May 2, 1911

With a majority of one vote Salem city council has approved purchase of Salem Water company and attainment of a supply of pure water. The cost in round numbers will be \$360,000. (Salem water supply became municipally owned 24 years later, in 1935).

H. H. Corey, chief clerk in the office of secretary of state, has resigned to become a candidate for the position of secretary two years hence.

Although rain dampened Willamette university's May Day celebration about 200 were on hand in the morning for the YWCA breakfast.

Bids for paving Twelfth and Thirteenth streets from Ferry to Marion were opened by the council last evening.

Patterson Motor cars of 30 and 40 horse power in eight models are available at Capital garage at prices ranging from \$1200 to \$1700. (Patterson cars, never popular in this locality, were manufactured between 1908 and 1923).

Gold Dust flour is a product made by the Sidney Power Co., Sidney, Ore., for family usage. P. B. Wallace, agent (J. M. Wallace started a flour mill at Sidney, 11 miles southwest of Salem, in the mid-1890s. Also he promoted Sidney Power Co. for the generation of electric power that could be used by Salem Water company. He built the small flour mill and a grain elevator along the Willamette with a storage capacity for 50,000 bushels. Sidney post-office, established May 21, 1894, was discontinued Nov. 15, 1915. The old flour mill and elevator were dismantled some years ago.)

U. G. Shipley Co., Salem's popular store at 145-47 North Liberty street offers this Wednesday special: Hemstitched chiffon automobile veils, two yards long and of good quality. Available in navy, brown, tan, gray, black and light shades.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Steinway Twice as Old as Ford; Both Celebrating

By MAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—The Steinway piano is exactly twice as old as the Ford car.

Both families this year are celebrating the 100th and 50th anniversary of products that have become famous name brands in America.

Theodore E. Steinway, 69, head of the house of Steinway, looks with rather tolerant condescension on the Ford family's celebration.

"How time flies," he mused at lunch the other day. "Why, it seems only yesterday that young Henry came out of his bicycle repair shop."

Theodore is the grandson of Henry Engelhard Steinway, a Prussian soldier who won a medal for his bugle playing at the Battle of Waterloo, then became a cabinetmaker and emigrated here in 1853 in middle age to founded the family piano business.

Henry's daughter, Doretta, gave free piano lessons to help sell the instruments her father and brother made by hand.

The Steinways have succeeded for 100 years by creating a tradition—and sticking to it. They have never made a big play for the mass market.

In 1853 they sold about 200 pianos. This year they expect to sell only 3,500. That is only a little over 2 per cent of the 150,000 pianos Americans buy each year, but it is about 10 per cent of the dollar volume.

Old Theodore says proudly: "We aren't selling soap or hot dogs, you know. We are selling something that has to do with the spirit, the soul."

The family sales gimmick has been the free use of their product to concert artists. They keep a pool of 600 concert grands for this purpose, and will ship one by air or sea to a concert anywhere in the world. All the artist has to pay is the freight and tuning charges.

The Steinway theory: Members of the public who can afford it will buy an instrument played by Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, George Gershwin and Fats Waller. This formula, they say, has enabled them to maintain peak quality—and make a profit.

There are 12,000 parts in a three-legged Steinway of wood, iron, glue and strings. No one knows how many parts there are in a two-legged human Steinway, but the family tries to turn them out with the same disciplined care.

The fifth generation of the family has now come into the business. How do you raise a Steinway?

President Theodore, who could put a piano together blindfolded at 18, said: "First a Steinway goes out and gets a good wife. Then he lets nature take its course."

"When the offspring are 8 to 8 years old, they start a routine musical education. Each must practice the piano an hour a day up to the age of 15 or 16. After that he may continue or, as he chooses.

"The family has never turned out a real concert artist. But each is required to be able to make some kind of a sound on a piano—happily, a pleasant tone.

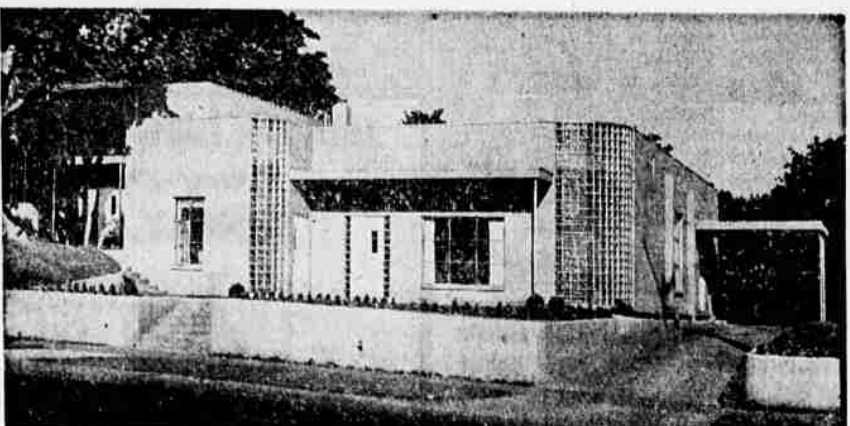
"He goes into the factory after school hours at 15 and learns cabinet making. He works at every kind of a job in the factory for at least three years. After that he specializes in the field he has become interested in.

"I myself was a floor salesman and house tuner for a long time."

Now and then there is a scandal in the family—a Steinway doesn't like the piano business and gets out of it.

"I remember a cousin like that," said Theodore. "He became a farmer—a flower grower, or something."

Mr. Steinway's frame shuddered, as if a string within him had been plucked out of tune.



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