

CITY NEWS

(Continued from page 5)

Yesterday. The right to spare the tree has been going on for some time. The survey which the road had taken would cause the tree to be cut down. For 50 years the tree has been standing in front of the home of Miss Kinney and has been her one unfailing friend. It appeared for a while that it would fall before the road-building program. County Judge Hunt and County Commissioner Smith were instrumental in revising the plans to spare the beautiful oak.

Dog Tags Examined

Dog tags, which are used in other counties of the state, were examined by the county court yesterday. It is expected that the tags will be used instead of the collars, when the collar supply is exhausted.

All Veterans Invited

Spanish War Veterans and GAR members have been invited to attend the installation services of the new members of the American Legion next Monday evening when Capitol Post No. 9 initiates their new members. Wives and friends of the veterans are invited to the initiation. The meeting is called for 8 o'clock at the Armory.

Plays Mean Trick

Thieves played a mean trick upon Romeo Gouley, who lives on the Pacific highway near Brooks, by stripping his machine of tires and other accessories. The car was in the garage, which was entered by prowlers by prying off the lock. They stripped the Hudson car of its equipment. A rear wheel, equipped with a new Kelly-Springfield tire, a tire from the front wheel, a S. M. spotlight, a large jack, a wheel puller, a green checkered robe of Indian design and a motor. The robbery happened about 1 o'clock, according to the report of the neighbors who heard the exhaust of a motor car about that time.

Protest Sustained

Protest against two ineligible players on the Amos Davis Memorial high school of Annsville by Crabtree, a school in Linn county, were sustained Saturday by the state high school athletic association. One player was on the boys' team and the other on the girls' team. The game in question was played at Gates February 27. Irregular attendance and failure to maintain passing grades were the

basis of the charge. Members of the board who heard the case were George A. Briscoe, superintendent of schools, Ashland, president; J. O. McLaughlin, superintendent of schools, Corvallis, secretary and Aneth Lindreth, principal of Pendleton high school, vice-president.

Four Licenses Granted

The county clerk's office had an unusual demand for marriage licenses yesterday, with four couples applying. They were: Earl S. Adams and Ruth Ormbreck, both of Silverton; Lloyd E. Barnes, of 1415 Hines street, Salem, and Grace Vylan Robertson, Rt. 9, Salem; Howard R. Harvey, 1625 N. Front, Salem, and Violet Craig, Rt. 8, Salem; Lloyd Wayne, Portland, and Myrtle Kaufman, of Woodburn.

Arrange Boy Scout Trip

Harold Ware, Scout executive of Salem and G. H. Oberbauer, Regional Scout executive will make a trip to Eugene Tuesday noon to arrange for the formation of Scout units at that city. Oberbauer has accepted the Scout executive position of the Portland district and will be at his new post in the future.

Weekly Reports Installed

All teachers of the Salem schools are to make a weekly report, according to the new arrangements made by L. J. Simeral, member of the school board. To keep a close touch on condition in the Salem schools, is the purpose of the new system.

Letters Are Sent Out

George Hug, superintendent of schools, has sent out letters to members of the crediting committee of the northwest association of secondary and higher schools, of which he is vice president and chairman. A meeting has been called for April 7 at Spokane, one day previous to the meeting of the Inland Empire Teachers' association, which is to meet on April 8 and 9. Mrs. Alice Thompson, president of the Salem Teachers' association, is to report on the Spokane convention.

Governor in Eugene

Governor Walter M. Pierce spent Saturday in Eugene attending a meeting of the board of regents of the University of Oregon. He was accompanied by Sam Koser, secretary of state, and J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of public instruction.

Enthusiasm Runs High

So eager were five Franklin high school students to be present at the series of the Oregon state basketball tournament in which their school participated, they "jungled" up in the auto camp of the city Friday night. Despite the frigid atmosphere, the boys stated the night was spent without discomfort, even if their covering consisted of heavy over-

coats. One of the lads had a pack sack, which contained a frying pan, a tin bucket to be used in making coffee, a package of pancake flour, a small carton of coffee and a half-loaf of bread.

Initiation Planned

Four new members are to be initiated into the Salem Grange at the regular monthly meeting to be held next Saturday, according to the arrangements made yesterday by officials of the organization. The grange is composed of 125 members. On each third Saturday of each month an all-day meeting is held at the local labor hall.

Secures Prize Fish

W. B. Mangnus, resident near Wheatland Ferry secured a beautiful beaver skin, which he is getting tanned at a local paln. Special palns are being taken with the skin, in order that it may be converted into a fur.

PERSONALS

Roy A. Klein, state highway engineer, was a Portland visitor Saturday.

Joe Kepper of Silverton was in the city yesterday.

Harriet Hill and Leona Booth, students at the Chemawa Indian school were visitors in Salem Saturday.

Rev. S. Hall of the First Methodist church of Silverton was in the city on business for a few hours Saturday.

J. F. Barr, a Rotarian, is to make a trip to California and other southern points during the week.

Lafe Conn, former resident of Salem is renewing acquaintances with Salem friends. He is a former Willamette university student and is now an attorney at Lakeview, Oregon.

Billy Rinehart, coach of the University of Oregon basketball team, was a visitor at the Oregon state basketball tournament.

Dorothy Taylor visited here from Dallas yesterday.

Joseph Isaac of Hoskins was in Salem for a few hours yesterday.

Roy Bohler, former coach at Willamette university, was in the city during part of the Oregon state basketball tournament games. Bohler held the state tournament in 1922-23.

Miss Elizabeth Braun, assistant chief clerk in the senate during the last legislature, motored to Portland during the week-end in company with Miss Genevieve Campbell.

J. P. Prescott of the Oregon Agricultural college was a Salem visitor Saturday.

S. S. Harber of Dallas transacted business in Salem yesterday.

W. S. Clark visited here from Albany Saturday morning.

Mrs. Carl Gerlinger and her daughter, Augusta, both residents of Dallas, were in the city yesterday.

Edward Houston, instructor in the Woodburn high school, was in the city yesterday afternoon.

Hits For Breakfast

Czechoslovaks are coming— And they will help us to put our idle acres to work, and our slack-acre to better use. They will speed up the development of our beet sugar and flax and linen industries.

The city of San Francisco has just installed its 200,000th telephone. Salem has just passed the 5,000-mark. On June 1, 1906, San Francisco had only 4953 telephones. Will Salem make as great a gain in 19 years? Hardly. But stranger things have happened.

There being a good deal of talk about experimental flax plantings in the valley, it occurs to the Bits for Breakfast man to say that stage was passed long, long ago. What we need now is retting and scutching plants; a lot of them. And then spinning mills; and weaving and specialty mills. But there can be no further progress now without the retting and scutching plants.

Modern children may not respect age, but at least they give it gangway.

Almost every man would feel crushed if he knew the ideal man his wife hoped to get.

It is well to know when to stop talking, but it is better to know when not to begin.

If it wasn't for the fool and his money there would be lots more honesty in this world.

Now a French curio dealer says that he has picked up the original sword and armor of Joan of Arc. He bagged them for the trifle of something like \$150, but of course he has boosted the price. Nevertheless, it is safe to decline to buy unless you get a bill of sale signed by Joan herself.

Shingle bellies, shingle bellies. Shingle all the way; All the barber shops are busy. It's the newest fad today.

Shingle bellies, shingle bellies. Right close to your dome; Oh what fun it is to know There's that much less to come.

It isn't a real hick town unless there's no place to go where you shouldn't be.

LOCAL MAN ON PASADENA TRIP

C. V. Ashbaugh, of Brooks, Tells About Beauties of Southern California

Since the publication of the first installment of C. V. Ashbaugh's trip to California numerous requests have been received for another chapter in the serial. The second of these articles appear today and the next will follow at an early date. Mr. Ashbaugh, who lives near Brooks, writes as follows:

We planned to take the Munnell drive and see Pasadena all in one day, but found that either one, properly done, was enough for a week, so decided on Pasadena first, and if time permitted, either that day or some other, the new scenic drive would attract us.

We chose as an interesting route, Santa Monica boulevard, Hollywood boulevard, Western to Los Feliz, Glendale, Eagle Rock and Colorado boulevard. Though always interesting, we passed through Hollywood and left it to others for we had a number of miles to run through our speedometer and not nearly long enough time to do them justice.

Beyond Hollywood were new sites and sights; among the latter Los Angeles river. To an Oregonian Los Angeles river is quite enough to halt an indifferent observer and make him sit up wondering why. It may have been at some time a rushing, roaring stream of no mean size. In fact it looks as if it had been from indications or it may be that the Maker of the universe expected to put a river there someday and had made ready for it. In other words, it was, or would be, but most certainly it was not. However the Angles had done pretty well with what was given them for, barring ferry boats they had most of the other things that go with a river; bridges, banks, little dry islands, etc. They had even kept the real estate men from plotting the bottom.

Hurrying on we passed a small "animals" hospital where various kinds of pets are nourishing back to a kissable normalcy by fasting or dieting, ripened bones, rats, or by courses in carcass rolling, or other methods known to lovers of out-door animals. (How do I know? I don't.) Then the Tropico pottery, not especially interesting from the outside but coming after several hundred yards of real estate signs, naturally swung our attention. Glendale, with its long, business street, looking as if its people wanted the passing tourist to get a much larger impression of the town than they would had its blocks been bunched, came next. I do not know after what or whom the place was named. We did not see the big, yellow book spread open telling this to all who care to drive five miles per hour to read its print. (By the way, did you ever try to read one at thirty and finish it?) But "Glen" means a small secluded valley and "dale" means a small valley, so taken together I would get that they mean two depressions of minute dimensions. I failed to see the fitness but it may have been named for some other town back home.

Our next main point was Eagle Rock, although there were many other interesting things passed and the country back of the signs is rather pretty. Eagle Rock is a town, too, but the real Eagle Rock, from which it takes its name, is a huge, dome-like rock, having the image of a spread-eagle quite clearly marked on one face. The rock rises many feet above the highway and can be seen in some directions for many miles.

We sought out Colorado boulevard which is a prominent drive and is getting a reputation for its home. It winds in close to the higher and rougher ground. In some manner we lost our course and wandered into Pasadena rather unawares, on the side among the lesser dwellings. Although these are of the workers, mostly they are far from unlovely and show a remarkable neatness and eye for good taste. The gardens, flowers and shrubbery, palms and vines were in artistic profusion.

After a brief look over the business district that resembles any other city of its size, generally speaking, we hunted up Orange Grove avenue where the homes that make Pasadena famous, are located.

We were unable to get information as to who lived there, but no doubt if we had, a surprise would have been in store for us for some of the names are known nationally. The houses, or call them palaces, where grand, imposing, beautiful, artistic, odd, eccentric or otherwise. To me the real beauty of this part of Pasadena is the grounds and streets. About the homes are veritable parks, some small, some extensive; some enclosed in walls or high fences, some open. Lawns looking as if a hair clipper had been freshly used upon them, stretched upon every side, with palms of various species planted, symmetrically or at random, around them,

in them or across. The wide avenue, itself, is perfect in its stately quietness, as compared with the busier streets leading into it. Its curbing, walks and rows of trees, its breadth and smoothness all seem to proclaim its aristocracy. The common person is permitted to pass if he will mind his p's and q's, but I could almost feel the walls of a big house frown and the palms shake their stately heads when I passed to photograph a section of exceptional loveliness. Rare vines drape the arbors by the drives or cling to some garage side; beds of flowers I never heard of ornament the spaces between the gravel paths, while here and there against some sunny side, the vivid leaves of the Poinsettia add their touch of color.

We drifted down, comparing as we went, but comparisons were out of order, for each place seemed to hold its own distinctive charm. Of course there were some that attracted more than others by unusual features, but taken all together, if we had no memory as to where we were, the impression could only be that a fairy had suddenly transported an enchanted land here and set it up for our inspection.

We turned and came back up this royal thoroughfare and turned again and down. A few side streets looked enticing but they faded out within a block or so either way, so once more we traversed, slowly, its entire length before we were satisfied to leave so Pasadena for so-called business blocks and service stations. So loth were we to entirely relinquish the taste for the ultra-refined that we doubled back through a bit of lowland where they had regular cows eating sure-enough hay, and after climbing a short, rough bit

of road, came into the region of the Busch Gardens. These are the private grounds surrounding the homes of Mrs. Bush, better remembered, may be, when Anhauser-Busch is mentioned. These grounds, from where we were, looked elegant but the gate keeper frowned upon cameras and wanted to charge twenty five cents admission, besides. Unwilling to part with the cameras and decidedly against dropping any more two-bit pieces, we gleaned some information from the descriptive booklets in the possession of the keeper, looked over the postcards depicting the little groups of fairy-folk and mother-goose characters that have been placed here and there among the bowers for the children to look at, took a snap over the tall hedge of what could be seen of the mansion and intervening hillside, and hastened to other waiting wonders.

Passing Arroyo Seco branch library, an unusual throng caused us to notice that a movie was in progress of making. This would halt us quicker than a traffic cop any time, so we scrambled out to join the regular crowd. It proved to be Mack Sennett's company making some sort of school, or graduating scene. They were using the library as it had an imposing front of steps and columns and looked very college. The graduates seemed to be a favorite with women as there were no males in the picture-audience. He was apparently giving his commencement address and was doing it, too, although we could hear nothing of words but sounds. I have often wondered since if he was really saying anything. To describe the audience generally I think two words would suffice:—motley, and earnest. It was a stand-off whether the old

ladies in the rear, getting their two or three dollars for the day, or the stars in the front rows were more conscientious or enthusiastic. As to make-up, they wore at par with the best. They carried their different paints and rouges in every sort of receptacle from vanity-bags to full-grown suitcases, and believe me or not, I didn't see any who had neglected an opportunity for applying some, although they ranged in years from flappers to dames of seventy.

It was interesting to a layman to watch the different scenes being filmed. A battery of lights were carried to supplement the daylight and reflectors for bringing out dark corners, and lit shadows from beneath hat brims. At the end of each set, a card, bearing the number and other data was held in front of the camera for a moment. Some had to be taken over:—once, when an old lady fell down in the rush to leave this fascinating place.

congratulate the student, and again when an other old lady refused to get from in front of the lense. She really didn't refuse, she just didn't. The director bawled at her to come on and get out (to one side) but she forgot and came trotting right down to the camera. The more he bawled, the faster she trotted. I've an idea her face would register the size of a full moon rising over Mt. Hood.

One of, if not the most interesting part, was the front row in the audience. Mack is nationally noted for the pretty girls he has in his scenes. I think they were all there.

We were miles from home and the hour was approaching when we were supposed to report at our starting point, and fearing that we would not be allowed to saunter forth alone on the morrow unless we showed up within reasonable time, we were forced to leave this fascinating place.

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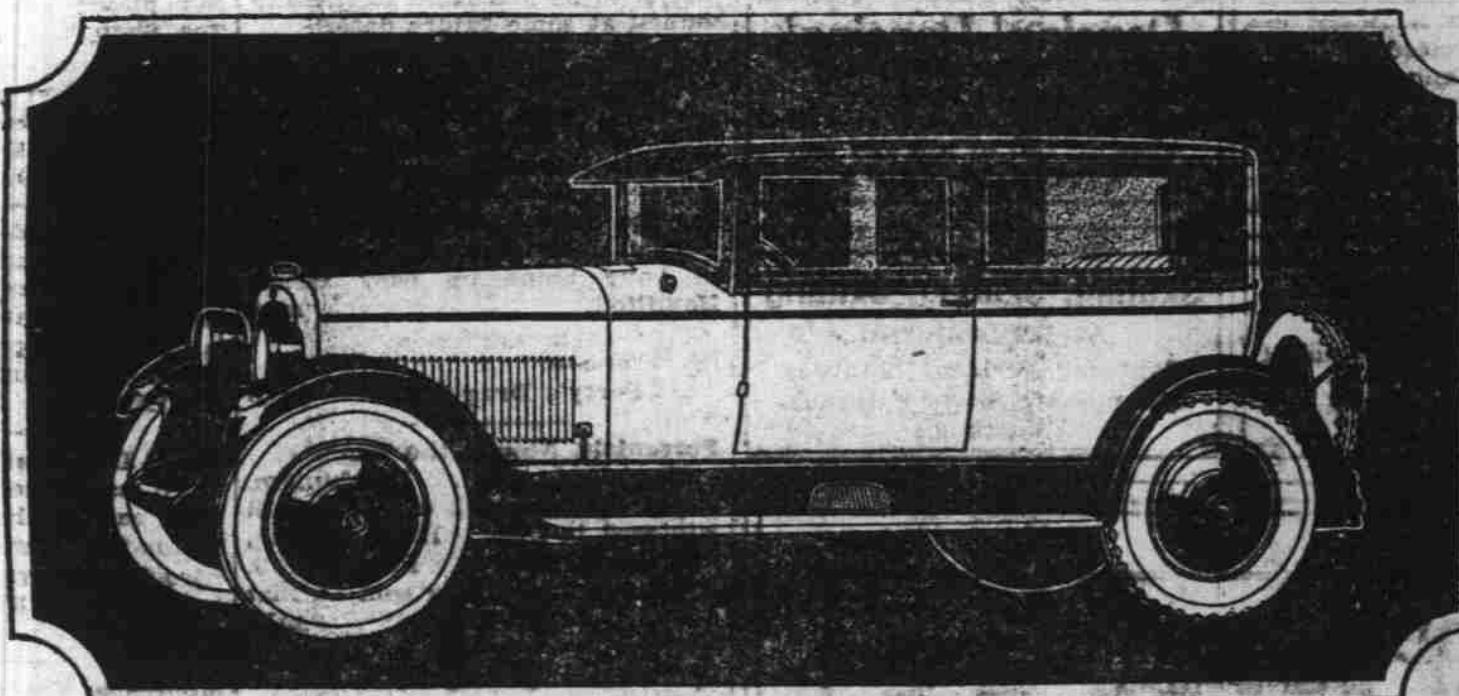
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