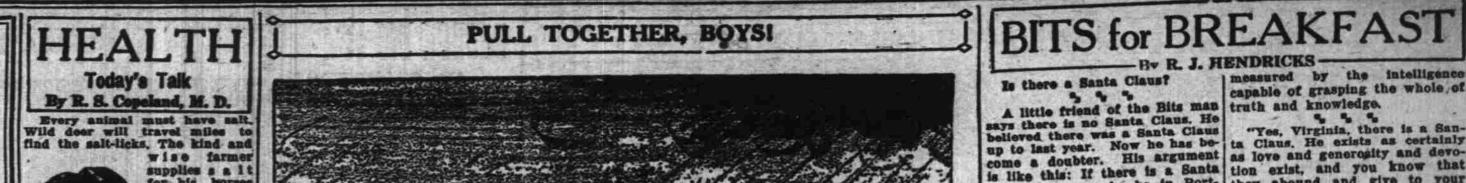
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The OREGON STATESMAN, Salem, Oregon, Wednesday Morning, December 24, 1930



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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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## Industrial Development in the Valley

THE Eugene Register-Guard (what a mouthful) commented some days ago on the address of Harry O. Mit- pithy statements of important chell, district representative of the department of com-merce, in Eugene. Mitchell, whose great grandfather wrote the poem dedicating the Erie canal, looked out on the Wilthe poem dedicating the Erie canal, looked out on the Wil-lamette and declared its canalization as far as Eugene was out,"-the number is endless. a "sound economic proposition." The Register-Guard gives editorial report as follows:

"Potential tonnage figures, so often discussed in connection with the Willamette, Mr. Mitchell passed over lightly Monday night, and instead he emphasized one other idea which is exfremely important-population drift. For some time we have been toying with the idea that Oregon should capitalize on certain tendencies toward decentralization in industrial development. Mr. Mitchell speaks of that drift as not only desirable but as a necessary economic fact.

"Twenty-five years, he thinks, will see 40,000,000 added to the population of the United States and he does not see it piling up in the great metropolitan centers such as Chicago and New York-for one thing because existing transportation facilities will not stand it. He sees waterways as a necessary development, supplementing, not replacing existing rail and road facilities to take care of this population drift. He sees indus-tries spreading to the smaller cities, even into the agricultural regions, a very close connection between industrial development and the back-to-the-land movement. He points to the fact that the Willamette valley with its 13,000 square miles of rich country, and its exceptional climate, MUST receive much of this growth

It is quite true that the country's population will grow in the next quarter-century, though hardly at the same our memories.

rate as the last quarter because of liwer birth-rate and restricted immigration. And the Willamette valley will in- the holy origin of the day that we crease probably at faster than the average rate. But our celebrate it. It is also because of industrial development here outside of Portland will be the thrills and emotions that we industrial development here outside of Fortland will be experience in counting our bless-little affected by Mr. Mitchell's reported "population drift". Industries are not going out into the country. They may gift not only of His own son but troit, and the Western Electric's plants at Hawthorne near within our walls, fills our hearts of going back to him in the cabbe suburbanized like Ford's works at Dearborn near De- His gift to us of the child life itan areas.

must build up those indigenous to our soil and our producthrough this valley and one which should expand as years go on. Paper-making has possibilities but is more likely to locate on the Columbia or on tidewater. The linen industry its teeth-cutting, colicky stage, the possibilities of expansion here in the valley are amazing. the growing youngster. So far as making a canal out of the Willamette is conits terminl. bies. As we grow older, and we trust wiser, our conviction Answer to Health Queries grows that industries that are worth most in a community are those that grow up from rather humble beginnings, decauses pain in the arms? velop a product and markets for the product, expanding as sales increase; rather than those industries which are financed by passing subscription papers around or those usually responsible. which are induced or seduced into coming into the town. . . . There are exceptions of course; but most of those promoted

supplies s a 1 t for his horses and all his Health stock. is promoted by its giving. When I was little boy, visiting my grandfather, it was my joy to go with him every Sunday morning to "salt the sheep." The animals would **DQ CEDELAND** 

would erowd about us, eager to get their share from the wooden neasure.

The proverbs of a people are like the salt. Cicero described them as the "sait pits of a na-tion." He regarded them as the "treasured preservatives' against corruption."

From earliest youth we have had drilled into us these short practical traths. "Honesty is the best policy," "Nothings is safe from fault finders," "No work,

That book of the Bible, known as "The Proverbs," is the most remarkable of all such collec-tions. Solomon's words of wistom are known of all men.

Recently I was struck by this one of Solemon's sayings: "A gift is as a precious stone in the eves of him that hath it."

No matter how little its money value may be, we prize a gift made or selected just for us. An article that cost a dime is indeed is a precious stone.

Christmas is a day of gift bearing. Just as the Wise Men carried to the Christ child gifts of gold and frank-incense and myrrh so we shower upon our children today gifts of every sort. Loving thoughts go with them. All in all, this is a day of tender experiences. No wonder the thoughts of Christmas day are

among the most cherished of all

The Priceless Gift It is not alone but because of

with her tears.

The industrial development of the Willamette valley ones is the gift of health. No will be almost wholly of local origin. Local industries father ed, we are determined that our than those brought in from the outside will develop. We children shall be well and strong. into stove that didn't draw. The black frying pan, Bacon grease. Sometimes we are careless tion. Fruit canning and processing is a major activity about doing all things that Scum on the dish water. health demands. Unless we give If she could only get him thought to its problems, no on away from the mountains. Christmas and birthdays alone, She tried to talk it over with and always will be! we are likely to overlook the Lou. is most intriguing. If this industry could only get through physical needs of the child. "Lou, wouldn't it be nice if Roger. No use trying to get Watchful, intelligent oversight Roger Decatur were down along without him. She'd tried, are essential to the well-being of here?" "Who?" "My ranger!" cerned, we think Mr. Mitchell will have to get down to ton- Christmas morning, confident Let us open our eyes every "Oh, I always think of him as the big, striped book nage rather than commercial club resolutions if he is to that the year has recorded no the ranger.' justify the expense to the government. His own Erie canal neglect of the greatest gift the "You needn't. He's a gentleon which millions have been spent carries scant tonnage, in child can have the gift of man, even if he is a ranger!" proportion to its capacity or to the amount moved between worth more than pearls and ruabounding health. Such a gift is "Why, Nancy, I wasn't knocking him, Nor his job. Do you go on like this. know, if I were a man I believe up over his spectacles. I'd go in for forestry myself." Nancy's eager face clouded. "A READER." Q .--- What She began to polish the nails of what?" one hand on the pink palm of the other. "Humph! Forestry! A .- May be due to neuritis. Large work and small pay. Bur-Some infection in the system is ied in the sticks!" "They don't mind. For that matter, neither would I." "Tom." Q .- What is the nor-The tears, never far from the speculations turn out ill for the local investors. mal blood pressure for a man 25 surface, welled into Nancy's years old? eyes again, "I don't believe you A.-About 120. would! But I would! I hate it!" Humpty-Dumpty Had a Great Fall Lou was looking out of the MISS R. L. S. Q .- I am only window, a curious, far-away look 17 years of age, but notice that in here eyes. "I wouldn't hate IN those now lamented halycon days B. C. (Before the the veins in my right leg are anything with the man I loved. swollen. I cannot account for the I'd go anywhere to be near

him," she said dreamily. against her lips, breathing in "Roger, darling, I miss you "Oh well, you can afford to its good green smell, more than I ever dreamed I be dramatic. You're not in love Maybe she could ta could miss anyone in the world" with anyone. Wait till you see a She looked at him with mount-

Nancy wrote, blotting the ink ranger you like." Lou continued to stare out of Whenever she thought of Rogthe window. Her eyes were er, so far away, she wanted to burning.

ranger, Lou." Silence from the window.

DEMOCRATS

In our turn the greatest gift finger nails, grown pink and "Lou, he'd look wonderful in die, we can bestow upon our dear siny again, fascinated her. She evening clothes, I thought of him er. spent hours polishing them, rub- at May Belle's party. There was-

m of his chair. Thinking about the cabin. The a candle to him, not even Jack Beamer-' "Humph! Jack Beamer!"

Nancy giggled helplessly.

Maybe she could talk to papa ing excitement. Maybe he'd understand, Papa, who read the sport page from beginning to

end every night and was always "You know, I did like that talking about crack shots and prize fighters, and men who spend eighteen hours in the sad-"Lou, he'd look wonderful in die. Surely he'd appreciate Rog-

> She came and curled up on the "Well, Nancy girl." How pretty she was! It was

Clans, how can he be in Port-land and Salem at the same time, or talking over the radio in San Francisco? The little fellow has a bad case of agnos-ticism. the same little if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, Now, the Bits man has told no poetry, no romance to make a little friend that if he cannot tolerable this existence. We 5 5 5

his little triend that if he cannot prove to him that there is a Santhe Claus, he gets a dime. And dimes are not as plentiful with the Bits man as they might be; besides he has a very thin. Scotch strain in his blood. So he has perhaps undertaken a hard job. But no. There is proof that there is a Santa Claus that is classic. It has convinced several generations of children.

chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if. they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, . . Will the little friend please, pay strict attention. A number of years: ago, when the great thinker, Charles A. Dana, was but that is no sign that there is owner and editor of the New no Santa Claus. The most real York Sun, he had as one of his things in the world are those able assistants as editorial that neither children nor men writer Frank P. Church. One can see. Did you ever see faircan see. Did you ever see fair-ies dancing on the lawn? Of day The Sun received in the day The Sun received in the les dancing but that's no proof mail a letter, and this missive course not, but that's no proof.

was parked on the preverbially that they are not there. Nobe littered desk of Mr. Church. The can conceive or imagine all the following article on the editorial wonders there are unseen and following article on the editorial wonders there world. page of The Sun was the result: unseeable in the world. "We take pleasure in answer-ing at once and thus prominent-baby's rattle and see what "We take pleasure in answer-ing at once and thus prominent-ly the communication below, exthere is a veil covering the un-seen world which not the strong-est man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men pressing at the same time our great gratification that its faith-

ful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun: "'Dear Editor: I am 8 years

"'Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. "'Papa says 'If you read it in The Sun it's so."

"'Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

"'Virginia O'Hanlon."" S . S.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! "Virginia, your little friends he lives, and lives forever. A are wrong. They have been af- thousand years from new, Virfected by the scepticism of a ginia, nay, ten times ten thousceptical age. They do not be- sand years from now, he will lieve except they see. They continue to make glad the heart think that nothing can be which of childhood." is not comprehensible by their Now, will the little friend of little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or the Bits man say there is no children's, are little. In this Santa Claus? Or will he de-

great universe of ours man is a mand his thin dime? What does mere insect, an ant, in his intel-lect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as the same time in Salem and

Portland and San Francisco amount to? Does he not know Papa was beginning to get nervous. This wasn't what he had exepected at all, He glanced was no such man because images

there was a George Washington? Might as well say there apprehensively toward the kit- and statues of him exist in thousands of cities. Or that there

measured by the intelligence

capable of grasping the whole of

"Yes, Virginia, there is a San-

ta Claus. He exists as certainly

should have no enjoyment, ex-

eternal light with which child-. hood fills the world would be extinguished

"Not believe in Santa Claus!

You might as well not believe in

fairies. You might get your papa

to hire men to watch in all the

makes the most noise inside, but

that ever lived, could tear apart.

Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the

supernal beauty and glory be-

yond. Is it all real? Ah, Vir-ginia, in all this world there is

nothing else real and abiding.

5

extinguished.

Chamber lain

old.

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON **"FOREST LOVE"** 

crash) a new designation was coined for those neuveaux riche men who patronized the night clubs and cabarets and condition. What would you adcontributed so vastly to the high life of the big towns. They were the "butter-and-egg" men. Just why such a cognomen should be used to apply to these gilded gentry we do due to overexertion or strain with diamond studs and colored collars were the talk of elastic stocking will help to some extent. Avoid long standing or

We hear nothing at all of the butter and egg boys in any exertion which naturally these parlous times. Tex Guinan's is closed,-not by the tends to cause increased tension police but by the absence of patrons. Palm Beach and Miami are dead as in summer.

such classification were really in the butter and egg business, they would find ample excuse for sudden frugality in the quotations which the markets are making on their ed up to be. Humpty dumpty has had a great fall; and king's horses and men are just as helpless as in Mother Goose days.

If we are not careful, cooks will turn Christmas into an eggs, fresh eggs, be as appropriate on the anniversary of the birth of Jesus as of his death?

laughing matter, save for the consumer. Many a farmer's

CHAPTER XXX.

and she couldn't.

school to complete organization A .--- The trouble is probably of a valley athletic league. constitution was drafted.

Four pre-Christmas marriage licenses were issued here,

Attorney and Mrs. Carey F. Martin went to Eugene to spend Christmas with relatives. The new supply house of the Voget lumber company is nearly completed.

the republican nomination

"Humph! Jack Beamer!" worth it . . . worth all the drud-Oh, well, you can't talk to gery and disappointment and Lou, she thought disconsolately. failure to have a girl like that! Lou's a man hater. Always was, What a smile, all to derness and pride, he pushed back the pap-She began another letter ers he had been working over.

They were bills. The plumber's bill or the new bathroom. faucets that were put in last De-

"Hollenbeck? Sign here." cember lay on top, and under-Nancy sighed. She accepted neath an older one than that. gingerly, Dr. Deming's bill for Lou's tonas if it were a bomb, likely to sils; he took them out nearly go off at any moment. The two years ago. fourth in four days. This would

"Well, Nancy girl, what do have to stop. Things couldn't you want? A new hat?" Nancy had the grace to blush. "More flowers?" Papa looked "I don't want anything," she said quickly . . "Papa, you shouldn't wear a collar that's all "Is it a joke, or a bet frayed like that! It's a disgrace. And that awful necktie!'

"I think it's a mistake. He grinned. "No one is going must have put in an order at a to look at an old fellow like florist and forgot to stop it. I me. Not while I have a couple wish to goodness he'd keep of pretty girls they can look at them," she sand, poking with instead.'

fingers that were gentle in spite "A couple of big, bulking, lazy of her at the waxy green uaper loafers, that's what we are! Esthat covered Jack Beamer's unpecially me! Running up bills welcome gift. Pansles. Baby roson you when we ought to be out es. Gardenias, They looked at working or something-" her with innocent sweetness. In "Tut, tut. Nonsense." But the movies girls throw away she saw that he was pleased. flowers from men they don't And then, warningly. "Shh. Your like, Nancy always ended by lov- mother will hear. She has one ing hers, and cutting the stems of her headaches. Louiss got her to make them last. all upset talking about some

"You ought to speak to him kind of a job with the Associat-out it," papa said, squinting ed Charities or the Community about it," at them. 'Your mother won't Chest or something on that ordlike it . . . that maidenhair er." smells nice, Kind of like the

"It's about time some of did something . Piling up the

"Oh, that!" He pushed the woods. She laid a piece of it little pile o them out of sight,

ness, "That's nothing, I wouldhave a few bills, First thing I know, though, some young felme, eh, baby?" Her heart leaped. She laid her

won't mind?"

"Just because he's a ranger was no Jesus who walked the she won't believe that I'm really dusty roads of old Judea, in love with him, sad -"

met-'

ago.

cause His images are in millions "Shh! Wasn't that your mothof places throughout the world. er coming?" Or that there was no Julius Cae-"No, I don't think so. Pops, sar, because men taking his part you wouldn't mind a ranger for strut across stages in many a son-in-law, would you? He's wonderful looking. Nearly six

lands at the same time. Or that there is no President Hoover, feet and brown as an Indian. because he is in Washington It's funny, too, with his light while he talks from the silver hair and blue eyes. And ride! screens of ten thousand thea-Anything with four legs. He's ters, and his voice is picked so strong he could pick me up from the air clear around the with one hand. He has, for that earth. matter. But he's the most-"

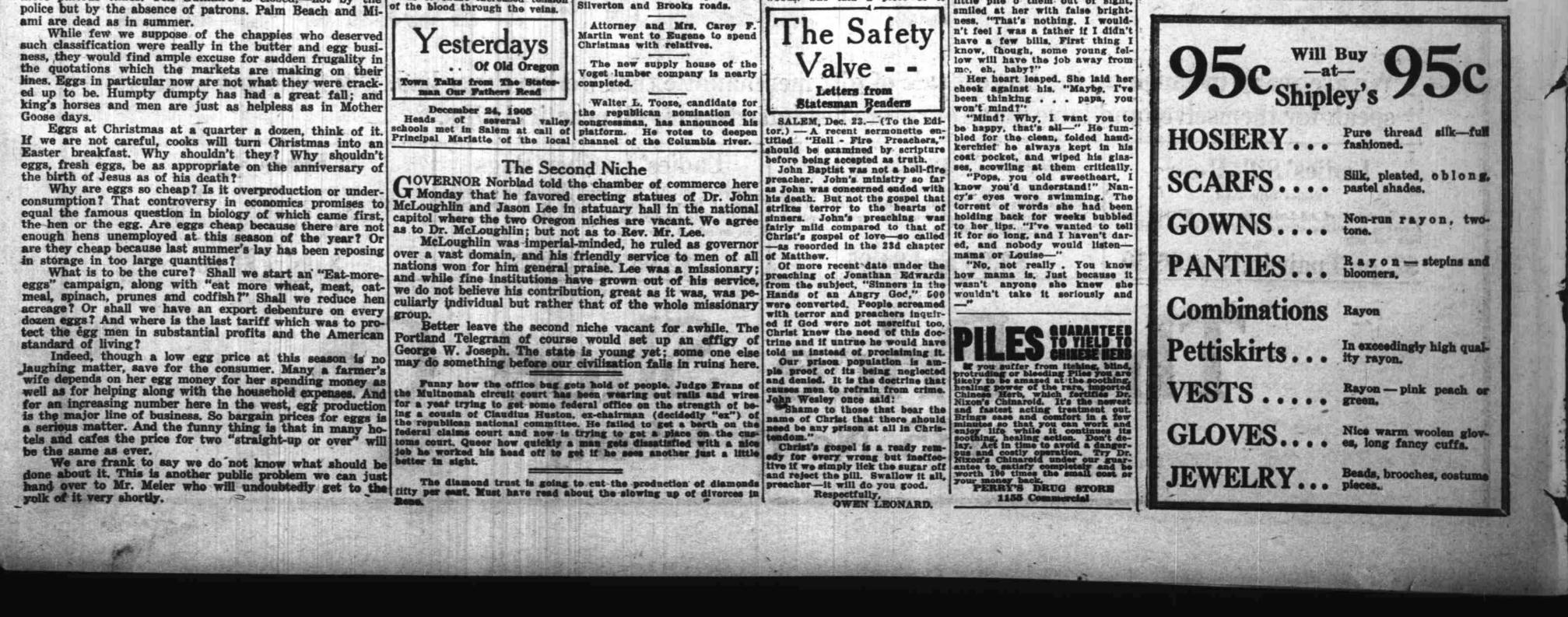
Some day, the little friend He stopped her at last. "Now, now, you don't want to lose your will read the story of the womhead over some fellow you met an of Samaria who talked with on a summer vacation. I sup-Jesus at Jacob's well, and will pose you met him this summer?" understand better that the spirit "Yes, but it's no summer roof Santa Claus is above all flesh mance. From the first minute we and all earthly environment, and that it is felt in all worlds that "Shh! What would your moth-

are inhabited, as millions must er say?" He craned his neck over be, as well as our little terresthe frayed collar, looking anx- trial ball floating in unmeasured iously toward the door. No sign and unmeasurable space. of Kitty. He relaxed a little.

looked at his lovely daughter This little friend might as with love and pity. What a babe well argue that there is no she was, getting all stirred up over some good-looking cowearthly father and mother because he cannot see them in the puncher. The fellow probably dark, though he can feel their put an arm around her some sympathy and love whether presmoonlight night. He knew. He ent or absent; aye, whether livwas a young man not so long ing in the flesh or the present abodes of their spirits beyond

Tenderly he smiled at the the stars the other side of the quivering girl. Gently he pinch- milky way.

ed her cheek. "So that's why 2 2 2 you stayed away from your dad There may be a make-believe so long, ch? Having an affair Santa Claus under every Christwith a cowpuncher, ch? Well-" mas tree; but the real Santa His manner changed. He became Claus lives in the hearts of all the bustling, garrulous Peter Hollenbeck they knew at the (Continued on page 7) and charity and love.







country,"