The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, *Publishers*
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - - *Editor-Manager*
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - - *Managing Editor*

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Ford-Parsons-Stecher,Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or $5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; $5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Hunters Find a Friend

THE deer hunters win by the opinion of Justice Belt that the law giving the governor power to bar them from forests in dry weather is an unwarranted invasion of their rights. The opinion is distinguished in particular because of its reliance upon common sense rather than what the courts of Ireland said on shooting partridges in the early part of the fourteenth century. Writes Judge Belt:

"It is difficult to conceive how a forest fire could be started by the use of firearms, especially those used to hunt deer. Can it be that the legislature had in mind that a rifle bullet, striking a tree, might set it on fire? If so, there should be additional legislation concerning target practice. Prohibiting the use of firearms by deer hunters on account of danger to forests is, in the opinion of the writer, absurd and unreasonable.

"We next consider the other reason specified in the statute as the building of fires. Of course, a camp fire may constitute a real menace. But is it more so by reason of being started by a hunter? What about the 'tin can' tourist or the neophyte fresh from the bright lights of Broadway? It is the opinion of the writer that the average hunter loves the great outdoors and appreciates the necessity of exercising care to preserve our magnificent forests."

A bit satirical perhaps; but quite logical. The truth is that the deer hunter is usually an experienced man in the woods. He is a lover of the great outdoors, a foe to forest fires, and skilled in caring properly for his fire.

This decision, it may be remarked, follows the lines of the conclusion of Governor Norblad last fall in refusing to postpone the opening of the deer hunting season.

The New York auto show reveals automobiles more beautiful, more serviceable and less costly than ever. If any one thinks the auto business will not come back he is foolish. The United States is on wheels and the old cars are wearing out rapidly. Replacement demand alone will call for more cars than were produced in 1930. 1931 should show considerable pick-up in business, with 1932 well back to normalcy if not ahead.

The senate tacks on fifteen millions for feeding the starving Arkansans who have been trying to subsist on "Caraway seed." What has become of the Near East Relief and the China relief and the committee for the India famine sufferers Or does the distress have to be foreign to make an organization profitable? With food doles from the government we fear it may not be far to the renewal of Caesarian banquets for the multitudes.

The Albany Democrat-Herald thinks the bars to getting an auto driver's license should be extended to include mentally deficient as well as the physically deficient. What, do they want to prohibit motoring almost entirely?

And what will they do with the color blind fellow who thinks every traffic light is green?

Alma Rubens was picked up on a narcotics charge Monday. Poor Alma. She glittered for a while as a movie star, but drugs got her and the news of her arrest is her first emergence from oblivion for years. The price of continued success is always—continued success.

We hope they bury Princess Louise' hat with her. What a terrible bit of headgear it looked like in her painted pictures. The king ordered four weeks of court mourning and two more weeks of half-mourning. The millinery doesn't deserve even fractional mourning.

The Eugene Register-Guard remarks: "American radio is doing more than any other agency to give millions of people an idea of what they have been missing." Yes, and how long will it be before they wake up to see what they are getting?

More frozen assets. $20,000 in bonds were found in a block of ice in a Maryland river.

West Salem News

A group of friends of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Bradford were their guests Thursday evening, remaining to welcome the advent of the New Year. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hathaway and daughter Delores, Misses Grace Williams, Eva Randall, and Robert Miller, Ruehl Bradford, Albert Bradford and Raymond McGee. Cards were played until the midnight hour, after which the hostess served refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Wise, with their son Frances of school age, and baby daughter Norma, have purchased and are living in the house on Third street formerly owned and occupied by C. E. Greene and family. With the Wise family is Willis Bohle, who has been for the last three months West Salem's efficient and only barber. His shop is located on Edgewater street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ruth and son, Glenn Wolfe, have moved from the Arnold house on Kingwood avenue to 1230 Third street. The Ruths were originally from Tillamook.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Baker and family drove to Silverton Sunday, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Crabtree.

Mrs. M. C. Williams, with her daughter, Mrs. Leo Kelley, both of Independence, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Mary Billings and her daughter, Miss Lottie McAdams.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Lemon and family spent New Year's in Portland with Mr. and Mrs. George Lemon. The Lemons motored to Tillamook over the week-end, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Paul.

Miss Beckie Best, who is an employe in the office of the Northwest Grocery company, Salem, has been confined to her home for several days with a very severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Watts of Jefferson, with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Terry of San Francisco were recent guests of Mrs. Rose Burleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stevens, their daughter Bertha and son Leo, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Walker were dinner guests Friday evening of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Boles at their home in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simpson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. The little fellow who has not yet been named, arrived on Sunday. He has an older brother, Glenn, to welcome him.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ruth of Seattle and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hodgdon of Portland have returned to their homes after having been the guests since before Christmas of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ruth. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgdon, both of whom are blind, are from the Oregon Employment Institution for the Blind, in Portland, Mr. Hodgdon is a salesman.

All branches of church activity are preparing this week for special revival services which will begin next Sunday evening with a sermon by Rev. M. A. Marcy, district superintendent. Other meetings through the week will be classified as follows: Monday, men's night; Tuesday, boys' night; Wednesday, women's night; Thursday, Sunday school night; Friday, family night.

The first of a series of cottage prayer meetings was held this morning at the home of Mrs. Rose Kendall Burleigh. Another will be held tomorrow, with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brock, one Thursday at the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Warren and another Friday at some place not yet determined.

Beginning this evening, the Epworth league membership will conduct fellowship services each evening this week as a preparation for evangelistic work among the young people of the community.

Everybody is urged to attend these services, especially the young people.

Monday morning, a meeting of the Polk county ministerial association was held in the Ford Memorial church, a feature of which was a paper on "Evangelism," by Rev. Stockwell of Dallas.

LEAVES HUBBARD

HUBBARD, Jan. 5 — George Knight left Saturday to resume his duties as representative for the Crown Flour company after spending the holidays with his family. During the week Mr. and Mrs. Knight, daughters, Helen and Anna, and son, Charles, spent a few days in Portland as guests at the home of A. F. Knight, brother of George Knight.

What Can We Expect in 1931

VERNON A. DOUGLAS, M.D.

The occurrence of diseases, often minor cycles, are as true to form as other phenomenon in nature. The heights of the peak, of the depth of the trough, however, can be largely controlled and we can even go so far as to be able to predict increases in certain communicable diseases. Measles unless very carefully watched, comes in cycles of about every three to four years. From a public health standpoint our main attack, since there is no known preventive of measles, is to prevent too rapid spread and to ward off complications. In view of past occurrences in Marion county we would expect a measles epidemic in Marion county in the spring of 1931, which may possibly be postponed until 1932. We will do all things possible, however, to try to prevent its occurrence.

The slight rise in diphtheria, which has occurred during 1930, is apt to continue through the winter of 1931. It is important that we prepare for this now and the cooperation of parents in having their children immunized against this disease will determine how successful we are in preventing any increase whatever.

Tuberculosis although steadily on the decline, raises its ugly head at the least opportunity. Periods of depression, with low wages, poor food, improper housing, are allies of tuberculosis. We probably cannot prevent economic changes but we can do something to see that known tuberculosis cases are properly cared for and that potential cases receive early attention. Children especially must be protected against infection. We would expect a slight rise in tuberculosis during 1931. We hope and will strive to see tha' this does not occur.

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

Editor "The Oregon Statesman."
Dear Sir:

May I call attention to an error in the report of the accident last Sunday, in which Leo Prange, riding a bicycle, was run down by a car driven by P. J. Varley.

In the report, as appearing in The Oregon Statesman last Monday morning, it is stated that Leo Prange "rode his bicycle into the path of the approaching vehicle". This is not correct, since both bicycle and car were going in the same direction when the latter struck the former. Both were traveling south on N. Winter street, with the bicycle hugging the curbing on the west side of the street.

The writer will appreciate the publication of this, for the sole purpose of disseminating correct information to the public.

Respectfully,
J. L. PRANGE.

Jan. 7, 1931.
1025 N. Cottage St.,
Salem, Ore.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

By Eyebuck

It was New Year's eve in Salem town and bachelors from all around had gathered at their meeting place to solve the world old problem "Perpetuation of the Race." The gang, composed of the elite of country home and city street, was organized some years ago to try and make the city grow. Si Eakin was the first to rise, and from his head he brushed the flies, and spoke in tones distinct and clear of all their hopes for the new year; said he resolved, if spared his life, to take unto himself a wife. Then Carl Gabrielson made a vow that he would get one, too, somehow; and Charley Eppley said he would, do the very best he could, but when the others looked at him they thought his chance was mighty slim. Prof. Kohler then arose, while dabbing powder on his nose, and said, in accents low and sweet, that in this game he would compete; offering a dandy pocket knife to the fellow who found him a wife. Sam Foster brushed away a tear, when he thought of the old year, and all the trials that he'd been through, said it made him rather blue, but promised he would turn a leaf and find someone else to share his grief. Alva Burns, the man of brawn, announced his heart already gone, and said he thought it would be fine to have her with him all the time. Tad Shelton got up nerve to say, he was on the lookout night and day, and hoped, ere the new year was spent, to have a home and be content. Jim Smith stood up, with flaming face, and announced his entry in the race, and said he trusted the boys would do all they could to help him through. Charles Philip Weeks, the preacher man, who can build a house or bake a ham, said his services would be free to all who start a family tree, and said he thought 'twould be no sin, if one found two, to divide with him.

Yesterdays

. . Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

January 7, 1905

The Spaulding Logging company of this city sent three carloads of dressed lumber to Salt Lake City yesterday.

Robert Taylor, liveryman of Stayton, returned to that city after spending several days there on business.

Captain C. A. Murphy of Company M, third infantry, O. N. G., has received word that the annual inspection of the National Guard here will be held for the month beginning January 25.

The steamer Altona, in addition to the regular load, brought to the Salem Flouring mills 32 tons of shorts.

Rev. A. A. Moore, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, is in Portland for several days.

THE RECRUIT

"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Mr. Lachman rose. He was very pale and little beads of perspiration glistened on his long upper lip. "Just a moment Miss—Miss Louise," he began, jovially. "You're not going to desert us? After I came all the distance from San Francisco, leaving important business and social duties, to see you?"

"It was very rude of you, my dear," mama cut in nervously, conscious of the crisis in the air and afraid, oh, terribly afraid, that Louise wouldn't rise to the occasion, wouldn't stop chattering to that silly boy and say something charming . . . and it would have to be very charming . . . to bring Mr. Lachman back to good nature.

Lou hesitated. Glanced reluctantly kitchenward, and then back to mama and Mr. Lachman. "I'm sorry—if I'd known you were coming, I'd have been here, of course."

Mr. Lachman breathed again. He stuck both hands in his pockets and teetered back and forth on his heels. "Oh, so they forgot to tell you!" His cold, fishy gaze rested triumphantly upon papa. Aha! Just as I thought! More of your inefficiency! he seemed to say.

Then Lou, conscience-stricken, "Oh, this is THURSDAY. I'd forgotten. Please forgive me, Mr. Lachman!"

He'd never forget, but he might forgive her. After all, she was very young and very lovely. While he was groping for just the right words to say, smiling down at her fatuously, she began to laugh, joyously, liltingly, the way Nancy used to laugh a year ago.

Between gasps of bubbling, choking laughter, she managed to say, "Wasn't it funny? I didn't just forget Mr. Lachman and the family dinner party . . . I forgot to have dinner at all! And oh, Mat, I'm so hungry now. . . . Weren't we the idiots? Come on out in the kitchen!"

The door banged behind them. In the sudden strained silence, Nancy's voice rose shrilly:

"Isn't love grand?"

Oliver T. Lachman, president of the Parkhurst National Bank, was gone, and all Peter Hollenbeck's hopes had gone with him. He would never be vice president now. He would never be anything but a clerk. A failure. Lachman would never do anything for him now. Maybe he'd find an excuse to. . . but no, no man would dismiss a faitful employe just because his daughter . . . his daughter. . . .

Papa's round, gray head went down in his hands. He had not realized how much he had counted on Louise. But I couldn't have let her marry him if she didn't love him, he thought, defending himself and trying to put that last unpleasant picture of a moist and repellant Mr. Lackman sputtering on the doorstep resolutely out of his mind.

"It wasn't as if I were counting on it, exactly," he whispered to himself. "I just thought, well, it would be a great thing for us all if she happened to take to him. And many a young girl would be only too glad to have the opportunity. He'd have made her a wonderful husband . . . well, it was not to be." He sighed again. His unquiet thoughts ran on . . . suppose Lachman did get rid of him . . . what would he do? How could he, at his age, go the rounds of the employment bureaus asking for work, asking his friends, borrowing money? . . He caught Kitty staring at him, fascinated. He must have shown his thoughts too clearly. "Well, what is to be, will be!" he said with forced cheerfulness, trying to sound as if he were reassuring her instead of himself.

CHAPTER XLIII

Kitty drew away from his clumsy reaching arm. Her thin little face was drawn with hate

"Yes, that's just like you, blaming it on fate when it's your she managed to articulate between sobs. "I don't care for own fault! It isn't for myself," myself. It's the girls I'm thinking of. My life is ruined. But I won't stand back and see my girls—"

He didn't understand. He just looked at her blankly.

It's your motner's fault!" she shrieked, pointing a shaking finger at him. "Oh, don't look at me like that! I know! It isn't enough for her to make us ridiculous with the neighbors . . she has, she has! Don't you interrupt me! . . . But you see what she's done to Nancy, and now Lou . . Lou!"

"I guess Louise is thinking for herself, Kitty." In spite of himself he sighed again, heavily.

"That's all YOU know. It's HER doing . . no girl of mine—"

"Now, Kitty, you'll have one of your headaches."

"Don't Kitty me! Your mother wil have to go, that's all. I won't have her in my house another day. This settles it!"

Self-Pity

"Kitty—please, Kitty—"

"I'm sure I've tried to do my best. I DID advise my girls. Now they've turned against me. You heard Nancy insult Mr. Lachman! You saw how much Louise cared for my feelings! And now you . . . you . . . after all I gave up for you . . oh, to think that after all these years. . ."

"Kitty, please—"

"All right, I'll go, then. I'll go to Ellie; he'll take me in. To be turned out of my own house . . . oh, I can't bear it. How can I ever. . ."

"But, Kitty, darling—"

The tear in mama's eyes dried. She said in quite her ordinary voice, "Make up your mind, I'm rid of her, or aren't you?"

She thought she had won, for Peter Hollenbeck, seeming to grow smaller and smaller, slumped in his chair until his head fell forward on his chest.

"I'm waiting for my answer!"

It was not like Peter to torture her this way! She made a litle impatient movement toward him, and saw his face, livid and distorted.

"Peter! You're sick!"

But only his broken, stentorian breathing answered her. Peter Hollenbeck had had a stroke.

• • •

"I'll see you in the morning, Mr. Lachman had said. And now it was morning, and Hollenbeck was late.

Mr. Lachman consulted his large gold watch. Compared it with the bank clock. Good! This would make it easier. He had made up his mind to get rid of the old fool. He should have been fired long ago. And after the unpleasantness of last evening . . . He began to compose the little speech he would make, friendly, but firm. . . You must realize as well as I, Hollenbeck that the welfare of the bank must come first. Much as it grieves me to have to sever our happy relations of so many years, nevertheless you must agree with me that a younger man . . .

The speech he was rehearsing was never finished. Mr. Stafford, the cashier, brought him the news. Mr. Hollenbeck was sick. A stroke, the doctor said.

Hum . . . Oliver Lachman was stumped. You can't fire a man while he's sick. "Hum," Mr Lachman cleared his throat again. "That's sad news!"

The bank employees clubbed together and sent a basket of spring flowers. Mr. Lachman, annoyed, sent a larger basket. What else could he do?

Grandma Hollenbeck climbed stairs, made soup, nursed the invalid. The girls, crushed and silent at first, began to think once more of their own affairs. Nancy resumed her mysterious trips down town, prinking for hours before she left, returning tired, defiant, more impatient than ever with mama's questioning, her warnings and advice.

Changed Times

"I don't care what the circumstances are, Nancy. A young man should ALWAYS call for a young lady at her home I don't know what's the matter with young men these days. When I was a girl—"

"Mama, STOP! I don't care what you did when you were a girl. I'm going to get all the fun I can out of my life. I don't get much—"

Mama always cried when Nanbest, she thought disconsolately. It isn't my fault that Peter never got ahead. No girls were ever better brought up than mine . . oh, dear, why won't they listen to me?"

They wouldn't listen. Nobody would listen. Not even papa. He would close his eyes and pretend to be asleep . . . maybe he was, she couldn't be sure. But when his mother or the girls wanted to see him he was always awake!

March gave way to April, April with its gift of summery sunshine, roses, fledgling sparrow in the magnolia tree under the bedroom window. And, as if he were feeling the intoxication of spring, the surge of new life all around him, papa began to get well. His dead flesh took on a healthier color., he learned to move his knotted hands. Even his thick tongue became controllable. He looked younger and happier than he had in years. "Pretty nice for an old fellow," he grinned, "sitting out in the yard in a wheel chair, with nothing to do but read, and the old check coming in just the same!" He pinched Louise's cheek, and smiled again. He had ceased to worry about her not marrying. After all, it was nice to have the girls home.

The Blow

And then the blow came.

They were sitting around the fireplace after dinner. He was in the wheel chair he had learned to move so easily. Kitty dozed over her embroidery. His mother was mending stockings. Nancy—just a shadow of the gold and rose Nancy of last spring—sat listlessly, lovely hands in her lap, doing nothing. Louise's chair was close to his, he was explaining the heavyweight championship fight he saw at Selby when Jack Dempsey . . Jack Dempsey. . .

"Just a minute, papa, I think that's for me. I'm expecting a phone call!" Louise interrupted, and went out into the hall.

He waited, impatient, for her to return.

At last she came back, and he went on. "Well, sir, nobody knew for sure whether the fight was going to come off or not, but I figured I'd be there just in case. And so I was one of the comparatively few who saw one of the greatest championship bouts in history. Well, sir, when Jack at down at the end of the second round . . . " H talked on and on, watching Lou's flushed, excited face, adding a few bloodthirsty details to make the story better. Then he waited for her comment.

For a long moment she did not answer. Then, adressing no one in particular, her eyes on the tips of her shiny brown pumps, she said:

"I'm going to be married Thursday."

(To be continued)

Wedding Date Is Celebrated

HAZEL GREEN, Jan. 6. — Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kobow celebrated their nineteenth wedding anniversary New Year's day with a dinner.

Covers were laid for Mr. Kobow's mother, sister and niece, Mrs. Matilda Kobow; Mrs. Minnie Rickman; Miss Gladys Kearns of Claxter; Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sanders, nee Lena Kobow; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Helsen; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd McDonald, nee Myrtle Johnson; Mrs. Lillian Ward, all of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Turner and children, Raymond and Richard of Salem; Mrs. Kobow's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Schaffer, daughter, Mrs. Veda and grandson, Billie Morris Schaffer, Dewy Harnel all of Brooks; hosts Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kobow and children Barbara and Delmar.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Oldest, newest grocery store:

The oldest locally owned grocery store in Salem that is still in business, and going strong, has become the newest.

Roth & Graber began business in Salem in 1900. The partners at that time were Theo Roth, E. J. Roth, P. E. Graber and Joe Graber. The store was at 410 State street, in what is now known as the Bank of Commerce building; next to the corner, in the room at present occupied by the Central Pharmacy.

Within the first years of the business, Joe Graber disposed of his interest, and in 1909 Peter Graber sold his interest to Edward Schunke and L. H. Barnett. The concern was then incorporated and since has been known as the Roth Grocery company.

In 1915, that company erected the building at 134 North Liberty street, occupying the lower floor for 15 years, with the Salem Young Women's Christian association having the upper floor under lease. About two years ago that building was leased for a term of 30 years to the F. & W. Grand concerp operating 5 and 10 cent stores in over 200 locations throughout the country.

The lease to the Grand concern called for possession on the first day of January, 1931. This was given, and the Grand people will do an extensive job of remodeling to fit their needs, and be ready for business in Salem by the first of March. They have given a lease of the second floor quarters to the Salem Y. W. C. A.

Preparatory to the move, Edward Schunke erected a new building at 275 North High street, on his lot next to the city hall, and the oldest down town locally owned grocery store in Salem became the newest one with the opening of the new year. It has been named the Model Food Market, and it will be incorporated under that designation.

The partners who will become the stockholders are Edward Schunke, Arthur J. Engelbart and William F. Perlich. Mr. Schunke, senior member, has been with the business almost from its beginning. Mr. Engelbart has been with it 18 years, and Mr. Perlich has been manager of the meat department for five years. They make up a team that will work together in giving a splendid service to the public; maintaining the excellent reputation the business has enjoyed for over a quarter of a century.

The new store is 125 feet deep, with a width of 38 feet, and basement. The purpose of the new organization is to carry on the same kind of a high class food store that has been the rule from the first; adding whatever is in demand in order to improve this line of service.

The new store makes a splendid appearance. It has the modern open shelf system, allowing customers to see what is displayed, and to help themselves if they wish. The fixtures are practically all new, and installed and arranged along the best lines for such a business.

The color scheme is apple green with black trimmings. The visitor will agree that the effect is pleasing. There is a spacious office. There are rest rooms. There are three coolers, two for meat and one for vegetables. A bakery and kitchen is operated in the rear, the same as in the old store; but with enlarged and improved facilities.

Including the members of the company, 19 people are employed in this business regularly; with more help in rush times. There is a free delivery system, and it is a regular service store, with 30 day credits to customers.

It is worthy of note that such a high grade business, under the ownership of local people, can carry on successfully with all the competition and the varying changes of trade, and still be on the high road to expansion and improved service.

Out of the small beginnings of the founders of that concern has grown the Willamette Grocery company, the only wholesale house in that line in Salem, with a large and increasing trade, covering the central valley and coast districts, and angles of its operations extending into other states.

It might be added that the experience of the people who have thus steadily expanded their operations; grown steadily with the growth of the city and its trade territory; reaped rewards commensurate with their visions and their service—all this shows that there is room here and opportunity still, and will ever be, for all who will grasp it.

And there is opportunity for personal and independent effort. The great chain organizations hold some trump cards. But they do not hold all of them. They will never be able to supply the requisite of close and intimate contacts that can be had only with local relationships and connections; the neighborliness and knowledge that are built up from the home ties that bind each town and city.

As Salem grows, it will be found that the business center will rather shift towards than tend to go away from the location of her oldest and newest grocery store. The east and west travel over the Willamette bridge and the expansion that is bound to tend east and north will take care of that. And the vast water borne traffic of the future will not allow it to shift very far from the river.

AUMSVILLE CLUB HEARS OF WORK

Mrs. Elizabeth Gallaher Tells of Girl Reserve Organization

AUMSVILLE, Jan. 6—An all day community club meeting was held at the school house New Year's day. A bounteous dinner was served at noon.

The program following the dinner consisted of a talk by Mrs. Elizabeth Gallaher of Salem Y. W. C. A. informing the club on the rules and regulations of Girl Reserves which they are sponsoring.

She was accompanied from Salem by Miss Mabel Savage. A committee was appointed by the president, Charles Martin, to finish these plans. The committee is Mrs. A. E. Bradley, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. M. McCollough, Mrs. T. C. Mountain and Miss Ruth Riches.

The program included, a song by Charlotte Martin, a reading by Clarissa Clark, of Turner, several old time numbers were played by Mr. Pardee on the banjo, accompanied by Fred Denham at the piano. A song, Mrs. Saylor and T. C. Mountain.

Special visitors were Mrs. Mountain of Coburg and Mrs. Saylor of Yakima. They are mother and sister of T. C. Mountain, who is a professor in the local high school.

Robert Mountain has returned to school at Corvallis after spending the holidays here with his parents.

A number of Bethel Sunday school members attended the North Santiam district convention held at Stayton Sunday, January 4.

School started again Monday with the usual work after 12 days vacation.

HAZEL GREEN HAS NOTED GUEST

HAZEL GREEN, Jan. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Woelke had as week-end guests Mrs. Woelke's sister and family Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Ely and daughter Helen and Mr. Ely's sister, Marvel Jean Ely, all of Oregon City.

Mr. Ely is a member of an orchestra of Portland that will sail from Seattle January 5 for a year in Shanghai, China. Mrs. Ely and Helen will remain in Oregon City.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wampler and children, Clinton and Marian, were guests on New Year's day of Mrs. Wampler's brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Dunnigan and daughter Wilma of Salem.

The Nemo Sewing club met on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Edward Hines. Members present were Mrs. Pearl Wood, Mrs. Maurice Dunnigan, Mrs. Louis Faist, Mrs. Adolph Kittelson, Mrs. Richard Teeve, Mrs. Louis Wampler. Mrs. Adolph Kittelson will be hostess next meeting.

Mrs. Caroline Fry is Called

HUBBARD, Jan. 6. — Friends and relatives gathered at the Fry residence Saturday afternoon to pay respect to the memory of Mrs. Caroline Fry who died at her home Thursday morning at the age of 84 years. Rev. S. E. Long of Salem officiated at the services.

Mrs. Ella Stauffer, Mrs. Margaret McMannis, Mrs. Sadie Scholl and Mrs. Maud Bidgood sang two selections.

Mrs. Fry had lived in Hubbard fifty years and was loved by many.

Interment was in the Hubbard cemetery.

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