The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Lumber and its Outlook

THE low cost of wood in use is the industry's present opportunity to help itself.

That is the information contained in a special bulletin from the West Coast Lumbermen's association just given out. It says:

"Low cost in place and almost universal usefulness makes lumber a good 'hard times' material. A building of wood—even if treated for fire resistance and against decay so as to be 'permanent'—can be erected today for from 40 to 60 per cent of the cost of other similar construction. . . . A county in California for example, which has not built a wood bridge in twelve years, has announced a forthcoming project including twelve treated timber bridges mostly of Douglas fir, due entirely to the economy in place of wood and the satisfactory record in other places. This type of 'permanent' wood construction is given a life of from 20 to 30 years by county and state engineers, which is as long as most engineers care to plan the useful life of highway bridges."

This observation about the trend to wood is borne out by the great increase in consumption of shingles. A few years ago most roofs seemed to be of paper or composition materials. Now wherever you go you can see new cedar shingle roofs, in town and country. The low prices of cedar shingles have attracted hundreds of people to reshingle their roofs. It is reasonable to expect the same trend to come in lumber business.

According to the association bulletin the average sales return on lumber for the first eight months of 1931 was $13.96 per thousand which was $2.20 less than the cost of production. Lumber prices are less now than any time since 1916. The manufacture will not be continued indefinitely where the loss is $2.20 on each thousand feet sold. Mills have closed down until for ten weeks the production has been less than new orders. As a result stocks in yards are getting low, and must be replenished with even seasonable revival of demand.

Due to the educational program of the West Coast association the lumber industry has held its own this year. While production was much less than 1930, inventories were somewhat reduced, instead of being accumulated as was the case in 1930. The loss in payroll has been severe. The 1931 payroll was only $41,700,000 compared with $135,000,000 in 1929. But the industry is in order, and ready to open the throttle a little at a time as orders revive. The lumbermen seem to have learned the lesson of a glut of production, and through close control will not launch full-time manufacture with the first sheafful of spring orders.

The lumber industry is the most important one in this state. It is in the worst plight of any. But lumber is an essential commodity, and sooner or later demands for it will return, with a resultant quickening of the business pulse in all the communities of the state.

Cultivating Social Graces

THE students at the state university are to be informed on the proper way to spear an oyster in a cocktail, how to dodge a dame without stumbling over her feet, and how to make a bow and mumble a greeting to a frat patroness.

One might suppose that college chappies were well versed in the social graces, but it seems not, and such organizations as Phi Theta Upsilon, upperclass women's service Honorary (whatever that means) and Skull and Daggers, sophomore men's honorary (repeat parenthesis) have taken it in hand to see that the students learn a grace or two.

The question box method is to be employed and the anxious queries of students will be answered in a booklet. Those who have occasion contacts with students might make some suggestions which would embellish the work. There might be diagrams as to how a college man might drape his lank form over the lounge and keep his head higher than his no. 10s. (This would be invaluable for high school youths too). How to talk without giving the college yell would be helpful. And the co-eds might learn the most graceful way to giggle collectively.

All in all though, our college young people are a pretty decent set. Sometimes they are bumptious and sometimes crass, but rarely are they vulgar and downright crude. Most of them show a proper respect to those of the opposite sex, and are considerate of elders. When they gang up they may be indifferent or loud, but individually they rate pretty well. But why shouldn't they. Think of their papas and mammas and the training they presumably have had at home.

We wish the Phi Thetas and Skull and Daggers success in their enterprise and suggest a few copies be scattered around in high school libraries to benefit the rising generation of university students.

Cox's army has reached Washington and gone back home, traveling in automobiles of varying stages of decrepitude. While it accomplished nothing concrete, it did dramatize the situation which exists. It gave official Washington a view of the men who are bearing the brunt of the business reaction. The crowd was orderly, it was not bolshevik. There is little Washington can do; for business is not made by law (though sometimes it may be interfered with by legislation). But the trip will excite public sympathy and stimulate the taking of steps looking toward relief.

State Treasurer Holman gained a notable victory when he had the board of control put brakes on use of state-owned cars by limiting the hours in which they might be used. The only trouble with his rule is that none of the departments proposes to follow it. That will not bother Rufus at all because he can still go out and campaign on how much he saved the state on operating its cars. This will prove to be another "paper" saving,—likewise political.

The Jackson day banquet in Portland last night drew all the democratic candidates in town. If the party had as many voters as it has candidates this year it might get some where.

Spring is clipping our heels already. The grocer has garden seeds in his doorway and the parkkeepers were giving the yew trees at the state house their annual hair cut.

The bridge "battle of the century" is over, so there will be room on the front page for some new prize-fight which thrives on free exploitation.

Each day the papers say the residents of the Tallahatchie valley are fleeing for their lives. One would think they'd get winded after two weeks' running.

Still, times must not be as hard as the dems claim they are; otherwise how did so many manage to dig up the price of a banquet ticket?

Nine days into 1932 and the world has'at slipped off in chaos yet.

HEALTH

Disease is no longer the first cause of death for persons under 50 years of age. One person is accidentally killed every five minutes in the United States, 11 every hour, 273 every day, and approximately 100,000 every year. The estimated fatal auto accidents in the United States is approximately 30,000 annually.

The Medical-Dental headquarters of the Polk-Marion Medical society in a bulletin issued this week declares that if Oregon people made on New Year's a resolution to be careful in operating automobiles, the automobile accident fatality rate in Oregon could be reduced 75 per cent.

"If the people of Oregon would make some good New Year's resolution about careful automobile driving, the rate of deaths from this cause could be cut in two. A good resolution to observe the rules of the road will bring a record that will make Oregon the pride of the nation.

"The average automobile weighs at least a ton and the majority weigh a ton and a half, and is a driving force of destruction when operating above 40 miles an hour. No one who has put a ton of weight in operation can expect four-wheel brakes to offset careless driving. A ton and a half going at 40 miles an hour just can't be stopped suddenly. If the people who operate cars would take one day off to become pedestrians they would soon be complaining of the careless manner in which many people operate cars. But when they join the cavalcade of automobile drivers the day following, they become as reckless as the people they criticized on the day previous.

"A great deal is being done to prevent disease and to add many years to the expectancy of life for our people. But unless the automobile public becomes more careful in operating cars there will soon be a heavy death rate. The only thing that will bring carefulness among drivers, and protect pedestrians also, is the realization that it pays to be cautious.

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 9, 1907

At 12 o'clock tomorrow night, the early closing ordinance will go into effect and all saloons will have to remove the blinds and shades from their front windows each day from that hour until 5 o'clock in the morning.

Many members of the state house of representatives are backing Hon. Frank Davey of Marion for the speakership.

The Oregon State Federation of Labor has declared in favor of building roads with convict labor.

January 9, 1922

Governor Olcott has issued an invitation to public officials throughout the state to attend a meeting here to consider how to put a curb on narcotics. Dr. Frederick Stricker of the state board of health and Frank S. Ward, pharmacy board secretary, have just completed a general survey of the narcotic situation in the state.

"Jon," a drama written by Miss Odell Savage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Savage of Salem, has received most favorable mention from the critics.

DUBLIN.—The treaty creating the Irish Free State was ratified last night by the Dail Eireann by a heavy majority. Eamonn De Valera at the same time announced his resignation from the presidency of the Irish republic.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Have you been interested in the Lenz-Culbertson bridge battle of the century?"

Ray Fasching, salesman: "Yes; and no. It's been too prolonged. Like old friends, when they get too well acquainted they begin to fight."

Bill Mercer, college grad: "Not me."

Lillian Cadwell, Statesman cashier: "No, I haven't. Have you? I don't know much about bridge and I haven't had time to follow it."

George Hug, superintendent of schools: "Yes, I read it and learn something from it quite often.

Fletcher Johnson, high school athletic manager: "Well, I've been kind of interested in it and I've read a little about it."

Frank Winslow, night police patrolman: "No!"

Daily Thought

"Quiet minds can not be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm." — Robert Louis Stevenson.

Wood to Serve 15th Year as Fire Chief

INDEPENDENCE, Jan. 8.—George Wood was re-elected chief of the Independence fire department to serve his 15th consecutive year in that office.

Other officers elected were C. W. Craber, assistant chief; Emil Scharbach, secretary-treasurer; Mark Graves, fire marshal; Fred Markis, captain; Hugh Yought, first lieutenant; Frank Zumwalt, first nozzleman; Howard Markis, second nozzleman; Lionel Berry, chief machanic.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

South Salem, the village:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Taking up in order the interesting letter written by "Cy" Woodworth: That first Salem brewery was started by L. Westacott, who had come in the immigration of 1846, by the "Applegate cut-off" from Fort Hall, through the Klamath country and the then terrible Cow creek canyon of southern Oregon. The Salem Directory of 1872 had Mr. Westacott's residence "corner Commercial and Jackson streets." On present maps Jackson street does not appear, but is given as the extension of Mission, from Commercial to the slough. The brewery, as Mr. Woodworth stated, was on the slough—back of the residence.

The fact that a vein of coal was struck in the digging of the Westacott brewery well is interesting. Who knows but a coal mine may some day be developed under Salem? And who knows but lime stone may be found in abundance, too? There is good lime stone some 15 miles west, and no doubt such a deposit will be found southeast of Salem; for the water from the spring back of the state tuberculosis hospital is so heavily charged with lime that it is not suitable for using under engine boilers. And who knows what other wealth of minerals may some day be found in the bowels of the earth in the Salem district?

The grist mill and saw mill in the then village of South Salem, on the slough, had an advertisement in the Salem Directory of 1872, reading: "South Salem Steam Flour and Lumber Mills. Wheat bought at the highest cash price, or ground or chopped for toll or exchange. For sale or exchange, extra superfine and graham flour. Corn meal and mill feed of all kinds. Also constantly on hand, lumber of every variety, rough and dressed. Boxing, windows, lattice, laths, etc. Wanted, saw logs of fir, oak, ash, balm, alder, etc. Moores, Miller & Co." The senior member of the firm was J. H. Moores, father of A. N. Moores of Salem. A. N. was afterwards, for a generation, the principal saw mill owner and manager of Salem, preceding the Spauldings.

An old timer thinks the mill that made wood pipe became the property of Martin & Allen, and that it afterward burned down. The original mains of the Salem Water company were made there. Perhaps, as Mr. Woodworth says, some of them are under the streets yet. But they were replaced with iron and steel mains, after R. S. Wallace came and bought the water works, in 1885. He was the father of Paul Wallace.

The Jory spoken of, wagon maker and inventor of a welding device, had an advertisement in the '72 Directory, reading: "H. S. Jory, wagon and carriage maker, corner Bush and Commercial streets, South Salem, Oregon. Wagons and carriages made to order, and repairing neatly done—FOR CASH." The two Jory sons who were drowned in the slough were twins.

The Hugh Owen brick store is the one now owned and operated by the Dauss. Owen laid out Owen's addition, and Owen street is named for him. He lived on Commercial and Owen street. The store is on Commercial and Bush streets.

"Cy" Woodworth was one of the young fellows who went to investigate the "haunted" house, so he could speak with authority—and he recalls vividly the spectacle of Hughey Owen with the candle, and in night gown, as justice of the peace, in the name of the law, ordering the bunch to disperse, as they aroused the neighborhood with their noise, intended to scare away the ghosts, or to keep up their courage.

"Cy" was also no doubt one of the boys who used to steal apples in the Jones orchard. The owner was George H. Jones, then a leading citizen. The orchard occupied a tract running a long distance south from the corner of High and Mission streets, now all covered with residences, some of them fine ones. Many early stories were told on Jones. One, in which Ben Hayden, grandfather of the present Miller Hayden, figured, was perhaps the most celebrated, and the rawest. Nearly any old timer could, if he would, tell it to you.

The South Salem church of the old days was the Leslie church of the present, named for Rev. David Leslie, early missionary, whose donation land claim is occupied by all the southern part of the city, from the line of Mission street.

The Bits man will be pleased to get the cemetery story which Mr. Woodworth promises. It could be made a long one, making up the contents of a five foot shelf of books, or more.

Henry Price, the hack driver who recovered the body of the drowned Towle boy, was "Frosty" Price. He was the first man engaged to drive a street car in Salem. The writer knows. He was president of the company that built and operated the first street railway. Horses and mules drew them. They started where the 'busses do now, in front of the bank corners, Commercial and State streets, and the initial line ran up State street to 12th, thence to the Southern Pacific passenger depot.

"Frosty" Price was a fine man, but, being a rather public character, was the butt of many jokes. At a period in the nineties, he had suffered several accidents. In one of them he had his leg broken.

C. B. Irvine was managing editor of The Statesman. He had been hammering the city council for better fire protection, and was not getting anywhere. So, one morning, the whole front page of The Statesman was covered with a flaring story of the burning of the city. A reader living at a distance would have concluded, from the circumstantial account, that nothing was left of the city—until he reached the bottom lines. They read something like this: "The above is what may happen any day, if we do not get better fire protection."

There was talk of running Irvine out of town; but the excitement soon subsided—and perhaps the hectic fake story helped to speed up the fire fighting program. But "Frosty" Price never got over the incident—for, at the most exciting time of the fake report, there was found something like this:

"And Frosty Price fell from the top of the flaming building and broke his leg." The name of the flaming building was given, a prominent one. "Frosty" complained bitterly about carrying the joke too far. He utterly failed to maintain his usual good temper in this instance. If he could have found Irvine early in the day, the managing editor would have had to fight or run. But Irvine's home was out in Morningside, and he did not venture down town until late in the afternoon, when the first flush of excitement and indignation had abated. The Bits man would like to add that he was out of town at the time. He is too old fashioned and grounded in newspaper ethics to think well of such an infraction of reliable newspaper traditions; thinks jokes in print should be labeled as such.

Mrs. Dunlap is Proud of Mark Grandson Made

Mrs. Effie W. Dunlap of Salem is a proud grandmother.

H. C. Seymour of Oregon State college, in general charge of 4-H club work, has written:

"Records and information on club work from Morrow county indicate that Raymond K. Drake, Jr., of Heppner, is the winner of the Union Pacific scholarship offered by President C. R. Gray of that company. Raymond has been in club work for many years and is valued as one of the best club members in the country. Therefore this honor comes to him. The scholarship is for $100, and is to apply on his expenses while attending Oregon State Agricultural college."

Raymond is 16, the oldest son of Mrs. Dunlap's daughter, Mrs. R. K. Drake, nee Emma C. Wright, and he is Mrs. Dunlap's oldest grandchild. Mrs. Dunlap is a sister of Mrs. Ronald Glover.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Under the leadership of "El Coyote," the masked bandit, the Mexican ranchers plan to overthrow the wealthy Paco Morales, who has confiscated their property for years. All search for "El Coyote" has been in vain. Ted Radcliffe, a young American whose father Morales ruined, loves the Spaniard's beautiful niece, Adela. Jito, Morales' ward, is jealous. Bob Harkness, a friend of Ted's late father, urges Ted not to quarrel with Morales, as he has other plans. Following a raid on the village by Jito's vaqueros, one of his men is killed by Anton, an Indian. Morales, fearing the vengeance of the tribe, releases Anton. Out riding, Adela tells Ted she disapproves of her uncle's treatment of the peons. Ted considers Adela's wealth a barrier between them, but she tells him to let nothing interfere when he falls in love.

CHAPTER XXVI

Mounting slowly, as if reluctant to break the spell, they followed the little stream up the slope to where it narrowed and at last lost itself among the firs. Adela stopped. She frowned at her watch.

We're going to be later than the very devil, unless——" She swerved her horse, seized with a sudden thought. "Instead of following that winding trail, let's cut across here and pick it up north of the foothills. That will save us at least an hour."

Ted groaned. "If all the hours I've lost following shortcuts were placed end to end——" he began.

"I know. They'd reach back to the Ark. But after all we can't miss the desert, and we must save time. So don't be so solemn. Take that lumbering horse out of my way and I'll show you some plain and fancy guiding."

"God help us all," was Ted's only comment, as he fell in behind.

It was hard going. The way led up the side of a cañon, and at its top they followed a dim game trail over a grassy meadow and down again into a thicket of chaparral that tore at their riding breeches and pulled continually at their arms. It was a hot and breathless place, hemmed in by foothills. For an hour they rode in silence, then she stopped.

"I don't like the way this trail's leading," she told him.

Ted laughed outright. "Then you're hard to please. The trail's been leading so many ways that some of them should meet your approval." He pointed to a gnarled, lightning-shattered pine. "We've passed that monarch of the forest three times in the last half-hour."

"You're a shameless, barefaced liar, my boy. If you don't like my guiding, you try it."

"Not today. You guide this week and I'll try my hand at it next."

Without answering she turned her mare and, glancing at the western sun, laid a course due north. So a half-hour passed and at its end they stopped on the edge of a deep cañon. A narrow trail made by deer or cattle and washed by heavy rains led steeply downward. It was hardly more than a series of irregular rocky steps in the face of the cliff, and dubiously they looked at the trail, then at each other.

Adela shook her head. "Not too good. But they're used to rough going, these horses, and, after all, we've got to get across. We'd better lead them down."

Ted dismounted. He looked down into the granite, shadowy depths of the cañon. He frowned at the trail. "I'll go first," he suggested.

From the start it was plain that the desert horses had no great liking for what must have seemed to them a very crazy proceeding. Ted's roan pulled abruptly back on the bridle, then stepped gingerly forward, sniffing at each step, shaking his head in disapproval.

"You'd better wait until I get clear," Ted called back. "There's no use in both getting stuck at the bottom of this ill-favored place."

She nodded and he caught a look of anxiety in her eyes.

Very carefully the man led on. At least the path was not slippery. He held the reins loosely, letting the horse choose his steps. Over halfway down, now, and the worst seemed already behind him. And perhaps they might safely have made that hazardous descent had not disaster chosen to place a loose rock in the horse's path. Ted heard the stumble and felt a sudden tug on the bridle. He turned in time to see the big roan's forefeet miss the path and plunge forward. The reins were torn from his hand, and in another instant the horse had crashed among the rocks and cactus beneath.

Frantically Ted scrambled down and reached the horse's side. One look at the legs and the man turned away, sick at heart. He reached into the saddle pocket and, pulling out the automatic, shot twice. As the sound of the shots rattled and echoed up the narrow cañon, he heard the girl running down the trail.

"There was no other way," he said. "It was a long fall."

"I know, I could see from above." Terror stood in her eyes. "It was my fault. Thank God it wasn't you." She bit her lip. "Let's go back up."

Ted took off the saddle and lifted it to a high rock, then followed the girl to the rim above.

"The horse is out of pain? Adela asked.

"He's quite dead."

"Poor old fellow."

She walked a little way down the path and stood without a word gazing across the cañon. After a few moments she returned.

"And now about us. What are we going to do with one horse?"

"We can't be more than twenty miles from home," Ted estimated. "I can walk as fast as your mare until we get out on the plains, then you could gallop ahead and send a horse out for me. If I have to spend a night on the desert, that's no great hardship."

Adela shook her head. "It's not quite so simple. For one thing, I'm not sure we will get out of these foothills before dark, and we haven't crossed that cañon yet."

Ted slipped the automatic into his pocket. "At any rate, we'd better get going. I'll walk ahead and we'll skirt the cañon. There must be some break in it that we can cross."

But crossing the cañon seemed no nearer a possibility when, at the end of an hour, they stopped again on the edge of its vertical rim. Already the shadows were lengthening, and a sudden coolness in the air told of evening's coming. Though neither of them spoke, to both came the thought that a night on the edge of the desert awaited them. Once luck favored them. Just before dusk the cañon headed abruptly into a broad hillside, and in half an hour they had crossed and at a fast walk were descending the long slope to the last outpost of the foothills. Above the coolness of the hills puffs of hot, dry air came to them, telling of the nearness of the desert. The trees were sparser and more gnarled, and on the south slope of the knolls cactus was reaching back out of the sand.

Their throats were dry, and once they stopped to drink sparingly from the canteen in Adela's saddle pocket. Then on again, and as the last light faltered in the west, they emerged from the timber and looked down upon that world of sand and cactus, that still unconquered mystery men call the desert.

Ted's eyes sought the far horizon. Nothing but purple mists and darkening sky. No sight of human life.

Adela was looking to the west. "I think I've found my stupid self at last," she said, "but we're miles west of where we should have struck the desert. That promonotory over there, that far one looking a little like bird's head—I think that's Eagle Rock. It's ten miles from there to the ranch."

"And fifteen from here to the rock," Ted estimated. "Twenty-five miles for a tired horse. Why don't you ride in while it's cool and I can camp here until tomorrow. I hate to see you take the desert alone, yet the mare will guide you home, won't she?"

For a moment the girl sat in thought, then deliberately she swung out of the saddle and took off the cinch. "It's better for us to spend the night here."

"But you'r uncle will be wild with anxiety."

"Of course he will. And I'll catch what the major once called 'merry old hell' tomorrow, but I haven't the heart to make the beast face twenty-five miles more. Besides, I don't want to leave you here."

"What could happen to me?"

"Lots of terrible things. For one thing, anyone as dumb as I've turned out to be might not be able to find you in the morning. Besides, I'm tired."

"But——"

"Ted, look around and gather some soft stuff to lie on, and stop talking. I've decided to compromise myself." She smiled like a wayward child. "What uncle will say tomorrow isn't part of today's troubles. Really, this sort of thing is good for him. It gives him something to think about besides El Coyote."

Slowly she pulled off her riding boots and gingerly rubbed her insteps, then looked up.

"There's a lot of lunch still in that saddlebag, Don Ted, and some spring water in the canteen."

Radcliffe laid on the ground what remained of the lunch, then sat beside her. He got out his cigarettes and divided them into two piles.

"When the last one is smoked we go to sleep."

With his knife he cut dry branches of chaparral and soon had a small fire blazing.

"Not that we need the heat," he commented, "but that is always the thing to do. Besides, I like the way it makes your eyes glisten."

"These glistening eyes are going to be closed in sweet slumber before many cigarettes. I must be in sad condition to tire from a thirty-mile ride." She wiggled her toes before the fire.

Ted went again to the horse and brought up the saddle-blanket. Adela sighed in contentment. "Not half bad, is it?" She yawned while the smoke from their cigarettes drifted toward the crackling flames. "Ever since I can remember I've wanted to get lost in the desert," she added.

"By yourself?"

"Dios, no. Always with some big, broad-shouldered man who would find me and put blankets over my feet. Thanks. I've spent many nights on the desert, out with the cattle hands, but I've never been lost. Sometimes, I remember, I would imagine myself lost, and then this unknown horseman would always come galloping over the sands and snatch me up into the saddle and take me home. And sometimes I would be lost and couldn't get home and would spend the night out here where the coyotes would come down and glare into the fire. That always gave me a delightfully goose-flesh feeling.

(To Be Continued)

More Diseases, Wider Variety Noted in Week

The widest variety and the largest number of communicable diseases occurring in Marion county in months were reported during the week ending January 2, according to a bulletin just released by the state board of health. Chickenpox led the list with 10 cases. Other diseases were: Pneumonia five, mumps two, and typhoid, measles, whoopingcough, influenza and tuberculosis, one each, a total of 22 cases.

Influenza, with 65 cases reported, was most prevalent over the state, while pneumonia followed with 57, scarlet fever with 31, chickenpox with 30 and mumps with 12.

Road Patrolmen Retention Asked By Most Groups

Sentiment for the retention of road patrolmen in various road districts in the county thus far outweighs sentiment for their abolition, according to letters received to date by the Marion county court. The matter will be up for hearing next Tuesday at 10 a. m.

Seven districts have written the court asking the system of appointing patrolmen be continued. Three have asked for the abolishment of the existing system. Districts favoring the present practice are Nos. 1, 18, 25, 56, 45, 66 and 42. Districts asking for the abolition of patrolmen are Nos. 3, 34 and 59. There are 61 road districts in the county.

IN OLD MEXICO

GERVAIS, Jan. 8 — Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stokx and Maurice and Dorothy returned Monday evening from a two weeks trip into Old Mexico. They report a very enjoyable trip. Friday the Stokx' will go to Cornelius to visit Mr. and Mrs. E. Wyffler.

CONTEST ON ROAD SAFETY PROPOSED

A state-wide traffic safety contest, to be participated in by a number of Oregon cities, is one answer to the constantly increasing number of fatalities and serious injuries, due to traffic accidents, Hal E. Hoss, secretary of state, announced yesterday. Hoss has been asked by the national safety council to work with the various municipalities interested in the campaign.

Features in the campaign upon which the grading will be based and the awards made, include accident recording and reporting, traffic engineering, law enforcement, child safety, public education, and community safety organization.

"Oregon's accident record, in comparison with national figures leaves much room for improvement," Hoss said. "There is an opportunity for some city to obtain national recognition for safety work."

No Cash Demand For Navy Looms Adams Declares

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8—(AP)—A Japanese sea force growing more rapidly than either the American or British navies was cited today by Chairman Hale of the senate naval committee as a reason for building the United States fleet up to treaty limits.

The committee heard Secretary Adams of the navy department say it was "extremely doubtful" that actual cash for new naval construction would be sought at this session.

Opinion Handed Down Upon Bids For New Books

It is in the discretion of the trustees of the Oregon state library to decide when new bids shall be requested and new contracts shall be entered into in connection with the purchase of books for the various school districts of the state of Oregon," Attorney General Van Winkle held yesterday.

Attorney General Van Winkle said he found nothing in the law which would prevent the trustees from making a contract with a dealer which would include the original list and the annual supplementary lists for a given period of time.

The opinion was requested by Harriet C. Long, state librarian.

More Interest In Politics is Declared Need

"If democracy is ever going to work, it is going to be the result of raising the level of understanding of our political system," Professor William C. Jones of Willamette university declared at Thursday's Lions club luncheon. The citizens label political operations as "dirty politics" and let it go at that, the professor said.

Three points which a presidential nomination must fill, according to the professor, are: party, regularity, reputation, and availability interms of home state, religion and positions held. "America clings to the system of two parties, yet they are merely hollow shells," maintained Professor Jones.

Six Magazines League Gift to School Library

Six magazines of a type not before had at the high school library have been donated by the Girls' league beginning with the January issue, Miss Alta Kershner, librarian, announced yesterday. The new magazines are: Vogue, House and Garden, Beautiful Homes and Gardens, Good Housekeeping, Arts and Harper's Bazaar.

The selection of periodicals in the library heretofore has consisted chiefly of those dealing with politics, current events and economics.