

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Stynes, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Searon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 369 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: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Overthrow of a Dynasty?

YOUNG Phillip LaFollette, one-term governor of Wisconsin, went down to defeat in Tuesday's primaries, the first defeat a LaFollette has ever sustained in that state, where for 40 years the LaFollettes, father and sons, have been politically powerful. To add to their dismay Senator John J. Blaine, their political fellow-progressive, met defeat at the hands of John B. Chapple, young editor of Ashland. Former Governor Kohler won over Phil LaFollette by 76,000 votes, while Blaine lost by some 15,000 votes. Kohler is a conservative and served two years as governor. Blaine is a former governor who has been senator for one term. Chapple is militantly reactionary, and has fought the LaFollette dynasty bitterly.

There will be those who leap to the conclusion that the LaFollette dynasty is definitely overthrown in Wisconsin. It has indeed suffered a terrific jolt; but the LaFollette machine has been too omnipotent to be toted to the wreck pile after one collapse. It is too early to assert that Wisconsin has gone permanently regular.

The LaFollettes have suffered the fate of others who have been in power. The angered voters smote them, crying for a "change". In one state the change is from conservative to "progressive"; in other states it is from liberals to conservatives. No matter what alibi Blaine and LaFollette and Brookhart in Iowa might put up, they had to walk the gangplank in the face of universal discontent.

Wisconsin has been pretty much of a political experiment laboratory; and the rest of the country has been quite content to let them tinker with laws to establish political and industrial democracy. The government administration has been costly, for reforms as a rule come high. Recently the legislature sought to guarantee an income to farmers; and Gov. LaFollette sought a drastically higher income tax on corporations.

Another factor in the Wisconsin result may be found in the increased democratic vote much of which is doubtless a desertion from the LaFollette wing in a desire to line up with the democrats. The scent of possible victory is giving a new lease of life to this long moribund party.

The possession of power in one family for nearly 40 years is most unusual in this country. Seldom does one man hold his grip on a political machine for many decades; almost never is the power handed down to the next generation of the line. Speaking with no immediate knowledge of the present situation in Wisconsin we are inclined to the opinion that the defeat is by no means the death-throes of LaFolletteism, and that under Senator Robert LaFollette a desperate attempt will be made to regain power when the public distress has been eased and voters less inclined to swat the "ins".

Electricity on Farms

SWIFT has been the extension of electric service into the country. The oil lamp and its more efficient successor, the gas mantle lamp, are being steadily replaced by electric light which floods a room at the touch of a switch. The rural home has abundant use for electric energy. Besides illumination for house and barn, power is needed for separator, churn, washing machine, feed chopper, wood-saw and other machines which have been run by woman or man or horse power.

The speed with which the rural districts have been electrified is shown in the statistics. At the beginning of 1924 there were 177,561 farm customers of light plants. At the end of 1931 this number had grown to 698,786, a gain of 293 per cent. While much of this expansion has been due to the installation of unit electric generating plants on the farms, more and more the transmission lines from central stations are being extended through the country, serving the countryside as well as the densely populated urban communities. In Oregon 29.7 per cent of the farms are served, in Washington 51 per cent and in California 63.8 per cent. According to the census reports in April, 1930, there were 945,356 farms electrified, or 13.5 per cent of the total number. Of this number 4 per cent of the total were supplied with individual plants and 9.5 of the total were served by central stations. Now it is estimated that a million farms are enjoying electric service.

When one considers that only about 15% of the people in the country are now being supplied with electric energy it is apparent that the extensions of service will continue as rapidly as financing will permit. Isolated farms will have to rely on individual plants, while the more thickly settled districts will be supplied from the power lines running through the country.

The same blessings of comfort, convenience and safety which electricity has brought to the city are being showered upon country communities all over the land by the extension of the service from central plants.

The Chicago Cubs have won the national league pennant and given residents of Chicago a spot of joy to contrast with their ill-aired safe deposit boxes. The Cubs used to be regular ball players but they have been out of the top so long they were almost forgotten. For the benefit of the Chicago fans who would bet on them against the Yankees, we might quote what B. L. T., famed columnist on the Chicago Tribune years ago, said in a similar situation: "A man's first duty is to his family."

The Portland News-Telegram, which threw three fits when the city commission did not pick J. E. Bennett to fill a vacancy, on the ground that Bennett was the "runner up" in the last election, now goes into spasms for fear the county central committee will name Gus Moser, runner up in the recent primaries. The jewel of consistency which the N-T wears, is made of mud. We hope the Multnomah county committee picks Harry Corbett who wasn't a candidate at all.

A farmer up in Washington landed a 30-lb. salmon and the excitement brought on a fatal heart attack. So we should be more patient when we hear a man talk about the "one that got away".

O. S. C. just squeezed out a victory over Gonzaga by three points last Saturday. The game was played in a bad duststorm. Maybe Gonzaga misled the beavers by shouting "keep your eye on Pasco".

The republicans are planning to organize all the girls of the party from 21 to 35. That is dangerous business. Where is the woman who will say she is too old to join?

Gandhi is now trying to find a way in which he can conscientiously end his fast. A little bit of conscience is a dangerous thing.

Phenomenon: Man Who Made Up His Mind How to Vote



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Hoover worth 700 million: story of a - - - - - lar: You have perhaps heard the pioneer Oregon miner, current in the days after our driving covered wagon immigrants arrived: "There are two kinds of lars, plain lars and - - - - - lars."

The writer was in a Salem barber shop the other day. Next to his chair, a lively conversation in this proverbially loquacious setting was going on. Part of it ran something like this:

"I generally vote straight, but this year I can't bring myself to vote for Hoover. It ain't so much the bonus; mebbe he's right about that; he seems to think tryin' to pay all the bonuses ask might end up in puttin' a crimp in the credit of the country, er makin' all the rest of the folks dig up more money fer taxes than they can afford to dig."

"But there is another reason that goes against the grain with Hoover's too rich a man to be president. He just can't have a feelin' for the under dog. Why, did you know he is worth seven hundred million dollars? Yes, sir, he has money workin' fer him in every kentry on the globe! Seven hundred million's the right figger; that's what he's worth!"

After the writer was released from his chair, he had a chance to observe the man in the next one who had been holding forth. He had the appearance of one who might speak with some authority; in a crowd of his kind would be looked up to as knowing whereof he affirmed. He indicated his present financial status by telling that he had just put in two busy weeks picking hops, and had earned a total of sixteen dollars.

The fact is, no one knows how much money President Hoover could raise now. Perhaps not a great sum. There are tales that he has had large losses in recent years, and that his wealth may or may not be around \$700,000 at the present time. He has voluntarily taken a large cut in his salary. He gives away a good deal of money to relief work; \$5000 at a time has gone to help in filling up budgets in California relief work. No doubt

there are many and persistent demands of a like kind from other sections. He has helped out needy relatives, to the knowledge of this writer; and over long periods.

There are stories to the effect that he invested in Russian mining properties before the world war—and, of course, lost 100 per cent of those investments. He had made, for a London syndicate, a good deal of money in Australian mines, that he had operated after former investors had abandoned them, because they did not know how to make them pay.

Herbert Hoover, a Salem boy, worked for slender pay, in the office of the Oregon Land company, in the second store room north of the northwest corner of Commercial and 4th. Chemeketa streets. He also attended to the teams (horses) of that company, and this orphan he had milked the family cow of his uncle, Dr. H. J. Minthorn, when they lived in Newberg, before coming to Salem in the early nineties. In the late nineties, when Herbert went from Salem to enter Stanford university, he had managed to save only a small sum.

He did "chores" at Stanford, to eke out his small savings; performed kitchen work in a sorority, and waited on the tables, among other things. In that sorority he met the present Mrs. Hoover, who was then a member of it. He sent for his only and older brother, "Tad," who worked on one of the linotypes in the Statesman office, and had "Tad" take up studies at Stanford. Hoover is now Dean Theodore Hoover of the school of mines, Stanford university. His brother made a mining engineer out of "Tad," promoting him in operations in which he himself was employed, after graduation.

Word came back to Salem occasionally of how "bert" Hoover was getting on in the world. He was drawing big salaries: \$5000 a year; then \$10,000. The Rothschild syndicate of London took him on at \$30,000 a year. That crowd did not "give" him a salary; they paid him such a salary because he had become capable of earning it.

Then, around the time of the Boxer rebellion, the government of China hired Herbert Hoover away from the Rothschilds, to be in charge of the mining properties of that country. His brother Hoover found that China was paying a high rate of interest to foreign lenders, who were humiliating that people by sending men of their own to collect debts, in order that they might be certain of getting their high interest charges, and to make sure the payment of principal installments: Mr. Hoover told his Chinese coworkers that he thought he could secure them a loan to pay off the one that was so burdensome and humiliating to their people. He succeeded. It made a large saving; many times a million dollars, for the whole time it was run; and under its terms they had their own men in their custom houses.

The Chinese government paid Mr. Hoover a million dollars for this service; not a fee; an honorarium. Much less than he would have been entitled to as a hard-listed broker. That was Herbert Hoover's first million dollars. It may be, his only one. If his property is worth only \$700,000 now, it would indicate that he has not been able to conserve his first million, owing to unfortunate investments, or on account of giving away more money than a man of his means would be expected to do; that is, the average man.

There was a desert place in

HEART STRINGS By EDWIN A. L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER FORTY

In her fortnight with Patricia he told her father of her letter to Jimmie and what she proposed. He seemed undisturbed.

Exactly what her feeling for Jack was, she never analyzed. She had welcomed his arrival in Paris as she had always welcomed him in Palm Beach.

She wrote Jimmie long heart-burning letters from Paris in which she poured her love and her impatience. He wrote her brief, but tender letters telling little beyond the fact that his feeling for her was unchanged. He was waiting for Pam to take some action. They lived under the same roof, went about together; but the door between their rooms had never opened. Since that night in Palm Beach they had not so much as exchanged a kiss of good-bye or greeting when one or the other went away for a few days.

But time went on, and Pamela made no move, gave no hint of her intention. She wrote to Patricia and her father jointly; chatty outside letters, telling them all that went on around her, all she was doing, but nothing from the inside of her.

Patricia didn't like to think of Pamela. When thoughts like anxious maggots gnawed at her consciousness, she would throw them out, assuring herself with fierce determination that she had done no wrong to Aunt Pam. Had Aunt Pam not really left Jimmie in her heart, even before that winter in Palm Beach? But why was she staying on . . . if not because she hoped for some adjustment other than a Paris divorce?

She chafed against her situation, but it was not her way to war—and, of course, lost 100 per cent of those investments. He had made, for a London syndicate, a good deal of money in Australian mines, that he had operated after former investors had abandoned them, because they did not know how to make them pay.

Herbert Hoover, a Salem boy, worked for slender pay, in the office of the Oregon Land company, in the second store room north of the northwest corner of Commercial and 4th. Chemeketa streets. He also attended to the teams (horses) of that company, and this orphan he had milked the family cow of his uncle, Dr. H. J. Minthorn, when they lived in Newberg, before coming to Salem in the early nineties. In the late nineties, when Herbert went from Salem to enter Stanford university, he had managed to save only a small sum.

He did "chores" at Stanford, to eke out his small savings; performed kitchen work in a sorority, and waited on the tables, among other things. In that sorority he met the present Mrs. Hoover, who was then a member of it. He sent for his only and older brother, "Tad," who worked on one of the linotypes in the Statesman office, and had "Tad" take up studies at Stanford. Hoover is now Dean Theodore Hoover of the school of mines, Stanford university. His brother made a mining engineer out of "Tad," promoting him in operations in which he himself was employed, after graduation.

Word came back to Salem occasionally of how "bert" Hoover was getting on in the world. He was drawing big salaries: \$5000 a year; then \$10,000. The Rothschild syndicate of London took him on at \$30,000 a year. That crowd did not "give" him a salary; they paid him such a salary because he had become capable of earning it.

Then, around the time of the Boxer rebellion, the government of China hired Herbert Hoover away from the Rothschilds, to be in charge of the mining properties of that country. His brother Hoover found that China was paying a high rate of interest to foreign lenders, who were humiliating that people by sending men of their own to collect debts, in order that they might be certain of getting their high interest charges, and to make sure the payment of principal installments: Mr. Hoover told his Chinese coworkers that he thought he could secure them a loan to pay off the one that was so burdensome and humiliating to their people. He succeeded. It made a large saving; many times a million dollars, for the whole time it was run; and under its terms they had their own men in their custom houses.

The Chinese government paid Mr. Hoover a million dollars for this service; not a fee; an honorarium. Much less than he would have been entitled to as a hard-listed broker. That was Herbert Hoover's first million dollars. It may be, his only one. If his property is worth only \$700,000 now, it would indicate that he has not been able to conserve his first million, owing to unfortunate investments, or on account of giving away more money than a man of his means would be expected to do; that is, the average man.

There was a desert place in California, about 150 miles north and east of Los Angeles. The land was worth less than nothing. Mr. Hoover acquired 2000 acres or more of it; sunk 14 or more wells, began to pump water by electric power onto the thirsty acres—transformed the desert stretch into a fine farm producing crops; many kinds of garden and orchard products. That farm may make up a large part of the estimated \$700,000 fortune of the president.

In the last campaign, a tall lar of the type that started the seven hundred million dollar fight set in motion a story that Herbert Hoover employed no white labor on his California farm, reading "No white labor employed here." That he was run down, by a long and elaborate statement of Mr. Hoover's manager, who was a "bust" of his in world war days. Nothing but white labor is employed on the Hoover farm; never was, with perhaps exceptions in short intervals when only Mexican or other such laborers could be had, in harvesting time.

And, even so, the writer has heard, since the barber shop incident, that the California story has lately been revived. The ancient saying about the futility of attempting to chase down a lie, once started, even with seven league boots, is proven an apt to their people. He succeeded. It made a large saving; many times a million dollars, for the whole time it was run; and under its terms they had their own men in their custom houses.

The Chinese government paid Mr. Hoover a million dollars for this service; not a fee; an honorarium. Much less than he would have been entitled to as a hard-listed broker. That was Herbert Hoover's first million dollars. It may be, his only one. If his property is worth only \$700,000 now, it would indicate that he has not been able to conserve his first million, owing to unfortunate investments, or on account of giving away more money than a man of his means would be expected to do; that is, the average man.

There was a desert place in California, about 150 miles north and east of Los Angeles. The land was worth less than nothing. Mr. Hoover acquired 2000 acres or more of it; sunk 14 or more wells, began to pump water by electric power onto the thirsty acres—transformed the desert stretch into a fine farm producing crops; many kinds of garden and orchard products. That farm may make up a large part of the estimated \$700,000 fortune of the president.

In the last campaign, a tall lar of the type that started the seven hundred million dollar fight set in motion a story that Herbert Hoover employed no white labor on his California farm, reading "No white labor employed here." That he was run down, by a long and elaborate statement of Mr. Hoover's manager, who was a "bust" of his in world war days. Nothing but white labor is employed on the Hoover farm; never was, with perhaps exceptions in short intervals when only Mexican or other such laborers could be had, in harvesting time.

And, even so, the writer has heard, since the barber shop incident, that the California story has lately been revived. The ancient saying about the futility of attempting to chase down a lie, once started, even with seven league boots, is proven an apt to their people. He succeeded. It made a large saving; many times a million dollars, for the whole time it was run; and under its terms they had their own men in their custom houses.

time of magnolias and lilacs and cape-jasmine weighted her senses. The moonlight and the soft night air were doing something to her. "I wish I might take you home with me, Pat," he said in a low voice.

"Yes. . . I wish you might too, Jack. . . She was suddenly aware of this strange wish. "I'm afraid things haven't changed with me. It may never come to anything; but—" She broke off. "Tell me about your home, Jack—the one you plan to have."

"It's already there," he said. "I shall have my offices in Richmond; but I'll live on the plantation. The house is just ten miles out. I wish you could see it, Pat. A big rambling two story house, with heavy white columns and green blinds, and almost covered with ivy. There's a long oak avenue leading from the yard to the river road."

She put her hands quickly over her face. "Oh, don't. It's like my old home. Only most of the oaks had gone into the river before I was born. The house had been moved back, but the big ivy roots were moved too, and they had covered it by the time I—left for boarding school. I never saw it again. . . How Dad can endure it here—"

Jack's arm tightened about her. "Pat, couldn't you come with me? Since Mother's death, Dad has lived in the town house. Your father would love the old place. And you'd like to be with me, don't you, dear? You'll miss me, won't you?"

"Yes, terribly. But—" "Don't you think in time my love would win some return?" She lifted her face from her hands and looked up at him, her eyes shining with tears. "Your love has already won considerable return," she smiled. "But it doesn't seem fair to give you less than the best. I wish—oh, Jack, I'm a plantation girl. Monparnasse seems so tawdry to one who has lived in white houses with big columns and green blinds; lived with lilacs and magnolias and jasmine, peach trees a mass of pink bloom in Spring, and white cotton in Fall—it's so noisy and disquieting here."

"Dearest, if I know, and am willing to take you with second best, and trust to time—" "I shouldn't let you; but that other is—futile—going on and on—and I don't see how I can go on here—in Monparnasse. At first they were novel and amusing, but there's something hard and small under their bright talk. They are as intolerant as the intolerant ones they preach about; and a great deal more savage in their intolerance. But for you and Dad's I'd have found them unbearable at times. And now you're going."

His arms tightened around her. "I'm going to take you with me. I won't leave you here." "All right, Jack," she said breathlessly, but let me out of your arms a minute. I'll come back. I want to tell you something."

His arms loosened. She did not draw entirely out of them. "I'll go back with you." She stared straight ahead. "I want to. Not just to get away from them; or because I'm homesick and love the picture of your home. But because I want to be with you. . . Wait, Jack. . . I wasn't terribly sick of them nor terribly anxious to go home till you told me you were going. . . But there's one thing I want to ask of you. . . don't you go. . . If you kissed me I mightn't go. . . Do you understand. . . I might compare. . ."

"Yes, I understand," he said huskily. "But if you're afraid of that now—what about afterward?"

"No, I haven't become part of it. I've merely yielded myself to it because of what it held. I don't like it. There's something exotic and strained here; a determined gaiety that doesn't ring true to me."

"I feel like that sometimes. And I grow homesick. But of course, I've no home to go back to," she said. And immediately she wished she hadn't said that last.

"Poor little girl." He put his arm around her. Not as a lover, but as a friend.

She had an impulse toward resistance; then she let him draw her gently against him. There was something very comforting about the feel of his arm, even a little exciting. She was all at once lonely and oppressed. The heavy per-

"Well, then—don't you see—that was my first real kiss. Perhaps no other kiss can ever quite compare with it. . . even if one loves more. But in marriage there comes—other experience—that dwarfs a kiss—and perhaps one doesn't remember to make comparisons."

His arms closed convulsively around her. "There's something in you, Pat, that dwarfs all other women," he whispered. "It's a little bit of the spirit of my Dad's in me," she said simply. Adding, "But it's only a pinch. I'm really a very doubtful character. Just a lot of good paint not yet formed on the canvas."

He laughed happily. The cab stopped. "Why, the cabman must have raced."

Dinner in the garden of the Bois Madrie they danced. And gazing over Jack's nice shoulder into the overhanging trees strung with colored lights, Patricia felt that she had not been so at peace in many months. There was something in the strong pressure of his arm—not thrilling; but reassuring and satisfying. Within that arm one found courage to go on.

They scarcely talked on the way home, giving themselves silently to the beauty of the Bois in Spring-time under a flooding moon—and to a new-old beauty within themselves.

Upon his arrival, Jimmie had phoned her to meet him at The Regence.

Almost his first words, after giving her dinner order, had been, "Pat, I'm coming to Paris to get her divorce. She's probably on her way now."

For some reason this word for which she had waited so long, and so eagerly, shocked her immeasurably. All the maggot-like thoughts she had locked in the secret places, refusing them the open of her conscious mind, jumped out as by the release of a spring lock.

"So you've succeeded. . . You little beast. . . She didn't want to give him up and you know it, or she wouldn't have held on a whole year. . . But you wouldn't let go of him. . . Keep writing him burning letters. . . She used to hold you on her lap when you were a tiny thing and tell you stories. . . She loved you. And you've taken her husband away from her. . . You are a vile, sneaking little reptile. . . Well, now, it's done. . . Why didn't you think of all this sooner?"

She felt sick. Her voice emerged, very faint and small: "On account of—me, Jimmie?"

"No, dear. On account of another woman. . . Another woman. . . Another woman. . . Of course she hadn't heard him aright. . . But yes. . . He had said it quite plainly. . . Another woman. . ."

A landslide set up inside her head, sweeping all visible life from sight. Another woman. . . Another woman. . . Jimmie hadn't been on loving her long. . . He had all this while. And he hadn't returned to Aunt Pam. . . She could have borne that. . . But another woman. . . Oh, no. It was too hideous. . .

(To Be Continued)

© 1932, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "How do you think the election campaign is going? Who's going to win, Hoover or Roosevelt?"

John Carson, attorney: "I don't know. It's going to be very close. Hoover will carry this state, I believe."

Mrs. Cora Reid, county courthouse: "Hoover is going to win. Why? Well, I'm going to vote for him and I am certainly back of the man I vote for as a winner."

Robert Boardman, physical director: "Hoover lacks the personal charm of Roosevelt; I met the latter in France during the war. He appeared then as a cordial, enthusiastic person. I dare say Hoover is a better trained, more stable executive and probably a better man for president. But the swing is to Roosevelt and he may win. In my opinion the election is not yet determined. The undecided vote which makes up its mind between now and November will tell the story."

Edward Donnelly, newspaper superintendent: "As Collier's remarked, 'If a man is in' now he had better keep still for if people know it, they'll vote him out.' That's my belief on the 'presidential situation; I see no way to stop the tide against the 'ins'."

John Sundin, tailor: "Roosevelt will win. Why if Hoover won his life wouldn't be safe and we might lose our president, so many people object to him."

Daily Thought

"Everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blaring on all its ample folds, a blue float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."—Daniel Webster.

IN HOSPITAL HERE

SILVERTON, Sept. 21—Donald Moening, nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Neils Moening, was taken to the tubercular hospital at Salem Tuesday.

CHARITY DONATION FOR HOME ASKED

SILVERTON, Sept. 21—Rev. C. L. Foss announced Tuesday afternoon, at the regular monthly meeting of Trinity Dorcas society, that it would be greatly appreciated if members of the group set aside canned fruit or vegetables for home use, and also clothing for the children's home in Washington which is being supported by the Lutheran church.

Mrs. Elmer Olsen, president of the group, and Mrs. E. O. Nelson were hostesses at the Tuesday meeting. A good number of members were out and spent the afternoon in sewing rayettes to be used for charitable purposes.

At the business meeting the matter of holding the annual "Lutefish" dinner was discussed favorably. While no definite time was set it was thought the dinner would be held early in December as usual. The members will also continue with their silver teas which they have been giving during the summer.

Official Team At Fair Listed

SILVERTON, Sept. 21—Herbert Jones, Sanford Davis, Harlan Lee make up the official judging team representing the high school Smith-Hughes department at the Canby fair Wednesday. Other Smith-Hughes boys going to the show were Robert Hauge, Carl Brown, Lytle Krug, Ronald Gifford, Don Goetz, Grover Lichty, Bill Dunagan, and Clyde Parsons. Their instructor, Warren E. Crabtree accompanied them.

FIRE IS CHECKED

SILVERTON, Sept. 21—The Silvertown fire department answered a call early Tuesday afternoon to check a grass fire which broke out at the home of Mrs. Carrie King on South Water street. The fire was kept under control and damage was done.