

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Mountains on the Move

THE brief reports of the mountain disturbances in Colorado have been interesting reading. Carbon mountain, near Durango, has been cutting up capers for some time. Part of its side has been sliding off into the canyon at its base. Lately a big crack appeared across its north base. A neighboring mountain, in sympathy with Carbon, developed a 200-foot fissure.

The phenomenon has attracted many geologists and others to southwestern Colorado. Scientists surmise that an underground coal mine is on fire, and the pressures resulting therefrom are moving the face of the earth in the vicinity.

We are accustomed to observing normal erosion. We see our old mountains and hills steadily wasting away. We see the milk-colored glacial streams bearing the detritus from the mountains. In a few places vulcanism may be observed, for example, Hawaii and Alaska. Earthquakes sway cities at rare intervals. Rivers occasionally cut new channels. For the most part however we look out upon a world which changes little in its physical appearance. The Thames still flows as in the days when the Danes made their forays on the English coast. The Tiber is still the tawny stream that Horace wrote about, and Soracte is still snow-crowned in the winter season.

Yet geology discovers ample proof of vast changes which have occurred in the history of this old globe. Coal mines in arctic and antarctic regions tell the story of tropical forests which once grew there. Moraine material far down in the Mississippi valley tells the story of the ice age, when the great glaciers stretched that far south from the north pole. And if these extremes have prevailed once, why may they not recur?

In his outline of history H. G. Wells develops the theory of the deviations of the earth in its revolutions about the sun as responsible for the alternate periods of greater and less heat on the earth. Another theory recently related in a magazine article was the effect of dust clouds, etc. in shutting off sun's rays and permitting the growth of ice masses. The world is old, very old. Sir James Jeans makes the following comparison:

"Take a postage stamp and stick it on to a penny. Now climb Cleopatra's needle and lay the penny flat, postage stamp uppermost, on top of the obelisk. The height of the whole structure may be taken to represent the time that has elapsed since the earth was born. On this scale the thickness of the penny and postage stamp together represents the time that man has lived on earth. The thickness of the postage stamp represents the time he has been civilized, the thickness of the penny representing the time that man has lived in an uncivilized state."

Thus, though the human record reports few changes in the surface of the earth, that record is so meagre in comparison with the whole history of this revolving ball we call the earth, that it by no means proves that the period of vast changes is forever past. The minute of man's observation is too brief to determine the trend even of a geological eon.

Mass Transportation

PORTLAND is to have an experiment with reduced fares on its street car lines. The company is apparently willing to make the trial because the 10-cent fare appears to be higher than the traffic will bear. In spite of economies of all kinds earnings barely cover operating expenses. It is frankly admitted by the city council that the new rates will allow no return on the capital invested in the business. The plant is old and worn, yet not without some value, which under the theory of utility regulation is entitled to reasonable earnings. Traction transport has bumped into economic law which overrules even the theory of utility regulation: competition, even in case of an apparent monopoly.

Cities and companies face a serious dilemma. Mass transportation is still essential in urban life. In cities of 50,000 and over, particularly in cities of over 100,000 the cheapest and most satisfactory means is the trolley car. But the competition of privately owned automobiles has taken so much business from the traction companies that they cannot show fair earnings on the investment. Many of the companies have been reorganized, and even then they have gotten in difficulties.

On the other hand the trend would seem to work toward restoration of the earning power of traction enterprises if they will be alert in their managerial policies, modernizing their equipment and roadbed, making rates of fare which are not excessive. Costs of all materials and of labor are declining. Many motor cars have been laid up or used less freely. There have been fewer receiverships of traction companies than of railroads during the present depression, due probably to the fact that most of the streetcar companies had gone under in previous years.

There is a future to urban transportation concerns. Get the fares and costs stabilized, the normal growth of the traffic ought to restore their business health so they could again attract money for needed improvements. The use of the automobile per capita in the large city has reached, perhaps passed, the saturation point, because of cost and of traffic congestion. The cry will be, when normal conditions return, for greater speed in travel, and that will call for subways in the largest cities.

The street car is not doomed. It is still serviceable, still a necessity. In many respects its major troubles would seem to be behind it. Portland's city council and traction company show a commendable spirit in cooperating to give an immediate even though partial solution to a grave public question.

The government spent a million dollars and over on Sol Bloom's celebration of the Washington bi-centennial. It was a scandalous waste of funds, adding nothing to the stature of the first president. The nauseating showmanship of Bloom if anything detracted from the reverence that would have been paid to Washington by spontaneous action of the people. Though the lesson was costly, it will be worth the money if it teaches congress not to mix ballyhoo with patriotism.

Robert Butler, Oregon congressman who died Saturday, was a man of ability and of pleasing personality. He was deservedly popular. His geniality was real, not an affectation. He won and held friends not only over the state but in Washington where he was completing his third term.

Many of those denouncing taxes are ganging up to issue up to \$65,000,000 in bonds to put the state in the hydro-electric business. But what's a few millions among friends?

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 8, 1908

Andrew Carnegie has offered the Capital City a public library building costing \$14,000. Salem must agree to produce \$1400 a year as a maintenance fund.

The old handbell used to announce change of classes at Salem high school has just been succeeded by installation of an electric clock to control electric bells in the halls. It has been set up in the office of City Superintendent Powers.

ST. PAUL—Receivers were appointed yesterday for the Chicago Great Western railroad. The boiler-makers' strike is given as a partial cause of the financial straits of the road, which during the last year expended \$19,000,000 in reconstruction.

January 8, 1908

Governor Walter M. Pierce last night appealed to the members of the 32nd legislative session to join with him in an effort to relieve the burden of taxes now imposed on the state, in his message delivered immediately after the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice McBride.

Senator Jay H. Upton, Princetonville lawyer and farmer, was elected president of the senate of the 32nd session of the Oregon legislature yesterday after a bitter fight had been waged against him.

The flood has subsided, after the Willamette river reached the 32 1/2 foot level. Railroad bridges in this vicinity are intact but heavy damages have resulted to farm buildings along the stream.

Daily Thought

"There is quite as much education in true learning in the analysis of an ear of corn as in the analysis of a complex sentence; the ability to analyze clover and alfalfa roots savors of quite as much culture as does the study of Latin and Greek roots."—O. H. Benson.

Beware Jumping at Conclusions; Like Trying to Hold Cow by Tail

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Our individual lives are largely colored by circumstance. To a locomotive engineer a crossing is merely something at which to whistle.

Life has pretty much lost its zip. Actually, I can look at a state senator and think nothing of it.

This is a great time for cold remedy connoisseurs. No matter what happens, good or bad, it is always a great time for somebody.

An ordinary man cannot cause a cow to remain stationary by clinging to her tail. Don't be so free to jump at conclusions.

Of course, a man unaccustomed to one of the modern perpetuities might get his clothes mixed and eat tomorrow's breakfast last week, but if he does this he will have only himself to blame.

It is somewhat difficult to understand human nature. This is one reason, I reckon, why many people "love" to study it. I've listened to quite a number of high water stories during the past week, and have observed that the number of men who prefer to overestimate depths is about equal to the number of men who choose to underestimate depths. Folks have different ideas as to what constitutes news value. Which is another thing that helps to make newspaper publishing interesting.

There are few points of similarity between the characters of George Guthrie, now of Portland, and Horace Taber, once of Denver, long since gone into the unknown. The one is a lawyer and a gentleman of quiet and studious habit; the other was a vagabond to whom fate gave immense wealth and from whom fate, in the whimsical way it has, took that wealth away.

Yet I imagine that had Mr. Guthrie been in Denver in the early '80s, when Mr. Taber was doing things there, he and Mr. Taber would have found something in common. Mr. Taber might have said to Mr. Guthrie, "George, money is coming to me faster than I can spend it. What shall I do?" And no great stretch of imagination is required to hear Mr. Guthrie promptly suggest the building of a great theatre. That, I think, would have been Mr. Guthrie's idea of relief from the problem confronting Mr. Taber. And it would have harmonized pleasantly with an idea in Mr. Taber's mind.

Denver did not at that time rate such a theatre as the Taber Grand. The town had less than 100,000 people, yet Mr. Taber gave it a theatre that would have been a fitting ornament to a city of millions. Somewhat as Mr. Guthrie gave to Salem the Elsinore, a theatre that would grace a city of several fold Salem's population.

But there was a difference. Mr. Guthrie struggled and perished (Turn to Page 5)

We see the irrigation district settlers are asking for more negotiations from the federal government. If there is any group that has put off pay-day longer than the irrigators we do not know it. They curl up on their obligations by individuals and by districts. They have had some degree of principal and moratoriums of interest time and again. When Uncle Sam is money lender the people think he is just Santa Claus; and the irrigators have certainly enjoyed a Santa Claus visit almost annually in the way of remissions of interest.

Even editors make mistakes, and we must confess to a faulty memory which made us write recently that Ralph D. Blumenfeld, transplanted American journalist long in London, had passed away. Instead he merely retired from the editorship of the London Daily Express. He is still active in Fleet street, although no longer carrying the responsibilities of editing a great newspaper. Recently he was feted by his associates in British journalism.

Astoria already revolts against free and easy liquor. Since the repeal of the state prohibition enforcement statute, speakeasies came to flourish openly in the seaport city, until the town got disgusted. It is safe to predict that public reaction will be swift if liquor sales are again legalized with scant supervision or control. The wags fear this too. They hardly know what to do with their November victory.

From the depths of despair over the condition of the state, the Capital-Journal cries: "All hail to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah and the Son of Heaven. We wish we had a few of them." Indeed we have the former, elected by a great vote in 1930, who was supposed to lead us out of all our troubles.

The social register is suffering from hard times. In most every city the "four hundred" is marked down to two ninety eight nowadays.

The hunger marchers are demanding among other things, free water. Hain't it rained enough for them the last four weeks?

Yathons can now add Sam Insull to the rest of its ruins.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

How Salem won fight for permanent capital: Little known history told:

In searching for other facts through old files of The Statesman, the writer ran across a rather obscurely placed article in the New Year edition of Jan. 1, 1890. Memory recalls the writing of the article by D. W. Craig, who was the best qualified person living at the time to furnish the particulars.

Mr. Craig was one of the best educated men of his day, in any country, though he was too modest and retiring to make conspicuous use of his vast fund of knowledge. He was the best speller Oregon ever had, unless that distinction were to be accorded Asahe Bush, founder of The Statesman and the bank of Leach & Bush, and political czar of this state's formative period. D. W. Craig was the father of F. Sumter Craig, proof reader of the state printing office, whose home is in Salem.

The article mentioned, showing that Salem would have surely been defeated in her fight to retain the state capital, in the final arbitration of ballots provided by the constitutional convention, but for the adroit and timely work of Mr. Craig and the help of two other men, follows:

"In the spring of 1864, D. W. Craig, then the business manager and one of the owners of The Statesman, became impressed with the idea that nothing but quiet work would save Salem, wrote to the chairman of the county committee (of both political parties) in several counties that had no particular interest in the location of the seat of government, and offered to furnish them their county tickets without charge, asking only the privilege of printing 'Salem' on the tickets as the place for the seat of government.

"His request was complied with in every instance, and the tickets, to the number of thousands, were furnished as promised. He reasoned that hundreds of men were in different on the subject, and would vote whatever name was printed.

"In due time" reached his destination, and began to unfold the project to a few friends and to apportion the tickets for distribution among the several precincts. The amassment of Coffin was imagined when he discovered the predicament he was in—no tickets, several days' journey from the nearest printing office, and the election close at hand. It is not recorded what the disappointed general said, but he slowly wended his way homeward, dejected and sad, doubtless revolving many things in his mind as to the cause of his discomfiture and the failure of his well laid plan.

"This is a plain narration, in which is recorded the true history of the location of the seat of government in Salem.

"In addition to the two friends of Salem mentioned above, great credit is also to be given to S. A. Clarke, then county clerk of Baker county, and to B. F. Bonham, practicing lawyer there, and others whose names this writer cannot now recall. But undoubtedly the victory was principally due to the brilliant flank movement made by Judge Wilson upon the enemy's column at The Dalles, the result of which was seen upon the almost unanimous vote for Salem given by Baker county—the margin being nearly 500.

Wilson, familiarly known as 'Joe', was one of the most popular men in the state, and possessed many qualities that reminded one of Abraham Lincoln, particularly in his tact, his unflinching good nature, and his ever present readiness to assist a friend.

It is not necessary to tell old timers that the Australian ballot was then unheard of in Oregon. The political parties or candidates provided their own tickets—they were often of distinctive colors and shapes, so that managers buying votes might be certain of having them stay bought.

General Coffin was Stephen Coffin, half owner of the original townsite of Portland. He came in the big immigration of 1847, that doubled the population of Oregon, and W. W. Chapman, with whom he was afterward to be associated in a number of enterprises, was in the same covered wagon train to which Coffin was attached.

Mr. Chapman had also become largely interested in Portland townsite property, and he and Coffin were the men who backed T. J. Dyer in the purchase of the printing outfit in San Francisco; the outfit consisting of what printers would call "a shirt full of type," and an old Ramage press that had come up from Mexico, sent by the Catholic missionaries to their station at Monterey—the outfit with which the Portland Oregonian was started; getting ahead of Bush by a matter of about 15 weeks in starting The Statesman. It was by a fluke—the honor thus going to them of founding the first new living newspaper west of the Mississippi river—the second one being The Statesman, which would have been first but for the fact that there was a mistake in routing from the Atlantic coast the outfit for The Statesman.

Mr. Coffin did many things for Portland; provided the first docking facilities, aided in the opening of the first wagon roads, and in scores of ways aided in putting the embryo village in the forest primal in position to plume its flight towards metropolitan pretensions.

(Continued in Tuesday's issue.)

"As the majority for Salem was only 73, conjecture can be safely left to say whether the effect was proportional to the effort.

"But the crowning victory, the coup de main of the entire campaign, was made by Joe Wilson, then residing at The Dalles, and judge of the Fifth judicial district, which then embraced all of the counties of eastern Oregon. Wilson was a strong Salamatite, in fact his home and affections were here, and the gentleman above referred to (of course Mr. Craig) was in communication with the judge and suggested to him to look out for Wagon county. Wilson answered him to not be uneasy, as he would do what he could.

"In the mean time General Coffin of Portland was not unmindful of the interests of his own city, where he was a large real estate holder. He, too, conceived the idea that a little extra work, quietly done, would give Portland the coveted honor—so he had election tickets printed in Portland for both parties in Baker county, and perhaps for other counties in that then sparsely settled portion of the state, and a few days before the election, he started on his mission. He arrived at The Dalles by boat, where he was compelled to remain over night, and proceeded by stage or his own conveyance in the morning.

"Whilst Coffin was at The Dalles, Wilson divined the object of his trip to Baker county, and set about to neutralize it. He accordingly engineered a scheme to abstract this package of ballots from Coffin's satchel, and substitute therefor a package of similar size and appearance containing nothing but paper or some other worthless material. The next morning General Coffin proceeded on his way, with a countenance child-like and bland, never suspecting the deception that had been practiced upon him, and thinking probably of the undoubted success of his scheme.

"In due time" reached his destination, and began to unfold the project to a few friends and to apportion the tickets for distribution among the several precincts. The amassment of Coffin was imagined when he discovered the predicament he was in—no tickets, several days' journey from the nearest printing office, and the election close at hand. It is not recorded what the disappointed general said, but he slowly wended his way homeward, dejected and sad, doubtless revolving many things in his mind as to the cause of his discomfiture and the failure of his well laid plan.

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(Continued in Tuesday's issue.)

STITCHERS TO MEET
SWEDELE, Jan. 7. — The 4-H sewing club will meet January 14 at Ruby West's home at 3 o'clock. Mrs. William Kroepfle had another homemaker yesterday. She has not been well for some time.

"THE BLACK SWAN" By Rafael Sabatini

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

There was an outcry simultaneously from the crowd of buccanniers, then utter silence, as Monsieur de Bernis, having withdrawn his sword, placing one foot for the purpose against the body of his fallen opponent, stood erect, grim, breathing a little hard and mopping the sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his fine cambric shirt.

Standing over Tom Leach as he lay coughing out his evil life upon the sand, Monsieur de Bernis fully shook his head, and in the silence his voice rang clear.

"Too fine an end for such a you, my Captain."

The last choking of the buccannier cough was uttered; the twitchings of his body had ceased, and he lay on his back grinning up at the blue sky that was like a dome of polished steel, before there was any movement in the surrounding crowd. After that single outcry, when their captain had gone down, an awed silence had fallen upon those wild men. Accustomed though they were to scenes of violence and to sudden and bloody deaths, there was something in this abrupt passing of their leader to inspire awe in those wild breasts.

Leach had been of such vitality, and had seemed so invulnerable through so many fierce encounters that he had seemed almost immortal to the men he led. And here, almost in the twinkling of an eye, he lay stretched stiff and stark. Wonder, too, now that the thing was done, was stirring in their minds as to what must be the consequences to themselves of their Captain's death.

The silence endured until Bundry roughly now broke his way through the ranks which yielded as readily as earlier they had resisted him. Ellis and Halliwell followed through the gap his passage made. Monsieur de Bernis looked up at their approach. He was not entirely without alarm, although he continued to conceal it; but in the main he conceived himself sufficiently protected by the circumstances. Standing where he did, with one shoulder to the sea and the other to the woods, he commanded a wide field of vision. Twenty yards away and above him on the beach, he beheld Miss Priscilla and the Major standing at gaze, and he conceived the fears that must be distressing her, if not on his account, at least on her own, since even now, if this affair should find issue in avenging upon him of the Captain's death, she must suppose that she would be left at the mercy of these ruffians.

For the moment, however, the buccanniers still made no movement. Perhaps they considered that the matter was one beyond their judgment, and they were content to leave it to those four leaders who were now confronting Monsieur de Bernis within the space ringed about. For Wogan was there too, having been there indeed throughout the combat, and it was Wogan whom de Bernis immediately cited as a witness in his own defence when Bundry challenged him.

"How did this happen?" Bundry had asked, his tone harsh, his eyes piercing as gimlets.

"It was forced upon me, I take Wogan here to witness."

Bundry turned to question Wogan with his eyes, and Wogan blinked nervously and answered, as de Bernis counted that he would answer. He might have been less confident had he known of the understanding that had existed between Wogan and the Captain. But the Captain being dead, Wogan swiftly made up his mind that since Leach's plot had failed, it only remained to ensure the pre-



"I hope that you were not unduly alarmed," she heard him saying, in his pleasant, level voice.

servation of one upon whom depended the capture of the Spanish plate fleet.

"Aye, it's the truth. Bad com to me. I'll know how the Captain was feeling towards him, and this morning his humour bubbled over, and he put this quarrel upon him. In fact, as some of ye may have seen, he attacked him before he had even got his sword out, and if Charlie hadn't been quick and active, it's murder there would have been."

Encouraged by this greater self-assertion, Monsieur de Bernis supplemented that assurance.

"It would have been unlucky for all of you if things had fallen out otherwise. There would have been no Spanish gold, no broad pieces of eight for you if Leach had killed me as he intended. The dog might have thought of you if he had no thought for his own share of the treasure before yielding to his thirst for my blood. Well, well! He touched the body with his foot."

"There he lies as he deserves, for his treachery to you and to me!"

And Bundry, grim-faced ever, and seeing no profit in going against de Bernis at present, nodded slowly. "I warned him. But he was ever a headstrong fool. Maybe he's best quieted."

And by the men who had listened and who had been persuaded by what they heard, this seemed to be accounted a sufficient funeral oration, and closed the matter.

Monsieur de Bernis had been reasonably confident that ultimately he must prevail with them, by means of the prospect of that Spanish gold. But he had expected at the outset a violent explosion of passion over the death of their leader, and he had been bracing himself to meet it. It took him by surprise to discover how little any such effort would be required of him. In the circumstances in which it had befallen, Tom Leach's death was no calamity to any of those predatory rogues who followed him. What mattered was that the man who was to lead them to fortune had been preserved.

And so, with scarcely a lowering of glance to follow him, Monsieur de Bernis was permitted to sheathe his sword and resume his garments.

The buccanniers broke up the circle and fell into babbling groups, chief, F. E. Chambers, treasurer; C. B. Wilson, water superintendent; Dr. F. R. Bowersox, health officer; C. F. Gillette, attorney. Fred Lofting will again be assistant marshal.

Committees were year to these: Water, Bowersox, Tacheron, Calbreath; street, Calbreath and Partridge; fire, police, city hall, sewer—Halladay, Partridge and Cooper; general, Halladay, Partridge and Calbreath.

(To Be Continued)

BOWERSOX NAMES 1933 COMMITTEES

MONMOUTH, Jan. 7. — There was little change in the personnel of Monmouth's city administration

this year. Mayor F. R. Bowersox began his second term as head of the city government. G. M. Partridge and George Cooper took the official oath as councilmen replacing Fred O'Rourke and Charles Powell. Paul Tacheron is again city recorder.

Appointive officers were named as follows: Verd Schruink, city marshal and night watchman. He is empowered to appoint his own deputies. George Cooper, fire

chief, F. E. Chambers, treasurer; C. B. Wilson, water superintendent; Dr. F. R. Bowersox, health officer; C. F. Gillette, attorney. Fred Lofting will again be assistant marshal.

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(To Be Continued)

Looking toward the future

The coming year should mark more favorable economic and business conditions throughout the country. And in Salem it will mark a continuation of the sound banking policies which have made the United States National Group of Banks outstanding in service.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

SALEM, OREGON

"The Bank that Service Buys"