The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Judge Latourette and the Marriage Law

JUDGE LATOURETTE of Clackamas county has announced he will grant special dispensation to void the requirement of a three-day waiting period for issuance of marriage licenses, except where applicants appear to have been drinking. The Oregon City judge makes a literal application of the sobriquet "gin marriage" which has been applied to such legislation. His narrow interpretation of the act defeats the general purpose of the legislation; and is not at all justified. The purpose of the act was to prevent not only marriages consummated when one or both parties were under the influence of liquor, but to prevent moonstruck weddings, weddings on a dare, and other marriages of impulse quite unrelated to liquor.

The only reason apparent for giving a blanket release from the provisions of the act, as Judge Latourette does, is that Clackamas county may not lose say to Vancouver some of the hurry-up marriages. That is a very ignoble cause for judicial modification of the legislative intent. Issuing of licenses and performing of marriages thus descends to the level of a huckster's business. Oregon has its own ideas and standards, and the loss of a few dollars is without significance.The object of the marriage license issuance is not the making of money by the county, but the investing of the relation with a social responsibility; and the new three-day requirement is a further step in that direction.

The state has made divorces easy to obtain; but if it can prevent silly and ill-considered marriages it will make resort to the divorce court less frequent. Only in unusual cases is a judge justified in lifting the requirement for the three days' banns.

Roosevelt and the Budget

THE Roosevelt administration has done a pretty good job with the handling of the public finances. It has quite effectively balanced the budget for ordinary expenditures. If increases in incomes materialize, as seems quite probable now, there may even be surplus receipts to go to whittling down the national debt. This budget balancing has been accomplished in the most sensible manner, namely, the reduction of public expenditures. The administration showed a commendable fearlessness in lopping off functions that were not justifying their continuance by service rendered.

It is true that enormous appropriations were authorized in the public works bill; but it seems altogether reasonable to consider this account as outside the budget of ordinary governmental expenditures. This calls for a bond issue, but it is to be retired through specific taxes, which is quite sensible. Thus the debt to meet the present emergency will not jeopardize the public credit because the increase is being cared for by special taxes; and these may be suspended by presidential order when receipts of normal revenues are adequate or when repeal permits taxation of intoxicating liquors.

President Roosevelt is deserving of commendation for his conservative management of public finance. We regret his voiding the gold clause in government bonds, but once he decided to abandon the gold standard, he had to go the rest of the way. While we talk now in terms of paper dollars, the government credit, on the paper basis, remains sound.

The Glorious Fourth

NOT in years has there been such an eruption of community celebrations for July 4th. The ancient practice of making the eagle scream is being widely revived, though the spread-eagle oratory will be minimized and entertainment features multiplied. Town after town which has shut up shop on Independence day, is now out to put on a celebration. A three-day show is planned for the fairgrounds in Salem, with races, vaudeville, and the night of the fourth a big wrestling match.

Molalla is putting on a buckeroo, such as the town has presented for several years, which has drawn thousands of people from all parts of the valley. At Oregon City a race meet is planned. Rockaway beach says it will be host to Tillamook county and the rest of the state. Jantzen Beach in Portland is also advertising its celebration.

Scores of other towns are also desirous of being hosts for celebrations of July 4th.

It's all right. Give the people a day's diversion, needed in these days of tension as badly as at any time. Celebrations always loosen up pocketbooks; and who is there who regrets the money he spends in having a good time on Fourth of July and Christmas?

So pick out the place you want to celebrate, and make it a big day.

Prices Hit People in Face

PRICE increases are becoming realities. The highway commission found it out when bids for surfacing portions of the Salem-Portland highway were opened. They ran over the estimates, so the commission rejected the bids. Now Gov. Meier is protesting the increase in prices of gasoline. That is the way it is, people are just never satisfied.

Industry is now operating virtually under command to increase prices, but when the increases come, other branches of government protest and cry "thief, thief". The same inconsistency was seen in the case of the cement price. While the "new deal" encourages industrial groups to get together and fix prices, when cement makers all turned in the same bid of $1.25 a barrel to Secretary Ickes, he threw his hands in the air and charged monopoly.

We may as well get reconciled to higher prices. They are due regardless of monetary changes. Selling goods at less than cost of production must come to an end sooner or later.

As a general policy we think the veterans' settlement by congress is equitable. Men disabled in war service are to be compensated, as they should be. Those not disabled by war participation are to be eliminated. The border line cases, where the cause of disability is clouded, are to be reexamined and if disablement is found to have been caused directly by war service, benefits are to be paid to the veteran. The United States has and will continue to deal fairly with her veterans. There is rightful objection to grab-bag pensioning of unworthy men.

Portland has seen its initial operation of the 1933 enactment which permits counsel for opposing litigants to agree upon reputable members of the bar serving on a case as judge pro-tempore, where the presiding judge of the circuit court finds the docket crowded and agrees to the substitute judge. The appointee of the court is paid $10 daily by the state. Multnomah county's docket has been crowded for years. The new law should expedite litigation and relieve the state from hiring a full-time judge. The general legal process should be speeded up, a result markedly needed.

Not only is the administration committed to repeal of prohibition, it is suspending enforcement of the laws by firing half of its prohibition agents. With an administration that flouts solemn contracts and repudiates obligations, what can be expected in the way of enforcement of laws to improve public morals?

A Portland man is urging the governor to call a special session of the legislature to legalize the issuance of "scrip." The session is unnecessary. Washington is working fast to make the national currency as worthless as local scrip.

The Jantzen Knitting mills in Portland is cutting down its inventories rapidly these days, being one industry admittedly out to water its stocks.

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

BEER FOR AMERICA'S MAIN STREET

Beer for America's Main Street,
In nineteen thirty-three!
Tho it makes beer traffic for a day,
Yet thinkers will agree
For thousands of the nation's stores
'Twill suicidal be!

The business men of Main Street
Are struggling with the times:
To keep their help—to sell their goods—
They need the workers' dimes.

Work-folk are not in "clover",
But at end of every week
A little is left over,
And down-town things they seek.

The grocer, butcher, baker,
The landlord, milkman, 'phone,
They paid O. K. in prohi day,
And got an ice cream cone.

And other little extras
For which they spent their dimes;
And Mr. Business Man repeats,
"We need 'em these hard times".

But Tony, Dick or Harry
Decides to spend for beer;
His weakness gets an old-time lure,
Now that three-two is here!

May he not use his "freedom"?
(Ignoring family-dear);
And so his dimes and quarters go,
The need is stalking near,
And Mr. Business Man looks on
With growing loss and fear.

Now here, now there, a shop winks out,
Unable to survive—
The beer-shops get the money earned—
They're very much alive!

But where three get jobs at selling beer,
Ten lose theirs selling clothes;
The more beer-truckers are employed,
The greater the burden grows
On welfare bureaus, homes and stores,
And some will have to close.

"A bankrupt stock that must be sold,"
Your paper's headlines say. . . .
(They couldn't keep their biz because
Booze had the right of way.)

And "REVENUE"? Fallacious trick,
The daily facts reveal!
'Tis but a myth and mockery—
Vast propaganda's treachery
By boosters for repeal!

And many folks now realize
How subtly they were tricked
By propaganda's wily game—
The DRY facts swiftly kicked!

So beer for America's Main Street,
In nineteen-thirty-three
Will decrease sales of business men—
Make tax for you and me;
And homes deplete of many a treat,
And needful things par se.

But what care WETS what woe they make,
What homes they wreck, what hearts they break,
When booze goes flowing—free!

EDGAR FIELD.

Editor Statesman:

In a recent issue of the Statesman appeared an article signed, Loyal Citizen, urging "Dry's" not to be timid or bashful, but to present themselves as desiring to go as delegates to the coming convention. The whole plan seems to me to be a "Cut and dried affair." Everybody knows that every old toper, who can be relied on to vote wet, can go, expenses paid; as the old outlaw, John Barley Corn, had plenty of money to further his interests, while the dry delegate must give his time and bear his own expense.

There are many true, loyal old veterans of the cause who would gladly give both; many have even laid down their lives to free our nation of this deadly foe; but how can one give that which they do not possess? The object of this appeal is to the loyal citizens who can, to offer expenses to them who are willing to go, but who have no means. I have been so occupied that I have been unable to learn the exact reason, (if there be any) of this delegation convention. Why could not the question have been presented for popular vote?

Are not the common people to have a chance to vote? Or, is it true that we are no longer a government of the people, by the people, for the people, but, as we hear so often, a government of the political machine, by the political machine, for the political machine?

Of course we all know the people no longer vote as they may desire. Our "Machine" chooses the candidate. We must vote for the man selected, even, though, as has often been the case, the man selected is in no way the one the masses would name; but vote we must, as was demonstrated last fall—vote against our principles, or lose our vote; and to not vote would help to elect the man and party that would do most harm to our beloved land.

No. Not a calamity howler. Just one who believes in a government of the people, by the people—AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

Of course, in the final balloting we can all vote—but for what? The convention will be packed with wets. The result of the convention will glare in the face of every voter. Indeed, that must be the purpose of the convention—to have it "Fixed" for the voter.

Come on, Dry's. You can send delegates—pick your delegates and send them; also settle down for a "Packed" convention, a wet program, a lost cause, and a repeal.

A MOTHER.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

MOST OF the diseases of childhood are due to germs or bacteria. Today I want to tell you about an ailment not caused by a germ. I refer to the disease called "marasmus".

Dr. Copeland

It is sometimes referred to as "infantile atrophy," or "wasting". For many years little was known about this affliction. Because of the rapid advancement made in the study of nutrition and infant feeding, I am glad to say that the disease is now curable.

Marasmus is a wasting disease of infants and children. In spite of abundant food the sufferers from this ailment lose weight and have poor physical development. Some children are more susceptible to it than others. They are usually the ones who are the offspring of parents with weakened constitutions and sufferers from chronic disorders.

Of course marasmus can be the result of lack of food. It can be traced to improper food and feeding. Chronic or localized infections, such as diseased teeth, tonsils and adenoids, poor eating and sleeping habits; lack of fresh air and sunshine, are other factors that must not be overlooked. It is commonly found in children who are the victims of tuberculosis and other serious constitutional diseases.

The emaciated appearance of a child with marasmus is indeed pathetic. Due to the marked loss of weight the child's skin is wrinkled and hangs in folds. The legs resemble drumsticks and the hands look like birds' claws. The child puts you in mind of a little shrivelled-up old man. If you have ever seen a child suffering from this affliction you can appreciate the distressing picture I am trying to paint.

Since sufferers from marasmus require careful and prolonged care, I would advise that a child afflicted with this disease be taken to a hospital. There he will receive the proper nursing care, as well as medical treatment.

Let me assure the worried mother that the disease is not contagious and is not passed on from one child to another. If the child cannot be taken to a hospital, follow carefully the instructions given by your physician.

Diet Is Important

I urge upon you the importance of the diet. This should include adequate amounts of milk, fruits, green vegetables, eggs, meat, cereals and bread. The food should not be forced upon the child, but he should be encouraged to eat, and taught to develop good food habits.

An adequate number of hours of sleep is imperative. A daily afternoon nap should be encouraged. Whenever possible, the child should be allowed to sleep outdoors, and be protected from cool and inclement weather. Plenty of fresh air, rest and sunlight, nourishing food and hygienic care lead to a rapid and successful recovery.

Marasmus, as I have mentioned, may be due to a chronic focal infection, such as diseased tonsils and adenoids. It is imperative that this focus of infection be removed if complete cure is to be hoped for. But it is not advisable to subject the child to an operation when he is in a run-down condition. This can wait till he is stronger.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. J. R. Q.—What do you advise for psoriasis?

A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Foundation of Seattle
laid in a mother's tears:
The Denny's with pioneers:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "Arthur A. Denny turned to his friend and said: 'Low, white women are scarce in these parts. We had better take care of what we have.'

"He found his wife sitting on a log, her back against a tree. In her arms was a babe but a few weeks old. She was weeping. 'Come, come, wife, this is no way to begin pioneering.'

" 'Oh, you promised when we left Illinois that we would not settle in a wilderness. Now see where we are!'

"The foundation of Seattle was laid in a mother's tears.

"The colony was the real nucleus around which grew the city. On the arrival of the Exact's passengers, it comprised 24 souls—12 adults and 12 children—as follows:

"Arthur A. Denny and wife with three children, Louise C., Margaret Lenora and Rolland H.; John N. Low and wife with four children, Alonzo, Mary, John N. V. and Minerva; William N. Bell and wife with four children, Laura, Olive, Virginia and Lavina; Carson D. Boren and wife with one child, Gertrude; Louisa Boren the sister of Mr. Boren and Mrs. Arthur A. Denny; Charles T. Terry, brother of Lee Terry; David T. Denny and Lee Terry, who had remained with the advance guard.

"Hope and ambition held sway. The little town was promptly named 'New York.' As expansion seemed slow, a tardy modesty suggested the addition of a Chinook jargon word, and the place was known as 'New York Alki.' The added words meant 'by and bye.' After a while the large name was divided, but the Indian name persisted—to this day the place is called Alki Point. . . On Feb. 15 they (A. A. Denny and William N. Bell and Carson D. Boren) had made up their minds, and staked out three claims in a body. Mr. Boren and David Denny left in March to bring the stock from Ford's prairie.

"On March 31 Dr. David S. Maynard arrived at Alki with Chief Seattle, who had spent the winter at Olympia. The doctor was looking for a temporary camp on which to begin a fish packing enterprise he had in mind. He accepted the offer of the others to readjust their claims, so as to give him a frontage on the shore. On April 3, Mr. Bell, the family of Mr. Boren, and Dr. Maynard moved over to the new claims, Mr. Denny's family being detained by illness.

"In October, Henry L. Yesler arrived, and the settlers gladly readjusted their boundary lines AGAIN, so as to give water frontage to the new arrival.

"He wanted to start a sawmill; his was the first steam sawmill on Puget Sound. . . was of such great importance to the community that Mr. Yesler was often referred to in after years as the real father of the city.

"On May 23, 1853, Arthur A. Denny and Mr. Boren joined in filing the plat of the town of Seattle, and in the evening Dr. Maynard filed his plat as well. . . . The town had become known by the name of the friendly Indian chief. . . On Jan. 6, 1853, the legislature of Oregon territory passed a law enacting: 'That the county seat of King county be and the same is hereby located at Seattle, on the land claim of D. S. Maynard.' "

Readers of this column know this means that Seattle was made the county seat in basement rooms of the Oregon Institute, and that, a week later, the 13th, the school was chartered under the name of Willamette university; most unique distinction. The sessions of that body for '51-2 and '52-3 were held in those rooms.

Returning now to the south side of the Columbia: The other Dennys of the '51 immigration all took up claims in the Willamette valley. John Denny and his son James took theirs on the present site of Sublimity; the father surveying and making the first plat of the town. James M. ran the first store until his death in 1855, and, as was said before, was Sublimity's first postmaster. Samuel Denny, his claim near by, taught school the first years, in a little log building on his brother's land, but moved to Seattle in 1859.

John Denny donated 20 acres to the United Brethren denomination for school and church purposes, in the early '50's. On that tract was opened, in 1857, the Sublimity Institute, in charge of Rev. Wilbur Wright, afterward a bishop. He was the father of Wilbur and Orville Wright, who first successfully navigated the upper spaces in a heavier than air machine—the first airplane built on lines resembling those since used in the newest devices for the development of transportation in the air lanes in this and other countries. For 10 years, the Sublimity Institute was the only institution of higher learning west of the Rockies of the United Brethren church.

Long since, the Catholics secured that 20 acre tract for their church and school, etc., there.

John Fletcher, one of the James Denny sons, became a Methodist minister, a circuit rider, from his land claim about six miles east of Sublimity. He was later transferred to another circuit, with Jefferson his headquarters.

Allen Wiley Denny, the youngest son, had his land claim near Sublimity. He died Feb. 13, 1901. His wife was Sarah Jane Campbell, her father James Campbell, who came from Missouri in the 1846 covered wagon immigration and took his land claim adjoining that of Daniel Waldo, first settler in the hills named for him. Mrs. Campbell and their oldest daughter died on the plains.

There are numerous descendants of the Denny families scattered over Washington and Oregon, a number of them in the Waldo hills and Sublimity districts.

To Wiley and Jane Campbell Denny six children were born, Albert N., Henriette, Elmer, Byron, Clara and Ernest C. Byron Denny married Alice English, a daughter of Levin N. and Elizabeth (Riggs) English. Levin English fought in the War of 1812, the Black Hawk war, and, with two sons, in the Cayuse war. He came in the 1845 covered wagon immigration and

(Turn to page 7)

"STOLEN LOVE"

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXVII

"I came here because my son wants to marry your niece," Lyla Barstow went on determinedly, "and I came to ask you a question you have not answered yet—"

Evvie stood up, brushed imaginary crumbs from her stiff white shirtwaist. "I didn't consider it necessary to answer an anonymous letter," she said, fixing the younger woman with her beady black eyes, "but since you insist, I do. My niece brought us no trouble. She knew no soldiers, sailors, nor traveling salesmen. She knew no boys at all, nor men. Your letter is a lie."

"But your sister—"

"My sister, I regret to say, is a fool. She's still airing a family skeleton twenty-five years old. Joan's mother stole her sweetheart, Peter Hastings, Judge Hastings' son. *There's* our skeleton. My sister Veronica's escapade. Secret wedding. Suicide. Nice story. Want to hear some more about it before you let your son marry a Van Fleet?"

Mrs. Barstow thought she could hear the little bent sister still crying as she went down the stairs, but perhaps it was only the eucalyptus trees whispering in the wind.

Evvie watched her go, still grinning, showing all her beautiful blue-white store teeth. "I almost wish I'd let Babe talk. Now we're going to have *that* in the family . . . Joan's a ninny. She should have married the first one . . . "

• • •

Congratulations, engagement gifts, a tide of felicity rolled over Joan, almost drowning her in excitement.

"They don't let me even come up for air!"

"Well, it's all part of it, I suppose," Curtis said good-humoredly, and though he protested that he never had a moment alone with her, which he didn't, she knew that he liked it. He liked things done decently, and in order. Liked to think that Joan's beauty was creating a sensation, and the right people were feting her.

"Mother's set her heart on a church-wedding—did she tell you? At the cathedral, the bishop and everything—"

"I've been a bride so often," Joan murmured, grinning. "In Francine's shop," she hastened to add when he didn't smile. He never saw the point in the things that convulsed her with merriment. Dear Curtis . . . so sensible . . . so good . . .

"Let's not think about the shop any more, Joan. That's all behind us. Let's just look ahead—"

"Yes—just look ahead—" Her eyes filled with tears. She took his hand and held it tenderly against her cheek . . . always look ahead . . . never back . . .

"Are you happy?" Maisie asked, looking at the big, square diamond Curtis had put on the third finger of her left hand.

"Because I have a ring?" Joan asked, smiling at it. A lovely ring. A raindrop on tiny platinum myrtle leaves, twining round her finger.

"Yes—that and everything—"

But Joan only laughed. "Of course. At least I think I am, they haven't given me time to really stop and think about it. Something every moment. Curtis wants me to give up my work now, but I want to keep it a little longer—"

"It does seem too much, dearie, working all day, and going out every night. Seems to me sometimes you look kind of feverish—"

"Oh, no, Maisie. Just happy and rushed. And I love to be rushed, you know I do."

"Yes, I know." Maisie went away half satisfied. She knew that Joan's pillow was often wet in the morning. Knew that she lay awake in the darkness crying . . . what for? For that other one? Oh, why wouldn't the girl be thankful for what she had, what did she want, the moon?

Dinner parties, dances, theatre parties. Gay, sparkling affairs to which the season's debutantes came. Everyone was charming to her—Mrs. Barstow saw to that. Joan never knew the time and statesmanship that went into launching Curtis's bride-to-be in San Francisco society.

But Curtis knew and rejoiced.

"Happy, dear?"

Someone was always asking her if she was happy, and now it was Curtis, looking at her with kind, light brown eyes, full of love, full of devotion and something else—yearning—that sent the blood to racing sickly in her heart, and made the little fugitive memories come out of their secret hiding places . . . calling . . . calling . . .

"Oh, I shouldn't keep thinking of him—I shouldn't—it isn't fair to Curtis . . . why can't I forget like other people? Why do I have to keep on wanting someone who doesn't want me?"

And aloud she said, "Are you happy, Curtis?"

"So happy that I am afraid to believe it's true."

She slipped one slender arm about his shoulder, drew him to her fiercely, protectively. Why shouldn't it be true? Why shouldn't Curtis be happy, even if she couldn't? Why not give to Curtis what might have been . . . forget . . .

"Joan—are you listening?"

"Of course, I'm listening."

"Joan, I didn't tell you, but I got the craziest letter about a week ago. At first I wasn't going to say anything about it, but I can't get the darn thing off my mind, wondering who wrote it you know."

"Joan, I didn't tell you, but I got the craziest letter about a week ago. I can't get the darn thing off my mind."

"What kind of letter?"

"Why, from some crank over in Sausalito. Full of fantastic stories, about you—"

"A letter—about me?" She couldn't meet his eyes. Fear weighed them down. Fear of what the letter could say. Panicky, fluttering fear . . . the shame of having him know. . . .

The frightened thoughts scuttled, lightning fast through her brain. The scarlet of shame flowed over her face, suffusing it, right up to the roots of her hair.

"Why Joan! You mustn't care! You don't think for a moment that I'd believe the stuff?"

She made a little clicking sound in her throat, but her voice wouldn't come. There wasn't any breath. It was like the day she fell off the cypress hedge when she was a little girl, and knocked all the breath out of her body . . . just pain . . . pain crowding out the air . . .

"Johnnie, if I had known you'd care. I wouldn't have told you. I thought you'd think it was funny. It was, truly it was. Let me tell you, dear. Please. Something about stealing someone's lover, and running away with a sailor from Goat Island—"

"What!" She raised her shamed head, stared at him incredulously. "A sailor? Why, Curtis—I—"

"Didn't I tell you it was crazy? Yes, a sailor from Goat Island—"

"A sailor," she echoed. Oh the blessed relief of it. Not being found out. Safe. "A sailor!" She was laughing now, laughing with relief and helplessness, high shrieks of laughter that tore at her heart, and hurt . . . way down deep inside. "Oh, you don't know how funny that is . . . if you knew my aunts . . . I'd have to swim to Goat Island—they'd never have let anyone on the premises—"

"Would you have cared . . . if it were true?" she asked very low, so low that he could hardly hear the question.

"Johnnie!" He strained her to him, smoothing her hair, soothing her. "You mustn't have morbid thoughts like that. I want you to be always sunny and laughing, always my own merry Joan—"

"You didn't answer me, Curtis."

"Didn't answer you?"

"When I asked—if it would make any difference if . . . if . . ."

"Johnnie, don't be absurd. For heaven's sake—"

"I know, but would it, Curtis . . . tell me . . . would it matter if—"

If you had run away with the sailor? Of course, it would. You'd be the sailor's bride I suppose, and I'd be out of luck. Besides, you wouldn't be Joan, you'd be someone else. That's why it's so crazy to argue."

"But if I had?"

"Oh, Johnnie, you don't get the point. It was your goodness that made me love you. The goodness that is your beauty. Not the white and gold of your flesh, though I love that too, but because you're yourself—different from other girls . . . better. . . ."

She stiffened in his arms. Turned cold and sick . . . so sick . . . nauseated. . . .

"No, not different. Not better—"

She'd have to tell him now. All the stale story seemed so beautiful. Like a rainbow flashing suddenly in the gray days of her loneliness in the big house on the hill. A rainbow that wasn't real at all, only a flash of cheap, colored light.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 30, 1908

DENVER—Name of Governor Chamberlain of Oregon mentioned as vice-presidential nominee at Democratic national convention here; efforts made for insertion of prohibition plank in platform.

Mayor George F. Rodgers, C. L. McNary and F. N. Derby named on board of trade committee to investigate available sites and have plans drawn for a new hotel here.

Council receives proposal to set aside 33 feet down middle of Court street between Church and 12th for a boulevard park, to be planted to lawn and roses; paving on both sides contemplated.

June 30, 1923

July 3, the day President Harding to be in state and participate in Old Oregon Trail celebration at Meacham proclaimed by Governor Pierce as legal holiday.

Sublimity citizens elated at paving operations in their district; first rock road in Marion county built in that vicinity 17 years ago.

Long, poetic story of Oregon Trail written by W. T. Rigdon of Salem; Rigdon crossed plains to Oregon by ox team in 1850.

10TH ANNUAL

Molalla Buckeroo

MOLALLA, OREGON

JULY 2nd 3rd 4th

ADMISSION
Bleachers 50c
Grandstand 75c
Children Under 12 Accompanied by Parents Free

Street Parade Daily at 11 a.m.
Carnival Company Concessions

Epoch Drama of Western Sports
Big Feature Dance Each Night