

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Redinkton does not leave a second guess:
 A letter, postmarked Portland, Oregon, Nov. 6, addressed Editor Bits for Breakfast, Oregon Statesman, Salem, Oregon, without qualifications, and without editing, reads:
 Veracity First. Safety Second. Loquacity Last! No reply required. Why waste words? Anywhere Out West. Somewhere in Nov., '33. From I to U.
 To the Editor, or Miss—he or she, as the case may be:
 Have you a little lawn giving generous greenery about your home? Of course you have! What is home without a lawn?
 All lawns should be brightened by a flock of children playing tag on them, and also have picturesque patches of December dandelions, whose beautiful blossoms carry cheerful coloring to the adjacent atmosphere. The dandelion leaves no sheep-colored streaks across your lawn. The devil-greek does. The fuzzy-wuzzy topknots of overripe dandelions make the finest of feather beds!
 Hence, enclosed please find some seeds of December Dandelions, the best planting time for which is between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, especially in California, where there is no ice, no snow, no slush, no fogs, no fleas, no bugs, no bunks, no booze, no saxofones! Best climate on earth!
 When catapulted skyward in any fairly-brisk breeze blowing their way, these seeds are guaranteed to be self-starters, and will repeat themselves on lawns many miles away. No cultivation, and very little irrigation required. Dandelions are always healthy, and resolutely resist all attacks of specter-saleratus, hardening of the arthrochokes, locomotive-at-

axicab, and all ailments of advancing age. Their roots make the best beer—just like mother used to make! Please report results to the Ag. Dept. at Wash. Div. Q. Sample copy of the California Winter Watermelon to follow under separate cover.
 You may consider it immodest if I mention that I was the pioneer pathfinder who put the rot into the Rocky Mountains, the salt into Salt Lake, the Snake into Snake River, and the sage into sagebrush. And all this after crossing the Alps with Napoleon, and having nothing to eat but rot cake, huckleberry pies and overripe bananas, while the other favored Frenchmen revelled on a feast of frogs! This is history! No historical hijacking! But whoever put the A-h-h-h into Amen ought to get ten days at Yewmatilla!
 Incidentally I might intimate that I am a perpetual candidate for two prominent political positions, and feel confident of your enthusiastic support. One is that of Yell Leader of the Girl Scouts, and the other is that of winding up the sun dial at the State Un-Really, and taking it apart on cloudy days to find out why it does not tick.
 Hoping that U R retaining that sweet schoolmarm complexion by using all soaps so artistically advertised and voluntarily vouchered for by our poorly-paid actresses, some of whom have to plug along on stinky salaries of \$500-a-week-up, (how they manage is a great mystery), and assuring you that all what, all well, almost all!—of us Revolutionary War Boy Scouts are doing ditto,
 Very T. Y.
JOHN WATERMELON REDINKTON.
 (Self-stamped and self-add. env. encl. for ret. if unthinkable. Try to find it!)
 (Continued on some other page.)
 (The other page follows.—Ed.)
FAIRY MARY'S FONETIC FANCIES
 (About Nelodene Redington Reid, of McFarland, California, 1929.)
 Nelodene, our Nelodene!
 At Maypole Dance she is our Queen,
 In her lovely dress of silken sheen,
 Her bathing suit of blue and green
 Is the prettiest suit that ever was seen.
 She never wears stiff crinolene,
 And always avoids cheap velvet-ene.
 Her ring is the finest of opalene,
 Her hair the thickest, and always clean—
 She never needs any danderene;
 Her dearest chum is little Irene,
 And her bedtime story is Evangelene.
 Her friend's little sister is Geraldene,
 Whose eyes are as bright as crystallene;
 Her battleship is a brigantoon,
 Which cannot dive like a submarine.
 She helps her Mamma, as can be seen,
 And has lots of sense in her youthful bean.
 She knows that sugar is saccharene,
 And that bogus butter is margarine.
 Among her schoolmates she is the dean—
 Watching for errors her eyes are keen.
 She sprinkles the lawn, and keeps it green,
 Is never too fat, and none too lean.
 Always cheerful, never mean.
 She bathes her baby-chin when old enough to wean.

Yesterdays
 Of Old Salem
 Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 12, 1908
 Increased traffic causes Oregon Electric to put on two limited trains between Salem and Portland making run in hour and 50 minutes; eight trains daily each way now in operation.

Salem high school football team loses to East Portland by 5 to 0 score.

Revival noted in local hop trade with sales reported at 3 1/2 cents; wheat bringing \$6, oats 40 at 42, clover hay \$10, eggs 35 and creamery butter 30 cents.

WASHINGTON—Wave of prohibition sweeping country not cutting down liquor consumption, tariff committee finds.

November 12, 1928
 Salem Boy Scouts burn old flag taken from cemetery with appropriate ceremonial; prayer offered by Rev. Martin Forebush and remarks by Judge Earl Race.

New crop hops quoted \$2 at 27 cents at New York; wheat locally \$12 at 15, eggs 50, butter \$0 at 51.

CHICAGO—Present wheat average of 42,000,000 acres should be reduced to 30,000,000 acres, wheat production committee tells wheat council of United States.

"THATS MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

Then all of a sudden a big noise started outside and Mom knew the kids had found out about it and started to screech; and half the town heard the noise and started to gather around; so Tommy slipped out and got into Pete's car and started down the street and the kids ran after him but they couldn't keep up; and Mom didn't know what he was up to until Dorothy came in and whispered to her and there Tom had the car in the alley and Pete and Steve just had time to kiss Mom goodbye in a hurry and get started before the kids came around with their diapans beating—and Tom gave the Jenkins boy five dollars to split up among the gang and they went off, all of them holding on to him and yelling; and before Mom knew it the little green car was gone with Steve waving goodbye and in one way Mom was glad it had happened so quickly.



"I suppose it'll be you two next!" remarked Mrs. Flannigan to Tom and Dorothy.

And as they were coming back into the house Mom saw Florrie Johnson standing kind of lonesome on the back porch all by herself because she knew the way Mom felt about her; so Mom invited her over and the quick way she came and the happy smile she had made Mom glad she had done it. The poor thing had her faults but maybe she'd never get that close to a wedding again—although you never could tell, sometimes they settled down and made real good wives.

And who was coming in the front door, dragging his little trunk he had had since Mom was a little girl, and looking like the whole world was against him, but Uncle Louie; he didn't even look at her nor anybody else but went right up the steps, pulling the little trunk after him; and she heard the door slam and she knew the next time Uncle Louie left that house for good they would carry him out—which Mom hoped would be a long time as the poor old fellow had had a hard time what with nobody to understand him or sympathize with him; and Mom thought it was too bad a lot of other men who were too selfish to get married when they were young couldn't see him now and then maybe they'd see that women weren't so bad after all.

Mom turned and there was Pop, looking up the stairs, too. She was afraid he was going to say something in front of everybody but all he did was shake his head and smile a little bit and say: "I see the star boarder is back." Then he yelled up the steps: "Hey—Bryan, come on down—we're going to have a convention." And Mom thought he was kind of glad, in one way, Louie was back because they were a kind of company for each other. Then Pop started for the door and Mom asked where he was going but he just winked and held his finger up for her to wait and she knew he was up to something. Well, nobody could ever say Pop was henpecked.

In the front room, where the women were, Mom saw a funny thing going on. Cousin Emmy had the floor and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Flannigan were just holding their breath waiting for a chance to get a word in edgeways and Dorothy

was sitting, trying to be nice, but Mom noticed she wasn't looking at Florrie Johnson but that Florrie was watching Dorothy all the time and never taking her eyes off her like she was some strange kind of a person Florrie had never seen before. Tommy was sort of nervous and Mom could see that the two of them wanted to get away so she said: "Why don't you and Dorothy go for a ride, Tom?"
 And Tom said: "We were thinking, Mom, of following Pete and Steve and giving them a sendoff."
 "That's just fine," Mom said. Then Cousin Emmy jumped up and said, "Let's all go," but Mom told her there was something she wanted to talk to her about; Cousin Emmy had no sense at all and the first thing she would want them to do would be to go to the hotel where Pete and Steve were going and play some crazy trick on them.
 "We'll," Mrs. Flannigan said to Tom and Dorothy as they were getting ready to leave, "I suppose it'll be you two next?"
 Dorothy colored up and laughed a little and Tommy grinned when Mom knew he would like to choke her; but they got out before anybody else could chime in and Mom noticed that Florrie never took her eyes off Dorothy to the very last and that Dorothy just barely said goodbye to Florrie and that was all.
 Mom covered it over. "Thanks, Dorothy, it was awful nice of you and I know Steve will never forget it."
 "Oh, I loved it all, Mom," Dorothy said; and Mom didn't know whether Dorothy knew what she had said or not; so she just tapped her on the arm and said: "Don't you drive too fast, now, trying to catch them."
 "Tell that to your son," Dorothy laughed as they got in the car. "Okay, Mom," Tommy laughed.

"Better keep your eye on Pop." Mom stood and watched the second pair of them go away in a car. She was glad Tommy was driving. That showed her would wear the pants in the family. Then she heard a noise and Pop was coming back with Pat Flannigan, Hen Johnson and even the little banty rooster from across the way—and Mrs. Farrell, too. "I was just going over after you," Mom said to her. Mrs. Farrell smiled like she had her doubts but the funny part of it Mom was going over—at a time like this everybody should be friends.
 Pop thought the same thing. He had the men in the kitchen and his voice got louder and all of them got louder; and Mom had her suspicions so she made an excuse to go out to the kitchen and there he was with a big bottle and they all had glasses—even Uncle Louie; and his face was red and he was smiling and Mom thought it was a shame Uncle Louie didn't smile often because he had a real nice smile; and she was glad he was having a good time. She thought of reminding him about his stomach but they said schnapps was good for a bad stomach although Mom had her doubts about that.
 "So you admit," Pop was saying, with that eye down and his finger out like he was a prosecuting attorney, "he's a great boy and the team can't get along without him?"
 "Sure," said Uncle Louie, "didn't I name him?"
 Pop shook his head and laughed out loud; then he put his arm around Uncle Louie's shoulder and said, confidential-like, to the others: "By dang and he did, too. He said, 'we've got to go clear back to the founder of Democracy, Thomas Jefferson himself.'"
 Then Mom knew Pop was full (To Be Continued)

Even Paper Mill Fumes Possess Beauty, If You're Poet Enough
 By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A frosty morning in Salem. No wind. White fumes from the paper mill on South Commercial street rising high into the static atmosphere. Old Faithful geyser in the Yellowstone is no more beautiful. Try for the poetic view, you of the wrinkled nose.

The most interesting motion picture item of the week to me: A flash in a travelog of the house in which Robert Louis Stevenson lived during his stay in Samoa, and another of his grave on the mountain top, sufficiently close up to permit the reading of the inscription on the grave stone—the famous lines written by himself, beginning "Here he lies where he wished to be."

Salem toy shops sell daily dozens of small iron airplane models. These planes do not fly. The youngsters who buy them do not expect them to fly, otherwise parties than in imagination. The idea suggested by the shape and color of the toys is sufficient to satisfy the childish heart. Two more generations and the world will be in the air.

A pet housefly, which for some time had been sleeping on our back porch, removed himself to a nail behind the kitchen stove early in the week. He has not buzzed once since making the change. Too hoarse.

Add mortality list: Exposed dahlias. Exposure has raised back with a heap of folks and things since the world began.

Strange news from the middle west. "Beware the fury of a patient man."

Good old last winter's undershirt!

I trusted my summer undershirt. I did not suspect it. But it proved false. I see through it now.

For the love of Pete, pipe down, brother! I know the chill in the air hits you, but don't forget the times back yonder when you wallowed in the ice water for skating on Thanksgiving Day.

We don't know why, and we don't know what, and we don't know when; but we waste the little time we've got in plans for the unknown then. The then will be what we make of now; 'tis quite that simple, and so—the summer's work in the winter's now—this is all we need to know.



D. H. TALMADGE

JEFFERSON YOUTHS TO GET HOT FOODS

JEFFERSON, Nov. 11.—The Parent-Teachers' association held its meeting in the school auditorium Thursday evening with about 80 patrons and friends of the school present. Mrs. Fred Barna presided and the program of music was given by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lynes, Roswell Wright and Rex Hartley. Lucy A. Case of the home extension service at Oregon State college spoke on foods and nutrition. It was decided to begin serving hot lunches to the school children beginning December 1.
 At the meeting of the Methodist Ladies' Aid society held at the home of Mrs. Mason, plans were made for a tamales and cooked food sale to be held Saturday, November 25.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Flair in the Dever district entertained with a family dinner and birthday celebration at their home Sunday.

Gates Men Obtain Jobs; Two Working At C. C. Camps

GATES, Nov. 11.—Ray and Albert Decker and Claud Bowes left this week for Big Meadows where they have employment with the Peart Construction company. Sam Donnell and Claud Sellard have gone to Hoover flat C. C. Camp where they are employed as campers. Donnell has worked several weeks there during the past two months while Sellard has been employed this summer building fire look-out houses.
 Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Thomas of Stayton and George Cox of San Bernardino, Cal., were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Richards the first of the week.
 Mr. and Mrs. Sam Donnell have as their guest for an indefinite visit, Mr. Donnell's mother, Mrs. N. C. Donnell from Williams.
 MRS. DICKMAN BETTER
 BETHANY, Nov. 11.—Mrs. Arthur Dickman, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia for the past two weeks, is reported out of danger. Mrs. J. Byberg, recently arrived from Los Angeles where she has lived the past few years, is now caring for Mrs. Dickman. Mrs. Byberg is the mother of Mrs. Jonah Byberg of Silverton.