

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Unemployment Relief and the Knox Plan

TIED to the Knox plan is unemployment relief. Klamath Falls and Portland, spots of revolt against state control should take notice of this fact.

Portland and Klamath Falls are two cities where need for unemployment relief has been greatest. Portland has reached the end of its resources as a municipality. It must depend on state and federal assistance. Federal aid is contingent on state aid; and state aid now hinges on receipts from the liquor act. Knock this out and state funds for relief are gone.

Cities might impose liquor taxes and fees but it is very doubtful if they would get as large receipts as the state with its liquor stores. Under a city licensing system the profits would go chiefly to the vendors. The enforcement too would be purely a city affair. To be effective it would be costly. If ineffective illicit selling would reduce the revenues. State control brings the aid of state police to knock over the speak-easy and the bootlegger.

Conditions have changed so rapidly since the time of the home rule amendment that for cities of any size local option seems very difficult. The same thing is true of states. Dry states will have a difficult struggle to preserve aridity if they are surrounded by oases of wetness. The automobile has caused the change. Thirty years ago all transport virtually was by rail; and by forbidding railroads to accept liquor for transportation to dry areas it was possible to shut out the imports. Now every automobile is a potential carrier of intoxicants; and it is impossible to stop and search every vehicle that travels the road.

Portland is already retreating from its announcement of intention to contest the Knox plan. It is doubtful if Klamath Falls in the face of overwhelming sentiment over the state will seek to thumb its nose at the action of the legislature. And the people will have in May, which is only six months away, the chance to end the uncertainty by repealing the hang-over home rule amendment.

Salvage Crews at Work

ALBANY'S venture in high finance came to its fate with the appointment of a receiver for Linn Securities company. This was a brain child of R. B. Miller, who came to Albany some years ago, started out with the small Valley Savings and Loan association and wound up with holding company control of three banks in Albany. Now the salvage crews are working over the assets of the banks and a receiver is named for the holding company. Miller however is busy again with his lead pencil and other people's money and is organizing a new federal supported savings and loan concern to take over real estate mortgages; also another lending concern operating with government money in loans to industries.

Miller came to Salem and sought to add a sick savings and loan association to his chain, financing the acquisition almost entirely with his own. He drew his \$300 a month from the local association for a long time, though he spent only a limited portion of his time here.

Albany is essentially conservative as a community. Its county, city and school district affairs are about the best managed of any similar units in the state. Its banks should have been among the soundest because the community is not a boom community. But the financial fraternity got to speculating within itself and pyramided control at high prices with much borrowed money. When the squeeze came the whole structure toppled.

The Albany people have been sort of inclined to accept the bank failures as "acts of God" in the depression. From the fragments of the story as they have come to us there is room for inquiry which would lay before the people of Albany the full story of a sorry chapter in high finance.

The Country Bank

EUGENE COURTNEY, formerly of Woodburn, now of The Dalles where he is manager of a branch bank, is quoted as telling the farmers at the wheat growers meeting at Moro that the day of the country bank is passed. Mr. Courtney may have been speaking out of his experience with a bank that failed and now as manager of a branch of a strong Portland bank. We think he is making too extravagant an assertion. Take the villages of Gervais and St. Paul which are smaller than Woodburn, the banks there are operating, reopened without restriction, and are continuing to serve their communities. It is beginning to be apparent that if small communities are to have banks at all they will need to be local banks because the large banks do not want to put branches there. They can't see any profit in going into the small town field. The record of city banks in many parts of the country is no better than that of country banks; and their moral record is worse. Before shoving the country banks off to oblivion Mr. Courtney should take a look at Gervais and St. Paul where good management kept the local banks in condition to weather the storm.

Sales Tax Rebuts

SENATOR HAZLETT made an eloquent plea for school district consolidation practically on the county unit plan, by virtue of which no additional tax would be needed for schools. The senator might have gone on to say that the chief reason such an organization is not effected is the opposition of the grange and of farmers. They want to retain control of their own schools.

Senator Strayer urged diversion of highway revenues for school support, in lieu of a sales tax. But where do highway revenues come from? Chiefly from the gas tax; and what is a gas tax but a sales tax? Why is a 1 1/2% general sales tax which reaches everybody lightly more offensive than a restricted sales tax like the gas tax which amounts to about 8% and falls only on the motorists?

The grange also which fights the sales tax opposes any penalty against delinquent property taxes, and increase of interest rate. This should have been tried before the sales tax was voted. Thus the grange does occupy the role of obstructionists, and its obduracy may result in closing of schools and breakdown of municipal or other local credit.

What Oregon needs is a way to handle liquor by means of a code.—Bend Bulletin.

Then there will be plenty of handlers to step forward and say, "We do our part!"

A Little Boy With a Sled — and a Vision



Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

By R. J. HENDRICKS

NOTHING IS more annoying at a theater or in church, than the sound of persistent coughing. More than once I have seen the entire audience

disturbed by somebody's coughing. Indeed, the number of victims of chronic coughs is amazing. Of course this is the time of the year when coughs and colds are all too common. Sometimes the coughing is so serious, due perhaps to some neglected ailment of the lungs.

Perhaps the most common and most neglected of such ailments is the disorder called "bronchitis." As its name implies, this is an inflammation of the bronchial tube. If the inflammation is of sudden origin, it is called "acute bronchitis." When it is the result of prolonged irritation and inflammation, it is spoken of as "chronic bronchitis."

Respects No Age

Chronic bronchitis is usually encountered in persons beyond middle age. But it respects no age and is frequently seen in children and young adults. As a rule, it follows winter colds and coughs and persists for several months. It may even last for years.

If you have ever come in contact with a sufferer from chronic bronchitis you will quickly recognize the characteristic signs of this affliction. The victim has difficulty in breathing. A peculiar wheezing is heard in his chest which can often be detected a few feet off. He has a constant hack and cough and complains of shortness of breath upon the slightest exertion.

Unfortunately most persons are careless about bronchitis. They believe it incurable and so take the attitude that there is no harm or immediate danger attached to it. I have often heard sufferers from chronic bronchitis state that their parents or grandparents had a similar affliction and had lived to a good old age without medicine. They take it as a matter of course.

A Serious Disease

But chronic bronchitis is a more serious disease than is generally thought. As a result of the constant strain of coughing the heart may become enlarged. The muscles of the heart become weakened and signs of heart failure appear. If neglected the heart may become so burdened that it is unable to continue its work.

For many years little was known about the treatment of chronic bronchitis. It is now definitely known that neglect of focal points of infection lead to this disturbance. For example, many cases of chronic bronchitis can be traced to infected teeth, diseased tonsils and adenoids, or infected sinuses, gall-bladder or appendix. When the source of infection is determined and removed, relief and complete cure are possible.

Bear in mind that a chronic cough may be a sign of some other disturbance. Do not accept it as a sure sign of chronic bronchitis without confirmation by your doctor.

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CWA Project Will Employ 34 Dallas

DALLAS, Dec. 12.—Another CWA project is expected to be started here soon as the state authorities approved the Dallas school project yesterday. This project calls for repairs to the three school buildings here and will employ 34 men.

Retting plant at Corvallis, and at Eugene and Albany, too, and perhaps linen mills:

Under the heading, "Oregon Linens," the Corvallis Gazette-Times says editorially:

"When Will Lipman gets back to Oregon, he should be greeted with a brass band and a representative from every city in the Willamette valley. Even if his linen promises are more rosy than real, he still has accomplished a great thing for Oregon. For years Oregon State colleges has extolled the value of the linen industry to this state and the wonderful possibilities because of our climate for raising the best flax fiber in the world. The late Tom Kay was one of the enthusiasts on the subject and this writer recalls getting Mr. Kay here to speak to the chamber of commerce on the subject in the hope of interesting local people in the possibilities of a retting plant. He had samples of Oregon flax fiber made into every possible substance, from rope, fishnets and bags to the very finest of linen handkerchiefs. The industry was encouraged almost entirely by Shiloh capital, and if the depression had not hit the country, it would have turned out all right even though severely under capitalized. Portland capital that should have gone into the venture failed to put the industry on a paying basis during its struggling infancy. Any new industry needs more actual capital than it really takes to run a going business. This the Salem industry didn't have.

"With federal backing, there will be another big advantage — the advantage of a friendly market. The government itself uses a lot of linen. Moreover, the Oregon project will have a million dollars' worth of free advertising. It will not be necessary to convince either the wholesale buyer or the public that the best linen on earth comes from the Willamette valley. That's an enormous asset, for it means less effort and less money spent in securing a market.

"We do not know what definite plans are hatching for retting plants, but we do know that formal investigations included Corvallis as one of the best sites. We have the water, and the industry could have the close supervision of the college experts. Here is an opportunity for the chamber of commerce that should not be neglected."

Of course, Corvallis will have a retting plant, and so will Albany and Eugene, too, and perhaps they will have linen mills, taking the industry from the fiber stage to spinning yarn, and, later, no doubt, from yarn to weaving, and in due time to specialties.

They will surely have large retting plants, if their farmers will cooperate, as they should. Naturally, they should have some of the larger operations among the proposed 12 primary plants, with the help of their business men and property holders.

It is planned that all the 12 primary plants shall have putting machines, retting tanks, drying fields, and breaking and scutching equipment. They should have the latest and most economic scutching machines; economic as to operation and the saving of the largest possible amount of fiber of the finest and highest priced grades.

The threshing (called deseeding) machines should be of the best type, to save all the best seed.

There should be machines for handling the short and cut flax; making it into upholstering tow, and spinning tow, of the lower grades.

The larger operations should have humidifiers, in order to allow scutching in the summer season. They should all have heating systems, with pipes through the retting tanks, for the saving of time and the conserving of retting space, and the tanks should be of concrete, for long life.

All primary plants should have power driven blowers provided with pipes, to keep down the stifling dust — to take care of the shives, after the removing of the fiber from the outside of the straw. They will need seed cleaning outfits.

The larger plants might early install equipment for making some of the by-products, such as stock feed, druggists' (ground) flax-seed, etc.

They will all require much shed and warehouse space, for storing both the flax from the farms and the straw after retting and drying, and also for storing the threshed seed and the finished fiber and other products. Storing will be found a big item. Flax products must be kept in the dry. They can be kept without deterioration for years, if kept dry.

With only winter scutching, the smaller plants may get along with old fashioned scutching outfits, and without humidifiers. But they will be at a disadvantage compared with fully equipped plants.

The larger communities of the valley, backed by the cities, should lead the way, the same as Salem has done. They should must all get flax and linen minded. They will find that they have the greatest of all opportunities, now and in the future, to build up their communities; to make their cities and towns prosperous, as well as the farmers in their trade territories.

GOLFERS TO DINE; BAND IS PLANNED

WOODBURN, Dec. 12.—The annual dinner of the Woodburn Golf club will be held Thursday night at the Woodburn hotel. There will be a regular business meeting in the form of a round table discussion concerning plans for the coming season. Prizes for the fall tournaments will be awarded. All members, their families and any other persons interested in attending the dinner are asked to make reservations with the committee members. The committee in charge of the banquet is S. A. Hofer, Otto Painter and A. A. DeJardin.

All persons in the vicinity, whether young or old, are being requested to sign up in Woodburn if they are interested in joining a Woodburn community band. C. R. Duncan at the Duncan Tire Service is signing up all applicants. A plan by which a local fraternal organization will sponsor such a band will be presented to the group at its meeting this week.

KEARNS MOVE TO TOWN SALEM HEIGHTS, Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kearns have moved from here to the Englewood district in Salem. The house they vacated will be occupied the first of the year by Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Fischer of Salem.

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS
Fear that Bill McGee, the racketeer, would wreak vengeance on her and her family if she refused to go out with him, caused lovely Patricia Warren to accept his invitations. Bill is shot by a rival gangster while in Patricia's company. Pat rushes home in terror and her stepmother puts her out, saying the police are looking for Pat. Unable to find employment, Pat resorts to her card skills and plays professional bridge. Julius Haverholt, noted bridge expert, makes her his partner. While they are discussing business details at his home, Clark Tracy, the politician, and Pat's second love calls. She had met him once but he does not recognize her. Haverholt introduces Pat as his niece. She is indignant, but he explains later that he was thinking of her reputation and that it would be advisable for her to assume that role as long as she is to stay at his home. Accustomed to poverty, Pat revels in the luxury of her surroundings. Reading an announcement of Clark's approaching marriage to Martha March, Pat experiences pangs of jealousy. Following the settling of the bridge account, Haverholt wants to give Pat a gift to celebrate their coming to an agreement. She selects a roadster like Martha March's. Noting Pat's disappointment when Clark goes away with his fiancée's family and breaks an appointment to teach her how to drive, Haverholt asks her if she is in love with Clark. She denies it. Days go by with nothing but bridge and Pat is exhausted. The great test comes when Pat and Haverholt enter a tournament sponsored by Reuben Blair, Haverholt's bitter rival.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR
They reached the hotel. The club rooms were on the fourteenth floor. Somehow, Patricia had expected unusual excitement in the lobby. There was none. The Hotel Winston, a smart Park Avenue hotel, accepted the fact of a major bridge tournament with surprising equanimity. One or two of the clerks recognized Haverholt and whispered about him and his young companion; that was all.

"There isn't much hally-hoo, is there?" said Patricia, when they were waiting for the elevator.

"Reuben Blair's way of doing things," commented Haverholt disgustedly. "He thinks the press is vulgar. I'd have this thing simply boiling with reporters. I'd have a crowd in the street. I'd have—"

"A brass band in the lobby?" suggested Patricia.

"Not quite that," conceded Haverholt, unsmilingly. "But, the day is coming and Blair will have to see it, when contract bridge will belong not to the few but to the public."

"And you will be king of it all?" "I am king," admitted Haverholt simply.

They stepped into the elevator and swooped upward.

"By the way," said the bridge expert casually, "Clark is back from Aiken. He may be on hand tonight. I thought it best to warn you."

"Why?" she asked calmly.

"I was afraid his presence might upset your play."

"Then, you were quite wrong," Patricia told him.

But her heart had set up the old wild tumult and her hands were as cold as ice.

between dinner and the theater, a dowager or two, splendid in jewels, reminiscing of the days of bridge whist, several actresses, not really interested in cards, but anxious to be seen at so smart an occasion, a sprinkling of the more reputable politicians, present by invitation, drifting unwearyingly from table to table, a movie magnate, alert for color, a famous writer looking bored and self-conscious, waiting for his wife to complete her conversation. Professional bridge players, of course, in the majority.

Tension and excitement were in the air. People were laughing and talking, placing bets with each other on favorites for the evening, discussing the most extraordinary hand I ever held, my dear...

Immediately upon their appearance Patricia and Haverholt were besieged. Patricia acknowledged introductions to dozens of people. She smiled at the movie magnate, she shook hands with the famous writer, she accepted the good wishes of a slow-eyed, exotic actress, who had closed in the most successful play of the season just last week. Patricia felt herself carried along by a dizzying, exciting wave of popularity. Silly she knew, but she was thrilled by it. It was fun to be somebody, fun, she confessed to herself a little shamefacedly, to be Patricia Haverholt. Hero-worshippers, friends of Haverholt's, acquaintances, utter strangers, hounded her in a friendly, admiring, questioning way. She said over and over, it was her first tournament; yes, she was excited; thank you, she hoped to do well.

"Has Blair turned up yet?" she heard Haverholt ask someone.

"I hear he isn't coming, that his secretary will make the presentation tonight."

A little significant laugh ran through the group.

"He's ducked out because I'm an entrant," Haverholt summed it up with a laugh. "Reuben is busy trying to save his face."

The floodgates were opened. The clamor grew. The reputation of the absent host was ripped to shreds by his guests, Haverholt assisting enthusiastically. Patricia liked this less. But, just then, she glimpsed Clark Tracy, browner than when she had last seen him, tanned by the southern sun. He waved, smiled and threaded toward them.

Patricia had thought she would be shaken by the encounter. She was not. Her taste of success, the coming tournament, her own assured position, braced her so that she could greet him as she would any other casual acquaintance, naturally, simply, even a little absently. Clark must be introduced all around first in the group, he must add his own good wishes for the Haverholt team, before he had his moment with her, and then not alone.

"I've been back from Aiken for several days," he began, seeing his chance to get in a word. "I've been meaning to give you a ring."

"Have you?" she asked with youthful indifference.

"Flushed and lovely in the golden gown, smiling here and there, nodding, taking for granted the admiring glances that came her way, Patricia was a picture of poised and confident and exquisite good-hood. Looking down into her eyes, Clark felt a slow, unwilling stir of the pulses. He had an odd desire to capture the attention she was bestowing so lavishly upon others, to fix it upon himself. After all he had known her since her first day in the city, far longer than had any of the babbling fools who now surrounded her.

"I was sorry," he resumed awkwardly, "sorry I wasn't able to teach you to drive."

"That was all right, I understood," she told him.

"I was afraid his presence might upset your play."

"Then, you were quite wrong," Patricia told him.

stood," she told him so kindly that he felt vaguely irritated. She spoke to someone beside her, "Yes, Mr. Billings, it's true that I've played bridge since the cradle. But, my present game, of course, is based on Julius's."

Her eyes returned lazily to Clark. He said a little stiffly, "I had been hoping that it wasn't get too late. Or, are you driving now?"

"I'm a battle-scarred veteran," she declared gaily and with a total disregard for the truth. "I expect to tackle traffic on Monday."

"Patricia," interrupted Julius sharply, "we must go into the card rooms. They've opened the doors." Clark held her one last moment.

"How in the world could you?" demanded Patricia, wide-eyed. "What made you ask?"

"His own voice had been low. Here, in a hall in the general corridor, the tone was uncomfortably distinct. The man flushed. He could not say before other listeners that she seemed less friendly. Perhaps, she did not, perhaps he only imagined a subtle change in her attitude, a change that distressed him disproportionately. He said, "I fancied for a minute that I had."

"Well, you haven't."

"Patricia, do come along, we must take our places."

"Will you and Miss Haverholt be at Belmont next week for the race?" Clark put in, hurriedly, almost desperately trying to hold them.

"I may cut my throat in the morning," drawled Julius. "On the other hand, I may be at the race track next week; I couldn't say at the moment, Clark."

And so they left him, Haverholt, grinning at Clark's discomfiture. That young man should know better than to seek a future appointment at the beginning of an important tournament.

Patricia absently agreed. Her whole mind was on the coming race. The card rooms, two of them thrown together for the occasion, were severely furnished with two parallel rows of bridge tables, seven in each row, each table numbered and shining in its separate pool of light. Water pitchers and glasses, ash trays fastened to the tables, dozens of aluminum boards containing the cards, pencils, score pads; straight backed armless chairs for the players. A singularly undramatic setting, thought Patricia.

The scene itself was dramatic enough. Fifty-six professional bridge players, dissatisfied with the seating, dissatisfied with the arrangements, nervous as runners awaiting the gun, hostilely eyeing prospective opponents, giving a last word of advice to partners, quarreling with the attendant who ran to and fro trying to get every one settled. Fifty-six professional bridge players, gathered to compete for a silver cup and the honor of winning it. The good wishes were over. The lightness was gone. Everyone kept his good wishes for himself.

No visitors were allowed. No one was allowed to watch the play. A few representatives of bridge magazines, Haverholt's and Blair's magazines among them, skulked in the background, properly authorized to copy the play and bidding of the more interesting hands at the end of the evening.

"Frightened, Patricia?" asked Haverholt.

"Not a bit," she denied, white to the lips.

"Here we are, I think. We start as North and South, table 3. Patricia, weak-kneed, sat down, watched others seating themselves around her.

(To Be Continued)

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RUSSELL IS JAILED FOR DRUNK DRIVING

DALLAS, Dec. 12.—Charles and Miles Russell were lodged in the county jail here Monday after being committed from the justice court in West Salem. Charles pleaded guilty to a charge of being drunk and disorderly and was fined \$50 and sent to jail until the fine was paid. Miles pleaded guilty to a charge of drunken driving and was fined \$250, sentenced to 30 days in the county jail, had his car tied up for 30 days, and his license was revoked. The arresting officer was George Thomason of the state police.

The Russells were arrested early Sunday morning by state police who reported their car had run two other machines off the Salem-Dallas highway. Miles Russell, hop grower living on route eight, was driving.

Gale Wengenroth of Woodburn was reported recovering at Salem General hospital, from head injuries he suffered as the result of an accident near Woodburn early Sunday. Walter Vincent of Woodburn, the driver, was arrested by state police yesterday on a charge of driving while intoxicated. The car skidded off the road and overturned. Vincent was treated for minor injuries by a Woodburn physician.

State officers also arrested Glen Rape of Woodburn Sunday on a charge of being drunk on a public highway.

School Plans Benefit Program for Supplies

FAIRFIELD, Dec. 12.—A splendid program is being prepared by Miss Leola Bigot and her pupils at Fairfield, for a school for December 15. A picnic and an hour's dancing will be enjoyed. Proceeds will be used for much-needed school equipment. The affair will be held at Fairfield grange hall.

Farmers' Union News

RIVERVIEW, Dec. 12.—The social committee of the Farmers Union here planned a Friday night to raise funds. About 350 persons were present. A delightful program was given by Tom Jones and his entertainers of the Lebanon commercial club. The numbers were announced by T. W. Munyan, secretary of the club.

Mr. Munyan, who also is the mayor and banker of Lebanon, auctioned the pies.

TALBOT, Dec. 12.—Sidney Talbot Farmers union met in regular session in the Talbot schoolhouse Friday night. Plans were completed for the Christmas tree to be on the next meeting night, December 22. This is to be for Sidney Talbot members and their families and also families of Sidney and Talbot communities.

Committees appointed: To solicit funds for pies, John Potts, William Wedelck, Ernest Cochran, Ernest Freeman and A. E. Cole; to get the tree, Delmer Davidson, Fred Jorgenson and D. E. Blinston; purchase treats, Mrs. William Wiederkehr and Mrs. Bilkhop. The membership drive program will hold over until the first meeting in January. D. E. Turnidge gave reports on the electric line to be built to Talbot in the near future.

Annual election of officers resulted: President, D. E. Blinston; vice-president, D. E. Turnidge; secretary, Violet Belknap; treasurer, Doris Freeman; conductor, Jake Gilmaur; door keeper, William Wiederkehr; executive committee, Ernest Cochran, Ray Reeves and G. M. Belknap. Warren Gray of Harlan, county president, installed his new officers. The program was given by Louise Johnston, Virgil Salavan, Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, Phyllis Cole and D. E. Blinston.

E. A. BANKS BETTER SILVERTON, Dec. 11.—E. A. Banks of Spring and Banks firm,

NEED MONEY

MISS DELZELL RETURNS
TURNER, Dec. 12.—Miss Sheila Delzell who has been at Anaheim, California, for three months at the home of her sister, Mrs. Donald Pehlen, arrived home Saturday, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ronald Hughes of Fullerton, Calif., who will remain over the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Delzell.

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