

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## Ten Best Films

THE Oregonian has been making a poll of the ten best plays of 1933. We didn't know there were that many. Privately speaking we think the best one was Barbara Stanwyck in "Ever in My Heart"—that's the one we saw in 1933. We are fortunate because we can see all the plays by proxy, with old man Talmadge to come in and report. He's a good critic too; he saw the Cherry sisters forty years ago. The Ogn poll shows "Forty Second Street" as leading. For second place there is a tie between Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" and "Cavalcade". Hold on there; we saw "Cavalcade" only it seems like a year or more ago. "When Ladies Meet" is in the tie for second place too. Following in order were "Be Mine Tonight", "The Animal Kingdom", "Rasputin and the Empress" (we didn't like this one) and "Strange Interlude" (this one was good, in our opinion). Trailing along were: "The Private Life of Henry VIII", "A Farewell to Arms", "I am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang", "Lady for a Day", "Maedchen in Uniform", "Silver Dollar" and "State Fair".

The year isn't over yet. Here comes "Little Women". "The Three Little Pigs" is showing now to crowded houses. When the year is over we'll have the "Sage of Salem" pick the ten best as he rates the performances of 1933.

## Are Banks Done?

WE commented the other day on the "passing of the country bank". The real question is not whether the country bank has seen its day, but whether all banks are not "done". The way the government is getting into the credit business one wonders if there will be any place left for privately owned and operated banks.

Already the government has credit agencies of various kinds. There are about 57 varieties of banks for agriculture. We see two new banks are being started at Spokane now by the government agency: Production Credit corporation, and Bank for Cooperatives. The government is getting in the home loan field fast. It is supplying credit to railroads, private industries, and to public units, doing it of course with borrowed money supported by the credit of the United States.

Socialists of course want the government to keep on until it owns and runs not only the banks but all the industries. Apparently it is going to keep on till its credit runs out and then there will be a big smash-up. You can't trust a government which repudiates its obligations and deliberately depreciates the value of its currency. There is an immoral black mark there which the government can never erase.

In war it is observed that for every new and more powerful piece of artillery a new and heavier armor plate is made for defense. The rule seems to work in crime. Police have been aided greatly by use of the short wave length radio sets. Now we read of how bold handits in Chicago broke open safety deposit boxes and took with them a receiving set so they would learn if a broadcast was sent out to round them up. It takes constant vigilance to combat the criminal mind.

Americans will welcome home the flying Lindberghs. They have been away long enough; and people are nervous when they know they are on long flights. Accidents are always possible even to an experienced pilot as Lindbergh. Charles and Anne have had an interesting trip ranging from Greenland to Brazil; but the home folks will be happy and relieved when they get to flying in domestic air.

Hog growers seem to be finding out that the hog processing tax works in reverse. Instead of being just passed along to consumers and then the proceeds divided back to the corn-hog growers, the tax has merely depressed the price of hogs. It is just ring-around-the-rosy with the farmer still "it".

Those five coast bridges have had about as much publicity as NRA. People will be glad when they are finally built, just for relief from having to read about them all the time. From the attention given them one would think they were more important than the Bonneville dam.

On the liquor commission which the governor names one would pick George H. McMorrin as the "strong man". Needed now will be strong aides for administrators and reliable men for agents. The Knox plan will not work itself.

A. C. Townley, of non-partisan league fame, is attempting a comeback in North Dakota. We are surprised at his modesty. He should go to Washington where he is needed in the efforts to townize the whole USA.

Luke May, now chief of detectives in Seattle, got his man before he did his stuff, when he secured arrest of a chap plotting kidnaping. It begins to look as though the racketeers will have to look up some new form of devility in order to get easy money.

Sports writers are aghast because Columbia got the bid for the Rose Bowl game with Stanford. Columbia is short of halfbacks. The bid should have gone to Cornell which is supplying the country with greenbacks.

Chairman O'Hara says the city is being forced into a condition of penury. The city has been there for some time but is just finding it out. The general run of citizens have been in that state for three years.

The Lindberghs are hurrying home for Christmas. Well, thanks for Christmas. We're glad there's something that will bring them home again.

Dollar gains, shorts cover, runs a headline. Nudists will follow the shorts in this east wind.

"Bandits loot beer parlor" heads a Denver news story. How can that be now? Wasn't banditry repealed with prohibition?

Milk a public utility. Now a man will have to get a certificate of convenience and necessity before he buys a cow, we presume.

## Inspector May Check Rejection Of Farm Loans

Complaints on rejections made on Marion county farms in connection with applications for fed-

eral loans may result in visitation of a government inspector to check up on the rejections, it was indicated here yesterday.

There is some belief that the turndown, a few of which have been made on some of the best farm land about here, may have resulted from a misunderstanding in the eastern headquarters of western farming methods.

## Help Wanted!

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY  
COUPLE WANTED  
STEADY POSITION

Wanted: A man and a woman, both over 30, with previous experience in office work. Must be reliable and capable. Salary negotiable. Reply to: Employment Agency, 123 Main St., Salem, Ore.

## Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

MANY HEALTH inquiries come from persons in all walks of life. Hardly a day passes that I do not receive letters from young boys and girls, most of them requesting information and advice about a common skin disturbance called "acne".

Acne is an inflammation of the glands of the skin. It usually affects the young shortly after they have reached the age of puberty. It is a common skin complaint of adults, too, particularly if their personal hygiene, diet and other health habits. The affliction is characterized by small pimples and blackheads. These are found on the face, shoulders and back. The skin is greasy and has an unhealthy pallor. As a rule, the pimples become infected, and if untreated, may disfigure and permanently scar the face.

**Glandular Disturbance**

Though the actual cause of acne never has been discovered, it is probably due to some disturbance of the glandular system of the body. Many authorities believe that the disorder is caused by a germ called "bacillus acne". This germ has been found in many cases of acne. But another germ, "staphylococcus aureus", is commonly associated with those cases where pus forms in the pimples.

Since infection plays a role in this disorder it is important that the victim of this disturbance have his teeth, tonsils and nasal sinuses examined to be sure no infection is present. Diet and proper bowel elimination are especially important in the correction of this annoying skin disturbance. I would advise all of my young readers suffering acne to avoid starchy and sweet foods, such as candy, cake, pastries and puddings.

This may prove to be a hardship. But you will be delighted with the beneficial results from this simple rule. In addition, coffee, tea, cocoa and stimulating beverages should be avoided, as well as fried foods, gravies, spices, nuts, smoked and pickled foods.

**Use a Bland Soap**

I am often asked what treatment I advise for an irritated skin and what soap is most beneficial. It is best to use a soap that is bland and free from all strong chemicals. The face should be carefully cleansed with warm water and soap at least twice a day. The blackheads should be removed with a blackhead extractor, which can be purchased at any drug store.

Never squeeze a pimple, and above all, remember that if pus is present, the pustules should be opened by a physician. Cases of acne are successfully treated by X-ray, but this form of treatment should only be decided upon by your physician. Do not become discouraged. Persistent care of the skin and attention to the diet will lead to the clearing of a poor complexion and the cure of acne.

**Answers to Health Queries**

Mr. C. A. G. Q.—What can be done for dandruff and falling hair?  
A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and request your question.

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Party that opened Sky Line or Waldo trail, Mt. Hood to Mt. Shasta, in 1883:

On the desk of the writer is the 1927 combination resident hunter's and angler's license for M. H. Wampler, of Klamath Falls, on the back of which is written these names, over date of September 13, 1883:

Judge John B. Waldo, William Taylor, H. P. Minto, E. J. Humason, F. W. Isherwood.

Those names were found by Mr. Wampler (presumably in 1927) carved on a fir tree at top of the Cascade mountains at what he called Island lake in Klamath Falls. He added the information that Island lake is one of the headwaters of the South Fork of Rogue river.

The card was brought to the office of Dr. Mark S. Skiff, the pioneer Salem dentist, by L. C. Wampler, son of the man who copied the names on the hunting and fishing license. L. C. Wampler, a former resident of Klamath Falls, now lives on Salem Rural Route 7, box 158.

He was anxious to know if any of the five men whose names were carved on the tree, and copied by his father, was still living, and could explain the significance of their appearance in that remote place.

Dr. Skiff had known F. W. Isherwood, the only one of the party presumed to be alive, and wrote him. This is his reply:

"Dr. Mark S. Skiff, 306 Masonic building, Salem, Ore.—My dear Dr. Skiff—I certainly appreciate very much the information given me in yours of December 7th, explaining that Mr. Louis Wampler had discovered the inscription in a fir tree of my carving, September 13, 1883. This is very interesting to me personally.

"While on this trip, at each and every camp that we struck, I carved the date and the names of the party on a tree near camp, so there must be a great many of such marked trees, but this is the first I have ever heard of any of them having been found. It was certainly a very interesting trip of long duration and our discoveries in lakes and many other interesting things were taken down by each of us in our diaries that it was necessary for each of us to keep. At the end of the trip these diaries were turned over to Judge Waldo with the understanding he was to write the history of the trip. However, this he neglected to do in so far as I have been able to find out. Since his death I have personally taken this up with his widow, Mrs. Waldo, several times, and she explained that she still had them in safe keeping and that she intended to have them printed in book form such as the Judge had made notes of. However, since her death, I have heard of nothing further from them. In all events it would certainly have made very interesting reading.

"Mr. Wampler states he found the carving on a tree at Island lake. As you know, this has been a great many years ago, but I cannot remember any lake of such a name. As we discovered the lakes and other places of interest, we named them, but I cannot remember of any lake being named Island.

"I presume this trip was by the first party that ever pioneered it straight through the mountains from Mt. Hood south as far as

Shasta, California. We certainly found no evidence of any white man having preceded us at any time. We had no roads or trails of any kind, and many times we had to work for days cutting out a trail and had no idea whether we would have to cut for an hour or a week, but we went straight through. I am wondering now whether or not the Waldo trail, as now named, was the original trail we established. It was a wonderful trip and nothing happened in any way, shape or form to mar the pleasure of same.

Judge Waldo was a precise man of action and whenever he made up his mind to go anywhere, or accomplish anything, he certainly stayed with it until it was done. Woodward Taylor of the party was quite an old man when compared with the rest of us, outside of the Judge, and on account of his excitability we had to send him back, if I remember correctly, in about a week's time. H. P. Minto was the first lieutenant and certainly was a wonderful mountaineer, and a wonderful character. E. J. Humason was the humorist of the party. I am sorry to say that all of these fine characters have now passed beyond, and I am the only survivor, but the experiences of that wonderful trip, if I should live to be one hundred years old, will never be forgotten, and I certainly appreciate very much your kind favor in telling me of finding the tree, which is the only information I received of the whole trip since we all separated.

"I thank you very much for this information and I certainly will be pleased at some future time in having the privilege of talking the trip over with you in person. It strikes me that I have had the pleasure of meeting you two brothers, one a jeweler, and the other a dentist. As they spell their names the same as you, I take it for granted that you are of the same family. I should like to know if they are still in the land of the living and how they are getting along. Thanking you again, I remain, yours very truly, "F. W. ISHERWOOD."

The two brothers mentioned by Mr. Isherwood were Will and Frank Skiff, both dentists, in Portland. Neither is living. The father of the three Skiff brothers, dentist, was Dr. L. S. Skiff, early and long a pioneer dentist of Salem, many years since deceased.

There is a third generation Dr. Skiff, Mark S. Jr., in Portland, a son of Salem's Mark S. The son's office is at 715 Broadway, in the metropolises.

Does any one connected with the Waldo family know if there is a possibility of still finding the diaries kept on the pioneer trip over the Sky Line or Waldo trail?

If there is, the project should be pursued, and the matter put into printed form. It should be a part of the historical records of this state.

The Biss man would be glad to go to a great deal of trouble in the premises, if there is known to be a faint chance of a successful quest.

Correspondence, or any other contact, is invited. For the sake of preserving the historical points of a section of Oregon that will go grow throughout the generations.

Isherwood Store Co., 108-114 14th street, North Portland, Oregon. Is the address of the living member of the pioneer trail blast party of over 45 years ago.

# "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

upon the doorway. Immediately his face lit with wicked joy. "As I live and breathe," he announced it gleefully, "here comes Reuben Blair!"

There came Blair indeed, a fat, pompous little man, reluctance in his step. Reuben Blair wore an immaculate, yet old-fashioned dinner jacket with a wide, black waistcoat. He carried a gold-headed cane; in his pocket was a fat, gold watch which had been owned by some Revolutionary Blair and of which this last son of the ancient Virginia Blairs loved to display. He belonged to one of the first families of the South, he had been in the Social Register as long as there had been a Social Register. His own importance weighed constantly upon his mind. Since the war, he thought, the world had gone to pot. What had society come to when such upstarts as Julian Haverholt were allowed to fraternize with gentlemen? Stiffly, slowly, he advanced.

"Greetings," caroled Haverholt. "You've managed to miss an exciting evening, Reuben. I've just won your cup!"

For proof he waved the trophy in the air.

"So I heard," said the other man, coldly. "Allow me to present my congratulations."

"Are they from the heart?" inquired Haverholt with definite mockery. He added musingly, "I'm afraid, Reuben, your congratulations don't come from the heart."

"My name is Blair, if you please, sir."

The older man's red face was quite purple.

"You really should have been here," Haverholt was saying in his drawing, superior tones. "If you had observed me and my partner carefully you might, you know, really might have learned to play a little bridge. It wouldn't hurt you, Reuben."

"Thanks," said the other, trembling with affront, "thanks just the same. I can't think, not I believe, without employing your particular brand of grand-stand bridge."

"My grand-stand bridge has proved singularly effective," Haverholt suggested thoughtfully and then said, drawing Patricia forward, "May I present my niece?"

Half a hundred people saw Blair draw back and coldly view the girl, saw him ignore her extended hand, saw her hand slowly drop.

"One Haverholt," announced Reuben Blair, "is just one more Haverholt than I care to know."

Whereupon, he squarely turned his back and left the room.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

"It's fun," she murmured once to Julian. "It's so much fun. I feel—I feel as if I simply couldn't lose."

He smiled. He had felt that way himself—so often. He understood the fever in her blood, the burning triumph in her heart. The world was upside down for her just now, as it had long been upside down for him. To win, to win, to win, to wrest from the cards every trick they held and more—what victory in all of life could be so thrilling? Oh, Julian Haverholt knew how she felt.

"Don't," he said mildly, "don't be demoralized by your success. The cup isn't ours—not yet."

At one o'clock Patricia and Julian Haverholt triumphed over Mr. and Mrs. Granville Simpson, and the officials computed the total score of the tournament evening. The Reuben Blair cup belonged to Julian Haverholt, the donor's most bitter enemy. It was not a popular victory. These players, for the most part, were Blair's friends and supporters. Julian liked that particular sort of unpopularity. He quite outdid himself in boasting.

Patricia could not object. She could object to nothing now. Sparkling, laughing, intoxicated with the heady wine of success, she stood in the midst of the milling group, which had swarmed the final outcome. Defeated players all, bitter, resentful, jealous, smiling, but in the end, all smiles, offering their meaningless, insincere congratulations. To the girl everything rang true. She loved everything tonight, even the huge, ornate, shining cup, awaiting her name and Julian's. A marvelous cup. She said so often.

"Must we leave it?" she demanded youthfully, appealing to all. "Couldn't we have the names engraved ourselves?"

"I think it will be safe to leave it," Julian advised her dryly, eyeing the cup as if he meant to pawn it, and considered that the silver would not bring so much. He picked it up. Just then his glance fell

When Patricia came downstairs the following morning Haverholt was at breakfast, not in the austere formal dining room but in the cozy, comfortable breakfast nook, a pleasant place cheerful with chintz and pewter and delft. Wearing a velvet dressing gown, smoking, hunched over a newspaper, Julian Haverholt presented a picture of solid masculine comfort, a picture that made Patricia almost hesitate to interrupt.

"Want company?" she asked, coming up behind him.

"I'd love it. Sit down, Patricia. Have you had your coffee?"

"Ages ago," she told him and added in shocked tones, "Have you any idea of the hour? It's nearly noon."

"Time is nothing in my life this morning," he advised her, stretching luxuriously, looking handsome and satisfied and lazy. "Well, Patricia," he continued, as she seated herself and regarded him expectantly, "you distinguished yourself last night. You've arrived, young woman, and I'm proud of you."

"Anything is the paper?"

"The paper?" she asked, looking at him with a mixture of surprise and indignation. "The paper? The paper? The paper?"

"The paper?" she asked, looking at him with a mixture of surprise and indignation. "The paper? The paper? The paper?"

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

**POULTRYMAN IS HURT**  
Editor Oregon Statesman:  
We read in your paper about these times making the writer think of a three ringed circus. Well, it sure does. For instance they played under the cotton fields, killed off the pigs and now why so much about linen. How do we know it will sell in quantities when the price for cotton and pork and wheat has had to have help. It's just another venture which is liable to be over done. You are far seeing enough to know that turning into flax may cause things to happen to it, same as the wheat and pigs. I'd prefer seeing reasonable priced wheat to feed a larger acreage of poultry farms. This is a poultry country, those having lived where fowls sometimes freeze on the roosts at night, readily see this. But with wheat getting scarcer and then higher, that hurts the poultrymen. Big feed bills mount up faster than profit. Please let us have not too much of one thing.  
M. MARLAND.

## Bridge Benefit Adds \$9 for Piano Monies

DAYTON, Dec. 14 — The Dayton Women's Civic club sponsored a delightful benefit bridge party at the club rooms Monday and \$9 was received to apply on payment of the piano. Miss Gwen-dolyn Foss drew a box of chocolates. Mrs. Harry Sherman held high score.

The sponsoring committee was V. J. Frink, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Floyd Root and Mrs. S. Simms.

## Cards are Diversion For Girl Athletes

SCIO, Dec. 14. — Sylvia Bartis was hostess to the Girls' Order of "S" Tuesday evening at her home, at which time Sylvia Frederick and Edna Parry were admitted to membership. Five hundred was the diversion. The hostess was assisted by her mother Mrs. Frank Bartis. Guests present were Irene Palon, Edris Thayer, Sylvia Frederick, advisor, Audrie Bartis and Mrs. Frank Bartis.

## CHICHESTERS PILLS

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To quickly relieve constipation and indigestion, supply nourishment, cool the system.

CHICHESTERS PILLS  
To quickly relieve constipation and indigestion, supply nourishment, cool the system.

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No argument—money back if two doses of Bronchitis Emulsion don't give you INSTANT, unmistakable relief. Perry's Drug Store and all other good druggists guarantee it.

Contains no chloroform nor other narcotics, and no sweet, sugary syrup. Not habit-forming. Smells worse than it tastes. But if you are coughing yourself to pieces, INSTANT RELIEF is what you want—and what you get with Bronchitis.—Adv.

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