# Ope Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - . - - Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT . . . . Managing Editor

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Portland Representative Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit,
Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and anday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00, leswhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per opy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

#### Codex Sinaiticus

THE Codex Sinaiticus goes to the British Museum, great-Lest library in the world, to repose along with Codex Alexandrinus and other invaluable manuscripts and codices and books which make the collection at the British Museum of such great importance. The British paid the soviet republic \$100,000 for the Codex Sinaiticus; and as Tsar Alexsander II paid only \$3500 to the monks of St. Catherine for the codex nearly a century ago, the soviets will have considerable "capital gain" to report on their income tax blank

What is a codex? It is an ancient, hand-written book. Early manuscripts were in two forms,-the scroll, which was a continuous roll of papyrus, and the codex, which consisted of vellum leaves bound together in book form. In the scroll the writing was in columns crosswise of the sheet, and the reader held it with the end-sticks it was rolled on, one in each hand. As he read down a column he rolled it from the right stick to the left. Then when he was through the scroll had to be rerolled back on the right-hand stick before it could be read again. This was quite a trick because, like rolling a curtain, it was easy to get the roll running off one end of the stick. Lazy chaps neglected to rewind the roll. The careful man did it by making the revolutions with his two hands while he held the revolving material under his chin to keep it straight.

The codex was an improvement from the old wax tablets which were made from wood like a child's slate, with the depression filled with wax upon which characters were impressed. These tablets formed the "leaves" of the book. The codex substituted vellum for the papyrus of the scroll, and the waxen tablet. This improvement came along about the time the Bible was being copied extensively, so the early manuscripts of the Bible are in codex form, while the pagan literature staid with the scroll papyrus.

The vellum of the codex was sheepskin. Sheepskin has two sides, the hair-side and the flesh-side. The former was yellowish in color, and the latter was whiter; so they tried to make up the codices with hair-side leaves opening together and flesh-side leaves opening together. The Greeks started their books with the flesh-side out, but the Codex Alexandrinus followed the later Latin style, and had the hairside out. It was not until the 15th century that paper was substituted for parchment vellum.

Another thing of interest about codices. They are divided into two general groups, the uncials and the cursives. The uncials were written in Greek capital letters, when people were just learning the art of writing with pens and made their characters large. The later manuscripts, dating from the tenth century, use small script in a sort of running hand, so are called cursives.

This Codex Sinaiticus has a most interesting history. It rivals in value and age the Codex Vaticanus in the Vatican library at Rome. A German student of a century ago, Constantin Tischendorf, thought that if he explored old monasteries and tombs in Egypt, Arabia and Syria he might find some ancient manuscripts. Finally in 1844 he made his way to the monastery of St. Catherine in the desert country around the reputed Mt. Sinai. The convent was like a fort, and the only way a visitor could enter was by being pulled up by rope for 30 feet. The first night Tischendorf was ad-

mitted he began searching in the old library. While examining volumes on the shelves he noticed a fuel basket filled with waste papers. Most of them were of no value, but finally the searcher came upon a number of leaves written in Greek uncials. It proved to be the Codex Sinaiticus.

Tischendorf made a mistake in showing great delight, and when he returned next morning to get the rest of the manuscript it was gone and the monks would not admit they had it. They permitted him to take back to Germany the 43 leaves he had been studying however. In 1833 he visited the monastery again, but his trip was fruitless. Then he decided to enlist the aid of the Tsar who was head of the Russian Greek Catholic church and whose prestige extended to the little monastery in the Mt. Sinai country. In 1859 Tischendorf returned and this time the monks yielded to the requests of the Tsar and threw the entire library open to him. But he couldn't find the rest of the precious codex though he searched every corner of the place. He was preparing to leave when the steward of the convent asked him into his dingy room to see a Greek Bible he had.

"Too ignorant to realise what he had in his possession the old monk pulled out a huge piece of red cloth in which he had wrapped up the loose and disjointed fragments of the manuscript. On its being unrolled before him, Tischendorf, to his unspeakable surprise and delight, saw the very document he had given up all expectation of discovering. It proved to be the complete New Testament—the identical manuscript he had been in search of for fifteen years, belonging to the identically same coder from which he had taken forty-three leaves on his first

This time Tischendorf concealed his rapture; but it took a great deal of maneuvering to get it transferred to Cairo where finally the head of the monastery permitted him to present it to the Tsar under the form of a loan. The Code remained in Russian hands until the atheist soviets sold

it down the river to the British. There are no originals of any of the books of the Bible. All we have are copies, probably copies of copies, and no two are exactly alike. The Codex Sinaiticus which is one of the earliest, dating from the fourth century, and one of the most complete, is precious for its contents; and the fascinating story of its discovery adds to its value.

### "Oh Say Can You See"

CPEAKING of old manuscripts, the original copy of "The Star Spangled Banner" was bought by Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia for \$24,000. He said, "It's priceless and cheap at any price." If that were the only copy and could forthwith be lost, we would agree. As a national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner" is painful to sing, and its words "Ohsaycanyousee" are hardly suitable for a permanent national anthem, dealing more with an episode in our history.

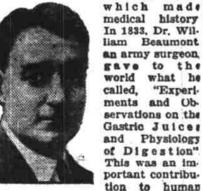
"America" is better, though the music is borrowed from "God Save the King." "America the Beautiful" has words helping by tuition to carry the load of the schools. befitting a national hymn, but the tune is too difficult to become popular. So after the brain trust gets through turning

#### "Do Your Share"



By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOr SU long ago a special meeting was held at the New York Academy of Medicine to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the publication of a book



Dr. Copeland

paved the for further investigations. While stationed at Fort Mackinac, Mich., in 1820, his opportunity to make this study was presented in the person of a French-Canadian Alexis St. Martin. This lad was wounded in the abdomen by the accidental discharge of a shotgun. As a result of the accident, St. Martin had a permanent opening into his stomach. Through this window Beaumont was able to study the action of the digestive juices. For several years these experiments and observations were continued.

knowledge and

#### Mechanism of Digestion

Prior to the printing of this valuable book, little was known concerning digestion. Today, all physicians are familiar with the intricate mechanism of digestion. It is a subject taught to first year medical students and this knowledge is regarded as essential to the proper understand-

ing of many ailments. I fear that most lay persons are more or less unaware of how the human stomach acts and how food is digested. In fact, there may be some doubt as to the exact location of this vital organ. When abdominal pain is present the sufferer often pafers to the pain as "stomachache," when, in reality, it may come from the appendix, intestines or bladder.

Such common complaints as heartburn, dyspepsia, acid or sour stomach, "biliousness" and nausea, are often attributed to stomach disorder. In many instances the disturbance may be traced to gall bladder disease. heart disease, infected tonsils, diseased nasal sinuses, or some other localized infection. This sort of trouble may lead to irritation of the stom-

#### "Great American Complaint"

Digestive disturbance is all too common. It is frequently and properly spoken of as "the great American complaint". It is no wonder that Americans are subject to digestive disturbances. Nothing else can be expected when we consider our hurried eating and living. Such rushing is a menace to good health and is seriously undermining the health of the nation.

Everyone should take advantage of the discoveries of medics' science. Our forefathers suffered from many disturbances that could not be cured because physicians of those days were not familiar with the disease and, of course, could not offer a cure. Today, medical science is able to combat most of these ailments. It offers the means to prevent them. (Copyright, 1984, K. F. S., Inc.)

larger in schoolbook histories than the college profs now on

It is disappointing to read that enrollment at the state univer-

come popular. So after the brain trust gets through turning the political and economic system upside down, it might create a new national anthem for us. Truth to tell, the one who does so and does a good job for it, will write his name.

A Cottage Grove mill got an order for 100 carloads of piling to go to the Missouri river. That will furnish a lot of work at both upon the reservation, which was accomplished with some fighting and the loss of one soldier.

I miles above what is some in the missouri is cold.

Mackanotins, 11 miles above what is some to force them upon the reservation, which was accomplished with some fighting and the loss of one soldier.

Continued on page 7)

# Bits for Breakfast

Final bloody chapters of Rogue Fiver and coast Idian wars; Chief John, who fought to bitter end:

(Continuing from yesterday:) nother detachment of 150 men from the southern batallion took a position on the elevated prairie before daylight.

With the coming of day a heavy fog arose which concealed either of these forces from the enemies' riew, but which cleared away, eaving the river in plain sight. Contrary to expectations no In-

dians were found in the canyon. But the volunteers, anxious to get at the enemy they had pursued so toilsomely for months, made but a short pause,; they proceeded another mile and h half, under cover of fir and oak timber, to a ridge running down to the river, and sparsely covered with trees, immediately opposite the bar on which the Indians were encamped. 5 5 5

When the savages discovered the troops they were within 300 yards of their camp, with the river between them. Instead of showing a disposition to fight, the Indians were thrown into confusion. Many had not yet come out of their wickiups. The women were running hither and thither, in alarm. To escape the heavy fire of the volunteers, these hid themselves in the timber in the rear of their camp, while part of their fighting force stationed themselves behind rocks and trees and fought in defense of their campand another portion took to the cover of the trees lining the river out of range of the volunteers' guns, to watch the movements of the attacking party.

So interested were they in these that they failed to discover a detachment which had hastened to support the parties in advance, and firing was kept up all day by the whites, with very considerable loss to the Indians-and nothing saved the savages from a total rout but the river; and on the other hand the river cut off their retreat. The loss of the whites was one man wounded, Elias D. Mercer. That night the regiment encamped at the Big Meadows.

The following morning Col. Kelsey and Major Wm. H. Latshaw of the northern battalion took 150 men and two canvas boats two miles below the battle ground to look for a crossing of the river, with the design of scouring the mountains in the vicinity of the enemy's camp; while Lieut. Col. Chapman with an equal force took up the position occupied the previous day-to prevent the escape of the Indians, as well as to divert their attention

from the movement below. When the colonel's command reached the river, however, he found that his purpose had been divined, and Indians were in the thick timber ready to receive him. He could only fire on them across the river, which he did for three hours, then withdrew, on account

leave at Washington.

sity for the winter term is the lowest in ten years. Much of this falling off is due to strife in education circles. The state board should move with a firm hand to control the situation and convince the state that it is boss of the works; then seek to promote education by better advertising methods, It might well reduce some of the barriers against students from outside the state, who formerly came in large numbers to our institutions, spending money here, and

# By R. J. HENDRICKS

of the wastage of ammunition. In this engagement, one volunteer. John Henry Clifton, was wounded, and as far as known, two Indians killed.

On April 29, the wounded having been sent to Camas valley and the Indians having abandoned before mentioned, in order to be their position on the opposite side in the way of a retreat should the of the river, the white regiment Indians attempt it. This, also, was crossed over and occupied it, findcating a large number of occupants. This had been indeed, the refuge of predatory bands during the winter. Here were found the bones of numerous oxen slain, and the remains of hundreds of broken packages of provisions, and ammunition. The Indians had fared better than the volunteers. many of whom were at that moment nearly barefooted, with only a blanket between them and the weather, which still continued stormy and cold.

> The spies reported the Indians gone down the river. It was decided to erect a fort at Meadows, called Fort Lamerick. During April the volunteers had received no aid from the regular army. Capt. Smith of Fort Lane had

> been directed to make a junction with Col. Buchanan's force at Fort Orford, whence the united forces were to repair to the mouth of the Illinois river to meet Gen. Joel Palmer, superintendent of Indian affairs, and the Indians of Rogue river valley, with whom a council would be held. Having all the Indians of Oregon on his hands, and some of those of Washington, ad most of them in a state of insurrection, the superintendent was axious to forward and hurry peace negotiations.

> The volunteers, however, fought on, and believed there would be no peace parley unless the Indians were forced into it. Many times the volunteers had called out to the Indians to come and have a peace talk-and such advances were invariably met with contemptuous taunts and scoffing

But now the United States auhorities were to try the effect of their policies in bringing about a settlement of Indian questions in Oregon.

Capt. Smith moved with his 80 troopers from Fort Lane about the 13th of April — a few days before the volunteers began to march to the Meadows. At the crossing of Rogue river, effected on a raft, he found a camp of Indians, which he attacked and des-

Traveling through the mountains in rain and snow, climbing often on foot and leading their horses, the dragoons suffered much. They lost the trail in the fog and strayed about in the storm seven days. Their provisions ran out before the weather cleared, enabling them to find it and reach Fort Orford. The erperience was useful as showing what the volunteers had been enduring.

When Col. Buchanan first arrived at the mouth of the Rogue. some of his younger officers and soldiers plunged into the forest in pursuit of vanishing savages, and soon they were glad to be back in camp from their tiresome and fruitless quest - and their colonel spent about a month in trying peaceful entreaties to induce the savages to go onto their reservations.

After assuming a defensive attitude for this period of time, Buchanan, on April 26, sent Lieut, E. O. C. Ord, with 112 men, to destroy a village of the makes quite a satisfactory ther- the world. Mark Twain, were he 2400 and 3500 turkeys and has Mackanotins, 11 miles above mometer. You watch the insect, here, would heartily concur I men employed to herd the tur-(Continued on page 7)

tion of the appointments. The waiter vanished. Glowing, the girl lifted her shining, lambent eyes.
"This is fun," she said content-

of them. Were any of these others.

"I'm glad we'll have a wait," Patricia felt a little chill fall ruption.

upon her heart. She knew what he Marthe; he did not blame himself. her face was somber. He gave the bare, unvarnished facts without a hint of explanation. But. Patricia knew the explanation, knew the part he failed to mention the part that she herself had played. He had broken with Marthe her and he had been wrong. Every word he spoke, Patricia thought, made her self-appointed plan seem less desirable, made the path of truth more thorny.

"Well." said Clark in a low, unemotional voice. "I guess that's all. Marthe and I won't be married in November."

"I--" faltered Patricia, "I'm self slowly, painfully, "I shouldn't say that. I'm not sorry, not really." "You're a darling," he said fervently, laying his hand on her hand and regarding her steadily. "It's

sweet of you to be so honest." "I'm not honest," she protested least a part of the truth, "You'll a moment ago. I heard this morn-

broken last night." "You did!" he exclaimed, astonbetween his dark, straight brows. "But, how could you possibly have outrageous for liking three. heard. Patricia?"

"Julian told me," she confessed in strangled tones.

"Julian! Oh, I see," said Clark briefly with a short, mirthless laugh. "I see," he said a second time. He did not ask how Julian often that breathless June. Some-

and Julian were engaged in an af- to tell. Always then she would face stand that I mean what I say?" fair, but certainly she had hinted a future with no Clark beside her, "I'll see Clark Tracy whenever I

ago dream of a life that was in- no Clark to suggest a trip to Coney going to do about it?" trepid and brave and fair. What Island because it might be fun, "Only one thing, Patricia," he had become of that dream? What with no Clark to rebuke her on the replied with a wry, little twisted had become of the girl who had sin of tardiness. dreamed it? She had never intend- "I've waited for one hour and ness I'll tell him what you youred to connive as Marthe connived, fourteen minutes by the Times self have been afraid to tell. I'll to lie and to cheat. What had hap- Square clock. I hear it's often tell Clark the truth."

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX "Why, Patricia," said Clark, ab- really. We—we were playing she loved his easy manner, his rupt and concerned, "You're cry- bridge."

air of taking all this for granted, She blinked her eyes fast.
"I'm so a shamed of myself," she the deference of the waiter, the quiet, expert service, the perfecmuttered. "Everything - somehow,

"KNAVE'S GIRL"

everything is all wrong." "It's Julian who makes every- . Her heart belonged to him, but thing wrong," said Clark suddenly, if he ever guessed it, Patricia had irrelevently, fiercely. "I'm sick of no way of knowing. He rushed her,

she wondered, as happy as herself. tell him now. What would he do? in a cab, bought a pair of gloves. The melon came and went away. What would he say? She was not for Patricia because Clark admired They must wait twenty minutes to know. Her footsteps faltered on the cuffs. But, they never spoke a They must wait twenty minutes for the squab. Would that be satfactory? It would be.

"I'm glad we'll have a wait,"

to know, her lootsteps lattered on the cast, but, they never met at the brink. The confession would not come; her careful phrases vanished one by one. She looked at him and tricia at Julian Haverholt's home. Clark said quietly to Patricia, lock-ing his fine brown fingers and looking at her straightforwardly across lacked the courage. The squab arter. It just happened that Clark the table. "I want to talk to you." rived. Patricia blessed the interwould telephone and say:

was going to say; she had a for- lessened. With food the two grew inee." lorn desire to tell him so. Instead almost merry. Clark's voice was A strange day-time courtship.

"I can't tell you, Clark." "Of course you can, I'll understand."

"There's really nothing to understand. The man at the Sky High defending her. He had stood up for and didn't like. I don't want to see not so drift, Something must break. enough?"

from himself.

her. He looked at her and trusted she turned to leave. broad suggestions were nothing "This has gone on long enough. sorry. No-" she corrected her- now. This lovely, clear-eyed girl was straight.

nothing settled.

with a drowning impulse toward at and thrilling days, but days with absolutely." nothing settled. Patricia grew used

> "Think of your figure, Patricia." "I think it's very nice."

"Are you fishing?" "I don't need to fish with you." "I like your nerve."

Just then she remembered a long- cause "they match your skin", with yet defiant tones. "What are you

pened to her? What had become right."

of the girl that she wanted to be? "It was not my fault, Clark, not page 1932, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

longs to contract bridge."

"sometimes I think your heart be-

"You and Julian?" "Yes." "Sometimes," he muttered once

acting as if I like him when I don't. yes. She saw him almost every is always fun for me."

I hate Julian Haverholt." He pausafternoon. They roamed together through an enchanted city, sat in sandwich wag ons munching hotto her cheeks. She did not see the other diners but she was conscious bave to live with him.

ed, scowling, "I wish you didn't dogs, strolled through Central bave to live with him.

Park, searched a dozen shops for a Here was her chance. She could malacca stick when Clark left his

> "I'll pick you up at the theater. The strange, disturbing tension I thought you might like a mat-

she presented a grave, attentive light when he asked her to explain unsatisfying, incomplete, a time of face while Clark simply and unaf- the little mystery of the night be- wretchedness and joy. Patricia fectedly told her of the broken fore, the meaning of the flight could not go out at night. Her eveengagement. He did not blame from the Sky High Club. Instantly nings inexorably were devoted to Julian and to bridge. Clark knew that. He hated it. He never said so. Nor did Julian speak of Clark during that long, bright-blue, bewilder-

ing June. Patricia realized that she was was a man I used to know and- drifting with the tide and could him again ever. Now-" she said Something would happen to de-pleadingly, childishly, "-isn't that stroy the terrifying sweetness of these days. What she had feared "Yes," he replied and hid his and expected happened one night gnawing discontent, hid it even after her guests and Julian's-their victims, Patricia called them-had Patricia smiled. Clark looked at departed. Julian spoke to her as

her. Marthe's suspicions, hints and He said with sudden savagery, "What has?"

"I allowed you to see Clark They parted that night, as less Tracy," he replied, his voice level than lovers and more than friends. again, "only because I thought that They parted that night, as Patricia the only way you would ever come was to tell herself so often, with to your senses. Apparently you never will. I forbid any further as-Days came and went, strange sociation with Tracy; I forbid it

The onslaught was so sudden and see I'm not. I was pretending just to the ring of the telephone, grew so unexpected that for a moment used to dressing for Clark, grew Patricia felt weak and bewildered. ing that your engagement was used to his special habits. She She merely looked at Julian. He learned the cigarette he smoked, sat in a red leather chair at the the restaurant that was his favor- familiar table where cards and ished. A puzzled line etched itself ite; she learned that he liked one crumpled score sheets were still lump in his tea and thought her scattered. His hands were tightgripped before him. His knuckles showed white. A sardonyx on his little finger glowed in the light.

Julian spoke again fiercely. "I forbid you to see Clark again." That lit the torch of her anger. They would laugh. They laughed She began to tremble. "You can't forbid me anything,

Patricia sat silent, hating her- ed so that she would not cry. Her "Indeed I can." His voice was self. What had possessed her to be opportunity had never come. The sharp and breathless. "I've had so cheap? Her own words burned time to tell Clark the truth about enough of this nonsense. I've had on her brain, those words that were herself, the whole truth, did not enough of your mooning around worthy of Julian or of Marthe at arrive. In more honest moments, the house as if you were half alive. her best. She, who had held herself in those moments when the lights I've had enough of your being with so high, had stooped to betray an- were out, when she was lying in me and thinking of Clark. I've had other girl. Perhaps not in so many her bed, she knew that it never all that I mean to put up with. Do words had she said that Marthe would. She tried a thousand times you understand me? Do you under-

with no Clark to buy gardenia. be- choose," she announced in shaking,

grin. "If you persist in this mad-

#### 'Cavalcade' and 'Little Women' Listed as Year's Best Pictures

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

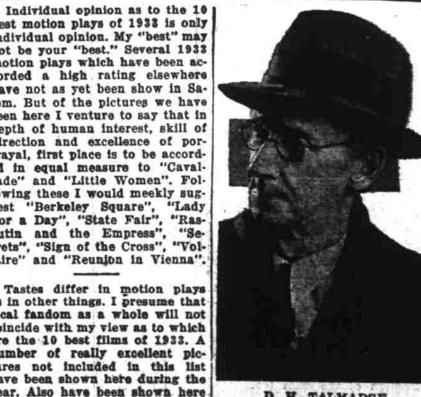
best motion plays of 1933 is only individual opinion. My "best" may not be your "best." Several 1933 motion plays which have been accorded a high rating elsewhere have not as yet been show in Salem. But of the pictures we have seen here I venture to say that in depth of human interest, skill of direction and excellence of portrayal, first place is to be accorded in equal measure to "Cavalcade" and "Little Women". Following these I would meekly suggest "Berkeley Square", "Lady For a Day", "State Fair", "Rasputin and the Empress". "Secrets", "Sign of the Cross", "Voltaire" and "Reunion in Vienna".

Tastes differ in motion plays as in other things. I presume that local fandom as a whole will not coincide with my view as to which are the 10 best films of 1933. A number of really excellent pictures not included in this list have been shown here during the year. Also have been shown here greater number of pictures, proclaimed as excellent, which are no more than mediocre. And there have been those not even entitled to that rating.

To sum up the matter briefly, if you would have a satisfactory list of the 10 best films of the year, make it yourself.

A street corner critic thinks "Little Women" would have been a more satisfactory picture had Blondy Tinglehart or some other of the giddy "stars" of moviedom, instead of Katharine Hepburn. been cast for the "Jo" role. "I plumb forgot that Hepburn was was just a girl I used to know." Rather a nice tribute to the Hepburn artistry at that.

An ordinarily intelligent fly, or



D. H. TALMADGE

Well, probably poets don't think so much of Ed Howe either.

Lord, forgive us if demandments have made us some disgusted, and if one or two commandments, resultantly, we've out to be a pinkish year, despite the dark green forebodings of the

enlightening. A man's countenance appears much the same when his last remaining pants button snaps off as it appears when he is informed that the mortgage on acting," he says plaintively; "she the old homestead is to be fore-

never stand when you can sit, Mr. Deter of near Oak Grove has never sit when you can lie down. a large crew dressing birds this even a mosquito, in the house This is Alice Brady's advice to week. This farm has between

Ed Howe says he hates poets. general conditions. You may weighed 20 pounds dressed.

agree or you may not. Neither of us knows much, if anything, about it. But why anybody should. deliberately choose to think unpleasant thoughts when he might as easily and with as good reason think pleasant ones is difficult to

## MRS. SMITH LIVED LONG AT RICKREALL

RICKREALL, Jan. 6 .- The funeral service held for Mrs. Sarah M. Smith in Dallas Tuesday marked the passing of another of Rickreali's early pioneers. Mrs. Smith had resided at the home north of town from 1873 to 1918 when she moved to Salem. She was the widow of George C. Smith, who passed away in 1915. Mrs. Smith is survived by the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Rose Groce of Pertiand, Mrs. Stella Brown of Salem, Mrs. Elsie Wha-ley of Rickreall, Seth and George Smith of Tillamook and Mrs. Nora Hodge of Portland, One daughter, Mrs. Vina Ott, died at Rickreall

Mrs. Smith is also survived by 22 grandchildren and several great-grandchildren, two step-sons, Charley Smith of California and D. A. Smith of Dallas; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Holt Crowley of Rickreall, and several step-grand-

children. Funeral services were conducted from the Henkle-Thomas chapbusted. Still and all, it has turned the Etna cemetery north of Rickel in Dallas and burial made in realf about three miles.

### Facial expression is in itself not OAK GROVE FARMER **DRESSING TURKEYS**

RICKREALL, Jan. 6. - Dressing of turkeys is still being done Never walk when you can ride, on a large scale in this vicinity. I prefer to think that 1534 will show a decided improvement in market. Some of these toms

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4