The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

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

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PROGRESS

"Man, as if he heard the music drowsily and afar off, joins the strange procession, and struggles on and upward also."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Curbing Holding Companies

THE federal government is at last on the trail of holding companies. In the utility field in particular they have proven to be leeches. The prime difficulty was that the big profits lay in the financing of concerns. Companies fell into the hands of brokerage houses or private bankers or into the hands of individuals who wanted to make money not out of operations but out of selling bonds and stocks to the public. Enormous emissions of securities were made during the boom days. Even in normal times such vast issues of stocks and bonds could not be supported by interest and dividends; and when hard times came many of the structures toppled in a heap. Among them were the Insull and Peirce and Ohrstrom holding companies. Others anticipated a continuation of the upward gradient in the electric business. With the depression the line leveled off; and with growing pressure from consumers rates were reduced and then companies got into difficulties.

Considerable complaint is made against holding companies for what they have sucked out in management fees. But more lucrative sources of profit lay in clipping the great bond and stock issues which were sold the public. This is a phase of "finance capitalism" that is coming in for severe condemnation these days.

New proposals are for a federal license for holding companies; forbidding pyramiding of holding companies, one on top of others; restriction of field; preventing excess management fees. Oregon has gone a long ways in stopping these evils, almost entirely through exercise of control over the operating companies. State authority does not reach directly to holding companies chartered in other states. The federal government does have the power; and should exercise it.

In principle there is much to commend a holding company. It is able to supply services which the small unit concern could not afford independently; and should be able to handle sound financing on a better basis. In actual practice however the holding company became another business racket. Federal action now though belated ought to prevent future exploitation of consumers and investors, a practice all too common among holding company manipulators.

Another Dock Strike?

RUMBLINGS on the waterfront are given as presage of a new dock strike. Interior agricultural and fruit interests whose produce is moving across the docks into world trade now, are alarmed over the possibilities, and are putting the proposition up to Portland cold whether Portland is going to permit the port to be closed again, to the resulting great loss of wool and wheat and fruit growers.

It is very doubtful if there will be any strike. The employers certainly do not want one. They lost heavily in curtailment of business and in outlays to combat the strikers. The longshore men are probably loath to be out of jobs for another indefinite stretch. More than that, the federal government is apt to clap down a heavy hand if strikes are really threatened. The administration missed a step last summer when it let the strikes on this coast get out of hand.

The instability of the present situation lies in the friction between union and non-union workers. The union crews are determined to control the hiring and refuse to cooperate with non-union crews. They have made life miserable for the non-union workers. Joint control of the hiring halls is hard when the rival factions are so embittered. So even if there is no strike in the immediate future, operations will be attended with discord and strife until one side or the other wins or until the passions aroused last summer cool.

A few days ago there came to this desk propaganda from railway trainmen against improvement of navigation on the Columbia because it will take away jobs on trains. Now there has come a reprint from a farm paper of the Inland Empire hailing the improvement because of the million or two dollars it will save the wheat growers in freight rates. One man's poison is still another man's meat.

Well, the Robinson Crusoe-Mrs. Roosevelt story has gone clear across the country, perhaps twice. Alexander Wollcott broadcast it Sunday night. Fortunately for him, most of his stories are fresher than that one.

The University of Oregon will play Louisiana on Dec. 15, though the game was scheduled before Huey Long became L. U.'s coach. The game should be called off however because Huey may announce that Oregon is now a province of Louisiana.

The Red Cross is still the "greatest mother in the world"; and the dollar for a membership is both a duty and a privilege for all good citizens.

AAA contracts are working out about as we anticipated. The government is easing up on its requirements for curtailment but the cash benefits will be coming through just the same.

The growers are trying to put hops under a code. The benefits of repeal to the growers seem to have lasted about one year. Now the increased production brings the market to the same old sag.

Press reports indicate that business has decided to join up with FDR on the new deal. Sort of a shotgun wedding, we suppose.

Looking over the season's football scores it seems certain that "stars fell on Alabama".

Wha'd'ya Mean?—All Quiet Along the Potomac

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Wallace highway: Justice to a pioneer:

⁂

(Continuing from yesterday, and further quoting the letter of Kirk Walling of Grand Island, address Dayton, Oregon, Route 1:)

⁂

"Automobiles, continuing where Buck and Berry had left off, slid and wallowed through the bog. Deeper and deeper sank their wheels; around they spun, covering guards and top with the slithery mess. At last, perhaps the driver shut off the power and waded gingerly on ahead to probe with a bit of a broken rail for firmer ground. Or, as likely as not, he waded drearily down the road to return presently followed by a farmer in hip boots, driving old Dobbin with a coil of stout rope over his hames.

⁂

"Now that the people at large have awakened to the economic need and value of graded, drained, and surfaced roads, it seems but fitting that this 25 or 30 miles of highway be dedicated to the memory of the pioneer road builder of Oregon, Robert Stewart Wallace, to be known on our highway maps, and by the thousands who travel it, as the 'Wallace Highway.'

⁂

"Drive out on this highway when it is finished, see the old brick house, built in the thirties by George Gay, the first brick house in the northwest. Go to the site of the pioneer ferry, see the beautiful modern homes of Clyde LaFollett and Will Magness at Wheatland, and the many acres of hops and orchards. Stop at the dairy ranch of W. R. Kirkwood and take a look at his beautiful herd of purebred Jerseys. Ask him to tell you about the old mission house of Dr. David Leslie and to show you the Indian burying ground and the graves of old Se-Walt-A-Wal the medicine man.

⁂

"Visit the acquatic gardens of Mr. Bowers. Go to Grand Island and see the hundreds of acres of truck gardens. See the country homes of Ennis Alderman and Charles Spaulding, then on to one of the largest plantings of hops in Oregon, owned by Ross Woods.

"Do not forget to visit the great prune and walnut orchards of Dundee.

"Last, but not least, take your hats off to the memory of a man whose dream of this highway has become a beautiful reality—Robert Stewart Wallace."

⁂

The reader will agree that the above, added to what appeared in this column yesterday, is a fine tribute to a deserving man, and those who knew R. S. Wallace, father of our Paul Wallace, know the facts are not overdrawn.

And many will say, with the Bits man, that the project ought to be undertaken and pursued to completion, making another short-cut super highway joining the capital with the metropolis, traversing one of the richest sections of the matchless Willamette valley.

⁂

Mr. Walling's tribute to the missionaries and other pioneers is not overdrawn. But a few facts should be told here to straighten out the record. For instance: The house of George Gay was the first brick residence erected west of the Rockies above the Mexican (California) line. But it was built in 1843, not in the thirties. A lot of important history was made in and around that old house, still standing.

⁂

David Leslie did not build a log house there, or near there. At least there is no record of such a house. The house that was assigned to the Leslie family, shortly after their arrival in September, 1837, was one bought from a settler by Jason Lee, and it accommodated both that family and Rev. H. K. W. Perkins and bride, until the latter went to Wascopam (The Dalles) the following year. That house burned, with the household goods of the Leslies, December 19, 1838. The Leslies lived for a time thereafter in the James H. O'Neal house, on the west side of the Willamette, near where the Clyde LaFollett place is now, and they resided also in other mission houses, including the hospital, which was finished in 1840-41. Later, the Leslie family lived in "the parsonage," still standing, at 1325 Ferry street, Salem—the third residence for whites erected on the site of Salem.

⁂

Two daughters of the Leslies, Helen and Aurelia, were born at the old mission, and the first Mrs. Leslie died there, Feb. 1, 1841.

The site of the Indian cemetery should be marked, and the graves of Kaufa and Se-Walt-A-Wal, if they can be located.

⁂

And the people of Yamhill county should acquire and repair the Gay brick house. Its south wall marks the line between Yamhill and Polk counties. The house is thus in Yamhill. If some Yamhill county organization should secure title to the house, no doubt a campaign would bring contributions for repairing and restoring it from all over Oregon.

WOODCRAFT NAMES NEW SET OFFICERS

AMITY, Nov. 20.—Officers elected for next year for Myrtle Circle, No. 68, Neighbors of Woodcraft, of Amity, are:

Past guardian neighbor, Marie Vincent; guardian neighbor, Vertie Van Buskirk; adviser, Cordia Morrison; magician, Ida Nedrow; clerk, Elizabeth Vannice; banker, Thelma Rosenbalm; attendants, Orpha Glandon; captain of guards, Frank Rosenbalm; flag bearer, Anna Totten; inner sentinel, Emma Rosenbalm; outer sentinel, LaVerna Mekkers; musician, Helen McCarty; managers, Fay Morrison, Edith Wanless and Eleanor Craven; correspondent, Ardyce Burr; senior guardian, Hazel Rosenbalm.

Installation of officers will be held the first meeting in January.

The Hustlers' club of Neighbors of Woodcraft met Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. G. E. Vannice. The club plans to have a bazaar late in the winter or early spring. They also vote to hold a series of card parties twice a month during the winter. The first one will be given early in January.

The Art Appreciation class met Monday evening at the home of Mrs. E. O. Marse, who gave an excellent lesson the life and paintings of George Innes.

Red Cross Roll Call Extended This Week

SILVERTON, Nov. 20. — Mrs. R. E. Kleinsorge, chairman of the Silverton district of the Red Cross drive, reports the progress very satisfactory. The drive will be continued in this week as the volunteer workers did not have sufficient time to call at all the places in their district last week.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

POOR LOSER

Editor Oregon Statesman:-

I have failed as yet to observe any congratulatory message from Peter Zimmerman to his successful rival, Gen. Martin.

I noticed that Joe Dunne tendered his congratulations to Gen. Martin immediately after the result of the race for the governorship was known.

It is quite evident that Peter is much disgruntled and like Sam Brown, a poor loser.

Independent.

Salem, Nov. 17, 1934.

FOR A MORE SPLENDID AMERICA!

2054 N. Church St.
Salem, Oregon.
Nov. 17, 1934.

The Oregon Statesman,
Salem, Oregon.
Dear Mr. Editor:

May we take this opportunity through your "Safety Valve" to thank you for all past favors, and especially for your borad-minded way of offering readers both pros and cons on a great many current issues.

I happen to have the same kind of work, and receive the same rate of wages as another Oregon Pulp and Paper company employe, Mr. Earle Sharp. And I sincerely hope that we shall never have to work for wages as small as we received under the "Old Deal."

We have had to borrow from Peter to pay Paul, and then borrow from Paul again, but now, thanks to higher wages and the "New Deal", for the first time in seven years, we have both Paul and Peter paid.

We have had to meet the "shutdowns" of the paper mill just as the other employes have, but we have had fowls in the pot every week since Palm Sunday. Sometimes as many as seven in one week. You, Mr. Editor, are in a position to know what we did with our surplus fowls because you helped us sell every one. I hope you will kindly help us again when chicks chirp in the spring, down on the farm. Perhaps chicks belong on a farm, but anyone who has a back yard and a little personal ambition can have a few chickens to eat, when baby chicks are sold at only two cents each. And, there is no need for the chicks to become foul.

Politics: What a subject for argument. Foul? Maybe. But we have to have politics.

Well, we used to be good Republicans and never voted a straight ticket, and a great many voters are like up. Now we are listed under a new heading. So are a great number of the winning candidates in this so-called Democratic landslide. Those men maybe under a new title, but down in their hearts they are the same old Republicans that form the "backbone of our country".

Perhaps I should not have written my views at this time. I usually say what I believe, because I am handicapped when writing. Handicapped when working, too, but I hope and pray that I shall never have to ask any relief organization for food and necessities that I cannot earn with honest labor, and by God's grace.

I'm writing because we have just celebrated another Armistice Day and its memories; and anyone who has served under and fought for our Grand Old Flag and all it means,—and should mean to any red-blooded American,—cannot stand quietly by and watch it being trampled on by radicalism.

Our southern neighbor state offers a good example of a man changing his "party" title for political purposes, but we notice that his old policies could not be kept in hiding, and the majority of the people showed that they still have their own true eyes open for the common good. We can praise God that we have far-sighted voters. Those men who won in the election under the old Republican title, received their positions because they are men of character, and eligible and capable of holding those positions. The people, who know that our Stars and Stripes still floats over one of the greatest and grandest nations this world has ever known, believe that those men now in office, no matter what party title they carry, will strive to keep this old U. S. from radicalism.

The way each of us can help our country to progress is to believe in those men and women who hold our country's future prosperity and destiny in their hearts and hands.

Yours for a more splendid America,

, Fred Davis.

P. S.—My motto is Live and Let Live.

"BEACH BEAUTY"

By ARTHUR SHUMWAY

SYNOPSIS

Kay Owen, pretty Daytona Beach girl, finds a luxurious yacht, "Commander III," in her mooring place when she goes to dock her small motor launch. Inquiry reveals that the yacht belongs to Earl Harrow, noted theatrical producer. Kay is thrilled for she is the star of the local Community Players' amateur production, "Private Lives," and longs for a stage career. From the deckhouse, Harrow admires Kay's beauty. He attends a performance of "Private Lives" with his press agent and body-guard, "Spike" Winch. Harrow is pleasantly surprised to find Kay playing the lead. After the show, he suggests that Kay study acting seriously, but she explains financial reverses necessitate her remaining in Florida to work and help support her mother. Harrow offers her a secretarial position during his stay in Daytona. That night, Kay, Keith Pitts, director of the Community Players, and Ida Campbell, wealthy member of the cast, are invited aboard Harrow's yacht. Pete Ryan, in love with Kay, is jealous and refuses to join the party. Harrow represented to Kay a chance to realize her greatest ambition. Ida, too, dreamed of Broadway and also wished to triumph over Kay, whom she envied, but Harrow shows his preference for Kay. Returning home, Ida arranges it so that Keith and Kay are dropped off first, leaving her alone with Harrow. Next morning, Kay sees Pete with a pretty brunette in his car. He greets Kay casually and drives off. Harrow employs Kay at $40 a week, and suggests a fishing trip before settling down to business. He tells Kay to invite Pete.

CHAPTER VI

Harrow was studying Kay with an inner amusement. She let him see that she was noticing it.

"Sorry," he said, "I was just thinking what old Louis Derasco would have said if he'd seen you."

"Louis Derasco?" she said, impressed.

Harrow nodded slowly. "He used to love to get a girl young and without professional experience, then work with her and bring her out, make a sensation of her. He was a good publicity man, too. He didn't have to push his proteges. They pushed themselves. The secret was that he knew raw material. Of course, that wasn't all. Some of the rest of us know potentialities when we see them. Old Papa Louis had a way of making a girl work herself till she dropped, just to bring out the best in her, and they all loved him for it. You're the sort of girl he'd have liked." Harrow sighed and looked down at the water, at the tame ducks that were swimming about contentedly, not far from the boat.

"But it isn't the same today," he said. "More high pressure, more ballyhoo. Take that bird Winch. He's not so smooth, but he's a master at cooking up stunts to catch the public imagination and build up business and good will. If it weren't for Spike Winch I might have gone down with some of the others. I haven't always used my head too well. I've had bad publicity at times; deserved it, too. And it's dangerous. . . . But old Spike always has managed to jump in and turn the tide. Yes, it's changing, show business is changing. You can't go at it slowly and take the chances you used to. You can't afford to build people up gradually. I'm frank to say that if I had a part for you in the stuff I've on tap now, I'd let you have a try, but the whole machinery is organized and set and ready to go into action." He shook his head slowly, concentrating. "Something, though. . . . I'd like to help you."

When Kay went home she was giddy with excitement. Pete was forgotten again. Her chance was what mattered now. And she might get it, after all. What a considerate, charming man Mr. Harrow was!

But that night there was a letdown. Just before the show, Keith Pitts stopped by as she sat applying the lining stick to her eyelids and said, "Going to Ida's party?"

"What party, Keith?"

"Oh, she's on the make for Harrow, I guess. She's throwing a party tonight down at her place."

"Are you going?" Kay asked, looking at him in the little mirror, the stick poised by her left eye.

"I wasn't invited. Must be something pretty hotcha. She would have to pick a night when we were having a show."

"Oh, I don't think it'll draw from us. I think she knew what she was doing all right."

"You going?" he asked.

"I wasn't invited either," she said. When Keith had gone, Kay looked at herself in the mirror. It was silly, caring about a thing like this party, but she had to admit that it disturbed her. You mustn't let yourself care, she told herself. Yet she felt thwarted.

• • • •

That night, inspired by Earl Harrow's praise of her first performance, Kay Owen knew that she was doing as good a job of acting as ever in her life. The humor in her lines as the quarrelling ex-wife in the Coward play, the sudden fits of rage, sandwiched between spells of tenderness and affection, all seemed to come naturally, from an inner compulsion rather than an external thought force. And she knew, too, that she had hit the proper key between the restraint of sophistication and the wildly funny exaggerations the plot demanded in spots. In the intermission before the last act she began to feel sad that that performance would be the last. Oh, to be on the real stage in a real theater, playing night after night in such a show as this! And with Earl Harrow there to watch and guide her.

She wished Harrow could be out front tonight, watching her, noting the progress she had made. But no; Ida Campbell had him tonight and probably Ida was making progress all of her own. It had been like Ida to pick tonight for a party and to start it early so that she would have a perfectly good excuse for not inviting any of the cast of "Private Lives," which, of course, meant not inviting Kay.

After the show she prepared to go out for a late supper with Keith Pitts and several of the cast. Looking out the window, she saw that the moon was as seductive again as it had been the night before. She sighed and busied herself packing her bag. It was always a sad feeling, packing after another Community Players show; much like leaving a pleasant resort at the end of a vacation or moving from a friendly, familiar old house. All things considered, Kay's mood was not the best, when she heard a knock at the door.

"Come in."

"Would you endorse our brand of cigarets, Miss Owen?"

It was Spike Winch, standing there in white flannels and chocolate brown sport coat, grinning broadly. The sight of his wholesome, pugnacious face cheered her at once.

"Mr. Winch," she said. "Don't tell me you sat through it again."

"Spike, baby, *Spike*," he protested. "As in beer. Sure I sat through it again. Didn't I tell you I can take it? No fooling, sister, you wowed them tonight. Better'n last night. Smoothed it out. You're coming right along."

"Well, it's nice of you to say so anyway. So, thank you."

"I'm not taking you for a ride, baby. Not for all the tea in China. You were right in there dishing it out with both dukes."

He sat down and lit a cigar. "What you doing tonight, baby?"

"Nothing, I guess. We're just going out for something to eat. Why aren't you at the party?"

He grinned. "I was there."

"Then, what—well, I don't understand. How could you be here and see the show?"

"Well, it's like this," he explained, with elaborate dignity and emphasis, "I go to the broadwalk and stroll up and down by the briny. I stop briefly to pot a few clay pipes at a shooting gallery. I pit my tremendous power against a punching bag socking machine and leave in disgust as I find I have sent the arrow to the point that says, underneath, 'Ladies' Average,' and so I stroll some more and, as nobody gives me the eye and the atmosphere is salty from the well known ocean, I sit down and apply myself to the gentle art of elbow crooking. When I have drunk beer enough to rehabilitate the country and assure prosperity—for the beer joint guy anyhow—I begin to think and I think hard. I say to myself, 'Winch, my fine fellow, why don't you hop around to that auditorium and catch the last night of that home talent opry? It may be that last night you were deceived and Earl's enthusiasm carried you away—I might add that Earl can be a very enthusiastic gent when somebody like you panics him with a smile. So I come to the auditorium and I see the show and I find I got to break down and confess that you aren't bad after all, and then, satisfied Earl hasn't lost his good judgment, I decide on what to do. I want to go to the party all right as I hear this Campbell jane has a direct pipe line to her house from Bimini and another from Havana. All of which is soothing. So when the last act's about gone I barge over and take my bow and guzzle a few Daiquiris and ask can I pop out and get me a girl for the party. She says sure and—" he paused and flicked ashes off the tip of his cigar with a burlesqued grace—"here I am."

Kay looked at him curiously. "You mean—you've come for me?"

He nodded.

"Why—why, I appreciate it a lot, Mr.—Spike, I mean—but I don't know. Really, I don't think I ought to go. I wasn't invited you know."

"Sure, I know. But she told me I could bring a girl and I'm asking you."

"Well, it's sweet of you, but I don't think you understand; I was left out of the party on purpose. Ida and I never have been very friendly and, since Mr. Harrow's come to town, she's gone out of her way to cut me. That's why the party was planned for tonight."

Spike Winch chuckled and leaned over to pat Kay on the arm. "You're telling me, sister? Listen, I've been around, you know, and it's my business to see things. I've trained myself so long to look for the other guy's angle that I do it in my sleep. Sure, I know about the party. It's a build-up for Campbell and a letdown for you. Likewise it's a play for the boss. You don't have to tell me things in words of one syllable; she's on the make for Earl. I got eyes."

Kay was biting her lip and thinking rapidly. After all, he was asking her; he had the right; and Ida *had* been spiteful. Suddenly she said:

"I'll go, Spike."

She snapped the bag shut and turned to the door. "Just let me say goodnight to the gang."

"Oke, pal," Winch said, relighting his cigar and crossing his legs.

She hurried out and found Keith, explained the situation to him in part and said goodnight to her friends. Keith smiled shrewdly; Keith was nobody's fool.

Rushing back to her dressing room, Kay told herself that she could play any game Ida Campbell could and could be twice as brazen, if necessary. Once a tomboy, she supposed, always a fighter. And she would carry the fight right into Ida's own territory.

"Let's go," she said to Winch.

He rose and opened the door for her. On the way to the car, he said, "Somehow, I wouldn't ever like to cross you, sister."

"Why do you say that?"

"Just because I wouldn't; that's all."

They drove south on Peninsula to Silver Beach avenue, past the river estates which had a brooding, unearthly beauty in the moonlight, a quality suggesting a Dore picture. At Silver Beach, they turned east and drove the few blocks to the approach where the two-lane avenue ended at the ocean.

"Shall we go down by way of the beach?" Spike asked. "I came up that way and it was swell."

"I'm afraid not," Kay said. "The tide's coming in and you'd be stuck down there without a way to get back if you parked behind Ida's. Better take Atlantic avenue."

He turned south again and they drove along Atlantic avenue, the easternmost street of Daytona Beach's peninsula, a smooth asphalt road which ran past the lower beach houses that sat on the ridge of duneland, and then wandered out into a wildly beautiful desolation of palmetto flatlands stretching out like a green desert, bounded on one side by the sea, on the other by the broad Halifax river, and leading to the lonely inlet where river met ocean and the peninsula ended, under vigil of the Ponce de Leon inlet lighthouse.

They came to a place where a lonely bronze lantern hung on a post among the palmettos on the ocean side of the road, and Spike turned into the twisting drive which led through a tangle of the green jungle to a broad, terraced lawn at the top of which sat the Campbell house, a magnificent Mediterranean villa. Several automobiles were parked outside and above the constant sound of the ocean came the music of a small dance orchestra.

"She'll certainly be delighted to see me," Kay said as they left the car.

Spike nudged her and chuckled deep in his throat. "This'll knock Earl's eyes out," he said.

Kay wondered if it would. Would Harrow be both glad and surprised? Surprised, certainly, but what else? Perhaps he might even be annoyed by her intrusion. And what nasty riposte would Ida make? Kay began to feel misgivings as she walked up the stone steps with Spike Winch. But she'd give Ida a nice battle.

The party already was in a state of merry confusion. Guests wandered about vaguely, others danced, some were stretched out in chairs or on divans in rapt contemplation of highball glasses or of melting eyes, and in one corner a small orchestra in Russian blouses played jazz music.

(To Be Continued)

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DROP RELIEF CORPS IN FAVOR OF CLUB

WOODBURN, Nov. 20. — A large crowd attended the card party at St. Luke's hall Sunday night. Prizes for high scores at "500" went to Mrs. Frank Weiss and A. F. Hanauska, second prizes to Mrs. Henry Miller and Robert Monday and third prizes to Mrs. C. J. Terhaar and Otto Halter. The proceeds will go towards the church fund.

Members of I. I. Stevens Relief Corps met at the home of Mrs. Dorothy Wohlheter, Thursday. At this time it was voted to disband the organization and to form a club to which all paid up members of the corps are eligible. The new club has been named the W. Q. T. (Work, Quilt, Talk) and will meet at the homes of the members every second Thursday. Officers elected were Mrs. Wohleter, president; Mrs. Nora Broyles, vice-president; Mrs. Emma Otjen, press correspondent. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. J. F. Rigdon near MceKe, December 13.

A large crowd of Woodburn and Silverton students attended the student body dance held in the high school gymnasium Friday night. Intermission numbers included tap dancing by Vivian Cowan and Floris Nelson. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evenden acted as patron and patroness.

LIST WINNERS FOR ANNUAL MUM SHOW

DAYTON, Nov. 20.—The first annual chrysanthemum flower show sponsored by the Dayton Garden club was held Saturday afternoon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Orr C. Goodrich and was largely attended. Sixty-three exhibits were entered in eight classifications. Judges were: Mrs. D. C. Conn, Mrs. H. G. Coburn and Mrs. Frank Wirfs.

The winners were as follows:

Class 1—Largest single blossom: 1st, Mrs. S. S. Filer, white Turner which measured 22 inches in circumference; 2rd, Mrs. Sern Christenson; 3rd, Miss Elsie Herring.

Class 2—Best potted chrysanthemum: 1st, Mrs. E. S. Filer, lavender Turner; 2nd, Mrs. E. S. Filer, bronze W. H. Waite; 3rd, Mrs. J. E. Proffitt.

Class 3 — Button type: 1st, Mrs. Frank Wirfs; 2nd and 3rd, Mrs. R. Pine.

Class 4 — Single variety: 1st, Mrs. Sern Christenson; 2nd, Mrs. Vernon Foster; 3rd, Mrs. R. Pine.

Class 5 — Best display cut flowers: 1st, Mrs. Paul Londerhausen; 2nd, Mrs. J. E. Proffitt; 3rd, Mrs. Theodocia Magness.

Class 6—Most attractive bouquet, mixed varieties: 1st, Mrs. Floyd B. Willett; 2nd, Mrs. Vernon Foster; 3rd, Mrs. W. S. Hibbert.

Class 7—Most varieties grown by one grower: 1st, Mrs. Orr C. Goodrich; 2nd, Mrs. E. S. Filer; 3rd, Mrs. Frank Wirfs.

Class 8—Most perfect blossom: 1st, Mrs. Vernon Foster; 2nd, Mrs. Vernon Foster; 3rd, Mrs. Paul Londerhausen.

Wyoming Family Buys Conn Home; Renovating Gym

AIRLIE, Nov. 20.—G. A. Conn of Salem has sold his home here to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, from Casper, Wyo., and they moved in Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Herron and son, Leonard, left Wednesday morning for a visit with their son, Everett, in Washington.

The school gym is being recovered with shakes but due to rains the work has been delayed.

CHOIR PRACTICES FOR YULE CANTATA

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 20.—Preparations have been completed to open the St. Louis hall Wednesday evening, with a hot chicken supper and dance, with special music for the occasion.

The St. Louis choir under the direction of Mrs. Schomus, has started practice for Christmas. They will sing "The Moss of the Holy Night," by Daniel H. Wilson. The choir numbers: tenors, Dave Moses and Mr. Schomus; bass, Dave Dubois; sopranos, Alwin and Edward Manning, Francis Saalfield and Hazel Laschepelle; altos, May, Lucille and Adaline Manning; organist, Mrs. Schomus.

Next Sunday is Altar society Sunday at the Catholic church. Masses on that day will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m., with Rev. Charles Kraus officiating.

Frank Sturte of Arizona is visiting for an extended time at the home of his brothers, John and Henry Stute.

All work has been completed in graveling the road to St. Louis cemetery.

TURKEY SHOOT DRAWS

MISSION BOTTOM, Nov. 20. —The turkey shoot held Sunday at the Bert Jones farm was well attended. A number of Salem Gun club members were there.