

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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### PROOF

"If radio's slim fingers  
Can pluck a melody  
From night and toss it over  
A continent or sea;  
If petaled white notes  
Of a violin  
Are blown across a mountain  
Or a city's din;  
If songs like crimson roses  
Are culled from thin, blue air,  
Why should mortals wonder  
If God hears prayer?"  
—Ethel Romig Fuller

### Source Material

**I**n his unique column O. O. McIntyre, rambler in New York City reported a few days ago:

"Edison Marshall, the novelist, is off again, this time to a scrawny tag end of the world known as Manipus, an independent Himalayan state, for more material. In Paris en route he was made a 'Commander of the Dragon of Anam' by the French government. Last year he was a house guest of His Majesty in Anam. And the decoration was a compliment in honor of the visit. Marshall, with this jaunt, becomes America's most widely traveled author, next to that incurable wanderer, Bob Davis."

It is always a problem, this locating of source material for literary work. Some people travel to the far corners of the earth seeking to "prime the pump" of their brains by drawing on the rare, the distant or the unusual. Other authors remain at home and fabricate novels, poems, plays from the stuff in their dooryards. And there are others who journey far in time and recreate scenes and characters from days long past.

Charles Dickens sketched characters "from the life" of his own London, a London not of the gentry and nobility, but of humbler folk, clerks and tradesmen. Scott and Thackeray found Clío their muse and developed the historical novel. Victor Hugo took the human materials of Paris and gave them literary immortality. Robert Louis Stevenson, though he journeyed far from his Scottish birthplace, and finally died in the South seas, made this interesting comment at the end of his "An Inland Voyage," descriptive of his boat journey along the canals and rivers of Belgium and northern France: "You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall, and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek."

Is it not something of a confession of lack of originality to seek inspiration and materials in remote quarters of the globe, as though the author hoped by using liberal splotches of foreign color to cover deficiencies in his imagination? Then there are those who as Carlyle says in his "Essay on Burns" may "travel from Dan to Beer-sheba and find it all barren."

We have had some excellent production in recent years of novels whose material is wholly indigenous. The south, for example, has been a newly discovered mine of riches. Mrs. Julia Peterkin has taken the Gullah Negro of her own section of South Carolina and used him as source material for Pulitzer prize-winning "Scarlet Sister Mary" and for other novels. Basso's "The Cinnamon Tree" is another recent novel of the south which excels in character study. English novelists,—Hugh Walpole, Galsworthy, Priestley, Bennett, for the most part have used materials right at hand.

There is however, always a danger of parochialism. Local material often may be shallow and inadequate, lacking sufficient substance to serve as the vehicle of great writing. After all there is no final answer to the problem of source material. Rather it is more accurate to say that the chief problem is not one of material but of imagination. The writer with alert mind and expansive eye can see not only "sermons in stones" but great novels, poems, dramas in local material, in sources distant in time or place, and sometimes in character which is virtually dateless and placeless.

### 1935 Automobiles

**T**he automobile is still the plaything of the people. It is still the prized possession of families in nearly every range of income above the lowest. And popular interest is always keen when new models are introduced. The automobile always rivaled the weather as a topic of conversation; and while it has been displaced by the depression and the new deal as a subject for chit-chat, now it is coming back.

Today The Statesman prints a page of pictures of new automobiles as a news feature, in recognition of the widespread interest in new cars. While mechanical changes now amount chiefly to refinements, designs are in constant evolution; and the cars of today make those of, say 1927, look like antiquities. Stream-lining is the vogue, but different makers give different accent to the same idea. Car stylists are clever. Take the matter of louvres which are the gills of the gas-propelled fish. For years and years they were vertical on the sides of the hood. Then the stylists changed them to horizontal; and presto, every car on the road was a back-number.

The automobile industry is of such vast proportions that its welfare means much to the general prosperity of the country. It led the way out of the slump of 1921; and its revival in 1934 shows its present capacity to resume leadership. Makers and dealers look forward to a busier 1935 because in recent years more cars have been junked than were made, so there is a deficiency to be recovered; and a vast replacement demand is in sight.

### Tax Modifications

**O**n another page appears an article by the editor suggesting modifications in the income tax laws of Oregon. It was prepared prior to the recent election when the 20-mill limitation bill was voted on; and represents an effort to meet the problem of the excessive property tax by shifting more of the load to the income tax. The suggestions are submitted, not as a "plan" but as ideas to be considered on their merits by the public and by the legislators. The modifications proposed are three in number, each independent, but the whole representing a balanced program of alteration. They are:

1. Abolishing tax on capital gains and deduction of capital losses.
2. Imposing a light surtax on gross incomes less personal exemptions.
3. Consolidating the intangibles tax with the net income tax.

Governor-elect Martin has made it clear that he is opposed to any new taxes. The suggestions offered here are not for new but lieu taxes, the added proceeds to go to the reduction of the general property tax. There would be no added

## At a Keyhole in New Jersey

### HAUPTMANN TRIAL



987  
1-4

## Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

By R. J. HENDRICKS

**ERYSIPPELAS** HAS been known to mankind for many centuries. But it is only within recent years that great success has followed treatment of this serious skin infection. I call this a "serious" disease because in this country it is confined to the face by a number of deaths from erysipelas can be compared to that of scarlet fever.



Dr. Copeland

The disease has always been considered highly contagious. It is most dreaded because of the rapidity with which it spreads from one person to another. This explains why, during the Middle Ages, it was often referred to as "St. Anthony's fire."

Erysipelas is caused by a germ belonging to the "streptococcus" family. The germ enters the skin through a bruise or cut. As a rule the infection is confined to the face but may attack the feet, legs, chest or back. Sometimes the entire surface of the body is covered with red, denuded areas of erysipelas.

The victim is first stricken with chill followed by high fever. Headache, general aches and indigestion, are other symptoms that may be present. Within twenty-four hours the characteristic skin rash of erysipelas appears.

**Spreads Rapidly**  
The skin becomes red and swollen, the inflamed area having a sharp, clear, elevated border. Blisters form in the reddened tissues and the inflammation spreads rapidly.

The area that is first involved clears up as other portions of the body become affected. Usually the eruption begins to disappear about the fourth day. Neglect is dangerous because of serious complications, such as gangrene, may result.

Since it is so contagious, every precaution should be taken to guard against this danger. Soiled linens, bed clothes and eating utensils should be kept apart from those used by others of the family. It is necessary that the patient receive expert hygienic care. In severe cases it is sometimes advisable to have the patient removed to a hospital where he will be assured proper care.

Mild cases of erysipelas usually last from ten days to two weeks. Ice and saturated solutions of a drug called magnesium sulphate are beneficial in reducing the swelling and lessening the pain. Recently ultraviolet light has been recommended, as well as the use of a special serum.

This serum is obtained from the blood of patients who have recovered from erysipelas. It has met with much success in reducing the complications and lessening the fatalities from this infection. Unfortunately, it does not prevent further attacks.

### Answers to Health Queries

S. F. Q.—What do you advise for falling hair? My work necessitates standing all day long and although my shoes are comfortable my feet ache at night. What would you advise?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2. Make sure there is no tendency to fallen arches. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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### LOOKOUT IN '35!

APUBURN, Ala. (AP)—Thirteen apuburns were awarded football letters at Alabama Polytechnic Institute this year as compared with only one in 1932. Two

The White Headed Eagle of Richard Montgomery:

There are many biographies of Dr. John McLoughlin. Every true history of Oregon or the Oregon country must of necessity contain one, short or long.

The latest one is that of Richard Montgomery of Portland, great grandson of Dr. W. H. Willson, who platted down town Salem, and Chloe A. Clark-Willson, first teacher of the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university. Mr. Montgomery thus needs no excuse for taking up the responsibility of supplying the need of a better biography of the man often called the "Father of Oregon."

He has done this. He says in his introduction: "Although a search for hitherto unpublished material was not without result, I am frank to say that my principal aim was to collect, between the covers of a single volume, such information about the 'White Headed Eagle' as has heretofore been accessible only to the more enterprising students of western history." It was a worthy aim, and is well performed.

Eva Emery Dye, 34 years ago, gave the world her "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," an interpretative biography in which the high points of the epochal career of the great organizer, leader, administrator and statesman were made to stand out in plain and intelligible outline.

Seven years later appeared "Dr. John McLoughlin, the Father of Oregon," by Frederick V. Holman, which he called a "plain and simple narrative of the life of Dr. John McLoughlin, and of his noble career in the early history of Oregon." It was well and sympathetically done.

Mr. Montgomery in his new book has, as his introduction indicated, gathered the essential facts in print up to date, and added what new ones he could find from original sources.

Mr. Holman said in the introduction to his book, in 1907: "The full history of the life of Dr. John McLoughlin will be written in the future. Such a history will have all the interest of a great romance. It begins in happiness and ends in martyrdom. It is so remarkable that one unacquainted with the facts might doubt if some of these matters I have set forth could be true. Unfortunately they are true."

Dr. John McLoughlin was born Oct. 19, 1784, in the parish Riviere du Loup, Canada, 120 miles below Quebec, on the south side of the St. Lawrence river. He was baptized Nov. 3, 1784, both parents being Roman Catholics. His father was John, native of Ireland. His mother before marriage was Angeline Fraser, Scotch; a member of the Highlanders, related to the General Fraser who was one of Burgoyne's chief officers—killed at the pivotal battle of Saratoga, Oct. 7, 1777.

David, older brother, and John were brought up in the home of Malcolm Fraser, their maternal grandfather. They both were doctors. David served in the British army and after the battle of Waterloo practiced his profession in Paris.

Juniors and six seniors also received monograms.

Dr. John, the blood of the Frasers in his veins, responded to the call of the wilds and frontiers. He joined the Northwesters, rivals of the ancient Hudson's Bay company in the fur trade of North America. He risked his life in the armed conflicts of the rival concerns battling for precedence on the hunting and trapping grounds of western Canada and the old Northwest of the United States.

In 1821, Dr. John McLoughlin was in charge at Fort William, chief depot and factory of the Northwesters, on the north shore of Lake Superior, having worked up to that prominent place from the lower levels of the service.

In the more or less hazy span before the attainment of this distinction, he had married Margaret McKay. Wrote Montgomery: "It was on one of his journeys at the North West company's (the Northwesters) isolated Sault Ste. Marie post that he met this comely widow and promptly lost his heart. Up to then the young North Westers, save for one obscure affair, had had no time for romance; but his infatuation for Margaret appears to have been instantaneous and profound. Through the long years ahead, that association was to contain all the elements of a great and lasting love."

"It was at Sault Ste. Marie that Margaret, still attractive, though well past 30, had resided since the death of her first husband."

"Of her early life almost nothing is known. Her father was a fur trader named Wadin, and her mother was either a full blooded Indian or a half breed. The historical record is silent between these two alternatives, though at least one is positive that the widow of Alexander McKay was 'one fourth Cheppewa from Red River of the North.'"

"Reference is to S. A. Clarke's Oregon history volume 1, page 189. Whatever her origin may have been, she was, when John first met her, a picture of loveliness with her straight dark hair, slightly upturned eyes, and her smile was charming, but to a very limited extent, educated, for, as a girl, she had attended the convent of the Ursuline nuns in Quebec. There is a remote possibility that John's older sister, Marie Louise, was a student there at the same time, in which case the dark haired girl from the Red River country may have learned something of her future husband long years before she met him. Doubtless the heart of many a stalwart Scot had thumped in vain until she succumbed to the wiles of the bold spirited McKay toward the close of the old century."

"The name of Alexander McKay is renowned in the annals of the North West company. Among other daring feats he had accompanied the pathfinder, Alexander Mackenzie, on his overland expedition of 1789-92. Later he had joined the Astor enterprise only to be murdered by hostile Indians . . . when . . . the savages seized the ill-fated ship Tonquin and massacred all hands." (This was June 1811.) Resuming, from the Montgomery text:

"Margaret, waiting at Sault Ste. Marie with growing alarm, could scarcely have received news of her husband's tragic death before the latter part of 1811. How long she tarried before accepting Dr. John, who had been pressing his suit with vigor, is an unsolvable riddle, but we can hazard the guess that their wedding took place either late in 1811 or early in 1812. The fact that the first child, John, Jr., arrived on Aug. 18, 1812, offers our only clue to the marriage date."

(Continued on Tuesday.)

## "BEACH BEAUTY" By ARTHUR SHUMWAY

**CHAPTER XLVI**  
A bath and a few hours of rest refreshed Kay remarkably. That afternoon she was downstairs again, chic and lovely in a little dress, sports outfit, as if nothing had happened to disturb her life or the tranquil routine of this well appointed big house. She had to tell her story for everyone, of course—John, Boris Warren and Leschin—who came out from the city to see her.

That evening after dinner Harrow drew her into his study and sat down opposite her, almost knee-to-knee. "I've been waiting for you, rather important to say and she waited anxiously."

"The police are in on this job, of course, and they tell me they're going to be able to pin it on Nick Caspary," he began. "I certainly hope so."

"Isn't it dangerous now for you?" she asked.  
"Harrow smiled at her concern. 'Not any more so than usual, I imagine. And it doesn't matter as much as you think, really.' He paused, then said: 'I've my divorce at last. Got it yesterday. Fine time for taking much notice of such things, wouldn't you?'"

Kay didn't know how to answer him. She let him speak again.  
"And, Kay—this little kidnaping experience taught me something. It taught me that I'm an utter fool where women are concerned. I've known it all along, but usually I managed to hurt only myself. I'm a little wiser now. I'm going to be absolutely honest and I want you to be absolutely honest about it. You know, you owe me nothing. I'm sure I'm really going to make money on you and it wouldn't matter anyway. You owe me nothing in any way. So remember that when you answer."

Kay waited, afraid of what he might say.  
"I need to be married, Kay," he said. "It's the only way I can get prize and it's asking a lot, but I can ask you. Will you marry me? I love you; you know that. If you rather like me, I can tell. If you think it's worth a chance, let's do it. And right away, before something else comes up. We can do it in town tomorrow in the Little Church Around the Corner. Will you, Kay?"

Again the inevitable problem, the necessity for the inevitable choice. It had come to a crisis at last—Pete, Boris and Harrow. She didn't know how to begin, let alone give him a complete and definite answer at the moment.  
Kay's answer to Harrow was the only one she could give honestly. "I'm very fond of you, Earl," she said slowly, picking painfully the exact words that would convey her feeling, "and no one ever did more for me, but I couldn't honestly say I love you and that's what I know you want."

Harrow's glossy black eyebrows arched gracefully and he nodded very slightly.  
"I could marry you, yes, Earl," Kay continued, "but it wouldn't be fair. You know how things are with Pete and me. Pete also has asked me to marry him, time and again, and I've given him almost the same answer. Yet I could marry either of you, I'm sure, without stopping to think about it further and I might be perfectly happy, but it still wouldn't be fair to you. I don't know. Maybe I'm not very real, maybe not."

"Have no fear," Harrow said quietly.  
"But I can't be. I've come awfully close to eloping with Pete, awfully—and I let my own ambition rule me. I could come just as close to marrying you—and yet—you'll think I'm terrible, Earl—I've felt rather a frightening attraction to Boris Warren."

"One would imagine—a girl of your sort," Harrow observed. "That's natural."  
"Then, don't you see, Earl, it's that I just don't know myself. I've never reason for loving Pete, you see. He'd go through anything for me."  
"And already has gone through a lot," Harrow agreed.  
"That's just it. And yet do I love him or is it only our old confidant? We've known each other since we were children on the beach and, if left together in Florida, probably would have married each other in time or in some way, perhaps, so uncertain. Maybe I do love him, Earl. I can't say that I don't. And I can't say that I do really love you. Maybe I'm just too young; maybe I don't know what love is; maybe I'm shallow and silly and selfish and never will know what it is."  
Harrow slipped his arm around Kay's shoulder as he settled on the arm of his chair. "You don't have to worry about yourself, Kay," he said. "If all women tried to be as honest with themselves and with everybody else as you are it would be a better world. You don't have to tell me any more. I know exactly how you must feel. And I assure you that our relationship won't remain just as it has been. I won't annoy you at all—though I do love you very much. I'll just leave it at this: anytime you feel you could marry me conscientiously, say so and we'll do it and lose no time. Otherwise, remember, you owe me nothing, absolutely nothing."  
"You're grand, Earl."  
"No, I'm not. I'm a pretty bad case, but I can appreciate grandness and fitness in somebody else when I see it. Suppose I were to tell you that at first my intentions weren't in the least honorable."  
"You don't have to tell me," Kay reasoned softly.  
Harrow pursed his lips and studied her a moment.  
"You are a great girl, Kay. You're absolutely in a class by yourself."  
"I'm not so good," Kay admitted. "It was a game we were playing. You were gambling and so was I from the very first. Suppose I tell you that I couldn't help myself at all, but was heart with you, and I'm open, willing to take any risk—no matter what Pete or my family said—just to see if you would give me a chance to realize my ambition. Looking at it that way, perhaps my own intentions weren't so strictly honorable, either."  
Harrow leaned over and kissed her before she could say another word. He smiled, smiling, and patted her shoulder approvingly.  
"We have found something no one can take away, then, haven't we?" he said.  
"Understanding?"  
"And a mighty fine friendship."  
Kay put her hand on his. "We certainly have," she agreed, "and I'd do anything in the world not to spoil it."  
"Good girl!"  
"How this is going to work out none of us can say," Kay mused, "but I'll be perfectly fair with you. I'll be heart with you in a minute if I know that I should. But, Earl, I'm afraid . . ."  
"Afraid that it's Pete?" he asked with a faint smile.  
"And that was where they left the situation . . ."

As good friends as ever, and he no longer seemed to disapprove of Pete since the kidnaping episode.  
Spike let her in on a secret. "It's a pretty good bet that Earl's got Nick Caspary cornered," he said. "The boys have dug up enough dope on him to railroad him any day now, let alone this snafu game he tried. Unless everything falls through, the cops will have him in a day or two and he'll go over for a nice, long stay. This guy, Earl, been me. That's been his ambition for a year and his only regret is that he wasn't able to swing it practically single-handed."

At the house Kay noticed one new development that surprised her. Ida Campbell seemed suddenly to have grown cold toward Harrow. Whenever Kay saw her she seemed to be with Spike, and as only another girl could see, was playing up to him industriously. Spike seemed to be enjoying it, too. He had begun to strut and preen. And there, Kay told herself, was the reason for his concluding his gesture toward her; he had directed his efforts in another direction. Like Boris Warren, Spike Winch was honest. He knew what he wanted and he tried to get it. . . . I'm actually negotiating to grow up, Kay told herself, and I'm seeing things at last as they really are. . . .

Meanwhile, the publicity pot was boiling. One tabloid printed "A candid camera" shot of Earl and Kay dancing at a night club, the columns were buzzing with gossip about "Earl Harrow's new push with All That mink," and finally a story was released announcing that Kay Owen, the beach beauty from Florida, who had saved Harrow's life in the yacht fire, was not only the "friend" who had had the most "heart," but also a grade-A theatrical "find" and was to be the star of Harrow's next show, the latest effort of the bohemian Boris Warren.

Boris had turned over the first act of the play and Kay was studying it carefully with Ben Leschin. For the first time the fact that she was to be the star of Earl Harrow Broadway production became absolutely real to her. And it was frightening to think about. Her personal affairs, her relationship with the men in her life—none of this mattered now. The only thing that counted was to justify Harrow's faith in her, Boris Warren's, the expense, the public's expectation. Back in Daytona Beach, she knew, Keith Pitts and the other sacred words to community Players would be watching the papers and the theatrical magazines for reports of progress, and when she opened she realized only too well that she had to make good and justify Harrow's faith in her, Boris Warren's, the expense, the public's expectation. Back in Daytona Beach, she knew, Keith Pitts and the other sacred words to community Players would be watching the papers and the theatrical magazines for reports of progress, and when she opened she realized only too well that she had to make good and justify Harrow's faith in her, Boris Warren's, the expense, the public's expectation.

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"Afraid that it's Pete?" he asked with a faint smile.  
"And that was where they left the situation . . ."

Kay worked with Ben Leschin that day and the next and saw really little Harrow, but she was exceedingly busy at present holding American Legion district conferences and spreading the gospel of 100 per cent Americanism. In case commander Chamberlin cannot spare sufficient time to meet another Boss in open debate, permit a dark pirate of old fashioned Andrew Jackson and Theodore Roosevelt Americanism to suggest the names of two Portlanders as possible opponents of Mr. Ross W. Anderson. In that event either Harold J. Warner, national vice commander of the American Legion, or Chaplain John W. Beard, lock horns with Reverend Anderson on criminal syndicalism, the worthy gentleman and his cohorts will receive a much needed lesson in good citizenship.

It would be educational to say the least to hear two Presbyterian ministers, Ross W. Anderson and John W. Beard, take diametrically opposite views on this pertinent subject of whether Oregon should continue to effectively enforce her criminal syndicalism law; no one need apologize for Chaplain Beard's brand of Americanism.

Today, January 1, is an appropriate time for all patriotic, law abiding Americans to stand up and be counted. Let us resolve that no matter how busy we may be, we will do our level best to defend our state and nation from the insidious attacks of those misguided souls who, in their fanatical desire to further personal liberty would destroy the larger liberty that makes limited personal liberty possible.

There is no such thing as complete personal liberty. "The Ten Commandments" are an infringement upon personal liberty. All laws are a negation of personal liberty. The "bill of rights" of our American Constitution does not give anyone the right of unbridled free speech as some of the spouters and loud speakers of the criminal syndicalism repeal have stated.

It might be well for Americans, who believe in the principles of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland and McKinley, to spread the gospel of good Americanism as exemplified by the latter portion of the "American Creed": "I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies." Immediately following the word enemies, we suggest adding the seven words—"from within as well as from without."  
C. BEECHER SCOTT,  
McMinnville, Oregon.  
January 1, 1935.

prices for our labor or produce. Scientists and industrial engineers are always finding new ways to cheapen production, taking less labor to do the same old plan is the only way to take care of those that are displaced by machines; and keep the country prosperous. The age limit can be lowered when necessary.

**CRIMINAL SYNDICALISM**  
To the Editor:  
Note from a Monday Portland paper that J. Chamberlin, state commander of the American Legion has been challenged to a debate on criminal syndicalism by the Reverend Ross W. Anderson, president of the lately organized American Civil Liberties union.

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**UNION PICKS OFFICERS**  
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Jan. 5.—Annual election of officers for the Farmers' Union of Oregon Wednesday night resulted as follows: President, Glenn Southwick; vice-president, Ammon S. Grice; door-keeper, Guy McDowell; secretary-treasurer, Robert Adams; conductor, Frank W. Wilson; Roscoe Clarke, Victor Lynch and Ammon Grice compose the legislative committee.

Even as a man harvests from his toil of planting and reaping, so of friendly actions reap a crop of joy for the harvest season of his kingly life.

A service as perfect as human knowledge, experience and sympathetic consideration can make it.

**Friendly Thoughts**  
by G. E. TERWILLIGER

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