The 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

Member of the Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper

ADVERTISING
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 Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. $1.25; 6 Mo. $2.25; 1 year $4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or $5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy 3 cents. News Stands 5 cents.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; $5.00 a year in advance.

FRUSTRATE
"The history of mankind is little less than a narrative of designs which have failed and hopes that have been disappointed."
—Johnson

Special Messages

GOVERNOR Martin followed up his inaugural with three special messages which outlined specific ideas on which he desires legislative action. The first asked for budgetary control of all departments of government except the secretary of state, the state treasurer, the supreme and circuit courts and in addition called for consolidation of finances of special boards and commissions through the general fund, with disbursements by legislative appropriation.

The second message recommends adoption of a county unit system of schools, but gives power of veto to individual counties.

The third message recommends creation of a state planning commission, consolidating with it the state reconstruction advisory board.

Some of these recommendations are meritorious. The governor is now in general control of the budget, and it is hard to tell until the draft of the bill is printed, just what changes will be proposed. Most students of the state's affairs have urged for a long time that the funds of self-sustaining departments should be covered into the general fund on receipt and paid out by definite appropriation of the legislature. There are certain trust accounts where this is not practical, as the industrial accident commission, whose receipts and disbursements fluctuate widely. But most of the other divisions can be budgeted with reasonable accuracy. The point is that the residue be left in the general fund, and not be just a "kitty" for more generous spending by the boys in charge. With such control all the difficulty about "tithing" will be over because the residue will revert to the general fund at the end of the biennium.

The county unit plan will provoke a fight; but Gov. Martin's recommendation seems fair. The county unit plan has proven its merit, giving better schools at lower cost. When the sales tax was being debated in the senate, Senator Hazlitt argued with much force that it would not be necessary if modernized school administration were adopted. There is, however, very strong opposition in local communities. Some of this is selfish, school board members wanting to continue holding an office. But much of it is thoroughly sincere,—a desire to retain full local control of schools. The governor does not propose to force the county unit on the counties; but would give each county the right of veto, thus preserving its local autonomy in the matter.

Creating a state planning commission makes a new board to spend more money; and the result will in all probability be just a mountain of blueprints, reports and long guesses. We are in an age of "planning", and Will Rogers strikes a popular chord when he urges a "plan to end planning." The Washington brain trust has made so many grade A blunders the public is turning sour on "planning". Virtually every plan calls for spending more money, usually federal money.

We have proper respect for intelligence and for informed opinion, but no confidence at all in a brain trust which tries to impose theories from above. It is both futile and costly. In our judgment the proper method of planning is to call together from time to time competent individuals to make studies of concrete problems. The Knox liquor control committee was a good example. This group was named by Gov. Meier for the particular job of reporting a plan for liquor control on the exit of prohibition. The committee met, studied its problem thoroughly, brought in a report which was adopted, and then it dissolved. The governor already has at his command experts in many of the lines mentioned: flax, forestry, agriculture. Libraries and offices are full of surveys and reports made by previous boards and departments. Our own judgment is that a permanent state planning board would be useless and expensive; that for specific problems the governor may from time to time appoint specific survey committees; and that he himself must be the coordinator of the general program.

The legislature should approach all these proposals with respect and without partisanship. But there is no overwhelming mandate to accept as law and gospel the ideas of the new governor. The legislature is the responsible legislative body; and in passing on the proposals of the governor should act with independent judgment.

Gubernatorial Messages

BETWEEN the boasting of Governor Meier over what he had accomplished in his four-year term and the complaint of Governor Martin that Oregon has been marking time since the passing of the first generation of pioneers, and his further assertion that now "a new order has arrived", Oregon had quite a contrast in gubernatorial deliverances on Monday. Gov. Meier, it may be mentioned, had much the better of the argument. He had some specific facts to support his thesis:

State appropriations were reduced $5,450,136 in the four years, and the state deficit virtually extinguished.

Pledges as to state control of water power resources had been carried out; a new and more stringent utility regulation code enacted.

The state police system has demonstrated its worth in law enforcement.

Consolidation of agricultural boards into one department has demonstrated its merit.

Unemployment relief has been maintained with liberal federal aid, at scant cost to Oregon.

The liquor control act as outlined by his commission has proven under wise administration the best of the substitutes introduced for prohibition.

The various divisions of state government are functioning efficiently and are for the most part in healthy financial condition.

The inaugural of Governor Martin was frankly disappointing. Its thesis was that Oregon is laggard, with Washington and California taking strides ahead due to Wall street control of the railroads, which resulted in bottling up Oregon. Now the state should step out ahead with development of Bonneville and the Columbia. All of which is vague and uncertain. Little in the way of concrete suggestion was advanced, though it is evident that the governor plans to depend heavily on his brain trust to formulate a program for development.

There was however in the tone and manner of the governor a conviction, a forcefulness which indicate a strong man; and give promise that, however indefinite his address may have been, his action as governor will be positive. He served very clear notice of his purpose to maintain "law and order", and to wage relentless war against crime. This last declaration was the single utterance which drew applause as he spoke.

Hep! Hep! Hep!

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

HEMORRHOIDS IS the medical name for a painful affliction more commonly known as "piles". It is brought about by enlargement or congestion of the veins which lie beneath the mucous lining of the outer opening of the intestine. The disturbance is characterized by itching, discomfort, pain and sometimes bleeding.

Many individuals become distressed at the sight of blood. But even though the sufferers from piles sometimes experience severe bleeding, they fail to consult the doctor. Instead, many of them resort to the use of old-fashioned pile remedies. This is unwise because bleeding and pain may be the result of some disturbance other than hemorrhoids, a trouble which might prove serious if neglected.

Though this ailment is frequently found in adults, especially females, the condition is not uncommon in children who are the victims of chronic constipation. In such cases when the constipation is overcome the hemorrhoids disappear.

"Varicosities"

Some persons are especially prone to "varicosities". There is loss of that elasticity and muscle tone that should be possessed by the veins of the body. In consequence there is interference with the normal circulation of the blood. The vessel walls expand and varicose veins are observed in the skin of the legs and there may be hemorrhoids.

The trouble is often traced to faulty evacuation and chronic constipation. If these physical defects persist there is undue pressure on the walls of the rectum. This leads to irritation and swelling of the veins, with protrusion of the tissues through the rectal opening. Hard and difficult bowel movements lead to further irritation and pain. The function may be so painful that the sufferer seeks to avoid it as long as possible.

Sometimes temporary relief can be obtained by the injection of an ounce of olive oil into the rectum at bedtime. This is retained during the night and permits easy movement in the morning. It does away with undue straining and pain.

Fruit in the Diet

In severe cases removal of the enlarged veins is the only cure. This is a simple operation and need cause no alarm.

In some cases cure is possible by the injection of certain chemicals into the enlarged veins. Of course, this treatment is to be given by none other than the physician and is only resorted to in favorable cases. In the hands of a skilled physician it is a simple procedure. It causes no particular pain or discomfort

When there is a tendency to this trouble fried and greasy foods, salts, peppers, spices and condiments should be limited in quantity. The diet should be well balanced and include a liberal amount of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Regularity in evacuation is imperative. This may be accomplished by regular habit formation. Avoid the taking of drastic cathartics. If necessary enemas may be used.

Answers to Health Queries

Pep. Q.—What will relieve bloating and a feeling of fullness and distress after eating? I have been working under a strain and feel nervous and upset most of the time.

A.—Your nervous condition would be very apt to account for the digestive trouble. Eat simple food, get more rest and keep the system clear. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

† Q.—Recently I read in a magazine that bow legs could be overcome by exercising. Is this true?

A.—Operation is the only cure for bow legs

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sarah A. Judson, widow of the first white boy born on the site of Salem:

⁂

On December 30, the last day but one of the old year, 1934, Sarah A. Judson passed to her rest.

⁂

She was the widow of the first white boy and the third white child born on the site of the city of Salem, and that boy first saw the light of day in the first residence built for whites on Salem's site, the Jason Lee house, still standing, at 960 Broadway.

⁂

He was Robert Thomas Judson, whose father, Rev. L. H. Judson, came in 1840 on the Lausanne. The first white child born on the site of Salem was Maria Campbell, Oct. 25, 1841; second, Lucy A. M. Lee, Feb. 28, 1842, and the date of Robert T. Judson's birth was April 12, 1842.

Four families lived then in the Jason Lee home, the Judson family in the north half of the second floor. Jason Lee had the north half of the first floor.

⁂

The wedding of Sarah A. McBee and Robert T. Judson took place January 1, 1874, at the Leonard B. Judson home four miles above Independence, on the Marion county side. There came to bless the union four sons and three daughters, as it had been with the father and mother of Salem's first born white boy.

They are Lewis E. and Leonard Judson of Salem; Robert T. of Amity; R. F. D. (Broadmead), where the mother passed away; Geo. A. of Oretown; Anna J. French of Salem, Rt. 1, and Alice French of Salem. There are 24 grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

The funeral was held at the Leslie Methodist church, the services under the direction of Rev. J. H. McDonald, pastor.

⁂

After their wedding, Robt. T. Judson and wife began housekeeping at what is now South Summer and Judson streets, in the southeastern section of Salem.

They bought their first five acres of land there of David Leslie, from his donation land claim, Mrs. Leslie being an aunt of Mr. Judson, for $15 an acre. They later bought an adjoining 10 acres from Fabritus Smith at $35 an acre, and an acre and three-quarters from Smith at $100 an acre. That land was then all in heavy timber, and they cleared it and made it fruitful. Excepting about two and a half acres, it still is in the Judson family. Other acreage has been added.

⁂

Sarah A. McBee was born on her father's place near what became Hall's ferry, on Nov. 2, 1855. She would have reached her 80th year next November. Her parents moved from that place soon thereafter to Linn county, then bought school land north of the Thomas Jory place; now a part of the Oscar Dencer farm in the Liberty district. After that, the McBee family moved to Salem and had their home near the pioneer woolen mill on Broadway, near where the Larmer warehouse is now; thence to their last home which they owned, at the southeast corner of Trade and Church streets. Mr. McBee died there in 1884, his wife having preceded him from the same home two years before.

Mrs. Judson's father was John McBee, the youngest of seven sons. He was a captain of militia in pioneer Missouri during the Mormon troubles. He left Missouri on account of slavery.

The people of the mother of Mrs. Judson's mother had left Virginia on account of slavery and tobacco. They moved to Kentucky, and left that state on account of slavery, tobacco, whiskey and horse racing.

Mrs. Judson's father and mother met in Indiana. Later he (John McBee) married her (Sarah Matheny) in Missouri.

⁂

Four McBees, brothers, started for Oregon with the great covered wagon immigration of 1852. Two of them, Levi and Thomas, both died on the plains and Levi's wife also. That was the year when the "cholera" was the worst; 6000 died, and 50,000 got through.

Sam Matheny, a boy of 18, brother-in-law of John McBee, drove the ox team of Levi McBee the rest of the way across the plains. There were seven daughters of Levi. One of them, Barbara, married Mr. Shambraugh, a Portland capitalist, and their son became a banker there.

The widow of Thomas, with her three children, went on to Douglas county, and they became prominent southern Oregon pioneers.

Of the three brothers and two sisters who remained in the east, Elizabeth married a minister named Dickerhoof, Henry did not marry, and David married and reared a family.

⁂

John McBee started with four children. The two youngest, John and Mary, died just a month apart, both on the Snake river, of "cholera." Francis died at 16, and Geo. W. McBee, the other child, became a prominent citizen of Dallas; was county commissioner of Polk county, and held numerous places of trust. He died about two years ago, aged 86.

Three McBee children were born in Oregon, of which Sarah A., who became Mrs. Judson, was the second. The first, Elizabeth, died at 7. The third, Emma, married Selby Ireland and died in August, 1880, a year after her marriage.

⁂

When John McBee started across the plains, he put $5000 into his outfit; had 16 yoke of oxen and four wagons.

(Continued tomorrow.)

TRICK AGAIN HEAD OF CHURCH SCHOOL

ROSEDALE, Jan. 15—The Sunday school and most of the officers and teachers were reelected as follows: Superintendent, T. D. Trick; secretary, Jasmine Ladd; assistant, Ivan Burgenheimer; pianist, Esther Cammack; librarian, Mrs. William Hoffnell; superintendent of Cradle Roll, Mrs. Ellis Cannoy; beginners' class, Elsie Trick; primary, Sadie Pearson; juniors, Florence Cole; intermediate boys, Paul Cammack; intermediate girls, Helen Ross; high school class, Milo Ross; young peoples' class, Mrs. J. D. Alexander; adult classes, J. D. Alexander and W. E. Way.

Snow still covers the hills here and coasting is the order of the day. The high school Sunday school class with Milo Ross, teacher, had a coasting party near the church after school Monday.

'THE LADY DANCES'

By Marge Stanley

SYNOPSIS

Tired of the smugness and restrictions of civilization, Mark Talbot books passage on the S.S. "Orient" hoping to find the adventure he craves in travel. His brother, John, pleads in vain with him to remain home and settle down. At the dock, Mark's attention is drawn to an attractive girl who stares at him in a hostile way. Next day, Mark goes from deck to deck in search of her. He finds the girl in the steerage, the same expression of helpless rebellion against something or someone on her face. Mark learns from the captain that her name is Vanya Prokovna and that she is being deported from San Francisco to Honolulu. Mark tries to converse with her but she requests him to leave her alone. Later, Vanya becomes seasick. Mark sends her some orange juice and coffee which she returns "without" her compliments. Landing in Honolulu, Mark learns that Vanya is a professional dancer. That night, Mark joins some fellow passengers on a tour of the night clubs. He subconsciously hopes to find Vanya.

CHAPTER VI

Mark shifted impatiently in his chair; he was by far the soberest individual in the party, and this fact was not entirely due to his abstinence, for he had consumed his share of the liquid supplies of the group. It was partly due to a certain native capacity, and partly, no doubt, to his superior experience with the fiery distillates popular in post-war America.

"There ought to be some excitement along the waterfront, at that," he said suggestively. "Who's game for a fling at the sailors' hangouts?"

The phraseology caught Higgins' fancy, which at the moment was none too critical.

"Sailors' hangouts!" he exclaimed. "That's where we belong! A night in port! Shore leave!"

There was a chorus of protests. Carrie had taken the fancy of the party; the general opinion favored a renewal of the acquaintanceship after her next song. Ultimately Mark and Higgins, sticking stubbornly to their announced intentions, found themselves alone in a humid night, bound in the direction of the docks.

Even Mark's conception of the remainder of the night was hazy; he moved in a pleasant misty glow from place to place—Mariner's Rest, Sailor's Haven, Safe Harbor, and a conglomerate list of dives disguised under the name of soft-drink parlors. He watched slim Chinese girls dance, he heard dusky, sloe-eyed Eurasians sing, and brown-skinned Polynesians playing exotic stringed instruments. He drank curious drinks, at bars, at tables, or seated on woven mats. Long afterwards he retained the memory of a fantastic face made of some sort of twisted and dyed grasses, that stared at him from some smoke-darkened wall; he could never recall the particular place in which it hung.

Finally, however, he found himself with clearer mind, guiding a thoroughly disorganized Higgins along the docks toward the black hulk of the *Orient*. Dawn was breaking; back over the hills of Oahu, the sun was coming out of far-distant America, three thousand miles beyond the eastern horizon.

A small schooner, typical pearl or tradeship of the South Seas, was casting off. Mark steadied himself by staring at its top-mast against the now lightening western sky.

"There's ol' boat," said Higgins. "All right now."

"Can you get to your stateroom?" asked Mark, pausing at the gang plank.

"Sure. All right now," said his companion.

Mark watched him mount unsteadily to the deck, and waved a friendly farewell. Full daylight seemed suddenly to have flamed out on the harbor.

He turned; the schooner at the next dock was sliding silently past him, toward the western seas. He felt eyes upon him, and lifted his glance to the rail.

For a moment, Mark was speechless. He stood gathering his befuddled wits, and staring. For there, leaning on the rail, with her black hair glistening in the sunrise, stood Vanya, gazing coolly at him, and hardly twenty feet away!

Mark recovered himself enough to wave a hand in greeting, and he thought the faintest trace of a smile softened the sullen set of her mouth, but he wasn't sure. The vessel slid inevitably away. Mark cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Where bound?" he called.

Again he thought, but wasn't sure, that she shook her head faintly; otherwise she gave him no response. The schooner slid out into the harbor while Mark stood disconsolately watching from the dock. He followed it with his eyes until the figure still leaning on the starboard rail had diminished to an indistinguishable point in the glow of dawn.

How long Mark stood in the shadow of the giant *Orient*, staring out at the schooner receding into the Pacific, he hardly knew. Finally he bestirred himself.

"What's the difference?" he queried of the Pacific waves. "Suppose she *is* leaving Honolulu! Probably save me another rebuff at her hands. A few more meetings and my self-esteem would be pretty badly bent."

He turned his back upon the schooner, already in the middle distance, and walked slowly along the dock toward shore.

"She must be soured on the whole world," he thought. "My features can't be wicked enough to account for all the aversion she's favored me with."

He paced slowly on.

"Wonder why she was deported," he continued. "Shouldn't be surprised if it were some of this moral turpitude business. Dancer from the South Sea islands! Enough to condemn a girl in the eyes of the officials without much additional evidence. And I suppose she's no better than the rest. But so darned pretty!"

He passed the dock where the schooner had lain. A stevedore—white, by some mischance of the islands—lounged against a stanchion, smoking a pipe and staring out at the gulls soaring over the harbor. Mark approached him, deriding himself for doing it.

"What's the schooner?" he asked casually.

The dock-hand gave him a slow glance.

"Pearly Shene's Porpoise," he responded, and dropped into his former meditative silence.

Mark waited for further information; after a moment he realized that none was to be volunteered.

"Where bound?" he asked.

The stevedore shrugged.

"Pearly didn't say, and if he *had* said, it wouldn't mean a damn thing. Pearly's not one to talk plain."

He resumed his contemplation of the gulls.

"I wonder where the lady's bound," said Mark, driven to a direct hint.

"Y'interested?"

"Not especially!" Mark was nettled by the implication of the fellow's tone.

"Just as well, because I couldn't tell you anyway."

"He's bearing south," said Mark, squinting at the distant schooner.

"More 'n likely," rejoined the stevedore. Apparently he relented, for he continued, "Pearly's shakedown is south—a long way south."

"Fiji?" hazarded Mark hopefully.

"Further than that," replied his informant.

"Samoa?" tried Mark, wondering whether this was to develop into a guessing game.

"Nope. The Tongas. The Friendly Islands."

"The Friendly Islands!" ejaculated Mark, adding, half to himself, "What a swell place for *her!*"

"Eh?" queried the other at his inaudible mutter. "The Friendly Islands ain't as welcoming as their name."

"That makes it all right, then," said Mark.

He nodded to his informant, and departed, leaving that individual shaking his head in doubtful manner. It was not until Mark passed out of sight that he retransferred his attention to the gulls screaming and soaring in great arcs above the harbor.

Mark was more than a little disgusted with himself for his persistent all-night search for the anything-but-cordial Vanya. The quest's unexpected culmination did not add to his self-respect, and a gradually growing headache as a result of his night's libations merely capped an unpleasant climax. His mood as he returned to his hotel, was emphatically not jovial.

"A fine fool I am!" he told himself savagely. "After making the supreme effort of finally cutting myself loose, I spend most of my time pursuing a South Sea dancer, who is doubtless everything that South Sea dancers are popularly supposed to be. And why? Merely because she happens to be pretty."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently, as if that gesture could shake off the unwelcome memory of Vanya's prettiness.

"I certainly made a fool of myself," he proceeded mentally. "If I'd flashed a ten dollar bill instead of orange juice and coffee, I'd probably have found a ready welcome, seasickness or no seasickness. Coffee and orange juice! No wonder she snubbed me!"

He stalked through the lobby of the hotel, nearly deserted at that early hour, and mounted to his room, encountering there a disturbed chambermaid eyeing the unruffled bed. He shooed her impatiently out, and prepared to upset the bed's serene white coolness.

It was late afternoon when he awoke, somewhat refreshed and in much less turbulent spirits. He attired himself, and descended to consume a meal—breakfast, lunch, or dinner?—he didn't know exactly what to call it.

The hotel dining room was closed; dinner wasn't to be served for an hour. Mark found an attractive restaurant adjacent to the hotel, and entered.

Honolulu, he decided, had lost its attractiveness for him; it was high time to set sail for stranger ports, and higher adventures than this island outpost of Uncle Sam could offer. He determined to discover what ships were sailing, and to what regions; the *Orient* might have served, for Canton had a romantic ring, but that staunch vessel was gone on the mid-morning tide, while he lay sleeping.

He proceeded to the docks after his meal. Fully a dozen vessels lay snug against the wharves—both sail and steam; and the smell of tar and oil, mingled with the spicy odors of pineapple, coffee, and sugar cane, sent a thrill of anticipation through him.

His dock-hand of the morning was still on the job, still puffing his contemplative pipe. Mark put his query to him.

"Which way you want to go?" asked the stevedore, logically enough.

"I don't care," said Mark.

"Then any of 'em'll do," said the other disinterestedly.

Mark laughed in his exasperation.

"Any way except east," he amended, and then, as a thought struck him, he added, "except east and south!"

The stevedore waved his hand toward a stubby black steamer a hundred yards out in the bay.

"That tramp's bound for the Marshalls'. They're west, if west'll do you."

"Good as any," said Mark.

"That's the *Colin*," continued his companion. "She'll pick up a cargo of copra and cane."

"She'll do," said Mark.

He located the Captain, a short, energetic little man named Korff, and Yankee in spite of his name. He was more than willing to carry a passenger; Mark gathered from his string of oaths and expletives that the business of freighting was not all that might be hoped.

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1934, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

LEGISLATORS AND LIQUOR

To the editor:

An item of news recently appearing in the Statesman informs the public that, by authority of the Oregon liquor commission, the Salem dispensary will remain open an hour or so later each night to accommodate thirsty members of the state legislature. As I remember it, if the regular closing time is 10 p. m., the store will remain open until 11:30 p. m., so the boys can secure the customary nightcap before going to bed.

I have waited patiently for some one with a little more prestige than I to say something in protest, but since no one has I am going to pull the lanyard. It is certainly no compliment to the law-making personnel of this great state, that they contemplate spending their days wrestling with the tangled skein of administrative problems, and wind up the sessions with a midnight debauch. If these gentlemen must have their toddies, why can't they secure them at regulation hours along with the rest of the tipplers, without demanding a violation of precedent by extending the time?

A good many of the senators and representatives coming to Salem have brought their wives along with them. What are they going to do with the lady folk while they go down town to get a jag on?

Personally, I am of the opinion that the people of this community are entitled to a better example, and the law makers should stay away from the saloons not only before the sessions, but after also.

ALLEN O. HESS,
702 N. Church St.

300,000 SIGNERS

Editor Statesman:

I wish to congratulate the writer of a letter in your columns on the Comforts of Life he enjoys. I note that he belongs to the old school that does not exist any longer: namely, that the people elected officers to all the various positions within the gift of the people, and they used those offices or positions to promote their own interest or the interest of that smaller class who have dominated the government for the privileged few.

Through the great educational campaign now being conducted, the people are awake to the necessity of making demands on the state and national legislatures, for such enactments as are for the good of the masses of the people. That is why Mr. Mott being a servant of the people of the state of Oregon, three hundred thousand of whom have signed the petitions for the Townsend bill to be passed by congress, and over twenty-seven thousand of these people are in Marion county. These people are in earnest, in fact are determined to have national recovery. We the people want and have a right to have a buying power sufficient to create and maintain a commercial activity that will consume all unemployment, as well as care for the aged.

If the Townsend bill is passed, and it will be, the dole system can and will cease to be, for the Townsend plan distributes through the hands of the people all over the nation enough to establish complete national and state recovery, and not have to pay interest to get it.

Here is hoping your contributor may live many years longer to enjoy the glorious good things the Townsend plan will produce.

Dr. E. Davis,
201 Oregon Bldg.,
Salem, Ore.

NOT THE AUTHOR

Editor Statesman:

A letter appeared in the Safety Valve of The Statesman on January 11th, signed by a Mrs. Ed Ellis, Salem.

I wish to state that this letter was not written or signed by me; and that I knew nothing about it until after its appearance in the paper. My husband, E. H. Ellis, is a washing machine salesman and signs his name using the initials without using a given name. I always sign my name Mrs. E. H. Ellis or Mrs. Adalaide Ellis.

(Signed) ADALAIDE ELLIS,
Mrs. E. H. ELLIS,
2030 N. Commercial St., Salem.

WOMAN'S CLUB HAS REGULAR MEETING

AUBURN, Jan. 15—The Auburn Woman's club met at the home of Mrs. Carl Krehbiel Thursday afternoon. Mrs. William Fisher was joint hostess. After the regular business meeting, refreshments were served by the hostesses. Fifteen members and one visitor were present for the afternoon. The next meeting will be held at the home of the president, Mrs. Lambert Feskens, with Mrs. Verna Feskens as joint hostess.

The Dunivan family who has been living on the Richards place for the past year have moved from the community.

Members of the Patterson family are all ill with the "flu." Frank Widener, Jr. is recovering satisfactorily from an operation in a Portland hospital. It will be some time before he will be able to return to his home.

Violin Pupils Give Vesper Program at Methodist Church

MOLALLA, Jan. 15—A vesper program was presented Sunday afternoon at 3:30 at the Methodist Episcopal church by piano pupils of Mrs. S. A. Knapp and Mrs. J. H. Bowlin. The junior choir, directed by Mrs. Bowlin, also assisted. The Rev. H. H. Miles gave a short inspirational talk.

Piano selections were given by Ruth Blatchford, Virginia Overjorde, Robert Todd, Betty Lou Henrici, Betty Jean Dicken, Lenore Elkins, Ralph Kirkwood, Eunice Stuwe, May Kister, Lorene Kirkwood, Gale Blatchford, Marie O'Connor, Gene Harvey, Loren Steiner, Vera Kester, Harold Connett and Donald Connett.

MRS. GRAY TEACHING

DAYTON, Jan. 15—Mrs. Harry Gray, for a number of years teacher in the Dayton grade school, who resigned three years ago, has been employed and has started her duties, assisting in the third, fourth and seventh grades' teaching.