

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Germany and Austria

HITLER makes as one of his demands the union of Germany and Austria. In many ways this would seem a natural conjunction. Both peoples are German-speaking. The Austrians have a very different temperament, being much milder in manner than the Germans. Their religion is predominantly Catholic while the Germans are divided in their religious faiths. While Hitler himself is Austrian-born the Austrians have opposed affiliation with Hitler-led Germany. The Nazi putsch of last summer proved very weak; and the governing party in Vienna now is pro-Italian rather than pro-German.

One of the big mistakes of post-war diplomacy was France's objection to Chancellor Bruening's policy of "anschluss", customs union of Germany and Austria. True, this was the Bismarckian device which finally resulted in the formation of the German empire; but even so its approval would have been an act of statesmanship. France objected, fearing an enlarged Germany, although Bruening was cordial in his relations to France. What was the result? Hitler's strength grew as Germans resented French thwarting of their objectives; finally Bruening was ousted and now France must face a revived Germany, blindly nationalistic.

The union of Austria and Germany might solve Austria's great problem. Vienna is described as a capital without a country. Stripped of power and population Austria is now weak and impotent. If she could unite with a German republic her future might be more secure than it appears today.

Wars sow seeds of future wars. As the World War traced its origins back to the congress of Berlin in 1878, so the treaty of Versailles which imposed galling conditions on Germany proved the culture in which war germs incubated for fresh outbreak. If we have to have another war to end war, it is to be hoped the treaty may be one of peace and not one to generate renewed conflict as soon as strength is recruited.

Party Counsellor

"BILL" WHITE of Emporia, Kansas, is quoted as saying the republicans ought to get busy and do some promising for the common man, if they want to succeed in 1936. Poor advice; they can't out-promise FDR and Harry Hopkins and the new \$5,000,000,000 Santa Claus pack; and they can't out-promise Huey Long and the other wealth-distributors.

We are more inclined to agree with the political diagnosis of Frank Kent, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, who says:

"On the surface the situation seems to justify a certain Republican hope which did not exist three months ago—a hope which they could easily destroy by permitting the noisy blather about 'liberalizing' the Republican party to force it into an imitation New Deal platform and a half-and-half candidate. In that event Mr. Roosevelt's re-election would seem assured."

The republicans should stand by their party traditions of progress along sound lines in preference to alphabetical experimentation.

A Portland jury has found guilty of murder in the second degree a man who was serving as special police officer at the time. The murder was a brutal one, of a friend with whom the assassin had drunk liquor and played cards. The murderer was also exposed as a thief, having stolen goods from cars on the streets he was patrolling. Besides that he drowned the dog of his victim in the same pool with the latter's body. His imprisonment seems fit punishment for the fellow. When the officers of the law turn murderers and thieves what chance does the ordinary individual have for protection of life and property?

The Milwaukee railroad announces it will reorganize before the first of July. It went through the wringer just a few years ago and came out well fortified with cash, but the prolonged depression has gotten it down again. Only a few roads are making their operating expenses and taxes and bond interest; so there may be wholesale receiverships of roads. But that is better than loaning government money to roads which have no prospect of getting on their feet again. Coordinator Eastman urges putting all forms of transportation under regulation. That may be no solution; but railroads would do better if they were released from the hobble which now confine them: let them make competitive rates on long hauls for instance.

The procession is getting under way at the state house. April 1st will see changes in the agriculture department. New faces are appearing in the utilities department. New names are expected on important boards and commissions. Well, if Gov. Martin confines his changes to improvements in efficiency he will find room for a good many democrats. Most of the people given positions come with good reputations. The public hopes they will enhance them during their terms in office.

The Chicago Daily News suggests the republicans might adopt for their 1936 platform the major planks of the platform "upon which Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected in 1932, and which he discarded as soon as he took office as president." It would be appropriate even to the paragraphs pointing to the vast numbers of unemployed.

The Woodburn Independent believes in pitiless publicity. Some fellow there who is head over heels in debt is trying to compromise his obligations under the recent federal act. The Independent publishes a full list of his debtors; adding its own claim of \$19.00. No doubt the story will be read; but we doubt if debtor or creditors relish the broadcast.

Missouri's lower house has passed a 2 per cent sales tax. The show-me state seems to have been shown; but that will not prove anything for Oregon. Will all those who voted against the Oregon sales tax and then signed the Townsend petitions with a sock-em sales tax please raise their hands?

Berny Baruch told senators that another war would plunge the world back to the middle ages. That might not be so bad. People enjoyed life and did less worrying than they do now with radios and motorized hair clippers and permanent wave machines. And in those days they had stone places where they took care of the Huey Longs.

The Salem Ad club always does a good job on the weather for its seasonal openings. Last night was a mild spring night, about the first of the season, befitting a spring opening. Thank the Ad club for it.

A lot of money has been raised for the Hauptmann appeal; but this racket will not be nearly so profitable as the Mooney case.

Required Spring Reading!



Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. By R. J. HENDRICKS

RECENTLY ONE of these articles was devoted to cancer of the womb. I wrote it because I want everybody to know that early recognition and prompt surgical attention are likely to bring complete cure.

Today I want to tell you about "fibroids", or benign tumors, of this organ. They are often mistaken for cancer. Prompt attention is needed in this condition, too, because neglect sometimes leads to breaking down of the tissue and cancer formation. Fibroids, varying in size, shape, number and location, are very common. They may be pin-point in size or grow to be as big and the shape of a grapefruit. In an occasional case they are so numerous as to cover the entire uterus.

Fibroids sometimes develop during the period of child-bearing, and are frequently met among women who have borne many children. They are sometimes encountered in the unmarried, but rarely in young women. The degree of discomfort caused by these growths depends upon their size, number and location. If it is on the external surface of the uterus it causes very little discomfort. If the growth is within the uterus, it may interfere with the menstrual flow and cause annoyance.

Often Mistaken for Cancer
Severe bleeding, without pain or discomfort, should arouse suspicion that a fibroid is present. Since this is likewise a common sign of cancer of the womb it is often mistaken for that dreaded affliction. Fortunately, the correct diagnosis is readily made.

These tumors can be felt and readily identified. They are firm and nodular, quite different from cancer. But do not forget that neglect of these simple tumors, harmless in themselves, may lead to irritation, inflammation and something really serious. It is impossible to dissolve these tumors with medicine or by means short of operation. But, of course, operation is only advised in cases where the fibroids are large, painful or produce serious disturbances. Small ones do not require such attention. They are slow growing and may never reach a size sufficient to warrant operation procedures.

In the hands of a competent surgeon, the operation is performed with very little danger. Of course, exactly what should be done in a given case can only be determined by the doctor.

Answers to Health Queries
J. S. Q.—What would cause a profuse sweating of the hands? I am apparently well and strong and cannot account for this condition.
A.—This can usually be traced to nervousness. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Mrs. M. Q.—What is the cause of arthritis? Is it curable? Is it liable to occur more than once?
A.—Arthritis can often be traced to some underlying infection. Yes, in some instances. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Miss A. M. Q.—My skin is very sensitive. When I scratch it, large welts remain about twenty minutes.
A.—This may be due to hives, which is usually the result of some food which causes irritation. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A. S. B. Q.—Would it be wise for a patient suffering from gonorrhea to take three drops of iodine daily without consulting the doctor? I use iodized salt in cooking.
A.—Such medication should only be taken under proper medical supervision. Have your doctor advise you. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Men drivers average 34 per cent more fatal accidents than women, insurance statisticians report.

"On the Willamette, where game was plenty;" Gabriel Franchere, writing in his "Narrative" book of 1820, republished in 1854, telling of the John Jacob Astor enterprise in early Oregon, spoke in several places of the Willamette valley as a country abounding in game.

He wrote of the fact that on January 15, 1813, the Astorians under the leadership of Donald McKenzie in the upper Columbia region, having abandoned their trading establishments in that territory, arrived at the home base, Fort Astoria. They had come in to report the receipt of definite news that the war of 1812 had broken out between the United States and Great Britain.

Quoting Franchere: "Having maturely weighed our situation; after having seriously considered that being almost to a man British subjects, we were trading, notwithstanding, under the American flag; and foreseeing the improbability, or rather, to cut the matter short, the impossibility that Mr. Astor could send us further supplies or reinforcements while the war lasted, as most of the ports of the United States would inevitably be blockaded by the British; we concluded to abandon the establishment in the ensuing spring, or at the latest, in the beginning of the summer. We discontinued, from that moment, our trade with the natives, except for provisions; as well because we had no longer a large stock of (trade) goods on hand, as for the reason that we had already more furs than we could carry away overland. . . . We found ourselves very short of provisions. . . . The augmentation by the arrival of the force from the upper Columbia in the number of mouths to be fed compelled us to reduce the ration of each man to four ounces of flour and a half pound of fish each per diem; and even to send a portion of the hands to pass the rest of the winter with Messrs. Wallace and Halsey ON THE WILLAMETTE, WHERE GAME WAS PLENTY."

The regular readers of this column know where the Astor fort under Wallace and Halsey, clerks, stood—that it was on Wallace prairie, near the northern suburbs of what became Salem. They also recall that, in the early months of 1814, when there was another serious shortage of food at Fort Astoria, Franchere himself brought a party to the lower Astor fort on the Willamette—below the site of Champoeg park.

The rich Willamette valley was a refuge against starvation for the Astorians. Not rich as we vision it now, with seedtime and harvest every month of the year, with wealth of industries on the land—but rich in game. The streams were full of fish and beaver, the air filled with game birds, and the hills and valleys abounded with elk and deer.

The main resource for the men near starvation at Astoria, in the winter and early spring seasons, outside of the rich Willamette valley, was that of the sturgeon run in the Columbia. Following the above last quoted words of Franchere, he added: "Meanwhile, the sturgeon having begun to enter the river, I left, on the 13th of February (1813), to fish for them; and on the 15th sent the first boat load to the establishment, which proved a very timely succor to the men, who for several days had broken off work

from want of sufficient food. I formed a camp near Oak Point, where I continued to despatch canoe after canoe of fine fresh fish to Astoria, and Mr. McDougal sent to me thither all the men who were sick of scurvy, for the re-establishment of their health."

In early days, sturgeon were abundant in the Columbia river. This once royal fish, property by law and custom of the king, became so plentiful that our pioneer fathers and mothers did not highly appreciate it, and, later, when the transcontinental railroads were running, great quantities were shipped east, on ice—and it was called the "poor man's food." The prices were so low. It became a case of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, and sturgeon meat is scarce now, and high in price where it can be had at all.

Next Franchere wrote: "On the 20th of March (1813), Messrs. Reed and Seton, who had led a party of our men to the post on the Willamette, to assist them, returned to Astoria, with a supply of dried venison. These gentlemen spoke to us in glowing terms of the country of the Willamette, charming, and abounding in beaver, elk and deer; and informed us that Messrs. Wallace and Halsey had constructed a dwelling and trading house, on a great prairie, about 150 miles from the confluence of that river with the Columbia."

Franchere was mixed on this. John Reed, "the little Irishman," and Alfred Seton got the dried venison in question from the lower fort of the Astors on the Willamette. And the Astor fort that Wallace and Halsey erected and conducted was not that far up the river, as every reader of this column knows; about half that far. The editor of the English edition of the Wallace prairie fort: "The location of this post has not been definitely determined. McKenzie explored the river in the spring of 1812, and his name is given to a large eastern fork. The trading house which Franchere mentions would seem to have been somewhere near that affluent. Ross describes it as among the Kalapuya, Wallace and Halsey ON THE WILLAMETTE, WHERE GAME WAS PLENTY."

The editor was away off. That would have placed Wallace prairie up on the McKenzie river, beyond Eugene, or on the Coast Fork of the Willamette around Cottage Grove.)

Student Nominations Made for Woodburn

WOODBURN, March 23.—Candidates for student body officers of the high school were nominated Tuesday by a committee of students. Election will be held during the spring term. The candidates are: For president, Robert Bonney, George Racette and Russell Guis; vice-president, Muriel Beckman and Cecilia Whaley; secretary, Barbara Jensen; financial chairman, Edna Shrock; financial chairman, Teddy Landsem and Ivan Parker; nominating chairman, LeRoy Bright and Dick Whitman.

EARL TERRY FINED

SILVERTON, March 23.—Earl Terry, who was arrested Tuesday night by Officer Lloyd Kennedy, was fined \$17.50 and costs in police court, before Judge George Casler, Wednesday morning. The charges were drunk and disorderly conduct.

"MORE MONEY" By CHARLES GRANT

CHAPTER XXIII

At last Joe saw one man, followed closely by first two and then three others, slip out of the club and glide like shadows, to disappear in the sedan across the street. It was away in the same moment, slipping all but noiselessly out of the line. Then a straggle of men cut across the street towards Joe's car, and he stepped on the clutch pedal and shifted into gear promptly as Carmine, panting, dropped something heavy on the floor of the open car and slid in after it, over the door.

A single shot split the silence as they started, with the last man just making the running board. It was followed by half a dozen other reports, loud and close, and by a patrolman's piercing whistle. "For God's sake, jazz it!" Carmine hissed in his ear. "Ain't you got no pickup at all?"

The pickup was all right and Joe was as anxious as anybody to gather speed. As he neared the corner another car swung out and line just ahead of him, blocking him momentarily. More shots came from behind and the men around him were sheltering themselves as they could, firing back and cursing Joe for a slowness he could not help. He saw people crowding out of the night club. Joe's ears buzzed and hot and cold knives of fear stabbed him through the impenetrable, intolerable seconds of creeping and braking.

Then the car in front moved ahead and Joe cut around it. The light ahead of him brightened, and foot pressed heavily on the accelerator and he sidestepped a truck, narrowly avoiding collision with two cars coming across his path. A policeman hurrying around the corner sent a couple of shots after them.

The car swerved, and Carmine grabbed the wheel. "Get the kid back there!" he yelled. "He's hit—!" He jerked at Joe's legs to free them from lever and pedals, steering frantically with the other hand, until the men pulled the boy into the back of the car. Carmine slid over into the driver's seat.

He quickly turned into a quiet street and reduced his speed so they would attract little attention. It was only a question of minutes before their license number would be broadcast by police radio to all patrolmen in the five boroughs. The faster they were traveling the more likely they would invite a checkup, while luck might carry them through until there was an opportunity to change their license plates.

Carmine lit a cigarette and asked over his shoulder, "McCarthy hurt bad?" "He's bleeding buckets! He's all choked up. Can't talk no nothing. He musta stopped one of them last two balls. We ought to take him to a hospital maybe."

Carmine stopped the car for a moment and felt Joe's pulse. "He's gone," he said. "Guess we'd better take him home." Carmine decided.

The new drive directly to the McCarthy house. They parked in front of it, talking in whispers, got the boy's still warm body from the back seat where it had been propped, and laid him on the porch before his own front door and departed rapidly.

Trained in moving unobtrusively, they tried to be quiet about it, but Patrick McCarthy, wakeful, and strangely apprehensive, heard noises and went downstairs to investigate.

He opened the front door and switched on the porch light. For a moment he failed to see the prostrate body of his son, and got the impression that the porch, the little front yard beyond, were empty. Then his eyes fell on the slumped bundle of Joe's dark clothes, his upturned face, pitifully marred by blood that stained the chin and cheeks and open mouth, while brow and temples were white about the staring eyes.

"Heaven help us!" whispered Patrick McCarthy. His heart quailed, but with a great effort he held onto consciousness. He lifted a hoarse cry for his wife, for Cathleen, and

then, crossing himself, he dropped on his knees beside his dead boy.

Laura Ingram was lying relaxed on a day-bed with a facial pack covering her features when she heard her husband enter his bedroom adjoining hers.

"Oh, Jasper," she called in a curious voice, produced by inability to do more than part her lips slightly. "I'm glad you're early. You haven't forgotten we're dining with the Germans and going on to the League ball?" In a patness, you know, and so is Augusta Gorman."

"I had forgotten it. I don't feel particularly festive, but I'll be ready. Oh, by the way, my dear, here's a letter for you, came to the office."

She reached for the envelope blindly. "I'll open it when I get dressed and not exhibit the interest on about another ten minutes," she said.

She played with the four corners of the letter as she rested. This facial mask did wonders for her complexion. She ought to be looking her best, in the grey satin and old lace evening dress which was among her latest purchases. She would wear her emeralds with it, for the dress needed a touch of color. If only she could wear the infant's rubies! They would be superb against soft grey, and it was really too cruel to own such jewels and not exhibit them.

Her maid came in with the welcome news that the mask could come off. She removed it, and Laura sat up, with small fragments of the pack adhering to cheeks and brow. The chin was stung with cold cream and soft tissues to deal with these, Laura remembered her letter and indifferently opened it.

She bundled it back into its envelope with some confusion as Suzanne returned. "I shall rest while longer," she said. "Clean me up, then go. I'll ring when I want to dress."

The brief printed notice from the bank knew and seemed to her eyes had destroyed all possibility of rest. Instead of being relaxed and peaceful, she was tense and nervous. She looked at the notice again. How out of key to the urbane friendly tone of Mr. Higgins when she arranged the loan was the cold impersonal wording of this notice!

"This notice is sent to you as a matter of courtesy to serve as a reminder of the terms of your attention on or before maturity will be appreciated." Nor was the signature that of Mr. Higgins', but of someone she didn't know.

The more Laura Ingram pondered the notice, the more unequivocally it seemed to mean that the bank expected her to pay half a million dollars, plus what was surely an iniquitous amount of interest. She would have to see Mr. Higgins again, of course, and ask him what was to be done. No doubt she would see him tonight, for it was a rather gay old bachelor, and tonight's ball was one of the season's social events.

Sure enough one of the first people Laura saw was the banker. Ingram saw him too, and returned his bow across the crowded floor-space with noticeable coldness. Laura's chin was high as she greeted all the more adulations sheaped upon her.

"Why did you merely duck your chin at Mr. Higgins, Jasper? He's such a charming man."

"I suppose that's why you beamed on him the way you did, said Jasper?" "I don't know, but I did find him far from charming."

There was no time then for further discussion, and Mrs. Ingram, besieged by other guests, told herself that Jasper's little business emittance needn't affect her social friendships. Little late in the evening she caught sight of Mr. Higgins again, and with a smile, summoned him to her side.

"I wanted to speak to you about the note of mine," she began. "I got such an odd abrupt notice about it today. Won't you tell them not to send me that sort of communication? It's upsetting! And won't you change, as you promised, to have my loan go on for another two months?"

Mr. Higgins looked suddenly grave, no longer the smiling elderly playboy who had just been dancing with Millicent, nor yet the deferential and obliging banker who had been so ready to advance her half a million dollars in the first place. He spoke in a changed business-like condition of new policies and the uncertainty future. He would make no promises at all, and ended by advising Laura if she had not already done so, to bring the note to her husband's attention.

"I'm afraid it must be met," he said austere, and excused himself, leaving Mrs. Ingram now really disturbed and frightened.

"Jasper, come in here a minute," she spoke faintly when in the small hours of the next morning she reached home. "There's something I want to speak to you about. This."

She sank down on the side of her bed, motioning Suzanne, who had waited up for her as usual, into the dressing-room.

Ingram frowned in stunted incomprehension as she read the notice from the bank regarding her note. "Is this a joke? The big business world is a lot of things, but I don't think I want to speak to you about this."

"Oh, no, dear. It's because Mr. Higgins lent me this money, you see. You remember I asked you about it first, nearly two months ago. I don't know what wonderful opportunity to buy those royal Spanish rubies. I—"

"Laura, are you mad! Are you telling me that you went to Higgins for this money—my God, a cool head! A pretentious, self-seeking, involving my credit like this!"

Jasper was weary, too, and he spoke violently, as he had never before spoken to his wife. He advanced towards the bed furiously, and she, remembering the taking refuge in easy defensive sob.

"How can you speak to me like that!" she cried. "You know if I made a mistake it was quite innocent—because I'm only a woman, and I don't understand your business ways! Mr. Higgins was—so nice about it at first! And you said—in a little while you could pay a million for them, quite easily, and I should never have such a chance again in the world. Why, it took a revolution in Spain to give me this one!"

She cried a little more, after saying all she could think of to say in her own defense. Wiping her eyes presently, she saw that he was no longer looking so angry, but wore the blank expression which meant that he was thinking deeply.

"Why don't you tell me about it, Jasper?" she asked, gathering courage. "Please tell me what I ought to do."

"You? Nothing!" He laughed harshly. "Except you may have to get your precious rubies, and all your other gewgaws, too, and this house and Grandfields and everything else we have—"

"Jasper! You have ever so much more money than half a million. Don't be absurd!"

"It's this call for half a million—which must be met—coming on top of a lot of other difficulties that you couldn't possibly understand," he explained impatiently. "I'll take care of the note. You needn't bother your head about it. But never—never, under any circumstances—are you to do such a thing; it's against you, understand, and I don't want you to do more now about what you've done, because you may have to pay for it yet; you'll be the chief sufferer if all this edifice of wealth and position is pulled down about your ears, and the chances are it will be!"

Laura felt quite comfortable now about the note, since Jasper was going to take care of it. Of course a man had to be allowed to say all that he pleased about being ruined. It didn't mean a thing. That was only his way of impressing on her that she mustn't again try to get money by signing a note. She quite understood that. She was disappointed in Mr. Higgins, and would certainly ask no more favors of him.

"Still, she had the rubies. . . . What a pity it was that she hadn't had this opportunity with the League ball instead of after it. For then she could have worn the rubies—which would have looked so well with the grey satin. (To Be Continued)

Hopewell 4-H's Give Program for County Gathering

DAYTON, March 23.—A large brooder house is under construction on the Bert Stephens farm at Hopewell. Ten members of the Hopewell

NO. 73-53

Synopsis of Annual Statement of the California State Life Insurance Company of Sacramento, in the State of California, on the thirty-first day of December, 1934, made to the Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

| CAPITAL | |
|---|------------------|
| Amount of capital stock paid up | \$27,048,113. |
| INCOME | |
| Total premium income for year | \$1,157,777.29. |
| Interest, dividends and rents received during the year | \$2,157,994.47. |
| Income from other sources received during the year | \$1,545,329.97. |
| Total income | \$5,851,101.73. |
| DISBURSEMENTS | |
| Paid for losses, endorsements, annuities and surrenders value | \$5,036,487.94. |
| Dividends paid to policyholders during the year | \$84,558.56. |
| Commissions and salaries paid during the year | \$1,128,128.28. |
| Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year | \$229,201.72. |
| Amount of all other expenditures | \$61,098.05. |
| Total expenditures | \$9,129,470.55. |
| Value of real estate owned (market value) | \$6,913,576.43. |
| Value of stocks and bonds owned (market or amortized value) | \$8,423,606.26. |
| Loans on mortgages and collateral | \$11,177,727.29. |
| Premium notes and policy loans | \$1,194,450.00. |
| Loans on banks and on hand | \$200,326.85. |
| Surplus as regards policyholders and contingency reserves | \$29,050,912.31. |
| Interest and rents due and accrued | \$1,157,777.29. |
| Other assets (net) | \$41,985,785.75. |
| Total admitted assets | \$41,660,001.07. |
| Net reserves | \$37,615,337.55. |
| Other claims for losses unpaid | \$1,000,000.00. |
| All other liabilities, except capital—contingency reserves | \$29,050,912.31. |
| Total liabilities, except capital | \$38,615,337.55. |
| Capital paid up—statutory deposit | \$27,048,113. |
| Surplus over all liabilities | \$3,792,274.43. |
| Surplus as regards policyholders | \$4,592,274.43. |
| Total | \$41,660,001.07. |

BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR
Net premiums received during the year, \$11,861,026.
Losses paid during the year, \$6,071,717.
Losses incurred during the year, \$4,452,900.
Name of Company, London Guarantee and Accident Company, Ltd.
Name of U. S. Manager, J. M. Haines.
Name of Assistant Manager, H. Lloyd Jones.
Statutory resident attorney for service, John S. Coke, Portland.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesmen Readers

"PEACEFUL AMERICANS"

To the Editor:
Please permit me under your Safety Valve once just to congratulate those good people of Lane County for their action in the last Tuesday's election.

Not that I wish to throw any clubs at Mr. Merrim, but we all know that it is a common occurrence for candidates to pat the voters on the back before election and get judged by big business after.

Some folks have not yet learned that Dr. Townsend has started the greatest machine the world has ever known and for want of a better name we will just call it the common herd. However, it is common among profiteers and most politicians to call us such names as reds, radicals, Russians and sometimes jackasses, yet we are peaceful Americans who have been fleeced by war lords and this profit system. Therefore we only intend to fight our battles as they did in Lane county last Tuesday.

Those who don't want this machine to run over them should be told to get out of the way just to save their political heads. I am now past eighty, not able to work, once was a heavy tax payer, now a pauper. Give us a pension or give us Townsend.

F. P. Henry
Dallas Oregon

KORINEK TRANSFERRED

STATYON, March 23.—Dr. G. F. Korinek, who has been working for the government in California, expected to be home the last of the month. However, he was sent to Hanford, near Fresno, and does not know how long he may be there.