The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Cornelia Waves Broom

MMS. CORNELIA MARVIN PIERCE uses the suggestion of Governor Martin that she resign from the state board of higher education as an excuse for a vehement tirade against the governor. She sweeps up all the droppings from under the political roosts of the state to deposit the litter at the governor's door. She goes far beyond the issue in hand, that of her remaining on the state board of higher education, to deliver a general critique of the governor's personal attitudes and political policies. She chides him with referring to some man of their acquaintance as an "old bum"; apparently forgetful of the fact that last summer she referred to General Martin contemptuously as "the old reprobate" in private conversation.

The letter does Mrs. Pierce scant credit. The core of the subject is this: should a person who is spending the major portion of the year three thousand miles away from the state, holding an office of responsibility and emolument, continue to hold a position on the state board of higher education. The Statesman believes Mrs. Pierce should resign for the simple reason that she cannot serve effectively as a board member when she is absent from its meetings, and spending little time within the state. Her declaration of purpose to help select a chancellor by consultation with "authorities" at Washington is twaddle. The consultation needs to be chiefly with board members within the state. Surely she does not contemplate picking a brain truster from Washington to turn loose on the people of Oregon.

Mrs. Pierce's charge that the governor is trying to dominate education in Oregon is quite unfounded. He has made no move to displace other board members, has recently reappointed E. C. Sammons; and will without doubt follow the same policy he has announced with respect to other commissions: hands off, giving them full power and responsibility in the matters in their charge.

Gov. Martin should not be deterred nor disconcerted by the fulminations of Mrs. Pierce, who is patently making a play to the Mahoney-Zimmerman gallery. Her splenetic exhibition will react to strengthen the governor's stand in the matter.

Roosevelt's Rebuke

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT administered a sound spanking to gentlemen in gold braid who presume to speak for the government in matters of foreign policy. The particular occasion for his rebuke was the testimony of two brigadiers, Kilbourne and Andrews, who testified in a house committee hearing that the United States must be prepared to seize British and French islands near American shores in event of war. The president declared bluntly that if the committee printed as a public document testimony of that character he would have to forbid army men testifying. He went further to say that "this government does not in any of its plans or policies envisage a possibility of a change in the friendly relationship between the United States and any foreign country."

The president's rebuke is timely and well directed. Military men have no business giving testimony which commits the government to any definite policy in time of peace or in time of war. They are the administrators not the creators of policy. And the congressional committee shows poor judgment in publishing broadcast what was probably intended for confidential information. Every war department must study methods of meeting potential enemies; and there is nothing improper in such studies. But it causes offense to friendly powers to have such war plans disclosed.

Pres. Roosevelt should follow up his decisive note with further curb on the loose war talk around Washington and on the activities of the kriegspartei around the war and navy departments.

Capitol Location

THE premise on which Representative Victor "E-wee" Nelson starts with his proposal to remove the state capital to Portland is the report "they are considering purchasing other property upon which to build the new state house." The state board of control is considering no such thing. The citizens of Salem are not endorsing it. The general expression of opinion is favorable to rebuilding the capitol on the present site, or approximately there, on land already owned and occupied by the state, and set aside for public buildings purposes by the founder of the city, Dr. W. H. Willson, whose name is given to the park fronting the capitol. Thus the Nelson premise is false to start with.

Portland papers have expressed themselves as favorable to rebuilding the capitol here; and the leading citizens of that city are opposed to any attempt at capitol moving. Newspapers and citizens over the state are virtually unanimous in recognizing Salem as the permanent location of the capital. Gov. Martin, Treasurer Holman, Secretary of State Snell are positive in expressing their opinion as opposed to Nelson's proposal.

Finally the enormous cost of acquiring a central site in Portland and building not only the main capitol but the office and court buildings required would itself put a quietus on the idea. As the Oregonian says of such suggestions: "Such proposals have no basis in logic or sound policy to back them. It is altogether unlikely they will receive serious consideration. Nor should they."

We repeat: "Nor should they."

That the financial condition of the parents of Floyd McMullen, Willamette student and volunteer fireman who was killed by falling masonry at the state capitol fire, justify a legislative appropriation in compensation for the loss of their son is the report of the firemen who accompanied the boy's body to Hermiston for the funeral and interment. The McMullens live on a small acreage near Hermiston, but have been unable to assist Floyd in his effort to gain an education. There are a younger brother and three sisters dependent on the parents for a living. When Floyd came to school for his second year last fall he said he would just be able to get through this year. He earned money for tuition from chickens and bees and selling asparagus. He obtained a room at the fire station in return for service as call-boy. Other jobs helped him along with other expenses. He was clean in his habits and ambitious in his school work. The Marion county delegation should prepare and present to the next legislative session a bill for the relief of McMullen's parents, as compensation for his death in fighting the fire.

Queen of the May!

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Should a marker be placed at Chesquea, place of the first ferry?

Capt. Frank J. Smith has a manuscript, entitled "Champoeg and Willamette." In that manuscript, under the heading "Chesquea" is found the matter that follows:

"Chesquea was the name of an ancient village of aborigines located in Marion county, Oregon, one mile below the mouth of the Yamhill river and 42 miles by the winding Willamette from Portland.

"This site came into prominence in after years from force of circumstances and location from a geographical standpoint.

"An ideal crossing between the Chehalem and French prairies was here presented that enabled the through bound traveler to reach the open land and easy grades on the east bank of the Willamette.

"In 1826 the Hudson's Bay company constructed a rude conveyance for this crossing of the stream and maintained this service for many years, it being the first ferry that was ever operated in this valley and was widely known, in the term in use at that period, as the Chesquea traverse of 1826.

"For many years this ferry had no competitor, until, in 1855, Baptiste Deguire began operating one in the near vicinity.

"Charles Ray purchased from James Force, in 1850, the first and only mail route in Oregon Territory which ran upon wheels, viz., the route from Oregon City to Salem.

"Mr. Ray purchased considerable acreage at this ferry landing and named it Ray's Landing.

"In 1879, this river landing became a terminal of the Oregonian Railway company, a narrow gauge road that was extended from that point to Silverton and finally to Coburg.

"At Ray's Landing a bridge was started, but was never completed.

"For a long period the steamboat 'City of Salem' was used as a transfer, and this was discontinued when the Southern Pacific leased the line and soon after removed the rails that connected the river with Silverton.

"The incline and the bridge foundation on the west side of the river at Dundee are the only visible marks of previous activity.

"The hop and grain warehouses have long since succumbed to the inevitable, and tangled thickets of the maple, alder and willow screen from the view of the passer by the spot that once held bright prospects of becoming the trade center of the valley."

So ends the Smith manuscript. It would seem proper that a marker be put up at the site of the ancient Indian village of Chesquea and the eastern end of the old "traverse," the first ferry across the Willamette river.

It is thus indicated that Marion county had both the first ferry and the first bridge across the Willamette river; the bridge the first one at Salem, built in 1886. The present Salem bridge is the third one at the same spot.

There were several pioneer ferries across the Willamette, the Santiam, the Umpqua and other rivers in Oregon that helped to make up the records of historical events in the early days. The sites of a number of them should have markers to remind present and coming generations of the important history with which the localities were connected.

The early day ferryman held a quite important place in his community. He was the recipient, repository and purveyor of the news. He knew everybody and was likely to be acquainted with the business of most persons going and coming his way.

He was likely to know his river and its vagaries—how high the water was last year and the year before and for a long time back.

He was likely to be a rough hewn weather prophet and to be able to warn concerning coming flood stages threatening the lives of stock and of people in places subject to overflow in unusual seasons.

A movement for markers at the sites of a number of pioneer ferries would be appropriate and timely. And at places where cavalcades and pack trains as well as casual travelers were accustomed before the day of ferries to swim the Willamette, the Santiam and other Oregon rivers.

BAZAAR SUCCESS

DAYTON, April 30.—The Dayton Baptist Dorcas society held a very successful bazaar Saturday at the Dayton Civic club rooms.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

STAYTON, Ore.
April 26, 1935.

Editor Statesman:

I appreciate your safety valve very much. A sort of cleaning house for new ideas. Now as to the minister who stumbled, there is no use to get excited. They are just human beings like the rest of us. To make an idol out of the minister and look to him as the exemplifier of Christian living instead of to our Lord and his Apostles is confusing and misleading. Our Lord had no plums to distribute. No honors or degrees to confer, but hard character building and testing tasks. What if Paul had said: Lord, you sent me to preach the gospel and I am willing to go and do my best, but you should at least furnish me decent conveyance and a decent place to stay and preach; but if I must sneak in and out, and every time they catch me they beat, stone or imprison me I'll just resign. When he ran short of funds he did not ask for a dole or go on strike. No, he tells us he labored day and night. Here is a good mark for every Christian to shoot at, and how about a non-Christian who knows what a Christian should be and wants. Now just freshen up your mind a little on 1 Cor. 4.9-13 and compare your life with that. Although we may never be able to attain, without some relapses, yet this is a Christian's goal.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

BUILDERS OF the new Hudson river underwater vehicular tunnel now under construction will doubtless be confronted with various health problems. The building of every great tunnel is a stupendous engineering project. In addition to the purely engineering problems, many health questions arise.

Dr. Copeland

Workers engaged in such a task are subjected to many dangers. Few users of the Holland tunnel under the Hudson and other similar structures, realize the difficulties involved. Perhaps the most serious of all is the menace of "Caisson's disease", or the "bends", as it is spoken of by the workmen.

Caisson's disease may be traced to the effects upon the body of sudden changes in atmospheric pressure. In building a tunnel under water an increased pressure exists in the chambers where the digging and tunneling take place. When workmen are suddenly subjected to such pressure Caisson's disease may result.

Changes in System

Such marked variations in atmospheric pressure lead to certain changes within the system. As a result, serious alterations take place in the blood circulation and in the blood itself. The heart is subjected to heavy strain and in many instances is permanently damaged.

The victim of this disturbance complains of severe headache, earache and dizziness. He is seized with excruciating pains in the muscles and joints. The pain may be so severe as to cause collapse.

If the exposure has been for only a short time the symptoms rather quickly disappear. But in most instances they persist for several days. Sometimes the victim suffers from severe nose bleeds, abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting and difficulty in breathing and unconsciousness. Death may occur as a result of progressive paralysis.

Fortunately, provision may be made for the prevention of this disease. Men engaged in under water work pass through special chambers before they are permitted to enter the area where the pressure is so great. These chambers are equipped with mechanism which controls the air pressure.

Gradually "Decompressed"

The effect of this arrangement is that the workmen are gradually "decompressed". By this is meant that by going from one chamber to another they are slowly adjusted to the increased pressure of the tunnel. The most careful precautions are taken to avoid undue danger and the risk of permanent damage to the body.

The workmen are required to work in shifts. These periods of labor are shortened when work is done under very high air pressure. In addition, the men must report to the physician for daily check-up, particularly for examination of the heart and lungs.

When these precautions are taken Caisson's disease can be prevented. It is probable that few accidents of this sort will occur in the carrying out of the gigantic engineering enterprise to which I have referred.

Answers to Health Queries

F. J. Q.—I am a boy of 15, 5 feet 5 inches tall. What should I weigh? 2: How can I increase my weight in order to be heavy enough for a football team?

A.—You should weigh about 120 pounds—this would be about average for your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. 2: Improve your general health. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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"The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

CHAPTER XXIV

St. Gregory Valcour, the painter, had been summoned from his studio to undergo the same high-handed treatment.

"How about Roger Duane?" demanded Runkel. "He was barefooted last night. Are you going to let him get by with that? Aren't you going to cut his toe-nails?"

"Hush, idiot!" commanded June Kirkman.

"Barefooted!" said Montigny quickly. "*Mais oui!*"

"All done," announced Inspector McEniry presently. "Sorry we can't tell you why this is being done. It's a new wrinkle we scientific detectives have."

"You won't hold it against us, will you," pleaded Jimmy Kirkman solicitously, "if our records show up a bit untidy? You won't print these things in the paper, or anything?"

"We won't even hang 'em in the rogues' gallery."

"They'd be hang-nails then," said Fritz Runkel morosely.

"Is that all now, Captain?" inquired the Inspector. "Shall I send this young lady down to the Tombs now, to work on Duane and Thurber?"

"If you please." Montigny looked about gravely. "I should like to have a talk, privately, with Mr. Valcour. I am interested in art. Perhaps he will invite us to his studio to see his work."

"Please do come down," exclaimed Valcour with alacrity.

"Sell the Inspector a sunset, why don't you?" suggested Douglas Coultney.

"He'll be good if he does," growled McEniry. "Now you people can go down to see the District Attorney or anybody you wish. I hope you have luck, but I don't see how you're going to. It looks worse and worse for your friend Thurber, every step we take."

"Don't worry," admonished Marjorie Clarken sweetly. "That is, don't worry about him. Worry about yourself, Inspector."

The Inspector looked a bit perplexed as he descended to the basement with Montigny and Valcour. "Now what did the sassy little scoundrel mean by that!" he muttered.

St. Gregory Valcour told them all about Art, from the standpoint of a Genius struggling for recognition. He turned on the lights the better to exhibit his paintings, most of which were bleary watercolors.

"Rather dark—don't you find it so—for studio work?" suggested Montigny.

"Ah, yes," said Valcour dolorously, "but I simply cannot afford a lighter studio, and that's the truth. The rents they charge—really, you have no conception—atrocious!"

"But you get good prices, I dare say, when you do sell your paintings."

"Oh, yes, sometimes over a hundred dollars. The Art Mart—you know the shop, over on Eighth Street—sold one for me at that price once. They had one of my best pictures on display in their window for months — Goldfish Surrounded by Blue, I call it. By the way—" He hurried to a front window. "Yes, they've gone, too bad. Mr. Coultney has some of my best pictures up in his apartment, and I keep forgetting to get them—I left them there for some friends of his to see. But you can see them later."

"Ah, yes. Now, on another subject, Mr. Valcour—"

Montigny questioned him closely regarding events of the previous evening. Valcour told everything quite as he had told it to Sergeant Darden. He seemed very eager to help.

"You were in the front of your studio here last night, near the street windows, and you saw Mr. Glenn Thurber pass by your windows and enter this house while you were here—but you did not see him come out again?"

"No, sir. I did not."

"And you did not hear him use the public telephone in the hall upstairs?"

"No, sir."

"You think you should have been able to hear him?"

"Why, yes, sir, it seems to me I should."

Inspector McEniry interrupted with a suggestion. "Let's test it. I'll go up and phone Nobley again—I want to hurry him up. You stay in here and see if you can hear me."

McEniry put his proposal into action. Montigny and Valcour, in the front of the basement studio, heard a distinct murmur of the Inspector's tones, but could not distinguish the words.

"I certainly did not hear him last night, though," declared Valcour nervously. "Of course, he might not have talked as loud as the Inspector."

"No. We may so assume," said Montigny drily. "Have you ever been in Mr. Thurber's apartment?"

Valcour's eyes shifted. "Oh, yes. There have been parties up there—I have called on him once or twice."

"Very well, Mr. Valcour, I shall bid you good-day."

Montigny left the artist abruptly and joined McEniry in the hall upstairs.

"All set," said the Inspector. "Nobley will be around very soon with the whole outfit. In the meantime we might look around upstairs in Thurber's apartment, eh?—and later go over to Merriam's place?"

"I shall be pleased," said Montigny.

June Kirkman, who had not accompanied the others downtown, had a duplicate key to the apartment occupied by Thurber and shared by Fritz Runkel when the latter was in town.

"Fritz spends most of his time up at Woodstock, in the Catskills," June explained in answer to Montigny's questions. "At the artists' colony there."

The Canadian wanted all the information she could give him in respect to Runkel, and when she had gone back into her apartment Inspector McEniry remarked upon it:

"You seem to suspect everybody just a little, don't you, Captain?"

Montigny shrugged. "I admire the Napoleonic Code—the accused is guilty until proven innocent. In this case I accuse them all." The Captain roved about in Thurber's rooms as he talked, inspecting everything but touching nothing. "You have searched this place no doubt, Inspector?"

"Why, I told Darden to do so, when he had the chance. This fellow Runkel is staying here, and I didn't see any special reason for putting him out."

Montigny examined Glenn Thurber's telephone. "From this instrument the call was made," he mused aloud. "Captain Nobley looked for finger-prints, of course?"

"Sure. He found Thurber's and this fellow Runkel's. He's not here much, but of course he has used that phone whenever he wanted to."

"Ah, yes, of course."

Montigny jotted down the serial number on the instrument. He unscrewed the cap of the receiver, lifted off the sensitive plate, found another factory number within.

"Ah, yes, of course," he repeated absently, restoring the receiver cap. "*Alors*, let us look in the gentleman's bathroom. Perhaps we shall find there—collodion."

They found collodion, in the medicine cabinet, though it was not so labeled. It was a one ounce bottle of a preparation called Renew-skin, which was recommended for cuts and abrasions. Montigny smelled of it.

"Collodion, of course," he observed. "Ether and gun-cotton. A fairly new bottle—and already half gone."

McEniry examined it grimly. "It begins to look like you're right," he observed. "And I'm right—I've been right, all along."

"Let us mount then to the roof. Shall we?" suggested Montigny.

"Yes, and I'll take this bottle along with me."

Montigny found nothing on the roof, nor did he seem to expect a specific find. He was more interested in peering over the rear parapets of the row of old residences comprising the block.

"Odd, isn't it," he observed irrelevantly to McEniry, "that in an age when individualism supposedly was paramount—the good old 'free' Victorian days—they seemed to strive to build all residences exactly alike? These splendid homes are as much alike as packing cases. Yet today, when we grumble of being standardized, mechanized, cast in a mold—why, every person builds a home as much unlike his neighbor's as possible."

"Yeah?" grunted McEniry, fretting a bit. "I never thought of it that way. Don't see anything new, do you, Captain?"

Montigny measured distances with his eye. He stood behind chimneys and peered forth at the side, he crouched behind parapets. He stopped on the roof of Two-Sixty, the house in which Price Merriam lived, and peered over at the rear.

"The cord, I observe, has been cut off," he commented. "Only a small piece left dangling at the shutter hook."

"Yes, they had to have a piece of the cord so they could trace it," said McEniry, "and I told them not to cut the other end—it shows where something was tied to it. The rest of it is inside. Merriam is at a hotel, and we have a man on post there. We could go down through the trap here, if you like."

The skylight trap door was latched fast from within, but an interval of rapping on the reinforced glass presently got a rise out of it. The head and shoulders of a policeman, pistol in hand, appeared in the aperture.

"What the—oh, it's you, Inspector! Want to come down? Just a minute, sir."

McEniry laughed. "Didn't mean to throw a scare into you."

"It's been so infernal quiet in this house," said the policeman. "I haven't heard a pin drop for hours."

Montigny went at once to the rear window of Merriam's apartment near which the long cord had been suspended. The severed line still lay carelessly coiled on the floor where Darden had left it.

"With your permission, Inspector, I shall unhook the end of the small remaining piece of cord," said Montigny.

"Go to it. No finger-prints to spoil on that."

Montigny leaned out and carefully detached the dangling piece without untying the knot. "The thought occurred to me on the roof," he said, "that some one lassoed the hook, possibly from above. You see—a simple slip-knot, Inspector."

"You're not going to tell me a landsman did it," said McEniry with a grin, "because it is not a sailor's knot?"

"It is certainly not that. It is an elementary slip-knot, which no sailor or cowboy would be proud of. But the point I wish to make is, Inspector, that if anyone making the cord fast from this window, standing within the apartment, had intended for it to support at the other end a bag containing eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of valuables, he would not have tied a simple slip-knot. Now, would he?" Montigny slipped out the knot with a very slight tug.

(To Be Continued)

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Now while this picture is still fresh in your mind, particularly you D. D's who love to stand stout in your religious regalia, just imagine our Lord and his Apostles in one group: and Anas and Ciaphas with those who demanded the crucifixion of our Lord; persecuted and slew the Apostles in another group, and yourselves passing by looking for your like. Which group would you resemble most, in your trappings, carriage and conduct? It has ever been the mark of an Apostate church or people to persecute and abuse rather than teach by example since the days of Cain and Abel.

A. P. KIRSCH.

OPPOSES SCARCITY PROGRAM

West Stayton, Oregon,
April 29, 1935.

To the Editor:

Some weeks ago a news item appeared in the Salem papers stating that I had been appointed one of a committee on the tomato and melon code authority for the West Stayton district.

It is true that I did receive the appointment, but I have not served and do not INTEND to serve on that committee. I am utterly opposed to the program of reduction and destruction of food supplies fostered by the national agriculture adjustment act, also its counterpart in the agricultural adjustment act in this state.

Statistics published by the U. S. department of agriculture show that even in the so-called good times of 1929 we were under producing to a very large extent food commodities except a few items with a heavy content of starch. Other food such as leafy green vegetables, fruit, milk and milk products were not produced sufficiently to furnish the average American family with the "liberal diet" as set up by the aforesaid department. Our rate of production at present without any further reduction is far below that necessary to supply food to the average family as set forth as the "minimum diet" also compiled by the department of agriculture.

The program of crop reduction now literally being forced on the American farmer by withholding of relief, credits, etc., can not but lead to a lower standard of living to the toiling farmers and the workers in the cities.

Yours,
O. E. SNIDER.

MRS. WEIR VISITS

SILVER FALLS, April 30.—Mrs. James Weir of Portland was a weekend guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Schulthess visiting her husband, who is now employed as timber cruiser on the recreational watershed project.

"WHAT shrubs," comes the question, "should be pruned now, or this spring?"

There are several shrubs that should be pruned as soon as they are through blooming and at no other time, if flowers next year are desired. Then there are a few shrubs, like the Oregon grape, which can be pruned a little after blooming, and a little more when the berries are ready to come off. Others in this group include the elders (and have you ever noticed how colorful the red-berried elders are in fruiting season?) and the contoneaster, which should not be pruned more than is necessary to remove old wood.

Prune After Blooms

Among the shrubs that should be pruned immediately after flowering are forsythia, Japanese quince, spiraea thunbergi, S. prunefolia, S. Vanhouttei, S. henryi. The spiraea Anthony Waterer should be pruned only sufficient to remove the flower heads as they finish blooming.

"Can S. thunbergi really be grown from seed?" is another question reaching me this week. I have never tried this experiment, but I am told that this spiraea grows easily from seed. The seed ripens very rapidly after flowering, in late April or May usually, and should be planted at once. I have always propagated my spiraeas from cuttings and they have done very well. The soft wood cuttings may be taken in late spring or during the summer. You may take cuttings in early spring before the buds burst. Some varieties do best if hardwood cuttings are taken in autumn.

Propagating Quince

Japanese quince may be propagated by means of root cuttings and this may be done now. Japanese Quince sucker freely and if these suckers are cut loose and planted they grow without much difficulty. The quince is not particular as to soil conditions and you will find it growing in old neglected yards much as you do the lilac. However, if the quince is taken care of you will find it improves greatly. The disease on the quince which one of my correspondents describes, I take to be San Jose scale. In answer to her question, I'll say all Japanese quinces are not affected although they are all subject to this disease. Gardeners should spray their quince bushes with a lime sulphur or bordeaux mixture while the bushes are still dormant.

Daphne may be propagated by either cuttings or by layering. In layering make an incision on the lower part of a drooping branch or one that grows low, and cover the branch with about three inches of soil. This should be packed down firmly and some peat moss placed over it. Do not cut it away from the big bush until next spring.

In answer to the request for the names of one or two good red and pink gladioli, I'll mention the following, red—Dr. F. E. Bennett and Crimson Glow; pink — Los Angeles, Giant Nymph, Dr. William Phipps and Evelyn Kirkland.

Nearly 100 Acres Of Strawberries Planted, 'Howell

NORTH HOWELL, April 30—Drying winds the past few days have speeded up farm operations to a great extent in order to conserve the moisture deposited by the rains early in the week. Tractors are busy harrowing the plowed surfaces for spring grain planting, last year's strawberry fields are being cultivated, and nearly every grower is adding more acres to his Etterburgs.

Roughly estimated, over 100 acres of additional Etterburg strawberries are being planted this spring.

AT C. E. MEET

DAYTON, April 30.—Rev. F. E. Fisher, Rev. Arthur Stanley, Edgar Hole, Llewellyn Nuttbrock, Cloyce Burnsides, Ray Albright and Elton Fishback of Dayton, Mrs. Ross Rogers, Arthur and Delmar Stoutenburg of Fairview, Misses Winifred Bartruff and Marceille Macy of Unionvale, attended the state convention of the Christian Endeavor.