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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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This Looks Interesting

WITH Senator Borah going through the gestures of a candidate for the presidency, popular interest in the 1936 competition will perk up at once. Borah alone of the republicans mentioned, except Herbert Hoover, is a national figure of consequence. Most of the others have acquired some color by virtue of having their names attached to presidential booms; but Borah brings prestige already acquired in long years of senatorial service and campaigning on public questions. When as seasoned a politician as Ralph E. Williams, Oregon's republican national committeeman, gives out interviews indicating a drift to Borah, then it is safe to conclude Borah will be a real factor.

Ordinarily Borah would be counted out. He is too independent to have much of a personal following from any element in the party. He is an inflationist, a free silverite and a bonus-payer, which runs counter to the ideas of most of the party traditionists. On the other hand he is a strong constitutionalist and foe of much of the alphabetical experimentation of the present administration. Borah belongs in the column "too late (or too hard) to classify". But what makes the Borah candidacy more formidable is the possibility of his gaining backing of Townsend supporters.

Borah has not committed himself on the Townsend plan. It is reported that he introduced Dr. Townsend at the Boise meeting. Other candidates, Landon of Kansas and Knox of Illinois, have expressed themselves in frank opposition to the plan. If Borah should endorse the plan or acquiesce in support from that quarter he will have a bloc of supporters already organized.

Nineteen hundred thirty-six is going to be a stirring campaign year, make no mistake. The democrats are going to labor to retain their power; and insofar as Farley and Emil Hurja can do it they will trace every federal check for a vote whether reliefer, jobholder, or supplier of material. Nineteen hundred thirty-four will seem little consequence in comparison. On the other hand the disaffected elements will muster against Roosevelt. The correct republican position, it would seem, is conservative as against Roosevelt's easy spending, distorted finances, and unorganized program. But Borah may endeavor to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt, which would be bitter medicine for republican conservatives.

Strengthening Justice

OREGON district attorneys favor changing the law so as to permit introduction as evidence of pictures of persons murdered. It is a reasonable modification, in the interest of justice. Pictures are the modern method of recording history. Movies are now used to determine winners in races. Where there is a question the pictures are re-run, slow motion. In the recent trial in Portland for the murder of a deputy sheriff the death mask of the victim was ruled out. It showed the bullet entered from behind, which would go to prove the killer did not fire in self-defense. In that case the defendant got off with manslaughter, a notorious miscarriage of justice.

It is not sufficient to make more efficient police forces if the courts bungle after the detectives bring in the guilty. This fall-down of justice goes beyond the mere difficulties due to technicalities that operate for the benefit of the accused. They reach to the juries who are sometimes craven or too sympathetic or too ignorant to appraise evidence. A recent Portland jury let off two young men who confessed they were guilty of criminal assault on a girl. In contrast with these jury deficiencies is the case of the jury at Port Orchard which found Leo Hall guilty of the mass murders near Bremerton and directed that the death penalty be imposed.

Frank C. Walker has done the disappearing act in Washington again. He's FDR's favorite in the illusion business. He pops in to "coordinate" the new deal machinery; then after a few months in which no one sees any less friction in the bearings, he pops out. Gossip is that he has popped out this time to pop back soon as successor to Jim Farley in the postoffice. Farley, it seems, is finding out he will not be able to reelect FDR with one hand tied behind his back; though if it were loose in the postoffice it might help.

Trial by a jury of one's peers is an old phrase in the law. In England it means an accused may be tried by commoners if a commoner himself, or by the house of peers if a peer. Charged with manslaughter in an auto accident case, Edward Southwell Russell, Lord de Clifford, is demanding trial by his "peers"; and getting it,—the first trial in the house of lords for a long time; and perhaps the last for it will cost about $20,000 and Britishers are thinking of ending the old rule.

B. F. Irvine, editor of the Portland Journal, is "guest conductor" of a special column in Editor and Publisher, the newsorgan for newspaper workers. In it he sets down the instructions given him by C. S. Jackson, now deceased, who was founder and publisher of the Journal: "Always put the public interest above any private interest, even above the private interest of the proprietor of The Journal." It's a good resolution; and one that Editor Irvine has followed with fidelity.

The newsphoto which won first place for "spot" pictures in a New York exhibition was one which showed a city street scene with an automobile turned on its side, a figure prostrate on the sidewalk and in the doorway a man standing grief-stricken. He had been attracted to the scene by the crowd; and found it was his wife who lay dead on the walk. There indeed was compressed tragedy from real life.

President Roosevelt took a dig in his Atlanta speech at some of his opponents, referring to them as well-fed and members of well-stocked clubs. Papers this week contain pictures of the inside of the White House refrigerator, showing pheasant, quail and duck. From California he is getting a 100-lb. cake; so the sleek clubmen appear to have nothing over the president when it comes to victuals.

The Medford Mail-Tribune is the first this year to reprint the famous New York Sun "letter to Virginia" proclaiming faith in Santa Claus. Virginia herself, grown and a mother herself, is quoted as not being so sure about Santa Claus after all. Perhaps her loss of faith is because she has to meet Santa's bills now.

Hollywood is having quite a stir over the mysterious death of a blonde actress. She died with alcohol and carbon monoxide in her brain, which of course is a bad blend for any one; though a serious thought would have been as quickly fatal to a blonde actress.

Signs are that the acid test in 1936 will be "Are you for the Townsend plan?" It is expected to work just as well as "free electricity without cost to the taxpayers" did in 1930; and to produce about the same results.

Score one against this column in which the term "self-suicide" was used Friday. Rather hard to have any other kind of suicide than self-imposed.

Portland will remain an ox-cart town. The city council turned down plans for building two arterial ways through the west side. With our log-cabin we can sympathize with the town down the river.

From the amount of whiskey advertising and promotion it seems the popular Christmas carol this year will be "Comin' through the Rye".

A letter came to a reporter labeled "This is not a Christmas card." Clever idea, to make sure it would be opened.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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But One is Just Playing

Washington, Dec. 20.

VIEWED from the practical angle the republican situation seems simple enough and can be briefly stated. The party has two outstanding personalities — Mr. Hoover and Senator Borah — neither of whom, it is held, can be nominated, and neither of whom if nominated would be supported by the friends of the other.

Frank R. Kent

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CONCEDING the necessity for unity, the obvious republican problem is to nominate a candidate whom both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Borah can strongly support, standing him upon a platform to which they both can subscribe. These are the only two republicans with a real personal following. Mr. Hoover's, it is true, is very much larger than Mr. Borah's, but the Borah following does exist. In regard to personal strength they are in a class by themselves. Most observers believe with with a Hoover-Borah supported ticket, Mr. Roosevelt, against whom the tide is clearly running now, can be beaten easily; with either disaffected, the Roosevelt chances are enhanced.

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IF, for different reasons, they share the widely held conviction that the issues involved transcend in importance party or personal considerations and that the Roosevelt reelection would be a national disaster—if they share that belief, then it does seem to put things pretty squarely up to them. There may be other ways by which the republicans can win besides getting Mr. Hoover and Mr. Borah united in support of the ticket, but that seems the surest and most logical way. The more thoughtful republicans in Washington are in accord about that. How then, they asked themselves, is the necessary formula for achieving unity to be found?

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IT is agreed that getting them in a room together is not the way. They too sincerely dislike each other for that. Nor is it likely it could be done by second-hand negotiation by mutual friends. The fact is there is no way unless both are sufficiently concerned about the new deal defeat to rise above every small feeling, sacrifice the desire to dominate and shelve his pet ideas, preferences and perjudices. That Mr. Hoover is capable of doing this is the belief of his friends. There is more doubt about Mr. Borah. The reason is that Mr. Hoover is much more serious in his conviction that the new deal is a national menace and the country cannot stand four more years of it.

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MR. BORAH, on the other hand, has supported some of the more questionable new deal measures (the potato-control bill for one), is in no position to get indignant over either currency tinkering or extravagance, and in general, has become deeply in earnest only over the suspension of the anti-trust laws and the monopolistic tendency. The fact is Mr. Borah appears rather devoid of flaming convictions about the new deal. He has been almost solicitously tender toward Mr. Roosevelt personally, has not seemed greatly outraged over the contempt with which the constitution is treated, the terrific waste of the people's money or the concentration of legislative power in the hands of individuals. In brief, he has contributed little toward the indictment of this administration. The real indictment is made by Mr. Hoover. The Borah guns are not leveled at a target. He has been firing in the air. There is also the suspicion that the Borah presidential boom is promoted for publicity purposes and to permit of a convention dramatization that will help insure his reelection to the senate in Idaho.

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CONCEDING ALL this, it still is true that Senator Borah has real power to harm or help. His support counts second only to that of Mr. Hoover. If Mr. Borah is vigorously for the ticket he can be of great help. If he sulks as in 1932 or takes to the woods as in 1912, or finds some point to use as an alibi for dissent, he can do a lot of harm. It is possible to win without him, but it would help the republicans very much in the west to have him on the stump. The strength of Mr. Hoover's conviction, it is held, is sufficient to insure him doing everything he can for any candidate not obviously bad. There is no surety that Mr. Borah is sufficiently concerned to cooperate toward finding the formula, and there is no way of gauging the strength of his feeling. The basic fact about Senator Borah is that he is not fighting a battle—he is playing a game.

Holland Royalty to Have Furniture Off Aurora Walnut Tree

AURORA, Dec. 20 — The huge walnut tree on the Charles Kraxberger place, planted by Kraxberger 42 years ago, has been shipped, almost bodily, to Holland, where it will be manufactured into furniture for the royal family.

Because the part of the trunk next to the root contains some of the most valuable wood for furniture purposes, the old walnut was taken up root and all, and shipped this way except that some of the top and the branches were removed.

The tree weighed nearly three tons and brought $10 per ton.

Christmas Greetings From Tokyo!

"WIFE IN CUSTODY" by BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXXIII

Helen was just leaving the Terhunes when Dirk came in.

"I'm just leaving, Dirk."

"Oh, what a shame. I've come in for some tea. Do stay, Helen, then we can go uptown together."

"Mother Terhune, I might as well move in; this is the second time I've been here this week, Dirk, and it's only Wednesday."

"We love having you."

"I bet you do, mother. Helen is like a breath of pure, wholesome air."

Helen looked at him compassionately. He seemed thinner than she had ever seen him and his face was worn and lined.

As if by one accord they started to walk uptown instead of taking a taxi as was his wont. It was already dusk of a dreary late December afternoon.

"What is it, Dirk? You always help me. I've just won a hard-earned victory on the subject of child-rearing. I'm in a victorious, triumphant mood. They say such a mood is contagious. Perhaps now I can help you. Please let me try."

"Helen, have you ever seen a man who clutched at a star and when he reached it down discovered it was only a piece of tinfoil wrapped around a stick of wood and kept suspended in mid-air by wire?"

"I don't quite understand, Dirk."

He laughed bitterly. "I thought my son, a boy of my own, would fill the void in my life. But he's not my son at all. He's Irene's scientific experiment. He's all Irene's. He's a triumph of science over love. Irene has a magnificent mind, an astonishing mind, although it wasn't her mind that I fell in love with." He smiled wryly. "Love. Yes, I was in love with Irene. There are many species of love, Nellie, just as there are species of trees; there is romantic love—that's what you had; and materialistic love—that's Irene; and passionate love—that's what I had; and mother love and platonic love. . . . I'm so depressed, Nellie, that sometimes I almost feel as if I can't bear it."

She pressed his arm. "But why, Dirk? After Irene is over the experimenting stage with Wells, you'll have a son. He'll be such a comfort to you, Dirk, a son of your own!" she pleaded. "You'll be so proud and so thrilled, Dirk."

He patted her hand. "Let's get a taxi; it's getting late. You're a darling, Helen. The only pity is I'm not easy to cure. My symptoms are too vague, too nebulous; and cures for a sick soul are not so easily found as for a sort throat.

He dropped her off first. Seeing him slumped in his seat, grim and pale in the street light, wrung her heart so that she nearly wept.

"Be brave, Dirk. I need you. I need your strength and help. Don't cave in now, Dirk! You are so big and fine. You are the first and only dyed-in-the-wool gentleman I ever met in my life. Find something else to take their place. Oh, Dirk, go back to the tuberculosis association. Do something you really want to do!"

He smiled. "Don't worry about me, Nell. Everything will blow over, of course. Let's forget it. Let's blame it on this miserable day. No, it isn't a question now of one job or another, or even of the boy. Never mind. Run in now. You'll get cold standing here and don't worry about me. I'll be all right. Good night, Nellie."

"Good night, Dirk. Try a good stiff drink."

He laughed wryly. "I will. Good night."

Helen shivered as she hung up her hat and coat in the closet. The foyer was pleasantly warm and she stood gratefully against the radiator to warm her back.

"Is that you, Mrs. Riley?"

"Yes, Fredericks, what is it?"

"I'm here in the nursery, Grace isn't well."

Helen felt herself grow icy cold. "What is it?" She was beside the crib.

Miss Fredericks looked worried. "I took her temperature. It's one hundred two and a half. I've sent for Dr. Morgan. He'll be right up."

The bell rang at this moment and Mamie left the kitchen to admit the doctor.

"This is the first time she's ever been sick, Dr. Morgan. It's the very first cold she's ever had in her life."

"It's nothing to worry about Mrs. Riley. She's really an exceptional baby. It's nothing more probably than a winter cold. They're always more susceptible when they're cutting back teeth."

"But we've never had any trouble with the other teeth."

"That's because you're an exceptionally able mother. The weather is against you now, though. This New York dampness is hard on everyone. Let me see."

He examined the baby carefully. "Is it anything serious, doctor?"

"Are you the kind of a mother who isn't satisfied unless it's the worst?"

"Oh, no," Helen laughed a little, "but I'm quite anxious."

"Then don't worry. It's only a little chest cold. Be careful, of course, that it doesn't make headway. Rub her chest with the medicine I'm prescribing—a harmless camphor oil compound. Light diet; liquid; orange juice, milk—nothing else until the fever abates. I'm prescribing a cough medicine that you may give her every three hours. It's not a dope. I do not approve of doping young children. In a few days your baby will be as good as ever." He smiled cheerfully as he packed his bag.

"I feel better already, doctor."

"That's fine. I think it's as important at times to relieve the mother as to cure the baby. I can drive your nurse to the drug store. I'm passing that way."

"Thanks so much, Dr. Morgan."

Fredericks came back in a few minutes and silently Helen helped the nurse make the child comfortable for the night. Gracie was just falling asleep when Helen heard Walter's key in the lock.

She tiptoed into the foyer to meet him. He looked tired and harassed and Helen could see by his brow that he had had a bad day. He shook the raindrops from his shoulder and shivered.

"Whew, what a night." His face brightened as Helen put her lips up to be kissed.

"Hello, darling."

"What's the matter, Helen, you look white."

"Nonsense. Come and have dinner. You must be cold and starved, dear."

"Something's wrong. Baby all right?"

"Walter, dear, everything's all right now. Gracie has a cold. The doctor's been here and now she's sleeping like an angel."

He stiffened. Without a word he stalked into the nursery, Helen at his heels.

Miss Fredericks was adjusting the ventilator.

"Sh . . . She's just fallen asleep."

Walter looked down at the baby. His face was ashen. "Whom did you call?"

"Dr. Morgan. He's a fine doctor. I like him a lot."

"How do you know he's a fine doctor?" Walter asked through clenched teeth.

"He examined Gracie thoroughly and said she was a fine specimen. He prescribed medicine and a chest rub. See, she's breathing nicely."

"Nicely? Listen to that cough!"

"Sh . . ." Miss Fredericks warned.

Walter stalked into the living room. "Why didn't you call a specialist?" he stormed. Helen watched the veins stand out in his throat. She felt herself grow hot with resentment.

"Because the child only has a cold."

"How do you know?" he rasped harshly. "If you had had the child under the care of a specialist as Irene suggested a long time ago, she wouldn't be sick now."

"Walter, don't shout at me like that. You're tired and upset. Dr. Morgan is a good, sensible, common-sense doctor. He's honest. If it were anything serious he'd tell me so. Don't upset yourself, dear, over nothing."

"Nothing!" he raged. "How does he know it isn't diphtheria or some other disease? He's not a baby doctor. I insist that you call a specialist this instant."

She had never seen him in such a fury before and she was frightened.

"Very well." She picked up the telephone book with trembling hands. Her eyes were blurred with tears. She couldn't think of the specialist's name. She pressed her fingers to her eyes.

"Well!" he demanded.

"I can't think of his name," she said miserably.

"Well, then, for God's sake, call up Irene," Walter shouted. "Why are you sitting there like a ninny? You're so set against my family that you would sacrifice your own child rather than let them co-operate with you."

Helen, very white now and calm, grimly called Irene's number.

"Irene, Gracie is sick. Will you please give me the name of your baby specialist?"

Walter could hear Irene's voice in the room; could actually hear her triumphant tone.

"You see, my dear Helen, this is the result of your obstinacy. I don't like to gloat, my dear, but permit me one 'I told you so!' You may not be able to get the doctor. He is extremely busy. You know you just can't call him just for instance."

"What is his name?"

"Dr. Asche. I'll call him. He may not come for you. But he will for my niece. I'll call you back." She rung off.

"Irene will call him," Helen said in the same quiet voice.

"You see, when there is trouble there is no one like my sisters. They'll stick through thick and thin. This just proves it."

Helen's face was a white mask. She said no word.

Walter opened his lips to speak but something in her rigid attitude restrained him. He contented himself with pacing up and down the living room. The phone rang.

"Yes," Helen said.

"I'm coming right over with Dr. Asche," Irene snapped and hung up the receiver.

"What'd she say?"

"She's coming with the doctor."

Walter resumed his pacing. Helen sat without moving, her eyes unseeing, her hands clenched in her lap.

Walter looked at her uneasily but said nothing. The only sound was the beat of the rain against the window panes and the ticking of the clock on the mantel.

"What a night," Walter muttered. Helen never moved.

Maimie stuck her head in. She sensed the strained situation.

"Supper?"

"Later," Walter answered.

(To Be Continued)

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Cantata Will Be Given At Molalla Methodist Church Sunday Morning

MOLALLA, Dec. 20—A Christmas cantata, "The Coming of the Christ," will be presented during the morning church hour Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal church. Sunday school classes meeting at 10 a.m., will study the Christmas story. The second Christmas service of the day will be given Sunday evening at the same church.

The program for this service includes a reading of the Scripture lesson, Betty Jane Taylor; song, "Luther's Cradle Song," first and second grade pupils; an exercise by the beginners; "The Christmas Light," third grade pupils; reading, Glenn Olsen; duet, Dolores and Darlene Lindland; story, "Christmas Helpers," the C. I. C. class; short play, "The Manger in Bethlehem," junior boys and girls, and a one-act play, "The Christmas Guest," by the young people. This pogram will begin at 7:30 p.m.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN PRINT somewhere you may have seen the word "allergy". This is defined as a condition of "exaggerated sensitiveness" to certain substances.

Just what does this mean?

There is an old saying that "what is one man's food is another man's poison". It is not at all unusual to run into a person who suffers unpleasantly from eating this, that or the other food, perfectly safe for the average man to take. These symptoms indicate an allergy to that food.

The offending substance is usually in the diet, but it may in some way be associated with the daily surroundings or contacts of the individual. Sometimes they are brought to the sufferer if he breathes contaminated air. The same substances are harmless to the average person.

Asthma has been known for centuries, but it is only within recent years that relief and in many cases, complete cure have been made possible. This happy state of affairs has been materially promoted by our better understanding of the part allergy plays in many cases of this affliction.

Victims Are Allergic

A great many victims of asthma are allergic, that is, they suffer the effects of allergy. Those who have hay fever, eczema and certain other disturbances are unfortunate in that they possess undue sensitivity to one substance or another.

It will be readily seen that relief is possible only when the offending substance is detected and removed from the routine of the sufferer. This is accomplished by the process of elimination after a careful study of all the food substances consumed. One after another, the effect of each food is studied. The patient is carefully observed for any unpleasant reaction. This procedure is tedious and must be prolonged over a considerable length of time, but it is essential to the discovery of the offending material.

Since most of the allergic substances are among those foods known as proteins, it is possible to locate the evil one by the use of what are called "skin tests". Extracts of many proteins have been made and by injecting into the skin a tiny quantity of each, the nature of the reaction will quickly determine the offending substance.

Locate Infections

Once this is found and eliminated from the diet or if it is something that reaches the victim from his environment and can be gotten rid of, relief is soon obtained. In some cases great relief follows the use of a vaccine made from the offending substance.

In every case of asthma the sufferer should be given a complete physical examination. All centers of infection, like diseased tonsils, nasal sinuses, adenoids, appendix and gall bladder, require medical care if permanent relief is to be expected.

Do not be misled by the old-fashioned belief that asthma is an incurable disease. You see it need not be. Bear in mind, too, that prolonged attacks of asthma are weakening and dangerous. Since there is every hope of relief, go forward in the determination to get rid of the disease.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. All inquiries should be addressed to him in care of this newspaper.

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Twenty Years Ago

December 21, 1912

British troops have been withdrawn from most of the Dardanelles territory.

The Salem Commercial club has discontinued its noon lunches.

The Cherrians will light the fir tree on the courthouse lawn again this year.

Ten Years Ago

December 21, 1925

New York—Reports were current tonight that Henry Ford, who recently entered the airplane manufacturing field, is to back a trans-polar non-stop airplane flight.

Washington, D. C.—A charge of "bad faith" was made against Great Britain today as the House ordered an investigation of alleged manipulation of crude rubber prices by the English colonial governments.

Goode in Hospital

STAYTON, Dec. 20 — Don Goode suffered a severe heart attack at his home here Wednesday afternoon and was removed in an ambulance to the Deaconess hospital at Salem. Following the attack he was unable to use his arms or limbs. Word from the hospital states that his condition in this respect had improved. He has never fully recovered from an attack of tetanus he suffered last fall.

Volunteers Form Fire Department In Gervais Area

GERVAIS, Dec. 20 — A group of the younger men held a meeting Wednesday night and organized a volunteer fire department. Homer Morgan is fire chief with Ray Carmichael and Earl Dunn assistant chiefs.

The department intends to form a basketball team and plans to hold a dance in the near future.

The next meeting will be held Thursday, December 26.

Grangers' News

MACLEAY, Dec. 20—The Macleay grange members are busy with their long dreamed of improvement, that of building a stage. The stage proper will be 16x22 feet with a dressing room on each side. The structure is being built on the outside of the hall, which when the old stage is removed will be one of the roomiest rural halls in the county. Besides the main hall there is a large dining room and large kitchen.

Besides working on quilts the members of the Home Economics club have been serving the volunteer workers hot lunches. The funds were raised by the Home Economics club, of which Mrs. J. L. Amort is president.

MACLEAY, Dec. 20.—An unusually good program of skits, music, readings and tap dancing is being planned for the grange invitational social evening to be held Saturday night. The Cascade Hermits will furnish the dance music.

Santa Claus Will Reach Town Today

WOODBURN, Dec. 20 — Santa Claus will again visit the Woodburn kiddies this year and will arrive at the Woodburn armory Saturday afternoon where he will have a treat for all the little folks. A program will begin at about 2 o'clock. The Woodburn junior band will make its first appearance since its organization. Members of the band are students of the high school and junior high school, and is directed by Kenneth Asbury.

There will be several numbers by the harmonica club from White grade school led by their teacher, Miss Mathilda Gillis and the Choral club of Woodburn high school, consisting of 45 voices and led by Howard Miller, will sing. The American Legion and American Legion Auxiliary with the aid of the Woodburn Businessmen's club are sponsoring the affair.

T. C. Poorman, manager of the Bungalow theatre and business and professional men of the city have arranged a free show to the kiddies of Woodburn Monday, December 23. Candy treats and horns will be given.

Tree and Holiday Program, Monday

OAK POINT, Dec. 20 — Oak Point school pupils have sold 1000 Christmas seals. Prizes will be awarded to those selling the highest number at the program and Christmas tree Monday night, December 23. School will close Tuesday with only one week vacation period.

S. S. Williams of Spokane is spending the holidays at the A. B. W. Hughes home. He is a brother-in-law of Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy E. Griswold and daughter of Otis are spending the weekend at the home of her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Titus.

Modern Christmas Play Will Be Given Sunday By Church at Stayton

STAYTON, Dec. 20. — "The Star Shines On," a Christmas play in modern setting, and written by Hazel Harker, will be presented at the Church of Christ Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

In the cast are: Mrs. W. L. Frey, Mrs. Wendell Weddle, Mrs. William Poole, Floyd Crabtree, Royal Holford, Arydith Wendt, Dorothy Titus, Billy Poole, Miss Margaret Kimbrough, Miss Sylvia Stupka, Mrs. Angus Leffler, Angus Leffler, Raymond Frey, Arthur Watters, Francis Leffler, Perry Shelton, Bobby Inglis and Ronald Holford.

Musical features will include a double duet; a whistling solo by Harry Stupka; a vocal solo by Mrs. Matilda Jones and numbers by the mixed chorus of the church.

News of West Salem

WEST SALEM, Dec. 20. — Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Wood and son, Raymond, and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Richardson motored to Portland one day this week where Raymond Wood will leave for San Francisco and then take a boat to Hawaii. Raymond Wood has been a sergeant in the army in the Hawaiian Islands for several years. This summer he spent his furlough here with his parents.

The Fortnighter's club met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Don Kuhn for their Christmas tree and party. They exchanged gifts and during their short business meeting, they made temporary plans for the February silver tea.

Thursday Miss Lottie McAdam entertained the Friendship club at a Christmas party. At a short business these officers were elected: Miss McAdam, re-elected president; Mrs. Sally Curtis, re-elected vice-president, and Mrs. Lola McFarland, secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Robins and Miss Alta Scovil were guests.

Wheitzel Kuhn broke his leg Wednesday night when he was riding on the running board of his brother's car as he was driving into their garage.

The Townsend club met Thursday night with an unusually large attendance. The enrollment has increased from 54 six months ago to 268. The program included an original reading by Wayne Donaldson; vocal solos by Mr. Hutcheon; reading by Mrs. Phillips; vocal solo by Estalyne Rierson; vocal numbers by Opal, Ella and Zerel Brown accompanied by Marjory Friesen; harmonica number by Mr. Carter; vocal duet by Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Lindsay; number by Loren Vosburg; reading by Dorothy McCully; speech by Dr. Orien Kring; reading by Mrs. Arthur Brown; instrumental duet by Florence Riley and Mr. Erickson; vocal numbers by the Little Sweethearts of Salem, and original number by Mr. Sharpe. Mr. Brown announced that the election of officers will be held January 2.