

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## Governments March On

WE observe some comment respecting the moderation in the republican platform when it comes to many specific planks. For instance the tariff plank is by no means the rigid protectionist proposal of former years. The currency plank is not the rock-ribbed gold plank that might have been expected. Relief does not propose letting people starve, as republican opponents have claimed was the party's attitude. In agriculture need for restoring and maintaining farm prosperity is clearly recognized.

To a certain extent this means that the republican party is "liberalized." To another degree it means that the developments are in line with numerous trends in republican thought in late years, notably on the tariff. Fundamentally it means however that in a democracy it is rarely practical or feasible to turn back the clock of time. Like the famous fall of Humpty-Dumpty, not all the king's horses and men could put him together again.

In brief some of the features of the new deal are a "fait accompli"—a deed completed. When the dollar was devalued even the staunch advocates of sound money and a dollar convertible into gold never proposed repealing the law and putting more grains of gold back in the dollar. Thus developments in and of themselves became factors which modify situations. Even a wholly different philosophy and conception of government must start now, not with 1932 but with 1936. The formulas to be applied today are those that suit the hour, not those of 1932. The democrats, it is recalled, didn't let the 1932 formulas stand six months in action.

A new republican administration would proceed to liquidate many of the alphabetical agencies and the efforts of government to remake the world, like a restaurant short order. But some of the material would be continued and utilized. One of the most potent agencies in the Roosevelt administration has been the RFC, a Hoover method of meeting the depression.

It is regrettable in many ways that reaction with change of administration stops as quickly as it does. The new bureau grow entrenched until it becomes impossible to dislodge them. It's a pity a real revolution doesn't strike the national capital to clear out the dead wood in the federal establishment. Thus far the net result of most political overtures is to spawn a few more commissions.

The crux of the question before the country is whether the people want Mr. Roosevelt and his lackeys to run the show for another four years; or Mr. Landon and his group now known as the "Young Turks." The difference is one of emphasis as well as ideas. So far as thinking that a return of republican administration means to set up political machinery as of 1932 or 1928 or 1924 that is as absurd as expecting Mr. Wilson after the war could put the world back in its former status. Whose ideas, whose attitudes, whose conceptions of government, whose personal character and background appeal to you most for the next four years? That's the heart of the presidential contest.

## Defense of the Liberal

LIBERALISM has been under heavy fire from hard-boiled skeptics, from ingrained conservatives and from extreme radicals whose formula for reform is force. It is therefore heartening to hear a defense of liberalism from a very eminent authority in political science, Dr. Harold W. Dodds, president of Princeton university. Dr. Dodds in his baccalaureate address at Princeton gave a fair analysis of liberalism and its function in American society. In part he said: "Liberals, therefore, have not feared to use the affirmative power of state, as the chief instrument of social regulation, to prevent the concentration and abuse of private powers which tend to accumulate in any society. While these operations of government have frequently been called socialistic, the dominant spirit behind them has never been socialistic in any accurate sense. The genius of America and of western Europe has not been collectivistic."

"That modern Communism irresponsible power will be exercised in the public interest is merely an improbable assertion which all experience denies, when self-elected individuals, no matter how virtuous they think themselves to be, claim the power of life and death over others because of their superior capacity of the purity of their motives, then, as Montesquieu pointed out, virtue itself hath need of limitations."

"Liberals reject dialectical materialism as a philosophy and scorn its practical program of revolution, terror and dictatorship. The liberal denies that a method, in itself reprehensible and inconsistent with the goal to be attained, can never accomplish a morally acceptable purpose. History is too rich in disastrous examples of attempts by zealous and even altruistic people to exercise peculiar and absolute power over others to convince me that possession of irresponsible power can remain beneficent."

It is true that the term liberal is loose, and often is claimed by persons with very narrow views. But in the sense of encouraging human freedom and the free play of the human mind it deserves support and defense when under attack. The spirit of America is that of freedom, and the agencies which stifle freedom in economics or in politics are alien to the historic American tradition.

## Propaganda Machines

IF the prevailing practice of ghost writing and publicity bureaus in federal bureaus continues we may expect fighting in the next war to be accompanied by mimeographs describing the scenes and ballyhooing the performers. Each general will have his own press representative who will send out daily bulletins to the papers telling what the brigade or division is planning to do next day, what they did today. They will mail advance copies of ghost-written speeches by the generals to the soldiers. They will do their utmost to make it clear that their particular command is doing a great work, but needs greater appropriations to accomplish its objectives.

Of course the last war had its bureau of information for dissemination of information, much of it direct propaganda. But the press agent methods of modern bureaucrats has been greatly developed and refined since the war, reaching its peak at the present time with so many officials competing with each other in ushering in the abundant life. There's no reason why the generals and admirals shouldn't have their publicity experts the same as TVA and Dr. Tugwell.

It would of course complicate the problem of who won the war after it was all over.

Editor Lars Bladine of the McMinnville Telephone-Register, has been touring the provinces back in his old home country, in going to and from the Cleveland convention. He concludes a letter to his paper as follows:

"For five hundred miles, all the way from Detroit to eastern Iowa one drives through corn fields. On the way westward we will drive through several hundred miles more of corn fields before encountering the desert. One cannot help wondering just where all of this corn goes and to what use it can be put. Of course we all know that good tender beef is hard to produce without corn but certainly there are not cattle enough in the country to consume the hundreds of millions of bushels grown annually."

Ever hear about Peoria, and its product, Lars?

Almost every city in the state has its points of interest to tourists. LaGrande has the Willow mountains, "Switzerland of America." Bend has the lava fields and caves. Medford has Crater Lake. Hood River has "It. Hood and the valley. Eugene has the McKenzie. Silverton has Silver Creek falls. Grants Pass has Oregon caves. Other cities have their attractions. Bundle them all together and you have the scenic treasures that are Oregon—the prime summer vacationland.

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### Perturbed Publicity

SOMETHING appears to have happened to the Administration's publicity department. Either its slick and somewhat overrated chief, infected by his own poison, has slowed down, or he was not prepared for the onslaught of the Cleveland convention, which was distinctly disappointing to New Deal hopes, built upon the belief that Republicans would make Jackassness of themselves.

OR THERE has been friction within the inner circle. Or there has been a seepage of New Deal confidence which has greatly lessened the cocky assurance with which the propaganda formerly was purveyed. Perhaps a combination of all these things and some more has caused the lack of coordination or even coherence which characterizes the output of the last few days.

IT RATHER lends substance to the theory that the reason Mr. Farley and his literary aides have been prominent in the fields of propaganda and politics was more because things were running their way and they had no real competition than because of any overwhelming talents of their own. On an ebbing tide they would seem to be ordinary fellows. Put them up against a stiff fight and they would not appear formidable at all. Perhaps it does them an injustice, but there is a general suspicion that, to use a prize-fight phrase, they "can't take it."

FOR EXAMPLE, here is a partial list of the extraordinary contradictions which have emanated from the spokesmen of the New Deal concerning the Republican platform:

1. The platform is reactionary.
2. The platform is radical.
3. The platform was dictated by the "special interests."
4. The platform was largely dictated by Senator Borah.
5. The platform was largely dictated by Mr. Hearst.
6. The platform was dictated by Mr. Hoover.
7. The platform indorses the New Deal.
8. The platform does not indorse the New Deal.

IT APPEARS impossible that a declaration as clear as the one adopted and concerning the drafting of which there has been no secret whatever, should be subjected to so many bewildering interpretations from the Roosevelt supporters. It does seem indicative of a more or less perturbed state of mind. While it has been said that confusion is the symbol of the New Deal, it has not heretofore extended to the publicity of the National Committee. That has been definitely directed and apparently under control. If it really slips, the true picture of what has been going on in Washington may permeate to the people. Once it does and they get a clear look at the ineptitude, incapacity and waste behind the propaganda screen, it is apt to have a considerable effect on the election.

WHILE ON THE subject of publicity it may be worth pointing out that Mr. Farley got a dual reaction to the Cleveland convention. First, he was awfully jumped upon by several newspapers friendly to the President. They implored him to stop talking, pointing out he was not only boring the public but boring Mr. Roosevelt's votes. Second, he was given a fine literary trouncing by Mr. John Hamilton, the new Republican chairman, who, figuratively speaking, slapped Mr. Farley all around the ring. Heretofore these Farley statements have gone unanswered. Mr. Farley has had things pretty much his own way. It seems that that time is over. The interesting thing about the Hamilton statement was that it was by far the best written that has come from any Republican source in three years. It seems to mean that the Republican committee at last has gotten itself a real director of publicity for whom the need was very great.

## J. J. Weidman Is Called to Beyond

TALBOT, June 19.—John Jacob Weidman, age 79, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jake Gilmore Thursday afternoon. Mr. Weidman was born in Switzerland in 1857. He came to this country when a young man of 21 years old. He has been a resident of the Bilyeu Den community in Linn county for many years. He is survived by his widow, Ellen, and two daughters, Mrs. Rose Gilmore of Talbot and Mrs. Anna Burton of Albany, several grandchildren and a host of friends.

FUNERAL services will be held Sunday afternoon at the Bilyeu Den cemetery.

## Reeber Elected Director And Mrs. Guthridge Is Retained on Clerk Job

FALLS CITY, June 19.—J. A. Reeber was elected director replacing W. L. Russell and Mrs. Clara Guthridge was re-elected clerk at the annual school meeting.

Nearly a hundred people attended the local Grange initiation and basket social held in Victoria hall recently. Ten new members were taken into the Grange. The Richard Grange gave the first and second degrees.

## Lillian Block Takes Job At Tubercular Hospital

SILVERTON, June 18.—Miss Lillian Block spent a few days at Silverton before going to Spokane, where she will be employed on the staff at the tubercular hospital, Miss Block, a registered nurse, was associated with the Silverton hospital and in local doctors' offices for several years. Following a year spent in the east, she returned here last autumn and has since been employed at Astoria.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dick Smith the "EK" character in the story of Kit Carson; who can elucidate this history?

(Continuing from yesterday.) Still quoting from Yenta's book: "The quiet room, the long bar, the rows of kegs and bottles, the smell of food, the table, the fire, and the friendly welcome warmed the boy, Kit Carson. (He was then 17.) . . . After all the hardships of the trail, here was shelter, fire, food, rest, and friends. Taos seemed like home that day, and from that day to the end of his life Taos was home—a home he seldom had the leisure to visit."

(He was buried there. Pronounce Taos like house.) Quoting again: "Kit Carson learned to speak Spanish that first winter in Taos." He also learned much of the lore of the mountain men; how to repair guns, etc. In the spring he joined a caravan bound east; met one coming West, and swapped jobs. Arrived back in Santa Fe, broke. Quoting further: "So he . . . went on to Taos. Arrived—broke as usual. "Sure," said Ewing Young. "I'll give you a job. Can you cook?" "Never tried it yet," Kit confessed.

"Wall, you'll never learn any younger. You're hired." . . . Kit went into the kitchen, got together a meal of potatoes, buffalo meat, hot coffee, flapjacks. "He brought it in and put it on the table before Ewing Young. Young looked at the mess. Sit down, Kit, and help yourself. Seems like I kinder lost my appetite today, somehow."

"Pears like you think I'm a poor makeout of a cook. But you hired me. Don't forget that." Kit tried to eat what he brought in. Tried hard. Failed, hungry as he was. "Sure, I hired ye. I'll stick by my word, Kit."

"What do I get outen it?" "Ewing Young looked over his beard at the mess. Put the cold blue eyes and steady hands. There was the making of a man there. He sighed to think of the food he would have to eat until Kit learned how. "I reckon 'll have to give ye yore board, Kit," he said, "and I'll be stout; maybe ye'll stand it."

"I kin if you kin," said Kit. By the end of the winter he could say to his employer with a certain pride, "I reckon I got the best of the bargain after all."

"And Ewing young replied as he chewed the rich red buffalo steak Kit had placed before him. "I dunno, Kit. I swar even painter meat can't shine with this hyar." And he wagged his shaggy head in confirmation. (But Kit had endured a vast amount of chaffing and advice

from the mountain men and other customers at Ewing Young's American House in old Taos.) Kit Carson was back again next year at Taos—and broke again. Reads the book: "He would have to raise some cash. And he had only one thing of value—his father's old flintlock. Maybe Ewing Young would give him a few dollars for it."

"Under the portal before Ewing's house he found a group of mountain men. "They were listening to an angry speaker, wagging their shaggy heads and nodding on their moss-covered feet, spitting tobacco juice, grumbling and swearing, deep throated. "They had licked Ewing's brigade on Rio Gila, driv' em back to Taos. "And the worst of it was, as everybody knowed, the darned Spaniards wouldn't do nothin' about it. Under Mexican law, the brigade had no business to be trappin' on the Gila. No licenses were issued to 'gringos' (Americans) to trap in Mexican territory."

"Kit pushed through the group, through the familiar doorway, into the warm gloom of the American House, up to the bar where Young stood talking busily. Kit was in a hurry. He laid the long rifle on the bar, looked Young in the eye, and spoke. "I reckon I've got to push on to Santa Fe, Mr. Young. I need a leetle money. Kin ye use this hyar rifle?" "Young looked at the sturdy youngster with the cold blue eyes and the steady hands—at the rusty rifle with its hickory wiping stick and the ancient notches on the smooth brown stock. (Three notches then, those of Kit's father. Kit's own first three were to be added shortly.) He thought he knew a man when he saw one—and he needed all he could find just then. Maybe Kit would help him wipe out them Apaches."

"I sure kin, Kit. And I kin use 'OU, too. Never you mind Santy Peas. Come along with me, and I'll larn ye to raise hair and set trap for beaver." His chance had come! "But Kit concealed his excitement in an even slower drawl than usual. . . . 'I'll go with ye. But I'll need a new skinnin' knife,' he added. "Sure," came the answer. "From the shelf behind him, Young took a bright new blade and laid it on the bar under Kit's nose. Kit took up the knife by its bone hilt, fingered the incised trade name Green River on the steel just below. He knew the ap- pearing blade, though he could not read the letters. That bright blade shone with all the realization of his dreams come true. HE WAS A MOUNTAIN MAN AT LAST."

(Continued tomorrow.)

## Twenty Years Ago

June 20, 1916  
Governor Withycombe issued a statement yesterday asking that jobs be held open for National Guardsmen who have enlisted for Mexican border service. All patriotic orders in Salem met yesterday to organize a relief and emergency society for the benefit of soldiers. An editorial predicts prosperity at the close of the war in the West. It says that reconstruction materials from America.

## Ten Years Ago

June 20, 1926  
The Ford Memorial church in West Salem will be dedicated today. It was built with volunteer labor by the congregation. The MacMillan expedition sailed for a three month's cruise in the sub-Arctic today. Charles Chaplin plans to film a historical movie of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte with himself in the starring role.

## S. D. Glover to Be Buried Today

JEFFERSON, June 19.—S. Dorsey Glover, 68, died at the home of his son, Earl H. Glover, of the Greens bridge district Wednesday night, following a lingering illness. He was born at Uniontown, Pa., September 7, 1858, and has been a resident of Oregon for the past three years, coming here from California. Mr. Glover was a carpenter by trade. He was married to Lillian K. Adams at Cleveland, Ohio, and who preceded him in death in 1926. He is survived by the following children, Mrs. Ray Sturgis of California, Clyde D. and Bernard Glover of Cleveland, Ohio, Wilbur of Akron, Ohio, Mrs. Mabel Wahlen of California, and Earl Glover of Jefferson.

FUNERAL services will be held from the Fisher-Braden Funeral home in Albany Saturday, with Rev. J. Boyd Patterson conducting the service. Interment will be in Willamette Memorial Park.

## Looney Butte School Patrons Vote to Give Two 4-H Scholarships

JEFFERSON, June 19.—At the annual school meeting of Looney Butte, the patrons voted to award two scholarships to 4-H club members to insure two students' attendance at the next state summer school. Bert Barnes was elected director for two years to succeed Chris Farnham's term; Eugene Finlay was elected secretary for three years taking Mrs. Carrie Hochspeier's place. She has been clerk of this district for 17 years, and declined to serve next year.

## Jack Larsons Arrive For Brief Visit at Silverton

SILVERTON, June 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Larson who have been to Detroit, Michigan, arrived at Silverton Thursday night for a brief visit with Larson's father, W. C. Larson. Jack Larson is a graduate of Silverton schools and later was employed in the local bakery. He is now manager of a bakery at Yakima, Mr. and Mrs. Larson plan to return to their home in Detroit and have driven a new car home from Detroit.

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## "BLIND TO LOVE"

by HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIII  
A light, a mere speck of light, bobbed along the path from the lake, like a firefly.

As it came nearer Mary saw that it was a man in white flannels and sweater, smoking a cigarette.

Dr. Crawford cried, "Jamie, you wicked boy, not coming to meet your old aunt!"

Mary leaned back against the railing of the porch. She listened to the sound of his voice, unused to be. She saw his fair hair, his sunburnt cheek.

She thought her heart would burst. He looked toward her, interest, then dawned recognition in his eyes.

Dr. Crawford said, "Mary, this is my nephew, James. My secretary, Miss Shannon. I believe Miss Shannon was a classmate of yours, Jamie."

"Certainly not. How are you, Mary? Quite a surprise, finding you here. Coming, mother! Coming! Take this flashlight and follow the path around by the lake, to the first guest house," Dr. Crawford said. "And, Mary dear, if you feel in the mood you might unpack for me, too. Servants are scarce up here in the woods!"

"Let me walk over with you," one of the young men said. "Oh—I'll be all right. It's very kind of you."

The white circles of light from the flashlight gleamed on the ferns, small white pebbles. Mary walked along, smiling, chatting. And in her heart she was waiting—"Oh, he's changed! He's changed!"

Whistling softly, cheerfully, Mary unpacked Doctor Crawford's things, then her own, hung them carefully in the closets.

She was going to love it here! No silly notions. Just be sensible and work hard, and please Doctor Crawford. That was what she was here for. This was a job, not a summer vacation.

Of course, if there was time for swimming and boating, and Jamie and the others wanted her to play around with them, she would. She would swim, too. Rustic, but so beautifully comfortable with its wide expanse of screened windows, its quaint hooked rugs, its dotted Swiss curtains and counterpane—swan a private bath!

It wasn't long before she discovered that it was a blessing it was all so comfortable, for she was going to spend most of her waking hours, right here!

Dr. Crawford said, with great tact, "Sister is going to have your meals sent in to you. I thought you'd prefer it."

It was really the most sensible arrangement. No girl with a grain of sense would mind. But it was a little lonely—three meals a day, on a card table, all alone.

It was three days before she really got all the guests straight, though they were all very nice, and smiled and said something pleasant when they passed.

Jamie was just as nice as he could be. He was the only one who treated her as if she were one of them. She thought that his wife, Vesta, watched him, suspiciously, but couldn't be sure.

Vesta—Mary thought of her as Vesta, though she took good care to speak of her as "young Mrs. Todd"—went around with a sort of Mona Lisa smile on her pretty, empty face. You couldn't tell whether she was really feeling pleasant, or just bearing up.

that being secretary to a famous woman, living in the lap of luxury, would be just the height of her ambition. As long as Dr. Crawford she played fuss over Dr. Crawford she played fuss over them all the time, just dashing in and out to think up things for Mary to do.

Didn't Mary think her sister was lovely? Weren't "the children" sweet? How would she ever get her work done? It was terribly hard on her, but they had always depended on her so, and she was so devoted to them!

Then something must have happened, for she was very cool to Mrs. Todd, her sister, and put in eight or nine hours working every day. The first day she even had her meals sent over with Mary's, and dictated steadily all day long except when she took time out to say how much she pitied poor Diana, with a husband who was practically a high-grade moron, and two utterly spoiled, selfish children.

"Are you tired, dear? Wouldn't you like to run out and go swimming with the other children?" she asked at intervals, but she always staidly answered again before Mary could answer "the other children" hadn't asked her. Mary couldn't force herself upon them!

Letters came at last. One from Ewing Young—sitter-sweet. One from Ma. . . . They missed her more than ever because she seemed so far away now. Everything was just fine. They were sure she was enjoying every minute!

Forgot to send an engraved wedding invitation and scrawled across it, in her heavy, inky hand, "I can hardly wait!"

And there was a typewritten note, on Healey Steamship company stationery. "Dear Miss Shannon: "It was sweet of you to write as you did, from Seattle. I'm glad you are enjoying the books."

Mrs. Samson is getting along very nicely with the work, so you must not worry about us. Have a good time, and do write me a picture postcard when you reach the great big city of New York.

"Best of luck from yours truly, "STEPHEN BENNETT." It was like a letter to write. Mary wished she had written a nicer letter to him. She'd tried to write everyone, that night in the hotel in Seattle, just because the stationery was so pretty!

It made her terribly homesick to have all those letters from home. She read them over and over. And thinking of herself, as they would see her, she was disgusted with herself for being so humble and shy, not mixing with the guests at all, not even going down to the lake in the early morning while the others were still abed.

So next morning she got up early, put on her new white bathing suit and ran down the grassy path to the water's edge.

It wasn't even cold! The glassy blue water closed over her, and as she rose to the surface again, shaking her head, she wondered why she hadn't done this from the very first day!

It was so cool and clean and glorious. It was so wonderful to be out in the lake, utterly alone! She was a strong swimmer, and Vesta, watching him, suspiciously, but couldn't be sure.

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## Augsburg Quartet To Appear Sunday

SILVERTON, June 19.—The Augsburg quartet, student singers of Minneapolis, who spent the summer of 1935 in Europe, will sing at Silverton June 21, at 8 o'clock in Trinity Lutheran church.

Besides the concert, members of the group will tell of their tour. Their repertoire includes English and Norwegian classics and negro spirituals. In the Norwegian cathedral in Norway. Next week, the quartet will sing at Grants, Oregon, for the four young men sang last summer to an audience of 1200 people. They were invited to Norway by the International League of Norwegians. They also sang in Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France and the last concert abroad were in London.

In America, the critic of a large radio station classes them as the finest amateur quartet she had heard. The first tenor, Norman Myvik lives at Porter, Minnesota; the second tenor, Wilhelm Heland at Colgan, North Dakota; the baritone, Chester Blake at Minneapolis; and the bass, Leland Steen at Superior, Wis.

## Eastman and Moore Will Speak at Townsend Meet Slated For Monday Night

SCOTT'S MILLS, June 19.—The Townsend club will meet in the I. O. F. hall Monday night. Albert Eastman of Portland and Arthur Moore, district organizer, will be the speakers. Coffee, cake and sandwiches will be sold.

Mrs. Clara Schey and son, August of Nampa, Idaho, visited Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Blatenberg on the first of the week, being on their way home from Roseburg, where they visited Mrs. Schey's daughter.

Mrs. Lewis Russell of Tacoma, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hannah B. Taylor.

## Grangers' News

MACLAY, June 19.—The strawberry festival and social night scheduled for Saturday night by this Grange has been postponed.

WOODBURN, June 19.—The Woodburn Grange will hold a basket social at the Grange hall Saturday night, June 20. There will be a program at 8 o'clock, after which the basket social will be enjoyed. Everyone is invited.

MONMOUTH, June 19.—Mrs. Walter L. Smith is entertaining at the Grange hall at Monmouth grange at her home today. At the June grange meeting a crowd of about 40 assembled. A report of State Grange features was made by R. B. Swenson.

## Girls Go Through Grades Together

MIDDLE GROVE, June 19.—Thursday night, preceding high school graduation, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schanz and daughter, Genevieve had as dinner guests Mildred Wacken, Maxine LaDue and Roberta Bartruff. These four young women entered grade school together in 1924. Their first teacher being Mrs. Augusta Dehman, and she the only member of their class who has remained together in the same schools throughout the 12 years of their elementary school training.

The June meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was held at the home of Mrs. W. H. Schanz Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Mary Wampler gave the contents of the first two chapters of the text, "Toward a Christian America." Mrs. Vera Bassett and Mrs. Gladys Cagle were chosen as delegates to the Woman's Missionary convention at Jennin's Lodge, July 16-19. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Thelma Davis at her home in Yamhill county, July 15.

## School Will Vote On New Play Shed

OAK POINT, June 19.—At the school election Monday night, Hugh Rogers was reelected director to serve three years. R. A. Alderson is now chairman of the school board. Edward Harverson was reelected clerk. A meeting will be called later to take a vote on whether the district will build a new play shed or not.

Mrs. Rene Dupont and daughters, Lois and Helen of Knappa, are visiting at the Grover, Leonard and G. A. Peterson families this week.

Independence Rural Women's club was well represented at the annual picnic of Polk County Rural Federated clubs at Brush college Thursday.

## Two Special Policemen Will Be Assigned For Duty Convention Days

SILVERTON, June 19.—The Silverton police force will have two extra men on steady during the Grange convention here. One will be a night officer and one a day officer. The appointments have not yet been made.

W. C. Bush, examiner of operators and chauffeurs, will be at the city hall at Silverton Tuesday between 9 and 5 o'clock. All those wishing permits or licenses to drive cars are asked to get in touch with the officer during those hours.

Wick Hauser was fined \$5 Thursday in police court on a charge of turning between intersection 3 and 5 o'clock. All those wishing permits or licenses to drive cars are asked to get in touch with the officer during those hours.