

# The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Ave"  
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## Ticker Tape

**ACCORDING** to Dow Jones financial news service Senator McNary will reintroduce in the senate his bill to give the federal power commission authority to fix rates on all federal power projects. The bill is said to have the approval of Senator Steiwer and of Senators Bone and Schwelienbach of Washington. Need for action is recognized because power will be ready for delivery at Bonneville next October or November. The power commission now has agents in the field making a study of the Bonneville situation, and this will probably be the first plant where the rate structure is announced.

The revised McNary bill of last session reserved part of the power for a term for the use of publicly owned distributing systems. In Oregon and Washington attempts to create new public ownership units have been defeated.

Meantime the governor's state planning board is out with recommendations on the handling of Bonneville power. It insists on zoning the rates instead of making a blanket rate, and recommends: 1st, establishment of a few heavy basic industries near Bonneville, served with low rate power; 2nd, expansion of subsidiary industries along the Columbia, with ocean transport available; 3rd, stimulation of immigration through this industrial development and by progressive land policies for agricultural expansion.

Premier Aberhart is finding heavy going in establishing Utopia in Alberta, via social credit. A recent by-election for the provincial parliament was won by the liberals and lost by social crediters. Edmonton elected five aldermen opposed to social credit and Calgary one city commissioner and three aldermen out of six on a ticket not bearing the social credit label.

Meanwhile Aberhart's scrip certificates are running into the same difficulties as Rufe Harris' and Commissioner Bennett's; they fail to circulate. The August issue of \$230,000 has shrunk to about \$30,000 of which \$15,000 was issued just recently as part salary to Alberta civil servants. The Alberta government still refuses to pay more than 50 per cent interest on its provincial debt; but chafes when Edmonton uses the same rule on city bonds, which are held by the province.

Yakima voted down, seven to one, a proposal to take over the distributing system of the light company. Los Angeles, which has had public and private systems operating, ratified a deal with the private company to take over its electric properties. The private company gets a new gas franchise in the arrangement.

The real reason for haste in the king business in England was the threat of disaster to trade. The coronation scheduled for next May was estimated to create \$150,000,000 worth of business to industrialists, shopkeepers, transportation and hotel interests. While the coronation of the new king will proceed, there has undoubtedly been much disturbance to business in London.

In South America Pres. Roosevelt assured Argentinians he would move for an early ratification of the convention to lift the ban on Argentine cattle because of the hoof and mouth quarantine. The area is now said to be free of the disease. Stockmen, fearing Argentine competition, will fight to keep the ban in effect. So the president's international goodwill will run up against nationalistic selfishness.

## Reform of English Divorce Law

THE Manchester Guardian of Nov. 27 which arrived this week contained not a word of the affaire Simpson. It did however report that legislation was in prospect for divorce reform in England. It seems that a royal commission reported in 1912 with recommendations for changes, and now, after 24 years parliament is getting busy on the subject. Undoubtedly the hypocrisy of the Simpson divorce proceedings and the agitation over the abdication of King Edward will give a powerful impetus to reform.

England recognizes only one ground for divorce, infidelity. Until 1923 the law didn't give the wife that ground for action; she had to be able to prove her husband had beaten her or deserted her for two years in addition to his adultery. The Church of England has maintained strict opposition to divorce, and until after the middle of the 19th century had a monopoly on the business of performing marriages. Up to 1858 judicial separations could be obtained only in ecclesiastical court; and it required the costly proceeding of an act of parliament to annul a marriage.

The 1912 report recommended that causes for divorce should be, besides adultery, three years' desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness or life imprisonment. Most of these causes are recognized as grounds of action in American states, except New York, which is as strict as England.

Except among its own members the church can no longer impose its will upon the peoples of democratic countries. Man challenges the correctness of an interpretation of marriage as a holy sacrament which would bind its parties in a living hell. True, America and Russia have gone to the opposite extreme, though Russia is retreating now; and Reno, Arkansas and Hollywood have done much to make the sacrament of marriage a sacrilege. Between the two under the moral guidance of the church, the pressure of social convention, and the ruling of the law there ought to be sensible ground under which the bonds of matrimony would be substantial without being chains of marital slavery.

## Timely Warning

CHESTER C. DAVIS, formerly head of AAA, now member of the federal reserve bank board, gave a warning that if the bulging reservoirs of money and credit now in the banks flow into speculative investment channels, "we are in for trouble." Mr. Davis knows from history that cheap credit is always followed by expansion and inflation which are succeeded by contraction and deflation of credit, which we call "hard times." The materials are all at hand; in fact the inflation period of the cycle is now operating.

It is a season of lush money. Gains in profits, increase of wages are in the air. Bigger dividends are being declared. It is 1929 all over again, except in some quarters there is greater apprehension of danger than was manifest in the former year.

Trees do not grow to the sky; and neither may profits and wages be upped without limit. Better to have stability and real security than the froth of excited lifting of income to be followed by earnings cuts and insecurity.

A professor at MIT has invented a machine that will solve nine linear simultaneous equations containing nine unknowns. A girl in the algebra class wants to know how much a junior model would cost.

# "Sweepstakes on Love" by May Christie

## CHAPTER XXII

Dianna's first picture had been in rehearsal for a week, and over and over the scenes had to be shot. The various things one had to remember all at the same moment were extremely confusing to a beginner, and made one awfully nervous.

Some many people were on the set, shouting to each other in the appalling glare of the Klieg lights. Before the start, tense with anticipation, it seemed as though one stood for hours, waiting for the focusing of the camera, the adjusting of the lights which was a lengthy business, often taking an hour in itself, since no faulty shadows must be cast anywhere.

Being a featured player Dolores D'Arcourt had a "stand-in." But Diana had not. While the lighting and focusing and synchronizing of the sound machine were going on, often she was on her feet for a solid two hours and more before rehearsal commenced.

Her feet ached from standing still so long. And her hands were cold from nervousness.

In order to be on the set at nine o'clock, she had to arise at a quarter of six each morning. For gowns had to be sewn on her, and altered on her, and an elaborate make-up put on her, and then there was a long daily session with the hair-dresser.

It might be half past eleven or almost noon before the director would call out: "Now we'll take it."

Everyone would spring to attention, sand-lins would step out and principals step into place, and Diana would be in a panic.

All at the same time she had to remember her lines, her position before the camera, the correct way to turn her head so that the best side of her face would photograph and her acting!

Over and over the scenes would be shot, until the company was almost frantic with the monotony of it—and very often Diana was the culprit.

"I have no acting ability," she would say to herself, even though Mr. Falconer, the director, showed great tolerance.

It was a costume picture where she did neither of the two things she could really do, i. e., sing and dance. Her corseted bodice was so tight that breathing was difficult.

In intervals of shooting scenes, it was impossible to sit down for fear her elaborate skirts would crush a "reclining-board" was her one comfort.

It was tilted to an angle of about forty-five degrees, with narrow arms to it that were bits of wood, and a foot-rest.

The moment she placed her aching body there, the hairdresser and the wardrobe woman on the set came to her.

The honey-blond locks would be pinched into place, a curl combed out, hairpins adjusted.

The wardrobe woman would pat out the gown, tighten a hook here, put a stitch into a seam, fix a wandering ribbon.

Many, many times, because of that burkear known as the "shooting-schedule," she had to work until midnight.

It was not Roger who waited for her at the studio on these occasions, who called up the anxious Genevieve when Diana was too busy to get to the telephone, and who drove her home so exhausted that she didn't even wait to remove her make-up; it was Jerry Nolan.

"There's no necessity for two of us hanging about," Diana. Roger would say alright. Next day, from Dolores D'Arcourt, who had worked late too, but had her spiteful scowls in the smart rendezvous of Hollywood, she would hear that Roger had been supping and dancing in some merry party of beaming some beauty or other around.

Yes, Roger kissed her when they were alone, and told her she was the only girl who mattered.

Often Diana's heart was heavy, since uncertainty is the most trying thing of all in love.

One late night on the set, when the scene called for a flock of extras, a face that was vaguely familiar under his make-up loomed out from the braces and lights and cables.

"I'm Babe Bijou. That night in Roger's apartment, when you first arrived in Hollywood, you introduced me to your mother as Roger's assistant—remember? Like a fool I stepped out of his cupboard, and nearly knocked you for a loop, and ever since I've wanted to apologize to you."

"Why, yes, I do remember now. And you—"

"I'm an extra, that's all. I thought you sure were Roger's"

"Ten Years Ago"

December 12, 1926  
Bicak and Hartley of Willamette win all star places on Pacific university northwest conference football team.

Samuel Phelps Totten is now popular organist at New Bligh Capitol theatre.

State official yesterday signed \$3,000 of Oregon district interest bonds to care for interest due on securities.

"Twenty Years Ago"

December 12, 1916  
Double Valley route adopted from Portland to Eugene is included in state highway map, on each side of Willamette.

At regular school board meeting endorses W.C.T.U. action to secure anti-cigarette law.

District Forester George Cecil says a large number of cattle permittees who are using national forest ranges of Oregon and Washington are now grazing on their ranches, small bands from 20 to 300 or 400 sheep.

floong-see, but I guess that's all off."

Diana stared at the common but kindly face of the speaker. There was a question in her eyes. It escaped the girl, evidently, because she added, demurely: "He's running around with all sorts now. I guess you've decided it's good riddance of bad rubbish!"

Christmas is a "family day" in Hollywood, with dinners in the home.

Night clubs are more or less forsaken, except by the lonely, and there is little driving to fashionable resorts, although this Christmas fell on a Monday, which afforded the movie people the chance of a long week-end out of town.

Throughout the afternoon, however, "open house" is the rule in the motion picture colony, and Diana and her mother had several invitations for cocktails in Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

The morning brought telephonic messages and gifts to the little bungalow on the hilltop.

An enormous sheaf of Madonnas lilies for Genevieve from Jerry Nolan, and orchids for Diana from the same source.

Jerry's mother sent a white woolly bed-jacket, knitted by herself, for Genevieve. For Diana she had fashioned a gay little sweater and cap.

There were presents from the studio, from friends they had made.

The loveliest of all bore no name from the sender. It was for Diana. An exquisite platinum-diamond-and-sapphire wrist watch.

"From Roger?" It must be from Roger! Among the presents there was nothing from Roger. He never would have forgotten her.

But could Roger afford a gift like this, in his straightened circumstances?

"Certainly not," said Genevieve. "He may have got it on the installment plan. You can, out here," Diana suggested.

"I should say it's a whole lot more likely to be from Jerry Nolan," said Genevieve, looking sharply at her daughter. "You've encouraged him quite a bit, lately. In any case, he's got the money and Roger hasn't."

The phone rang its Merry Christmas all that morning, frequently with an accompanying invitation for rum-punch in the afternoon.

No word from Roger, however. Genevieve and Diana set out in the little car at three o'clock for their round of "open house." And at half-past five they were at the Nolans', but among the crowd assembled there was no Roger, nor did anyone speak of him or seem to miss him.

Diana could stand it no longer. Unconventional it might be to do so, but she slipped out of the house and drove off to his apartment house on the corner of Sunset and Crescent Heights Boulevard, and went right up.

As she stepped out of the creaking elevator on the second floor of the building, she came face to face with none other than the flamboyant Babe Bijou!

For a second the two girls stared at each other.

It was Babe who spoke first. She came straight to the point.

"Roger was fired from the studio at noon on Saturday. He's been drinking all the week-end. He came in at five this morning. I live almost opposite him in this corridor, so I know what I'm talking about, and feeling kind of sorry for him I dropped in just now to wish him Merry Christmas. But take my tip and don't go in, kid. The apartment looks ferrible, as though there'd been a hurricane, white with empty bottles and spilled glasses. And he's on his bed in his tuxedo, simply snoring his head off!"

Jerry Nolan was to give a large week-end party at Agua Caliente, over New Year's which fell on a Monday.

In fast cars from Hollywood, one could make the trip to the fashionable gambling and racing resort in three hours and a half.

For Caliente is just across the border beyond Juana, and because of its "différance," its color, its gaiety, is beloved of the motion picture colony.

All nations meet in Agua Caliente, playground of the stars.

In ordinary circumstance, Diana would have loved to accept Jerry's invitation that she and her mother week-end with his job in the land of the dons and conquistadores.

In the old days in New York, he had heard of Agua Caliente, with its magnificent race track, its colorful casino, its curative waters that before Cabrillo first set foot on Mexican ground were held sacred by the Indians!

It was a paradise of sportsmen and of pleasure seekers, and the most famous people in the world went there. She knew that.

But two things made her hesitate.

Firstly, Roger would not be in the party. Roger had slipped out of the picture as far as the studio crowd was concerned.

Secondly, there was the platinum-diamond-and-sapphire wrist watch that must have been sent her at Christmas by Jerry Nolan. When she asked him about it, he prevaricated, turned it off with a joke—yet he might have been the donor, which made things awkward. It was impossible to return the wrist-watch until she definitely knew the giver, but to insist herself further to Jerry, under the circumstances would be wrong, she considered.

Genevieve took a different view. Since the Christmas festivities, Genevieve felt much perkier, much better in her health, and seemed "rain' to go."

She had had a dull time on her Hollywood hilltop in the past few weeks of Diana's preoccupation with the studio. Diana knew it and was in a dilemma.

Falconer, the director of her picture, was going. And so was Falconer's sweetheart, the red-headed Dolores D'Arcourt.

"Can't ask one without the other," said Jerry succinctly. "It's a queer town. Diana. One has to overlook a lot of things. That's why I wish you were out of the movies."

He often said things like that, of late. It embarrassed her.

Was it true what her mother told her? Was Jerry really falling in love with her?

With a little shock of surprise, the realization came to her of how much she had come to depend on Jerry in the few short weeks out here. He was so dependable. So utterly sincere. So generous in his ways and in his opinions of people. So thoughtful of one's comfort.

And Dolores was jolly, too, so that he could lift one out of a mood of depression. He could make one feel so absolutely wanted, somehow. He could draw you out and make you sparkle, and feel safe and happy with him.

True, the depression returned when Jerry was not upon the scene, and one's thoughts went to Roger.

It was between Christmas and New Year's Day that Diana got news of him in a wait between scenes on the set when up bobbed Babe Bijou. Babe was an extra in the picture, but that didn't prevent her approaching Diana.

"Say, our mutual boy-friend sure has fallen into good hands! And say, that Jerry Nolan is quite one swell fellow! Guess what he did, unknown to anybody except a hefty he hired to help him, on Christmas night?"

"I'm sure I don't know," rejoined Diana stiffly, feeling heart-sick.

He came in the back way to our building, the stooge with him and up to Roger's apartment, and between them they sneaked him out without any scandal breaking, and off up into the hills to get straightened out at Mulvoo's."

Mulvoo was not only the foremost Hollywood physical trainer and health expert, but his mountain home was a retreat where young men who had looked upon wine when it was too, too red got reconditioned.

"How do you know?" asked Diana faintly, her breath catching.

"I ran into him just as I was leaving my apartment a couple hours ago to get to the set. Falconer didn't need me till four o'clock today, y'ee. Anyway I bumped right into Roger looking as fit as a fiddle. You sure were in a sad mess over the week-end!"

I says, then he told me about Jerry, and how he'd been three days at Mulvoo's, and it was all Jerry's doing."

Diana was called to work at the moment, and was not finished till several days later.

Jerry was waiting for her in his car with Genevieve in front beside the chauffeur, the trailer having been left at home that day. Jerry announced that he was taking both of them to dinner.

When the car started he was at first quite silent.

Then in a lowered voice that he tried to make casual, he asked her, "I hate to put in your private business, Diana, but do you—do you feel the same way about Roger as you did?"

She started and reddened.

"I'm still—fond of Roger—if that's what you mean."

"Okay," he whistled. "Then it's settled. I'm going to include him in my party at Caliente over the week-end."

Her eyes brightened with a sudden rush of unshed tears.

"That's grand of you, Jerry Falconer's going, isn't he?"

"Sure he is. I'll fix it with Falconer to take Roger back on the job at the studio," Jerry said firmly.

(To Be Continued)

## Editorial Comment From Other Papers

### Morally Indefensible

One thing is certain. Edward has shown that he is not a big enough man for the position he holds. First in his sly attitude toward the responsibility that was his, then in allowing himself to be placed in his present predicament. The lady was the wife of another man when he first cast longing eyes upon her. This made his subsequent action morally indefensible. Then when he was faced squarely with the alternatives of duty to a great people to whom he family owes more than it can ever pay, he placed his own private interests first. A sacrifice was asked of him, yes. But was it any greater than that of millions of his subjects who left their wives, children and sweethearts to die for the empire in France only a few years ago? The common people had quality that their king has shown he lacks.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

### Stayton Council Expects

Approval of Sidewalks Project as Federal Job

STAYTON, Dec. 11.—The Stayton city council met this week and details of the plans for the construction of sidewalks and curbs and the improvement of the city park, under PWA grant, were discussed. The application has been filed and sent to Washington with indications that approval of the two projects will be given shortly.

Two applications for license to sell wine were rejected and four beer license renewals were approved.

## An Uncivil War at Home



## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Gottlieb Friedrich 12-12-36  
Kurtz, pioneer, lived a long, honest, useful, and a progressive life:

The body of G. F. Kurtz was laid to rest on Wednesday afternoon, December 9th, the soul having taken its flight on Monday, the 7th, after over 93 years.

His full name was Gottlieb Friedrich Kurtz. Freely translated into English, that means God-fearful Short.

And he was a God loving and peace loving man, though his stature was more stalwart than short.

G. F. Kurtz was born in Wittenburg, Saxony, Germany, on the Elbe river on July 23, 1842. He therefore entered his 94th year in July last.

At that time, or near it, his mind and memory seemed clear, and his outlook serene and hopeful.

Orphaned at 7, his paternal grandfather took him and kept him until he was 17. In the last year of his residence in Germany, officials of the government, no doubt learning of his ambitions to go to free America, locked him up for a day, planning to draft him into the army.

But the law then took boys only who had reached the age of 18, so he was released. The Germany of 1860 was not much like the Germany of today.

Before reaching 18, he made his way to America and found himself in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he established a shoemaking shop, having served an apprenticeship at that trade in Germany.

Tiring of so inactive an occupation, he began farming near Mt. Pleasant. He married Caroline Peifer, of a German family which had preceded him to America a few years.

The Civil war raged while he was in Iowa, and he was offered \$750 bounty money to take the place of a man drafted for the Union army.

He refused, because, true to his name, he was a lover of peace and hated war; for that reason had left his native land, and wished to live in peace with all men in the land of freedom.

About 60 years ago, Mr. Kurtz and his family went to Nebraska, 14 miles east and six miles west of Lincoln, and there became a pioneer in raising purebred livestock, including shorthorn cattle.

He became postmaster of Lancaster, a newly established postoffice, which is now Kramer, Lancaster county, in which is located Lincoln, the state capital.

Mr. Kurtz and family came to Oregon in the late spring or early summer of 1888.

He often told his friends of the fact that the writer hereof was the first person to take him out riding in this section and show him the country, and elaborate on its possibilities; tell him it was the land of diversity, the country of opportunity.

The result, he bought the north half of the Thomas D. Kaiser donation land claim, 288.29 acres, less 4.36 acres that had been sold. The house on the Kaiser farm was on the River road, a little over a mile north of the present city limits. He paid for the land \$11,500, as shown by the deed of July 16, 1888.

That deed was made by T. H. and Fannie Hubbard, witnessed by L. H. Terpiey and W. M. Kaiser, and Kaiser fixed his notarial seal.

The whole of the Thomas D. Kaiser donation land claim was 698.47 acres. The south half be-

longed to the wife, Mary J., who had been Mary J. Girley, of Bunker county, North Carolina.

They were married in that state, and in all 10 children were born, five sons and five daughters.

The wife's half of the donation land claim is now being built over by Salem's northern suburb, and will ere long be in the city limits.

In fact it is now in what census men call a part of the metropolitan district of the capital city.

The Kaisers were prominent in the Applegate covered wagon train of 1842, the first immigration to reach the Willamette valley with wagons.

Thomas D. Kaiser in a manuscript written by himself for Bancroft, the historian, claimed his wagons were the first in that historic immigration to reach from river, and also the first to leave that river for Fort Hall.

Members of the Kaiser family in that immigration, including in-laws, took up in donation claims nearly the whole of what is now called Kaiser bottom, as distinguished from South bottom and Mission bottom.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

## Women's Club to Hold Yule Affair

MILL CITY, Dec. 11.—The regular meeting of the Women's club was held at the home of Mrs. Curtis Cline, with Mrs. Richard Sawyer assisting. Mrs. W. W. Allen gave an interesting paper on "Pioneer Women of Oregon," and Mrs. Albert Lawson played a piano solo. Names were drawn for exchange of gifts at the Christmas party to be held at the home of Mrs. Frank Potter, December 22, with Mrs. Harry Mason in charge of the program. Miss Hickey and Mrs. W. W. Allen were guests.

Members present were: Mesdames, John Daves, A. Helthous, Virginia Foran, Frank Potter, Charles Porter, W. W. Mason, H. Aspinwall, Robert Schroeder, Charles Kelly, A. D. Scott, Albert Sawson, Vern Clark, Frank Smith, Vivian Albert, Frank Taylor, E. L. Collier, Mabel Needham, R. L. Faust, Clarence Mason, Olive Davis, S. Japon, W. Chisnaut, Kimbell, Harry Mason and Frank Taylor.

A delightful party was held at the Rada hotel Friday night, with the girls of the Big Sisters' League entertaining in honor of the girls' league. Miss Ethel Hickey, Mrs. H. Mason, Miss Louise Fletcher and Miss Marie Hildeman were special guests.

## School Will Give Program For Club

ROSEDALE, Dec. 11.—Mrs. Bantz and the school children will furnish the program for the next community club meeting Wednesday night, December 23. Miss Esther Cammack attended the annual homecoming day events at the Portland Bible Institute.

Mr. Johnson, carpenter and contractor of Salem, who recently bought the place vacated by the Hamilton family, is doing considerable work on the house and premises. Three services will be held at the church Sunday, closing the revival campaign. A basket lunch will be enjoyed at the noon hour.

## Robbins Assumes Spellbrink's Post

Community Christmas Tree For Annville Is P-T Project

AUMSVILLE, Dec. 11.—Horace Robbins of Portland, a graduate of the University of Oregon, has been employed as a teacher in the Annville high school to take the place made vacant by the resignation of Perry Spellbrink. Robbins began his work here Tuesday. He is living at the home of Mrs. Marjorie Cosper.

Al Henke, who teaches science in the local high school and who coaches boys' athletic, moved this week from the Spellbrink home to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Voget, in order to be nearer his work. Mr. Kemp is also moving to the Voget home as Mrs. Susie Ransom, at whose home he has been living, is preparing to go to Mill City to be with her son, Wayne Ransom, who has a store there.