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Salem, Oregon

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"With or without offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

Leave Out the Politics

It is unfortunate and to be regretted that the stigma of politics has attached itself to the deliberations of the state capitol commission at the very outset of that group's operations; that political considerations should have been given such prominence in the selection of a secretary to the commission.

Regardless of his qualifications for the job, which may be entirely adequate, it was obvious and commented upon by all of the newspapermen present that his prominence in party affairs was a determining factor in the commission's selection of a secretary at its meeting in Portland yesterday. The unanimity with which the reporters analyzed the influences governing the selection is indicative of the accuracy of their conclusions.

If the commission is going to inspire public confidence in its operations it must not only steer clear of politics but of the very suspicion and appearance of politics in the conduct of its business.

The commission's business is to supervise the construction of a capitol building or buildings for all of the people of Oregon. The sole consideration guiding its selection of necessary assistants should be the qualifications of those it employs for the jobs they are to handle, from architects and engineers down to inspectors and straw bosses.

Trouble enough will accrue to the commissioners without borrowing more by dabbling in politics and using the patronage they have to distribute to reward party workers.

A Long Distant Start

The first action of the capitol rebuilding commission after the election of a "young democrat" attorney as executive secretary, qualified as all "young democrats" are by persistent seeking of political jobs, was the authorization of the establishment of an office in Portland to build the new capitol in Salem.

With a secretary who knows nothing of architecture, engineering, contracting or construction or materials and totally unfamiliar with the situation, handling a complicated situation fifty miles from the scene of building activities, the capitol commission, which is also holding its sessions in the metropolis, if not off to a flying, is at least off to a long distance start.

The commission's action is all the more remarkable when a capacious office, free of cost, in the state office building adjoining the capitol site, had been reserved for its use by the secretary of state. But that seems the way with state commissions who seem to be Portland minded and striving in every way possible to build up Portland.

As with the highway commission, which holds its sessions in Portland, necessitating the frequent transportation of officials and engineers with voluminous records and data to the metropolis at public expense for the opening of bids and awarding of contracts, presumably there will be a constant procession of the architects and contractors from Salem to Portland at board meetings as well as a procession the other way to view construction. That is the way business is done in Oregon.

Although the law stipulates that the liquor control commission maintain its headquarters in Salem, it holds sessions here about once a year, with Portland its headquarters. So with other commissions. The capitol seldom or never sees them. Until the inauguration of Martin the capitol had only an occasional sporadic visit from the governor.

A Waste of Time

These International naval conferences seem the greatest waste of time possible to devise and about as valuable a contribution to the peace of the world as the invasion of Ethiopia.

Of what value is any international covenant for restriction of naval power or regulation of naval construction when most of the signatory nations, openly or clandestinely violate the treaties as soon as made?

What difference does it make whether Japan agrees to limitation of navy? She agreed to it at the Washington conference, but this did not prevent her from building a bigger navy than the United States has. She agreed under the League mandate not to fortify mandated islands, but this did not prevent her fortifying them as naval bases. She agreed to respect the territorial integrity of China, but this did not stop her from seizing Manchuria. She signed the League and Kellogg peace covenants but violated them by making war.

Italy similarly violated the League covenant and the Kellogg pact by attacking Ethiopia without formality of a declaration of war. Germany violated the treaty of Versailles by raising a large army and building a navy. France, Italy, Britain and other signatory nations similarly violated the Versailles treaty by increasing instead of decreasing armaments.

No treaty will prevent Japan from striving, not for equality, but superiority in naval armament to realize her ambition for conquering the world. Nor will it prevent Britain from striving to maintain naval superiority to safeguard her commerce and dominions. Nor will it prevent Italy from increasing her fleet and army for the eventual attack on Britain, nor France from preparing to offset German reprisals, nor Russia from preparing to resist Japanese aggression, nor the United States from adequate defense.

Self protection is the first law of nature and as long as a few nations are dominated by the lust for conquest and aggrandizement, and treaties are nothing but scraps of paper, the armament race will continue until either war or bankruptcy or both end it.

Miss Berg Honored On Birthday Date

West Salem—Miss Ellen Berg was complimented on her sixteenth birthday when her mother entertained for her at their home on Sixth street recently. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Berg, assisted by Miss Edna Berg.

and Mrs. Kenneth Abbott and Beverly, Mr. and Mrs. Galloway and Frances, Mrs. Ruffin, Miss Mildred Meade, Miss Margaret Shipley, Miss Teresa Mae Grune, Miss Edna Berg, Arthur Berg and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Berg.

Bethany—P. C. Rasmussen, who has been ill for several weeks, is reported much improved.



HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth has suddenly found herself allied with the Farnsworth fishermen against the present movement of the Farnsworth Canneries. The Canneries are in the hands of Anne's relatives, and these relatives are allied against her. By an unexplained change in Luke Farnsworth's will, Anne has been cheated out of the large estate he left. What hurt even more, Anne has found she is not even Luke's daughter. She is living among the Farnsworths who dislike her former fiancé, Rob Crocker, very much.

Chapter 26
CROCKER AGAIN
"The men are sore," replied Orvi to Anne's question. "They want to fight... that is a... to fight somebody, and John's trying to make them wait and let the law handle it."

A little shadow of unhappiness clouded the afternoon, for Anne felt the man was connected with the Farnsworth Fisheries, and with Rob in town—
Orvi, to distract her attention, pointed to the new gillnetter below.
Anne looked down. A neat boat with a small cabin chafing at the line holding it to the piling. She was not the one the boys had first thought of, but a better one, painted white on the outside and sea-green on the inside.

"Come on down, it's good you go on slacks, no place for dresses getting dirt round your ankles," he said, as he helped her over the side.
George, already down the ladder, dropped lightly into the boat and held it steady for Anne, and a moment later John and Milna joined them. The line was cast off, and the new gillnetter started out on its trial trip to the drifts.

Anne, braced against the bow, watched their progress and felt again the exhilaration she had felt that day aboard the Abdi. Sky and sea were lapis lazuli blue. The sun sailing west was gliding horizon clouds and wave-froth with old gold.
She swung around and looked back towards Union Town and her new home. Above the patchwork of its many colored houses reared the dark line of firs, and beyond these, mounds of hills like plum colored velvet, topped by Saddle Back mountain, its pomel carrying a white cloud rider.

"How do you like it?"
Anne looked up. John was standing beside her. He seemed a part of his background, his eyes the blue of the sky and water, his skin and hair the bronze of the clouds.
"I love it," she answered.
"You don't mind the waves? It's pretty rough today."
"It's like a swing," she began, then paused at the look on John's face. "What's wrong?"
"I'm going to risk spoiling the little, fun you've had," he began, frowning.

"You mean there's fresh trouble; the men back there on the wharves are angry about something new?"
"It isn't new, but they're growing tired waiting for me to gather proof to give to the authorities. Nikki, will you help me?"
"Surely, if I can."
"Nikki," he squared her around, hands on her shoulders. "Do you know that Rob Crocker is owner of the three fish traps serving the Farnsworth Fisheries?"
"Owner?" she repeated.
"Yes, the man whose money bought the fish traps and is paying the pseudo-owners to run them as their own."

Anne looked at John Neuman in blank astonishment, then slowly an
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... you see the fewer the kin, the larger the share.

"But, John I can't sit quietly at home taking care of myself if I could be doing something to avert this trouble."
"I don't know what you could do," he assured her, "that we're not trying to do. If we can prove collusion between the trap owners and Crocker, with intent to defraud the government, then we can prosecute, but it's hard work doing that. The commission accepted our report, investigated and declared everything had been conducted legally. I appreciate that. They can do nothing without proof and I don't know how we'll get it."

"Maybe I could help—"
"Nikki," there was alarm in John's voice, "don't try, please don't try. Can't you trust me? Won't you promise to take care of yourself while I'm away?"

"I... why...?" Anne's cheeks were flooded with color. John's quick cry had sprung from his heart. It was personal, and yet, Anne reasoned, he might feel that way about any defenseless woman.

"I'll promise not to do anything without first giving it long thought," she compromised, then spoke quickly, "What is that?"

"That's the boat song from the Kalevala, the national epic of the Finnish people," explained John. "Sing it in English," Anne asked. And John, looking toward the setting sun, sang:

And the boat with red he painted,
And adorned the prow with gilding,
And with silver, overlaid it—
Anne, listening, forgot her girlhood, forgot Luke and Lucinda, forgot everything excepting this man who stood before her unaware of her admiration. It seemed in this moment, that the spirit of the man who sang and her own spirit were fused with that of the country of which he sang—

And upon the sea he steered it,
Over the blue and plashing billows—
The sun slipped into the Pacific like a golden disk, turning the horizon clouds to rose and amber. Twilight moved in from the sea and the new boat paused in its rhythmic chugging until the wet was cast, the top lights floating in a rounded L. Buoy lights were set twinkling and everywhere Anne looked it seemed as if fishermen had loosed a horde of fireflies to float sparkling on the waves.

"Come and get it," sounded Milna's voice from the cabin, breaking the enchanted spell of the evening.
They crowded into the little galley, to balance bowls of steaming hot stew on uncertain knees, to spread biscuit with berry jam and to drink heavy cups full of coffee. Then, still talking and laughing, they went back on deck.

Anne, wrapped now in John's great coat, sat in calm contentment, listening to the slap of waves on the boat's sides, the muted voices of the men and occasionally a shout of laughter or song from a nearby boat.

This was peace, and with it an undercurrent of pleasurable excitement.
She looked out to where a liner moved across the bar, her stately sides punctuated with round yellow lights from her portholes.
Poor Luke—he hadn't even had the solace of his belief in her. And he was right. She would have married Rob, unknowing, unsuspecting his real nature. Luke, without time to plan, had had to turn to the one person he could trust, that he thought he could trust, Lee Farnsworth.

Suddenly Anne stood up. Lee Farnsworth! Perhaps there was a way out of this trouble after all, and she could go back to her new home and rest in peace, her work accomplished.

(To be continued).

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Dec. 13 An ex-minister called on the head of a Ladies' Welfare organization of a Presbyterian church in a large Pennsylvania city a few days back. He announced he had been sent by the Townsend people to address that organization. The lady in charge informed him that her organization would not receive Townsend speakers.

After all she had done to build up a happy morale within her flock, she would not permit him to start them off chasing \$200-a-month rainbows, she said.

The good ex-minister insisted. He pointed out his cause "is the greatest humanitarian movement since Lincoln's proclamation." He said life was short and the lady would have a good deal to answer for if she denied this boon to her people. The lady nevertheless decided to run that chance. Her church later sanctioned her gamble.

Fervor—This sub-surface incident is known to have been duplicated daily, with opposite results, in most of the large and small church communities throughout the country. It is the largest unobserved trend of Townsend organization tactics. Also it explains why politico-statenmen hereabouts have become increasingly apprehensive about it within the past few weeks.

The Townsend appeal is clearly catching on more and more with the good quiet people whose hearts are larger than their opportunities for economic study.

Their meetings are not nationally observed. People identified with them seldom have national reputations which attract national dramatic interest. The class involved is not basically that which formed the bulk of the Long share-the-wealth idea the Utopian. Epic or Coughlin movements, but rather the kind of welfare-minded persons who put over prohibition.

They have built up something approximating a non-sectarian national religious zeal. The timid politicians are scared stiff. Sincere statemen also seem to be doubtful about how to face a growing onrush of such a noble but impractical purpose.

Figures—The basis for the zeal appears to be the following:

SUNDOWN STORIES
By MARY GRAHAM BONNER
Santa and Willy Nilly had returned to Puddle Muddle, and now Santa had to go up to his far North workshop and gather more toys. Then he came back and Rip went riding with him.

As Rip tucked himself under the heavy robe beside Santa his ears flapped in the wind and he held his face up to catch the lovely smells of woods and crisp wintry air.

"I'll tell you something, Rip," said Santa as they drove along. "You know how dogs bark if a stranger comes near a house at night?"

"Bow-wow, I know that," said Rip. "I'd bark, too, if I heard any one coming near Puddle Muddle."

"Of course," agreed Santa Claus. "Well, do you know that there isn't a dog in the whole world who barks when Santa is around?"

"I can understand that," said Rip. "Because I know you. Do all the dogs know you?"

And then Rip remembered that he had not barked when first Santa Claus had come to Puddle Muddle—before he had really met Santa. He had seemed to feel it wasn't necessary.

"They all seem to know me," said Santa. "In all the years I have been going all over the world at Christmas time—and you know that means years and years and years and years—I've never had a dog bark at me. They seem to know they must be very quiet so as not to awaken the children. I've had dogs watch me as I trimmed trees, open their eyes and go back to sleep, and only thump their tails a little to greet me or say good-night."

"Dogs have been a great help to me, Rip," And Rip was very proud.

fairly queen answered.
"Iron Queen," she said, "it's time you learn the lessons which toyland can teach. You are in my realm now, and you'll go home when I say. Santa, what work can she do here?"

"Work?" asked Santa. He stuck his hands in his pockets, and there he felt the string of singing spoons. He pulled them out. "Can't the queen copy these? I'd like several hundred to give away for Christmas."

"The very thing," said the fairy queen. "Just to be sure I'll make her a work room." She waved her hand, and there appeared nearby a low, one room stone house with a heavy iron gate.

The Iron Queen was untrapped from the dragon and led to the new house. She was too proud to say anything, so she took the spoons, went in and banged the gates behind her. All the toyshop went to bed for a good night's sleep. Even the fairy queen stayed all night and slept in a doll cradle with her little crown hung on one of the cradle posts.

Tomorrow—The Bewitched Clock

pears to be plausible but careless Townsend arithmetic. A printed circular of Townsend Club No. 1, Peoria, Illinois, is the same as used nationally.

Upon figures cited there, the Peoria club claims to represent one out of every three citizens of the city. Claimed membership is above 40,000. The 1930 census showed Peoria's population to be 105,000. It has increased considerably since.

The circular tells the people of Peoria that Dr. Townsend wants \$200 a month for each of 8,000,000 persons over sixty. The cost, it says, will be \$1,600,000,000 a month. This is to be raised by a sales tax of 1-2-3 per cent on \$100,000,000,000 which is specified as the "sales turnover of 1929." The tax is computed at \$20,000,000,000 a year, the pension need at \$19,200,000,000.

Thus Dr. Townsend is able to show a paper excess of \$800,000,000 above his needs.

Aged—Official 1930 census bureau figures show 10,385,000 persons, then over sixty years of age, instead of 8,000,000. The number has grown since, probably to 11,000,000. The census also showed that 4,156,000 of those over 60 were then gainfully employed. They were supporting themselves. This number has probably decreased. How many were being cared for by sons and daughters, or like J. D. Rockefeller, Sr., living from their own income, the figures do not show.

A liberal assumption would be that there are no more than two million in theoretical need of public assistance and none not now receiving it.

That is only the initial error of Dr. Townsend's charitable purpose. His "total sales" figures are not a sales figure at all. It is based on the bank turnover in 1929, estimated by the federal reserve board at \$1,000,000,000,000 for 268 cities. Dr. Townsend has added 10 per cent for other cities, 10 per cent for cash,

and apparently another billion for good luck. That is how he gets his \$1,300,000,000,000, which really should be nearer \$1,200,000,000,000.

His figures, therefore, are not based on a sales tax proposition. If they were, he would not be within reach of the astronomical revenue he is talking about raising. His tax is a transaction tax, meaning it is a pyramid tax.

For instance, a flat sales tax on automobiles would be a relatively minor thing, collected only once on the sale of the car. But a transaction tax would lay possibly as many as six or eight consecutive taxes of 2 per cent each on some materials going into the car. This would lift the price of automobiles far more than the glibly stated 2 per cent figures indicate.

The iron for your car's body is mined, say by one firm. It is transferred to another for manufacture into pig iron, then to a billette, then to a sheeter, then to a body maker, then to an auto manufacturer, then to a dealer, then to the public. Even one of these transactions would be picked by Dr. Townsend for 2 per cent to get his money.

So also with cotton, which involves transactions to the dealer, middleman, textile manufacturer, and others before it becomes the upholstery in your car.

Effects—It is easy to suspect from this the first economic effect of Dr. Townsend's plan would be to drive most of the middlemen of all business out into the cold. Practical business men would immediately begin to cut down on transactions in order to avoid taxes, and Dr. Townsend would have to look elsewhere to make up this deficit in anticipated revenue.

Likewise it is reasonable to expect that the effect on all prices would be incalculably heavy, that the entire existing business system would have to be upset and reorganized.

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capitol Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for reply.

Q. What is an arpent? T.P.
A. It is the old French measure of land, varying in different localities, containing a little over an acre. It is also a measure equivalent to the length of one side of a square arpent.

Q. From what country did the first of the Rockefellers come to America? E.J.
A. John Peter Rockefeller emigrated from Germany in 1723.

Q. What causes ringing and buzzing in the ears? B.N.
A. The public health service says that high blood pressure will cause ringing in the ears, but it is not the only cause. Any obstruction such as wax in the outer ear or catarrh in the inner ear, or (rarely) a hardening of the membrane involving the nerves will cause ear noises.

Q. Why can't prize fight films be transported from one state to another and shown in motion picture theaters? T.T.
A. Section 405, Title 18, the Code of the Laws of the United States of America, 1934 Edition, reads as follows: Prize fight films; transportation or importation. It shall be unlawful for any person to deposit or cause to be deposited in the United States mails for mailing or delivery, or to deposit or cause to be deposited with any express company or other common carrier for carriage, or to send or carry from one state or territory of the United States or the District of Columbia to any other state or territory of the United States—

1. Trees
2. Pronoun
3. Lacking heat
4. Ruminant animal
5. Unrefined metal
6. City in China
7. Exists
8. Ascend
9. Fish
10. High pointed hill
11. Artificial language
12. Suppression of a sound in pronouncing
13. Animal handler
14. Garment
15. Egg drink
16. Small sheltered inlet
17. Grinding tooth
18. Diminished point
19. Male sheep
20. Pine tree state abbr.
21. United States
22. American Indian
23. Accessory seed covering
24. As far as sitting
25. Device for sitting
26. Picket
27. Playing
28. Muse of history
29. Long narrow opening
30. Poem
31. Watches narrowly
32. Down
33. Poultry product
34. African worm which infests the eye
35. Substance
36. Stalk
37. Exclamation
38. Scandinavian navigator
39. Used in college cheers
40. Edible seeds
41. Maxim
42. Charis
43. River in Russia
44. Podder pit
45. Well-behaved
46. Pastridous
47. Contend
48. Goddess of fate
49. Pronoun

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SANTA and the IRON QUEEN

BY SIGRID ARNE



SYNOPSIS: Santa's elves rescue him from the kingdom of the Iron Queen where he was held prisoner. They take along the queen and a silver dragon they made at her command.

Chapter V