

PORT ORFORD NEWS

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Tuesday, September 13, 1932.

Not that which is much is well, but that which is well is much.—Bishop Hall.

Editorial

WHERE THERE IS NO FEAR

(By Bruce Barton)

Fear has a very important function to perform in human affairs. It keeps us from doing a lot of silly things. It enforces respect for the conventions which are nothing more nor less than the accumulated experience of the race.

It makes us work.

It is a curb on extravagance and greed. Generally speaking the people who were most timid in 1928-1929 are in the best position today. The meek, with their life insurance and municipal bonds are inheriting the earth.

But when fear becomes hysteria, as it has among certain people in the past few months, it is not a pretty thing to see.

I walked down Fifth avenue one morning with a very wealthy man who was all a-tremble. The idea that he might possibly have to go back to work made him almost unbalanced.

I left him to visit the school which is attended by my youngest boy. In a weak moment I had promised to make a speech.

The bell rang. Through the doors of the assembly room came the boys, a couple of hundred of them, ranging in age from six to fourteen. They walked as if their muscles were steel springs. Their cheeks were rosy. In their eyes was no shadow of doubt.

They stood silent for a moment and then, at a word from the headmaster, closed their eyes and repeated:

"Our father which are in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, they will be done . . . and so on to the end.

Then three youngsters marched down the center aisle, with the flag of the United States, the flag of the state of New York and the flag of the school.

The boys raised their right hands in salute: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

By this time I was rubbing the tears out of my eyes, and when I got up to speak I had a catch in my throat. Here was faith!

I wish to make a constructive suggestion. When the schools reconvene in the autumn I propose that we should have a national go-to-school day. Let us close congress and the stock exchange and all businesses. Then let all the men visit the schools which their youngsters attend, and take a good look at the future owners and operators of the United States.

All we old fellows have to do is to keep the applecart steady on its wheels for a few more years. These youngsters will then take charge.

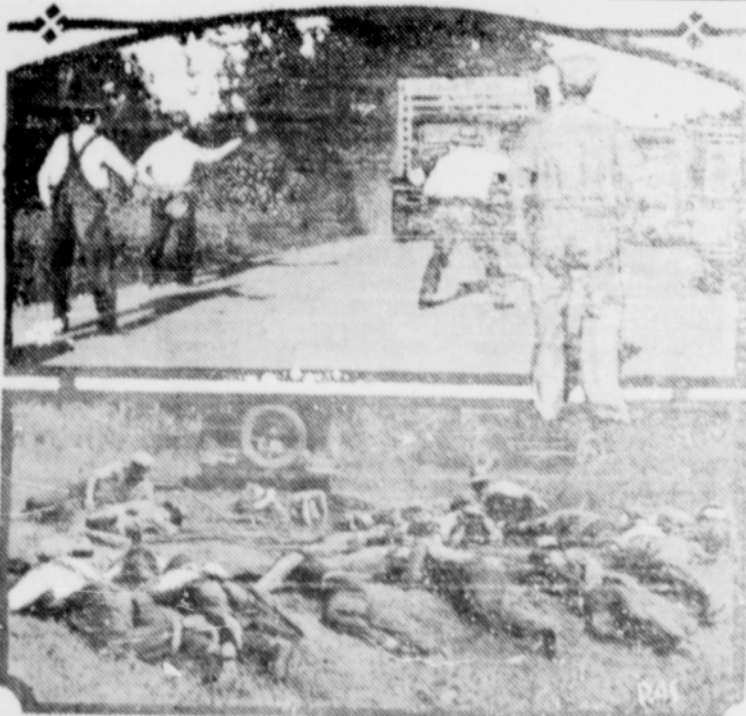
In them are boundless resources of health and courage. In them is no fear.

Methodists To Hold Quarterly Conference

(From Western World.)
The Methodist Episcopal church will hold its first quarterly conference Thursday evening, September 8th, at 7:30. The conference will be held in the church with Dr. Thomas

D. Yarnes, superintendent of the Cascade district, presiding. The Bandon church was transferred from the southern district to the Cascade district at the last annual conference held in June. All officers of the church are expected to attend this meeting and everyone interested in the church work is cordially invited to be present.

Scene From Farm Holiday Strike Center



Roadside scenes where pickets of the "Farm Holiday Association" at Council Bluffs, Ia., and Blair, Neb., threw up a blockade against farm produce, livestock and grain being delivered to market, in an effort to get higher prices. Upper photo shows a truck load of boys which refused to stop on its way to Council Bluffs. Lower: "Farm Holiday" pickets sleeping at the roadside after 24 hours of duty.

Her Technique

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

"IT'S a lie! The wicked don't flee and they aren't punished, either!"

Clarice Mackay burst into the room and dug her little fingers into the palms of her hands to keep from screaming.

"Have you lost your mind?" asked Alice Dalmain, calmly looking at her roommate. "For a bachelor girl you certainly lack the poise that is part of our creed."

Clarice merely gave her friend a withering glance, flung her hat on the table and herself into the deep chair by the window.

"But it's the third time this week!" she said after a moment's pause.

"What's the third time this week?" asked Alice, glancing across at the slender little figure. Clarice was a lovely girl. Alice reflected, but terribly lacking in poise and so utterly dependent upon Jack Withers for her happiness, Alice amended more fairly.

"You know that little widow, Mrs. Holcombe?" Clarice went on.

"Well, she was at the dance Halloween night and I, like an idiot, introduced Jack to her, and the minute she spoke to him I knew it was all up with me. I could see him failing for her right on the spot. She has that pitiful little girl oh-oh-I'm-too-little-and-frightened-to-cross-the-street-alone manner about everything she does. Oh, her technique is perfect. Don't fret, she's got him bound and gagged. I've seen her with him three times this week, and I'll bet he's spent more money on her already than he has on me in all the two years he's known me. She's deadly. That's the dreadful part of it. If it were some little lonely girl I could almost resign myself thinking about how happy Jack was making her, but that thing goes after every man in sight. I know her! And when she sees me she's so sweet to me I could kill her; drags me into the drug store and treats me and gushes over me and simply ignores my icy manner. It's impossible to squelch her. Oh, Alice, I'm so wretched I could die! And the worst is she's so attractive and vampish she could marry anybody, and then to go and take Jack away from me, and after I'd introduced him to her."

"Never mind, honey," soothed Alice. "Don't you pay any attention to her, and when Jack comes around be just as nice to him as ever. He'll get over it. A girl of that type can't hold a man—that is, not a sensible man—long. They'll all fall for her at first, but they soon find out there's nothing to her. He'll get over it before very long."

"Get over it!" sneered Clarice. "You ought to see the adoring way he looks at her. He's head over heels in love with her, and she's just pulling him along for all she's worth."

"I wouldn't be too sure," said Alice, "and I'd let him see me with other men every chance I got. I'd go to dances and movies and anywhere I could."

"What heart have I to do anything?" said Clarice with exasperation. "I only want to die!"

But all the same she did take Alice's advice and a few weeks later found herself one evening at a party, one of a dozen guests among them Jack and Mrs. Holcombe. Jack's manner was strained and he seemed embarrassed in Clarice's presence, but the little widow was her usual gay, playful self. When she saw Jack talking to Clarice she went over to him and tugged at his arm.

"Naughty boy," she teased. "Come away. You brought little Evelyn to this party and not Miss Mackay. I won't love you any more, ever, ever again!"

Jack flushed and looked silly. Somehow he felt that she had made a fool of him in the presence of his erstwhile sweetheart.

"Isn't he naughty, naughty, Miss Mackay?" she asked, looking mischievously at Clarice.

"I don't think so," the girl answered in her most cheerful manner. "I think he's nice."

"Thanks, Clarice, you always were a trump!" said Jack warmly. For the first time in Mrs. Holcombe's shallow little life she felt defeated. With a toss of her golden head she turned away from the two and joined another group across the room. Clarice was happier than she had been in weeks. She put a gentle hand on Jack's arm.

"You'd better go back to her, dear," she said kindly. "After all, you are her escort tonight!"

"Yes, but darned if I'll ever be again. That is, if you'll take me back—for keeps this time," he said, turning away and going toward the widow.

The next day he called Clarice Mackay up for a date, and now certain that she had won him back she told Alice all about the little incident of the night before.

"It seems to me the wicked generally punish themselves," said Alice thoughtfully. "She cooked her own goose that time by making him appear ridiculous in public."

"Maybe so," sighed Clarice, "but now I've got him back I don't care about anything."

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (W.N.S. Service)

Kerr Will Head Oregon Schools

Portland, Ore., Sept. 7.—Dr. William Jasper Kerr, for 25 years president of Oregon State college, was today chancellor of all of Oregon's institutions of higher learning.

Dr. Kerr was elected by the state board of higher education late Tuesday after an executive session which lasted several hours.

It was understood that the name of Dr. George Frederick Zook, president of the University of Akron, O., was placed in nomination but was voted down five to four.

Mrs. C. Lhemonsky and her father, Mr. Langworthy of North Bend motored in town from the Middle Elk last Monday on business.

Friday Mrs. Katherine Harris of Gold Beach, county superintendent of schools, visited briefly at the Port Orford schools.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. McNair of Bandon were guests Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy B. Corson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Long were guests last Sunday at the home of Mrs. Long's mother, Mrs. Nancy Russell, of Langlois.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Masterson are enjoying a motor trip to Portland and other northern points.

Mrs. C. C. Hayes and Mrs. J. Simpson motored to Coquille last Tuesday.

Frederick Hull spent the week end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hull.

Guy Farrier was in Port Orford Tuesday to secure a permit for the burning of brush.

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Mrs. O. J. West entered the Keizer hospital, North Bend, the first of last week for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hughes motored to Bandon Saturday on business.

Walter McGill, Arch Gibson and Oren West were business visitors in Marshfield last Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Vail, accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Vail, were buying supplies for the Inman Mines Friday in Port Orford and Coquille.

Elliott and George Woodworth and Donald McKenzie were in Gold Beach Saturday taking the driver's license test.

Virgie Methany and James Nor-

ton entered high school at Port Orford Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Barklow and family from La Verne, California, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. Rowan for several days.

Albert Bick of Marshfield motored to Sixes Friday evening and on his return to Marshfield was accompanied by Mrs. Bick who spent the week end in Marshfield. Ames S. Johnston, father of Mrs. Bick, accompanied Mr. Bick to Sixes.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Post spent Saturday at the Andrew Johnston home.

Ray Harris, of Brush Creek, spent a few days last week at the home of Gerald Rutledge.

Misses Edna and Ruth Miller visited Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnston.

Miss Hazel Miller was a guest of Miss Dorris Forty Sunday afternoon.

Howard Miller and family of Elk River are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Miller.

Mrs. Clara Miller visited Mrs. A. G. Miller Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Fred Rutledge was a vis-

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itor at the G. A. Miller home Tuesday.

Among those attending church services Sunday evening were: Florence and Ray Snyder, Misses Ruth Hazel and Edna Miller and Mrs. Elizabeth Weed, who was accompanied by her mother and sister.

Mrs. Elizabeth Weed is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Clifton, and her sister from Petaluma, Calif.

CHURCH CALENDAR

Rev. D. J. Henry, Pastor.

Sunday, September 18, 1932.

Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. Young Peoples Forum, 7:00 p. m. Church Service, 8:00 p. m.

H. L. HOUSTON, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Phones: Office 491, Home 492. Fahy-Morrison Bldg. Bandon, Oregon.

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