

Cast on a Desert Island, What Books Would You Choose to Have?

RIVER LIFE BEFORE 1850 TOLD IN GRAPHIC STEAMBOAT STORY

"Way Back When" Figures in Dramatic Panorama of Changes Brought by Years on Valley Section

On Tuesday, March 18, my new found home started up the Willamette for Harrisburg and returned Friday, the 21st with a full load of wheat and a small boy with an excited idea of himself.

A few of the crew whose names I remember were: Captain Charles Hoffman, Chief Engineer George Marshall, First Assistant John Marshall, First Pilot Aaron Vickers, Second Pilot Charles Kellogg, Steward Joe Harrison and Tom Washington as chef. Of these named all have passed into the mystic beyond.

In those days the master of the steamer was virtually in charge of the vessel he commanded.

The owners entrusted the boat and business in his care and looked to him to manage the steamer in such a way as to earn a profit on the investment, which except in very rare cases, was secured.

He was consulted when changes in time, destination, route or the making of rates were agreed upon and the selection, retention or discharging of any employee on board was left to him as a divine right. In fact he was monarch of all he surveyed.

It was probably owing to the latter rule that I managed to serve out the initial season of my induction into river service.

Being a callow youth of twelve seasons and not of a robust physique, my earning powers from a financial standpoint were at a low ebb and it had not been that I was a protegee of the captain's favorite chef and sponsored by the worthy "skipper" to boot, the river steamers and I would soon have become strangers to each other.

Old Tom watched over me as zealously as a mother with her first born and I was never called upon to assist in a regular way unless my conduct did not meet with his entire approval and I must confess that at regular stated intervals my conduct was not conducive of much approbation.

When detected in any conduct that he considered unworthy of a grandson of a Mississippi master, I was introduced to a bushel tub of potatoes and a paring knife with an injunction to "skin 'em close."

The deck hands soon saw the protectorate that I was working by and under and to tease me would call me "Niggah Jim" and chase me back to the galley when I would become too insistent in my quest for river lore and vocabulary.

Having been taught from my infancy not to use the terms "Niggah" but to refer to that race as colored people, this appellation would cause a small sized insurrection before the brawny men who worked on deck succeeded in their sham battles to drive me

back to the cook's quarters. My appearance at the galley door with disheveled hair and streaming eyes would eventually bring a hunk of ginger bread from the faithful old Tom and he would tell me that he surely would "Pizen" their coffee on the next watch off and send me to the pilot house with my tale of woe to Captain Charlie.

Captain Holman was a boy once and took in the situation chiding me for not cleaning out the crew and offering his services to assist in their entire demoltion.

While he was diligent in performing his duty looking after the offspring of a brother captain he believed that boys would be boys and in his kindness to me gave what I now can see was a great latitude to roam in.

During my stay with him on this steamer, there was but once that he gave me an unkind word and this was done for my benefit and it had a lasting impression upon me, one that I retained for many years.

In those days all well-appointed steamboats were supplied with a bar for the bibulously inclined passenger; and was generally placed in the forward cabin opposite the office of the clerk or purser with a swinging half door that served as a bar when the upper half was open. While this was tended by a regular bar keeper it was the duty of the steward's department to keep it in order.

One day the steward asked me to sweep this room out for him and while being thus engaged Captain Holman happened to pass through the cabin and espied me behind the bar. Without heralding his advance he grabbed me by my puny shoulders, and lifted me clear of the half door and used me as a pile driver on the boiler deck, each slam accompanied by a peroration regarding the impropriety of a boy of my years and position in life being found behind a liquor counter.

Imagine, if you can, the disaster that had befallen me.

I was ashamed to tell Tom and was fearful lest the gang on deck would learn of my discomfiture and I resolved then and there to desert the boat at the first wood yard.

Noticing the abject and humiliated look on my face the captain appeared to relent, although he was smiling at the bar-keeper when I could not observe him and soon matters were adjusted and with an admonition always to steer clear of both sides of a bar of this description, the past was forgotten and the whole-souled genial captain and I were comrades again.

UNIVERSITY WRITER CASTS AWAY FICTION

Professor W. F. G. Thacher Would Not Select One Modern Story

Professor W. F. G. Thacher, University of Oregon, lover of fiction, teacher of fiction, writer of fiction, would not select a single volume of modern fiction if he were shipwrecked with only time to select twelve volumes from a complete library with which to occupy the leisure moments of his life.

Nor would he choose altogether books which he has already read. Rather he would take that time to pour over a list of books which in his busy life as a professor of journalism in the University of Oregon he has never had time to read.

"I would select books which I could read again and again," said the professor, seemingly enjoying the imaginative setting of being shipwrecked. "There is no work of fiction which I could read more than twice, a fact which would bar fiction completely."

There was not a moment's hesitation in Professor Thacher's selection of the first book.

"I would start with the Bible, if for no other reason than because of the important part played in the development of the human race," he asserted, and then turned to Shakespeare.

"I would want the plays of William Shakespeare for their inexhaustible source of human interest and poetry. I would choose him rather as a poet than a dramatist.

"Next I would choose the Greek dramatists—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides—because I have always wanted time to study them more thoroughly. I think I would take the poems of Robert Browning for the same reason.

"Then I would want the 'Oxford Book of Verses' probably the greatest collection of English poetry."

Professor Thacher made it clear that many of his selections were made for the sole purpose that he would have plenty of time to read books which he has always wanted to read thoroughly.

"I'd select Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' for the reason that I have never read it, but I know that there is a wealth of knowledge in it, I should take the works of Voltaire for the same reason."

After a little cognition, Professor Thacher brought his swivel chair upright with a jolt and a light came into his eyes out of the mist of book dreams.

"Put it down at the end that I should like a book of blank pages, which I want to fill myself," he said, before he named the remaining volumes.

The books of Rabelais, the great humorist, would be next on the list, because they have a rare

SCOUT SUNDAY NEWS SECTION

Written by the Boys Themselves; Copy Should Reach Scout Headquarters Not Later Than Friday

Editorial Note: Because the principles underlying the Boy Scout movement are among the finest at work in boys life, The Oregon Statesman has offered a department in the Sunday paper for the organization's exclusive use.

Scout news, furnished by the boys themselves, will be found regularly in the Sunday issue.

Blazed Trail
On Friday, December 4th, the Scouts of Troop No. 1, Corvallis, held their annual Blazed Trail. Parents and friends of the Scouts were present and enjoyed an exceptionally fine program. The Chintimini Camp Fire Girls co-operated with the Scouts this year which added greatly to the program. The pageant of Guardian of the Trail was presented by the Scouts. The pageant was attractively set and costumed. The pageant was symbolic of the life of a Scout, the leading part was played by Edgar Batchelor. A two-reel moving picture, "The Days of Real Sport" was shown. This is a Boy Scout picture and was fascinating to the adults as well as to the Scouts. In addition to this a scenic picture was shown depicting some of the most beautiful regions of America's outdoors.

Court of Honor
Last Wednesday night the Scout executive went to Dallas to visit their Local Court of Honor, which was held at the city hall. There were two Scouts present for the rank of second class and three were awarded their first class badges. The following Scouts were awarded merit badges: Robert Hayter, first aid, safety first and first aid to animals. Delbert Hunter, electricity; Englebert Geringer, swimming; Richard Webb, cycling; Olvin Bowe, cycling, and Paul Bollman, swimming.

Patrols Busy
Each patrol was in charge of some project at the Blazed Trail. The Flying Eagle patrol operated the popular hot dog stand. The Otters had a fish pond and booth at which craftsman work suitable for gifts were sold. The Pine tree patrol sold cider, sinkers and presented a very fine vaudeville act.

Alumni Meets
The Alumni of Corvallis Troop No. 1, held their annual get-together at a breakfast on the morning of Sunday, November 1. The arrangements were made by Life Scout Ernest Poore, president and Secretary Philip Newton. New officers elected were Eagle Scout John Logan as president and Forrest Woods, secretary. Membership in Troop 1, Alumni includes only First Class Scouts, as follows: those who have become Senior Patrol leader or Troop Instructor, Veteran Scouts, those who have either graduated from high school or reached their eighteenth birthday.

Use Scout Staff
Mr. Rex Sanford, scoutmaster of Troop No. 2, Salem, announced

quality which draw from age to age. The censored book "Ulysses" by James Joyce would be found on Mr. Thacher's shelf. "Ulysses" is a work of extreme modernism in which every feeling, precept and thought of a man for 4 hours are set down.

"The greatest novel ever written—as big as time, as big as the world—'War and Peace' by Tolstoy would certainly go into that library. And then the poems of Walt Whitman, the most original and natural voice America has produced.

**DR. WARREN D. SMITH
WRITES OREGON PAPER**
A description of the physical and economic geography of Oregon by Dr. Warren D. Smith, head of the department of geology, University of Oregon, will be published in the next issue of the Commonweath. The paper is written in ten chapters, each covering a particular section of the state. This is the first time a complete survey of this kind has been written, Dr. Smith said.

STATESMAN'S OWN LIST FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

- Aesop's Fables
- Arabian Nights
- Alice in Wonderland
- Ben Hur, Wallace
- Black Beauty, Sewell
- Call of the Wild, London
- Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, Mark Twain
- Jungle Book, Just So Stories, Kipling
- Kidnapped, Master of Ballantrae, Stevenson
- Kenilworth, Lady of the Lake, Ivanhoe, Rob Roy, Scott
- Legends of King Arthur, Greens
- Life at West Point, Hancock
- Man Without a Country, Hale
- Oxford Book of English Verse
- Oregon Trail, Parkman
- The Pilot
- Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
- Robinson Crusoe
- The Spy, Cooper
- Swiss Family Robinson, Wyss
- Winning of The West, Roosevelt
- Two Years Before The Mast, Dana
- Treasure Island, Stevenson
- Twice Told Tales, Hawthorne
- Westward Ho', Kingsley.

SCHOOLS TO TEST MEMORY OF MUSIC

Stories of Three Selections Are Printed Every Sunday Here

To A Wild Rose
MacDowell was above all else a poet in music. Each of the short numbers in the "Woodland Sketches" is full of poetry, inspired by the charm and beauty of the wild flower in the woodland glade. The very unobtrusive little flower, the wild rose, exquisite in coloring, yet simple and unassuming, could not have been described better in volumes of print than MacDowell pictures it in this short tone poem. Everyone knows and loves this poetic masterpiece.

Pilgrims' Chorus

The "Pilgrims' Chorus" appears several times during the opera. It is heard at the very beginning and also at the end, as well as during the third act. During the opera it is penitential in spirit, but at the end it becomes a magnificent triumphal chant. This is one of the world's greatest choral numbers in four part harmony. The chant begins at first slowly and in the distance as with dignified step, the pilgrims go on their way to Rome. The middle part becomes more impassioned as the thememoves by octaves against the ever-changing harmonies of the accompaniment. The first theme returns, this time sung in unison and the song grows gradually softer as the pilgrims dissa-

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J. C. NELSON, HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARIAN, ASKED TO PICK 10

Going Into the African Jungles, Theodore Roosevelt Included World's Best in Famous Pigskin Library

If all the books in the world were in a blaze, which would you snatch from the flames? Which would you take to a desert island. Would they be fiction? Biography? Poetry? Drama?

Oregon pioneers, moving into a frontier country, could take only a few of those written. You, today, have time to read only a few of those written. How did they choose? How do you choose?

"True books have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen and great thinkers. These are all at your choice," wrote John Ruskin, "and life is short. Will you jostle with the common crowd, for entire here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time?"

Were you about to start on a protracted journey into a frontier country, what books would you put in your pack?

Theodore Roosevelt, when packing his kit for his now famous African expedition, faced a problem not different from that faced by all readers. Roosevelt's limit was set by the weight of the books he could carry. Your limit is set by the time you can devote to reading. What are the volumes you would select? Roosevelt crammed these into his "Pigskin Library," to be taken into the jungles:

Bible, Apocrypha; Barrow, Bible in Spain, Zingali, Lavengro, Wild Wales, The Romney Rye; Shakespeare; Spencer, The Faerie Quee; Marlowe; Mahan, Sea Fever; Macaulay, History, Essays, Poems; Homer, Iliad, Odyssey; Lowell, Literary Essays, Bigelow Papers; Emerson, Poems; Longfellow; Tennyson; Poe, Tales, Poems; Keats; Milton, Paradise Lost; Dante, Inferno; Holmes, Autocrat, Over the Teacups; Bret Harte, Poems, Tales of the Argonauts, Luck of Roaring Camp; Brownings; Crothers, Gentle Reader; Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer; Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; Euripides; The Federalist; Gregorious, Rome; Scott, Legend of Montrose, Guy Mennering, Waverley, Rob Roy, Antiquary; Cooper, Pilot, Two Admirals; Froissart, Percy's Reliques; Thackeray's Vanity Fair, Rendanna; and Dicken's Mutual and Pickwick.

J. C. Nelson, principal of the high school, says he would take the following ten. How many of them have you read?

The Bible, Homer, Euripides, Horace, Robinson Crusoe, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, Browning, George Eliot, The Mill on the

Floss; and Mrs. Caskell, Cranford, rarian, declares the following her choice:

Buried Alive, Arnold Bennett; Memoirs, Benvenuto Cellini; Lord Maud E Covington, Salem Lib-Jim, Joseph Conrad; John Hall-fax, Gentleman, D. M. Crank; Divine Comedy, Alighieri Dante; Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe; Pickwick Papers, Charles Dickens; Golden Treasury, F. T. Paigrove, Nonsense Anthology, G. P. Olyn Wells, and Webster's dictionary.

BIBLE STORY FREE TO 2,000 PAPERS

Press-Radio Service to Furnish Daily Selections With a Prayer

CINCINNATI, O.—(AP.)—The Press-Radio Bible Service is to furnish the complete story of the Bible free to more than 2,000 daily newspapers in the United States and Canada.

The first copy is ready for mailing in December. It is a quarterly edition and will cover January, February and March, with daily Bible selections and a brief prayer of about 50 to 75 words. With this service goes an appeal to the newspaper editors to use the appointed selection daily.

Four years ago when the newspapers of this section were campaigning against profiteers, Addison Y. Reid of Cincinnati, one of those who takes his Bible with his breakfast, scanned Proverbs and stumbled across this declaration of Solomon:

"He that withholdeth the corn the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be on the head of him that selleth it."

Mr. Reid, a short, chubby man of advancing years, envisioned the possibility of extracting from the Scriptures an abridged selection of verse for every day in the year and for every man of the millions who have no church connection at all.

He interpreted the declaration of Solomon as a warning to profiteers and thought the whole story of the Bible could be told from day to day in an appropriately trimmed verse that would carry a message.

It will require two years and a

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Watch Your Child's Health Is Warning Sent by Expert

"Tragic Evidence of Failure to Safeguard Health of Young People" Found; Regulate Play and Study Load

"Trying to repair the damage that in some cases seems to be the direct result of the terrific speed at which we are driving these human machines of ours," is the underlying thought in an article by Grace Holmes, R. N., in a recent issue of Health First.

First, in a 40 bed sanatorium, she had under her case 6 high school boys and girls—15 per cent of the total capacity of the sanatorium. Later, in a Wisconsin sanatorium where she served there were 5 beds in a row, each occupied by a young college man, one of whom "failed to come back." Again in Wisconsin, a clinic was held this year, at which 434 high school boys and girls were examined. Among this number 21 cases of tuberculosis were found, according to The Crusader, the monthly publication of the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis association.

This last year in Oregon, a visit was made to the state sanatorium which has a capacity of 152 beds. Fifteen beds were occupied by college students, 8 by high school students and 18 by grade school pupils. Here again, 9 per cent of the entire patient-body were high school or college students. "Tragic evidence of our failure to safeguard the health of these young people!" observes the writer. Whose responsibility is it to prevent these tragedies? The schools? Yes, partially; but, as pointed out in the article, it rests jointly with several other groups, notably with the home.

We are all familiar with the work of school medical inspection so effectively carried out in some of our larger centres of population particularly in the grades; also with the excellent work of school

and public health nurses, and the work of the modern health crusade.

In all this excellent health work the lower grade students are the chief beneficiaries. "The problem of the physical care of high school students is almost an untouched field." How many of these young people, growing up like young colts, are, in their unrestrained ambition, trying to carry amounts of classroom work out of all proportion to their physical endurance? In addition to the work of the classroom, every present-day high school boy or girl desires, or should desire, to take some part in athletics or other extra-curriculum activities. Add to this the late hours, auto rides, jazz parties, etc., constituting the end of the perfect day for "Flaming Youth" and what is the result? "So long as they do not fail in their classes, no one interferes." Finally, especially as the school term draws toward its close in the spring, fond parents begin to notice symptoms of irritability, loss of weight and appetite, lack-lustre eyes, loss of that "school-girl complexion," which no amount of cosmetics can bring back. Finally, with increasing signs of weakness, the tell-tale hacking cough and afternoon temperature all too often develop. In some cases, the result is complete collapse, involving months of sanatorium care, followed by many more months of struggle to get back to rugged health; and for some it is that long journey whence no traveler returns.

"The responsibility for many of these tragedies rests," continues Miss Holmes, "upon the shoulders of our grown-ups, parents and teachers alike, who are supposed

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WHEN YOUR HORN GOT SHORT-CIRCUITED WHILE YOU WERE WAITING IN TRAFFIC—



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GOVERNOR PIERCE ADDRESSES PORTLAND BUSINESS MEETING

Prison Activities From a Practical Man's Viewpoint Is Theme Expanded With Details and Facts

Following is the speech delivered by Governor Walter N. Pierce before the Business Men's club, in Portland, on December 10. It is printed here for the perspective it gives of state and prison activities.

"I am especially gratified to have this opportunity of presenting to you, as business men of Oregon, a brief statement of prison activities from the business man's viewpoint.

"There is practically no other subject of general interest on which the public has so little first hand information as on the industrial part of the state prison. Only a very small percentage of our citizens ever visit the prison—and owing to the nature of such an institution it is not always practical to admit visitors to the inside of the yard itself.

"Some one has well said, 'The things we are most down on are apt to be the things we are least up on.' and this applies well to the average man's ideas of prison management. So, in presenting this subject, let me ask you in fairness to disabuse your minds of pre-judgments—which is the real meaning of prejudice—and look with me for a few minutes upon this institution as one of Oregon's industrial plants—in fact as one of your own institutions. And really, an institution in which the state has invested for over a period of some fifty odd years many, many thousands of the taxpayers' money—and which houses on the average some 450 inmates—is well worth taking stock of occasionally from a purely business viewpoint.

"Ask yourself—What is the prime purpose of such an institution? The answer will vary with

the amount of thought you have given the subject. The Eighteenth Century idea was a place where criminals of all classes and kinds were shut up to be tortured—to be hidden away in dungeons—and often to rot away their lives in living deaths. The Twentieth Century idea is very different.

"First of all a prison is a place to shut away from the rest of organized society these members who are dangerous to it. Secondly, it is a place of punishment, where the inmate should become penitent, hence the name 'penitentiary.'

"Thirdly, since the greater number of its inmates must be sooner or later returned to society it is a matter of much importance what kind of men they will be and what their attitude toward society—whether they will be valued members or menace.

"Hercules lies the reformatory phase of such an institution. If while incarcerated the inmate can receive wholesome training, be usefully employed—perhaps master some trade, and get the right idea of his duties toward organized society, then the real work of a prison is being accomplished. When I tell you that over two-thirds of the inmates in your institution are young men under thirty, many of them are mere boys—the importance of this last purpose of the prison will be more clearly appreciated by you.

"You will agree with me I am sure that hard work at useful tasks is the best possible cure for most of society's ills—whether outside or inside prison walls. Idle brains are the devil's workshop—and nothing is more con-

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