

WILSON'S PAPERS, ADDRESSES APPEAR

Selections Show Gradual
Illumination of His Ideas
Throughout Years

Those of us to whom America, the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence are more than empty words—those of us who have faith in the democratic form of government, and who believe that Woodrow Wilson, whether we agree with his proposals or not, also had a great faith in popular government which he endeavored to justify by practical and constructive acts—to all such people this work is of great interest.

We have had critical estimates of Mr. Wilson, personal recollections, interpretations and explanations. The trouble with all these is that they are not Mr. Wilson. It is unwise to form an opinion of the man and his beliefs at second-hand as it is to buy a house from the description given by the real estate man. We cannot see these things through another's eyes.

Now at last with the appearance of this popular edition of Wilson's papers and addresses—one that includes the literary as well as the political writings—we are able to get a clear picture of the man and his ideas. We see him through the crystal-clear medium of his own prose style, and we find the dynamic, vital, immensely stimulating. We have something definite on which to base our opinion, without the intermediation of self-appointed interpreters.

This selection, beginning with the first article written while he was a student at Princeton, and ending with his last public address, shows the gradual illumination of his ideas under the buffeting of experience. Practically all the theories on government and society which he later elaborated into political proposals are evident in the earlier papers. And the selection throughout is excellent. Nearly all the important documents of his late political career are included. Some of the war papers, particularly the long list of popular speeches in favor of the League of Nations, have been omitted. But these largely duplicate one another and are available for the student in other forms.

To study these books is to get a liberal education in both the theory of American government and its practical application. People are apt to forget that before Mr. Wilson became a political

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ANOTHER OREGON WRITER HONORED

One of Lapman's Articles
Being Included in School
Text Book

Ben Hur Lampham, editorial staff writer on The Oregonian, has received word that one of his articles, "Canada Geese—Trumpets of Dawn," which appeared a year ago in Nature Magazine, is being included in a text for school use now being prepared by William E. Elson of Chicago, a successful author of grade and high school textbooks.

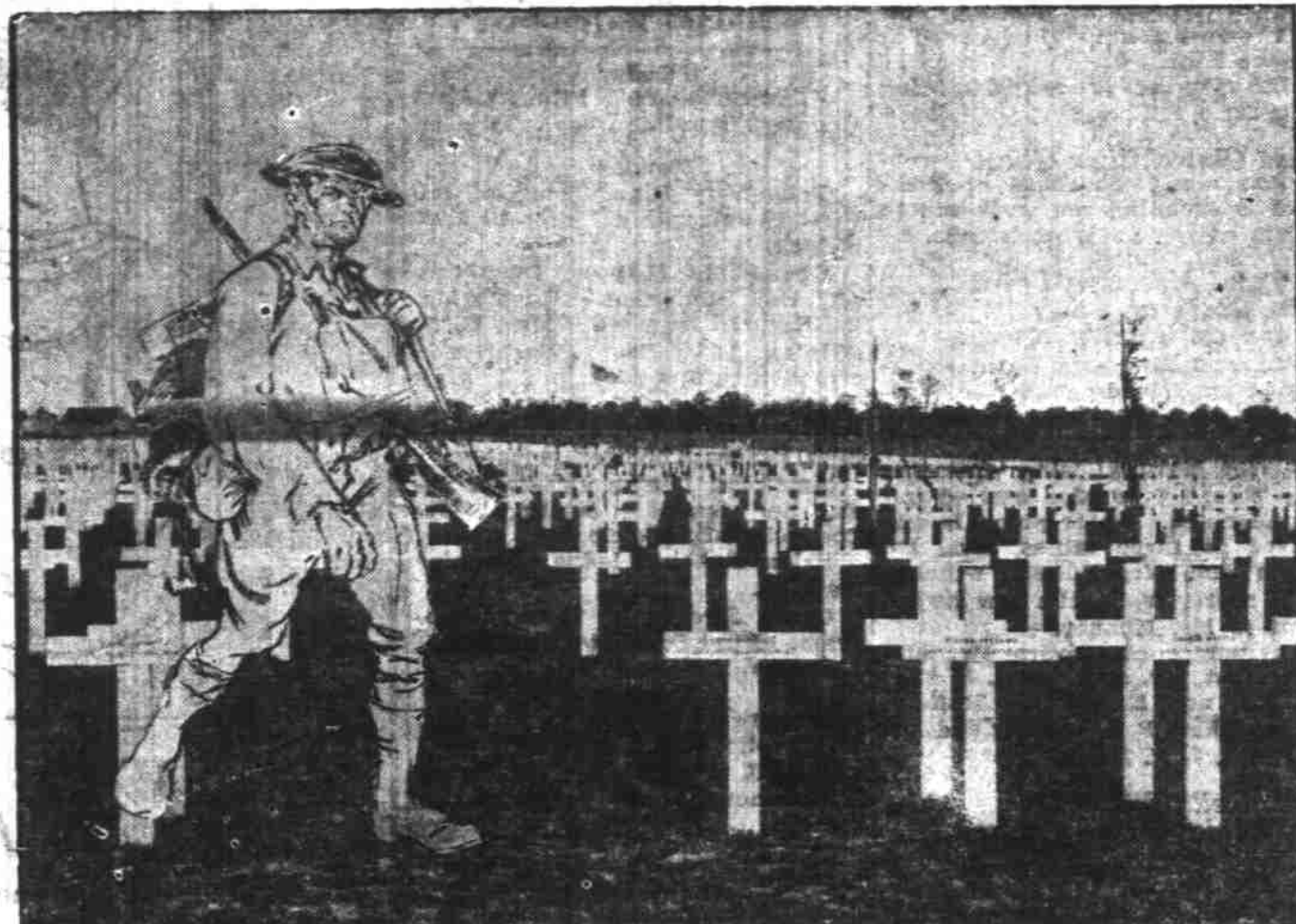
Mr. Elson, in a letter to Mr. Lampham, said that he has been granted permission by the Nature Magazine to reprint the article, and requests that Mr. Lampham send him a biographical sketch of his life and work, with particular reference to Mr. Lampham's efforts for the conservation of wild life, to run with the article.

"Canada Geese—Trumpets of Dawn," is a 3000 word article based on Mr. Lampham's experiences as a hunter and a sportsman and has its setting in North Dakota. Several outdoor magazines have reprinted the article since it was first published last year.

William H. Elson, author of the new textbook, is an experienced educator who has chosen authorship of textbooks as his vocation. He began his educational work as a teacher in rural schools, and later was successively superintendent of schools in Indianapolis, Ind.; Superior, Wis.; and Grand Rapids, Mich., and later was a lecturer at Cornell University.

He is the author of "The Elson Readers," "Good English," "Junior High School Literature" and "Child Library Readers." It is understood that he found Mr. Lampham's article desirable both for the style of writing and its subject matter. (From the Oregonian of March 3, 1927).

AMERICAN FIELDS OF HONOR OVERSEAS



The American Military Cemeteries located near the cities of Paris and London

JIMMY GROUND HOG LEARNS OBEDIENCE

Many People Think They
Know More Than Their
Employers, Teachers

Rev. E. H. Shanks
"What is that over there on the bank, Dad?"
"Where, Son?"
"Just across there. Don't you see it? Sitting up like a small dog."

"Oh, yes, I see it. That is a ground hog, Albert."

"A ground hog? Let's go over and see. Oh, there! Is it gone?"

"I see, it has a hole in the bank. There it is again. See its head sticking out."

Albert and his people had recently moved into the neighborhood, and he had never seen a ground hog before, though he had often heard of them. There was a small creek running across the farm. On the far side of the creek there was a bit of timber, walnut, beech and maple trees, and some elm besides small bushes of pawpaw and elder and shubum. On the side of the creek toward the house there were fields of corn, potatoes, and also turnips and carrots. The bank of the stream afforded a splendid place for the ground hogs, and a family lived there in fine ground hog style.

In other years the family had consisted of quite a number of fine, fat ground hogs. Now it was reduced to Daddy and Mrs. Ground Hog, and their only child, Jimmy. The farmer who had lived there before Albert's family came had made a raid on the ground hog family and, as he thought, had cleaned them all out. Sure enough they did him very little damage. The few carrots and small amount of corn they ate each year amounted to almost nothing, and their burrowing was all on the woods side of the creek. They lived mostly on wild berries and roots and grasses along the creek.

Jimmy was a splendid young chap. He was fat and strong. His parents were proud of him. He was not very disobedient, for he always did pretty much as he was told; but he was a little inclined to play most of the time, and when given something to do liked to do it his own way. He thought his way best, even if his daddy was older and was supposed to know how to do things.

One day Ground Hog said: "Jimmy, go out in the carrot field and bring in a nice large carrot for dinner." Jimmy went out for

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American Artist to Give Recital First in Turkey

CONSTANTINOPLE. (AP)—An American dramatic soprano, Mrs. Myrtle Nelson Tobin, of St. Paul, Minn., will have the distinction of being the first Occidental artist to give a public performance in Angora.

The first American singer to be heard in Constantinople, Mrs. Tobin will repeat her triumph with another concert this winter, and now plans to make her first appearance in Angora this spring.

Mrs. Tobin began her musical training at the age of nine in St. Paul, sang in her church choir at twelve, and later spent four years of study in Paris under Senor Alfredo Amadei, teacher of many opera stars. Mrs. Tobin has been enthusiastically received by the Turkish public.

Richard Seelye Jones

Ten years after the declaration of war by the United States against Germany in 1917 there remain in Europe few traces of the American Expeditionary Forces which proved the deciding factors in the conflict. For the most part, the battlefields have grown up with weeds, or have been restored to cultivation by the plow. The hotels, the barracks, the hospitals we used have been returned long since to peace time duty. A few unofficial monuments mark certain battle scenes, but the official battle monuments are yet in the preliminary stages. The American Legionnaires who return to Europe for their convention at Paris next September will miss a great many sights which were familiar in 1917 and 1918. But there are eight permanent, plain and prominent monuments of the Legionnaires of ten years ago—the eight American military cemeteries overseas.

These cemeteries, the final resting places of more than thirty thousand of those who followed Pershing overseas, are now handsome, well kept, solemn fields of honor. At dawn the flag is raised over each of them. Each sunset it is lowered. In each the crosses stand in steady rows, white against a background of green sod and a first budding of young trees gives promise of greater beauty as the years roll by. Here are the lasting records of the A. E. F.

Six of the American cemeteries are on the battlefields, on ground taken from the enemy by the power of American arms, on ground restored to France and to Belgium by our delivering guard. The other two are near the great cities of London and Paris. Here is the list of them and the number of those who lie therein:

Flanders Field—Wareghem, Belgium, 365.
Somme Cemetery—Bony, France, 1826.

Meuse-Arron Cemetery—Romagny-sous-Montfaucon, 14,107.

St. Mihiel Cemetery—Thiaucourt, 4,141.

Olise-Aisne Cemetery—Fere-en-Tardenois, 5,948.

Aisne-Marne Cemetery—Bellevue, 22,121.

Brookwood Cemetery, London, England, 437.

Suresnes Cemetery—Paris, France, 15,066.

More than half of our soldiers

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GIRLS' SCHOOL IDEA GETS DEATH KNEEL

Men Taking Prominent Part
in All Activities at Oregon
Normal School

OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL, Monmouth. (Special.)—The more or less traditional idea that the Oregon Normal school at Monmouth is a girls' school has received its death knell, and the new order of the day places the male element of the student body on an equal footing with the women in all campus activities. The normal is now a strictly co-educational institution, even though the women outnumber the men nine to one. Due to the increasing number of men enrolling at the normal each year it has gradually become possible for the men to assume responsibilities heretofore carried by the women. One need but glance at the roster of men officers of the student body and campus organizations, to recognize this fact. Not only have the scholastic achievements of the men taking the teacher training course, done much to advance the standards of the school. No longer need men hesitate entering the normal for fear of being ridiculed for attending a girls' school—that day is passed. It is partly due to the fact that a majority of the more broadminded girls in the school saw the fairness of a readjustment that the men are being elected to many responsible offices in the student governing council and other organizations, otherwise the men might still be playing second fiddle due to their minority in numbers. It has not all been smooth sailing to admit the men to an equal share in the leadership, and the readjustment has not been accomplished in a high handed or arbitrary manner by the men. As a whole the student body is backing the move, and the work of the men on the various committees has proved the value of co-working. The writing has been seen on the wall and the days of this time worn custom of

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PIONEER OBSERVES HIS 75TH BIRTHDAY

Keeps in Excellent Health
by Walking to Store, Hunt-
ing and Working

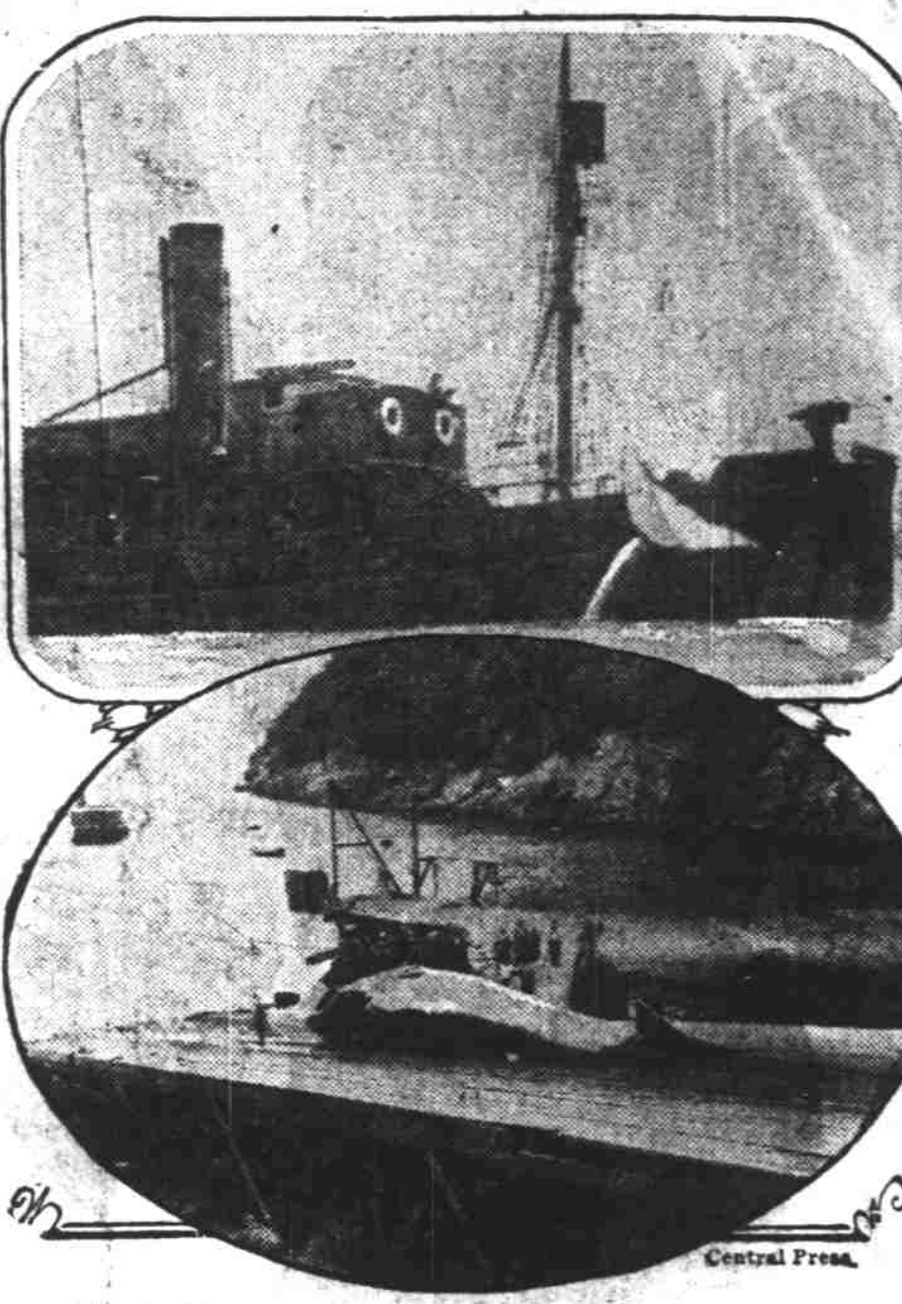
OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL, Monmouth, Mar. 12.—(Special.)—"Uncle Bill" Williams celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday last Sunday, with all his sons but one spending the day with him on the old home farm near Airlie. Few pioneers of Oregon have lived a more active or serviceable life than William Edward Williams, who is known throughout the state and county as a broadminded and public spirited citizen and who is called "Uncle Bill" by his innumerable friends.

Knowing it was "Uncle Bill's" birthday we drove out to Airlie and found him waiting on the usual Sunday trade in his store. He admitted the birthday, but insisted he felt as fit as a fiddle and more like sixteen than seventy-five. In spite of his years he is spry and hearty and carried his 285 pounds lightly, and keeps fit by helping with the milking on the farm twice a day, walking to the store when the weather permits and hunts rabbits with his two dogs. His favorite game is rummy and he attends most of the community gatherings and dances. He laughingly told us he preferred to walk to the store since the Ford tried to climb a telephone pole when he was taking his first lesson in driving. Barring that, "little accident" he assured us he could drive as well as anyone if he cared to. "Uncle Bill" still thinks with pleasure of the days when he drove fine trotting horses and of the ribbons and prizes his favorites used to win. He told us of the days when he was deputy sheriff of Polk county and the Fourth of July celebrations and county gatherings when he rode his high stepping horses and held the position of marshal. At his invitation we inspected his fine collection of war implements and ornamental hangings on the walls of his store and which were collected by his son, Floyd, when stationed in the Philippine Islands. This son, now in the employ of the Standard Oil company, has been in India for the past seven years and was only one of the five boys not able to attend the family birthday. "Uncle Bill" showed us the many pictures, and trophies and medals won by this son who he was a student in the Agricultural college at Corvallis and starred as a trackman, football player and all around athlete. "Uncle Bill" admitted his fondness for football and told how he first became interested in the game in about 1902 when his son was on the O. A. C. team. For twenty years "Uncle Bill" followed the O. A. C. teams and missed but one game during that time. The pictures of those teams and the mementoes tacked on the wall of his office and which he gathered himself would make an interesting collection for any O. A. C. enthusiast. He laughed when we asked him to sit for a picture, but good naturedly put on his coat and posed on the front steps of his store for the above likeness.

"Uncle Bill" Williams has five sons and five granddaughters and with the exception of Floyd they were all with him on his birthday. The sons present were Marcus C., business man of Independence; Vern W., who is connected with

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RESUME WHALING OFF MEXICO



A fleet of Norwegian whalers has resumed whaling activities off the west coast of Mexico, approximately 100 miles south of San Diego, Cal. In these exclusive pictures, one may see (top) a modern steel whaling ship hauling a finback aboard and (below) the finback landed, ready for cutting up.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS EXTEND GREETINGS

Arrangements Being Made
for Fine Forestry Pro-
gram on March 14

By Rosa M. T. Hester

The Camp Fire Girls of Salem extend to all their friends many happy returns of the day. Camp Fire is 15 years old this month, and it has been their custom since infancy to give others a birthday party on her own anniversary.

Since Camp Fire was launched 15 years ago, thousands of girls have worked together joyously, striving to follow the Camp Fire laws: "Seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold on to health; glorify work; and be happy." Today 150,000 girls are included in its active membership, about forty of whom live in Salem.

Camp Fire is not an organization for girls. It is an organized band of girls working in groups, endeavoring to find romance, beauty, and adventure in everyday life. It seeks to make the home task contribute to the joy of everyday living. Camp Fire Girls do not, as some who are un-informed seem to think, spend all their time on the trail or in camp. They learn to share—to work together. Mothers and daughters learn to understand each other better through the sharing of the task and the interest. Camp Fire seeks to develop the home spirit and extend its influence to community life.

Camp Fire presents many phases—social life, privileges and companionship in the great outdoors, beautiful symbolism, a channel for personal and group service, but most of all, girls find through Camp Fire the romance and adventure of life in the home. Perhaps the best summary would be to say that Camp Fire Girls is an organization made up of groups of girls who desire and strive to make life just as splendid as possible—athletic of girls who do things.

At their birthday anniversary a large service project is launched in which all the girls participate. In the dark days of the World War it was a "war chest" of thousands of dollars gathered for Red Cross relief. Last year it was

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Frontier Cabin With Log Chimney Last of Its Kind

GLACIER PARK, Mon.—(Special.)—So far as is known there is only one cabin left standing in the original frontier type of chimney built of logs and lined with boulders. It stands upon the south fork of the Flathead river in the western district of Glacier National Park, and has been unoccupied many years save by government hunters who occasionally find it convenient to camp there.

AMERICAN FARMER HAS PLACE IN SUN

Plan to Make Him Great Or-
ganic Chemical Manufac-
turer of Country

(William J. Hale, chemist of vision, exponent of the age of cellulose, is chairman of the division of chemistry and chemical technology of the National Research Council, Washington, D. C., and director of organic chemical research for the Dow Chemical company, Midland, Mich. He contributed to the current issue of the Tariff Review (successor to the American Economist), New York, an article that holds intense interest to the farmers of this country. The following, with a few eliminations, is the article mentioned:)

In the midst of one of the greatest periods of industrial prosperity this country has ever had, we hear the wail of agricultural calamity. On the day I am writing this article the house of representatives in Washington takes up for consideration the agricultural relief measure known as the McNary-Haugen bill, passed by the senate last week by a vote of 47 to 39. The passage of this bill will mark the culmination of several years of intensive activity on the part of certain farmers, their agents and politicians, some of whom will vote for the bill to gain favor with the farmer, and some few of whom will vote for it because they sincerely think it will prove a panacea for the farmers' economic ills....

The farmer belongs to a class of industrialists that has fallen out of step. No one denies the fact that he is not sharing the prosperity and happiness of our other industrialists. A prerequisite in the scientific study of any problem is the ability to state such problem in its simplest terms, and in terms that will connote all possible interpretations. Thus it is that when we consider the science of agriculture, we of necessity must define the farmer simply as an organic chemical manufacturer. He is nothing else, never was, and never will be. A few inorganic compounds may be attributed to the farmer's activities, but the organic so far outweigh the inorganic that the latter may be considered nil.

If our farmer then is a chemical

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STATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TO MEET

Advance Information Indi-
cates That Convention
Will Be One of Best

Advance registration and general interest indicate that the state Christian Endeavor convention to be held in Oregon City April 21 to 24 will be one of the best in the organization's history.

Oregon City business men and churches of the city are giving the convention their hearty support, and preparations to entertain it are being made by a committee thereof of which Rev. M. M. Stocker, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, is chairman.

Promotion of state-wide interest and registration is being headed by Dallas C. Rice, field secretary of the Oregon Christian Endeavor union.

The committee on program announces many speakers of ability and interest, including: Rev. Earl DuBois of Portland, who will tell of his journey through Palestine, illustrating his talk with stereotypical pictures; E. P. Goss of Boston, general secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor; Paul C. Brown of Los Angeles, Pacific coast secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor; Dr. J. B. Hunley, pastor of the Central Christian church of Walla Walla; Dr. Norman K. Tully, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Salem; B. F. Irvine, blind editor of the Oregon Journal; Mrs. Charles W. Williams of Portland, Pacific coast secretary of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church; Dr. George B. Sattler of Seattle; and Ernest W. Peterson of Portland, church editor of the Oregon Journal. Professor C. H. Hoggatt of Eugene will lead the singing.

Other speakers and conference leaders will be announced later. The program will include practical help in methods, inspiration and demonstration novelties. Registered delegates will receive badge and program and the lodging and breakfast, on the Harvard plan of entertainment.

Builds Large Business on Saying "Call Me Paul"

FT. SMITH, Ark.—(AP)—"If you like me, call me Paul." The portly son of an Arkansas merchant has built a business on that slogan, coined originally to keep friends from referring to him by a nickname more symbolic of his avoirdupois.

L. Isaacson, Paul's father, thought his son unfitted for the merchandising business. But when Paul inherited the store and found himself near bankruptcy, he showed a capacity for advertising which brought quick success. To friends who dubbed him "Chubby" or "Fat" he retorted: "If you like me, call me Paul." The line crept into his advertising, and even went into vaudeville. Now he does a \$225,000 annual business in a 25-foot store. Before Fort Smith started calling him Paul, his annual gross was \$2000.