

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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The Next Decade

THIS is the last year of the third decade of the twentieth century. Or the next to the last if you figure the decade as beginning with the "1" instead of the "0." Do you recall the great quarrel in 1900 whether the 20th century began with 1900 or 1901? The majority opinion finally came around to the "1" if we remember rightly.

But the decade of the '30's is just three months away. We may well look ahead and see what may be in store in that period. The period of the '20's will be written down in history as the "post-war period." The great world war which "messed things up" so badly in the 'teen years of the century, left a world topsy turvy when the "2" moved up on the speedometer of time in the tens place of the 1900's. It has taken the past ten years to work out a readjustment, politically and economically. The readjustment is not over yet. There never will be a complete restoration of the pre-war epoch.

We are getting away fast though from the immediate influence of the war. Children entering high school this year have very dim recollections of the war. Young chaps graduating from college were in grade school when the battles were being fought. Those of us who were doing men's work in those strenuous days of 1917 and 1918 scarcely realize that a generation is just coming into action which had no such experiences and knows of the war only from reading and listening to elders.

Peace is re-establishing itself. The echoes of the war which persisted so long in disturbances in one quarter or another are fast fading. Only reparations and belated surrender of the occupied areas continue acute questions. Many of the deepest wounds have been healed though the scars may still be ruddy. Other times and other problems and other leaders press upon the scene.

The 1920's have been years of looking backwards to the sputtering volcano of 1914-1918. The 1930's will be years of looking ahead. The reconstruction will be over. The race for national progress will be fully resumed. One may expect a time of ordered calm to continue into the '40's while nations muster resources for new struggles for supremacy and while statesmen seek to evolve formulas for peace that will hold in the strain of hot controversy.

Wise men no longer prophesy as to the course of invention. The bag has held so many magic tricks that its supply seems inexhaustible; and no conquest of science when announced now taxes our credulity. We might hope that there may be a pause in the '30's in the lavish gifts of the genius of laboratory and factory, giving the people a decade to absorb into their culture the mechanical contrivances of the past few decades.

The days are shortening as the year hurries to close its circle. As the year thus ends and terminates the "tremulous twenties" it is worth while to look back over the period; and to look ahead as well into the coming '30's to see what the portent is, and what the promise.

Settling Social Parity

SECRETARY Stimson must have had a fearful month planning the preservation of prestige at the White House dinner to honor Premier MacDonald of Great Britain. Perhaps that was why the premier put his trip off so long, waiting till the secretary told him to come on, that the priority rights had been settled. First there was Ramsay MacDonald's daughter, Ishbel. What was her status and where should she sit at the president's table? Second, there was Dolly Gann, the vice-president's sister. Where should she sit, if at all?

Evidently the secretary did about the only thing possible, he got "waivers" from these two of doubtful social position. The premier says his daughter is not to stand on any "rights"; and the vice-president says that his sister will waive her "rights" in favor of Lady Isabella Howard, the premier's wife, though how she may be termed a "Lady" when her husband has not been knighted is past our knowledge of heraldry.

With all these important points settled Secretary Stimson can go ahead with the questions of naval parity, cruisers, submarines and such like, which the premier came over to discuss. If there had been no amicable settlement of the questions of social parity, what chance would there be of balancing navies?

The editor of the Corvallis G-T is nothing if not resourceful. When the Eugene Register taunts him with taking sides in primary campaigns, he retorts that he supports Patterson because the latter was born in Benton county. That probably goes double for Hawley, likewise a "native son." Ingenious, we say, but hardly ingenious.

One of the prize-winning pictures of the state fair was that showing a box of luscious red strawberries emptied on a copy of "The Oregon Statesman." Now that was a gracious compliment; and deserved, too, for The Statesman labored for years in promoting the strawberry industry of the valley.

Turn again, Dick Whittington, lord mayor of London. A printer, Sir William Waterlow, has been elected lord mayor of the city of London. Evidently he was "type high" and made a good "impression."

The anxious days for the mammas of the freshmen are about over. The pledging lists are coming out; and the neighbors are scanning them to see if it is safe to call.

Those fish up the Rapidan had been punished about enough for one summer. When does the season close in Virginia?

"Firm Russian note sent to warn China." That's another evidence there will be no war.

We are going to admit the soviet airplane at any rate. That will keep our Russian relations on a high plane all right.

Ex-president Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge got into an airplane and sat there but refused to take a flight in the ship. He is still "cautious Cal."

Getting a tariff on softwoods isn't proving such a soft job for northwestern senators. There is as much justification for a tariff on logs and lumber as on wheat.

Teacher Suffers From Poisoning; Ate Ice Cream

HUBBARD, Ore., Oct. 1.—(Special)—Miss Adeline Zurcher, English and French teacher of the

Hubbard high school, had a narrow escape when she contracted ptomaine poisoning from eating ice cream while spending the weekend at the home of Dr. R. H. Fields of Eugene.

Miss Zurcher, although weak from the effects of the poison took charge of her classes at school Monday.

One Thing He's Discovered



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Another state fair exhibit—

That of George A. and Ben F. Dorris, making a showing of the filbert industry attracted the interest of the Bits man. The exhibit was presided over by J. J. Doerflinger of Silverton this time, though George himself or Ben has heretofore, for years, attended personally to that detail.

George A. Dorris is the doreen of the Oregon filbert industry. He is the Nestor and pioneer of it; started the industry in a commercial way. He is the Burbank of it, too. He is a graduate of the University of Oregon, in one of the early classes when the institution was very young. When he began taking an especial interest in filbert growing, over 30 years ago, he was considered as a faddist in that field; that he had a mild case of over enthusiasm taking him to the border land of insanity; that is, he was a nut on filberts.

Charley McNary of Salem, now United States senator, was regarded as in the same class, a little later, when he caught the fever, and wrote a series of articles for The Statesman on filbert growing. These men merely had vision, and their disciples have increased to the size of an army in the Willamette valley. Any man who has a filbert orchard in bearing these days is considered in the class of lucky citizens.

Ben F. Dorris is a nephew of George A. Dorris. He came into the picture in a prominent way after he had fought with the forces in France in the World war, and got himself so badly shot up by the Germans that it took the best surgeons many months to make him presentable, to say nothing of keeping his slender threads of life from snapping during a long period. The Dorris filbert groves are at Springfield, and that is the address, though a letter mailed to them at Eugene, Oregon, would reach them—for Springfield is a suburb of Eugene now; the towns have grown together.

At their booth at the state fair this year there was distributed a neat booklet on "Filbert Nursery Stock Grown by the Tip System," with a concluding article headed, "Suggestions to Prospective Filbert Growers," by George A. Dorris. As Mr. Dorris, in the opinion of the Bits man, is the highest Oregon authority on filbert culture, which means the best authority in all the world, for in no other place has the growing of filberts reached the state of near perfection in which it now flourishes in the Willamette valley, for the good of the Salem district growers present and prospective, that article is reproduced below in full, as being more than worthy of the large space it takes—with the addition to every one at all interested to clip it out and save it; for there can be found in so many words nothing in the English language, or any other language, as good:

"As competition in all lines of endeavor is so bitter that a full measure of success may be expected only where all conditions are favorable, the following facts and suggestions are respectfully submitted for the consideration and guidance of those contemplating planting filbert groves.

"No known spot on earth is more ideal for the production of the filbert than that part of the northwest lying west of the Cascade mountains. This broad statement is made after 30 years of personal experience and after weighing all information from every available source as to results obtained elsewhere. The correctness of that conclusion was fur-

ther confirmed by the statements of Mr. R. E. Collisimo, the foreign purchasing agent of the largest importers of filberts in the United States, when he recently visited our groves. Mr. Collisimo has spent 12 years abroad in that service and claims to have a personal acquaintance with all the best groves in all the filbert producing sections of the old world. He expressed amazement at what he saw on this visit and said that in all his travels he had never seen filbert trees to exceed in size or vigor our 25-year-old French strain Barcelonas.

"And when we can record of our trees of all ages that they generally produce a paying crop at 5 years and that after that age they have produced successive annual crops—most of them heavy—there need be little doubt of the regularity of yields.

"And when from a 25-year-old Barcelona having a spread of nearly 40 feet, we have harvested over 100 pounds of nuts of an exceptionally high grade, and when 16-year-old trees having a spread of 25 feet have yielded over 60 pounds, and orchard run samples of such nuts have been submitted to the leading nut importers of the nation and to many nut connoisseurs, and, without exception, by them pronounced the finest of the kind they had ever seen, what more is required to convince us that in the production of the filbert nature has placed this section under no handicap?

"But the planter can easily handicap himself. He can overlook or ignore the fact that in the northwest there are many strains of so-called Barcelonas ranging from our magnificent strain which for size of both nut and tree is nowhere excelled, to strains of small size trees or small size nuts which in some instances are barely worth the gathering.

"Though such inferior strains, when pollination is sufficient, are generally prolific bearers, a further proof of our favorable conditions, as dividend payers they fall short.

"Plant no filbert tree without knowing its parentage, remembering that like produces like.

"For the commercial grove, plant the best strain Barcelona and you will make no mistake. It has amply demonstrated its right to be designated the filbert par excellence for the Willamette valley.

"The Du Chilly ranks second, though with the Barcelona is approximately three times as productive and we know of no Du Chilly in Oregon any better than ours.

"Of all the many other named and thoroughly tested varieties—the best of thousands of seedlings that have struggled for recognition—owing to some defect, not one has yet appeared as a serious contender against the Barcelona for first place as a money maker.

"Not to exceed a half dozen of them, even in the countries of their origin, have proven their commercial value, and first among these is the so-called Barcelona, and next is the Cob nut of which the Du Chilly is but one strain. Therefore, if you are disposed to plant any such trees, either tested or new and untested varieties, in preference to the Barcelona, realize that you are backing an uncertainty against a certainty.

"As the strain is of first importance, the type of tree you plant is also important.

pruning, and sometimes for several years to get them out of their unsatisfactory fan shape. And in the sucker tree it happens, all too often, that in order to get the desired shoot, much cutting of either upper or lower shoots is done thus permitting the entrance of the greatest enemy to the long life of the filbert tree—heart rot.

"Any nursery filbert tree, of any type, having a large cut any place along its trunk between the roots and the head, is a defective tree.

"The great superiority of the tipped tree over all others is in its root system. Suckering is the dread of all filbert growers who have planted either sucker or layer trees. This is due to the excessive amount of sucker bearing wood to which necessary roots are attached, as suckers springing from below these roots makes their removal sometimes next to impossible. In the tipped tree the sucker bearing wood to which the roots are attached is reduced to the minimum. When so reduced plant the tree with the topmost roots from one to three inches below the level of the ground with the roots extending diagonally downward to a depth of 6 or 8 inches. Then about 3 or 4 if necessary 4 times each year remove the earth 1 to 2 inches—down to the suckers, or sucker buds. After the tree is 4 or 5 years old, the earth need not be filled in till the last suckering in the fall. A tipped tree properly root-pruned and planted in this manner, in loose soil like ours can be easily suckered in one minute for each suckering or 3 or 4 minutes for the season. Of course, if the soil is allowed to take it will take as much longer as it takes to remove the earth to the lateral roots. In loose soil, root-pruned and planted as above indicated, from the time the tree is planted till it is 20 years old or older from 4 to 5 minutes a year will be ample time for the removal of every sucker.

"We no longer dread suckers. Their removal is a mere trifle as many who have followed our instructions will testify. The same results may occasionally be obtained with the sucker or layer tree but not often.

"We propagated the tipped tree from shoots obtained from our best trees for our own use; and that is the reason no one who has seen who have followed our instructions will testify. The same results may occasionally be obtained with the sucker or layer tree but not often.

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"We take pride in the filbert industry of Oregon, for we helped to develop it, and any suggestions of value we may be able to give to any of our fellow growers will afford us the greatest pleasure."

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 2, 1904

Employees of the Indian Training school at Chemawa gave a reception for Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Potter, occasion being his retirement from the superintendency. He was presented with a fine gold watch.

Woolton Bang, one of the most famous dogs on the coast owned by Frank J. Moore of Salem, will be shipped to Spokane shortly to attend the dog show there. He is a pointer.

The regular monthly report of the public library for the month of September shows a further growth of that institution, with 589 persons using the reading room in that period.

C. W. Emmett, who has been in the employ of the Buren and Hamilton store for the past six years, has opened a fish and poultry market at 151 Court street.

Editors Say:

The Chicago Tribune is a great newspaper. One of the greatest of its many services in recent years is a series of ten articles by James O'Donnell Bennett, able reporter, which blasts off the false front of romance and asinine sentiment that has partially concealed the true nature of "Gangland" in Chicago and other cities. You know the sort of thing—the mushy movie that makes the gunman a sort of Robin Hood, the mawkish novel of magazine story that heroizes the cutthroat and assassin, the brand of newspaper reporting which imputes to the gaudy funerals, banquets and enterprises of the racketeers a standing other than that of plain criminal.

There's nothing splendid about the Capone, the Torrios, the Bugs Moran, the Helme Weisses, the Espositos, the Lombardos, the Gennas, the Tancis, the O'Banions, when Mr. Bennett got through with them. In ten brief chapters he shows them for what they are (or were, for most of them have been slain by now—"criminals in business and business men in crime, pickpockets, bawdy house keepers and safecrackers turned bootleggers, not just cheery racketeers whom supposedly reputable officers are not ashamed to pat on the back and dine with and traffic for votes with." When the Pulitzer journalistic prizes are awarded this year, Mr. Bennett's articles "de-bunking gangland" deserve consideration as one of the finest and truest pieces of reporting in 1929.

You've heard of Cicero, Forestview and other prairie towns around Chicago which have become famous as "Booze Capitals" for various gangs. Mr. Bennett lays bare the shameful processes by which decent communities have been ruined—first the bribing of weak officials for per-

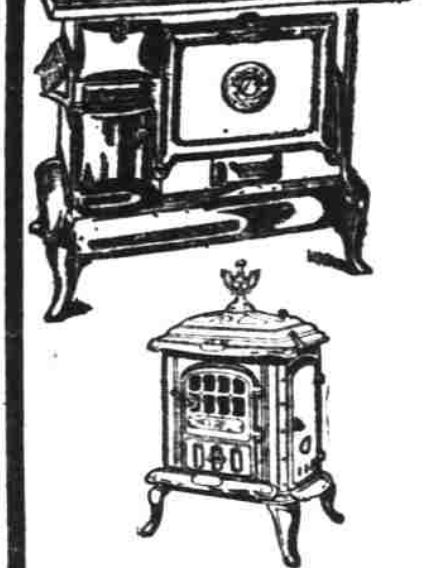
mission to start a seemingly innocent roadhouse, then the gradual domination of the politics of the town. Quite subtle are the arch criminals. Mr. A's mortgage is paid off and his tongue tied forever; Mr. B's rattletrap car is replaced; Mr. C gets a new sidewalk from the enterprising now "bookies" who want to enhance the values of the town. By and by the few citizens too proud and too decent to be corrupted are silenced by bombs or compelled to move to another town. Vice and crime in every form reign supreme.

Then from these "Booze Capitals" proceeds the traffic in booze for the second city in the world. How can it go on? Get the picture of Assistant District Attorney McSwigin slain. "not by gangsters, but with gangsters." He happened to be hobnobbing with the wrong men when the killers came along. Get the picture of judges, high police officials and even a United States senator feasting with "Diamond Joe" Esposito up to forty-eight hours before he was put "on the spot" and slain. Un-

believable is the tale of "the day of the sixty shots" when Policemen Olson and Walsh were shot down while trying to stop the notorious Genna gang. Two men were arrested for the murders of these two policemen, John Scalsi and Albert Anselmi, both wanted in Italy as well as in the States. Both were freed after three trials on the grounds of "defending themselves against unwarranted police aggression." Small wonder that Bennett flays along with the gangsters who machine-gunned seven in the historic Valentine's Day crime about which police have discovered only that "it looks like the work of a Capone gang."

There's only one way to think of gangsters. Think of them as rats made fat and bold by good pickin's, with rat morality, rat courage, rat viciousness. The only remedy will be extermination. Read the truth and dry those tears!—Eugene Guard.

Bargains in Ranges



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