

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave."
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Who Will be the Loser?

A NOTABLE farm meeting was held in Portland the past week. Representatives of the federal farm board were present, and men who have been active in the formation of cooperative marketing associations. Among them was F. J. Wilmer, banker of Rosalia, Washington, who has been prominent in organizing the North Pacific Wheat Growers' association. He is quoted as saying to representatives of Oregon cooperatives:

"Losses accruing from poor judgment on market conditions would be borne by the federal government, and not by the cooperative."

We can scarcely believe that the government is embarking on such a "heads you win, tails I lose" proposition. If this is true our understanding of the marketing act is wrong, and the process jeopardizes the public funds. We had thought that the \$500,000,000 was not a largess to agriculture but a loanable fund with a low interest rate. The loans were to be repaid to the government unless the borrowing concern actually became insolvent.

If the government is to make good the losses of cooperatives who speculate on the markets why shouldn't it assume the losses of the late lamented speculators in Wall Street? The government is thus thrown into the board of trade with its hands tied and its pockets ready to be picked.

Under the guise of farm relief we are witnessing an internal revolution. The net effect of the farm board's activity will be to ruin the private agencies which have functioned in the handling of farm products from the producer to the consumer. Growers are almost to be dragged into cooperative marketing associations, in spite of the fact as shown over a long term of years that the percentage of failure of these associations is large.

We think kindly of cooperative marketing, and believe that it will and should grow; but we question the pressure methods of the farm board. The element of competition between independent buyers and cooperative agencies ought to be preserved, and the producer should select for himself how he prefers to handle his crop.

If Mr. Wilmer is right and the government is going to underwrite the speculation of cooperatives, then our whole theory of government is being wrenched.

So Men Still Travel

THE Statesman reports the formation of a local branch of the Gideon organization of traveling men. So there are still traveling men, are there? Well, from the number we entertain daily, that is a foolish question. Only they aren't traveling men any more, nor drummers, they are salesmen.

Where are the traveling men of yester-year, those who were the fashion plates for the small towns, who stopped at the "Commercial Hotel," and could pay the great sum of 50c for a meal? They were the men whom the hotel porters greeted so volubly at the railway station, who rode in the hotel bus or a hansom cab, who smoked real ten-centers, and hired the best turnout at the livery stable. When they entered a store business paused, the group around the cracker barrel gazed in awe, the proprietor stood at attention and let his boy helper wait on the trade while he studied the wares offered by the drummer and heard his newest stories.

We wonder if the town girls miss the traveling men. For it was something of a sensation (and sometimes a scandal) when a local girl caught the eye of Marshall Field's man, or the drummer who made the "Q" towns for Ely, Walker's. Occasionally we see one of the old-type traveling men again, who patronizes the trains, wears black shoes with a mirror-like polish and clothes that bespeak the gentleman. But he seems lost.

For the vendors of goods nowadays are salesmen. They lug their own bags, drive their own cars, dress like reporters, and talk about their families. There is no leisure about them, and they tell no "traveling men" stories. They are driven by sales managers and harried by "sales quotas." And many of them don't know whether their job will last another month or not. Drummers, the most of them, passed out with local passenger trains, "Star" livery stables, and "leading merchants."

The University Loses a Coach

COACH McEwan at the university seems to have planned his resignation either to put President Hall in a hole and get the customary smoke house claque to force a renewal of his contract at an increased salary, or else to manipulate things so he can move into some other big job in some other school. His course pretty much indicates the evils of professional coaching which have been frequently condemned.

As a coach McEwan has done average work. When he had the men he won a fair proportion of his games; when he didn't have the men—well the smoke house gang was ready to throw him to the lions two years ago. Regardless of his merits as a coach, he is reputed to have other deficiencies which rule him out for retention as football mentor.

It is the job of the president to run the university; and Dr. Hall was wise in refusing to be rushed into another contract when the old one has a year to go, just because of a clean victory over the state college last Saturday. The loss of a Kitzmiller is more disastrous than that of a McEwan.

Folk who think it hard to get a spur track from the railroad company should have a little patience. Look at the San Francisco hearing over a 200 mile extension in California. All the railroad commissions in the west half of the country, and most of the railroad men above the rank of section foreman are there for an interstate commission hearing. The hotels must be crowded as though it was a republican convention.

WHY NOT A PIPE LINE?

New York newspaper headline—"California grape industry to be plumbed by federal board."

"Plumbed" is the right word, all right.

BASEBALL IN ANTARCTICA

"Byrd gets back to base safely."—Oregonian headline. We're ready for a home run.

A Seattle speaker told a Portland group of business men that this ideal climate is a direct challenge from the deity. A golfer's paradise, in other words.

The Effects of a Storm



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Hon. C. E. Moores—

Continuing his reminiscences: "Most of the survivors of the old school (Willamette university) are scattered about in distant fields, but (in 1924) Oliver Reers and Dick Carey and Abner Lewis and Ed Croisan and Taylor Rigdon and Enos O'Flynn are still sticking around. The girls' dormitory in Beers hall, and the bachelor quarters in the third story of the Oregon Institute, and the cabins of Stringtown and Hangtown, furnished in later years a galaxy of men and women who made their mark in the history of the state, but a recital of their names and exploits would be a revelation of no special interest to this strange community of more recent growth."

Mr. Moores continued his remarks in the relation of an escapee of young John W. Minto, E. M. Croisan, P. H. D'Arcy and himself in raiding the melon patch of Elder Adair on the Garden road. According to the story, young Peter D'Arcy was caught handed which the other young culprits made their get-away. But young Peter claimed he was a highly esteemed young fellow named Billy Wicks, that he had been misled by Pete and Ed Hatch, and Elder Adair could only exclaim, with uplifted hands: "Payson and Edward Hatch, two sons of a Congregational deacon, stealing melons on a Sunday afternoon!" And, the story went, Elder Adair spent the next day in fruitless search for Billy Wicks and in rounding up the real culprits for a prayer meeting at the home of Rev. O. Dickinson.

The alibi of the real culprits, the story went, was established by their attendance at the very time the melon patch was being raided in the First Methodist Sunday school—the oldest Protestant Sunday school west of the Missouri river that is still in existence; organized at the old mission below Salem in 1834, with the church of which it is a part established in 1841—and that likewise in the western half of the United States. "Happily," added Mr. Moores, the alibi could be verified by J. K. Gill, then (1924) in his 83rd year, "and still one of the most active, reputable and prosperous business men of Portland," who was the superintendent of that historic Sunday school at the time.

Concluding, Mr. Moores said: "The great majority of those who would enjoy a discussion of the primeval days are sleeping on the hillside the other side of Fairmount. That sleeping city, made up, as it is, of our old time community and state builders, once constituted the pioneer city of Salem. Their surviving friends hold them in precious and undying memory. They were the friends of the wholesome days of simpler knitted and habits when the intimacies of personal relationships knitted them together in closer bonds than do the widespread relationships of modern days. It has been well said that 'human fellowship is more precious than all the pomp and circumstance of power.' As time goes on generation will follow generation, and each in turn will be called upon to pay tribute to its predecessors. There will be a continuous succession of pioneer groups, but none of them can more sincerely utter their tributes of love and praise than we who are immediate successors of the pioneer builders of Oregon. While keeping our eyes constantly to the front, let us cast an occasional backward glance, and continually nourish the influences that will perpetuate the past and more closely knit the bonds of our pioneer friendships."

"The living city that has built-

erated the old landmarks, and grown up on the foundations of the Salem of 70 years ago, has fallen heir to a splendid heritage. When the Almighty laid out the landscape of the Willamette valley, He laid out one of the loveliest of all His creations, and the presence and the taste of Salem's earlier builders who laid here her wide streets and civic center, added to her scenic vantage points, have made her the crowning diadem of the Willamette valley and the most beautiful of all the beautiful cities of the whole Pacific slope. Surely, we who are the inheritors of her romantic history and who bask in the light of her varied beauties are so blessed as to warrant us in the most extravagant expressions of our satisfaction."

(The Bits man expects to revert to the reminiscences of Mr. Moores at a later time, for he is one of the best and most reliable of the observers, recorders and collectors of Oregon historical facts.)

An interesting visitor entertaining in Salem the past week was C. Oliver of Hangchow, China. He was born in Chicago. He was a Methodist. He is now a member of the Church of Christ in China. What is that? It is a combination of 19 church organizations in that country. In a movement the organization of which was finished only four months ago, sixteen of the churches of various denominations in foreign countries having property and doing missionary work in China have turned over all their holdings of every kind in that country to the "Church of Christ in China." Over all these properties there now appears in Chinese characters a sign of the means just that when translated into English, Mr. Oliver belongs to the Hangchow branch of the Church of Christ in China, that being the Chicago of the Orient, a big commercial metropolis located a short way up the Yangtze river, about midway between Canton in the south and Peking in the north.

Mr. Oliver went to China 14 years ago, and has had his headquarters in that city all the time. He has witnessed and been a part of great changes. His employer is the Y. M. C. A. He is an international secretary. This organization led the way in the movement just consummated by the 16 great churches. The Chinese themselves have long owned all the property of the Y. M. C. A. in their country. They carry their own budgets. There are 44 local Y's in that many big strategic cities of China. The new movement in China, after many revolutions and much bloodshed, is functioning in the Nationalist government with 11 cabinet ministers of whom all but one are western return students and among them are seven Christians, most of them the wife of the president. John Graduates from American schools. Chiang Kai Shek, is a graduate of Wellesley university. What a change from the old to the new order!

Among the 16 churches that have followed the lead of the Y and merged in China are the Congregational, both American and Canadian combined churches, the big missionary churches of Scotland, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, and others throughout the world. The Orientals are giving a new interpretation to the teachings of Christianity. They are taking the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount more literally, and following them much more closely, in many cases, than are their brothers of western lands. Witness the leaders in China who have gone and are going through the fires of martyrdom. Witness the work of Kagawa in Japan, who is able to command great forces and vast resources, and refuses to live

is stated that Quincy Grabbe at one time was county clerk of Marion County. Mr. Grabbe never filled that position. Although he was deputy sheriff at one time, it will surprise many of the old residents of Salem to learn that a hospital once stood on the corner of Court and Liberty streets. No hospital was ever erected there, nor in that vicinity. No man by the name of Ford was ever sheriff of this county. The surprising statement about Dr. August Kinney missing the U. S. senatorship by one vote must be quite amusing to the old politicians of Marion county. It has no foundation in fact, whatever. The tale is entitled to about as much credence as the exploded myth about Eola missing by a vote or two being chosen as the capital of Oregon. I do not think Dr. August Kinney was ever a candidate for any political office. His brother, Dr. Alfred Kinney, when a resident of Salem was a candidate for state senator on the Democratic ticket but was defeated by Jacob Vorhees, the Republican nominee. Judge Piper never aspired to be a circuit judge in this district. He was elected district attorney and held the office for two years but was defeated for re-election by W. H. Holmes. George Belt never held the office of judge in the Willamette valley. He was elected district attorney in 1888 defeating Charlie Johns, the republican candidate. A few years after Mr. Belt removed to Spokane, he served one term as superior judge of Spokane county. But why call attention to any more inaccuracies? I would like, however, to have Whitney Boise vouch for the story concerning Prof. J. L. Powell. Probably another mythical yarn.

Mr. Lockley should verify, before publication, the statements made by many of his old pioneer friends. Many of them have very treacherous and imaginative memories. Marion County Pioneer. Salem, Oregon, Nov. 22, 1929.

OTHER EDITORS

DR. FRANKLIN SCORES
Dr. F. G. Franklin of Willamette university points out, while discussing the furor of protest that met Senator Burkhardt's betrayal of a liquor-serving host's confidence, that the guest has rights that demand respect as well as the host.

He points out that a host who hopes to cloak his infractions of law by relying on the friendship of his guest is taking an undue advantage.

One can imagine the shock which a sincere law observer must feel when, on accepting an invitation to dinner, he finds that he is among law breakers and is expected to be one himself. One would say that a host who subjects his guests to such a shock is trampling under foot the first law of hospitality, which is nothing else than being considerate of one's guest.

We think that Dr. Franklin has made a point. The American people, like the talebearers, it is true, and they frown on persons who violate confidences. But surely a law-observing man should not be required to throw aside his convictions in order to protect a discourteous host in wrong doing. —Albany Democrat-Herald.

STATE INSPECTION
Every year factory, garage, machine shop or other place in the state which has any machinery, is visited by a representative from the office of the state labor commissioner, in strict accordance with the law which provides for an annual inspection. These visits are mostly of a very perfunctory nature. Some of them may be warranted as in the case where mills or factories have large numbers of machines and where dangers lurk for the workmen unless safeguarded by the state's inspection and orders.

However, this annual visitation is an actual imposition in the case of many smaller concerns who are required to pay an annual fee of \$5.00 for the inspection which does not mean anything. Many of these places have only one or two machines. These are run year after year without any change whatever. The inspector comes once a year; pays his respects to the proprietor, takes a

Lay Sermons

SHIFTS IN RELIGIOUS TRAINING

"The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead the dough."—Jeremiah VII:18.

So it was in ancient times when Jerusalem flourished; so it has been in our day. The tasks of the household were divided—the children were set to fetch and carry the wood; father always built the fire; mother prepared the meal. Neighbors scorn the man who lets his wife start the fire. Building the fires seems the modern inheritance of an ancient rite. The father, as head of the house, ought to kindle the fire which is the token of warmth and love and the center of attraction within the home.

Oh, but times have changed. Son may not carry wood at all, for the fuel may be oil which requires only the turning of a valve once a year, or the snapping of a switch. And father may not build the fire of mornings, but merely turn the knob on the electric range. Mother may not knead bread dough, for the bak-

ery supplies a loaf consistently good. This makes folk pause sometimes and wonder if this lightning of household tasks is a good thing. Town youth no longer have chores to do; no cows to herd or to milk; no horses to water; no chickens to attend to; no lamp chimneys to clean; no buckets of water to carry. A little wood perhaps, and an occasional errand to the corner grocery for a forgotten package. And folk say, what will this generation come to, where "conveniences" have robbed youth of character-building employment?

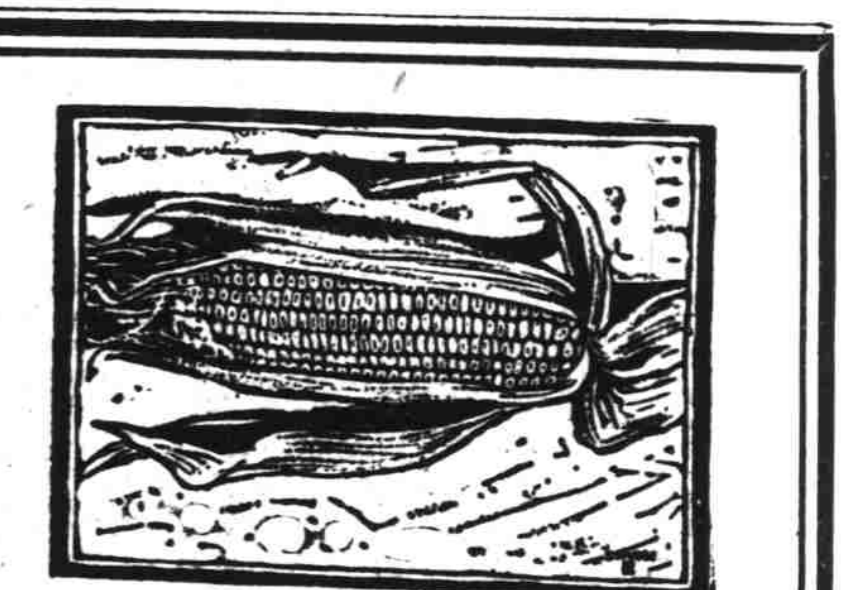
Perhaps there is a parallel in the religious world. The older generation grew up on the strong fare of strict religious practice. Faithful attendance on divine worship four or five hours of a Sabbath; weekly prayer meetings; a season of mid-winter revival meetings; sober Sabbath observance; reading of the Bible and committing of passages of the scripture. Much of this has gone and belongs to an elder day, just as the "chores" which so many like to think really molded their characters. And folk inquire how are the youth of today to get religious training?

We have no ready-cut answer to either question. Certain it is, that not having the same experiences adults of today had in their youth, our young people will not be replicas of their parents either in habits or in religion. But we must not confuse difference with lack. Young people today have other occupations, most of them are far "busier" than young folk of two generations ago. Though their tasks are different, they do not really lack employment of their time. Likewise though they may not undergo the strict religious discipline of other days, that does not prove that the religious spirit will not develop within them, nor that their religious life will be less vigorous or wholesome than that of their parents. It will be different; indeed it is different.

The human race is old, very old. For ages children have gathered wood, fathers have built morning fires, and women have worked the dough. Though labor with wood and fires and dough may pass, there still will be the tasks of the household to be divided to each to fit his strength. The race does not die—and it does not turn back.

Read the Classified Ads.

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They Say...

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, Though This Need Not be Printed.

MISTAKE OF LOCKLEY

Editor Statesman: I am considerably amused sometimes when I pick up the Portland Journal and read Fred Lockley's articles headed "Impressions and Observations of the Journal Man." I presume Mr. Lockley is not to blame for the many egregious blunders contained in said articles, as I suppose he accepts as gospel truth the statements which are given him concerning the lives and times of the old pioneers. In the Journal issue of the 8th, I notice he interviews V. P. Fiske of Dallas. The narrative contains many errors. It

YOU You have a right to expect the best in Service and Equipment and we are in a position to offer these without additional unnecessary expense. W. R. Rigdon & Son When the Summers Come