

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1861

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Making Headway in Education

The state board of education made excellent progress at its Friday meeting in carrying forward its work of re-organization of higher education in Oregon.

Speaking of expense it seems certain that the administrative costs will be heavily increased as a result of the new police system of control.

We mention this not to find fault with the plan, but to inform the state that in administration at least there will be no economies, but rather increased "overhead."

Selection of deans was another accomplishment of the Friday meeting. The board seems to have used good judgment in sorting its executives, using the best of the men available at the university and state college.

The transfer of deans and professors may have some healing effect. Dr. Packard is moved from Eugene to Corvallis and Profs. Hoyt and Jewell from Corvallis to Eugene.

The "chiselers" seem to be getting busy. First there is the appeal to let upper-class students complete their degree work in schools like commerce at Corvallis and journalism at Eugene.

Radio station KOAC will be saved to the state. The present and potential value of this station is great. It is the only full-time, non-commercial station and the only publicly owned station in the state.

Who will be the Oregon chancellor? The choice is said to be narrowing down to a small group of men. The state wants some one who can qualify according to some exacting specifications.

Truck Looks Like Landing Field

"SMUDGE POT" PERRY columnist for the Medford Mail-Tribune, came to town with his ball team to look at Salem before the ears and scribble stuff for old home town folks to read.

"Arrived at 3:13 a. m. Thursday. There is no depression up here, as everybody seems to be driving a truck at night on the Pacific highway. Between Roseburg and the outskirts of Salem, only 26 trucks were counted by the chauffeur, Dubb Watson.

"Some of these trucks are monsters in size. The rear-end of one was mistaken by the writer for a landing field.

"Your corr. has witnessed eight basketball games and is rapidly getting enough. The feature of the tournament is the absolute lack of booing from the Salem section. They are perfect lambs and quite decorous, for a change and a wonder.

Portland lunch clubs are in a jam because the hotels are charging them six-bits a head for a meal which includes a place for Bobbing and Johnnying each other, listening to orators get the gas off their chests, and hearing diluted Sunday school talks on business ethics.

Channey O'cott, famed Irish tenor, who made "My Wild Irish Rose" a community song favorite, is dead. The music of that song meets the heart; but the last two lines are coarse:

Police circumspect on the Lindbergh baby case are going over the country. The fault we have to find with them is that they don't have the mug of the kidnaper instead of the face of the missing baby on them.

Advance showings indicate the new bathing suits will be "short wave lengths."

Lay Sermon

FAITH AND FREEDOM

When the people fear the Lord, but they also continued to serve their own gods, according to the custom of the nations from which they had been carried away.

Similar compromises were made with the spread of early Christianity. When the new faith gained legal recognition in many of the villages of Greece and Italy it did not so much root out the ancient pagan customs as absorb them.

Christianity comes to us strained through numerous filters; through Greek speculative philosophy which left its imprint in the Fourth gospel; through Roman zeal for organization by which ecclesiastical polity was formed; through the indignant insistence of combativeness by which, so it is claimed, protestant Christianity was made to sanction aggressive acquisitiveness which characterizes modern capitalism.

So our western Christianity has at various times justified slavery, blessed war, accepted tainted money, tolerated intemperance, ignored exploitation of labor.

Men "fear the Lord" even as in ancient Israel; but they "continue to serve their own gods," of desire and self-interest. Perhaps Christianity is not practicable; perhaps to be workable it must be diluted with expediency.

And perhaps Christianity as organized and operated in the western world isn't Christianity at all; but a creed and an institution the product of centuries of evolution and compromise. This bending of the ideal to the level of the practical persists through generations.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What are the essential qualifications for chancellor for Oregon's higher education schools, in your opinion?"

Mrs. Joe Rogers, Independence route one: "I think he should be a man of the highest education and one with an exceptionally broad mind. We can have nothing petty in this."

Fred D. Wolf, principal Salem high school: "Since all the schools will be headed by separate men, the chancellor should be both a business executive and a good school man, too. If they are all under a single head, it will take somebody pretty smooth to meet the rivalry between the different schools."

F. E. Neer, Salem school director: "I think the university of California took Sproul because he was strictly an executive. Sproul never was a scholar. I think you get better results with an executive than with a scholar."

Mrs. H. R. White, homemaker: "I don't like the whole thing if you really want to know what I think of it. The man who takes the work will have to be a remarkable executive, the kind of which I have never seen."

Mrs. James Smith, homemaker: "From the size of the job offered any man taking on the work would have to resemble Nietzsche's 'superman' and possess a spark. As to what those qualities should be I am not able to state."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TYPHUS fever has always been associated with filth and unhygienic surroundings. The history of typhus fever is the history of human wretchedness," said a wise man of old.

A civilization and education have spread over the face of the earth, this filth has been greatly decreased. It was not until the sixteenth century that typhus fever was recognized and treated as a distinct disease.

The disease is more common in Europe than in this country. The first epidemic in America was in 1833, and since then only occasional cases have been reported. When the disease appears in this country, it is usually found among recent immigrants.

Among the signs of typhus fever are sudden chill and fever. The fever persists and on the second day a girl 10 years old, 64 inches tall, a girl 10 years old, 64 inches tall.

A 10-year-old girl, 64 inches tall, a girl 10 years old, 64 inches tall.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

YOUR SPEECH SHOWS IF YOU ARE WELL!



Tuesday: "Most Dreams Are Bad" Sunday is Very Wearing Day and Not Much Can be Said For Monday

I waited one morning for a bus at 12th and Oak streets. Also waiting was a nervous little woman whom I had never seen before. I inferred that she had recently arrived at the adjacent Southern Pacific passenger station. She was clinging to a small suitcase.

Said she, "I certainly detest waitin', don't you? When I'm ready to go I want to go, don't you? What creek's that over there?" "That," I replied, is South Mill Creek, and means it's wet and somewhat it's dry.

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There are folks who smile through life in the belief that something of a happy nature may happen, and there are others who gloom through life in the belief that nothing of a happy nature will happen.

Nothing, of course, warrants the use of profane language. But there are occasions, as almost any sufferer from a sharp attack of lumbago will tell you, that approach very near to such warrant.

It is a diversion you long for, buddy? Buy a new shirt and count the pins.

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

SYNOPSIS Pretty Mary Kennedy breaks her engagement to elderly Brock Landers, wealthy sports promoter, when she falls in love with his young ward, Steve Moore. Landers tries to force Mary to marry him by kidnapping Steve and threatening him, unless she does. He gives Mary twenty-four hours to decide.

CHAPTER XXVII SHE walked across the lobby and out the front door. On the curb, balancing himself, stood the ever-watchful Bat. He had discarded his cap and was wearing a gray felt hat.

Steve. She must find him and see him—even if she had to force her way through brick walls! Her eyes clung to Bat, holding him against release. She tried to read what was in his mind, and it seemed that he was more embarrassed than angry.

"I ain't ever lifted a finger against you!" he declared vigorously. "If other people have violated your life miserable—you can't blame me. You got no right to call me dirty names."

Does Oregon mean Chinook? In the Oregon Historical Society Quarterly for June, 1931, there was printed an article by T. C. Elliott, beginning: "Recent research establishes the fact that the name Oregon is a corruption or variation by Jonathan Carver of the name Ouregon."

"The evidence in support of this assertion is contained in documents deposited in the Public Records Office in London, England, and now made the basis of this brief discussion. . . . Connection of the name of Major Robert Rogers with Oregon history is NEW and entertaining, but a study of the career of that officer is not inspiring.

"Then followed 30 years of more or less continuous debauchery of both mind and body. . . . He was a man of great ability, and disloyalty to relatives, friends and country were disgraces which he first espoused because of the colonies but was suspected of being a spy and escaped from confinement in Philadelphia about the time of the Declaration of Independence. Later he fell under suspicion while a recruiting officer for the British in Canada and fled to England. The last 15 years of his life were spent in obscurity and low living on an estate in London, where he died in May, 1795, and the place of his burial is today unknown."

Every one now believes that there is in a man an animating, ruling, characteristic essence, or spirit, which is himself. This spirit is, of course, petty or grand, pure or foul, looks out of the eyes, sounds in the voice, and appears in the manner of each individual. It is what we call personality. —Charles W. Eliot.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

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Daily Thought

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