

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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The Old Manhattan Hat Trick



The Depression Ended Friday
FRIDAY night Bill Phillips who represents Mr. Ford in this neck of the woods, asked us when the depression would be over. And we replied: "It ended today."

That's our story and we're going to stick by it. Time alone will tell how big a Babson we pulled.

We just throw out the offhand opinion that the extreme limit of the depression has been reached and passed. Why do we think so?

The first evidence was stability in the bond market. The most crushing thing in recent weeks and months has been the erosion of values in bonds. We expect stocks to fluctuate radically; but when sound bonds sink into the quicksands the situation becomes far more serious. There has been a degree of buoyancy in the bond market however which gives indication that at last its recessions have been stopped.

The announcement of the forming of a bond buying organization headed by J. P. Morgan & Co. had a stimulating effect. But the definite agreement on a bill which will balance the national budget has served to restore confidence greatly in the financial community. It will stop assaults on the dollar from Europe. It will give notice to the world that the financial integrity of the United States cannot be assailed.

There are other reasons for believing that the tide will now start to flow inward. The work of the Reconstruction Finance corporation has averted many bank failures and has saved from bankruptcy many railroads. The action of the federal reserve bank in buying government securities and issuing reserve notes against the purchases has piled up large reservoirs of available credit in the banks. It seems inevitable that this credit will flow out into worthy use.

There is a lot of wreckage that will have to be cleared away. There are tottering structures which will eventually crumble, so greatly have their foundations been impaired in late months. But there is hope now that the country which has been in a prolonged tailspin will strengthen out before breaking up in a complete crash.

While this is being written word comes of higher prices on securities in Wall Street Saturday. The psychological effect of this will be marvelous. There is a vast stored up investment demand which will emerge as soon as the skies seem clear; and the speculative appetite will drive men once more to put stakes upon the future.

Just another comment: some say the recovery will be slow. We are inclined to believe that the initial recovery in many fields will be very sharp because the cumulative effect of a prolonged depression finds appropriate reaction in a rebound, the swiftness of which is measured by the length and severity of the depression.

We profess to speak with no authority, and have not been among the "sixty-day" boys. Since most prophets have guessed badly we will not be in poor company if this prediction proves false. And we do not think it will.

Oregon's Use of Fertilizer

OREGON farmers are spending about \$300,000 a year in commercial fertilizers. This amount is comparatively small. At present the chief use is on orchard lands and garden tracts. Not much fertilizer is used on grain and hay land. The state could profitably use a great deal more than this amount; and yet an estimate made at the state college is that a third of the present amount is wasted.

Soils in Oregon are various. That is particularly true in the Willamette valley. Instead of having a fairly uniform soil, the valley floor and benches are patchy. We have a mixture of loams and clays, some white land, some red soil. Each soil has its characteristic elements and its own deficiencies. So the soil food must vary with the soil being served. Again the crops here are various. Berries, hops, hay, mint, nuts, grain, tree fruits, etc. call for materials of differing kinds. So the fertilizer must be carefully adjusted to the particular field and its particular crop. In a great many cases this means a mixed fertilizer, the proportions varying with individual requirements.

Farming is becoming more and more a science. Scattering seed and trusting to the Lord to send rain and sunshine and produce a bountiful crop are an inadequate farm program. There must be study, and there must be willingness to use the scientific knowledge of men who know their business. The fertilizer companies are doing a great deal in the way of service, but their recommendations ought to be checked with the experience of the agricultural stations.

This valley is rich and productive after most a century of farming; constant study and utilization of practical knowledge in handling fertilizers will maintain this productivity for countless generations.

Siege of Washington

THE country is witnessing a new form of investment of Washington city. The national capital is under siege, the besiegers being war veterans who are marching in bands to "capture" the government. Some are already there, Oregon contributing the group which taxied across the country and established itself in the center of power. Now other bands are forming and reputed to be on the way. The threat is they will stay until the congress passes the Patman bill to cash the bonus immediately.

Some people profess alarm over the situation and fear these roving bands are a portent of ill. They are not a healthy sign, to be sure. In normal times the men would be too busy to go off on a long trek for a few hundred dollars apiece. Times being what they are and the weather mild, the men can make something of an adventure out of it.

We have no fears from these fellows. Treat them decently, give them provision when they reach the city, and soon they will scatter to go back home. Congress need have no alarm. It can adjourn sine die and the bonusers will affect to be satisfied with the publicity they have received and call it a day. The grim necessity which drives them on is no credit to the country; neither is their demand for a bonus from a country whose people are now groaning under taxes.

After 52 years of active ministry Dr. C. G. Poling, pastor of the First Evangelical church of this city will lay aside duties in a regular pastorate. He announces his intention however of continuing in preaching work but without the cares and responsibilities of a regular charge. He will engage in evangelistic work and occasional preaching during the remaining years allotted to him. Still strong and clear in mind and vigorous in body Dr. Poling bears lightly the years which left his hair snow white. His long service in his denomination in Oregon has made him one of the conspicuous figures in the Christian ministry; and the family name has gained lustre from the splendid work of his son Dr. Daniel A. Poling. Salem has long counted Dr. C. G. Poling as a leading citizen. The city unites in wishing for him and Mrs. Poling the peace and contentment that fittingly should crown 52 years of faithful service in the Christian ministry.

Lay Sermon

BACCALAUREATE
"It is not that I am cramping you, it is your own affection." II Cor. 13:2

A few nights ago I lifted an empty flower pot which was nestled in another. The bottom of the lower one was filled with earwigs. Huddled in the cool and the dark they were probably happy. Pick up a board and see the wrigglers hurry from the light. It was not the upper flower pot which was cramping the earwigs, it was their own affections. It was not the heavy board which covered the pale-colored many-legged invertbrates, it was their own inclinations. Our limitations are most often not those of environment but of our own dispositions and capacity and desires.

These Corinthians whom Paul addressed were a scaly lot. They were cosmopolitans and their faith was often vagrant. Paul wrote them scolding letters seeking to keep them in the path of rectitude and sound doctrine. They may have complained at his scoldings; but the complaint did not daunt Paul who denied that he was the one who was "cramping their style."

At this time of year young men and women are graduating from high school and college. They are filled with hopes; they are ambitious for success. Their attainments are sure to be conditioned by the affections, the tastes, the desires of the individuals themselves. The earwig loved the under flower pot. The duck likes the water. The human has his own affections, which may bind or may broaden, may circumscribe and restrict or unfold and develop.

The Greeks left the legacy of the well balanced life. They did not concentrate their energies on financial accumulation or military conquest. They sought the perfection of body, of mind and of spirit. American life today needs a similar flowering of culture, a training of tastes for the well-developed life. School and college seniors stepping out into life need not fear the cramping of hostile forces in this age of freedom. What they may fear is their own cramped and narrowed tastes, their willingness to accept the tawdry and the shabby, to accept pagan luxury which is barren of deep gratifications, to accept temporary prosperity for enduring happiness. The education of book and laboratory needs to be supplemented by the cultivation of desires which after all are the mainspring which drives men forward to good or to evil.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked these questions: "Do you think the Oregon State fair should be continued? Would you favor abandoning the horse show? The horse races?"

Mrs. W. N. Crawford, Zena: "I think it would be a shame to disband the fair. It would be terrible. All the club groups and farmers, particularly, who have been in the habit of going would miss it like everything, I think."

Mrs. Henry Zeller, housewife: "I don't know. I think maybe we can't afford it. The people probably won't have anything to say about it."

W. E. Eckstein, farmer: "I'd rather see them hold the fair."

Minnehaha Now Laughs at Hard Times; City Averts Depression

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

YEARS ago I was informed by a civil war soldier, who had seen the general do it, that General "Stonewall" Jackson, a big figure in the war until he was accidentally shot in the back and killed by one of his own men, went into battle with his sword in one hand and a lemon in the other. The lemon he sucked at intervals during the battle. I have heard the same story a number of times since. The matter is not referred to in any of my history books. It is of no great importance—nothing more than a subject for idle speculation—but I should like to know why the general did it. Was it to assuage his thirst? Or to clear his throat? Or to stimulate his fighting spirit? Or was it merely because he liked lemon juice?

The word "protective" is in frequent use these days as applied to commissions and associations. The word is also applicable to galoshes. Galoshes sometimes leak. A leaky galosh is an abomination unto the sole.

Weather is not very cold when a room may be comfortably heated with a newspaper and a cigar box. Still, complaints continue to come from individuals who contend that at this season it should be possible to comfortably heat a room with a match and a cigarette.

I went one long-ago summer to see Minnehaha falls, near Minneapolis—Minnehaha, laughing water, you know—and the laugh was on me. Everything was there but the water, and of course without water the falls were unable to hah to any great extent. A depression of some sort prevailed further up the stream, and a stream had naturally gone dry at both ends. I am told that Minnehaha now has with water from the Minneapolis city, when the stream goes dry. Which shows that the way to remove a depression is to remove it.

A premonition, in the common acceptation meaning of the word, is a foreboding of evil. Some folks are more subject to premonitions.

I'm not so much on the races and horse show as I am on the fair."

Carl B. Armistead, sheet metal contractor: "No, I don't. I think the races and horse show should be continued if it is at all possible. They are the main part of the fair. I don't know about the expense, though."

Mrs. Bertha Junk Darby, musician: "It would seem queer, and I would hate to see it happen, but if financial conditions warrant its discontinuance then it will just have to be."

Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live.—Anthony Trollope.

Daily Thought

Not in 25 years have I seen so many and such beautiful flowers on Memorial day as I saw in Salem cemeteries last Monday.

Flowers! Some poet has asked, wherefore had they birth? To comfort man, I think—to whisper hope where his faith grows dim.

Your way may not be my way, nor my way yours, yet either may lead to the same end. Uncle Gid once said, when two certain boys quarreled as to whether the cows should be driven to the lower



D. H. TALMADGE

than others. Most premonitions don't mean anything.

Eat a prune and cheer up.

A certain year is spoken of in the midwest as the year without a summer. That was the year, I recall, when my uncle Gid had a sunstroke and all the babies in town had prickly heat something dreadful. Also, that was the year when the town historian spent the summer with his wife's folks back in northern Vermont.

Sometimes the history that is written of times and places which I know leads me to wonder whether or not any history is to be depended on implicitly.

We differ in our reactions to the emergencies of life. That which you meet with fortitude may appeal me, and there may be occasions when I am able to stand up while you crumble. Why this should be is just another puzzle in a multitude of puzzles, to be explained glibly by small-bore doctors of various cults and isms and understood by nobody. However, it affords a field for interesting comparisons, and social conversation is improved thereby.

We often see the same thing differently, and it happens not infrequently that in the same vista you see one thing and I another. Many human quarrels result from this cause, needlessly, uselessly.

I reckon it is always better to give the other fellow the benefit of a reasonable doubt. But it isn't always so easy, is it?

A restaurant waiter—meaning him who serves the food, not the person who waits for it—may not always be as careful with his fingerprints as might be desired, but by this token it may be known that he has no police record.

Each of us is entitled to his own opinion. One of the leading moving picture critics—it doesn't matter as to his name or as to the publication in which he is a feature—speaks of the "Big B" picture as "turgid." The word is poorly chosen. The picture, which Salem folks saw at the Wilbur early in the week, was, I thought, the best piece of work Barbara Stanwyck has ever done, and the supporting company and the direction were excellent. In this instance, I think, it is the honorable critic who is "turgid."

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

The wives of John and Ernest kissed everybody, thanked Bess for the lovely supper.

"Well, let's get along," Bess' husband said. "I got four cows to milk, besides the regular chores."

They were all a little reluctant to leave the old house. It seemed so funny, to look it up. It had never been locked, while mother lived.

"I hope the cat stays with Mrs. Burpee all right, and don't come running back here," Bess worried.

"I'll have to get somebody to keep the garden watered till the rains start. You can't depend on dad any more."

"Now if there's anything I can do for any of you, just call on me!" said the minister's wife, with a last, lingering look at Lily Lou.

"Well, get in, girls," Raymond said.

Lily Lou waited two days more. "I must say you've gotten nervous. You never used to beidgety," May said. "And I don't understand your not wanting to sing for us. There was one thing none of us would stand for when you were a kid. We couldn't stand these 'don't wanner' kids. I must say, you were always ready to sing or play then!"

"It's just because I'm so tired, and a coloratura voice is so delicate. To sing when you're tired—"

Raymond and May exchanged glances.

"What did I tell you? High hat, already!" they seemed to say.

They took her to call on Irene, who was visiting her husband's mother, in San Francisco.

Lily Lou would hardly have known her, she was so changed. So much more attractive. Plump, laughing and happy.

Lily Lou could have bit off her tongue, it was so hard to keep from telling about the bubchen, as she held Irene's tiny girl on her lap, ran her fingers through the flaxen curls.

That night she asked Raymond to make her reservations for the next day. "I must get back," she told them. "I know that it seems such a short visit, for such a long trip, but I've got to get back. I've a feeling that I've been away too long already."

May and Ray exchanged glances again.

Because there was nothing more to say, and she was afraid of saying too much, she picked up the evening paper, turned its pages idly.

Starting out of the society section was the face that had haunted her, that had never been really out of her thoughts for months.

"Peggy Sage has her picture in the paper again."

"I wouldn't be surprised," May said, without looking up. "It's a poor week that she doesn't get it in once."

"Miss Peggy Sage, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Vincent Sage, whose wedding to Mr. Claude Orffington Newman will be an event of early autumn..."

Peggy, going to marry Claude Orffington Newman.

Then, she couldn't be going to marry Ken... not that it mattered, of course.

"May, wasn't she engaged to my ex-husband?"

"Who, the Sage girl? Oh, yes. Heavens, it was all over all the papers. Didn't I send you them? I meant to. I thought that at least he might have waited a decent interval. Well, you can be darn glad you got out of THAT, Lily Lou. He did the same thing to Peggy. He did to you, too."

Lily Lou turned her face from the light. "Re-what? What did he do?"

"Didn't I send you the papers? I meant to. It was the time you were abroad. Are you sure you didn't get them? I told Raymond at the time, I said, 'You can't tell me that



Peggy, going to marry Claude Orffington Newman. Then she couldn't be going to marry Ken.

they deliver all the mail over there," I said—

"But what was it he did?"

"Oh! Well, the Sages tried to fix it so that it would look as though Peggy broke the engagement, but Raymond brought home one of those society scandal sheets one of the men at the factory had, and it said that he broke it and left her flat, and it said—hinted you know—about another affair he had—oh, they didn't have your name at all! Thank goodness for that! But about a marriage having been annulled, I said to Raymond at the time, I said 'Thank fortune WE'RE not dragged into,' I said. I might not have sent you the scandal sheet because Raymond took it back, I think, but I certainly did get you the other papers and mail them. I remember distinctly, thinking at the time that I could just as well put in a little gift and it would get by without duty. Lots of people—"

"I didn't get them. You might have written—"

"Written! Don't talk to me about writing. You never wrote any of us, to amount to anything. I never had anything as unsatisfactory as your letters from Europe, especially Vienna, a place I've always been interested in on account of the Merry Widow, and all those Viennese comedies, and the Blue Danube and all. Really there were times when I—well, I wondered if you ever went to Europe. I know that Raymond doubted it sometimes."

"I was there all right. My goodness, didn't I send them the clippings from the Paris papers when I sang Micaela in Carmen?"

"No. You said you were going to. But she never got them."

Lily Lou spread her hands in a gesture borrowed, though she did not know it, from Madame Nahlman.

"Well, I can't help that now. It wasn't much of a notice anyway. Just said my 'small voice was sweet and flexible,' and it said I made an appealing Micaela or something like that. Nahlman was the whole show—"

May looked at her, a little agrieved still. "I didn't say I doubted it. Only, my goodness, we

used to hash it over and hash it over when any one of us did anything, like being invited to a good party, or having a tooth out, and this last year has been so different. Your letters postmarked all those foreign places—all those new names: Gwin, Schiarilli, Nahlman, and before that, that woman, Mrs. Manchester, and your friend Maxine Rochoon—You never wrote anything real about any of them. I don't know. I guess we've just drifted apart. You've changed, too. I don't know just how, except that you're thinner and wear your hair differently, but it's deeper than that. You're not the same."

"Well, it's been a long time," Lily Lou said, defensively.

Another long silence.

"You never told me what happened to Ken. I mean, is he still around here? After all—he was married to me. You can't blame me for being a little interested."

"He isn't! Not that I expected much of any of that clan. But you'd think at least with mother dying, that they could have at least sent a bunch of poison oak. They might have done THAT much—Ken at least."

"Maybe he isn't anywhere around here. Maybe he went back to South America."

"He can go to the South Pole and hang himself on Y for all of me," May said dryly. "And that's that."

That's that. Lily Lou thought about it on the long trip across the country. Every mile brought her nearer to the bubchen, farther from California and the Sage girl and Ken... who could hang himself on the South Pole for all of May... For all of me, too! she thought, a little bitterly.

But she wished May hadn't told her about him. It had spoiled something... disturbed the memory that had been sweet and dim. "I wish I'd never set eyes on him!"

Telegraph poles flashed by. White farm houses, with red barns and silos, and fields of yellow stubble. Every mile bringing her nearer the bubchen, nearer to her interrupted career.

(To Be Continued)
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BITS for BREAKFAST
—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Old days of Douglas:

Jason Lee, first protestant missionary west of the Rockies, who began work in the Oregon country June 15, 1824, when he stepped over the summit of the Rockies, and who on October 6th of that year landed at the site of the "old mission" 10 miles below where Salem was afterward built, went to the Umpqua in the winter of 1827-28, before his departure in the spring of '28 to the east for the "great reinforcement" which came in 1840 on the Lausanne, Mayflower of the Pacific.

Mr. Lee then, after visiting J. B. Ganier, in charge of Fort Umpqua, and contacting with the Indian tribes in the vicinity, decided that upon his return from the United States (this was foreign territory then—under joint occupancy), he would establish a Methodist mission among the Umpquas.

After his return with the Lausanne party, starting from the old mission August 18, 1840, Lee again went to the Umpqua, and explored the river to its mouth, being accompanied by Gustavus Hines. These faithful missionaries, who for the first time preached the gospel of the Prince of Peace in that region, took their lives in their hands as they labored among the treacherous Umpquas. Mr. Lee abandoned his project for a mission among them, after his safe return home.

Lee and Hines preached the first Protestant Christian sermons and sang the first gospel hymns ever heard in southern Oregon, (these August days of 1840. Though Jedediah Smith likely gave some religious instruction as he passed through 15 years before, for he carried his Bible in all his journeys and constantly exhibited a devout spirit to his wild Indian and wilder white com-

panions; was unique in that respect among all the race of "mountain men." Lee and Hines arrived home at the old mission Sept. 2. Rev. Hines wrote: "All that we could find (Indians) did not exceed 275 souls." In previous days there had been many hundreds—perhaps thousands. But the white man's diseases, that 70 or more years before, and again in the twenties and thirties (1860), had swept off the Willamette valley and north coast Indians by the tens and scores of thousands, had penetrated to the southern coast Indian tribes, too, and all but wiped out whole bands of them.

But missionary workers were on the heels of the settlers. Wrote Rev. T. F. Royal, one of the early Methodist fathers of southern Oregon, long principal of Umpqua academy at Wilbur: "Two Sunday schools and two public schools were organized in Douglas county as early as 1851. The first Sunday school was opened by A. R. Flint, at his own home on the site where Winchester was built; the second was organized about the same time at Bunton's Gap, afterward known as Wilbur. This Sunday school was organized by P. J. Grubbe and Dr. Calvin Reed. In the same year one of the first public schools was conducted under a temporary shed made by leaning long planks against a pole that rested on pins driven into oak trees, near where the Wilbur Methodist parsonage now stands. Mr. Eason was the first teacher." The other school, Rev. Royal wrote, was located on a "mound on Thomas Smith's land claim, conducted by James Walton, known familiarly in Douglas county," and Salem as "Judge Walton."

The early Baptist missionaries, headed by that able pioneer among them, Rev. Ezra Fisher, (Continued on page 19)