

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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The Chisel Age

MANY are the ages of man. The stone age marked his dawn. The copper age was the next signpost on the high-road of his progress. The iron age gave him tools to work with; and the steam age which followed applied power to industry and multiplied greatly the products of the machine. Catterly we have been enjoying the gas age and the electric age. It remained for the year 1932 to usher in a new age of Man, and we call it the Chisel Age.

If the second decennium of the century be described as the brass age and the jazz age, the sudden reverse which has come to pass in this tertiary period wears well the label, the Chisel Age. The word itself has sprung suddenly into popular usage. "Chisel" is an old, wholesome word, as clean as the shavings and chips of wood from the carpenter's tool. This ancient word now has been given a sinister connotation, expressive of the temper of the time. No swinging broadaxe is the tool in use, but the gnawing, persistent chisel.

The employer is busy with his chisel, chiseling wages here, paring them there. The buyer is busy with his chisel, shopping round, forcing discounts here, forcing cuts there. The housewife is busy with her chisel cutting down household expenses. The merchant himself is industriously chiseling down his selling prices in hopes of a glorious resurrection of buying.

The government is falling in step, taking a thin film off its own expenses, and chiseling clear under the hides of the taxpayers. Chisel, chisel, everyone has a chisel. The tool is all the rage. Hardware stores must be sold out of them.

"And we chisel, chisel here,
And we chisel, chisel there,
Here a chisel, there a chisel,
Chisel, chisel, chisel . . ."

So busily has the world been chiseling, the tool is getting worn clear to the shank. Why not give the chisel a rest, and use some other tool for a while? There are the lever and jackscrew, powerful tools for lifting things UP, and useless for paring things DOWN. Why not use them for a change?

Presidency and Vice Presidency

DEMOCRATS report that Republicans will make an under-cover attack on Roosevelt because of his physical infirmities. No such attack has yet appeared. The most heroic thing about Frank Roosevelt, the only heroic thing we know of, is his battle against infantile paralysis. Only his sheer will power and determination could have lifted him from being a hopeless cripple to a man able now to get about with the aid of canes. There is nothing we know of respecting the nature of the disease which threatens his life now or impairs his mental faculties.

At the same time, the country must have regard to eventualities. Any president may break under the load. Out of the last four presidents two have broken down while in office, one of them dying. So the choice of a vice president who can properly fill the presidency is important. In that respect people are justified in reflecting on the relative capacities of Charles Curtis and Speaker Garner for filling the highest office in the land.

We rate Curtis and Garner both as small men. Curtis has had a wider range of contacts and experience, and his judgment is regarded as safer; but he is old, unoriginal, standpat. Garner is younger and wilder. His wildness is chiefly political. He is wealthy himself, and his character as a southern democrat should hold him to conservatism if he ever became president. He seems however to have slight political philosophy which has made him undependable as speaker of the house.

No matter whether Hoover or Roosevelt is elected president, the country may with propriety pray that he may be permitted to serve out his full term, so deficient is the offering in vice presidents.

Sea Breezes

THREE days is the usual limit for hot weather in this valley. The rule held good last week. Three blistering days, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,—then the wind veered from the north to the south and southwest and the delicious breeze from the vast expanse of the Pacific rolled in to cool the parched valleys. The ways of the weather are mysterious, the sudden changes in temperature hard to understand. We are too apt to think of incidental local factors as influencing our weather. The fact is that it is the movements of the great air currents which bring the changes.

Where did the sirocco wind of last Thursday and Friday come from? It swept out of the north, but what made it so hot and so dry. Some great volume of superheated air was attracted to some low pressure area to the south of it, and down it came to parch the earth.

Likewise the rains are determined not by local conditions of snow in the mountains and such, but the movements of the vast air currents. The earth is surrounded by this gaseous envelope, and the currents of air are caused by variations in the earth's temperature. Hot air rises at the equator and is cooled at the poles. Warm air moving over vast bodies of water sucks up moisture which it unloads when its temperature is lowered. Because we cannot tell far ahead what the movements of these great air currents may be we cannot predict more than a few days ahead what our weather is to be.

The best thing we can do about our weather is to enjoy it.

Spokane and Portland are trying to get a regional agricultural credit bank started with public funds, for loans to farmers. The government's idea of farm relief seems to be to deluge the farmer with credit when that the farmer wants a price to let him get out of debt.

"A visit to the bathing beaches these days is like the last book in the Bible."—Sips in Capital Journal.

That shows how little Sips knows about the Bible. What he meant was the first chapter of Genesis.

Near & Farr are fuel dealers in Portland.

There are still some vacant lots on "Easy Street" in West Linn.

No Fences LEFT to Mend!!



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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Otherwise correct:

The "New Standard Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge" of Funk & Wagnalls, edition of 1931. In the appropriate place of its alphabetical make-up, has this paragraph:

SALEM, county seat of Oregon, on the east bank of the Willamette river, 42 m. from Portland and 720 north of San Francisco. Settled in 1834 and incorporated in 1860. The Willamette University (Methodist Episcopal, 1851), and manufacturers of flours, woolens, and machinery are located there. Pop. (1930), 26,266.

Salem is not the county seat of Oregon but is the county seat of Marion county.

It was not settled in 1834 but the first building erected by white men were put up in 1840 within the present corporate limits; though the first building erected in the limits of the state of Oregon above a point near the mouth of the Columbia river was the fort of the Astorians, on Wallace prairie, in Salem's present suburbs; and a half mile next north the house of Baptiste DeLoar was erected in the twenties, or before; and 10 miles below Salem's site work began on the first end-log building of the Jason Lee mission on October 6, 1834. The Astor fort was erected in 1812.

Salem did not become the state capital in 1860 but was made the territorial capital by the legisla-

ture on January 13, 1851, and remained the state capital when the state constitution was adopted, and was confirmed as such by a vote of the people of Oregon held at the general election of June, 1854.

The Willamette university does not date from 1851 but was founded as the Oregon Institute February 1, 1842, and opened for classes August 13, 1844, and its name was changed to Willamette university January 13, 1853, by the Oregon territorial legislature holding its sessions in the basement of its building.

Salem manufactures woolens but no flour and very little machinery; though the first building on its site housed a grist mill as well as a sawmill, and it pioneered in the manufacturing of flour on a large scale, and in exporting flour and wheat. But Salem is a large scale manufacturer of papers and paper products and of flax and linens, and extensive fruit and vegetable canning and packing plants are located here, with outputs making a total of something like a third of all the volume going to near and distant markets from the whole of the Pacific northwest. Also major packing operations are carried on here in walnuts, filberts, cherries for maraschino and fresh fruit trades; this is Oregon center for shipments of strawberry plants, seed potatoes, celery and head lettuce, bulbs, garden seeds, etc. And from this center go practically all the onion sets used west of the Rock-

ies, and the peppermint oil center for this coast is here. This is America's greatest hog growing and marketing center, and the Pacific northwest's leading prune growing, packing and marketing center.

The "frozen fruit" industry by "cold pack" processes of the whole country originated in Salem and its vicinity. The best of its kind is produced here, and it is estimated that 100 per cent perfection by our packers. Salem has the greatest and best pumpkin canning operations in the United States, and is leading in experiments in better methods of canning fruits and in perfecting the putting up of jams and jellies, rubarb and other high class specialties in the line of fruits and vegetables.

Salem has the leading meat packing house in Oregon, using an increasing number of hogs, beefs, mutton sheep, etc. In normal times, this city is a leader in sawmilling and wood working operations, and is destined to vastly increase its operations in these lines, as well as in the manufacturing of paper and paper products, in the last named field already in supplying large orders to oriental and other foreign markets and to eastern markets.

Be it known to the publishers of the "New Standard Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge" that Salem is "pent-up Utica" with "manufactures of flour, woolens and machinery."

Even in these fields this capital city will persist in and resume and develop positions of primacy in good time. And in other particular, in the fields of production, manufacturing, merchandising and shipping, she will as the raw materials in her country of diversity are utilized and developed as the laws of nature intended, take a place of leadership that will warrant in the "encyclopedias of universal knowledge" a paragraph that will make the one under criticism look sicker than the current one does. Salem now has about 80

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

THAT a clean, clear and healthy skin is a valuable asset no one will question. During the summer months skin disorders are more common than at any other time.

Most of the skin diseases of the year, the sweat glands are more active in hot weather and the skin is more sensitive to the sun than in winter. The sudden changes in temperature hard to understand. We are too apt to think of incidental local factors as influencing our weather. The fact is that it is the movements of the great air currents which bring the changes.

Where did the sirocco wind of last Thursday and Friday come from? It swept out of the north, but what made it so hot and so dry. Some great volume of superheated air was attracted to some low pressure area to the south of it, and down it came to parch the earth.

Likewise the rains are determined not by local conditions of snow in the mountains and such, but the movements of the vast air currents. The earth is surrounded by this gaseous envelope, and the currents of air are caused by variations in the earth's temperature. Hot air rises at the equator and is cooled at the poles. Warm air moving over vast bodies of water sucks up moisture which it unloads when its temperature is lowered. Because we cannot tell far ahead what the movements of these great air currents may be we cannot predict more than a few days ahead what our weather is to be.

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Ringworm usually affects the hands or the feet, but it may appear on other parts of the body. The involved area has patches of blisters which are red and angry-looking.

The disease is easily prevented by wearing shoes or slippers, and at a crowded beach it is a good plan to wear bathing slippers. The simple use of slippers will prevent much unnecessary suffering.

Ringworm should be treated by a physician, and early attention is important.

Most persons are negligent about their diet and manner of living during the summer months. Eating spoiled food, the incomplete chewing of food, excessive use of stimulants or eating food difficult to digest frequently leads to another common skin condition known as "urticaria" or "hives." The prevention of this disease is easier than its cure.

"Impetigo contagiosa," or "sores," is another skin disorder commonly seen in summer. It usually affects children, and in adults it is known as "barber's itch."

This is an infectious disease that quickly spreads from one child to another. Yellowish patches of crusted sores appear on the face, and may spread to the chest and other parts of the body. The disease is rarely serious, and quickly responds to treatment when an antiseptic ointment is applied to the affected parts.

Many other skin disorders appear to be more prevalent in summer months, caused, as a rule, by carelessness.

The skin plays an important part in the mechanism of the body and should be cleansed every day. A daily warm bath followed by a cold shower will aid a lot in keeping the skin healthy.

Answers to Health Queries

B. T. S. Q.—What causes the mouth to feel sore?
A.—This may be due to acidity. Correct the underlying cause. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Mrs. J. Q.—What causes my face to be red all the time?
A.—This may be due to poor circulation. Build up the general health and your circulation will improve.

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HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

"Marriage is like reading a novel without suspense. No matter how charmed you may be at first with the words, a sustained effort demands little surprises, little moments of not knowing what's going to happen." Pamela Warren informed her lovely, young niece, Patricia Braithwaite, as they sat in the Palm Beach sunshine. Eight years before the wealthy Pamela had married handsome Jimmie Warren, and, in spite of an overwhelming love, their marriage had failed. Pat is shocked to learn that her father has lost his fortune. Aunt Pam suggests that Pat insure her father's and her own future by marrying the wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine, warning that the glamour of love wears off. Pat goes to an isolated spot, alone, to solve her problem.

CHAPTER TWO

Clouds like piles of new-ginned cotton banked in monstrous shapes against the deep blue, dissolved into white rags and reassembled as if the Great Scene Shifter had no plan, and must be forever rearranging His effects. Far out beyond the breakers a solitary swimmer appeared. Patricia was neither curious nor alarmed by his proximity. He was but a part of the vast setting scene, like the dissolving and reassembling clouds, the dropping and rising gulls; the waves themselves, which lingered but a moment, gave way, and returned in their febrile struggle.

The pagan parade of light and color folded in about her, detaching her from the world she lived in. . . . The sun mounted the meridian. The strong winds that warm the Florida winters and cool its summers, slowly withdrew, and all the wild and ardent green of the countryside drooped and grew still. The sea flattened, worn out by its tumult, turning inward upon itself to consume its own heart in opalescent fires. The sky shrank back from cloud remnants that were burned to white strings stretching taut across the blue. . . . Minutes, hours, eons dropped into the void of time for the girl, sitting in lethargic abstraction on the sand.

Sharply, as if by some secretive convulsion of the hidden life of the deep, a man stood up out of the sea. Patricia sat still. A sudden familiarity about the lean, buoyant form wading toward the beach, arrested her. Someone from the hotel, no doubt. Reluctant to run away, yet anxious to avoid recognition, she began building sand castles in seeming absorption. . . . The bath er passed her, some distance away. Disappeared. Was lost to her.

The years of her childhood unrolled before her—a thousand scenes in which her stately father had stepped out of his world of books and dreams into her world of childish activities. . . . He sat with her on the banks of the bayou back of the plantation, trying hunks of fat meat on strings to be cast out for crayfish to nibble, or, perhaps, swallows, whose throat would come an exciting moment. . . . The bath er excited as she. . . . Together they plundered the spring woods for great armful of white dogwood and fragrant pink honeysuckle. . . . In the Fall they tramped for miles, baskets on arms for hickory nuts and chinquapins, or flung stones and sticks into high peep branches in the bottom field, bringing down a rain of pecans to be gathered. . . . Or again she would burst in. "Come quick, I've found a doodlebug hole." He would lay aside some weighty volume with every appearance of delight, and sit with



"If you have blue devils," he remarked casually, "you need company."

her by the hour over the doodlebug hole assisting with the incantations that were supposed to charm, but never did, the doodlebug from his hiding place. . . . He never failed me. Never put me off. Never put my enthusiasms to shame by a look of annoyance or want of interest. He was interested. Because I was his greatest interest. More to him than the quiet joys of his books and his own thoughts. And now it's my turn to take part in his affairs and make play for him.

Lighting a cigaret, she flung it away with a gesture of disgust. "Is it as bad as that?" asked a voice at her side.

The bath er whose tall form she had found so familiar, now in white flannel and soft shirt, dropped on the sand beside her. Reclining on one elbow, he stretched his long legs toward the tide.

Every line of his darkly fascinating face—eyes at once grave and suffused with gaiety, as if in their depths lay some subtle joyousness, even his long beautiful hands and easy grace of her, that time been flung imperiously upon her memory. Yet never before, she knew, had she heard the lazy laughing voice.

"If you have blue devils," he remarked casually, "you need company. I've found solitude the worst possible remedy for a sick mind."

"Your wisdom, I dare say, is absolute," she said stiffly. He threw back his head and laughed with a boyishness that drew her eyes in spite of her. Then, surprisingly, before she had time to remove her indignant gaze, his face changed, all his gaiety snuffed out by a vast and mysterious melancholy. He turned to the sea, grave, meditative, sharply withdrawn within himself, lost in a measureless world to which she had no access, unaware of her astonished regard.

She felt small and humiliated. Like a child who furiously flings a cup of water at a burning house but to find it has fallen short of

the outermost fringe of the blaze. But her resentment sank into a trembling feathery ash before the question in her mind: "Who is he? I ought to know. I do know."

Out of the corner of her eye she noted the fine embroidered monogram on his shirt sleeve—"J. L."—J. L.? The long fingers of his right hand were drawing blind patterns in the sand. Clean patterns, sure of line, the unconscious tracings of a trained hand. . . . Is he a famous artist whose pictured face I know? But that wouldn't account for the familiarity of gesture and changing expression.

He picked a small shell from the sand, crushed it and dropped its dust into his open palm, thereby revealing the most amazing hand she had ever seen. Slim, strong and flexible, smooth on the back, and perfectly manicured, the hand of an artist with a palm incredibly calloused. Every mound, almost to the tips of his fingers, like hard gristle, seamed and dry.

The men Patricia knew had hands as soft as her own, with, perhaps, a few callouses proudly earned with golf sticks, and proudly boasted. Here was the undoubted result of unceasing toil.

What was the meaning of a workman's palms in an artist's hands? Had he been born to great wealth and reduced to the most degrading poverty? . . . But brightly poor men don't wear tailored and monogrammed shirts, and own expensive motor boats. . . .

After an appreciable space the lazy voice of the man went on: "Friends meet by the side of the road sometimes, speak together a moment and pass on, often perhaps never to meet again—and recollect each other for years. Others are introduced, and forgotten by the turn of a back. When I saw you sitting here, something said, 'there's a friend of yours in trouble, maybe you can help. . . . So I came over and spoke to you. If I was mistaken—if you really want me to go—"

(To Be Continued)

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manufacturing plants, large and small.

Excepting for the mistakes pointed out, the paragraph quoted is truthful. That is, Salem is on the east bank of the Willamette river, it is about 52 miles from Portland and 720 north of San Francisco, and the census of 1930 showed 26,266 population.

However, the 26,266 counted included only the people residing within the corporate limits of the city. The metropolitan territory, were counted including West Salem, the people in the southern suburbs, and the eastern and northern, with several state institutions and the United States Indian training school, the population showing would be around 40,000.

And, counting only the normal growth shown in the last 10-year census period, Salem will be a city of 50,000 in 1940, if the rules are so made as to allow a showing of an metropolitan territory, which proposition was considered for all the cities of considerable size in the country, in 1930, but was not thoroughly worked out.

The many thousands of people having their homes in the lambs of Salem, many of them engaged in business or working within the corporate limits, are in effect as much Salem citizens as those who reside in the down town wards. A great many of them would vote against being taken into the city limits, because they wish to avoid municipal taxes—but none of them would object to being counted as Salemites, which in fact they are.

Guy C. Newgens, Mayor of West Salem: "I didn't sign it. Well, just don't know about the petitions. I'm not in favor of it myself. I don't see where we will benefit by it."

G. L. Ireland, Melalla newspaper editor: "I'd like to see it go through, and I think if they work the matter right the bill will pass. What we need is something to stop this jockeying and to take those schools out of politics."

James Helser, salesman: "So far it looks like a big joke from one angle. From another it looks serious. I doubt if it will pass, but if it does I believe people of this estate will soon regret their vote."

Ladies' Aid Donates Moneys for College

SILVERTON, Aug. 8.—Immanuel Ladies' Aid society held its regular monthly meeting at the church social rooms, Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Oscar Olson, Mrs. K. Nae and Mrs. E. H. Ruff as hostesses. Mrs. M. E. Strand, president, presided. The society voted to send a donation of money to the Faculty Lutheran College at Parkland, Washington.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 9, 1907

Shortly after they left the Senate saloon on State street last night, D. A. Smith and William White were attacked and robbed of \$25 by men they had met at the saloon. The attack was committed on the raised, railed sidewalk on Ferry street between High and Liberty, in the Chinese section.

A fine team of horses, among the 14 the Spaulding Logging company keep on the river for the purpose of towing log drives and loosening grounded logs, was drowned yesterday. The driver permitted them to get into a deep hole, where their heavy harness prevented their swimming.

Generous estimates on the Pacific coast hop crop are for 121,000 bales, according to New York reports. Choice 1906 hops are selling at 10 cents.

August 9, 1922

By a score of 5 to 3 and in a 10-minute game, the Salem Senators were defeated at Oxford park Sunday afternoon by the railway clerks' team, city champions of Portland.

PORTLAND.—With only 28 more precincts of the 121 in which the vote is being contested by Charles Hall within Multnomah county to check, the status of the gubernatorial candidates last night remained unchanged. Governor Oicott's majority increased four votes to a total of 526 yesterday in the recount.

Two million young salmon will be fed in the ponds of the Santiam river this fall. E. C. Clanton, state fish warden, said yesterday. Enlargements costing \$4500 will be necessitated at the hatchery.

BOTH ADMINISTRATORS DALLAS—Elmer J. Roth was appointed administrator of the estate of Gottlieb Roth, deceased. W. W. McKinney, J. C. Evans, and J. J. Melchoir were appointed appraisers.

GRAINS TO REPLACE STRAWBERRY CROPS

NORTH HOWELL, Aug. 8.—Threshing crews are busy all through the entire community with three machines in active operation.

Harmon and Dunn are running their tractor machine at full capacity and Joe Russ has his big machine in active competition with the Woelke Bros. Grain yields continue to average good everywhere. So many straw berry growers have plowed up their fields since the berry harvest in June and expect to plant grain that the general harvest run for another year promises to be much longer.

FOSS, JENSEN SPEAKERS

SILVERTON, Aug. 6.—Silver-ton will be represented in the annual rally at the Sunset Home at Eugene, which is to be held this year August 21. The Rev. J. M. Jensen of Immanuel church at Silverton will preside and Rev. C. L. Foss, pastor of Trinity church will give a short address.



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