

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Ticker is Not the Last Word

STOCK MARKET developments of the last fortnight have proved conclusively that the American people are by nature "bulls" and not "bears" and that the urge to speculate still runs eternal in the American breast. Just when brokers were saying big-share days were gone to stay, comes a 5,500,000 share day, a return of 5000 clerks to the stock offices, doubling of values in less than a month and a semblance of the speculative hysteria of three years ago.

No thoughtful observer of the business scene is justified in concluding happy days are here again in the sense that in only a few more months we will be returning to the levels of 1929. If those days are not gone forever, they might as well be forgotten for they are far in the distance. What most business leaders want and the only thing that may be judged sure, is to reach the bottom and to start the slow, steady return to improved conditions. The spurt of the last few weeks probably indicates bottom has been reached; it does not indicate any major business upturn. For the indices of business which never can be quotations on stocks, concern buying and selling of commodities, of manufactured goods and of services. The changes here while numerous have been slight and by no means so optimistic that a large upward movement is justified.

Business does seem to have been going on as low a keel in recent months as was possible. When lumber is \$7 a thousand mill men will not cut at a lower price; they'll close the plant. When the Southern Pacific has cut its train service south from Portland to three trains a day and the Oregon Electric to one there can't be a much lower minimum. When wheat in Chicago brings only 46 cents and sugar raw sold at 60 cents a hundred, the sheer impossibility of handling the commodities for less, forces a bottom.

Thus the stock market flash comes as widely publicized news that a dead level of low prices has been struck and that recovery was possible. It does not mean relief from business headaches at once or quick assuredness of "the good old days."

Questions for the Citizens' Committee

THE city council appears determined to let John Public have a hand in preparing the 1933 budget. The organization of the citizens' committee of 14 into committees for study of municipal conditions indicates Mr. Public is equally desirous to see if the city of Salem's financial status may not be improved. They will find if they dig deep enough and use courage and common-sense that the Salem budget can be pared without hindering service. Of the three principal tax takers for taxpayers here—the school district, the county and the city—the latter has ranked lowest for years in efficiency and economy.

While the citizen groups are at work, we propose several leads for their inquiries:

How much basic rate reduction has Salem's rapidly increased costs of fire protection brought? Or how much increase in rates has the increase averted?

How do this city's per capita police and fire costs compare with cities of similar size in the northwest?

Is the 20 per cent charge made by the city on each paving and sidewalk job and passed on to the property holder justified? Is the revenue therefrom wisely expended?

How ship-shape is the collection department for street assessments?

Are the arrangements for meeting bond retirements being handled systematically and are they well planned?

Is the citizens' committee satisfied with the haphazard purchasing system used by the council?

Is the councilmanic system one which commends itself to the committee of 14? Do not committee heads work at cross-purposes? Isn't everybody's business nobody's business? Where does the real government of Salem center?

The answers to most of these questions will be found in a search for available facts. Some of the responses will depend on discussion between the committee members. The committee has a fine opportunity, with Mr. Public demanding better government, to make itself felt in city government. The aldermen should welcome suggestions.

Progress and the Olympics

IF better form, greater speed and finer sportsmanship can note progress, the Olympic games now concluding at Los Angeles have been examples of that word. Never have so many Olympic and world records been broken at one meeting. Considering that the games have been revived now for more than three decades and that today's contestants shoot at the best marks of all the former meets, the accomplishments of the past fortnight are indeed marvelous.

It would be presumptuous to judge that the new speed in the 100-meter sprints, or the swimming races or in the pole vault proves that the manhood and womanhood of the world is better developed physically than ever before. The marks do prove that the technique of the various age-old sports of swimming, sprinting, long-distance racing is steadily developing.

Other developments than mere speed must be noticed. Has not social progress been made when two negroes can vie for the world's championship in the sprints and receive the plaudits of their countrymen and the world? Certainly womankind has come to a new athletic prowess when the northwest's own Helene Madison outswims them all and the "one-gal Olympic team from Texas," "Babe" Didrikson, shows sport versatility unequalled before by the fairer sex.

If there have been finer examples of individual sportsmanship than the one set by Ralph Hill, Oregon's defeated 5000-meter man, we do not know of them. Hill made no protest when his Finnish victor crowded him out of victory and he was the first to congratulate his conqueror, while the crowds booed the unsportsmanlike conduct of the winner.

Technically the races have improved. Never before have the judges possessed a clocked camera, which took mooted finishes out of the realm of debate and provided a scientific answer to the question, "Who won?" Without such a camera the now famous Metcalfe-Tolan ending would have been one of those terminable debates such as marred the Dempsey-Tunney outcome.

Democrats claim credit for stock upturn: when reaction comes, that will have been republican work.

"Wat's da Matter? Can't Yuh Take It?"



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 10, 1907

Salem has about 700 of its residents vacationing at Newport, it was estimated yesterday. Local merchants, however, report business is fair.

Portland received its first shipment of hogs in four days yesterday and this one was not enough to break the pork famine. The shortage is caused by a dearth of porkers raised in Oregon.

CHICAGO — When Postal Telegraph officials refused to accede to workers' demands for a 25 per cent increase in wages, an eight-hour day and recognition of the union, 500 of them walked out. Eleven hundred Western Union employees also are on strike here.

August 10, 1922

Secretary of State Sam A. Kozar announced yesterday that 19,000 motor vehicle license plates of the 1923 series will be set aside for trucks under the new regulations. They will bear the letter "T".

EUGENE — Vice President Calvin Coolidge and party, who are now on the coast, will stop in Eugene about 15 minutes on the way north from San Francisco, Saturday. The vice president will be presented with a mess of rainbow trout caught in the McKenzie river.

Fire losses in Oregon, outside of Portland, during the month of July aggregated \$972,905. State Fire Marshal Barber reports. Among the larger fires were that of the gymnasium and art building at the University of Oregon, \$50,000.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

WITHIN the last five years tremendous strides have been made in the study of pernicious anemia. At one time this disease was frequently fatal and little was known of its cause.

It is in such cases that the new method of liver injection is extremely beneficial. There is a response to the injection within twenty-four hours, while if liver is eaten, ten days or more may elapse before beneficial results are noted.

Many patients who find it difficult to eat large quantities of liver, and fail to respond to the liver diet, derive great benefit when given liver extract by the injection method.

The injections, given once a week, do not cause any pain and rarely, if ever, result in uncomfortable reaction. The treatment should never be given without the supervision of a physician. The diagnosis of the disease should be confirmed first by a blood count, and the blood count repeated after several injections to determine the progress made.

In mild cases the number of injections may be gradually decreased, but in more severe cases it may be necessary to continue weekly injections for a prolonged period of time. We are indeed indebted to the painstaking and brilliant work of those scientists who have awakened hope of the cure of pernicious anemia.

Answers to Health Queries

D. R. S. Q.—What do you advise for arthritis?
A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

H. B. W. Q.—Are boiled eggs and boiled meat fattening?
A.—Not unless eaten to excess.
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That is not true—but many millions more loom:

J. D. Mickie, state dairy and food commissioner, the noon-day luncheon speaker of Salem Rotary last Wednesday, thrilled his hearers on the possibilities, prospects and advantages of vast dairy expansion in the Salem district. He pictured the cow as the foster mother of the race and the loving step-mother of sustained and dependable well being.

A member of Rotary added some enthusiastic remarks in which he said the milk check is the only cash money resource and real bread ticket Salem commercial life has now or has had these two years, or words to that purport.

That is not true. The statement looms in the picture of the many millions annually pouring into the local hopper from the state institutions, the budgets of the U. S. Indian training school, Willamette university and public and semi-public sources generally; from the monthly payrolls of the paper mill and converting plant and their purchases of pulp wood, etc., etc. Also the vast sums from the cannery and packing plants for salaries and wages and from the sales of onions, celery, head lettuce, walnuts, asparagus, hops, peppermint oil, bulbs, grains and seeds—in short, from the industries on the farms generally.

It leaves out the payrolls and raw material purchases of our woolen mills, linen and flax mills, packing plants like that of the Valley Packing company, and all the big and little industrial operations here, numbering about 80 in all, like saw and door and box and crate factories, etc., etc.

But, for its indirect benefits

and its dependable cash return values, our dairy industry deserves perhaps the highest place on the scroll. The cow is the foster mother of the human race; she is the wet nurse of half of our babies; she gives longer leases of life to both young and old—not only makes that contribution, but she vouchsafes lives more worth the living because of the health sustaining and vigor insuring qualities of her milk; the properties in it, the chemical properties lacking in other foods. In the words of a world war diet expert, "milk makes a balanced ration out of any bill of fare."

The cow is also the wet nurse of the pig and the poultry. The swine and poultry industries flourish best on the farms with the silos. And the cow, in this automobile and tractor age, is the chief feeder of the soil. She is the greatest depositor in the fertility bank of our people on the land, subjected by annual crops to constant withdrawals which must be replaced if the balance is not to be depleted. Intelligent dairymen methods, with the companion practice of being sent to the over-supplied market. The California dairymen say this will keep consumption equal to supply, and help in raising prices to producers to a scale that will make their part of the circle profitable. Surveys show Mr. Mickie said, that there has been and now is an increasing number of dairy calves being saved in the coast states, owing to the low prices paid by the butchers and packing houses. This means an increasing volume of milk.

Mr. Mickie spoke of the movement in California, now being extended to Oregon, demanding that every 10th can of milk be kept and consumed on the farm in order to help the over-supplied market. The California dairymen say this will keep consumption equal to supply, and help in raising prices to producers to a scale that will make their part of the circle profitable. Surveys show Mr. Mickie said, that there has been and now is an increasing number of dairy calves being saved in the coast states, owing to the low prices paid by the butchers and packing houses. This means an increasing volume of milk.

Our dependable market is our home market. In fact, competition east of the Rockies is so strong that we cannot count on shipments of dairy products in that direction. The same holds in most foreign markets. Also, our home market is our best market, if we can keep demand equal to supply. And this would be accomplished, if our people took all the dairy products that are good for them. If every person west of the Rockies would use a glass more of milk a day, we would have a boom in dairying, reflecting itself in complete stabilization of all our industries and professions. With a glass more a day for all of us, all would be well with all of us. And steady prosperity and growth stabilized—absolutely. That seems a simple solution of all our troubles, some reader will say. Yes; but the men who make the surveys say it is capable of indisputable proof.

With canalization of our rivers and the general use of irrigation for our thirsty acres in the dry and greatest growing season, the Willamette valley will be the world's greatest dairying country. This is the coming approach. It is nearer than most of us dream.

A glass more a day is a good slogan. But there are many other ways to secure increased milk consumption. Using more butter, buttermilk, cottage cheese and ice cream will help. And making and consuming more cheese, getting the cheese habit, will help more.

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 Brathwait, as they basked 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, where she meets a handsome young man.

CHAPTER THREE

As he rose it came to her sharply that whatever happened she must not let him go until she discovered his identity. The matter seemed of high importance. "What's your name, boy?" she demanded looking up at him with a sly smile.

He dropped back on the sand, his dark face broken up in delighted twinklings. "Jack. What's yours, girl?"

"Patricia. Mostly Pat."

"Mostly Pat is best." He seemed to turn the name over in a secretive inner joyousness which lay close behind the gravity of his eyes. A submerged excitement swept her. Does he know me? Why didn't he tell me his full name?

She studied him minutely. A sensitive face, strongly marked. A wide beautiful mouth and shining black hair. Grey eyes twinkling at her out of dark face. . . . She felt herself melting toward him, reaching out to the warmth of his bitter-sweet smile, greeting it as one greets a familiar flower from the garden of childhood. It was as if some essential revelation trembled on the translucent air.

They talked of round-robin tennis, of polo, both of which he played; of plays each had seen in New York. He knew so much about opera that she finally asked him if he were a musician.

"I've studied piano." Good Heaven! Surely those were not the hands of a musician. And yet, were, if one didn't know about those amazing palms.

"But I'm not really a musician," he added, "in the professional sense. I love it and studied for my own pleasure. I'm an architect by profession."

Well, an architect doesn't labor with his hands, she thought.

"Were you in the war?" she asked, searching for a clue to his familiar identity.

His merry smile. "Mostly Pat, I'm but twenty-six. I was an infant when the great explosion occurred."

She was disappointed. She had hoped he might have been a war hero. A famous and featured Ace. The thought that he might be a movie actor had already been exploded by some subtle probing which brought out that he had not seen a movie in over two years. Had never cared for them. And an actor would certainly care to see his own pictures. . . . Her mind raced this way and that. It was no use. She gave up to the charm of him. After all, what did it matter who he was?

Nothing memorable was said between them, yet all was freighted with a pulsing significance. She told him about her home, her father, as if it were still waiting. In fact, she had forgotten for the moment that it wasn't.

He told her of his boyhood on a big-cotton plantation in Virginia. "We call it 'Eagle's Nest,'" he said, "and some day when I've found—" He broke off, adding

—and in this field, almost, "the sky is the limit."

The reader perhaps thinks of only one or two or three kinds of cheese. There are more than 500 kinds made. There are about 250 standard kinds, well known in the great cheese using countries, like Holland, Denmark, Belgium, France and Germany.

An Oregon man recently visiting Europe found out before him at hotels seven to 10 varieties of cheese at an ordinary meal. He thought he was testing his digestive powers, by sampling a fraction of them—but, willing to "try anything once," found to his surprise beneficial results. He came home with a new vision of dairying possibilities for the Willamette valley.

Here is a program: Form a cheese cooperative. Contract for enough milk for cheese factories at Aurora, Hubbard, Woodburn, Gervais, Turner, Jefferson, etc., etc. Make a different kind, perhaps, in each factory. Get federal aid in building a transportation. Get a good manager; secure expert help in making the cheese. Have attractive packages. Adopt a good name for the whole line, like "Land O' Lakes," for the Minnesota dairy products. Have centers, selling organizations. Teach the people to eat more cheese. Build for permanence. Make the concern "self liquidating," on the amortization plan, covering a considerable period—hoping that there may be such success as to anticipate payments.

Under proper auspices, such a venture would succeed, and it would add vastly to the wealth of this valley—to the actual worth of farm lands and towns and city property.

Where is the leader? Perhaps he is here now. He can make a real contribution to his state and country. He should be willing to risk the venture with a mere living wage until such time as he shall have shown results justifying a more adequate return for his labors, plus his organizing genius.



They waded into the ocean to wash the pot, shouting, laughing, rushing after a recalcitrant pot as it sailed off on the tide.

after a slight pause, "when the right girl is ready to go with me, there waits the Eagle's Nest for us—the top of the world, you know."

A silence fell after that. Something in his eyes sent a throbbing ecstasy along her nerve centers. She was aware of a sense of new life before which all her troubles melted into formlessness, a dream shrouded in mist; trivial and unimportant.

A gull flying low over the beach cawed loudly. Noting its shadow he picked up her hat and drew it reluctantly over her hair. "It's way past twelve. Are you staying—in Palm Beach?" she asked, brushing the sand from her skirt.

"There's my mansion." He indicated the tent.

They fell into step, her wonder returning. Not only his face, his every gesture and expression, but the very swing of his lean body was well known to her. . . . If I had known him as a child—but no; it's as a man that I've seen him. Surely he won't let me go without telling me who he is. . . . If he does—and doesn't ask to see me again—after all that's happened. I'll never believe it happened. . . . But what had happened? Nothing, really. . . . Only it doesn't seem as if it could end like this.

"Please stay for lunch." He looked very boyish and eager.

"It would be fun," she replied hesitantly. "But my father will wonder where I am."

"Doesn't anybody know where you are?"

"My cousin knows I came for a drive."

"She'll tell him. Lady, your excuses are vain. Sit down while I prepare the feast."

After all, there was nothing to get back for. Nothing in all the glorious sun-drenched world to worry over. She dropped on the sand, indolent and content, watching him make a fire of mangrove roots.

He brought some newspapers from the tent. "You spread the table with these table cloths, lady. You must do something for your dinner."

"I'm a guest," she protested. "I'm not supposed to work."

"You don't know how."

"I do. I learned everything a lady

should know under the domination of a scolding black angel."

"So did I," he grinned. "Much more than a gentleman should know. My father and I were her family and her kingdom, and she set me many humiliating and girl-ish tasks."

Now absorbed in the art of producing an omelet, he opened a can of peas and a can of tomatoes, strained off the juice and stirred the two together, adding seasoning, while she spread the papers.

"I was the first, last, and only child," he explained. "So our colored housekeeper felt it her duty to teach me to cook omelets."

"So was I an only child," she cried, feeling that the fact somehow brought them very close together. He, too, seemed to feel this, and gave her an intimate smile.

"I've often envied tramps by the side of the road," she said, dreamily when they sat down to a spread of ham, roasted potatoes, omelet and coffee.

He smiled at her across the "table." "Now you are a tramp by the side of the road. And—listen! The sea is tuning up for full moon tonight. Have you ever attended the grand opera of the sea? It's like Wagner, you have to listen closely to hear the grand harmony of half-tones and undertones."

She laughed, a little shaken by the strangeness of his speech. "You remind me in some ways of my father," she said. "He's full of lovely nonsense—too."

After lunch he placed the leftovers on a newspaper somewhat removed from the tent for the gulls, and buried their paper plates in the sand to avoid flies, as he explained. Now, taking off his shoes, he commanded her to do likewise, and they waded into the ocean to wash the pots, shouting, laughing, rushing after a recalcitrant pot as it sailed off on the tide.

At last, tired of this game they came out. She sank on the sand and rolled over on her face, yawning her head on folded arms. He stretched at her side, dark-head propped high, a compelling yet tender light in his eyes, a light that rayed out, enveloping her, blinding her, drawing her into the circle of his own inner radiance.

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Aurora, Oregon, Aug. 4, 1932

To the Editor:

I was very much interested in the letter you printed this morning over the name of R. A. Harris. Regardless of his threats of revolution and rebellion this question of Veterans' relief leaves us more cold than ever. And we get the same reaction from thousands of others, and I am sure the big majority of the people feel the same way, and this being a democracy the demos (the people) have it.

As the Harris case blusters may bluster, but the American people are thru, they have seen the "nigger."

There is just one question asked in this article, and I want to briefly answer it. The writer says, "The veterans were not entitled to the bonus by any past understanding—that may be true. But what of the financial favors so generously extended to others amply fed and protected? I answer—And who have received more favors than these same veterans may I ask, and who appreciate it less, and who are still squawking and who will always be squawking, these same so called veterans. Why not ask these same veterans that are looting our Federal treasury of more than five hundred millions per year to take care of their unemployed? May we ask where all these sympathizers who have been encouraging this apparent effort to hold up our seat of government by force got theirs.

Thank God the spirit of revolution still lives, and we know of lots of people who are sure going to revolt at such criminal looting as these same veterans have been up to, and are still agitating, and we herewith serve notice on all legislators and congressmen that there are some to be let of new faces in the halls of our law making bodies who are pledged to stop this kind of looting, and encouragement of just such so called "Expeditions."

ing bodies who are pledged to stop this kind of looting, and encouragement of just such so called "Expeditions."

Mr. Harris says these veteran protesters are called disturbers and rioters. The newspapers haven't been using any such weak names lately. Lookers and planners is the way the articles read that describe the Veterans treatment of our Federal treasury. "These guys that are doin' the cryin' are not the kind as did the dyin'."

MERLE B. MARTIN.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What is your favorite new dish? Why?"

Alex Dellinger, student: "A good cold vegetable salad—only no beets on it. Don't ask me why, I only know it tastes mighty good."

Bernice Rickman, a student: "Ooohoo, ice cream I guess. It tastes unusually good on a hot day."

Ralph Kietzing, advertising manager: "Something different than most people—a good juicy beefsteak and steaming coffee."

Mrs. Ruth Jones, homemaker: "Summers like this right now, chile. It keeps you warm."

Wilfred Hagedorn, junior editor: "Ice cream. I don't know why. Who do you think I am, a mind reader?"

Daily Thought

Look up! and not down; Out! and not in. Forward! and not back; And lend a hand. Edward Everett Hale's motto for the Lend-A-Hand society.

Two strips of newly-laid pavement were stolen during the night at Toledo, O.