

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Useless Bones in the Educational Process

THE OREGONIAN rightfully casts doubt on the prevailing system in education of choosing teachers for the higher schools on the basis of years of advanced study and degrees held. "The schools are making it impossible for anyone with a mere bachelor's degree to get anywhere in the educational world," opines that paper. "The young man or woman who dreams of becoming a great teacher faces the necessity of going through seven or even more years of collegiate study before he or she can hope to achieve promotion."

One reason for this constant raising of standards lies in the fear of incumbent teachers of new competition. Once safely positioned, the teacher in higher educational circles welcomes higher and higher standards especially where they are not made retroactive. The device of degrees and long-term preparation acts rather effectively in keeping down overproduction of teachers, although of late even a seven-year post-high school period is not an insurmountable hurdle and as the Oregonian comments, more and more Ph.D.'s are jobless.

We think the most serious flaw in the education of advanced teachers is not the time required nor the degrees but the utter foolishness of the requirements for these degrees. To secure a Doctor of Philosophy degree in almost any field the student must seek some narrow, exclusive, almost invariably useless field of knowledge and probe there until some dry bone is uncovered. Then he must spend months, perhaps years, exploring this bone and writing of his discoveries. When he has waived this aloft to the satisfaction of some former bone-hunting professors, his degree is granted.

The advanced degree usually bears no relation whatever to the student's ability to teach or, as a matter of fact, to perform scholastic studies which have a real bearing on life.

The fault of this system comes from the vicious inbreeding in higher educational requirements. All too often the professors in charge of degree requirements have been forced through this treadmill of useless research. Protected from the realities of life, they go on insisting of generation after generation of candidates for teaching positions that these candidates follow the restricted process which marked their training.

Higher education would be improved measurably if the cobwebs of the Ph.D. and years of valueless preparation were swept aside. The greatest need of the teacher, obviously, is the manifest ability to teach. Instead, today college professors are notoriously bad teachers.

If the teacher held his ground on demonstrated ability which was frequently checked by his dean or university president, into higher education the healthy breath of change would be swept. We should have less disillusionment among college graduates who suddenly find a degree has no practical value. We would have more taxpayers convinced that growing appropriations for education are justified: For the American people have a fetish for education and because of this have been more than liberal in its support. If the educational process, wrapped in the grave-cloth of antiquated custom, had to be as rigidly and periodically inspected as a competitive business firm, in these stirring days of 1932, useless traditions such as the Ph.D. process, and other years of valueless "advance work" would be swept aside.

Changing Views on the Bonus

SLOWLY sentiment is developing throughout the nation to oppose further federal aid to the American soldiers of the world war. The development of this view is retarded by the intense desire most Americans possess to deal fairly with the men who "carried on" in 1917 and 1918.

In pre-1929 days the anti-bonus, anti-grab viewpoint was almost extinguished by the flood of prosperity which bathed the nation and rendered insignificant the really stupendous benefits of more than one billion dollars annually now given to the exsoldiers of the nation. But when the majority of citizens of the nation are feeling the pinch of new taxes which range from postage stamps to levies on auto tires and gasoline, the general public, which is a far larger group than the veterans' organizations, asks why it should go on giving support to this special group. Why should more than \$400,000,000 of revenue be voted annually into hospitalization of men whose disabilities are in no way connected with war-time service?

The most effective propaganda of the pro-bonus proponents of late has been to attack "Wall street" or the "steel barons" or the "war profiteers" and to deduce that huge war profits to this group justify huge post-war payments to the soldiers. Sober-minded taxpayers will not be carried away by this argument of prejudice. Granting huge profits were made by war profiteers produces no legitimate argument for extortion of adding federal grabs by bonusers. The great mass of people who stayed at home made smaller profits than did the returned soldier when his original mustering out bonus, his subsequent bonus, his low-rate insurance and his hospitalization benefits are considered.

Dr. Poling Goes to Hoover

MODERATE-MINDED prohibitionists will concur with the decision of Dr. Dan Poling of Allied Campaigners, who will support President Herbert Hoover for reelection. Dr. Poling, who has spent the bulk of the last year campaigning for prohibition throughout the United States, declares:

"Our endorsement of President Hoover is based upon the belief that in contrast with Governor Roosevelt his election will safeguard the gains made under prohibition, will move toward the elimination of existing evils resulting from non-observance and non-enforcement in the communities, will prevent naked repeal and the return of the saloon system, will not commit any public officer or candidate to any policy of repeal or modification of the law, will confirm the sentiment of his constituents and will confirm the principle of federal control for a national problem."

To refuse to support either presidential candidate on the major tickets as the national W. C. T. U. may do, means a decided gain for the forces of out-and-out repeal. For Governor Roosevelt will certainly win the votes of the most rabid wets; if the most ardent dries do not support President Hoover the balance of the trade will thereby go to the democratic party. Prohibitionists who are not satisfied with either candidate's stand should recall that the change of the 18th amendment can never be made by either candidate and that a direct, national-wide referendum will give opportunity for a final decision on this much-discussed subject.

Signs of fall: Straw hats at half price; rape in the grain stubble; sand leaves on the front lawns; news items about returning teachers.

The End of the Long, Long Trail



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Another hunt for the Dorion Woman's grave:

(Continuing from Sunday.) Various clues to possible information concerning the location of the grave of the Dorion Woman were contained in the article in this column in the Sunday issue.

Perhaps some living member of the Samuel Parker family can throw light on the matter. Or the Peter D. Cline family. Or the Lewis Johnson family. John A. Jefferson, son of the pioneer, Delos Jefferson, whose donation claim was near the one of the Dorion Woman's husband, John Tourpin, about two years ago furnished the writer the possible address of Josephine Johnson, a daughter of Lewis Johnson. She had lived at or near Heppner, Oregon. A letter brought the information that she had died, only a short time before.

The pioneer Swartz family lived in the Middlegrove district; the donation claim of Simon Swartz joined the Tourpin claim on the south, the Gilmore claim on the north, and the Cyrus Pitney place was near. So was the W. R. Munkers place. The Simon Swartz house was near the Tourpin house — and between these old log houses was the ancient Indian village well known to the earliest settlers. The old Indian trail leading toward the Waldo hills and the Santiam pass was near.

Perhaps some members of one of the families can tell where the Dorion Woman was buried, or can give a hint concerning the way the information may be secured.

New Views

"Do you favor additional bonus for world war veterans? Why or why not?" These were the questions asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Thomas M. Newberry, barber: "I think they are entitled to all they can get because they were forced to go whether they wanted to or not. It was not just fighting in our own country; we were fighting for the other countries. As to their getting the other half the bonus before it's due, I don't know."

John McCalley, riverman, paper mill: "I think they do, yes. They helped the country out in time of need. Now everybody is in need and they should be helped. I'm a tax payer myself and I'm willing to pay taxes to help them out."

Ralph Dunn, salesman: "No, I am not in favor of giving the service men more bonus money. They already have received a share and I don't believe they are any harder up than others nowadays. I'm against the bonus army idea."

Ed Lyman, farmer: "You can't cut taxes by paying this bonus money, and it seems to me the soldiers as well as the rest of the public should join in and help get taxes down."

J. T. Ingon, clerk: "I had at one time thought perhaps there was some right in the claim for the bonus payment at once, but I have lost patience with the men now. They seem to have plenty of money to support themselves while they make trouble."

Mrs. Emily Smith, housemaker: "They should be paid what is their due for services to their government, but why should they demand it when the government they fought for is not able to pay?"

The statement was contained in the decree following the suit to quiet title that John Tourpin had resided on the land to which his estate received the patent from 1848.

One of the students of old Oregon history, T. C. Elliott of Walla Walla, has taken up with the authorities at Washington a search intended to show just what statements were made by the Dorion Woman and her husband, when they made applications for the four claims which they filed. The result of this inquiry may throw some light leading to an answer to the present quest. Mr. Elliott says the original pioneer claimants were required to give "good many particulars, in order to prove that the rights which they asserted were valid."

Since the above paragraph was typed, a letter has come from Mr. Elliott to the editor which reads, in part: "I think the Catholic fathers at St. Paul and St. Louis will get weary answering questions as to this woman (the Dorion Woman). It seems very strange that their records reveal nothing about her death and burial. That is the natural place to look. I am afraid we are up against a stone wall in that search. She may have died when on some visit somewhere. She should have been given a Christian burial somewhere, and record of it may appear. If she was visiting in the Walla Walla country each record might have been made by Father Cherois, who was then the resident priest among the Indians (Continued on Page 7)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 16, 1907

The city council of Corvallis has just passed the gas franchise asked for recently by James Stone of Salem, giving him the right to manufacture gas in Corvallis for 25 years. Residents of Corvallis are jubilant at the prospects of better light and cheaper heating. They believe gas will be cheaper than wood as fuel.

Engineers at the head of the McKensie river are making surveys for a big electric plant. It is said they will have a 900-foot fall, with water enough to generate 50,000 horsepower. The water will be taken from Clear lake by tunnel to the river.

First demanding four more holidays and a shorter working day, Spokane barbers now are threatening a strike if their wages are not raised to \$3 a day. The demand is made because the proprietors have raised the price of haircuts to 35 cents.

August 16, 1923
Because of strike conditions, the Southern Pacific railway has laid an embargo on shipment of livestock, fruit and all other perishable goods to points south of Gerber, Calif. Coming just at the opening of the southern Oregon orchard fruit season, the ban threatens to hinder shipments to canneries.

Charles Hall's contest of the Republican nomination for governor won by Ben W. Olcott on May 19 was abandoned and abruptly taken out of court for two reasons: Information furnished to the Hall forces was found to be incorrect and the court ruled that the attorneys should not question witnesses as to whom they voted for.

SACRAMENTO, Calif. — Because the bottom has fallen out of the market, hops in northern California will not be picked this fall, prominent growers declared here yesterday.

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Life to lovely Patricia Braithwait was a series of parties, trips abroad and now—Palm Beach. Her castles crumble when her Aunt Pamela informs her that Mr. Braithwait's fortune is depleted and suggests that Pat marry the wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine to insure her own and her father's future, warning her that love fades. Aunt Pam's marriage with Jimmie Warren—handsome, young lawyer—was beginning to fail in spite of the ardor love they had had for each other. They still cared but the routine of married life had made them "less lovers and more friends." Stunned by her aunt's revelations, Pat is seriously considering Blaine to save the father she adores, when she meets a fascinating young camper, who only reveals his first name, Jack. Despite their instant attraction for one another, Pat declines his offer of a romantic life in the mountains. She is left with a broken heart and a broken home. The next night, Pam cautions Blaine to be matter-of-fact and not sentimental in trying to win Pat, stressing the point that his one advantage is the fact that Pat is desperately hard up and worships her father, who lives for Pat alone. Pat decides to have a heart-to-heart talk with her father.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Here's a nice place to sit." Heart pounding in hammer blows, Patricia made room for her father on a log washed up by the tide. "I want to have a serious confab with you about going home," she said gaily. "I'm fed up with Palm Beach."

Her face burned. For the first time in her life she was not dealing openly with him. "Oh, God of all loveliness, don't let it be true!" she prayed.

The old man considered. Naturally he had no intention of taking her to her devastated home. It might be said he had no intention in any direction other than to keep heartbreak and ugliness from his child, waiting upon a more mature understanding to help her when the time came that she must know.

Money, as money, had never figured largely in his consciousness. He had had very little in years—the largest sum at any one time being that received for the furniture. Substance had a larger importance in his mind than exchange. And substance had been his, always, in so far as he had need, however small the exchange in hand. And there had been enough of that when urgently needed.

Even now, there were ways—his life insurance, paid up and never touched. This, however, was to be thought of only as a final and desperate resort, since it was Patricia's. But at least it could be thought of. For himself there would be enough of the land as long as he lived.

Pamela's conclusion that he had brought Patricia here with an idea of displaying her in a fashionable marriage market had never entered his head. He was merely giving her what he had always given her—the advantages of beauty.

Without thinking of it, he had known she would marry a man of wealth. Not for his wealth; but because she had had contacts with no others. When he did not question, in God's good time. Not sooner. Not later.

Seeing her father's evident perturbation, Patricia's heart strained in her bosom. A terrible sickness swept her.

"I've been thinking for some time of talking to you about home," he said meditatively. "Things have arisen while you've been away that I didn't want to trouble you with."

"Have you been keeping secrets from me, Dadums?" she demanded with a brilliant smile. Inwardly she prayed: "Dear God, don't let it be true."

"No. Merely delaying conf-



"I want to have a serious confab with you about going home," she said gaily.

idences." "Well, that's a good alibi. Maybe I'll use it if ever one of my secrets should find me out."

"The fact is," he went on, "the house became unsafe, due to the caving, and I had to have it taken down."

Patricia busied herself over a sandspur caught on her skirt. "Oh, God, stand by." Aloud: "When did this happen?"

"About two years ago."

"But where did you live while I was in school?"

"I built a house farther back."

Her heart sang. Then it was not so bad as Aunt Pam thought. "I might have known God couldn't be so cruel."

"The house, however, is rather small," Mr. Braithwait continued. "Hardly the place to take a young lady who must have space for horse parties and the like."

Oh God—Dear good God—stand by. Stand by!

It was as if she had been lifted high in an elevator on rotten cables that had suddenly given way, and she was dashing down to death.

"So I thought we wouldn't return," her father was saying. "It would cost considerable to enlarge the house sufficiently. And a plantation is a dull place for a girl. We could take an apartment somewhere in the vicinity of New York for the coming summer. Next winter your cousin Pamela plans to bring you and I shall return to the plantation to look after things. It is unlikely that you will care to return after a winter in New York, and it may be that I can arrange my affairs so we can go abroad. A year in Paris."

"Economic!" thought Patricia, miserably. "Or more likely a stall. He hasn't been square with me. My Dadums hasn't been square with me and he's covering now. But he did it to save me hurt. Always everything for my happiness."

"Paris is the usual thing," Mr. Braithwait was saying. "Unless, of course, some young good girl steals you from me in the meantime, which I finished with a smile."

Ah! He too expects that salvation. Only he doesn't put it up to me as Aunt Pam did. Well, that's that. . . . I had to be sure. . . . Oh, but I'm so beastly selfish!

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

August 13, 1932

To the editor: The spectacle of Friday night's program by the B.E.F. in Willson park was at once amusing and disgusting. Despite reiterated assertion that reds and communists are barred from the organization, the speeches by Commander Green and his side sound distinctly like the May day rantings of Russian women on the "Green" of New England towns. In an earlier generation, when American citizens were animated by national feeling instead of submissive to "the jitters," remarks such as "were freely broadcast in the park which greeted more radical utterances elicited Green's statement to your paper that "The American people have been 100 per cent for us." Careful observation of these outbreaks of handclapping revealed that the encouragement was coming chiefly from youths of high school age, pool hall loungers, alley walkers—a group that would be first to call "sic 'em" at the least prospect of a dog fight. The bulk of taxpaying responsible Salem citizenry, who provide and maintain the park and concerts, appeared to have gone home; the few who remained to hear the bonusers were keeping their hands in their pockets.

The speakers' slogan was "gimme," not "thank you." No appreciation was given for Police Chief Glasford's nor for that given by the citizens of Washington and other cities; no thanks for any of the free transportation offered and accepted to their homes; no thanks, even, for the use of Willson park facilities—only grumbling that "We got started an hour and a half late" because of the band concert. The Sunset division men adopted the attitude that it was still 1917, and that the non-combatant populace, although impoverished by the depression, should support the march against Washington just as it had backed the drive toward Berlin.

Each harangue was merely denunciation of things as they are; no constructive idea was given.

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No one thought of spending summer preparing for winter; the only plan was "Go to Washington," spreading discord and pessimism instead of attempting to restore peace and quiet.

In August, Green and his buddies are only asking responsible stay-at-homes to "warm our blankets" with hard-earned, hard-saved cash; this winter they will doubtless supplement this with a demand for new blankets. "Pan-handling," by whatever name he chooses to call it, is still just pan-handling.

Yours very truly,
WENDELL M. KECK.

Your Eyes Will Tell Your Age Are You Forty?



Soon after reaching the age of forty the average person will need glasses for reading. Sometimes headaches at that period, although this is not recognized, are due to eyestrain. It is strange, too, that the average person overlooks the necessity of changing the lenses pretty regularly.

There is a remarkably steady change in the power of vision. Give us certain facts as to the eyesight and strength of the glasses worn for reading and we can tell very accurately the age of the person. The progress of presbyopia, aging vision, runs parallel to the line of the birdyears.

By the way, you'd better come in and let us look over your eyes and see if your glasses are all right.

Lots of times persons, young and old, think they are bilious, when really all they need is new glasses. Bear this in mind. While headache, heavy feeling, dizziness and disinclination to work are commonly symptoms of some trouble with the digestion, it isn't always so. Eyestrain, due to lack of glasses or to badly fitting glasses, may account for the uncomfortable symptoms.

Here is another suggestion. Perhaps the frames of your glasses are bent, so that the lenses are not placed in front of your eyes as they should be. This puts the lenses "out of focus," changing the relation of the curve of the glasses to the eyes, so that actually an artificial form of eyestrain is produced. It is a good thing to have the spectacle frames adjusted now and then. To do so will spare you a lot of unnecessary annoyance and real discomfort.

We get tired of wearing the same frames, and it is a good thing to have several pairs of glasses if you can afford it. Have a pair of spectacles or two, also a pair of nose-glasses. You will be surprised what a relief there is in changing frames.

You can have such ill feelings from the need of glasses or from wrongly fitted glasses that you can easily imagine yourself sick; and it is just as bad to think you are sick as to be sick, isn't it?

Nobody can be efficient in work or be happy if suffering from eyestrain. It is silly to go about just half your real self when a test of the eyes reveal the real person. By getting the needed glasses you will be good as new.

Your Glasses Ground and Made Complete in Our Own Shop

379 State Pomeroy & Keene 379 State

Jewelers and Opticians