

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Another Default

HUNDREDS of bond coupons now appear to have been made of rubber, and bounce back to the owners when deposited for collection. Real estate mortgages are reported "in default"; railroad bonds; utility debentures; notes of hand. News of "another default" is scarcely news any more save to the now timorous security holder.

The prevailing situation reveals however another kind of default, that of the American character. Buoyant it was in "new era" days, boasting of our national vigor, of the variety and richness of American life. Now we may see for ourselves how flabby our character was, how poorly braced to withstand shock and strain.

This default of character is sketched with painful accuracy by James Truslow Adams, keen and wholesome critic of the American scene, in an article in the current Scribner's: "America's Lost Opportunity". Post-war America was leader of the world, in business, in political prestige and in social ideals. America, 1932, finds leadership has slipped from its grasp. As Adams says: "In Europe we are no longer envied. We are almost not even disliked for we are beginning to be pitied."

In economies the ignorance and greed and fumbling of New York bankers and Washington politicians has caused the citadel of world capital to shift back from New York to London. Our Harding-Coolidge policy of isolation has caused us to forfeit political leadership in world affairs. This default has been a blow to American well-being and has immeasurably handicapped world recovery. At Lausanne it was England who dictated the settlement. Our moral leadership is likewise palsied. The past decade made material prosperity the test of individual and national attainment. Looking at our political corruption, our racketeering and gangster rule in cities, our lawlessness, our vulgar taste in literature, in films, in styles of dress and habits of living—who can boast of the moral standards of the U. S. A. in the decade that is past?

This default of character finds its roots largely in contemporary greed. As President Coleman of Reed college was quoted recently: "Americans are looking for prosperity without working for it". Adams says the same thing: "As a nation we prefer easy money to hard work, a quick turn to long planning. . . . Reckless when profits seemed possible they (our great banks) became cowardly when losses had to be taken." When the reverses came our courage oozed away: "Especially in the last year it has apparently given place to a craven fear and a pessimism that has been unfathomable. A nation that can pass from the emotions of 1929 to those of 1931 in two years can scarcely claim for itself a place of steady and responsible leadership."

The late rise in quotations on the New York stock exchange make one wonder if our people have learned their lesson. Granted that prices there were too low, when the upturn came the buying fever spread. It was based not on cool appraisal of ultimate values, but on a blind greed and hope to unload purchases at a profit later on, perhaps for some sucker to hold for some later crash. Mr. Adams clinches his criticism with his moral which is worthy of practical and personal application:

"I have little use for 'Plans', but if we could put into force a 'Five-Year Plan' by which individual Americans would order their lives on the basis of spiritual rather than material satisfactions, and would do their best in their own localities to cleanse and make great the public life, the result might well be that America would regain her place and become a nation of which we could all once more be properly and not merely wishfully proud. . . . Here is a full-time job for every man and woman who wishes to do it, to be paid in wages of increased dependence, of temporary good or evil fortune, of increased self respect, of greater contentment, and of heightened pride of citizenship. By doing our bit in such a 'Plan', which calls for no organization or impractical institutional changes, we could bring back a sense of their being worth while to our private lives, and restore the nation to the position which she has sacrificed chiefly because of the ignorance, greed, selfishness, low standards, insistence upon individual profits, and lack of character and courage in Tom, Dick, Harry, and you and me."

This gospel is not one of surrender to poverty, it is not a soporific for evils of a "system". It is one which calls men and women to fix higher and finer standards than those which have prevailed in our night-club, home-brew, jazz-saxophone, quick profit age.

There should be no default in American character.

Poor Partnership

THE tolerance of gambling devices at the state fair was the most inexcusable features in connection with the fair/ft was apparent at first that an unusually brazen outfit was on hand ready to suck money out of boobies. They were reported as closed up by police early in the week; but then they reopened and reaped a wicked harvest for days. Complaints seemed to effect no relief and serving of warrants did not end the trouble. Boys lost their hard-earned quarters and some adults took the lure for losses running into hundreds of dollars.

We do not know where the fault lay, with the fair management or the county or city peace officers. But the law violation was open, notorious and continuous, so the responsibility probably rests on all three. The state fair licenses concessions and extracts a share of the proceeds; but no fair, let alone a state fair, can afford to become partners with gambling. Pari-mutuel, a mild form of betting on the races is barred, but roulette and other vicious games allowed. People who go to the fair expect to lose a few dimes on fluffly dolls and bright blankets, but they resent being sucked under on framed boards for large sums.

The damage is done for this year; but another year no such conditions should be allowed to get under way.

The country has been much interested and concerned about the parrot fever Mrs. Borah has been suffering from. Glad to know she is improving. There is no chance of it's being lockjaw that might prove catching to the senator.

The most comforting thing about a political campaign is that soon after election the speeches of candidates are forgotten, and usually the candidates are first to forget.

The C-J listed the sheep awards at the fair and reported one classification "Cotswolds" (Cotswolds). It's a mistake like that which makes the editor say "Cotswolds".

The Anchor



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Ben Taylor married near summit of Cascades:

Ben P. Taylor left Salem on Thursday, planning a romantic wedding in the lava flow on the McKenzie highway, near the summit of the Cascade mountain range. If the event did not take place yesterday, it will be celebrated today.

Nearly every resident of Salem, old and new, knows Ben Taylor. He was born in Columbus, Miss., and came to Salem in 1869, arriving in September, before the first railroad was built—when all travel was by boat or stage, on horseback, or on foot. His father was James V. Taylor. His mother was a leading pioneer florist. His brother, Oscar F. Taylor, now in poor health at the Deaconess hospital, was a bricklayer, and helped in the erection of many of the fine buildings of the capital city.

Ben Taylor was one of the two first city mail carriers of Salem, the other one being George Hatch. They began service the day free mail delivery was established here, July 1, 1887. The postoffice was then in the corner room of the present Statesman building, where the W. C. T. U. has its headquarters.

In a little while, Capt. L. S. Scott, a former postmaster, was added to the list, and soon Fred Lockley and Charles Cooper were taken on—making five carriers. R. H. "Dick" Dearborn was postmaster when the service started.

and until the force consisted of the first five carriers named. Mr. Dearborn died, and Mrs. Dearborn was made postmistress, with Scott Bozorth chief deputy. Then came A. N. Gilbert as postmaster, with the office in the same place in the first part of his term, and the same first five carriers the force in the free delivery service.

Ben Taylor was a carrier for 15 years, and then was transferred to the office force. He completed a service of 40 years and four months, when he retired. He went onto the pension list in 1931. His first wife died three years ago, and Ben has carried on alone, in his residence at 2098 State street, corner 21st, where he has maintained in the summer months "Taylor's beach," popular bathing place in North Mill creek. Having decided to end the lonely life of "single blessedness," which he has not found altogether in harmony with the name, that presumably was bestowed by an ancient bachelor or an old maid—and having found a lady of a like state of mind, Ben planned the event indicated in the first two paragraphs of this screed.

The lady of like mind is (or was) Mrs. Althea P. Scott, daughter of John M. Clark, 1902 North Church street. She is a sister of Prof. W. W. Harned, Clark popular assistant professor of chemistry in Willamette university.

The prospective bride was not to know of or the reason for Ben's absence on Thursday. She was to

be asked to meet him at Eugene, where they were to proceed in his auto to McKenzie bridge; the necessary papers having been secured in the Lane county shire town.

Now and for several years living at McKenzie Bridge is John Maurer, and he is justice of the peace for that precinct, with the authority to perform marriage ceremonies. Mr. Maurer, for many years before moving to his present home, conducted an auto and general repair shop next to the pioneer automobile business of Otto J. Wilson, the Buick agent, corner Commercial and Center streets. Mr. Maurer labored almost night and day for a generation—until he had almost worked himself to death. Then he retired and took up his home by the rushing waters of the McKenzie river, where he has completely recovered his lost health.

In the old days, John Maurer and Ben Taylor were cronies and boon companions. They lived together. Ben figured that his old friend would be pleased to put the finishing touches upon his secretly planned nuptials. The party, as thought out by Ben, was to proceed to a point in the lava flow of a million or more or less years ago, near the summit of what some pioneers wanted to call and did call the President range, but which was against their protests named the Cascade range, and there, in that primeval and wild setting, to have the nuptial knot tied.

The plan was to follow this ceremony with a visit to Foley springs, Balkany springs, and perhaps Brettenbush springs, which really ought to be Brettenbusher springs, after the name of the man of German descent who discovered them—or was the first white man to feast his eyes upon this warm wonder of nature.

That's the little story; the true tale of what the reader will perhaps admit was a plan for a rather romantic wedding. Some of the details of it were worked out, as Fred Lockley and Ben Taylor, sitting Wednesday afternoon in the state fairgrounds grandstand watching the re-day-o, talked of (Turn to Page 3)

New Views

"Do you, after visiting this year's fair, concur with the state budget director in his proposal to abolish hereafter the \$27,500 annual appropriation for premiums?" This question was asked Saturday by Statesman reporters. The answers:

O. R. Priestly, farmer: "Will there be any premiums, then? It'll spoil the fair if there aren't any. I think there are other places they should sooner cut."

B. T. Monson, salesman: "Why ask me? I haven't any stock to enter. But I do think the farmers should be given their premiums."

Isabel Childs, Willamette university graduate: "Thirty-seven thousand five hundred is, after all, a small portion of the total amount raised by taxation in Oregon. Premiums at the state fair are, perhaps, a great incentive to greater and better production in Oregon. Are we on the verge of bankruptcy? If so, it may be well to cut out this expense."

Daily Thought

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere."
—Goethe.

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS
Ted Wynans leaves his position in the steel mill at Bellport to work his way through college. He loves Barb Roth, daughter of wealth, and realizes he could never ask her to marry a mill hand. At Old Dominion, Ted shows promise as a football player. Tom Stone, star player and one of Bellport's elite, is antagonistic towards him. When Ted is forced to give up football because it conflicts with his job, Barney Mack, the coach, gets him a position that will not interfere. Ted passes his examinations with honors and wins the respect of his classmates. He goes home for a visit. To infuriate Ted, Barb encourages Tom and attends the New Year's Eve party with him. Ted goes with Janet, Barb's friend, and during a mock wedding, Janet kisses him ardently. Barb instructs Ted to work hard during his vacation to get in condition to play quarterback in the fall.

CHAPTER V

Ted looked into the furnace; squinted his eyes so that he might see the slab in the burning whiteness; grasped the hook and pulled, helping Big Fritz, the heater, get in up to the door where the run-down might grasp it with his tongs and carry it along a pulley race to the rolls.

"The big guns were barking a loud and continuous barrage. Sparks—bits of clinging cinder—flew as each slab loudly hit the water-dripping rolls; the housing foundation creaked. In and out, from catcher to rougher, the steel went, growing longer and thinner, losing its fire, protesting less as it was fashioned in the merciless grooves of the rolls.

Ted thought of a wild spirit being forced to conform. Conform! Conform! The world was a mill; you were born to certain specifications, and you conformed or else—Freedom? Hell! The world was a prison with a great big roof, and you conformed or else—if you knew what was good for you, you conformed and had it over with, stayed in your little groove.

Ted might be enjoying the day, running around in shirt sleeves, bossing the job—had he conformed. That had been his sentence: to the steel mill for life.

He had rebelled—and they had thrown him on the furnaces; this was what the world did to rebels. Sick stomach, swimming head, dead eyes.

All right, Fritz. We'll go in and get another of those spluttering cakes of fiery ice from his burning laker, and we'll toss it in the rolls and see how it conforms.

Poetry in the mill—and a bellyache.

The sun dropped a constant curse; the air was heavy with heat—laid in thick layers; tiny locomotives, like cocky steel bantams, bounced along the track, shrieking constantly, hauling buggies of red hot steel from the blooming mill; steel to be fed to the furnaces and heated up for the rolls.

From an ingot to a tin cup; then the scrap heap; over and over; and a lot of damned fools slaving away, going the same route; everybody working like hell to get to the scrap heap.

Whoever figured it out sure did a good job.

Big men, usually, gaunt and lanky or fat and pudgy; with inch-thick soles and heavy flannel shirts to fight off the heat; mopping their heads with gingham sweat caps; shouting from habit and the necessity of outcursing the bedlam; working vigorously and scowling darkly—as if it meant anything;



Ted knew tricks; instead of gulping cold water like a green hand, he let it cool his blood by running it on the veins of his wrist.

as if they wouldn't get to the scrap heap just the same.

No hurry, boys. Sweaty rivulets running down hairy ravines; crystallizing into salty gray crust upon heavy shirts. Sweat was as sweet here as feigning to a grand dame; sweat made a man feel good; when he couldn't sweat it was time to get out, or else—

When the turn was finished they would bare to the waist, wash with yellow soap, go home with a rearing appetite, a sense of usefulness, a hankering for a park bench, a smoke and some buddies to talk to about the problems of the world.

Their problems were women and whisky and automobiles; and when the mill shut down they sold their cars at half price and ran up a bill on the storekeepers.

They were watching him without saying so. If he quit before the turn ended at three o'clock the word would spread that he wasn't a good man; that a foreman couldn't do the work he bossed. You had to prove yourself before they let you in; a weakling couldn't stay unless he had a thick skin.

His father watched him too. By God—let 'em watch.

If he went out they'd carry him out.

Ted knew tricks; instead of gulping cold water like a green hand and suffering cramps, he let it cool his blood by running it on the veins of his wrist; mixed it with oatmeal and drank it tepid; kept his sweat cap wet and his head cool.

Three o'clock; the last heat out! Whoop!

Ted washed up, took his dinner basket—with the food almost untouched—and walked to the ferry boat. On the way over he emptied the food in the river.

"How was it, boy?" his mother asked anxiously. "It was a shame to let you go over there on a terrible day like this; I could hardly get a breath of air."

"All right, Mother. I'm going swimming to cool off."

"Watch out for cramps."

The river beach was crowded. Ted paddled his canoe up the river to Boggs Island where only a crowd of naked boys dispersed.

Even the water was warm; after

a dive he lay on the sand in the shade of an elderberry bush and was asleep almost at once. When he awoke it was nearly dark. He hurried back; his mother would be worried about the river—she always was.

"How'd it go?"
"All right, Dad."
"Watch that cold water."

The next day at noon, Ted was telling himself that it was foolish to go on; he was out of the mill; there were easier ways to make money. His stomach burned continually, increasing the pain with intermittent spasms.

Three more hours; stick it out, think of something else.

Big Fritz was an artist. Yes; he did it; he was an artist. He did that job with precision, certitude, economy of motion; that was mathematics and a lot of the other heaters had it.

But Big Fritz added a dash of abandon, a touch of imagination, a verve, an élan; he created something subjective. Big Fritz was a raucous Mars as he stomped and thudded about with gigantic feet, flexing his wrist delicately, arching his long, powerful spine, rising to his toes—a scowling, grunting, certainly far more imposing than the nance who hopped around the stage in a leopard skin and chased a slim thing in shimmering drapes.

Big Fritz made you feel something—not that he thought it important—and nobody hung a sign on him!

YOU MAY NOT THINK SO BUT THIS IS ART. PLEASE BE POLITE.

Art in a mill—and a bellyache. Hot soup was supposed to be good for a bad stomach; the thought of more heat was repellent but it was kill or cure. When the heat was out of the furnace Ted climbed the steps to the bridge, went over the tracks and got a bowl of soup.

Fighting fire with fire. It helped. The pain in his stomach gradually left; and Ted was so relieved that he paid little attention to the burning in his head. He was fooling them, let 'em watch.

(To Be Continued)

In Words of the w. k. Shakespeare, "O, What a Fall, My Countrymen"

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

AN eastern newspaper comments on a statement made here several weeks ago, which statement related to the matter of unprintable news. The commentator questions the accuracy of the statement.

"If it be true," he says, "that every person whom one meets in the street knows a bit of news that the newspapers would not dare print, then that community is different from this. Moral standards must be low in Oregon."

Bosh! Moral standards average as high in Oregon as they average anywhere else. There are a few towns in the United States, where, were the feature considered desirable, a column of dirty news or news suggestive of dirt might not be printed daily.

I know certain things about certain people that could easily be made to fill a column of space daily for a week, and I have made absolutely no effort to obtain this information. It comes to me and it comes to you. It is unavoidable. It is none of my business or yours. It is not legitimate news. Only a newspaper quite lost to the sense of decency would publish it.

I am willing to concede much to Agricultural Director Max Gehlhar, but I fear he will never become a great showman. Great showmen are born. Of course, Max was born. But it is evident that the instincts of the real showman were not included with the other instincts that have gone into the makeup of a fine man and a good citizen. A feeling is expressed in many quarters that the state fair just closed was not entirely what it should have been.

What is showmanship? The question is one difficult to answer satisfactorily. Showmanship, in common with some other qualities, is something a man or woman has or has not. J. P. McAvoy, in a recent article in an eastern journal, discusses the why and wherefore pertaining to the



D. H. TALMADGE

career of the late Flo Ziegfeld of the well-known "Follies". Mr. McAvoy, who was probably as intimately associated with Mr. Ziegfeld as any of his professional associates, states that the showmanship—the man's ability to Short and Lorena Balweber.

AT GERVALS HIGH FAIRFIELD, Oct. 1—Gervals high school students from this district include Gilbert Smith and Marguerite DuRette, juniors and Donald Smith, Vera and John Short and Lorena Balweber.

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