

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Moral Forces Asleep

THE moral forces of the state were asleep and the legislature has passed a bill legalizing gambling at fairs and race meets. Under the gloss of regulation of pari-mutuel betting enough legislators were persuaded to swallow the measure with the bait of providing funds for the state fair, the Pacific International livestock show, and county fairs. Senators Staples and Woodward put up strong and unanswerable arguments against the legalizing of gambling which will lead inevitably to the moral decay of youth, but 18 senators voted to let down the bars. Now the state may expect to be overrun with touts and cappers and gambling gangs.

We dearly love a horse race and want to see the state fair survive and flourish; but financing it out of the weakness of weak men is a sin. Human nature has a streak of the gambling spirit in it, and that streak needs to be curbed. It is just that gambling craze which led to uncontrolled speculation and the present economic collapse.

Ironically, the bill contains an emergency clause to the effect that the measure is necessary immediately for the health and security of the state. Gov. Meier will probably sign the bill; but if he is consistent with past declarations he will veto the emergency clause which is but a mockery designed to prevent a referendum.

Lawyers Make Mistake

THE Salem lawyers made a mistake in carrying their fight against Judge McMahan into the legislature. They gave an old feud an airing, but they could expect no results with Senators Brown and Spaulding, political cronies of the judge, in the senate to block their moves for relief. McMahan thrives on just such stuff. First thing we know he will be talking about the "illegal legal trust" just like L. A. Banks of Medford.

There is talk about recalling McMahan, but that would get nowhere. He would fan the countryside, berating lawyers and newspapers, put a George Joseph halo on, and get the votes and the people. McMahan wants to stay in department No. 1 because the judge in that department calls the grand jury; and Mac wants the grand jury so he can grandstand political.

The district elected McMahan and the district will have to put up with him until his term is over with. If he slops over a few more times he might be subject to impeachment, but there again politics would enter in and such proceedings would get nowhere. The lawyers will have to get along as best they can, though they might try passing Mac along to Jackson county. L. A. Banks insisted they get a new judge down there who "wasn't a lawyer."

So We Got Our Words

A WORD has a pedigree just like a jersey cow or a persian cat. The roots of words go far, far back in history; and origins of words in a language often give evidence of the origin of the race which uses the words. So it is that many of our common words may be traced back to Sanscrit origins, to the very dawn of the Aryan race, — with a connecting chain like that of the horse, back to the eophippus.

Here for example are sources of some of our present-day words, though not of course the ultimate source of their root-sounds.

"Neighbor" used to mean a near-by farmer, and comes from the Anglo-Saxon "neah" meaning "nigh" and "gebur" meaning farmer.

"Congregation" derives from words meaning "flock", the Latin, "grex, gregis" meaning "herd" and "congregare" meaning "to assemble in a flock."

"Automobile" is a modern word deriving from "auto" Greek meaning "self" and "mobile" of course from words relative to moving.

"Curfew" arose from the practice of the mediaeval French peasants of covering their fires in the days before matches. A bell was rung as a signal to cover the fire, "couvre feu" which was worked over in England when the Normans came to "curfu".

"Bedlam" was really a madhouse. Insane people used to be confined in the priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London, and the designation was contracted to "Bethlem" and to "Bedlam".

"Bonfire" was originally a "bonefire" for the burning of corpses after war and pestilence.

"Candidate" originally meant "one clothed in white", because in Roman times a candidate for office wore a white toga. He still puts one on, figuratively speaking.

"Belfry" does not come from "bell", but from the German "bergen" to protect and "wride", peace, security; and referred to a war tower used by besiegers and later to a watch tower. Bells were put in the towers and finally the word became "belfry".

A person may get a lot out of a dictionary or word book. Word study may be as fascinating as a jig-saw puzzle.

Although the state is one of the highest-bonded states in the country, and faces inability to meet a maturity of \$1,500,000 on April 1st next, bonds and more bonds are talked about in the legislature.—\$65,000,000 for power development, and \$5,000,000 for Willamette river development. Though they have not been authorized yet, the people fall for that sort of stuff and perhaps by the next election initial blocks will be approved by the voters. Issue bonds till our credit breaks,—then default followed by repudiation. We may rate with Peru and Bolivia yet.

Tonight at the armory the second concert of the Philharmonic Symphony orchestra will be given, under the direction of Jacques Gershkovich as conductor. Mark Daniels, tenor, will be the soloist. The initial concert last fall was so well received that the affair tonight should attract a full house. All through the winter the orchestra members have been practicing sometimes two nights a week, and music of a high order of merit is assured for the program tonight.

Dick Neuberger, editor of the university Emerald, is in hot water on the u. campus and recall petitions are out against him. Neuberger makes the Emerald a propaganda sheet for his bright ideas and some of the frat groups whose toes have been stepped on do not like his pearls of wisdom. A college editor often gets in jam, usually with the faculty, not so often with students. Neuberger seems to relish the fracas.

A Texas family got caught with only 46c in cash and then the baby swallowed two dimes. The baby bank will probably open Friday.

HEALTH

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

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United States Senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health,
New York City

MANY PERSONS are susceptible to inflammations of the throat, of the pharynx and larynx. They are particularly common at this time of the year. Sudden changes in weather and exposure to cold and dampness, lead to irritation of the throat. The doctors give these attacks pretty big names. They call them "pharyngitis" and "laryngitis."

Pharyngitis is an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the upper part of the throat. The trouble may be traced to infections of the nose, such as chronic sinusitis or chronic catarrh of the nose. In these cases the inflammation gradually creeps from the nose into the throat. Pharyngitis may also follow exposure to germs received from the nose and throat of some infected person. These germs are quickly spread from one individual to another, being transmitted by kissing, coughing, sneezing, and drinking from common unclean cups. Pharyngitis may follow the excessive use of highly spiced foods, alcohol, tobacco or the inhalation of smoke or irritating dust or vapor.

Voice May Be Lost
The irritation may result from some constitutional disorder, such as consumption, anemia or tuberculosis. Its cause can be determined only by a thorough physical examination. When the underlying cause is discovered and removed, the sufferer is assured of permanent relief. Common-sense dieting that may follow the inflammation of the throat demands immediate medical attention.

In laryngitis the voice is altered or may be entirely lost. This affliction, inflammation of the voice box, often follows exposure to dampness and cold. A cold which starts in the head often results in laryngitis with loss of voice. It may also follow overuse of the voice and is a common complaint on the part of orators and public speakers.

Inflammation of the larynx can only be cured by rest of this delicate organ. Avoid all unnecessary talking and above all, refrain from smoking during the attack. Severe cases require prolonged rest in bed. I warn you about hoarseness that lasts for several months. This symptom should never be considered as coming from a simple laryngitis. Something more serious should be addressed, unless when hoarseness persists. A careful and thorough examination of the throat is essential. Negligence may prove dangerous.

Answers to Health Queries
Q. St. C. Q.—What will eradicate blackheads and pimples? 3: What should a girl of 14, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh? What should a girl of 17, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh?
A.—For full particulars send self-addressed stamped envelope and repeat your question. 2: They should weigh respectively: 118 and 130 pounds. This would be about average for their respective ages and heights as determined by examination of a large number of persons.
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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

March 9, 1908
PORTLAND—Lee Dai Hoy, member of the Quong Sang W. Co., and a prominent Portland Chinese, was shot and fatally wounded last night by a "hatchet" man who had been imported from San Francisco for the purpose of getting Lee. The trouble is said to be due to internal dissensions in the Bow Wong tong.

Spurred by the recent fire tragedy in Collinswood, O., school, in which 174 pupils perished, Salem school board last night ordered protection steps taken here, including more fire bells, fire extinguishers and drills, repair of door fastenings, and orders that no doors be kept locked during school hours.

Attorney Frank A. Turner filed a petition yesterday for nomination for the office of representative, subject to the action of the republican primaries.

March 9, 1923
Independence citizens are protesting as illegal the location of the West Side Pacific highway from Monmouth south, and declaring that the highway should be built from Independence south through Parker and Saver.

Reports from 138 mills to the West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending March 3 show production 17 per cent above normal, new business seven

per cent below production and shipments 14 per cent above new business.

MINEOLA, N. Y.—Contact between airplanes flying at reduced speed to prove messages or fuel could be passed from one machine to another was successfully achieved here yesterday by army fliers.

What collapsed in this country was not the gold standard but the credit system. The result would have been the same if we had had an iron standard or a cotton standard. When the people get panicky they will wreck a credit system based on any standard. What we need is to exercise fear out of people's minds so legitimate credit may again function.

New York has a stock exchange and a curb market; both are closed because of the holiday. But bootleg trading in securities had to go on, so they call it a "gutter market". As prevailing prices most of the stocks feel quite at home in the gutter, on the way to the sewer.

The Medford-Mall Tribune picked up the wrong cut and ran a picture of Sam Insull for Mayor Cermak under the caption "Killed by Assassins". Insull was once the big shot of Chicago. Before he left town he drove around in an armored car for fear he would be killed.

A week ago we all were just terribly worried over the poor Chinese trying to defend Jehol and the great wall. Meantime "great walls" crumbling nearer home have been giving us more concern.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Josiah's first dollar, first poetry, other firsts:
(Continuing from yesterday):
"But while we had no newspapers within a easy reach, men were all the more disposed to ask and give the news as men passed up and down by way of Oregon and California. There were many peddlers going up and down now; passing preachers always had been numerous from the first, and they stopped at all times and prayed late and long; for mother knew better how to prepare and serve a good meal than any one else in the borderland."

"Of course they were always welcome. But really and truly it was a great bother when they insisted, as they always did, before going on, on getting us all down on our knees and praying and praying, and praying the longest hour I ever saw."

"Still, they gave lots of information, good and bad, about the new gold mines. And I was the eager of all listeners. I wanted to go to the new gold mines. Do not wonder at or blame me. It was in my blood and my blood was hot for action. Do not think this was unnatural for one so young. Bear in mind that I was born and cradled on wheels."

"Besides these peddlers and preachers and passing immigrants who were seeking homes and came to consult papa and talk over old times, there were now many pack trains coming to Oregon and going back, often camping close by to get butter and eggs and garden truck, and they, too, had lots to tell about the mines. My parents guessed at my burning desire to be off and away, even if I had to ride the bell mule of the pack train and be eke of the greasy greasers; but I kept, or tried to keep, it all to myself."

"Mother had pulled, heckled, distasteful, and spun all the flax, and as we had sheared the sheep—clean, white and burrless sheep in the long waving grass of those days—she then took up the wool and spun it into a beautiful cloth of spools and shuttlecocks to where there was a loom at a distant neighbor's, and before a week was back with a bolt of cloth as big as she could carry."

"My! the plans for the placing of that bolt of cloth. Papa must have a suit; John D., who was training to teach in two little families away up on the forks of the Mohawk, must have a suit. Mother must have a petticoat, and above all, all the three boys must have bathing suits."

"Our second crop in Oregon was a miracle of nature's generosity. The wheat was tall, strong, bowed down with laden heads of yellow gold. The fruit trees had grown beyond conception the first year, and the second blossoming they were pink and white with glory, and brown and busy wild bees from the mountains made honey while we, all of us who were not teaching school, worked as hard and as happy, too, as they. The apple trees in the fall were red and pink and yellow with luscious fruit. We had surely come upon a land of milk and honey. The cattle, too, were increasing in the rank, rich grasses beyond all reasonable calculation."

"We had no mills within reach those first years; no machinery of any sort, and so had to winnow our own grain by tossing it in the wind, as in olden Bible days, and let the wind blow the chaff away."

"While it had all along been conceded by my parents that I was to go, hence I must, to the gold mines, while my brother taught school along with papa, and Jimmy took care of the stock, this brutal new element made them hesitate now."

"But so I must. The wheels of the covered wagon in which I had been born and bred were whirling and whirling, and I must be off. Many were going; boys, men, and even whole families were off, or about to get off, for the newly found mines out to the south of us, on the very edge of dreaded California, but I must be one of them."
(Continued tomorrow.)

"These stone mills or mortars with the long and shapely stone pestles, of a finer quality of stone, are found all up and down the Pacific sea bank by the miners, and not a cabin but has one or more in the door yard, and this was mortar and pestle is found in all the museums of Japan. But I have searched the Holy Land, and indeed all other lands I know, in vain for this primitive mill. So that I am firmly persuaded that the Oregon and California Indians came to us from Japan, most likely by way of the Aleutian islands, or Behring straits."

"Immigrants kept coming, the generous Oregonians going out each year to meet them. The congested lower end of the valley—comparatively congested—began to empty out its multitude up toward our way, and new cabins glistered in the morning dew to right and left and far before us till not a foot of vacant tillable land was left. (This is not correct as to new plains wagon trains after 1854, for, from 1855 to 1859, no wagon trains came, that overflowed into the south end of the Willamette valley, and almost none in the latter year, and few in 1860. Only one wagon train got across in 1855, and that was the Kell colony train, going first to the Willapa, Wash., section, and beginning to move to Aurora, Oregon, in 1856. But a good many lower and central Willamette valley people moved further south in the late fifties.)"

"And what noble pioneers! Poor enough they were, most of them, as were we at first, but they were all industrious, honest as a rule, and as steady as oak; devout people, who always insisted on building a church and school, however humble, the very first thing."

"But, at the same time, there came pouring in on the other side into California the most depraved and evil element through the Golden Gate that ever took human form. This was the convict class from the British penal colonies—"ticket-of-leave men," some of them—almost all of them had to begin with, but doubly bad now with gold on every hand to be had in heaps almost for the taking."

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"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

The same evening Burgess appeared in his Sunday clothes at Josiah Crabbe's. The man was frightened. A sense of insecurity had chilled his ardour. Crabbe was amused.

"There's that cottage of mine waiting for you."
"I'm feeling, sir, I mayn't get the work as I did down yonder."
"That's it, Burgess, that's it. Two-pence halfpenny for the rights of man! We lie snug in our pockets, and let liberty lie in the gutter! Don't you worry, my man, don't you worry."
"Right's right, Mr. Crabbe, but when a man's got a family—"
"You won't be worse off up here, Burgess. Don't be a fool, and don't whine. I don't like whining."

Cobbler Burgess's cottage in George Lane had another tenant, and this appeared to be the sole result that could be attributed to the protest he had lodged with the Navestock Board of Guardians. No one seemed interested in the matter, and whatever Dr. Threadgold may have thought of Turrell's cottage property and the state of the stable yard adjoining George Lane, the cynical persistence of the old conditions suggested either that Threadgold had thought it best to have no opinions or that he had had no success in stating them. Someone had thrown a stone into a stagnant pond, and the ripples appeared to have died down. Josiah Crabbe, the man of property, knew otherwise. Men whose interests have been threatened are very sensitive. Even an abortive attack leaves them uneasy. They do not forget.

He had to hold Editor Boxall back by the collar.
"Wait a few weeks, and we'll give them another dig, just when they are beginning to settle down comfortably. In birching a boy, Boxall, you shouldn't lay it on too fast. Give him time to think between the strokes, and to wonder when the next is coming. That was just a rap to begin with."

It was late October, and the yellow leaves were falling from the Lombardy poplars on the road near Josiah Crabbe's house. At Eve's Corner, Mrs. Sarah Loosely went to and fro in Wolfe's sitting-room, a busy princess on her mouth. Visitors were to be there to tea, and the lace doilies on the dishes took an immense amount of delicate attention. It had been said that Heaven would have to be the perfection of tidiness, or Mrs. Loosely would not consent to remain there. Palm branches would be stowed like muskets on parade, halos tilted at precisely the same angle.

Wolfe was busy in the coach-house, diving into the depths of a monster hamper. Yellow straw and wisps of paper lay piled about, and files of bottles, green and blue, stood crowded like a mob along one wall. He was unpacking drugs that had arrived that morning from a firm of manufacturing chemists whom Josiah Crabbe had recommended.

His brown hands were groping in the bottom of the hamper when the door-bell rang. The clinking together of two bottles at the same moment masked the sound for him. There were greetings under the white Georgian porch between Mrs. Loosely and two visitors.

"Well, Sarah, it is a long while since I saw you. You don't look a day older."
"I don't feel it."
"Here's Jess, getting long in the legs."
Mrs. Loosely pecked at Jess's cheek.
"You are getting quite grown up, my dear!"

"You are a nice man to ask visitors to tea!" Jess chided.
Jess laughed. Mrs. Loosely put it as though growth was a new and amazing phenomenon.
"Mayn't I grow? I'm seventeen."
"You ought to have your hair up."
"Oh—bother!"
"Mr. Wolfe's not expecting you till four."
"We came in early Sarah, and I shopped quicker than I thought I should."
"He's head over ears in a hamper in the coach-house. Never knew such a gentleman to do things for himself. And as considerate as a curate."
Jess mouthed her scorn.
"Curate! Let's go and catch him at it, Mother. I'll leave the basket here in the hall."
So Wolfe was caught still groping in the hamper, his back to the house, and the late October sunlight streaming in upon the yellow straw.

"You are a nice man to ask visitors to tea!"
He found the glowing, mischievous face of the girl setting off the maturer amusement of the mother.
"Hallo! I didn't expect you yet."
"I'm going in to have a chat with Mrs. Loosely, John."
"What a mess you are making!"
"Mess! Nothing could be more orderly. Look at those bottles."
This was Jess's first visit, and she had to be shown all that Wolfe had to show. She was a partisan from head to heel, talking things passionately to heart. Wolfe in all that concerned him, but her mother saw it, and smiled with her wise blue eyes. Jess was ready to turn Mrs. Loosely's house upside down in her enthusiasm, even to oust the good lady, and see Wolfe in full possession.

The door bell interrupted tea and there were voices in the hall. Someone was shown into the room on the other side of the passage. Mrs. Loosely appeared with an air of importance.
"Mr. Flemming wants to see you, sir."
"What, the rector?"
"Yes."
"Jess flushed up sensitively.
"There! Isn't that just splendid! You must go, John. Don't let us be in the way. We can look after each other."
Wolfe found Robert Flemming standing with his back to the big gilt-framed mirror that hung over the mantelpiece in Mrs. Loosely's parlour. Flemming, like Wolfe, looked too big for this little brick-a-brac world, a human-headed As-



ryrian bull headed in some curious shape with his head six inches from the ceiling.
"Good afternoon, Mr. Wolfe. I have come to call on you in your new quarters."
"Please sit down, Mr. Flemming."
The rector looked for a chair, but some vague prejudice kept him standing. An attitude of mind that approached the apologetic was absolutely new to him. It was like preaching in a strange language, "You find yourself comfortable here?"
"Very."
Flemming himself was big with discomfort.
"I may as well tell you at once, Mr. Wolfe, why I have come to call on you. The fact is, I have been thinking over that conversation we had some time ago. I don't know that I am altogether easy in my mind."
Wolfe's heart went out suddenly to the older man. There was a labouring of the heavy wheels of Flemming's mind. His handsome face had an expression of doubt, and of distress.
"Won't you sit down?"
"I can talk better standing."
"You are referring to the talk we had on the health of the town?"
"Yes."
Wolfe leaned one shoulder against the window casing. Flemming was like a man trying to walk in deep mud, and Wolfe felt a desire to stretch out a hand to him.
"I shall only be too glad to give you any information. But as things stand—"
Flemming's eyes turned to him expectantly.
"Ah, that's where I feel my difficulty. My impression is that there is an aggressive and bellicose spirit at work in the town."
Wolfe's mouth grew sterner.
"I think I told you, sir, that there are times when a man must fight."
"Then, you allow—"
"I allow that I am against all compromise, and that there is a certain public spirit growing here that means to force reform."
"A few radicals, eh?"
"I don't think you ought to put it that way. Besides, such a taunt cuts back."
"You are right; I withdraw. But are you determined to be bitter? I say bitter—because—well, it's human nature."
"It is not bitterness with me, but I can assure you it is war, if that is what you wish to know."
(To Be Continued)
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Happy Days are Here Again



W. R. C. President To Make Official Inspection Today

WOODBURN, March 8. — The next meeting of I. J. Stevens Relief Corps will be held in the I. O. O. F. hall Thursday afternoon after a potluck lunch which will be served at noon. Mrs. Florence Shipp, department president of the Oregon Woman's Relief Corps, will make an official visit and Mrs. Emma Tyson, president, asks all members and officers to be present.

Mrs. Susan Livesley who is 86 years old, was given a birthday surprise party Monday afternoon when members of the St. Mary's Episcopal guild and friends called at her home. A feature of the luncheon was the serving of three birthday cakes, one especially decorated with candles, flowers, and her age and initials.

Those present were Mrs. E. H. Cowles, Mrs. L. M. Bittney, Mrs. S. R. Kallak, Mrs. T. C. Poorman, Mrs. H. M. Austin, Mrs. H. D. Miller, Mrs. F. G. Evenden, Mrs. H. L. Gill, Mrs. F. W. Sellemier, Mrs. Katherine Olson, Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Mrs. Frank Wolfe, Mrs. Blaine McCord and the guest of honor, Mrs. Livesley.

School is Resumed After Vacation as Teacher Recovers

SUMMIT HILL, March 8. — The Summit Hill school reopened Monday morning, after being closed for three days, due to the illness of the teacher, Mr. Bestwater.

The 4-H club held its regular meeting at the John Shiffner home, all members being present. After a business meeting games were played and refreshments were served by the hostess, Mrs. Shiffner, to the young group and their leader and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bestwater.
The farmers are now busy re-seeding.