

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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Member of the Associated Press

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ADVERTISING

Portland Representatives
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
Eastern Advertising Representatives
Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Mondays. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.25; 3 Mo. \$3.25; 6 Mo. \$6.25; 1 Year \$11.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. For Copy 2 cents. News Stands 5 cents.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance.

OVERPRODUCTION!

"The desire for food is limited in every man by the narrow capacity of the human stomach, but the desire for the conveniences and ornaments of buildings, dress, equipage, and household furniture has no limit or boundary."
—Adam Smith

Lowdown on the "Lowdowners"

WESTBROOK PEGLER, delightful satirist, has been "covering" Washington, there being no big prize fight or football game on; and Pegler having taken a crack at the rush of reportorial high-lights to the Hauptmann trial, had no place at Flemington. The journalists in Washington, he finds, have had a distinct professional and social rise under the new deal. Taking the cue from the FDR's the big numbers of the government are all getting intimate with reporters—a big shot no sooner gets back from a deer hunt or a trip to Muscle Shoals, than he calls a press conference. In other administrations, says Pegler, the men who ate at officers' mess "always sprayed their throats after breathing the same air with a reporter." In fact the administration has gone a long way to give employment to sundry members of the fourth estate, as press agents, captains of the mimeograph crew, and "public relations" experts. According to the gossip, one newsman is to move up to be son-in-law to the president, which is surely a rapid rise on the social ladder.

This column has frequently taken cracks at the Washington keyholers who have been feeding the public's appetite for gossip. Pegler catches up with them in Washington too and has the following to say, in his syndicated column:

"Straightaway newspaper reporting continues to be the principal job of the Washington journalist and very few cases are won, if only because a man hustling around a big town must travel as light as possible. However, there has been a remarkable outbreak of columnists dating back to the 'Merry-Go-Round' books, which aroused a popular appetite for intimate and lowdown information not generally carried on the routine wires. The Washington column is like the common cold just now in the respect that almost everybody has one, or expects to get one.

"However, it stands to reason that with so many columnists professing to give the lowdown and no two giving the same lowdown there can't always be enough lowdown to go around. Consequently, considerable matter which is being dispensed as exclusive inside information is no more exclusive than the batting average of the National League, no more interesting, either."

Even more shushy stuff is that disseminated by the various "letter services" which have become a major industry in Washington. Their chief circulation has been among bankers and business men, many of whom are too lazy to read the papers. So they pay \$18 a year or so for "inside information" which consists chiefly of long guesses and lobby talk written in stage whisper style. Bankers fall easiest for these letters because they are the worst gossips, and often most poorly informed about general events. Anyway Pegler gives the lowdown on the professional "lowdowners," thus:

"There is also a momentary rash of confidential news service intended for gullible business executives in cities removed from the mysteries of the New Deal, selling at the best price the traffic will stand from \$20 a year up. This material is supposed to be very deep and unavailable to the ordinary newspaper reporters, but it is hard to see how the newspaper hands, tearing around the capital as they do and knowing somebody in every important office in town, can miss so much news. So the probability is that the confidential letters consist largely of routine news told in a confidential whisper, conjecture or common fortune-telling."

Governor's Reception

TOMORROW night the citizens of Salem are extending to the new governor, Charles H. Martin and Mrs. Martin, a reception in the governor's chambers at the state capitol. It would have been more pretentious save for the tastes and preferences of those who are being honored. As it is, what the event lacks in formality it should be more than made up for in cordiality and hospitality; a welcome from all of Salem's citizens to those who now become by virtue of their official status, "first citizens" of Salem.

The hours for the event are 9 to 10:30; and all who care to do so are cordially invited to come and greet the new governor and his wife. The affair is informal and people need come only in "Sunday best" whatever that is, because it is not a "clothes competition." There will be music by the band of the national guard; and dancing in the rotunda for those who care to dance.

The reception is sponsored by a committee appointed by the mayor of the city in cooperation with the Salem chamber of commerce. And when this gesture of welcome is ended, we hope the citizens will continue to show hospitality to the Martins who are taking a house here for the quadrennium.

Spanning the Pacific, Alone

THE first solo flight from Hawaii to the United States was successfully completed yesterday, and by a woman, Amelia Earhart Putnam, who previously had flown the Atlantic, the only woman to make that flight alone. The heart of the world was fluttering yesterday morning, because round the world had gone the flash that she was winging her way across the wide wastes of the ocean, on the heels of storm, through cloud and fog. When the news came of her landing there was relief and rejoicing. The flight had been made, and by a woman.

Others have made the span, in both directions; and numerous others have perished in the sea, three only so recently as a few weeks ago. But this flight had more of the dramatic quality of the Lindbergh flight of 1927 than any other, because the flier traveled alone—a single individual challenging the elements, and relying on the stamina and the precision of a device of man's invention. Amelia Earhart Putnam's flight becomes epic, historic. The 2400 miles of landless ocean shrinks to less than 19 hours flying distance. And the tousle-haired adventures becomes a second time an international heroine.

There was a missing obituary in the Capital Journal last night. We looked for it after reading this line in its "births" column the night before

"more births not my fault"

This has no title: Through her kitchen window gleams a star, And with hands left idle in their task She lifts dull eyes afar, Seeing night's radiance unmask.

O. O. McIntyre, New York columnist, hints that he is threatened

Fate Waits at Flemington



Traveling Authors Might Learn From Sir James Barrie Example

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Some dogs bark and some dogs bite, Some men talk and some men fight, Bill Blint's dog both barked and bit, Bill Blint he both talked and bit— You see, it takes all sorts of men and dogs to make a world.

During the week I have read Colette de Lespinasse's book, The Belle of Helmas. First word to last. No skips, no skims. Enjoyed it.

Gid Tump, back in the Turkey river country, was married to a French Canadian woman. She was subject to spells of temper. None of us blamed her much, because Gid was pretty exasperating, he was an easy-going and good-natured. When she was in a temper she talked French, and thus Gid became quite well acquainted with the French language. That is, he could not talk it much, but he could understand it somewhat. So when we found a French word in a book or paper we asked him what it meant, which was more convenient than looking it up in the lexicon. One day, I recall, we asked him the meaning of "camaraderie," and he said it meant that you and the other fellow liked the same kind of fishing or maybe you had both suffered from rheumatism or something. When we considered that Gid had learned the French language mostly while he was standing on one foot with an arm held before his face—we thought he was entitled to a good deal of credit.

A genuine hunch is the offspring of a person's innate and frequently unsuspected shrewdness.

During the week there have come to hand a number of notes written on the leaves of a notebook belonging to a former student in a Salem high school. These lines seem to me to have genuine appeal and real beauty.

I am not a competent judge of poetry nor of music. This does not greatly matter. I have seen so many "competent judges" at one another's throats that it has become a matter of indifference to me whether or not I am accepted as competent.

However, I am submitting herewith the vagrant scribbles to the reader's judgment. Would you, who think you know good poetry, or who believe you can recognize true poetic expression, mind letting me know how far you think I am astray?

Here is one entitled "In History Class:" The musty dust of ages Dead in history Rises slowly, filling eye and nose While through my open window The soft rain Washes the earth's tired face With a silver sponger.

And this is called "Ennuï:" I've sung all my songs I've damped many suns and loved many moons; I'm tired of laughter, More tired of tears, So I'll forget all the waking And sleep down the years.

This has no title: Through her kitchen window gleams a star, And with hands left idle in their task She lifts dull eyes afar, Seeing night's radiance unmask.

O. O. McIntyre, New York columnist, hints that he is threatened



D. H. TALMADGE

She feels not joy nor pain nor sorrow, But merely a dull wonder That all life's beauty should pass her by, Brushing aside with careless wings The unuttered longing of a half-breathed sigh.

And this — "The Scholar Sleeps:" His head drops back against a well-worn chair, His slender, dry old hand lies quietly about him, Showing in the dying fire's gleam, Finger to lips—they guard his last long dream.

Mr. Bryant, than whom no American was better qualified, had much to say at one time and another of poets and poetry. It was he who cautioned his readers against the mistake often made of estimating the merits of one poet by comparing him with another. The varieties of poetic excellence, he said, are as great as the varieties of beauty in flowers. No poet can be taken as a standard in judging of others; the true standard is an ideal one, and even this is not the same in all minds.

Most of us are subject to emotions and moods, but not many of us have the power of adequately expressing such things in words which carry understanding to others.

I have read in a movie magazine (I occasionally read a movie magazine, but I have pretty well lost faith in the sincerity of the average of such publications) of a certain movie actor, familiar to Salem showgoers, who persisted in his efforts to break into pictures despite discouragement. Says the magazine, "he continued to stick around and succeed finally crowned his efforts." To which an opinion from this neck of the woods is herewith added: The certain movie actor's efforts may have been crowned with success, but he is still sticking around. You may detect the venom in this or you may not. It is not really very bad venom—nothing cobra-like—more on the order of that with which a mosquito loads its stickpin.

O. O. McIntyre, New York columnist, hints that he is threatened

with a nervous breakdown and says he hasn't a real friend in the world. He may be correct as to the breakdown, but probably he is mistaken on the other count. However, whether or not he is mistaken depends largely on what he means by "a real friend."

The week's weather: It has been of the sort which brings out the evil dispositions of teeth... Rainbows now and then, some complete, others fragmentary. Prisms in the plasm... Warm in the valley when the winds are still, chill when the breath of the hills comes down... Conditions generally unfavorable to the wearing of galoshes that squish... Or squish... The use of silk umbrellas with "runs" not entirely satisfactory... Increased demand for hot tamales at the cafes... Perfect weather for seasons of the Spittoc club... The weather man says "rain tomorrow" and tomorrow it rains nothing but sunshine. How would you like to be the weather man?

We have had Katherine Hepburn to look at and listen to, at the Blainers the past week in Barrie's story of Thruam, "The Little Minister." The role of "Babbie," the Gypsy girl, abandoned at the roadside when an infant, found by a Scotch lord and adopted by him, reared as a lady and promised in marriage to her benefactor, utilizing a variety of devices, with a writer, has been done by many leading actresses here and in Europe, but I question whether any of them in looks and temperament were in better keeping with the character than Miss Hepburn. John Peel, at the little minister, also gives a fine performance.

In mentioning "The Little Minister" I am reminded of an editorial in the Statesman of January 6 on "Source Material," which raises the question speculatively as to whether or not a writer profits by going to far and strange places for that of which to make or inspire his stories. Sir James Barrie found in his own Scotch hamlet material for books and plays which cover in their characterization pretty well every phase of human interest and emotion and which will probably still be of live interest long years after the books of the average globe-galloping fictioneer have been forgotten.

Roundup: Legislature tomorrow... January sales... "Bright Eyes" ran nine days at the Grand theatre, which is almost a record... Congressman Bryan of Tennessee, next speaker of the house, says in a new film that he is sure congress will put through some sort of old age pension legislation this winter... 14 of the 14 chicks hatched by that Jefferson hen in December are still alive... Maine has the biggest bar in the United States. I reckon this is just one of his lies... A syndicate physician says cold hands chill the entire body. More especially, doc, when attached to the arms of greatness who favor the long and heavy shake... This is an age of record-breaking. N. B. Mayor Kuhn.

Californians Are St. Louis Visitors

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 12.—Vernon and Nye Habert of California were recent St. Louis visitors. They had been called to the bedside of their father, Paul Habert, who has been critically ill at his home in Hoquiam, Wash., and were en route to their home, having resided here for many years.

Mrs. Otto Bitler left Saturday for Seattle, Wash., where she will visit Mrs. R. P. Walsh. She expects to be gone two weeks.

Margaret Mary Zargan left last week for California, where she will seek work.

'THE LADY DANCES' By Marge Stanley

SYNOPSIS

Tired of the smogues and restrictions of civilization, Mark Talbot books passage on the S.S. "Orient" hoping to find the adventure he craves in travel. His brother, John, pleads in vain with him to remain home and settle down. At the dock, Mark's attention is drawn to an attractive girl who stares at him in a hostile way. Next day, Mark goes from deck to deck in search of her. He finds the girl in the steerage, the same expression of helpless rebellion against something or someone on her face. Mark learns from the captain that her name is Vanya Prokova and that she is being deported from San Francisco to Honolulu. Mark tries to converse with her but she requests him to leave her alone.

CHAPTER IV

By late afternoon the waves were racing down on the ship like gray-green mountains and the decks were practically deserted. Mark sat at his table alone for dinner; he noted with vicious satisfaction that neither the lyrical Professor nor the talkative blonde miss and her mother appeared. He ate a heartier meal for their absence.

"Wonder how Vanya's holding up," he thought. "I don't envy her cooking in that stuffy hole."

After dinner he descended to the steerage, merely, he told himself, to satisfy his curiosity. A bare handful of Chinese chattered in their curious language, seated along the deck. Vanya was nowhere to be seen.

He noticed a China woman with a young baby, the same one who had sat next to Vanya on his first visit to the steerage.

"Where is the white lady?" he asked.

No answer. The stolid face stared at him unblinkingly. Mark grinned, and drew a silver half-dollar from his pocket.

"Where is the white lady?" he repeated.

A boy hand reached for the coin. "No fear good, inside," replied the woman, gesturing toward the cell-like row of rooms whose doors banked the inner wall of the steerage.

"Well! That's a satisfaction!" grinned Mark to himself, as he returned to his own stateroom. "My three shipboard acquaintances, a hundred per cent under the weather."

Nevertheless, the memory of Vanya's pallid, rebellious features was anything but a satisfaction to him. In spite of himself, he felt sorry for her, he sang for the steward.

"After the way she acted, too!" he chided himself.

"What's the thing to do for mal de mer, Steward?" he asked as that official responded to the ring.

"The steward looked at Mark and sprawled easily in his chair, puffing a cigarette.

"Why, sir, generally we serve black coffee or orange juice. But sir, if I may say so, you don't look—"

"Not for me," said Mark, smiling. "Take some down to Miss Vanya—What was her name?—Miss Vanya Prokova in the steerage, with my compliments."

The steward's face remained impassive. It was no less impassive when he returned ten minutes later with a tray holding a pot of coffee and a beaker of orange juice.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the lady returns the order without her compliments."

Mark surveyed the tray after the steward's departure.

"That's the last straw!" he muttered. "To the Devil with her!"

By mid-morning Oahu was visible as a gray point on the horizon, and the once world-famous lower island of Molokai appeared beside it. Right between the two steamed the Orient, rounding Oahu toward the Honolulu side of the island.

Landing day! Mark watched the great ocean heaving in long swells, last reminder of yesterday's blow; but the sickening rolling and pitching of the ship had diminished to a degree endurable by most of the passengers.

The port rail was lined with passengers staring at Molokai, at the little white cottages of the unfortunate natives who made up, save for a few nurses and doctors, the island's entire population.

Mark gazed with the rest, feeling a distinct pity for the afflicted ones bound to so narrow a life. Spring had must be the lot of those forced to spend their entire lives in the confines of a tiny Pacific island.

By an hour after noon the great island was entering Honolulu's harbor. The docks were thronged; the Hawaiian metropolis was the destination of many of Mark's fellow passengers, and practically all of the rest were ashore. Mark himself was leaving the vessel there; from that point, he had decided, the infinitely varied world of the South Seas lay before him, or at will, the equally polyglot world of Asia and the Far East.

Mark went down to his room to finish his last minute packing. He was traveling light, and four compasses of pinpoints lay piled in orderly rows along the deck. For all outward appearance, save for the exotic odors, and the curious tress that lined the more distant thoroughfares, he might never have left Honolulu.

Halfway along a Chinese woman was talking to a man of the same race; Mark noticed a baby in her arms and recognized his acquaintance of the steerage.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought you were bound for Canton."

"Oh! A light dawned on him. 'No, it's not worth the red cent to me, you heathen, but here's for your interest, anyway!'"

He fished another half-dollar from his pocket, and tossed it to the partly-exasperated chukka. Then he moved on toward the city, with his briak little attendant trotting behind.

"I'll find out what sort of transportation one can get to the remotest spots in the South Seas," he ruminated. "After all, you can't judge by Hawaii; in the first place it's north of the equator, and therefore not really a chain of South Sea islands at all. And in the second place, it's an American territory, and Honolulu's an American city. That isn't what I'm looking for on this trip."

He registered at his hotel, after a ride in a perfectly conventional taxicab, and wandered out to look the town over. Somehow, he wasn't pleased; the city was bustling, business-like place, American goods were in every shop window, and the few natives he passed were attired in civilized clothing.

Remarkably few natives, thought Mark; he recalled having heard or read that civilization, with its vices and diseases, was gradually killing them off.

"I suppose in a few years there will be nothing but Chinese, Japs, and Americans in the islands," he reflected, "and another outpost of romance will have vanished."

The reflection dampened his spirit somewhat. He passed the canvas of typical American movie theatre, with its glaring one-sheet posters and rococo decorations.

"Might as well drop in there for adventure," he muttered to himself. "Seems to be the only place left in the world where they dish out romance."

He noticed a black-suited man ahead of him, conspicuous in that community of light-colored citizens; a flicker of recognition—his deckchair neighbor, Professor MacQuane. Mark was glad of any companionship; he quickened his steps, and approached the Professor.

"Good afternoon," he greeted the other.

The Professor seemed in an amiable mood. He responded pleasantly enough to Mark's greeting.

"I'm glad to see you're about again today," said Mark, a trifle maliciously. "Seasickness is certainly the most miserable affliction in the world."

"Seasickness?" he asked his companion. "I was a trifle indisposed yesterday, it's true. That was merely my nervous indignation!"

"There was quite an epidemic of it," Mark said cynically. "You should take better care of yourself."

Just before them appeared another familiar figure—the mustached young Englishman who had relieved the Professor at the Great Circle. What was his name? Higgins—that was it.

"Hi!" he greeted the two. "Sailor's holiday and all that!"

"I say!" he continued. "Several of us off the ship are going to do the town tonight—all the cabarets and—you know, what you chaps call night clubs. Sailor's night in port."

He turned to face Mark and the Professor. "Will you two chaps join in?"

"Thank you," said MacQuane stiffly. "Not at all. As it just happened me, I must leave you here."

He turned in at the Administration building.

"Queer bloke," said Higgins, staring after him. "How about you?"

"I don't know," said Mark. "I might at that." He faced Higgins. "Say, is that blonde lady going along?"

"You mean the voluble dame? No; just some chaps from the ship. You've met all of them in the smoking room. Purely stag affair."

(To Be Continued)

the outstanding orchardists there hark back to the time when Ralph C. Geer, at his donation land claim home, had the first nursery in the central Willamette valley; and they are still using some of the Geer methods of training and culture in their orchards and vineyards.

The funeral rites for Egline Geer were held on Thursday, January 8, at the Rigdon mortuary in Salem, under the direction of Rev. J. L. Storer of the Knight Memorial Congregational church, and all that was mortal of the devoted mother, beautiful even in the sleep that knows no waking, was laid to rest in the family plot in the Mt. Hope (Warren) cemetery, which holds so many pioneers of the Waldo Hills section.

The good woman had a more than welcome home with any one of her sons or daughters; but she was of independent spirit and preferred to make her own way. Her death was somewhat untimely, even at 83 years. It was hastened by a fall which broke an arm and a thigh. Her physical condition had been such as to promise many more years of useful life. She might have passed for a vigorous woman of 60, or 50, or less.

Special note: Among the host of people who through four generations have known or are now acquainted with members of the historical Geer family, the sentiment would be unanimous in endorsing these brief lines of sympathy over the untimely faring forth of the gentle spirit of Asahel Bush, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Bush, on Friday, January 6th, in Salem. The writer knew Asahel, both in the line of the name, all his life, and can testify to his

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Aunt Tiny," Homer Davenport's sweetheart, comes home to rest:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Egline's De Hart Geer was a true pioneer.

She saw the first railroad in California, in Oregon, and in Washington.

She was always a leader in her community, and the latch string of her door was ever on the outside, with a welcome to all comers.

In the Waldo Hills she was a Sunday school teacher at Willard, in the school that became the Willard Congregational church, with Rev. P. S. Knight long its pastor. Men and women of more than middle age recall her as their beloved Sunday school teacher.

At Salem she was prominent in the work of the W. C. T. U. and was state press agent for the organization. In this connection she sponsored the movement that resulted in the employment of a matron for the women prisoners at the Oregon state penitentiary.

Her home at Goodnoe Hills was an outstanding community center, where every worthy thing of a public or private nature that concerned the neighborhood, state, nation or humanity as a whole had a worker and an efficient sympathizer.

She literally lived in the house by the side of the road and was the friend of every neighbor—with her definition of neighbor as broad as all the implications of the parable of the Good Samaritan.

In their later years, the Geers were to members of their clan "Uncle By" and "Aunt Tiny." She was to Homer Davenport, the greatest cartoonist of his day, whose mother was a daughter of Ralph C. Geer. "Aunt Tiny" and he called her his sweetheart throughout his later life, and the mutual attachment was strong and beautiful.

Seven children came to bless

Milwaukee, Wis.—It has been brought to light by scientific research that goitre is not a disease and is not to be treated as such. Dr. A. A. Rock, Dept. 1112, Box 757, Milwaukee, Wis., a prominent goitre specialist for over 30 years has perfected a different method of treatment which has proven highly successful. He is opposed to needless operations. Dr. Rock has published a copyrighted book at his own expense which tells about goitre and this treatment. He will send this book free to anyone interested. Write him today.