

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Came the Chinook

THE wind, it was a Chinook. It swept down the valley and licked up the snow like a sponge erasing the ciphering on a school slate. Rare is the Chinook on this side the mountains; and the meteorologists have told us that it is caused when the moisture-free air rushes down the mountain-slopes in crowding masses and races across the snow-bound plateau of the inland empire. But the wind which came Sunday night was pure Chinook, released from far-off caverns; and it swept with all the evaporating swiftness of the familiar Chinooks of Eastern Oregon and Washington.

Our Chinook lacked the warning signals of its approach, however. In the Blue mountain country one can tell, hours ahead, that a Chinook is on the way. He can look up one of the many valleys that serate the western slopes of the range and when the customary light blue turns to a deep, deep blue, then he may call back into the house where his family shivers by the fire: "The Chinook is coming." And the children race out and look up to the hills and call with glee, "The Chinook, the Chinook is coming." It arrives on schedule and the snow, though it be four-foot deep disappears as the dry but generally chilly Chinook fulfills its ancient purpose and speeds to its unknown destination.

"Its ancient purpose,"—the phrase is correct; for the Chinook has performed its mission since long before the white men looked on Mt. Hood and the Mountain that was God. The Yakimas have a legend of its origin, that has been set down by Katherine Judson in her "Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest."

"The Chinook brothers, five of them, lived on Great River and made the warm wind blow. Walla Walla brothers, five of them, caused the cold wind to blow; and all the grandsons lived at Umatilla, 'the place of wind-drifted sands.' The sets of brothers were always fighting and making their winds to blow, bringing dust or freezing the water or melting snow to make great floods.

"Finally they agreed to a wrestling match, with Coyote for umpire who should cut off the heads of all that fell down. Coyote with the cunning of his breed whispered to one side to throw oil on the ground, and to the other, the Walla Wallas, to throw ice on the ground; which all did; but as the Walla Wallas threw the ice down last, it was the Chinook brothers who fell down and had their heads cut off by Coyote.

"As in the case of Greek myths, the seed was not extinguished and a baby Chinook male was nurtured in revenge. He grew up to be strong, so strong he could pull up great fir trees and throw them around like weeds. He slept one night in the Yakima and his sleeping place is still marked on the mountain side. Seeking vengeance on the Walla Wallas he visited his grandparents at Umatilla beside the Great River, finding them cold and hungry because the victorious Walla Wallas made the cold northeast wind blow all the time, and stole their fish. When Walla Wallas learned only lightly. You must never challenge him to another wrestling bout with Coyote again to be umpire. Coyote again whispered his advice, only this time he told Chinook grandparents to throw oil on the ground last. Thus it came that Young Chinook threw the Walla Walla brothers one after another and Coyote cut off the heads of four of them. The fifth one gave up without wrestling and Coyote let him live but told him 'You must blow only lightly. You must never challenge people again.' And to Young Chinook Coyote said 'You shall blow hardest only at night. You shall blow first on the mountain ridges to warn the people.'

"And the myth ends: 'Thus now winter is only a little cold.'

Riddled Helmet

WHEN in reply to an editorial in the Astorian-Budget we observed that Oregon had demonstrated she wanted to be "let alone" we knew it might draw fire, like raising a helmet on a bayonet just above the top of a trench. Sure enough, Editor Chessman lets loose a barrage which perforates the target with riddling effectiveness:

"It is because Oregon has been let alone, has been allowed to sleep while others were alert and active, because she has not been aroused from her complacency and inferiority complex that these things have happened. And nothing contributes more to the retention of such an attitude and such a position than to have newspapers express such sentiments as those in this paper at the seat of Oregon's government. Cold cynicism, serene complacency, let-us-alone doctrine, miasmatism, narrow selfishness will never develop the needed leadership. Rather, we should say, such things are the curse of the commonwealth, the first cause of the languidness and lethargy of this state, the bane of our very existence.

"Leave Oregon alone, indeed! She is pretty much alone now in the rear ranks."

Now we shall surprise the Astorian-Budget by making unconditional surrender. Our phrase "to be let alone" was not a happy one, as we realized at the time. What we were inveighing against was the idea that nothing had been done; and that just because of a change in the occupant of the governor's office Oregon would step out with Paul Bunyan strides. In other words we felt it a duty to "wipe off the halo". That accomplished we are ready to join with the Astorian-Budget and the other affiliates (in sentiment) of the "Sam Jackson press", the Oregon Journal and Pendleton East Oregonian, in trying to bring Oregon to its proper place in the sun or the rain, whichever it may be.

Central Bank

THE next move of the administration in Washington is expected to be to establish a central bank. The measure will consolidate the banks of the twelve federal reserve districts into a single bank, government controlled. The government is going to exercise by law the control which it has been exercising for two years by pressure. The federal reserve banks are not branches of the government but government-chartered institutions owned by the member banks. Each district is self-governing, though through the reserve board at Washington there has been a degree of unity.

In the minds of those who originated the plan for the reserve banks this political control is fraught with danger. H. Parker Willis, one of the authors of the act, has frequently protested against this subversion of the original plan of the system. As far back as the war it became a tool of the treasury; and its policies in war and post-war periods were severely criticised. Sen. Brookhart, for instance, blamed the agricultural collapse in 1920-21 on the calling of loans by reserve banks. The low discount rate policy of 1927 and 1928 brought warnings at the time that it was encouraging speculation; but Washington encouraged the policy.

Control of credit is indeed vital. When left in the hands of unscrupulous men it is a dangerous weapon. Put in the hands of politicians the decisions are biased by the wishful thinking of the party in power. The previous political control, indirectly exercised, offers no encouragement to the belief that full political control as is now proposed in the central bank is an improvement. Instead we are apt to see the central bank made the circle for political derisives who would do a death dance with sound public credit.

Looks Like a Hard Winter!



The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

CARE FOR DESTITUTE

Editor Statesman: Turner, Ore.

I just can't help but comment on an item read this morning in The Statesman, where it speaks of fifty families in Washington county who had lately come in from the drouth-stricken area in the central states. One relief worker makes the remark that "They will have to starve." That is about the most heartless remark any civilized person could make about another, let alone a relief worker, who is supposed to have the welfare of human beings at heart. How anybody can even think such things is more than I can understand. Maybe if some of these relief workers would change places with some of these victims of drouth, they would think differently. If appropriations are insufficient to care for so many more, what is the matter with our charitable organizations, who are continually raising funds to send across to China or some other foreign country. Surely those fifty families, if not all housed in one town, ought to be distributed in several places, and then let's see who will play the good Samaritan and not allow men, women and little innocent children to suffer. How many of us can truthfully say, we have seen the time when we didn't know where our next meal was coming from, and no kind helping hand was extended? Didn't assistance always bob up from some unexpected quarter? With all our benevolent lodges, granges, churches, aid societies and what not, why need any one starve? As a sympathizer of any one who is down and out, I feel every reason to please make one more effort to help these people. This is a hard time of year for strangers in a strange land, but must we make it harder for them by cold, heartless remarks? If more people would follow the Golden Rule in these cases it would alleviate a lot of suffering. When it comes to giving clothing, I've heard people say, they would rather burn up clothes than give to people who failed to keep the garments in good repair. My friends, there are needy people who have nothing to repair clothes with. Did you ever think of that? Yet there are heaps of clothes hung away, doing no one any good, because "Betty or Bob" was always so careful of their clothes that "Mother" can't bear to see them not kept in repair.

That kind of "mother love" doesn't extend very far, when they could relieve suffering by giving something they have no further use for because of the above reasons, and yet refuse to. It really gets on my nerves to even read of these cases of suffering humanity and not to be able to relieve it to some extent. Yet I am sure if one of those families were near enough where I could reach them, I could assist them some way.

None of us are moneyed people around here and many are needing help themselves, but I am sure we would do all we could to help. After homesteading for several years ourselves, our sympathy is greater for our more unfortunate brothers and sisters. There are very few empty houses in our town, and we always try to look out for people who seek assistance among us and to do as we would be done by.

Editor's Note—Provision is being made to care for the destitute families referred to.

Ends covered seven of the 16 touchdowns University of Utah tallied in their first three grid games this season.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Oldest native Salemite celebrated 80th birthday yesterday in house where wed:

Velleda Wealthy Ohmart was born Jan. 23, 1855. The writer believes she is the oldest native Salemite—native of Salem or a suburb.

She was born Velleda Wealthy Smith, daughter of Fabritus R. (Reynolds) Smith and his wife, who was before marriage Virgilia Pringle.

Mrs. Ohmart, who thus celebrated her 80th birthday yesterday, was born in a house that stood a few feet from the one in which she now lives, was married in the house that is her present home, and has lived there the past 35 years.

There is a person living in Salem who has lived here continuously more than 80 years, and article may be others, but the one in mind was not born here.

Mrs. Ohmart was born a short distance from the Salem city limits, and has lived all her life either within the city limits or very near. She may be appropriately called a Salemite, as is done in the title line above.

Before going on with a few biographical paragraphs concerning Salem's oldest native, the writer takes the liberty of copying an article which was in the Oregonian, under date of Nov. 27, last:

"Roy W. Ohmart is an employee of the Tom Kay woolen mill, at Salem. When I interviewed him recently at his home at 285 South 16th street in Salem we fell into talk about mutual friends whom we had known at Salem 40 years ago.

"I was born right here in Salem, on April 19, 1878," said Mr. Ohmart. My father, Adam Ohmart, was born in Indiana. My mother, whose maiden name was Velleda Smith, is the daughter of Fabritus R. Smith, who was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1819. He and Joseph Waldo crossed the Oregon together in 1846. My mother was born in 1855 on the farm her father bought in 1847. It is in South Salem, in what is known as the Ben Lomond district. Mother has lived on that same place for the past 80 years. My father and mother were married in 1877. I was the first of their five children. My sister, Lois, was the second child. Then came my brother, Reynolds, who works in the statehouse; then Chauncey, who is a foreman of the highway department with headquarters at Eddyville, in Lincoln county. My brother Chester died many years ago.

"I graduated from the East Salem school in 1894. E. H. Anderson was city superintendent and Mrs. Rebecca Todd Smith, who now lives at Klamath Falls, was principal. After graduating from the East Salem school I attended Willamette university three years.

"My father, with J. O. Hall, J. O. Bozorth and some others, went to the Klondike in 1898, so I quit college to run the farm. My father put in 10 years up in Alaska, mostly at Dawson and Nome. In 1904 I bought a farm of 144 acres seven miles south of west of Salem. Later I ran a store at Liberty. On October 21, 1906, I was married, at Weston, Ore., to Gracia Lee, who was born at Goldendale, Wash. Our daughter, Velleda, has been an employee of the Oregon Statesman here for the last 10 years. Our son, Lee, who is 21 years old, is a member of Company H, 27th Infantry. He is a corporal and has been in the past two years has been in

the Hawaiian Islands. He has sent us a lot of most interesting photographs of the recent eruption of the volcano on the island of Hawaii and has also written some interesting letters during the two years he has been there.

"I put in two years at the boys' state training school when L. M. Gilbert was superintendent. I worked around the mill owned by Tom Kay woolen mill and have been there ever since. I am a member of the board of stewards of the First Methodist church of Salem.

My wife, like myself, comes of pioneer stock."

(Continued tomorrow)

Temperance Union for Polk County Will Meet Today

DALLAS, Jan. 22.—The W. C. T. U. will hold its county convention at the Methodist church Wednesday, with Mrs. Keller of Dallas, county president, presiding. Mrs. A. J. Thomas, state treasurer, of Portland, will be the main speaker of the day.

Devotions in the morning will be by Rev. Williams of the Presbyterian church and in the afternoon by Mrs. Cora Yates, county evangelist director. Mrs. Robert Kitch will sing in the afternoon. A covered dish luncheon will be served at noon.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

BACKACHE is a common and distressing complaint. Contrary to popular belief, it is not a disease but is always a symptom or sign of some disorder. Like headache, it means that there is a disturbance of the lower spine or of the lower back, somewhere within the body.

There are many structures in the body which, if disturbed, may give rise to backache. For this reason, it is often difficult to make an accurate diagnosis of the cause of this ailment. Little progress can be made in the relief of this complaint unless the primary cause is determined by careful examination and, if necessary, by the use of the X-ray.

As I have implied, backache may be due to many causes. For example, it may be the result of some abnormality, irritation or infection of the lower spine or the bones of the pelvis, the hip bones. This often follows a severe blow or other injury, or infection, or it may be traced to habitual faulty posture. It may also be traced to some abnormality of the internal organs.

Correct Underlying Cause
The pain is usually in the lower part of the back and in most instances the seat of the disorder can be traced to this part of the anatomy. Because of its location, many think the trouble is lumbargia. The word "lumbargia" is an old term applied to pain low in the back.

Mustard plasters or the application of heat will stop the pain in many cases. But the relief is only temporary. The attacks will return because the underlying cause has not been determined and consequently the right treatment is impossible.

Another common mistake is to jump to the conclusion that the backache is a sign of kidney disease. Many avoid consulting a doctor for fear of being told they have Bright's disease. Bear in mind that the kidneys are not situated low in the back, but above the waistline. It is true

that certain kidney disorders may give rise to backache but the pain is of a different nature and not to be confused with backache.

The backache may be due to some disturbance of the bony frame-work of the spine which is quickly relieved by improvement in posture, or by some other simple measure. If the victim of backache has had some recent injury to his back it is vitally important that an X-ray be taken of the lower spine and pelvic bones. Such a check-up will reveal the extent of the injury and accurately determine what form of treatment is likely to be most beneficial.

Poor Posture May Be Cause
Persistent backache is very often the result of poor posture. It is a common complaint of those individuals who are round-shouldered and have some deformity of the lower spine. It is amazing to learn of the speedy disappearance of backache and improvement of health when proper posture is assumed. In order to correct this defect many will be tempted to wear an abdominal support or other appliance, but in young persons corrective exercises are usually sufficient. Often, properly fitted shoes or alteration in the height of the heel, may be all that is necessary to bring about correction in posture and relief from backache.

In any persistent case what treatment is needed can only be determined by your doctor. He will advise you after finding the actual cause of the backache.

Answers to Health Queries
Mrs. B. R. Q.—It is true that food is a unit to eat! I have tried different remedies without relief.

A.—No. If the fish is fresh and comes from water that is pure and unpolluted there is no reason why it should not be included in the diet with perfect safety and benefit.

E. A. Q.—What can be done for a constantly itchy nose? I have tried different remedies without relief.

A.—Careful examination should determine just where the trouble lies. Overcome any underlying catarrhal condition or irritation. For the particular case a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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'THE LADY DANCES' By Marge Stanley

SYNOPSIS

In search of adventure, Mark Talbot sails on the S. S. "Orient" for Honolulu. On board, he meets beautiful Vanya Prokova, professional dancer. Vanya ignores Mark, but he cannot forget her. In Honolulu, on a round of the night clubs, he searches for her in vain. Next morning, while standing on a wharf, he watches a boat sailing by and is stunned to see Vanya on deck. He learns the vessel belongs to Pearly Shene and is undoubtedly heading south for Tonga in "The Friendly Islands."

Anxious to get away from Honolulu, Mark books passage on the "Colin" sailing west. Mark cannot resist inquiring about Vanya's destination. He learns that "The Friendly Islands" were once cannibal islands not inhabited with the scum of the South Seas, a respectable place for any girl. All night Mark is haunted by Vanya's image. Despite his resolve to forget Vanya, Mark finally arrives in Tonga. He feels that if he can find Vanya and learn more about her, he will be disappointed and the obsession will vanish. Vanya is not at Tonga so Mark heads for Tongatapu where Pearly Shene lives. Mark is content and strangely happy. Percy Loring—a beachcomber, war derelict, and member of a prominent English family—informs Mark that Vanya dances at the Diver's Helmet, owned and run by Pearly Shene, but she is away at the present time. Loring promises to take Mark to a native festival in return for a bottle of liquor. In his room Mark's thoughts again go to Vanya.

CHAPTER XII
His cogitations were interrupted by a melody of sounds from below. He heard Hong's excited chatter mingling with Loring's yells. A snatch of shouted song came to him.

"His name is Hong—
Fat-bellied swine!
His belt's as long as mine!
Again as mine!
His face is wrong,
His neck is big!
His name is Hong,
Fat-bellied pig!"

The fracas ended suddenly with the bang of the screen door. Mark heard uncertain mutterings and uneasy footsteps below his window, diminishing into the night stillness. He rose and hurried downstairs. Hong, feeling a reddening bruise on his vast cheek, stood behind the bar. Otherwise the room was deserted.

Mark hastened through the door. Against the glow of the moonlight on the bay, he saw Loring, swaying under a tree at the very spot he had first addressed him. He walked toward him. The thin figure of the beachcomber brandished an empty bottle.

"China swine!" Loring was muttering. "Even a bottle can't hurt that fat face of his!"

"Let me take you home," he said. Loring turned drunkenly, and recognized him.

"Home?" he said. "I am home."

Mark gazed around him, struck by the opus of the night, with its semblance of hut or dwelling was near.

"Where?" he asked. "This is home," said Loring thickly. He waved the bottle at the glorious canopy of moon and tropic stars. "Tong is home—honest opinion—could any palace be finer? Honest opinion—one gentleman to another!"

FANTASTIC NIGHT
Dreams and visions had led Mark a none too peaceful night. He rose with a feeling of having wasted the unusual coolness which he might have employed in far more restful slumbers. He was much too excited over the proximity of Vanya, he decided; his nightmares had devolved themselves about her pretty, unfriendly features, mingled with the thought of a native, a feast of "long pig," and a crazy, shouting, drunken beachcomber.

county evangelist director. Mrs. Robert Kitch will sing in the afternoon. A covered dish luncheon will be served at noon.

SILVER WEDDING OF YERGENS OBSERVED

AURORA, Jan. 22.—The silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Yergen was observed Saturday evening, January 12, at the county home of Mrs. Ida Yergen. The affair had been arranged by Miss Jane Yergen, daughter of the honored couple.

After an evening of cards a supper was served in the large dining room for Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Yergen, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Yergen, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William Dentel, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle B. Yergen, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dentel, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Warner, Mr. and Mrs. William Thamer, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gooding, Mr. and Mrs. William Gooding, and Jack Griffith, Walter Norton, A. A. Spangler, Orville Linn, all of Carus, Oregon, Grandma Dentel, Mrs. Nona Yergen, Mrs. Harry Schultz and Misses Beatrice Cole and Ruth Mallan of Tillamook.

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He deliberately ceased thinking of his scornful obsession, and turned his thoughts to Percy Loring. Curious chap! Mark couldn't understand his cool pursuit of his worst failings, and his complete indifference to his own regeneration. The crack-brain seemed, if not satisfied, at least utterly hopeless, to think of ever being other than a Pacific island beachcomber. And the chap seemed educated, likable, had a lot of possibilities. Just a wreck, moral and physical, Mark concluded.

His memory recalled the bargain he had made—guidance to the native village in return for a bottle of Shene's worst. It seemed a fantastic and foolhardy venture, looked at in the same light of morning; but he had the aid of a couple of drinks, it had seemed desirable, romantic and perfectly feasible.

Mark dressed and descended to the hall below. Hong was before him, the island brute about thirty, then, since it's dark at six-thirty. The village is only some five miles inland, but it's a poor trail, and I want to have daylight, at least going. We'll have to get back the best way we can."

"What have you got?"
"We got beans."
"For breakfast? Doesn't sound particularly appealing. What else can you offer?"

The Chinese stared at him from beady black eyes almost buried in pinkish yellow flesh.

"We got beans," he said with the same innocent smile.

Mark laughed.

"Beans let it be," he surrendered. Hong was apparently cool as well as bartender. He set to work over an oil-burner at one end of the bar. His culinary skill was hardly strained by his efforts, for the beans proved to be of the canned variety; however, a plate of breadfruit accompanied them, and a heavy mug of coffee.

Mark ate with greater relish than he had anticipated, and walked out into the morning sun. He looked at once for Loring.

"Probably won't be fit for