

The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Cry for Belief

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, who won considerable fame as a writer of books and then became editor of country weeklies in Virginia, has written recently a series of sketches which have been published under the title "Puzzled America".

Anderson is not so much of an evangelist of a theory as a portrayer of the thoughts and emotions of these people, chiefly in the south, who are at the bottom of the social scale.

"And I was thinking that the most pathetic thing of all—in the workman who has been put to one side by his civilization—was his undying optimism."

Anderson has kind words for TVA and for CCC in the south, saying of the latter:

"They are making a new kind of American man out of the city boy in the woods, and they are planning at least to begin to make a new land with the help of such boys."

The puzzlement which he finds among people everywhere seems to be reflected in his own thinking. He asks himself: "But is there any necessity for any one's being broke in a land like this? It is so rich."

And curiously enough for one so modern in his literary style and viewpoint, Anderson comes round to this:

"We do not want cynicism. We want belief."

Not "relief" but "belief". That indeed is an unusual assertion. To quote:

"And so, there it is—'If I could believe, I want belief.' It is a kind of cry going up out of the American people. I think it is about the absolute net of what I have been able to find out about Americans in these past few years of traveling about, in all of this looking at people and talking to them. . . Can we not find it in one another, in democracy, in the leadership we are likely to get out of a democracy? . . ."

There is truth in Anderson's observations. The years 1929-1933 saw a shattering of many beliefs, in economics, in politics, in religion. The people are hungering for some firm conviction, something which will fire their faith and inspire their idealism. The New Deal hasn't done it. What will?

Uses of Adversity

LAZ called on us yesterday, Laz Hansen, the last of the breed of the tramp printer. Seventy years old is Laz now, and he has been on the road as craftsman of the "art preservative of all arts" from a time long before type-setting machines were invented.

Laz quoted Shakespeare to us, though we suggested he quote from the Bible the thirteenth commandment, "thou shalt not drink". He graduated, so he says from a university in Wisconsin. Whether he did or not is of no consequence, because our old-time printer, who set miscellany, local briefs, Washington news letter, "heavy" (editorial), and country correspondence became a well-educated man. As to drinking Laz attributed it to "adversity"; but we incline to the opinion that he would quote Shakespeare again: "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

State Capitol Aid

SENATOR McNARY touched an important point in his message to President Roosevelt asking favorable consideration for Oregon's application for grant under PWA for capitol construction, when he referred to the fact that half the area of the state is owned by the federal government.

Another point might be mentioned, and that is that states admitted later than Oregon, like Washington, received a substantial land grant for state capitol purposes. Washington's new capitol group at Olympia is financed from this land grant. The estimated value of the capitol lands greatly exceeds the cost of the structures. Oregon's request is very modest in comparison with the \$14,000,000 which Washington has expended on its capitol group.

Drowning Sahara

EXTRACT from recent book on geography: "Generally, then the Sahara yields a picture of abject poverty; poverty such as few know it. A handful of people wage an unceasing war against nature and, in the struggle for survival, just barely keep their heads above water."

Eugene and Corvallis are both putting on their best bib and tucker to greet the new "teacher"; and each is bringing the biggest and reddest apple in its barrel (in the way of a banquet) by way of welcome. It is hoped that neither side drops its nigger-shooter out of its pocket, before the amenities are over.

The Marion hotel will be nominal as well as real seat of law-making for Oregon. In the past much legislation was "written" at its old-time bar or in its rooms; now the senate will sit in its main dining room and committees will meet in rooms formerly housing the "third house."

After the Florida hurricane the president didn't propose a 100-mile shelter belt to stop the winds. What has become of the tree planting from Canada to the gulf? Did they run out of nursery stock or water-buckets?

Hayesville School Opens Sept. 23rd; Seed Crop is Light

HAYESVILLE, Sept. 11.—The new room on the schoolhouse is progressing so well the school board feels free to announce the opening date of the school as Sept. 23. A new Fairbanks-Morse water system has been purchased for the school. Prune picking started today in several of the orchards. Where the crop is lighter in some orchards, it is heavier in others, making an average of about the same as last year.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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One of That Kind

Washington, Sept. 11. SO LONG as what Professor Mokey has so felicitously described as the "gentle rain of checks" continues to fall upon the farmers, there is slight chance that they can be weaned from Mr. Roosevelt or that they will, until the inevitable bump comes, cease to regard AAA as other than beneficial and noble. They would hardly be human if they didn't.



Frank R. Kent

SO LONG as the bonuses roll regularly in and the price invariably bounces up, arguments about the inequities of regimentation, the inevitable trend toward complete socialism and the loss of individual freedom fall upon deaf ears. For example, after a week's survey of the State, it is reported in the Des Moines Register-Tribune, that Mr. Richard Wilson, that "boom-like Iowa, happily spending its money, moves into the year of a great decision, its 1932 faith in the New Deal shaken but by no means dissipated." Mr. Wilson thinks the reaction against Mr. Roosevelt has set in but as yet hasn't gone very far in Iowa. In the towns he has lost ground, but the farmers are overwhelmingly with him still.

UNDoubtedly that is an accurate estimate of the situation in the Corn Belt States. Secretary Wallace in a more exuberant fashion strikes the same note in his interview yesterday. It is the reason Republican leaders, who have all the courage of a sick sheep, assail every other phase of the New Deal save the AAA. Upon that they are evasive, equivocal and elusive—not because they believe in the soundness of the scheme either from an economic or a Constitutional point of view. On the contrary, those among the capable of clear thought are convinced, as is the same type Democrat, that in the end it will bog down because it defies not only great natural laws but is so confused, complicated and contradictory that its effective management is a sheer impossibility save for supermen.

ADMIRABLE as Mr. Wallace is in many ways, and zealous as are his assistants, no one yet has put them in that class. The fact is Mr. Wallace is being now swung along by the expanded AAA in exactly the direction of extreme nationalism. He has no record not only as disapproving, but regarding as extremely dangerous. As conscientious a man as he must have suffered acutely at first. Now he seems to have become more or less numb and hardened to a course that violates his principles and impairs his intelligence. At least he did do those things at the time he indited his famous article, "America Must Choose." None of this, however, alters the fact that the farmer, on the receiving end, not bothering with the "long view," undisturbed by "ultimate consequences" and the "long term trends," contrasts his present condition with that three years ago, and wants to hold to the AAA while the money lasts.

THE farmers are the determining factor in a group of nine or ten States. AAA is one of those experiments, like Prohibition, upon which, once a nation embarks, there is no place to stop short of the end of the road. Hence the Republicans, out to win, will swallow this New Deal dose, declare for the "principle" of the AAA, pledge themselves to this effort to improve the lot of the farmer at the expense of the consumer. Their attack will not be upon the AAA but upon the wasteful and inefficient New Deal mal-administration of it. This, it is held, will appeal to the farmers who fret under the red tape with which it is entangled and complain the contracts they have to sign are so confusing that no one can explain or understand.

THUS, it seems that next year, seeking the farmer vote, both parties will commit themselves to a ridiculously expensive economic adventure in which neither believes, but which the political strength of the class affected makes it impossible for the one to drop or the other to oppose, though both know that in the end—again like Prohibition—it will bog down through sheer bewilderment and workability. That is they will commit themselves if the Supreme Court leaves enough of it by next summer to make commitment possible. But that's another story.

Former Silverton Man Dies at Houston, Tex.

SILVERTON, Sept. 11.—Silverton relatives have received word of the sudden death of Henry Winkler of Houston, Texas. Mr. Winkler was prominent in southern labor circles. For years he lived at Silverton. His widow is the former Mrs. Alvin Davis of Silverton.

Mr. Winkler died of a heart attack on September 2 and funeral services were held September 5.

TAKEN TO HOSPITAL. SILVERTON, Sept. 11.—Mrs. Helmer Kloster (Dorothy McKenzie) was taken to the hospital at Oregon City where she is under the care of Dr. Guy Mount. Mrs. Kloster is suffering from infection caused from a mosquito bite. She was bitten in one leg two months ago. The infection has spread to both legs and to her hands. She was reported as being somewhat improved Monday.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Now 20 '40-'50 all white Marion county natives on roll: more yet: (Concluding from yesterday:) James M. Bates, father of Mrs. Vaughan, learned to set type in Washington, D. C., but quit and went to sea at 15.

Besides being a type setter, he became a good sailor, tinner, wood turner, blacksmith, etc., in fact learned to do many things with team. He taught Inan students in and near the building that became Willamette university the rudiments of blacksmithing and carpentering.

Also, while a sailor, he learned something of medicine and surgery; could set a broken limb and administer the proper remedies for human ailments. Important skills, in pioneer days.

James M. Bates married Margaret Caldwell, a widow with eight children (she had had 11), who had crossed the plains in 1846 with a covered wagon train.

This marriage took place at Jefferson in 1847, and Margaret Ann was the only child of James M. Bates and wife.

He was called "Uncle Jimmy" Bates, and lived in the town of which he was the co-founder with Jacob Conser until his death on October 12, 1891.

He started the first Sunday school in Jefferson, in his log house.

He and his wife gave the land for the Methodist church and parsonage, for the cemetery, and for Jefferson Institute, which was intended to be a feeder for Willamette university.

The first teacher of Jefferson Institute was Rev. C. H. Mattoon, who started a weekly Baptist paper at Eola in 1856 and afterwards moved it to Corvallis. He was a member of the faculty of McMinnville college, and author of Mattoon's Arithmetic.

Mrs. Vaughan's husband was a teacher, having taught schools at various places in the Willamette valley, until his death on Feb. 9, 1920, at the age of 80.

The list of 16 on the honor roll, making up the 20, counting the four added above, follows:

Malinda Wade, Feb. 14, 1846. Her home is at 852 North Liberty, Salem.

Health

By Roy S. Copeland, M.D.

PROSTATIC DISEASE is a common disorder of the male adult, usually encountered in middle life. Unfortunately, the condition is often overlooked. Serious complications may occur as a result of neglect or of inadequate treatment.

I believe many men neglect this condition because of the fear of operative treatment. It is a common mistake to believe that the prostate gland readily responds to medical treatment. It is only when the gland is allowed to remain congested over a long period of time that surgery is necessary.

As middle age approaches often the gland increases in size. Not every body has such enlargement and some men may not complain of the trouble until a very late age. Others may suffer from this disturbance at an early age.

The prostate gland may become infected and inflamed. When this occurs the condition is known as "prostatitis." Acute prostatitis is a common disorder of young adults between the ages of thirty and forty-five years.

Attacks the Aged. Chronic prostatitis is more commonly encountered in older individuals. It may have begun with an infection of earlier life. Sometimes it is the result of a general systemic infection. It may lead to pus formation and the development of large prostatic abscesses. Complete cure demands incision and drainage.

The most common form of prostatic disorder is that known as hypertrophy or enlargement. More than ninety per cent of men beyond the age of fifty years suffer from some form of this disturbance.

In prostatic enlargement the sufferer has difficulty in urination and is unable completely to empty his bladder. The enlarged gland obstructs the normal outflow of urine.

Neglect of hypertrophy is a mistake. Due to obstruction to the escape of the urine, there is backflow, with pressure upon the kidneys. If this persists these vital organs eventually become diseased and unable to perform their work. In addition the heart becomes weakened.

Few branches of surgery have made as rapid strides as that which deals with diseases of the prostate gland. This is called "urologic" surgery. In former years an operation on the prostate, bladder or kidneys was considered a serious and dangerous undertaking. Today, in the hands of a competent surgeon, this is a simple procedure and need cause no undue alarm.

Answers to Health Queries

A Constant Reader. Q.—Will you please advise me regarding the treatment for high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries.

A.—Diet is important. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Thank You. Q.—What should a girl aged 17, 5 feet 4 inches tall weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 121 pounds. This is about the average weight for one this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons. A few pounds above or below the average is a matter of little or no significance. (Copyright, 1935, E. F. F. Inc.)

Ten Years Ago

September 12, 1925

Possibility of a four-fold investigation of charges made by Col. William Mitchell last week against the air policies and administrations of both the army and navy loomed today.

The factory of the Miles Liner company is running every day now on work leading up to the production of three and twine on a considerable scale.

Secretary of Interior Work today authorized payment of \$200 per capita to the Indians of the Klamath Falls reservation.

DeJardin Yards Wind Up Picking

ELDRIDGE, Sept. 11.—Julian DeJardin will finish his hop harvest here on Thursday. Hop picking at Arthur Goffin's yard at St. Louis will continue about two weeks. Allyn Nusom's crew is at work here. A shortage of pickers is evident in the smaller yards. Fred Viesko and Bert Jones are picking with a full crew.

Twenty Years Ago

September 12, 1915

Prof. Thomas A. Knott of the University of Chicago claims that Chicago is destined to set the future standard of American speech.

For the first time in the nation's history, Uncle Sam has consented to temporarily relinquish control of one of his greatest treasures, the Washington collection of historic flags of the republic.

President Wilson calls congressional leaders to confer on war preparedness.

As he visualized the improvement in these several traits and turned his omet he was horrified to hear a piercing scream. He rushed out in time to see the bowed and neckless back of the Racketeer bounding across the cleared space under the trees, making for the jungle.

The mischievous ape clutched in one paw a fluttering pennant of white, and in the other a smaller one of pink.

It looked back with a derisive chatter, and at the same moment Linda burst into Jerome's field of vision in hot pursuit. She was armed with the stump of the broken oar, and all that she had on was the one stocking and her stylish shoes. But she was too angry and too desperate to care anything about that. A trail of abuse streamed out behind her.

"You miserable, sneaking monkey . . ." she cried. "Drop it! . . ."

"Keep Your Chin Up as You Did in 1914!"



"CAST INTO EDEN" By HENRY C. ROWLAND

CHAPTER XIX

Linda lay asleep. Jerome decided they were being shiftless and lazy in not making smoke signals from the high point of the island. After Papa Gorilla's first nocturnal visit they had not dared wander about and when they had established friendly relations a sort of sloth descended on them.

Then he began to wonder if it was entirely sloth. There was a fascination in their idleness, he told himself. But now as he faced the situation frankly this alibi did not ring true. It was something else.

Another factor had become responsible for their acceptance of an isolation that alternated languor with such terrifying episodes as had just occurred.

They were beginning to like it. There was a poignant charm in their detachment from a world overcharged with vexations large and small. Not only had they both been sick and tired of the life they had been leading but more recently harassed at the state of their family and personal affairs. Here on this island nothing mattered, so far as the outer world was concerned.

But this was not enough to satisfy Jerome's natural candor with himself. He knew that he had been leaving out the real reason for their content with conditions that would be terrible to almost any other young man and woman of their class.

They were falling in love with each other. Not in the usual more or less conventional way. Primitive impulses were growing in them. . . . The isolation, return to absolute simplicity, sharing of danger that was terrifying and bizarre. Surrounding these dangers together had wrought a change in them. The civilized relationship was being laid aside and in its place was growing a sympathy that ignored social traditions. . . .

That, Jerome told himself, was the danger here, and it must not occur. Sooner or later they must return to their former social lives, unless violently interrupted. Barring such violence, life here on the island was simple and natural. That of civilization had become like walking a slack wire—a constant effort at equilibrium.

The shadows began to deepen. Linda slept on. Jerome went to the cook house to prepare supper. There was no lack of quantity and variety of their wholesome tropic fare and he reflected that if this pickers kept on much longer they would put on weight. Linda had complained that she was doing so, even worse she could not gauge the Rubenesque process without scales or clothes to warn her.

One thing was certain, she was getting sweeter and lovelier. The petulance had gone from her face, and its look of hard intolerance. Her long grey eyes, with their dusky fringe of lashes that were much darker than her hair, had lost their scornful mockery, and a nose that nature had tilted provocatively remained that way without an added aggravating slant. The boyish chin was merely firm and not defiant, and a mouth unshaped for sneers had discarded them to become smiling and seductive.

As he visualized the improvement in these several traits and turned his omet he was horrified to hear a piercing scream. He rushed out in time to see the bowed and neckless back of the Racketeer bounding across the cleared space under the trees, making for the jungle.

The mischievous ape clutched in one paw a fluttering pennant of white, and in the other a smaller one of pink. It looked back with a derisive chatter, and at the same moment Linda burst into Jerome's field of vision in hot pursuit. She was armed with the stump of the broken oar, and all that she had on was the one stocking and her stylish shoes. But she was too angry and too desperate to care anything about that. A trail of abuse streamed out behind her.

"You miserable, sneaking monkey . . ." she cried. "Drop it! . . ."

"Cha-cha . . . chikoo . . . yah . . ."

about the Racketeer. The old man has kept him squealed and now he's tickled to find somebody he thinks he can bully. But it's certain there are no firearms in those chests.

"Why so?" The old cordon painted leather had faded but was decorative.

"The Dueno wouldn't be fool enough to leave firearms where anybody who might see fit to visit the island in his absence could get them. There are some bad hombres floating up and down this coast. Criminals and refugees and political fugitives."

"Well, there may be tools so that we can build a dug-out or something. I tell you, Jerry, that ape is going from bad to worse."

"I might make a raft of bamboo to float us across to the mainland. The prevailing wind is on the coast."

"Then let's get busy."

"Tomorrow. It's getting dark." He spoke reluctantly.

"You miserable, sneaking monkey . . ." Linda cried "Drop it!"

me but he pulled my hair. Get me a gun out of one of those moldy old crates. He's coming back pretty soon and then I'll fix him."

"Of course. Now that he's got an edge on us he means to be our prime pest."

"How has he got an edge on us?" Jerome asked.

"He knew he had us scared before Papa ran him up a tree. When he started to puff out his chest and beat it you should have thrown a big rock at him."

"No rocks there. . . ." Jerome had lain the pieces of fine soft leather on the table and was cutting out the things with which to fasten them together.

Linda went on: "Something's got to be done about him. Each fresh trick he gets away with will make him bolder. It's all honey that gorillas take no interest in females not of their species. He pulled my hair exactly like some fresh cub of a schoolboy, but harder. He'll be sneaking up and pinching me next."

Jerome tossed out the skirt he had extemporized. "Put that on, Yes, something's got to be done"

"I love you, Linda."

"I know you do. So do I love you. Does anything else greatly matter?"

"A tremendous lot, and for that very reason. If we weren't both broke it would be different. I simply can't let you go back into the world mated to a pauper and with nothing sure ahead. We don't know what might happen."

"I understand, dear . . ."

(To Be Continued)

GARDEN CLUB MEETS. DAYTON, Ore., Sept. 11.—Twenty members of the Dayton

Garden club attended the regular monthly meeting held Monday afternoon at the home of Mr. and

Mrs. Herbert Willard in the Pen-insular neighborhood. Planting of fall bulbs was the subject.