

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Wheat Burning

ONE day last week The Statesman carried a dispatch from Topeka, Kansas, quoting the secretary of the Kansas Grain Dealers' association warning the country against a possible wheat famine next year. Two years of drouth plus triple A contract curtailment have exhausted the surplus. The only part of the country with an excess to speak of is the Pacific northwest and here milling wheat has gone to over a dollar a bushel at primary points for the high gluten grades. The demand is coming from eastern milling centers because of the poor quality of the spring wheat crop of the middle northwest.

In the face of these conditions it seems like sacrilege to hear of burning of crops under orders of government agents. Yet that actually occurred as reported in the Sarcoxie, Mo. Record last month. To quote from the paper:

"Ray Grieb, Parshey farmer, set fire to a stack of his own wheat Tuesday afternoon, then stepped aside and said: 'I don't want to burn it! Offered to give it to the poor, do anything except set it afire. Of course I made a contract with the agricultural committee (Triple A), but I was innocent of any wrong intention. I saw the county agent (of Triple A) and didn't understand from that I would have to burn the wheat; but after it was stacked, the committee told me there was nothing else that could be done.'

"Fire gradually spread through the wheat stack which had been hauled to a field, spread out and fired. Two members of the township committee (local administrators of A. A. A.) were present to see that it was properly and thoroughly done. They didn't seem to be enjoying themselves, but they agreed there was nothing else to do under the agricultural adjustment act. . . . The government, Mr. Grieb said, paid him \$190 in the last two years to restrict his wheat acreage. He thinks he will receive another payment next year, probably \$120. He doesn't understand it all very well and didn't think he'd have to burn any wheat. That looked unreasonable to him, conditions being what they are, people in want of food and the government carrying on relief.

"Quickly the flames spread through the wheat stack, fanned by a gentle breeze from the north. Mr. Grieb estimated the stack contained 1500 bushels. . . . Now he was obliged to burn it after sowing, tending, harvesting, binding and stacking. Somehow it didn't look right, but the agricultural committee said there was nothing else that could be done.

"This is the second wheat burning incident west of Sarcoxie. James Bryant, east of Mr. Grieb a few miles, burned a crop of three acres about a month ago. He contracted for 30 acres and found he had exceeded his quota. His wheat was burned in the windrow, before stacking. It was worth, Mr. Bryant thinks, about \$40, not counting the straw."

These men had violated their contract, it is true; and so were not entitled to the wheat. But why could it not have been threshed and given to the poor? A while back the president said he didn't know of any food that had been destroyed, although rivers ran with grease from the little pigs which had been slaughtered or thrown away.

It violates sense to destroy food when people are hungry. No wonder the farmers grieved. In Russia they may kill the kulak who violates a decree, but they confiscate the grain, not burn it.

Boring for Water

THE city water commission has authorized sinking test holes on lands in the river bottom southwest of Salem. The selection was made by Frank C. Knowles who is described as a "geological engineer". According to Knowles, all underground water in the Salem locality is moving towards the Willamette river, and hence he says the logical place for wells is near the river.

It is dangerous to combat experts; but our own elementary knowledge of physical geography doesn't coincide with this declaration. The underground water surely "moving" towards the Willamette "would be surface water. The other streams will flow in the direction of the incline of the water-bearing strata. The surface water is now flowing into the Willamette; and the great reservoirs of underground water will be found contained in pervious strata without regard to the proximity to the river.

The river runs in a trough; and the Willamette valley soils are rather impervious to water so the bed of the river is apt to be a seal against much seepage. It is very different in the Spokane valley for instance where the valley is a vast bed of gravel saturated with water from the surrounding hills and mountains. So the city of Spokane has been able to sink wells in the gravel near the river and obtain an abundance of water.

Some years ago a federal survey was made of underground water resources of this area but we believe the studies were never published. Our recollection is that the presence of a considerable stream of water underlying the Gervais vicinity was located, and the Sam Brown place was picked for the irrigation well, which came in with good flow.

Water is where you find it. Mr. Knowles may find lots of it in the places he proposes drilling. If he doesn't we'll loan him our water witch.

We are glad to see the Portland Oregonian come to the help of the farmers on the reclaimed land at Clatskanie. At heavy expense which the land-owners bore themselves dikes were built and the lands drained. But the government later constructed right angle jetties which divert the waters so they constantly gnaw the dikes built by the land-owners. Mrs. Grace Kent Magruder, representative from Columbia and Clatsop counties, has been a leader in the fight of the land owners to save their lands from "old man river". Her husband was the father of the development, and since his death she has carried on heroically. Appeals for help from the government have been almost in vain. It seems that here is a case where red tape should be cut and the restoration of the dikes made a WPA project. Why should the Mississippi get millions and the Columbia little or nothing?

It is hard to figure out the mathematics of the state chancellorship. Dr. Kerr was serving as chancellor and under the cut was getting something over \$5,000 a year. The board hired Dr. Hunter for \$10,000 flat plus \$1,350 which it pays for his retirement fund assessment. Then it engages Dr. Kerr as "chancellor emeritus" for \$6000 less the cut or around \$4500; and under the law must give him some duties. How many chancellors does the system require and how much is the state going to continue to pay for chancellors? At present it is paying \$15,850 a year for what Dr. Kerr was doing for less than \$6000. The board should make public just what duties it has assigned the chancellor-emeritus, because under the law duties are necessary.

William Randolph Hearst has written a piece for papers other than his own. He is all through with Roosevelt, whom he is as much responsible for as anyone when he helped McAdoo throw California from Garner to Roosevelt. He says mean things about Hoover, though he helped Hoover beat Al Smith in 1928. He has nice words to say about Governor Landon of Kansas. The country realizes however that no one suits Hearst after he becomes president. Hearst's influence is on the wane. His papers have lost many subscribers, and his advertising income has suffered. The Jews think he is too friendly to Hitler and they have switched a lot of big department store advertising from Hearst papers.

The Portland school board demonstrated its courage when it stayed with its decision to close some schoolhouses. The rebellious papas and mammas took the case to court. The judge found, as might easily have been expected, that the board has full authority to administer the school affairs. At the same time the judge soaped his decision by urging the board to reopen one of the closed schools. The board met, reviewed the matter and politely told the judge to stick to the law and they would stick to facts and finances. People are so eager to do something for the children they deprive them of the best education of all—that which comes from effort and struggle against odds.

President Roosevelt seems to be running for reelection on his record of making the deficit less than first announced. He also promises there will be no need for new or increased taxes. This promise will be just as valuable as the others he has made.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Roper to the Front

Washington, Sept. 30.

SUCH is the speed of the New Deal wheel that no one these days is able to keep pace with governmental things and some of the most interesting incidents fly by without being properly appreciated. One such was the Constitution day speech a few days ago of Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper.

THIS was noteworthy for two reasons—one because of the men who wrote it and the other because of the man who made it. There are still people unsophisticated enough to think that these are identical, that public statements written by one person and spoken by another are identical. But that is old stuff—not at all in the New Deal tradition. Today every New Deal head has from one to five publicity men paid to promote the fortunes of the chief. Mainly, this consists in writing his speeches or putting out press stuff calculated to make him appear a great man, while those on the other side are depicted as small and ignoble. It isn't a very thrilling game, but more people play it in this administration than ever before.

MR. Roper has his share of publicity men. However, this speech was not written for him by them, which is what makes it notable. There is reason to believe it was the product of what is known as the real Roosevelt "inner circle," that it was given a great deal of thought by the closest presidential advisers and that the president himself approved its contents before delivery. There is general agreement that it embodies the best New Deal thought as to how to meet the issue raised by the decisions of the supreme court. The gist of the speech lies in the question Mr. Roper asked: "If there is not sufficient constitutional authority for the federal government to deal properly with a nation-wide economic and social crisis, is it the will of the American people to amend their constitution so that the government in times of acute national distress may be bold, direct action avoid utter chaos?"

IF this means anything, it means, in the event of the further expected adverse supreme court decisions before the convention, the new dealers will take the affirmative side of that question and make their campaign advocating amendments designed to make the new deal constitutional. The rest of the speech with its slogan "Forward With the Constitution" bears out this idea. Those who have studied it most closely believe they detect in parts the smooth work of Professor Moley; in others they see the cunning hand of the erudite Dr. Francis B. Saypol. There are traces, too, it is claimed, of Mr. John Dickinson, the able assistant attorney-general; of Professor Tuwelly, the great national planner, and even of the brilliant Cochran.

THERE, of course, is no way to prove that all these had a hand in writing the speech, but no proof is needed that it was an authoritative utterance, with which Mr. Roper played a vocal part only. However, it was a real triumph for him to be selected as the spokesman. Far from an outstanding member even of this cabinet, Mr. Roper has had a struggle to secure his place in the sun. An old South Carolina politician who has been on the public pay roll for forty years, Mr. Roper got in rather bad as a democrat when, in 1928, he failed to support Alfred E. Smith. At that time he was viewed by Smith's friends as a dry, in league with the Ku Klux Klan, and they were very bitter, indeed, about him.

SINCE his cabinet selection he has been striving in his oily, unctuous way to inch farther to the front. He does not want to become the forgotten man of the cabinet, and his press agents have done their best to prevent that happening. Several ideas, such as the unfortunate Business Men's Advisory Council, have emanated from his department. None has clicked. This being put forward as an advertisement mouthpiece is a fine forward step for Mr. Roper. His selection rather jolted some, but, as one observer asked, "Who else is there?"

Twenty Years Ago

October 1, 1915

John W. Minto of Portland has been appointed to succeed his brother, the late Harry Minto, as warden of the Oregon State penitentiary.

O. H. Luck of Chicago was elected manager of the Salem Commercial club yesterday.

The late fall weather is still warm and sunny and this is fair week.

Ten Years Ago

October 1, 1925

Students of W. U. will have access to the services of a local physician free of charge this year for the first time.

The Philosphian literary society of Salem high school has disbanded rather than open its membership to all girls, to be selected because of ability and not personal choice.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dry as dust deed records of Polk county have entries that connect up facts of epochal history:

The dry as dust deed records of Polk county, Oregon, for the sixties and seventies contain a few entries that, taken in conjunction with some of the epochal events of American history, make the old scrolls alive butting out and about the things they have to tell—

Things they explain, and make complete, tales linking the Indian war days of Oregon with the closing struggles of the Civil war, up to Appomattox—

Human interest stories of high endeavor and valorous deeds and life and death struggles of brave men.

They point to concluding clashes of arms that changed the course of world history—

That rendered secure the greatest experiment in government of, by and for the people.

Readers of this column know that David A. Russell was the captain in command at old Fort Yamhill during the late fifties, while Philip H. Sheridan served under him as second Lieutenant.

They know that when, August 1, 1864, Lincoln and Grant decided that Sheridan, as major general in command, was the best available qualified leader to direct the cleaning up of the Shenandoah valley—the then most important task before the Union armies—Sheridan chose as one of his staff, that very day, to serve under his orders Brevet Major General David A. Russell, because he knew well his high character, his undaunted courage and his dependable dash coupled with a cool judgment.

Regular readers know that in the battle of the Opequon, Sept. 19, 1862, Sheridan had presided over his plans for the contest to keep in reserve Russell's command for a brilliant move designed to make a turning point in the onslaught of the enemy. The moment and the necessity for this arrived.

But let Sheridan tell it in his own way, in "Personal Memoirs," the two volume book published in 1888. His words follow:

"I ordered Russell's reserve division to be put into action, and, as the flank of the enemy's troops in pursuit of Grover was presented, Upton's brigade, led in person by both Russell and Upton, struck it in a charge so vigorous as to drive the Confederates back in turn to their original ground."

"The success of Russell enabled me to reestablish the right of my line some little distance in advance of the position from which it started in the morning, and behind Russell's division . . . the broken remnants of Rickett's division were rallied. Dwight's division was then brought up on the right, and Grover's men formed behind it."

"The charge of Russell was most opportune, but it cost many men in killed and wounded. Among the former was the courageous Russell himself, killed by a piece of shell that passed through his head although he had previously been struck by a bullet in the left breast, WHICH WOUND, FROM ITS NATURE, MUST HAVE PROVED FATAL, yet of which HE HAD NOT SPOKE."

"Russell's death oppressed us all with sadness, and me particularly. In the early days of my army life he was my captain and

friend, and I was deeply indebted to him, not only for sound advice and good example, but for the estimable service he had just performed, and sealed with his life, so it may be inferred how keenly I felt his loss . . . The restoration of the lower (Shenandoah) valley . . . to control of the Union forces created great rejoicing in the north, and relieved the administration from further solicitude for the safety of the Maryland and Pennsylvania borders."

Following that (a dispatch from President Abraham Lincoln) came warm congratulations from Stanton (secretary of war) and from Generals Grant, Sherman and Meade."

The dispatch from the president, dated at Washington, Sept. 20, the day after the battle of the Opequon, read: "Have just heard of your great victory. God bless you all, officers and men. Strongly inclined to come up and see you, A. Lincoln."

(The reader should know that Grover, mentioned by Sheridan, was General Currier Grover, that he was a brother of L. F. Grover, of Salem, Oregon, and that L. F. was very well known to Sheridan while he was serving at Fort Yamhill. Also, that L. F. Grover acted at times as editor of The Statesman in the '50s, for his great friend, A. Bush, founder, owner, publisher and editor of the paper—and that L. F. Grover afterward became the first congressman from Oregon, member of the constitutional convention, governor, United States senator, etc., etc.)

The regular reader of this column is familiar with the fact that Second Lieutenant P. H. Sheridan arrived at the site of old Fort Yamhill, beyond the site of the present city of Sheridan, named for him, along with some 15 other Sheridans in the United States, on April 25, 1856, and took over from Lieut. Wm. B. Hazen, later to become General Hazen and chief of the signal service of the United States, the then new post called Camp Hazen, that came to be called Fort Yamhill.

That Second Lieut. Sheridan was in sole charge there from his arrival until the coming of Capt. D. A. Russell, in July of that year, and after that they were very closely connected in their work until many years later, both called to the seat of the Civil war.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

40 MILL LIMIT

Much has been said about the beneficent efforts of the 40 mill levy. The truth is it hasn't done much for the taxpayers. The taxpayers have invented other taxing devices and now they get more for their purposes than they ever had before and are spending on a scale never before known. Real estate taxes were cut but temporarily as the measure went into operation. Now, to make up for the lowering of the rate, the values are being raised, and it won't be long until tangible property will be paying as much as formerly and we still will have the gross business and sales taxes left. — Yakima Republic.

Daily Health Talks

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

A SHORT WHILE ago I told you about "Meniere's disease." In that ailment the victim complains of continuous or intermittent noises in the ear. There may be accompanying symptoms such as difficulty in hearing, dizziness, uncertain gait and often an inability to remain in an upright position.

Since writing on this subject, I have received numerous letters from persons suffering from head noises who seem to think they are afflicted with Meniere's disease. Perhaps it will be a good thing to say something about head noises so that this more common disturbance will not be confused with Meniere's disease.

Ear Disturbance

In Meniere's disease the discomfort is due to some disturbance in a part of the ear mechanism called the "semi-circular canals" which control the balance of the body. The disease is serious in nature and must not be taken lightly. It is a chronic ear disturbance or other abnormality of the ear itself or of some distant organ of the body.

Bear in mind that a head noise, referred to as "tinnitus," although an annoying complaint, is rarely serious and has no effect on length of life. It is in reality not a disease but, as I have suggested, is a symptom of some disturbance within the human mechanism. For this reason, and with this complaint should consult with a physician. A complete physical examination, including a test of the blood pressure and inspection of the nose, ears and throat, is necessary before any opinion can be given.

Some More Susceptible

Some are more susceptible than others to these conditions which produce head noises. It is a symptom especially common among persons of middle age, or past. It is too bad that this complaint is so often neglected, to the continued annoyance and distraction of the sufferer.

The noise is often described as "pulsating" or "rushing." Others describe it as a "continuous noise" or say it resembles music, words or the ringing of bells. In severe cases

the noise may be so distracting as to create marked nervousness.

This is not a complaint of modern civilization. In fact it has been known for many centuries. The ancients believed that the symptom was due to evil spirits and that cure was only possible by driving those spirits out of the head. They tried to accomplish this by boring holes in the skull, and the operation was performed by "bonecutters" or "traveling barbers," as they were called. These men traveled along the countryside applying their art but of course with little relief. Undoubtedly many deaths resulted from these crude operations.

If you are troubled with these symptoms it is best to consult with your doctor. He will be able accurately to diagnose the disturbance.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. N. B. Q.—I am asthmatic. When I take cold there seems to be a puckering feeling in the throat accompanied by severe hoarseness and in some instances to a complete loss of voice. What would you advise? A.—Have the throat examined. Further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

G. L. C. Q.—What would cause an apparently healthy girl of 20 to have nose bleeds? A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

J. T. M. Q.—My 15-year-old girl is having trouble with her feet. The skin between and all around the toes is raw and sore. At times the skin peels off. What would you advise? A.—This is probably due to "athlete's foot." For full particulars restate your question and send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

A Reader. Q.—I have tiny red veins showing across the bridge of my nose. What is the cause of this? A.—This may be due to some intestinal upset or a circulatory disturbance. In some instances the veins are more prominent because of a finer texture of skin.

Daughter. Q.—My father sleeps on his back with his head open and is subject to head colds. He snores and disturbs the entire household. What would you advise in his case?

A.—He probably has nasal catarrh. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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Tied to Her Apron Strings—Keep Him There!



"LOVE DENIED"

by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

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SYNOPSIS

Stuart Pennington, struggling young artist, is in love with Sharlene Standing, wealthy society girl. He goes about listlessly until a letter arrives saying she is returning from her travels. Then he is filled with inspiration and his fingers seem to fly over the canvas. Stuart's model, Julie DeVore, is jealous of Sharlene. Julie finds Sharlene's letter and reads it without compunction. She and Stuart will marry Sharlene and he says he could not ask her to share his poverty; besides, she isn't in love with him. But, since the day she held her hands and looked over her shoulder at Stuart, she has been free to give meaning to his life. Sharlene, now twenty-five, revels extensively, content to wait that day when she will love someone so much that she can give up her freedom gladly. Stuart is only her best friend but her homecoming was all he could think of. . . . Julie means little to him; she is just a convenient person to have around when he needs a smart, pretty face for an advertisement. One morning Sharlene phones and asks Stuart to come over. . . . Never had Julie seen his eyes so blue, so eager. At the Standing estate, Stuart finds Sharlene up a tree, picking oranges for his breakfast.

CHAPTER V

Stuart took the oranges from her and put them in his pockets. Then he held her hands and looked over her shoulder at Stuart. She was overhungly. Flushed cheeks, tumbling hair, brown eyes warm with welcome, short yellow frock like a spot of revivifying sunlight in the gray day. He felt, as always, the great vitality of her—pulsing with life, youth, the joy of existing. "Sharlene—you lovely thing!" "Dear old Stuart—it's grand to see you!" She tucked her hand in his arm. "Come on, let's have breakfast. There's so much to tell you!" He was silent with the sheer gladness of having her home again. As they walked he put his hand over hers and squeezed it.

"We got in last night after dark," she told him. "I was wild to see how everything looked, so I was up at six this morning. Oh, Morton! Take the dogs, will you?"

The chauffeur came running from the driveway. "Yes, Miss." He was grinning eagerly at Stuart.

"Hello, Morton!" Stuart said.

"Good morning, Mr. Pennington!"

"I held the dogs by their collars as Sharlene and Stuart crossed to the veranda."

"If I didn't know you were coming, Sharlene—why didn't you let me meet you?"

"Oh, it would have been too stupid for you. Mother and the Pekinese and me all dusty and cross? It's better for you to see us with our faces washed." They went indoors.

"Mother's having her breakfast upstairs but you'll see her later."

A maid was bringing a great bowl of roses through the hall. "See the roses, Stuart," Sharlene exclaimed proudly. "I gathered these this morning with the dew on them—while you were dead to the world, old sleepyhead!"

"Party at Lucien Morrow's last night." He shrugged and grimaced at Sharlene.

"Lucien's same old parties," she laughed.

"The butler came toward them, beaming a welcome at Stuart."

"Good morning, Brooks," said Stuart with an answering smile.

"How are you?" "Nicely, thank you. You're looking splendid, sir."

Sharlene was dragging the orange from Stuart's pockets. "Here, Brooks, have these very oranges fixed for breakfast, please."

"Yes, Miss." The butler turned away with the fruit.

"And, Brooks, how long? We're staying here for a while."

"Up and down. Nothing to satisfy me yet."

"Funny old dear—will you ever be satisfied? How does the public react—do they want to buy?"

"No. But I've had a picture at Stendahl's and several at the Laguna Gallery. Decent notices."

"Good! . . . I've seen some of your advertisements in the magazines. Who's the pretty little dark-eyed model?"

"Julie."

"Oh. Was it Julie who answered the phone this morning?"

"Yes. I had to get back to America to—find him."

His smile died. "What do you mean?"

"Hold your heart, Stuart. . . . I've met him!"

She was looking at him with eyes suddenly gone tender. All her mischievous bright sparkle was suffused in a dawning, unbelieving wonder, like a child glimpsing her first Christmas tree.

"I see. And what about all the princes and dukes and kings of your letter?"

"Not nearly so nice! But real ones, honest to goodness! In Europe. Charming, some of them. Bored, mostly. Why do girls want to marry them?"

"I'm glad you didn't. So you've run the gauntlet once more and come home safe and single. He sighed with relief, even as he smiled at her."

"Yes. I had to get back to America to—find him."

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"I love him so! I wish—I wish I could be the grass under his feet—do you understand, Stuart?" asked Sharlene.

"Yes. That was Julie."

She smiled at him mischievously. "I wondered when you'd start the Hollywood stuff. You used to be entirely too much of a snob."

He shook his head. "I'm not going Hollywood. It's just Julie. She came up in the rain one night, a half-starved little kitten. Nobody could have turned her out. She stayed to model and keep house for me on what I could pay her. She gets work in the movies now and again to buy clothes. She's a good girl."

"Dear Stuart—I hope she takes nice care of you. You need to be taken care of. What else is new in your life?"

"Nothing. Just work. I want you to see one or two of the things I've done. But tell me about you. You're the one who leads the story-book life!"

"Oh, Stuart, there's so much to tell. It would take days. Everywhere we went we met the most gorgeous people—old friends and new ones. People are what-count! Of course one likes new backgrounds, or ancient ones for that matter, but I've been so busy with the new ones. We stayed as long as we liked in each place, and each time we hated to leave. So many happy places to go back to some time. First there was Moore's across from Tahiti. George and Helen have a plantation there, you know. A golden paradise. I swam and dreamed and—well, yes, flirted. Such perfect lambs of men down there. Stuart?"

"Not permanently. But such fun! I almost did lose my heart in Java, though. We visited Jeanne who went to school with me and who married a Dutch tea planter. And she had a brother-in-law who grew bulbs in Holland—Oh, Stuart, he was sweet!"

"No doubt. I feel sorry for the poor devil."

"Well—he just wasn't the one—"

"I see. And what about all the princes and dukes and kings of your letter?"

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