

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing-Editor Member of the Associated Press

Smart Oregon

OREGON may be poor but its youth are smart. Our schools must be doing a commendable job. A study just concluded covering ratings of young men admitted to the military academy at West Point and the naval academy at Annapolis shows that Oregon secondary schools rank second of the states of the nation.

States below the national coefficient, in order of standing were: New Jersey, Connecticut, Colorado, Florida, Missouri, Utah, New York, Ohio, Washington, with a co-efficient of 206.3; Iowa, South Dakota, Louisiana, Nevada, Vermont, Nebraska, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Illinois and Pennsylvania.

States with coefficients higher than the national average, indicating a relative poorer standard of secondary education, were:

Montana, California, with a co-efficient of 227.1; Idaho with 227.5; Indiana, Kentucky, Arizona, North Dakota, Minnesota, Texas, Maryland, Kansas, Michigan, Oklahoma, Virginia, Wyoming, Tennessee, South Carolina, Delaware, Rhode Island, Arkansas, West Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, New Hampshire, North Carolina and Mississippi, with a co-efficient of 270.6.

For once Oregon has something to crow about; and can crow over California whose schools have high repute. California rates poorer than the national average. Washington, which 25 years ago had a rating next to Massachusetts in a survey made by the Russell Sage foundation, ranked 12th.

This is of course a very narrow base for ranking, because the numbers involved are small. But it does attest the high quality of education in Oregon. This was confirmed by the survey for higher education made here some years ago when it was disclosed that Oregon sent a remarkably high percentage of its high school graduates to college.

Perhaps we should advertise our schools as well as our roads, our scenery, our summer playground, and our natural resources.

Helena Gets Chinook

AFTER suffering agonies of fear from repeated earthquakes and bitter cold Helena obtained relief from the cold at least when a chinook arrived. The chinook is the rare phenomenon which makes the winters of the interior more tolerable. It loosens the icy grip, melts snow, sends streams into sudden flood.

The old capital city of Montana has been sorely afflicted in recent weeks. Homes and public buildings have been shaken down or put out of plumb. Several lives have been lost. So continuous have been the shocks that many have left the city to remain away until the earth unshakes itself.

No special relief fund has been launched in this part of the country. Perhaps with government and Red Cross funds no special campaign is needed. But it is for just such catastrophes that our American Red Cross is equipped to render immediate and intelligent service. Soon the Red Cross campaign will be on. When the solicitor comes folk should remember Helena's troubles and enroll in the Red Cross to help it on its errands of mercy.

Risks of Winter

TWO young men were caught in the cold weather and narrowly escaped freezing to death. One was in eastern Lincoln county, the other in southern Oregon. The unreasonable spell of cold was so unusual that the men undoubtedly failed to realize the risk they were running when they set out into the woods. In winter the timber may be as hazardous as mountain climbing in summer. Precaution is needed as to weather, clothing, and choice of route.

The outdoors beckons winter as well as summer. We have here a great playground in all weathers. But nature is fickle, plays no favorites. Man must fashion his course to suit nature's whims, or else he may be caught in the grip of storm or cold or flood. Those furies we call the elements must always be courted, to avoid their vengeance.

Candalaria heights provoked robs of oratory yesterday in the house. Some of it sounded sincere; considerable of it rather shallow and political. The majority report as Kirkpatrick said is built to attract all blocs. The real battle over the capitol question is coming in the conference committee and then in each house when the conference committee reports. Considerable of yesterday's discussion and some of the voting was for home consumption. There are a certain number of motions made to permit certain groups to vote so as to satisfy the folks at home; but these are no question now but what land purchase will be authorized and the full \$2,500,000 project approved.

The airport drilling brought a dry hole; and now the outfit has moved into the gap toward Turner. It still proves our contention that water is where you find it. Our offer of a water witch still holds.

Honor Roll Has Names 18 Youths

BRUSH CREEK, Nov. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Victor Madson, who will leave this weekend for Hillsboro to make their home, were the inspiration of a surprise Sunday noon. The affair was also made an anniversary which falls November 26. The Madsons were presented with an electric waffle iron.

The group brought dinner. Included were Mr. and Mrs. Madson and three children, Colleen, Roger and Loretta Bell; Mr. and Mrs. Ole Satern, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Satern and Joan and Darrel, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Satern and Wallace and Marshall.

Sunday night the Madsons were guests at supper with Mrs. M. J. Madson as hostess. Mrs. Madson, Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Edwin Hattberg entertained for Mrs. Madson. Present were Mrs. Madson, Miss Alice Jensen, Miss Lillian Madson, Miss Nettie Hattberg and Mrs. Hattberg.

Unique Party is Held By Junior Group for Independence Seniors

INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 5.—A most unique party was given by the junior class Friday night in the high school gymnasium with the theme of "Independence Seniors". A surprise of the evening was the buried treasure hunt, besides the treasure hunt dancing and cards were enjoyed.

Committees responsible for the clever party were: Decoration, Frances Knott, Vivian Soden, and June Charbonneau; entertainment, Irene Hurley, Frances Haley and

Loree Birch; refreshments, Mildred Hartman, Helen Mallard and Frances Hanna; and clean-up, Norman Brown, George Berry and Phillip Sperling.

Trout Will Be Held At Independence Today For Trio One-Act Plays

INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 5.—Students are to try out Tuesday for character parts in the three one-act plays, which are to be presented December 5 in the training school auditorium by classes from the high school. One act plays are being read and the three will be decided on this week.

Miss Marcelle Demitt, sophomore adviser, will coach the freshmen-sophomore play; Miss Anita Boley, freshmen adviser, will direct the junior play; and Mrs. Margaret Kelley, senior adviser, will have charge of the senior play.

Rabens Entertain

SILVER FALLS, Nov. 5.—At their home in the Coon Hollow district Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rabens and family were hosts to a group of friends at an evening of cards, dancing and games. The Halloween motif was carried out in decorations. High scores went to Mrs. Geary Neal and Adam Toepfer.

New Election Date

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—Because of an error in the description of the district in the published notice of an election to be held on the proposed project of taking water from Crabtree creek for irrigation of the LaCombs district, Saturday, November 30, instead of November 18, had been named by the county court for the election.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Another Farmer Speaks

Washington, Nov. 5

SOME time ago a letter from a farmer—Mr. Frank E. Chedde, of Cherokee, Okla.—was printed in this place. Mr. Chedde resented the notion that because the farmer took the money he was not intelligent enough to see the unsoundness of the AAA scheme. Here is a letter from another farmer who takes the other view.

Mr. Paul R. Yauch, of Lafayette, Ind.

"AND SO," writes Mr. Yauch. "You got a letter from a farmer condemning the AAA, did you? And you gave it much publicity! Well, here is another letter from another farmer, but this letter will receive no publicity from me, for this one is in favor of AAA and, since your policy is to give but one side of the question, you naturally want to keep quiet all the benefits of our crop-control plan. It certainly gives any intelligent farmer a bellyache. I received some of the stuff you put out. I have just heard that the corn-hog vote went about 6-1 in favor of keeping a control plan in operation. Thank God for that.

"IT is fellows like you and the newspapers which carry your rotten, damnable trash that are holding up recovery. Why don't you want the farmer's to have a chance? All other forms of business practice production control in order to keep prices up are not our fault we have want in the midst of plenty. God knows we are producing enough. But we have been ignorant fools. You know we have. Producing a great supply of food stuff at a low price is some one else to speculate on and grow rich on. You can't find any farmers of any way near the wealth of men who handle the products of the farm after they leave the farm. Always the farmers have had to take what was offered them and give what was asked. Think of the farmer, who produces a great majority of the wealth of the nation, at the mercy of white-collared men who never produce a bushel of corn or wheat or a pound of pork or beef.

"THEY want us to keep on producing at a loss so they can get their profits and you do too. And now when our government for the first time helped us make a little progress, fellows like you try to test it down. For, as you say, we have a few farmers so damnably ignorant that they believe the lies you write. For, Mr. Kent, some of the things you write are bare-faced lies and I dare you to deny it. When farm prices were at bottom farmers did not boycott city goods because their prices were out of line. The attitude of city newspapers toward higher food prices is especially unfair because they know better.

"FARMERS resent this city attitude. It works to destroy the good feeling between farmer and city which ought to exist. You condemn our policy of restricted farm production. But that restriction, with the drought over which no one had control, has reduced total food supplies only ten per cent below the average. Production of industrial goods, on the other hand, is still 13 per cent below the 1925 average and 27 per cent below the 1929 average. City factories have done a lot more plowing under of production than the farmer. While farmers are killing a few little pigs, the cities are killing a great many more. It is important to remember that 10,000,000 workers farm prices are 27 per cent below 1929. Costs of processing and distributing food are only 10 per cent below. If food costs are high the colored gentleman who buys for the farmer's wool pile. But increased income for the farmers will put more men in more branches of industry to work than any other class in the country.

LET the farmer become prosperous and we will have a real recovery all the way. And every farmer has joined any crop-control program has done so of his own free will. Every smart farmer wants to join it. Every farmer should be compelled to join it. Every farm should have a quota of bushels of corn, wheat, oats, rye, etc., and pounds of pork, beef, mutton, butter fat, etc., over which amount could not be sold from that farm unit. Then we would have a real crop control. On my farm I can put out seventeen acres corn; twenty acres wheat. But that's O. K. I would much rather raise only 500 bushels of wheat and get \$1 per bushel, than raise 1,000 bushels and get 50 cents per, and so would you if you were a farmer. But you are only a newspaper man, so you write for the side the money's on. I thank you."

Twenty Years Ago

November 6, 1915

Thomas A. Edison has received the Nobel prize for physics.

In the spirit of the times, Mt. Veuvius has its forces mobilized and is in active eruption. One hundred students are expected to board the special train for Eugene today to see the annual Salem high school-Eugene high football game.

Ten Years Ago

November 6, 1925

A vicious deer which attacked A. J. Gregg on the tuberculosis hospital farm grounds yesterday.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dunham Wright, in his 94th year, who came to Salem to speak to joint session of the legislature:

(Continuing from yesterday.) For six weeks this little party, of which Dunham Wright was member, was lost in the mountains, and during the last two weeks their food consisted principally of service berries which had dried on the bushes.

At length they came upon an Indian trail which they followed to the main Salmon river, after which they went down the John Day and Slate creeks. There they found a mining camp of 12 to 15 miners and obtained employment at building houses for them. They built for a merchant a log house 15 by 20 feet, to be covered by boards which Dunham Wright packed down the mountains three miles on his back.

He was paid \$250 for that job. The eight men of the party worked at mining and building houses until the latter part of November, 1862, when, packing their supplies and clothing on their faithful old oxen, they retraced their steps to Long valley about the mouth of the John Day basin, which was a rich mining camp.

On the 12th of December they located a mining claim near Placerville. That night the snow began to fall, and it was evident that there was no more feed for their oxen in that country.

It seemed necessary to kill the animals, but to do this was a hardship to any who had traveled behind the faithful old beasts for so many months.

Let there be cast, and to Dunham Wright fell the unenviable task. He has ever since declared it was one of the most trying ordeals of his life.

In the fall of 1863, Wright returned to the springs, erecting pack train of mules and horses, made several trips packing from Umatilla to the Boise basin. He received as high as 50 cents a pound for water freight, but all supplies sold at a high figure.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IN SPITE of the constant research carried out by bacteriologists and other scientists, the actual cause of the common cold still remains an unsolved puzzle.

Fortunately, we are familiar with the main factors involved in "taking a cold," even though we do not know the particular cause of the virus which causes the disagreeable ailment. It is believed that the virus which enters the body through the nose, produces the common cold.

Perhaps the more has been written concerning the common cold than about any other affliction of mankind. All the authorities urge the importance of building up a good body resistance to colds and to avoid. Unfortunately few appreciate and apply this simple advice. Indeed, most persons rarely give serious thought to health until they become sick.

Keep Body Healthy

The best way to keep the body healthy is first to eat wisely. There must be an abundance of fresh air and sunlight, sufficient sleep, rest and relaxation. Perhaps we overlook this simple but very necessary to refrain from worry.

To avoid colds, we must not forget that the constant changes of temperature and the frequent exposure to cold and dampness are greater in winter. It is important to wear clothing that is adapted to the weather. Drafts must be guarded against. The feet must be kept dry. When winter begins it is a good plan to visit a doctor for a general check-up. Do not wait until some infection or other ailment sends you to him. Do it now.

It may be that you are harboring germs on your teeth, nasal sinuses or tonsils. They are ever watchful, seeking to attack other parts of the body. They may be responsible for a severe cold. If you are in run-down condition you are in greater danger because of disease organisms. Every effort should be made to guard against any source of infection.

Child Not Trivial

Often children are susceptible to colds and infections of the nose and throat because of diseased tonsils. Sometimes the tendency is due to a deficiency of vitamins A and D in the diet. Please remember that these vitamins will be supplemented by the administration of cod liver oil. Never consider a cold to be a "trivial" and unimportant thing. Take care of it. Many simple colds and protracted illnesses are caused by neglected lead to serious infections and prolonged periods of convalescence. It is best to go to bed and remain there for at least twenty-four hours. Avoid draughts and overheating. Drink at least six to eight glasses of water daily. If there is fever consult with your doctor without delay.

Answers to Health Queries

A. D. Q.—What is the best and safest way to reduce the hips? A.—Exercise will help to overcome this condition. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Copyright 1935, K. F. S., Inc.)

was served for luncheon today to members of the state board of control.

Discussion of through streets for Salem was heard at the luncheon meeting of the Marion-Polk county realtors.

Mayor J. B. Giesy has appointed a city planning and zoning commission of seven.

He paid \$150 for 150 pounds of flour and as high as a dollar for a letter while in the Boise basin in the winter of 1862.

The following spring he whipsawed the lumber for the first frame building in Boise basin. This was owned by James Paine, later of Boise, Idaho, who paid Wright \$20 for each 100 feet sawed. He sawed on an average 200 feet a day.

Having secured the first Buckeye motor brought to the Grande Orege, coming by ox wagon and night during the mowing season, receiving \$2.50 an acre for mowing.

Later he conducted a hotel and stage station at Hendershot Point during the winter of 1865-6. In July, 1867, at Cove Union county, Oregon, Mr. Wright married Artemisia, a daughter of F. W. and Elizabeth Duncan, who were among the first settlers at Cove Orege, coming by ox wagon. Her neighbors usually contracted Artemisia to Misha. She died in 1913, at the Medical Springs home.

A daughter, Grace, was born to them. She was married to B. H. Foye, who died, and there is a grandson, Nesden Wright Foye, now 30. The daughter, only child of the Dunham Wrights, is now Mrs. Grace Foye, and she is constantly with her father, a devoted and devotedly loved daughter. Her solicitude for him explains in part why he is vigorous in body as well as in mind for one approaching the century mark.

Chas. H. Duncan, brother of Mrs. Wright, served in the Oregon legislature.

December 2, 1868, the Duncan Wrights located a Medical Springs. Their daughter, Grace, was born there.

They acquired a tract of 280 acres, including the land where is located the springs. They erected a hotel building, accommodating 80 people, and with modern facilities. People have come hither from far places and near to take advantage of the healing qualities of the water from one of the Rockies, from Portland, etc.

There are three springs, having in all a flow of ten and a half million gallons of water, with a temperature of 15 degrees at an altitude of 3338 feet. The water contains 11 valuable medical qualities.

When discovered by Duncan Wright himself, the springs were used extensively by the Indians of a wide section, as many as 50 tepees being located there at one time—what many tribes called 50 fires.

Few men have been better known in eastern Oregon for good deeds than he.

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesmen Readers

DEFENDS PASSION PLAY

To the Editor: In your issue of Nov. 1, appeared a letter from Mr. Allen O. Hess which should not go unchallenged.

Had his criticism of the "Passion Play" been upon its merits or upon the advisability of producing such a play, I could not have taken exception to it. It is the spirit of his attack that has impelled me to answer. He has made serious charges and insinuations against the characters and the motives of the players and their sponsors. I liked your letter when he was telling of the old age pension aspirants nursery rhymes about cows milking themselves.

His charges of blasphemy, sacrilege and hypocrisy, made with hostile discrimination and with a hostile cattiness unworthy of a Christian minister. He calls people hypocrites without knowing them and makes the adjectives blasphemous and sacrilegious, without knowing their motives, without knowing a thing about them except they are doing something he doesn't like owing to some former experience.

Now it was the privilege of this scribble to be associated with the troupe who put on the "Passion Play" during the whole of their performance here in Salem, and I am sure I never associated with a better behaved and more conscientious bunch of people or more earnestly endeavoring to perform well the task they had.

In their case was interpreted as a matter of course, being in depicting the last scenes in the life of Christ. No more modest, unassuming, quietly dignified a person I met than the one who takes the part of the Christ. As to me parts of his performance approached the back stage though it was. Cigarettes and sap are words that have no connotation with his personality. I can't make the adjectives blasphemous, sacrilegious, hypocritical apply to these people and their characters as I saw them. They were men and women who felt they were doing a service to humanity, interpreting, in the same charge, the emotions and the experiences of the people who participated in the last scenes of the life of Christ, just as Mr. Hess did when he was trying to do the same thing in his way as a minister. They have just as much right to question his sincerity, as he theirs.

Mr. Hess makes also the charge of commercialization. He knows, of course, that the same charge is made, constantly, against the Christian ministry. The answer to both is, in Christ's own words, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

But the most serious thing in Mr. Hess' attack is not his direct charges, but in the implication by association against the moral characters of the troupe. It is a low form of calumny, the insinuation of anybody's character by some indirection. He tells the story of a

Sam:—"You ship that abroad at your own risk!"

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"LOVE DENIED"

by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

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CHAPTER XXXVI

"Who told you I made good beer, Kent?"

"I think it was—my wife—"

"Oh! How perfectly sweet of her! You know, Kent, I think she's such a pretty woman!"

"Um." He was busy lighting a cigarette.

"Yes," Julie pursued, "she has the loveliest lines from here to here—"

Julie illustrated on herself the lines from her neck to her thighs. Kent followed the features like a little black and gold elf.

"Isn't it wonderful to have long-flowing lines like that?"

Kent was not listening. He went over to her suddenly and scrutinized her briefly from head to toe. "Incredible!" he muttered.

"What?" she asked.

"The size of you! You're just a miniature woman!" She looked at him through half-closed lashes, blowing smoke at him.

"Get married?" He hadn't thought of that. The excitement of the chase mounted. "Who's the man?"

"Oh, I have lots of chances to loll at my ease in yachts and town houses, instead of pulling the old body out of bed at seven A.M. to make up or be on the set at nine every morning!"

He grimaced at her. "So you want to loll at ease, eh? When are these said yacht-and-town-house owners—"

"I sent 'em off down the beach to answer party when I heard you were here."

"Really? I get first choice?" He reached forward to seize her hands and pull her over into his lap. "So I know you won't go back on me."

"I'm not promising anything. A millionaire Auzsard has his advantages. She climbed off his lap and went to the mirror to inspect herself. "Do you think I'd look good blonde?" she asked anxiously.

"Listen to me, Julie." Kent came up behind her and swung her around to face him. "There isn't really another man?"

"What do you mean—another?" she asked quickly.

"I mean—look here, Julie, you know how I feel about you—"

"Yes!" she prompted eagerly, leaning against him ever so little.

"I want you with me. Look what I've done today." He took a paper from his pocket and waved it before her eyes. "Got your company to agree to let me buy your contract for the rest of the year—with your consent, of course."

"Oh, they were willing to sell, then?"

"They held me up, of course," he said grimly. "Now you aren't going back on me, are you, Julie?"

"Well, I couldn't—for the rest of this year. But—" she temporized, "I do want to be married. Kent—do have a home like other girls—" Her lips trembled and the ready tears stood in her eyes. "I can't promise what I'll do at the end of this contract!"

He looked away from her moodily and looked out at the ocean, jingling the keys in his pocket. She came to him presently and slid under his arm, snuggling up at him with dewy eyes.

"Not mad at me, Kent?" she asked, but I do believe I'm furious."

She laughed delightedly and pulled down his head to kiss him. Then she danced away to the door.

"Come on, darling, let's swim. There are men's suits down in the dressing room. I'll show you." He hesitated, glancing at his watch.

"Afraid your wife will see you with me again?" she teased slyly.

"No," he said shortly. "She's at home going over accounts with her lawyer. Besides, she wouldn't care if she did see me with you."

Julie shook her head wonderingly. "Gosh, what little sense that woman has!" she commented with complacency.

"Dyon" knew what she meant. "All right, let's swim!"

In Beverly Hills that warm afternoon, a disagreeable new word was being differently into Sharlene's ears: Retrench. It seemed that the factory was on half production, and the oil wells throttled down to practically nothing. Certain stocks were perilously low and others worthless. She was advised to look ahead and watch her expenditures, for heaven only knew how long this depression would last.

"Your charities," scolded Mr. Folsom, "are on an absurdly lavish pre-depression scale. I suggest you cut down on them."

"No, we won't change those plans till we have to," Sharlene decided. "There must be other ways to retrench."

After Mr. Folsom had gone Sharlene sat there in a maze of papers covered with figures, really thinking about money for the first time in her life. There Leigh Damers found her when he came storming in from the office they had established in Hollywood.

"Dyon" knew what he's done now!" he exploded without any preliminaries.

"Kent?" She dragged her mind away from the frightened figures and smiled up at the frowning young man. "No. What's he done?"

"He couldn't wait for De Vere to finish her contract. Oh, no! He had to go and buy it from the company, so he could have her the rest of this year!"

"Leigh! Why, that must have cost—"

"\$700 much! It isn't as if we couldn't get actresses, good or better—for less money. The town's full of 'em."

Leigh walked about restlessly as he talked and helped himself to ice cream from Sharlene's canister. "Don't think the company thought she was so hot—or they wouldn't have sold at any price. Kent makes me sick!"

"Why," Sharlene's voice was a bit odd, "who was he so determined to get?"

"Because he thought he couldn't have her. You know how Kent is? Just let him think he can't have a thing, he's got the appetite and earth till he gets it."

"I wonder," said Sharlene thoughtfully, "if he's always satisfied then?"

"Never! Once he's won his way, he's through, he's not interested any more. Of course, this will be different, I hope. After all, De Vere's not a game, she's an investment. But I think the initial outlay is too much."

"At a time like this, yes," agreed Sharlene, stirring the papers on her desk with a slim finger. "Did you try to argue him out of it?"

"Argue? Say, I've done nothing else but I should have known better. When he was a kid, father and mother knew that the way to get him to do anything was to argue on the other side. Obstacles only what this boy's appetite to win. Take Cora, for instance."

Sharlene glanced up quickly, holding her breath. Leigh, flourishing up and down the room, kicking a cushion, did not notice. He went on:

"Cora seemed unattainable. He couldn't rest until he'd made her love him. Then he didn't care any more—he'd won!"

"But, he married her—" Sharlene began.

"He owed her that; he should have done it years ago."

"But, Leigh, don't you see how sporting it was for him to marry her—when he did?"

"Sporting!" Leigh snorted. "He didn't think he was taking any chance. The doctor told him she was going to die. That's why I couldn't get him to phone you about it—before he did it. He thought his usual good luck would hold and nobody would ever know it. Even when she got better, he thought it would come out all right. Then you did the unexpected, running off and getting married. He'd counted on your sticking through anything."

"And I failed," Sharlene said unhappily. "I've never forgiven myself."

"Don't be silly! You gave him a new hurdle, don't you see? You were going to be hard to get. That was what he was looking forward to."

"While he was being so good to Cora?"

"Good? Well, if you like to put it that way. He dragged her around with him to save face. There'd been enough of that. He saw her as little as possible. In the islands he'd devoted himself to sports. He