

# The Oregon Statesman

Founded 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Agricultural Conferences

SEVERAL years ago the extension division of the state college under Director Paul V. Maris conducted "outlook conferences" over the state at which the probable demand for agricultural production of various kinds was considered and recommendations made. The purpose was to adapt production to demand in order to sustain a well-balanced agriculture and to avoid profligate effort by the farmers. Dean Schoenfeld, present director of extension, seems to be reviving these agricultural conferences. Dates have been fixed for the conferences in several counties, the one for Marion county being January 20-21.

Reference has been made in this column to the work in Linn county preliminary to the conference, involving recommendations respecting investment in farm lands designed to keep the capitalization of farms on a safe level. Another announcement from Lane county is to the effect that the committee considering production for the county recommends turning from grain to seed production, and no expansion of fruit growing as a whole for the county.

This recommendation confirms the experience of farmers in the mid-Willamette. There has developed a fine market for valley seeds: rye grass, vetch, and other grasses. These seeds are wanted for sowing in the southeast for cover crops to help renew soil fertility and prevent erosion. The northwest is the best source of supply. These grasses, like rye grass, have done well on the "white lands" which are about the poorest in the valley counties.

The Linn committee will recommend shrinkage of acreages of prunes and walnuts and against increase in cherry plantings, with very limited expansion in small berry plantings. This advice seems practical under present price conditions, and considering general soil conditions and market outlets for Linn county.

These conferences may become highly valuable, gearing production to demand in a thoroughly rational manner. The farmer who watches trends, who uses his brains as well as his arms, will be able to find profitable crops from his acres. These close-to-the-soil conferences, attended by staff members from the state college, may mean as much to the farmers as the old farm institutes in the days before county agents and short courses. They are a genuine "agricultural adjustment" without the politics.

## Scrambled Alphabet

OFFICIAL Washington is reported all a-flutter over the fate of the AAA. Operations have been suspended, including benefit payments to farmers under existing contracts. Effort is being made to discover a new method by which the government's contractual obligations may be met. Secretary Wallace, expressing fear that a period of low prices may ensue, has called farm leaders together to consider the subject.

In spite of the fact that this administration has not hesitated to impair sacred contracts of the government, it is yet to be hoped that some legal method may be found to meet the obligations to the farmers, certainly to compensate them for any acreage actually abandoned for this crop season and last.

As for the future, why not await developments? When NRA was declared null and void there was a cry from the pessimists that business would go to pot. Instead every day in most every way, it got better and better. Already the reaction to the knocking out of AAA has not been unfavorable to farm prices. Wheat regained a slight loss yesterday. Hog prices actually advanced, proving the contention that part at least of the processing tax came out of the growers' price.

The AAA did give definite benefits to the farmers for a time; but none expected the Santa Claus to live forever. Instead of rushing into fresh legislation for farm control, why not let the law of supply and demand operate for a time? It is undoubtedly true that the high command will need to devote careful thought to its future course. The rulings of the supreme court have virtually destroyed the new deal as a going concern. Some of the laws, such as TVA, may escape the judicial axe, but others such as the Guffey coal bill, the Bankhead cotton act, and probably the social security and Wagner labor bill will meet the fate of NRA and AAA. Either the president must accept the court verdict that these topics are beyond authority of congress; or he must challenge the country to amend the constitution. Either course is fraught with grave political difficulty; but the latter seems more characteristic of Roosevelt.

## Valley Promotion

At a meeting of the Oregon Food and Beverage dispensers at Albany Monday night speakers said "either we must stay in business and work with the Knox law or work against the Knox law and be out of business." That was a pointed remark; and the fact that the dispensers recognized the truth of it is a good augury. For the people of the state are quite firmly committed to the Knox plan of liquor control under present conditions; and dispensers who seek its overturn or attempt its violation will sooner or later find themselves out of business.

In Salem recently have been evidences of the fact that the law has teeth in it. One popular suburban resort has lost its beer license; another city dispensary is expected to lose its permit because of allowing the sale of hard liquors. The beer dispensers cannot overlook the fact that Dr. Knox and Mrs. Honeyman of the old survey commission, in their expression of opinion as to results after two years of repeal said the chief complaint was coming from the beer parlors. That means these resorts are under scrutiny. The places which flout the law and develop into low dives injure the standing of all engaged in the business.

The beer dispensers have the choice of reasonable self-control or else of going clear out of business, either by loss of license or by change of the law.

The Woodburn Independent comments on a new term which appears in the prints but probably hasn't gotten into the political lexicon yet. It is "production for use". As nearly as we can make out the term is just an alibi for socialism, designed for those who want to run for office but know they could get nowhere in the socialist party.

How loud to shout, queries the Portland Journal, over Oregon's mild rain as contrasted with the midwest's snow and the south's seven inches in 24 hours. Remembering our own snow of Oct. 31 and subsequent freeze that killed apples on the trees, we'd caution against shouting too loud.

Nineteen hundred thirty-six starts out with an election in Oregon. So far the campaigning has been quiet, confined chiefly to payables in the metropolitan press. The time to get uneasy is when the campaign trail is in monosyllables at the street corners.

Borah does a star bit of tight-wire walking when he declares the Townsend plan "basically sound in some respects but unworkable." Borah must be a candidate for something, all right.

One advantage of hanging a convicted murderer is that the case soon gets out of the papers.

From the president's message it appears the slogan for the campaign will be: "He kept us out of war."

## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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### Clouds Over Congress

Washington, Jan. 7. IT IS doubtful whether in all our history a session of Congress has met in quite the atmosphere that envelopes the one that convenes here tomorrow.

Large clouds hang heavily over it. No matter what direction it takes the body will not be able to get from under them during the remainder of its life, now calculated to last from four to five months.

ONE of these clouds is the Presidential campaign; the other the Supreme Court. There is nothing particularly new about the first. In all sessions preceding the quadrennial election every act has been flavored by Presidential politics and practically every thought and word is in those terms. The saturation of this session will be unusually complete. One reason is the intense feeling that has been created, both favorably and unfavorably, by Mr. Roosevelt and his policies. Now openly a candidate for reelection, manifestations of this feeling will be more frequent and emphatic. Another reason is the presence in the Senate of at least two recognized and more or less genuine aspirants for the Presidency among the Republicans—Senator Borah and Senator Vandenberg.

HOWEVER, it is the shadow of the Supreme Court which really justifies putting the session in a class by itself. Pending decisions of the court have never loomed so large or been of such acknowledged political moment. It is possible they may change the whole character of the campaign. Certain it is that neither party can clearly see the issues nor formulate its program until the court has spoken. Nor can anyone be sure as to how the court will decide on any one of the pending cases it has been considering.

ALL one can judge from are its decisions on New Deal legislation last year. In one case, the court in agreeing that the government action was wrong both legally and morally, but by a majority of one it sanctioned the act, saying, in effect, nothing could be done about it now. The general feeling was that in that case the court considered the consequences of declaring the gold clause act void, and was unwilling to precipitate the kind of chaos that would have followed. However, it left no doubt of its stern disapproval of the thing that had been done. In the other three cases the court, with impressive unanimity, decided against the New Deal. In its NRA decision it destroyed the main device of the Administration for promoting recovery and left it in a state of dismay and confusion from which even now it has not wholly emerged.

THE MOST important of the decisions now awaited is that on the AAA. It may be sustained; it may be struck down; or it may be partially destroyed or partially sustained. No one can tell about that, but of one thing there is certainty—if the decision is adverse the Administration will not receive the blow as it did when the props were pulled from under the NRA. In that case it did two things: first, through the President and later various spokesmen, it voiced hostility toward the Supreme Court; second, it predicted a lot of untoward results both as to industry and labor.

THE reasons neither of these things will be done should the decision knock the AAA out, is that both turned out very badly. Instead of a favorable reaction to criticism of the court, there was a very emphatic unfavorable reaction. It seemed clear that the people are strongly pro-court and pro-Constitution. They may not understand very much about either, but they are for them just as they are for the Bible and the flag. As to the predictions of disaster to follow NRA dissolution, the reverse turned out to be true. Freed from its shackles, business went ahead instead of back. Nor did the forecasted orgy of wage cutting and discharges of labor take place. That idea, in fact, turned out to be silly—so much so that if the AAA gets the coup de grace from the court, the Administration will accept the fact without attack on the decision or a wall about results. It will simply present another plan, which, it is asserted, is already prepared. At least that is the belief.

## Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

SOME PERSONS complain of ways being tired. They are exhausted after the slightest exertion. Besides showing a marked tendency to fatigue, there may be loss of memory, loss of appetite and sleeplessness. Usually the trouble is due to prolonged and a wasteful expenditure of energy. Doctors call this condition "neurasthenia."

Contrary to the common belief, neurasthenia is not a purely imaginary illness. It is a functional disorder of the nervous system, the chief symptom of which is abnormal fatigue. Unless properly taken care of it may lead to some other more serious disturbance. Usually the sufferer neglects to see a doctor because he has no definite pain.

He shows signs of irritability and "nervousness." There may be the loss of memory already mentioned, together with an inability to concentrate. In addition to this mental disturbance, the general health is impaired. Indigestion and constipation may be associated with it.

Has Many Sources  
As a rule, neurasthenia can be traced to some emotional disturbance. Persons who are continuously anxious, shocked, fear, apprehension or worry, sometimes develop neurasthenia. It may be found in the child as well as the adult.

For years neurasthenia was believed to be a complaint primarily of persons of leisure, the well-to-do. But today we find it among all classes of people. Sometimes it can be attributed to faulty living or eating habits.

In all cases it is important to consult with the physician. He will make a thorough physical examination and check up on the condition of your heart, lungs, kidneys and blood vessels. If there is any organic defect proper attention will be given it.

The first and chief step in the treatment of neurasthenia is to build up the body. Obtain plenty of fresh air and sunlight. The diet should be well-balanced, consisting of good, nourishing food. Eat an abundance of fresh fruits, vegetables, cereals, cream, butter, eggs and milk. Fried and greasy foods should be omitted. Stimulating beverages, such as tea and coffee, should be taken only in moderation.

## Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. W. H. M. Q.—What is the home treatment for mucous colitis?

A.—Proper diet and general care will do much toward improvement under such circumstances. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. All inquiries should be addressed to him in care of this newspaper.

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## Ten Years Ago

January 8, 1916  
President and Mrs. Wilson received 4000 guests at the reception in the White House last night ending the Pan-American Scientific congress.

The Panama canal is still closed because of the landslide at the Gaillard cut.

Germany has agreed to pay the United States indemnity for sinking the Lusitania.

One advantage of hanging a convicted murderer is that the case soon gets out of the papers.

From the president's message it appears the slogan for the campaign will be: "He kept us out of war."

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Salem 50 years ago and some of its history and this section's franchise crops and franchise advantages:

Invited to talk on "Salem Fifty Years Ago" at the January 6 meeting of the Salem chamber of commerce, the Bits man said in part:

Having been born in Cooper hollow, back of Monmouth, on the old Fort Vancouver trail, I perhaps saw Salem when a very small boy, but I retain no recollections of it, my people having moved to eastern Oregon when I was four years old.

They went first to Rock creek canyon, then in Wasco county, some 60 miles back of The Dalles, then to near Weston, 20 miles east of Pendleton.

Later they moved to Douglas county, over the ridge from the Applegate settlement.

I did not get back to Salem until April, 1884, where I stopped on my way to Portland, seeking work at my trade as a printer. I came back in August of that year, and took charge of The Statesman as editor, manager and part owner on August 18 of that year, holding those relations 44 years. They have since called me editor emeritus.

The U. S. census of 1880 showed a population for Salem of 2,538. That was a gain of 122.8 per cent over 1870, when it was 1139. But the burning May 2, 1876, of the pioneer woolen mill, first on this coast, that stood where the Larmer warehouses are now, and where the mission mills starting Salem as a town in 1840 had stood, had given a severe setback to the boom in the early seventies that followed the building of the railroad.

So there was little growth in the 1880-84 period, and thus the town in April or August of that year was little if any larger than in 1880.

But what the census showed was the people in the corporate limits, which were then between North and South Mill creeks and the Willamette river.

North and South Salem were not included, nor anything east of 18th street, which left out the penitentiary and the state hospital, the latter then called the asylum for the insane.

Perhaps 1000 more population would have been shown had the city's lines been where they are now.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from  
Statesman Readers

### SUPPORTS HEWLETT

Salem, Oregon  
January 3, 1935.

Editor Statesman—

May I say something to encourage Commissioner Hewlett in his effort to bring to light the real conditions of Marion county relief.

Every effort that has been made by committee and personal appeal to Mr. Weider, chairman of relief work has been turned down. A personal appeal was made to Mr. Weider, pointing out the injustice of having 13 case workers at \$72 a month and paying Miss Gordon \$120 a month. In place of cutting down overhead expenses as requested, the committee of which he is chairman took 130 people in rural districts off of relief.

These are among our best people and being taken off of relief can not now get work from the WPA.

Roy Melson and Glen Niles who employed the ones to run the county cannery, hired people not on relief to work and turned down people on relief who wanted to work for fruit.

Not only did they refuse to give work to ones wanting to work but the ones who were paid good wages to have charge of the county cannery, canned their own produce.

As Mr. Hewlett has stated with most of the people on WPA work why keep two divisions at the head of the work, Mr. Niles and Miss Gordon at \$120 a month.

It is up to the taxpayers and people on relief to stand by Mr. Hewlett.

ROBERT LOBB,

497 Union, Salem.

### EARTHQUAKES

Ever since earthquakes have been so numerous west of the Rockies I have had a horror that one might hit Salem. Shortly before Christmas I was in Salem and when walking down State street thought I felt a very, very slight tremor. I was scared and stood still and listened. All at once it occurred to me there might be a bribery trial in the sweet by and bye and that some one was shaking in their oxford. My mind was greatly relieved and I went on and spent my last dime.

E. B. COCHRAN  
Jefferson

### Silverton Considers

Youth Movement; Eye

To Local Application

SILVERTON, Jan. 7.—The National Youth administration movement is under consideration at Silverton, according to Mayor E. W. Garver. Mayor Garver reports that this is for boys from 15 to 25, and he asked members of the city council to bear in mind any work which could be done by these boys. There would be no expense to the city itself, he ex-

## Which Way Will He Go?



## "WIFE IN CUSTODY" by BEATRICE LUBITZ

### CHAPTER XLVIII

When she got in late that night, she undressed quickly and got into bed. It was four o'clock by the jeweled clock on her night table. She lit the bedside lamp and got out Walter's letter again. She read it over. "My children..." she murmured. And yet he hadn't made any effort to see them in two years. The court permitted him to see them whenever he wished. He had never availed himself of his right. Helen slipped down under the covers for the room was cold. She looked round at the familiar walls. She had lived here for two years. It was a pleasant, simple Colonial room but had taken on a luxurious air since her engagement. The heavy, monogrammed robe that covered her chaise longue, both Lester's gifts... the gleaming monogrammed silver on her dresser; the cut-glass and Wedgwood lamps. Everywhere was Lester's touch; the jeweled clock, the flowers, the fine editions, the collection of old ivory figurines on her dressing table; the gleaming bottles and jars... the silky rug.

She decided she'd leave most of the things here for Cecily. Cecily loved the downy lace pillows on the chaise longue—Cecily who looked as if her bed could be of steel. In two years she would be Mrs. Lester Molyneux. It was a nice name. It had dignity and strength. Helen Molyneux... certainly was more distinctive than Riley... Helen Schiller Molyneux. It wasn't like Helen Schiller Molyneux.

She drew a deep breath. Lester was having his apartment furnished so that it would be ready when they returned from a world tour. Lester agreed to everything. How sweet he was. She felt almost motherly toward him. Her room she was doing herself. It was going to be nice. The view of the park was nice. Fifth Avenue was lovely. So much nicer than Park. She'd always associate Park Avenue with Dirk's suicide. Thoughts passed through her mind a little hastily. How the Riley girls must be envying her! Did they still hate her? She wondered. Curious that she didn't care! Almost forgot what they looked like... Walter could make her cry so bitterly. She never cried now. All that was long ago. Somewhere she had read: "When you cease to cry, you cease to care."

It would be nice to be married again. Lester had so many friends, so many travels... lovely view. "Good night, Lester, dear, good night..." You mustn't forget the gym again... You must watch your weight... good night, dear... Good night, Lester, dear...

Mrs. Terhune said: "Daddy and Cecily and I want to make a big party for you on Thursday night. Now don't you throw any wet blankets over our plans. We'll have a big wedding party and we're set on it. Daddy's getting out all his choicest liquors. I'm going to call Lester right up and he won't let you change our minds. The idea! We were all set on giving you a big wedding but since you and Lester don't want it, we're going to have our party anyway."

"Mummy darling, but the work!" "Don't you fret. I'm having a caterer."

"You clever thing! But, mummy, the expense."

"If we couldn't afford to make our fosterchild a party if we wanted to. Since you're marrying that plutocrat, you act as if we were paupers, young lady!" "Oh, mummy..." Helen burst out laughing. "You're a marvel. I love that injured air, don't you, Cec?"

The old lady laughed. "These moneyed people! Well, show them, Cec, won't you? I'm going to wear every jewel I own—every button."

"Hurry for the House of Terhune!" Cec cheered.

"Yeast, and the children are staying up till nine. I told Frederick..." "What did she say, mummy, to that ultimatum?" "She saw the stern look in my eyes and she said, 'yes ma'am!'"

Helen rocked with laughter. "I love that. All right, mummy, throw your party. I hope the neighbors complain."

"Let them try! We've been in this house forty-nine years."

"Next year we'll get a loving cup," Cec observed.

Mrs. Terhune twinkled: "If daddy were the business man Lester is, we'd have owned the house by now."

Mr. Terhune, coming in the doorway, heard the remark. "Sure and sure again in the crash," he said. "The cigars came." He kissed his daughter as he passed, then Helen. He kissed his wife's trail forehead.

"Feeling all right, Lindie?" "Better than you," she chortled. "Ah, no, you don't," he chortled. "I'm all agog over this party. Mother, you and I must dance a good old-time waltz at Helen's party."

"I think we ought to," the old lady agreed placidly. "A nice, old-fashioned waltz."

"Lester says he wants a dance with you too, mummy."

"Very well, he shall have one." "It looks to me like you're planning to be the whole show on this party, mother."

"Just never you mind, Cec. This may be Helen's party, but I'm going to enjoy it!"

Not even for Dirk's wedding had the Terhune living room looked so splendid. The room was literally packed with chrysanthemums and red carnations—Helen's favorite flower. Helen pinned one in Lester's lapel.

"It makes you look rather rakish," she giggled, "but festive." "I feel more than rakish. I feel devilish."

"Stop it, Lester. These kisses shock mother. Please restrain yourself."

"You'd better come and see for yourself."

"I'll be right back, Arch." She followed the creaking old man down the long hall to the door. In the small reception room off the hallway stood Walter.

For what seemed an eternity they faced each other without speaking. The butler shuffled back along the hall to the living room. From that end came the sound of laughing voices, the blare of the music. Helen switched on the main lights. He stood there, taller and slimmer and darker than she remembered him, his hat in his hand. Neither spoke. Then Helen extended her hand and Walter took it. They shook hands.

"I want to see the children," he said. "I'm going on a trip tomorrow. I may not see them again."

Helen said with a new coldness: "Your sisters were forever making little suicide threats. Is this one of them?"

He flushed. "I hoped you believed better of me than that. No, I just want to see them. I'm tired. I may be gone for six months. I'm going to South America. Many things happen in six months—even unmediated things."

"They're sleeping," she said more gently.

"May I see them sleeping?" Helen turned and walked down the hall. He followed her on tiptoe. The hall turned in an ew where the children's room was. She opened the door softly and switched on the night light, then closed the door swiftly to keep out the sounds of gaiety from the living rooms. He stood over the two softly breathing sleeping children.

For a long time he stood silent, studying them. And then Helen realized she was weeping. It was foolish, quite weeping. She had never seen her children. Not even from her eyes, down her cheeks. She did not sob; she made no sound. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut but the tears seeped through. He turned slowly, handling his hat.

"Thank you," he whispered. "I'll go now."

Then she saw he was weeping too and her face moved and she sobbed softly.

He was her husband. A thousand memories they shared, a thousand intimacies. She had lain in his arms warm and yielding. She had loved him and no divorce, not even another husband, would ever take his place.

He made no move to touch her. "I want you to know before I go," he told her swiftly, "that I never believed a word of it. My mother called for you just before she died. It's too late now for anything. You deserve to be happy. He pointed to the ring that glittered on her finger. "I never made you happy although I wanted to."

"You did," she contradicted, "we had some lovely moments on the farm in Florida, in Europe. She bit her lip. So many tragic moments. Like photos sent to haunt them, the past filled between them. "But I'm free now," he said. "I know you'll be glad to know I'm free of them. I guess it happened when you left me. I threw off my sisters and they got their way and I go mine. I don't ever see them. Losing you was a terrible thing, Helen; it gets harder instead of easier, but at least, it freed me."

He walked toward the door. She followed him down the hall, then along the narrow hall to the outside door.

"I am glad, Walter. You deserve some happiness. You've always been so unselfish—so self-sacrificing..." They were at the door now. "Thank you, Helen, you too." He was about to go. Still he lingered. "Do you want to come in to my party?" she faltered. "I'm not dressed," but his face brightened. He looked at her hurriedly. "You are so beautiful, Helen. Even more beautiful than when we eloped and got married."

Suddenly Helen went quite blind, quite limp. She only knew she clung to him and that the tears that fell on her face couldn't be hers alone.

END

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plained.

Mayor Garver also reports that

the sewing project outlined for

Silverton has passed the county

and Portland offices and is now

at Washington for final approval.