

# Statesman Readers Culline Views Upon Many Public Issues

## Robin Fails to Appreciate Good Deed; Almost Human in That Way

By D. H. TADMAGE, Sage of Salem

A GRAIN OF COMFORT I feel sure that many troubles we might ourselves have spared, if we our false ideas and plans had not so freely aired.

In taking things for granted we have overcome it sooner.

In short we've been what may be termed a bit more dumb than dumb.

To keep in accord with Nature is just plain common sense. To try to make her change her plans is somewhat more than dense.

Nature fights back, and when she does 'tis not much of a joke. Unless one's idea of a joke, is a solar plexus poke.

I reckon that come New Year's '36 a resolution make To keep in touch with Nature and save myself some ache.

But you folks know as well as I that 'tis a campaign year. When natural law, in our bold way, is stood upon its ear. In this glad year of promise we believe what can't be true. Yet fallacy a hole may make by which truth may come through.

Many residents of Salem have received at one time or another advertising matter from genealogical concerns.

Offering for a stipulated fee to trace any person's pedigree to any desired point. I know of a number of these who have responded to the solicitation of this advertising matter, and I can readily understand why.

B. H. Townsend them. One is naturally and justifiably interested in the sources of his own blood. There may be, here and there, folks who are motivated by snobishness, if it may be called snobishness, to aspire to kinship with, say, Richard Coeur de Lion or Charlemagne or William the Conqueror, but I think that for the most part the motive is a simple, sincere and quite legitimate desire to account for the impulses within our own beings. Personally, I have never felt much concern as to what and who my ancestors may have been before the family line was established in America two or three hundreds of years ago, nor has the hanker to know of my American forebears been sufficiently strong to impel me to gather enough material regarding them to create in my mind more than the sketchiest of histories.

During the week a letter has come to me, by way of The Statesman, from Eugene B. Tadmage, governor of Georgia, who, I am strongly inclined to believe, is one of Nature's true noblemen, regardless of what President Roosevelt and Jim Farley may think of him. In this letter the governor talks of a great-great-grandfather of his, who 150 years ago, walked from New Jersey to Georgia and took up the farm land near Atlanta which has been the Tadmage home since. The Georgia Tadmages have always been farmers, the sort of farmers who have never found it necessary to mortgage their farm, and it is fair to assume that Eugene B. Tadmage has ever taken an active part in the affairs of their home state. I am aware that my folks went west from Connecticut to New Jersey and from New Jersey to Pennsylvania and from Pennsylvania to Illinois and from Illinois to Iowa and from Iowa to Nebraska, at which point the old order underwent a change and the line did a sort of jig-saw all over the map. The governor suggests the probability that my ancestors came over from England, a family party, in the good old "Plover" which, being the case or not, has its interesting points.

The matter of ancestry has its entertaining arithmetical qualities. We may easily calculate in a few minutes a vast number of ancestors for ourselves. You, for example, had two parents; each of them had two, giving you four grandparents; each of them had two, giving you eight great-grandparents; each of them had two, giving you 16 great-great-grandparents. And so it goes, and almost before you know it, you have millions of ancestors. With the blood of millions of ancestors in your veins, you may consider yourself lucky to have turned out as well as you have.

"Boast not the titles of your ancestors," says Ben Jonson. Mr. Jonson was probably annoyed, living when he did and where he did, by a certain species of human being, a sort of jelly fish, who made nothing of themselves nor tried to do so, but justified themselves for encumbering the earth by the fact that they descended from a great ancestor. It is different with us. Not many of us have an ancestor of whom to boast, but now and then it happens that someone in the family line has made a name for himself. And when this is the case, why not boast if we feel disposed to do so? So far as I am concerned, I'd much prefer to hear about an ancestor than about a surgical operation.

It has been a long and chilly winter, and winters go in this region. I have felt some doubt at intervals as to whether or not my swollen neck-scarf or muffler would prove adequate to the trials put upon it, but it has come through nobly. This muffler is a partnership affair, the partners being myself and a colony of moths that spent the summer with me, devoting a portion of their time to feasting upon the muffler. It is rich beyond the favor of very much. I have pro-

## THANKS THE LORD FOR DR. TOWNSEND

To the Editor: I would appreciate space in the Safety Valve to answer Dr. R. Ruble, who is trying so hard to advance arguments against the Townsend plan. Mr. Ruble says that he has been a tiller of the soil for over 70 years. Evidently he started farming at a very early age, or else is still old at present—much too old to still be working on a farm to earn a living. Possibly he would be content to have more than \$1000 per year but why should such a person object to others receiving \$200 a month? There is nothing in the Townsend plan that would compel him to accept the extra \$1400 a year or compel him to quit farming unless he accepts the \$200 pension.

The plan does not advocate that old people sit down and fold their hands. It says they must retire from productive industry and gainful occupations. Evidently Mr. Ruble is not aware of the fact that there are many, many things one can do besides working for gain or money. The enactment of the Townsend plan would give the old people the time and opportunity to do the good things they have always wanted to do and could not because of all their time and energy has been occupied in making a living.

It would give them the time and money to beautify their homes. Looking beyond the time when the Townsend plan becomes a law, I see a country, America, filled with beautiful homes where not we see drab-looking houses, huts and hovels, occupied by half-starved and discouraged people.

When the old people have the time and money to beautify their homes, we will have a happy, contented populace, not bowed down by worry. There are thousands, yea, millions, of old people who under the Townsend plan will have the time and opportunity to indulge in their love of reading, study, music, the arts, church and benevolent work.

Mr. Ruble asks "Why do they (Townsendites) want industry stimulated?" He tells us it has already been overstimulated. I can hardly agree with him when I know that not only thousands but millions are either on the verge of starvation or at best do not have all the necessities of life, and even I know that millions of people are out of employment. When everyone has work and plenty for both necessities and luxuries with a surplus, then we can say that industry is overstimulated.

Mr. Ruble gives himself as an example to prove that the Townsend pension is not needed. He has a farm, on which he admits he can make a good living. But what about the thousands who have no such farm, who have no place to live because they own nothing and have no money to pay for the privilege of living in a house owned by someone else? It might be a very good idea if Mr. Ruble should lose his farm and other possessions and have to go out and "pound the pavements" looking for work and being repeatedly told that he is too old to work. Let him have to post-pone some meals and have no money to secure a bed to sleep on at night. Then, I am thinking that even Dr. R. Ruble would see the necessity of having the Townsend plan enacted into law.

According to Mr. Ruble the Townsendites are like unto the Pharisees. However, I am quite sure that the shoe is on the other foot.

One of the arguments against the Townsend plan is that the old people will not spend the \$200 wisely. Granting that part of it will not be spent wisely, may I ask this question? Do those who put forth this argument spend wisely the money which they now receive? Do not the answer would have to be that they spend lots of money unwisely. If all the money they do spend wisely there would be far less misery and unhappiness in the world.

Mr. Ruble closed with a prayer—so I am closing with the prayer of a true Townsendite:

"O, Lord, I thank you that I have been enabled to try and help the poor. I hope I have no hog to eat or lilies to give and who go out on the street clothed in rags looking for work which is not to be had. I thank you that there has come forth a Dr. Townsend who has both a keen mind and a heart tuned to the misery and unhappiness of his fellow men. Amen."

**WANTS FARMER-LABOR PARTY**

To the Editor: It is a well known fact and acknowledged by all thinking people, that economic distress with its loss of farms and homes by foreclosure in the country and unemployment in the city develops a condition where the propaganda of communism is accepted by large numbers of those in distress. The conditions that produce this distress are brought about by existing laws. These laws have been enacted by representatives of big business interests and banking institutions. This statement can be verified by looking at the back copies of the Oregon Farmer Union paper where it has printed articles by President Everson, E. E. Kennedy, Congressman Lemke and many others. These articles describe the way these laws act and the results they produce. They also tell how the longer laws operate.

**A Book Review**

One of the most human stories published for a long time is that newly off the press (Macmillan), "Take all to Nebraska," written by Sophus Winther, a Dane. The book does one read a novel, in which the author has so completely turned his characters inside out for the reader's inspection. Mr. Winther has an unusual ability at character delineation.

For "Take all to Nebraska" is a purely character novel. There is no plot, it is simply the recording of the tragedy, the drama, the comedy of everyday life on a farm. But the author's ability to put the joy and the heartache into words is completely fascinating and one lives the story almost more than one reads it. From beginning to end spontaneity rules it.

Now and then, one may pause a moment to wish the author had omitted a sentence or a paragraph which seemed unnecessarily crude or stark. The story need not have lacked in strength for these omissions. But such sentences and paragraphs were unimportant and were quickly forgotten in the real character of the book.

It is evident, even with the information given by the publisher, that Sophus Winther had lived on a farm in Eastern Nebraska. It even seems quite possible that he lived on Peter Grimsen's farm. Only memories could furnish material for such a picture of a father, a mother, five sons and their neighbors.

Through Peter Grimsen, the Danish immigrant farmer, who comes to Nebraska to struggle against the droughts and floods of nature, the laws of supply and demand, and the business and culture of a new country, the Winther manages most skillfully to give us a sympathetic picture of the man who is so often misunderstood. He is a rather lonely figure, the man who is forced to devote his life to a struggle for necessities and who, because of difficulties beyond his control, often seems harsh and even cruel.

"He brooded," says Mr. Winther, "over his boys' well being and wished only to make good men of them, but instead he seemed to succeed only in arousing their dislike if not their open hatred." He saw he was failing to win either the love or the loyalty of his sons. Each time Peter Grimsen got ready to go to town he quarreled with his wife over the length of the grocery list. He knew better than anyone else how well Meta planned and how carefully she restrained from ordering anything that suggested extravagance. It was not with her he quarrelled; it was with the power outside himself which he could not get at, could not understand, so in desperation he laid the blame on Meta. So this is what they had worked for, to have their children leave them just when they could be of help on the farm, The end.

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**BAD MANNERED YOUTH**

Editor of The Statesman:

The action of certain young men and women of fashionable—and expensive—eastern colleges, rather jars on the sensibilities of average people whether World War veterans, Gold Star Mothers or fortunately, neither.

Could these clever (?) collegians by chance be any relation to the slackers who hid behind newly acquired wives? Or became suddenly the "sole support" of intelligent parents? Or of those "rest-in-peace" dollar a year men who managed to amass substantial fortunes in spite of such meager salaries.

Of many observers the activities of these bad mannered, irreverent young people are quite as funny as a crutch.

Let us get to laughing so hard that we forget, will you please publish this anonymous poem which is a clipping from an eastern newspaper.

The author expresses thanks and appreciation to Sir Walter Scott for the inspiration from his poem, "Patriotism":

**THE GOLD PATRIOTEERS**

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
"This is my own, my native land?"

Whose heart has never within him burned  
As home his footsteps he has turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?

**Snyder Rites Sunday**

MONMOUTH, March 21.—Funeral services will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. at the Monmouth Evangelical church for Mrs. Barbara Snyder, 73, who died March 18 at her home. Rev. A. N. Glanville will officiate.

**How is Your Garden?**

Camellias Seriously Damaged by Winter Frosts; Rose Queries are Numerous

By LILLIE L. MADSEN  
MONMOUTH correspondent

A writer that he has planted two camellias, each about 3 1/2 feet high from 2 1/2 feet from the corner of the fireplace on the house at the south side and wants to know if this is entirely too hot a spot for them?

In my opinion it would be. Camellias like to be shaded during the hot afternoons of summer.

W. S. Jack of Silverton who Lillie L. Madsen has seen in Oregon gardens, has his on the south side of the house, also near the fireplace, but a screening furnish shade during the hottest part of the afternoon. Camellias must have plenty of water during the summer when their buds for next season's bloom are being produced. Some commercial camellia growers advise mulching with manure, well decayed, once a year.

The Monmouth correspondent also wishes to know if the buds which are forming on his camellias will prove to be spring flowers to replace the buds frozen off in autumn. I am afraid he will be disappointed. The buds forming now are proving to be leaf buds on my camellias. The October frost of last autumn did much damage to the camellia flower crop of this spring. Last spring, Mr. Jack's one bush furnished over 800 blooms. This spring it has but a few.

What is Rose Rose?

A Salem rose grower desires to know the name of a white rose she had several years ago but has since been unable to find. She describes it as "an ivory white, sort of going into cream. Putting a few drops of lemon juice on white would somewhat describe the color. Long buds, exquisite form and semi-double when in full bloom." The rose which to my mind most closely fits this is the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, a hybrid tea produced over 40 years ago. It is cream white, of splendid form with petals of great substance. It is a perfect cut-flower and its perfume is a real rose perfume.

Another correspondent wishes to know if I can tell him what the "Wishing Rose of Washington" is. This is the Nelly Custis, a small shrub rose with little white, delightfully fragrant flowers in clusters.

Bait for Slugs

A Woodburn correspondent writes for information of slug bait, "not the kind you buy already prepared." The gardener also desires to know if slugs freeze. According to experiment stations, slugs survive very hard frosts. A bait may be made of chopped lettuce leaves or diced carrots sprinkled with calcium arsenate. Remember, however, that this is poisonous to other things as well.

"What roses resist mildew and what can I do to prevent it getting a start in my rose bed?" is an inquiry coming from Salem.

Among the roses with a mildew resistant reputation are Caroline Testout, Ulrich Brunner, General McArthur, Ophelia, Columbia, Imperial Pointe, Duchess of Wellington, Madame Edouard Herriot and Grange Colomb. There are many others also. These just come to my mind at this time.

Air Combats Mildew

Good drainage is an essential in fighting mildew. Do not plant

Who coldly looks on pain and And suffering hearts where'er you go  
Throughout the smiling country side? Whose greed for gold kills Nature's plan  
In turning out an honest man and viewing it with pride? Find men like this whose millions rattle  
But watched with care — they sneered no battle  
Or felt the patriot's thrill. Who does not know what soldiers feel  
When looking on the foe man's steel  
And knows he's there to kill. But while the soldier sleeps in mud  
With shattered bones and matted blood  
And calls through night for aid—  
This selfish man, whose money grows  
As mounts the soldier's pain and woe,  
Basks in the cooling shade.

Who coldly draws a frozen chart And lets his baleful arrows dart  
At men whose only fault Was speed to heed the clarion call  
To guard the colors, one and all And make the foe man halt. Find such a man, then give him berth  
To tread alone on Mother Earth  
With others of his kind. Let not the stench from out his side  
Be borne upon a friendly tide  
To where good blood gives births! Go brand him with the Ishmael  
That knows no love or law benign,  
Or mind impulsive, brave. Then let him have his filthy gold  
His sordid mind and heartless mold  
To drag him to his grave.

HELEN G. CRAIG,  
424 N. 23rd St.,  
Salem, Ore.

**SEE BUZZARDS FLYING**

Salem, Oregon,  
March 16, 1936.

Statesman Pub. Co.,  
Dear Editor:

If you will permit me I would like to take up a little more room in your paper to discuss the water situation here in Salem.

The remark was made a few days ago that remarks made in the Safety Valve were having Salem; that is remarks on the Salem water supply.

I don't think that anything that a person would say now could do any more damage than has already been done, as this water has been advertised the length and breadth of the land before as tag.

The only good thing that can be said for the Salem water is that you can see what you are drinking.

The most unexplainable thing about this whole mess is why people who should have the welfare of the city at heart and as taxpayers should desire to see the city grow so they could realize something on their investment are the ones that are fighting a mountain water supply the hardest.

And the papers that should want to see the city to grow and their list of subscribers would grow fighting it too.

Some are still willing to spend more money on wells but so far all the money that has been spent for punching holes around Salem has been thrown away and there is no indication that there is a supply of water adequate for a city of this size to be had from wells.

One party is fighting to have the money spent on new pipe lines and use the Willamette water, "not the kind you buy already prepared." The gardener also desires to know if slugs freeze. According to experiment stations, slugs survive very hard frosts. A bait may be made of chopped lettuce leaves or diced carrots sprinkled with calcium arsenate. Remember, however, that this is poisonous to other things as well.

**URGES RELIEF REDUCTION**

Salem, Oregon, March 17.

Editor Statesman:

I noticed what you said in Sunday's editorial in regard to the Marion county canner. Must the needy people who are on relief can get for nothing, rot?

What is wrong with the taxpayers of the county demanding the reorganizing of Marion county relief work? If they will, then there will be no need of selling the county canner.

Figure it out; here it is. What is known as the new set up: Executive secretary, per week \$35; Secretary to the secretary... 21; Secretary to the secretary... 18; Case supervisor, per week... 32; Three case workers, \$21 per week each... 63; Two workers \$15 each... 30; Stenographer, per week... 18; Stenographer, per week... 18; Interviewer, per week... 21; Filing clerk, per week... 18.

If the taxpayers will demand a reorganizing of Marion county relief work can get far better service and save at least \$600 which would buy cans and sugar.

**ROBERT LOEB,**  
Salem, Oregon.

**Three Arrested**

Three men were arrested by Salem police last night charged with drunkenness. They were Thomas Lockhart of Portland, Lloyd Sunda and Joe J. Harris, both of Salem.

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**Editorial Comment**

From Other Papers

**DESCHUTES MAN**

DEPRESSIONS, hard times and high taxes were not among the worries of the "Deschutes man" of some 15,000 years ago, but the origin of agriculture and his companions probably spent many sleepless nights on a quake-rocked earth. Dr. L. S. Cressman, curator of anthropology at the University of Oregon, has been making a close study of "Deschutes man" since the discovery of artifacts on the Wikup reservoir site, and he has arrived at the conclusion that the hunting ground of the Deschutes tribesman of prehistoric days was buried by a volcanic explosion for more extensive than that which destroyed Pompeii.

Dr. Cressman's first study was that of the stone knives unearthed by a reclamation service crew excavating test pits on the Wikup site. The knives, made of obsidian so old that it is highly difficult to show a primitive quality of workmanship. The knives, Dr. Cressman believes, represent a late division of the so-called Clovis or the early recent. "An estimate of 15,000 or more years might not be far wrong, he said in referring to the probable age of the artifacts.

The maker of the stone knives are believed to have lived in Central Oregon during an epoch when a lake covered much of the present Wikup site. Portions of this lake of old were well filled with sediments with a fine cover of vegetation present.

Into this peaceful scene, according to the geological report made by Dr. Cressman's field party, was injected the terrific effect of a violent volcanic eruption from the west or southwest—possibly the Siuslaw or the ancient mountain whose shattered base glades Crater lake.

So violent was the blast that trees were uprooted and buried

**Russia Topic of Ferdinanda Reed**

Ferdinanda W. Reed, of Cambridge, Mass., will speak Monday night at 8 o'clock at the Leslie Memorial Methodist church, Myers and South Commercial streets, on "Education in the Soviet Union."

Mrs. Reed is a nationally known author, lecturer and club woman, and is a writer for the Nation, Boston Globe and Transcript. She has made six trips to the Soviet Union in research work relative to the collective farms, the industrial organization and the educational system. Her last trip was spent mainly in Soviet Armenia. Mrs. Reed is one of the most outstanding women in America and Salem people are indeed fortunate in having the opportunity to hear her lecture, say her sponsors here, and the public invited to attend. A question and discussion period will follow the lecture. Admission is free.

**Job Near Completion**

UNIONVALE, March 21.—The large dairy barn and double garage on the Herman Frisze farm are nearing completion. Charles Sargent, contractor of Hopewell, is in charge of the work.