

# Pulse of the Times; What Free Thinkers Are Thinking About

## Conversationalists Dichotomized Into Groups; Agreers and Deniers

By D. H. TALMADGE, Sage of Salem

**VISITORS**  
Soon the summer visitors will begin to summer-visit. Voices will waver down the stairs, asking who in thunder is it?

Folks will ha-ha and gaily say gee, but it's good to see you! And how'd you stand the winter's cold, and now it's warm how be yuh?

The front porch and the parlor will resound with happy chatter. And the back porch and the kitchen will—O well, it doesn't matter.

Days will pass, and selfish plans, by the visit upset badly. Will be resumed where they were dropped and not entirely sadly.

Somewhat later in the season, folks will fidget to repay. And they'll do it sure as shootin', because folks are built that way.

Matter of fact, folks love to visit—no reason why they shouldn't. And they'd sputter more than ever if for some cause they couldn't.

By their fingernails thou shalt know them—the gardeners who wear no gloves.

It is fair, I think, to assert that conversationalists are of two general sorts—deniers and agreers.

Everybody in this world is a word vory and then Mark Twain said he did not think much of a person who could spell a word only one way.

If we are not annoyed by the idiosyncrasies or little notions of a person, but instead, are amused and entertained by them, it may safely be assumed that we truly like that person. I always got along first rate with a chap who shared a bedroom and a bed with me one winter in Dubuque. When he prepared for bed he placed a glass of water within reach. He said he might want a drink in the night. But he never did. Morning after morning the glass of water stood there, untouched. However, on those infrequent occasions when he awakened in the night and discovered that he had forgotten to place the glass of water in the accustomed place he rose and got it. I never mentioned the matter to him, because I figured it was possible I might have a peculiarity or two of my own, but of course I could not imagine what they might be.

Too warm for heat, too cool for none—a case where nothing's to be done.

I reckon there is no particular objection to the veterans of future wars movement, which the college boys are enjoying so much. They boys are entitled to all the fun they can get from the war business. When they are presented with the bill for the last one it will not be so funny.

The press news lately contained an item about a dog somewhere that returned home carrying in its mouth a newspaper in which its loss was advertised. Suit yourselves about believing the story.

Old-timers say the circus of the past was more thrilling than that of today. Perhaps it is less thrilling to the old-timers, but it is safe to say that the youngsters of today get pretty much the same old thrill from it.

There is a limit to everything. A man may train a dog and a dog may train a flea, to some extent at least—but that is the final jump.

A man sat in the lobby of a Salem hotel one day this week, on gazed in transferring the "cake" from the bowl of a pet pipe to a newspaper spread upon his lap. He was using a pocket-knife and was operating in accordance with the stab and dig system. A man with a magenta complexion spoke to him, saying, "I'll tell you, it's plain to be seen you've never worked in the oil fields. To clean that pipe you've got to drill, not poke. Hold the bowl firmly in the left hand and drill with your right. You'll be surprised at the result, which I take it isn't very satisfactory to you thus far." And the man with the pipe thereupon applied the tip of the knife-blade as if he were starting a gimlet into an oak board, and the "cake" gave away as if by magic.

Yes, I know it destroys the sweetness of a pipe to remove all the "cake." Do as you please with the bowl of your old pipe, I'm just telling you, that's all.

I suspect that the man with the magenta complexion had the pipe sized up as a sort of gusher, and perhaps he was not far wrong, at that.

He was a big, strong chap, the man with the magenta complexion. When he hankered for a smoke, he said, he rolled his own, using a filling composed of equal parts of very mild tobacco and alfalfa. But, he said, he didn't smoke much, on account of his health, which was delicate. Then he winked at nobody in particular and went over to ask the man at the desk what time the Shasta went north.

Looking back across the years, I am disposed to consider the presidential campaign of 1876 to have been the most violent political demonstration I have ever known. It was the first campaign in which I took a part. This statement may on the face of it seem somewhat ridiculous, but it is true enough. I was a student in the public schools in '76, and the schools were hotbeds of politics, nothing less. As a matter of fact, the churches and society in general were affected, and occasionally a democratic wife left her republican husband and went home bristling to her democratic parents. Or a republican wife went home bristling to her republican parents. It was that bad.

Those were the sweet old days in village life when cows roamed all over the town plat and everybody—that is, everybody who was anybody—was one or more pigs. Nearly the schoolhouse lived two enterprising citizens who conducted piggeries on a more than usually extensive scale. One of these citizens was a democrat and the other a republican. Their piggery was what may be termed the municipal plants of the armies, which waged war for their respective heroes, Hayes and Tilden, a c e h day—before school, at recess and after school. As a natural result of this pig-soaked-cornob warfare, the various grades got into bad odor.

This perhaps would have created no great obstacle to the various other issues at stake in the campaign had the odor confined itself to the school house. But it did not. It penetrated to all parts of the community, on clothing, on hands and faces and in the hair. And eventually it became that which is known in classic political literature and platform oratory as a stench in the nostrils of our fair city's citizenry.

Of course, when anything becomes a stench in the nostrils of a citizenry it cannot go much further. Either the stench is remedied or the nostrils snort themselves to pieces. The citizenry in the town of Dubuque, democrats alike, admitted tacitly that they had no particular objection to dirty politics, but they stated frankly that politics which caused the dining rooms and bedrooms of the town to smell like a piggery was too much. Fortunately, one of the teachers in the school was the daughter of a democratic family, and to her was assigned the duty of delivering an order, somewhat in the nature of an ultimatum, to the democratic piggery man. Diplomacy was necessary in dealing with the democratic piggery man, because the school board was solidly republican, all two members of it, and the democratic piggery man was not one to put up with any foolishness, the salvation of the nation being at stake, as he considered it to be.

However, after considerable growling, he agreed to clean up his piggery and destroy all corn-cobs, and the ultimate result was that the every piggery in the village was subjected to a thorough cleaning. Which goes to prove, after a fashion, that dirty political methods sometimes work to the betterment of general conditions.

I reckon that if corrupt political practices gave off a definite and unpleasant odor the people as a whole would promptly put an end to them. But, unfortunately, they do not.

There is this to be said for the Warner Brothers musical, *Colleen*, which opened the week at the Elks. The musical presents us a different Ruby Keeler than we have seen before—more restrained, yet more sure of herself. Her dance numbers with Paul Draper are swell. Some of the artists go down and some go up. Ruby is plainly still on the way up. *Colleen*, in its entirety, is pleasant entertainment. There are spots here and there of much beauty. The plot, what there is of it, is a departure from the back-stage motif, which has characterized these productions for so long, and the Warner Brothers stars show the influence of intelligent direction. Thus we see a Dick Powell happily free from the flailing arm action which has accompanied his singing on former occasions, Jack Oakie is partially subdued, and Hugh Herbert, despite the overdone giggle, gets most of his laughs without recourse to an over-the-top strong drink. I'll tell you, it's plain to be seen you've never worked in the oil fields. To clean that pipe you've got to drill, not poke. Hold the bowl firmly in the left hand and drill with your right. You'll be surprised at the result, which I take it isn't very satisfactory to you thus far.

Perhaps I should not mention this Be Kind to Dumb Animals week incident, but it was a very small incident and it can do no serious harm to tell it. It is merely that a tender-hearted Salem man, having several unwanted kittens to drown, carefully warmed the water before drowning them. Is it not a pretty little story? And was he not the tender-hearted man?

Personal  
Harley and Mrs. Bosler visited the southern Oregon beaches last week. . . Clarence Wenger and Harvey Thomas are back on the Multnomah orchestra job after a winter in Honolulu. . . Shirley Temple has two brothers, one of whom is a student at Stanford university. . . Henry Pope is again at his old place in the Paramount market, formerly Stensloff's. . . Bob Ramp is working at the Meadow Brook dairy lunch. . . Ernie and Mrs. Folsom of the Peter Pan took in the opening baseball game at Portland. . . Loring Schmidt, the popular Grand theatre left for Detroit, taking the streamline train from Portland. At Detroit he will take over a new car, and

may decide to drive to the east coast before driving home. . . Word has been received here of the safe arrival of Peter Hepner, wife and two children, at their new home in Alaska.

Everybody to his taste. Ed Tunk says some folks seem to get a heap of satisfaction from diggin' around here and there for scandal, but him he'd rather, when he feels like diggin' for somethin', dig around for soul in places where there don't seem to be many indications.

People speak at times of the aggravating thing they ever knew. Just at this moment I feel that the aggravating thing possible is a petrified rubber eraser. But shucks! I ain't minding much. What's the use? I don't reckon the eraser would erase any better if I was to call it all the unprintable names in the language.

When the pot of politics begins to bubble and boil 'Tis time to look up antidotes for what's called banana oil.

We talk of motion plays and of books which certain of them have taken, and usually, if the book chances to be a favorite of ours, we comment adversely on the motion play. But not always. Peter B. Kyne's story of the Arizona desert, *Three God-fathers*, is an exception to the rule in that it gives body and color to the story and detracts nothing. A silent audience marked the showing of the film at the Capitol Tuesday night—a tense and thoroughly interested audience. Three outlaws (Chester Morris, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan) rob a small town bank and escape into the desert. They find a dead man, an almost dead woman and a very much alive baby. Their horses drink poisoned water and die. And that is the story—their journey across the burning sands on foot in an effort to save the baby. Ultimately one of them reaches the town with the baby, and the other two give up along the way. Not especially cheering in its nature, but impressive and in places, beautiful.

**Salem Briefs**  
Our old friend, the needle in a haystack, could not be much more difficult to find than were folks last week who had not seen Shirley Temple in *Captain Jack*. . . And if there is a person in town who did not visit the World Wonder Car, "the largest traveling museum in the world," which stood on the Miller corner Wednesday and Thursday, it is because he or she was unable to get in. . . Pretty well all reminders of the past have been removed from the southeast corner of Center and Front streets. . . Another service station will, at once come into being on that corner. . . Ten more years and Salem will be practically unrecognizable by the man of 50 who left here when a boy. . . Artistic people tell us that the laws are now wearing the loveliest green of the year. . . But green to most of us is only green. . . There are folks who hold the winter green of the laws to be the loveliest of the year. . . Women readers of newspapers outnumber men readers three to one. . . Dogs in this town are like holes in underwear—they don't show. . . Cigarette smokers are reported by some news mediums to be returning to cigars. . . But pipe smokers are seen more numerous on the streets. . . Guess they may account for it. . . Whether as to what Salem's population will be in 1940 vary from 30,000 to 50,000. The person who guesses 30,000 is an ultra-conservative. It is a safe bet that the town already has 30,000 population. . . The ladies' art needle work shop, heretofore occupying jointly the room on Court street, occupied by Sims' second-hand book shop, has moved to Liberty street, between State and Court. . . A brilliant decathlon was recorded in Monday's papers, Glenn Morris being the performer. It was not the local Glenn Morris, but performance or no performance he could not be more keenly interested in clean athletic sports than is the local Glenn. . . Being remodeled and refronted. . . Being the room on State street formerly occupied by the Kahle pool hall. . . And next comes the circus!

**Farmers Consider Soil Conservation**  
SHELBURN, May 2.—A large crowd of farmers from Shelburn attended the soil conservation meeting held at Scio Thursday evening. Floyd Mullen, county agent, being in charge of the meeting. Officers elected were George Sandner and Victor Lyons from this community.

The Miller cemetery is being visited by a large number of persons daily preparing graves of relatives for Memorial Day.

Oral Bates is busy shearing goats. The increase in the price of mohair is a boost to farmers. The price on wool is also an improvement over last year.

Ralph Shiffing returned home this week from a visit with his brother, Glen, in Washington.

The Shelburn school board has hired Mrs. Margaret Kelly as a teacher for the next year. Fifteen applications were received for the position. Mrs. Kelly has been at the school for two years, but recently has been employed at Queener.

**BRIGHT MEN FAVOR PLAN**  
Editor Statesman: Some of the brightest and most prominent men in this city who a year ago, (before they studied the Plan) now say, with hundreds of the successful business men of Portland, and likewise in every city in the United States, "the 'revolving' feature, and 'recovery' claim DOES alter the essential character of the plan," so that it differs from any other form of tax, and that is why it is A RECOVERY PLAN, AND THE TOWNSEND PLAN!"  
B. L. PLUMMER.

**"MAY BASKET"**  
To the Editor: I hardly feel qualified to write for your column. I am not a graduate of any Rosedale academy or any plush college, or Hayesville seminary. I have been supposed to stay home and "follow the plow," but they do not, I am surprised that they are so quiet on the question. As a general thing their work covers everything from locating the banghole in the vinegar barrel to making pie crust.

I have admired your editorials on Salem water, school superintendent, Senator McNary and the Townsend problem. Your ideas are broad and sane; your views and writings are well adapted for the common man. The Oregonian and Statesman.  
A. T. AXTELL, Broadway Ave., Salem.

**LOGIC**  
Editor Statesman: By your editorials you claim that all money paid for the Townsend plan would come out of the U. S. treasury. By the same logic you would say that all money raised by the sale of liquor and turned over for relief would come out of the state treasury of this state.

Such logic.  
B. P. TAYLOR (Editor's Note—If Mr. Taylor will read the law he will find that the liquor money is just as much a part of the state treasury as the general fund, the higher education fund, or the motor vehicle fund. They are collected by law and paid out according to law.)

**A Book Review**  
"South Riding" by Winifred Holtby (Macmillan, \$2.50) is a novel of the bargaining, the intriguing, compromising and disturbing world of today.

In reading over the long list of characters outlined in the beginning of the book it scarcely possible that so many names could wind their way through the story in any orderly sequence, but they do. "South Riding" becomes a community one has known and lived in a long time. The many characters become the many people in the community. Some are actually known to know well; others but slightly.

To understand the significance of Miss Holtby's title fully, the reader must know that a "riding" is one of the three administrative divisions of the county, and actually the government of rural into which the county of York, in England, is divided. They are called "the North, the East and the West Riding." So South Riding does not mean that it is a study of the life of a community, but a study of a rural community or small town.

Miss Holtby has shown a remarkable ability in bringing forth the quality of the characters that make up South Riding. There is a certain Robert Carne, a gentleman of fine and handsome and courageous in his fight for the welfare of South Riding as he sees it, always burdened with his sorrow. His runaway marriage with Muriel, the beautiful neurotic daughter of Lord Sedgemoor was of short duration. To pay for the short happiness he is forced to watch his ancestral estate running downhill because of Muriel's past extravagance and the present necessity to care for her in an expensive mental sanatorium.

There is the ambitious, clever Lydia Holtby, whose family lives in an abandoned railway car, who has the ability of letting the "immediate future," his precarious livelihood, the long tiring cycle-rides against the wind, his ailing wife, the feverish, fretful, noisy children, the squalor, the monotony, the tedium all sink like sediment to the bottom of his mind. On the surface, frothed the ready foam of his dream, the implied pleasure of a new and fine idea.

**BUTTERFLY OR ANGEL**  
To the Editor of the Statesman, Salem, Ore.  
President Roosevelt has been accused of being a magician taking rabbits out of his hat and other tricks of magic, but I think his greatest feat of magic is he does it as he has outlined it to the people in one of his addresses will be changing men into butterflies.

According to his idea there would be three stages in the transition of man:  
The first one would be from the still slumber in which period he would only be supposed to eat, study and grow, preparing for the second period.  
The second period from 18 to 60 would be the work period when a man would be required to earn enough to take care of his offspring and to take care of himself and others less fortunate in the last period.

Now comparing this transition to the butterfly, the first stage would be the Chrysalis or Pupa stage.  
The second stage would represent the worm stage where a man would be supposed to keep his nose to the grindstone, getting himself ready for the third stage providing the woodpeckers didn't get him, (and there are several different varieties).  
The third stage is the butterfly stage where all a man is supposed to do is flit around and sip the nectar from the flowers cultivated and grown by the worms.

It's surprising what a man can be turned into with the right kind of environment, but it remains to be seen whether the voters will give Mr. Roosevelt another four years to experiment, but anyway a man can take his pick, he can either be a butterfly or an angel whichever he chooses.  
EARL SHARP.

**PARADISE IN 1937**  
Mill City, Ore., 4-28-1936.  
To the Editor: The general expression of the great majority of citizens now-a-days is what the newspapers are for, is that which we the great majority must not vote for, and that which the newspapers are against, is that which we the great majority must vote for. The newspapers of our country imagine that their greatest income comes from the great financial minority who control the money of our nation. Not a bad imagination for the newspapers to grant. But the great majority of citizens are going to the polls next November and change the money control of this nation. This is apparent now by the large registration of voters ever witnessed. The great majority of citizens are going to the polls next November and elect a Townsend

**ATHLETE'S FOOT-NOTE**  
Editor, Statesman: The foot-note on Mr. Lincoln's letter last Sunday was wrong. We do not lose the treasury. The 2 per cent transaction tax is levied expressly for the OARP. The treasury department is merely carrying out the provisions of the law.

The oldsters are pretty evenly scattered over the U. S. and we do perform a service to the state each month, putting that money in circulation for useful goods and service.

**Carnival Date Is Fixed by Juniors**  
TURNER, May 2.—The high school junior class will put on a carnival Friday night, May 8, as a benefit for the Junior-Senior banquet. School will close May 29. The grade children are to take part in the musical program at Willamette gymnasium next Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Van Sars is their director and also is on the committee of arrangements for the day. Mrs. R. J. Watson has returned to her home having spent the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Freedom in Portland.

**Set Pinball Fee**  
STATION, May 2.—A special meeting of the council Thursday night an emergency ordinance controlling the pin ball machines operating within the city limits was passed. A monthly license fee of \$5 for each machine will be charged by the city beginning May 1. It was brought out at the meeting that this fee is being charged in other communities.

**How is Your Garden?**  
Stock, Snapdragons, Zinnia and Petunias All Fine to Replace Early Blooms

WHAT to plant in the early-blooming bulb garden now that the hyacinths and daffodils are gone, and tulips will soon be in a question that has come to me frequently this week.

There are a few many things one can use in place of the early-flowering bulbs. One could broadcast over the bed, seed of the Virginia stock, the low growing, fragrant stock which will give so much color. Little plants could be thinned to about three inches apart. One could also broadcast seed of petunia or clarkia or marigolds.

There are also nice plants purchasable at 20 or 25 cents a dozen. These include stock, snapdragons, zinnias, petunias, marigolds and many number of others. Until this year I purchased the petunias grown individually in little pots. Then I found I could buy them at 25 cents a dozen. The plants are nice and seem to be doing just as well as those individually grown.

**Geraniums from Seed**  
If space permits anything so tall, there are gladioli and dahlias which can be planted almost anytime now. If the spring bulbs grow far enough apart, chrysanthemums may still be set out. They do rather well in the bulb garden if given plenty of bonemeal and other fertilizer. The bonemeal is also beneficial to most of the bulbs.

**On Growing Lilies**  
Lilies are peculiar things to grow. Sometimes they grow very well; other times they won't grow at all. I have a clump of Madonna lilies that I started from one bulb 12 years ago. This year it has eight flower stocks, so the increase has not been great. But the plants are large and have bloomed each year—even one that I moved them. I have another—smaller clump—which I grew from seed a few years ago. These did not come into bloom until the third year.

**Methodist Youth in Albany Convention**  
ALBANY, May 2.—The Salem district league of "Methodist Youth" convened in Albany Friday for a three-day session, it being the annual convention of the league. The Salem district comprises the south half of the Willamette valley and includes Bay City and Nehalem. At least 150 young people are in attendance.

**Bristol Fairy**  
Gypsophylla, large . . . 50c  
Dwarf Rock Geum . . . 15c  
Coral Bell . . . 15c  
Aceraria Maritima . . . 15c  
General Line Nursery Stock  
Open Sunday-All Day  
Ernest Iner Landscape Co.  
South 12th St.-Cutoff

**You get Tested Seeds in '36**  
Select your seeds this year as you would the food for your table. Diamond quality seeds in the Orange and Green seed boxes are packed with healthy seeds that have been tested for crop assurance.  
You'll find the Orange and Green seed boxes at your better neighborhood stores.  
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