

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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## Plenty of Wheat

WHEAT is second only to lumbering as a source of wealth in Oregon. For 1936 the crop promises to be larger than for many years. According to the government crop report, measured by the condition July 1, and the weather since that date has been unusually favorable for wheat, the total production forecast is 20,690,000 bushels which is 33 per cent more than was harvested in 1935, 64 per cent more than in 1934 and only two per cent less than the five-year average (1928-1932) before the government hired the following of producing acres.

The district showing the greatest improvement from last year is the old Willamette valley, which ought to be growing other crops, but this year on an acreage only 22 per cent more than last year is raising three times as much wheat. The cool, wet spring which injured hops, cherries and strawberries, has made the wheat stool out and head out and fill until the granaries will be bulging this fall.

The crop estimates, by districts, are as follows:

|   |
|---|
| District No. 1, Benton, Clackamas, Clatsop, Columbia, Lane, Lincoln, Linn, Marion, Multnomah, Polk, Tillamook, Washington, Yamhill. |
| District No. 2, Gilliam, Hood River, Morrow, Sherman, Wasco.  |
| District No. 3, Baker, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa.  |
| District No. 4, Coos, Curry, Douglas, Jackson, Josephine.   |
| District No. 5, Crook, Deschutes, Grant, Harney, Jefferson, Klamath, Lake, Malheur, Wheeler.  |

## ALL WHEAT ACREAGE AND PRODUCTION, BY CROP REPORTING DISTRICTS

| District No.   | 1935      | 1936      | 1935       | 1936       |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|------------|------------|
|                | Acres     | Acres     | Production | Production |
| District No. 1 | 1,237,500 | 1,249,000 | 71,326     | 71,326     |
| District No. 2 | 7,375     | 4,037     | 6,580      | 6,580      |
| District No. 3 | 8,845     | 6,127     | 7,416      | 7,416      |
| District No. 4 | 27,228    | 29,178    | 21,946     | 21,946     |
| District No. 5 | 1,337     | 752       | 1,820      | 1,820      |
| State          | 21,211    | 12,610    | 89,690     | 89,690     |

For the three northwest states the 1936 crop will be only a few million bushels short of the 1928-1932 average. Washington state is running well ahead, but Idaho has dropped behind. The report for the three states is as follows:

| STATE      | Harvested          | For Harvest        | Average              | 1928-32              | 1935                 | 1936                 |
|------------|--------------------|--------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
|            | Thousands of Acres | Thousands of Acres | Thousands of Bushels | Thousands of Bushels | Thousands of Bushels | Thousands of Bushels |
| Washington | 1,934              | 1,998              | 42,798               | 37,158               | 45,050               | 45,424               |
| Oregon     | 152                | 878                | 21,211               | 12,610               | 15,592               | 20,690               |
| Idaho      | 382                | 239                | 27,228               | 18,921               | 29,178               | 21,946               |
| Total      | 3,454              | 3,505              | 91,237               | 68,689               | 89,721               | 89,690               |

Not only is the wheat production running high, but the price promises to be very good, showing an excellent margin of profit for the growers without need of any subsidy.

Last week The Statesman commented on the exaggeration of damage to the wheat crop through drought. We cited the fact that the winter wheat crop was practically made, and that harvest was in progress in some areas before the drought stories appeared. Spring wheat is always a gamble, and in quantity its production runs much less than winter wheat. Its quality is superior in gluten so it commands a higher price, being in much greater demand for flour. The spring wheat states, perhaps because of the speculative character of the crop, have been for twenty years far more vocal politically than any other farm region. The winter wheat states, Kansas and Nebraska, are a little more certain of a crop, and have been able to diversify more, so they have not been as radical, politically speaking, as they were forty years ago.

Confirming the assertion in this paper last week of good crops of winter wheat, the government crop report forecasts a total for all classes of wheat greater than for any year since 1932. It is true that crop deterioration has been great in the spring wheat belt since July 1, so the figures will be revised downwards in the August report, but the total will undoubtedly be ahead of 1933 and 1934. The following is the report of actual production in the years 1929-1935 and the forecast for 1936 as of July 1:

| Year | Winter             | Spring             | Total              |
|------|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
|      | Thousands of Acres | Thousands of Acres | Thousands of Acres |
| 1929 | 371,076            | 164,600            | 535,676            |
| 1930 | 462,609            | 177,692            | 640,301            |
| 1931 | 589,411            | 261,787            | 851,198            |
| 1932 | 486,458            | 182,312            | 668,770            |
| 1933 | 176,997            | 181,532            | 358,529            |
| 1934 | 207,869            | 188,602            | 396,471            |
| 1935 | 262,824            | 202,872            | 465,696            |
| 1936 | 246,423            | 196,125            | 442,548            |

The country as a whole will have adequate wheat supplies for the coming year, unless it be of certain grades of high-gluten milling wheat. The price should be firm, but will not run to unusual heights. In fact, the present market is about as high as conditions appear to justify.

## Faith and Works

THE spectacle of Dr. Townsend attempting to lead and direct the great organization which has sprung up almost overnight under the attraction of his \$200 a month plan is almost pathetic. His own course has been subject to so much wavering and changing, his proposal of methods so indefinite and uncertain, it is clear that he is unable to lead and direct the organization which owes its existence to his idea. Dr. Townsend denounces the old parties, Roosevelt and Landon, yet apparently falters at the plan of a new and independent party. Sometimes he appears to flirt with the Lemke union party; again he is drawn away. Now he suggests with some solemnity a constitutional amendment for \$200 a month for all over 60 as a "citizen service award".

The very machinery of the Townsend movement is uncertain and unstable. It has been a close-corporation, completely dominated by Dr. Townsend. Some efforts to democratize the control are proposed. But here one sees very divergent interests seeking to gain the control. Old party members are seeking to turn the movement to the benefit of their own parties, hoping to capture the mass vote.

It would seem that the convention is at a critical point. The movement's political influence depends on its employing balance-of-power technique. Yet it is difficult to consolidate millions of people so they will swing from one party to the other in order to control elections. Practical politicians see that if the movement attempts to form a new political party it will be submerged, as have many such movements in the past.

The driving force of the cause so far has been faith. But the situation in which the Townsend movement finds itself now is a clear illustration of the truth of Paul's saying, that faith without works is dead. And "works" in politics means more than just votes; it means strong leadership, thorough organization, and effective cohesion. These cannot be treated over-night. Even if the Townsend idea were good, it appears destined to meet the fate of collapse under the stresses of practical politics.

Those who assume to speak with the greatest authority in the money question are usually those who haven't any money.

# The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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## The Federal Fiscal Jungle

IT IS interesting that at the same press conference at which Mr. Roosevelt announced that Mr. Farley, instead of retiring from the Cabinet while managing his campaign, would merely take a three months' furlough with-out pay, he should also have made another economy gesture, directing heads of departments to reduce their expenses and spend less than their budget demands.

THIS IS the second economy gesture the President has made in seven months. The first was made just before Congress convened last winter. No economies followed. On the contrary, expenses went up. The first economy gesture was not taken seriously by department heads or by anyone else who knew anything about the fact. It is no reason to believe the second will be taken any more seriously. There is, however, extremely good reason to believe that, as was the case last time, as has been the case every month since the New Deal was inaugurated, expenses will go up and, regardless of increased revenues, the deficit deepens.

SUCH HAS been its consistent record. Repetition of the economy order at this time serves a dual purpose. For one thing, it is essential for purposes of the campaign, in which one of the main charges against Mr. Roosevelt is that, in violation of his pledges, he has wastefully expended uncounted millions of public funds and piled up the debt which threatens national solvency. For another thing, it shared headlines with the Farley announcement the morning after, and made that incident seem a little less bold. The fact about the Farley husband and child is not worth while blaming Mr. Farley. It isn't his fault. He has not only been willing, but expected to get out right after the Philadelphia convention. The man responsible for his continuation as Cabinet officer and campaign manager is Mr. Roosevelt. If it is a bad practice—and most people agree that it is—the man to blame is Mr. Roosevelt, not his subordinate, who cheerfully would jump out of the window at the first opportunity. The three months' furlough in this case is Mr. Roosevelt's concession to public feeling, but it is a very slight concession.

THE ECONOMY gesture, while it will bring no results, perhaps serves one useful purpose. It calls attention to the fact the Federal finances are now an impenetrable jungle in which no one seems able to find firm footing or agree on days' fact. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau put it at thirty-four billions. The Republicans, by adding in the Home Loan and Farm Loan bonds, guaranteed by the Government, very much higher still. There are some New Dealers themselves. For example, at the Philadelphia convention, Keynoteur Barkley, whose speech was regarded as highly important, placed the national debt at thirty-one billions. A few days later Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau put it at thirty-four billions. The Republicans, by adding in the Home Loan and Farm Loan bonds, guaranteed by the Government, very much higher still. There are some New Dealers who, by estimating the liquidation of the RFC, leaving out the guaranteed bonds, deducting the bonus and counting in the profit on the devalued dollar, cut the total cost of the New Deal to six billion dollars. In other words, bringing the debt down to twenty-eight billions.

NO ONE really knows. No one can find out. You can make the debt almost anything you want it. It depends upon the way you figure. It is the same way about the deficit. Mr. Morgenthau asserted over the air that Federal expenses were "coming down" in face of the fact that his own figures showed an increase in expenses over the previous year. One newspaper writer—Mr. Waltham, in the Washington Post—points out that even if \$1,723,000,000 is deducted for the soldier bonus, this year's total would still be above last year's. The fact being that Mr. Morgenthau had not included in his total various items which should have been in.

ANOTHER flat contradiction to the Morgenthau statement that Federal expenses are "coming down" came from Senator Byrd, of Virginia, who, taking the Budget Director's own figures for next year, asserted that (leaving out the bonus) they totaled nearly a billion dollars more in expenses than this year. It was on the ground that under such circumstances an economy plank in the platform would be a joke, that Senator Byrd declined the request to write one. The average lay mind is completely baffled by the confusion. Here is the Secretary of the Treasury saying that expenses are coming down, and here is concrete evidence that they are going up. No one agrees upon the size of the debt, the size of the deficit, or the way to eliminate either. The whole business is in a state of confusion and out of hand. But for the serious manna involved it would be ridiculous.

Erroneous Belief

Unfortunately, there is still a universal but erroneous belief that mental disturbance is a sign of insanity. Too often severe cases of nervousness, hysteria or mental instability are thought to be evidences of insanity. Many of these patients do not obtain the necessary medical attention because the relative fear to make their problem public.

Please bear in mind that not all mental disturbances are necessarily signs of insanity. In most instances simple guidance and attention to the

# Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

7-16-36

## "Wagons West," Story of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman; celebration of centenary of heroic trek:

(Continuing from yesterday.) There was little time for courtship in the weeks between the trek of Marcus Whitman to New York in December, 1835, and February 13, 1836.

In that brief period, no doubt Marcus told Narcissa much about his journey, but she, her the scenes of the rendezvous whither came the Nez Percé and Flathead chiefs with hundreds of their tribesmen; their anxiety for teachers, their quest for the white man's God.

Marcus and Narcissa were ready to go. But who would go with them?

Henry H. Spalding and wife were willing—but they were rejected because it was thought they had a child—and only childless couples were wanted.

When it was found the baby born to them had died at birth, they were available, if still willing.

But they had become busy with other work, and had left their former home, Dr. Whitman traveling on the Sabbath, for one of the few times in his life. He caught up with the Spaldings and convinced them that without their help the mission beyond the Rocky mountains would have to be abandoned, at least for that year.

The decision really was made by Har Spalding, who still was weak from an illness of the previous fall. Prayfully, she told her husband they would accept. They promised to meet the Whitmans at Cincinnati in the fall.

On the Sabbath over Marcus hurried back to tell Narcissa.

Quoting Miss Henry: "Unhappily for the perfect peace of the future Oregon mission, he (Whitman) had forgotten or overlooked one little matter—that Henry and Narcissa disliked each other, for exactly what reason no one has yet discovered. The romantic version that a love affair was to blame has no support.

"Endeavoring to be truly Christian, the missionaries attempted to make the best of the unfortunate situation. Being human, they did not always succeed. These minor conflicts are not important to us now that a century has passed, except that they help to explain at least partially why Whitman risked his life to ride across the continent in the winter of 1842."

(Miss Henry no doubt means that Whitman rode to save the mission instead of to "save Oregon," according to the famous and now pretty well faded "Whitman

They went by river vessel 300 miles up the Missouri from St. Louis to Liberty, starting March 31, arriving April 7, a week later. Here they began a wait of three weeks for the American Fur company's boat. They bought food supplies, horses and cows, side-saddles for the women; a heavy farm wagon. The Spaldings had a light wagon, reserved for the women. It was to become famous as the first wheeled vehicle to go beyond the Rockies far as Fort Boise.

They were surprised there by the arrival of W. Gray, the 26, who said he had been appointed by the American Board to accompany them as a mechanic. Gray had quite a variegated history.

Altogether the party grew to 10—high the addition of a third Nez Percé whom they called Samuel Tomah, a hired man by the name of Dalin, and a 16 year old Iowa boy named Miles Goodyear.

April 30 the long awaited fur company boat passed by without stopping!

(Continued tomorrow.)

## Twenty Years Ago

July 16, 1916

A mother and her new-born babe are the object of a search by forest officials near Yreka, Calif. The woman was taken in by a prospector when he found her starving and ill but she wandered away when he went to Yreka for help.

A romance between the Prince of Wales and Princess Yolanda of Italy is rumored.

A half page of pictures from "The Birth of a Nation" occupies the theatre section. The movie is packing the Grand theatre every matinee and night.

## Ten Years Ago

July 18, 1926

"Lightnin'," the famous Broadway play, will be presented at the Chautauqua tonight.

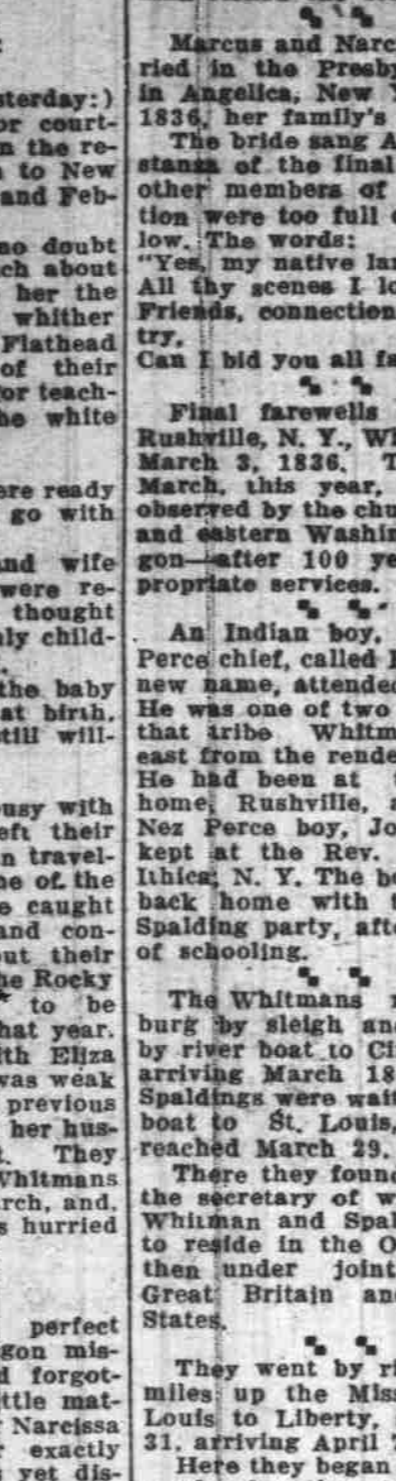
Weather reaching 106 degrees at Forest Grove has killed 2000 trout in the hatchery there.

The state motor vehicle division will move from the capitol to the building formerly occupied by the Capital Business college.

# Another Bastille Day For France?

1464

7-14



Chambliss

# "KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

## CHAPTER XIX

The car sped along the white undulating ribbon of highway as if propelled by wings, with only the sound of swiftly-rushing air. At intervals, there floated to them as they passed dark cabins, the mellow harmony of negroes singing their strange spirituals to the accompaniment of throbbing banjos. Even Dot's garrulous instinct seemed leathe to break the charm of the night through which they passed. And presently, all around them, the air was filled with infinitesimal gleams of light. To Lynn it seemed as if they had suddenly soared into the sky among millions of twinkling stars.

"What—are all those little flashing lights?" she gasped, with breathless admiration.

"Fireflies," said Jack. "The swamps around here are full of them. Pretty, aren't they?"

"Like fairyland," Lynn sighed rapturously. "I didn't know there was any place in the world which had so many delightful surprises. Why, I've lived a year of days in every one I've been here. And every minute of them has been enchanted."

"I'm so happy that you have been happy," Dot said fondly. "But why can't you stay here with us?"

"Oh, I must get back to work, and I suppose that is one reason why I have enjoyed it all so much—knowing that the pleasure must end and I would go back to reality."

"If you insist upon working, I'm sure we can get you located somewhere," Dot protested. "I'd so love to have you right here with us all the time."

Lynn drew in her breath and caught her lower lip between her teeth, sharply. Perhaps—if it were not for Jack—she might be so very much happier here. She yearned to live here, to live where her own mother should have remained. But she dared not. She knew now that she never could endure being always where Jack was—with Dot. This day had shown her that. Perhaps after many years, when emotion was dulled and love a thwarted memory, she might return to this enchanting place to live in peace. But then, she wondered, would all the gleams of living anywhere have vanished, also? Then, it had to be.

When they reached home, Lynn retired with protestations of weariness—when she really was so happy as to be back. It takes so much longer to come up against the current," Dot explained. "But I want you to have this river trip. You'll see a lot of things you miss on shore."

"It will be lovely," Lynn enthused. She was so grateful to Dot for all this pleasure. That was what made her feel so extremely glibly about Jack. If he had belonged to anyone else...

They motored to the wharf where the clamber of industry reminded Lynn for the first time of Chicago. Not the same haste, of course, but an effort to achieve it, at least. The odors of rotting wood, oily rope, coal smoke and river sewage were reminiscent, also. The harbor was filled with all kinds of water craft, from a clumsy old sidewheel steamer lounged beside the dock. Its narrow decks and wooden hull looked dejected and pathetic beside the trim steel hull of the excursion

boat with its wide, awninged decks. It seemed to Lynn that the more she tried to avoid Jack, the more she found herself beside him. It was he who stood beside her at the taffrail and pointed out the various points of interest for her attention: the Marchon-Thorp refineries that stretched over vast acres along the river bank, the banana docks and cotton docks, the U. S. Naval Station and various other industrial and commercial centers. No one seemed to notice their absorption in the river traffic and the shore.

Jack was wearing a white linen suit and was bareheaded, as he usually was. Lynn almost dared not look at him, yet she wanted every little picture and impression of him to carry in her memory. She was interested in the scenery and tried to concentrate upon it, but it was difficult to keep her thoughts and words in their proper places. She wanted to forget everything except Jack and his voice and his strong, lean hands which gripped the rail or reached out to point an index finger into the distance.

Then they had left the city and its straggling suburbs with the congested river traffic, and were sailing straight down the middle of the great yellow flood of water. Green levees and vast green meadows stretched to the far horizon on each side and at intervals bright villages dotted the landscape like miniature towns in a toyland. People and vehicles moved about on the distant land like pygmies and mechanical toys.

The ship's movement created a stiff breeze which fluttered scarves and coats and unguarded hair. But Lynn's hair was as straight and shining and unruined as though she sat at home, even when she went to the foredeck with Jack and stood at the bow directly in the teeth of the gale. He had taken her there alone because Dot disliked the boat.

"Do you want me to look like the wreck of the Hesperus?" she asked. "Go on—take Lynn. She'll like it and her hair is wind-proof."

His glance crossed the wind-proof hair and he took Lynn's arm persuasively. She peered the deck beside him, electrified by the touch of his hand on her arm. She could feel its warmth through the thin linen jacket sleeve. They stood in the narrow angle of the bow where the warm wind pounded against their faces with soft thuds.

"The boat zig-zagged downstream, its pilot selecting the cherted course which evaded treacherous sandbars. Sometimes, they were so close to one bank that almost they could reach out and touch the trees with their hands. Then they came to midstream, then to the far bank. Giant willows drooped to trail their fingers in the muddy water, swaying gracefully in the breeze. Perfume of orange blossoms from dark green orchards drifted across on the water, together with the echoes of small distant sounds.

"It's glorious!" Lynn's voice stung toward him.

"So are you!" he said, pressing her arm closer with an impulsive tenderness.

She was alarmed, and drew aside a little, pretending to look over at the prow. Jack leaned over and gazed into the water, also.

(To Be Continued)

## Abdomen Wound Comes From Fall

SILVERTON, July 15—Lorna Dunagan is at the Silverton hospital resting easily after having several stitches taken in abdomen to close a deep wound made when she fell on a butcher knife. The family had been butchering and thought all of the knife had been removed, when six-year old Lorna discovered one, accidentally falling on it.

Mrs. V. C. Neal is ill at the Silverton hospital from an injury

## List Five Realty Deals, Silverton

SILVERTON, July 15—Three farm and two city home sales have been made by the Homeseekers Agency here in the past five days.

These include the 47-acre Tokstad property on Pudding river, sold to John Techants, and the Fred H. Smith 30-acre farm on the Abiqua to Lucy Phillips.

A. J. Lathers sold his 54-acre farm on the Manning road to Tom Sam Kaser of Los Angeles. Sam Kaser home on Second street was sold to W. A. Lynch, and the Drennon property on Third street was sold to John Wormdahl.

## Hall Stops

HOPEWELL, July 15—John Hall, who resided on the Kirkwood farm for several years, was a guest of friends here for several days. He has just returned from a six weeks' visit with relatives in England, and was en route home.

## Answers to Health Queries

A. B. Q.—What would cause red blotches all over the feet, sometimes on the hands? This condition has persisted for seven years. I am 15 years old now.

A.—This may be due to a form of eczema or ringworm. Consult your doctor for examination. He will advise you accordingly.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send them to the editor of this paper. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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