

# Vivid Picture of England Painted in Words by Salem Youth

## Spanish Relief Work Outlined

Colorful Characters Met by Robert Read; Own Experiences Told

Editor's note: Robert Read of Salem, one of whose travel letters from England appeared in The Statesman early in the summer, has returned from his trip. His correspondence was interrupted by employment and by later trips to the continent. Read is now on his way home.

### By ROBERT READ

May day morning found me walking down Southampton Row in a London suddenly electric. I was strangely happy and as I toyed with the sixpence in my pocket (the last of a borrowed half-crown) I felt, I know—this was going to be a memorable day. I had just breakfasted with my four friends in the dark little self-cookers' kitchen of the Youth Hostel; we met only at meal-times and in the evenings, but a very real spirit of camaraderie had grown among us.

There was something special about us; we were alike. We called ourselves the lost ones. Crowds of German students would come for a day or so, then go away singing their fierce songs; French school girls, guided by clucking matrons would drop in for a noisy night; Americans by twos and threes would blow in, do anything from France for a while, then leave with large gestures of perfect assurance; Danish boys and Swedish girls would appear for a night or two, joyfully sitting in corners, ordering meals in painful English, and then be noiselessly gone; but we five were different.

### International Group

We were there day after day and week after week; we were part of the place; there was something quite special about us; we had no money.

First, there was Greta, the exiled German girl, who was a perfect anarchist, bringing us every evening some plattered delicacy from the great house where she worked—now wonderful brown bread, now a great sack of tea, now a beautiful chunk of bacon. How graciously Greta stole! So magnanimously, so without malice!

There was Jan, the Dutchman, an avowed opportunist, and proud of his cleverness; he borrowed money from everybody on the strength of a legendary job building yachts for wealthy Englishmen.

There was Hans, the Austrian, who had a dark smile and a dark laugh and a way of saying "all right" without pronouncing the "l's"; later, he saw the coronation procession three times without paying a farthing, and he loved to tell how he had achieved this by saying "all right" to policemen.

And there was Rosalie, whose lover had been killed fighting for the government in Spain; she didn't talk much, who was herself waiting to go to Spain to work. There was myself, the American, who had a funny way of saying "water" and who went every morning to the American Express for a check that must surely have been lost.

So, the five of us had breakfasted and been witty had conversed gaily for half an hour. Hans was going to Scotland and Greta had fallen in love with a Trotskyist in Hyde Park and Rosalie was going to march in the May day parade and Jan had found a wonderful cork hat which he would buy for his Keria in Amsterdam when the first yacht was finished. And I had a sixpence!

Past the Imperial hotel I walked, on into Russell square, meeting crowds of provincial letter-writers, come in for the parade; passing the blind, silent shops and a parked excursion bus with holiday folk mixing whiskey and soda in the aisle; reading the newspapers about the busmen's strike and awaiting the jammed entrance to the Underground. Yes, definitely, yes, something was going to happen.

The avenue widened, and, as I passed the St. Pancras parish church with its porch of stained and stolid Caryatids, a stiff wind came into my face. I felt very fit. The cool in my pocket was hard and cold.

### Gets Big Idea

I think walking into wind had something to do with it, and the cool hardness of the sixpenny bit; but all at once, quite calmly, I knew what I had to do and where I was going. I had to wire Bill that I would not meet him in Copenhagen; I had to learn a language, and quickly; I had to find the names of committees and addresses of officers; I was no longer going to be the "touring student" who looks upon people and conditions, makes the appropriate comment and passes on, proud that he has not become involved, saying "their problems are not my problems," who goes home at the end with snapshots of ruins and anecdotes of peasants, the cocky cosmopolitan, the knowing one. I was going to Spain.

First I went to the Friends' meeting house, because it was close, and, after waiting a long while, I was taken to a youngish woman who was quiet and neat and wonderfully kind, who took my name and address and then asked: "Of course, if we should want to send you into Franco territory, you wouldn't mind that, would you?"

I must have looked very sad and hesitated a long while, because before I could answer she said, "I think, Mr. Read, you had best see . . ." and she gave some other addresses. I remember that as I went out she gave me her

## Among the New Books

Reviews and Literary News Notes  
This Week's Reviews by Lela Bell Sanders

### T. E. LAWRENCE, BY HIS FRIENDS: Arnold Walter Law, ed. Doubleday c1937. \$4.95.

This book, edited by the only surviving brother of the great and by this time almost legendary Lawrence of Arabia, is not the story of his achievement in leading the desert revolt; that has been told incomparably by himself in "Revolt in the Desert" and "Seven pillars of wisdom." Nor is it a conventional biography, but rather a series of vignettes, Lawrence as he appeared to those who were in contact with him at various times. We have pictures of him as a boy as his mother knew him, the boy his schoolfellows saw, the young archaeologist, the military leader, later the man with a haunted mind, then the private in the Air Service, on to his untimely death. Some of the articles are by the relatively few women who knew him with any degree of intimacy, and their record of him is that of a man of great gentleness and almost feminine intuition. There is even a sketch of him a young girl whom he taught to drive a speed-boat. One of all these little sketches we can make our own composite portrait of him. Of quite special interest are the lists of the books and photographs Lawrence owned at the time of his death. This is really a fascinating book, and awards much light on a very complex and frequently baffling character.

### LET YOUR MIND ALONE! by James Thurber. Harper c1937. \$2.50.

Now this is a book which I think should be required reading with Dorothy Brainerd, "Up and Live!", Mursell's "Streamline your mind" and others of that ilk. With solemn gravity America's Number One funnyman tears their pretty little plans for The More Efficient Life into a thousand crazy fragments. It's insane, it's hilarious, and it's just about 99 and 44/100 percent true. You had better go off by yourself when you read it, if you don't want your wife to keep saying, "What on earth are you snorting at?"

That is just the first half of the book. The second part is equally funny. I liked particularly well "Bateman Comes Home," which is Mr. Ferber's version of the now popular presentation of life in the deep south. "Tobacco Road" was, no, this, no, no, was "Sanctuary"—more's the

name—Miss Nike, that I said "Oh, Victory," and that she laughed marvellously and said "Yes, good luck."

I walked back the way I had come, towards Oxford street, the grand tragic sense of having chosen, among many rights, the right thing, and that it was also a wrong thing, the sense of having, by an act of my own will, given direction to my life and significance to my existence, the sense of being, at last, a conscious item of my own time—identifiable with striking busmen, exiled Germans, and the unloved, passionate orators in the park—of having at last cast ambiguity, the expediency of compromise, the deceptive largesse of a narrow humanism, this complex, obscure emotion growing within me until I wanted to shout for sheer joy. When I passed the parked excursion bus, I did about. The occupants, being by then quite drunk, understood.

I write now with the objectivity of a four months' interlude, rather wiser, the touch of glory put away with other defunct costumes. I did not get to Spain, but Spain came to me in England, which was almost better; and what I learned from her only bolstered with argument what I had done in madness, so that I am still pursuing Spanish projects with something of the sober zeal of the veteran. But it is a long story to that.

### Joins Spanish Relief

When I returned to the hostel that evening, I was a thoroughly initiated volunteer of the national joint committee for Spanish relief, with my first day's work behind me. I had walked for hours in the immense parade, alongside the Oxford ambulances for Spain, through the hands of a public meeting in the hands of the crowd that lined the street. What a cross-section view of the English political temper I had seen! Fat hands of dowagers in park-like hosiery, who screamed and threw the paper out the window as though it were a burning thing; knobby, workers' hands strained out of the crowd and demanded a copy of the bill; near the square, black-sleeved arms at ominously short intervals that struck down my hand and its proffered sheet. And, once inside Hyde park, where the distribution of bills is illegal, there was the thrill of slipping the sheet to covert hands without being detected by the bobbies, or by the blackbirds who would denounce you.

For the next two weeks I went every day to an office that lay in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, fighting my way through the dull herds that stood in rain and shine at Victoria street to catch a glimpse of rehearsing royalty. My companions in the writing of receipts and hoking of stamps were two Spanish refugee women who knew English, a young Englishman just returned from Chile, a woman in exile from Germany, a man from the French foreign legion, on his first leave in seven years, a maid of advanced years who strove to be typically what she was, and various sympathetic clerks and

office girls who appeared sporadically. From time to time nobility descended upon us and I learned to recognize the inverted deference that is played between commoner and lord when the peerage is, like the British, an empirical one, constantly being renewed and invigorated from the lower classes. The formula of encounter is quite simple and comparable to the policy of the successful man who makes a point of not losing touch with his friends from leaner years.

### Coronation Time

And then, to a London seething to frenzy by the glaring headlines of the king's latest word to the queen, the queen's latest word to the princesses, and the queen mother's latest speech to everybody, to a London goaded by legend, pushed by a ponderous history, whipped by furious banners, came—Coronation day!

My recollections of the event are not so solemn as they might be. I remember walking home from the office at five in the evening and speaking unselfishly to curb-smokers, some with babies, who had taken their places, not to budget, until five of the next evening. I recall my annoyance that the hostel was so full I had to sleep on the floor, and that everybody sang "God Save the King" more times than was necessary.

On the day itself I walked down to town, and of the several hundred thousand people I met, carried away from the observations. First, and chiefly, the marvelous antics of two drunker charwomen who somehow had managed to stray among the inert forms of swooners, laid out in neat rows on the curb by the V.A.D.'s. Their mock concern, their difficulty in maneuvering among the unstable limbs among the blankets, the ineffable humiliation they suffered at the hands of the V.A.D.'s—these will always flash into my mind at the word "coronation."

Second, I remember a sea of heads, chins lifted at a strenuous angle, from the bridge of each nose a reared periscope—like a herd of toy elephants arrested in the act of tossing their mounts. Third, I recall setting for once and all my ancient doubts as to the superiority of art to nature as I observed the venerable Augustan cornices of London's oldest buildings supplanted by sprawling, mobile friezes of flesh. Lastly, I remember pausing at the entrance to the Abbey on my way to work next morning, to watch the shadow of Empire fall across the faces of country folk as they stood squishing their heels on the rain-soaked carpet where a king had trod.

The painful scenes of restoration were spared me, however, as a wife from Southampton and I was at the office. It was from one Mr. Sams, who was to be administrator at the camp for 2000 refugee children from Bilbao. The camp was to be got ready. My services were required at Southampton.

A 9 o'clock train landed me at about midnight in the heart of picture book England, where I was to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Sams, Dame Janet Campbell, Henry Brinton and Hope Yuliamy, talking until the small hours about Spanish food, army tents, and the probable consumption of glucose upon the boat's arrival.

### THE GARDEN: A MANUAL OF GARDENING FOR THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

By Harriet Trumbull Parsons and Elizabeth Nowland Holmes. Seattle, Lowman & Hanford c1933. \$1.50.

Although this is not a new book, it has just come to my attention, and garden books particularly applicable to the north-west are rare enough to merit notice wherever found. The first half of this little book—it is only 197 pages long—is called "Around the Dial"—a month by month reminder of what to do in the garden. There is also a section outlining the characteristics of the commoner western conifers and the yew.

The latter half of the book is crammed full of miscellaneous suggestions—color schemes, the herb garden, garden design, how to catch earwigs (after catching them "step on them if you enjoy it" says the author!), even a recipe for making one's own flagstones. The authors, at the end of the book, give what they consider a comprehensive bibliography of garden books. This little book is most attractive in form, and would make a charming gift for a gardening friend.

### LITTLE LION: MIKKE; by Brand White.

Appleton-Century c1937. \$1.00. The grounds are loaded with hot tents, and from that moment my work began. Five days later I managed to get off for a shave; five days after that I got into town for a bath.

But I should not be unhappy to live again those chaotic two weeks. In the daytime (it was the Western vacation) hordes of sympathetic women came to dig trenches, erect tall and wild fences; their wives to wash and alter the bundles of proffered clothing and to prepare the feeding utensils; their children, in the guise of three troops of Boy Scouts, to erect the tents, fill brown pallasses and fetch beer for the workmen. Water was laboriously piped in from Eastleigh, the nearest town, a telephone was miraculously installed.

And there were the warm, bright nights when the horses would get out of the field and have to be chased back from the road where the nightingales were loud. At night, the "residents" of the camp would gather in my garage, settled at an ancient vehicle, settled at the gate and painted a lurid white) to drink beer and spin yarn.

We were an ill-assorted crowd, garnered by emergency from remote corners and unsmiling lives to work together for a time. Reynolds, a Londoner, was perhaps the lion of our soirees—he wrote books on India to earn his bread, and on the life of Laurence Housman. It was chiefly the message of the American Federation of Labor began to be thought of by the same fact that today controls it. Everyone then thought something should be done. A few tried to do something to stem the nation with lawlessness. Yes, there were people then, who had sense and foresight enough to see through what the leaders of the old knights of labor had in mind when Powderly and his cohorts first suggested the forming of a federation of labor. How quickly did Samuel Gompers see the nature of power possessed by a labor federation? How carefully did he nurse the federation toward the placing of such men as he desired in such offices as would insure the forcing through our legislative halls acts tending toward his ultimate purpose. Follow back the effort and millions of working men's money expended in effecting the passage of the Norris-LaGuardia act and finally, but not least, by a lot, the infamous Wagner act.

How thoroughly did Gompers, directly followed by Green, effect the purpose sought by their leaders. Yes, I too will tell the world there needs to be something done on a considerable and progressive scale. It is doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt is in Washington, D. C., or Calcutta would make any difference so far as he is concerned in this respect. Follow the proceedings of his wonderful labor relations board; you will find the hand of the American Federation of Labor in its control throughout its history from the NIRA to its present form. No it is doubtful whether Roosevelt's presence in Washington would make any difference. The only concerted action, of considerable scale and progressively that can be of effect, is that of the public. Still we all know it and are afraid to stick our neck out because we cannot get our individual piece of pie unless Green, or his friend Lewis, says we can have it. We pick up the paper, read of another war, in Portland or San Francisco or other place that is not in our door yard and say, it is too bad, something should be done. Unless something is done and that pronto it won't be long until we are told to keep our mouths shut, that we are transgressing on the right of Lugreen, the name of the nation that will result from the present labor policy. Instead of Russia, Italy, Germany, or the United States of America. Wake up people, wake up!

Yours, truly,  
O. F. ANDERSON.

## Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Wally but not Weighty  
People who wait and wait and wait

Sometimes wonder why waiters wait.  
So anyway 'tis said.  
The reason's plain why waiters wait.

Here they on waiters wait—  
They wait because they're paid to wait.

Though not to wait to wait.  
Some waiters wait while others wait.

One feeders, 'o'ther fed,  
Growth of hunger doth compensate  
All waiters, it is said.

And that is a beautiful thought for one who has just arisen from an overly heavy and alluringly appetizing Sunday dinner. I usually oversat on Sunday, and I gather from numerous indications manifested on Monday that I am far from being alone in the matter.

We should start at the excesses of the early Britons and other races in existence prior to the Christian era. The history of the human race is one of extremes. We have ever gone too far or not far enough. Sunday, even so short a time ago as when I was a child, was a day of cold victuals and not many of them. People overate, but not on Sunday. The general idea at that time was to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and the elders entertained a theory, I suppose, that a person is less likely to remain in a proper frame of mind when he has a stomach ache.

The mind on that day, they thought, should rest upon matters apart from physical indulgence. So we went to meeting four or five times during the day, and permitted our minds to rest in secret.

Many Asides  
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## Turner Sportsmen Have Good Luck in Hunting Trips; Four Get Kills

TURNER—Turner sportsmen had good luck this year on their annual hunting trips.

Fay Webb, Gene Schilling, M. O. Pearson and Archie Rankin went to the Ochoco forest; Fay Webb killed three deer, a sheep, a goat and her cub. E. E. and Elton Ball returned from their trip Monday each with a deer, and Elton killed three bobcats.

## Hunt Is Successful

HAZEL GREEN—Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Allen Looney returned from a successful hunting trip in the Blue mountains out from Prairie City. They went with her parents, Captain and Mrs. A. R. Pearson, of Portland.

## How Does Your Garden Grow?

Suggestions for Fall Plantings of Daffodils, Asters Hyacinths and Tulips Are Given

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Question: Would you please tell me some of the best daffodils to plant? They should go in this fall, shouldn't they—C. R. Salem.

Answer: Yes, daffodils should be planted this fall. Most commercial growers will have them in by November 1. There are many varieties so I'll mention just a few of the different types. I hope botanists will not call attention to any error in classification; I am listening these according to their uses rather than by botanical divisions.

### Among the cluster-flowered

(those with more than one flower to the stem) narcissus are: Cheerfulness, bearing three or four double creamy-white flowers to a stem; helios, a primrose yellow perianth (petals) and a deep golden cup; Laurens Koster, large white perianth and deep orange cup; Stella Polaris, a large cluster variety, a sulphur yellow perianth and a deep yellow cup.

### Jonquils for Small Bloom

The Jonquils are small-flowered narcissus known especially well for their sweet scent. This group includes the Campernelle double, golden sceptre and the largest of the group, Campernelle gigantes.

### Among the single trumpet

group are the ever popular Golden Spur; Empress; Spring Glory, which is a good bicolor; Van Waveren's star of Prince of Wales; the Mrs. Krolage, with its creamy white trumpet and pure white perianth; King Alfred, the large yellow daffodil everyone wants.

### Those with the shorter trumpets

include Firebrand, with a fluted red cup; Lucifer, with the star-shaped white perianth and a trumpet of brilliant orange scarlet; Sir Walkin, large flowers with sulphur yellow perianth and orange tinted cup.

### The poet's narcissus with flat

trumpets are: Thelma, snow white petals and a light yellow cup margined in deep scarlet; Horace, snow white perianth and rich yellow shading to scarlet on the edge of the crown.

### Hyacinths should be planted at

this time, too. It really pays to get named varieties for when one gets the mixed bulbs one is so very apt to get an over-balance of one color and that color is usually the one you like least. Good ones to buy for a mixed bed are the Yellow City of Harlem, the white L'Innocence, the King of Blues for a rich dark blue, and the Queen of Blues for an azure blue. Marconi for a rose-pink, Victory for a brilliant rosy red.

### The Roman hyacinths come in

both white and blue. Other bulbs to plant now

We have also quite a group of what is known as the "lesser bulbs," many of which should be set out this autumn for early spring bloom. Such are the Arabian Star of Bethlehem which grows about one foot high and has racemes of white flowers; the well-known, but too infrequently planted snowdrops; the yellow winter Aconite; the lily-of-the-valley; the ranunculus which comes in many brilliant colors; and the Scillas, the little flowers which are known to some as Spanish bluebells and to others as the wood hyacinth.

The Scilla comes not only in blue, but in pink and white, and to my way of thinking, is one of the most charming of the small spring flowers. It does well in the rocky, the border, or even

## Parent-Teachers Slate First Meet

Treasurer to Be Elected at Monday Afternoon Gathering

INDEPENDENCE—The Parent-Teachers association will hold its first meeting Monday, October 4, at 3:30 o'clock in the training school building.

The president is Mrs. Elmer Barnhart. Associate officers with Mrs. Barnhart will be: First vice-president, Mrs. Kenneth L. Williams; second vice-president, Mrs. Orley Brown; secretary, Mrs. Dora Hendy, and historian, Mrs. Claude G. Skinner. A treasurer will be elected Monday to succeed Miss Glennia Hillbrand, who moved to California.

### Committees Named

Committee chairmen appointed by the president are: Membership, Mrs. Ira D. Mix; finance, Mrs. Glen Smith; hospitality, Mrs. W. F. Campbell; publications, Mrs. Claire Winegar; publicity, Mrs. Elsie Bolt; decorations, Mrs. C. G. Irvine, and program, Mrs. Robert W. Craven.

The program for Monday includes: Welcome by the president; article, "The Child in the Home" by Mrs. Dorey Robinson; vocal solo, Dorey Hendy, an article, "The Place of the Family in the Modern Community" by Mrs. Arthur Braum. The meeting will be known as "Let's Get Acquainted."

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