

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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### Chinese Writing as Art

Oriental architecture and painting seem alien to occidental tastes. The westerner, accustomed to the solid walls and the piercing spires of European and American architecture, regards Japanese and Chinese temples and pagodas with their multiple sagging roofs, their queer frames as things to be studied but not admired. Oriental painting too is foreign to that which holds favor in western lands. The root of these expressions of art in China is given as calligraphy, their writing.

This idea is odd to modern Americans. There was a time when writing here was an art, in the days of the Spenserian system, and when the writing professor came round from town to town and held classes in penmanship for four weeks periods. Recall the beautifully shaded writing on the blackboard with the inevitable bird done in shaded strokes? The typewriter and A. N. Palmer destroyed the "art" in our writing. The Chinese, whose writing looks to us like chicken tracks across the paper, is really developed into an art. A reviewer in a recent issue of "Books" notes the connection in art between writing (calligraphy) and painting in China:

"In both China and Japan the art of writing is intimately connected with the art of painting, but is considered as being even more important. Writings and paintings are executed with the self-same implements and both are spoken of as 'ink remains.' In China a beautiful thought expressed in perfect characters is called a 'Written Picture' as hanging on the wall of the guest hall and brings to the room what the Chinese call 'light.' The art is very, very difficult to master. Strength, delicacy, rhythm, balance, decision, speed, all these are required and a wrist strong as iron yet flexible as a willow branch. It is not to be doubted that, in the writing brush, the Chinese possess a medium for the expression of emotion denied to our poor mortals who indite our thoughts by means of a Koh-i-noor 2B, or a Parker pen. With the writing brush they improvise, as our musicians improvise."

In Lin Yutang's book "My Country and My People, which Pearl Buck calls "the truest, the most profound, the most complete, the most important book yet written about China," calligraphy is regarded as basic in the art of the far east:

"So fundamental is the place of calligraphy in Chinese art as a study of form and rhythm in the abstract that we may say it has provided the Chinese people with a basic esthetic, and it is through calligraphy that the Chinese have learned their basic notions of line and form."

So it is that the pagodas with their sagging roof lines find their origin in the top lines of some Chinese written characters. The frame of Chinese temples which always stands out is inspired by the vertical lines of Chinese writing. The curving bridge with balustrade over the small stream is an interpretation of lines in Chinese writing.

The great calligraphists who have thus inspired art expressions in architecture and painting, have derived their artistic inspiration from nature, from plants and animals, as Lin Yutang says, from "the branches of the plum flower, a dried vine with a few hanging leaves, the springing body of a leopard, the massive paws of the tiger, the swift legs of the deer, the sinewy strength of the horse, the bushiness of the bear, the slimmness of the stork, or the ruggedness of the pine branch."

Cultures possess their own characteristics; and to be understood and appreciated one must know their origins and meanings. Louis Adam's "The Return of the Native" revealed to Americans the fact that the Slovaks and Serbs who in this country were known as menial workers in mines and mills, possess a culture of varied pattern and rich beauty, centuries old. Knowledge of the art qualities of Chinese writing may enable those of the west to be more sympathetic and appreciative of the art of the orient.

### Steak Twenty Centuries Old

How would you like to have a steak of a beast 20,000 years old? No, not from the mummy of a carcass buried in an Egyptian pyramid or preserved in the desiccating air of a Nevada cave. But a slab from a mammoth refrigerated for 20 centuries in Arctic ice?

Such a carcass has been found on Wrangel island in the Arctic ocean by a band of soviet scientists, whose quest was noted in this column many months ago. Press reports from Moscow say that even the hair and flesh of this beast whose species has been extinct from pre-historic times, are preserved intact. It will be transported in ice to Moscow for scientific study.

Previously the only mammoth to be found intact in the Arctic ice is the Bereska mammoth, now preserved in Leningrad's museum. Dogs belonging to the discoverers went right after the meat on this beast, until they were driven off. The new find is being protected against ravenous dogs and wolves.

Ice is of course a prime refrigerant. Stories have been related of the recovery of bodies of persons who lost their lives on glaciers, the moving mass finally dropping them at their melting snouts.

The attention of the world has been directed toward the exploration of Shiva temple, the land island in the Grand canyon, where the small animals presumably have been isolated for many thousand years. The chain there of course is continuous. With the Wrangel island specimen, the world now has the "fresh" corpse of an animal dead these 20,000 years. The time seems long. Actually it is a brief moment in the span of animal life on this globe, and a far briefer segment of time in the history of the planet as recorded in the rocks.

### Boys' Training School

Says the Eugene Register-Guard:

"Oregon has been penny wise and pound foolish in its policy as to penal institutions. For juveniles, it has provided the Woodburn farm which has long been sadly overcrowded. For other offenders it has provided the penitentiary. It has provided nothing for that very numerous and important class of offenders who are between childhood and maturity."

In the interest of accuracy it should be recorded that the boys' training school plant at Woodburn has a capacity for about 200 boys. Its present population is about 85. The number has been as low as 65.

Why the low population? First, Oregon boys are pretty good boys. They may indulge in mischief, and some of them get over the border into juvenile crime; but on the whole the boys of Oregon are law-abiding.

Another reason for the low population is the good parole system used there. The school has about 600 youth on parole all the time. The number of violators who are returned number about 20 per annum. That is a small percentage. Some of course graduate into the penitentiary by committing serious crimes, but the majority are reclaimed to useful citizenship.

When the Woodburn school was built it was planned to locate an intermediate institution on the former site, southeast of Salem. The law authorized the changes but the legislature never put up the money. The old site is now used as a pen annex.

Cabinet members have been put in shadow by more colorful individuals with more money to spend or more power to administer: Hugh Johnson, Donald Richberg, Harry Hopkins, Rex Tugwell. Three members are however of "cabinet" size: Cordell Hull, secretary of state, Harold Ickes, feisty secretary of the Interior, Henry Wallace, mystic, secretary of agriculture. Hull is doing a fine job with foreign affairs and his program of lowering tariff barriers to restore world trade is the real constructive economic effort of the whole administration.

The doctors have all gone home. They left behind no resolutions on war and fascism, Bonneville power or the Scottsboro boys. They also did nothing about colds and constipation.

### Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Liberty Woman's club 10-24-37 is Oregon history minded: Temple hill at the border of that historic district:

At its meeting of last Thursday, October 21, the Liberty Woman's club started a study of "Oregon." The history, the rivers and mountains and beauties and advantages and resources of the state of their nativity or adoption are to pass in review, to the end that they may be understood better and appreciated more.

By invitation, the writer was the guest speaker at that meeting. What he had to say, substantially, will follow in this column, beginning:

This will be the first time I have spoken in the Liberty district for nearly 41 years. The time before was the last night of the McKinley campaign, at the Liberty school house; not the present one, of course; the old one.

I trust you will not be unduly alarmed when I tell you the last speech was about six hours long.

It was this way: I was chairman of the congressional committee, and had been canvassing far and near over the First district, including all the Sunnyside school houses out this way. Liberty was a populist stronghold then, and it was for that or some other reason saved for the last. I was also assistant superintendent of the Oregon state reform school, just across the hills from here, the lady who was matron being first in command. She came along to Liberty, with one or two of her friends, behind the streamlined day team, Fanchon and Bridget. The day of automobiles had not dawned.

I had by that time become rather self assured; thought in my youthful exuberance that, among other things, I was able to go against the world on the main issues, including the money question; and that was the big sound money versus free silver campaign—McKinley against Bryan. I have concluded since, that I knew and still know a thing about sound money—and believe nobody else in the world knows anything about it.

I finished my speech, in say 40 to 60 minutes, and the chairman suggested adjournment, but members of the opposition parties begged that they be allowed questions for the speaker to answer. The chairman held that it was a regular public meeting, and no time had been arranged for a debate. But I volunteered to attempt answers to any questions that might be proposed; being, as heretofore intimated, rather puffed up with self assurance through a rough experience. Well, the verbal duel opened—and it was not over until 2 o'clock in the morning. One of the hecklers carried a cane, and used it in giving force to his questions—which alarmed the ladies in my party. They were frightened at what they thought was a prospect of losing their driver. But no physical harm came of it—and McKinley and Taft were elected, as some of the ladies present will perhaps recall. It was Tongue's first election to congress, the second election by districts.

So much—too much—by way of introduction. I am asked to talk about some phase of Oregon history. Six hours would hardly introduce this favorite subject. And I must not go beyond 30 or 40 minutes—unless you repeat what happened to me out here 41 years ago.

This is a very old country. Horner in his latest Oregon History, 1931, pronounced Oregon "a very old part of the earth." He quoted Agassiz, foremost natural scientist of his time, as saying America was "the first dry land lifted out of the waters, hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside."

"Oregon, a portion of that region which Agassiz describes," said Horner, "is so old that we seek its earliest records in the rocks whose strata are leaves written in succeeding centuries."

"Some of the first pages of the 'Oregon stone book,' added Horner, are embossed with sea shells and bones of strange animals. They teach that the region was once beneath the sea."

He might have told of lime stone, formed of salt sea shells, over in Polk county, as thick as a tall house is high. Lime stone is perhaps as thick in the hills a few miles east of here. We know it is there, because the spring that supplies the state tuberculosis institution with drinking water is heavy with lime.

When water of that spring was first enclosed with concrete and piped to the then boys' reform school, it could not be used in the boilers there. Mill creek water had to be substituted. All water running into the Willamette river is "soft" water.

Your red hills are full of iron ore, the volcanic ash that was spewed up when this part of the terrestrial sphere was much hotter than Washington, D. C., in summer time, with congress in session.

Prof. Thomas Condon in his day told us graphically of the "Two Islands" that are now Oregon which first emerged from the sea, and of the different geological epochs; when huge reptiles, like the brontosaurus 50 feet long, flourished in one of them; that the reptiles disappeared through changes of climate, and in their stead came the mammals, some of them very large, like elephants, camels, etc., the petrified bones of which we find in the Willamette valley; notably in the vicinity of Newberg.

(Continued on Tuesday.)



### Radio Programs

KSLM—SUNDAY—1370 Kc.

- 8:30—Morning meditation.
- 9:00—Dr. Courbin, organist, MBS.
- 9:15—Prayer ensemble.
- 9:45—Martha and Hal, MBS.
- 10:00—Chamber orch., MBS.
- 10:30—News news.
- 10:45—Music master.
- 11:00—American Lutheran church.
- 11:15—Spring ensemble.
- 12:15—Popular salute.
- 12:30—Song shop, MBS.
- 12:45—Pop ensemble, MBS.
- 1:00—Melody and Melody, MBS.
- 1:15—Melodie memories.
- 1:45—Richardson Quartet.
- 2:00—Jimmy Lunceford's orch., MBS.
- 2:15—Martha Clark, soprano, MBS.
- 2:45—Rabbit Magazine, MBS.
- 3:00—Thirty minutes in Hollywood, MBS.
- 3:30—Popular variety.
- 4:00—Stan Lomax, MBS.
- 4:15—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
- 4:30—Ted Weems' orch., MBS.
- 5:00—Stardust review, MBS.
- 5:30—Heart songs.
- 6:00—Organallies.
- 6:15—Deep South Choir, MBS.
- 6:30—Today's story.
- 7:00—Vincent Lopez orch., MBS.
- 7:30—Gospel Broadcasting Assn., MBS.
- 8:00—Hawcock ensemble, MBS.
- 9:00—Newspaper of the air, MBS.
- 9:15—The Passing Parade, MBS.
- 9:30—The Starline.
- 10:00—Freddie Martin's orch., MBS.
- 10:15—The Four of Us.
- 10:30—Kay Kyser's orch., MBS.
- 10:45—Jimmy Lunceford's orch., MBS.
- 11:30—Station news, MBS.

KOW—SUNDAY—630 Kc.

- 9:00—Great Radio news.
- 9:05—Ward and Muzzy.
- 9:15—Neighbor Nell.
- 9:30—America album program.
- 9:40—Dreadna and Humath.
- 9:50—Chicago Round Table.
- 10:00—Stacy.
- 10:30—Morning concert.
- 11:30—Eck Home.
- 12:30—Today's melody.
- 12:45—Bicycle party.
- 1:00—The Towns, troubadour.
- 1:15—Radio constants.
- 1:30—Stars of tomorrow.
- 1:45—Talley.
- 2:00—Time of our life.
- 2:30—Pussy playlets.
- 3:00—A Tale of Today.
- 4:00—Professor Penitentiary.
- 4:30—The Hammett's orch.
- 5:00—Coffee hour.
- 6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
- 7:00—Horsehoes News.
- 7:30—Theater carnival.
- 8:00—Interesting News.
- 8:30—The Past's Review.
- 9:00—Jack Benny.
- 9:30—Night Editor.
- 10:00—Treasure Island.
- 9:30—One Man's Family, MBS.
- 10:00—New flashes.
- 11:00—Bal Tabarin orch.
- 11:30—Stageings.
- 12:00—Weather reports.

KEX—MONDAY—1180 Kc.

- 8:00—The Quiet Hour.
- 8:30—Novelty orch.
- 9:00—Prophetic orch.
- 9:30—Barnes city music hall.
- 10:00—Spelling bee.
- 11:00—Magic Key to RCA.
- 12:00—Tempe for youth.
- 8:00—The Quiet Hour.
- 8:30—Novelty orch.
- 9:00—Prophetic orch.
- 9:30—Barnes city music hall.
- 10:00—Spelling bee.
- 11:00—Magic Key to RCA.
- 12:00—Tempe for youth.

KOAO—MONDAY—560 Kc.

- 8:00—Today's programs.
- 8:30—The Hammett's orch.
- 9:00—Weather forecast.
- 10:15—Weather for adults.
- 10:30—Robert Moore, violinist.
- 11:00—School of the air.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:15—News farm hour.
- 1:15—Variety.
- 8:00—Home visits with the extension staff, Ellen Fardoe, acting club specialist, "Sulting Your Job to You."
- 8:45—The travel hour.
- 9:15—Your health.
- 9:45—The Monitor views the news.
- 10:00—The symphonic hour.
- 10:45—Stories for boys and girls.
- 11:00—The campus.
- 11:45—Vespers, Rev. D. Vincent Gray.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:30—H club meeting.
- 8:30—Dean Victor P. Morris, the world in review.

KOIN—MONDAY—940 Kc.

- 8:00—Koin Klock, Ivan, Walter and Frankie.
- 8:30—Koin news service.
- 9:05—Songs of the pioneers.
- 9:15—This and That with Art Kirkham.
- 9:45—Mary Margaret MacBride, radio columnist.
- 9:15—Edwin C. Hill.
- 9:30—Helen Treen.
- 9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
- 10:00—Betty and Bob.
- 10:15—News of all churches.
- 10:30—Aristid Grimm's Daughter.
- 11:00—Birds in person.
- 11:15—Ant Jenny's real life stories.
- 11:30—American school of the air.
- 12:00—Silver serenades.
- 12:15—Magazine of the air.
- 12:30—Jamie Peabody.
- 12:45—The Newlyweds.
- 1:00—Myri and Marge.
- 1:15—Pretty Kitty Kelly.
- 1:45—Homemaker's institute.
- 2:00—Variety matinee.
- 2:30—News through a woman's eyes.
- 2:45—Children's hour.
- 3:00—News from home hour.
- 3:30—Newspaper of the air.
- 4:30—Eton boys.
- 4:45—Bookworm.
- 5:00—Mastric orch.
- 5:15—Mathman melodies.
- 5:45—News.
- 6:00—Radio theatre; Spencer Tracy and Kaye Wray in "Arrowsmith."
- 7:00—U. S. Department of education.
- 8:00—Theater of the air.
- 8:15—Around the world with Books Carter.
- 8:30—Pat and Pat.
- 8:45—Horace Heidt's orch.
- 9:00—Musical moments.
- 9:15—Castillians.
- 9:30—Five Star Final.
- 10:00—White Fire.
- 10:45—News from the world.
- 11:00—Bob Crosby orch.
- 11:15—Sol Hoopii orch.
- 11:45—Serenade in the Night.

Nail Wound Suffered

UNION HILL—Douglas Heater of the Heater Logging company near Detroit has been ill, suffering from running a nail in his foot and vaccination. He is improving now.

### On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A Confidence Game  
In any free or semi-free economic system, the psychological factor is of great importance. Prosperity or depression, whether the curve moves upward or downward depends to a large extent on what course people think it is going to take. For on that basis they take their risks or refuse to take them. Any system of free enterprise depends for expansion on the willingness of large numbers of people to take risks in the hope of gain. Risk is an element of its nature.

It is also an element of any other economic system. Prosperity under any form of collectivism can, theoretically, be ordered and controlled. Theoretically, under collectivism, there should never be any depression. All work and labor being organized under one cover, it should be, theoretically, possible to keep it constantly producing at higher and higher levels, and the returns being socialized one should move to higher and higher standards of living for everybody. This is the appeal of collectivism to the orderly and non-progressive mind. But all experience shows—and the world is replete with such experience at present—that collectivism by no means eliminates risks. There are risks in control of forces, since they cannot yet absolutely control nature. There are risks which lie outside the area of their control, but have repercussions upon it. The Soviet Union has existed as a completely controlled economy for twenty years, but has not been impervious to advances or regressions else where in the world during all that time. And there are the greatest possible risks in the minds and characters of the controllers.

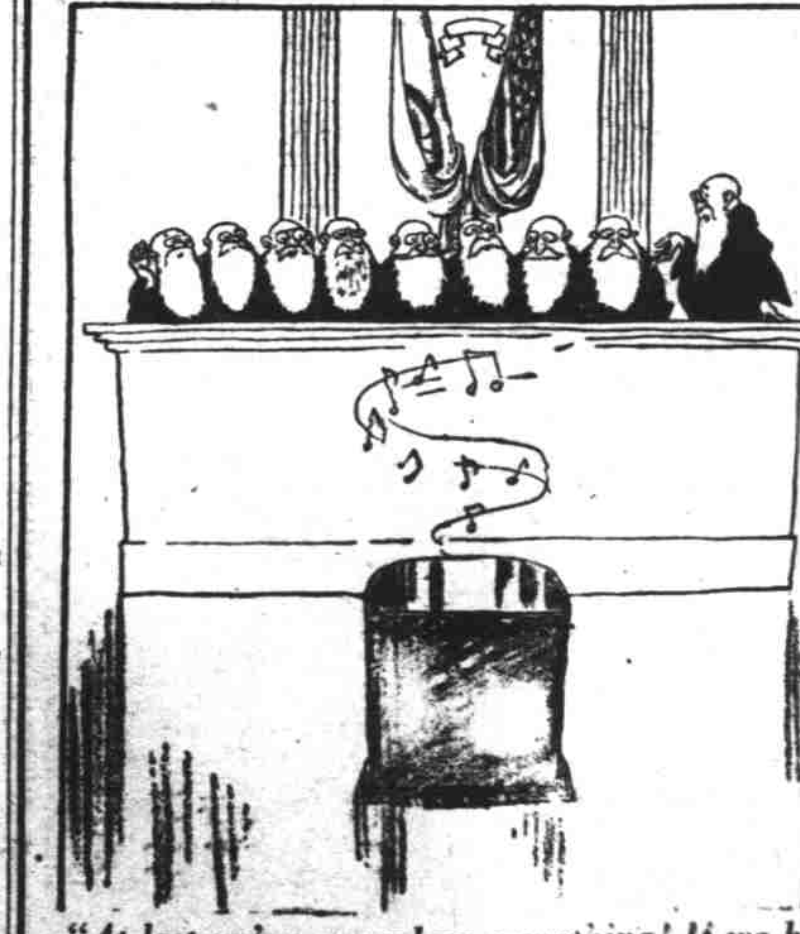
Not being gods, nor even super-politicians, but perfectly ordinary mortals, themselves running constant risks of cabals from other ordinary but ambitious politicians, they also move this way and that, improvise and experiment, are sometimes wise, and often—men being men—in error. They also guess, and they guess without a thousand fine signs that in a free economy tell them whether they are hot or cold. If they guess right, there are profits—and in a collectivist economy the distribution of those profits is also a headache, since one cannot distribute only roads, canals, dams and public monuments which can be given to people collectively, but also must distribute shoes and meat and clothes. One cannot presume that everybody wants precisely the same things, in the same quantities, so one must distribute money. And if the collectors are also to decide, and quite arbitrarily, whether Jones is more valuable than Smith or Brown, so the Joneses, Smiths and Browns live in constant risk regarding the arbitrary price placed upon their relative values.

And if they—the controllers—guess wrong altogether; if they miscalculate the effects of their actions—then, in place of profit there is loss, and that loss is also socialized. Everybody shares it. If the mistake is big, then millions starve. That also has happened in Russia.

Risk—to go on with banalities, which are so banal that many people despise them on the ground that what is axiomatic is uninteresting even if true—risk is life. It is its condition. It is risky to be born, risky to live, and, even with modern embalming, the grave promises no permanent security. Capitalism is risky, collectivism is risky. But of all risky systems, that which is partly one and partly the other is the riskiest.

Actually the whole civilized world lives under such a double system, and actually, such a double system has thus far added most to the health, wealth, and happiness of mankind. We pay taxes into a collectivist fund, and put saving, if any, into some form of private stocking. We drive privately owned and manufactured automobiles on public roads.

### On the Nose . . . By THORNTON



"At last we've agreed on something! If we have new members they'll either listen to KSLM or buy their own radio."