

Study Program Given Granges

All State Groups Will Get Outlines Aimed to Add Interest to Meets

Granges in Marion county and in every part of the state will devote a large part of their lecture time to a study of Oregon's natural resources, and the problems of use and conservation of them, according to word received here. C. W. Reynolds, executive assistant of the state planning board, has cooperated with grange officials and worked out a study program for this year.

An outline of the study plan will be presented in the near future to the Marion county grange conference by Mrs. G. W. Thiessen, Milwaukie, state lecturer. On her trips the lecturer will be accompanied by other grange officers, including Ray W. Gill, state master; Morton Tompkins, overseer; Mrs. Bertha Beck, secretary; Mrs. Mary Lundell, chairman, and Mrs. Fannie McCall, state matron.

Bulletin Lists Topics

A special bulletin prepared by the planning board lists eight suggested topics, all carefully outlined for discussion. Topics are "Farming the Forests," "Weeds," "The Farmer Buys and Sells," "Fish, Feathers and Furs," "What Is Happening to Oregon's Youth Resources?" "We Can Prevent Crime," "Too Much Land—or Not Enough!" "Electric Power for Oregon."

First of the topics has been worked out in detail for presentation at grange meetings, and others will be completed in the near future, it is announced. Material is taken from planning board reports and from other sources.

Will Add to Interest

The lecture series provided by the planning board not only will serve to further conservation and other programs held to be of great value to the state, but it provides a valuable addition to the grange meetings, it is pointed out by Mrs. Thiessen. "If you picture the little granges, many of them miles from any source of information, you will see how valuable this information is for them," Mrs. Thiessen states. "The planning board is carrying on an adult education project to a class of people who could not otherwise obtain it."

Mrs. Thiessen has already placed the program before the granges of Klamath, Lake, Harney, Grant, Malheur, Baker, Union, Wallowa, Deschutes, Jefferson, Crook, Sherman, Gilliam, Wheeler, Morrow, Umatilla, Wasco, Columbia, Clatsop, Tillamook, Lincoln, Curry and Coos. Other counties will be visited in the near future.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

BORES

That which bores you may not bore me. That which bores me may not bore you; And rare is she and rare is he Who do as others they'd have do. Sometimes such ones rewarded are. Find bores less boresome than they thought; Bore, as we find 'em, near and far. Are average persons, ego fraught

The one who bores not always bores— He may be you, he may be me; His threes are threes, his fours are fours, Though number one his weakness be!

Individuals are occasionally observed dodging into doorways to avoid contact with other individuals who are also dodging into doorways to avoid contact with them. And occasionally, also, individuals are bored stiff—however seriously bored that may be—by talk bearing upon the boresomeness of other individuals.

One Thanksgiving Memory

I heard an oldish man say Thursday that he dreads holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas on account of they bring up so many memories. He was standing under a marquee, waiting for a bus, and the rain was drip, drip, dripping from the marquee, making a sad sound to a man, if he happened to be attuned to sadness, which this man was. Three or four sparrows were hopping about on the walk at his feet. He was entertaining the sparrows by chewing up popcorn and spitting it at them, and a good time was being had by all when I happened along. It's odd, isn't it, how a sparrow knows a friendly man from an unfriendly one? Not that I am unfriendly to sparrows. Only, in this instance I had spotted a marquee, and the tiny birds did not like it very well. They hopped away down the walk with their tail-feathers flicking disgustedly and their noses sticking up.

"Memories cluster around holidays," said the man musingly, his eyes following the birds. "Most holiday memories are happy ones, but some ain't. Some of 'em make you sad, some of 'em make you glad, and some of 'em make you mad. About 30 years ago, when I came to this valley, after a long search for a climate where it wouldn't be necessary to climb like all get out to avoid excessive cold and excessive heat, I met a man up in

the Willamette headwaters region. I met him on a Thanksgiving day morning, and because he had a lonesome look, and further because I had been for some time living in a region where strangers asked no questions of one another, I invited him up to dinner. He said his name was Bixby, which was all right with me.

"Well, along about second helping time there came a knocking on the door, and my wife answered it. When she opened the door, we heard a bass voice say, 'Howdy, mam. I'm an officer of the law over Wyoming way, and— and right then Bixby, or whatever his name was, jumped for a window, tipping the table over and scattering the dinner all over the place. 'Hold him,' yelps the Wyoming man. But nobody held him, and he went through the window, taking the sash with him. The Wyoming man galloped around the house, but Bixby was gone. Pretty soon the Wyoming man came back. 'Been trailing that rat for two weeks,' he explained. 'Murderer!' I asked. 'Naw,' he said. 'Just deserted his wife and four children, that's all.'

"Ever since then I always remember that Thanksgiving day, more especially if someone knocks on the door while we're eating. 'Tain't much of a memory, but I can't seem to get entirely but of it. And," he added, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. reckon I'm sort o' lonesome."

Then the bus came.

Thursday was a day of big business at all local show houses. Particularly noticeable at the Grand and the State, where wait-lines were in evidence most of the afternoon and evening. At the latter house Ted Mack's orchestra and company of specialty performers went over with a bang, and continued as the stage feature during the remainder of the week.

That boy is in again! Asked what he learned in school today he says he learned that erysipelas is a disease, and he had a i w a s thought it was some sort of a flavor for soda water. He'll have an education yet.

I hear of a man up the creek who was compelled to give up digging a ditch on account of a bad blister which he was afraid he'd get on one of his hands.

Another song by George W. Boyle, Salem writer of lyrics, is being issued by a Portland publisher. I am quoting briefly from it: In this Oregon land where a man is a man,

In this valley of dreams come true, We have cast our lot in God's garden spot, Willamette, we're loving you, We love your great broad high ways, Your fair cities, too, Your placid rivers flowing, Your meadows wet with dew, Your golden grain at harvest time, Your sky that's always blue, A resting place for the weary, Willamette, we're loving you.

Incidents of a Damp Week

An old gentleman in the Mill creek section got his feet wet on morning, and because he had a lonesome look, and further because I had been for some time living in a region where strangers asked no questions of one another, I invited him up to dinner. He said his name was Bixby, which was all right with me.

"Well, along about second helping time there came a knocking on the door, and my wife answered it. When she opened the door, we heard a bass voice say, 'Howdy, mam. I'm an officer of the law over Wyoming way, and— and right then Bixby, or whatever his name was, jumped for a window, tipping the table over and scattering the dinner all over the place. 'Hold him,' yelps the Wyoming man. But nobody held him, and he went through the window, taking the sash with him. The Wyoming man galloped around the house, but Bixby was gone. Pretty soon the Wyoming man came back. 'Been trailing that rat for two weeks,' he explained. 'Murderer!' I asked. 'Naw,' he said. 'Just deserted his wife and four children, that's all.'

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Among the New Books

Reviews and Literary News Notes
By CAROLINE C. JURGEN

Something to Remember. By ELIZABETH STANCY PAYNE. This is a light, slightly amusing love story. Susan Jones, the heroine, sets forth on a cruise to Newfoundland. She draws a cabin mate also named Jones, but the latter becomes injured in an accident and is taken to the hospital just before the boat sails. When they came to remove her trunk, Susan's trunk becomes removed instead. Susan doesn't discover the mistake until the ship is well underway. She has the alternative of using the clothes in the trunk or wearing only the dress she came aboard in. Finally she decides to use the clothes in the trunk. The clothes are recognized by a man on board and the situation is complicated by Susan's losing her purse.

Those who like really good stories, won't of course, care much for this. Susan seems unusually weak and indecisive for an American girl. The story is filled with too many coincidences and the man of the story isn't exactly like any modern young man we have met.

For the readers who enjoy Lorraine, Norris, Hauk or Fanny Hill, this will be a nice variation. Elizabeth Stancy Payne has long been a favorite among readers of this type story. In this she forsakes the home-and-garden background of her recent novels and goes to sea. She is evidently well acquainted with the background and some of the descriptions light up the rather inane conversation.

The Perils of Modernizing Jesus. By Henry J. Cadbury. Macmillan. \$2.00. 1937.

Anachronisms, one could easily believe, in reading "The Perils of Modernizing Jesus," form a hobby for Dr. Cadbury. He is continuously pointing out one or another he has found in this or that place. He tells us that on a visit to the Holy Land, he once saw, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, a statue of Mary wearing a wrist watch.

He objects to "O Little Town of Bethlehem" being sung in the film production of Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" in a scene during Civil war days when Philip Brooks didn't write it until 1868, "four years too late for the civil war setting, and it was in fact not published until 1894." The author points out several other anachronisms equally interesting.

While he admits that such glaring errors as the wrist watch episode seldom appear in present-day books on the life of Christ, there is a dangerous tendency to modernize Jesus. Modern writers too often, he believes, lack historical perspective and consequently anachronisms and sentimentalities creep into their writing.

fact that Jesus "consorts with soldiers, tax collectors, harlots, and even a Roman centurion." But, according to Dr. Cadbury, Jesus did not know "class interests, class consciousness, class ideals." Cadbury speaks of Christ's teaching and purpose as unplanned, as "consideration of a technique would be quite foreign to the whole thinking of such lives," (referring to Jesus and Paul). They would probably have been "horrified at the suggestion that converting of men was due to some skillful plan."

Dr. Cadbury cautions his readers to consider the question, "How far do the words recorded in Greek after some decades represent the words originally spoken in Aramaic? Have not the interests and prejudices of the followers of Jesus colored his sayings in several definite directions?"

He concludes with "For many of us it will remain more satisfactory to leave much about him unknown, much about him alien both to ourselves and to the church that more immediately succeeded him, than to paint him up unconcernedly in our own image or what becomes so often quite similar, to attempt to supplement the imperfect historical portrait with what we call the 'Christ of faith.'"

First and last, Dr. Cadbury aims at the biographers of Jesus who are endeavoring to give us "an understandable Jesus." This,

Dr. Cadbury believes, first, is impossible, and if it were possible, we would not have a picture of the "true Jesus."

Critical readers are apt to wonder, hasn't tried to do, perhaps unconsciously, the very things he is objecting to so emphatically in others. Surely, the Jesus that Cadbury gives us is much less wise, much more simple than the man even the Bible has pictured for us, or than the man those who do not accept Jesus as divine, still give him credit for being. Dr. Cadbury would have us believe that Jesus was a very simple man, working without plans, or thought of a future.

However, "The Peril of Modernizing Jesus" sets forth a new and important theme in a rather convincing way. Whether or not one agrees with Dr. Cadbury—and who ever completely agrees with any one author—the book is interesting and provocative of a new avenue of religious thinking. Dr. Cadbury has taught at Andover Theological Seminary, Bryn Mawr college, Haverford college, Pendle Hill and the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is at present Hollis professor of Divinity at Harvard university. He is the author of "Making of Luke-Acts," and with Kirgop Lake of Volumes IV and V of "The Beginnings of Christianity."



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