

Diverted Hops Placed on Land After Government Payments

Stabilization Plan Involved

Means Loss of \$28 a Bale Even With US Aid, but Assists Industry

By C. GENEVIEVE MORGAN
A drive over the countryside these days brings to view many fields, mostly hopyards, where the ground is dotted with what appear to be bales of hops, somewhat disheveled because the burlap has been torn away. And that's just the case.

Hop growers in the three coast states are diverting thousands of bales of hops of 1934 and earlier crops to fertilizer under one of the first realized moves to stabilize the market.

The stabilization program sets up \$7 per bale to the growers for diverting the hops from market and commercial channels, but actually the grower realizes \$50 per bale if the administration costs reach 50 cents per bale.

Around 80,000 bales of hops of 1934 and earlier are being spread out upon the ground in this manner, and estimates here show that about 60,000 bales of this total are growers' holdings. The rest are held by dealers and speculators. The rate of payment under the federal payment of \$6.50 per bale is 3 1/2 cents per pound.

Loss Is Taken
With the cost of production placed at from 16 1/2 to 17 1/2 cents per pound, the present "dumping" of hops means a loss (on) basis of the outside figure of \$28 per bale on production costs alone, or a loss of \$2,540,000 for the 30,000 bales being scattered as fertilizer under the federal payment.

As fertilizer, the hops are put on at the rate of 2 1/2 tons per acre and their value is placed at twice the value of straw used for fertilizer. The burlap must be stripped and the bale of hops left intact on the field until a government man comes along to check the field distribution.

The only salvage from the bales of hops being lost to the market under the growers' voluntary stabilization market is the canvas or burlap in which the hops are wrapped. Each bale requires 5 1/2 yards of burlap, which at a cost of 15 cents a yard represents 82 1/2 cents per bale—or \$65,000 in burlap alone for the 30,000 bales going to fertilizer.

Some of the burlap will be salvaged for use as tarps and shades in hop pickers' camps. Benefit Eventually
In spite of huge combined losses on the older hops held on the coast, hop growers are apparently optimistic about the diversion process and believe the chance of this old surplus will help swing the market back to its feet.

With the 1934 and earlier hops out of the picture, growers still have a row and 42,000 bales of hops on hand from the 1935, 1936 and 1937 crops, figures released here this week show.

California has about 7000 bales of 35s, 36s and 37s on hand. Washington has about 2,000 bales and Oregon has 25,141 bales—or a total of 42,141 bales as present stocks represented by the carryover for the past three harvests.

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

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action he is condemned as being a fascist. According to that definition, the fathers of American democracy were all fascists. One cannot read the federalist, without realizing how indebted Hamilton, Madison and Jay were to Aristotle and the classical philosophers. And one often wishes that our present legislators and brain trusters had had the same training in methodical thinking, and were half as familiar with the accumulated wisdom of the past.

Yes, I foresee a parents' revolt. And a lot of teachers will join it. Some day the parents are going to rise up and demand that the teachers in our schools spend less of their time getting Teachers' college credits in the technique of teaching a subject, and learn more about the subject they teach. Our teachers know how to teach history, according to the most approved methods, but they are without a passionate interest in history. They know how to teach Latin, but they are not imbued with either the spirit of the language or the spirit of the world it expressed. Many of them would get

Almost Too Late

Remembering your past, O February,
Your sunny smiles amidst the winter rain,
Almost too late across the dripping prairie,
You fling the golden rod of your train.
Almost too late, and yet serenely certain
You touch the stops that work a magic change,
To lift the fog as deftly as a curtain
And trace the shining peaks along the range.
And suddenly the daffodils are blooming
And pussy willows yellowing the boughs;
Beyond the hedge the grassy swail is booming
Where multitudes of waking frogs carouse.
Almost too late, yet this retarded splendor
Your closing days in majesty put on,
Uplifts the heart to heights divinely tender
In thanks to God who gave us Oregon.
—EDWIN T. REED.

Hops to Raise Hops; 576 Bales Placed Upon Land



This hopyard near Wheatland is receiving a dressing of 576 bales of 1934 Oregon hops for fertilizer. Estimated production cost of these hops for growers receive \$7 a bale from the government exceeds \$20,000. Had these 576 bales passed into the brewing industry they would have produced approximately 140,000 barrels of beer holding \$1 gallons each. But as fertilizer, spread at the rate of 2 1/2 tons to the acre, they have but twice the value of straw.—Ben Maxwell Photo.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

July Blooming Perennials Include Many Easy to Grow in Gardens of Valley

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Answers to questions:
Recent inquiries have numbered several about avocado culture. Unless one is equipped with special place for growing anything so large as an avocado tree soon becomes, it is better not to attempt its culture. It is a pretty tree when it is small. But it soon outgrows its general usefulness. If one persists in keeping it, he'll soon find himself in the position of trying to care for an elephant in the stable of a racing horse.

Some complain of leaves dropping off avocado trees. This may be caused from too small a container or from poor drainage.

Mulch For Violets
A good mulch for violets is leaf mold from the woods or from ones own trees if one is fortunate enough to have some. If one is getting pest moss anyway, that is an excellent mulch for violets. It certainly is one of the standbys in a garden. It is a mulch that is so free from weed seed, too. Sawdust is useful on plants that require an acid soil.

If the gardener who signed himself "Mr. Gardener" will send me a self-addressed envelope, I'll send him the names of two or three nurseries nearby who can undoubtedly supply the small shrubs he inquires about.

In reply to Mrs. R. L. of Salem: Dr. R. E. Kleinsorge whose name you mention in your letter is "Western Homes" does live at Silverton and has been doing a marvelous job of hybridizing irises. If Mrs. R. L. had ever watched him hand pollinate, she wouldn't refer to the work as "a matter of luck."

Perennials For Spring
Perennials that will bloom in July include Pink Yarrow, Anchusa, Athanasia, Shasta Daisy, Geums, day lilies, hollyhocks, pentstemon, phlox, scabiosa.

The Leadwort or Plumbago Larpentae, is a late blooming border plant, starting in July and keeping up until a frost stops it. The flowers are cobalt-blue and grow on wiry stems. The plant grows from 10 to 12 inches high. It is a good rock garden plant also. Sunshine and good garden soil are all that it needs.

much more that they could transmit to their pupils, out of vacations in Athens or Sicily, than out of vacations spent taking a Teachers' college course. But they have to take the course, because without the credits, they can't expect promotion. And since they are one of the worst paid classes in our society, promotion matters to them.

The Gum is a very useful summer flower. It grows about 18 inches tall and is easy of culture. Full sunshine or partial shade will suit it. The one objection it has is wet feet in winter. It should never be left where water will stand about it in winter if it is expected to bloom again next summer. Among the named varieties are Mrs. Bradshaw with its large flowers, waxy petals and bright crimson color, and Lady Stratheden, a deep gold-yellow.

Flowers For Rich Soil
Corallibells and Henchera are the same. They prefer a rich, moist loam, although they will succeed well in a variety of soils except a heavy clay. Spring is the time to transplant. These are attractive when planted in small clumps at the edge of the shrubbery or in the rock garden. In the perennial border one sees them so often crowded out or overshadowed by heavier bloomers.

Maybells is a name sometimes given to Lily-of-the-valley. Occasionally one even sees them called so in books. Gardeners from the cornbelt area, it seems, more prone to call them that than western gardeners. Their culture is very simple. Give them shade and a leamold mulch in the fall. They increase rather rapidly and need replanting every three or four years if the flowers are to remain comparatively large.

Sweet Lavender is very easy of culture. They grow readily from seed planted in the spring. To succeed in such high school favorites as the junior class in their annual vaudeville given Wednesday afternoon and evening. The setting was in the lobby of a large hotel where prospective talent for a "grand ball" was being tried out. Those arriving at the hotel to demonstrate their ability ranged from hill-billies to opera singers. Both afternoon and evening audiences were kept in an uproar of laughter by the antics of "Stooge" Lindbeck playing the part of the dumb but willing bell-boy. The program consisted of such high school favorites as Howard Allen, Ray Lambeau, Jean But, Bill Lawyer, Bob Reinhold, Betty Demarest, Lee McAllister, and host of others. Claire Marshall was in charge and Mary E. Eyre served as faculty adviser.

In the halls were seen posters informing the students that the Chemeketa chapter of the De Moley is to present its annual spring formal dance at the armory next week. The outstanding promises is a most interesting affair.

Roberto Guerrero de la Rosa, a young college student on a good will tour from Mexico, spoke before a capacity audience in the assembly Thursday evening to inaugurate the new club described very interestingly and amusingly the custom of serenading the young senoritas in his native country. The speaker was introduced by Dr. Bruce Baxter of Willamette university.

There are two perennial Lobellias listed in some catalogues, but neither is the small blue flower we have come to associate with the name "Lobelia." The Cardinal flower is officially known as Lobelia Cardinalis. It is perfectly hardy and will grow best in partial shade and a rather damp spot. It grows from three to four feet tall. The other perennial Lobelia is blue and is called the Great Lobelia. Its height and growing requirements are very similar to those of the cardinal flower.

Certainly, an entire rockgarden could be made of primulas. Primulas are very lovely if grown in heavy masses, almost sufficient to cover the rocks entirely. The answer to the question as to how many varieties there are is that there must be several hundred varieties, but not all of them by any means suitable for outdoor culture. The colors of the hardy primroses range from white to deep crimson and blue. Their one unchangeable requirement is that they must have perfect drainage. Also they will fade out of the garden picture if they are not given some water during the summer months. The soil should be quite loose and rich. Also they like best some shade.

Pentstemon Grows Here
Pentstemon comes in many varieties and we have many native sorts here that are worthy of cultivation. They need a good, deep garden soil mixed with leafmold and sand. The soil should be well-drained, and a little shade won't be out of the way. The pentstemon is found quite profusely along the Santiam.

The Sensation is not a native. It is really a lovely flower and worthy of a place in the perennial border. Some of our prominent growers tell us it had best be treated as a biennial.

Sneezeweed has two more attractive names, its common name Helens flower, and its "surname," Helonium. This is a tall growing, autumn flowering relative of the sunflower. It starts blooming in mid-summer and blooms until quite late in autumn. The flowers range through mahogany-crimson, coppery-bronze to the light and rich yellows. The flowers remain fresh for a long time as a cut flower. Helonium will thrive well in any soil.

Californians at Gates
GATES—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goddon, with Doris and Duane, have arrived from Arcata, Calif., for a short visit with Mrs. Goddon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stitt.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Fleas
For something be grateful every day,
There's heaps to be grateful for;
Life means little to people who say,
The world's a terrible bore.

I knew a fellow a while back who came out to California to live, and he had been told fleas were pretty bad down there. So he started in right at the beginning to guard against fleas. He let fleas make life a sort of misery to him. Of course, every old resident he spoke to about fleas told him the kind of powder to get, and the women prescribed lotions, and he was feeling pretty good with himself, because in three years he was not attacked by a flea. Then one morning when he woke up he surprised six or eight fleas in the act of jumping about upon his anatomy. But not a bite did he get. The insects did not like the way he tasted. He was immune to fleas—had always been. Well, naturally, he was mighty grateful, and it set him to thinking. And he is now, I am informed, one of the most cheerfully active members of the For Something Be Grateful Every Day society. But, also, he is somewhat disgusted with himself.

Text for today: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." (Prov. 28-1). But this, of course, has no reference to the man whom no fleas pursueth.

I rather like the foregoing paragraph. It reminds me of a gentle old jester whom I knew more years ago than I care to count. Some of the finest characters I have ever known never proved true to their favorite jokes. And though it may appear somewhat strange, these oft-repeated pleasantries answered the purpose for which they were intended very well.

Which reminds me that I saw a Will Rogers film again during the week. George Ade's play "The County Chairman." It may not seem entirely reasonable, but I think the principal of the Rogers charms lies in the fact that most of his utterances I have heard before in one form or another around the bar stove in the rear end of an Iowa general store. And they are fully as good, perhaps in some instances better, than they used to be. Age does not wither them. The Grand filled in with the Rogers feature because "The Baroness and the Butler" and a Dolores Del Rio Chinese war film, "International Settlement." Scene, Shanghai.

It is all but impossible to ignore a match upon certain surfaces. Upon other surfaces a mere touch causes a flash. People are somewhat like that.

If the conversation seems to have difficulty in getting under way, you might suggest that your new acquaintance give you his or her opinion of double feature programs as now perpetrated by many moving picture palaces.

A Trifle of History
Some folks have a "bug" for history. One of these "bugs" has been telling me the story of Balboa.

He was not acquainted with Balboa nor with any member of his family. His acquaintance with Balboa was derived from a book or perhaps a Sunday magazine section. It does not make any great difference, anyway. The story is the thing. Why be so fussy regarding facts?

Balboa, it appears from this telling, was an unfortunate man. And, as was no more than might have been expected, he came to an unfortunate end. The story runs that on a morning in 1500 or thereabouts, somewhere in the Panama region, he left the ocean of his party and went out for a stroll. Like all Spaniards of that day he was desirous of discovering something, preferably something of great value that might be hidden in a capacious bootleg.

Imagine his surprise when, having attained the summit of a hill, he discovered the Pacific ocean on this side of which had been virtually in a state of disuse, due to lack of discovery, for centuries. It was a sorry day for Balboa when he discovered the Pacific. He was too big and wet to do anything with, and the discovery had aroused the jealousy of his brother officers, who put their heads together and framed a story to the effect that he had been seen moving furtively seaward with a shovel over his shoulder.

Balboa said he was only intent upon gathering a few clams, which was probably the truth, but his brother officers accused him of being engaged in a nefarious attempt to drain the ocean, his purpose being to engage in bull-raising and bull-fighting upon the land thus obtained.

So one soft spring morning they carried him, laden with chains, even as they had carried Columbus not many years before, on board a ship and sailed him back to the old home town, and they called a fiesta in his honor and hanged him. It is said that friends of the family were somewhat grieved by this, it being their contention that he should have been permitted to die the man at the horns of a bull. But, shucks, that's their mighty little real justice in the world.

His name is not, but should be, Still behind with his Christmas mail!

Upon the desk before me has rested for some time a spring poem from Mira Ann Hornecker, who lives in Sandy. As spring poems go, it is a good poem, or so appears to me. I should like to see it in print. But it is too long to be practicable for use here. So I am using a verse or two, that readers may get a general idea of the poem. It is an old returning the manuscript to its author with thanks for having been accorded the privilege of seeing it. There are publishers, I am sure, who will be glad to print the poem:

Said a great big tree to a little brown shrub,
"I am tired of my old dress.
Let's you and I—shopping go!"
And the little brown shrub said "Yes!"

Often he made himself ridiculous. Once he pointed to one of his work clothes and said, "Here is a picture that even astonishes me, who made it."

When he had been in Italy the daughter of a duke had fallen in love with him. He had to pretend he was ill to escape her importunate pleas to take her back to Paris with him. When he returned to Paris, he brought with him a portrait he had made of her. Eventually he forgot her for he had met and married the beautiful daughter of a bookseller.

Anne Babity was her name and she was an incomparable shrew, empty-headed, extravagant, vile-tempered and unfaithful, neglecting his home and their children. When he could stand no longer he sued and won a separation.

He removed to the studio in the Louvre awarded him as an honored member of the academy. Here came king and queen, and even an emperor, to see France's most popular painter of the people.

The academy that had launched him on his popular success was the cause of a bitter disappointment to him. The rules required each academician to present the academy with a picture. It had waited 14 years for Greuze.

At last, after requested requests, he appeared bearing his contribution. Its historical subject was grandiloquently treated, and it had a title of forty words. The painting was meant to be the answer to those who had considered he could do only commonplace subjects.

The above painter is among 48 great Masters represented whose pictures are offered in reproduction form by this newspaper—48 Masters of Art in original colors.

They are divided into 12 sets of four, one set a week for only 39c and a coupon from this newspaper. Each week's set contains a lesson in Art Appreciation and persons who obtain all 12 weekly sets will get a free collector's portfolio.

Clip the coupon on page 2 now. Copyright, 1937

Among the New Books

Reviews and Literary News Notes
By CAROLINE C. JURGEN

PARADISE. By Esther Forbes. Harcourt, Brace & Company. \$2.50.

Those who are a little too prone to refer to the "good old days" as meaning those Elsie Dinmoreish days "when people who were good were really good and people who were bad were really bad" and no one was a little of both and they are in "modern times," should read PARADISE.

Even in the days of Plymouth Rock there were those who, like Fenton Parre, thought that "it seems to me we Puritans have taken every uncomfortable custom out of the Old Testament, and the pleasant ones our teachers have overlooked." Esther Forbes has managed to make these people of the long ago seem just as human as the people we surround us today. Only their customs were different, and their thoughts as far as those thoughts were guided by the customs. The Ten Commandments were obeyed and disobeyed somewhat in the same fashion they are today. Those who are for "stronger and more rigid enforcement like in Puritan days" will find that the same culprits returned over and over to the whipping post and the stocks. The severity of the punishment did not seem to deter them in their stepping off the straight and narrow.

The thousands who have read and enjoyed GONE WITH THE WIND, the lesser number who read and enjoyed Santanyana's THE LAST PURITAN, and those who are now reading, with pleasure Robert's NORTHWEST PASS—

Indeed, they were so shabby. They were ashamed to be seen. So they hurried to Mother Earth's storehouse. And asked for shades of green.

As a plain matter of fact, the coming of spring is a pretty wonderful piece of business, even in these parts, where the change from winter is less marked than elsewhere. It is only in the regions of intense winter that spring assumes its full miraculous character.

However, spring is fickle, deceitful, whereever you meet to-beat-Tomorrow have known in the land of low winter temperatures who, in the wisdom of his experience, donned an overcoat in the spring, where as he had failed to do so during the frigid season.

That attractively bizarre little beastie of New York syndicate the designs for which are the wise sayings of which are the work of Naomi Phelps (yes, of the Salem Phelpses), "The Church Mouse," has had its contract renewed for another year. Some bond of sympathy, prevail, I think, 'twixt mice and men, else how account for the success of Mickey and Minnie and this hungry, wise little creature of Miss Phelps' fancy?

Life is pretty puzzling at times, isn't it? The more we are able things we do-as, for instance, sitting in an open window in the springtime—are least enjoyable in their undoing.

My desk presents a collection of books. I do not intend to review the accumulation of these books, and occasionally make critical remarks of the desks of other people, also of a heapy appearance. But the heaps continue to-beat-Tomorrow and in consequence these heaps I find a tear-out from the American Magazine for February—two pages carrying an article under the title, "She Budgeted for Happiness," by Mrs. Coble de Lespinasse of Hubbard, a completely sound, sensible and, at the same time, interesting (which combination is not so frequently found as it might be) article. Mrs. de Lespinasse is a real personage.

An entertaining friend and you would be surprised to know the number of such I have—I know I am surprised—tells me of a really convincing advertisement he found recently in a magazine. He almost bought some of the articles advertised, but the only one he did not buy so is the fact that the article is a remedy for itch, and, unfortunately, he hasn't the itch.

It was thought for a time the first-aid car would have to be called, but the same time it seems he almost strangled in the effort to prevent himself from making sarcastic remarks about sunny southern California weather.

The wind comes up and tears around. Clouds spurt rain on the patient ground; It seems to me that 'tis quite clear. A Swinburne Hound of Spring is here.

Perhaps the longest short distance on record—the trail of the old post office — Holly-wood last week. Buried in a satin-lined casket with silver handles. With some men business is always "good" with others invariably "bad." May as well save your breath.

To California weather administrators. Defer further shipments. Overstocked. Appointment of Mrs. Spaulding to fill unexpired term of her husband in the state senate meets with general approval.

PARADISE will certainly enjoy PARADISE.

As GONE WITH THE WIND paints a realistic picture of the old South, so PARADISE gives a realistic picture of a 17th century Massachusetts Bay settlement. No novel could give a clearer or more understanding picture of its time. Esther Forbes does not dwell alone on the pious meditation so prevalent in romance, dealing with the early Plymouth years. She gives us the men and women, not only as they prayed, but as they drank, ate, bred, farmed, governed and struggled with the Indians. Miss Forbes manages to include a lot of knowledge in her stride without flaunting surplus atmosphere.

The reader learns the status of master and servant, of the regard in which women were held, of the strict and narrow laws of the puritan, of the herbs used and how used, of the punishments and why they were meted out, but in learning the reader is unconscious of learning, but believes he is only reading a very good story.

It is a long story, but not nearly so long as GONE WITH THE WIND, and like GONE WITH THE WIND it will be remembered long after it is read.

PARADISE comes in the year 1639, when Jude Parre, gentleman, Andrew Redbank, pastor, and some dozen others of various trades, petition Governor Winthrop that they be permitted to leave Boston and settle upon lands 20 miles inland. And so, the town of Canton came into being.

Jude Parre, with his English wife, who loved him and whom he did not love, built a great house of stone and timber, which, after his ancestral home in far away Kent, he called Paradise. Three English-born sons died, his wife died, and he married a servant, whom he loved and who did not love him. The two wives left him five children to grow to man and womanhood. There were Fenton and Christopher, Agnes, Jazan, and the pious little Hagar.

As the years passed, the village prospered. The farm reached into the forests and the friendly Indians dwelt in a settlement nearby. Jude Parre, the center of his great country household, sat in the huge hall of Paradise and administered his benevolent and wise justice over villagers and savages alike.

Jude Parre lived to see Fenton, dark and dashing, who had a "way with women," bring home as wife the beautiful but undependable Bathsheba. He lived to see Christopher submit rebelliously to the discipline of Harvard and later, with Bathsheba, brand on the forehead with the letter "A" before the populace in Boston Common, after they had been overtaken running away from Fenton. But he knew that Bathsheba's "way with women" was to blame. And later Christopher, in indifference, marries Salome, the cast-off "promised wife" of Fenton.

But Jude Parre did not live to see the romance that lingered around his daughter Jazan and her lover, the Cambridge lawyer, who custom forbade her to marry, and so instead, she marries Forethought Fearing, the very rightous and very infrequently human, Puritan minister.

After Jude Parre's death, the rule over Canton becomes more strict-laced and in consequence there is more rebellion, more crime, and more disaster. This struggle between the over pious and the progressive people of the colony is done with unusual nicety. The reader sympathizes with both entirely with the one or the other side. There are times Miss Forbes brings a certain inevitability in her writing that is almost depressing. But always, she gives that twist to the story, that saves it from complete melancholy, and the reader sympathizes with Esther Forbes is well equipped to write a New England historical novel. She herself was brought up on tales of New England puritan days. Her family roots are deeply imbedded in Massachusetts history.

After graduating from Bradford academy in Massachusetts, she studied at the University of Wisconsin. During her university years she wrote a number of short stories, one of which was selected for an O. Henry memorial collection.

Her first novel, O GENTLE LADY, an instant success, was published in 1926. In 1929, she started work on PARADISE. Since then, with but few interruptions, she worked continuously on this novel.

THE JUNIOR BOAT BUILDER. By H. H. Gilmore. Macmillan. \$1.25.
A. A. Gilmore tells that he was barely able to toddle around when he first "went to sea." The boat he built was a trim little craft made by his own hands from a piece of rough wood, a nail and some string.
Building boats is fun, he declares, and in this little book he gives clear directions of how to build boats, along with the directions are still clearer diagrams.
There are motor boats, cruisers, yachts, river boats, freighters, sailboats as well as lighthouses, buoys, piers and wharfs. There is enough information above each one to help readers identify the real boats when they are met.
Although this book is written primarily for the young boy and girl, it is likely that some "adult children" will be building their own fleets for back yard ponds, just as some men now have their electric trains in the basement or attic recreational room. The boats described in this little book are made to go, not merely to ornament the water.
Mr. Gilmore is a well-known toy-boat designer as well as a marine artist.