

Bulky old Postoffice Building Nearing End of Its Travels

Public Shows Much Interest

Some of Secrets of Task Told by Contractor Who Handles Job

By RALPH C. CURTIS

One source of great entertainment which Salem people have enjoyed throughout the last several weeks will no longer be so for the old postoffice building is nearing the end of its travels from the position it occupied for more than 35 years to its new home on the northeast corner of the Willamette university campus.

Perhaps it should no longer be called the "old postoffice," but rather the "new Willamette post building," although at what point in its travel it ceased to be the one and became the other, not all the future lawyers it will shelter in the coming years would be able to decide.

The building during the past week crawled from a point near Water street to approximately opposite the new Willamette library, passing on its way the new capital—one sign of progress moving between two others, so to speak.

When it reaches a spot on State street opposite the position it is to occupy, there will be another delay while the building is jacked up and the "shoes" and timber and rail tracks are turned for its final sidewise journey onto the campus, but this transition will not be nearly so complicated a process as that which was necessary to turn the massive structure to State street.

If the ground over which the building must move after leaving the pavement has dried out by the time it is ready to move onto it, the task will be still further simplified. When the turn from the postoffice block was negotiated, the variable settling of the temporary foundation timbers was an incessant problem adding to the difficulty of laying the track and guiding the "shoes" in their journey dependent on their distance from the axis, which was in the center of State street but not in the center of the building.

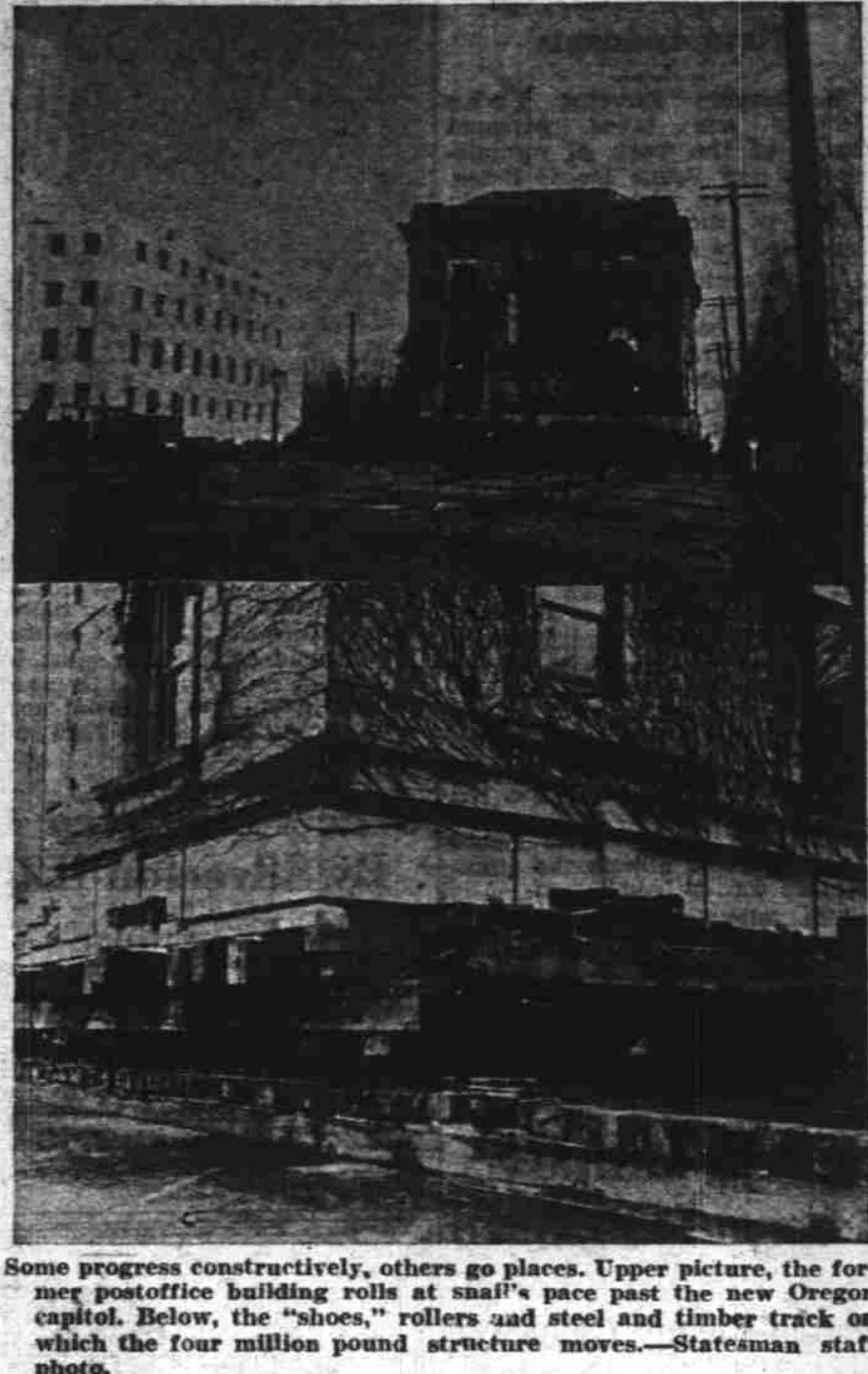
From the moment that the first attempt was made to jodge the 2900-ton building to the old position, crowds gathered at the scene, closely watching every move that was made. A shifting group of spectators came and went, staying a few minutes, an hour all day, depending upon what urgent business they sought for neglecting to do it there. There was lively discussion and interchange of much information, some of it erroneous. The spectators saw all that was done, yet there was much that they could not know.

Answered Queries

Because of this general interest and the numerous unanswered questions, this writer arranged to interview E. W. Lebeck, the moving contractor, over radio station KSLM. From remarks he made it is believed that program was "tuned in" by more listeners than any other feature that has been presented by the "Statesman-of-the-Air." Some Statesman readers who were not able to tune in at that time later expressed regret at not hearing it and it is for that reason that this story was written.

One of the points brought out was that this moving job is really a major one, as moving jobs go. Readers may also be aware of the fact that the building is being moved, but the massive old sandstone structure which served as a postoffice since 1902 was so solidly and substantially built that in proportion to its dimensions, it was the heaviest building ever moved in the north-west. In other words, the weight resting on any one set of rollers on which it moved, was perhaps the greatest that such rollers have been called upon to carry.

Progress—Construction—Motion



Some progress constructively, others go places. Upper picture, the former postoffice building rolls at snail's pace past the new Oregon capitol. Below, the "shoes," rollers and steel and timber track on which the four million pound structure moves.—Statesman staff photo.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

Edelweiss, Famed Alps Blossom, May Be Grown Right at Home; Queries Are Many

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Replies to inquiries: All factors in private reforestation are variable and would be difficult for me to say anything about. Better information along this line could be had from the state forestry department or from the school of forestry at Oregon State college at Corvallis. A 6 by 6 foot planting is advised by some who have put out bulletins on private reforestation.

Azaleas for Height

An Azalea with large yellow flowers is the Chinese sinense, specimens of which were growing on the state house grounds, I believe. It grows from 4 to 6 feet high and has stiff and relatively thick branches. The tree Azalea (Aboreseens) grows about 15 feet high, must have a shady location, an acid soil, full of humus and loose. The blossoms are fragrant and white in June. The so-called Flame Azalea comes under Calceolaceae in most catalogues. In good conditions, this will reach 10 feet. Its flowers are from yellow to red and bloom in May or June.

The Stellata or Star Magnolia comes in both pure white and a soft pink. It is coming into bloom now and will bloom for another month or two. It should be transplanted while it is in bloom. The Magnolia Soulangiana Leneel is striking in that the outside of the cups is a red color. It, too, blooms quite early.

The Edelweiss grows here successfully here in a light soil and with full exposure to the sun. We are advised that to establish a colony of Edelweiss, the seeds in a narrow chink in the rock garden. The seed should be in sandy loam. The Edelweiss is said to be the perennial plant most sought by tourists in the Alps.

The Edelweiss is a member of the Sieboldii has rose-purple blooms and the Japonica white. The latter comes a week or two later than the former. Sieboldii plants require light soils, with good winter drainage.

Lime Livers Quince Tree

The quince tree is in need of lime, particularly if it is on a clay soil that runs toward acidity. We are told that a quince will grow much more rapidly if it is given lime. The same holds true of the lilac and the fig tree. Figs are very fond of lime, the commercial fig growers tell us. Lime should be worked into the soil.

Nothing Unusual

At the same time that he has been directing the postoffice moving job, Mr. Lebeck has had a number of different projects under way—the moving of a number of houses on barges to Portland from sites which will be flooded by the new "Bonneyville lake."

When the Oleander forms buds which open poorly or not at all it is most often due to imperfect ripening of the wood. The flowers are borne on the growth of the leaves, which should be finished for the season. After flowering, give the plants less water than during flowering. In March, prune back the old wood which has borne flowers and give the plants more water and more warmth than they have had during the winter period.

Improve Forget-Me-Not

Forget-me-nots prefer moist half-shady places, but will do well in an open sunny border if it is not excessively dry. The variety H. H. Hatch, later worded August for next year's bloom. Some seed houses are offering very much improved varieties. Forget-me-not plants of some of the better varieties may be purchased from florists and set out in bloom. They will continue to bloom for a long period of time.

Ladies Guild Features Towel Shower at Church

SILVERTON—A tea towel shower for the church kitchen will be featured at the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Guild of Emmanuel church. The meeting will be held in the social rooms of the church. Hostesses are Mrs. Oscar Overlund, Mrs. Sam Lorenzen.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Thibbs and the Fortune Teller

Thibbs to a fortune teller went (He does this once every hundred years), This time to a Madam Tigerclaws, Who wore big rings in her tiny ears.

And he paid to her a coin or two, And he said, "Now listen, please, to me; Don't tell me of past or of present things, For I know all about 'em," said he.

"Also," he said, "the future I know, Am aware what 'tis going to be, At least, I can tell (and modestly smiled) Pretty much what is coming to me."

The madam laughed, and passed his coins back, "Madam Tigerclaws," she said "toodle-oo; I regret I can't help, but you're not the type, And 'tis time now I think you withdrew.

"Folks will pay to hear what they hope Will hap, although they know it can't be, Who get a thrill from mystery effects— Ah, my man, they're the suckers for me!"

I have been astonished many times during my life to discover that certain individuals whom I admired and respected, and continued to admire and respect, consulted people who called themselves clairvoyants, seers or fortune tellers. As a matter of fact, I have even gone so far as to astound myself by this means.

That the United States is in solemn covenant with all major nations to renounce war as an instrument of international policy, whether that war is declared or undeclared, or is civil war fomented for purposes of aggression.

Politics and Photographs

Were I a candidate for public office, and were to go to a photographer to have taken a picture from which to have a cut made for use upon my candidatorial advertising matter, and at the convention of solemnly and publicly were to say "Look pleasant, please" I would say to him bluntly "I shall not look pleasant. You will take me as I am, without one gleam, if you please." Or if he should chance to chortle "Now, let's have a smile" I would inform him frankly that something had happened that "I am not smiling today, and you will have to do the best you can with the face as is."

Highlights at Salem High

By Gene Huntley

The hub upon which events at high school this week seemed to revolve was the state basketball tournament in the Willamette gymnasium. Two dances, a stage review, a pep assembly, and this week's issue of The Clarion were all dedicated to both Salem and out-of-town basketball players and fans.

Accomplishing two objectives at once, the annual Varsity revue held in the auditorium Thursday afternoon succeeded in furnishing an unusually entertaining program and at the same time poked a little well-meant "fun" at the visiting tournament teams. The entire cast was made up of boys even though the program included several girls' parts.

The fastest fingers in the world were witnessed Monday by the student body as Albert Tangora, world's champion typist, gave a demonstration in the auditorium. His fingers were a whirl of speed as words appeared on his paper at 130 a minute. Mr. Tangora has held the championship for three years, breaking the world record in 1937 by typing 141 words per minute for one hour.

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

(Continued from page 4)

That the United States is in solemn covenant with all major nations to renounce war as an instrument of international policy, whether that war is declared or undeclared, or is civil war fomented for purposes of aggression.

That where peaceful nations, engaged in working out their own problems, become the victims of any of these forms of aggression, the moral and material support of the United States will be given exclusively to the victims.

That, specifically, if France or Great Britain who, in the last months, have demonstrated their will to peace under conditions of extreme humiliation, and by almost superhuman patience, are embroiled in war, declared or undeclared, either as victims of armed aggression against their borders, or by reason of their refusal to acquiesce in the announced treaties, the United States will give them its full support.

Perhaps if Sinclair Lewis's chapter in BREAKING INTO PRINT (edited by Elmer Adler and published by Simon & Schuster) was read before Sinclair Lewis's novel were read, some readers would reach the conclusion that more sympathy and understanding, Mr. Lewis does have the same power—the ability—call it what you like—to rattle his readers, that same conversationalist (even before the first sentence is completed) have to rattle his readers. To frequently these readers bang the book covers together at the end of the first page, and savagely remark: "Sinclair Lewis makes me sick. He is always making fun of something. He is always knocking something. He is too crabby. He just wants to pick a quarrel."

But some of us who have done this—for Mr. Lewis does seem to carry a chip on his shoulder, particularly in the beginning of his stories—have sneaked back and finished the book with, if not complete sympathy, at least with complete enjoyment. The others who have left the covers closed have missed something. Also they admit defeat. To use the more than trite, but very apt phrase, "They can't take it." For Mr. Lewis has a genius for dramatizing thoughts that are on the threshold of every mind. Some readers prefer novels which tell these recalcitrant thoughts back to the subconscious mind. A stimulus that would set the thoughts free might prove undesirable. Wanderer thoughts are very apt to be unorthodox.

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Among the New Books

Reviews and Literary News Notes

By CAROLINE C. JURGEN

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They've found it, the fabled Bimini, Elusive as absolute truth, That soldier and seer have sought far and near, The wonderful fountain of youth, But now you don't chase through the tropics As did the late Ponce de Leon, But step up and say, in the Johns Hopkins way, "Inject me with testosterone!"

"I want a rose-petal complexion, I want my gray hair to turn black; A baritone voice is really my choice, Along with a corporal's back. And if the first shot doesn't bring me The bloom and the beauty I seek, Why shoot me again with the serum, and then I'll be back for another next week."

"I want to be youthful, like Shelley, I want to die young, as did Keats; But I want to live longer than either, Recapture youth and its sweets. Just give me shot of the magic Of good doctors Howard and Vest And I'm telling you, before I get through I'll better Methuselah's best!"

—EDWIN T. REED.

only he speaks of writing, where-as we substitute the word "reading."

"Mind you, the writing itself has been as important to me as the product, and I have always been somewhat indifferent as to whether I have been working on a solemn novel or an impertinent paragraph for the NEW YORKER. I have never been a propagandist for anything or against anything save dullness."

It is dullness we object to when we are reading. Even when we most heartily disagree with him, we never find Mr. Lewis dull. His new novel, THE PRODIGAL PARENTS (Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1938) is far from dull. Mr. Lewis has lost none of his ability at dramatization; he still uses his irony to strike at stupidity and malice, but he seems to have acquired more of the saving grace of humor and sympathy.

Frederick William Corplow in "THE PRODIGAL PARENTS." He is a shrewd middle-class realist, who gradually on his 66th birthday wakes to find that Sara, his selfish Vassar-graduate daughter, and his son, Howard, still irregularly playing football for old Truxton, think of him as intellectually obsolete, as a convenience, as a walking bank account, to whom they need return neither affection nor thoughtfulness. He finds that his wife, Hazel, loves him as he loves her, but that she is the children's ally.

At the birthday dinner given in his honor, Fred heard himself saying, but not in the least believing, that in exactly one year he was going to sell his business and retire.

Howard becomes almost hysterical and tells his father, "You couldn't tell his father. Whether I stick it out in college or not, I've got to get started somehow, and you're the only one that'll help me."

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The announcement made by H. G. Campbell, New York's superintendent of schools, that eleven committees of prominent men and women have been formed to launch an attack on juvenile delinquency, and maladjustment, makes especially timely Macmillan's publication of the classic and constructive book entitled YOUTH IN THE TOILS. The authors are Leonard V. Harrison and Pryor McNeill Grant, and the book sums up a study of the whole subject of the delinquent boy in New York, made under the auspices of the delinquency committee of the boys' bureau, a bureau organized seven years ago by two of the leading family welfare agencies.

"Youth in the Toils" presents the problem of the delinquent boy, a problem which exists in substantially the same form in every American city; gives actual stories of boys who became delinquents and what happened to them; shows how with different treatment they might have become good citizens; and offers definite, constructive suggestions for making our system of criminal justice one of rehabilitation, and the best retribution for youthful offenders.

Sailors Leave Shanghai

LEBANON—Mr. and Mrs. G. Skinner have received a letter from their son Morris stating that his ship, U. S. Chaumont, which left Shanghai with 1200 marines has arrived in Honolulu and will be stationed there for an indefinite stay; but all hope to reach home by May 1.

The Fountain of Youth

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