

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
Charles A. Sprague, Pres. Sheldon F. Sackett, Secy.
Member of the Associated Press
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Literature, and Digests

Literature, said Mrs. Pearl Buck in an address in New York last week, "seems to be slowly dying of usefulness." She expressed the view that literature does not contribute anything practical to most Americans because they, afraid of tragedy, want to escape from reality and read about a dream existence. Causes she assigned for the "uselessness" of literature are the educational system, which teaches children a little of everything except that there is anything in literature which is essential to their life, and digests of magazine articles and books, which she characterized as the most serious enemies of true literature.

Many corns will be stepped on by this criticism of the digests. The magazine racks are well filled with these literary abbreviations, and the public demand for them is growing. Americans are prone to seek things in condensed portions, pre-digested. They want just to skim the cream, and are eager for a smattering of information without the drudgery of reading much to get it. So when Mrs. Buck makes a jab at the digests she will excite a chorus of protest from many who are addicted to the digest-habit.

At the risk of inviting "letters to the editor," The Statesman confesses that its agreement with Mrs. Buck. When an author produces a book or an essay it is the child of his own thought and imagination. If he is skilled the work is rounded out and finished with proper literary craftsmanship. Before it is printed it must be read by editors and critics who suggest change and ellision. That done, the contribution is accepted and published. To butcher it by further condensation or by lifting paragraphs may mean to destroy the author's product. The reader cannot get the full chain of thought which has been developed. He gets only capsules which he takes like a dose, and thinks he is keeping up his education. To quote Mrs. Buck again:

"Their readers are among the more intelligent and think that in the digests they are keeping up with contemporary literature, yet the habitual readers of digests inevitably lose the appreciation of style and grace in language, just as we would lose appreciation of food, its taste, color and texture, if we should take it in the form of chemical pellets. We ought when we put down a book to feel a deeper sense of completion of self, not escape from it. We ought to understand that self better and feel in closer accord with it and more content with it. If we do, then the book is literature, and literature has made it contribution to life."

Better to take a few good magazines and read them discriminatively but thoroughly and appreciatively than to founder on a hodge-podge of extracts and condensations. No one can keep up with the pace of the modern book and magazine presses. He should not attempt to. Rather than to read smatterings of the literary output he would do better to use careful selection and then read in full what he picks out. The old apothegm was to read and "inwardly digest." Digestion is an internal process, not external.

Robbing the Devil Behind the Stump

Though it is forbidden corporations to make contributions to national campaign committees, over 900 corporations, many of them doing business direct with the federal government, turned over \$849,000 to the democratic national committee by the device of purchasing the 1936 convention book of the party at \$250 each. The book is the one autographed by Pres. Roosevelt. Senator Holt of West Virginia declares it is "quite shocking" to see money being accepted from some firms which the administration claims to be bitterly anti-labor. "Some of the best-known economic royalists, says Holt, are on the list."

Here are a few of the companies and their "contributions": American Radiator, \$15,000; Anheuser-Busch, \$10,000; Boeing Aircraft \$2,500; Bath Iron Works (shipbuilders) \$2,500; Brotherhood of Transportation Workers \$2,500; Chrysler Corporation \$5,100; Hammermill Paper Co. \$5,000; Inland Steel \$3,500; Remington-Rand \$1,250; Safeway Stores \$1,000; United Mine Workers \$1,250; William Wrigley, Jr. Co. \$1,000.

The sale was probably the usual political hold-up. The buyers felt they were forced to come through in order to stand in good grace with the government which is the largest purchaser of supplies in the country. The near-million dollars went to help with Jim Farley's deficit. The scheme was not only a racket worked on the buyers; it was a plain violation of the corrupt practice act of the federal government, a shabby business hardly in keeping with the pretense for higher morality which is supposed to envelop the administration. Jimmy's insurance business has its parallel in the operations of the democratic national committee.

Kentucky Primaries

Kentucky politics still lives up to the state label of "dark and bloody ground." This year the major contest is between Senator Alben Barkley and Governor Chandler who seeks to defeat Barkley for the senate. The national administration has gotten squarely behind Barkley because it wants him reelected. The whole federal machine is pulling for the senator. Chandler on the other hand has a powerful state machine.

Weapons in the fighting are said to be relief, higher wages for WPA workers, and \$5 apiece for votes. Barkley's protest defeated the Hatch amendment to the relief bill which would have barred relief and WPA administrators from politics. Later Hopkins gave a boost to WPA wages in Kentucky and Oklahoma where senators are being pressed, and to other parts of the south. Neither side in the Kentucky battle will scruple over fine points of political ethics when it comes to winning the fight.

The new deal issue is not clearly defined in Kentucky. Chandler professes to be a Roosevelt supporter, though he wants Roosevelt to keep out of Kentucky. We have seen no predictions over the outcome, but a fair guess would be that Barkley would be the winner. It would hardly seem possible to defeat the man who is the majority leader in the senate and the favorite of the administration as well.

Eternal Light

The "eternal" light in the new memorial to peace at Gettysburg is not eternal after all. It is to burn only during the nighttime. This should greatly relieve all those who have worried lest the light not prove "eternal." There is always the risk of interruption. If electric, the current may fail as with an electric clock. If oil, the supply might run out or the flame be extinguished. Eternity is a long time in which to expect perfect performance.

The idea of eternal light is not new. Sacred fires were kept burning in the temple of Vesta, and they were to be kept burning constantly. The thirty Vestal Virgins, chosen from the best families of the city, had the chore of tending the sacred light. But the fires of Vesta have been dead for how many centuries? The Gettysburg light will burn at night into an unknown future. But it too will fail in time, when generations of men come who have no interest in what it signifies.

The Boise Statesman complains because relievers in Idaho are being fed grapefruit when Idaho has a surplus of milk and potatoes the farmers would like to dispose of. We do not know whether the grapefruit diet is "caviar to the general" or just the result of bureaucratic lack of coordination. Another inexplicable mixup is that reported by Mark Sullivan's correspondent who complained that the federal buying of butter forced the price up so he had to live on oleo while the relievers were getting the "surplus" butter from the government for nothing. Quite an upside down world, isn't it?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More books for the prison library: what the men serving time there are now reading; a wide range:

(Continued from yesterday.) Freedom of the Press, by Seldes, is on the list of books from the state library now being read by the men serving time in the penitentiary—and the women, for 12 of the 1100 population are of the "gentler" sex. That was the number a week ago yesterday.

Next in the assortment after Freedom of the Press, rather appropriately, is Capital, by Karl Marx, great German socialist and English editor.

How to Improve Your Conversation, by Kleiser, is one of the current books circulating behind the bars. Circulating is used advisedly, for books are passed from cell to cell. So the average of 300 books weekly from the state library may have 600 or more readers among the 1100 inmates.

Then comes Essentials of German; Spanish, by Friedman, and a Spanish reader, Next, McCormick's Geometry, followed by Samford's Junior Latin Reader. Follows Stars in Their Courses, by Jeans, the great astronomer; next, Small Boat Navigation; next, Oregon Geology, by Condon. Thomas Condon, of course, Oregon savant, some of whose books, out of print, are selling for big money. Next, Morris's 50 Years a Surgeon. Next, after that one Kellet's 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs.

Follow Radio, Illumination Engineering, and Over the North Pole, the last named by Baldu Kor. Then Modern Aircraft, and, after that, Vegetable Crops, by Thompson; then Livestock, following which is Poultry, by Lewis, and, next, Dairying. Then, appropriately, Beekeeping in Oregon, by Scullen. (Mr. Scullen is tops on the busy bee in the Oregon State College faculty.)

The writer, incidentally, met Scullen a few days ago; thus two incurable enthusiasts on Oregon as potentially the greatest bee country on earth foregathered.)

Next on the list, Manual for Cooks. If the prison graduates a perfect cook, that will be something to his credit worth while.

Follow Home Decoration, Shorthand (three orders in this), Color in Its Application to Printing, Salesmanship, Window Display Manual, Sign Painting, and History of Art. After these, The Road Back, The Invisible Man, The Works of Tolstol, A Girl of Soviet Russia, and Great Pirate Stories.

Comes next North to the Orient, Lindbergh. (Mrs. Lindbergh, is it not?) Then Trader Horn, A Gringo in Manana Land, The Outpost of the Lost, Youth Uncharted, I Saw Them Die, and Heaven High, Hell Deep.

After these, The Epic of America, Adams. (That is really hazy.) Then How to Illustrate for Money, by Hyndman, followed by Show Card Writing, A Musical Companion, Short Story Writing for Profit, by Erskine.

Next, Anthony Adverse, then The Deerslayer. This is followed by Honey in the Horn. The Bits man would like to say to the man in the cell who reads this that Honey in the Horn is a good book, if you like smut, sewage, smelly things, vulgarity, obscenity, pornography. But the location of its scenes in the Shoestring valley, Douglas county, is criminally libelous. There is not a vestige of truth in that smut carrier, from cover to cover, as applied to the Shoestring section. Not one, as to the people of the period, the geography—or anything at all.

The reader should remember that the above list is taken at random without attempt to adjust to the place where the books are being read.

There are persons of various tastes among the 1100 serving time under sentence and responsi-

ble to the direction of the officers of the Oregon state penitentiary, Salem, Salem is the address. The institution when located and established was two miles from Salem. It is now in the city limits, and the main buildings are surrounded by the suburbs of this city—and becoming more so every week. Only a little while ago, so it seems, a white house and a red barn made up the "penitentiary four corners," two miles east of the main buildings. Now the penitentiary four corners is a big town of itself, with 1000 to 1200 or more population, and headed for attaining soon several times the size.

The Lincoln volumes by Nicolay and Hay will be read extensively at the penitentiary. They will be appreciated. They will make bad men good and good men better.

How many readers of this column know how big a man was John Hay, one of the authors of that monumental work, which took up 10 years in its compilation?

A short biographical sketch of Hay here will, the writer believes, be worth the space required and may lead to further study of his career and the great period through which he lived and wrought. So such a sketch will follow, in the next issue of this column.

(Concluded tomorrow.)

Old-Timers Picnic Set Next Sunday

SILVERTON HILLS — The Old-Timers picnic at the Silverton Hills club house Sunday will be one of the outstanding summer events of present plans are carried out. All former and present residents of the Hills are being asked to attend. A basket dinner will be served at noon followed by an informal program. J. H. Porter, president of the group is making arrangements.

The committee in charge of the dinner are Alta Hall, Hilda Sacher, Anna Hadley and Emma Coberly.

First Lady Introduces the Speaker—FDR



For the first time in their many appearances at public affairs, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt introduced her husband as speaker before 25,000 members of the National Education association assembled on the site of the 1938 New York's world's fair.

The president and his naval aide, Capt. W. B. Woodson, are shown, left. In his speech, the second of the day at the fair site, the president spoke for freedom of thought, speech and press. He scored the burning of books by nations.

What Price Glorious?



Radio Programs

KSLM—WEDNESDAY—1370 Kc.

7:30—News.
7:45—Time o' Day.
8:00—The Merry-makers, MBS.
8:30—Ella and Her Friends.
8:45—News.
9:00—The Pastor's Call.
9:15—The Friendly Circle.
9:45—Vocal Varieties.
10:00—Women in the News.
10:15—All Star Baseball Game, MBS.
1:00—News.
1:15—Hilbilly Serenade.
1:30—Voice of the Farm.
1:45—The Johnson Family, MBS.
2:00—Women's Magazine.
2:15—Community Hall, MBS.
2:45—Songs of the World, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Community Building News.
3:45—Cyclo Time.
4:00—Musical Steeplechase, MBS.
4:30—Drama-Drama, MBS.
5:00—International Radio Meet, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
6:00—Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:15—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:45—Tonight's Headlines.
7:00—Walkabout.
7:20—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—News.
8:15—Salon Echoes.
8:30—Songs of the Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air, MBS.
9:30—Edna's Radio Orchestra, MBS.
9:45—Softball Games.
11:00—Les Mills's Orchestra.

KOIN—WEDNESDAY—940 Kc.

6:30—Market Reports.
6:45—March of Dances.
8:00—News.
8:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
9:00—The Goldbergs.
9:30—This and That.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—All Star Baseball Game at Cincinnati.
1:00—Keyboard Concerts.
1:30—March of Dances.
1:45—Exploring Space.
2:00—Maurice Orchestra.
2:15—Key Heisterton Orchestra.
3:00—Obligato.
3:15—Newspaper of the Air.
3:30—Backgrounding the News.
4:00—Westerners.
4:15—Boake Carter.
4:30—Meet the Champ.
4:45—Headlines on Parade.
5:00—Balshaw's Band.
6:30—Leon F. Drew's Organist.
6:45—Little Show.
7:00—Frank Bailey Orchestra.
7:30—Ben Bernie.
8:00—Red Norvo Orchestra.
8:30—Henry King Orchestra.
9:00—Bob Grant Orchestra.
9:30—Northwestern Neighbors.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—Sketchbook.
10:45—Leon Durendt Orchestra.
11:00—Ken Baker Orchestra.
11:30—Laurie Noble Orchestra.

KGW—WEDNESDAY—820 Kc.

7:00—Originalities.
7:15—Trail Blazers.
7:45—News.
8:00—Vaughn De Leath, Singer.
8:45—Earle Kohn, Pianist.
9:15—Three Romances.
1:45—Your Radio Review.
2:30—Woman's Magazine of the Air.

8:30—News.

9:45—Jimmy Kemper & Co.
4:30—Beaux Arts Trio.
5:00—Reminiscing with Ricardo.
5:30—Key Kyra's Musical Class.
7:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station.
7:30—Orchestra.
8:00—Town Hall Tonight.
9:00—Orchestra.
10:00—News Flashs.
10:15—Wrestling Matches.
11:00—Orchestra.
11:30—Reveries.

KEX—WEDNESDAY—1180 Kc.

6:30—Musical Clock.
6:45—Family Altar Hour.
7:30—Financial Service.
7:58—Market Quotations.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
10:30—News.
11:00—Jingletown Gazette.
11:30—Your Radio Review.
12:00—US Dept Agriculture.
12:30—News.
1:45—Market Reports.
1:15—Don Winslow.
1:30—Financial and Grain Reports.
1:45—Charles Sears.
2:00—Orchestra.
2:00—America's Schools.
2:15—Concert Ensemble.
2:35—News.
2:45—Your Navy.
2:45—Benetti & Wolverton.
3:30—Paul Durand.
3:45—Sundance on the March.
4:45—Barry McKinley.
5:00—It May Have Happened.
5:30—Orchestra.
6:00—Sports by Bill Mock.
6:30—NBC Minutal Show.
7:00—Sound of the Lone Star.
7:15—Orchestra.
7:30—Chicago Round Table.
8:00—News.
8:15—Orchestra.
8:30—Hearbach.
10:30—Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Charles Runyan, Organist.

KOAC—WEDNESDAY—550 Kc.

8:00—General Sociology, Prof. R. H. Damm.
9:00—The Homemakers' Hour.
9:30—School for Brides—Furnishing the Guest Room.
10:15—Story Hour for Adults.
11:00—The Bellman.
11:30—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—News.
12:15—Safety Talk—State Department, Salem.
12:30—Market and Crop Reports.
1:15—Stories for Boys and Girls.
1:30—Monitor Cries the News.
2:00—Latin America—Dr. U. G. Du-bach.
6:30—Farm Hour.
6:30—Agriculture viewed by Editors.
6:45—Market and Crop Reports.
7:45—News.

Chicagoans Are En Route to West

SHELBURN — Harvey McLain and family are driving to the parental home in Oregon from their Chicago home where Harvey has been teaching.

Mrs. George Silbernagel underwent an appendicitis operation at the Albany hospital Friday. The Silbernagels live on the former John Braun farm.

Shelburn friends were sorry to hear of the death of L. C. Trask. Mr. Trask conducted a general store at Jordan for many years.

Reading Holds up, Librarian Learns

SILVERTON — Silvertown public library reports that circulation has not decreased as rapidly this summer as a year ago. June of this year totaled 1415. Non-fiction is gaining rapidly in popularity.

During June 228 reference questions were answered.

Donors included Mrs. Foster Cone, Mrs. H. B. Latham, Bonnie Jean McPike, Rev. D. Leslie Fields, Mrs. Lida Usher, Mrs. Leila Shepherd, Mrs. Edson Comstock, Mrs. R. A. Cowden, Mrs. Petra Johnson, Miss Olga Johnson, Mrs. Charles H. Whitman.

Fishwood Returns to Work at Harness Shop

SILVERTON — J. F. Fishwood, who has been ill over a period of several weeks is able to be back at his harness shop on East Oak street. Peter Nelson, who has been taking care of the Fishwood harness shop, is vacationing at Westfir. He has made his home here at the Fishwood residence for the past 15 years.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

Such Poetry!
When Bijle Weck lost his temper,
Which, I am pained to say,
Happened on an average
Of once or twice each day,

The language he made use of
Was shocking, nothing less,
And he seemed quite unable
The impulse to suppress.

So he brung up his live stock,
And trained his wife and kid,
To know his heart was gentlest
When temper blew the lid.

Some words he used were awful,
He ne'er stuck, hand or foot,
With words he eased his feelings,
And the critters thought him cute.

Many unkind words, I think,
That our tender senses fret,
Have but little meaning,
So pay no heed, forget.

Heppburn Uses a Short "a"

It is somewhat provoking when, because of unseasonable weather or something else, a man feels like finding fault with something, to find himself confronted with a motion picture which he finds himself entirely unable to find fault with, except possibly in the most trivial of matters. Such was the state of affairs with me in the viewing of Columbia's "Holiday," which introduces to the public another Kittle Heppburn, a somewhat glorified Heppburn. "Holiday" is not all Heppburn's, but without her it would be a less interesting story, despite the fact that the supporting cast is several points beyond the criticism of a chap with a stiff neck, who is simply aching to find fault with something. Only once in the picture does the Heppburn tongue slip, and some of us will love her for that. She pronounces "can't" as though it were "pant," probably the only time in the young woman's stage career when such a thing has happened.

A letter reaches this desk from Mrs. Frances B. Delsell, who in

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

PREJUDICE VS. TOWNSEND PLAN

TO THE EDITOR:
If you want to know what prejudice is, you will find it in the reason of fools—it is the spider in the mind.

Prejudice cannot put on the garb of reason, the sheet is too thin. Some minds are prejudiced because they have neither the intelligence nor the courage to examine the truth—it sees only what pleases and destroys the rest—Everything has a yellow streak to the jaundiced eye.

The man who has strong prejudices has a weak judgment as well. The man who is prejudiced is buried in his selfish thinking just like a mouse in a roll of cheese.

The "Babel" of other minds and thinkers means nothing to him. He contends for his own small things like ants do for a mobhill dwelling and when the panorama of his selfish and dwarfed dreams pass he finds the habit of prejudice so strong that there is no manhood left to stammer an apology for his position in the quicksands of prejudice.

Prejudice has damned many a good progressive, humanitarian movement as well as the Townsend plan.

Look at the condition of our nation today . . . piling up debts to the billion and more and more unemployment, yet they refuse to accept and try the Townsend Plan.

Is our ship traveling on a cattered course and to a designated labor or are we like driftwood on the high seas, just drifting with the tide?

Ask the captain of the ship what is our destination.

K. H. BLAKE,
210 S. Com'l. St.

Etzel's Sawmill Burns to Ground

STAYTON—Fire early Sunday morning completely destroyed the Sim Etzel lumber company sawmill above here in the Elkhorn section.

All equipment, a truck and three carloads of lumber were burned, with the loss estimated at \$3500.

Though no insurance was carried, the plant will be re-constructed.

Washington Visitors

Feted at Knaf House

SILVERTON HILLS — Mrs. Rosa Knaf and Mrs. Elmer Knaf entertained Sunday afternoon for Mrs. L. W. Ballie and sons from Camas, Wash. Present were Mrs. William Haverstick, Mrs. Otto Dickman, Mrs. Emma Coberly, Mrs. George Benson, Mrs. Carl Specht, Mrs. F. H. Hadley, Mrs. Gladys Whitson, Mrs. E. G. Oeder, Mrs. Mary Lathrop, Miss Verda Oeder, Jane and June Whitson.

Newlyweds Return

BRUSH CREEK — Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Larson (Nettie Benson Howe) returned Tuesday night on a short wedding trip and will make their home at the old Benson home here in Brush Creek. Larson is a millwright at Silver Falls mill at Silverton.

the past has sent out from her farm home at Turner many bits of sunshine in the form of verse. Mrs. Delsell, who is well on the way to recovery from a severe illness, has left the old home, and will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Faustina Hughes at Fullerton, Calif. I don't know a thing about it, but I have a feeling that she will be glad to hear from old friends.

The person who makes the assertion in mixed company that the "Sally, Irene and Mary" show, in for a second showing in Salem this week, is near tops among those of its class seen in Salem, is not likely to start much of an argument.

Nor is it probable that anyone will deny, after seeing "Tarzan's Revenge," also in Salem for a second showing during the week, successfully demonstrates the fact that Glen Morris and Eleanor Holm as actors are very good athletes.

Life is a thing of hard, cold fax. Of go aheads and go right fax. Of tender touches and hard wax. Of fewer things had and many fax. Of pleasure had and pain that wrax.

Of little nicks and tiny knax. Of days of pinks and days of blax. Of talk that clicks and talk that clax. And "facts" a many that are not fax.

As Moe, the eminent stooge, said once, a certain trying experience, "If there's anything I hate more than anything else I hate it is a crooked crook. If you're going to cheat, cheat fair."

Ordinarily, I think, it may be accepted as conclusive evidence that a weakness of vision is at least threatened when a person tries to cut a corner from the red design on his breakfast plate under the impression that it is ham.

I have found by a little observation and the asking of a few questions that a boy may refuse to spend his money for anything but firecrackers, which, considering the brevity of the benefits, if any, resulting from the explosion of fireworks, is somewhat difficult to understand. The modern firecracker is somewhat impressive in its character. It is very different from the firecracker of our childhood, provided, of course, that our childhood was a part of the nation's life 50 years ago. The firecracker of 50 years ago was a safe, cozy, cuddlesome little thing that popped, when it popped, with all the exuberance of a cork being drawn from the neck of the family castor oil bottle. But these modern crackers are loud and vicious.

Holidays, more particularly patriotic holidays, ever bring back memories. To be sure, other days bring back memories also, but one is saved somewhat on such days by the necessity for work. I am grateful that I can tear a leaf from the calendar without being compelled to overcome a flood of memories. I look upon this as a blessing. For a considerable number of years I listened each July Fourth to Glimper Dawes' story of a July Fourth he spent in hospital after the battle of Gettysburg. It was a sad and lonely day. He had but one leg to keep his company. The last time I saw Mrs. Dawes, having made a special trip to the little hometown to see her, for Glimper was a good husband and father, as well as an ardent patriot, and I know the family, particularly his wife, missed him sorely. He had died about a year prior to the time of my visit. He died, Mrs. Dawes said, fighting the battle of Gettysburg over again, the battle of almost 20 years earlier. She hoped, she said, he'd found his leg. He thought a heap of that leg and he'd never been quite the same after it was taken from him.

NOTICE!

Due to the broadcast of the

All-Star Baseball Game

at 10:15 this morning, many programs have been re-scheduled for

Today Only

Consult

The Statesman Radio Column

KSLM

Mutual Broadcasting System