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LETTER FROM JAPAN

Rev. S. Raymond Luthy.

October 29, 1923.

5 Shimo Shirokane Cho, Hirokake,

You may be interested to know some of the personal experiences of the newest missionary on the island of Japan (newest of the M. E. Mission folks at least) during the earthquake period. When we arrived in Japan, May 4th of this year, we went into the home which was occupied by Dr. Draper as he was to start to America on his furlough a few weeks later. This was at 222 B Bluff Yokohama—the city that suffered most. Fortunately we were not in Yokohama September 1, the fatal day.

At Karuzawa, almost 100 miles from Yokohama, whence we had come to get out of the heat of the two hottest months of the lowland cities, the excitement and confusion of the day of the quake and the days following were all there cared for. We thought we were in a part of Japan seldom moved by the interior action of the earth. But at noon on Saturday, September 1, the cottage in which we were housed began to move around and up and down at such a rate as to upset vases, pitchers, lamps, books from the shelves, etc. The house was soon filled with all its occupants. Little Raymond Vincent, who was visit-

ing the little girl at the next house, was soon gathered up in his daddy's arms and there we stood out in the open huddled together (the Shaws lived with us in the cottage) waiting for the trembling, waving under our feet to quiet down. A Japanese man who was there with us said that something terrible had happened as he had never seen anything like it in Japan. Mt. Asama only eight miles away could be seen towering 5800 feet above us. Just five days before I had stood on the summit and looked down into its bubbling, blazing crater. Some thought that it was getting ready to vomit out some of its heated contents, so we kept our eyes on it. When we went to a meeting in the afternoon we found that some of the houses had lost their chimneys and other small damages were recorded in the little town, but no one knew the real terror that was going on at that very moment in the finest cities of the empire. In the evening some climbed to the top of Mt. Hanani nearby and could see in the darkness of the night came on, the glare against the sky as if some terrible burning was going on somewhere. They decided that it was either some volcanic eruption or some cities burning. The following day news came

of the destruction that was going on in the cities of Tokyo, Yokohama and the surrounding places. But the news came in just little snatches as the means of communication had been cut off. It being Sunday, we had our church services. Breathless anxiety was shown on the faces of all. Imagination was also set to work in many minds.

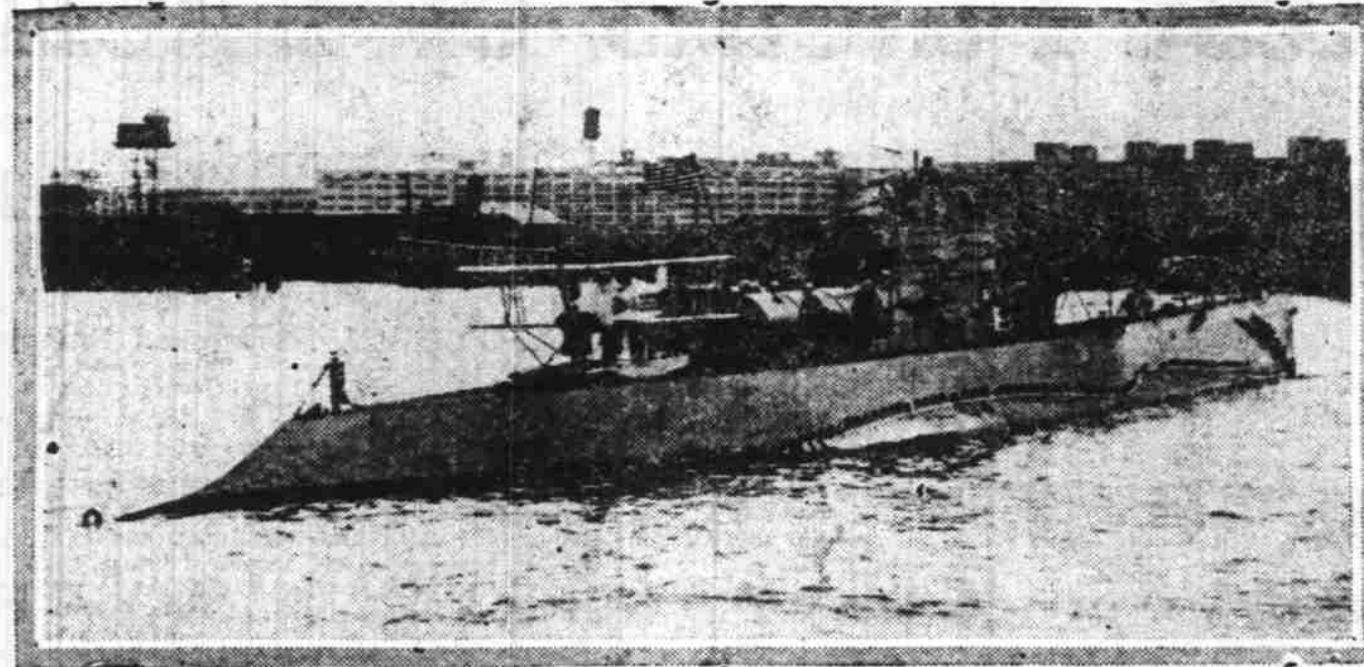
More specific news came thru indirect channels on Monday. Crowds of people could be seen around the bulletin boards any time in the day and late at night trying to find out something satisfying. Now and then some friend or relative would be reported killed or missing and this would cause greater anxiety on the part of all. In a few days folks began to arrive from the stricken region and as they walked up the main street of the summer town people would gather around them to find out what they had to say. Bishop Welch returning called a meeting of our group and told of the losses, particularly of our mission, in church and school constituency and in property. Of these losses you will likely hear.

Opportunity was now offered for relief work. Train loads of refugees were going thru Karuzawa. Something must be done for them. Organized food stations were put in operation. I offered my services and met trains all thru the night, handed out food and water to the hundreds who reached from the car window, cattle car door, or over the side of a coal car.

Of course, everybody was asked to stay out of the stricken cities unless urgent business took them there, and even then they should carry sufficient food with them to last while there and if possible feed others. Since our home and practically all we possessed were right in the heart of the devastated region, we could hardly stay away.

I went to the station on Sunday night, September 8th, expecting to take the 11:25 train. The crowded conditions were well known and I expected to crowd thru a window or sit on top of a coach as many had been doing. When the train came in there was no room anywhere and it was impossible to crowd thru a window. The next train was due at 8 the next morning. I had stretched out on a station seat expecting to wait for it when suddenly I heard a train pulling in. Jumping to my feet, I ran across the tracks to find that it was a special train carrying only soldiers and officers. But I saw a trainman leading two ladies down toward the front hurriedly. I followed. He showed us into a little vestibule just back of the electric engine. We were just complimenting ourselves when another trainman came down thru the train and told us we would have to get off since it was a special train and the place we had was rather dangerous. We explained that we had been ushered there and wanted to stay. When he insisted I went back to the station master

NAVY'S FIRST SUBMARINE TO CARRY SEAPLANE



The United States submarine S-1 is the first of its kind built for the navy to carry the new type navy seaplane, which is assembled on the deck of the underwater craft preparatory to flight. The plane, when dismantled, is carried on the top of the submarine in a tanklike container.

while the ladies held our place. We then went up on the bluff or high portion of the city. Around the foot of the bluff, were channels or city water ways on which many small boats used to ply with their heavy cargoes. Now the walls were broken in on both sides and the waters were laden with debris which sent up stifling odors. As Dr. Heckelman said, "Hell is a tame word in any attempt to describe all this." Our eyes travel out from these water ways and in every direction is the most complete job wrought by quake and fire you can imagine. The waters of the great Pacific which once carried shipload after shipload of products from this coast, fringed with factories, shipping companies and the like, now dash against a breastwork of ashes, broken stone and twisted steel.

Calling this a rest, we continued along the main street on top of the bluff. This section was once dotted with the best residences hidden among large evergreens and smaller shrubbery. How strangely the fire picked these homes up from among the trees. Once in a great while, where the fire seemed merciful on a stray house, there was almost sure to be a heap of earthquake ruins. Traveling along the broken ridge of the bluff for a mile or more we came to where the fire seemed to have stopped. A street formed the line between the burned city and the few unburnt buildings in this outskirts section. The second house back from this division line was what we had called home since landing in Japan. It was difficult to recognize it. The school for training Christian women near our house had tumbled down and much of the

ashes of the store. We then went up on the bluff or high portion of the city. Around the foot of the bluff, were channels or city water ways on which many small boats used to ply with their heavy cargoes. Now the walls were broken in on both sides and the waters were laden with debris which sent up stifling odors. As Dr. Heckelman said, "Hell is a tame word in any attempt to describe all this." Our eyes travel out from these water ways and in every direction is the most complete job wrought by quake and fire you can imagine. The waters of the great Pacific which once carried shipload after shipload of products from this coast, fringed with factories, shipping companies and the like, now dash against a breastwork of ashes, broken stone and twisted steel.

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lumber was strewn across our back lawn. The twin house next to ours, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bishop lived, was also in a bad condition. The lawns and school grounds were literally covered with little coops where lived (stayed) perhaps a hundred Japanese people. As we walked into the yard, our faithful "rusuban" or caretaker, Inouye San and his wife, met us and told the story, which we had already heard, of how he had walked the grounds with sword in hand to keep looters away even when his own mother was dying from earthquake wounds; talk about loyalty, you have it here. The house had lost about half its foundation, and the porch was shaken entirely off leaving the roof where the floor was. Two large holes in the roof marked the place where chimneys came through. We tried the doors open as the house was so twisted that no latch would work. The interior was a perfect mess. The two large brick chimneys had broken just level with the upstairs floor and, dropping in chunks weighing a ton or more,

(Continued on page 6)

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IN NATIONWIDE BOGUS DOCTORS' INQUIRY.



Gen. Charles A. Templeton of Connecticut, with his State's Attorney Hugh Alcorn, who called on President Coolidge in Washington to interest the Federal authorities in the nation wide investigation into the "bogus doctors" recruited from the ranks of blacksmiths, ex-bartenders and street cleaners, recently brought to light in the State of Connecticut by the death of several people caused by use of the bogus physicians and surgeons. Photo shows Gov. Templeton and State's Attorney Alcorn leaving the Executive Building.