

Every one now believes that there is in a man an animating, ruling, characteristic essence, or spirit, which is himself. This spirit, dull or bright, petty or grand, pure or foul, looks out of the eyes, sounds in the voice, and appears in the manners of each individual. It is what we call personality.—Chas. W. Eliot.

### Some Campaign Last Words

THE referendum on choosing the captain of our destinies for four years will take place on Tuesday at the polling places throughout the nation. On the one hand we have Alfred B. Smith, the candidate of the democratic party against a large section of that party's will; thrust upon them by the sinister forces of Tammany, with the hope of placing that organization in power in the white house through the assumed support of the solid south combined with efficient wet republican help to turn the scale in favor of the candidate taking this chance. There was no other reason for the choice of Mr. Smith—

And the campaign has developed no other real reason. On the other hand we have the choice of the man as singularly fitted and trained for the place as if he had been set apart from boyhood to the present day for preparation for the great duties that fall to the chief executive of the United States—

Herbert Hoover. His whole theory of endeavor is that men must work together. He has the supreme talent of organization, and of leadership through cooperation. He leads by moving the whole mass; he makes all his coworkers captains. In the narrow sense, he is no politician, but in the higher sense he is a great politician. He aims high, and he gets things done.

He is an idealist, but he keeps his feet on the ground. He dares to project the abolition of poverty. That has been the dream of idealists since the beginning of time; and it is a great dream. He caused the French revolution—

But Hoover couples the mind of an idealist with the training of an engineer, and he would abolish poverty by giving a job to every man with a will to work, and by bringing about equality of opportunity—

Another idealistic dream. He is not afraid of big undertakings. He hitches his wagon to a star. He dares to hope for universal health, universal education, universal happiness, universal peace—

Not as abstract theories but as accomplished facts. He is not afraid to counsel perfection; and as the world's greatest engineer and organizer he has the plans for it and believes it can be worked out in concrete form.

He is not afraid to promise \$400,000,000 for waterways, four times the cost of the Panama canal, with the full assurance that these helps to progress can be worked out and will be a good investment—

And he is not afraid to trust a like amount in the hands of farmer-owned and managed organizations, as the initial start of funds to stabilize marketing of major crop surpluses—

With the idea that the farmers will build up their own fund and return the money. Such a vision in the mind of a visionary would scare the country stiff; in the mind of the great engineer they meet general assent.

So the people of the United States will choose as their great captain and engineer and director for the next four years, and the next eight years, Herbert Hoover—

By the most sweeping victory ever recorded in such a referendum in all the world's history.

### Armistice Day

TEN years ago this autumn was one of the most stirring times in the history of man. The world war had been raging for fifty-two months. It was drawing to a tragic climax. The victories allies, spurred with the dash and spirit and aided by the powerful driving force of the American armies, were pressing the German legions to a bloody conclusion—

And on November 11th Germany signed an armistice equivalent to unconditional surrender. The facts of this week are written on the pages of history, but who can either forget or sustain the emotions of that time, the joy, the gratitude, the relief that came with the recognition that at last justice had prevailed over might? A minute before 11-11-18, the long battle front shook with the deafening roar of the conflict—a minute after that hour a stillness that was almost oppressive brooded over the field of carnage—

The first Armistice day had begun. A writer in the current issue of The Rotarian visages a picture of the Unknown Soldier, briefed to small space, thus: The oldest member of the party speaking: "I was with Leonidas at Thermopylae, 480 B. C. I was one of the three hundred annihilated in defending the Pass. Was not my death for naught?"

Then another gaunt figure: "I gave my life at Tours in 732 A. D. I stood with Charles Martel. I kept Europe a Christian continent. Where is the good will I died to create?"

The third phantom: "I was with Wellington at Waterloo. They told me my death meant a world freed from tyranny and wrong; there would be no more wars. Will people always break faith with us who die?"

The Unknown Soldier speaks: "Only 10 short years ago I gave my life in the world war. They told us, when we were marching away with flying banners that we were fighting a war to end all wars, that peace would forever reign. Will they keep their faith?"

Thus, in skeleton form, is the appeal. The conclusion: For the thousands who came off the battlefield maimed and crippled in mind and body, the war is not over, and will never be over so long as they shall live. The nation must not forget them.

As for the peace for which they fought, that will come only when a world fellowship and brotherhood shall have been established by relationships of justice and universal adherence to the Golden Rule.

### Spring Gardens in Autumn

NEXT spring there will be a riot of beauty sweep over well planted gardens with their tulips, narcissi, and other joyous flowers of spring. They will be followed through the seasons with the carefully marshalled hosts of perennials which gives to each summer and autumn month its characteristic wave of color and beauty. Into such gardens will come delighted and envious people who want the flowers and the beauty for their own homes and gardens. If they could make such a garden just then and fill it with a riot of flowers they would do any amount of work and spend their month's pay check—but the spring and summer flowers must be prepared for now when autumn is laying her arresting hand on garden growth. Now is the time to tuck in the bulbs which will bring beauty in springtime. Now is the time to divide and reset and work the perennials in their borders. Now is the acceptable time to add that shrub or tree we always plan to add when we see one like it in full bloom in our neighbor's garden. The beauty of the spring garden must be created now while the leaves are falling.

Hoover has a vision without being a visionary; a rare attribute, found so far in the world's history in few outstanding men of rare ability and genius. The drafting of this man for the highest duties in the world of his day will be like a divinely directed service of perhaps 20,000,000 men and women in their voting booths throughout the nation on Tuesday next.

Salem is the nut city. It is set apart for the nut center of the world, by the decrees of nature.

The sovereign people will say it with a resounding voice on Tuesday, that they prefer a job to a jag.

### THIS RADIO CAMPAIGN

### Who's Who and Timely Views

**Irrigated Lands Discussed**  
By ELWOOD MEAD  
U. S. Commissioner of Reclamation, [Elwood Mead was born at Patriot, Ind., Jan. 16, 1858. He is a graduate of Purdue university, where he earned three degrees in engineering. For several years he served as a professor at Purdue university, where he was territorial and state engineer of Wyoming for a year in 1888. He entered the United States department of agriculture in 1897 and at the same time was a member of the faculty of the University of California until 1907. The following eight years he was chairman of the state rivers and water supply commission in Victoria, Australia, and then returned to the University of California until 1924, when he was appointed federal commissioner of reclamation by President Coolidge. He is the author of several articles and books on irrigation and his home is in Washington, D. C.]

THE influence of federal reclamation has varied widely in different states. It has been least in California and greatest in Idaho and Arizona.

Outside of California, important irrigation works of the future will be built by the government. Costs are too great, and income too long delayed to make such development attractive to private enterprise.

The reclamation bureau has in the past been active in two different fields. It has built works to irrigate unimproved and unpopulated land. It has built works to rescue communities and districts where works had been built by private enterprise, but where failure was certain either by injury to those works or shortage of water, which could be supplied only by the construction of costly storage works.

In each of these fields of activity the growth of the west in wealth and population, the practical disappearance of public land and the great increase in cost of building irrigation works have created new and serious economic problems.

It has emphasized the fact that building canals does not alone reclaim land. There is a gap between the unvalued, unpopulated land under irrigation works and the same works with houses and crops growing on cultivated fields, to bridge which requires time, labor and money. The cost of this second stage of reclamation is now far more than it was 15 years ago, and it has always been more than was generally realized.

There are other obstacles to overcome which are far more serious than they were before the great war. The pioneering spirit is gone. It is hard to enlist settlers to do the difficult and unremunerative work of clearing and leveling land.

State aid has been sought, and legislation to require this has been considered in congressional committees.

But investigation showed that some states lack the means to extend this aid, some are prevented from doing so by constitutional prohibition, and in every state public opinion was opposed to this action.

The importance of these objectives is realized, and I wish that further action could be avoided and that we could find settlers with money enough to make their own improvements and buy their own equipment. I do not, however, see any hope of this on some of the older projects or on some of those now building, and it is my conviction that we should do one of two things; either provide for carrying out the second stage of reclamation, or quit building canals to irrigate unimproved land.

### Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Are you a nut?  
You are in the coming nut capital of the world, if you live in Salem.

This is bound to come. Nature decreed it. We grow the best walnuts and filberts produced anywhere. We can grow them at lower cost than any other section of the world. That settles it. Industries will follow the lines of least resistance, like water seeking its level.

Now we are to have a nut farm here, for aiding our nut industries—conducted by the United States government. We will add black walnut forests to our reforestation program. These trees will bear nuts and make themselves worth great annual returns. They will give their wood to the manufacturing of furniture, when they are too old or too large for the former service—if they ever become so. Or when they are worth more for wood than for nuts.

We will add chestnut growing. That is certainly coming. And we will search the wide world over for other commercial nut trees.

One day, the nut crops of the Willamette valley, and all the way up her mountain slopes, will be worth vastly more than the total of all our annual crops now.

Lady phoned in to the Bitsman yesterday, saying her egg woman, a small farmer's wife, would not vote for Hoover, because he is a rich man. How does she know? He is not so reputed. He was surely a poor boy. Everybody in Salem who lived here in the eighties knows this. They know that as a Stanford student he waited on tables of a sorority one of the members of which is now Mrs. Hoover.

Mr. Hoover received a fair salary from the first as a mining engineer. He rose in the profession, because he was efficient. He then received large salaries, and

### Poems That Live

LOVE AND LIFE

ALL my past life is mine no more;  
The flying hours are gone,  
Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store.  
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;  
How can it then be mine?  
The present moment's all my lot;  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts, and broken vows;  
If I by miracle can be  
This live-long minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that Heaven allows.  
—John Wilmot (1647-1680)



### They Say ...

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, Though This Need Not be Printed.

### RADIO REVEALS HIGH CALIBRE OF HOOVER

Salem, Nov. 3, 1928.  
To the editor of the Statesman: Being on a visit to Oregon, and having more time on my hands than ordinarily, I have a great interest in this presidential campaign.

It strikes me that the radio has done more to inform the average voter than any other medium of our times. I have listened in on all the important speeches, and I find that the man who can give the unvarnished facts, and talks straight to the people, is the one who reaches the heart and the understanding. All the gestures and wise cracks made to draw applause, are lost on the radio audience. This has never been brought out to me so plainly as in the speeches on last evening. Smith from Brooklyn, where we had listened the preceding evening, to the mastery speech of Charles Evans Hughes, and then the speech of Herbert Hoover at St. Louis.

The one sounded like the speech of the successful candidate to the White House. The other more like the last wall of the defeated one for the office of coroner. I have faith to believe that my grand children will be reading the history of Herbert Hoover's achievements for his country, when Al Smith's name will be forgotten, outside of his own state. I voted my first ticket for president in the centennial year, and my last ballot was sent from here last Tuesday to be opened and voted at my home precinct on election morning.

G. L. ELLSWORTH.

### Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Nov. 4, 1908  
Oscar L. Norton, the Indian tender, has gone to San Francisco for a visit following which he will go to St. Louis to slaug with an opera company during the Louisiana Purchase exposition.

The four rural mail routes from Salem delivered an excellent record of 15,000 pieces of mail in October.

The Capital Lumber company has shut down its mill on account of the scarcity of logs.

Trains at the freight yards were held up until late in the afternoon when two cars jumped the track.

J. N. Skaffe and others are petitioning the council to establish electric lamps at the intersection of Cheneketa and 21st streets, and C. F. Mason and others are seeking electric arc lamps at the intersection of Commercial and Bush and Commercial and La Salle streets in South Salem.

Governor Chamberlain returned from Washington, D. C., where he went to consult with Secretary Hitchcock regarding public land matters in Oregon.

### The Grab Bag



November 3, 1928

Who am I? With what well known trio am I identified? Are my two companions living?

What is Stamboul?

What is the nautical name for the box in which a ship's compass is suspended?

Who composed the "Merry Widow"?

"Let all their wickedness come before thee; and do unto them as thou hast done unto me for all my transgressions: for my sighs are many, and my heart is faint." Where is this passage found in the Bible?

JIMMY JAMS



Today in the Past  
On this date, in 1783, the American Revolutionary troops disbanded.

Today's Horoscope  
Persons born on this day are not as hopeful and as enthusiastic about life in general as they might be. Kindness excites their gratitude, but they get little of it as a rule from others.

A Daily Thought  
Young men soon give and soon forget affrights; Old age is slow in both.—Addison.

Answers to Foregoing Questions

1. Lieutenant Irwin A. Woodring, army aviator; "The Three Musketeers," no, both were killed in airplane crashes recently.
2. The name given to the greater part of Constantinople, including Pera and Galata.
3. Binnacle.
4. Franz Lehár.
5. Jeremiah, I, 22.

### The Way of the World

By GROVE PATTERSON

#### IT TAKES NERVE

Captain Street and Captain Stevens, two flying men, have been climbing almost eight miles into the skies. Up there, at the highest, it was 76 degrees below zero. The throttle on the plane froze. Finally they got it to working. Then they ran out of gas and were forced to land in a field. While at great heights they took pictures, the first ever taken from such an altitude. They carried 40 pounds of liquefied air, otherwise they could not have lived very long.

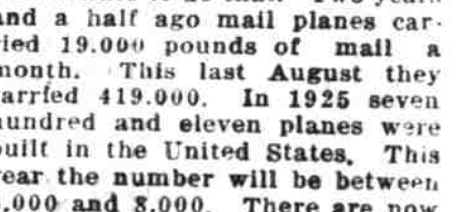
Not many of us would care to do that sort of thing even if we knew how. It takes physical courage of a high order. Initiative and adventure, worked out in various lines, represent leadership. Those who did not do so are among the skeletons which lie unnammed along the highway of radio progress.

"It is not too much to say that in this fast-stepping industry a manufacturer must advertise to live, let alone make progress. I think that newspaper advertising is the backbone of radio advertising. By that I mean specifically that if an executive had to choose but a single medium to help his sales that medium should be the newspaper."

FLYING ALONG  
Three or four years ago five million dollars would have bought the entire commercial aviation industry of the United States. Today it would take a hundred million dollars to do that. Two years and a half ago mail planes carried 19,000 pounds of mail a month. This last August they carried 419,000. In 1925 seven hundred and eleven planes were built in the United States. This year the number will be between 8,000 and 9,000. There are now in the neighborhood of 9,000 planes owned by civilians and commercial companies in this country.

What we shall have to be thinking of is improving ground transportation to such a degree that the time gained by air travel won't all be lost on arrival. The other day McCracken, assistant secretary of commerce for aeronautics, flew from Cleveland to Chicago in 175 minutes—but it took him 75 minutes to get from the Chicago airport to his hotel.

HOOPER'S ALPHABET  
By MABEL F. MARTIN



PLACING AN X ON the ballot was the old time symbol of hearty approval of a candidate and his party. Fifty-eight millions of men and women will be eligible to vote this year for the various candidates in the field. There will be many local problems to be fought out but above them all stands the one issue—Herbert Hoover. The voter who keeps his eye on this great outstanding figure and preserver Hoover ideals in selecting all other candidates on the ballot, will have done a worthy service to the nation. Never has there been such an opportunity for the voter to pick a worthy public servant. Never was there a time when the country could look forward with such assurance of an able administration. There is no question about Hoover.

(To be continued)

### Dinner Stories

Her Very Best  
A lady motorist, whose car had swerved across a suburban street and crashed through a plate glass window, was being questioned by the local police sergeant after the accident.

"Surely on such a wide street as this," said the interrogator, "you could have done something to prevent this accident."

"I did," the delinquent assured him, quite earnestly; "I screamed as loud as I could!"

### The One-Minute Pulpit

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.  
For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.—Romans, xiv, 7-8.

### High Pressure Pete

By Swau