

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELTON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELTON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

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Chicago, 280 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates: In Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On Train and News Stands 5 cents.

A New Picture of Herbert Hoover

WE believe the people gained a very different picture of Herbert Hoover from his radio address of Tuesday night. This editor confesses that he did. Having grown up under the dynamic leadership of Theodore Roosevelt and the virile, intellectual type of Woodrow Wilson, this writer has never been enamored of the more sober, if perhaps more solid type represented by Herbert Hoover. But as we listened Tuesday night we saw a fighter grim, covered with powder stains, bruised from the onset of devastating forces, yet with head still erect, back still unbowed, fighting with dogged persistence to preserve the very fabric of American civilization, fighting with the thought uppermost in his mind,—the welfare of the family in the cottage or the apartment or on the farm.

The president explained his silence when the storm of criticism and stinging abuse has broken round him. He did not dare disclose and advertise to the world the difficulties which threatened the economic life of the country. Like a general in the midst of a great battle he had to fight on, surrounded by his immediate staff, getting reports from every sector of the battlefield, and then deploying his forces to meet every dent in the line. Or like some executive guarding a long levee in time of flood. Reports may come here and there of water reaching the crest of the dike; but the man in charge must devote all his thought and attention toward averting the complete collapse in the retaining walls.

President Hoover definitely declared that the use of powers of government had prevented our business structure from going over the precipice; and yet those powers had been used so well that the country had been spared the even greater damage that would have come from patent remedies which were pressed upon him from every hand. And he further declared time now are on the mend:

"We won this great battle to protect our people at home. We held the Gibraltar of world stability. The world today has a chance. It is growing in strength. Let that man who complains that things could not be worse thank God for this victory and make reverent acknowledgement of the courage and stamina of a great democracy."

The president was not satisfied with merely defending his record, which he did with a convincing thoroughness. He launched a devastating attack on the democratic party and on the proposals of its standard bearers. He called attention to the fact that the lower house of congress had been in control of the democrats for two years, and asked what program the democrats in power there had advanced for relief of business conditions. The only measures they proposed were measures which would have added to the ruin. As the president said:

"At a time when the most vital need was for reduction in expenditure and balancing of the budget to preserve the stability of the federal government as the keystone of all stability, they produced a program of pork-barrel legislation in the sum of \$1,200,000,000 for non-productive and unnecessary works at the expense of the taxpayer. They produced the cash bonus bill. They passed that through the house of representatives by their leadership. I opposed it. It failed to pass the senate. Under that bill it was proposed to expend \$2,300,000,000. Worse still, they provided the bonus should be paid through a creation of sheer fiat money. That would have made our currency a football of every speculator and every vicious element in the financial world at the very time when we were fighting for the honesty of the American dollar."

"Further, the administration proposed an economy measure to bring about reduction in specialized government expenditures by \$200,000,000. When these recommendations had passed through the filter of the democratic majority in the house only \$50,000,000 of savings were left, yet we heard many speeches from them upon economy. They passed a bill to destroy the effectiveness of the tariff commission. I vetoed that bill. They passed a price-fixing bill creating what might be colloquially called the 'rubber dollar.' I opposed this. It was held up in the senate. They passed a provision for loans to corporations and everybody else whether they were affected and guarded by public interest or not. It would have made the government the most gigantic pawnbroker of history. I vetoed this measure. They passed other measures with this same reckless disregard for the safety of the nation."

"All this undermined public confidence and delayed all the efforts of the administration and the powerful instrumentalities which we had placed in action to save the country. These measures representing the dominant democratic control brought discouragement and delay to recovery. That recovery began the moment when it was certain that these destructive measures of this democratic-controlled house were stopped. Had their program passed it would have been the end of recovery. If it ever passes it will end hope of recovery. These measures were not simply gestures for vote-catching."

"These ideas and measures represented the true sentiment and doctrine of the majority of the control of the democratic party. A small minority of democratic members disapproved these measures, but these men obviously have no voice today. This program was passed through the democratic house of representatives under the leadership of the gentleman who had been nominated the democratic candidate for vice-president and thus these measures and policies were approved by their party."

President Hoover was honest with the people. He did not come promising a gilded bauble. He did not trim his sails to meet the local winds. He did not hold forth some glittering panacea for the relief of agriculture. He frankly acknowledged that some provisions of the agricultural marketing act had not proven successful in practice and should be modified. But he did reveal an intense sympathy with men in distress everywhere, and intelligent understanding of their difficulties, and a commendable courage and fortitude in laboring to save the ship of state as it wallowed in rough seas. Hoover is no Phil Sheridan making a dashing charge at the head of lighthouse cavalry. He is no person to excite the rhapsodies of poets. He impresses one as a gladiator fighting with a shortsword. It has been close fighting; he has taken blow after blow; and he has given blow after blow. The dust of the arena has obscured the details of the combat. Now the gladiator is able to pause for a moment and stand forth with his weapon still in his hand, and the grim dragon of Depression expiring under his feet.

The address of Herbert Hoover Tuesday night will send a thrill of hope not only through members of the republican party throughout the nation; but through the hearts of citizens of all parties. They behold a man who has stood steadfast in a time of great crisis. There is no vaunting or boasting in his manner. He betrays no exhaustion either in mind or body. The word from the president will hearten men everywhere to make fresh courage. Regardless of how the election goes they may see again fresh hope; and if they give sober thought to the matter they will realize that the man to entrust with the enlarging of that hope and bringing it into reality is the one who has carried through the fight.

As the president said, "things could be vastly worse."

Fishin' - Way Down East



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 6, 1907

According to a report made to the Oregon railroad commission, the Oregon & California Railroad company has acquired or is entitled to 4,214,850 acres of valuable timber and agricultural land, under government grant, all of which with the exception of 1,710 acres, is located with the state of Oregon. Receipts of the company from these lands up to June 30 of last year, with interest, aggregated \$5,214,234, while the company's expenditures totalled \$1,789,217.

Governor Chamberlain of Oregon was one of the speakers at the waterways convention at Memphis, Tenn., yesterday.

Three surveying parties of the Harriman railway system have recently been rushed into southeastern Oregon, these being in addition to the three Union Pacific parties at work between Norton and Walker's range in the Cascade country, and another working between Klamath Falls and Lakeview.

A proposal to change the name of the Salem Commercial club to Salem Chamber of Commerce will be voted on at the open forum meeting of the club on October 11.

Miss Thelma Eshelman, employee of the state automobile department, and Hugh Wayne of Gervais were married Tuesday in Portland.

NEW YORK—The Yanks and the Giants fought furiously but to no avail yesterday in the second game of the world series. With the score standing at 3 to 3 in the 10th inning, the game was called on account of darkness.

New Views

"What are your reactions to President Hoover's speech at Des Moines?" This question was asked yesterday by Statesman reporters. The responses:

W. M. Garner, barber: "No, I didn't hear Hoover, but you can say there is nothing he could do to please me. I'm a cousin of John N. Garner and a southern democrat."

D. M. Fenton, poultryman: "I've heard so many of his speeches that I'm tired of them."

E. W. Acklin, shoe store proprietor: "I thought it was a good speech; it probably made Hoover a million votes."

W. E. Hill, courthouse caretaker: "The speech was one of the best I've ever heard."

Zollie Volchok, high school student: "I was a staunch republican until civic class today. The class was divided into political groups."

Had the nation gone off the gold standard, had currency been inflated, had fiat money been printed in quantity as some democrats urged, had banks everywhere gone down, and industries and railroads, far more millions would have been engulfed in poverty and wretchedness. It was Herbert Hoover, who when calamity was howling down the canyons of commerce, and the four furies of unemployment and low prices, and ruined credit, and deflation raged across the country, kept his head and preserved his country from evils which would have compounded the disaster many-fold.

The country should hesitate long before it votes to reject the leadership which has thus served the country in a time of deep distress.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS

98 years ago today:

October 6, 1834, fell on Monday. That day, Jason Lee and his little party landed at the site of the old mission, on the east bank of the Willamette, 10 miles below what became Salem. That was 98 years ago today.

The goods of the party, brought in a Hudson's Bay company boat from old Fort Vancouver, were landed that evening, and the work of building the first rude little log house of the mission was begun.

It was slow work at first. Yokes for the oxen had to be made. There was no pattern, and few suitable tools. Jason Lee made them, using his sheath knife in the process—and he recorded in his diary that he succeeded better than he expected. Then the cattle had to be broken to the yoke, and fences were required to be made from rails split from near by trees that must first be felled, in order to keep the stock from straying away.

And it rained, the downpour was long and steady, and the workmen slept in their clothes under wet blankets. But they persisted, and strangely, Jason Lee, who had not been well, recovered his health under the driving labor, and it was not long until a part of the roof of split boards was on the house.

The week days were passed in labor from daylight to dark until the Sunday, Oct. 13, came, spent by Jason Lee in needed rest, interspersed with religious instructions to straggling Indians and to Canadian French settlers who came to see the new arrivals. Jason Lee had acquired a fair knowledge of French while working in the logging camps of low-

er Canada, and had absorbed a little Chinook, so that he was able to make himself understood—well enough, at least, to get over an invitation to a preaching service on the following Sunday, the 17th, at the home of his neighbor, Joseph Gervais, two miles below by trail. These Sunday services were continued, until the first mission cabin was finished.

Those Sunday observances made the beginnings of the First Methodist church of Salem. Cyrus Shepard, in feeble health, had remained at Fort Vancouver to teach the school there. He joined his companions at the mission Saturday, March 7, and on Sunday, April 5, organized the Sunday school at the mission, with 13 children, and thus was begun the first Protestant teaching of the kind west of the Rockies; the birth of the First Methodist church Sunday school of Salem.

The Jason Lee mission erected the first building constructed by white men on the site of Salem, the mission saw and grist mill, under one roof, and the second and the third—the two last named still standing, at 360 Broadway and 1325 Perry, respectively—the one for mission headquarters and the residence of Jason Lee and the other for the teachers of the mission Indian manual training school; afterward known as "the parsonage."

It was the parsonage for the pastors of the First Methodist church during all the beginning years, and the home for several of the first presidents of Willamette university.

Thus Salem had its birth 98 years ago today, for the Jason Lee mission by selecting the site for its mills made the beginnings of the town.

Two years from today will mark the century line. The nation and the world will soon begin to hear a great deal about this, for the Methodist church forces all over the globe will be called upon to observe the centenary celebration of the Jason Lee mission.

Soon lectures accompanied with sets of moving and still pictures

will be sent to Methodist churches everywhere, forerunners of the "on to Oregon" movement of 1934.

These pictures will show the old mission site, the Lee house, the parsonage, the missionary graves in the Jason Lee cemetery, the site of the old mission mill dam, views on Wallace prairie, where was erected the first building for the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university; and views on Willamette university campus, the house where President Hoover lived when his home was in Salem, etc., etc.

The artist who made the moving and still pictures in and around Salem has secured also pictures at Wilbraham, Mass., where Jason Lee received his college training, and at various points where he lectured in 1833 and 1834 in securing funds and working up interest in the far away Oregon country.

There is a plan to make a covered wagon journey to the points in the northeast, east, south and the Mississippi valley states, and on west across the country covered by the old Oregon trail, following the travels of Jason Lee, inviting attention to the 1934 centenary celebration.

The dates of the main part of the 1934 centenary celebration, that will center on the Oregon state fair grounds, will be between June 15 and October 6. It was on June 15 that Jason Lee and his little party stepped over the crest of the Rockies. On Oct. 6, as the reader has noted, the landing was made at the old mission site, and the work of building begun.

"The parsonage," second dwelling in Salem, is to be deeded to Willamette university, in trust for the people of Oregon, through arrangements being made by Bart Brown Barker.

CUTS HAND WITH AXE
SILVERTON, Oct. 5.—Mrs. Lida Usher is suffering from a severe cut on her left hand. Mrs. Usher was chopping wood when the accident slipped. She lives on Jersey street.

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

ROMANCE

SYNOPSIS

Young and ambitious Ted Wynne realizes he cannot ask the wealthy Barb Stone to marry a mill hand, so he leaves his position in the Belport steel mill and works his way through Old Dominion college. He shows promise in football, and Barney Stone, the coach, takes an interest in him. Ted Stone, star player and Ted's rival for Barb's affections, is antagonistic towards him. Ted, however, is admitted by the other students. During vacation he toils in the mill to earn his tuition and prepare for the fall football season. Barb breaks an appointment with Ted and goes with Tom to a dance. Ted takes Rosalie Doreen, whom Barb dislikes. Ted ignores Barb and plans to show her he, too, can be independent.

CHAPTER VIII

A fellow had to prove himself a good man with the girl he wanted, just as he had to do it in the mill, just as he would have to do it on the football field. You had to have guts wherever you went; whatever you tried to do. What was courage? In the mill it had been just hanging on, refusing to quit, waiting for a break. He had outlasted the sun and got a break from the rain.

This love stuff was different; it hit in a different place; skidded all over the body and evaded capture; but Ted knew how to hang on, now; and he wasn't going to quit until he gave it a battle.

It came in late August. The gang was giving a house party up in the hills. Janet asked him to go with her. Ted recognized the wish of the queen, a diplomatic overture without concession from the throne. He easily convinced himself that he needed a week's relaxation between the hard summer in the mill and the hard training of the football season. He felt strong enough to resist Barb—and he accepted Janet's invitation.

The Isaak Walton Club was a rambling two-story house which looked down upon a creek. Sleeping quarters on the second floor were used by the girls; the boys were spread on cots on the screened back veranda. Janet's mother chaperoned the party and superintended the delivery of steaming meals, served family style, around a table big enough to accommodate fourteen.

Ted felt like an actor in a subtle play. The gang was watching, just as the men in the mill had watched; they were watching him and Barb.

Some of the taut had left her eyes. Barb wasn't quite so sure, but she was nice to him; Ted tried hard to keep her from knowing how absurdly grateful and happy he felt.

But there was a show going on, just the same—a contest.

Ted, used to early rising, was up before the rest on their first morning and went down to the natural pool achieved by a bend in the creek just before the house. Janet was down shortly after. They swam for a little while and then sat on the sloping rock that gracefully emerged from the water.

"Nobody else up, breakfast won't be ready for awhile," she said. "This is great, just to sit here in the sun and take it easy."

"By a busy summer, Ted?"

"Just been working in—can you blame me for appreciating this?"

"Rosalie Doreen must be an attractive girl, Ted?"

Janet was after information. "She has everything," Ted replied. Well, she did have. His stomach was a roaring cave when breakfast was served.

"Ted and I had our swim hours will be sent to Methodist churches everywhere, forerunners of the "on to Oregon" movement of 1934.

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Janet informed the noisy group. "Really?" Barb inquired. "Ted's been brought up on early hours and hard work," Stone said. The gang laughed. "You ought to try them sometime," Ted told him. Fishing, swimming, card games, dice games; roaming the hills, dancing, wise-cracking, eating. Ted revelled in it all; a vacation was best enjoyed after plenty of labor. Contrast was the flavor of life.

On the second morning, when Ted went down to the pool, Barb was there ahead of him. "Hello," she said.

Ted had hardly thought of Barb as a girl with a body; in their happier days she had been more of a blithe spirit, dancing, scampering, poking sticks at serious matters.

She had a body, all right; a body like a boy's—firm, white—tapered from her toes to the peak of her blue cap.

She seemed unconscious of her comparative nudity, but Ted felt as if he had been caught peering into her boudoir.

Other girls at beaches were other girls; this was Barb. She dove. He followed. They swam back to the rock. She swam well. Her cheeks were pink as the water dripped from them.

"Now," she said, like a little girl proposing a game, "we'll see who can dive furthest under water."

They dove. Ted hunted the bottom, opened his eyes and moved along swiftly, coming up when his lungs threatened to burst, when blood pounded in his head.

He had gone almost fifty feet. Barb was far back, her face expressed amazement. Back on the rock she spoke.

"A fish, eh?" "I've been doing that in the river since I was seven."

"I wondered. Like it here, Ted?" "Great. Thanks for asking me." Their eyes met, smiled.

"But it was Janet." "So it was." "Rosalie's a sweet girl, isn't she?"

"And on the level." At breakfast, Stone was complaining. "Sleeping on that porch ruins me. I feel lousy. Got a cold. What do you do for a cold?"

"You might try some of that hard work," Ted suggested. The gang laughed.

That afternoon Stone drove to town to get something for his cold. He came back after dinner, summoned all the boys to the sick veranda and produced a bottle.

"Swell stuff for a cold. Don't suppose you want any, Wynne?" "No, thanks. I feel very healthy."

"You would. Now tonight we're going to put some pep in this party. I got a swell idea. Wait till the girls go to bed."

At eleven o'clock the house was quiet. Stone announced his plan. "We're going to raid the harem and grab ourselves a girl."

"Hot stuff," somebody said. "What'll we do with them?" "Give 'em a bath," Stone declared. "Take 'em down and drop 'em in the sink."

"Count me out," Ted stated. "Sure—count him out," Stone declared. "He's never been in a harem yet."

"You'd be a hell of a lot better off if you'd stay out of them," Ted came back.

"I'm not going," Rex Beam announced. "It's sophomoric."

"Come on, Arabs," Stone commanded. Sudden screaming in the quarters above. Prolonged squealing and laughter. Not a note of protest.

"The girls seem to like it," Ted said, somewhat amazed.

"Sure," Beam assented, "what did you expect? It's a great thrill in their young lives. Manhandled in pajamas is rare sport for virgins. This Stone is an ass but he knows his women."

"Barb will never stand for it." "Isn't that her voice I hear?"

"I'm afraid, Wynne, that our two young ladies are going to feel themselves terribly slighted about this."

Ted got up and walked about. It didn't seem possible that Barb would permit herself to be handled that way.

It was her voice; coming nearer; screaming—but a scream of laughter.

Ted walked to the front of the house. Stone was carrying her down the steps. Going across the porch Barb saw Ted; her expression changed quickly.

"Stop him," she cried; "save me, Ted—save me!"

Stone struggled on with his burden; down the stone steps to the creek. Ted followed, temperature rising.

She had laughed until she saw him, she got a kick out of it. What kind of a sap did she take him for? "Save me, Ted—save me!"

Ted ran down the walk; caught the panting Stone by the shoulder. "Drop her."

"Lay off, you sap," Stone cried between gasps. Ted took her away; held her in one arm and shoved Stone into the grass with the other.

"My hero," Barb cried, burlesquing. "Sure," Ted agreed. He picked her up in his arms.

"Put me down!" "Why don't you laugh now?" He started for the creek. She fought and shrieked.

Ted stepped on the rock and dropped her gently into the water. The crowd on the veranda howled. Barb climbed to the rock, dripping, her cheeks purple.

She slapped Ted. Speechless, he stared for a moment and hurried back to the house. Stone, considerably drunk, stopped him.

"Get out of my way," Ted cried, pushing him aside. He went to the back veranda and began packing. "Leaving?" Beam asked.

"Yes, I guess I don't belong here after this."

"Guess you're right, Wynne. Don't ever get burned up about the dear ladies; although that was a grand gesture at the fountain. Here are the keys to my car. Leave it at the Tenth Street garage."

Ted walked through the crowd at the front.

"Sorry, Janet," he said tightly, "to have caused all this."

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said, extending her hand. It was warm and friendly. Her eyes were a little misty. "How are you going to get down?"

"I have Beam's car."

"Listen, you mill worker," Stone began.

"Listen, yourself, you damn snob," Ted interrupted fiercely. "You and I are washed up, see? I've had enough of you and your cracks. The next time you speak to me be careful what you say."

Stone stared after him. Janet went inside and to the upstairs window where Barb was watching.

"He's gone," she said.

"He had no right to humiliate me that way before everybody," Barb sobbed.

"He's crazy about you, Barb. If you felt that way about him maybe you could understand."

(To Be Continued)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

ATHLETE'S foot is one of the most common of the skin ailments. The doctors, always seeking big words, call it eczema, but the disease is better known as ringworm. It is an infection caused by a parasite and is not as prevalent as it is today. So-called authorities maintain that a shallow pool filled with a special antiseptic should be used after leaving any public swimming pool or shower.

Since this disease is usually contracted at bathing beaches, public pools and in gymnasiums, it is advised that no one walk about in these places without slippers. Proper sterilization of towels and bed sheets is important to prevent the spread of this infection.

When the disease is recognized, rapid cure can be obtained by the immediate application of the proper medicine, but a great deal of harm results from depending on home remedies. If you have contracted ringworm consult with your physician, and let him prescribe the necessary treatment.

Please bear in mind that ringworm is the disease would not be as prevalent as it is today. So-called authorities maintain that a shallow pool filled with a special antiseptic should be used after leaving any public swimming pool or shower.

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