

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Being a Weatherman

NOW the weatherman, we fancy, is not easily excitable. Long years of observation of the quirks and fancies of the weather have taught him that the fretting of man, even the praying, doesn't change the weather. The weatherman indeed is the perfect example of the fellow who just takes things as they come. As Mark Twain remarked long ago, people talk much about the weather, but no one seems to do anything about it; least of all the weatherman who is supposed to be in most intimate communion with the powers that control wind and cloud and sunshine.

The weather, so it seems, has a habit of breaking records of one kind or another. A temperature may break a record for all previous Octobers; or the rainfall may be deficient or excessive to an unusual degree. The weatherman merely observes and records. When the weather goes on some freakish spell then the common run of folk are stirred. They phone the weather office to see if some promise of relief may not be made. If it is terribly hot, then those who fret and fume declare it's the hottest weather in twenty years (always twenty years though no one's memory is accurate for that length of time). If it is cold with a stinging frigid, then commoners would even vote the poor weatherman out of office, were his term up at the moment.

But the weatherman goes right along. He is under civil service. Without compunction he makes prediction of "continued warm"; or "continued cold"; or "continued rain". It seems sometimes as though he were a mere robot, and never felt the heat or cold himself. Not a robot indeed, rather a philosopher; who has learned this lesson that the weather is like a road, and finally you come to a turn. You can't hasten the change; so you may as well as not enjoy the scenery passing at the moment.

Is it the driest fall on record? Well, maybe it is; but the rains will come, and after them the winter. We may as well compose ourselves, and assume the attitude of the weatherman, who observes but does not control meteorological phenomena, with the serenity that comes from knowledge that despite its vagaries the weather keeps after all within quite livable extremes, and settles to its norms after every spell of being off-balance. The weather may be the one field of human interest where the belief in Calvinistic foreordination may prove harmless.

The Red Hills

DOTTED here and there about the Willamette valley are the "red hills". The soil is red in color and strangers to the valley remark about the unusual color. Those from the far south or parts of the midwest looking at the soil think it must be worthless for farm land. They think it is clay which in their country is tilled with difficulty and produces poor crops, so scanty is the plant food in the soil.

But our red hill soil of the valley is fertile. It is not a clay but is friable and possesses excellent drainage qualities. In composition they are residual soils derived from igneous rocks like basalt or diabase, or from sedimentary rocks, sandstone or shale. The story of the red hills of western Oregon is told in a late bulletin by the state college experiment station, written by C. V. Ruzek and W. L. Powers of the college faculty, who are noted authorities on soils.

The cleared areas, the authors note, have been farmed for long periods, and with good results:

"When of good depth, they are naturally productive and under good systems of soil management excellent yields have been procured and maintained. The deeper soils are adapted to the growing of practically all the crops of the area. Tree fruits, small fruits, general farm crops, and grasses do well on these soils."

The bulletin gives the soil analysis, and reports results when fertilizers of different kinds have been used. The chief need is for lime to offset the acid nature of the soil. The summary of the conclusions of the authors respecting the handling of the red hill soils is as follows:

"The management or system of handling these 'red hill' soils is similar to that usually practiced in maintaining the fertility of mineral soils. It is simple and so flexible that it can be adapted to a wide range of crops or types of farming. The soils are quite generally acid in reaction and hence basic lime is necessary for the successful growing of legumes. The latter is of especial importance with the utilization of crop residues and farm manure in the nitrogen economy of these soils. Both phosphorus and sulfur usually need attention and must be added in the form of some commercial fertilizer material, the former to field crops and the latter in the form of land-plaster to legumes. These practices are most effective when carried on with a suitable crop rotation."

Those interested in red hills land will want to read the full bulletin.

Nailing a Falsehood

ONE of the campaign canards is a revival of one which sprung four years ago that Hoover hired only Mexican or Filipino labor on his ranch in California. The yarn is being circulated again this year; so it has to be denied as it was then. The latest version is that there are signs up on the Hoover ranch to the effect that no white help need apply for labor. George C. Cole of Gervais thought he would find out the truth so he wrote to the Palo Alto chamber of commerce and inquired. He received the following letter from the assistant secretary:

"There is not now, nor has there ever been a sign on the Hoover place in Palo Alto stating that no white help is employed. Another thing, President Hoover does not own any ranch in California. Several years ago he had a quarter interest in a ranch in the San Joaquin valley, but sold it three or four years ago."

A battery of scientists are going to see what they can do to relieve Klamath people of misery caused by "no-see-ums," tiny gnats that are pests like mosquitoes. In the group is a "predatory animal control official," so perhaps they can catch them with steel traps.

We note some bandits in different states do small town banks the compliment of presuming they have cash on hand by stepping inside with guns in their hands. Considering all the village bankers have suffered this is adding insult to injury.

An echo of the Al Norblad campaign is heard in a decision against some printers who sought to recover their printing bills. The wise printer is one who practices a. e. d. on candidates.

A REAL National Problem



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 7, 1907

The initial work of street paving in Salem will begin this afternoon when two carloads of crushed rock are dumped at the intersection of Liberty and Court streets. Many citizens say they will carry away a piece of the rock as a souvenir of the event that means so much to the city.

The new Christian church building, costing \$15,000 was formally dedicated yesterday. Rev. Victor Dorris, evangelist, preached the sermon and the pastor, Elder Davis Errett, presided over the service.

CORVALLIS—Freshman Robert Olph of Prairie City, one of the new undergraduates at Oregon Agricultural college who was about to be given a ducking by a large crowd of sophomores, yesterday stabbed and severely wounded two of his hazers. As a result, Dr. Kerr said he would probably suspend the hazers and start action toward abolition of hazing at the institution.

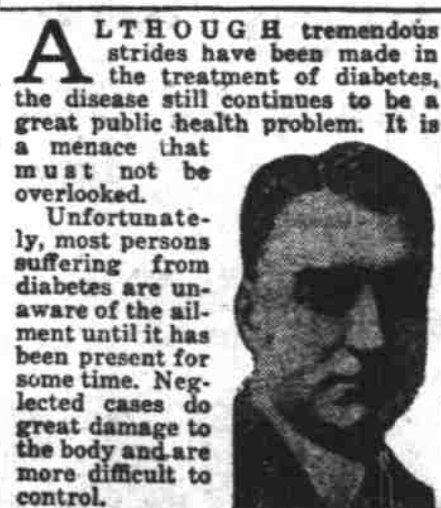
October 6, 1922

SILVERTON—Seven young men entered the building on First street where Gospel Mission meetings are being held, and threw eggs at the speaker. One egg hit the wall, another struck the violin box of the musician and a third hit the speaker's stand. Chief of Police Thomas and Night Watchman Haskins are investigating.

A total of \$8,042,352 in soldier bonus and loan money has been distributed about the state up to September 30, Secretary of State Sam A. Koser reported yesterday. Of this, \$4,193,098 constituted bonus payments.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.



Dr. Copeland

ALTHOUGH tremendous strides have been made in the control of diabetes, the disease still continues to be a great public health problem. It is a menace that must not be overlooked. Unfortunately, most persons suffering from diabetes are unaware of the ailment until it has been present for some time. Neglected cases do great damage to the body and are more difficult to control.

Too many persons, I fear, do not consider diabetes a serious disease. They have come to believe that it is easily cured by taking insulin, but unfortunately this is not the case.

Do not misunderstand me. Insulin has proved to be a remarkable discovery. It is of tremendous value in the control of diabetes, but it does not cure it. In fact, we have no medicine that can cure.

Diabetes is a disease in which there is too much sugar in the blood and urine. By means of a carefully prescribed diet and, in selected cases, the use of insulin, the disease can be controlled. From the standpoint of control, such great progress has been made that it has enabled many individuals to continue with their daily work and to

live the expected span of years. Prior to the discovery of insulin, persons suffering from diabetes were considered as doomed to die within a short time; but today it is a menace to health and life only when it is neglected. Unfortunately, unnecessary complications of diabetes occur in many cases because the persons affected fail to take advantage of modern medical treatment. May I impress upon you the danger of self-medication in diabetes?

The disease must be considered as a public health problem, and we must not be satisfied until statistics show a decline in the number of sufferers from this disturbance. For many years it has been known that those who are overweight are more inclined toward this ailment than thin persons. I warn you that overweight is a danger sign. It should be looked upon as a warning of the possibility of acquiring diabetes.

Further, let me stress the importance and value of periodic health examinations. A stitch in time may save nine. My advice is for every person to have a complete overhauling by a physician and an analysis every six months.

Persons who are overweight and show occasional traces of sugar in the urine should have restrictions placed upon the diet. They will benefit greatly when they avoid milk, sugar, bread, pastries and other starchy foods. When diet alone is not sufficient, insulin must be given, but it should never be given except under the supervision and advice of a physician.

Answers to Health Queries

X. Y. C. Q.—What can I do for a nervous heart?
A.—For full particulars consult your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.
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*Native in WW in America:
Great Silver Falls Park:

The other day, this column contained a reference to the new volume of Who's Who in America, just placed on the shelves of our libraries, the attention of the writer having been called in a postal card from a friend to the assumed fact that it contained the name of a Salem native, Fred Lockley.

Examination revealed that the new book does contain the name of Mr. Lockley, but that he was not born in Salem, though he spent many of his boyhood days and those of his early manhood in the capital city.

But the book does show the name of a native of Salem who has made the grade in this hall of fame. The paragraph reads:

"BARNES, Ralph W. (aldo), newspaper corr.; b. Salem, Ore., June 14, 1889; s. Edward Talbot and Mabel (Baker) B.; A. B. Willamette U., 1922; M. A. Hartford, 1924; m. Esther Barton Paragonian, Oct. 11, 1924; children—Joan, Suzanne. Began as reporter on Brooklyn Daily Eagle, 1924; with New York Herald Tribune, 1926; mem. editorial staff New York Herald, Paris, 1926-29; asst. Paris Bureau New York Herald Tribune, 1929; reporting conf. of financial experts that drafted Young plan; Rome corr. New York Herald Tribune, 1930. Moscow correspondent since April, 1931. At Central Int., C. T. S. Waco, Tex., 1918, World war. Address, Hotel Metropole, Moscow, U. S. S. R."

There is another distinction. Not only is the name of Ralph W. Barnes the only one in the book of a man born in Salem, Oregon, but his is the only name of any

birth or nationality whose home is given as Moscow, Russia.

Mrs. Barnes is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barnes, in Salem, and will be here and at Portland until next spring. Mr. Barnes himself hoped to join her here for a visit to his home folks and home town, but this will not be possible, at least this year or early in the next year.

The two daughters are of course having a great time with their grandparents. Joan, the senior in age, was born in Rome, and her little sister, Suzanne, first saw the light of day in Paris. Before either can vote in the United States, she will have to take out citizenship papers. One is now an Italian citizen, and the other is a citizen of France. Had either been born in an American consulate, or on an American vessel, she would have escaped the future necessity of the formality of taking out citizenship papers on reaching voting age. But this is the Stars and Stripes, or of any other flag, does not extend to newspaper correspondents—though at Burke that the fourth estate is the greatest of them all? Meaning that the press is higher than the commons, the lords and the estate spiritual. If so in the British government, ought it not to be so with members of the international press service, like Ralph Barnes?

Have you lately seen Silver Falls park? Up there, overlooking Salem and the central Willamette valley, you will find about 1000 acres of forest primeval, in which are located nine magnificent falls. The streams are now at their lowest, but even so the falls are grand and awe inspiring.

During most of the year these nine falls, and the 10th one that is not yet in the reserve, hurtle into space masses of water that have the magnitude of rivers. The biggest one makes a sheer plunge of 186 feet. The North fall drops 146 feet, and the Winter fall makes a double leap aggregating 198 feet.

In the short time this area has been a state park, a great deal of

New Views

"Have you made up your mind for whom you will vote for president? If so, would your decision be easily changed?" These were the questions asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Lillie Madsen, newspaper correspondent: "Yes, I've made up my mind and my vote will go for Hoover. I see no reason to change. In Silverton I believe the majority of people favor Hoover."

Fred Richards, stationary engineer: "Oh, yes, I've had it all settled. I am a democrat so I suppose you know which way I'll go—Roosevelt. He's in favor of wet and so am I."

Paul Bales, mechanic: "Yes, I made that up a long time ago. No, I won't change."

Joe Sander, farm worker: "You bet I have my mind made up. No, it won't be changed. And you can say it is for Hoover."

Daily Thought

"In these days, a murderer is crazy if he doesn't plead insanity."—Arkansas Gazette.

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

Young and ambitious Ted Wynne realizes he cannot ask the wealthy Barb Roth to marry a mill hand, so he leaves his position in the Bellport steel mill and works his way through Old Dominion College. He shows promise in football, and Barney Mack, the coach, takes an interest in him. Tom Stone, star player and Ted's rival for Barb's affections, is antagonistic towards him. Ted, however, is admired 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 Downs, whom Barb dislikes. Ted plans to show Barb he, too, can be independent, and at a week-end party ignores her. Late at night, the boys, at Tom's suggestion rush into the girls' rooms and take them, pajama-clad, down to the water. Ted does not join in the fun, but when Tom comes along with Barb in his arms, apparently enjoying it and calling to Ted to save her, he takes her from Tom and drops her in the water. Furious, she slaps him. Tom tries to start an argument, but Ted calls him a snob and leaves with Barb watching from a window.

CHAPTER IX.

New Dominion got off to a good start by winning from Duquesne by two touchdowns. Barney had limited his team to five plays on the offense but they had been given a stiff defensive test by Elmer Layden's spirited crew. On Monday, at the regular noon lecture, Barney reviewed the contest, standing at the blackboard with chalk in hand, talking with his heavy voice that rode up hill on a slur to emphasize his points.

"Not a bad game, Saturday; not a bad game at all for a starter—of course Edges was looking up in the stands for his girl a couple of times and missed a signal but the ladies must have their thrills; we must please the ladies, always. You've got a habit of watching the play. Stone—don't watch the play—that's what we have alumni sitting on the bench for. I don't want any more arguing with the quarterback. He suits me or he wouldn't be in there—and he answers to me—you high school stars get that in your heads now; if their tackle widens and leaves a hole, just say that the tackle is widening; he's probably seen it anyhow; but don't rush back and order him to run 33."

"Where's Moynott? How'd that ankle, Pat? Pretty good, eh? Well, better take tonight off anyhow. Pat; come out and look on and get the Navy stuff."

"All right—Navy offense. Two main formations. Where's your notebook, Stone? On the cuff—they won't let you take that cuff in the game, Tom; no cribbing in a football game—you have to know your stuff. Don't take these plays down. Brute—you might make the first team; where's your notebook, Pidge? Well, I'm astonished. You looked pretty good out there a couple of times, Pidge; pretty good. All right—we'll call this Formation A. Formation A. They come out of the huddle and line up like this:

O O O X O O O
O O
O O

"Lloyd is back here and Clifton here. Now here's the defense we'll use."

The squad of thirty-five men made a night trip to Baltimore, arriving there Friday morning and going to the Gibson Island Country Club. They limbered up in the afternoon, put on a dummy defense against Navy plays. After dinner Barney assembled the quarterbacks in his room and made a final survey of the Navy personnel and the strategy they were to use.

"Your team starts, Ted. Safe plays, punt early; play for the breaks and try to push the ball in



"Not much I can tell you about these fellows that you don't know; they're bigger than you; they'll be tough," said Barney.

their territory by the end of the first period. If we get a safe lead your team may go back in the last quarter—with this schedule we've got to have a second team that can go in there and play a quarter or more against everybody.

"Go play some of that ping-pong in the lobby now; take a walk; forget this game until tomorrow. Get a good night's sleep."

Ted played through the entire schedule that night; reviewed his quarrel with Barb; fumbled punts; designed new plays—marvellous plays—to take advantage of opposing weaknesses as they developed; missed tackles, called wrong plays. Finally the Navy goat, running with head down, bore upon him as he was waiting to catch a punt—a swarm of Navy goats in pastel colors, made for him—the thing to do was to catch the ball first, hold it, stay on your feet; and if you went out, make them carry you out—the goats were banging him; he was hugging the ball.

"Come on, snap out of it, let loose of them covers," Pidge was calling, "we'll be late for breakfast and Barney'll be on my tail again. Better get all we can to eat this morning because it'll be a long wait until the alumni get ready to feed us tonight."

Heavy breakfast—steak, potatoes, oatmeal, toast with plenty of butter—food to give weight and strength to be assimilated during the morning.

Light lunch—tea and toast at eleven.

Lolling about in their rooms after that; resting bodies; calming nerves. At twelve-thirty loaded into buses and driven to the Baltimore Stadium.

Ted dressed slowly; tried desperately to keep on the ground; weat over the strategy.

A year ago just a steel mill boy; today in charge of the destinies of a New Dominion football team in its first big game. Seventy thousand people out there, all second guessers. The world was a big place and a lone individual rolling around in it felt into queer holes; but somebody had to fill the spot and Barney had picked him.

Boys in all stages of dress; some naked; others fitting pads like harness under their jerseys; trainers taping weak spots.

Millions listening on the radio; maybe even Barb.

Out to limber up. Seventy thousand was a lot of people. Navy was out—big fellows; that damned goat was on the sidelines.

Back for the charge. Football was only a game but it was a matter of life and death now. Dead silence—as though a corpse was in the room. A few alumni sat inobtrusively in corners.

Barney stood up. His voice was strong. Ted was glad to hear a noise—that quiet was bursting his head.

"Not much I can tell you about these fellows that you don't know; they're bigger than you; primed for you; they'll be tough."

"But you're faster; smarter," his voice rose, "get the jump on them. Second team starts—they'll try to score on you; and we can't afford to spot Navy a touchdown."

"I want you linemen to charge. We'll beat 'em by smartness and fight and charge-charge-charge!"

"A hard season ahead. A lot depends on how you get started. Remember what it means to a team to beat New Dominion—if they smell the headlines they'll get awful tough; if these fellows beat you, all the others will get awful tough."

"Beat Navy and they'll all be ready to take it on the chin."

"All right; forget everything but this game now—go out there now—stay cool, poised; do your job on every play; think all the time; fight all the time; you're smarter—you can do it—go on out now and win."

The squad roared, releasing pent emotion, and ran, single-file, from the dressing room to the field. Navy came out from the other side at once; the Midshipmen picked up the end of the New Dominion cheering section.

In a daze Ted ran his team through signals—the place was buzzing, bursting, pounding—the stadium, with its seventy thousand second guessers, was pounding inside his head.

Nerves tightened; heart leaped and stomach contracted. To the sidelines while Harry Paden went out for the toss. Taking off sweat shirts. Words of encouragement from the squad.

Go get 'em, gang. Crack 'em hard.

Barney brought him out of it. "All right, Ted, boy," he said soothingly, "head clear and thinking all the time. Nothing mysterious; just the old common sense; the old percentage. You know what to do. You've got the wind; kick that old ball and play safe till you get the feel."

"Go on out now, kid. You can do it. It's your ball game."

(To Be Continued)

work has been done, in opening new trails, improving roads, preserving and enhancing natural beauties. The highway from the north is completed, and it is fine.

Be sure to cross Silver creek (from the south) at Silverton, and go east to the water works, and take the right hand road. Do not take the highway running

mouth out of Silverton's main street.

The highway by way of Shaw (Turn to Page 6)

MEMBER
United States
National
Group

No Shortage of "Money to Loan"

This bank, as well as other affiliates of the United States National Bank of Portland, is always able and willing to care for the seasonal borrowing needs of those in its community. "Ability to repay" is no different a consideration today than it has always been in the past with well managed banks.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

SALEM, OREGON

"The Bank that Service Built"