

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Another Victory for Jim Mott

CARL H. JOHNSTON, president of the Prudential Savings and Loan association, was found guilty of larceny in a Portland court this week. This is the second conviction out of this Prudential fiasco. Like those obtained in the Guardian group it was secured only after the culprits had exhausted every possible scheme to avoid going to trial. The victory is a credit to James W. Mott, state corporation commissioner, and his assistants. They have been the "scourges of the Lord" in cleaning up bad financial situations in the state. Their vigilance is helping make the state safe for investors and safe also for honest and legitimate enterprises.

Some may say Mott has carried on his activity for political purposes, in order to support his political ambitions. If so, we would say that is precisely the kind of service that merits reward at the hands of the voters.

Mott is now candidate for congress from this district on the republican ticket. He won the nomination fairly in an open fight. Mott represents quite a contrast from the older veteran, W. C. Hawley, whom he displaced. He is younger, radical, where Hawley is conservative; favors resubmission of prohibition while Hawley has always been a dry. But that contest is now a thing of the past, and Mott was selected as standard bearer of the party.

The Statesman does not find itself in accord with many of the ideas of Jim Mott. It is not that they are too radical, but rather we do not think some of them are sound for the country, immediate payment of the bonus for example. But Mott has other qualities that will make him a powerful legislator. His record in the legislature of this state was brilliant. Few in the lower house could offer such a list of legislative accomplishments. He is a hard fighter, able in debate, possesses a personality which commands attention.

We have watched him work in the corporation commissioner's office at close range. There he has certainly displayed a devotion to the public interest that is highly commendable. In that office the temptations are great; but Mott has kept at his task with singleness of purpose, and the results are now showing. It is this record, which with his record of achievement in the legislature which earn for Jim Mott promotion to the national congress.

Swapping Horses

If the pilot has let us drift on the reefs and cannot in three years get us off, get a new pilot who understands the waters and modern navigation.—Capital Journal.

Right-o! Which disqualifies Frankie Roosevelt right off. He certainly knows nothing of navigation, nothing of reefs, nothing of ocean currents. All he knows is a few sandbars in shallow streams.

Frankie Roosevelt is quite a personable gentleman. He is affable. He has a hearty laugh, good at shaking hands; hail fellow indeed. But in the state of New York he has developed nothing constructive or reconstructive. Most of the ideas which he now advances he has secured since he became a candidate. They are not the projection of his policies as governor of New York state, for he did nothing there but sit in the seat of his predecessor.

Wall Street is in New York. Speculation headed up in New York. Farmers in New York are in distress the same as elsewhere. He has had magnificent opportunity in his state to solve its problems. One can't say he has failed; he hasn't even attempted anything.

Yet this pleasant, happy-faced gentleman is the one whom the Capital Journal picks as the new pilot, one whose entire political life has been spent in soft weather and calm seas!

There is the case of Senator Johnson, one of the spitfire republicans casting oggle-eyes toward Frankie Roosevelt. Johnson can't think of enough mean things to say about Hoover, the cause for his grudge going back to 1920 when Johnson and Hoover were candidates in the state preference primary. Johnson was one who fought for a high tariff, particularly upon citrus fruits and other California products. Then he fought any deal or negotiation with foreign debtor nations, and now demands that they pay up in full. In other words by hoisting the tariff so high they couldn't ship in goods he prevents their paying the very sums he demands should be paid. His provincialism may get him all the votes of "native sons" but it reveals a low order of intelligence.

At any rate we are glad to see the razzing about delays in playing. Nowadays a high school game is more interesting than a college game. The youngsters get in with dash and pep. Collegians hold a council of war called a huddle after every scrimmage. They kill off two minutes making substitutions, and they run in substitutes continuously. The crowd comes to see football, but it seldom gets its money's worth. Delays chloroform the players and crowd as well.

The Eugene Register-Guard thinks OSC has the "jitters" over Coach Schissler. But the real trouble is that Corvallis thinks Eugene has the jitters for the same cause.

In Seattle a macaroni plant burned down. Maybe one end of the stuff got afire and the draught was up the tube. However, for our part, there's that much less macaroni to spoil good cheese with.

"No-see-ems" is a good term to apply to the political gossips and busybodies who get active just before election. You can't see them, but they sure do sting.

We note that "Slips" talked to the Zontas on the history of women. That was a poor subject; what the girls are interested in is their future.

A big bus hit a big gas truck on a road near Portland. "When Greek meets Greek..."

The campaign is now gaining headway. The "he" has been passed, which is always the 3-4 mark in a good campaign.

A Hollywood woman divorced a film man to marry an air pilot. She still rates as a high flier.

The plane "American Nurse" was lost in the ocean en route to Rome. Became a wet nurse, so to speak.

It turns out that the Callicotte story was all calico but not a yard wide.

Nature is off her beat this fall: fires in Oregon and floods in California.

Right by the Office Boy!



HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

THE medical word "acidosis" is greatly abused, misunderstood and misapplied. So commonly is it used that the average person believes acidosis is a common disorder. In reality it is rare, and the possibility of getting it should not cause axiety or alarm.

Frequently I am asked what foods produce acidity and what foods should be taken to prevent it. Not so long ago I wrote an article enumerating the foods that encourage acidity and those that produce an alkaline reaction. Since then I have received numerous requests concerning foods I did not include in either list.

The Balanced Diet

In the blood there is a definite relationship between the normal amounts of acid and alkaline substances. It is true that the diet can influence the degree of acidity in the body, but it does not necessarily alter the reaction of the blood. Only when fever has been present for a long time, or when an individual has been suffering from a prolonged organic disturbance, is there a definite change in the blood's reaction.

Contrary to common belief, most acid foods, such as the citrus fruits, actually combat the tendency to acidity. They help to keep the blood alkaline, and prevent the urine from becoming acid.

Do not be confused by the term acidosis. There may be temporary acidity, of course, but that is not very important, while real acidosis is.

Remember that a safe diet is one that contains a variety of foods, such as fresh fruits, vegetables, cereals, cream, milk, butter and eggs. Bear in mind, too, that true acidosis is rarely caused by diet. It is usually occasioned by some organic disturbance of the body.

Answers to Health Queries

A. J. Q.—I am bothered with acidosis. Is there a cure for it?
A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Daily Thought

"When our understanding of the spiritual, intellectual and moral, as well as physical, values of races becomes more widespread, the course of the rise of man to Parnassus will again take an upward trend and the future progress of the human race will be secure."—Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The craziest of all: The fantastic theories advanced by Franklin D. Roosevelt have been many, beginning with the proposition in his acceptance speech that he flew to Chicago to deliver, for relieving the depression by giving a million men jobs planting trees.

The childish joke has been followed by dud after dud. He has shown himself ready to be all things to all men, in any gesture aimed at catching votes. He has made the mule of his party worse than a jackass; has metamorphosed the patient beast into a jumping jack.

He has been for high tariff, low tariff or no tariff at all, according to supposed preferences of his actual and imaginary hearers. He has been also for a bargaining tariff, with the idea that this Yankee nation of undeserved wooden autarky reputation can get the best of the slickest traders of any country, or all countries.

He denounces the Hawley-Smoot tariff as wicked and exorbitant, and in the next breath declares for a tariff based on the differences in production cost in foreign countries and our own. And that is the exact principle followed in framing the present tariff!

More than that, the flexible provision of the present (Hawley-Smoot) tariff was inserted in or-

der to keep to the line of that principle. And Roosevelt prates in the next breath against the flexible clause because the non-political tariff commission must report its findings for final decision to the president—and wants this decision to rest with congress!

In other words, he hopes to get the findings back into the logrolling political arena when the heart of the flexible clause is the idea of taking out of political dog-fights the final decisions! This is only a fair sample of the jump-in-the-air performances of Roosevelt in which he blows hot and cold with almost the same breath.

He shows no more consistency than an inmate of the average violent ward of an asylum for the insane. Down in Arizona, where the "wicked and exorbitant" Hawley-Smoot tariff wall protects the \$5.50 per hundred pound price of beef cattle against the \$2.50 price just over that imaginary wall on the Mexican side, Roosevelt tells the cattle men he is in favor of protecting them against cheap beef of the Argentine and on the other side of the Rio Grande!

What a jewel would be consistency in Roosevelt, the jumping-jack candidate, if he had any vestige of consistency in his frenzied grab for votes!

The craziest scheme of all the insane and insane vapors that have rattled out of Roosevelt's bag of political tricks is the one he has put into the power of congress the final O. K. on findings of the non-political tariff commission, made up after investigations concerning differences in costs of imports in the countries of their origin and our own; the very principle that, out of the other corner of his mouth, he has but a moment before given as his own discovery!

The tariff should never have been a political question. It was accidentally made such, in the days when the south produced next to nothing but raw cotton, all exported to foreign mills, and therefore was interested principally in cheap wares from abroad.

No other great nation now makes the tariff a political question. It is rightfully a business question. It has no place in a logrolling congress. In England, France, Italy, Germany and other leading countries, tariff rates are

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Who will win Saturday: Washington or Oregon?" The answers:

Howard Hays, student: "Oregon. It looks like Oregon has a great team this year, unless the last game was overrated."

Irene Morgan, student: "I can't say, but I hope Oregon wins."

Ed Donnelly, plant superintendent: "Oregon for me; I believe they have a better team."

Zollie Volchok, Mickey Mouse manager: "Washington, of course. They've got a better team."

Charles Helms, Willamette student: "I'd better not say, I think Oregon ought to."

L. P. Campbell, Jr., university student: "I think Oregon ought to, but I don't think they will."

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

Young and ambitious Ted Wynne realized 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 tells in the mill to earn his tuition and prepares for the fall football season. Barb breaks in appointment with Ted and goes with Tom to a dance. Ted takes Rosalie Down, 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 takes 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. In the fall, New Dominion plays its first game against the Navy. Mack depends on Ted to win.

CHAPTER X
The longest minute in the world—just before the kickoff.
Come on, Meg, kick it, get it over with.
Freeze it, Stone... Let's go... Take—this—guy—out... Coming down, Navy... Lay-on-him... "Hey—what do you think I am—a bed?"
"Pretty soft," Ted answered.
"Listen, Wynne—I'll be laying on you all day when you start catching punts."
So the Navy end knew him. Navy scouts must be good—probably pictures in the gym.
"28-43-72-67," Ted barked.
"One, two, three, four," Stone took up the count as the backfield shifted. Barney didn't use the huddle except when he wanted to kill time; he believed a quarterback with a good voice kept a team at attention.

Ted made two yards. Barney liked to have his quarterback take a bump early and get the feel of it; and then, with mental decks cleared for action, start thinking and let the other backs do the running.

Third and four; ball on our thirty-seven yard line. Wind with us; green team; play safe and kick that ball... Out of bounds on Navy thirty-yard line.
Ted felt calm. His first decision and his first punt had been good. Just a ball game, as Barney said.

Third and four—maybe pass—Lloyd sneaking back—Ted turned quickly and ran—quick punt—He caught the ball on the run, cut for the side lines and made five yards before he was caught from behind.

"Pretty soft bed," the Navy end said as he got up.
On the first play Ted sent Wally Sheets around the flank and helped Stone ride the end out. Seven yards.
"Where were you on that play?" he asked the end.
"Send another over here."
"Coming right at you."
"Watch on the other side," Clifton, backing the line, warned.

Ted smiled. Just a game, after all, a game of wits. He sent Wally back at the end, cutting outside, this time. Four yards and first down.
"Where do you want it this time, Navy?"
The Goat growled along the line.
"Right back at you, again," Ted

warned the end. They believed him—watch their feet slipping. Ted started the play that way and Pidge hipped back over center for three yards. Back again for two more. The Navy backs began to edge in to back up the line. Ted tried a long, safe pass to Stone which failed by a yard.
"Stay back there," Clifton shouted to his halfbacks.

"When you've got 'em guessing, you've got 'em licked," Barney always said. Ted punted out on the Navy twelve. Lloyd kicked back—a high floater. Feet were pounding the sod—the goats were bearing down all right—freeze it—Ted felt himself going down in sections—the two ends and the center had hit him at once.
"How do you like it, fresh guy?"
"Like what?"
"Like what?"
Beat them with your eyes.

Ted stalled until his head cleared—some of his stomach seemed to have been jarred up there—rough boys in the Navy. If it hadn't been for that summer in the mill, he would never have survived that one, Ted thought.
"Right back at you, end," the play went as advertised but was stopped. The end grinned. "Where was I on that one, fresh guy?"
"Not a bad bunch of boys in the Navy."

Ted left the ball in midfield when Paden brought his team in.
"Nice going," Paden said as he ran out.
"You looked like an old head in there," Barney added as they came in to the bench and donned sweat shirts. "Nice going, boys."
Ted sat next to Barney, huddled in a blanket; somewhat abashed at his behavior; getting fresh with the Navy. The crowd was cheering the second team—it was the first Ted had thought of the crowd since the kick-off.

He had been cocky, all right, without knowing it—he felt everything he had said and done out there; it seemed proper, out there. It was play, all right; it was a play going on out there on the field; and the best ad libbers won.

Lloyd tips off when he is going to carry... Left guard shifts his feet when he is going to pull out. 52 ought to work. There she goes—where did that tackle come from? That Burke is a tough baby—watch him—a long secondary's in too close—a long pass ought to go—you pulled it right, Ted... Who's that coming in? Hamilton good pass receiver. Get ready, Tommy. Is there and watch for passes—go, Tommy boy... Plummer limping... see how he is next time you go out with water, Joe.

Ted didn't get back in the game. Navy didn't have much of an offense but was tough defensively, especially near their goal. Harry Paden finally passed to a touchdown in the last period and Barney kept his regulars in to protect it.

"Yes—the boys did pretty well, pretty well," Barney drawled to newspapermen in the dressing room after the game—Corrus, Daniel, Kieran—"It was a hard game. How did you like those spinners—see much new stuff, today—different from last year?"
Certainly, they had seen everything. Werent't they experts?

On the train the next day Ted sat looking through the window. During his mill days a railroad train never went by that he hadn't wished he was on it, going somewhere, anywhere. As a New Dominion football player he was destined to do plenty of train riding; but it was still fresh and interesting.

And Ted had thoughts. He was one of those unhappy people who preferred peace but whose convictions scorned compromise and promoted war; and who, once in, preferred to fight it out.

Ted was satisfied, on afterthought, that what Barb did was her own affair; that she had never given him any right to protest her actions; and if she thought it amusing for Stone to invade her room and carry her in pajamas to the water, it was none of his business—that he had been boorish in interfering.

But, although he admitted her right to slap him, he couldn't quite forget it; she had been as far wrong as he; he couldn't bring himself to apologize because he thought her rudeness had cancelled his.

He and Stone now had an armed truce; they spoke only when necessary; the squad knew of their feelings and pretended to ignore it. Ted had once made overtures of friendliness but Stone had cut him short. It was disturbing; but there was no apparent remedy.

Jimmy Pidgein dropped in the seat beside him.
"What you looking so glum about, Ted? You went big yesterday. You're a success."
"Thanks, Pidge. You were no washout, either."
"Then let's laugh. What's eating you, brother?"

Ted had no intimates; had always been a self-sufficient person; but Pidge's warm nature thawed him. He wanted to talk about it.
"Well, Pidge, a girl has me guessing."
"Well, well," Pidge marveled. "I would never have thought it. You and I have to talk about this, Ted, because I'm in the same fix."
"I thought you were a woman hater—that you wanted to get away from them?"
"You're right, both ways. The reason I hate 'em is because I can't figure 'em."
"It's their racket."
"And we got to play ball with them," Pidge assented. "Say, boy, where you rooming this year?"
"203 Keedy Hall—drop over any time, Pidge."

"I got a better idea. Y'see, I got a big tower room in Byrne Hall—why don't you move in with me?"
"That's nice of you, Pidge."
"No—it's selfish of me. Y'see I've been a loafer all my life, Ted—maybe too much money, maybe no incentive, maybe just lazy; but I'm getting old—hell, I'm twenty-two, Ted. I want to start hitting the books and I figure you can help me."
"Sure, Pidge—you just drop over any time."
"I know what you're thinking—you think I'm just kidding myself and that I'll be bothering you when you want to study."
"I might get on your nerves."
"Oh, we'll get along. Y'see, I don't want to be a pest. Now we're talking the same subjects, and playing football and we're both in a jam on this love business. We put in on a business basis; you tutor me in all of them and I pay your half of the room."
Ted hesitated. The offer flattered him; Pidge represented money and society—the class Ted had aspired to; he was a regular—everybody liked him.

"And," Pidge continued, "you can give up that law library and have your evenings."
"Sold."
"Put her there, boy," Pidge said with gusto. "If my old pap could have seen me put that deal over! First thing you thought was no, wasn't it? And I changed your mind, didn't I? Hell—I'm good, fella."
(To Be Continued)

levied by committees in council; small bodies of men who may raise or lower charges upon imported articles at pleasure, and over night, or as thought most beneficial to their people.

That is what the United States should do; should have done from the first. It enables an item at a time, or a schedule at a time, to be taken up, considered, and settled off hand. It stops long public discussions and hearings, debates and lobbying, to the detriment and unsettlement of business over long periods.

The flexible clauses of our present tariff law make a gesture toward curing the cancer of our outdated, moth eaten American system of enacting tariff laws. It goes only a little way; not far enough by a thousand miles, but is an indication of progress.

And Roosevelt wants to hog-tie the gesture, and get the ugly thing back into political channels, through a surreptitious, devious and back door route! At least he says so, in parts of his rantings, and in certain sections, where he imagines he can catch a few votes by his vacuous vapors—by the cunning baiting of his hook for supposed unwary judgoons.

The way to resume is to resume. The way to get the tariff out of politics is to take it out root and branch. And that can be done only by going the whole way; by leaving the entire matter to a small non-political commission, and thus getting rid of all the log rolling of congress absolutely.

If that were done, the way might be cleared for taking the long questions out of politics. That, neither should have ever been made a political question. It will grow more so, and worse so as the years pass, unless a similar solution shall be reached. It is already badly involved, with mounting legal intricacies. Even the method of voting, by state conventions, is so involved that it will take a decision, or two or three of them, by the supreme court of the United States, before

the manner of such a plebiscite can be cleared up.

BALLOT MEASURES TALKED FOR CLUB

AUMSVILLE, Oct. 7 — The Aumsville community club held its first meeting of the year recently. A dinner was served to about 100 people, following which Mrs. Hannah Martin and Carl Abrams of Salem explained the different measures to be voted on at the coming election.

At the business meeting it was decided that the Aumsville club would enter into a contest with other Marion county clubs on attendance and number of persons taking active part in meetings.

Officers elected for the coming year were: President, Mrs. A. E. Bradley; vice-president, A. A. Nilsson; secretary-treasurer, Miss Gladys Burgess; directors, Ray Porter and John Mix.
The P. T. A. sewing club will meet Tuesday afternoon at the schoolhouse to get work ready for the bazaar to be held about the middle of November.

Grandma Fleming Finds Auto Travel Enjoyable at 93

SHELBURN, Oct. 7—Grandma Fleming, who last summer celebrated her 93rd birthday, left by auto with her son Adam and granddaughter, June Shelton for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. George Grimes in southern Oregon.
Shelburn, Munkers, Cole and Solo schools were dismissed today and Friday while the teachers attend county institute in Albany.
George Miller is having a large ditch dug through his place, a county caterpillar doing the work.
Mrs. Traun was taken to Albany general hospital for treatment. She has been ill for some time.

LELAND MILLER IS STUDENT PRESIDENT

SCIO, Oct. 7 — Leland Miller was elected unanimously president of the high school student body. Other officers elected are:

Vice-president, La Vann Gardner; secretary, Sylvia Barts; treasurer, Veneta McClain; sergeant at arms, Lyle Jackson; business manager, Virginia Turndike; boys' athletic manager, Adolph Krosman; yell leader, Norma Mumper. Mr. F. A. Gallegly, principal, will act as student body advisor.

Leonard Lukenbach and Sylvia Baker will act as assistant athletic manager and assistant yell leader.
Printed ballots, a counting and a voting board were in evidence. Those on the boards were: Helen Miller, Veloris Crenshaw and Elsie Hetsendorf.

Year Committees Named by Legion Chief, Silverton

SILVERTON, Oct. 7—Committees appointed by Commander C. J. Tows of the American Legion for the ensuing year are:

Service officer, W. M. Swift; child welfare, Dr. A. J. McCannell; relief officer, C. A. Reynolds; boy scouts, Clara Farver, H. L. Riches, Dr. William MacNeill; membership, G. Titus, C. E. Higgenbotham, and Otto Oswald; entertainment, Fred Mahl, C. F. Thomas, and George Manolis.
Unemployment, Arthur Dahl; publicity, Frank Powell and Harry Wilson; Americanization, Harry L. Riches; baseball, Roy Davenport, Ernest Starr and George Manolis; athletics, R. Scarth, L. G. McDonald and J. Harrigan; Marion county committee, Charles Johnson, Dr. McCannell, L. G. McDonald; Armistice day, Arthur Dahl and Harry L. Riches.