

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

Member of the Associated Press

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:

Eastern Advertising Representatives:

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.35; 6 Mo. \$2.35; 1 year \$4.00.

Trucks and Busses

PICTURES of a big oil truck astride a crushed auto bus project into public attention the problem of motor trucks and busses operating on the highways.

Respecting the first factor, effect upon transportation, the plight of the railroads comes instantly to mind. Not all their troubles are due to motor truck competition, but they do have legitimate complaint against public subsidy of competing lanes both the highways and the waterways.

Another factor in the effect upon transportation by bus and truck is the opening up of back areas formerly not reached by railroads, and the possibility of "cutting across lots", for example traffic across the McKenzie highway between Eugene and Bend.

As to the second element in the equation, effect upon highway costs, the consequence of the operation of these large mobile units is now seen in the cost of remaking our highways.

Now the third factor, the matter of public safety and convenience. When we get our new widened highways and get the curves straightened out or the banks obscuring vision cut away, then this will be of reduced importance.

Summing up, there needs to be some limitation of field so the railroad will be preserved for its essential purposes in the longer haul transportation. We may have to take off a large share of the load of taxation on the railroads.

Motor trucks and busses should pay a heavier portion of highway costs for the reason that their demands make the present highways inadequate, and force the costly rebuilding.

It must be realized that the problem is intricate. Take the classifications of motor trucks alone. There is the small truck used by farmer or by store for delivery purposes.

The West bill represents the work of a single individual, no matter what support West may be obtaining from the railroads. It does not impress us as a product of thorough study of the complicated situation.

The West bill would put all the revenues from commercial motor vehicles in the highway fund. As railroad taxes recede taxing units are going to be hungry for replacement and naturally will look to the new bearers of traffic as carriers also of tax loads.

To do the necessary job of legislating properly it seems to us a thorough study should be made by a body similar to the Carlin tax commission of several years ago which laid the framework for our reorganized tax system.

Tusko Now at Home

MAYOR DORE of Seattle appears as the new savior of Tusko, the elephant. Last Christmas day Mayor Baker of Portland telephoned that the Portland police who stood with rifles aimed at the jungle beast, should not pull the trigger.

Come to think of it Seattle is just the place for Tusko. Seattle now his mate in the elephant of a municipally owned street railway system which doesn't pay for its board and keep.



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Hen men, attention!

Is there a farmer, suburbanite or city dweller who keeps poultry and sells eggs who intends to vote for Roosevelt?

If there is such a person, he or she ought to be ashamed to look a laying hen in the face. Why? Well, eggs are now selling at a profit to the producer.

Because of the Hawley-Smoot tariff law—the law that Roosevelt denounces as "wicked and exorbitant," and says is "a ghastly gesture," and promises: "Our policy declares for lowered tariffs," meaning his policy and that of his party.

The Hawley-Smoot tariff raised the rate on eggs from 1 cent to 10 cents a dozen and put a charge of 18 cents a pound on dried egg products. These rates were imposed with the aim of protecting American producers of eggs against the unfair competition of foreign poultry breeders; and more especially in the case of the dried products, from the output of oriental countries, and still more particularly, from that coming from China.

Having found that the rate on the dried product was not sufficiently high for the purpose, American breeders appealed to the bipartisan tariff commission, un-

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 9, 1907

While passenger train No. 13 was going south through Cow Creek canyon yesterday during the heavy rainstorm, the rumbling of the train caused a landslide and enormous stones were crowded through the windows of the tourist, diner and standard sleeper cars. No one was hurt.

T. M. Jones, proprietor of the Farmers' feed barn, was the recipient last night of a monstrous Klondike dog sent here by his cousin, W. H. Jones, former Marion county resident, who has been living for seven years in the Coldfoot region, 1000 miles north of Nome, Alaska.

CHICAGO.—The Chicago Nationals defeated the Detroit Americans, 3 to 1, in the second game of the world series here yesterday.

October 9, 1922

Emergency landing fields for airplanes are to be established every 25 miles in Oregon and Washington, following the main railroad lines.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Dimeler and Cyril Suting will be solemnized this morning at St. Joseph's church with Rev. J. R. Buck officiating. Miss Elma Suter and Leo N. Childs of Salem were married at the First Congregational church October 6.

PORTLAND.—Work on the Oregon, California & Eastern railroad projected by Robert W. Strahorn north from Klamath Falls to Bend, is again active, with the steel now advanced to Hildebrand.

park is a long way out, ergo, street car fares two ways. This will mean pay for Tusko and dime for the railway. Which may be all right unless Tusko becomes a "forgotten man,"

Buck Fever

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

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 Belmont 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 ignores Barb and 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, while Barb watches from a window. In the fall, New Dominion plays its first game against the Navy. Mack is pleased with Ted. Wealthy Jimmy Pidgin offers to share his room with Ted, he to pay expenses in return for Ted's help in his studies.

CHAPTER XI "The first thing we do is decorate," Pidgin said when Ted had moved in. "And we got plenty of that." During his four years as freshman at Ohio State, Vanderbilt, Illinois and New Dominion, Pidgin had collected many pennants; these he strung around the top walls in the sprawling collegiate design. On the right wall he hung a sign:

ROUGE GALLERY Below it he placed numerous photographs of girls; snapshots; newspaper pictures; formal cabinets elaborately mounted—each with an inscription such as: "To Jessica from Rosalind with her love." On the opposite wall he placed his collection of Moviana—sultry eyes and smiles—showing-teeth and light-gleaming-in-hair; each with its message: "To Jimmy from Clara Bow." "I send you my love—Garbo." All were grouped under the general head:

MURDERER'S ROW Over his textbooks, too neatly arranged in regular rows, was the message:

READ 'EM AND SLEEP He had rugs; a radio; floor lamps whose fringes were festooned with dance programs that dated back through the years; easy chairs—and a miscellaneous collection of burlesque show posters, auto license plates, traffic signs, etc. Over the door he hung a sign:

YOUNG MEN'S STUDY ASSOCIATION Mr. Edward Wynne, Esq., Pres. Mr. James Pidgin, Esq., Sec. (We have no treasury—this means you)

Fidge proudly surveyed his art. "A regular mardi gras. I claim it's hot. Now I've done my part towards making this the best all-around room on the campus; all you have to do is to make foot ball captain, all-American, senior class president and valetidory." "How about chairman of the Student Activity Committee?" "I'll take care of that. All right, now where are your entrants for the Rouge Gallery?"

White House, consistent and able to carry out his campaign program, would put our whole valley clear over the poverty line; would take away any chance of getting back to normal while he remained in power and his party principles prevailed.

"Swing Around the Circle" Often Death Knell to Candidate's Hope By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Few who heard the Des Moines speech of Mr. Hoover, or who have read it—although the printed word is lacking in certain qualities which might have a definite influence on opinion, will doubt the sincerity of his desire to serve the best interests of the country. Nor will there be doubt of the quality of his patriotism.

In another section of the country, at another time when discontent rolled over the land in waves, it chanced to be associated to some extent with a patriarchal old gentlemen. This association was largely due to chance, because with the intolerance of youth I considered the old gentleman somewhat of a bore, and I sidestepped him when possible. But he was accredited with the higher wisdom, and I think with good reason, for I have known more than one instance seen the fulfillment of his prophecies.

"Providence does not always provide a man to meet a crisis," said he on one occasion, "although many instances are recorded in the history of the world when a man has appeared unexpectedly at a time of stress and discouragement and has averted calamity. No, it is not always a man. Providence works in many and mysterious ways. It may be nothing more than what is called a 'swing around the circle' that accomplishes what the party deemed undesirable by the higher wisdom. Or it may be only the utterance of a number of words. Or it may be one thing or another."

so, call it Providence or what you will. Mr. Cleveland in 1884, confronted by "big business," refused to make speeches. The opposition said he was afraid. But it was not fear. It was something else—perhaps a light that made clear to him the better way. At any rate, he was elected president of the United States. Four years he served, vilified and hooted in every part of the country.



"About time you gave the home town girl a tumble," she said.

"Nobody ever gave me a picture, Fidge." "Hell—you ask for them; or steal them. The only one who ever gave me a picture was Penseer." "Which one is she?" "I haven't got her up; she's my sister—The Thinker. Different from me. Want to see her?" He dug into the lowest drawer of his trunk and rescued The Thinker from among his skates, bathing suit and sweaters. "Pretty," Ted said. "Looks like Janet Gaynor." "How she'd love that. Somebody told her that and that's why she wears her hair that way."

"Let's put her up." "All right—only it's your suggestion. Here's Father—get the frown—that's the way old pap usually looks at me so he had the picture taken that way. Mother can smile, though—see?" The scene zoomed along in typical New Dominion style. Georgia Tech, Pitt, Nebraska, Kentucky and Iowa were defeated in order—some by fair margins, others after severe struggles; but Barney Mack always found a way to finish first. Ted's team acquitted itself creditably, starting every contest except that with Nebraska. The Cornhuskers were powerful and undefeated when they came to New Dominion for the Homecoming Game and Barney took no chances. He started his regulars and kept them in, with a few exceptions, until the game was almost over. Then, to protect a three-point lead, he made a few substitutions to bolster his defense.

Ted was one of these. Paden had played a magnificent game, practically clinching an all-American selection; but he was tiring fast and Barney said to Ted: "In there now, play it safe. Kick them back into coffin corner every time you get the ball and can't move with it." Ted had developed into an accurate kicker. He relieved Paden for the last eight minutes and, after trying two plays on offense, punted for the corners or out of bounds to prevent the willowy Husker safety man from getting a chance to bring back a punt into scoring territory. Homecoming at New Dominion was a hectic time. Hotels were crowded and tickets for the modest seating capacity of the makeshift wooden stadium were always at a premium. Old grads who returned, usually anticipated victory and came fully prepared to celebrate. "The town is full of alumni," Barney told the squad after the game. "A little relaxation won't hurt you; go down and dance and forget football for the night; you've done a great job so far—a great job; but we've got three tough ones yet. Be careful tonight; these old grads will want to fill you with bum liquor and have you making speeches; lay off them."

Ted had asked Rosalie to the game. At dinner she was flushed and happy. "About time you gave the home town girl a tumble," she said. "Long time no see, Mister." "I've been seeing America." "Like it?" "Great." "Lots of pretty girls?" "None as pretty as you." "Not even the wonder girl?" "Lay off. She likes you." "Oh, you've been discussing me?" "She said something nice about you."

"And you believed her?" "Why not?" "I don't." "Why don't you like her?" "It would take too long to explain." "Let's talk about you. Have a big time at the Lake?" "Yep. He was a band leader." "So you go for those guys." "Yep." "Probably plays a saxophone?" "Plays everything—but on a violin!" Ted was annoyed. "Curly hair and soulful eyes and a velvet jacket—" "And a megaphone and the most beautiful hands I've ever seen on a man." "And I suppose all the girls were mad about the sap." "Steen signals flew in her eyes." "Why not? You think a man can't be artistic and still be a man? He must play football and work in a steel mill and be rude, I suppose?" "He probably agrees with everything you say." "He gives a woman credit for being able to think and doesn't feel that he must treat her like a child to satisfy his damned conceit." "Quit swearing." "I'll swear. I'll smoke. I'll drink—and I do; what do you think of that, you damned prude?" (To Be Continued)

Nothing more than the old political blah-blah. Promises. Glittering generalities without much glitter. An ingratiating smile that does not warm for the chubs. Rather a striking contrast. If you ask me, to the Honorable Theodore of the same name, who under similar conditions drove a definite nail with a definite hammer.

However, dear fellow sufferers, suit yourselves. You are quite as well qualified to judge between President Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt as I. Possibly you are better qualified. Also you are as well, or better, qualified than I to judge of their political affiliations, compared each with the other.

But, for the love of Pete—by the way, who is this Pete person whose name we use so freely when taking a gentle oath?—do not assert your superiority by refusing to vote at all. You may think it is your superiority you are asserting when you refuse to vote. But it is not superiority. It is something much different.

Pardon a change of subject from one form of amusement to another. Notes pertaining to Salem showbores:

Coming up at the Capitol—The Statesman cooking school, with the Portland Gas company, the Busicks and other talent cooperating, the affair to be directed by Elizabeth Reger. A report is circulating that those who attend this school will learn how to make pie crust that will melt in the mouth. Believe it?

School duties have ganged up with the Mickey Mouse club on Improvisio Zollic Volchok, but he shows no indications of weakening.

The lobby and foyer of the Grand have been refurnished during the week. A real metropolitan effect has resulted.

RECOVER FROM FEVER SHAW, Oct. 8.—The Misses Ross and Jean Perry who have been critically ill with typhoid fever for sometime are slowly improving.

New Views

"What determines your views and decisions on the presidential race. Habit, newspaper, radio, discussion speeches, or what? Following are the answers to this question obtained yesterday by Statesman reporters:

Hilda R. Morro, rural teacher: "I believe the radio has influenced me most. Either that or what I have read."

Miss G. Manning, general office clerk: "From a little bit of all. You can't depend on any one thing."

And if you come in York out