

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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ADVERTISING

Portland Representative Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

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 trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Prosperity and the Oregon Hopgrowers

THE hopgrowers who meet here today have a personal interest in the repeal of prohibition and the restoration of the legal sale of beer and ale, in the manufacture of which hops are used. Most of them, or all of them are frankly for repeal, because they see an opportunity for the expansion of their market. While this paper would like to see all the hopgrowers prosperous, we have felt that restoration of the liquor traffic on a legal basis was too costly a price to pay even for the benefit of our neighbors the hopmen.

Without desiring to sound a sour note in the campaign of the hopmen to repeal prohibition, we would like to refer to some statistics which hardly bear out the anticipations of the growers for greater prosperity, in case of repeal. The result of repeal would probably be the immediate expansion of acreage, increase of production and consequent lowering of prices to an unprofitable level. The fact is that hopgrowers are enjoying relatively far higher prices today than the wheat men and hog producers. Sixteen cent hops is better than 4c hogs and 30c wheat.

If one studies the figures as reported in station bulletin 288 "an economic study of the hop industry of Oregon," published by the state college, he is impressed by the fact that prohibition has had comparatively little effect on the hop business in Oregon.

The average production in Oregon for the years from 1895 to 1909, good "wet" years, was 17,158,000 lbs. The average production in the "dry" years, 1925-1929 was 15,958,000 pounds, a decrease of only 6%. For the United States as a whole the decrease was nearly 30%.

Statistics as to acreage are not quite so complete, but the average of the two years 1899 and 1909 was 18,601 acres. The 1929 acreage was 17,000, a decrease of 1,601 or only 8%. The acreage during the years 1915-1919 was only 13,600; while the average acreage during 1925-1929 was 15,480, or an INCREASE of 14%. It is true that production was reduced in the war years 1917-1919. For the United States as a whole the reduction in acreage between 1915-1919 and 1925-1929 was 30%.

Thus Oregon has lost little either in acreage or production. Other states, particularly California, have lost. California's figures are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year, Acreage, Production. 1915: 14,350 acres, 21,460,000 lbs. 1929: 5,000 acres, 9,700,000 lbs.

Is it not logical to expect then that California and Washington will immediately bring their acreage back to pre-prohibition levels in case of any repeal? In fact the tendency might be to go even higher in the frenzy to share the profits of high-priced hops.

Nor is the price situation bad compared with previous periods of depression. Hops have always been highly speculative. Old Ezra Meeker, once hop-king of the Puyallup valley, made and lost fortunes in hops. The price figures for Oregon are:

Average price, 1905-1909, 15c; 1910-1914, 20.3c; 1925-1929, 18.7c.

Back in the '90's hops sold at absurd prices,—50c for a bale of nearly 200 lbs. The lowest price recorded in this bulletin 2.8c was in the spring of 1895. The average in that year was 4.7c; 1894 5c; 1896 8.4c; 1899 7.9c; 1907 5.8c; 1908 8.7c. Recently the price has ranged from 11c to 16c.

From a study of the statistics it is difficult to see the justification of the hopgrowers in their antagonism to prohibition. They have reduced their acreage very little, their production only 6%, and are enjoying prices relatively higher than for other products of the farm.

It may be conceded that were prohibition suddenly repealed there would be a sudden demand for hops which would greatly increase the price to the benefit of the speculators and the holders of hops; but that would probably prove temporary and soon overproduction would glut the markets and depress the price.

The consumption of hops in beer making is not high, about 64-100 of a pound to the barrel of beer, only about half what was used fifty years ago, so a bale of hops goes a long ways in the brewing industry.

Let the Blind Lead

USUALLY when a popular magazine gives a lush prize the recipient promptly proceeds to spend it on himself. But here is Helen Keller, blind, deaf, dumb, save for the limited speech she has painfully acquired. She was awarded \$5000 "achievement prize" by Pictorial Review. She has been working to raise a foundation for the aid of the blind, and this was what she said when she heard of her award:

"Just what I needed during this depression. And it could have come at a better time. The last two years we have had a difficult time raising money for the blind and the deaf. I have been worrying a great deal about the next winter and how we were going to carry on our work. I am sure that the \$5000 will act as a lever to raise all the money we shall need for the work."

Here is a case where the blind might well lead the wealthy but socially blind into new vision of wise use of their means.

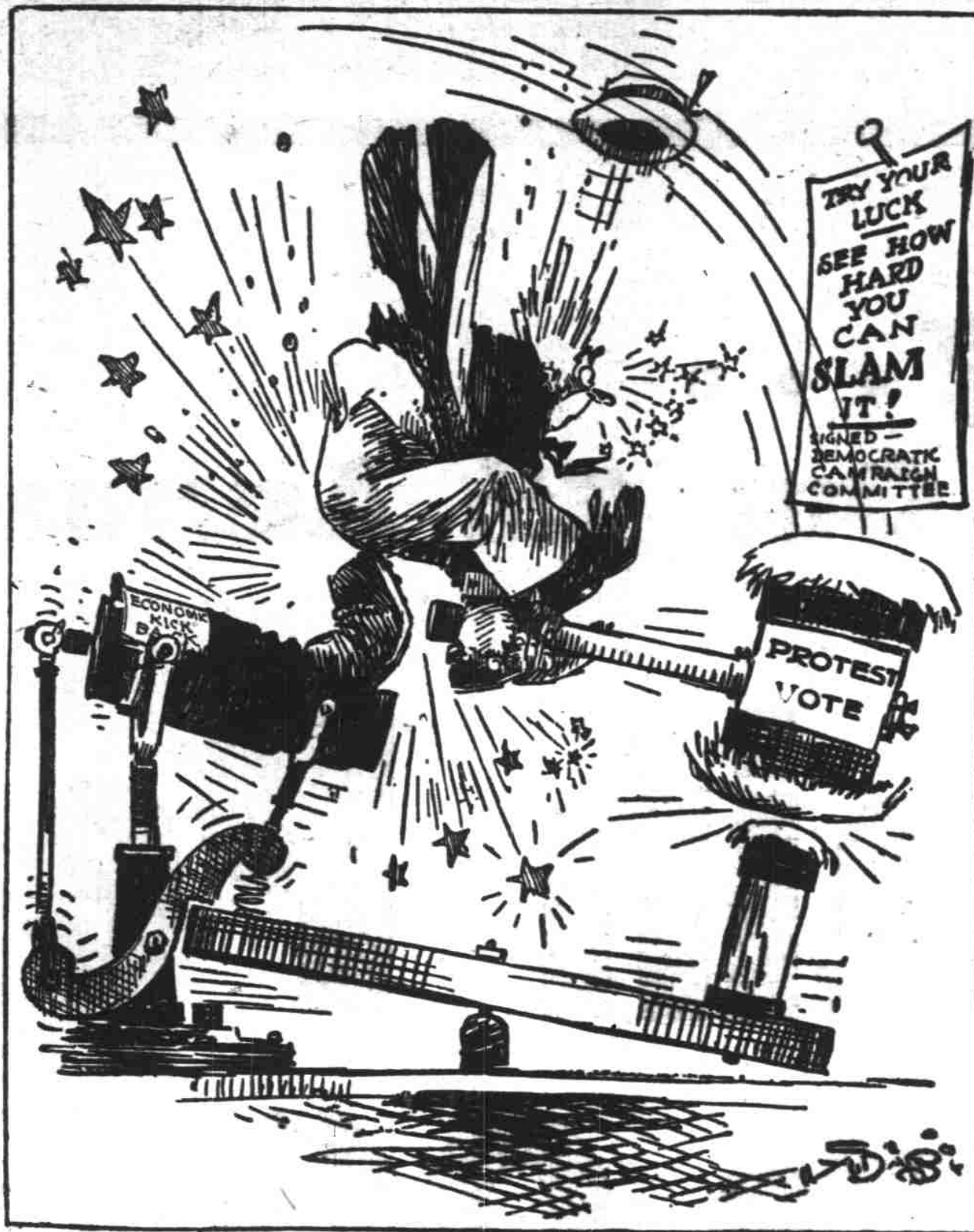
The other night this editor had a call from Mrs. Honeyman of Portland who is running the state campaign of the women for repeal of 18th amendment, state prohibition and all, inviting us to give a radio address for her cause. We told her we could make a good speech all right but she might not want to pay for it. Pleading a more throat and a broken leg we strongly recommended George Putnam as a substitute. When we told Old Man Talmadge about it he said this: "You might have pulled an Al Smith on her". No, we wouldn't do that on as fine a woman as Mrs. Honeyman, though on this subject she is "all wet".

A woman up by Falls City had a lot of her big Rhode Island hens stolen. Just like thieves; instead of picking out skinny leg-hens they have to steal fine thick-legged hens like the R. L.'s. It's the time of year for farmers to be watching their chicken and hen roosts. Also to be careful about taking phoney checks from transient produce men who offer a few cents above the prevailing market.

When you read about snow in Wyoming, that doesn't interest you much. But when you read a news item from Mill City that snow had fallen on the hills above that town you get the cold chills down your back.

Al Smith says the easy way to get beer is just to add a section to the Volstead act stating its provisions do not apply to malt liquor. But what about the constitution, Al? Wouldn't you first have to tack the clause onto the 18th amendment?

The Protest Voters Platform



Courtesy New York Herald-Tribune

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 29, 1907

Up to date there have been only 350 registrations at City Recorder Moore's office for the primary election one week from tomorrow. The polling places: E. P. Walker's barn, police court, Yanke's stables, Walt Low's stables, W. L. Wade's cooper shop, car barn on East State street, and Jory's prune drier.

Max O. Buren, of the furniture firm of Buren & Hamilton, is having erected at the corner of Court and Cottage streets a splendid new residence. It will be of English half-timbered style.

NEW YORK — High rates for money were responsible for continued uncertainty in the stock market yesterday, but the feeling is growing that panic conditions have passed. Banks over the country have generally withstood the onslaught of withdrawals.

October 26, 1923

Four public meetings to enlighten Salem people on the two city measures to be voted on at the November election are scheduled for the coming week. The measures are that to make the office of police chief appointive by the mayor instead of elective by the people, and that to purchase additional fire equipment.

DALLAS — A group of prominent businessmen here met last night and chose Walter S. Muir to run for mayor. For councilmen they selected C. B. Sandberg.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

HAVE you ever wondered how the body maintains its temperature so exactly? In cold weather and hot, in sun and rain, day and night, the temperature remains practically the same. How does this happen?

The things we eat produce certain reactions within the body. One function of food is to supply material for the coming week, up the tissues, very important in the young, because it makes it possible for the child to develop physically.

Another purpose of eating is to obtain repair substances. Loss of cells and tissues from natural wear and tear is replaced, and the body is thus restored to its perfect state.

There is yet another function which is very important—namely, the production of muscle energy and heat.

Of course there must be some means of regulating the heat production so that it will not consume the heat loss. To accomplish this, scientists tell us, the tiny particles within the cells of the body are in constant energetic vibration that is converted into heat, just as hammering a cold anvil will cause the hammer-head to get hot.

So long as the air is at practically the same temperature as the normal heat of the body, no particular effort is needed to maintain body heat. If the temperature of the air falls, however, the skin, which is a sort of thermostat, sends out nerve messages with orders to stimulate and increase the vibrations.

If the temperature continues to fall, your skin feels creepy. The tiny muscles near the surface of the body begin to act, and this causes the skin to shake in those movements known as "chivering."

As a result of this muscular effort the stored food substances are called upon for heat and energy; what scientists call the "metabolism" of the body is increased, and warmth is generated.

You know how warm you feel after a cold bath and a brisk rub with a coarse towel. It is increased metabolism that produces this grateful heat in the body.

We could not have heat production without taking plenty of the starchy and fat foods. Meat and other protein foods, too, add to the heat energy of the body.

Some other times we speak about perspiration and its relation to heat control. At that time, too, the covering of the body and what it does will be considered.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

We are not through:

Every one of our major industries on the land here in the Willamette valley is protected by the Hawley-Smoot tariff, which the Tammany playboy has been denouncing in his specious and vacuous school boy declamations as he has breezed through the country on his special train.

Most of the rates were raised in that 1930 act; raises that were sorely needed and have prevented much more disastrous slumps in prices than have afflicted our people on the farms.

But we are not yet through. More raises are needed, and eternal vigilance is the price of prosperity to say nothing of bare living conditions on the soil, even in this naturally rich land of diversity.

What is meant by this? Merely to illustrate, take eggs, cherries, walnuts and filberts, and flax. The Hawley-Smoot law put a duty of 10 cents a dozen on eggs in the shell, 11c a pound on frozen or preserved whole eggs, and 18c on dried egg contents. That appeared

H. H. Rich, J. R. Allgood, O. N. Bilyeu and Hugh G. Black.

COFFEYVILLE, Kas.—Asserting that he had instructed Attorney General Richard J. Hopkins to bring action to expel from the state every official of the Ku Klux Klan, Governor Harry J. Allen last night said that the Klan had "introduced into Kansas the greatest curse that can come to any civilized people."

Not only should there be further raises; there must be eternal vigilance. Under normal conditions, competition in the United States will keep the prices of eggs and egg products down to living rates. Such competition is good and healthy. Foreign competition, however, is not so healthy. It is ruinously more so, when rates of exchange are shot to pieces with most outside nations off of the gold standard. Part of the cause of low egg prices in this country, up to the past several weeks, has been Chinese competition. The present better prices are due to many thousands of American poultrymen going out of business. Some time will elapse before American competition gets back to normal. But, with the industry

fully stabilized, it would be only a few months.

Next, cherries. Nearly all the sweet cherries in the United States, grown commercially, are produced in Oregon, Washington and California, and in Oregon principally in this valley, and the Salem trade territory.

After hard fighting, these rates were provided in the Hawley-Smoot law: In natural state, per pound, 3 cents; dried, etc., 6 cents; sulphured or in brine, with pits removed 9 and a half cents.

But the fight is still on. The marching junta has been before the tariff commission clamoring for a lower rate on cherries sulphured or in brine. Of course, this junta makes no attack on the rate for the marshmallow product, 9 and a half cents a pound plus 40 per cent ad valorem. Not they. Our growers must go on fighting.

Third, walnuts and filberts. The present rates are 5 cents for each, with 15 cents for shelled walnuts and 10 cents a pound on shelled filberts. When and if Japan gets Manchuria pacified, and with the Orient off of the gold standard, these rates will not be high enough. We will have to keep up the fight.

Ocean freights amount to little. It costs, or did cost, a few years ago, less to ship paper from Norway or Germany to Portland than from Spokane to that city; and only about twice the freight or truck charge from Portland to Salem. Our tariff walls will have to be built higher.

Fourth, flax: This is our most important infant industry. It is capable of being built up to the

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A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

Ted Wynne left his position in the Bellport steel mill to work his way through Old Dominion College so he might be the equal of the wealthy Barb Roth. He succeeds creditably. Coach Barney Mack makes him a quarterback on his nationally known Blue Comets. The first year they lose one game only, for which Tom Stone, Ted's rival in love and football, blames Ted. Barb breaks an appointment with Ted in favor of Tom. Hurt, Ted decides to leave the team and go to work. In the company of beautiful Rosalie Downs, Ted forgets Barb for a while, but back at school she holds his thoughts. Softened by a summer of forced leisure and after-effects of a hand infection, Ted is not in his usual form. The team is also handicapped by the absence of Captain Jim Davis due to an injury. Having lost twice, with four more games to go, the Blue Comets are "blue." Never before had Old Dominion made such a poor showing. Then comes the Army game. The boys put up a great fight, but in the second half Army leads.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Spike was glum—that never should have happened—somebody didn't cover; but with this guy Cagle running ring-around-a-rose ordinary defensive strategy was apt to be upset. First down on the seven-yard line and Army's power ready to go. . . Murrell two yards. . . Murrell stopped. . . Cagle stopped. . . Cagle hurt. . . "We'll hold 'em yet," Spike said proudly. "We're giving them all the fight they want. We'll take that ball." But there was a penalty on the last play—somebody roughed Cagle, maybe. First down on the one-yard line. . . Can't beat a break like that. . . Cagle went over on the second down. . . Missed goal. . . "Can break," Gould said. "Yeh!"

Damn tough. Spike felt bad. Even though the odds were so much against his team, even though nobody expected them to win, it was tough to take when it began to happen. He had had a hunch that the boys would win; and they had been outplaying Army for all of its power—but a break like that was too much.

Then the miracle began to happen. New Dominion took the kickoff; made a first down; two first downs; another.

Not through the air or around the ends, but through holes in the bigger Army line—graping holes between the tackles.

Stone, Sheets—and Jim Davis bowling along like a bicycle through traffic. Careening, swerving, but gaining.

First down on the seven. . . Jim Davis straight through like a mad meteor—crossing the goal.

Fumble! Army recovered for a touch-back. Spike's ecstatic plane nose-dived. They had deserved that touch-down. It would have tied the score; a kicked goal would have given them the lead.

Fighting gloriously and getting breaks like that. And they couldn't do it again; they would be tired now.

But what a battle they were fighting. "What's got into this bunch?" Charley Parker asked.

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"Don't ask me," Spike exclaimed. "Boy, what a team!" Wynne passing; Stone off the left side; Sheets off the other; Wynne passing—

And Jim Davis running like a bicycle through traffic, bouncing off big Army men like rubber against concrete, carrying three times his weight along for extra yardage. . .

The stadium was a madhouse; the crowd in a frenzy. "Hold 'em Army. . . Touch-down, you Comets. . . Score, you game little blue devils."

Impossible to be neutral. The Blue team was too inspiring. Men were watching such things as they hoped secretly to do sometime—fight a winning battle over great odds.

But that touchdown was elusive. Even on the five-yard line, where the squads massed for battle, there was doubt.

A thrilling battle at the goal line while eighty thousand screamed; a fair, open, bayonet fight at close quarters. Man power; battling for an inch of precious turf.

Davis through the middle for two yards. . . Stone hurled back for the same two yards. . . Two downs neutralized.

Davis through the middle for three yards. . . Fourth and two yards to the goal. . . What play, Wynne?

Think calmly, Wynne; eighty thousand people gone crazy; Wynne; millions waiting on the radio, Wynne; linemen straining; Army defiant.

Think calmly, Wynne. "34-32-65. . . hip. . . one. . . two. . . three. . . four. . . Davis through the middle for two.

Davis diving over the line as a plane goes out from a ship. Touchdown.

Wynne kicked the goal. Seven to six. Eighty thousand people gone mad.

Spike Parker running wild about the press box, looking for the guy who said it would be no contest. Ted sat at dinner with the squad—terrifically contented as he had been when the rain came in the steel mill. The alumni were growing noisy; they had something to celebrate tonight.

The Old Man sat at the speaker's table—tired but happy. They weren't counting out Barney Mack yet; nor New Dominion. And they weren't calling this team the b'ack sheep any longer.

"I've had bigger teams and stronger teams and teams with better records," Barney had told the alumni, "but never a team with the courage of this one; never a team I was more proud of."

To have the Old Man say that about you was worth having lived.

The morning papers were out; flaming banners celebrating one of the greatest victories ever won on any field; proclaiming Jim Davis as an inspiring leader, Ted Wynne as a great punter.

But the thing that Ted Wynne carried in the warmest corner of his heart was something that had happened in the dressing room after the game. Bill Jones, big and generous sportsman, had come in to congratulate them. He and Barney were pals.

"Boys," he had said. "I don't know where you got it but today the best team I've ever had was

greatest and solidest, to a point where it will be only fairly started in this valley when it brings from far places a hundred millions of dollars a year, and maintains, directly and indirectly, a million people. But it cannot be made a balanced industry without still better protection in the lower brackets, for the grower.

The rates are now: Flax straw, \$2.5 a ton; unhackled flax, a cent less; hackled flax, a cent more; unhackled flax, a cent more; hackled flax, a cent more; unhackled flax, a cent more; hackled flax, a cent more.

Cotton is protected with a 7 cent a pound rate. Why not unhackled flax, which is the strongest of all vegetable fibers, and the most valuable in durability or longevity and in wearability; the latter as six to 15 to one as compared with cotton?

(Turn to Page 7)

32 Years Ago POPULATION OF UNITED STATES REACHES 76,300,000



From the Nation's News Files, Washington, D. C., Oct. 30, 1900

The Census Bureau announced today that the population of the United States is 76,300,000. Agriculturalists are raising the question: "If the population keeps up such a ratio of increase will the farmers be able to raise enough food to feed it?"

Now that our service has reached the point where it is the guide by which other services are measured, we feel that the time was well spent in building and perfecting our conscientious service.

W. T. RIGDON & SON INC FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM OREGON