

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SREAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper.

ADVERTISING

Portland Representative
Gordon R. 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. Outside Oregon 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$4.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Chicken in the Pot

DEMOCRATS have poked a lot of fun at Pres. Hoover because of his campaign utterances of four years ago when he referred to the prevailing prosperity as a "chicken in every pot" and "two cars in the garage". That was the condition which then gave promise of continuance. It did seem that poverty was well on the way to abolishment. The democrats at that time were not any more gifted in prophecy than the republicans for none of them foresaw the business crash.

We wonder however if Roosevelt, should he be elected, will not have a harder time making good his assurances to the workless. In a letter to a New Yorker named Shearon, Roosevelt pledged his support to a program of public works "to provide employment for all surplus labor at all times". Alas, how that declaration may rise to vex him, if he enters the white house. That is an inclusive assurance,—"all surplus labor at all times"; and in his calmer moments Roosevelt must realize that he can't make good. As Pres. Hoover says, the problem is to get men back at work in normal occupations; public works can care for only a limited portion of the unemployed.

It is easy enough to make promises of jobs and prosperity. Ramsay MacDonald headed the labor government which was designed to bring comfort to the impoverished working men of England. One of his first jobs was to break a general strike. There have been bad strikes in the coal fields and textile centers while he has been premier. Even now, though it is a conservative rather than a labor government that MacDonald heads, London is having its hunger marches and riots. In other words the great economic forces in England were beyond his power to control.

Montague Norman, governor of the Bank of England, holding the most responsible position in finance of any person in the world, recently spoke as follows, the occasion being one of the rare ones in which he permitted himself to be quoted:

"The difficulties are so vast, so unlimited, that I approach the whole subject not only in ignorance but in humility. It is too great for me."

We incline to this opinion that Franklin Roosevelt would quickly find the problems of the depression too great for him, and that like Ramsay MacDonald his hopes which he extended in promises, will prove quite impossible of realization.

Why desert Herbert Hoover who is acquainted with the problems of the time, who is face to face with reality, for one who will have to spend months learning the battle in which he is to command?

"A Vote for Roosevelt"

WE have been favored with proofs of democratic ads supplied by the democratic national campaign committee; and we hope the local democrats can raise enough money for us to run all three pages. For fear they can't or won't, we will give the titles of the ads:

"A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for repeal"
"Vote for Roosevelt and repeal"
"Liberty Bell-time to ring again"

Nearly every line of the copy is devoted to urging people to vote for Roosevelt because he stands for repeal of prohibition. The return of prosperity is evidently conditional on the repeal of prohibition.

Not a word about solving the problems of the depression. Not a word about Roosevelt's stand on the tariff; perhaps for fear he would change before the ad was printed.

Not a word about the candidate's stand on the bonus, on war debts, on disarmament.

Just repeat . . . and boozie.

What a barren appeal to a distracted electorate in a time of great national crisis.

Good Old U. S. A.

WE recall reading in the spring about the migration of a group of Finnish people from Grays Harbor country to Russia where they were to have nice jobs in the logging camps. Now we read in dispatches from Aberdeen that one of the families has returned.—Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Saukkonen and son Eric. They say now: "Give us the United States."

The remainder of the news story is:

Low living standards with families crowded into uncomfortable log barracks and the severe climate were the principal objections voiced by the Saukkonens, who predicted that many of the several hundred Finnish people who moved to Russia throughout last year will be returning to the United States. Saukkonen, who worked in a sawmill in the soviet state of Karelia, on the border of Finland, said wages were generally higher than "paid in the United States for similar work, but living conditions were much lower. Work is plentiful, he said, all industrial plants in Karelia operating six days a week with three seven-hour shifts.

When we get right down to it, the good old U. S. A. is a good place to live in, even in hard times. Isn't that right, brother?

Tomorrow night is Halloween. Salem ought to be a big enough town to have outgrown the ancient rustic practice of destroying property. Often the persons picked on are poor old widows who barely have enough to get along. Yet their yards or fences may be damaged by hoodlums who think 31st October gives them a special license to play the devil. If parents herd their young ones properly the whole job will not fall on the police force. There is plenty of room for fun on Halloween but none for vandalism in a city.

Papers are full of stories about delinquent taxes; but the chances are if you go to the tax collector's office in this county you will have to stand in line to be waited on. There has been a steady rush of business in payment of taxes, and while there is some delinquency of course, a good many people on the other hand are taking up 1930 and earlier taxes. Marion county is going to carry on.

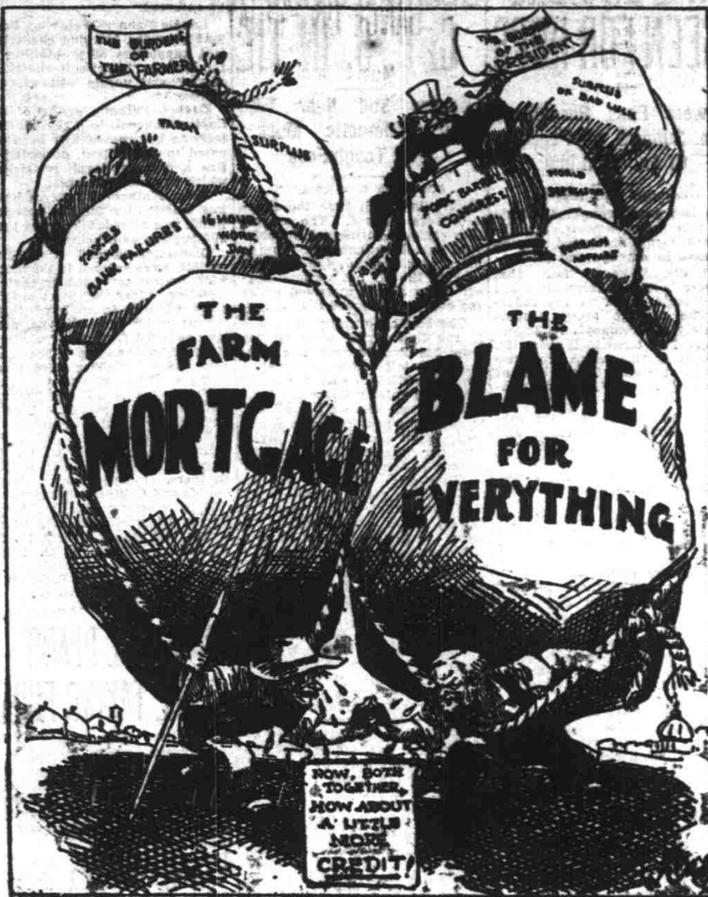
Our "Dumb" column reports Dave O'Hara of the secretary of state's election department as estimating that 12% of the registration are "deadheads". On Nov. 9th we can tell what percentage are dumbbells.

The needed comedy relief in the doleful news of the day, comes in the report that the "yo-yo" toy is taking London by storm. There has been in fact a "yo-yo" revival in this country. And is ping pong still popular?

Calvin Coolidge has contributed \$500 to GOP. But he got twice that much or more for his Statepost article, so he is still practicing his Vermont thrift.

If Roosevelt should move into the White House how long would it be before Norris, LaFollette, and Hiram Johnson would be staking him front and back?

Ought to be Able to Understand Each Other



Courtesy New York Herald-Tribune

Early Days In Oregon

Collected by H. C. Porter of Astoria from the American Unionist of Salem.

September 21, 1868

New Ads — Ben Holladay, C. Temple Emmet and S. C. Elliott have formed a co-partnership for the construction of railroads in Oregon and the adjoining states and territories. It has become a maxim that whatever Ben Holladay takes hold of goes through.

Religious — The Legislature Assembly consumed a good part of the last two days in discussing the propriety of prayer as an opening observance in the two branches. In the senate, Vis Trevitt thought that the body was past praying for, and in the house Tim Davenport thought it a useless waste of devotion to pray for any democratic legislature.

Medical Department — Attention is called to the advertisement in the Unionist of the department of medicine and surgery of the Wallamet University for the year 1868. The third course of lectures will commence on the 4th of November, and an opportunity will then be offered to all who wish to gain a thorough knowledge of medicine and surgery. The professors are composed of the most talented men in their science, that the state or coast affords, and the course is thorough and complete. All letters addressed to the dean, Dr. H. Carpenter, will receive prompt attention.

At Fort Benton, on the night of August 18th, the vigilantes hung a Colonel George Hynson between the tripod gallows. He had been shooting rather loosely, and as protection, they hung him.

Large Kila — The foreman of the state penitentiary brick-yard finished burning a brick-kila yesterday, containing over 700,000 bricks. It is the largest kila yet burned in the state. There are 68 convicts in the state penitentiary.

Bound Over — Yesterday, Benjamin Blanton was bound over to appear at the next term of the circuit court, for stabbing a man named Jones, at the race track, some two weeks ago. Bonds, three hundred dollars.

Surgical — A. M. Smith, from Yamhill county, last week brought a little son over to this place to have a surgical operation performed in removing his tonsils, which had become very much enlarged. The last one was successfully removed yesterday. The little fellow displayed considerable pluck, we thought, during the painful operation.

Tie Your Sacks — Yesterday, as a wagon was going through the street with a load of wheat, one of the sacks became untied, and the owner thereof lost about a bushel of good wheat. "A stitch in time," etc.

Daily Thought

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN Many and sharp are the numerical ill
Interwoven with our frame; More pointed still, we make our selves
Regret, remorse and shame; And man, who have erected faces
The smiles of love adorn, Man's inhumanity to man, Makes countless thousands mourn. — Robert Burns.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

We must fight on and on:

The article in this column of yesterday's paper contended that no Salem district voter, of all others, for his or her own good, has any right to support a man for president holding the views of Roosevelt, or for Garner, or for other than a republican running for a seat in either house of congress—

Because our industries on the land need all the protection they have gained after long years of struggle; and more in some items than they have, partly owing to the depreciated currencies of competing countries off of the gold standard—

And because they need friendly help in Washington in keeping what they have, too, against the constant onslaughts of selfish interests before the bi-partisan tariff commission of three democrats and three republicans—

And because they need friendly and honest administration of tariff laws by appraising officers in the custom houses, and on the bodies to which appeals are made from rulings of appraisers on both classifications and values.

We must fight on and on. Take two cases out of thousands, to illustrate the point: some readers will recall the case of tomatoes. As fruits not specially provided for, tomatoes would be free. As vegetables, they would pay a duty. Shiploads of tomatoes came from Bermuda, and the appraising officer ruled them dutiable. The shippers appealed. It costs only \$1 to appeal. This saves the shippers the use of the money involved, either for months or years. In the New York custom house there are always 3000 or more cases on appeal.

Tomatoes were called vegetables and fruits alternately in the way up to the United States supreme court, and that body finally by its decision put them in the class of vegetables. Officially, the tomato is a vegetable. But it is still the "poor man's orange," with its citric acid content—therefore, to the consumer, a fruit, or at least a fruit substitute.

The McKinley tariff law made skins free, and put a duty on hides. What was a skin, what a hide? When did a calf become a cow? All the hides of ranted cattle in the South and Central America and elsewhere were coming in free, classed as skins. This was saving the New England and other shoemakers \$7,000,000 a year. It was depriving the American cattle growers, mostly of the western half of the country, of that much protection.

An appraisers' conference in New York, after assembling the testimony of some 3500 tanners, made rulings, on wet, wet salted dry and flint dry hides and skins, etc., and recommended a promulgation on its findings—a promulgation intended to honestly take \$7,000,000 annually from the tanners and give it to the producers of hides. The promulgation was accordingly made, by the assistant secretary of the treasury.

Lyman J. Gage (1897-1962) was then secretary of the treasury. He was on a vacation; it was summer. When he arrived at his desk, he revoked the promulgation, and the shoemakers saved their \$7,000,000 annually, and the producers lost it. The shoemakers were organized. The producers were not. Such a deal could not be put over. But it was put over—and the Bits man was the recorder of the conference and within a few years, by adhering

to the report to Washington, therefore speaks from experience. It is nearly always Americans who fight other Americans in tariff hearings before congress, the tariff commission, the custom houses and in the courts. Take eggs, again.

American firms preserving and drying eggs in China have been the "poor consumers" making the fights against the producers. That is, their paid lobbyists, factors, attorneys, etc., have so represented. What have we seen lately? We have seen these same men, partly licked in their selfish fights, building plants at Spokane, in Texas and at other points and in other states, to take care of some of the trade lost to their Chinese plants. This American labor, American banking, etc., are receiving benefits from the victories of the egg producers of this country, or half victories.

The same story is true of the operations of the paid lobbyists of the linen mills of Europe and along the Atlantic seaboard in this country. They have fought for fair protection in the one case in the higher brackets and in the other, or both (for some manufacturers have plants in both Europe and the United States), they have fought against any adequate protection at all in the lower brackets; that is against the growers of flax for the fiber, all of whom are our own Salem district farmers.

We must fight on and on. This goes for our poultrymen, our flax growers, our owners of sweet cherry orchards, our producers of walnuts and filberts, and nearly all other men on the land. We have the most at stake of any section of this country, and we are weakest in number, and in numerical strength in congress.

It is Americans against Americans; section against section; honest, fair and decency against selfish greed. It is all wrong. But it is the condition.

Tariff making has no place in congress, with log rolling, intrigue, ignorance and base selfishness. No other leading nation does it in this way. All the rest leave tariff matters to experts, not political and disinterested excepting for public welfare as a whole; committees in congress, with power to make new schedules and new rates, and put them into force, over night.

The American statesman, of whatever party, who finally leads the way to this reform, will deserve high praise from all our people, present and to follow after them.

As matters stand now, again, the writer declares, our voters owe undivided allegiance to republican candidates, who represent the party of protection, and the principles of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun and nearly all the great leaders of the past. Clay and Calhoun called it "the American system." It is more so than ever now; proposing to preserve the American markets for our own people—

And refusing to follow the will of the wisest of foreign markets, able to take only 7 to 15 per cent of what we have to sell.

Better to wipe out every foreign debt, public and private; to clean the slate absolutely and irrevocably; than to give up to ruinously foreign competition any part of the 98 to 99 per cent, which can be increased to 100 per cent, and within a few years, by adhering

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS
Ted Wynne left his position in the Belmont 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 the 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 teach her a lesson and ignores her. 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 idleness 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. Barney springs a surprise when he enters Captain Davis into the contest despite his injury. The boys play a thrilling game against great odds and win. Old Dominion tradition carries on. That night Rosalie visits Ted.



The girls grew bright-eyed and carefree. Rosalie handled the boys as they came, neatly, graciously.

CHAPTER XXIX

Central Park

"Boy, you were marvelous. I was so proud of you I told the girls 'I was coming to kiss you—and had to give them the slip. Now you're not going to make a liar out of me, are you?'"

"I'll make a crushed little rose of Rosalie."

"That's a theme song."

"And this is a fadeout."

No lips like Rosalie's, no girl like Rosalie; her eyes, when they opened, were sleepy and moist. He gazed into her happy smile—turned his head quickly.

"What is it, honey?"

"Nothing. A lot of things. I don't know."

Tenderly she placed his head on her shoulder, smoothed his hair, spoke softly.

"I know—it's that game. You just go on and cry, honey—let it come out and you'll feel better."

"I'm all right."

"Sure, you are."

The motor hummed, lights blinked by, Rosalie crooned a low tune.

"Rosalie"—after a while—"did you ever think of the terrible finality in that last whistle?"

"Tell me about it."

"Well, we're battling all day and finally get somewhere; when we think it's all over and get ready to celebrate, Cagle goes by—and if Fidge hadn't overtaken him—the battle all over again. A death-bell scene with eighty thousand people looking on."

"Yes!"

"Time runs out—the whistle. Hope, so alive the moment before, is stifled. It's all over; it's history. It's just like life; when it's over, what's been the use of it all?"

"I don't know; it must be great to win."

"Somebody must lose."

"It isn't just history, though. You helped to make tradition today. Me, a steel boy, made a little mark in the big world; you're getting somewhere."

"But it all seems foolish unless something follows."

She spoke softly:

"Is it nothing, Ted, when you win and a girl comes to tell you she's proud? Were you so high on Olympus?"

"I cried."

"That was a reaction from the game."

"—that was you."

"You wouldn't lie to me, Ted?"

You know I believe you because you've said so many unpleasant things."

"Why lie about things? You can't dodge the truth."

"But people do it; it spreads an oily calm over life."

He sat up.

"Your being here makes it a perfect day, Rosalie."

"Thanks."

"I feel like philosophizing; and you're Minerva."

"Oh, that's it."

"Minerva and Venus."

"Better, Ted; but you can't mix your goddesses that way. A woman must choose; whence comes the saying, beautiful but dumb."

"Same way with athletes. If you're beautiful you must be dumb; otherwise they think you're some kind of a freak."

"I don't understand."

"I wrote a sonnet—a dime-a-dozen from the bespectacled boys who weigh less than a hundred and forty. Because a football player wrote it, it became a phenomenon."

"It wasn't a dime-a-dozen. Our English teacher raved over it; and so did the girls. They'll never forgive me for holding you out tonight."

"How many of them are with you?"

"Three."

"Suppose I get three of the boys and we have a party before our train goes?"

"Ted! If you would!"

Rosalie's friends, brushed like thoroughbreds, were all under twenty—and tremendously excited.

"Mr. Pidgin—you're the one who stopped Cagle. What was it he said when he got up—'I just know he was swearing.'"

"Mr. Davis—you were wonderful and your arm is still in a cast; girls, I have the grandest idea—we'll autograph his cast."

Jim patiently submitted to the autographing.

"Now," Pat decided, "we'll autograph his cast."

"Mr. Moyston! You are positively cruel. Who was the one without a headguard? He looked just like a Greek god."

Fidge ho-hoed.

"Step right up, Mr. Moyston, take your bow. Show the ladies

just how a Greek god bows. Would you prefer him to bow from left to right or right to left?"

"And of course," Fidge continued, "you've met old rin-tin-tin, the Man of Steel?"

"In person, not a sonnet," Pat answered.

"Girls," one of them squealed, "aren't we lucky! All of the heroes."

The more distinguished of the New York alumni were holding forth at the Ritz. It had been designed as a very private party with good liquor from Doc Reedy's cellar but had gradually become quite public with reinforcements from a Forty-ninth Street speakeasy.

But the good doctor prescribed well for his favorite patients.

"A private parlor for your party," he told them, "with radio and good liquor; you needn't be afraid of it. When Barney comes we'll tip you off and you go out that door. Now relax. You take a drink too, Wynne; it'll do you good."

"Thanks, Doc."

"Bless you, my children." The good doctor was relaxing.

Pat duffed his edge until he got a hot thick. Fidge was talkative and laughing. Between drinks Jim Davis was summoned into the outer room so that each new arrival, all friends of the doctor's, might autograph his cast.

The girls grew bright-eyed and carefree. Rosalie handled the boys as they came, neatly, graciously. They liked her. Rosalie was a good scout, a regular. The boys were regulars, too. Everything was all right. Ted was glad Stone wasn't there. Tom had been all right, lately, but he had different ideas; he was more ruthless and grows up. These chops were just big kids.

Rosalie came to Ted with a highball in a tall glass.

"For fellowship, Buddy," she invited, "just a sip."

"O my goodness, no," Pat laughed. "Not Volstead."

Ted took the glass and drank it down quickly.

"There," Pat commented, "begins a ruin life."

(To Be Continued)

Wherein the Desire for Change Is Found to Be But Skin Deep

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

ONE time Pete in the bottom-lands Pete Gidger hired Cal Prouty to fix the roof of the Gidger family residence, which roof leaked somewhat more than somewhat in numerous places, but mostly, or at least so it seemed, in places directly above the family beds.

Pete was an easy-going man, a passive votary of the well known Arkansas system or plan, which system or plan is—just in case you don't know although it is rather more than probable that you do—embodied in a simple statement:

It is not necessary to fix a roof when the weather is dry, because in dry weather the roof does not leak, and it is not desirable to fix it in wet weather, because in wet weather the weather is wet wet.

Finally, however, Mrs. Gidger lost her temper. Ordinarily, she was a peaceful, somewhat angelic woman. When such a woman loses her temper it is usually a great loss. Having lost her temper, she announced in hard and bitter tones that she had gone to bed wearing rubber boots and with a dishpan on her stomach for the last time.

"Get the roof fixed," she said, "or me and the children quit. Ain't that right, children?"

The children said it was. The eldest daughter acted as spokesman for the children, and she said a large and shockingly irate word surrounded by a number of smaller words.

Pete knew that this settled it. What the eldest daughter used a word stronger than "damn," he knew the point for arbitration had been passed. So he sighed deeply, took a chew of tobacco, hitched up his pants and "lowed he'd tend to it right smart."

He went through the rain to Cal Prouty's shop and set forth



D. H. TALMADGE

the situation to Cal. It required considerable time and a sight of dickerin', but at last Cal gave in and agreed to fix the roof in such a way that it would be leakless permanently for a while anyway in spite of the rain.

Rain fell all that week. Cal climbed to the Gidger roof every day with a hammer and a few nails and some shingles and an umbrella, and he did a heap of tapping around, but he didn't seem to help the roof much for quite a while. It was a tough job.

At last, however, having gradually become acquainted with the roof and its weaknesses he began to get the better of the leaks, and it happened just at this time that Pete's patience ran out, mostly because one of his teeth had begun to ache.

"I'm gun' to get another man to fix that roof," he growled one wet morning. "Cal ain't gettin' no

where with it. He's a rotten roof fixer."

He blustered around quite considerable for a spell, the exercise seeming to ease the pain in his tooth. Then of a sudden he sort of wilted. Mrs. Gidger's black eyes were snapping, and her voice was like a file on steel.

"Ain't the man never goin' to get no sense?"

She directed the query at the eldest daughter, and the eldest daughter shook her head despairingly.

"After he's paid a man to learn how to fix the roof, and the man has almost got to where he can fix it, he wants to pay another man to learn how to fix it!" she shrieked. "It's a worse wastin' than the roof it."

Pete shuddered.

"Cal stays on the job," declared Mrs. Gidger, her hands on her hips, "or we quit. Ain't that right, children?"

"Sure is, ma," boomed the chorus.

"I ain't got no special love for Cal Prouty," added Mrs. Gidger, "but he's as good as anybody else you could get, and he's the man to fix the roof now he's started. It's plain common sense. We'll get results quicker with him on the job than we would with somebody else."

Pete hitched up his pants, took a chew of tobacco and a long breath.

"I was sort o' hopin' you'd see it that way," he said meekly.

Bazaar Postponed Until '33 Harvest Festival is Held

WEST STAYTON, Oct. 29 — The women of the Growers' club decided this week to postpone their fall bazaar until next fall, when it will be held in conjunction with the annual fall harvest, also sponsored by the club.

Contests arranged by the surprise committee, Mrs. Robert Goss,