

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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

Member of the Associated Press

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### ADVERTISING

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

Entered as 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. \$3.00; 3 Mo. \$8.25; 6 Mo. \$15.00; 1 year \$28.00. Elsewhere \$5.00 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.

## Who Won the War?

THE question of who won the war has long been one of the sore points of our international accord. We hear little now of the respective contributions made by France, England and the United States; but there is a fresh dissonance over the share of glory which should go to General John J. Pershing. Pershing's war memoirs published some time back proved to be a sturdy apologetic for the decisions he made and for his claim to fame. Recently General Peyton C. March, chief of staff during the war, has written his version of the war in a volume "The Nation at War". In it he sharply deflates the Pershing legend; incidentally not failing to appropriate considerable credit for the war management to himself.

The publications have brought forth numerous comments in this country, although military men of high rank have refrained for the most part from taking sides. An interesting foreign comment appears in "Current History" for November, and is written by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, Englishman, who has become recognized as the leading military historian of the late war, writing in the English language. In his previous work on the war he had paid tribute to the achievement of General Pershing, although, like most of the representatives of the allies, he condemns Pershing's refusal to break up his army into units for allocation to British and French forces at the time of the great German putsch in 1918.

Now Capt. Hart, basing his judgment chiefly on the writings of Pershing himself, is inclined to change his estimate of the general:

"With his own hand he there knocked off a lot of plaster, revealing defects hitherto undiscovered. Happily, sufficient was left to preserve the impression of a strong and vigorously constructive character. But he revealed strange limitations of outlook and of knowledge in a man cast by fate for so big a role. More significantly still, he showed such an ingrained suspicion of other people's motives and recited with such obvious pride his own unconvincing rejoinders that one could not help feeling that he must have been a very difficult team-mate."

It was General Pershing who kept General Leonard Wood at home. His memorandum on the subject to the war department in which he classes Wood with "meddling political generals" is indeed more of a reflection on its author than on Wood. As Capt. Hart observes:

"Such a document is a notable addition to the history of human malice. No one can help perceiving the rancor, jealousy and spite which runs through the passages."

History will probably decide that General Pershing did his duty in a fairly competent manner. His insistence on an American army makes our national pride glow, although it was highly questionable from the standpoint of the military necessity at the time, and foreign critics will doubtless continue to denounce it. But Pershing will not rank with the great captains of the war, nor with others this continent has produced: Washington, Stonewall Jackson, Lee and Grant.

## Off the Deep End

LAST year's college graduates, some thousands of them, are doubtless pulling the sheepskin out of mothballs and looking it over rather ruefully, wondering if the parchment is worth four years' time and a peck of dad's money. Many of them feel disappointed in the jobs they have; many of them have no jobs at all, and are growing restless over the difficulties of getting a start.

While the times accentuate the ills of recent graduates, history shows that most classes undergo similar experiences. College graduation is a gay and grand event. In reality the prey takes the crop to the end of the wharf, picks each one by the nape of the neck and drops him off the deep end. Some, despite their four years of training, have no skill in self-navigation. They promptly go to the bottom. Very, very few strike the water and swim away from the dock immediately. Most of them go under; they flounder about; wonder if they ever will come to the top where they can get their lungs filled with fresh air.

The 1932 graduates are many of them in this last category; they are neither swimming nor treading water yet. Discouraging indeed. But for most of them it is a matter of patience and endurance. Opportunities will open up; they'll come to the top after awhile and get a chance to show their swimming ability. This experience of early struggle will be worth much to them all through their lives; and the ultimate success will seem the more sweet.

## Editors Must Live

NOW one of the famous sham battles of Oregon journalism is the recurring passage-at-arms between Col. Frank Jenkins of Klamath Falls and Judge Sawyer of Bend over the relative merits of the Klamath potatoes and the Deschutes potatoes. Each claims for his community highest quality, largest yield, thinnest peel, and finest flavor. We have previously made note in this column of the progress of the argument between these two eminent Oregon editors.

As though to back up the claims of his home-town editor R. C. Grosbeck, who heads the Klamath chamber of commerce, has shipped us two sacks of Klamath spuds. We have tried them: baked, mashed and fried. They are marvelous potatoes. We are sure Al Smith would say they excel Bill Borah's Idaho potatoes. They are dry and mealy and mellow. Baked, they take butter just like the Northern Pacific's old-time "big baked potato."

But of course it is hard to decide a case of this character, and a controversy of such moment in this state, until we get "all the evidence" in. We are therefore remaining open-minded on the question of the relative merits of the Klamath and Deschutes potatoes until we hear from Judge Sawyer. We are sure he will not let the case go by default.

And we may add that Claude Ingalls of the Corvallis G-T supplied us with that gallon of Missouri sorghum we put a want-ad for in this column. And Doc Reilly of Hubbard brought us up a box of Grimes Golden apples. Our circulator Gus Hixon got us a cord of wood on subscription; so it begins to look as though we could write the Associated Charities to take our name off the list for the next month or two.

Another missionary killed by Chinese handits. Really it does seem as though missionary zeal ought to end just this side of "Sinner's" headquarters.

## The Quickest Way Back



Courtesy New York Herald-Tribune

## New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday made the following query: "Do you think many persons change their stand on political issues or personages as result of the speaking campaigns conducted?"

Florence Kleeman, route seven: "No, I don't think many people in our district have changed their minds from the way they determined to vote following the national conventions."

Rev. W. H. Caldwell, alliance tabernacle: "It's been some time since I had any close touch with a political campaign, but I expect political campaigns in general do influence a mass of voters who have not otherwise the opportunity to post themselves on issues and personages. But I think the mass of intelligent voters make up their minds irrespective of campaigns."

Fred S. Bynon, Jr., insurance and collections: "Yes, I do. I think Roosevelt has hurt himself, too."

Arthur Fisher, Willamette student: "No, I don't think they are influenced to change. A few may be."

## Daily Thought

The aristocracy of today is not one of birth or wealth, but of those who do things for the welfare of their fellow men.  
—Charles M. Schwab.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

NEGLECT in personal hygiene is always unwise, and as a rule it results in suffering if not actual disease.

One ailment which comes from personal carelessness is known as "Vincent's Angina." This is an infection of the membrane covering the tongue, at the base of the mouth. The gums become involved and occasionally the tongue, as well as the lips and cheeks.

Small red spots with a gray covering appear in the affected area. If these spots break down into ulcers, the breath is bad and there is pain when chewing and swallowing. In advanced cases the glands of the neck become swollen.

Some of the symptoms of this disturbance are sore throat, headache and a general feeling of poor health. In the acute form fever is present, running as high as 102 degrees.

Vincent's Angina is found wherever unhygienic conditions exist. During the World War it was a common infection in the trenches, and for this reason it was called trench mouth fever.

Improper care of toothbrushes, towels and eating utensils encourages the growth and exchange of the particular germs responsible.

### Answers to Health Queries

Q.—Will alcohol and camphor reduce the weight?  
A.—No. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Brunette. Q.—When I get up in the morning my nose runs and I sneeze, what causes this?  
A.—This may be due to a catarrhal condition. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

In a glass house:

President Hoover, in his Indianapolis speech, called to account the frequent references, in the early part of his campaign, of Franklin D. Roosevelt to "international bankers sipping the unsuspecting American public."

And blaming the Hoover administration for not putting a stop to their nefarious practices of selling securities that were going to fall in value.

Mr. Hoover showed by the record that Franklin Roosevelt himself was during those hectic times an international banker—

And that Hoover was not. Not then or at any other time.

President Hoover might have gone on an elucidated the matter a good deal more. He no doubt had the facts, but perhaps wished to soft pedal the ill smelling incident to some extent, in his kindness of heart.

Had the governor's fourth or fifth cousin, "once removed," Col. Teddy, been alive, and the one attacked, he would no doubt have given his distant relative both barrels, with some extra verbal charges loaded with the "short and ugly word."

For instance, when Gov. Roosevelt was in the Bay city on his recent tour, the San Francisco

Chronicle reproduced an advertisement from its files. The original "ad" appeared in the issue of October 12, 1922, under the heading, "GERMAN MARKS."

It was signed, "United European Investors, Ltd. Franklin D. Roosevelt, president."

The advertisement offered for sale to the investing public "foreign bonds and moneys" either for cash or on the installment plan, and particularly referred to German marks, which were offered at a price of \$200 for one million, and to German bonds, the buyers of which should have been warned of the large earnings and dividends of German industries, etc.

Thus, irrefutably, Gov. Roosevelt was an international banker—and, according to what he has been saying, was one of those gentlemen who should have been warned by the federal government.

And he was in 1922 dealing in German marks and bonds that were altogether the most worthless securities ever marketed upon the American public—

And within five months after this Roosevelt advertisement appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle, German marks, which the advertiser had been boasting for one million, dropped to such a figure that it took \$6 BILLION marks to buy a loaf of bread in Germany!

Chester H. Rowell, after seeing the reproduction of this Roosevelt advertisement in the Chronicle, wrote to that paper saying he was in Germany about the time the advertisement originally appeared, and that he had occasion to spend two and a half cents American money in a hotel. He tendered an American quarter, and received 250 billion marks in exchange!

In other words, within a few months after the Roosevelt international banking company offered to sell German marks at \$200 for a million, they had become worse than worthless.

Of course Gov. Roosevelt had no intention of sipping the unsuspecting American public. He doubtless did not know that the value of the moneys and securities he was offering for sale was on the point of exploding into thin air.

In his various backings and fillings on the tariff, Roosevelt is in worse fix than the chameleon on the Scotch plaid, as President Hoover remarked in his Indianapolis speech.

Meaning that the aforesaid apostle of the lizard family is traditionally supposed to be able to change color at will, and that the poor thing would be in confusion worse confounded in such a predicament.

In his predicament as a whilom international banker, offering money in a hotel, he tendered as us as ever went into the phantom bucket at the end of a rainbow; offering such stuff for God American dollars, the Gov. is almost in as bad a case as the proverbial gutta serena rat in hell being chased by an asbestos cat.

"Caesar had his Brutus and Charles II. his Cromwell," Bob Hendricks is quoted in The Statesman as having remarked to the Lions club yesterday. Al there, Bob. We thought Charles II. had his Nell Gwynn. —Sign for Supper in Salem Journal.

Yes, Don, he did. And many

## A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

### SYNOPSIS

Ted Wynne left his position in the Pelipet steel mill to work his way through Old Dominion College so he might be the equal of the wealthy Barb Roth. He succeeds amazingly. Coach Barney Mack makes him a quarterback on his nationally known Blue Comets. The first year they lose one game only, for which Tom Stena, Ted's rival in thrilling games against great odds and win. Old Dominion tradition carries on. That night Ted and Rosalie go to a party. When one of the boys ridicules Ted for not drinking, he gulps one down.

### CHAPTER XXX

"Another one of these, Danny," Ted ordered.  
"Rye coming—okay, baby." The taste was pleasant.  
"Another one," he called to Danny.  
"Easy, boy, easy," Rosalie warned, smiling.  
"Whoopee," Pat called. "Bring him the keg."  
Ted eyed him; walked sedately to the chair where he was sprawled.  
"I can lick you, you Irish bum." He pulled Pat from the chair and they rolled on the floor, laughing and punning each other.

Pidge piled on. Jim Davis, returning from an autograph, dove into them. The girls squealed delight. Joe Stern came in, stood and laughed.  
"Terrible. Terrible. And you, Wynne—I'm really surprised at you."

"Surprised at myself, Joe; but this Irish bum—"

"Oh, Mr. Stern," Pat objected, "he picked on me."  
Danny came running in.  
"Beat it—Barney's coming."  
"Whadda we care for Barney? Who's Barney?" Pat demanded.

They hurried into their coats.  
"But I want to meet Mr. Mack," one of the girls protested. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."  
"Not a bit he wouldn't," Joe laughed. "Good night, folks; glad you came—sorry you're leaving."

"A little air won't hurt," Rosalie said, urging Ted away from the cab line.  
"Sweet bunch of boys, eh, Rosie?"  
"Great. Pidge is a peach."  
"Glad to hear you say that; he's my roomy. Got a nice sister, too."

"Oh, yes?"  
"Nothing like that; haven't met her." He got her picture. He's got plenty pictures—calls them his Rouge Gallery.

"How many pictures in your Rouge Gallery?"  
"Not a one, Rosie—nobody ever gave me one. Me and Pidge can't figure the women. A chart should come with every girl."  
"You couldn't read it."

They were swinging down Madison Avenue in pairs. At Forty-Second Street Pat insisted upon shaking hands with the traffic policeman whom he claimed was his uncle.

"I'm not so dumb, now, Rosie, about the women."  
"I'll bet you're not."  
"Not such a nice boy now, Rosie. You wouldn't like me now."  
"But I do—you're charming with an edge, Edward—man of steel with an edge—that's some kind of a figure but we'll let it pass. But how have you changed?"  
"Been clever, Rosie. Lots of girls. Not such a nice boy now. A girl at school—lots of girls back home last summer."  
"Ted!"  
"I know what makes 'em go, Rosalie; know why they're not angels; found out what you said I didn't know."  
"I don't believe it."  
"Just a no-good guy, Rosie. That's why I cried tonight when I saw you. You're good; and a good scout but nothing cheap about you. I watched you tonight; proud of my home town girl. The boys like you."  
She was silent. Ted rattled on: "If I had a sister I'd want her to be just like you, Rosie O'Grady. Let's sing:  
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady  
Da-da-da-da  
She's my pretty lady,  
Most everyone knows.  
And when we are married  
How happy we'll be  
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady  
And Rosie O'Grady loves me."

They turned to deserted Thirty-Fourth Street and sang until they came to the Vanderbilt.  
"Straighten up, now," Pat commanded. "Walk in straight. Give the team a good name."  
The New Dominion special was scheduled to leave Track 34 at the Grand Central at one o'clock. A crowd was gathered outside the ropes; student managers checked the boys off as they reported and a train official carefully counted them, guarding the gate. Spike Parker halted Pat as he came in; conversed with him seriously. Pat rejected the party.

"Spike's in a jam; so we got it fixed. We'll wait till the last minute; they won't have time to check us and he'll run through with us."  
"Why?" the blond squealer asked, scenting devilry.  
"Spike bumps with us and the conductor is watching the gate."  
"How sweet," the squealer squealed. "Boys have the nicest times."  
"Spike'll trade with you if you have a loose ticket. His ambition in life is to tick a conductor in the eye."

Rosalie drew Ted aside.  
"Just as a sister, Ted, I want to ask you something; if it's too personal you needn't answer."  
"Shoot, kid—almost time to go."  
"Well, her eyes were frankly worried, about those girls. You weren't too clever, were you; you didn't find out too much about them?"  
Ted felt a warm mist in his eyes; he shook his head slowly.

"Oh, Ted, I knew it."  
Her lips were warm, softly clinging, as she impulsively kissed him. Ted felt totally unworthy, and thankful for whatever it was had kept him on the same shore with Rosalie.

"Come on, Romeo," Pidge was pulling him away. They ran through the gate, Spike Parker among them. Rosalie stood waving, her face radiant.  
"Boy," Pidge marveled in the smoker, "you're a fool for luck."  
"Make it just a fool, Pidge."  
Ted wrote upon the slip of white paper:  
Moynton  
Folded it and pushed it away. Formal speeches had been con-

cluded at the Monogram Dinner following the football season and the letter men were electing a captain for the next season.

Ted lit a cigar, and tried to appear at ease—but he wasn't. Ted Wynne was a candidate; according to Spike Parker, who was close to the gang, he was almost a certainty. The student body anticipated his selection. He could feel it.

But you could never be sure about a football election. This was one thing that college boys could do without faculty supervision; they named their own captain; even Barney wasn't in on it.

Barney had said something before dinner.  
"I've seen a lot of these elections, Ted and I've seen plenty of unexpected things happen."  
Whatever happened, however, would leave no ill feeling, Ted was sure. He and Pat were the outstanding candidates; one in the backfield and one in the line. A lineman ordinarily would be the favorite because linemen had more votes and felt that, since backs rot most of the applause, the linemen should have the captaincy.

But Ted was outstanding. Beginning with the Army game he had scintillated steadily, looming brighter in defeat.

Ted had been heart-breaking but logical. The engineers got away to two quick touchdowns—one on the varsity after it came in to relieve the second stringers—and New Dominion could not get them back. Ted passed and ran and kicked but there was not enough spark left in the team to make a comeback.

"It was in the books," Barney said on Monday, "we hit a terrific peak against Army and this reaction was inevitable. Forget it and take it out on Southern Cal."

But it wasn't easy to forget. Losing to Tech had put the team back in the goat class, stamped it on the record book as having lost more games in one season than any other Mack squad.

And Barney had wanted to beat Tech badly. Ted had given him a surprise defeat three years before, spoiling a perfect season; and had made as much capital as possible out of the victory.

Then, with his opportunity to square matters, Barney had been unfortunate enough to meet the Engineers with his poorest squad emotionally depleted; he had thrown in fresh substitutes for Ted to manipulate as best he could; but the defeat was almost humiliating—and Ted took full publicity advantage of the fact; accepted the nomination of jinx.

"We'll get those guys next year if we beat nobody else," Barney had promised. Barney could not imagine, of course, the next handicap under which he would face his jinx squad.

Southern Cal had been more of a battle, and the Tech team was just too good, undefeated that year and teaming with big, good men. Barney paid no particular attention to the climate bugaboo. He had won three other times in California—because he had had as many good men to throw into the game as the coast squads possessed.

Ted had turned in another fine game against the Trojans; he did wonders with the raw men Barney sent in to him; defended against passes, kicked out of danger. New Dominion lost by one touchdown—and might have won at that if Pat hadn't been carried out in the second quarter with a broken arm.

Ted was the brains of the squad but Pat was the heart. Together they worked magnificently—without one the other did not function so well.

(To Be Continued)

more like her. Only with the thought of impressing the fact that the world has grown much in average moral decency since the time of Charles II is reference made here to that phase of the life of that gay English king.

He had eight historically recorded Nell Gwynns with 10 illegitimate sons and daughters, all of whom became dukes and countesses except one, the son of Peg, Charles FitzCharles, who became egrated.

the earl of Plymouth. And Charles II had no legitimate child.

Charles II said once: "I am no atheist, but I cannot think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way."

Compared with him, Brigham Young was a saint. And so-called civilized countries have passed the time when even polygamy was tolerated.

## Candidates in Caricature



Here is the Republican standard-bearer in the 1932 Battle of the Ballots, President Herbert Hoover, as seen by the cynical eye of Edgewood, celebrated Cuban caricaturist.

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:  
I advise all thinking persons to vote 301 "No." The proposed constitutional amendment, if adopted, will be the entering wedge to disfranchise hard-working men and women because they may be endowed with a certain amount of worldly wealth. The proposed law provides that a property qualification is necessary before the voter can cast his ballot on the question of levying special taxes or issuing public bonds.

Since when has poverty become a crime? Our present election laws provide that no insane or criminal person can vote. Are we going to place impoverished people in the same category? By all means vote 301 "No" and notify all your friends to do likewise. This act, to my way of thinking, is one of the most dangerous ever proposed to the electorate. Kill it.

RALPH C. CLYDE,  
City Commissioner, Portland.

## School Census at Victor Point for Year Reaches 22

VICTOR POINT, Oct. 31 — School census figures remain practically the same here as for the last few years. There are 22 persons of school age in the district, 16 of them attending grade school.

Women of this precinct as well as any others interested are invited to the Waldo Hills community clubhouse Tuesday, November 1, at 2 o'clock, where Otto K. Paulus of Salem will discuss measures to be voted on November 3. There will also be other speakers.

J. S. Evans, 80-year-old resident of this precinct, is recovering satisfactorily after a recent illness.