

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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After Prohibition

THERE is no mistaking the popular verdict on the question of prohibition. Repeal of the 18th amendment was one issue which drew many votes to Roosevelt; and the defeat of many former "dry" senators and congressmen indicates that some form of repeal measure will be submitted to the states for ratification. The popular vote here in Oregon on the repeal of the Anderson act is another sign that the country is ready for a change of policy in the handling of the liquor question. The defeats are crushing for the dries on both the local and the national fronts.

The question now shifts to this: what will the wets do with their victory? They have done lip service to "true temperance." They have decry the return of the saloons. Even the democratic platform expresses the desire to protect dry territory. But no one has written the formula. No one has outlined the plan. We are sure to have discordant voices now among the victors; and unless we are greatly surprised, the "wet wets" will win. Then a few years of drunken orgies and the mercurial public may call for another "change."

The Statesman has no regrets and no apologies for fighting for prohibition. We have not been blind to its evils; but we have such vivid memories of the evils of regulation that in our judgment the balance seemed in favor of prohibition. Liquor has always been outlawed; we do not think it will change its complexion or its character under the new "dis-pensation."

However we have always fought for a definite objective: the progressive diminution of the consumption of alcoholic liquors. We have not been interested in the 18th amendment as a formula in the constitution, but as an effective instrument for gaining this objective. We have deplored nullification and expressed a preference for repeal rather than nullification such as is proposed now in high quarters. We recognize the will of the people must prevail. Particularly is this true in the case of sumptuary legislation which must depend on a wide measure of popular support to make it effective. The defeat Tuesday forecasts the end of national, even of state prohibition. To those of us who have fought for prohibition as a high moral advance, who have observed it personally and sought for its general acceptance, the defeat is disheartening.

When the state wakes up after its repeal of the Anderson act, it will find that its blind voting has left it impotent to deal with prohibition short of another election. Because state prohibition of the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicants stays in the state constitution. The legislature cannot pass any law going against the constitution; but it will hardly be disposed to re-enact the Anderson law in the face of this popular verdict, even leaving out its extreme provisions against possession. With no enforcing statutes the state constitution is empty of meaning; and with the lifting of national prohibition which appears imminent, there will be no restriction other than town ordinances against the sale of liquor. Far better if constitutional prohibition had been repealed for then some form of regulation could be enacted. But of course the friends of "true temperance" wouldn't think of that.

It has been a long, long battle. We have seen many victories and many defeats in the struggle. We have lived in wet towns and dry towns; and have seen these shifts in public sentiment many times before. From our memory of old local option days we can say this, that the dries, though down never out. They may retreat to second or third line trenches; but they are not ready to capitulate. When the new legislation, state and national, comes to be written, the dries will be on hand. We predict that they will be, as in the past, the chief friends of "true temperance," the chief advocates of society, and the chief partisans for effective liquor control.

Shifting the Burden

WHEN the sting of defeat passes President Hoover will doubtless feel a deep sense of relief. For long months he has labored as an Atlas to sustain the foundations of a cracking world. Abuse of all kinds has broken over his head. He has been attacked without mercy for what he has done, and for what he has not done. On the whole he has borne the attacks with forbearance and manifest patience. He has resisted those whispers that circulated in high places calling for a dictatorship. At the same time he has labored to prevent the "revolution" which was forecast in other and very different quarters. If we may alter the metaphor: he can leave the bridge of the ship of state next March to a new captain; and the ship's frame will still be sound through the rigging and the sails have been ripped in the tempest.

President Hoover will retire to private life after 18 years of almost continuous public service. He will leave others to bear the burden; others to fight the battle; and we feel safe in predicting, others to claim the victory which lies just ahead. Meantime, until his term is concluded President Hoover will devote his full time and his abundant energies to meeting each day's problems and emergencies in no spirit of sulking or bitterness; but with a devotion to duty for which he has always been conspicuous.

Now if the election had hinged on the good looks of the "first lady" as revealed in the published photographs... But this is true Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt are representatives of the very finest type of American womanhood. They are an honor to their sex and a credit to America. Mrs. Roosevelt has something of that practical energy which Mrs. Calvin Coolidge has. She will be of great help to her husband.

Thank goodness Roosevelt will have a democratic congress. To have had a congress in the hands of the opposition would have caused a continuance of the legislative bickering and stalemate of the past two years. At no time did Hoover have a cohesive party behind him in congress.

The poorest political strategy shown in the election was the New Telegram's publishing of the delinquent tax statements of J. K. Carson in Portland. Apparently it won him the votes of all delinquents; anyway, he got elected.

We notice that in Polk county returns Salt Creek precinct hasn't been heard from yet. Perhaps the roads were so crowded with beaten candidates the messenger couldn't get through.

As we look over the wreckage our chief regret is that the democratic landslide didn't go quite far enough.

14 Years After "the War to End War"



Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

November 10, 1907

The Salem banks now have plenty of money for all local demands and business here would be normal except for the danger of draining this city to Portland, San Francisco and other points.

NEW YORK—The acute stage of the financial crisis has been passed; hysteria has subsided and the situation now appears well under control. This does not mean that an immediate recovery is to be expected. It is now recognized that the crisis was chiefly due to the exhausting of floating capital—Crews financial letter.

Hysterical over the loss of \$991 which she had deposited in the bank of the Title Guarantee & Trust company the day before it closed, Mrs. M. L. Woodcock of Salem armed herself with a revolver yesterday morning and went to the institution and demanded to see President J. Thorburn Ross, expecting, she later said, to run a bluff and get back valuable papers, if not the money.

November 10, 1922

PORTLAND—With the county nearly complete, Walter M. Pierce's majority over Governor Olcott, had grown to nearly 30,000. Representative C. N. McArthur has been defeated by Milton Watkins.

In the first congressional district, Representative W. C. Hawley was unopposed in Tuesday's election.

SAN FRANCISCO—California remained in the republican column with the election of Friend W. Richardson as governor and Hiram W. Johnson as United States senator.

In four years Elmer Santman of Dyarville, Ia., increased the average production of his dairy herd from 331 pounds of butterfat per cow to 593 pounds.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

First Congregational church: 80th anniversary of founding:

The first response to the Macedonian call of the Indians of the westernmost west was by the Methodist missionary society in 1834, when Jason Lee and his party came and began. Oct. 6, the erection of their first rude log cabin 10 miles below the site of Salem.

Next to respond were the American Board missionaries, Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman starting and proceeding in 1835 as far as the rendezvous of that year on Green River, near where Fort Bridger was afterward built. There Dr. Whitman turned back to seek reinforcements and Rev. Parker came on to choose mission sites. The following year Dr. Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding and his bride and W. H. Gray came, and established missions at Wallatpu and Lapwai.

At that time the American Board of Foreign Missions represented the Congregational, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches, afterwards and since the Congregational denomination only.

Followed the Catholics two years later. The Methodists were first in this field, the Oregon country of pre-pioneer and pioneer times, in the opening of churches, and the Congregationalists second in establishing Protestant church organizations.

The oldest Oregon country church of the Congregational denomination is at Oregon City, organized in 1844 by Harvey Clark, independent missionary, who also set on foot educational matters at Forest Grove, in cooperation with Grandma Talitha Brown, and organized a church there—these undertakings marking the foundations of Pacific university.

In November, 1849, Rev. Horace Lyman and wife, Congrega-

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Thursday he drove out but didn't leave his car.

"Up close," Bob Walsh shouted. Barney spoke from the car.

"Boys, you're going east tonight to play Navy."

"I won't be with you."

"The doctors have shut down on me. But Bob will be there—and Bob will do everything for you I might do. I'll be listening in on the radio. Navy will be tough. Show them you've got the stuff to go out and win over bad breaks. They licked you last year. Nobody has ever licked us two straight. Bring back that game."

His car drove away. Barney's face was set, looking straight ahead. Nobody cheered.

"Barney wants to see you and Pidge at his house tonight," Bob Walsh told Ted. "I'll drive you down."

"I want to tell you what I've already told Bob," Barney said. He was lying in bed. "It looks like I'm in for a lot of hard luck. If we are going anywhere at all, you fellows will have to give everything you've got. Pidge, you're captain; you'll have to get the boys together. I know about strategy; and Bob's going to leave things pretty much up to you in the trenches. And you help Pidge get the boys straightened out."

They left with tears struggling to get out—the tears which best prepare for a difficult job.

It wasn't right to lay Barney low like that just when he needed his strength most.

On the train Pidge gathered Pat, Brute, Stone, Sheets, Ted and Clark together in a drawing room. "Fellow," he said, "I'm not going to hand you a lot of hard luck about Barney—we'll probably get enough of that—but I figure it's up to us to forget our private affairs during the season."

"The Old Man's in bad shape; he don't know when he'll get back to us. Bob hasn't been back here coaching long enough to step in his spot without all the help we can give him. You hear a lot of guff about giving the game back to the boys—well, we've had it shoved back on us and we've got to do something with it. The first thing we've got to do is get straightened out. That's straight from Barney."

They looked embarrassed; the silence was heavy. Ted broke it.

"I think most of this situation has come from you and me, Stone. You can think what you want about me; and when the season's over we can start all over again if we feel that way, but right now, here's my hand."

"O. K. with me, Wynne—until the season ends, anyhow."

They shook hands—and smiled.

"Well," Pidge cried. "Now let's get natural. Everybody gives Bob his best. Ted runs the team on the field; Pat's the defensive captain. Everybody carries out his assignments on every play. Boy, we'll show old Barney he's got a team. Now we'll start by playing cards together, us guys here, and the rest of the gang will know everything's bunkyard."

They played hearts. Ted smiled. Wasn't it all a game of hearts?

Just before the game Barney talked to each man of the squad



In the third period, after another charge, Pidge plunged through from the four-yard line for another touchdown.

over the long distance phone. Bob took them easy in his dressing room talk.

"These boys don't need any warming," he said to Joe Stern. Bob played the game as Barney would have played it—started his second team. They held Navy even for ten minutes and would have threatened to score had not Garold, back at second string fullback again, fumbled a pass in the open. Just before the period ended Navy opened its short passing game and arrived at the five-yard line with first down. Bob refused to yank his second team and Navy put it over on the fourth down and kicked the goal.

"Bring that ball back—we want it," Bob shouted to the second-stringers as they lined up to receive the kickoff. Garold brought it back to the thirty-five yard line and was almost away in a clear field.

"Now—let's see what you've got," Bob said to the regulars.

Ted touched the accelerator. Smooth power. One first down, two—with Stone gaining most of the ground. . . . stopped. . . . punt out on their twenty-five. . . . Navy couldn't get started. . . . A long high punt. . . . As Ted caught it two tacklers crashed him to earth.

"Man of Steel—just as soft as ever," one of them, a new one who had evidently been coached to say that, said.

But Man of Steel wasn't soft today. The summer in the mill had taken care of that. Ted took the bump and liked it—made him feel good.

"Coming your way, Dumbjohn—and you're going to like it," he called to the new one.

The play, with Sheets carrying, gained eight yards.

"Time out for a new Navy end," Pat called. "That was the old blocking in there. Stone."

Back home, at the radio, Barney smiled. Ted was working from Barney's blue print. Best them—get the lead—and hold it. Barney was a spectacular gambler in the pinches; but give him a lead and a good line and a kicker and he was conservative as the Bank of England.

Barney got out only once for the Nebraska practice to send them away—pale, but with the old spirit. No sob stuff.

Wide old Barney. They needed no beating. All he had to do was tell them what he wanted.

(To Be Continued)

cated. Dickinson continued the pastorate till 1867, when he resigned, and was succeeded by P. S. Knight.

Mention of the building that in September, 1854, "was purchased and fitted up for church purposes," will appear in the letter of Mrs. Raymond to follow in this series. And the location of the school building that was found inadequate will also be established.

There are of record at least three notable celebrations of the First Congregational church, marking the lapse of time since its organization—of its 21st and 50th and its 80th birthdays.

The last named celebration took place on Sunday, the 16th of October, and Monday, the 17th; main events were from the 17th to the 19th, on account of the true time falling during the vacation period. Letters of invitation were sent to many former members, and to absent prior pastors, with responses from points covering a wide territory. An important one was from Mrs. Edna D. Raymond, which follows, and will explain itself, the date line being South San Francisco, Cal., October 12, 1932, and the recipient Miss Oda Chapman of Salem:

"My dear Oda: I received the invitation from the committee to attend the 80th anniversary of the Congregational church next Sunday, Oct. 15th. I am writing you as one of the committee. I thank you so much for remembering me with an invitation. I cannot tell you how much I should enjoy being with you on that occasion, for I have known the church since before I was 8 years old and came, an orphan, to live in the family of Rev. O. Dickinson, who came as pastor of the church in March, 1853. I do not think there is any one living in Salem who knows the early history of the church as I do. Until I was married, in 1874, I simply lived in it. How the living memories of long ago crowd into my mind as I write—but, much as I regret it, I cannot be with you. I am not steady enough on my feet to travel alone, and there are none of the family who can come with me now. Altho I am married, Edna in college, and Myra cannot leave home at this time. I will be with you in spirit, at any rate.

"Why did you change the date this year? The church was organized in July, 1852, by a Rev. Goodman, or Goodwin; I am not certain about the name, with either four or six members, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Gilbert, Mrs. Eliza Williams, Mr. E. B. Fellows, and, I think, Linus Brooks and wife."

(Continued tomorrow.)

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(Continued tomorrow.)

F. R. NUSOM'S MOVE

WACONDA, Nov. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Nusom, long residents here, have completed moving their household goods to a farm a half mile west of Shaw, known as the Andrew Seifer place, which they have leased for a year.

Drama Guild Will Give "Bread" For Silverton Folks

SILVERTON, Nov. 9.—The Drama Guild of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Salem will put on the play by Fred Eastman, "Bread," Sunday, November 13, at 1:30 p. m. at the Methodist Episcopal church here.

As this play is of particular interest to the farmer, the grange, Farmers' Union and Future Farmers of America are particularly invited to the program. The local Methodist concert orchestra under the direction of Fred Baker will give an introductory program of music.

There is no charge.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

AT some time or other every one of us suffers from headache. I can think of no other minor ailment that causes so much discomfort, or is so annoying and often difficult to cure.

Some persons are susceptible to headache, while others are rarely, if ever, sufferers from it. A definite type of headache found in some families is known as "migraine," and this is believed to be hereditary.

Simple headache is a symptom of some disturbance of the body. It may follow an irritation of the nerves of the face or head, or it may be caused by anemia, high blood pressure, kidney disease, sinusitis or defective eyesight. Constipation, digestive disturbances, faulty posture in walking or standing, and uterine diseases in women, are other causes of headache.

It is interesting to note that headache was aptly described by the ancient Greeks. Headaches were believed to be due to evil spirits within the head, and the ancients treated them by boring small holes in the skull so that the "spirits" might escape and no longer torment the afflicted individual.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "How did election suit you?" Answers:

E. C. Bushnell, city building inspector: "It's all right with me. The city results suit me about right."

Sergeant Earl Houston, state police: "All right. Most of the things I voted for passed."

Rev. Ira J. Balfes, Falls City pastor: "I was disappointed. But I realize the national result is due to trend of the times and that people wanted a change, no matter the results."

May Seely, bookkeeper: "It suited me all right. I didn't think the prohibition repeal would carry like that, though."

Hilda Lindstrom, bookkeeper: "It didn't suit me."

L. E. Schoettler, creditman: "I expected a closer presidential vote."

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Daily Thought

"There is a tide, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—Shakespeare.