

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Voluntary Allotment Plan

In all the areas of distress for which "plans" have been proposed agriculture has called for the greatest number. Ever since the war farming has been in trouble. There was a sort of plateau from 1923 to 1930 in which agriculture managed to keep afloat; but the last toboggan of prices has left farming deep in the mire. It is reported that Governor Roosevelt looks with favor upon what is known as the "voluntary allotment" plan. It will be of interest therefore to see what this proposes for the relief of the farmer.

Each major commodity would be organized under some council, which would determine on an acreage reduction in order to cut down production. In each county the county committee would go to each grower of that crop, say of wheat. The grower could agree to join or could stay out as he saw fit. The grower who joined would agree to reduce his wheat acreage by the determined percentage, say 25%. If he had 160 acres to put in wheat normally then he would crop only 120 acres in wheat. For the 40 acres which he did not crop in wheat he would receive allotment certificates which would equal in number the number of acres cropped multiplied by the average production per acre for the previous five years. In this case if the average production was 20 bushels per acre, then the grower would get allotment certificates equaling 120 times 20 or 2400.

All wheat would be sold at present on the regular market prices. However on all domestic consumption a tax of 42 cents a bushel would be levied on mills or processors. The total of this would amount to several hundred million dollars. From this sum the expense of administration would be deducted and the remainder divided pro rata among the holders of the allotment certificates, an amount estimated at around 38¢ per bushel for all wheat grown and sold under the plan. The farmer who did not cooperate in the plan would receive no share of this tax money.

This is simply a subsidy for the growers of the commodities, taken not directly out of the treasury, but out of a tax-raised fund derived from consumers. The defense is that the tariff now is not effective because we export these surpluses at world prices.

Among objections to the plan, besides the complaint of subsidy and the creation of a big bureaucracy to operate the plan, are: increasing of costs to consumers while foreign labor with whom they must compete gets food at lower cost; difficulty of administering the plan in the case of some commodities like corn which is chiefly marketed in the form of livestock; problem of non-surplus crops which also are low in price.

Still another "plan" for agricultural relief is to have the government refinance mortgage loans at 1 1/4% interest. This is proposed by Sen. Frazier of North Dakota. There is about \$9,000,000 in farm mortgage debt now.

These measures are sure to be before the next congress.

Party Reorganization

SAYS the Oregonian, in declaring its right of independent judgment within the limits of the republican party: "Leadership in the republican party needs to reform itself. It needs to reform some of its ideas. It needs to recognize changed conditions and changed thought of the people. This is true of the national leadership. It is true of the leadership in Oregon."

That is quite true, except that in Oregon we have no party leadership. The old leadership was rebuked two years ago. No new leadership has arisen to take its place. There are a few of the old guard left here and there, like Ralph Williams who as national committeeman has two empty years now to serve.

Both locally and nationally there needs to arise new and young leaders. The republican party has the reputation of being affiliated with privilege. The charge is partly true. The party is just now paying for its sins in connection with the scandals of the Harding reign. There has been no prior purge, merely a glossing over of an unsavory mess.

The defeat of old party hacks like Jim Watson of Indiana should be a cause for rejoicing. Smoot, while a consistent reactionary was a veritable cypripedia of facts about the government, rendering a great deal of useful service. Moses was nothing but an irritant, with neither faction grieving over his defeat. The new leadership of the republicans must be more liberal, more popular, less reactionary, less under the control of "business" interests, less dependent on the bounty of capitalists whose habit is to demand return with interest.

The Statesman, while gladly claiming loyalty to the republican party, has endeavored to take the liberal and progressive view. We are pleased to welcome the Oregonian to the ranks of those laboring for the rebuilding of party organization along progressive lines. It is not with us a matter of popular majorities, of the loaves and fishes of office-holding and political reward; but a matter of principle, a firm belief that the republican party which was born as an agent for relief of oppression still has a mission to fulfill in promoting the welfare and comfort of the people as a whole and not the prosperity of a few.

Old Rules Hold Good

LOOKING back, there are some old rules which held good even in this election. For example: "As goes Maine, in its state election in September, so goes the country."

Another: Loss of control of congress in the middle of a presidential term foreshadows defeat for the party in the next election.

Another: No one is elected president unless he carries New York. This last rule has been violated only once in late years, 1916, when Hughes carried New York but lost the election.

The California citrus industry marketed 79,066 carloads of oranges, lemons and grapefruit in the year ended October 31, for a return of 79,000,000, or about \$1,000 per car. This in a year of low prices and glutted markets is a great accomplishment. How was it done? A strong Fruit Growers exchange for one thing, which handled 58,301 carloads. The exchange uses aggressive merchandising methods, having spent \$17,000,000 in advertising in the past 25 years. Its 1932 advertising budget is nearly a million and a half. Advertising is part of the life-blood of the citrus industry as it is of most industries depending on mass consumption.

"Bootleggers to flood nation at coming holidays." "Beer by Christmas say congressmen." "Spokane lower restrictions." The demands of "true temperance" are losing no time.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down!



New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Do you think the president should resign and make way for the immediate accession of the new administration?" The answers:

F. Ecker, laborer: "Why, yes. Why shouldn't he? Roosevelt was elected president by the people by a majority. Why not let him go to it."

G. W. May, lumberman: "I've claimed this: I never could see why we should wait till March 4 to inaugurate the president. I don't see why they should wait. Let him go in with his cabinet on the first of January. I do think it would be a good idea."

Ralph Martin, student: "No, I don't think the president should resign. That would be a funny precedent to establish. And I don't think there would be anything really accomplished by it."

J. P. Prescott, student: "Hoover might have his secretary of state, Stimson, resign, then name Roosevelt secretary of state; then"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

First Congregational church: 80th anniversary of founding:

(Continuing from yesterday:) The resolutions had intimated that preachers were not business men, and that they should observe the ancient injunction, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," and not presume to mix up with worldly affairs. Rev. Dickinson was both a sincere and devout Christian and statesmanlike preacher, and a good business man, and he took occasion to rebuke the spirit of the resolutions in that particular: neatly and forcefully. He built up fine business, made large profits, and at one time was possessed of a fortune worth perhaps \$100,000. He gave away

Curtis resign and Roosevelt automatically become vice-president by virtue of being secretary of state; then Hoover resign and his vice-president become president. I don't know that it would be a good thing, but it would give the voters what they want.

large sums; helped many people and causes. The administrators of his estate gave a \$50,000 bond in the probate court. Quoting further from his reply, showing the independent and fearless spirit of the pioneer preacher:

"In regard to preaching politics, I beg leave to enter my most decided objection to the use of that term. . . . If . . . you mean by 'politics' those great moral questions of justice, righteousness, temperance and the fear of God without which the prosperity, peace and safety of a people can never long continue, then, in that sense, I have preached politics and by the blessing of God I hope long to preach it. . . . If we had a little more of Christian honesty in the officers of our government we should be better off as a people. Ministers ought to be permitted to preach on these subjects as faithfully as upon any other. Ministers now as in the early history of our country have a duty to perform. They must not be excluded from performing their part in the formation of a right public sentiment in reference to the administration of the offices of the nation."

At a meeting of Aug. 28, 1889, the committee which had completed the church building, at a cost of \$4215.62. On motion of I. N. Gilbert, the committee was discharged, and Rev. P. B. Chamberlain was invited to preach the dedication sermon.

Sept. 30, 1889, the church building was dedicated. The dedicatory prayer was by Rev. O. Dickinson, the pastor, there was another prayer by the pioneer Methodist missionary minister and leader in many fields of endeavor in laying the foundations of the state, Rev. David Lee, and the sermon was by Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, as indicated in the foregoing paragraph.

Services were continued in the afternoon, with communion, and C. N. Terry, Julia M. Terry and Lenora Boats were received into the church by confession of faith, and P. H. Hatch and Mrs. Cornelia Hatch by letter from the church at Oregon City, and Miss Elizabeth Boies by confession of faith and baptism.

At the meeting of Sept. 13, P. H. Hatch was elected treasurer of the church, a collection was taken for a communion table, and Mr. Hatch took charge of the house for three months without pay.

Sept. 29, 1889, sale of some pews was recorded by number: L. E. Pratt, 21; T. McF. Patton, 7; Joseph G. Wilson, 30; A. Wade, 29. Mr. Pratt was superintendent of the pioneer woolen mill, first on the coast. Mr. Wilson was elected to congress in 1872, as Lenora Boats was largely responsible for the final vote that made Salem the capital of the state. (That is a story too long for this series.) He was the father of Judge Fred W. Wilson of The Dalles.

When Women First Voted At the meeting of March 5, '44, on motion of C. N. Terry, the female members of the church were granted the privilege of voting. (Mr. Terry held many im-

portant positions. He was county judge when the present Marion county court house was erected.) On motion, Rev. O. Dickinson was chosen pastor for the ensuing year.

April 30, '64, Amos B. Cosper and wife and Mrs. D. W. Craig (Turn to Page 9)

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER XLII

The next morning, after relating this adventure, Kid Chocolate was elected to membership in the Chicago club after providing residence on Calumet Avenue where his mammy had carried him from Georgia.

The holiday spirit continued throughout the week of preparation for Aggie and was not at all dampened by the fact that the latter almost upset the season by forcing the Comets into the last quarter to win after starting a third team and following with the second.

Stone put over the touchdown that clinched the game—and set Pidge to thinking.

"There's only one thing," he said to Ted. "Stone is being played up as the star and if he keeps going will make all-American."

"What if he does," Ted laughed, "remember you're the captain and what we're interested in is winning games."

"Sure—I know. But he's been getting cocky and he isn't doing his share of blocking like he did—all he wants to do is run."

"Just so he makes touchdowns, Pidge."

Pidge wasn't talking for himself. Stone and Wynne in the backfield and Pat and Brute in the line were the men most likely to be considered for all-American selections; if the team kept winning, one of them was a certainty; but it was seldom that more than one man was picked from any team.

"Now," Bob said at the Monday lecture, "the real season begins. You've had your fun for the last two weeks and you're lucky you weren't knocked off."

"Barney will be out tomorrow for a while. If he is up to it he'll be at Chicago Saturday. He wants the quarterback to come down to his quarters tonight at seven and the other backs at eight; the tackles and ends tomorrow night. The schedule will be up in the gym."

"All right. This is the game. It's up to you to do something about this coast football. They beat these other eastern teams because they have more good men—we have plenty of good men too."

"They'll be cocky. Let 'em be cocky. We'll take it out of them. Be tough in there."

They're peppy when they win. Sitting on top of the football world with a shot at the national championship. Football's biggest crowd coming to Chicago from all directions; people fighting for tickets; using every influence to get within a square block of the field of play in the farm called Soldiers Field. Stay-at-homes fixing up the radio; newspapers ordering wires. Columns about Barney Mack's dramatic comeback; the transformation of last year's black sheep into this year's heroes.

Stone the speed boy; Wynne the Man of Steel; Powerhouse Pidge, the millionaire captain; Big Pat Moynott; Foreman the Brute.

And the heroes, giving no thought to their importance as gladiators in the impending spectacle in the arena, having the time of their lives in their gym, heedless of Bob Walsh's injunction against comedy.

"They're peppy when they win," Spike Parker observed. "Last year the gym was a morgue—now look at them. They're either going to take a shelling or play the game of their lives."

Pat singing foolish songs, giving his own cockeyed impression of Rudy Vallee.

"She don't say yes— She don't say no—"

The Brute strutting about in a girl's slippers and hose—and nothing else; walking by and simpering. Pat holding up ten fingers.

Young animals splashing in the shower room. . . . Water an inch deep on the floor. . . . White lather on brown bodies. . . . Tumultuous singing. . . . Pidge hiding by the door with a bucket of water to throw on nude Sheets as he came out dripping. . . . Stone hitting Pidge in the bare back with a towel.

Bilson, Olympic miler in charge of the towel room, crying: "Any more towels?" Towels—wet—coming at him from all directions.

Bob Walsh, in sweat clothes, explaining a line play to the Brute. Ted and Pat stopping to observe. From the back they looked like an acrobat act—each a bit bigger but cut from the same perfect pattern of a football gladiator—sloping shoulders, tapering waist, flat hips, strong legs.

Peppy in the gym; on the field when limbering up—but solemn as a supreme court when Barney came on the field, wasting no time, giving him all of their attention.

They brought him out in an ambulance on Tuesday. Little Barney rode with him; hopped to the ground and began kicking a football as big as himself. Barney looked wan after two weeks in bed; but he was well-bundled against the cold; and they had placed him on a rolling cot which could be handled without disturbing his leg.

They lifted him to the ground and propped up the back of the cot to a sitting position. He talked through a loud speaker.

Wednesday afternoon he was stronger. The air had done him good. The old rip was there. The old fire.

"Go—go! Old Pidge is going to go Saturday. . . . Old Captain Pidge. . . . Use 29, Ted. . . . Nice work, Donley, that'll take him. . . . More pep out there. . . . The papers said you were bums last year, laughed at you. Ah! Said you were bums."

Barney was warming them up. Ted felt it and liked it. It took old Barney to lift them out of the commonplace. Saturday he would have them young gods again; gladiators performing for the public. Barney would have them ready.

Big stuff. Ted loved the big stuff. More than a hundred thousand watching. Millions on the radio. Doing something worth while.

Ted was being warmed up. The squad was. Barney coming out in an ambulance every day—going back to bed—the football game of the year—God! the day to go—no favors. Just to get in there and go—outthink them, shoot the works—for the thrill of it.

For New Dominion; for Barney; for the folks at home— And for Ted.

Something born in him made him want to get in on the big stuff. Chicago.

Ted smacked his fist against the other palm. Nervous, waiting for the charge. The crowd was packed in.

A commotion at the door—Barney was wheeled in; past them and

into the small shower room, walking. "Come back here," Bob Walsh ordered.

They went back. Barney was holding a telegram in his hand. After awhile he talked. His voice was strong.

"A telegram from Jack Gurley—a teammate of mine who has been sick for a long time.

"Sorry I can't be with you today [he says], but know the boys will win. I'll be with you next year."

Barney hesitated, shouted: "He won't be with us next year. The man is dying."

"But he's not dying gamely—he's fighting to live. He's got that old winning spirit that goes out and wins—wins—wins."

Look at Barney's face. Pouring himself out, taking chances, shooting the works. Putting his body on the rack, because he hated to lose.

The old New Dominion spirit Jack Gurley, Barney Mack, Harry Hulbert. Hate to lose, don't die gamely—to hell with dying and losing.

Fight to win. "Go out there and crack 'em. Crack 'em. Crack 'em."

A roar and they were gone. Barney was limping on the cot; the doctor was working on him.

But when they wheeled him to the bench he was sitting upright. The greatest crowd in the history of the sport cheering its greatest man come to the wars—the high spot of his career—in an ambulance. Coming to win. You're dars right, Barney.

Big stuff. Let's go, California. Barney started his first string line and second backfield. Paw dropped. Sauners, returning the kickoff, on the Trojan twenty-eight yard line. The team lined up.

Linemen eyed each other—strange gladiators from the east and west who were soon to become very well acquainted.

Ted, sitting on the sidelines with Barney, was stunned. On the first play, Snively, Stone's substitute came in fast, checking the Trojans power play after two yards.

Then, it happened. Another play swung toward the end—but developed into a pass down the center to Apitt who was unbelievably uncovered, made the catch and rambled to the goal for a touchdown.

"Whose man was that?" Barney asked quickly as the stands riled. "Snively," Bob Walsh replied after nervously catching Apitt's number.

Snively came walking to the side line with Pat. His right eye was swollen tight.

"He can't see," Pat cried. Snively was holding his head. Stone was spotting Southern Cal a touchdown was murderous. . . . Big tanned fellows in white jerseys. The country's leading scorers. . . . Starting their scrimmage with an unusual shift.

Coming out of the huddle the center went over the ball and eight men stood in a line a yard back—two of them were backs—where the backs stood tipped off the play—Pat's job was to periscope the backs and call the defensive signal.

Pat was doing it. The line was holding them. Stone knocked down a pass. . . . Clark brought back the punt. . . . Stone and the second stringers made a first down.

(To Be Continued)

Blessed are They Who Don't Know When They are Being 'High-Hatted'

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

O H well, a period of depression to folks who enjoy telling their troubles to other folks as the majority of us do, has its redeeming features.

Bill Sniggle has a hurt foot. The doc' says he won't be able to walk on it for a month or two. So many hopping days till Christmas for Bill.

One of the sights of Salem is the First National Bank building with all its lights shining in the early darkness of a wet evening.

I once lived neighbors to a burglar and his family. Fine neighbors. Minded their own business, which neighbors, even those with good intentions, do not always do.

Almost any old-time resident of Salem will tell you the old town ain't what it used to be. Some pride in his voice, some sadness. Salem has become a city. Strangers everywhere. Takes a heap longer to find somebody to crack the old jokes with than once it did.

Will Rogers in "Down to Earth" drew well at the Grand theatre early in the week. The biggest Sunday business at this house since "Daddy Longlegs."

A great many references to the rain have been heard during the week. Most of such references were repetitions. Which was quite all right. The rain itself is somewhat of a repetition.

Last week we chortled blithely "We shall see." This week we chortle "We have seen," some blithely, others not blithely. And the government at Washington still lives.

We landslide 'em in and we landslide 'em out again.

Tim Duffy was kicked down two flights of boarding house stairs onto the sidewalk. He picked himself up and cheerfully dusted himself off. "Fines," he said; "I've been rakin' me brains for two weeks for a way of severin' relations with the place gracefully."

Sim Timmins was preparing for bed when a button came off his night garment. Sim placed the button on the bedside stand with



D. H. TALMADGE

his digestive tablets and a glass of water. In the night he felt a misery in his stomach and reached for a digestive tablet. He swallowed the button with a gulp of water. After which, much relieved, he fell peacefully asleep.

Thus far—and it has not been always so—I have met no one any party who appears really crushed by the result of Tuesday's national balloting.

And, anyhow, if the new doctor, or the prospect of a new doctor, succeeds in putting the patient into a more hopeful and cheerful frame of mind it will be something.

Now and then we see a rare character who, when he is "high-hatted", is oblivious of it—so far as any party who appears really crushed by the result of Tuesday's national balloting.

It is a waste of time to attempt to convince a man named (for instance) Smythe that his name is really Smythe. If Smythe says his name is Smythe, Smythe it is. To this extent he is the court of last resort.

Early Days In Oregon

Collected by H. C. Porter of Astoria from the Oregon Farmer.

Indian Difficulty The following is a copy of a letter from Mr. Bensell, who accompanied Indian Agent Collins down the coast to Chetco to capture the runaway Indians.

"PORT ORFORD, Aug. 26th, 1887.—B. Simpson—Dear Sir: I am worn out, Copeland is almost dead with exhaustion, and Collins was given up for dead until 9 o'clock this morning. Yesterday Collins told me to go ahead to this place and write a letter to Huntington, which I did, embodying the substance of Collins' instructions therein.

"Copeland and Collins started in the morning with thirty Indians, nine bucks shackled, and two loose ones with Collins behind. Copeland was ahead with thirty one squaws and small boys.

"Copeland took a wrong trail over the mountains, while Collins continued along the beach with the Indians prisoners. He was behind them and dismounted, was leading his horse up the hill. When he was about half-way up the hill, on a small flat, the Indians had stopped while he was pulling off his coat; the whole pack swung around him, knocking him down, and before he could get his pistol leveled, they bound him hand and foot, took the shackles from him, unlocked themselves, took everything they could, and started after Copeland, saying they would kill him and return and finish Collins. Before leaving him, they tied ropes about his elbows and above his knees, put his hands behind him with shackles on them.

"While they were away Collins

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

OF ALL THE contagious diseases of childhood, scarlet fever is the one most feared. It is a dreaded ailment because of its possible complications.

Parents ask questions regarding it. I have received many requests for information concerning the value of serums and vaccines in the treatment and prevention of scarlet fever.

We are indebted to Doctors Decham and Dick, whose brilliant work has awakened the hope of a cure and prevention of this disease. These scientists have developed the so-called "scarlet fever anti-toxin."

Though this toxin is not successful in all cases, it appears to be of tremendous value in the majority of instances. It is injected into the vein of the sufferer and aids in preventing complications. Five thousand "units" of the anti-toxin serum are injected into the vein. If injected into the muscles, ten thousand units are necessary. Your doctor will attend to this.

The vaccine is administered to children who are found susceptible to scarlet fever. This is determined by the "Dick Test." The Dick test is similar to the "Schick Test," used to determine a child's susceptibility to diphtheria.

If the Dick test causes a skin re-

action, it is called "positive." This means that if the child is exposed to scarlet fever, he will contract the disease.

The scarlet fever vaccine is given only to children who show positive reaction to the Dick test. Four or five doses of the vaccine are given at weekly intervals. In the great majority of children receiving these injections, protection is given against scarlet fever and this lasts for at least one year.

Many mothers object to this form of vaccination because they fear their children will suffer pain and discomfort. The discomfort suffered is negligible compared to the danger of scarlet fever. We must not be too soft hearted in such matters.

To prevent discomfort, apply wet dressings of boracic acid solution to the arm. No serious reactions have been reported after the use of this vaccine.

Please bear in mind that scarlet fever is a contagious and serious disease. The heart, kidneys and other vital organs of the body may become involved and permanent disabilities result.

Every precaution should be taken to isolate a scarlet fever patient. Great care must be taken to guard the baby and other young members of the household from the germs of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases.

Program has been made in the treatment and relief of scarlet fever, but unfortunately the number of sufferers is entirely too large. If you live in a community where scarlet fever is prevalent, take advantage of this vaccine against the disease. Consult with your physician or call at the public health station. You will be given advice and instruction.

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Dr. Copeland

Daily Thought

"As I look back over my fifty years of business life, I cannot understand the whole thing. All I can do is wonder how it all happened. Here I am, a not over-good business man, a second-rate engineer. Luck, opportunity, chance—call it what you will—there is something that gives some men more than an even break."

Charles M. Schwab.