

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Stays Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Over the Mountains

THERE is a great deal more to the Pacific Northwest than the Willamette valley, although those who have lived here for three generations seem to ignore the fact. It is easy to let the mountains which border this belt of farmland and woodland circumscribe also the mental outlook of the inhabitants. Over the Cascades is another great empire, extending north and south of the Columbia river, an empire vast in extent and great in its resources of land, of climate and of people. Those who live on this side of the range should visit the inland country more frequently. They should see that region where big things are done in a big way by big men. Nature was not as gentle on the other side of the range and men have had to grapple more strenuously to build their farms, their orchards, their homes, their schools, their cities. Having lived on both sides of the mountains, this writer has a pretty good working knowledge of conditions in both sections; and we refresh it with occasional trips into the interior. Just now we are back from an 800-mile loop trip which touched important grain, stock, and fruit producing sections of the inland empire. Blessed with good weather the trip was a highly enjoyable one; and it is particularly satisfying to find that the people visited are far more optimistic than a year ago. There have been many business casualties there, but the majority are hanging on and facing the future hopefully.

Our route lay up the Columbia river highway to Umatilla, thence over the new short cut road which follows the Columbia to Wallula. This stretch of 27 miles is almost a perfect highway as to grade and curvature. It is scenic too, hanging as it does to the stern basaltic palisades of the Wallula gap. At Wallula we turned east to Walla Walla.

Wheat, mountains of it, has accumulated along the railroad sidings. Warehouses are bulging. Piles of sacked wheat lie outside. Some farmers have had to store their wheat on their farms for lack of space in the regular warehouses. This tells the story of the year's crop, which overcame the misfortune of a freeze-out of nearly all the fall-seeded wheat. It tells the story also of the marketing problem for the big surplus which the breadbasket of eastern Washington and northeastern Oregon annually produces. Wheat farmers are signing up the allotment plan very generally; but most of them have their tongues in their cheeks while doing it; and eye the whole proceeding with a side glance. It is a terrific wrench to their individual independence. They do see their wheat surplus however; and are intensely interested in the government plan to move out 40,000,000 bushels of the surplus which now overflows the granaries.

There are always new roads to find, if one looks for them; and new roads always give new experiences. We had them in crossing from the Palouse country to the Big Bend country. This is a scab land country, useful only for grazing. Roads wind around the potholes and lava outcrops with scant sense of direction; and when one gets on the wrong road as we did, and has some fifteen miles more of it than expected, he is more appreciative of the improved roads which serve the inhabited sections quite completely now.

Another new route we used was from the wheat belt across the central Washington desert, over the White Bluffs ferry and through the sage-covered hills into the paradise of the Yakima valley. Nowhere could one find a sharper contrast than the green of the irrigated fields and the barren waste of the desert which hems them in.

This was our first motor trip through the Yakima valley in nearly fifteen years. It is a great country, and at this season a very busy country. Apple-picking is in progress; and the finishing touches are being put to other harvests,—hay and vegetables and hops. Moxee is a hop district. Fields there are concentrated in a small area, instead of scattered about as they are in this valley. At Moxee many new fields are being set out under the stimulus of high prices and return of legalized beer. Yakima hops are not as favorably regarded as those grown here; but growers there have advantages of freedom from damp weather in the growing season and the picking season. They were not free from pests of labor agitators as the stockade at the Yakima county jail and the "No trespass" notices about the hop fields testified.

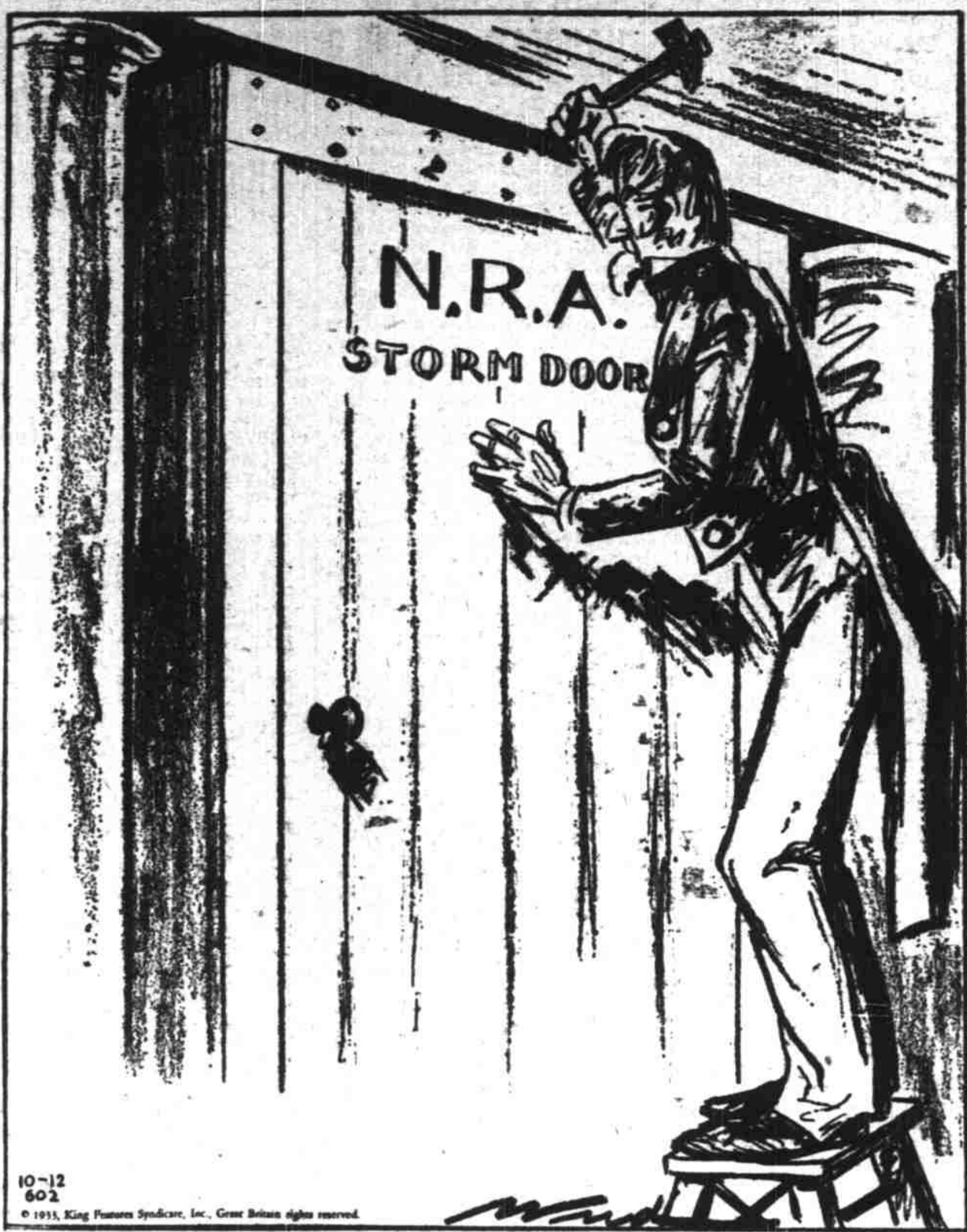
We had one other purpose in traveling to Yakima, besides seeing that fruitful valley. That was to pay a fraternal call on Col. W. W. Robertson, editor of the Yakima Republic; one of the few editors who speaks his mind and also has a mind. The colonel presides like an elder sage over the destinies of his paper which is as much an institution in the Yakima country as the Northern Pacific railroad or the "Big Y" on a box of apples. Just at present he is endeavoring to preserve a philosophic calm as he views another "new deal," one of many he has seen unfold and pass into the limbo in the long span of his editorial experience.

The new road we had picked for returning was the recently completed Satus highway. Another new and grand road from Yakima is the Naches highway to Tacoma, with a spur into Sunrise park on Mt. Rainier; but we are saying that for another time. The Satus highway goes from Toppenish across the Indian reservation (again one notes a contrast between the highly improved ranches of the whites and the patchy hayfields of the reservation); climbs the rim wall of the valley, and keeps on climbing up the Satus creek canyon.

The road is strikingly beautiful at this season. The hills are bare in the lower stretches, but the brush along the creek is turning to the varied colors of autumn. At higher altitudes the scrub trees of the hillsides appear in their fall colors; and finally one gets into the pine woods at the summit of the Horseheaven hills. Cutting through the ridge one drops swiftly down the Klickitat canyon on a corkscrew road to Lyle on the Columbia river.

Washington has been working for years on the North Bank highway. This was our first time over it. From Cook to Vancouver the road is completed and it is a wonderful highway. It is wider and straighter than the Oregon road up the river. We could not compare its scenic effects because darkness caught us before we came out of Horseheaven. We concluded there was no need for Oregon to take Sen. Joe Dunne's recommendation to issue a million dollars in bonds to build a new road to Bonneville, because the road is already

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?



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

NOT LONG ago I wrote on the subject of gas poisoning. It was pointed out that many serious cases of gas poisoning could be traced to



Dr. Copeland

leaky coal and gas stoves, gas tubing, gas jets and defective flues. I suggested that this danger could be prevented by the timely inspection of stoves and pipes and the prompt repair of all defective parts. It was stated that gas poisoning is caused by the inhalation of a deadly gas called carbon monoxide. This is found in combination with natural gas, coal gas, illuminating gas and in the exhaust of gasoline motors. I described how rapidly this gas attacked the human body. It is distressing to learn that deaths from this cause exceed all other deaths from poisons combined.

Deadly Monoxide Gas
Serious and fatal cases of carbon monoxide poisoning are often caused by the inhalation of the poisonous vapors from the exhaust of an automobile. It is said that sufficient poisonous gas is found in the exhaust of automobiles that travel on Fifth avenue to annihilate all of the inhabitants of Manhattan. But fortunately the gas is dispersed in the air and the poisonous effects are neutralized.

But when a motor is kept running indoors, as in a closed garage, the gas cannot escape. It will overcome all who come in contact with it. In most instances its inhalation leads to sudden death.
Many men like to staker with their

SCHOOL YEAR GETS OFF TO FINE START

PRINGLE, Oct. 11.—The Pringle school opened with an enrollment of 53 pupils, 34 boys and 19 girls. Clara H. Rees is again principal and Lillian Geiger is the new primary teacher.
The Pringle booster club, composed of the pupils in Mrs. Rees' room, elected these officers: President, Curtis Emery; vice-president, Roger Penney; secretary, Lorene Propst; captain of the in-door first team, Clayton Baldinger; captain of the second team, Roger Penney. The president appointed these committees: Room, Mary Alice Jones and Buddy Ramey; grounds, Walter Ramsey, Rex Grabenhorst, Douglas Gordenier, Waldo Clark, Eugene Martin; conduct, Jeanne Sweet and Lloyd Sweet.
Charles Van Cleave, a member

of the sixth grade class, was operated on for appendicitis last week. He is at the Deaconess hospital.

Teacher Reception At Hubbard Monday Sponsored by Clubs

HUBBARD, Oct. 11.—The various organizations will entertain the teachers at a reception Monday night at the city hall. The address is directed by Mrs. A. F. de Lespinaise and Mrs. George Grimps representing the Woman's club, Mrs. E. U. Anderson and Mrs. Neva McKenzie, representing the Guild; Mrs. George Lettler and Miss Orva Barrett, representing the Pythian Sisters; Mrs. Ida Carlson and Mrs. R. C. Painter, representing the Rebekahs; Mrs. Alice Weaver and Mrs. Susie Ott, the Pink Lavender club.
A varied program will be given, concluded by an old-fashioned spelling match. Refreshments will be served.

built,—on the Washington side of the river. That road and our own road will be able to handle the traffic.

The extension of this North Bank highway offers fine opportunities for loop trips of varying lengths. One may make a loop by Hood River and the Bonneville dam; or by Pasco and the Yakima valley. And there is no better time of year than in this fine October sunshine to make a journey into the interior.

One picture that will stay with us for some time is that of a spray of sumac, its leaves dipped in scarlet, against a curtain of light green willows along a stream in the Yakima valley. Another is the silhouette of Mt. Hood against the evening sky, from the hills above Goldendale.

To conclude as we began,—denizens of the Willamette valley should emulate the bear who went over (or around) the mountain "to see what he could see."

"THAT'S MY BOY" By FRANCIS WALLACE

SYNOPSIS

The colorful career of "Big Jeff" Randolph, now a national football hero, has been traced from his humble home in tiny Athens, a mid-west factory town, through high school gridiron stardom that made him a magnet for scouts from big colleges and through two years of backfield glory as a superstar at Thorndyke, rich and historic eastern university. He's the idol of freedom, the pet of society, the envy of back-home neighbors, and "my boy" to his adoring Mom and Pop. To the former, he's still her little Tommy and to father well Tom's manner and clothes annoy the veteran glassworker who secretly, however, rates his boy on a par with Pop's supreme political favorite, Al Smith. Before Thorndyke had put a high hat sort of hale on him, Tommy's best girl was Dorothy Whitney, daughter of the richest and most important citizen in Athens. But in New York, Tommy has met Elaine Winthrop, society artist and daughter of a Wall Street magnate. Tommy spends most of the summer as a student at a boys' camp and becomes greater than ever in the early season games of his senior year. . . . Everyone's talk is of Thorndyke's coming game with "the Yales." . . . Times are getting hard, but Mom doesn't worry much about Tommy, thinking of Elaine and her Wall Street father; she also thinks of Dorothy.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Sometimes Mom couldn't help wondering about Dorothy and if she wasn't sorry she had been so snippy. She and Tommy weren't exactly mad; they spoke and all that; but he hadn't gone to see her when he was home in the summer. Cousin Emory said they had run into each other one night at the Sugar Bowl and had talked real nice but were kind of strange like each one was afraid to take the lead. Mom couldn't say anything against Dorothy herself; she was always real nice with Mom and was certainly a pretty girl and always came home with the latest styles from over east; and she had a crowd around her house all the time although they said she was still going steady with the boy from Smithville. Mom saw him with her one night. He was all right enough but was kind of short and stumpy-like. Mom liked big men. Like Pop—and Charlie Whitney. Uncle Louie was kind of thin and scrawny and was getting hump-backed. Pat Flannigan and even Cousin Emory's man were big, too. Mrs. Johnson's Hen was just so-so—but any of them were better than the banty rooster across the street.

were off-side twice and Thorndyke was in Ell territory without halting. Luck continued with the Pilgrims. Tommy made six yards at center and an incomplete pass was ruled complete because of interference for a first down on the 28-yard line.
Yale was flustered and indecisive now. The Thorndyke attack clicked. Randolph and Barton alternated, carried the ball to the seven-yard line as the Pilgrim stands roared. With fourth and two to go, Tommy pounded through the middle for five yards and a first down on the three-yard line.
"What was that about the Bulldog?" Charlie asked.
Jerry shook his head. Dorothy almost believed he wanted Yale to win. Dorothy didn't care much—but it was Tommy's last game.
"Touchdown!" the Pilgrim crowd called loudly.
Tommy bowed into the line. It piled up. The white-shirted referee piled into the crowd, came up with the ball, waved his arm frantically toward the Thorndyke goal. It was Yale's ball.
"Humm—Tom's not a fumbler—" Charlie Whitney said.
Harlow kicked out on the first down. Barton returned 24 yards, diagonally, for a first down on the 16-yard line.
"Well, I'll get it now," Charlie said confidently.
But they didn't get it. In four plays Randolph and Barton gained nine yards. Yale's ball again.
"And that," said Jerry Randall, "is what the sport writers refer to as the great Blue wall."
Charlie said nothing. Dorothy felt he was slightly annoyed at Jerry's attitude toward his own team. She was slightly annoyed herself.

This time Harlow didn't kick at once—he faked a kick and ran nine yards around the end. Working to get out of the hole the Yale quarterback mixed his plays cleverly—even tried a short pass deep in his own territory—and he moved his team up to the 40-yard line before he had to punt. It was a good punt. Harlow kicked and bounded outside on the Thorndyke 17-yard line. The period ended.
"Well!" Charlie Whitney mused. "Did I say this was going to be a football game?"
Neither side could gain effectively. The Yale line, encouraged by its two stands at the goal stripe, threw back the Pilgrim forwards and pounced upon Randolph before he could get started. The stalwart Thorndyke line was equally stubborn on defense. Then Harlow was hurried, got off a short punt and Thorndyke had first down on the Yale 42.

"Now we'll go—come on, Tom!" Charlie called.
Tom tried. He made eight yards in three plays. He had to kick and it was out on the 18-yard line. Harlow tried two plays but was stopped—and punted to midfield.
This time Barton gambled. He faked an end run and then threw a long pass down the middle; Randolph was leading it and started back to catch the ball—but Verger, Eli halfback, came across the field, beat Tom to it with a leaping catch and Yale was again out of the hole with first down on its 33-yard line.
In three plays the vibrant Bulldogs had a first down in midfield but a penalty threw them back to their 25. Then Harlow got off a long, bounding punt that rolled to the sideline, away from Barton, and out of bounds on the Pilgrim 23-yard line.
"I told you the Bulldog was mad," Jerry observed.
Again Barton gambled—he called a quick kick from running formation; but Verger, smelling the play, darted back, caught it on the fly and prevented the roll which is the virtue of the play—and Yale had

first down on its 44. In three plays they were in Pilgrim territory; then Harlow kicked out of bounds on the Thorndyke 12-yard line.
"And so," observed Jerry, "our backs are to the wall."
"You seem to like it," Dorothy observed.
"No—but I can't seem to work up much of a passion against this threat to the fair name of dear old Thorndyke."
Barton tried a running play to get out of the hole but fumbled; Randolph recovered on the nine-yard line. This time he punted high and far to the Yale 48.
"Good boy, Tom!" Charlie said quietly. Dorothy wanted to pat his hand. She felt grateful to Tom Randolph for the moment—in a manner he was pinch-hitting for her. Regardless of what he really thought, it was plain to Dorothy that, in his secret heart, that was Charlie Whitney's son out there on the field.
"Come on, Tommy!" she called.
But Tommy got no chance. Yale suddenly threw off its fetters and got hot. A 12-yard gain by Verger; a 23-yard pass on first down. Football Tommy Randolph himself; twoing Tommy Randolph himself; twoing yards; seven yards in a twisting dash by Elmer Verger again for five and a first down on the four-yard line; no gain and a fervent Thorndyke cheer—then the center of the line opened and Harlow bounced far into the end zone for a touchdown.
Appalled by the suddenness of it, Dorothy said nothing. Jerry's pursed lips were hard to fathom. Charlie was somewhat bewildered and a bit downcast. Dorothy had never seen much emotion in her father in the normal course of life. It was a bit odd that it took a football game and one of his employer's children to make her feel pity for her Dad.

Tommy was lined up under the goal post.
It was, Dorothy realized, the first time she had ever caught him in an attitude of defeat.
Tommy was straining against it; fighting mad; talking to his men. The whistle blew and they swarmed out to block the kick but it went over their up-stretched arms. The score was Yale 7, Thorndyke 0.
"Well," said Dorothy, "have you worked up any passion yet?"
She was half-inclined to pounce upon him; Jerry was entirely too faithful to the college tradition of nonchalance; there were times when even a gentleman must be stirred. "I feel inkles," he confessed.
"After a few—"
In a very few minutes Jerry felt more than inkles. Harlow kicked off over the end zone. Thorndyke put the ball in play on the 20-yard line—and on the first play the zinging Yale linemen crashed through the Thorndyke line as through wet blotting paper and nailed Tom for a nine-yard loss. There was nothing to do but punt. Tom placed his men for protection; dropped far back and, though hurried by the uproarious Bulldogs, got off a high kick to the Thorndyke 43-yard line.
There the snaky Verger caught it, seemed trapped by the two Thorndyke ends but eluded them and was off through the filtered field on a ricocheting course that quickly brought him past the nine Thorndyke men who had gone down under the punt; only Barton, the last blocker, and Tom Randolph were in his path—He skimmed by Barton with the speed of a nervous eel. Randolph got him from the side and barely held to his toe as the slippery Eli wriggled. He had returned 32 yards to the 12-yard line. Another touchdown seemed imminent.

The teams lined up—but before the ball could be passed the gun sounded which ended the half.

(To Be Continued)
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Yesterdays

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

October 12, 1908
Williamette university gridder defeated by Multnomah Athletic club, 9 to 0 at Portland; Salem high school team defeated by Hill Military academy 10 to 0—Krebs playing great defensive game at end, Clifford Farmer at quarterback, Richardson and Parsons at halfback positions.

DETROIT—Detroit Tigers even score in world series by defeating Chicago Cubs 8 to 3.

LONG ISLAND—Herbert Lytle drives Italian car 234 miles at average speed of 64.25 miles per hour, breaking United States speed record.

October 12, 1923
MEDFORD—Engineer, fireman and mail clerk slain by bandits who held up Southern Pacific train south of Siskiyou; brakeman and two passengers injured; mail car left tangled mass of ruins by fire; no loot obtained; express car doors forced by dynamite; national guard units called out, posses scouring mountains.

NEW YORK—Driving out two home runs in two successive innings, Babe Ruth rolls up Yankee score to defeat Giants in second world series game.

DALLAS — County Assessor Fred J. Holman reports assessed valuation of Polk county for 1923 is \$12,469,950.

MISSOURI WOMAN COMES FOR WINTER

HAZEL GREEN, Oct. 11.—Miss Elizabeth Kirkpatrick of Kansas City, Missouri, has arrived to spend the winter with daughters Mrs. W. G. Davis of this place and Mrs. Peyton of Salem. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was a pioneer in Oklahoma. She spends her summers here and winters in Florida with her son, LeRoy Kirkpatrick.
Marion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wampler, had her hand hurt severely playing on the school ground. The children were rolling logs to make a playhouse.
Correcting an item which appeared recently: A. T. VanCleave harvested 77 tons of prunes from 10 acres and not 11 tons as the paper said.
Mrs. Jennie Crowe is visiting Mrs. Henry Eagle a niece, at La Comb. Mrs. Crowe came recently from Moscow, Idaho, to make her home with son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. VanCleave.

MISSION SOCIETY TO RALLY SHORTLY

MONMOUTH, Oct. 11.—The Women's Missionary society of the Evangelical church group will hold its semi-annual rally at Monmouth October 26 with an all-day meeting and basket dinner at noon. Eighteen churches make up the district organization.
Carl Helmmler of Portland, district superintendent, will conduct a query hour. Mrs. Helmmler, president of Oregon-Washington missionary societies of the church, will attend.
Mrs. Paul Pettit of Corvallis, president of Young People's missionary societies of Oregon will speak; and Miss Stocker, a missionary, on foreign work.

"Well," said Jerry Randall, "it's the Kid's last game."
"How about the Tournament of Roses?" Charlie Whitney asked.
"No roses—I have a feeling that the Bulldog is mad."
"It'll be a football game," Charlie agreed.

It was—although at the beginning it looked like another personally conducted tour of triumph led by the great Jeff Randolph.
Randolph kicked off and went down to tackle Harlow on the 12-yard line. In two plays Harlow made five yards and then kicked to Barton, the Thorndyke quarterback, who was downed on his 40-yard line, in attacking territory, however.

"Now—let's go," Charlie called. Dorothy gazed at him fondly. Her Dad was a boy again at these games; for this much was she thankful to Tommy Randolph.
The attack was slow starting. Yale linemen piled up two plays; then they became too anxious and

speak. Music will be directed by Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Pools of Monmouth. Miss Frances Snyder, district leader, will preside; and the Monmouth group will present a topic pageant.

RETURNS FROM HUNT

HAZEL GREEN, Oct. 11.—Peter Hashebacher has returned from a successful deer hunt in Rogue River mountains out from Glendale. Mr. Hashebacher went with his brother, Fred Hashebacher Jr., who lives at Roseburg.

MRS. KINCADE VISITS

LYONS, Oct. 11.—The Fox Valley parent-teacher association held the first meeting for the year Friday night at the school. John Hadley Hobson gave a very interesting talk on his recent trip to St. Louis and Chicago.

"First Ladies" of Philippines



An interesting picture of the "First Lady" of the Philippine Islands, Mrs. William Taft, sister and official hostess of Governor General Frank Murphy, and Miss Eugencia Loconico (right), Philippine beauty. Mrs. Loconico recently was selected as "Miss Philippines" to preside over a carnival in Manila.

PARENT-TEACHERS MEET

LYONS, Oct. 11.—The Fox Valley parent-teacher association held the first meeting for the year Friday night at the school. John Hadley Hobson gave a very interesting talk on his recent trip to St. Louis and Chicago.

RELIEF WORKER IS SPEAKER AT CLUB

TURNER, Oct. 11.—Turner community club met Monday night with the usual full house. Wallace Riches presided in the absence of the president and vice-president, Mrs. Helen E. Hamilton of the Marion county relief set-up, made announcements concerning the future relief work, also giving the names of the local committee: J. E. Whitehead, Sr., chairman, E. S. Prather and Mrs. E. C. Beer. They have asked the following persons to act, each for their vicinity: Mrs. Ivan Hadley, Mrs. W. C. Morris, Mrs. D. B. Parks, Mrs. Gertrude Barnett, Mrs. Nellie Hamilton, Mrs. J. G. Greenle, Mrs. D. S. Riches, Mrs. Carl Williams, Mrs. J. E. Whitehead, Jr., and Mrs. Thomas Little, representing the grange.

Mrs. S. A. Riches, program chairman, made announcements concerning the programs for the next two months. The November program will be put on by the grange. The evening's program was announced by Miss Helen Jeets: piano duet, Ruth and Fernal Gilstrap; trio, Helen and Helena Witzel, Lois Versteeg; piano solo, Miss Mary Miller; piano duet, Lois Gunning and Kathleen Sparks; dialogue by Maxine Versteeg and Jess Goodwin; vocal solo, Mrs. Louis Honnies, with Mrs. Ivan Hadley piano accompanist; readings, J. G. McCune; recitation, Betty Peets, vocal solo, Miss Mildred Bones, with Miss Ruth Gilstrap, accompanist; piano - logue, Fernal Gilstrap; skit, "Courtship Under Difficulties," Rachel Riches, Kathleen Sparks and LaVerna Whitehead; instrumental music by Norman Whitehead and Kenneth Barber, with Mrs. Lee Barber at the piano.

MRS. TREEL RECOVERING

HAYSVILLE, Oct. 10.—Mrs. Burr Treel, confined, operated on at the Salem General hospital Tuesday, is reported as doing nicely.