

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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Over Hasty Judgments
Reveal No "Insight"
By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Let us not be over-hasty in our judgments. The man who seems about to have a fit may be troubled with nothing more serious than a hair in his mouth.
It may be accepted as a general rule, I think, that only bad neighbors have had neighbors.



Caesarism Rampant
A SHIVER runs through Europe as Germany withdraws from the disarmament conference and from the league of nations. It is the shiver of dread of war whose outbreak was perilously near last spring and averted at the time only by Pres. Roosevelt's dramatic appeal.

The world sees a revival of Caesarism. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Pilsudski, Dollfuss are all dictators. Each eyes other nations with envy or hatred. Each girds himself with weapons. Fear, the mother of modern war, gestates in Europe again. The outlook is dismal.

Were it not for the Prussian militaristic revival seen in Hitlerism we would say that Germany is dead right in demanding either arms equality or compliance with the terms of the treaty of Versailles by the victor powers.

If we did not have such complete information of the militaristic policy of Hitler we might rely on the belief that no European power would welcome a renewal of the mad carnage which enveloped Europe. But the march, march, march of German footsoldiers, and every other move under Hitler shows the building up of the war spirit.

Only one thing seems certain (and perhaps we should not be too sure of that) if war does break out again in Europe this country will not again play the Sir Galahad to make the world "safe for democracy".

The Recall on Meier
SOMEBODY with a grouch on the governor has started a recall. It makes us weep with laughter. The pro-recallers are the ones who beat the tom-toms for Meier under the slogan "clean out the state house".

Meier's chief trouble is absenteeism and pubescent peevishness. If he would grow up and stay on the job he could accomplish a great deal for the state. As it is he stays in Portland, rows like a juvenile with his associates, and so far as state affairs go, lets "the old cat die" as the children say.

A Preacher on AAA
A PREACHER back at a church convention in Columbus, had the following to say with reference to the AAA program of destruction of crops and swine:

"Christ would condemn to the same burning torment to which he condemned the famous rich man, every farmer who burns the surplus of his granaries; every planter who plants to plow under for gain; every breeder who slaughters to create hunger; every dairyman hijacker who pours into the ditch or sewer milk undernourished children need."

That impresses us as a funny brand of religion. Because a man plows under a row of corn when men are hungry, a merciful deity consigns him to "burning torment"! Our humble opinion is that the plowing under policy is neither wise nor ethical; but we are not ready to send Sec. Wallace to hell for it.

Upriver cities have been holding out against sewage disposal plants on the ground that it was a racket, promoted by vendors of patented devices like septic tanks. The plans of the engineers now working on the projects should show them that their fears are not substantiated. Primary treatment plants only are being recommended for the larger cities. These serve to save the river from undue pollution, and at the same time hold down the cost. Upriver cities may back but eventually they will have to fall in line, not to line the pockets of promoters, but to clean up the river.

The labor federation is announcing a boycott on German goods because they do not like the Nazi government. We do not like it either; but we abhor the idea of the boycott idea in NRA and now want to protest against the labor union boycott of German goods. There was a similar foolish idea against Japan a year ago. A boycott is mass pressure in which the innocent suffer with the guilty.

The Astorian-Budget thinks it is foolish to make Columbus day a holiday. An Astoria paper naturally would; but what about a Lett Erickson day? The country got along all right without a hurrah for Christo Colombo until the Italians arrived in numbers with voting power; then the legislators discovered another hero who could be used as a device to catch votes.

Daily Health Talks
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

carried to the sciatic nerve where they set up the inflammation. Infected teeth, gums, nasal sinuses, tonsils, gall-bladder, or appendix may be the seat of the disturbance. When the diseased organ is removed or properly treated, the inflammation of the sciatic nerve subsides. Occasionally sciatica can be traced to a constitutional disorder, such as diabetes or tuberculosis.
The Symptoms
The victim of sciatica first complains of a backache. The ache or pain soon travels downward along the course of the nerve. The pain is "shooting" in its nature and may extend from the buttocks to the thigh. In some cases it may even reach to the head.
Sciatic pain may be so severe as to completely incapacitate the sufferer. He becomes bedridden and even then contact with the bed clothes causes pain. The symptom is usually worse at night.
There are many drugs that relieve the pain, but none that will cure. Cure is only possible when the underlying cause is determined and removed. After this is accomplished complete recovery can be hastened by heat applications, massage and certain exercises. This treatment prevents shortening of the nerve and further disability.
Answers to Health Queries
Mrs. T. R. T. Q.—My husband is losing his beard in patches on both sides of his face. The trouble starts with a little water blister and then the hair comes out. There is no redness or roughness of the skin. He is strong and healthy. The spots seem to have increased in size lately. What would you advise?
A.—This may be due to ringworm. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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

October 15, 1908
No more patients suffering with communicable disease such as diphtheria to be cared for in city jail hereafter, reported; new city budget to include item for pest house.
DETROIT.—Beating Detroit, 2 to 0, Chicago wins world series in baseball; Detroit takes one game out of five.
Civic Discussion club organized by Salem young men with purpose of agitating for abatement of billboard nuisance in city. Robert Duncan named president, J. H. Lauterman vice-president, Dan Allen secretary, Max Gehlar treasurer, F. H. Heltzel censor, A. H. Gilie press correspondent.

"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 Thordyke, rich and historic eastern university. He's the idol of fandom, the pet of society, the envy of back-home neighbors, and "Pop" boy to his adoring Mom and Pop. To the former, he's still her little Tommy and to father, well—Tom's manners and clothes annoy the veteran glassworker who secretly, however, rates his boy on a par with Pop's supreme political favorite, Al Smith. Before Thordyke had put a high hat sort of halo 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. More glittering than ever was "Big Jeff" as a senior but in the final game on Thordyke's schedule, Yale gets a 14-0 lead in the third quarter. Capt. Randolph's Pilgrims seemed doomed when an Eli lineman calls "Jeff" an "old pro".... "Jeff" went berserk and Thordyke cut Eli's lead to 14-13.... Then, with less than two minutes to play, "Jeff" booted a field goal, the Pilgrims winning 16-14, thereby earning the right to play in the Tournament of Roses game in California the following New Year's Day. Mom is getting ready to hear that one on the radio....



Mom was humming "Rockaby Baby" when from the radio came the lineup announcement: "At fullback Big Jeff Randolph, outstanding player of the year.... Watch that All American baby go today!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE
Mom was putting around in the kitchen, really only putting in time until the broadcast started. She should have been lying down taking a nap but she had tried that and was so nervous she couldn't lie still. So she began setting the table for supper. It wouldn't be for three hours yet but it might as well be done as anything else.
Nobody else was in the house. Pete had gone back to his garage and Pop had gone to the corner garage where they had a big radio and he could be sure to hear good music had gone to the cigar store where he loafed and they had a good radio there, too. Mom was glad they didn't go to the same place because both of them would want the floor and they would be sure to make a show of themselves. They might as well have stayed home, though, because Mrs. Farrell had her new radio turned on so loud you couldn't hear anything else in the neighborhood. Her Jole was sure she had it turned too loud just to annoy her because all Mom had was the little set Pete built.
It did all right for local stations but there was something wrong with the aerial or something and Pete had spent all morning tinkering around with it so there wouldn't be so much static. Mom thought it was the street cars which made it buzz so much and everytime a freight train went over the bridge it was the same. Mom wasn't interested in the fine points of the game anyhow. She'd just listen and pay close attention whenever they mentioned Tommy's name....
The announcer was telling about all the floats and the parade that day. Mom thought it must be wonderful to be out there in the sunshine and among the grand mountains and flowers while everybody in the east was shivering—although Mom always liked to see it snow on Christmas and New Year's. They had had a good Christmas except that Tommy hadn't been home again. The poor boy had to stay with his team and they had had Christmas dinner on the train. It had been hard without him but Mom was growing used to it. Tom-

my was a public figure with his name and picture wherever you looked and Mom just couldn't understand it and had given up trying. He was just a wonderful boy and she didn't understand how she had come to have him. She was just thankful to God.
Next Christmas he would be home and he would be making big money and would buy her a big radio—it was the first thing he was going to buy her, his letter had said. It had been a wonderful letter and it had come just as they had all sat down to Christmas dinner. Mom had kept it under her pillow ever since. The poor boy hadn't money to send her anything else but the best present he could give his mother was to let her know he was well and healthy and thought of her once in awhile even if she knew he was too busy to write very often.
Next Christmas he'd be home and they'd all be together again and all the hard work of putting him through school would be over and she could just sit back and take it easy with all the nice things he said he was going to buy her like electric washers and an auto and the radio and everything.
But that wasn't what Mom would really be enjoying. She'd really be enjoying sitting back and watching her boy make a man of himself. There was no telling what a boy like Tommy would do when you thought of the things he had done already.
There were the bands playing, so the game was about ready. Mom's nerves began to tingle and jump and she began to hum to herself to calm them down. She was humming the song she used to put Tommy to sleep with—
"Rockaby Baby On The Tree Top."
And here was that little curly-headed baby who had lain so quiet in her arms while she walked him about this very kitchen, way out there in sunny California with a big crowd of people watching and everybody in the country, Mom guessed, listening on the radio. She laughed while she cried and shook her head. He had always been a brave little fellow; even when Ole Lis had put the wish on him; and because he was brave she had put a good wish on him. Mom didn't like to believe in things like that because it was too much like the devil's work; but it was certainly strange to have Tommy grow up into such a great man when he was the only one Ole Lis had ever put a good wish on as far as Mom knew; and when there were so many things had happened to the ones she had put her wishes on. There was the lineup now, and at fullback Big Jeff Randolph the outstanding player of the year— and watch that all-American baby go today!
Mom's heart leaped and she had to sit down. This was why she had never gone to see Tommy play football, even in high school—it was too hard on her nerves and heart, she couldn't stand it. This was his last game and Mom, proud as she was of him, was glad. She would pray to God as she had never prayed before to keep him safe and sound and not let him get hurt today.
The game was on but there was such a jumble of the bands and the crowd cheering and the announcer's voice mixed in with it all that Mom couldn't understand very well. She wanted to hear everything and yet she didn't; when they said Tommy had the ball she was nervous until the play was over; so she just kept moving around the kitchen, doing this and that, always with her mind close to God, asking Him to look after her boy.
She thought she heard the door bell; then it did ring; and when Mom went to the door, thinking Pop or Uncle Louie had gotten mad at somebody and come home, it was little Jole Farrell.
"Mom thought maybe you'd like to come over and listen to the game on our radio," he said. He was smiling.
"Oh, I'm getting it all right," Mom said, "thank you, Jole, and tell your mother thanks."
"I knew you'd want to hear it and we've been having a little static so I thought maybe you might be having trouble. If you do, you'll come over, won't you Mrs. Randolph?"
"You bet I will, Jole—but I've been getting it just fine."
"Tom's playing a great game, isn't he?"
"He certainly is, Jole. Well, I'll get back, proud of him—well, I'll get back, proud of him—get."
(C) By Wallace
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Silverton Luther Units Represented At Circuit Session
SILVERTON, Oct. 14.—Large delegations, including choirs, will go from Trinity and Immanuel Lutheran churches Sunday for the final program of the Oregon circuit of Luther league, which opened in convention at Canby Friday. The local choirs will sing in unison with choirs from other Lutheran churches. Special numbers from the two Silverton congregations will also appear on the programs at Canby.
Jonas Byberg of Immanuel church at Silverton, is president of the circuit and will preside at the sessions. The Rev. O. G. Salveson is pastor of the host church.

AGED WOMAN INJURED
SILVERTON, Oct. 14.—Mrs. Sarah Jorgenson, past 80 years of age, sustained a fractured right arm and a injury to her knee when she fell on the basement floor of her home Tuesday night. Mrs. Jorgenson has just recently recovered from a broken left arm which she suffered three years ago. Mrs. Jorgenson's home is on East Hill.

REPORT OF CONDITION
LADD & BUSH, BANKERS
Salem, Oregon
At the close of business September 30, 1933
ASSETS
LIABILITIES
OFFICERS
A. N. BUSH, President
WM. S. WALTON, Vice President
ROY BURTON, Asst. Cashier
S. BUSH, Vice President
H. V. COMPTON, Asst. Cashier
L. P. ALDRICH, Cashier
C. M. COX, Asst. Cashier
GEO. H. RICHES, Asst. Cashier
JACOB FUHRER, Asst. Cashier
ROY NELSON, Asst. Vice President