

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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HEALTH
 By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOW 1932 is here! What are you going to do with it? There can be no doubt that New Year's Day should be more than a holiday. A part of it, surely, should be given to solving the health problem.

Do not fear. I shall not preach to you or at you. But I should be glad to give complete attention to nothing today about the importance of health.

Your education, influence and wealth will do you or the world little good if you become shattered in health.

You cannot be cheerful, content or good-natured if you suffer aches and pains.

You are not sane and sensible if you are absolutely heedless of your physical welfare.

You are unkind to your family and friends if you neglect your bodily welfare.

Can you quite sure the year just ended brought to me personally more shocks than I experienced in any previous year of my life. I refer to the number of sudden deaths among my acquaintances.

Sudden death is not an accident in the ordinary sense. An automobile collision, the striking of a wheel on a railway train, a slip on the ice—most of such accidents cannot be anticipated or prevented.

But death from Bright's disease, heart disease, tuberculosis, cancer and other serious ailments are preventable. In most instances early attention will give complete relief. On the other hand, if neglected, these diseases lead to sure disaster. Their ultimate effect is to shock and shatter the life of the victim.

Disease is not a savage, stalking its victim, setting on him suddenly, striking him down without warning of any sort. Almost without exception, the first evidences of fatal disease date back years before the disease is discovered. In fact, every ailment is curable in its first stage. By a change in the manner of living, by appropriate treatment, the otherwise inevitable result is avoided.

There is a mystery about how to escape the unhappy effects of disease. It is a discovery in the making. That is effected by a careful physical examination.

On this New Year's Day, always a day of resolutions, would you permit me to suggest one? Have a thorough examination made this year. It will save you not only your life but your money. It will tell you what you are doing to your body. It will tell you what you are doing to your family and friends. It will tell you what you are doing to your health.

Make this resolution on this New Year's Day. You may add years to your life. You may add years to your health. You may add years to your happiness.

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HERE'S HOW By EDSON

MONKEY JAZZ

ON WITH THE DANCE! COW BELLS OF DIFFERENT PITCH, HUNG ON SIMIANS' NECKS IN THE ZOO AT RACINE, WIS., FURNISH THE MUSIC

A RED 7 FT. LONG, 3 FT. WIDE, 2 FT. HIGH, IN THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, IS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. PRESIDENT AND UNCLE BOUGHT AND USED IT

TAKE PHOTOS IN THE DARK AN INFRARED RAY FILM. LATELY PATENTED IN U.S. NEEDS ABSOLUTELY NO LIGHT

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

The Mexican peons, grown tired of Pico Morales' oppression, await the word from "El Coyote," their masked protector, to overthrow him. Morales has enlisted the aid of the U. S. Cavalry to capture the notorious bandit. Ted Radcliffe, a young American, learns that Morales was responsible for his late father's ruin. Bob Harkness, Ted's friend, urges him not to make an enemy of Morales, as he has other plans. Ted is enamored of Morales' beautiful niece, Adela. At a fiesta, Jito, Morales' ward, jealous of Ted, challenges him to a wrestling match. Ted wins, and Adela, sensing Jito's hatred, exacts a promise from Ted never to fight with him. Morales informs Bob that his men will join in the search for "El Coyote" and that Jito has dedicated himself to kill the bandit. Adela tells Ted he must not let his lack of wealth keep him from love.

CHAPTER XX

The fragrance of her seemed very near, and for a moment all life seemed to wait breathless in expectancy. He took a half-step forward, watching the white arm that rose to her neck, and paused there. His own hand covered hers. He bent forward and his lips touched her trembling hand. For a fleeting instant he felt the touch of swift, lithe fingers in his hair. Abruptly she swerved away.

Silence for a time. At last he asked in a voice not yet grown steady: "What would you think if a penniless man like myself should tell you that he loved you?"

Adela turned with a half-sigh from the window. "I should think it very exciting," she whispered.

That night for Radcliffe was like a page torn from romance. The garden illuminated with a myriad tiny lanterns, had been thrown open, and since dusk the villagers streamed in and out, dancing on the flagstones to the music, laughing among the shadows, feasting and drinking, a constant flow of color and gaiety. It was their day of happiness, of rest from toil and from life's implacable demands, and they gave themselves whole-heartedly to the moment with its song and laughter.

A few Yaqui Indians, tall and unbending, stood in their blankets, watching the women dancing to the soft music, while their own long-haired stolid squaws squatted at cakes that Morales' servants offered them, silently accepting the offered treat.

"Straight, clean-limbed, untamed fellows, these Yaqui," Don Bob was saying. "These at least our host has brought under his thumb. Morales' reign ends with the foothills and his domination goes no farther than the docile, lowland people. There is something in the mountains that breeds freedom and impatience with servitude. The slaves of the world have always come from the lowlands."

But Ted wasn't listening. Instead he was watching Adela, who, in her role of hostess to the strangely assorted guests, moved quietly among them, giving the children little presents, giving gracious words to all. And always, as if she were something more than mortal, the hats of all the peons swept the dust before her, and the women as she passed reached out and reverently touched the fringe of her Spanish shawl. They followed her with their eyes, smiled when she smiled, each eager for a word or nod.

"How she is loved," Ted murmured.

Bob nodded. "With good reason. She loves them. If El Coyote only

A Prosperous Winter

FROM reports that come trickling in it is apparent that this is going to be the best winter in years for the knights of the road, the panhandlers, and the professional idlers. Cities and towns all along the way from Blaine to Tia Juana are set in high gear for the provision of creature comforts for those who travel by the jerk of a thumb or in lumbering box cars. The story of grim need has touched the hearts of well meaning citizens and the response has been such that there is no current depression among those whose major occupation in life is to dodge employment.

The other evening one of these gentlemen panhandlers made us a personal call. He insisted on a private audience, explained in detail his unfortunate plight, how eager he was to get some employment, professed experience in newspaper solicitation, told how extremely humiliating it was to be in such shortened circumstances, explained how he disliked to go and ask for charity at the regular institutions. Well, we thought to help him over the hump and offered him a chance at work enough to give him sustenance for a little time, gave him a coin for lodging and eats, with instructions to report the next morning. With profuse thanks and assurance that the advance would be repaid he departed; and he is still departed. For days have come and gone, but the man has not returned. In our experience they never do,—so we grieve but little, and the advance was not large so we are out but little.

Another story came to us from Seattle. A man was standing on a street corner and a fellow who seemed fairly well dressed approached and made the customary appeal for money for a bite to eat. The man he accosted was quick-witted and said: "Well I haven't been able to get anything either." The panhandler thinking he saw a brother in the same business said, "Well I've had pretty good luck; I've got \$13.00."

Still another story came to us of a Salem merchant driving up from southern Oregon. He picked up a hitchhiker who was northward bound. At Cottage Grove the Salem man stopped for a bite to eat and with brotherly kindness invited his passenger to have a sandwich and cup of coffee with him. The other refused, saying that he was receiving enough in being given the ride. He was back when the car started, and as they journeyed along became more confidential, finally disclosing the fact that he had an orchard in the south, but the going was tough so he was "working" his way from town to town along the highway as far as Vancouver. He "works" the towns, and said he had collected \$2.45 at Cottage Grove while the Salem man was eating his meal. Was it a hard winter? Well, not for this individual. His resourcefulness was proving equal to the "depression."

BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

"Now you tell one."

Is there any one, having read or heard Oregon history, who is not familiar with the peculiar character of the pioneer days known as "Black Harris"?

There was a well known gag in later days. You would be asked, "Do you know the three biggest liars in Oregon?" and if your derelict answer was in the negative, the reply would be, "Well -- is one of them, and -- -- is the other two." In Salem the same wheeze was current, with a local man for the first and another local man for the other two. The writer mentions no names, for the reason that descendants are well known and respected—and, besides, many bigger liars than the slandered persons employed the accusing ancient joke. But many old timers can supply the names.

But taller liars than any of them were heretofore in earlier times. They were the "Rocky mountain men" who settled in the valley after silk hats were invented and the fur trade pinched out. Talk of "losing your shirt," a modernized expression. They lost all their clothes; and towards the last they had nothing in that line to lose that would pass muster outside of a wild Indian camp.

Peter H. Burnett, in his famous "Recollections," wrote of these most stirring of all prevaricators in Oregon history. Quoting Burnett sketchily: "When we arrived in Oregon (with the Applegate train in 1843) we found there a number of Rocky mountain hunters and trappers, who were settled in the Willamette valley, most of them on the Tualatin plains (where Burnett himself took his land claim). . . . These trappers and hunters constituted a very peculiar class of men. They were kind and genial, brave and hospitable, and, in regard to serious matters, truthful and honest. There was no malice in them. They never made mischief between neighbor and neighbor. But most of them were given to exaggeration, when relating their Rocky mountain adventures. They seemed to claim the privilege of romance and fable when describing these scenes. As exceptions to this rule, I will mention Judge O. Russell . . . and Robert Newell. Their statements could be relied upon implicitly." (Russell was one of the provisional governors (member of second executive committee) of Oregon, and was afterwards prominent in El Dorado county, Cal. Newell's land claim was at Old Chamgo, and he was a leader in many ways in early Oregon.)

Quoting Burnett later along: "I knew, in Missouri, the celebrated 'Black Harris,' as he was familiarly called, and was frequently in his company. He perhaps invented the MOST EXTRAORDINARY stories of them all—and thereforeward he had no rival.

"He said that on one occasion he was hunting in the Rocky

mountains alone, and came in sight of what he supposed to be a beautiful grove of GREEN timber; but, when he approached it, he found it to be a petrified forest; and so SUDDEN had been the process of petrification, that the green leaves were all petrified, and the very birds that were then singing in the grove were also petrified in the act of singing, because their mouths were still open in the petrified state."

That story was told and retold many thousands of times around pioneer campfires and firesides. "Black Harris" was one of the principal characters of Moss's famous old-time novel, "The Prairie Flower." Though Harris had no rival in all the charmed circle of pioneer prevaricators, he performed many unselfish acts of high service in early Oregon—saved the lives of the mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfathers of some of the present leaders in our state and nation. More about him later on in this article—or series. His true name was Moses Harris.

Burnett related several of the famous stories of Joe Meek, probably entitled to second place in the roster of monument liars among the mountain men of early Oregon, who was the hero of the famous book "River of the West" by Oregon's greatest historian, at the time of her day. Joe told Burnett, circumstantially, on an occasion when he walked all the way and miles from Brown's Hole, a Rockies, headquarters of his horse party. One night, he said, his horse escaped—on he started home on foot; but he lost the lock on his gun, so he could kill no game. So he walked all the way and miles, and without anything to eat, except one thistle root, and he purged him like medicine, walked all the way, though towards the end of his journey he would often become blind, fall down and lose consciousness for some time; then recover and pursue his painful way; and at last he reached a point within five miles of camp, where a comrade happened to find him and gave him a ride the rest of the distance—and that the whole terrible trip of 400 miles, less 15, was made in eight days. Burnett said, not seeming to doubt his veracity, he inquired of Joe if he might not have made some slight mistake in time while he was unconscious—that 400 miles in eight days, with nothing at all to eat, and being physicked the extraordinary feat ever performed by man.

The passing year was swept out in swirls of snow, sleet and rain in the wide expanse between the Canadian border and the Texas panhandle. The storm ranged eastward from the Pacific coast to the Mississippi valley, leaving drifts as high as 25 feet in some sections of Idaho, blocking highways, grounding airplanes, endangering human life and catching livestock away from shelter. In some parts of western Nebraska snow was drifted over the house-tops.

The fury of the cold last night had reached far eastward into the Dakotas and Minnesota where communication lines were broken by sleet driven by heavy winds. The extreme western section experienced moderate weather, sun having replaced rain in parts of California.

But his brother, Stephen H. L. Meek, who was the first person to buy a lot in the first town laid out in the Pacific northwest, Oregon City, and also a mountain man, was not behind Joe in the "high, wide and handsome" art of harmless prevarication. One of Stephen's famous stories was of a Rocky mountain, Indian belle with hair 18 feet long, which was folded up every morning in the form of a pack, and carried on the shoulders of an attendant!

Burnett mentioned many of the stories of the "mountain men"; but lack of space forbids further rehearsing of them. "There were giants in those days," surely—giants in wit.

(This series will be continued, if only to record the useful services of "Black Harris.")

FEW INDIANS HERE

In the Willamette valley you will find few Indians. The few that are in other parts of Oregon live mostly on reservations.

Editorial Comment
 From Other Papers

THE COSHOW INDICTMENT

Though Judge Oliver P. Coshow has severed other officers of the Empire Holding corporation have been indicted on charges of devising a scheme to defraud in the sale of stock, it will be difficult for many people to believe that the ex-chief justice of the supreme court ever deliberately conspired to defraud anyone. Technically guilty he may be and censurable, but we incline to the belief that Judge Coshow was as much a victim of others as perhaps the stock-buying public was.

Through a life time spent in Oregon, Judge Coshow built up a reputation for integrity and he has a long record of unimpeachable service to the state. Defeated in the election in which he sought to remain on the supreme bench, principally because he was a democrat in a republican state, he accepted an offer to become president of the newly-organized Empire Holding corporation, and we have not a doubt that he was convinced that it was being organized on sound principles. The fact that he had spent his life aloof from the business world may have made him more gullible than most men would have been, and if the organizers were designing schemers, they could not have done better than to persuade him to join them. His name and reputation were distinct assets.

Unless and until he has been convicted of deliberate intent to defraud, we shall sympathize with him though blaming him for not having been more on his guard.—Astorian-Budget.

JUDGE COSHOW INDICTED

A group of directors in the Empire Holding company have been indicted by the grand jury charged with conspiracy to defraud. Among them the former Chief Justice Coshow. That's tough. Judge Coshow has lived an honorable and upright life. He is inherently honest. We believe he was roped into this enterprise the same as were the investors. We believe that he would rather sacrifice everything he has than knowingly to attempt to defraud anybody. He was not a business man and he trusted too much to those who were trying to put the thing over. Too, the plan of operation in itself may be all right. It sounds good and inasmuch as hundreds of conservative business men put their money into it, it would appear that others thought the idea of a holding company combination insurance group was all right. The only grave error in Judge Coshow's conduct was in taking an oath to the effect that he had put \$20,000 in cash into the enterprise. This he had not done nor did any of the other directors who took the same oath. As an eminent lawyer, the judge should have known that his unsecured note for the \$18,000 balance he had put up in cash, was not cash nor the equivalent of cash. It's tough on a man of Mr. Coshow's age and honest temperament to have a fraud indictment pulled on him after such a

New Views

"Do you believe there is anything to this Leap Year stuff?" was the question asked by Statesman reporters Friday.

Mark Smith, visitor: "Heck no. But it's something to pass words about."

J. B. Smith, route 2: "I don't know. I've seen a good many leap years, but nobody got me in one of them."

G. D. Baker, cannery worker: "I don't think much of it."

Dr. E. G. Epler, dentist and chorister: "Not in my case."

Charles Gill, Red Cross swimming instructor: "I don't know. There ought to be lots of marriages."

Clinton Standish, special delivery postal carrier: "This is the only chance I'll ever have of getting married."

long and honorable career and we for one hope that he is able to show that so far as he was concerned there was no intent to defraud.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

WINTER TAKES ITS FINAL 1931 FLING

(By The Associated Press)

Winter took its final fling at 1931, a year of generally mild weather, with an onslaught Thursday along a front covering 15 western states. Only one death was reported.

The passing year was swept out in swirls of snow, sleet and rain in the wide expanse between the Canadian border and the Texas panhandle. The storm ranged eastward from the Pacific coast to the Mississippi valley, leaving drifts as high as 25 feet in some sections of Idaho, blocking highways, grounding airplanes, endangering human life and catching livestock away from shelter. In some parts of western Nebraska snow was drifted over the house-tops.

The fury of the cold last night had reached far eastward into the Dakotas and Minnesota where communication lines were broken by sleet driven by heavy winds. The extreme western section experienced moderate weather, sun having replaced rain in parts of California.

FORBES TO RESIGN AS ENVOY TO TOKYO

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—(AP)—W. Cameron Forbes, American ambassador to Tokyo, has informed the state department of his intention to resign as soon as he can be spared from his duties. He has mentioned a two-month period as the maximum he would care to spend in the Japanese capital.

State department officials were reluctant to discuss the subject. They regarded it as a delicate one in view of the part the United States has played in the diplomatic moves relating to the Sino-Japanese troubles and the necessity of the American embassy maintaining the full force of its normal influence as an important mission in Tokyo.

However, department officials scouted suggestions that the ambassador was at odds with Secretary Stimson over questions of policy in the Manchurian situation.

End of a Gesture

THERE remains only the pronouncement of the federal court accepting the findings of Judge O. P. Coshow as referee in the Portland street car case in which he overturns the order of Public Service Commissioner Charles M. Thomas for a 7c fare in Portland, to finally bury what was chiefly a political gesture of the commissioner in an effort to comply with the mandate of the people. If the Joseph platform was to give free electricity without cost to the taxpayers assuredly it also could give street car rides at the cost of the street-car company. In view of previous court decisions which have protected utilities from confiscatory rate regulation no other decision than that now rendered by Judge Coshow could have been expected. We do not really believe Judge Thomas anticipated anything else; but as he had his duty to perform to the Portlanders who made their strong protest vote against utilities in 1930, he can now declare that he is absolved from responsibility.

The ruling of Commissioner Thomas has perhaps accelerated the movement toward granting a new franchise by the city to the car company. Judge Thomas was frank in his decision, and urged the city and company to get together for the joint solution of the problem of the street car operation now rendered acute everywhere because of the competition of private automobiles. The present ruling of Judge Coshow when finally upheld as most probably it will be, will perhaps speed up the negotiations between the company and the city and the franchise now under consideration be worked out, not to the satisfaction of either party, but as a working compromise which each must accept.

We said at the time the referee was appointed that there was no need for an extensive hearing, that the federal judges merely sidestepped the issue, and ran up a bill of expense. Since Coshow's findings merely repeat past decisions in similar cases our comment seems confirmed in what eventuated.

A Cook county judge has declared the 1928 and 1929 assessments in Chicago fraudulent and inequitable and hence illegal and has ordered them vacated. This is about the last straw for bankrupt Chicago which doesn't seem able to tax itself. Seldom has municipal government in such a large city made such a complete breakdown.

Harry Daugherty is the latest to "tell the truth" about the Harding regime. Our guess is that Harry knows most all the truth but the Lord only knows if he is telling any of it.

The Japs have taken Chinchow. Now the Chinese will do both chinning and chowing over Chinchow.

Here's Chance For City to Get Greater Revenue

If the improbable should happen and the Marion-Polk counties bridge across the Willamette river should be washed away, the city of Salem might profit thereby, scrutiny of old ordinances reveals.

A measure dating back to the bridgeless and ferry era many years ago provides for collection of an annual license fee for ferry boats operating on the river. The ordinance has never been repealed.

KIDNAPED

Here is little David Piper, aged four months, who was kidnaped from his home at Hobart, Indiana, near the city of Gary. The baby was stolen after kidnappers had rendered the mother helpless with drugs. In which condition she was found by her husband when he returned home. A frantic State-wide search is being made by police and volunteers for the baby and his abductors.

Holiday Period Passes Without Fire Casualties

There was not an accident or casualty resulting from fire in Oregon over the Christmas holidays. Lester B. Davis, deputy state fire marshal, announced in a report prepared Thursday. Davis said this established a new record in the state.

Davis declared that much of the credit was due to the work of the fire chiefs, firemen, press, pulpit and other agencies which have spread the gospel of fire prevention.

King Goes East For Convention

George M. King of the Buster Brown shoe store here left last night for Chicago, Ill., to attend

Four of State Deputy Sealers To be Released

The law provides that these sealers shall receive \$1500 a year salary and expenses of \$850 annually.

Gehlbart said the records show that the sealers have worked only 293 days this year. He declared he would demand a full month's work for a full month's pay.

Work of the sealers and weights department will be at a standstill until some adjustment is made.

CAVE ROOF FALLS, THREE MEN KILLED

WATERLOO, O., Jan. 1.—(AP)—Three men were killed and two others badly injured today when the roof of a cave, used of a card game, fell on them.

The dead were Amos Woolcum, 26, Samuel Cooper, 63, and Parley Cooper, 65. Roy Woolcum, 24, and John Woolcum, 21, were taken to an Ironton hospital.

The men had gone to the dirt cave a short distance from town to play cards. They built a fire in it and in a short time the heat dried the wet earth, causing several tons of rock and dirt to fall.

George Woolcum, who was near the entrance, escaped and spread an alarm. Three hours after the cave-in the wounded men and the bodies of the three others were removed.