

The Oregon Statesman
"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

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Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, Salmon Tower Bldg.
11 W. 42nd St.; Chicago, 260 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter, Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Mail Subscription Rates in Advance: Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 70 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Reviving Gold Production

THEY are making wages in the hunt for gold in southern Oregon and in northern California. Men out of work turn to the hills and the gravel bars and with pick and pan seek to recover shiny bits of yellow metal at least enough to make day's wages. Gold mining always revives in times of depression. Now it is reviving in a large way, both among the individual prospectors who scour the hills and sluice the valleys, and among the big companies with millions invested in properties and equipment.

One country where the boom is felt is Canada. Now it has come to rank second to South Africa as a gold producer. Its production in 1931 is estimated at 28% over 1930. The chief gold producing areas in Canada are in northern Ontario which also is an important silver producer. New mines have been opened up in the Kirkland Lake region there and many have been brought into production. The discoveries in Ontario give the lie to the claims that the world's great gold fields have been discovered because the Ontario production of gold is a recent development.

South Africa continues the world's great gold producer. As mining costs decrease, which they always do in times of depression, lower grade ore may be worked and so more gold recovered. This is what is happening in South Africa, and if South Africa should abandon the gold standard, thus in effect cutting wages some 20%, further deposits of low-grade ore could be worked.

The reason that gold mining revives in a depression is because the price of gold is fixed in terms of money, but all other prices decline with respect to gold. This shift in prices makes gold worth more even though its price per ounce continues fixed.

Gold production has an important effect upon prices, or has had in the past, the opening up of the Rand in South Africa in the '90's turning loose such a flood of gold that prices automatically rose the world over. The increase in gold production is not so rapid now, rising about 5% in 1931 as compared with 1930, but the increase will have some influence on prices.

Impeaching Mellon

A TEXAN has introduced impeachment resolutions against Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon under a law of 1789 which forbids the secretary to engage in commerce directly or indirectly. The complaint is that since Mr. Mellon is a stockholder in various companies he is engaged in commerce.

This has been brought up many times before during the Mellon administration, but never reached the floor of the house before. When Mellon became secretary he resigned various presidencies and directorships in the effort to comply with the law and with good public policy. It is very doubtful if merely continuing as a stockholder in a business could be construed as engaging in commerce. If that is the case the only person who might be appointed for secretary of the treasury would be some shiftless ne'er-do-well who never had accumulated a bond or share of stock.

We do not think this impeachment resolution will get very far even in a democratic house, not only because it lacks merit, but because such things just aren't done. How fast did the last legislature move to investigate the campaign expenditures of Gov. Meier, or the grand jury, or the Portland newspapers?

Rocks and Quicksands

IT is hard to get enthusiastic over this Reconstruction Financial Corporation which the president urges congress to form with \$500,000,000 of the people's money, with authority to borrow a billion and a half more, to loan it all to sick cats among the railroads and businesses. It is not only a dangerous departure in paternalism, but adds to the deficit of the government, which is already huge.

The government treasury itself is in trouble, government bonds are at sharp discount. We have poured money down subsidy rat holes for years. This new rope thrown to sinking vessels may merely pull the treasury into the same sinkhole. Less regulation is a better cure for the railroads for example than more subsidy.

The Portland city commission, after proposing a revocable permit for the telephone company, which the company heads finally agreed to accept, now comes back and doubles the ante and refuses to grant the permit unless the company pays a gross tax of 5% instead of 2 1/2%. The commission has stage fright and will jockey the telephone question and the street car franchise question along for months, at least until after the primaries. With the state of the public mind so inflamed no politician is going to do anything but bait the utilities until he is safe for four years more. That is one trouble with regulation: It is so shot through with politics that it is bad; sometimes the demagogues and racketeers control the politics and that results in unfair regulation. After all the political sound and fury however the actual changes are very few.

Testifying in the trial of one of the officers of the Guardian Building and Loan association, the former bookkeeper, Chase, "declared that a \$2000 note of McCallister was cancelled in a stock deal of the Guardian group." Here indeed is something which calls during the McCallister regime are showing up as very rotten, no Chase testimony, at least this brief portion which is reported in this Oregonian, leaves a doubt in the public mind which assuredly ought to be cleared up.

Appointing a "super-secretary" with Mrs. Wilson as assistant secretary is a suggested solution of the impasse between Mrs. Wilson and Director Gehlhar. It is to be hoped the governor spares us that. Super-secretaries would merely suck up more in salaries when the times call for less rather than more expense in administrative overhead. Why doesn't the governor insist on their working together? That was his solution of the Spaulding-Almsworth trouble; and see how successful that was?

Sec. Stimson is in about the same position that President Wilson was in dealing with Mexico. About all Stimson can do is write notes to Japan, the same as Wilson did to Mexico, and with as little result.

A prisoner in San Quentin has invented an unpickable lock. And some other prisoner will soon show how easy it is to pick it.

HEALTH

Hand Washing and Communicable Diseases.

In many communicable diseases the infectious agent is found in the nasal secretions of the victim who acquired the infection by indirect contact with someone else suffering from the disease. Infection can be avoided by giving a wide berth to those who are suffering with excess nasal discharges and are sneezing and coughing. Avoiding infection, however, is not an easy thing to do. During the cold season of the year, infections are very prevalent and a large number of patients are walking abroad in the land because they do not consider themselves sufficiently ill to stay at home. Unless they exercise great care the infection is spread to innocent bystanders by unguarded sneezing and coughing. The hands of a person with a nasal infection are practically sure to be infected from his nasal secretions, and the infection will be conveyed to articles which he handles and to other hands which he touches. It is therefore apparent that it is almost impossible to avoid infection by direct or indirect contact with infection unless people who have colds or other respiratory infections are willing to take measures for the protection of their fellows.

Frequent hand washing by individuals who suffer from colds, nasal and respiratory infections would have considerable effect in preventing the spread of the infection. The hands are always contaminated with bacteria. Because the hands are put, and the nature and condition of the objects handled the hands are always more or less dirty. So long as the skin is not broken these bacteria cause no disturbance. If they are not transferred to the mouth, nose, or to any opening in the skin. Nothing should be put into the mouth except clean food and clean drink. If the hands are always washed carefully before eating or handling food and if the fingers are carefully kept out of the mouth and nose and the body is not scratched with the nails, the bacteria and other dirt that accumulate on the hands may be considered harmless.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

OREGON LOYALTY TO HOOVER
Salem is apparently assuming a position as President Hoover's starting point in his interesting rise and assumption of responsibility. The Watch Tower division of the New York Times of December thirteen carries the following comment at the beginning of a short discussion of Hoover's biography:

"The reader of the story of the life of President Hoover must wonder what would have been his career if the mining engineer Brown to whom his radio biographer gives the name of 'Destiny' had not dropped in to talk business in the land office in Salem, Oregon, when Herbert Hoover was a clerk. The probability is that his career would not have been fired to an engineer or with a purpose to enter the University which was soon to open doors in California, miles away."

Most of the biographies of Hoover have reference, in one way or another, to the engineer whom Hoover has never seen since, but who had been a friend of Hoover's family. The specific things which the engineer discussed with Hoover seem to have been the difference between men with and without professions, the difference between education obtained in universities and smaller academies, and the places where an education could be obtained.

The story has been variously told, and perhaps, as was the case with many of Coolidge's affairs, accuracy will await the pen of the president himself, in future years. The tone of the Times writer seemed to indicate, however, that with the embarrassing senator from California making frequent attacks on the president, weary eastern writers are hoping for a more loyal state of affairs in the original home state of the president. Californians were not successful in any attempts that may have been made to keep Johnson home in private law practice, so that the necessary loyal home state is likely to become Oregon, notwithstanding the loyalty of the average California voter.

New Views

"Are your sympathies with Gandhi or with England in the India controversy? Why or why not?" This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Lloyd B. Ramsden, bicycle dealer: "I'm not even reading about it; it's too far away."

R. L. White, locksmith: "I'll think about it—I'm not really interested."

Frank Spears, business man: "I am in sympathy with the English."

Paul Hendricks, real estate broker: Gandhi has a wonderful mind and philosophy, but he is ultra-patriotic. The English have taken the correct stand just as a parent would have to assume a severe attitude with a stubborn child."

Harold Hawk, athletic coach: "Oh, I don't know enough about it."

Dr. L. E. Barwick, dentist: "I have a high regard for Gandhi, but I don't believe he has enough of his people following him to actually appreciate and gain his reforms. I believe England is right in its stand."

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

South Salem, the village: "There was quite a village near this grist mill. Stores, blacksmith shops a saloon and a machine shop run by Mr. Riggs, a splendid mechanic. Mr. Riggs perfected a process of welding that was used in the Liberty Bell and made a difference in it that he offered to mend the Liberty Bell and made a proposition to the Congress. He so, but after considerable investigation it was deemed best not to let him undertake it."

"The slough was once the main channel of the Willamette river. An ancient flood diverted the river, which has been for many years working its way to the west. For many years it afforded a means for transportation of supplies and shipping for the numerous enterprises that lined its banks."

"Going south the first commercial industry was Westcott's Star brewery. It was located on the bank of the slough. Mr. Westcott came to Oregon by the southern route; was marooned in California without provisions. The proprietors of southern Oregon Agency and his wife went to his rescue and brought him through to Oregon. An Englishman and a fine brewer, he had a hard time getting hops and barley for some time, but finally got the brewery going and manufactured the very best of beer. There was a taproom in the brewery that was always full of customers. The beer was kept in cellars and the kegs hoisted up by a windlass in the taproom. There was no law against minors being served with beer, and all the boys in the neighborhood did not drink much. They preferred the malt juice before it was fermented. A well was sunk on the premises to supply water. This well ran through a vein of coal and there was quite an excitement over the find, but nothing ever came from it."

"Further south on the banks of the slough was a saw mill of quite large proportions. It was afterwards changed into a pipe mill for making wooden pipes for conveying water. The logs were turned on a lathe, a hole bored through the center. They were then bound with strap iron, then dipped in tar and rolled in sawdust. No doubt many of these old pipe lines are still in the ground under the streets of Salem."

"Further south, and almost at the upper end of the slough was another saw mill and a grist mill. They both did a good business. It would be quite a sight now to see steamers running on the slough, but at that time it was a very common sight. The saw logs were often towed to the mills by the slough route."

Yesterdays

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

January 8, 1907
Marion county has provided money in the tax levy to pave the streets around the courthouse.

A compulsory education bill has been prepared for enactment. It is designed to secure attendance at school of all children between the ages of 7 and 14 years.

After three months of strenuous daily and nightly meetings, the "Tongues of Fire" evangelists announced last night that services would be discontinued for a week as the workers "needed rest."

January 8, 1929
Whitman college last night was defeated at basketball by Oregon Agricultural college by a score of 26 to 18. The Missionaries will play a two-game series with the Bearcats here this week.

SILVERTON—The American legion officially opened its club room above the Wolford store at Maine and Water streets last night.

The enrollment in the Salem schools during December was 5,622, according to the report of George Hug, city superintendent.

Daily Thought

"No man is the absolute lord of his life."—Owne Meredith.

In tomorrow's issue, this column will elaborate somewhat on the recollections of "Cy" Woodworth, and offer some further information concerning the matters he has touched upon.

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS
Under the leadership of "El Coyote," the masked bandit, the Mexican ranchers plan to overthrow the wealthy Peco Morales, who has confiscated their property for years. All search for "El Coyote" has been in vain. Ted Radcliffe, a young American whose father Morales ruined, loves the Spaniard's beautiful niece, Adela. Jito Morales, ward, is jealous. Bob Harkness, a friend of Ted's late father, urges Ted not to quarrel with Morales, as he has other plans. Following a raid on the village by Jito's vaqueros, one of his men is killed by Anton, an Indian. Morales, fearing the vengeance of the tribe, releases Anton. Out riding, Adela tells Ted she disapproves of her uncle's treatment of the peons.



"Ted, if you ever fall in love, don't bother that head of yours about whether the girl is rich or poor."

They fell silent, intent on watching the trail, which now sloped rapidly off the mesa and descended abruptly to the dry bottom of the stream.

Chaparral and stunted aspen grew thicker as they twisted their way along the narrow cañon, and for two hours jogged at a slow trot, until the ascending grade told them they were entering the foothills. There they dismounted and led their horses up the steep ascent. The sun was already at its height when the girl pointed to a grove of fir trees on the hill above them.

"It is the Spring of the Saints," a place of dreamy silences, Ted found it. Cool and shaded after the blazing desert. A stream welled up from among the rocks and along its banks tall firs and pine trees clustered.

"The sacred trees of the Aztec people, those firs," the girl told him. "Men still call them in Spanish 'the religious firs.' Small how fragrant they are."

They walked knee-deep through rustling ferns. On the knoll behind them stretched a low, rambling wall of stone, and beyond it the gray ruins of a church, with the bell tower still standing. Through the windows they could see a rusting bell, silhouetted against the sky.

"The Spanish monks built a monastery here," she said, as they loosened their saddles. "How long they lived here and worshiped God in this quiet place no one knows. The Indians back in the hills still remember them as the 'good people' but now it is a place of bats and ghosts. Listen to that brook and the wind among the fir tops. I often think this is one of the most peaceful places in the world. One might live here all one's life and just be happy and let the world pass by. As a matter of fact, that is what those old monks did."

"And now, if you will bring those saddles back, we'll see what they've packed for us."

They ate with all the appetite a long morning ride can give, then lighted cigarettes and smoked. Ted watched her as she lay back on the soft grass, looking up at the dark tree tops. At last he said, "You're a healthy young animal, aren't you?"

"If you mean that I've just eaten enough for two men, I'll have to agree."

"No, but it's been crossing my mind that you're just what old Mother Nature, if she has any plan at all, would want women to be. That's too dark a saying, Señor Ted."

"What I'm trying to say is that I find you quite unspoiled by the world. You're neither bored nor bitter, neither are you ready to accept the holes in it, and you try to help. You do help. And there is something of a child in you, too. That swift love of beautiful things you have, your sympathy with all sorrow, your hate of cruel power. So, do you mind if I say I find you perfect and quite adorable?"

Leaning over she laid a cool hand on his. "Don't make love to me, Ted," she smiled.

"It's just because I couldn't make love to you that I can say all this. I'm not sure I like that either. Explain why couldn't you make love to me?"

"Men tell me you will some day be the richest woman in all north Mexico."

"Well, I am Ted Radcliffe, the poorest man in all Mexico—north or south—gentleman at large, and with a future all to be made."

She smiled again. "I see." Then, after a little she added: "Ted, I told you last night, if you ever fall in love, don't bother that head of yours, about whether the girl is rich or poor. Only very old and very wise people do that, and they're always wrong."

"What should I say to her, Sphinx?"

"Just say that you love her. Isn't that enough? Why clutter it up with an inventory of one's possessions? After all, life can be made so simple, just as simple as it is here, where we are now, with all the ugliness and the difficulties left out."

"I'm wondering what your uncle would say if some nameless youth tried to teach that doctrine to you?"

The girl's laughter seemed to fill the glade.

"If I should fall in love with any one except some Mexican or Spaniard of an old family, uncle would probably turn me out into the world. To him my only purpose in life should be to marry someone worthy to be master of the hacienda of Peco Morales. He used to send me to Mexico City every winter, hoping I'd fall in love with some aristocratic youth."

"And Jito?"

"I think Jito has been much happier since I refused both him and the others."

"And you have refused?"

"Oh, I've refused Jito at least a hundred times. The last time was about a week ago. I think if I accepted Jito he would be a broken man. He would have nothing to savor about, and he would have no reason to strut gloomily back and forth, enjoying a broken heart. Jito, in many ways, is a dear, but that is all. Some day I'll pick Jito out of a nice girl and he will spend the rest of his life quite happily, bullying her and being worshiped by her."

Ted rolled over on his back and looked up at the tree tops.

"I'm beginning to find you out, Adela."

She mimicked extreme terror. "Heaven forbid. So soon?"

"So soon. You've led me to believe that you are an extremely calculating little person, and you do it, I think, to conceal another much nicer little person who is really poor. One who is widely in love with life, but who at times is greatly afraid that this life—if she lets it—may do something to her heart."

Turning on her elbow she watched him smilingly. "Wonderful man," she mocked. "So I'm really wearing a mask?"

He nodded. "And you change the mask so quickly I'm never quite sure whether you're a little irresponsible desert child with never a care under all that coppery hair—"

"Or what?" she challenged.

"Or a rather wistful, rather lonely princess, not very happy, perhaps, but lovely beyond all words, and like all princesses unattainable."

She rose and dusted the crumbs of lunch from her lap. "Well, there's no use expecting wisdom from a great big good-looking boy, is there? And in the meantime, if we're to get back before dark, we had better tighten these cinches and start."

But once more she looked about her at the quietly running brook beneath them and the quietly sighing trees above her head and breathed deeply the fragrant air. "Just the same," she murmured, "all life could be quiet and stately and full of great beauty like this, couldn't it?"

(To Be Continued)

JULIUS ROSENWALD CALLED BY DEATH

CHICAGO, Jan. 7 — (AP) — Julius Rosenwald, numbered among the great philanthropists of all time, died today.

The ravages of arterio sclerosis and kidney ailments that had kept him bedfast for months overcame his weakened heart and he died in his sleep at 2:55 p. m. He would have been 70 years old next August.

The fortune founded on the growth of Sears Roebuck & Co., of which he was chairman at his death, Mr. Rosenwald pitted against racial and religious intolerance, ignorance and poverty and his benefactions to humanity totaled more than \$40,000,000.

His personal contributions, so far as they could be tabulated from incomplete records since the beginning of the century, reached \$21,665,670. In addition he had created the Rosenwald Foundation through an endowment of 200,000 shares of Sears Roebuck stock worth \$20,000,000 at the time of the gift.

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Marian Magee Able To Attend School; New Pupil Enters

SCOTTS MILLS, Jan. 7 — Mr. and Mrs. George Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kinser, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lawrence and H. E. Clough attended the installation of six granges held in Silverton Saturday night, Mr. Haynes being installed as grange master of the Scotts Mills grange.

Marian Magee, daughter of Mr. Hugh Magee of Crooked Finger, who was operated on last week at a Salem hospital is getting along fine and able to be in school again. Monday morning, one new pupil, Denise Shiffs, was enrolled at school.

A. E. Thomas is under a doctor's care. Mr. Thomas will be 84 the 31st of this month and has been in failing health for some time.



Planning Time

Now is the time to review one's activities and accomplishments of the past year and to map out a program for the year ahead.

In your plans be sure the United States National is afforded the opportunity of working with you in helping fulfill your desires for 1932.

The United States National Bank
Salem, Oregon