

**The Oregon Statesman**  
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
 From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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**Lay Sermon**

**GREAT OCCASIONS**

"In every large house there are not only gold and silver dishes but also wood and earthen ones, some for great occasions and some for ordinary use." Timothy 2:20.

"True enough. Most every house has its special plate used only on special occasions. It may be a silver platter which gathers tarnish most of the year, to be polished till it shines like a mirror for Thanksgiving or Christmas. I have one of those vast blue-ware platters, an heirloom, reaching back into family history I know not how far. It is put in service only on some 'great occasion' and then with appropriate ceremony. It is invested with family tradition, with the beauty of a rare antique, more precious by far than the newest platter from the goldsmiths.

Then there are the usual clutter of pots and pans, of china bowls with nicks in them, of wooden spoons familiar like the next door neighbor, and kettles with warped lids and coffee pots with loose handles and knobs. They got the brunt of the household service. We call them everyday dishes, and we feel a bit chagrined if some one of taste comes in and finds us using them.

Life does have its 'great occasions.' Weddings and anniversaries, grand dinners, family reunions, the visit of some one of eminence—each date ranks as a great event. For it we have our silver service (rarely any gold plate since china became common) and we have our Bavarian or Haviland ware or our newer glass ware. The event must have appropriate setting. The common brass and tin stay on the shelves. The best of the house affords, perchance the best which the generous neighbor's house affords are all pressed into use on the 'great occasion.'

It is so easy for life to settle into a monotony, for the common were to be in daily use week-in, week-out. The wooden and earthen utensils answer the purpose for such living. And wooden and earthen do folk become who live their lives out on some dull, dead level. It is the 'great occasion' which challenges the soul to rise above the routine of mere living. Just as the grand dinner inspires the housewife to show her finest skill as a cook. (One virtue of going to church is that convention demands that one dress up in his 'Sunday best' and that gives one a better opinion of himself.)

The monotony of mere living, its drudgery, its chores, its day-to-day routine easily sterilize one's hopes and ambitions. He does not see the great occasion when it presents itself. So he may die having lived a well-ordered but event-less existence. But Paul saw that man should seize his opportunities, for in the verse which follows he said: 'So if a man will cleanse himself from these things—he will be put to great uses.'

We do not scorn the familiar kettles and crocks of the scullery, nor the knives and forks whose base metal is showing through the plating. They are all in steady, worthy service. But the 'great occasion' for it is the gold and silver dishes, for it too the heart and mind of man ready to be fired with inspiration for a glorious service.

**HERE'S HOW** By EDSON

**SNOWFLAKES MADE-TO-ORDER!**

HERE'S PROOF ADAMS OF THE QUALITY OF CALIF. INDUSTRIAL DEVICES THAT PRODUCE THE BEAUTIFUL BY MAKING TWO STRAIGHT STRIAMS OF AIR!

**DETROIT'S POLICE DOGS HAVE LOST THEIR JOBS!** THE 2000+ DOGS COST \$14 A YEAR.

YOU'VE MAY BE SO MUCH WORSE THAN THE OTHERS THAT YOU DECIDE FOR 1932!

Tuesday: "Man has More Hair Than a Gorilla."

**"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, can whose father Morales loves, 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 people. Ted considers Adela's wealth a barrier between them, but she tells him to let nothing interfere when he falls in love. Ted is forced to shoot his horse after a fall. He and Adela get lost and spend the night in the desert.

**CHAPTER XXVII**

Do boys, ever have such foolish dreams?

"Sometimes. What was your dashing rescuer like?"

"Oh, he was always changing. At times he was dark and spoke in Spanish and had a mandolin hung over his saddle, and sometimes he was slender and soft-voiced and had blue eyes. Yes, there were all kinds. After all, why limit yourself to one man in your dreams? But then, you see, I've never known men except the gilded youths of Mexico City, where uncle sent me each year. Even when I was in school in the States, my uncle gave strict orders." She looked up with those frank blue eyes. "You know, besides Don Bob, I've never really known any Americans."

"No gringos?" He smiled.

She shook her head. "Certainly no very nice ones—like you."

Ted threw mesquite on the fire until it leaped again and crackled like a thousand roaring chestnuts. On the farther side of the fire he spread out the girl's poncho and placed the saddle at its head. The saddle-blanket was already dry and warm from the flames, and this he laid over the poncho. The result he contemplated dubiously.

"I've seen softer-looking beds, but it will be warm enough unless the night turns cool. Try it."

Obediently she rolled up in the blanket and laid her head on the saddle. Looking up she made a face at him.

"This isn't going to be either warm or soft, big man, but it's life in the Southwest."

She closed her eyes. "Dios, but I'm tired," she murmured.

For an hour Ted sat smoking and at last, replenishing the fire with wood, he lay down beside it. Already the girl's eyes were closed, and her hands were clasped about the saddle-blanket higher about her throat, for a cool current of air was pouring over her out of the mountains. For a brief second she opened her eyes.

"You're a dear," she told him, and went to sleep again.

Dawn had already brightened into sunrise when Ted awoke. He arose, cold and stiff from hours on the hard sand, and looked about him. Mist was still rising from the desert, and as yet the sunlight held no warmth. Tethered in a clump of mesquite, the mare raised her head and whinnied impatiently.

Ted looked up. "I know," he said half aloud, "you're hungry and thirsty, and you've got nothing on me."

A rustling in the saddle blanket made him turn. Two sleepy eyes were being rubbed, and a mop of hair frantically smoothed into submission.



"I couldn't endure a quarrel between you two," she said.

**Safety Saturday!**

SATURDAY is the most popular day for automobile accidents, according to the statistics compiled by Ray Conway of the Oregon state motor association. 17.7% of all the accidents occur on that day. There is reason for it too. Thousands of people are on the streets and roads. They are hurrying to get home with the Sunday roast, hurrying to get out to the golf links, hurrying to get to the beach for dinner.

The time of the day which is the peak for accidents is from 4 p. m. to 9 p. m. Last year 10% of all accidents occurred in these hours.

This is the way the accident total divides among days other than Saturday: Sunday 15.3%; Monday 13.6%; Tuesday 12.9%; Wednesday 13.7%; Thursday 13.4%; Friday 13.1%.

What should the motorist conclude from these statistics? Well, hardly that he should stay off the road on Saturdays and between the hours of 4 and 9 p. m. But at least that at those times he should exercise special precaution, drive a little more slowly, take fewer chances in weaving in and out of the lane of traffic in an effort to beat the other fellow. As Conway says:

"Saturday motorists should keep in mind it is better to arrive home an hour late with safety than it is to take a chance and risk an accident."

**Impatient People Irritated By Patient Ones; Strange?**

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Folks, more especially women folks, are so different! The same creature, yet. Following the same general tenor of existence. But one woman looks at a man and sees only his soulful eyes, whereas another looks at a man and sees only his soulful shirt collar.

Folks are of two sort, patient and impatient, and for some reason or other the patient ones aggravate the impatience of the impatient ones. Patience is a most admirable quality. Far be it from me to assert, or even to hint, otherwise. Nor would I question the wisdom of Mr. Longfellow's "learn to labor and to wait" counsel. All the same, it doesn't evidence very good sense to attempt the removal of a tiny finger silver with a darning needle. It is better, I think, to use a small and very sharp needle and do the darning vocally.

The sidewalks of Salem, in common with the sidewalks of other cities, are now and then spat upon by thoughtless people, mostly young. I recall an anti-spitting ordinance passed by the city council 20 years ago, which is, presumably, still alive. This ordinance was quite vigorously enforced for a time and there was considerable ducking into alleys and stairways, particularly stairways, on the part of harassed spitters. Chronic spitters have a habit of spitting on the sidewalk in a dull and spiritless business, anyway, compared to ah-p-tooling on a nice clean secluded stairway. The thrill to the spitter lies in the spatter I suppose.

Every man who has been elected to state or national legislative body is referred to at one time or another as a "constructive statesman". It is a general custom, like scratching the head. I once knew a "statesman" who was clearly and definitely qualified as "constructive". He was a brick-layer by trade.

When the weather is clear or when a rift comes in the clouds the morning star, Jupiter, may be seen in the northeastern sky by early risers. The evening star, Venus, shines brilliantly in the southwest. Some of us find it pleasurable to keep in touch with the comings and goings of the other planets in our own small solar system. It is possible we benefit somewhat in so doing by the thought thus engendered. Certainly such thought—if any—does us no harm.

Goal for 1932: Fewer and more musical head colds.

There is a person, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, whose way of life is stand up firmly against life in its uglier moods. Such person is not commonly given to words in profuse quantity. Nor does he or she laugh frequently, except with the eyes. Nor weep copiously. Rather grim. But a marvelous fighter. Stands up and takes trouble on the chin and sends it back again. A pillar of strength, such a person. One for the sick at heart, the terrified, to cling to. Every family should have one. But few families are thus blessed. However, I have known such persons.

Local snow prophets have had a hard winter thus far. What with observing weather indications, spreading the prophecies and manufacturing alibis, some of the more intensive ones are pretty well worn out. But it is not yet too late for snow. Quite a stretch till tulip time.

You may travel "up" from Salem to Portland or you may travel "down", as appears to you most proper. The results are identical and the matter does not warrant serious controversy.

Life is a struggle from one year to another. El Tupp says it's worse than that in his case—a struggle from one quarter to another. El may mean a period of

**No Freedom of the Press**

THE battle for freedom of the press, for freedom of assembly and of petition, for freedom of speech and movement from place to place has not been won. In the coal mining regions of the east the feudal system still prevails with the company the government and courts and churches the vassals of the industrial nobility.

Last week attention was focused on the effort of Newton D. Baker, former secretary of war to have lifted the ruling of a circuit judge in Kentucky barring reporters of Knoxville, Tenn. from attending and reporting a trial in Mount Sterling. The chief justice of the Kentucky court of appeals refused to issue the writ sought, which means that professional reporters seeking the facts for their papers will not be permitted in the court room during a murder trial which grows out of the industrial disputes.

Representation was made that the previous articles in the Knoxville paper were by no means incendiary, that the reporters had violated none of the proprieties. Nevertheless they are barred, which means that the bill of rights which was the very creed of the early day Kentuckians is flouted and nullified at the very place where it should be revered.

**Yesterdays**

... of Old Salem

Town Talks from the Statesman of Earlier Days

January 10, 1907

Catching fire from sparks, the oil tank coupled to the engine of a Southern Pacific passenger train exploded last night near Junction City and set fire to the mail and baggage cars. No one was injured.

"No play clards. Me good Chink. Allee same Mexican man, good man. Everybody say Chinese man bad man, he lie." Ying Lee last night declared to a reporter who was probing into alleged gambling in the city.

The state legislature will convene on Monday.

January 10, 1922

The Salem Ministerial association yesterday protested an alleged discrimination on the part of the press, claiming that in a public discussion between Protestant and Catholic writers, the latter had been given a more prominent place in publication.

James R. Linn of Salem yesterday was elected president of the state fire board; H. Brown of Portland, vice president; A. H. Lea of Portland, secretary, and A. N. Bush of Salem, treasurer.

The annual report of Sam A. Koser, secretary of state, shows that during 1921 a total of 118,615 motor vehicles, excluding motorcycles, were registered in Oregon.

**Salem Bright Spots**

THE Salem Linen Mills is busy with its new looms making toweling, crash, and material for tropical suitings. It recently received a large order for yarn from the Cannon mills concern in the east, famous towel manufacturers.

The Western Paper Converting company has installed machinery for manufacture of the popular cellophane bags and similar products.

The nut-growers association is experimenting with roasted filberts which it hopes to make a profitable item in its line. It already is building up a market for cracked nuts as well as the uncracked which it handles in large volume.

Salem factories are alert to the times. They are adapting processes and products enabling them to stay in the lead. All of this means profit to the companies and employment for the workers.

There is no stand-still even in times of depression. Competition in fact quickens rather than slows down the pace. The clever, the aggressive as well as the strong survive.

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**A Fresh Endorsement**

THE next ad of S. Martin, Ltd. in Seattle papers should read:

"W. A. Scott, circulation manager of the Salem Capital Journal, wears one of our English topcoats 'and likes it.'"

For in connection with the tirade made by the Capital Journal upon Congressman Hawley because a topcoat he bought at Bishop's turned out to be of an English woven fabric, it was learned that "Scotty" is clothed with the same raiment.

It's a good coat, and we could call the list of a good many Salem men who wear the coat, bought in the retail stores of Salem. Congressman Hawley and the circulation manager of the C-J are to be congratulated on their good taste in clothing.

That coat is an important factor in the purchase of butter is indicated by the declining sales for oleomargarine in the times when butter prices are down. The production of uncolored oleomargarine, which is the general name for non-butter table spreads, was over 27 million pounds in September, 1930; but dropped to over 18,000,000 pounds in September, 1931, a reduction of one-third. Also prices have come down too and some places are reported as very low, but people prefer butter and buy it when its price is not above their income level.

Democratic politicians at Portland didn't seem very willing to gamble on their chances of victory, and all decided the possibility of raising a war chest of \$25,000. They might appeal to the Reconstruction Finance corporation which is designed to aid broken down treasuries.

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**MUSIC TOURNEY IS DATED APRIL 29-30**

First announcement of the ninth annual interstate high school music tournament sponsored by Pacific University, Forest Grove, has been received by Miss Lena Bella Tartar, head of the high school music department here. The tournament this year will be held on April 29 and 30.

Outlined in the bulletin are the rules of the tournament, method of scoring, music to be used and the persons in charge. The tournament is under the direction of E. Malduwa Evans, head of the university conservatory of music.

Under the tournament ratings, Salem high school with its enrollment of some 1200 students, will participate with the class A schools. No school will be permitted to enter a solo event in which its contestant previously won a first prize.

**Food Products to Hold Annual Meet On Next Saturday**

SILVERTON, Jan. 9.—The annual meeting of the Silverton Food Products company will be held Saturday, Jan. 16, at the W. O. W. hall. A speaker from Corvallis will be on hand to talk on the fruit situation as well as that of the canning.

The sponsors of the event will furnish coffee, but every woman is asked to bring sandwiches and either a pie or a cake.

**New Views**

"Do you think the democrats can convince the nation they should be given political control after 1932?" This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

George G. Hull, tobacco dealer: "Darned if I know. I'm getting disgusted with the whole business. It's the bunk."

Kenneth Seely, hardware salesman: "Brother, I don't know enough about that to say. No one else does, either."

Clayton Bernhard, press correspondent: "I do not know. Are you sure this is a presidential year? I would like to go to Chicago?"

Anton Hagan, visitor: "Yes, I think so. Don't you?"

**Daily Thought**

"Our whole life is like a play," —Ben Johnson.

**Odd Fellows and Rebekahs Install Officers Jointly**

DALLAS, Jan. 9.—A joint installation of the Rebekah and Odd Fellows lodges was held Thursday night in the Odd Fellows hall. The new officers for the I. O. O. F. were: Noble Grand, M. Hadley; vice grand, Bert Teats; secretary, Tracy Staats; treasurer, Charles Gregory. Elective officers installed in the Rebekahs were: Noble grand, Lons Cochrane; vice grand, Fannie Demoshoff; secretary, Lydia Teats; treasurer, Julia Nunn.

Following the installation, refreshments were served to 65 people.

**BITS for BREAKFAST**

—By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mount Angel:

When the Indians prayed there:

There was printed in the March, 1904, number of the Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society a charming unpublished extract from T. W. Davenport's "Recollections of an Indian Agent," that, in connection with the present uses of the "Mount of Communion" of the red men, is peculiarly interesting for that is the Engel Berg (Angel Mountain) of Mount Angel, long occupied by the Catholic Order of St. Benedict for its Mount Angel college and other institutions. The extract follows:

"The differences observable in the various tribes and races of mankind are not, as many suppose, racial variations, that is, something of a different kind, but merely degrees of the same kind. The negro in his native state, hugging his fetish as a preventive of disease or other misfortune, the idolaters bowing down to blocks of wood or stone to appease the wrath of their gods, as they read it in the earthquakes, tornado, pestilence or famine, come to strike us at first as indicative of the OTHER KIND OF CREATURE, but upon more mature reflection we see in all such a different, though a ruder manifestation of the same human faculties, veneration and fear as modified by the intelligence, or rather by ignorance.

"Perhaps the educated Christian wearing his crucifix suspended by a golden necklace would protest against being linked with the savage, whose desire for immunity from disease or other calamity causes him to wear a charm; and as respects the beautiful work of art worn by the former and the bag of stink worn by the latter, I would think the protest well taken, but the actuating and basic sentiment finding expression in one by enlightened man in the other by barbaric means is evidently THE SAME QUALITY of human nature.

"The Indians of the west coast were given to amulets or charms, and generally kept them secreted. They believed, too, in a multiplicity of spirits distributed among the objects of nature, such as the spirits of the mountains, the stream and smaller things. That is, the mountain had a 'ts-man-ya'; that was the name given by many. They also believed in a Great Spirit, but whether that idea was obtained from the missionaries, cannot tell. When I arrived in Oregon in 1851, the Indians everywhere I met them talked about the Sohi Tsye, or God, though they still spoke of the spirit of things.

"In either case he is not so far removed from civilized man and his religious habits as some suppose, and if logical perception is not sufficient proof of this, the conversion of the savage to Christianity and the adoption by him of the Christian symbols with entire satisfaction of his inherited traits ought to be conclusive. Through such manifestations it is not hard to discover that the Indian is a religious being and given to worship. He and his white brother are alike in seeing God in the clouds and hearing Him in the wind; the only difference is, the red man's soul was never taught to stray far as the solar walk or Milky Way. In some respects, however, I have been inclined to think him equally esthetic and more in conformity with Christian teaching than his more progressed white brother.

"In the eastern part of Marion county, Oregon, there stands an isolated and most strikingly regular and beautiful butte some 300 feet in height and covering nearly a section of land. It was fringed about its base, at the time of which I write, with fir groves, but its sides and well rounded top were devoid of a few old and spreading oaks, and perhaps a half dozen gigantic fir, whose weighty limbs were drooping with age. A meridian section line passes over the middle of this butte—and four sections CORNER NEAR

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