

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Into the Misty Past

IN reviewing the book "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover—Under Two Flags," the publication of which was recently enjoined by a New York judge, the Capital Journal asks "Why does not Mr. Hoover prosecute the authors and publishers for libel?" if the book is not true. That question was quite well answered by Judge Cotillo, who issued the restraining order, when he said:

"To employ such material in publicity attacking a person's past life at a time when he is virtually powerless to defend himself is unfair, unscrupulous and not only serves no useful purpose but is detrimental to the public interest."

The president could as a matter of law bring a libel action; but probably considers it would demean the dignity of his office to engage in an unseemly lawsuit with these defaming unknowns. Certainly the charges and innuendos of the book seem utterly at variance with every known fact of Hoover's personal character.

Assuredly if the charges contained in the book are no more pertinent than the portion which the Capital Journal reprints regarding the activity of the Oregon Land company which operated in Salem they are of no consequence. Hoover's uncle, Dr. John Minthorn, was head of the company. Hoover himself was just an office boy there, occasionally driving the horse cars of the system which the land company operated. In that capacity Hoover is hardly to be held responsible for the roseate literature put out by the land company in its selling activities.

The C-J quotes a prospectus regarding Silver Falls City and says it "cannot be located on any map but probably was a dream project boom for Silver Falls." Our contemporary is in error for there is a Silver Falls City which still shows on the maps of Marion county. It still exists in fact, right near the south falls, though its size is limited to a few houses, a school, and a filling station. Nor are the facts false as related in the prospectus: the climate is salubrious, the mountain air is still pure, and the water still makes a plunge of nearly 200 feet into an emerald pool below. In fact so lovely and beautiful is this area that the state is now making a state park out of it.

We thought the democrats had enough campaign material without going back to Hoover's boyhood to drag forth episodes of doubtful truthfulness and no relation to his public career.

Regulation and Courts

COMMISSIONER THOMAS announces he is asking congress to do something to prevent lower federal courts from upsetting the apple cart of state regulation of utility rates. He would have congress take away from these courts jurisdiction over state regulatory bodies. The commissioner is a lawyer and an ex-judge and must know that congress may not abrogate the constitution or the rights of individuals or corporations under the constitution. It might do something in the way of legislating as to jurisdiction of the courts; but it could not bar utilities from access to the proper federal courts for determination of their rights under the federal constitution.

Says Mr. Thomas: "State regulation is a farce if the utilities desire to make it so." If regulation is chiefly political it is a farce already.

The question of utility regulation is one of the most vexing and complex problems confronting the public. The commissioner is right in pointing out abuses of their legal privileges by utility interests which have hidden behind federal courts. The federal courts have had a tendency to be reactionary. On the other hand state regulatory bodies have often erred the other way, have been swayed by passion and political prejudice and sometimes made palpably erroneous decisions against the utilities.

It is difficult to see just what the solution will be; but as the practice of regulation becomes more clearly defined and court decisions establish the limitations of regulation it may be possible to make state regulation really effective without blighting the utility. There is one factor which may not be overlooked, which will probably serve increasingly as a restraint upon rapacity of utility enterprise, and that is the fear of municipal ownership. That threat may be a real brake on the ruthlessness of utility management.

The New Cars

NEARLY all the automobile lines are out with their new 1932 models, all except Ford who is said to be planning some real surprises to the motoring world. Car makers have shown a bold front in the face of a depression which threw car sales back to the levels of seven years ago.

The new cars are not just new colors and new designs of the body. They have real mechanical changes which make cars of 1930 and earlier look out of date. Free wheeling, silent transmission, floating power are among the improvements announced by various companies. And the prices are put at tempting levels. Plainly the car manufacturers are making a bid for 1932 business with determination to show gains over the reduced volume of 1931.

Cars are wearing out, some three million a year. Replacement alone will require more cars than were made last year. There soon comes a time when drivers will turn in their old cars rather than go to the expense of an overhaul; and there should be many hundred thousand in that class this year.

One used to hear predictions that the auto industry would come to ruin. While they had a poor year last year, the auto makers are probably in the best shape of any major industry; and they are all geared to go on better production schedules than last year. This depression differs from 1921. Then it was freely said that the cause of our trouble was sending so much money back to Detroit for cars. Now one never hears this complaint.

The motor industry isn't done for; it will be among the first to come back, and at present it looks as though 1932 would see the industry make definite progress toward recovery.

We hope while he is in Salem Acting Governor Marks will incinerate that picture of himself the Oregonian used last Sunday. It was worse than Quincy Scott's cartoon of our managing ed.

Judging from the press dispatches the phrase "oriental calm" is a misnomer.

The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

SALEM, Jan. 28. — (To the Editor)—I was interested in your editorial "Mountain Whites." I've lived among these people off and on for the last 30 years. I object when the women are called lazy. Indifferent may be better, but I prefer the term "unwakened."

After reading the article, I ironed, and my thoughts roamed. I remember 25 years ago, hearing my mother say, "Horses are good enough for me. They get me where I want to go and plenty fast enough."

Time flowed on as it is wont to do. We lived in the foothills in sight of the Pacific highway-to-be. Then a dirty, dusty road in summer and a muddy road in winter. We watched that road grow to a wide, paved thoroughfare. Progress everywhere and we lived in its swirl. Needless to say we bought autos and the buggy was hidden behind a seeder, rake, harrow and hay tedder.

Then I thought: Suppose our family had migrated deep into the hills after Mother's statement. Would we have grown mentally? Would we have advanced in any way?

Several hundred years ago the ancestors of the "mountain whites" entered the remote valleys for one cause or another. They entered at a time when fresh air in homes in winter was not to be thought of. It is not so many years ago that bathing was looked upon with horror. Our present civilization has come upon us with leaps and bounds. I wonder just how many bathtubs were owned in the United States one hundred years ago?

So, out of the reach of the swirl of the engulfing growth of the last 50 years, these people have lived with their traditions and unchanging environment.

I taught one term of school among them. One family I remember had three boys in school. I honestly do not believe those boys had a bath from the time they stopped swimming in the fall until spring. Their overalls I know were never washed till they fell in rain from their bodies in the spring. I never was in the home, but I learned that the woman was a sickly, puny thing and the little girl at home was also sickly and puny. She hadn't been a mile from her home since her marriage.

I did all the buying and brought things home. She was content, as was the only life she knew and her mother and grandmother had lived in the same manner before her.

One man passed the remark in my hearing. "It isn't good for women to go anywhere. They get queer notions. Now look at Zeb's wife. She went to town one day and saw other women picking out dress goods and now he has to let her have a dollar so she can buy her own calicoes."

All women aren't like Zeb's wife and so they live unwakened. Then the term "lazy" came to mind again. With it came children. Birth-control is unknown in the mountains. Families of 14 and 20 with often no attention are the rule. One woman told me she gave birth to 12 children back in Virginia and never "had" a doctor.

There were 21 children in one family near where I taught but later I saw larger ones. Twenty-eight children was the largest I saw personally. There were two mothers and a father.

Mothers worn out with child-bearing, dying and giving place to another girl to be worn out in like manner. Women up, oftentimes, and dragging around to get a meal for their menfolk, a few hours after the baby was born.

Lazy? Not unwakened. But the situation must be handled carefully. The man will see his post of "lord and master" usurped and may do as one did.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TYPHOID FEVER is a disease of world-wide prevalence. It is common to all countries and is met both in cities and the rural districts. Wherever the typhoid bacillus is to be found, there will be cases of typhoid fever.

The discharges from a typhoid patient may contain the typhoid bacillus. The unwashed hands of a person with typhoid may infect milk, fruit, ice cream, butter or vegetables. It is possible that flies may carry it and cause pollution.

One who has had typhoid, or who has been in contact with a case, may become a "carrier." Bacteria of apparently obscure origin have been traced to such persons. The early symptoms of typhoid are not characteristic. A feeling of lassitude and weakness may be noticed for a week or two before the disease is recognized. But before long there will be severe headache, backache and fever, accompanied by diarrhea and pain in the abdomen. The symptoms are worse at night and the fever then is more intense. In the morning the patient may feel comparatively well.

Early in the second week the characteristic rose-colored spots appear on the abdomen. A blood test proves that the case is actually typhoid. During the second and third weeks the symptoms continue growing worse. Improvement is noted in the fourth week, in a favorable case. Then the patient begins to struggle slowly back to health.

The typhoid bacillus attacks the glands of the intestine. First they cause swelling, then inflammation and ulceration. The progress of the disease corresponds to the changes in the intestinal glands. Recovery takes place when the ulcerated glands are healed.

The first measure to be taken in the prevention of typhoid fever, and in guarding a community against it, is to secure a pure water supply. The proper disposal of waste comes next. The dairies must be under constant inspection to guard against the contamination of the milk supply. All food handlers must be examined to discover the presence of "carriers."

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: "You Give off Invisible Rays!"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Across the plains in '43:

The shortest story the Bits man has found of a covered wagon journey in pioneer days was told in the March, 1906, number of the Oregon Historical society Quarterly by Samuel Penter, who was a member of the first large immigration coming all the way with wagons—in the Applegate train. It follows:

"I wish to state concerning some of the past. In 1813 my father was drafted to fight the English. In 1814 I was born on Reed's creek in Blount county, east Tennessee. I knew but little of Tennessee. In 1820 we moved to Arkansas. Now, concerning the trip: my father, grandfather, R. Bates and William Tait bought a keel boat at Henry's Mill on Little river in which we shipped for Arkansas. Very little was known about the navigation by any of the company. We started from Henry's Mill on Little river in the spring. We voyaged down Little river to Tennessee river.

"There we stopped at the Muscal shoals. (Present famous Muscle shoals; Penter was a better speller than the stenographer who made the mistake and thus changed the official name.) My father made a fine canoe; it was stolen that night from the boat. We voyaged down the Tennessee to the Ohio river and to the Mississippi river and stopped at Memphis at the mouth of the Wolf river. We stayed there three weeks while my father and uncle went across to see the country. In the meantime a negro caught a large catfish. He tried to sell it but its belly was so large every body was afraid it had swallowed an infant. The negro said, 'You not buy; I eat him myself.' He opened the fish and found, tied in a handkerchief, \$300. The negro was in luck, don't you think?"

"Well, the men returned well pleased with the country. Then we loosed from Wolf river to navigate down to the mouth of White river at Montgomery Point. Now comes the hardest of it. Up White river 400 miles to Laffor creek, and took a place in White river bottom which was covered with native cane and much good timber of various kinds. It was hard clearing. When we got settled my father and uncle, Sam Hess, went hunting in the mountains. They came back with three horses loaded with buffalo meat—the last buffalo found in that country.

"Arkansas was just settling when we got there. Game was plenty and we had in abundance. The first two years we secured wild meat in plenty—bear and deer and wild turkeys. My father was a good hunter and killed bear enough to fill the smokehouse. I was too young to know or do much. If it had not been for the game, we would have been hard pressed to have a good living. After two years we had land enough cleared so that we were almost independent. We raised cotton to pay the store bills; cotton was our best crop to make money. When I was 21 I enlisted in the army in the time of the Seminole war. We had no trouble with the Indians.

"In 1836 I was married to M. C. Kaiser. In the fall of 1842 I moved to Missouri to get ready to migrate to Oregon. Wintered in Bates county, went early in the spring to Fisher's Mill. There we laid in our supplies for the trip. We started the 20th of May.

"I started with two horses and a small wagon and one cow that gave me all the way. We got along wonderfully well till we came to the Kaw river, where we came up with the company ahead of us. They made two large dug-out of which they made a ferry-boat to cross wagons. My father-in-law had a fine horse, he hired an Indian to swim across the river. He failed to get him to the water. I proposed to get a man on each side and one behind, but the Indian was afraid. 'Take the Indian off and I will swim the horse over the river,' I said. I got on him. 'Now get a man on each side and one behind him with a rope and force him in the water,' I called. And he went. When he (Continued on page 9)

New Views

"If found guilty, should Mrs. Judd be hung?" This question was asked about town yesterday by reporters of The Statesman.

Mrs. C. N. Needham, housewife: "I do not believe in capital punishment, but the guilty must be punished. It is a sad predicament. To make her sentence life would be a joke, because how many ever serve out such a sentence. I would hate to have to decide what to do with her."

J. D. Drake, Silvertown photographer: "Yes, because I am a believer in capital punishment."

"Bill" Lemmon, Willamette university student: "Yes, if they're hanged other women."

Wesley Reeder, psychology teacher: "Taking into consideration the changed attitude toward women nowadays, the way they are taking prominent positions in the business world, I don't see why she shouldn't."

Mrs. G. N. Thompson, housewife: "No, I would not hang her. If she is insane as they are trying to prove her the place for her is in a criminal insane ward in an asylum."

H. Parker, office worker: "Yes; ordinarily I don't believe in hanging, but I think this offense, if as charged, should be so reckoned with."

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

SYNOPSIS

Bob Harkness, one of the most respected ranchers on the Mexican border, is "El Coyote," the masked bandit, who has avenged the wrongs inflicted upon the people by Paco Morales. Ted Radcliffe, the son of Bob's dead friend, Ann Reed, an entertainer at a disreputable resort, and Dr. Price are the only ones who know "El Coyote's" identity. Morales would pay well for this information, not knowing that Ann loves "El Coyote" and is his spy, asks her to secure it. He also employs her to entangle Ted and kill his beautiful niece, Adela's love for the American. Ann goes to warn Bob and brings Ted the news that a large tract of land controlled by Morales rightfully belongs to him. Back in her room, Ann tells Ted of Morales' proposed trap.

CHAPTER XLIII

A light knock sounded on the door. He heard her little start of surprise, and saw her bare arm and shoulder as she pulled the tapestry aside.

"Quiet as!" she called.

For answer the door swung slowly open. With a choked cry Ted started to his feet. There at the doorway stood Morales, his face twisted in an exultant smile, and at his elbow was Adela. For a moment their eyes took in the picture, the man standing by the chair, and behind him, clutching the tapestry, that half-clothed figure of the girl that all the border knew as Ann Reed.

"Very deliberately Morales spoke. 'A thousand pardons. I had hoped to have my niece meet the charming singer. It would seem she is—pleasantly occupied.'"

As the door swung closed, Ted leaped forward, but the girl flung her arms about him.

"Not now," she pleaded, while her hands held him back. "You mustn't give her a chance to say something she can't recall. Give her time to think. Wait until you're calm. Then go to her."

In Ted's brain was still the memory of Adela's eyes, and for a mad moment his hands twisted with blind rage. Roughly he unwound the girl's arms, and left the room.

Downstairs he ran through the long patio, then out into the night. Adela was nowhere. He searched inside the gaming hall, passed behind the line of tables, then hurried into the patio again.

Mendoza stood looking down the street.

"The señor seeks someone?"

"Paco Morales."

The little innkeeper waved toward the door. "Only this moment he left."

As Ted swept down the long aisle between the tables Bob looked up. Something in the man's quick tread warned him of impending trouble, for never before had his face been so stern, the eyes so deadly. And his voice, as he told Bob what had happened upstairs, held a pent-up fury even more menacing than his eyes.

Bob sat for a long moment in thought. At last he said: "I'm inclined to agree with Price that the old Spaniard is just a little mad. How he must have hurt Adela!"

"I can't hurt her eyes—they weren't accusing—they weren't even questioning—they were only terribly sad." Ted raised a clenched hand and the square line of his jaw set. "Morales wants open war—now, by God, he'll have it."

"Softly, old son."

"Softly! I've walked softly long enough. Ted burst out. 'I'm fed up with smiles and words. Oh, it's all clear enough! He wants me out of



There at the doorway stood Morales, his face twisted in an exultant smile.

this country and out of Adela's heart. And if he has to—he'll kill." Ted looked about him. "I could do a little killing myself tonight."

Bob rose. "I think, old fellow, we'd better be going. Jito and his gang are out in the bar—we don't want any trouble."

Once again Ted's jaw set. "Ever since I came here I've been avoiding trouble with Morales and his vaqueros. Tonight it's their turn to step aside."

After a moment's hesitation Bob shrugged and dropped back into his chair. They sat in silence, their unseeing eyes fixed before them, while about them the music swayed and dancers passed and repassed, looking down curiously on the two grim-faced men.

Then, as Bob turned to break the black silence, a waiter hurried to their table and leaned over Ted's shoulder.

"Señor, Jito gives you his message from the bar. He hopes you will join him in a drink when you are no longer engaged upstairs."

The insolence of that challenge stung Ted to instant action. He jumped to his feet, upsetting the little table. His eyes became narrow, bloodshot slits, but his voice was calm. "Come," he said to Bob. "I am accepting Jito's invitation—and God help one of us tonight."

Just outside the door that led into the long bar of Mendoza's the two men stopped. All bedlam had broken loose in there, and above the chorus of shouts rose the crash of splintered wood, then the silvery shattering of glasses. The thud of a heavy body followed, and the roar of voices redoubled. Bob loosened the top button of his shirt. Then he opened the door.

In sharp contrast to the darkened patio, the white lights of the mirrored barroom for a moment dazzled their eyes. Lined up before the bar twenty or more dromedared Mexican vaqueros stood, quiet hanging loose at their belts, roweled spurs biting into the wooden floor. A table toward the lower end of the bar had overturned, and bottles and glasses were scattered about it, but it was toward the upper end that the eyes of the vaqueros led. The crowd had drawn back to the wall, leaving a space of

oak floor empty, and here, in the center, lay one of Mendoza's waiters. Above him, leaning over, was the huge, bent figure of a cowboy, and as he raised his dark face, Ted recognized Jito. An ugly grimace played about the Mexican's mouth. He seemed to be turning over in that slow brain of his what next to do to the prostrate form before him.

"Throw him out, Jito," laughed a little vaquero. "Teach him not to interfere with caballeros."

Again the air was filled with cries and oaths, while his men urged Jito on. The big Mexican stooped, picked up the waiter, carried him to the door and, raising him high above his head, hurled the man into the darkness. A storm of laughter and applause arose, but suddenly, as Jito turned back, all voices ceased, and in that sudden silence one might have heard the beating of his own heart.

For Jito had caught sight of Ted standing in the doorway, and across the giant vaquero's face came a look that brought every man to silent immobility and made more than one reach to see if his knife was sheathed by his side. Throughout the room that sudden deadly silence fell, so still the dripping of an overturned bottle sounded down the long length of the room, where a moment before all had been an orgy of noise. There was no mistaking the message in Jito's eyes. In Ted's wrists the blood tingled, and he smiled as he sensed at last the breaking of that long-awaited storm.

To Don Bob, too, as he stood there, flashed the thought that now before them the inevitable clash was at hand. The desert was not wide enough for those two men. Ted felt Bob's hand close quietly about his arm, and a whispered voice said, "Wait."

Step by step the great-shouldered vaquero came on. It was like the advance of a grizzly, leisurely, triumphant, gloating, and irresistible as if he knew that time meant nothing and that the end was sure. All most within arm's length of Ted the Mexican stopped, so near that Radcliffe could see the bloodshot eyes and the little beads of sweat that stood out on the dark forehead. Jito swept low his broad sombrero in a gesture of ironic welcome.

(To Be Continued)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

January 29, 1907

Improvement of the county court house was urged at a meeting in the court room last night by a group of Silvertown residents, but protested by a group of Salem citizens because of the heavy tax levy which it would entail.

Optimistic over prospects for the industry, many orchardists in the Rosedale district are setting out new prune trees. Walter H. Jory will put 10,000 trees in his 88 acre tract.

Senator Smith yesterday introduced a bill for reduction of the number of state normal schools from four to two. It passed the committee by a 10 to 9 vote.

January 29, 1922

Dr. H. E. Moore, secretary of the Associated Charities yesterday received a \$10 bill with the notation: "For the Associated Charities, with the cordial wishes of the Ku Klux Klan."

WASHINGTON — Twenty-four dead and 55 injured persons have been removed from the Kaiback-bocker theatre here which last night collapsed under the weight of two feet of snow on the roof.

DALLAS — State highway department surveyors now are surveying the proposed new road to Tillamook beach resorts from Dallas to Wallace bridge.

Daily Thought

"I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death." — Thomas à Kempis

A newer and broader conception of Thrift

With the passing of National Thrift Week in 1932 remains this greater meaning: Thrift is good management of the business of living—wise spending for daily needs, for money wisely spent adds to productive power of both individual and nation.

The United States National urges careful consideration of the ideas and suggestions presented during National Thrift Week.

The
United States
National Bank
Salem Oregon