

# The Oregon Statesman

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OUR FATHER'S GOD—"And the Lord appeared unto him, and said, \* \* \* Sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee. \* \* \* Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, And Isaac dwelt in Gerar." Gen. 26:2-6.

## SHOULD BUILD A BIG SPINACH INDUSTRY

Spinach is called the "broom of the stomach." It is both a food and a medicine, and so general is its use becoming that it is beginning to be classed as a staple.

For there are many people of good judgment who insist upon eating spinach every day.

We had a considerable spinach industry in the Salem district a few years ago, joining up our growers with the dehydration plant.

And no doubt the industry in this branch of it will be revived sooner or later, because spinach is a vegetable that lends itself well to dehydration.

But, for the iron in it, and for the vitamins and the vegetable salts, spinach is coming into more and more general use; the tonnage of its supply is growing fast.

And there is no reason why our farmers and gardeners should not develop a car lot supply here, to go to distant points, developing a market on a quality product, the same as has been done with our celery and our head lettuce, and is promised with our asparagus.

It is now very well recognized that the production of spinach of a high quality in commercial quantities, and with sufficient tonnage to make it profitable to grow, is a specialized industry. It is like celery growing in this respect. Any gardener, on almost any kind of land found here, can grow some celery, and he can grow some spinach.

But this does not mean celery or spinach that will sell on quality above the market prices for such vegetables grown elsewhere. This specialization has been brought to success here in the case of celery—and it can be brought to success, the writer believes, in the case of spinach.

It is no longer necessary to say to the majority of the readers of The Statesman that the eating of spinach freely is a very important requisite for health. Every kitchen or home garden should have some spinach, and two crops should be raised, and some of it should be canned at home, or the commercially canned or dehydrated article should be used when it cannot be had in the fresh form.

Spinach is nearly as important in the dietary as milk; and every up-to-date man and woman now knows that a virile race cannot be sustained without milk, nor healthy children raised, nor old people kept in proper condition.

One of the greatest arguments in favor of spinach growing commercially in the Salem district is the fact that the spring crop will furnish a cash return early in the season when money is needed for the cultivation of other crops. And, in the same way, it adds materially to the net returns from any given number of acres of land under cultivation.

But we have got to learn to grow quality spinach, and a lot of it to the acre; and this will take special locations and specialized treatment and specialized fertilization of the soil.

All this is worth while, because spinach will persist and its use will grow.

And moreover it is a prospective valuable crop for greenhouse cultivation, for our home markets, and for shipping fresh to the cities and towns up and down the coast and to the big city markets throughout the country.

And the growing of a quality crop for car lot shipments would also lead to a great and growing demand from our canners, who could command a wide market if they could guarantee a strictly quality output.

Salem is now bringing from outside markets some spinach every day. This is creditable to the good sense of our consumers; though it is the opposite of creditable to our growers, who should be supplying all we can use, of the best quality, besides shipping away great quantities of it, and thus adding a large and steady community cash income.

The vote in favor of joining the World Court was 76 to 17, with three absent. It would have received 78 favorable votes had the absentees been present. The sentiment of the thinking people throughout the country is more nearly unanimous than that. And the writer believes the sentiment is quite as nearly unanimous in favor of joining the League of Nations, with and without reservations.

If there is any one within the purview of these printed lines who imagines that Salem is going to quit growing, or to fail to grow more every future year than the preceding one, for a long, long time, he would better get his thinking cap on straight.

The little Americans are saying entering the World Court means opening the door to the League of Nations. There are a good many millions of our people who hope the horrible charge may prove true, and not be long doing it.

May we look forward to a time when some one or group of people may endow a theological school, a part of Willamette University, with provisions that will not allow that school to bandy itself for the embraces of strangers.

SET CHARLESTON RECORD  
HOUSTON, Texas, Jan. 25.—(By Associated Press.)—Two Houston boys tonight established a new marathon record for continuous dancing of the vigorous Charleston when they came to a stop after hearing the official announcer shout "26 hours, 34 minutes and 25 seconds." The boys are Howard Short and Sam Foster. Miss Dollie Skinner, 19, established a record for women of eight hours and 45 minutes.

## The Arizona Sheriff

Tales of his adventures, his courage, his humor, his keen intelligence—as collected by Major Grover F. Sexton, "The Deputy from Yavapai County." How with nimble gun and motor car he brings swift and sure justice to evildoers.

Captain E. M. Joyce, world war hero, wore the biggest cowboy sombrero and ran the "dude" ranch in Arizona out at the edge of the Coronado national forest between Guthrie mountain and Reddington, "way up in the north-east corner of Pima country, which stretches for 176 miles across the state.

Once a telegraph operator and later commander of men in France, where he was gassed, Captain Joyce was a stern, particular man.

Just before the war he had married one of the prettiest girls in the San Pedro valley, vivacious, fun-loving Lillian Johnson, daughter of one of the best-known cattlemen in the valley, H. L. Johnson.

Two charming little children beautified their lives and they were very happy, though the ranch didn't pay very well.

Captain Joyce heard of the success of "dude" ranches farther north. These are ranches dressed up to be real "Wild West" for the benefit of guileless easterners who want to see "tuff" men and live amid pioneer days, which they don't understand have gone these 30 years. So he started one.

He had the hardest riding cowboys, who put on all the pretenses of being early day cowmen; he even had a Carlisle Indian who momentarily forgot his polished speech for the pidgin English of 60 years ago.

He supplied the doggiest "western" clothing a tourist ever put on—wide sombreros, shaggy chaps, studded gauntlets, flowing handkerchiefs to wear about the neck, high heeled boots with monstrous spurs and even wicked six guns than any cowpuncher ever put on his hip.

Wise slickers from the east came out, gulped it all down, bought the finery that no present day cowman would be caught dead in, got themselves cobered with saddle sores, paid ten prices for it all and went back east filled with western "color."

The dude ranch was a success. Pretty Mrs. Joyce did her part. A skilled rider, she rode herd over the rented cattle with the superlative cowmen they'd hired, and then she'd come in and dish out flapjacks like a chuckwagon cook. It was great fun for a while, but she tired of having to be in this false position always, so much alone amidst the gay crowd.

Captain Joyce had to be away at times, attending to business. Jess Whitley, a dashing young fellow hired as a movie cowboy, used

to hang around her kitchen and chat after the flapjacks were cooked. He knew many stories, was witty, and she found it pleasant to listen to his chatter.

He, wilfully or otherwise, took her tolerance for interest, and began to press her with attentions.

Captain Joyce, stern westerner of the old time traditions, killed him.

The story came into Tucson at night and Sheriff Walter Bailey got out his big Studebaker and two deputies and raced through the Coronado mountains and forests, up canyons and across gulches—occasionally on the wagon trails and once in a while on a good road—in 42 minutes, a record for the 32 miles, to this day.

Joyce was gone—no one knew where. It looked like the old story, so Bailey started an all-night vigil in his car over the Santa Cataline mountains, looking for him.

But the captain had gone to Wilcox and given himself up, and a deputy brought him back the next day.

The trial gripped all of Arizona. Lillian Joyce, the pretty little wife, left her children with her father, came into Tucson and told a story of the success of Whitley's efforts to possess her which won a manslaughter verdict for her husband. Had his weakened condition after the war not caused his mind to go blank after his first shot, causing him to fire another shot into Whitley's body where he fell, he would have been acquitted.

There isn't a single man in Arizona who believes a single word of the story of her yielding to Whitley which Lillian Joyce told from the witness stand.

Her aged father sent word, during the trial, that unless they stopped her story, he'd strap on his old six shooter and come down and clean out the courthouse.

It was a sacrifice even greater than those made by the hardy pioneer women who fought with their men to conquer the west years ago. She collapsed after finishing her story, and was in a sanitarium for months.

Big, hard-riding Walter Bailey, sheriff of Pima, joins every man in the country in hoping for the quick passing of the years that will release Captain Joyce to join his little family on a new dude ranch.

That is the great, open spirit of the great, open west.

## SLUTH WANTED

They want a Sherlock Holmes, out in Greenlee county, Arizona, who can answer this question:

When you kill and skin some steers, how can you tell what carcasses each slimsy hide belongs to? How can you fit a hide back onto the critter you've just skinned?

(Continued on page 6.)



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SEE PAGE SEVEN