

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 South Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon

October 30, 1927 And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth the most, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand...

OUR BOYS ARE LEARNING

Our three Marion county boys circling the globe in a debating tour with Asian, European and United States university students; themselves representing the student body of the University of Oregon, are learning things—

As told by a member of the Oregon team in The Statesman news columns this morning.

They are getting a different slant on the race question as they rub elbows with representatives of other races than their own.

And they even sympathize with the view points of the proud and sensitive Orientals who are patronized by the unthinking and unlearned representatives of our own people and the Nordics of other countries—

And as our bright young men have their eyes and ears and minds open, they will continue to accumulate knowledge that will make them less provincial, and that will, through their letters to American newspapers, have a large influence in rendering millions of their fellow citizens in this country less provincial.

SPEAKING OF THE SAME THING

Speaking of the same thing, in a different light, here is a true story: A passenger on a steamer from Bombay to London asked the captain whether liquor could be procured at Zanzibar, where the vessel was to touch.

THEIR WEEK

Let's give the apple men a real week. Let's give them sympathy, understanding and audiences. Above all, let's eat their apples.

Every Oregon apple with its colors of the ruby or the faintly flushed pearl has back of it a battle. Its perfect form is only won by vigilance.

As if the foes of nature were not enough, the apple men have had to subject their crops—which means their land, their homes and the mortgage—to experimental dealings with the gentlemen who make the regulations for disposal of spray residue.

The above from the Portland Journal of Friday evening is good. But the writer forgets to inform his readers what week is apple week. It is this week—

And every loyal Oregonian will eat apples this week—

As all the people of the whole country will be asked to do, as apple week is an event of national scope.

"An apple a day will keep the doctor away," and a piece of apple pie a day will keep the mulligrubs at bay, if one be fortunate enough to have a cook who knows how to make apple pie up to the quality the very name of apple pie suggests—

For in the whole category of gustatory delights there is nothing better than a hunk of that kind of apple pie, excepting one; and that is another piece of apple pie of the same quality.

Now that the subject is opened, The Statesman proposes to have for a week a sort of symposium on the king of fruits, apples, and especially as applied to Salem district and Willamette valley apples, for with our apples, as this newspaper has long contended in season and out of season, in its Slogan pages and elsewhere, that with our apples—

With our very own, "It's the Flavor." That is to say Hood River grows good apples, and Yakima's apples are fine, and those of the Wenatchee district are equally good, but our valley apples are superior to all the apples grown in all the lands bordering on the seven seas in point of being delicious in flavor.

with which no other products of pomological par excellence can quite compare.

Now for the symposium. Our pioneers knew. They supplied California in her days of old and days of gold and days of forty-nine with her apples, and they supplied the miners of eastern Oregon and Washington and Idaho—

With apples that never a codlin moth or other pestiferous worm or insect bothered. Those were the good old days when the Willamette valley apples reigned supreme on all this coast—

And we can bring back those days, in the sovereignty of high quality pertaining to flavor, with the right kind of publicity, backed by cultural methods and points of selection according to suitable varieties, if we will but unitedly undertake the task—

And sticking to it everlastingly brings success, to paraphrase the advertising slogan of the greatest of American firms in that line.

Again for the symposium. You, loyal reader, son or daughter by nativity or adoption of this great state, you are urged to write for this symposium. It is your patriotic duty and ought to be your most gracious pleasure.

If you cannot do anything more, you can at least eat apples all this week, and all the weeks of the year.

The John Pender case is a horrible one. A ghastly mistake was made in pardoning him. But thousands of Oregon people, not sob sisters, either, were led to believe in his innocence of the crime for which he was serving a life sentence in the penitentiary, commuted from a death decree by Governor West—and therefore horribly sinned against by society.

There is a bulletin board in front of a church in Des Moines, Iowa, which recently bore this announcement: "A Hearse is a Poor Vehicle to Come to Church in: Why Wait?"

Bits For Breakfast

Going some for Salem—

Statesman's new press takes the 24 page paper this morning at one mouthful—

And though they have bigger ones in the great cities, this is the largest in Oregon outside of Portland, and only a few larger ones there.

The pressmen want the readers to be a little patient, and they will ere long show a beautiful print. The big machine is capable of this, but it takes time to get acquainted with all its 6000-odd separate parts.

The new cow testing association will be hard on the boarder cows. They will get it in the neck from the butcher.

Salem Y free employment office had 218 people applying for work last week, and got jobs for 121 of them. The U. S. employment service, headquarters at Portland, reporting for the different cities of the state, gives news of much unemployment. As to Salem, the statement is: "There is a slight surplus of help in nearly all lines of work; however, the conditions are not alarming."

Crowded Statesman this morning, even with 24 large pages, equal to twenty-five and a half pages and nearly a column over of the pages of the former size. This is the last issue of the Sunday Statesman that will ever be as small as 24 large pages.

RUTH TO TRY CROSSING OVER ATLANTIC AGAIN

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do know, though, that I am not going to Montmartre."

Pathos was mingled with the thrills of a truant tour of the shopping district in fashion's capital for Ruth.

Visits Mme. Nungesser After slipping away from her guardian angels for a gleeful afternoon looking at gowns, hats and other feminine delights, the girl flier paid a visit to Madame Nungesser, mother of one of the two unfortunate French aviators who disappeared while flying over the Atlantic.

Mme. Nungesser put her arm affectionately around Miss Elder's neck when the girl presented her with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, kissed both her cheeks and then remained silent while the young woman explained that a visit to the mother of the hero of the "White Bird" had been placed first on her program after her visit yesterday to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

"You poor little American girl," exclaimed Mme. Nungesser when Miss Elder had finished. "I feel from the bottom of my heart the sympathy you bring from America—the encouragement that everyone brings from your great country. I know that my boy is alive. I appeal to you who have shown your magnificent courage to lend your help to find him."

SIGNAL MIXUP BRINGS DISASTER TO AVALON

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The steamship on its arrival here, the schooner had come across the bow of the Presidente Wilson and was on the starboard tack when the steamship struck her amidships.

The sharp prow ploughed through the trailer craft and she went down before the men could take to the boats. The three survivors were picked up within a few minutes. The Presidente Wilson hunted for others but found only the two bodies. The crash occurred before daylight shortly after 4 o'clock. The survivors said the schooner's running lights were in good order but a heavy fog cut down visibility.

The steamship remained at the scene for several hours but hope of rescuing any others of the crew finally was abandoned and she headed for Boston where the three rescued men were put ashore and sent to a hospital. The Avalon was a two masted auxiliary schooner owned by the William R. Jordan company of Gloucester. She was typical of the fishing fleet which works from that port manned by a hardy crew of Gloucestermen and fishermen from the Canadian maritime provinces. She had braved the storms of the Atlantic seaboard for nearly a quarter of a century.

COUNTY DAIRY GROUP FORMED TO TEST COWS

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Oregon Agricultural college. Votes of thanks were ordered drafted to the Marion and Capital City creameries of Salem and the Mt. Angel creamery, which each donated \$25 to help in buying the testing apparatus, and to the banks that are expected to provide the balance of the money for this purpose, thus making the charges as light as possible for the dairymen while getting the work to functioning. Also a vote of thanks was ordered to the Ladd & Bush bank for the help of Henry Crawford and to the Chas. R. Arehard implement company for the help of Ivan Stewart, their field man.

The Members to Start The following are the members of the association who have signed up to start the work: C. J. Stupfel, Route 9, Salem; at Chemawa Four Corners, Frank H. Spears, Salem, W. P. Brantley, Aumsville, Neal W. Miller, Woodburn, M. G. Gunderson, Silverton, W. L. Gooding, St. Paul, J. G. Kaufman, St. Paul, C. J. Berning, Mt. Angel, Klein Bros., Mt. Angel, Raymond Titus, Turner, Fred Miller, Turner, Hamson & Anderson, Turner, P. B. Simpson, Jefferson, E. B. Torvand, Henry Torvand, C. E. Jorgensen, Silverton, Richard Harrison, Corvallis, F. W. Durbin & Son, Salem, J. A. Krasner, Silverton, J. J. Smith, St. Paul, B. P. Stupfel, St. Paul, Fred N. Rorden, Mt. Angel, Lee Sutton, Aumsville, S. J. Parker, W. Stayton, J. R. Davis, Turner, Warren Gray, Marion, H. W. Cooley & Son, Jefferson, Samuel Torvand, Silverton, Shirley Brown, Mt. Angel, Jones Bros., Corvallis, Wiebe Kulken, Rt. 2, Seio, Frank Bark, Salem, Paulsen & Sons, Dayton, Paulsen & Sons, Salem.

"Johnnie had! It the tumbled mind as the doesn't tumble backwards. When I wor mendis the pants last week I forgot to tek 'niddle out, an' it's their yet!"

THE MORNING ARGUMENT



"It ain't no trick to get married if you're satisfied to take the kind of partner you deserve."



"Ma's favorite dish is meat loaf an' she tells people she cooks it so often because I like it."

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FILES, DROPS SUIT

COMPLAINT AND DISMISSAL ENTERED SAME DAY

A complaint asking divorce and an order dismissing the complaint were both filed in circuit court here yesterday. The order of dismissal was handed down upon application of the plaintiff filing the original suit.

C. W. Brown filed a complaint asking legal separation from Maude F. Brown, alleging generally cruel and inhuman treatment and personal indignities making life burdensome, and more particularly intoxication, wasting affection and a few other things on the part of his wife.

Brown alleged "that said defendant has, upon more than one occasion, told plaintiff that she thought of one C. K. Reggen, a driver of Parker stages, that she did for plaintiff, and that if plaintiff would leave she would live with the said C. K. Reggen."

Brown had asked divorce and custody of three minor children.

PLAN NEW OCEAN FLIGHT

Cesare Sabelli and Three Companions to Fly to Rome

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—(AP)—Another proposed trans-Atlantic flight this year was announced today.

Cesare Sabelli said he and three companions would attempt the 4500 mile air jump from here to Rome late in December and

that he hoped to land in the Eternal City on New Year's Day.

Sabelli, an Italian war ace, called Premier Mussolini of the project saying: "I consider it my duty to inform you first, as my duce, that my trans-Atlantic flight in December will be with a type of Bellanca especially constructed for winter trips, thereby securing first place for Italy and Fascism."

The aviator said he would follow an all-southern route, via the Azores, the north coast of Africa and Sardinia. Besides himself, there will be a navigator, a radio operator and an expert to record and compile scientific data gathered on the trip.

7 MEN BURIED IN MINE

Air Blast Wrecks Part of Workings; Little Hope Held

HOUGHTON, Mich., Oct. 29.—(AP)—Seven more men were believed to have been imprisoned in a shaft of the Quincy Copper Mine here when an air blast wrecked part of the workings late today.

Officials expressed the opinion that the seven men were killed in the explosion, but their fate could not be determined until the shaft is cleared of wreckage. The accident occurred on the forty first level of the mine, 4,100 feet beneath the surface.

ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE EXHIBIT BEGINS

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and with the largest competition ever reported at a similar event in the west. The boys were: Howard Gibson, Otto Oetzen and Clin-

This is Worth Money to You. As a special introductory offer we are going to redeem each of the attached coupons for 75c. On each order for five loads of good millwood. This offer is limited to a few days and will not be renewed. Phone your order in now— Telephone 1855 Hillman Fuel Co. Yard Office 1405 Broadway. COUPON. The undersigned orders hereby, from Hillman Fuel Co., five loads of Mill Wood, to be paid upon delivery at \$18.75 for the five loads, with the understanding that this coupon will be redeemed by the driver for seventy-five cents.

The Statesman Bargain Offer. (For Mail Subscribers Only) EXPIRES MONDAY NIGHT. Daily and Sunday Statesman, regular price \$5.00. Northwest Poultry Journal, regular price \$1.00. Pacific Homestead, regular price \$1.50. Official Oregon Road Map, regular price .50. Valet Auto Strop Safety Razor, regular price 1.00. Total value \$8.00. Bargain Offer All For \$4. Beginning the first Sunday in November, The Sunday Statesman will contain an illustrated comic section, in colors. The Sunday Statesman will contain, each issue, 24 to 50 pages. The price of the Sunday paper will be 20 cents a month, or 5 cents a copy after Nov. 1. But you get the Sunday paper with all the rest in the bargain offer. THE PAPER OF PROGRESS. The Statesman is the paper of progress. Its Slogan pages and other constructive development features will be stressed more than heretofore. In every way, The Statesman will be a bigger and better newspaper than it has been in the past. It has press and other facilities superior to those of many newspapers in cities of 100,000 or more. COMMITTED TO GROWTH. The Statesman organization is committed to the growth of our industries on the land, hooked up with the growth of our industries in our cities and towns— Committed to a program of progress and prosperity. It solicits your subscription strictly upon merit; upon service rendered as a complete newspaper, and one that will help its own welfare only as it helps yours. You will need The Statesman. You will subscribe later if not now. Why not now—this month—while the bargain price lasts?