

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Stays 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

Member of the Associated Press  
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

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

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:  
Arthur W. Stuyves, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.  
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:  
Ford-Parsons-Stecker, Inc., New York, 271 Madison Ave.;  
Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

## The School at the Farm Home

ONE of the last acts of the board of regents of the state normal school was to abolish the teacher training courses hitherto offered by the Monmouth normal at the children's farm home near Corvallis. We hope this ruling is not permitted to stand, and that the new board of higher education may be able to compose the differences intimated to exist and provide this instruction at the farm home. The reported friction was between the superintendent of the farm home and the normal school organization. It seems difficult to grant that these differences are serious enough to warrant the suspension of the service which the normal school has previously given at the farm home.

Over a hundred boys and girls are being cared for at the farm home, under the government of a representative board of trustees and an earnest and efficient superintendent, Mr. Heyman. The education of the children has been conducted by the normal using the school as a training school for teachers. In this way the teachers received their required training and the farm home, which constitutes a school district in itself, had the children educated at small cost.

It is hard to see how the school can be carried on without the continued connection with the normal. The farm home's revenues are not sufficient to provide teaching staff for the school. We can see where a serious situation may develop.

Many people living even so close as Salem to the farm home do not realize the splendid work that is being done there in the training of orphaned boys and girls. Children principally from broken homes are housed and cared for there in a fine, intelligent, wholesome manner. With a farm to work on each child has definite duties along with his schooling; and the children produce from the farm a goodly portion of their needs with a surplus to sell. Carle Abrams, secretary of the board of control, told us the other day he had bought the state's supply of canned tomatoes from the farm home. Pay a visit at the home, which is located on the Albany-Corvallis highway about mid-way between the two cities. You will be cordially received and will come away proud of the work the farm home is doing, for the homeless boys and girls of Oregon.

## Dawes Makes a Good Start

EX-GENERAL, EX-VICE PRESIDENT DAWES is getting off to a fine start as ambassador to Great Britain. He didn't start in to tell the British how to revise the rules of parliament, but he has lost no time getting on the job and discharging its duties with a refreshing candor and directness. He met the king, then he had an important conference with Prime Minister MacDonald which gives promise of being a long step toward reduction of naval armaments.

Asked if he would serve liquor at the embassy, Mr. Dawes promptly and frankly said "No." He made the simple explanation that he never served liquor in his own home in Evanston, and didn't see why he should abroad. He goes to meet the queen in conventional evening clothes, that is American evening clothes. The Lord Chamberlain professed consternation over his failure to wear knee britches and silk hose but that old gent gets heart failure all the time over "breches"—of etiquette.

The other day Mr. Dawes lunched at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese". This famous old eating house in Fleet street, which is what we Americans call "newspaper row", has memories dating back to Dr. Samuel Johnson who frequented the place. Dawes partook of meat pie and Cheshire cheese, though the report doesn't say whether the cheese was as "olde" as Dr. Johnson. The American visitor even took a few puffs from a great Church Warden pipe, whatever that is, but a few puffs satisfied him and he pulled out his faithful understung cherry wood.

The country, your own home country, is strong for you Mr. Dawes. It glories in your clear-headedness, your sensible division of sham and worthiness in conventions and customs, and your forthright effort to harmonize the interests of the two great English-speaking nations.

What a change years make. William Dawes, forbear of Charles, started out with Paul Revere on that famous ride to rouse the countryside against the sortie of redcoats. Now Charles is warmly welcomed as ambassador at the court of St. James.

## Dress Well and Succeed!

THE college prof who told Massachusetts Tech graduates to be snobs, included in the amplification of this exhortation to wear good clothes. Now that was good advice. Men have lost the art of dressing well. The decline traces back to those horrid campus cords, cords and the accompanying sweater. Cords and sweater with soft shirt and no necktie made a roughneck outfit that got by on the campus where youth is supposed to set the style. The automobile with its trick of tire-changing or car-trouble made men lapse into less immaculate dress. So now you seldom see a well-dressed gentleman any more. The black derby was a feeble and frantic effort to restore sense of dress among men, but worn with gay sport coats in fall and winter the combination was ludicrous. Dishrag collars advertised for "comfort" have contributed to the sartorial let-down.

Here is hoping the clothing merchants can stage a successful revival of the art and the habit of dressing well. That doesn't mean spats, a cane, and a monocle. It does mean the manners and the mode of a gentleman.

## Perhaps it is a College Yell

THE editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times writes in highly entertaining style of his trip through southwestern Oregon to help the governors dedicate the bridge over Smith river in California. He told all about how Smith river got its name from Jedediah Smith, namesake of Solomon and suggested it be called the "Jed Smith" river to distinguish it from the several other members of the Smith family who live in Oregon and California.

But he failed to give the pedigree of "Hiouchi" which is the name given to the bridge. Is it Hawaiian, first cousin to the famous dance? Is it pronounced on the "ouch"? Or do you sneeze hard on the last syllable? Maybe it is Indian or Chinese. But we must know so we may keep up with the day's news.

Albany is going to entertain the editors of the state this week. There must be press conventions along with conventions of morticians, physicians and politicians, to say nothing of court house janitors, drawbridge tenders, and commercial club secretaries. The news-mongers of the state will enjoy the warmth of Albany's hospitality Friday and Saturday and then get a real chill in Pacific waters at Newport Sunday.

## Maybe He Didn't Like The Noise



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

World's strawberry city—

That is what Salem is, and evidently will persist in being, and in increasing her lead.

Back in the nineties, when this section was just emerging from the one crop era of mossbackism, and a man who afterwards became governor of Oregon was writing for the public prints advice against growing anything for outside markets but wheat, for which there was always a certain cash market abroad, the boosters of that time ventured to call this the cherry city of the world. That was the first ambitious gasp towards the domain of the land of diversity, and we quarreled with The Dalles about the handle we took to our name.

The name persists. We have the Cherry City bakery and the Cherry City other concerns. And we are a much greater cherry than we were then, and will be more and more so, of course.

At that time the Hood River district was away ahead of the Salem district on strawberries. But we have so far passed the Hood River district that the big canneries at The Dalles for several years sent its fleets of trucks through Hood River to the Salem section to get strawberries to eke out its supplies, and that concern is now doing the same thing for their Portland plant.

They grow a lot of strawberries near San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Detroit and the other big cities. But they eat them fresh from the vines. Any one of scores of the Salem district strawberry patches could supply the total Salem market. We can and cold pack the great bulk of our strawberries, and in this respect Salem is far and away the leading strawberry state of the union; and in this respect Salem is practically the whole of Oregon; almost as much so as in the production of hops.

If the cold pack process keeps going like it looks it might, there is going to be a great and steady expansion of our strawberry lead. And besides, that process bids fair to bring the loganberry industry back and keep it on the map in an expanding condition. But Oregon leads in black raspberries and gooseberries, and that also means the Salem district.

And this is the fiber flax and linen center of the country, and the flibbert center, and is going to be the the wainut and other edible nut center. And the pumpkin canning center, and going to be the string bean center—and we have only just got a fair start in diversity. This will be the mint center of the world, and in fact the essential oil center, clear up to altar of roses. It is the world record Jersey cow center. It will be the same for the Guernseys and other breeds. It will be the goat center, too, Angora and milk. And that is not half the story; not nearly half—it is just a fair start.

The visitors at the Hunt canery in Salem at the open house session of Wednesday afternoon saw something the telling of which will surprise a lot of them. They saw a larger packing of strawberries than was ever before done in one day by a single plant in the world. This was repeated yesterday, and will persist a few days longer; and it will be exceeded each year hereafter, in mounting totals.

In the words of the advertising slogan, "there is a reason." W. G. Allen, called "Bill" by his brothers of Rotary and other familiar, is the doyen of the can-

ning business in Salem. That is a long story. But he was the pioneer in developing the proper strawberry varieties for this district. Albert Etter, the apple and strawberry Burbank, of Eureka Cal., developed many varieties. He named one of them the Trebla, spelling his first name backwards. The Trebla looked like a comer. There were about 57 varieties of Etterburgs. Bill Allen tried out all of them here, and many others. The Etterburgs our people have settled upon is for its true name Etterburg 121. The great Salem strawberry district has come down to just two varieties, or rather types—the Etterburg type for the firm or canning berry, and the Marshall or Oregon or New Oregon for the soft, early, cold pack berry.

There is not much if any difference between the cold pack types, excepting in name. It would take a book to trace our great strawberry industry through its history. But what is said in this paragraph will serve to show its extreme high lights.

J. Robertson Brooks was buried here on Wednesday. His church, his American Legion comrades and others paid their last sad tributes. He was a Salem boy, coming from splendid families on both sides. Men and women who pioneered in Oregon among the early state builders; leaving and perpetuating names and heritages of which any one might well be proud. Robert was a bright boy. He was endowed with fine attributes and talents. He worked on The Statesman with the Bits man and showed the marks of high emprise; the divine afflatus of genius and vision. He had traits of character that were noble. He called under the Stars and Stripes for the World war, and in the loyal service of his country contracted tuberculosis, resulting in a condition of mind that led him to distractions. Who will say he might not under similar circumstances be worried and harassed? Robertson may have made mistakes. Who has not? Let us all hark back to the ancient injunction, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." (of the dead let nothing but good be said), and thing of J. Robertson Brooks in a perspective of our fine qualities of head and heart. And let us all assure his people and continuing neighborliness and helpfulness as they draw the curtain of memory over a life that, under different dispensations of the fortunes none of us can entirely control, might have made vastly more of the natural talents with which it was endowed.

## Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 28, 1904

Attendance at the Turner camp meeting reached the peak Sunday, when Dr. Tutts of the Anti-Saloon league addressed the meeting. A resolution was adopted to work with the league and other churches to stamp out licensed saloons.

A wagon road will be built this summer from the Elkhorn post-office into the Santiam Mines, the county court said upon return from a trip to the mine.

Eugene Slater gave a pleasant party at his home last evening in honor of his friend, Walter Poor, a well known local messenger boy who leaves today for St. Louis, where he has accepted a position.

## Editors Say:

### ELECTIONS IN ROME AND IN OREGON

Oregon's primary election law permits the candidates to employ slogans as a means of attracting the interest and support of the voters. Each person who runs for office may attach to his name a slogan that states his political principles or his platform or his views on certain issues. Candidates use the slogan, too. They spend days of thought on it, for they appreciate that it is a lure for votes.

But Oregon's use of the slogan is nothing new to politics. In the days of the Roman republic, the Roman candidates used slogans. On the walls of ancient Pompeii, Mussolini's excavators uncovered a few days ago the record of a by-gone Roman election. Several candidates had placarded the wall before the lava flow from Vesuvius covered the city.

One of these candidates was Mansa Sabinus. History does not record his name, so he never could have amounted to very much. He was probably a candidate for the legislature so he never became famous. But his slogan was as follows: "Mansa Sabinus never gets drunk."

Mansa wasn't much of a politician, because the Romans liked their liquor and a man who ran on a dry ticket those days was throwing away votes. No wonder he didn't get elected, or grow famous!

But there was a candidate who was a politician. This fellow's slogan was: "If you care for good bread and better games, vote for Cleonus Prisus."

Here indeed was a worthy candidate, able to care for himself in any political campaign. He appealed to two human weaknesses—prosperity and enjoyment. Cleonus was the forerunner of the politicians who originated the "full dinner pail" platform. Likewise he capitalized the Roman's love for the thrilling and the spectacular.

There was a third candidate who wasn't so slow. His slogan was: "Vote for Julius Politus, a man as handsome as Apollo."

Julius was appealing to the woman's vote. Of course, the woman did not cast ballots in those days, put their husbands did, and

Julius knew that the women could wind their husbands around their little fingers. Mr. Politus must have been a good politician, too, if he opposed Mr. Prisus, the race must have been a pretty good one.

There is something humorous, indeed, about these old Roman political slogans. One man proudly asserts that he is a model of sobriety. Another frankly tells his constituents that he will bring home the bacon for them. A third advertises his good looks. But all three of them were hunting for votes, just as our modern slogan-seekers hunt for them.

Human nature has not changed much during the centuries. We are not so much interested in the wording of the slogans of these Roman politicians, however, as we are in pointing out that Oregon's primary election law is not so original; after all. But there is a lesson to be learned from the Roman slogans, too. The old Romans stated their slogans very crudely because they were appealing to a constituency that was predominantly ignorant. They could not reach the rank and file of the voters by resorting to argument. They must state their position in simple terms. In Oregon, candidates are depending on slogans to carry them on to victory and are not going to the trouble of arguing the issues through. More able discussions and fewer slogans might help Oregon greatly.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

Human nature has not changed much during the centuries. We are not so much interested in the wording of the slogans of these Roman politicians, however, as we are in pointing out that Oregon's primary election law is not so original; after all. But there is a lesson to be learned from the Roman slogans, too. The old Romans stated their slogans very crudely because they were appealing to a constituency that was predominantly ignorant. They could not reach the rank and file of the voters by resorting to argument. They must state their position in simple terms. In Oregon, candidates are depending on slogans to carry them on to victory and are not going to the trouble of arguing the issues through. More able discussions and fewer slogans might help Oregon greatly.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

### SAD DAYS FOR THE SHAVEN

It is almost as unsafe for a man clean-shaven to walk the streets of Eugene these days as it is for an ordinary citizen to drive near the Canadian border. It is a different kind of danger, however. Here nobody has been shot in the back. The whisker-enforcement officers are considered to be two human weaknesses—prosperity and enjoyment. Cleonus was the forerunner of the politicians who originated the "full dinner pail" platform. Likewise he capitalized the Roman's love for the thrilling and the spectacular.

There was a third candidate who wasn't so slow. His slogan was: "Vote for Julius Politus, a man as handsome as Apollo." Julius was appealing to the woman's vote. Of course, the woman did not cast ballots in those days, put their husbands did, and

section with the activities of the kangaroo court and its wrecking crew. He wants to know whether, after one un-whiskered has been arrested and fined once, he can be arrested again the next day on a repeat charge and whether if so re-arrested he can plead prior jeopardy. There is no time to make a test case and carry the question to the kangaroo supreme court, to the best advice that can be given the esteemed reader is to stop shaving after the first conviction. Our whisker court is in a position to be autocratic if it wants to.

For this same reason it is best for the un-whiskered to pay quickly and cheerfully when sentence is pronounced. A highly useful and prominent citizen was haled before his kangaroo court only yesterday. "Where are your whiskers?" asked the court. "Right here," said the prisoner, "I've taken a good look at the court." "A clear attempt to defeat justice. The fine will be a dollar." "A what?" queried the prisoner, pressing closer as though he could not believe his ears. "I said," intoned the court, "that it will cost you a dollar and a half." "Oh," said the prisoner, moving back to his former position, "in that case I'll get back where I was." "Just the same," remarked his honor, "the fine is two dollars." It was.—Eugene Register.

### CONCESSION TO ART

The Oregonian states that Gen. George White permitted the Eugene Guardsmen at Camp Clatsop to grow beards in order to be in trim for the Eugene Sunset Trail pageant, which says the Oregonian. "Art!" It is evident that the Oregonian paragrapher has not been in Eugene lately. Art? If the stubble adorned faces of Eugene's so-called sterner sex is "art," then a chimpanzee is more beautiful than Apollo.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

### FIX TRAFFIC LAWS

The legislature did a fairly efficient job in tinkering up the traffic laws, but it would have helped some when it provided for forfeiture of driving permits as a penalty if it had confined issuance of the permits to only those fit to use them.—Hillsboro Independent.

## They Say...

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, Though This Need Not be Printed.

To the Editor:

I have noticed in your columns several articles on the coming rodeos, all over Oregon. Not once, either editorially or through press letters, have I seen any objection voiced. It seems to be an increasingly popular craze. Heavy timbered tracts, swamp lands, every little old village has to have its rodeo! Have you no other more intelligent and more humane way to amuse yourselves? Can you not levy and spend money on more progressive, substantial ways? Does the rodeo with all its yelling, dust, crowding, vices of every sort; stapled or terror stricken animals fleeing for their lives, blinded eyes, broken necks, crushed ribs, wretched little calves chased all over the place; children, getting their first lessons of shameful cruelty; men and women unthinking, uncaring, acting like hoodlums or with a fierce barbarity that would disgrace the Dark Ages; are all these things representative of your people? Do they truly typify your pioneer past? Do they express exactly your present ambition, your industry, your intelligence, your idealism, the substantial progress you hope for your state? Can you invite the world to see what only disgraces, demoralizes them and you? Have you nothing to appeal to their love of beauty, mentality, sportsmanship—no way to entertain them but to crowd them into grandstands to watch a blood-stained, agonized little blinded calf, stumble about or wild things from distant ranges flee for their lives in all the pain and shock, an uproar they cannot comprehend or escape; or steers bulldozed, excruciating pain at which everybody is expected to cheer; or bulls brought from far away India, with bull fighter technique from debased Mexico? From Arizona, Wyoming, Oklahoma, everywhere you bring in performers, long trained in cruelties. Neither now nor in the past does it truly represent pioneer life, or frontier habits or necessities, nothing native to a state you should be proud of. You have incorporated, organized, spent \$35,000 for grounds here, \$15,000 for stands there, raised \$10,000 for purses, advertised, laid tracks, spent money like water, in a state that needs schools, roads, bridges, one of the most undeveloped, backward states in the Union. Yet you think rodeos really, permanently advance you in a respected, self-respecting, and financial way! So short-sighted that you debase yourself, cripple your advance, and bring unnecessary misery upon the hundreds of animals tortured every year to make a senseless holiday! Have you no pity for them? Have you no regard for the growing children invited to watch their abuse? Have you ever thought that commercializing any sport is bad and that commercializing cruelty is the worst of all?

L. M. Clarke, Astoria, Ore.

### TOURIST SEASON ON

The variety of automobile license plates to be seen on the streets gives evidence that the tourist season is getting into its stride.—Roseburg News-Review.

Vacation time is here, have The Oregon Statesman mailed to you while you are gone. Fifty cents per month anywhere. Phone 509, we will do the rest.

# For Vacation Protection! For All Time Protection!

You Need the Protection Offered by  
**The Oregon Statesman**

# \$10,000

## Travel Accident Insurance Policy

If you take The Oregon Statesman at your home then you and every member of your family between the ages of 15 and 70 may purchase these valuable policies at

# \$1.00 a Year

These policies protect you against every kind of travel accidents paying \$10 and \$20 per week for disability as specified in the policy, \$7.50 per week hospital benefits, up to \$100 emergency benefits and from \$1,000 to \$10,000 for death, as specified in the policy.

### INSURANCE APPLICATION AND SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW OREGON STATESMAN ... Date ..... 1929  
Salem, Oregon.

Gentlemen:  
You are hereby authorized to enter my subscription to The New Oregon Statesman for one year from date. It is understood that The New Oregon Statesman is to be delivered to my address regularly each day by your authorized carrier and I shall pay him for the same at the regular established rate of 50c per month.

I am not now a subscriber to The New Oregon Statesman ( )  
I am now a subscriber to The New Oregon Statesman ( )

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Beneficiary's \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

I am enclosing a payment of \$1.00 Policy fee. I am to receive a \$10,000.00 Travel Accident Insurance Policy issued by the North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago, Illinois.

Mail Subscriptions must be paid in Advance

Here You  
Are  
Just Sign  
the  
Coupon  
and You  
Will Be  
Protected