

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Unique Resort

There are thousands of people who will wait until the road to Breitenbush hot springs is all graded and surfaced, making a boulevard out of it, before they will make the trip. In that they are making a big mistake for they are missing one of the most interesting and scenic drives in the entire state of Oregon. The narrow winding road at present between Mill City and Niagara and above Detroit to Breitenbush, merely adds zest to the trip, giving one a few thrills as he skirts the edge of the cliffs with the river dashing on the rocks hundreds of feet below. The road is entirely safe, though slow driving is cautioned where the one-way traffic rule prevails.

In many respects this drive is more interesting than the McKenzie. For one thing you are closer to the river. The canyon is narrower, the road hangs on the mountain side above the river. The river itself, though smaller, is more interesting. There are more cascades and gorges. The cliffs are more precipitous.

Then when you reach Breitenbush the valley opens wider and you come upon quite a development right in the heart of the forest. There is Skiff's camp with numerous cottages about, and at the road end the property of the Breitenbush Mineral Springs company. Here are the famed hot springs whose variegated mineral contents are reputed to have wonderful medicinal properties. The springs have long been known, having been located by Peter Breitenbush back in the 1840's. Their development has been retarded through remoteness and lack of roads. Now a fair road leads in there, making the springs accessible the year round. One of the most enjoyable features of Breitenbush is the swimming tank, where the water is a blend of cold and hot spring water making the temperature just about perfect.

The trip to Breitenbush and return may be made comfortably in a day; or it makes a delightful two day trip. It is 60 miles to Detroit, and then 12 miles further up the Breitenbush river. Above all one should not hurry; he should plan the trip to have plenty of time for cautious driving and for full enjoyment of the scenic splendors spread out profusely.

Four-H Club Radio

How many heard the members of the Four-H club who talked over KOAC during the evenings of the past two weeks when they were attending the annual summer school of the clubs at the state college? Those who did so, whether they lived in the city or country must have been thrilled and inspired to hear these childish voices tell of their work and play. Each one would give his name and the place he was from; no matter how small his community he pronounced the name with all the pride of a home town booster. He would tell what his club work was, relate something of his experience at the summer school, perhaps tell how he was sent, and generally work in a word of greeting to the folk at home.

We may be sure that out on the farms thousands of fond parents and friends were listening in when Douglas county clubbers were on the air, and Columbia county, and all the other counties that were represented. The city dwellers too would get a revelation of the work being done by these Four-H clubs. It really is one of the most constructive pieces of work ever undertaken for rural and community life. It is creative. It takes boys and girls out of the dull existence and acquaints them with the possibilities of productive work. The projects which are begun are something definite and something worth while. Boys and girls in canning clubs, sewing clubs, poultry clubs, pig clubs, alfalfa clubs, are learning the value of directed labor. They are learning how to account for their time, how to produce quality goods at reasonable profit. These are lessons which the schools do not give, but which must be learned by the masses of our people.

The two weeks course is over now and the young people have gone back home. We are sure from hearing their talks over the radio they go home with beaming faces, with eyes opened wider on the world, and with a clearer vision of the worth-whileness of simple tasks, and a finer purpose to use their lives in constructive effort.

Keep Up Organizations

It is only too easy to let down in support of worthy organizations in seasons of reduced incomes. It is easy to let old pledges slide along and forget conveniently to pay them. The conditions afford an excuse for growing slack in contributions to institutions which must depend on public generosity. Yet these institutions must go on, and very probably the need for their work is greater in these times than formerly.

Take colleges like Willamette. It must educate youth of ages from 18 to 24. It cannot shut down because the ages of these young people will not stand still times grow better. They must be educated now—or probably never.

Take institutions like the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. They have demands for increased service in many lines, particularly in providing employment. Churches have to keep up, charities, lodges, and similar organizations.

And they should be supported. They perform community jobs that need to be done, and do it at a minimum of cost. But they cannot do their work unless they are adequately sustained.

From our observation Salem for its size and wealth is not over-generous. It is a simple matter, but dangerous, to say what the other man should give. But if we add up all our budgets of organizations maintained by voluntary subscription the total would be a very modest share of the gross income of our citizens. A few are very generous; others say it with kind words instead of dollars.

Keep faith with our community, keep faith with ourselves. Maintain these various plants and institutions and keep them alive and working. They offer one form of investment which doesn't depreciate and is always worth par in satisfaction to the giver.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. rates as the country's biggest cad. His cheap dramatics have won him considerable publicity, the latest episode being a performance with an empty revolver, threatening a fleeing cardist. Now he is crass enough to bring suit for divorce. Not much wonder his family is through with him.

One man has figured out all the trouble: the per capita debt is \$400. Sad isn't it? But what about the per capita wealth which is something over \$3000? That's not so bad.

Milk Products

C. G. DAUER, M. D.
Marion Co. Health Dept.

An Aryan horseman galloped across an Asian plain one day thousands of years ago and discovered butter. This important event was one of those fortunate accidents which have contributed so much to human progress. Unknowingly this Aryan who was carrying a goatskin filled with sour milk had turned up the milk so that the cream was burned to butter.

Dr. C. G. Dauer. The ancient Hindoos got the recipe from the Aryans and made butter 2,000 years before Christ, as did the Hebrews and Egyptians. The great value of butter as a food lies in the great abundance of vitamin A that it contains. This vitamin has been shown to be essential to growth and is also a contributor to the general health and well being of an individual. When present abundantly in the diet it promotes a favorable resistance to disease. Butter will furnish this vitamin in large amounts.

BUTTER PRECAUTIONS
Butter contains about 85 percent fat; the federal standard is a minimum of 80 percent. It is one of the most digestible of foods. Certain precautions must be observed in the production of butter; the cream from which it is made should come from healthy cows; the dairy should be kept clean; the cream must be pasteurized; the last packing and storing should be carried out in a way to prevent deterioration. Because of its unusual nutritive value, butter should be generously used in every household. As a spread for bread it has no equal; at least from the standpoint of nutrition and none of the imitations have a food value equivalent to that of good butter.

ABOUT BUTTERMILK
Genuine buttermilk is the liquid remaining after the fat has been taken from the milk and cream by churning. Much of the commercial buttermilk is not made from this residue but by taking skim milk, pasteurizing it, then artificially acidifying it by adding the proper bacteria. Buttermilk is a food product of value, especially because of its easy digestibility and its favorable content of beneficial bacteria. It is, however, not equal to the nutritive value of whole milk.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any questions in your mind, write that question out and send it either to the Statesman or the Marion county department of health. Your name will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

WE CAN STILL FISH
Eastern capital is thoroughly alarmed over what is happening here. A number of representative Oregon citizens are, we understand, being asked to answer questionnaires. Every effort will doubtless be made to reassure the timid easterners who don't understand that we were only kidding when we voted for "cheaper" power without cost to the taxpayers.

The joke has however gone too far. Already it has deprived us of industries to which we were entitled, like the big power plant Klamath county lost to California, through Governor Meier's creation of a bill that would have permitted its erection in Oregon. Now that eastern investors are becoming frightened we may expect that Oregon will be "thumbed down" for a number of years "cheaper" capital goes into more friendly states.

The 1930 political spree may cost us dearly in higher interest rates on money our enterprises have to borrow on the outside and in retarded development, but think of the sport we've had out of it. And if that isn't work for our unemployed we can always let them fish in the rivers we have kept industrial plants away from. — Baker Democrat-Herald.

New Views

"What do you think of the trouble between Mussolini and the Catholic Church?" was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

W. Earl Cochran, pastor: "Freedom of thought and absolute separation of church and state is my belief. I'm glad I do not live in Italy."

Otto Hartman: "I endorse the new law very heartily and believe that it will be worked out correctly. It will bring splendid results."

Mrs. V. R. Griggs: "He is asserting in a dictatorial manner which coincides with his general characteristic."

Daily Thought

"The manner in which one single ray of light, one single precious hint, will clarify and energize the whole mental life of him who receives it, is among the most wonderful and heavenly of intellectual phenomena." — Arnold Bennett.

ATTEND WEDDING
AMITY, June 20 — Mrs. F. L. Strout, daughter Edna, son Howard and Miss Olga McCarther of Dallas will go to Eugene to attend the wedding of Hario Hardsen on Sunday, June 21. The Hardsens are old neighbors of the Strouts, years ago in North Dakota.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT OFFICE. SCIENTIFIC FACTS THAT USING ALUMINUM OR SUGAR IN THE PAINT FOR THE WINDOWS MAKES THEM OPEN EASILY.

ALL RIGHT, DESSAUTE-NICE - COLLEGE SPELL TRICKS - COULD SPELL THESE MARKETS - FOR LENGTH NOVEL IS RECORDED ON 50 FT. OF FILM.

Tomorrow: Frying Eggs on a Cake of ice.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Snappers and Christians
Science.

In "Fifty Years in Oregon," the delightful book published in 1912 by T. T. Geer, there is a little sketch concerning his first days in Salem, in 1861, when he was 11 years old.

He told of his mother taking him to the old Central school (where the Salem high school is now) and introducing him to the teacher. That was the first day of May, 1861. Quoting from the text:
"My new home, Salem, proved to be a veritable earthly paradise to me. We had moved there only a few days before, from Silverton, a village 12 miles distant, and I had never seen Salem, though I had heard of it. My greatest desire was to see the town and to enlarge my range of vision seemed boundless. Everything was new, and things were doing, for the town contained more than 1,000 people.

"There was the Willamette woolen mills in North Salem, the first manufacturing establishment of its kind on the entire coast, and thither I went when it was possible to get the privilege. There I soon became acquainted with Mr. Butts, a good old soul, who had charge of a spinning machine, which he sometimes made me believe I was running by ostensibly putting me in charge, though he was right at his post to see that nothing went wrong. But it served to amuse my ambition, and in a short time I begged my parents to allow me to quit school and get work in the woolen mills. With that inborn shortsightedness and narrow stubbornness with which the average boy is endowed, my father and mother failed to see the advantages of the proposition—plain to me as day—and I was compelled to pursue my studies.

And then there was Nicklin's sawmill, located where Mill creek empties into the Willamette river—and where it still empties into the river, by the way—where great logs were being devoured by a fierce 'up and down' saw. This was the first sawmill of any kind I had ever seen, and, if possible, its attractions were superior to those of the woolen mill—I suppose, as I regard the circumstances after 50 years, because the saw mill was destroying things right and left, while the factory was perfectly tame in its results.

"I used to stand for an hour at a time and admire the head sawyer as, by the manipulation of a lever, he would reverse the direction, traveled by the carriage, and, by the rapid turn of a couple of wheels, shove the log over and again start the carriage on its furious charge. I am sure that saw, as I remember it now, would eat its way through a log sixteen feet long in five minutes—and I was then and there convinced that the miracles I had been recently reading about for the first time in my Sunday school class were not at all improbable!

"My school books again became bare of interest, and I saw nothing in the future so attractive as a lever, he would reverse the direction, traveled by the carriage, and, by the rapid turn of a couple of wheels, shove the log over and again start the carriage on its furious charge. I am sure that saw, as I remember it now, would eat its way through a log sixteen feet long in five minutes—and I was then and there convinced that the miracles I had been recently reading about for the first time in my Sunday school class were not at all improbable!

"The house in which the Geer family lived when the youthful future governor attended the old Central school was just a few doors south of the present Statesman office.

By the way, T. T. Geer, after he grew up, never lived in a town; worked on a farm all his life, and within 30 days before he took up the duties of his office as chief executive.

AIRPORT IMPROVED
SILVERTON, June 20 — Electric power will be off in the Silverton community Sunday morning, June 21 from 12:30 to 3:00 a.m. in order to bring the Silverton airport up to government standards. The Portland and Genoa Electric company is changing the wires just south of the airport and installing obstruction lights on the poles. These obstruction

What's a Few Bees To a Two-Year-Old Girl and Her Dolly?
TURNER, June 20. — When the dinner hour arrived Thursday little two-year-old Eunice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bear, could not be located for a time, and she was finally found calmly sitting on the front end of one of her green rocking chairs, busily humming her dolly and uttering faint calls.

She resented being rudely snatched from her perch, and mourned her dolly which was left to its fate. She miraculously escaped serious injury, as but two bee stings could be found, which later in the day she proudly showed to members of the family.

BERRIES SOFTEN
NORTH HOWELL, June 20 — The rain has softened the present picking of Etorberrie strawberries and many growers have ceased operations until better weather prevails.

Grain, corn, potatoes and garden crops have been greatly benefited by the recent heavy rains, but much hay has been damaged and also the cherry and strawberry crops.

"TAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

CHAPTER XLVII.
If, when the stipulated week was up, that strange, eager little person—what was her name? Thurston—were to come to her and tell her that Mrs. Lorrimer was still determined to ignore her existence, what should she do?

The only sensible thing to do, thought Delight, was to confront Mrs. Lorrimer, manage to see Lorry, carry the battle to the enemy camp and see what happened then. If, as far as character was concerned, Lorrimer had not changed, Delight thought she knew that he would feel under a sacred obligation. He had been a chivalrous boy, generous and idealistic, under the hard-boiled veneer of war, the laughter, the almost hysterical gayer of leave-time. She had been dreadfully in love with him, had offered, because of her own surge of emotions, her adolescent, her forced into flower by the unnatural circumstances of war, to go away with him for part of his leave. He had refused. He had insisted that he didn't want her "that way." But wanted her as

an Idealist.
Was he still idealistic and, well, impractical, she wondered. She thought so, somehow, remembering Mary Lou's almost fantastic story of his fidelity to a memory, his refusal to search, his unhappiness at a loss.

Yes, she would be all kinds of a fool not to take advantage of this amazing piece of luck which had come her way.
Mrs. Lorrimer changed her mind and sent for her of course to her, they would have it out. If she didn't change her mind—well, Delight rather fancied she could change it for her. Meanwhile, perhaps it would do no harm to go out to Westwood, to get a look at the land there lay.

She might catch a glimpse of Lorrimer. She wouldn't make herself known to anyone, but she would rather like to confirm what Evanson had said with her own eyes.
Therefore, on the following morning, which was Sunday, Delight got up at, to her, an ungodly hour, and proceeded to Grand Central station, where she took a train for Connecticut.

When she was in the station, she asked how far the Lorrimer place was. On being told, she looked for a taxi, for she was not in form, and hadn't been for years, to walk several miles even under the ideal conditions formed by a summer breeze. She had a good road flanked with tall budding trees. She had the taxi set her down at some distance from the gates of Westwood house. She wanted, she said, to walk the rest of the way, the weather was so delightful.

The taxi driver meantime, grown loquacious, after the manner of his kind, had regaled her with stories of the Lorrimer, of Lorrimer's long illness and his recent miraculous recovery; of his regained interest in life.
"Why, he's even taken to flying again," said the driver, in awe. "I was talking to him down to the station just the other day. I guess after all the burnt child don't dread the fire none. He's got an awful pretty place, a big house and his mother. I remember driving her to Westwood House the day she came here, last fall."

After having made careful inquiries as to the extent of the Lorrimer place, Delight got out of the cab, paid the talkative driver, and proceeded, avoiding the gates, to walk along the main highway which skirted one side of the estate. The sun was warm, her high-heeled shoes not the most practical thing in the world to wear on a protracted wandering and she stumbled along, uncomfortably, a little wearily, warm in her winter coat, wishing savagely that she had been able to afford the smart spring suit she had seen in a Fifth avenue window. Well, perhaps she could soon! But she had been afraid to spend what little was left over from her salary after the hotel bills and other necessities had been paid. She had to be careful unless, through this lucky change, she found she no longer needed it.

She began to think of little trotter lapin coats, of tweeds and silks, of evening gowns, of a sable scarf like Mary Lou's, of quantities of very elaborate underwear

lights are to be placed above the high ceilings of the plantations and it is necessary to shut down the line while making installation. Fifteen men will be employed on the work in order to shorten the time the power will be off.

WOODBURN HAS NEW POLICE OFFICER
WOODBURN, June 20—Louis Ruzika has succeeded Ted Nebl as Woodburn's city marshal. He started work Thursday night.

Ruzika, who has lived in Woodburn for five years, has had much experience in police work, having spent six years in the Canadian Mounted police service. He has very complimentary letters of reference from some of the highest officials of the Canadian Mounted police system.

Ruzika has been employed at Settlemier's nursery. He has seen service as an extra police in Woodburn recently.

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