

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways 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

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Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
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Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Steeger, Inc., New York, 471 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 359 N. Michigan Ave.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.25; 3 Mo. \$3.25; 6 Mo. \$5.25; 1 year \$10.00
Elsewhere 10 cents per Mo., or \$1.00 for 1 year in advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 5 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The Bonus and Tax Rebates

SAYS the Astorian-Budget, in its comment on President Hoover's objection to immediate payment of the veterans' bonus:

"The president's case would be much better were it not for the action of the administration a few years back in rebating big corporations and wealthy individuals who paid large income taxes in the days of their affluence and prosperity. The amount of these refunds would have been sufficient to have paid this bonus demand, and thus have liquidated a large debt owing to the ex-service men. The fact that the millions of dollars were given back to these income tax payers instead of the surplus being applied to paying these claims or reducing otherwise the national debt leaves the president and his administration a fair target for criticism."

The usually well-informed and logical editor of the Astorian Budget has gotten far out on the limb in that paragraph. In the first place the grand total of all refunds to taxpayers, high, low and middle, hundreds of thousands of them, amounted to only one and a quarter billions up to one year ago. The requirements of the bonus however are roughly two and a half billion dollars. So the Astorian-Budget is only 50% correct on his figuring.

The A-B is loose in its use of language too when it says "Millions of dollars were given back". Not a dime was "given". The refunds were for excess payments into the federal treasury. Some of the settlements were compromise settlements in which the government experts insist that the government got the best end of the deal, that if the cases had gone into court or if pending cases had been finally tried much larger sums would have gone to the taxpaying corporations under court orders. A refund of an excess payment is not a gift; but a return of money improperly taken.

The A-B and other democratic and anti-administration papers and speakers also cleverly ignore this fact, that while during all the administration of the income and war profits taxes some ONE AND A QUARTER billions of dollars were refunded because of excess levies, FIVE AND A QUARTER billions were COLLECTED by imposing additional assessments on corporations and individuals who failed to compute their taxes correctly, failed to report all income, or tried to beat the government out of its fair tax. So the net gain to the treasury between the additional assessments and the refunds is FOUR BILLION dollars. A lot of publicity has been given to the refunds, but rarely a line to the additional assessments.

Most every individual taxpayer as well as corporation either has gotten a bill for more taxes or has gotten a refund, after the government agents have rechecked returns. Just the other day we had a nice letter from the internal revenue agent saying we had overpaid our tax 49c, but that since the government ignored all sums of 50c and under the sum would not be repaid. And a few weeks earlier our corporation got a letter which made us dance to a different tune, because the government refused to allow depreciation on the basis set up by our accountant; so we were required to pay an additional amount in taxes for prior years. We have no quarrel in either case; and believe that the government internal revenue department has been operated honestly and competently; and that it will continue to function in just the same manner whether the administration is republican or democratic.

The United States government doesn't have to be a thief and retain in its coffers taxes which are not justly due it under the laws.

Renascent Germany

TWO announcements out of Germany point the way German revival is taking. The junker-militarist ministry prodded sharply by the violent Hitler nationalists seeks to restore the Germany of before the war. This renaissance of Germany is not the Germany of industry whose inventive genius and manufacturing skill made Germany of the first decade and a half of this century a great workshop for the world. It is not a rebirth of the German culture: universities, orchestras and operas, art and criticism. It is rather a revival of militarism. The two announcements were that Germany would withdraw from the Geneva conference on disarmament, demanding the right of equality in armaments; and that building of a third pocket battleship, a formidable fighting unit, would be started at once.

Germany is justified in her actions because of the breach of faith of the other nations. The treaty of Versailles stripped her of army and navy. Only a small standing army was allowed; ordnance was restricted; munitions works dismantled. But a condition of this treaty which thus disarmed Germany obligated the allied powers to disarm themselves, as this extract from the treaty attests:

"The Allied and Associated Powers wish to make it clear that their requirements in regard to German armaments were not made solely with the object of rendering it impossible for Germany to resume her policy of military aggression. They are also the first steps toward that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote."

The "first duty" of the league of nations, to reduce and limit armaments as a step toward the prevention of war has been signally ignored. All Europe strayed to the teeth. The nations are spending vastly more on military establishments than in pre-war years. They have greater armies, more trained reserves, far larger stores of guns and equipment and war machinery. Repeated conferences for carrying out this provision of the treaty have ended in virtual stalemate, with the single exception of the Washington conference of 1921. David Lloyd George, one of the "big four" who drafted the peace treaty, now writes: I have no hesitation in accepting the German view that the victorious nations have shamefully broken faith on the question of armaments."

The world presents, nearly 14 years after the armistice, a sorrowful picture to those who were fired by the appeals for the "war to end war," and the war "to make the world safe for democracy." Fascism and dictatorship have the grip on things; and now militarism unabashed seems to have routed those impulses for peace which gave birth to the Kellogg peace pact. Discouraging though the prospect is, the efforts to counteract prejudice and hate and fear must not be relaxed; because the hope of preserving western civilization lies in rooting out recurring devastations of modern warfare.

The Laborer is Worthy of His Hire



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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

September 20, 1907

A new attendance record was set at the state fair yesterday, Salem day, when 12,743 persons were admitted at the main gate. Entries at other portals brought the total to around 18,000.

WASHINGTON — Carrie Nation was yesterday arrested and locked up to answer to the charge in police court today of "disorderly conduct." Mrs. Nation refused when requested by an officer to desist lecturing to 20 men from the steps of the postoffice department.

CLEVELAND — M. Czoizog and wife, parents of the assassin of President McKinley, have applied to the city charity department for assistance. Czoizog is aged 83.

September 20, 1923
Governor Olcott late yesterday revoked the state officer's commission held by Verden Moffitt, Salem chief of police, at the request of Mayor Halvorsen, who was incensed at the chief for leaving the city Sunday with an other police officer and the city

DALLAS — Dallas this year faces a great need of houses to rent such as it has never before faced. Not a vacant house can be found and from three to 10 inquiries are made daily at the real estate offices by people seeking to locate here.

Exhaustive data covering the expenses of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company is asked by the public service commission in a questionnaire sent the company yesterday. Items to be investigated include supervision of maintenance, commercial administration and payrolls.

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS

Fruit juice redivivus?

The answer to the question is that it is certain, and in good time, and possible if not probable in the near future. There is a great field for it, its full development would confer vast benefits upon the health of many millions—

And it would go far toward permanently stabilizing our fruit growing industries. A brief review of the history of the industry reveals some most interesting facts. Brief in time as well as in the words of its telling.

The loganberry industry itself was not started in a commercial way until in the late nineties. This king of the bush fruits was born shortly before by the accidental crossing of the Texas blackberry with the common red raspberry, in the garden of Judge Logan in his California back yard—producing a sport that, strangely, has never reverted to its parent stocks.

Dr. J. A. Richardson, old-time mayor and physician of Salem, visiting in California, brought home some slips, and set them in his kitchen garden, northeast corner Church and Chemeketa streets, the present home of the Kappa Gamma Rho fraternity. That was the birthplace of the industry on a commercial scale. Dr. Richardson induced his friend, State Senator A. M. LaFollet, to try out loganberry growing on his farm, 19 miles below Salem, on part of the site of the Jason Lee mission, first Protestant mission in America west of the Rockies. Thus was begun the soon flourishing loganberry industry. The strangely perfectly blended sport fruit had not up to that time secured a foothold in the state of its birth, outside of the plot in which its common-law marriage of natural selection was begun in its Garden of Eden in the back yard of Judge Logan.

There was of course some early fruit crushing of loganberries by housewives for the juice, as was natural according to custom reaching back to the beginnings of the race, through all the fruit families, domestic and wild—from currants and cherries to elderberries, blueberries, crabapples and the like.

But there was no crushing of loganberries for the juice on a commercial scale until 1914. That year, H. S. Gile and W. T. Jenks pressed enough of the juice to furnish samples to the largest jobbers in the United States. This was done in their establishment that was then in the building at High and Trade streets, Salem, now occupied by the Pauls cannery, and opposite the present location in their own building of their dried fruit and other operations, and headquarters for their extensive business as growers and shippers of produce under the firm name of H. S. Gile & Co.

Gile and Jenks, operating under the name of the Oregon Fruit Juice company, the next year, 1915, enlarged their output of loganberry juice, having adopted the Pheasant brand, under which it was marketed throughout the country. That year they put up a ready-to-drink product in bottles, the label carrying a picture of the Pheasant, with the name shortened to "Phez," stating that it was pure juice with the addition of only sugar and water, and that it was a non-alcoholic drink. They carried on a modest national

advertising campaign—and operated their plant to capacity.

Soon there entered the picture the former owners of the Olympia, Wash., brewery, occupying the building that had been used by the Salem brewery, northeast corner of Commercial and Trade streets, Salem, with a loganberry product called Loju. There was consolidation of the two concerns. This gave the new concern the Pheasant brand, a syrup loganberry juice, Loju, a ready to drink product, and Appleju, which had been developed by the newer concern.

Appleju was the best product of its kind ever turned out—and it has for several years been entirely off the market. Its manufacture was discontinued during the world war.

There was developed very rapidly, under the consolidated concern, a business that extended over the entire country, and some shipments abroad were made. National advertising campaigns were carried on in a large way. At the high point of the business, 300,000 gallons of loganberry juice annually was being crushed and marketed. With 11 pounds to the

barrel, it was a big business. (Continued on Page 9)

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Neither spoke during the long drive to the north end of Miami Beach. It was a grim ride of two determined men. Here truly was a battle of the century with no million dollar gate.

Warren turned off the road as he reached the Bay side and headed for a clump of trees. Here he stopped, and leisurely stepped out of the car. He looked around in all directions to see that they had no audience. Then with the tranquillity of a man about to take a dip in the surf he said: "All right, Laurence. Here's where you have a chance to fulfill your brag." As he began removing his coat, he added: "If you are man enough."

Jack was out of the car in a flash. He too, glanced hurriedly around; but he would not have seen had there been anybody in sight. He was all at once wholly animal, out for the kill. All his early resolutions of care for Patricia's reputation were lost in the prospect of avenging her sufferings and his own.

He tore off his coat, tie and shirt. Warren in the meantime had done likewise. They stood one on either side of the car, jaws set, eye to eye in a panic of deadly hate.

Simultaneously they started a round the back of the car. There was no pause now. Jack swung a mighty right in the direction of his foe as they came together at the rear of the car; but Warren had expected this, and ducked, countering with a stiff left, flush to the side of Jack's head.

Jack tore in more furiously. His arms were whipping out like trip-hammers, pouncing on Warren's body. Warren kept driving him to the left, and backing off slowly so that now, they were clear of the car.

Jack decided to make short work of his opponent and with an oath, the first sound he had uttered since they had met at the station, he crossed with his right, catching Warren a stinging blow on the jaw. Warren blinked and shook his head, but this time did not retreat.

The cool shrewd lawyer was annihilated by that blow. The killer instinct, latent in civilized man in the aroused, He took a step forward. They crashed together with a thud. They milled around for a moment, both men pounding at short range.

Jack stepped on Warren's foot and with more of a push than a blow, sent him sprawling. Jack did not hesitate. He was on top of his man in a moment. They rolled and pitched on the ground. First one and then the other in the position of advantage. They were no longer men; but tigers in battle to the death.

Small sticks tore into their flesh. Their bodies were a mass of scratches and cuts.

Jack turned suddenly, at the same time driving in a blow to Warren's midsection. Warren's head released. Stung by the power of the blow just received, Warren was far from being in a bad way.

He sprang to his feet with Jack right behind him.

There was a brief pause as both men straightened up; but Jack was all for taking advantage of the mighty blow he had just given Warren. He would not give him a chance to recover. He tore in with a new gust of fury. Warren jabbed with his left, and as Jack, in a wild effort to finish his man, led with his right, Warren hooked his own right with a terrific thud on Jack's chin.

Jack recoiled. The blow had caught him from the button. Everything turned black. Bells rang—There was a roaring noise—Why do people cheer so loud—Why do the gridiron—and the roar of the crowd was deafening... No, it was a train thundering past... He felt that he was sinking...

He shook his head vigorously. ... Something was stinging him on the head and body... Something warm was trickling from his mouth. He shook his head again.

His sight began to clear. The sun was coming from behind the clouds... That's better. He must steady himself. He would not go down. He was not licked yet. Not by a darn sight. He lunged, pulling Warren to the ground with him. His head had cleared. He was now a fighting maniac.

Warren tried to free himself. His advantage, he knew, was on his feet. Jack was strong as an ox when it came to wrestling. He was disappointed that he had not been able to finish Jack off before he had a chance to recover. He felt tired. They had been fighting for hours, surely! This was quite different from the gym work. But Jack was not in such good condition himself, Warren thought. He snapped out of these thoughts as Jack began putting pressure on a dead lock. He drove his fist hard into Jack's short ribs and the hold was released, but in the same instant Jack crashed his fist into Warren's cheek, sending him flat on his back. The blow had landed just below the eye, and blood trickled down Warren's face. There was no thought now of the girl who had sent them here. No thought of consequences. Each was fighting for his life, and fists flew in all directions as once again they tossed and rolled about.

Jack's strength was beginning to tell. His blows were harder. He had all but closed Warren's right eye. Their faces were covered with dirt and blood.

Warren tried desperately to break loose. He must get to his feet. He was using up his strength tugging and wrestling, and his blows were beginning to lose their sting.

Jack had him gripped in a mighty body scissor. Warren felt that his ribs must surely crack. With a superhuman effort he swung around with his crooked arm. The point of the elbow caught Jack on the cheek, cutting a deep gash. It had worked. Jack released his legs, and Warren sprang to his feet like a wild cat. Jack wiped the blood from his cheek and got to his feet. He was more calm now. He could see that he was wearing his man down. And unlike his early tactics, he took his time.

Warren began making use of his left again. But the blows did not land with the same precision. Jack had changed his method of warfare. He worked entirely on Warren's body. Right and left, his fists shot in and out in quick succession, landing with sharp cracks on the short ribs. Warren's body was scarlet, taking on the appearance of prickly heat.

Jack saw his foe flinch as each blow landed, and knew it was but a matter of time. He watched for an opening. It came... Warren struck out madly and missed... Even before the blow landed Jack knew this was the one! He had side-stepped, and as he did so, he threw the whole power of his body behind his right arm, driving straight at Warren's jaw. His fist tore into the side of Warren's chin. The man's eyes turned glassy, began closing. He turned around. His knees sagged. He plunged to the ground, partly on his side. He moved slightly, as if to get up, but slumped over on his back, torn, battered, wholly unrecognizable.

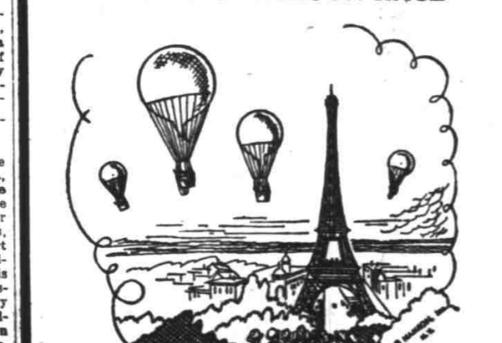
Jack glared at him, watching to see if he would rise. After a moment he walked over, picked his victim up under the arms and dragged him back to the car, gasping between labored breaths: "If I'm fighting along that line."

M. F. Dennis, fruit grower: "All I've noticed is just the built-up program. I think it's back number, something we needn't have. It is being fought by the better class in Mexico."

F. T. Anders, hosiery salesman: "I think as long as they are looking for a bull fight that they might as well import a real bull fighter. Personally, I think a rodeo is a prize example of astuteness for state fairs, which institutions are supposed to be educational rather than cheap."

Ray Mikell, farm worker: "I expect the program is fine and dandy, but I don't believe the fair crowd will be as large as usual. There isn't the money to spend on fairs there has been in the past."

26 Years Ago U. S. WINS BALLOON RACE



From the Nation's News Files, Paris, Sept. 20, 1906

The high standard of service set by our experienced, well-trained directors has repeatedly won the favorable comments of those whom we have served.

W. T. RIGDON & SON INC. FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM OREGON

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

MANY minor ailments can be traced to a lack of sleep. Yet the average person does not give much thought to the subject of sleep. Though he knows he feels better after a good night's rest, he may neglect this important measure of health. The temptation to stay up late makes him forget his resolution to go to bed early.

A well nourished and healthy individual requires six to eight hours of sleep. A man may live for days without water, and a much longer time without food, but if he is deprived of sleep he usually goes out of his mind after the fifth or sixth day.

Sleep is essential to the proper growth and recuperation of the body. Fatigue breaks down the tissues and during sleep the body attempts to restore the cells and the energy that have been lost in the waking hours.

Causes of Insomnia
There are many who realize the importance of sleep but find it difficult to sleep. Insomnia, wakefulness, is a dreaded and often difficult trouble to overcome. Fear, worry, mental and severe emotional strain, are usually the underlying causes of thousands of cases of insomnia.

Sound sleep is restful sleep. It is usually a habit acquired in early life. The infant who has been taught to sleep at regular hours, grows and develops more quickly than the child who has scanty and broken sleep. The child taught to sleep properly inherits a heritage he will carry with him throughout life.

Answers to Health Queries
M. G. V. Q.—What do you advise for blackheads?
A.—First correct the diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

R. C. F. Q.—I am troubled with sour stomach and weak digestion. What do you advise?
A.—Correct your diet first of all. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

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