

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Fruit juice industry redivivus?

(Continuing from yesterday:)

Something should be said about the Oregon bankers, who were loyal to the loganberry industry in its ups and downs, in those days.

There was one year in which no Portland bank, nor even two or three of them together, could, under the banking laws, loan enough money to carry the loganberry industry during the harvesting season—though they were willing.

A. N. Bush, of the Ladd & Bush bank, Salem, as an individual, not for the bank—advanced the necessary sum, running up into six figures. Of course, the deal paid out.

Portland and Salem banks loyally backed the juice business. When the tariff crash came, G. M. Miell was made the agent of the banks to handle the business. If they made losses, they absorbed them. No individual creditor lost anything; no grower; no laborer or salaried man. The story of the Miell operations will not likely ever be published. He seems to be out of the picture now. If the banks that backed his operations suffered losses, they charged them to him, and said nothing.

H. S. Gile & Co., or Gile and Jenks remained out of the loganberry juice business as long as there was any seeming prospect of the Phez, Loju and Appleju brands having a chance to rejuvenate and reestablish the nationwide business that had been built up prior to 1918. But they had retained the Pheasant brand—not the Phez brand, which went

with the old business, along with the Loju and Appleju brands.

And they retained the Woodburn juice pressing plant, with a capacity for pressing and storing about 100,000 gallons. In 1928 they began pressing and marketing a pure, unsweetened loganberry juice. They have continued, with a slow annual growth, to fill actual demands of hospitals and other concerns throughout the country.

This year, they pressed at their Woodburn plant enough loganberry juice to take care of the ordinary requirements until the next crop. Some years ago, the Humphrey dispensing plant, and first used in one of the big city summer amusement parks. People who visit the Oregon state fair have seen this dispenser, displayed there during several annual fair weeks. Some improvements have lately been brought out for the dispenser.

This dispenser is used during the summer season in several eastern summer resort parks now. H. S. Gile & Co. furnish the juice from their Woodburn plant; maintaining supply depots at New York and other big city points. It is conceivable that the dispenser demand may grow—possibly may assume large proportions, with the return of a period of general and high prosperity throughout the country.

Rather gingerly, though with encouraging success, H. S. Gile & Co. have been experimenting with raspberry, blackberry, sweet cherry and strawberry juices at their Woodburn plant—and have marketed their output, filling hospital and other demands. These products, in nicely labeled bot-

ties, make most attractive showings. They have also experimented with pear juice, though in this line they are not particularly encouraged.

Their Woodburn plant has also pressed the surplus grapes of the famous Fiala Vineyards, grown on the Polk county side of the Willamette a couple of miles or so below Salem. The Fiala people, however, have a hold-over supply from last year's crop, and may or may not press any grapes this year. Their product, however, is high class. With proper marketing facilities, it might sweep the boards, especially along the Pacific coast, in the grape juice trade.

Enough has been said in the above paragraphs, and what was contained in this column yesterday, to indicate the great possibilities of the fruit juice industry for the Salem section.

The Pheasant Fruit Juice company, the name in the heyday of the big days before the crash came with the war tariff, used to issue an attractive booklet, the title page of which read: "Pheasant in the Home; Pure Juice of the Loganberry." With pictures calculated to whet the appetite. The booklet told of the many ways in which loganberry juice was used in the home, in making frozen desserts, water ices, sherbets, lactos, ice creams, mousses, jellies, fruit cocktails, whipped cream or marshmallow sauces, etc. A separate page was given to attractive loganberry puddings, etc. Another to dressings, moulds, sauces, etc., and it was shown that "Pheasant knows no seasons"—that loganberry juice is good hot or cold. There was a page devoted to loganberry candies, and another to loganberry rickies, mint jellies; also one on gelatines, sponges, etc.

There was a page—two pages—showing loganberry uses in hospitals. There something about punches, jellies, cakes, frostings, fillings, whips, etc. Then more about loganberry pies, loganberry juice in mince meat, etc. The list of appetizing uses was made to appear almost endless.

It is believed that, after the passing of the jazz age, with its synthetic drinks, made up of all sorts of cheap sodas and slops, the sober second sense of Americans will turn more to health giving fruit juices.

There are indications now of a turning of the frothy tide toward the harbor of health and diet kitchens of the hospitals of the county are aiding in this direction. The sop or slop of the most popular of the synthetic drinks is as much out of place in the will of the hog pen, or the poison of the dope fiend.

(Continued on Page 9)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

At a public gathering the other evening a well-groomed person sat in front of me. He was immaculate in appearance, yet on the collar of his dark suit were tell-tale specks of dandruff. He was aware of his affliction, and occasionally he brushed his collar.

Seborrheic dermatitis is the medical term for the familiar trouble called dandruff, one of the most common disorders of the scalp.

It is too bad that this ailment is so frequently neglected because a bad case may lead to some serious disease of the hair and scalp. Loss of hair and baldness are believed by many authorities to be caused by an infection of the hair follicles, made possible by neglected and aggravated dandruff.

Causes of Dandruff

Dandruff is a disease of modern civilization, and is not found in primitive people. Although the cause has never been positively determined, it is believed to be due to an infection, and it is probable that it may be passed from one individual to another.

Dandruff occurs sometimes when the general health is poor. Lack of proper food, or use of food deficient in important vitamins and minerals, is an important factor. Lack of exercise and insufficient expo-

sure of one's hair to air and sunlight are possible causes that should be corrected.

Contrary to the popular belief, dandruff is not caused by frequent washing of the hair. Some hair requires frequent cleansing, while other hair seems to thrive without it. When the hair is oily it catches dust and dirt, and oily hair should be washed more frequently than dry hair.

If you have dandruff, remember that the best treatment is to keep the scalp clean and free from dandruff scales. The circulation of the blood of the scalp should be stimulated, for this will encourage the normal action of the sweat glands of the scalp.

The Thorough Shampoo

A thorough shampoo with tincture of green soap is useful. During the shampoo, vigorously massage the scalp with your fingers. An ointment prescribed by your physician should be rubbed into the scalp after the shampoo.

Avoid wearing tight hats. Whenever possible, expose the hair to the soothing and beneficial action of the sun. Use your own brush and comb, and do not lend them to others. The comb and brush should be washed at least once a week.

In addition to the scalp treatment, every effort should be made to improve the general health. A diet containing abundant quantities of fresh fruits and vegetables will be helpful.

If eczema, psoriasis or ringworm is present, special treatment is necessary before the dandruff can be cured. Let your doctor advise you.

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Dr. Copeland

HEART STRINGS By EDWIN L. MACDONALD

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Pat had ceased entirely to think of her own problem. She and Dadums would go to Jacksonville, she didn't care to think any further than that. She'd know by that time what she was going to do. It was the way of her mind to fallow, apparently in absence for a time, then sharply to unroll the pattern of its subconscious workings, complete to the last detail, clear and unalterable.

The pattern unrolled between the high diving board and the water. . . . With the water coming up to meet her, she made her decision. Settled the entire question.

She swam to the top, climbed out and went to her locker, put on her traveling clothes. Her trunks were already at the station. She dressed hurriedly, her mind entirely cleared of the debris of battle. Decision gone—A perfectly simple plan. . . . So obviously the only possible decision.

My heavenly! Why didn't I think of that in the first place? As Dadums says, indecision is a devil of the mind. Decide—and the whole thing clears up. And, of course there's never anything to decide because there's only one right way. I knew what was right. I'd have saved myself a good deal of agony if I hadn't battled. I'd probably have thought right away of this.

Her father was sitting on the veranda. She went to him with a little skipping walk.

"Mr. Braithwait, sir," she said, "I'm sailing on the Majestic for Paris on the fourteenth and I'm looking for a gentleman companion—refined, gentle nature, good character—would you like to come along?"

"You pay all expenses?" he asked calmly, eyes twinkling.

"All expenses. But I require references."

"May I refer you to Miss Patricia Braithwait, in whose service I have been for twenty years?"

Their first battle had ended in their accustomed banter.

Several mothers seated on the veranda listened smilingly to the flippant conversation, having their opinion, however, of a girl who ordered her father to Paris thuswise.

Patricia went in and wrote a note to Jimmie, addressing it to The Flamingo. She was going to Paris, she told him. But as soon as Aunt Pam got her divorce he was to come for her.

She explained about the money question, adding: "Of course when I'm your wife he can't object to my taking your money, nor can he refuse to keep his own."

She felt a perfect fool that she hadn't thought of this in the first place.

Dadums came to say it was near train time.

The station being separated from the hotel only by its own magnificent grounds, guests stroll down to the afternoon train to see if any friends from Miami are on their way north. The platform was crowded. Patricia's crowd was there. And Pamela, lovely, indolent, smiling. Everybody was asking about Jack Laurence.

The train pulled in—and Jack stepped off.

He was immaculate; but a dark bruise decorated one eye. He had an ugly cut on the chin and one jaw was noticeably swollen. But he looked happy—with the happy gleam of long-gone ancestors, which even Patricia's departure could not dim.

The younger crowd fell upon him. Demanding to know what had happened.

"I was out in a car with a chap in Miami," he grinned. "We had a little accident. Nothing much."

"Wasn't the other man hurt?"

"Some. But he'll recover."

Patricia was mad. She was mad at Jack for hurting Jimmie. Also, she was mad at Jimmie because



"Mr. Braithwait, sir," Pat said, "I'm sailing for Paris on the fourteenth—would you like to come along?"

Jack had hurt him. But she couldn't help smiling. To be revenged, however, she did not confide her change of plans to him till she was on the train.

"Maybe you'll see you in Paris, Jack," she called from the car window. "Dadums and I are sailing on the fourteenth."

All at once, his face looked like a battered lighthouse. Patricia fell to laughing.

"Pronto," he called.

The train was moving. Everybody waving.

Almost beside Aunt Pam and Jack stood Mrs. Brownley, a picture in sand. Patricia's gaze traveled from Jack's happy battered countenance to the face of the woman, serene and smiling; on to the charming dark beauty of Aunt Pam.

The train was gathering speed. Patricia strained to see them. Jack was no longer looking. His dark head was down to Mrs. Brownley as if he were speaking to her. A sharp premonitory flash, an inexplicable uneasiness assailed the excited girl—to be dramatically recollecting a year later.

"Countess, will you open the door, please," said Patricia to an oldish woman in young attire and much paint who sat near the door. "It's probably Jack."

The Countess, an American ex-wife of a Russian Count, rose from the floor with as much exuberance as was permitted by her four feet two of one hundred and fifty pounds (in spite of meals restrained by finances).

"Hello, Jack!" they called in the chorus of an established entente cordiale.

"Come get a cup of tea," said Patricia. "The biscuits are all gone."

"No thanks. Too near dinner time. I came to carry you off to the Cafe Madrid for dinner. It's a perfect night for dinner in the open."

"Clear the words of the filthy rich," growled Pendleton, correspondent for the Herald.

They demanded to know if Jack had ever eaten dinner at the Cafe Madrid. Had he just robbed a bank or what. . . .

"I'll have to change my dress if we are going to the Madrid," Patricia said. "Don't go, anybody. Stay as long as you like, and slam the door as you go out."

Some two months after the es-

Death of Dean Straub

DEAN JOHN STRAUB of Oregon came to his 54 years of service in Oregon with no Ph. D. degree, but the lack of it proved no handicap in his work with young people in a young state with a young university. He occupied no "chair," but a whole "settee" when it came to the variety of subjects in which he was called to instruct. In fact he got his job when old Judge Deady saw him posting a list of subjects he was prepared to teach. While this man who came to be known as "the grand old man" of Oregon had few letters indicating academic degrees following his name, he did, as the coiner of the ancient proverb advised, with all his getting "get understanding."

Chief of what he understood was the heart and mind of the young student. Straub had no courses in "orientation"; took no training in "vocational guidance"; but his understanding of youth and its problems was both penetrating and sympathetic. So he came to be the mentor (how sadly that fine word has been abused by promiscuous application to athletic coaches) of young people. He was their guide and counsellor; and so he became their friend.

So it came about that when the word went out that Dean Straub had passed on, students and alumni of the university felt the sharp pang of personal grief. Straub had become a part of their lives; he seemed ageless, like a venerable oak or an old building. And when the substance of the lessons of learned professors has long been forgotten the influence of Dean Straub will prove abiding.

Portland and M. O.

FOR \$25,000 the city of Portland learns that an easy way to municipal ownership is to buy out the Northwestern Electric company. Also Carey and Harlan who make public their great and original discovery, suggest putting a small generating plant on Bear creek where the city gets its water supply, to supplement present sources of supply until the Columbia river development comes into being. Perhaps it was worth all of the \$25,000 to get this valuable information, although we supposed the Portland people knew already it could easily get into business by buying out one of the companies already engaged in the marketing of power. As for the rest of it, one might think the city engineer's office could supply all the information at a fraction of the sum paid Carey and Harlan.

Portland might well pause before stepping into municipal ownership. If regulation is demonstrated to have teeth in it, then there will be no need for m. o. because there would be no appreciable savings, and there would be the risk that attends public operation. Commissioner Thomas has been blazing a trail which will make regulation really effective. His findings in the Northwestern Electric case should satisfy even the utility-baiters; and if his findings are sustained in the courts, regulation may establish itself as a desirable substitute for the uncertainties of municipal ownership.

McKee Making Good

MAYOR McKEE stopped a moment from trimming expenses to clean up a bit of Broadway's filth. And he did it gracefully. With no pretense at being a censor of the theatre, he didn't wait two minutes to close some of the theatres which have become mere merchants in immorality. In the flourish of the night club life and in the difficult time the legitimate theatre has had to make its way, the theatrical district became overrun with burlesque shows. The hard times pinch seemed to encourage the showhouse managers to become panderers to the lusts of the lowest levels.

It is often a hard matter to say when a risqué play should be suppressed or purged; but we fancy the mayor had no difficulty in determining to shut up theatres which had gone to the burlesque level. Common decency will usually be a safe rule for action in cases of this kind. McKee is gaining favor in the United States; and ought to be in New York.

Gov. Roosevelt will enter California and while there lean on the arm of W. G. McAdoo and W. R. Hearst. Marion Davies is also put right out in front by the Hearst papers as head of the "aggregation" of movie stars to greet F. R. No wonder Mrs. Roosevelt decided not to join the party till it got to New Mexico.

This trial of Senator Davis for promoting a lottery out of which it is alleged he drew \$172,000 in personal profits may disclose the nice lifetime contract which Puddler Jim has with a fraternal organization which has netted a pretty penny for the former iron worker.

Mahatma Gandhi is beginning a hunger strike against some order of the government. Too bad Gandhi feels that way. This world is just too rough a place for a pure idealist like Gandhi. The western world in particular reacts to reforms espoused by men with big sticks like T. R.

The South American countries that can't scrape together enough small change to meet interest payments on their debts seem to be financially able to wage war with their neighbors and internal revolutions and civil wars.

Even Governor Hunt, first and only governor of Arizona, running for his eighth term, was defeated in the primaries. Will Rogers spoke truly: "God help the man running for reelection on a night like this."

Now that the campaign is on the democrats are charging republicans with conducting whispering campaigns about F. R. Considering the "smear Hoover" mud they have been using themselves, the suggestion is in order that they wash their own hands first.

Gov. Roosevelt will call a conference to study the silver question, and make a survey of the railroad problem, ditto agriculture. What, are we to have more commissions?

For the first time in 21 years the Pendleton round-up had a deficit, but the loss is being met by the public-spirited citizens of that city.

June is a wonderful season of the year; but right now we are thinking of oyster stew and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie.

Not as many Lincoln republicans as usual coming forward this election year. Time takes its toll.

Is this the issue: Full Dinner Pail vs. Full Beer Pail?

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Higher Education, Consolidation and Propaganda

It has been the claim of advocates of consolidation that by merging the university and state colleges the expenses of operation would be radically reduced and thereby a great saving to the taxpayer. If the claim is true and the people can be made to believe it, there could be no doubt about the result at the next election. Coming at this time when many are laboring against great odds by reason of high taxes, this claim of economy is the high mark of the controversy. But when we come to consider that this great depression has come upon the world by the tact of high powered salesmen and advocates of wonderful expectations, it behooves every one to be careful and not grab at conclusions. Don't be carried away by the appearance of a drum major at the head of a big brass band. This big soap bubble will explode about November 8, and then quietness will reign.

As I gather from statistics we are one of the highest taxed states in the union. It is very easy to account for by reason that in the past we have prospered financially and could meet our tax obligations with a smile and not worry about results; but now the shoe is fit to the other foot and instead of a smile we meet our taxes with a frown if indeed we meet them at all.

While education is the uppermost problem of our expenditures we should be temperate and check down on some matters. At this time when wages and commodities are far below normal, higher education should not consider that they are immune from such troubles. There has been but a

little progress made in the way of reducing salaries.

Just recently the chancellor was employed at a salary of twelve thousand dollars per year. Of course I suppose the board considered he was worth that amount. Even suppose he was, the question comes up can we afford to pay such a salary, when thousands of taxpayers would be glad to get a job at even \$1.50 per day, but can't get it. They naturally wonder what the matter is, if it were not for the fact that thousands of high powered educational professors who are out of jobs and would be only too glad to take such a position for one half or one third they might not think so serious about it.

But going back to propaganda. Some of the advocates of consolidation claim that the Monmouth Buildings and most of the Eugene buildings are back numbers and should be junked as they are not fit for educational purposes. So much said for consolidation. Then their next claim is that after consolidation is reached then the buildings at Eugene are ample good for the normal schools for the next 20 years. As I understand them if they can't catch them a coming they will catch them a going, thereby keeping their claims well stocked with propaganda. As for the normal buildings at Monmouth being a trap and unsanitary and should be junked, notwithstanding the plans were drawn by a state architect, I want to say right here that I have spent over 60 of my years here in Polk county and I passed by the site when they were excavating for the first building before a brick was laid and have passed hundreds of times since and I always feel proud the way the buildings and grounds present themselves to the eye. I never heard a single protest against the buildings and grounds until this consolidation problem came up and if any young man or lady can't see enough in conditions at Monmouth to encourage them in getting a good education then they had better go to Mexico or Russia where they can find conditions that are such troubles. There has been but a

there is a single voter in Polk county who thinks that the normal school at Monmouth is not what it should be I have never heard of it. Long before the state took over the Monmouth plant a school was carried on without any assistance from the state whatever, and with an enrollment of from one hundred to two hundred scholars. The work was carried on at an expense of about \$6000.00 per year. This included teachers hire, heating and lighting and janitor service. Numbers of the graduates filled positions of honor after graduating. The morals of the best, I never heard of any scandal or drunken rows or hazing. I doubt if there was another school in the land that would score a higher degree of morality and today I doubt if the schools under state management have anything to boast over schools that are financed without state capital, for example the Willamette university and others about as good. Of course the state schools have more technical studies. That is about the main advantage. The advocates of consolidation claim that Corvallis has plenty of room to accommodate the extra numbers that would come from Eugene. If so then why have our legislators been squandering state funds for just a big show?

D. R. RUBLE, Route 1, Salem.

Daily Thought

"Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of billowsiness, exercise, go slow and so easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but my friend, these I reckon will give you a good life."—Abraham Lincoln.

IN ALBANY HOSPITAL. TALBOT, Sept. 20—Mrs. Thelma Harlan Nichols was rushed to the Albany hospital Friday for a serious operation.