

United PURITY News

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ECONOMY GROCERY ADDED TO PURITY STORES

Price Store At Rickreall Is Historic

Back in 1866 J. V. B. Butler established a general store at Rickreall. About the same time a water-power grist mill was built and the idea seems to have been to found a town there. But roads at that time were very scarce and in the winter nearly impassable. However, the grist mill prospered and many a four and six-horse load of Crusador brand flour was sold and distributed throughout the Willamette valley.

The store also prospered and filled a real need in the community. This store changed hands many times until it was finally acquired by Peter Cook in 1899. Mr. Cook was not only a fine merchant, but a great sportsman and race horse fancier. His familiar face was to be seen at nearly all nearby race tracks during the racing season.

When old man time gathered Mr. Cook in some two years ago, his many friends and acquaintances felt their loss very keenly.

At present the store formerly owned by Mr. Cook and known as the Rickreall General Store is owned and operated by J. O. Price. Mr. Price is an up-to-date merchant and was quick to see the advantages to be gained by becoming a member of the United Purity Stores organization. Mr. Price is a native Oregonian and has lived in the Rickreall section for 20 years or more.

Suitor Chains Girl to Bed Post for 3 Weeks

New York.—For three weeks, forty-year-old William E. Miles, senior, held his fifteen-year-old bride-to-be in captivity, chaining her nude body to a bedpost so no more youthful suitor could carry her off and marry her before her elderly admirer could save up for honeymoon expenses. It was revealed.

Mrs. Sophia Sader, landlady of a rooming house, heard groans emanating from the room and told her husband, who called the police to liberate the girl. She, however, told them to mind their own business and get out, asserting her sweetie could make her a prisoner if he wanted to and in any fashion he chose.

Next day the girl left her trunk with the Saders as security for two weeks' back room rent and with the money Miles might have had to pay out for that item they tripped to the city hall where a marriage ceremony was performed.

Child Pasteur Saved Became His Watchman

Paris.—The first child pasteur succeeded in curing of hydrophobia in 1885 now is principal gatekeeper at the Pasteur Institute laboratories. He is Joseph Meister, an Alsatian.

Meister has grown older and stouter, but he is still known as Little Meister, "le petit Meister," to every one at the institute. He keeps watch at the gate just opposite the building which houses the vault and last resting place of the great scientist who saved his life, the first of so many others.

GREAT CLEMENCEAU LEADS LONELY LIFE

Visitors Are Ghosts of Dead Whom He Loved.

Paris.—Georges Clemenceau, who has wrecked many cabinets but won the country's gratitude in the war, is bitterly conscious of a great loneliness in the evening of his life.

When his sister died recently, friends gathered at his Paris home and one of them asked:

"How many 'official' visits do you receive? How many ministers, how many marshals call on you?"

The Tiger began, in what all thought an evasive way:

"I sleep little; old men sleep little. Often at two or three o'clock in the morning I awake. I would be bored in bed, awake, so I get up. I come out here, with difficulty, for sometimes my legs go back on me, and here, in the silence, I talk with the dead—"

"It is during those night hours," went on the aged man, who so often governed France, "alone with ghosts, dear ghosts, that I have written my memories of Claude Monet. Ah! There come many of the dead, at night, into this room."

"That is my destiny. I see them go, one after another, those I love, all of them."

Then, facing the one who was so anxious to know who remembered him, the Tiger snapped out:

"I am alone, monsieur, alone."

Russians Clamp Lid on Old-Time Music

Washington, D. C.—The thoroughness with which Soviet Russia is attempting to supplant utterly every part of the old order which existed before the revolution is unlimited according to the reports brought back by travelers who have been investigating the Bolshevik experiment. It is the fixed intent of the Soviet leaders to remake Russia so completely as to leave not a memory of the old days of the czar and the nobility, or, at least, not a pleasant memory. Knowing that intangible as well as tangible things have a direct bearing upon the thoughts and aspirations of a people, the Russian officials have gone so far as to censor music and to encourage a whole new school of music.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoon, a Scotch philosopher, is the author of the famous observation: "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws." The Soviet leaders apparently have every confidence in that statement and have effected a complete revolution in music in the last decade. Just as they have changed the social order, remade the government, altered all practice concerning property ownership and generally set up a new Russia.

With as much care as was devoted to the dissemination of propaganda of a political and economic nature, the Soviet government created a special department charged with the revolutionizing of music.

Gusher Brings Fortune to Motherless Children

Sunnydale, Kan.—Oil, renowned for its gifts of sudden wealth, is spouting in a new Klondike near this southern Kansas village, bringing riches to Willard Goodrich, hard-working farmer, and his two motherless children.

The discovery well in the new producing territory is on the Goodrich farm. With a daily output of 7,000 barrels, it is the biggest gusher Kansas has seen in ten years. It "came in" without warning, drenching the surrounding fields in oil.

A pool of "black gold" four to five feet deep and covering an acre of ground was formed as neighboring farmers with teams hurriedly constructed ditches and dirt dams.

The 80-acre farm on which the well is located was left to the family by the mother when she died, 11 years ago. Goodrich has an eighteen-year-old daughter, Arlene, and a fifteen-year-old son, Dale.

Events in the Lives of Little Men



Somewhere the Sun Shines

Cannibals in the island of Papua eat the Dutch fax collectors. They seem to be some justice in the world after all.—Springfield Sun.

Industrial Beginning

The first wide looms installed for weaving wide cotton sheeting were set up at the Blodford (Maine) plant of the Peperell Manufacturing company in 1850.

Summing It Up

There is no wealth but life—life including all its powers of love, of joy and of admiration.

Banana a Plant Oddity

The first paradox about the banana is that it is a tree by virtue of its size and height, without a true trunk says the Nature Magazine. The tall banana plants measure 40 feet from the tips of the leaves to the ground. In Jamaica they attain about 25 feet, the first 15 feet of which is approximately the remarkable "pseudostem," or false trunk; the remainder the blades of the huge leaves which tower above it.

Hawaii's Floral Emblem

The local name of the hibiscus, Hawaii's national flower, is the Pua Aloalo.

Town Refuses to Move "Column With a Curse"

Augusta, Ga.—Sentiment which for 40 years has allowed "the column with a curse" to stand in the middle of a sidewalk, won't recently when a paving program made practicable the removal of the queer relic of a tornado's fury.

The column, once the pillar of the city market house, has stood at Broad and Center streets ever since a tornado hit Augusta in 1878. Old citizens say that an itinerant minister, claiming the gift of prophecy, predicted that the old market house would be destroyed the day after his sermon. He declared that but one of the big pillars supporting the market house would be left standing and declared that any attempt to move the pillar would be fatal; that the person who tried it would be struck by lightning.

As it happened, a tornado hit this town the next day and only one pillar of the market house was left standing. Some years ago city officials said the pillar would have to be destroyed to permit certain street repairs. A large number of workmen carried the pillar about 50 feet. There was an explosion and they dropped it. And today the pillar stands where the workmen dropped it if a freeraker.

Art Is Used by Pastor to Stress His Sermons

Springdale, Pa.—Rev. Charles W. Baker, Jr., pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church here, illustrates his sermons with charts and sketches he has made himself. In Sunday school and church assemblies he gives chalk talks.

At the altar is a huge mural of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, a copy of the Michelangelo mural in the Vatican, which the minister has painted. In his church and parsonage Mr. Baker has hung numerous other of his paintings and sketches.

While attending college and the Lutheran seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., Mr. Baker had an advertising sign shop which provided him with funds for his education.

Both Wholesome Needs

Salt and is as useful to the human as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

E. S. RICH NEW OWNER OF SALEM GROCERY AND FIRST MOVE IS TO JOIN NEW MERGER

A CHANGE in retail grocery circles in Salem, of interest to the public was consummated February 8 when it was announced that E. S. Rich was the successful bidder on the Economy Grocery Store at 17th and Center, which has been in the hands of the Adjustment Bureau for the past three weeks.

The Economy Grocery is too well known in Salem to require further comment. Mr. Rich is very well and favorably known in the grocery field here, and success for him in this venture is assured. Mr. Rich is changing the name to Rich's Purity Grocery and as soon as weather permits he plans to paint the store with Purity colors Blue and White and otherwise improve the looks of this building.

To manage and operate his store Mr. Rich has secured Mr. Harry Kimsey, a very capable and experienced man. It is needless to say Mr. Rich readily saw the advantages to be gained for his customers by joining the United Purity Stores organization, and his store is now in a position to compete with any retail grocery in Salem.

PREHISTORIC MEN CREMATED DEAD

Scientists Unearth Bone Ashes in New Mexico.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Evidence that prehistoric dwellers on the North American continent were the first of mankind to cremate the dead has been unearthed by an expedition of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

The evidence is based chiefly upon a crumbly material found in the sands of the Mimbre valley in New Mexico, thought to have been pulverized corn, which an analysis showed was bone ash.

The culture of the Mimbre valley is believed to have flourished 2,000 years ago.

Objects and materials found certainly are the first evidence of cremation in that valley, and possibly anywhere, says Dr. Albert E. Jenks, leader of the expedition. Doctor Jenks believes Mimbre culture ceased to exist about 600 or 700 A. D.

Near Hurley, N. M., the searchers unearthed a village of 150 rooms, or huts. Some yielded sitting, or full-length skeletons with bows over their heads. But in one was found a jar of an unrecognized material.

"We tasted it," said Doctor Jenks. "One member of the party declared it was pulverized blue corn, common in that vicinity." Laboratory tests revealed it to be bone ash.

Another find deemed important was a copper bell, use of which previously had not been known. A bracelet of 13 shells was found on the arm of the skeleton of a female.

There were fireplaces and wall bases of adobe and stone. Some huts were constructed of wood.

The culture, according to anthropologists, disappeared when Mimbre villages were destroyed, although how they were destroyed has not been learned. So far as is known the culture never took root elsewhere.

Tots Travel Far

New York.—Vernon Wolonin six years old, and her sister, Anna five, have come from Poland all alone to join their father in Youngstown, Ohio. They have not seen him since they were infants. Their mother is dead.

Castle to Become Cannery

Munich.—Klessheim castle, near Salzburg, once the property of the Hapsburg dynasty of Austria, is to become a canned meat factory, and pigs will be fattened in apartments once sacred to royalty.

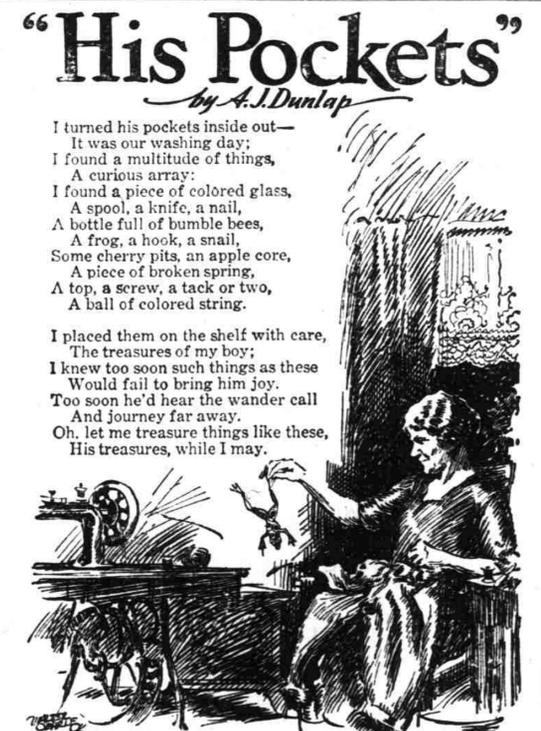
Married Man's Musings

A husband always gets in wrong when he keeps on insisting he's in the right.—Cincinnati Equivocal.

"His Pockets"

I turned his pockets inside out—
It was our washing day;
I found a multitude of things,
A curious array:
I found a piece of colored glass,
A spoon, a knife, a nail,
A bottle full of bumble bees,
A frog, a hook, a snail,
Some cherry pits, an apple core,
A piece of broken spring,
A top, a screw, a tack or two,
A ball of colored string.

I placed them on the shelf with care,
The treasures of my boy;
I knew too soon such things as these
Would fail to bring him joy.
Too soon he'd hear the wander call
And journey far away.
Oh, let me treasure things like these,
His treasures, while I may.



THE FEATHERHEADS



Look for IT!

IT in this case is your copy of the United Purity News which comes to you through the courtesy of your United Purity grocer.

Should you fail to receive your copy each Friday, he will consider it a favor if you will so inform him.

Look for your number! It contains greater grocery savings for you. It's your IT!

Wherever You Go in the Willamette Valley You Can Almost Rest Assured There'll Be a Purity Store!