

HI-WAYS TO HEALTH

By ADA R. MAYNE
OREGON DAIRY COUNCIL

The Mid-summer Guest Dinner

Entertaining during the warm days of summer often becomes something of a problem. In planning a dinner for the house guest or family friends, it is better to plan menus containing simple dishes easy to prepare, and which will leave you free to visit with the guests. The entertaining of the guests is as important as the food served them.

- For a warm summer evening serve the dinner menu:
- Sliced Baked Ham
 - Crisp Potato Chips
 - Escalloped Spinach
 - Drop Biscuits—Butter
 - Garden lettuce salad—French dressing
 - Chilled Lemon Pudding
 - San Tan
 - Escalloped Spinach
 - 2 cups cooked spinach
 - spin minced onion
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - pepper
 - 1 egg slightly beaten
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1/4 tspn melted butter
 - 1/4 cup bread crumbs

Put the spinach through a sieve, and add all the other ingredients except 2 tbsps butter and the bread crumbs. Place in a buttered baking dish. Mix remaining butter and bread crumbs and sprinkle over

the top of the spinach. Bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs are nicely browned. This will take about 15 minutes. This makes six servings.

- ### Chilled Lemon Pudding
- Juice and rind of one lemon
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 cup water
 - 1 tbspn cornstarch
 - 3 eggs
 - 3 tbsps sugar
 - 1 pint fresh milk

Mix the one cup sugar, water, lemon juice and grated rind and heat in a double boiler. Dissolve the cornstarch in a little cold water and add this gradually and stir constantly. Add the beaten egg whites. Cool until transparent and pour into a mold.

To make the custard sauce, beat the egg yolks slightly and add the three tablespoons of sugar. Heat the milk and gradually add it to the egg mixture, stirring constantly. Cook this until it forms a coating on a metal spoon. Chill and pour over the pudding when ready to serve.

- ### San Tan
- 1 cup fresh cold milk
 - 1 tbspn sugar
 - 1/4 dash of nutmeg
 - 1/4 tspn root beer extract
- Combine the ingredients and mix for one or two minutes. Add the nutmeg before serving. This recipe makes one serving.

made me a murderer; well, I'll be one if I get a chance." The cell block stilled. Slowly Joe walked to his bunk, and sat there a hand pounding against the steel. After a while Hymie walked across and caught his shoulders with thin, strong fingers. "Wearing yourself out ain't no way to beat a rap," he commanded. After awhile a dazed man slept. (To be continued)

Many Campers Are Seen Nightly At Crater Lake

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore., July 20—(Special)—Attesting to popularity of auto campgrounds in the park, scores of campfires are blazing nightly while visitors are preparing evening meals and later while away pleasant hours around the ruddy glow. Conditions are ideal for the use of the rim campground, the largest of several maintained in the park.

There under lofty hemlocks, softly sighing in evening breeze, visitors can establish camps in the proximity of free wood, shower baths and in the vicinity of a caretaker, whose pride and joy are centered in his efforts to make all visitors comfortable and contented. Campers are located not far from the Community House, where the educational division presents lectures, moving pictures, and programs of general entertainment, including singing and dancing.

During the course of the day, campers can take advantage of guided field trips leading to points of interest by road, trail and water. All day boat trips three times weekly include explorations of Wizard Island and long boat excursions over the lake's blue depths. Short island explorations and boat lake excursions are afternoon features daily. A walking trip to the summit of Garfield peak is a daily feature, as well as hourly lectures in the Sinnott Memorial on Victor Rock in the inner rim.

As soon as the rim road is open for travel, rim caravans, making a 35 mile circuit of the lake, will be daily features. Sunset drives to "The Watchman," first high point on the northwest rim are also to begin when road conditions permit.

Dr. R. W. Leighton Named Secretary Research Council

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, July 20 (Special)—Dr. R. W. Leighton, research fellow at the University of Oregon, has been named executive secretary of the Oregon Research Council, and will be in charge of all research projects

except those in agriculture, it was announced here today, following his appointment to this position by the State Board of Higher Education. All projects in this work carried on at either the University of Oregon or Oregon State Agricultural College will clear through Dr. Leighton's office, it was stated. He will assist faculty members and others engaged in this field, will take care of all organization work, and will administer research funds.

Work in research will be organized along the lines formulated by the research council, and through this centralization it is planned to coordinate and extend the projects wherever possible.

Dr. Leighton received his degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Oregon, and has devoted his time to research, a field in which he has achieved success. In addition to his studies at Oregon he has taken work at the University of Iowa and is a graduate of the College of Idaho.

Crater Wall Trail Is Very Popular With Lake Visitors

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore., July 20—(Special)—Popularity of the crater wall trail is revealed in recent counts made of park visitors using it to reach the shores of the lake, inspired by launch excursion and angling for gamey trout. Counts show scores of people using the trail daily.

Limit catches of trout have been numerous during the past two weeks, with out of the latest reported by Walter Chapman of London, England, visiting the lake while making a tour of the coast, with his next stop at Lassen Volcanic National Park. He hooked the limit of five in less than an hour, with his catch averaging over two pounds each.

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Traylor Finds Too Much Silence Responsible for Business Slump

Chicago Banker Traces Crash to Failure of Leaders to Give Warnings

Danger Signals Disregarded

Speaking before the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington, Melvin A. Traylor, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, said in part:

Business management, however, is not alone responsible for the course it has followed. Unfortunately, it has had the cooperation of finance and government and will likewise have to have their cooperation in adjusting its affairs to a saner course. What, in fact, did the leaders of finance do to encourage the expansion which took place in the last decade?

What, if anything, did they do to prevent such expansion with the consequences which they certainly did know or should have known would follow?

I believe their record in that connection is not an enviable one. As early as 1927, it was clearly obvious to anyone having experience with the granting of credit that if the situation was allowed to continue, and if expansion and speculation were carried on unchecked, there could be but one end—disaster. Yet the record of American financial leadership and of responsible government officials was regrettably one of too much silence.

Sounded Few Warnings

Few warnings were issued, and few attempts were made to attract public attention to the danger that threatened. Credit for the expansion of productive facilities to meet temporary demands was granted to business without adequate consideration of the consequences. Credit without stint was furnished to consumers to buy consumable goods, thereby further increasing false purchasing power and multiplying debt. No one called a halt.

Every kind and character of combination and consolidation was made, regardless of its economic advisability or the possibility of economies in management or increased profits there-

from. Little or no consideration was given to the nature of the businesses involved; in one instance, for example, soaps and candies were united. Such combinations and mergers were promoted and securities were sold on the theory that temporary earnings derived from a false demand would not only continue, but would forever increase.

Furthermore, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by high-powered salesmanship and an unborn desire to gamble for big profits. Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

But financial leadership did not stop there. It actively promoted the purchase of equity stocks and split its own unit of stock par in order, as it said, to bring its market values within the reach of the small investor. May I add, parenthetically, that such action would have been unnecessary for their purpose had they waited only a few months.

Financial leaders organized and promoted so-called investment trusts to give the small investor a chance to profit from wise financial leadership, made foreign loans of speculative value, and, altogether, followed the procession obviously intent upon getting theirs while the getting was good.

Must Chart New Course

Are we to have a repetition of this kind of financial leadership? If it be true—as I believe it is—that credit is the life-blood of the nation, and that there can be no economic stability or social progress without a sound financial structure; and if it be true—as I also believe—that no financial system is sounder or more useful than its management, then financial leadership in this country must take stock of itself turn over a new leaf, and chart a new course of conduct for its future guidance.

If it be objected that not all financial leaders are guilty of such misconduct—and certainly there are some who are not—the indictment, nevertheless, stands. As far as the record discloses, not one had the courage to fight in the open against the tendencies he knew were wrong and to demand a right-about-face. Knowledge is one thing, but courage of leadership is another.

Caged

—By—
Courtney Ryley Cooper

(Continued from last week)

The door closed. Joe stood there while a trim-waisted youth, his clothing immaculate even here, his hair shining and sleek, his thin, venomous features immobile, except for the jerk of a crooked smile, came sinuously from a bunk. "What's the rap?"

Joe knew the term by now. "Homicide. They say I killed two state policemen up by Orr's Mills."

"Yeah?" His sleek companion lit a cigarette. "Yeah," he asked again. "Where'd you go to school?"

"I?" Joe stared. "The last place was in Missouri."

"Yeah? Who was your teacher?" "Miss Price. Why?"

"Yeah?" asked the rat, and, pulling in his under lip, blew his inhalation against his breast. "Why didn't she teach you how to address a gentleman?"

Joe Barry glanced dazedly around him. "I didn't know I was doing anything wrong," he said. "I've never been in a place like this before."

"No?" the gangster asked. Then suddenly: "Come here and sit down, Wetears." Once Joe was beside him, he whirled, talking in low, swift tones. "What's the idea, stool?" he demanded. "You're not even smart enough to know how to answer my questions. But if your other information, I'll give you some information. When they take you out, you tell 'em they ain't fooled nobody. Hymie Fradke's still got friends. Tell 'em I'm going to beat this rap if it takes my life. And if I do, somebody's going to get shoved over."

Joe Barry raised his arms, piteously. "Leave me alone, won't you?" he begged. "I don't know who you are. I don't care who you are! Leave me alone."

It struck the other man's sense of pride. "Yeah?" he asked. "You're up for that chopper job on the Newburgh road and you don't know Hymie Fradke?"

Joe strove to leave him. Hymie Fradke, a little puzzled, followed. "How'd they fasten that rap on you, Wetears?" he asked.

Soon they were talking upon a different basis. It was surcease, a feeling of sympathy which urged Joe forward; Hymie's manner had changed greatly. Now he was settled beside Joe Barry, his thin, carefully manicured fingers tapping on his knees, or jerking his cigarette in a quick swing from his lips, return-

ing it as swiftly. It was not long before he interrupted.

"Talk lower. Whisper—that's better. We didn't just happen to be put in here together. Ten to one, there's a stool in the next cell with an ear as big as a washtub."

The clatter of slum time came. Hymie sneering at the bars. "The night count was made and the lights dimmed. Then Hymie took his diluted companion back to the cot and pressed him down there."

"Yeah?" he asked in a whisper. "This guy Martin, describe him again. Never heard him called Big Friday? No, it couldn't be him; he wouldn't do a thing like that in the open. Must've worked through a fall guy."

He shook his head. "I never heard of no Louie Bertolini, but that guy don't sound right either." The thing seemed to fret him. He paced awhile and came back. "'S d—n funny to me," he said to Joe. "That's Big Friday's run up there from Oswego through Shenectady, across to Albany and then down through Newburgh to the Bronx. Ain't I made it for him a dozen times? Yeah, and what do I get out of it? Double-crossed."

An hour went by. The sounds of the street became fainter, giving greater volume to the night noises of the cell block, the creaking of bunks as men tossed in their search of sleep, the snoring of the more hardened ones, the maddening sound of some one pacing, three steps and turn, three steps and turn.

Then Hymie was whispering again. "They gave you a break?" he said grudgingly to Joe. "All you get is the chair; pull the switch and you're out. They ain't so good to me; afraid I'd squeak if I drew the Hot Mama. But I got friends. I ain't in Danemora yet. That's something more Big Friday don't know; I got more friends in a day'n he ever knew. Wanted it all, didn't he? He'll get it, in a bronze box. Ain't he got it coming to him? Ain't he worth shoving across if you can get at him? How about that baby that crucified you? I suppose you'll rush up and kiss him, if you ever beat this rap? Yeah! You'll do what I'll do to Big Friday. You'll set him over, that's what you'll do!"

His voice faded in a confusion from beyond. The shadows of twisting forms were on the walls; guards seemed to spring from nowhere and everywhere. Wild, racking, the screams of a crazed man rose higher, higher, and then were muffled. There was the scuffling of forms, moving toward the door. Then came the clang of steel, some one screaming at a distance, then farther away, still farther. In the cell with Hymie Fradke, a man walked up and down his lips bloodless, his eyes burning in fixation.

"Yes, that's right!" he agreed. "He's got it coming to him. He's

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