

# TO SHELTER FOR REFUGEES



of a group of flood refugees from Missouri, camping out on a hill behind flooded Hickman, Ky. Driven for miles on rushing flood of unprecedented proportions in the Mississippi and tributaries, thousands of persons have sought high ground. The Red Cross has mobilized all its resources to bring hasty relief to the afflicted people.

You still have faith in me. You are such a wonder! Today I cannot help but think of "that wonder of mine." How many times I have wished that I could again at your knee and could hear your sweet voice!

I forgot the letter you wrote me after I had been on. Friends were so few then. They drifted away falling from the trees in the fall of the year. Friends thought would stand true, quit—quit cold! But you, dear heart, continued to love and believe in me—and then that letter. I shall never forget that one paragraph.

So sorry that you are in trouble. I cannot, will not, at you have done wrong. I know my boy too well. He could not do such a thing. An honest man does nothing by impulse. You were always honest. But if I were guilty, you would hold the same place in my life as you always have.

I still have that letter, and I shall always keep it. I am not long for this world, mother. Very soon you will have a long, long journey. When you get over there, Dear Heart, think of me. I want to make the grade if I can, and come to you, for I love with you and Dad.

## BUSIEST BUILDING IN SALEM

At the Salem Y. M. C. A. Friday evening: ball league, teams participating Mill City, Independence, Mount Angel and Salem first year men. Sport in lobby by Mrs. Joy Turner Moses. Rehearsal by the Salem Boys' Chorus. English class. Salem Nature Study class—besides the regular program—and that is only a fair sample—of the activities there is amazing; would make a book every year in the year—busy doing good; and 75 per cent of the service free; community service; humanity service.

## TO MY PURITAN MOTHER

I left you, mother, years ago  
When I believed the time had come  
That I was strong enough to walk  
These devious pathways by myself.

With swaggering stride I climbed the trail  
To find quite off I WAS NOT SURE,  
And many a time I DID NOT KNOW,  
Although I think you told me so,  
But I—Too wise to listen, then.

And thus it seemed through many a trial  
That reason proved your tenets true;  
Did I pay heed, those earlier years,  
Full many a bruise I would eschew.

And then when I, with wakening thought  
Began to grasp the things you taught  
And would go back for higher themes  
To learn of life and less of dreams,  
And beg you to forgive neglect  
And praise you for your work and care,  
You left me, mother, here below,  
Too late I find how much you know;  
Too late I see how much I owe.

Yet when thinking, sad, of days—  
Those golden days of careless joy  
When you were such a part of mine  
I gave no thought to all you meant,—  
I find a lesson, act, intent,  
That has become a part of me.

By good example, precept, too,  
That was enforced when youth rebelled,  
You kept that bit of good in me  
That makes me love your memory;  
You trained that part of you in me  
That gives me pride of ancestry.

—Cecil Vere Ashbaugh,  
Brooks, Or., May 8, 1927.

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,  
The holiest words my tongue can frame,  
Unworthy are to praise the name  
More sacred than all other.

An infant when her love first came—  
A man, I find it just the same;  
Reverently I breathe her name,  
The blessed name of mother.

—George Griffith Fetter.

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Mother's day today—  
Our newest day of national observance.

This is YMCA swimming instruction week here; "every boy and girl in Salem a swimmer," the slogan.

The American War Mother carnation sale yesterday was a success. Every red flower sold, and nearly all the white ones. Receipts nearly \$250. The same results throughout the country will bring a big sum for the relief of disabled World War veterans.

The Salem Y free employment bureau had the past week 187 people applying for jobs, and sent 68 of them to work. Quite a hiatus of unemployed.

The state chapter of American War Mothers, assisted by the Salem chapter, will today put into the hands of every World War veteran in the hospitals and other institutions at Salem, including the state prison, a real carnation, with a card, reading: "With all good wishes. State Chapter American War Mothers." There will be 110 in all. The verse on the card reads:

MOTHER O' MINE  
By Rudyard Kipling  
If I were hanged on the highest hill,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
I know whose love would follow me still,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!  
I know whose tears would come down to me,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,  
I know whose prayers would make me whole,  
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine!

Life is a grindstone—and whether it grinds a man down or polishes him up depends on the stuff that he is made of.

The Prince of Wales, by simply declining an invitation to attend a bull fight during his most recent visit in Spain, probably did more to de-brutalize the national sport of the Iberians than years of ranting by Spanish uplifters could have done. The prince is a sportsman, a hunter, a good fellow; but he draws the line at the going to death of helpless old horses in the bull ring.

## GRAPE SPECIALIST COMING TO OREGON

A Grapevine Dream That Is No Dream; Great Possibilities Are Here

Editor Statesman:  
Your editorial of April 28th on "A Grapevine Dream That Is No Dream" is a splendid exposition of the possibilities in grape culture in Oregon.

We have been attempting to attract to this state a number of people especially interested in the growing of grapes. At the present time we are in correspondence with Mr. W. D. Sydnor, a grapevine specialist, of Ellersboro, Virginia, who is a grower of Sydnor's 101 Varieties.

Mr. Sydnor will be in Oregon within the next few weeks. Unfortunately the regulations of our state board of horticulture prohibit him from bringing any of his cuttings into Oregon from Virginia, but that has not discouraged him, because through our correspondence he has been convinced that there are wonderful possibilities for grape culture in this state.

The possibilities for grape factories, with jam and jelly factories, are unlimited, as this product can be shipped to the millions of consumers on the Atlantic Seaboard by a water rate that is from 8 1/2 to 10c lower than it can be shipped anywhere from the middle west by rail.

Agriculture in western Oregon will never reach its maximum possibilities until our production is marketed in condensed form such as you suggest in this editorial. This can be done through the development of canneries, grape juice factories, jam and jelly factories, dairy and poultry production. Yours very truly,  
—W. G. Ide, Manager.

Portland, May 5, 1927.

This is Gratifying

The above letter from the very able and far seeing manager of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce brings a very gratifying piece of news—especially so to the Slogan man of The Statesman, who for a long time has contended that there is a field here for the development of a great grape industry; growing grapes on a large scale for the making of grape juice, and jams and jellies, etc.

With still water in the Willamette, which is coming, we will have freight rates to all the world markets that will give us outstanding advantages in this respect over the grape juice districts of the east.

All Sizes Films, Kodaks, Developing Our Specialty Prompt Service  
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157 South Commercial  
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## MAIN STREET COVERED BUT BANK KEEPS ON



Such a "minor" affair as being inundated by the Mississippi's flood doesn't deter Columbus, Ky., from attending to some business as usual. Red Cross relief workers have found on their arrival. The town's bank was moved from the one-story brick structure on the right to the two-story frame building behind it and entrance to the structure is made from one's rowboat—by the outside flight of stairs shown in the photo. To be sure, inhabitants had to flee from the town to hills inland, only a few venturing back in boats.

## JUNIOR SYMPHONY GROUP PLEASE LARGE AUDIENCE

(Continued from Page 1.)

home is in Portland—finally appeared at the footlights to share in the plaudits.

The Tachakowsky number, with its cathedral atmosphere was received with immense approval. Gerschikowitch's own transcription for woodwind and strings was used.

The extra ordinary conductor—himself a one time student of the great Rimsky-Korsakoff—was brilliant in his interpretation of the Russian's famous overture, "The Resurrection." The audience was electrified with the thrilling acclaim of the instruments.

After college singing from the balcony, the Schubert octet, under the direction of Mineta Magers, appeared in "Allah's Holiday," followed by the Italian serenade with Lawrence Deacon, baritone, singing the obligato which lent surprising depth to the applauded number.

The Willamette May queen, Mildred Tomlinson was formally presented together with Governor I. L. Patterson and Mayor T. A. Livesley.

The Salem Men's chorus, ably conducted by Dan Langenburg, sang "Silent Recollections" (Pache) and "Swing Along" (Cook), the negro melody that always proves itself a happy choice.

The program was closed with the appearance of the Salem Boys' chorus. Their numbers were: "My Own Native Isle" (White) and "Moonlight Dance" (White). One hundred boys and young men appear in this favorite singing body.

The audience joined in singing "America."

The memorable concert last night closed an unusually successful Music week in Salem, arranged under the auspices of the Salem Music Teachers. The committee assisting in the triumphant performance included: Mrs. Walter A. Denton, chairman, Miss Frances Virginia Melton, Mrs. Bertha Junk Darby and Miss Elizabeth Levy, the local president.

## THE CAT CAME BACK

BANGOR, Eng.—Dan Rogers, a blind man, went to the Bangor pier to drown a cat, but fell in himself. The cat returned home while he was taken to a hospital.

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## Thoughts for Mother's Day By Ella McMunn

We had company for dinner yesterday, and Mama got out the white tablecloth (there being just one, it is known as "the" tablecloth), and we had the table set in the dining room, although we generally eat in the kitchen, and the "attractive centerpiece" was a large bowl of most delicious rhubarb—that made you think of plum blossoms and Paradise.

Our guest dined with us at Mama's invitation, very informal. In fact, the first I knew about it was when I came back from the mail box and saw his neat bundle of blankets on the "settee" in the front yard. (It isn't really a "settee," but a pew out of the church at Hayesville). I lifted the blankets off the seat the moment I saw them, and cast them on the ground. Well, you know what a person's first impulse would be.

Then I went into the house, where the young man was seated in my Father's leather chair reading "The Country Gentleman," but before I could grasp the details of the general "ensemble," I saw Mama writhing and twisting in anxiety to have a private word with me in the kitchen.

"He looks like Eddie," she said. And when I saw the tender, wistful smile on her face, the look that comes only to mothers who have watched the grave close over their own strong boys, and so I walked around the house and gathered up the bundle of blankets and put it back on the settee. Then I spent an hour hunting some socks for his wet feet, and found also a package of "Camels" Eddie had left when he went on that last, long journey.

"Our guest started away, late in the afternoon—Mama walked with him to the gate and watched him sadly out of sight, while in his worn pocket he carried one of her dollars, although she had just two before he came.

"He is somebody's dear boy," she said. Yes, one of the wandering boys whose mothers sit at the window and listen for their step at the door. A boy who will come back when his mother's tired hands are folded forever on her breast and a wreath of white lilies is on the fresh earth above them.

Vale—Work to begin on Vale irrigation project.

The STATESMAN has purchased at considerable expense a wonderful beautifully bound cook book.

This book is not only full of surprise dishes, but also helps you in choosing, caring, storing and laundering your table linens.

It helps prepare your meals with a real interest.

This book, "THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELICIOUS FOODS," is by Ida Bailey Allen, international authority.

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