

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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## A Mining Survey

WHEN the Oregon City Enterprise approved the veto of the mining survey bill and the appropriation for the LaGrande armory, the Baker Democrat-Herald points an accusing finger at the valley on this side of the big hump, remarking:

"There you have the attitude of western Oregon in a nutshell. Indifference to Eastern Oregon's development, based on distance and ignorance. The progress of this section is not half so urgent as pruning the public expenses. But if the developments along the Willamette river were affected, that would be a horror of an entirely different color."  
"The Enterprise's statement that a mineral survey helps only wildcat promoters is the opposite of the facts. Unsound promotion flourishes where the truth is not known and fades away in favor of legitimate development where it is known. Oregon is about the only western state with mineral resources that has not already made these surveys in great detail, and its development has lagged far behind the others in proportion to its resources."

This prompts us to rise and remark that if spending a few thousand dollars will help develop mineral wealth in Oregon, we're for it. One of the great handicaps of this state is its lack of mineral development. There have been repeated efforts to get gold and copper here, but the veins have run out rather quickly. People who are pastoral and agricultural have little conception of the importance of minerals and their value in the economic scheme of things.

Whether a survey would show anything or not we cannot say. Private capital has expended millions in exploration with no return. The Baker country alone is the graveyard of many a defunct mining enterprise. But there remains the hope and the lure, and so long as the mountains remain there will be those to spend their money in prospecting them for valuable metals. A survey might show where minerals are not, and that would be well worth the money if people would heed the reports.

## Roseburg Wins

OREGON rejoices with Roseburg over the selection of this point for the veterans' home. While the official announcement gives the location merely in Oregon, the accepted opinion is that the site will be Roseburg which has had the unanimous support of Oregon. This is a victory for Roseburg which conceived the idea and carried it to a successful culmination, securing first the appropriation from congress and now securing the home itself for the city on the South Umpqua.

It is a victory too for the Oregon congressional delegation; and particularly for Congressman Hawley who made it a major activity of his own the past few months. When others were fearful Hawley was optimistic, and carried the matter direct to the president. Senators McNary and Steiwer were also active in Roseburg's interest.

The institution itself is one which will grow. The youth of 1917-1918 are mature men now, but already there are those who need such a home, which is not a hospital but a home. As time passes more and more veterans will seek the friendly shelter of this home while awaiting the final reveille. The institution will grow. It will mean much to Roseburg. And Roseburg is a magnificent location for such an institution. A beautiful, scenic country, with a salubrious climate life there will be a pleasure for those who abide in this veterans' home.

## Hooting Gandhi

GANDHI now knows how hard it is to satisfy all elements. Here he has been leading a fight for the people of India, seeking to gain independence for them, and freedom so they can fight among themselves and now the "reds" shout "Down with Gandhi! Down with the national congress!" Gandhi is just experiencing what other leaders of the human race have experienced. LaFayette got thrown in jail in France when the Jacobins got into power. Washington was abused and vilified by the French revolution sympathizers in this country. The douma party in Russia which ousted the czar was itself driven out by the menesheviks and then Kerensky was deposed by the bolsheviks. The python of revolution grows by eating its own offspring.

The radicals in India oppose Gandhi because he did not secure the release from prison of the labor agitators, preachers of communism. If the Gandhi party comes to power it will find it must enforce law and order and use force and prisons as tools for preserving order. Human nature is still perverse, and freedom requires shackles before it is safe for beings who thirst for it so eagerly.

## A New Reporter-Secretary

THEODORE Joslin succeeds George Akerson as executive secretary to President Hoover. This is a hopeful appointment. Akerson fumbled the ball badly at critical points in the game, and so was graduated to a high-salaried theatrical job. Joslin comes with a mighty good record as Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript. His reporting job has been well done; and he seems to have a lot of native intelligence.

Joslin is a real graduate of the Associated Press. He entered its service in 1908 as office boy, and moved up through telegraph operator, copy boy and reporter.

With his record and his background, Joslin ought to be able to prove a better mentor, guide and friend than Akerson.

Meier seems to know where to go to get capable business men to do his chores. Here's Fritz Slade on the hydro commission, right after Charles Spaulding on the highway commission, both Salem men.

The C. E. Gates Auto Co., at Medford is going to run a comic strip in the Mail-Tribune. "Pop" Gates's face and jokes we suppose. They would be funny enough, except Medford must know them too well.

St. Patrick's day past, and the party hostesses can put away the green shamrocks and dig out the easter rabbits. Our great days are largely used for "inspirations" for party decorations.

They seem to be pricing gasoline like Wall street stocks, clipping the price a point at a time. Like cutting the dog's tail off by inches.

An ex-officer boy is now the president's secretary. Let's hope he gets no cause to think he has his old job back.

The state "star" witness in the Bowles case did mighty little twinkling.

## Goats Milk

By C. C. DAUER, M.D.  
Marion County Health Dept.  
In this country the milk of the goat is not depended upon to any extent to supply the population with milk. In some countries such as Italy nearly all the milk used comes from goats. A goat produces more milk in proportion to her size than a cow and is some times called the poor man's cow. The globules of fat in goat's milk are smaller than those in cow's milk, and for this reason rise very slowly. The cream is very difficult to separate even with a separator. The fat content is only slightly under that of the cow's milk, and the sugar and protein content is about the same. Goat's milk is very apt to have a "goaty" taste if the animals are not kept clean and the milk is not drawn in a sanitary manner.

One of the advantages claimed for the use of goat's milk is that the goat is not as susceptible to tuberculosis as the cow. It is true that very little tuberculosis is found among goats but this has been because the animals have probably been kept in cleaner quarters than cows were for many generations. Malaria fever occurs just as frequently among users of goat's milk as from cow's milk. One of the greatest objections to the use of this kind of milk is the possibility of producing a peculiar form of anemia. This occurs in small infants who depend on the milk as their chief source of food. In older children who eat large amounts of vegetables and fruits this anemia seldom occurs, nor is it likely to be found in adults.

Anemia due to drinking goat's milk is not as common occurrence yet there have been enough cases to warrant giving just a note of warning concerning its exclusive use for small children who depend on milk for their main source of food. The wisest procedure would be to feed some other kind of milk until the child is old enough to eat vegetables and fruit in sufficient quantity to overcome the possible effects of the goat's milk. If these precautions are taken there is no reason why the form of milk cannot be more extensively used. In this country its use will probably never reach the proportions of some of the European countries.

The Marion county department of health will gladly answer through this column any questions pertaining to public health. Send in your questions, address them to the health department, 434 North High or to The Statesman. Your name will not be printed.

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Oregon  
Town Talks From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

March 17, 1906

W. H. H. Darby, Abner Lewis, R. E. Downing, Hal D. Patton, Col. E. Hofer, S. A. Hughes, S. A. Riggs and W. M. Cherrington were Salem men present at the big road meeting held at Macleay when Mr. Downing called together all who were interested to hear a discussion of the Tuttle road law. Dan Miller was chairman of the session. The consensus of the meeting was a general condemnation of the law.

President W. H. Goode of the General Electric Company, Portland was in the city, and reports that the company is planning for a large extension both in rolling stock and power for the Salem plant. Machinery will be installed which will add 500 horse power to the present supply.

Supt. J. H. Ackerman has mailed Arbor day suggestions to the teachers of all the schools in the state.

George W. Johnson bought a few weeks ago for certain, and this week he sold it for more than double that amount.

Hall Caine's "The Christian" will be presented at the Grand Opera house shortly.

## Turns in Alarm, Holds Watch as Fire Boys Dash

DETROIT, March 17.—(AP)—Fire alarm bells jangled in downtown stations. The firemen leaped to their apparatus and dashed away.

Arriving at Brooklyn avenue and Abbot street whence the alarm came, they found John Canute, his eyes glued to the second hand of his watch.

"Boys, boys," he said in chiding manner, "you've done much better time than that."

John Canute will serve a 60-day sentence in the house of correction for turning in a false alarm.

## Only One Hurt In Train Wreck

BRISTOL, Pa., March 17.—(AP)—Pennsylvania railroad express train No. 230, bound from Philadelphia to New York, was wrecked here last night. Six cars struck the track and four of them rolled down a 15-foot embankment, but only one person was seriously injured. Several others were slightly cut and bruised.

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## ANOTHER "CLOSED SEASON"



## "Murder at Eagle's Nest" By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

**CHAPTER I**  
The steady, rhythmic purr of the airplane engine was suddenly interrupted by a metal clang. Hot oil gushed from a great hole in the crankcase and blown straight back in the wind blast from the propeller, smeared Dave Orday's face and goggles with its viscous slick. Instantly the splendid 220-horsepower motor was a mass of junk, clattering to a stop.

With a sharp pang of dismay the pilot swept off his oil-smeared goggles. He pushed the control stick forward and, as the silent, crippled plane slid downward in a gentle glide, looked overboard for an emergency landing place. His mouth became set in a grim, tight-lipped line as he surveyed the inhospitable Florida landscape below. To his left there was a level field, plenty large for a landing, but so far as his present need was concerned, it might as well have been upon another continent. It was obviously beyond gliding radius. But to his right, a heavily wooded area stretched toward him. He must, and immediately, land here.

He stretched out his glide until the wind scarcely whispered through wires and struts, hoping to find one spot where he might have a chance in a thousand of making a landing without a complete crash.

**Dangerous Outlook**  
But with the exception of that one level field, there was nothing below but miles upon miles of mangy-looking turpentine pines, stump-littered waste land, stretches of scrub-oak and cypress, and here and there, neat squares and parallelograms of citrus groves. Far to the west, a state highway stretched from horizon to horizon, straight as a ruled line. Four or five houses within his range of vision gave the harassed pilot cheer. If he cracked up, someone might come to dig him out of the wreckage. The orange groves looked softer than the scrawny turpentine pines, so, as a last resort, he turned the bow of his crippled little ship toward them.

As the little sport plane drifted down toward the straight, precise rows, Orday was relieved to see that the young trees stood scarcely higher than a man's head. He waited, every nerve and muscle taut, until the wheels flicked the tender green tips of the trees holding the plane in the air as long as he could in an effort to kill her forward speed.

Swish! The leading edge of the wing plowed through the top-most branches. Orday covered his face with the crook of his left arm, pulled the joy stick back and held his breath. There was a rapid-fire series of tearing crashes. The monoplane careened this way and that. Then, with a spine-jarring jolt, her propeller splintered against the trunk of a tree, and the engine, plummeting forward, plowed into the soft, sandy soil. Her tail whipped up and for a few long instants, Orday feared that she would turn turtle and bury him beneath fuselage and gas tank. The fuselage sagged back to a less precarious angle and the pilot made haste to clamber out of his tilting cockpit.

Walking slowly around the ship, he attempted to estimate the damage. The engine was a total wreck. So was the propeller. But the wing and landing gear could be mended. Then he surveyed the wide swath of orange and grapefruit trees through which he had swept in his descent. At least 50 of them had been damaged, some slightly, many hopelessly.

There had been a house, he remembered, beside a winding, rutted road a quarter of a mile to the south, so he began to walk along the neat little paths between the citrus trees, keeping a wary eye open for snakes. He had covered perhaps half the distance to the clearing when he heard the sound of voices. He cut a zigzag course through the grove in the direction whence it had come. Rounding the lower branches of a handsome, full-bearing tree, he stopped short, amazed at the pair who were walking toward him.

Dressed in blue denim overalls which terminated in knee-length snake boots were two girls, each of whom, beneath the wide-brimmed hats of coarse straw, was possessed of a beauty so unusual that the flier stared at them with outright astonishment. She who led the way eyed Dave with patent disfavor.

"I'm afraid I've ruined a lot of your trees. My engine went bad and I had to land where I could," she said coldly.

**A Cool Reception**  
Without more ado she walked on, followed by her companion and by the wondering flier, who had scarcely expected so frigid a welcome.

"I expect to pay for the damage, of course," he explained, when they had reached the lane of splintered trees. "Just tell me what they're worth and I'll write you a check."

She glanced from the mangled fruit trees to the pilot's lean, sun-bronzed face, then to the wrecked plane. She swept off her wide hat, revealing a close cropped mass of tawny hair, which hung to her shapely head in close, curling waves. Her deep blue eyes, now cool and impersonal, were candid and straightforward, without a trace of coyness in them. Her mouth, firm, yet sensitive, was set in a clear-cut, determined line, its strength accentuated by the resolute little chin beneath.

"We've had almost everything happen to our grove," she observed at last, "but we never expected to be visited by a plague of pilots. Why didn't you come down in the landing field over there?"

**No Choice**  
"I didn't know it was a landing field," he retorted, nettled by her brusqueness. "And even if I had known it, I couldn't have stretched my glide that far. I just had to pick the softest spot in sight and that happened to be your grove. If you'll tell me what I owe you, I'll settle right now. Then, if you'll let me use your phone, I'll have someone come to dismantle my ship and take it away in a truck."

"Why don't you just walk over to Maeller's?" asked the other girl.

"Good idea, if he has the nearest phone," he agreed, regarding her for the first time.

As he looked at her he became aware that she even surpassed her blue-eyed companion in beauty. Perhaps a year younger than the other, she resembled her in some vague, indefinable way despite the fact that the two contrasted in almost every feature. Tendrils of blue-black hair crept from beneath the straw hat, emphasizing the delicate tan of her flawless complexion. Her eyes, too, were black, framed by lashes of a length and heaviness that Dave had thought could be obtained only by a generous application of mascara. There was just a hint of restlessness in the curving lines of her full red lips that her pert, slightly up-tipped nose did not belie.

He studied the two covertly while they surveyed the wreck. It was obvious they were not "crackers." Despite the crude, shapeless cut of their overalls, their graceful figures were lithe and svelte, and their eyes were those of the farm girls whose early years had been spent swinging a hoe and bending over garden patches. Nor had their voices carried the soft drawl of the Southern; they were crisp, vibrant, Northern without a doubt.

**ROBBED SUICIDE**  
SILVER CREEK, Miss., March 16.—(AP)—James Frostridge, 49, shot and killed himself today, four hours after robbing the Silver Creek State bank of approximately \$1300.

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## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Lies about pioneers:  
(Continuing from yesterday) Grant and Sheridan imbued some of the spirit that made them great generals among the pioneers of Oregon. McClellan served here, and Fremont—and so did Kearney, Howard, Wheaton, Miles, Crook, Hood and Pickett, who fought with the Confederates.

Col. E. D. Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, one of the greatest orators of his time, was elected United States senator in the Turner building, across the street from the present Statesman office. California's first governor, Peter H. Burnett, was among the immigrants of the first large wagon train that came to Oregon in 1843, and resigned his position as supreme judge of the provisional government in order to join the gold rushers.

The 60 men who met in Salem August 17, 1857, at the old courthouse, where the present one stands, to frame the state constitution for Oregon, contained the names of men worthy to sit in the halls of congress or to wear the ermine in the highest courts, as many of them did.

Joaquin Miller was an Oregon pioneer. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe," was born in Oregon in 1852, of pioneer parents. Balch and Banks are among the list of Oregon writers, and the honor roll is a long one of famous men of letters.

In looking over this list, the writer ran across an interesting paragraph in the address of Governor L. F. Grover at the second annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer association, in 1874, which was held at Aurora, in the famous historic park there, which was the site of congress or to wear the ermine in the highest courts, as many of them did.

Grover was born at Bethel, Maine, November 29, 1833. He came to California in the winter of 1852, and to Oregon early in 1851. He was almost immediately appointed clerk of the first judicial district of the territory; soon after received the appointment of prosecuting attorney of the second district, and became deputy United States district attorney through his law partner, B. F. Harding, who held that office.

Grover was thereafter for a long period in public life; was governor two terms and United States senator one term. In the winter of 1870, Thurston, our first delegate in congress, who advised him to go to Oregon, where he would take him into his own office as law partner; but Thurston died, and Grover was left to introduce himself.

He became a great friend of A. Bush, founder and publisher of The Statesman, and did a good deal of writing for this newspaper. He edited The Statesman whenever Mr. Bush was absent. The following is the paragraph of Grover's address of June 16, 1874, spoken of above.

"Upon sight of the first American wagon which had borne a family across the great interior plains, the agents of the British government in Oregon became conscious that the argument for jurisdiction, based upon subduing the country to agricultural occupancy, was ended. The country was to become American, and did become American long before the treaty of 1846, acknowledging the fact. This was the work of the Oregon pioneers." But the concluding words of Governor Grover's speech are the ones that particularly merit the attention of students of Oregon and coast history. They follow:

"As great events generally follow in clusters, the acquisition of California followed in 1848, by military occupancy. It is fair to claim that our government never would have ventured before the small force it had at command, to push its arms to the Pacific, in Mexican territory, during the war with Mexico, if we did not already possess a domain in that quarter, and a reliable population in Oregon. So that the pioneers of Oregon were really the fathers of American jurisdiction over all that magnificent domain of the United States west of the Rocky

mountains—an empire of itself." The principal speaker at the third annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer association, held at the state fair grounds June 15, 1875, was Judge Matthew P. Deady, and in his closing periods he repeated the words of Governor Grover in the foregoing paragraph, giving the chief executive credit, of course, and adding the weight of his opinion to the truth of them.

Judge Deady added as his closing words: "It is on the Pacific coasts, to you, whom heaven has kindly granted to see this day, and your absent but not to be forgotten brethren and friends, who made a pathway to the country with your dust, or have since given their lives for its defense, or fallen asleep in its valleys, are we chiefly indebted for this grand and beneficent result. By your great endeavors an empire in limits has been added to the jurisdiction of the United States, and today the span of its journey across the heavens shines upon a continuous union of American states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Verily you have your reward! and they who come after you shall rise up and do you honor."

Surely they will, when Oregon becomes half as history-minded as California, which state owes the fact that she has a star in the flag to the pioneers of Oregon.

Bashford, in his incomparable book on "The Oregon Pioneers," under the heading, "The Oregon Pioneers," says in his closing conclusions these words of respect to them:

"That American civilization is as promising as it is on the Pacific coast is due to the silent labors and sufferings of heroic men and women who lived unheralded lives and rest in unvisited tombs."

(Bashford said a great deal more, and some of it is on the Pacific coast; he will be quoted in this column tomorrow.)

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