

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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## Post-Mortem from Walla Walla

WALLA WALLA, which already has a veteran's hospital, is disgruntled because it didn't get the soldiers' home also, and the Walla Walla Bulletin asserts that any unprejudiced observer would admit its superiority to Roseburg. We fancy the "unprejudiced observer" would have his office on Alder street in Walla Walla to come to such a conclusion. Neither climatically nor geographically is Walla Walla so well situated as Roseburg. The home is to serve the Pacific coast, and the bulk of the population on this coast is in California, and most easily served by Roseburg.

Walla Walla's wail is the grief of defeat, but the Bulletin's post-mortem is of some interest:  
"Recommendation by the veterans home board that the Pacific Northwest veterans home be erected at Roseburg, Ore., is an eloquent tribute to the rule of seniority in politics. Congressman Willis C. Hawley, of the first Oregon district, who has risen to a position of prominence in the house, as chairman of the ways and means committee, went to President Hoover with a personal plea for Roseburg, and it is no secret that his intervention was the chief factor in determining the recommendation. The Portland Oregonian's Washington, D. C., correspondent said so in a dispatch printed Sunday. Floyd O. Hagie, Yakima chamber of commerce secretary, said as much in an interview published there Saturday.

"Oregon's delegation, consisting of two senators and two representatives in addition to Hawley, stayed in line for Roseburg. With this lineup, plus Hawley's place of power in the Republican party—he should be given something for what he did in the recent tariff so far as the East goes—it is not surprising that the recommendation of General Wood, who went over the field, was set aside.

"Walla Walla is not the only community seeking this home, whose claims it would be admitted by any unprejudiced observer as superior to that of Roseburg. It was shown that by utilizing the existing facilities of the Veterans Hospital here, the government could save half compared with the expense of building from the ground up. When politicians have to be rewarded, however, a half million dollars, more or less, is as nothing."

## Garden Season Starts

THE flick of winter's tail last week was merely March's way of telling us that spring is at hand. But a walk down the street is equally convincing. For the flowers of Salem's gardens are dressing up in spring's brilliant colors. Daffodils have been showing off in full golden splendor, and the quieter narcissus has been in bloom. Just now the tulips are beginning to trumpet that spring is here.

Salem folk, the whole of them, have been busy in their gardens. Litter and leaves have been raked away, beds have had their soil stirred, bulbs have been re-set. The rains have interfered not a little with the outdoor work, but between showers much has been done. For Salem loves its flowers and the people toil for hours a day to make the patches of earth bowers of beauty in spring and summer.

At the asylum grounds, the pansies are in bloom and the tulips budding. During the week the beds should be getting well into flower and next Sunday be very attractive. A stroll through Willson park shows the grounds and beds in fine shape. Few flowers are to be seen yet, but the beds are ready, and very shortly the spring blooms will start once more the cycle of the seasons. Willson park is a city park and under the park board. The staff there does a lot of work to keep the park beautiful at all seasons. Located as it is the park is one of the city's most lovely spots, always exclaimed over by visitors to the city.

Salem is one city where it is not necessary to urge residents to put out gardens. The spirit is here, and no matter how small or how large the place, it has its flowers, its shrubs, its plants, its trees. They make indeed one of the chief assets of this beautiful city.

Spring is here; after a winter's restraint we can drink deep of the beauty of field and of flower.

## Call It a Day

THE Statesman staff feels individually like octogenarians along with the name of the paper. The anniversary edition with its heavy load on the editorial and mechanical staff was a big task. The same week it came, the commercial printing side got out the edition of the Marion-Polk illustrated directory, and 6000 copies of a 72-page illustrated edition for the Coos Bay Times—besides the usual run of other work. Shifts have run anywhere from eight to 24 hours; but the jobs have come through "on time."

The Albany Democrat-Herald remarks that the final retirement of bonds issued for a bridge which was abandoned and torn down six years ago is like paying for a dead horse. Quite so. The bridge was built 40 years ago, but bonds survived until a few years ago the city started paying them off. Albany, however, has right, the county is free of debt. The school district operates on a cash basis, and the city debt is very light. And under present laws it will not be possible to keep alive a bond issue long after the improvement it financed has been worn out.

The swivel-chair farmers must have had a big banquet at the Marion Friday night. Toastmaster Plummer asked the crowd of 400 how many were farmers. One man got up. Then he asked how many were born on farms, and a lot more stood up. But all those who farm the farmers were there, the politico-farmers, the office-seekers, and Dairyman Dana. Three or four hours of oratory on "What we can do; what we can't do; and what we WILL DO" certainly was sufficient to save agriculture until the next session of the legislature. The banquet started from nowhere, did a dress parade, and got nowhere. It was a great success.

The Bowles jury was certainly considerate. It took 83 minutes to deliberate over a case which could have been decided without their leaving the jury-box. The case will go down in state history as the biggest farce ever attempted in the courts of the state. The prosecutors who attempted to base a murder charge on such flimsy tissue ought to be disbanded. They were not "doing their duty"; they were persecutors and perverters of justice. The public has scant sympathy for the pair, but adultery isn't murder, even though the gossiping harpies of Portland demanded blood for blood.

Did you see the cover page of the stovepot this week? See the boy beating it to the fire with unshod shoes on his bare feet. His dad too hasn't had time to put on his shoes but he didn't fail to get his fireman's shirt and helmet. It's the small towns where the fire signal means something—when you jump out of bed, jerk on your clothes and race for a fire with the thought you may land a head. And you recall that queer feeling in your lungs and the pit of your stomach after you have run at full speed for several blocks?

The La Grande Observer got it that Gov. Meter's order to departments was to cut expenses 70% instead of 20. At that rate by the time the report got to the Idaho line it would be 100% and we would make the Meter dynasty hereditary.

Poor old Portland got a backlash of snow. Up here in the banana belt we just got more rain to wash off the tulips.

## Handicapped Children

By C. C. Daur, M. D.  
Marion Co. Health Dept.  
Something like twenty million children are enrolled in the elementary schools of this country, they are housed in about a quarter of a million school buildings with a valuation of two billions of dollars. Half a million teachers, supervisors, and superintendents interest themselves in the education of this great army in the city districts about 4000 physicians and nurses are employed to promote the health service about 1600 attendance officers see that children attend school as prescribed by law. These figures compel us to consider the public school system the great child welfare organization throughout the nation. Primarily this great system is interested in the mental development of normal children. About three-quarters of a million children are physically or mentally handicapped, and this group includes tremendous amounts of extra work on those responsible for the physical and mental welfare of the children of this nation.

Special means or forms of education are necessary to train these children to be useful citizens. In many cases the aim may be to train the individual to help support himself and not be a burden on society. In the larger cities the problem has been met by having special schools or classes. Schools or classes for the deaf or the hard of hearing, sight-saving classes of schools for the blind; opportunity classes; fresh air classes; speech classes, and other forms of schools are maintained by the boards of education. Among our state institutions we find special provision for the deaf, the feeble-minded, industrial schools, sanatoria, and others too numerous to mention.

Roughly we could say that we would find 40 physically or mentally handicapped among 1,000 children between the ages of 6 and 16, this group makes up the number that need special educational provisions. The distribution of such children is approximately as follows:

- Deaf and partially sighted. 3
  - Deaf and semi-blind. 1
  - Crippled. 1
  - Physically defective. 12
  - Psychopathic. 2
  - Delinquent. 4
  - Speech defective. 3
  - Mentally deficient. 12
- Total. 40
- The welfare of this great group of children is for the most part directed by the different states, although other civic organizations have a share in caring for them. The public schools are a part of the state and most of the special schools are supported by taxation. Laws provide for special state or county institutions for the dependent neglected, defective or delinquent children. In many cases the courts determine when a child is to be placed in a special status with reference to his education or social treatment. Thus the first is forced upon us that each one has an interest in the welfare of handicapped children.

## Yesterdays

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

March 20, 1908  
G. C. Hatt talked about making of the modern newspaper at the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Boys' club.

The Battle Creek Telephone company has been organized and will build a line to Salem to connect with the Pacific States company's central office.

Judge Stephen A. Lowell will open his campaign for nomination by republicans for the U. S. senate at the opera house tomorrow night.

The reproduction of the passion of Christ as performed every ten years at Mount Horis, Oberammergau, will be presented in moving pictures at St. Joseph's Catholic church.

SILVERTON, March 28—The Silver Falls Timber company mill will open on April 1, after a close down of 23 days.

The mill was forced to close on March 10 because of lack of logs. However, the camps have opened and a steady supply of logs have come down making it possible for the mill to open on the first.

The site of Camargo 14 has been moved temporarily four miles further up than its last summer's location.

M. C. Woodard, manager of the mill, has returned to Silverton and opened his house on West Main street.

DEBATE SCHEDULED  
SILVERTON, March 29—Willamette and Pacific universities will hold a debate at the Eugene field auditorium at Silverton on April 2. Lou Ann Chase, debate coach for the Silverton high school, will act as chairman of the event, and judges are to be Robert Goetz, superintendent of Silverton schools, A. M. Davis, principal of the Silverton high school, and Herman Kramer, principal of the Silverton junior high school.

## "YOU CAN LEAD A MULE TO WATER—"



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## "A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

Dave Ordway, wealthy, young aviator, lands his disabled plane in the Florida orange grove owned by Joan Marbury. Joan and her cousin, Sally, alone on the plantation, have great difficulty in running the place, due to the interference of Mueller, their disreputable neighbor. When Dave refuses Mueller's demand of \$2,000 for the damage to his property, crashing through the trees to his landing on the Marbury plantation, Mueller holds him up and robbes him of \$250 threatening to collect more. That night Mueller sets fire to Dave's plane. Rushing to the scene, Dave encounters Mueller. A quarrel ensues. Joan rescues Dave. Under Sally's care, Dave recovers from the effects of his flight. Though attracted to Sally he admires the reserved Joan's courage. Sally, anxious to return north for a good time, urges Joan to accept Dave's offer to purchase the plantation. Joan tells the "accidents" to the property following her repulsion of Mueller's advances. Dave receives an unexpected visit from his former fiancée, Barbara Holworthy, and his friends, Gerry Flemming and Talbot Henderson.

Barbara's eyes were insolent, challenging, meeting Dave's in mocking self-assurance.

CHAPTER XI  
Gerry, immaculately clad in brown camel's hair jacket and flannel slacks, stared at the ebullient Talbot with a jaundiced eye. It had been Talbot's fault that Gerry had left the yacht, and when Gerry was ashore, he was more than usually morose. He would have gone to the ends of the earth to fetch and carry for the adventure-loving Dave, but he would have complied with Gerry's demands. He complained even when Dave, Talbot and a score of friends were cruising the seven seas with him in spite of the fact that he was utterly happy in his company, especially with a rolling deck under his feet. The Restless was the only home he had, although he could have afforded a dozen. So much did he love his great white ship, with its crew of 50 and its guest accommodations for 30, that he almost forgot to complain about the staggering bills that drifted in with every mail.

## LAY SERMON

GOD ON AN ASS  
"And brought the ass and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they followed him, crying, Hosanna, Hosanna."—Matthew XXI: 7, 8.  
Today is Palm Sunday. Throughout Christendom the faithful will celebrate this day. The church will present anew the pageantry of this great anniversary, the opening episode in a week of climax in the great celebration of Easter, the triumph of life over death. Victory and in music and in sermon will be re-enacted Jesus' entry into Jerusalem, astride the ass, amid the joyous acclaim of the multitudes.  
It may seem rather a ludicrous picture from this vantage point of near twenty centuries: God on an ass. A rather thoughtful young man just entering maturity, seated on a diminutive donkey, riding through the narrow, filthy streets of old Jerusalem while the fickle rabble ran along, shouting "Hurray, Hurray!" Some of these waves of palm branches were perhaps in that other mob five days later who stormed the Roman palace and cried out "Crucify him." Short time thereafter the same people may have been swept by the eloquence of Peter on the day of Pentecost into the sect of the One whom they had hailed, and condemned.  
What a contrast this was to the triumphal entry of the Caesars of Rome, to Napoleon's re-

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS  
A boost and a joke:  
Claude Gatch was for a long time cashier of the Ladd & Bush Bank. His father had been president of Willamette university, and Claude knew and liked and was liked by every man, woman and child in the old town.  
But for a queer quirk in politics, he would have been secretary of state. Some 20 or more years ago, Claude moved to California; and held some good positions in banking circles down there. He is now an executive officer of the Central National bank, one of the big concerns of Oakland, the ambitious rival of San Francisco, on the lower side of the district looking out on the Golden Gate.  
George Morris was an old time Salemite. Also, he knew everybody, "and everybody's dog." George worked for some of the pioneer merchants of Salem. A number of years ago, he went back to his old home town, Marietta, Ohio. He has been browsing around Salem lately; intends to come back and make a longer stay.  
On his way out, on his present trip, George called at the Oakland bank, and he heard a good deal about California naturally, but this is my first visit to your state. What do you think of California as a place to make some investments and settle down and enjoy life?  
Gatch: A great state; a great country. You can make no mistake. You will find a spirit of welcome and enterprise that no other section can boast. They call it the California spirit. It cannot be described. You will have an experience it to fully understand.  
Morris: And your city of Oakland? It looks good? Will it keep up its rapid growth? Or are its boosters over shooting the mark? They are talking of a lot of big developments.  
Gatch: I think the future is bright. The spirit is here, and the opportunities are great. And there are many advantages.  
Morris: Before I have any definite decisions, I think I will go up to Oregon and give that state a once over. How about Oregon?  
Gatch: A great state; not half started towards the big things that will come with development. Oregon has lagged behind California, only because we got a better start in the gold mining days, and have attracted more outside capital, and with it men of vision.  
Morris: How about Salem? I have had some correspondence plaster cast? In short, who has been initiating you into what kind of a rough-neck society?  
So he told them, beginning with his impulsive decision to fly or to the east coast and ending with the fearful beating he had received at the hands of Mueller and his assistant.  
Anxious for Battle  
Gerry and Talbot forgot to eat as they listened to his casually told story. Barbara, who paid careful attention while he spoke of a suddenly remembered meeting with Sally and Joan, lost interest when he began to tell of his fight with Mueller. Dave, some 15 years ago, had caused a Bar Harbor scandal by thrashing curly-headed Reggie Van Worth at dancing school because the hair to the Van Worth millions had tried to elbow him out of line during a German. Since that day, Dave's fights had only varied in detail and Barbara saw no reason to be unobserving as they were insolent, challenging, meeting Dave's with mocking self assurance.  
The flyer's breath caught in his throat, as he rose from his chair. Yet even as he marveled at the beauty of her, he was conscious of a sudden flood of resentment that she should have dressed for dinner with such patent care. He saw her eyes, rapier-like, clash with those of the silent Joan, who was regarding her coolly, impersonally, as she waited for her guest to come to the table. Sally, still seated, was staring at Barbara with downright hostility, two bright spots of angry color on her delicately tanned cheeks.  
Talbot, whose restless eyes were not as unobserving as they looked, was instantly aware of the undercurrent of antagonism between the girls.  
When all had been seated, he turned to Dave, whose smouldering gaze was still fixed upon Barbara.  
"Now, old-timer," he said, "the pangs of hunger that made a roaring lion out of a purring tabby have been partially assuaged, so I'm ready to listen to your alibi with as straight a face as possible. I really wouldn't bother with it, but I know you've thought up a good story and I'd hate to disappoint you."  
"Personally," yawned Barbara, "I think it would be something of a bore. It is obvious that he has just been fighting again, which is nothing to get bothered about. It is equally obvious that he has excellent care. So why not talk about something interesting!"  
"Cat!" said Gerry dispassionately.  
"Pipe down, Baba," said Talbot. "This is one of your off nights. It was a disaster to have brought you. All right, Dave, let's have your confession. Where did you get the puffed right cheek and wild as a straight left eyebrow? Why do you curse silently when you raise your left hand? Why do you lean forward as though you were all wadded up in a

with people up there. They seem to think their town is all right, and has a future.  
Claude: Salem is a beautiful city, backed by a wonderful country. It is a canning city; chief in that line for the northwest. I have had occasion to be of help in that development, in which I have made no mistakes.  
Morris: There is a firm there, I think it is called Ladd & Bush. Do you know about the concern? Is it a bank?  
Gatch: A bank, and a good one. I should know. I worked in that bank for 26 years.  
Morris: And another name. Do you know Jim Chung?  
Gatch: Well, well, who the devil are you?  
Explanations followed. The joke was on Claude Gatch. Of course he now recognized Morris. And they foregathered and talked over the old days in Salem.  
If the reader is an old Salemite, he needs no explanation. Jim Chung was a Chinaman who came to Salem with the first influx of people from his country; in the olden days of the late forties and early fifties. He was a character here, until, several years ago, when he went back to China, in order that he might die there, and be certain that his body should be laid to rest in the sacred soil of the Celestial Empire. All the Chinamen of the old days expected to be buried in that soil, or to have their bones shipped back for interment.  
That provision was in the contract of the Six Companies, which concern brought so many Cantonese to this coast, before the exclusion act of 1882; brought them under the padrone system; as contracted laborers, whose surplus wages belonged to that company of overlords until their passage, expenses in a take-off had been paid. Dying in this country, a Chinaman's bones had to go back to the home land.  
Many jokes of the old Salem days revolved around that curious character, Jim Chung. He wanted a sign painted, to go over his door, in Chinatown, then the north side of State street, between Liberty and High. Claude Gatch, George Waters, Ray Farmer, and some others, had the sign fixed up. It read: "JIM CHUNG, HE WANT JOB DO EVERY THING."  
That sign decorated the place of the ancient Jim for a long time. It was no joke with him; it was strictly business.  
When the time for departure of Jim Chung came, there were many regrets among his white brothers here. The newspapers wrote up the event. He has perhaps by this time passed to his reward in his home land.  
The University of Texas tennis squad's 1931 schedule includes an intercollegiate meet with Drake at Austin, April 11.

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