

The Oregon Statesman

"No Fear Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Minnesota Farmers Speak

THE dirt farmers are by no means unanimously in favor of the pending farm relief legislation. Those who farm the farmers are hot for it, because they have to keep up some form of agitation in order to keep the dues coming in to pay their own salaries. But thousands of men on the land who know the real problems of farming have scant confidence in getting any real help from Washington. This belief was presented to the senate very forcefully in a telegram from the Farmers Elevator association of Minnesota which represents 90,000 farmer stockholders and patrons which read as follows:

"Believe rank and file of dirt farmers, who were ignored in preparation pending farm relief bill, are opposed to this kind of legislation. Farm-organization officers who inspired measure do not speak for agriculture as whole. Same men supported Agricultural Marketing Act, which proved ruinous to farmers, and several of their organizations still owe tremendous sums borrowed from Farm Board. Yet these men are still permitted to shape legislation to the exclusion of several organizations of farmers with long and successful experience in marketing. This association, composed of farmers' cooperative elevators with approximately 90,000 farmer stockholders and patrons, has repeatedly condemned legislation of this type."

Natural forces seem now to be setting in to bolster the prices of farm commodities which is the only form of relief that is worth anything. More credit is merely a narcotic. Better prices are what the farmers require, and the strength in markets is reassuring. We have more faith in the working out of the old laws of supply and demand and relaxing of credit stringency than in dictatorial powers to be exercised by young Wallace even though his grandfather was a great man.

A Rip Van Winkle Toad

A RIP VAN WINKLE of the toad family has been found in Portland. Sealed in his tomb, an abandoned sewer tunnel, in 1919 he was brought forth to light this week, and still was quite a sizeable amphibian, big as a man's fist. The darkness would not perturb the toad, but what food he used to sustain his life during his 23 year vacation is quite mysterious unless worms and slugs kept him company in the tunnel.

Now Mr. Toad how different is the world which you find in 1933? Give us an interview for the day's papers. What do you think of the old town of Portland? Yes, that is an airplane overhead; and motor cars are far more numerous than when you went into forced hibernation. When you get your eyes accustomed to 1933 light what changes will they see to register in your dull brain? Are the humans any different? Over yonder you see a camel expiring; he was a strange animal in your youth, yet he lived in the state for 18 years.

And what do your ears hear? Nothing but "hard times, hard times"? In fact if you listen to the croaking of the bullfrogs you may regret the blow that broke open your cement-sealed tomb and seek out some fresh interment where you may vegetate another quarter century in the hope of emerging then upon some happier scene.

While the citizens' civilian corps is trimming the branches of the fir trees in the Santiam forest so they can stand the winter snows without losing so many needles, the work on the widening of the Salem-Portland highway will be suspended for lack of funds. Here is one of the best traveled roads in the state badly in need of rebuilding for the safety and convenience of the public, in danger of being left in an uncompleted state so the money may be diverted to polishing the forests which people prefer to have left in a wild state.

Wisconsin has followed Michigan in jumping off the deep end. There is the prospect that other states will follow with similar alacrity in committing themselves for repeal of the 18th amendment. That was the way it was when the amendment carried, when the pendulum was swinging the normally wet states went dry along with those traditionally arid. It was given us prohibition, the depression will give repeal. As a study in popular psychology the swings of popular sentiment are quite amazing.

The last two wrestling cards seem to have gotten away from the referee. At any rate the one Tuesday night got beyond the limits even of prize fighting. Chair wielding and brass knuckles may supply excitement but they add nothing to the test of skill and strength which is the real merit of a fine wrestling bout. The commission will either have to tell the referee to read his rule book or else get one who knows how to enforce his rules; and keep the sport a decent, creditable performance.

Rufus Holman has gone off on a vacation of two or three weeks on order of his doctor. There will be no hubbub over his departure this time; and his office will run along as smoothly as it always has since Tom Kay's death. When the accounts are posted in that office, Holman's name appears on the liability side of the ledger. But we wish him well and a quick return to health.

Norma Shearer does some fine acting in "Strange Interlude"; and the film rendering of the O'Neill play is very good. The play itself is essentially a character study and better adapted for reading than for presentation. The novelty of putting voice to thoughts is difficult for the mechanics of sound reproduction; something which type easily accomplishes by means of the parenthesis.

The bible was introduced in evidence in a finger wave case in an effort by the defense to prove that finger waving was part of the barber's trade and not one of the arts of "cosmetic therapy." Well, Delilah gave Samson a haircut and she didn't have a barber's license; that ought to prove something.

Hope comes back with a few days of sunshine. Long months of gloom could not help but give people the mental rickets. Now a fresh air is noted about town and country as people shake off the enforced idleness of winter and along with it a lot of discontent.

This year maybe the dandelions will be used for greens instead.

COMMUNITY CLUB

WILL MEET FRIDAY

LARISH CENTER, April 5.—The community club will hold this month's meeting Friday night at the schoolhouse, with J. Fred Pugh presiding. The entertainment following the business meeting will be a varied program presented by Doolittle's service station of Salem.

D. R. Degross and son Robert, returned from a four-day eastern Oregon trip Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Boehm and son Clyde returned from a four-day trip Monday night to witness the dramatic production, "Go, Sinner, Go."

Mary Mrs. Boehm's brother, Charles Young, was one of the principal characters.

Honors in Annual Oratorical Event At Chemawa Told

CHEMAWA, April 5.—The annual declamatory contest for Chemawa vocational school students was held at the school auditorium Monday night, with first places going to James Rosario, Adam Williams and Catherine Bailey. Others participating were Oswald Burland, Raymond Pratt, Marie LaFrance, Luella Moore and Clyde Moten. Judges were William students, Miss Durkee, and Miss Durkee.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 6, 1908

Paul Rhodes, while working at excavating for the new Breyman building on Court street yesterday, unearthed a rare Indian relic, a 13 1/2-inch pestle used by the Chemeketa tribe.

Starting with a parade this morning, the Salem horse show will be held today. The program, to last all day, will include judging of horses, a luncheon, baseball game, parade of winners, school children's races, and free-for-all sports events.

Local subscribers to the San Francisco earthquake relief fund, whose contributions were never used, have signed over the money to the Willamette university endowment fund. The subscriptions total \$1128.

April 6, 1909

The city of Salem had \$93,396 cash on hand at the end of 1913, according to the report of G. Ed Ross, auditor. During the year city receipts exceeded disbursements by \$68,535.

The Portland Beavers lost the opening Coast league game to Sacramento's Senators yesterday by a 3-to-1 score.

CAIRO.—The Earl of Carnarvon, discoverer of the rich tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen in Egypt, died here today. His death was due to blood poisoning through the bite of an insect.

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

It took a world war to make this country dry.

It has taken a world depression—an economic and industrial war—to make it wet, at least wet to the extent of 3.2% beer.

The prohibition law was not the product of dry psychology. The return of beer is not the product of wet psychology, but of depression psychology.

In facing the problem which the return of beer presents, we feel these two facts should be kept clearly in mind.

It was because the radical dries forgot the first fact, and went to such extremes, there was such a popular reaction against prohibition.

Now if the radical wets forget the second fact, and go to similar extremes, there will be a popular reaction against the return of beer, and the repeal of the 18th amendment will be delayed for a generation, perhaps for all time.

The radical wets should understand that the popular endorsement of beer does not proceed from a desire for a drink, but from a desire to do everything and anything to improve business and end the depression.

If they fail to do this, take this beer to pull down the bars, and go the limit—flood the countryside not only with legal but illegal beer, and proceed to make the 18th amendment a farce and a mockery, even to the point of a return of the old saloons, then not only will the economic benefits of that beer be lost, but the cause of genuine prohibition reform—the promotion of real temperance—will be lost.—Medford Mail Tribune.

PRE-EASTER MEETS SLATED AT CHURCH

JEFFERSON, April 5.—The Evangelical church will engage in two weeks of pre-Easter services beginning Wednesday night, April 5. The following ministers will bring the Easter week messages: Rev. C. P. Gates of Portland, Rev. W. H. Rademacher of Albany, Rev. Paul P. Petticoat of Corvallis, Rev. F. A. Ginn of the Methodist church and Rev. G. F. Lanning, pastor of the local Evangelical church.

Frank Bullis of Corvallis, foreman for Lindstrom and Plegenson, who have the contract for building approaches to the new bridge here, is in town getting everything ready to begin work this week.

Mrs. John Covey of the Millersburg district entertained the Wednesday Embroidery club at her home, which has just been completed. Their former home was destroyed by fire last summer. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Floyd Fisher; vice-president, Mrs. Lester Conser; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Clark Moreland.

LINN FARMER UNION CONFAB, SATURDAY

RIVERVIEW, April 5.—The Farmers Union met Saturday night when the Jean Kelly, Steve Crenshaw and Otto Yunker families presented an enjoyable program consisting of: Selena by the Riverview-Marion orchestra; reading, Lila Mae D'Andrea; piano and violin duet, Thelma and Irene Sprague; short play and a song, Melvina Eply.

Nine new members were recommended. Business discussion concerned the Linn county convention to be held here April 8. Plans are being made to have speakers both for and against the sales tax and also a speaker to explain the changes made in the school law. A basket dinner is to be served at the noon session.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The court house clock:

History of installation:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Chas. Haas, oldest brother of J. Henry Haas, came to America from Germany. He first found work in Poughkeepsie, New York; soon moved on to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he established a jewelry and watchmaking shop.

He prospered; sent to the fatherland for his mother and two brothers and three sisters. George, one brother, became a manufacturer of umbrellas in Portland, Oregon. At the age of 19 or 20, the third brother, J. Henry, came to Salem, having learned his trade with Charles. He lived in Salem over half a century, which was July 1, 1906.

His widow survives at the old home, 395 North Front street, Salem, and she will reach the age of 89 years on her birthday next October. Her husband was four years her senior. They were married in Salem. Frank, her son, lives at the old home. Theirs was the first house to be piped for water when the pioneer water system for Salem was nearing completion, not far from 65 years ago. Mrs. Carrie H. Beechler, whose home is on the Silverton road in Salem's northern suburbs, is a daughter, Carrie Beechler (Haas) was one of the original linotype operators when the first two machines coming west of the Rockies were installed in the office of The Statesman. She was a good one, too.

Mrs. Haas well remembers that, after the clock was installed in the court house tower, J. Henry Haas kept it in repair as long as he lived, and he it was who repaired the cracked bell after the capricious trick of the holiday mischief makers, mentioned yesterday.

Other old timers in Salem recall that when the clock arrived in Salem, it was kept on exhibition for a considerable time in front of the establishment of Mr. Haas, on State street.

The writer said above that Mr. Haas resided in Salem all his days after his arrival in the town. There was a short interval, when he went to Watsburg, Wash., and was in business there. That was his only break. In the eighties, and after, his store was on the west side of Commercial street, between State and Ferry.

In later years, Mr. Haas organized a German sangebund in Salem; a company of people who sang German songs. There are numerous old timers here yet who heard the singing of the sangebund. It was good; to a lover of that kind of music, the best of all. Mr. Haas did not combine his leading or playing to any one instrument. He was proficient on them all, and his store was with an understated calculated to make harmonious sounds.

In his search for particulars of the installation, cost, etc., of the court house clock, the writer sent a letter to R. Raymond Haas, Stockton, Cal., care of Chas. Haas & Sons, jewelers of that beautiful city of our sister state. This is the firm established by Raymond's grandfather in pioneer days. Chas. Haas, oldest brother of J. Henry. There has been no break in the continuity of that business, since the beginning of the "days of old, the days of old, the days of '49." The answer, dated at Stockton March 31, and signed by R. Raymond Haas, follows:

"Your letter came this morning and I do not know just how much I can help you out. Have talked with my father about the two clocks. He climbed the ladder up to the clock, but could find no name on the movement to tell who made it, and I went to the library in file of Stockton papers of 1858 to see if there was a description there, but it seems I did not go back far enough; will try again the first chance I get. Did find where Stockton bought a fire bell in 1857 at a cost of \$250, and know that this is supposed to be the same bell as that now on the clock.

"In the Spring of 1867 Henry Haas came to Stockton to take care of his brother's store while his brother made a trip to New York. The brother, Chas. Haas, returned from New York in the fall of 1867, having shipped via the Horn the clock now on the fire house here. Henry Haas returned to Salem, and whether he saw the clock before he left or not I cannot determine.

"The story of our clock is that nearly a year later, or during September, 1868, Chas. Haas sold the clock to the city, the city and county each donating \$250 and the balance to make up the total price of \$1000 being obtained through subscription.

"We still have the subscription book with all the signatures and amounts. "After your court house was built Henry Haas obtained through his brother the clock you have, and, being a good democrat with the democrats apparently in power, he sold the clock through subscription and raised \$1500. (This is as my father remembers the story.) Looks like that must have taken some large amounts to complete, and you might find a record of some organization having made such a payment. "My father thinks these clocks were made by the Howard Clock company but cannot be sure unless we can find further evidence, which, if we do, I will send on to you."

(There are some traditional stories about the installation of our town clock, which will appear later in this column, beginning, perhaps concluding, tomorrow.)

(The above was written and put into type on Tuesday. Mrs. Haas passed away at her home yesterday.)

APPLICATIONS FOR BEER SALE SCARCE

AURORA, April 5.—At a meeting of the city council Monday night the matter of purchasing pipe for repairs of the city water system was brought up and George Fry, water superintendent, was given authority to purchase pipe and fittings needed for street crossings along the highway.

The recorder was instructed to ask the highway commission to have the work done at once.

George Wurster, George Fry and A. W. Kell were appointed a committee to draw up an ordinance regulating the sale of light wine and beer, and present it at an adjourned meeting of the council Wednesday night. Joe King was the only one who appeared before the council to apply for a license to sell beer. There being no law in force to regulate such sale, his application will hold over.

GILGILIAN REICHEN DIES AT HOPEWELL

McMINNVILLE, April 5.—Gilgilian Reichen, 67, who had resided near Hopewell for the past 17 years, died suddenly Sunday night, April 5, following a heart attack.

Mr. Reichen was born at Berne, Switzerland, November 7, 1865, and came to the United States at the age of 17 years, settling in Kansas. He was married October 12, 1912.

Besides his widow, Mary Reichen, he is survived by two brothers, Joe of Salem and Chris of Denver, Colo.

The funeral was held Wednesday at the United Brethren church in Hopewell, with interment in the Hopewell cemetery, under direction Ladd funeral home.

GET MILLS IN SHAPE VALSETZ, April 5.—John Fryberg, Portland millwright, is here assisting in installation of a new trimmer at the Cobbs Mitchell plant. A crew of men have worked several days repairing roofs.

SALISBURY TO SPEAK HERE



H. M. Simpson, representing the famed explorer, Capt. H. A. Salisbury, was in Salem this week making arrangements for a visit of Capt. Salisbury here April 17 and 18. He is now on a tour of the northwest and has appeared in various neighboring cities. He was booked for Salem several weeks ago but his plans were altered, and his stop here was postponed. He will make numerous local appearances on the occasion of his Salem visit.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, young and comely orphan, is secretary to Mark Nesbit, wealthy, young, business man. She informs Mark that she is leaving her position to marry Kimberley Farrell, handsome young lawyer, to whom she has been engaged for some time. Invited to Kim's house for dinner, Mary Faith is greeted coldly by his mother. Later, Kim starts Mary Faith by breaking his engagement and asking for the ring. The next morning, Mary Faith informs her co-workers that she is not to be married. She asks them to take back their presents.

CHAPTER VIII

At half past three Mr. Nesbit left the building to go to a bank directors' meeting. He did not get back to the office until six o'clock.

"I'm sorry to keep you like this," he said, putting his head in at the door of Mary Faith's small room. "Do you mind staying a little late? I'd like to get my desk cleared to-night."

"I'll be glad to stay," said Mary Faith, and she meant it. His words were like a reprieve to her. All day she had been dreading the evening meal in the River Street house with the Brock girls watching her with their X-ray eyes. You couldn't keep even your sorrow and your humiliation to yourself if you happened to live in one.

It was half past seven by the time she had finished the last of Mr. Nesbit's letters and had locked her door for the night. She was getting into her raincoat when he opened the door of her room once more.

"It's raining," he said. "I'm going to drive you home."

"I don't mind the rain, Mr. Nesbit. I often take walks when it's raining. I like to slosh through puddles."

"I'm going to drive you home," he said. "When she went downstairs a few minutes later he was standing in the front doorway, waiting for her. Outside the gray closed car that he drove stood at the curbstone.

They got into it. Mary Faith leaned back against the cushions, her eyes on the glitter of the street as they rolled along. The pavements were black and gold, and the lighted shop windows were like giant-size magic lanterns throwing their colors out into the darkness. A few days before she had lingered before them on her way home from work, enchanted by the lovely things that were on display in them. Enchanted by the snow-white electric ice boxes, by the carved and polished furniture, by the Oriental rugs and the bowls and boxes of Chinese brass.

Now she turned her eyes away from them. The very sight of them had a certain power to make her heart ache. She was back at the typewriter and the filing cabinet for good.

"It's almost eight o'clock and you haven't had any dinner," Mr. Nesbit suddenly remembered when they were half way to River Street. "We'll go somewhere and get some."

Mary Faith shook her head quickly. "No, thanks," she answered. "Mrs. Puckett always has Agnes put some dinner away for me when I'm late. And I'm tired. I'd rather go straight home if you don't mind."

The dining-room windows were dark when they drove up before Mrs. Puckett's. Mary Faith left herself quietly into the house, hoping that she would meet no one, and that she would be able to slip away upstairs. But as she closed the front door Mrs. Puckett called out to her from the parlor.

"Mary Faith!—Didn't I just see you drive up in a gray closed car? Mary Faith knew that she had seen her. Whenever an automobile stopped before the house Mrs. Puckett hurried to the front windows. She had the ears of a fox and eyes in the back of her head.

"Yes," Mary Faith came down the hall and stood between the ruby velvet curtains that hung in the doorway of the parlor. "That was Mr. Nesbit's car. He brought me home tonight, Mrs. Puckett."

He never had driven her home before, and Mrs. Puckett knew it. Her eyebrows shot up under the fringe of her pompadour.

"Oh—ho!" she said. "So that's it! So that's why we aren't getting married in two weeks! So that's why we've changed our plans! We have a new beau!"

Miss Allie Brock raised her eyes from the game of solitaire that she was playing on the marble-topped table.

"It looks to me like a case of 'off with the old love and on with the new,'" she remarked archly. "Mrs. Puckett."

If that was the way things looked to them it was a blessing, said Mary Faith to herself. And in her heart she thanked Mr. Nesbit for driving her home.

"Good night, everybody," she said and escaped from them before they could ask her any more questions.

Her room was unbearable to her that night, filled as it was with things that reminded her of Kim. The books they had read together. The pink-sprigged dishes and the etching that she had bought long ago. The scrapbook of recipes and household hints. His picture in a leather frame on her desk. His picture.

She picked it up and stood looking at it for a minute or two. Then she opened the drawer of the desk and laid it face-downward under some old letters.

And for a moment she stood there, pressing her hands against her heart as if she were trying to deaden the intolerable pain in it.

Once during the night she woke up.

In the darkness everything came rushing back to her—all the unhappiness of the past twenty-four hours. For one black moment she knew she was sick of herself, of her life, of everything. . . . Then the merciful weariness of utter exhaustion came over her again and she slept until morning.

September was blown away on a gale that stripped most of the branches in Halthorn Park and tore loose one of the green shutters outside Mary Faith's bedroom windows.

Halloween came, and there were little pasteboard Jack-o'-lanterns on the tables in Mrs. Puckett's dining room.

Thanksgiving Day brought the first snow and filled the house with the rich odor of sage dressing and roast turkey.

The year before Mary Faith had gone to the Thanksgiving Day football game with Kim, chrysanthemums on her coat and windblown roses in her cheeks.

This year she went to church, alone.

The words of the beautiful service for Thanksgiving kept coming back into her mind all that long lonely holiday: "He healeth those that are broken in heart. He giveth medicine to heal their sickness."

They seemed to have been written just for her. For time, the medicine that heals those that are "broken

in heart," was healing her. Her first anguish over losing Kim had settled down now to a dull and steady ache. Once again she could pick up a book or magazine without seeing Kim's face swim across every page. She could hear the shrill ringing of the office telephone without telling herself that it might be Kim, wanting to talk to her. Sometimes after work she went to the moving pictures with Jean Bartlett and found herself actually enjoying them.

Slowly, slowly, she was learning how to live her life without Kim.

A little after nine on the first morning in December, Mary Faith stepped into Mr. Nesbit's office and found it empty.

At ten o'clock when Dan Bassett came upstairs to see him about some orders it was still empty.

This was unusual; for Mr. Nesbit was a person of punctual and orderly habits.

At nine every morning he walked into the office. At half past five he left it. On Wednesday he lunched at the Rotary Club. On Saturday afternoons he played golf at the Blue Valley Country Club if the weather was fine. If it was not he played handball at the Athletic Club downtown. His life was ordered with beautiful regularity, and Mary Faith knew it.

"I'll sign those orders for you, Dan," she said to the shipping clerk. "But I wonder where Mr. Nesbit is. It's not like him to be late, and not to telephone."

At eleven o'clock he did telephone from his house in Blue Valley, thirty miles away.

"I've hurt my ankle, Mary Faith," he told her. "The doctor says I'll be laid up here for a couple of weeks. So I'm going to have to ask you to bring my mail out to me. Better bring along your typewriter and anything else you need. Look in on his way in to town to get you. Anything you want to ask me about?"

"No, Mr. Nesbit," answered Mary Faith, who always signed routine checks and orders and looked after things in general when he was not at the office.

Fifteen minutes later Loftus, his colored chauffeur, came walking into her little room with an umbrella hooked over his wrist. He carried her typewriter down to the plum-colored limousine that stood waiting in the street and held his umbrella over her carefully as she crossed the icy sidewalk.

"Dis is sure bad weather for drivin'," he said to her as he found its way through the traffic of the streets. "I never knowed Mr. Mark to have an accident until dis mornin'." He shook his head.

"What happened to him, Loftus?" "He tipped over in his car—de little gray one," the man explained. "I seen him drive out de garage and pretty soon I heard a horn tootin' out de gate. It kep' on tootin' and pretty soon I goes to see what's wrong out dere. And dere's Mr. Mark's car throwed over in de ditch and him settin' on top of it. He made de curve too quick, he say."

The Blue Valley road was like a frozen river and Loftus drove over it slowly and cautiously. It was almost one o'clock when he turned into a gravel driveway that ran along between high hedges of evergreen.

At the end of it stood a long low house of field stone. Smoke rose from its chimneys, giving promise of warmth and comfort within. A white collier came running across the snowy lawn from the field-stone stable.

(To Be Continued)

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DAVID HARDY, 12, DIES, RITES TODAY

David Alexander Hardy, 12, died in Salem April 3 after a short illness of pneumonia. He was born in McMinnville January 14, 1921, and for the past seven years had resided in Salem with his grandparents.

Besides his mother, Mrs. Lillian A. Heldinger of Newberg, he was survived by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Alexander of 2085 North 5th street, Salem. The funeral cortege will leave the Ladd funeral home at McMinnville at noon Thursday, April 6, for Salem, where funeral services will be held at 2 p. m. at the Seventh Day Adventist church, with interment in the City View cemetery