

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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June 21, 1927 Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Philippians 4:8.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

The Grand Army of the Republic was organized at Decatur, Illinois, in 1866. Within a short time, the movement had spread widely, and at high water mark in 1880 there were about 300,000 members—

And there are about 50,000 now in the United States. As there are still about 80,000 men of the Civil War on the pension rolls, it will be seen that all who saw service in the struggle that saved the Union have never been on the Grand Army rolls of membership. There were about 2,000,000 enlisted men in the Union armies.

The Department of Oregon, Grand Army of the Republic, is now holding in Salem its 45th annual encampment, its sessions beginning yesterday and lasting over the next three days. There are 47 posts in this department; in this state, and approximately 800 members. Of course, this does not include the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, the Auxiliary of the Sons of Union Veterans, and the Daughters of the Union veterans.

There are men among the G. A. R. delegates now in Salem who have been worthy members of the splendid organization for almost the whole time since its first posts began to function—

A number who have been affiliated for 48 and 50 years, and in the nature of things they have witnessed the thinning of the ranks, and they are witnesses yet of the march towards the ranks beyond the stars—

For the Grand Army of the Republic as a whole is passing at the rate of 700 to 800 a day. Last year the list of the boys in blue who marched bravely on to the fields of asphodel made a total of about 20,000.

- "Every year they're marching slower; Every year they're stooping lower; Every year the lilting music Stirs the hearts of other men. Every year the flags above them Seem to bend and bless and love them As if grieving for the future When they'll never march again. Every year we see them massing, Every year we watch them passing, Scarcely pausing in our hurry After pleasures, after gain; But their battle flags above them Seem to bend and bless and love them, And through all the lilting music Sounds an undertone of pain."

The Grand Army of the Republic was begun and has been carried on for noble purposes; as witness the following "objects and work of the organization:"

1. To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.
2. To assist such former comrades in arms as need help and protection and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.
3. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a permanent respect for, and fidelity to, its Constitution and laws, to discountenance whatever weakens loyalty, incites insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions; and to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

Surely the men who fought for the preservation of the Union; who bared their breasts fearlessly in the greatest armed struggle of history up to that time, and who have stood for such a platform of principles throughout the years since the close of that epic struggle, deserve well—

And The Statesman bespeaks for them, and for the members of their affiliated organizations, pleasant days in Salem, with the best that this hospitable city can afford in all the good things of life, and in the honor and respect and all kind attention of the people of the capital city of their state. Welcome, Grand Army of the Republic!

A piece of misinformation was spread more or less thinly yesterday, to the effect that no provision has been made, nor are there funds available to make a survey of the needs of Salem with respect to a better sewer system and a way of sewage disposal other than dumping it into the Willamette river. A few years ago, the city council set aside a fund of \$10,000, taken out of the special sewer fund, and intended for the purpose named—set aside for the very purpose of making preparations that the members of the city council foresaw would become imperative. Out of this fund \$6000 was taken, to pay for the Kay park purchase; but the \$6000 to be repaid with interest. And \$1000 and interest (some \$300) was paid back last year, from the park fund.

A MONUMENT TO A COW

(Under the above heading, the Pacific Homestead, published from the Statesman building, will have the following editorial article in its forthcoming (July) issue:)

At the Pickard farm at Marion, Oregon, on Sunday, June 19th, there was unveiled a monument to a cow—

To Vive La France, deceased, queen of all Jerseydom while she lived; queen by right of performance. The following inscription is on the monument:

"Vive La France No. 319,616, the wonder cow. Held three world records at one time. Produced in 6 years test 53,332 lbs. fat. Grand champion P. I., Portland, Oregon, 1919."

The P. I. stands for the Pacific International.

Over the inscription on the granite monument is a picture of Vive La France as she appeared in life; a beautiful likeness done in enduring metal; a masterpiece in a new art. The monument stands at the grave of Vive La France, on the Pickard farm, on a plot of ground which is to be set apart in perpetuity by deed, to belong to Jerseydom universal; probably to have other monuments to great cows of that breed.

Why a monument to a cow? Will the reader say the idea is silly? Some readers will. But Vive La France was the cow that brought the attention of all Jerseydom to Oregon, which has become a great asset to this state and the other states of this coast. She produced the blood strain that enabled the Pickards to regain their old home place—the farm on which they were born. That is sufficient for the sentiment behind the movement.

There is a monument at Champcoeg, Oregon, about 40 miles from the one that was unveiled at Marion, which commemorates the decision of the vote that made the Oregon Country United States territory. That monument would not have been erected had it not been for the cows in the immigrant trains that brought the early settlers to the Oregon country—the cows of "The Covered Wagon" trains; and but for those cows the British flag would now fly over the region west of the Rocky mountains north of the California line to the Columbia river, and perhaps to the international line between Canada and the United States—

The British flag instead of the Stars and Stripes.

And there are many monuments to the horse (and its riders) throughout this and other countries. Why not to the cow?

The cow is the foster mother of the human race. She is the wet nurse of the live stock industry generally. The people who think great thoughts and perform great deeds are the milk drinking peoples. The achieving nations are the nations half the food of which comes from the milk of the cow. The brain and the brawn are produced by the milk that makes a balanced ration for man from almost any combination of foods, as was told by the dietary experts of the World war. Milk helped to save the world for democracy. The cow is the chief support of rotation farming, and rotation farming is the hope of profitable agriculture, based on a constant renewing of the fertility of the soil. Dairying is basic for enduring food supplies for all people, in the cities and on the farms.

Why not, then, a monument to a cow? A monument to a cow that set the pace for the upward trend in profitable dairying? A cow that marked the way to the 1000 pound butter fat animal as a minimum for production; set the standard thus high above the performance of the common brindle cow producing an average of about 150 pounds—

The cow that pointed the way to the elimination of the "boarder" and made it clear that all cows on American farms, and especially Oregon and Pacific northwest farms, may become paying animals; paying high profits for their feed and care—

Pointed the way to the ultimate 1200 pound butter fat cow, and better, with increase in dairy knowledge.

Some day, when this shall be the most densely populated region of the western hemisphere, brought about through rotation farming, with beet sugar factories and Grimm alfalfa and the other legumes—with the industries on the land furnishing the raw materials joined up with the industries in the cities and towns manufacturing them and forwarding them to the markets of the world, it will be freely acknowledged that Vive La France, pioneer of the bovine race in the line of achievement, earned her monument. dugemfwyp cmfwyp shrdlu shrdlu vbgkqj vbgkqj cmfwyp e

ONE OF OREGON'S ABLEST LAWYERS ON THE INCOME TAX

Editor Statesman: Any pragmatic argument for or against the income tax measure which will appear upon the ballot at the coming special election in this state is impossible. There is no settled opinion upon problems of taxation, except the common notion that any tax is a burden. We are confronted, however, by a serious situation, one which invokes an appeal to the devotion which every man ought to feel for the state of which he is a part. The institutions of the commonwealth must be maintained. We cannot be stumbling in the procession of the states. We surely do not desire to visit other sections and become subjects of inquiry as to why Oregon fails to meet her financial obligations. It will be a fantastic situation indeed if the interests who are now financing the brilliant campaigns for population and industries shall defeat the proposed income tax, and thus compel their missionaries to apologize and explain.

There appear to be three classes among our citizens who antagonize this bill. (1) a few very wealthy people who have somehow conceived a belief that an income tax will retard the growth of the state, (2) a group of the old federalist contingent who still are convinced that the "wise, the wealthy and the well born" ought to be the governing, and the non-burden bearing class, and (3) a larger contingent, composed of pleasure lovers who are not willing to bear their share of the expense of maintenance of those institutions which of necessity are concomitants of civilization and orderly government. The first subdivision can well settle the question by candid consideration of their own attitude of mind, were they seeking location for the investment of money in the industrial world. Surely none of them would view with favor any state where property and visible wealth stagger under such inequitable load as in Oregon. The second subdivision possesses no imposing voting power, but it is capable of exerting indirectly considerable influence through certain sections of the public press. The men and women who still cling to the Hamiltonian principles ought to be patriotic enough and sacrificial enough to forego their preconceived prejudices, and sustain the state in its time of need. Will they do that? The last subdivision presents a problem indeed. It constitutes the real obstacle in the way of certain adoption of the income tax system on election day. The persons in this group have little property, but they all have fair incomes which they prefer to expend upon themselves. Some are married, but the most are single. They manifest slight interest in establishing homes, or in the affairs which make for stability in the communities where they reside. They enjoy all the advantages of education, safety and protection which the public furnishes, but are not willing to assist in paying for the same. The psychology of their status is both myster-

ious and menacing. How can they be aroused to duty, to considerate study of the facts, and of the obligations which citizenship imposes upon them?

This letter is written in the hope that friends of the cause of just taxation in every community will organize, and see to it that the vote is out in full strength, and that the state in its need is sustained. The governor and the legislature have marked the pathway. Let us not be either timid or delinquent. Much work can be done in the next ten days. Triumph is in the offing, if electors are not laggard.

STEPHEN A. LOWELL, Pendleton, Or., June 17, 1927. (Mr. Lowell is one of the ablest attorneys in Oregon, and a patriotic citizen of high standing in this state.—Ed.)

There is nothing too good in all Salem for the Grand Army of the Republic and the members of all their affiliated organizations. Hail and welcome!

Bits For Breakfast

G. A. R. owns the town— And is welcome to it— For they are the boys who made the country one and indivisible, and safe and sane for aye.

Every automobile in Salem ought to be at the service of the G. A. R. men to see all we have to show them—and we have a lot.

This is a good time to show the boys in blue that Salem is a real convention city. A real convention city is one in which every latch string hangs on the outside of the door, every act is one of hospitality, and every word one of welcome.

Some fool in the legislature had the Portland school district, a few years ago, deprived of the 6 per cent increase for taxing purposes enjoyed by every other school district in the state. This has muddled the educational waters down there, to the point of embarrassment. There is a bill on the ballot to restore the 6 per cent. We should all vote for it, and let our Portland neighbors run their own school district.

Elinor Glyn says: "I predict that as time goes on there will be far more time spent by young people in gymnasiums, swimming pools, and on tennis courts and golf links than in parked automobiles, airless ball rooms and stuffy dance halls. Athletic girls are rapidly ending the reign of the frenzied, idle flapper."

A husband is no longer needed in the raising of a family, says a magazine writer. Well, who's going to wipe the dishes?

The nice thing about being a man is you don't have to stay home after you wash your head.

First symptom of an incurable disease: "Why, I could knock that little ball half a mile!" New brass phonograph records

will last 1000 years. Have heard the present kind played in restaurants that were older than that.



Too Hard Work Mame: Why did you quit working for that there college professor's wife? Wasn't it a good job? Jane: Oh, the job was all right. But they was always scrappin' and it took all me time lookin' up what they said in the dictionary.

Unlocated A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for heaven at four-thirty-a. m." The next day he found written below: "Heaven, nine a. m.; Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

"How's old Smith doing in the hospital?" "Fairly well, but I don't think he will be out as soon as expected."

No Ghosts Wanted A southern planter was discussing the heretofore with his old, black body servant, "Sam," said his master, "let's make an agreement this way: The one that gets over there first must come back and tell the other what it is like over there."

A Gentle Hint! A little girl sniffed audibly as she walked into the dining room, and said to her aunt, "I smell candy."

After receiving the object of her sniffing, she looked at the sweet morsel intently and said, "I did not fink that I could smell such a small piece."

Oregon City—Attorney entered jail to visit client, was locked in most of day.

GOOD NEWS FOR STRAWBERRY MEN

Water in the Willamette at Portland Will Begin to Fall on Thursday

The following special was received from the Associated Press at Portland last night:

"The lower Columbia river and the Willamette at Portland will remain nearly stationary Tuesday and Wednesday, and begin to fall slightly Thursday."

This is good news for our strawberry men. It indicates that the worry over shortage of space for barreled berries in the cold storage warehouses near the Portland waterfront is about over.

This makes it about certain that there will be a market for all the strawberry crop of this section.



There Was Once a Barber— Did you ever get up in a terrible hurry in the morning, rush out without breakfast or even a shave, and then find the clock was fast, and you had a quarter of an hour to wait for your train? No? Well, Johnson did one morning:

Instead of grumbling, however, he turned into a barber's shop.

"Shave, please!" he cried, "and hurry."

"Nice day for the big race, sir," began the barber leisurely, "but Johnson cut him short."

"Get a jerk into it, man!" he said, "I've got to catch the nine fifteen."

But the barber wasn't to be rattled. He went on slowly lathering, till Johnson's self control left him.

"Hold that brush still, man!" he yelled.

The barber looked at him perplexedly.

"Hold it still!" he repeated, "and I'll waggle my head!"

A Budding Romance The teacher, wishing to arouse the interest of her Sunday school class, asked them to write the names of their favorite hymns.

All the pupils bent their heads

over pencil and paper for a few minutes, and then handed in their slips—all except one.

"Come, Mary," said the teacher, "bring your paper to me."

Mary, with downcast eyes and flaming cheeks, handed the teacher a slip of paper bearing the words: "Willie Smith."

Testing Them "Tell the janitor to put up notices that no book agents are to be admitted to the building," said the publisher. "But you have just advertised for agents to sell our new work," protested the secretary. "Of course, I want to try the applicants out. If a man could be stopped by a little thing like that, what good would he be to us?"

How Would You Do It? A visitor being shown through an English insane asylum noticed one of the inmates, an American, who was jabbering senselessly and covering his cell with diagrams.

"What a pathetic case!" he remarked.

"Yes," replied the superintendent. "He tried to explain to some Englishmen what waffles were."

A rather deaf lady found herself sitting beside a surgeon at dinner. She asked: "Should I call you Dr. T—or Mr. T—?"

"Call me what you like, madam," he replied, and added, genially: "Some of my friends call me an old fool."

"Ah," she rejoined, not hearing correctly what he had said, but anxious to be pleasant, "those are the people who know you intimately!"

He'd Figured It Out The marriage had just been consummated. The high-powered young business man groan turned to the preacher. "Well, what do I owe you?"

"Ah—or—whatever you think it's worth."

"Good enough and a fair proposition. I'll give you fifteen per cent of her earnings for the next year, less her cost to me."

WHEN A MAN MARRIES LONDON—An intriguing book dedication is that of Arthur Eaglefield Hull, doctor of music, Oxford university, the author of many standard works on music. His latest work he dedicated: "To my wife, whose lack of interest in this book has been my constant despair."

Portland—Income tax returns will exceed last year's.

Have You any Objection to Saving Money?

No, that isn't a foolish question because some people have, apparently. They wait until the last minute—till demand has increased the price and made the maintenance of prompt service and summer standards of quality difficult.

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