

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Shall We Give; No Fear Shall We Have"
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Need for Relief-Pension Policy

EXECUTIVE Secretary Wallace S. Wharton offers the suggestion that the relief budget should be incorporated in the general fund. Receipts from the liquor commission would be covered into the state general fund. Appropriations for relief would be on the general fund and would be limited by the amount determined by the legislature. In ordinary times it ought to be practical to set the appropriation for a two-year term. In extraordinary times the legislature may be convened to take care of emergency needs. While Wharton suggests that in this manner the relief appropriation might not be limited to the receipts from the liquor board, we suspect his real expectation is a surplus from the liquor revenues over relief requirements for the future. A change such as he proposes would capture the excess for the general fund of the state.

There is a question however as to whether the consolidation of the budgets would run up against the six per cent limitation. If receipts from all sources other than the property tax would be increased by the million dollars a year of liquor revenues, would this then be deducted from the property tax to be levied, under the six per cent provision of the constitution? If so the budget would be thrown out of balance by the added expenditures for relief. We have posed the question to some state authorities and received divided answers. The point should be cleared up before any change is made.

Another change which would be required is in the law establishing the liquor commission and setting up liquor control in Oregon. This allotted to the cities net proceeds of beer licenses issued within city limits, and to counties the net proceeds from non-urban licenses. It allotted to the counties for mothers' aid and old age pensions 75 per cent of the profits from the business in hard liquors. These allotments later were held up by an appropriation of \$5,500,000 for relief, to be supplied out of liquor revenues. As the law now stands when the \$5,500,000 is furnished by the liquor board the provisions of the original liquor control law of 1933 become operative, which would deprive the state of large sums now used for relief.

The fact is that the whole dole-pension system for the state needs to be revised so far as its financing goes. The administration should determine very definitely what it will recommend to the legislature in the way of an old age pension law and for relief. The relief administration grew out of private charities and then out of federal requirements. It has never been thoroughly studied and organized as an administrative arm. Most people have considered it as a temporary agency that would pass out when good times returned. But relief shows few signs of expiring peacefully, and the counties shed of most of their burden are naturally slow to re-assume the load, especially Multnomah county. Questions which must be answered are: shall the state continue in the relief business or turn the job back to the counties? If the state is to continue how shall the work be financed by the state alone, or with the counties?

On the old age pension matter these questions arise: Shall the age limit be lowered to 65 or left at 70 until 1940 which is possible under the federal requirements? Shall the state carry the full 50 per cent or divide this with the counties, the other half coming from the federal government? Where shall the money come from?

The special session floundered around with conflicting advice and policies and passed SB 43 which fortunately was held up by referendum after the sales tax was defeated. Governor Martin ought to be ready with a well-considered program to embrace the whole subject of relief and pensions. Maybe his planning board, anxious for busy work, could make a study and report. Meanwhile Mr. Wharton does well to make his approach to the problem and present his views.

Courts and Liberty

THE Wisconsin supreme court has handed down a four-to-three decision to the effect that under the labor code of that state a labor union has the right to picket the premises of an employer even though he has no actual dispute with his employees. The case grew out of the failure of a chauffeurs and teamsters union to organize workers in a furniture plant.

A similar case is pending in the Oregon supreme court on appeal from a decision of Judge Crawford of Multnomah county, who ruled that under the Oregon law unions had no right to picket the premises of automobile repair shops where no strike was in progress and no dispute existing between employer and employee. Since this suit is pending, it is hardly improper to offer editorial comment on it.

But citation of the Wisconsin case may be made to show that a four-to-three decision doesn't always turn out to be adverse to labor unions. We shall probably not hear of any attempts to pack the Wisconsin supreme court, or to rob it of its power to pass on the constitutionality of legislation, or to require a five-to-two decision before a law may be held unconstitutional.

Likewise those who berate the supreme court of the United States do not hesitate to turn to it for preservation of sacred liberties. The communists made much over the cases of the nine negro boys of Scottsboro. It was the supreme court of the United States which interposed in an unusual way to set aside the first verdict of the Alabama courts.

Countries may exist without constitutions and without courts. Such countries are subject to the whims and caprices of their rulers; and the universal experience in such lands is that popular liberty is soon overthrown.

Limit Liquor Licenses

THE proposal advanced in the city council by Alderman Brazier Small for limitation of the number of licensees for sale of liquor merits favorable consideration. There is no doubt the town is overrun now with outlets for beer and wine. If anything the number holding permits should be reduced. While it would be discriminatory to reduce arbitrarily the number of licensees, the council should set a conservative limit and then arrive at that actual number of places by gradual elimination, dropping those who fail to conform to the law or to decent standards of operation.

The state commission will no doubt cooperate. The commission has shown commendable firmness recently in withholding licenses from those who were in any way connected with places which had lost previous licenses.

It is unfortunate that the consumption of intoxicating liquors shows marked increases. The state is in the bad position of reaching eagerly for every dollar of profits from liquor sales and from beer taxes and licenses to finance its relief work. It ought to be devoting a part of its income to scientific education against forming the liquor habit. The state as saloonkeeper may keep away many of the nuisances attendant on the old saloon; but the stuff it sells is just as potent for evil as that handed out over the old fashioned bar.

The theory of the Knox law was to discourage bootlegging and illicit manufacture and sale, and if possible to encourage use of beer and wine as against hard liquors. That is why beer dispensing was made so general. It is too general; and should be restricted more, particularly to get it away from the constant temptation to youth. Restricting the number of licensees is a step in that direction.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Looks and Charm
IN A country in which universal suffrage prevails and the voters, male and female, are so numerous and of such amazing variety, naturally no one is able to state with accuracy the extent to which they are swayed and by what.

NONE THE LESS, out of the experience of many campaigns a number of political axioms have evolved, which are accepted generally by politicians and observers. There is, for example, the belief that the people as a rule vote "agin" somebody of something, not "for." Undoubtedly there is a lot of truth in that. A huge number of voters go to the polls to express resentment rather than approval. They have been irritated, one way or another, by the candidate or his party or his associates or his policies or something else about him—sometimes very trivial things indeed.

THEN THERE is the belief that the party in power is pretty sure of winning in a time of prosperity or on a rising business tide. Coupled with this conviction is the established fact that no President has been elected against the solid opposition of the business interests of the country. Usually these two factors coincide rather than conflict. In a time of prosperity the business interests are almost invariably with the party in power. In this campaign, for the first time anyone can recall, they are not. Whether due to New Deal policies or in spite of them, it is true that business is better and the trend upward. It is equally true that business, big and little, is almost solidly against the New Deal. This conflict rather confuses the calculators and makes the situation difficult.

THEN, TOO, there is the belief that the personality of the candidate counts in closely with the voter. The people, it is asserted, like a large, good-looking candidate with plenty of political appeal. The old-type political bosses, such as Matthew Stanley Quay, always tried to pick out candidates with imposing physique, who stood out handsomely on the campaign landscape. It is agreed among politicians that good looks and an attractive personality are great assets in politics. If that be true, Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly has considerable advantage over Governor Landon, a Republican opponent. It is only that Mr. Roosevelt is an exceedingly handsome man, with perhaps the most charming radio voice in America, but he is justly renowned for his moving-picture smile and is tremendously skilled in the art of dramatizing himself in his speeches. In other words, better than any other man in the public life he knows how to give the public what it always wants—a good show—witness the amazing spectacle staged at Franklin Field last week.

ON THE other hand, Governor Landon is not in the least handsome. It is no disparagement of him to say that he is a very plain looking man with no pretensions to be of "social" importance, and his speeches, in other words, better than any other man in the public life he knows how to give the public what it always wants—a good show—witness the amazing spectacle staged at Franklin Field last week.

THE TRUTH is that on personality Mr. Roosevelt is in a class by himself, certainly far ahead of his competitor. It may be that after three years the people have become a little tired of the lovely and the engaging smile; that a plain man without any frills but with his feet on the ground instead of his head in the clouds will be a welcome relief. It may be that they are bored with political theatrics; "fed up," as Dr. Moley says, with "reform"; weary of "social" pioneering; and want to get back to a sound and solvent basis where there will be less emotional excitement and more economic sanity. It may be that the people feel like that. There are some indications they do. However, if the election were to be decided on good looks and personal charm, Mr. Roosevelt would win in a walk. Because the good Mr. "checks short," as they say in certain circles, on both counts.

Funeral Rites Thursday For Mrs. M. Reznicek; Was Native of Hungary

NORTH HOWELL, July 7.—Mrs. Magdalene Reznicek, 63, died at her home here this morning. Funeral services will be held Thursday at the Larson and Son chapel in Silverton, and interment at the Bethany cemetery.

Mrs. Reznicek was born in Bacsota, Hungary, in 1874, but has lived in the North Howell district for 30 years.

She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Lester Southard of this district, and six sons, Joseph, now in India, Raphael of Neskonong, and Adam, Albert, Valentine and Abraham, all of North Howell. In addition, three sisters survive, including Mrs. Mary Doran of Salem, Mrs. Rose Vogel of Hubbard and Mrs. Theresa Munner of Aberdeen, Ida.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Homer Davenport's mother 7-8-36 rode with Uncle "Snort" when she planted the riding whip tree, not with Homer's father.

(Concluding from yesterday.) Some of the offenses complained of by Aunt Orla (Mrs. Renshaw) were contained in an article in the Portland Evening Post by David W. Hazen, the alleged facts being supplied to him by Bert Landahl, 280 S. 23d street, Salem. This was in a Sunday issue of that newspaper, not long ago. Excerpts from that article follow:

"They (Timothy Davenport and Florida Geer) spent much of their time (during their courtship) on their horses, and it was during one of these rides that Timothy cut the two switches from a balm of Gilead tree. 'We are informed that on November 12, 1855, Florida became Mrs. Timothy Davenport. They were parents of Homer Davenport, famous cartoonist, who made the three planted by his mother renowned. It was his custom, on his visits home from New York, always to have the rest of the party continue up to the house while he stopped at the tree. He would lay his hand on the trunk and say: 'God bless you, revered mother.'"

After reading the above-quoted effusion, one is inclined to sympathize with Aunt Orla for her vexatious words of criticism.

The prayer myth seems to have originated with some one writing several years ago for the Oregon Farmer, which was then printed in and mailed from the plant of the Spokane Spokesman-Review. That part of the article read:

"Another interesting feature of the old Geer farm is a gigantic tree at the gate, where, nearly 75 years ago, when Homer's mother was a girl in her teens, she one day jumped from her riding horse and stuck her riding switch in the ground. Today it stands a sacred memorial to the mother of Homer Davenport and ever on his visits to this spot he lingered, first stroked the 'riding-whip tree,' stroked ITS BRANCHES, and 'mid tears, would say, 'God bless you, my dear and sainted mother.'"

Mrs. C. C. Geer also wrote to another member of the Geer clan—one who takes interest in historical matters and thus appreciates such facts as this. She dressed up as fact, Harry Bowers of Bullards, Coos county, Oregon, whose mother was Samantha Geer, daughter of Ralph C. Geer.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

MODERN CIVILIZATION is accused of being responsible for many ailments. Digestive disorders, for example, often are pointed to as being modern afflictions. But when we look at the ancient Egyptians, we find that they had many of the same ailments. On this account they used the common mustard in the form of salad. Such foods as grapes, figs and pomegranates were used in the daily diet. If an Egyptian boy ate something that upset his stomach, he was given castor oil or made to chew and swallow the seeds.

No Excuse Now
Of course, the ancients did not know as much about the digestive tract as moderns do, nor were they familiar with the action of the stomach. We can forgive them for their indigestion, but there is no excuse for similar mistakes nowadays.

Many persons suffer from heartburn, sour taste, indigestion, nausea, constipation and other digestive disturbances as a result of carelessness in the choice of foods and in the habits of eating. The effects of such errors in diet are more frequently observed during the summer months. This is the time of the year when a change in diet is essential.

On a hot and sultry day it is best to avoid fried and greasy food. Heavy meals should be replaced by light and cool, but well-balanced and well-planned meals. During hot weather fresh fruits, vegetables, salads, jellied broths and other cooling and refreshing plates should be selected.

This is especially good advice for those who are subject to digestive disturbances. Some persons can eat most any food, while others suffer from the slightest change in the diet. At times digestive disturbances follow emotional upsets, such as fear, anxiety, apprehension or worry. It is always a good plan to avoid eating large quantities of food when under any emotional strain.

A Daily Reader. Q.—What causes the finger nails to break off, split and the outer layer to peel around the edges? I feel perfectly healthy.

A.—This may be due to a number of conditions. The general health is apt to be a factor. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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The answer of Mr. Bowers follows: "Bullards, Ore., June 30. 'Dear Molly: Got your card a few days ago. Glad to hear you all had a good time at the reunion.'"

"If Orla says it was Uncle Isaiah that was riding with you of course she is right. 'That is what Grandfather and Grandmother, also my Mother, Uncle Cal, Uncle By and Aunt Mary always taught us, and the only version I ever heard.'"

"I wonder who said it was Uncle Tim? 'Any one who ever knew him would know it was preposterous to ever think of him horesback riding. . . . You can tell 'em it was Uncle Isaiah, Harry Bowers.'"

Harry Bowers is a brother of Frank Bowers, who was also a cartoonist with a nation wide reputation. He (Frank) has retired to the paternal farm, next to the C. C. Geer home. Both places were in the Ralph C. Geer donation claim.

Now for some explanations: The Geer clan in Oregon is an extensive one. It comes down from Joseph Cary Geer, the blind "Great Grandpa" in the above narration, who had five sons and five daughters.

Joseph Cary Geer and family came to Oregon in the 1847 covered wagon immigration, excepting two sons, who had preceded the rest of the family Joseph Carey, Jr., in 1845 and Fred W. in 1846.

Thus, Isaiah, the "Snort" of this narration, Ralph C. and Herman J., sons, came with the patriarch in 1847.

Herman J. was the father of T. T. Geer, governor of Oregon, 1899-1903. For a year, after the expiration of his term, T. T. Geer was on the editorial staff of The Statesman.

The "Aunt Mary" of the Harry Bowers letter was Mary Geer, daughter of Ralph C., who married Jeff Starmer. "Uncle Cal" was a son of Ralph C., and so was "Uncle By," who was B. L., state land agent for Oregon.

The A. A. Geer clan, where the plaque commemorating the riding whip tree is to be unveiled next Sunday, is 12 miles east of Salem and five miles south of Silverton; is reached from Salem on Market street, which becomes the Garden Road, and reaches Pratum. The Geer home is near the Center View school house.

A diary kept by Ralph C. Geer notes that in the fall of 1851 the family moved into the new (the present) home.

That the family sat down to dinner, with none but members of the family present—the first time for 25 years.

That was characteristic of Oregon pioneer homes. The then new house was (and is) a frame dwelling. It replaced one of logs. And part of the 25 years extended into the time when the log house was occupied, of course.

The Geer clan meeting for this year was at the Grand Kru's s place, near Wilsonville.

The plaque to be unveiled next Sunday is a gift of Chemeketa Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Salem. Two grand nieces of the Timothy Davenport are to perform the act of unveiling.

The man who made members of the Geer clan eligible to membership among the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution was Captain Aaron Geer. In possession of a member is an order signed by George Washington's handwriting giving Captain Geer direct command in the vicinity of Windham Station, Connecticut.

Finally, with Harry Bowers: "Who said it was Uncle Tim?" Who started the romance tale about the riding whip tree? Can any one tell?

A member of the Geer clan tells the writer that Homer Davenport himself was a Spiritualist, or at least leaned that way.

Kamiah, where "Aunt Orla" lives with her husband, John Renshaw, is the Idaho town that was occupied by Henry H. Spaulding, who was the beginning of her complete social transformation for she never could be quite the same after that taste of the joyous, carefree life which was the complete antithesis of everything she had known.

She was claimed at once by instant partners in astonishing costumes, and delighted in the strange voices which spoke from lips beneath mysterious masks. But the attitude of her third partner was more familiar as he claimed her and swung through the maze of dangling serpentine and fluttering confetti. The falling showers reminded her of the snowflakes which probably were falling at home at that moment, but there was nothing else in the atmosphere which surrounded her to let her thoughts dwell for long on that remote place.

During the intermission, her partner took something from the pocket of his Roman soldier's uniform and held it toward her with an obsequious bow. "To the fairest guest of Proteus!" he said.

Lynn smiled self-consciously as she recognized the identity of the jewel in the velvet-lined case. Doti's prognostications had been correct. She was being presented with the treasured crown pin of Proteus, coveted by every girl in the city.

"It's lovely," she exclaimed breathlessly, "but I shouldn't accept it. I'm only a stranger here, and you don't know me at all."

"Oh, don't let me hear the Roman general," "I know you quite enough to want to know you better. This is

Portrait of a Dream Walking



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

SYNOPSIS

Left destitute when her mother dies, Lynn Bartel is forced to leave private school and go to business. She becomes a mannequin for Dunsmuir's, a fashionable dress shop. Lynn has very few friends as her training has placed her on a higher social level than her fellow-workers and her low financial status prevents her from associating with her own set. She has one friend, however, in Suzanne, the stock girl, and she wished their tastes were more in common. All in all, Lynn's life was very lonely. Then one day, a letter comes from her wealthy and pampered cousin, "Doti" Mercheon, inviting Lynn to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras.

With a light heart and an inexpensive wardrobe, Lynn goes south. She receives a hearty welcome from her Aunt Zola and "Doti." Lynn is given the room her mother had when a girl and her heart overflows with gratitude and grief; grief because it was she, and not her mother, who returned to this lonely home after so many years' absence. Mrs. Bartel had given up a life of luxury for love and comparative poverty. "Doti" takes Lynn around to meet her friends.

The Mardi Gras is finished, and "Doti" is disappointed. Although Jack had not proposed, it has been understood since childhood that "Doti" and "Lynn" would marry. The boys swam about Lynn, the vivacious newcomer in their midst. When Lynn finally meets Jack her heart skips a beat. He was everything Lynn had said and more. Later, dressing for the masquerade, Lynn could not forget his dark eyes holding hers in their depths. The carnival thrills Lynn. Never had she seen so much fanfare, color and happiness. The socially prominent and very eligible Dewey Condon shows her marked attention. "Doti" prophesies that Dewey will marry Lynn with his "Kew" pin of Proteus, signifying serious intentions. Lynn protests but "Doti" explains you are obliged to accept, but can get out of the difficulty later with some tactful excuse.

CHAPTER XII
The dancing was in progress when they arrived at the club, all masked, to join the anonymous revelers. Lynn was caught up and drawn irresistibly into that vortex of gaiety, the heart of the carnival. She was the center of attention for she never could be quite the same after that taste of the joyous, carefree life which was the complete antithesis of everything she had known.

She was claimed at once by instant partners in astonishing costumes, and delighted in the strange voices which spoke from lips beneath mysterious masks. But the attitude of her third partner was more familiar as he claimed her and swung through the maze of dangling serpentine and fluttering confetti. The falling showers reminded her of the snowflakes which probably were falling at home at that moment, but there was nothing else in the atmosphere which surrounded her to let her thoughts dwell for long on that remote place.

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"It's lovely," she exclaimed breathlessly, "but I shouldn't accept it. I'm only a stranger here, and you don't know me at all."

"Oh, don't let me hear the Roman general," "I know you quite enough to want to know you better. This is

my first dance. I told you I wouldn't dance until I found you, didn't I?"

And Lynn knew that Dewey had singled her out from all those girls he knew so well, to honor with the gift of his crown. She let him pin the little ornament on the bodice of her gown, wondering how she might escape from its significance, later. For one thing, she could not claim that she had not known who he was. Dewey Condon was one of the few men she did know in that strange assembly.

"We were too late for the tableaux," he remarked, as they danced again. "Did you see it?" "No, we were delayed so long by traffic. I'm sorry to have missed it, but Doti says that the tableaux of Rex will be even more impressive."

"Is that so?" he laughed with good humored defiance of his own krewa.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Lynn apologized hastily. "I didn't realize that yours was a rival organization."

"Is that so?" he laughed with good humored defiance of his own krewa.

There could be a vast difference even between two men who had danced a great deal.

She felt like that mystic lady of the heavens which her costume personified, sailing through swift clouds as she had seen her often, carried on the bosom of the sky; serene and shining and supreme. She felt detached from everything, a remote part of the universe, conscious only of a deep rhythm and an exalted rapture which carried her far above reality. The day and the evening, and those first dances had been like a beautiful dream; but now, they receded into the background like the insignificant prelude to a stirring, throbbing symphony.

This was the climax of everything, this was the theme and meaning of the entire fantasy. Lynn tried to believe she did not know who he was—this stranger who held her so possessively and bent his face to hers in the unity of their rhythm. But her heart told her. He did not speak while they were dancing, as she had seen her often, carried on the bosom of the sky; serene and shining and supreme. She felt detached from everything, a remote part of the universe, conscious only of a deep rhythm and an exalted rapture which carried her far above reality. The day and the evening, and those first dances had been like a beautiful dream; but now, they receded into the background like the insignificant prelude to a stirring, throbbing symphony.

Later, she saw him dancing with Doti, who was masquerading as a spy, and Lynn felt a queer tightening of her throat as if a hand of fear had gripped her for a moment. "He belongs to Doti," she reminded herself severely, and resolutely dismissed from her mind the memory of his nearness when he had danced with her.

The short evening passed all too swiftly. Lynn was dancing again with the King of Hearts when the order was given to unmask. The dancers stopped and obeyed in gay confusion. Perhaps there was a note who did not know who was his partner, but there followed a babble of surprise, exclamations and greetings for several dances. Jack smiled down into Lynn's eyes as she lifted her crescent mask of silver.

"So! it was you who danced so divinely!"

"And you!" she retorted, feeling flushed and guilty and helpless all at once. "Where is Doti?"

"I don't know. Haven't seen her for several dances. Did you have a good time?"

"Marvelous!"

He said bluntly, his glance noting the crown pin on her bodice. "I see you accomplished quite a lot in one evening."

"Oh," she laughed, and flushed again. "Doti told me not to refuse if anyone offered me a pin. She said I might dance afterward that I knew who gave it to me."

"But you did know," he insisted soberly, as if he were accusing her of that which he disapproved; and at that moment, Dewey approached Lynn. "Shall we go?"

"So you're the second who took away my moon lady!" he berated Jack with good humor. "Well, you can't have her now. I'm taking her on the rest of her night journey across the sky, or get thy royal highness hence and look for thy apparel."

"But Doti expects Miss Bartel to go home with us," Jack objected.

"Don't Miss Bartel old enough to be out at night without a chaperon? I don't think she likes to be herded around like a lost sheep. You just tell Doti we'll be seen here, later."

His charming smile faded for Lynn. "Shall we go?"

Her glance met Jack's for a swaying moment, then some spark of defiance prompted her to say, "I don't think Doti will mind not having me with you, to make a crowd. I promised to go home with Mr. Condon, and I think Doti expected me to, Mr. Thorne."

"Of course, it was arranged. That's why I didn't bring anyone else tonight," Dewey turned away, his hand on her arm with an air of possession.

(To Be Continued)

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County Farmers Union

To Meet at Cloverdale

CLOVERDALE, July 1 — The

County Farmers Union

quarterly convention will be held

Saturday at the schoolhouse here,

located about 3 1/2 miles south of

Turner. Plans have been made

by the local union.