

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

(Published every evening and Sunday) EDITOR AND PUBLISHER - Alton F. Baker MANAGING EDITOR - William M. Tugman NEWS SERVICE, Associated Press, United Press MEMBER - Audit Bureau of Circulations

The Register-Guard's policy is the complete and impartial publication in its news pages of all news and statements on news. On this page, the editors of The Register-Guard offer their opinions on events of the day and matters of importance to the community, endeavoring to be candid but fair, and helpful in the development of constructive community policy.

A NEWSPAPER IS A CITIZEN OF ITS COMMUNITY.

VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

EUGENE welcomes Oregon's Veterans of Foreign Wars with a special appreciation of what they represent in the nation. The V. F. W. embraces men who have served their country in all foreign wars any time anywhere. The soldiering may have been in the great battles of the Western Front or in the lonely watches up around Archangel or Vladivostok or the patrol of some jungle down in the Caribbean. A man soldier where he is sent and the V. F. W. establishes equality of service in the spirit with which it is rendered.

The Veterans have much important business to transact while in Eugene. Like the Legion and Spanish American War Veterans and other such organizations the V. F. W. is deeply concerned with legislation for the benefit of comrades who are "out of luck." The V. F. W. exists to perpetuate the comradeship of service but as a part of this comradeship it requires that those who are infirm or aged or in distress shall not be victims of neglect.

The delegates come to Eugene for an encampment which revives the joyous spirit of youthful service. War is a horrible thing. Some think it brings out manhood's worst. In the madness of life and death struggle, this may be true, but it is also true that the service of wartime brings out manhood's best. The boy who marches away with the colors learns to forget himself. He learns certain lessons of loyalty and comradeship and service which he never forgets.

In veteran organizations there is a deeper and finer motive than mutual help. They exist because impulses have become a habit. On the long night march, the strong man will carry his weaker buddy's pack. In the lonely outpost the soldier will share his last cigarette or his last fragment of biscuit. A man will risk his life to see that a wounded comrade or even a wounded enemy gets help.

Veterans cling together after wars are past because they have memories of men at their best.

"AFTER YOU'RE DEAD"

TO anyone who finds national political conventions interesting, there must occasionally come the melancholy thought that the great party heroes—the patron saints, so to speak, whose names must always be mentioned reverently in the keynote addresses—got a whole lot more devotion from their parties after they are dead than while they are alive.

Each party has its great heroes, and each party always drags out their images at its conventions. The Republicans, of course, specialize in Abraham Lincoln; and lately, they have begun to enshrine Theodore Roosevelt in an adjacent niche. The Democrats start with Thomas Jefferson, pause to bend the knee before the figure of Andrew Jackson and then drop the rest of their wreaths at the feet of Woodrow Wilson.

But a good many of those men got something less than complete devotion from their followers during life. Lincoln, for example, is on a pedestal now. But the dawn of 1865 found his party bitterly divided. A large section was almost incredibly hostile to him. If Booth had not killed him, Lincoln and not Johnson would have felt the wrath of the "radicals" in the late '60s; his attempts to save the south from the horrors of the reconstruction period would have brought to him the blind hostility of that section of his party which ultimately tried to throw Johnson out of office.

Roosevelt, likewise, was not always the idol of his party; he was roundly snubbed in 1912, and he had to break the party in half and help elect Wilson to win back his place in the G. O. P. councils.

And Wilson, before his public career ended, sat at the head of a divided party. Not all of the votes that killed the treaty of Versailles in the U. S. Senate came from Republicans; and in the campaign of 1920 there were plenty of party leaders who found it inexpedient to do battle for Wilsonian doctrine. Not until after his death did his party really enshrine him.

The moral of all this? Perhaps there isn't any—unless it is that the great party leaders always are fighters, and that the battles they start cannot be forgotten until the leaders themselves are in their graves.

PROLONGING THE AGONY

JUST about the best comment that could be made on the depression seems to have come from a New York banker. This man, as quoted in press association dispatches the other day, remarked: "New Yorkers are all afraid of something that is going to happen. They don't know what it is, but they are afraid just the same. The plain truth is that it already has happened and that we are still alive and moving. I doubt, if any crisis that could possibly arise would be worse than what we have survived."

There has been, of course, an enormous amount of fake optimism broadcast since the depression began. If it had been possible for us to talk ourselves back to economic health we would be robust by this time. But at the same time there has been an amazing undercurrent of fear, and this, like the verbal optimism, has been sadly overdone.

For more than a year people have been expressing this fear privately. You've heard them—everyone has. Dark prophecies of doom have enlivened every bridge party and every luncheon table. The result has been the acquisition by the country of a pronounced case of the jitters.

And yet, when you get down to it, isn't this New Yorker just about right? The thing we're so afraid of has already happened to us. We have already hit bottom. The worst has come, and we have somehow lived through it. Any move that we make now is bound to be upward, because we can't possibly go down any farther.

It would do us a lot of good if we could manage to get that fact through our heads.

Timidity and jittery nerves do not provide the

best possible background for a business revival. While we are waiting, and looking for new and blacker storm clouds to arise, the stage is slowly being set for a return to prosperity. If we stop looking behind each bush for a boobyman we can recognize our opportunity when it arrives. If we don't we shall simply prolong the agony.

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

A WASHINGTON correspondent the other day remarked that independence for the Philippines now is virtually certain. In fact, he remarked, congress may be in such a hurry to get out of the islands that it will cause their economic ruin.

Laying aside, for the moment, all arguments as to whether the Filipinos ought to be granted their independence, it does seem fairly obvious that if they do get it the United States owes it to them to make the transition as easy as possible.

The Philippines have been a United States possession for some 30 years. If they are to be put on their own, the United States must take every precaution to make sure that chaos will not follow. American responsibility would not cease when the American flag came down, unless America had first prepared her charges for complete freedom.

We are expecting a campaign any day for the release of Tom Mooney immediately so he can come east and plead for Jimmy Walker.

Most parrots sing, rather than wear, these days, a bird fancier tells us. Which must be great news for the man who wants to sell a profane bird.

We notice that a school of oratory for women has been opened in Paris. We suggest that they import a few American wives as instructors.

Despite the depression, the bill collector is more popular than ever. Even the best families ask him to call again.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS THINK

STOP THIS U. OF O.-O. S. C. WAR

One of the most deplorable products of the depression psychosis in Oregon has been the mess in which our higher educational system has been thrown.

The confusion and bitterness aroused by the Zorn-Macpherson consolidation measure, has reached such proportions, that our entire system of state education is threatened.

On Monday next the board of higher education meets to select a chancellor for its new system of unified education. The Mail-Tribune is convinced that unless the best man available is selected for this post, only a miracle can prevent disaster.

Who this best man is we don't know. But we have the highest regard for the abilities of Dr. Kerr of O. S. C., and as the present mess has been largely due to rivalry and jealousy between his institution and the university, we feel his appointment would go far toward bringing about a truce between these two institutions.

His appointment, as we see it, would insure defeat of the Zorn-Macpherson measure, and at the same time, nullify the spirit of bitterness and retaliation which such a defeat might arouse in State college circles.

True, he is not only identified with, but has been the moving spirit of O. S. C. these many years, but we believe he is BIG ENOUGH to drop all prejudices and partisanship, and ABLE ENOUGH to handle the administration of the unified state system, successfully, during this trying reconstruction period.

His appointment, as we see it, would offer the best chance—perhaps the only chance—of ending this destructive and absurd educational civil war. And until that is ended, there can be no hope of educational harmony or progress in this state.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER (INEA Service Writer)

WASHINGTON, July 21.—It was a beautiful, balmy night and the more you watched those strange goings-on in front of the United States capitol the balmer everything seemed to be.

You drove up to the Hill this night to see the hundreds of ex-soldiers, books and demanding the cash bonus, who were camping at the capitol as a method of protest and propaganda.

What happened later was so unlike anything that had ever happened before in that spot that your correspondent took quite a few notes. Here are some of them:

A PICNIC WITHOUT FOOD. Vets won't be permitted to sleep on the grounds again. . . . Band plays the Pilgrim's Chorus. . . . Boys and girls holding hands on the grass; kids with velocipedes. It's a picnic, but no food in sight. The vets had a few beans, some stale bread and some coffee for dinner.

Most veterans are beyond the plaza, on sidewalk, on the wall and on the grass behind. . . . There go the cops, just a few, telling everybody to get off the grass. It's tough on some of the bonus boys who have dropped off to sleep.

The cops slap them gently on the back and say: "I'm sorry, pal. We're all with you. We're all ex-servicemen ourselves. We have to do this. Sorry, Buddy!"

"KEEP MOVING, PAL!" The men are instructed by their leaders, since they can't sit or lie down on the sidewalk, to march slowly all night. They move reluctantly from the grass over the wall and the 800 or 900 of them are soon mingled with a crowd four times as large. . . . An airplane roars overhead, underneath a round, white moon.

The cops say, monotonously over and over again, "Keep moving. Keep moving. Keep moving. . . . Come what is, perhaps on the greatest demonstration of just "milling around" of all time. The crowd merely circulates among itself. Everybody inebek, shuffles, walks waddlershins or wiggles.

Eventually, somehow, almost the entire mob, good-natured but hoping something will happen, advances to the foot of the tall house steps. . . . Six motorcycle cops charge it, the capitol and on the steps again. . . . The cops, with a mild rattle. Everybody stops moving and all is stationary awhile. . . . Chief of Police Glassford deploys his men in a new campaign for motion. "Re-very gentle," he commands. Motion is again obtained. The crowd, constantly increasing, mills back and forth across the plaza.

GRASS IS SOAKED. The lawn sprinklers suddenly go on full blast, soaking every inch of grass where vets had expected to sleep. . . . Vets start to chain gang march directly at the foot of the steps, each with hands on shoulder of the man just ahead. . . . Some sing cautiously most of the old army songs.

Again the crowd presses to the foot of the steps and again motorcycle cops clear them out as women scream. . . . Hundreds of women here. . . . Some of the mothers limp. Others are obviously disabled. One both limps and shakes. Soon he has a fit and the ambulance comes for him. Another has a fit every time a photographer's flash bulb explodes near him, but is always revived and marches again.

Urban Ledoux, the Bowery's "Mr. Zero" who brought hundreds of bags of beans, leads the march. It expands until perhaps 700 or 800 are in a mile-long line and parades from the house side to senate side and back, again and again.

THE STRAIN TELLS. They begin to fall out and pile up on the steps. Ten or 15 minutes and everyone is kicked off the steps, gently, again. . . . Lights on the dome go off well after midnight. Relative darkness. . . . The crowd is swayed slowly from the grounds by police wedges. . . . Mothers drop out in greater numbers, piling on the grass next to the capitol and on the steps again.

Cops are reasonable; they don't move them for half an hour. . . . Eventually some allow themselves to be led off for some sleep, promising then to return and relieve the others as the march will never cease.

It reminds you of the awful all-night session at the democratic national convention, but no one except the bonus marchers themselves had any idea that their hardships would be crowned by attainment of their aims.

SIDE GLANCES



"We've decided, Auntie, to just let you choose which one of us you'll want to live with. You see, we couldn't come to any agreement."

INFECTIOUS DISEASES CHIEF PERIL FOR PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEN (Editor, Journal of American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine)

THE Health Organization of the League of Nations recently appointed a committee to consider particularly the health problems of mothers and children.

A portion of the report is concerned with the health of the pre-school child—the child from 1 to 6 years of age. During the second and third years of age the reactions of the child are in many ways similar to those of an infant. During the third, fourth, fifth and sixth years of age it begins to resemble more closely the school child.

This group of children has not yet begun to receive the type of systematic and organized attention given to children of more advanced years.

Several diseases which attack children of this age have not been brought under scientific medical control. Moreover, statistics as to their mortality and the illness they cause are not yet quite reliable.

However, enough evidence is available to indicate that the youngest children are in the greatest need of supervision and care.

The greatest number of deaths among children from one to 6 years of age is due to infectious and contagious diseases. Then come conditions affecting the lungs and nose

and throat, tuberculosis, accidents, stomach and intestinal diseases and, finally, other diseases.

The infectious diseases which continue to be most serious are diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough.

In tropical countries and in regions in which peculiar social conditions exist such conditions as dysentery, malaria and sunstroke may also be important. It is interesting to know that the four diseases, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough may constitute the responsibility for more than one-fourth of all the deaths of children between one and six years of age. In large cities the percentage of deaths due to these causes may be even greater.

The younger the child, the greater the danger from any of these diseases when it is contracted. Thus, it is especially important to guard the younger children until they shall have reached the age when greater resistance has developed.

Diphtheria is beginning to be overcome through the application of the Schick test and through the use of toxin-antitoxin and diphtheria toxoid. However, the need for vigilance is constant.

Thus far, no definitely established means of prevention are available against measles and whooping cough. Hence, children must be guarded particularly against contact with cases of these two diseases.

MAIL BAG

WOULD SAVE CROPS EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Oregon berry growers are knocking at the door of the unemployed and begging. They are begging for pickers. There's not much in it. They can't pay the pickers much. But this is one time when the unemployed could show public spirit in saving a crop that will otherwise go to waste. This is one time when the unemployed could play Good Samaritan to help the farmer.

I was just thinking that if the berry farmer fails to get pickers, and his crop goes to waste because no one would lend him a hand—I was just wondering how he will feel when he finds them begging at his door. Will he feel like helping them then, if they will not help him now?

C. S. BERGSTRESSER.

SAD, SAD STORY! In olden times the young man's ambition was to work and to save. That he might, at some time, have a wife and a home. He did not wish for others always to slaves.

Neither did he care to be cast on the world to roam.

The modern young man's ambitions do go higher. No matter how much he may be broke. To the possession of an automobile he do aspire—

A couple of suitcases and plenty of cigars, to smoke.

To buy my fine car I mortgaged my home!

To build my garage I mortgaged the car!

To get my gas I worked my jawbone! If the guy gets his pay he's a bright old star.

To buy my license I sold my wife's cow. Oh, it's easy if you only know how. K. P. HARPOLE.

Bellfountain News

BELLFOUNTAIN, July 21.—(Special)—Mrs. George Robe and daughter and son-in-law and a friend, Mrs. Davis of Portland visited Sunday at the home of Mrs. Robe's brother, T. M. Bradley, Mrs. Davis is an old friend of the family, having crossed the plains in the early day in the same train with the Bradley family. Miss Andrea Lamb returned home

Schilling



Wake up! Get up! It's a new day! A new slice of life! Flavor it with a fragrant cup of Schilling Coffee. Wings of the Morning!

Saturday from a week's visit with Miss Elsa Graf of Halsey, Misses Vera and Elsa Graf returned home with her for a short visit with their many friends and former schoolmates here at Bellfountain.

Miss June Redmond returned home recently from a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Roy Podvent of Independence.

Betty Lou Foreman of Monroe is visiting this week at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Redmond.

The Community Card club met at the W. O. W. hall Saturday evening for their regular meeting. This club meets every two weeks and is quite largely attended.

At McCredie Springs

MCCREDIE SPRINGS, July 21.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Craig Owens of San Francisco motored to Eugene in their big car arriving Saturday evening. Their son, Crosby Owen, joined them there and all drove to McCredie Springs Sunday for a three or four weeks' vacation of fishing and hiking.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Barker went to Eugene Saturday evening to attend the wedding of Mr. Barker's brother, Lewis Barker.

W. A. Cochran and daughter, Jean, and Miss Margaret Adair of Eugene spent Saturday night and Sunday at the Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Bash of Yamhill came in Monday evening for a few days visit with her mother, Mrs. Whisler. Mr. Bash is the pastor of Yamhill Christian church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Brown and son of Eugene came in Monday and rented a cabin for a week.

B. F. Smith of McCredie Springs was transacting business in Eugene Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Moran and Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson visited at the springs Friday with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. McAllister and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gilstrap.

B. F. Smith, manager of McCredie Springs resort, spent Sunday at the Hills reunion at Jasper.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stewart and children, Dorothy and Robert, came in Friday morning to spend some ten days at the resort, also to visit with the family of Donald Shives. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Shives are sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Collett and children, Buddie and Elane, of Eugene spent Sunday with the family of J. D. Ash.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kornbrodt and son, Lewis, of Portland and C. H.

Koppe of Eugene spent Saturday and Sunday at the hotel.

A free weller-roast was given here Saturday night. About 150 were served with "hot dog" sandwiches and coffee. Swimming in the hot mineral water natatorium was the big attraction.

Among those visiting the springs Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Peterson, Mrs. T. G. Hendricks, Miss Elma Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. David Graham, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rapp, F. M. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Chambers, and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Johnston all of Eugene; Mr. and Miss Link of McMinnville and Mrs. C. A. Burden and Mrs. Lockley Burden of Mill Valley, Cal.

The most powerful man-made lighting ever created was recently displayed in the laboratories of a Schenectady, N. Y., electrical company. About 10,000,000 volts were sent through the air in one flash.

ARROW MESSENGER—Phone 610.

The eyelid of the cutthroat murre fish, is located inside the pupil.

Vanilla Flavoring, will not cook out, large bottle.

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