

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.

ROOSEVELT FLAYS HOOVER

NOT in many years has one presidential candidate used such harsh language toward another as did Franklin D. Roosevelt in his Columbus, Ohio, speech yesterday replying to the acceptance speech of President Hoover. Roosevelt charges the president with deliberate deception of the people as to the seriousness of the depression. He charges him with catering to the moneyed interests and turning his back on the welfare of the people.

The Roosevelt speech is quite a flight of oratory. We have a Demosthenes in our midst. Possibly he has been practicing with pebbles to get rid of the stutter. This modern "Philippic" has admirable ring and rhythm—as oratory. It will be very interesting to see how the public reacts to these tactics as the campaign progresses. Mr. Roosevelt himself is not invulnerable. The Walker affair, for instance.

The Roosevelt diatribe is interesting as a return to old-fashioned campaign fireworks, but it is lacking in constructive offerings. Mr. Roosevelt denounces the Hoover administration for putting the government too much in business. He himself proposes government interference in business on a scale which is unparalleled. Many of the banking reforms which the candidate suggests are needed. Many of them are now under way. Mr. Roosevelt promises to go farther and stop speculation. He is rather vague when it comes to defining a method. Outlawing a tendency which is inherent in human nature might prove just as difficult as rigid enforcement of prohibition.

When Mr. Roosevelt blames the president for failing to predict the depression and for failing to "tell the people the worst" from the beginning, he is just a bit ridiculous. Mr. Roosevelt, himself, and every other citizen had access to those same figures and reports which he charges were withheld from the public. Even such famous experts as Babson and Ayres have fallen short repeatedly in endeavoring to make predictions. Mr. Roosevelt was present all during the trouble. We don't recall that he ever submitted the correct diagnosis for the depression. The failure of Hoover and his associates to understand and prevent all the evil consequences of the economic drift does not prove that Roosevelt could then or now do better, for the real cause of depression lies in "mass error."

Eloquent but unconvincing, the Roosevelt campaign is launched with the one big idea: "Blame Hoover!"

IRRIGATION AND DRAINAGE

FARMING is a hazardous occupation. If you don't believe it try to find one farmer who has never lost a crop through some kind of ill luck. If it isn't an unexpected pest, it's apt to be the weather. Some people wonder why so many men stay in farming when there is so much chance for bad luck. Farmers like to make things grow. They like country life. Beyond that they like to fight with the elements and we sometimes have a hunch that like most other folks they are really gamblers at heart.

All of which is by way of pointing once more to the importance of irrigation to agriculture in the Willamette valley. Irrigation AND drainage. In this valley, with its rich soils and gentle climate, hazards for the farmer seem to be reduced to those of the market. In this valley a farmer can always get some kind of crop. Irrigation is not the vital factor it is in desert regions such as California.

Nevertheless irrigation and drainage can be utilized to eliminate the two chief hazards to farming in these parts. The long wet season tends to pack and sour the soil unless it is drained. The long dry season tends to reduce the size and impair the quality of the crop. Irrigation, properly managed, insures a top yield of top quality and reduces the market hazard by insuring top price.

Irrigation is easy and relatively cheap. Willamette valley farmers do not need the elaborate "works" required in dry regions. In nearly every part of the valley there is plenty of water just under the surface of the ground. Or it can be piped down from the hills or pumped out of the rivers and creeks. For \$30 to \$50 an acre, a Willamette valley farmer can install adequate equipment. When rain falls during the summer, as it often does, the farmer can save pumping costs, but pumping costs are slight.

Drainage is by far the more difficult of the two problems and in some parts of the valley, progress may have to wait on the formation of adequate drainage districts.

Drainage and irrigation, however, hold the key to the future of agriculture in the Willamette valley. It will pay all who are interested in this sort of thing to ride out to some of the farms which have pioneered in irrigation and drainage and see first hand the remarkable results.

"HOW CAN I HELP?"

"HOW can I help in the fight on the Zorn-Macpherson bill?" asks many a friend of the University.

Every person can help. The method is simple. Talk to those you meet as you go about the state on vacation. Nearly everybody you meet is anxious to get a few of the real pertinent facts on the situation.

The state cannot afford to junk nearly \$5,000,000 of its property in Eugene and Monmouth in order to make this change.

At the present time the state is in no position to finance the large building programs which would be needed at Corvallis.

The state cannot afford to lose \$500,000 of Eugene and Monmouth municipal securities which are jeopardized. Of these \$300,000 are held by the state industrial accident commission alone.

Junior colleges have a cost of \$4.50 per hour in California. The effort to foist such an expensive type of education on Oregon in these times is ridiculous.

If the proposed teacher college at Eugene were

to be "as big as the University," as claimed by Macpherson, how could there be savings?

Finally:
No measure which cannot reveal its backers deserves public support.

The Zorn-Macpherson bill reveals itself as a fake economy measure by FAILING TO REDUCE THE PRESENT MILLAGE. It is 2.04 now; it would be 2.04 under the proposed bill.

These are the facts the public wants. The public isn't interested in charges and counter charges between Eugene and Corvallis. The school raid can and will be defeated because it cannot stand factual analysis. Everybody can help by calm and patient explanation of this situation.

"CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED"

HOMEcoming for the weekend from his trial before Governor Roosevelt, the dashing Jimmy Walker, mayor of New York is greeted at Grand Central Terminal by a band. "Happy Days Are Here Again" is the anthem in honor of the returning Walker, saved from disgrace, for the moment by a court injunction resting on technicality. Walker smiles and wisecracks appropriately. The natives of the "biggest small town on earth" are flattered by the verbal largess of their mayor.

"Government rests on the just consent of the governed," says the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States seeks to carry out this principle.

Feudal New York, accustomed to the benevolent rule of Tammany likes the rule of the Genial Lord Jimmy. Though he gets rich out of the bestowal of bus grants and similar favors, the populace finds him an easy and tolerant regent, tender toward all their foibles. The "speaks" flourish for a populace that wants "speaks," and who knows, in this giddy razzle-dazzle of luck and circumstance, the poor man who now grumbles over "the bus gouge" might some day be the owner of a similar "gift of the people."

Reformers are uncomfortable. Seabury is respected but Walker warms the cockles.

The rest of the country may be shocked at the political unmorality of "the greatest village" but Roosevelt seeking to placate the horrified hinterland treads softly when it comes to removing the mayor whose popularity has "the consent of the governed."

THOSE FALLING STARS

EVERY day, scientists tell us, an estimated 20,000,000 fragments of those little known interplanetary bodies of our universe strike this old world of ours. On nearly any clear night they may be seen, bright points streaking through space for an instant, bringing forth shouts of joy from the youngsters who delight in counting the "shooting stars." In spite of this great number, scientists have great difficulty in gathering these meteorites and often offer tempting remuneration for the fragments.

Recently the Smithsonian Institute, through a representative here, offered to pay a dollar a pound for meteorites which Lane county residents might have or which they might find. While it is not to be expected that very many will be able to take advantage of this offer, it is to be hoped that some day, since the importance of the study of these tiny fragments of our universe cannot be minimized.

It was through the scientific study of meteorites that the most generally accepted theory of the origin of the earth, the planetesimal theory, was postulated, in accordance with which scientists believe that the earth itself is nothing more than a huge meteorite, probably broken off from the sun, and to which, over a period of unestimable time more meteorites, or planetesimals, gradually were added from the original solar nebula till our planet became as we now know it. It is through the study of the meteorites only that scientists can gain any more factual knowledge about the universe since these meteorites are the only tangible material from other worlds available here on earth.

The Willamette meteorite, one of the most interesting solar fragments known to science, was "produced" in the Willamette valley. It is the third largest iron meteorite in the world and is unique for its deeply pitted and serrated surface which has unusual significance in meteorology. This meteorite, weighing 15 1/2 tons, was found in Clackamas county, on the Tualatin river in 1902 by a prospector named Ellis Hughes who became noted as the only man ever to run away with a 15-ton meteorite. Hughes, realizing that he might not profit from his find since it was on ground belonging to a land company, built a strong wagon of logs with wheels made from sawed sections of logs. Combining his mining ingenuity with great perseverance, he managed to topple the giant iron mass over onto the crude carriage and then by means of a home-made capstan and his horse, he hauled the meteorite to his homestead, three-fourths of a mile distant. There it was first viewed by scientists, described and photographed. It now rests in a meteorite collection in New York.

This meteorite was recognized by the iron which the miner first thought was a vein of ore. Smaller meteorites may be recognized by their unusual weight, and the black surface which causes them to look as though they had been covered with soot, and by their pitted surface. Fragments otherwise appear as ordinary stones, but are heavier, will display little points of nickel iron when ground or filed.—S. K.

There's nothing like a change of scenery and environment for widening the mental horizon. For instance, Al Capone says from his Atlanta work bench, "Rackets get you nowhere but here."

A lecturer on big game hunting says that if you look a bear straight in the eye, he'll run. But the lecturer forgot to say in which direction.

A town in Tennessee made a bonfire of all the bathing suits owned by its inhabitants. We understand the blaze was visible for several feet.

Overleap is as harmful as overwork, a lecturer on health tells us. But he might have added, deaths from either have been very rare of late.

A woman may be able to keep her house alone, but she always seems to need another woman to help her keep a secret.

What most of us would like best right now is to have the neighbors accuse us of allowing our wealth to go to our heads.

Another argument which started in Europe, which came first, the gentleman or the agreement?

Putting the Presidential Campaign on a Sporting Basis!



WHAT SOME THINKERS THINK

—Compiled by CLAY E. PALMER—
Pastor of First Congregational Church

W. E. WOODWARD, author: "The essential of capitalism is greed. The capitalist produces a number of goods in a game. Greed defeats itself—always and invariably. Not only is greed for money self-destructive; every kind of greed—and in that I include greed for power and fame and success—eventually destroys itself."

Harriet Stanton Blatch, eminent women student of economic questions: "If you saw a family run on the system of economic life today you would say it was composed of insane creatures. What sort of family would it be with competition the order of the day, each child for itself, each moved by rugged individualism to get his own particular feet in the trough and gurgle most of the family income."

Louis I. Neumann, one of the great Jewish Rabbis of America: "Taxation is too often calculated to lift burdens off the shoulders best able to bear them; lobbies can be maintained by the financially successful in order to exact laws in their own interests. Unless statesmen understand mass psychology, and guide mass opinion in the channels of wisdom, our democracy in these troublous days will become anarchic and revolutionary."

Malek Kellor was recently given a LL.D. degree by the University of Glasgow, Scotland, and at the luncheon afterward she said: "Not until Jesus looked with pity upon the slumbers and the outcasted men begin to give a helping hand to the afflicted."

Prof. Horrell Hart, Bryn Mawr Sociologist: "The present situation of the world is to be considered a 'spiritual depression' even more than an 'economic depression.'... Let us resolve that we will use whatever influence we may have to help bring out of this world wide catastrophe a new and better social order—a civilization founded on human brotherhood, on creative co-operation, on cooperative living and working."

Prof. Clair Wilcox, Swarthmore

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

HALL ON MILK
EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—We are informed by ye editor and by Mrs. Gawley that there is no milk combine here. If you were a whole seller grocer and the price of sugar advanced, or declined 25 cents, and all the sugar concerns sent you notice of it all at the same time, wouldn't you be justified in thinking that there was a sugar combine—even if it was a "gentleman's agreement?"

That's the way I look at the milk prices in Eugene. Why are all the big sugars charging the same price? Is there a "combination of gentlemen" behind it, or is it just an accident? Tell it to the little birds.

I enjoyed Mrs. Reed's reply to my "opinion" as published a week ago. Mrs. Gawley falls back on that old adage which states that if a man has a poor argument, he starts in calling names, or making great boasts, because of the other fellow's ignorance.

What we consumers want is not distribut and abuse, but lower price. The argument that milk cannot be delivered for less than 10 cents, unless the quality suffers is only another way of stating "let's charge 'em all the product will stand," or, like a president of a railroad once said when the public wanted cheaper freight and passenger rates: "Let the public be damned."

Who ever heard of an epidemic of typhoid fever among farmers who do not have this folderol equipment to do the milk, etc.?

There's no such epidemic now among the farmers who are using milk the same way their fathers used it for years and years. When I owned and operated a farm I set aside a whole can of milk for my own personal use and the milk still used and kicked because of the other fellow's ignorance.

The milk I used didn't go through a milking machine, or a refrigerator, and never saw a thermometer during its life. There's a whole lot of "hoops" about having to use certain kinds of milk bottles, milk cans, etc. The Meadow Land Creamery company places a large ad in your paper (which you may credit to my first protest—) pays to kick—for the Register-Guard and the proprietors says "Think." That's what I'm doing. If the rest of the town would do a little, milk prices would be around 7 cents.

He states that 1 cent reduction means a loss of \$5000 per month from milk producer payroll. He almost throws a fit because this \$5000 is likely to be shifted from the pockets of a few milk producers and left in the pockets of those who might spend

the way to stay a pretty good man, is to stay a pretty good man. Over and over it was spoken in a loud voice, until you wished he would go to sleep.

In the street cars you met J. B.'s slaves. One Sunday night, a slave talking loudly and in a quarrelsome way was told by the conductor, to stop. The slave kept on. J. B. had numbed his sense of restraint and decency. The conductor told him he would put him off. He might as well have told the wind to stop blowing. So the car was stopped and he was pushed off.

As the car went on, I looked out the window and saw an eight year old boy standing beside his drunken father, miles from home, in a strange part of the city, after 9 o'clock at night. Is J. B. kind to children? You say!

Years ago, I read of a slave, a newspaperman. He had been brilliant but he kept going down the scale, liquor stealing his ability from him.

Now, he has an apartment over a saloon. Every morning he wakes with a splitting headache, and his whole body quivering.

As quickly as his shaking hands would help him, he dressed and waddled down the stairs into the bar-room.

He ordered his drink, as strong as he could make it. Had he tried to lift the glass, he would have spilled its contents. A handkerchief was loosely tied about his neck, he slipped the glass through that and held it steady while he drank. In a little while the poison did its work and the slave went about his duties. But he wasn't a free man. Every little while he had to visit other saloons to bolster up his waning powers. Poor, wretched slave!

I haven't seen a drunk man in years! I rejoice in what prohibition has done for our country. And I feel it is unthinkable to return to a time when liquor will be given its liberty! I implore everyone to work and vote against its return. Every young man and woman to use their first chance to vote to keep prohibition. You do not want to be J. B.'s slaves, do you?

If anyone knows any good thing that John Barleycorn has done when used as a beverage, will you please write a letter and tell us about it?

MRS. J. S. MARKHAM.

RAPS BRO. KEENEY
SWISSHOME, Ore.—(To the Editor)—I am a constant reader of your Mail Bag, and also a contributor to it, but not recently. I do not really know where to start in to express my opinion.

Mr. Ben Keeney stated that it is against the law to cut the wages of, or even to reduce the formal salaries of any person elected by vote to public office. Anybody with an opinion like that should not even have a right that honor to hold a public office. There are some of the office holders, they should if they are good, and sensible, not object to have their wages which are paid by the taxpayers, cut 50 per cent. Why? Because the cost of living has dropped about 80 per cent since 1929.

Any official, no matter how high his office, if he is a good honest citizen, should take that 50 per cent cut in living and still receive according to falling prices of commodities, their full salary.

President H. Hoover offered to serve the country at \$100 a year. That is the right spirit. There is no greater honor to serve your country as that.

WILLIAM WESCHER.

ANSWERS BRO. THOMPSON
COTTAGE GROVE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Mr. Editor please, let me speak to Brother Thompson. Say, Brother Thompson, if you are interested in prohibition and the moral welfare of the youth of our land, as you say you are, I am for both, why don't you write to that end instead of finding fault with my way of doing it? You do it your way and let me be able to do it my way. I may be able to reach some of your way. When you find fault with my way, you ruin your chance to do good your way and cripple my opportunity to help some one. Let's not quarrel; people don't like to hear quarrels. "Honest Injun." I didn't know I was talking superstitions. I didn't mean to. I have never thought in my writing on prohibition of offending any one who is a friend to the cause. I have appealed to the highest moral standards I know about for right voting and right standing on all political questions. I have contrasted the highest with the lowest motives in politics. If you have any reasoning that is higher and will reach the unreasonable better, shoot! And do it quick.

I am not superstitious. I don't carry a rabbit's foot in my pocket. I don't turn to another street when a black cat crosses the street ahead of me. I haven't a horseshoe nailed over my door. I don't plant my potatoes in the moon, but in the earth. Now, if

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—The wets talk a lot about "personal liberty." Do you know the "personal liberty" that the liquor traffic has to offer? That liberty is as much as possible subject slaves. Yes, that is John Barleycorn's liberty, and he always exercises his liberty, too.

John Barleycorn, otherwise known as "booze," not only makes slaves of the poor and ignorant, but the rich, and even the great, are his slaves.

Who is a slave? One who must do as a greater power wants him to, regardless of his own will and desires. When you become John Barleycorn's slave, you can no longer do as you please, and even the great, are his slaves.

If the city would concern itself more about pure water than saving babies that milk won't kill, this protest wouldn't have been necessary.

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your have aught against me, write me, let's have our quarrels private. I tried to find Mr. Shaffer last winter, so as to quarrel with him privately, and my letters returned marked: "Mr. Shaffer is not on register here," or to that effect. Let's fight to kill him, the worst enemy the world has or ever had.

W. V. MCGEE.

Do you say a prayer, to keep him from all harm? Through the clouds he'll breathe life. Sure the Lord will bring him back. Through the storm, with the wind for you.

(MRS.) W. B. JANSSEN,
Harrisburg, Ore.

PEOPLE WE MEET
By E. T. HELMS
If there be one when we meet them, On our journey through the day, Who are prone to twist the meaning Of the things we have to say, Just remember we may help them By a kindly word or two, Lifting them to higher thinking, And of things that's really true.

Just a wee misunderstanding, Ofttimes leads to wonderful strife, Leading folks to really hate us, Through the rest of mortal life. Let's be careful when we say things, And as careful when we say things, That we do not change the meaning, Clouding words that should be clear.

So let's seek to find the best things, In the folks we run to meet; Then we're sure to scatter sunshine, As we travel to and fro. What we look for we shall find, And the action of our mind, Will determine pain or pleasure, In the hearts of human kind.

Then dig down and stir the conscience, And be guided in our course; By the nice small voice that changes, Hateful things to higher force. Only then shall we be certain, That we're acted in the main; So that when we sing our swan song, There will be no sad refrain.

CURING THE DEPRESSION
When a fellow's bewildered, lonely, an' lost, As he blindly travels, he knows not where; Just be ready...d willing to catch him when he's tossed, By the milling throng in your thoroughfare; An' brace him till he finds his feet, For then you're helpin' to cure the depression.

When a fellow's down in the dumps, And he doesn't care whatever comes; Just give him some hearty thumps, An' take him by the hand till he comes up smiling, and the world looks good; Why you're helpin' to cure the depression.

When a fellow's totterin' 'neath his heavy load, Of care, an' worry, an' fear, an' Don't be afraid to step beside the road, An' steady him a bit—you've still got tomorrow To travel on your belated an' tired, some way; Just stop awhile—you're curin' the depression.

When a fellow's beaten, an' battered, an' blue, By the knocks he didn't deserve; Why, my friend, that's just your cue To pour oil on his wounds an' cheerfully serve. Till he gets back his breath an' stands on his feet; Why, friend, you're really curin' the depression.

So, you think that my plan's a waste of time, And isn't worth the paper on which it's written; As such old-fashioned ways can never change, An' jibe in with this modern form of flittin'; But friend, this plan of mine that you lofly scorn, Is just the "Master's" way of curin' the depression.

C. MADISON LANDAKER.

THE AIR MAIL MAN
Do you hear a little humming, in the night? Well now, 'tis the bird man, on his flight, Carrying mail, for you and me, Over land and sometimes sea, Alone, in his plane, in the night.

Do you hear a little humming, in the blue? Well, 'tis the mail man, that is true, Carrying mail, through the storm, To be sure, he is not warm, Carrying mail, through the storm, for you.

Do you hear a faint humming, in the clouds? In the storm his motor, not so loud, Through the rain, hail and snow, In the storm he has to go, Carrying mail for you and me.

Do you hear the mail man coming, in the storm?

NEEDED. THAT'S ALL
It isn't life's cares that baffly us, Nor the bills so hard to climb, It isn't the tasks that weary us, In the measured pace of time, It isn't the struggle onward, With the wind and the rain in your face, It isn't the thought of failure, To keep on in the race, It isn't success or pleasure, Nor hopes that were built in vain, It isn't fallen castles, Nor goals you cannot attain, 'Tis something that hurts the whole day through, Something that tugs at the heart of you— No one is there, at the end of the day, No one to care—no one to say "I need you, dear."

Aug. 19, 1932.

DRESSMAKING—HEMSTITCHING
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