AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
(Published every evening and Sunday)
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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.

FASCISM PRESENTS A LAUGH

IF you feel that something drastic ought to be done about saving the republic, and if you also like to wear nice uniforms and have a feeling for vague supernaturalism, then you surely will want to know about the Silver Shirts.

This seems to be a Fascist sort of outfit now being organized in the middlewest.

Its leader is a man who says that he once died and then returned to earth, endowed with supernatural powers. As a result, it seems, he possesses "psychic antennae," with which he is able to perform such prodigies as make forecasts according to the dates which are inscribed in stone on the great pyramid of Gizeh.

It should be added, perhaps, that the gentleman once was employed as a scenario writer in Hollywood.

Some time between now and 1936, the Silver Shirts plan to seize the reins of government in the United States. They are opposed violently to all Jews, asserting that the Jews control both international finance and the U. S. administration.

You can join this ineffable outfit for $10, which brings you a neat uniform consisting of campaign hat, silver shirt, blue corduroy pants, leggings and tie. Presumably, also, you are put in touch with the leader's mystic revelations from beyond the void.

Now all this—which must be taken seriously by at least enough people to give the leader a living—really represents a lucky break for America.

The contagion of Fascism, which afflicts European countries very badly at this writing, seems to break out in this country only in symptoms which are laughable.

Some months ago there was the fiasco of the Khaki Shirts at Philadelphia. Now there is this woozy business of the Silver Shirts; and the result is a sort of reductio ad absurdum of the whole idea of Fascism.

It is being presented to us, not as a movement which can enlist the sympathies of determined men, but as a supremely dizzy aberration at which we can only chuckle.

That, to repeat, is a lucky break. Once let an idea get a humorous association in the minds of the American people and they will never take it seriously.

If we are being introduced to Fascism in its most ludicrous guise, there is small chance that we ever shall commit the blunder of falling for it!

NO INDUSTRIAL ISOLATION.

IF it did nothing else, the labor dispute at Detroit gave all of us an object lesson in the solidarity of our modern industrial civilization.

This solidarity is a thing which has come upon us in spite of ourselves. We didn't will it; most of the time we have hardly so much as thought about it.

It took the discovery that a strike of auto makers in Michigan could tie up the entire national recovery program to make us realize that it exists.

And the fact that it does exist is bound, sooner or later, to make a profound change in our method of running our society.

We have talked a great deal, in these 1900 years, about the brotherhood of man; but so far we have treated the idea as the Levite treated the man who fell among thieves—we have looked at it respectfully and then passed by on the other side.

Now we are being forced to discover that this is an idea which, in sheerest self-defense, we must turn into a working reality.

We may not feel like brothers, but we must act like them. Are we our brother's keepers? We might as well be, for he is ours.

When an argument between the workers and bosses in a few Detroit factories can threaten to disrupt the recovery program of the entire United States—can imperil the happiness, the security, the very livelihood, that is to say, of rubber workers in Ohio and textile operatives in North Carolina and machine shop employes in Rhode Island and lead miners in Colorado—then the complete and inescapable interdependence of the people of the nation is too plainly demonstrated to admit of any more argument.

We no longer have any "local" troubles. You may live in California or New Hampshire; industrial relations in Michigan are a painfully direct concern of yours.

Something has happened to us, while we have been arguing and disputing. It is high time that we realized it. We are all in the same boat nowadays; no one can rock it without disturbing all of us.

LOYALTIES IN POLITICS.

NOTHING is much more instructive than to watch the violent indignation which a public servant displays when he has been accused of wrong-doing.

A fine illustration of this is the spectacle which the Kentucky legislature recently has been making of itself.

Someone not long ago wrote a letter to the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, hinting rather broadly that certain legislators had been more or less corrupt in disposal of a certain bill.

The letter was printed over the signature, "One who believes in honest government, a member of the House of Representatives."

Instantly a storm broke loose. The legislators stood up on their hind legs, tore their hair, drew their claymores and sounded the tocsin.

Were they hunting for their dishonored colleagues, that they might expel them? Not at all. They were hunting the man who had made the accusation, so that they might have his scalp.

They haled before the legislative bar the Louisville editor, Vance Armentrout, and demanded that he give them the name of the letter writer. Armentrout invited them to go and climb a tree. They had him jailed, and he got out on a writ of habeas corpus.

They fined him $25; he refused to pay, and suggested that they sue him and see how far they would get. They asked President Roosevelt to fire the editor's boss, who is ambassador to the court of St. James.

Suppose, now, that the editor had given them the name of this letter writer. What would have happened? Something like this, probably.

The letter writer would have been called in and questioned: "Did you ever, with your own eyes, see a legislator accept a bribe? Did you ever yourself give money to a legislator? Have you affidavits, documents, sworn witnesses to prove your charges?"

And when he admitted that he had none of these things, they would have called attention to their innocence and denounced him as a rumor-monger and a nit-wit.

One would think that a legislative body accused of corruption would hasten to demonstrate its innocence. One would thing it, that is, if one didn't know American legislators. Their instant reaction to such a charge is to have at their accuser and detach his scalp.

They never seem to realize that a legislative body which is always, unmistakably, working honestly and intelligently for the public interest is never in any danger of being besmirched by irresponsible mud-slingers.

WESTERN LANE IMPROVEMENTS?

AN airport in Western Lane is an admitted necessity. The plan to build an airport near Florence is part of the huge program for dotting the entire Pacific coast with airports. This program looks to the not-too-distant future when there will be cheap and reliable planes in private use and travel by plane will be as common as travel by automobile.

Nevertheless, the announcement that an airport tract is to be cleared in the brushy level stretches along the highway north of Florence causes us to wonder if the plan is being carefully thought out. This land, at the present time, is cheap; it is sandy and difficult for most kinds of farming; it may in the end prove to be the most practical location for a Western Lane airport.

But—it is the home of a marvelous rhododendron growth. In the tangles of jack pine and huckleberry and sal-al, the rhododendrons are at their best. Time was, a few years back, when May found the highway all the miles from Florence to the great Heceta cape an avenue of rhododendrons. The thing we call "progress" has already marred that journey. Bare clearings have begun to take the place of what was a gorgeous piece of wilderness. When it comes to clearing hundreds of acres at one time, may we be pardoned for raising some doubts.

People in Western Lane are well aware of the value of their scenery. They have proved this in the projects to create a national monument (park) around the lighthouse and the cape, and in their legislation to check the ruthless plucking of rhododendrons and other wild flower growths. Down there, the possibilities of marking out and preserving forever certain "wilderness areas" has often been discussed. People in Western Lane are fully aware that they are facing a long campaign to preserve the beauty which is their greatest single asset. In recent months there has been vigorous protest against raids on the timbered sections of highway (as for instance in the spruce near Tahkenitch and Siltcoos lakes).

It is no easy problem they have in Western Lane. To be utilized, land must be cleared, but in the process of development, how much can be saved? Could an area plan be developed before it is too late? Strange as it may seem to the unbelievers, millions in cold cash are involved in saving the beauties of Western Lane, for on the whole coast from San Diego to Vancouver, there is no region quite like it with its bold headlands and majestic forests, and its lakes, brilliant in the sunshine or veiled with mist, and its luxuriant flowers of which the flaming rhododendron is the rarest.

Airports, golf courses, chicken farms, service stations, tourist camps, sawmills—all have their uses but they are plentiful everywhere. It will be a pity if they ever crowd out those things which are the greatest charm of the Western Lane coast.

CAUSE OF INEFFICIENCY.

EVERY so often we are told that the United States needs a Scotland Yard—which, to be sure, is undeniably true. The latest plea comes from Governor Ely of Massachusetts, who has asked the state legislature to draw up a plan for such institution.

What we usually fail to remember, however, is the fact that it is not so much new police machinery that is needed as a new spirit on the part of the office-holders to whom the police ultimately are responsible.

Scotland Yard would function no better than the Chicago police if Scotland Yard were subjected to the same kind of political pulling and hauling that afflicts the Chicago force.

Before our police systems will stand comparison with the London system, we must divorce them from politics. And that, considering everything, will take some doing.

PAST THE CORNER.

A TABULATION recently made by the National City Bank of New York shows in black and white just how the revival of the last 12 months has improved the status of American industries.

This tabulation studied some 810 corporations divided among 37 industrial groups. In 1932 the operations of these 810 corporations showed a net deficit of $46,000,000. In 1933 they had net profits of $440,000,000.

Similarly, in 1932 only 40 per cent of these firms operated at a profit. Last year the percentage rose to 62.

Figures like these indicate that the improvement of the last year is very real and substantial. It becomes more and more evident that the long-awaited "corner" actually was turned some time ago. We can look forward to the future with a great deal of confidence.

If Greece keeps on worrying Insull about leaving, he's going to surprise that country and quit. Then what?

Denver, Colo., county prisoners have petitioned for knives and wood blocks to emulate the great Dillinger and carve their way out of jail.

Birds, says a scientist at University of California, can sing two notes at one time—the double crossers!

EXTRA! EXTRA SUCKER BITES SHARK!

WHAT SOME THINKERS THINK
—Compiled by CLAY E PALMER—
Pastor of First Congregational Church

E. STANLEY JONES, America's greatest missionary, with an intimate knowledge of world movements; "We have got to provide an alternative to Marxian communism or succumb to it. The only way to best them is to beat them to it. There must be a new shifting of society to a new and more just basis."

• • •

D. Luther A. Weigle, Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University: "The world can no longer wait for long range social refrom through the education of children. If adults do not soon learn to control themselves in the face of the tremendous issues of today, there will not be any world left."

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Mary E. Wooley, President of Mount Holyoke College, and representative to the Disarmament Conference: "There will be no next war if the people do not want it. If the people want peace enough to work for it, to take as their slogan—'War is atrocious and futile—and it shall not be'—then we may see fulfilled the prophecy—from now on, war by governments shall be changed to peace by people."

• • •

William Martin, editor of Journal de Geneva: "Never speak of the next war, for nothing is more dangerous. Wars become fatal at the moment when people believe in them, when they begin to persuade themselves that war is inevitable. There is no such thing as an inevitable war."

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Dr. Hubert Herring: Argentina, with its 12 million people stands among the few surviving feudal states. It is land owned and exploited by a few thousand land owners. The plush and gold dictatorship which controls the state is in for serious trouble."

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P. S. Harrison, journalistic leader of the independent movie exhibitors: "Most of the pictures that are produced today are breaking down the home and destroying all the principles that fathers and mothers have been endeavoring to instill into their children. There is no vulgarity they do not teach them. They are insidious, wrecking whatever character home and school and church have been able to build in them."

• • •

Dr. D. C. Little, eminent educator, former President of University of Michigan: "The death of my own parents within a day of one another completely wiped out preexisting logical basis for immortality and replaced them with an utterly indescribable but completely convincing and satisfying realization that personal immortality exists. Such experiences are not transferable but are probably the most comfortings that can come to any of us."

• • •

Author Unknown: "Death is in truth, life's greatest adventure. It is either the culmination of all existence or the gateway into existence."

• • •

Dr. Mark Hopkins was for 36 years the President of Williams College: He achieved distinction as an executive, educator and philosopher. One day a sophomore said to him: "Dr., I am firmly convinced I am not an immortal soul." To which Hopkins replied: "Well, perhaps you are not. You ought to know. I am."

• • •

Henri Bergson, France's greatest philosopher: "The survival of individual personality after death is so probable as to compel belief in the absence of any positive disproof."

• • •

Edwin Markham, America's greatest poet: "No man can tell what life means to him unless he also tells what death means to him. If the grave is a doorless pit, then life grows dark with the shadow of pathetic uncertainties. But if death is a door, (as I believe), then an illumination falls on life, lighting up the dark brink of the world."

• • •

Henry Ford: "I remember several years ago someone asking me, what, in my opinion, was the greatest thing that had occurred in the last 50 years. I replied: 'Thomas A. Edison's conclusion that there is a future life for all of us.' The person did not take me seriously, but I still think it so."

• • •

James Gordon Gilkey, Congregational minister: "The experience of dying is nothing to fear. Many times in life you have laid aside the particular piece of apparatus through which your invisible self did its work. That same experience will, we believe, repeat itself after death. An old mechanism will be laid aside, a new mechanism will be acquired, and the next stage in the pilgrimage of the immortal self will begin."

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

DEFENDS 3-C'S

OAKRIDGE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—An article appearing in the Sunday Oregonian of March 18th by Miss Marion Vinson of Cottage Grove, (the University's premier athlete and holder of many swimming records) in which she discusses the national debt and the C. C. C. It is a natural supposition that the money to pay this debt will ultimately come from the tax payers. To quote Miss Vinson, "I suppose the national projects now functioning will put more people to work, and the C. C. C. camps will take care of the riffraff temporarily but it will not be these people who pay these enormous expenditures. It will be our children and our children's children."

Being a member of the C. C .C. I resent the above statement and like wise 350,000 members throughout the United States will no doubt feel the same way.

From Miss Vinson's standpoint I would construe it that she has been reared in the lap of luxury. She may be a leader in the University Circles, but I doubt if she could cook a dinner for four. Miss Vinson's idea of riffraff is either very vague or she does not seem to know what the United States of America stands for nor what the foundation of this great country of ours has been built upon. If Miss Vinson would spend more time with the history of the United States instead of swimming and making crude statements, she might be in a position to know that many great statesmen and great captains of industry of today have risen from the rank and file of America.

Further more her statement that the members of the C. C. C. will not help pay the national debt is some what misconstrued. She no doubt forgets that approximately 6 per cent of every dollar that these boys have ever earned goes for taxes, either directly or indirectly.

Having been a member of the C. C. C. for the past five months I can asure Miss Vinson that there are many men of experience and ability in the ranks of the C. C. C., and those who do not have that experience are studying during their spare time to fit themselves for something better. I feel confident that the time will come when the C. C. C. will be given credit for taking the country through a great Crisis. Also at the same time fitting many men of America for better places in life.

ISAAC BEDELL,
Co. 943 Oakridge, Oregon

A PROTEST

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Re your tonight's editorial: am wondering why you are not correct in your statement, even if not fair. Less than half the sum involved in the recent over-ridden veto is for the veterans. More than half goes for government employees already drawing at least something to live on.

E. R. MEARLAND,
1809 Garden Ave.

SAGE OF EUGENE

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Do not forget in these days of sunshine, in these days of azure skies; when the roses bloom and the columbine, that our lives should be of friendly ties. We're here today and gone tomorrow, some in health and some in pain; do not forget your friends in sorrow when their sunshine turns to rain.

If every fellow could devise some system to clean up on the other fellow, why it would be an endless chain like a merry-go-round and take away a lot of the irony of life. It's where the other fellow cleans up on you, and keeps doing it, is what hurts. In the matter of fair play every dog should have his day.

We wonder what leading politician fathered the idea of making H. B. Gourley personal representative with the P. W. A. in the states of California and Arizona?

When the state sets itself up in the liquor business it's too much like an invitation from the spider to the fly. The Knox law should be repealed and the cities handle their own affairs.

A lady friend of mine, whom I least expected, walked out of her way to tell me how well she liked my writing. Well! if I were too flurried to thank her I am doing it now. That little incident will never be forgotten.

Many taxpayers are now scrutinizing the school system which before the hard times was overlooked. They want the best in the schools for the money the people can pay. Nothing more. The taxpayers, properly trimmed, might survive and bear fruit again if the trimming ceases.

We read where epilepsy, commonly known as a fit, is prevalent among policemen of our country. Probably it's fear of finding the one they are after.

John Dillinger, the outlaw, with ten picked men is reported coming this way to look over the prospects of relieving some of our financial institutions.

If you are subject to hepatodynia it might be well to control your appetite for strong drink. If you don't know where your liver is it might be something else.

Most of our self-rising candidates will look like sourdough biscuits when the disgruntled voters of Oregon get through with them. To pick the flower of the flock would be like looking over a lawn of dandelions.

Andrew Mellon's age seems to range from 80 to 84 years, but at any rate he has lived long enough, with a few others, to corner about all the money in this country. As a philanthropist he is a flop, as a dime squeezer he is "it."

It seems the very best of things, and the things we most desire are detrimental to longevity. It looks like a toss up whether to get a whole lot and get it quick or dwindle along on a buttermilk diet.

1500 teachers in New York have evidently imparted too much of their knowledge to the upstarts and left them deranged.

I think the inside of an American prison is preferable to being a fugitive on foreign soil. "Home, sweet home."

For ages and ages men have been talking, but about all it has amounted to is "Polly wants a cracker."

We are all shooting out of the trenches and facing death every day; why doesn't the government take care of us?

Henry W. Stewart.

WORD OF THANKS

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—At the annual congregational meeting of the Fairmount Presbyterian church last Thursday evening the congregation asked me, as chairman of the publicity committee, to write to the Eugene Register-Guard and express the church's appreciation and thanks for printing the publicity material of the church that was given your paper for publication. I herewith express the appreciation and thanks of the Fairmount Presbyterian church for your courtesies during the past year and hope that our work together may be more profitable to both the Register-Guard and to the church in this coming year.

May I also express my own personal thanks to the reporters to whom I have submitted material and sought advice concerning my work, for their courtesy to me when I called on them for help? May I also say that I hope that I may be more able to serve you in the coming year than I have been able to do in the past year? Cordially yours,

C. MADISON LANDAKER,
Chairman Publicity Committee

CLARION CALL

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—I would like if you would print this.

The United States gives the railroad land enough to build the railroads and the pioneers that settled this country, and paid taxes built the county roads and through class legislation. The State Tax Commission sold out to the timber interests—soul, body and mind.

We understand the big timber company taxes was cut down, but this class legislation forgot the old farmer, the backbone of U. S. A. He still pays the same taxes as he did and maybe a little more. U. S. A. used to be the land and home of the brave and free, but now it is just U. S. A.

The last class legislation voted for P. U. C. license on all trucks over the three mile limit of an incorporated city which gives a monoply on everything. Just a railroad law and protection to big interests.

You have one man in the Eugene courthouse that is 100% American and human and that is Ben Keeney, county assessor. He will keep the Miner building on the assessment rolls if he can. This fall elect a county commissioner that will work with Judge Fisk and Cal Young and your taxes will be less. They have already done good work and saved Lane county a lot of money.

I read in your paper with great interest a letter from ex-judge Barnard where it took all day to travel a few miles. Those were the good old days. The farmer had plenty to eat, his kids had good milk, milked from his own cow. There was no such thing as the Red Cross or the health doctor and no county agent to tell you what time to plant a seed or make [illegible] in the summer or hay in the wi[illegible]

The farmer could pay his ta[illegible] and his farm was not mortgaged [illegible] dozen eggs was called a dozen [illegible] and there was no class legisla[illegible] against a hen laying an egg wit[illegible] an NRA on it. There was no [illegible] things as highway commissions to [illegible] roads for the big truck incorporat[illegible] nor to squander money on stra[illegible]ening out good highways.

We had no CWA or PWA; [illegible] CCC; no NRA; no tax on hogs [illegible] no high powered milk inspector, [illegible] 101 others that bleed the taxpaye[illegible]

We used to have lost of [illegible] whiskey that would mix better [illegible] a horse than this time will mix [illegible] gasoline, no matter how drunk [illegible] got a horse would always have s[illegible] enough to pack you home and th[illegible] more than you can say for any [illegible] of a car. But if class legislation [illegible] anything to do with it and the [illegible] payer could stand it, they would [illegible] have a straight highway safe eno[illegible] for a drunk driver.

Now dear folks, don't let them [illegible] you and tell you there is a Sa[illegible] Claus because they're all wet [illegible] through tax legislation you will [illegible] it all to pay sooner or later eve[illegible] they have to take your farm.

They tell me that Rip Van W[illegible] slept for 20 years, and I have no r[illegible] son to doubt it, but according to [illegible] I think the dairy and poultry st[illegible] raisers and farmers have slept long [illegible] and it is time to wake up at the b[illegible] in the primary and this fall's electi[illegible]

JOHN W. VAUGHA[illegible]

M'GEE REPLIES

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore.—(To [illegible] Editor)—Tell Mr. Snow I thou[illegible] he was addressing the Register-Gu[illegible] readers—I am one. He was writ[illegible] to atheist, christians and agnostic[illegible] I am a christian—so I was inclu[illegible] twice. Mr. Snow forgets that [illegible] pennies come back when not wante[illegible] so do I.

We need never be surprised [illegible] what an enemy of the Bible says—[illegible] we surely was when he said [illegible] Bible "upholds—slavery, polyga[illegible] adultery, subordination of women, [illegible] and cannibalism and a lot of o[illegible] things"—Then you say "comm[illegible] sense teaches the agnostic that [illegible] Bible is not the word of any God[illegible] You say we Christians "believe [illegible] Bible because we walk by faith [illegible] not by sight or reason." Well, [illegible] you left off "or reason" you w[illegible] have been telling the truth in p[illegible]

To be an agnostic as you confes[illegible] be I must insist that you must [illegible] to your name "I do not know." Th[illegible] perceivably by any of the five se[illegible] are transient, perishable, things [illegible] by faith and reason—for we get [illegible] son only by faith—are unmovable, [illegible] eternal—

You say "there are six other g[illegible] Bibles." Not one of them ever t[illegible] about what the future is or is to [illegible] but our Bible, the God of our B[illegible] does tell us. Those things told th[illegible] to six thousand years ago have b[illegible] and are being fulfilled. No one but [illegible] God of our Bible knows the fut[illegible] No other Bible dare to attempt [illegible] tell it. If men would believe God [illegible] obey him our children would be w[illegible] ing in paradise and enjoying God [illegible] life. Nations, yes nations, "do [illegible] know"—so in chaos—so are clamo[illegible] ing for a dictator—someone [illegible] claims to know. The trouble is th[illegible] dictators do not know the God of [illegible] Bible hence are plunging this old [illegible] less world toward the feet of destr[illegible] tion. That is the reason I said [illegible] Snow could write as he has—easy [illegible] do what everybody is doing. Inst[illegible] of being serious Mr. Snow would [illegible] to take advantage of the public, [illegible] an ear for the lower world, and [illegible] cule the only Bible pointing tow[illegible] the only God of our salvation. [illegible] Bible tells us that God willeth [illegible] death of no man. "For God so lo[illegible] the world, that He gave His only [illegible] gotten Son, that whosoever believ[illegible] in Him should not perish, but h[illegible] eternal life." John 3:16. "Love [illegible] costly," someone observes. Drum[illegible] said, "Love is the greatest thing [illegible] the world"—yes, observe also will [illegible] that it is the costliest, yes in [illegible] world, in heaven and earth, in t[illegible] and eternity; and it is worth [illegible] price. Read 1 Cor. 13:1-13, pl[illegible] every reader, read this imme[illegible] chapter which gives God's own [illegible] scription of true Love.

No human being can ever know [illegible] meaning of love who has not rece[illegible] the Son of God—Jesus Christ—as [illegible] personal Saviour. Jesus says, "I [illegible] the way, the truth and the life." J[illegible] 14:6. "Believe on the Lord Je[illegible] Christ and thou shalt be saved." A[illegible] 16:31. Rejecting this only condi[illegible] for life, is death, accepting this [illegible] condition is life. Rejecting Chri[illegible] the reason the Jews are now in g[illegible] trouble—rejecting Jesus Christ is [illegible] reason the chaos of gentile rule [illegible] all the world.

W. V. M'GE[illegible]

MORNING

I looked out from my window,
On early Easter morn,
And it did seem that through the [illegible]
A new world had been born.

The tang of spring, was in the air,
The pulse of growing things,
And all the moist, sweet fragrance
That early morning brings.

A brooding hush was over all,
The hum of life was still,
And like a benediction lay,
God's acre, on the hill.

I saw the snow capped mountains
In lofty grandeur rise,
As if in morning worship
Communing with the skies.

And far away from city street,
Where stately fir trees grow,
Among the foothills, clustered th[illegible]
I catch the morn's first glow.

Then close beside my window,
'Neath my "Persian" lilac tree,
For-get-me-nots and violets,
Waft their fragrance up to me.

But words must ever fail me
'Tis beyond the 'ken" of "mon"
The magic, mystic, beauty
Of a morn, in Oregon.

ELIZABETH McCULLOC[illegible]

Patrons of Berlins' postoffice in[illegible] coins in the slots of postoffice ty[illegible] writers and are able to use these [illegible] strments for ten minutes, thus d[illegible] away with postoffice pens.

There are 6,752,000 miles of hi[illegible] ways in the world.

SPRING FEVER

Didja ever get the feelin'
That you'd like to "cut and run"?
And leave yer tiresome studies
And yer lessons all undone?
To scamper out the door-way
With a shout 'n' squeal of glee,
And a cocky "don't care" feelin'
If the whole darn world should see?

Didja ever get the feelin'
That school was all a drudge?
That hist'ry books 'n' lessons
Was absolutely "fudge"?
Yer teachers all seemed cranky
And the weather dry 'n' hot,
And you couldn't find (inside at least)
A single pleasant spot?

Didja ever stay cooped up all day
With a flower-scented breeze,
A-sneakin' thro' the winder
Bringin' sounds of birds 'n' bees?
Gosh, it makes a feller hanker
And it makes a feller pine,
Don't think I'll ever send to school,
Any kid o' mine.

LU THOMPSON,
Waldport, Ore.

Mount Katmai, in Alaska, is the world's largest volcanic crater.

ON RUM EVIL

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—"More red tape unwound by the State Liquor commission." So read a headline in Register-Guard. Sure! The liquor traffic will unwind all red tape just as fast as it dares.

We knew that was the intention from the first. By pretending to have strict rules at first they managed to pull the wool over many people's eyes. But who ever knew the liquor traffic to keep a promise or to employ any other than underhanded methods? We were promised "dry areas should be protected." Note Corvallis and Albany. Dry areas never were and never will be protected only when total abstinence is made law and enforced. And it can be enforced when "respectable people are conscientious enough to refuse to pamper greed, and respect the rights of their fellow men.

"All liquor purchases will remain secret? Yeah? The purchaser doesn't keep it secret when he proceeds along the street disposing of the filthy stuff his stomach refuses to tolerate: much to the disgust and annoyance of those decent citizens who must be in his vicinity and cannot avoid him.

About one year ago any alcoholic content of more than one-half of one per cent was pronounced intoxicating. Then by some queer quirk of nature it was not intoxicating unless more than 3.2 per cent. Now the drinkers constitution has become so tough it takes 5 per cent to "intoxicate." And a bill is now before congress to establish the minimum "intoxicating" content at 14 per cent. Just be patient and they will pronounce 100 per cent "non-intoxicating." We will have to coin a new word to designate the condition of the imbiber. But whatever the word used it will mean wild, crazy mad, a disgusting, terrorizing human being. But these poor wretches are the least to blame. The tempter must reap the whirlwind whether man, state or nation. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and the nations that forget God." "The wicked hath said in his heart, "I shall not be moved, for I shall never see adversity. God has forgotten. He will never see it.' The wicked sitteth in the lurking places of the village. In the secret places doth he murder the innocent. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion." Psalms 9-10 chapter. Knowest thou not that the triumphing of the wicked is short? Though his heal reach up to the clouds yet he shall perish forever. According to his substance shall his restitution be and he shall not rejoice therein. Because he hath oppressed the poor; he hath violently taken away an house which he hath not built; this is the heritage appointed to the wicked man by God. Job 20th chapter.

It is lamentable that so many smug parents did not hear the incident related by Mrs. Bogstadt at the city council meeting.

Perhaps it would arouse them to be concerned about the welfare of Eugene's and Oregon's youth.

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