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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.

SMARTIES AND FIRECRACKERS

ONE little girl in Eugene may go through life with one eye gouged out thanks to the perverted humor of some smartie with a giant firecracker. No effort should be spared to find and punish the offender because the case was particularly wanton and brutal. From a hiding place behind a light pole, the man tossed a giant cracker into a group of children at play. It was sheer luck that only one of the children was injured. Then he faded away into the darkness without the slightest apparent concern for the child he had maimed. Some say he was drunk. Drunk or sober, the man should be hunted down if there is any possible way.

The approach of the Fourth of July always brings out a crop of cheerful idiots with grotesque ideas of humor. The ordinances regulating the sale and use of fireworks within cities have only minimized the dangers. It is impossible to abolish smart alecks, but it may be possible to handle them in summary ways. A spot thrashing can be made to serve the purpose if there is no other way. As a rule the public is too faint hearted in such matters.

If, as seems to be the case, it is a rule of nature that every Fourth of July picnic must have some dolt who gets "a great bang" out of tossing lighted fireworks "in among the girls" or under "grampa's" legs, every well regulated picnic should have a strong arm squad to lead such offenders to the bushes for remedies, old-fashioned and plain. There should be no squeamishness in dealing with chumps who go round pointing blank cartridge pistols or those hardy souls who use dynamite and blasting powder to celebrate the day.

The rules and regulations are sufficiently lenient. There is ample opportunity for everybody to celebrate in the good old-fashioned noisy way without menacing anybody. Fireworks properly placed and carefully handled have an interesting and beautiful part in the traditions of the day. But the smarties haven't. They require the boot, the fist, the club, the police to keep them from spoiling the day.

Incidentally there are certain evasions of the fireworks laws which require attention. Crackers are being sold this year which come within the inch and a half length limit prescribed by law, but the purpose of the regulation has been evaded by making them very thick and loading them with dangerous explosives. The people who make and sell such devices are peddling lockjaw.

The "safe and sane Fourth" is not a killjoy's idea. It is a nation wide demand which has developed from the long and shocking parade of Fourth of July disasters.

THESE ARE THE DAYS

THESE are the days when that queer variety of "homo sapiens" known as a mountain climber (and though the bones have begun to creak we still belong) looks at a towering peak and feels an urge. There are many many kinds of urges in this world, as most of us are aware. Some cannot gaze upon any four-legged flat surface without thinking of bridge. Others cannot look or even think upon the wine when it is red (or any other color). For many, the mere sight of a small white rubber ball produces thrills or chills. The fisherman's urge is everywhere.

Of all the urges in the world, however, that of the mountain climber is the most inexplicable and the most irresistable. When he sees a lofty and menacing crag, he forgets all else except that he, in person, must be there. There is no suffering or danger he will not endure. He will fight his way inch by inch up frightful precipices. Blistering at one extremity and freezing at the other he will inch his way over the yawning caverns of treacherous glaciers. Nor peace of mind nor repose of soul is his till he "gets there". Just why none can ever tell except that the compelling force must be answered.

These are the days for mountain climbing and mountain climbers and therefore we felt another urge which is to say the customary: "Beware!" The rules for judicious mountain climbing are very simple. Never go alone. Never go with less than three, lest one should be injured. Never go without compass, knife, matches, reserve supplies of compact food, warm clothes. Never go without plenty of strong rope and the axes, alpenstocks and tools of the climber. Never climb in a threatening storm. If these rules are followed it will not be necessary for sorrowing friends and relatives to hunt the bones.

Beautiful are the peaks of the Oregon mountains and appealing at this time of the year. Yet nearly every one has had its tragedy. It was to put an end to such tragedies that some years back the Obsidians were formed.

MASS ATTACK ON AAA

NEWS reports indicate a mass attack on the constitutionality of the AAA by millers, packers, processors who object to the process taxes out of which farmer benefits are paid. In the suit filed in federal court at Portland Saturday by one nation-wide concern may be found the pattern for many other suits which are being filed in various parts of the country. The arguments parallel those which destroyed the NRA—that authority has been delegated improperly, that the taxes amount to confiscation, that federal power has invaded state territory.

The AAA, as indicated by recent referendums, is relatively popular where the NRA was unquestionably unpopular, but this situation will have little to do with the ultimate supreme court opinion on constitutionality of the AAA procedure. The NRA decision may offer some powerful precedents. For the layman, at least, it is difficult to see how the federal government can prescribe for the farmer's business if it is illegal to lay down rules for other lines of business. There may be a difference in principle between regulating wages and hours of labor and allotting acreage of wheat or cotton or the number of cattle and hogs to be bred but it will require the keenest and closest legal reasoning to bring it out, if it is there.

Unwelcome and disturbing though these suits may be, they should help to clarify a muddled situation and prepare the way for sound procedure. It is difficult to see how many of the complex problems of industry and agriculture can ever be solved without federal authority to coordinate and equalize what is done, but if federal authority must be so extended it must be done intelligently and carefully and limited definitely to the work to be done.

In the emergency, the New Deal erected many haphazard structures. It is safer to go back and rebuild carefully than to keep piling up a Rube Goldberg structure of agencies which must ultimately fall to the ground.

21 YEARS SINCE SARAJEVO

TWENTY-ONE years ago, Friday, June 28, a crazy Slav slew the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in Sarajevo. Men born on that day have come of age. To most of them Sarajevo probably means little more than a musty historical incident. It didn't mean much at the time to men who were coming of age on that day in 1914, yet millions of them, from lands far away have left their bones on the battlefields of the war which grew from that incident.

Young men in 1914 were much as young men are today, preoccupied with getting jobs, finishing schooling, falling in and out of love, dreaming the thousand and one dreams of youth. The vast German liner Imperator sailed into New York harbor about that time and was visited by American students who exchanged greetings with German youth. The Lusitania lay in a nearby berth.

Six weeks later some of those same German lads were with the green-gray tide rolling down toward Paris. British athletes who had toured the States were among the gallant "first 100,000" who met them at Mons and the Marne and Ypres. Frenchmen and Italians and Poles and Russians and Rumanians and Japanese and Bulgars and Turks and Greeks and Serbs soon found what Sarajevo meant. Millions of "Yanks were coming" but didn't know it yet.

Maybe they knew what Sarajevo meant; maybe we don't understand it yet. We know dimly that the murder of an Austrian prince was small matter in itself, that other irresistible economic and historic factors were at work. The death of Ferdinand was only a handy pretext. Millions fought a "war to end war", but from the looks of things it isn't over yet.

None of the root causes of war has been removed; none of the elaborate machinery for peaceful settlement of international disputes has functioned convincingly. The net gain from the war, if any, is the world-wide opinion that war isn't right, but if anything is done about it the other fellow will have to do it first.

The anniversary of Sarajevo should be significant if for no other reason than that it should have been insignificant. When we say today that the world is prepared for peace, we are talking a sort of nonsense. The world in 1914 was "prepared for peace", or thought it was. Between Sarajevo and madness there elapsed just six weeks.

SUGGESTION FOR MUSEUM

FROM County Clerk Walter B. Dillard comes one of the most helpful ideas concerning the project of the Lane County Pioneers' Association for an historical museum. The county, says Mr. Dillard, has very good reasons to sponsor the project officially. Though the county has taken care to provide fireproof storage for deeds and records which are in daily use, it has a vast amount of other records tucked away in odd corners of the courthouse and other buildings. Most of these supplementary records of the county are not indispensable but they could not be replaced if they were lost.

Therefore, says Mr. Dillard, the county should be urged to accept sponsorship of the project, and he has a plan which would make it possible to proceed at once. With county sponsorship it would be possible to get 45 percent from PWA as a federal gift. This would be $9,000 out of the estimated $20,000 total cost. The remaining $11,000, Dillard believes, could be raised by the county by budgeting the museum out of cash coming in on delinquent taxes. This would eliminate delay and argument over submitting bond issues and would make it possible to start the museum at once.

All estimates, so far, are based on the assumption there will be no added cost for site, but there will be some questions when it comes to putting another sizeable building in the limited downtown park. For one thing it will be necessary to plan for considerable expansion on any museum site. The museum to be erected now will probably be only a first unit of the museum which will be needed as years go on. Nevertheless there should be no great difficulty in finding a proper site, and if that involves some additional cost, it will not matter greatly.

Dillard's idea is sound in any case. The museum is needed now to safeguard the existing collection. The work which the project will create will never be needed more than it is needed now. The job can be put through without delay and expense by legitimate use of anticipated revenues and cash. All that is needed is concerted effort. Few projects could be so sure of united support.

Under the new law, Wisconsin diners-out will be served cheese at restaurants whether they want it or not. The slogan of defiant citizens might be "Are we men or are we mice?"

An almost nude actress, riding a white horse, attracted a lot of attention in New York City. Nowadays any horse, let alone a white one, is a novelty.

The papers say Mrs. Roosevelt is going abroad shortly. When did she get back?

Sitting in her room a Massachusetts woman was knocked out by a golf ball that came through the window. If we know our golfers, the culprit probably entered and drove off from a precarious lie back of her ear.

The Republican river causes another flood in Nebraska. G. O. P. notables are reported philosophical; it might have happened just before the next election.

Chicago woman, needing alimony, throws bolts through her ex-husband's window. Her "bolts to you" undoubtedly brought a snappy comeback.

HEAVY, HEAVY, HANGS OVER EVERYBODY'S HEAD

WHAT SOME THINKERS THINK

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

E. STANLEY JONES, America's most famous missionary: "I am persuaded that Christianity cannot fit into a competitive order. It is not its genius. In a competitive order it is gasping for breath, for it is not in its native air. Christianity is now looked on as an impossible, unworkable method. It must be confessed that it is—under this order."

Senator Gerald Nye: "Public enemy No. 1 is the munition maker. Public enemy No. 2 is the banker who raises money to pay for the munitions and speculates in the stock of the war-babies. Public enemy No. 3 is the industrialist who knows that the only way to get Fascism established in America is to get the country into a war with all the military dictatorship that involves."

Anna Louise Strong: "No single generation in all history has crossed a gulf so deep as our generation is crossing. Workers cross most easily. Capitalists never cross. We intellectual idealists cross only when everything else in the past has been broken in on us."

Benito Mussolini: "We shall not take any account of what is said beyond our frontiers because we, and we alone, are the judges of our interests and the guarantors of our future."

Christian Century Editorial: "Mussolini wants this war with Abyssinia. He means to have it. When a rational explanation for such a decision is sought, it is impossible to discover any except on the hypothesis that the internal situation in Italy has become so desperate that it is only by resorting to a foreign war that the fascist leader can save himself."

Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States commissioner of education, estimates that there are at least 3,000,000 young people in this country between the ages of 16 and 25 who are out of school, out of a job, unmarried and in financial distress. Half of the people in our country have never finished high school; one-fourth have never finished the eighth grade. Only about one per cent are college graduates."

Resolution of the Congress of Parents and Teachers: "Recognizing the effect of propaganda in determining the attitude of youth towards all commodities, we protest against all advertising of alcoholic beverages and narcotics."

Henry Sloan Coffin: "The test by which you may discover whether you are dealing with an idol or with the living God is this—do you feel yourself carrying your religion or is your religion carrying you? Is it is weight or is it a wing?"

Viscount Cecil, distinguished English statesman: "The indifference to the vast amount of suffering caused by road accidents is part of the general decay of morality and religion which is going on all over the world."

Alfred Schmalz: "The investments of Americans in China amount to about $234,000,000. Do we propose to place our navy behind the protection of those investments and the maintenance of trade with China. It has been said that a war with Japan would last 5 years and would cost $40,000,000,000."

Sir Francis Young Husband, great scientist: "The mystic experiences directly the essential drive of the universe; he reaches his conclusions by direct inspiration, and the time is coming when he will be looked upon as the type of what the race is developing towards in its slow evolutionary way. When we want to know the real nature of the world we will turn in the future to the mystic, not as we now do to the philosopher or the scientist."

Dean Inge: "If I were asked to state in one word the cause of the failure of our civilization I would answer—'Secularism.' The dictionary gives the word 'worldliness' as a synonym for secularism."

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

UNDER SIXTY

REEDSPORT, Ore.—(To the Editor)—I have always loved old people, and it fairly made me boil, when I read the insult handed to them by Helen I. Stevenson, in the Mail Bag of June 9.

I wonder if she doesn't realize that some day she too will be over 60? And that when that day comes it will be mighty nice to know that she is taken care of properly. Doesn't she realize that if the people over 60 were taken out of the labor market there would be more jobs for younger people, and when there are more jobs and less workers, wages are always better?

How she considers that the old people will be "robbing the poor working man of his hard earned cash" as she puts it, I can't understand. For is it not the duty of all of us to take care of our old people?

If we are taxed to raise money for them, would it be any harder to pay them if we were trying to keep up an insurance policy, or trying in any other way to provide for our old age? I think not. As the payments would be more gradual and the insurance more certain.

Wouldn't it be pleasant to spend our money as we make it and yet know that we could be independent in our old age?

We all know of people over 60 who have worked hard all of their likes, yet are still struggling to keep a roof over their heads. They deserve comfort, and would create work for younger people and insure food for little children, if they only had the chance, and the money were in circulation.

Her comparison of old people with horses, strikes me quite deeply, as I do love a horse. They are so faithful and unselfish.

Did anyone ever see many selfish horses? No. And neither have they ever seen many selfish old people. Though in no other way can I see any resemblance.

I hope the Townsend plan carries, and our old people get what they deserve. Yours from one under 60.

HARRIET W. CROOK.

BIRTHDAY WISH

(Dedicated to My Daughter, Reta Lyons)

At first you were just a gift from Heaven,
Then you were two, five and eleven.
The years roll on and you are thirteen,
Oh, how we'll treasure the time between.

You've been such a comfort through the years,
Though sometimes sickness has caused fears.
I think of you when I say my prayers at night,
I ask God to bless you with dawn's first light.

I'm thinking of you in the mid-day's sun,
You will always be first 'til my race is won.
Birthday cake—Flowers—and presents, too
I'm bringing on this glad day to you.

May each blossom's fragrance linger the whole year through,
May the angels guard and help you to do
The things worth while—
Is the wish I'm bringing to you.

PEGGY LYONS.

The catfish gets its name from the cat-like whiskers and purring noise it makes when caught.

The ancient Egyptians regarded the crocodile as sacred. The animals were decorated with expensive jewelry; when they died, they were buried in royal tombs.

AN ANSWER

MARCOLA, Ore.—(To the Editor)—I have read the article on the Townsend plan Mrs. Knowles mentions and also brand it an untruth with deceptive intent.

I am really surprised that pedigreed Americans so well read in clean (?) literature should be so void of self reliance as to allow others to think for them and accept all as divine truths. She may read in a syndicate paper who's only profit or purpose is to promote politics.

I say, "Get posted," but not "Saturday Evening Posted." Think for yourself. Don't rely on a brain trust. Her lauded author, Mr. Lake, shows oceans of ballyhoo. He is an artist to be sure. Statements without proof. I shall strive to produce figures to show my base of reasoning.

The income of the common people has been far insufficient to meet the needs of its dependents. The Social Security (if it were workable) provides for a tax on those incomes up to 9 per cent to insure its provided security with no promise of any relief at all as no provision is made to provide such relief until the state, of which such needy are resident, makes provision to match this relief and should it be based upon the same liberal terms as our federal relief, it will incur another 9 per cent (totaling in all 18 per cent of the total income of the wage earner). Isn't that just the most wonderful prospect for the people. (Tubers off the Brain Trust tree. Think of it, ye thinking people).

While this (up to $15.00 per) covers the common wage earner; with the banker it is different. He gets up to $12,000 per year. Pension? No. It's hush money, to keep facts from being told where they could be used to build protective measures.

(1) The Townsend plan calls for a transaction tax of two per cent.

(2) A tax equal to 1-10 that collected by the government on incomes.

(3) A tax on all property acquired by inheritance or testamentary disposition of two per cent.

(4) A two per cent tax on all gifts of $500 or over. May I ask Mrs. Knowles and her "Thinking" instructors, which is the most feasible of the two plans? Wage earners, or about 85 per cent of our country, say the latter, even though Wall street and your thinkers say the former. I prefer the knowers to thinkers.

The first provision alone is sufficient.

The director of the Federal Research bureau, on May 2, 1932, testified before the ways and means committee of congress that in 1929 the total value of all business transactions in the United States amounted to $1,200,000,000,000 (twelve hundred billion dollars), and in 1931 because of depression it dropped to six hundred billion ($600,000,000,000). (Those statements are found on pages 700-701 of the transcript of the proceedings relating to the economic security act before said committee of this year.) Let us concede that we have only $600,000,000,000 per year (the lowest margin) as economists of the highest plane of education claim will be increased at least 20 per cent should the Townsend plan become a law, upon which to figure. This equals fifty billion per month upon which to levy two per cent tax or a total tax of $1,000,000,000. Allow a collection fee of two per cent, which is a high figure or $980,000,000 fee paid per month. The census bureau, Washington, D. C., in 1930 showed 10,385,026 people over 60 years of age; 4,155,495 were gainfully employed, the remainder, 6,229,531 were not. Some of course were not citizens, others with incomes. Let us assume 7,000,000 eligibles. This totals $140.00 per person without any increase in business. These are outside marginal figures as they are the lowest transaction record and largest possible number of aged.

E. S. MILLS.

For two centuries, the Upas tree of Java was believed to give off poisonous air that would kill any person who went near it. It is now known that only the juice of the tree is poisonous.

JOHN LAW

CRESWELL, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Did you ever stop to think about the peculiarities of John Law? He permits me to take fish, deer, ducks and pheasants during certain seasons only; and then only limited numbers. So many fish weighing not more than so many pounds he allows me per day though I may not use certain sorts of bait or fishing apparatus. He allows me so many ducks or pheasants per day and so many deer per season, though I must take them with fire arms only and between sun up and sun down. Thus he limits me for I may be a game hog and so may be my neighbor. There are only so many fish in the pool, so many pheasants in the field, so many ducks upon the lake and so many deer in the woods. To assure hunting for the honest hunter or fishing for the honest fisherman, I and my neighbor must be restrained in our piggishness. Coming to the assistance of John Law, is Gloria Publicopinion. She turns up her nose at me, sticks out her tongue and shrugs her shoulder while saying "Game pig, gafe pig, poacher, poacher." My spirits fall and I sneak away.

But I don't go far until I think of something in which my piggishness may have its sway. It is the pool where dollars swim about, the field in which dollars scratch around, the forest in which dollars run and play.

Says I to my neighbor: "Bill, there is a pool in which we can fish to our heart's content so long as we do not actually steal, rob or murder. A field in which we can shoot at night as well as day, a woods in which we can hunt until the cows come home to stay. There is only so much in pool, field and forest, and it is needed for food, clothing, shelter and health by women, children and elderly men, but in that pool, that field and that forest you and I can have our hoggish way; while upon us Miss Publicopinion will smile sweetly every blessed day.

T. F. KABLER.

I SHALL SAIL AWAY

In Memory of
Clyde H. Sedgwick of Creswell

Sometimes at evening when the tide is low
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the quiet hush of the twilight pale,
When night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call and the waters flow
Sometime at eve when the tide is low
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through purple shadows that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail
And a ripple of water to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager sailing away
To mystic isles where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have gone before
O'er the unknown sea, to the unseen shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some loving souls that my heart holds dear
In silent sorrow will drop a tear;
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from the storm and gale,
And greed the friends who have gone before,
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.

A FRIEND.

Walker News

WALKER, June 29.—(Special)—Walker Union High No. 6 held annual school election June 24 and elected Mrs. R. Stewart of Saginaw as director.

Mrs. Frank Sly entertained the Bridge club Tuesday evening. Mrs. Ellen Anderson and Alma Grousbeck were guests

Mrs. W. E. Quinn and Mrs. F. Kinsland and daughter were dinner guests at the Aden Miller home Wednesday.

Ramon and Jack Monroe visited at their home in Saginaw Sunday.

Mr. Tucker, who was struck by a car about three weeks ago, is not improving.

Little Baby Bayly is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wright.

At the annual school meeting in district 41, Boyd Walker was elected director for three years and Mrs. Aden Miller clerk for one year. The school voted down the transporting pupils to Creswell by a large majority.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Allison and daughter Jean, Mr. and Mrs. N. Haines and niece of Cottage Grove and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Addis and baby and the Ralph Sears family picnicked on the river at the Sears house Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown and son of Delight Valley visited at the Ben Jackson with Mr. Tucker Wednesday evening.

Thornton Corners

THORNTON CORNERS, June 29.—(Special) — Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Burnett and son Billy of Springfield visited Wednesday at the L. R. Smith home.

Ned Flarer of San Francisco arrived last week for a visit with an aunt, Mrs. Henry Lake. He will also visit with a sister in Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallie McGuire of Portland were over-night guests Friday of Mr. and Mrs. John William.

Miller Smith of Redmond visited over the week-end with an aunt, Mrs. Joe Premazzi.

Mrs. R. B. Dixon took her daughter Doris to a clinic at the Shrine hospital in Portland Wednesday of last week. They returned home Friday.

Tony Perini of Sacramento arrived Friday for a month's visit with relatives here and at Pass Creek canyon.

Ed Foster of Eugene, en-route to his home from spending the past winter in California, stopped over Thursday at the home of an uncle, George Foster.

The Ray Potter family of Culp Creek, visited Saturday at the R. B. Dixon home.

Mrs. L. K. Brumfield of Marshfield was a caller Wednesday evening at the J. W. Fisher home.

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