

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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The Register-Guard's policy is the complete and impartial publication of all 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.

NEARLY A MILLION A YEAR

If you are awakened Monday morning by more than the usual number of train whistles, it may be one of the 19 Shriners specials high-falling for the national convention in Seattle, or it may be the general signal for the opening of Railroad Week. This will be the second annual Railroad Week, and while there will be no fancy observances, the boys out around the roundhouse want it known that the railroads are still alive and that Eugene is still a railroad town, and they are right proud of their service.

It was a mid-month payday at the big Southern Pacific terminals here this week-end. The official records show that 592 paychecks were passed out, for a total of better than \$28,000. This would mean nearly \$80,000 a month, close to \$1,000,000 a year in this payroll. And though times are much improved, we are still short of the "good old days" when more than 650 paychecks were passed around the Southern Pacific terminals here twice each month. If dispatchers and numerous others temporarily concentrated in Portland are moved back to Eugene, as there is reason to hope, the terminals may see a new peak.

A big passenger train show like this fleet of Shriners specials is very spectacular, and while it is going forward every man on the division from Superintendent King (whose car is parked at the Eugene depot) will be on duty. This division has a long safety record to protect, and such an operation in addition to the heavy summer traffic puts every man in the division to test. But the passenger business is only the small end of the work.

Every day, Eugene railroaders conduct some 30,000 tons of freight "over the hump," meaning the mountain grade across the Cascade between here and Klamath Falls. In every 24 hours at least 8 full trains of freight, averaging 50 to 75 cars, are moved each way, not to mention considerable freight which moves over the old Shasta line through Roseburg and Medford, and the heavy tonnage which comes up over the Marshfield line from the Coast and the miscellaneous pickup. The crescent plant at the Eugene terminal prepares ties and timbers for the entire system on the Coast. The S. P.'s annual tax payment of approximately \$300,000 is Lane county's largest check.

Nor is the Oregon Electric to be entirely forgotten in Railroad Week, though the old "Jackrabbit train" have ceased to operate. A clanging bell on Fifth avenue still gives warning that the O. E. carries freight.

The iron horse is not ready for the boneyard. On the contrary, the breed is being tuned up by a liberal crossing of steam with Diesel and electricity with a lot of new and startling racehorse effects. Writing from congested New England where it takes six hours to drive a motor car 100 miles, Editor Bob Ruhl, of Medford, reports a remarkable "rail comeback." Things are doing in railroading. Hence Railroad Week is a sort of highsign from the boys out around the yards to stop driving nails in the coffin and lay aside the crepe.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON GOVERNMENT

BRIEF but significant was President Roosevelt's address Saturday at the dedication of \$60,000, 000 Triborough bridge in New York city to which Uncle Sam, through Mr. Roosevelt, is contributing some \$44,200,000 as "a gift." Mr. Roosevelt indicates that there will be plenty more of these projects. He says that times have so changed that state and local governments cannot meet their problems without federal help. He says most people now expect it. (And that may be the sad truth).

Mr. Roosevelt urges the American people to "look forward," but may it not be wise, now and then, also to look back? Take this vast new bridge in New York, and the metropolis has never been conspicuous for either honest or efficient management. If the project had depended, as in the "good old days," entirely on local funds and local taxation, a good many searching and pertinent questions about the expenditure might have been asked. No doubt the project would have been delayed—perhaps many years—but the old and rather valuable idea of local control of spending and taxes for local purposes would not have been lost.

Roosevelt policy has taken little stock of management, either locally or nationally. In fact, federal bounty as distributed by the New Deal has had rather a demoralizing effect on local thrift. The temptation to take "something for nothing" is almost overwhelmingly great. But we are approaching the inevitable "payoff," and whether the expansion of federal government continues or is halted nothing can prevent it. Management becomes the most important problem of government, local or national, soon or late.

In regulating industry, in developing and conserving national resources federal guidance is inevitable and desirable. Anybody can see that. But we question whether the acceptance of the broad Roosevelt policy is as general as Mr. Roosevelt thinks. As the bills roll in the taxpayer may demand an end of remote control; he may want the spending unit reduced to a size where he can see it.

OREGON ASSESSMENT PROBLEMS

WHEN the powers of the Oregon state tax commission were broadened in 1923 to include some measure of supervision over county assessments, no method was prescribed, according to C. V. Galloway, chairman of the commission who explained the working of his organization the other day to the Eugene realtors. The system of cooperation with the counties which has been developed is entirely admirable and it may be that common sense is better than any set rules for the development of such a system.

But there are certain weaknesses in the Oregon plan which require correction. These defects are glaring:

Lack of any common or uniform method of appraisal.

Lack of any common or uniform method of training or selecting appraisers.

Lack of any uniform practice in appraisal records or in the year to year revision of those records.

The six field men of the state tax commission

who travel from county to county are only consultants and advisers. Most of the actual work, therefore, must still be done by such men as the assessor in each county may see fit to employ, and Mr. Galloway himself admits that these men very often are not trained or fitted for the employment. Often the counties will not pay adequate salaries.

Here then seems to be a fundamental weakness in the Oregon system. To put an accurate valuation on any kind of property is a most difficult and delicate task. If it is farm property, the appraiser must know farming. If it is a business property he should know business and within business boundaries there are many very distinct specialties. The man who could put a fair valuation on a lumber mill might be a total loss in valuing goods on a merchant's shelves or the warehouse stock and machinery of a cannery.

Even the appraisal of homes is not a simple matter because value depends not only on size and location but on age, materials and workmanship used in construction. There can be no true equalization in Oregon so long as inept guesswork remains the accepted practice.

Any attempt to centralise all appraisals in the state tax commission would meet with strenuous and justifiable opposition because a certain measure of home rule in this important work is always desirable. But a coordinated program with a competent personnel is not impossible and it should be the goal of immediate legislation.

Mr. Galloway has estimated a force of 200 men as necessary to put and keep Oregon appraisals in order. Chances are the state and counties jointly are now employing at least that number. The development of an efficient force and an effective system should not be more costly than the present system.

FUN FOR EARNEST VOTERS

FOR voters of Oregon who take their work seriously rather than as an occasional setting-up exercise, there will be plenty of fun in the November elections because they will have not only candidates, but at least eight initiated measures and one referendum to decide. There was a time when it looked as though the voters might have twenty-three initiatives to pass upon, but petition pushing hit an early summer slump and when the deadline arrived last week only the following eight new bills had qualified:

Tax limitation amendment—a measure sponsored by F. N. Derby and others of Salem and rather like the late "20-mill limit" proposal in reverse. It starts with a proposal that in 1937 the levy for state purposes shall not exceed 6 mills (it is now only 4) scaling down each year to 1942 when the limit for state purposes would be 4.3 mills. At the tail end comes the real theme song which is that beginning in 1937 tax levies for all purposes shall not exceed the 1935 base, thereafter scaling back annually till 1942 when levies for all purposes shall not exceed 80 per cent of the base. Conscientious voters will have to do some close figuring to find the exact meaning of all that.

Multnomah amendment—a tax limitation plan affecting only Portland and sponsored by Portland schools district and teachers' council.

Military training—the "peacocks" bill to make military training at the University and State College purely voluntary instead of compulsory for freshmen and sophomore males.

Columbia fishing—a bill to prohibit the use of seines and fixed appliances, sponsored by Astoria interests.

State power bill—the bill to provide for state distribution from Bonneville, sponsored by Grange and Federation of Labor.

State power board—a bill setting up a temporary administrative board to control state power, sponsored by Grange as companion to power bill.

State bank bill—carrying out Peter Zimmerman's idea for a state bank, sponsored by Grange and Federation of Labor.

Dental advertising amendment—the measure sponsored by Dr. S. T. Donahue, of Eugene, to lift permanently the present restrictions on dental advertising.

The lone referendum has to do with that bill passed at the last special session which transferred \$1,000,000 from pensions to general relief, and it was a device used to prevent the wiping out of state pensions which was threatened in the defeat of the sales tax.

This paper will discuss each of these measures in detail as soon as copies are available. The secretary of state promises to have them ready in a few weeks. But it should be perfectly plain from this rough outline that the conscientious voter is facing a sizeable task of study and research, if his vote is to be more than a guess.

WORNOUT CARS DANGEROUS.

PICTURES in The Klamath Evening Herald preach a powerful warning against the use of wornout automobiles. In one day recently two old "heaps" were the cause of two very bad accidents which landed one youth in the morgue and four other persons in the Klamath hospitals.

Rotten tires were the immediate cause of the fatal accident. Two lads took a "souped up" old roadster onto the fairgrounds track to try for speed. They got it. When the tires blew the old car took them through the fence, and one boy was dug out of the wreckage with skull fractured and one eye gouged out. He did not live the night.

In the other smashup, the brakes gave way on an ancient family car which was travelling the Green Springs highway from Medford to Klamath. As the car gathered speed on the mountain grade, the wornout steering apparatus cracked and buckled. State police spent considerable time scraping jumbled car and mangled passengers out of the ditch. Luckily there were only three in this car to be hurt.

The Klamath newspaper has done a real service by getting pictures of these wrecks. Much is said about the danger of old equipment but many refuse to believe it. As long as a car will move it is considered safe. There is a point, however, beyond which no car is safe no matter how well it has been preserved.

Metal subjected to years of vibration "crystallizes." No matter how carefully an ancient car is driven some vital unit may give way at any moment. A new car is often economy for safety's sake.

Our old friend Will Hayner, editor of The Southern Sun spent the Fourth in a hospital in this city and only a part of what he thinks about our local firecracker control appears in print. Officials take note.

ANTI-MONOPOLY



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

MILK

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Are we going to sit idly by and watch the independent milk distributor gradually but surely eliminated from the milk industry?

The legislation creating the Oregon milk control board was sponsored by the creamery interests and lobbied through the legislature by them for the sole purpose of advancing their business interests to the detriment of both the independent distributor and the consumer.

The Oregon milk control board has gradually tightened the regulations applying to the independent distributor's business while they have allowed the creameries to do just about as they pleased, placing the independent at a disadvantage. The board has increased the creamery's profits to a point where the creameries get 60 for bottling and delivering while the producer only gets 50. The producer has to buy the cow, furnish her with food, and shelter, do all the work and provide cooling equipment and other requirements of the sanitary regulations. I suppose the "fair and impartial board" has decided that this is as it should be.

This fair and impartial board has also evidently decided that the creameries should not have any competition so they have taken the following method of gradually eliminating it. They have closed the pool. That means that any one not a member now, is not allowed to market his own milk. If a dairymen moves into Lane county and buys a dairy ranch, the only way he can sell his product is through the creameries. It will take just one generation to eliminate all competition. Isn't that just nice for the creameries?

The reason for the recent price raise was based upon a mis-statement of the facts. The Oregon milk control board has exceeded its authority in its recent ruling inasmuch as the legislature can not grant authority to an appointive board, that the legislature itself does not possess. It is my opinion that the producer, the independent distributor and the consumer should get together for their mutual protection and file an injunction restraining the milk board from enforcing the one cent price increase and bring pressure to bear on our legislators to pass a bill either eliminating the board entirely or limiting its power to that of a purely advisory board as it has proved beyond a reasonable doubt its inability to act fairly in a judicial capacity.

You hear it said that it is impossible for fascism to come to America. Let's review the recent act of the said board. The governor lets off an explosive blast, "Milk should be the same price in all parts of Oregon." Let and behold, the fair and impartial board so declares. It at once becomes a law from which they declare there is no appeal. Everyone must abide by their decision regardless of financial loss, health or public welfare. Mr. Editor, if this is a fact we are actually living under fascism in Oregon as far as milk is concerned, right now. If we don't get together as good Americans and stop this right where it started, it will keep spreading until we become as regimented as Italy or Germany are at present. Are we going to let the cream down the sewer every day while thousands of children are suffering from malnutrition because of the lack of this same milk?

What do you think?

HARRY H. JOHNSON, 121 N. Washington street.

TOO FAST

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—This morning a young man or shall I not say boy asking for work that he might have breakfast. A native born Oregon youth from a coast town. He was discharged after one year of CCC camp. To make room for new recruits. Not married. Mother dead so no home. A young man who could look you straight in face. Not a hardened face. I have spent years in school room and in other work. One learns to read character. We

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—

chatted while he was eating. I know of his home town and have heard of the name so know he was truthful. I gave him the paper where he might find work. Seasonal work. Better than nothing until he could try to find steady work for the long rainy winter ahead. All that I was able to help. Where and when will our country find work for our people that they may be self supporting. Independent citizens not wanderers on the highways. Automobiles are making armies of our people. Traveling for speed. To see what? A home wherever you remove your hat. You say this is exaggerated. Is it. If this boy goes wrong the cost will be greater than to help him get on his feet. If he is brought before the court. Sent to penitentiary to ruin. Through wrong influence we have lost real man. And will have gained what? Our country needs as never before, the world needs as never before. Men and women of character who will try to live up to the teaching of our Christ. Love one another. Help our young people to learn feet were made to walk on. That brains are to be used yes. Busy people are happy people. Automobiles are in their place a pleasure. We are traveling too fast.

ANNA BUTTERFIELD.

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

(This goes well, if it goes at all, to "Solomon Levi")

Oh, those good old days we talk about, I've never been able to figure out. Why we left such perfect, happy days, behind.

When the rubber-tired buggies first came out—(Now THERE was something to talk about!)

And when parents spoke, The children had to mind!

When the beau, in the rubber-neck collar he wore Told his girl goodnight, at the parlor door And she pushed her rat back into place

When he was gone, She went to bed (for it was ten, And NEXT Saturday she'd be up late again).

And she yawned as she took of the bustle, That she'd had on.

And the modest maiden would not linger Before a dry goods "winder" Where on plaster legs, the cotton stockings Were brazenly displayed.

Whatever her figure, she would force it Into the unyielding corset; And the ladies that the richest wore Were of simple muslin made.

When the grandpa who raised the longest beard Was the one most honored and revered.

And each careful man Had a moustache cup, or two. Maw's Mother Hubbard swept the floor.

(And so did her petticoats, three or more); And the feather-laden hats From the hall-dance house Creater a hullabaloo.

MARY D. RADMORE, Springfield, Ore.

PEOPLE WILL TALK

We may go through the world but 'twill be very slow, If we listen to all that is said as we go.

We'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew For middle-class tongues must have something to do For people must talk.

If quiet and modest 'twill then be presumed You are a wolf in sheep's clothing or you are a fool But don't get excited, keep perfectly

cool

For people must talk.

If generous and noble they'll vent out their spleen You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean

If upright and honest and fair as the day They will call you a rogue in a slip, sneaking way.

For people must talk.

If threadbare your coat, or old fashioned your dress Someone of course will take notice of this

And hint rather close that you can't pay your way, But don't get excited whatever they say

For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion don't think to escape For they'll criticize then in a far different shape

You're ahead of your means or your bills are unpaid But mind your own business and don't be afraid

For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you but at your back Of venom and spite there is never a lack

How kind and polite in all that they say But bitter as gall when you're out of the way

For people will talk.

Good friends be advised and do as you please For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease

Through life you will meet with all sorts of abuse But don't think to stop them for 'twill be of no use.

For people will talk.

MRS. MARIE DITTON.

SALARIES

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Salaries that bugle! The president of the United States receives a salary of \$75,000 a year; \$120,000 for the upkeep of the White House; \$25,000 for traveling and entertaining expenses; \$108,000 for clerk hire, and \$63,000 for miscellaneous expenses which makes a total of \$389,000. The president has two secretaries who receive a salary of \$12,000 a year each.

The nine justices of the supreme court receive \$20,500 each. The vice president of the United States receives a salary of \$15,000 a year; the speaker of the house of representatives receives \$15,000 a year; members of the president's cabinet receive from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year, depending upon the portfolio held. Senators and representatives now receive \$10,000 a year. Senators are also allowed \$10,000 a year for clerk hire, and congressmen \$5,000 a year; clerk hire.

It will take a lot of tax money to pay off this bunch, and there are other bunches with a fat salary drawing tax money. None of us like to pay taxes and none more than the wealthy, we see it here in Lane County, the

big boys are about to find out that Portland and Salem are not paying their share of the state tax. Here is one ten times as vicious as that: In 1908 it was voted in this state to exempt money, notes and accounts. That made a big hole in the budget. We never saw the assessor after that at our home. He stayed in his office and transferred the assessment from the creditor to the debtor. This taxing people's debts means taking from one and giving to others is unconstitutional and has caused many to lose their home.

A young man is quoted as saying: "Why should I pay taxes all my life for a lot of old people?" The young man is already paying taxes and what good does it do him? Under the present system he surely will "pay taxes" all his life for a lot of old people, and a lot of middle aged and young, from the cradle to the grave, and I ask what good does it do him?

Note this: The Examiner says editorially, "The man who makes \$2,500 or less a year may never see an income tax blank or a tax collector but nevertheless, just \$219 of his income, according to a survey made by the Guarantee Trust company of New York City, goes for taxes, nearly nine per cent of what he earns."

Dr. Homer P. Rainey, director of the Rockefeller Foundation, in the Washington Daily News of Jan. 9, 1934, is quoted as saying: "Approximately 5,500,000 youth, 16 to 25 are unemployed and 2,815,000 have recently been on relief. The entire system and structure is stupid, unfair and grossly dishonest. The transaction tax is fair and just and that is why the crooks don't want it."

J. N. R. FULLER.

RELIEF AND LABOR

There may be some "will concede." Who will not labor for their need, When health and strength permit, a few

Who'd rather loaf than strive and do. "Drop sewing! To the berry field! Says he who has a power to wield. (Some frail women cannot stand, the best,

Of steady rays of summer heat—Many industrious men and strong, Can't make their salt, the job is wrong)

But out they go regardless, all, When comes the General's lusty call.

There's one who's never earned a cent, By hard labor, yet the government And state, grant relief, doubly so— Let him to the "hills of labor go."

If good old days when men were men, Are returning to us all again, Let the Governor lead the way, Cut his relief of double pay.

"Your livelihood by sweat of brow," He grandly tells the others how. So longer bellow, and smaller pay, But let the Governor go make hay! Springfield, Oregon. H. P.

THE SUN'S MESSENGER

It was a dark and dreary day, And all the world was bleak and gray. The sky was filled with sullen clouds; They hid its blue in giant shrouds.

And then the scene began to shift; Among the clouds there came a rift, And to the earth, so sad and gloom A sunbeam, all alone, did come.

And when I saw the ray of sun I hoped, that since there was but one, It shone where it was needed; where 'Twould cheer some soul in deep despair.

Perhaps a crippled girl or boy Would have the greatest need for joy; Or maybe someone poor and old Would cherish most the sunbeam's gold.

And so I hope that ray of light, That shone so pure and true and bright, Would strengthen someone's mind and soul, And cheer them onward to life's goal.

MARY MARGARET KRICHBaum

PLACE OF REST

In Heaven, yonder, where love does abound, Where sweet angel faces, like jewels, are found, Your life will be blended with that of the Son, And you'll rest in the arms of the Crucified One.

In Heaven, yonder, where streets are like gold,

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