

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

(Published every evening and Sunday)
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The Register-Guard's policy is the complete and impartial publication of all news 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.

AMALGAMATED MOVEMENTS, INC.

In the efforts at Cleveland to bring Townsendites, [Share-The-Wealthers, and Coughlinites into one effective group, there is an interesting variation of the American trend toward consolidations. Some political observers are inclined to view this amalgamation as a menace to the older political parties, particularly the Democrats. They may divert many votes from Roosevelt to Lemke, the new Union party candidate.

It is significant, however, that many Townsenders, notably the Oregon delegation have resisted Dr. Townsend's suggestions of direct alliance with the new third party, and they seem to have been successful in steering him away from it. Likewise the rebellion of Oklahoma's pro-Roosevelt Gomer Smith demonstrates the impossibility of commanding, directly or indirectly, a united front.

The political advantages of the attempted fusion are more theoretical than real. In fact the effort to bring the three reputedly powerful but utterly different movements together may be interpreted more logically as a sign of weakness rather than of strength. Not one of them is sure enough of itself to continue unaided.

Possibly the Townsend movement stands to suffer the greatest loss in the consolidation, quite apart from the disaffection of individuals such as Oklahoma's Gomer Smith. Right or wrong, possible or impossible, the Townsend movement has been the most powerful instrument for the expression of one big idea—decent and honorable retirement of the aged. Its strength has been singleness of purpose and any union with the other movements involves compromise with their 57 varieties of social reform and loss—for the pension movement.

Nor can such a spectacle as the Cleveland meeting fail to be damaging to prestige. Dr. Townsend handled the delicate problem of universal approach rather skillfully by denouncing both parties, with only slightly greater emphasis on the alleged misdeeds of Roosevelt. The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, though he now claims the mantle of Huey Long, did not spall this keynote. It remained for Father Coughlin to lose his head in his "hymn of hate."

"We have one hate and one alone—Roosevelt!" would be the battle song of the fusionists, if Coughlin had his way, but he won't.

If the Cleveland show proves anything it is merely that "too many cooks spoil the broth." The proposal to broaden the Townsend movement by altering the name to "Townsend Recovery Plan" may lose more than it gains because the pension idea ceases to be uppermost and specific. It is difficult to imagine such inveterate showmen as Coughlin and the two battling Smiths performing harmoniously even in the amiable Dr. Townsend's tent.

"Amalgamated Movements, Inc." certainly has had a noisy start.

FUTURE OF STATE RELIEF

AFTER considerable blundering, and the resultant resignation of three members of the state relief commission, and the virtual reorganization of that body with Hugh Ball, able Hood River publisher at the head of it, the governor's budget secretary, Wallace Wharton, has at last clarified his position by proposing a systematic budgeting of relief funds instead of the present method of giving that commission a lump sum to spend or save as it sees fit. Nobody could object to this proposal and if Mr. Wharton had said as much in the first place instead of accusing conscientious commissioners of extravagance there would have been no rumpus.

For having been forced to back up on his original charges and implications, Mr. Wharton now attacks that feature of the Oregon relief plan by which the 1935 legislature dedicated \$5,500,000 out of liquor board revenues to relief work without laying down any safeguards as to how the money should be spent. Mr. Wharton would have all the liquor board earnings turned into the general fund of the state and relief appropriations budgeted out of the general fund under the procedure common in most departments.

This is a good plan if relief is to be continued on the present basis, but it is not amiss to point out that when the Knox law was passed in 1933, the provision was made that the counties should receive 75 per cent of the liquor control earnings and the state 25 percent. The counties all this while have merely been valuing their rights to the lion's share of the cut in view of the obvious needs of relief. They can still demand what the Knox law really allows them, though this might necessitate some radical changes in the present state setup for relief.

State control of relief work, with the counties merely "biting in" is something that has come to Oregon and other states with the New Deal and the huge federal subsidies for relief. Return of this function to the counties with only enough state supervision to insure coordination of the work has a great deal to recommend it. Under local control relief certainly would be much closer to the public and less subject to charges of politics. Return of relief to the counties will demand attention if Mr. Wharton's proposals are presented when the next legislature meets.

SALEM TRIES A POLICE CHIEF

A JURY in Marion county has disagreed and thereby refused to convict Salem's police chief Frank Minto on the charge of "malfeasance in office by willful failure to prosecute violations of the gambling statutes." This case should be of interest to Eugene because of the recent sensationalism directed at the Eugene department.

In Marion county they had a much stronger case against their police. One patrolman was actually convicted of receiving bribes from the professional gamblers. For the prosecution of Chief Minto, Marion county obtained as special prosecutor Ralph Moody, now an assistant attorney general, and widely known for his effective work in the Jackson county cleanup of Llewellyn Banks and his mob of radical rascals.

But the case against Minto proved to be very

difficult to "make." Prosecutor Moody was able to show rather clearly that Chief Minto must have known of professional gambling, but he was not able to show any connection of the chief with the gamblers which was unmistakable or direct. A jury refused to convict. Nor is this surprising at a time when the public mind on gambling is all confused by the legalizing of "pin and ball" devices and "skill game" which the stupidest laymen know to be as truly games of chance as poker or roulette.

Minto is to be tried a second time on a new version of the malfeasance charge, but the new trial isn't likely to accomplish anything except to run up Marion county's expense. If there is any lesson to be gained from the Salem situation, it is that good policing is not to be had by upheavals of this sort. The public mind as represented in juries will not condone actual crookedness, but it will not crucify. Even police will be judged by the tolerance standards which the community creates.

It is interesting to note that Minto's chief defense was "lack of support from the council," lack of funds, lack of men, lack of the moral backing which is even more important than the rest. The jury evidently believed that. If the Eugene council is anxious to profit from Salem's blunders it will not delay the establishment of civil service and giving it a "punch." The failure of Salem's long-established civil service to prevent the Salem mess is beside the point. If a police department is to be held fully responsible it must first be built up.

PARADISE AMONG SAVAGES

THOSE who contemplate a planned and ordered society as the goal of what we call civilization might ponder the achievements of the savage Ifugao, one of the many tribes of Igorotes in the Philippines. The Salem Capital-Journal calls attention to the description of these people in the late Carl N. Taylor's "Odyssey of the Islands."

Most of us think of the Igorotes only as blood-thirsty head-hunters. So they were billed back in the days of the St. Louis World's Fair (1904) though they seemed far from blood-thirsty as they squatted in their Midway village chanting for the benefit of curious tourists:

"Hello, nickel! Hello, thanks, dime!"

But maybe the exposition Igorotes weren't of the remarkable Ifugao tribe of which Mr. Taylor says:

Without benefit of science, and employing only the crudest implements to aid the labor of their hands, they have, in the course of many centuries, completely changed the face of nature and transformed one of the steepest mountain chains in the world into enormous gardens of fantastic beauty. . . . The project had been in progress about 2000 years when Christ was born; it is still in progress, each year seeing the addition of new terraces and repair work done on the 14,000 miles of stone walls that already girdle the mountains.

Nor is this job of conservation, as we would call it, the most remarkable achievement of the Ifugao. They have law, unwritten but quite effective. They have their own religion, their own native poetry and a form of music. And they have no poverty. Everybody must work, but for everybody there is enough, according to their very simple standards, plenty of rice, plenty of pig and plenty of savage fun being the principal ingredients of their prosperity.

Of course, who would want to be an Igorote, even of the Ifugao class? Nevertheless civilization might get a better idea of the long road forward, by occasionally looking back.

FIGHTIN' WORDS FOR CAMPAIGN

IF the on-coming political campaign lives up to the advance samples, the English language, or at least the American version thereof, will be enriched by many additions to the 17,363 words which are now stored in the arsenals of epithet as inventoried by a group of Dartmouth and Harvard scientists. Of course, the ordinary politician's vocabulary contains only a fraction of that array of words, but in the heat of argument it is often inspiration rather than education that counts.

It was the great, original Teddy of the Roosevelt kind, you may remember who made "mollycoddled" a household word, and there was many a corpulent gent who learned to shudder at his meaningless use of those simple Saxon derivatives "big stick." It was the great Teddy also who dried up a whole flood of opposition by branding their laborious efforts as "weasel words." This generation has no Teddy, but it has many who possess similar picturesque gifts.

Out of the New Deal already we have drawn such interesting expressions as "boondoggler" and "Braintruster," and it was the late NRA's vehement Gen. Johnson who gave the current slang "chiseler" its most poignant lift. At random from the preliminary speeches we gather such interesting adjectives as "sabrine," "cyclothmic," "cophilous," "hypochondriacal," "beef-witted," "clod-pated," "milk-livered," "assinine" and "poli parrots."

We have only to think back to the political past which gave us carpet-baggers, mugwumps, muck-rakers, scoundrels, snoopers, palm-greasers, red-baiters, bolsheviks and many other words now thoroughly domesticated to imagine what is in store for us. As McGurk remarks, if the language even is enriched, all is not "love's labor lost." Many a campaign has accomplished less.

Share-the-Wealth Smith, of Louisiana, has made peace with New Dealer Smith, of Oklahoma at the Townsend convention and they have celebrated with a \$15,000 collection from the disciples. Anyhow, observes McGurk, this Louisiana preacher certainly knows how to get 'em to practice what he preaches.

Observing the progress of democracy in these United States, Blue River Bill is of the opinion that the late lamented Mr. Barnum was born at least a century too early.

The name of the Roosevelt sailing yacht on the cruise to the Bay of Fundy is SEWANNA, but after a careful study of our index of alphabet agencies we fail to discover just which three it was named for.

The latest Dionne baby is to have his name changed back to plain Oliva Dionne, Junior. Apparently his folks have decided that just one at a time doesn't count anyway.

Somewhere took a potshot at King Edward the other day but the young king was quite calm about it. He's a good sport. After doing his best on horseback, he promptly figured it was fair to let somebody else try.

"ARE YOU PATRIOTIC?"



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

DEFENSE OF WOMEN
 EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In the interest of my sex I should like, if I may, to make a casual observation in regard to the "blurb" with the terrible title, "Plenty Gable; No Gable," defaming your usually brilliantly written editorial page July 15.

The self-satisfied and egotistic male, complaining of the romantic eagerness of females to see Clark Gable in Portland recently, only exposes a pathetic ignorance of feminine psychology.

Viewed in its true light, the incident, instead of being an indictment against the common or garden variety of masculine and feminine gender, served only as an illustration of the idealism inherent in a woman's heart.

The Portland women who rushed out to the airport to catch a glimpse of the famous Hollywood star, went primarily to see the manifestation of their own ideal. They went to see the perfect man—the "dream" man, if you will—of their own romantic imagination. They went to see the man the married ones wish their husbands were, and the man the unmarried ones hope their husbands will be. Mr. Gable happens to personify that ideal.

And heaven help the woman who does not possess this happy faculty for idealization! She has no recourse but to see the biped exactly as he is—a somewhat domesticated animal who bolts his food, grunts intelligently in response to conversation, and sneezes horribly at night.

The woman whose mental capacity is not limited to these cold, and frequently cruel, facts of outward actuality, visions the creature through the love-lens of rosy-tinted glasses which reveals him as a sort of glorified Greek god. She places him on a pedestal above all other men, and though his clay feet dangle grotesquely to the amusement of the hoi polloi, she sees him only as the perfect creation of her own mind.

So the answer to the wail of the writer, "What's wrong with Portland's men, or Portland's girls?" is "Nothing, nothing at all." The women are no longer thrilled by beauty, whether that beauty is displayed in a set of magnificent shoulders, a finely sculptured head, and classic features, or in a pair of lovely legs, a delicate, entrancingly curved body; when we no longer rush out to see beauty, whether in the gray of dawn, the white light of midday, or the blackness of night, then, and not until then, shall we ask with genuine and serious concern, "What's wrong?"
 E. J. A. BURGESS

LOGGING
 EUREKA, Cal.—(To the Editor)—Prior to 1900, all logging was done with and by horse mules, even small one drum machines, which were not powerful enough to destroy the young growing forests.

Each year since that time has seen more and more destructive labor saving machines brought into the timber. Highleads, skidders, skidlines and other overhead cable systems with extreme leverage and power began to be used extensively about war time. And almost exclusively in the fire belt and redwoods until late years.

But up to about 1920, half of the logging in the nation or more was still being done with horses and mules. Since 1920 over half of the logging has been carried on with caterpillar equipment.

Forest fires began to bother the forest service for the first time in 1910, due to the inception of overhead cable systems. Forest fires multiplied in 1924 with the advent of the caterpillar in logging.

In 1924 and again in 1926, over twenty millions of acres of timberlands burned over each of those two years in the southern states. Fires multiplied as the areas logged were made into fire traps with caterpillars. These burned and spread to other areas that had been logged with horses that otherwise would not have

burned. The same happened in the west after high-leads came into wide use. As fire breeds fire the lumbermen's sins are multiplied each year. For larger areas burned each year than are cut. Lumbermen see to that, by setting cut over areas on fire each fall, fire traps made by large profit methods, that kills all of the thin barked small trees.

About half of the logging in the redwoods, about 90 per cent of the logging in the pines, and a large amount of the logging in the fir belt, is being carried on with caterpillar equipment. Caterpillars and tractors probably do 75 per cent of all logging.

By using tractors with high narrow wheels and high wheeled carts, as used on government timberlands almost all of the small trees are saved. The forest service leaves seed trees also. All waste is also piled in piles and burned without injury to the small trees.

Where small caterpillars are used without arches, large numbers of small trees are left standing. But if the waste is not piled, as on private areas, all the small trees are killed when areas are burned.

Where arches are used behind 60, 75 and 80 horsepower caterpillars as used on practically all private timberlands as in the redwoods, practically all trees are knocked down, and fire kills the others. It is easy to knock the small trees down with their great weight and leverage. They are also low and wide and large and clumsy to turn. And with high heavy arches sweep all small trees down.

Lumbermen have an unwritten law, to bluff selective forestry along the Redwood highway where the old ladies can see, but that is about all they do, especially the large companies. One smaller company logged one small tract in a selective manner as an experiment. One other area along the road was cut over four times. Logging pictures were published after second cutting. Sincerely,
 JAMES A. CRAWFORD

CLOUDS
 Upon a pleasant, summer's day,
 I looked up in the sky,
 And watched the fluffy, fleecy clouds,
 As they went sailing by.

I saw them slowly change their shapes,
 When wind upon them blew,
 And often they would take the forms
 Of objects that I knew.

Some clouds were buildings, tall and fair,
 With turrets rising high;
 In silence and in majesty,
 They rode across the sky.

And once a fleet of old-time ships
 Came floating into view;
 With sails all set, they glided 'cross
 That sea of turquoise blue.

But soon the buildings and the ships
 Had travelled on their way,
 And nothing but the memories of
 Those gorgeous sights did stay.

And so it is with life, itself,
 Though joys that we have had
 May now be gone, their memories come
 To cheer us when we're sad.
 MARY MARGARET KIRCHBAUM

billions on deposit, and it is rapidly increasing.

If this huge sum was forced into circulation, and forced to remain in circulation, as it would be under the Townsend plan, it would employ a vast army of 22,500,000 workers and such a thing as unemployment, depression and poverty would be unheard of.

No one knows the truth of these statements better than the statisticians and economists who are attacking the Townsend plan. Young man, do you begin to see what all this means to you? Do you see what the money controlled politicians and other interests have been doing to you, if you don't like it, then work for your own interest, they do.

Which do you want? Bankruptcy and unemployment on the one side, or prosperity and employment? Today, millions of people are out of work and desperate. If you had a steady job at \$38 per week, wouldn't you be wise in paying a weekly transaction tax of only 68 cents? While you are making this small weekly payment required under the Townsend plan, you were also providing safety for yourself before you become 60 years of age.

How about your father and mother? Wouldn't it be worth to know that they wouldn't go hungry and ragged all the rest of their lives? Are the politicians and billionaires helping you? Young man, are you satisfied with a system that creates billionaires while babies starve, and which keeps you out of a job?
 J. N. B. FULLER

WHEN I MEET MY LOVED ONES

(In Memory of Mrs. E. C. Sanderson)
 I learn as the years roll onward,
 And I leave the past behind
 That God is our protector,
 Our friend and guide in all.

And many friends I longed for
 Were hidden in a thorn,
 And many a rugged pathway
 Led to the fields of grain.

The clouds that come before us
 And the trails that we have
 But in the end of sorrows
 The sun will banish pain.

We must stand the deepest sorrow,
 To see the sun once more,
 And often in the darkest hours
 Comes strength from God above.

We must live through the weary hours
 If gladness we may see,
 For God is with us everywhere,
 In sorrow and in pain.

Our treasures may be buried
 Beneath the sod so cold,
 But our sweetest joy on earth
 Is to know we'll meet our loved ones there.

The hardest trials will soon be o'er
 And our sweetest joys will be,
 And our pain will then turn into joy,
 When we meet our loved ones there.
 EMMA M. SMITH
 1261 W. 11th, Eugene.

HOMESICK
 EL DORADO, Kans.—(To the editor).—Since I am a former resident of Eugene, and hope to be again before long, my mind reverts to the scenery and its charm, to the extent that it possesses me in a poetic manner. I hope that you will be kind enough to publish my poems. My husband, P. R. Abraham, was vice-president of the Eugene Pioneers' Local at

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one time. We have many friends in Eugene and the surrounding country. Oregon is truly a superior country to Kansas.

Willamette Valley Memories
 There is a mountain butte
 That I long to see again,
 I wish to pay tribute
 To majestic crag and glen—
 To the memories sweet
 Of the silvery morning mist,
 Where clouds and mountain meet—
 By soft falling rain is kissed—
 When one climbs old Spencer
 After clouds have drifted by—
 Tang of air—the dispenser
 Of dull cares that linger nigh—
 On the top rest awaits
 And the hills are cloaked in haze,
 Inspirational gates
 Clears the mind of troubled maze;
 The surrounding valley
 Where Willamette winding gleams,
 From roaring then to dally
 Through the land of my fond dreams;
 Colors ever changing
 Fir shrouded hills impressive,
 Sunset bars—shades ranging
 Picturesque and arresting—
 Evening shadows falling—
 Now the moon's blue-silver glow,
 Memories still are calling
 Me back to scenes I know.
 MARCIA EMBREE ABRAHAM
 325 N. Topeka street,
 El Dorado, Kansas.

Nearly 50 Enroll In Swim Classes

SPRINGFIELD, July 18.—(Special)—Registration over Friday and Saturday for the annual "Learn to Swim" campaign at Springfield, sponsored by the local P. T. A., resulted in an enrollment of nearly 50 for the classes which open for a 10-day period Monday.

Incomplete figures gathered Saturday afternoon showed that 43 had signed up, of which 32 were beginners. More were expected to bring the total up to the 50 mark.

Instructor of the classes, which are held at Willamette Park, is Miss Elizabeth Gullion. Classes will be held every day this coming week except Saturday and Sunday, and will carry over for four days of the following week.

Transportation to and from classes is furnished by the city truck which leaves the city hall 15 minutes before each class. On account of the danger connected with walking or bicycling on the highway, children are requested to use the truck for transportation.

Springfield Church Picnic Is Scheduled
 SPRINGFIELD, July 18.—(Special)—Members of the Springfield Christian church will picnic at the R. O. Smith farm Sunday afternoon, July 20, according to an announcement here today by Alex Stevens, superintendent of the Sunday school.

Basket lunches will be furnished, with all members invited to attend. Members will leave after the morning church service. In charge of the affair are Rev. Claude O'Brien, Elmer Ferguson, Mr. Stevens, and W. A. Taylor, who is in charge of the lunch.

REBEKAHS TO MEET
 SPRINGFIELD, July 18.—(Special)—The Junia Rebekahs will hold a social meeting Monday evening at the I. O. O. F. hall, with the degree staff holding initiatory work preceding.

Father Leipzig Goes to Meeting
 Rev. Francis P. Leipzig, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, leaves Sunday on the Southern Pacific special of fire chiefs for Seattle to attend the three-day Pacific coast convention of fire chiefs. Father Leipzig is to be one of the speakers during the Seattle convention.

On the Southern Pacific special through Eugene this noon there will be a large number of California fire chiefs who will be joined by Oregon

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fire chiefs in Portland. One of the prominent men of the coast fire chiefs going to the city today will be the president, Charles Stevens, Francisco, and the International Fire Chiefs Association. From Seattle the Pacific coast fire chiefs will run the special onto, Canada, for the annual fire chiefs convention of this month.

Father Leipzig has taken an active part in fire work in the number of years ago the fire chiefs, in recognition of the made Father Leipzig an honorary chief of the state of Oregon. A gold badge was presented him by Jay Stevens, secretary Pacific coast fire chiefs association. Mr. Stevens holds the two of Pacific coast and international retary of the Fire Chiefs.

Pendleton Shaken By Fresh Tremor

PENDLETON, July 18.—Slight earthquake, the second this vicinity in the past two recorded here and in the valley, north of here, occurred shortly before 8:30. The tremor caused no damage, that of Wednesday night noted by only a few persons center of the disturbance was near Milton-Freewater, most of the damage was done Tuesday night.

WALLA WALLA, Wash.
 —(U.P.)—Another slight earthquake was felt here today at about 11 a. m. but no damage was reported.

On Siltcoos Lake

SILTCOOS, July 18.—Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Johnson and children of Coquille were on vacation at Siltcoos lake with Mrs. Johnson's family. They were accompanied by Mr. Johnson's Mrs. Bertha Johnson of Eugene and her brother Ralph and family.

Mrs. Adeline Close arrived for a week's vacation at Siltcoos lake. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Elmer for Roseburg to visit their from there to Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Bolten and Mrs. Bolten's sister from California vacationed at Siltcoos lake in the P. T. cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Eugene and Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman of Eugene spent the week at Siltcoos at Mirror Bay cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford B. Vernon spent the past week-end at Siltcoos and visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merz at Ada.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill O'Hara Thursday for a stay at Siltcoos.

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