

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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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.

LONDON CALLS FOR COURAGE

COURAGE is the keynote of Alton M. Landon's campaign for the presidency of the United States at the place of his birth in the Keystone state of Pennsylvania—courage to believe that we can achieve prosperity for everybody in proportion to his ability and deserts, without giving unfair privileges to any person or class, without making millions the dependents of bureaucratic government, without destroying the established forms or ideals of the republic.

Mr. Landon proposes to stop limitation of production in agriculture and industry and to develop use, first of all in our own markets after that in the world at large. He proposes to fight monopoly and promote the production and distribution of goods at fair prices as the best way to get rid of the dole and provide honest work for all who want it.

Mr. Landon proposes to stop reckless borrowing, balance the government's income and expenditures and make economic management of the national business an aid to general prosperity through the reduction of taxation and elimination of waste. Mr. Landon does not propose to divorce the federal government from sweeping programs of social reform but to limit its activities to those affairs beyond control of individual states.

This is the Landon prospectus, and though it is still lacking in specific detail, it has the strong appeal of common sense. At least Mr. Landon has avoided the error of some of his colleagues in their endless scolding of the New Deal and presented a fairly constructive outline of what he offers for himself. Because he is not a skilled orator and because he has a good record of performance, he is "in character" in not promising too much.

Work for all is admittedly the shortest and simplest statement of what everybody in the United States wants, and it is precisely what the New Deal, in spite of many humanitarian efforts, has not accomplished. Rising prices and rising taxes threaten what has been accomplished. The federal government is on a speculative spending spree as dangerous to prosperity as the private boom which preceded it. So long as business is tax-ridden to support doles, it cannot perform its proper function in distributing work. For the millions patiently subsisting on relief the future is equally dark. Labor and capital are at war in a leaky boat.

Mr. Landon believes the American problem can be solved without hysterical experiments. It will be necessary for him to be much more specific. The situation calls for an outline of the constitutional and legislative measures by which he proposes to spread and stabilize work. The call for courage and common sense is timely, but it is only a start.

"THE WORLD'S BEST ACTORS"

FROM one of the veterans of the American stage came a rather amazing statement the other day. Otis Skinner was asked to name "the world's greatest actors." Without hesitation he named the Dionne quintuplets—in all seriousness. The "quints," he says, are really superb because their acting is absolutely without self-consciousness.

Of course, one might question whether they are really "acting" when they are only "being photographed." They aren't in the technical sense. Nevertheless, Mr. Skinner has touched on a very important truth. Only children can really "be themselves." Few grownups can face even a kodak without a self-conscious stare or smirk.

Children are the "world's best actors." They make their own parts. Much of the time they live in their own little realm of "pretend." The motion picture camera, perhaps better than any other device, can capture their fleeting dramatics, and by moods they can register every shading of the emotions. When children grow up, when they begin to take on the mannerisms of the surrounding world, something is lost to "art."

Only an "old stager" can truly appreciate this, knowing the struggle to divorce characterization from "self." In fact the modern stage seems to have given up the effort. Garbo is still Garbo and Gable is still Gable no matter what the part. The modern "star" knows little of the struggles of the old time trouper who had to be Richard the Third one night and Romeo the next. A willing public has lost interest in "roles"; a serialized version of an engaging "personality" seems to be enough, so the star continues to "be himself."

Only he isn't himself, quite. He is a Hollywood version of himself. He is not like anything or anybody ever known on this earth. There is poignant criticism of the modern stage in Mr. Skinner's remark:

"Only infants can act."

SPEAKING OF "GAMBLERS"

IF you can return a foolproof answer to the question, "How is the farm belt going to vote this fall?" the soothsayers of both parties will shower honors upon you and call you blessed. Doping out the farm vote has too many angles for the peace of mind of the rival vote-getters. Will the farmer feel grateful for the things the AAA did for him, or resentful over the things it failed to do? Will the recent drought turn him against the administration, or will the drought-relief program turn him toward it?

You can get as many answers to such questions as there are political prognosticators. The whole proposition is a pure gamble. And that, after all, is only fitting: for the farmer himself, by nature the most conservative and level-headed of men, is engaged in a lifelong gamble, in which he bets his livelihood every year. He has to gamble, first of all, on the weather. Will there be a drought this year, or is there to be plenty of rain? Will there be a late frost in the spring to ruin his fruit crop—or an early one in the fall to lay it low before he can get it picked?

He has no way on earth of knowing. All he can do is lay his money on the line and hope for the best.

He must gamble with the insect world. Will the corn borer advance upon his fields—or the army worm, the boll weevil, the 17-year locust, the grasshopper, the chinch-bug, or some other pernicious destroyer? The farmer won't know until the time

comes. Meanwhile, he must go ahead with his planting and cultivating, wagering his time, his labor, and his money that these pests will leave him alone.

He must bet, too, on what all the other farmers are doing. If he devotes a good share of his acreage to potatoes, he is betting that there are not enough other farmers doing the same thing to knock the bottom out of the potato market; if he raises wheat, he is betting that faraway places, such as Russia and the Argentine, will not bring forth the same grain too bountifully.

He is even betting on the general level of prosperity, both at home and abroad. If it is good, he stands to make a good income; if it turns bad, he stands to make a poor one, or possibly not to make any at all.

He is betting that money will remain fairly "easy," so that his bank will give him the time he needs on that mortgage.

All in all he is betting that the whole complex chain of unrelated events which makes the difference between a good year and a bad one will operate in his favor. He has been laying that bet every year since he became a farmer, and he will go on laying it until he ceases to be one.

It is one of the conditions of his life, and it is as old as agriculture itself.

Compared with the farmer, Wall Street is a piker and the man who invests a surplus hundred or so with his broker is indulging in child's play.

AN IDEA FROM GOLD BEACH

ONE of the most progressive ideas for better traffic control comes from Gold Beach way down at the mouth of the Rogue river on the Coast highway. Long isolated, Gold Beach is perhaps more aware of traffic dangers than communities which have experienced them for a long time. At any rate, Gold Beach has the distinction of having the only resident examiner of drivers in Oregon, so far as we can learn.

A modest young man who runs an electrical shop in the thriving coast town is the official deputy, and he certainly is "on the job." Almost any day one may see two or three people in his shop taking the tests. And is he thorough? When a driver has qualified at the Gold Beach bureau he knows something about Oregon's traffic rules and regulations.

Not long ago a business man "marooned" in Gold Beach for several hours thought it would be a bright idea to take the exam while waiting—and incidentally get his driving papers in order before some cop caught up with him. The Gold Beach examiner greeted him courteously, indicated a bench at which a couple of striplings were studying and suggested that he spend the "first fifteen minutes" reading the Drivers' Manual.

"I don't believe I need that," said the visitor. "Been driving 20 years without an accident."

The first paper came back plastered with red marks.

"Sorry," said the examiner, "but apparently you know only 10 per cent of the answers, for instance the speed rules, and the rules for turn signals. I'm afraid you'll have to study the book same as all the others."

The visitor was amazed and secretly "miffed" but he grabbed the manual, gave it the "once over" and called for a fresh paper.

The second sheet had an entirely different set of questions and once more the cocksure applicant got it back with a jolting array of red marks. Then he sat down and really read the manual.

It required something over two hours for the man who had driven twenty years without an accident to get the rules accurately, and then came the tests of vision, hearing and general coordination.

"I'll bet most of the drivers in Oregon couldn't pass this test you give," remarked the visitor, as he got his "okay." "After all common sense is the big factor."

"Um-huh," said the examiner quietly. "And most people think they'll always be lucky."

It would be an excellent thing if Secretary of State Earl Snell could establish "resident examiners" in every Oregon community. The cost might be considerable, but it would be a good investment if he could get men as competent and patient as the Gold Beach examiner. Last year Mr. Snell made a big hit by distributing license tags locally. The "resident examiner" plan should not present any very great difficulties.

STILL WORK FOR SCHOOLS

IT comes as a bit of a shock, but the last report of the United States Census Bureau reveals there are 4,283,753 Americans more than 10 years old who can neither read nor write.

Here is a large segment of our population handicapped at the outset for any competition in a modern world that demands the best education a person can obtain. If the individual cases of these 4,000,000 were analyzed, it might be found that hundreds of thousands are unemployed—unemployed because they never have been equipped to earn an adequate living.

These figures, incredible as they seem, offer a real challenge to every community. Adult education programs should be fostered. The government already has done much in this direction, but a great deal more of the task lies ahead.

It is a big job, but it justifies any effort. America can't afford illiteracy at any price.

THE MODERN HOUSEKEEPER

MRS. MAE SCHARLIN, New York household economist, has spent a great many years investigating the problems of housekeeping. She has gone down the line from the swankiest city apartments to the smallest cottages in the land. And out of her wide observations she draws the conclusion that housekeeping is first and last "an art and exact science."

Efficient housemaking, she says, encompasses adequate knowledge of dietetics, social science, and interior decorating. And if a wife will pursue the many ramifications of these three fields, she will find housekeeping to be a mighty big and important job.

The view contrasts radically with the old worn-out contention that housework is thankless drudgery.

Olympic weight lifting champions should be just the men to give archeologists a hand in peering under pyramids.

The people of Greece are hoping that nation's new strong man, Mr. Metaxas, does not live up to the middle syllable of his name.

"LEFT!" "RIGHT!" "LEFT!" "RIGHT!"



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

LAST WORD

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—It seems that Mr. Leonard Tabor, M. D., thought that I was looking for something to criticize when we were passing through Wyoming.

Well, he is mistaken, quite often what we write does not sound as we intend it should. So far as the highway is concerned, it is as good in Wyoming as any state I ever drove over, in fact it was much better than some highways farther east. What I tried to tell was the feeling of great distance that I had when crossing from Wind River Canyon, (which is a beautiful drive), to Casper. It seemed like we would never get there and if I were to gauge the distance I would very likely say that it was about 500 miles, for it is the way I felt when we would come to the top of a rise and see the road going on and on to the horizon seemingly a hundred miles away. Of course when I consulted the maps I find that it was 90 miles from Shoshoni to Casper with a number of small places in that distance.

Casper is a beautiful city, a great many oil refineries and many wells all along the way leaving there, but gasoline was just the same price there as in Oregon.

I expect those long stretches of highway did not look any worse to me than our hills and curves look to the man from Kansas who came out to Oregon via southern California and the Redwood highway.

He told me he hardly expected to get his eyes to look straight ahead again. He took the hills and curves at about fifteen miles "per" because he felt like "he was going on over." Even in Nevada, where I would not live if they'd give me the whole state, we found people who said they loved the desert and those bare mountains and thought the climate was ideal. Well, that is as it should be for we can't all live in the Willamette valley.

Since coming home, I have told about the big black crickets that were all over the pavement in places like Utah and Nevada. One woman said she was so glad that someone else had seen them for when she told about them she was suspected of stretching the truth a bit, but it's no stretch of the truth to say that they were as long as three inches, correspondingly high long leaved and very black. They were so thick on the pavement as to create a hazard to fast driving.

The states which we liked the best were Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, those states seemed to have had good grain crops but the corn crop was all burned up. In Missouri what the heat missed, the grasshoppers ate. We saw whole fields entirely stripped with just the stalks standing. Places where we visited we were told that young chickens dropped dead from the heat and there were almost no gardens.

Now I am not telling this to create an unfavorable impression of any eastern or mid-western states, but only to sort of put a damper, so to speak on Oregon "croakers" who complain about our weather. Huh, I'd say, go live some where else for a while. We were gone just thirty days and were very glad to get home again. But under the same circumstances, for the same purpose, we'd all do it again because we attended the grandest, simplest, shouting, cleanest convention ever assembled in the city of Cleveland and let me tell you this, don't ever let any one shake your faith or loyalty to Dr. Townsend.

Our critics are pleased to call him a dictator. We call him our leader. Either word will do and should mean the same to a loyal Townsdenite, because without a leader such as Dr. Townsend we would not get the Townsend plan.

Our enemies know that, they fully realize that just so long as we are willing to be led that they cannot destroy us that is why they play up the "dictator" so strong. There are those who think they know better how this plan should be run and they are influenced by the dictator talk and do a great deal of harping about "democratization" of the plan. Let me remind them that this plan BE-

LONGS to Dr. Townsend and if they don't want it bad enough to "follow the leader" then they can quit and in a very short time they will not be missed. This plan is bigger than any one in it with the possible exception of the Dr. If the time ever comes when I feel as some of our "one time" speakers, then I shall drop out and never be missed. But I can promise one thing, you'll never hear this one telling how it ought to be done.

Every great organization or movement has its leaders or dictators, else it would never attain greatness. Dr. Townsend is the bright and shining example of the "forgetting of self" for the common good of all and I am sure that if our few dissatisfied workers would stop for a minute and think about the great strides this movement has made under the "Dictatorship" of Dr. Townsend, they would forget all this talk of "democratization". I guess that is enough for this time. Thank you, NETTIE GAWLEY.

KABLER

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—The other day Fish Fingerling says to me: "Tom, it seems you say no hot for the New Deal."

I answered: "Oh, yes I am Fish. Why shouldn't I be? It's the only deal in which we have gotten better than a pair of deuces. They used to give us them to keep us in the game. The big boys always held good hands. Take the Astors and Vanderbilts for instance. They held full houses right along for a half century. Then John D. and Andy I came in with four of a kind until they got to be billion-aires. In the teens and twenties J. P. and Andy II got in with so many royal flushes that they broke everybody flatter than the Long Tom bottom, which you know, Fish is pretty dang flat."

Fish interrupted me, "But I heard you say something agin the New Deal's social security."

I interrupted him, "You did Fish. That is the rotten speck in the New Deal."

Fish went on: "Even that ain't so bad. I'll illustrate tomorrow." On the morrow Fish and I were going up Spook hollow. There is no better place for unemployed like Fish and me to go. Nowhere are colors more delicate, sounds more enchanting or springs more numerous, colder or sweeter.

On the morrow Fish and I started up Spook Hollow.

"Wait a minute," urged Fish. "I forgot something." He returned to the cabin to come back with a squirt bottle and a medicine dropper in his hand.

At the first spring in Spook Hollow Fish plunged his medicine dropper into the cold sweet water, drew up a few drops and squirted them into his bottle. At the second, third, fourth and every other spring to the 64th he did the same thing.

At the 35th spring I took out my little book. Some people carry a little book to write down memorandums. I carry one in which I write the names of men whose acquaintance I make. I have it divided into four parts. The first part is headed "smart men," the second part, "so men," the third part, "bit men," and the fourth part "plain damn fools."

For a dozen years I had carried Fish's name on the "smart men" list. At the 35th spring I scratched his name from that list and wrote it over among the "bit men."

By the time we reached the 60th spring I was so disgusted that I took out my book again, struck Fish's name from the "bit men" list and wrote it at the head of "plain damn fools."

I hoped to find the 65th spring cold, sweet and bubbling. Around it syringas and rhododendrons were in

bloom. Back of it fir and hemlock grew big and tall. I parted the clean green grass and knelt to drink.

The spring was dry. Only the drops of perspiration that dropped from my face moistened the cracked bottoms. I arose to look at Fish. He was standing in a spot of sunlight and fluttering shadows. From his bottle he quenched his thirst, sip by sip.

Again I took out my little book. From the page of "plain damn fools" I struck Fish's name. In my best hand I wrote at the top of "smart men" "Fish Fingerling."

T. F. KABLER.

SUNDAY LESSON

"Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ" After his miraculous conversion, Wrote, preached and worked for the Lord.

To the greatest physical exertion. He taught them how to forget themselves. And how to work to save the others. He wrote a letter to the Galatians. Telling them how to treat their brothers.

Restore a man in a spirit of meekness.

Consider thyself, lest thou be tempted.

Be overcome in thy weakness. Bear ye one another's burdens. He meant the brethren in the church Not speaking of their blood relations.

Conciliates the person conceited, According to God's holy word. "If a man thinketh himself to be something"

He deceiveth himself, not the Lord. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked."

Is a scripture with meaning deep "For whatsoever a man soweth, That shall he also reap."

"For he that soweth to the flesh Shall of the flesh corruption reap; But he that soweth to the Spirit Shall his life forever keep."

"Let us not be weary in well doing: At every opportunity, do our best. If we faint not by the wayside We shall be forever blest."

ELLA HAYDEN.

ROLLING in oil is too good for the guy Who comes to my door to persuade me to buy:

I want no more books, no, nor any more papers, No magazines, needles, nor dining room tapers.

So retreat if you're selling; I'll only say "NO!" And, besides, I may even tell you where to go!

ALBERTA HEFFRON.

MR. FULLER

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In the Oregonian of Aug. 11 and in the editorial in this heading (Townsend in Reverse) and by a committee for the Twentieth Century Fund Inc.

Quo. The Townsend theory is that a dollar put in trade through the Townsend plan will increase the number of transactions in trade by ten. The committee argues that this is a poor law if it does not work both ways.

The Townsend plan collects the transaction tax for four months before paying any pensions. The money

thus withdrawn from trade should reduce the number of transactions by ten, if it be conversely true that when it is spent it will multiply transaction by ten.

It follows that this four months sequestration of Townsend tax revenues would all but wipe out the total of business transactions before its release started to build them up.

They claim that the transactions in 1934 was \$271,000,000,000 and the lowest I have seen it by good authority was 600 billion dollars it is now 960 billion dollars and the national income is 60 billion dollars. There is no danger of it going into reverse. You will all keep in mind that the seller pays the tax, the wage earners and consumers pay no tax unless he has something to sell. You fellows who have been shedding CROCODILE tears for the wage earners and the 2 per cent that the seller pays is all the same as 2 per cent discount for cash, it is the only just tax for you pay according to what you have.

Two per cent on 900 billion dollars would produce \$1,500,000,000 each month and if there are 7 million that can qualify for the pension at \$200 per month there would be enough for all and 100 million dollars left over. This should be paid the fore part of the second month to put it in circulation by the class of people most in need.

There are some things that won't work in reverse, the jug has two sides, the inside and outside, but the handle is always on the outside. The next, a large double circular sawmill with inverted teeth, the teeth all point down when cutting and it cuts through the log without any trouble, then you take it off and change side, then the teeth turn to the log all point up and you look at it and you can see that it would be dangerous to try it.

The American citizens can see in the civil war raging in Spain what they may expect right here at home unless they set to work in earnest to stop the exploitation of the masses. In a word, the Spanish civil war is a war between classes. This is clearly indicated by the attitude of other nations.

The 2 per cent transaction tax is a just tax and will take us out of the depression and will keep us out, and put the idle people to work, and right many of the wrongs that now exist.

MIDDLE WEST

In traveling through the middle west I made my heart feel sad To see so much destruction By drought and insects bad. From last year they had the dust storms That blew the soil away, Made loose by plowing up the crops For which they received some pay.

Then following this the cloudburst That washed the bridges out, And washed the drifted soil away, And turned things all about. This year the scorching heat and wind Swept over the growing crop— Drying the leaves from off the trees And making the apples drop.

The potatoes baked right in the hills, The eggs were quite well done, The water dried up from the creeks, The fish fried in the sun; The tassel on the corn was dried, And bowed the stalks to the ground. Then came the greedy grasshoppers As fast as they could hop.

Or walk, or skip, or jump, or fly, It mattered not to them; They were so hungry for the corn They scarcely left a stem. There was a time when the middle west Had plenty and some to spare. The depression took their money But they still had food to share.

Then the New Deal came along And sent out a decree That all foodstuff must be curtailed To this they MUST agree. They slaughtered calves and little pigs To satisfy a meanness mood. They plowed under corn and cotton And every thing that's good.

To the millions of people unemployed This food stuff was denied. Fathers and mothers begged for bread And little children cried. When a nation forgets God And defies His mighty powers, Divine Judgment is sent on it. And it may be sent on ours.

ELLA HAYDEN.

ON MILITARY

SALEM, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In answer to your editorial of August 16 on "Citizen Defense Legion Aim," may I point out the following fallacies in your stand:

1. The initiative is the first opportunity the voters of any state have had to militarize the existing system of War Department control of our colleges.

2. This is not an attempt to do away with military training in the Oregon colleges. For the very reason we advocate the right of students not to take the military drill, we uphold their right to partake of the training if they wish.

3. True enough, the policy at U. of O. is quite reasonable, but investigation shows that the intolerance of the administration at O. S. C. is

very contrary to the principles of the constitution.

4. Facts from Minnesota and Oregon, where the local military training optional, show that R. O. T. C. units there are as many as in the rest of the country. The cost of the old system of compulsory military training is much greater.

May I here express my appreciation of the curriculum of the Oregonian, in which you supported the suggestion of higher education for consideration. It is a program, whether the training compulsory or optional.

Sincerely yours,
 GEORGE KELL

When springtime comes, and the earth Has donned its mantle green I love to visit places where Dame Nature reigns supreme.

Away from crowded city streets Away from work and care And to the country, so serene, That's where I like to go.

There is no keener pleasure, A long and peaceful ride Upon a little road that winds Across the countryside.

Perhaps the road will pass fields Of planted corn and grain. That seem to stretch so endless Across the mighty plain.

But though I like all kinds of The one that I love best Is that which takes me to the Where there is silence, rest.

So when I look at wooded peaks At ranges, high and free, I thank our God, who gave us And eyes with which to see.

MARY MARGARET KIRK

GARDEN OF MEMORY

Garden of memory, down through the years, Planted with smiles, with tears, Day is fast fading, night shadows Garden of memory, set up your Back to the path, where you flowers, Are nourished, and kept, in that was ours, Paths cool and still, when shadows lie, And for-get-me-nots, elms, lore cannot die.

ELIZABETH MOTT

THE MORTAL MIND

When will the Mortal Mind be that the skin is just the cover the distinction of color, race is like judging a book by its face. Now come, fill with white and demure don't drop souls that are honest and pure then I hope for the sake of it, race, you will judge this poem by its face, but the mortal the Mortal Mind are such things.

DARRELL TAYLOR

MY MOUNTAIN PARADISE

There's a land where the snow counted in millions, where eagle soars on outcrops of a land where the mountain peaks make their home. An animal paradise where the can kill, way out beyond all is still. So give me a park and a room and I will go back to my mountain home.

DARRELL TAYLOR

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