

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.

BORAH THINKS IT OVER

ONE day during the recent Republican convention in Cleveland, Senator William E. Borah disappeared from the crowded hotel lobbies and was discovered perched alone on a railing by Cleveland's lake front, looking out over the railroad yards, the harbor and the blue reaches of Lake Erie. The senator had strolled off alone to get a little fresh air and quiet. He found both, and enjoyed them in solitude. Around him lounged the assorted down-and-outers who make that particular stretch of waterfront their hangout. And the senator sat there and looked out at nothing in particular—an elderly statesman with deep lines in his face and a droop to his shoulders, communing with himself.

It might be interesting to know just what his thoughts were. For Senator Borah, in his moments of introspection, must have ample food for reflection. He is close to the end of his career. It has been a notably distinguished one; and it contains a rather tragic moral about the fate of the man who never quite won genuine confidence.

Senator Borah speaks for what might be called the older America: the America that distrusted the go-getter and the grabber, that lived by a simple creed of antique freedom and had a sturdy self-reliance, a confidence in the ability of the ordinary American to take care of himself unaided. But in his career as spokesman for that America, the senator missed a lot of fights.

He missed one in 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt went across the land like a knight-errant tilting against privilege and greed. In that year Senator Borah swallowed William Howard Taft—swallowed him with a wry grimace, but swallowed him none the less.

He missed another in 1924 when old Bob La Follette spoke up against the House of Have and took his predestined licking. Old Bob could have used Borah's help that year; his cause looked remarkably like the cause Borah had always espoused. But Borah's spear never appeared in the LaFollette battle line.

Came 1928 and Senator Borah went down the line for Hoover. Borah was always a potential "liberal"—until the shooting started. At last in 1936 the old warhorse went out to battle . . . and found himself just a little too late. He found that the play had been taken away from him by a group of middle westerners led by a man who as a youngster had taken the Bull Moose bolt which Borah had been too careful to take. The long-overdue liberalization of the Republican party had begun—and Landon, not Borah was the magic name.

It would be interesting to know just what the senator thought as he played hooky from the convention to muse by the shore of the lake.

"CIVILIZATION" AT "LOW"

IF all Americans were to be judged by the kind of bizarre, blood-thirsty crowds that have been congregating at the scenes of major crimes and public executions, we certainly would classify as a morbidly murderous sort of people. For a time it appeared that we had reached an all-time low in the Hauptmann case. The public's behavior in New Jersey the night Bruno Richard Hauptmann paid his price for the murder of the Lindbergh baby resembled nothing more closely than the torchlight frivolity of the old-time political rally. But that, apparently, wasn't our worst.

It seems now that Americans reached their goriest height (or depth) the other day down at Owensboro, Ky., where, amidst the overtones of carnival merry-making, 15,000 people saw a 22-year-old Negro plunge to his death from the gallows for the murder of a 70-year-old woman. Surely the most sanguinary of the Roman holidays couldn't have eclipsed this scene. Wrote United Press eye-witnesser, Frank Leary:

"The crowd was in a holiday mood. Only a moment before the arrival of the Negro from Louisville, vendors of hot dogs and lemonade shouted their wares. In some of Owensboro's homes all night 'Hanging Parties' were in progress, beer and sandwiches the refreshments. . . . Through the night the crowd had swarmed the streets. . . . But it was not ill-natured or violent. It appeared to be enjoying a 'Hangman's Holiday'."

Then came the execution. Continues Leary: "The crowd, pressing tightly around the gallows, was not disorderly, but only out for a good time. Fifty per cent of them were from out of town—sensation seekers from Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky. Many children, including young babies, were carried on the shoulders of parents who had stayed up all night."

After the trap was sprung, a few in the group, swarming over the execution scene, tried to seize the black death cap. Deputy sheriffs, however, held back the souvenir hunters. The show was over!

Here was a spectacle to shock the nation. It was the sort of aboriginal affair, carried out by a few thousands, that casts irreparable reflection on the entire country.

BACK TO THE BICYCLE?

IT was like picking up a newspaper of 35 years ago to read that a young member of the Buffalo Cycling Club won a 90-mile bicycle road race at the Great Lakes Exposition the other day. Sixty cyclists took part in this cross-country race. The affair was conducted by the field secretary of the League of American Wheelmen, and some 5000 people rode their bicycles up to the exposition grounds to see the finish of the race.

Nothing like that has appeared in the papers since the day when impudent urchins used to yell "Get a horse!" at the be-goggled and linen-dusted occupants of smorting automobiles. The League of American Wheelmen was a prominent outfit in those days, and bicycles went whirling smoothly—or, as the terrain might dictate, not so smoothly—along city streets and country roads.

So it seemed rather good to read about this bicycle revival. For the automobile, which has rearranged our civilization and proved one of the most convenient and usable gadgets that man ever

invented for himself, has at the same time deprived us of some unimportant but pleasant little diversions, and the bicycle tour is one of them.

To be sure, you still see plenty of bikes. There has even been a boom in the bicycle manufacturing business in the last few years; shops where you can rent a wheel for an hour's spin through the park have sprung up here and there in cities all across the country. But that isn't bicycling. How many people, today, have the hardihood to set out on a real cross-country trip by bicycle? It would be a lot of fun to hop on Junior's bike and take a little week-end excursion; there'd be good exercise in it, a sense of adventure, and a feeling of freedom. You could get acquainted with the countryside that way, as you never can on a motor trip.

Yes, it would be fine. But who wants to do it when the roads are full of autos—especially when so many of them are driven by the break-neck fools who infest our highways nowadays? You would spend a quarter of your time enjoying the beauties of nature and the other three quarters looking uneasily over your shoulder to make sure that some idiot in a new car wasn't about to knock you into kingdom come.

There isn't anything in particular we can do about it—unless a paternal government someday decides to web the country with a network of bicycle trails, which isn't likely. It's just one of those things, that's all; one of the innumerable little prices we pay for the privilege of having autos. But the cycle path (and the bridge path) surely still deserve a place.

WORLD KEEPS "BUTTING IN"

BECAUSE of the great American habit of believing that all the republic's problems can be solved within the republic's boundaries, there is a certain air of unreality to the efforts of the political platform makers.

A party convention meets and its delegates devote a roomful of assorted headaches to the job of figuring out what is wrong with the country and what ought to be done about it.

In due time they reach agreement. They decide what should be done about the currency, about the farm surplus, about industrial over-production, and about unemployment. Then, wrapping it all up in a ball and handing it to their chosen candidate, they go home well content. And all the while a current may be setting in from some far-off and unheard-of spot—like Sarajevo, for instance—that will make all their solutions look foolish.

For we live in a world community nowadays, and national problems are but one side of the world's problems. Which is to say that a plank on foreign relations might well be the most important part of the entire platform.

It doesn't get treated that way, of course. A party will declare for neutrality in case of foreign war, for adequate national defense, for non-entanglement in overseas politics, and for a revival of foreign trade.

Seldom or never will it go beyond that, or offer any concrete plan for attainment of these ends. And yet it is precisely there that the most detailed plans and the most carefully thought-out programs are necessary.

For everything else in the platform may, unexpectedly, come to depend on what is done in the field of foreign relations.

You may set up the most elaborate devices for restoring farm prosperity, quickening industry, ending unemployment, and balancing the budget; overnight there may come a European war to make all those plans utterly worthless.

Then you will find that your entire domestic program hangs on what you do in the foreign field. Indeed, it does not take a foreign war to do it. The mere threat of war may do it.

A far-away financial disaster, like the crash of the Austrian Credit-Anstalt in 1931, may undo everything you have tried to do.

A new British Empire trade agreement, or a Japan aggressively pushing a new export plan, may have the most profound effect on your domestic economy.

It would be refreshing to see a great political party frankly admit all this, and devote its best thought to the writing of a platform which would take a world view of America's difficulties.

"WHOLESOME CHANGE"

ATTORNEY GENERAL HOMER CUMMINGS is highly optimistic about the future of criminal law administration in the United States. Already he notes that the attitude of the American people toward crime has undergone a "wholesome change."

Of course, Mr. Cummings takes pride in the accomplishments of the G-men. He is glad that they have been able to "deal with the criminal operations of individuals and gangs whose activities had made American justice a subject of wonder to the rest of the world."

And here the attorney general strikes a vital point.

The "wholesome change" in the public's attitude certainly can be attributed largely to this new achievement in law enforcement that the G-men have brought us.

If we glorify the officer instead of the gangster, it is because justice has delivered, as we have a right to expect it to deliver in America.

NO ROOM IN NEW YORK

ONE hundred twenty-two New York social agencies have joined in issuing a warning to the jobless girls of the nation. It is, "Don't come to New York!" Out-of-town girls, without adequate funds, without definite plans, in search of employment and "fun," will likely get neither in the big city. It is pointed out.

Instead, the danger of exploitation constantly menaces the unprotected women who come to the metropolis unprepared. "We in New York say to girls throughout the country," the social workers declare, "that no matter what hard conditions there are at home, they are better off to stay there"—timely advice that shouldn't be passed up. But so long as New York is New York and so long as youth has dreams the advice will not be heeded by those who "must try it once!"

New no-button men's shirts are on the market, but we're not interested. They are so hard to distinguish from our newly-laundered ones.

A trans-oceanic bridge has always been a dream, but might yet become a reality by turning the successor to the Queen Mary and Normandie sideways.

Generally, Europeans are splendid people; but occasionally one finds them revolting.

THE AMERICAN HIGHWAY



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

GAMBLING

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—
 R. G., quoting Corvallis G., says: "Why not be sensible and quit trying to change human instinct by prohibitory legislation?" Well, it is almost universal human instinct to steal, cheat (which is a form of stealing), violate traffic rules, destroy property, and for some persons murder, white slavery, hold-ups, kidnapping and other means of personal gain.

So why not be "reasonable" and abolish laws against them? J. Edgar Hoover says: "Gambling is a racket, which is often hard for local officers to cope with. My men are bird dogs in a cooperative drive on this organized crime." "Commercialized gambling conducted openly and continuously is prima facie evidence of official corruption"—Head of Chicago Detective Bureau.

Gambling is a vice. A gambling debt is not collectible. To falsely call a person a gambler is slander, punishable by law. For many years prior to 1934 Nevada was the only state in the Union to legalize general gambling.

It is an ancient vice, prevalent in China a thousand years ago. Forbidden by the Romans both under Republic and Empire. Any money paid on chance of gain is gambling. Betting, raffle, prize parade, bank nights, pin and ball and everything where greater value is expected than given.

Legitimate trade is exchange of equal value. Many mothers are gamblers. They congregate in halls and private homes to contest for a prize. It consumes days and nights of valuable time. Children and homes are neglected, and worse the example leads children to see no harm in more vicious sorts of gambling.

It enervates all the higher powers of woman and brings mothers into contempt in their own families.

The Gazette-Times adds: "If an adult chooses to throw away his money it is nobody's business." What about the family who is deprived of its rightful share of his income? Very few individuals who take the first step in gambling stop there. There is a fascination about the chance of winning that is irresistible, and one finds himself unable to escape the chains that have bound him. When "his own" is gone he will resort to any means to obtain money to satisfy his thirst to try luck again.

The effects of gambling were always the same: tempting the weak to financial ruin; overwhelming strong minds by an indomitable passion; and if unchecked becoming a national menace, compelling legislation.

All gambling is dishonest. Our country is being undermined by more than 2,000,000 persons who manufacture, distribute and operate cheating gambling devices. An 84 page catalogue, "The Secret Blue Book," is filled with descriptions of cheating devices for sale. There are many such catalogues. In one city more than 50 kinds of "tip sheets" were found on sale at newsstands for from 10 to 50

TRAFFIC PROTEST

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—
 Kind sir, I have heard since arriving here in Eugene, the traffic problem discussed pro and con. You may take this article at its face value and print it if you find anything that is interesting.

I don't believe that enough can be said on the subject, and the more said about it, the better. You can't expect people to really do anything about the matter, unless you keep it fresh in their minds at all times. Talk safety, act safety, eat safety and sleep safety, and the subject will sooner or later be on the lips of all the people, and then when they realize its full value, they are going to do something about it.

I am a careful observer of traffic rules, and I think that every individual should take it upon himself to do likewise. We have the laws in this city and state, but for some reason they have not been forced. Before people are going to feel safe upon our public highways and city streets, they are going to have to know in their own minds that our police force is on their toes and are going to punish the law-breakers to the fullest extent. Each person that owns or drives a car should be forced to abide by the

cents each (costing a fraction of one cent). Many a murder is due to patrons discovering these frauds. A majority of our States have enacted illogical laws, licensing gambling for the revenue, but, like repeal of liquor laws, they will find the cost far exceeds the profit.

"It's nobody's business what a man thinks; Nobody's business how much a man drinks; It's nobody's business what he may do"; That sounds fine, but say, is it true? Go ask the wife in her faded gown Who waits for her husband to come from town.

She knows that the money needed for bread Has gone to the vendors of gambling instead. She knows that the children are hungry and cold. That all their garments are tattered and old. She knows the vendors' mansion, so grand. And its tables of luxuries, the best in the land. Are furnished by fathers whose own girls and boys Have few of life's comforts and none of its joys.

Go ask the mother anxiously waiting at home, At the midnight hour, for her boy to come. Night after night she must watch and pray, Till her eyes grow dim, and her hair turns grey. Is it none of her business that her innocent boy Shall ruin his soul and his manhood destroy? Go ask the children at school and on street, Who are alighted and scoffed at by those whom they meet. Is it none of their business, in years to come To know their father was gambling and belonged to the skum? LAURA TRACHSEL.

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I don't believe that enough can be

DON'T
 buy, build or
 refinance your
 home until you
 get details on
OUR
 Home Loan Plan

It eliminates all renewal costs.
 Has attractive pay-off privileges.
 The loan is killed off with small monthly payments, like rent.
 Brings debt-free home ownership.
 It's the SAFE plan for YOU!

Most Loans
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First Federal
 Savings and Loan Association
 Of Eugene

Delicious
Marmalades
Jams
and
Preserves
Made without
stirring or watching
in

An ELECTRIC OVEN



A Homemaker who cooks electrically was not satisfied with having eliminated the discomfort of cooking apple butter in an over-heated kitchen or in an open kettle outdoors. She asked a well known manufacturer of electric appliances if it was possible to eliminate with electric heat the constant watching and stirring during the cooking period. A series of experiments were worked out from which they recommended the electric oven, maintaining an even temperature for the carefully cooking fruit butters, preserves and marmalades without watching or stirring. The plan is practical on any make of Electric Range.

Preserves, jams and marmalades prepared in the electric oven are of a superior quality—plump, tender fruit in a heavy syrup with full natural color—made possible by slowly heating the fruit which draws enough juice to melt the sugar, making a heavy syrup and by using a low temperature for evaporating without damage of burning.

Ask Your Electric Dealer About the Possibilities Offered by the Electric Range for Easier and More Efficient Home Canning Methods.

Eugene Water Board