

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
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OREGON CITIES—OLIVER TWIST

SOMEWHAT like Dickens' immortal Oliver Twist "asking for more," the cities of this state have approached Old Man Oregon in the present legislature asking for a thin share of liquor board and state highway revenues.

The bid for a share of the liquor revenues came out of committee Saturday "without recommendation" which means that there will be bitter opposition to this plan, also.

At this time when the state government is exceedingly prosperous, able to make big gestures of reducing its very small tax levies, the cities are still poverty stricken, with city levies a back-breaking burden.

There is widespread complaint of laxity in liquor law enforcement, and it is an obvious weakness of the Knox law that the state appropriates virtually all the revenues but holds the under-manned and underpaid police of the cities mainly responsible for control.

With 61.6 per cent of the people of Oregon living within incorporated cities and paying a heavy proportion of all gas taxes, the cities receive no benefit from these payments except as the state improves state highways through towns.

It has been established that in Portland and the larger cities, people do 60 to 70 per cent of their driving in the city and on city streets; the percentage is 20 to 35 per cent even in the smallest towns.

There is something to be said for the cities' claims. The League of Oregon Cities which has presented these appeals is not the type of organization which can be accused of a "raid."

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the American labor movement it is just as much "American Made" as Mr. Ford's original car.

There are many alarming aspects of our industrial "civil war"; there is peril in the blind class hatreds which have been stirred.

Not long ago the Saturday Evening Post sent Aba Johnson to view the amazing mess in Seattle, and it is interesting to note that this entirely "pro-capitalist" writer made light of the charges of "communism" which have been raised there.

Nope, we can forget both Moscow and the "international bankers." Our troubles are "Made in America." Our remedy will have to be "American Made."

FOR a number of years, our good friend Billy Maddaugh, out at Veneta, has been supplying super-onions for that super-soup which is concocted by that super-chef, Hon. Robert W. Sawyer, of Bend, Route F unions!

Nor has Mr. Maddaugh been inactive between onion seasons. Come spring he has always appeared with a cluster of super-cherries, super-rhubarb, super-radishes. Upon one occasion he even brought

in a brace of Route F super-potatoes just to show that even Judge Sawyer's famous Deschutes Notted Gems should not stand alone when comparisons are made.

There is no surprise when Mr. Maddaugh staggered in the other day under the weight of a brace of super-paranips. Super-paranips indeed! Grown by George Sertic, one of Route F's super-4-H kids. Truly tremendous, these.

Paranips, you say! Who wants paranips, let alone super-paranips? But with proper attention they are a super-delicacy, fit for a king. They call first for a super-pork-roast from a super-pig (and by the way Mr. Maddaugh, how come you forgot the pig?). They require a careful scraping and carving into sections of precise length, a little judicious pre-cooking over some super-steam.

We are grateful to Mr. Maddaugh whose persistent propaganda for a great highway is a constant reminder of "bigger and better" things.

"DIRECT FROM EUGENE" AGAIN

NEXT Saturday evening at 8 p. m. there will be another broadcast by the University Symphony orchestra over NBC "direct from Eugene." From 5 to 5:30 the musicians of the University will be featured on a "Youth in Music" program—this time by invitation of the educational association which has been sponsoring monthly programs over the air.

There is a possibility that University artists may have many opportunities for these appearances on national hookups if they receive the cooperation they deserve. An audience is part of the necessary "effects." It should not be difficult to fill the Music Auditorium any time the Symphony chooses to play, but it is necessary to call special attention to next Saturday's engagement because of the rather unusual hour.

The NBC technicians who came to Eugene for the last hookup were delighted with the Music Auditorium's facilities which for some reason seem to be superior acoustically to most specially built rooms for radio orchestras.

MORE DANGEROUS THAN REPEAL

If one were to suggest the repeal of the entire Constitution of the United States, there would be a terrible outcry. Try the suggestion on some friend who is an ardent New Dealer (they're all ardent) and hear the instant protest.

Yet Great Britain has no written constitution, never has had, and is generally considered the world's firmest democracy. Great Britain has no system of Judicial Review—because there is no written constitution to be reviewed.

And the plan works. The result over some centuries has been a respected parliament and a respected judiciary.

Why wasn't the plan copied when this government was founded? Mainly because there was so much distrust between states that all factions wanted something in writing. They got it. We still have it. And Judicial Review is an inevitable consequence.

If Mr. Roosevelt were to suggest taking away completely the power of the courts to interpret the constitution, there would be many who would support him in that position, despite the fact that our Congress has seldom enjoyed the trust reposed in Commons.

Congress should have power to regulate industry and labor in a modern country and to stop industrial abuses in the name of states' rights. We doubt if any except a few stupid Liberty Leaguers would challenge that contention.

Having encountered a few enthusiasts on both sides of the supreme court issue, Ajax McGurk says he's looking for the reformer who was yelling for the American people to take their politics seriously.

Uncle Joe Robinson says there is a deep conspiracy to thwart the president's desires to control the courts. Perhaps it is the same conspiracy which kept Uncle Joe so silent on Arkansas tenant-farmer outrages.

This being Washington's birthday we shall refrain from trying to express what the Father of the Country would have thought on current issues, having really a most sincere respect for his memory.

The city of Chicago is completely bankrupt, according to latest reports. Or at least it seems to be having a very effective "sit down" of the taxpayers. What has become of the old-fashioned guys who used to contend that city credit was unlimited?

The Last Republican? Sure, there is one! Roxy-beak claims to have found him—reading a speech of Herbert Hoover's.



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

KABLER Eugene, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Why so much fuss about this U. S. court business? Maybe it is just a pin prick to keep our minds off a real bellyache.

Then our population was four, five or maybe six millions, counting 5-8 of the slaves. There was very little work for courts to do, so most of the circuit judges and supreme justices whiled away their time for hunting or fishing.

By 1808 there got to be so much work for the two courts the judges and justices were getting ten years behind with their work and five or six years behind with their fox hunting and fishing.

At that time our population had increased to some thirty or forty million. There were no slaves to be counted but 100% of the courts were counted. Also there had come considerable work for the courts to do.

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STRIKE VIEWS

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Your Editorial "Peace Without Victory" in Monday's Guard leaves me wondering what kind of settlement you would have considered satisfactory.

Are we to conclude that you are expressing editorial disappointment that the federal and state governments did not forcibly eject the strikers, even though this meant the spilling of considerable human blood?

You also infer that the government was "openly partisan" in the situation, but offer no statement of facts in support of this charge.

You state that the settlement, or truce, "sanctifies the rule of the blood-god." But how? What about the employment of Pinkerton spies in the ranks of labor by General Motors, and the statement by the Pinkerton chief that he thought it perfectly proper for a company to employ private detectives to spy on government officials?

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DUDECK

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came to U. of O. The new library. The many new buildings now completed and in use. The Warner exhibit (Oriental) so rare, so beautiful and educational. Oregon has its young people scattered all over the world.

We remember President Prince Campbell and his wife Susan Campbell. Honored and loved by the entire student body. Honored, respected and loved by all who came in contact with them. Never too busy to help a student or an employee on the grounds.

A gentleman and lady by birth, education of mind and heart. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell gave financially yes. But also the invaluable lessons of lives well spent. An example of what a home is when built on character and love of friends. Memories like these come to us as we walk through the old campus of U. of O.

Anna Butterfield. Their meetings are not held for the money. As for the dress they do not care. It is the welcoming hand that greets you.

And a smile from all who is there. Many are they who never come forth to attend any of their meetings. If only more would please just come. They'll be met with cordial greetings.

Their subjects are on public welfare and the morals of life of today. With God's help we hope they will progress. And for them we shall always pray.

Supreme Court. TRIANGLE LAKE.—(To the Editor)—Had President Roosevelt announced in his campaign speeches that he planned to reorganize the supreme court and to offer legislation that would permit him to appoint six additional judges whom he knew would be in sympathy with his New Deal schemes, it is most doubtful if he would have been re-elected by such a tremendous vote.

It is winter in the garden, where beauty once was known. And I mark the desolation, as I walk its paths alone. There's a lone tree in the garden. All of summer she has left—'Upon her bare cold bosom, is a robin's nest—bereft.

And the ramble on the trellis too is running wild. Amidst the tangled grasses like a bewildered child. The zinnias—dark and sullen like sentinels standing there. With pockets full of ripened seed needing care.

Can't be 'tis only a few short months ago. Since we planted them together, and together watched them grow. The flowers have bloomed and faded, as she has faded too. And life to me is like a garden hedged about with bitter rue.

But, the rue would turn to roses, December though it be. For one brief precious hour I could have her back with me. ELIZABETH McCULLOCH.

Butter-Krust. Famous for its flavor. Baked by Williams.

Book Notes. By BETTE CHURCH. Sir Philip Gibbs was in his middle age yet in his prime. "Cities of Refuge" is a most unusual if it were any one of Philip's, but as a war correspondent and an acute observer of life's ups and downs he still remains a most interesting and useful writer.

Nonch Webster's definition of "lady" is a "well bred woman" a "woman of social distinction" position, but I wonder if Lady Eleanor Smith would agree with it. I wonder if Lady Eleanor would feel that perhaps Mr. There are under-estimates of the world who have social distinction or position and there are many women in this world who would not be so easily contented. Lady Eleanor's "Portraits of a Lady." This lady was far from being the "sweet as sugar candy" she also had a great deal of love faith. She was true to the end she had set for herself and she was rewarded, with a love of a "lady" for two generations. The usual triangle sort of for, according to Lady Eleanor's ideas, when a "lady" loves, she thought it to be two men, she loved only with her whole heart but her whole soul—which she should be. It is the story of a well written, it is casual and worth two evenings of reading.

It may be the present attitude, it may be the expression but more than likely it is a most interesting and useful writer.

Those who were thrilled by tales of "The Lives of a Great Lancer" will, I'm afraid, be disappointed in "Lancer at Last" the story of a young man and his Dutch ancestors who had a main on the Hudson for their line. The lines are quick and filled with comedy but beneath the words seems to be a sinister thought that all that man ever someday becomes nothing.

Anderson always has a delicate touch for writing his plays and poems that is one reason why he can produce such astonishing results.

The humpbacked camel has a column as straight as that of any other animal.

QUACKENBUSH'S 160 East Broadway Eugene, Oregon

FOR CERTAIN SATISFACTION Order Betsy Ross Bread. Includes an image of a loaf of bread with 'Betsy Ross WHITE BREAD' written on it.

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