AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

(Published every evening and Sunday)

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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.

ANDREW MELLON OF PITTSBURGH

TO understand the power which was personified in Andrew Mellon, it would be necessary to live in Pittsburgh or in any one of these towns which are clustered in the smoky, reeking industrial region of Western Pennsylvania. The Mellons took over where Frick and Carnegie and the picturesque industrial barons of the earlier period left off. They were more than rich men. They were rulers of an empire of business and politics. They were not much like the swashbuckling captains of industry. They did not strut. They were utterly removed and remote. But in the lives of millions their power for good and evil was felt.

It is noticeable that few anecdotes mark the passing of the man who a few years back was heralded widely as "the greatest treasurer of the United States since Alexander Hamilton." Few people ever knew the man even after some inner urge persuaded him to venture openly into public life. It probably is incorrect to say that President Harding induced Andrew Mellon to enter the cabinet. That was something Mellon decided for himself, as he decided everything else. He had the power to suggest and take. Mellon's belated desire for a public careeer is simply proof that the coldest exterior can conceal some human warmth. As treasurer, Andrew mellon gave his conscientious best acording to his lights.

The characterization of Andrew Mellon as "the greatest treasurer since Alexander Hamilton" was merely Republican party hokum. Mellon did a good job of reducing national debt and taxes during the earlier part of his regime, though as depression drew on, he showed an utter lack of philosophical or economic understanding of the crisis. Mellon was like Hamilton insofar as he also believed in "government by the rich and good," but he had absolutely none of Hamilton's brilliance or style.

The personality of Mellon was that of the steel die, swift, silent, efficient, limited in scope. Mellon followed the conventions for respectable rich men strictly. He endowed educational institutes, he supported many philanthropies, he collected a proper gallery of art. He collected industries—steel, aluminum, railroads, utilities, distilleries, banks. The banks were his implements. He collected politicians, good and bad, and had no fine scruples or distinctions, no zeal for reform ever swayed him from his purposes. Yet the man who fought the tax claims of his government to the last cent, gave to that government, as one of his last acts his entire museum of art, sought to establish the first national museum in the United States.

The motivation of human beings is one of the most fascinating mysteries of life. In Mellon, the acquiring of money became a habit, but his joy seems to have been in the power that came with it. The Mellon dollars without the rigorous personality of Andrew Mellon directing them will not be the same influence in American business and politics. Yet Andrew Mellon is not the first or last of his type. Men will be born with the same instinct to rule, the same cold, ruthless intelligence. The times may require other weapons than business and finance, but they will find power as he found it, live for it as he lived for it, and die as he died, serenely unconscious of how much they have missed.

PINBALL TRIES LEGAL STALL

SUIT to restrain Lane county's law officers from siezing pinball machines under the general lottery laws is another effort to stall and delay execution of the orders which District Attorney L. L. Ray issued recently on the advice of the attorney general. Every day of delay is money in the pockets of the promoters who have foisted these devices on the public.

The 1937 legislature passed a law specifically designating the pinballs as gambling devices and forbidding their operation, but that statute has been tied up by referendum. Present action rests on the opinion of the attorney general that the devices are "lotteries" and subject to prosecution under the long-standing anti-lottery laws. The 1935 legislative act which authorized cities to license pinballs has never been repealed, but if the attorney general is correct, this act should not stand in the way of prosecutions.

In nearly every county pinball men are seeking injunctions to blockade police and sheriffs. It is to be hoped the courts will move swiftly to decide these cases. Time is of the essence to those who are cleaning up on this racket. It is interesting to note that the pinball people have dropped the pretense of "skill" and make their defense now mainly on the theory that the games are innocent pastimes.

It would be interesting to have the pinball people explain this "innocent pastime" stuff to a young mother whose hopeful failed to bring back any change out of the $2 bill with which he was entrusted the other night. A $2 bill is always "unlucky", of course.

READY FOR NEW POSTOFFICE

THOSE men hauling away chunks of concrete and broken stone down on the vacant lot at the southwest corner of 5th and Willamette are putting on the finishing touches to make the site for Eugene's new postoffice ready for formal acceptance by the federal government. The renewal of the old buildings on the site was completed a week ago, but the lot must be entirely bare of every obstruction underground or overhead to meet Uncle Sam's terms.

County Judge Fred Fisk donated a county crew for this last labor. The Eugene water board, the telephone company and Western Union are moving wires, which hung over the west alley, now vacated. Deeds to the new site, a tract 193 by 174 feet in area were made over to the United States and recorded several weeks ago. The First National Bank and the United States National Bank advanced more than $20,000 to buy out the original property owners, except Campbell Church who is carrying the $5000 due him for the lot and building he turned over.

For approximately $26,000 (which covers all costs, back taxes and expenses) the Lane County Museum and Memorial Commission, of which Cal Young is chairman, has prepared the new postoffice site for final acceptance. It will receive in exchange, the present postoffice building to be used for a museum and other county purposes, as soon as the new postoffice is completed. It is a fine deal for Lane county, and an excellent example of what can be done by cooperation. The county eventually will pay off the $26,000 advanced by the banks and Mr. Church, but without their willingness to cut red tape, the project would have been impossible.

There is reason to believe the new federal building can be put under construction before winter comes, and it will involve expenditures of more than $300,000 and provide work for many months to skilled and unskilled workers. The new building will be large enough not only for growing postal operations but for the permanent housing of the Willamette and Siuslaw forest headquarters, the social security staff and other agencies.

The new postoffic and the museum will provide a neucleus for a modern grouping of public building near bus and railway terminals and on highway approaches, and to profit by this opportunity the city council and planning commission should take steps at once to regulate the development of this area for this purpose. What is being accomplished in Salem with the grouping of public building around the new statehouse can be accomplished in Eugene with foresight and planning.

WHAT THE OREGON COAST NEEDS

WHAT the Oregon Coast needs, and all it needs, according to Ajax McGurk, who has just returned from a rather extended tour of those parts is just one absolutely first class clam chowder chef. The Oregon Coast which should be able to boast the most elegant clam chowder in the world is in a really deplorable state, according to McGurk. After sampling the output at dozens of wayside inns and taverns, the eminent clam chowder fancier reports finding nothing but various varieties of soup.

If what McGurk says is true, the Oregon Coast faces a real crisis and we suggest that the Western Lane Chamber of Commerce do something about it. As all know who attended last Sunday's Route F picnic, Til Torgertson and Lester Huston, of the West Lane Chamber, certainly know the difference between chowder and soup. The treat which they dished out to 300 visitors from all parts of the Willamette valley was tantalizing fragrance itself. Certainly this was not due entirely to the mere presence of Billy Maddaugh and the super-quality influence of Route F.

We are inclined to agree with McGurk that the chowder station should be even more important than the filling station on the Oregon Coast. It makes little difference whether the chowder is made with water and tomato juices or with milk. For years the good people of Rhode Island and Massachusetts have carried on bitter controversy over chowder recipes, but on this coast we should avoid all that. We have a scenic coast unequalled anywhere in the universe; we have clams of superior flavor and richness; our Coast produces everything it takes.

There is no good reason why the chowder of the Oregon Coast should not be as famous as the Coast itself. There is no reason why it should not always be absolutely fresh and piping hot. There is no reason why it should be soup. There is no reason why millions, young and old, should not be lured just by this savory dish. No doubt energetic Ed Miller, manager of the Oregon Coast Highway Association, will be inspired to inspect chowder kitchens. Let a gold medal or other suitable emblem be awarded to those roadside chefs who can pass the McGurk tests.

BANDON AFTER 11 MONTHS

IT is not quite a year since the neighboring city of Bandon went up in flames, leaving virtually the entire population destitute and homeless. From time to time, we have been hearing of plans to rebuild Bandon on a new and better site and according to a city plan which would set a pattern for beauty and utility in the United States. The Great White Father at Washington was to help, of course.

With 11 months gone by, Bandon has not been rebuilt, except for such temporary shelters and stores and shops as Bandon people have been able to put together. An authorized loan of some $200,000 from the Disaster Loan Corporation is not only inadequate but so hedged with red tape that Bandon cannot accept, and the latest issue of Bandon's excellent community newspaper, The Western World, reports Mayor Ed Capps appealing direct to President Roosevelt for a loan of at least $300,000 "without impossible conditions and which we have the ability to repay."

Interesting sidelight on the situation is a feature story in The Western World reporting how a young man jumped off the bus one day last week and went looking for the Disaster Loan Corporation office in Bandon. Seems he is a minor official of DLC in Washington, D. C., had worked on the Bandon applications, and supposed naturally that Bandon had received the requested help, but no DLC money has yet come to Bandon, and Bandon folk are learning that the New Deal also seems to "help him who helps himself."

It would be interesting to know how much money has been wasted on red tape in the Bandon case, but finding out might involve a waste of effort. Bandon's only hope seems to be to take a form of municipal bankruptcy on past debts, and to fight it out somehow on the old principles of initiative and thrift. It may be the cheapest and best way at that.

Russia has started building that 1300-foot Moscow skyscraper. Those fellows won't be contented until they have made all the American mistakes.

Until the day of the expositions, the average person would have looked up "diorama" in the medical dictionary.

Much of the Far East trouble is traced to the Boxer rebellion, with a minor flareback in the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling feud.

A bridge expert says there are no natural players. It takes practice to kick the right person under the table.

If Congress hasn't anything else to do, it might familiarize itself with some of the laws already passed this session.

Peiping's temples are described as most alluring in the moonlight, especially to a Japanese aviator with a full bomb-rack.

Now, Why Doesn't Somebody Write a Book Like This?

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

LANDAKER

EUGENE, Ore.,—(To the Editor)—I read a certain editorial of your advising Springfield as to her dog problem. Wouldn't it have been better if had begun to advise Eugene about her dog problem? Why worry about dogs biting children? Children are not revenue producing except as they are taught to systematically poison themselves on the rotgut that is peddled by the United States government and the State of Oregon and its branches the beer parlors and beer restaurants and hotels. Dogs are property and should be protected at all hazzards. Liquor is property and this property out of which profits are made should be upheld even if half of Oregon's citizens are killed on the roads. The only difference between the two is that the dog is a friend to his master and can be owned without fostering murder.

Yet the question still stands in this fashion: What is more important life and safety of human beings or the right to retain property dangerous to health? The people of Oregon and the citizens of Eugene especially put property above life and safety when they legalized the sale of legal rotgut under the seal of the state. Again they stated that they desired that their sons learn the art of murder and lawlessness at the universities and that they be compelled to waste time taking farcical ROTC courses against their will. As long as the people of Eugene or Springfield tolerate the use of illegal pinball machines distinctly against the law I see no reason why owners should be compelled to get rid of dogs who pester other people or even bite them. Humans are not revenue producing as liquor is; humans can't bark and give pleasure as a biting dog can. Children are cheap; if one dies it can be replaced; if a dog bites a man and the man dies from infection or fright he can be replaced while a beloved dog friend cannot be. This holds good also with liquor and pinball revenue; when it goes the whole financial structure of city and state and nation will surely fall and a panic will ensue!

Neighbors, I laugh when a newspaper editor advises a neighboring city about vicious dogs and does not begin in his own. I am amused when a people prefer liquor revenue to a safe highway and pinball revenue to a thrifty and prosperous city.

Enactment of dog laws! Ohhhsuuurreeeee!

C. MADISON LANDAKER,
1959 17th Ave. East.

KABLER

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Saturday I thumbed a ride from the sticks into town. Late in the afternoon I thumbed a ride from town back to the sticks, via Route F. You know how the Coast range rises in the western and northwestern horizon on a clear afternoon just an hour or so before the sun is down. On Saturday the range rose in all its beauty as I and the good family who gave me a lift faced it, sped toward it. The range was a riot of color, browns of different shades, pure gold, emerald, pink, lavender, purple, gray and blue, all mixed helter-skelter into one big color pot of joy.

There was a nine-year-old child in the family. On approaching the hills just beyond the curve in Route F some five or six miles out of town the child said:

"Daddy, what became of the Coast range?"

Of course she did not know that out here in the west and the northwest the Coast range still stood in all its glory, while those measley, ugly, frazzly little hills just ahead of us had intercepted the line of view.

I had done some walking on the trip. Hitch hikers usually do have to walk a little or much. I was tired upon reaching the sticks. I pulled my chair up to the reading table for there is where I like to rest. The mail had brought the usual dailies. I commenced to read. And what did I find? Ranges of beauty far away beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific? Ranges of beauty beyond the Rockies, the middle west, the Alleganies? Nary a bit. Nothing, nothing but measly frazzly long hills of war, money, crime trade. So and so's opinion and maybe in and obscure corner a little real civilization. Yes I am KABLER.

PROHIBITION VS. REPEAL

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—The intention to continue the Peace article, must be delayed while we consider Monday's editorial, "Prohibition and Art." How any fairminded "Christian" parent dares infer conditions were worse during prohibition is incomprehensible. We cannot believe he believes what he writes. He only needs compare the Guard's news of 15 years ago with today's to be convinced of the terrible let-down of ideals in every way:homes neglected; questionable places patronized; children turned lose to their own devices while parents attend cocktail parties, gamble, etc. What are the chief items filling our newspapers today? Labor disputes; riots; atrocious murders; gambling; graft; relief dependencies; Lord's Day desecration; juvenile delinquency; etc. Poor youth! learning to drink because of prohibiton.

Listen! records show a 183 per cent increase of youth made uninsurable because of drink during 1936. "The Boys Court would lose 35 per cent of its business if laws prohibiting sale of liquor to minors were enforced."—J. M. Braude, Chicago Boys Court. "Juvenile delinquency has increased 50 per cent in New York city the past year (1934). We are raising a generation of young pagans with brazen standards of conduct and general let down in ideals."—Prof. Corrigan, Boston college. "Child, aged 2½ years, booked in emergency hospital, San Francisco, as 'acute alcoholic' after his father had taken him on a tour of beer taverns."—L. A. paper. "Drunks are sloppy things to contend with, especially when one staggers onto the football field, trips the ball carrier with his waving arms and falls down yelling for good old booze, as was done at the Armistice Day game. Other drunks tore onto the field, shouting and threatening officials. It took some time to lure them off the field, so the game could be resumed."—Skelton (Wash.) Indep.

Ever read such "news" during prohibition? During prohibition youth necessarily made a fool of itself in a small way because it must be on the sly. Now they are taking advantage of the opportunity to drink where, when, what they please. Of course, repeal took all the hypocracy out of the liquor business and all dishonesty out of crooks.

We have space for only a few quotes from repeal R-G. news. "Wanted: Two youthful holdup men, probably with hangover; for robbery and assault. Aged about 18 and 22." "Two 12 yr. old boys hold up Frank Peterson, with pistol and rob him of 20 cents." "Two little boys broke 14 windows with sling shots." "Reedsport called Eugene police to arrest four 15 yr. old boys." "An eleven year old boy recommitted to state industrial school for theft of car which he wrecked." "Stolen car found; three boys, 15 and 16, are returned." "Police take three 15 yr. old youths in warehouse; having a quantity of cigarettes and fruit." "Boy, 17, shot in robbery." "Runaways (9 to 16 years) swamp local policemen." "Three boys all under 19 sentenced to penitentiary Friday, two others sentenced." "Local 'speak' raided; 24 young people, 14 to 24 years old, were intoxicated." Repeal was to "make the country safe for youth." It seems to be making youth unsafe for the country. But youth are not to be blamed. Example set by their elders is responsible. And the voting citizens who allow the liquor traffic to continue.

LAURA TRACHSEL.

IS LIBERTY PASSING

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Probably much of our modern increase in crime can be laid to the fact that in the past quarter-century a vast number of acts once innocent and legal, have been turned into offenses by legislation. Instead of a liberal, well-ordered legal code that permits every citizen to lead his own life so long as he does not tread on his fellows, we are burdened with a multitude of petty laws, many of them conflicting, and practically all of them bound by red tape.

The bill of rights is on its last legs. Step by step, at first cautiously, but of late boldly, the learned justices have found reasons to sustain the wholesale destruction, first of individual rights, then of state rights.

Today the once free American citizen is a mere subject.

What real crime there is, and no doubt there is a great deal of it, could be easily enough handled under a simple, rigorous and swift legal and penal code. Once murderers and thugs found that technicalities and evasions were of no avail, and served only to hurry them to the hoosgow, crime would start down hill. Once the sob sister and professional reformers were put in their place, real offenses against society would diminish.

The average person is well disposed and honest and the average criminal would swiftly desert his profession if punishment was certain and swift. We need fewer and better laws, not more simple legal machinery, not a more ponderous one.

J. M. TODD.

SUNDAY LESSON

Moses led the Israelites out
Away from bondage and from sin.
In all their forty years of travel
They lacked not any thing.
With frogs and flies and locusts
These people were not annoyed.
They crossed the Red sea safely
While the Egyptians were destroyed.

In safety on the other side
They sang and danced in glee.
But they were the queerest people
Just like you and me.
They became extremely thirsty
Their water supply had failed.
Then they murmured against the Lord
And unto Moses wailed.

They came to a sparkling river
They were happy and relieved
When they found the water bitter
They were angry and aggrieved.
While the people raged in fury
The Lord told Moses what to do.
He sweetened the water with a tree
And the people were sweetened too.

When provisions were exhausted
They wanted something to eat.
Moses asked the Lord for help
And He sent them bread and meat.
The bread came down from heaven.
The meat came on the wing.
Their clothing never did wear out,
The Lord provided every thing.

Yet they would not trust the Lord
For any thing at all.
No matter what the trouble was
Moses was blamed for all.
Yet we must not judge them harshly
For many of us remember
How we commenced in January
And murmured until December.

Many missed the Promised Land
And so shall we miss ours,
Unless we learn the lesson
To trust in the heavenly Powers.
We learn from their sad failure
That our Lord we should petition,
For the history of these Israelites
"Was written for our admonition."

ELLA HAYDEN.

TYRENONNE

Don't you hear a voice, she said.
A voice as quiet as a mouse!

Through the cloudcrusted window I watch;
I hear no sound, except those noises which
are not really sounds at all; we are so used to them we do not hear them.

What is it you heard? I asked.
Perhaps you have only been talking to yourself; there was no sound.

I am sure of it, she said. I am sure that I heard a voice—a small voice call across the field to me. It was a small voice, a quiet voice, as quiet . .

How could you have heard it if it was so small? Perhaps it was only a calf crying for milk. It may have been the wind on the hill; the trees are thick there, you know . . . yes, they are thick there.

Perhaps on the trail, she said, there is someone needing help . . . I'd better go and see; perhaps there is a calf, as you say—needing it's mother. It will freeze, alone.

On the trail, rump-deep in snow,
alert, withered from leaves—bare
of the clorophyl-stamped bark
which once shed light—

Above, the garroted sun
effortless against the clouds—

the wind drips down, the wind
springs singingly against
the now bare limbs.

The pane empaneled view is
luscent, the wind drips down on
the snow, flaying the encrusted
leaves from the tree
downrushing into the night;
spewing it about.

And she asks: Don't you
hear a voice?

It is only the wind, the wind
dripping in the trees.
I am sure I heard a voice, she said.

I am sure . . .

It is only your heart beneath me.

—d. von ruysdael drenner

CORRECTION

CULP CREEK.—(To the Editor)—Regards your article on the finding of letters near Bend, Oregon, written by two young "radicals" appeared in the Thursday mail of the Register-Guard:

Be it known that the author of Davis, as mentioned in the article the book HONEY IN THE HORN is really H. L. Davis. Who ROBERT Davis is, I do not but the book mentioned is by H. L.

Incidentally the time in the is more than thirty years ago.

d. von ruysdael dre
Hildungsbreaken
Ranch Atalanta
culp creek, oregon.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

We're working in the canner
On the bean belt, don't you
And I'm sure we never realize
So many beans could grow.

In a state so full of mountains,
As is old Oregon,
Here they do not weigh them by
pound,
They weigh 'em by the ton.

We are on the graveyard shift
That double-long eight hours
When even tough guys are
tired,
And the sweetest temper sours.

Of course you daytime workers
Enjoy each lovely breeze,
We don't—from midnight on
We just stay there and freeze.

Some long for daylight, some
death,
Others for rest the best,
But what we all are longing for
In plain words is—relief.

Relief so we can go to sleep
Into the land of dreams,
Which will be sweet if they
of anything but—beans.

—By C.

LIFE ANEW

He paused, then moved upon
wooded vale;
No directed way lent
made trail.
His lingering steps were from
humdrum life.
And hesitant, for like a sharp
knife
The force of nature stared
it willed,
All thoughts of riches and
were stilled.
For a stranger decked in
true array
Had gained a lifelong friend
bright spring day.
The fragrant wood, deep shaded
and cool;
The hillsides newly sprung
ing grass;
The mirror-like water; the
ping pool,
And each inhabitant that
him pass
Had soothed his troubled
freed his strife;
He rallied forth with spirit
born life.

ELDON JOHNSON

Odd Fellows Lodge Will Meet Tues

Spencer Butte lodge, No. 5
O. F., will meet on Tuesday
August 31, at 8 o'clock in the
O. F. hall. Officers will hold a
together following the meeting
plans will be worked out for
and winter meetings. There
music by King's orchestra,
freshments are to be served by
Newman and his assistants. The
program will open with the
tory degree on September 7. All
Fellows are welcome.

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