

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
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Mr. Truman's \$64 Question

It was coincidence, we are sure, when our news editor placed the feature headline "Truman Family Will Serve Elk" right up against the lead story "Attempt to Restore Meat Supply Due."

"I tried to chew some elk meat once, and sendin' elk meat to that poor little man at a time like this, is just about the meanest trick I've ever known in politics. Must of been some left-wingers thought that one up."

Soon, says AP in Washington, President Truman will announce some plan to restore meat to empty markets. And they give him only two choices:

- 1. Lifting or modifying meat price controls.
2. Admitting imports from the Argentine at low prices.

Senator Taft clamors to abandon all price controls and let competition take its course. For once we find ourselves agreeing with Taft, on the theory that inflation is passing its peak and that price control without rationing is a farce.

And the importation of beef from the Argentine could be used as a weapon to curb "skyrocketing" if the abandonment of American price controls should produce that effect, which we doubt.

Truman, however, is a timid little man. It is not likely he will do anything bolder than lifting ceilings a little more and spurring OPA's minions to greater waste.

If Mr. Truman doesn't give 'em meat, he is damned, and if meat prices soar he is damned. Politically, Mr. Truman is in the position of playing a very weak pair of deuces (OPA and that Stabilization thing) against Taft's standpat flush.

But, of course, Wayne doesn't like Truman and he doesn't like Taft, and at this juncture he isn't likely to offer advice. After all it's a dinky little pot, and the smart boys will not draw cards till the big "round of roodies" in 1948.

Valedictory of Tex Oliver

In our time, we have said farewell for "Cap" McEwen, "Doc" Spears (but no regrets), "Prink" Callison, and now for "Tex" Oliver, who, however, has spoken his own valedictory as football coach at Oregon.

"What will this do to the team in the remainder of this very tough season?" "Tex" and the young men playing under him will continue to give their very best, and they may even "play over their heads" because of the situation.

"We are playing in a first class league, before first class crowds, but under a second rate regime." "Tex" said such a thing he is open to some criticism, no matter how great the frustrations.

Oregon lacks the wealth and population of neighboring states, and even within the limitations of Oregon, the University has lagged behind Oregon State. We have survived "school wars," a rapid turnover of University presidents, and such things as the development of an integrated and effective Alumni and a consistently progressive athletic policy have suffered.

which the athletic situation is only a part.

However, we have great faith in President Newburn's leadership, and we emphasize President Newburn's part in this matter, because "the football problem" cannot be divorced from the educational problem as a whole.

In a league as tough as the Coast Conference, it is necessary to be quite realistic, and we have never known Oregon to be too backward in "realism," but the trouble is not that Oregon is a relatively small school in a relatively poor state.

The outlook is not dark. Oregon is rapidly gaining on neighboring states in population and wealth. Twenty years ago such a thing as a recognizable physical education or athletic program in Oregon schools was almost nonexistent outside of Portland.

But sound policy cannot be built by listening to the taunts of Mr. Gregory and his ilk, or the fancies of incoherent alumni, or the beatings of immature editors in The Emerald, or by catering to prima donnas in the coaching staff.

When "Tex" came to Oregon, we expressed the hope that he might become "our Alonzo Stagg." "Tex" bows out, but he leaves us "the Oregon Club" and a few blunt remarks. Maybe we had them coming.

You can't build an Alumni program on random, pinch-penny effort, nor can a sound athletic program be founded on hunches and sport page blah. We don't believe in "buying your way" to Rose Bowl.

Riddle of The Bus Routes

For the operators of Oregon Motor Stages who are trying to fit bus service to the ever advancing needs of this rapidly growing community, we have much sympathy.

Till our boom abates, we may have to endure changes and experiments. There is still shortages in labor and equipment. Even such a simple thing as altering signs on buses is not so simple.

"The present setup is a mess!" It requires something of a genius to figure out which of the new east side lines will take him to which place, and we have an idea the west side service is equally confusing.

The city government needs a stronger control over bus fares and bus service, and perhaps that can be worked out in a couple of years when present franchise runs out. In the meantime there are some simple and commonly used devices which might help:

NUMBERS, as well as the more difficult route names, indicate which bus is which. BULLETINS, at major bus stops to indicate which bus comes when (after any change).

It is not easy to arrange bus routes and schedules to meet needs in every section, to cover rush-hour peaks, and to do all this without wasting man power or equipment. In this paper we try to help by publishing every change. But we fall short of making things clear.

Our bus service is pretty good; the buses are new and nice; most of the drivers are old friends. We don't like to gripe, but catching a bus nowadays is something like predicting weather by the almanac.

Times change. The only real aristocrat nowadays is the guy with a spatter of butter on his vest. The Order of the Buggy Ride has decided that Harry Newburn should be known as "Oregon's lucky president."

In The Editor's Mailbag

"HARD KNOX?"

When 200 farms around Eugene were without light and power. With copper wire plentiful and labor less than 50 cents per hour, Our Billy didn't say a word, he didn't give a hoot.

When Bonneville was building Billy spouted by the hour, On Home Rule, great White Elephants, and too much surplus power, The dam was built, it furnished the ships, and our west built the Farms, Mills, sinews of war produced that broke, the Nazis and the Nips.

Now Bill it seems has changed his tune and 'cause of lack of juice, His columns call for vigilants for shooting irons and noose, As things are scarce, please calm down, Bill, before somebody shoots, And burn your boundless energy in buying up more Buttes.

A PREDICTION WINCHESTER BAY—(To the Editor)—The poor little Lincoln County PUD has just gone through its regular sweat and has come out with its little legs a little more wobbly than they were.

the common good, gets just such a kick in the face. It seems that when a company launches a project with all branches of the law to protect it from slander, we hear little or nothing from the chronic bellyacher.

This squawk has been heard strictly from one side. The fact that the entire crew of Bonneville experts worked for forty-one hours without rest has not been considered. These men were working on a project in which they believed. They gave about everything they had for it.

Many of these same squawkers can remember when they were paying—those who could afford it—twelve cents for the juice they got with many a spell of a day or two when they threw away some hamburger and some milk.

Why all this fuss about being hung in effigy? As for me I would much prefer it to other methods. The position of these dignitaries reminds one of the old friends of President Lincoln, who called on him at the White House soon after he had taken office and asked him how he liked the job of being President.

low townsmen and was given a P-TA RECEPTION coat of tar and feathers and hidden on a rail out of town, where he met a friend who inquired how he liked the ride, to which he answered, it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I had rather walked.

Then came the first meeting to consider Bonneville Juice came down to ten cents. The second meeting it dropped to eight and finally got down to where some of the common people could pay the bill. The company could see the hand-writing on the wall.

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H. S. JOSLIN. The flag of the United States was fixed except for the disposition of the white stars in 1818.

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