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Mr. Truman Passes By

There will be at least one vote in Eugene for Harry Truman—in addition to those of normal, habitual, unconstructed Democrats—and that will be the vote of one woman who viewed the performance Friday evening when the presidential train stopped at the depot. Her reaction:

"Oh, he's just such a nice, normal, average sort of person, and I like the way he brought his wife and daughter into the picture." Others may disagree as to the importance of this argument, but we believe it will be admitted generally that President Truman was at his most attractive in his brief appearance in Eugene. He displayed kindness, courtesy, good humor. The villainous Ajax McGurk was moved to quote that familiar line:

"The condemned man laughed and joked with his friends before starting on the death march."

There has been much criticism of the President on this trip, beginning with its billing as "non-political" (which we understand was done so that the train could be paid for by Uncle Sam and not the depleted Democratic party treasury). Obviously the trip has been anything but non-political, and Mr. Truman has not strengthened that illusion by his savage attacks on Congress and at other political opponents. His outburst at Spokane (against newspapers) seems to indicate strain, frustration.

Harry Truman inherited one of the most difficult situations ever confronted by any President—the post-war, with all of its complicated problems at home and abroad. It has been his misfortune to follow one of the most brilliant and magnetic performers ever to grace the public stage. He has displayed great courage in some situations—as in his stand for civil rights despite the murderous opposition of the South and in some phases of his labor policy—but more often he has appeared bewildered, uncertain, unable to match the exploits of the Great Improviser whom he succeeded. History may give him much more credit than he gets now. There is a certain pathos in this effort to "show himself to the country." We noted a Wallacite lurking in the crowd, and we asked him his impression:

"It's like a sandlotter trying to bat for DiMaggio."

President Truman said something to the crowd about:

"Uncle Joe is a pretty good fellow, and we could get along with him, but he's a prisoner of the Politburo."

Well, to some extent our Presidents are prisoners of the political parties which they represent. That long presidential train carries a small army of guards and secretaries and advisers and managers (as well as press and radio reporters who critique every performance). Pushing through the crowd we hear an irreverent railroader say:

"Back that way! They keep the seals in the last car!"

We have an idea that President Truman and his gracious wife and daughter would have joined heartily in the chuckle at that remark. Performers is what they are, rather tired but still good natured performers, terribly anxious to please, and responding warmly when they feel they have pleased, as they did in Eugene Friday night.

As the train was pulling out, some kid tossed a new baseball to the President for his autograph. He pawed his pockets for a pen, borrowed one, scribbled on the ball and tossed it back carelessly. We wish our photographer, Mr. Schillios, could have been "set" to catch this last touch. It was a good "exit."

And Now You Are "Educated"

This year's crop of graduates is "bumper," although Adrian Fuddle thinks we should amend that and say "bumper to bumper." Be that as it may, we are haunted by the old line which the Prexy always mumbles as he dishes out the degrees:

"... back for ... blarps ... and entitled to all the honors, privileges and prerequisites thereto pertaining ... congratulate you ... line will proceed from left ..."

No doubt we shall be corrected by some of the old hands at giving and/or receiving degrees, but we are fairly sure of the general idea, and we have been moved to wonder just what are the "honors, privileges and prerequisites" pertaining to the degree.

In our time we have written our share of solemn advice to graduates—how it's called "commencement" because now you

really commence; how the purpose of education is two fold, to help one to live as well as to make a living; how education never really ends; how it merely leads out of the wilderness of ignorance to the paths of learning. Viewing the world into which the young emerge, we are sometimes moved to wonder:

"Is it a privilege to understand? Is it an advantage to be too dog-dogged intelligent?"

Ah, but we must have informed and responsible citizens. And we must have leaders! How true! It is presumed to be among the privileges of the college trained mind to understand the horrors of atomic fission, the ultimate significance of political change in Outer Mongolia, and the day-by-day fluctuations of the cost-of-living index in the light of the historical development and decay of civilizations.

The educated man is not always "economic man;" he may end up tending a filling station for wages, but at least he is supposed to be able to brighten these dull labors by reading snatches of poetry between customers. The educated women's babies are subject to the same colics as anybody's and her biscuits (untended) will burn just as readily but she should be able to sooth the impatient husband with a few melodies from Brahms or Beethoven and perhaps help him cope with a few of the unfeeling Boss' idiosyncrasies.

One of the saddest aspects of "civilization" is the appalling increase of "neuroses." (If you haven't got one you really should see your doctor right away.)

As McGurk says, you can look at the statistics and prove that (thanks to science), the human race is healthier, but nuttier than ever. Of course, it's "the pace" at which we all live; it's because millions of us are cooped up in cities when we'd be much healthier digging for roots than depending on the miracles of can opener (and bottle opener).

That eminently successful quack, Dale Carnegie, has written a new best seller entitled—"How To Stop Worrying And Start Living."

(Mr. Fuddle says he's going to recommend it to graduates especially to some of the young men who have just come through the ordeal of Orlando's Law School.)

To those who are receiving degrees "with all the honors, privileges and prerequisites, pertaining thereto," we can say only:

"Don't let a little knowledge get you down. The sheepskin, the cap and gown, even the fraternity pin leave you practically 'nekkid' to the storms of the world. But from Ghengis Khan and Tamerlaine to Hitler we have struggled on. Grass still grows green and every now and then somebody laughs."

Mr. Carnegie's book is said to devote one whole chapter to "How To Cure Melancholy In 14 Days." Pft! I education has "took" you won't need the book.

A Reproach to Lane County

Not long ago we had a visit from Major Snyder, master of Franklin Grange, and he suggested that we publish some appeal for the preservation of that public park which the Franklin Grange is developing on the Perkins Peninsula at Fern Ridge (their project in a national Grange competition for public service). But here comes a news report from Mrs. Lindsey Duval, our Alvadore correspondent—before we get ideas to paper:

"It is with great disappointment that volunteers who worked so hard to build two sturdy and serviceable fireplaces at the public picnic area on Perkins Peninsula on Fern Ridge Lake, return to find them virtually destroyed by vandals. Someone tried to dismantle one, even going so far as to completely remove rocks and firebricks which were stationed with mortar. Both fireplaces were ruined by negligent persons who built fires in them before the mortar was dry."

"It probably can be called the 'meanest man in town' trick that someone has hauled off cord wood cut by many volunteer workers for use in the fireplaces."

"Stakes were set at two o'clock one afternoon for the road to be graded. The next morning, guess what, the stakes were not only pulled up but were carried off."

This complaint goes right along with one we had the other day from the Boy Scouts. Somebody (presumably a party of fishermen) has wrecked some of the buildings at Lucky Boy camp on Blue River—broken down doors, smashed up tables for firewood. They say:

"Every spring we have to go through this trouble. Why can't something be done about it?"

The only ultimate answer will be permanent caretakers, with deputy sheriff badges and authority to arrest or shoot. That will require more money than Franklin Grange or the Boy Scouts can now afford.

In the meantime we suggest "a council of war" with the sheriff and state police. A few arrests, fines and jail sentences—with full publicity—would do a lot of good.

Most people are decent. The "ornery few" needs to be "drug up."

In The Editor's Mailbag

POOR LIL' HOUSE! BELLFOUNTAIN — (To the Editor—Today is Tuesday and we have just received the Register-Guard with the picture of the poor frightened little house out in the big bad old thunder-storm of Sunday night.

Have others noticed the frightened look of the little house? The windows are eyes wide with excitement; and what appears to be a chair on the small porch looks like a small mouth open to scream! The dark roof is a little hat! And so we see a frightened little house in a storm with a streak of lightning buzzing around the top-knot (chimney) of its little hat.

When I showed the picture to my family they said, "Oh Mom you have too much imagination sometimes."

But can't someone else see the frightened look of the cute little house? If you can please write me. I know my eyes are misty—but that little house is afraid! Sincerely, Mrs. Flossie Stantur, Bellfountain, Rt. 1, Monroe, Ore.

"DAMNS DAMS" EUGENE — (To the Editor)—Once more it seems appropriate to bring above subject out into the open: This writer recently suggested that, if, instead of these

millions of political dollars being spent to dam up water, dredges were kept at work twenty-four hours per day, 365 days each year, keeping the channels Nature has chosen, to Nature's required depth, floods and surplus water would take a Natural course to the ocean

And then, once more, when a dam gets full of water, is it proposed that an army of people carry off the over-flo in tea-cups or Japan. Will turmoil and sin o'er the world ever cease? If the war's really over, why don't we have peace.

There's a place they call Hell, I might there abide With this Oregon rain I'm soaked to the hilt.

I could hang my socks on the devil horns, And rest my feet from painful corns. Do I want a home ----- why worry an sigh, With rent high as blazes, and taxes sky high. No — give me a dump or a shed to crawl under, I'll hide me away, I will by thunder.

Like Rip-Van-Winkle I'll sleep for years, I'll hibernate and banish all fears. Then when I awake an crawl out I walked twenty miles to see an old shack, A mob began yelling, "go on you old quack." They were simply frantic, all tried to shout,

There was no room for me, I quickly got out. I might sneak in a church, awhile I might stay, Would my face be red, if they'd ask me to pray. This housing shortage has so racked my brain, The revenge I'd pray for, they'd call me insane. The language I'd use, won't look good to scan Although it's not German, French, or Japan. Will turmoil and sin o'er the world ever cease? If the war's really over, why don't we have peace.

Oh my shell, Will it be like Heaven, Oh shucks, don't ask me, I'll tell. Mrs. C. B. Hoover.



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Editor's Mail Bag

ORGANIZATION EUGENE—(To the Editor)—Last Sunday afternoon all the folks were finishing up a pleasant quiet day in their own way at one or more of our resorts. Then thunder was heard and a perfect demonstration of a well organized crew under the management of one man gave a good example of why leadership is imperative. We are in the manager age, Jacob Smith who is a young, vigorous, capable and qualified man in charge of East Lane Fire

Patrol Association in a matter of an hour or more began to dispatch combat units from Headquarters, just as fast as fires were reported. I was a member of a party of four. The leader of the group drove the patrol car, as close as possible to the fire that was already burning. This young man is one of the best fire fighters in Mr. Smith's organization and leaving the car some where between Donna and Waltherville, immediately struck out directly toward the fire and smoke. As darkness settled around I could see the fire burning brightly

a mile or more away. Around mid night I made several attempts to call Headquarters without satisfactory results. I grew up to be a young man in Nebraska and up and until last Sunday night or early Monday morning I had never seen real lightning. The Californian may stay out of Oregon in winter or attempt to live the life of the lumber jack. But had it not been for plenty water Sunday night in the right place all of Lane County folks would have been in for plenty trouble Monday at daybreak. Yours, Uncle John S.C.H. 1687 High