

PUBLISHER—Alton F. Baker
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SERVICES—Full Associated Press, United Press, Audit Bureau of Circulations.
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. A newspaper is a CITIZEN OF ITS COMMUNITY.
Entered at the Post Office at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter.

PAGE 4 EUGENE, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1952

Washington—'An Innate Spirit of Freedom'

In April 1775, a few days before the news of Lexington and Concord reached Virginia, George Washington rode from his home at Mount Vernon to Alexandria to attend a muster of the Independent Company. Washington was 43, the local hero of the French and Indian wars, highly successful planter, owner of flour mills, fisheries, trading ships and other industrial enterprises, member of the House of Burgesses and of the Virginia Convention which the patriots had invoked when the Burgesses were dissolved by the British governor.

Washington's companion on that ride through the flowering beauty of the Virginia spring was Henry Lee, a lad of 19. No doubt they talked about the troubles with the mother country as they rode along, and although Washington was a man of few words, it is likely he may have repeated to the boy the feelings which he had put into a letter to his Tory neighbor, Bryan Fairfax in the previous year:

"I am sure I have no new lights to throw upon the subject, or any other argument to offer in support of my own doctrine, than what you have seen; and could only add that AN INNATE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM first told me that the measures which administration hath for some time been, and now are most vigorously pursuing, are repugnant to every principle of natural justice; whilst much abler heads than my own hath fully convinced me that it is not only repugnant to natural right, but subversive of the law and constitution of Britain itself."

That ride must have made a tremendous impression on the boy. Twenty-five years later, after the death of Washington in 1799, he gave the nation this definition of the man he had known:

"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In our gallery of national heroes, Washington's only rival has been Abraham Lincoln, although high place must be accorded to Thomas Jefferson, "the philosopher of the Revolution."

(The man he was cannot be discovered in the myths of Parson Weems or in the writings of the detractors and "debunkers" who have tried to depict him as a sort of lucky "dumbbell," a pompous aristocrat whose personal life sometimes descended to the sordid.)

Douglas Southall Freeman, the eminent Virginia editor and historian, is performing a service in his new biography of Washington by going to the records of his deeds and to the letters and documents which he wrote and which others wrote to him or about him to find the true proportions of the MAN. A remarkable human being is revealed.

- Here was no "superman!" Indeed there was no "brilliance" in Washington—unless UTTER STEADFASTNESS IN PRINCIPLES is a form of brilliance.
- Here was a successful general whose field generalship was often faulty, whose success in war can be explained only because his own steadfastness commanded the FAITH of fighting men.
- Here was a man, accepted as a statesman by statesmen, although he was almost inarticulate in debates and had no talents for oratory or political strategies.
- Here was one of the wealthiest men in America, whose vast land holdings and multiple business enterprises might have made him selfish or self-centered, but the record shows that he was never too busy for any community service and he was constantly in demand to guard the interests of widows and orphans and as the adviser of less able and affluent neighbors.
- He was a man with an unparalleled feeling for DUTY in every phase of his citizenship.

Long before the Revolution, Washington had become a man to whom people turned. Shortly after his ride to Alexandria with young Henry Lee, he was on his way to Philadelphia to take part in the Continental Congress of 1775. He took along his red and blue uniform from the French and Indian wars (because he was invited to inspect militia along the way) but it can be said with certainty that he did not seek to be commander-in-chief. Indeed, when the appointment came on June 15, he declined the pay of \$500 a month which Congress offered and told his colleagues:

"I beg it may be remembered by every Gent in this room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, Sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress that as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to have accepted this arduous employment (at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness) I do not wish to make any profit from it: I will keep an exact Account of my expences; those I

doubt not they will discharge and that is all I desire."

Next day, Sunday, Washington sat down at his inn and wrote a long and affectionate letter to Martha, suggesting that perhaps she should move to Alexandria for safety, giving instructions for putting his affairs in order:

"I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it (the appointment), not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from its consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose."

The story of that war is NOT the glorious epic it is often supposed to be.

(Some of the folks who are now so proud of their Revolutionary ancestors might be shocked to see the real record of what great-great-grandpappy really did.)

It is a story of lukewarm patriotism, often polluted by downright treason, of graft and inefficiency in the departments of army supply that would make even the Truman and Harding administrations smell sweeter, of endless political bickering in Congress and between states, of militiamen who often ran out on the eve of a fight, of foreign "volunteers" who were mostly chiselling adventurers.

With his forces often reduced to a handful of poorly armed, ragged, hungry Continentals, it was Washington's problem to avoid dispersion, avoid decisive battles, hang on the flanks of the British and strike a hard blow when he could. For this he was criticized, maligned, plotted against. The record is one of unparalleled patience and determination.

There was a quality in this man to invoke a certain awe.

(Under the British guns at New York in September 1776 he could simply refuse to accept Lord Howe's peace overtures which were addressed to "Mr. Washington"—an affront to him and to the new republic. Through the horrors of Valley Forge, he could deal calmly but firmly with the intrigues of his own officers in "the Conway Cabal" when they sought to replace him with Gates, the hero of Ticonderoga. There was no suffering or danger which his men had to endure which he did not share. The ragged and hungry veterans knew he was fighting for them.)

History presents no comparable figure. Called to preside (and keep the peace between warring factions) at the Constitutional Convention of 1787, he seldom spoke, but this reported utterance has come down to us as the classic keynote:

"If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the just can repair. The event is in the hand of God."

The "more perfect union" was formed and again Washington was called to spend eight more years as the nation's first president—the only man ever to be the unanimous choice. The last years of his service were marred by the bitterness of on-coming party strife. When he retired in 1796, B. F. Bache, a grandson of Ben Franklin, was writing in The Aurora:

"... every heart should beat with happiness to think that the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country (the Jay treaty), is this day reduced to the level of his fellow citizens." (Even his old friend Tom Paine, the "evangelist of the revolution" was calling him an "apostate or an impostor," "treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in private life.")

Only a few brief years of rest and peace at his beloved Mount Vernon were granted before his death on December 13, 1799. Then the church bells throughout the nation were rung; newspapers appeared in deep borders of black and "consigned him to history." The nation mourned. It was as though people were aware for the first time of "greatness"—a "greatness" which even history has never quite fathomed. It is always difficult to understand great acts of faith.

"An innate spirit of freedom told me..."

There was no wavering in this man after that "inner voice" spoke. Sometimes we have said that we should look for a quality of "ultimate integrity" in our public men. That is what this very plain, "unbrilliant" citizen-soldier had. Today is the 220th anniversary of his birth.

Marquis Childs

Washington Era Had the Geniuses

WASHINGTON—Anyone who considers the political genius of the founding fathers must be struck with the almost total lack of that genius in our time. Those great men were the inheritors of a philosophy and a tradition out of Europe.

But it was they who gave substance to the words in the new world. Theirs was the achievement of a republic founded on the belief in liberty and equality. As they have become plaster saints with the passage of time, the tough, day-to-day work that they did to bring this about has been forgotten.

That is the most striking contrast of all between the then and now. George Washington, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson were aristocrats in the best meaning of the word. But they were not afraid of the rough and tumble of politics nor, when the showdown came, did they draw back in fear of ancient authority.

IF EVER A MAN had his own pleasant, more or less self-sufficient world, it was Washington at Mount Vernon. We know from his writings how he disliked being taken away from that gracious, peaceful retreat. Yet, again and again, he did leave Mount Vernon and for long stretches of time. In short, he accepted the responsibility of leadership.

This would seem to be the heart of the matter. While one can think of notable exceptions, very few men of wealth and power are today willing to face up to the obligations inherent in their position.

In almost every large city they have divorced themselves from the political realities. One reason is the very size and the extraordinary growth of these cities. But it is not the only reason.

In New York, Chicago, San Francisco the industrial or business executive has his offices in the city. But at the end of the day he drives out to Westchester County, Lake Forest, down the peninsula to Burlingame. There he has his own retreat, his own version of Mount Vernon.

IT MAY EVEN have in wistful admiration those same white columns in a row. The squire may have a herd of cows, a dairy. (They have been known to be very helpful, especially at income-tax time.) But in our complex civilization he has no real self-sufficiency. He is dependent for transportation, for basic elements of his family's food supply, for heat and light on an intricate network sustained by people whom he will never see.

This, one would assume, should be a compelling reason to take a personal and continuing interest in the well-being of the whole society. But exactly the opposite appears to be true. Political discussion in the locker room at the country club is not apt to dwell on constructive cures for the political headaches of the day.

If the great metropolitan areas would just run themselves, decently and quietly and inexpensively, then all would be well. But self-government does not function automatically. It requires the sustained participation of interested citizens.

WE CAN SEE the consequences when that is not forthcoming. It is evident in the blight of the cities—a blight that is not merely physical but moral and financial. The cost of government when government is left to those who are in it solely for profit can be extraordinarily high.

It is a chain reaction. The rotten boroughs of the cities are inclined to send to Washington small-bore politicians looking for favors and handouts. The whole system from top to bottom tends to deteriorate. And your good respectable citizen speaks with contempt of the meanness of politics and politicians.

Where and how this process ends no one can say with any confidence. It could end with a revulsion of public conscience and public pride that would mean a new order of public responsibility by those who have the most to lose by neglect and indifference. Thus far there are few signs of such a turnaround.

As the volumes of Douglas Southall Freeman's full-length life of Washington come off the press, we see that he was an intensely ambitious man. But it was not ambition merely for more wealth and distinction in the service of his country. And he was willing to pay the price of that ambition in the hard, unrewarding toil of both politics and war.

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SO THEY SAY—

Not even the most powerful industrial nation on earth—which we think we are today... can expect to maintain without continued strenuous exertions our hard earned advantages (over) a supposedly backward nation determined to overcome these handicaps.—Gen. Curtis Le May.

In this period of urgent danger, a knock-down, drag-out fight among ourselves for a bigger slice of the pie would hurt so much there wouldn't be much pie left for any of us.—Roger Putnam, economic stabilizer.

The South has been on the defensive politically for too long.—Sen. Estes Kefauver.

Juries are not bound by what seems inescapable logic to judges.—Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson.

The Shepherd

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
"He went apart to pray."
Matt. 14:23
Why did we put it on a stamp... That scene of Washington in camp... Upon his knees there in the snow... He tells God of his country's woe... And prays at Valley Forge to find... True guidance for his hand and mind... And he begs God to show the way... America has blessed that day... Our peace and freedom found their start... In Washington's God-fearing heart.

JULIEN G. HYER

A Word to the Wise

"BEWARE OF THE BANEFUL EFFECTS OF PARTY SPIRIT AND OF THE RUIN TO WHICH ITS EXTREMES MAY LEAD."

FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS



* * In The Editor's Mailbag * *

JUVENILE PROBLEMS

EUGENE—(To the Editor)—I read Barbara Benesch's letter to the Editor in the Register-Guard tonight with mixed feelings. As the mother of three daughters—one of junior high age—I sympathize with her concern for the parents' feelings and the boys' futures, knowing that a similar situation may face any parent today.

Our reaction to any situation is governed by our own emotional involvement in that situation, and it is difficult to be entirely impartial and objective when our own children or friends are involved.

Emotional maturity is sadly lacking in our present society. We parents must examine ourselves to find wherein we are failing, for the child is but the product of his heredity and environment. A mal-adjusted child does not just happen...

...he is the product of our own emotional immaturity, or our lack of a sense of responsibility, or over-protection, or even our well-meaning ignorance and inability to recognize symptoms of maladjustment. We modern mothers have been well educated in the physiological needs of our children: most of us attempt to regulate their diets and sleep, we put our babies through a course of "shots" and ask for a physician's help when we recognize symptoms of physical illness. Now let us recognize our need for help in the emotional and mental needs of our children as well.

When advice is offered from professional sources, let us cooperate gratefully with them, whether they be teachers, minister, juvenile officer or psychologist. Let us recognize that when we resent constructive criticism of our children, we are reacting—not in laudable parental love but in fearful recognition of our deficiencies as parents.

We must try to grow up ourselves before we can help our children to maturity. We must learn to differentiate between "smother love" that binds the child to the selfish and insecure parent for life, crippling him emotionally, dooming him to emotional immaturity, marital unhappiness, and even mental illness... and true mother love that weans the child from the parent emotionally and delights in his individuality and independence. Unless we ourselves assume responsibility for our actions, we cannot expect our children to. Unless we ourselves have developed a sense of social responsibility we cannot expect our children to realize the need of law and authority and the justice of paying in penalties and disgrace for crimes against our fellow man.

Unless we ourselves feel that compliance with the laws of God and the practice of the Golden Rule is not only admirable but practical and profitable, no amount of "preaching" will convince our children of these facts. And unless our sense of values is such that we can sacrifice a few of our social and professional ambitions to give more time and attention to our children, we cannot expect our children to feel secure in our interest and love.

Last of all, but not least important, let us assume the practical responsibilities of parenthood. Let us KNOW WHERE OUR CHILDREN ARE, WITH WHOM THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING. Let us not allow bridge or clubs or shopping to keep us from being home when our children come home from school.

I really think that a consistent and conservative policy of publicity in matters of juvenile delinquency, in which the individual and his misdeeds is not glamorized but treated unemotionally, and in which there is no favoritism shown because of family influence or wealth, always taking into account the long range good of society as well as that of the individual—might be helpful in this problem.

Sincerely,
Florence Toman Hendershot

HIS DREAM

EUGENE (To the Editor)—One day, working at the saws in BOY-SHOP, Eugene, I was surprised by a visit from a gentleman whom I had never seen but who seemed to know all about what I was doing. I had not built a fire and the shop was quite cold. I stopped the saw, put on my coat and began to show my visitor the various features when in walked another gentleman, then two more. Then came four or five ladies. They started a fire, set a large coffee pot of hot coffee on the stove to keep it hot, wiped clean the tops of the six work benches and all piled their packs and parcels on them. All the while I was still showing my first caller around. Then I noticed the double doors were both open and coming in was veritable mob of folks and at this point in my confusion and uncertainty as to what it was all about a spokesman said they had made up a little surprise and would I show them the rough lumber as it came from the mills, what I did to it and with it to prepare it for use by the boys in the schools. So I pulled on all the lights for it seemed to be in the early evening and began with the pine from Brooks-Scanlon, pulling out piece after piece, showing the defects that were processed out before being sawed into dimension. From pine I went to fir from Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Booth-Kelly Lumber Company, and Glutina Lumber Company. I became quite some enthusiastic in showing what fine stuff it was but because shortness in length or pitch or bark or split it became wastage but was still just the finest lumber possible for my purpose.

By this time the shop was full of people. Among them, here and there I glimpsed faces of folks I knew, the Editor of Eugene Register-Guard, Mr. E. Jenkins from Booth-Kelly, Mrs. Briggs,

widow of Charles D. Briggs, former president of Booth-Kelly, N. B. Glutina of Glutina Bros. Lumber Company, Herb Cox who for many years was the general secretary of the Willamette Valley Lumbermen's association; W. N. Morris, mill superintendent of Weyerhaeuser Timber Company; S. L. and Mrs. Godard, who as principal of Lorane High School in 1937 put my work in the hands of his boys. I caught a glimpse of Roy C. Warren, instructor at the Kelly Junior High School, Philip C. McGovern from Willamette High School and Joe Rorer, instructor from Springfield High.

Some paid close attention to my exhibition of the lumber and asked questions but most of them just milled around the shop talking among themselves until someone from the bench room called "COME AND GET IT" and I was no longer in the picture for I saw them that this was a pretty well planned basket lunch picnic out for a good time. So I eased off on my serious explanation stuff, put on my coat and flocked in with the rest and connected up with a huge tuna-fish sandwich and a cup of lovely hot coffee and I think I was going to experience a warm feeling of real happiness when I awakened to find I was still stretched across the bed in my room at the Osburn Hotel where I had dropped down for a few minutes rest before dinner after saving and shipping several thousand pieces of MINATURE LUMBER and SHINGLES to school boys in Oregon, Utah, Iowa and California.

It was a dream—a swell dream that might practically come true. I wish it would.
O. G. HUGHSON.

A PRAYER FOR MARCH 15

by
IDELLA J. NICHOLS
Dear Lord, come into my heart And teach me to pray, That I might offer proper thanks For our blessings on this day. Today, we pay our income tax—Borrowed money from a friend, (Bless him for his trust in me, That his money he would lend.) I thank You for good health, dear Lord.
For work that I could do, For service to our fellowmen Is a service unto You. And though the cost of food is high— I ask You on this day, That what we eat be food for thought. And let us think to pray A prayer, dear Lord, for all who serve Our country, through the year; And bless, dear Lord, the man who pays His income tax without a tear.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BOY SCOUTS!

When Lord Robert Baden-Powell, the Englishman, conceived the idea of the Boy Scouts and, later, our own American, Dan Beard, furthered and promoted the idea here, neither, we suspect, ever dreamed what world-wide fountains of Youth he was putting in action! Today the Boy Scouts are the flower of young manhood in every quarter of the globe. Their deeds are legion. Their clean, manly characters shine forth from their scrubbed faces and the trim uniforms they wear. How very proud we fathers and mothers of Boy Scouts should be! Their merit badges are a symbol of sincerity, eagerness to serve and pride in their organization. God bless them all. They'll be leaders tomorrow!

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Editor's Mailbag

OPPOSES UMT
EUGENE—(To the Editor)—I am a veteran of World War I and a teacher. As a veteran I am a sound proponent of national defense. As a teacher I do not see the military indoctrination every American boy.
The goal of our public schools has been to prepare youth for a democracy. However, the UMT, now before Congress, passed, pressures will be brought to bear on the schools to prepare our boys for the necessities of a life of which those first months will be only a small part for these boys will be conscripted to serve in reserve or other way for seven and one-half years. Parents realize this.
Already one firm has proposed with the assistance of the Department, a series of films designed to "correct" some of the teachings of the school and the school. The intent of the films, now being sold to boards of education, is to make the transition to military life appear to be a normal development.
Any boy raised in the American democratic and religious tradition will quite naturally resist the autocracy and amorality military life hard to take. That as it should be in a democratic society. Any program or proposal to psychologically prepare American youth to accept a military life as normal would be the serious weakening of the democratic traditions of our country.
As an alternative to the proposed mass conscription, we should be sufficiently inventive to develop a preparedness program based on an expanded National Guard. This would be more keeping with the American tradition and would eliminate much of the danger and expense of UMT program.
General MacArthur has stated that UMT is not necessary at this time because selective service to care of our manpower needs, must remember that selective service has a termination date, the UMT proposal has none. Permanent-type legislation, time to protest is now.
Robert E. Nye

Alaska 'Last Frontier'

For Alcoholics
ANCHORAGE—Alaska the "last frontier" for alcoholics according to Maj. C. C. Clifton of the Salvation Army.
The major told visiting Episcopalian clergymen here that that many an alcoholic came Alaska as a last resort.
"Here he finds either a final destruction," he said.

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