Southern Oregon Miner


STERILIZING FREE SPEECH! This nation was founded on a principle of free speech and, on paper, that privilege is our most jeal ously guarded constitutional right. In practice, hat to ever,
task.

A case in point is that of an eastern German-American bund leader, Fritz Kuhn, whose remarks attacking the President in most disrespectful terms have arouse the nation to a near-apoplectic at our govent while praising should hurl intor is just a little more than the average a foreign detare all for free loyal citizen cares to stomach. We are an't somebody speech, and aritz off to the land he professes to admire more ship Fritz off to the land he professes to

However, there is little real danger to little men His bund will collapse from popular disapproval and widespread resentment. But what is less direct and of deeper concern to all of us is the bunds' revival of pig-headed race prejudices. Fritz Kuhn and his kind will leave a lasting scar.

Back in the days of the klan this country endured the worst kind of simple-minded ugliness, and the present bund efforts to revive such stupid passions
can be disastrous both to Jew and German citizens of the United States, and to the rest of us as well.

Free speech is a precious American possession, but it exacts its price. Now if the government could just
crack Kuhn for income tax evasion, a great tradition would remain untrammeled and a rotten odor from Berlin could be dispelled.

MAKE 'EM PAY TAXES, TOO, EARL Fortunately, there is a Something which eventually evens all things. Residents of Ashland-and of all Oregon communities located hard by the California state line-have tired at the insistence with which northbound tourists flash their sales tax pennies here But the other day none other than
of state, Earl Snell, bit the dog
state, Earl Snell, bit the dog.
Snell, it seems, wrote Tule Lake, Calif nancial report on that municipal corporation for a fihe demanded immediate compliance with Oregon law covering the subject
And you can imagine the surprise of the startled Tule Lake city recorder Somehow or other, we're mighty proud of our ening retaliation for the habitual land grabbing which "moves" our Crater Lake into California.

NOW, WHEN I WAS A BOY-
Nope, there's nothing new under the sun, and the crack goes for these silly women's hats, to

Modern motorists, with their fidgety impatience to arrive at wherever they're going with the least possible delay, appear to be a new high in human hurry. But there's no real difference in the throttle-smasher of today and the rein-snapping, clucking buggy crowder of yesterday
The only difference is in the vehicles under them. It was not so long ago that Hiram, hitching up his team for a jaunt into town, snapped his horses on their hind "quarters and muttered, "Well, let's be a-gittin' thar". And you can be sure that Hiram took the most
direct road and didn't stop to let the nags nibble along the wayside. His impatience to get to town-and then is get back home, once he started-was as great as is that of the driver of a high-powered car who nervously jiggles with a radio dial to kill time as he speeds
along at 60 miles an hour. Yes, mankind has bett
which to work, but has better and better tools with which to work, but he keeps doing the same pointless,
silly things with them. The silly things with them. The yokel who used to bend over withing striking distance of a cranky mule's lethal
hooves now lurches around curves at breakneck speed.

eral home thing about our funthe desire to be helpful. In the spirit of helpfulness endeavor to serve faithfully

LITWILLER FUNERAL HOME

$\square$ May Pole




Sonally ROOSEVELT, while per
Heights" on its Eucting ". Wuthering
Auroan premi

eight per cent of which contain and this month Madame Dionne
will celebrate her 30th birthday fou Gehrig, holder of the record
for playing in the ereatest consecver number of baseball games
vaoo has voluntarily bench ed himself has voluntarily neench


Our vote for the most expressive
statement of the week: exhe pass age was so rough that for forsis-
days I I wore a porthole around my
neck."
 Francisco farir isn't the gigantic
spectacle financially that it is sce-
nically. Herb Caen, writer for the nt Francisco Chronicle, has let
out some pretty sharp, observaers of
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