

## 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.

## A HISTORY-MAKING CONGRESS

ACCEPTING in the main the leadership of President Roosevelt (and his "Brain Trust") the American Congress has concluded one of the most spectacular sessions in its history. Without attempting to alter the constitution of the United States (except as to prohibition) it has in fact altered some of the most fundamental principles of our actual procedure.

In seeking to restore truth to the maxim that every individual is entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," Congress has turned almost completely away from the treasured ideal of "individualism." In the industrial bill which is by far the most drastic of its measures, Congress sanctions experiments in modified socialism.

To President Roosevelt, Congress has granted powers without precedent even in wartime. Taking the legislative program as a whole, Congress says to the citizen that in peace as well as in war he will be expected to make specific personal sacrifices and contributions to the public welfare.

The government undertakes to provide the citizen with the chance to work, but in return it assumes jurisdiction over his hours or labor, his wages, his prices, his profits, whatever his calling. Only within certain rather strict limits is the individual of superior abilities to be allowed to enrich himself at the expense of less alert or less able citizens.

For the protection of the farmer and the small home owner, the government embarks in the banking business to a far greater extent than ever before. Upon commercial banking in the Glass bill and on investment banking in the securities bill it lays the heavy hand of centralized supervision and control. In transportation, through its "co-ordinator," the government advances from mere regulation of railroads into the field of operation. When the traditional gold standard was laid aside, the experiment of "managed money" emerged. In the public works programs and forest armies, we approach government regimentation of surplus labor.

Tremendous difficulties lie between the mere authorization and the realization of all that has been planned. Powerful interests will continue to fight change every step of the way. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the program is that its administration depends on mere men. The greatest hope for it lies in the fact that within a space of weeks, the ATTITUDE of millions has been changed. The President speaks a great truth when he says that no power can thwart the movement so long as the people themselves believe in it.

One of the most significant aspects of the situation is that we have turned away from the leadership of "men of action" to that of "theorists and scholars." Pessimists view with alarm this departure from American tradition. Is it a departure? The men who conceived the republic, Jefferson and Hamilton and Franklin and the Adamses, were pre-eminently thinkers and scholars.

Call it only reform or call it "revolution," no country is so well equipped to try the experiments we are making.

## SO THIS IS DAD'S DAY!

YES, this is Dad's Day! Mayors proclaim it! Kind-hearted ministers comb the Good Book for texts and rack their brains for suitable things to say upon the subject! Even word-worn editorial writers mark down "Dad" for a topic and wonder what next! But as Ajax McGurk contends, Dad's Day, except possibly from the viewpoint of the haberdasher and the togethery-man, will never be a great sentimental success.

You can rave with some enthusiasm about "Mother." You can make "Mother's Day" a solemn event. Mothers are creatures of Destiny. They are born for their great and noble work. Dad's—well, of course, they also are a biological necessity, but, now really, are they "heaven-sent"? From the beginning, Mother realizes parenthood as a career. Dad? Well, Dad is tremendously proud of the fact, to be sure, but usually he's quite a time getting used to it as something more than a personal phenomenon and a gloriously triumphant incident.

Dad "belongs," of course! (Lordy, how he belongs!) He accepts his role in the family (as a rule) with the best of grace. He guards the flock. He does battle with the Old Wolf. As the years advance, he may even achieve quite a reputation for patriarchal wisdom or "success." Even in these days of "equal rights and emancipation," Dad may contrive by sheer force to "rule the roost."

But at the utmost, his supremacy falls short. His preoccupation over that "Big Deal" must be set aside for little Tommy's tummy-ache; his blackest scowl (his learns long before he teens) can be dissolved by a smile. His pompous airs are but a "mechanism of defense." Vain creature, he is weak!

Hang a new red necktie on the Old Man to-day, if you will. Garnish him with new handkerchiefs and gaudy socks. Glorify him with sermons and editorials. Of the heroic he still falls short for he is the creature of chance and circumstance whose foibles betray him as never quite grown up.

Better to say just a prayer for him, perhaps, and let him go fishing if he wants. Next week will do to hang the screens and mend that fence!

## COL. MILLER'S PROTEST

AT a recent meeting of Oregon pioneers, Col. Robert A. Miller made vigorous protest against the tendency of the writers of popular "western history" toward the glorifying of the West's bad men and crooks. Col. Miller allows that the West in the days of the great migrations had its share of colorful bad men. (And what about the contemporaneous East?) He is willing to admit that many of these characters are fascinating. But he argues that the emphasis on their exploits puts a false shading on the work of the thousands of honest, industrious, law respecting, patriotic men and women who braved the long trails and really built the West.

Col. Miller's protest is quite timely and quite justified. Some very excellent western histories have been written, but these are the more scholarly tomes. Too many of the popular editions have been based on the saleability of sensational re-hash. It is really too bad because nothing could be more

dramatic or more interesting than a truly appreciative account of some of the truly noble people whose courage and vision built the West. In Oregon, for instance, our histories are of the most sketchy sort.

From time to time, for several years we have been calling attention to the rich field which is open here for sincere historical research. At the time of the Sunset Trail pageant three years ago, we had access to the letters and documents of many pioneer families and we found many records of great importance in any comprehensive history of the state. From time to time we have urged that funds be found to enable the history department at the University of Oregon to gather up and preserve these valuable records before they are lost and while pioneer men and women are still living who can verify records from personal experience.

A fund of \$2,000 a year for several years, expended under the direction of competent historians would rescue Oregon history, at least, from the Sunday supplement.

## AN INTERESTING APPOINTMENT

EXTREMELY interesting and possibly of some significance is the appointment of Harry Payer, a Cleveland attorney, to be an assistant secretary of state under his old friend Raymond Moley, the first assistant secretary of state and the chief of the Roosevelt "Brain Trust."

Mr. Payer is a most unique person. Born of very humble Bohemian parents, Mr. Payer answers the description "self-made," but he is much more than just that. His fame and his vast fortune came out of his exceptional skill in the handling of personal injury cases, mostly against large corporations.

For many years, Harry Payer was both terror and anathema to the pompous and well-fed gentlemen whose business it was to defend large corporations. They derided the lowly Payer; they ridiculed his exaggerated technique, but Payer with his ability to weep and make weep, at the proper moment, kept on extracting huge judgments till he was mentioned, in polite circles, only as a menace.

A natural born actor, engaged by chance in the winning of juries, that's the new assistant secretary of state, with his bright blue boyish eyes, his round, rosy face, and his "halo" of curling golden hair encircling his bald spot. Everything Payer does has "the actor's touch," whether it is driving his latest and most gorgeous roadster, or riding his favorite horse or making the final appeal in court.

For long, according to those who know him well, Mr. Payer has hungered for those recognitions which are not granted to those whose business it is to raid the coffers of the rich. Now comes his old friend Moley and offers him a part, perhaps just a small part in the department of state. (Perhaps it will be only a stepping stone to an ambassadorship.) Another "forgotten man" has been remembered.

This much can be said. Whatever the role, Mr. Payer will do it full justice. All of his talents (and they are very great) will be given to this new client, the United States.

## ANOTHER SCHOOL ELECTION

ON Monday, there will be another school election in Eugene. Earl M. Drew is a candidate for reelection. Dr. Victor P. Morris is a candidate for the place formerly held by Dr. Harry W. Titus. Having served two full terms, Dr. Titus has "begged off." Dr. Morris, himself an educator, professor of economics at the University, has been pressed into service by friends who believe him to be ideal for school board membership.

With only two positions to be filled and with only two candidates, there is, of course, no contest, but it is important, nevertheless, that everybody interested in school affairs vote. Both candidates are well qualified. The absence of contest indicates general satisfaction with school administration, but these men can be depended on for constructive criticisms as well as mere support of present policies.

Some extremely important policies are coming up in the next few months. There is the serious problem of maintaining adequate teaching service in the face of imperative economies. There will be the problems of dealing fairly with teachers affected by economy rules and at the same time dealing fairly with the children who are entitled to the best teachers available.

We urge a vote for Morris and Drew, as a sign of confidence in them, and as a sign that school affairs are still under close and critical observation.

Just gazing out the window at the Saturday parade on Willamette street. Out of 22 passing automobiles, 5 are spick and span new ones. (And all with Oregon licenses.) Depression lingers but maybe we'll pull through.

Over in Bend the other day, people from all parts of Central Oregon met and formed a Dalles-California Highway Association patterned after the strong Pacific Highway Association on this side of the Cascades. There may be a touch of rivalry, but if it is of the healthy sort it will all help to build Oregon.

Well, the congressmen are going to get home in time for the Fourth after all. But the local fireworks may seem tame after the big display in Washington.

The Chinese government has agreed to accept that 50 million loan we offered them the other day. That's encouraging. Now if we can just get them to accept when it comes time for paying.

Paul Whiteman, the so-called "King of Jazz," got a terrible jolt in a highway smash near Denver, says a news report. But a man who can live with saxophones can survive anything.

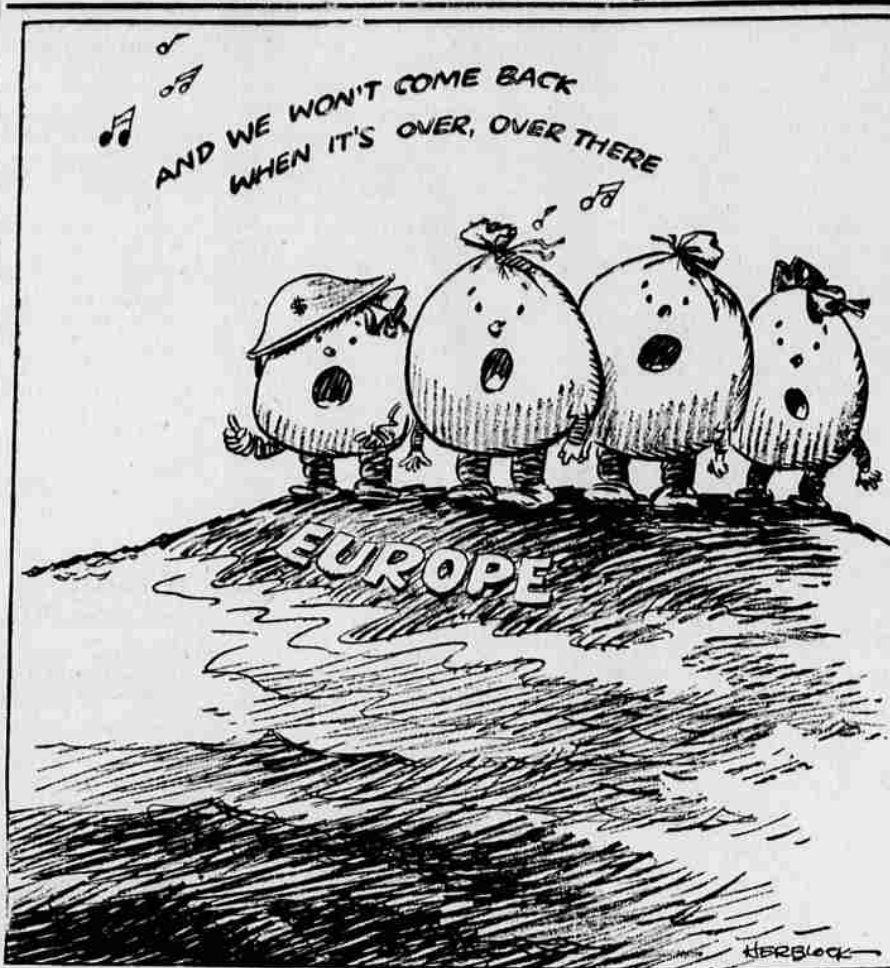
The saxophone is losing its popularity, says T. J. Kennedy, San Francisco band instructor. Does the boy think he's telling us something?

A Seattle lady is divorcing her husband on the ground that he hasn't had a bath for five years. There are two sides to every story. Maybe Paw just gave up trying to get into the bathroom.

A Bend laundryman reports washing grains of gold out of a shirt sent in by a Deschutes county rancher. Now the rancher can say literally he has "been to the cleaner's."

Installment buying doesn't seem to have been much of a success even in buying the last war.

## Just An Old War Debt Song!



## IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

**DREAM OF BIRDS**  
 EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Your editorial recently on "As the Birds See It" was a bird (no pun intended). I thought a good deal about those birds whistling on the wires and I suppose that is why I dreamed about birds last night.

Like most dreams it was all silly enough, but there were a flock of little birds fluttering into the sheriff's office, and in their bills each was carrying worms of various sizes and numbers. The sheriff was cutting off a part of each worm and putting the parts in a pile. I asked the sheriff what he was going to do with all these parts of worms and he said they would pay for keeping up the bird houses and drinking basins.

Some of the birds were pretty bedraggled specimens of the feathered tribe. These only had very few, or very small worms, but the sheriff took a proportionate share of each meager supply. It all seemed natural enough, because it was so like the way people did, but at the same time, it seemed rather absurd for birds to act that way.

The next thing I knew, I was watching birds digging for worms in a vacant lot—they dug and dug, and every time they dug up a worm a great big whistling bird came along and cut off a chunk and put it in a growing pile. The digging birds said the whistling bird was the owner of the lot, and that they had to dig long and hard to have any left for themselves after the sheriff and the big whistling birds were satisfied. They said the harder they dug, the more the sheriff and the big whistling birds took.

Some of these worms were diggers home. It was a long way off and in a pretty lonely place. There was a family of little child birds crying for worms. The mother had not come home yet, and the father bird told me that she had a long way to go and dig worms too or they would not be able to feed the child birds. She flew in a half hour later pretty weary. She said she had been a long way away because anywhere near, the big whistling birds took such large chunks from the worms she dug that after she had eaten a little herself there was nothing left for the child birds.

The little child birds were scrawny things and cried a good deal, and the parents bemoaned the fact that the child birds did not really get enough to keep them well. While they were telling me this, a big whistling bird came up and began to scream and threaten. The parent birds were terribly upset and seemed to plead with the big whistling bird, while the child birds covered in the nest.

By and by the parent birds came and took some of the pieces of worm they had given the child birds and gave them to the big whistling bird and he went away whistling. They told me that they were behind in their rent—that the big whistling bird owned the tree where they had their nest. He had been pretty kind to them though—he had let them build in his tree if they would give him half the worms they brought home, and on condition that the house belonged to him if they couldn't pay the rent. But they didn't mean to complain, because he had not taken their nest away from them although they had not been able to supply him with all the worms he demanded. The big whistling bird had said that all he wanted was enough worms to live on.

You can understand what a crazy dream it was, because who ever heard of birds taking food and nests away from other birds because they couldn't or wouldn't find a place where there were no big whistling birds to supply with worms. It was so like people, but hardly like birds.

I asked the parent birds what the big whistling birds did with all the worms that they got from other birds. They said they didn't know—that they got more than they could eat. Sometimes when there were no worms, and big whistling birds gave back small bits of worms they had received—they said they couldn't have the birds dying, and they were glad to help them at such times. Some of the big whistling birds were really very kind—they would spend their

time going around among the worm diggers and get them to give just a little of what they had been able to save, so that other worm-diggers who had no worms would have something to eat. It took a good deal of their time, attending meetings to find out how many worm-diggers had no worms, and how much each of the worm-diggers who had worms could contribute to the worm-diggers who didn't have any. These big whistling birds were real philanthropists, and the other birds looked up to them for the good deeds they did. Can you imagine birds feeling that way—just like people?

When I asked the parent birds why they didn't keep all the worms they dug, they smiled feeble little watsonian smiles and told me that they couldn't do that—the ground and trees belonged to the big whistling birds and of course they had a right to have the worm-diggers support them. They didn't complain—they said they would do the same. If they had been lucky enough to get to the fields and trees other birds wanted to use, ahead of those other birds—or were brought enough to get hold of ground and trees where birds had to live.

But one of the craziest things in my dream was when a great machine turned up long rows of worms, moving a whole lot of worms which the worm-diggers began to gather up in great quantities. Then the big whistling birds came up and made them stop, saying that if they did that, there would soon be more worms than they, the big whistling birds, could eat—and that they shouldn't touch the worms over half the lot. I couldn't make out why they should do that until I remembered the way people left fruit on the trees for fear there would be too much fruit for the big whistling boys to eat.

There was one thing they told me about, that they apologized for. They said, while it wasn't right, some worm-diggers who didn't get enough worms, got the habit of stealing worms, when the big whistling birds were not looking. One or two of these worm-diggers said that if they couldn't get any worms at all, they wouldn't hesitate to steal—they were going to starve with worms all over the place. They rest told me to shut up, and called them trouble makers. They told me that if they did steal the other birds locked them up, and then the worm-diggers dug worms harder than ever to feed them with.

I remember dreaming that I never supposed birds were so foolish—just like people. I couldn't make them out—there was all creation for them to dig worms in and more trees than all the birds in the world could need to build nests in, and there they were, hungry, afraid they would starve, or be driven out of their nests, because of the big whistling birds and the sheriff.

Wasn't that a funny dream?

LYNN A. TERRILL

## MILK COMPLAINT

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—It has come to my attention in the past that the city is overran with professional milk customer solicitors, going from door to door, pleading to you to place take milk from the companies that they represent. That the commission they receive is the only way they can make money to obtain food for their families, or be forced onto the Red Cross or county.

Your sympathy being aroused, you may change your order to the concern that they represent. The solicitor then goes on to the next door with the same sob story and in the course of the day may make as high as \$8 or 10 dollars in commissions. I know of one solicitor who has been at work with the same story for the last year, she must be better fixed financially by this time than most of the milk distributors.

Some of these solicitors resort to lies and big talk about their companies, using any means to gain their objective.

Some solicitors do not even play represent, telling you to just take milk for 30 days, so that they will receive their one dollar commission,

and then you can return your order to your old distributor. The company that hires them then takes the loss. Some solicitors later hire out to other firms, and go back and get the customer to again change to that company.

In this way do professional solicitors mulch the dairy industry. Many of the companies that hire these solicitors do not know of the stories used by the solicitor to gain their objective.

They even suggest to the housewife that the company they represent may withdraw their business from the consumers employer if they do not use their milk.

PAUL D. DRUM

**WOULD THAT!**  
 Would that I were a poet  
 Or could paint the scene I behold  
 Each room from my kitchen window  
 As the wings of dawn unfold.  
 I would and this sad depression  
 Set at rest souls so distraught  
 Feed the hungry with such beauty  
 Earthly greed would be forgot.

Would that I could paint the Heron  
 Who sails o'er my life each morn  
 Let through verse, her call re-echo  
 From the hills ere day is born  
 With brush and pen I'd take the  
 weary  
 O'er a space where tussacks grow  
 Bid them rest by streams of silver  
 Where wild winds kisses gently blow.

I'd bid them pause in sweet companion  
 With woodland sprites beside the stream  
 Where perchance a trout or grayling  
 By the dawn's light may be seen  
 Then on: through slumbering hills  
 Of emerald  
 With robes of daisy gold and red  
 I'd write an idyl to their shadows  
 Where nesting birds have made their bed.

I'd paint the spruce and smelly cedar  
 With golden sheaves of scotch birch  
 Handclasp with the rhododendron  
 Whose ebullience hid depression's gloom  
 And last a silhouette of pine trees  
 Against a morning turquoise sky  
 I'd cast depression to the wild winds  
 And laugh with joy to see it die.

VERA K. BABCOCK, Reidsport

**WANTS!**  
 I want to go back to the old home,  
 To the faces, long since I have seen;  
 To the place with its far flung horizon  
 And sweet-rolling meadows between;  
 Hear the meadowlarks' song in the morning  
 While the grass is still fragrant with dew.  
 Fill my heart tonight, with longing,  
 I want to go back—don't you?

I want to go back to the old home,  
 Where long years ago as your bride  
 I walked through its old-fashioned garden  
 With you very close by my side.  
 No sky was ever so blue,  
 Tonight, as I sit here dreaming,  
 I want to go back—don't you?

I want to go back to the old home,  
 The home you built there for me,  
 To sit with you there, in the gloaming,  
 Beneath the old apple tree;  
 To feel the sweet pulsing of evening,  
 Watch the stars twinkle out in the blue;  
 Methinks, my heart would cease aching  
 If I could go back dear—with you.

ELIZABETH McCULLACH

## THE CHRIST OF GALILEE

By CATHERYN HEMINWAY  
 'Twas on the shores of Galilee  
 I saw the master stand,  
 His fishermen disciples stood  
 Near by with nets in hand  
 They'd fished all night, no fish they caught  
 Their toil worn muscles burned  
 The master stepped down to the boat  
 For them His spirit yearned.

"Cast on the other side," said he,  
 They wonderingly obeyed,  
 And lo! their nets were filled o'er  
 full.  
 Their day's work more than paid,  
 The fishermen disciples had  
 Enough of faith to see  
 In Him their master and their Lord  
 The Christ of Galilee.

## Drain Pastor Says Farewell to Flock

DRAIN, June 17.—(Special)—Albert D. Kribs, pastor of the Drain Christian church for the past two years, preached his farewell sermon Sunday morning and left with his wife and baby for Goshen, where they organized a church that afternoon. The church was organized through his efforts in a meeting held there recently.

Kirk McClarnan, little son of Mrs. Grace McClarnan was operated on for appendicitis Thursday in the Pacific hospital at Eugene and at last reports was doing as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Emma Button and a friend of Eugene visited Miss Edna Harlan at a short time Sunday on their way to Roseburg.

The Bob Powell family were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Henderson Sunday.

Mrs. Maud Traylor and mother, Mrs. Lily Craig spent Monday at the home of Mrs. Dick Bailey of near Saginaw.

Mrs. Gladys Naylor returned Friday from Oakland where she visited several days, with Miss Pauline Pelsel.

Jim Herington and family moved Tuesday morning to North Drain to the Burnett property.

The senior Endeavors of the Christian church held a bobo party at the falls Tuesday evening.

J. T. Redford, accompanied by his nephew, Paul Redford of Glendale, drove to Portland Tuesday where Mr. Redford will take treatments at the Coffee hospital again for a short time.

## News of Blachly

BLACHLY, June 17.—(Special)—Miss Theda Sylous returned to her home in Eugene last Saturday afternoon after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hubbard.

C. M. Hubbard and son Wayne were business visitors in Eugene Saturday afternoon. Miss Pat Sylous of the district attorney's office came home with them to stay until Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKee of Bellingham, Wash., came in Tuesday to visit Mrs. Anna Pontius. They drove to Elkhart to visit Mr. and Mrs. Vern Pontius Wednesday, returning Thursday.

Chester Crone and Lena Pope drove to Heceta Beach Saturday to visit Mrs. Crone who is staying there for a few days.

Those attending the Swanton-Hamilton wedding in Eugene Monday afternoon were Mrs. F. R. Myers, Earl and Stuart Myers, Gladys Schmitt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Slayter, Mrs. E. Slayter and Miss Shirley Slayter.

Mrs. Guy Bell drove to Myrtle Point last Saturday returning Thursday accompanied by her little daughter, who has been visiting her grandparents.

Little Jean Tharp of Greenleaf is visiting Miss Viola Starr this week. Triangle Lake will celebrate on the Fourth only.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoxelson of Veneta are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Huberland.

It is rumored that Triangle Lake will be a bus terminal in the near future for around the loop buses from California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robertson gave a surprise party for their son Earl on his 21st birthday Wednesday, June 14. Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Norton, Ed Robertson, Lloyd, Nell, Margie and William Robertson, Miller, McVay, Hazel Miller, Harry and Glenn Miller.

Wayne Hulbert, Frances, Marie and Paul Hutchins, Wallace Johnson, Evelyn McKenn, Earl and Stuart Myers and Gladys Schmitt. The evening was enjoyed with music and games. Mrs. Robertson served lunch of sandwiches, salad, cake and coffee.

C. M. Hubbard and W. C. Mulroilo drove to Junction City and Eugene Wednesday afternoon on business.

Mrs. Everett Lamb of Albany is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lamb.

## Willagillespie News

WILLAGILLESPIE, June 17.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Trump A. Chase and family drove to McMinnville Sunday to attend the graduating exercises of Linfield college. Virgil Kingsley of Goodpasture Island was a graduate.

The H. L. Blood family spent Sunday visiting with friends at Pleasant Hill.

Leo and Leon Gaskill are spending a week with their sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Wood of Harrisburg.

Lillian and Gladys Howard, who have been spending a week with the Turner Woods family on Ingram Island, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Clyde Mitchell visited with Mrs. Peterson in Cottage Grove on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Howell and son drove to Harrisburg Sunday.

Mrs. Emma Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Deckman and son Paul Deckman of Bellingham, Washington, visited with the Carl Gilbert family last week.

Lon Raines left Saturday for Mill City where he has employment.

Mrs. Harold Chase and baby daughter returned home to Portland after visiting with her sister and mother and father, Mrs. Clem Howell and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Zacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Russell and sons of Fall Creek were Sunday dinner guests at the Ed Day home.

Mary Lou Elliott of Salem is spending a couple of weeks with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gilbert.

Mrs. R. B. Deadmond is visiting at

the home of her brother, R. B. Deadmond, and family. Tuesday afternoon Robert Steele was Eugene visitor. Walter Carter is busy replacing fish racks in the river at Heceta bridge that was washed out by recent high water.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Evans, children, Janet and Florence, of Eugene were visitors Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Caldwell.

Mrs. E. E. Thibodeau and Mrs. E. Jennings were Monday visitors in Eugene and Springfield.

Dean and Audrey Byers of Eugene are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Weir, and relatives while here. Audrey is attending the vacation Bible school at Waterville, where mostly Dutch children are enrolled.

Guest at the Horace Morris home, Wanda and Orville Ross of Modoc have been visiting relatives on the river. Wanda and Orville have lived here on the river.

Carol Fountain and Byron Isten have returned to Drayton several weeks visiting with Mr. Fountain's parents here.

Arthur Irvin spent several days in Eugene the past week. Mrs. Irvin accompanied Mrs. C. C. Foley to gene Tuesday.

The annual school meeting with a feature on Monday evening 8 o'clock taking place at the school house.

## Leaburg News Note

LEABURG, June 17.—(Special)—Mrs. A. W. Franze and sons, Harold and Gordon, attended at Waterville Tuesday evening.

The Boy Scouts went on a night hike up Johnson creek Saturday and returned Wednesday. Making the hike were Bruce Crone, Merle Slavens, Stanley Mallory, Philip Mallory, Laurence Smith, Frank Allen, Arthur Gray, Kelly Slade and George Buford.

Mrs. Laurence Milligan, Miss M. Traver, Miss Davis and the Miss Lucile and Dorothy Milligan were guests of Mrs. Fred S. Williams. Shirley Williams on Tuesday at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Williams daughter Shirley were Eugene visitors Thursday. They were last guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. T. of College Crest. Mr. Williams, nephew of Mrs. Tuttle.

The Ladies' Aid of the Leaburg church held its regular meeting Thursday afternoon. Mrs. W. Carter entertained the group. Present were Mrs. Swafford, Becker, Mrs. Isham, Mrs. M. Elston, Mrs. Frances Elston, Wesley Hansen, Mrs. Loren B. and son, LeRoy, Mrs. Elmer P. and son, Mrs. Edna Carter, Dora Deadmond and daughter, Depoit and the hostess, Mrs. Carter. The group voted to spend a Fourth of July picnic. The picnic is to be chosen by a committee pointed for the purpose.

## Natron Items

NATRON, June 17.—(Special)—Dan Driscoll and daughter, Leaburg, visited Sunday with Driscoll's mother, Mrs. Cora Leaburg. Harley Norris of Jasper was business visitor in Natron Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sharp of Waterville sold their store there and moving to Natron to be near a daughter, Mrs. Stevenson.

Mr. Parrett of Los Angeles has been spending his vacation here at Natron. Parrett will return this week. Parrett will turn with him for a short visit at Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Stewart Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Faye at Cottage Grove. Mrs. O. C. Faye entertained.

Natron Golf-tennis club Thursday afternoon. The afternoon was