AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
(Published every evening and Sunday)
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER - - -Alton F. Baker
MANAGING EDITOR - - - - William M. Tugman
NEWS SERVICE, Associated Press, United Press
MEMBER - - - - - 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.

"VIGILANTES" NOT NEEDED HERE!

THOSE self-constituted guardians of law and order in Eugene who have banded together as "vigilantes" for the purpose of raiding alleged Communist quarters in this city are doing a dis-service rather than a service to the community. If they will stop to think, they will find they are doing the very thing they fear from the Communists. They are taking the law into their own hands. They are guilty of a peculiarly silly species of revolution. There is no need for "vigilantes" here.

There have been rumors that the Communists have been seeking to foment trouble among workers in Eugene industries. When, as, and if they go abroad for this purpose and annoy other people or trespass on the property of others, there is plenty of law to punish them, and there are planty of police to do the job of bringing such offenders before the proper tribunals. But up to the point of trespass against the public peace or the rights of others, they are entitled to protection as citizens.

Under the constitution of the United States, citizens generally are guaranteed freedom of opinion, freedom of speech and the right of peaceable assembly. This means that any citizen, even though he be a Communist, may think what he pleases, read what he pleases, and his books and papers are his property. The same rights apply to clubs and organizations so long as they are not harming anybody.

When self-constituted "Vigilantes" descend as a mob upon anybody's clubroom and deface decorations and carry off books and papers they are guilty of vandalism and malicious destruction of property. So far the sheriff and the police have chosen to ignore these actions which encroach upon their authority. Perhaps they are wise in feeling that it is merely a manifestation of mob spirit induced by recent hectic happenings in San Francisco, and that it will pass, but they cannot continue to ignore it much further.

Needless to say, this paper has no sympathy with Communism, and it has only an amused contempt for the Communists who come squealing for constitutional protection the minute they are hurt. But, this paper has still less respect for the professed friends of Americanism who practice the very sort of terrorism they are afraid Communists may preach.

There are still plenty of husky cops and deputy sheriffs in this community, and so far as we can observe they are not yet over-worked. Skipworth still sits upon his bench "tossing the book" at culprits. These are tough times but all the more necessity for thinking straight. This is not yet Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy. We need no gangs of bullies parading around as "storm troops." Fact is, the law says the place for such gangs is in the well-known callaboose.

EUGENE PAGEANT WEEK BEGINS.

THIS is the week of the "Oregon Trail," pageant week in Eugene. It is a good time to lay aside worries and stop puzzling about what is to become of this queer old world. For if there is anything to be absorbed from the "spirit of the pioneers," it is a courageous and cheerful and tolerant attitude toward the world. The dangers which we face are merely different, not greater than theirs.

Most of them knew physical dangers such as we probably may never have to dare; they knew privations beyond our conception. When they looked forward to the green lands across so many mountains they were looking forward to toil. The pleasant fields which we now enjoy were won from the wilderness by undaunted pioneers.

They had, too, something which many of us lack. They had the high spirit of adventure. Too often we think of them as old, grizzled people. Most of them were young when they crossed the plains and mountains, in the prime of strength and vigor. They journeyed to Oregon because they felt it was in them to build better. They were inspired by the feeling of a nation's destiny. When Oregon became a state among the states, just 75 years ago, that part of their mission had been fulfilled.

Oregonians may feel a just pride in the part their state has played in American history, but greatness cannot live only on pride. If we live up to the traditions of the pioneers we will not lose the spirit of adventure. We will not shrink from the new frontiers, for in a state as young as this it is still our opportunity to build better. We will remember courage and cheerfulness and neighborly tolerance as the prime virtues of the pioneers.

"Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me."

There is no melody quite like this gay song of a simple folk who became great because they knew no fear.

GREEN STATES A. F. L. POLICY

IN two statements William A. Green, president of the American Federation of Labor has said the general strike in San Francisco did not have the official sanction of the A. F. of L., there is a timely warning to the "young bloods" who think they are a new salvation for the labor movement. Green's statement is not unsympathetic to the demands of longshore and maritime unions for collective bargaining. But he makes it perfectly plain in his various interviews that general strikes are revolutionary in fundamentals and therefore not a trade union weapon.

It is true that Green belongs to the "old regime" in American labor. He does not suit some of the ambitious labor politicians, and it is interesting to note that Louis Weinstock, a district secretary of the A. F. of L. is the first to denounce him and accuse him of disloyalty. Chances are the coming national convention of the A. F. of L. will see a great struggle between the conservatives and the radicals for control of the movement.

Nevertheless, Green represents an element in the A. F. of L. which has had a rich schooling in experience. Green came up through the United Mine Workers of America, one of the most turbulent of all the craft unions. He has fought through many bitter campaigns. He knows that when the A. F. of L., as the central organization of American labor once adopts the general strike as a weapon it is saying goodbye to the fundamental principles of trade unionism and heading for the "one big union" idea of the I. W. W. and the communists and revolutionaries.

There are many faults in trade unionism. In organizing workers by crafts instead of by "class" it encounters delays and a certain loss of efficiency, but it does seek to preserve something of individuality. Each craft fights its own way and each member of each craft must meet craft requirements; great stress is laid on contracts between employes and employers. If labor turns to the tactics prescribed by Marx and Lenin, the A. F. of L. is through forever. Green sounds the warning.

SPANISH WAR VETERANS HERE.

TODAY Eugene is host to the annual convention of the Oregon Department of Spanish War Veterans. The presence of the veterans adds to the gaiety of Pageant Week and it is hoped many of the visitors will stay over for the Oregon Trail celebration.

The Spanish War Veterans enjoy a certain distinction among patriotic organizations. Their ranks were filled entirely with volunteers. The war they fought was relatively a brief war but it trailed off into protracted excursions in the Philippines and other remote places where they acquitted themselves with heroism. Even those who did not get a chance to leave the home camps endured hardships of neglect and mismanagement due to the manipulation of supply contracts by corrupt politicians.

Nevertheless the Spanish War men have remained modest in their claims upon the government, despite the fact that thousands of them returned with health broken. They have maintained through all the years an enthusiasm for patriotic service which is extremely wholesome when to so many such views merely seem old-fashioned.

Time has altered our perspective of the wars we waged in Cuba and the Philippines. Candid history compels us to recognize those forays as a venture into imperialism. But nothing can take from the credit due the men who gave themselves for a war of liberation. They carried the same ideas and ideals which inspired the millions who fought the later war "for democracy," and their spirit remains untarnished with "disillusion."

That kind of service is needed on many "fronts" today. The problems which confront the world will not be solved without ideals and loyalists.

DR. STRICKER GIVES ADVICE.

MAXIMS for good health are rather common, but Dr. Frederick D. Stricker, state health officer, has just issued one which is unusually interesting because he starts with this premise—the value of life lies solely in its productive periods; the other periods are a burden. Those who have had a healthy normal childhood, he points out, have, as a rule a foundation of constitutional vigor which can be prolonged easily so as to minimize the fear of an enfeebled old age. And for those who have passed the "deadline" of 40 he prescribes:

Plenty of fruits and cereals and not so much animal foods.

A serene mental attitude which can be aided by developing a capacity for deliberate enjoyment of whatever is at hand.

Regular but moderate exercise; amusements which are a strain should be taboo.

Avoid all excesses, including overwork, be interested in many things; grow old gracefully; avoid gloom.

Dr. Stricker's rather wholesome advice we recommend to some of our friends who make a serious business of golf and bridge. Now as for fishing, as we see it, that is very difficult to overdo. Some day when we get around to it we'll find a way to escape overwork, too.

$2000 A DAY EXPENSES.

ASIDE from all other arguments as to the use of the national guard to pacify strike-ridden Portland, there is that little item of $2000 a day extra expense for maintaining the guard which argues for arbitration of the waterfront disputes as nothing else can do. What cannot be helped cannot be helped, but the state is not in any position to stand the drain of a military siege unless it is an absolute necessity.

The losses from the strike have already run to millions of dollars and they have reacted on business throughout the whole region. The tax cost of maintaining a military watch is simply an added burden. The fact that the port of Portland can be operated under military protection when necessary does not remove the urgency for arbitration.

With the federal government virtually guaranteeing collective bargaining in every trade and using all its influence to induce employers to arbitrate, sane policy argues for a return to work while disputes are being settled. Having shown that force can and will be used when needed, it might not be a bad idea to try again with persuasion.

Things do move in cycles—the pioneers had the redskins and now we have the reds, says Old Uncle Walt, rising wearily from the copy desk.

When it comes to a choice between people who have peculiar ideas of law and order, McGurk offers you a choice between Communists and Vigilantes.

There is one marked difference between us and the pioneers, says Old Bluebeard. The old timers didn't have to work at it nearly so hard as we do.

As for Blue River Bill whose goatee sticks, he says that next time we have a pageant he's going to have Mrs. Blue River sew on a few feathers.

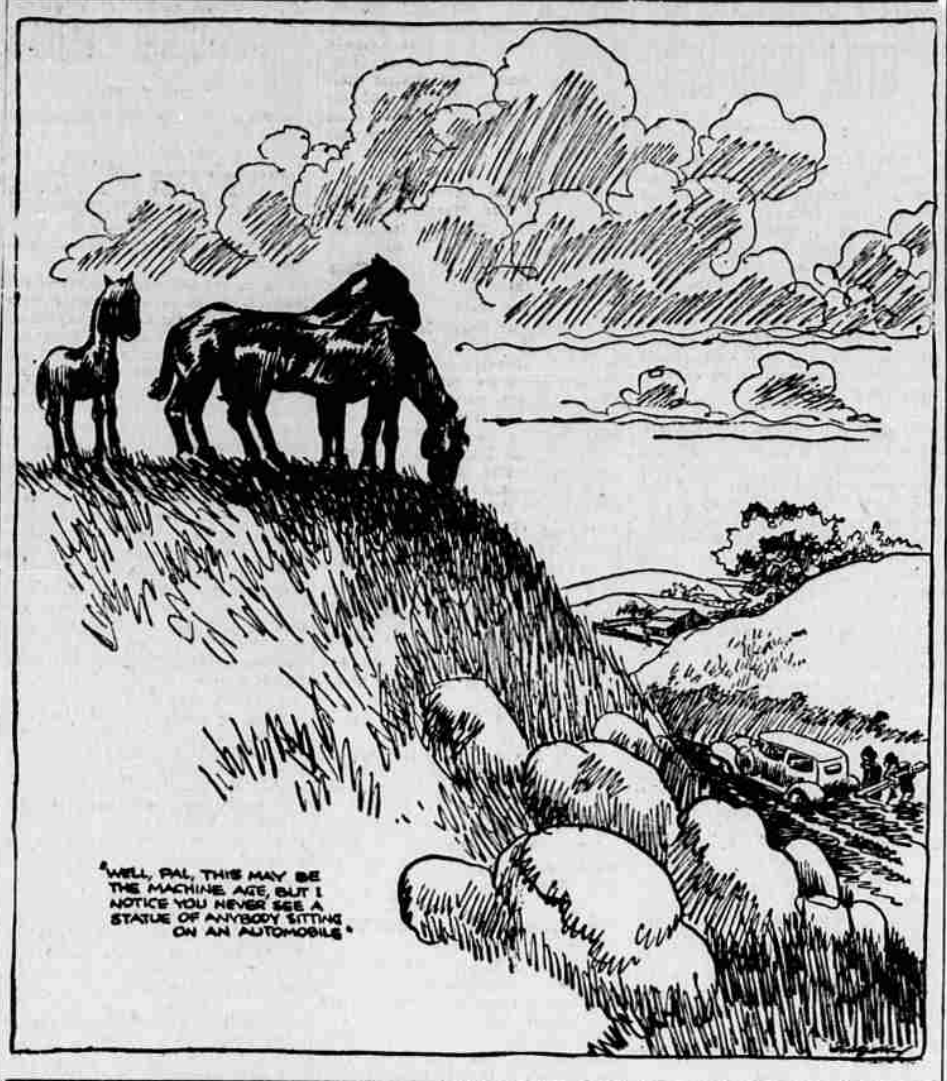
Old Rosybeak has the most brilliant idea, however. He says a real thrifty guy will save his whiskers and handtle some "bucktails" and catch a mess of fish.

Apparently Governor Meier's idea n calling out the guard was to get the port of Portland open in time to admit President Roosevelt.

Diversify your interests, says the state health officer, but we know a bridge fiend who bid up to five in three different suits and his blood pressure hasn't been right for a week.

Anyhow the whiskers come off in six days, 2 hours and 12 1-3 minutes from where we "set".

A VACATION POST CARD



WHAT SOME THINKERS THINK
—Compiled by CLAY E PALMER—
Pastor of First Congregational Church

HUBERT HERRING, an outstanding leader in the Congregational denomination: "If the new deal fails, we are in for a tail-spin to some form of Fascism. Germany's experience will be repeated. The industrialists of the Saar and the Ruhr financed Adolph Hitler. The coal and steel and automobile merchants of Pittsburgh and Detroit will do it here. We can have our Fascist state within five years if Roosevelt fails in achieving his goal."

Edward Filene, well-known Boston merchant: "It has been good men, not bad, who have given us our worst government. It was good men, not bad, who led us into wars. It was good men who exploited labor most abominably. It was good men who broke the country. For they were not educated in human relations as they had no conception of their responsibilities."

Dr. James Conant, president of Harvard University: "In my opinion, in this century we are more aware of the limitations of human nature and more critical of the failure to achieve the ideal. I believe more people than ever before are trying to construct a philosophy of life for themselves which will satisfy the aspirations of the human soul."

The secretary of agriculture, Wallace: "Enduring social transformation such as the New Deal seeks is impossible of realization without changed human hearts."

Dr. George Kieffer: "The newspaper readers of the United States are greedily devouring almost anything that savors of religion. Their new passion for religion has been proven by the wide circulation of Dickens' 'Life of Our Lord.'"

Harry Emerson Fosdick, America's greatest Protestant preacher: "I renounce war because of what it does to our own men. I renounce war because of what it compels us to do to our enemies. I renounce war for its consequences, for the lies it lives on and propagates, for the undying hatred it arouses, for the dictatorship it puts in the place of democracy. I renounce war, and never again, directly or indirectly, will I sanction or support another."

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson: "We have an appalling number of magazines which are not fit to be read by decent people. Canada has been obliged to lift her voice in protest. She has made a long list of American magazines and papers which she will not allow to cross the Canadian border."

Ivan Lee Holt: "No evidences of dishonesty have been so striking as the acts of certain bank presidents in the nation's business capital. Millions were taken from investors and worthless bonds given them in return. People were as little concerned about dishonesty or trickery as were many financiers. Even some who are loudest in their criticism of New York bankers need to ask, 'How honest was I?'"

James Truslow Adam, eminent historian: "If America has stood for anything unique in the history of the world, it has been for the American dream, the belief in the common man, and the insistence upon his having, as far as possible, equal opportunity in every way with the rich man."

Albert Einstein, scientist: "I am convinced that degeneracy follows every autocratic system of violence, for violence inevitably attracts moral inferiors. Time has proved that illustrious tyrants are succeeded by scoundrels. For this reason I have always been passionately opposed to such regimes as exist in Russia and Italy today." (And, if Einstein were written at this hour, he would add, Germany.)

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

SAGE OF EUGENE

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In observing etiquette, said Lil Lutes today, I find corn on th' cob gives me more trouble to handle than most any other thing on th' table, unless it is coolin' my coffee without usin' th' saucer.

We hope the government will find some effective way in properly controlling firearms but if it's as hard to regulate as firewater she ain't going to get very far.

A man is generally governed by his mental capacity and his capacity governs his actions and his actions are generally controlled by the price, so it looks very much like the average decendant of the quadrumanous mammal will remain in the rut, shoot snipes and pop his own corn.

Sen. Steiwer is coming back to Oregon to tell the republican party in the far west how to place more of their coming candidates in the senate, but not to inform them where his clerk hire went nor how generously he voted himself a 20 cent per mile back and forth across the continent.

John W. Davis who was recently defeated for democratic nomination for president by Franklin D. Roosevelt says something is wrong in the country which ought to be put right, after the executive has spent some time under the beds and up in the attics looking for it. The trouble with John W. is that he can't find time to help in the search on account of his hours are all taken defending his capitalistic employers who know pretty well where the "critter" is but are keeping it under a locked box. If capitalism has failed as a system it is because greed could not see that crumbs and thin soup wasn't sufficient for those who are filling the minor niches of creative endeavor. I have seldom, if ever, seen a kind, considerate and generous act do anything but light up the appreciative soul of the receiver. Fear of destitution to the average American citizen should never be known.

Nothing comes to him who waits but penniless old age an' he's got to be careful where he stands or he'll lose out on that.

Industrial changes happen with such rapidity that it takes a college professor to figure out when it's here or gone and what to do with our leisure time. At the present most of our time is spent in tellin' the other fellow where the government should head in.

There is a good deal said about burning the foot bridge before you cross it or putting the cart before the horse, all of which means, in other words, reducing the tax on real estate to 20 mills on an assessment basis of 30 per cent of the actual valuation. Well, it does look to be a pretty hard jolt, all right, to make it go around and meet all the extravagances it's going to go up against and it wouldn't have been thought of to such an extent if the property owners weren't losing all they have waiting for relief. Those who are still holding on are seeing a gradual rise of millage each year and their grip slipping. If a compensating revenue cannot be discovered for governmental functioning other than real estate there will be some scurrying among the tax eaters. The old patriotic property holders who have been on the firing line so long say they are going to take a shot before charity takes them over to the bone yard, and if the state and county can't find the foot log they can swim or sink.

The worst drawback to having a reputation for being close mouthed is so much is expected of us when we do cut loose.

A negro down at Albany has been feeding his hens a narcotic growth. Whether it's to increase the egg supply or helping the hens to forget their troubles was not stated.

Well, well, a new week's under way, six days should be right snappy. Six days to set a high speed gait—be keen and ever happy. Six days to gather in the dough and stiffen up the spleen and keep smilin' on forever with the Evening Guard, Eugene.

HENRY W. STEWART.

ON RAIDS

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—Friday noon a mob entered the New Era Book shop, located on Willamette street in Eugene, to express their long submerged fear of the communist party and of all evidences of "radicalism" generally. An elderly man 74 years of age was the sole occupant of the book shop at the time of the raid.

Individuals of the mob tore down wall decorations, posters, and exhibits; others seized literature, pamphlets, newspapers, etc., including a collection of library books of considerable value; still others added to the disarray by scattering torn poper and other debris about the floor. With exception of the forementioned library books, all objects of value such as portable machinery, identification lists, accounts, etc., had been previously taken away from the book shop in anticipation of such terror. In ten minutes the guardians of free speech and free press had accomplished their "patriotic" task. Shortly afterwards people coming to the book shop heard the story from the old man.

Someday when these gentlemen read the constitution, they may find passages which outlaw their actions at the Eugene communist party headquarters, as being un-American, and rigidly contrary to the letter and spirit of free government. But, these gentlemen shall probably be retired "patriots" with as little concern for legalities as ever.

Respectfully,
RICHARD BOLLING.

BEER AND WAR

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—We know that the German situation is vital to us here in Lane county. May I state what I see in it to my thinking neighbors through the Mailbag? I shall thank you in advance for the privilege.

Neighbors, why should Hitler kill his enemies? Why is such as he at the head of the nation? Beer-soaked militarism-ridden Germany cannot think straight so he rose to power. She forgot her God as other liquor drinking nations MUST do. She created her Frankensteins as a result of her exalting her twin Gods (America is beginning to exalt her's) beer and war. Her God war crippled her mentally, spiritually, and physically; beer ideals is finishing the job. How is Germany's plight vital to us?

America with her God-fearing traditions of freedom for all, is starting on Germany's road. How? She has and is still developing her Fosters, her John Dillingers, her Insulls, Falls, Dohenys; she is building a temple to lawlessness and personal liberty. You, neighbors, are helping to build this temple yourselves, laughing at law and teaching your children to do so; you permit moving picture films detrimental to ideals of love to God and man; you allow your sons to be taught legal murder at the University; you, in order to satisfy appetite and get revenue, voted repeal; you commercialize the Sabbath day. Germany is a picture of the result of our actions here, her situation is vital to us. Do we want such things here? Thinking, God-fearing people do not crush the souls of weaker men for satisfaction of appetite or for revenue. Germany's actions and ours MUST come under the same motive though possibly stated differently. Neighbors, we must face facts; we must think things through or have a Hitler!

C. MADISON LANDAKER.

THE PIONEER

"Oregon Trail," how that brings pictures
Of the days now long gone by.
Seen by most of us in fancy,
By a few with memory's eye.

See the train of covered wagons,
Filled with precious human souls,
Bravely turning faces westward.
With their eyes upon the goal.

They have said goodbye to loved ones,
Those with whom they've had to part.
Though so brave and true in purpose
There's an aching in their heart.

As they turn their faces westward
Knowing not what may befall.
Taking chances, braving dangers,
Some to go beyond recall.

See them camped beside the water
In the firelight's cheerful glow.
Dreaming of the distance future
Seeing fields of waving grain
Watching herds of fattening cattle
Grazing on the grassey plain.

In the early morning sunlight,
Onward moves the train once more
Hear the clanking of the wagons,
Hear the faithful oxen lore.

Thus through days of breeze and sunshine,
Days of wind and sun like fire.
Days when rain fell in a deluge,
Turning hard ground into mire.

Pressing onward, never wavering
Hear the distant thunder roll
But each sunset found them nearer
One day nearer to their goal.

Hear the war whoop of the Indians,
As they bare down on the train
Hear the cry of little children
In their fear and mental pain.

See the wagons in a circle,
Women, children, close inside
See the men, their muskets loaded
Waiting fearless for the tide.

For the tide of shrieking redskins
In their gaudy war atire,
Circling nearer, ever nearer,
Now! the guns commence their fire.

Hear the din and roar of battle
Lasting until dawn would break,
Leaving moaning, bleeding, wounded
Leaving dead men in its wake.

When at last the redskins scatter,
Taking their—wounded, dead away.
See the little band of pilgrims
Huddled there at break of day.

Some are weeping, some are praying,
Others stand, their afces white.
Theirs, the grief too deep for crying
For the ones lost in the night.

But the golden sun of noon day
Looked down on their hearts so brave,
Saw them moving onward, westward,
They would not weep beside the grave.

Thus through days and nights of toiling,
Watching, singing as they go,
At last they see the green of forests
See the mountains capped with snow.

Winding through the cool damp valleys.
See the band of pilgrim souls.
They their journey have completed
They at last have reached their goal.

Here in Oregon's fertile valleys,
In her forests ever green.
See them setting up their land marks,
Hear their heaving axes sing.

Husing logs to build their houses
Turning sod to plant their grain.
Planting fruit trees, planting vineyards,
Grazing cattle on the plain.

Spinning, weaving, grinding, hunting,
Thus their food and clothes provide
Thus we see them pioneerin
Ever happy, satisfied.

Then shall we through this depression,
Put our shoulder to the plow?
Showing we are truely children
Of the sturdy pioneer.

Children of the men and women
Those who knew not how to fail
Those who faced and conquered hardships,
Those who blazed the "Oregon Trail."

(MRS.) ROBT. E. LEE.

PUT ON YOUR OLD SUN-BONNET

(Parody on "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet.")

In an ox-drawn prairie schooner
Sat a weather-beaten "sooner"
Urging on to Oregon.
Thru the wide swamps and morasses
And the high steep mountain passes
Cheerily the Trail was won.
With his dear wife beside him
And her helpful hand to guide him
They had reached the land of honey
and of bread.
Then his weary way was brightened
And his heavy load was lightened
And he turned to her and said:

Chorus
Put on your old sun-bonnet,
With the gay streamers on it,
For we've ended the long weary way.
Now the journey's over
We'll gather the clover,
In the land we've reached today.

In an ox-drawn prairie schooner
Sits a weather beaten "sooner"
As in days of '49.
With his drove of dreary cattle,
After many a hard fought battle
With the Reds along the line.
With his household about him,
And the Indians near to rout him,
Though they had learned his trusty
carbine to dread.
Thus the epic is reflected,
By the noble band collected.
As he turned to her and said:

Chorus
Put on your old sun-bonnet
With the gay streamers on it,
And we'll soon be happy on our way
From every hill and dale
They're going to The Trail
That Eugene presents today.

CARROLL & FAUNCE.

A DREAM

The dreaming centuries called
awakened
In the hearts of humankind, dreams
of home
In some far off land. Frail ships
ocean
Braved through many a fateful
stormy year . . .
The hegira to the western wilds
was on—

ON TO OREGON

Creak, creak, creak, while slowly
moved the wagon's
Heavy wheels over bare and sun
burned plains.
Grass, once radiant with life, dried
and gray
With dust. Heat waves, shimmering
in the sun,
Pained weary eyes searching the
known land,
Sensing danger and death upon the
way.
From lurching, shifting wheels in
deep-worn ruts,
Came a monotone of protesting
sounds
Like moans of sorrow from the virgin land.
D reams of home and friends forever
parted—
The wan sickness of coming motherhood
And torments of insects, the faithful
Companions of myriad buffalo.

ON TO OREGON

Creak, creak, creak. Will the journey never end?
Weary weeks blend into months.
Spring passed,
Then the heat of summer. Autumn
showed peaks
Of snow in the West while urging
oxen
Plodded on, worn to shadows on the
trek.
Then comes a day when no savage
cry is heard,
Mountains scaled and turbid streams
crossed.
The tired mother, her plaintive
babe in arms,
Rejoiced to reach, at last, so fair a
land.

The course of empire travels west.
West.
Homes and cities where once the
fruitful land
Gave itself to wild creatures roaming
An uncharted paradise. The old dream
Of centuries fulfilled. The long, long
trek
Across a mighty continent, became
A glorious epic of the western world.

LIDA WHEELER McGOWAN

Elmira Girls' Club Has "Hobo" Party

ELMIRA, July 21.—(Special)—The Elmira girls' club met Tuesday, July 17, and was entertained by Beneice Hamar. The girls met at the hostess' home and all went to the swimming hole for a swim. The afternoon fair was a "hobo party." For refreshments Mulligan stew was served around a camp fire by the hostess. Those present were Roberta Cox, Loretta Davis, Lois Eaves, Margaret Clark, Helen Hudson, Dorothy Smith, Lorine Hudson, Violet Armstrong and Berneice Hamar.

A party will be held next Tuesday at the home of Dorothy Smith. All members are urged to attend.

Creswell News

CRESWELL, July 21.—(Special)—The Royal Neighbors met Thursday with Mrs. Frank Bush. A potluck dinner was served at noon and a special treat of watermelon following the business meeting. The next meeting will be held August 6. Two projects of relief were planned for the summer and fall. The members present were Mrs. J. L. Thornton, Mrs. Minnie Biddle, Mrs. Mae McKay, Mrs. C. L. Bush, Mrs. R. F. Scott, Mrs. C. Kent and Mrs. Frank Bush.

J. P. Lane left Tuesday for Parma, Idaho, where he will care for the harvesting of the crops on his farm. He plans to remain until fall. Sidney Ellis went with him as far as Vale.

The Garden club will meet Wednesday afternoon, July 25, with Mrs. J. S. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, Mrs. Frances Crabtree and Lester Taylor left Thursday on a trip to the Oregon Caves and Crater Lake returning by the coast route.

La Verne Miller returned Monday from a week's visit with her sister, Miss Nadine Miller, in Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Clark and son Gerald, left Thursday evening on a trip over the week-end to various points in Oregon. They plan to fish in the lakes while there.

Troy Morton who was fatally burned while working with a torch in a furniture store in Portland formerly lived in Creswell. His father conducted a harness and shoe shop here for several years and the family is well known here. Mr. Morton leaves his widow and a daughter besides his father, a brother and two sisters.

Miss Laura Jacobson of Los Angeles who has been visiting at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Ed Anderson, left Thursday for her home.

A. R. Land has his threshing machine in operating and has been working north of town during the past week.

George Morris is confined to his bed as the result of a fall from a horse on his place last week. Several ribs were broken. Dr. Ariel of Cottage Grove attended him.

Mr. and Mrs. William Holliman returned last week from an outing of a week at Kitson Springs.

You can whip our cream,
But you can't beat our milk.
ECHO HOLLOW DAIRY. Ph. 2272

HAIRCUTS BY HAROLD AT
LOVE'S BEAUTY SALON—Ph. 80

ARROW MESSENGER—Phone 97

Trusses, Belts, Ankle Braces
fitted by experts at
Stevenson's Drugs