

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.

BASIS FOR FUTURE PROGRESS

MOST important public document in many years is the report of Colonel Thomas M. Robbins, division engineer, recommending the construction of seven great dams and reservoirs in the upper Willamette valley and the rebuilding of the lower river locks at Oregon City as the first part of a Coordinated Plan for flood control, pollution control, irrigation, navigation and ultimate power development. On this initial program, Col. Robbins recommends the expenditure of \$56,875,000, with an expected total of \$78,055,000 for additional and supplemental works as the years go by.

This report, upon which the entire industrial and agricultural future of this region may depend, is the fruit of the movement for flood control started right here in Lane county nearly ten years ago by a small group of farmers. It is the outgrowth of their constructive work in organizing the people of nine counties and awakening them to the part which the river should play in their life.

Col. Robbins and his staff have set aside all preliminary and superficial studies and made exhaustive tests. They propose to end tinkering with this river and its tributaries to stop flood loss. They propose to harness the Willamette and its main tributaries and put them to work, and after examining the resources of the region, and its suitability for intensive settlement, they predict that this Coordinated Program will pay out.

For the first time, we are ready to go to Congress with a complete and authoritative report. But there are some important problems for us to work out:

Col. Robbins recommends that Uncle Sam provide the first \$45,840,000 and also \$365,000 a year for maintenance, but that the state, counties or local districts find the \$10,134,000 needed to buy lands, easements, and relocate highways in the path of improvement.

Five of the seven great dams will be right here in Lane county—on the middle Fork at Lookout Point; in Black Canyon just below Westfir; on the Coast Fork just south of Cottage Grove; on the Ross river at Dorena; on the McKenzie at Quartz Creek below Blue River; on the Long Tom at Fern Ridge, near Alvadore. The other two are on the South Santiam near Sweet Home and on the North Santiam near Detroit.

Before we become too excited over the prospect of millions to be spent in this area, we need to consider that Lane county can't possibly carry the "local share" of these enterprises without help, and since the benefits run all the way down the valley past Portland, it is reasonable to propose either that the state assume this burden or that it be distributed over the entire area of benefit. There are other problems to be worked out—conservation and development of recreation and fish life, maintenance of important highways while work is in progress.

Lane county is going to be in the center of this development; it will be the beginning of a new era of progress and development; we should welcome it, but we should also prepare for it without delay. It would be an excellent thing if Elmer Maxey, of Springfield, who has been chairman of the movement in Lane county could arrange for a meeting in the near future with Col. Robbins and R. H. Kipp, who is secretary of the Willamette Project.

The Robbins report is what we've been wanting. Now there are things to be done to get the project in shape for effective presentation to Congress. Especially needed is a clear and definite program for meeting that relatively small part of the total cost which is passed on to us in this state. Compared with the millions we have put into highways, the \$10,000,000 is small and compared with the benefits which will accrue it is insignificant. But we need an equitable plan to distribute this cost and this may require special legislation. It is time to go to work.

A CALL FOR PROTECTION

NOW that the "feud" between the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. has reached the woodworkers and the Willamette valley, there will be ample opportunity to see how intimidation and "strongarm" methods work in the backyard of Old Man Oregon—that amiable, white-whiskered old gentleman who supposedly pursues peace and fair play.

In the little town of Forest Grove recently, a group of A. F. of L. woodworkers sent to Governor Martin a plea for "protection." It has been asserted that over-enthusiastic C. I. O. adherents have promised a "bloody time" should Lumber and Sawmill Workers walk through a picket line. As is usual in most of these union disputes, the real facts of the matter are obscure and not easily obtained.

Of this we may be sure: Industrial peace in Youngstown and Johnstown was lost because the principles of peace and fair play were ignored from the beginning. The situation in Oregon, in its incipient stages, has the same potentialities. Through a little attention to fair play the problems of industrial peace can be largely solved.

Oregon is, as pointed out before, exceptionally fortunate in having in the governor's chair a man of Charles H. Martin's fortitude. The Forest Grove incident only emphasizes this. Labor partisans have made many attacks on Governor Martin, often overlooking the fact that he, after all, is interested in fair play for all concerned. He is a friend of honest labor, if not the "racketeer" variety. Labor should be willing to grant to industry that which it seeks for itself—protection and fair play.

WHO'LL MANAGE BONNEVILLE

QUITE absurd is the raging controversy over who's to manage Bonneville. Public ownership fanatics and left wingers generally are determined it shall be J. D. Ross for some years manager of the Seattle municipal project and for no better reason than that. Governor Martin and the more conservative element are determined to stop Ross and their principal argument is that he hails from Washington and might spread Bonneville's benefits to that competing state.

It shouldn't make a particle of difference whether

the manager comes from Oregon or Washington or Timbuctoo or whether he has been trained on the private or public side—if he is honest and competent. Nor will any manager, however well trained and competent, be able to do a good job with Bonneville if he is tied down from the start by the rate-making regulations and restrictions with which old Walter Pierce and his cohorts are trying to plaster the Bonneville bill now in Congress.

So far, political energy is Bonneville's only output, but when the big turbines start milling out 600,000 horsepower (twice the total present power supply or demand of the entire state) there will be some real headaches unless the management is in the hands of a competent man with considerable freedom to use common sense.

To fit Bonneville into a coordinated power program for this region is an engineering problem worthy of a Goethals. If we leave it to the political engineers it will be a mess.

TO THE RESCUE, VIGILANTES!

"I am a believer in murder to the extent of doing away with all queens in Oregon"—Joseph Patterson, of Newport (Ore.) and Pittsburgh (Pa.) in Mailbag.

AT long last we have a good excuse to return to Newport, quaint old Newport on the Oregon coast. There dwells there a gentleman who has seen and been enraptured by our Oregon Trail Pageant, but he has gone away, nevertheless, with bitter thoughts.

He's agin' queens! All of 'em! Even our own gracious and innocent Queen Susannah IV, yclept LaVonne!

Having known several royalties he's agin' royalties of every sort; he's the complete democrat!

He's been agin' 'em all from Romania's Marie to Wally and "Miss America" (and you can't blame him for that!)

Because this queen business has become such a racket, this Newporter thinks it has no place in our historic pageant.

And he may be right! Other critics have been heard to voice the same thought. Especially as our Vigilantes grow older and fatter, there has been a persistent whispering that for their sakes, royalty ought to be abolished. It is scarcely a secret that those trapper costumes this year were devised to cover wastelands too vast to carry a sash.

It might well be that the coronation ceremony should be eliminated or separated entirely from the pageant itself. Even Doris Smyth has been heard to grumble that this is a case of hocus-focus "out of character" and difficult to fit into the pageant. But the pageant is only part of the three-day fiesta to which in every third year this entire community dedicates itself.

Who shall preside over this rejoicing? Who shall lend gracious dignity to the many events of Pageant Week? Should the ceremonials be left entirely to the Board of Elders. Who's to stand on a curb or give three cheers to see the entire Board lead parade? Shall we depend on those stiff-jointed old fossils to lead the Grand Ball? God forbid!

We need a queen! It may betray a weakness, this predilection for queens, but what does it matter, so long as we choose them ourselves? If we must be ruled, even for a time, let youth and beauty rule. And what people ever had a more gracious and amiable queen than our Susannah—always womanly, demure!

Our Pittsburgh Newporter has chosen a fortunate spot in which to live. Down there where the table's set when the tide goes out and sunset stages daily pageant on the rolling bar, there will come to him a certain philosophy. He will cease to think of murder. In Oregon he will find pageantry and poetry everywhere.

LABOR'S POTS AND KETTLES

CARPENTERS affiliated with the AFL are being instructed not to handle lumber in those mills where workers have chosen to affiliate with CIO. Depending on where you live you cannot buy beer if it bears the red label of the CIO brewers while in other places beer with the white label of the teamsters' union is taboo. CIO representatives complain they are steamrollered in efforts to plead their cause before AFL unions; AFL unions charge CIO with mock elections, cut and dried appointments to elective offices, the sort of things Tammany might do.

William Green of the AFL charges Mr. Lewis of the CIO with harboring racketeers. Mr. Lewis charges Mr. Green with harboring racketeers. The sad part of it is there is considerable evidence that both charges are true. Mr. Green berates Mr. Lewis for violence which has brought discredit to unionism in the steel strikes. In Portland and Seattle the beatup squads of Mr. Green's very loyal teamsters have maimed CIO men and non-unionists alike. In Cleveland, Ohio, according to news reports, it has become necessary to obtain a "permit" from the appropriate union to hang a screen door or put a dash of paint on your own house.

The White House is blamed, and rightly, for fostering this confusion which threatens to wreck the legitimate labor movement, but the real woe of labor can be cured only by labor itself. Too often the union members' attitude is very much like that of the average business man toward his Chamber of Commerce. So long as things are going "okay," he has no interest in labor politics, leaves it entirely to the paid men to chart the course.

But labor politics tends to fall into precisely the same pattern as other politics with all the excesses of greed, graft, bossism, arrogance. Human nature is not purified in the union process. Labor's internal problems are the problems of democracy itself.

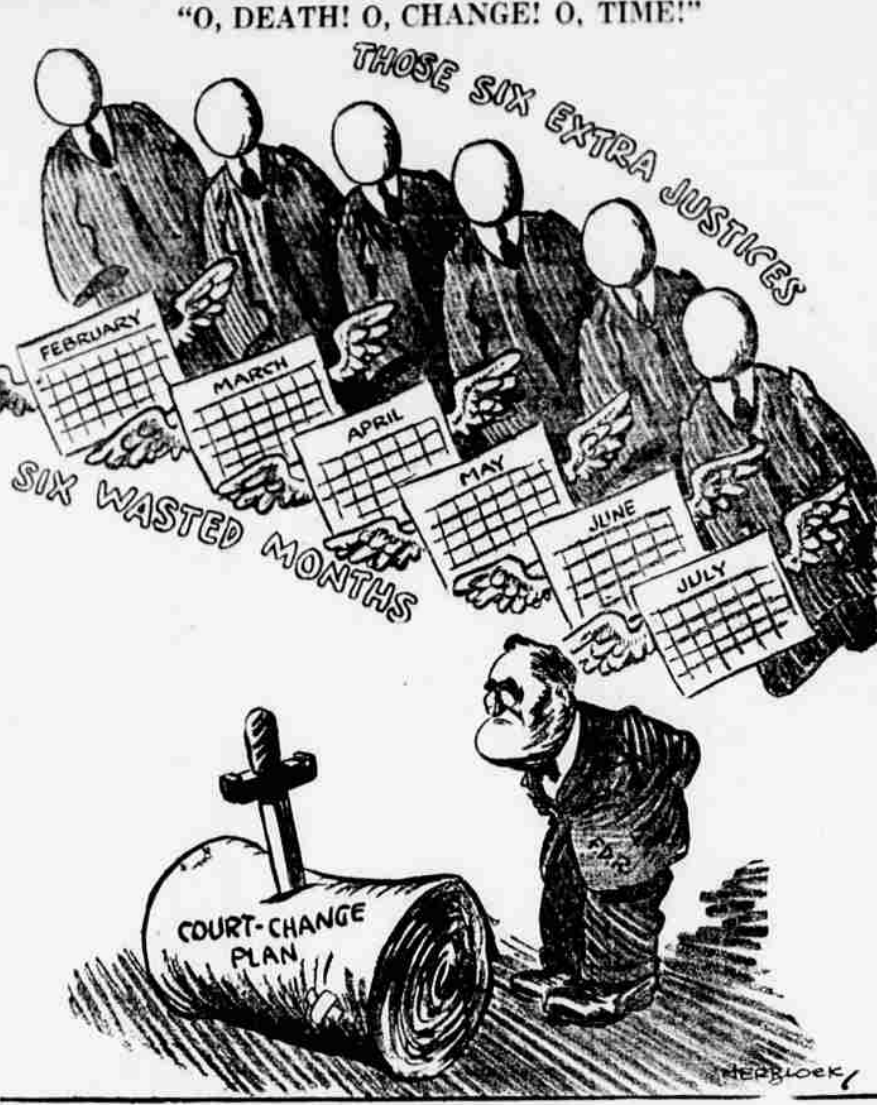
A river bottom walker planned to search the White river in Tennessee for a water monster. While he's down in the mud he might also bring up the next campaign issue.

Complaint is made that there are no liberties left, but that may be just because everyone is taking them.

Today's golfers who think they're so good should have seen Grandpa make a chip shot with the two-bladed ax and a section of fir.

Because foreign troops were called into their quarrel, Spanish Rebel soldiers motivated, a measure that every bridge player will understand.

Before long hundreds of conscientious football linemen will face that great problem of whether to hit low or be accused of passing the buck.



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

ON QUEENS

NEWPORT, Ore.—(To the Editor) If one Pittsburgher, Stephen C. Foster, could make such things as My Old Kentucky Home and the Swanee river immortal, there should be no objection to another Pittsburgher, whose father attended the coronation of Eugene's Pioneer Pageant, hence this letter. I'll be frank!

To be electrified by the magnificent pageant is one thing; to be electrocuted is another. If the Royal Rosarians want to play Little Boy Blue why choose the Eugene pageant for it? Americans are opposed to royalty and seldom say anything nice about kings and queens, yet it is now almost impossible to hold a mule auction without having a queen for it.

Queens come from the first one introduced by the Crooles in their annual gorgeous Mardi Gras at New Orleans, having brought the idea from France with them. When Americans took up the Ostand bathing-suit, the one-piece suit, Atlantic City introduced a scheme to attract visitors by having each city send a young lady as a contestant for the title "Miss America," the candidates bearing the name of their city. But generally queens have become more popular, even though as a nation we don't like them!

I am a believer in murder to the extent of doing away with all queens in Oregon. I respect real royalty and I have known my share, have been secretary to the late heir to the Russian throne, Grand Duke Alexander, whose grandfather, uncle, and brother-in-law, even cousin, were czars. The late Albert I of Belgium steered my bobsled when he was studying at Westinghouse Electric Company's plant, never dreaming that he would inherit the throne, and I went to Iceland in 1930 with King Christian X of Denmark. Like the English, I talked at Queen Simpson.

The Eugene Pioneer pageant is a delight. I can't imagine any other city producing one equal; one in which it isn't necessary to have friends taking part in it to hold your interest. There isn't a dull moment but it might be shortened to be more effective. Let a guest return to his New York club after three weeks in Oregon with me recently instead of urging him to remain all summer. Now he writes me several times a week and has even telegraphed that he wishes he were back.

The horse and buggy days, we discovered, were not an ideal. If there are finer horses to admire Eugene will produce them. The trained horse is missing his calling by not entering the Olympic games contests. What is more graceful than the young ladies riding side-saddle, even though it was invented for Queen Elizabeth to show her beautifully shaped legs. The unromantic tailors invented the skirt which hides those legs. They, too, should be murdered, therefore. There is no life in an automobile so any kind of dress suit fit.

The entire arrangement of your pageant is just a display of skillful exposition of Eugene's wonderful spirit of cooperation. Other cities might emulate it to their advantage; they won't surpass it. The motion accompanied by music, the color, lights, action, the beautiful song and even old Moses, the plowman, if that's his name, lend charm which is overabundant. It is one show which can't be adequately described because it must be seen to appreciate its charm; it must be felt by personal touch.

I've seen three and am young enough to see a number of future pageants should the hospitable Eugene citizens continue to present them. They are a gift to the state, too valuable an asset to be discontinued. If that idea ever gets around, I am leaving Eugene with regret so I am coming back.

JOSEPH PATTERSON,
 Newport, Oregon and Pittsburgh, Pa.

TRIBUTE
EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor) I noticed in the Register-Guard, (July 27, you said "the death of the

mother in the Mormon train was a superb piece of acting."

Probably it would be of interest to you to know that Mrs. Ashlock of Eugene who took part in a direct descendant of one of the Martin Handcart company, most of whom were buried in unknown graves beneath snow banks along the trail. Mrs. Ashlock's grandfather dropped dead of starvation while pulling a handcart. The night before he died he gave his small piece of pancake to the baby that was crying of hunger.

There are a number of other families living in Eugene and Coburg who are direct descendants of this handcart company which became known as the frozen handcart company. One elderly lady now living in Eugene had a brother whose feet were frozen and had to be amputated. The mother of Mrs. Arthur Johns of Coburg (whose handcart headed our group in the parade) was a sixteen year old girl who pulled her invalid brother as far as Fort Bridger where he died. When they came to streams where the ice would not hold up the handcarts, his girl walked through them pulling her elderly mother and invalid brother.

Mrs. Nibley of Portland who attended the Pageant here Thursday and Saturday is a granddaughter of a woman of this company. Her grandmother walked twenty miles the day she gave birth to the first child of this company. She rode in the handcart three days; then walked the rest of the way to Salt Lake City, wading the icy streams. This woman lived to be over 90 years old.

Another lady living here in Eugene, an ex-teacher, says she remembers her mother telling how after wading the Platte, Sweetwater, and Larimer rivers, their clothing would be frozen stiff before they could ascend the bank. Many hands and feet had to be amputated.

So many of the 125 who took part in the Mormon exodus were living again the stories told them of the few survivors. It is 80 years since this memorable trek of 1800 miles by those courageous pioneers who gave up comfortable homes, all their earthly possessions, and many their lives for the sake of their religion.

Sincerely,
STELLA RICHARDS,
 Mormon Missionary.

SETTING OF THE SUN
 It is the things we leave undone, That give us a heartache at the setting of the sun.
 The bouquet of flowers we meant to send,
 To a sick and lonely friend.

The kind words we left unspoken,
 To a dear soul whose heart is nearly broken.
 Who would so much appreciate a friendly word or token.
 Let us not leave tender, kind words unspoken.

The letter we forgot to write,
 Putting it off day after day, night after night.
 The little visit we might of had
 With some shut-in and made them happy and glad.

Dear Lord help us to remember the things we should do, done,
 Then when the busy day is over and our work is done.
 When evening shadows gather at the setting of the sun.
 We can feel that they approve that our work is well done.

MRS. CLARA BRISTOW,
 1285 Lincoln St., Eugene, Ore.

PAGEANT
EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor) I just want to tell you how we enjoyed your editorials on the late pageant. They are indeed worthy of much praise. I read and saw every one of them. Eugene has indeed got something to be proud of, the Pageant is not only a show it was a phenomena. It was something which will linger in the hearts of all who saw it and more in the hearts of those who participated. I am now in Oregon and was slated with an opportunity to do my little bit in this great drama. I feel like I have always lived here. Enough can't be said in praise of

those who superintended the great pageant.

That suggestion of "A Yearly Barbecue" is about as good as anything could be to keep the mind fresh on the next and here is hoping we will all meet again in 1940.

Outsiders from California and Montana were awed at your great pageant—they didn't look for anything so vast and wonderful.

Very sincerely yours,
MRS. FRANK A. DAVIS.

SUNDAY LESSON

Paul wrote a letter to Timothy telling him how to behave. Since he was born of the Spirit and to sin was no longer a slave. Timothy was young in the faith in years he was also young. He was a convert of Paul.

Therefore he called him his son. "The end of the commandment is love."

Out of a pure heart" gained "And of a good conscience." Paul wanted Timothy to know that the Law was not for him. His heart was now filled with love. The Law is for those who sin.

Paul told Timothy in substance that those who are born again have no desire to make idols. Not bow down to worship them. Would not take God's name in vain. Would rest one day in seven. The kind of Rest that Jesus gives. When He talks to us of heaven.

Would desire to obey the Lord by honoring father and mother. Would not murder, commit adultery. Nor steal from one another. Would not bear false witness. Against neighbors near or far. Would not covet any thing. No matter what they are.

Paul wanted the Gospel preached. The Law to be let alone. For only the blood of Jesus Can for our sins atone. The end of the Law is Love. And while love fills the heart All desire to break the law Will speedily depart.

Paul asked Timothy to pray for those in authority. "That we lead a quiet, peaceful life. In all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable. In the sight of God our Saviour." Then why not pray for our rulers? That they may show better behavior.

ELIA HAYDEN.

CONFIDENCE
COBURG, Ore.—(To the Editor) The Townsend Club of Coburg, Oregon has voted to send our unanimous vote of confidence to our great leader, Dr. Francis E. Townsend, and to assure him that we believe him to be honest, true and self-sacrificing and we are with him 100 per cent.

We deplore the action of those employees, who were given positions of trust and proved themselves disloyal to that trust, and this in a most trying hour, an hour of greatest need, an hour when the greatest measure that ever came before the congress of this country is hanging in the balance, an hour when Juda lawyers can get the most money for innocent blood; a time when the hopes and prayers of millions of people all over this great nation are earnestly appealing for (for there is never a Townsend club held but with earnest prayer to God, and faithful pledges to the flag and the government for which it stands) the

BUTTER-KRUST
 THAT GOOD BREAD Baked by Williams

ANNUAL August Furniture SALE
APFLEGATE'S

great measure that the millions are appealing for is "The General Welfare Act of 1937."

The evil letter—shrewd-deceptive—was addressed to the Presidents of the Townsend Clubs of the U. S. They had no more right to those addresses than a thief has to the horse he has stolen. Dr. Townsend, with all our hearts, our hopes and our fears, we are all with you.
COBURG TOWNSEND CLUB.

WILD FLOWERS
 By W. W. (Billy) SCOTT of Creswell

The flower kingdom had a meeting Of wild flowers of the West. And agreeably decided To stage a flower contest.

The flower that proved most popular Would receive a prize To be decided by nine judges Good and true and wise.

The Judges were selected When a clamoring began. These Judges were too old, some said—We need younger men.

But they lived away back yonder When they pressed the hand instead of cheek. There were no serious accidents, while the money was being counted, and the winners were announced.

And a spring beauty did appear Dressed in pinkish blue, the first one of the year. I hope you like my costume, the way I am attired;

I am loved by all the children, by older ones adored. The Judges then with pencils Marked perfects and defects.

A trillium next was ushered in. I know, she said, I'll win the prize—I am loved by all flower lovers. I have nothing to disguise.

With dress of white and cloak of green I surely look to you a queen. An Easter lily dressed in cream Next came gracefully nodding in.

My colors you can see are pure. I use no paint just for lure; If Solomon's wives could see me here. They'd envy the clothes I wear.

And orchid then came tripping by. An orchid brought a twinkle to their eye. I am what Cinderella wore. I am a prize once before.

My slipper you can plainly see. Matches clear from me to know. As far now as they could see. The ballot stood just six to three.

An anemone dressed in white Addressed them with great delight. I live where the tall trees grow, Birds singing in their branches.

Are to me my radios; Chipmunks whistling to and fro. Are to me a movie show. A skunk cabbage flower next took the floor.

And said you need six Judges more. With work behind 'twas plainly seen. They needed not less than fifteen. Suddenly there was a stench.

The Judges rose up from the bench. Shook their long black robes. Strewing cards and votes. The Judges then retired.

But could not agree— But stacked the deck and made a deal. And signed a code to all agree To leave it all to Franklin D.

AN OREGON WATERFALL
 A dancing stream of crystal, Gushing down a mossy wall; What could be more beautiful Than an Oregon waterfall?

A quiet stream of silver On and on it ever flows, And a secret of its journey. No one ever knows.

What the green ferns whisper to it, As it bubbles on its way; What the willow-hoop sings softly to it, At the close of a summer's day.

Some dream of far off islands, With palm trees waving tall, But I prefer the beauty Of an Oregon waterfall.

DORIS LEE,
 Cottage Grove, Ore.

COMPLAINT
EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor) Some one stole a bicycle off my front porch this a. m. (about 4 a. m.) I was seen twice with the wheel by a friend of mine between 5 and 6 a. m. I reported to Bergman but got no action. Perry. Price is on vacation. State police too busy. Sheriff not interested in town.

Many bikes stolen recently. Neighbor lost one in front of Corolla Drug Store last Tuesday. "Hutch" lost 2 which he has since seen and knows who took them but can get no action. Can't we do something? Can you help with some publicity? City should offer reward for conviction of this "ring." Figures show more juvenile de-

USE BLUE BELL MILK
 Pure, Safe, Delicious. Tested and Inspected. EUGENE FARMERS' CO-OP. Phone 65

Hazel Warfield
 Invites You To Try Her New Shop

• Nestle 13.50
 • Permanents 4.00
 • Machineless 4.00
 • Permanents 4.00
 • Other 1.75
 • Permanents 1.75
 • We Have A Special Towel For Fine or White Suits
 • Shampoo 50c, 75c and \$1.00

BURKE'S BEAUTY SHOP
 62 W. 10th Phone 10

We Invite The Accounts of Conservative Savings Investors

This association, the largest Federal Savings and Home Financing Institution in the Pacific Northwest, invites your savings account or outright investment on this basis:

(a) Your savings account or outright investment from \$1.00 to \$5,000.00 will be permanently insured against loss to you by an instrumentality of the United States Government.

(b) The earnings credited to your account always will be in keeping with this permanent safety, and in keeping with sound business practice.

Safety of investment is the first consideration of Pacific First Federal's conservative management.

PACIFIC FIRST FEDERAL SAVINGS
 825 W. 10th Phone 10