



FLAMES fanned by an unusual east wind destroyed a building of the Eugene Fruit Growers' association Sunday night, but were kept from spreading to nearby structures. Above left, a general view of the flames at their hottest. Upper right, this striking view of a water tower at one corner of the doomed building was snapped just before it collapsed into the pit of fire. Right, middle, thousands of pounds of walnuts were lost in the fire. Here Fireman James Green stands in a pile of "roasted" walnuts. Right, bottom, chlorine gas tanks, which threatened to explode during the blaze, remained in the ruins Monday morning.



buildings that were definitely threatened. With the exception of blistered paint, the remaining group of plant buildings were unharmed.

At about 8:30 p. m. Charles Walls, the head drier man and only watchman at the idle plant, noticed smoke and a flicker of blaze coming from the grading room—located at the center of the plant. He immediately rushed to the telephone and turned in the emergency call to the fire department. Official records show that the call was placed at 8:49 p. m.

Watchman Starts Fire Hose

When the engines arrived, Walls was playing a stream of water on the fire which had burst into a major fire in the short time the employee had taken to call the fire company.

"When I came to the plant there was no indication of a fire, but when I returned later I saw smoke and a little flicker of flame coming from the grading room," Walls told

the writer Sunday night. "By the time I returned the flames were shooting up all over the place."

Vandals Steal Bags of Nuts

The blaze attracted spectators like flies to honey and the state and city police had a mammoth task on their hands to keep the milling mob in hand and out of danger. Even so, the vandals were at their work and quietly carted off hundreds of sacks of walnuts—some were covered by police and cannery officials, but many were hidden away in trucks, passenger cars or "cached" away in bushes.

Fortunately the prune and filbert packs were completed and shipped, according to Senator E.

A. McCormack, general manager of the Eugene Fruit Growers' Association. The walnut pack was in progress at the time, but three or four days would have seen the completion of that pack, according to McCormack. Therefore there was comparatively little stock destroyed.

\$46,800 Insurance On Building

It was learned from good sources that the estimated value of the destroyed plant was approximately \$38,800—building and equipment—and an additional \$8000 for stock, all walnuts. The building and stock was completely covered by insurance.

The origin of the blaze continued

to be a secret. J. Dorr Hamlin, veteran Fruit Grower official, told the writer that the fire must have started either from combustion or set by a fire-bug. "There hasn't been any fire near the building for months, it is all steam heated. The old plant was set afire about five years ago, but an alert watchman managed to extinguish the blaze."

Fire - Lights

A state policeman catching a vandal red-handed with a dozen sacks of walnuts in the back of his truck.

Senator McCormack, general manager of the Fruit Growers, of-

fering to pay spectators in nuts if they'd help carry the sacks of walnuts to safety.

A member of the fire department bidding his wife and friends goodbye as the flames soared to the skies a few blocks away. "I probably won't be home until morning," were his parting words.

A visiting lady from Texas wondering about Eugene hospitality after straddling a hose just as the connections broke. She got quite wet.

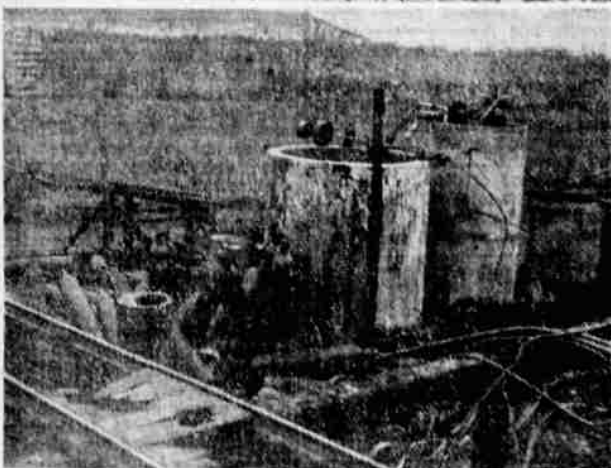
An insurance salesman working as hard as any of the firemen trying to save a near-by building which he carried the insurance for. The amateur photographers had

a big night and were ecstatically getting in the police and firemen's hair.

At one time firemen fought the flames and chased a trio of boys off the roof of the Fruit Growers' garage with a stream of water.

The Fruit Growers' loss was the same residents' gain as Halloween pranksters forgot their annual October-end business.

Chief Nussbaum of the Fire Department, asleep at his home at the time of the fire, was awakened by the flare in the sky before an alarm was received. Chief Bergman of the Police Department had a problem dividing his force for patrol and traffic duty.



\$50,000 FIRE HITS EUGENE CANNERY

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true citizens forgot themselves. We had great trouble with persons taking sacks of nuts which were being carried out of the burning building. Many wanted to fight when we insisted they return produce they had walked off with," he added.

Steam Pipes Blow Up

Chlorine, stored in the building for bleaching purposes, threatened the lives of fire-fighters and spectators who crowded as close as the torrid wall of heat would allow. Three terrific explosions caused by bursting steam pipes and tanks sent the watchers scurrying, but by some miracle no one was reported injured. The burning of galvanized trays gave off a weird blue-white flame in keeping with the Hallow-

een evening and gave the blaze the appearance of a giant Fourth-of-July "flowerpot" with a wide variety of color.

After an all-night vigil, the firemen Monday morning continued to send four streams of water on the charred embers, killing flickers as the flames started anew from obscure parts of the skeleton study. The chlorine tanks, still a definite threat, stood in the middle of the destroyed plant and appeared like sentinels on a body-strewn battle field as dawn gave better vision of the ghastly sight. None were believed to have exploded although the flames roared around the dead-lay gas at the height of the blaze and continued to flicker on the edges throughout the long night.

The entire Eugene fire department, both companies, worked a weblike line of hoses around the low two-story building and the giant gasoline pumps drained thousands of gallons of water from the mill race as the lines were trained on all parts of the building. Unable to save any of the burning plant, the firemen turned their efforts toward saving surrounding

DO AMERICA'S FLIERS APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS?



YOU bet they do! In aviation is one of the most loyal groups of Camel smokers in the country. For example, the famous trans-continental record holder, Col. Roscoe Turner, smokes Camels. So do test-pilot Lee Gehlbach, Capt. Frank Hawks, and TWA's chief pilot, Hal Sneed—to mention only a few. As Col. Turner puts it: "I guess you've noticed that men in aviation are great smokers. And, from what I see, most fliers share my regard for Camels. They need healthy nerves. That's one big reason why so many of us stick to Camels."

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WINIFRED CASTLE works long hours at her editorial desk—smokes a lot. She says: "I can smoke as many Camels as I please and they never get on my nerves."



WARREN PIAGET, crack salesman, drives 50,000 miles—and more—a year. "I get tired," he says. "And I think it's swell the way Camels give me a 'lift.'"



PETER KILLIAN is a news photographer. His slant: "Camels are all-ways with me—especially at the table. Camels help my digestion to keep clicking."



EDWARD HURLEY, busy architect, says: "To my way of thinking, a man doesn't really know what honest-to-goodness natural flavor means until he smokes Camels."



ED GRAFFE, gym instructor, says: "Camels set me right—and that takes in a lot of angles. I can smoke all I please without getting jangled nerves."



MARIE DRISCOLL, business girl, speaks for a good many stenographers when she says: "Camels have everything I like a cigarette to have."



GENE ENGLISH, radio engineer, notices what cigarette the stars like: "Camels seem the favorite. I smoke Camels. They don't make my throat feel scratchy."

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