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FLOOD WATERS AND FLOOD PROJECT

LET those who have lingering doubts of necessity of the Willamette Valley Project go out and take a look at the swirling torrent which these November rains have produced.

The 1927 flood cost the people of Willamette valley \$4,000,000, and that was just a small flood. If a flood of the size of that of 1861 comes (and such floods do come once or twice in every hundred years by the law of averages) the cities of Harrisburg, Junction City, Cottage Grove and part of Eugene will be EIGHT FEET UNDER WATER.

Turn back to the survey report made last summer and read what such a flood will mean to the Willamette Valley with its population now more than ten times what it was in 1861 and with close to a billion dollars in property developments. Such a flood, says the report, will be "an appalling disaster."

Then recall what R. M. Kipp, executive secretary of the Willamette Project told the Eugene Chamber of Commerce Friday. In the last week the engineers' board at Washington has voted to shelve the Willamette Project as something for the indefinite future. Mr. Kipp says:

"Lane county has the most at stake and it is up to Lane county to lead the fight. If Lane county lets us down, we are licked."

Lane county will not let down Mr. Kipp or its own interests. Perhaps we have been a bit overcome by the vast figures of the Willamette Project—seven great dams, five of them in Lane county; \$56,000,000 now and perhaps \$75,000,000 before the work is complete; navigation, irrigation, power as well as flood control.

The whole thing turns on FLOOD CONTROL. The whole movement began right here in Lane county about nine years ago when a group of farmers along the McKenzie came in to insist that the Eugene chamber assist in rousing the Willamette valley to the flood menace. The first nine-county association for flood control sprang directly from this local movement. So did the preliminary surveys by Tom Russell and a great deal of effort which preceded the army engineers' report.

Our fast-running rivers are not like Midwest streams which leave rich backwater deposits. Our rivers merely cut and destroy. Flood control is coupled with important future developments but the main point is that it is needed to conserve what we now have.

An impressive showing of interest must be made to the present Congress. It is time for every grange and service club and civil organization to send in its statement to the Oregon delegation so that the weight of opinion in this part of the valley may be felt.

POLICE IN DIFFICULT SPOT

THE vandals who sallied forth in the small hours of Friday morning to carry on their window-smashing exploits have made a direct challenge to the Eugene police.

It is extremely unfortunate that the special policeman selected for the job of guarding A. W. Brumwell's non-union shop should have been a man with membership in the teamsters' union and till recently employed as a picket. The fact that his name was first on the civil service waiting list is the only redeeming excuse.

If this man had been given one of the routine beats, freeing some other member of the department for the special watch, there could have been absolutely no complaint. As it is, the man himself has been embarrassed, unnecessarily, and the situation is not pleasant for the police. The fact that the man was sent out unarmed was another mistake.

We incline to the view that the man did what he could under the circumstances. Neither this incident nor the man's union affiliations should be held against him when he comes up for regular service especially since he claims to have resigned union membership even when called for special work. The only thing that really matters is the rather indifferent handling of a serious situation by our police.

The police department can redeem itself by seeing to it that vandalism is stopped and the vandals caught. The public isn't interested in the charges that the vandals are members of union goon squads or that they are thugs hired to bring unions into discredit. People in and out of unions

will not be satisfied till the criminals are caught, and this is plainly up to the police. Shotgun squads are in order to combat these motorized gangsters. It isn't the breaking of some plate glass which is so serious as the idea back of it, whatever the special policemen selected for the job of most forceful and alert attention of the police.

RED CROSS AND ITS BUDGET

IF there is a really serious flood in Lane county between now and next Thursday which is Thanksgiving Day, you may be certain the Red Cross will be first on the job to render aid, and no questions asked. It is not nearly so certain that between now and Thursday which marks the end of the annual Roll Call drive for the Red Cross in Lane county that Lane county will have contributed the \$6,000 needed to carry on the local Red Cross. Rather strange in a community which raised more than double its quota for Bandon and has always done its full share in any dramatic call for emergency relief.

Perhaps, Lane county people will give a little more readily if there is some explanation of the \$6,000 local budget. Out of this \$1,500 is assigned to the national organization to add just a mite to the emergency fund. Last year for instance, this emergency fund furnished \$25,400,000 almost overnight for the terrible Ohio floods. The remaining \$4,500 will be spent in Lane county. This includes the \$1,980 for the salaries of Miss Irene Ritchie and her assistant, \$400 for veteran aid, \$350 for service calls, \$300 for the life saving program, \$100 for first aid education, \$150 for small local emergencies, and the remainder for supplies and expenses of the work.

Every family should be proud of membership in the Red Cross which costs only \$1. Those who can afford to give more should not hold back. The day to day work of the Red Cross is not so spectacular as the great disasters, but it is a necessary preparation for what may always take place.

Ajax McGurk sees some similarity between the crumbling Chinese defense and Oregon's football hopes. But both Chiang and Prink have a lot of promising sophomores and if they can ever get a little good beef for the line there will be hope.

Old Rosybeak notes McGurk's comment on the need of beef for the Oregon line and says that's okay, if the beefing from the stands doesn't get there first.

Claude Ingalls coincides with our suggestion for "Be Kind To Business Week" but doubts if F. D. could stay put for as long as a week. Cheer up, Claude, even a Republican dentist would tell you what he needed was to get that tooth out.

Our only real disappointment in the football season is that we can't push that boom to make "Prink" Callison president, but McGurk says that might explain the defeats.

The Oregonian says we've rid the roads of rattlers and now to get rid of the rattlers. Why not build a special highway for 'em and let nature take care of itself?

Senator Dixie Bibb Graves (Mrs. Governor Graves) who took Justice Black's seat in the Senate made her maiden speech agin' anti-lynching laws which would indicate that she is a worthy successor to the great liberal from the South.

Hoover couldn't get the G. O. P. to hold that special convention but you can bet Callison will turn his boys out for spring practice.

It is time to start figuring out what to give thanks for, including some of the things you missed.

The Old Man will give thanks for the fact that Christmas is still a few weeks off.

Observers comment that Stalin is gambling on his future in Russia, which is a more complicated way of saying he's just going to shoot the works.

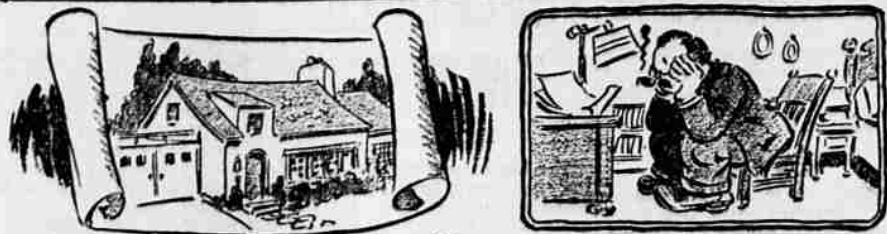
England is building a liner bigger than the Queen Mary, and some hoary dreamers recall that they thought of building a bridge over the Atlantic years ago.

One sharp sports fan suggests sending a few of the best bicycle riders from our prize fight ring to help the Chinese retreat to victory.

Law revisions give New Yorkers the right to have bean shooters within the city, but LaGuardia retains the monopoly as a tiger hunter.

Congress may be too late to pack the court but just in time to pick the All-American.

THE HOUSE THAT COST TOO MUCH JACK TO BUILD



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT WASN'T BUILT.



THIS IS THE MAN WHO DOESN'T LIVE IN THE HOUSE THAT WASN'T BUILT.



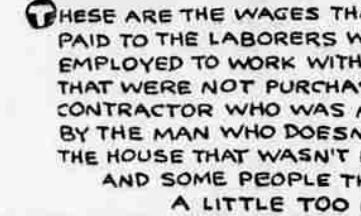
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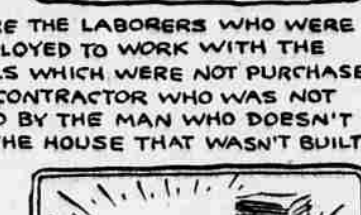
THESE ARE THE MATERIALS WHICH WERE NOT PURCHASED BY THE CONTRACTOR WHO WAS NOT ENGAGED BY THE MAN WHO DOESN'T LIVE IN THE HOUSE THAT WASN'T BUILT.



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THESE ARE THE WAGES THAT WERE NOT PAID TO THE LABORERS WHO WERE NOT EMPLOYED TO WORK WITH THE MATERIALS THAT WERE NOT PURCHASED BY THE CONTRACTOR WHO WAS NOT ENGAGED BY THE MAN WHO DOESN'T LIVE IN THE HOUSE THAT WASN'T BUILT. AND SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE A LITTLE TOO HIGH.



IN THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

A KABLER TALE
EUGENE.—(To the Editor)—Out here in the sticks considerable havoc has come upon poultry, lambs, pigs, and kids. Early in the spring Fish Fingerling lost a half dozen lambs, a few young turkeys and a pig or two. Jake Bump lost a few kids and turkeys too. Divers other people were short of this or that young thing. As no bones, feathers, or skins were left the stickers began to suspect that folks from Spook hollow were making nocturnal forays upon the stick farms. Then one day a sticker saw an unusually big bird laboriously winging his way toward the coast range. So heavily was the bird encumbered he was not able to rise nearly so high as the first amongst which he flew. The man had no gun but he was accompanied by his faithful dog. The dog spied the big bird too. "Slick 'em! sick 'em Shep!" cried the man.

Shep did. He ran under the bird barking so loudly and snarling so viciously that the bird became excited and in his excitement or on account of his desire to rise higher, dropped his prey, which was a plump kid of the four-legged variety. An eagle, everyone said it was. Two eagles there proved to be with a nest somewhere up Spook hollow. After that people began to picket their flocks, their bands and their herds, bearing shotguns, rifles and clubs instead of "Unfair to farmers," placards. The eagles saw the guns and heard one or two, so they went away to come no more. That reminds me that a bird of prey is loose in the world. Five years ago he flopped and flopped over Manchuria. Three years ago he winged his way over Ethiopia. A year ago he swooped down on Spain and now his mate is devastating China. We call him war but that is only half his name. The other half is money. His full name is Money War which in the king's language means war for money. Statesmen have all kinds of conferences, meetings, congresses, and what not playing that they are trying to stop and prevent this bird of prey, but they never use the right sort of guns. They don't want to. They would expose themselves or some of their dear, dear friends. Let them publish daily the names of the men and institutions that are furnishing the money to carry on the war.

Instead of Mr. F. D. sending Davis to Brussels let him announce in one of his chats, "Jim Smith has loaned Tik-tok three billion dollars. Tom Long has loaned General Lahissamore five billion dollars; the Earl Hazelmint has loaned the Ace ten billion dollars; and Lord Plushbottom has loaned the Picollia steen billion dollars all for the purpose of carrying on war." Tomorrow the war birds would wing their way to uninhabited mountains instead of devastating civilized countries.

MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD
EUGENE.—(To the Editor)—I would like to bring to your notice a few words in regard to your editorial of Nov. 6, "Poor Little Ex-King." Man is a three-fold individual. First what the world sees him to be; second, what he thinks himself to be, and third, what God knows him to be. King Edward was checkmated while he was the king of England until his only fighting move was the one he took. No real man will be hog-tied, straight-jacketed, held incommunicado, without a real effort to get away from it. Every upstanding young man would like to have something to say about his own life. You write "If there ever was a man who seemed fated to live out an acute tragedy on a public stage, that man must be the Duke of Windsor."

So it must always be for the one who sets out to solve the sin-cursed world problems. Because the human heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" Jer. 17, 9. Jesus says, "From within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: all these evil things come from within and defile the man." Mark 7, 21-23. It will be of small value to doctor the symptoms; the need is regeneration, reformation will only deepen the world sickness, and cannot solve any one of its problems. We must find that all plans for human betterment in the sciences, arts, inventions, human government, are but different forms of rebellion against God. All of these seek to mitigate the curse of sin, without accepting God's plan for its removal. Jesus said "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3, 3. The greatest desire of the human race today is for peace. But if all the armaments of the world were destroyed today; tomorrow men would fight with tooth and nail, club and stone, for the good things of this world. The have-nots are seeking to take away from those that have the world's wealth and opportunity. Poor little ex-king; poor little world reformer; poor little who ever it may be, who tries to better conditions without first knowing that in the wisdom of God "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Than the Crucified Saviour, who saves men from their sins. Sincerely, W. L. STRANGE.

TEMPERANCE
EUGENE.—(To the Editor) World Temperance Sunday, Oct. 31st. How many evaded the fact? How many Sunday school teachers ran all around the bush and managed to cover up the real issue? How many pastors even touched the subject? I carefully scanned the Topics of sermons in Saturday's Register-Guard and found one, among about fifty notices, that had any reference to temperance. That was a little rural church, conducted by a student, I surmised, who hasn't learned that it "isn't policy" to mention temperance these days. The power of the pulpit is unlimited. Where is its influence pointing? "Ye are the salt of the earth." There is no saving power in salt unless it hits the spot where needed. "Ye are the light of the world." Light is no value hid under the bushel of unconcern. Our responsibility as Christian citizens does not end with paying taxes. We are responsible for the graft, greed, general corruption in government. If an army of insects invade our crops, no time is lost to exterminate them. If an epidemic attacks our hogs or poultry all resources available are speedily assembled to fight it; but when an army of distillers, brewers, saloons and all sorts of low dives sweep down upon us, destroying our children, body and soul, we bemoan the horror of it; perhaps a few feeble protests, and

hands and say "There's nothing we can do." Our children are our most precious crop, yet we passively see it laid waste by liquor, cigars and vice. What a pitiful harvest of decent men and women we will garner in the next generation if we allow this wanton destruction to continue! —LAURA TRACHSEL.

BUDGETS, ETC.
EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor) —I was struck with the "colossal innocence" in some of the statements of our esteemed ambitious political head of the nation in his Chicago speech, in his Sunday night's fireside talk, and in his instructions to the special session of congress. There was one statement that caught my eye, and that was the great concern evidenced by him in keeping down the useless waste of funds, to the end that our government may be run on an economical basis. For instance (said he): "A large saving in the cost of government can be made only by cutting down or eliminating government functions."

Isn't that just like our "economy loving chief?" If my memory has not failed me it was one of his major aims, when elected to the presidency, to "cut down" a lot of useless bureaus and departments at Washington that were simply eating up the taxpayers' money." Scandalous, bought the hard-earned pittance of the poor. I'll stop all this useless spending of "other peoples' money." Did he do it, when elected? He sure did. He made "soup of the alphabet" to reduce expenses of government functions. Upwards of 700,000 additional employees of the democrat faith were added to the "crib" to stop wasteful spending. If a barber cut a man's hair for 35 cents, when he should have charged 40 cents, the barber was "soaked" and the functions of government made that much to the good. My, how that treasury began to swell and almost burst with the higher cost of living to the consumer, and the bottom dropping out of the money bag.

That wasn't the only benefit that was heralded far and wide, ALL GOLD DOLLARS DISAPPEARED. What a saving to the people. Yea, the people became drunk with the intoxication of the spectacle. If seventeen million Republicans stay intoxicated, "We won't even need a constitution." FDR will be enough. Hurrah for cheap government functions. Before the general election last fall, one of the "economy agents" of government cost reducing functions, called upon me and read out a large sheet of paper, ready to take my picture of daily, monthly and yearly activities. Said agent, (bent on cutting down and eliminating costs of Republican misrule) wanted to know what I owned, what I earned, what I spent and what I bought with all my idle money. "Who wants to know?" I interrogated. "Our government," quoth the agent of economy of wasteful spending. "Well," my fellow citizen said I, "just fill in all the blank spaces just as you think best and it will be perfectly satisfactory to me."

What do you suppose because of all that money that was saved by FDR's efforts through that nation wide questionnaire to ascertain what you and I did with our filthy lucre? It's my opinion (?) that he intends to balance the budget with the millions spent in paying the

salaries of another army of democratic money savers. The latest method (heard over the radio) was to open up the undeveloped possibilities of two more branches in the cabinet. All these new methods—never tried before since the founding of these United States—are so thrilling, so intoxicating, that some morning (after we come to) we will find another Hitler in the saddle. H. W. HALL.

WESTERN OREGON
Yes, we love this country of ours as it now appears, West from the Cascade towers towards the shores of the sea. Yes, here are delightful days during the entire year, down from the mountains and beautiful flowers appear. Yes, here the Pacific rolls its mighty waves inland. Lakes and Rivers grandeur, touches its shores and leaves from its mountain scenic splendor. Valleys of the fairy Willamette, the McKenzie, the Umpqua and the Rogue. Thousands of cheery peoples are delighted with their heartfelt abode. Yes, here we have the Sisters, Diamond, Jefferson and the Hood, with their perpetually vested in clothing so white and so pure; from them fragrance and moisture spreading to the Fir, Pine and the Spruce, standing here on the mountain sides which no land can equal to produce. Yes, here the sportsmen are delighted with its mountain streams so pure, the Reddies so game and so flighted excites the anglers with his lure. Here in this wonderland of Oregon, Red apples, peaches, pears and the prunes, soothes the palate of the wayfarers anon, with the invigorating fragrance it assumes. Yes, here the mighty Columbia, the gateway from the inland to the sea, from its harbors, the greatest flotilla, carriers of our products to every port. Yes, here I have told you the story, that enhances the longings for such a land, nowhere can nature duplicate its glory, in this land of liberty and freedom of man. Description of Western Oregon, in verse, by M. Svarverud, of Eugene, Oregon.

CRIMINAL DRIVING
EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor) —Do we need wonder at the rapidly increasing number of highway accidents, when heartless and vicious drivers get by free, or with penalties that are merely a passing joke to them, In walking south of Olive street today, west side, the writer let three cars pass first, going west on 8th street, the state highway, then with no cars coming either way within a half block, we started across on the south, but when we reached the center of the street, a driver who apparently was aiming to get going west, dashed suddenly, in front of us, coming off of Olive street from the south, and in so doing barely missed knocking us down, and then only by just missing the curb on the southwest corner of this intersection. Plainly in violation of our laws for pedestrians, as well as other cars coming from the west, he whisked rapidly out of sight before we were able

to get the license number of his car. May we ask a question: Is our laws were much more strict and given in each case, would it have been source of danger to much others? May we have had some hair raising experience, or some with the real grim reality, which they suffered afterwards. Sincerely, D.T. AWBRY.

A REVERIE
As I stroll through the despondent twilight, Kicking the leaves around, I gaze at the beauty around me, And watch the sun go down— The hills are in their glory, The trees bathed in crimson and gold; 'Tis sky of the deepest azure, Holds many secrets ununfold— I pause in my restless roaming, And eagerly scan the sky, The heavens have a hailing mood, As the snowy clouds float by— A feeling of peace steals over me, Words quench'd before they begin, The heavens have a hailing mood, A soul is at rest within— —LOIS ELAINE BALDWIN.

OUR FEATHERED CALLER
EUGENE.—(To the Editor)—The whirr of wings and honk of geese last week on their wing south brought back a picture of 70 to 80 years ago, when thousands of geese—gray and white—spent much of their winter in the Willamette valley where they found moisture—fog and gentle rains. Before drainage ditches were cut, hundreds of shallow ponds and small lakes, along with fields of growing grain, furnished water and feeding grounds for thousands of geese and ducks. There was nothing uncommon to see them in great flocks on low marshy ground feeding and talking to each other while a wise old head kept watch. Many of the flocks would be one-third to one-half pure white ones. Only a very old crow would drive them farther west. Now and then a few white ones would be seen with them. The Willamette valley furnished this wildlife a winter haven; peaceful feeding grounds and had thousands of years. No planes or electric lights then to disturb the flights. Now and then a shotgun would be pointed down a few as they were always flying very low. During these early years thousands of mallard ducks nested and raised their young around the ponds and shallow lakes. Many a boy took the duck eggs from a nest he had found, had a mother hen bring them and then chase them until a bit of water creek until they were ready to take wing. —F. M. WILKINS.

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