

Merchants Approve Penny Meter Test

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day or whenever traffic begins to grow heavy all parking space could be left free. Revenue which the city would derive from meters could be used to finance parking lots or other improved traffic facilities.

The merchants tentatively discussed a plan whereby if the meter test is made they will hire attendants during the first few days to show all parkers how to use the new devices. It was pointed out that it is mechanically possible to have a certain amount of free time on any modern meter and some cities do this.

"Cooperation must be the keynote of whatever plan is tried," said Mr. Morse. "Decidedly, the revenue from any plan is secondary to improving traffic convenience. The United States is wrestling with the same problem, and if we work together we can find the answer."

It was pointed out that the new Pacific highway across Eugene, when it is built will take through traffic out of the business streets but it will not afford any material help for the people who wish to do business here.



JAPANESE soldiers watch white bombs clear Swatow harbor of mines left by retreating Chinese. A few hours later Japanese warships entered the harbor and landing parties captured this strategic Chinese port.

3,000 Unemployed In Lane County

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during a week, Mr. Martin stated. Last week, the office found work for 148 persons.

The work of the unemployment office is of two kinds, registration of the unemployed and placements. After the applicant registers, he is interviewed and classified according to occupation. Of the 9000 different vocations recognized by employment offices in the United States, about 800 are found in this county.

The files are divided into two parts, inactive and active, the latter containing the names of those who are unemployed and looking for work. The number of names in the active file has varied from 1500 to 6000, Mr. Martin pointed out.

The other major work of the employment office is placing the applicants. In this way, the office

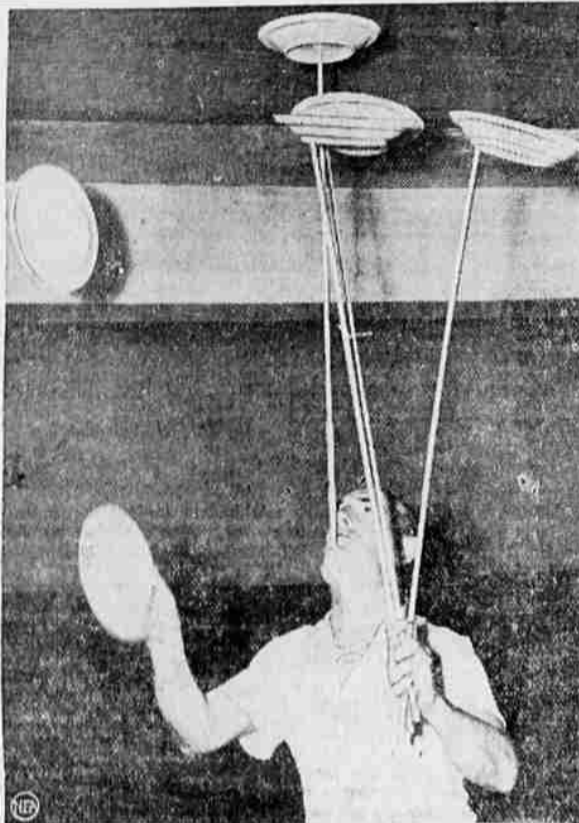
acts as a personnel bureau for small businesses which cannot maintain their own personnel offices. Mr. Martin emphasized the fact that the employer has the privilege of making the final selection from the applicants provided by the office.

Special services of the local employment office are farm placements, junior placements, which are for young people from 18 to 24 years of age, and services to veterans' groups. The local office recently started a radio program, which is held each Monday at 7 p. m. over KORE. Applicants are interviewed and asked to give their qualifications.

Antelope Leave Valley For Eastern Oregon

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famed Malheur migratory bird refuge, and will continue on to the "Blue Sky" hotel on Hart mountain. The southern Oregon and



CONGRESS juggled WPA federal theater project, dropped it by ordering idea abandoned. While thousands strike on WPA jobs as result of new wage scale, Edward Neilo, one of 1000 who reported to theater project at Los Angeles, still juggles his plates, holds hope in balance. Local officials await definite orders to kill project while Neilo, former vaudeville star, kills time, and keeps in practice.

California "herds" will meet at Lakeview Saturday, from where they will go to the famed area of the antelope.

To the allure of watching the speedy antelope in the famous Hart mountain area, the members this year have added a tour of the Malheur reservation, where the sight of millions of ducks, geese and other wildfowl is unequalled in the world.

After spending part of Saturday in the bird refuge, the entire party will stay all day Sunday on Hart mountain. The program, as in former years, has been kept secret, but the official announcement, sent out by "Chief White Tail" Henry Semon of Klamath Falls, says, "We haven't let you down in seven years—nuff said!" Part of the

program, however, will be conferring of the order's "Wild Jackass" degree on deserving initiates.

Officers of the order, headed by Chief White Tail Semon, are: Rodney Keating, Portland, King of the Desert; Henry Fowler, Bend, Sage Jumper; Jean Branson, Hart Mountain, Chief Lookout; Walter Pearson, Salem, state treasurer, Keeper of the Canteen; Dr. L. E. Hubbard, Burns, Keeper of the Prongs; George Aiken, Ontario, Grand Orator; Tod Powell, San Francisco, Keeper of the Wampum; Dr. Frederick M. Hunter, chancellor of higher education, Guardian of the Water Hole; Forest E. Cooper, Lakeview, Grand Secretary; Bob Ellis, Klamath Falls, Grand Chef.

But official Washington lives and works in an atmosphere as chill as that which sweeps the snow-capped summit of Mount Hood. It is unnatural, of course. Doors and windows closed tight to facilitate the functioning of refrigeration. They tell you air is filtered and purer than nature but it still seems stifling.

Cabs Popular
You soon learn how to get about in Washington—TAXICABS!
As near as we can figure out all the republicans who once held jobs in government, are now driving taxicabs in Washington and hoping for that Great Day that's coming (maybe).

Fares are only 20 cents for any number of passengers in any "zone." So that leaves the 10-cent street cars to the proletariat (you couldn't stand the walk to carstops anyhow).

Of course, there are fleets of government cars in the streets, and no doubt many Washingtonians do their own driving, but the stranger who would attempt to drive himself invites many disasters, official and unofficial.

There was the chap, for instance, who thought to drive his own family car down to Mount Vernon to see Washington's old home place. His natural course was down Constitution avenue with a left turn just beyond the Lincoln Memorial to hit the Potomac bridge. He started at 4 p. m., forgetting that at 4 p. m. government calls it a day and Constitution avenue (which is broader than any super-highway in Oregon) becomes a "one way" (outbound).

He was caught in a veritable tide of home-bound, carefree government employes. Out of the parking yards which a benevolent Uncle Sam provides for all his help poured a rushing river of traffic which made the sluggish

McGurk Tells Opinions Of Washington, D. C.

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and his lady in their carriage taking the air in the dusk. The Marine Band (Sousa) played on the plaza in front of the capitol steps. The government had not yet grown up.

"Stupendous"
Today—the spectacle of government in Washington is stupendous. Miles of monumental buildings! Buildings so huge, some of them, that you could dump the University of Oregon's new library and McArthur court and half a dozen minor structures into a wing and lose them. With more being built. More coming. If you consider "apartment" buildings housed in rented buildings. And that prodigious thing called social security boarding out in Baltimore 40 miles away because Washington hasn't yet found a space big enough for it!

Washington, D. C. has become one of the great capital cities of the world. But it is different from all other world capitals in that it is solely and exclusively an official city! Take government away and it would cease to exist. Only the caterpillars and the cinch bugs would inhabit its marble spaces. There may have been a time when its location at the head of the Potomac tidewater meant something to sailing skippers, and there still is an obsolete navy yard downstream, but Washington as a seaport lingers only for the president's yacht. The great railroads and highways defer to Washington's official position, but commerce hastens by to Baltimore or Norfolk.

If the Official City of the United States is more official than any other capital in the world, perhaps the reason may be found in this. Directly or indirectly all those who dwell there are preoccupied with government.

Washington has been made beautiful, magnificent, gorgeous. Even the ambitious plans laid down by Major L'Enfant, the French engineer who surveyed the Paris of the wilderness, have proved inadequate for modern notions. Expense has been no object in tearing down and putting back and elaborating his rather simple prospectus.

Good Fair
Stand on Capitol Hill today and look out across the city and you have a panorama which seems to combine all the most impressive features of the Chicago World's fair and the St. Louis World's fair and the Athens. It is a city of palaces and temples and shrines and heroic monuments. The humble shacks which once attended greatness have been pushed farther and farther into the background. They can be found (and how!), but the stifling slums where dwell those who merely attend officialdom have no part of the official city, the Washington which is always on parade for the folks from home, the sightseers, the seekers, the pilgrims.

Official Washington has conquered climate, so far as climate can be conquered. Official Washington is completely air-conditioned (and God help them at this season of the year if they weren't). In the White House and in the great halls of Congress, in the palatial offices and in most of the mansions and apartments and hotels where government works and lives there is refrigeration.

Between the torrential thunder showers which sweep across the official city about once an hour at this time of year, the sun blazes and the humid heat rises from the broad pavements and is reflected from every gleaming building. It is exhausting to walk half a mile. For those who cannot afford air conditioning the sweaty nights are a terror.

You give it up and find your tax driver and hunt a nice cool spot and buy him and yourself

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Potomac rolling the other way look like Yellowstone rapids.

"I was about half way to Baltimore in the Maryland hills before I could turn out of it," said the sweating and luckless stranger. He had to double clear back to Washington and cross the Potomac when the rush was over.

Few See "Beyond"
Washington has become stupendous. Of the millions of tourists who go to Washington every year it is doubtful if more than a few even sense the complexity of the machinery which lurks behind those magnificent exteriors, a machinery which more and more seeks to fix the pattern of American living.

The tourist is regimented into certain established paths for sightseers. His congressman or his senator will give him little little souvenir cards admitting to the "reserved galleries" for house and senate sessions. His congressman and his senator will vie to give him a little personal note which is supposed to admit to portions of the White House not usually open to visitors, but at the White House the lettered and the unlettered are herded through the same channels by bored guards—the East Room, the Red Room, the Blue Room, the Green Room—"Keep Moving! Don't touch! Take your hat off!"

The tourist may tour the Smithsonian (and it's worth it); he may penetrate the lobby of the Library of Congress and stand reverently in the presence of the Declaration and the Constitution. He may ride or climb to the top of the Washington monument and he may feel the beauty of the Lincoln Memorial—the noblest monument in America. If he reports at the proper entrance at the proper hour, he may join a tour of the FBI and look with awe upon the Dillinger and other famous criminals. He may peek at the supreme court, if it is in session and he may stand before the tomb of the unknown soldier at Arlington. He may visit the Corcoran art gallery or see the place which is being erected for Mellon's gift to the nation. The tourist could spend a week or a month pleasantly without ever really getting tangled with officialdom except as it is embodied in guards and policemen.

The fountains play under colored lights at night. The dome of the capitol and the great statue of Freedom shine forth by night or day. Now and then a fanfare sounds and some Distinguished Personage pazes by with fitting pomp and ceremony. Through the tall iron fences and the shrubbery he may get a glimpse of an Embassy Tea. Somewhere behind the stately porticoes of the White House the Good Man labors for all of us.

To the innocent Washington can be fairland! Something which expresses the hopes and the aspirations and the dignity of 130,000,000 people!

Congressmen Guide
To the visitor who has some errands with government, Washington can be something entirely different. It is the Labyrinth of the Bureaucratic centaur. If your congressman serves any real purpose, it is to try to guide you through the mazes, and even your congressman will not know all the answers.

He gives you a note or he sends his secretary with you to see the 17th assistant to a Somebody. You grab another taxicab and finally convince the driver that No you DON'T want to go to Arlington. You cool your heels in an elegant waiting room till the 13th secretary to the 17th assistant asks for your card.

"From Oregon?" she says, with misplaced eyebrow faintly lifted. "Didn't they tell you Mr. Goofus has gone to Keokuk to make a speech? Couldn't you put your matter in a letter? Secretary Somebody? Well, really, he's a very busy man. Could you be here the first of next month? He might be able to make an appointment then. Are you sure you have come to the right department. I'm sure it would be better if you wrote a letter."

You give it up and find your tax driver and hunt a nice cool spot and buy him and yourself

a long Tom Collins and try not to think it over.

"Me," says the taxi driver. "I'm from Marion, Kansas. Come here in '28 to take a course in a school that claimed to know all the answers on civil service, but I guess I just didn't ever know the right congressman. Been trying to make enough to get away from here ever since. Tell you what I'll do. If you can get me a job in Oregon, I'll drive you all the way out there—if you'll buy the gas."

This makes a good point at which to remember that you left the Missus in the Smithsonian! Sunday: Goodbye Washington.

GOP CLEAN-UP MESS?

PORTLAND, July 21.—(AP)—It will take a republican president in 1940 to "clean up the mess," Marion E. Martin of Maine, vice-chairman of the republican national committee, told 500 persons at a republican picnic last night.

Oil Companies After Rates In Washington

WASHINGTON, July 21.—

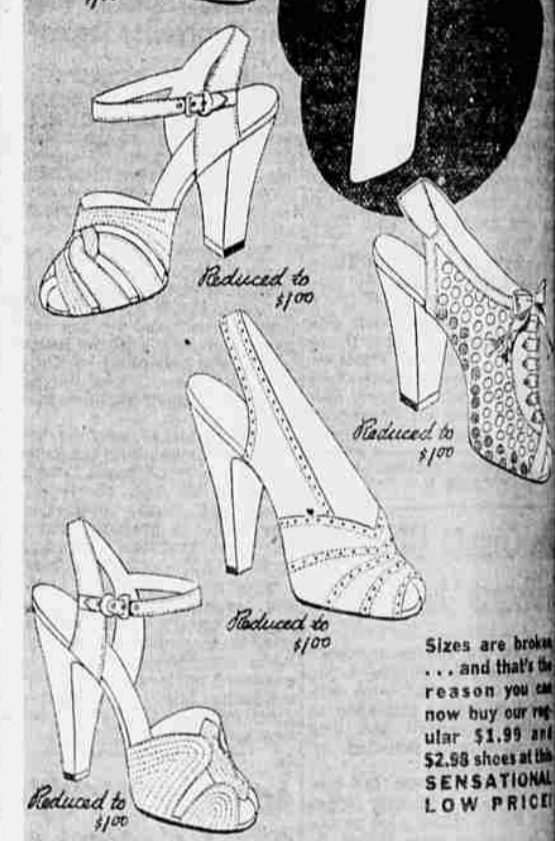
Four oil companies and the Montana board of rail road commissioners today urged the state commerce commission to prove reduced railroad rates on refined petroleum products shipped from northern Montana to Spokane, Wash.

They supported proposed reduced rates of 30 cents per pound for refined petroleum products. The ICC has suspended rates which would exceed 50 and 53 cents, pending investigation to determine whether the rates would be in the interest.

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