

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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 EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: ALVIN F. BAKER
 MANAGING EDITOR: WILLIAM M. PUGH
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EUGENE MUST HAVE AN AIRPORT

For Eugene voters to refuse to accept the small levy to enable the city to obtain a new airport would be as short-sighted as it would have been years ago to deny builders of railroads and highways the right to enter this then primitive area.

Air travel is not coming tomorrow. It is here today. Eugene has lagged behind.

With Friday's encouraging visit from Col. A. G. Fisher and Captain G. E. Henry, Eugeneans should become more united than ever in their determination to obtain a field adequate for commercial and defense needs.

They brushed aside a suggestion the present airport be used by the army as soon as they climbed from their ship which brought them here from San Francisco. "Yes, it's suitable," welcome were told, "if you can cut down the hills around it."

The two officers were cautious in making promises. But they left no doubt in the minds of their hosts that Eugene today would already have its army air squadron base, with more than a thousand men, representing a million dollar payroll, if it had a satisfactory airport. The army is "scouring" the west coast, they said, for new sites. At the present time, they reminded, there is no army field between Tacoma and San Rafael, a dangerous gap on a Pacific coast threatened by Japanese statesmen.

The visitors were very impressed with the sites shown them northwest of the city. They used strong words, "ideal," "excellent." Noting the Fern Ridge dam construction, too, they insisted the navy should immediately study the possibility of using the waters which will flood the Long Tom and Coyote creek bottoms.

Although Colonel Fisher and Captain Henry only have the power to recommend, it is known the army is impressed with facts, maps, and figures which Eugene has placed on file with its headquarters.

Colonel Fisher is air chief for the night corps area, serving in the dual capacity of administrative officer and commander of combat units. He works as a direct representative of General H. H. Arnold, chief of the air corps, as well as of top ninth corps officials.

Because the site is regarded as exceptional and the position of Eugene one of great strategic value, action will certainly come soon after the November 5 election, if the voters permit the allowing of an investment of \$75,000 to purchase a site. Spokane purchased an airport site and waited two years for government help. Now it has it, and is the greatest west coast air base. Spokane was ready.

"If you were a citizen of Eugene, would you take our airport gamble?" Ben Dorris asked the captain as the pair left for Portland with tickets to the Oregon-Washington clash. His answer was: "Yes!"—W. H.

THE 'GREAT FRIEND' SPEAKS

Roosevelt's masterful Saturday night speech from Dayton, O., was a continuation of his "bray loudly and carry a feather duster" policy which has gained for his great but unprepared country the hate of all but one major nation in the world.

No dictator combination, he said in direct answer to the axis pact with Japan, can prevent America from continuing aid to Great Britain across the Atlantic. Western nations have the right to use both the Atlantic and the Pacific for peaceful purposes, he said. Why should the president extend his nation's neck in such a bold dare for enemy interests abroad to try to stop such aid? Why not continue the stream of support, if that is to be Yankee policy, without brags and foolish dares?

If the United States had already reached the point in its rearmament program where, as Roosevelt predicts, no enemy clique can successfully assault the far-flung shores of North, Central and South America, his outburst might be more timely. He would have right to back up what is unquestionably right. But today, when even if the new deal defense efforts had been conducted with greatest efficiency, the chief is stepping on another dangerous stone in his "brink-of-war" foreign policy.

It will be difficult for Germany and Italy to believe, too, that the use Roosevelt is making of the North Atlantic is peaceful. He just hasn't loosed the other half of the two-ocean navy he doesn't have in an outright declaration of war.

Portions of his address were well-spoken and excellent consumption for a western hemisphere which needs uniting in common purpose against potential attackers. His

warning against accepting overseas assurances the west will be safe was healthy. His accusal of nations sponsoring the fifth column and his prediction of its rout was warning.

But until America completes "total defense on land and sea and in the air," Roosevelt could gain many votes for November 5 if he would adopt his cousin's old policy of carrying a plenty big stick and of not stirring enemies to the point of declaration of war by wistful speeches. Fewer words, speedier action might well be good advice to the great democratic "friend" from his people.—W. H.

THE AXIS VICTORY BLUFF

Although bluffs are dangerous, as they are sometimes "called," the recent bristling of Japan may be strongly along that line.

The greatest fear for the dictators, no doubt, is that their only remaining European foe, Britain, the toughest, will be aided by its Yankee cousins, as it happened once before within their lifetimes. Probably the main conversation in the corridors of Berlin when Japan was "roped" was on methods short of war from keeping America from helping London.

If the United States can be kept out of the European red hell by bluffing, the axis will certainly continue to try to do it. Their first action, it is becoming more apparent daily, is to place the Japanese on their boxes to make a big crisis in the Pacific. That noise has, perhaps as Hitler cleverly planned, aroused grave concern in Washington. Although an American is not easily bluffed, Hitler and Konoye will find, Yankee attention has certainly been drawn from the British isles and suffering London. Whereas a few days ago there was little street talk of having to "stop Japan," now there are more fears war will come in the Pacific before in Europe—if it does come.

So Japan will play bluffs, as many as the cable from Berlin advises. Perhaps they are prepared, even, for war, if they fail. The dictators are convinced, within themselves as well as in their press and to the world, that they can beat the British—without Roosevelt help. If they can keep the American fleet watching and waiting in the orient, half way around the world from Lands End, they perhaps hope to have the islands stormed before Washington realizes the dirty job is finished.—W. H.

BULB TIME

In the mails now, to tell home gardeners just how deep, how far apart and what kind of soil, are pamphlets from favorite bulb dealers. Though the world marks March, when whole fields blossom with tulips and daffodils, when yard borders are colored with the crocus, the narcissus and the iris, as bulb time, it is really only bloom time.

October is bulb time. Spacious bins, stacked and piled with brown, labeled and priced and tagged with five-color illustrations of just what can be expected with care in a few months.

October is the time when extra change goes into the garden budget to provide funds to purchase that dozen King Alfreds or Spring Glories, the Inglescomb Yellows or Grenadiers, so the backyard will be a little Holland in March. It is difficult to remember from March, through the summer and autumn, when flowers much more flashy than a bobbing red tulip or a modest yellow daffodil, bloom in their splendid profusion. How hard it is to recall the list of favorites scribbled during the shower at the bulb farm when dahlias as big as dinner plates and zinnias the size of soup bowls are still breaking their stems by the kitchen window.

But if March is to be blossom time, if there are to be forerunners in the garden to the violets and the lilacs, the cold soil, now nearing its season of rest, must be given its rows of bulbs. With the sprinkling of a few handfuls of sand in the trench, careful covering, just as the florist instructs in his little pamphlet with the pictures, and an eye kept on the cold weather, the gunny sacks in the basement, and the gopher trap, Holland in March will be easy.—W. H.

Suggestion is made to the senate that the U. S. should have two vice presidents. Instead of having little to do, they'll have twice as little to do.

British golf club decides that a ball may be lifted from a bomb crater without penalty of a stroke, which is the only thing the duffer thanks Adolf for.

Adolf Picks Herm Goering as the world's No. 1 man. What that does to the rest of the scale makes it pretty tough on a lot of people in this world.

Demand for money places U. S. mint on a seven-day week. As if there hasn't always been a demand for money.

The map of Europe is likely to continue changing until somebody gets around to changing Hitler's.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

WAR SCENE
EUGENE—(To the Editor)—
 The people of the U. S. have practically no conception of what terrible experiences the refugees of countries in Europe are compelled to go through, except perhaps from letters that manage to get through.

One such letter from Bordeaux states that a man with his wife and seven children were trying to escape from the approaching Germans, and saw five of them killed by machine guns used by the German aviators upon helpless men, women and children.

A trainload of refugees was bombed, a mother slain and had to be left unburied, while the father was compelled to keep going with the rest of the family. No doubt thousands of such cases could be recounted.

A Mr. and Mrs. Copperwheat—Americans, were in Paris when the Germans were about to enter. They had to have special permits to leave, and these must be obtained five days in advance with photos attached. They stood in line two hours in order to get their papers stamped. They arrived at the depot two hours ahead of time, and "what a scene!" They wrote. Everybody seemed to be leaving Paris. Police were simply swamped trying to get the thousands of vehicles into some semblance of order. The station was a mass of swarming humanity. Each one loaded down with all their belongings which were portable.

Several trains stood ready to take "refugees only," and here and there were many mothers surrounded by their children—holding fast to their precious baggage. Finally the trains started—loaded to capacity, all lights out and thick curtains covered the windows. At midnight the slow moving trains came to a halt. A signal had been blown that aircraft were overhead and had gone into action. "These were exciting moments"—would our train be hit? wrote Mr. Copperwheat. (Supposing we had been there). "For an hour we remained stalled, then moved only two or three hundred yards at a time. The engine crew feared that the track had been destroyed ahead of them."

(The strain upon the nerves, the sadness, the sorrow, the suffering, was indescribable, Mr. Copperwheat wrote.)

From England comes word that the faithful horse is no longer employed in the war now going on. Tanks, and more tanks is the cry. In Belgium, when the Germans overran that country, thousands of tanks were employed. Army reports stated that so many dead Germans filled the road—five feet high, that tanks had to "push right through them."

Airplanes sprinkled helpless citizens with machine gun bullets—not caring for the children.

(Referring to the parachutists—we heard about over here, the army reports states): "Usually a party of 12 and often more, armed with a small quick-firing gun, revolver, and a letter to someone likely to help. They were used in Finland by Russia, and now adapted by the Germans with some success."

"Strange to relate," (the writer goes on) "is that the parachutist is dressed sometimes in British battle dress, sometimes in French, sometimes in Dutch, sometimes in women's dress, sometimes in private dress—but most peculiar of all, sometimes in ministers' clothes."

"Imagine seeing a German soldier with a revolver in clerical dress. What could a dozen of these do? One of the most ungodly, hateful and hypocritical usages, pretending to be holy, YET FULL OF HATE."

The late Woodrow Wilson was (for a time at least) "Immortalized for keeping us out of war." (During the election campaign). But we know that his immortalization was of short duration. Are we going to make ourselves foolish believing that Roosevelt is going to do any better than Wilson? It looks more and more as though our feet are going to be caught in the net of war.

If General Sherman could have seen the "real thing in Belgium, France, Poland and Finland," he wouldn't be able to find a word that would describe what war is today.

Let's not forget the "Blue Eagle" attempt to rob us of our blood bought liberty of '78 and '82. Had it not been for the supreme court "killing the Blue Eagle," your liberty would already be a thing of the days BEFORE the Superman FDR came into dictatorial power.

H. W. HALL.

WANTS JOHN SMITH DAYS

SPRINGFIELD—(To the Editor)—
 When John Smith laid down the ruling necessary for the survival of Jamestown viz: "He that will not work shall not eat," he laid a foundation of individualism wherein each man or family would be safe in possession of property and each could enjoy all the fruits of his own labor. That ruling abolished the "common storehouse" and as laid down by John Smith has been a basic law of our land which has made America famous.

Apparently the present administration has never caught the spirit of rugged individualism that is behind John Smith's ruling, or those billions would have been used to furnish family-sized farms where people who are able-bodied and willing could raise their living by their own effort. Instead of this they have delivered finished products to the doorstep, all wrapped up in fancy packages. They furnish milk in

bottles, soup in cans, bedding, blankets, anything else you want, and sorry you have to use a can opener.

They believe in discouraging private business by taking away most of the earnings of the individual through income and excess profits tax. This is the same as if John Smith had gone to the granary of the thrifty and taken the greater part of his corn and passed it out to keep John Smith in office. How long would that man's ambition last? How can business men furnish jobs for the unemployed under such treatment?

America's problem today is this: Families are cooped up in houses on small city lots, without access to the soil, and no job is furnished. It was our problem when Mr. Roosevelt took office and it still is. Subsistence homesteads furnished a rich man's buildings on a poor man's farm, the occupant couldn't stand the pressure of interest payment so generally lost out.

The U. S. A. can be likened to a gigantic farm when Mr. Roosevelt took it over it was mortgaged. He has increased the mortgage to the limit to buy improvements: whether needed or not. He has built monstrous irrigation projects to irrigate more land to raise more crops that aren't needed. One can borrow government money today to put down an irrigation well even in the Midwest where one must go two hundred feet for water while on the same farm the government is paying the owner to let part of his ground lie idle to reduce the surplus crop.

If some one in Lane county has a farm to let out, with the same mortgage privileges granted, to Mr. Roosevelt, I promise you a dandy joy ride as long as the money lasts. Bridges can be built, dams constructed, fountains made, even a few electric generators can be installed here and there over the place, a lot of help can be hired, and all will have a swell time until the limit of the borrowing spree is reached. Then what? It wouldn't take a smart man to spend your money would it?

Government in business places a bayonet at the citizen's back because all authority lies in the government. Remember it was Mr. Roosevelt who told the WPA: "You can't strike against the government." If WPA can't, then others can't; then where is our redress for grievances?

W. W. WHEELER.

HE CAN'T BOMB GOD

In this world of strife and woe: Our men are killed, our children go.

He who slaughters with a nod— Does he think he can bomb God? Smaller nations he has taken, Larger nations he has shaken. Now he covets Liberty's sod. Does he think he can bomb God?

This devil who the world would rule Will he realize he's naught but "fool"? While old Satan stands by to laud Will he try a Blitzkrieg on God?

"God Bless America,"—immortal song, Trust we in God—we can't be wrong; Don't drag His teachings in the mud Remember this devil can't bomb God!

No! By our faith in Heaven, No! This devil, like the rest will go! The Lord will smite him with his rod. Because, by Heaven, he can't bomb God!

ETHEL TRUEAX

Our boy has gone into service, On duty for old Uncle Sam We're lonesome without our lad—

For nineteen is not quite a man Seem's like only yesterday he was my baby

But now he has gone away To help defend his nation, because They say it has to be that way. For they say the younger the better

Some how it doesn't seem right For the youth of the nation to suffer And even die if called to fight. They will teach him how to murder

They call him a gunner first class A boy, who was always so gentle God! why has this come to pass? For I am the gunner's mother

God, please watch out for the lad And keep him safe for us always Is the prayer of his mother and dad.

"His Mom"

NYLON BOOSTED

EUGENE—(To the Editor)—
 If the United States government economic authorities believe Japan could not survive a year if American purchases of silk were discontinued, isn't it up to the woman?

Isn't it very logical to wear Japanese silk hose, to furnish them with the money to turn around and wage war on us. Isn't it one time the woman

could do something decisive about a war? After all we have Nylon. MRS. MAUDE TURNBOW.

I WANT TO BE A CAPTAIN

I want to be a captain in the good old U. S. A. I want to be like "Elliott" with a rank and higher pay Three sixteen bucks per thirty days, my what I wouldn't do. I'll yell like "Hell" at all the rooks and bark out orders too With shiny boots, two spurs attached and baggy pants all creased.

A Sam Brown belt of leather made just out of "hock" released; I'd strut and swagger through the camp, boy would I do my stuff. No flat-foot could every say "there goes a new cream puff"

Above my door in black and white these words "La Officer" I'd paint them big. I'd paint them bright, I'd paint them nice and clear, And from my desk and swivel chair I'd serve my Uncle Sam

I'd always be on time for work to eat my beans and ham. And when I'd hear the bugle call, the call for dress parade lots of golden braids. And as I'd pass in full uniform my happy face a beam. I want to be a Captain, but know it's all a dream. WALLACE R. TELFORD, Boring, Oregon.

ARROW MESSENGER—FR.

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