

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 Circulation
 Entered at the Post Office at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter.

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.

WHEN THE GUNS STOP BOOMING

When Hitler's legions have been crushed and the New Armistice Day silences the guns on a dozen fronts, the war weary millions of Europe and Asia are not going to be much interested in fancy "blueprints for peace." By this we do not mean to imply that there should be no planning for peace, but only that first must come some realistic estimate of the conditions we shall face.

You can't talk World Federation to men and women whose empty stomachs are driving them crazy, and Hiram Motherwell, who spent many years in Europe for The Chicago News states it this way in the current Harpers:

"Most of Europe will be suffering from a hunger neurosis which will induce mass hallucinations and impulses quite outside rational calculation. The spellbinder who can picture a loaf of bread and tie it up in imagination with a political theory can manufacture a mob with murder in its eyes. The first preoccupation will be—how can I get something to eat?"

Governments? What governments? Whose? All you have to do is look at the Darlan-De Gaulle dispute to foresee the chaos in France, let alone Germany and every other country. What happened in Germany and Russia and Italy after the last war was bad enough, but not a patch on the coming chaos.

Jobs for the war survivors? Who owns anything in Europe, once the Nazis have been pried loose from the phoney deeds which they took with phoney money. For that matter most property is in ruins, even the soil is 25 to 50 percent depleted.

Armed occupation and charity on a scale never before attempted seem to be inevitable, but the problems of restoration are going to be staggering and complicated by such hatreds as the world has never known.

Henry Wallace's "quart of milk" formula as the basis for peace is not entirely visionary, but with it goes the problem familiar to everybody who has ever tried to administer philanthropy "down in Swamp Hol-low":

"How soon can the victims be trusted to stand on their own feet?"

Because all this planning for our foolish neighbors is assuming that we are going to be able to meet all our own problems of returning soldiers, sailors and war workers to normal life without encountering chaos.

It is a fine thing to feel that this nation can do anything that needs doing, but it would be very silly to underestimate this job, or to suppose that Armistice Day will mean an end of troubles. The peace is something we are going to have to bring our children up to fight for.

FORTY YEARS: A PLEASANT VISTA

It is in human nature that we who live here take Eugene and the University of Oregon for granted. What is seems always to have been, and therefore it is refreshing now and then to look back with the help of somebody whose memory measures progress.

Such a measurement was presented in a paper which Professor Edgar E. Decou read recently to the Round Table on "Pioneering in Higher Education." Professor Decou is so much a part of the present that it is a bit startling to realize that his service spans 40 years, and that when he came out from Wisconsin in 1902:

"... the University had fewer than 300 students. ... It was half a day's trip from Portland to Eugene by train, and the wood-burning engines, with their great smokestacks were stoked with cordwood, loaded on by Japs at 30 mile intervals. ...

"... there were only six regular four-year high schools in the state; as a result I was made Dean of the Academy giving two years of preparatory work, and when the Academy was discontinued after two years I was chairman of a committee on Special Students making up deficiencies. ...

"... some of the founders of the University were still living—Tom Hendricks, Judge Joshua Walton, Ben Norris. Two of the original members of the faculty were still here—Professor Mark Bailey and Professor Thomas Condon, who held his classes in geology in the southwest classroom of Villard till he was 84 and had to be brought up the hill in a wheel chair. ...

On Willamette street, the remarkable Sam Friendly held sway, and none had greater faith than he.

Fraternities and sororities had not yet taken hold; the social life of the school centered in the debating societies—the Laurean, for men; the Eutaxian, for women; later the Philogians. Mr. Decou was adviser to the Laureans; President Prince Lucien Campbell to the Philogians. When state high school debating was launched in 1907, it involved long trips by stage or boat to get to such places as Marshfield or Tillamook.

But then as now "academic democracy" was potent on the campus. In 1905 the younger professors challenged the rigid requirement that all students must take the Rhetoric of Luella Clay Parsons and the Economics of F. H. Young. The names of

the "committee" on this problem were Young, Carson, Hawthorne, McAllister and Decou. Nor was this the only moot question. Then as now "athletics" was "over-emphasized" and Mr. Decou had a hand in introducing "intramurals" for those not on Bezdek's varsity and also some facilities for "the women."

World War I First a drill shed on the site of the present infirmary. Then the advent of Lt. Col. Bowen, U. S. A. Ret., and after him Col. John Leader, of the British army who had led a regiment of Irish against the Prussian Guard! Trenches and barbed wire on the campus! The SATC! (Some of the venerables on the campus are still proud of their service in "Leader's army").

The post-war period! Arnold Bennet Hall succeeds "the regency" (and we are not quoting Mr. Decou now!) "Little Able!" Dynamic, impetuous, driving himself to utter exhaustion and the University toward the goal of being "a university." The Carnegie pension plan for the University faculty (offered to OSC and lost there through neglect). Mr. Decou helped to organize the pension program and laughs now at the "protest" of insurance men who feared competition.

Professor Decou leaves the last 10 years to "common knowledge," tactfully. It is just as well. He gives enough in this "vista of 40 years" to make it plain that what is has not "just happened." It represents the lives of many men and women, the vision, their labor, the realization of some of their dreams.

Nor were these super-men or super-women. Had we lived in their times, we would have found them full of faults, human faults. They say that when you meet "a giant" in the present the main impression is that "a giant has knock knees." And his disposition is often cantankerous. The past magnifies; the present distorts; the future is vague.

Will Norris calculates that the next 20 years will bring the University of Oregon to an enrollment of at least 6,000 students, more likely 8,500, wherefore it is possible quite accurately to measure requirements in classrooms, laboratories, dormitories and dollars as far ahead as 1960. And the first century will not be complete till 1976!

However, looking backward with Professor Decou over 40 years, it is not buildings but people that we see—men and women whose lives have been woven into the life of Oregon. It is almost a matter for wonder that the small school "in the wilderness" should have attracted so much talent and devotion. But it is a token of what can be.

SOME FIGURES ON THE AMAZON

It cost the city of Eugene \$20,476.81 to dig some 15,000 feet (nearly three miles) of Amazon ditch from the meadows above Nineteenth avenue to the flats beyond the old airport half a mile west of the city limits. Prices ran all the way from 25 to 75 cents a yard on approximately 50,000 yards of dirt handled.

Following the meandering Amazon it is approximately 12 miles from the present ditch terminus near the old airport to the point where the Amazon joins the Coyote on its way to the Long Tom near Cheshire, but not more than five miles to the point where we could hook up with the ditching and drainage which the U. S. Engineers may build to facilitate the runoff from Fern Ridge flood control reservoir.

Possibly nothing can be attempted till after the war on account of the shortage of labor and machine equipment, but it is conservative to say that \$50,000, with modern machinery, would solve most of the problems which the Amazon now creates for city dwellers and farmers—and the benefits of good drainage would pay big dividends.

City Engineer Bill Clubb tells us we were much too conservative the other day when we estimated the drop between Eugene and the junction of Amazon with Coyote and Long Tom at 30 feet. The "topog" maps show an elevation of 405 feet above sea level where the Amazon flows through the old airport and 325 in the vicinity of Cheshire—a drop of 80 feet, enough to insure easy flow for maximum rainfall, with proper ditch planning.

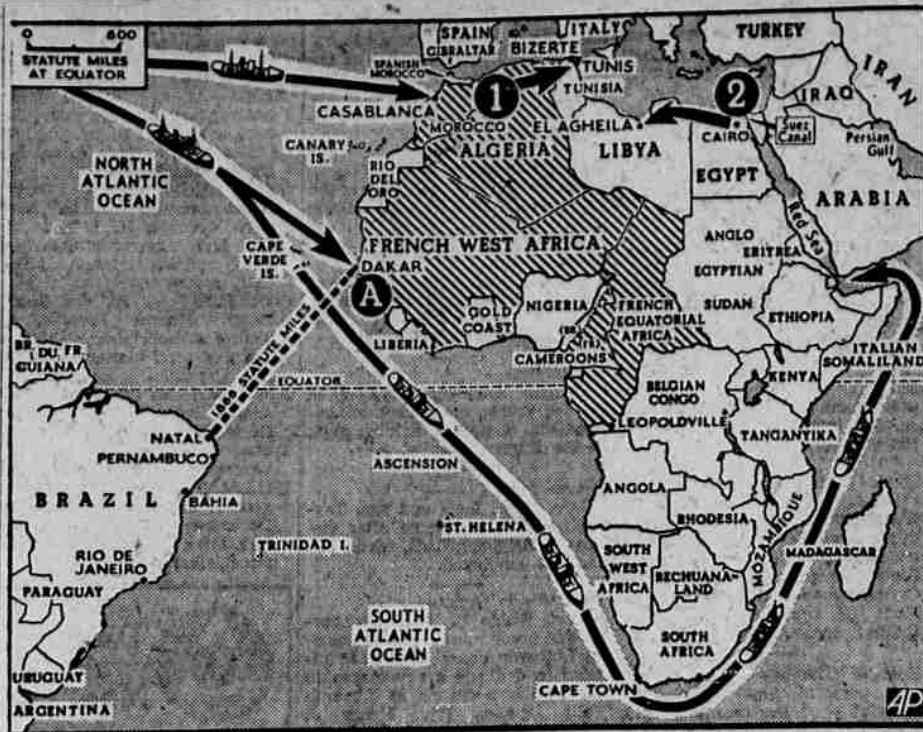
The Amazon project should be moved up to "top rating" on the post-war list, and some effort should be made now to form a drainage district or whatever legal setup is necessary. Some years ago there was an ambitious real estate developer who visioned a lake which would impound the flood waters of the Amazon and keep it a running stream through the year. Engineers say this doesn't "add up," but the flooding can be eliminated, and with profit to everybody concerned.

THE WEEKEND BUGGY RIDE

Looks like Eldon McCornack gets the Buggy Ride of the week with NLRB, especially when you think of the lean years with folks lined up waiting to be "oppressed" by EFG.

We will back old Santy with his reindeer against the field with four gallons, but McGurk wants to bet that Santy will get in trouble with ODT.

The real potmist is the buy who expects a Christmas card from OPA.



DAKAR GIVES ALLIED SUPPLY LINES 'SAFETY ZONE'—Availability of Dakar (A), as an Allied transport base makes an Allied camp of all French West and North Africa (lined area), with the exception of Tunisia. It also gives the Allies a valuable base for guarding sea supply lanes (black arrows), to Africa and Suez. It shortens the route for flying bombers to the battle zones and provides a port from which to battle the U-boat menace in the South Atlantic. The net effect is to make easier the problem of supplying Allied armies fighting the Axis near Tunis and Bizerte.

Mailbag

LOOKOUT REPORT

EUGENE — (To the Editor)—Lookouts are taking a back seat for the duration of the war; for though willing, really anxious to do their part, there is so little they can do. Different circumstances hindering some in one way, some in another, even from contacting each other, as they would like to do. Some members have been faithful in phoning to other members; while some, though having access to a phone, are involuntarily limited by conditions from phoning as much as they would like to do.

The treasurer reports an income during the past month, of \$2.00. And expense of \$2.00, leaving the amount on hand, the same as last month, \$11.68.

The entire membership will appreciate the thoughtfulness of Miss Bernice Ruble, in her contribution to the happiness of the members. (Sh—This is a secret you will hear about later; but we just couldn't keep still.)

Also we appreciate the "Anonymous Friend" gift of \$2.00. It will be used to cheer the handicapped children at Christmas time.

We are pleased to learn that our Mrs. Laura Sweet is convalescing rapidly from a recent minor operation.

Let me mention again, that any member, or others interested in spreading cheer among them, who desires names, addresses and birthdays of Lookout members may obtain them by contacting the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Laura Trachsel, 1550 Pearl street; or phone 2712-R. There are 4 members who have not reported their birthdays yet. Please do so; so we can make our records complete.

Build on! Here, mid the wreckage of the world Let hope's fair banner be unfurled. Hold to your dreams nor let war's song Weaken your will to serve. Be strong. Build on! Set firm the stones of righteousness. Raise high the beams of truth. Confess With your slow toil your faith in God. Who rears His Kingdom on earth's sod. Build on! —Thomas C. Clark.

Black may be the clouds about you And your future may seem grim; But don't let your nerve desert you— Keep yourself in fighting trim. If the worst is bound to happen, Spite of all that you can do, Running from it will not save you. See it through! With chin up. —LAURA TRACHSEL, Lookout Reporter

CHRISTMAS MENU
 Am sending my Christmas menu. It is, indeed, profuse. If I invite you to dinner Will you accept or refuse?

A turkey roast nice and brown To make the dinner homey. But don't be at all surprised When you learn it is bologna.

Cranberry sauce goes with it. Don't wrinkle your face or pout When you first discover That sugar has been left out.

Mince pie, fruit cake, pudding.

Loans Wanted

Do you know that Interest and Taxes paid on a home are deductible from your income tax?

Buy A Home Now!

EUGENE'S
FIRST FEDERAL
 Savings & Loan Assn.
 248 Miner Bldg. Phone 1317

Don't you dare be cross
 When you find these delicacies
 Have been made of apple sauce.

I am serving a substitute
 For coffee and for tea.
 Hope it is alright with you,
 It surely is with me.

Some candy I must have.
 Delicious chocolate cream.
 Plain commercial chocolate
 Is really what I mean.

Now you have my menu,
 If you do not like my fare,
 You had better fly to Greece
 And take dinner over there.
 —ELLA HAYDEN.

AGE
 I'd gained unwanted pounds of weight.
 Small wrinkles which I viewed with hate;
 A slump I hoped would surely pass;
 I viewed my image in the glass.

Our son, perceiving my distress,
 Consternation which he could not guess,
 Stood beside, placed his face by mine;
 With strong young smile so clean and fine.

With unsure voice sometimes on high,
 This comfort did he wisely ply—
 "I have a prize of great renown,
 As has no other boy in town!"

"What prize is that?" My face was grave;
 Enthusiasm bound to save;
 His kiss was light upon my cheek
 Before he tried again to speak.

"You're the only mother in this town,
 With such a trait it's worth renown;
 Surely, here, there is no other,
 Who's not afraid to look like a mother!"

His words of love brought back the truth—
 We often can learn much from youth;
 My fear of age took instant wings,
 The way of many other things.

Now, when I look into the glass,
 As by that way I often pass,
 I feel dissatisfaction ended,
 To think I look as God intended!
 —MRS. ARTHUR DENNEY
 Creswell, Oregon

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT
 My first Christmas tree
 As far as I was concerned
 Was "Seven wonders of the world"

As the candles on it burned,
 It was sponsored by the Sun. S.
 In the school where I attended.
 Every child received a present,
 No one was offended.

Old Santa Claus was there,
 And what a glorious sight,
 My eyes feasted on the beauty,
 I shall never forget that night.

Present were being given out,

Armstrong Linoleum
 Gold Seal Congoleum
 LYONS & PETERS
 1203 Willamette

Give the Kids
TINKER TOYS
 MAGAZINE EXCHANGE
 128 East 11th

Optical Science Insures The Future

To prehistoric man, who roved the land for thousands of years, hunting and being hunted, his eyes meant his very existence—

blinded, he would soon fall easy prey to the beasts of his time. Today blindness does not mean death alone, it is Purgatory.

With so much to see and do that is interesting and inspiring, just waiting upon the light that failed.

It is often surprising what an immense degree of comfort and satisfaction may be obtained from correctly fitted glasses, when needed.

In Eugene since 1915

Dr. Sherman W. Moody
 38 East Broadway Telephone 362

Axis Air Superiority Over Tunisia Reported By Writers

By NED RUSSELL

ON THE TEBOURBA FRONT, Tunisia—(Delayed)—As I write this, German planes seem to have free run of the African skies and are turning the battlefield three or four miles to the east into a roaring, rocking hell.

Dive-bombing Junkers 88's and strafing and bombing Messerschmitt fighters are trying desperately to blast back British troops and Anglo-American tanks.

Only a little while ago I watched five bombers dive on a British position a mile away. Ten bombs fell from the belly of each plane. A moment later, the ground quaked and then came the roar of explosions. Smoke billowed into the sky.

The Germans are entrenched in cleverly concealed hilltop positions to the east, about 15 miles west of Tunis. Clumps of cactus hide machine-gun nests dominating the approaches, while farther back lie heavy mortars.

The German machine guns, mortars and dive-bombers repulsed a series of light Allied attacks, but at dawn Lt. Gen. K. A. N. Anderson hurled fresh infantry and American and British tank reinforcements into a fierce three-pronged assault against the strong point and the battle is still raging. Nazis Well Equipped

There are not a great number of German soldiers on the hilltops, but they are heavily equipped and helped immensely by their bombers and fighters, which lash the Allied positions virtually unopposed except for anti-aircraft fire.

However, the Allies are believed to have massed enough men and material to overwhelm the German positions.

I arrived in Tebourba in mid-afternoon and, standing in a tiled garden under an awning of vines behind a bomb-shattered tavern in the middle of the town, drank beer and watched the Luftwaffe do its deadly work.

Tebourba itself is a shattered ruin that reminds you of a Hollywood version of a French town after a World War I bombardment, even to the lonely, frightened farm animals roaming aimlessly through the debris-strewn streets, houses and shops.

It is deserted except for a half-dozen Arabs, three Italians, a pig, a forlorn donkey and a few chickens and rabbits.

The three Italians were guarding the tavern against the Arabs, who they said were looting everything in sight.

Bomber to Wreckage
 A couple of British soldiers wandered into the tavern and told us that German bombers in groups of eight or nine had made at least 20 attacks on this area this morning. They said the town was wrecked by German bombing and shelling, rather than in the British assault.

The townsfolk fled in such haste, they said, that they found a half-cooked steak and eggs on a stove at the police station.

The main German forces, which never were very strong, left the

town Friday afternoon, but night about 50 Axis paratroopers disguised as Arabs descended and operated as snipers through Saturday until British troops wiped them out, one by one.

Here are some entries from my diary, made as I stood in the town this afternoon:

3:10 p.m.—A formation of 10 Messerschmitts, some distance away, are followed immediately by Messerschmitts, which strafe positions from a height of 500 to 1,000 feet. The guns put up a terrific anti-aircraft barrage, but does not seem to deter the Germans.

3:51 p.m.—Seven Junkers, escorted by two Messerschmitts, are now flying directly overhead. Bombs anti-aircraft guns are being fired furiously and I can see red tracer bullets flying all around the planes, but they are not hit.

4:30 p.m.—Seven more Junkers and two Messerschmitts overhead now and still more bombs are crashing overhead. A bomber breaks out of formation but he immediately joins two other bombers in a new formation.

5:02 p.m.—Three Junkers apparently part of that 430 formation, are now returning, flying low. I wonder whether others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.

Others were shot down.

5:05 p.m.—Ten Junkers 88's flying in close formation three or four miles from us. Now they are diving almost vertically into anti-aircraft barrage. A moment later we hear the roar of bombs and see smoke rising from a hilltop. The town seems reek with the smell of cordite, nose is dry from breathing it.