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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.

**"THIS IS HOW WE WIN THE WAR"**

From battlefronts and from all the desolate outposts of watching and supplying, Fortune Magazine has rounded up for its July issue a series of pictures and word sketches, in an effort to give us at home some idea of "the reality of war." Yet Fortune says:

"Millions of men have struck the right balance: white men, yellow men, black men, men of a hundred origins and a million emotions. Who the men are and what they have done, and what they have felt, not even the presidents and generals and prime ministers can ever know. The men themselves will forget. Yet they ARE THE WAR; they are its agents, its prime movers, its victims, and if one does not catch glimpses, however fleeting, one will not see the war at all."

On the Godforsaken supply lines in filthy Persia, on the icecap of Greenland, or forgotten islands of the seven seas, the grim enemy is boredom which leads to madness. In the battlelines, the greatest enemy is fear, such fear as we can never know, but the worst fear is not of the enemy or of dying, but of wounds which can make a man something less than a man, malarial which twist mind and body, things seen and heard and endured endlessly for all the hopes that are wrapped up in one word—home!

Most men, perhaps fortunately, cannot express what they feel. In The Roseburg News-Review, however, we find reprinted a letter which gives a little glimpse of "how we are doing" in Normandy. It happens to be from Lt. Allen Cordon, son of Guy Cordon, U. S. Senator. He tells of the landing on the beach, through the wreckage and desolation created by the opening barrages, the waiting to begin the advance inland:

"We were all kidding one of the boys who had just been married before he came overseas. This boy, Roy Martin, was a nice-looking, clean-cut kid, and he took it cheerfully. His main objective in life, as with all of us over here, was to go back home. I talked to Roy quite a while that night, and finally went to bed with a 'see you in the morning, Roy.' I didn't realize then how true that parting statement was. On this morning a large number of German aircraft pulled a sneak raid. We heard the ack-ack open up on them. As we tore for cover, we heard a Jerry plane peel off and howl over us. Immediately thereafter all hell broke loose. There was a terrific roar, my body seemed as though it was going to explode and I was enveloped in a bright red flash of light. The corner of our foxhole was blown away.

"We waited a few moments in case there should be more attacks, then hastened outside to see where the bomb had hit. What a sight! We had left a thick stand of big trees when we ran to our foxholes. We returned to a gaping hole, littered with broken trees, wires, tents, equipment. Directly on top of our foxhole lay the remnants of a body; a head, part of the torso. The rest was scattered about the area, and subsequently was picked up and buried. We couldn't identify him, but a check revealed it to be Roy—yes, Roy Martin, from whom I had parted the night before with 'see you in the morning, Roy.' I saw him, but he didn't see me. Nor would he see his wife again, nor the yet unborn baby to have been his."

Just one little incident in one little corner of the war! Some, of course, find their experiences, exhilarating, exciting. For a few travel over the world has opened "new frontiers." In a recent issue of "Desert" (a Southern California magazine), a chap named Randall Henderson tells about his assignment to a lonely oasis in the middle of the Sahara. It is "his meat." He is fascinated with the plants, the animals, the people of the Sahara—and the traffic which comes winging. Few are so lucky or have such capacity to "be interested."

Most of the people in service are still "home minded," and they will be returning to try to live and work with us. What will they be like? Probably most of them will soon return to "old ways," but now and then you get "inkles" of change. The other day we saw a letter from a young man whose father, a well-to-do business man, had written to advise the lad to "be thinking about what you are going to do when this is over, as it soon will be." The young man's reply was a "gem" of tact. He wrote:

"Out here we think constantly about what we will do when this is over, but this is an experience which changes your sense of values. Frankly, father, money does not seem very important except for what it can do, and I do not believe I could ever again be interested in any job just for the sake of earning money. Life is so short. I do not believe I would want to spend it on any work, unless the work itself seemed worth the doing. Of course, I realize the importance of being independent and making a decent living, but . . ."

All the men and women out there ARE THE WAR, and as they come home they WILL BE THE NATION. They are 12,000,000 men and women, the best out of our entire population in the best years of life, and they will become "a voice" in our affairs. Too much "post-war planning" deals with mere mechanics.

**DR. HIBBARD OF BURNS**

For a great many years, naturalists coming to Oregon to study its "wild life" have sought out Dr. L. E. Hibbard, of Burns. He was known all over the world as an authority on the birds and the beasts and the flowers and plants of what the school books used to call "the great American desert."

Many Eugeneans came to know Dr. Hibbard on the annual pilgrimages of the Order

of the Antelope to Hart Mountain, the bearded gentleman with the twinkling eyes who usually accompanied "the cowboy orchestra" to the mountain. Dr. Hibbard had discriminating eyes, and ears, and those who chose to let him talk gained wisdom.

Many also have been privileged to know Dr. Hibbard's son George, the young man with the broken back (diving accident). In a specially built car, George often has made trips through the desert with his father, or even to Eugene or Portland for a football game. Despite his misfortune, George is a leader in Harney county; his bedside is a community council table.

Remarkable people! One night late, after a long and grueling trip from the Mountain through the great bird refuge, Hal Young and George Hopkins visited the Hibbards, and they "did a show," a performance long to be remembered. Walking out to the car, Dr. Hibbard thanked the entertainers, and then he made a little explanation:

"Out in this country you learn that life doesn't give up easily. You know, when I was a very young man they brought me out here to die with tuberculosis—but I didn't. Perhaps you might say I was very lucky; it was very interesting, and I know that's how George feels about it."

Dr. Hibbard lived a long and extremely useful life and he was beloved in Burns and Harney county and throughout the state of Oregon. He was not rich or famous, but he was one of the few citizens who deserve to be called "a man of distinction"—because he knew how to live.

**WASHINGTON LETTER**  
By PETER EDSON  
(Register-Guard Washington Correspondent)

**AN' WHAT'LL YE HAVE, LADS?**  
By S. BURTON HEATH  
(Substituting for Peter Edson)

There appears to be some misunderstanding about the war production holiday that Donald Nelson has granted to distillers for the month of August. In case you happen to be interested, here are some facts about it.

The nation's distillers can—and probably will—make about 20 million gallons of 190-proof fire-water during August. By the time that has been watered down to potable liquor it will be enough, in theory, to make 200 million "fifths" of rye and Bourbon and gin.

That sounds like a lot, and really it ain't hay. But it's a lot less than you might think, and besides, it's purely hypothetical.

In 1942 it required 92 million gallons of whisky and 37 millions of neutral spirits to wet the national whistle. That is more than six times what can be distilled during the August holiday.

In 1943 we put 66 million gallons of whisky and 25 million of neutral spirits down hatch—more than four times what can be made in August.

Even in the first four months of this year, while we were complaining loudly that whisky couldn't be bought, we managed to guzzle more than 18 million gallons of whisky and almost nine millions of neutral spirits.

Mr. Nelson and the War Production Board are not putting the distillers back into the whisky business. All they did was say, in effect:

"In October, 1942, we made you give up producing whisky and begin making industrial alcohol because we needed your facilities. Now we can spare you for one month. It's up to you—and the War Foods Administration—what you do with that month."

"You can close shop and give all the boys and girls a vacation, or you can make whisky—if you can get grain for it—or you can make blending spirits."

The distillers aren't going to take a vacation. Neither are they going to make much Bourbon. Corn is too scarce and too much needed for other purposes. They can make rye, because rye grain is relatively plentiful. Some will do that. Others will make neutral spirits—powerful grain alcohol such as few have even considered drinking since prohibition was repealed.

Neutral spirits can be used to make gin, to fortify wines or to blend whiskies. As a matter of fact, the drinkers of this country need neutral spirits more than they do whisky right now.

There are close to 270 million gallons of whisky in storage—a four-year supply at the rate it has been withdrawn since the first of this year. But on March 3 we had only 17,500,000 gallons of blending spirits, and that was less than enough, even at current low rates of consumption, to last through this year.

If we use up our blending spirits and do not replace them, we shall all be forced onto a diet of straight whisky. So far as quality goes, that should be no hardship. But it would raise the dickens with quantity.

Over all, the whisky that we buy has about two parts of neutral spirits to every five parts of whisky. The brands vary from bottled in bond with 40 neutral spirits to one very popular trademark that is only one-third whisky, the rest being neutral spirits.

**OLIVE BARBER'S OBSERVATIONS**

**FASHIONS IN DRESS**

Some of my home folks didn't think so much of the way I used to dress when I went to town. They hinted that I looked too much like I'd just got in from the farm. Well, I had, and I've never been one to deceive.

I wish I could tell by their clothes where some of the people come from I've seen lately. Take the girl I saw on the street in a sky blue formal, a gardenia in her hair and "wedgies" on her feet. Now where would you say she came from?

And the lad in kilts, a tam on his head. Plainly a soldier from somewhere, but I couldn't get close enough to see his insignia. One reason I couldn't was the 40-girl interference between me and him. I was bigger, but they were livelier.

And then the huge man holding the hand of a scrap of womanhood less than four feet tall. I thought her his small daughter yet her clothes confused me. Though her shoes were those of a child, the rest of her dress was a miniature model of a grown woman. Then I noticed her slim waist line, her curvaceous hips, her other feminine curves. A midget, I saw, not a child; evidently the man's wife.

And the old, old lady with brilliant red hair. I noticed the jostling crowd wasn't as courteous to her as it usually is to an aged woman, no matter how rushing the traffic. Dying her hair she had somehow sacrificed the respect which was her due.

A very popular item in a girl's dress just now, if one can judge by the frequency with which it is seen, is a partially encircling band of navy blue. Maybe it's a sailor's sleeve; a sailor's sleeve with an arm in it. Anyway there always seems to be a hand at the lower end of the band and a very much alive sailor at the other.

The blue band holds the girl so tightly to the sailor, it interferes with the walking of both. But I remember—

They both rode horses, the young farmer and the girl school teacher. The school teacher endured the way the young farmer's stirrup kept jabbing her ankle for the sweet excitement of having his arm about her waist. But it was rather embarrassing, the next day, to have the farmer's little brother tell her his big brother Jack got the cuff of his best pants snagged last night. Jack said he tore 'em on the wire fence but Mom said she bet the school teacher's stirrup did it. Such a long time ago! Such a short while ago!

**SOCIETY, WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS**

By MARIAN LOWRY

**LEGION AUXILIARY'S MEETING ON FRIDAY**

American Legion auxiliary announces a meeting for Friday evening of this week, eight o'clock, River Road women's clubhouse. New officers will be installed by past presidents. Mrs. John Chapman is the incoming president.

Delegates to the state convention to be held in Portland Aug. 9, 10, and 11 will be elected at this time also.

Members are asked to take the River Road bus on Winemette street and get off at Hilliard lane.

**LARSEN-LAMBERSON WEDDING JULY 1**

At a candlelight service held in the Central Lutheran church, July 1, Miss Margaret Lamberson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Lamberson, was married to Arnold Larsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Larsen.

The service was solemnized at seven o'clock, Rev. Harold Aalbu, church pastor, officiating. The decorations consisted of roses and hydrangeas.

Preceding the ceremony, Mrs. Harold Aalbu sang, "I Love You Truly," accompanied at the organ by Mrs. Kelsey, who also played the traditional wedding march.

The bride wore a satin and net floor length dress with a fingertip veil arranged from a coronet of white net dotted with seed pearls. She carried a colonial bouquet of gardenias, roses, and sweet peas.

Miss Thelma Lamberson, sister of the bride and Julian Stalsberg, uncle of the bridegroom, attended the couple. Miss Lamberson wore a gown of pink net and carried a small colonial bouquet of mixed flowers.

The reception following was held at the F. L. Larsen home. Mrs. G. A. Otterness served the cake and Mrs. Dean Stevens poured.

After a brief stay at Belknap Springs the couple will be at home at 468 Eighth Avenue west, Eugene.

**VISITORS HERE**

Sgt. and Mrs. D. R. Warren of Macon, Georgia, left Tuesday following two weeks visit here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Warren and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Seely.

While here the visitors and the Sidney Warrens attended the wedding of Miss Gertrude Moran and Lt. Paul E. Christy at St. Mary's Catholic church in Portland last Saturday.

**BOARD MEETING**

Board of directors of the Eugene Zonta club will meet Friday noon for luncheon at the Eugene hotel.

Word comes from the fifth war loan drive headquarters that the Zonta club sold slightly more than eight thousand dollars in bonds.

**SON BORN**

Word has been received of the birth of a son, David Grant, July 7, to Ensign and Mrs. George M. Lucas, Jr., at Miami, Fla. Mrs. Lucas is the former Dorothy Jonsrud of Eugene.

**WCTU EVENT**

Mrs. Christian Ermel led devotions at the meeting of West Eugene union, Women's Christian Temperance union, meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Albin Johnson. Each member took part in the program by reading some article dealing with temperance and present world conditions in this regard.

**KING'S DAUGHTERS**

King's Daughters of United Lutheran church enjoyed a lawn picnic at the home of Mrs. Lloyd Dless Wednesday evening. A short business meeting was held, when plans were made for an ice cream social Friday evening, July 21, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stalsberg.

**JUNIOR HOSTESSES REPORT ON MEETING**

The Junior Hostess organization, connected with the Lane County U.S.O., held its monthly social and business meeting at the campus Y.W.C.A. bungalow on Tuesday evening. Dessert was served.

Discussion on the increased daytime importance of the local USO club occupied most of the business period. Because of the many overseas veterans being transported the daytime hours are much busier than previously, due to the stopovers between bus and train schedules. A temporary solution has been effected by a number of local business girls who are on vacation to plan to spend one day each at the USO helping Mrs. Omar Fendall, director, while her assistant is on vacation. A permanent schedule will be arranged of girls who will assist during their days off from work.

In answer to a request made by Mrs. C. A. Huntington, county camp and hospital committee chairman, Red Cross, on behalf of the committee, the group is joining in the drive to obtain used decks of cards for soldiers being transported. All cards must be in the USO before July 16 when they will be picked up by Mrs. Huntington and taken to Camp Adair.

Miss Genevieve Hallin, past president of the Junior Hostesses, presented USO pins to Miss Virginia Hayes, Betty Hines, Billie Mendel, Clorance Terwilliger, and Rosemarie Walsh. The pins are presented after two hundred hours of service in USO. A total of thirty-two pins has been presented to Eugene Junior Hostesses.

The committee in charge was Misses Wilhelmina Gerol, June Nugent, and Marian Hansen.

**WOMEN OF MOOSE OFFICIAL VISITOR**

Mrs. Dorothy Eggleston of Seattle, grand dean of the Academy of Friendship in the Women of the Moose, will be a guest of honor at the conference of the order opening in Eugene, Friday. Other officers to be honored at the meeting include Mrs. C. O. Beitel, graduate regent of the Eugene chapter and conference leader; Mrs. Fanny May Thompson, secretary of the conference and Pillgrim member, from Klamath Falls; Mrs. Naomi Warman, Pilgrim member from Eugene; Mrs. Irene Gee of Corvallis and Mrs. Rosa Wood of Eugene, associate regents; Mrs. Ruby Bell of Klamath Falls, associate dean.

The program of events for Friday and Saturday are as follows: Friday, 9 a. m., registration at Moose hall, headquarters for all meetings; 10 a. m., panel discussion on committee activities, Mrs. Irene Gee, moderator; 1 p. m., continuation of panel discussion; 2 p. m., recess for opening of session; 2:30 p. m., beginning of business session; 7:30 p. m., reception for senior regents of chapters which have passed previous peaks; 8 p. m., regular lodge session of Eugene chapter, followed by social session.

Saturday, 9 a. m., registration; 1:30 p. m., conference chapter meeting; 8 p. m., special session for senior regents, auditing committee and recorders, Mrs. Fanny May Thompson in charge.

**MISSION CIRCLE**

Mission circle of the Lighthouse Temple met for noon potluck luncheon Wednesday at the home of Mrs. W. W. Orr, and to spend the afternoon. Mrs. Hart Armstrong, former missionary to Sumatra, talked, and Mrs. Ruth Chamberlain sang a solo. A handkerchief shower honored Mrs. Clyde Johnson, former president of the group, who is leaving to make her home in Des Moines, Iowa. The circle also presented her with a gift. A gift in token of appreciation was given Mrs. C. A. Knorr, retiring chairman of the kitchen committee. Approximately forty-five were present.

**MISS CARPENTER ENLISTS IN WAVES**

Miss Janet Mae Carpenter, Eugene, has enlisted in the Waves, reports Chief William E. Bell, recruiter-in-charge of the Eugene U. S. navy recruiting station, which handles Waves applications in this area.

In 1942, Miss Carpenter graduated from Forest Grove union high school, where she was vice-president of the freshman and junior classes, secretary-treasurer of the sophomore class, and was a member of the executive council, Girl Reserves, Girls Athletic association, glee club, and active in sports affairs.

She attended the University of Oregon, majoring in history. She is a member of the Forest Grove Methodist church. Miss Carpenter is the daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Carpenter of Eugene.

**MRS. SINGLETARY NOW IN WAC**

Mrs. Jean W. Singletary of Eugene, has completed enlistment in the women's army corps and will be called to active duty about July 23. Following her weeks basic training, Mrs. Singletary will be assigned to the

SEE SOCIETY PAGE 6

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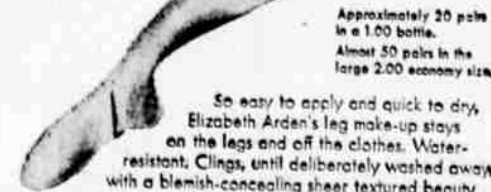
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