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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.

SMALL TOWNS AND POST-WAR
There is an interesting survey of what some of the small towns are thinking and planning for the post-war in a recent issue of "Rotarian" (filched from Mahlon Sweet.) And by "small towns," the writer, John H. Casey, means real small towns, and not places like Eugene which have begun to have some "metropolitan" aspirations and headaches. He tells mostly of little trading centers in the Middle West which aim to remain just that.

It is particularly interesting to note that these little towns—which depend so much on FARMER TRADE—have realized that to hold that trade they must make "coming to town" attractive and convenient. So, many of them are investing in municipal parking lots, community centers and many other facilities to make the farmer "prefer Smith's Crossing" as the place to do business.

Here are some samples:
Oconomowoc, Wis., pop. 4,600—Buying additional parking lots, also a block for a farmer market. Maintains community center which has combination swimming pool and skating rink—free to farmers.
Bristow, Okla.—The editor of The Record talks of "a dream building" for his weekly paper which would be a community center as well as print shop.
Rhinebeck, N. Y.—Has taxes under control, plans to develop local lake for community center.
Abilene, Kans.—Has worked out local plan for improved prices on graded farm products. (How do they get by OPA?)
St. Johns, Mich., pop. 4,500—Renounces industry, adopts development as "a county seat, educational center, religious center, with marketing, recreation, health as main objectives." Features its \$300,000 high school, its parks, playgrounds, a \$5,000 4-H building, along with its stockyards and grain elevators.

There are many other stimulating suggestions, but we have an idea that Mr. Casey has done no more than "sample the field." Our Eugene-Springfield community can afford to take a few lessons. Right now industry is the "fair haired child," but in spite of all the industrial developments which have occurred or which may take place, the main function of this town is always going to be what it always has been—trade with the surrounding country.

What are we doing to make it convenient and attractive for the farmer or logger to keep on coming to Eugene? What will happen if we do not wake up and deal courageously with the problems of parking and traffic management?

Way back yonder when Eugene was putting in parking meters, this paper conducted a survey and the average rural response read something like this:

"I don't mind paying a nickel for a quick trip to pick up something. But what do I do when I come to town to spend the day, to see my lawyer and my dentist, buy a suit of clothes, lay in a lot of feed and groceries. Do I have to park half way to Junction City—or pay parking fines?"

Eugene can learn from some of these little towns which have not forgotten that they live by trade.

IDA PATTERSON
Great teachers are both born and made. They are born with the intelligence, the human sympathy, the sincerity which are the essentials of teaching. They grow in wisdom with the experience of the years. Eugene's Ida Patterson belongs to that rare company of true teachers. Her influence endures in the lives of hundreds of men and women, and in a quality of citizenship in which democracy finds pride.

For more than 50 years, Ida Patterson taught the young—the very young. She was a woman with rich educational preparation, one of the earliest graduates of the University of Oregon; her inquiring mind never ceased to search for more learning. She might have attained the so-called "upper brackets" of education, had she so desired.

Her preference was to work with the very young, the youngsters in the primary grades. To these formative minds she imparted much more than the very necessary "three R's"; she gave them an attitude toward life, an essential understanding of the difference between right and wrong, a feeling for the obligations of loyalty and duty. She was not bound by the changing methods and fashions of "professional education." She was to the very last an interesting and inspiring person.

It would be very difficult to describe the quality which Miss Patterson had. With her it did not require a conscious effort to be the friend of the very young, and in being a friend she lost nothing of the dignity which is also requisite to the teacher and leader. Into very young minds she put lasting ideals.

When she was about to retire a few years ago, Ida Patterson said:

"It is time for me to turn this work over to younger teachers. I am tired. It is not easy for me always to give my best."

To this there was only one reply:

"You have earned some years of rest and

ease, but you are wrong if you think you have nothing more to give. You have had some things that are not found in the books and manuals. Those who went to school to Ida Patterson were fortunate beyond measure."

Of the pioneers was Ida Patterson, born here when Eugene was a frontier village. She watched it grow, helped it grow. She saw many of her boys and girls become leaders in state and nation, and she saw some of them become rich and some very "poor." She saw some of her boys march away to three wars. Her greatest reward was when they came back, as many always did, for "a visit with Miss Patterson."

She was a great teacher—strong, gentle, wise. She endures in a thousand lives.

SPEED UP FOR POST-WAR

Several times it has been stated that "the post-war has already begun". The number of men returned to Lane county alone, is more than 500, and to the state at least 10 times that many. The peak will not come until after the fighting has stopped, but already there are calls from such agencies as the federal Public Works Administration:

"What is the exact status of your preparation?"
"How much actual cash do you have on hand?"
"How far have you developed blueprints and engineering?"
"If war ended tomorrow, how much could your community really do?"

We interpret these calls as "high signs" that the leaders in Washington expect the break to come very soon—at least in Germany. The war in the Pacific may last much longer. That is expected to complicate our post-war problems on this coast—especially the reconversion to normal industry and occupation.

In Lane county we are fairly well prepared. We have approximately \$4,000,000 in cash reserves accumulated for public works. Preliminary reports of the Central Lane Council's "private works" survey indicate that business concerns are ready to put at least another \$5,000,000 into plant improvements and expansion. There is the vast reservoir of private savings, waiting for the chance to build new homes, buy new equipment, not available in wartime.

Obviously it is time to speed up detailed engineering and architectural preparation for both private and public undertakings, but we need especially to get set for that first and all-important phase of the effort which deals with the HUMAN PROBLEMS. In that department this much has been accomplished:

1. Mike Moriarty's service office is under the same roof with USES and functioning on veteran claims, job placement and "first contacts."
2. Red Cross is prepared to assist with this work and also with the detailed follow up on many phases of readjustment.
3. Letters to men and women in service are going out steadily and replies indicate a tremendous demand for MORE EDUCATION, and especially for NIGHT CLASSES.

Today it is relatively easy to place any veteran who is "placeable," but already many are returning who are permanently injured, deeply unsettled. The biggest problem of post-war is to remember that nearly every case is an individual human problem. To do that job well is going to require very careful preparation, an integration of all of the agencies which want to help.

From that old-time Eugenean who is now a resident of Washington, D. C., comes a little paragraph of warning about neglect of this part of the preparation:

"What haunts me as I go around town is to see young men back in civilian clothes with false legs, or on crutches, or with arms gone, full of bitterness of an inarticulate sort, feeling that the people don't appreciate their sacrifices and have no use for them. Some complain about social snobbery, some about business as usual, some that Congress hasn't done enough. What it may lead to I don't know."

In the small towns we have a better chance to prevent this sort of thing than in the large cities. But it could happen here, if we get smug, and take the attitude that this business ends with getting ready a few jobs which may or may not fit the needs. Washington's "broad view" is necessary but it leaves G I Joe at "the small end" of the telescope.

Looking back over the speeches at the Democratic convention, Ajax McGurk says that apparently FDR has solved more human problems than anybody in history except Dorothy Dix and the Lone Ranger. Un-huh, and gottum new man Tonto!

The Order of the Buggyride is preparing a special celebration for the return of Fred Brenne who has been scouting through the great state of Texas for manpower.

Our city fathers have done a pretty good job for several years "keeping the wolf from the door," but keeping OPA's rent bounds out of the backyard may be a more difficult matter.

A good many folks are saying it "ain't the heat but the humidity" that has kept Eugene steaming this week, but the guy down on the corner says he gets the feeling at times that this burg has chronic high blood pressure.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

Sent home by Sgt. W. M. Cox, signal corps, Italy—written by a pal.

PANORAMA OF ITALY

If I were an artist with nothing to do, I'd paint a picture, a composite view of historic Italy, in which I'd show Visions of contrast, the high and the low. There'd be towering mountains, a deep blue sea; Filthy brats yelling "Caramelle" at me; High plumed horses and colorful carts; Two-toned tresses on bustling tars. I'd show Napoleonic cops, "Carabinieri"; Dejected old women with too much to carry; A dignified old gent with Balboa beard; Bare-bottomed bambinos, with both ends smeared; Castle and palace, opera-house, too. Hotel on a mountain—marvelous view; Homes made of clay, of bricks and of wood. Folks covered with scurvy, encrusted with mud; Chapels and churches, great to behold. Each a king's ransom in glittering gold; Poverty, want, men craving for food. Picking through garbage, practically nude; Stately cathedrals with high-toned bells; Covered shelters with horrible smells; Mouldering catacombs holding the dead; Noisy civilians, clam'ring for bread; Palatial villas with palm trees tall; A stinking hovel, mere hole in the wall; Tree-fringed lawns, swept by the breeze; Goats wading in filth, up to their knees. Revealing statues, all too complete; A sensual lass with sores on her feet; Big-breasted damsels with never a bra Bumping against you — there should be a law! Creeping boulevards, a spangled team; Alleys that wind like a dope-fiend's dream; Flowers blooming on the side of a hill; A sidewalk latrine with privacy nil; Two-by-four shops, their shelves all bare; Gesturing merchants, arms flailing the air; Narrow gauge sidewalks, more like a shelf; Ricket-swell'd youngster, scratching himself; Lumbering carts hogging the road; Nondescript trucks, frequently towed; Diminutive donkeys, loaded for bear; Horse-drawn taxis, seeking a fare; Determined pedestrians, court-ing disaster. Walking in gutters where movement is faster; Italian drivers, all accident-bound. Weaving and twisting to cover the ground; Home-made weed brooms tied to a stick Used in the street to clean off the brick; Barbers galore with manners quite mild; Prolific women all heavy with child—

Il Duce's weapon, kids by the score, Caused by his bonus which is no more.

Arrogant wretches picking up snipes; Miniature Fiats of various types; Young street singer, hand-organ tune. Shoe-shining boys, your side-walk saloon; A beauteous maiden, smile on her face. With breath of garlic fouling the place; Listless housewife, no shoes on her feet. Washing and cooking right on the street; The family wash of tattle-tale grey. Hangs from the balcony, blocking the way; Native coffee—God! What a mixture!— Tiled bathroom with only one fixture; Families dining from one common bowl. Next to a fish store, a horrible hole; Italian zoot — suiters flashily dressed; Barefooted beggars looking depressed. Dirt-smeared children clustering about. Filling their jugs from community spout; A dutiful mother with look of despair. Picking at lice, in her small daughter's hair. Capable craftsmen skilled in their art; Decrepit old shacks falling apart; Intricate needlework out on display. Surrounded by filth, rot and decay; Elegant caskets carved by hand; Odorous factories where leather is tanned; A shoemaker's shop; black market stores. Crawling with vermin, no screens on the doors. I've tried to describe the things I've seen— Panorama of Italy, the brown and the green; I've neglected the war scars, visible yet. But those are things I want to forget. I'm glad I came, but darned anxious to go— Give it back to the natives— I'm ready to blow!

SUGGESTION

EUGENE—(To the Editor)—I have often wondered why there is not a more central depot somewhere on Willamette street for the collection of salvage paper. Many women would be glad to make a practice of taking a bundle of magazines downtown with each shopping trip, but the present collection center seems impossibly far away.

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY LEEPER.

FAITH

Dear Lord I long to walk with thee,
I know my faith hath miry been;
O come and take me by the hand,
And lead me from the path of sin.

I know that thou wilt hear my prayer,
Altho my steps have gone astray;
Thou wilt forgive and not forsake,
The one who walks the narrow way.

I pray thee Lord through thy dear son,
His sacrifice and bleeding side;
To take me home to dwell with thee,
And sing thy praise in Paradise.

Thou art the God of heaven and earth,
God of the stars, sun, moon, and sea;
No one but thee can save my soul,
With blessing through eternity.

And so I pray cleanse thou my heart,
That I may love thee more and more;
And with my Saviour dwell with thee,
Forever on bright Canaan's shore.

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