

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER (Published Every Evening and Sunday) EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Alton F. Mack...

HE READS 'EM—AND WEEPS!

One of the ablest and most stimulating teachers on the University of Oregon campus — by student verdict — is Ed Lesch (Dr. E. C. A.) the Shakespearean. Recently he was visited by a journalism student, reporting for The Summer Sun, to get his notions on newspapers and this is the result:

"With an admittedly wide knowledge of newspapers (I read the New York Times and the Christian Science Monitor, the latter primarily to find out about my favorite Chicago Cubs, and have the Oregonian, the Oregon Journal, and the local sheet thrown at or near my door), yet I despise newspapers," says Dr. E. C. A. Lesch, professor of English and head of the department for the Summer Session.

"I can't forgive newspapers for not taking their responsibility—a courageous responsibility—for social good," he continued in an interview. "They have become only corporations, big business concerns, working only to maintain the good will of business men, and taking the local attitude toward vice rather than the courageous one."

When the idea was advanced that this would scarcely be in the field of the campus paper, Professor Lesch countered that there were responsibilities he wished campus journalists would learn, to write lucidly, to be accurate, and not to confuse bad jokes with good, nor editorial matter with straight news.

That is just about what Ed Lesch might be expected to tell an earnest journalism major. He uses the same "lash" of ready wit and quick tongue in his literature classes. He has stung many a drowsy or frivolous or lazy adolescent into at least partial awareness of literature or life. We are not surprised or shocked that Mr. Lesch does not approve the press, but—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

What is this "social responsibility" toward which the press is so negligent? To be sure, we are highly commercial, often venal. We peddle news and comment on the news, and most of us learn very quickly that to tell what happened today is much more important than any opinion we may offer as to why it happened. But what did happen today? How much out of all the swirling human events is worth fishing out?

"... a lieutenant general is killed... Eugene girl wants to be Miss Oregon... casualties pass 311,000... Mrs. Kalanquin has a 15-foot 7-inch hollyhock (maybe Gardner Lesch could beat it)..."

After a good deal of "legwork" it is possible to list all known rent complaints, indicating average increase of 28 per cent, but a workman calls to ask:

"Where were the baseball scores? And when do we get crossword puzzles back?"

How long does it take to persuade a community to build a sewer or remove a garbage dump? What does Shakespeare teach about "social responsibility"? Of course, it has been said that he also was a "commercial artist," but he managed to get a deal of human nature into his "mirror."

We can afford to be "despised," so long as we are read—maybe!

JACK LUCKEY OF THE RIVER

Not often does death strike at one family so rapidly as it did the Luckeys in the space of a few hours. It took Mr. and Mrs. John Luckey, advanced in year and it claimed their son, Jack, no longer a young man, but one who might have had an 'expectancy' of many more useful years. It depleted a family long associated with the development of this town.

The elder Luckeys are mourned in the thinning ranks of "the old timers." Jack Luckey was "of these later years" and he played an unique part in the public and "semi-public" life of the community. He was a man who lived mainly for his friends. He had exceptional talents for organization. He did not seek office or honors but they often sought him. When he became secretary of the Elks, a period of real prosperity for that order began. When he was drafted as president of the Eugene Chamber of Commerce, there was an end of silly feuds.

Jack Luckey could have had many more positions of "prominence," had he chosen, but he did not choose. His greatest interest was in the Oregon outdoors, the sport and companionship to be had in the forests and along the mountain streams. It might be said that he will always be remembered as "a McKenzie man."

When he began to write of fishing for the Morning News, it was with something more than the authority of the expert. He loved the river and the sport it gave. When he told a tale of a fishing trip, it conveyed all the excitement of fast water, and dancing sunlight and "the signs" which tell where trout leap and live.

Without pretending to be a philosopher, Jack was one. That is "a gift." Some time all those stories of his should be collected. In them is much history of Oregon life when it was still at its best, when there were still

places remote, before too much "progress." Man and boy, Jack Luckey treasured a love which cannot be replaced.

Well, the campaign is now on, and McGurk says he really envies some of the boys who are out there with nothing to worry about but the din of battle.

Old Grouch says that now we have an "ordered economy," he fails to see any economy. No, but we have lots of orders.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By PETER EDSON (Register-Guard Washington Correspondent)

By S. BURTON HEATH

NEW YORK—At very long last an intelligent, planned attempt is under way to help business make friends with its home town people—its own employees, its local businessmen and city fathers and all those others upon whom the future of the American capitalist system may depend.

Businessmen used to consider themselves superior to public opinion. Those were the "public be damned" times. They hired and fired, manufactured and sold, fixed wages and prices at their own sweet wills, and if the public didn't like it, what then? It was their business, wasn't it?

Those days have gone, probably forever. They began to go even before the great depression, and they disappeared fast when the depression bred an intense if not always intelligent public interest in economics and business practices.

For a while the men of big business were honestly puzzled by the hearty hatred that threatened to engulf them. Then they were honestly exasperated by it. They knew that the whole economy of the country was based upon employment. If employers were ruined, employment would disappear and there would be no economy. Couldn't the public understand anything as simple as that?

It was several years before some business began to realize that the public did not understand. One major reason for the public's failure was the high and mighty attitude that business as a whole had been taking—its failure to let the man in the street know, by specific illustration, what business contributes to the American way of life.

They're Bringing the Message Home From the time that this realization permeated business skulls, there was a campaign, still expanding, to sell to the public the fundamental importance of business to the prosperity and happiness of labor. A fair job has been done. Progress is being made.

That campaign, however, has been mostly on the broad, over-all national scale. Some of the keener minds have awakened to the fact that this is not enough. A worker can be fully persuaded that his own prosperity depends, generally, upon an economy of free enterprise, and yet can be completely blind to the contribution being made by the very company on whose payroll he is employed.

One of the country's biggest public relations firms has co-operated in preparing a series of advertisements for use by businesses in their home town papers. One of the men who helped to prepare the advertisements tell a personal experience that helped formulate the approach:

"I grew up in a Pennsylvania city that had three or four really large industrial employers. Yet even today I do not know what any one of them contributed to that city and to my family and me. It is a realization that they must have been important."

"I hired a lot of men, who supported families on their wages. Those families paid rent, patronized grocers, clothiers, furniture stores, picture houses, trolley companies and bus lines, drug stores, cobblers' shops, automobile salesrooms, garages and filling stations, tailors and barbers and beauty parlors. The employees of those industries, and the owners and workers in the stores and service industries, all bought insurance, put savings into the banks, used checking accounts, etc. They Just Didn't Bother"

"Almost everything spread out from those four shops, but I didn't know it then. They never troubled to tell us. I might not realize it now, except that a railroad that had shops there asked the City Council for some tax relief. The Council, which didn't know any more than I did about what the shops meant to the town, refused. The shops were moved. They took with them a lot of families, and left other wage-earners jobless."

"It's my guess that if that railroad had told the townspeople some cold facts about what it was doing for our city, some way would have been found to keep the shops there."

Preparation of these advertisements, designed to be localized by employers, probably is the first organized attempt to help industries sell themselves in their home towns. It grew out of a round-table sponsored last January by Editor & Publisher, the newspaper trade journal.

The step is significant because it marks the first active recognition on behalf of business generally that no business in these times can remain bigger or more prosperous or safer than its place in the affections of the city in which it is located.

OLIVE BARBER'S OBSERVATIONS

ABOUT LAURA The person who exclaimed, "That which I feared hath come upon me!" must have known Laura; or some other member of the Laura tribe. Laura fears that in all business transactions she's being got the best of; she usually is. She just knows her friends talk about her; well, they do. She's afraid the milkman will give her old milk; sometimes he does. The eggs she buys she knows will be old; a good many times they are. Her new dress is going to shrink; it does. For years she suspected her husband would prove unfaithful; he finally did.

She's never had any children; says children are ungrateful, neglectful and disrespectful. Hers probably would have been.

Now it wouldn't be so bad if she kept her malarial beliefs to herself. But she wants to evangelize the world. So when her neighbor's husband brings his wife a pot of flowers, or a box of candy, Laura tells the woman he's trying to cover-up; he's probably lost the housekeeping money in a game of poker and the potted flower is so much soft soap. Having planted this little vicious seed of doubt, Laura felt she'd done her good deed for the day.

A young girl living near by works in an office. She had her pay raised the other day. Telling the joyful news, Laura's eyes were bright with malice as she drew her tones insinuating, "So the boss raised your wages, did he?" The girl raised bewildered eyes to Laura's deliberately knowing ones and then, getting the implication, all the joy was wiped from her face; joy in the thought that she was really making good at her job was replaced by fear of the future.

Over my own job she grows most sarcastic of all. "Imagine getting paid to deceive people! All that stuff about the world being a fine place! That people are good; tripe like that. Look at the war!" "Yes, look at it," I come back. "And then take a good look at yourself. It's people like you made the war." This isn't logic, but one doesn't have to use logic with Laura. A black jack would get better results.

"The dog Angus you tell the people about has fleas and sheds hair. And I bet the hens Ophelia and Juliette don't lay and make horrible sounds when they cackle."

"Don't ever get a dog of your own." I tell Laura. "It would bite you and get hydrophobia. Don't get chickens either; one look at you and they'd break out with the pip."

SOCIETY, WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

By MARIAN LOWRY

SMITH-PETERSON WEDDING IS SUNDAY

The marriage of Miss Lela May Peterson, formerly of Springfield, New of Heppner, Ore., to Everett Kenneth Smith of Everett, Wash., was solemnized Sunday afternoon at two o'clock in the chapel room of the Springfield Christian church. Rev. Claude O'Brien officiating. The room was decorated with white and peach gladioluses. About thirty-five relatives and friends attended the wedding.

For the music, Mrs. R. E. Mosier sang "Because," accompanied by Mrs. Tom Lusby, who played the traditional wedding marches.

The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Van Peterson of Springfield, wore a floor length dress of white, fashioned with a lace bodice with sweetheart neckline, and a gathered skirt of double net. The veil was fingertip in length and was arranged from a beaded tiara.

Miss Margo Wright of Portland was bridesmaid. She wore a blue sheer, floor length dress that was fashioned with fitted bodice, gathered skirt, sweetheart neckline, and trimmed in white lace. Her flowers were a bouquet of pink rosebuds.

Bruce Smith of Everett, Wash., brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Runte in Eugene. Miss Dorothy Smith, sister of the bridegroom, had charge of the guest book. The home was decorated with peach and white gladioluses and blue hydrangeas.

Mrs. Runte cut the cake and Mrs. Jack Howard of Everett, Wash., mother of the bridegroom, served the punch. Miss Violet Runte and Mrs. William J. Wheeler assisted in serving.

The couple left for the coast on a trip and will be at home in Heppner the last of August. Mr. Smith is principal of the grade school there. The bride graduated from Northwest Christian college in Eugene and also from Oregon College of Education in Monmouth. She has been teaching in Heppner for the past three years.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH VISIT IN EUGENE

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Smith of Portland were here over Tuesday and were guests of Mr. Smith's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Herald W. White. Mr. Smith was guest speaker for the Rotary club luncheon Tuesday noon. The Smiths are on their way to eastern Oregon to spend the month of August at their ranch.

On Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were dinner guests of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Hunter. Mr. Smith is a member of the state board of higher education.

MRS. PERKINS HERE

Mrs. Lucy Perkins, formerly of Eugene, is here for a time and is staying at the Osburn hotel. Mrs. Perkins now lives at Stockton, Calif., but came here from Seattle. She has many friends here, having been chaperon at the Alpha Delta Pi sorority for many years.

ILLASHEE DIVISION

Illashee Division and the members of the B. of L. E. will hold a potluck picnic Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Merriman. All those attending are asked to bring their own bread-and-butter sandwiches and their dishes and silverware.

MEETING CALLED OFF

Pythian Sisters announce that their meeting planned for Tuesday evening of this week has been called off. The next regular event for the lodge will be the first regular meeting in September.

Schoolmates Now Generals

PULLMAN, Wash.—(U.P.)—Two little boys the same age who sat next to each other in a Palouse grade school room some four decades ago, both grew up to be brigadier generals in the U. S. army.

They are Brig. Gen. Charles Ankorn of Colorado Springs, Colo., and Brig. Gen. S. Lusk McCroskey, whose father, Sam, lives at Colfax.

Both are remembered as inland empire collegiate athletic stars. Ankorn played on several University of Idaho teams, while McCroskey was a track man at WSC here where he took his B.A. degree in 1916.

McCroskey was made a brigadier general July 3, 1942, and has been serving overseas with the division of supplies.

Ankorn achieved his brigadier general's rank on his 50th birthday, Sept. 11, 1943. Only a short while later while participating in the conquest of Sicily he suffered the loss of a leg when the jeep in which he was riding struck a land mine.

Flax Seed, Straw Crops Small This Year

CORVALLIS, Ore.—(U.P.)—The flax seed and straw crops will be much smaller this year than had been anticipated as a result of the unusual growing conditions brought about by low soil moisture and low humidity in June and several fairly high temperature periods while seed was forming, according to E. G. Nelson, federal flax specialist. Rapid early plant growth was brought about by commercial fertilizer, but the late moisture supply was not sufficient to support this growth.

RUGS CLEANED Electric Cleaners Ph. 306



EVELYN SCHWIER, Yeoman 2c

YEOMAN SCHWIER HERE TO TELL ABOUT SPARS

Who the Spars are and their needs for new recruits are being told this week in Eugene by Miss Evelyn Schwier, yeoman 2c, who is here through Saturday in a program of recruiting.

Yeoman Schwier is at the Eugene hotel from nine-thirty until five o'clock each day, or she may be telephoned at 191 for appointment.

The Spars are open to women between twenty and thirty-six years of age, and Yeoman Schwier has interesting information about the work of this branch of women's service, and how women may help in the war effort by joining the Spars. She has her headquarters at the Eugene hotel where is the space for the war bond drives.

Yeoman Schwier has been in the Spars since December of 1942, being one of the first group. She has been in Oregon since July of 1943, having her headquarters in Portland. Her home is in Fort Worth, Texas.

At a candlelight service solemnized Tuesday evening, July 25, in the First Congregational church, Miss Deloras Wheeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Judson Wheeler of Eugene, was married to Victor Berkey, R. M. 1-c U. S. navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson of Olympia, Wash.

BERKEY-WHEELER WEDDING JULY 25

At a candlelight service solemnized Tuesday evening, July 25, in the First Congregational church, Miss Deloras Wheeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Judson Wheeler of Eugene, was married to Victor Berkey, R. M. 1-c U. S. navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson of Olympia, Wash.

Tall candelabrum holding lighted tapers, white baskets of gladioluses, and palms formed the background for the double ring ceremony performed by Dr. Vance H. Webster of the First Baptist church.

Preceding the ceremony Miss Mona Daniels sang "Because" and "I Love You Truly," accompanied by Glenn Griffith at the organ. Mr. Griffith also played the processional from Wagner's Lohengrin and the recessional of Mendelssohn.

In White Satin

The bride, given in marriage by her father, was charming in a gown of heavy white satin in basque style with long sleeves and a full skirt which ended in a train. The bodice was fashioned with a lace yoke bordered with seed pearls. The English tulle veil edged with chantilly lace fell from a beaded tiara and was fingertip in length. The bride's flowers were of white gladioluses centered with an orchid from which cascaded streamers of white satin ribbon caught with sweetheart roses and stephanotis.

The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. E. L. Richey, as matron of honor, and two former schoolmates, Miss Shirley Coombs and Miss Gladys McNutt as bridesmaids. Mrs. Richey wore a dress of pink organza with inserts of wide lace. A coronet of stephanotis was worn in her hair. Miss Coombs' dress was of peach net fashioned with a bodice of taffeta. Miss McNutt wore a blue net and lace dress made with bouffant skirt. Headdresses of the bridesmaids were of sweetheart roses with ribbons to match their dresses. Each attendant carried a Colonial bouquet of gladioluses.

Earl Backman of Eugene was best man.

Going East

For going away the bride wore a dress of creamy white woolen under a coat of sky blue with navy accessories and a corsage of orchids.

For her daughter's wedding Mrs. Wheeler wore dusty rose with black and white accessories and a corsage of gardenias.

The bridegroom's mother chose a London tan and white dress with matching accessories and wore a corsage of gardenias.

The couple will be at home in Philadelphia where Mr. Berkey will attend the university of Pennsylvania. The bride is a graduate of the University of Oregon and is a member of Phi Beta, National music and drama honorary. Mr. Berkey has been over seas for two years. Previously he attended Cheney and Ellensburg Normal Colleges, also the University of Oregon.

HARMONY CLUB

Harmony club of First Baptist church held its annual watermelon festival Monday evening, combined with a hayride. A haywagon, horse-drawn, took the crowd of more than 30 merry-makers from the church to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Korstad, on Crest Drive. Singing was enjoyed, after the watermelon was served. The next planned entertainment will be a wiener roast in two weeks, at the Jerry Adams home.

Stove Regulator Relaxed By O.P. Because of a small supply of...

U. S. SOVIET COMRADES PORTLAND, Aug. 1. Budd, field director of...

SPECIAL 7.50 MACHINES PERMANENT for 5.00 Michael's Beauty Over Seymour's

Why buy furs now? because... quality is finer now. Handpicked first-of-the-season collections like ours use only fresh-catch pelts, of which the supply is naturally limited each year.

LISTEN TO BETTY AND KORE 9:30, MON., WED., FR.