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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.

A BIG CITY VIEWPOINT?
It was sticky hot on the ground, and just before the plane took off, a little fat man bounded into the seat and adjusted his safety belt. He grumbled:

"No red caps! Not a cockeyed red cap at the railroad station or this airport, Jeez, if they see anything bigger than a lady's vanity case these days they'll duck."

Then he tilted his chair back, covered his face with a kerchief and snored till the ship came down at Toledo:

"What we stoppin' at this jerk town for? Huh? Oh! Jeez, brother, look at yourself sweat. What makes you sweat so much? Huh? Ain't used to it? Oh, so you're from Oregon. Well, what the hell you doin' back here?"

"Post-war? What's that?"
To a brief explanation that the post-war might entail some rather complicated problems, such as the maintenance of a high employment level, tax and debt adjustment and fitting many millions of veterans and war workers back into normal life, he retorted:

"Nuts! That ain't no problem at all. Let the gov'ment take care of that stuff. Me, I gotta bizness, knit stuff, two plants, about 400 people. More orders than we can take care of with the kinda help you get nowadays. Post-war? Hell, maybe I can get ridda some of these bums we get now and get some decent help. Long as bizness can get orders there'll be jobs for any that really want work. Rest of 'em? I say let the gov'ment worry about that."

"Got anybody in service from your family?"
"Sure! I gotta boy in the navy. Wanna see his picture? Look!"
"Has he been to sea yet?"
"No, he's been in one of these V-something courses, ought to get his commission this month, and he's only 20."

"Talked with any of the boys who have been in battle?"
"No, why? What's that got to do with it?"
"Oh, sometimes, it makes a big change in them, even if they don't get banged up. You might be surprised."
"Well, I say if we'd repeal all laws except the Ten Commandments, we'd be a damned sight better off than we are now."
"Might be a good idea. Why don't you try to get it through Congress?"
"Aw, quit kiddin'. Sure we gotta have gov'ment, but I say let gov'ment do the worryin'."

At South Bend, the little fat man came out from under his kerchief again and chattered all the way into Chicago:

"Don't get me wrong, see. I give money to the War Chest and the Community Fund and Red Cross and I pay taxes, and I just don't see that it's got to do with me. 'Course, now you take Chicago. It stinks. Whole dam town ought to be rebuilt. That whole gang of Kelly's that's runnin' Chicago ought to be cleaned out. I've always voted for Roosevelt and will again (I can't see this guy Dewey) but you oughta see that Democratic convention. A mess. I don't know what we're gonna do with all these race problems and labor problems that's pillin' up. Still, I'll take care of my kid, if he gets hurt by this war. I gotta bizness to run and I don't see what all this stuff has gotta do with me. I give my dough and let somebody else worry about these things. Look, you wanna see where I live. . . ."

The little guy was vaguely disturbed as he prepared to debar:

"You spoiled my whole ride."
"You asked for it."
"There you go. You're antagonistic, that's it. That's what you are. Ain't nothin' gonna happen to worry about. My kid will come out all right. S'Long."

Fortunately not all "big city men" are either so cocksure or so preoccupied with their immediate concerns. Even this hard-bitten gent was visibly disturbed by the mere hint that his own boy might not be immune and that his own precious "bizness" might get bumped. Nor is it easy for any of us to keep in mind that the thing called "gov'ment" is not of by and for the politicians, but is "us."

"HOW YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM. . ."
Out of Chicago, the stewardess was an unusually attractive young woman, which is saying something, because somehow United manages to employ only very personable people. (They know all the tactful answers for every sort of situation). This gal, however, had a little something extra, a certain quality of intense interest and enthusiasm which quickly made her a favorite with all the passengers.

By the time the ship got to Des Moines, the young sailor from Tennessee was her respectful and obedient "slave"; the mother of the twins was accepting her pointers on feeding; the dignified business man who slopped his French dressing down his shirt front submitted graciously to her ministrations. After dinner had been served and cleaned up and the ship's infants bedded down the stewardess visited here and there.

"That's Omaha over there. No, we go right through to Denver tonight."
"Been with the line long?"
"Only a few months. No, I'm not a nurse. I'm a school teacher. Lots of the girls now were school teachers."

"Like it?"
"Crazy about it—but I'm going to miss the children when September comes. I still write to some of them, when I can, all about the places I've been. I got a trip to New York the other night. Somehow it wasn't as glamorous as I'd expected."
"Think you'll stay with flying?"
"Well, . . . some day I'll want to be married and have children of my own, and you know, somehow I think I'll want to teach some more,

but I don't quite think I'll ever get flying out of my system. I grew up on a farm, and I've always watched the planes overhead, and dreamed of places to see. There's so many interesting things to do, I don't see how I can get them all into one lifetime."

"Think you'll settle in a big city?"
"No. Dad's a farmer. When I'm home, I run a tractor for him. The school I taught was just a little country school. I'd like to finish college and I'd like to try my hand at writing some time, but I don't think I'd ever want to be tied to a big city permanently. You don't think all this adventuring spoils a girl, do you?"

"Nope! If you ever go back to teaching at least you'll have many things to tell about first hand. Might be a good idea if more teachers could get in a little 'adventuring'."

Some time later she was back with a lot of questions about the Pacific Coast, and the way people live and get along in this region. San Francisco! Seattle! Tall trees! Fascinating bits out of geography and history lessons.

"Dad's getting old. His four sons were all girls, and that's not so good for an Iowa farm. What Oregon be a good place. . . ."

"Sure, only be doggoned careful to know just what you're getting. . . ."

One of the twins yelled; the pilots wanted hot coffee; there were many errands, and Denver sparked up out of the darkness very soon. Trim and smiling, she had some special word for each passenger as they got out for "the stretch." The army doctor said:

"The schools of Iowa lost something when that gal took to the air."

Now this is a cockeyed idea, but suppose every young teacher were required to work and see a bit of the world as part of the "certificatiin." It is just a fleeting thought and probably not practical. Perhaps it is not in the cards that all teachers shall be vivid and interesting as people.

Hitler may live longer than he expects. It likely will take months and months to read all the charges against him.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Three distinguished men of letters set forth views and comments on questions of Americanism in Register-Guard today.

WHAT'S SO HOLY ABOUT HIROHITO?

By Wallace Irwin
Written for NEA Service

Japan still lives in the age of myth and king-worship. There is a deliberate buildup. The Mikado is a fetish of propaganda, a ceremonial doll in a lacquer box. All down the ages he has never done much more than sign the documents which the palace go-getters have ghost-written for him. During three centuries of shogunate misrule he was a mystic, worshipful push-around for political adventures. On more than one occasion two emperors were set up, and nobody seemed to know which was the divine one and which the human. Did it matter?

All down the darkness of history Shinto priests and politicians have collaborated on fairy stories featuring the Son of Heaven. There's the old one about Jimmu Tenno, alleged first emperor, whose rule began in 660 B. C. Notice how exact the date is? He was the grandson of Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, and from his blessed seed sprang a dynasty which has reigned continuously for exactly 2570 years. And if that's true, it's far too long.

This dynasty yarn was made in Japan, home of ersatz commodities. Nobody knows how often this "uninterrupted" dynasty was continued through the simple process of baby-shifting.

In the early '70s the militarists decided that the Divine One had been pushed around too much. So they staged a restoration. They took him out of his lacquer box, put him in uniform, showed him off.

And where are the honorable Samurai, the knights of old who swore, "We never give our word unless we keep it?" Ask Secretary Hull about the two modern Samurai who made a pretty peace talk at the very hour when Pearl Harbor was being bombed.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

By Marquis James
Written for NEA Service

Like all Americans my age I have seen two wars. In the first one I was an infantryman, 19 months in France. During that time the civilian world at home receded into a past so remote it seemed like another life. I grew a little hostile toward that world, which I understood did nothing but have a high time and rake in the dough.

Possibly that notion was nurtured somewhat by the fact that most of my service was with regular troops. The Army was home to the seasoned regular of 1917. He distrusted civilians instinctively. Most of these old-timers who went to France early enough never got a chance to learn whether that distrust was well-founded, because they died there.

The second or third day after I got back a big, loud, flashy fellow told me I'd been a sucker. Though only a tin-horn profiteer, he was driving a brand-new \$3900 automobile. It took some little time to get him out of my system and to learn that most of the people at home had behaved quite decently. They had worked hard, worried a lot, bought Liberty Bonds and profited very little indeed.

In this war I am an unofficial civilian and though it isn't fashionable for civilians to boast, I think the home front is in good hands. It is doing more than the home front in the other war did.

I think a good many soldiers will come home in something of the frame of mind that was mine in 1919. But I believe when they look around they'll still be proud of the old country.

THE HONEST MELTING POT

By Christopher La Farge
Written for NEA Service

Go a little below the surface and you'll find honesty in most men. Take the great myth of an Anglo-Saxon United States, for instance. A man wrote me a blast of a letter, damning me because I had damned all isolationism. He ended his letter thus: "I am 100 per cent Yankee—there is not another drop of blood other than Yankee blood in my veins."

I wrote him back and asked him why he said that. Did he think it should give him more votes in Town Meeting than me? Did it make him more valuable than the non-Yankee Swedes who settled Delaware, the Dutch who settled New York? Or, if I could prove to have some fancier, more noble ancestors than his, and all Yankees, would I outrank him?

He answered, at once. He said he was married to a French Canadian. He had two sons by her, both in service. He said, "How could I say I was better than my sons, who are fighting for their country?"

It was an honest answer. It is one that many might ponder, might be properly prouder to give than his first boast.

SOCIETY, WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS

By MARIAN LOWRY

UCT AUXILIARY ASSISTING AT USO

The Women's auxiliary of the United Commercial Travelers met Saturday evening at the Knights of Pythias hall.

The group voted to take charge as senior hostesses in furnishing food at the USO, during the week starting Sept. 11. Mrs. Harold Moell is general chairman for the USO week. Mrs. D. B. Harber presided at the Saturday gathering.

FOR VISITOR

Honoring Mrs. Don Glover of Pullman, Wash., Mrs. Elmer F. Keller entertained informally at luncheon Friday at the Eugene Country club for a small group. Mr. and Mrs. Glover have been spending some time at their place on the McKenzie and will be leaving this week.

RETURNS TO HOME

Miss Gloria Jean Foster has returned to her home at Longview, Wash., following two weeks visit with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Crimp, and her grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Foster.

HERE ON VACATION

Miss Euphem Laraway is here from Portland for two weeks vacation, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Laraway.

HERE FOR VISIT

Miss Evelyn Schoengarth, a former University of Oregon student who has been in Washington the past five years, has arrived at her home in Eugene for an extended visit.

HONORED ON BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Frances N. Crafts observed her ninety-first birthday on Sunday, and in observance of the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Crafts entertained at a dinner for her.

Others attending were Mrs. L. Crabill, Mrs. Hannah Hasselroth, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hasselroth, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Crafts. The honor guest received many gifts and greetings.

FDR Thanks Press For Recent Silence

BREMERTON, Wash. — (AP) — This is what President Roosevelt said in his radio address tonight regarding voluntary press and radio censorship of his Pacific tour:

"At this time may I add a word of appreciation to the press and radio of our country. You know we have a voluntary censorship—purely voluntary. I want to thank them for the protection and security which they gave to me and to my party at a time on this trip when nearly all the time I was within easy reach of enemy action."

"The press associations and some of the newspapers actually refused to publish the facts which they got from loyal friends who had heard of my arrival, and my

trip around the Hawaiian Islands; from local friends whose sons out there had written home about it—and didn't print it."

"That is a modern miracle."

PICTURES — Picture Framing Ruth Wheeler, 122 E. Broadway

Cottage Grove Soldier Runs Victory Garden In Jungles

WITH THE 37TH ARMY DIVISION, SOUTHWEST PACIFIC—Private John M. Sutherland of Cottage Grove, Oregon, may not have the light culinary touch ascribed to Capt. Thomas H. Shearin of Eagle Point, Oregon, who is the prize fudge maker of the 13th AAF headquarters in this area, but he nevertheless is a prime favorite with his buddies here, for the juicy vegetables he grows in his jungle victory garden.

Private Sutherland's vegetables are in great demand as a reprieve from canned rations.

While his unit is in combat, Private Sutherland feeds shells to the guns, as an ammunition handler with a field artillery outfit. After the battle he grabs a hoe and pretty soon is feeding carrots, beets, roasting ears and whatnot to his comrades.

He got his "know how" in a farming country, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sutherland, residing at route 2, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

Capt. Shearin, the Oregon fudge champion of the AAF, has a secret recipe, not weapon. It belongs to his mother and the young Liberator pilot guards it carefully. He uses a frying pan over a little gasoline lamp, but it works. Ingredients come from various and devious sources—damaged cartons of rations, swap sessions with mess sergeants, etc.

Between batches of fudge, the captain drops bombs on Rabaul, Truk, Yap, Biak and the Carolines. The Yanks like his fudge. The Japs don't like his bombs.

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EUGENE GIRL WED AT BOISE, IDAHO

The marriage of Miss Esther Elaine Ecklund, daughter of Mrs. Mae C. Ecklund of Eugene, to Pvt. Kay Walter, Fretland, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fretland of Thief River Falls, Minn., was solemnized the afternoon of July 22, at the base chapel, Gowen field, Boise, Idaho. The double ring service took place at four o'clock, Chaplain John Sanders, Gowen field, officiating.

Attending the couple were Miss Marjorie Hollingsworth of Boise as maid of honor, Pvt. James D. Anthony of Gowen field as best man.

The bride wore a dress of white satin and marquisette and with it a fingertip veil, crowned with orange blossoms. For her flowers the bride carried a bouquet of gardenias and stephanotis arranged around a white prayer book. The bride was given in marriage by Pvt. Alfred R. Robbins of Gowen field. The maid of honor wore a rose-colored taffeta dress and a corsage of gardenias and pink rosebuds.

Pvt. Harry T. Harney was usher. Pvt. Lyle Larson sang "I Love You Truly" and "Because." A small reception was held at the Boise hotel following the service.

The couple are at home at 1201 Hays, Boise, Idaho, while Pvt. Fretland is stationed at Gowen field in the weather squadron of the army air force.

Mrs. Ecklund went from Eugene for her daughter's wedding and about thirty-five friends were present for the event.

CLASS CANCELLED

Meeting of the Friendly Bible class, announced for Friday, has been cancelled, members deciding not to meet during August.

MISSIONARY SPEAKS

Miss Margaret Cuddeback, returned missionary from Japan, will be the speaker at the monthly meeting of the mission circle at the Baptist chapel, Eleventh Street at Chambers, Thursday afternoon at two-thirty o'clock. Women of the vicinity of the chapel are invited to meet with the circle.

NEW MEMBER ADDED

Mrs. Charles Maxfield was initiated as a new member of the auxiliary to United Spanish War Veterans, Monday afternoon. It was the first meeting in the post room at the armory. Mrs. Horace Burnett, Mrs. Judd Stauffer and Mrs. Walter R. Hall were appointed a committee to purchase a piano.

Reports of the convention were held, and plans were formed for a picnic meeting August 27 at the R. E. Peerce home on Beacon Drive.

W. OF M. MEETINGS

Mrs. C. B. Christian and Mrs. Retta Sylvers won honors at bridge, and Mrs. W. B. Baldwin and Mrs. David A. Haagart, at pinochle, at the card party of the Women of the Moose, Monday afternoon.

Sewing group of the order met at the home of Mrs. Joe Bartlett, Monday evening, working upon quilts.

GROUP ELECTS

Election of officers was held by Iota Sigma, Monday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Clifford Gray, when former officers were hostesses at a one o'clock luncheon. Mrs. Henry Burch now heads the group as president, and other officers, re-elected, are Mrs. Leo Deffenbacher, vice president; Mrs. Floyd Travis, secretary, and Mrs. Irma Ward, treasurer.

Next meeting will be held September 11.

Japan's Black Dragon Element Must Go, Says Admiral Gatch

SALEM, Ore. — (AP) — Rear Adm. Thomas L. Gatch, judge advocate general of the navy, declared yesterday that the United States will not be safe from another treacherous attack by Japan unless the Black Dragon society and all such "fire-eating, sword-rattling" elements of Japan are completely liquidated.

Commander of the battleship South Dakota during the battle of Savo, when it downed 32 Japanese planes and sunk three enemy destroyers, Adm. Gatch spoke at Willamette university here upon receiving an honorary degree. He is a native of Salem.

He said that our allies in Europe could be depended upon to see that Germany would never again be able to follow the lead of a "gangster" but that the westward problem is primarily ours.

Adm. Gatch said it had been a great mistake to limit naval armament—"the very armament upon which the two great peaceful nations primarily depended" after the last war and that it would only lead to another war if such steps were taken again.

Reminding his listeners that many a good fight was finally lost because the winning side stopped too soon, he asked for a continued unceasing effort to "finish these wars."

He condemned those who are continually asking "What are we fighting for?" and compared the question to asking a man what he is breathing for. The simple and clear cut answer is "So that our sons and grandsons will not have to fight in their day."

In order to win the peace this time and prevent future wars, he said "the only safe thing we can do is to maintain such an arma-

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"WHY THE RISING SUN IN YOUR TRADE MARK?"

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The answer is, of course, that the sun in our trade mark is a setting sun, symbolic of the West and of our pioneer Sunset Route between New Orleans and San Francisco.

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