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CHAMBERS-WESTMORLAND WELCOME

One of the first chores of the new Eugene City administration will be to make the new citizens of the Chambers-Westmorland area feel that they are truly welcome. When it is possible to build the new sewer lines for which the people have voted money, this area should be among the first to get that service because they need it badly.

In common with the rest of the West Side, this area, with a very heavy school population needs parks and playgrounds, even if they are somewhat "primitive" for the time being. The old airport and the large tract which the city has saved along West Thirteenth near Polk street have good possibilities.

People in that area understand that it will not be possible to work "miracles," but theirs is an area which in the immediate post-war is destined to intensive development. One of the most important needs is to get something resembling a proper plan for future streets and highway connections in that area.

Most of the Chambers-Westmorland people have been sending their children to the Eugene schools for many years, and they have endured with other West-siders the serious overcrowding of the old Lincoln grade school. Superintendent Henry Gunn has been working on a plan to open at least three classrooms for "little kids" in some of the buildings on the old airport which were fitted up at the beginning of the war for Vocational School classes.

These buildings are not handsome and they are not permanent, but they have excellent lighting and good heating arrangements, and they can save some of the youngsters a long walk. The entire area will benefit from the school plans which are now being discussed by the Eugene board and those of some 12 adjacent districts.

Incidentally there is a bit of encouraging news on the Amazon drainage project. The flood control bill adopted by Congress this week includes an additional \$20,000,000 for the Willamette Basin Project, out of which it is believed may come some \$250,000 for the supplemental works on the Amazon. This allocation is not yet definite; it may not be possible to get the work done till war is over, but the biggest hurdle has been passed with the basic appropriation.

An extension of city boundaries makes a city "bigger," but this means nothing unless it makes it definitely better. The thrifty people who have pioneered Chambers-Westmorland, under difficulties, have shown their faith in Eugene.

NEWS VS. ARMY SECURITY

With the complaint of reporters on the European front that SHAEF has put too tight a lid on news of the dramatic German "break-through," we cannot agree. Perhaps that is because we see too many people who have sons somewhere in that sector of fighting, and because we share the general confidence that General Eisenhower will know what to do and how and when to do it.

It is an encouraging rather than discouraging sign that our high command takes this German thrust so seriously. There are indications, in the reports which are filtering through, that this German thrust is two things:

- 1. Well timed and well planned to take advantage of temporary weakness of supply and support on that sector of the European front.
2. A fanatical and even suicidal gesture.
In other words, the German staff seems to have done the tactical planning with its usual skill, although Heinrich Himmler (batting for Adolf) may have master-minded the strategy. The American army viewpoint may have been expressed yesterday by one experienced field officer who discussed the situation with a group of citizens. A civilian said:

"Oh well, it's a good deal like those last minute passing attacks which the losing football team launches in the last minutes of a game. They scare you to death but they don't get any place."
The field officer did not take any such complacent view of the German "passing attack." He said:
"We've all seen some games lost by getting too cocky. Not being on the ground, I wouldn't venture to guess how serious this may be, but I can assure you that no leader in the field ever takes these things lightly. The Germans could not hope to drive us out of Europe, but they could knock our winter offensive off balance and delay victory by many months and too many lives."
The partial reports indicate a "highly

fluid" and confused battle in the sector of the German push. This in our opinion justified Eisenhower in delaying or holding out reports which might jeopardize American units which have been "overrun" or others which are moving up to relief, and you can bet your bottom dollar that plenty are moving up.

There is no reason to be "panicky," to feel that the Germans might possibly have developed some super-weapon or tactic which would undo all that has been accomplished. Neither is there any reason for the kind of complacency which expects the Germans to be trapped and annihilated in the salient which they have created, and that the long awaited "crack-up" in Germany will follow swiftly.

We are fighting a ruthless and desperate but extremely skillful foe. We shall probably have to take quite a bit of "counter-punching" before this is over.

OUT OF THE WOODS

By JAMES STEVENS

THE FIRST BUNYAN

The words I don't remember, but the story itself always rises in my mind at this season. It was the first Paul Bunyan yarn I ever set down on paper. The time was December, 1918. The place was the village of Contre, France. Earlier in the year the Stars and Stripes had run some Bunyan stories. I remembered this one among others I'd heard in the woods and wrote it for the AEF newspaper. Here's my first Paul Bunyan, in new words:

Paul Bunyan's Seven Axmen were the hardest workers that ever raised a sweat or grew hair. Whenever they had a job to tackle, they'd bull right into it without a worry or a thought. The Seven Axmen were hardly ever known to use their heads. The which was likely why they never rose above the rank of choppers in Paul Bunyan's logging crew, even though they were such workers that Paul used to have to chain 'em up in the bunkhouses on Sundays, Christmas and the Fourth of July—and they weren't busheling, either.

The Seven Axmen always toted doughnuts to the woods in the mornings, of such a size that each man could wear one like a ruff around his neck. When the dinner horn blew at noon the Seven Axmen would not miss a lick. Chopping on, they'd start gnawing at their doughnut ruffs, shouldering them around and around with every ax lick until the last crumb was gone.

A Strange and Wonderful Tree
One day, in a thick fog, the Seven Axmen lined up to work on the biggest shape of a tree they had ever seen in the woods. With the first strokes of their axes, every man had a feeling something was wrong. The bark of the big tree was as tough as leather, it looked like leather, and like leather it smelled. But the Seven Axmen chopped on, each working like seven regular axmen, or 49 in all.

Then the bark changed. The chips that popped out now from their axes looked to be all wool and a yard wide. The tree seemed more and more peculiar to the Seven Axmen, but they would never stop their work to figure on a job problem. The Seven Axmen chopped away like fury.

The undercut deepened. There was no more wool. Instead, a most peculiar kind of sawwood was bared to the blades of the Seven Axmen. It was white in hue, with huge rusty spots, and there were whiskers on it. It was more like hide than wood.

"And that's what it is, by the old Mackinaw!" one of the Axmen suddenly hollered. (He was the only smart one of the seven—Brain Brainson by name.) "I mean human hide, and it's got freckles on it—men, this here ain't no tree, but the leg of the Big Swede we are choppin' down! Run for your lives!"

A Bunyan Proverb
The warning came too late. It was indeed the leg of Hells Helson, the Big Swede, who was so big he could use Niagara Falls for a shower bath. Even as the Axman yelled, a blade bit through one of his leg freckles and drew blood. The Big Swede kicked like a hundred horses, he roared like a hundred bulls, and he knocked down a swath of timber a hundred yards wide as he tore off through the fog, bellowing, "Snakes! Snakes!"

In his wake the Seven Axmen—they were mites of men beside the Big Swede, not one of them measuring more than three yards around the ribs—were heaved and banged about like bugs in a cyclone. It was three weeks before they were fit to work again. Then Paul Bunyan gave them a moral to ponder. This was the moral:

"No matter what a rush you get into, men, always remember you ain't used a particle of tomorrow yet."

P. S. The Stars and Stripes did not print my contribution; but now, 26 years later, my Paul Bunyan book has been printed in an "Armed Services Edition" for the fighting men overseas, Merry Christmas.

OLIVE BARBER'S OBSERVATIONS

SOME ACTS OF KINDNESS

Folk behaviour: Because demand is greater than supply, the lack of competition is bringing out a new courtesy among clerks. When competition was keen, clerks sometimes tried to sell an article to a customer against the customer's better judgment. Now that clerks know they'll sell everything in any case, they not infrequently advise the would-be purchaser against buying. It a woman who was trying to find a becoming hat, I pleased me, the other day, to hear a clerk say to "Well we've tried them all and I can see you are no more satisfied than I. Why don't you try the store down the street. They carry a larger line of hats than we do."

Waiting in line at the postoffice to mail a package, the wait was lengthened because a boy brought a package which was poorly wrapped. It was being sent overseas to his brother in the service. The woman clerk at the window exclaimed over the awkward wrapping, then raised the window grill, took the package and rewrapped it herself. Though the waiting line was long, I saw no one look irritated at the delay. Instead, every one in the line seemed interested in the rewrapping job going on at the window. And again it came to me as it so often does, we're pretty fine folk, that's what we are!

I didn't see the following incident but a friend did and told me of it. The meter system for parked cars is used here. The car must either be moved or another nickle dropped in the meter when the hour is up, or the car is hauled away by the city. Which will cost the owner a pretty penny before the car is returned. My friend happened to be near a car the other day when a little woman rushed out of a store and to her car. She had parked overtime and she knew it. She was poorly clad as were the four children waiting for her in the delapidated jalopy.

Looking at the meter, she saw her parking time had been extended. She exclaimed over this and the oldest child told her a man had come along, noticed the parking time was about up and had put some money in the meter. Little incidents like this seem especially dear during these times when "mans inhumanity to man" is a constant and increasing horror.

Mailbag

CHRISTMAS

'Twas Christmas day in Bethlehem,
And in a manger lay a babe,
Destined to save the world from sin,
For He was born all may be saved.
The Wise Men watched the guiding star
That led them to Christ's humble birth;
Angelic hosts sang in the sky—
God's only Son had come to earth.
When Christ was only twelve years old,
He taught the Jews to watch and pray,
That they could have eternal life,
For He was life, the truth, the way;
Some of the Jews would not believe
And Pharisees did threat and peeve.

He spent His life in doing good,
He fed the hungry, gave them food,
The leper cleansed, the blind could see,
And many healed in Galilee;
He raised the dead, the lame could walk,
The dumb were blessed so they could talk.

Christ suffered on that rugged cross,
From nails and thorns and cruel spear;
And yet He cried, "O Lord, forgive,
They know not 'tis thy Son that's here."

In three days Christ arose again,
Ascended to His heavenly throne;
Now all who will believe in Him
May find in Heaven their happy home.

O what a meeting that will be,
When we shall gather round
God's throne,
Sing halleluah to the Lamb
That came and claimed us for His own;
I pray thee, Lord, with all my heart,
Cleanse me from sin and set me free,
That I may love Thee more and more,
And praise Thee through eternity.

Percival I. Rust.

PAY 'EM BACK

They have had an earthquake in Japan so they say,
Right on Pearl Harbor day,
Now with our Superforts coming in high or low,
Give them bombs instead of drugs and bandages.

That will make them rock to and fro,
So they will not forget to remember it is not the same as it was
Just twenty-one years ago.
Dec. 8, 1944

Editor, Dear Sir:
I thought maybe you would like to print this in your paper.
Yours truly,
H. E. Baldwin,
Oakridge, Ore.

(Eugene, To the Editor)—
Gentlemen: I want to commend you for the splendid way in that you cooperated with the "Our Churches" in so many ways.

The daily Bible reading, and numerous other items of religion. It really means a lot to so many of us. And many read these passages of the Bible in the paper, who don't read the Bible. I am very grateful.
Mrs. Janice McClain.
P. S. I am wishing you a grand Christmas.

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