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'Town to Come Home To'

Not long ago Clyde W. Brooks came to Eugene and went to work for the Register-Guard as a printer. The other day he got a letter from his daughter, Helen, back in Kansas. She had been going through the attic and found a copy of the Woman's Home Companion for November, 1941. A page in the old magazine caught her eye. In the foreground was the picture of a sailor with his baggage waiting beside a sign which reads: ENTERING EUGENE OREGON U. S. 99

Below that is an article by Patricia Lochridge under the heading: "A TOWN TO COME HOME TO."

So, Helen Brooks wrote to her dad in Eugene:

"It seems Eugene isn't anybody's hick town by a long shot. I mean I have heard it mentioned different times before a lot."

Mr. Brooks thought we might be interested in this little manifestation of "bread upon the waters." We are. It will be recalled that Pat Lochridge followed Sgt. Newt Oliphant and the boys from YANK magazine in publishing extended reports of Eugene's post war preparations, especially the \$5 million of cash reserves which were being laid aside for public development projects.

Of course, the post war so far has not followed specifications. So far, we have had BOOM instead of BUST, and for returning veterans the biggest problem has been to find housing rather than a job. Nevertheless, we might ask ourselves:

"Just how well has this community lived up to the national publicity which it got in war time? Have we really done a better job than cities which did not happen to catch the attention of national writers?"

In our opinion, we still have more credits than debits on the ledger but there isn't anybody who lives here who is really qualified to judge. It might be a helpful thing to ask Pat Lochridge or Newt Oliphant to come back and give us the works on a re-rating. It is always helpful to see ourselves as others see us.

History No "Sentimental Journey"

Not many people were privileged to hear Dr. Howard Driggs, president of the National Pioneer Trails Association during his recent visit to Eugene, and therefore we welcome the opportunity to present the excellent account of his talks on pioneer history, as presented in today's contribution by Mrs. Lucia Moore. These things catch our notice in her quotes of Dr. Driggs:

Children prefer historical truth to romantic historical fiction.
Stop portraying pioneers as graybeards and decrepit oldsters when they were in fact men in the prime of youth and vigor.
Don't permit historical buildings and landmarks to be destroyed, because in many cases they can be used to preserve our links with the past.

Through the National Trails Association, Dr. Driggs is carrying on the valuable work begun years ago under the guidance of Ezra Meeker—marking the principal routes of the 500,000 pioneers who added 20 states to the Union. To many, such markers have only a certain sentimental value. Others are inclined to scoff; you may recall the satirical comedy a few years back "George Washington Slept Here."

However, these historical markers are invaluable to the historian and to the teacher of history. It is never possible to re-create history, but it is possible to make it come alive again by translating it into terms of common experience. Thoughtless youngsters who had been shooting up or tearing down markers on the old Pony Express routes changed their attitude entirely when Dr. Driggs told them:

"Many boys no older than you gave their lives carrying the mail over these routes."

At Valley Forge or Gettysburg or Concord or Lexington, you find many markers, perpetuating many names which are not of tremendous importance in themselves until we think of them as people like ourselves and of ourselves and of people very much like them.

The story of the Oregon Trail has little meaning until it finds some equivalent in our own experience. In a few days or a few hours we can whisk over mountains and plains which required many months for the men and women of 100 years ago to traverse. Few of us have had the experience of pulling up stakes and setting out for strange lands.

But the differences between ourselves and the people of history are more imaginary than real. Any GI who followed Eisenhower into North Africa could talk the language of the men who followed Washington at Valley Forge or Pickett at Gettysburg. Still arriving in Eugene and people who could echo Elijah Bristow's words when he paced out the first white man's cabin at Pleasant Hill:

"This is my claim. Here will I live, and here when I die will I be buried."

There is in us the same restless search for opportunity, the same instinctive feeling for RIGHTS, the same hunger for personal dignity, the same faith in the ability of men and women to rule themselves and to win peace under laws. Perhaps we should won-

der what we will leave that will merit markers 100 years from now, but it is important to know that there is between the past and the present a bond, not merely physical or sentimental, but of faith and ideals.

There are more than 7000 trotting horses in the country. We wonder how many rocking horses there are on the race tracks.

A survey shows that the average living room has 2.5 windows. The .5 of a window must be where the breeze comes in these days.

Lots of men are convinced that when a woman is at the wheel the only good engine is a dead one.

A clock in Oklahoma has been running steadily since 1892. Maybe it thinks it's a politician.

Bees, they tell us, don't see red. What is it, then, that upsets them so much that they upset us?

England has a post office on wheels, but the letter paper Britons use continues to be stationary.

Thermometers shot up to 158 degrees in Portugal. And you're kicking?

Reader Editorial

"SAVE OLD AMERICA FOR YOUNG AMERICANS"

EDITOR'S NOTE: We present herewith an extended report of the ideas presented by Dr. Howard Driggs, president of the National Pioneer Trails Association during his recent visit to Eugene. Mrs. Lucia Moore, with her sisters, Mrs. Gladys McCready and Mrs. Nina McCormack were the co-authors of the recently published "Story of Eugene."

By LUCIA W. MOORE
Last week Eugene entertained a famous man. Entertained is not just the word, for less than a handful of people shared in the no-host dinner at the Eugene Hotel, where the short talk by the guest, Dr. Howard Driggs, of New York, set up just a hint of his later talk.

Dr. Driggs is president of the National Pioneer Trails Association. This arduous job he inherited from Ezra Meeker, at Mr. Meeker's urging and against his own better judgment. The historically minded man was determined that the task of marking the trails that have made American history should go on.

Dr. Driggs' particular interest is in the young, new generation. To them we must look for the preservation of our heritage; but it is the rapidly disappearing generation of oldsters who must make that heritage real for them so that they WANT to save it.

"Children take an interest in anything they can share in," Dr. Driggs declares. "And they like best what is true. They like fiction, yes; but for their history they want true facts." He points to their interest in the markers and monuments along the old Pony Express trail. "We made a long trek and placed 200 markers. The next year we returned, to find most of them had been used as targets. We called the children together. 'Are these Pony Express stations to be marked, or not? Youngsters your own age lost their lives riding this trail to carry the mail.' The youngsters declared that the markers would be protected, and there was no more destruction."

The Pioneer Trails Association has placed one thousand monuments along the Oregon Trail, helped to establish a dozen national parks. Since Dr. Driggs became its national president, in 1942, the effort has been toward an established program carried on by the schools. "That program is not perfected, but it is shaping up. It needs support. In 1948, 40,000 boys and girls marked the Santa Fe Trail," said Dr. Driggs. Past seventy, he speaks with an astonishing fire and punch concerning this work. "It took all of America to build Oregon," he declared to his audience in the Browning Room at the University Library. "Fourteen states were represented at Champego, and the first law administered there was New York law. The spirit of America is here in Oregon! One half million people crossed our historic trails. The covered wagon people put twenty stars in our flag. It's up to us to keep these stars shining!"

Dr. Driggs and his party made stops down the valley—at Corvallis, at Salem, Hillsboro, Portland. From there they went to the famous "Foster's Ranch," which ended the terrific Barlow Road for the emigrant, to The Dalles and Pendleton. The amazing doctor made sometimes two, often three speeches a day. His charming and young wife watches his health, but she cannot, nor does she try to, lessen his enthusiasm. Other members of the party, besides our own famous-in-his-own-right Walter Meacham, president of Oregon Pioneer Trails, were four New York school teachers, vitally concerned with the past of our western country and equipping themselves at first hand to carry Oregon Country history back to their New York youngsters.

Dr. Madeline Schoenhof, principal of a school in New York's Greenwich Village, said briefly at Foster's Ranch, that her pupils are almost entirely of foreign blood. "They must be taught the past of America, because they are her future Americans," she declared.

In Eugene, Dr. Driggs made an especial plea for a museum to house our truly fine things of historical worth, with a deep tribute to Cal Young, who has put so much of his heart into the gathering together of these things from our past.

"And don't I beg of you, destroy all of your old buildings! Any community that fails to save its historical thing is not only patriotically lacking but financially unsound. You people go to Europe to see famous places. Keep what you have! How would you out here feel if Philadelphia had destroyed her Faneuil Hall? Or Boston her Plymouth Rock? Or New York her Trinity Church Yard?"

To writers, playwrights, promoters of our pageants, he said, "Stop putting beads on your actors! The men who made this West were young men, transplanted from Kentucky, Virginia, New York. They were not weary old gray-beards. Keep them young. And keep your historical facts true. Fiction for your stories, yes, if you like, but know your facts. Writing about the past is your most engaging, your greatest duty. Write what is true. You know it was Josh Billings who said 'Half the lies they tell about the West ain't true!'"

And yet, an Easterner comes to wake us to truths that we should know, but that few of us give a moment's thought. Dr. Driggs make this trek every year. This year more than a hundred Oregon communities heard him. Eugene cannot possibly be proud of her discouraging show of interest. She filled McArthur Court to bursting, for quite a price, to hear a famous orchestra leader, and that rightly enough, since its cause was toward the hospital we want for our crippled children. Next year it may be hoped that we can fill the library's Browning Room in a cause that, as the Trails Association puts it by slogan, "Saves old America for young Americans."

Membership in the association is, Mr. Meacham says, from three dollars to the sky. Memberships are needed if the work is to be carried through with momentum. Your application, along with your three dollars—or more—should go by check or otherwise to OLD OREGON TRAILS, INC., 824 S.W. 5th Ave., Portland 4, Oregon, in care of Walter Meacham, secretary. There is literature and information available to you.

Horseshoe Championship Tied Friday at Sladden Park

Highlighting events at Eugene's municipal playgrounds this week will be a city horseshoe championship tournament Friday at Sladden Park.

Both youngsters and adults are invited to participate. Registration for the tournament may be made any evening by telephoning Miss Audra Lewis at 4-7020.

Last week, playground notes were topped by news of the erection of two basketball backboards at the 20th and Washington area. Donated by the Eugene Active Club, the basketball goals were purchased for the public playground.

Newspaper ITU Men Out

BISMARCK —(UP)—Composing room employees of Bismarck newspapers are ignoring an ultimatum to end their six-day-old walkout or be permanently replaced.

The group has voted to ask the International Typographical Union executive board, now meeting in Oakland, Cal., to sanction an official strike or declare a "lockout." Up to now the work stoppage has had no official status.

Last Friday management of the Bismarck Tribune and the Conrad Publishing Co. told two linotype operators and printers to report back to work by Monday or lose their jobs. The management rejected a union counter-proposal that individual members return to work but that negotiations continue for a new contract with the union.

James Curran, union spokesman, said the union told that any rehiring would be on an individual basis without recognition of the union. Management pointed out that North Dakota law guarantees the right to work without respect to union membership.

Authorization of a strike or declaration of a lockout by the international would qualify the local printers for strike benefits, Curran said.

The Tribune has been printed in a photo-engraved tabloid edition combined with the Mandan Pioneer, under a Tribune nameplate, since Thursday. Conrad Publications also was using the engraving method.

Theses Typists Short On U O Campus

A shortage of typists on the University of Oregon campus has resulted in an emergency call from the graduate office. Typists are urgently needed through this office to type theses.

Anyone interested in part-time work is asked to contact the graduate office on the campus immediately.

Residents Seek Mystery Animal

EAST GRANBY, Conn.—(AP)—Bear? Gorilla? Horse? Or is it some weird, mysterious animal? Uneasy residents in the Lake Basile section of this town asked those questions after reports got around that there was a strange animal in the neighborhood.

The best description they could give was that it gallops like a horse and has the claws of a bear. No one has seen it. Some have heard it. But there for all to see were its clawprints on the soft dirt road.

Morgan J. Horne was among those who reported hearing it—at ten minutes past midnight. The animal's breathing, he re-

ported, was "terrific, almost unbelievable" and a lot heavier than that of a horse. "When we heard this galloping noise and the heavy breathing, out English shepherd dog, Buddy, went crazy," said Horne. "He almost went through the screen." Maybe the animal was two animals.

An examination of the prints by Detective Anton M. Nelson of the state police suggested that.

He said there were two sets of prints side by side, one large and one small.

Sportsman Ronald I. Miller opined: "Must be either a bear or a gorilla."

If it's a bear, said Miller, it's a big one—more than six feet tall.



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