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Salem's Surge a Guide, Not a Threat

Salem is agog. The town's been hit by what may be a real blockbuster—and rebounder.

A local realty development corporation proposes to raze all, or all but one of the buildings on a centrally located downtown business block and replace them with an \$8 million major shopping center.

Only recently one of the Salem papers was putting its editorial finger in Eugene's eye by pointing out that the capital city's retail trade volume has been increasing faster than has Eugene's this past decade.

"We have the stores," was the explanation given for this claim. And the inference pointed directly to the three large units of absentee-owned department store chains which Salem has gained in recent years.

Salem's belief just could prove true—If. But that's a big "if."

It takes payrolls to provide the buying power that builds a retail trade center. Industrial prospects for Eugene are, at the very least, equally as bright as

Salem's. Furthermore, as a wholesaling center for all of southwestern Oregon, Eugene is in an envied position.

Even at this moment, Lane County's total retail trade far exceeds that of Marion County. In fact, the combined sales volumes of Eugene and Springfield come close to equalling the entire Marion County total.

It's obvious that Eugene—and Springfield, too—must keep improving their central retail areas if they are to avoid the sort of decentralization that eventually leads to downtown deterioration.

Salem is fortunate, indeed, to have private corporations acting as "angels" in initiating renovation of its business district. But, it should be remembered, too, that Salemites have been busily building a climate attractive to angels.

There should be no inclination on Eugene's or Springfield's part to fear what is developing in Salem. To the contrary, Lane's cities should recognize that they have their own opportunities—greater than Salem's, at least in theory.

Trade Names

Editorial writers east of the Cascades have been writing about trade names, how they often are taken for granted as generic terms. Examples include scotch tape, levis, bvd's, cellophane, case knife, kleenex and cat.

A little searching uncovered an "Horatian ode," which was published in the old Bookman magazine in 1919. Brethren in the high country, read and take note:

- Chippoco thermos dioxygen, temco sonora tuxedo
Resinol fiat bacardi, camera ansco wheateana;
Antiskid pebeco calox, oleo tyco barometer Postum nabisco!

Hatfield Up?

Forrest W. Amsden, executive editor of the Coos Bay World, is on leave in Washington, D.C., where he has a congressional fellowship. He writes frequently for his paper. In a recent issue he speculates that Gov. Mark Hatfield will seek Sen. Richard L. Neuberger's Senate seat this year.

Mr. Amsden is an able newspaperman. And he marshals good argument to support his speculation, which he admits is speculation. There can be no doubt that some pressure has been put on the governor to try for the Senate.

However, we find it hard to believe that the governor would be so ill advised. Even without considering that in Mr. Neuberger, the governor would have an extremely vigorous opponent, the governor's position with the voters would suffer if he, again, sought to jump from one horse to another before the end of the ride.

Still Waiting

Caryl Chessman, probably the most widely known condemned man in the world, is still waiting. California's Gov. Pat Brown gave him a 60-day stay of execution. Some may criticize the governor for this, some may applaud him.

Apparently the state department asked the governor to do this, declaring that overseas interest in the case was high and that the execution of Chessman might result in demonstrations against this country when President Eisenhower goes to Latin America.

But what will happen now? Those who so strongly opposed the execution will have a feather in their caps. Will they now demonstrate for a commutation of the death sentence, instead of just a stay of execution?

This newspaper for many years has opposed capital punishment—as an unrealistic and manifestly unfair method of dealing with a very few criminals who, often as not, are less of a menace to society than persons who are not executed.

Health Measure

Linus Pauling, the Nobel Prize-winning chemist, speaking as a theoretical scientist, says a person could live forever, "if you cut out smoking, don't chase girls, don't drive cars, don't fly in airplanes, never have x-rays and walk around in a lead shield against background radiation."

As a starter, we're willing to give up the x-rays.

Generations Apart

There's a line in a Broadway play meant to belittle American status symbols. It goes: "Two TV sets are no better than one!"

Ah, but they are — in households where there are both members of the cowboy and Superman-loving set and of that which enjoys the few good documentary and expository programs offered on TV.

The Best From American Heritage
Queen of the 90s Can Still Command Male Adoration

EDITOR'S NOTE: America's first beauty queens would be appalled at the scantily-clad Miss America contenders of today. For the Gibson Girl, regal and romantic, swept through turn-of-the-century society in shirtdoist and ankle-length skirt, amid worshipful sighs from men. Strictly upper-class, she was first and foremost a lady, described here by an eminent author and editor.



FORE! The American Girl to All the World



ALWAYS A LADY And Always Queenly and Impressive



IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS Anywhere Along the Coast You'd Find the Gibson Girl



AND IN THE INDOORS EVERYWHERE Cupid's Invincible Army of the Gibson Girls



PINUPS ARE NOTHING NEW A Design for Wallpaper, Suitable for a Bachelor Apartment

By AGNES ROGERS
In the dear, nostalgic days of the 1890s and early 1900s a vibrant, radiant young woman took the country by storm. She was the Gibson Girl, a brilliant invention. She was lovely, animated, and unquestionably American.

Why is her appeal still so potent? She was far removed from our current notions of the ideal American woman. She was not particularly bright and not highly educated. She was not politically informed, and her social conscience, in present-day terms, was dormant.

Yet even now she evokes worshipful sighs from men too young ever to have known anything resembling her. One reason is that she was femininity incarnate without being sexy. And nowadays, when sex is portrayed in such blatant detail, it is refreshing to be given the promise of future raptures rather than play-by-play accounts of bedroom romps.

UNAVOIDABLE WORD
In any discussion of the Gibson Girl there is a word, now taboo, that one cannot avoid. She was a lady. In fact, John Ames Mitchell, founder of the original Life, explained that one of the reasons he accepted the first drawings of Charles Dana Gibson was that he could draw a lady. The Gibson Girl represents the rosiest aspect of Society at a period in American life when Society was more clearly defined, less complex, and far more admired than it is today.

The Society that Gibson approved of, and in which he was most at home, was the old guard—scornful of public entertainers and of the attention of the press. A lady's name appeared in newspapers just three times: when she was born, when she married, and when she died. That Society stoutly resisted the idea that

wealth and position are synonymous, confident that in itself it represented all that was best and most important in American life. And many people of less exalted position agreed.

HIGH SOCIETY QUEEN

It is hard to realize how widespread was the interest in the doings of the socially prominent and how faithfully the magazines reported them. The American public read avidly and respectfully the "at home" given by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt in Newport in 1902, where an illuminated midway had been set up with Negro dancers, a shooting gallery, singing girls, and other exhibits found in amusement parks, and at the far end, a theater where the New York cast and scenery of a current Broadway musical, The Wild Rose, had been transported for the evening.

The American public saw nothing to censure in the fact that several New York hostesses were able to serve a dinner for 100 guests on a few hours' notice—no informal buffet, but the customary seven- or eight-course affair with appropriate wines. Servants there were, to be sure, in task-force strength, some large country places being staffed by as many as 50 or 60. These entertainments were not paid for from expense accounts. The cost came from the host's private purse.

A TIDAL WAVE

It was against this glittering background that the Gibson Girl—beautiful, queenly, confident—moved in triumph.

Yet, though her habitat was high society, she was a darling of

the less affluent as well. She took the country by storm. In countless houses all over the land, prints of Gibson's drawings were hung on the walls and Gibson's long red picture books were on parlor tables. Manufacturers put "Gibson Girl" labels on all manner of women's clothes. Spoons, plates, even wall paper were ornamented with her face. Her serene likeness was burned—



THE ARTIST Surrounded by His Girls (Sketch by Willa Martin)

through the cunning craft of pyrography—into wood or leather table tops, glove boxes, and umbrella stands. Songs were written in her honor. Tableaux Vivants, a favorite entertainment at bazaars, were based on a series of Gibson drawings.

And together with this nationwide recognition of the Gibson Girl's charms came a tidal wave of emulation. Girls all over the country wanted to be as nearly like her as possible. They dressed like her; they wore their hair like her. Nor did the young men escape her influence. The Gibson man was usually clean-shaven and strong-jawed. Many a luxuriant moustache was shaved off. The Gibson Girl was tall. Young men stood erect to gain inches.

MANY GIBSON GIRLS

Just who was the original model for the Gibson Girl? Many people have said that she was Mrs. Gibson, the lovely Irene Langhorne from Virginia, one of four sisters of legendary beauty. It is true that after their marriage, Mrs. Gibson often posed for her husband, but the Gibson Girl was already in existence. She was a composite, not an individual. The artist's earliest models were often young society girls who were only too happy to come, carefully chaperoned, to the attractive young man's studio

for a sitting. (The original Gibson Girl, by the way, was Richard Harding Davis, Gibson's friend and author of numerous stories illustrated by the artist.)

Everybody agrees that the Gibson Girl connotes romance, love, courtship, and marriage are the themes that engaged Gibson's liveliest interest. And he was truly romantic about his darling creation. It revolted him to think of a girl's being married off for money, especially to an old man, and this subject appears time after time. His fury was aroused also by those international alliances in which American dollars were exchanged for a foreign title.

A SMALL SECTOR

It is often said that the American girl prior to World War I lived a pretty dull life and mostly indoors. Not so the Gibson Girl. As early as the 90s, we see her on the tennis court, on the golf links, on a bicycle, even driving a motor car. To be sure, when she went into the water at the seashore, she wore a decorous bathing suit (with the obligatory stockings). But she wore no bathing cap. Either she never got her head under water or Gibson couldn't bear to hide her crowning glory.

Actually, by the turn of the century, the outdoor life was an accepted thing in upper class circles, chiefly along the eastern seaboard. So, when Gibson put a racket or a niblick in his heroine's graceful hand, he was reflecting the mores of that small sector of the social scene that most interested him. In his preoccupation with romance, he was also quick to see that these games offered ideal situations for unchaperoned but wholly respectable association between the sexes. One of his best-known drawings, entitled "Is a Caddy Always Necessary?" depicts a young couple seated glumly on a bunker, hoping that their gangling young club carrier will realize their desire to be alone.

Oddly enough, when the Gay Nineties are revived today in revue skit or greeting card, the spectacle bears no resemblance to the Gibson Girl or her circle. All the men have handle-bar moustaches and the girls are made up as Sweet Rosie O'Grady or Mamie O'Rourke. Very merry, very gay, but definitely low life. The Gibson Girl was just as definitely high life. Moreover, whereas these jovial modern revivals from the Bowery are comic valentines, the Gibson Girl defies caricature. She remains as she was created, immaculate and bewitching. To burlesque her would be sacrilege.

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