

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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Opinions on the Nomination

REGARDING the nomination of Phil Metchan as the republican nominee, the Albany Democrat-Herald...

The Albany Democrat, observing that the nomination was more of a personal tribute by the committee, says: "That there will be an independent candidate seems very obvious at this time."

Ever watchful and astute in its observations, the Albany Democrat-Herald remarks: "There is a little ground for doubting that the Joseph wing of the party will run an independent candidate."

The Medford Mail-Tribune believes that in a straight two party race Metchan will beat Bailey but adds: "If Julius Meier or some other wearer of the Joseph coat, of similar type, should throw his hat in the ring, then anything might happen."

The ever vicious Salem Capital-Journal makes the following comment in the course of a long editorial: "If the hydro-phobics and ghost worshippers place a third candidate in the field as seems probable, because with a fat cat like Julius Meier in the offing the temptation is irresistible to politicians, the election will be in doubt until the votes are counted, for the independent will draw from both the republican and democratic nominees, especially in Portland."

"The question rather naturally facing the people of the state as they try to guess the situation is, 'How many people voted for Geo. W. Joseph in the primaries because he was Joseph, or because of Joseph's policies?' One guess is as good as another, and time only will hold the answer, should Mr. Meier decide to become an independent candidate."

How dangerous to Metchan's success in November is this threat of an independent candidate? This writer believes that there is more likelihood of such a candidate setting aside the Joseph-wing vote as a minority showing leaving Metchan the solid vote of the regular republicans and Bailey only the votes of his party members. Obviously, with only the two candidates in the field the votes of the satisfaction and anti-ent, the Josephites, etc., would go to Bailey—since there would be no place else for them.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

How to Pick Wild Blackberries

Did you ever pick wild blackberries the kind that grow in such abundance on the 10223-8th hills of the town of Columbia? A lot of people living here have had a little taste for these highly flavored berries, let us out of a large experience give the approved code of directions.

First you consult your neighbors and friends who have made it a habit of foraging forth to eat of nature's bounty. You get them to tell you just where they are, where the fine patches are and, after you hear them describe the hill-sides covered with blackberry vines laden with berries, half as big as a thumb, your enthusiasm will hardly let you rest until Sunday morning comes.

leading to the mountains and then into the by-ways leading to those spots where the berries are waiting to top into your basket. You come to the place you think your friends have described. The hill-sides look a little formidable, what with their steepness, dense underbrush, stumps and stumps of old brush and then you have on your old clothes and you are not easily daunted—not in the beginning.

You spend the next hour or so on a painful, laborious hunt for the garden spot you had picked out in your mind. Once in awhile you encounter a berry vine but it is barren. If you are fortunate enough to find a few berries occasionally, whether or not they are green or dried up, you are greatly heartened and patience and perseverance will win the day. They win you a lot of obstacles you wouldn't think of jacking except under the lure of the quest. You tear your clothes, bark your shins, twist your ankles, scratch your arms and legs, get hot, dirty and tired, and the sun beats down on the canyon walls unmercifully, your throat is parched, you are perspiring freely, and eventually you are about as weary and uncomfortable as a human could be, and begin to wonder why you are in the forest on such a damnish business as wild blackberry picking.

After about ten hours of this, you drag yourself back to your waiting car, one small basket partially filled, your mind fixed with the memory of the berries you have double-crossed you. You have blisters and scratches which will take two weeks to heal, stained hands which will be white again some day and enough tiny blisters on your fingers to keep you picking for several days. Your bed is becoming you and you just have time enough to look up the ad in the paper which reads: "Wild blackberries delivered, \$1 a gallon," call up the number and order five gallons, and then pray for gentlemen for taking advantage of some poor, hard-working widow.

Believe it or not, but, if not, try it yourself.

A Salem man has abandoned his book store to enter the retail hardware business. His reports trade much better. What a gloomy picture of the decline of intellectual in favor of capitalist activity in the Oregon capital this incident portrays.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

Back in New York state, two aspirants for republican nomination for sheriff of Herkimer county are leaving the decision to a pitch tournament. Much cheaper, much quicker and perhaps just as effective as a state committee method, but many of the Oregon committeemen know how to play pitch.—Bend Bulletin.

Around... The County

Over on the Catapoola lives an old-timer who has spent many years in this county as a stockman, farmer, and what by dint of hard work, has been able to add to his holdings until he now has 5,000 acres of land, mostly lying on the hills and fit only for grazing, and some of it not of any value, because of brush and scrub timber, for any purpose. On this tract he has 150 head of sheep. The land lying along the creek he farms and grows feed for winter needs of his flock. This old-timer has four sons, and they all work together caring for the sheep.

The fleece this year from those sheep averaged six pounds per head. The price of the wool was around 20 cents per pound, with some deductions for handling. Income Very Moderate.

The value of this stock ranch and the sheep—that is the actual money invested in the business, including stock, farm and improvements is practically \$75,000. On this investment he has guaranteed six percent on his investment above the operating costs, he would have been happy indeed. But even if he did not receive that six per cent guarantee, he is not discouraged. This writer met him in one of his fields shaking grain after the binder. He was genial, friendly and expressive of himself freely. Just why farm products should be worth so little as they are, he did not undertake to explain. Neither did he express any bitterness when he told how taxes have "come up" year after year, until now it takes all the wool from his 1200 sheep production and more, too, to pay his annual taxes, county and state, and this year he will pay into the public treasury more than the entire income from his entire flock.

But, some one says, "there are the lamb's." That is true, but this farmer-stockman feels he is also entitled in at least six per cent in expense of operation. He is entitled to it just as much or more, than the corporation that annually draws six per cent out of its shareholders. However, he does without that little sum, which would amount to practically \$1200, and sells his lambs and ewes to pay operating expenses, from insurance, buy cement, and a few other things.

How many business houses in the city could keep books under such a load? But he kept on shaking those shaves of wool—and it was good wool, too, and he reflected as he took of his lambs, years of service as a farmer-stockman to the community and state, and optimistically looked forward to the time, which he hoped, would not be long, when the farmer would come into his own and prices for products would enable farmers generally to enjoy better conditions than the economic distribution of farm products and prices that are just and equitable.

Come and see our Corned Cakes. They will save you time and money while cooking or cooking. Churchill Howe, Co.—Adv.

BRINGING UP FATHER

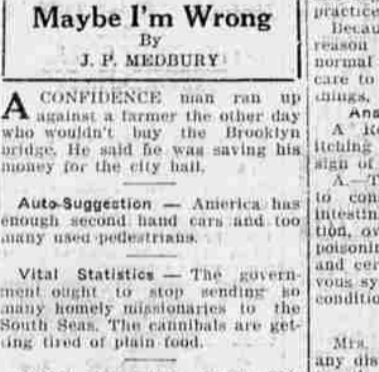
DO YOU GET MUCH WORK NOWADAYS, JERRY? SURE! BUT MY WIFE WON'T DO IT.



TUSH! TUSH! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE. OOOH! DID YOU SEE THE SIZE OF THAT BRICK?



I KNOW! BUT IT WUZ ONLY ON YOUR HEAD A SECOND.



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A CONFIDENCE man ran up against a farmer the other day who wouldn't buy the Brooklyn bridge. He said he was saving his money for the city hall.

Auto-Suggestion — America has enough second hand cars and too many used pedestrians.

Vital Statistics — The government ought to stop sending so many homey missionaries to the South Seas. The cannibals are getting tired of plain food.

Pitiful Cases — The fellow who jumped off of the Woolworth building without his coat on and died from exposure.

The Good Old Daze — Bellirium tremens is a dandy cure for a busy man to see a lot in one evening.

Momentous Moments — When the judge sends the India Rubber man up for a long stretch.

Take It Or Leave It — Quills make good pens but it's hard to write a letter with a porcupine.

20th Century Progress — The airplane is a marvelous invention. A man can be married in New York in the morning and shot in Chicago the same afternoon.

Among the Intelligentia — Glasgow college students are now demanding sheepskins with more meat on them.

By Geo. McManus

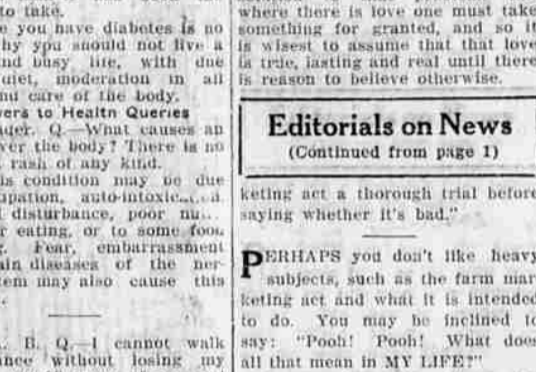
LOOK OUT!!



TUSH! TUSH! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE. OOOH! DID YOU SEE THE SIZE OF THAT BRICK?



I KNOW! BUT IT WUZ ONLY ON YOUR HEAD A SECOND.



Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

PERHAPS you don't like heavy subjects, such as the farm marketing act and what it is intended to do. You may be inclined to say: "Pooh! Pooh! What does all that mean in MY LIFE?"

It means just this: Those who are able to think clearly and THINK STRAIGHT on heavy subjects are pretty apt to be those who get ahead in this world.

Those who never think about anything but HAVING A GOOD TIME are almost certain to be the ones who are dropped from the payroll when business begins to fall off.

PROBABLY you are not a farmer. So you may say: "WHAT DO I CARE about the farm marketing act and whether or not it is a success? What does it all mean to ME?"

WELL, let's see about that. You may be a sawmill owner. In that event, you are pretty short on orders right now. You are short on orders because people aren't buying enough lumber to keep the industry busy.

The Middle Western farmer is the MOST IMPORTANT CONSUMER of the lumber that is produced in interior districts such as this. Whenever he begins to buy, you will begin to get orders.

YOU may be a lumber worker. In that event you may be either without a job, entirely, or working short hours.

It is something that happens to cause the Middle Western farmer to begin to buy lumber normally, in order to provide the houses and the barns and the other improve-ments he needs, jobs would immediately begin to open up and wages would rise.

SOME of the cleverest thinkers we have been telling us for years that the weak spot in the structure of American prosperity is the farmer, who hasn't been getting as much as he SHOULD GET for what he produced, and so isn't able to BUY ENOUGH of what the rest of us produce.

The SEABRIDE BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Faith Kilcup had always looked upon Captain Noll Wing, of the whaler, Sally Sims as a master and tower of strength, but shortly after their marriage he changed. Dissipation and old age were exacting their toll. The men of his crew no longer feared him. Faith was disillusioned. Dan Tobey, second mate, who loves Faith, vainly tries to discredit Noll before Faith. In a quarrel Noll kicks out the eye of Mauger, a member of the crew. Thereafter, he fears Mauger's vengeance. When the Sally Sims puts into a lonely island, Faith goes ashore. She meets an ex-sailor named Brander, who goes with her to join Noll's crew. Dan takes an instant dislike to him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIV. Brander's coming in ways that could hardly be denied, eased the tension aboard the Sally. When the men went forward to stow his belongings in the fo'c'sle he found the men surly and quarrelsome. They looked at him sidewise. They covertly inspected him. The men of a whaler's crew are a polyglot lot, picked up from the cutters and the depths. There were good men aboard the Sally, strong men, who knew their work. Some of them had served Noll Wing before; some had made more than one voyage on the ships of old Jonathan Felt.

There was loyalty in these men and a pride in their tasks, but there were others who were slack and others who were evil. The green hands had been made over into able seamen, according to a whaler's standard, and some of them had become men in the process, and some had become something less than men. Yet they all knew their work and did it.

When Brander came among them they were surly and ugly. In the days that followed, while attending strictly to his own work, he nevertheless had become a study them—a man with a tongue naturally gay and a smile that inspired friendship, he began to jest with them and, little by little, they responded. Their surliness gradually passed away.

The officers felt the change. Willis Cox, still sick from the ordeal that had killed two of his men, took Brander into his cabin. Brander was only a year or two older than Willis, but he was vastly more mature. He knew men and he knew the work of his ship; and Willis liked a man who could handle his way with the other men, and one night his liking for the newcomer led him to speak of it in the cabin at supper.

"He's a good man," he said. "The men like him." "He's after your berth, Will," Dan Tobey suggested pleasantly. "Best watch him!"

"He knows more about the work than I do," Willis said honestly. "I don't blame him for that, either. But he keeps where he belongs." "He will— till he sees his chance," Dan agreed. "Don't let him get away from you!"

Old James Tinchel, the third mate, grinned malignantly. "Nor don't let him get in my way, Mr. Cox," he said, showing his teeth. "I don't not like the cut of him."

The mate looked at Cap'n Noll Wing, but Noll was eating and seemed not to have heard. Faith at her husband's side, said nothing, so Mr. Ham kept out of the discussion. Only he wondered— why Dan Tobey, the newcomer, Brander seemed to Mr. Ham to be a lucky find; they had needed a man; they had found a first-rater. That was his view of the matter.

Brander's coming had worked like a leaven among the men. That was patent to everyone, but it was not necessarily good thing. If the crew he evil, a dominant man in the fo'c'sle is a dangerous matter. The officers rule their men by virtue of the fact that the sailors are not united. Union among the men against the officers breeds mutiny. Dan said as much now.

"He'll get the men after him like sheep," he said angrily. "Then— look out!" "We can handle that," said Mr. Ham. Dan grinned. "— till it's too late to handle them. The man ought to have been left on the beach where he belonged."

"I spoke for him," Faith said quietly. "It seems to me he does his work." Dan looked up quickly, sarcastic remark on his lips, but he remembered himself in time. "I'm wrong," he said frankly. "Brander is a good man. No doubt the whole matter will turn out all right."

Cap'n Noll, finishing his supper, said finally, "— Well, there's too much talk of this man. I'm sick of it. Keep an eye on him, Mr. Ham. If he looks sidewise, clip him, but don't talk so much!"

trict, Peter Streiff Jr., Portland; state senator for Clackamas, Multnomah and Columbia counties, F. M. Williams, Gladstone; representative from 30th district, Ernest Schweitzer, Portland; senator from 13th district to fill unexpired term of Senator Corbett, Mabel M. Snyder, Portland; representatives from 18th district, Charles Kolb, George R. Bulckeroed, V. P. Martin, C. M. Campbell, C. J. Carlson, R. C. Mitchell, O. J. Wright, J. F. Hompson, Minnie M. Scotland, C. A. Strickland and William Rothman, all of Portland.

COUNTY BUYS NEW ROAD TYPE SHOVEL

The county court has purchased a tractor type shovel for heavy road work in various sections of the county. The shovel can handle either one-half yard or three-quarters of a yard of gravel, according to the equipment used, it is to be placed in immediate operation near Oakland, and will later be taken to Kellogg to clear slides on the road there. Then it will be put in use on the Smith river construction job. This machine is one that has been needed for considerable time by the county and will be of great help in the road construction work being carried on under the system now being followed by the court of maintaining regular county crews.

No camping trip or picnic is complete without a game of horse shoes. Get your pitching shoes here, \$1.25 a pair. Churchill Howe Co.—Adv.

Chevrolet sedan, 1930 model. This car looks and runs like new. Used only as demonstrator. A real bargain. For sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.—Adv.

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