

Roseburg News-Review

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Spanish War News

WHO is winning in the civil war
in Spain? If you have read
news dispatches printed under a
Madrid dateline, which city is still
held by loyalist forces, you gain
the impression that victory for the
loyalist forces is near and that
they are (the government) success-
fully resisting the onslaughts of the
rebels.

If, however, the dispatches you
read come from rebel controlled
territory the impression is that the
fall of Madrid may be expected
momentarily and the ultimate tri-
umph of the rebellion is assured.

This is the same situation as
prevailed during the Italian cam-
paign in Ethiopia.

One of the other of the warring
factions in Spain controls the news
that issues from the country. Due
to censorship it is impossible for
an American correspondent to get
uncolored dispatches out of the
country. The best that can be said
of this civil war news is that what
we get is probably correct so far
as it goes but is only a part of the
real story.

Two reasons actuate the close
censorship of this news. One is
the matter of pride. Each side
wants nothing but success stories
of its activities. The other reason
is the maintenance of prestige in
the eyes of the world which is
somewhat akin to pride but more
important because it involves the
credit standing of whichever com-
batant is concerned. It is easy al-
ways to find money to back a win-
ner.

This cynical discussion of war
news does not mean that the facts
will be completely withheld. That
would be impossible. The news of
what is happening will be pub-
lished, and accurately and uncol-
ored. But that news will be de-
layed somewhat. It is only the
news hot from the battlefield that
must be viewed with some suspi-
cion.

Seeking The Cause

THAT the major portion of high-
way accidents are caused by
ignoring or violating the most fun-
damental rules of safety and good
driving, is attested by a study of
the causes of more than half a mil-
lion accidents recorded and classi-
fied during the past year.

Naming these violations in the
order of their importance discloses
that in more than 125,000 cases the
driver did not have the right of
way; exceeding the speed limit ac-
counted for 121,000; while 85,000
accidents were caused by driving
on the wrong side of the road.

Listing the other causes of ac-
cidents in the order of their impor-
tance, but dispensing with statis-
tics, shows that next to driving on
the wrong side of the road, the
most serious consequences resulted
from driving off the roadway en-
tirely.

Then came reckless driving, fol-
lowed by failure to signal, cutting
in, passing on curve or hill, car
running away without driver, pass-
ing standing street car, and pass-
ing on the wrong side.

As its contribution toward mak-
ing the highways safer, the Na-
tional Orange, working in coopera-
tion with the Automobile Manu-
facturers' Association, sponsors a
highway safety essay contest, in
which all young members of the
franchise throughout the country are
asked to participate.

This is a unique event, in which
the two organizations have joined
over a period of 10 years, with
valuable prizes distributed among
the winners of this contest in each
of the 25 states in which the
franchise is established.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

ment, boys are a lot better off
handling steers and making them
gain weight steadily than carrying
guns and fighting in a civil war.

REMEMBER, please, that stir-
ring up class hatred for political
purposes, as has been done so
persistently in Europe, leads di-
rectly to CIVIL WAR, and civil
war means fighting and dying by
mere boys who ought to be doing
something far better and worthier.

FOR months (almost for years)
the papers have been telling of
momentous decisions by the su-
preme court of the United States.
Here is a momentous decision by
a minor Canadian court:

"The right of a night worker to
spank his wife if breakfast isn't
ready when he comes home was up-
held today by Magistrate J. S. Mc-
Kessock, of Sudbury, Ontario."

The night worker in question
spanked his wife soundly when he
came home from the night shift at
the mine and found no breakfast
ready. His wife sued him for as-
sault and battery. The judge dis-
missed the suit, thus apparently
upholding the right to spank.

STILL, if breakfast when he
comes home is what this On-
tario miner really wants, he'll find
that spanking his wife is a poor
way of getting it. Wives have their
ways of getting even, courts or no
courts.

TRADE STIMULATED
BY CANADA TREATY

Farm Products Movement
Jumps 24 Pct. During
First 6 Months.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—(AP)—
Federal economists reported to-
day that movement of farm prod-
ucts to and from Canada had
jumped 24 per cent during the first
six months of the reciprocal trade
treaty.

An analysis prepared by the agri-
culture department's bureau of
foreign trade and markets showed
the percentage of increase for ex-
ports and imports of agricultural
products to be identical, as com-
pared with the same period during
1935.

The trade figures were made
public shortly after Secretary Rop-
er forecast negotiations for a re-
ciprocal trade agreement with
Great Britain. Returning from Eu-
rope, Roper said the "Canadian
trade agreement has arrested"
British attention.

The citrus industry in this coun-
try and cattlemen in Canada were
said to be chief beneficiaries in
agricultural trade between the two
nations.

Agricultural exports to Canada
for the first six months of this
year were \$25,400,000, compared
with \$20,545,900 for the first half
of last year, a gain of \$4,854,000
or 24 per cent.

Farm products sent here from
Canada in the first half of 1936
were valued at \$25,564,000, com-
pared with \$28,596,000 in 1935, a
gain of \$6,068,000, also 24 per cent.

Non-agricultural products from
Canada rose from \$109,998,000 for
the first half of last year to \$125,
886,000 this year, a boost of \$25,
888,000 or 23 per cent.

Non-agricultural products mov-
ing into Canada \$138,324,000 for
the first half of this year and \$146,
522,000 in 1935, an increase of \$18,
198,000 or 12 per cent.

The total gain in movement of
all goods from this country was up
13 per cent compared to a 23
per cent gain for Canada.

Gain Evenly Split
The gain in movement of farm
products from here to Canada was
evenly split between commodities
upon which duties were reduced by
the pact and those on which no
changes were made.

Other increased imports from
this country with the first half of
this year value compared to 1935
included: Fresh vegetables \$2,
886,000 and \$2,285,000; dried fruit
\$175,000 and \$150,000; canned fruit
\$159,000 and \$99,000; nuts \$156,000
and \$83,000; and seeds \$241,000
and \$129,000.

Canadian cattle and calves ac-
counted for the biggest gains in
imports with 158,000 head valued at
\$6,734,000 for the first half of this
year as against 72,000 head
valued at \$3,825,000 last year.

However, it was calculated that
quotas on reduced duty cattle im-
ports, fixed at one per cent of the
slaughter in 1923-22, have almost
been exhausted.

**MORE HOMES GOING
TO WAR VETERANS**

PORTLAND, Aug. 24.—(AP)—
Another index to the upward swing
of business in 1936 came today
from George E. Love, sales man-
ager of the Portland office of the
World War Veterans state and com-
mission with the announcement
that seven-month sales record of
1936 exceeded all of 1935 by 201
per cent.

The commission, which assists
veterans in the acquisition of
homes, had a vacancy record here
of two per cent in 1935 homes, com-
pared to 12 per cent last year.

FOR SALE
Household furniture. Must dis-
pose of before Thursday as leaving
town. Mrs. E. Garrison, 157 Pilzer
St. Phone 659-J.—Adv.

The Home Olympics

(Continued from page 1.)



THE WORLD
WITH A FENCE
A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: To her family's hor-
ror, Carol Torrance has left Mer-
edith, Ga., flat. She has taken a job
teaching history and French in the
Ashboro, Ga., high school as a first
step toward an indefinitely visioned
career—and perhaps partly to
get away from Don Richards. Now
she has found, at the preliminary
teachers' meeting in Ashboro, a
girl who seems to be likely to
make a good companion. The meet-
ing just has ended.

Chapter Five
The meeting was over. Carol
glanced towards the dark girl and
smiled again, and they met in the
doorway.

"Are you walking?" Carol asked.
Mary Ellen Sands nodded. "Are
you?"

"Yes. Should we stay and get
met again, do you suppose?"
"I don't see why. It's about din-
ner time and I'm hungry."

She would be. They went down
the steps and turned towards
town. Mary Ellen said:
"You're Caroline Torrance, aren't
you?"

"I was. It's been Carol for a long
time now. Which are you: Mary or
Ellen?"

"Both."
Carol laughed. "Don't think I'm
going to call you all that. Which
had you rather?"

"Ellen, I guess."
"Ellen it is, then. Thank good-
ness for somebody that knows how
to walk."

Ellen grinned. "It's my business.
Good thing, too. We'll probably
have a lot of it to do in these nine
months. Is this your first year of
teaching?"

"My second. The first was four
years ago; I was drafted into it at
the eleventh hour. Are you new at
it?"

Ellen Sands grinned. "Yes. I
just graduated in June. I'm scared
to death."

"You needn't be. Bluff it out."
The pavement was not beneath
their feet and an occasional tree
laced the sidewalk with shadows.
The grass smelled hot and dusty,
like the golf course at home. No-
talgia swept Carol again, washing
away her confidence. She said
quickly:

"Tell me about you. Where you
went to school, and all that."

"G. W. C. One sister—yonger—
a mother, and a father who's in the
drug business and too generous
for his own good."

Carol matched her information
and then said: "Do you know
where you're going to live?"

"I haven't the faintest. I just
came this morning. No you?"

"No, but I've got a lot of pros-
pects. After lunch we might go on
a hunt."

The search was not encouraging.
The first house on Carol's list was
filled; the second frowned on them
as they went up the walk.

It was a beautiful shell of a
house, with hexagonal bordering
the walk, the paint flaking from the
board columns.

"It looks sort of bleak," Ellen
whispered.

Carol shrugged. "Twelve foot
ceilings and black walnut Empire
furniture and a two foot grate in
each room. I know its kind by
heart."

She was right. The house and
its owner gave off the sick, sweet
odor of decaying gentility. They
made a quick escape.

Carol looked thoughtful. "What
do you say to hunting a place that
is commoner and has steam
heat?"

"Suits me, if you think our so-
cial position can stand it."
In the end they found a house on
the street leading to the high
school, a nondescript house that

lived for the present and cast no
longing glances over its shoulder.
The landlady was youngish and
friendly and intentionally blonde.
She had two vacant rooms, she
said; a large one at twenty dollars
a month and a smaller one at fif-
teen. They inspected the rooms,
both as nondescript as the house
but light and with apparently ade-
quate heating, and engaged them
at once.

The living-room, Carol noticed
in passing, was discouraging; gilt-
ed cat-tails in a pottery jar, a
chrome of Notre Dame de Paris
with mother-of-pearl windows, an
ungainly cabinet radio blaring un-
heeded jazz. All it needs, she
thought, is Venus with a clock in
her stomach. . . . But after all, it
wasn't her living-room, and she
wouldn't be using it.

Mrs. O'Connor followed them to
the porch, where a little girl of
eight or nine sat on the steps sort-
ing out a photograph of a quizzically
uplifted eyebrow.

"This is my little girl, Rosavel,"
she said. "Rosavel, this is Miss
Torrance and Miss Sands."

Rosavel muttered, "Hi-o," with-
out interrupting her rapt contem-
plation of Clark Gable's quizzically
uplifted eyebrow.

Just after supper Ellen burst in
to Carol's room. Ellen Sands didn't
move like other people; she seem-
ed to breathe the air, suggesting the
figurehead of a ship.

"Well, for Pete's sake . . ." She
stared at the room.

Carol looked up from the letter
she was writing to Milly. "What
is it?"

"The room did look better. She
had replaced the thin, mossy rug
with hooked ones from her own
room, and covered the bed with a
wool coverlet of faded rose. The
"Star at Eve" and "The Melon
Eaters" had bowed to German
lithographs, and a dozen books
stood on the table in the mellow
glow of a lamp.

"I couldn't have stood it other-
wise," she admitted. "If only I
could do something about the
Great Lakes on the ceiling. . . ."

Ellen sat down.

"You certainly are good look-
ing," Ellen said impulsively.

She looked impersonally at her-
self and supposed she was. Her
eyes were smoky blue and wide-
spread, with thick lashes and
straight dark brows that weren't
quite in line, and her mouth was
wide and well-cut. The nose wasn't
much, but the general effect was
good. Her hair was light brown,
and because it had a slight wave
and was cut very short she never
bothered with permanents.

She said honestly: "I guess so.
I'd swap it any time for your zest
for living."

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which the idea of a 1940 independ-
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projected was a meeting of one
part of the organized part of labor.
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partisan league, which is pledged to
the reelection of President Roose-
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largely, but not entirely, of union
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While this meeting was in pro-
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taking charge of a labor committee
designed to promote the candidacy
of Governor Landon, and officials
of the federation itself were re-
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Failed in Past
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party based on the interests of any
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the inference was very plain that
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of name rather than purpose.

If the definition were expanded,
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labor, could exist, and dominate
such existing groups as the turner-
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as logistically among themselves.

Theodore Roosevelt tried it and
failed. The elder Robert M. La Fol-
lette tried it and failed, even
though he had the endorsement of
the federation of labor, John L.
Lewis and his colleagues are strong
men, indeed, if they can try it and
succeed.

The Holland tunnel is worth
looking at if only to see a mile and
a half of white bathroom tiles.

Its average for a busy day is
2,200 cars an hour. Which means
about thirty-six cars a minute
come shooting out of this hori-
zontal vehicular Roman candle. It
also means the Tunnel is earning
eleven hundred dollars an hour. It
costs fifty cents to scram through
the traffic conduit. If you run out
of gasoline in transit, they charge
you one dollar a gallon. Changing
a tire in the Tunnel will cost you
anywhere from fifteen to twenty-
five dollars.

And stopping to put up your
one-man top is punishable by
fine, imprisonment, confiscation
of insurance policies, hon-
orary membership in a Georgia
chain gang (transported north
especially for this one occa-
sion), fifty lashes at a Dela-
ware whipping post, loss of
citizenship, and a ninety-nine
years at Alcatraz. In addition
to all this, the tunnel police
will be rude to you.

The way they manage to get
twenty-two hundred cars through
in an hour is to keep them mov-
ing. Every one hundred yards
there is a policeman, who waves

RAMBLINGS

OF THE
NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS



After having slept rather late
yesterday morning, got up and,
with a wistful yawn and stretch,
embarked with my wife in the
family bus for Canyonville to at-
tend the South Douglas fair being
held there in the community hall,
pictured above.

We pulled into Jerry Monane's
Greenwich Tavern for a bite to
eat, and the first thing I saw was
a sign down the street. It was far
enough away most of the lettering
was a bit indistinct, but part of it
stood out like a sore thumb. HO-
TEL CAN, it read, and a closer in-
spection yielded the information it
was the HOTEL CANYONVILLE,
formerly it was the Graystone Ho-
tel, a well and favorably known
nostalgia.

Not a very big crowd was in at-
tendance at the fair. This seems
a bit odd, for I didn't suppose any-
one ever stayed home on Sunday
any more, it he could help it. A
fair, I should think, would be duck
soup for folks—it would lend an
objective for a Sunday drive. We
felt very free and easy about go-
ing, as our pastor is taking a much
needed vacation this month. The
pastor needed it, of course you un-
derstand, not his congregation.

Sheep and goats, cattle, swine,
horses, poultry, grain and seeds,
vegetables, fruits, flowers, sewing,
baking, dairy products and honey,
canning products and 4-H club
work—this list tells the variety of
the exhibits. To appreciate their
quality you would need to have
seen them. The judges must be
miracle men and women, to be
able to distinguish between such
excellencies as were here repre-
sented.

Always I find some exhibit
which, for one reason or another,
attracts my interest more than the
others I have chanced upon. Yester-
day it was cow pumpkins.

Returning home in the afternoon
we stopped at Walter Hercher's
roadside stand and got some Luk-
ard melons. The name isn't a
unismor in this case, for the
Athenas informed us that these
melons really were grown in Luk-
ard, on their own farm there. You
see, in order to give their land a
rest, most of the Lukard gardeners
recently have leased land in other
nearby localities—Garden valley
and the Merose bottoms, for in-
stance.

Arriving home we cut a big
Honey Dew watermelon and ate
a half of it, and followed it up with
a couple of cantaloupes. It was the
end of a perfect day. I didn't sus-
pect at the time, after all that,
what the night was going to be
like.

Leaving it up to the Professor.
The creatures emerge
only at night when they prey up-
on almost any kind of small animal
life. Prof. Hussens stated. They
are sometimes called "sun spiders"
and "vinegarons," he related.
They are absolutely harmless, he
declared.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

U. S. POLITICAL
OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associated
Press, Washington.)

Talk of an independent labor
party in 1940 is interesting, but
there is a large dispute as to its
importance.

The "ifs" are many and impos-
ing, and four years is a long
time under present changing con-
ditions. Much is
certain to depend
on what happens
within the older
parties with re-
spect to labor,
and what happens
in the country
generally with re-
spect to recovery.

If Mr. Roosevelt
wins this year, if he
recommends a successor in 1940, and
if those labor leaders who now
speak of a new party still feel as
strongly disposed toward the
Roosevelt policies as they now feel,
where will there be standing room
for an independent labor candi-
date?

If Mr. Landon wins, if his poli-
cies as president are acceptable to
the rank and file of labor, and if
he finds himself engaged four
years hence in a desperate battle
for reelection, will any substantial
segment of the labor vote withdraw
to experiment with a new venture
of its own?

If the depression ends and 1940
finds the country in another era
of ample employment opportunity
and high wages, is labor likely to
jump overboard politically?

Disorganization Handicap
These questionings could be pro-
longed indefinitely without ex-
hausting all of the possible com-
binations of circumstances which
might affect 1940.

There are, however, several as-
pects of the case which do not
involve conjecture. Certain solid
facts are inescapable.

The first of these is that maxi-
mum results scarcely could be ex-
pected of a labor party unless la-
bor were united behind it. Today
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