

Local News

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Inventory Time for C. I. O.

JUST about a year ago, the Committee for Industrial Organization was organized as an independent factor in American labor history by its suspension from the American Federation of Labor over the issue of industrial unionism—which the C. I. O. favors—versus craft unionism.

Within that year, the C. I. O. has grown from eight national and international unions to include 28 such organizations. The membership has risen from about a million to slightly more than three million, and is still growing.

Apparently, then, it may be classed as a going concern, and as such, it might well follow the custom of taking the 12-month inventory to see just where it stands, and just what its program for the second year should be in the light of the public temper.

The record shows that the C. I. O. has won over or interested workers not only in the mass production and basic industries, but also in federal, city, state and county offices; "white-collar" workers in retail stores and offices and employees in lumber, transportation, packing, cannery and maritime industries.

But many of these enlistments were made only at the cost of much misunderstanding and bitterness, involving fighting, shooting, and sometimes bloodshed. Production was shut down for weeks in many instances, while workers went without pay and the general public suffered inconvenience and irritation from the weed-crop of errors and blunders which grew up incidental to the main issues.

Then there was the flood of sit-downs, strikes and walkouts, some of which the C. I. O. disavowed but which, nevertheless, it was powerless to stop. In New York City, and possibly in other places, snappy picket lines still hold forth in front of shops where the original issues have long been forgotten. In some cases, the pickets themselves do not know why they are there, and instances are reported in which even union officials have to thumb through files to find out why the line is being maintained.

Although membership dues have been taxed, the C. I. O. still has temporary officers and there are no written by-laws and no constitution.

The rank and file of the citizenry is highly tolerant, and many abuses enacted in the heat of the initial tilt, both by employers and employees, will be forgiven and forgotten.

But it is safe to say that whatever birthday resolutions the C. I. O. decides to make will be wisely made within that proscribed circle which the public is drawing.

If the movement is to serve any worthwhile purpose for any great length of time, its second year will have to prove that it is growing up as well as out.

Uneven Fight on Crime

ONE good reason why crime continues to flourish in spite of a nation-wide campaign to wipe it out was suggested in one big city recently in a comparison of equipment used by bandits and that used by police.

Two shiny, new 1937 model automobiles, each capable of approximately 100 miles an hour, were used by a gang in a bank robbery. One three-year-old small model car, registering 74,000 miles of operation and capable of 65 miles an hour "if it is pushed," was available to police.

Against this handicap, police were fortunate in shooting the robbers down to a stop. But in many other cases, where police are similarly under-equipped,

criminals have been and still are getting away with the goods. Thus, part of the enormous tribute that crime exacts from the nation is reinvested in equipment for new depredations. Police expected to do battle with criminals deserve at least an even break when they put their lives in jeopardy.

Shirts and Government

FOR the simple offense of wearing a green shirt, Brazil's government employees are liable to six months' suspension without pay for the first offense, and downright dismissal for the second offense.

Ordinarily, there is nothing wrong with wearing a green shirt, but in Brazil it is anathema because it has been adopted by the Integralistas, a fascist organization. And the government, it seems, doesn't care for fascism.

The green shirts of Brazil, along with the Mexican gold shirts, the English black shirts, the United States silver shirts and the Irish blue shirts, offer an international problem as complex as the tariffs.

Honest people wondering just what it all means may be tempted to classify the "shirt" movement as more than moderately sophomoric, suggesting a motto of, perhaps, "Do or Dye."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

are lost.

Airplanes haven't as yet the safety possessed by their old competitors, the railroads and the steamships, but they have SPEED, and they have NOVELTY, and speed and novelty are what we of this generation want.

So air travel goes on increasing in spite of numerous disasters.

THIS dispatch comes from Washington:

"President Roosevelt said today (Tuesday) that new crop control legislation is essential to prevent collapse of the nation's economic structure. He added that legislation to replace the invalidated agricultural adjustment act (AAA) is inevitable and will be demanded by the country."

PRODUCE less and have less. Cut down the supply and jack up the price. Buy from foreigners what we have hired our own producers NOT TO PRODUCE.

Grab the easy money and laugh at hard work. Live in the present and thumb our noses at the future. That's the political shibboleth of the hour, and it seems to get the votes.

BUT history tells us that permanent prosperity was never built on any such foundation. The fact still remains (politics or no politics) that you can't eat what ISN'T PRODUCED.

EXTRADITION OF MONTAGUE FOUGHT

SACRAMENTO, Calif., Aug. 7.—(AP)—John Montague's legal counsel today insisted Governor Frank H. Merriam has authority to deny extradition to New York on a seven-year-old robbery charge against the Hollywood mystery sufferer.

Taking issue with an opinion of the state attorney general's office that granting of the extradition request is mandatory on the governor, Gerson Baitzer, attorney for Montague, said in an answering brief filed yesterday:

"The law is clear that if a man wanted in one state has been rehabilitated in another during a time that he allegedly has been a fugitive, the governor of the state in which he is residing has full power to refuse his extradition." Governor Merriam is expected to announce his decision next week.

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Testimony that he received nine black eyes in nine months of married life won a divorce today for Mrs. Naomi Tegen, from William Tegen, San Francisco fireman. She explained he was so big she did not dare hit back.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Aug. 6.—The Disabled Veterans of the World War decided today to hold their 1935 national convention in Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAN QUENTIN, Calif., Aug. 6.—The condition of Thomas Mullen is such that an immediate operation is not required, Dr. Leo L. Starnley, prison physician, said today in describing the convicted bomber's condition as "a great deal better."

MOORE, Cal., was stricken Tuesday with a gall bladder infection. "He is making steady improvement," Dr. Stanley said.

VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

HIBBS—To Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hibbs, of this city, at Mercy hospital, Friday, August 6, a daughter, Barbara Joan, weight seven and a half pounds.

OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

THE BUG IN THE ROSE. T. H. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 3-7

Best-Dressed Woman

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUDITH IRVING, heroine, America's best dressed woman.

PHILIP IRVING, Judith's estranged husband.

MARTHA ROGERS, Judith's rival.

BRUCE KNIGHT, author, Judith's old classmate.

MILICENT BAYNE, Bruce's protegee.

Yesterday, Judith and Millicent leave by plane for Reno. They encounter severe storms over the Rockies, the ship lowers, they are ordered to "Prepare to land."

CHAPTER VIII

The mountain and the airship were coming together, Judith sensed, which her thoughts crowded together until they beat against her brain. Together—but they didn't meet—they were taking a long, long time to crash. If only it would be swift—

The crash that broke the mountain's storm came then. It was sharp and definite but it did not reverberate as she had expected. The ship shook itself with a tremendous impact and then lay still, Judith, thrown to the floor, felt her head bump something and knew that it hurt. Voices were raised. Someone screamed. Somebody flashed a light. People were standing up. She realized that she wasn't hurt.

"Millicent," she called.

"Judith! Are you all right?" the girl answered. "The ship stopped. The shock. Oh Judith, we're alive!"

We're alive! It was good to hear. She would see Phil again, she told herself simply. Maybe the pattern would change to the old familiar one. Then she hurried to the pilot's side. "I can make handbags," she said.

And there were two broken arms and many minor bruises among the passengers. The pilot had made a landing that would go down in air chronicles as one of the most dexterous feats of aviation. The ship was disabled for further service until repairs were made, however. Not until automobiles had come from the nearest small town in Colorado, to take the passengers into the village, did Judith begin to wonder if Phil would learn about the crash tonight. If so, had he suffered because she was in danger in the sky?

She thought then of Millicent who was thinking about Bruce and wondering at his reaction.

"He will be relieved and happy to know you're safe," Judith said, forgetting that she used an antecedent instead of Bruce's name.

"Yes, he has his own ship and knows the dangers," Millicent said. "Funny, when he'll turn any kind of a commercial that he gets all snooty about anyone else doing it. He tried to advise me last night."

"Bruce flies?" Judith asked.

"No, not Bruce, Ronnie." Her face grew serious and rather tired. "Bruce doesn't know that we came."

The night was cold, the hills were high, and the stars were gone. A few moments before they had glimpsed death in a lonely land. Millicent drew nearer Judith. "Judith, doesn't it hurt like the devil to love someone who doesn't want to love you? I wonder if Bruce will follow me?"

They bumped along the hill road until they reached the town where wooden houses clustered at the approach to the mines and the ranches back in the higher ranges. Judith stretched her slim body as she alighted from the car. She looked around for her bags, found they were jammed in the plane, would be sent on later.

Rooms at the little inn were at a premium. A rancher, standing in front of the hotel, was waiting to start on a trip to his home 20 miles beyond, topped his hat and offered hospitality. Faded blue eyes smiled from a face that had weathered sun and wind and storms for 10 years. He was a man whom one could trust, Judith decided at once.

"Do you take boarders?" she asked.

"Well, not exactly. We have one young fellow there and a

couple more comin' in a week or so. But you're welcome to the beds and the grub, ma'am."

There was time enough to go to Reno later. She had all of her life to reach Reno. Gray eyes shining now, Judith turned to Millicent.