

Roseburg News-Review

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Jobs for Graduates
MEMO to any college senior who can't forget, despite the traditional end-of-school high jinks, that he's got to find work:

You should have been graduated last year . . . You're lucky if you've been going to school in the west.

An Associated Press survey indicates that job chances for far west graduates are not a great deal different from 1937 (when all over the country they were the best in years), but that elsewhere they have fallen off considerably.

This year's total graduating class numbers about 148,000, the U. S. Office of Education estimates. That's about 3,000 more than last year and 5,000 more than 1936.

What are all these newcomers to the job seeking lines going to do? Here's the situation from the statistical angle:

1. Colleges in all sections report that from 90 to 100 per cent of their last year's graduates found work.

2. The same colleges report that employment opportunities this spring were off anywhere up to 70 per cent.

That's discouraging, but there is one hopeful point: placement directors say that if business moves up again, most graduates will be placed.

Also, the best jobs aren't likely to be those a senior hears about on the campus or in an employment agency. They are those which persons create for themselves by using their imagination—by discovering unmet wants or putting to work what they know of several subjects (like the person who has studied physics and art and combines his knowledge to become a photographer).

Perhaps the cheeriest news in the whole job-for-graduates situation is this (reported in a North-western National Life Insurance survey): The graduates who do get jobs will find salaries almost as good as a year ago.

Rights and Lefts
THE umpire at a ball game in a town in West Virginia called a strike, the batter felt differently about it, and told him so, and presently threw a punch at him.

The umpire took it to court. The judge heard the testimony, meditated briefly, cleared his throat, and announced:

"Case dismissed. It is the inalienable right of a baseball player to get mad and have a fight with an umpire."

This was very jolly, of course, and the story hit the newspapers all over the country. No doubt the glee is widespread by now, except among umpires. And except among other individuals who may have had the misfortune to appear in court in the kind of case which might be called the Feature Writers' Revery.

No criticism is intended of the judge's decision, which undisclosed circumstances of the case doubtless made just. It just comes to mind that it's everybody's inalienable right to get mad, but it's not anybody's inalienable right—under the law, at least—to throw a punch at anybody—even an umpire.

The court has to have its fun once in a while, but the citizen has to have—every day in the week—his inalienable right to be considered, not "copy," but merely John Q. himself. The law knows no stooges.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

band of believers in a holy cause. The holy cause is GOOD GOVERN-

MENT and straight thinking. There's no stopping men and women who are fired by faith in a cause like that.

IN Charles A. Sprague, Oregon Republican, have a LEADER.

He is a clear, straight thinker, and he has courage. No mountebank beating the something-for-nothing drum can lead him astray. No racketeer can bluff him.

This writer, who has known Charley Sprague for ten years, can vouch for that.

TAKE a look at the mathematics of the situation:

No sincere follower of Martin can vote for Hess in November. That just isn't in the cards. The principles involved strike their roots too deep.

The followers of Martin in the primary campaign, plus the regenerated, rejuvenated, FIGHTINGLY SINCERE Republican party, are ample in numbers to win in November.

TO Governor Martin, this writer offers a tribute of sincere admiration. He is a good soldier. He fought a good fight. Those who know him know he has no regrets.

Let's go on and WIN the fight he started. We can do it.

Behind the Scenes in Washington
By Rodney Dutcher

WASHINGTON, May 23.—Jim Farley's lambaste leap into the Pennsylvania democratic primary brawl, although its compromise phases were tied up with the November election, was part of a widespread administration campaign to nominate New Dealers which has been greatly intensified in recent weeks.

The white house game is to pretend a hands-off policy in primary contests, while letting it be known, unofficially but emphatically, that Mr. Roosevelt has certain preferences. Less and less effort is being made to conceal these choices.

When Secretary Steve Early publicly denied the statement of Gov. Charles H. Martin, conservative democrat, that President Roosevelt had once described himself as a "New Dealer," insiders knew that the administration already had sent word to Oregon that it wanted State Senator Henry L. Hess, labor-supported liberal, to beat Martin for renomination.

"Senator for a Day"

Another white house favorite is Congressman Otha D. Wearin of Iowa, a leader in the house progressive bloc who seeks the toga of Senator Gray M. Gillette, anti-New Dealer Democrat. Wearin will have important Washington assignments.

Gillette previously has claimed white house backing. He voted for the reorganization bill, whereupon an Iowa newspaper proclaimed Wearin "senator for a day," asserting his candidacy had frightened Gillette into temporary support of the president.

New Deal endorsement of Senator Barkley in Kentucky, Mr. Adoo in California, Duffy in Wisconsin and Pepper in Florida was chronicled long ago. Now Gov. Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina has been Roosevelt and announces his pro-administration candidacy against conservative Senator Cotton Ed Smith, who has left Washington before congressional adjournment for the first time in 20 years to test the strength of his fences. And Governor Rivers of Georgia has lunched conspicuously at the white house, presumably as a prelude to announcement of his candidacy against anti-New Dealer Senator Walter George.

NLRB Wins 22 Out of 25

The national labor relations board has been catching more and more attention from government agency—which is quite a distinction. But it seems to be the supreme court's darling just the same.

Even the lower federal courts have been upholding the NLRB in test cases with almost monotonous regularity. Nine circuit courts of appeal have decided in favor of the board 22 times out of 25. One of the three unfavorable decisions has just been reversed by the supreme court and another was lost by default.

In the supreme court itself NLRB lawyers have chalked up 10 straight victories, sustaining no defeat despite contention by some of the country's most expensive attorneys that the Wagner act was unconstitutional.

In the Mackay Radio & Telegraph case involving NLRB's order to recharter union leaders after a strike and in its order to the third circuit court to show cause why its refusal to let the board hear its procedural record shouldn't be overruled, the court went far to defend NLRB from recent charges of sloppiness or unfairness in its procedure.

Although dead cats still fly, the atmosphere around NLRB continues serene.

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FARMERETTES AND SLACKS

See Carr's big new line of Farmerettes and slacks. Girls' sizes 7 to 14 priced at 60c. Ladies' sizes 14 to 44 at 60c to \$1.00. Clever well-tailored styles in fast color twill, decorated cloth, prints, etc. Dark or light colors with gay contrasting trim. Also halter kerchiefs, etc. You'll find what you want at Carr's—Adv.

OUT OUR WAY



TRIAL FLIGHT

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES COPYRIGHT, 1938, BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
JACKIE DUNN—heroine; she wanted to fly.
ROGER BRECKNER—hero; he wanted to test the stratosphere.
BETTY MELROSE—wealthy widow; she wanted Roger.
EVELYN LA FARGE—Jackie's mother; she wanted a son-in-law.

Yesterday: The stratosphere flight begins and Jackie, waiting for reports, knows the hours are the longest, most difficult she has ever experienced. It is fortunate she thinks that.

CHAPTER XIII
Jackie endeavored to make time pass until Roger's silver ship could be contacted direct, at the radio tower. At the little Airport Inn, where she and Roger had met so many times, she ordered coffee and hot, buttered toast. She would manage somehow to force down a little breakfast. She bought a paper and tried to read for a time, but since there was no news regarding Roger's stratosphere flight she really did not know what she read. She watched passengers coming and going for awhile, wondering if any of them were as preoccupied with such a tremendous matter as filled Roger's mind and senses. Then she felt she simply could not sit still any longer.

At the hangar she talked with some of the men who knew Roger. She told them what news she had received so far, tried to find out if anyone had heard anything more.

"Gosh!" Jerry, one of the mechanics, said solemnly. "If he's as far on his way as you say, Miss Dunn, he must be breaking all records."

"He hopes to do better than 100," Jackie boasted with pride and confidence.

"Don't you worry," Jerry said, as she left. "Roger's just the guy to show the world a thing or two!"

Jackie assured him she was not worried the least bit. She was just excited; so excited that she scarcely could contain herself.

On the way back to the tower she stopped at the weather bureau for the latest report. It was pretty favorable, unlimited ceiling and visibility most of the way; some scattered clouds in the vicinity of the Alleghenies. Of course, since the silver ship was flying so high in the stratosphere there was no danger of storms or fog or that sort of trouble.

There were several messages posted now on the bulletin board. The last one was from Chicago. This report gave Roger's plane its same altitude of 25,000 feet; it was maintaining an estimated speed around 420 miles per hour.

Jackie consulted her wrist watch for the hundredth time. It seemed the hands had never moved so slowly. But she had managed to put in those two hours. Roger had been on his way about 54 hours, maybe a little longer. Surely before much longer they would be in direct contact with him.

She knew the moment she reached the top step to the tower that something important was happening. Mac signaled to her, while he hurried to come close, at the same time warning her not to say anything.

Jackie's heart hammered so painfully in her ears that the reports coming from the receiving sets were only a confused, indistinguishable jumble, absolutely meaningless. The Mac twisted a dial, held up his hand.

"Listen!" he cried. "I think we've got him. He put a finger to his lips again."

Jackie pressed close, nerves taut, ears strained. If only her heart would not beat so loudly.

"JHLP . . . JHLP . . . Roger's call letters! Roger's own voice, so very familiar, first faint, now growing stronger. JHLP calling DRK . . . Those were the radio tower letters."

"Oh, Mac!" Jackie could not restrain the words that would burst from her lips. Excitement now was fearful, heart-filling. "Try to tune him in clearer, please! We must hear every word of it . . ."

"I'll be perfectly clear in a second," Mac replied. He twisted the dial once more, reached over to shut off another frequency. He picked up the microphone, that looked like any telephone into which one would ordinarily speak, repeated the radio tower's letters several times.

Then Roger's call letters came back, and Roger's voice, distinct and clear, almost as though he himself had stepped suddenly into the little glass tower with them. "JHLP calling DRK . . . Estimated position entering border line Pennsylvania. Same altitude, 35,000 feet. Everything okay."

Mac glanced around triumphantly at Jackie's eager, flushed face. "How's that?" he asked. "You got it all, didn't you?"

"Perfect," Jackie said. She closed her hands together ecstatically. It was just as Roger had said it would be now. She felt as though she were up there with him in his silver ship. The roof of the world did not exist. She had forgotten that she was supposed to be so angry with Roger that she hated him. Anything like that would have seemed too petty, too insignificant. This moment was supreme, outshining the past, and even the future.

By Williams

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

LEAVING town late in the afternoon, we hurried over to Takemitch, desiring to get to the lake long enough before dark so as to have time to tune up the Tablesetter's, outboard which he hadn't used for five months.

Rolling the craft in his carriage from the bathhouse we launched it, and with surprisingly little difficulty started the motor.

"Take the wheel," my friend said to me, "and we'll go for a little spin. Might even have time to stop a bass from under that old stump we know of."

Our spin was a short one. The boat was kept at the resort at the outlet of the lake, and the channel leading out to the open water was obstructed by a log boom extending about two-thirds of the way across, halving the remaining distance with nice care, we cut through it, and struck the submerged heavy outboard, powerful enough to drive the boat through the water at a speed of thirty-five miles per hour, was smashed clear loose from the boat, breaking the heavy castings on the drive shaft which fastened it to the stern, and pitching it forward almost into the Tablesetter's lap. The engine, however, was broken off, and all in all it was a sorry looking mess.

For the life of me I can't understand the philosophy which allows the owner of a resort catering to fishermen, one who has boats of his own to rent for their purposes, to let the boating waters in his immediate vicinity become cluttered up with sunken logs, stumps and snags without at least taking the precaution of marking their location with a buoy or a flag. It's the height of something or other, exceedingly uncomplimentary to his intelligence, his ambition, or both.

Our little party of three consisted of the Chef (is our more brutal moments we referred to him as the Bull Cook), the Tablesetter, and myself. I was the Pearl Diver.

We secured a cabin at the resort herebefore mentioned, and our household duties were roughly accomplished by the titles we bore.

Our jobs, however, weren't set, or fixed, or hereditary or anything like that. They depended largely on our conduct, and therefore were liable to interchange. For instance, the first one of us (the Tablesetter or myself) to cuss the Chef's cooking, immediately thereupon and automatically became the chef. You can better believe we didn't do this. Not until the last meal of our stay was cooked, and on the table—then we certainly told him what we thought of his culinary imperfections. We were perfectly safe then.

It made me think of an old story I heard when a kid, about a party of trappers who had about the same kind of a set-up with its cook. The first one to complain of the food, had to do the cooking. Few yielded to any desire to complain, no matter how terrible the grub was, and the cook, being human and smart, made it pretty terrible as time wore on.

One evening, after a hard day

(To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—Morton Goulds Orch., MBS.
4:30—Radio Campes, MBS.
4:45—Pulton Lewis Jr., MBS.
5:00—The Children's Hour.
5:15—The Johnson Family, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Melody Lane With Wanda Armour.

6:15—Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:00—News-Review of the Air.
7:10—The Place to Go, MBS.
7:20—The Green Hornet, MBS.
8:00—Symphony.
8:15—World Affairs, MBS.
8:30—Alexander's Ragtime Band, MBS.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Singing Strings, MBS.
9:20—Hudson's Orch., MBS.
9:45—Don't You Believe It, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25
7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says Good Morning.

7:50—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Merrymakers, MBS.
8:20—Haven or Rest, MBS.
9:00—The Happy Gang, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Battels' Orch., MBS.
9:45—Voice of Experience, MBS.
10:00—This Woman's World, MBS.
10:15—Between the Book Ends, MBS.

10:30—Home Town, MBS.
10:45—This Woman's World, MBS.
11:00—Country Church of Hollywood, Copco.

11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Hollywood Spinners, MBS.
11:45—Paul Small, MBS.
12:00—Ed Fitzgerald, MBS.
12:15—"Musings," Radio Music.
12:30—Noon Time Melodies.
12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange.

12:45—Hansen Motor News.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.

1:15—Rianne Week, MBS.
1:30—Afternoon Varieties.
2:00—Bernie Dean, MBS.
2:15—Community Hall, MBS.
2:30—Today's Front Page.

2:45—As the Story Goes, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—To Be Announced.
3:45—World Traveler, MBS.
4:00—Bolognini's Orch., MBS.
4:30—Let's Visit, MBS.
5:00—The Children's Hour.
5:15—The Johnson Family, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Gladys Pirmann's Banquetting.

6:00—Poppye, MBS.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:00—News Flashes.
7:15—Handball's Orch., MBS.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Brooklyn Symphony.
8:15—American Family Robinson.

8:30—Sons of American Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Anson Weeks' Orch., MBS.
9:45—Bluestone and His Violin, MBS.

10:00—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

These inspired followers of Jesus were regarded with favor by the people because of their winsome radiance, because every sincere spirit loves to see harmony, simplicity, loyalty, unselfishness and joyous fellowship in action to serve others.

Men and women adorned with these gifts are attractive Christians and they lead others to their Master, because they have the supreme treasures of life. Treasures which money cannot buy, and the only treasures which pass with us through the gates of death. Our Father, Thou hast blessed us with great gifts, and the unspeakable gift, The Holy Spirit. That Thou might send us forth to seek and to have the lost, may we live in tune with Thy will, so at one with Thy purpose, that others seeing us will wish to know Thee, Amen.

on his trap-lines, one of the party came in to supper. He picked up a biscuit and bit into it. He was so surprised he let out an awful roar. "Blast it all, but these blankety blank biscuits are salty," he shouted. Suddenly thinking of the consequences this remark let him in for, he added hastily, "but my G—, they're good!"

The weather was perfect—clear as a bell, night and day, with very little wind, and therefore reasonably warm. This qualification of the heat means more at the coast than it does inland. Not many people were on the lake—perhaps because the neighboring town of Florence was staging a celebration. But there were some, including several of the fishing enthusiasts who, insofar as I was able to observe, never did any swimming. But they were obtaining a beautiful tan and, I suspect, some little sunburn, here and there. They looked mighty nice, anyway. Their male companions, even though the sun was shining, never got very far out of their sheepskin-lined coats. Merely man can't take it, is all.

(To be continued, maybe)

SERVICE HELD FOR ELKTON HIGH 'GRADS'

ELKTON, Ore., May 24.—The annual baccalaureate service was held Sunday for the largest class to be graduated from Elkton high school. The program was as follows:

Processional, "Marche Pontificale," Elizabeth Bullock.
Hymn, "Blest Be The Tie," audience.
Prayer, Rev. Mr. Jones.

Duet, "Wonderful Peace," Rosalie Haines, Normabelle Weatherly.
Sermon, "How to Succeed in Life," Rev. Mr. Garboden.
Recessional.

15-YEAR-OLD WIFE BEARS TWIN BOYS

ALBANY, Calif., May 23.—(AP)—Mrs. Edith Correll, 15, gave birth to twin boys in a hospital here yesterday.

Mrs. Correll, formerly Edith Chago, eloped May 6, 1937, with Frederick Correll, to Reno and were married. The father is 25 years of age.

Lutheran League to Meet—The Young People's society of St. Paul's Lutheran church will meet at eight o'clock tonight at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Boeroff, at 216 North Stephens street.

Map of U. S. Territory

HORIZONTAL
1 Map of U. S. Territory pictured here.
2 This land is mountainous with high—
12 Small shield.
13 Blockhead.
14 Payment demand.
15 Sky phenomenon.
17 Leases.
19 Crucifix.
20 Caper.
21 Cognizance.
24 Year.
25 Exists.
26 Ocean.
27 Infant.
28 Southeast.
29 Provided.
31 Sleeping.
32 Sound of inquiry.
33 Camel-like animal.
34 To jump.
35 Sturgeons.
36 Bottle.
37 Affirmative.
41 Membranous bag.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
MAGELLAN, INDIES, CON, ADORN, ARCA, PELT, ODES, TORN, ORDEALS, TETANUS, D, FETHER, TATTED, O, TO, FERNANDO, UNION, FRY, D, GALOSH, A, AD, MAGELLAN, A, ISLES, LACTONE, ASPIRED, TOE, GLOVE, DADO, POME, EASER, EMIT, SPANISH, STRAITS

42 Snaky fish.
43 Snaky.
44 Consequent.
45 Southeast.
46 Provided.
47 Sleeping.
48 Sound of inquiry.
49 Camel-like animal.
50 To jump.
51 Sturgeons.
52 Bottle.
53 Affirmative.
54 Membranous bag.

55 To adjoint.
56 On the east.
57 Vertical.
58 Ogled.
59 Steel plated jacket.
60 Woos.
61 Ozone.
62 1416.
63 Behold.
64 Reposition.
65 Paradise.
66 Female relatives.

67 Unfastens.
68 Its highest peak Mt.
69 Basket twig.
70 Foxes are bred here on—
71 Shoulder blades.
72 Girdle.
73 Candle.
74 Handed pin.
75 Method.
76 Sesame.
77 To arrogate.
78 An important industry here, —fishery.
79 Group of eight.
80 Auto body.
81 Belings.
82 To vex.
83 Therefore.
84 Form of "a."
85 Fish.
86 Distant.
87 Greek letter.
88 Pound.
89 Musical note.
90 Upon.
91 South American.

92 1416.
93 Behold.
94 Reposition.
95 Paradise.
96 Female relatives.

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181 South American.

RAILWAY BRAKEMAN HANGS HIMSELF

KLAMATH FALLS, May 23.—(AP)—Leon G. Dunn, 65, veteran Southern Pacific railway brakeman, took his life early this morning by hanging. Coroner Adler reported today.

Dunn's body was found suspended from a gas pipe in the basement of his home.

His health was given as the cause of the apparent suicide. Dunn was to have been pensioned after a few more months' service.

BOLERO DRESSES—\$1.98

Carr's store has just received another big shipment of smartly styled dresses in rayons, acetates, georgettes with soft color alpes, batistes and linsens. New numbers include puff sleeve, boleros, swing skirts, etc., in a gorgeous array of new summer patterns, choice \$1.98. Also separate silk bolero and sash sets at \$1.98. See them at Carr's—Adv.

FOR 100 YEARS THEY'VE BEEN SAYING:

MAKE MINE WITH OOP!

MAKE MINE WITH OOP!