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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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A Hard Challenge

THE comment is often heard
that young men and women of
today do not have the opportuni-
ties that supposedly opened up be-
fore the previous generations in
this country. It is unquestionably
true that business and employ-
ment conditions now are not good.
Whether conditions are any more
difficult for the young people
than for their elders it is not pos-
sible to state. No doubt dad is
having about as hard a time to
combat his current problems as
Junior is.

The great difference between
them is that dad has considerable
experience back of him. He has
seen ups and downs before and
knows that the only answer is to
dig in and worry through some-
how.

There is this to think about,
however: Some young men are
getting started even now, and will
forge ahead. It can be done, for
it is being done. The world the
young man of 20 or 30 is launched
upon is a hard and uncompromis-
ing place. He is faced with a
challenge, unless parental wealth
stands between him and grim real-
ity. He must either have determi-
nation, energy and enthusiasm
enough, coupled with intelligence
and a reasonable amount of inge-
nuity, to win out against odds—
or go on relief.

An eastern college graduating
class displayed banners reading
"WPA here we come." That was
a joke, of course, but for some col-
lege graduates it was the truth.
For others the phrase is incom-
plete. The remainder of them
would say, and mean it—"get out
of our way for we are going right
on through."

A Portland college professor,
speaking of the economic situa-
tion of the country is quoted as
saying: "Everybody knows some-
thing about it in a general way
but nobody knows what to do
about it." The professor does not
listen to the radio. Not long ago
a great radio speaker told radio
listeners frequently that "we
planned it that way."

Bonneville Administrator J. D.
Rous says that in 17 years this
country will be using ten times as
much electric power as is being
produced and used today. That is
the best argument yet for canal-
izing the Unquappa river thereby
providing needed power in addition
to navigation, flood control and ir-
rigation.

It is about time to begin paying
commercial fishermen for not
catching fish.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

manure, and says people up in
that country put them around the
roots of trees. We've suspected
a time or two that we detected a
faintly odd flavor in a Dallas ap-
pet, and never knew before what
it was.

BUT here's a tip on grayling.
We'll tell it in his own words:
"At least one local fisherman de-
clares that people who discard
grayling are passing up a fine fish.
He first boils the fish until the
flesh may be stripped easily from
the bony structure. Then, with all
bones removed, he fries the gray-
ling until it is a rich brown. The
result is a moist fit for the gods,
this sportsman asserts."

This writer once heard a man

state that a leather boot, if boiled
long enough and then fried to a
crisp turn, isn't so bad if one is
just hungry enough.

Maybe it works the same way
with the grayling.

LET'S close this dissertation on
a philosophical note.

Fish like these are easy to get,
and anybody who wants 'em can
have 'em. But the fighting rain-
bow takes WORK and skill, and
it's the rainbow that everybody
wants.

Life is like that.

Behind the Scenes In Washington By Rodney Dutocher

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—A
prophet usually lands in the dog-
house in his own country. That
was exactly the fate of Dr. Stanley
High, who was publicly booed
from the White House inner circle
when he wrote a magazine article
predicting a liberal-conservative
battle for control of the democratic
party.

But High knew what he was
writing about, and events he pre-
dicted have come to pass. His
piece, "Whose Party Is It?" ap-
peared Feb. 6, 1937. He had prepared it
weeks before without knowing
President Roosevelt would pop his
supreme court plan on the eve of
publication, and would depend on
conservative politicians to put it
over.

Roosevelt had no foreknowledge
of High's article. Although he
wreaked his wrath on High, he fi-
nally has said the same things
High said—and publicly.

The issue, High wrote, was
whether the democratic party was
to become the liberal party in
1940. Old-line democrats were
ready to ease out the "economic
salvationists" and their salvation
plans and "restore the inoffensive
democracy with which they were
familiar in the traditional era be-
fore Roosevelt."

They were sure, he continued,
they could have a party by 1940
in which Carter Glass, John Gar-
ner, Al Smith, Jim Reed and John
W. Davis would again feel at home.
Sensational at the time, but state
news 18 months later, was High's
prediction:

"It seems probable that the en-
gineer of this movement of restora-
tion will be the vice-president,
Mr. Garner. Hopes of the old-order
democrats are pinned on him. . .
the one man who can set the 1940
party aside for a candidate to their
liking—Paul McNutt, Harry Byrd,
or Leonard Clark. . . Mr. Garner
has undertaken his job with reli-
sh."

O'Mahoney's Written Words
Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of
Wyoming, chairman of the tempo-
rary national economic committee
(monopoly investigation commit-
tee) to you, selected as his assis-
tant Prof. Arthur R. Hibbert of the
University of Wyoming, a special-
ist on corporation law, business
monopolies, public utilities and public
administration. Hibbert also has
been a professor of business admin-
istration at University of Oregon
and a state department lawyer,
and has installed merit systems in
state government.

Guffaw Brings Rebuke
Some industrialists and finan-
ciers here Washington lobbyists,
press agents or other specialists to
coach them on appearances before
senate investigating committees.
Vice-President Charles M. White
of Republic Steel didn't.

Criticism of police of Canton,
O., had been testifying before the
LaFollette committee that squad
of Republic armed guards had tear-
gassed school children, unarmed
strikers, and spectators, and had
beaten women and men with iron
bars, shooting several. Then Bus
Driver Durrell Smith told how he
had been attacked and had manag-
ed to get away.

At this point White leaned back
and guffawed.
"I will ask Mr. White to restrain
his levity," said Chairman LaFol-
lette. "I don't think anyone else is
impressed with it."

The committee heard that
Republic Steel had been so im-
pressed with Smith's evidence as
to pay him \$500 damages, and that
Herbert Blazer, non-employee, had
got 100 buckshot in his back, with
photographic evidence.

By that time White had received
so much attention he was trying to
sit in the back of the room.

BARBS

Now that a word expert has com-
pleted a look on the number of
words that don't sound alike, why
doesn't he compile a pamphlet on
the ones they respond to?

A writer on music says that
America will become really musi-
cal only when it has exhausted all
the possibilities of swing. That is,
if swing hasn't exhausted all the
Americans in the meantime.

News arrives of an enterprising
peddler who sells "No Peddlers
Allowed" signs. Rumors are that
he has a brother who follows up
with "This Means You" signs.

Now that a couple of scientists
in Germany have discovered a way
of making bread without any yeast,
that ought to do away with that
non-Aryan-looking curl to the hair.

OUT OUR WAY



LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far
"Blum" Ankrom is trying to en-
gage his reputation for gunplay,
but become concerned in trouble
again when he rescues Lee Trone
from a band of thugs. She offers
him a job on the Rafter T, which
is in difficulties. He goes there
under the name of Abe Streeter,
and immediately has a run-in with
the surly range boss.

Chapter Four
Old Man Trone
Hardly had the men of the
Rafter T concluded their supper
and started fishing in their pocket
for the makings than a shadow
darkened the doorway. Moose
Hackett, the range boss, stood
there swinging his glance about
the room. It stopped abruptly
when it reached Ankrom.

The boss growled, "Streeter,
the old man wants to see you up
at the house. Right away." With-
out waiting for a reply, he turned
out his heel and passed from
view, heading toward his private
shanty across the yard.

Ankrom could feel the eyes of
his companions upon him. His
face was inscrutable as he rose
from his place, pulled the last
lungful of smoke from his cigar-
ette and ground the butt into a
dish. Still without speaking he
passed through the open door and
out into the gloom of early night.

When he reached the ranch-
house a vague slim shape was
there awaiting him among the
shadows of the veranda. He
sensed that it was the girl, Lee
Trone. Her voice reached out to
him softly: "You came, then, after
all."

"I reckon I did, ma'am."
"Did you have any trouble on
the way?"
"What kind of trouble did you
think I might be havin', ma'am?"
There was silence for a mo-
ment, then she said, "I will be
waiting for you in my office. It is
the first room off the right of the
hall. I-I have told him that you
are the friend of some friends of
ours in Arizona; that I happened
to run across you in town last
night and offered you a job. Good
night."

She stepped past him and en-
tered the car. A second later
Ankrom heard the purring of the
motor, the meshing of the gears.
With the crunch of gravel the car
moved smoothly off across the
yard.

Ankrom turned and entered the
house. Upon the first door to the
right of the hall he knocked.
"Come in," a gruff voice bade
and Ankrom entered an electrically
lighted room.

His eyes went at once to the
room's sole occupant, a man whom
he judged to be well above sixty,
who rose from behind a desk. This
man Ankrom knew at a glance
for the girl's father. His dark fea-
tures held the weather-beaten
appearance of having been much
in the windy open. His was a big,
brawny frame—big but gaunt with
leanness of a snail's foot. A
bushy hair he thrust a wrinkled
brown hand across the desk and
Ankrom gripped it.

"Son," Trone said, "I'm glad
to know you. Streeter's the name?
Abe Streeter? Well, I'm glad to
know any friend of Colonel Struth-
ers. How is the Colonel? Been
there since I've seen the boss of
the XOT?"

"He's making out," Ankrom
said.
"Lee tells me she ran across
you in town last night."

"Well, we met. She invited me
out. Said you could use another
hand. A light appeared far back
in Ankrom's eyes. "I'm kind of
at loose ends right now on a job
of work would suit me fine."
"Glad to have you with us,"
Trone broke off to stare past
Ankrom's head. "What is it,
Hackett?"
Ankrom had heard the opening
of the door, but had not turned.
He did so now and saw the surly
range boss standing in the door-
way. Hackett did not look at him,
was figuring to see you about
that load of—
"If you reckon on talking busi-
ness with me," Trone cut in,
"come back later."
"Well—" Now Hackett's eyes

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

THE village of Taft up the Ore-
gon coastline staged a beauty
contest for red-haired girls Sunday.
I don't know how
these girls got
that way; but I
do know what
made the old
grandpa, direct-
ing traffic, gray-
haired. It was the
jam of cars col-
lected there.
Thousands of
them, and more
coming with the
passing of each
minute to add to the mess. I watch-
ed one line coming in from the
north that had over three hundred
cars in it, bumper to bumper. Just
half an hour passed before the car
then at the tail end got to the turn-
off down town, and by that time it
headed a procession just as long.

The red-haired queen, with a
sparkling life crown, rode in state
through the throng. Her course
was rather erratic, due to the con-
tinuous traffic snarl. But her
smile was a beautiful thing to
watch, happy as could be, with a
kind of satisfied pride shining from
her eyes and subtly evident in her
bearing. She was free-lance-faced.

A carnival was in town, heavily
patrolled. One feature consisted
of Shetland ponies tethered to
poles radiating from a common
hub, each ridden by some little tot,
usually held in the saddle by a dot-
ting papa or mama, who walked
alongside. Groups of girls all diked
up in their Sunday best trooped
in chain-gangs along the crowded
sidewalks, giggling and making
eyes, sunbust youths in tight col-

ored shirts and new shoes stood at cigar
store doors, drinking bottled beer.
A pleasant smell compounded of
dust, burnt gasoline and violet per-
fume greeted the fresh air drifting
in from the nearby sea, and con-
quered it. In hundreds of parked
cars sat tourists, caught helplessly
in eddies of the ebb and flow of
ceaseless traffic, watching the
scene with mingled interest, in
what they saw, and dismay at the
thought of how they ever were go-
ing to win their way through.

It was a big day for Taft. It was
a big day for the tourists caught so
unexpectantly in its welcoming
embrace. And I know it was a big
day for grandpa, with his badge,
where the main sidewalk inter-
sected the coast highway.

Depoe bay had its share of the
holiday throng, too. Every parking
spot for half a mile was taken—
Not one was available from the
open places south of the bridge, to
the northern limits of the village.
Cars were jammed there by the
hundreds, and thousands of people
milled about, looking at the ac-
tivity, and searching for hamburger
joints.

Depoe bay is an oddity. Covering
an area roughly equivalent to that
of a city block or two, it is con-
nected with the ocean, only a few
hundred feet distant, by a narrow,
crooked, deep and rockbound chan-
nel. One marvels how any craft,
however small, could navigate this
course. But it is done, right along,
and by the rather sizeable fishing
boats whose haven and headquar-
ters the bay is.

As one of many other interesting
features, Depoe bay boasts an
aquarium of considerable magni-
tude, containing exhibits of fish
and other examples of marine life
native to the Oregon coast. One of
the big glass tanks is the home of
the most surly octopus I ever saw,
a loathsome creature. It received
the lion's share of attention
from the crowds. Anything
evil always seems to.

One of the waitresses in the
smart little cafe overlooking the
bay, had a black eye.

KRRR PROGRAM
REMAINING HOURS TODAY
(1500 Kilocycles)

4:00—Musical Steeplechase, MBS.
4:30—Jazz Nocturne, MBS.
5:00—Bob Crosby's Orchestra,
MBS.
5:15—The Children's Hour.
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6:00—Popeye, MBS.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—The Place to Go, MBS.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—American Family Robinson.
8:15—Singing Strings, MBS.
8:30—Griff Williams' Orchestra,
MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Jan Garber.
9:30—The Play Boys, MBS.
9:45—Joe Cunningham, MBS.
10:00—Dick Jurgens' Orchestra,
MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Variety Program, MBS.
8:30—Haven of Rest, MBS.
9:00—Home Town, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Royal Rogers, MBS.
9:45—Joyce Trio, MBS.
10:00—Harold Turner, MBS.
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FRENCH HEROINE

Answer to Previous Puzzle
heresy.
19 Distinctive
theory.
21 Onager.
23 Nominal value
24 Frozen water.
25 Born.
26 Complaints.
28 Wine vessel.
29 Corded cloth.
30 Blackbird.
31 She was—
at the stake.
34 Form of "a."
35 And.
38 Duet.
40 2000 pounds.
42 To primp.
43 Plaster of
Paris.
45 To hearken.
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47 Elm.
48 Pleased.
50 Pertaining to
air.
51 Garden door
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55 Thing.

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56 To guide.
57 Form of "be."
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59 Work of skill.
60 She was called
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—"
61 She led the
French—
against the
English.
62 To betroth.
63 Twelve
months.

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2 Verbal.
3 Capable.
4 Frost bites.
6 Hinged leaves.
7 Mature person
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Battle Over Group Health Proposal Indicates Changes Pending in U. S. In Systems of Practicing Medicine

By PRESTON GROVER

WASHINGTON—If you were a
government clerk in Washington
with an income of \$2,000 a year, a
sore appendix, a wife with an on-
coming baby, and no rich uncles,
probably you would join the Group
Health association if it promised
to take care of your medical needs
for \$2.20 a month, \$3.30 including
family.

That situation in a nutshell, is
what started the controversy be-
tween Washington's Group Health
association and the American Medi-
cal association, a controversy
which now is on the way toward a
history-making anti-trust battle.

Group Health, counseled by the
Twentieth Century fund, an en-
dowed research organization, of-
fered its members hospitalization
and full medical and surgical care
for this small monthly sum. It was
altogether a voluntary organization
but in a few months, 2,500 federal
employees had joined. These, with
their families, amounted to 6,000
potential patients.

The District (of Columbia) Medi-
cal society, an AMA affiliate,
promptly attacked the plan as lead-
ing toward the compulsory medical
insurance systems in vogue in Ger-
many and elsewhere in Europe.
Such systems they denounced as
undermining high standards of
medical practice and likely to break
down the close relationship of the
physician and his patient.

Besides, here was a group with
steady earnings snatched right out
of the teeth of "regular" physicians,
leaving them still with the burden
of caring for the indigent without
the sustaining aid of bill-paying
patients.

Enter the Government.
The medical society took steps.
It threatened expulsion of the doc-
tor or so physicians employed in
the group health clinic here. Ex-
pulsion is truly serious for a physi-
cian. Further, the hospitals, fol-
lowing the pattern of the physi-
cians practicing in them, declined
to permit Group Health physicians
to operate in them.

That was a sore handicap. To
fulfill its obligations, Group Health
had to call on "outside" physicians
at regular fees for needed surgery.

One of the waitresses in the
smart little cafe overlooking the
bay, had a black eye.

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