

## ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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### Diagnosis by Models

TWO interesting news stories  
have come to hand.

The first tells about the work  
being done at a novel Children's  
Center that opened recently in Lon-  
don. Probably the most interesting  
feature of the place, where psy-  
chological difficulties are straight-  
ened out, is a large room cluttered  
with toys and building materials.  
Here the children are encouraged  
to construct "model worlds" ac-  
cording to their own ideas.

It seems that psychoanalysts  
have found that by analyzing these  
models they can easily "dig down,"  
according to the news story, "into  
the trouble which lies at the root  
of the child's difficulty."

The second interesting news  
story which has come to hand de-  
scribes an elaborate exhibit being  
planned for New York's World  
Fair. It's a kind of American dream  
of the future—a model of a system  
of coast-to-coast highways that may  
some day be a reality.

Each highway is made up of  
three separate lanes, in which the  
motorist would be required to tra-  
vel at the speeds set for those  
lanes. In the fast lane the motorist  
would travel at 100 miles an hour;  
in the middle-speed lane, at 70  
miles an hour; in the slow-poke  
lane, at 50 miles an hour. There are  
no other lanes.

Hmmm.

### Worker Looks at Business

THE past 10 years have brought  
subtle changes in thinking  
which are no less important than  
the physical changes that can be  
seen about us. Perhaps they are  
more important.

One of the most striking is the  
gradual spread of the conception  
that any large business in a  
sense a public business, and ought  
not to be operated without some  
thought of the social effects it pro-  
duces.

Another gradual change is in  
the recognition that employees as well  
as stockholders have an interest in  
how a business is run. Annual re-  
ports showing financial conditions  
were supplied to employees of 41  
prominent companies in the United  
States during the past year.

General Electric and the Jewel  
Tea Company were pioneers in this  
innovation. "We have tried to give  
our employees an understanding of  
the company—what it earns, what  
it owes, what it is worth to stock-  
holders..." said an official of the  
latter.

Much labor trouble is due to lack  
of mutual understanding by em-  
ployer and employee of their prob-  
lems. Giving employees an insight  
into just what the management is  
faced with in carrying on the busi-  
ness may often smooth the path to  
co-operation and mutual sympathy,  
instead of stiff-necked, and un-  
telligent demands. If extended, this  
practice might well become a sta-  
bilizing element in labor relations.

### Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

was caught with it on his hands on  
pungling-up day would have all the  
taxes to pay.

The theory is that this wild orgy  
of spending would create so much  
prosperity that we'd wind up with  
two cars in every garage and two  
hambones in every pot.

All, of course, without anybody  
doing any work.

THIS writer is out of luck.  
In a world full of rosy schemes  
for making everybody rich and

happy without work or saving or  
self-denial, he's so scandalously old-  
fashioned as to believe that wealth  
is created solely by the application  
of labor to natural resources.

He is so hopelessly benighted as  
to think that if you want a house  
somebody must cut down the trees,  
somebody else must saw them into  
lumber and still other somebodies  
must nail the boards together.

The MODERN theory of the way  
to build a house, you know, is to  
have somebody pass a law. Where-  
upon the house will just simply  
rise up of itself and beckon you to  
enter.

Anybody can see that the mod-  
ern way is MUCH EASIER.

IT'S tough to be old-fashioned as  
to economic fundamentals. It  
makes you seem peculiar. When  
you walk down the street, they  
point the finger of scorn at you,  
saying: "He hasn't seen the light—  
the poor simp!"

But when you're that way you're  
just that way, and can't help it.

### Behind the Scenes in Washington

By Rodney Dutocher

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—Big  
news: The Nebraska senators  
have agreed on something!

Senator George W. Norris, vet-  
eran progressive leader, has pub-  
licly urged President Roosevelt to  
appoint Felix Frankfurter of Har-  
vard law school to the supreme  
court vacancy created by the  
death of Justice Cardozo.

Senator Edward Burke, who  
stayed in Washington this summer  
to make daily anti-new deal  
statements and then endorsed  
Vice President Garner for pres-  
ident in 1940 as he left for Europe,  
has indicated that he would be  
glad to vote for Frankfurter's con-  
firmation.

But, predicts Burke, Roosevelt  
won't appoint Frankfurter be-  
cause the latter was not in favor  
of F. D. R.'s supreme court plan.  
Burke is likely to be wrong on  
both counts. Frankfurter now has  
an inside track on the court  
vacancy.

If his friends are to be believed,  
Frankfurter didn't publicly sup-  
port the court plan because his  
friend and mentor Justice Louis  
D. Brandeis begged him not to.

Brandeis was so shocked by the  
plan that Mr. Younger, disciple,  
forerunner of the Brandeis  
philosophy, heeded his plea.  
But the army of young Frank-  
furter lawyers in Washington, led  
by the professor's closest associ-  
ates, Tom Corcoran and Ben  
Cohen, battled for the plan.

Brandeis to Stay  
Roosevelt long intended to ap-  
point Frankfurter to the Brandeis  
seat when the latter resigned. But  
Brandeis, now 81 years old, indi-  
cated intention of resigning.  
Mrs. Brandeis has urged against  
it. And insiders insist Roosevelt  
is not inclined to elevate Frank-  
furter without waiting for Brand-  
eis departure.

Aside from Frankfurter, chief  
supreme court possibilities are  
Dean Lloyd Garrison of the Uni-  
versity of Wisconsin law school,  
Indiana, and Gov. Frank Murphy  
of Michigan—in case Murphy fails to  
be re-elected.

Job for Old Friends Aides  
Speaking of Corcoran and Co-  
hen.

Cohen was Cardozo's closest  
friend in Washington. He has re-  
cruited young Joseph Rauh, for  
two years Cardozo's secretary, for  
his own staff. Cohen is general  
counsel of the national policy  
committee. Rauh has been made  
assistant general counsel.

Similarly Corcoran, once secre-  
tary to Justice Oliver Wendell  
Holmes and next to Frankfurter  
—perhaps Holmes' closest associ-  
ate until his death, put James  
Rowe on his own staff. Rowe was  
Holmes' law secretary. He is now  
assistant to White House Secre-  
tary Jimmy Roosevelt.

More Fuel More Feud  
The extent of factional labor  
bitterness is again demonstrated  
by the full endorsement of Sena-  
tor George of Georgia for renomi-  
nation by President William Green  
of the A. F. of L., who says  
Georgia's record is "100 per cent  
labor."

The two measures most directly  
related to labor passed by the last  
congress were the wage-hour bill  
and the Wagner-Steagall housing  
bill. Green asked the senate to  
pass both. George voted against both.

In Iowa, Green supported Sen-  
ator Guy Gillette, who voted  
against the wage-hour bill. He  
demanded defeat of Congressman  
Maverick of Texas after the State  
Federation of Labor had reported  
that Maverick had voted "right"  
19 times out of 11.

Green has made no bones of  
the fact that A. F. of L. leaders  
hope to punish friends of C. I. O.  
labor's non-partisan league men,  
trying none too successfully to in-  
flict some not too successful pun-  
ishment on their own hook, now charge  
the old A. F. of L. slogan, "Elect  
our friends and defeat our en-  
emies," has been reversed to  
"Elect our enemies and defeat our  
friends."

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Inc.)

### CHICKEN THEFT CHARGED

Glendale, Aug. 22.—Three Glen-  
dale youths appeared in justice  
court Thursday evening on a charge  
of stealing chickens. On a promise  
of the youths to pay damages and  
court costs, Judge W. B. Lesh or-  
dered the case continued.

The storage cellars of the great  
brewery at Pilsen, Czechoslovakia,  
are more than five miles long,  
and the brewery covers 136 acres.

### OUT OUR WAY



"THE BIG STIFF!"

By Williams

## LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

### The Story So Far

Under the name of Abe Street,  
under the name of Ankrum takes a job  
on the troubled Rafter T ranch to  
help lovely Lee Trone. Colonel  
Struthers and his daughter Betty  
come to visit, and Ankrum recog-  
nizes Struthers as an impostor.  
Kelton Drown, Dean is shot and  
Betty slips Ankrum her gun, say-  
ing she did it. Rafterford, the  
burly sheriff, holds them all for  
questioning, including Claydell, a  
neighboring rancher. Accidently,  
Ankrum drops Betty's gun on the  
floor.

### Chapter 14 Questions

In plain sight, blue and cold  
and grim it lay. The surprise had  
frozen them all to a rigid tenseness.  
Ankrum thought the pound-  
ing of his heart must surely shake  
him.

"Well!" the sheriff drawled at  
last. "Well! What parlor trick is  
this, Streeter?"

Ankrum grinned with a mirth-  
lessness that showed the whiteness  
of his teeth. "Shucks," he  
said, "I feel downright ashamed  
to call that weak'n' mine."

"I shouldn't wonder." With  
heavy irony Rafterford stooped to  
pick the weapon up. Yet even as  
his fingers closed to grip it, An-  
krum covered the pistol with his foot.

Grimly Rafterford straightened.  
The head on his thick neck came  
forward until his heavy features  
were within ten inches of An-  
krum's. Unblinking, the smoking  
eyes stared balefully.

His words were low, spaced  
wide apart: "Where did you get  
that gun?"

Across Ankrum's mind came the  
vision of the girl from Paso Pinto  
rising from the crumpled form of  
Kelton Drown with one hand hold-  
ing papers, a pistol in the other.  
This pistol!

He eyed it warily. Had the su-  
perior Struthers' life been snuffed  
with this?

He let his glance rest upon the  
sheriff's. "By your tone," he told  
him, "a man would figure it was  
a crime to own more'n one gun in  
Texas."

"Never mind airin' your opin-  
ion, I want to know where you  
got this gun."

"I don't know that it's any of  
your business, Rafterford."

"I'm making it my business."  
"Foot Hill is filled with fellas  
that had that habit."

"Damn you!" Rafterford swore.  
"You answer my question an-  
swer it quick or I'll slap the brace-  
lets on you an' take you in for this  
killin'."

"What evidence you got that I  
downed Struthers. Law says you  
got to have evidence before you  
can arrest a man for a thing like  
this."

"Yeah? Well, that law don't  
cover you. The laws ain't made  
for driftin' saddle tramps that go  
round stirrin' up trouble. Talk,  
fella—talk, or I'll take you in!"

Ankrum stood there, his eyes  
like tempered steel, the lean  
cheeks drawn tight. Trouble, he  
told himself, was like his shadow;  
he could not escape it wherever  
he turned his eyes, there lay  
trouble waiting. To move amid  
scenes of turmoil seemed to be  
his portion. There was no escape  
... save death.

Very well, then; he was through  
trying. He would serve those  
trouble-bringers what they asked  
for. He would give them all they  
wanted from here on out; he  
would hurt it in their teeth.

As the sheriff's voice stopped  
Ankrum's right hand shrank into  
a hard fist. He took a forward  
stride as the sheriff stepped back  
a pace and stood. His eyes held  
Rafterford like a grip; they were  
palely blue like ice, they were bat-  
tling, mocking, hateful. "What was  
it you wanted, Rafterford?"

"Who hired you?"

a tiny movement of a hand it was;  
a girl's hand—Lee's! Then she  
was not completely indifferent  
to him; the thought crossed his  
mind like light. Evidently she  
realized as did he himself, that  
Rafterford was out to find a goat  
and meant to find one before he  
left this room.

But Lee's cautioning gesture no  
longer held the force it might have  
held this morning. Stooping swiftly  
he came up with the gun his  
foot had covered; came up sud-  
denly his purpose before his plas-  
tic muzzle held him in grim fo-  
cus as Ankrum backed to the wall  
beside the outer door.

"It didn't come from no dead  
man's hand, it that's what you're  
insinuat'n'!" Ankrum drawled. "If  
you're aimin' to find a goat for  
this night's work, Rafterford, you  
better pick on someone else."

"Any man can talk behind a  
gun," the sheriff sneered.

With a blur the pistol left An-  
krum's hand and no one saw  
where he had aimed it. White  
teeth gleamed coldly behind his  
parted lips. His attitude was a  
challenge to big Tom Rafterford,  
yet Rafterford did not move.

Ankrum said, "What caliber gun  
did the colonel use, Miss Struth-  
ers?"

"Why? . . . a thirty-two, I be-  
lieve."

"The pistol I just picked up was  
a thirty-two. It came off the  
ground near Struthers' body. One  
shell has been exploded. Do you  
know, Rafterford, what caliber slug  
it was that killed the colonel?"

"A forty-five," the sheriff's  
voice came back. "I cut it out."

A moment's pause, and then:  
"Like the gun I took out of your  
hand a while ago."

"Did you?" Ankrum said.  
The sheriff shrugged. His his  
concealed the expression in his  
eyes. "All right then," he said,  
"like the forty-five you gave up  
at my request a while ago—if it  
makes you feel any better to have  
put it that way."

"It does. No man ever took a  
gun away from me, yet, Rafter-  
ford."

"Hard hombre, eh? I've seen  
your type of drifters before. They  
kind that hires out to his guns to  
the highest bidder. Who hired you to  
gun the colonel?"

"I didn't gun him, I told you that  
before. Now let me ask you one:  
How'd you know the slug that  
downed him was a forty-five?  
Mightn't it have been a forty-  
two?"

"Where Were You?"

"Listen," Rafterford said testily.  
"I've fooled around guns long  
enough to recognize whether a  
chunk of lead was thrown from a  
forty-four or forty-five, no mat-  
ter how badly it happens to be bat-  
tered. Besides, this slug was  
pretty smooth. It was like the ones  
your gun—the one you give me—  
shoots."

"That doesn't mean anything,"  
Ankrum said. "You've got a forty-  
five yourself. It's slung in that  
shoulder holster under your coat-  
tail. Mr. Trone may be packin' one too,  
for all I know. Claydell, here, pro-  
duced a thirty-eight at your in-  
sistence, but he may likewise have  
a forty-five cached about him some  
place. I don't see any guns on  
these two cowboys, but if I was to  
judge them by the rest of you I'd  
say they was each packin' a forty-  
five at least. For a country that's  
shucked its iron."

"Never mind the sarcasm,"  
Rafterford broke in roughly. He  
turned toward the two girls:  
"Miss Struthers, where were you  
when your man was shot?"

The unexpectedness of the ques-  
tion brought a startled flicker  
from Lee Trone. Her eyes flash-  
ed wide and darkened. Instinct-  
ively they sought Ankrum's. He  
gave her a reassuring quirk of the  
lips and turned his glance on  
Betty.

The sheriff's procedure elicited  
no sign of dismay from her. She  
had her wits about her every min-  
ute of the time; Ankrum reflected  
sarcastically. "A girl that has all  
the answers," he mused her up.

When she spoke her voice held  
that amount of business genu-  
ine

grief for her father's death might  
have caused.

"I—let me see," a white  
hand went to her forehead, rum-  
pling the golden curls; a tiny pucker  
grew between her thoughtful eyes.  
"I had just stepped out the door  
there. Father had asked me to  
meet him out beneath that pepper  
tree; he said he had something  
private which he wished to talk  
to me about. . . . She bit her lip;  
her thoughts seemed far away."

"I'm trying to recollect—it seems  
to me I had just stepped out the  
door and crossed the veranda. I  
was leaning against one of those  
funny posts—"

"Come, come Miss Struthers,"  
the sheriff exclaimed impatiently.  
I asked you where you were when  
you heard the shots. I'm not inter-  
ested in the history of your move-  
ments from the time you fin-  
ished supper."

Upon the big sheriff the girl  
from Paso Pinto turned wide blue  
eyes in which there shone the  
heart expression of a child who has  
been unjustly reproved. "But, Mr.  
Rafterford, that is what I am try-  
ing to tell you. I had stepped out  
on the veranda when I heard two  
sharp reports—"

"Then you did not see the gun-  
flashes?" the sheriff growled. "You  
couldn't say from which direction  
the reports came?"

The girl shook her head. "I'm  
afraid not. I was looking—"

"Yeah," Rafterford cut her off.  
He swung round upon Lee Trone:  
"Lee," his eyes were on hers prob-  
ably, "what were you doing un-  
der the pepper tree when Colonel  
Struthers got shot?"

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### More bad news for the Rafter T, tomorrow.

### APPLE-PEAR EXPORT INCREASE LIKELY

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—(AP)—  
The bureau of agricultural econ-  
omics predicted today an increase  
in exports of apples and pears to  
Europe.

It said its London office re-  
ported the European apple crop was  
considerably reduced and pear  
prospects were poor.

The bureau said the United  
States apple crop probably would  
be a third smaller than last year  
and eleven per cent under the ten-  
year average, but that a record  
pear production was indicated.

### UTILITY DISTRICT MEETING CALLED

A call meeting of residents of  
Lookingglass and Tenmile districts  
interested in the formation of a  
public utility district is to be held  
at 8 p. m., Wednesday, August 21,  
it was announced today by W. J.  
Merodith, secretary. The meeting  
is to be held at Rowell hall in Ten-  
mile.

### NOTICE FOR BIDS

Bids will be received by the Ore-  
gon State Game Commission at the  
office of its chairman, Dexter Rice,  
in Roseburg, Oregon, up un-  
til twelve o'clock noon, Thursday,  
August 25, 1938, for the purchase  
of the old foreman's house at Rock  
Creek Hatchery, same to be imme-  
diately removed. Time of removal  
is an important factor and will be  
considered in connection with the  
purchase price offered.

OREGON STATE GAME COM-  
MISSION.  
By Dexter Rice, Chairman.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this opportunity  
to thank our many friends for  
their kindness and sympathy ex-  
tended to us during our recent be-  
reavement and for the beautiful  
floral offerings.

Mr. and Mrs. Thelmar J. Farmer,  
Billy and Mary Ann Farmer.

### BIDS WANTED

By September 5, for transporta-  
tion of Coler Valley school chil-  
dren to and from Dist. No. 10.  
Board reserves right to reject any  
or all bids.

(Adv.)  
Mrs. Roy Edwards, Clerk,  
School District No. 17,  
Umpqua, Oregon.

## RAMBLINGS

by  
Paul Jenkins

"Oh, is that Yachts?" queried a  
friend who accompanied my  
wife and me on a trip to the coast  
Saturday. "I never  
have seen the  
to win before."  
But I have an  
acquaintance  
who tells me it  
is one of the  
calmest places  
on the Oregon  
coastline."

I didn't in-  
quire who her  
acquaintance  
was, for really  
that didn't mat-  
ter. After all, he or she probably  
meant that the people were calm.  
I reckon that was it.

The wind isn't calm at Yachats.  
It will blow the shell off an egg.  
How it can blow at the rate it us-  
ually does without whipping up a  
choppy sea is a mystery to me. The  
ocean remains tranquil. The sun  
shines. But the wind howls.

The sea seldom is so still, how-  
ever, that it fails to give the faces  
of the rocks along the low shore-  
line a tremendous slapping. Spray  
flies freely when a strong tide is  
flowing. So do drenching sheets  
of water, as a girl who was fishing  
Sunday from a rock for perch, can  
testify. She nearly got knocked off  
what perch she had, and got good  
and wet.

It's interesting to observe the ex-  
pressions and the actions of a per-  
son surprised by a dousing. The  
first emotion to manifest itself is  
dismay. No one seems to like to  
get wet, when he isn't expecting  
to.

Secondly, he will look a bit  
helpless. Small wonder, for a good  
soaking (when unexpected) is so  
final. It puts such a complete  
damper on one's spirits.

Thirdly, there appears an emo-  
tional show of embarrassment.  
Even though assured no one is  
looking, this feeling is pronounced.  
I know, through personal experi-  
ence. I don't understand why any-  
one should feel discomfort, be-  
cause whoever dares proximity to  
dashing waves invites a wetting,  
but I reckon down in our hearts  
each of us thinks he is too smart  
to be caught.

The final expression varies, but  
no matter what form it takes, it  
will consist of about seven parts  
of chagrin. If one is a real dyed-  
in-the-wool sports enthusiast, the  
feeling will be there just the same.

Few people visit the beach with-  
out at some time or other suffer-  
ing from embarrassment. But I  
saw a young lady . . .

We had stopped at Otter Crest  
to enjoy the really magnificent  
view to be obtained from there of  
the majestic Pacific and the re-  
markably rugged shoreline. Per-  
haps thirty or forty men and  
women were standing about, when  
a shiny new automobile, about the  
size of a Pullman car, was driven  
up, and an extremely good looking  
young woman stepped out and  
walked to the railings. She pos-  
sessed a most distinctive air, and  
moved with a dignity obviously in-  
herent. Exquisitely gowned in a  
flimsy tan creation that bore the  
stamp of the tailor, she attract-  
ed the unconscious attention of ev-  
eryone there.

Returning after a brief survey  
of the scene to her car, she open-  
ed the door and entered. But as  
she did so a furtive little wind,  
one of those devilish little gusts  
that come apparently from nowhere,  
followed impulsively behind  
her with a sudden, lifting embrace.  
The effect, though evanescent, was  
startling, coming as unexpectedly  
as it had. Fascinated, everyone  
stood spellbound. It was an ex-  
ceedingly thorough little breeze.

But was the young lady discom-  
fited? She was not. Seating her-  
self, she drove sedately away. She  
wasn't embarrassed, because she  
hadn't known anything had gone  
wrong.

She must have been born under  
a lucky star. Most of us aren't  
that fortunate. The ribaldries of  
chance settle on our shoulders, and  
clamor in our ears for recognition.

### KRRR PROGRAM

#### REMAINING HOURS TODAY

(1500 Kilocycles)