

# The News-Review

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## NO NEED FOR NOOSE

By CHARLES V. STANTON

We listened with much interest Monday to State Senator Austin Flegel's talk at the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce forum luncheon program. The senator earnestly advocated the Columbia Valley administration.

It is easy to understand why he has had outstanding success in his campaign for CVA, for he gives down-to-earth, practical arguments in contrast to the visionary messages from CVA's prime minister, Girard Davidson, assistant Secretary of the Interior, who has been the project's No. 1 spokesman.

Senator Flegel at least touched upon the bill itself, something most of the proponents shun. But his argument has the same weakness to be found in all advocacy of CVA—a weakness inherent in the bill—that of three men holding a loaded gun pointed at the Pacific Northwest.

The speaker said he would have "faith" in the three political appointees, who would be named by the President to administer CVA. "Jebby" Davidson, presenting the same argument, frequently uses the word "intent." But it all adds up to the same thing—three men with power to do about anything they please with the resources of the Pacific Northwest, its development, exploitation, finances and government. These three men could bankrupt every county in western Oregon through their determination of money to be paid in lieu of taxes. They would have authority over land and its uses. They could virtually take over state government through reprisal if administrative or legislative action failed to suit them.

This power, in our opinion, should not be placed in the hands of any three men, no matter how able or sincere they may be. Their "intent" might be the best in the world, but no board of three men can be expected to function without error and no administrative body, bearing the responsibility imposed upon the directors of CVA, should be vested with as much authority as provided in the Act without a better system of checks, balances, appeal and review. The proposed Act has too many provisions that decisions by the board shall be "final."

Proponents of CVA dwell at great length upon inefficiency, waste, extravagance, duplications, etc., in present river development operation. No one can quarrel or disagree with that premise. In our opinion, it would be a grave error to continue the present methods and lack of over-all planning.

But we believe a successful and efficient river development program can be initiated and operated without changing our form of government and placing our necks in the noose of bureaucratic dictatorship. The Hoover commission report offers one solution—a solution to which CVA advocates object because control would be from Washington instead of through a three-man commission having headquarters within the region. Just as if we were gullible enough to believe that the three-man board wouldn't be tied to the apron strings of the Secretary of Interior and wouldn't have to take its orders from Washington on virtually every matter of major importance.

But instead of taking those orders from the Congress, it would get them from the President and Secretary of the Interior whose decisions would be measured largely by political factors.

We have no quarrel with public power. The federal government has assumed authority over many of our resources—forest, migratory fowl, mineral rights, irrigation, grazing, commerce and others—and, having formed a policy of conservation of resources, may well include development of water for power, navigation, irrigation and other uses.

CVA advocates point to the importance of this conservation program and the need for its expansion in an orderly rather than haphazard manner. The argument, however, does not concern the PURPOSE but rather the METHOD proposed to achieve that purpose. And, in our opinion, it would be most unfortunate if critics of CVA should succeed in beating the proposal without substituting therefore a method whereby the same results can be obtained without accepting a loaded gun at our heads and a noose about our collective necks.

## Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

### EASIER TO WRITE A REGULATION

(Coos Bay Times)

We heard another angle of "L'affaire Messier" today, and it doesn't look any better for the state department of agriculture and its division of foods and dairies than the first ones we've been writing about this week.

A dairyman reported to us that he inquired recently of a state department of agriculture executive why a rule was made prohibiting commercial haulers of milk from using anything but a covered truck with tight doors, while farmer-producers were allowed to haul their own milk in open trucks.

The answer, as relayed to us, was that it is a move to get away from double-decking and even triple-decking of cans in commercial milk trucks. It seems that for a long time milk can covers were made in such a way that holes in opposite sides of the top for wire would allow any dirt falling on top of the can to seep down into the milk. Thus, if a can is dragged through the mud

and then placed on top of a can with the old-style wire holes, the chances are good that the milk in the bottom can will be polluted. Therefore, the department of agriculture apparently reasons that a single producer will not have enough cans to double-deck them, so he can haul his own milk. But if there are chances of double-decking, the cans must be handled in a tightly closed truck.

New-style milk cans do not have holes in the tops that will allow for dirt to seep in. Therefore, why not just outlaw the old-style cans? This may be too simple a solution, so we don't expect it to get much consideration. However, with safely closed cans, there should be no need for any worry about contamination of the milk. Another regulation would be to have a sheet of plywood between the decks if cans are stacked. This, too, is simple. It is much easier to sit down and write out regulations that have no apparent basis on good sense and which, on the very face, are discriminatory.



## I SAW

By Paul Jenkins



IALO STEPHENS, day clerk at the Umpqua Hotel, as he passed a room key to an incoming guest.

Ialo has been overlord of the desk for only a few months. It must be difficult still for him to reach for a pen when a prospective customer approaches, instead of a pair of pliers; for only recently he was a garage man. For nearly 30 years he operated Stephens garage on North Main street.

Upon inquiring I discovered he harbored just as fresh a remembrance as did I of a time when I mired my car on a side road near Elkton. It was flatly belly-deep in gummy mud and when I arrived and hooked on to it from a side hill elevation the winch dragged the wrecker down, not my car up. Neither curses nor prayers availed until he got a shovel and we dug out about three yards of mud from under one side of the car, which seemed to break a suction or something or other. I know this task nearly broke our backs.



By Viannett S. Martin

Miss S—snuggly bundled in fur coat, a buffalo robe, with a stone "pig" at her feet, was enjoying a sleigh-ride to Lake Placid with F. G. It was a lovely, sparkling day. The bells on the livery horse jingled pleasantly. Now and again they waited on a turnout for an approaching rig, or received a similar courtesy. The snow was still near the tops of the fence posts. So when they came to the fork where tracks led out across the lake, a short-cut over the ice, there seemed no reason why they shouldn't take that way.

The liveryman hadn't been sure about that... "you just look at the tracks; you can tell that way."

Soon the horse was stepping along in slush, deeper and deeper slush. What to do? They had been warned not to leave the tracks. If they did go across the lake. Could be air holes and such. F. G. was from New York and was new to the country—and to driving. Miss S—was used to horses, but not to a predicament like this. Both of them did a little silent praying, trying not

to show anxiety both of them felt.

Then Miss S—remembered as vividly as if he were speaking at the moment something her father had said in telling about a narrow escape he had. It had been a blowy, rainy, dark night, and the creek was running flood-high.

"All of a sudden old Kit stopped and she wouldn't budge. I got out and went to her head... where the bridge was supposed to be—it wasn't. Kit had sense enough to stop. A horse wants good firm footing...."

Miss S—told the story; they decided to let the horse have his head, and trust for the best. He jogged steadily across to the other side where a teamster sat on his load of logs waiting, shaking his head.

"Never though they'd make it. Ain't nobody been across that lake in a week. Couldn't ye tell by the tracks? Plumb foolish, I call it!"

To this day a picture of Lake Placid brings back that time when the longest way 'round was indeed the surest way home.

## Appeals Court Unfair To NLRB, Charge Listed

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—(P)—The National Labor Relations board, has protested to the Supreme court that it isn't getting a fair deal in the fifth circuit of appeals which takes in six southern states.

The complaint is made by Solicitor General Philip B. Perlman in petitions appealing five labor cases from the appellate court. Perlman said the cases were not ones which ordinarily would be carried to the tribunal but would bring "to the court's attention the special seriousness of the board's enforcement problems in the court below."

Under the law, the labor board must go to the courts for enforcement orders.

Perlman cited what he called a "pattern of denial" of NLRB rights in the fifth appeals court and said the "inordinately large number" of labor cases before it "bodies ill" for those now in lower courts.

The fifth circuit court handles cases in Georgia, Florida, Alabama and the Canal Zone. It is headed by Judge Joseph C. Hutcheson Jr., of Houston, Tex., bitter critic of the NLRB.

Hutcheson once complained in a speech of the "arrogance and tyrannical impatience" of the board.

Perlman submitted figures to the Supreme court which he said showed that NLRB has not fared as well in the fifth circuit as in other appeals.

## Updraft Stymies Chaplain Barney In 'Chute Descent

Chaplain John Barney, captain in the 82nd Airborne division, had an unusual view of a recent divisional review before President Truman, but he didn't overly enjoy the privilege.

Making his 15th parachute jump, Barney's chute carried him into a thermal updraft where the rising air current stopped his descent and held him almost motionless in the air while other paratroopers were dropping around him, threatening any moment to strike and collapse his "umbrella." But he finally drifted out of the updraft and made a normal descent.

Captain and Mrs. Barney and their son, Michael, are visiting with Mrs. Barney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Conline, at Glendale and will remain here for approximately a month. They are en route to Alaska, the captain having been transferred from Fort Bragg, N. C., to an Alaskan post.

Formerly pastor of the First Christian church in Roseburg, Captain Barney entered the chaplain service during the second World war and served in the European theater, where he was decorated for meritorious service under fire. Following the war he accepted a pastorate in Idaho but soon returned to the Army and has been training with the airborne troops. He has qualified as a paratrooper and gliderist.

## Youth, 11, Commits Perfect Crime—Almost

OKLAHOMA CITY, Nov. 2.—(P)—The 11-year-old almost committed the storybook perfect crime.

But, just like in the books, he returned to the scene of the crime. That was his undoing.

The youth took a wristwatch from a drug store here. He immediately turned it in to the school lost and found.

Nobody showed up to claim it, and the watch went back to the "finder."

Then the young mastermind went back to the drug store. This time the manager grabbed him, turned him over to the police, and the bright little tyke confessed all.

## Diphtheria Suspected In Medford Woman's Death

MEDFORD, Nov. 2.—(P)—65-year-old woman died here Monday of what tentatively was diagnosed as diphtheria. It would be the fourth diphtheria death in three weeks.

The outbreak was believed checked earlier, with no new cases reported until Dr. A. E. Dodson said the woman's death appeared to be from diphtheria.

She succumbed at Sacred Heart hospital, where she had been an invalid for some time.

## GLASS FOAM IS CORK

DENVER — (P) — The University of Denver Industrial Research Institute is making glass foam, which in effect is a mass of fine vacuum bubbles. The purpose is improved insulation against heat. A chunk about as big as an ice cream cone may contain about a million of the tiny bugs.

This new glass material is white, strong and about as lightweight as cork. It is intended to be a substitute for cork and is a development for the U. S. Army Quarter-master Corps. Powdered glass, mixed with a little powdered cadmium is melted. The glass becomes fluid. The cadmium vaporizes. This cadmium vapor forms minute bubbles all through the glass. The hot glass rises like baking bread. When the glass loaf cools the cadmium bubbles condense to metal again. The metal coats the inner surface of the bubble, leaving a vacuum the size of the bubble.

At least three persons were injured either by flying glass from the explosions, or when a section of the seventh floor ceiling fell in.

Three firemen were taken to emergency hospital. They were overcome by smoke while fighting the blaze.

## SHOE PRICES UPPED

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.—(P)—Price increases averaging from 10 to 18 cents a pair are effective today on International Shoe company products. The company statement said increased hide and leather costs were responsible for the rise.



## Dale Simms Back From Buying Trip

Dale Simms, manager of Joe Richards store, returned here Friday after a three-week buying trip in New York and Chicago. Joe Richards, owner of Joe Richards men stores in Eugene, Roseburg and Springfield, accompanied Sims on the flying trip.

Part of the trip was devoted to purchasing merchandise for the new store at Springfield, to be officially opened Sunday, Nov. 6.

Participating in the opening, in addition to Sims, will be salesmen Ed John, Russ Osburn, Nate Stewig and Merle Atkinson; all with the local store, Sims reported.

While in Danbury, Conn., Sims told of observing the manufacture of hats. According to Sims, Danbury is "the hat center of the world."

As a guest of the president of a hat manufacturing concern, Sims told of being introduced to Robert Montgomery, the motion picture actor-producer, with whom he had a pleasant chat.

Tickets are on sale at J-V Sporting Goods store for the Roseburg High school homecoming football game Friday night with Grants Pass.

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## FROM THE NEWS OF 30 YEARS AGO

Broccoli Sold for \$2.25 per Crate Here

Manager Wood of the Umpqua Valley Fruit Union closed a deal this morning whereby the first two carloads of broccoli will bring the very nice price of \$2.25 per crate, f. o. b. Roseburg. This is far the highest price ever paid for this famous Umpqua Valley vegetable. The prospects are the good prices.

A quick check revealed that the price of \$2.25 per crate for broccoli in 1919 is the going price today. Other prices and values have fluctuated a great deal more in 30 years. If you bought a house in 1919 for \$3,000 chances are it's worth about \$5,000 today. If it's insured for \$3,000—and burns—you've just thrown \$2,000 in the Umpqua river. MORAL—Insure your home for its true value.

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